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CLASS DAY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The sketch on this page is from the pencil of Mr. Homer, who has frequently illustrated local subjects in our columns with great spirit, and represents one of the time-honored customs of class day at Harvard—that of dancing round the tree in the college, a token of fraternity and fellowship among those who are so soon to part, to pursue different paths through life, and who never expect all to be reunited in this world. The class day exercises are all interesting, for it is a student festival. The orator and poet are chosen by the retiring class, and sometimes the selection indicates a preference not shared by the heads of the college. The Faculty are invited and attend the literary exercises of the day, which are followed by a collation and by the dancing on the green which our artist has sketched. There is something deeply interesting in these festivals, to the spectator. An *esprit du corps* always commands respect, whether exhibited in a regiment of soldiers or a class of students, and nowhere is it stronger than among the under-graduates of a college. School friendships are transitory, but those who pursue higher studies in company always stand shoulder to shoulder like a band of brothers. In the classic shades of the university they pass from the threshold of youth into well-developed manhood—from childish sports and aims to the passions and purposes which stamp the character with individuality. Though not leading the monastic life which in some localities characterizes the colleges, yet at Cambridge the young men are sufficiently isolated from the world at large to render their mutual dependence a bond of great power. Their studies and recreations are in common, and they are linked together in a

common interest. Those stern jealousies and rivalries which worldly ambitions and the pursuit of fame and fortune in the great battle of life engender, do not yet come into place; the contest for academic honors being always conducted in a spirit of generous rivalry, and rarely producing those heart-burnings which the life-and-death war of the world creates. And in proportion as the ties that unite the students are strong, so is the effort requisite to sever them. Yet in the manner of their parting we are called to admire the high privileges of youth. It is hard indeed to sever the bond of long association, but it is done at a time when hope is most brilliant, and confidence in the future most assured—when the imagination beholds glories and allurements in the distance that maturer age can never create for its delusion or encouragement. Gaily, therefore, as well as tenderly and kindly, hands are shaken for the last time, and the pilgrims part, to cope, each on his individual resources, with the Unknown and Untried. The attachment of every student to his Alma mater, as well as to his comrades, is deep, but no institution is so well fitted to command it, in this country, as the University of Cambridge, the most venerable seat of learning on this side of the Atlantic, and illustrated by the associations and memories of a long chain of years. The classical city, too, has many impressive features. In sight of the college is the church where Washington worshipped, and the elm beneath which he first drew his sword in the service of his country, and farther on is the noble old mansion where he was established with his military family, and where one of our most charming poets now makes his home. There are many other spots hallowed by patriotic associations, and along the banks

of the devious Charles are many scenes of exquisite beauty it would be difficult to parallel. Though so near the metropolis of New England, a tranquillity broods over Cambridge—and the very air seems to invite to reflection and study. Edward Everett, in his inaugural address as president of the university, says that it “is probably the oldest establishment for secular education on the western continent. Its foundation was a part, very early executed, of the great work of transferring the civilization of the Anglo-Norman race to the new-found hemisphere—a work in which the first settlers of New England bore so large a share. They brought with them those forms of municipal organization in which so much of the machinery of our present republicanism lay dormant; the idea of representative government further developed than in the mother country; the general system of English jurisprudence, and especially its most characteristic feature, the trial by jury; and still more, those peculiar principles of Protestantism, which, at the time of their emigration, were struggling towards the mastery in the state, which was soon after won and lost. With these institutions and principles,—honored companions of their exile,—the civil and religious fathers of New England brought with them an affectionate attachment to their native land, and especially the University of Cambridge at which so many of them had been reared. They seized the first opportunity to make provision, in the home of their pilgrimage, for the education of their children on this model * * * and they fondly gave the name of Cambridge to this spot which they had chosen for their infant seminary.” The institution they reared was named after the first generous benefactor of the university.



CLASS DAY, AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S SECRET: —OR— STRUGGLES OF THE HEART.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VILLAIN DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

UPON the following day, Paul Oswald ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to the gate, and mounting, he galloped swiftly in the direction of Philip Waldron's mansion. When fairly upon the road, his thoughts moved swifter than the animal beneath him, and at length he broke out into a soliloquy.

"And now, all rests with Alice Forester. Collard is dead, and I need have no fears of his betraying me. Atkins, too, is with him. Roland Forester lives, it is true; but the will is destroyed; and if his mother prove tractable, I shall be safe in letting him live. It was fortunate that Mark Collard died without confessing anything; it would have been awkward had he revealed the whole of this plot in which he succeeded so badly, and which proved so fatal to him. But that is past, and now for one more interview with Alice Forester. If she complies with my wishes, all will yet be well; if not, then the consequences shall rest upon her own head. Ha, ha! how 'twould cause that high-spirited boy to wince and smart if I should—but 'twill be better to get along without it. And then it might be awkward, too, for me to do it; but if she refuses my alternative, then it must be done. This last act has strengthened me; I feel more determined to strike boldly. 'Twas a fearful trial for me, but I have come out of it whole; he, at least, will tell no tales, nor demand his rights of me."

He rode on, increasing his speed as he drew nearer his destination, until in the middle of the afternoon, he dismounted at Philip Waldron's gate. He walked up the gravelled path to the door, and sounded the knocker; but there was no answer to his summons. Again he knocked, but with no better success, and then entered without bidding. He opened the door at the end of the hall which led to the sitting-room, but no one was there. Surprised at this, he sat down, and looked around him. He recognized the room; it was the same which he had entered with Collard upon that winter's night, five years before, in pursuit of Roland Forester. Since then, he had not entered the house, although those who now resided here had hardly for an instant left his mind. He began to think; he recollected that for years he had pursued Alice Forester and her son with his schemes of hatred and self-interest; he had dedicated almost a lifetime to the accomplishment of his evil purposes, and now was no better off—nay, his position was far worse than at first. His plans had been thwarted and baffled, and his hands were even now red with innocent blood. He reflected upon these things; and then came the thought that at last the way of triumph was open to him, and that now the game lay in his own hands.

"O, she had better not oppose me in this!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "She shall be made to see the whole danger of her position, and refuse me she dare not. But we shall see—we shall see!"

Suddenly his ear was caught by the voice of some person in conversation in the adjoining room. Walking softly across the floor, he took his position by the door, which was slightly ajar, and was thus enabled to see and to hear.

The room contained Roland Forester and Philip Waldron. The latter was pacing excitedly across the floor, gesticulating freely, and endeavoring to persuade his companion of something, as was evident by his manner. Roland leaned thoughtfully against the mantel, listening attentively, but answering little.

"And yet, Roland," continued Waldron, "it appears to me that you should see this thing as I see it. Never was there a villain of a darker dye than this same Paul Oswald; never was there one who more richly merited punishment, or whose liberty is more of a crime than his."

"All this I grant," replied Roland. "Say what you have said, and the truth is but half told. But how can we proceed against him?"

"How? Do you not see that we have the matter wholly in our hands? Have we not evidence against him sufficient to imprison him for half a dozen lifetimes? Would not the simple enumeration of the charges which we can substantiate against him be sufficient to pale the cheek of an honest man with honor? I tell you he has been unwhipped too long; every day discloses some new and more flagrant wickedness. Roland, I wish not to wound your feelings; you have told me that you love Helen, but tell me, is your love so weak as to expose her to the chance of falling again into the hands of this man's base hirelings?"

The thought excited intense emotion in Roland's mind, as could be seen by his pale countenance and clenched hands, but he returned no answer.

"How, then," Waldron went on, "are we to preserve ourselves from this man? He is too crafty to act himself in these matters, but commits his work to assassins and cut-throats. O that it had been he in place of Collard that encountered that brave man, Stephen Brande, in the wood! But we cannot reach him in this way."

"What, then, do you propose to do?"

"To charge him boldly with his crimes, and to let him answer in a court of justice. Ah, Roland, could you know how faithfully I warned your father to beware of this man,—how I labored to persuade him to drive the villain from his friendship, you would not distrust me now!"

"Distrust you!" exclaimed Roland, seizing the hand of Waldron, and gazing into his face. "Do you, to whom I owe everything, you who have been a friend—nay, almost a father to me, accuse me of this?"

"No, no," replied Waldron, pressing his hand and forcing back a tear which the young man's earnestness called to his eye. "Forgive me; I spoke hastily, and meant not what I said. But you know my desire, my long-cherished hope, that Paul Oswald might be brought to justice, and be prevented from causing more evil; and now that the way is clear, I cannot give up my plan."

"Mr. Waldron," replied Roland, speaking with an effort, and mastering the feeling which the former's words had called up in his breast, "one thing, and only one, forbids me joining you heart and hand in this matter."

"And that?"

"The love which I bear to my mother."

Waldron's brow suddenly became clouded, and he bent his eyes upon the young man.

"For years," continued the latter, "Paul Oswald has menaced her with some mysterious power, beneath which she has bowed in fear and submission. You saw her agony when I was compelled to leave her, now more than five years since, and yet she dared not bid me stay in defiance of Oswald. In answer to my question, she told me then that the consequences of a refusal would fall both upon her head and mine; and for her sake I went. Since then, the mystery has become no clearer; you have told me what you know of my early life, but this throws no light upon it. And now I fear—nay, I am almost sure, that should we pursue Paul Oswald, and launch the terrible vengeance of the law upon his head, he would turn with fearful power upon us. If I were to be the sole sufferer, if my sacrifice could bring this man to justice, I would willingly offer myself; but that my mother should suffer from that which seems to have such terror for her, I can never consent. Tell me, am I right in this? Advise me what to do."

Roland finished, and Waldron gazed into his face without speaking, pondering with an anxious and troubled countenance. During this conversation, Paul Oswald had maintained his position outside the door; but now, in his eagerness to hear every word, he pushed the door so that it swung half-way open. It was an unlucky movement for him, for Philip Waldron turned promptly at the sound, and detected the face of Oswald thrust forward into the opening. With one bound the vigorous farmer cleared the distance which lay between them, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him forward to the light. One glance sufficed, and shaking him sternly, he demanded his business.

The crest-fallen Oswald shook himself clear from the other's grasp, but he was for a moment so choked with rage that he could not utter a word. The farmer was almost as enraged, and in a passionate voice, he exclaimed:

"Base spy and villain, answer me! How came you there, and what do you seek?"

"I want nothing with you," replied Oswald, as well as his rage would permit. "I came to—"

"But I have something to say to you," rejoined Waldron. "In the first place, who shall be answerable for the lives of Mark Collard and Simon Atkins?"

"Not I," said Roland, as he noticed the effect of Waldron's words upon Oswald, "neither Stephen Brande, but the man by whom they were employed to execute those deeds of violence."

"Ay!" exclaimed Waldron, in a tone of satisfaction, as he noticed that Roland had upon the impulse of the moment forgotten his previously expressed scruples; "and who is that man?"

"Why do you speak of this to me?" gasped Oswald, in terror. "I know nothing of it."

"Villain, you lie!" shouted Waldron, almost white with passion. "You see before you an injured man, a man whose daughter you sent ruffians to tear away by stratagem from her house. Yonder stands Roland Forester, who, by your order, was to have been murdered in the forest."

"But you cannot prove this; I dare you to the proof!"

"You dare me to the proof! If I live, you shall hear it in a court of justice. Listen: Daniel Crosby was captured yesterday, and now lies in this house, sick and wounded. But mark you, I shall be sure to produce him at the proper time!"

Paul Oswald stared in amazement at the speaker as he made this announcement, so terrible in import to himself, and then as he comprehended its full force, his face blanched to corpse-like whiteness, and he sank back, weak and powerless.

"Nor is this all," continued Waldron, with energy, as he noted the effect of his words. "I am now free to face with you, and here will charge upon you your catalogue of crime. I charge you," and his voice grew fearfully solemn, "with being privy to the murder of Walter Forester, if not the principal in the crime; for before God and man will I avow my belief that Walter Forester was most foully and basely murdered."

These words seemed to endow Roland with new life and energy, for, placing himself before Oswald, he exclaimed:

"If those words are true, Paul Oswald, most bitterly shall you repent the deed! I, too, accuse you; I charge you with twice attempting to slay the son, as you did the father."

"I charge you with attempting to force Helen Waldron from her home by the hands of ruffians," rejoined Waldron.

"I charge you with wresting their inheritance from a mother and son, by a base deed of forgery," Roland continued.

"And I charge you with years of oppression and injustice toward that mother and son," added Waldron. "Wretch! what have you to say to this?"

Oswald endeavored to utter some words of contempt and defiance, but they stuck in his throat, and he could not speak them. His mingled rage and affright were almost fearful to behold; the muscles of his pallid face worked spasmodically, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets; but he managed to say in a weak voice:

"I fear you not. You dare not accuse me; you lack for evidence."

"Ay, console yourself while you can; but the time draws nigh when all this iniquity shall be sifted thoroughly. Well may you dread that day of reckoning; well may you sit there now in your chair, shivering and paling to hear me talk of these things. I know you well, Paul Oswald; I have marked you and watched your course for a lifetime, and my heart bounds within me to think that even now prison doors are open to receive you. Console yourself as best you may, but hear my words and understand them: if it lies in the power of man to reward you fitly for your evil deeds, then all that man can do to that end shall not be wanting. And now your business: if you have come here to-day to say aught to me, say it quickly and depart."

Oswald was about to make a reply, when the door opened, and Mrs. Forester and Helen Waldron entered the apartment. They started back, and would have left it when they saw its occupants; but Oswald started up, and said, hastily:

"Stay, Alice Forester; I wish to speak with you."

Then turning to Philip Waldron, he said, with as much defiance as he could throw into his voice:

"My business here to-day, sir, relates not in the least to you. I wish to speak with this lady."

"With me?" uttered Alice Forester, tremulously, as she gazed upon Oswald in terror.

"Yes, to speak with you," he replied, darting a quick gleam upon her from his eyes.

"Then speak!" cried Roland; "speak at once and have your say."

"Certainly, if your mother will be so good as to designate an apartment where we may converse privately," returned Oswald, with the utmost coolness in his tone, but with a manner full of anxiety.

"Stay, Mrs. Forester!" said Waldron, in an excited voice. "Is it your wish to speak with this man? Do you desire it?"

"If he wishes it. Yes, yes—I will speak with him."

Oswald's eyes met those of Waldron with a glance of triumph, and the latter turned from the room, followed by Roland and Helen, muttering between his teeth:

"The same, the same as ever! Strange, passing strange!"

The door closed upon them, and they waited with feverish impatience for the termination of the interview. Once, as Oswald's tones increased in loudness, Waldron started toward the door, but he checked himself, and sank back in his seat. Roland paced the room in his excitement, while Helen sat by her father, looking from one to the other. The voices of those in the adjoining room were quite audible, but the intervening walls interrupted the sound, and none of the words could be detected. This lasted for half an hour—a long half hour it seemed to those in waiting,—when a painful, thrilling shriek brought Waldron and Roland to their feet, and simultaneously the door was flung open, and Paul Oswald dashed madly out. Roland placed himself before him with a stern interrogatory upon his lips; but Oswald thrust him to one side, and quitted the room before Waldron could interpose to prevent him.

At the first sound of that agonizing cry, Helen Waldron had disappeared, and when her father and lover followed her, they found her sustaining the fainting form of Alice Forester.

"What is it? Speak quickly! What is it?" burst from Roland Forester's lips, as the mother opened her eyes and recalled with a groan the faces of those about her.

"Don't ask me. O, have mercy on me now, and do not question me!"

She seemed about to relapse into unconsciousness, when Roland spoke again, with brow contracted and teeth set.

"But did he offer you violence? Did he insult you in the least?"

"No, no—not that; but O, worse—much worse than that! He threatened if I—"

The remembrance of his words was so fearfully distinct that she shuddered convulsively and swooned away. Philip Waldron caught Roland's eye for an instant, and whispered:

"It is strange; all is strange and mysterious! What can it mean?"

Roland answered not; his eyes were upon his mother, and his agony, deep and intense as it was, was hidden by the efforts which he made to revive her. This, however, was the work of hours; all night she lay half insensible, and when morning came, she was weak and sick.

And all that night Philip Waldron and Roland Forester sat together, pondering upon the strange occurrence of the evening, and conversing doubtfully of the plans which they had previously formed.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE TURNS AT BAY.

As Roland and the Waldrons left the apartment, Alice Forester glanced towards them in mute terror, which, Oswald perceiving, he said, as he shut the door:

"Fear not; be not alarmed. I come to you as a friend, not as an enemy."

She looked into his face to discover his meaning, but she could read nothing in his cool, sinister look. He placed a chair for her, and asked her to be seated, and then quietly placed himself at her side.

"Alice," he commenced, "let me call you by that familiar name, for I wish to speak now of bygone days. Do you remember that I was once accustomed to call you so?"

The tenderness of his tone, forced and unnatural though it was, awakened a doubt as to his designs in her mind, and she still looked upon him silently.

"Yes, you must remember it, though years have passed since then, and we have become strangely altered. We were children then, Alice, or if not children, we at least knew but little of the trials and sorrows of those of later years. That is a period to which we can look back without regret. Tell me, is it not so? You are silent; you distrust me, I see; but, at least, hear me, and judge me favorably if you can. I am about to call to your mind events which happened long ago, but which I have never once forgotten. Let me remind you of the time when you were not wont to look upon me with distrust and aversion, of those days when we walked the same paths, read from the same books, and when I was light-hearted and happy in your company, fearing nothing, careless of the future."

"But what of that now?" ventured his companion, in a low and wondering tone. "That is all past, and—"

"Yes, it is past; but hear me out. Alice Forester, let me speak plainly with you, and say that in those days I loved you—loved you madly, passionately, loved you as I have never again loved. I say I was careless of the future; it was because I believed your heart was wholly mine, and thus, fool that I was, I was deluded from day to day. But my eyes were at last opened; another bore away the prize, even when I thought myself most secure in its possession; and that other was Walter Forester, the man whom I believed to be my friend. Then it was that I—"

"Stay!" cried his companion, energetically. "Speak not thus of the dead. Mention not the name of—"

"Nay, hear me out; let me unfold my whole heart to you. Then it was that the iron entered my soul; as I looked upon the happiness of Walter Forester, and saw what I had lost, I breathed a most bitter vow of revenge; I swore in the wrath of my heart that I would pursue that man to his grave. And now tell me, has that oath been kept?"

"Yes, evil, wicked-hearted monster that you are, it has. Look at me and read your best answer."

"And then," continued Oswald, biting his lips as he heard her reply, "I wished to spare you. I had seen you suffer all that I desired; I had taught you the folly of opposing me, and then I renewed my proposition."

"Stop, I conjure you!" exclaimed Alice Forester. "You knew that I could never accept your hand after the occurrences of that fearful night which placed me in your power. Your heart was always bad; you deceived yourself; I never loved you, never could bring my heart to regard you with anything but horror; and had you been an angel of light, the fearful knowledge which I afterwards gained would have led me to prefer death, disgrace, anything, rather than to become your wife."

Her manner was wild and frenzied, and Oswald's voice grew sterner as he spoke.

"Well, you refused it—refused it with scorn and contempt, with indignation and defiance, and then again my breast rankled with thoughts of vengeance. Then came the stern resolve to use the power which I had gained over you, like a rod of iron; to cause you to suffer until your stubborn spirit bent to my will. I took your boy from you, but you seized him secretly and fled. And then for years I tracked and pursued you, until at last I hunted you out in this very house, and again compelled you to give up the boy. Since then I have been baffled in almost every plan; enemies have sprung up on every side to encompass me. But a moment since, Philip Waldron dared to threaten me with the speedy retribution of the law."

His manner became excited, and the tones of his voice more emphatic. Alice Forester listened with forced calmness to his words, and he went on.

"Yes, they have driven me to the wall, and think to bar my escape; but they shall quickly discover their error. And now, Alice, what I have to say may be said briefly. The love which I bore you in my boyhood has never died; you have thwarted me, and I have treated you with sternness, but my affection has always been the same; you have drawn such treatment upon yourself solely by not complying with my wishes. But let us forget this," he continued, approaching nearer to her and attempting to take her hand, which she impulsively drew away. "Let all that has happened be forgotten; be to me what you was ere Walter Forester crossed my path; be my wife, and be happy once more. Tell me, Alice, will you be my bride?"

Paul Oswald dwelt upon his words with a strange eagerness of mingled hope and fear. But Alice Forester drew herself to her full height, her eyes flashing with indignation upon him, and her bosom heaving with excitement.

"Go, Paul Oswald,—go!" she exclaimed. "I will not forget myself so far as to listen to such language. Sooner than be your wife, I would welcome death! Your words fill me with horror; I look back upon the past, and remember that you have poisoned my life-cup; you have changed my joy into sorrow, my hatred of him whom your vile arts alienated from me into bitter remorse and repentance. Go! your presence fills me with loathing; I forget myself with every moment of your stay!"

The old demoniac look returned to Oswald's face, and in a startling whisper he almost hissed the words:

"Then you defy me? you refuse my offer again, and with in-

dignation? Beware, Alice Forester! Consider this well. If love cannot bring this thing to pass, perhaps force may!"

"What mean you?" she asked, with terror plainly depicted upon her face.

"I mean," he replied, speaking with the slowness and deliberation of one who tries a last resort,—*"I mean that I am now at the crisis of my fate. Ruin, disgrace, imprisonment are staring me in the face, and I am well prepared for anything; I am become desperate, and I am ready to seize desperate means of action. Argument is exhausted, and the power of love is of no avail with you; I am now prepared for the last resort."*

He paused to mark the effect of his words. Alice Forester turned pale, but her face still expressed firmness; it was the heroic firmness of despair.

"Heretofore I have threatened to use the power which I hold, but have never had occasion to do so; now, that power becomes a terrible instrument in my hands, and well may you pause before you provoke the blow. Choose, then; I offer you the alternative. Become my wife; give me a right which none will dare to question over the wealth which I now hold; refuse me this, and as surely as I stand before you will I tighten my grasp upon you."

The suffering woman wavered not in her firm determination, and though her tremulous tone revealed the agony of the moment, she answered:

"Never! I will not consent to the crime of placing such a right in your hands. If worst comes to worst, I am ready for the sacrifice; but your wife I will not be."

Her persecutor had reserved his keenest torture for the final attempt. He gazed upon her for a moment ere he spoke, and when she at last looked up, alarmed at his silence, he said:

"It is easy to say this, Alice Forester,—easy to nerve your heart to encounter the awful fate that awaits you, but remember that you are not to be the only sufferer. I think I see the face of Roland Forester, your brave, high-spirited son, as he hears for the first time the doom that has fallen upon him. Ah, how will it wring his heart-strings! Think of him as an outcast among men, wandering about with the mark upon his brow, forsaken and despised even by his friends, and longing for death to relieve him. Will not Philip Waldron, too, drive him from his roof? For what man would suffer his daughter to wed one whose parent had—"

The bolt struck! Alice Forester started forward, and dropped upon her knees before him, and with clasped and upraised hands, she looked up into his face, to see if one vestige of human feeling was visible there; she then poured forth her plea in a voice choked and broken with emotion.

"O, spare me, spare me for *his* sake, Paul Oswald! I will forgive you for what you have done, for all the crime you have caused me to be guilty of, and for the tears of agony with which I have endeavored to atone for it; but as you hope for mercy yourself, urge not this thing. I never wronged you; it has been your hand that has wrought my destruction; be satisfied with this, and harm me no more."

He gazed upon her as she had thrown herself at his feet, and in a voice of cold disdain, he said:

"With one word you can stay my hand; pronounce it, and you are saved."

She made no answer. His voice grew louder, as he continued: "Alice Forester, will you be my wife? For the last time I ask it."

"Never!"

"With that word you cast from you life, honor, everything. I have given you the alternative; you have rejected it, and now your doom is sealed. *You have pronounced your own doom!*"

She stood like a statue of marble as he uttered these words; but when he turned to leave the room, the consequences of her decision flashed like lightning upon her mind. She saw it all; her disgrace and fearful doom rose up before her, and with a cry of anguish she sank down, almost bereft of life. She heard the hurrying tread of feet, and was conscious of the presence of friends around her; but she answered not their words, except as she faintly replied to the questions of Roland.

Paul Oswald had staked all upon a cast, and now waited for the turning of the die.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NIGHT COMES ON.

AGAIN we look in upon the Waldrons and their guests, as they are all gathered in the sitting-room of the mansion. The first shadows of evening are gathering slowly without, and the faces of the different members of the group are hardly distinguishable. But a deeper shade of gloom is upon each of those faces. The visit of Oswald and its strange termination, two days since, has left a shadow upon each heart, and a strange presentiment of coming evil holds the room in silence.

Not quite in silence, however, for Philip Waldron and Roland have withdrawn to one side, and are earnestly, but in low voices, talking together. Alice Forester is seated with Helen before one of the windows, and towards her their glances and motions are frequently directed. She heeds them not; her attention is given to a horseman who has just stopped and dismounted at the gate. His steps are heard upon the door-stone, and then a heavy knock which sends the blood of the listener to her heart. At the summons of Waldron, the man entered, and standing by the door, cast a searching glance upon the persons before him.

"You are Philip Waldron, I believe?" he at length said, coming forward.

"I am," replied Waldron, rising to meet him. "And you—I do not remember your face, I think."

"My name is Acton; I am a constable in the village of Derby."

"But surely," exclaimed Waldron, looking hastily round, "you can have no official duty to perform here! Here is all my—"

He stopped as he met the eye of the officer, and for a moment there was a painful silence. Roland Forester had risen and walked anxiously forward, and now stood waiting to catch the first words of the officer of the law. The latter hesitated, and then said:

"By my soul, Mr. Waldron, it pains me to execute this business, but there is no escape; it is nothing less than a matter of duty. You will absolve me from all blame?"

"Yes, yes," uttered Waldron. "And now, say on."

"You have a woman here, Alice Forester by name?"

"There is such a one here; and what then?"

"Which is she?"

At this instant, Alice Forester arose and came forward. Her countenance was deathly pale, but her bearing was firm and resolute.

"I am she for whom you ask," she said, pressing her hands tightly upon her breast.

"Then, by virtue of the power and authority granted by my office, I arrest you!"

"You arrest—by my faith, this is a strange stroke of business, Mr. Officer!" exclaimed Waldron, in blank amazement. "Upon whose suit or complaint do you do this?"

"Upon the complaint of Mr. Oswald."

"Paul Oswald?"

"The same."

"And for what offence? with what is she charged?" asked Roland, whose face had been every moment growing paler.

"For the murder of her husband, Walter Forester!"

The answer came like a thunderbolt to the young man. He placed his hand upon his breast, as though a bullet had entered it, and with a groan staggered to a chair, where he sat, gazing wildly upon the officer. The effect upon the others was as instantaneous. Alice Forester gave no audible sign of pain, but her head dropped upon her breast, upon which her hands were still tightly clasped, and her frame shook with irrepressible sobs. Philip Waldron gazed upon the officer, to ascertain if he was really in earnest, and then his face blanched and quivered with the force of his mental pain. Mrs. Waldron and Helen looked with affright into each other's face, as if they scarcely comprehended the meaning of the terrible announcement which they had just heard.

Waldron was the first to recover his presence of mind. Repressing with an effort all outward emotion, he beckoned to the officer to follow him, and passed into the hall.

"Tell me," he said, when they were alone together, "tell me what this strange matter means."

"I know nothing of it," returned the officer, "further than that Paul Oswald rode into Derby, two days ago, and lodged this complaint with a magistrate; and that a warrant for the arrest of Alice Forester was placed in my hands this morning, and I am here now to serve it."

"And when is her presence demanded in Derby?"

"Instantly. She must accompany me there."

"Then give me a few moments for preparation, and she shall be ready."

The officer bowed, and Waldron re-entered the room. Alice Forester was now seated, her face covered by her hands. Roland had just left his seat as the farmer entered, and rushing to his mother's side, he threw himself upon his knees, and appealed to her in a voice of real agony, exclaiming:

"Speak to me, mother,—speak, and tell me that this accusation is false!"

Her answer was spoken wildly, and with it came a flood of tears.

"I cannot—I cannot say it! O, Roland, believe me innocent, but in mercy ask me nothing!"

"O Heaven! can this be true?" Roland uttered, in a fearful whisper, rising at the same time to his feet. "Am I awake, and not dreaming? Is this, then, the secret of Paul Oswald's power? Mother!" he shouted in his frenzy, "again I ask you—are you?"

But a stern grasp was upon his arm, and turning half fiercely, he saw the eyes of Philip Waldron gazing steadily into his face.

"Roland Forester, now prove your manhood. Look at your mother as she sits there, bowed down by this fearful blow, and let it strengthen you. This dark mystery come to a crisis. Oswald has shown the full extent of his power; he can go no further; and now let us meet him upon fair ground. Do not quail and turn back at the last hour; nerve your heart for the struggle, and I will stand by you till the last."

"God bless you, Waldron!" exclaimed Roland. "You have recalled me to myself. I will bear up; and with such a friend as you to sustain me, I shall surely be strong."

"And now, Mrs. Forester," said Waldron, "it becomes necessary for you to go with the officer to Derby, to answer to your examination on this strange accusation. That Paul Oswald is the mover of it, we know, even without the assurance of the officer. I shall accompany you, and be assured my efforts shall not be wanting to defend you from this charge. My hand, my heart is wholly in your service. Have I said enough?"

Mrs. Forester thanked him with a tearful and eloquent glance, and then rising, slowly approached Mrs. Waldron and Helen.

"My friends," she said, tremulously, "there is nothing secret now; you know all, and now I have no further right to your friendship. God forbid that I should wish to make you sharers in the fearful disgrace—nay, perhaps death that is before me!"

The thought was too much, and she gave vent to her feelings in a gush of tears. But those to whom she had addressed herself were not the ones to forsake her in this hour. They mingled

their tears with hers; they hung round her and embraced her fondly, assuring her that she should never lack for friends while they lived. Sympathy like theirs was well calculated to lessen her grief, and in a few moments she became calm, except as the tremulous throbbing of her bosom betrayed her emotion.

Roland Forester joined Waldron in his determination to accompany the prisoner to Derby, to be present at the examination which was to be held upon the next morning; and as all solicitation was useless to induce the officer to defer the journey until daylight, the farmer's carriage was ordered out for the road.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRIAL.

It was a dark and gloomy night, and Alice Forester could not restrain her tears as she parted with her friends and turned away into the cheerlessness of the darkness. Little was said upon that lonely night journey, for her heart and those of her companions were too full for speech. Philip Waldron bent his head and sat in silent, though intense thought, and the occasional flashes of lightning which illumined the surrounding objects, revealed him to the anxious eyes of Roland, with compressed lips and contracted brow.

As they passed the house of Paul Oswald, the latter stood with his face pressed close against the window-pane, and a smile of exultation played about his mouth as he noted the occupants of the carriage.

It is not our purpose, however, to follow them to Derby, and describe the unimportant preliminary examination. With the explanation that Alice Forester was then and there fully committed to answer at the next term of the court the charge preferred against her, but was admitted to bail on the recognizance of Philip Waldron, we pass on to the narration of the more important events in the conclusion of our story.

Far and wide over the country had gone the startling intelligence that Alice Forester—whose retreat had previously been known to but few—had been arrested, charged with the murder of her husband, and everywhere it excited the most intense feeling and feverish anxiety for the coming of the day of her trial. The disappearance of Walter Forester, twenty years before, had created a profound sensation, and many there were who at that time freely expressed suspicions of foul play. Since then, although several years had elapsed, and many who were then acquainted with the deceased had died or removed to neighboring States, the affair had not been forgotten; it had been repeated by fathers to their children, and many had been the surmises and dark conjectures upon such occasions as to the fate of Walter Forester. And now that it was noised abroad that the wife of the long-missing man had been arrested and was to be tried for her life, the whole neighborhood was upon the tip-toe of excitement.

And not a few were there who had known Alice Forester in her girlhood, and to whom the intelligence brought a pang of sorrow and heartfelt commiseration. Her disappearance had to many been as strange and mysterious as that of her husband, and this sudden solution of both mysteries gave rise to strange speculations, and the interval between the examination and trial was filled with the expression of conflicting opinions in reference to the probable termination of the case.

But all participated in the general anxiety to see the accused, and to be present at the trial; and upon the morning of the first sitting of the court, the roads leading to Derby were almost blocked by the press of vehicles of every description, all hurrying towards the common point of interest. Perhaps not once in the course of a century does an occurrence like the one of which we speak agitate the inhabitants of this locality, and consequently the excitement was now proportionate.

Derby, where the court had its sitting, was an ancient village, almost contemporary with the revolutionary period, and usually remarkably quiet and free from confusion of any kind. This was the regular term of the court, it is true, but generally the only business transacted upon such occasions had been the adjustment of a few unimportant cases, which were not calculated to create either interest or excitement. Now, however, the streets were thronged with an anxious and expectant multitude, and the confused hum of voices that ascended from the hundreds present, completely drowned all other sounds. Conspicuous among the throng was Paul Oswald, who, as the rumor gained currency that he was the principal witness for the prosecution, excited much attention and remark. Some who knew him well, and had suffered at his hands, muttered curses as he passed, and hinted that he was willing to swear away the life of any person who should incur his hatred; and others who knew him to be rich and powerful, hung on his steps, and courted his attention. He exhibited to all a cool, confident face, which seemed incapable of being ruffled, and a manner proud and overbearing.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

Lies are a sort of wooden pegs that keep the world together as if it were a box; nice little things, so let into the work as never to be seen. Take out the pegs, and how would the box tumble to pieces!—Douglas Jerrold.

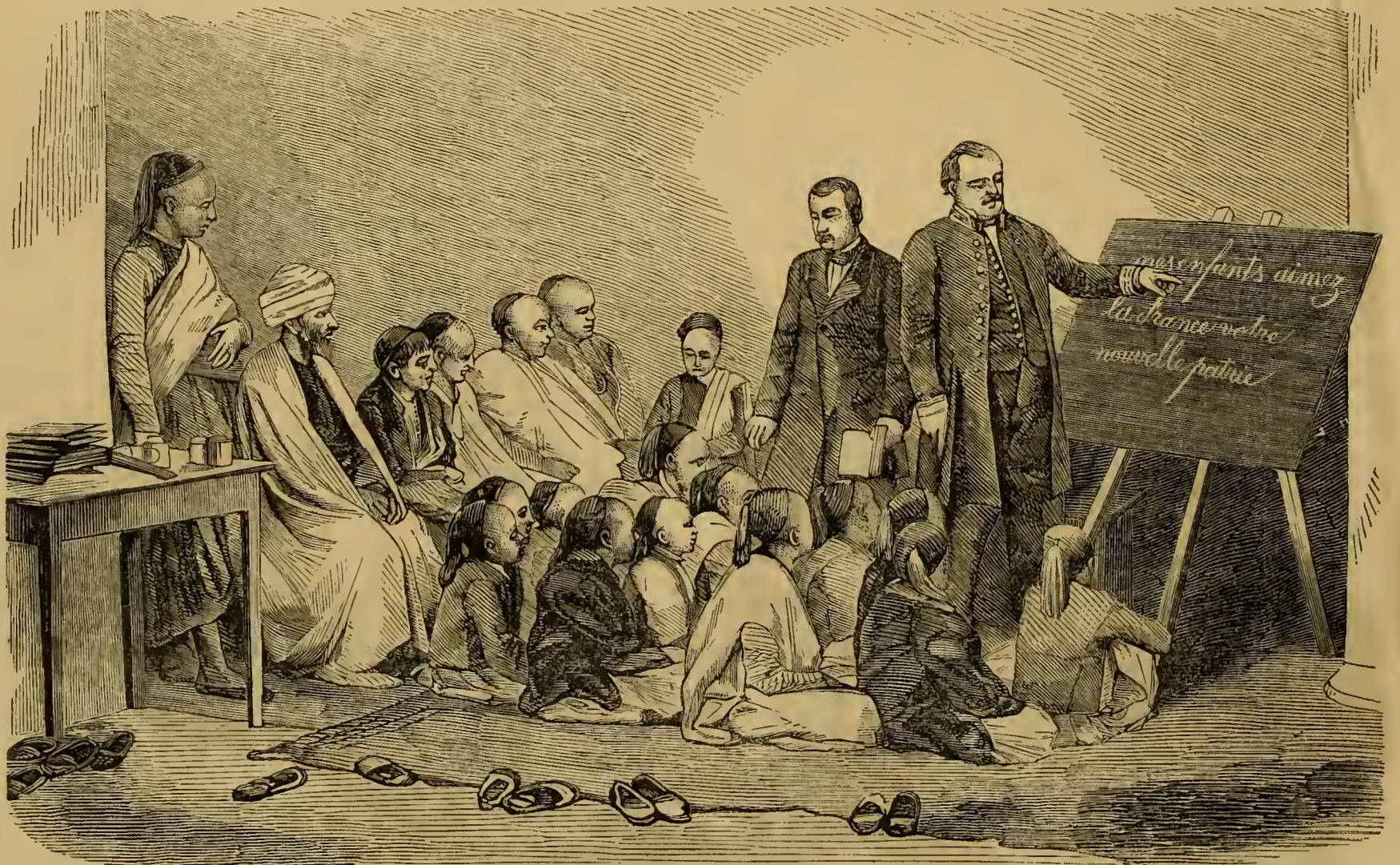
EDUCATION IN ALGIERS.

To the readers of a New England journal, a glance at educational movements in any quarter of the world cannot fail to be interesting, attaching as we do so high an importance to the instruction and elevation of youth. The pictures we now present of Madame Luce's Algerian girls' school and of the boys' school under the direction of M. Depiellé, are attractive, not only from the nature of the subjects, but from the fact that they are engraved from photographs, so that all the minutiae of feature, costume, attitude and manner are faithfully preserved. Prior to the African conquests of France, elementary instruction was given in schools (*medersa*) attached to a mosque, the dwelling of a marabout, or in the midst of the *douars* or residences of Arab chiefs. Superior instruction was practised in the *mederssa* belonging to the considerable religious establishments. Professors and pupils had become, from generation to generation, more and more ignorant, and this decadence went on rapidly during the first years of the French occupation. Thus, when the administrative authority wished to ascertain the condition of Mussulman education, it was found that the *mederssa* had disappeared from Algeria, with the exception of the Kabyle territory, where, among others, were the important school of Si Mohammed Ben Ali-Cherif, and the collection of students from different points of the French colony, from Tunis and even Morocco, and grouped about the famous zaouia of Si Abderaman Bou Koberin, on the summit of Djerdjira. In the latter school particularly, pupils were taught hatred of foreigners and Christians, and ideas of fanaticism were freely propagated in regions difficult of access, unsubjected by French arms, and constantly opposing the French mission of conquest. Elementary instruction, throughout the tribes, was in the hands of ignorant, fanatical and stupid schoolmasters. Up to the moment of attempting to revive education among the natives, the authorities did not interfere in general instruction. This has always been the case in the land of Islam from the time of the first caliphs. Private individuals provided for the wants of educational

of the great Zaouia of Illoulon (Kabylia), has just placed his son in this establishment, giving an example which will have great weight with his co-religionists. There have also been founded primary Arabic-French schools for young Mussulman girls in some of the towns and cities. Madame Luce, of whose monitorial school we published a view in our last number, was the first to give the example of collecting the native female children for purposes of education. From the French female teachers, these young girls cannot fail to obtain ideas which will benefit them greatly, but we trust they will not feel inclined to imitate French fashions. The dress of the Mussulman girl is more elegant and easy than that of the French. Let us observe in conclusion that these experimental Arabic-French schools have only been established in a few towns and cities, and do not affect the great majority of the Mussulman population forming the tribes.

DINNER PHILOSOPHY.

In some of the bathing establishments of Germany, the diet of the invalids is influenced by the physician of the bath; in others, he finds it more judicious and convenient to leave them to the common service of the hotel; and I think with reason, for the habits and diet of these hotels appear to me to be in the highest degree conducive to health. First, there is the early hour of rising, five and six, and never later than seven; then there is the morning promenade, spirited into unusual activity by the music to be met with at most of the baths; then there is the light breakfast, the roll and coffee, generally without butter; then the forenoon promenade, the prescribed drinks at the well, and the bath; then the one o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, light and sufficient, without trespassing too much on the powers of digestion; then probably the excursion, the walk, or the ride; then the moderate tea, either coffee or tea as may please the taste, the roll and butter, the cutlet or eggs, or, indeed, whatever the appetite or convenience may suggest; the conversation, the journal, the book, music, and bed, to restore the exhausted powers of the day.—*Brace's Travels.*



ARABIC-FRENCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS, AT ALGIERS.

establishments by generous donations, and by funds procured and given in the name of religion; and we may here remark that the French, in taking possession of the country, sequestrated the real estate forming a part of these donations, without troubling themselves about the necessities they were destined to provide for. Probably the pressing complaints this sequestration gave rise to hastened the moment when the French undertook to instruct the Mussulmans. Three *mederssa*, schools of a superior order, destined to train the higher religious functionaries, professors, kadis, secretaries (*khodja*) have been installed for some years at Tlemcen, Blida and Constantine. The state pays the professors and the principal expenses of the establishment; the tribes support young people they send to the schools. As for the individuals entrusted with primary instruction in the *douars*, pecuniary rewards are given them each year. A French official says:—"Instruction in these schools is confined to learning by heart and writing mechanically the maxims of the Koran, which neither masters nor pupils understand. To encourage such a state of things seemed to me useless, yet I had orders to execute, and I one day sent for a young pedagogue who had been pointed out to me as very zealous, to give him a pecuniary reward. On receiving my order, the aforesaid *tolh* exclaimed in the presence of his pupils, 'The French have sent for me; I am lost, and so are you, my children!' And he fled into the woods, followed by several of his adepts. Their anxious families sent in search of them, but they were not recovered till the next day. Thus, in a tribe of which all the choice men were in our service, and had constant relations with us, the schoolmaster alone had kept aloof from the general movement. The stupidity he had shown, by the way, became proverbial in the country, and the natives came to say of a thick-headed fellow, 'He is as great a dunce as talch X.'" But recently there have been established in all the principal cities of Algeria Arabic-French schools, where the primary teachings of both nations are combined. One of these schools at Algiers is represented in one of our engravings. The sentence on the blackboard explained by the master is, "My children, love France, your new country." Better yet, an Arabic-French college has been recently founded at Algiers, at the marabout of whom we spoke above. Si Mohammed Ben Ali-Cherif, one of the most influential men in Algeria, chief

SHE WOULD RIDE.

The Wheeling Intelligencer relates the following amusing story:—"A conductor upon one of the railroads, terminating here, met with a hard customer a few days since, and his experience verified the lines:

'When a woman wills she wont,
And when she wont she don't.'

A fierce-looking woman got on the train, about ten miles out the road, to come to this city. The affable conductor saw nothing remarkable in this, for fierce-looking females frequently 'get on trains,' but both women and men, whether fierce-looking or not, are expected to pay their fare. The woman in question flatly refused to comply with the usual demand, while she expressed her ability to 'buy the conductor, and all the money he had stolen from the company within the past year.' The conductor thought this was saying a good deal, but, with as few words as possible (conductors are men of few words), he demanded, for the third time, 'your fare,' and then pulled the bell-rope, to put the would-be-dead-head off. The train was stopped, and the woman was conducted out upon the platform, and from thence down the steps, out upon the track. When the train essayed to proceed on its way, the woman got aboard. Not wishing to put her off while the train was in motion, the conductor pulled the rope again, and again she was deposited on 'terra firma.' When the train started, she got on board as before, and again the train was stopped, and the tenacious woman handed gently down. This time a brakeman remained outside to detain her, thinking he could regain the train under way in advance of the determined passenger. But he was mistaken. The woman made the rear car almost as soon as the brakeman, and clinging to the railing about the platform, managed to climb up, and was a passenger still, in spite of their efforts. The train had now lost considerable time, and rather than lay himself liable to the charge of brutally treating a woman, the conductor permitted this remarkable passenger to gain her point, and to retain her seat to the end of her journey, when, strange to say, she paid her fare and marched off. We doubt whether a parallel to this instance of determination in a woman was ever recorded, or the gallantry of a conductor was over more vigorously tested."

ENTOMBMENT ALIVE IN INDIA.

A writer in "Household Words" gives an account of his "Wanderings in India." At Agra he was introduced to Lall Singh, in whose garden was discovered the remains of a former residence. Of this he says:

"In several of the niches (in an underground room) were little lamps, such as are burnt upon the tombs of the Moslems, and a hookah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterranean apartment, of which the sky was now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that upon one side there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor (and carried up therefrom), and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantelpiece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked rajah the reason of such a structure in the apartment.

"He replied he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it; one of them, however, took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when, to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been bricked up. The skin was still upon the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, sprangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ankles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire or thread—such slippers as only Mohammedan women of rank or wealth can afford to wear. The body resembled a well preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman, whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrid and ghastly figure that I ever beheld. The workmen appeared to take the discovery as a

VISIT TO VALLEY FORGE.

Every year adds to the sacredness which invests the scenes made memorable by the blood and sufferings of the fathers of the American Revolution. Their children honor their memory, and treasure their history as among their most valuable possessions. A recent visitor to Valley Forge gives an interesting description of the place where the American army passed a winter of terrible privation and suffering:

"About sixteen miles up the Schuylkill from Philadelphia, a small stream leaves the rich and beautiful valley, and winds its way through a deep ravine, between two mountains, and empties its clear water into the river. The mountains are filled with iron ore, and as the stream afforded water-power, the old inhabitants of the colony erected at its mouth a mill and forge, and the place was known as the Valley Forge. It was after the disastrous result of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in which the Americans lost 2000 soldiers, whom, in their already reduced state, they could so poorly spare, that Washington was forced to give up Philadelphia to the enemy, lead his drooping and discouraged army to this secluded spot, which the sufferings of that little band while it lay and shivered there during the memorable winter of 1777, has made immortal.

"We approached the old encampment by a road leading down the narrow defile which forms the bed of the stream, and ascends to the summit where the army lay, by a rugged pathway which is still to be traced among the rocks, and were shown by our guide as we passed, the different spots where the cannon had been planted to guard the entrance. When we reached the summit we found it partially covered with trees and underwood, yet eighty years had not been able to destroy the efforts that feeble band had put forth for self-protection. There was still to be seen a ditch and embankment, which is at present about three feet high, ex-

warm their miserable huts. And it was here that Washington is said to have shed tears like a father, while beholding their sufferings, when they gathered around him and pleaded for bread and clothing, and he had not the means to furnish them. Yet, although everything seemed so discouraging, it was near here that the Friend went home surprised, exclaiming, 'The Americans will conquer yet, the Americans will conquer yet! for I heard a whisper in the woods, and looked and saw a chief upon his knees, and he was asking God to help them!'

"It may be great to lead a powerful army on to victory, but surely it was greater to preserve the shattered remnants of a discouraged band together when the enemy were trampling over them, when their Congress could do nothing for them, when starving families at home were weeping for their return, and when there seemed no prospect before them but miserable defeat. Numerous graves have recently been opened and the bodies of many of the officers have been removed by their friends to other burying-places in their native States. But the poor and obscure soldiers who still remain, have monuments more beautiful than art can form, erected over them, for nature has planted hundreds of cedars as a silent tribute to their memory, which have been watered by the pure and generous tears of night, and they are now forming living wreaths of evergreen about their graves."

BEAR HUNTING IN SIBERIA.

It is not often in our age that women distinguish themselves in field sports, although this was a feminine accomplishment in the middle ages. But Mr. Atkinson, in his interesting sketches of Siberian life, gives a graphic picture of a Siberian lady, who, without any preliminary training, took to bear-hunting from an uncontrollable inward impulse. We give an extract from his pages:—"I shall frequently have occasion to speak of Cossack and Kalmuck

hunters, also of the daring of the Siberian peasant in his combats with the bear; but shall now introduce to my readers one of my acquaintances of the softer sex, who was not surpassed in courage and daring by either Kalmuck or Cossack. In one of my rambles after leaving Pavdinska, which led me to the east of Verkoturia and as far as the river Tavda, I came upon a party of peasants in the forest cutting wood, and among them several women. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovna, the bear-hunter. Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed by those who knew it, that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase; and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that bear-skins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breath-



GIRLS' SCHOOL IN ALGIERS, UNDER DIRECTION OF MADAME LUCE.

matter of course; or rather to regard it only with reference to the gold and silver upon the skeleton, and it was with great difficulty I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the rajah, he simply smiled and coolly remarked:

"A case of jealousy. Her husband was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it; perhaps she was plotting against his life; perhaps she was innocent; who can say? Hindoos as well as Mohammedans, punish their wives in this way."

"You mean that they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India; but such a thing could not occur in our time!"

"It does not occur as often as it did; but it does occur sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of a wealthy native? Let us look a little further into the wall; it strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

"Orders were given accordingly to the workmen to remove, with great care, the whole of the ledge; in short, to pull away its entire face. This was done—and how shall I describe the awful spectacle then presented? In that wall there were no less than five bodies, four besides that already alluded to. One of the number was a young man, who, from his dress and the jewels on his finger-bones, must have been a person of high rank, perhaps the lover of one or both of the young women, for he had been bricked up between two of them. The others were evidently those of confidential servants, old women, for they had gray hair. They possibly had been cognizant, or were supposed to be, of whatever offence the others had been deemed guilty of.

"The sun was now shining brightly on these ghastly remains, covered with garments embroidered in gold and silver. The air had a speedy effect on them, and, one by one, they fell, each forming a heap of bones, hair, shrivelled skin, dust, jewels and finery. The latter were gathered up and sent to the Lallah."

tending more than two miles round the top of the mountain. At the more open and unprotected points are still to be seen five different forts of different forms, more or less perfect. They were probably built principally of logs, but they have long since decayed, and their forms at present are to be traced only by piles of dirt which had been thrown up to strengthen them. The most perfect one at present is still about ten feet high, and probably one hundred feet square, with a dividing ridge running diagonally from one corner to the other, forming two apartments of equal size, but with one narrow entrance. It all remains quite perfect, and the walls or banks are covered with trees. The tents of the soldiers were made of poles, which seem to have been twelve or fifteen feet long, built in the form of a pen, with dirt thrown upon the outside to keep out the storm. Their remains are still to be seen situated in little groups here and there over the enclosure. While down near the old forge we were shown an old stone house, about twenty by thirty feet, which served as headquarters, in which Washington lived, surrounded by his staff during the winter.

"We entered the venerable building with feelings of the deepest emotion, and examined the room which served the illustrious chief as bed-chamber and audience-chamber. It is very plain, and the furniture much as he had left it. A small rough box, in a deep window-sill, was pointed out as having contained his papers and writing materials. The house is occupied by a family who take pleasure in showing to visitors the different items of interest. The old cedar-shingled roof which protected the "Father of our Country" eighty years ago, had still sheltered the old headquarters till a year or two ago, when it was removed, and its place occupied by tin. The graves of the soldiers are still to be seen in distinct clusters over the ground, but are most numerous in the northwest division, where the regiments from the south were quartered, death having rioted most fearfully among them, they being less able to endure the severities of a northern winter.

"It was during their encampment here that the tracks of the soldiers could be traced by their blood, as they gathered wood to

ing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

"One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers when ranging through the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged, to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and rode away. Anna was so erratic in her movements that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day had dawned she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

"There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. She followed him with the sagacity of a blood-hound, never once losing his trail. Hours passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna sat down by a small stream and made her breakfast on a piece of rye bread and a draught of water. Her frugal meal ended, she shouldered her rifle and again pushed on, and after a long and fruitless walk she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of which bears are very fond. Proceeding along the edge of this bed, an indication well known to hunters, assured her that the game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee and got a good aim, the animal staring at her almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished, the bear lay dead! Since this time Anna Petrovna has engaged with and killed sixteen bears!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOOKING FORWARD HOPEFULLY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Though behind you lie broken idols and household graves, look forward hopefully to the days to come—and, believe me, the light will then be about you, like "clear shining after rain."—ANNA'S LETTER.

I said, why struggle vainly on
To reach the heights that loom afar,
In distant realms where shines Hope's star,
And where life's promises are won?

The days are gone when angels led
Our weary feet beyond the sands
That stretch between the pleasant lands
And where we lay our weary head!

And so my hands I folded up;
Upon my heart I set grief's seal,
And went at that lone shrine to kneel,
Where pilgrims drink from sorrow's cup.

And as I knelt, and as I said,
Here I, the devotee of grief,
Will bow, nor seek that vain relief
For aching heart or weary head,

Behold, the message came to me:
"Behind you broken idols lie,
And household graves meet your sad eyes,
But O, look forward hopefully!"

And, as though waking from a trance,
I rose and felt the solemn truth,
That he who yields in early youth,
While o'er him bends yon blue expanse,

Is like that foolish one of old,
Who buried in unfruitful ground
The talent that he should have crowned
With others, till it was thrice told.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"NEVER, Edward Richardson, I tell you never!"

The lip of the beautiful speaker curled in contempt, and a gleam of ill-concealed impatience shone in the depths of her darkly splendid eyes.

"Pardon me, Isabel—Miss St. Eustace; but will nothing change you? May I not cherish hope under any circumstances?"

"Again? Sir, you are insufferable! I repeat to you, the daughter of Reginald St. Eustace will never demean herself by marrying the son of a pauper—even though that son requests it."

Ere she had finished speaking, the young man had risen to his feet, and with folded arms and impassible brow, he stood up before her, waiting for the conclusion of her speech.

"Miss St. Eustace," he said, at length, "I thank you sincerely for opening my eyes to your rightful character, for showing yourself to me in your true light. It will save me much suffering, for otherwise I should have believed you the pure and noble embodiment of woman which I once fancied you. Your contempt of my humble birth has saved me from regrets. When next we meet, it may be under changed circumstances; but be assured I shall be most happy to welcome and renew the acquaintance of the daughter of Reginald St. Eustace. Adieu!" And before she could reply to his haughty salutation, he had left the apartment.

Miss St. Eustace leaned back in the damask cushioned chair, and while an angry flush burnt her brow, and the light of pride and pique played on her features, she exclaimed:

"Presuming upstart! To think that I would unite my fate with his! Because I deigned to notice his paltry genius by purchasing one of his pictures, and encouraging him to paint others at my order, he has taken the liberty of falling in love with me, and asking a return! His airs, too!—becoming the possessor of half a million, rather than a penniless artist! If he had only been wealthy—but pshaw! what matters it to me?"

Isabel St. Eustace arose and rang the bell for her maid to attend her to her drawing-room. At her elaborate toilet for the evening assembly we will leave her and follow Edward Richardson, the scorned and discarded lover. From the princely abode of Mr. St. Eustace to the humble cottage of his mother, he bent his steps; and never had the quiet sitting-room, with its plain chairs and curtains of white muslin, looked more beautiful in his eyes than they now did. The sweet-scented geranium in the earthen vase on the window sill glowed with a deeper green, and filled the air with a richer fragrance. The pale, thoughtful face of his widowed mother wore a holier light, and her word of greeting possessed for him a new charm.

He was disenchanted of wealth and show, and vanity and selfishness. He was thankful that he had been born poor, if riches took away the nobility of soul which should be every man's richest dower. So he looked around the humble room, and at his mother's face, and a feeling of contentment stole into his being. He sat down by his parent's side, and without hesitation told her of the love which had grown upon him for Isabel St. Eustace, of the struggles of pride and affection which had agitated him, of his final confession, and her open and unmitigated contempt. Mrs. Richardson listened attentively until he had finished, and then she said:

"My dear Edward, I have feared this for a long time, and for your sake I have dreaded it. But I find I need not. You have too much spirit and sense to be affected by the words of a heartless

woman of fashion. With Isabel St. Eustace for your wife, you would have been wretched, and I thank God that the bond between you is severed."

Edward took his mother's hand tenderly and respectfully in his own, as he replied:

"You are right, mother, she is not worthy of my regret. One woman like yourself is enough to raise the female sex to an elevation becoming the purest virtue, but alas! all women are not formed of the same precious stuff. And now, mother, it only remains for me to depart for Europe, whither my thoughts and wishes have so long been wandering. The spell of my love for the fancied Miss St. Eustace—not the real one—has bound me here. But that is over, and I am free to go. Thank God, I can cross the Atlantic heart-whole!"

Mrs. Richardson sighed; the struggle of parting with her son, even for his benefit, anguished her; but what will not the love of a mother sacrifice? Two weeks afterwards, Edward Richardson was in Boston, from whence he was to sail on the following day for Liverpool. A voyage to Europe had been a life ambition to him, and now he was about to be gratified. An artist by nature, as well as by education, he was going to study with a distinguished German painter, and commune with the immortal shades of genius which hang about the precincts of sacred Rome. On the day following his arrival in Boston, as he was walking down Cambridge Street, he was accosted by the familiar cry:

"Buy my candy, sir?"

But the voice of the speaker was so singularly sweet, that it attracted the attention of Mr. Richardson, and he stopped to look at the face of the little merchant. As he did so, the stereotyped expression was repeated, though fainter and with a tremor of timidity in the tones. Richardson started on beholding the quaint vision before him. A girl, apparently thirteen years of age, but very small and slight, almost to frailty; her face was browned by exposure to sun and wind, and furrowed with lines of care, painful to behold in a child like her. But nothing could obscure the witching loveliness of her expression, or the rare combination of features. Her hair, a neglected mass of tangled amber, fell down her shoulders to her waist, unconfined by comb or ribbon; and in its lights and shadows was a richness and depth which Richardson would have given worlds for the power of transferring to canvass in all their rich perfection. Her eyes were dark as the clouds of stormy midnight; and the small, compressed lips and full Grecian nose gave a look of firmness, as well as sweetness, to the whole face. Richardson was strongly interested in the candy-girl, and with the characteristic of a Yankee he showed that interest by plying her with questions.

"What is your name, my child, and where do you live?"

"My name is Melicent Warden, and I live in Hanover Street, with Aunt Scott."

"A relative—ah?"

"No, Aunt Scott is no relation to me," returned the girl, sadly, "but she is a very good woman—almost as poor as I am—and when my papa and mama died, three years ago, with the cholera, she took me into her room, and I've stayed with her ever since. So I love her for being kind to me, and that makes me call her Aunt Scott."

"And have you no home, only this with Aunt Scott? Do you like to stand here in the sun to sell candy?"

"No, to both questions, sir. Aunt Scott's is all the home I have; and sometimes I get weary of trying to sell my candy. My heart swells up in my throat often when I ask fine ladies and gentlemen to buy, and get only a cross word for return."

Richardson stood a moment in silent thought, and an expression of intense satisfaction lighted up his handsome face. He laid his hand on the little girl's shoulder, and said:

"How would you like to go away from this life forever? to live in the country with the birds and flowers, and look out upon the grassy hills and the broad, green meadows? How would it please you, Melicent Warden?"

The child's eyes kindled with enthusiasm at the picture, and she drew eagerly towards him.

"O, sir, I should be so happy, it seems as if I should die!"

The large eyes dilated with hopeful anticipation, and the red lips grew moist and tender with the thought.

"Well, Melicent, my mother—a good and true woman, just such one as I would place my dearest friend with—resides about forty miles from here, in a farm-house. She is lonely now, for her only son is on the eve of taking a long journey. Will you go and cheer her and comfort her while I am gone?"

"If you will but let me. I know I should love your mother, if she is like—like—" the girl blushed, hesitated and finished the sentence abruptly—"if she is good."

Richardson smiled at what he knew to be her meaning, although her modesty forbade her giving it utterance. He took her hand in his, and drawing her away, said:

"Come, let us go to your home, to your Aunt Scott; if she gives her consent to your leaving her, to-morrow's sun shall not set upon you homeless."

Learning more of the happy child at every step, Mr. Richardson felt pleased that in his absence he could send to his lonesome mother so pleasant a companion. He found Aunt Scott loth to part with Melicent, although the old lady was glad of her pet's good fortune. Aunt Scott was very poor herself, but there are charity and kindness to be found in the lower ranks of life as well as in the higher. This lowly woman had taken the motherless child of poverty, and cared for her as her own. In another world she shall receive her reward.

With many a kind, though rude word of counsel, Aunt Scott gave Melicent Warden into the hands of Richardson, and the young man and the child entered a coach and were driven to the

depot. In the waiting-room he penned a letter to his mother, briefly detailing his meeting with the girl, and his wish that she might share with him his mother's love and interest. Then consigning his protegee to the care of the gentlemanly conductor, Mr. C—, he gave Melicent his hand to say good-by. There were tears in her eyes as she grasped the proffered hand in both of hers, and stooping down she pressed her lips passionately upon it; and then ejaculating, "God in heaven bless you, Edward Richardson!" she turned away her head, and looked at him no more. A moment later the bell rang, the great engine hissed and groaned, and Melicent was on her way to Wheatwold.

Edward had not miscalculated his mother's goodness of heart, and the little candy-girl met with a warm reception from the excellent lady. O, but it was like Paradise to the orphan, to sit in those quiet rooms, looking out upon the green swell of the great hills, and the broad stretches of the intervals; listening to the harmony of the birds and bees, and the clear, silver stream. The soul, as well as the body of the girl, grew and expanded in the new atmosphere, and under Mrs. Richardson's teachings, a rich flower was germinating into perfect blossom, in the quiet shades of Wheatwold.

Time passed on, and three years fled into the great past. Melicent was now sixteen, a glowing confirmation of her youth's promise. A soul above the grovellers of earth, a mind of singular depth and brilliancy, united to her great beauty of person, made her much admired and sought after among those with whom she associated. So she was the comfort of her benefactress, and every day the widow blessed God for the soothing, cheering presence of the quondam candy-girl.

Edward wrote often, and these letters were rare treats to the soul of Melicent. They were full of brilliant accounts of the countries through which he travelled, the magnificent scenery he viewed, interspersed with glowing pictures of the sweet sunsets, the mellow moonlight, and the impassioned, crimson skies hung over the beautiful land of the Orient. He said but little of his success in his art; perhaps because he thought so very much of it. Mrs. Richardson often wondered at his silence upon the point, but after a while she was content with the few vague hints which he saw fit to throw out in some of his letters. From these she gathered that he was doing well, at least, and she rested her anxiety concerning him, on the supposition that fortune had been kind to him. He seemed rather to avoid alluding to his return home, saying he would come "by-and-by," or "after a time." And Mrs. Richardson supposed that, from attachment, it was hard for a nature like Edward's, to break away from the classic lands where he lingered, and so she forgave him for remaining so long from the heart that throbbed but in his happiness, and the home which only waited his presence to attain perfection of joy.

In the meantime, the beauty and excellence of Melicent Warden had won her many suitors from among the rich and poor, but she seemed in no hurry to take upon herself the obligations of a wife. George Camfield, a rich young farmer, was the most persevering in his attentions, although he met with no more favor than others. He was a worthy fellow, handsome, well educated, and good-hearted, but Melicent did not love him. She had twice refused the offer of his hand, and he, with commendable zeal, seemed to justify the opinion of the gossips that he intended to give her a chance of doing the same thing a third time.

There was a great sensation in the aristocratic circles of Anthel, a city some five miles from the residence of Mrs. Richardson, all about a wonderful Signor Leonza, an Italian artist. One of his pictures had won the first prize in the Academy of Arts established there, and it was said that his genius and success were wonderful. Moreover, by the next steamer this paragon of painters was to arrive in Anthel, to remain a short time, during which he would accommodate sitters with their portraits.

Well, Signor Alfieri Leonza came, and for once report had not spoken too much in his praise. He was about twenty-seven years old, tall, and strongly proportioned. His hair and eyes were intensely dark, and the lower portion of his face was covered with a heavy beard and moustache. A very handsome and *distingue* looking man was the Signor Alfieri, and for chivalrous politeness to the ladies and his admirable courtesy to the gentlemen, he was soon a great favorite with the entire ton. Sitters crowded in upon him, his studio was thronged, and it became quite the rage to sit to the elegant artist. Ladies blushed and smiled at his well-turned compliments, and many hearts beat faster in his fascinating presence.

Isabel St. Eustace—still unmarried, but more beautiful and haughty than ever—at the solicitation of some young friend, as well as prompted by her own curiosity, paid Signor Alfieri a visit. She was a splendid looking creature, arrayed in a robe of crimson velvet, with her hair banded back from her regal brow, and her pride and grace regnant at every motion. But Signor Alfieri, much to Isabel's secret chagrin, did not appear in the least moved by this gorgeous display of beauty. He greeted her coldly, but politely, and handed her a chair with dignified composure.

"Will madame—or signora—your pardon; will signora sit for a portrait to-day?"

"If it will be convenient—"

Isabel hesitated and colored under the keen scrutiny of the eyes of the nonchalant artist. She was ashamed of herself for betraying the singular power of the man over her, and she could not fathom nor explain the interest she felt in Signor Leonza.

Without vouchsafing another word, he arranged her for a sitting, and the work of painting went on rapidly, and uninterrupted. Occasionally he glanced up at her face, but these glances were coldly scrutinizing, and Isabel wondered within herself where the mooted gallantry of Signor Leonza had flown. At

the expiration of half an hour he dismissed her for the day, telling her to come again on the third day from that, at the earliest hour after dinner.

Isabel went home to ponder on the strange conduct of the signor, and to try to shut out his image from her mind. She was fascinated by the expression of his countenance, so indicative of nobility and gentleness; his coldness piqued her, and for the first time since Edward Richardson knelt at her feet, the heart of the heiress-belle was touched. She was both interested and mystified. There was something familiar in the face of the artist, something remembered in the tones of his voice, but she sought vainly to give it individuality. So at last she went to sleep, and in her dreams the proud, handsome Italian was ever before her, with that calm, half-scornful smile, and brilliant eye.

On the appointed day, when she went to the studio for her second sitting, Signor Leonza withdrew a curtain, and showed her the portrait finished! She was astonished at its correctness, and begged to know how he had managed so rapidly from only one sitting.

"The expression was very easy to get, signora; it is one, uniform, for the most part. A face like yours is no intricate study, but all is open and plain as the stately dignity which crowns the forests of November!"

Isabel's brow flushed; she did not know how to construe his words, but she bowed, and he said no more on the subject. They met often, at the ball, party, concert, and social levee; their acquaintance did not seem to progress, and yet their intimacy did, for almost every morning found Signor Leonza at the house of Reginald St. Eustace. They were drawn together, Isabel and the signor, by a singular and mysterious bond; Isabel cold and constrained in his presence, yet with an *Ætina* of love burning for him in her breast; and he polite, social and self-possessed. She, the proud and haughty Isabel, learned to hang upon his words, to live in the light of his dark countenance, to prize the flowers he had trodden, and the air he breathed! She loved him fiercely and wildly, as only one of her passionate and fiery nature could love, and yet he never spoke to her kindly, much less tenderly. No sign, no token had this love of hers to feed upon, and yet it lived and grew stronger and deeper every day. It might be hopeless and unreturned, but it was her crowning glory, and the knowledge that she adored him filled her with thrilling gladness.

One morning as Leonza was making his adieux, he dropped his glove, and went away without perceiving his loss. Isabel sprang forward and seizing the glove, pressed it madly, passionately to her lips.

"O Heaven!" she said, "why should I allow this terrible passion to triumph over me?"

"It is my glove, signora," said the voice of Signor Leonza at her side.

She glanced at him in stupefied amazement. An overpowering sense of her humiliation swept over her, and she sank down on a sofa and moaned out:

"O why, why did I do it? Is it a crime?"

She looked up into his face with so much anguish in her gaze, that his hard look softened, and he started towards her. She dropped her eyes, and her lips said:

"You have my secret! O, be honorable! Go and leave me!"

He only replied by sitting down by her side. When she looked up, he said:

"Miss St. Eustace, lift up your head and tell me, do you love me?"

There was a magnetism in his fixed gaze that with all her haughty pride she was powerless to resist. Her red lips parted, her eyes dilated with the intensity of her feelings; she answered him—for her life she could not have prevented it.

"I do!"

A slight smile of satisfaction crept over his face, followed immediately by a shade of sorrow. She marked it all, and by that irresistible fascination which she ever felt in his presence, she drew towards him until his breath was on her lips, and his hair touching the waves of jet upon her forehead. One wild, impassioned look he bent upon him, and for a moment only her love spoke; her pride was ignored and forgotten.

"O, Leonza, kiss me once—once! My soul will live upon it all my life! Kiss me, and I will be done!"

He put his arms around her, and took her closely and strongly to his breast. An instant he held her there, her cheek touching his, her eyes blazing into his own. Then he kissed her, a long, passionate kiss, such as we press upon the lips of those whom we love with the whole strength of our being, or upon those of dear friends that we are parting with forever. A little brief period she did not stir; then she arose, and putting off the embrace of Leonza, stood up before him, the cold and proud Isabel St. Eustace.

"The last moment of weakness is over! Signor Leonza, if that be your name, I thank you for the permitted indulgence of that one moment. I can live on a kiss all my life."

He arose, took both her hands kindly and respectfully in his, and said:

"Miss St. Eustace, we have both been to blame. Once I loved you—ah, you recognize me now! I loved you, and you refused me. Then I determined at sometime to win your affections out of revenge. O, it was bitter, bitter! To think of the suffering—but let it all go; we will bury the past, and henceforth be firm, true friends."

She took the offer of friendship calmly and quietly, grasped the friendly hand, and met the friendly eye. She looked steadily in his face as she replied:

"Edward Richardson, my friend, I congratulate you upon the fame you have won; I glory in it; henceforth your success shall be my happiness. Now leave me!"

He obeyed her, and the haughty woman was alone with her thoughts.

Mrs. Richardson and Melicent were sitting together one morning late in the brilliant month of October, talking of Edward. Freely did the doting mother speak of her son to the girl she had adopted; and as for Melicent, it was joy to her to listen to his praises. In the midst of their conversation, the door opened softly, and Signor Leonza appeared. Mrs. Richardson arose to greet him as a stranger, but the faithful instinct of Melicent penetrated the change. She sprang eagerly towards him, exclaiming, joyfully:

"Edward Richardson, my benefactor!"

A moment later, and mother and son were in each other's arms. Then, when the first warm welcome was over, he turned to his protegee. She gave him her hand shyly, and her eyes thanked him for all he had done for her, though her lips refused to put the gratitude into words. Edward looked down upon her with surprise and admiration; his little waif had grown even lovelier than he had ever dreamed, and it must be confessed that he had thought a great deal of her during his absence, and wondered unceasingly if she had fulfilled her youthful promise of beauty.

Over the dinner-table he told them all that had befallen him since his departure; of his studies, his progress, his success, and the wealth which was fast making him its possessor. And all this time his eyes recurred to the face of Melicent, as if seeking there for encouragement and approbation. Thus it went on for weeks and months, and while the great world of Antheil mourned and wondered over the disappearance of the artist-star, he was whiling away his time in an obscure farm-house, with only his mother and Melicent for company.

But he was not happy; a strange unrest had seized upon him, and he was uncomfortable the entire time. The lovers of Melicent troubled him; he despised George Camfield, and at times grew almost angry with Melicent that she did not crush them all, at once. Their rustic attentions caused him many heart-burnings; he could not bear that the fair girl should smile on any but himself, or exert her powers of conversation for the pleasure of others; he was selfishly jealous of her, and some one says that jealousy cannot be born without love.

One morning, early in the spring, he met Melicent and young Camfield coming down the lane together. For once his passion triumphed over his usual caution, and he stepped up to the side of the girl.

"Melicent," he said, "will you not finish your walk with me?"

She started and blushed, but bowing to Camfield, turned away at the side of Richardson. He drew her arm within his own, retaining his hold upon her hand, and tightening the clasp as he spoke:

"Melicent, do you respect me?"

"Mr. Richardson, how can you doubt it?"

"I do not; I only wish to prove it. Will you give me a proof?"

"Try me."

"Then, Melicent, never speak to Mr. Camfield again; it pains me every time I see him in your presence!"

"Sir, I do not understand you?"

"Nor can I explain; it may seem strange to you—but will you gratify me?"

"I will obey you," she said, her whole face lighting up with confidence and trust.

He stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"Enough, Melicent; I thank you."

He felt quiet and assured, but this feeling of contentment was not to last long. There was a new arrival in Wheatwold—a young physician, handsome, wealthy and talented; and when he saw Melicent, he loved her. His visits to the cottage became frequent, and he was hardly content away from the society of her he loved.

There was an excursion party made up from the village, to visit Glen Falls, some three miles distant, and Dr. Harvey Braynard escorted Melicent Warden, much to Edward's chagrin. He, Edward, attended a sour old maid, for as long as Melicent was not at his side, he cared not who took her place.

A little distance from the Falls the road wound along the precipice which overhung Witch's Gorge, a deep valley where the river foamed and roared in mad power. Just before reaching this wild and dangerous place, the horse which Melicent rode took fright, and the efforts of his rider to curb him availed nothing. On, on he dashed, fiery and maddened, nearing every moment the fatal precipice!

Dr. Braynard flew after her, and Edward, frenzied and full of horror, urged his steed to the utmost. It was a wild race. Edward's horse gained—in a moment he was almost within touch—a leap, a plunge—Melicent went over the cliff! A groan of horror and anguish burst from the lips of Dr. Braynard; but Edward had no time for thought; he sprang from his horse, and down the frightful precipice after the lost girl. He found her there, lying on a low rock, beneath her dead horse, her clothes soiled with blood, and her face like the faces of those we see in coffins.

As though she had been an infant, he seized her in his arms, and bore her to the top of the precipice. Dr. Braynard came forward to examine her injuries, but Edward at first refused to permit him to touch her. He stood there with her in his arms, looking into her lifeless face with a dull stare. At last he was prevailed upon to allow a brief examination of her injuries, and Dr. Braynard announced an arm broken in two places, and a severe contusion of the left temple.

Edward rode his own horse, bearing Melicent, hardly restored to consciousness, on his bosom. Thus he took her home, and

through the long and tedious confinement which followed, he nursed her with more than womanly tenderness. Mrs. Richardson in vain besought him to take some rest; he would not leave her until her health and strength returned.

In the earliest hours of her convalescence, he told of his love, and asked her to be his wife; and with a heart full of joy she told him "yes." As soon as her health was won back, they were married very quietly in the little church on the green, and Isabel St. Eustace was at the wedding! Afterwards she went abroad, and it was seven years before her feet again pressed the shores of her native land. Seven years of wretched loneliness they were to her, and deep, unfathomable happiness to Edward Richardson and his trusting wife.

Miss St. Eustace, it was said, had refused many and brilliant offers of marriage, and now at thirty she was single, single for life. A month after her return home she was seized with a sudden illness, and she never went forth from that rich chamber more! Two brief months, and her friends with sincere grief closed her eyes in death. On the day of her funeral, Edward Richardson sought and obtained entrance to the room where the mortal part of Miss St. Eustace was sleeping. He gazed long and earnestly upon her beautiful face, and then bending over the coffin, he kissed her pale lips.

BULWER LYTTON.

Among the frequenters of the auction room this past week, Bulwer has been a conspicuous one, but not so conspicuous as he would have been a week before; for he has had his hair cut, and his whiskers trimmed, apparently for the first time this quarter of a century; and he now looks so like a Christian that his friend Disraeli can have hardly known him. Perhaps he finds in the circumstance an explanation of the author of "Zanoni" voting against the Jew bill, and, what is a good deal more astonishing, against the India bill of the government, whose chancellor of the duchy palatine he was to have been, had the electors of Herts been only disposed to return the lord of Knebworth Hall. He is considerably improved in appearance in the eyes of reasonable men, though unreasonable women may be of a different opinion, especially as he has taken to carrying his hands in his don't-mention-'em pockets. Pelham with his hands in his pockets! Even so. Did he buy anything at Faleke's sale? No; he seemed anxious to buy what is called in the five shilling catalogue, "the celebrated Plantagenet Tapestry, representing the marriage of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret, a composition of twenty-two figures," but "What will he do with it?" seemed to be a question preliminary to the purchase, and he didn't buy. Perhaps he has something less archaeological to think of just now, namely, a defence of the originality of his "Harold," for the strange story in the Napier Memoirs, as to the Bearded Vision that swept Seinde having placed in the hands of Colburn, twenty years ago, when Bulwer was man-of-all-work to that publisher, a manuscript fiction in which the last of the Saxon kings was the hero, in fact, the original in every way of Sir Edward's story—is about to be elucidated, as Sir Charles's work is on the eve of being issued.—*London Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion.*

APOPLEXY.

Persons below the middle height, robust, with large hands and short, thick necks, are generally recognized as apoplectic subjects; but it is, in fact, confined to no particular conformation of the body, all persons being alike liable to be attacked by it. The predisposing causes are the habitual indulgence of the appetite in rich and gross food, stimulating drinks, coupled with luxurious and indolent habits; sedentary employments carried to an undue length; the habit of sleeping, especially in a recumbent posture, after a full meal; and lying too long in bed. Persons, however, who are predisposed to this disease should not fail to profit by the warnings of its approach, such as giddiness, drowsiness, loss of memory, twitching of the muscles, faltering of the speech, etc. Their diet should be light and nutritious; all luxurious habits should be abandoned, and moderate exercise should be taken. Above all, they should avoid giving way to their passions, as it is well known that many persons have been struck with death in the midst of a fit of anger.—*Dictionary of Daily Wants.*

FRANK FORESTER.

We knew Mr. Herbert many years ago, and often listened with pleasure to his tales of sporting adventures. His temperament was very excitable, and he was liable to violent bursts of anger for the most trifling causes. He often said himself, he had perfect self-control under great misfortunes, but none under trivial causes of irritation. His landlady said when his printer's boy came for "copy," it would frequently be necessary to hide behind the door in making the request, lest, in a burst of fury, Mr. Herbert might do some mischief to the boy or to the furniture. Her chairs were often sent to be repaired, after being broken by the author in a fit of passion. He was always ready to acknowledge this fault, and often spoke of it. Of the subject of physical courage, he would express singular ideas. He has been heard to say that he despised the man who would turn pale when standing under an avalanche; and he was much vexed with persons for hating that he would shrink as well as others from impending death.—*N. Y. Express.*

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FITCHBURG, MASS.

We present on this page two fine views taken expressly for us in the flourishing town of Fitchburg, Mass., by our artist, Mr. Kilburn, the first representing the town-house and the second the centre of the village. In our school-days Fitchburg was a day's journey from Boston by stage-coach, but it is now reached by railroad in an hour and a half. Our view of the town-house is an accurate one. The building is a fine structure, containing two large halls, the post-office, the deputy sheriff's office, etc. It was, if we are rightly informed, erected in 1853, at a cost of \$40,000. The second engraving shows a view of the common in the upper part of the town. On the right is seen the Rollstone House; beyond the common, in the centre of the picture, is the Unitarian church; next to the left is seen the spire of the Methodist church; and still farther to the left the Universalist church comes in. At the extreme of our picture is seen a part of the Orthodox church. Fitchburg enjoys a large share of business, and efforts have long been made to divide the county of Worcester and make Fitchburg the shire town of the new county. The town is connected with Boston by the Fitchburg Railroad, 42 miles in length, and with Worcester by the Fitchburg and Worcester Railroad. Here also is the starting point of the northern roads. The town was originally a part of the town of Lunenburg, and wholly included in the grant made to the proprietors of Turkey Hills. It was incorporated a town in 1764. A part of Fitchburg, to the north, was cut off in the year 1767, to aid in forming the town of Ashby. What the Indian name given to this territory was, is not known; but the first name applied to it by white men was Turkey Hills, so called on account of the great number of wild turkeys which frequented the place for their favorite food of chestnuts and acorns there abounding. When the order or grant of the general court passed, in 1719, there was but one family residing in the territory of Turkey Hills. The head of this family was Samuel Page, universally designated by the honorable title of "old Governor Page." When the general court's committee, as they were styled, first visited the place, in December, 1719, in the performance of their duty, they found Governor Page, whose faithful subjects were composed of his wife Martha and several promising children, occupying a comfortable habitation on the southerly side of Clark's Hill, a few rods to the rear of the barn belonging to the farm of Micah Marshall. It is directly opposite to the principal graveyard, little more than one mile in a south-easterly direction from the meeting house. Old Governor Page exercised not a little taste in the selection of his place of abode. He had, however, no title to the

TOWN HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, FITCHBURG, MASS.

land which he was cultivating, for it was then public domain, and belonged to his majesty's province of the Massachusetts Bay. David Page was undoubtedly among the earliest, perhaps the first, of the settlers in Fitchburg. The birth of his eldest child is dated October, 1735. Some of the aged people of this town think that the first settlement was on the place now owned by James L. Haynes, and that the occupant was sometimes called Governor Page. Others say that David Page lived there, but from how early a period they cannot tell. As to the residence of old Governor Page near the centre of Lunenburg, there can be but little doubt; for the land on which the first pound was built was purchased of him, and the governor himself was elevated to the office of pound-keeper. The house occupied by one Page, near James L. Haynes's, was "garrisoned," that is, sticks of timber, hewn on two sides to the thickness of six inches, were firmly driven into the ground so near together as to touch. They extended around the house at the distance of about ten feet from it. Port holes were made through this of sufficient dimensions to allow the fire of musketry. The condition of the highways, in the early history of the town, can hardly be imagined at the present time. For the

most part they were merely "bridle paths," winding through the woods, over one hill after another, increasing the distance double to what it is at the present time. Wheel carriages had not then been introduced. Travelling was performed on horseback. In order that people might not lose their direction, trees were marked on one side of the path. A few roads, which would soon prove the destruction of one of our modern carriages, were laid out at an early season near the centre of the town; but in that part of the town which is now Fitchburg there was nothing of the kind till, in 1743, a committee was chosen "to lay out and mark a way to the west line of the town, in order to answer the request of the Hon. Thomas Berry, Esq., in behalf of Ipswich Canada (Winchendon), and to accommodate Dorchester Canada (Ashburnham), and the new towns above us." The two most important roads, which led from this part of the town to the centre, were the one by David Page's, and corresponding nearly with what is now denominated the old road, and the one by David Goodridge's, who lived in the place now occupied by W. Bemis, near the brick factory, at South Fitchburg. What little communication there was between Lunenburg and "the new towns above," was principally made through the road by David Page's, already mentioned. This road, probably, passed the village of Fitchburg, nearly in the same place with the present travelled way. John Scott had been for a long time desirous of a more direct route to the centre of Lunenburg; but the town would not accede to his wishes. He accordingly procured a court's committee, who laid the Scott road, "to the great satisfaction of Mr. John Scott," as the records say. This Scott road was for some years quite a celebrated thoroughfare, and used to be called Crown Point road. David Goodridge, at quite an early period, commenced on his farm at South Fitchburg. In the year 1745 or 1746, one Amos Kimball, and his cousin Ephraim, moved from Bradford into this town. Soon after their settlement they built a grist-mill, with one run of stones, on the place where the stone factory now stands. The dam was only about forty feet in length, made of a log laid across the river, having spoilings driven in above it. For several years previous to the incorporation of the town the inhabitants of the western part of Lunenburg began to have shrewd suspicions that they were able to walk alone—that they were sufficient in knowledge and numbers to manage their own affairs—and that it was an unnecessary burden upon them to be compelled to travel the distance of five or ten miles to attend divine service, and transact the ordinary business of town affairs, and the settlers of this locality accordingly separated themselves.



VIEW IN CENTRE OF FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS



BILLERICA CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

BILLERICA, MASS.

Billerica, of which we present two views drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, is situated 19 miles from Boston and six from Lowell, on the line of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and is one of the oldest towns in New England, having been settled over 200 years, and originally included Lowell, Chelmsford, and other adjacent towns since separated from it. The site of the centre village is very fine and healthy; on an elevated plateau sloping away in every direction, it commands an extensive prospect, stretching to the distant mountain ranges of Vermont and New Hampshire, including Monadnock and Wachusett, and bounded toward the northeast by the summits of the White Mountains. North Billerica is a detached village engaged in manufacturing, but Billerica proper is one of the few genuine old-fashioned farming towns now so rare in the vicinity of Boston, though its population includes many men of wealth retired from city business, and probably no more desirable place of residence in every respect could be found so accessible to the two largest cities of the State. The soil and location are very favorable to fruit, and a great deal is raised; and the whole vicinity abounds in a remarkable variety of wild berries, grapes, fruits and flowers of every variety indigenous to New England. The old settlers have shown an unusual degree of taste in sparing and planting forest trees, so that almost every house and road is shaded by noble elms, oaks, etc., giving a beauty to the scenery that no expense or labor can produce in newly settled villages. The roads in all directions lead through pretty rural scenery, and the picturesque winding Concord River, which intersects the town, as well as sundry ponds, afford ample facilities for fishing and boating. One of the most valuable institutions of the town is an excellent academy of high class, called the "Howe School," from its founder, Dr. Zadok Howe, an old resident and physician, who bequeathed nearly the whole of his large fortune to build and endow this institution for the "instruction of the youth of Billerica and adjacent towns in the higher branches of education. Much discretionary power was left to the trustees of this fund, and they appear to have carried out the intentions of the donor with excellent judgment and taste. The school-house, of which a representation is given, is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill overlooking the valleys of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers and the distant spires of Lowell. The building is a neat and substantial fire-proof one, finished and furnished in the most approved modern style of school architecture, containing a handsome hall, and separate gymnasiums for the physical education and recreation of both sexes, and furnished with a

philosophical apparatus, geological cabinet, etc. An acre of ground in rear of the school-house is neatly laid out for a playground, planted with trees and partly covered by a pretty grove. All the appointments of this institution are very complete. It at present contains sixty pupils, who are instructed by accomplished and successful teachers in all the higher English branches, the classical and modern languages, at a tuition so low as to be merely nominal. The view of Billerica centre is taken from the corner of the Andover and Boston and Lowell roads, looking towards the south. The small church at the right is Universalist, the one in the centre of the picture Unitarian; beyond it come the post-office, next the Town Hall, with doric portico, and further on the Baptist church; there is also one of the Congregational denomination that does not appear in the picture. At the extreme left is seen the portico of the village hotel, which is kept in a quiet, comfortable style for summer boarders. The early history of Billerica is quite interesting. Its ancient Indian name was Shawshine, a name which it received from its vicinity to the river of that name. The present name is derived from Billericay, in the county of Essex, in England, whence it is supposed that several

of the first inhabitants emigrated. As early as 1637, the general court appointed Capt. Jennison and Lieut. Spooner to view Shawshine, and to consider whether it be fit for a plantation. In 1641, it was granted to Cambridge, "provided they would make it a village to have ten families settled there within ten years." It appears that the first settlement was made about the year 1653. It was commenced by a number of respectable families from Cambridge, but the greater part were originally from England. About the period of king Philip's war, the number of families in Billerica was about forty-eight, and the number of dwelling-houses forty-seven. The alarm produced by the incursion of the Indians at this time, caused many persons to leave their habitations and seek refuge in the most compact part of the several towns. It is not known, however, that this town suffered any essential injury during Philip's war. During the French and Indian war, on August 5th, 1695, the Indians made an irruption on the inhabitants of this place. "In the northerly part of the town, on the east of Concord River, lived several families, who, though without garrisons and in a time of war, felt no apprehensions of danger. Their remoteness from the frontiers might have contributed to their apparent security. The

Indians came suddenly upon them in the daytime. They entered the house of John Rogers while he was sleeping, and discharged an arrow at him, which entered his neck and pierced the jugular vein. Awakened by this sudden and unexpected attack, he started up, seized the arrow, which he forcibly withdrew, and expired with the instrument of death in his hand. A woman being in the chamber, threw herself out of the window, and, though severely wounded, made her escape by concealing herself among some flags. A young woman was scalped and left for dead, but survived the painful operation, and lived many years afterwards. A son and daughter of Mr. Rogers were made prisoners. The family of John Levistone suffered most severely. His mother-in-law and five young children were killed, and his oldest daughter captured. Thomas Rogers and his oldest son were killed. Mary, the wife of Dr. Roger Toothaker was killed, and Margaret, his youngest daughter, taken prisoner. Fifteen persons were killed or taken at this surprisal. Though the Indians were immediately pursued by the inhabitants of the centre of the town, yet so effectually had they taken precautions in their flight that all efforts to find them were unavailing. It is said that they even had tied up the mouths of their dogs with wampum, from an apprehension that their barking would discover the direction they had taken. The shock given to the inhabitants by this melancholy event was long had in painful remembrance."



HOWE SCHOOL, BILLERICA, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS, THEN SUNSHINE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Work, work, work!" I repeated the word to myself with bitterness, as I leaned out from the window to catch the sweet breezes of the morning as they swept up from the green meadows, cool and delicious. Lines of misty, golden light were slanting adown from the hilltops, making amber paths across the green, dewy fields, and amber ladders from one treetop to another, through all the wide expanse of woods that my eye could reach. Under the window, roses and lilacs blossomed—the roses tossing their red and white, and the lilacs their cloudy, purple clusters, backward and forward, meeting as if to exchange kisses, and mingle in one sweet breath their united fragrance.

But what were the sunlight, the trees, the dewy fields and flowers to me? I might not go out freely among them; my feet could not press the green grass of the fields; I might not wander where the breezes made anthems through the trees; my hands might not pluck the simplest flower which bent forward to meet their weary outstretching. I must work, for labor was the only gift for me; whether I made it a pleasure or a curse, the only alternative. And so with tears in my eyes which the sunlight mockingly bridged across with golden bars, I seated myself to my daily task. There was a great well of bitterness within my heart, which with the most rigorous will I could hardly keep from overflowing—a passionate upheaving of my deep, womanly nature, which in vain I tried to press backward into the quiet channel it had always known. In vain, for it surged up to catch the light and the shadows; the light, though I said the while there was no light, and the shadows, which, even in my bitterest moments, I shut my heart against. It was a strange time to me; can you comprehend it, reader? a time when I denied everything for a fear that was the sweet foundation of a hope.

"Work, work, work!" I said again, pressing my fingers close upon my eyes, and letting fall the garment on which I had been sewing. "I wish I might die, die!" My tears fell thick and fast. I wished I might weep my life away.

"Nelly; Nelly, dear, you will weep so long that there will be no rainbow after the shower; instead, a dull, heavy grayness upon everything. Look up, I have something to say to you."

Before the words fell upon my ear, I recognized a presence near me, a soul that mine leaped up in great waves of joy to meet. Words were not wanted to assure me of the presence of Charles Hastings. In a moment the smiles gathered upon my face, and involuntarily I unclasped my hands from my eyes to meet the steady, penetrating gaze of the man I loved.

"Now, now, Nelly, we have the rainbows!" he said, drawing a chair and seating himself close by my side, at the same time tossing carelessly the light, airy robe which I was making upon the table. "Tell me what troubles you, dear."

For some reason the bitterness within me flowed up to my lips when I opened them to speak.

"I am weeping for joy," I said, turning my head away from him. "Is it to be wondered at?"

"Not if your heart in its outreaching can divine the future," was the answer.

"Are you a prophet, that you speak with such authority?"

"I judge your future by my own heart, Nelly. I will not believe that it tells me wrongly."

I reached out my hand for my work, without replying, as he said this. A determination arose within me not to listen idly, like a pleased child, to his words, even though they sent the warm blood dashing over my face and quickened to wildness the pulsations of my heart. I was a poor, dependent sewing-girl, and Charles Hastings was rich, proud, and of a high family. What I knew of the world, all the education I could lay claim to, had been gathered piece-meal; and yet I was not ignorant or unlearned. He was an elegant, polished man, at ease in any station, a man who had seen the world without entering into its busy, bustling ranks, and from seeing had turned away, weary and discontented.

From the moment I saw him, when he first came to spend the summer with the proud Langdons, with whom I was living, I knew him wholly and well, as if for years I had been permitted to read his heart as freely as a written scroll. People said he was the betrothed husband of his haughty cousin, Louise Langdon, and, judging by what I saw daily, I had no right to dispute it. Indeed, I thought it very probable; yet with me there was ever this sweet assurance—I could understand him, appreciate him as she could not; could bring by my words a smile to his lip that she might try in vain to summon there. He might give her the husks of his soul, the outward make-believe devotion, but I could see into his inner life, and knew that not for a moment her proud, arrogant face was daguerreotyped there. He was by her side in all the glitter and show of fashionable society, but he came to me for sympathy when he was weary and disheartened, when the eyes of the world were turned for a moment from the worship of its idol.

But the day before the morning on which he found me weeping, Louise had spoken harshly and insultingly to me, had taunted me with my low name and calling, and with an angry light in her dark eyes told me if I dared raise my plebeian voice to speak to those so far above me she would have me turned into the street, like the beggar I was. I have often wondered since how I bore so meekly and without retorting her insolent words; I cannot say, unless it was for the sweet love that had placed me, for the time, far beyond the reach of her taunts.

"I judge your future by my own heart," repeated Charles, at-

tempting as he spoke to draw my work from me again. "O, Nelly, bid me hope that I have not judged amiss!"

What right had I to tremble with delight at his welcome words? What right had the warm, tell-tale blushes to write out for his perusal my secret upon brow, lip and cheek? I was poor, and what right had I to a woman's life of love and joy? Charles Hastings was a proud man—what could he want of my love? The thought was torturing to me, and with a quick, spasmodic effort, I said to him:

"Do not, do not taunt me, Mr. Hastings. I do not deserve this from you."

Taunt you, dearest!" he said, drawing me passionately toward him. "Taunt you, who have grown to be nearer and dearer to me than any one else? when I came to you this morning to ask you to be my wife—my wife, Nelly?"

"You cannot mean what you are saying," I sobbed. "You are rich, learned and proud; I am poor, unknown and unloved. I am a sewing-girl."

"Well, what of that?" he asked, holding me at arm's length from him, as though I had been the merest child, and looking half-sternly, half-reproachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, pomp and show. I ask for the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart that has been kept pure and free from the corroding dusts of the world. Give, O give me a home there, Nelly! If there is a condescension upon either side, it is yours. You are truer and purer than I am. Do not interrupt me. If you were not, your life could not flow on so calmly, so gently. I am a better man when near you, darling."

O, how like a bewildering, beautiful dream his words made everything to me! How rapidly and intoxicatingly the assurance of his love went through the waiting chambers of my soul! I forgot everything, hardships, privations, insults, sorrow and despair, as for one little moment he drew my weary head to his breast, telling me that henceforth and forever it should be my shelter, resting-place and shield.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden joy the quick, musical laugh of Louise Langdon. "Really this is interesting! How lucky for me that I took a freak to rise early this morning! This beautiful, pathetic tableau free of expense! Ha, ha, ha! Shall I summon spectators, Mr. Hastings?"

"Just as you please, Miss Langdon," was the cool, carelessly-given reply, as he drew me back to my seat upon his knee. "Perhaps your enjoyment will be increased, however, if you have the selfish pleasure of knowing that it is unshared by any one else."

"Really, Charles, this is a little beneath you," she replied, in a conciliating tone. "Don't, I beg you, humbug this poor, unsophisticated creature any longer. Of course you are perfectly excusable, however, for gentlemen have a right to seek amusement as they choose; but this girl, this servant of mine, really she makes me blush that I am a woman."

"Come here, Louise, and let me look at you while you are blushing," was the reply, given with a light laugh.

"Well, yes, anything, only let this girl be sent to her room. This is no place for her."

A quick, fiery anger shone in Charles Hastings's eyes at these words, such as I had never seen there before, yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her:

"Very well," and whispered to me, "I'll take care of you, darling. Do not fear."

Half an hour later, as I was pacing backward and forward across my chamber, Louise Langdon came to me, her beautiful features darkened by frowns. I did not tremble at her anger, but stood up silently and proudly before her, waiting for her to commence the merciless tirade which she had in readiness for me.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" she began, her voice quivering with rage. "Answer me!"

But I did not care to speak, and so remained silent.

"Why don't you answer me?" she asked, with a stamp of her slender foot.

"First I must know by what authority you question me," I replied.

"Girl, are you not my servant, working for the home I give you? Are you not accountable to me for your deportment?"

"If I do not please you, I can easily leave," I said, turning away from her.

"Yes, and leave me you should, but for Mr. Hastings's kindness and pity. Foolishly enough I have promised not to turn you out of doors. But be careful how you conduct yourself, or you will go now," she said, sweeping proudly towards the door. "I have a few dresses which you may as well make for me. Mr. Hastings thinks you will please us better than any one else."

I could but smile at her presumption, as she closed the door after her. "Mr. Hastings thinks you will please us," I repeated to myself, thankful that her insinuations had no longer power to ruffle the calm joy of my heart.

Two or three days passed away, and I did not meet or speak with Mr. Hastings again. But for my trust in his love, my perfect faith in his every plan, I should have left the house of the Langdons, even though I was forced to sleep in the streets. But he wished me to stay for some good reason, and so I bore up bravely under insults that nearly bordered on curses. Louise told me that he looked upon me with scorn and contempt, while he pitied me because I was poor and friendless, and so she must, out of courtesy to him, insist upon my sewing in my chamber instead of the sitting-room.

But one evening when I supposed every member of the family were making merry in the parlor, I stole down into the sitting-room for a book which I had left there several days before. As I turned from the room to cross the brilliantly-lighted hall, I met Mr. Hastings. A sudden light broke over his face as he saw me,

and with hands extended he came toward me, taking both my own in his.

"I must not stay," I said, attempting to draw away from him.

"But a moment, dear. I am preparing a home for you. It will be ready soon. I am going away to-morrow. When I return, I will take you from this place. Keep up a brave heart till then. I will be back again in three days."

As he bent his lips down to mine, I saw at the opposite side of the hall, peering from a door, the handsome, haughty face of Louise Langdon. I had not time to signify by word or look to Mr. Hastings that there was any one watching us, before he said, pressing my hand as he turned away—"Three days, Nelly!"

But his assurance did not make me happy. I could have borne everything knowing the same roof sheltered us both; but now for three long days I was to be left to the mercy of the cruel, revengeful Louise. What might not happen in that time? I wept myself to sleep thinking of it, and all night my dreams were shadowed by the face of Louise Langdon, wearing the same expression it had worn the evening before, when it lowered upon my happiness. The following day there was this same strange presentiment of evil with me, which I could not put away lightly. Louise's face was an unreadable one, yet when she spoke to me there was an air of triumph about her—a vein of satisfied revenge running through the very tones of her voice.

On the morning of the second day of Mr. Hastings's absence, while I was sitting in my chamber finishing a light, morning wrapper for Louise, I was summoned to the parlor. I know not why, but a sudden fear took possession of me; I felt that a great grief was bearing down close upon me, and I could hardly totter down stairs, so real had grown the idea of the sorrow that was coming.

"Miss Russell," began Mr. Langdon, as I entered the room, in which the whole household was assembled, "I have sad reports of you from my daughter Louise. Some one has taken a large sum of money from her purse; can you tell who it was?"

"Sir," I began, in a choked voice, "I do not understand you."

"Probably not, miss. But to make everything plain, I will repeat it. My daughter Louise misses a large sum of money from her purse, and she thinks you may be able to give her some clue to it—in a quiet way, you know."

"How should I know anything of her money?" I demanded, in a quick, emphatic tone, fixing my eyes steadily upon the thin, sharp face of the old man.

"O, that would not be a very difficult matter, as often as you go in and out of my room!" spoke up Louise, seeing that her father quailed beneath my glance.

"And what right have you to insinuate such a thing of me?—the right that the rich assume over the poor?" I asked.

"No such right, miss," retorted Louise. "But when a woman shows herself to be wanting in one essential virtue, people more readily suspect her of lacking others. So I must believe that you are able to tell me something of my money, rather than other servants who have always shown themselves strictly honorable in everything."

"And is this all you have to say to me?" I asked, glancing around upon the little assembly.

"All! Is it not enough, young woman?" spoke Mr. Langdon.

"Enough? certainly, sir," I answered, turning to leave the room; but at the door I was met by an officer, who thrust a search-warrant in my face.

"According to law, ma'am," he said, preceding me up the stairs, "such things must be looked into."

I glanced around to the little group that was following me, to see if there was one pitying, humane face in it; but I looked in vain. Every countenance was as hard and cold as granite. Why, O, why, did not some kind angel send Mr. Hastings to me at that moment of peril?

"What makes you so pale, Nelly?" sneered Louise, as I leaned tremblingly against the window-casing for support.

I did not answer her, but watched the pompous official as he carefully searched every article of clothing in my trunk with a perseverance that was worthy of a better cause.

"Nothing here, sir," he said at last, rising to his feet, and facing Mr. Langdon.

"Here is another box," broke in Louise, pointing to a writing-desk that set upon the table.

Again the man of law commenced his duty, with a smile of hope lighting up his features. He held up to the wondering company a short gold chain which had been a gift of my mother's before she died; and then a plain gold ring, which bore the initials, C. H. A murmur of displeasure went around the circle at the discovery of the ring, and before it had died away the officer turned from a small box that he found three golden eagles.

"My money! my money!" screamed Louise. "Those are the very pieces!"

"What have you to say now, miss?" asked Mr. Langdon, coming up to me and laying his thin hand upon my arm.

"That Miss Louise Langdon placed the money there herself, sir," I answered, slowly and distinctly.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer?" called the excited old man.

"Take her away, into the street, to the jail, anywhere! I won't have her in my house another moment, not another moment, sir! The jail is the place for the thieving creature!"

"No, no, father, don't say that—don't be too harsh!" cried Louise. "It is my affair; allow me to settle it with her. I know you will, father!"

"You are too kind, too forgiving," said the old man, placing his hand fondly on the head of his child. "The jail is the place for her, Louise!"

"But do not think of that, father; she is young, very young,

remember, and is without friends. The sin is against me; let me deal with her. Go away, all of you, and leave us together."

Slowly Mr. Langdon yielded to his daughter's wishes, and preceded the household to the door.

"You can choose, Nelly," began Louise, when we were left alone, "between two alternatives. You can go to jail, or leave the place at once. Choose between the two you must, quickly. If you wish to stand a trial, and make your sin a public one, very well. If you wish to avoid it, I will assist you to leave town immediately. Which will you do?"

I dropped my head upon my trembling hands to cover my face from her malignant, exultant gaze. Should I stay to bring shame upon the noble head of Charles Hastings—a disgrace that would never leave him? Should I drag him down into my misery? Never!

"I will go at once," I answered, rising.

"Very well. I will order the carriage myself in time for the noon train, and send some one to assist you in packing your trunk."

In less than half an hour I was in the depot waiting, half-impatiently, for the noon train, in which I was to go. It came at last, and with a feeling of mingled relief and despair, I made my way through the crowd towards the car pointed out to me. As I stepped one foot upon the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the arm. I looked round, and met the wondering, puzzled glance of Charles Hastings.

"Where in the world are you going, Nelly?" he asked, drawing me back from the car and through the crowd.

"Home!" I said, faintly, as I leaned back heavily upon his arm.

"You are mistaken in the direction. Home is this way, dear, very near you," he replied, motioning a coachman towards him. "Drive us to Chestnut Hill," he called to the driver, as he lifted me into the coach.

I looked at him with wonder and surprise. It seemed like a dream to me.

"I'll tell you, Nelly, we are going home. So much for our destination. I came back to-day, because I felt sure you was in trouble. What have they been doing to you?"

In broken sentences I told him the story of my persecutions.

"Never mind, never mind," he said; "I will take care of you in future. But first I wish a better right to protect you. I will order the driver back again. We will be married at once, Nelly; so there will be no room for scandal. God forbid that I should add to your suffering by my thoughtlessness."

I must have been a sorry-faced bride to look upon, but my heart was true and glad as need be. The following morning, Mr. Hastings sent a note to Miss Louise Langdon, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Charles Hastings presents his compliments to Miss Louise Langdon, and begs that she will not forbear prosecuting her suit against *his wife*, since she did not leave town yesterday as agreed upon. He hopes also that Miss L. will not allow any modest or conscientious scruples to deter her from her duty, even though in doing it she is forced to the painful necessity of taking Mrs. Hastings from her pleasant home to the jail."

This all happened years ago, in a time of shadows; now I have the sunshine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEW LOVE.

BY WILLIAM C. WALLACE.

"You are indifferent enough to our future, Edith," said a young man, who stood as if in the act of taking leave of a lady, whose eyes were averted from him.

Perhaps the indifference with which he charged her was assumed, for could he have looked into her eyes he would have seen that they were full of tears. She turned partly round as he said this, and went on with something she was saying when he interrupted her with the above unkind remark.

"We are both poor, Frederic. For yourself, you ought to go away unincumbered by new cares, so that you may be free to go wherever your interest calls you. For me, I must perform duties which you cannot, ought not to share. My father is an old man—twenty years older for this last misfortune. Even this pretty cottage, the beautiful toy which he bought as a birthday present to my mother when we were living at the great house yonder, is not ours. But if it please God to smile upon my efforts, it shall be. Leave me to this task. Let me make my father's declining days comfortable and happy, otherwise, depend on it, no blessing will fall upon our love."

"Our love, Edith? If you loved, could you condemn me to this banishment without sharing it?"

"Listen, Frederic; you have often told me, with a brother's pride, of the beautiful devotion of your sister Helen to your mother in her feeble old age, and how nobly she had refused to leave her when tempted by offers of marriage and a luxurious home. And shall I be blamed for what you love and praise in another? Nay, do not interrupt me. I am young, strong and healthy; my education is good, thanks to the father whom you counsel me to leave; leave me three years to win back this little home for him and surround him with the comforts so necessary to his feeble health and declining age. We are both young—shall be young at the end of the three years. At that time, if you are true to me and to yourself, I will be your wife, provided always that you will not separate me from my father."

The young man smiled faintly.

"I suppose I must be contented with this, Edith, but it is very hard to bear. However, I must say that you are right. And now let us not prolong this parting, for I feel that I shall only find re-

lief from this heavy burden on my spirits by the turmoil and excitement that await me on shipboard."

Edith nerved herself to the farewell, assured him again and again that he would be successful, and then, when she saw the last glimpse of his figure as it passed through the shrubbery of the little garden, she fled to her own room to shed the tears so long suppressed. But when the first burst of grief was over, she rose up from it calm and cheerful, and joined her father as if nothing had happened. Every little delicacy for his failing appetite came to the table at dinner, prepared by her own hands as usual; and no one could have imagined that she had just parted with a dear friend, who saw her sitting down to read to her father and to chat at intervals upon common topics, as he suggested them.

Edith's father, Mr. Landor, had become very wealthy at one time by the unprecedented demand for new and fast ships for the Californian and Australian lines. He had built at almost ruinous rates, until other competitors came in, and by far less faithfully or costly built vessels, destroyed the sale of his own, leaving him with only the shadow of his former prosperity, and heavy debts lying on his hands. Added to this was the sickness and death of his wife, and the consequent neglect of his business for some months, in which his creditors became clamorous for their dues. To meet them, he sacrificed everything. The beautiful residence which his taste had adorned and embellished, his fine grounds, all went under the hammer; and had it not been for the thoughtful care of a friend, even the little simple cottage which, as Edith said, was a birthday toy given to her mother, who wanted it for her old nurse, would have been sacrificed too. But the friend bought it at a generous price, and more generously still, he offered it to Mr. Landor at a mere nominal rent, afraid to risk offending his pride by one wholly gratuitous.

Edith Landor had, long before her father's downfall, nay, long before his previous elevation, engaged herself to a young man who had acted as his clerk. When Mr. Landor became rich, Edith's sense of honor as well as her real regard for Frederic Ashton, forbade her listening to the suggestions of her friends that her childish attachment should give place to a higher prospect. Her character was too upright and just to admit of this; and especially when she considered that his prospects were merged also in the gloomy reverses that enveloped theirs. A chance offered him to go to Australia, and Edith persuaded him to accept it. It brought him hopes of future wealth, and meantime she set herself the worthy task of redeeming a comfortable home for her beloved father. The old nurse who had inhabited the cottage while the rent was a gift from Mrs. Landor was only too glad to remain with Edith, and thus their household was subjected to no curious, prying servants, who would have perhaps scorned the very hand that once gave them food.

Edith's plan was for a large school for young ladies, of which she was to be the superintendent. A limited number was announced for the commencement, but it soon became so distinguished as to make the applications more numerous than she could possibly answer. With some trials and disappointments incident to all such undertakings, she managed to keep a cheerful face, and the hours devoted to her father were marked even by joyousness. So well did she keep up the appearance of wealth and comfort, that Mr. Landor, whose intellect was weakened by his first great shock, never suspected that things were actually so desperate as they had been, and often congratulated her upon their good fortune in preserving the cottage from the general wreck. He wondered why she should spend so much time away from him every forenoon, but was easily satisfied; and when she left him again after dinner, he was generally fast asleep, and she had the happiness of knowing that he was insensible to her absence. Besides, the old nurse was unwearied in her care of him, and altogether, Edith was very far from being either dependent or unhappy.

A letter from Australia was a rare occurrence, and after a while they ceased altogether. But Edith's love, though singularly calm and undemonstrative, was not to be moved by an appearance of neglect, and she accordingly turned a deaf ear to the many offers which she received. Some of these were from rich widowers whose daughters were under her care; some from her pupils' brothers, and not a few were from the acquaintances of her prosperous days. She declined them all, but without naming her previous engagement.

Two years went by, and Edith, by strict economy in her own personal expenses, had cleared the cottage and held a considerable sum besides for contingencies. She was now an independent lady, her darling wish accomplished, and a home secured for her father, almost beyond the possibility of loss, at least, during his life time. Beyond that she neither looked nor cared. She took more rest now, leaving many of her duties to the care of deputies, and this time of rest she faithfully devoted to her father.

She had altered within these two years. Her girlish, slightly-formed figure had attained more fullness and dignity; her face had deepened in expression, and her manners, though simple as ever, had grown into a perfect self-command, but without a shadow of assumption or boldness. Her dress was becoming her station, neither meanly parsimonious nor gaudily rich. There was perhaps too much of what some call laughtiness. In her it was only self-possession, and the consequence of having no protector to lean upon. At any rate, she had far outgrown the Frederic Ashton that she knew two years ago; but as yet she was unconscious that she had done so.

She had recently met with a gentleman who, had she not previously given all her thoughts to another, would have completely answered the description of her beau ideal of a lover. No longer young, yet in the prime of manly beauty, his person was but

the faint shadow of his mind. He had seen the world without acquiring its follies; was singularly just and upright in all his opinions and dealings with others; and, in short, must stand as the model of a perfect man, until we have another order of mortals upon the earth. He took the best road to Edith's favor—spending hours with her father while she was at her school, amusing the dull ear by descriptions of far off lands, and pleasing the old man by reading to him his favorite books. Soon Mr. Landor came to be uneasy without his new friend; and when Edith returned from her daily task, it was always to find Horace Cleveland beside her father.

Now came the expression of his desire always to be with her, cheering her with this labor of love; the offer of a new home, rich and luxurious, or the alternative of her own if she preferred the simplicity of the cottage. Edith laid her whole life before him, her connection with Frederic Ashton, and his jealous doubts of her love. It was an engagement entered into voluntarily, she told him, by herself, and should never be cancelled by her means. With a gentle sorrow, touched and beautified by dignity, he made no remonstrance; but nothing alienated as a friend, he still bestowed his cares upon Mr. Landor, still acted as a friend to Edith. And so another and another year wore away.

They were all three sitting one evening in the beautiful little parlor of the cottage, Mr. Landor looking younger and more intelligent than he had done since his misfortunes. Edith was not near him, for Mr. Cleveland was explaining some new experiment to her father, and she chose to sit apart, lazily cutting the leaves of a new book, and glancing over it with more than her usual abstraction. She could not but remember that four years this very night she had bidden farewell to Frederic Ashton, and his long neglect smote on her heart with a pain such as she knew herself incapable of giving to him. She saw not the words in the book before her. She saw nothing but his anguished face at the moment he left her. Her nurse entered with a letter, the hand-writing of which sent her speedily to her chamber. It ran thus:

"When we parted, Edith, I was as much in love with you as ever, though inwardly vexed at your want of emotion. I heard from you but once; yet I do not reproach you with that, for I know how many chances occur to prevent us from receiving letters that are actually sent. But I thought of you always. Yet I must confess to you that had your character been more feminine, less independent, and more easily guided by my wishes, I should have loved you better without respecting you less. In the wilds of Australia I found one as gentle, as clinging and dependent as my highest thoughts of feminine character could ask. I will not describe to you how it came about that I discovered that she loved me, but hasten to the relation of the fact that may not surprise you, or it may, that she became my wife. I do not believe that this announcement will call up a single regretful feeling in your heart. One who could part so coldly would not be very likely to suffer at the dissolution of a bond so lightly worn. I have arrived here with my wife, am at the Albion, and should be happy to call on you and your father if agreeable. I remain your sincere friend,
F. ASHTON."

How this affected Edith may perhaps be guessed by the following note:

"Without referring to the past, let me congratulate you on your arrival, and the happy circumstances under which you return. Come to us this very evening. You and your bride shall find a cordial welcome from Edith Landor."

They did come, Ashton and his "clinging, dependent" bride. Edith admired the gentle little creature who made Frederic her sole arbiter upon all points of conversation, deferred to all his opinions, and seemed to think him very wonderful, altogether. This was the right key to unlock Frederic's heart. He had often wished that Edith knew less than she did.

"You are a most insensible young lady," said Cleveland to her, after they were gone away. "And so this is the devoted lover for whom I was refused."

Edith looked at the noble countenance before her and wondered how she could have so outraged her own judgment as to trust to Frederic's weak and vacillating qualities.

"Was your engagement to him the sole cause of your refusal?" he asked.

"Nay, you must not be too inquisitive," she answered. "Perhaps I feared that you would keep me in awe, as Frederic does his little wife."

"No, Edith, no. It was your noble independence, removed alike from unfeminine boldness as it was from childish dependence, that attracted me towards you. Frederic Ashton was not your lover. He was taken by your face; but he had neither soul nor mind to appreciate yours. I saw that in the brief half hour he sat here."

Edith sat quite still for a few moments.

"Still," said she, "one cannot root up a long cherished expectation without some feeling of pain."

"But may it not be consoled?" asked Cleveland, smiling. "O, Edith, suffer me to be the consoler!"

There was no audible answer; and Mr. Landor, dozing in his easy chair, dreamed not of the blessed compact which was making in his presence, and which is now proving itself too happy in its completion for our pen to describe.

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ITALIAN BRIGANDS ROBBING A DILIGENCE.

The Italian brigands, the most picturesque rascals in the world, have furnished inexhaustible series of subjects to artists, from the days of Salvatore Rosa, the great illustrator of robber-life, to those of Sir Charles Eastlake, the royal academician of London, and there is scarcely any collection of paintings which does not embrace at least one devoted to these lawless mountaineers. The engraving on this page presents in a very striking manner one of those incidents of travel which unhappily still occur in Italy, in spite of the authorities. A lumbering Italian diligence, drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, has been stopped by the brigands in the heart of a wild rocky gorge, the very scene to favor such an enterprise. The driver, torn from his seat, has been compelled to kneel down on all fours in front of his horses, trembling for his life, and putting up prayers for assistance to every saint in the calendar whose name he can remember. A robber on the roof of the coach is engaged in handing down the last of the baggage. A huge trunk lies open, while the robbers are engaged in rifling it of its contents, ladies' finery and little trinkets dearer from association than from their intrinsic value. One of the rascals is gazing on a miniature, caring nothing for the portrait, but absorbed in estimating the value of the golden setting. A traveller, evidently a Frenchman, is grimacing and gesticulating in the hands of a couple of the band. Further on, a bearded ruffian is attempting to imprint a kiss on the lips of a shrieking and struggling lady. Another scoundrel has cornered a terrified traveller against a rock,

conflicts have frequently taken place between the papal carabinieri and the brigands, and in nine cases out of ten the soldiers of his holiness have been worsted. A great source of revenue to the brigands used to be the heavy ransom they derived from prisoners. They were pretty well acquainted with the pecuniary worth of their victims; and when a rich merchant fell into their clutches, he did not regain his liberty till he had submitted to a heavy tribute. Sometimes a young bride would be carried off, and kept in the mountains, till her friends raked and scraped a sufficient sum to satisfy the avarice of the villains who speculated on their affection. When captives refused or were unable to pay ransom, they were brutally murdered. Sometimes unprincipled heirs would permit a rich old relative to be thus sacrificed that they might get possession of his property. In short, the various intrigues and atrocities connected with the system of Italian brigandage would fill volumes. Of late years, these highway robberies have been of rare occurrence, the Italian authorities perceiving that it would be suicidal policy to remain inactive, as the tide of travel by which Italy is in a great measure supported would cease, if tourists were compelled to stake their lives and fortunes against their curiosity. In the height of the robber times, innkeepers, coachmen, and even officials, were, many of them, in league with the robbers. Indeed, not many months since, we read of a party of brigands stopping a railway train in the neighborhood of Rome, and robbing every passenger. Let us hope the time will come when travelling in Italy will be as safe as it is in our own country.

CULTIVATION OF TOMATOES.

Few gardens are now found unsupplied with tomatoes, but very few, perhaps, take pains to cultivate them. The vines are usually left to straggle *ad libitum*. This is both bad economy and bad taste. If tomatoes are planted in rows, a convenient plan is to put up stakes on both sides of each row, and nail on horizontal strips or slats to keep the vines perpendicular. They may be carried up to the height of three to five feet. By this means the vines will show much better, especially when covered with ripened fruit clustering thickly upon the sides. The fruit itself will be much superior to that matured on the ground and in the shade. Strong twine or wires may be substituted for the horizontal slats. A cheaper process for supporting tomatoes is to hush them, in the same manner that beans or peas are treated. Our own tomatoes are planted around the border of the garden, and trained upon the fence, the vines being upheld by strips of leather, doubled around the stalks, and fastened to the fence with small nails. Tomatoes are also benefited by *Shortening-in*. Three-fourths of the mature fruit is produced upon a small part of the vine nearest to the root, say one-third or one-fourth of its length. It is recommended to stop the further development of vines after a fair supply of fruit is set, by clipping off the vines growing beyond. The clipping should not be carried too far, as a supply of foliage is required to gather food from the air. One of the most successful cultivators in our acquaintance made it a rule to let no vine extend beyond four feet from its root.—*American Agriculturist*.



ITALIAN BRIGANDS PLUNDERING A DILIGENCE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

and seems attempting to extort a confession of the hiding-place of his money by threatening his life. Yet another villain has an old man in his clutches, while his kneeling wife and children are imploring mercy. The whole picture is full of dramatic interest. For centuries the wild mountain passes of Italy have swarmed with outlaws, some of whom, by singular audacity and cunning, have attained to the "bad eminence" of a world-wide notoriety. In modern times, the exploits of Fra Diavolo, in the neighborhood of Naples, have furnished the theme of many a song, story and picture, while his memory has been preserved in a charming opera that will always be a favorite on the lyric stage. Of the illustrators of brigand life among British artists, Eastlake, above referred to, greatly distinguished himself. He produced a series of designs, the "Wounded Brigand," the "Brigand's Wife," etc., which were so popular that they suggested to Planché, the English dramatist, the idea of embodying them as tableaux in a drama. The piece thus suggested, and entitled the "Brigand," was eminently successful both in England and in this country, where James Wallack immortalized himself as the hero Alessandro Maparoni. This dramatic sketch is an epitome of brigand life, presenting its most picturesque features. We see the brigands in their mountain fastnesses, whither peasants and peasant girls bring them wine and provisions from the valleys. After feasting freely, they amuse themselves by waltzing with their fair entertainers. The music of the convent bell is heard, and the outlaws, superstitious, if not religious, kneel to pray. In the midst of their devotions, the sentinel on the look-out reports a diligence winding along the mountain defile far below. In an instant, the brigands load their carbines, and rush down the mountain side to pilfer their unfortunate victims. In the neighborhood of Rome, sharp

THE HAIR A TEST OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The state of the hair on the head, says Dr. Holland, tends to elucidate the character of the constitution. If strong and thick, it implies considerable tone or energy of the vital powers. If, on the other hand, it is thin, soft, or silky, prone to grow in length rather than in strength, the animal system is almost invariably weak, and the disposition of the individual is not unfrequently mild, easy, and destitute of enterprise, rarely displaying qualities which indicate force of intellect. We may further remark, as the result of careful observation, that the curliness of the hair, not merely in infancy, but in after life, is evidence of unusual constitutional vigor, though not necessarily conjoined with a muscular frame. The vital properties which throw out the external appendage thick and abundant, in harmony with the requirements of the system, are the cause, from the affluence and activity by which they are characterized, of this being not only strong but curly. We have no hesitation in the expression of this opinion; nor will its accuracy be questioned by those who have given attention to the matter.

A TRUE POET.

A true poet is not one whom the wealthy can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wits; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted. Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands. Will he lumber on mud highways, dragging all for earthly appetites from door to door?—*Curlye*.

THE SCHEUTZ CALCULATING MACHINE.

The wonderful tabulating engine which the liberality of Mr. John F. Rathbone, of Albany, secured for the Dudley Observatory, has been at last set up and put to its work of grinding out logarithms and stereotype plates. A few evenings since, Dr. Gould gave an account of its working before the Albany Institute, after which he exhibited specimens of the work of the machine in its various styles. The results are stereotyped by being punched in tabular form upon strips of lead, from which it was intended that casts in fusible metal should be taken, the printing upon paper being executed by means of these. He had, however, convinced himself by actual experience that electrotypes from the lead could be obtained and used with greater facility and economy than casts of any kind. The services of a competent person have been secured for the work of using a machine whose delicate and complicated character will demand constant watchfulness and precaution. The general formulas have also been developed for determining the several orders of differences of circular functions for any part of the cycle, rigorously so far as terms depending upon the eighth powers of the sines and cosines—a decided improvement, in Dr. Gould's opinion, over the purely interpolative methods contemplated by the authors of the machine. Dr. Gould then exhibited specimens of the work of the machine in all its stages, from the leaden strips to the impression printed upon paper from the electrotypes; also, parts of a table now in process of computation by the machine, giving the disturbed true anomaly of the planet of Mars, for intervals of a tenth of a day throughout the entire revolution.—*New York Post*.

Perhaps the dregs of every experience contain its virtue.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER, Brownsville, Texas.—We copied the statement as it stands from a French paper. Widows may have been included in the summary.
 H. Savannah, Georgia.—Widdifield & Co., corner of Washington and Milk Streets.
 A CONSTANT READER.—We understand that fruit-stains in black silk may be removed by the application of a small quantity of ammonia or hartshorn. It should be rubbed on with a small piece of silk.
 SERGEANT S.—The period at which the use of the long-bow commenced in England as a military weapon is unknown. That which was used by the Normans at the battle of Hastings was the arbalest or cross-bow. In the reign of Henry II., several facts show the continuance of the use of the cross-bow; and in the reign of Henry III., cross-bow men formed the vanguard of the army. In England, it would appear that the arbalest was last used as a military weapon at the battle of Bosworth, in 1485.
 EMMA R., Flushing, L. I.—A cement which is colorless and transparent will be the best for re-uniting broken glass. Try the following method:—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire. When mixed, by thoroughly melting, it will form a transparent glue, which will re-unite broken glass so firmly and nicely that the joining will scarcely be perceptible.
 STUDENT, Bangor, Me.—It is about 120 years since the remains of the mastodon were first discovered.
 A CONSTANT READER.—The term photography is compounded of two Greek words, and it signifies, literally, light-drawing. Photography is a generic term for all pictures produced by light. It is, however, usually applied only to those produced by the Colloidon process on glass. The term daguerotype is applied to those pictures formed on metallic plates; and talbotypes, or calotypes, are produced on paper.
 R. J.—Impressions of coins may be taken by pressing some plastic material on the coin and removing it when hard. The material should be such as will easily take an impression. Therefore, if gutta percha or plaster of Paris be used, the former must be dissolved and made of a proper consistency, and the latter mixed with water. Impressions taken in this way are moulds.
 INQUIRER.—Every note of a chord to a given base, which is continued to another base is a suspension.
 H. P.—The Arcopagus, the Hill of Ares, is an eminence at a short distance from Athens.
 AMATEUR, Brighton, Mass.—Mrs. Loudon is one of the best authorities on flower-gardening.
 C. R., Newburyport, Mass.—Cameos are of two descriptions—those cut in stone, and those cut in shell. The value of the cameo depends on the nature of the stone as well as on the quality of the work. The stones most prized, at the present time, are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx. Except on the best stones of these two kinds, no good artist will now bestow his time.
 M. M.—The term is compounded of two Greek words, the one signifying *poison*, and the other, *discourse*. *Toxicology*, therefore, signifies a discourse on poison, or the doctrine of poisons.

A NEW VOLUME.

It will be observed that with the present number of our illustrated journal we commence a new volume, the number now in hand being number one of volume *fifteen* of the work. The vast increase of our circulation since the reduction of the retail and subscription price, has kept our bookkeepers and presses busy enough. Now is a good time to subscribe. Enclose the money and receive the paper by return of mail, in a neat, clean form, and at the earliest moment from the press. By glancing over the numbers for a year, one will see what an elegant work is furnished, and for what a remarkably low price. There are few refined home circles from Maine to California where the Pictorial is not a weekly visitor.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of than of those we actually do possess.
 Dr. Lardner denies positively that he ever declared ocean steam navigation impracticable. How can you say so, doctor?
 If we were not in the habit of flattering ourselves, the flatteries of others could never do us any injury.
 In England, persons who have a craving for intoxicating drinks that partakes of insanity, are called *dipsomaniacs*.
 The first white man born in Kentucky is still living there. His name is Enoch Boone, and he is a nephew of Daniel Boone.
 Lucy Escott and her opera troupe have been singing at Cork. Squires, the American vocalist, is the first tenor.
 Pretty little Madame Castellan, who sang to us in Boston some years ago, is the latest idol of the Londoners.
 They have a little French theatre at the Metropolitan Music Hall, 585 Broadway, New York, which is well patronized.
 The Kentucky State Fair will be holden on Tuesday, the 28th of September, and continue till Saturday, October 2d.
 Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience.
 American newspapers are a luxury in Russia—the postage of a single paper from the United States being 45 cents.
 An engraving of a churchyard is a grave subject, but the tool that does the work is a graver.
 The life of a young woman lately shot at, in Philadelphia, was saved by the whalebone in her corset resisting the bullet.
 The first school taught in Chicago was opened in 1816, by Wm. L. Cox, a discharged soldier of the last war.
 During the second and third centuries after Christ there were, in Rome alone, twenty-nine great public libraries.
 It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood—because all wood has grain in it.
 Mr. Wilton, agent of the Lumley-Barnum opera-troupe, proposes to bring Ristori, the great Italian actress, to this country.
 Mr. Felix Coste recently lost \$30,000 worth of lager beer, by water filling the cave in which it was stored, near St. Louis.
 Mrs. Swishhelm, in her St. Cloud Visitor, is severe on Shepley, who destroyed her press, and calls herself a “nursing lioness.”
 Thirteen bogus lottery concerns, in the State of New Hampshire, were lately broken up. The war on them is raging.
 What is the difference between a fisherman and a truant schoolboy? One baits his hook—the other hates his book.

WORKING FOR THE PUBLIC.

There is quite an interesting class of young men about town who labor very hard for the public, whose services, we fear, are not sufficiently appreciated. They are a pale-faced, spindle-shanked set, with narrow, consumptive chests, and look like neglected weeds that have sprung up in the shade. But, however they may look, they by no means neglect the weed themselves, for they are entirely devoted to it, assiduously smoking as they perambulate the streets, and heroically wearing out health and strength and senses in the task. Doubtless they are engaged in the laudable enterprise of fumigating the city; and having heard of the antiseptic qualities of tobacco smoke, they have dedicated themselves, body and soul, to the sanitary labor of purifying the atmosphere of the streets. This noble consecration of time and money, and body and soul, to the reformation of the city atmosphere, merits at least a passing commendation; for these puffing and tottering ghosts are working for the public good.

Another class of public benefactors, whose efforts are too often misunderstood and denounced, are the spitting peripatetics of the highways of the city. These worthies, in numbers equal to the smokers, devote their concentrated energies to the laudable pursuit of laying the dust in the streets and on the sidewalks. Not only do they freely bestow all their natural resources upon this chosen labor, but even masticate the Indian weed for the purpose of stimulating the salivary glands to greater copiousness, and are thus enabled to keep up a perpetual deluge upon the pavement, and drown the dust completely. Most certainly these combined tobacco-mills and street-sprinklers should be commended for their public-spirited efforts in chewing and spitting; for are they not working for the public good?

Nor should we slight the benevolent labors of another set of benefactors, of the opposite sex, whose ample dresses, trailed behind them, though occasionally causing a slight inconvenience in walking to those persons who follow them, yet sweep the streets and sidewalks with a thoroughness far surpassing any knight of the broom. Who can contemplate without emotion the sacrifice of comfort and cleanliness of attire which these angels of goodness thus make in their self-imposed but heroic task of removing the dust from the bricks and pavements! Nor do they go about their labor in any penurious, grudging garb, but with ample skirts of the richest and most costly textures, as though decorated for a triumphal sacrifice, they go forth upon their chosen mission, sweeping the dusty streets, and “trailing clouds of glory as they go.” Who shall say that our fashionable belles are not working for the public good?

THE VENDETTA: —OR— THE SECRET OF CONFESSION. A TALE OF CORSICA.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE,

AUTHOR OF “STEEL AND GOLD,” “PHANTOM OF THE SEA,” “BRIDE OF PARIS,” ETC.

We shall commence, in the next number of The Flag of our Union, the publication of a novelette with the above title, on which the gifted author has been long engaged. The scene lies in the island of Corsica, and on the terrible custom of the Vendetta, or blood-revenge, the story hinges. The tale abounds in startling incidents and highly dramatic effects, wrought out with great power, while the singular manners of the Corsicans are depicted with graphic fidelity. Though intensely exciting, the narrative has also a high moral purpose, and exhibits the triumph of steadfast integrity in the midst of the most terrible temptations to which the moral nature of man can be subjected. We predict for this remarkable production a success even greater than that which has attended the previous productions of the same favorite author.

THE “SOUTHERN MATRON.”

The lady who, under the above signature, first appealed to her countrywomen in behalf of raising a fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and who has since indefatigably pursued her self-imposed task, until it is now crowned with success, is Miss Pamela Cunningham, a native of Laurens District, South Carolina, and the daughter of Mr. Robert Cunningham, a wealthy planter. She is described to us as a blonde, and *petite* in figure. She is the authoress of an historical work describing some interesting events of the American Revolution. In 1853, an address on the subject of purchasing Mount Vernon was delivered, at her suggestion, at Liberty Springs, S. C., and on this occasion the first money was contributed to the fund. This lady has not obtruded herself on public notice, nor is she at all desirous of it, but it is fitting that her name should be known and cherished in connection with the great and patriotic movement she organized. Henceforth the name of Pamela Cunningham will be associated with the names of Washington, Everett, and Mount Vernon.

CONVERSATION.—The man who would shine in conversation must possess original ideas and strong sympathies,—be able, both to communicate and to listen.

A FRIEND OF PORK.—The “Country Gentleman,” an excellent agricultural paper, by the way, strongly defends pork as an article of diet.

ON DIT.—It is said that Franklin Pierce is preparing for publication a history of the Mexican war.

POLITENESS.—The man who is truly honest cannot fail to be truly polite.

STATE NO. 32.

The territory of Minnesota having complied with the act of the last Congress, authorizing the formation of a State constitution, has been regularly admitted into the Union at the present session, as the thirty-second State of our glorious confederacy. Her senators and representatives in Congress, having been chosen in anticipation of the admission of the State, have taken their seats in the senate and house, and are carefully looking out for the interests of the new State. The senators from Minnesota are Gen. James Shields, of Mexican war memory, and Henry M. Rice, formerly delegate from the territory; the representatives in the house are W. W. Phelps and J. M. Cavanaugh. The balance of the territory of Minnesota, not included within the limits of the new State, is represented by W. W. Kingsbury, the last territorial delegate. On the 24th of May the State government was fully and completely organized at the State capital, by swearing in the governor elect and other executive officers, judges of supreme court, etc. On the 2d of June the two branches of the legislature assembled, and Governor Sibley communicated his inaugural address. Thus a new State government has been set in motion, another sovereign power been established on the American continent, and another star added to the flag of our Union. The next new star will probably be for Oregon, and after that, one will be added for Kansas—the “long wandering, but not lost.”

RESHIPMENT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The fine marine picture on the last page represents the Agamemnon (British) and the Niagara (American) steam-frigates at Keyham, engaged in the re-shipment of the Atlantic telegraph cable, prior to their experimental trip. Our own noble frigate lies bows on, while her British partner, having received her complement, is warping into the outer basin, prior to her leaving the dock. Apart from the interest of the great enterprise in which they are engaged, the portraits of the vessels are worthy of preservation. At the time of last year's attempt, the total length of cable shipped was 2400 miles, so near the quantity actually required for service, that the loss of 300 miles proved fatal, for the time being, to the experiment. Now, however, the quantity embarked is 3050 miles to connect two points 1950 miles apart, leaving a broad margin for accidents. The two halves are spliced midway between the transatlantic and Atlantic termini. Whether the ultimate result will realize the expectations of the projectors of the enterprise or not, the mere fact of so vast an undertaking is an honorable proof of the spirit of the age, the progress of science, and the daring liberality of men of capital. If it indeed prove successful, it is impossible to estimate the result that may flow from an instantaneous intercommunication between the old and new world.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

The American merchant is a type of a restless, adventurous, onward-going race of people. He sends his merchandize all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with Southern cotton woven in Northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Fejee cannibal; sends the whaleship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of the northern winter to the torrid zone; piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hooghly; gladdens the sunny savannas of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this “meeting of the waters.” The white canvass of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some unknown, obscure corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the *terra incognita*.

MR. BALLOU'S NEW PLAY.—The play of *Miralda*, written by M. M. Ballou, Esq., of the “Pictorial,” was performed for the first time last evening at the Howard Athenaeum. It met with that success which must have been highly gratifying to the author, and in its representation the superior ability of the management appeared to admirable effect. The plot is simple, but is remarkable for its neatness of construction and naturalness of development, the dialogue brisk and to the point, and the situations exceedingly well arranged. Mrs. Barrow enacted the part of *Miralda* in the most acceptable manner, and great credit is also due the exertions of Messrs. Owens, Jordan, Wallack and Norton. The former was particularly amusing. There were hearty calls at the end of the second and third acts, and one for the author at the latter period elicited an appropriate response from Mr. Wallack. The play, in short, was a decided triumph, and frequent bursts of applause from the audience spoke of the very favorable impression it had created.—*Boston Post*.

CHURCH PROPERTY IN SPAIN.—The Spanish government has lately assured the court of Rome that it will do all in its power to restore the confiscated property of the church, and give the priests their old influence in the country. The value of the property to be restored to the clergy, and the indemnity to be paid them in virtue of the new bill now under discussion, will, it is said, amount to 4,029,636,259 reals.

MONUMENT AT MENTZ.—The monument erected in the cemetery of Mentz over the remains of those who perished by the explosion of the powder-magazine in that city, was inaugurated, lately. It is made of blocks of stone from the old magazine.

SNOW STORMS.—During the last fifteen years, the whole number of snow storms has been four hundred and fifty-five. We were reminded of snow storms by a glance at the thermometer and the weathercock.

PRUDENTIAL.—Wise farmers will keep the best hay they have for spring feeding—feed little at a time and often. They will take care to keep the racks or mangers clean.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CAN'T YOU GUESS?

BY EFF T. DYATT.

You wish to know who writes to thee
Such love-lorn lyrics of phantasy,
But can't you guess?

If I received such loving lines,
Around which fond affection twines
A bright bouquet of rarest flowers
As ever filled a houri's bowers.
O, I should know from whence they were,
And answer, "Yes, they came from her!"
O, I could guess!

You wish to know who watches thee
The livelong day unceasingly,
But can't you guess?

If there was one who'd wait a year,
Until he heard my footsteps near,
And then, in joyful love and pride,
Be first and always by my side,
I rather think that I should say,
"Tis he who joins me every day!"
Yes, I could guess.

Then, Laura, dear, be sure you'll find
The sweetest lesson for your mind,

To try and guess

Who'd make this life to thee a grove
Of shady truth and sunny love,
Where grassy banks and rippling streams
Would realize thy fondest dreams.
If there was one who'd offer me
Such constant love, and I were free,
I'd answer, "Yes," I rather guess.

ECHO.

Forever thine! Though waste and mountain sever,
And stormy brine!
By zephyrs fanned, or deserts scorched, forever,
Forever thine!

Where marble halls, in gorgeous lustre gleaming,
By torchlight shine;
Where silvery moons in shepherd vales are beaming,
Forever thine!

When, with inverted torch, kind Death releases
This heart of mine,
Then shall it sound till life's last throbbing ceases.
Forever thine!—REV. C. T. BAOKS, *from the German.*

SIMPLICITY.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
That strike mine eyes but not my heart.—DEN JONSON.

HOPE.

Hope, of all the ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth.—COWLEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Let us not hear one word of complaint of this July sun, that develops all the glories of summer, and prepares the fruits of autumn, and for which your horse will be grateful next winter as he champs his hay. You may be roasting alive—but then think of St. Lawrence on his gridiron, and thank your stars that you are not a saint, to be served up hot like a mutton. . . . Now is the weather for the seaside and aquatic sports—for bathing, swimming, diving, sailing—one need be half a fish this month, and quite as much out of the water as in it. . . . Looking over a Frenchman's book on the United States, the other day, we laughed at some of his blunders and impudent assertions. He says "the Hudson River Railroad is built on piles, in the middle of a powerful river rushing to the ocean." Also, that it is a favorite amusement of fast young men in this country, to drive their buggies down to a railroad crossing when they hear the steam-whistle, and to cut across the track—the art consisting in coming as close as possible to the cow-catcher (*chasse-varhe*), at the risk of being crushed or of throwing off the train. M. Alfred d'Alnbert is mistaken, "slightly." . . . Punch says:—"Among the amusing announcements put forth by Madame Tussaud, of wax-work celebrity, is that of 'The House of Brunswick at one View,' which consists of some half-dozen dolls, looking with a stare of intense meaning at vacancy. We were, however, a little startled by the information that among the new figures would be found 'The Prince of Wales, taken from life,' by the express permission of her majesty." Madame Tussaud, being a foreigner, is perhaps not aware of the stringent state of the law with reference to the crime of compassing or imagining the death of the heir to the throne; otherwise, she would not thus openly advertise 'the Prince of Wales, taken from life,' an expression that becomes doubly base from the addition of the words, 'by the express permission of her majesty.' We should recommend Madame Tussaud to re-model this announcement as soon as possible, for it is one against which English loyalty revolts with considerable vehemence." . . . The rapidity with which locomotion is now carried on has led, we believe, to a project for a cheap trip round the world, that is to take place in the course of the summer. We presume there will be hand-books for the travellers who start on this expedition; and a little brochure, to be called "Every Man his own Columbus," would not be inappropriate. . . . Considering how little requiring either intellect or animation goes on at a fashionable *soiree*, it is quite clear that people who wish merely to see their friends, might derive quite as much satisfaction from seeing their portraits. If every person invited at an evening party might send his likeness as a substitute for himself, a great deal of unnecessary expense would be saved in the way of dress to the guest, while the host would not have to lay out money in entertaining him. A portrait *soiree* would at least be something new in the fashionable world, and, if only on that account, there is every chance of its becoming popular in the higher circles. . . . A tailor announces "Mourning, to any extent, at five minutes' notice!" Any love-sick young maiden, therefore, we presume, by visiting the establishment, could be furnished with a good cry without waiting for a supply of tears from nature. . . . There are several technical terms in whist with which it is necessary to be acquainted. The common phrase, "playing

cards," is obviously absurd. Cards never play of themselves. For the same reason you should never invite any person to play cards with you, but to play whist, etc. It is the game that is played, not the cards. Cards are the instruments which form the orchestra, not the tune played by them. You do not say "Play the band," but "Play the Rogues' March." . . . When the type just "set up" by the compositor accidentally falls to pieces into what is technically called "pi," what then? Why, of course, the man himself becomes a little *tar*. . . . It is a vulgar error to imagine when a man and wife be-dear and be-angel each other in public, that they live like blessed turtle-doves in private. . . . A doctor in New York has discovered a method of ensuring sleep. He can take our hat—it wants a nap! . . . An individual noted for his imbibations having fallen overboard, a bystander inquired if he was not drunk when he fell in. "No," was the reply, "but he was *pretty well soaked* when they got him out." . . . A puncher of spirits is frequently a *rum* article, but a large glass is a *rummer*. A chestnut horse is a *brown* animal, but a baker's oven is a *browner*. A Yarmouth bloater is a *salt*, but a psalm-book is a *psalter*. A man who is losing his senses is a *strange* individual, but we have seen Macready act the part of a "Stranger." . . . From over sea we learn that the French emperor has no "lean and hungry look," but grows stout upon the fears and anxieties which are so plentifully attributed to him. No "fat and greasy citizen" thrives better in the flesh than his majesty, Napoleon III., whose figure on horseback assumes a rotundity of proportions altogether incompatible with any pretensions to the graceful or elegant. . . . We understand that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool, was taken to the watch-house by a watchman on a charge of smoking in the street. . . . The weather has been so extremely hot for the past week, that several firms have dissolved partnership. . . . A friend showed a gentleman filling a high place of trust, some slanders that had been written against him. "These rascals," said the official, "make me talk and act as they would if they were in my place." . . . They advertise *invisible* wigs at New York. We should like to see one, just for the novelty of the thing. . . . A man in this city, recently, *walked* two days *running*, and was *weak* a fortnight afterwards. . . . There is something in the subjoined notice from a down-cast paper, that tickles our fancy amazingly. Mrs. Elizabeth is one of the right kind of women to manage some men:—"This is to certify, that I, Elizabeth Wright, wife of George Wright, have left his bed and board on account of his misconduct. I do, therefore, give up all right and title to him for life, as I flatter myself that I can take care of myself, as I have always done since and before marriage." . . . "Husband, do you believe in the special judgment of Providence upon individuals in this life?"—"Yes, my dear."—"Do you, indeed? Did one of them judgments ever happen to you?"—"Yes, my love."—"And when was it, husband?"—"When I married you, my dear." . . . A clergyman having preached during Lent in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in seriously exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it was carried on in this town." . . . "She is all my fancy painted her," as the young Indian said of his favorite squaw, whose face he had just bedaubed with vermilion and yellow ochre. . . . One excellent way to improve the memory is to let a number of people get in debt to you. You won't forget those debts. On the other hand, it hurts the memory to owe debts, as one is liable to forget them. . . . "My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"—"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch." . . . There is a man in this city whose eyes have such an awful squint, that they seem to be on a strife which can look the other down. Only for the nose, which is no inconsiderable barrier between them, they would have stared each other out of countenance years ago. . . . A girl who was kissed, recently, demanded what was the use of it. This is certainly a very utilitarian age. . . . A shopkeeper in Washington Street one day stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement, "A Boy Wanted." On going to his shop the next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label, "Here it is." . . . The world we live in is a vast collection of tom fooleries. Government is a practical joke, which rulers and legislators enjoy at the expense of those who pay the piper. The great joint stock corporation entitled the government of Great Britain and Ireland, by which a few thousands live in splendor upon the labor of millions, and with their assistance fleece the world, has been for some time a standing joke. The manner in which those people talk of liberty, glorious constitution, and all that sort of thing, is very amusing. . . . During the time of the struggle to obtain a reformation of the Church in Scotland, a Puritan, from some cause, fell into a ditch and could not get out. A passer-by observed him, and offered his assistance; but the hero of mud would not accept of it, until he knew what was the religion of his kind neighbor. "I am a Catholic," was the reply. "You may go," said the other, "for I shan't be helped out of this ditch by a Catholic!" . . . The rabbis have a tale, that before the time of Jacob, men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. The patriarchs, they say, obtained a revocation of this law, the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in all nations by some salutatory exclamation after sneezing. . . . "Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you snore in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you're all attention to every stranger I invite?"—"Because, sir, when you preach, I am sure all is right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good lookout." . . . An honest fellow was introduced into the most fashionable circle of a country village, and though he was neither learned nor brilliant, yet he passed off very well. But he had one incorrigible fault—he always stayed so as to be the last person who left the room. At length he was asked, categorically, why he always stayed so long. He replied, with great good nature and simplicity, that "as soon as a man was gone, they all began to talk against him; and consequently, he thought it always judicious to stay till none were left to slander him." . . . When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down. . . . A traveller on a miserably lean steed was hailed by a Yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the roadside, "Hallo, friend," said the farmer, "where are you bound?"—"I am going out to settle in the Western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this here pumpkin-vine—it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast." . . . Dr. W. was one day called to visit a gentleman who had been suddenly attacked with illness. "Doctor," said the patient, in a trembling voice, "shall I die, do you think?" The doctor assured him he had no apprehension of so melancholy an event. "Then, do you think, doctor," hastily replied the patient, "that I shall be well by such a day?" (naming an early date.) "Indeed," replied the doctor, "that is a question beyond my skill to answer with any certainty. But why are you so particular as to a day?"—"Because, doctor," said the anxious invalid, "I am to be married on that day." Dr. W. was naturally inquisitive as to the lady to whom he was to be united—"Really, doctor," said the patient, "I am not exactly fixed, but either to Miss M—, or Miss S—!" . . . Wieland, the author of *Uberon*, in one of his letters, says that the fatigue of manipulating the stubborn material of the German language into the exact image he required—the toil of reconciling metrical harmony and rhyme with the most perfect and beautiful poetic expression, were inconceivable. He had just spent more than three days and a half upon one stanza, the whole machinery being at a standstill for one single word which he wanted and could not supply. . . . How many ought to feel, enjoy and understand poetry who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it, who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise. It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it. . . . He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary, is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an impostor.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The English, like ourselves, were a little premature in considering the rebellion in India crushed—that desirable consummation is far from having been reached. It is now confessed by those most deeply versed in India affairs, that the rebellion has deeper roots and ramifications than European statesmen ever conceived of. It is evident that the pacification or subjugation of India is an event far in the future.—The tone of English officials and of parliament is very conciliatory towards this country. Evidently England justly regards a war with this country as suicidal.—In France the hatred of the civilians to the military is on the increase. The brutal conduct of officer Hienne in the late duel with Pene, of the *Figaro*, has raised the fever to boiling point, and even the emperor is alarmed at the state of things.—The French court have gone to Fontainebleau to hunt and recreate. The emperor, whose anxiety about the increasing weakness in his spine has induced him to try all kinds of remedies but the right one, as usual, next sent, as a last resource, for Triat, the professor of gymnastics. Triat, it seems, has been called upon to try his magnetic influence in straightening the spine, and preventing the increasing curve, which is becoming manifest, and accompanies the imperial party to Fontainebleau for this express purpose.—Documents from Candia state that the Greeks had risen against the authorities, the pretext being a tax for preemption from military service. Candia was threatened, but reinforcements arrived.—General discontent is felt in Paris because the emperor has commuted the penalty of death to that of imprisonment in the case of Lieut. Mercey, an officer of the army, who brutally murdered his comrade, Lieut. Rozier.—The Duke de Malakoff, French ambassador at London, lately attended a small dinner party, at which the Duke d'Aumale was a principal guest. Some of the Bonapartists say that "Malakoff will one day have a crown to give away, and will not bestow it on the imperial baby."

The Great French Duel.

As we have merely alluded to the duel fought lately in the Wood de Vozy, near St. Germain, we subjoin a brief account of an affair which may have historical consequences. M. Henry de Pene, a well-known literary man, who for some time wrote the *feuilleton* in the "Nord," of Brussels, which was signed "Nemo," and who has lately written in the Paris *Figaro* under the same signature, made some playful remarks in a recent article about the sub-lieutenants of the army, and said, among other things, that, owing to some new orders concerning their uniform, they would no longer wear ladies' dresses with spurs. This article gave offence in a mess-room at St. Germain, and in his weekly article of Sunday, "Nemo" observed that he had received a very coarse letter from a person who signed himself "A Sub-Lieutenant," and who talked a great deal more about fighting than a gentleman who means to fight usually does. This article produced a challenge from the sub-lieutenant. When M. de Pene and his seconds got upon the ground, they found some twenty officers there belonging to the garrison of St. Germain. The duel was fought with swords. M. de Pene wounded his antagonist in the wrist, and disabled him. Thereupon an officer of cuirassiers of the guard stepped out from the group, and said, "Now, sir, you will have to fight me." The brave man of letters accepted this second challenge, although it was obvious that the men of the sword had come out in great numbers with the deliberate intention of taking his life. In a few seconds he was run through the body.

Rarey, the Horse-Tamer.

An American, a member of one of Mr. Rarey's classes, thus expresses his opinion of the system:—"Having attended Mr. Rarey's class, and promised you my candid appreciation of his system, here it is. I believe the method infinitely superior to any known plan of *breaking colts*, as regards time, trouble, danger, *everything*. But in its application to aged vicious horses, it must be received with some modifications—not so much for the horse, who is the subject of it, as for the man who is the agent. That Mr. Rarey himself can honestly and completely get the better of any horse, there is no doubt. But Mr. Rarey is *all horse*, has lived among horses all his life, is a perfect equestrian, and, moreover, a man of great personal dexterity, and extraordinary calmness and moral courage. I think he does not make sufficient allowance for the comparative nervousness and awkwardness of the majority."

"Blind" Sportsmen.

The following feats are narrated by the Paris "Sport":—"A member of the Jockey Club recently wagered that he would walk blindfold from the club-house, Rue de Grammont, to the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, in the Champs-Elysees. He accomplished the exploit without difficulty, and on arriving at the Cirque, opened the door of the stable and walked in. He went along the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, and passed through the trees in the Champs-Elysees. Another member of the club, the night after, went for a wager blindfold from the club-house to the Cirque, then passing by the Exhibition Palace to the Quai, and then by the Place de la Concorde back to the Rue Royale. He appeared to have studied his route most carefully beforehand, as he counted his steps, and was almost able to say when he ought to pass before a lamp-post and other objects."

Mr. Ten Broeck's Stable.

We see that Mr. Ten Broeck has added to his stable another English horse—Badsforth, four years old, which ran a very good second to The Lass of Richmond Hill, for the Railway Plate, Epsom. Babylon and Priores have been entered for the Chesterfield Handicap, and Priores and Belle for the Great Ebor Handicap, both at York August meeting. The former has 29 subs., and the latter, 64 subs. Babylon and Belle are entered for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot Heath, 48 subs.; and Belle for a free handicap at the Newmarket Houghton meeting, 12 subs.

The Principalities.

A letter from Vienna states that the Danubian principalities are in a ferment—that the recent successes of the Montenegrins, received with enthusiasm, have awakened an impatient hope of shaking off the Turkish yoke—and that a general uprising of all the Greek Church people against the Porte is anticipated.

Troops in India.

The London Morning Post estimates that a reinforcement of 20,000 will be necessary to put down the insurrection in the kingdom of Oude. As the Daily News asserts that Sir Colin Campbell has declared, that if the scheme of confiscation is decided on, he must have 200,000 men to conquer the country.

Eugene Scribe.

This most fertile and successful of French dramatists has just built a charming hotel in the Rue Pigale, Paris, a true chef-d'œuvre of elegance and taste. No millionaire of this age of gold could have shown so much genius in the distribution and arrangement of this delicious dwelling.

Jews in Parliament.

The conference between the lords and commons has ended in the former agreeing to the principle of the right of the Jews to seats in parliament, and Baron Rothschild has taken his seat in the commons.

British India.

The correspondent of the London Times at Cawnpore writes despondingly of the war prospects. He says the revolt has deeper roots than has been imagined, and that the want of troops is greatly felt.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

A Newsboys Aid Association has just been started in Philadelphia, after the plan of the benevolent organization that has so long been in successful operation in New York. — A monumental obelisk is being erected on the New Orleans battle-ground. The foundation is completed. The obelisk is to be entirely of white marble, and 150 feet in height. It is to have an inner stairway running up through the entire shaft. — At a late meeting of the Female Reform Society, it was stated that more money was paid in Boston for licentiousness than for the spread of the gospel. — A. J. Farnham, of Stafford, Conn., has been obliged to leave that town in consequence of the indignation raised by his outrageous slanders against several girls of that place. He was compelled to take oath before a magistrate that his statements were lies. — A horrible accident occurred, recently, to Mr. Owen McNulty, an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was walking along on the railroad, on his way home, and when near Chandler's Station, in Salisbury township, about three miles west of Coatesville, he was run against by the night line down, which threw him across the track, and the wheels of the train passed over his body, cutting it literally in two, the upper part of which was carried a number of yards on the cow-catcher. — There are 50,051 rice plantations in the South, the annual product of which is worth about \$4,000,000. — At a late liquor trial in New York city, the main question for the jury to decide was whether lager beer is an intoxicating liquor. Nine of the jurors took the ground that lager beer is intoxicating, and two that it is not. — A relic of '76 was turned up by a plough on the Culidge estate in Watertown, N. Y., lately. It was a portion of a small cannon, which had the appearance of having been exploded. How and when the death-dealing implement came to be embedded there is a query for historians and antiquarians. The same ground has been cultivated constantly for several years; the cannon bears indistinct marks of an inscription. — The punishment of the pillory is still inflicted in the State of Delaware, but only for fortune-telling, we believe. — A babe is a mother's anchor; she cannot go far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imaged future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such a voyage as the cradle daily makes. — Elisha Mason, the last Revolutionary soldier in Litchfield county, Conn., died at Litchfield, June 1, in the 100th year of his age. — Catherine Bronk, a young lady of Albany, aged 14 years, took a small dose of arsenic, lately, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion, and on the following morning she was arrayed in a shroud for the grave. — The Mobile and Ohio Railroad, now in operation 232 miles, runs no cars on the Sabbath, either for passengers, freights or mails. — A man named Townley, working for a Mr. Roll, of Madison, N. J., was induced to drink a portion of the contents of a bottle, one of a lot purchased by Roll at auction, and was soon afterwards taken sick, and died in a few hours. Upon receiving the sad intelligence, Mrs. Townley, who was affected with a disease of the heart, became so excited, that she fell within a few feet of the dead body of her husband, and died in a few minutes afterwards. — The swill-milk investigation in New York is making queer revelations. Dr. John W. Francis testified that cows confined in impure air, and fed upon distillery swill, live in a state analogous to *delirium tremens*. — It has been practically demonstrated that crows are birds of prey, and destroy and eat young turkeys whenever an opportunity offers for them to light on one. — A candidate for congress in Pennsylvania, with an editorial friend, while stumping their district, lately, got belated, and asked to stay all night at a roadside cabin; but the owner thought they looked so like horse-thieves, that he told them to move on.

ST. ISAAC'S CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURGH.—The St. Isaac's Church at St. Petersburg—the building of which has lasted twenty-two years, and during which time it has swallowed immense sums—is now completely finished, and the consecration, with the assistance of nine hundred vocalists, will take place in a very short time. The edifice will contain six thousand people, and has been lavishly adorned with gold, marble, malachite and jasper. The pictures are by the hands of Brulow, Bruni, Neff, Bassin and Steuben.

CLEANING A HARBOR.—At Marseilles the city has been treated to a new spectacle in the shape of a grand cascade, and a rush of crystal waters equal to any waterfall. The river Durance has been brought over a vast tract of territory, to empty a portion of its superfluous volume into the fetid harbor.

A LITERAL AUDITOR.—A speaker at a stump meeting out West, declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south! "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Lewis, what did you do with your new trousers?" said an anxious papa. "I swapped 'em off."—"For what?"—"A slung-shot, Hoyle's Games and the Pirate's Own Book."

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, is said to be realizing a splendid fortune in Great Britain.

It costs twenty-six dollars an hour to light the new hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, with gas.

A census just completed of the children in Lawrence between the ages of five and fifteen years, makes the whole number 3021—a decrease from last year of 411.

The only living heir of the late President Munroe is Samuel L. Gouverneur, a clerk in the treasury department. His mother was the president's youngest daughter.

An immense haul of fish was made at Stone Bridge, R. I., lately. At one drawing of the seine, five hundred barrels of scup were taken in. They were sold on the spot for \$500.

The youthful prodigy, Alfred Stewart, since he was abstracted from the Marsh Troupe of juvenile performers, has been playing star engagements in the southern and western theatres.

The swill-milk impostures has led the mayor and board of health of New York to a determination to examine also into the business of selling "swill-pork," that is, pork fed on distillery swill.

The descent of the Mississippi from its source to its *embouchure*, averages a fraction over six inches to the mile, and the average velocity of the stream is about 2 1-2 miles an hour, or 60 or 70 miles a day.

All croakers to the contrary notwithstanding, salt is an essential to the horse, cattle and sheep. They will thrive better on less feed with it than without it. Particularly it is important animals should be supplied as the weather grows warmer, and the fresh feed more plenty and nutritious.

A lawyer at Madison, Wis., objected to a juryman because he declared if the law of the State was opposed to God's law he should feel obliged to obey the latter. But Judge Collins overruled the objection, on the ground that it was not to be presumed that the laws of the State were in conflict with the law of God.

It is proposed to erect a monument to commemorate the battle of Trenton, the turning point of the Revolution. The lot on which formerly stood the house occupied by Gen. Washington, as his head-quarters, is now vacant, and situated as it is on the brow of a hill, overlooking a great portion of the city, would be a favorable site.

Two boys in Lawrence stole a jug of rum from a wagon, one evening lately, which they secreted till Sunday, when they, with other lads, went into the woods and drank it. One of them, named Maurice Roach, twelve years old, and a very bright boy, was found dead from the effects, and another barely escaped with his life.

Some fiends, recently, in Muscatine, Iowa, bonnd and gagged Mr. J. S. Brown, and leaving him on the floor of his store, set the building on fire. The groans of the man were heard by persons alarmed by the fire, and he was rescued. The store was burned. Mr. Brown was raving crazy when rescued, and fought his friends with desperation, imagining them to be his assailants.

Thomas Cooper, a noted English skeptic, and author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," has recently become a convert to Christianity; and after having spent thirty years of his life in lecturing and writing against the Bible, he is now striving to make reparation for the mischief he must have done, by lecturing in defence of the sacred Scriptures.

Com. Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who died recently at his residence in Fairfax county, Va., after a protracted illness, was one of the oldest officers of the navy, having entered the service in 1805. His service at sea extended over 19 years, while he performed shore duty for nearly 13 years. The retiring board, a few years ago, placed him upon the reserved list, and since then he has resided on his beautiful estate on the banks of the Potomac.

The Episcopal Recorder has an article touching ministers' sons, in which it deprecates the idea that they are worse than other sons. It takes the biographies, and says: "Of the sons of one hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of one hundred men, taken at random from any other pursuits of life, of whom the same can be said?"

The oldest woman in Michigan, Mrs. Vilette, of La Selle, Monroe county, was buried lately in the Catholic burying ground. She was 112 years of age, and had lived in that region the better part of a century. Her husband—the third or fourth one—is still living, aged seventy years. She made her will in the latter part of the last century, and has outlived all the persons to whom she had bequeathed her property. She was a small woman, and very active for one of her age.

A "reformed burglar," writing in the New York Herald, says burglaries are mostly committed by acquaintances of servant girls. The burglars contract friendships with the girls, who are often unaware of their character, and are introduced into the houses as their brothers, cousins, etc. They make use of their opportunities to learn all the internal arrangements of the house, procure keys, etc. He warns persons to exclude unknown male visitors of domestics from their houses.

The Cincinnati Gazette relates a singular story of a "death clock" in the family of a gentleman residing at Newport, Ky. It is simply constructed, but all the efforts of the clock-makers will not make it keep time. Consequently it has been permitted to rest in silence. This, however, is occasionally broken, when it will suddenly strike one, which proves to be a death-knell of one of the family. Whenever the clock strikes, a death is sure to follow a few hours afterwards.

It is said that Richmond, Va., can boast of having the largest flouring mill in the world. It is twelve stories in height, fronts 96 feet on Canal Street, and is 165 feet deep—total height, including the observatory is 135 feet. The rear wall, embracing a part of the granite foundation, is 148 feet high. Each floor contains about 14,500 superficial feet; including the two floors in the roof, the total would be about 155,000 square feet—or rather more than three and a half acres. Altogether, the available space within the walls of this building is about 200,000 square feet.

The national school choral festival at the Crystal Palace, London, was a wondrous gathering, and only equalled in interest by the annual meeting of the school children at St. Paul's Cathedral. There were no less than 21,222 persons attracted by the festival. The queen and prince consort, accompanied by the Princess Alice, the queen of Portugal, etc., entered the palace about seven o'clock, and as they approached the transept, the children commenced "God save the Queen," and sang it with thrilling effect, as may be imagined, when about five thousand young, fresh voices were united in singing that glorious anthem. Those who were near her majesty, say that she fairly trembled with emotion.

Sands of Gold.

.... Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—*Colton*.

.... There may be pride in rags, in a solemn look or a lowly carriage.—*Mason*.

.... The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.—*Lacon*.

.... In this world, full often our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.—*Beecher*.

.... Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are mainly remembered for the mischief they have done.—*Bovee*.

.... Neither contentment nor discontentment arises from the outward condition, but from the inward disposition.—*Mason*.

.... He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—*Lavater*.

.... Faiths wear out in many cases, and the truth of things is the ultimate level, unaffected by mortal enthusiasm.—*Wilkinson*.

.... A king said to a holy man: "Are you ever thinking of me?" "Yes," said he, "at such times as I am forgetting God Almighty."—*Sadi*.

.... It is exceedingly difficult to pronounce upon the character of some men's minds, for the reason that they seem to have no minds at all.—*Bovee*.

.... So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours.—*Emerson*.

.... Royal favorites are often obliged to carry their complaisance further than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure, and they die for his convenience.—*Colton*.

.... The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other.—*Bovee*.

.... If you are under obligation to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one, until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give than by what you withhold.—*Lacon*.

.... There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths which come about us like birds seeking inlet; but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.—*Beecher*.

Joker's Budget.

Women are seldom sailors, but they sometimes command ships.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he is a little Bigger.

The fellow who put the thing in a nutshell, found it cracked a day or two afterwards.

A clergyman, who lives on the seashore, says he likes calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

The Portsmouth Chronicle says that a dealer in that city advertises "iron slates" for sale. It suggests that they should be framed with *pine oak*.

"What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are very often blacklegs, and are universally fleeced.

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

Why is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine? Don't give it up; there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails (males), has a train following her, and passes over the plain.

"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband, one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

"So poor Mrs. Prim is dead at last." "O, yez, poor critter! she couldn't bear to bear how Dr. Squibs was sliding up to Widdler Wimple; so she jist filled wid grief, and sunk under it—she did." "Poor, unfortunate creature! Pray, how does my new cap look?"

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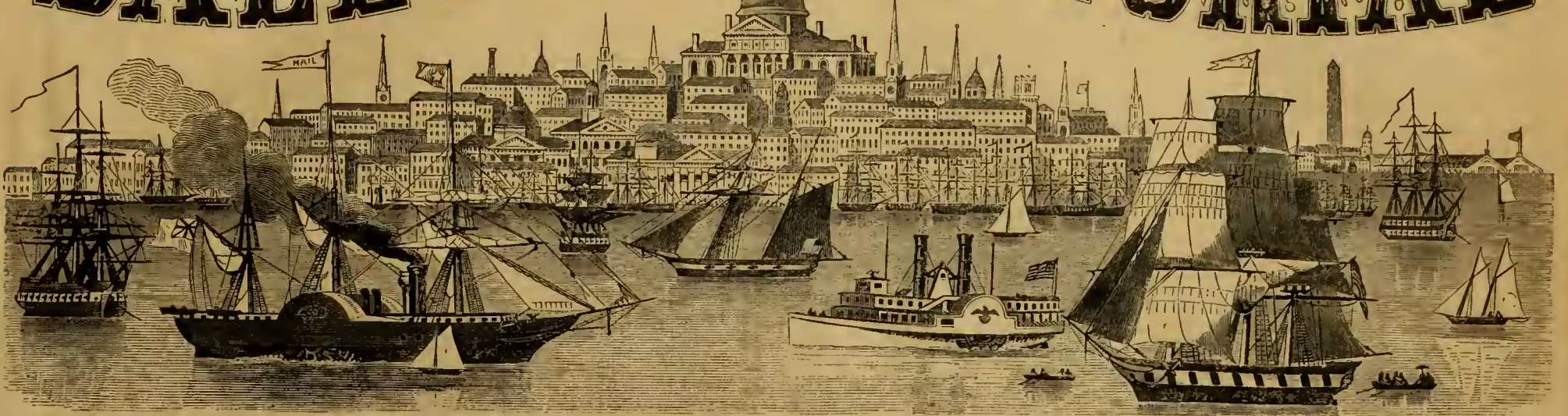
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RESHIPMENT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

[For description see page 13.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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NEW ORLEANS VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The accompanying sketch of the head-quarters of the Vigilance Committee, New Orleans, was drawn for us on the spot. The large building near to the cathedral was occupied by Capt. Duncan, commander of the Vigilants, as his head-quarters. On the extreme left is an old Spanish house, at the corner of St. Peter's Street, now a café. The barricade in front was erected along Chartres Street. The intelligence of the formation of a Vigilance Committee in New Orleans, its armed occupation of the arsenal, and of important points of the city, came upon us like a clap of thunder. It was nothing short of revolution, and further news was looked for with the most intense anxiety. Occurring directly on the eve of a municipal election, always a period of more or less violence and excitement, it was feared that the city would be the theatre of a sanguinary conflict. Fortunately these anticipations were not realized. The election passed off without bloodshed, and the Vigilance Committee, if not disbanded, have at least

laid aside their arms for the present. The revolution broke out on the evening of Wednesday, June 2, when the Committee to the number of about eight hundred took possession of the arsenal in Jackson Square, and the prisons, fortified their position with cannon, and posted sentinels along their lines. The commander of the Vigilance forces was Major J. K. Duncan, late of the U. S. Army, a gallant and distinguished officer. Many of the best citizens of New Orleans were enrolled in their ranks. On the other hand, equally honorable and influential citizens were opposed to the revolution. The press was equally divided, the Picayune and the Crescent City supporting the municipal authorities, and the Delta and True Delta deciding for the Vigilance Committee, the other papers remaining neutral. The declared objects of the Committee were to "maintain the rights inviolably of every peaceful and law-abiding citizen, restore public order, abate crime, and expel or punish, as they may determine, such notorious robbers and assassins as the arm of the law has, either from the infidelity of its

public servants or the inefficiency of the laws themselves, left unwhipt of justice." On June 4, Mayor Waterman made a treaty with the Committee, by which he agreed to accept them as special police to protect liberty and life and execute the laws. The mayor's action, however, was repudiated by the rest of the municipal authorities, and his place supplied by the president of the board of aldermen. Meanwhile both sides kept adding to their forces, and in this belligerent and threatening position the two parties remained till the morning of the election, Monday, June 7. Notwithstanding, however, the armed anger and separation of the town, the election was held on that day, and Col. Gerard Stith, a practical printer, a native of Virginia, but long a resident of New Orleans, was elected mayor, the Vigilance Committee, we believe, or most of them, abstaining from voting. While we acknowledge that New Orleans was in a desperate condition, with crime rampant in its streets, we must deplore the action of the citizens who formed the Vigilance Committee, however high their purpose.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NEW ORLEANS VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S SECRET: —OR— STRUGGLES OF THE HEART.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

Long before the hour of the opening of the court, the court-house was besieged by the eager throng; and when at last the doors were thrown open, the foremost pressed eagerly in, and the whole body of the room was quickly filled, while hundreds were compelled to stay outside, some peering in at windows, and all struggling anxiously in the vain attempt to gain admittance. The court-room was an old-fashioned one, with high ceiling and darkly-painted panelling, which latter gave a sombre air to the entire apartment. So at least thought Alice Forester, as she entered the bar of the court by a private entrance, accompanied by Roland and the Waldrons, and cast her eyes anxiously about her. Her heart sank as she gazed. She saw a confused mass of human beings, agitated and restless from excitement, with heads bent forward and eyes directed towards the one absorbing object of interest—herself. Many she saw, too, who seemed eager to exhibit to her their sympathy and encouragement; but she would not recognize them; she could not, in this her hour of humiliation, and dropping her veil, she awaited the commencement of the trial—a ceremony that seemed to her but a mockery which would certainly precede her condemnation.

The hour at length arrived for the opening of the court, and, as was expected, the case of "the People vs. Alice Forester" was first called. The preliminary proceedings were soon disposed of, and, the jury having been sworn and conducted to their seats, the trial was fairly opened.

"Alice Forester, stand up."

Her counsel sat by her side, and supported her as she obeyed.

"Answer—are you guilty or not guilty?"

She stood in trembling confusion, irresolute and speechless.

"Say not guilty," commanded the advocate, in a whisper.

"But I dare not—I fear—I—"

She returned her answer in the same tone, but broken and imperfect. The advocate then answered the question of the court in a bold, firm voice:

"I am authorized to answer for my client—not guilty!"

Alice Forester sank into her chair, and, overwhelmed with the emotions called up by the question, she heard nothing during the next few moments but a confused hum of voices. The voice of the counsel for the prosecution in his opening plea aroused her, and she listened with feelings of despair to the accusations embodied in his words.

His plea was long and carefully elaborated, and conviction was visible upon not a few of the faces of the spectators as he enumerated the facts which he intended to prove. He commenced by stating that the case under consideration was one which had for years been involved in mystery, and that the revelations which he was prepared to make, through his witnesses, seemed almost at this late day like a judgment from heaven upon the head of the guilty party. The deed was one of almost unparalleled enormity. Murder, even in its most justifiable form, was a spectacle sufficient to agitate a whole community with horror; but a deed like this—the destruction of a husband by a wife—was one which, in a far greater degree, demanded justice. He admonished the jury, that however they might feel disposed to pity and exonerate the prisoner at the bar on account of her sex and appearance, they must remember the innocent victim of this bloody transaction, and reserve for him their compassion. He reminded them of Walter Forester as they knew him; he spoke to them as friends and neighbors of the deceased, and warned them to beware how the remembrance of his virtues, his nobleness, and his kindly disposition, was obliterated by a misapplied and suicidal pity for the prisoner. He appealed to them as good citizens, as lovers of justice, law and order, to consider calmly and deliberately the testimony which was about to be adduced in behalf of his arguments; and lastly, he dwelt with emphasis, and at considerable length, upon the fearful consequences which might naturally be expected ensue, should an example of ill-judged clemency here be set, and the perpetrator of so base a crime be permitted to go unscathed,—a crime, he would venture to assume, beyond the memory of any person present, terrible, bloody and monstrous.

Next in order was the examination of witnesses. The name of Paul Oswald was first called, and the oath was administered. As he placed the Bible to his lips, he encountered the stern glance of Philip Waldron, and he quailed in confusion; but recovering the easy, careless demeanor which he had before assumed, he took the stand. His testimony, elicited in the usual manner by the questions of the counsel, was of great length, and great importance, as we shall see, but given with a cool, self-possessed readiness, which carried conviction to the minds of many, and rendered the case almost hopeless on the part of the defence. His evidence was, in substance, as follows:

He had been well acquainted with the deceased, Walter Forester, as also with the prisoner, whom he testified had been the wife of the deceased. He had known them both from childhood, and knew the disposition of the husband to have been mild and inof-

fensive; that of the wife, wayward and passionate. After the marriage of the two, he had been intimate and on a familiar footing with the family; and while in the house, had often noticed the unaccountable hatred which the prisoner seemed to bear towards her husband,—a hatred which seemed to increase and become more bitter every day.

At this point an interruption occurred. As she heard this testimony, the prisoner, forgetful of the place, and stilling for the moment her poignant grief, rose to her feet, and fixed her eyes, glowing with horror and indignation, upon the witness. Oswald was confused, and startled; but the prisoner suddenly recollected herself, and sat down. But the incident had created an intense feeling among the spectators, and it was some moments before order could be restored. The witness at last resumed his testimony.

He said that he at last became alarmed for the safety of his friend, and repeatedly warned him that his life was in danger from the enmity of his wife; but that Forester always answered that though he knew his wife to be his worst enemy, yet he could never believe her as bad as to seek his life. After this, he had contented himself with a close observation of the movements of the prisoner, and by this means he had become acquainted with the facts of the death of Walter Forester.

He had been in the village all day; he remembered it well; it was the 17th of October, 18—. He had intended to visit his friend in the morning, but business had prevented him, and it was almost night before he was fairly upon the road. As night came on, it became very dark, and before he arrived at The Willows, a furious storm of rain commenced. No person was stirring abroad; he met no one upon the road. He arrived at The Willows at nine in the evening, or near that hour, but from the outside could discover no light in the building. Surprised at this, as he knew that his friend was accustomed to sit in the front part of the house, he entered without knocking, and groped along in the dark hall. Nothing was heard until he found the door at the end of the hall, when, as he opened it, he distinctly heard a deep groan from the next room, accompanied by a heavy fall. Alarmed at this, he stopped and listened. Nothing came to his ear, and he at last pushed open the door before him, and entered. He hardly stepped over the threshold, however, for he paused in horror, spell-bound by the fearful scene before him.

A candle stood upon the table, and although it had been overturned, it still burned feebly, and gave enough light to enable him to discover everything in the room. Walter Forester lay upon the floor, half-raised by the violence of his struggles, the blood pouring from a wound in his side, his hands clutching the heavy table-cloth which he had dragged from the table, and his eyes fastened imploringly upon his wife, who stood over him with a bloody dagger brandished in her hand. The victim was, as he believed, too weak to utter a word; for while he looked on, to his horror, and before he could arrest her arm, the murderess deliberately raised the dagger, and plunged it into his breast. He then sank back upon the floor without a groan, and remained silent.

At this point, the horror and indignation of the spectators found free vent in groans and cries, and the court for a few moments presented a scene of strange confusion. Roland Forester, though he remembered to whose testimony he was listening, bowed his head, and sat like one petrified, as its crushing weight fell on his heart. Helen Waldron whispered in his ear, but he answered not; the hand of fate seemed at last to have closed upon him with its iron grasp. The prisoner's countenance was covered by her veil, and none could see its cold, stern agony—the agony of despair.

Order was at length restored, and the witness proceeded. The prisoner, he said, when she saw him, had for a moment looked upon him with terror and dismay; then, throwing herself at his feet, besought him not to betray her to certain death. He had at first firmly resolved to deliver her up then to justice, but as he reflected, and witnessed her agony, he wavered, and at last consented to keep the matter secret, but upon the condition that she should fly from the neighborhood and never return. To this she consented, and he charged himself with the business of disposing of the body. In doing this, he was well aware that he might lay himself open to the charge of complicity in the murder, but he had acted solely from motives of pity to the prisoner. The body was entrusted to the charge of the captain of a vessel then lying in the river, with instructions to throw it overboard when he should reach the ocean, out of sight of land. This captain had since died. He had intended, he further stated, to carry the secret with him to the grave, but with the return of the prisoner to the neighborhood, he had felt bound to make the matter public.

At this stage of the proceedings, the witness was given up to the counsel for the defence, by whom he was severely cross-examined; but he failed to invalidate his testimony, save upon one or two points. In fact, Oswald had so prepared himself that he was enabled to meet coolly and with an instant reply every question, and he finally left the stand with a triumphant glance toward Philip Waldron and those near him.

Waldron was next called, and, though unwillingly, was made to corroborate Oswald's testimony in regard to the ill-feeling between Walter Forester and his wife. In answer to an inquiry from the counsel for the defence, however, he averred that he would not believe Paul Oswald upon oath.

But it was easy to see that this testimony by itself made but a slight impression. No other could be found willing to make oath to the same belief, and Oswald's fearful weight of evidence was admitted, and stood as if unimpeached. Several witnesses were next introduced who had joined in the search for the body, and who testified to the finding of parts of garments upon the river, which Walter Forester had worn. The absence of Alice Forester

from the neighborhood for over ten years was conclusively proved, all of which went to substantiate the evidence of Oswald. Long before the evidence for the prosecution was in, each person in the room, crowded as it was to suffocation, seemed to have settled back into the conviction of the hopeless guilt and almost certain doom of the accused. Still, all bent eagerly forward to catch every word and hear every sound.

Many witnesses were examined on the part of the defence, and the counsel labored heroically and incessantly for his client, but it was vain to attempt to turn the overwhelming tide which was bearing down against her. The conduct of Oswald upon repeated occasions, during the preceding five years, was adduced to prove the falsity of his statements; his connection with Collard, among other things, was instanced, and evidence received to prove that Oswald had been the chief mover in creating the rupture between Walter Forester and his wife, and that, therefore, he must have borne a part in the murder. But what was this, when viewed with the testimony of one who had actually witnessed the deed—who had seen the blow struck and the body of the deceased? Philip Waldron looked upon the prisoner, and felt there was no hope. Roland sat immovable in his despair. Paul Oswald sat in the front row of the spectators, his basilisk eyes constantly fixed upon the prisoner with a look of hateful triumph, which spoke more plainly than words his gratification.

The whole day had now been occupied with the trial, and as the last witness left the stand, his form could hardly be discerned in the darkness which had slowly enveloped everything within the room. Candles were brought in and placed upon the bench and around the bar, but their light was faint and but partially illumined the room. The feverish spectators had risen to their feet in their excitement, and now stood with straining eyes, waiting for the resumption of the proceedings. Not one of them had left the room during the whole day, and it is doubtful whether any could have left, for the doors, the steps, and the street in front were blockaded for rods on either hand by the multitudes who were unable to gain admittance.

As the lights flashed in the hall, there was for a moment a stay to the proceedings. Judges, counsellors, and the jury, as if by general consent, sat in silence for a brief interval, all impressed with the solemnity, the awfulness of the scene. The trial was fast approaching its conclusion; and what that conclusion would be, none seemed to doubt. The twelve jurymen sat in their places as they had sat since the beginning of the trial, but the expression of one was that of the whole. The gloomy look of stern resolve that sat upon their faces spoke fearfully for the fate of the accused; their verdict was plainly written upon their countenances.

At length the presiding judge asked: "Are any more witnesses to be called?"

There were none. Every scrap of evidence that could be adduced had been made use of by the defence; the examination of their witnesses had occupied hours, until every resource was exhausted, and nothing remained but the concluding speeches of the counsels, and the charge of the judge before the case would be submitted to the jury. The counsel for the defence rose, and looked hesitatingly around him. Evidently he felt the utter hopelessness of the cause he had undertaken, and seemed at a loss at first to decide upon what form of words to use in commencing his unavailing argument. In a moment, however, he turned to the jury, and commenced; but hardly had a dozen words escaped his lips, when a sudden uproar and confusion at the door interrupted him. The crowd in the street were swaying backward and forward, and those who were so densely packed about the entrance, slowly gave way and fell back on each side, while a dozen voices without shouted simultaneously, "A new witness! a new witness!"

The words ran in a whisper through the court-room, and everybody started up to obtain a glance at the man who was slowly making his way through the crowd; some even mounting upon benches and tables in their anxiety. The man was weak and feeble, and two officers supported him as he walked. He stopped to whisper in the ear of the counsel for the defence, after which he moved forward toward the witness-box. Every eye in the room was bent earnestly upon him, and stout arms were extended to support him; but he suddenly seemed to recover his strength, for, with an effort, he raised himself to his full height, and walked firmly to the stand. Supporting himself upon the railing in front, he raised his eyes, and with a piercing glance of scrutiny, scanned the whole assembly before him.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURE.

ALICE FORESTER and Roland, and Philip Waldron and his daughter, had looked up as they heard the confusion and the announcement of another witness, but the last three felt a strange thrill of hope as they recognized in the man who had just entered the witness-box, Stephen Brande!

There was one other upon whom the strange advent of this man produced a deep effect, but the feelings of this one were those of horror. He stared upon him with terrified amazement as he raised his eyes; and Brande, attracted by his look, gave back the glance with one of fierce hatred. The latter was strangely altered; in fact, he resembled a dead as much as a living man. His face was haggard, pale and wan, and his eyes glowed with an unnatural brilliancy. His weakness had not all left him, for he still leaned heavily upon the railing, refusing the permission to sit, which had been offered him. He was sworn, and in reply to the first question, the usual asking of the name, he replied:

"I am called Stephen Brande."

"But I protest!" shouted Oswald, springing forward in terrified excitement. "He died—he has no—"

"Sit down, sir!" commanded one of the judges, angrily.

Oswald scarcely heeded the interruption, but stood gazing upon Brande, and had begun another wild, disconnected speech, when the judge commanded, sternly:

"Officer, take that man in charge; and if he makes more disturbance, remove him from the room."

The constable moved to the side of Oswald, who, utterly powerless, fell back upon the seat. Stephen Brande spoke as he saw the counsel about to proceed with his questioning, and said, in a voice somewhat weaker than his natural tone:

"I have a plain story to tell, sir; and if his honor will permit, I should like to tell it in my own way."

"Does what you have to say relate to the case now before the court?" asked the judge.

"If this is the trial of Alice Forester."

"It is."

"Then what I have to say relates only to this case."

"Say on, then."

The witness cast one glance towards the prisoner and her companions, who were all eagerly regarding him, and in a voice of increased strength and firmness, proceeded as follows:

"Walter Forester was well known to me, gentlemen; indeed, I may safely say I was his best friend. This may seem strange to some present who have never heard of me before, but what I have said is nevertheless true. I well knew his wife, the prisoner, also, and for a year after their marriage, I have never seen a happier pair than were those two."

Whispers of assent ran through the crowd, and all bent more eagerly forward to hear the next words of the witness.

"This lasted, I say, for a year, but then came a change. Walter Forester had a friend in whom he trusted, a man whom he admitted into his family. But this man was a traitor and a villain, a vile, base being, not fit to bear the name of man. And situated as he was, almost an inmate of Walter Forester's house, beloved for what he seemed to be, trusted, confided in, this villain went deliberately to work to accomplish the ruin of his friend,—of him who would have lost his right arm, if it had been necessary, in his defence.

"The objects of this man were twofold. His was one of those base, black hearts that can stoop to any revenge, and revenge was his first motive. He had loved Walter Forester's wife before she became so, but she turned from this evil one, and gave her hand to Forester instead. Then the furious rival swore an oath of revenge; he swore that Walter Forester and his wife should suffer deeply, and, dissembling his hatred under the cloak of friendship, he went coolly to work to accomplish his purpose. His other object was avarice; he envied his friend for his wealth, and determined to work his ruin, that he might seize upon his wealth.

"And this man's plan of revenge—none but his own heart could have conceived, none but his own executed it. It was—think of it, gentlemen,—it was to induce the wife to murder her husband!"

"Ha, ha!" muttered Oswald, hoarsely; "a fine story—a pretty story!"

But the officer grasped him menacingly, and he was compelled to remain quiet, and Stephen Brande continued:

"With devilish arts did this man pursue his plans; with every instrument that his heart could suggest, he labored to ensure them, and at last his plans succeeded—yes, and but too well. It would take too long to tell of all his artifices, of how letters were forged, with the name of the husband appended, and left in the way of the wife; letters whose contents might have maddened an angel of light; letters in which she was spoken of contemptuously, and in whose dark contents infidelity to her was the least of the crimes hinted at. She bore it uncomplainingly, that noble wife, until at last she could bear no more; her blood was worked into a fury of hatred, and she conceived that the life of her husband was to her a living disgrace; and then she resolved to have his blood as an atonement for her wrongs. Ah, how that false friend exulted as he read her determination, day by day! But she was not alone; she confided the matter to her brother, and together they plotted the death of Walter Forester. But let me hasten: they surprised the unhappy man in his room, and with repeated dagger-strokes, they brought him to the floor. Then was the time for the villain-friend; and he suddenly entered the room, and surprised them at their work. And then—then what deep remorse, what bitter repentance was theirs when they knew that they were the dupes of a villain,—that they destroyed their own happiness and shed innocent blood!

"But the deed was done, and from that hour did this man wield over them his mighty power. First, he forged a will, by virtue of which he gained the property of Walter Forester; then he deprived the sorrowing mother of her infant son, and hoped in this way to induce her to become his wife. But she seized her child privately, and, with her brother, she disappeared. Then the enraged villain tracked them, and at last, after years had passed, and the brother had died, he found them, and compelled the mother to give up her son. That boy he held for years; and because he could not bring him to bow to his evil will, at last he tried to murder him. And when he failed in this, fearful of the retribution of the law, he attempted to force the mother to become his wife, that she might stay the proceedings against him; and when she refused, he brought her to trial for the murder of her husband, and here she is to-day. And think you," he exclaimed, raising his voice and glancing upon those around him who were held spell-bound by his words,—“think you she is guilty of murder? I tell you no! she was but the unwilling, unknowing tool of Paul Oswald; yes, of that man who sits before you, cringing and gasping at my words."

A strange murmur of horrified surprise ran through the courtroom; but Stephen Brande continued:

"And this is not all. Because I knew too much of this man's deeds—because I presented myself before him one week ago, and demanded of him justice upon those he had wronged, he tried to murder me, also; I bear even now the unhealed wound which he inflicted upon me while my back was towards him. The villain left me for dead, and it is almost by a miracle that I am here to-day.

"Nor is this quite all. I have heard it said that Walter Forester was not dead when Paul Oswald placed his body on board Mark Collard's vessel, and that, perchance, he may be living yet; but be he living or be he dead, standing here amid the officers and servants of justice, this thing I demand—justice for Alice Forester, who has in this matter been the much-wronged victim of as great a villain as ever wore the human form; justice, ay, and retribution, upon the head of that villain, Paul Oswald!"

Just as these words were spoken, Oswald slipped stealthily from the grasp of the officer, and edged his way towards the door, crouching down as far as possible; but he was observed ere he had accomplished half the distance, and willing and vigorous arms collared him and brought him back.

Spectators, jury, judges, and the prisoner and her friends, had listened with intense excitement to the words of Brande, and when he finished, there was a breathless silence throughout the vast hall. The feelings and emotions of all were different, yet all listened with profound interest, and not a few were the sobs that came from the accused and the female portion of the audience as the witness alluded to the sufferings and remorse of the former.

"And who are you," asked one of the judges, "that seem to know so much of this strange case?"

Stephen Brande paused for a moment before answering the question, and then, sweeping his eyes over the multitude whose sole attention was directed to him, replied:

"I am one upon whom the clouds of misfortune have spent their fullest strength, who has suffered everything from his fellow-men, and yet survived, who has clothed himself with mystery that he might lay bare this enormity of evil, and, having accomplished it, now drops all disguise, rejoicing that it lies in his power to punish wickedness, and reward those who have so nobly suffered."

He dropped the cloak from his shoulders with these words, and tearing the beard from his face, he folded his arms and looked proudly about him. Alice Forester and Philip Waldron both started up as they saw the face that now appeared to them, but the action of the latter was almost instantaneous. He advanced half-way towards the witness, stopped and trembled visibly where he stood, and then almost shouted, in his manly, yet tremulous tone:

"Walter Forester, I know you! Yes, Heaven be praised, it is you!"

The hands of the friends came together in a fervent whole-souled grasp, and the next instant, Roland Forester fell upon his father's breast, and wept. Tears were a proof of manhood in that hour of re-union, and neither father nor son deemed it a weakness to weep tears of joy together. Then, struck with a sudden thought, Roland left his father's side, and returned, leading his mother. She raised her eyes entreatingly to his, but there was no light but that of pity, and with the words upon his lips, "All is forgotten, all forgiven," she sank unto his outstretched arms, and received his kiss as an earnest of the departure of the night which had so long enshrouded her in its gloom, and the breaking of a new and blissful day.

The spectators had remained motionless with deep amazement; to this succeeded a hoarse murmur like that of the coming storm, and then one deafening, prolonged shout went up, which shook the very roof above them. Again! again! even the sworn jury joining in the reverberating pean of joy, and then, amid the tossing of hats, the waving of handkerchiefs, and every other manifestation of joy, the crowd pressed eagerly around the happy group; old friends clamored for recognition, and scores of brawny hands were thrust forward to Walter Forester, who, supporting his wife upon one arm, and with a face radiant with joy, endeavored to salute all that crowded round him, and finding this impossible, was at last compelled to delegate a portion of the task to his son; and after his failure, Philip Waldron stepped forward and finished the herculean task in a manner satisfactory to all.

It is a scene upon which we must let fall the curtain. Ever one of unalloyed happiness, the meeting of long-parted friends, who would venture to describe in detail the scene of wild excitement and joy when one returns as from the grave, and, most of all, in such a moment and such a place as this? Better to leave it to the imagination; and now we must turn for a moment to a darker scene.

The court-house was gloomy, dark and deserted. The shouts of the villagers were still faintly heard in the distance, but the immediate scene was silent and desolate. Where all had been excitement during the day, silence now reigned; the building was deserted by all—all save two.

"Come, Mr. Oswald," said the officer, laying his hand upon the other's shoulder, "you must go now. I suppose you heard the words of the judge when he committed you. You must answer for perjury, forgery, and—but I won't tell it all over."

The prisoner sat with his head fallen upon his breast, and his hands lying loosely upon his knees. He answered nothing to the command of the officer, and the latter, after shaking him by the shoulder, raised his head. Horror-struck with the fearful truth revealed in the glassy eyes and fallen jaw, he started back, exclaiming: "Dead—dead, as sure as fate!"

Yes, he was dead. With the fearful recoil of baffled plans, his heart-strings had snapped, and while yet his spirit was brooding over its disappointments, it had left the body. Fearful was the retribution, but who shall question its justice?

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was a happy reunion in the parlor of The Willows upon the evening succeeding that of the trial. Walter Forester was there, at home once more, treading the halls of his mansion with as firm a step, and the light of happiness dancing as joyously in his eye, as if his sufferings had been but a dark dream from which he had awakened; and by his side was his wife. Well might his heart pronounce her the Alice Forester of old, restored to him, as he noted the smile that mantled her lips, and saw the look of fond affection with which she regarded him. There were Roland and Helen, happy in their mutual affection, thrice happy, now that the cloud had cleared away and the sunlight of bright hopes illumined their pathway; and last, but by no means least, there were Philip Waldron and his worthy wife, happy in the consummation of the happiness they had been so instrumental in causing.

"And now, Walter," observed Philip Waldron, when a moment's silence had intervened, "will you explain to us some things which still seem a little mysterious?"

"Willingly," replied Forester, "though I do not care to dwell too long upon what must always be painful. But we will think of these things as little as possible; the present is secure to us, and we will not look back upon the gloomy past, unless, perhaps, we may wish to increase our happiness by the contrast. You have wondered at the secret of my long absence?"

"A hundred times," replied Waldron. And all drew their chairs closer.

"And yet, it is very simple, though the same villany is apparent in the disposition of me as was in all other parts of the plot. You never knew Mark Collard as anything but a tool of Oswald's; but it was as a pirate that Paul Oswald first employed him. He had brought his vessel up the river, disguised as a coast trader, and as soon as I was carried on board, he dropped down the stream. I only came to consciousness when far out of sight of land. Paul Oswald, as I know, had not calculated upon the chance of my coming to life; but when Collard discovered that I was actually in a fair way to recover, he resolved to turn the circumstance to his advantage. He made his way across the Atlantic, fighting, burning and plundering, and when near the Straits of Gibraltar, I, in company with a score of others, was sold to an Algerine pirate. Then commenced a bondage which lasted almost fifteen years. When at last I escaped into France, I found myself in a strange land, destitute and feeble. It was long, however, before the idea of coming home entered my mind,—the remembrance of what had occurred almost alienated me. But after a time, I felt an irrepressible desire to return growing within me; some undefined impulse urged me, and I prepared to obey it. But misfortunes, one after another, overtook me, and four weary years longer I was compelled to linger in France. When I at last reached this neighborhood, I thought it best to disguise myself, to escape the machinations of Paul Oswald; but my first interview with Roland almost betrayed me. You remember it, Roland?"

"Yes, and I then conceived a half remembrance of your face."

"I knew him all the time," exclaimed Waldron, energetically, "or, rather, I knew I *had known* him, but when or where, I was unable at any time to say."

"Well, my friends," replied Walter Forester, with a smile, "it is certainly better that you could not penetrate my disguise. Stephen Brande discovered what Walter Forester never could have known. But O, Alice, you can never know—you can only conjecture the depth of the joy that flooded my heart when I obtained that startling revelation from that leather case which you entrusted to Roland. Then for the first time did life possess charms for me; from that time I bent my energies to the task of freeing you from the power of Oswald. How well I have succeeded, the present moment can best answer."

Again a short silence intervened, which was broken by Roland:

"But how did you escape from Oswald when he attempted to assassinate you?"

"Ah, that seems almost the strangest affair of the whole. Do you remember Margery?"

"Margery, who was our servant-woman?" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, the same. It seems that Oswald induced her to stay with him, and at last bribed her to assist him in some of his evil acts. This she confessed to me, with tears of repentance. Oswald made her assist in concealing me after he thought me dead, and it was then that she recognized me, with bitter feelings of remorse. That night she came to me, and was not long in discovering that I was still alive. She carefully dressed my wounds, nursed and tended me, keeping the matter secret from Oswald, and it was by her assistance that I was enabled to appear at the trial as I did."

Saying this, he left the room, and in a short time reappeared, followed by Margery.

"My friends," said he, "henceforth Margery remains one of my household. If she has sinned, she has also suffered, and nobly has she redeemed herself in her treatment of me. It shall be our rule of conduct now to forget and forgive, and she, too, shall be included."

Margery, raising her tearful eyes to those of her master, gave him a look of heartfelt gratitude; and then snatching his hand, she kissed it, and hastily left the room.

A long silence followed her departure—a silence when each thankful heart was busy with its own emotions. Roland and Helen sat a little to one side, talking in whispers of the occurrences which had made their hearts so joyous. Walter Forester observed them, and advancing to where they were seated, took each by the hand, and led them to the centre of the room.

"Let us, my friends," he said, with a bright and joyous smile,

"conclude this happy evening in a worthy manner. Here are two young hearts whose happiness will be complete only with their union. Philip," he added, turning to Waldron, "do you consent?"

"Ay, and I can only regret that you haven't another son, and I another daughter, that we might serve them in the same style."

"Then take her, my boy," said the father, placing Helen's hand within that of Roland, his voice agitated with emotion as he spoke. "Take her, and may your path in life be strewn with blessings! Take her, and be happy. Standing as I do upon the summit of the hill, just ready to commence the downward journey, I look back to you who are just commencing the ascent, and from my inmost heart goes up the prayer—may the God of heaven endow with happiness you and yours!"

And what more? Four months after, just as summer was laying her glories by, and the gorgeousness of kingly autumn was covering plain and forest, a glad some wedding-party assembled at The Willows, to attend the ceremony which should bind two loving hearts in one, and unite the current of two joyous lives.

Roland Forester and his wife are still living, and in the prime of life, for the date of our truthful history is comparatively recent. Their love has not proved a transient flame, expiring with its own violence, but a calm, pure fire which burns as fervently now as in the heyday of youth, and which promises to endure and abide with them until they shall have fulfilled their pilgrimage.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.*

THE night was dark, and the air bleak and misty. In a gloomy house, within a gloomy room, at the end of a street, dismal with squalid poverty, a child watched, alone, by the side of a dying mother. There was no light, save that which flickered from a tallow candle, and it was fast wasting away. The wind, which whistled in through some broken panes, blew the poor flame here and there, so that it shone feebly upon the ghastly face of the dying woman. It was a most comfortless apartment, and there were no coals glowing on the hearth, by which the poor child might have warmed her half-frozen feet; they were drawn underneath her scanty dress, as she sat crouched by the low frame, which answered for a bedstead. Her hands were burning with fever, and they were clasped around her mother's clammy and emaciated fingers. A mass of still beautiful hair lay spread out upon the pillow, and now and then the heart-stricken girl bowed her head upon it, to wipe away the tears that flowed fast and silently. It was like one of her caressing movements, and the mother's failing eyes, in the dim light, saw not the heart-stricken expression that cramped the thin pale face of her child.

"God will take care of you, my helpless Mary. Did you not read to me to-day out of his book that he takes care of the smallest sparrow? I know, then, that my darling will not be forgotten by him. Will you not trust his promises, my child?"

The voice was feeble, for it came from panting lungs; and as Mary listened, her tears gushed out afresh. Well she remembered how her great grief and crying had once so agonized her mother that a stream of red blood had poured from her lips, and the life so inexpressibly dear to her had been nearly exhausted. No physician had told her to control her emotion, for they were too poor to employ one; but the great Physician of the soul, who seeks out the poor and needy, had breathed an instinct into her breast, which gave her power to crush back the emotion swelling within her breast to aching painfulness.

After a short time, she replied, in suppressed tones, as if afraid to trust her voice:

"I know he is good, and can do all things, mother; I know I have the promise of a home in heaven; but O if I could only go with you—if God would *only* let me die with you—" Her voice died out in a sob.

The mother conquered a throes of agony, and with all her little strength drew her child close to her bosom.

"O, Birdie, Birdie!"—this was a pet name, long unused, and it sounded now like a wailing echo from the past, borne on the bosom of the night-wind which crept around the house,—"you must love your Creator more than you do me. He can give you happiness, and a hope above, where, I trust, a loving Saviour is awaiting me; but I cannot save you, my beloved child, and I love him more than I do you. I leave you in this bleak world, without murmuring, because he wills it; and as you were made to glorify him, you must live to accomplish that end, as he sees fit. Love him, love him with your whole heart, and even a dungeon would lose its gloom."

"O, mama, do you love any one more than you do your poor unhappy child?"

Mary's mother looked up to God in a life-cbbing supplication for strength; then she answered:

"God's love is far, far greater for you than even mine, and would you give him so poor a return as to love me more? Ah, Birdie, when you learn to give him all your heart, you will submit cheerfully to his will, whatever it be! You should rather rejoice that he allows you to live for some good purpose."

"What purpose, mother? What could I do?"

"I am not able to tell you, as the future is always concealed from our view, but I am sure that you will have it in your power to serve God in some way, if you live."

"You can think of something it is possible for me to do; can you

not, dear mama? Do tell me! There may be no one to tell me to-morrow."

There was another upward supplicating glance, a lifting of the heart heavenward, and a change came over the white face, in its surrounding of dark hair. She drew from underneath her pillow a miniature set in a mourning case, and laid it in Mary's hand. How the child's heart throbbed at feeling that mysterious thing in her own hands! She saw but faintly in the poor light the representation of a young manly face, of bold outlines, with a background of thick, dark waving hair. She did not know whose face it was like; she had no clue to the mystery, and yet she dared not ask. There was a hidden something in her mother's face that had hushed all inquiries. A few silent moments passed, and then the mother said, in quick, trembling tones:

"Keep this, Birdie. Guard it carefully, for it is very precious to me. I fear now that I have done wrong in concealing what I have from you; but it is too late for explanations, and it is better so. Listen well. If you should meet with one very like the picture, so like that you are compelled to speak, call him Ernest, show him this, and tell him your dying mother gave you a blessing for him,—that she prayed for him with her last breath, and that God will hear me yet."

Mary was about to speak, but she was prevented. Her mother went on:

"I have not done. I told you that you should live for some purpose. Let this be it. Search for him whom you may call Ernest. It may be," she continued, as if no longer addressing her child,—"*it may be that God will speak to him through the lips of my Mary. Surely it was his spirit that prompted me to give the charge. Let it be so, O my Father!*"

For a little while, Mary was so absorbed in gazing at the indistinct outlines of the face, that she lost sight of the present, melancholy as it was. When she looked up again, alarmed by the stillness, her mother lay with closed eyes, and so deathlike that she thought this was indeed death. With wild grief she hung over her, but her desolate screams reached no ears without, and they were borne away, and died upon the wind. The outcry roused the feeble sparks of life, and in a moment more the mother's eyes opened upon the gloomy scene. Ah, how changed was her aspect, as radiant as if beams from the excellent glory had pierced the mist through which we all see but darkly. Mary scarcely dared to breathe, lest the vision should fade from her sight.

"My daughter!" she murmured, in a low but clear voice, "dry up your tears, for they are sinful. Would you dwell only upon your own sorrow, when there is such a flood of glory in my soul? Be good, be trustful and faithful, and I will ask God to let me return to you sometimes in spirit. Perhaps he may let me whisper to you, and tell you my joy when I see you a brave Christian. Press on; bear up, my loved one!"

"Come to me—talk to me, mama!" exclaimed she, a glow of ecstasy overspreading her face. "Tell me how you will come; speak quick, mother!"

Again there was a perplexity, but life was burning rapidly out, and there was no time for thought.

"I will come," she replied. "Remember, if God sees fit to give me the power—with the—" There was a rattling sound in her throat, an eager effort to speak; then, whilst her lips moved, her gaze turned heavenward, and her spirit passed into eternity, with the unuttered thought. Mary, hoping, waiting vainly as she was, was now indeed alone with death. * * *

The wind had forced open the door, and the daylight streamed in upon the melancholy scene. A passer-by was arrested in horror, then another, and another, until a crowd had gathered around the frame upon which lay the corpse. There still beside her dead mother Mary sat, woe-like and half-frozen, with her face buried in her hands. There were rude exclamations of wonder, some of genuine pity, but a few were there so hardened to human suffering that no feeling but gratified curiosity arose at the sight.

A repentant Magdalen looked on with downcast but dry eyes, upon the peaceful, slumbering dead, with a longing, deep within her soul, for a quiet like that.

"Does no one know her?" asked a benevolent-looking but poorly-dressed woman. "Has she no friends?"

"The likes of her don't boast of many friends," murmured the Magdalen, in a low voice.

"She was a good woman!" some one cried out stoutly; "and if she'd wished it, she might have plenty of some folks' charities."

There was a peculiar bitterness in this speech, which burst out throughout the words like glimpses of an inner fountain, not of light, but flowing from fearful passions, in which many a soul has been engulfed.

"Some poor drunkard's wife!" again suggested the first speaker.

A young girl made her way to the bedside, and instinctively those around stood back, as if in purer presence. A little boy, who stood at the door, cap in hand, and out of breath, whispered loudly to a woman close by: "It's old Cap'n Darlin's Lucy. I knowed she had a tender spot in her feelin's, and I knowed 'twould make her cry to look at that young 'un."

Lucy Darling was weeping at the pitiful sight. She had not only a warm, sympathizing heart, but great energy of character, beaming out from her gentle blue eyes, and she did not waste many moments in sympathy. She had willing hands herself, and with gentle authority she commanded other willing hands, and soon transformed the appearance of the poor place. * * *

Mary's mother was put away to rest in old Captain Darling's enclosure, the day following, and Mary was lying in Lucy's own bed. Lucy sat by her, stroking her burning forehead, and in her unoccupied hand she held a lock of long shining hair. A beam from the evening sun shone in upon it, and tinged it as when it wore the golden richness which had beautified it in the morning of

the now spirit-mother's loveliness. Lucy was wandering in thought through the mournful visions awakened by the sight of that lock, when old Captain Darling stepped in very gently. She held up the tress, and said, softly, whilst her tears flowed afresh:

"Isn't it beautiful, papa, and does it not tell us a history? I read a sad, sad story when I watch its shining waves. I've been trying to rouse this little one by the sight of it, but all in vain."

"And so you've taken *that*?" he whispered, stroking her under the chin, and pointing to Mary, so that Lucy knew what he meant.

"We'll try and raise her up to health once more, and—and—I've done right, haven't I, papa?"

Lucy asked with a very safe confidence, that she would receive an approving smile for a reply. Her papa did smile, and stroked her hair this time fondly, whilst she continued to talk:

"Poor little creature! I think she does not seem like a child, though she is small, for there is such a strange, inquiring expression in her eyes, and they look as if they had been witnessing suffering for ages. Then," she added, instinctively lowering her voice, "the doctor thinks she is only sick from want and exposure, and will be well soon; but I fear her mind is unsettled. Whatever is said to her, she never gives but the one response—'What is it, mother?' and gazes at me with such a melancholy eagerness it pains me to the heart."

"A dear heart it is!" exclaimed the captain, who might have been forgiven for lavishing upon his darling a love that was nearly idolizing, "this heart of my Lucy's, and I don't like to see the tears coming so fast. We'll make the little 'craft' happy; we'll make her eat plenty, and if she don't get rosy and smiling with your nursing, why, she can't be rosy and well, that's all. Cheer up, cheer up!"

He drew closer to the bed, and putting his rough face close to that of the child's in a half-fearing way, as if approaching a something foreign to his own honest, but rough nature, said:

"How are you, my lassie?"

The large eyes opened wildly, and with the same touching eagerness came the question, "What is it, mother?"

The strong man felt a choking in his throat, and he turned away hastily with a cough, which he said was growing troublesome; then he hurried out of the room.

Mary surely would have gained flesh, strength and elasticity of mind under such gentle auspices, had she been only a bereaved orphan, worn out with privations; but there was a worm in the bud, and day by day it faded. She grew more and more ethereal, more quiet and suffering, yet still made no other reply to all but the ever-recurring question of, "What is it, mother?"

The spirit-mother was wandering amid the bowers of Eden, basking in the never-fading glories of God's presence. Had she forgotten to plead for the boon she had promised her child she would seek at the great throne of mercy? Is there no remembrance of earth in eternity?

Mary was listening for the spirit-voice. Though words from human lips seemed to fall senseless upon her ears, she was vividly awake to the language of nature. God was speaking to her, yet the wailing cry of her earthly longing for the lost mother's voice kept such an unceasing murmur, she heard nothing else. When the snow-birds twittered beneath her window, or the dry leaves crackled along the low roof, she would lean upon her elbow and listen, listen for the spirit-language. Sometimes when Lucy warbled some sweet song of Zion close by the bed, it was so like the echo from some angel choir that Mary would start and hearken with parted lips and eyes upraised, until the notes died away.

A month passed away, and yet she was listening still. Lucy did not weary of her charge, but she could not but weep and pray that the mind, "like sweet bells, jangled out of tune," might once more regain its harmony. She always conducted family worship night and morning, and now she and her father—for they constituted the family circle—would come together by Mary's bedside, and in Lucy's fervent supplications she never was forgotten. Those morning and evening gatherings, made holy by God's presence, graced by youth, loveliness and purity, were indeed beautiful to the eye and soul. Lucy, with her fair young face bent over the holy book of God, a halo of purity crowning her unspotted brow, while she read with the earnest spirit which carries conviction to the listener; the fond, rough father the devout listener, with his honest face bent even as Lucy's, but his eyes were upon her, and there was a fount of pure affection beaming in them. No holier lustre could have been added to the picture, than that which glistened in the father's eye.

One March evening, Lucy took Mary in her arms—she was very light now,—and carried her into the sitting-room, and laid her upon the couch. It was a sultry evening, and the door which stood open commanded a view of the broad bay near which Captain Darling had built his cottage; for he loved the water, though he no more wandered over its treacherous expanse. Mary had loved it, too, with a strange kind of passion; and now as her eyes fell upon the heaving waves, something of their old flashing light returned. A real March wind was blowing and dashing the waves rudely against the beach. The murmuring of the water, as it was, broken over and over and again, fell upon Mary's ear, and she listened with an intensity that was fearful. Amid the ruins of her recollection, those of the miniature which her mother had given to her charge were still preserved, and she often laid with her hands upon it as it lay over her heart, and she would look at it as if studying the features, when there was no one by. Even Lucy had never seen it. This evening she kept both hands clasped over her breast, and underneath them was the picture. She lay perfectly motionless, and Lucy became lost to the present, as she floated away in imagination upon the stream of her own bright fancies. Her eyes were also turned towards the waters, above which loomed a heavy, murky sky.

* Daughter of the late Caroline Lee Hentz.

There was a speck on the expanse, and Lucy's well-practised eye discovered a fluttering sail. She knew whose strong arm steered and whose gaze wandered with fierce delight over the foaming sea-green waves, and into the angry clouds above, and there was some deep feeling thrilled into life as it darkened her blue eyes to a violet hue.

"O, merciful Father," she cried, with all the pleading earnestness of prayer, "spare his unhappy soul! O spare him!"

She stood on the threshold, which was close by the beach, and taking a blue scarf from her neck, she waved it high above her head. Untiringly her hand moved the signal, whilst her lips kept repeating the soul-felt prayer. The speck came nearer and nearer, bounding over the swells, sinking down into the fearful troughs, then mounting again triumphantly, until at last the heaven-darer sprang upon the beach. In another moment he stood by the threshold, his dark hair damp and shining with the spray, and with a gleam bright as lightning flashing from his still darker eyes. He spoke not a word, but stood as if in reverence by Lucy, and he was gazing, half-triumphantly, half-bitterly, upon her.

"You terrify me; I tremble for you!" she exclaimed, at length, irresistibly, clasping her hands as if in pleading. "Ah, if God were not far, far more merciful than man, your fearless spirit would be bent! I condemn you, woman that I am."

"Do I indeed give you pain, gentle, holy that you are, and wretch that I am? Lucy," he took her hand, whilst a shadow came over the bright light in his eye, "woman's sympathy is to me a boon too sacred for my acceptance. For years I have not asked it, for there is a dread burden on my soul, and whilst it lies

knew me to be—a heaven daring sailor. My worthless life has been spared; *why* it is so is a mystery to me. My poor mother did not turn away from me even then, or despair of reclaiming me. She wrote me that she believed God answered prayer, and that she would unceasingly intercede for me at his throne,—that she knew God would some day visit me with his Holy Spirit. Her beautiful faith made her eloquent, and Lucy, I was not all hardened. She wrote that she would leave her old home, and all the associations of her youth, but where she destined to begin her feeble exertions for a support, she did not tell me. My little infant sister was to grow up with no knowledge of him who had broken his mother's heart. So sacred did she hold the honor of her child, she could not bear that another pure-hearted one should grow up to despise her boy, her only son. O, there was something so true, so pure in her holy love, that my fierce rebellion melted before it like a mist, and great billows of remorse came surging into my soul; they are heaving there still. Night after night, in the lone midnight watches, with no companion but the stars, I kept my wretched station. I prayed, but all was darkness in my soul; it is all darkness still. One hope alone has prevented my ending all this fevered agony in the winding-sheet—it was to find my mother. I started on my search, with a humility and self-abasement like that of the prodigal son, with the bright star of hope guiding me on. I have been seeking her for nearly ten years, vainly. She had no relatives, and a very few friends, so called, who had not proved themselves such in her sorrow, and her pride had led her, I suppose, to conceal her movements from them. I searched from city to city, from village to town, in

There was another sobbing gust of wind, and Mary, as if reaching after some invisible object with her outstretched arms, cried out: "Mother, mother, I am coming! I hear you! I have seen him, and my work is done. Take me home!"

Ernest clasped the spirit-like child to his breast, and his tears fell like rain, while his lips murmured over and over: "Father, I thank thee!" There was light, love, pardon and peace flowing into his soul.

Mary's hand passed lovingly over his sun-burnt cheek, and her dying eyes turned joyfully to his face. She loved you; I love you, and God loves you. Kiss me, brother Ernest, and say goodbye. I heard your story, and we will meet in heaven. Yes, yes, for I am going now, where mother is waiting!"

The spirit-voice wailed once more, and Mary answered the summons. Her longing soul was borne on a mother's bosom through the dark valley, and smiling in death, her frail form lay spiritless in the arms of Ernest. His face was beaming with rapture, for the Father had put upon the home-returning prodigal glad robes of righteousness and joy, and there was an earnest of heaven in his soul.

The spirit-mother's cry no longer wailed around the dwelling, for her mission was ended, and another and mightier voice spoke peace to the boisterous wind and waves. They were hushed, and a delicious calm stole over sea and land. Bright sunset clouds tinged the western sky, and bathed the water in a rosy light. It was a change as glorious as that which had come over the dark soul of Ernest, and like a flood of light from the celestial throne, it streamed in and crowned him in its radiance.



THE LIFE BOAT AMONG THE BREAKERS.

pressing there with leaden weight, crushing out all purifying emotions, I dare not ask it. I do not hope to palliate my dark past of misdeeds in your eyes; I do presume, when I dare to think you will listen kindly to my confession, yet something impels me to speak. You can repulse me if you will." He drew her to a seat close by the couch of Mary, and began hurriedly: "I am a wretch, Lucy; I need not tell you this, for you have read it, and yet you have pitied me. If I were less miserable, less despairing, I might in my daring have uttered before now a something which will never die out of my heart until it is stilled forever, but which must be unuttered by lips as unholy as mine. I had a mother, a young creature, scarcely more than child when she became my mother. She was happy and beloved once, but my father became a drunkard, died a drunkard, leaving her a widow, penniless, and with an infant child. I was her only hope, a lad of twelve or thirteen. Some sea-demon came and lured me from the path into which it should have been my glory to have walked. She was a Christian. I have never met with but one I thought was as true; but she did not understand her boy's depraved nature. I hated all restraint. I revered her religion, but I scorned it for myself. I grew rebellious beneath her loving entreaties; her tears maddened me, and I became even insolent in my language. She thought to force me, and I broke through all restraint. I cursed her. I do not wonder you recoil; and with the curse I vowed to follow the beckonings of that sea-demon. I ran out from her presence with her cry of agony ringing in my ears.

"Yes, yes—I followed the sea-demon wherever it led me, and it was always into the most dangerous scenes. I became what you

byways and through lonely countries; I advertised, but alas! it has all been in vain. How can I dare to pray—to take that holy name upon my polluted lips, or to come into the presence from which I am outlawed! I am wandering sin-sick and weary, but, Lucy, despair has made me strong again. I tremble at this strength within me. If it were only flowing in a pure channel! Lucy, your voice reaches heaven's portals. O plead for me! join your prayers to those of my angel mother's. I can ask no more."

He ceased, whilst cold sweat-drops stood out upon his burning forehead. There was a light touch on his arm, and he looked up with a strange emotion. Little Mary had arisen, and stood in a listening attitude, with one hand pointing upwards, and in the other she held the miniature; her face was gleaming as with supernatural lustre, and her eyes shone with star-like brilliance.

"Listen!" she cried. "Do you not hear her? It is mother, calling 'Ernest! Ernest!' She told me when she was dying, she would come again and speak to me, and I hear her. There, there with the wind! You are Ernest. O, brother, answer her!"

The lightning-like fire came back into the eyes of the young man; he seized the miniature from the slender hold of the child, with a groan of recognition.

"It was hers! O God, am I dreaming?"

Lucy, trembling and awe-struck as she was, glided before them, and taking the hand of her orphan-charge, she laid it in that of the wanderer.

"Ernest, listen to the voice of God as he calls to you through the lips of your sister. Your mother's prayers are meeting a glorious answer!"

In the spring, when two figures wandered in the twilight upon the beach, if their low words had been borne to listening ears, that something which Ernest had said might ever remain unuttered, would have been heard by others, as it was by Lucy Darling. "And what before was shadow, took the light of summer skies."

LIFE-BOAT AMONG THE BREAKERS.

The spirited marine picture on this page illustrates one of the many vicissitudes which occur in the lives of those who "follow the sea" for a calling. A gallant ship is on a lee shore; the wild waves are dashing on the rocks; the spray is flying topmast high, and death stares the hapless mariners in the face. In this crisis, their signals of distress have been seen and answered. The life-boat, manned by a hardy crew, every one of whom is true to the dictates of humanity and manhood, is launched to the rescue. Undismayed by the tremendous surges that seem powerful enough to engulf the Leviathan, defying the blast that rends sails from their holt-ropes as if they were tinder, the adventurous boatmen bend to their oars, relying on the protection of Providence, the staunchness and buoyancy of their light craft, and the strength of their own arms and hearts. Sharp at both ends, the life-boat may be driven forward or back at a moment's notice; buoyant as a cork, she rides the waves like a sea-gull, light as the foam-flakes on their crests. She is seen from the decks of the vessel, and hope rekindles once more in the bosoms of the mariners. They will be saved—Heaven helping and man aiding. The agony of despair will soon be changed into the warm glow of gratitude, and life once more smile upon them.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HAWTHORNE TREE.

BY VIATOR.

He whistles as he goes along, for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

Ha! how now? Bless my sight, good old thorn, is this you?
So sprightly and gay-prankt in festal array;
Like the fire-bird or eagle your youth you renew,
And burst out of desolate gloom like the day.

The dew of the morn 's the elixir of life;
Thou hast quaffed it, and lo, what a change there is now—
The rough, wrinkled skins with a peachy bloom rife,
And the fresh, vital leech o'ermauntles thy brow

Ah, magical summer—tra—smuter of earth!
Thine, thine be the praise, who the dead canst thus raise,
And dearest sadness convert into mirth—
How golden grows all 'neath thine alchemic rays.

Two moons scarce have waned since I passed by the place;
Altered thorn, then thy form from the cold and the storm
Was mummy-like—shrivelled and haggard thy face:
What strange metamorphose is worked by May's charm!

Upon velvet of moss, primrose-tufted and green,
Softly cushioned thy feet in a sylvan retreat;
Thy robe, blossom-spangled, is fair to be seen,
And perfume breathes from thee deliciously sweet.

The brook comes to lull thee, the breeze comes to kiss,
The birds with glad voice in thy shadow rejoice;
All around thee presents a bright picture of bliss—
An Eden no pain, no repining alloys.

May such pure and such peaceful enjoyments be mine
As thou hast, humble thorn, though the pity or scorn
Of the proud ones, who worship the oak or the vine—
Slaves of power, wealth or vice—deem thee fit but to burn.

Yet faithful and strong in protection, thine hedge
Walls the choice grassy mead where the flock and herd feed;
And barreth the erring from cliffs' sudden edge.
And guardeth the orchard or crops' precious seed.

When autumn is failing, with generous care,
What fruit hast thou stored in a bountiful hoard
For thy pensioners grateful—the fowls of the air,
Whose songs to thine ears through the summer were poured.

By the roadside or meadow, by garden or grove,
On the hill or the lea—where'er thou mayst be—
Throughout every season thou winnest my love.
Honest, good, unpretending old Hawthorne Tree.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GREAT PICTURE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

A CLOUDY day rose on the pretty little town of Avondel, in England. It had been a sad period for the towns-people, a season of cholera having devastated many a pleasant home. Among the victims was a young man named Evalin, a pattern-designer. He had been married ten years, and with his wife and only son lived in a beautiful cottage which he hoped soon to call his own. His tastes were elegant, his wife and son models of loveliness, he received a liberal salary, had many friends, and was most thoroughly esteemed.

It was a sweet picture to view husband and wife seated near each other in Henry Evalin's studio, the sun falling on her glossy curls, lighting up the beautiful tints of her complexion, and streaming over the table where the dark-haired Harry sat at work, with many a glowing color spread before him with which to touch the intricacies of the delicate pattern under his hand. And when Angelo Evalin, the boy with blue eyes and blonde curls, bounded in, his playful glee adding to the happiness of the parents, the picture seemed complete. It was only the day before the dread news of the cholera ran from house to house, that Henry had said to his wife, snatching her work playfully in his hands and imprisoning hers:

"Blanche Evalin, we two must be the happiest couple on God's great earth!"

There was a strange depth of sadness in the dark eyes uplifted to his, though smiles sat on her rosy lips, as she replied:

"Don't think too much about it, Harry, love; not that I would not have you thankful, and be thankful myself; but I have had such a strange presentiment!"

"A presentiment?" cried Henry Evalin, laughing, as he caught up his pencil; "what's a presentiment? How does it look? Describe it, for I want an idea for a new pattern. Come, is it round, square, or triangular?—is it white, black or colored?—would it be best in a running style, or one of more precision? Come, I'll get up a presentiment calico; it will sell."

Blanche smiled, was silent a moment, and then said:

"I dreamed last night that you gave me a glass goblet. It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. When you told me you had designed the pattern, I thought I felt so much delighted! but as you came nearer you seemed to breathe upon it, and instantly it broke in my hands and fell to the floor in fragments. It was that, I suppose, which gave me the impression of sadness that has followed me all day."

"Telling your dream brings mine to recollection," said Henry. "I have not remembered it till this moment. I thought I stood just here in the centre of the room, exactly as I stand now, I protest, conversing with you, and that presently the door opened and our neighbors came in, walked up to you, spoke to you and to each other, but never seemed to notice me. I tried in vain to

make myself seen, but could not. Come now, will my dream compare with yours?"

"They were both very strange," said his wife, her lips quivering and the tears swimming in her eyes; "but, O, how foolish this is!"

She had laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and was sobbing like a child. The young man soothed her, laughed at her, caught her in his arms and whirled her in an unwilling waltz, till she laughed and cried in the same breath.

On the following day there were four funerals; the next, twice that number. "The plague! the plague!" cried the terror-stricken inhabitants, and they began to desert their homes and fly from the stalking pestilence. O how dreary and desolate the beautiful town soon became! The designer feared only for his wife and son, and while making preparations to remove them into the country, the terrible disease came upon him; he was smitten down, died and was buried within the little space of twenty-four hours. Wife and child were both insensible from the effects of the plague at the time, but a merciful Providence restored them, though with this blow of desolation the fair Blanche was heart-broken. She lingered along, weak, inactive, and sorrowful till again health was restored to the pleasant town. But many graves had been made, and many who went away had never returned. Everything in Avondel seemed changed.

The sum of six hundred dollars was owing Henry Evalin at the time of his death, but the gentleman who employed him was dead, the company took little or no interest in the matter, and the widow knew not where to turn for aid. She was not hardy and efficient, equal to any emergency, and her heart sank at the dark prospect before her. Nearly in despair she seized the brush and the colors of her dead husband, and almost literally mixing them with her tears, she strove to do as she had seen him do. But the task was hopeless; although a fine copyist, she had none of the genius necessary to success. There was nothing to do but to sell her home, paying over the large balance still due, and seek humble quarters where she might strive in some more ungenial way to earn a living for herself and the little Angelo.

"Never mind, mother, I'll be a great painter yet," the little Angelo invariably said, when he saw his mother bending over her sewing. "Then we won't have dry bread any more, and we'll buy cream and fruit as we used to. I'll get a canvass as big as the house, and put on great men and great women as large and as pretty as you, mama; and I'll remember my father, too, and paint him. Don't cry, mother; I'll be just as good as father to you, indeed I will."

This artless sympathy only increased the poor woman's grief, at the same time that it gave her new hopes for the future of her child; and while she would gladly have died, she prayed for strength to bear the burden of life for his sake. The little cottage which she had rented was a pretty place. It had only three rooms, but a part of her nice furniture made them look even elegant. It was surrounded by trees, bushes of lilacs and roses. The garden bloomed all over; the cheery boughs hung full of delicious fruit, for it was early June; the birds sang lively carols, and had it not been for sorrow, Blanche Evalin would have been very happy here. She was a bride at sixteen, consequently she was now but twenty-six, still very lovely, most mournfully lovely, though constant care had made some ravages in her beauty.

The cottage had been procured for her by a friend, and the owner had never yet made himself visible. Blanche had heard of him, that he was rich, influential, and a bachelor of thirty; that he was intending to run for parliament, and that his own dwelling was as splendid as a palace. This was all she knew or cared to know about him; and he never entered her mind as a landlord till quarter-day drew near, and she prepared to take her rent to his agent, whose office was on the estate of the wealthy Tom Randall, the name the great landholder was known by. With much trembling, on the dreaded day, she prepared to go with her rent. It was not that gentleman's custom to wait upon the poorer class of tenants; they must attend upon him.

Blanche was soon ready, and very beautiful looked the pale face with its delicate shading of veins, surrounded by the deep black rim of her widow's bonnet, gleaming through the thick crape veil, sad badge of her sorrow. She sighed as she took the money it had cost her so much to obtain; she sighed again as she laid back the thick curls from the forehead of her boy; and again a sigh welled up, when stepping from the threshold of the door she felt her loneliness far more than when the walls of the little cottage enclosed her.

It was a hot day, and there was but little shade. She walked quickly, not stopping, as was once her wont, to gather the delicate daisies at her feet, or gaze on the glorious deep blue of the heavens. Her eyes sought the earth. It held what had been her chief treasure, her idol; how could she glance at any other object, or remember that flowers grew there?

The office was reached—the door was open. A gentleman sat in a large arm-chair, intent on perusing a paper he held in his hand. His hat was placed upon the desk before him, and his thick, dark locks were brushed hastily back, but curled as they fell. The man was handsome, but his beauty was of the bold, defiant kind that seldom kindles the admiration of the gazer. The steps of the coming visitor roused him, and looking up, he hastily arose, put aside his paper, and courteously invited his visitor to enter.

Blanche was fatigued and very warm, and gladly accepted the proffered chair. She drew her veil aside, looked timidly about her, presumed she was addressing Mr. Martin, the agent of her landlord, and then took from her reticule a small silver-clasped purse.

"My agent, madam, is absent," said Tom Randall, bowing

again, and fixing his full, dark eyes in an admiring manner upon the face of the young widow; "he has gone out for a few moments, and I was awaiting his return."

"Then if I hand you the money?" said Blanche, inquiringly, not noting his manner of address and his steady gaze.

"It will do as well, madam," said Tom Randall, courteously, taking from his breast pocket a small book; "but pardon me, I have not the necessary material for writing with me, and the office is uncomfortably warm—will you walk up to my own office? you can see it from here. The avenue is completely shaded, and if your little boy likes the sight of flowers and birds, he will perhaps find amusement in my grounds."

The manner of the great landholder was so courteous and subdued, his style so unassuming, that Blanche only thought, "what a perfect gentleman!"—and thanking him, took the hand of her beautiful boy and slowly walked up the elm-shaded avenue. Angelo's eyes had never looked so bright; his whole face was lighted up with pleasure, and he bounded by his mother's side, casting shy glances of admiration towards the handsome landholder, and prattling joyously and innocently about everything he saw.

The room into which the widow and her son were ushered did not look much like an office, although an elaborately wrought bronze desk stood in an embrasure near the great bay window. The light fell in subdued masses through heavy curtains of crimson. Statuary and painting were not wanting to complete the air of luxury first suggested by the thick pile of the glowing carpet, and the numerous velvet couches, divans and lounging-chairs that everywhere invited to ease.

Tom Randall took the money for the rent, handed her a receipt on tinted and scented paper; gave an accurate description of a famous battle-piece that had attracted the little Angelo's attention; offered fruits, tempting and rich, that were noiselessly brought in on a silver waiter, though there had been no apparent signal—and in every way, by his delicate and yet seemingly careless, unstudied manner, made the widow feel that there was no impropriety in his giving or her receiving. When she arose to leave, a magnificent bouquet of flowers for herself and little Angelo was mysteriously ready for her. Tom Randall himself accompanied her to the entrance of the avenue, and as he bade her good morning, begged her not to trouble herself to wait upon his agent again; he would send him round to the cottage, and with polite adieux they separated.

Blanche wondered if he treated his poor tenants with such uniform kindness. "If so," she thought, "no wonder he is popular; surely if Angelo were grown, he should give him his vote." Angelo was full of his kindness.

"Isn't he a great gentleman, mama, and didn't he talk well about that picture? I could understand every bit of it, and I remember the names of all the dukes and lords, and how they stood. Well, one day, when I am grown a man, I, too, will paint a famous piece; and perhaps it may hang in his great rooms; who knows?"

"Surely, who knows?" murmured Blanche, dreamily, as they drew towards the cottage.

The bold, handsome face of Tom Randall had faded from her memory already, and she began again to dread the loneliness of her home that had always seemed so brightly beautiful, lighted up by Harry's glorious face. She thought of her dead husband as she stood before the little mirror that reflected back her pale features, not of her own sweet beauty. It would have troubled her exceedingly had she imagined for a moment that her face had been her passport to the attentions of Tom Randall. Such a supposition had never once crossed her mind. She had not even noticed his admiration, so evident every time he addressed her. One of the most unassuming mortals in the world was Blanche Evalin. She had no vanity, nor, as while her husband lived, any desire to attract. In the morning her glossy curls were carelessly wound up and hidden beneath the widow's cap, and that was her toilet for the day.

Again she plied her needle. Though brought up a farmer's daughter, her father had sacrificed the idea of gathering even a small pittance of wealth, for the sake of educating his motherless child, and Blanche was skilled not only in books but in all the delicate mysteries of embroidery and lace-work. She earned but a small pittance, to be sure, but it sufficed for their few wants. She taught Angelo, young as he was, to superintend a little garden that yielded them vegetables, and thus far since her widowhood she had suffered for nothing. One little hoard she was striving to keep with miserly care; it was to go for the education of the dear child Angelo. She would have died but for hope and love of him.

One day she was startled by a wild shout. It was Angelo hastening through the garden gate, his curls streaming, his cap falling from his head, and his hands filled with some heavy bundle. He sprang in the door, wild with excitement.

"O, mother, mother, what do you think?—I met Mr. Randall, and see what he has given me! Isn't he a grand fellow?" he shouted, throwing cap and mantle across the room and wildly untying the parcel. "See—hurrah!"

"Why, Angy, what a splendid box of colors! Did Mr. Randall give you those? They look as if they had just come from the store."

"Aint they splendid, though? Well, I was walking by the bridge when I heard a horse's hoofs, and looking round, there was Mr. Randall. He touched his hat just as politely as if I was a grown gentleman, and then says he, 'So you're the boy that is going to make a famous painter one of these days?' I told him yes sir, for you know I did say so in his handsome office; and then he asked me if I had begun to paint. I said yes sir, but

I had used up all father's colors long ago, and couldn't afford, at least you couldn't, to buy any more; so—"

"O, Angelo!" exclaimed Blanche, reprovingly, her cheek red and hot.

"Why, wasn't that the truth, mother?" asked the boy, in some surprise.

"Yes," his mother said softly, with a sigh, and Angelo continued:

"Then he said he had some fine colors at home, which I would oblige him by accepting; only think, mother, that rich man! And he took me to his house—O, it's splendid, mother!—you can't think! That room we were in was nothing to it; not to be mentioned. And he spoke of you, and talked to me so kindly! I just told him all about father's death; how nicely we used to live, and how bad you felt, and how hard you had to work now, and he looked so sorry!"

"Angelo, my child, you never should speak of such things, never, to total strangers! What were you thinking about, child?"

The boy looked surprised at his mother's sudden vehemence. The red spots glowed deeper and hotter on her cheeks, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Why, mother, what have I done?" he cried, springing to her side and throwing an arm around her neck.

"O, Angelo, how could you expose our poverty to a stranger? How could you talk so freely with that rich man? It looks like design; indeed you have annoyed and surprised me very much, my son, more than you can think. But never mind now; it is past and can't be helped; but remember, from this day henceforth, never speak of me and our home affairs to any stranger as long as you live. You don't understand why now—you are too young; but you know enough to obey me, and remember, it is my command."

Angelo was sorry and subdued, but soon forgot his grief in looking at his beautiful gift. It was a costly present; the palette, box, colors and pencils, with sheets of tinted board, and delicate engravings attached, could not be bought for less than forty pounds. Blanche knew this must have been its price, but did not say so to the boy; only cautioned him to use it carefully, and try to improve himself so that his benefactor might never be sorry that he had aided him to be a painter.

"Indeed I will," Angelo said, carefully putting his treasures together and looking for a place in which to secure them. "He took me into a gallery, mother, away up stairs," continued the delighted child, "and it was hung just as full as it could be, with grand pictures. He said he had been to France and Italy and Wales, and showed me the plan of St. Peter's, he called it, at Rome, a great big church that you could get twenty of our meeting-houses in, and—O dear, I saw everything there! He's got a museum, too, and says I may come there any time I want to. O, I forgot! there, he told me these little gilt tickets would admit us both. O, aint I glad he's our landlord!"

Angelo clapped his hands with glee; his mother looked so thoughtful that it somewhat dampened the ardor of the boy, and going up close to her, he exclaimed:

"Why, mother, you aint glad a bit!"

"O yes, Angelo, for your sake, very glad," she said, quietly. Then her face brightened as she added: "You know when you get to be that great painter, you can repay him for his kindness."

"I mean to!" exclaimed the boy, with glowing cheeks. "I'll tell you how it will be," he continued. "He may not know me then, because—well, of course I must travel, and I shall come back, and he will hear of me and invite me to his house; he will have a wife and children then, perhaps, and I shall tell him that I have a famous picture to show him; no, I won't call it famous, you know, but it *will* be; and then I will show him himself on his horse, speaking to me at the little bridge; wont that be grand?"

"Indeed it will, my Angelo," said Blanche, gazing with new pride on the beautiful boy; "and where shall I be all this time?"

"O—in a house so handsome!" cried Angelo; "nobody can even imagine what a house I will build for you; the palace of the king shall be nothing to it."

Again Blanche smiled—but why sprang tears with that smile?

It was not long after that a fine present of fruit came to the young widow in the tenant-cottage of Tom Randall. It was very grateful now, for Blanche had been suffering four weeks with a fever. Scarcely able to move, she laid upon her bed, troubled in mind and body. The rent was due again, and she had earned but little, not nearly enough to pay for the medicines that had been indispensable. When the landlord heard of her illness, he frequently sent attendants to inquire after her health, and they carried jellies and fruits to the sick bed. Blanche was very grateful, and would not for the world have missed the payment that now fell due. So she encroached upon Angelo's school-money. It made a large hole in the little hoard. Then came bills for medical attendance and nursing; and in this way nearly two hundred dollars were spent, and no hope of getting more very soon, for the physician had expressly forbidden her to work for months to come; and indeed, although a faint bloom had come to her cheek and a brilliant fire to her eye, so that she looked more beautiful than ever, she had a strange, miserable weakness that prevented her sometimes from raising her hand to her head.

How sad it was to see the money melting away, and no hope of more! It was moreover very galling to her sensitive spirit to plead poverty, as she was obliged to, even to Tom Randall himself, who came for his rent, and would not take a word of excuse.

"I will not hear a word about the money," he said; "live in the house as if it were your own, till you are able to pay me. Or if that time does not come, here is this growing painter. It will only take a few dashes of the brush, and presto! gold lies in my hand."

Impulsive Angelo sprang up and kissed Tom Randall, at this generous offer, while Blanche grew positively radiant as she mentally called him an angel of goodness, and asked Heaven to bless him. Heaven bless him? Did it ever bless the devourer of virtue, the despoiler of widows' houses, the defamer of goodness, the destroyer of the orphan?

"She's a little beauty, that's the fact," soliloquized Tom Randall, as he left the peaceful cottage, "and, by George, I must have her one way or another. That boy will help me; she idolizes him, that's plain to be seen. And she, rightly belonging to the lower classes, pretty and refined as she is, only a farmer's daughter, the widow of a poor calico-designer—O pshaw! she'll feel honored at my preference, and raise no scruples, I'll be bound. The thing is working just right, couldn't be better. A few more presents, a few more obligations of rent, and one thing and another, and the bird is mine."

Poor, innocent, high-souled Blanche, kneeling there like an angel, and praying for mercies on her benefactor!—purest virtue blessing deepest guilt! If Blanche had only known the popular report of Tom Randall, she would have died sooner than that he should enter that door, though it was his own. If she had but known what the towns-people thought, and what the white souls who kept aloof piously, said, surmised and calculated, she would have fallen prone to the earth, struck dead with the horror of the atrocious libel. But of all this she was happily unconscious. The wide front of that man's face indicated a temple full of lofty thought to her, poor child! though the splendid form, handsome face and winning manner had impressed her in no way to detract from or add to the mere friendship she felt for him. But she had placed him upon a mountain in her soul's estimation, and robed him in garments of purity; she who knew so little of the world, and nothing of its guilt.

Summer and winter had passed, and Blanche was regaining her strength slowly. The amount of her obligations, though not monstrously large, appalled her. Still, feeling that she had a good adviser and a kind, sympathizing friend in Tom Randall, she did not allow it to prey upon her spirits, but began to work again with a resolute will.

One glowing day in spring, Angelo, a vigorous boy, now entering his tenth year, came home singing. He opened the cottage gate, and met Tom Randall with a joyous "good day." The rich landholder neither looked at nor answered him, but flung himself by with purpled cheeks, set teeth and flashing eyes. Angelo in wonderment moved slowly backward to the cottage, looking after the rich man, who walked with hasty strides, then turning, opened the door. A cry escaped his lips as he stood there, for his mother sat in her accustomed seat, pale, pale as marble stone, her eyes fixed in a fearful glare, her hands clenched, nerveless, passionless, seemingly lifeless—there she sat, a statue of horror.

"Mother, mother!" cried the boy, before he sprang towards her; "mother!" he shouted, throwing himself upon her, his arms about her neck and clinging to her in terror.

With one low, shivering moan Blanche waked from her fearful fit, and then began to sob quick, dry sobs, with which there were mingled no tears, every little while striving to soothe her boy, murmuring:

"No matter, Angelo, no matter; I have been cruelly frightened, wickedly deceived. O, my boy, since your father died we have no friends!" And she rocked herself violently back and forth; then catching the boy's hands, while a seeming frenzy possessed her for the moment, she cried, "O, Angelo, my boy, if you were old enough, I might put murder in your heart! One you have loved has deceived you and me, Angelo. May God visit him!"

"Is it Mr. Randall?" asked Angelo, wonderingly; "what has he done?"

"Never speak that name to me again!" cried Blanche, with fiery eyes. "What has he done?—just Heaven! O that you had been a man and had heard him!—the bell would toll for a Dives to-morrow!"

Angelo was frightened at his mother's vehemence; he clung to her dress, praying her to tell him what to do, when there was a rude noise at the door. Tom Randall, inflamed with wine, entered with an officer.

"Here!" he cried, roughly, "distrain this woman for rent; she refuses to pay. Take everything you can lay your hands on."

"Monster!" exclaimed Blanche, her cheek paling, and she tottered to a seat with her hands pressing hard upon heart.

Angelo lifted himself fiercely, his eyes lighted up with passion. He ran for the costly box of colors, hitherto his pride and delight, and dashed it with all the strength he could master at Tom Randall's feet, so that the box was broken in a dozen pieces; then he tore up the rich engravings, throwing their fragments at the wealthy libertine, and stamping his feet, with clenched hand and wide nostril, he shouted:

"Wait till I'm a man! I'll kill you for this!"

"Ho, little bully," sneered the libertine landholder, "better look after your mother there, or she'll break her neck!"

Blanche laid lifeless over her chair, her hand still pressing her heart, but it had ceased to beat—Angelo was an orphan. Money hushed up the story. After all, the only witness was a boy of ten years, and the physician had predicted that she might die thus any moment. So for a while God's vengeance seemed to slumber—even for fifteen long years the bad man prospered.

"You know him then?"

"Yes, I know him," said the young man, speaking between his teeth that were set together.

"Member of parliament from County —; a man of very fair reputation," responded the other.

"Reputation for what?" shouted Angelo Evalin, fiercely.

"For what, man?—why how you startled me; what has come over you, Angelo?—why a reputation for wealth and good living; nothing else that I know of; or rather, I should say, I don't know as his integrity has ever been suspected."

"No, I dare say not," hissed Angelo Evalin, now a successful artist and a lion. "I must know this Randall—there's his carriage now. I must show him my great picture."

"Better show it to your friends first. Tom Randall is one of the greatest connoisseurs living; his establishment is princely with pictures."

"My reputation is not at stake," answered Angelo, curtly.

"True, you are famous, but—well, we must see this picture, at any rate."

A few days intervened. Angelo received a card from the honorable M. P.

"Lucky dog!" said his friend. "He invites four hundred to see this great picture; eminent men, too, I assure you."

"Just what I wanted, and expected," said the artist, dryly.

"Evalin, are you vain?"

"You shall see to-morrow night, my good friend," said Angelo, with a smile. "I must go and prepare my picture for this rich man's gallery. He thinks he honors me, perhaps—we shall see who has the honor!" And he laughed nervously.

The gay supper was over. The M. P. made a very neat speech, inviting the guests into his gallery, giving flowery sentences in profusion, and lauding the famous artist, who, he assured them he had heard, was a native-born Englishman. They followed their host, that noble company. Before the covered canvass stood Angelo, a tall man, with heavy beard, curling locks and dark, passionate eyes. He was busy with the drapery, and only bowed coldly as he made a signal for the curtain to be drawn. The picture explained itself; it did not need gilded letters in large characters to designate it "Distraining for Rent."

A murmur went round the hall. A dying woman, a boy throwing fragments in the air, a broken box of colors at his feet, an officer, and—none could fail to see the likeness—Tom Randall to the life, directing the movements of the gruff official. There was a dead silence for some moments. Tom Randall stood with a colorless face, clutching at a pillar to support himself; his lips were white as death, his brow was pallid.

"Gentlemen—" he essayed to speak.

Angelo stepped up in front of him, and, with a voice of thrilling emphasis that made every nerve creep, while he pointed to the picture, said:

"Dare you deny it? That fair woman, my mother, *you* killed! and that boy said he would kill *you*. Coward!" he exclaimed, with a withering smile, as Tom Randall sprang quickly backward; "I have no weapons here, of steel. *That* is my weapon," pointing to the picture. "In every city, town, village and hamlet, that painting shall publish your infamy. Millions could not buy it. When you appeared to befriend me, a poor, fatherless boy, covering your designs upon my pure and beautiful mother, I said to her, in the fulness of my gratitude, 'I will paint him a great picture when I am grown a man.' 'And where shall I be all this time?' asked my mother. I replied thus—'Nobody can imagine what a home I will build you; the palace of the king shall be nothing to it.' 'The home is hers,' he added, raising his eyes heavenward; 'you sent her there—but I did not build it.'"

At a signal the painting, a matchless work of art as well as history, was speedily covered; the company dispersed, Tom Randall had disappeared, and Angelo quietly made arrangements to remove the picture. It was, however, never publicly exhibited. Unable to bear the stings of conscience, the mortification of that terrible night, the cold looks of those who abhorred the deed—miserable, wicked Tom Randall perished by his own hand. His infamy had its reward.

Angelo Evalin still keeps the great picture veiled in his own home, an earthly Paradise, and none but his chosen friends are allowed to gaze upon it. Perhaps in some future time, when the tomb shall have closed upon Angelo the artist, we may see it in our picture galleries.

ENVIRONS OF ALGIERS.

The immediate environs are beautiful beyond description. St. Eugene on one side, and Mustapha Superior on the other, flank the city with villa and garden scenery such as we read of in fairy tales, but seldom see in reality. The surrounding hills on either side slope gradually to the blue water's edge; and on every available plateau stands a Moorish house, white and simple in itself, but adorned by the most exquisite verdure. Red geraniums in full bloom and beauty, pomegranates and myrtles, orange and citron trees, bearing at once the fruit and the flower, remind one of Aladdin's garden, in which jewels depended from the bowers, and perfume filled the air. The very rocks are trellised with creepers in Nature's wildest form; while the vine, the fig, and the olive tree attest the cultivating care of man. Deep ravines, the work of earthquakes of former ages, descend from the mountain top to its base; these are spangled by the star of Bethlehem, the ashodol and classic acanthus, a beautiful genista, and other flowering shrubs, in which the blackcap and nightingale find a happy retreat, and sing alternately from morning to night, and night to morning—"amant alterna camenæ." Nor is the purling brook and busy mill wanting to complete the scene.—*Algiers in 1857, by Rev. E. W. L. Davies.*

THE ENGINEER.

The engineer is in our eyes something more humanizing than the soldier; borne onward by the sublime energy of the thing of his creation; harnessing, so to speak, the very elements to his use, and checking and controlling them as might some magician of a fairy tale, he sweeps from place to place, distributing in his way all the gentler influences of civilization, and knitting more closely together the family of man, by teaching them the strength, the value, and what is more than all, the abounding peacefulness of a wise union.—*Douglas Jerrold.*



A NEW ZEALAND PIROGUE.

NEW ZEALAND AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW ZEALAND PIROGUE.—The first engraving on this page represents a New Zealander's pirogue, one of the most curious craft that navigate the Australian waters. The industry of the New Zealanders is shown more in their pirogues than in any other object. They are long and narrow, and somewhat remind you of whale-boats. There are two sorts, one description calculated to carry from ten to twenty persons, belonging to private individuals, while the other boats, capable of containing from 80 to 100 men, are reserved for battle, and belong to a whole tribe, which rarely has more than three or four of them. All these pirogues are alike in general form and in the details of construction. They are built of an enormous trunk of *Koudi*, a very hard wood, hollowed out throughout its length. The prow is surmounted, as the engraving shows, by an ornament rising a couple of yards above the hull, and beautifully and elaborately carved. The small pirogues are burned out. The latter class have at stem and stern the most hideous human face imaginable, with a huge protruding tongue and sea shells inserted for eyes. The larger pirogues are covered with splendid carvings and floating fringes of plumes, which produces a very agreeable effect. Two families often own a pirogue in common, in which case the interior is divided by a trellice-work to prevent the mixture of the effects and merchandize belonging to the two families. The *pagayes* (oars) of the pirogues are small, light, and well made. The blade is of oval form, or rather resembles a broad leaf, pointed at the end and diminishing gradually to the handle. By means of these oars, the New Zealanders drive their pirogues with great speed. They are no great adepts in navigation, and can only sail before the wind. The sail is a coarsely woven mat, raised on two sticks, which serve both as mast and yard, with two cords attached to the top of each. The boats are so well constructed that they move very rapidly before a stiff breeze. They are steered by two men, with paddles, seated at the poop. As soon as the New Zealanders make a landing, they draw their pirogues up on the shore, and sometimes drag them to a great distance inland to prevent their being stolen by their enemies.—**THE NEW CALEDONIAN PIROGUE.**—The construction of this craft will be best understood by a minute examination of our engraving. Two boats are decked over to within a few feet of the stern, leaving room for a couple of men to sit with their paddles on board. The huge fabric is driven by a vast lateen sail. The dwellings of the New Caledonians are shown in another engraving. The inhabitants of New Caledonia are very stupid. The full-blooded Caledonians are generally of a chocolate color, tall, lean and ill-proportioned. At first sight they are displeasing; their noses are flat, their mouths large, with thick

lips, but their black eyes are often expressive. The lobes of their ears are pierced with large holes, and often dragged down to their shoulders by the weights they carry in them. These natives wear



A NEW CALEDONIA PIROGUE.

no other sort of garment but a short cloak made of straw during the cold nights. Their beards are commonly silky and black, while their hair is crisp and reddish. The women are better

formed than the men, but their faces are as ugly and often as stupid. Their dress consists of a sort of fringe made of the bark of a tree and encircling the waist. The usual weapons of the natives of New Caledonia are slings, sagayes (darts), which they hurl with address to a great distance, and clubs more remarkable for weight than elegance. A recent traveller says, "One day when we were hunting, accompanied by a dozen natives to show us the best places for game, one of them went about fifty paces in advance of us, and planting his sagaye vertically in the earth, made signs to us to strike it down. The distance was not great enough to compromise our skill as marksmen, and so one of us fired. The weapon was covered with shot, but we only knew it was hit by the vibration. The natives did not understand that what could kill a bird could not break a sagaye, and, to show us that this was not the case with a sling, a young man adjusted his, advanced, hurled the stone, and the fragment flew into splinters. This stroke of address surprised us, but, resolved to show the superiority of our guns, we began by inducing our competitor to put several small stones instead of one large one into his sling. He threw from a nearer stand point, and did not overturn the mark. Then we showed him the shot that composed our charge, and his smile assured us that he understood our comparison. Afterwards we loaded with ball in his presence, and the best shot among us, stationing himself at eighty paces from a young tree, took aim carefully, and bored it through and through. The sap flowed out on both sides, and each one showed by his gestures that he understood the effect such a shot would have on his own body. The New Caledonians appeared to us inoffensive and hospitable; their extreme indolence, which deprives them of the simplest amusements, is probably the reason why some travellers have described them as perfect brutes. But a careful examination convinced us that they united some good qualities to an ordinary intelligence. For the first few days we were tempted to think from their indifferent reception that they lacked the sentiment of hospitality, the virtue common to all savage nations—but we soon ascertained that their backwardness arose from timidity rather than ill-will. The natives of New Caledonia live almost entirely on vegetables they raise and the mucilaginous roots that grow without culture in the mountains. Their dwellings look like beehives and sheds. The first serve as a refuge in the night, and are closed, and the second, open on one side, are used for meeting during the day



A NEW CALEDONIA HOUSE.

time. At New Caledonia there are fine plains and dense forests, the latter very valuable. Everywhere the land is intersected by torrents and rivers which would aid an intelligent culture, while the variety of soil and climate would allow the cultivation of all the exotic plants of the torrid zone and that of most plants of temperate regions in the island.—**BOAT HOUSES AT TONGA TABOU.**—Another picture truthfully delineates the boat houses at Tonga Tabou, in Central Polynesia, and the neatness of these constructions proves the skill of the natives. Their canoes also exhibit great ingenuity, and are managed with remarkable address.—**PLOUGHING IN EGYPT.**—Our picture on the next page, of ploughing in Egypt, with a buffalo and camel yoked side by side, will make a Yankee farmer, proud of his oxen or his horse and his Michigan plough, smile. In fact, the agriculture of Egypt is precisely what it was in the days of its splendor, when the pyramids were built. The plough of the Fellah is called *maharrat*. The iron share, triangular and ending in a point, is fitted to a long piece of wood, rounded above and flat below. The Fellah walks near his plough, with a whip in one hand. The use of the *maharrat* dates from the highest antiquity, and is often figured on the monuments. Still the instrument, in spite of immemorial usage, presents great defects to the experienced eye. The yoke is so ill-contrived that it often chafes the animals so as to render them unfit for service; and animals used for ploughing in Egypt are easily recognized by their galls, or at least callosities. When the team is excited by whip and voice, the oxen make prodigious efforts, raise their heads and stretch their necks, and the rigid rope that confines them cuts into their flesh. Then the jugular veins swell immeasurably, their eyes become cloudy, their mouths foam, and too often the poor beasts perish of suffocation. To this grave inconvenience must be added another imperfection no less serious. The plough-share is too narrow—the earth is only divided, not turned over, and immediately after the passage of the iron triangle falls back again into nearly the same state as before. This defect of the plough becomes an intolerable vice in breaking up land that has long remained uncultivated, and where tenacious weeds are deeply rooted. The *maharrat* is powerless, and yet the land must be subdued. In this emergency, a great number of ploughs are collected on the same spot, blows are showered on the animals, the oxen pull furiously, the ploughs slowly move forward, the laborers yell, whip, and jerk their defective implements, and after a day of most exhausting labor, with oxen killed and ploughs broken, very little has been accomplished. In certain *abudyebs*, it has sometimes required eighteen months,

sometimes two years, to bring into cultivable condition two or three hundred *feddans* (a feddan is about an acre). It is strange that the Egyptians do not adopt better implements. After an inundation of the Nile it is necessary to cultivate the soil, to eradicate noxious weeds. For lands which are ploughed before the inundation perhaps the Egyptian plough does well enough. Land in Egypt is rarely allowed to rest. After the grain harvest succeeds the culture of cotton or some other plant. The plough has then to be passed over the roots of the wheat or maize, and the weeds that have intruded themselves. It cannot penetrate deep enough, and the cotton will therefore grow poorly. It is the same with hemp, indigo, sesame, etc. After ploughing, the land is levelled, an essential operation in Egypt, for if the soil forms undulations, the culminating points dry up, and the grain fails, while if water remains in the hollows, the plants rot. It is therefore of the highest importance to level the soil perfectly, and this the Egyptians do with remarkable regularity, using a drag made of the trunk of a palm drawn transversely over the field by two oxen, repeating the process till the whole area is perfectly level. In lands artificially irrigated, they use a plank a yard long with a handle; this plank is drawn by two men, while a third guides it by a handle. This instrument is called a *massouga*. Some other agricultural instruments, such as the hoe, resemble ours. Though the Egyptians have adopted the harrow, they have not yet consented to use the scythe or cradle. Children gather the wheat and cut the doura with a sickle. It may be easily guessed how much grain is lost, especially as the Fellahs harvest it in a very dry state. In the Said, to separate the grain from the stalk, it is threshed out with oxen, but in other parts of Egypt they use a rude kind of threshing machine. It is a common idea that the slime of the Nile is the only fertilizer used in Egypt; but such is not the fact. The waters of the Nile do not extend everywhere, and do not spread an equal quantity of slimy matter. In many places the inundation does not last long enough to impregnate the earth thoroughly; hence something must be done to supply these deficiencies. Now the Fellahs, before the waters overflow, trans-



CENTRAL POLYNESIA BOAT HOUSES.

work of a very unskilful artist. Beside these statues rose columns enveloped in leaves of the cocoa-nut tree and in white cotton. We were very curious to know what these envelopes signified, but all that we learned on the subject was that these columns were *taboo*. Beside the morai was the priest's house—he was absent. Each family has its own morai; that we saw belonged to the priest's family, and but for Roberts, who is allied to this as well as the royal family, we should not perhaps have been allowed to visit it, for the Nouka-Hivians do not willingly grant such a permission. The morais are usually on mountains, in the centre of the country. This was an exception, for it was not far from the seaside." The morai, throughout Polynesia, is nothing but the place of tombs, the last sojourn of souls, for the natives suppose that they inhabit these columns, shrouded with leaves, of the destination of which Krusenstern was ignorant; thus they are sacred, and as such, clothed with white stuff, the ensign of gods—*atouas*. For many years the morai is kept up with care, but is finally abandoned to the caprices of an exuberant vegetation.

TO WHITEN AND BEAUTIFY THE HANDS.

A well-formed hand, white and soft, with tapering fingers and polished nails, is a rare gift; but where nature has denied these possessions, it is easy, by proper attention, to give at least softness and delicacy of appearance to the hand, and improve the symmetry of the nails. An exchange recommends the wearing of kid or soft leather gloves at every opportunity, light being preferable, on account of the unctuous substances with which they are prepared, although not so healthy, and the application of a warm bran poultice to the hands once a week. They should be washed in tepid water, as cold water hardens and predisposes them to roughness and chaps, while water beyond a certain heat makes them shrivelled and wrinkled. In drying them, they ought to be rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and polished ivory appearing surface. The soaps to be preferred are such as are free from alkaline impurities. The beauty of the nails depends, on the treatment they receive. They ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, and the whitened portion at the root, next the vessels which supply the nail with nutriment for its growth and preservation, should always be visible. When the nails are disposed to break, some simple pomade should be frequently applied, and salt freely used in the daily diet.—*Scientific American*



EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.

port to their fields virgin soil taken from long-deserted localities. If there is a ruined town at some distance from their villages, they drive all their camels and apes thither and load them with sacks of dust, which they afterwards distribute in little piles to be impregnated by the overflow of the Nile, and then spread over their fields. With corn, barley, and linseed they also use this dust as a fertilizer. But notwithstanding they know the powerful action of manures, they do not make use of the dung-heaps and filth which vitiate the air about their hovels, and when the rainy season comes, they allow a fetid and black liquid, the certain source of terrible maladies, rapidly developed by an African sun, to flow away in streams, while an intelligent hand, by pouring this wealth upon the arable fields, would create new riches and improve the sanitary condition of the people.—A MORAI AT NOUKA-HIVA.—The last picture on this page exhibits a Morai at Nouka-Hiva, Marquesas Islands. The population of these islands is now about 25,000. From Porter's narrative, that of Admiral d'Urville, and the report of Dupetit-Thouars, we are acquainted with the Taioas, the inhabitants of Taio-Hae, the Feis and Happas, their neighbors, and the warlike Taipis, who occupy the districts of the eastern extremity. Among the Hekaikis or chiefs, there are some whose names have reached us. Tapegea-Keatanoui is spoken of by Krusenstern (1804). The vessel had hardly anchored when a misunderstanding nearly produced a fight between the sailors and the natives, and the Russian admiral thought it necessary to make an official visit to the chief of the Taioas. He landed, accompanied by forty of his people, sufficiently armed to defy the whole island. "The king," says Krusenstern, "came forth to meet us some hundred paces from the house, and gave us a most cordial reception. We found his whole family assembled, and very much gratified, for each of us brought a present. The queen was overwhelmed with joy at receiving a small looking-glass. After having rested and refreshed ourselves with cocoa-nut milk, we went, under the guidance of Roberts, an Englishman settled at Nouka-Hiva, to see a morai. But before leaving the house they presented to us the grand-daughter of the king, who, like all the grand-children of the royal family, is treated as *Atoua* (divine). She was an infant eight or ten months old, but had her own private house, which no one could enter, with the exception of her mother, grandmother, and nearest relatives. This house was *taboo* to all the rest of the islanders. At last we were en route for the morai, and had paused near a mineral spring—they are very numerous at Nouka-Hiva. The morai is situated on a very high mountain, which we had some difficulty in scaling, as the sun was nearly vertical overhead. In the midst of a thick wood, so interlaced with creeping vines as to seem impenetrable, we found a sort of scaffold, on the top of which was a coffin enclosing a body of which only the head was visible, adorned externally with pillars of wood carved to represent human figures, but the



MARQUESAS ISLANDS.—A MORAI AT NOUKA-HIVA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION.

BY S. A. NOWELL.

Come, with thy emerald robe thrown loosely round thee,
O, fair and beauteous Summer, to our earth!
Come with the glowing wreath the rose hath found thee,
Hasten to bless the flowers' dewy birth.

Write thou the glorious alphabet of angels
Upon our world, grown brighter by the smile;
Make its soft ministry sweet as the evangel
Wrote God's own words upon the earth erewhile.

We dream of all things fair—the soft, sweet shadow
Beneath green foliage at the hour of noon;
Of clover-blossoms in field and meadow,
Of billowy waves beneath the summer moon.

We wait for thy soft step upon the mountain,
We watch to feel thy warm breath on the brow;
We catch thy shadows flitting past the fountain,
And call thee—dost thou answer to us now?

Linger not, O, thou fair and glorious Summer,
We yearn for thy sweet breathings once again!
Our souls spring forth to meet the welcome comer,
And our brows long to feel thy gentle rain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG OLD MAID.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"Such maudlin sentimentality in an old maid like her! I should be ashamed of myself. A romantic, novel-reading, sentimental school-girl couldn't make herself more supremely ridiculous. Only think how she went on before Harry Granger yesterday, and what a fancy she seems to have taken to him. She screwed up her mouth and looked so piteously at him that I verily thought she was going to cry. And then all that talk about 'sensitivity of feelings' and 'acuteness of nerves,' as if no one ever had nerves or feelings except herself! I do wish you would manage some way to keep her out of the room when Harry is here. He isn't the least romantic, and I expect every minute to see him laugh in her ridiculously woebegone face!"

"Do you know that you are speaking of your mother's sister, Kate?"

"That's no reason why she should make us all uncomfortable by her young-old appearance and manners."

"You never heard her history?"

"No; is there any romance about her? If there is, I'll forgive her, so you'll amuse me with it. The idea of romance and Aunt Mary Clair being coupled together! That is funny!"

"Many years ago, more years than you have ever counted, Kate, a very happy family lived in a far-away place, half-town, half-village, up among the rocks and hills of Vermont."

"O, I know! Grandpa's homestead. Isn't it lovely?"

"If it is lovely now, be sure it was lovely when home hearts and home voices bleat around the hearthstone. There were but three of us—your mother, Mary, and myself—and I think I may venture to say that a more united or loving trio of sisters never existed. In those days our father was a diligent and enterprising farmer, whose kindness of heart and genial social qualities had endeared him to the surrounding neighborhood. There was not much of a village in those days; a little clump of houses, two or three stores, a post-office, a lawyer's office, and of course a doctor's. Strange as it may appear to you now, your Aunt Mary was the beauty of the village, and the pet of the whole family. No possible thing could be less useful than herself, and yet there was nothing that could be spared with more regret. Have you ever read Fanny Forester's story of the 'Unuseful'? I have, and have often smiled to think how nearly her heroine resembled the sweet child-life of your Aunt Mary. We did not have servants, even the best and most affluent of us, in those days; but nothing ever seemed an extra toil that saved little Mary's delicate fingers. I think we were proud to have one in the family of really aristocratic pretensions, one whose hands were as soft and white as if there was in the world no such thing as work. Her temper was as cheery as her person; nothing ever ruffled it in the least. She was never cross or wilful or ill-natured, as one so petted and humored might be, but flitted about the house and over the farm as the fancy would take her, a perfect butterfly, and quite as useless."

"At length a change was perceptible in her manner. The tripping step sobered down into a dignified walk, the sweet gushes of song came less frequently and less gladsome, and we who loved her best, fancied the bloom on her cheek was less bright than usual. She had become unusually studious too, would sit for hours and hours laboring over her books, and conquering difficulties which until now she would have turned from in disgust. We were not long in discovering the reason of this strange change. It was in the middle of the winter, and a perfect mania had set in for giving parties. Everybody liked them, they were so social, so pleasant, and so free from conventionality. Of course Mary, as the belle of the village, was in great demand. She had a sweet voice, and for a girl of her opportunities played the piano remarkably well. My tastes were too sombre for such gaiety, beside, being the eldest of the family, there were home duties which required my attention. On one occasion, however, being over-persuaded, I promised to forego my usual habit and make one of a party that was to be unusually brilliant. It was late when I arrived, and the large rooms were quite crowded, so much so, and

not wishing to be conspicuous, that I mingled in with the guests without a formal announcement. There was something in Mary's face as she turned to me from the piano, where she was sitting, that I had never seen there before. I could not if I would, describe it. It was a sort of tremulous joy, a happiness too deep for words to express. For a moment it bewildered me. She must have seen it, I think, for rising from her seat and accepting the arm of the gentleman whom I had seen leaning over her when I came in, she joined me in another part of the room. I believe in presentiments, else why did that haughty, handsome face of Richard Hart haunt me as something to be feared? The same singular look I had noticed on Mary's face when I entered the room, was still there when she introduced me to her companion, and continued there until he left her side. Before the evening came to a close, I knew that we had lost the one love of our petted sister, that henceforward in all the world she would never be to us what she had been. I will not say that the knowledge was not painful to me, the more so as there was something in the dark, handsome face of her lover—for so I soon found he was—which repulsed me. It was not candid, it was not frank, it was not a face to feel confidence in; besides, there was a habitual sarcasm about the rather sensual mouth, a sort of haughty, self-reliant expression which was anything but agreeable. Mary danced no more that evening except with him. We were too primitive for the keeping up of late hours, and I was not sorry when the party was over. Richard Hart, like the persistent lover that he was, kept by Mary's side however, until we reached our father's house; even then he lingered, and I, little as I liked him, had not the heart to punish my sister by remaining with them.

"That night Mary came, and with her head hid in my bosom, told me all. Richard Hart was a New Yorker, cousin of one of our neighbors as it seemed, who had come up among the hills of Vermont to recruit his health. With my present experience, I should have known at once that nothing but the excess of dissipation could have so debilitated a usually strong frame. Mary had loved him from the first, but until that blessed evening had never dreamed that he could love her. That night he had told her all—whispered it into her ear while she was playing 'Love Not.' Then I knew why that look of inward joy had come out upon her face. It appeared by her confession that he had been some weeks in the neighborhood, but she had never dared hint it, lest we should guess out her secret."

"The next day my father had a formal call from Mr. Hart. They were closeted for hours, and when they came out there was an exultant look upon the face of the lover and a sad and serious one upon that of our father. They were to be married, for no one ever thought of thwarting Mary. Mr. Hart pleaded haste, as he wished to take his bride back with him to New York; so only one short month from the time we knew we must lose our pet was given us for reconciliation to the decree. I do not think Mary was quite happy in the first weeks of that month. I do not think she understood her betrothed, or felt quite sure that she was casting her bark of happiness upon a safe sea. Even I, who knew her best, who had guarded her and tended her with that mother's care that had been denied us all, could not tell whether she was happy or otherwise. A great portion of Richard Hart's time was spent in her society; but with his departure was sure to come restlessness and discontent—that is, as near discontent as it was possible for her to feel. As the time for her wedding approached, this nervous restlessness increased."

"The winter's festivities were to end up with a grand party at the house of one of our most wealthy neighbors. A rumor had leaked out that one of the most brilliant and beautiful of the New York belles was to be the attraction on that occasion. We knew the Berlins had relatives in New York, but until now none of them had ever honored our small village by a visit. I shall never forget how beautiful Mary looked that night. Only a pure white dress, looped up with rosebuds, and with no ornaments on her person but the long curls of her bright hair, I still thought nothing on earth could look more beautiful. Richard Hart must have thought so too, for I saw his eyes beam with pleasure as they roved over her modestly clad person. It was the first real glance of affection that I had ever seen him bestow upon her, and I began to think that after all he might prove vastly different from what I had feared. Mary's face was flooded with the same holy joy that I had seen there on the night of my introduction to her lover. I speak of this now, for it was the last time, and will be the last time till the veil of death shuts out all earthly sorrow, that the same expression ever visited her face."

Rumor had not belied Miss Berlin—she was gorgeously beautiful. I have seen many beautiful women since, but not one that could in the least compare with her—so proudly regal, so magnificently stately, so grand and gorgeous, the rich blood mantling her olive cheeks, her great, gloriously brilliant eyes full of saucy light, while every movement of her graceful form was perfection's self. I confess it, her wondrous beauty for a moment startled even me. Although Mr. Hart and herself met as strangers, it did not take me long to discover that at some period of their lives they had known each other, and had been more than friends. I saw the sudden pallor of his face as plainly as I saw the wildly passionate glare that for a moment changed her whole expression. Never had Mr. Hart seemed so devoted to Mary, and never had she enjoyed his attentions more thoroughly. I believe now that a desire to annoy the brilliant stranger was at the bottom of it all. It was late in the evening before Mr. Hart paid Miss Berlin the compliment of asking her to dance. I do not know what created my suspicion, but if my life had depended upon it, I could not have avoided watching them. At the end of the dance, I saw her place her hand upon his arm and draw him away from the company towards the dressing-room. At the same time too I missed

Mary. The dressing-rooms were a suit of three, leading from one to the other, and on this occasion they were all open to the visitors. It might have been five minutes, it seemed to me hours, before I rose and made my way to one of these rooms. There I found Mr. Hart and Miss Berlin as I expected. He was leaning upon the mantel-piece, with one hand hanging by his side. To that hand Miss Berlin was clinging with the passion of despair. She was on her knees, her wild eyes wet with tears, and her whole frame convulsed with agony and despair. I do not believe Mr. Hart knew the woman was kneeling at his feet. His own face was deathly pale, and his eyes were looking away as if wishing to shut out her presence.

"'Too late,' I heard him say, 'too late! If you could have made this concession months ago, all this agony would have been spared us.'"

"'You do not love me—you never loved me, or you would not be so cruel!'"

"Mr. Hart turned upon her O, such a look, so full or wretched, hopeless misery!"

"'Not love you! Not love you! There is not a drop of blood in my heart that does not belong to you—not one! But I am a man, and my honor is at stake.'"

"'Honor! What is honor to happiness! Think what it would be to live all your days with a woman you could not love! Do you think she will be deceived? Do you think she will not feel that your heart is not in your arms when her form fills them? I tell you I should go mad and die to lose you!'"

"Mr. Hart bent over the drooping figure, raising it nearer and nearer till the proud head rested on his bosom. He turned the tear-wet face to his own, and in another minute lips had met which had been estranged so many months. With the echo of that kiss came a sob so deep, so low and painful, that you would have thought it the moan of one stricken with sudden pain. I sprang forward in time to catch my sister, who was falling forward from among the heavy curtains, where she had been concealed. She had heard it all then. No need to ask, it was written in words of agony upon her pale face. Only for a moment did she require my support. Then putting me away she walked straight up to Mr. Hart, who, to do him justice, I believe felt at that moment what it was to trifle away a life's happiness. Miss Berlin would have left them together, but Mary laid her hand upon her arm and detained her."

"'No,' she said, and her voice was cold and calm as if no inward emotion disturbed her frame. 'Let us understand it all—I only wish to understand it. We won't talk much about it. It seems you're laying her hand on Mr. Hart's arm,—have made a mistake. You were to have married me, loving Miss Berlin. This was wrong, it was cruel. It could not have turned out well. It is much better as it is. We should both have been unhappy; while now—'"

"I saw she was failing again and went to her side. In another moment the rooms were deserted. I begged of Mr. Hart and Miss Berlin to leave."

"'Take me home and let me die!' said Mary, throwing herself into my arms."

"I took her home—my poor broken flower—and for the next month she never left her bed. It was as we had surmised. Mr. Hart had been engaged to Miss Berlin, but from some cause the marriage had been broken up. He had left New York to escape her, and I believe that until her presence brought back the old affection, he thought he loved your aunt Mary. They were married before the spring, and probably in their own happiness forgot the poor broken heart left so miserably alone."

"Life was never again life to Mary. From the utmost despondency she gradually settled into her present almost imbecile state. And now if you wish to know why she is so fond of Harry I'll tell you—he is the son of Richard and Olive Hart."

"Poor aunt! my poor old aunt! will I ever, ever again make fun of her! She is quite a heroine, isn't she?"

GREAT IDEAS AND SMALL DUTIES.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skillfully organized, by the deepest and fairest heart.—James Martineau.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANNABEL LEE.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY FLORA E. DREW.

ANNABEL LEE sat in her elegantly furnished drawing-room toying with a note she held in her hand. A tender, mellow light dwelt in her magnificent dark eyes, and a dreamy smile softened her brilliant face as she glanced at the dainty billet she held. A little of pride mingled with her smile too—for what woman can listen unmoved to the tale of a lover?—a little of pride that she should attract the attention of such a talented man as Louis Huntley, he whom all the belles of the city had tried in vain to bring to their feet; and she cast an admiring glance at the beautiful face reflected in the opposite mirror.

Yes, he loved her, he had told her so in that very note; he had asked her to be his wife, and he was coming that afternoon to receive her answer. The tender light deepened in her eyes and the soft smile grew still softer as she thought of him; he was so handsome, so intellectual, so noble; and she blushed unconsciously as she thought how dear he was to her, how much more she prized one glance of his deep, expressive eye, one simple word spoken in his own sweet voice, than all the attentions and protestations of the rest of her host of admirers. How immeasurably superior he was to them all, and how odious Mr. Creverton seemed by the contrast—Mr. Creverton, whom her mother wished her to marry. But then, Mr. Creverton had money, plenty of it, and Louis, though a poet and a genius, was undeniably poor. Yes, he had said so in his note; but he had told her if she would only be his he would struggle the harder to win the smiles of fortune, and with such an inducement to exertion he *must* succeed. Could she consent, he asked, to trust herself to him, to leave for his sake the beautiful home in which she had been reared, where all the luxuries of life had been showered upon her, and share with him an humble lot, receiving in return for that she sacrificed only the wealth of his own boundless love.

The dreamy smile fled her face as she thought of this, and the tender light faded from her eyes. With her fastidious tastes, her intense love of the beautiful, her habitual disregard of trifles, how could she reconcile herself to the privations and petty trials of poverty, or endure the sneers of her fashionable acquaintances at love in a cottage! O, she could not, it was useless to think of it. Be a poor man's bride—never! And Annabel drew up her proud form with her haughtiest air. But could she renounce Louis, around whom the tendrils of her soul seemed entwined with a life-grasp, could she give him up, him, her idol, and marry Mr. Creverton, as her mother desired! Annabel repelled the thought. But then he was wealthy; he could maintain her in the style to which she had always been accustomed; she would be surrounded by the elegancies which had become necessities to her fastidious eye; but then the odious incumbrance, Creverton, how could she renounce Louis for him! Ah, well might cheek blanch and lip quiver, for a terrible struggle began in her bosom; ambition and love fought for the mastery, the prejudices and tastes of education on one side, and on the other only the one thought of the exquisite happiness she might enjoy as Louis's wife.

But at last the dreamy light faded entirely from the beautiful eyes, and the mouth assumed a cold, stern expression, such an expression as it had never worn before. Ambition had conquered, and with an iron will she crushed back the yearning tenderness which would rise in her heart; and cold as the marble statue, of which her elegant form was a living type, she descended to the drawing-room to give Louis Huntley his answer. He stood in the embrasure of the deep bay window, so absorbed in thought as not to heed her entrance; but as she advanced towards him he turned, and with a beautiful smile breaking over his pale face, he sprang forward and clasped her hand, saying, in a low, tender tone which made her whole being thrill:

"Annabel, dear Annabel!" But his eager glance met no response in the marble face before him, and the passive hand lay like ice in his grasp.

Could it be, he thought, she did not love him, that he had deceived himself all this time! No, he had seen her eye light up and her cheek glow at his approach, he had seen her turn away from the gay crowd which surrounded her for a quiet walk with him, he had looked in her eyes when he talked of fame, and had read her sympathy there, and in his presence she had ever laid aside the brilliant belle for the true, tender-hearted woman. She loved him, yes, he knew it, and in tender, thrilling words he told her how dear she was to him, and asked her to be his wife. The struggle recommenced in Annabel's bosom, and her great love had well nigh conquered her pride, as half-fainting she sank on his bosom. For one brief moment she rested there, clasped close to his heart in a tight embrace; and then her consciousness returned, and stifling with a relentless will her passionate longing to rest there, rest there forever, she withdrew herself from his arms, and regaining her composure, in cold and guarded terms dismissed the only man she had ever loved. Louis forgot his pride, forgot everything but that Annabel rejected him, and pleaded with her as only a lover can plead to give him hope, only to give him hope and he would wait and toil years for her. But all in vain; she remained immovable, and at last, stung by her coldness, despairing, without a word of farewell, he left her.

Then her forced composure gave way, and going to her dressing-room, she locked the door, and yielded to the storm of emotion which filled her bosom. Ah, if Louis Huntley could have seen her then he would have pitied her in spite of the bitterness with which he thought of her, for truly she suffered as only wo-

man with her passionate yearning for love can suffer. With groans of anguish she called upon him to come back to her—to come back and take her in his arms once more as he had held her that fatal afternoon. But alas! he was beyond the reach of her voice, he could not hear her, and she must suffer in silence the fruits of her folly. O, she could not, she shuddered to think of it, spend her life in such terrible anguish; no, rather would she choose the meanest lot, could Louis but share it with her! Ah! if she had only listened to him then. But it was not even now too late to recall him; she would write to him; he would come, she knew. And she sprang from her couch and commenced writing, when a rap at her door startled her, and hastily concealing the half-finished note, she opened it and admitted her mother.

"Annabel," said Mrs. Lee, "was Mr. Huntley here this afternoon?"

"Yes," was the reply, given with a vague dread at her heart; for the haughty belle stood somewhat in awe of her still haughtier mother.

"I hope," said Mrs. Lee, "he did not presume to introduce the subject of marriage?"

In a low tone, Annabel replied that he did.

"And pray, miss, what was your answer?" asked her mother, a scornful smile wreathing her lips.

For a moment Annabel hesitated. Should she tell her mother the truth, and thus destroy all hopes of regaining Louis, or evade the question, as she could easily do? But it was for only a moment. Glancing at her mother, whose lips still wore the mocking smile, her new resolve died in her bosom, and drawing up her proud form with her haughtiest air, she replied:

"I rejected him, madam."

A gleam of exultation flashed from Mrs. Lee's cold orbs, and embracing her daughter, she said:

"I congratulate you, Annabel, on having subdued the passion which I know you cherished for him. He could never have maintained you in the style to which you have been accustomed, and you know your father's affairs are at present too much embarrassed to permit of his giving you a handsome dowry. But this will not be required by Mr. Creverton, as he states in this letter, which your father has just received from him, and in which he asks for your hand."

Annabel took the letter her mother offered her, and with a bitter pang that Louis could not have been the millionaire, perused it, thinking with a curling lip how different it was from another she had received that day; then returning it to her mother, in response to her eager glance, in a clear, firm voice, she replied, simply, "Yes."

The delighted Mrs. Lee again embraced her daughter, and desecated with enthusiasm upon the position she would take as Mrs. Creverton. She would be the leader of the ton. What magnificent diamonds she would have! The rest of her set would be dying with envy. How absurd in that low creature to suppose—But here a look from Annabel stopped her; there was something in it Mrs. Lee could not fathom, and thinking that now her point was gained it might be best to leave her to herself for a while, she retired from the room.

A second time was Annabel Lee left alone with her own heart. But now the deed was irrevocably done; she had pledged her word to marry Mr. Creverton, and now she would not retract. With an iron will she buried her love deep in her heart, never to see the sunlight again; and collecting the various trifles and few short billets Louis had sent her, calmly destroyed them all; then, dismissing all thoughts of him from her mind, she sought to nerve herself to meet her future husband.

When Annabel Lee entered the drawing-room that evening not a trace of the trial which she had undergone remained upon her countenance. Calm, self-possessed, and radiantly beautiful, she treated Mr. Creverton with a graceful cordiality which enchanted him, and entirely satisfied her mother, who well knowing her real feelings, narrowly watched her behaviour to him. But most deceived was Mr. Creverton himself. Though deeply in love with his beautiful *fiancée*, he would never have desired nor even permitted the sacrifice she was making; but never dreaming but that as her mother had assured him she returned his affection, he worshipped her with all the ardor of a heart still untouched by age. And Annabel, always brilliant and calm and cold, graciously endured the lover-like attentions which were disgusting to her, relentlessly steeling her heart against all thoughts of him whose lightest word would make her heart bound for joy and her blood leap in her veins.

And thus the months passed. Mr. Creverton sought an early marriage, and Annabel could urge no reasonable objection, as indeed she had none, for her life could not be more irksome to her than at present, and she must be married sometime. So an early day was named, and in the bustle incident to the preparations for the wedding, she drowned the remorse which *would* prey upon her mind, and at last, when the fatal day arrived, Annabel Lee stood by her husband's side, the flashing of the diamonds in her dark locks rivalled by the brilliant gleams of her glorious eyes, and with queenly grace received the congratulations of her friends.

There was mourning and sorrow at Glendale. The young and beautiful mistress of the mansion lay stiff and cold in her shroud, and the sweet countenance lately beaming with love and gentleness wore the aspen hue of death. For one short year a bride, she had won the love of all around her, and all sincerely mourned her loss. But, more than all, mourned the bereaved husband, Louis Huntley. It was a terrible blow to him, for he loved her tenderly, not as he had loved the proud Annabel, with adoration and mad idolatry; his little Lily could never be to him as she had been, but her sweet, winning ways had been very dear to him, and he had

loved her as a rare, fragile blossom which was given him to guard and cherish. Never was there a sincerer mourner than Louis Huntley as he stood by the grave of his Lily and heard the sounds of the sods as they fell upon her coffin. With an almost broken heart he returned to his lonely dwelling, where every flower, every book, every article of furniture, reminded him of his lost darling. He could not bear it, he could not stay there, he would go out into the world again and try to drown his grief in its bustle and gaiety. So the elegant mansion was closed, and Louis departed for the metropolis, seeking the fashionable society which after his rejection by Annabel he had renounced with disgust. He had always been a favorite, and now his old friends flocked to see him; and now that the world honored him as one of those to whom the rare gift of genius is given, he soon became the lion of the fashionable circles.

Months passed, and Louis was still immersed in the whirl of fashionable life. He was wealthy now, and manœuvring mammas sought to obtain him for their daughters; but in vain—his heart was buried in the grave of his Lily, he thought. Annabel he had never met. He had heard of her often since her marriage, and always as the gayest of the gay, and now it seemed strange to him that he should see nothing of her; not that he cared, O, no! but it was a little singular he never met her; and then his thoughts wandered to how she looked, and he wondered if she was beautiful as ever. Then came memories of the olden time, when he had sat by her side and looking into her glorious eyes had told her of the bright hopes of the future. Ah, those were pleasant memories, if one might judge from the expression of his fine face as he sat perfectly absorbed in his thoughts. He was ensconced in an alcove shaded by heavy drapery and concealed from the view of the gay crowd which filled the magnificent *salon* of Mrs. B., one of the leaders of the ton. A long time he sat there musing on scenes long past, when voices near startled him from his reverie.

"So Annabel Creverton has left her retirement," said one. "I see her here this evening."

"Yes," responded the other; "you know her year of mourning is up, and now she is going into society again. As brilliant as ever, is she not?"

"Brilliant! I believe you," rejoined the first, "brilliant as an icicle and as cold. I do not understand her since her marriage—she is grown so sarcastic and bitter, even to me. Proud she always was, but never distant or ill-natured. But now, if it were not so absurd in Annabel, I should say she had been disappointed, or something of that kind."

"Yes, if it were any one else," rejoined the other, "it might be so; but in Annabel, in a Lee, O, no, impossible!" And here the speakers moved away, and their voices became inaudible.

Louis Huntley was in a maze. Annabel's husband dead; Annabel a widow, and grown so cold and hard; then she had loved him, she had sacrificed herself to her ambition, and she had punished herself in doing it as much as she had him, and she suffered now. Louis pictured her with a crushed and bleeding heart, drowning in the trivial pursuits and amusements of fashionable life all thoughts of the nobler station for which her talents fitted her, and which but for her own folly she might have filled. He pitied her, he could not help it, and in his pity for her he forgot that he had thought her heartless, had despised her as a coquette, a mere frivolous votary of fashion; and then his mighty love arose anew in his heart, and with a new-born hope in his bosom he arose and sought his hostess. Approaching her, he begged an introduction to her guest, Mrs. Creverton; and she, entirely unaware that he had ever known her, and supposing him attracted by her beauty, readily complied. After some minutes' search, they found Annabel in the midst of a circle of friends as brilliant and as radiantly beautiful as ever.

"Mrs. Creverton—Mr. Huntley."

There was a quick bound of Annabel's heart as she heard his name, and as looking up she met the never-forgotten glance of his dark eyes; but that was all, the bright color in her cheek was not a shade deeper, and the lip which spoke the common-place words of greeting quivered not. With her wonderful self-control she stifled all signs of emotion, and conversed with him precisely as she would have done with any stranger. But he was ill at ease, and she saw it, and using her utmost art, she dismissed the group around her, and accepting the arm he offered her, allowed him to lead her to the unoccupied library where they were free from all observation. Then, seated beside her as he had used to sit, with her hand clasped in his, he told her how he loved her, and asked her to be his—his only, and forever. Half fainting with excess of joy, she murmured her assent, and he drew her unresistingly to his bosom. But this time she withdrew not her form from his embrace, but resting her head on his broad breast, gave herself up to the unalloyed bliss of the moment, breathing, too, a soft, sad confession that made her only dearer still.

There was nothing to prevent their marriage now; and Mrs. Lee, now that Louis was wealthy and distinguished, was rejoiced to greet him as a son-in-law, greatly congratulating herself on the two splendid matches her daughter had made, little caring how near she came to wrecking the happiness of two loving hearts. And so a second time Annabel Lee stood in her bridal robes, but this time by the side of one whom to love was life, and whom to honor and obey was joy.

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M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

ST. VINCENT ASYLUM.

We lay before our readers, on this page, a view of the new and commodious edifice just erected on Camden Street, at the corner of Shawmut Avenue, for the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum. This institution was established in this city in 1832, under the direction of the late Bishop Fenwick, by three Sisters of Charity from St. Joseph's, the parent institution, which has existed for fifty years in Emmetsburg, Maryland, and from which have sprung most of the kindred institutions throughout the country. Of the three Sisters who came to Boston in 1832, two are still engaged in their work of charity, one of them, Sister Ann Alexis Shorb, being now, as originally, the lady superior. The other, Sister Gregory, is no longer living. They first opened a free school for indigent children in Hamilton Street, and after a few years removed to Atkinson Street, from thence to the estate at the corner of High and Pearl Streets, known as the Harris estate, enlarging their sphere of operations, so as to provide a home, as well as the advantages of education, for such as were in need of domestic care and shelter. Feeling the want of ample accommodations, the Sisters began to hold occasional fairs, the first being held in Concert Hall, with the hope of obtaining a sufficient amount to enable them to purchase such a building as they required. Their efforts in this direction were very successful, and in due time they procured the estate on Purchase Street, which they have occupied for twelve years. But even this establishment soon proved insufficient for their purposes, and they continued to hold fairs from time to time, looking forward to the erection of a building of their own, which should forever satisfy all the necessities of the institution. In 1843, a legislative act of incorporation was granted, with a capital of \$50,000; under this act, the present building was projected, and about a year ago started upon. It is now completed, and occupied by ten Sisters of Charity, and one hundred and twenty children. The last legislature granted an increase of capital of \$150,000, making the entire capital \$200,000. The corporation consists of five directors, appointed by the Rt. Rev Bishop, for life, or during good behaviour. Those at present holding office are Messrs. Edwin A. Palmer, secretary; George F. Emery, treasurer; Nathaniel Wade, John Doman and Hugh O'Brien. The new structure appears to be in all particulars suited to its purposes. Internally, every advantage of convenience and comfort has been provided. Externally, it is of imposing proportions, and is a public ornament. It



NEW ST. VINCENT ORPHAN ASYLUM, BOSTON.

is, in fact, an establishment where the noble aims of the institution can be fully and perfectly carried out. It is built of brick, with a base of freestone, in the most massive and substantial manner. The walls, from the foundation up to the second story, are 24 inches thick, and thence 20 inches thick to the roof. The front, on Camden Street, is 164 feet four inches in length. Its depth is 45 feet. The lot of land on which it is located measures 264 feet by 158 feet—about an acre. The front part of the lot is enclosed by a handsome iron fence. The main building stands back 20 feet from the street, but the tower, which is used for the main entrance and stairways, and which is 20 feet square, and 136 feet high, projects to the sidewalk. The building is four stories high, with attic and basement. At the rear are three tiers of verandahs, eleven feet deep, and extending the entire length of the edifice. Its entire cost will be about \$90,000. On the basement floor are spacious and well lighted rooms for washing, ironing, and storing of clothes, four large furnaces by which the building is

garden at each end, and a play ground in the rear. There is ample accommodation for six hundred children. It is not intended for the benefit of female destitute children of this city only; on the contrary, its charity will embrace all who are really orphans, as far as its limits and means will allow, of the entire diocese of Boston. The following is a list of the persons directly engaged in the construction and fitting up of the establishment:—C. J. F. Bryant, architect; James Devine, master builder; Murphy & Bulger, master carpenters; Robert Semple, painter; Madden & Hickey, plumbers; W. E. Nowlan, gas-fitter. The marble work was furnished by Alexander Garvey; the kitchen range by W. & W. K. White; the furnaces are from Chilson's establishment; iron work by James Buchanan; plastering by Peter McCann; Venetian blinds in the tower and verandah by J. W. Fowle & Co. The freestone work was executed by John Foote. The whole building is elegant in its appearance, and is a valuable addition to the many benevolent institutions of our city.

heated throughout, and the bakery, with store room for flour, etc. On the first story are the kitchen and pantry, of abundant size and convenience, the dining-room for the children, arranged with rows of long tables, the separate dining-room for the Sisters, the bathing-room, in the centre of which is a large deep basin, capacious enough for the little ones to swim if they choose, and around the sides of which are the wash-stands, so arranged that each child may be supplied with constantly fresh water, without the possibility of one child using the water that has been used by another, and the play-room, about forty-five feet square. The second story is occupied by the chapel and the vestries; the infirmary, so arranged that it can be opened and made to form a part of the chapel; the reception-room for visitors; private rooms for the Sisters, and one of the school rooms, 45 feet square. The verandah of this floor is connected with the infirmary, so that convalescent patients may enjoy the advantages of fresh air. On the third story are two school rooms, of the same size, and a number of small apartments for the accommodation of the Sisters. The fourth story and the attic are wholly occupied by the dormitories, in which all possible provision is made for the children's comfort. The means of ventilation throughout the building are abundant, with twelve passages for the admission and circulation of fresh air on each floor. Every room is lighted with gas. The land surrounding the building is tastefully laid out with flower



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.—BLARNEY CASTLE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LILLY, Detroit.—Orlando Tompkins's Flower Lotion can be sent you by express. No agent in your city. Address Orlando Tompkins, Boston, Mass.
 NOVEL.—The large edition of Murray's Grammar.—There is no such word.
 ILA, Savannah.—Dr. Bethune stands very high as an oculist.
 MUSICIAN, Rockland.—We know of no work which can give the required information. We think the cornet differs from the post-horn in its valves.
 HORSEMAN, Cleveland, Ohio.—The date at which spurs were invented is unknown. The ancient Greeks were acquainted with the use of the spur, and had coverings for their legs similar to modern boots; indeed, the leathern boot, with the top turned down, appears on one of the young horsemen among the Elgin marbles. That the Romans had spurs, at least as early as the Augustan era, is proved by the testimony of several of their writers.
 S. BOSTON.—The first large ship of war built in England was in the reign of Henry VII. She was named the "Great Henry," and cost £14,000.
 E. A. B., Flushing, L. I.—Rice paper is not made from the grain of that name.—It is cut from the stem of a species of rush growing in the marshes of China.
 S. C.—While her voice lasts, a prima donna makes a fortune a year. Grist used to receive \$50,000 a year for her performances in London and Paris.
 TEA-DRINKER.—The finest black Pekoe tea consists of the spring buds as they begin to expand. Bohea, called large tea by the Chinese, from the size of its leaves, is the lowest description of tea, as it is made from the leaves which are allowed to remain on the shrub until they are full grown and coarse. It is a general rule that all tea is fine in proportion to the tenderness and immaturity of its leaves.
 SERGEANT S.—In the reign of Henry VIII. white was the prevailing English uniform. Under Elizabeth, dark green or russet distinguished the infantry, while scarlet cloaks were worn by the cavalry.—The first standing army in England was established by Oliver Cromwell.
 MANAGER.—Malibran was engaged, in 1829, at the London opera, at seventy-five guineas a night, with a benefit.
 M. C. Dorchester, Mass.—Lieut. Waghorn died in January, 1850. This gallant pioneer of the overland route to India, charged with important government despatches, left England for Suva in December, 1840, and, not finding the steamer which was to convey him thence to India, he sailed in an open boat, without chart or compass, 628 miles down the Red Sea, to Jeddah, in six days and a half.
 CONSTRUCTOR.—For 750 years, London Bridge was the only one over the river Thames.
 MRS. L. M., Manchester, Mass.—The Koh-i-noor diamond was found in the mines of Golconda, in 1550, and from that time, till it became an English trophy, has passed in the train of conquest as the emblem of dominion from Golconda to Delhi, Delhi to Mushed, Mushed to Cabul, and Cabul to Lahore.

"THE DEMON OF THE HEART!"—This is the title of the new novelette which will be commenced in the next number of "Balloon's Pictorial." A most remarkable and absorbing story, by HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. The plot is singularly complicated and vivid, and the moral one to commend itself to every heart. Our readers will find it intensely interesting, and exceedingly well written.

MAGIC SODA FOUNTAIN.—Frederick Brown, at the corner of Washington and State Streets, draws a dozen different syrups from the same pipe of his soda fountain, the feat first exhibited by Anderson, as the acme of natural magic. The flavor of each syrup is pure and unadulterated.

SPLINTERS.

.... The National Lancers, on the occasion of their 21st anniversary, made, as usual, a splendid appearance in our streets.
 The Collins steamship line have now \$346,500 for transporting the mails between the cities of New York and Liverpool.
 John Heart, Esq. has retired from the editorship of the Charleston Mercury, with which he has been connected 11 years.
 The Indians in Oregon have again put on the war-paint, and are murdering and plundering the white inhabitants.
 The ostentatious man is a fool, who lights the outside of his house brilliantly, but sits in darkness within.
 Mr. Pilgrim has secured Miss Maggie Mitchell, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau and Mr. Collins as stars at our National Theatre.
 The first railway in Algeria was commenced, lately, the employees on the road being convicts sentenced to labor.
 At Acton, England, lately, a Mrs. Fussell, nearly eighty years of age, unexpectedly cut an entire new set of teeth.
 A splendid railway carriage for the pope's use has been built in France, costing 100,000 francs.
 Mr. Vandenhoff, senior, has decided to take his final farewell of the English stage in the month of October next.
 Mrs. Sinclair (formerly Mrs. Forrest) and Mr. Sedley (son of W. H. Smith) have been playing at Liverpool.
 The robberies committed at the last Epsom races, England, were unparalleled. One squad captured forty thieves.
 There is an effort making in England to send out a thousand Christian missionaries to the Chinese empire.
 A lady in Paris, lately, pounded her waiting-maid with a drawing-room pistol, and had to pay 700 francs for the fun.
 The corporation of New York has taken forcible possession of the Crystal Palace. We'll see if they can keep it.
 Rudio, the confederate of Orsini and Pierri, has been sent to Cayenne. He would have preferred the guillotine.
 Marshal Pelissier, Duke de Malakoff, has adopted the Duke of Wellington's motto—*Viribus Fortuna Comes*.
 It is intended to construct a pier at Holyhead harbor, so that the American mail steamers can come alongside.
 An extensive gang of river pirates and robbers were recently arrested near Prairie du Chien, by a vigilance committee.
 The "William and Ann," the ship which conveyed Gen. Wolfe to Quebec, was lately lost in the Mediterranean.
 Swords, valued at a hundred guineas each, are to be given by the city of London to Sir Colin Campbell and Sir J. Outram.
 The cost of a thirteen-inch shell is twelve dollars, fifty cents. You can't fire many of them without "shelling out."

CAPERS.

The queer-looking little pickles which we eat with our boiled mutton, under the name of caper-sauce, is an unfolded blossom plucked from its parent stem in its first infancy, while only a day old. The caper-plant is a native of the warmer regions in the south of France, and is cultivated extensively in the neighborhood of Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is very tender, being less rugged even than the olive, pomegranate or fig, and is killed to the roots every winter, notwithstanding the comparative mildness of that season in the locality where the plant grows. But the plant shoots up afresh from the root, in the spring. It does not require a rich soil, and will even grow among rocks, and in the crevices of walls. The cultivators set it out in intervals of about eight feet, and for greater security in winter, the roots are covered with low mounds of earth, about a foot in height. A little ploughing or hoeing in the spring, is all the labor that is necessary. The new plant springs up to a goodly height and throws out creeping branches, which extend about three feet from the centre. The fruit forms upon the stem as that extends itself, and must be gathered every day. In this way it continues to produce fruit from the latter part of June until the middle of October. The picking is done by women, and one picker can gather about twelve pounds a day. On an average, each plant will produce two pounds in a season, which are worth on the spot about twelve and a half cents per pound. An acre of land will sustain six hundred and eighty plants, according to the usual method of cultivation, the produce of which will amount to one hundred and seventy dollars. As the cost of female labor for picking is very low, the results of the crop must be quite valuable to the caper farmers. The roots will last for a man's lifetime, or longer, without any necessit for renewing, if the precaution above spoken of, to guard against the cold of winter, is observed. The process of pickling is very simple, the young buds being merely immersed in salt and water, and packed in glass bottles, for the purposes of commerce.

BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE.

About the middle of last month, R. S. S. Andros, Esq., Deputy Collector, resigned his office at the Custom House, having been elected to the presidency of the Alliance Insurance Company, of this city, vacated by the recent death of Major Joel Scott. Mr. Andros has been for many years in the Custom-House, in various honorable positions, and had held the deputy collectorship for five years, having received his appointment to this office from General Peaslee. The remarkable ability, clear judgment, untiring industry and the unflinching good temper he exhibited as a public officer, will sustain him triumphantly in his new relations with the mercantile community. The officers of all departments of the Custom House took an affectionate farewell of Mr. Andros on the day of his retirement, and presented him with a very valuable chronometer watch as a token of their regard. The post vacated by Mr. Andros has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Bradford L. Wales, of Randolph, a gentleman of distinction in political life, of recognized ability, and well fitted to discharge the arduous duties of the office. We wish him the same success which attended the administration of his predecessor.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.—"Bowlegs," the famous Florida Indian, has a marriageable daughter—Miss Elizabeth Bowlegs. The copper-colored "parient" offers Miss Bowlegs and ten thousand dollars to any likely young white fellow who is in sufficient need to embrace the bride and the offer. By the way, we must protest against the newspaper flippancy which speaks of Mr. Bowlegs as "Billy." Who thinks of saying "Billy Shakespeare?" A gentleman with a daughter worth ten thousand dollars, is entitled to some courtesy, even if he be a "big drunk."

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—This glorious poet, whose "Marco Botzaris" will live as long as the language in which it is written, resides in a pleasant village in Connecticut. Though sixty-three years of age, "Time has done his ministering gently" on him, and when in New York, which he visits frequently, he is as gay, sparkling and *debonnair* as when he used to write the "Crokers" for the N. Y. Evening Post. Long may he live to wear the laurels he has won!

MONSTROUS STEER.—Mr. Elnathan Haxton, of Beckmanville, Dutchess County, N. Y., is fattening a steer which now weighs 3026 pounds. Its girth is nine feet eight inches, length ten feet, and height six feet. We suppose Mr. Haxton must be a sort of Falstaff himself, for according to Dr. Johnson—

"Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat."

A LADY AT THE WINDOW.—Postmaster Fowler, of New York, has appointed a female clerk to the window where the ladies apply for their letters. The Providence Journal says: "The stupid man! He should station her at the gentlemen's window, and appoint a handsome young man at the ladies' window."

THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.—This charming novelty is for sale at all of the periodical depots, illustrated, and full of choice reading, for four cents per copy. Every four numbers forms a complete illustrated novel.

RACHEL'S RELATIVES.—The wretched, mercenary relatives of Rachel, after selling off every rag of her "ole clo'" in Paris, are now quarrelling about the division of the spoils.

ALEX. DUMAS.—Dumas is compared to a quack medicine, since he is of no account unless he is all the time before the public.

SCENE IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

The locality of the animated picture that occupies our last page is Rotten Row, Hyde Park, the most fashionable drive in the great city of London, and one that has enjoyed its pre-eminence as such for a great number of years. In one of his witty epilogues Sheridan describes Rotten Row, and the dandy, prancing along on his blooded nag,

"While his left heel, insidiously aside,
 Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."

The scene depicted by the artist is one of daily occurrence, and the spectacle presented by so many thorough-bred men, women and horses, is one of the most interesting that the stranger in London can contemplate. Here is a coronetted carriage full of aristocratic beauties—and what fascinating creatures English women are!—returning the salutes of their equestrian acquaintance, male and female. Here are peers and peeresses of the realm, ladies and gentlemen, boys on their ponies, liveried servants mounted on splendid horses, and crowded together beneath the immemorial trees, making up a body of as fine-looking specimens of the human race as the world can present. The parks of London are the gems of the metropolis, and Hyde Park, in particular, is famed, the world over, in the annals of fashion.

PRIVATE OPERATICS.

Of late private theatricals have been quite fashionable in Boston and New York, in both of which places pieces have been performed with an ability, and with an elegance of mounting, that would not discredit professional establishments. But New York is far ahead of us in one particular. Dr. Thomas Ward recently produced an opera, written by himself, in his own elegant and hospitable mansion, University Place. "Flora: or, The Gipsy's Frolic" (the name of the piece) was given in fine style by an amateur company gleaned from among the best vocalists in private society. Two exquisite tenors and two fine sopranos equalled many a professional adept; the choruses were spirited and admirably sung; the acting was graceful and clever; and a succession of songs—martial, amorous, convivial, sentimental and comic—were united by a thread of natural dialogue. Some of the solos and duets were charming, and vociferously encored, and the concerted pieces went off most effectively. Among the ladies who contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening, was a daughter of S. G. Goodrich. Dr. Ward was the author of both the libretto and the music.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BLARNEY CASTLE.—On page 28 we publish a pretty sketch, representing the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to Blarney Castle Island. The young prince is the nearest figure in the jaunting car, and the famous castle crowns the summit beyond. The castle is near Cork, and in a ruinous condition, but is an interesting memento of feudal times. In it is the famous "Blarney Stone," a rock which, whose kisses, becomes gifted with marvellous powers of persuasive flattery. The salutation can only be accomplished with the greatest difficulty, and the young scion of nobility did not go through the operation. Within the castle domain there are other curiosities and features—such as the "Witches' Cave," a romantic spot, and a beautiful lake. Much of the scenery of Ireland is exquisitely picturesque.

SIGNOR PAPANTI.—This gentleman, so well-known and esteemed in this city, is now reposing from his professional labors of the past season in the country, no man having a keener relish for rural enjoyments. Mr. Papanti originally came to this country, we believe, as a professional musician, but was induced by the solicitation of friends to teach dancing, an art in which he was highly accomplished. Since then his school in this city has become an institution, and probably more pupils have graduated thence than from any other establishment. Mr. Papanti is an exemplar of elegant manners, and a living proof of the healthiness of the beautiful art he teaches. Years roll over his head, but he is as young, as graceful and elastic, as when we first knew him, "long time ago."

ALMOST THE LAST CHANCE!—We have only a few complete sets of the Pictorial bound from the commencement. The whole form fourteen elegant volumes bound in full gilt, strong and uniform, with illuminated title-pages and indexes, and containing over twelve thousand fine engravings, of current events of the times, of eminent men and women, and of manners and customs, all over the world. These volumes can never be re-printed, and are already entirely out of the market. No public or private library should be without a set. They will be forwarded by express, carefully packed, on the receipt of \$28.

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A POET'S DAUGHTER.—Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, widow of the late Col. Blunt, U. S. A., and daughter of F. S. Key, Esq., who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," has been giving readings from the American Poets, in New York.

"NOTHING TO WEAR."—Mr. Butler, author of "Nothing to Wear," delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Yale College, at the commencement.

FIVE CENTS PER COPY.—The price of this paper is now but five cents per single copy everywhere.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STAR OF THE BRIDAL.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

The star of the bridal has gone to her bower—
She fled from the dancers in music's gay hour;
And where the moon o'er the garden is shining,
Like a pale statue the maid is reclining;
Soft through the starlight the fountain is calling,
O'er her white fingers wild tears are falling.
Star of the Bridal, why art thou here,
While the wind mid the willows sigheth so drear?
Yonder the lamps send a rare golden lustre
Through the laburnum's luxuriant cluster;
There for thy presence fond lovers yearn—
To the hall and the revel, I pray thee, return!
Light as a cloud is thy robe fleecy, fair;
Rubies and emeralds loop thy dark hair,
Circle thine arms, and gleam out on thy zone—
Why art thou here in the darkness alone?
Alas, thou hast stood when thy spirit was sad,
To-day in the ranks of the youthful and glad;
Hast seen thy false love, with his bride at the altar—
Thy cheek lost no color, thy step did not falter.
Star of the hour, mid the glare and the glitter,
The sorrowful cup thou didst drink of was bitter!
Now in the garden the solemn leaves shiver,
Seeming to say they are parted forever;
Mournful she weeps o'er her overthrown idol,
Dim is thy brightness, O, Star of the Bridal!
Softly the morning came, all the boughs flushing,
Softly the wilderness roses were blushing;
But in the garden, where low drooped the willow,
Slept the fair girl, with the grass for a pillow.
Tearfully, mournfully gathered they round her,
Sudden and strange is the sleep that has bound her;
Gone from the hearts of which she was the idol,
Set low in death is the Star of the Bridal!

THE FOREST.

Within the sunlit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high.
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The sweet wild flowers from blowing.—ELLIOTT.

WIT.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood;
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.—BUTLER.

THE NIGHT.

All is gentle—naught
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Well, Fourth of July is over, with its whizzing of rockets, banging of drums, crashing of artillery, waving of star-spangled banners, and its Niagara of patriotic eloquence! We love the day, and yet, somehow, we are always glad when it is over. It is so full of intense excitement as to become painful. We profess to hate its noise, and yet, though the fire-crackers we purchase are professedly only for the use of our juvenile friends, we find ourselves as actively engaged as any urchin in discharging them. We have also been given to swivels and king's arms—but we are getting soberer now, and have come down to pin-wheels and the mildest edition of serpents. However, we are glad it's over. . . . Only think of it! No war with England—no war with the Mormons—everybody peacefully disposed, and nobody inclined to tread on the national coat-tail, or knock a chip off the national hat. Bowie-knives and revolvers! but this is cold comfort for the dog-days. Still, out of "rumors of wars" has come the assurance that the heroic spirit of America has not died out, and that, if a foreign foe menace our honor, a united nation is ready to uphold the flag of the free. . . . Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is very severe upon a certain social nuisance, whom she thus handles without gloves:—"Our own private opinion of the lady's man is, that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of specimen of the life hardly worth thinking about—a nut-shell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life; something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a card-house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer." . . . It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness; it is a bad sign to see her husband sued for feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry. . . . Mr. Canning, it is said, was requested to read a pamphlet written by a noble lord who was deemed by monopolists quite an oracle in support of the respective duties on foreign wool. The tract is stated to have begun with a sentence like the following:—"There can be no doubt that under a due system of protection the growth of British wools might be greatly increased, and that our domestic wools might eventually be enabled to stand the competition of the wools of the continent." The witty statesman changed the W in wools into an F, and returned the pamphlet to the party who had forwarded it to him for his opinion of its merits. . . . Colonel Greene, of the Boston Post, our witty, wise and genial contemporary, is, about this time, making the acquaintance of the lions of Paris. How warmly he will be welcomed by the Americans in that gay metropolis! He deserves all the attention that can be shown him. . . . A Western editor says:—"The person who can write editorials while suffering with the toothache, could kick up his heels over the grave of Hope, and snap his defying fingers in the face of Time and Sorrow." . . . Anything that reveals a compromise with one's pocket is inelegant, as for instance, Berlin gloves. Naked-handed poverty is a thousand times preferable. . . . The best poetry always comes to us leading by the hand the holy associations and tear-strengthened aspirations of youth, as Volunna brought to Coriolanus his little children, to plead reproachfully with us, to be tender, meek and patient. . . . Speaking of a distinguished aeronaut, one of our newspapers said that his balloon wasn't what it was puffed to be! . . . When a person doesn't stand in need of friends, they are as plenty as mosquitoes in the latter end of August; but when he really wants them, they are as scarce as grasshoppers in winter. Wound a porpoise, and his comrades are sure to attack him. So it is with men in misfortune, they need not expect any mercy from their fellow-men. "Hit him

again, he has no business to be a horse!" . . . It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes; it's a bad sign to see them filling holes in the windows. . . . A New York editor got kissed by two ladies at once, the other day, by running his face (a customary practice on other occasions) between them just as they were going to kiss each other. He ought to be prosecuted for obtaining goods by false pretences. . . . Bad for the head—one hickory club, or four whiskey punches. . . . The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury at —:—"We are of A Pinion that the Dearest met with her death from Violent information in the Arm, proquest from Unborn Cruz." . . . He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both. . . . Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss, suggestive of a wet brush. The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the *ultima moriens* of "respectability." . . . "Father," said a boy, in a theatre, "aint that a band-hox where the musicians are?" . . . "How do you like my beer?" asked a host. "Is it not well hopped?"—"So well," said Heywood, "that had it hopped a little further, it would surely have hopped into water." . . . There are many good stories current respecting the noted financier, Preserved Fish, who, in early life, was a sea-captain. One day his vessel was hailed by a brig, when the following dialogue took place:—"Ship a-hoy!"—"Hailoo!"—"Who's your captain?"—"Preserved Fish."—"Who?"—"Preserved Fish." The master of the brig, thinking he was misunderstood, and wondering at the stupidity of the opposite party, again applied the trumpet to his mouth, and hawled out, "I say, mister—I don't want to know what your cargo is, but *what's your captain's name*?"—"A-M-E-B?" . . . With what musical instrument would you catch a fish? Castanet. . . . A cat, Bulwer quaintly says, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does the truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then, perhaps, scratches. . . . Bacon says, beautifully, "He that robs in darkness, breaks God's lock." . . . A digger in the gold region of Iowa writes to his friend in New Hampshire, that "three days of exploration with a spade had enabled him to discover several very small grains of gold and several tons of exaggeration." . . . That is a good idea of Clarke's:—"The frost is God's plough, which he drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverizing the whole." . . . The man who never says nothing to nobody was married, not long since, to the lady who never speaks ill of no one. . . . "Have you finished both of those bottles of port without assistance, Mr. O—?" inquired an indignant spouse. "No, my dear, I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira," was the reply. . . . Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her. . . . They tell you a story at the water-cure establishment of Graefenberg, of a Mexican who came there for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern, and bade him get into it. "Never!" he thundered; and marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before Priessnitz, exclaiming, "O, sir, remember that I have a wife and children!" . . . Among the articles announced for sale in one of the week's auctions, we perceive an article entitled a "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must have been one of the Wood family of blockheads. . . . "Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations?" said a friend to his companion. "Cleared!" answered Bob, "why, I've cleared my pockets!" . . . Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be considered the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel organ!" shouted one of the audience. . . . In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style. . . . In Coleridge's time, the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy," Coleridge remembered Bowyer saying to him once, when he was crying, the first day on his return after his holidays, "hoy, the school is your father; boy, the school is your mother; boy, the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying." . . . Why is a man in difficulties like an ostrich in wet weather? "Cos he can't find the dust to cover his bill." . . . Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men ever met with in society. One day he met Sydney Smith in the street, and invited him to meet himself. "Dine with me, to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." He admitted the temptation held out to him, but said he was engaged to meet him elsewhere. . . . A lady with a well-plumed head-dress, being in deep conversation with a naval officer, one of the company said, "It was strange to see so fine a woman *tar'd* and feathered." . . . Capt. Smith, of the schooner Shepard A. Mount, at Philadelphia, from St. Barts, reports that on the 20th of May, he came on deck at 8.30 A. M., and found that his son, a lad of 14, was missing. A search of the vessel showed that the lad was not aboard, and it was concluded that he must be overboard, when the vessel was put about and beat back over the course she had sailed, and not until 12 o'clock was the boy discovered and picked up. He was swimming manfully, and had divested himself of most of his clothing. He alleged that he could have sustained himself for two or three hours longer. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and the wind was blowing a nine-knot breeze. . . . Mr. P— once said to Sydney Smith, "I always write best with an amanuensis."—"O, but are you quite sure that he puts down what you dictate, my dear Mr. P—?" . . . Mrs. Betsey Eastman, of Hopkinton, N. H., on her ninety-eighth birthday spun over five skeins of stocking-yarn, and has during the past year spun over one hundred skeins of yarn, and knit about fifty pairs of stockings and socks. . . . The man who would encore a song, is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup. . . . It is suggested that the monster bell destined for the new houses of parliament, and popularly called "Big Ben," should have its name changed to "Victoria Sonans." This is quite as classical as "Jupiter Tonans."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG THE CELTIC, GOTHIC, AND OTHER NATIONS. By JOHN M. ELKIN, M. R. S. E. Boston: Patrick Donahoe, 23 Franklin Street. 1858. 12mo., pp. 393.

The title-page of this work sufficiently explains its character. Those who peruse its pages carefully will be surprised to learn that the nations they generally regarded as the most chivalrous in their character, were most ruthless in their treatment of their women. There are horrors enough in this book to satisfy the most morbid taste—though we must do the author the justice to grant that his details appear to be necessary to support his arguments. The typography of the work is very creditable to the press from which it is issued.

NEW MUSIC.—Russell & Fuller, 291 Washington Street, have published a Barcarolle for the piano, by Karl Merz. "I knew when last I met thee," song, "La Silphide," Polka Mazurka, and "Le Bonheur," galop brilliant, by Auguste Carotix.

MARY DRAWENT. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 408.

Anything from the pen of the authoress of "Famine and Fashion" is sure to command attention. The story before us is a deeply interesting one, written with great vigor, awakening the reader's interest at the outset, and commanding it throughout. The scene is laid in this country, and some of the most important characters are taken from the Indian tribes. The work may be obtained of Messrs. Shepard, Clark & Brown.

A POOR FELLOW. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. 1858.

The author of "Which, the Right or the Left?" has here given us a capital story, interesting enough to enchain the mere novel-reader, and high enough in purpose to command the attention of the serious and thoughtful man. We have no hesitation in predicting great success for this powerful and elaborate production. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 35 Cornhill.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The English government is "exceedingly sorry that anything unpleasant should have occurred whereby the susceptibilities of the gallant Americans should have been wounded." The right of search and visitation—or, in other words, the right of England to exercise a supervision over the high seas, and perform police duty for the universe—must be exercised "with caution." We must rest satisfied with such polite regrets.—The British government had chartered twenty additional ships to convey troops to India, and it was said that 25,000 men, including cavalry regiments, were to be sent out without a moment's delay.—The London Times lately published a leader in favor of putting an end to the anti-slave-trade crusade, on the ground that it will inevitably soon bring on a serious collision between England and the United States.—The health of the king of Sweden is so much improved, that it is hoped that in a few months he will be able to resume the direction of affairs.—Accounts from the south of Europe, relative to the grain crops, are not very satisfactory; the yield will, it is believed, be but moderate in Lombardy, Romagna, and the kingdom of Naples.—It is generally considered that in the provinces of Algiers, Oran and Constantina, the harvest will be satisfactory.—A terrible railroad accident lately happened near Mons, Belgium, twenty-one persons being killed, and twice that number wounded.

The Bells of Rouen.

The belfry of the Church of Bon Secours at Rouen is about to be supplied with a chime similar to those of Bruges, Antwerp, and Malines, but with all the improvements recently effected. The collection is to consist of twenty-six, and is to play the air *Inviolata* every hour of the day and night; but, in order to avoid the monotony produced by the constant repetition of the same air, the chimes are so arranged that they are to play special airs at Advent, Lent, Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Ascension and All Saints Day—in a word, on all the seasons and holidays of the Church. In addition, a finger-board has been adapted to the chimes, to enable them to be played on like an organ. The clock, which is to set the chimes in motion, has already been fixed in the belfry; and it is to be completed by the addition of an astronomical and chronometrical chamber, in which will be represented all the phases of the moon, the day of the week and month, and the precise time at Paris, Lyons, Strasburg, Rome, Jerusalem, Sebastopol, Constantinople, Algiers, Sydney, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New York, Canton, St. Petersburg, Cairo, Vienna, Valparaiso, Dublin, Cadiz and Moscow.

The O'Connell Family.

By the death of Mr. John O'Connell, the favorite son of the Liberator, the clerkship of Hanaper, value £800 per annum, is left at the disposal of government. The surviving sons of Daniel O'Connell are Morgan O'Connell, formerly member for Meath, and Daniel, the youngest, who sits for the borough of Tralee. Some twenty years ago, or more, Mr. O'Connell, then in the zenith of his fame, used proudly to boast that there were "eight of us." In 1858, but two of that formidable phalanx are surviving, and only one of the name of O'Connell is now to be found on the rolls of parliament. Mr. John O'Connell's death, says the Freeman's Journal, was quite sudden, having been the result of a few days' illness, contracted from an attack of bronchitis, originating in a violent cold. He has left a numerous and youthful family—too numerous, we fear, for his limited fortune.

New Town in Algeria.

Algiers being no longer large enough for its population and commerce, the plan for constructing an entirely new town at Mustapha, a vast tract of ground close to the city, is again brought forward. It is near that place, or in its immediate vicinity, that the station of the Algiers and Blidah Railway will be placed, and two architects have recommended the government to take advantage of that circumstance to lay out Mustapha at once as a new town. They have submitted plans for the purpose, which are on a very grand scale, comprising the formation of a vast port, extensive cavalry and infantry barracks, an imperial palace, a bourse, custom-house, markets, a cathedral, several Catholic and other churches, docks, basins, and a number of long and wide streets.

The Duchess of Buccleugh.

The London Court Journal is reminded, by the display of jewels at the queen's late Drawing-Room, of the old rivalry between the Whig and Tory mistresses of the robes—the Duchess of Sutherland and her Grace of Buccleugh. On the present occasion, the Duchess of Sutherland wore the famous diamond necklace, which rivals the Napoleon necklace, purchased by the Duke of Sutherland for his duchess, for £12,000. The Duchess of Buccleugh's corsage was bordered by diamonds of the finest water, and from these were pendent large emerald drops of very great value. Her grace wore a tiara of very fine diamonds, intermingled with rare and costly pearls.

Discoveries in Rome.

The excavation of the Via Latina at Rome has led to the discovery of two other sepulchral chambers; the second, in particular, is in a wonderful state of preservation. The marble tombs are covered with sculptures of great beauty—but what is of still more decided interest, is the paintings with which the roof and sides are ornamented, and which are as fresh and as bright as if only executed yesterday. Some of the compartments contain animal and human heads of a perfection nearly equal to that of the best cameos. The whole would be just as they were the first day had not some Visigoth secretly detached one of the heads.

Brougham on Bees.

Lord Brougham lately read at the French Academy an interesting paper, entitled "Analytical and Experimental Inquiries on the Cells of Bees," the object of which was to point out the errors into which mathematicians and naturalists have fallen on the subject, and to show that they have entirely misunderstood many acts of the bee, and fallen into error in their manner of accounting for the same. The paper was read by the noble lord with great vigor and animation, and was much admired for the variety of new information which it has thrown on the subject.

India.

Oude is still in rebellion, and each British column, in its march through the country, if its course be ever so unopposed, does but part for an instant the sea of disaffection, which closes again fast upon its rear. Even in the Doab, stray bands of mutinied Sepoys and attendant rabble have made their presence felt; while in Bundelkund, spite of the successes of Rose and Whitlock, the rebels are getting very active and troublesome in the rear of the victorious columns.

The Soldiers in Paris.

A serious degree of alarm is felt in Paris at the proportions now assumed by the quarrel between the military and civilians. At the military entertainments of Hyene and his second, the toast "To the total annihilation of journalism and journalists throughout Europe" was drunk.

The Press in France.

The French government has aimed another blow at the press, by depriving the "Figaro," and other small unstamped journals, of the privilege of publishing advertisements.

The Victoria Medal.

The recipient of the Victoria Medal of the Geographical Society is Alexander Dallas Bache.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

An original portrait of Franklin was recently discovered in Paris, and is to be brought to this city, having been purchased by an American. — The Baptist Examiner says that sixty per cent. of the money raised for charitable and religious purposes is used up in "office expenses." — The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty. — The assessed value of taxable lands in Mississippi, in 1857, was \$141,749,429, being an increase since 1854 of \$50,126,275. The number of taxable slaves assessed in the same year was 368,182, or 18,450 more than in 1856. At \$600 apiece, this would make the slave population of the State worth the immense sum of \$220,902,200, or more than all the landed property. — The supreme court of Maine have decided that land warrants are personal property. — The vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve. — In Great Britain the bridges are almost universally of iron or stone. — Four prisoners broke from their cell in the jail at Bedford, Westchester county, New York, recently, and going upon the roof, jumped to the ground, a distance of forty feet. Three of them escaped by this daring exploit, but the fourth broke his leg, and of course could proceed no further. — Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give. There is no beggar so destitute as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor. — By a curious law of North Carolina, magistrates are not allowed to receive fees for tying the matrimonial knot in that State. — Although the term guinea is still in familiar use in England, the actual coin is seldom seen, and is so much worn that it can only be taken by weight. — The bill to allow the Grey Nuns of Montreal to sell and alienate their fiefs and seignories, was read a third time and passed in the legislative council of Canada, recently. — The Bombay Geographical Society announces, in their proceedings, that they have received a specimen of the walking-leaf, from Java, with eggs and young; and, what seems more curious still, a walking-flower, described as a "creature with a white body, pink spots, and a crimson border." — About thirty new vessels have been added to the Gloucester fishing fleet this season. Their cost will average, when ready for sea, about \$5000 each. — About \$1000 have been subscribed for a monument to the Rev. William B. O. Peabody, D. D., in the cemetery of Springfield. A few more hundreds are desired. — The number of army forces now guarding our seaboard ports from Maine to Texas, is less than 800. — An order has just been issued in France, by which, in the smaller towns, half the *cafés* will be shut up, and those who read newspapers be seriously diminished. A certain fixed number of billiard-rooms is to be allowed, and no more, in each locality. The local officials are to have full choice in selection of those that are to be tolerated or suppressed. It is very clear that the character of political reading will be the test of life or death for proprietors of such establishments. — Many of the English clergy are so poor that fresh meat is a luxury to them. — The Worcester Spy states that the prospect of an abundant crop of apples in that section is very promising. — Experiments are making in France to test the practicability of substituting fulminating capsules for the matches used by the artillery. The change will prevent the deplorable accidents so frequent when the artillery is employed on holidays and parades. — The large elm-tree in front of the Greenfield court-house was measured, lately, and found to be seventeen feet in circumference, only seven feet more than that of a young lady's dress, measured the same day.

PECULATIONS.—During a recent hearing in Lowell, in reference to junk-shops, the agent of the Suffolk corporation testified that within the past two or three years nearly seventy tons of cotton waste had found its way to the different junk-shops and tin-peddlers in Boston, taken from the corporations, at a loss of nearly \$38,000. He also stated that a few years ago the waste in manufacturing cotton cloth amounted to about 6 per cent.; and that now, with all their improved machinery, the loss was about 20 per cent., which he attributed in part to the waste taken in different ways from the mills.

QUERY AS TO THE FACT.—The landlord of the Hotel de Russe, in Frankfort, on the Maine, found an increase in the consumption of his farinaceous dishes, puddings, etc., during the session of a temperance convention. His solution was, as his guests were teetallers, that they made up for the omission of wine by an increased consumption of pudding. May it not have been that they did not eat the usual quantities of bread, and so had an unsatisfied appetite beyond ordinary? That huge roll rolls itself into many vacant places, and stops many crevices.

WHO DOUNTS IT?—There is a man in one of the Western States who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping-place.

STONE WALLS.—Stone fences, neatly built and well kept up, give a finished look to the farm—a look which no other fence can give as well. Let those who have the material, put them up by all means.

Wayside Gatherings.

Paul Murphy, the wonderful chess player, has gone to Europe. The Messrs. Daggett of Attleboro', Mass., consume two tons of steel each week in the manufacture of ladies' hoops.

The Boston Police are to wear a uniform, and the chief has been instructed to submit a suitable pattern.

There are fifty libraries in the United States containing upward of fifteen thousand volumes, thirteen containing over thirty thousand, and six over sixty thousand volumes.

Robert Harvie of Richmond, Va., has been awarded the contract for building a section of a railroad in Brazil, for the sum of \$4,000,000.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, a well known portrait painter of New York, is at present engaged on a three-quarter length portrait of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The German journeymen tailors of Cincinnati have been assembling in mass meeting and protesting at the invasion of their province by the sewing machine.

The Watertown, Wisconsin, Democrat says that nice potatoes are selling in that city by the farmers at eight cents a bushel, and the sweetest butter at ten cents a pound.

The class of 1857 in Hamilton College, N. Y., instituted a fund of \$50 to be expended in the purchase of a silver cup, as a prize to the first boy born to any member of the class.

The editor of the Alton (Ill.) Democrat, a bridegroom of three months, does not approve of the decision of the Presbyterian General Assembly against the freedom of divorce.

The United States Agricultural Society will hold its annual fair this year at Richmond, Va., during the last week in October. A great display is expected, especially of agricultural implements.

In these days of disasters, we who live where floods never destroy life or property, where whirlwinds never unroof our houses, and where epidemics never rage, have great reason to be thankful.

Some farmers in Southbridge have killed from six to eight crows per day, for several days, by the use of strychnine. They dissolve the poison in alcohol, soak corn in it, and then scatter it over the fields.

A curious freak of nature has appeared in Hartford in the shape of a woolly calf. The whole body is covered with black wool, the horns look like a lamb's, and he butts with them just as a sheep does. It will be exhibited at the State fair.

The house of Capt. Briggs, at Woodhaven, Long Island, was entered recently by a party of burglars, who administered chloroform to all the inmates, and carried off every movable article of value, even to the carpets.

The tombstone of a sweet girl, blind from her birth, bears the appropriate inscription—"There is no night there!" The tombstone of a child who died at the age of three years, has inscribed upon it the following words—"Went in the morning."

The Canadian Parliament is engaged in discussing a measure for giving a bounty to vessels fitted out in that province for prosecuting the fisheries. Formerly the Canadians engaged more extensively in the fishing business, but of late years it has been greatly neglected.

A letter from Saratoga Springs states that the prospects the approaching season are exceedingly flattering. The hotels are nearly in readiness, and the proprietors have made extensive preparations for accommodating crowds. The indications are that the season will commence earlier than usual.

At Burlington, Mass., a young man named Abbott Fitch, in attempting to hold a heavy log on a stone-drag, slipped and fell, when the log rolled over his right hand and arm, dislocating every finger, and tearing the flesh from the back of the limb, exposing the ends of the bones.

Merriam says persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add a little salt and continue the drenching for another hour.

A circular letter has been sent by the French minister of war to the officers of the garrison regiments, admonishing them, in consequence of the excitement occasioned by the M. de Pene duel, to avoid quarrels with civilians, and avoid corresponding with newspapers.

James Dowling of New Orleans, drank himself to death recently, on a wager. He had made a bet with a companion that he would drink sixteen glasses of liquor in a given space of time—to take the drinks in rapid succession. He took sixteen glasses of gin, won the bet, and soon after laid down and died.

Recently, as two daughters of ex-Lieut. Gov. Hawley, of Stamford, Conn., were sitting near a lamp filled with burning fluid, it exploded, and both were immediately enveloped in flames. The youngest, Adelaide, was so severely burned that she lived but about thirty hours. The other escaped with comparatively slight injuries.

The Freeman's Journal, in reporting the death of Mr. John O'Connell, says: It is unnecessary to recapitulate the career of a man well known in the politics of his country. The "best-beloved son" of the great liberator, he inherited many of his eminent qualities, and was always regarded by his illustrious father as heir to his renown.

The Yarmouth Register reports that a party from Boston came down to Truro, a few weeks since, and commenced digging on the beach, on the back side of the cape, for buried treasures, said to have been buried there by the pirate Bellamy. After excavating a large hole the searchers were warned off by the owners of the land, and they departed no richer than they came.

Justus Knowlton, who was mail agent on the Albany and Boston route from 1850 to June 25, 1851, has just recovered \$5500 damages of the Western Railroad for injuries received in an accident near the State line on the said 25th of June, which incapacitated him from further service. He sued for \$30,000, and the case occupied a whole week in the Circuit Court at Troy, N. Y.

A marine monster of the viper tribe was caught in the East River at New York, with a hook and line. It was nine feet six inches long and twelve inches in circumference in the largest part, with brilliant diamond-shaped spots, in yellow and black, and very handsome when first caught. It was probably a juvenile sea-serpent. Similar creatures are found on the Florida coast.

There are within the State of Wisconsin 590 saw mills, 336 water and 254 steam mills. The amount of lumber manufactured last year was 174,000,000 feet, of which there was manufactured on the Wisconsin and its tributaries 149,800,000 feet. The total value of the lumber manufactured in the State in 1857 was \$9,358,300, and the number of men employed in the business was 10,567, of whom 4860 were employed on the Wisconsin River and its tributaries.

Sands of Gold.

.... How canst thou be a judge of another's heart, who dost not know thine own?—*Mason*.

.... Truth will be uppermost one time or another, like cork, though kept down in the water.—*Sir Wm. Temple*.

.... Make no vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.—*Fuller*.

.... We are often governed by people not only weaker than ourselves, but even by those whom we think so.—*Greville*.

.... Ever since the time of Christ, the divine helmsman has been steering the world straight towards the lighthouse of love.—*Beecher*.

.... False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—*Bovee*.

.... No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—*Emerson*.

.... Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.—*Thorau*.

.... This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him, which would have passed without observation in another.—*Lacon*.

.... It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths, as to root out old errors; for there is this paradox in men, they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favor of that which is old.—*Colton*.

.... There is no such preaching as the experience which a man gives who has just realized the sinfulness of his soul. I often hear myself outpreached by some new convert who can hardly put words together.—*Beecher*.

.... Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer; as we see in the foolish bee, which in her anger envenometh the flesh, and loses her sting, and so lives a drone ever after. I account it the only valor to remit a wrong, and will applaud it to myself as right noble and Christian, that I might hurt, and will not.—*Bishop Hall*.

Joker's Budget.

Jerreld says "Evo ate the apple that she might indulge in dress."

If one of our people in the East be found kissing a Turkish lady, can he be charged with embracing Mahomedanism?

A Western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

When Charles V. read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily replied, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard, for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

"I declare, mother," said a petted little girl, in a pettish little way, "'tis too bad! you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A fashionable baronet has said, with no less feeling than high moral sense, "Happy, thrice happy the man who has the means to keep a servant to stretch the tight boots before he wears them himself!"

"Call that a kind man!" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?"—"Unremitting kindness," chuckled a wag.

A very tall man was in the streets of Boston, when an old lady, who admired his gigantic stature, thus addressed him, "Mister, were you large when you were small?"—"Yes, marm, I was considerable big when I was little."

"Why, 'Siah, I'm astonished!" said a very worthy deacon. "Didn't we take you into our church a short time since?"—"I believe so," hiccupped 'Siah; "and between you and me, it was the darnedest take-in you ever saw or heard of."

After parliament had sat long, but in reality had accomplished nothing in the way of practical business, Queen Elizabeth, meeting with her faithful speaker, inquired of him "What had passed in the commons' house?"—"If it please your majesty, *seven weeks*."

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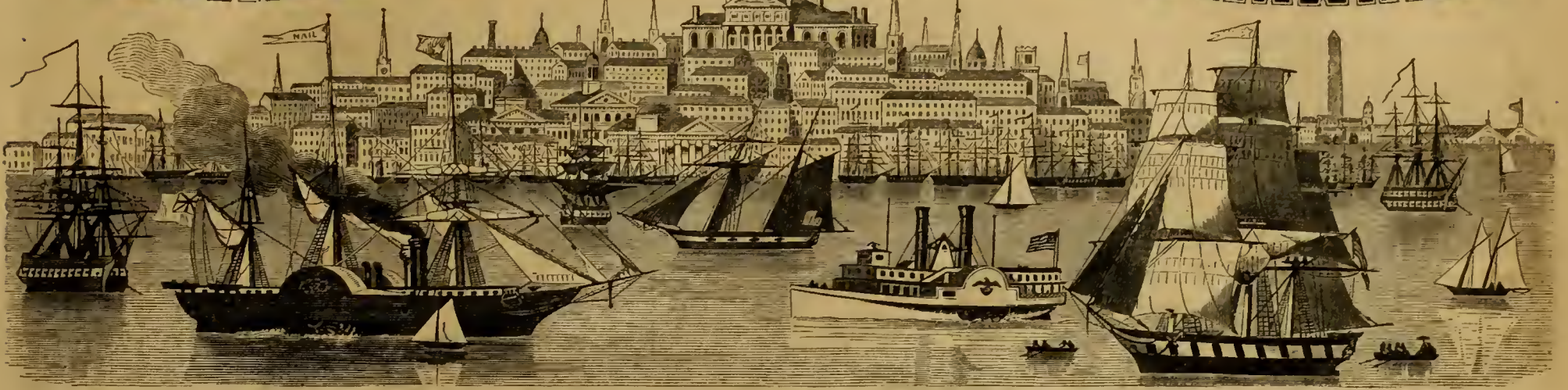
M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.



DAILY SUMMER SCENE IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

[For description, see page 23.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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BRIDGE OVER THE AUSABLE RIVER, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

The interesting picture on this page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, and he has done justice to scenery abounding in romantic features. The Ausable River passes through a mountainous region, and the combination of rock, wood and water in its varied course, the "accidents" that give it variety, the deep dells through which it penetrates, the dark walls of rock that occasionally line its course, the falls, rapids and eddies, impart to it a charm which every lover of nature recognizes with delight as his eyes behold it. To the artist in search of the picturesque no region affords more material than the wild valley of the Ausable. This river takes its rise among the far-famed Adirondack Mountains, and pours its impetuous torrent through stern rocky gorges, over the debris of centuries, leaping from cliff to cliff, and plunging downwards in a succession of the most brilliant cascades, leaving nothing to be desired by the lover of the wild and beautiful. But not only by "him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms," is the Ausable River looked upon with interest. The utilitarian spirit of the age must appropriate the beautiful water-falls to a more paying use than studies for the artist, and the river possessing such magnificent water power must be made to feel the bonds of man and civilization. Mill buildings, dams and bridges, and the various accompaniments of manufacturing villages, have injured the fair face of nature at Keeseville less than usual. The scene shown in our picture retains the picturesque, and is rather aided in that respect by the beautiful arch which the hand of man has made to span the restless waters. But even the beauty of this bridge has

its cause in the wild, impetuous, and ungovernable spirit of the waters of the Ausable, which, though man may chain and rule, and make to work his will, in turning ponderous water-wheels, for a time, occasionally breaks its bonds, scatters its fetters from its banks, and for a while at least returns to its ancient might and majesty. The heavy rains in the mountains and the melting of the accumulated snows of winter swell the river to a torrent, and bridge after bridge has passed away before the overwhelming power. The lofty single arch of the present bridge owes its origin to this cause, and it seems to be able to withstand the fury of the waters. The bridge is built of sandstone, a material which abounds in this region, and is a fine specimen of architectural skill. Our view is taken from below, looking south, and gives the best view of the bridge. Looking through the arch, we see a portion of the Adirondack range of mountains. The beauties of Northern New York are comparatively little known, although much more visited than formerly. The Adirondack country remains almost entirely in its original state, and no part of the Union will better repay a visit. Its mountains and rivers and lakes and the immense forests, still the haunt of the wild beast, remain untainted by civilization. The Ausable River takes its rise near Mount Marcy, and flows into Lake Champlain, Keeseville being about four miles from its mouth. The village of Keeseville is located in two towns and two counties, that part seen in our picture on the right of the river being in Clinton county and that on the left in Essex county. The buildings seen in our picture are a portion of the extensive works of Messrs. Kingsland & Co. They are the proprietors of a rolling mill, nail factory, hardware and

tool manufactory, etc. The principal building on the left is occupied for the manufacture of hardware. The building having the eagle upon the chimney is the counting-room of Messrs. Kingsland & Co.'s eagle nail works. The small suspension bridge seen just over the dam is a foot bridge. There is a great deal of manufacturing business done in Keeseville. The place contains forges, woollen mills, grist mills, foundries, etc. The manufacture of iron is carried on extensively in the valley of the Ausable—that portion of the State producing some of the finest iron ore in use. The resources of this part of the State of New York are yet undeveloped, and present a great field for energy and enterprise. This picture, and the many other landscapes we have given from time to time in our illustrated journal, show how inexhaustibly rich our country is in all the elements of the beautiful; how unnecessary it is for those simply in search of the romantic and the pastoral, to cross the Atlantic and seek the subjects for admiration and reproduction in a foreign clime. Possessing every variety of climate, the United States alone embrace within their limits all that can delight the eye. What lakes are in the world comparable to that great chain that extends from the far northwest to the borders of the Empire State? And among cataracts, Niagara stands alone and unapproachable, ceaselessly pouring an ocean over its rocky barrier. For mountains, have we not our White Mountains—the Alps of America—the Alleghany range, and the Rocky Mountain chain? And what river of Europe can compare with the Father of Waters? For the Rhine, so loved of Germans, we have our own beautiful Hudson. We need not go abroad for natural scenery—and American Art has recognized this truth.



BRIDGE OVER THE AUSABLE RIVER, AT KEESEVILLE, NEW YORK.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

MYNHEER KEMENAER had been sitting for more than an hour under a lofty acacia in his garden, with his arms crossed on his breast, and lost in deep thought. Certainly he had not sought that bench thus early in order to enjoy the splendor of nature's awakening, for his back was turned to the east, and propped up against a syringa, and his eyes had not once moved from the gravel path at his feet.

Mynheer Kemenaer was not quite five-and-forty; and yet his hair was already gray, his forehead deeply wrinkled, and the light of his eye quenched. It would seem that he must have passed his life in material cares, and probably it was unintermitting energy and toil that had bowed his head prematurely. However this may be, it might be conjectured that he had no reason to murmur at his lot; for his house, which stood there in the distance, with all that large garden surrounding it, was one of the prettiest and best in the suburbs of a large city; and everything about it—the plantations and the flower-beds, the outhouses and stables—indicated competence and ease, if not great wealth.

Of what avail was it to this man of many cares that the rejoicing light of a magnificent spring day was bursting forth from over the hills? What joyous spell could the sweet morning song of birds exert on him? What did it matter to his narrow heart whether the air was laden with balmy odors or not?

There he sat, lost in intensest study; and from time to time he stooped down and traced figures in the sand, and muttered something that sounded like *capital and interest, rents and funds*. Then he raised his head suddenly, as if thoughts of another kind had disturbed his calculations and distracted his attention. For a short time he kept his gaze fixed upon some object before him in the distance, and his trouble became greater and greater; his pale features became paler still; his gestures indicated some inward and secret anguish; and as if some painful blow had smitten him, he clenched his fists in despair, and set his teeth as if he were grinning with ferocity.

And yet all was solitary and still about him; there was nothing that could terrify him or annoy him, except, indeed, the gloomy anguish of a heart full of remorse, or the gnawing of an accusing conscience. At last he seemed to have got the better of his moody agitation, and said to himself, in a jocular tone: "What a fool I am! Why can't I raise myself, as others do, above those paltry fears and apprehensions? Am I, then, too simple-minded, too stupid, or too good, forsooth, to join in the universal strife for the possession of gold? Everybody thirsts for gold, everybody honors gold, everybody enjoys gold, but nobody thinks of asking where it comes from. Look at the fortunate bankrupt! Does he not display his unblushing magnificence to the whole town with a smile of self-satisfaction, and spatter the victims of his fraud with the wheels of his chariot? The crafty man upon 'Change, who knows how to make the funds rise and fall by spreading false rumors,—is he not revered almost as a god for his skill in the science of gold? The shopkeeper who adulterates his goods, the merchant who raises the market price by fraudulent means, and a thousand others,—are they not all honored, praised and respected? And do they not enjoy in peace the fruit of their skill? And am I alone to worry myself because I have committed one single peccadillo, and employed means which men call dishonorable, simply because the law forbids it? Who could bear witness against me? The paper I so stupidly left in the hands of Mynheer Robyn was destroyed long ago. The fire disposed of the object of so much dread and care. Am I not rich? What can I want more than I have? Peace of mind? A man can easily procure that. Come, come; the uneasiness which torments me is without any foundation; Robyn cannot live very much longer, and with him the only witness of my reckless act goes down into the grave. Suppose Monck knows anything about it! No; father Robyn is too cunning to put his honor and his credit in the hands of such a wily old fox as that. I have nothing to fear on that score."

While Mynheer Kemenaer was sitting thus motionless on his garden bench, the door of his house was thrown open, and a youthful maiden came tripping along the gravel path. After a few light steps, which were necessary in order to reach the nearest bed of flowers, she stood and looked around her with admiration and wonder. There was a gleam of poetical emotion in her bright eye, and a quiet smile played on her lips, while she inhaled the fresh morning breeze with such sympathetic energy, that one could see her bosom heave and fall. And when she had received the full impression of the glorious spring morning, she raised her speaking eyes towards heaven, clasped her hands, and uttered, in unison with all that was around her, a deep and earnest thanksgiving to God.

Eighteen times had the spring sun shone on the fair head of Laura Kemenaer. Her form was tall and graceful in its slenderness; her face was fair and sweet; not fair in that soulless regularity which is so generally regarded as the perfection of maiden beauty. No, indeed; her forehead might have been deemed a trifle too high; her expressive mouth allowed too much emotion, too much enthusiasm, to appear; her slightly aquiline nose was somewhat too significant and striking; but the forehead was so dazzling white, the rose of her cheeks was so tender, her eye was of such heavenly blue, and her smile was so soft and gentle, and withal so full of life and truth. The becoming stateliness of her manner, her simple but costly clothing, and above all the air of

finished elegance which stamped her slightest movement, her most passing glance, showed that she had received a most careful education; and that she was adorned by nature and by culture with the twofold gift of deep sensibility and of most refined goodness.

When she had breathed forth her prayer to God, she turned her eye again towards the east, as if to bathe her countenance in the soft flood of light, and listened awhile to the cheerful song of the birds. A smile of unutterable peace and joy irradiated her features as she embraced, and as it were caressed, with her admiring glance, everything that was putting forth its quickened energies around her. Then she seemed suddenly struck with some emotion of sadness; her eye slowly sought the distant syringa, and she murmured to herself:

"My father! ever with his eyes bent on the ground, as if he were crushed down beneath a load of cares and vexations. What can make him so eager to be alone always? I dare not ask him, for it always vexes him when I do. O that money—that miserable money!"

As she spoke these words to herself, she walked hastily forwards to meet her father; but before she had reached the syringa, the sound of her footsteps had roused Mynheer Kemenaer from his fit of musing. An entire change came over him; he rose from the bench, drew himself up to his full height, and advanced to meet his daughter with a cheerful smile. As his daughter threw her arms around his neck with an affectionate morning greeting, he kissed her forehead, and said:

"It is the lovely May morning that brings you out so early, is it not, my darling Laura? All day long you will be wandering up and down, and musing and dreaming amidst your flowers. You are quite right, Laura; the honey which drops from above into our cup of life is so sweet! Come, let us take a little stroll together. Your simple gladness of heart reminds me of your mother; she, too, in her childlike simplicity of soul, saw only the bright side of the world."

"Father, you are uneasy," answered the maiden, in a tone of soothing tenderness. "Tell me what clouds your peace; I am sure I shall be able to comfort you."

"I uneasy? You are quite mistaken, Laura."

"You are always sitting on this bench, lost in thought, all alone, and with a cloud on your brow."

"Ha, ha, you silly child! do you think a man can go through this world of ours without thinking, then? There's nothing the matter with me; the fine weather fills me with joy and gladness. Listen to the birds; look how the tender green is deepening, and how the flowers glitter in the sunshine. Who can help feeling happy when all nature is smiling around him?"

These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, seemed to cheer Laura. Her thoughts then took another direction.

"Father, if Berthold were here now, what pretty verses he would make! But he lives in the city; and ere the sun reaches Mynheer Robyn's house, it is already high in the heavens."

"Do you think, Laura, that a poet must see things in order to describe them in that style of exaggeration which people call feeling and soul?"

"Indeed, father, it is quite wonderful. Berthold does not dwell amidst fields, and yet he sings of nature, and paints her splendors with colors so rich and so true, that it seems as if his verses echoed and repeated all that I admire here. Perhaps the poet's soul is a mirror, in which the universe is seen in reflection. Perhaps he knows, by a swift and sure insight, all things that are, though no man has spoken to him of them."

"Silly child, the poet's imagination stands in place of external objects to him; and when he takes it into his head to sing of the imaginary world in which he dwells, his verses delight the inexperienced heart, just as a prism dazzles the eye with its many-tinted glitter."

"But to be a poet is something very grand; is it not, father?"

"It is a relaxation—an amusement like all others,—a mere whim of early youth."

"No, no; you are mistaken there, father. Berthold will be a great poet, and be renowned amongst men, and retain all his loving sympathy with the beautiful and the good."

"You think so because you wish it may be so."

"Shall I tell you something, father? But you must not let fall any hint, in Berthold's presence, that you know anything about it."

"Well?"

"Berthold is printing his poems. 'O, how delightful it will be to see the book on the leaves of which he has embodied the perceptions and fancies of his gentle soul!'"

A dark cloud of vexation and disgust gathered and settled on Mynheer Kemenaer's face.

"Berthold is printing a book, eh?" he muttered, and wrinkled his brow. "Will his name appear on the title-page?"

"Of course, father; in large letters, BERTHOLD ROBYN. I have seen the first sheet. How high it raises a man to see his name prefixed to a work of real genius!"

Mynheer Kemenaer shook his head, and by a great effort succeeded in overcoming his ill-temper.

"Bah!" said he; "people will forgive a young man more than one folly. Berthold will not be long in regretting his ill-advised step; for the ridicule, the envy—"

"But, father," said Laura, interrupting him, "I don't understand the world. Berthold, too, is full of fears; he trembles as if the appearance of his book was to be a source of fresh trials and sufferings. Who could do him any harm? What are you looking at? It is Monck who is coming up the path yonder. I don't know why it is, but whenever I see Monck, I feel a kind of chill, a creeping— And you would like me to stay, would you not, father?"

"Monck's coming is quite a pleasure to me," said Mynheer

Kemenaer, who had completely vanquished his irritation. "I was awaiting his arrival; he is to bring me important intelligence. Look you, Laura, Monck is no poet, but a man of reality and common sense, a clever, shrewd, long-headed man. His art consists in the wonderfully rapid propagation and increase of gold; and, although it does not win renown, this kind of art confers wealth, and respect, and power. He is a simple sort of man, is poor Monck; he continues to be a clerk, out of attachment to Mynheer Robyn, his old master,—perhaps from mere habit. But you may be sure of this—he is clever and industrious enough to accumulate millions of francs."

Laura's opinion was somewhat different, and it was with a lofty and cold expression of her fine features that she watched the advance of the clerk of Mynheer Robyn. Monck was a man of middle height, and might be about forty years old. The utter absence of eyebrows and eyelashes gave his face a peculiar expression. Otherwise there was nothing remarkable about him, except, perhaps, the smile which never departed from his thin lips, and the cunning gleam of his half-closed eyes. In reality his face wore no particular expression at all; it indicated a simple, downright man, too lowly and too powerless to injure or defraud any one. His clothes were in perfect keeping and harmony with his face: a long frock coat, carelessly put on, hung down almost to his heels; his hat was new once, though it must have been a long time ago; but his cravat and his linen were white as driven snow. As he drew nearer, he greeted Laura with a provision of bows, and said, in a low and deprecating tone:

"Ah, forgive me, my good young lady, for venturing to come to disturb you here amidst your enjoyment of the fair face of nature. A thousand pardons! If Mynheer Kemenaer will spare me one minute, only one little minute, I will release you at once from my intrusive presence."

"I pray you, mynheer, discharge your errand," replied Laura, with cold politeness; "you need not ask my pardon."

Monck smiled and bowed, and muttered some inaudible thanks, as though he regarded the severity of her look and the shortness of her address as so many proofs of affection and esteem. Mynheer Kemenaer had already risen from his seat.

"Come, my good Monck," said he, with good-tempered gaiety; "let us take a turn together for a moment. What news is there?"

"Good—very good."

"You are the very pearl of men. Laura, wait for me a moment; I will be with you almost directly."

"Two words only—only one little moment, my young lady," repeated Monck, with his most winning smile.

They then walked a few yards further on, and stood behind a shrub in quiet conversation.

Laura sat down on the garden bench, bent her head, and looked at the gravel-walk. She thought for a moment of Monck's wily and obsequious civility, and on the friendship her father seemed to feel for the clerk of Mynheer Robyn. Then she drove the unwelcome thought away, and resuming the thread of her earlier and more pleasing meditations, she said, half aloud: "I can't understand it at all. Whenever my father speaks of Berthold in company, and says that he will be a very rich man some day, every face wears an expression of reverent approval; but if he happens to call him a poet, and to say that he writes verses, immediately every one shrugs his shoulders, and a smile of contemptuous derision flits over their lips."

She was suddenly roused from her reverie by the voice of Monck, who was bowing again with renewed humility, and saying:

"Good-day, Miss Laura; you see that I have not abused your kindness; forgive me, I beg—your servant, your most obedient, humble servant."

He was already far on his way when she awoke to a perception that these words were meant for her. Mynheer Kemenaer advanced towards his daughter with a bright smile on his face, and rubbing his hands with intense satisfaction.

"Ha, you are merry, father!" exclaimed Laura. "Monck said true, then; he has brought you good news."

"Yes, good news—excellent news. I am quite delighted."

"Thank God! Let me have some share in your joy, father. What news has Monck brought you?"

"Laura, I have won ten thousand francs in one single day! That is something grand, is it not?"

"It is grand, since it gladdens you," answered the maiden, coldly.

"You don't love money, Laura; you don't attach much value to it. Naturally enough; you have no idea yet what it costs to get it."

"I might perhaps come to love it in time," sighed Laura, "if it did not so often cloud your soul with cares and vexations—"

"Come, let us talk of something else," said Mynheer Kemenaer, interrupting his daughter.

"Does mynheer wish for breakfast?" inquired a servant, who at this moment made his appearance in the path.

"Is it ready so soon? There is plenty of time; presently."

"Very well, mynheer; but I have also to tell my young lady that Master Conrad has been sitting in the parlor for more than a quarter of an hour. He says that my lady told him to come early this morning."

"Well, well, he can wait; he will be paid well enough," growled Kemenaer.

"No, no, Peter," said Laura. "Make my excuses to Master Conrad, and ask him to be good enough to come into the garden." And taking her father's hand, she added, coaxingly: "Come, father, let us go. I arranged with Conrad to give me my music lesson thus early. Berthold has written a lovely May-song, to sing to an air of Mendelssohn's; Master Conrad has brought it with him."

"Come, then, since you so earnestly wish it," answered her father. And as they walked towards the house, he added: "I cannot imagine why you have taken such a fancy to this Conrad, Laura. I suppose it is because Berthold shows him so much kindness. People have already lamented their intimacy. Berthold is destined to be a rich man, and to move in the first circles of society. It is not at all right that he should be seen going about the city arm in arm with a man who is compelled to give music lessons for a livelihood, and who plays the violin in church."

"But, father, Conrad is an artist of great genius, a man of feeling and science."

"I know he is, Laura; he is discreet, civil, clever, experienced; he knows the world; he is all you like to call him. But what is he, after all, but a mere musician?"

At this moment Master Conrad made his appearance from behind a shrubbery. He might have been thirty-five years, perhaps, although his thin and sickly face and his slightly bent shoulders made him look ten years older. There was in the expression of his countenance and in all his gestures a modesty and a gentleness which showed that he was humble and timid. His clothes were in keeping with his calling; a black coat, a white waistcoat, and yellow gloves rather the worse for wear. His clothes had been again and again mended, and several patches were apparent at first sight.

Everything about Master Conrad indicated a humble condition, and somewhat of dejection, it may be; but at times his eyes flashed with no ordinary fire, as though an impetuous soul lay concealed and pining within his sickly and feeble body. As he came near, he uncovered his head, and held his hat in his hand in presence of Laura's father. Kemenaer advanced to meet the music-master, greeted him cordially, took his hand—with the tips of his fingers—and said in a tone of voice which admirably combined familiarity with lofty condescension:

"Master Conrad, you will not take it ill that my servants have kept you so long waiting? I beg a thousand pardons. Pray count it a lesson more than the real number."

"You are very kind—too kind, Mynheer Kemenaer," answered Conrad. "If my visit is ill-timed, or if I disturb you in your morning walk, I will beg you to excuse me. I will come again, were it twice or thrice in the day; but I beg of you, as a great favor, not to speak of any irregular payment."

"Really! Have you got too much gold, then?"

"No, mynheer; but I am delighted to have an opportunity of showing you how much I feel myself honored by your kindness."

Kemenaer slapped the music-master on the shoulder, and said, with obvious satisfaction and complacency:

"Really, master, you know how to use your tongue. I always thought you had more in you than you cared to let be seen. You would have been a smart fellow, I'll warrant, if you had come into the world with a couple of hundred thousand francs."

"Master Conrad, my father speaks only in jest. Have you brought the May-song with you? Yes? Is it in that roll? Let me see it. How good of you, Master Conrad! thank you for coming so early. Let us go to the piano at once. You will sing the second, will you not? It is written for a tenor, and your voice is barytone—"

"I have no voice at all of any kind, as you know very well, my young lady," faltered the music-master.

"Sing as well as you can; it is only that I may be ready when Berthold comes."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Laura!" answered Conrad, "what can one refuse you?"

"Really? thank you for your civil speech. Come now; you will allow us to go to the piano at once, father; will you not?"

"And the breakfast, Laura? I shall not fancy waiting an hour for you."

"I had quite forgotten that. If Master Conrad would be so kind as to take breakfast with us—"

An assumed smile passed over her father's countenance, as he said, with courtesy:

"I was just going to invite Master Conrad. You will give me great pleasure: be so kind as to honor our breakfast-table." And then turning to a maid-servant, he added, with a threatening look: "Anna, don't let any one into the breakfast-room, no matter who it is. Nobody, mind; not even Monek. Do you hear?"

The music-master understood and felt the meaning and the object of this command, for he had long known the character and disposition of Mynheer Kemenaer. He turned his head aside to conceal all traces of his internal conflict, but Laura took his hand, led him to the table, and said, with a merry laugh:

"Sit there next to me, Master Conrad. You are a good, kind man; I don't know how or why it is, but I am always glad and happy when I see you."

The artist took the seat so graciously offered to him, but he unconsciously drew it a little back from the table, as though he wished to give some proof that he did not forget the prodigious distance which separated him from his wealthy host. For some time Mynheer Kemenaer held forth upon the last concerto at the theatre in a tone of utter indifference; then on the last exhibition of pictures, and on certain books which we will not name, which were making a great noise amongst the higher classes, in spite of their shameless indecency. Conrad spoke but little. The decided but worthless judgments of Laura's father wounded his artistic sense; but civility compelled him to conceal his annoyance, and to bow in silence at every appeal Kemenaer addressed to him.

At this moment there came a very loud and very impatient ring at the bell. While the servant was going through the hall to open the door, Kemenaer turned his ear in that direction, and laid his hand on the table, as if ready to rise up in a moment. He soon heard the sound of a manly step in the passage, and left the break-

fast-room, in order that he might not be detected in the very act of sitting down to table with the music-master. He returned, however, immediately, and said, joyously, as he introduced a young gentleman:

"Welcome, welcome, Berthold! You will be happy to meet Master Conrad here; he is, after a fashion, your friend. What have you got there under your arm? Books? Are you not afraid that people will take you for a student or a bookbinder?" he asked, a little sarcastically.

But Berthold took no heed of these jesting words. With a flush of genuine feeling on his cheek, he approached Laura, who had started up to greet him with an exclamation of delight.

"Laura," he stammered forth, "you see here the first offspring of my worthless muse. It has been fashioned beneath your eye. Don't judge the luckless book too severely. Mynheer Kemenaer, permit me to request your acceptance of a copy, not for the sake of its intrinsic worth, but as a feeble expression of my esteem. And you, too, Conrad; I had destined this copy for my uncle, but I will get another from the printer."

Berthold looked on with unassumed trepidation while they turned over the leaves of his book, and he strove to trace in their expression the effect it produced on each of them. Mynheer Kemenaer smiled as he read half aloud the titles of the several poems: "Inspiration," "Spring Song," "Hymn of Praise," "To the Nightingale."

Laura was tremulous with joyous eagerness as she hastily turned over the leaves to find some poem she had not read before, and she at length found one at which she continued gazing like a person in a trance, and with open mouth. It was entitled, "To Her."

The eyes of the music-master shone with unwonted lustre; he had, apparently, found in the volume a poem which gave him peculiar pleasure, for his lips were moving, and his hand was beating time with a slight but energetic motion, as though he was enjoying the melody of the verse, and chanting it to himself.

Berthold was a handsome youth with strongly-marked features. His cheeks were not ruddy, but their color was delicate and pure. Beneath his lofty forehead two black eyes sparkled with a mild but passionate light; and his lips moved expressively, and his dark eyebrows were drawn together with deep and earnest thought as he looked on Laura and her father. In his dress, his gestures, and in his very smile itself, there was an air of simple grace and of innate pride. Everything about him showed that he was endowed by nature with a good and loving heart, and that his powers had received all the culture which wealth and a high position could give.

"O, father, father, listen! what a lovely poem!" exclaimed Laura, starting to her feet with the volume in her hand. "What lofty, sublime thoughts!" And she read, with kindred inspiration, the following verses:

"He who the eagle's wing endowed
With strength to pierce the thunder-cloud;
And gave the tender, youthful spring
The nightingale his praise to sing;
And to the painter taught the spell
Our reverent wonder to compel;
That God hath put into my feeble hand
The harp I tune in praise of fatherland."

"Laura, one moment, if you please," said Mynheer Kemenaer, who had not been listening to his daughter, but was turning over the leaves with a perplexed and irritated air. "Berthold, what is the meaning of the poem on the fiftieth page? For whom did you mean that?"

"For nobody," answered Berthold, in unaffected surprise.

Meanwhile Laura had turned to the page in question, and read, with slow and thoughtful voice, the beginning of the poem which was entitled

THE USURER.

"There, in that house before whose gorgeousness
The eye doth sink abashed, are wealth and state—
Peace and content are not.
There lives the shadow of a man, a moving skeleton,
Who bears upon his haggard face the brand of sin,
And 'mid his luxury doth sigh in vain for health.
At morn he rises nerveless, unrefreshed,
Nor knows he all the livelong day the zest of toil—"

A mysterious terror smote Laura's heart as the last words escaped her lips. She became silent, and bent her eyes to the ground. Mynheer Kemenaer observed his daughter's emotion, and divined its cause; but he suppressed his vexation with a violent effort, and said, affectionately:

"Well, go on, Laura. It is rather an odd subject for a young poet who knows nothing of the world; but the verses are eloquent and beautiful. Come, I will read them myself."

With a smile on his face, and without betraying the slightest emotion, Kemenaer resumed the interrupted poem, and read its strongest passages with sympathetic energy of manner and voice.

"At morn he rises nerveless, unrefreshed,
Nor knows he all the livelong day the zest of toil,
Nor heeds the footsteps of the drowsy hours,
But finds in all satiety and weariness.
In vain for him each quarter of the earth
Its choicest treasures yields; in vain doth art
Before his vacant eye her marvels spread
Unseen, unmarked. Nor can his gorgeous halls,
Nor quaint devices of rich tapestry,
Nor floor of rarest woods most cunningly inlaid,
Nor gems of purest art avail to win
From him a smile, or with the gold compare
Wherein his treasure lies.
But dull satiety doth ever on him weigh;
And when at eve he seeks his wonted chair,
He sighs for lack of ease; and if, perchance,
He turn his restless eye within, recoils aghast,
As though some fearful chasm did yawn."

When he had finished, he went up to Berthold and shook his hand warmly, as he said:

"Not so bad, really; full of energy and coloring; noble and beautiful words. A little want of experience, of knowledge of the

world, but beautifully expressed. Here and there are a few blemishes; if you like, we will talk them over, and I will show you what I mean." Laura has to try a new song to sing with you; so while she and Master Conrad go to the piano, we will stay here and talk a little about art and feeling. Laura, be good enough to follow your music-master to the piano."

Conrad had already risen from his chair, and Laura accompanied him with slow and reluctant steps, as if she were vexed that she could not remain longer with Berthold, to enjoy with him the pleasure of talking over the first appearance of his book. But she obeyed her father's injunction without any indication of unwillingness.

As soon as the door was shut behind them, Kemenaer threw himself into an arm-chair with a hearty laugh, crossed his arms, and said, in a bantering tone:

"Sit down, Berthold. Now tell me seriously, have you lost your senses?"

"I hope not," answered the youth. "Why do you ask such a question, Mynheer Kemenaer?"

"What stupid trash is that you have written about 'The Usurer'! Do you forget who you are, and to what station in society you belong? You are rich, or you will be so one day."

"I don't see your drift."

"Your verses are the mere twaddle of a starving wretch who runs about with holes in his shoes, and is pining with envy because there are people better off than he is. You talk in this poem like a wretched poet on his way to the workhouse."

Berthold's brow was suffused with a faint tinge of crimson, but he repressed his indignation, and said:

"And is not usury a vile and culpable thing? Is it not condemned alike by divine and human law?"

"Certainly, certainly, Berthold," said Kemenaer, in a tone of biting irony.

"The poet can praise only that which is really good. It is his duty also to act the part of a skilful surgeon, and apply the glowing steel to the cankered wounds of which society is dying."

"Bah, mere moonshine! Do you fancy the world will not go on just as usual, because poets and other scribblers snarl at rich people? The world has stood some thousands of years, and artists have always been poor and whimsical creatures."

"But, Mynheer Kemenaer, usury is fortunately an exceptional crime. Why do you mistake my meaning so far as to say that I declaim against the rich as a class?"

"Why? Because the words *usurer* and *rich man* mean about the same thing in the mouth and on the pen of an envious person. Anyhow, people are uncharitable enough to confound the one with the other. It is not worth while to discuss it any further. Let us come to the point. Tell me in all soberness, Berthold, what is your object in printing your poems?"

The young man hesitated, and appeared disconcerted by this home thrust.

"I hardly know myself," he stammered at length; "it is an irresistible impulse, a secret force which constrained me, or rather which overcame my timidity and my reluctance."

"Fame and renown, is it not?" said Kemenaer. "Smoke and incense? Now do you know what you will get? I fancy I see all your artistical friends stirring up the gall of their inkstands with the point of their pens to ridicule and bespatter you. Of course you can buy their incense with money, I know—for the prophets are not too proud to take off their hat to a gold piece. Your name will be tossed about in the journals; some will say you are a phoenix; others will say that your predestined and appropriate food is thistles; and all decent, respectable people will think you so absurd that we shall see you biting your nails in a corner, like a man who has committed some masterpiece of stupidity. Ha, ha! you, who might have made the world of artists crawl and grovel at your feet, you take it into your head to hand over your name to the envy and spiteful criticisms of the common herd."

Up to this point, Berthold's politeness had induced him to restrain the emotion which was gradually swelling within him. The youth knew too well the disposition of Laura's father, and had too often been wounded in his poetical susceptibilities by his cold sneers. And now he repressed his indignation as well as he could, but there was a tremor of vexation in his voice, as he answered:

"All you say may be very true, Mynheer Kemenaer. Every man must see for himself what necessities God has laid upon his soul. A life so cold and so mercenary as that you counsel me to adopt would drive me to despair; I must believe in virtue, believe in the bright future of man's destiny. And if the line I have chosen exposes me to scorn and suffering, I accept my lot still—even as you have pictured it."

Kemenaer shook his head, and replied, with a smile:

"Beautiful words but very bad argument. There is a *yes* and a *no*—just as with everything that lies on debateable ground. Happily for you, Berthold, you are rich. I hope sincerely that you will not repent your way of thinking when it is too late. But now come; let us go to the piano. Laura wishes to sing the May-song you have written—a May-song, something about the moon, something that nobody could cavil at—I should not quarrel with that now; but to worry and snarl at people in real life! 'Tis a dangerous sport, very dangerous indeed, Berthold. Now come; we will talk it over again some day; your youthful enthusiasm may cool down a bit."

His cheek suffused with the warm hue of excited feeling, and his whole frame thrilling with enthusiasm, Berthold followed Mynheer Kemenaer into an adjoining room. The clear music of Laura's sweet voice fell on their ears, and all else was, for the moment, forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

THE house of old Mynheer Robyn was situated in a retired part of the city, and was very humble and poor in appearance. Its only entrance was a dark, gloomy door, and on the ground floor were four windows, provided with iron bars by way of greater security. On entering the house, there was an ascent of some half-dozen steps, then a passage which stretched away the whole length of the house. On the right hand of this passage were several doors opening into small rooms where Mynheer Robyn's visitors awaited him. The old servant whose office it was to open the door had received orders never to put two visitors into the same waiting-room, and never to allow any visitor to know who had come to Mynheer Robyn's at the same time with himself. On the left side of the passage, close to the street, was one single door which led into the office.

This important room was moderately long, and broad, and high; its two windows were covered with thick blinds, so that not a direct ray of light could find its way from without. Throughout the office there reigned always a dim, mysterious gloom, which made one shiver, and depressed one's spirits. Besides a desk, black with long use, three stools, an arm-chair with cushions, a sort of rack with several securely locked boxes upon it, there was nothing in this dreary room but a large iron safe, covered with massive bands of the same metal, fastened to the floor by huge bolts, and secured with several locks of subtle construction.

While Berthold was defending art and artists, with more good will than success, perhaps, at the house of Laura's father, Monck, Mynheer Robyn's clerk, was seated at his desk in this dreary office. He sat for a long time without moving, and with his head buried in his hands. Anybody who had surprised him there would have thought that he had fallen sound asleep from weariness at having nothing to do, so deathlike was the stillness of that large room and of the whole house. But had he looked nearer, he would have seen that the clerk's eyes were wide awake, and if he chanced to notice the gleams of joy that danced in them from time to time, he would have shuddered at their cold, sinister, snakelike glare.

At length Monck let his hands fall upon the desk, and muttered to himself, with a cunning smile: "Can Mynheer Kemenaer guess or suspect anything? He asks odd questions; he coaxes and cajoles me, and asks in a roundabout way whether I have any information about certain secret matters of business between himself and Mynheer Robyn. Can he have any notion that I kept back, from the papers Mynheer Robyn gave me to burn, one which is worth bags of gold? Ha, ha, Mynheer Kemenaer! you are not cunning enough to take in an old fox like Monck. This little bit of paper is worth an annuity to me if I should be driven to extraordinary means to get a living. Nobody knows what may turn up. 'Tis true, Mynheer Robyn says almost every day that he means to leave me a snug legacy; but he seems to think he shall live forever, and so puts off making his will. The greedy old miser! he recoils from the notion of a will as if it were an anticipatory separation from his possessions. Suppose this dropsy should kill him? I should have nothing; Berthold would get everything. We shall see about that! But let the worst come to the worst, if I have to leave this house as I came into it, then Mynheer Kemenaer will gladly receive and provide for the poor Monck. This precious bit of paper which bears his signature is a powerful letter of recommendation to his good offices. He is rich, and won't miss a few thousands; he will gladly sacrifice them to rescue his honor, perhaps his personal liberty, from peril."

At this moment the bell rang, and excited the clerk's attention in an unusual degree. He stepped gently to the door as if he expected some one; then his features assumed an expression of vexation and annoyance when he found that he was disappointed, and, instead of his visitor, the old woman came into the office, and said, in a low and mysterious tone of voice:

"It is the contractor who was here yesterday. I have put him in the green chamber."

"Let him wait till Mynheer Robyn comes down," growled the clerk.

"There is a woman, too, who has been sitting in the round chamber this half-hour. There's nothing remarkable about her; she has done nothing but cry ever since she came; not much to be got out of her."

"I know her; she has very shabby clothes? Margaret, you remember what I told you, if that working man comes who was talking to me yesterday at the door, bring him straight to me here in the office. How are things going on up stairs?"

"Very so-so. He has done nothing all night but cough and expectorate as if he were going fast to the next world. I have been urging him all night long to make his will; but he says there is no need to be in a hurry. He promises me a considerable legacy; and if death does not surprise the old hunk, I'm sure I shall be rich. So whenever I mention the legacy, I bring forward your name."

"Good, kind Margaret!" whispered Monck. "'Tis a mutual friendliness; I am always mentioning your claims, too."

"'Tis for our common advantage. You praise me, and I extol your self-sacrifice and devotedness to the skies. So the old miser will give us both more than we should otherwise get. 'Tis of little consequence which of us gets the most, since we shall put our two legacies together."

"Very true, Margaret."

"And when once he is dead, we will have fine times of it. We won't be long before we are married; we are no relations to the old screw!"

"That is true."

"And we are not young, either," said Margaret, smiling and

rubbing her hands. "Handsome I'm sure we are not; but if we can only get hold of the bonny gold pieces, we'll show people that we want nothing else to be happy. What do you say to that, my own Monck?"

"Exactly as you think; you ought to know that well enough," answered the clerk, whose mind was wandering far away amidst other thoughts.

"I'll just step up again and talk to him about his will and your services, and when he comes down, make a bold push, Monck; for, be sure of it, the old screw may yet sink under this, and baffle us both. Good heavens! only think! In that case, Berthold, the empty-headed writer of poems, would have all."

Monck shrugged his shoulders.

"But suppose he were to go off suddenly?" said Margaret. "What if the old skinflint were found dead in his bed? What then?"

"Why, nothing."

"Nothing! O, if I were in your place!"

"What would you do?"

"If I could imitate old Robyn's writing as well as you, and then if the old fellow were to die unexpectedly, eh? why, I should write a will myself."

Shuddering with terror and astonishment, Monck replied:

"Fool, you want to bring me to the scaffold! Come, let me alone now; be off! There's no danger as yet. This morning may bring good luck. Berthold has dug a pit in his own path; I shall do my best to see that he falls into it."

"Really? What has he done, then?"

"The bell is ringing," cried Monck. "Go, Margaret, and if it is the working man, bring him into the office; but leave me alone with him, for your presence might prejudice our plot."

He looked after the old woman as she walked away, and when she had disappeared, he snarled to himself: "Marry—marry indeed! If your legacy makes it worth while, then indeed! For money—yes! I would marry you if you had fifty thousand francs, perhaps. Old fool! Ha, 'tis the printer's man; I know his voice."

An artisan came into the room with stealthy step, and, looking round him cautiously as though he were a thief caught in the fact, he drew a book from under his blouse and gave it to the clerk. Monck took it eagerly, and put into the artisan's hand a few pieces of money.

"There is the promised reward," said he.

But the artisan looked at the money, and held his hand still open for more.

"What more do you want?" asked Monck, with affected surprise.

"It is five francs too little," replied the other.

"Not at all; I am sure I have given you too much."

"But, sir, how can you say so? You know as well as I do that I am right. How can you find it in your heart to defraud a poor fellow who has brought his neck into danger in order to serve you?"

"Well, if you don't think it enough, take your book and be off with it."

"You know the book is of no use to me. It is not handsome conduct on your part, sir. Only think—only four copies were printed, because your young master wanted no more. I have managed to steal the book, sheet by sheet; I have stitched it and boarded it with my own hands, and if it were known, I should be driven away from my employment in disgrace."

"Have you not got what I promised to give you?"

"No; but at any rate give me something to get a drop of drink."

"Well, be off with you; there is something over," growled Monck, as he put a few copper pieces into the man's hand, and followed him to the door.

The clerk then came back into the office and gazed on the book with a low triumphant chuckle; then he sat down at his desk and began to turn over its leaves, saying the while, in a tone of great self-satisfaction: "He got it printed privately, eh? that his uncle might look on it as a mitigated offence, and forgive him more readily. He fancies, the silly fool, that nobody knows anything about it; as if I, his mortal enemy, were not watching his every movement; as if one could not buy every secret with a little money! And now I shall have the satisfaction of laying the book before his uncle, and I rather fancy old Robyn's rage will be worth a few thousands of francs to me. In truth, 'tis a wish to benefit his natural heir that makes the old man put off making his will. Berthold is his own brother's son; Margaret and I are strangers to his blood. Well, there is war between Berthold and me—open, unrelenting, skilful, legal war. He won't believe it; he is so careless and so blind. So much the better, so much the better; a slumbering foe is easier to conquer. If I can only find anything in the book to turn into a weapon of offence! But I see nothing but mere stupid childishness, words and thoughts without meaning or aim: 'The Dream of Youth,' 'Evening Prayer,' 'To the Nightingale,' 'A Child's Grave.'"

And thus Monck went on, turning over the leaves, and reading the titles of the various poems half aloud. He could not find the coveted ground of accusation, and the smile of joyous anticipation gradually died away from his face, until, as he read each succeeding title, he uttered a snarl of impatient vexation. But suddenly he jumped from his chair and seemed to tremble with delight; and after starting awhile as if he could not believe his eyes, he muttered to himself: "The Usurer—The Usurer! What good angel put that title into his head? It is quite enough to kill old Robyn with anger."

"There lives the shadow of a man, a moving skeleton,
Who bears upon his haggard brow the brand of sin,
And 'mid his luxury doth sigh in vain for health."

But dull satiety doth ever on him weigh;
And when at eve he seeks his wonted chair,
He sighs for lack of ease; and if, perchance,
He turns his restless eye within, recoils aghast,
As though some fearful chasm did yaw—

Capital, Berthold! nothing could have been better. But what a precious simpleton he must be, that Berthold! 'Tis his uncle, drawn to the very life. Could he have done it on purpose? There is his very arm-chair. He could not be fool enough for that. He has spent all his life at school; and occupied as he has been with all this trumpery scribbling, I don't think he has any notion what game we are playing here. Well, 'tis a lucky accident for me. Ha, ha, Monck, my lad, your enemy has run headlong into the snare; take care he does not escape you now! And there is Mynheer Robyn coming down stairs. We will just hide the book until we have settled our business matters, else we shall get into confusion."

So saying, he sat down at his desk, and assumed an expression of perfect calm and repose, as he took up his pen and pretended to be writing very busily. A side door was opened. Mynheer Robyn entered the office, leaning on old Margaret, and sat down carefully in the arm-chair which was placed close to the iron money-chest.

Mynheer Robyn seemed a worn-out old man, although he had not really reached his sixtieth year; but for years disease had been slowly sapping his strength. The blueness of his lips and the yellowish tinge of his cheeks showed that he was suffering from disease of the heart, and there were indications of threatening dropsy. His legs and feet were much swollen, so that he could not walk without assistance. The whole appearance of Mynheer Robyn, his face, his attitude, the languor of his limbs, all showed an utter failure of vital power. His eyes alone retained their wonted life and fire, and there was something startling in the anxious, restless, suspicious glances he cast around him as he settled himself in his chair.

The clerk had saluted his master without rising from his stool, or seeming to suspend his work for a moment. For a few minutes not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard; then Robyn made a sign to Margaret to retire, and said to Monck, in a tone which was meant to be very authoritative, but which was only tremulous and harsh:

"Monck, come here. Are all the references you have been consulting in the matter of the contractor satisfactory? We must be on our guard; he may easily have borrowed money elsewhere, and when the day of reckoning comes, we should be left in the lurch."

"There is not the slightest ground for apprehension," answered the clerk. "The contractor has met with an unexpected disaster; but up to this time he has never wanted a penny."

"You think, then, we may safely deal with him?"

"Yes, on the terms we fixed upon yesterday."

"Well, there are the keys; open the chest, and call in the contractor."

And as he said these words, Mynheer Robyn detached some keys from a steel ring which he wore at his girdle, and gave them to the clerk. While Monck was opening the various locks, and touching the secret springs which fastened the several compartments of the chest, Robyn followed his every movement with an eager, jealous look, as though he feared that even his faithful Monck would rob him if he could.

When this first command had been executed, Monck left the office, and returned a moment after with a respectably dressed person, whom he motioned to a seat. Then he sat down again at his desk behind the contractor, and placed himself so as to be able to watch the countenance, and especially the eyes, of his master.

"Your name is Mynheer Guido?" asked Robyn. "You wish to speak to me."

"I am in a rather embarrassing position for the moment," replied the other, "and I came to see you to know whether you would be kind enough to lend me some money for six months. I am willing to pay good interest for it."

"Times are bad, money very scarce," sighed Mynheer Robyn, looking upwards. "How are your affairs?"

"Bad enough for the moment. There is my misfortune. I have contracted with government for certain works which were beyond my means—a matter of four hundred thousand francs. Still, everything was going on well, until a large portion of one of the buildings fell in. It is a serious loss, but the contract is good enough to allow a little margin for losses. But this accident has alarmed a good many people, and they think I must break down. Everybody is coming upon me for money, and my credit is in some danger. I want a good round sum in ready money, to enable me to fulfil my contract. The works must be done by a certain day, and there is a heavy fine for every day I am behindhand. I must employ a great number of laborers to make up for lost time; but, as government will not pay me anything now, I find my cash failing me. You will greatly oblige me, Mynheer; I have much at stake. I shall either gain thirty thousand francs, in spite of this accident, or abandon my contract, and allow myself to be ruined."

"How much are the works worth which you have already completed?" asked Robyn.

"I value them at one hundred thousand francs."

"How much have you to receive from government?"

"A balance of one hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"And how much do you want now?"

"I can manage well with twenty-five thousand francs in ready money."

"Twenty-five thousand francs! that is a terribly large sum of money."

"I will pay you good interest for it."
 "But I don't lend money on interest."
 "You don't want interest?" asked the contractor, with unaffected surprise. "I had heard—but you cannot help me, then?"
 "Yes. I will go shares with you."
 "What do you mean, mynheer?"
 "The thing is clear enough. You have got about one hundred thousand francs' worth of work to do. According to your own statement, the whole affair will bring you in about thirty thousand francs clear, if you can find the ready money you want. Say twenty-eight thousand: that will be seven thousand francs' profit on the work yet to be done. Well, now, I will advance you the money you want for six months; I will become your partner, and share your profit with you."
 "But, my good sir, you must be making a mistake, surely!" cried the contractor. "In this way you will get more than twenty-five per cent. for your money."
 "I don't take interest for my money," repeated Robyn, with icy coldness.

"But would you share the risk of all that may yet happen to the works?"

"There are no risks, you say; the gain is certain."

"But what do you demand of me? I don't clearly understand you."

"You will give me your bond to pay me, on a given day, the whole sum of twenty-eight thousand five hundred francs."

"And you advance me only twenty-five thousand francs?"

"Precisely so."

The contractor bit his lip with indignation, and shuffled his feet impatiently. Robyn looked at him with his cold, unfeeling eye. Monek was looking at him from behind. Neither spoke a word for a few minutes. At length, when the contractor's features began to indicate dejection and despair, Robyn said:

"You know your own affairs best, Mynheer Guido. If you can get the money you want on easier terms, go and get it. I would rather you did; for, while I sincerely pity honorable men in trouble, I don't like to part with my money lightly. Only consider that the three thousand five hundred francs that I gain by joining you in your contract bear a very small proportion to the total of your profit. And then there is a point worthy your consideration; I would let you have the money at once, before you leave this house."

The contractor sat still, and appeared lost in thought.

"Well," said old Robyn, with a dry cough, "my time is precious—yes or no? You are quite free in your decision. You would even please me by not pressing the matter further, and by going away as you came."

The contractor rose suddenly, and said, with a convulsive movement of his fists:

"Be it so, since I see no other way of extricating myself from my embarrassment. I am ready to accept your terms."

Four bonds were ready in an instant. The contractor signed them without a single remark, and it was with undisguised contempt on his features that he took the bank notes which Monek placed in his hand. He then strode from the office without one word of greeting, and opened the outer door for himself.

Old Robyn rubbed his hands with glee. Monek appeared beside himself with joy, and exclaimed:

"Ha, ha, mynheer! this is a lucky throw. The bird has some good feathers left; he will come again, he will come again!"

"Yes, yes, my good Monek," said Robyn, with a smile; "you deserve to be rich, for you know what gold is, and how men may multiply it in an honorable way. Is there anything else on hand?"

"Only the woman whom I told yesterday to come again, because you were not at home. The information I have got about her is not satisfactory. 'Tis but a lean beast; she does not weigh more than four hundred francs in all."

"Let us breathe a bit, rest on our oars a bit," said Robyn; "we shall soon hear whether we are likely to make anything more out of her."

And again a deathlike silence pervaded the office, interrupted only by Robyn's fits of coughing.

At a sign from his master, Monek went to bring the poor woman into the office, and bowed her into the same chair which had been so recently occupied by the contractor, and then took his accustomed seat at his desk. The poor creature made a violent effort to restrain her tears as she saluted Robyn.

"What is your pleasure?" he asked.

"Ah, mynheer," she moaned forth, "I am so unfortunate, so wretched, that I know not how to express my sorrows! Your compassion is my last refuge; have pity on me!"

"Come to the point, come to the point," grumbled the old man, without one trace of emotion in his voice; "speak plainly. What are you come about? You are trembling."

"Forgive me, mynheer," said the woman, sobbing, and wringing her hands in despair; "I am come to you for aid, and I dare not tell you the frightful mischance that has befallen me. I ought not, perhaps, to speak of it; but you are of noble mind. The secret I have to confide to you is dearer to me than life."

"To the point, to the point," coolly repeated Robyn.

delay granted me; and, unless I can restore the money to-day before sunset, my son will be led away by gendarmes before my very eyes."

"So your son is a thief?" said Robyn.

These words smote the hapless widow with terror, and her tears flowed thick and fast.

"No, mynheer!" she exclaimed, with energy; "the poor lad has been led astray. He is in bed, more dead than alive; he has a fever in his brain; he does nothing but cry to God for forgiveness. He longs to die, he says, to atone for his crime, his foolish crime."

"But, my good woman, what is the drift of all this lamentation? Tell me how much you want," growled Robyn, with impatient surliness.

"A thousand francs, mynheer," answered the widow, repressing her sobs and tears as well as she could.

"A thousand francs! What trade are you of?"

"I am a fashionable milliner, mynheer; my daughters help me.

The credit of my house is good. We have many customers, and get on quite comfortably in the world."

"Have you any stock of goods?"

"No."

"And how are you to pay me back my thousand francs, in case I am compassionate enough to lend you that sum?"

"Ah, mynheer, just as you may appoint in your kindness. We would pay back a certain sum every month, or every quarter; and, perhaps, in a year, or a year and a half, we might save enough to repay you all. Then, even were our debt to you acquitted, we should never forget the inestimable benefit you would have done us."

Mynheer Robyn seemed to think for a while. Monek, the clerk, stood up, with his arms crossed, and smiled as he gazed on the poor widow from behind. After a brief pause, Mynheer Robyn muttered to himself half aloud: "A bad business—as bad as giving one's money away altogether."

The widow saw in his eye some token of hesitation; she clasped her hands, and said, in accents of most earnest entreaty:

"For the love of God, kind, generous mynheer, do not refuse my request; it would be my death!"

"I am very sorry, mother," answered Robyn, with more feeling than he had hitherto shown. "I am really very sorry that I cannot help you—"

"You can help me!" shrieked the widow, as she fell on her knees at his feet. And she continued: "O, show some pity for a wretched mother! We will pray for your happiness and welfare to our latest breath."

Robyn slowly shrugged his shoulders, as though he would have said, "Poor unhappy creature!" But Monek held up his hand with an almost imperative gesture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

The accompanying figure of a Tyrolean chamois hunter is remarkable not only for the fidelity and minuteness with which the artist has represented the costume of the sportsman, but for the skill with which the scenery is depicted, and for the fine general

effect of the whole composition. The dress of the chamois hunter is simple, but pleasing and well adapted to his mountain life. A felt hat with a conical crown, and a moderately broad brim, shelters his head. It is decorated by a little plume. The blouse is made of strong cloth, or sometimes of leather; the breeches of plush or leather. The leggings are fancifully embroidered. But a peculiarity of the equipment is the stout, hob-nailed shoes which give the hunter so firm a footing on the rocks. Shod in this manner, with his *alpenstock*, a strong ash pole terminating in a steel point, the daring hunter fears not to climb precipices, the mere aspect of which would make an inhabitant of the plains shudder. The hunters are often seen hanging on an almost perpendicular face of rock, with their heels planted in some crevice, their double-barreled guns in their hands, watching for a shot at the swift and agile animal they pursue. These Tyrolese are expert climbers, and they hesitate not, when in pursuit of game, to fling themselves across yawning chasms, where, to come a little short of the leap, would be to be hurled to certain destruction. Like all mountaineers, the Tyrolese are a free-hearted, brave, daring and gallant race.



A TYROLESE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

"O my God, what a confession for a mother to make!" said the poor creature, weeping bitterly. "Mynheer, I am a widow with five children. I have made many sacrifices in order to give a good education to my eldest son. He is now more than twenty years old, and had a good place as accountant to a merchant. My poor boy was industrious and virtuous; his knowledge and his affection made me happy. But, how it has happened I know not, within the last few months he has got into bad company at Brussels, and has squandered much money in secret ways. They have discovered that he has spent money which he had received from the customers of his master. They were about to denounce him as a thief; but I went to his master, and implored him, on my knees, to spare him and grant me three days to make up the sum that is deficient. On this condition the merchant will keep the miserable secret for me. I have sought everywhere, amongst all my relations and acquaintance, to borrow the requisite money; the floors of ten houses have been moistened with my tears, without my being able to disclose the cause of my despairing grief. You alone, mynheer, can aid me. This very evening expires the

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

The cross, the beacon-guide to God,
High on each steeple gleamed;
The holy chimes of minster bells,
Like angel voices seemed.

From stately halls and humble homes
The people thronged to see
The bridal of the only child
Of Don Gonzalvoee.

The fairest maiden in the land,
Her fame went far and near,
And goodness was her crowning charm,
Which time could never sear.

The silent, reverent, anxious crowd
Filled all the hallowed aisles;
The sunlight streamed the altar o'er,
Like Christ's approving smiles.

A gush of harmony divine
The breathing organ pealed,
And angels bore the hymn on high,
Through heaven's wide azure field.

While lovely bands of innocents,
In spotless white arrayed,
Strewed wreaths before the vestal train
That led the saintly maid.

With folded palms upon her breast,
And robes immaculate,
One of the seraphim she seemed,
Who on the throne await.

Each face sublime emotion showed,
And her's wrapt ecstasy;
Uprose the grand Te Deum's praise,
And blessed by all was she.

Before the altar meekly bowed,
She breathed immortal vows;
Her home a cloister evermore,
And Christ her chosen spouse.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

BY A. MORTIMER CLEVELAND.

My cousin Fred was a great favorite. He certainly was uncommonly good looking. He was tall, and well-formed, had roguish black eyes, splendid whiskers and hair, which curling a little was thrown back gracefully from a forehead sufficiently high and full. He talked well; that is to say, so as to make people satisfied with themselves and him; said the most common-place things in such an irresistible manner as to make himself esteemed a real wit. He was fully aware of his good points, and made the most of them. It is hardly necessary to add that he was an egotist, and that without being really a flirt, he was addicted to the habit so common among the lords of creation of flattering himself that all the ladies were in love with him. He was for a long time a student in my father's office, and a member of our family. I was his favorite cousin, and to me he showed the little serious corner of his heart; for he was really affectionate and sympathetic and loving of his friends, although many people would not have believed it. He walked one morning into the parlor where I was practising, enveloped in a new gray suit which I had never seen before, and looking as wicked as mischief itself.

"Well, Amy," said he, "I'm ready. Farewell."

"Farewell," replied I, looking round. "So you are ready—ready for what?"

"My journey, of course."

"To be sure; but where are you going?"

"Why, I am sure I thought I told you. I am going out West."

"Well that's very comfortable news for you to interrupt my lesson with; very comfortable too for me to believe that the interruption will be the last till your return. How long shall you stay?"

"I shan't be back before next week. You'll miss your brother, Amy, wont you?"

"Miss you? I shall miss you dreadfully."

I then began to realize how much I was going to lose. I knew that his "before next week" meant an indefinite length of time. He was serious now. He only wanted some one to interpret his words; and I was beginning to be serious too.

"You will write to me, wont you, Amy? and direct 'Out West.'"

"No, you naughty boy, I wont write a word. You might have told me you were going before."

"If you have any messages to send to the people, there is time for them now."

"You ought not to take me so by surprise."

"What was the need of your feeling sorry any longer? I couldn't bear to see you sorry. Come, don't pout any more. You look a great deal prettier when you smile."

I knew this was true; but I wouldn't smile until I had an occasion for it, which came soon enough.

"Well, really, Fred, when shall I see you again?"

"O, in a little while. When I'm married I'll send for you to come and live with me. There's the carriage for me. Good-by, Amy. Be a good girl, and don't forget your brother."

He was off in a moment, and I went again to my practising, until I happened to remember that Fred was gone perhaps for

years, and I couldn't practise if it had been to save my life; so I sat down in a low chair behind the door and began to have a good hearty cry. In the midst of this interesting operation I was interrupted by some one pulling my handkerchief from my eyes. Fred stood before me.

"Why, Fred, I thought you had gone out West?"

"So I did, but I've come back again. You see I had my daguerreotype taken for you, and I forgot to leave it, so I came back with it. Now aint you delighted?" And indeed I was, though of course I knew this was not the reason of his coming back; and he put in my hand a small box containing a daguerreotype.

"There," said he, "isn't that as good as life? Don't I make a splendid picture?"

I opened it and found the picture of a young lady, very young, not more than fifteen or sixteen, almost childish in the perfect simplicity of attitude and dress, and yet in the earnest, serious expression of the eyes, and the deep repose of the features, there was denoted maturity beyond the age. Fred had been leaning his head upon his hand, and had not observed my start of surprise, so that I considered it for a long time attentively. All at once he started up, saying:

"You don't speak, Amy." And then looking at the picture in my hand, he smiled a little differently from his usual careless manner, and said, "You think I have changed some, don't you? Well, I have made a mistake, for which I was sorry at first, but I don't care now. Here is the box I designed for you." And he passed me a very fine likeness of himself.

But as Fred was with me, it must be confessed I was much more interested in the strangely beautiful and interesting new face presented to me. Fred was silent, and at last put out his hand to take it.

"Tell me, Fred, who this is."

"I should be most happy to do so, but cannot."

"Don't you know?"

"Certainly not, or I could tell you."

"Well, then, tell me how it came into your possession."

"With the greatest pleasure. I found it."

"Don't be so provoking. I want to know everything about it that you know: where you found it, and when, and how."

"Well, Miss Curiosity, I found it this morning."

"And so this was the occasion of your being left by the cars?"

"Precisely so. Immediately before me a carriage stopped, containing quite a large party of gentlemen and ladies. I imagined they would be fellow-travellers, and was going to interest myself in them, when my old college chum, Alfred Clarke, came along. I was so delighted to see him that I forgot everything else, and did not even notice that the car bell was just ringing for passengers to take their seats. In the bustle of the crowd, and confusion caused by Clarke's voice, I heard distinctly the voice of a lady, saying, 'Good-by, Edward,' and the answer in Edward's manly tones, 'Good-by, Alice.' There was a peculiar sweetness in the lady's voice which impelled me to look; but Clarke talked on, until suddenly, as the car started, he left me and jumped on. I started to follow him, but my foot struck something and I stumbled. I picked myself up, and found this little box, which I at first supposed to be the one I had designed to leave with you. Opening it mechanically, I discovered my mistake, and also found to my chagrin that the cars were under full speed, and I must make a virtue of necessity, and wait till to-morrow. But aint you glad? You haven't said one word about my picture. Don't you find it charming?"

"You haven't given me a chance to speak a word," said I, taking the two pictures and placing them side by side. "What a handsome couple."

"Amy," said Fred, quite gravely.

"Well, Fred."

"Don't you have any suspicion who the original of this picture—this Alice is?"

"How do you know it is Alice?"

"Why, I heard her called Alice this afternoon. That voice could belong to nobody else."

Poor Fred! I saw that he was too much interested in the unknown. But as if to confirm his impression, my eye fell upon a few words in delicate pencil writing upon the corner of the box which had contained the picture, and which had passed before unnoticed by both of us. "Au revoir.—A."

"There, Amy," continued he, "is confirmation enough that my impression was true. And now how am I to find her out? You see it makes me very sorry to have to keep this article which belongs to somebody else."

"Don't trouble yourself. I have no such conscientious scruples; I shall be delighted to possess anything so beautiful. I'll take it off your hands."

"But it is my duty to find the real owner, my obliging little cousin."

"You have only to advertise for a nice young man named Edward, and he will be the owner."

I said it on purpose to make him jealous, and I succeeded; but he would not show it, and adopted my idea immediately.

"Yes, I will advertise it. Edward has gone off in the cars, but Alice will come for it; and if it is at all correct she will have no difficulty in proving property."

"O, but Fred, it's really too bad to have to give up so beautiful an article; and then to find the lady and learn that she is engaged would be provoking." I did enjoy teasing him, it must be confessed, and I felt myself entitled to some revenge for all the times he had teased me. "And then if you advertise, you will have to stay a few days longer, or you might leave it with me."

"O, yes, of course I shall stay myself."

The picture was duly advertised, and Fred lingered more than

a week; but no person came to claim it. But as the probability of his finding the owner grew less, his interest in it did not at all decrease. At last, however, he could stay no longer, and left, taking his treasure with him; for I could not persuade him it was best for him to leave it with me.

He went out West, and went about considerably, and finally he located himself in one of the flourishing villages on the Mississippi, which would be, he said, a city before a hundred years. He was very successful. Everybody said he was destined to be a great man, wealthy, and perhaps the governor of the next new State; and many of our mutual friends began to offer me congratulations, in all simplicity of heart imagining that if he was the governor I must necessarily in the course of time be the governor's wife. Others wondered that he did not return and seek a wife among the many fair friends he had left behind. The secret of the picture remained between us two. We had come to talk about it very seriously; and if ever a man was in love sincerely and earnestly, he was; not, he firmly protested, with the beautiful hair, or sweet little mouth, or fair round arm, but he argued, this picture must have an original, and this representation of her declares that she must have a character very lovely, and by no means common. "I shall find her some day, and I shall certainly wait till I do." I shared his faith. It really seemed to me so much a reality that I began at last almost to imagine that I had seen her, and in my conversation with Fred, and letters to him, invariably spoke of my future cousin-in-law Alice.

And so the years went by. Fred's yearly visits had been short, and gradually, as he became more and more devoted to business, his letters became shorter and less frequent. I began to wish he would find Alice soon, or cease waiting for her. I feared for him the passing away of those delicate perceptions which are so desirable in a gentleman, and which familiar intercourse with refined ladies is so well calculated to bring out. And as Fred was becoming so old that it was no more the same pleasure for him to give so much attention to the ladies, as he had become less inclined to it from the fact that he was so much interested in Alice, and as he was so constantly and so successfully engaged in business, I feared that selfishness into which people in his circumstances are so liable to grow. I doubted not that he would find some one whom he would love and marry, even should he not find Alice, for almost all men, I believe, may transfer an affection, however devoted, to another object than the one on which it is first placed. But I feared that Fred's love was becoming to him an unreal thing, and that the benefit which naturally results to a young man from the fact of his loving, would not be to him, and that in case he should transfer his affections it would be too late. I will give a few extracts from Fred's letters, which will indicate the progress of this little story. The first was received about four years after he first went away. Here it is.

"I was at church last evening, and sat in the gallery, and on the opposite side of the church, below, I saw the face which has haunted me so long. Though I had been expecting it, yet you may believe that I was at first incredulous. But there was no mistake. Of this I was convinced, as I watched her closely during the remainder of the services. Her companions were strangers to me, and I determined not to lose sight of them until I had found some one who could give me information respecting them. I asked my neighbors on each side. I believe they thought me deranged; but they were as ignorant as myself. All my efforts to reach them as we came out were unsuccessful. I lost them in the crowd, and it was impossible for me to find them or learn anything more of them; but it gave me great joy, a new hope, a proof that sometime I shall see her. Alice is living, not far from me perhaps, perhaps in this very city (for we are a city now). Of course you cannot imagine my feelings, but you can and will sympathize with your brother Fred."

After a few months, during which Fred had made constant and unavailing search, irresistibly impelled by the circumstance which had revived his hope, I received another letter, from which I make an extract.

"O, Amy, the worst has come to my knowledge, such as I could and would never believe; and I am not ashamed to ask you for your sympathy. The secret of my heart, its hope and fear and happiness, and now its great grief, which have been and shall be secret to all the world besides, are still open to you. Alice is found, and, how shall I write it, lost forever to me. Last week (I have not felt equal to the task of writing it before), on Friday, I was very agreeably surprised by a visit from my friend Clarke. He is settled in my neighborhood—that is, not a hundred miles from me. I hadn't seen him before for many months; he had been married since, and was looking as delighted and happy as a man ought under any circumstances. Of course I was not slow in offering my congratulations, since I fancied I could sympathize in his joy. The hope of soon meeting Alice, and being perfectly happy myself, was ever present, and I was particularly hopeful this morning. You may imagine I was good-natured, for I could even endure patiently to hear Clarke's praises of his bride. 'Just wait,' I thought to myself, 'till you see my Alice.'

"I'll tell you what it is, Winchester," said he, "you must follow my example. You are old enough certainly, and ought to be married. I know a lady that will just suit you, a lovely little creature, a cousin of my wife, who—"

"I'm much obliged to you," I replied, drily, "I've no doubt you are a good judge. Possibly I can suit myself as well as you have done."

"You are engaged already perhaps?"

"Confound the man," I thought, "why can't he stop." And I replied that I was quite at liberty, but I could not see that that

obliged me to care anything about his wife's cousin. I was fast losing my temper.

"There's where you are right," replied Clarke, whose temper was proof against any assault. "I see how it is. I wish you all success, and at any time we shall be delighted to see you at our house. What changes have been since we came out here nearly five years ago. Do you remember that morning we met, as I was on my way, when you came near being the occasion of my being left behind?"

"Yes, I have occasion to remember it. You made me so late that I could not go that day, as I had been intending to."

"Really, that was unfortunate. I'd no idea you were on the point of such a journey."

"Nor I you."

"But you were also the occasion of my meeting with a loss, quite serious at the time, though it was afterwards replaced. It was a miniature which I was just going to show you, and had taken from my pocket for the purpose, when I perceived the bell had stopped, and the cars were just starting. For a moment I forgot the box which contained the picture, and only knew that it was gone after I was seated in the cars. If I had only known you were going with me, I might have spared myself much vexation, for we would have had plenty of leisure to talk. But it is as well; since now I have the original, of course the picture is of comparatively little value."

"You can faintly imagine my feelings as I heard him, as the truth gradually dawned upon me that the idol of my thoughts during all my sleeping and waking hours for so many years, was the wife of my friend, was even at the time I began to worship her betrothed to him. And I knew too that this might have been prevented if I could have started with him that day and seen the picture as he designed; yet scarcely wishing that I could have been spared the agony of the pursuit, if at the same time I must relinquish all those sweet hopes of the past. Certainly not knowing what I wished, and scarcely what I said, I replied that a great deal of vexation might have been spared me if I could have known it, for—I could not finish my sentence."

"Good heavens! Winchester, what ails you? You are as pale as death."

"I was very weak, but feeling the necessity of a great effort, and controlling my physical powers by the strong power of will, I arose, and assisted by Clarke, walked to the window which he had opened, believing it might be the effect of the warm room."

"Are you subject to such attacks, Winchester?"

"O, no. I shall be better directly."

"You need change of scene, and a little rest. You must come and spend a few weeks with us; Alice, that is my wife, would make you very welcome. You are really ill," said he, with much anxiety in his tone.

"And I felt that to hear the name of my own beloved thus pronounced by another was more than I could bear. But it would not do to yield to my weakness; the power of my will conquered for the time, and I replied to him that I could not leave immediately, and that when I could, I should be most happy to visit him. Fortunately it was near the time when he was to leave for home, and as I assured him that I did not need him at all, and as I seemed better, he left me—fortunately, I said, for I could not have endured his presence any longer then. Of the following day I will say nothing; it will be only necessary for me to tell you what I have done to-day, as the result of my reflections. I have looked my last at that face you know so well; I have sealed up the box, and within it I enclosed a note of which the following is a copy, and mailed it to Clarke this morning:

"Of course you did not imagine, my friend, that I found your picture, any more than I thought I was learning to love the beloved of my friend. In one respect you may congratulate yourself that it has been in my possession. No unappreciative eye has ever for a moment rested upon it. More carefully than I have guarded my own soul from injury, have I guarded this representation of your Alice, whom I fondly hoped to find and appropriate to myself. With this hope removed, knowing what the reality is, I cannot if I would, and I would not retain that which has been by me most valued of anything on earth. I send you back your property, realizing while I do it that good as it is, it is comparatively worthless, now that you have the original, and to me it was beyond price. You will understand, my friend, why I cannot visit you now. I could not endure to see Mrs. Clarke at present, nor you either, even though I remain as ever, and wishing you all possible happiness, your true friend. I shall try to make arrangements for visiting the East very soon."

"So, Amy, you may be looking out for me before long. I shall write you again before I start."

In the course of four or five weeks I received the following:

"I shall not be at home this spring, Amy, and you'd better burn my last letter. It's all nonsense. I'll try and see if I can be patient enough to tell you all that has happened since. I told you, I believe, of my sending the miniature to Clarke. He was so much astonished and affected by what I wrote then that he started immediately and came back to me."

"This will never do, Winchester," said he, rushing into my room; "there's no use of your running away from us so. Mrs. Clarke has commissioned me to bring you home with me; she is very anxious to make your acquaintance, and you must come."

"You have not—"

"Been such a fool as to tell her you are in love with her. Of course not. It is not best to yield to difficulties; face them."

"So I intend to do; but am not asking you to visit you at your home; I cannot do it. I am going East soon."

"But that will be of no use; you must come with me. That was an unfortunate affair about the picture; but you must accustom yourself to things just as they are."

"His manner hurt me. I felt provoked with him for seeming

so indifferent to my great sorrow, which I had confided to him mostly as a necessary part of the duty of returning the picture. I had at least expected him to respect it and regard my wishes. He only seemed bent upon subjecting my feelings to the severest ordeal."

"You have no right to insist upon this, Clarke, and—"

"I tell you, Fred, I will take no refusal. I do not wish to subject you to unnecessary annoyance, but I am convinced that it is only by seeing Mrs. Clarke that the effects of your mistake will pass away. I am not going to consent to have you miserable, and despairing, and imagining yourself the victim of misplaced affection, casting off my friendship as well as that of my wife, when by acting as a man of sense you may save yourself from an unhappy future. I tell you if you don't come, I'll tell Alice all about you."

"I am not convinced by your argument nor moved by your threats, Clarke, but since you have determined a course of action for me, I will satisfy you; I will go with you. You may have the privilege of seeing how much I can suffer, if you are so anxious, though I warn you it will probably result in the dissolution of our friendship. I am ready to accompany you at any moment."

"No you are not; you are to make arrangements to stay a few weeks at least."

"I obeyed him mechanically, for to the whole arrangement I was forcing myself into an indifference of feeling, and my manner showed it. Clarke did not mind me at all; he seemed delighted, and I should have been constantly more and more provoked only for the fact that I was determined to be indifferent. You would hardly believe me if I should tell you that I retained my indifference as we were approaching Clarke's house, so I will confess to you that it was quite otherwise. However, I had determined to make a martyr of myself. But you are anxious to hear the result, and do not care so much about my reflections by the way. Clarke has a cozy little home, and he took me into his parlor, charmingly neat and tasteful, as I should know Alice would make it, and said he would speak to his wife. He came back in a few minutes accompanied by Mrs. Clarke, a charming little woman, but not at all my Alice; and yet strangely enough her name is Alice. She made me very welcome in the same voice which had been so long ringing in my ears. Of course I was very glad that Clarke had forced me to accept of his invitation. Yet it was very strange; of course I could not understand it. The miniature had not been disowned by Clarke; it must have been the one he had lost, and who but his betrothed would have given him her face with a tender message? Then too he had said the picture was less valuable to him since he had the original. What could he have meant? And when I had been perplexing myself with these thoughts I would look at Mrs. Clarke, half expecting to discover in her some resemblance to the picture. It was quite impossible; Mrs. Clarke has a fair round face, and the most beautiful light brown hair waving about her brow and falling in graceful curls. She is entirely different from the Alice of whom I have been dreaming so long; and when I looked inquiringly at Clarke, his calm face betrayed no suspicion of my embarrassment."

"Mrs. Clarke left us after a little while, and I was just going to embrace the opportunity to interrogate Clarke concerning the strange affair, when my attention was arrested by the calm, sweet voice of a lady singing. It came in through the open window. I looked out involuntarily, but saw only the skirt of a dress and a straw hat swinging by the string, as they disappeared through one of the doors leading into the house. In another moment she was with us, her hands full of wild flowers, the heavy braids of dark hair scarcely disturbed by the wind, the color just a little deepened on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkling with great animation, the sweet little mouth parted just ready to speak, when she stopped on observing a stranger. O, Amy, it was my idol—my worshipped one. Of all the thoughts that crowded through my mind at that instant, I remember only that I expected Clarke to introduce me to his wife, thinking he had been playing some game with me, and great was my surprise and delight when he said:

"Mr. Winchester, permit me to introduce you to my sister Annie."

"I'm sure I don't know what I said. I think I must have acted like a fool. I was beside myself with joy. Alice, no, Annie, was the sister of my friend. You see that 'A' may stand for Annie as well as Alice, and I never was very particular about the name. But then Clarke knew that I was in love with his sister, and how I had worshipped her picture, yet he had insisted upon my visiting him. Evidently he was willing I should talk love to Annie, and I promised myself I would do it the first opportunity. Ah, Amy, you should see her! The picture taken so long ago, beautiful as it is, does no justice to her as she is now, in the full glory of her womanly perfection. How angry I was with myself for my awkwardness, and I do not remember one word of what I said while Annie was in the room, and should believe that I did not speak had I not been positively informed that I did."

"You are under great obligations, Annie," said Clarke, "to my friend for the care which he bestowed upon your miniature, which I was so careless as to lose so long ago. You know I told you the other day that it was found."

"Annie's look of inquiry satisfied me that Clarke had not betrayed me. I was grateful and looked imploringly at him, and he told his sister the story of his losing and my finding her miniature very correctly, except for a few embellishments of his own, which he could not resist the temptation to insert, though he was kind enough to pass quietly over my real feelings. Well, Amy, the whole story may be told in a few words now. Clarke gave

me his free consent to win if I could his beautiful sister, and—and—it's all settled between us now."

"One thing puzzled me very much, that Mrs. Clarke should be named Alice, and that her voice should have sounded so familiar to me; and her husband has confessed to me that his acquaintance with his wife and his interest in her commenced that very day on which he left me. She was coming out West to visit some relatives, and by means of mutual friends they became acquainted. Was it not a strange coincidence? But I cannot stop to write any more now. You shall visit us both soon, and till then farewell."

I have visited them. My cousin Annie and I are the best of friends, and Fred declares it is a sweeter name than Alice, and says that Annie's voice is much more musical than that of Alice. It was quite a long time before we learned to call her by her right name. Fred proposed to give the name of Alice to their little daughter, but Annie declared she would always be jealous of any one who bore that name, even if it were her own daughter. She insisted that the child should have my name."

Fred does not seem quite so splendid since his marriage. He is a kind husband, and agreeable enough to other people, but he seems to me a vast deal more like other men, more common-place, and not at all invested with that peculiar faculty of being interesting for which everybody used to give him credit. I cannot but wonder as I witness the enthusiastic affection with which Annie regards him, and I always say to myself, it is all owing to the flattery which he bestowed so profusely upon her before he ever saw her, by means of that picture, which I need scarcely say is placed safely away, as Fred says, for the especial benefit of "our daughter."

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Lord Bacon's mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works that displayed learning, acuteness, and taste. Hume, the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, president of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, though in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education. Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Doctor Johnson. Schiller's mother was an amiable woman; she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favorite child. Goethe thus speaks of his parents: "I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived my faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive with energy and vivacity. Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice her son betook himself to the bar. Mrs. Thomson, mother of the poet, was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son. Boerhaave's mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine. Sir Walter Scott's mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Rutherford, W. S., was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789. Napoleon's father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding.—*The Teacher*."

MORNING.

Morning! what hour is like unto thine? Thou scatterest from thy wing freshness and fragrance; thou revivest all nature from the death of night. Shall not a morning also come for the soul of man? Must he, when the day-star of life is set, forever lie in his dark and narrow cell? No, for some high purpose, known only to the Infinite mind, are we created; and not for the few brief hours of pain and sorrow which we pass in a perishing world. This our mortal existence must share the fate of yon bodiless vapor that skirts the horizon—melt away as if it had never been. Yet, man, doubt not, tremble not, all nature, from the reviving flower in the valley to the sun flashing over the mountain top, cries aloud: "Thus shall spring thy unquenchable spirit; and thus shall the morn of immortality burst upon the night of the tomb!"—*Dewey*.

AN ELOQUENT THOUGHT.

Death still lays us in the grave, but it cannot chain us there to everlasting forgetfulness; it puts its cold hand upon every one of us, but a power higher than death will lift it off, and these forms be again reanimated with all the warmth of life and of sentiment. The churchyard has been called the land of silence (and silent it is indeed to them who occupy it); the Sabbath bell is no longer heard, nor yet the tread of the living population above them; but though remote from the hearing of every earthly sound, yet shall the sound of the last trumpet enter the loneliness of their dwelling, and be heard through earth's remotest caverns.—*Chalmers*.

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AFRICAN TRIBES.

The first engraving on this page and that opposite on the next, are from sketches representing individuals of the Bichari and Ababdeh tribes, Africa. The Ababdeh are one of the nomadic tribes which occupy the country to the east of the Nile, on the borders of the Red Sea, from Cosseir to the frontiers of Nubia, a wild country, where arid mountains divide deserts more arid still. These tribes belong to the troglodyte family, and have preserved the indelible and authentic character of their African origin. Geographers and even modern travellers have erroneously considered them as descendants of Arabic tribes; a careful examination would have disabused them of this false impression. Jealous of preserving the purity of their extraction, the Arabs have never more than partially mingled with the Africans, and their tribes have always lived isolated and independent of the indigenous populations. Arabs are only met with in large numbers in those towns of Nubia which have a commercial importance. The Ababdeh are nearly black, but their features are regular and more like those of the white man than the negro. They are small, and not very well made, but active and vigorous. Their eyes are expressive, and their teeth handsome, but very long and prominent. They generally go naked, with a piece of cloth wound round the waist—some wear long cloth tunics and sandals, like the Gellahs. The sheiks, who have frequent relations with the Arabs and Turks, shave their beards, wear a turban, and otherwise dress like the Arab sheiks. Both women and men take great care of their hair, smear it with mutton fat, and plait and arrange it in the manner of those head-dresses we see sculptured on the old Egyptian monuments. The hair-pins they use are either thorns or slender sticks of hard wood. In the night, to avoid disarranging their hair, and to prevent the sand from adhering to it, they sleep on a kind of wooden pillow, such as is frequently found under the heads of the Egyptian mummies. Devoted to a nomadic life, the Ababdeh have neither towns, lands nor culture. For them independence is the chiefest of worldly blessings. Living in the desert, in the midst of rocks, under camel's hair tents, which they transport from one pasturage to another, they long maintained their freedom, and are now only nominally subjected to the pasha of Egypt. They furnish no soldiers to the army, consequently many fellahs take refuge with this tribe. In 1836, of 500 men of the tribe, collected at Luxor to carry corn to Cosseir, there were found nearly a hundred Arabs who had married Ababdeh girls to escape conscription and taxes. Their principal resource consists in raising sheep, and a species of dromedary called in Arabic *hedgin*, which they use in battle, and by means of which they traverse extensive deserts with great speed. The saddles they make use of are not like those of the Egyptian Arabs. They consist of a block of wood secured by leather straps, and hollowed in such a way as to form a concave surface: a sort of seat covered with sheepskin, on which they place themselves with their legs crossed over the dromedary's neck. All their animals subsist on the plant of the basillah which grows in the desert. The tribe is extremely temperate; water, milk of the dourah or maize form their principal aliments. With them, a pipe of tobacco is an object of luxury, and a bit of fat mutton, often eaten raw and seasoned with *cheyteita*, a very strong sort of pepper, is the greatest of delicacies. The most industries of the Ababdeh cut wood and make it into charcoal, and then transport it by camels to the shores of the Nile, as well as medi-



A WARRIOR OF THE ABABDEH TRIBE, AFRICA.

cial plants they collect in their deserts, and exchange it for dourah, cloth, and other indispensable household articles. They also make a business of escorting caravans to Nubia and the shores of the Red Sea. As they often come into collision with hostile tribes, they always go armed. They commonly carry, like the Nubians, a small poignard attached to the left arm, in the manner shown in the engraving. They have also a two-edged sword with a German blade, like the old Saxon swords. They often also carry little barbed lances, the steel of which is nearly as long as a sword-blade. These lances, which the Bedjahs also use, and which are called by them *sabaiahs*, were fabricated, according to their legends, by a tribe of women, living in a retired place and killing their male offspring, alleging that men were good for nothing but to breed war and trouble. The Amazons only associated with those who came to purchase arms of them. The shields of the Ababdeh are circular and made of elephant, crocodile or hippopotamus hide. Fire-arms, to which they attach a great value, are still extremely rare among them. The picture we give above is a portrait, drawn from life, of a warrior of the Ababdeh armed with shield and sword, a fierce fellow, who looks as if he would be an uncomfortable antagonist at close quarters. The Ababdeh have an idiom which seems to be that of the aborigines or ancient Ethiopians, but from their relations with the merchants of Egypt

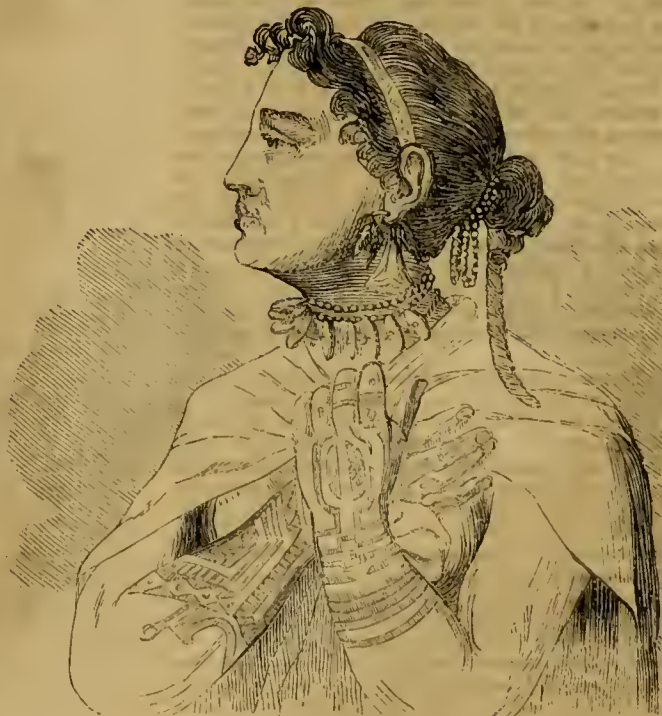
and Hedjaz, the greater part of the Ababdeh have adopted the Arabic language and become converts to Islamism, which has not a little contributed to their being confounded by travellers with the Arab tribes. The territory of the tribe of the Bichari begins at the north, where the Ababdeh end, and extends to the south as far as the neighborhood of Souakem. It occupies all that chain of mountains along the eastern shore of Africa, and may have been the cradle of those wandering people living in grottoes, and consequently designated as Troglodytes. They derive their origin from the Blemmyes, a nomadic people of the environs of Aïxum whom the love of plunder led to approach Egypt. The customs of the Bichari differ little from those of the Ababdeh, with whom, nevertheless, they are always at war. They are dark brown; their features are handsome and regular, and a cripple, a blind or deformed person is rarely found among them. Their language is nothing like the Arabic, and seems to approach the Abyssinian or Berber. These people, true natives of Africa,

are cruel, avaricious, and vindictive. These dispositions are checked by no law human or divine. They call themselves Mussulmans but observe no rites of Islamism. Honest and loyal to each other, they are pilferers, robbers and traitors to strangers, whom they kill on the most frivolous pretext, the blood of man being no more to them than that of the animals whose throats they daily cut. Courage is their chief virtue. Their children are early accustomed to fatigues and privations. If two boys have a dispute, they defy each other to the *kourbash*—a whip made of elephant or hippopotamus hide. The slightest movement to avoid the blows of an adversary, the slightest cry of pain, is regarded as a defeat. If one of them runs, he is insulted in the songs of the women and children, compelled to exile himself, and cannot be restored to his tribe until he has shed the blood of an enemy. The men fight duels in the presence of seconds. Standing or seated opposite to each other, they seize each other's hair and cut away with knives. If the offence is slight, they only wound each other in the arms and legs; if the insult is deep, their gashes are terrible, and the combat often terminates in the death of both parties. The Bichari women are well made, and have handsome eyes and teeth. In general the men have but one wife. A certain number of camels and pieces of cloth forms the dowry of the bride, and in case of divorce, the husband retains half. Both men and women are only half clad, being dressed in a cotton shawl. Their food is milk and raw meat seasoned with pepper. They dry strips of camel's flesh in the sun. Bread is a luxury reserved for festivals. Their arms are the lance, two-edged sword, dagger and buckler. They trade a little in ostrich feathers, but their cattle and dromedaries, the latter the finest in the world, form the principal branch of their commerce.

—MARQUESAS ISLANDS.—The Marquesas sketches on this and the opposite page, represent the king and queen of one of the Marquesas Islands, as delineated by Krusenstern on the occasion of his visit, referred to in our last number, and a view of the bay of Tchichagoff, a wild and romantic scene calculated to make a strong impression of the interesting character of these islands. The island monarch is tattooed in the very highest style of Marquesan art, and, with his plumes and decorated, has certainly something of the divinity of an island monarch. His lady's face has been spared by the tattooer, but her hands are richly ornamented. The features of both are regular and striking. In the Marquesas, kings and queens are regarded as divinities—there being no red republicanism extant there. The priests also enjoy high rank and reputation. They are divided into three classes: the *tahouas*, who claim to have relations with invisible powers, and cure maladies by means of charms, conjurations, and magic ceremonies; the priests, who serve the temples or *morais* and practise surgery; and the *ouhouas*, who are only subaltern acolytes. These three classes of priests, and all their property, are placed under the safeguard of the *taboo*—a sort of sanctification of a person or object, which renders them inviolable to the vulgar; it is something like the privilege granted during the middle ages to the churchmen against laymen, who could not touch their persons or property without exposing themselves to excommunication. The industry of the people of Nouka Hiva is confined to agriculture, building huts or pirogues, fabricating arms, household and toilet articles. The missionaries have labored with great devotion to convert these islanders to Christianity, but they are hard to deal with.



KING OF THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.



QUEEN OF THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.



MEN OF THE BICHARI AND ABABDEH TRIBES, AFRICA.

ANECDOTES OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, the following ludicrous incident occurred. The Americans had pursued the English so closely that they had taken refuge in a brick dwelling, while in their haste to close the door upon the rapidly advancing Americans, they shut out some of their own officers, who were immediately surrounded by their captors. The Americans were now exposed to a galling fire from those within the building, and they only found safety by interposing the persons of their captives between themselves and the marksmen at the windows. Among the British officers taken, was one Major Barry, who without the slightest resistance, began only with a profound solemnity to enumerate his many titles:—"Sir, I am Henry Barry, deputy adjutant-general of the British army, secretary to the commandant of Charleston, captain of the 52d regiment, etc." "Enough, enough," replied Col. Manning, into whose hands he had fallen. "You are just the man I was looking for. Fear nothing; you shall screen me from danger, and I shall take especial care of you." And with the pompous major held before his person, the American officer secured a safe retreat.

On one occasion during the war of the Revolution, a stranger applied to the residence of Governor Clinton, for hospitality, and was received. While refreshments were preparing for him, the governor entered into conversation with him, in the course of which, in reply to some questions proposed by the host, he manifested so much uneasiness, that the suspicions of the family were aroused. These suspicions became confirmed in their minds, by observing him take something very cautiously from his pocket and swallow it. Mrs. Clinton immediately conceived of a plan to make him disgorge his secret. She proceeded to the kitchen, and put a dose of tartar emetic in the cup of coffee preparing for him. The man partook of the beverage, and ere long he began to show signs of indisposition; he grew violently sick, and the result was, a small silver ball was discharged from his stomach. The ball was unscrewed, and found to contain an important communication from Sir Henry Clinton to General Burgoyne. The man was arrested as a spy; and "out of his own mouth," as it was wittily said, he was convicted. He suffered death.

In one of the incursions of Indians upon our frontier settlements during the Revolution, a very romantic incident occurred. The celebrated chief Cornplanter made an attack upon the neighborhood of Fort Plain, burning and destroying, and among the prisoners he captured was one John Abeil, an old inhabitant. The party had not travelled but a few miles on their return, when it was discovered that this Abeil was almost as well acquainted with their language as the Indians themselves. This fact interested the chief, and on inquiring of his captive his name, Cornplanter knew at once that he stood before his own father. Abeil, twenty-five years before, had been a trader among the Indians of Western New York, and in one of his visits became enamored of a pretty squaw, and the result of this affection was the graceful and celebrated warrior, whom the father now for the first time saw standing before him. The chief had learned from his mother the history of his parentage, and his father's name. The meeting was certainly extraordinary to a degree. The young chief held out strong inducements to his white father to accompany him to his tribe, but paternal affection did not seem so strong in the heart of Abeil as his love for the comforts and luxuries of a white man's home, and so he chose rather to be set at liberty and be returned to his friends. This was yielded, and he was conducted in honor back to the settlements. Thus singularly met and parted the father and son.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel Washington." "Your wish, colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you, after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, colonel, can testify that he knows how to make his mark!"

When Marion's brigade was once engaged in battle, Capt. Gee was supposed to be mortally wounded. A ball passed through his hat, very much tearing, not only the crown, but also his head. He lay for many hours insensible; but suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his hat, which being brought to him, a friend at

the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed, "O, I care nothing about my head; time and the doctors will mend that; but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my new hat forever!"

Mrs. Daniel Hall, having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward, in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search then," said Mrs. Hall. "You may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."

Governor Griswold, of Connecticut, was once indebted to a happy thought of his wife for his escape from the British, to whom he was extremely obnoxious. He was at home, but expected to set out immediately for Hartford, to meet the legislature, which had commenced its session a day or two previous. The family residence was at Blackhill, opposite Saybrook Point, and situated on the point of land formed by the Connecticut River on the east, and Long Island Sound on the south. British ships were lying in the sound; and as the governor was known to be at this time in his own mansion, a boat was secretly sent ashore for the purpose of securing his person. Without previous warning, the family were alarmed by seeing a file of marines coming up from the beach to the house. There was no time for flight. Mrs. Griswold bethought herself of a large meat barrel, or tierce, which had been brought in a day or two before, and was not yet filled. Quick as thought, she decided that the governor's proportions, which were by no means slight, must be compressed into this, the only available hiding-place. He was obliged to submit to be stowed in the

cask and covered. The process occupied but a few moments, and the soldiers presently entered. Mrs. Griswold was of course innocent of all knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, though she told them she knew well the legislature was in session, and that business required his presence at the capital. The house and cellar having been searched without success, the soldiers departed. By the time their boat reached the ship, the governor was galloping up the road to Hartford.

One morning during the siege of Charleston, General Moultrie was awakened by a more than ordinary furious cannonading from the enemy, and just as he leapt from his bed, a cannon-ball came crashing through the house, traversing the entire length of the bed, tearing it to pieces, and scattering the fragments in every direction, after which mischief it continued on its career.

General Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time the officer went on to the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun. "What are you about to do?" exclaimed he; "is this the conduct of an American officer, and man of honor?" "What are you about to do?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog!" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breach of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder. This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.—*Revolutionary History.*

A PET MOLE.

Being very desirous of watching the mole in its living state, I directed a professional catcher to procure one alive, if possible; and, after a while, the animal was produced. At first there was some difficulty in finding a proper place in which to keep a creature so fond of digging; but the difficulty was surmounted by procuring a tub and filling it half full of earth. In this tub the mole was placed, and instantly sunk below the surface of the earth. It was fed by placing large quantities of earth-worms, or grubs, in the cask, and the number of worms that this single mole devoured was quite surprising. As far as regards actual inspection, this arrangement was useless, for the mole never would show itself, and when it was wanted for observation, it had to be dug up; but many opportunities for investigating its manners were taken it from its tub, and letting it run on a hard surface the gravel walk. There it used to run with son continually grubbing with its long and powerful snout cover a spot sufficiently soft for a tunnel. More than succeeded in partially burying itself, and had to be dragged again, at the risk of personal danger. At last it contrived to slip over the gravel walk, and finding a patch of soft mould, sank with a rapidity that seemed the effect of magic. Spades were put in requisition, but a mole is more than a match for a spade, and the pet mole was never seen more. I was by no means pleased at the escape of my prisoner; but there was one person more displeased than myself, namely, the gardener; for he, seeing in the far perspective a mole running wild in the garden, disfiguring his lawn and destroying his seed-beds, was extremely exasperated, and could by no blandishments be pacified. His anxieties were all in vain, as is often the case with a mole heap was never seen in the garden, and he concluded that the creature must have run through the wall, and so got away.—*The Common*

How many young gentlemen, wit poor, destitute fellows!—have been so manner, the gracious words of the man who is a creditor!—*Douglas Jerrold.*



VIEW OF THE BAY OF TCHITCHAGOFF.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I am walking in the shadows
That I cast in earlier years;
All my store of pleasant fancies
Memory has changed to tears:
And I walk a way of shadows,
Lengthening with the passing years.

There were times, and there were seasons,
When the sunshine swept the way,
Where my footsteps loved to linger
With the radiance of the May;
But the sunshine, changed to shadow,
Gathers round my path to-day.

I was young, and I was hopeful;
I was earnest, I was strong;
And my heart was bold to battle
With the hosts of ruth and wrong;
And my life was like the music
Wedded to a summer song.

I had impulses that quickened
Neath affection's tropic glow;
I had feelings, I had fancies,
Such as only lovers know.
And a faith in all things beautiful
Did through my being flow.

But a change has come upon me
Since, on error's fatal shore,
My fair bark of life was stranded
Amid stormy ocean's roar:
And the dear delights and fancies
Of the past are mine no more.

So I walk amid the shadows,
And my heart has all the pain
And the sense of bitter sorrow
For what cannot come again:
And the madness and the sadness
Of all pleasure changed to pain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE THREE SISTERS OF MARSTON MOOR.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

THEY stood beside the death-bed of their poor old mother—those strange women, known and scorned, and dreaded for miles around, as "the three sisters of Marston Moor." The great room in which they were gathered was sumptuous enough for a monarch's chamber, but it wore a most dreary, desolate aspect. There was no light save that which now and then leaped up from the embers on the wide marble hearth; and deep shadows brooded among the purple folds of the voluminous curtains, and roamed along the tapestried walls, and lurked about the softly-cushioned chairs and lounges, but hung heaviest round the canopied bed on which the dying woman lay.

No kind neighbor had come in to cheer Maud Forrest's last hours; no clergyman was there to speak of heaven and pray for the peace of the departing soul. She had been a hard-hearted, grasping, defiant woman; had lived unloved and was dying unlamented. It was a fitting time for one who had all her life been at warfare with the world, to lie down to her death-struggle. Black clouds tossed stormily over the old manse; ever and anon the far-off thunder muttered like the herald of a coming storm, and the wind roared amid the firs and yews and gnarled thorn-trees, which in the brightest day of summer cast a perpetual twilight about the house, and swept, wailing, over the long, dark stretch of Marston Moor.

"What is it?" asked her eldest daughter, as the dying mother stirred uneasily. "Do you want the lamp lighted?"

"No, no," was the sharp answer; "I will die as I have lived—in darkness!"

It was pitiful to see the pale face she lifted from the pillow as she spoke, every hard feature was so indelibly stamped with the passions which had made Maud Forrest's life a long conflict. For a long time after she gave this characteristic reply, a solemn hush pervaded the room, but at length it was broken by the entrance of a slight girl, whose fair hair and blue eyes contrasted strikingly with the three brunette sisters.

"Ginevra!" called the dying woman, starting up; "why are you here? Did you think I should like to see you? I tell you I'd rather have a ghost rise by my bed-side! Go back to your drudgery in the kitchen; I would fain forget you. Forget? O heavens, I wonder if there is oblivion in the grave? Go, go, I say, Ginevra! I can't look at your great, searching eyes, your marble face, your thick, golden hair—they rouse memories that madden me! Girl, I always hated you; I shall hate you to the last; begone!"

Terrified at the speaker's words and manner, Ginevra shrank from her presence. The woman listened till the sounds of her retreating footsteps had died away, and then turning to her children, muttered:

"Ha, I suppose she came in to exult over me, to say, 'Old Maud Forrest, you are dying, and I am glad of it; you will kick and cuff and beat me no more!'"

She paused, and taking a glass of wine from the stand near, drained it to the dregs.

"There, there," she continued, "I am stronger now. List, girls; I leave that Ginevra to you; it will be your own fault if you don't keep her the bond-slave I have made her. If she should

ever know all, all you and I know; if she should rise, if she should put her foot on your necks—I—I believe I should come from the grave to upbraid you!" And through the film of death, those black eyes flashed fire.

"Don't fear," replied Irene Forrest, the second of the daughters; "hate is sometimes transmitted from parent to child; yours will yet burn in our blood. Ginevra Vane will have nothing to hope for from the tender mercies of 'the three sisters of Marston Moor!'"

"It is well," resumed the woman, a grim smile flickering over her features; "keep her with you, a kitchen drudge, till she is eighteen, and then give her to Mark Gault. He wants to marry her, and he is her equal, I am sure. Teach her to feel this, or she may yet lift her bold eyes to him on whom you have set your heart, Irene."

The lady started and colored.

"To Guy Montrose, the eldest of one of the proudest families in England, heir to his father's title and rent-roll!" she said, with a light laugh that sounded strangely in the chamber of death; "you must be wandering, mother, or you would not dream of such presumption. Besides, he is too completely in my toils to be won away."

"Don't be so confident of your power as to be careless," muttered Maud Forrest, shaking her head. "Ginevra is matchlessly beautiful."

"And am I not a beauty also?" asked Irene, with a glance at the dusky mirror opposite, which dimly reflected her proud, dark face, her regal figure.

"Yes," said the mother, "but you are a woman of the world; she a simple, confiding girl. I have seen the charm such natures have for men like him. Look out; keep Ginevra in her place, or your game will be lost."

"I am not afraid," was the quick reply; "I have almost overcome Guy's prejudice to our family, and the rest of the conquest will be easy."

A pause followed this assertion; only the short, labored breathing of the dying woman, the measured pulsations of the great clock, below, and the moan of the wind outside, broke the dread silence. At length, however, a girlish shape stole up the oaken staircase leading from the kitchen, and Ginevra again crept into the room.

"Madam," she cried, flinging herself down by the bedside, "you have driven me from you once to-night, but I must brave your anger. One thing you have carefully kept from me—the knowledge of my birth. You are dying now—you will not refuse to tell me who my father and mother were!"

"Ginevra Vane," retorted the woman, fiercely, "I will never breathe the secret—never! It is sufficient that you have been from your infancy a dependent on me; a poor, despised drudge you will remain with my daughters, till Mark Gault carries you off to be his wife."

The young blood rushed over the girl's face in an instant; impetuous words rose to her lips, but she crushed them back.

"Madam," she said, solemnly, "it would not become me to quarrel with the dying, but I believe the God who declares 'that with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,' will deliver me from such a fate."

"Silence, girl! What right have you to an opinion of your own? Begone! I cannot breathe the same air; it oppresses me!"

Ginevra turned from her with a low cry of anguish; a spasm of pain convulsed the woman's features, and her breath came in shorter gasps.

"I sha'n't live—till morning breaks," she faltered; "one thing more I have to ask. I have been despised and scorned in life; when I am dead, don't bury me in the churchyard with those who scorned me; bury me on the wild moor."

At this juncture a loud knock at the hall door rang through the lonely house. The next moment a rough-looking man, in an *outré* costume, crossed the threshold of the death-chamber.

"Mark Gault!" were the words that ran like wildfire from lip to lip as he strode in.

"Mark, what brings you here?" cried the dying woman, vehemently; "has anything gone wrong among you?" And every limb in her attenuated frame shook with agitation.

"No, O no."

"Thank God! It would be hard, if after evading discovery so many years, I should know now that they have found us out."

"I've come on business of my own, old woman," returned Gault. "You remember your promise that Ginie should be my wife? You're going to die, I s'pose, and I want you to give me a writing to that effect."

"Well, well; my children will carry out my plans in every respect; what I have considered binding on me, they will regard, too. Tell the rest so, Gault, for they will never see me alive again. But I don't object to giving you the written bond. Irene, bring me a pen, ink and paper from the *eseritoire* yonder."

The writing materials were brought, the dying woman bolstered up, and then with a half-palsied hand she wrote the desired promise.

"Now, girls, endorse it; it is best to have all fast," added Gault, roughly.

The three daughters then affixed their signatures. When they turned again to their mother, her features were rigid as marble, her dim eyes set—Old Maud Forrest was dead!

It was a dismal day, that which had been fixed for the burial of Dame Forrest. No storm raged as on the night when her restless spirit passed away from earth, but the sky wore a dull, leaden hue, and the wind wailed out a wild dirge as it swept over the lonesome moor, where, in accordance with her request, her grave

had been made. Dolefully the solemn death-knell came ringing up to the grand dining-room in Montrose Hall, where the young heir of the house was sitting at a quiet dinner with a single friend. As the "muffled monotone" of the bell struck on his ear, he pushed back his plate, and with a hasty "excuse me," rose and hurried to the window.

"What's to pay now?" asked his guest.

"Don't you hear?—the bell is tolling."

"Ah, yes; what can it be for?"

"Mrs. Forrest's funeral," replied the young host, "and I am going."

"Whew!" rejoined Beaufort, with a shrug of the shoulders; "you're stark mad, Guy. Old Maud Forrest has been the pest of the neighborhood; there's not a man, woman or child who has lived within reach of her influence, that is not heartily glad she's dead. Nobody will go to the funeral except her family and some few of the village loungers."

"I know it," replied Montrose, with a rising color; "I know it, and this is why I am anxious to be present."

Beaufort hesitated an instant, and then rejoined:

"To tell the truth, Guy, you have met her daughter, Irene, and in spite of your pride and your prejudice, been charmed into admiration of her beauty, her wit, her grace. You wish to let her know that you are not ashamed to acknowledge yourself friendly to the orphans. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes," said Montrose, "that I am resolved to do."

"Then if you are bent on going, I will bear you company," continued Beaufort, "though I shall do it under a strong protest."

Montrose smiled faintly, but there was a resolute expression on his lip, and his friend saw it would be useless to make any further effort to dissuade him from his purpose. The two young men had just stationed themselves at a little distance from the new-made grave, when the funeral procession came slowly towards them. The car in which the coffin was borne onward to its narrow home, was drawn by two superb black horses, and rich in nodding plumes, but it was a meagre band that followed it. The three sisters of Marston Moor and the servants of the household, only these made up the funeral procession.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," read the rector, solemnly, as the corse was lowered into the ground.

The daughters of the dead pressed forward, and flinging back their long crape veils, looked down at the coffin. Thus the darkly beautiful face of Irene was fully revealed to Guy Montrose, and he whispered to Beaufort:

"Do you blame me now for admiring Irene Forrest?"

"Hush, hush!" replied his friend; "look again; the group has had an addition since you turned towards me."

Montrose glanced in the direction indicated. There stood a girl, beautiful as the far-famed Peri of the East. She had pressed to the very brink of the grave, and was gazing into its cold depths with a wild, despairing expression on her pale and classic face. The large, soft, blue eyes were misty with tears; the half-parted, red lips quivered nervously; the fair brow was heavy with such a shadow as it is fearful to see the young and lovely wear. Her thick, golden hair blew in tangled masses from beneath her faded hood, and the cloak she had gathered around her could not conceal her clean, but threadbare dress.

"Is she not beautiful, the new-comer?" asked Beaufort.

"Yes, the most beautiful creature I ever saw," replied Montrose, enthusiastically.

At this moment Irene glanced towards Montrose, and perceived that his gaze was riveted upon the girl, who had stolen to her side. She turned to the offender with a fierce look and some harsh word, which sent a hot glow to her cheek. The girl crept away, but not till Montrose had marked how repulsive Irene's face could become when she was angry. Soon afterwards the procession moved away from the spot, but the young men still lingered.

"Who was the girl that came forward and stood among the sisters?" asked Montrose, of the sexton.

"Why," he replied, pausing in his work and leaning over his spade; "it was Ginevra Vane, poor thing! She's lived with the woman who lies dead below, ever since she was a wee child, and no slave was ever treated worse than she's been; but they say she's borne it, hoping that the old lady would sometime betray the secret of her birth. The servants whisper it about that Ginevra went into her room when she was dying and begged her to tell what she has so longed to know, but Maud Forrest wouldn't—God forgive her!"

"But the sisters, wouldn't they reveal the secret?" asked Montrose.

The sexton shook his head. "P'r'aps their mother carried the secret with her into the other world; but if they do know, Ginevra will be none the wiser for it; they are chips of the old block."

Guy Montrose made no more inquiries, but drew his friend away.

"All this may be but mere gossip," he said to Beaufort, and yet as he walked off, his secret thoughts dwelt not on Irene's stately beauty, but upon the fair, golden-haired girl the sexton had called Ginevra.

That night, the first night that Maud Forrest lay cold and still in her lonely grave, the three sisters of Marston Moor gathered around the fireside of the imposing old house she had bequeathed to them. As I have said before, they were brunettes and women of stately presence, but Irene was the beauty of the three. As she stood now, leaning against the quaintly-carved mantelpiece, her fine form in an attitude of graceful repose, her coal-black hair wound in a massive coil around her head, and her proud face all aglow, Agnes and Julia watched her with admiring eyes.

"We are both quick-witted," said Agnes to her elder sister; "we can scheme for the aggrandizement of the three lone women

of the moorland, but Irene, with her rare beauty, must carry out our plans. She must make an alliance that will reflect lustre on our name. She is fit to be a countess, and I am sure Guy Montrose thinks so too."

A low laugh greeted this remark, and ere the merriment had subsided, Irene rang for a servant.

"Tell Ginevra to bring in lights," she said to the man who answered her summons.

"Please, ma'am," replied John, "Ginevra aint in."

"And where is she?"

"I don't know, ma'am; she went out just after you gave her such a sound scolding for going to the funeral, and aint got back yet."

"Well, bring the lamps yourself, John; she'll come by-and-by."

With these words the lady sank into her seat, and sat for some time in silence. But, though outwardly calm, there was a conflict within; she had expected Guy Montrose would call to offer some consolation in her bereavement, and was bitterly disappointed because he did not come. She was aroused from an unpleasant reverie by hearing the clock strike nine.

"Why don't that girl come in?" asked Agnes.

"What girl?" asked Irene, sharply; "hasn't Ginevra returned yet?"

"No. Where can she be? She hasn't run away, has she?"

"I don't know; I'll go in search of her." And gathering a heavy shawl about her, Irene glided away.

The leaden clouds which had masked the sky all day had parted, and the moon was shining brightly. Irene Forrest had not gone far when she heard a wild cry, and then the harsh voice of Mark Gault. She drew back into the shadows, but peering through the branches of the holly shrubs which screened her crouching figure, she saw Gault standing side by side with Ginevra Vane. The girl's hat had fallen off, and the face thus exposed was frightfully pale, the large eyes had dilated with terror, and there was a spasmodic motion in every feature.

"Come, come, lady-bird!" cried Gault, in a taunting tone; "walk home with me peaceably. You might as well begin, for before she died, old Maud made a solemn promise that you should be my wife. Come, I say; I want to have a little chat with you."

"Leave me!" gasped Ginevra; "leave me; you have no claim upon me. Dame Forrest no longer has the power to bind me body and soul. I will never be yours while I live, and so you may set your heart at rest."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mark Gault, "you've got some spirit, I declare! But there's no use in showing fight. Come along with me, without another word." And grasping her arm, he began to draw her forward.

"Villain, unhand that girl!" exclaimed a voice which rang out like a clarion on the cool, night air, and with one wild bound, Guy Montrose cleared the hedge that separated his grounds from the highway, and stood face to face with the ruffian; the next moment Gault lay senseless on the ground, and Ginevra was clinging to her defender.

"How shall I thank you?" murmured Ginevra, brokenly.

"I ask no thanks," replied Montrose; "I need none but that glad, grateful look of yours. I saw you walking alone and kept my eye upon you, lest something might befall one so young, so fair, and apparently so unprotected. You belong to the household of the late Maud Forrest, I believe? Shall I conduct you home?"

The listening Irene waited to hear no more. What could have been more inopportune than such a meeting between those she wished to keep apart? Her blood boiled with rage, as they walked away in the moonlight, Ginevra tenderly supported by the handsome patrician's arm, and his head bent so that his eyes could read her young and beautiful face. Striking into the moor, Irene took a circuitous route to the old mansion-house, but long as she was on the way, Montrose had not reached the door with his fair charge, when she entered. She could not bear to meet the inquiries of her sisters, and so, leaving the front door ajar, she glided into the hall and concealed herself behind a grim statue. She had watched and listened half an hour perhaps, when she heard voices just outside, the deep, rich tones of Montrose blending with the soft accents of Ginevra Vane. In another instant they had paused on the door-stone.

"Here I must leave you," Irene heard the gentleman say; "but before I go, let me say a word or two more. There is a forlorn, wistful look about your eyes, a drooping of the lids, a tremor round the mouth, which tells a sad story; the world confirms it; will you allow me to ask, after so brief an acquaintance, if you have been crushed down into the dust under the iron heel of a cruel mistress?"

"She's dead—don't speak of her!" gasped the girl, tears gushing into her eyes; "and now farewell, sir; you're far above me in station; I can never meet you again as a friend, an equal." And she turned to leave him.

"Stay!" interposed Montrose; "I shall not lose sight of you, unless you banish me from the neighborhood; good night." And the young heir bowed as profoundly as if Ginevra Vane had been a princess.

He glided from the door, and the girl came hurrying in, flushed and tremulous, and with a sweet smile playing over her face. What was her consternation when Irene Forrest rose before her!

"Soho, Ginevra!" she said, seizing her by the arm; "you have been playing the lady have you? A pretty pass things are coming to, when household drudges aspire to the notice of a future earl! Minion, you shall suffer for this!"

With eyes flashing fiercely, she drew the maiden along towards the kitchen, where old John, the steward, sat dozing over his cane.

"John!" she cried, shaking him by the shoulder; "wake, wake,

I say, and turn that good cane of yours to some account. Ginevra is getting above her station; I must see her soundly beaten before I sleep."

The man started and rubbed open his sleepy eyes, but made no movement to do her bidding.

"Will you obey me, John?" queried his mistress, angrily.

"No, ma'am, I can't beat this child—no, no; she's saved my old bones many a hard pull; I believe she's a wronged creature. God forbid that I should raise my hand agin her!"

"Then go; you are no longer a servant of mine!" And opening the door, she pushed him out to seek another home wherever he could.

The next day it was rumored that Ginevra Vane, who had so long been a kitchen drudge with the Forrests, had disappeared, but whither she had gone was a profound mystery. Vigilant search was made for her by the neighbors, and foremost among those interested in her fate was Guy Montrose; but every effort failed to elicit any information in regard to her, and people at length came to the conclusion that the dark secret was locked in the hearts of the three sisters of Marston Moor.

For a few weeks after Montrose had ascertained that Ginevra was missing, he continued to pay occasional visits to their home, but at length even these ceased, and they were left to live in lonely grandeur. Ere long it became a wonder to the young nobleman's life, that he had ever admired the dark and stately Irene Forrest, and the fair Ginevra haunted his memory like a sad, half sweet dream.

A year had gone by since the events which have just been narrated. Deeper and deeper had grown the shadows which darkened the lot of the three lone women of the moor. Their natures had become harsher and more vindictive; like their mother, they seemed at warfare with the world; they asked for no favors and gave none. There was something mysterious in their manner of life, and the superstitious said that old Maud's ghost was still regnant in her home, and was the chief mover of all the strange proceedings there. The burly form of Mark Gault was often seen beside their hearthstone; the shrill whistle peculiar to him, was a frequent sound about their grounds; his horses were stabled with those of the sisters; and once or twice the great table in the banqueting-room had been set out with the family silver and the choicest viands, for the purpose of feasting him and a party of rude fellows like himself.

In the meantime Guy Montrose betook himself to a secluded place many miles away from Marston Moor. As he was strolling along a lonely beach one evening, he saw a little shallop just ready to land. Its only occupants were an old man and a girl. The next moment a fair face turned towards him.

"Ginevra, the long-lost Ginevra!" he cried, and sprang to the water's edge.

"Guy Montrose!" exclaimed the maiden; "surely, Uncle John, we need not fear to trust him."

"No, no," rejoined the old man, and they both leaped on shore.

"I had despaired of finding you," said the young man; "after your mysterious disappearance, I sought most earnestly for you, but in vain. I even visited the Forrests awhile, with the hope of ascertaining some clue to your fate, but to no purpose. It is now the general belief in the neighborhood, that the three sisters of Marston Moor made way with you."

"No, O no," replied Ginevra; "after we had parted at the door, on the night when you rescued me from the advance of Mark Gault, Irene met me in a rage, dragged me along to the kitchen, and bade John, the old steward, beat me."

"Fiend!" muttered Montrose, between his teeth.

"Yes," interposed the gray-haired man, coming forward; "she did seem like a fiend; because I would not obey her she turned me away. Then she beat Ginevra unmercifully herself, and thrust her into the cellar. I was lurking about, for I had suddenly resolved to flee and take the child with me. At last, when the house was still, I went to the cellar-window and called softly, 'Ginevra, Ginevra!' She was lame from the blows she had received, but she managed to crawl towards me. I knew how to unfasten the secret springs of the window, and soon drew her out. Before the day broke we were far on our journey, for though I carried Ginevra in my arms, a strong resolution gave me the strength of a giant, and old as I was, I felt no weariness. We came here, where I have a brother living. I have built a little hut of my own; Ginevra shares it and acts as my housekeeper, while I gain a livelihood by fishing."

"Thank God that it is well with you!" said Montrose, gazing with intense admiration at the beautiful Ginevra.

A twelvemonth of comparative repose had superbly ripened the young girl's loveliness; her eyes had lost their forlorn and weary look; the lips no longer had that uneasy tremor, which bespeaks a gnawing care; the pale cheek had taken a soft, peach-blossom tinge, and the rippling gold of her hair a richer shade. At seventeen, Ginevra Vane was as fair a creature as ever trod the soil of old England. Guy Montrose felt this; her face haunted him through the dreams of the night, and as day after day went on, he learned to think that her pure young heart would be as great a treasure as a man need to win. They rambled side by side over the rocks and sands of the shore; they sailed in John's fishing-boat on the blue sea; they sat together in the rude hut, while the sunshine stole in golden bars through the lattice; and thus both learned that lesson which comes sooner or later to every soul. This knowledge gave Ginevra a wild thrill of pain.

"Why have I been so rash?" she said to herself; "do I not know that he can never mate with me who have been a mere drudge?" And she grew shy and distrustful.

Guy Montrose marked the change which had come over her;

he saw that she no more bounded to meet him, nor grew radiant and joyous in his society. She seemed to keep a strict guard over word and look, and he resolved to know the reason.

"Ginevra," he murmured, as he stood beside her on the beach; "you do not appear the same person that you were a week ago. You are as distant and reserved as any woman in the world. I did not expect this of you."

The girl stooped to pick up a beautiful shell from the sands, that she might hide her agitation, but she did not speak, and Montrose continued:

"I have been in society a great deal, Ginevra; I have met scores of fashionable belles and grown tired of them. Such an one can never be aught to me but the companion of an idle hour. When I first met you, I was charmed by your wondrous beauty, and your wrongs aroused a compassionate interest in me. Since I have known you, I have found something so pure, so fresh in your nature, that my whole heart has gone out to you in a wild, absorbing love. Ginevra, can you love me? will you be my wife?"

The maiden rose and looked searchingly into his face.

"You used to be called proud," she faltered; "you have wealth, station, everything I have not."

"That may be," resumed Montrose; "but now I wish to put these distinctions aside. If I stood here, a fisherman as humble as John, but yet as devoted to you as I am now, could you say, 'Guy Montrose, I love you?' Answer me truly, Ginevra."

"O yes; I have grown shy and reserved, because I dared not love you!"

"Then I am blest indeed. I ask no higher earthly happiness than to have won you for my own!"

He drew her to him, he kissed the cheek that burned with joyous blushes, and murmured words which made her young heart beat as it had never beat before. Montrose urged an immediate union, but Ginevra steadily refused, declaring that she would not be his wife till she had gained that knowledge and those accomplishments which would fit her to grace the circles in which he was wont to move.

A fortnight later Ginevra Vane was installed at a select school with the sister of her noble suitor. Another year went by, and few would have recognized in the brilliant and beautiful girl who was about to leave Madame Dautier's establishment, the poor creature who had once drudged in Maud Forrest's kitchen. Love had lent new keenness to her intellect, and even those high-born relatives who had sneered at Guy's choice, now acknowledged that he might be proud of his betrothed bride.

It was the evening previous to the day which had been appointed for the bridal of Guy Montrose and the fair Ginevra, and the young nobleman's affianced wife sat alone in a splendid apartment of his London residence. The marriage rites were to be solemnized at St. Paul's, with all the eclat befitting the rank and wealth of the house of Montrose, and Ginevra had just turned from an inspection of her costly wedding gear. In striking contrast to the splendor around her, had come up the memory of her desolate childhood. Maud Forrest's low kitchen once more rose before her, and again she seemed to be a barefoot drudge, toiling like a galley slave. But what was that?—a mere phantom of a heated brain? No; there stood Irene Forrest, her coal-black hair streaming in dishevelled masses round her haggard face, and beside her the athletic form of Mark Gault, her quondam *fiancé*!

"Gault," said Irene, in a hollow tone, fastening her burning eyes upon him, "I promised that I would find Ginevra for you if she was in the wide world, but—ha, ha!—I have only brought you here to London to deepen my revenge, to denounce you as a smuggler! There, there, I have done with you; I leave you to the law! I have been the means of fixing its grasp upon you!"

As she spoke, a band of officers poured in, and the bravado Gault was borne off to lodgings which he should have occupied long before.

"You look astonished, Ginevra," continued Irene, "and well you may. Once I would have torn my tongue out by the roots, ere I would have betrayed him! I have feared that man as I never feared another; but of late he has grown so tyrannical that I have determined to shake off his power. Years ago he aided my mother in carrying out a wicked plan. What that plan was I will tell you. When my mother and yours were girls, they were rivals; Helen Berkely won the rich and fascinating nobleman Maud Hastings had resolved to win, and made my mother her deadliest enemy. Still she was a secret foe; Lady Helen never suspected her as such, and when she died, bequeathed her only child to her care, as her husband had been killed by an accident. Then Maud Forrest's revenge began to work. She degraded you into a mere nothing, and appropriated your fortune to herself. Gault knew the secret of your birth, and to bribe him to silence, she promised to give you to him as a wife, with a large marriage portion, and was finally persuaded to aid him in his smuggling, by secreting goods and the like. At her death she charged us to walk in her steps, and thus far we have; but there is an end to human endurance—my spirit has long chafed under the thralldom, and here I stand in open rebellion."

"I can never thank you enough for what you have revealed to me!" cried the girl; "let me call Guy, and he will thank you too."

"No; I loved him once; I am not strong enough to meet his thanks! Good-night, Ginevra—a long good-night!"

"Good-night, Irene—God bless you!"

Thus they parted. The next day, Guy Montrose and Ginevra were married, but when they went down to their ancestral hall in the country, after a full restitution of their property had been made through a London attorney, they found the old home of the Forrests desolate, and afterwards, none knew where lived and died "the three sisters of Marston Moor."

MEDEAH FAMILY, ALGIERS.

The group in our engraving, representing a husband and wife and their son, is from a sketch made in Algeria by a travelling artist. The people of Medeah have regular features and good forms, many of the women being strikingly handsome, with brilliant black eyes, lustrous hair, and fine forms. The dresses of the women are frequently extremely rich. Women of all ranks in Algeria, when in the public streets, are covered with white calico or muslin from head to foot, and steal along like ghosts, and have thick white veils across their faces; but at home their costume is rich and bright-colored. An amber-colored silk handkerchief is tied round the head, and over it is a band of diamonds, with pendants, and large diamond ear-rings. One or two fresh flowers are stuck in one side of the face. Strings of pearls and of scented beads mixed with pearls, are round the neck, and also a long string of large scented beads. Over an embroidered muslin chemise is a green satin jacket, embroidered with silver at the seams, and with silver buttons. A scarf of silk and gold is loosely wound round the waist, below which peeps out an inner dress of white muslin, embroidered with pink. Loose trousers of blue and gold brocade reach to just below the knee, where they terminate with a band of gold round the leg. Gold bracelets and anklets complete the attire. Provincial costume is rather different from this. Over the silk handkerchief and under the chin is an embroidered gauze handkerchief with colored border, and this hangs down over one shoulder. A white woollen scarf over the shoulders is fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder, whence the ends hang down in many folds. This is the costume of Medeah and the country about it. Instead of jewels in her hair, the fair provincial sometimes has a chain of orange-flowers strung on thread, a very popular ornament—chains of these, mixed with other flowers, being sold about the streets for a mere trifle. The boy has the usual Moorish dress, with the white bournouse thrown across one shoulder. It is curious to observe the various forms in which the love and taste for dress displays itself among the different nations and tribes of men. It generally forms no unerring index in reading the character of a people.

BRANKSEA CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE, ENGLAND.

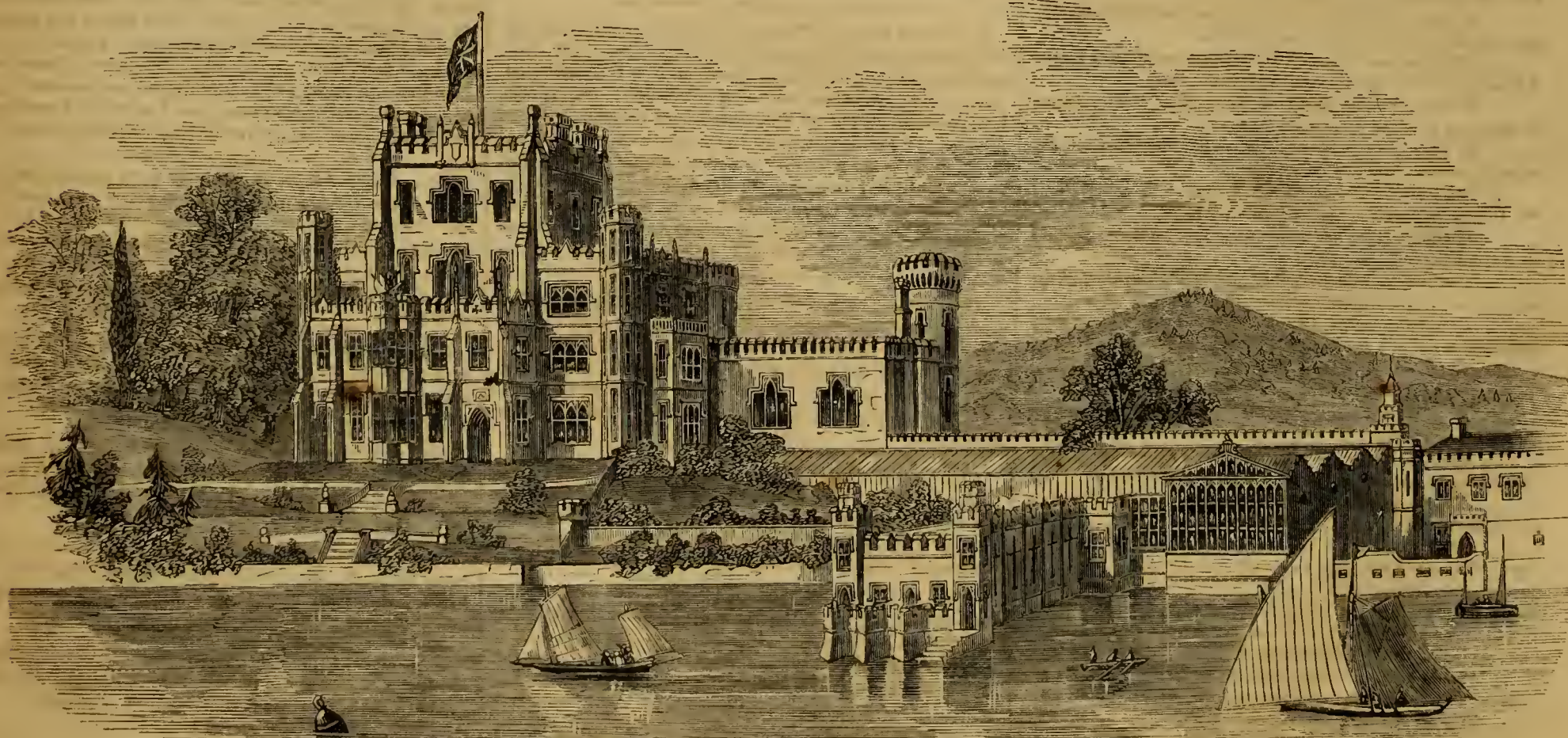
The extensive structure delineated in the second engraving on this page, is situated on the Island of Branksea, not far from the Isle of Wight, and is a fine specimen of castellated architecture. The island is one and a half mile in length by three quarters of a mile in breadth, and is of an agreeably undulating surface, a

large part being covered with heath and plantations, and presenting, on a sail round the shore, a picturesque variety of form and elevation. On the south, north and west, the coast rises about seventy feet in height, the steep banks boldly projecting and receding, being fringed and occasionally covered with Scotch firs, gorse and heath. The interior of the island falls by gradual and varied slopes to the lakes and valley that open to the east. An elegant church, dedicated to St. Mary, has recently been erected on the island. There are extensive pottery works here, where terra cotta articles are manufactured. Branksea Castle is a spacious

entrance leading to the gardens, pleasure-grounds, shrubberies, cliff-walks, lakes and pheasantry, all of which are intersected with delightfully shady and romantic walks and drives. The castle and grounds command extensive and uninterrupted views of Poole and the bay, and the open channel, together with the adjacent islands, Corfe Castle, Isle of Wight, and the undulating and graceful heights and slopes of the Purbeck Hills in the distance, together with the cliff coast of Studland Point, and other interesting prospects. The whole of the shipping entering and leaving the port of Poole passes immediately in front of the castle.



A MEDEAH FAMILY, ALGIERS.



BRANKSEA CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE, ENGLAND.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E., Morganfield, Union Co., Ky.—The prince was lately residing in England. He is not employed in the English marine.
 AGNES.—In answer to your inquiry respecting the *sun-flower*, we may state that the name is said by some to have been given to the plant on the supposition that its large yellow flowers turn in the direction of the sun's course. By others, the name is supposed to be derived from the resemblance the flowers bear to the great luminary of the day.
 E. P.—Professor Brande says that a mixture of four ounces of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of sub-carbonate of soda, and four ounces of water, in a tin pail, has been found to produce ten ounces of ice in three hours.
 CONSTANT READER.—The almond-tree grows naturally in Barbary and in Asia, from Syria to Afghanistan. It is extensively cultivated in the south of Europe. There are two varieties of the tree—the sweet and the bitter almond. The chief kinds of sweet almonds are the Valencia, the Italian, and the Jordan. The latter kind come from Malaga. Bitter almonds are imported from Mogadore.
 A. B.—The celebrated Admiral Colligny did not fall in battle. He was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholemew, on the 24th of August, 1572.
 CUBA.—In modern times, the age of Palladio may be said to be the classic period of architecture. Palladio was a native of Vicenza, and he flourished during the middle of the sixteenth century. He was one of those who most essentially contributed to revive the beauties of ancient architecture. Having devoted himself to the study of the monuments of classic antiquity, he re-established the true rules of architecture, which had been corrupted by the barbarism of the Goths.
 EUTERPE.—In music, a pedal bass or organ-point, is a long-holding note in the bass, accompanied by a succession of chords, which sometimes include the holding note itself, as an essential note, and sometimes do not. The chords thus introduced are called pedal harmonies. A pedal-note must be either a key-note or a dominant.—The German composers use the term *Orgel-Stucke* to designate pieces written expressly for the organ.
 E. G.—The peculiar kind of sealing-wax called Spanish-wax may be made in the following manner: Take beautiful clear resin, the whitest that can be procured, and melt it over a slow fire. When it is properly melted, take it from the fire, and for every pound of resin add two ounces of vermilion, pounded very fine, stirring it about. Then let the whole cool, or pour it into cold water. This wax is so hard, that, when letters are sealed with it, they cannot be opened without breaking the seal.
 YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.—The Nereids of Mythology are sea-nymphs. They were supposed to be the daughters of Nereus, and they are described as being constantly in attendance on Neptune. In ancient monuments, the Nereids are represented as riding on sea-horses, sometimes with the human form entire, and sometimes with the tail of a fish.
 NOVEL READER.—The fashionable London district called May-fair received its name from a fair which was held there by grant of James II. This fair, which commenced on the 1st of May, and continued for the space of fifteen days, was not for trade and merchandize, but for amusements of various kinds. The site of the fair is now occupied by Hertford Street, Curzon Street, Shepherd's Market, etc.

THE LIGHT ARTILLERY.—This fine company is now admirably disciplined, and performs the complicated manœuvres appertaining to a light battery with a precision only surpassed by the same arm of the regular army.

MASONIC.—The late reception of the Virginia Knights Templars was quite a feature. The De Molay encampment and their guests made a splendid parade in our streets.

CAIRO.—The people of Cairo insist that they are not all drowned out, in spite of newspaper reports. They ought to know.

SPLINTERS.

.... The insect called "daddy long-legs" has so increased in the London parks as to menace and destroy the turf.

.... Mr. William B. Astor, now in Paris, has bought Powers' statue of California for 7500 dollars.

.... A schooner has been fitted out at Rochester, N. Y., for a voyage to the Labrador cod-fisheries.

.... An equestrian statue of Napoleon the Great in bronze has been inaugurated at Cherbourg, France.

.... A committee has been formed in London among the literary men to further the Lamartine subscription.

.... The queen and royal family have been patronizing Howes & Cushing's American circus—showing their taste.

.... General Scott has been in the army half a century, fought in two great wars and some minor ones.

.... M. Claudet's stereomonscope gives to a single drawing the effect of relief produced by the stereoscope.

.... The Boston-built yacht *Flora Temple*, sold to Sir Henry W. Beechy, will soon appear at Cowes, England.

.... Charles Dickens has been reading his own stories publicly to large audiences in London.

.... The owners of the *Leviathan* are making desperate efforts to raise money to equip their monster ship.

.... An Englishman, J. Cox, has invented a swimming apparatus which makes a man a sort of duck or fish.

.... The new screw-steamer *Nova Scotian*, built in the Clyde for service in the St. Lawrence, is a noble boat.

.... A violin improves by age and use—so may a man's life be made more harmonious as it nears its end.

.... Elizabeth Cotton, an English girl, beguiled into joining the Mormons, has been denouncing them and their system.

.... That is rather an extensive rosebush at Mr. Daglish's, Providence, which has 6000 flowers and buds.

.... The richest man in England is the Marquis of Westminster. His annual income is computed at \$3,000,000.

.... Salt Lake, in Utah, is saltier than the ocean. Two quarts of its water will make, it is said, a pint of salt.

.... The late Colonel Harrison, our veteran consul at Kingston, Jamaica, had held the post since Jefferson's days.

.... In the tribe of Vizrees, who live in Cabul, India, the women do all the courting, and choose their husbands.

.... Ladies who array themselves in patent hoops should sing, as they dress, "Still so gently o'er me steeling."

.... "Unless a man occasionally tax his faculties to the uttermost," said Jeremiah Mason, "they will soon begin to fail."

NATIONAL EXPENSES.

As the United States increase in territory, population and commerce, the amount of regular expenditures increases also; so that now, with thirty-two States, and some three millions more or less of square miles of territory, the expenditures are greatly larger than they were when there were but thirteen States, and less than one million square miles of area. Occasionally, too, disturbances arise which call for a large temporary increase of expenditure, which swell the appropriations for a year or two greatly above the average. Such for instance was the recent war with Mexico, which cost the government some sixty or seventy millions of dollars, and thus swelled the expenses greatly for several years. At the present time, the troubles with Utah, requiring the concentration of a large army, and a vast quantity of supplies in that distant region, have added very largely to the ordinary expenses of the government, and cost the people of the United States much more than Brigham Young and all his adulterous tribe are worth. But an incidental good will come from this extraordinary expense, in the opening of military roads and establishing posts in the interior of the continent, and overawing the hostile Indian tribes, and thus paving the way for the march of civilization.

Congress has just adjourned, after making the necessary appropriations for the expenses of the government for the service of the year 1859. The regular appropriations amount to about fifty-four millions of dollars, of which the army absorbs seventeen millions, and the navy about fifteen. The post-office and mail steamers take about four millions and a half more; and the civil list, foreign and domestic, including pensions, some fifteen millions,—making the whole amount of fifty-four millions. To this is to be added, in the nature of extraordinary expenses, some fourteen millions more, the greater part of which is for deficiencies which occurred the previous year, owing to the necessary outfit of the Mormon expedition. It will thus be seen that the whole amount appropriated for current expenditures for the year 1859, by Congress, is sixty-eight millions of dollars. To raise this large amount of money, the chief reliance of the government is upon the duties upon importations, the revenue from the sale of public lands being comparatively small, and of uncertain amount. The cost of collecting the revenues by means of custom houses is quite large, amounting to some three or four millions of dollars annually. It is getting to be a very common question among the people, whether the money for the expenses of government might not be raised at a much less cost by some other means than by impost duties, as now collected. Probably it might, and with far greater equality also, as regards the ability of individuals to pay. As it is now, a poor man with a large family, consuming a large amount of dutiable goods, pays a greater proportion of the revenue than a rich man, notwithstanding the poverty of the former. On the other hand, it is urged that tariff duties enable the government to afford incidental protection to domestic industry, and that the custom house system furnishes the only available means of getting at the statistics of the commerce of the country. This question, of custom houses or no custom houses, will never be a local or a party question in politics, for men of opposite parties, and different sections of the country, maintain similar views upon the subject. There is, however, one general remark which may be made in reference to the present policy of the country, and that is, that the system of raising a revenue by tariff duties has always been in force ever since the establishment of the government, and thus far has worked well. Whether an entirely different system would work as harmoniously and effectively, even though more just in itself, may admit of a doubt. It is dangerous to try radical experiments in the policy of a great nation.

DR. ROSE'S MEDAL.—The gold medal presented by the survivors of the crew of the steam frigate *Susquehanna* to Dr. Rose, was lately exhibited at Tiffany's, New York. It is of solid gold, five ounces in weight, and two inches in diameter. On one side is the representation of the *Susquehanna*, and on the other an inscription: "Presented to Assistant Surgeon Frederick Rose, R. N., by the remnant of the crew of the United States frigate *Susquehanna*, who returned to the United States in good health, as a mark of their appreciation of his generously volunteered professional services, rendered their shipmates, who were afflicted with yellow fever, April, 1858."

TIN FOIL.—The manufacture of tin foil in this country has become a fixed and established business. A few years since we purchased from Europe all of the above article used here. We now produce foil and sheet metal superior in quality and at a less price than the imported; and its use is rapidly increasing for various purposes, wrapping tobacco, making metallic caps for bottles, etc.

HORSEMANSHIP.—Mr. John Powers, a famous Californian horseman, recently rode, for a wager, one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and fifty-three minutes. He changed as often as he pleased. Osbaldiston, in his great match, several years ago, rode two hundred miles in eight hours and fifty-two minutes.

MINNESOTA.—This young State is rapidly advancing. The territorial government was organized in 1849, at which time it contained less than six thousand inhabitants. In nine years that number has increased to two hundred thousand.

THE WORK OF SCIENCE.—Franklin seized lightning by the tail, held it fast, and tamed it; Morse put clothes on it, and taught it how to read and write and do errands.

TROUBLES IN EUROPE.

We have our troubles in this country, and we make the most of them, for they are so rare in the general tide of prosperity, that they are almost a relief in the general platform of good fortune; and we have thought, from the manner in which our journalists expatiate on minor evils, that we really enjoyed what Rosa Matilda calls the "billowy ecstasy of woe." But most of our troubles spring from the exhaustless energy of our people, from discounting on a future of unparalleled brightness, from a wantonness engendered by a fathomless facility of resource. But if we have a faculty for getting into trouble, we have quite as remarkable a faculty for getting out of it. Our trials do not retard our progress, any more than the walking of a passenger from the stem to the stern of an outward-bound ship retards the time of her arrival at her port of destination.

But the troubles of Europe are of a graver character and more frequent occurrence, and must tax to the uttermost the energies of her statesmen and the philosophy of her people. At this moment the nations of the old world have troubles enough accumulated on their hands. England is drained of blood and treasure to suppress the so-called mutiny in India, which has assumed the gigantic proportions of a revolution, while the military preparations of a near neighbor compel her, however ill able to afford it, to increase her home navy and army; the finances of France are in a deplorable state, and her social condition is no less so, while that tiger with six hundred thousand heads, the French army, must be fed or it will rend its despotic master. They must be sent to cut throats abroad or they will be cutting throats at home, and Austria is said to be the victim destined to slake its thirst for blood and thunder. If war between Austria and France occurs, woe to the continent!—we shall see renewed the sanguinary scenes of the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, and poor old, enfeebled Europe will be drained anew of her life-blood at every pore. What are our own troubles when we compare them with those that mine or threaten those distant states?—dew-drops on the lion's mane of Young America, which she casts from her almost without an effort.

JOHN BULL.

Our respected ancestor, Johannes Bull, Esq., does not seem inclined to try any passage at arms with Jonathan, and we are heartily glad of it. We do not attribute this to want of courage, for to deny that Bull is carved out of solid pluck would be to dishonor our own ancestry, and to tear the laurels from the brows of our fathers, whose glory it was to have humbled the "meteor flag of England" in two wars. Bull likes us none the worse, we are inclined to think, for having measured swords with us—"it is astonishing how much we like a man after we have fought him!" No—not from fear has John declined the wager of battle, but because there are weighty and honorable reasons for a continuance of good feeling and amity, and none but offended pride for severing the bonds of fellowship and material interest which unite the two nations. Let us not attribute to want of courage or want of money, the hesitancy of England to rekindle the flames of war, with its countless calamities. All she has to do is to recognize the inviolability of our flag, that sacred ensign which has never been trailed in the mire of humiliation, the most beautiful, the proudest flag kissed by the sunshine or floated by the breeze. Friend and foe are alike aware that the moment that symbol of sovereignty is assailed, all domestic bickerings on this shore of the Atlantic cease, and we are, from shore to shore, a united people.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.—Practical education should never be neglected for brilliant accomplishments and higher branches of study. Sidney Smith says:—"I have twice endeavored to write the word *skipping*—'skipping spirit.' The printer first printed it 'stripling,' and then altered it into *stripping*. The fault is entirely mine. I was fifteen years at school and college—I know something about the Romans and the Athenians, and have read a good deal about the preterperfect tense; but I cannot do a sum in simple addition or write a handwriting which anybody can read."

REVOLVERS.—Among the curiosities in the new museum at the India House, London, is a revolver musket, at least sixty years old. This revolver, it is said, was taken by Sir David Baird, at the storming of Seringapatam. Story-writers selecting any period within a half century are therefore privileged to introduce revolvers, if necessary, without being subjected to the charge of anachronism.

PROFESSOR MORSE.—We are happy to state that this distinguished gentleman, who abandoned the pencil to correspond with the lightning, has received his promised present from the French government—eighty thousand dollars.

THE SHROUD OF PIZARRO.—Mr. C. C. Jackson, while in Lima, obtained a fragment of Pizarro's shroud, which he found in the cathedral vaults, and has presented it to the Michigan Historical Society.

STAR-GAZING LADIES.—Miss Mitchell, the astronomer, recently met in Florence, the distinguished Miss Somerville, who, though nearly eighty years of age, preserves apparently all the natural vigor of her faculties.

ON DIT.—That the Princess Bowlegs, daughter of William Bowlegs, Esq., is about to be led to the hymeneal altar by a gentleman of Gotham. Copper stock has risen, it appears.

BARNUM THE INDEFATIGABLE.—This gentleman is now in Europe organizing a grand operatic and ballet company.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WAITING AND WATCHING.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The hopes which bloomed in other days
Are scattered now and dead;
Their leaden skies emit no rays,
The wearied sun has fled.
Yet still in sorrow and in shade
We'll gather hopes which shall not fade.
And look above with eager eyes
For cheering suns and cloudless skies.

The loves which erewhile, like the flowers,
Were wont to bud and bloom.
Are withered now—the blissful hours
Of yore are lost in gloom.
Yet still our eyes are fixed before
To find a Pharos-lighted shore,
Where sorrow's hosts shall take their flight,
And love's fair day succeed the night.

MAN'S LIFE.

Opening the map of God's expansive plan,
We find a little isle—this life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore;
With care collect what in their eyes excels—
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.—COWPER.

THE SABBATH.

Poor sons of toil! O, grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds; the hum of Sabbath bees;
The Sabbath walk; the sky-lark's Sabbath lay;
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.—LEIGH HUNT.

PHILOSOPHY.

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind.
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flowers were ravished, too.—MOORE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Maying! Since early dawn, from the window of our country-house, we have seen the sturdy mowers swinging their scythes in the waist-deep grass, with a steady, progressive movement, unchecked by a tropic temperature—and from the winrows comes a breath of perfume sweeter than the honey-suckle or rose, and fragrant as the dewy kiss of a beautiful maiden. And this toil of the mowers is all for the future good of those quiet cows that stand plunged in yonder pool beneath the blue shadow of the walnut trees, lazily whisking off the flies that seek to disturb their equanimity. If they have any memory and gratitude, they will thank the field hands when the cold wind whistles round the barn in winter, and the snow lies four feet deep in the cow-yard, and the icicles hang like drooping lances from the eaves—for we must think of these things, even in midsummer. "Make hay while the sun shines!" 'Tis a golden motto for everyday life—and if every one adopted it, and not a chosen few, this world we live in would be a merrier place. Peace to the mowers, and good weather till their toil be over! But there is another mower, who glides over the earth, even as yonder cloud-shadow swims over the green lawn. Sunshine and storm are alike to him—the invisible. Yet his harvest is sure. Morn and evening, noon and midnight, his unerring scythe is at work—on the battle-field, in the city, on the ocean—for the harvesting of Death is never ended. Away from the woodland—away from the dusty mart! The whispered invitation of old Ocean calls us, and we obey the summons. Our hoof-prints track the bending sand of Lynn beach, and our horses' heads are turned seaward. Before us the rocky promontory of Nahant pushes its stern headland far out into the Atlantic, receiving the booming surges that assail it, as an inflexible square of infantry receives the charge of a host of plumed cavalry. Ah, what calm and joyous days we have passed at Nahant!—and how many more we hope to have there! Horse-taming seems to be a perfect mania in England just now. "Punch" happily hits it off in two caricatures, showing Mr. Briggs's success with a little starveling colt about a week old. Mr. Briggs had previously attempted the drum and umbrella feat with an old stager, and had been sent sky-high by his heels. By the way, talking of horses, Mr. Hackett has been very successful with his classes at the city stables. Every man who owns or has dealings with a horse should learn the system. One of the coolest stories we ever heard was told us the other day by a colored barber. After speaking a few phrases in execrable Creole French, to show his proficiency in the language of *la belle France*, but which only exhibited his ignorance of it, he informed us that before "trouble had driven it out of his head," he was a most accomplished French scholar, so much so that, being at Paris with an American family, he was employed to teach the children the language, he spoke it so much better than the natives! For a July day this was the coolest thing out. Christy's minstrels have been reaping a harvest of laurels and gold in London, but Punch will have his fling at them. Under the head of "Tickling the ears of a British jackass," the incorrigible wag has the following:—"At the St. James's Hall, last week, was given a concert, a portion of which was a song, of nigger character, and the following was its burden, 'Flip up in de scidimadineck, jube up in de jubin jube.' It was rapturously applauded. We only regret our inability to add that this was not one of the performances humanely got up to please the unfortunate patients of lunatic asylums, and in which concerts the artists are also lunatics." A mayor of a department in the south of France, recently replied in these terms to a circular of the prefect:—"Your excellency asks me how many beasts have died of the epizotia. We have only had one death in the commune for a month—that of John Boursiat, laborer—and he never heard of the disease you mention, nor we either." A special train on the Grand Trunk Railway, lately ran twenty-eight miles in twenty-five minutes—a rate of sixty-six miles per hour! Such running is highly injurious to the machinery, and dangerous to those on the train. Dr. Casin, having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original." The Colorado so abounds (thus say the

the letter-writers) in gold, that the Indians mould it for rifle-balls. It would be a temptation to get well peppered in a conflict with such auriferous enemies. The struggle between the assailants would be which should receive the greatest number of shots. Hitherto, we believe, pawnbrokers have been the only foes of civilized men who dealt in golden balls. A sad accident happened at Spandau, Prussia, lately. The Baron d'Ende was drilling his soldiers, and, standing before a man he was teaching to fire, ordered him to take aim at him. Unfortunately, this soldier's gun was not discharged, as it was supposed, and the captain received the ball in his eye. If Prussian disciplinarians are as severe as they used to be in the days of the great Frederick, this soldier's musket may not have been loaded accidentally. We are to have no war this summer. Instead of our streets ringing with trumpets and drums, and the footfall of mustered thousands, we shall behold only the peaceful parades of citizen soldiery. Still, we think the cloud of war has infused new spirit into the volunteer ranks—certainly our citizen troops never turned out with fuller ranks, or exhibited a more soldierly bearing. An English shipbuilder has, it is said, proposed to the British government to construct six steamers, of 30,000 tons each, capable of making 500 miles a day. By means of these monster ships, Australia might be reached in 21 days, Melbourne in 25, Sydney in 27, and Van Diemen's Land in 30. Our readers, who have acquaintances in the marine corps, will please to inform them of this project. The Chinese women adopt foreign fashions much more readily than the men. It is not an unusual sight, in San Francisco, to see a Chinese woman navigating the streets under a full press of crinoline. They take to hoops as naturally as a cooper's son. A Paris paper, speaking of the late extraordinary instance of a man passing for several years as a woman, in the case of Savalette de Lange, relates the following anecdote about that person:—"One day, on King Charles X. arriving at the Palace of Versailles, she threw a petition, which struck his majesty in the face. The king took the matter in good humor, and laughing, said, 'It shall not be said that the petition has not touched me,' and he accorded the pension of a 1000 francs, which she enjoyed to her death. A judicial investigation has been commenced to arrive at the identity of this pretended Mdle. Lange." Keep the girls children, says somebody, as long as you can; do not allow them a lover apiece till they are ten years old; teach them to go to bed at half past eight, and above all, prevent them from being prodigies and perfect, if you can—for of all things a little old child, a small morsel of propriety, that moves by rule, and talks by rote, and sits with her hands across, and causes everybody to say "How womanly!" is the most melancholy. There is a girl now on exhibition in St. Louis, who certainly is an odd creature. She is beyond doubt the most extraordinary and wonderful female at present existing, or of which any account has ever been given, being a much greater curiosity than the Siamese twins—she having but one body, though two heads, four legs and four arms, every feature and limb prepossessing and perfect, not even the shadow of deformity in any manner perceptible about her. It is noted in the letters from Havana, that there is a great tendency to suicide among the coolies. The victims are very numerous. What Louis Kosuth thought of the style of his reception in America has just been made public through the publication of a private letter dated at Pittsburgh, 1852, and addressed to David Urquhart, M. P. He wrote:—"You have heard what reception I have met with America. They have bored me with triumphant entries, and invitations and addresses; but by submitting to this annoying part of my mission, I had the opportunity of drawing their attention to their foreign policy." John Bolivar, the New York correspondent of the Evening Gazette says, "Since my last I have had two or three invitations to visit well-known and popular New York institutions, including the Tombs, Small Pox Hospital and Brown's Coffin Warehouse, on a rainy day, when the proprietor was sick. New Yorkers deem Boston dismal, but here eminent strangers, guests of the city, are first conducted by the authorities to Potter's Field, Dead House, Lunatic Asylum, and similar places of amusement, sometimes in company with three or four coroners keeping up a lively and agreeable conversation about "stiffs" I don't like it. I'm fond of crickets, old cheese, fireworks, children, and other Boston institutions displaying signs of life. My head is full of life. I believe I wouldn't live if it wasn't for life." The following advertisement lately appeared in an Irish paper:—"Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that, if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public!" In London there are above 100,000 drunkards, 100,000 persons living in open profligacy, 20,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers, and 3000 receivers of stolen goods, besides 20,000 children who are living in open destitution and sin. In an advertisement offering the Woodchester Park estate, Worcestershire, England, for sale, the auctioneer announces, in a line of capital letters, as one of the tempting inducements to purchasers, "Political influence over twelve hundred honest yeomen!" A correspondent of the Times says of the Shoshonee or Snake Indians (a Utah tribe), that "a brother of Little Soldier, the chief, died a few days before the arrival there of the party, and his relatives, in addition to the killing of his favorite horses over his grave, buried with him alive a little boy, of whom the deceased was very fond, in order that he might accompany him to the spirit land. They wrapped the boy up in a blanket, and placing him in the grave with the corpse, buried them together. This band of Indians have always resided in the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City and the Northern settlements." Justus Knowlton, who was mail agent on the Albany and Boston route from 1850 to June 25, 1851, has just recovered \$5500 damages of the Western Railroad, for injuries received in an accident near the State line on the said 25th of June, which incapacitated him for further service. He sued for \$30,000, and the case occupied a whole week in the Circuit Court at Troy, N. Y. At the exhibition now open at Châtres, France, is an object which excites considerable curiosity—an old cabinet in marqueterie, which belonged to the notorious Marquise de Brinvilliers, and in which she is said to have kept her poisons. It is the property of the Marquis de Gasville. There is also a clock which is stated to have belonged to her. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, the committee of the Institution of Mozart has just purchased, for 120,000 florins (240,000 francs), a vast building, to establish there an academy of music and a concert room. An interesting exhibition of furniture intended for long voyages is now open at Vienna. M. de Mannstein, an old officer, is the inventor. None of the parts are glued, but they are all put together with screws, so that they can be readily taken to pieces. The whole of the furniture for a saloon can be placed in a tall movable press, and be thus readily removed from place to place. It's a great comfort to great men who, when in this world, are thought very small indeed, to think how big they'll be upon earth when they've gone to heaven—a comfort for 'em when they may happen to want a coat, to think of the snit of bronze or marble that they will afterwards be given them! The Journal de Rouen says:—"A landed proprietor in the neighborhood of Yvetot had in his garden some old apple-trees which produced no fruit. Two winters ago he took some lime, which he steeped in water, and with a brush washed the old trees all over. The result was the destruction of all the insects; the old bark fell off, and was replaced by new, and the trees bore an excellent crop. Most of them have now acquired such renewed vigor that all appearance of age has disappeared." Some time ago an exciting scene occurred in the pulpit of the Methodist Chapel in Dundee, Scotland. On the officer entering the oratory with the preacher's Bible and hymn-book, to his surprise he found an intruder therein in the shape of a good fat hare. The official carefully shut the door, when commenced a regular circular hunt, where the oft-talked-of difficulty of laying salt on puss's tail might have been accomplished without much trouble. To catch her, however, even in such a circumscribed arena, was more than the beadle could accomplish. The huntsman, at last, took him with the Bible, and poor boudacious fell a victim to the sacred shot.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Recent arrivals from Europe bring us a good deal of gossip, more or less interesting, but, apart from commercial and financial news, few matters of very great importance. Every nerve is strained to raise money enough to complete the Leviathan, and send her on her way to Portland, but the voyage will not be made so early as was anticipated. In the meanwhile, several other vessels are building, longer than the Leviathan, but of lighter draft, for the East Indian waters.—In sporting circles the perseverance of Mr. Ten Broeck, the American turfman, is much talked of. He has matched Priores against Badsman, the winner of the Derby. Priores is also entered for the Goodwood cup.—From India, on the whole, notwithstanding various successes of the English arms, the prospects are rather discouraging. The rebellion has wider ramifications than the British government was at first willing to concede. The countries in revolt so team with people, that the hostility of the inhabitants cannot but be formidable, and many a hard battle must be fought before they can be crushed.—France has purchased the absolute property in the domain of Laywood, St. Helena, where their great emperor ended his days.—The celebration at Cherbourg of the completion of the docks has been postponed to August. Then Queen Victoria will be present, and a squadron of the English and French navies in the harbor.—In speaking of the differences between Great Britain and the United States, the Paris Constitutional comes to the conclusion that both countries are in the wrong. Luckily the French press is not the arbiter in the quarrel. These difficulties, however, will no doubt be amicably settled by the two governments.

Napoleon III.

There are various versions of the recent attempt to assassinate the emperor of the French, which the authorities have tried to keep a profound secret, but it is pretty generally believed that it happened in this way. The emperor was riding in the forest of Fontainebleau, in advance of his escort, when his horse suddenly shied to one side. Quick as thought Louis Napoleon dropped to one side of his horse's neck, as our Camanches do in battle, and that instant a volley of rifle-balls sweep over him, so aimed that he would have been completely riddled had he sat upright. The police and guards promptly made a search, and four out of a party of ten Italians were arrested with discharged carbines in their hands. What was done with them no one knows. They are doubtless members of the Carbonari, from which Louis Napoleon is a perjured secessor. The news leaked out, notwithstanding the precautions of the authorities to suppress it, and caused a fearful depression of funds at the Bourse. It is impossible to get at all the facts of these attempted assassinations, as it is for the interest of the emperor and the court party to shroud them in darkness.

The Dickens Case.

It is now understood that Charles Dickens has separated from his wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and the public appear to sympathize with the illustrious author. A contemporary writer remarks:—"The coldest must pity him—the meanest must absolve him. What tortures must that heart have felt year after year, linked to one who understood it not—narrow-minded, unpathetic, possessing the prejudices of womanhood, confirmed by a defective education, and heightened by the lapse of time, and without the sympathy of her sex for his efforts, or the care and encouragement of a wife for his ambition. In truth, one had better be of humble mind than of exalted feeling and elevated genius; for a blow to such as these must be terrible indeed! Sympathy to such men is unavailing—for a grief not understood by the many, admits no mitigation from what consolation is afforded by the few."

Earthquakes in Italy.

The recent earthquakes in Italy were very destructive. In Saporani the ruin was universal. There are neither streets, nor houses, nor the appearance of anything which formerly existed. One single building, dating from the 16th century, remains standing. There were 4000 inhabitants—2000 have been destroyed. There were a convent and a castle. In the castle, the walls of which were several feet thick, the sum of 300,000 ducats in gold was hidden—only 60,000 have been recovered. The castellan died with his money. Of thirty nuns who lived in the convent, only twelve escaped. Another, named Teresa Alberti, was exhumed at the end of seven days, but, exhausted by hunger, soon died.

Theatres in Hot Weather.

The hot weather in Paris seems to have as disastrous an effect on the Parisian theatres as the same cause produces with us. The other evening, at the Palais Royal, when the curtain rose, there was only one spectator. This spectator was a spectatress, Mdle. Scriwanck, the piquant actress of the Varieties, who had returned from a two months' vacation passed in Spain. Instead of playing the farce on the bills, the actors began to chat with their comrade across the footlights, and Mdle. Scriwanck related many episodes of her journey. At half past eight four paying spectators came in, and the play began in the usual form.

Business in France.

Everything appears shrouded in the most extraordinary depression. Domestic politics are not encouraging, external relations are doubtful, and the funds are falling. Speculation and trade have come to a halt, to the great discouragement of those who hope for active resumption just at this moment. Present embarrassment and uncertainty as to the future seem to be increasing.

The Weather.

The weather on the continent of Europe has been, at times, oppressively hot, lately. Paris recently suffered from several tropical days. During this "heated term," all who could not get away flocked to the swimming-schools, and passed hours in the water. The Parisians can bear cold better than heat, though they are rarely subjected to the extremes of either.

Madame Cerito.

This ex-dancer lately met with a severe accident in Paris. In going to the opera, her horse ran away in the Avenue Dauphine at the turn of the Hippodrome. Madame Cerito was violently thrown from her carriage and severely bruised, and probably owed her life to her obesity, for the ex-sylphide is most unromantically fat.

The Plunder in India.

Many of the British officers and soldiers have realized large fortunes. In the capital of Oude at least thirty millions of dollars worth fell to the victors. Wealth is said to have had a bad effect on many of the British officers—some of whom have requested to be sent home immediately on account of the state of their livers.

Lady Bulwer.

This notorious woman is out with another novel, the object of which is to satirize her husband. In all her writings she exhibits ignorance, impudence and a fiendish temper. Instead of creating sympathy, the world now wonders that Sir Edward could have lived with her at all.

Montenegro.

No power seems to have expressed its opinion definitely on the sovereignty of this state. France alone defends the independence of Montenegro openly. Austria and England seem to prefer that she should be subjected to certain bounds of dependence in regard to the Porte.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a clue to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The floating debt of the Erie Railroad is about \$2,000,000. Its funded debt is \$25,835,593. The road does not pay its interest annually by about a million.—An original account-book of Gen. Washington is now on exhibition at the Mechanic's Institute, Nashville, Tenn. It is dated in the year 1776, and arranged in the old English style of book-keeping, the accounts having been kept in pounds, shillings and pence. This old book furnishes additional proof of the method and regularity which characterized the conduct of the illustrious "father of his country" in all the relations of life, showing a faultless system of keeping his affairs duly footed up.—A gentleman who recently travelled through the Mohawk Valley, states that the farmers there, instead of the old-fashioned ragged coat and wooden gun for a scarecrow, now hang up hooped skirts in their cornfields.—A shocking murder was perpetrated at Nicholasville, Ky., recently. One Arnold and his wife had been separated for some time, on account of domestic difficulties, but recently commenced living together again, as man and wife. He handed her a pistol one morning, telling her to shoot him, that he was not fit to live. On her declining to do so, he remarked that he would shoot her, when he deliberately shot her three times, each ball taking effect in the forehead.—A touching incident is related in a Rochester paper. A little girl, three years of age, wandered away from home while her parents were at church. Search having been made for the little truant, she was finally found in the cemetery, three miles from home, lying beside her sister's grave, asleep.—Mr. Aaron Pond, a farmer of Dedham, has reached the age of ninety-five years.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian gives a marvellous instance of the memory of the lion. Three years ago he sold a young Natal lion to Batty, the menagerie proprietor; he fell in with the menagerie lately, and entered to see if his old friend was still there. On going close to his cage and calling him by name, the lion gazed gravely and steadily for a second, as if to gather up memories of the past. On speaking again the voice was remembered; he came rubbing his head and mane against his quondam owner's hands, giving out that peculiarly mild whining growl indicative of pleasure and delight.—A sleeping car on quite a novel principle has been placed on the night trains between Cincinnati and Cleveland. It consists of a large car, both wider and longer than the medium size passenger cars, with the interior arranged in apartments for one or two persons, each apartment being furnished with bed and bedding.—The London Chronicle says that the Mormon agents in England have stopped emigrating from Europe during the pending difficulties.—While taking down the chimney of an old stone house at Whitehall, in Pompton Valley, N. J., lately, Mrs. Doremus found in the rubbish which had been thrown out the sum of \$375, all in silver. The money was securely put up in four bags, each of which contained \$100, while the remaining \$75 was put up in the fourth. It is supposed to have been placed there during the Revolution.—The authorities of Saratoga have come to the laudable determination of expelling all gamblers from the village the present season. Stock-brokers, politicians, and railroad directors, are of course included.—A curious instance of the loss of speech recently occurred in France. A girl was suddenly awoken by her master, and not recognizing the voice, thought it was robbers at her door, and was so frightened that she could only respond with inarticulate sounds, and since that time has not been able to speak.—In Buffalo an order has been issued to the night police that all persons found in the streets after midnight are to be promptly arrested, and unless they can make a proper explanation as to who they are, and what they are about, will be held.—A New York rural paper pays rather a questionable compliment, when it says of the local editor of a contemporary: "Mr. Brown is a clear thinker, ready and vigorous writer, and a first rate fellow, to boot."

CHARLES DICKENS.—A London critic thus describes Charles Dickens's personal appearance while reading in public one of his Christmas stories: "The clustered locks were gracefully adjusted; dignified was the mould of the Spenserian beard. The white handkerchief was tenderly plaited; resplendent and luxurious were the lace-lined shirt-front and the ample white waistcoat, while—a refreshing object to contemplate—sparkled the scarlet flower, with its background of green leaves, decorating the dress coat's left button-hole. These are trifles to dilate upon, but the public eye dwelt upon them fondly and approvingly."

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—Some of the cures effected by this favorite remedy are truly astonishing, and it has become a household article throughout the length and breadth of this country. In cases of Dyspeptic trouble, it is a positive specific, and as a remedy for Asthmatic affections it has no equal. Prepared upon thorough chemical principles, and by one of the most respectable druggist establishments in the country, the public may place entire confidence in these Bitters, a long tried article which we do not hesitate to endorse.

HINTS IN SEASON.—Always sign your name and give the full post-office address in every letter you write. Do not be afraid of too much definiteness upon this matter—many letters sent to us cannot be answered for want of it. If you expect an answer by mail inclose a stamp to prepay return postage.

Wayside Gatherings.

New wheat has been sold at Athens, Tenn., for sixty-five cents per bushel.

At St. Louis lately, a man was fined \$100 for carrying concealed a pair of iron knuckles.

Russell, the East India correspondent of the London Times, says that every day adds to the prize property at Lucknow, and it is estimated that the sales will produce £600,000.

An umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut called the "lending umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.

A pot containing about a stone of butter was dug up lately in a bog at Badenich, in the Highlands, where it is supposed to have been hidden since the rebellion of 1745.

A Miss Sargant of Fremont, Michigan, lately sprinkled strychnine upon a piece of pumpkin-pie, and on going to bed ate it. She died in three hours. Cause—tired of life.

Some thirty leagues square of forests and settlements along the Saguenay River in Canada have been ravaged by fire, and many buildings destroyed. Many of the inhabitants narrowly escaped death.

Drs. Weed and Simmons and a medical student named Graves, have been arrested at Bristol, N. Y., on suspicion of having stolen the body of a lady of that village who died recently, from the grave.

The Chilean government having lost within six months four British steamers which they had purchased for their navy, it is said now intend to order some Yankee steamships, as there is but a single good ship in the Chilean navy.

The New Orleans Vigilance Committee has not yet completed the redemption of that city. The Picayune chronicles one murder and one attempted assassination, and notices the death of one person from stabs inflicted a few nights previous.

Samuel Thorne, of Thornedale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, N. Y., has a herd of only some seventy cattle, but their cash valuation is over \$80,000. For one bull \$6000 was paid in England, for another \$5000, and another is almost equally valued.

There is said to be an organized gang of swindling land brokers in Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, who rob the emigrants by selling them counterfeit titles to lands. In Iowa there are already detected sales of land to the amount of \$100,000, under these fictitious titles.

An English paper says the dowager countess of Effingham, upwards of eighty years old, having a princely income, has terribly shocked the nerves of her aristocratic relatives by marrying a Mr. Holmes, Scripture reader at one of the Brighton churches, and only thirty years of age.

The youngest graduate of any American college was William Willard Moore, who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1804, at the age of twelve years. He was a brilliant youth, the pet of his class and of the college. At his graduation he took part with two of his oldest classmates in a Hebrew dialogue.

A droll extravaganza has been produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, which is announced as a "tragico comico molly dramma," entitled "Ye Kort Martial, in ever so many acts, with scenery painted expressly for several other pieces, and used on this occasion by permission of the scene shifters."

An American gentleman residing at Manila writes to his friends in Philadelphia that the United States ships, the San Jacinto and Minnesota, steamers, are there, the Portsmouth having sailed for home. He adds: "The Minnesota is a perfect wonder here and in China, and the English officers say there is not another ship in the world to match her."

According to the city superintendent of education in New York, the female public schools in that city are of considerably higher grade than the male schools; their superiority is not limited to particular branches of study, it being as great in mathematics as in most other branches. Eighteen girls' schools are superior in average attainment to the best boys' school.

Mayor Tiemann has searched out another bogus operator, who has been in the profitable practice of addressing circulars to merchants in other cities, offering for a fee of two dollars to send them a copy of their standing on the books of the mercantile agencies. He had been carrying on quite a business, which the mayor has broken up.

The Bath Tribune reports having dined from a lot of delicious bivalves gathered in the Sheepscot River, five miles above Wiscasset. The oysters present a very regular and handsome appearance, and are of the pearl species. They open full and plump. The largest in the lot measured about seven by four inches, and nine of the smallest made two stewes of the usual size.

The students in Williams College have decided by a vote of 85 to 75, that it shall not hereafter be considered dishonorable to give testimony against delinquents charged by the faculty with the destruction of property and violation of college laws. The damages inflicted during a college term of four years have usually amounted to \$1600, of which the guilty and the innocent have had to pay the same proportion.

The St. Paul Pioneer says that the body of one of the robbers of the Hudson City Bank was taken out of the water in the vicinity of the island where the rogues were found secreted, and gold to the amount of some \$4000 was found in his pockets. The robber had endeavored to escape from the island by swimming ashore, and in his desire to save the gold, made it the cause of his death.

A man by the name of William Evans, now a resident of Boston, has just made a donation to the town of Smithfield of ten thousand dollars, as a grateful tribute for the support of himself and parent by said town during his infancy and childhood. We are informed that he was a native of Peterboro'. His parents, with himself and other children, were paupers in said town of Smithfield, and were for many years supported by the town.

A queer case occurred in the Connecticut legislature. A man from Waterbury by the name of Swain, had petitioned for release from State Prison. His petition was refused, and the clerks of both Houses so endorsed it. But by some accident it was taken to the secretary's office among some resolutions that had been passed, and treated as such, and the man was released. The legislature has since legalized his release.

A worthy divine, one of the preachers in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, south, from the State of Arkansas, stopped at the St. Cloud. Upon retiring to bed he told the servant who conducted him to his room that he wanted his boots blacked. The servant told him to set them outside the door and the bootblack would attend to them. He did so, and in the morning the boots came up missing. Instead of setting the boots out in the hall he had placed them outside the front door.

Sands of Gold.

.... The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—*Beecher*.

.... Though the glory of dying for one's country is granted to but few, the privilege of living for it is denied to none.—*Bovee*.

.... It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex, instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.—*Beecher*.

.... We should thank him who attacks our opinions with skill and vigor; for in defending them, we learn the value and the grounds of them.—*Bovee*.

.... He who is the most addicted to reading the inspired Scriptures, has the best surety that all his other reading will be chosen according to the purest principles of taste and wisdom.—*Adams*.

.... To the end of the world the word *garden* shall be sweeter than flower or fruit can make it; for the Son of God—the fairest thing that ever grew—was planted there, and sprang from thence in celestial bloom and glory.—*Beecher*.

.... A society composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity.—*Lacon*.

.... All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides, by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shaftesbury*.

.... A harmless hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.—*Colton*.

.... He who always receives but never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel, and think, and care only for himself.—*Haves*.

.... The history of all ages past does not furnish one lonely example where either wealth, or fame, or pleasure, has originated a principle of action insubordinate to the law of God, without both temporal and endless loss; without the wrecking under its pilotage of body and soul alike.—*Rev. J. W. Clark*.

Joker's Budget.

A high rent—a hole in the crown of your hat.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder-tree.

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

What day of the year is a command to go ahead? March 4th.

A father called his son into the crowded stage, saying, "Benjamin!"

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Sleep—a cloak drawn around us at the side-scene, as we leave the stage awhile.

What has neither fish, flesh, nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, *all* will still remain? Ball.

Why are several persons wrangling like a boy's name? Because it's a muss (Amos).

What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? A pair of snuffers.

Why do people call for a piece of string?—and did anybody ever hear of one calling for a whole one?

A Washington paper contains the marriages of Martin Briggs to Louisa Schooner, Everard Boatman to Margaret Scull, and George Shipp to Phoebe Cutter.

Jerrold met a fop one day, who languidly offered him two fingers. Jerrold, not to be outdone, thrust forward a single finger, saying, "Well, who shall it be?"

A lady, passing a dog that was following at Jerrold's heels, exclaimed, "What a beautiful dog!"—"Ay, madam," said Jerrold, turning sharply round, "he looks *very* beautiful, now, but he ate two babies yesterday."

An old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

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SERPENT-CHARMERS.

We often hear of the wonderful feats of the serpent-charmers of the East, who handle the most venomous reptiles with perfect impunity, and seem to have them in perfect subjection to their will. The following account from the Newark Advertiser gives a very rational statement of the agency by which the serpents are originally taken, and of the means used to obviate danger from their fangs:—During the construction of the Panama railroad, says the Newark Advertiser, a distinguished engineer employed there was witness to an event which riveted his attention, and eventually caused him to investigate its nature thoroughly. He encountered a Spaniard in the field, and beheld a venomous snake—the deadly *Cobra di Capella*—approaching him. The former was making a peculiar sound by snapping his thumb and fingers together. The reptile was about a yard in length, and while this process was going on, stood in front of the man with his eyes fixed steadily upon him, and elevated a foot, perhaps, above the level of the ground. At length the Spaniard seized him by the neck, and immediately the snake was powerless, offering no resistance whatever. The engineer was thunderstruck at his temerity, but seeing no harm done, he resolved, as has been said, not to rest satisfied with appearances, but to probe the matter to the bottom. He, however, purchased the snake of the Spaniard, secured it in a bottle of spirits, brought it home to Philadelphia with him, and has it now in his cabinet, preserved in the best of whisky. According to agreement, it was not long before a messenger came from the serpent-charmer to the engineer, that if he would come down about two miles, he might see him catch another for him. He went and found the Spaniard in the act of exerting his influence over another large *Cobra di Capella*, and attracting him toward him. This he captured in the manner already related. It was four feet long, having large fangs. The engineer now gave him orders for several more, being desirous of presenting them to scientific friends. It was not long before an opportunity was enjoyed by the Spaniard for executing the order. He was crossing a river with two other men in a row-boat, when a huge boa-constrictor upward of eleven feet in length appeared swimming not far from them. The rowmen were alarmed, but he attempted to secure him without effect, and perceiving that he was making for the land, where he could escape, the Spaniard threw himself into the water and gave chase. He caught him just as he was landing, and brought him at once alive in triumph to our American. The latter made a strong box immediately to put his snakeship in, supplied with small holes for respiration. We will endeavor to throw some light on the means this Spaniard used, and perhaps other charmers have employed for their capture, without receiving harm. Our friend prevailed on him for a handsome compensation to reveal the mystery. Upon this, he said he anointed himself with the juice of the leaves of the *snake-tree*, which, though not very common, grows in the forests of the Isthmus. The odor of this juice is endowed with the power of paralyzing, or charming, or working on the serpent to such a degree as to deprive the most venomous of the ability or disposition either to resist capture or to strike with their fangs. He informed me, said the engineer to us—for we have the account from his own mouth,—that he would prepare me with the fluid, after which I might handle the most venomous serpents with entire impunity. I begged to be excused, and would much prefer that he would try the experiment on one of his own particular acquaintances: which he promised he would do. This an accident prevented, as will be seen. Of course, our friend, the engineer,

did not let the matter rest here, but made a bargain with a Spaniard that he would go with him to the interior, and show him the snake-tree that possessed such virtues, and he was promised one hundred dollars for the revelation. Before this, however, could be accomplished, the snake-charmer was arrested by the government for some offence, and the American saw him no more. Nevertheless, he did not give the matter up, but made it his business at once to inquire among the Indians for this snake-tree. He met with one, at length, who was able to carry him to where one grew, which he reached after painfully forcing his way through several miles. It was a large and handsome tree with leaves, resembling the basket willow, and was covered with nuts about the size of the hickory-nut. He picked forty, which he brought home and distributed among friends so liberally, that one only now remains in his possession, which we ourselves saw and examined. It is remarkable for this, that what is called the meat in a walnut,

for protection. The remaining history of the boa may be soon told. A little before the arrival of the steamer in New York, the captain caused the reptile to be fed with a piece of salt pork. The consequence was fatal; it immediately sickened and died. There seems to be a mortal enmity between the swine and snake. But the porker fears not the poison of the reptile, while even the rattle-snake avoids the presence of his deadly foe.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette, or the rules to be observed in the royal palaces, is necessary, writes Baron Bulfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain, it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling:—Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly

suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair. The domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Pola appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but he excused, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Useda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer, and the king endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the 24th year of his age. The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must certainly have been consumed in the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms; but Spanish etiquette was here woefully broken into. The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment; the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to pardon the soldier, and saved his life.

BOY AND BUBBLE.

A simple design, gracefully wrought out, is that which adorns this page. A boy and a bubble! what can he find in so trivial an amusement to charm and interest him? Do you ask that question? The boy's whole soul is intent on his sport. A breath of his has created that glittering globe that soars aloft, reflecting surrounding objects, strangely and fantastically distorted on its convex surface, and bathed in gorgeous prismatic hues, like the colors



YOUTHFUL PLEASURES.—THE BOY AND THE BUBBLE.

strongly represents in the snake-tree-nut a serpent coiled, with the head distinct and quite prominent. The likeness to a snake is certainly remarkable. This is the tree, the juice of whose foliage has such irresistible potency in quelling the rage of the most venomous of the species. In order to produce this effect, the limbs, legs, and all parts of the body exposed are anointed with the bruised leaves, which emit a very peculiar odor. But we must not omit to tell the reader what became of the boa-constrictor confined in the box. It was put on board a steamer, consigned to Dr. Doane, the health officer at that time in New York. One day, upon its passage, its keeper was astonished to find a dead constrictor lying in the box, as large as that he had put in, which was still alive and well. The mystery is accounted for by the supposition that the dead reptile was in the bowels of the live one when captured and inclosed in the box. It is an established fact, that the parent snake affords an asylum within her own body for her young at least, which accordingly are in the habit of flying to it

of the rainbow. The lively imagination of youth can picture a thousand scenes and locate them in that fragile sphere, as the disciples of Cagliostro thought they beheld the past, the present, and the future, in his enchanted globe of water. But alas! the breath that raised the fabric will destroy it instantly. A moment more, and nothing will be left of its fair proportions and its radiant hues. What then? Another and another will succeed, for the material, like the hopes of youth, is inexhaustible. Let us not chide an amusement so harmless as this; we cannot do it consistently, for, unluckily, the inflation of bubbles is not confined to childhood. What are many of the schemes of youth but bubbles, as fair to the eye, as glittering and alluring, but as empty and evanescent. How many of our early loves are as light and false as these gilded spheres! But there is this difference between youth and advanced age. In youth we blow bubbles; in manhood we buy the bubbles that others have inflated. The bubble-blowers are enriched, the bubble-buyers are ruined. Thus wags the world.

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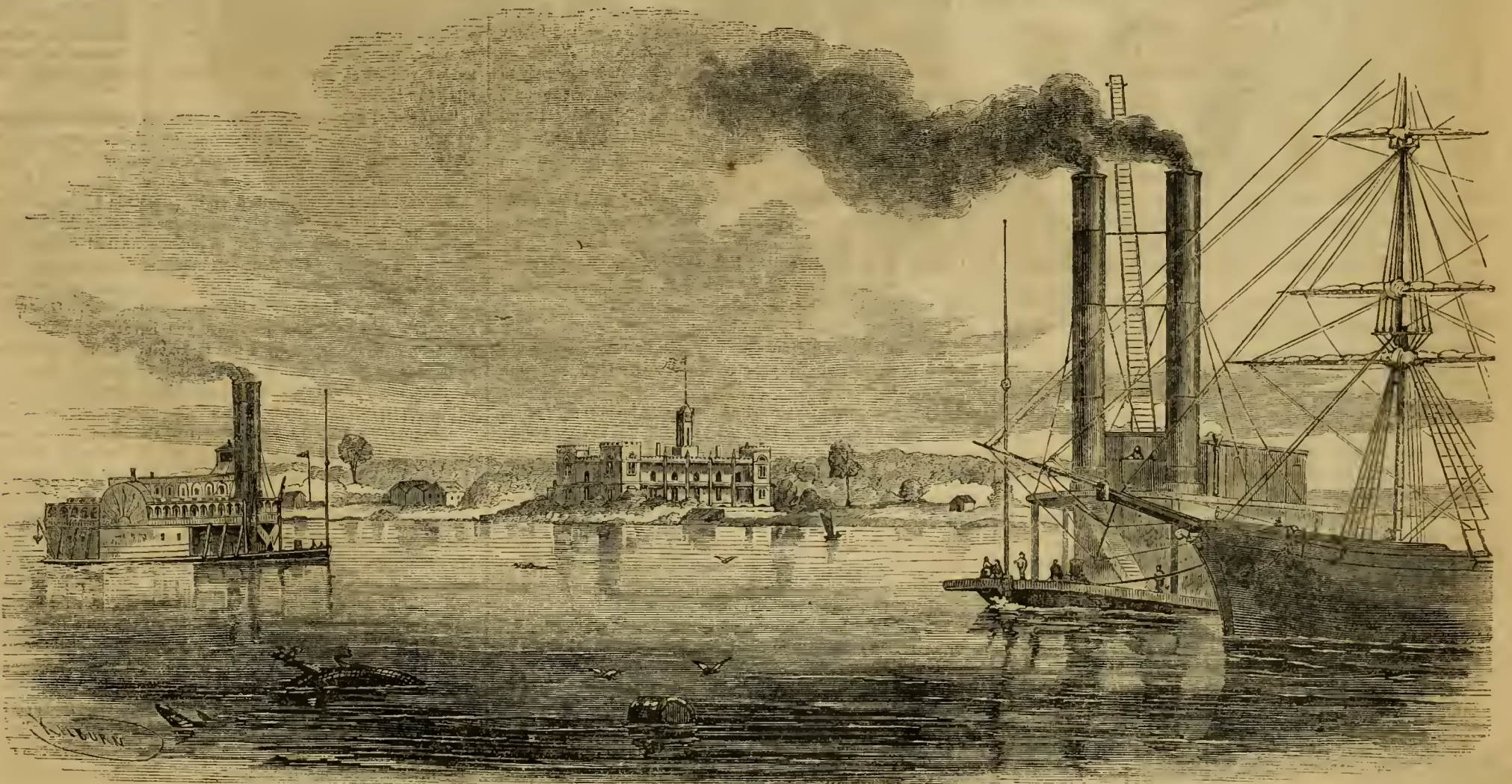
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\$2 50 PER ANNUM. }

THE UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL.

This fine building, a view of which, from the pencil of Mr. Kilburn, drawn expressly for us, we present, is situated at Macdonough, opposite the city of New Orleans. It has a very fine location on the bank of the Mississippi River, and occupies a square measuring three hundred and fifty feet each way, and is enclosed by a neat and substantial fence. The building measures in front one hundred and sixty feet, by seventy-eight feet deep, two wings extending from the rear fifty feet, leaving immediately behind the centre building a fine spacious court. The main building is fifty feet in height, and one hundred and thirty-five feet to the summit of the flag-staff which surmounts the cupola. It is built in the Gothic style of architecture, and is very creditable to the architects who designed it—Messrs. Mondele and Reynolds. The building was commenced in 1834, but from the want of the necessary appropriations from the United States government, the work was suspended. The cost of the structure was about \$130,000, and it will accommodate two hundred and sixty-nine patients. The grounds around the buildings are tastefully laid out; and from the position of the edifice and its great height, it commands a magnificent view of the city of New Orleans and the noble Mississippi River. If a pleasant and busy prospect has any influence in cheering and aiding the convalescence of invalids, this hospital is certainly highly favored. No city in the United States is better provided with hospitals and charitable institutions than New Orleans, and the Marine Hospital, though not within its limits, may certainly be ranked as belonging to the city. The best of attendance and care is bestowed upon all patients, and sickness or injury is the only passport required for admittance to all the benefits of these institutions. At some future time we shall give views of more of these public benefits. The presence of hospitals and other institutions for charitable purposes in a city

is one of the best evidences of the generosity and public spirit of the inhabitants. The towns of Algiers, Macdonough and Belleville, although on the opposite bank of the river, may be considered as a part of the city of New Orleans, their interests being identified with the great commercial mart of the South. They are connected with its prosperity, and Algiers may with propriety be called the work-shop of the Crescent City. The city of New Orleans never fails to make a favorable impression upon strangers, no matter from what quarter of the globe they come. A late English tourist, who visited it early last spring, says:—"My pleasant anticipations were not doomed to disappointment. New Orleans was in the full tide of its most brilliant season, and everything and everybody seemed devoted to enjoyment. The population of the city is about 120,000, of whom about one-half or more are alleged to be of French extraction. The French call themselves, and are called, Creoles. Indeed, all persons of European descent born in this portion of America, are strictly, according to the French meaning of the word, Creoles. New Orleans is less like an American city than any other on the whole continent, and reminds the European traveller of Havre or Boulogne-sur-Mer. From the admixture of people speaking the English language, it is most like Boulogne; but the characteristics of the streets and the architecture are more like those of Havre. The two languages divide the city between them. On one side of the great bisecting avenue of Canal Street, the shop-signs are in French, and every one speaks that language; on the other side, the shops and the language are English. On the French side are the opera house, the restaurants, the cafés and the modistes. On the English and American side are the great hotels, the banks, and the centre of business. There is one little peculiarity which deserves notice as characteristic of the French founders. In other American cities, no effort of imagination is visible in naming the streets. Not so

in New Orleans. The early French had greater facility of fancy, and named their streets after the Muses and the Graces, the Nereids, the Oreads, the Dryads and the Hamadryads, and all the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Having exhausted their classic reminiscences, they next, as a gallant people, bethought themselves of the names of fair ladies, dames and demoiselles, and named their streets after the Adeles, Julies, Maries, Alines and Antonines, whom they held in love and reverence. When these failed, they betook themselves to the names of eminent men—in their own and in ancient times—to those of Lafayette or Washington, or the founders of New Orleans, the Carondelets and the Poydras. To name a street after a public benefactor, a statesman, a warrior, a philosopher, or a poet, or even after the Muses and the Graces, seems preferable to so tame and prosaic a method of nomenclature as that afforded by the alphabet or the multiplication-table. The most prominent public building in New Orleans is the St. Charles Hotel, an edifice somewhat after the style and appearance of the palace of the king of the Belgians at Brussels. During the twelve days I remained under its hospitable roof, it contained from seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty guests; and its grand entrance hall I can compare to nothing but the Bourse at Paris during the full tide of business. As many as a hundred ladies (to say nothing of the gentlemen) sit down together at breakfast, the majority of them in full dress, as for an evening party, and arrayed in the full splendor, both of their charms and their jewelry. At dinner, it is but a repetition of the same brilliancy, only that the ladies are still more gorgeously and elaborately dressed, and make a still greater display of pearls and diamonds. After dinner, the drawing-rooms offer a scene to which no city in the world affords a parallel. It is the very court of Queen Mab, whose courtiers are some of the fairest, wealthiest and most beautiful of the daughters of the South." This picture is a vivid one.



UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL AND MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEW ORLEANS.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

At length the old man yielded to his clerk's will, and said :

"Now, my good woman, you must go ; your request cannot be granted."

"Alas, alas ! is there then no hope for me ?" cried the crushed and agonized mother. "You are rich, mynheer ; the loan I ask would rescue six human beings from shame and disgrace—my son from prison, perhaps from death."

Monck now came near and interrupted her pleading ; he seized her by the shoulder, raised her from the ground, and said, as he led her to the door :

"Cease your petitions ; they are of no use here. My master is far from well ; he cannot stand all this excitement. You must be off without delay."

Yet once more the poor mother turned and said to Robyn :

"O, mynheer, if you cannot help me, excuse the importunity of a most miserable mother, and keep well the secret I have entrusted to you."

"Come, come," growled Monck, "no more of this !"

He led her into the passage. On his return to the office, he stood in front of his master, and said :

"But really, mynheer, what were you going to do ?"

"I don't know," answered Robyn ; "the poor woman's eyes touched my heart. I dare say she would have brought back the money all right."

"How could you dream of such a thing ?" said the clerk, with a cunning chuckle. "There is no bond. The thousand francs might as well have been thrown into the sea. A thousand francs ! 'tis quite a fortune."

"True enough ; but what would you have, my good Monck ? I am growing old and tender-hearted. My heart comes uppermost now, and you know well the heart is a bad hoarder of money. If I had not you to think for me, I might fall into all kinds of troubles before I die. Let me shake your hand, my dear friend ; you have, anyhow, saved me a thousand francs. I shall remember you, I shall remember you well when I make my will. In a few days, if I don't feel my chest better—but now lock up the strong box."

While the clerk was obeying this command, Robyn asked :

"Monck, any news from the Brussels manufacturers ?"

"Yes."

"Kemenaeer has of course lost his solid cash in that affair ! I have often told him he is too rash and risks too much. You were wrong, Monck, to counsel him to enter into so hazardous a speculation."

"Don't distress yourself, mynheer," answered Monck ; "you are entirely mistaken about the matter. I went this morning early to Mynheer Kemenaeer, to tell him that he has gained ten thousand francs by the speculation."

Robyn shuddered, and a distressing fit of coughing came on.

"What !" he said, with a deep sigh ; "he has gained ten thousand francs by the speculation ? and I refused to take part in it ! Unfortunate wretch that I am !"

"You would not take my advice," said Monck. "If you had shared Mynheer Kemenaeer's risk, as I advised you to do, there would have been five thousand francs the more in this strong box, which are now stored away elsewhere."

"Ah, my intellect is growing feeble !" said Robyn, in a complaining tone. "Five thousand francs lost ! Ah, my friend, it makes my heart beat terribly ! Fetch me a glass of water."

As the clerk went to execute this commission, he cast a singular look on his master ; and when he had reached the passage, he rubbed his hands with a secret gladness, and said to himself : "Well, that is capital ; he won't be much in the mood for hearing verses now. Berthold will pay dearly the loss of those five thousand francs."

After Monck had brought the glass of water, Robyn remained for some time buried in mournful musings. He then raised his head, and said :

"My vexation won't bring back again the chance that is lost ; misfortune is the lot of old people. Monck, are there any letters ?"

"No ; none to-day."

"Have we settled everything ?"

"Why, there is one thing more ; but I would beg you not to desire to know what it is."

"What do you mean by this mystery—that long face of yours ? Some new disaster ?"

"Not a disaster exactly ; but it would annoy you a great deal, and excite you, too. Your indignation might increase the force of your disease, and so injure you. For the sake of your precious health, suffer me to be silent."

"Come, come, Monck, don't worry me !" exclaimed the old man, with a gesture of impatience. "Tell me at once ; I command you."

"Ah, Mynheer Robyn !"

"I will know what it is without delay."

"Well, I must yield to your authority. Repress your emotion as much as you can, and allow a great deal for the errors of youth."

"Do you mean to speak out at once ?"

Monck took the book from his desk ; he appeared to be trembling with anxiety, and walked so slowly towards his master, that the old man overtaken his strength in rising from his arm-chair to receive the object which was to enlighten him on the meaning of his clerk's mysterious hints. The clerk stood at a little distance, and said, pointing to the book :

"An old gentleman, whose face I do not know, left this at the door for you this morning. By mere chance I opened the door myself. The old gentleman said to me, with a smile which seemed very like contempt : 'Of course Mynheer Robyn knows nothing of this. He will not soon hear the last of it, however.'"

"What, what ! who will dare to insult me or laugh at me ? What will men have to chatter about ?" exclaimed Robyn, anxiously.

"Be patient awhile, and let me go on, I beg you. 'Well, well,' continued the old gentleman—who said, by the way, that he knew you very well,—'what new thing will turn up next ? Poor, old, infirm, gray-headed Robyn makes verses in his dotage, and maunders about the moon and the nightingale.'"

"But what are you talking about all this while ? Monck, are you out of your senses ?" shrieked the old man, springing from his arm-chair in his angry impatience.

"No ; but I wish to break the matter to you as gently as I can, in order to spare your feelings."

"What dreadful thing have you in your hand ? Give it to me."

"It is a book with all sorts of verses in it ; on its title-page stands the name of *Berthold Robyn* in large letters ; and since your name is—"

He gave the volume to the old man, who was quivering with rage. He said not a word, but eagerly sought for his spectacles, to convince himself with his own eyes that he was not deceived. Monck had come close to the arm-chair, and had laid his hand compassionately on the old man's shoulder, while he said, soothingly :

"Poor Mynheer Robyn, moderate your grief ! Think that Berthold has acted thoughtlessly. It is true, people will laugh at you a little, perhaps ; but Berthold could not foresee that. It is quite accidental that you were his godfather, and that he bears your name. You cannot imagine that he is ungrateful ; you have done him far too much good for that."

"O, the scoundrel ! he has given my prohibition to the winds ; he has printed his poems, and made me ridiculous in everybody's eyes. But he shall smart for it. Where is he ? Is he in the house ?"

"No ; you can well imagine that on the morning of the publication of his first work, a poet has a great many visits to make."

"I'll let him see, the ungrateful dog ! Let him come near me ! 'Tis inconceivable ; he must be possessed by some malignant spirit."

And while he growled these words, he turned the leaves of the book over with such reckless haste that it was quite impossible for him to read a single title.

"Well," cried he to Monck, "and what does the book contain ? what is printed on its disgraceful pages ?"

"I don't know," answered Monck. "I have felt from my childhood an unconquerable dislike of verses of all kinds, and I have not opened this book ; but the old gentleman said there was nothing but silly stuff to the moon, to the stars, to the nightingale—"

"Rubbish of that sort, indorsed with my name !" sighed Robyn.

"Yes ; but the old man said there was one beautiful poem in it, and he begged me to direct your special attention to it. Let me see—what page did he say ? He mentioned the page, but I have forgotten it. O, I remember now ; 'tis the fiftieth page."

Mynheer Robyn opened the book again, and turned eagerly to the page thus indicated. There was a slight pause before he could find it, and then the word *usurer* stared him in the face. He uttered a shriek of disgust and wrath, and threw the book from him with such violence that it lay at the further end of the room with its leaves open.

"What is it that has excited you so much ?" asked the clerk, with well simulated astonishment. "Was not the poem a beautiful one ?"

"It was an accursed insult !" bellowed Robyn. "Ah, Monck, my good friend, I feel myself far from well. My blood is boiling in my veins, and my heart is throbbing violently."

"Insult ? not to you, I should hope ?"

"Take up the book ; read the word that first meets your eye on that page, and see if your hair won't stand on end with indignation."

The clerk stooped and picked up the book ; he opened it at the fiftieth page. The fatal word seemed to appal him ; he grew pale, and shook his head as though he could not believe his eyes. As if in mere distraction, he read, with a low but audible voice :

"There lives the shadow of a man, a moving skeleton,
Who bears upon his haggard face the brand of sin,
And 'mid his luxury doth sigh in vain for health."

But dull satiety doth ever on him weigh ;
And when at eve he seeks his wonted chair,
He sighs for lack of ease ; and if, perchance,
He turns his restless eye within, recoils aghast,
As though some fearful chasm did yawn."

"But I never heard of such a thing !" exclaimed Monck ; "it is dreadful. Berthold never wrote that poem. No man could be so detestably ungrateful."

He was interrupted by an energetic appeal to the bell ; and he turned his head aside to conceal the irrepressible gladness this sound occasioned him. The same thought was in Robyn's mind ; for he, too, kept his wakeful, glowing eye fixed on the door.

A young man entered the office ; a subdued smile played on his lips, and he held in his hand a book which he offered to Mynheer Robyn, saying :

"Dear uncle, you won't be angry with me ? You are kind and good, and will forgive me what I have done. Do not reject this unworthy little volume. But your glance is so fierce !"

"Monck, give me the book you hold in your hand !" shouted the old man, trembling with suppressed wrath.

"My poems here ? What does this mean ?" said Berthold to himself, with a look of wonder.

"You may go now, Monck ; leave me alone with the hypocrite," said Robyn.

Berthold stood still, and said not a word while the clerk was going away, as though he had a presentiment of what had happened and of what was to follow.

"Misguided boy !" exclaimed Robyn, with a shudder. "You have disobeyed my command. You have dared to print your silly rubbish. Is this the return you make for all my kindness to you ? You, an orphan, without a farthing in the world—you ought to have studied my every wish, my every aversion. Have I not educated you ? have I not wasted my money on you because I loved you ? have I not scraped and hoarded to leave you a goodly inheritance ? And you—you bring my fair name to shame, nay, overwhelm me with ridicule in my old age !"

Berthold listened in mournful silence to these biting reproaches.

"Well now, what have you to say for yourself ?" roared the old man.

"My dear uncle," said the youth, with a sigh, "I can't conceive why you are so angry with me. You know that I have repressed, from deference to you, my longing desire to print a few of my poems. It is something you can't understand—headlong, irresistible as a fever, or an instinct. I have struggled with all my might against this yearning for fame. My will has yielded in the unequal conflict. I feared that it might displease you, but I hoped you would soon forgive me. For what harm can my childish poems do, after all ?"

"Go on, go on," said the old man, with a laugh of bitterest contempt.

"Dear uncle, you are angry because I value art and science, and moral excellence, more than money. Nobody has the fashioning of himself. Were it possible, I would think as you do, and act as you do. I cannot ; my spirit is too strong ; I must live through my intellect. But what does that matter to you, dear uncle ? Are you toiling to make me wretched ? Let my heart follow its only instincts. I shall be eternally grateful to you—"

"Stop, you canting dreamer !" shouted the old man. "Here, take the book ; read, if you dare, what stands printed on the fiftieth page—you serpent that I have cherished in my bosom, only that you might blurt your venom into my face !"

Berthold opened the book, and while he pronounced the word *usurer*, his uncle bent a savage and questioning look on his features. He could not imagine, could not be made to see, why that title irritated his uncle so much. Urged by affectionate pity, he was about to take his uncle's hand, but the old man drew it back with horror.

"Usurer, usurer !" said Robyn, with a deep sigh. "Ah, you throw that name on my head, do you ? and that is the return you make for my kindness !"

"But, uncle dear, you are quite mistaken. Who could have put such horrible thoughts into your head ? The usurer is a being without soul, without feeling ; an avaricious wretch who watches and tracks the unfortunate, like a beast of prey—not to assist or to console them, but, under pretext of lending them money, to wring out the last drop of blood from the heart of the widow, the fatherless, the hopeless. And you fancy that I could dream of applying this execrable name to you ? Surely I should in that case deserve your hatred and your curse. But what ails you, poor uncle ? you are so pale, your lips quiver. Good heavens ! what ails you ?"

"Go away ; get you gone !" roared the old man, beside himself with fury. "Be off ; out of my sight, out of my house ! Go, I command you, Berthold. After dinner I shall be calmer, especially if I don't see you."

Berthold stood quite stupefied and undecided ; his hands were clasped, and his eye bent wistfully on his uncle's. At that moment Monck entered the office as though he had heard what Robyn had ordered. He took Berthold's arm, and whispered in his ear :

"Obey, Berthold ; you can't oppose a sick old man. Go away, and take a walk ; the nervous shock you have given your uncle will soon have passed away. I will make him see that he mistakes your meaning."

"Alas, alas ! what have I done ?" exclaimed Berthold, in a tone of despair.

"Nothing," whispered Monck ; "it is a whim, a caprice ; but you must bear it, and yield to it."

"Begone, begone !" repeated Robyn, as his head fell back over his arm-chair.

Crushed and stupefied, the young man allowed himself to be quietly led to the door by Monck. The crafty clerk said in a tone of indifference, while he was opening the door :

"It was an old gentleman, an acquaintance of your uncle's, who brought the book here. His intention was good, for he said all he had read was exquisitely beautiful. Keep your spirits up, Berthold ; fame is something that men never win without suffering. Come back in the afternoon ; I'll do my best to soothe your uncle, and induce him to receive you with his usual kindness."

Berthold seemed to understand some little of the meaning of these words, and strode off along the street like one distracted, and without looking about him. When Monck returned to the office, a cry of terror escaped him. Old Robyn was lying back in his arm-chair motionless, and without consciousness, pale as a corpse, and without one lingering sign of life.

The clerk ran to his master, and began to chafe his forehead and his hands, but all his efforts to rouse the old man from his stupor were unavailing. He seized the bell and summoned Margaret to his assistance. The old woman made her appearance. She had scarcely caught sight of her master's face, when she began to beat her breast, and to cry and howl with such sincere vexation, that she did not hear a word that Monck said to her.

"Get out of the way!" muttered the clerk, impatiently. "You set to work like a fool."

"O, O!" she sobbed, "dead, dead without a will! So many years as I have lived with the old screw, in hopes that something would turn up at last! and now he is off so unexpectedly, the old miserly wretch! O, O, unlucky Margaret!"

"What do you think is the matter with him?"

"Apoplexy. Don't you see?"

The clerk began to tremble as the thought flashed on him that he, too, might lose his legacy after all.

"Fetch some water, some vinegar; we must bring him round again somehow."

Before Margaret returned with the vinegar, Robyn had moved his arm, to Monck's great joy, and had almost opened his eyes; but they were so glassy and staring, that the clerk was alarmed by an apprehension that his master had lost his senses. A man out of his senses can make no will.

When the old woman entered the office again, she found Monck trying to cheer up old Robyn with a few words of comfort, and to make out whether he retained his reason or not—the old man stared vacantly at him, but made no reply.

"Quick, quick, Monck!" whispered Margaret. "Speak to him about the will; perhaps there's time enough still."

"Yes; leave me alone with him; take yourself off without delay."

"And why shouldn't I be present, too?" grumbled the old servant. "I have quite as much right to be here as you."

"Are you going?" said Monck, with a subdued voice, but with his teeth set, and with a hideous grimace. "Be off, or you shall not have a farthing." Then overcoming his irritation, he continued: "Now, good Margaret, I pray you go out; you are wasting precious time. The favorable moment has come—never, perhaps, to return. All that I shall do is for our joint advantage."

"Be quick, then, or he'll slip through your fingers in a moment." And she went out and shut the door behind her.

Monck drew near to his master and took his hand, and looked into his fixed and glassy eyes with an expression of the deepest sympathy and pity. He moved his features violently, like a person trying to repress tears—or like a person trying to shed tears that will not come. However this may be, he began in a few minutes to weep bitterly.

It may be that the fit was passing gradually away of its own accord, or that the grief of his faithful servant awakened him to consciousness; he made some efforts to move his lips, and at length articulated with difficulty:

"Berthold? where—Berthold?"

A strong convulsion shook the old man's frame; his limbs became rigid, and his head fell back over the arm-chair. Monck was beside himself with agony and despair. He shook his master violently, and called him by his name; but he could no longer deceive himself as to the old man's state. With his hair standing on end, and his face paler than that of the corpse beside him, Monck continued gazing on the old man, and groaning in his anguish of defeat and disappointment.

"He is dead—dead as a stone! without a will. Everything goes to that hateful Berthold; nothing, nothing for me. I shall be driven away from here,—I, who meant to be so rich. No way of escape; death has ended all. O, it is terrible! the hideous old wretch!"

He stood for a while thinking, with his hands pressed to his forehead. Suddenly a ray of light seemed to break in on the gloom, and he chuckled, as he said:

"What a good notion! Margaret's advice! But the scaffold—a million or the scaffold? A frightful alternative!"

He relapsed into a fit of musing; then, rousing himself, he went to the desk, and said:

"The demon of gold has taken possession of me. Vain are all my efforts to resist him. Well, the price is worth the risk. Who will ever know anything about it? Can I not imitate old Robyn's writing so exactly that I myself can hardly point out any difference? I am shaking all over; but a starving man trembles, too. Anyhow, the die is cast; I shall be either a millionaire or a galley-slave!"

He took his seat at the desk, spread the paper before him, took the pen in his hand, and then said to himself:

"What shall I give Margaret? O, nothing, nothing! I alone incur the danger; I alone will reap the profit. It must be dated a month back, to avoid all suspicion."

He made an extraordinary effort to calm his nervous agitation, and wrote three or four lines; then he paused, and read them over three or four times with scrupulous care.

"It is quite right—all in due legal form; there is not a single flaw. Now for it again!"

He then enclosed it in another sheet of paper, sealed it, and wrote on the outside of the cover, *This is my last will*. He then took from the dead man's pockets the keys of the strong box, opened it in haste, put the will in one of the drawers, and replaced the key on the ring from which he had abstracted it. He then rang the office-bell violently, and composed his countenance into an expression of the deepest consternation.

Margaret came running, and shrieked aloud when she saw the dead body of her master stretched in the easy chair:

"What! dead—without a will? Poor Margaret! poor Monck!

What will you both do now? It is enough to kill one outright with rage and vexation."

"Silence, silence!" said Monck; "there is a will."

"No, no!" she groaned. "Let us face the real truth. We are most unfortunate. The ungrateful old rogue told me this very morning that he would make his will within the next fortnight. Let us open the strong box; there must be gold in it. We can help ourselves to something, anyhow."

"There is a will, I tell you."

The decided tone in which Monck spoke made Margaret hesitate, and doubt whether there could really be a will. At length, as she felt sure that old Robyn had not made one, she looked at the clerk significantly, and said:

"You have followed my advice. You have made a will yourself."

Monck tried to conceal his anguish beneath a laugh of scorn.

"Foolish woman! Could I gain twenty millions by such a crime, I would not perpetrate it. Dismiss all such foolish and wicked thoughts. The will was made by Robyn more than a month ago. I have no notion what its provisions are; but my master told me with his dying breath where he had put it."

"There, in the strong box, of course."

"Yes."

"O, Monck, read it now."

"It cannot be; Robyn sealed the will with his own seal. The president of the court alone can break it."

"But are you sure that we are named in it?"

"I incline to think so, because Robyn told me that we should both have reason to be contented."

"Well, if we only get a good round sum!" exclaimed Margaret. "But in any case, even if one of us should get more than the other, our marriage is a settled thing, is it not?"

"Why, if you happen to get a large sum, you would not, perhaps, care to have me?"

"What is settled once, is settled forever. Do you wish to change your mind?"

"No, no; but we have not time to talk about that now. Run you round amongst the neighbors, and spread the report of our poor master's death. You must cry, and shriek, and shed floods of tears, if you can."

"'Tis very odd," muttered Margaret, "that he said nothing to me about this will. Perhaps he wished to surprise me, after his death, by the amount of my legacy. Dear, kind hearted man!"

Monck seized her arm, led her to the door, and said, in a tone of irritation:

"Come now; go and do what I order you to do, and take care not to gossip—there is always great danger in that. Be off, and see how loud you can shriek."

The old woman ran up the street, making every demonstration of extreme grief. Meanwhile, the office was echoing Monck's more subdued lamentations.

CHAPTER III.

AN hour had elapsed since Berthold had left his uncle's house, alarmed and bewildered, and he was still wandering aimlessly about the streets. His unusual gestures, the melancholy expression of his countenance, and the quivering of his lips showed that he was tormented by painful and despairing thoughts. The passers-by stopped and looked after him; some smiled, some ran against him; but he went forward, absorbed in his mournful thoughts, without noticing anything or any person he met.

His rapid walk came at length to an end. In a certain street, not far from the principal gate of the city, he stood still for a moment to make an effort to control his emotion. Then he turned to the left into a clothier's shop, and inquired of a woman who was standing behind the counter whether Mynheer Conrad was in his room.

"Ha, good-morning, Mynheer Robyn," answered the woman, with many tokens of respect and affection. "Conrad is not at home; but he has left the key in his door. He has gone out to get some music-paper, and will be back in a moment. Be so good as to walk up and wait a few minutes for him."

Berthold had unquestionably been no unfrequent visitor to the music-master, for he mounted the stairs, entered his room without hesitation, and threw himself into a chair. He then remained with his eyes fixed on the ground like a person who is thoroughly tired, and who is disposed to rest.

Conrad's apartment was on the first floor of the clothier's shop. It was very humble in appearance, but scrupulously clean, and adorned with careful taste. Besides the hired piano—a precious thing, indeed, to him—there was no furniture but three or four elegant chairs, a table covered with piles of music, a violin-case, and a large lamp destined to give light during the long hours of evening toil. There was, besides, a book-shelf on which were ranged some fifty volumes, chiefly works of poets, ancient and modern, all unbound, and obviously well used.

Berthold sat a long time in Conrad's room without moving a muscle; at length his gloomy thoughts seemed to goad him to frenzy. He rose from his chair and strode impatiently up and down the room.

"Ha, Mynheer Berthold!" cried Conrad, who had just come in, "excuse my having involuntarily kept you so long waiting. How beautiful your poems are! I have already read the greater part of them. What fire! what a tender inspiration! how they overflow with the glow and animation of your soul! Thanks, a thousand thanks for the pleasure you have given me, for all the tender, pure emotions you have excited within me. But you are looking gloomy, Berthold; your countenance is overshadowed with a cloud. Are you not well?"

The young man grasped the artist's hand, looked at him with a mournful expression, and said:

"Conrad, I am unhappy. My heart feels the necessity of disburdening itself. Let me bewail my destiny to you; it will, perhaps, lessen or soothe my sorrow."

"Now tell me what has happened?" asked Conrad, with profound sympathy, but with perfect calmness of manner. "I will try to console you, and I don't think that can be very difficult. Black clouds are drifting over the stormy heaven of your imagination, eh?"

"Conrad," sobbed the unhappy youth, "I have pronounced an irrevocable farewell to art."

"Well, thank God, 'tis nothing worse than that," said the music-master, with a smile. "It is a common fancy of poets; they are always vowing to break their harps in pieces; but the melodious instrument is too deep down in their central being. They cannot get at it; it is not subject to their mere will. Come, I see plainly that you have only the ordinary poet's disorder; don't think of giving way to it, Berthold."

"No, no; you are mistaken, my friend," said Berthold, with a sigh, "my decision is irreversible. I abandon forever the future I had, in my dreams, shaped out for myself. It grieves me, I confess; but I shall seek consolation in giving another direction to my mind."

The unwonted tone of dull dejection with which these last words were spoken astonished Conrad, and made him feel very uneasy.

"O, Berthold," he exclaimed, "may God keep you from carrying out your senseless resolution! But what leads you to come to such a decision in such a hurry?"

"Something horrible, the cause of which I cannot fathom. When I left Mynheer Kemenaer's, I hastened homewards to present a copy of my poems to my uncle. I expected that I should be scolded, but I felt convinced that my uncle would forgive me my imprudence with his wonted affection. So I walked into the office and offered him my book. O, Conrad, never can I forget that moment! My poor sick uncle was beside himself with rage; his lips were quivering; he fixed on me a gaze of hatred and of contempt, as though I had been guilty of the foulest crime. While I was standing, trembling and amazed at the mysterious state in which I found him, he opened my book, pointed out to me the poem called 'The Usurer,' and poured forth such a torrent of biting reproaches, that each word smote my heart with despair and terror. He called me ungrateful, regretted the benefits he had conferred on me, said that I had applied to him the odious epithet of *usurer*, and ended by saying that I was a serpent who had spirted my venom on him in return for all his goodness. Astounded as I was by these cruel accusations, I was about to excuse myself, but he bade me, with a face deadly pale, to leave the house until the afternoon. My presence seemed to throw him into an agony. I ran about the streets like a madman; and now I am come to you, Conrad, to pour out all my sorrows into your friendly heart."

"Your uncle will soften down, Berthold."

"No, no; he is too angry with me. I cannot give you a notion of the threatening fire which glowed in his eyes as he pointed to my poem, 'The Usurer'; there was in his expression the most burning, concentrated hate I can conceive."

"The poem on the usurer," said Conrad, half aloud; "I see—"

"You see why that poem should produce so terrible an effect on my uncle? Why Laura's father himself trembled as he read it?"

"As to Mynheer Kemenaer, he is possessed by the demon of gold, and he hates everything that cannot be bought with money; but your uncle's is a different case: he traffics in gold. It does not become me, any more than you, to say why your uncle fancied he found his own image in your poem."

"O heavens! can this be true?" exclaimed the young man, stunned and shuddering. "But it cannot be; my uncle lends money, indeed, but it is to persons in misfortune, and far more from compassion than from lust of gold."

"Gold has compassion on those unfortunate persons only who pay a high interest."

All at once Conrad sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, with unaccountable glee:

"Ha! I know an expedient, a means to appease your uncle, to rescue your book, and to put all your vexation to flight."

Berthold looked incredulously at his friend.

"No, no; do not aggravate my pain by protracted suspense," he sighed.

"The expedient is simple, but unfailing. Simply cancel the leaf which contains 'The Usurer.' Write another poem to replace it. Assure your uncle that the poem is cancelled and destroyed. This token of your submission will please him."

Berthold's countenance brightened immediately.

"What a happy thought!" he exclaimed.

"Is it not? Your uncle will forgive you at once, and perhaps he will no longer oppose the publication of a book which contains nothing that can displease him."

Berthold threw his arms around his friend's neck, and said, in his most affectionate tone:

"Dear Conrad, I shall requite you for your affectionate care. The first use I shall make of my wealth will be to better your lot for you. We shall always be friends."

The shopkeeper opened the door at this juncture, and surprised Berthold in this outburst of grateful friendship.

"Mynheer Robyn," said she, "pray excuse my coming in so thoughtlessly; but there is a woman below with a message for you—your uncle's servant—"

"Margaret!" cried Berthold, rushing down to meet her and

receive her message. "You are crying, Margaret; what has happened?"

But the old woman sank into a chair, and began to weep with loud cries of distress, while the young man asked a number of eager questions.

"Let me take breath—let me come to a bit!" she cried, with every demonstration of despair. "Alas! I shall die, I'm sure; this blow will kill me outright."

"For Heaven's sake, speak, Margaret!" said Berthold; "you make me tremble. Why are you crying so bitterly?"

"O, how unfortunate I am! The kind Mynheer Robyn, who has made a will, that his old Margaret might not be forgotten."

"My uncle! A will! What do you men? What has happened?" shouted Berthold, who was pale and almost faint with anxiety and alarm.

"He is dead, dead!" sobbed the servant, with a fresh flood of tears.

The young man uttered one single, piercing shriek, and fell upon the bosom of his friend.

"Conrad, Conrad, have pity on your poor friend! I shudder at myself. The serpent has poisoned, has murdered its benefactor. He is dead; he has sunk beneath the agony of his rage; he has cursed me, perhaps!"

Margaret stood up, drew near the young man, and said as calmly as though her grief had suddenly taken wings:

"You are mistaken, Mynheer Berthold; he died of a fit of apoplexy, and he wished to see you before he died, but we didn't know where to look for you."

"My good uncle—he remembered me in his dying hour! O my God, my merciful God, I thank thee! I may now hope that he forgave me."

This thought of consolation opened the fountains of Berthold's tears; he wept abundantly, but in silence. Conrad sat by his side, holding one of his hands, and whispering words of comfort from time to time.

The old servant looked at him for a short time with an incredulous smile on her lips. She could not understand how a person who was to be so rich could be so sad, could feel any real sorrow. Thinking that Berthold's grief was only assumed and conventional, she said, impatiently:

"Now, mynheer, don't be so low about it; you have good reason to be comforted. You must not stay here any longer; our house is full of strange folk, and every one is asking where you are. It won't do for people to think you indifferent. You must come home, and let people see you are very sorry for your uncle's death."

"Indeed, you must go home," said the music-master.

"Come, Conrad, come with me," said Berthold, with eager anxiety. He drew Conrad with him towards the door, and, perceiving his reluctance, he said, with feverish energy: "Conrad, I am stupidified; I am beside myself with alarm and anguish. You will support my courage, and drive away my gloomy despondency. Come, let us go together."

Conrad put on his hat, and left the room with Berthold and old Margaret.

CHAPTER IV.

It is night. The city seems to have sunk away into an abyss of quietness and darkness. Sleep is brooding over everything.

In Mynheer Robyn's house, there was a remote room hung with black drapery. The pale and flickering light of two wax tapers which stood upon the table touched every object in the room with a dull, uncertain tint, and dimly disclosed an alcove with a bed, on which some one was lying covered with a white sheet. It is an old man. The hair, which falls so listlessly on his pillow, is of glistening silver. It was as though he were tranquilly slumbering, forgetful of the cares of the day; but his face, on which the tapers cast a yellow light, is livid and fearfully pale, his lips are compressed and motionless, and his features are distorted by a frightful expression of agony and despair. He must have been surprised by death in the effort to utter a piercing shriek of dismay.

At the head of the bed sits an old woman, who has fallen back in her chair, and is sound asleep. Her clothes are dirty and tattered; her tangled hair has escaped from beneath her cap, and lies in disorder on her forehead. Her features are marked by deep, anxious furrows, and indicate a harsh and unfeeling disposition. She is breathing heavily, yet she is not in deep sleep. At intervals, she half opens her gray eyes, and casts an unconscious look at another woman who is seated at the other end of the alcove.

This latter personage is somewhat younger; and although her dress indicates poverty, it is clean, and carefully arranged. She has let her head fall on her arm, and is leaning on the table, and enjoying a calm and genuine slumber.

Slow wore the hours away, and still the tapers cast their melancholy light on the sunken cheeks of the corpse, and still

the appointed watchers slumbered on, until at length a cart rattled along the street, and announced that day had dawned.

The old woman opened her eyes slowly, stretched herself deliberately, and then muttered half aloud:

"Bah, how cold it is! This hard chair has bruised me all over just as if all my bones were broken. They might have afforded me a cushion to sit on, I should think. That wouldn't have ruined him, any how. What a good thing it is that death is so just! That old usurer, who lies there making such hideous faces, as if he were not comfortable where he is gone to, will this morning be put into the grave, just as if he were worth no more than old black Beth; and the worms won't ask him whether he has sat on a cushion or not. Bless me, how cold it is! You Trees, just wake up, will you? You have had enough sleep by this time; the country people are driving to market."

The younger woman awoke, rubbed her eyes, and said, as she looked round the room with a shudder:

"O, what a horrid dream! The sweat is running down my face now."

"Pon my word, Trees, you are shaking all over. I don't

back again, a body would never be able to run across the street without meeting a whole troop of ghosts. 'Tis all stuff and nonsense! What lies there is only dust and ashes, as the Scripture says. Just look under the table, and see whether there is a drop more in the flask, for I don't know why, but my heart is all of a shake, and it is so cold up here."

Trees produced a flask from under the table, and handed it to her old companion, who drank a good draught, and then said, with a vigorous smack of her lips:

"Now, Trees, just take a drop of that; it will warm you up a bit."

"No," said the other, with an expression of intense disgust; "I don't like that horrid stuff."

"Ha, you were brought up on wheaten bread and milk, eh? Wait a bit, child; and if you take to this trade of sitting up with dead folk, you'll sing another tune."

"God forbid I should ever watch by a strange corpse again!" said the younger woman, with a sigh. "I took it because my husband is in the hospital, and I wanted to earn something to give my poor children a bit of bread; but after this, Beth, you may save yourself the trouble of taking me. Death is too terrible; whenever my eyes fall on the face of poor old Mynheer Robyn there, I tremble all over like a reed."

"Ha, Trees, you know very little of the trade, that's clear; else you would say, the uglier the better."

"You are out of your senses, Beth. Don't say such things here!" exclaimed Trees, with a shudder.

"Do you fancy the old rogue will hear us? What I said is easy enough to understand. When you, and I, and other poor people come to die, what should we fret for? Naked we came into the world, and we go out of it as rich as the richest. We don't lie making such ugly faces as that; for it must be bad enough up above if we are not better off there than here."

"If one had no children, no husband, or no mother to leave behind one, then death would be no great grievance to us; but, poor or rich, life is sweet, still."

"Just fancy a rich man who is dying. He looks at his gold, his houses, his coaches; he was master of them all; everybody crouched and crawled before him; on his table were all sorts of luxuries; he drank wine from morning to night; he had music in his house; he gambled and revelled as if that was his trade. All, all must be left behind; he can't take away one penny more with him than you or I—a few yards of linen to make him a shroud, that's all. If you had lived all your days in wealth and luxury, Trees, and old Nick were to come and whisper in your ear, 'All the fun is over now!' you would make ugly faces enough, I'll warrant."

"You are only joking," answered the other. "I saw the lady, who lived in the large house at our corner, when she lay a corpse. Her countenance was so composed, so sweet, so clear, that she looked like an angel from heaven. I was not at all afraid of her, and, if I had dared, I should have kissed her; it would have brought a blessing down upon me. Death like that is not frightful."

"I can well believe that. But, then, who is it you are speaking of? A lady who loved the poor, who did all kinds of good actions every day of her life, and was never so happy as when she was consoling some poor creature in trouble. If you were rich like that, now, you might die without fear. It would be well with you in this world, and better in the next. But this sort of rich folk is very scarce. Do you know what a camel is, Trees? 'Tis a tremendous great beast, you know. Well, the curate said, last Sunday, in his sermon, that a camel might more easily get through the eye

of a needle than a rich man enter through the gate of the kingdom of heaven."

"That is only a way of speaking. He meant a *bad* rich man. You have a shrewd tongue against rich men, Beth, and you speak as if God would not be just to everybody. The recompense will be as the work has been."

"Yes, yes—certainly; we should, perhaps all of us, do a great deal of wickedness which we cannot do now, because we have not the power or the means; but what is done, is done forever, and is written up above in the great book. There, in that alcove, lies one who sold his soul to the demon of gold; he found it out when he was dying, and that is why he died with such a horrid face as that. Just look at him; he won't bite you. What noise is that? Are you moving your chair?"

"What? my chair?" said the younger woman, in alarm. "I did not move. It was there, behind the alcove; somebody in the next room."

"Ha, ha! you were frightened, eh? It is broad daylight up there, and I dare say Margaret is getting up. Yes, child, as long as the old miser lived, a body could not say much; he had gold. But when a horse is dead, children may pull the hairs out of its tail. I wish you could hear what they say of old Robyn; it would



MOUNT BLANC, AND THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNI.

fancy, child, that watching by corpses is your line; but 'tis a better thing than it looks. If there were only more work—but men live so unconscionably long now-a-days."

"O, Beth, what a fright I have been in! I dreamt the old gentleman there, in the alcove—God rest his soul!—rose up from his bed and came over where I was sitting. He stared at me so with his cold, glassy eyes, and wanted to shake hands with me. I thought I was dying with fright, for you wouldn't believe it, but the hand of a ghost burns like fire."

"Well, you goose," said the old dame, laughing, "dead is dead, and never a ghost comes back again; they've enough to do to mind their own business, I fancy."

"Beth, Beth," said the younger woman, "you don't believe in anything, for your part. But don't you know what happened in the great house at the corner of our street? Just ask the mason's grandmother to tell you about it, for she saw the ghost with her own eyes. What should make her tell a lie about it?"

"Yes, in the old times," answered Beth; "I know they used to come then. If anybody had stolen anything, or cheated anybody, he had to walk after his death till restitution was made; but all this is gone by now, child. Good heavens! only think if that was the law now! If everybody who cheated or stole must come

make your hair stand on end. He has brought more than a hundred decent and honorable men to the dogs."

"O, you must not speak evil of your neighbor. Are you quite sure of what you say?"

"What should I know about it? I heard the baker telling long stories about him."

"Well, would it not be better to leave the decision to God? Listen; somebody is coming up stairs. 'Tis Margaret; I know her footstep."

The old servant entered the room, cast a look of utter indifference on her master's corpse, and said, with a smile:

"Well, how have you got on? What a weary thing it must be to sit up with a dead man! I slept well enough, but my thoughts woke me pretty early. I shall sit down and chat with you for half an hour, for I don't much like being down there alone, by myself."

She took a chair and rubbed her hands as if she had reason to be very contented and happy, and then said:

"Thank God that this corpse will be carried out of the house to-day. They ought to bury people sooner when they are dead; then the living would not be so long troubled with them."

"And then the inheritance would be sooner divided," said black Beth.

"Yes," answered the servant; "there's something in that. I'm growing old, my dear creature, and if I am to have anything in this world, I'd rather have it to-day than to-morrow."

"Will you get much?" asked the younger of the women.

"Much? I fancy so."

"Are you not sure?"

"No; the will is a secret. When the old miser is fairly out of the house, it will be opened and read."

"But did mynheer never speak to you about it?" asked Beth, with a shake of her head. "'Tis very odd; he must have forgotten your name altogether, Margaret."

The old woman was slightly disconcerted by this remark, but she soon regained her composure, and said:

"It has been a very hard job. These many years I have feared that I should never get a penny, except what I have saved from the housekeeping. Mynheer became weaker and weaker every day, but he grasped his gold so tight that he would not make any will. Had he died suddenly, our young master—the blockhead—would have inherited everything, and I and our clerk would have got nothing. But I hear somebody moving on the stairs. Can Monck be stirring already?"

"It is a cart passing," said Beth.

"That would have been a pretty thing, wouldn't it, that the ungrateful old rogue should have left the world without paying me my promised reward?"

"And he made a will at last?"

"Yes; but it cost a deal of trouble. He wouldn't hear of it; it was always time enough yet; I could have let him choke in his bed, the old miser! I fancy our young master, who would be glad enough to have everything, kept up this notion in the old man's mind, but luckily something turned up which settled the matter. You must know our young master makes verses."

"Verses! what's that?" asked black Beth.

"Poetry, child; little ballads. Mynheer Robyn couldn't bear to hear of it. Our young master, who, between ourselves, is more than half a fool, printed a book without letting his uncle know anything about it. Do you know Monck, our clerk? you met him in the passage yesterday. He looks a regular stupid, doesn't he? Well, you wouldn't think it, but that Monck has more tricks and contrivances in his little finger than the cleverest lawyer has in his whole body; he is sense and slyness from head to foot. 'Tis true, I assure you, though you wouldn't say so to look at him. He will get a good slice, too, and we are going to be married. Where was I? what was I talking about?"

"About a book with songs in it, and about the will," answered black Beth, who was listening with eager curiosity.

"Ah, yes. Monck is the fellow to get at secrets, and he heard somehow that our young master was printing this book; he told old Robyn about it, and so worked up the old man, that a few days ago he made a will. I am to have a snug little legacy."

"How much? Don't you know? Suppose you got the whole, Margaret, and came to ride about in your coach, eh? Might I then come to your house for the scraps?"

"It won't be as much as that, Beth."

"You don't know till you hear the will."

"Why, anything is possible. He always liked me, because I pleased him, and flattered him, and humored him, but it wasn't for his good looks, the ugly old monster!"

"Don't talk so," entreated the younger woman; "I can't listen to you without shaking all over. For Heaven's sake, let the dead rest in peace! 'Tis a shame to talk so with his dead body in the room; you ought to have very different thoughts."

"What's the matter with the silly fool now?" cried Margaret, with an expression of astonishment, looking at the young woman.

"You don't know the ways of the world," said Black Beth, with a smile.

"She is afraid mynheer will jump up in his bed. Hold your tongue, Trees; let people talk just as they like."

"Is it true, Margaret, that he was worth more than a million?"

"Monck would never let me know, but I fancy he was."

"And how has he come by this money? His father was a usurer before him; but a million! Such a fortune as that doesn't drop from the clouds."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders, and said, with a peculiar smile:

"We won't uncover the saucepan to see what is in it."

"Ha, ha! you think I don't know anything about it, eh? Your mynheer was a wretched old screw who sucked the blood of a heap of honorable men, and made many, many widows and orphans miserable."

"Who says so?" asked the astonished servant.

"Why everybody up and down the street says so."

"And how did he do this, do you fancy?"

"Why, you see, I don't know much about money. How? I'm sure 'tis above me. But, for example, in the house of the shoe-maker who lives next to me, there is a family which was once very well off; they had a large shop and were doing very well, and now they are so poor that even I pity them. Where do you fancy their gold and their substance is? Why, in this very house, in the hands of the old fox who is lying there by the side of his coffin. How? You know that better than I do; you must be more up to these things than me, who never saw twenty crowns at a time in my life."

MOUNT BLANC AND THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNI.

The engraving on the preceding page conveys a good idea of the "monarch of mountains" when seen close at hand. From a distance, all its minor roughnesses and irregularities are blended together, and instead of a ponderous mass of rock, earth and ice piled up in appalling bulk, it is converted by the atmosphere into something ethereal, cloudlike, even transparent. An interest of another kind attaches to a close examination of the mountain, with its seas of ice, its myriad pinnacles, its crevasses and chasms, its dangerous passes, where a shout or a pistol-shot would bring down the avalanche. What must have been the sensations of the first adventurous traveller, Dr. Pacard, of Chamouni, who first set foot on the summit of this mountain, 15,700 feet above the sea, and 12,160 feet above his native village! From the top a magnificent view meets the eye, extending in every direction nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Eighteen glaciers surround it, whose various and fantastic forms increase the magical effect of the spectacle. Our readers are of course aware that this famous mountain derives its name from the vast mantle of snow with which its summit and sides are covered, and which is estimated to extend not less than 12,000 feet, without the slightest appearance of rock to mar its dazzling purity and whiteness. It is discernible from Dijon and Langres, 140 miles distant. The first ascent, alluded to above, was made in 1786. In August, 1787, Saussure ascended it with

eighteen guides, and remained on the summit five hours. The pulse was found to beat more rapidly, and the party complained of exhaustion, a parching thirst and failure of appetite. The color of the sky at this elevation was deep blue, bordering on black, and in the shade the stars were visible. In 1818, Messrs. Howard and Van Rensselaer, of New York, and in 1825, Dr. Clark and Capt. Sherwill, ascended it. In 1827, two English gentlemen, who made the ascent, were obliged, by a new cleft in the ice, to take a new ascent, which has proved to be less toilsome and hazardous than the former. Up to 1828, fourteen ascents had been made, but since that period they have been somewhat frequent. The ascent of Mount Blanc is always a great event at the little village of Chamouni, which is nestled at its base, and where there is always a crowd of visitors to swell the resident population. The course of the travellers can be seen from the village, and it is intensely interesting to watch them through a telescope as they creep upon their toilsome way. The grand achievement of reaching the summit is announced and celebrated by the discharge of artillery; and when the adventurers return, they are honored by a grand dinner in the hotel.

PATHWAY OF LIFE.

The allegorical picture on this page represents the course of human life under the figure of a steep mountain ascent. The road with all its difficulties still mounts upward to heaven. *Sic itur ad astra!* The perspectives it presents are severe, and produce stern impressions which all hearts are not equally able to support. Youth huddles at the base of the steep ascent, perhaps seduced by some little flower that grows on the brink of the precipice, perhaps smitten with a vague love for the blue expanse of water which the lake spreads in the narrow valley. While the youth contemplates these ornaments with which nature decorates her sternest retreats, he is seized by degrees with a languor which masters his senses and even weighs down his soul. He forgets the goal he must attain, with which the asperity of the road has perhaps disgusted him. He turns away his eyes, sits down by the roadside, and dropping his head on his breast, abandons himself to discouragement. The man whom a larger experience has fortified against the seductions and languors of life, approaches the youth; he has girded up his loins for the journey; he proudly confronts the mountain wind that plays with his raiment as with a mysterious veil. Standing firm and upright before the young man, he

clasps one of his hands in his, and with the other points to the summit of the road. "Come, young man," he says, "you must follow us. We, like you, have known distrust and tears. At the entrance of life it seems as if the soul could not accustom itself to the earthy air it must breathe. Brought nearer to the mysterious existence it leaves, than to that to which it aspires, and which it must reach, it would seem as if, seized by a bitter regret, it would turn back; it demands of eternity to re-open the door it has just passed; it complains of the common destiny which subjects it to trials and pains. When we reach the middle of the road, equally distant from the point of departure and the point of destination, there alone can we have a sound opinion of the two issues of life, and justify the judgment of God which condemns us to return to him by the difficult pathway you are pursuing. Rouse up, young man; lift your head and dry your tears; in vain they fall upon the wayside grass—vainly mingle with the limpid waters of the lake. No one can escape the great law of labor. Our fathers moved the world; they left it to us panting and divided, but stamped with incredible proofs of their courage. They have taught us how to bend the will of peoples and the energy of elements; they have impressed on humanity and on the universe the seal of their manly virtues and their indefatigable courage; they have opened the paths of destiny before the trembling human race. Let us not dishonor by our weakness the road they have smoothed by their heroic labors."



THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

"They kept things so close from me, so very close, as if they were afraid I should betray them; but though I didn't know everything, I couldn't help knowing a great deal. Many a dark piece of business, you may be sure, has been carried on in this house by that old miser and his crafty clerk. No doubt, Beth, Robyn has an awkward account to settle where he is gone; depend on't, he is over head and ears down below."

The younger woman sprang to her feet, and said, with anger and contempt:

"I won't stay here a moment longer! You may refuse me my wages or not, as you like, but I'd rather die of want than be forced to hear such talk as this. 'Tis awful!"

Black Beth seized her by the shoulders, and made her sit down again.

"But, you silly thing, if it is the truth, what harm does it do?"

"That makes no difference; it wrings my heart."

"Listen! I must be off now," said Margaret. "'Tis broad day now; Monck comes down stairs very early, and I must go and get his breakfast ready; but as soon as the corpse is out of the house, I'll make a nice cup of coffee, and get a few cakes and some smoked tongue. We'll have a nice time of it. Good-by, for the time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VACCINE MUSIC.

BY G. S. CAMPANA

Hark! that cadence, faint and far,
Like soft echoes from a star,
Where, unheard by mortal ears,
Sounds the music of the spheres;
Or, like some sweet, mournful tone
From the wind-harp's dying moan,
Borne upon the zephyr's wing
With the air of evening:
Wafted over summer bowers
Laden with the breath of flowers.
Hark! again the far-off note!
How its silver tinklings float—
Tiny wavelets, faint but clear,
Softly striking on the ear,
As if angel-harps were playing,
And their melodies were straying
From the spot which gave them birth,
To this pensile ball of earth!
O, ye powers of harmony,
What can that sweet music be?
Lovely maiden, canst thou tell?
Yes, sir—'tis our cow-bell!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"COME, Bertha, don't sit there so silent over that dull book; see, papa has just given me the tickets for the officers' ball, and you are to go too, for neither he nor Harry will take any excuse this time. So rouse yourself, my most sedate and serious cousin, and give me the benefit of your excellent taste in choosing my dress on this important occasion." And Helen Stevenson threw herself down on the sofa at Bertha Warde's side, and with pretended force took the offending volume from her hand.

Bertha smiled as she looked at the beautiful tyrant.

"Suppose I make no excuse this time, and simply say I won't go, how will it be then? I don't love this cold Canadian climate of yours, Helen, and think the pleasure of a ball dearly earned by the risk of catching cold while coming home. It is far more entertaining to me to hear your animated description next day, than to witness it myself; and your father's library will furnish me with some brighter ideas than I could possibly gain from any of your red-coated favorites in the same number of hours."

"Now, Bertha, I won't have you say another word. You forget that papa was a soldier himself once." And Helen's little hand was laid on her lips.

"No I don't, indeed; but I fear our friends yonder will make but indifferent heroes at best. Their feet are so well trained to the dance that I fear they would practise some new steps before an advancing enemy."

"O, Bertha, that is rank treason; I won't listen to you any longer, but I will tell papa what you think about our 'brave army,' so you may make up your mind for a scolding." And with a laughable assumption of anger, the beautiful girl shook her hand threateningly at her companion and rose to leave the room.

"Whither so fast, my fair cousin?" asked some one, with a clear, musical voice. And Helen's further progress was stopped by a pair of strong arms.

The new comer was no stranger, for Helen merely pushed away his hand, and then said:

"I am angry with Bertha. Let me go."

"And what has Bertha done to offend our princess? Nothing very serious, if I may guess."

"Yes she has," Helen answered, trying in vain to keep from laughing. "She has said she does not like dancing, and she does not like officers."

"Both which aversions speak highly for Miss Warde's good sense. My dear Helen, I am surprised, I could almost say shocked, at the alarming fondness you display for red-coats set to music. It is much to be deplored that you have imbibed such a taste, for no one—"

"Harry Stevenson, if you *don't* be quiet. The idea of your lecturing any one, you, who would go into the army to-morrow if your uncle would let you, and who everybody says are the best dancer in Canada. Well, you may all say what you like, but I do like dancing, and I like the officers too. I could almost like you, Harry, if you wore epauletts."

"Well, I am grieved that you don't like me as it is," the young man answered, with a well-contented smile, for he knew that next to her father Helen Stevenson loved him, not with a womanly love, it is true, but the tender, unselfish affection of a young sister. "But what about this ball? Will you not go with us, Miss Warde, if only to keep Helen from dancing herself to death?"

"You know my opinion of these assemblies, Mr. Stevenson. They lead to so many excesses, and so unfit the mind for any useful employment that I cannot like them. You must all excuse my remaining at home. I think every person ought to be allowed to hold their own opinions unmolested on such subjects."

"Certainly, Miss Warde, every one has a right to think on these subjects; but you cannot blame us for trying to change a determination which robs us of your society on every social occasion."

"So it is merely a selfish motive after all, which prompts you to ask me to go," replied Bertha; but yet she blushed and spoke with less than her usual self-possession.

Harry Stevenson too seemed confused; it was evidently a very different thing to pay compliments to the gay young Helen than to her reserved but no less beautiful cousin.

"If you two are going to discourse on proprieties, I shall retire," said Helen, with a mocking courtesy, and a merry laugh. "I wish you joy of your convert, Harry," she exclaimed, as the door closed behind her.

The young man laid his hand on the book which his companion had again opened.

"I so seldom have the privilege of meeting you alone, Miss Warde, that you must pardon my requesting your attention for a few minutes this morning. You said just now that I was selfish; perhaps I am, for I must confess that it is of myself I would speak now. You cannot have misunderstood my feelings towards you, determinedly as you have avoided me; but let me hope that your reserve has not arisen from dislike."

"Not dislike, Mr. Stevenson, far from that. I cannot but feel gratitude, deep gratitude, for all the kindness I have received from you since my arrival in this country." And the dark eyes raised to meet his own, made Harry Stevenson's heart throb audibly.

"Only gratitude, Bertha? Have I been able to inspire you with no warmer sentiment in my favor?" He read his answer in her face. "Why is this, Bertha; there is some secret here. Is it such that I may not be told?"

"My reasons will not please you, Mr. Stevenson. I would rather you would rest content with what you now know."

"But I cannot rest content," he answered, impatiently. "I cannot rest at all until I know why I must not hope to win your love. Bertha Warde, you are the only woman I ever saw that I could call my wife, the only woman I have ever loved. Can it be that I am to lose you now?"

His agitation touched his companion's feelings.

"I will give you my reasons, but remember I told you it were better far to leave them unspoken. When I was a child, my home was such a picture of happiness that I sometimes could almost believe it must have been a dream. My father was wealthy, and I was his only child, and he loved me with all a father's fondness. My mother was young and very beautiful, and she idolized her husband; never were two persons more devoted to each other. I loved to dance in those days, and my mother's sweet voice made music for me through many a pleasant hour. She had no care on earth, save to amuse or instruct her child, and attend to her music, her birds and her flowers. It was a happy life, too happy to last. The change came when I was twelve years old. A new regiment was ordered to our neighborhood. The officers, fine, handsome, gentlemanly fellows they were, were delighted to find themselves in such a hospitable town, and readily accepted the invitations poured in upon them. My father was not behind the rest. He had lived in the country many years, and the society of these brilliant, accomplished and agreeable young men was too fascinating to be resisted; in their company he lived over again the gayly spent days of his youth. The pleasure was mutual; he was invited again and again to their mess, and they in turn to our house. They drank deeply and played high. It was not long before I saw my mother grow pale at the sight of one of the strangers approaching our house. I could not tell you if I would all the sorrow that fair, gentle wife bore in uncomplaining silence through those twelve months; for it was all over in a year. Childlike, I thought not of the cause of her sorrow, and when the unusual sight of her tears alarmed me, believed as she told me, she was sick. She was indeed heart sick. I mourned with the deepest distress over my father's changed manner to myself; I rarely saw him now, and when I did he took but little notice of me. Sometimes his manner was so severe that I shrank in terror from his angry words, and it needed all my mother's fond caresses to soothe my wounded feelings. He spoke a bitter reply to something she said to him one day, I know not what, but probably about her child, it was her only thought now. She pressed her hand to her side as he went out; and when I went to her, the pillow on which she rested her handkerchief and hand was dyed with the red blood which was flowing from her lips. The servants gathered round, and while some ran off for help, the others did what they could to relieve their dying mistress.

"It was an hour before she spoke, and then in a faint whisper bade me call my father. I flew down stairs and told his man, who lounged in the kitchen. 'It is no use, miss,' he answered, 'he is at the barracks by this time and as drunk as a piper; he had enough when he went away. If I went now he would kick me out.' I stopped to hear no more, for I believed my father would come for me; and without taking time to put on even a bonnet, I ran along the road to the garrison. It was a mile and a half away, but I never stopped until I reached it, never stopped until I had sent in a soldier, who brought my father to me, intoxicated and enraged as he was. I know not what he said or what I answered, but he raised his hand and struck me violently. I stooped to avoid the blow, and it fell on my arm, and I sunk down at his feet. Two gentlemen came up at the moment, and while one led him away, the other raised me up and offered to see me safe out of the town. He was very young, and I saw by his dress an officer, and when I told him what I came for, he promised to send my father home as soon as possible. He tried to raise my arm, but I could not bear it touched; and he took a scarf from his neck and made a sling to rest it in. I have the scarf still, but I never saw him again. When I got home, they told me my mother slept, and I must not go in. I went to my room, and I saw no one until the next day; but my mother was dead; I never saw her again, but I did not know it for a long time after. The pain of my arm threw me into a violent fever. The injury was not dis-

covered for many hours, and even then, as I tossed in the delirium of my sickness, the physician could do no better than this."

Bertha Warde raised the falling sleeve of her dress and displayed her arm, fair and smooth and round until just above the elbow, where a large ridge and a slight bend showed where it had been broken and also the distorted joining. She smiled sadly as she dropped the silken drapery again, and said:

"I am not likely to forget those days with such a remembrance as that. But I have little more to say, except to tell you that my father lived but one year after this. He had shattered his health, and his mind never recovered the shock of my mother's death. He died, leaving his brother my guardian, under whose care I remained until I was eighteen, when I became of age, and then feeling no wish to remain longer in England, I determined to accept your uncle's offer and make my home with him and Helen. You will ask perhaps what all this long story has to do with what you said to me just now; but it is the answer I promised you. Having in my childhood seen the danger of gay associates, I cannot risk my happiness with one who takes such evident pleasure in the company of these gay young officers as you do. You understand me now?"

Harry Stevenson looked pained but not surprised.

"I understand you but too well, Miss Warde; at the same time you must make allowance for my peculiar circumstances. With youth and wealth, and no particular duties, it is easy to be led into company. But had I a home of my own, and one to love me—were your happiness my care—believe me, I should find few attractions in the ball-room, the mess-table, or the wine party; your influence I feel would lead me into very far different paths and pursuits."

"Mr. Stevenson, it might be as you say, but I cannot trust my happiness to it. My mother was capable of exercising an influence greater than I ever hope to, and yet she saw all her hopes destroyed, her happiness wrecked, and died broken hearted at last. Let us end this subject at once; it can only be painful to both. Whatever my feelings might be, I could marry no man whose aims went not beyond an effort to kill the passing hour. Let us never resume this conversation."

"I never will, be assured." And bowing low he left her, with a wild storm of sorrow and disappointment raging vehemently in his breast.

"Fool that I was to deceive myself. I thought she loved me, and now life is more aimless than ever." Such was his soliloquy, while Bertha Warde, no longer feeling the necessity of a calm appearance, gave way to a bitter feeling of regret. It was not that she repented her refusal; far from it, but the necessity which compelled her to do so was a cruel one. Harry Stevenson had been a most devoted friend, and knowing his wealth and her own poverty, there could be no question about his disinterestedness. Any woman might have been proud of winning the love of such a man, and Bertha, who read character so well, knew it. But then there were the faults she had named, the fondness for society, the love of luxury and ease, the seeking for excitement at the card-table and in the wine-cup; with all her love and gratitude—and she could not deny to herself that she felt both—the remembrance of the past was not to be forgotten. She knew that he was at present too indifferent to money to be a gambler, too truly a gentleman to be a drunkard; but he was in the path, and who could foresee the end? Life did not present a very bright aspect to the orphan girl, for, though she had an income sufficient for her wants while living with the Stevensons, it would have gone hard with her to face the world with no more means than she now possessed. But Helen loved her as a sister, and Helen's father made no difference in his treatment of the two girls. In his own mind the old officer felt himself doubly repaid for the kindness he bestowed on his dead wife's orphan niece by the good influence she exercised on his beautiful spoiled child.

On the death of Bertha's father, the next heir had claimed the estate, and had educated the child, as he said, at his own expense, her mother's property being a mere trifle; but many said that if there had been any interest taken in the girl's welfare a far different result would have been obtained. On her eighteenth birthday, her uncle gave the control of her little fortune into her own hands, probably anticipating what she would do, as he gave a willing consent to her leaving England for a home with her mother's relatives in Canada.

In the year she had been with them, they had all learned to love and respect her for her sweet, calm nature and the many winning traits of character she possessed; and until she became aware of Harry Stevenson's attachment, never was there a happier girl than Bertha Warde. The kindness of Helen and her father was so sincere, the perfect peace and love of their home, the liberty always accorded her to spend her time as she thought best, was so grateful to her feelings, that to leave them was the last thing she wished; but now she felt that a longer residence under their roof with Harry, who was Captain Stevenson's nephew and ward, would be extremely unpleasant to both, and she resolved to go away as soon as some reasonable excuse could be made for doing so. She distrusted her own strength, and though it cost her many bitter tears, determined to allow no possibility of yielding to an inclination her judgment disapproved. How many broken-hearted wives would be spared, did all girls act with the same caution; unhappy, disappointed women, whose lives are spent in vain sorrow and repentance, who but for hasty marriages might have spent a useful existence, blessed alike to themselves and their friends.

"Come, Helen, make haste; we are late now, child," called Captain Stevenson from the hall; and hastily clasping her bracelets, with a parting glance at her mirror and a parting kiss to

Bertha, Helen caught up her shawl and hood and hurried down stairs.

"How do you like it?" she asked her father, as he walked round and surveyed her dress with a critical eye. "Does it please you, papa?"

"Very well indeed; the prettiest dress you have worn this winter. But what is the stuff, not silk, is it?"

"No, indeed; it is white cashmere, Bertha's choice, and she has the best taste in the world. But I am ready now, papa. Come along, Harry; you look doleful to-night—what's the matter? Got a melancholy fit because Bertha won't go with you, eh?" And the merry girl laughed and clapped her hands, at the imminent risk of destroying her neat-fitting gloves.

"You have not been like yourself this week past, Cousin Harry," she said, as they seated themselves in the carriage, and she saw that he really looked unhappy. "I don't like to see any one look sad. I would have every one smile, and the sun shine always, and everything be pleasant and merry about me; so cheer up, Harry, or you will spoil my whole evening."

But Harry could not cheer up as she desired, for the cause of his dejection was hidden far down in his own heart, beyond the "ken" of his merry, volatile cousin. Not even the splendor of the ball-room, in all the glory of banner drapery and bayonet lustres, with crowds of beautiful women and richly dressed military men, could dispel Harry Stevenson's gloom. For the first time in his life he felt no interest in a scene of pleasure, so called. But there was no cloud on Helen's joy, and never had she looked so well, or so thoroughly enjoyed herself as on this evening.

"Can you inform me who that lady is?" said a gentleman, accosting Captain Stevenson, who was watching Helen with proud delight as she moved gracefully through the dance. "I never saw a more beautiful woman in my life, and I believe I have been guilty of the rudeness of watching her all the evening. I am a stranger," he added, seeing his companion's inquiring glance.

The old gentleman bowed.

"She is my daughter, and her name is Helen Stevenson."

The stranger bowed, and smiled in return. There was a wonderful fascination in his smile, and his companion felt it.

"Then I presume I am addressing Captain Stevenson, whom I half know already. I am Hamilton Darrock."

"Why, bless my soul, is it possible! My old friend Darrock's son!" And the worthy captain gave his young companion's hand a grasp which left no doubt as to the warmth of his feelings. "I see the likeness now," he said, still holding his hand and examining the handsome face and figure. "The same dark eyes and brown curls, but you have got your mother's complexion. O, boy, boy! when I first knew your father he was a young man, like what you are now; and your mother was a little girl, a pretty little girl; and now they are both dead and gone." And the old man sighed in a manner very much out of place in a ball-room; but the meeting and the remembrance it called up had deeply affected him.

"I will call Helen," he said, a few moments after, when he had somewhat recovered the shock. "The name is very familiar to her, and I know she will be glad to meet the son of her father's friend."

The stranger's heart beat high as he saw the fair girl come smiling towards him, listening to her father with eager attention. Helen was no finished, fashionable lady, to hide her emotions under an icy appearance of indifference; she was pleased at the rencontre, and she showed it.

"I always wished that I might have seen your father, and I am very glad indeed to meet his son," she said, as her father introduced them.

The stranger bowed low over the little gloved hand so frankly laid in his own.

"May I hope that the friendship of our fathers may descend to their children?"

There was something in the tone and manner that prevented Helen's answering immediately, and her father said:

"Here comes young Paine to claim your hand, Helen. You and our young friend must finish your conversation at another time."

"May I not beg for the honor before him?" half whispered the stranger; and Calvin Paine had the mortification of seeing him lead Miss Stevenson in triumph to join the dancers.

"I shall probably try your patience," he said, as they passed through the crowd. "I am but little used to scenes like this, and know nothing whatever of the dance."

Nevertheless, Helen had the pleasure of hearing more than one whispered remark on the noble appearance and graceful manners of her partner. He seemed glad when they got through; but if he calculated on having a chance to converse with his interesting companion he was sadly mistaken, the beaux, military and civil, had too high an appreciation of the merits of so charming a belle to allow any one to monopolize her so. First came Mr. Calvin Paine, whose claims to the place he held in society were based on his large fortune, his vulgarly handsome face and person, and his well known skill as a hunter; after him came a long train of admirers; but somehow the dance had lost half its charms for Helen, and the conversation of her partners struck her as rather insipid. She did not see young Darrock again until just as they were about to step into the carriage, when his earnest good-night and promise to call next day made Helen's heart flutter with an emotion all Calvin Paine's awkward compliments had failed to produce.

It was somewhat strange how slight mention Helen made of him to Bertha that night, when describing the events of the evening, and also next morning when her father so eloquently praised the handsome, gentlemanly young stranger, what a remarkably

long time it took Helen to refasten an obstinate sandal, which she had to tie at least half a dozen times before it pleased her, and thereby causing her face to flush most unpleasantly when she sat down to pour out the coffee.

He was somewhat singular in his actions, this Hamilton Darrock, for Captain Stevenson had not finished his first cup when he made his appearance and claimed a seat at their table. He was on a government survey, and the party were to start in an hour; in no other way could he have paid the promised visit, and he explained his early call in so candid and unembarrassed a manner that the agreeable impression of the previous evening was warmed into a positive liking on the part of the old gentleman, while Harry was completely fascinated by the winning manner of this new acquaintance. I will not tell what Helen's sensations were; but her little heart fluttered sadly when the stranger drew his chair up to the table at her side, and he must have been blind not to notice the trembling of the hand which passed his coffee. The minutes soon flew by in the pleasant converse they held, but not before Darrock had invited Harry to join their party, an invitation he very willingly accepted.

"You are going directly past a place I have long intended to visit, and it may be that I shall find your advice of great service to me, as I have some thoughts of buying." And Harry rose up to make his preparations, and left the room without looking at Bertha, but Darrock saw the color leave her face, the cup she had just raised to her lips set down again untasted, and he formed his own conclusions.

The house was very lonely after they were gone, and Helen found Calvin Paine's visits a greater annoyance than ever; but there was no getting rid of the fellow, and every day found him at her side, and every evening saw him her partner in the dance. Captain Stevenson became alarmed, but he had never controlled his child, and he knew not now how to interfere in this flirtation. Helen herself at times felt that she was getting dangerously entangled, and Bertha implored her to put a stop at once to such a dangerous acquaintance. But while he never talked of love, Helen said he might come, and if he ever dared to propose, she would dismiss him forever. Paine himself had well calculated on success. He resolved to visit at the house under the harmless pretence of friendship, until Miss Stevenson should be so fully compromised as to make a refusal of his offer next to impossible, and in the meantime he industriously spread the report of their engagement.

Time passed on, and Harry and young Darrock came home in June. The former had purchased a handsome estate, delightfully situated, and large enough to furnish him with plenty of employment for the next few years. That he had profited by the companionship of Darrock was easy to be seen, and the two had become fast friends.

If Bertha at times felt that she had been hasty in refusing Harry's offer, none knew it but herself; they were friends as usual, only more distant, for each felt that there was an end to the old pleasant familiarity. But fate was silently weaving their destiny, and all unknown to them working out strange patterns in the wonderful web of life. Bertha's uncle died, and the quiet, gentle girl, who bore adverses so patiently, one morning found herself an heiress. There was much business to be attended to, and her lawyer advised her by all means to return to England at once. He little knew how his young client's heart beat as she read those few simple words, how bitter was the pang at the thought of leaving the friends so loved and loving.

But Harry just at this time had little leisure to indulge in sorrowful feelings at the contemplated departure of his young love, for troubles of a more earthly nature threatened to overwhelm him. The failure of a bank and two large mercantile houses stripped him of nearly all his property, and the treachery of an acquaintance whom he had assisted completed the wreck. In one short week, from being the possessor of a handsome, independent fortune, Harry Stevenson found himself penniless. It is true he had completed the purchase of the estate before mentioned, but that must immediately be sold to clear himself from the liabilities he had incurred for his friend. It was a sad reverse, but some natures require such shocks to develop their better qualities; and Harry bore the blow well, calmly submitting to the trouble he could not avert, and planning for the future with a philosophical resignation that won him the respect of all his friends, and made him doubly dear to Bertha and Helen.

The girls were sitting together one evening, Bertha sewing, for the time of her departure drew near; Helen was idly playing with a lap full of flowers. Both the fair young faces were overcast, for there was trouble and sadness in each heart, and though totally unlike in temperament, they gladly sought each other in sorrow.

"Harry leaves us to-morrow," Helen said at last, and a tear, brighter than any dewdrop, fell on the beautiful moss rosebud she held.

Bertha bent lower over her work, and made no reply.

"Dear Harry, it is so hard for him, who has always led such a free, happy life, to be obliged to spend the rest of his days in a close little office in the city. I know it will kill him; and yet he is so proud and independent he won't accept papa's offer to live here with us, though we have plenty, and he has always been like my own brother."

"But you would hardly wish him to live on your good father's bounty, when he can make a living for himself?"

"No, I suppose not," Helen said, with a sigh. "But it is a wretched prospect to go into Mr. Brown's office, with nothing but drudgery before him, and have those upstart young Browns, who have always tried to imitate him, sneering at his fallen fortunes. O, it almost breaks my heart to think of it!"

Bertha laid down her work, and there was a strange light in her beautiful eyes as she looked at her impulsive cousin, and quietly replied:

"Had Harry done anything wrong, had he in any manner tarnished his honor or sullied his good name, you might have said it would break your heart, dear Helen; but as it is, you ought to glory in him and encourage him in the noble resolution he has made. Why need he care for the sneers of such people as the Browns? Why need he care for any one's opinion, when his own conscience tells him he is doing right? Not one man in a hundred would pass through such a trial so nobly, and I tell you, Helen, that you ought to be proud of Harry, instead of pitying him."

Before Helen could answer this enthusiastic speech of her cousin, she was called from the room to meet Mr. Paine; but the fire was soon quenched, for, as the door closed, Bertha leaned her head on her hands, and the tears fell fast on the work in her lap. There was a step, and Harry came in the open window and stood at her side.

"You will forgive my being an unintentional listener to your conversation," he said, "when I tell you that if I had allowed myself to waver in the resolution I have taken, your approval would have fixed my determination. It will materially lessen the discomfort of my situation, to know that you understand and approve my motives; for Bertha, dear Bertha, there is no one whose opinion I value more, no one who can ever be to me what you have been and are still; yet has it been my greatest consolation, in the trouble of the past few weeks, to know that I was alone in my misery, to know that I had not dragged you down to poverty."

Harry spoke with great feeling, but his companion looked up surprised.

"You forget," she half whispered.

It was his turn to look confused, and then the red blood mounted to his very forehead, as he bowed low and with a changed manner spoke again.

"I did forget. I beg your pardon, I did forget how different are our fortunes now, else had I not presumed to refer to the past. Allow me now to congratulate you, Miss Warde; may you be happy in your new possessions as you deserve."

He would have spoken more, but his companion shrunk away as if from a cruel blow.

"O, Harry! don't, don't!"

He was shocked at the change in her countenance, and pride and wounded feelings all were forgotten in the idea that she suffered. With anxious tenderness he prayed her to tell him the cause of her distress; but Bertha Warde was not one to indulge in weakness, and she soon recovered her composure.

"Do not mind me," she said. "I am often surprised into saying what I do not mean. But, Harry, tell me truly, are you rejoiced that I did not accept your offer solely for my sake, or have you ceased to love me as you did then?"

"Bertha, this is cruel. Surely, surely you would not sport with my feelings. You know I love you as a man never loves but once, and that while I live you must be the dearest object on earth; why make me more wretched than I am by such questions? I have gone through so much lately, I feel as if I could endure but little more; why then should you wish to torture me still farther?"

"Because I would make you happy if I could," she said, unheeding his bitter tone; "because I would repay some of the deep debt of gratitude I owe you. When I was poor and friendless you would have bestowed on me the wealth then yours, together with the richer possession of your love. I did not dare to accept it then, but I claim the right to take it now."

He interrupted her impetuously.

"Hush, Bertha! If you really sympathize with me, add not to the many temptations which have already beset me. I dare not listen to you, for my feelings are too deeply interested to allow me to judge rightly."

"Then do not try to judge at all," she said, and there was a spell in the light of her beautiful eyes under which Harry felt himself powerless. "This is no time for imaginary scruples; let us try to make each other happy, and forget the past."

Even while she spoke, Harry came beside her, his proud head drooping until it rested on her shoulder. But we will not intrude on their happiness. As the last ray of the setting sun came through the open window it shone on two faces bright with love and joy.

"Never more will I regret the loss of my fortune, since it has won me your love, my own, my beautiful." And none who had heard the words or saw the face of him who spoke them, could doubt his sincerity.

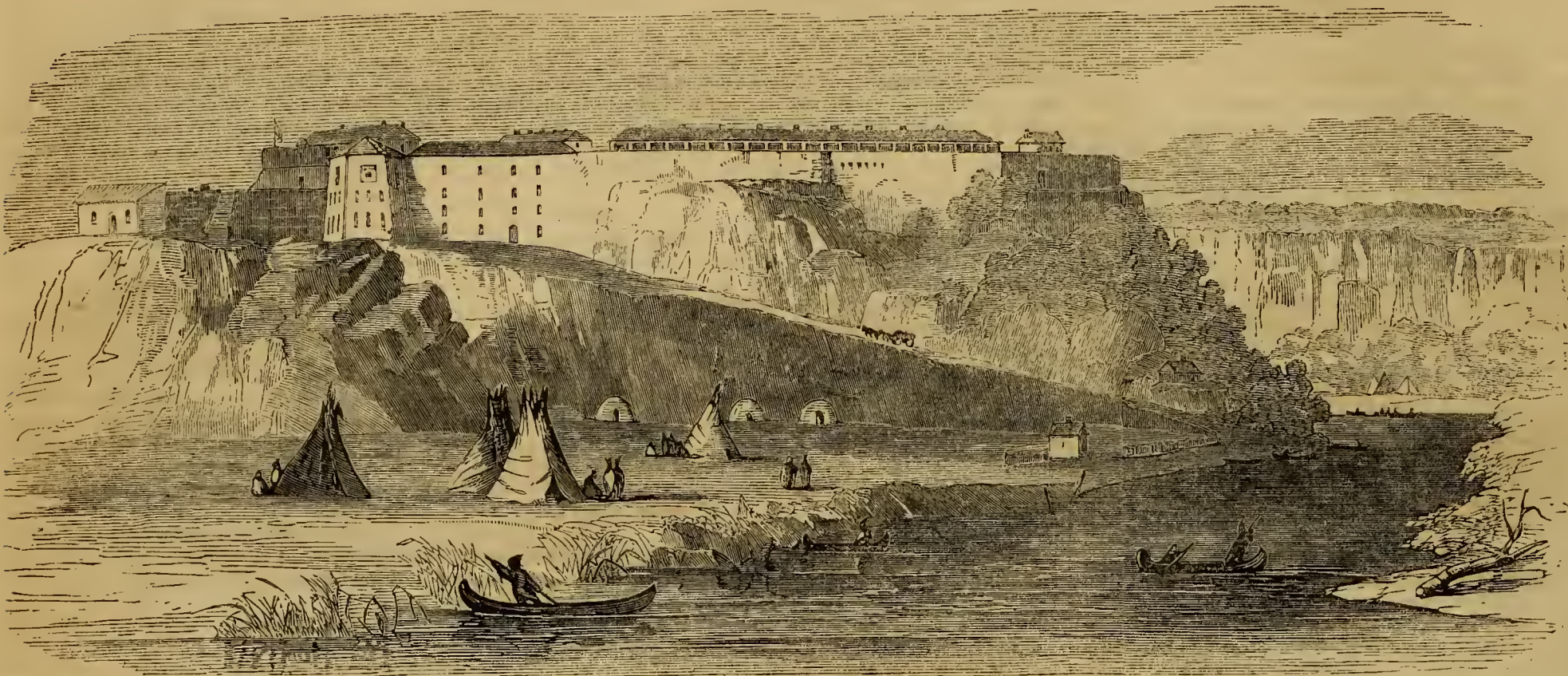
But the same wandering sunbeams which lighted up this happy scene glanced on another and far less joyous pair. Tortured by jealousy at Darrock's return and close intimacy with the Stevensons, Calvin Paine had resolved to end all doubts and boldly declare his love for Helen. To his indignant astonishment he met a calm refusal, and to his wild questioning a still calmer reply.

"While you were content to visit as a friend, you were welcome to our house, but you had no right to think I would ever be your wife; I never encouraged such a hope in any manner, and though I deeply regret that such a scene as this should take place, I cannot blame myself."

The library door opened softly, but when Hamilton saw who the parties were he withdrew unnoticed. There was no mistaking the entreaty of young Paine's attitude, and Helen's confusion spoke more than words.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 59.]

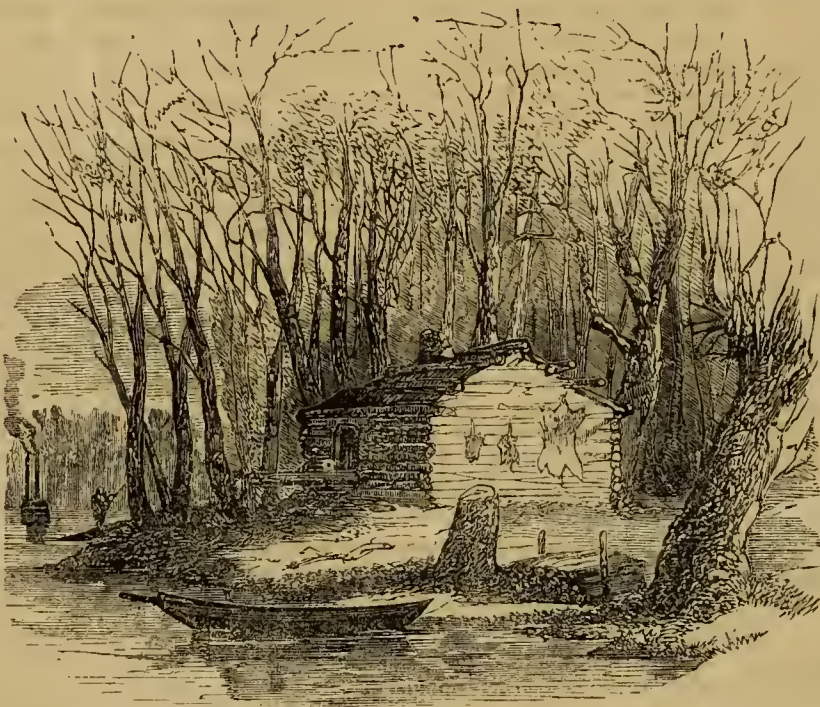
AMERICAN SCENES.—THE GREAT WEST.



FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA, UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

SCENES IN THE FAR NORTHWEST AND WEST.

On this and the next page we present a series of excellent engravings illustrating scenery in the west and northwest portions of our country, which will undoubtedly prove interesting to all our friends. The first is a view of a remarkable and noted place, Fort Snelling, in Minnesota. It is a structure of great strength and extent, and a military post of great comparative antiquity. In the foreground, the picture is enlivened by the introduction of an Indian camp. Previous to the territorial organization of Minnesota, in 1849, this fort was the only noted place beyond Prairie du Chien. It is located on an elevated bluff at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers. On the island in front of the fort, Pike encamped and negotiated for the purchase of the site of the present fort. In 1817, Major Long reported in favor of the locality to the war department; in 1819, 300 men of the sixth regiment, under command of Colonel Leavenworth, left Detroit for this post, and on the 17th of September established a cantonment on the south side of the Minnesota. In 1840, when Col. Snelling had command, the fort was commenced. In June of that year two blockhouses were erected on the site of the present fort. In two years time the regiment moved into the fort, though it was not then completed. Previous to Gen. Scott's visit, in 1824, it was called Fort St. Anthony, but Gen. Scott issued an order giving it the name of Fort Snelling. A large portion of the lumber used in its construction was cut out with whip saws from pine logs brought down the Rum River in 1821. It is stated that there was such a lack of writing-paper in the fort during 1820-21 that Lieut. Camp, commissary or quarter-master, was compelled to make out his quarterly accounts for transmission to Washington on strips of birch bark. In 1824, Col. Snelling undertook to raise wheat to furnish flour for the troops, but the crop failed, and consequently the garrison was placed for three months on half rations.



WOOD-CHOPPER'S HUT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

"The first steamer," says Gov. H. H. Sibley, in his valuable address delivered before the Minnesota Historical Society, Feb. 1, 1856, "that ever ascended the Upper Mississippi to Fort Snelling was the Virginia, a stern-wheeled boat, which arrived at the fort in the early part of May, 1823. It is related that a sentinel on duty first heard the sound made by the escaping steam, before the boat was discernible. He cried out most vociferously, and when officers and men crowded around him for information, it happened that the sounds were no longer audible. The poor fellow was in imminent danger of being put under guard, when the 'Virginia' made her appearance, and was greeted by the booming of cannon and by shouts of welcome from the whole command. Previous to the introduction of steamers upon the waters of the Upper Mississippi, keel boats were used exclusively for the transportation of troops and supplies. Sixty days' time from St. Louis to Fort Snelling was considered a good average trip." In the "Pioneer Women of the West," a work by Mrs. Ellert, a sketch is given of the first cantonment (1819), in the notice of Mrs. Clark, the wife of the first commissary of the fort. It appears that Mrs. Clark accompanied her husband on his journey up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Minnesota. "Several persons went with them from Prairie du Chien; the voyage being made in keel boats, and the waters so low that the men were obliged frequently to wade in the river, and draw them through the sand. Six weeks were occupied in passing over the distance of three hundred miles, one week of which was spent at Lake Pepin. Having reached the place of destination, the company were obliged to live on their boats till pickets could be erected for their protection against the Indians. * * * Huts also had to be built, though in the rudest manner, to serve as a shelter during the winter, from the rigors of a severe climate. After living with her family in the boat for a month, it was a highly appreciated luxury for Mrs.



A SIOUX ENCAMPMENT, UPPER MISSISSIPPI.



SANDY LAKE, MINNESOTA.

Clark to find herself at home in a log hut, plastered with clay, and chinked, for her reception. It was December before they got into winter quarters, and the fierce winds of that exposed region, with terrific storms now and then, were enough to make them keep within doors as much as possible. Once in a violent tempest, the roof of their dwelling was raised by the wind and partially slid off; there was no protection for the inmates, but the baby in the cradle was pushed under the bed for safety. Notwithstanding these discomforts and perils, the inconveniences they had to encounter, and their isolated situation, the little party of emigrants were not without their social enjoyments, they were nearly all young married persons, cheerful and fond of gayety, and had their dancing assemblies once a fortnight. An instance of the kindness of the commanding officer, Col. Leavenworth, deserves mention. One of the officers having been attacked with symptoms of scurvy, and great alarm prevailing on that account, the colonel took a sleigh, and accompanied by a few friends, set off on a journey through the country inhabited by Indians, not knowing what dangers he might encounter from their hostility, or the perils of the way, for the purpose of procuring medicinal roots." When the fort was built, St. Louis, 900 miles distant, was the nearest town of any importance. After the erection of the fort, Mrs. Clark says:—"We made the first clearing at the Falls of St. Anthony, and built a grist mill." The wife of Capt. George Gooding, 5th regiment, was the first white woman who ever visited

these beautiful falls. She afterwards married Col. Johnson and went to reside at St. Louis. The second picture in our series represents a wood-chopper's hut on the Lower Mississippi—a humble log dwelling, the abode of one of those hard-working men whose never-ending labors supply the floating palaces that night and day plough the surface of the Father of Waters. The following sketch is a very picturesque one, and represents an encampment of Sioux on the Upper Mississippi, in Minnesota, with the skin tents, the canoes, and all the appliances that make up a picture of savage life. The Sioux are among the most warlike of the tribes of the northwest, despising agriculture, and deeming the hunting and the war paths the only trails worthy to be followed by a man through life. Civilization has little effect on them. Every now and then we hear accounts of some bloody battle fought between them and the Chippewas, with whom they are at feud. These Indians occupied the greater part of Minnesota a long time since. Rev. T. S. Williamson, M. D., a Dakota missionary, in a paper read before the Minnesota Historical Society says:—"We think it sufficiently manifest that the Sioux occupied the better part of Minnesota when Europeans entered it, a little after the middle of the seventeenth century. It does not appear, however, that they were the first, much less the only inhabitants of the country. Their common and most reliable traditions inform us that when their ancestors first came to the Falls of St. Anthony, the Sonas—whom they call Aynliba (Drowsy)—occu-

pied the country about the mouth of the Minnesota River, and the Shiens, called by the Dakotas Sha-i-ena, sometimes written by the French Chaienne, by others Spienne, dwelt higher up on the same river. We cannot pretend to determine with certainty at what time the Sioux first came to the Falls of St. Anthony, but may say with confidence it was a long time ago, probably before the discovery of America by Columbus." Of our remaining sketches, one is a view of Sandy Lake, Minnesota. This State, throughout the greater part, is studded thick with lakes and reticulated with connecting rivers, affording inland navigation and means of intercommunication for canoes and boats of light draft for hundreds of miles. Most of these lakes are beautiful sheets of water, clear as crystal, and perfectly pure, with fine trees growing on their banks. In many places the shores are of a fine white sand, as firm to the tread as our finest sea beaches. Minnesota is rapidly filling up with settlers, attracted by the fertility of the soil, the excellence of the water, and the remarkable healthiness of the climate. How rapidly it is progressing may be inferred from the growth of the city of St. Pauls, which, commencing with a settlement of ten persons, in ten years reached a population of 10,000. We close our series of western sketches by a prairie scene in Iowa. The spectator, in looking on one of these vast reaches of level land, is reminded of the ocean, and when the grass is waving like billows in the wind, the illusion is almost perfect, and one might fancy himself by the shores of the Atlantic.



A PRAIRIE SCENE IN IOWA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SERENADE, TO ELLEN S. D.

BY W. A. BILLOWAY.

To-night, to-night, the quiet stars
Have spangled heaven's dome;
To-night, to-night, with music soft
From light guitar, I come.

To-night, to-night, the flowers we love
Perfume the air for thee;
When gentle slumbers seal thine eyes,
Loved one, O, dream of me!

To-night, to-night, I offer thee
Devoted love in songs;
Pledge me one vow of such as now
To thy warm heart belongs.

The nightingale with folded wing
Sleeps in its leafy tree:
To-night, to-night, in thy repose,
Loved one, O, dream of me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH OF LE BALAFRE.

BY OSBORN O. CARLETON.

THE night of the first of March, 1562, was cold, clear and breezy. Just beyond the borders of Champagne, a party of soldiers, headed by Francis, Duke of Guise, were marching under the light of a full moon towards Bassi. A firm and zealous Catholic, the duke had determined to pursue and overcome the Protestants, who, with the Prince of Conde and Coligny on their side, seemed likely to gain the ascendancy in France at that time, or, at all events, to acquire what the duke considered a dangerous power.

Francis, Duke of Guise, or Duke of Lorraine, as he was sometimes styled, had at one time ruled the destinies of France, and had been called by the parliament the saviour of his country. Marrying the sister of King Henry II., he was virtually the first in command, Henry submitting to him in all things. Francis II. did not diminish his power, and during the life of that king, Guise held unbounded sway.

Francis had married the duke's niece, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and during his brief reign of a few months, her uncle assumed the reins of government, and used them for his own purposes; and while the Cardinal of Lorraine, his brother, administered the financial affairs of state, Guise directed his attention to the military affairs. After the death of the young king, Anthony Bourbon, king of Navarre, and his brother, the prince of Conde, exasperated by the interference of the brothers Guise, united with the Calvinists to overthrow their power. The demon of civil war raged furiously, and in the midst of contending elements, the duke resolved to pursue the offending party, sword in hand. It was while on this expedition with a chosen party of his own, that he was tempted to stop at Bassi, and watch for some demonstration of the presence of the foe.

One of his creatures, a little, mean, contemptible man, who had been tailor to the court during the life of Francis, had gone forward to spy out some tidings to bring to his master; and he now came back hastily, and announced that, in a barn, at some little distance, a band of Protestants were singing the psalms of Marot. The duke and his party moved swiftly forward at this announcement. On coming to the place, the soldiers commenced an attack by throwing stones, battering the doors of the large barn or granary where they had assembled for the worship which was denied them in public, and finally in rude assaults upon the people themselves by blows.

In this affray, sixty of the unhappy Calvinists were killed and two hundred were wounded. Among these last was a young man named Gerard Cleves, who had been induced to join the meeting that evening, and who lived not far from the singular place of worship which they had chosen. He had been married about two years to Pauline Lanoy, and on that evening occurred his first absence from his home and family. They occupied, by permission, an old chateau, almost on the borders of Champagne, and Gerard had become a skilful as he was an industrious vine-dresser. During the past year his household had been blessed by the coming of a little child, and as Pauline was thus more than usually restricted from going out, it was his highest pleasure to sit with her each evening, and read to her the old romances of chivalry which he found still remaining in the library of the chateau.

That evening, however, had found Gerard more than usually moody and thoughtful. His book seemed to afford him no pleasure, and not even the smiles of the little Marie, whom Pauline had considerably named after Gerard's own mother, could rouse him from his thoughtfulness. Pauline looked at him as she passed in and out of their neat keeping-room, once the reception-room of the old chateau, and once or twice asked him if he was ill. No, nothing of the sort; but two or three of his companions had been teasing him to attend the meeting that evening, and had induced him to promise that he would be there.

"And now I regret so much that I have given my word, for I had a great deal rather stay here with you, Pauline, and our little angel."

"Well, it will only be a short time, Gerard, and the evenings are still long. I would advise you to go. See," she continued, drawing aside the window curtain, "what a perfect evening! It will do you good, and by the time I have got Marie to sleep, you

will return. Besides you know that since this little one came, you and I have been remiss in our religious duties. We blame the Catholics, and disapprove their worship, but certainly they shame us in their superior devotion."

"I do not know how it is, Pauline, but I have a strange presentiment of coming evil. I do not like to leave you alone. This is a sad, rickety old place, although we have contrived to make this part quite comfortable; but when I am away I am almost always dreading a fire or a high wind, for I think either would bring the old building to the ground in a very short time."

"Have no fears for me, Gerard, I shall do well. And now go to your psalm-singing, and hasten back again."

"You are a dear, good wife, Pauline, and may God bless you. Good-by, Marie!" he continued, as he shook his head to the little laughing, crowing baby.

And Pauline locked the door, first looking out into the clear, bright night, and almost wishing she could go out with Gerard as she used to. As she went back to the child, however, that feeling was swallowed up in the happiness which she felt in the baby's winning ways. The little creature looked up so sweetly into her face, that she repented having thought of anything but the pleasure of tending her. She undressed her, rocked her to sleep, and sat down to make a little frock for her; but somehow there was a strange void—she could not work; she tried to read, but in vain.

"Now am I not a silly woman to feel thus, just because poor Gerard has taken an evening away from me? Indeed he must not pet me so much, staying at home all the time, while all the vintagers go out every evening, except himself. He shall go out more after this, so that I may get used to his absence." And so, between trying to work and going to the door to listen, she wore away the dull evening, thankful when the clock of St. Catherine's told the hour which he had named to be at home.

At length a stir at the gate seemed to announce his approach. She brightened the fire, put away her work, and set bread and a little bottle of wine upon the table, then ran to the window. A number of men seemed to be coming up the long pathway.

"Heavens!" she said to herself, "some one must be terribly hurt, and they are bringing him here. O, if Gerard were but here to tell me what to do!"

But the procession was fast coming up the path, and she hastened to unfasten the door. One person hurried up to her and said some indistinct words, which caused her, she knew not why, to precipitate herself towards the litter the men were bringing up, and there, all pale and bloody, his head bound up and his arm powerless, lay her own Gerard, he from whom she had parted in high health not two hours ago!

Poor fellow! this was the coming of that prophecy that his heart had too truly whispered to him. He tried to put out the unwounded arm, to press her to his side, but he was too weak, and Pauline, who felt her senses receding, rallied by a strong effort, and ran in to prepare a couch for the beloved sufferer. She tried to hope—tried to gather faith in the thought that he was living, that he knew her, but after all she gave way to despair. She did not even ask who had done this; but the kind Huguenots told what he was too weak to speak, of the attack of Guise upon the little band who had been worshiping in just such a place as that in which their Master was born; and then when they came to the most pitiful part of the story, that sixty families had been left desolate by the death of father, husband, son or brother, Pauline's tears attested to her sympathy with those who were even more distressed than herself.

Long and tenderly did she watch the wounded man. It was long indeed before he recovered sufficiently to sit up, but the faithful wife proved herself a treasure. She waited on him night and day, and yet pursued her former work at embroidering to earn the bread they ate. Sometimes Gerard's eyes would fill with tears as he beheld her patient, uncomplaining industry that never flagged for an instant. Always her table was neat and abundant, always the little child was nicely clad, and his own bed was sweet and clean. Pauline's little morning dress of coarse, but pretty, small figured print, was trimly made and gracefully worn, and the two little hands earned all and did all.

The surgeon had cut nearly all the hair from one side of poor Gerard's handsome head, and had threatened to cut off the wounded arm. Pauline said no—she would engage to restore it. Her father had been a physician in the little country town where they lived, and she had a fine receipt for gunshot wounds. The surgeon shook his head at her firm refusal, and said:

"You will only make it worse; I shall take it off next week if I do not this, and you will see how much better my counsel is than yours."

But next week came, and Pauline showed him the arm triumphantly.

"What an insolent woman!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Do you know I can still cut off his head? That is not cured by your diabolical witch-anointing."

"No," answered Pauline, "not quite; but look at it."

She displayed the frightful sabre cut, shorn of half its horrors, and the soft, new hair growing finely around it. The good surgeon patted her on the head, kissed little Marie, and shook Gerard heartily by the hand.

"You have a good wife, Cleves," he said. "Her nursing has been better for you than all my surgery. But you have been a long while about it, madame, after all. Look, this is Christmas day, and your husband was hurt on the first of March. It is to be hoped that long practice will make your cures speedier. But, Cleves, did you hear of the battle of Dreux, and how Guise had taken Rouen and Bourges?"

No, no one had been in to tell him; but he was deeply interested, and begged to know all the details.

"Well, *Le Balafre** took the prince of Conde prisoner, and then shared his tent with him, sleeping all night by his side. I fancy that is an instance never recorded before in the history of any battle."

"Very friendly," said Cleves. "But I owe him something for these wounds, which I shall pay him if he and I live!"

Pauline shuddered. The poor little woman had had enough of civil war. She was willing to let Providence manage its own retribution. She earnestly hoped that Gerard's head would never be in the duke's presence again.

The duke was at his old work still. He had gained almost the pinnacle of his ambition, and was now preparing steadily for the siege of Orleans, the central point of the Protestant party; and Cleves, notwithstanding Pauline's shuddering remonstrances, was wishing that he was with the army at Orleans, to have the first shot at the duke. Little Marie had just opened the door to come in from her morning run upon the old lawn where already the grass was springing up after the winter, when a newspaper was thrown into the path from the road. The child toddled back after it, and carried it to her father. It contained news of the war, and conspicuous above all was this paragraph:

"Feb. 24, 1563.—The Duke of Guise was killed this morning by a pistol shot from Poltrot de Merey, a Huguenot nobleman."

Just one year, wanting a week, since poor Cleves came near to death through this very man; and now he was comparatively well, and that other was lying low! So deeply did this impress him, that he could hardly forbear weeping, and Pauline gently reminded him that Providence takes its own time and manner for retribution.

Not with the death of the Duke of Guise, however, did the persecutions of the poor Huguenots cease. For two hundred years they were made the sport of kings and queens, and of their satellites and advisers, from Catherine de Medici and Charles IX. to Louis XV.

* This was a title given to the Duke of Guise from a wound which he received in 1545, at the siege of Boulogne, which left a lasting scar on his face; hence, he was called *Le Balafre* (the scarred).

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemburg once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like so many young puppies.—*Researches in Natural History*.

INVENTION OF THE MICROSCOPE.

It was in 1664, when John Milton's "chief of men," who had wielded the power of England with a firm and vigorous hand, strongly contrasted with the royal but feeble fingers which previously and subsequently endeavored to direct it, had gone to his long account, and just after the rupture of the close union which had endured, almost without interruption, for nearly seventy years, between England and Holland, that a Dutch youth of eighteen, holding a glass thread in the flame of a candle, perceived that the melted extremity assumed a spherical form. The intelligent lad instantly seized on the happy accident. He had seen Leuwenhoek manufacture lenses, such as they were, and went on burning his glass threads, and attempted to place his little glass spheres between two pieces of lead, through which he made an aperture with a pin's point. Placing a hair before this simply-constructed instrument, he found to his great joy that he was the maker and possessor of a capital microscope for those times, and he secured to the micrographers of the day what they had so long sought.—*American Druggists' Circular*.

It seems to be a law of our nature, intended perhaps for our preservation, that little evils, coming home to ourselves, should affect us more than great evils, at a distance, happening to others; but they must be evils which we cannot prevent, and over which we have no control; for perhaps, there is no man who would lose a little finger to save China.—*Colton*.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPIRIT BREATHINGS.

BY DI VERNON.

Through my heart's dim, echoing chambers comes a mystic whisper now,
 Silent sadness bows my spirit—throws a shadow on my brow;
 Through each dark and dreamy portal of my heart that whisper thrills—
 'Tis the voice of one dear spirit that my breast with rapture fills:
 Blissful sadness, mournful gladness,
 O, what life that voice instills!

Gentle spirit, art thou near me?—art thou lingering by me now?
 Yes, I feel thy magic presence—feel thy breath upon my brow!
 Living, breathing, viewless spirit, roaming through the ambient air,
 On thy wings of angel brightness hither, thither, everywhere!
 Sweet thy presence as the essence
 Of a flower white-leaved and rare.

Now upon me from the ocean comes the light and cooling breeze,
 Laden with a soothing fragrance from afar-off southern seas;
 And my own, my ocean island, ever beautiful to mine eyes,
 Radiant in its summer vestment, smiles beneath the twilight skies:
 And this hour, love, with its power, love,
 Brings me dreams of Paradise.

Roving spirit, stay thou near me—let thy presence ever bless!
 While I roam this earthly valley, fill my soul with happiness!
 When my spirit flies to meet thee in the silent, starry air,
 I find in hand how blest we'll wander, wander, dear one, everywhere.
 Spirit rovers, spirit lovers,
 Far from every earthly care.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.]

"Fool that I was," the young man muttered to himself as he strode away from the door. "I might have known how it would be; yet is it a cruel sacrifice for that lovely girl to give herself to yonder uncultivated savage, whose nature is scarce superior to the brutes he loves so well."

Darrock would have thought his rival a savage monster indeed had he beheld the look of rage which answered Helen's words. His anger for a time was too great for speech, but when it did find vent, a torrent of insulting reproaches overwhelmed Miss Stevenson.

"You may be thankful, Mr. Paine, that neither my father nor cousin hear your words," she said, when he gave her an opportunity to speak. "They would not permit such language to be used to me; but I forgive it under the circumstances, and will at once end this interview, which can only be painful to both."

Pale with rage and disappointment, he grasped her hand and hissed out a terrible threat of vengeance. She scarce understood him at first, but the words, "You shall never marry another, I will kill you first," terrified her so much that the savage flung away her hand and hastened from the house, lest she should scream for help.

It was in no cheerful mood that Helen listened to her cousin's softly whispered confession that Harry would accompany her on her intended voyage; there was a gloomy presentiment of impending trouble which gave her congratulations a sorrowful tone.

"I hope you will be happy, dear Bertha, from my heart; and I believe Harry will be all you could wish him. He is a dear, good fellow, and I almost envy you his love, I feel so unhappy myself."

Bertha looked at her in astonishment.

"You unhappy, Helen? You of all people, with more love cast at your feet than would suffice for a dozen belles, with your prospects all bright before you, with neither care nor sorrow in your path, dear cousin what can you mean?"

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," she replied, with an ill feigned attempt at her old careless ways, for not even to her friend and cousin could she tell of her wretched interview with Calvin Paine, or the deep pang it had given her to perceive the chilling coldness and indifference of Hamilton Darrock.

Hamilton had loved her as only such men can love, with a depth and intensity weaker minds and fainter hearts cannot understand; but now all was changed, and he felt that the woman who could love Calvin Paine was unworthy of such heart-worship as he had bestowed on Helen Stevenson. None knew his secret, and alone he resolved to conquer what he now felt to be a weakness; but it was a sad rending of bright hopes, and the future looked even more gloomy than the past. He shunned Harry from the same feeling which induced Helen to avoid Bertha, the inability to sympathize in their joy.

The third evening from the one we spoke of just now was so temptingly fine that Helen left the house and strolled down to a favorite place of hers under the maple trees nearly half a mile from her home. She had all her life been accustomed to walk there, and the shade and coolness of the beautiful grove made it a delightful summer resort. She stood listening to the robins overhead, the murmuring of the brook at her feet, and the thousand sweet sounds which fill the air on a summer's evening, when her pleasure was abruptly ended by the sudden appearance of Calvin Paine, who, mounted on his favorite steed, came dashing along the shadowy path. The instant he saw who was before him, he violently checked his horse, and flinging himself from the saddle came up to Helen with a laugh that made her heart beat heavily.

"Ha, ha! I told you we should meet again, my proud lady, and now are you willing to give me a pleasanter answer than you

did the other night? There is no one here to listen, and you may speak your mind freely."

The terrified girl shrank from him, for a glance showed her that he was intoxicated, and she knew he said truly that there was no one near. But despair at last gave her courage, and as he again attempted to lay his hand on her arm, she bade him not dare to touch her.

"A heavy reckoning you shall pay for this outrage, Calvin Paine," she said, and even he quailed for an instant before the indignant scorn of that beautiful face.

It was only for an instant, the next he held her arm in his great hand, while a scream of terror echoed through the grove.

"Silence this instant," he whispered, "or I will silence you forever."

He raised his heavy loaded hunting-whip, and the horrible expression of his face told too well his intention; but before it could descend, a heavy blow sent him reeling several paces, while his intended victim was violently torn from his grasp. On recovering his feet, Paine's first impulse was to attack young Darrock, who held Helen in his arms, but Harry's timely appearance caused him to change his mind, and without a word he mounted his horse, and dashing madly down the green lane was soon out of sight.

"Bring some water, quick!" Hamilton exclaimed, as Harry, breathless and pale with alarm, came up to him. "I do not believe he struck her, she has only fainted with terror."

But all their efforts to restore the poor girl to animation proved fruitless. In vain Harry dipped her scarf in the cool waters of the brook and bathed the white temples; in vain they held her hands and called her name; she laid in a deep swoon, which to their inexperience seemed actual death.

"He has killed her, I am afraid," Harry said at last, in a voice of agony.

"He shall never live to know it. Let us take her home," was his friend's reply.

But Harry was rudely repulsed when he offered to assist, and one glance at Darrock's pale face and knitted brows told him a secret he had not dreamed of. In that face he also read a depth of agony too intense for words, and wisely kept silence until they reached the house, and Helen was given to Bertha's care. Even then Hamilton refused to leave her, and while Bertha and the maids busied themselves in applying restoratives, and Harry went to find his uncle, Darrock knelt beside the sofa with that fair, pale face resting on his arm. The color came back to cheek and lip at last, and she opened her eyes, and cried:

"O, Hamilton, save me!" And she clung to him in an agony of terror.

"My darling, you are safe, you are at home," he whispered, while Bertha quietly took the girls out of the room.

By the time that her father came Helen was much better; but for a few days she was too weak to leave the house, and I have reason to think young Darrock did not allow those pleasant hours of close companionship to pass unimproved. At all events, the family by common consent yielded to him the pleasing task of entertaining the fair invalid, and I believe he conscientiously performed his duty, for Helen was never heard to complain that the time passed slowly, though Harry, wicked Harry, said they made slow progress with the entertaining books he lent them. It was carefully kept secret from Helen that Calvin Paine was dead, but it was actually true that the day after she saw him his body was found at the foot of a dangerous cliff a few miles from Mr. Stevenson's residence. His horse lay beside him so badly injured that it had to be shot, and it was supposed that while under the influence of liquor, and riding at his usual headlong pace, he had spurred his unfortunate steed over the ridge.

As Bertha was preparing for her marriage, Hamilton urged that it would be pleasanter for all parties that the two weddings should take place at once, and Mr. Stevenson having given his consent to the plan, Helen found it in vain to resist their united entreaties. Hurried though pleasant preparations were the consequence, and according to Harry the house soon become unbearable; nevertheless, both he and Hamilton spent an unreasonably large portion of their time within doors, and caused serious delay to the dress-makers by always detaining the ladies down stairs just when they were wanted most.

As Hamilton intended taking his wife to Europe with him, the double marriage took place on the morning of their departure, Captain Stevenson giving the brides away and accompanying them all on board the ship. Nothing but Darrock's solemn promise that as soon as he could arrange his affairs at home he would return again, would have induced the old gentleman to part with his only child, or Helen to leave her father, but assured of that they parted cheerfully.

Bertha and Harry were also to return, for she had not permitted him to sell the beautiful home he first purchased in the hope of winning her, and there were few attractions for the orphan in her native land. It was a strange coincidence that in speaking of her early days, Bertha learned that Hamilton Darrock was the young officer who had so kindly taken her home from the barracks on the day her mother died. Helen declared that to make the romance perfect it ought to have ended in Hamilton's marrying Bertha, but Harry loudly proclaimed his dislike to all romances, and his conviction that the story had ended precisely as it ought. Of their voyage there is nothing remarkable to say, it passed so pleasantly that the ladies scarcely rejoiced when it was at an end; neither can we accompany them through the pleasant tour they made in Scotland and afterwards to all the most celebrated places on the continent. One year spent in travelling satisfied all hands, and they gladly turned homewards once more. Not even the blue skies of Italy could tempt Helen to forget her

native land, whose cold winters she declares are necessary to make one enjoy summer when it comes.

Harry and Bertha have long since given up wandering and settled down into quiet home-keeping folks. She looks matronly surrounded by her large family of rosy children, and Harry is not as particular as he once was about such trifles as gloves, vests and those items which once absorbed the best part of his time and attention. He is an amateur farmer now, and discourses learnedly on phosphates, subsoil, etc. They are the happiest couple I know of, unless it may be Hamilton Darrock and his wife, who together have visited about all the habitable parts of the earth. Helen says, "When we were at Gibraltar," or "The first week we spent at San Francisco," as indifferently as other ladies speak of their annual visit to Saratoga or the White Mountains, and listens to her husband's proposal of a six months' cruise with no more surprise than many feel at the offer of a week's vacation in the country.

If Captain Stevenson is not quite satisfied with them for leading what he calls a "vagrant life," he manages to console himself tolerably well by paying long visits to Bertha and her family, and as Helen has no children, it is pretty well understood that a merry rogue to whom the old gentleman is godfather will by-and-by be his heir. Bertha has also promised that whenever Helen shall settle down for life they shall have her boy Darrock, Hamilton's name-child and adopted son.

OLD KENTUCK.

A Kentuckian at the battle of New Orleans, who disdained the restraints of a soldier's life, with his name on the musket roll, preferred "going it alone," fighting upon his own hook. While the battle was raging fiercest, and the shot flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, Kentucky might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle, as perfectly unconcerned as though he was "picking deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder a red coat hit the dust. "Old Hickory," supposing he had become separated from his company, rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was in a position which exposed his person to the fire of the enemy.

"Hallo, my man! what regiment do you belong to?" said the general.

"Regiment!" answered Kentucky. "Hold on, yonder's another of 'em." And bringing his shooting-iron to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the barrel—a flash followed, and another Englishman came tumbling to the ground.

"Whose company do you belong to?" again inquired the general.

"Company be hanged!" was the reply of Kentucky, as he busied himself re-loading. "See that ar fellow with the gold fixins on his coat and hoss. Jist watch me perforate him."

The general gazed in the direction indicated by the rifle, and observed a British colonel riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. Kentucky pulled the trigger, and the gallant colonel followed his companions that Kentucky had laid low in death that day.

"Hurrah for Kentucky!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came toppling from his horse; then turning to the general, he continued, "I'm fighting on my own hook, stranger," and leisurely proceeded to reload.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

If you have been once beguiled, and have seen others sink, let your resolution be doubly fortified against the allurements in future. Sir Matthew Hale, while a young man, spent an evening with a feasting party, when one of them drank to such excess, that he fell down dead in the midst of them. They hastily separated, and Hale was so shocked that he resolved never again to mix in such society, or drink another health while he lived; and he faithfully kept his resolution. But was it necessary, you may ask, to lay himself under rigorous restraint approaching to austerity? It might be, or it might not be, for this is a point of moral casuistry not always easily to be settled; at any rate it is best to be on the safe side. The anecdote above given brings to mind a circumstance related of the celebrated Baron Haller. His social disposition and the excitement of his companions, having in a convivial party betrayed him into an act of intemperance, this solitary deviation into excess so strongly impressed his mind with ingenuous shame that he instantly formed a resolution to abstain from wine in future, and adopted a strictness of morals from which he never departed. We should not have had a pillar of the law and a pattern of integrity in Hale, or an ornament of literature and philosophy in Haller, had either of them been given up to drinking.—*London Magazine.*

STRIDULOUS SOPRANOS.

Mingling with these inarticulate sounds in the low murmur of memory, are the echoes of certain voices I have heard at rare intervals. I grieve to say it, but our people, I think, have not generally agreeable voices. The marrowy organism, with skins that shed water like the backs of ducks, with smooth surfaces neatly padded beneath, and velvet linings to their singing-pipes, are not so common among us as that other pattern of humanity with angular outlines and plain surfaces, arid integuments, hair like the fibrous covering of a cocoa-nut in gloss and suppleness as well as color, and voices at once thin and strenuous,—acidulous enough to produce effervescence with alkalis, and stridulous enough to sing duets with the katydids. I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes heard in the ears, arising from a group of young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full-dressed, engaged in loud strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more of the double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerrotypes,—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old Enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

MR. RAREY'S MORAL.

In France they are going through the hard and apparently impracticable lesson of trying to eat their horses; in England we are learning to make friends of our horses; and the lesson taught by practical Mr. Rarey appears to be a good deal more successful and profitable than that inculcated by the philosophic Geoffroi St. Hilaire. By degrees Mr. Rarey's system, which has hitherto been told as a secret to six or seven hundred people who paid ten guineas apiece for the exclusive information, is gradually oozing out; and no confidences are broken when some slight hints of his last lecture in London are given to an expectant public. At that meeting the new pupils found their teacher in the riding enclosure of a Roundhouse; the famous horse "Cruiser," clothed and in his right mind," assisted at the *séance*. He showed his regenerated condition by a subdued, perhaps saddened, yet mild and contemplative demeanor. The horse who was chosen as the subject of the lecture appears to have been an animal of no peculiar vices. The professor went through his method before his pupils, explaining each part of the process as he executed it; making no secret, showing that he relied upon no trick, and avowing for the thousandth time that his discovery rested exclusively upon an observation of the horse, of his disposition, of the motives which work within the recesses of the equine breast. Without drugs, without aids and appliances, without a whip, spur or threat, meeting the horse as a stranger, Mr. Rarey can reduce him at once to his will, make him follow his new master, lie down, turn over, take the teacher's head between his legs, serve the purpose of a sofa, listen to the beating of a drum, not only without fear or anger, but on this occasion with a liveliness as marked as the obedience; the horse being perfectly docile and positively "frisky."

A *bonne-bouche* was reserved for the conclusion. No horse, however savage, is proved to be beyond the jurisdiction of this new master; but a question had arisen whether the system would hold good with the congener of the horse, the hitherto untamable zebra. The Zoological Society kindly placed one of these animals at the professor's disposal. Neither blandishments nor biscuits had ever yet subdued this creature to rational demeanor; and the zebra entered the enclosure with every sign of furious dislike for the whole transaction. Indeed, though not entirely unconvinced by Mr. Rarey's peculiar logic, he kept up to the last a savage scream by way of protest, and before leaving the enclosure bit defiantly at one of the grooms, as if to prove that his temper was substantially that which he inherited from his ancestors. But he could not wholly withstand the firm gentleness of the horse-master. Although with a reluctant cry, he obeyed even as the horses had done; he followed, he lay down, he turned over in the new equine fashion; and at last he submitted to be patted by the hand of one of Mr. Rarey's fair pupils. And those who, when he sprung into the enclosure, looked to the strength of the barrier which protected them as their only safety, now approached him without fear or hesitation.

Mr. Rarey calls the principle of his method "my discovery," and justly; for if some have before stumbled upon its guiding principle, they have not generalized it, constructed an art upon it, or reduced it to a system. If we may now believe the stories of those "whisperers" who have subdued the horse to their will, they have either arrived at their secret without understanding it, which is most probable, or they treated their secret as empirics, and kept it to themselves. Numbers, from the Arab of the desert to the commonest omnibus-driver, have found that something more than the principle of kindness could master the horse. It is the establishing a complete mental communication with the beast. Thus, amongst the obscurest hackney carriage drivers of the metropolis, there is a man who can put a pair of cattle, not remarkable in appearance or condition, to high speed in trotting or galloping, simply by the sound of his feet upon the foot-board; can evoke signs of sympathy from them by a kind word; and can in this way beat the finest horses and the most distinguished drivers, though one of his humble beasts had been literally rescued from the knacker's. This is a kind of competition with the knacker rather more successful than that which M. St. Hilaire and his pupils are attempting in France, with what stomach they can.

Mr. Rarey's success has of course prompted a very obvious and natural question. A learned witness before the select committee

on medical qualifications, early in the century, being asked whether he prescribed for animals, answered, "Yes, I sometimes doctors cows, and sometimes humans." Mr. Rarey has shown the true principle of government for horses; he has extended his system to zebras; we know on the authority of the poem, "If I had a donkey," that the system may be extended to asses, and why should it stop short of "humans?" It is evidently very sound economy. Even as applied to horses alone, it must result in many kinds of saving. There is no doubt that the nervous excitement occasioned by the whipping and scourging, now proved to be useless, has occasioned more wear and tear than all that hard work, even of a London omnibus horse, which dooms him to the knacker's in five years.

Our humble friend, the Rarey "born to blush unseen," has proved that the horse's life may be extended beyond the knacker's term. How much of risk and injury, if not of death, has been caused by the viciousness or imperfect management of the horse! We have found a way by which the animal can be rendered more valuable, and the premium on life assurance, even for "sporting gents," reduced. But how vast the economy if the same principle could be extended to the human animal! There is not a country in the world where the saving would not exceed the power of calculation. The treatment which "Cruiser" had undergone before the Rarey era, completely illustrates what we may call the Austrian

principle. The animal was a terror to his rulers; the administrative groom kept the door of the stable perpetually closed, or opened it by fits and starts, to introduce food with a "long pole;" till at last the creature grew wild with bondage, and was wont to reduce any new stall in which he was placed "to lucifer matches" by his frantic behaviour. He was under a repressive system analogous to that established in Paris, and he was in a constant state of *émeute*. All these restraints which harassed the poor animal until he was nearly out of his wits, were pronounced to be "necessary" by the authorities of that day. Mr. Rarey throws open the stable door, approaches the noble beast with nothing but the words of kindness, and governs him as if the hand of the master were possessed of a spell. There is no secret in the principle. Mr. Rarey has studied the nature of the animal to be governed, and rules him by calling forth the motives of the horse himself. There is no reason why exactly the same method should not be applied to the human biped. Any true friend of Louis Napoleon who does not wish him to be thrown off the saddle and trampled on, would perhaps hint to him that a method so successful with the horse, the ass, and the zebra, might not be altogether impracticable with the French nation.—*London Paper*.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND POOR.

The two pictures now open before us present one of those strong and affecting contrasts which life, and especially life in great cities, affords, and of which European capitals furnish far more numerous examples than our own favored land. In one of these sketches a group of ragged and homeless orphans are clinging together for mutual protection, like sheep which have lost their shepherd on the mountain side. Their countenances do not exhibit early depravity, but misery and destitution. It is heart-rending to witness the keenest sorrows of life descend thus early upon tender childhood. The contrasting picture represents the darling offspring of rich parents, reposing in a comfortable bed, surrounded by every luxury, yet unspoiled by wealth, and folding its little innocent hands in prayer. The figure calls to mind an exquisite little French poem, unequalled for tenderness and grace, from the pen of Madame Desbords-Valmore, entitled "The Child's Pillow." We have vainly essayed to render this into rhyme, and our readers must accept our apology with the following literal prose translation:—"Dear little pillow! soft and warm beneath my head, full of choice plumage, white and made for me, when winds and wolves and tempests terrify, dear little pillow, how sweetly I sleep on thee! Many children, poor, naked, motherless and homeless, have no pillow to sleep upon! They are always sleepy—O bitter fate! mother, sweet mother, it makes me mourn. And when I have prayed God for all these little angels who have no pillow, I kiss my own, and in the sweet nest you have arrayed for my feet, I bless you, mother, from my inmost heart. I shall not wake till the first light of dawn on the blue curtain—it is so cheerful to the sight! I am going to murmur my tenderest prayer. Give me one more kiss, mother, and good-night!" THE PRAYER: "God of children, the heart of a little girl full of prayer is here beneath her hands. Alas! they tell me of orphans with no home. In the future, good God, make no more orphans. Let a pardoning angel come down in the night to answer the moaning voices of the sufferers, and place a little pillow under the head of the poor, motherless child, so that it can sleep soundly."—Of course no prosaic translation can convey an adequate idea of the beautiful melody of the original. The authoress being asked by a friend what happy moment of her life gave birth to such exquisite verses, replied, "'The Little Pillow' was found, one evening, all written, beside a cradle which then enclosed my life. It was at Lyons, opposite the coast of Fourvieres. The child was half asleep, the nightingale was singing, and the mother as happy as one can be in heaven." It would be difficult, we think, however inclined to prefer ancient to modern compositions, to find in the choicest souvenirs of French literature, any poetry preferable to these stanzas, written by a mother at her child's bedside, even if we quote the far-famed "Lines to my first-born," attributed to Clotilde de Surville:

"My darling child, true portrait of thy sire,
Sleep on the breast thy sweet lips have caressed;
Sleep, sweetest, on thy mother's bosom close
Thy gentle eyes by slumber's weight oppressed."



THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SURBERIAN.—To make court plaster, dissolve half an ounce of benzoin in rectified spirit; strain it, and next dissolve an ounce of isinglass in half a pint of hot water, strain this and add it to the other liquid. Set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed. Warm this jelly, and brush it ten or twelve times over a piece of thin black silk stretched smooth. This being done, and the silk dry, pass the brush over it dipped in a solution of four ounces of Chian turpentine in six ounces of tincture of benzoin.

EPICURE.—The ingredients frequently employed in making what is called French mustard are flour of mustard, a little dried mint, or any other herb of that kind, and a little salt. These ingredients are mixed with the sweet must of wine. Vinegar may be used instead of the must—but in this case, the best white wine vinegar must be procured.

JUVENIS.—The Spanish cortes is the assembly of the states of the kingdom. It is composed of nobility, clergy and representatives of cities, and in some measure it corresponds with the parliament of Great Britain.

REAPER.—The siege of Fredericksburg was rendered memorable by the death of Charles XII. of Sweden, who was killed by a cannon-shot before its walls, and while in the trenches, leaning against the parapet, examining the works. He was found in that position, with his hand upon his sword, and a prayer-book in his pocket, Dec. 11, 1718. It is now generally supposed that a pistol fired by some near and traitorous hand closed the career of this celebrated monarch, who was too aptly styled the "Madman of the North."

A STUDENT.—The word *fast*, in the sense of abstinence, comes to us from the Saxon verb *festan*, or *fastan*—to keep, to observe, to hold, or stop.

S. M.—The Pouling Hospital at Moscow, built by Catherine II., was an immense and costly edifice, in which eight thousand infant children were succored. The London Foundling Hospital was projected by Thomas Coram, a benevolent sea captain.

AN OLD SUNDAY.—In England, the rose was first used as a device by the sons of Edward III. John, of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, chose the red rose as the badge of his family, and his brother Edward, Duke of York, adopted the white rose. These devices were worn as badges of distinction by the respective followers of the two rival princes in the sanguinary wars which ensued between the houses of York and Lancaster. When, in 1486, the marriage of Henry VII. with the Princess Elizabeth effected a reconciliation between the hostile families, the two roses, united together, became the royal badge of England. Hence, the rose which in nature is red, striped with white, has received the name of the "York and Lancaster Rose."

MATILDA.—Vallies are the saints or holy men of Barbary. They are, however, more commonly designated Marabouts. They are a sort of monks, living in cells or temples. Their places of habitation are likewise called marabouts.

"ONE OF US."—For a wedding-dress suitable to a bridegroom, we quote the following from Madame de Chatelain's "Bridal Etiquette":—"As to the bridegroom's dress, a black coat and trousers and white waistcoat is the only suitable costume. Let us entreat him not to commit the solecism against good taste of wearing a white cravat, which gives an inexpressibly silly look to the most intellectual countenance in the world."

ARY SCHEFFER.—The death of this eminent painter is a great loss to the fine arts. He was born in Holland, in 1795, and was therefore sixty-three years of age at the time of his death. He was educated in France, and was for some time instructor of the children of Louis Philippe. He early attracted notice as an artist by the beauty of his coloring, and the spiritual aspect of his portraits. His defects, which were marked, could not obscure his merits with those who judge an artist by his positive and not his negative qualities. Our citizens have been made familiar with his leading excellences through his Dante and Beatrice in the Athenæum.

SPLINTERS.

.... The steamships "Hermann" and "Washington," which cost about half a million of dollars each, were sold for \$115,000!

.... The new English divorce law works briskly. At the present time there are 173 petitions for divorce, or judicial separation.

.... Horse-flesh doesn't "go down" in France as an article of food, though the learned pretend to smack their lips at it.

.... Mr. F. P. Smith, the inventor of screw propulsion, has been publicly entertained in London, in the most liberal manner.

.... A photograph has been successfully made of a shell in the act of explosion at Woolwich, England. What next?

.... A cargo of llamas has arrived at Glasgow from America. The view is to acclimatise and breed them in Scotland like sheep.

.... Cherubini's once famous opera, "Lodoiska," is about to be revived at Berlin. The music used to be the rage here.

.... The savage custom of cutting off prisoners' noses has been revived in the war between the Turks and Montenegrins.

.... A shark was killed at New Orleans, recently, which measured twenty-eight feet in length and four feet in diameter.

.... If you should build schools without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a lifetime.

.... William H. Russell, the army correspondent of the London Times, gets \$10,000 a year, and all expenses paid.

.... It is said that a man who is hung does not pay the debt of nature, but simply gets an extension.

.... A catfish, weighing 124 pounds, was caught lately in Kansas River, Kansas. Its length was five feet two inches.

.... Fourteen hundred tavern licences were granted in the city of Philadelphia, lately. They cost \$50 each.

.... Somebody advertises to "sit up" with the sick for \$1 50 per night—delirium tremens, double price.

.... At St. Louis a man was fined \$100 for carrying, concealed, a pair of iron knuckles. A just sentence.

.... A judge out in Indiana has decided that it is unconstitutional to tax the people for the support of schools.

.... The total produce of a single fly in one summer is estimated at 2,080,320 flies. What becomes of them all?

.... Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

.... There are 4607 lawyers in the State of New York, including 1800 in New York city. Happy New York!

.... There is a tragedian in England with the remarkable name of Edmonstone Shirra. We pity him.

.... He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions, unaided and alone.

BURIED CANNON IN INDIA.

The English in India have been very much surprised at the abundant supply of cannon which the native troops have been able to command during the present war. These guns are not of British origin, but of native manufacture, and never belonged to the British government. The fact at length became apparent that many of the native chiefs had had guns buried for a long time, and as soon as the conspiracy to throw off the British yoke was matured, the manufacture of new guns was commenced, the pieces being concealed in the ground as fast as they were made. This circumstance shows very clearly that the present disturbance in India is something more than a mere revolt of the dissatisfied natives in the employ of the East India Company; that it is in fact, as we had occasion to remark recently, a general movement of the people of Hindostan, to rid their country of the oppression which has been fastened upon them by fraud and violence.

The further fact that the Company authorities, previous to the war, did not in a single instance discover the making of these guns, or their concealment, shows that the feeling of hostility to British rule must have been very strong and general; otherwise the knowledge of a movement of such belligerent significance, and in its nature so easily cognizable, could not have been so faithfully concealed from the British. But a very large proportion of these Indian guns are old ones, as shown by those which have been captured from the natives, and had been buried for a long time, against the day of vengeance. When it is considered that the British have held sway in India for more than a hundred years, the preserving of these guns and their ultimate resurrection, to be turned against the invaders, is a most significant commentary upon the nature of the British rule in that country. The hoarded vengeance of generations has at length burst forth, and the English of to-day are now eating the bitter fruits of the tree which their predecessors have planted. If every Englishman should be driven from the country, and every fabric of oppression which they have reared there, should be torn down, and salt strewed upon their foundations, the cause of justice and humanity would be no more than vindicated, and a bare retribution only would overtake the uprooted oppressors of an inoffensive people.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.

The "speed of thought" has hitherto been a very indefinite expression, but Mr. Fizeau, a French mechanician, has invented a machine, which, strange as it may appear, actually measures the rapidity of the nervous impulse. It has been ascertained that sensations are transmitted to the brain at the rate of speed of one hundred and eighty feet per second, or about one fifth as fast as sound; that the brain requires, on an average, one tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves presiding over voluntary motion; that the time required to transmit an order from the motor nerves to the muscles is nearly the same as that required by the nerves of sensation to transmit a sensation; and that the whole operation requires from one and a quarter tenths to two tenths of a second, the time varying with different individuals. Hence, when we speak of an active, ardent mind, or one that is slow, cold or apathetic, we are not indulging in a mere figure of speech.

THE SUBURBANS.—About this time those of our business men who reside out of town may well crow over the denizens of the city. The season of storms has passed away, and in their place they are luxuriating in green trees, perfumed meadows, fragrant fields, orchards teeming with fruit, pure air, fire-flies, butterflies, birds, and all sorts of rural blessings, to say nothing of rides, picnics and rambles. What if they do have to carry bundles and meat-baskets, and serve as travelling penny-postmen, and run for the cars—verily they have their compensation now. Our turn will come with the equinoctial and winter storms.

SHERIDAN AND WALKER.—Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of *wind* should be *wynde*, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that *gold* should be pronounced *goold*. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced *wind* with a short *i*, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

DELICIOUS EATING.—Trout are indisputably delicious eating, but trout themselves do not seem to be very particular about what they feed on. At least an account from Worcester states that a gentleman, while on a piscatorial excursion the other day, caught a trout weighing one and a quarter pounds, which, when dressed, was found to contain inside, a good-sized meadow rat, and a striped snake two feet long. A pretty good stomach full.

MILITARY.—The request of Capt. William W. Peirce to be discharged from the command of the Charlestown City Guards, has been granted by the commander-in-chief. Capt. Peirce has served in the militia, as officer and private, twenty-one years; has held commissions during that time, seven years. He is just such an officer as the service can least afford to lose.

EGYPTIAN LUXURY.—In Cairo you can kill a man for five hundred dollars; that is just the amount of the fine the cadì imposes on one gentleman for putting a bullet through another. Poor people can't afford murder—it comes too high.

A GOOD MOVE.—The citizens of Milford are taking steps to establish a public library.

IS CHIVALRY EXTINCT?

Years have passed since Edmund Burke lamented that the age of chivalry was past. His plaint was uttered at the period when Revolution was laying the axe to the root, not only of all that was rotten and poisonous in the old world, but to much that was venerable and worthy of honor. Yet the illustrious orator was premature in his conclusions. Though the institutions and forms of chivalry have given way to other and more available organizations, though

The knights are dnet,
 Their swords are rust,

still the *spirit* of chivalry survives. No prowess of mailed knight is more worthy of golden record than that of the captain who refuses to leave his sinking ship till every man, woman and child in his charge are eared for. No deed of feudal times equals that of the clergyman and physician who remain at their posts by the sick and dying while pestilence sweeps through a plague-smitten city. The man who plunges into the wave to save a sinking brother's life at the risk of his own, is animated by a spirit of chivalry as high and noble as ever caused the heart of errant knight to throb within his bosom. This spirit of chivalry is far more widely disseminated than those who look only on the dark side of life are willing to admit. If the good deeds of men were as carefully chronicled as the bad, it would be seen how much of heroism this much-abused 19th century contains. We are apt to forget in looking back to by-gone times, even to the days of chivalry, that they had their many blemishes and evils—we behold only the brightest of the past. The present, after all, has a slighter leaven of evil than the centuries that have rolled away.

A DARING ACT.

A few days since the brig *Caroline*, Captain Whitebury, from New York for Aspinwall, fell in with an abandoned wreck, about one hundred and fifty miles out to sea. Upon boarding her, she proved to be the brig *Isabel* Beermann, and appeared to have been run into by a large ship. She was completely cut down on her port bow for some distance below the water-line, had six feet of water in her hold, and was rapidly sinking. Every portable thing of value had been removed, and her boats were on board. This indicated that the people who were on board had been rescued, and had time to remove their valuable effects. Captain Whitebury immediately set his crew to work to stop the leak, by drawing canvass over the bow, and to pump her out; and in twelve hours he had freed her from water. His mate, John Porter, and two seamen then volunteered to undertake the perilous task of taking the vessel into port in that precarious condition, and after several days of cautious navigation, and constant work at the pumps, succeeded in their undertaking. The brig was carried into New York, and became an object of great curiosity to nautical men, who were amazed at the daring enterprise of the intrepid navigators. The present value of the vessel and cargo is estimated at fifty thousand dollars, which will pay the bold salvors a very handsome salvage. It appears that the brig was run into by the ship *Spartan*, which was somewhat damaged by the shock, but succeeded in taking off the passengers and crew of the *Isabel* Beermann, and putting in at Vineyard Sound.

WATERING-PLACES.—The Herald makes a good suggestion, viz., that families who wish to enjoy the sea-breezes and sea-bathing, should have cheap houses by the shore, in some pleasant locality, dismiss their servants, and do their own household work. To people reared in luxury there would be a piquancy in providing for their own wants. Marie Antoinette and her court beauties never enjoyed themselves better than when playing dairy-maids in the little Swiss chalets at Versailles.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Thousands are pouring forth to the American Switzerland. It is easily reached from Boston, at a small expense, via. the Concord, Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad to Centre Harbor. This route includes a trip upon Lake Winnepesaukee, one of the most beautiful and romantic sheets of water in the world.

BRITISH EXTRAVAGANCE.—Mr. Lawrence, the new sergeant-surgeon to the queen, receives two thousand dollars a year for "accompanying the queen to the field of battle." The "field of battle," is the camp-ground at Aldershot, where the queen makes her appearance in a scarlet jacket, with a general's plume in her hat. Dr. Lawrence appears there mounted on a tall horse, and it seems he is rather a "high charger" himself.

MANIA FOR THEFT.—A wealthy widow lady of Chicago, moving in the first circles, has been guilty of repeated stealings from a fashionable dry goods store. When caught, a valuable lace cap and a parasol which she had pilfered, were found concealed beneath her shawl. The shop-keeper compromised the matter by accepting \$300.

FORT ABERCROMBIE.—By order of the war department, a military post, to be known as Abercrombie, will be established on the most eligible site near the head of navigation of the Red River of the North in Minnesota. Two companies from Fort Ripley and one from Fort Ridgely are charged with its construction.

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.—Several deaths have occurred lately by imprudent exposure during thunder storms. If at home, you should close the windows and doors, and sit in the middle of the room while the storm lasts.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"CARRIED AWAY."

BY C. H. WRIGHT.

Carried away! Dost remember the eve
When with lingering steps I was taking my leave?—
When, the day's tedious studies and tasks nearly done,
You finished the whole by making a pun?

Carried away! Yes, we're "carried away"
By the humbugs, and *isms* and *ells* of the day;
By spiritual rappings, and every new notion:
Thus casting off reason, and ruled by emotion.

Carried away! Yes, we're "carried away,"
When listening with joy to a fair maiden's lay:
When seated with her 'neath the silvery moon
And the bloom-laden boughs, your hearts keeping tune.

When the birds are asleep, and the world is at rest,
And the dewdrops are glittering on nature's broad breast,
Oo so joyous a journey—ah, tell me, I pray—
Who would not desire to be "carried away?"

Carried away! Yes, we're "carried away,"
When life's feeble taper gives forth its last ray;
And they lay us to rest where the green willows wave,
And the soft summer winds play a dirge o'er our graves.

And thus, my dear friend, when life shall have fled,
And we take our place in the halls of the dead,
May our sorrowing friends ever joyfully say,
"By angelic bands they were 'carried away.'"

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is—to sick men, health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A treasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.—FLETCHER.

THE SABBATH.

Hail Sabbath!—thee I hail, the poor man's day!
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely—the ground
Both seat and board—screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree.
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves.—GRAHAME.

GRIEF.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament:
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.—SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We have had some terrifically hot—literally boiling—weather this summer, when even the Georgian "shirt-collar and spurs" were felt to be oppressive. During this heated term we could look upon an old engraving of ours with perfect equanimity. It resembles St. Lawrence on his gridiron—not a martyr at the stake, but a martyr made a *steak* of. In our boyish days this picture used to send us to bed with a fit of the ague, but now we look upon him as not a much greater sufferer than ourselves. We have quarrelled with our best friend for telling us to "keep cool;" we have half ruined ourselves with iced cream and soda water; and of all our memories of these furnace-days, we have preserved but one delightful souvenir—that of a hot salt water bath, the most refreshing luxury that a sufferer of the summer solstice can command. . . . People are beginning to talk languidly about theatricals the coming season. Let them talk—we shan't trouble ourselves about the prospect till September. Our last dose was witnessing the performances of the Rozzini ballet-troupe at the Boston, when the thermometer was about 2000. Even the charming Lamoureux could not win a smile from a melting spectator. . . . By the way, our charming Mrs. John Wood is a fixed favorite in the land of gold, and proposes to remain there, minting money and reaping laurels for two years. . . . Our friend "Acorn" lately had his horse and chaise stolen from the door of a house where he was making a morning call. He pursued the rascals who made away with his property, for a mile and a half. It was a very unequal match—horse against foot—and "Acorn" is no longer one of the light weights. But he made capital time, though the thermometer stood at 89 in the shade. Notwithstanding his prowess, it is untrue that the lively correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times" is in training for a foot-race round the Common. . . . Quite an affecting ceremony occurred at Hempstead, Long Island, New York, lately—the funeral of Rev. Zachariah Green, a soldier of the sword and the cross, who fought for our liberties in the battles of the Revolution, and when the good fight was ended, became a preacher of the gospel. He was 99 years old, and universally beloved and respected. . . . At the reform convention at Rutland, Vermont, one Mrs. Julia Branch introduced a resolution to the effect that "the slavery and degradation of women proceeds from the institution of marriage." . . . Two strong-minded and strong-handed women lately had a regular prize-fight, in pugilistic costume, near Liverpool, England, the bottle-holders being men. . . . No doubt that Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, and she its solace; that he should be its wisdom, and she its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, and she its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation. . . . Howes & Cushing's "Great United States Circus" has been coining money in London, lately. The queen and royal family lately attended a private performance, and were delighted with the docility of the American horse, "Black Eagle," sired by Black Hawk. Among the accomplishments of this fine animal, a perfect picture by the way, he waltzes, polkas, imitates the action of a camel, and stands erect on his hind legs, like a trained dog. What with this circus and Mr. Carey, we are getting quite an equestrian reputation in England. . . . A new two-act comedy by Tom Taylor, called "Going to the Bad," is very successful at the Little Olympic, London. It was evidently written for Robson, for he is everything in it; he is on the stage probably for an hour in the first act. The piece has not much dramatic merit, and is loosely put together. Mr. Peter Potts (personated by Robson) has been a model young man, but having been rejected by the lady he adores, determines on a total change of character—he will drink, he will game, he will be a Don Juan, a Macchavelli, a Caesar Borgia; but then he regrets that he is short and stumpy, and his hair inclining to sandy, so that his inward wicked-

edness will have no outward Byronic symbolisms. However, he plunges into all sorts of wickedness, but finally returns to propriety and society. . . . The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth. . . . Turkey is rejoicing in the idea that Mecca will be visited this year by a considerable number of pilgrims, attracted by the grand ceremony of the Kaaba, which has not taken place since the reign of Sultan Mahmoud. Several Mussulmen princes, and a princess of the imperial family, will form part of the sacred caravan. . . . At Vienna, a young married couple, just eleven days wedded, went, recently, to the public ball of the Sperl, and took part in a waltz. All at once the young woman slid gently from the arms of her husband, and sank to the floor. He thought she had fainted, but it turned out that she was dead! . . . In society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to half-penny balls of worsted; tallow in the eask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails. . . . The editor of the Paris Presse has been dramatizing the Arctic search for Sir John Franklin. The piece is called "The Polar Seas," and is proving very attractive at the Cirque Olympique. . . . In Vienna, Baron Rothschild has had another streak of good fortune. Recently he won 73,000 florins in the "lottery of St. Oenois." The poor servant maids, washerwomen and simpletons of humble life have made up this purse for the great capitalist. Truly, Fortune is blind. . . . Russia is accelerating the progress of her great lines of internal improvement. The railway from St. Petersburg to Warsaw is in course of construction, and the works on the Nishni-Novogorod and Theodosia lines will be commenced at once. Nor is the czar unmindful of the other sources of national greatness—trade and commerce. A company with a capital of 2,000,000 silver roubles has been formed, lately, in St. Petersburg, to trade with Persia and Central Asia. . . . A woman deposited her baby on the doorstep of a house, in this city, in which a wealthy family resided, in the expectation that it would be taken in and cared for. It was, however, sent to the police station instead—and the mother, finding that it was likely to be sent to the city crier, rushed to the station, claimed her progeny, and carried it home. . . . There is a gang of "regulators" in the eastern part of Florida, who are administering Lynch law with great abandon. They hung five persons about Tampa Bay within a month, for various offences—in one case taking a criminal out of a court-room, where he was on trial by a jury. Two women of ill-repute were taken up in Tampa, and whipped, each receiving fifteen lashes, and given notice to leave in twenty-four hours. . . . A lady in West Roxbury, Mass., experienced the benefit of wearing a hooped skirt, the other day. She was attacked by a savage dog, which tore her dress and skirts into shreds from her waist down. In the attack the steel hoops became so twisted around the jaws of the animal as to prevent his tearing her flesh, which he only missed by the thickness of one garment. . . . The French Gazette Medicale states that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. It is a cheap remedy, and worth the trial. . . . There is a hen in Philadelphia which has recently hatched out fifty-six chickens at one batch, of which all but twenty are alive! The lad who had charge of the fowl made a large nest in the ground, and had the hen sitting on some wads of cotton for a day or two previous to putting in the eggs. He then placed the eggs, fifty-six in number, under her in two tiers, and each day changing the tiers, and placing the upper one beneath the other tier. In twenty-one days the entire batch was hatched out safe and sound. . . . That melancholy consequences will result from cousins intermarrying, is a fact too well established to admit of any doubt; and an instance of the kind has just occurred near Rochester, New York. Mr. Burrell, a Quaker, some years ago married his cousin, and the product of the marriage being an idiotic child, the father hung himself. . . . A new cent has been issued from the Philadelphia mint. Like the previous issue, it is of nickel, and of the same size, but it has the head of an Indian girl upon one side, and the words "United States of America," with the date. Upon the reverse is a wreath, surmounted with a shield, with a bunch of arrows entwined at the bottom, and the words "one cent" in the middle of it. . . . An instance of strange delusion recently occurred at Marksville, Louisiana. A gentleman, living unhappily with his wife, some few months ago committed suicide. This so affected her, that she often of a morning declared that his ghost had haunted her during the night. One day she affirmed that the devil had appeared to her, and after upbraiding her, stated that thereafter, when she attempted to eat and drink, her food and water would choke her; and, strange to say, whenever she took any nourishment or drank anything, she was invariably choked. This continued for twenty-seven days, when she died from pure starvation. . . . "It is said that when women get talking, they club all their husbands' fanlts together—just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole sect." We pronounce that a libel on the sex. Women rather err in their devotion than otherwise. . . . Among the recent deaths in New York was that of John Lafarge, one of her oldest and wealthiest citizens. He was a Frenchman by birth, escaped from St. Domingo at the time of the great massacre, and retreating to this country, resided here forty years before death put an end to his career of usefulness. He erected the Lafarge Hotel and Burton's Theatre, as well as several other buildings, and leaves a widow and an interesting family. . . . There are gooseberries in the Cincinnati market which are said to be as large as hens' eggs. . . . It is stated that over one-third of the grown up males in Egypt are maimed the left eye and right forefinger. By thus mutilating themselves they avoid the conscription.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LORD MONTAGUE'S PAGE. An Historical Romance of the 19th century. By G. P. R. JAMES. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 12mo. pp. 456. 1858.

Mr. James is a veteran story-teller, and almost as prolific as Dumas. The novel before us is the only one of his works first printed in this country, of which the author is now a resident. It has an ingenious plot, the characters are natural and well-developed, and the dialogue, as well as descriptive portions, excellent. We shall be much mistaken if the public verdict does not rank this work with the best of James's novels.

LECTURES OF LOLA MONTEZ (Countess of Landsfeldt), including her Biography. New York: Rudd & Carleton, Broadway. 12mo. pp. 292. 1858.

Madame Lola Montez took to lecturing last year, and the public took to her lectures, her success, especially in New York, being remarkably brilliant. This has led to the publication of her lectures on "Beautiful Women," "Love," "Gallantry," "Heroism," etc.; and they are so interesting in print, that we can easily conceive how effective they must have been when delivered in her piquant manner. Her autobiography is prefixed to the lectures, and will be read with avidity. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published the "Sleigh-Bell Waltz," by C. Bricher; "In that dear little Cot," song, composed by W. Hunt Stevens; "A Maid reclined beside a Stream," ballad, composed by Keith; and the "Battle of Lexington," poetry by O. W. Holmes, music by L. Heath.

SCRIPTURE TESTS AND CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP. By HARRIET MILLARD. Boston: Bazar & Chandler. 12mo. pp. 127. 1858.

An unpretending volume of religious poems, the outpouring of a pious and fervent spirit. Nearly every poem in the collection is prefaced by a text of Scripture, which furnishes the key-note of the lines which follow. The pure and lofty tones of these essays in verse will commend them to the approbation of serious readers.

WATERLEY NOVELS.—HOUSEHOLD EDITION. ST. RONAN'S WELL. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols., 12mo.

This story—not one of the best of Scott's romances, yet such as no other man could have written—appears punctually in all the elegance of type, paper and illustration that the publishers of "Parnassus Corner" have prodigally lavished on this exquisite edition. We are pleased to learn that the popularity of this edition is a "fixed fact," and that orders pour in on the publishers, taxing their utmost energies to supply the demand.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The public mind in England is becoming a little more quiet in regard to France, though what Louis Napoleon proposes to do with his large armament is still a matter of speculation.—The Banner of Ulster states that from all quarters the most cheering accounts come respecting the appearance of the crops in the northern counties of Ireland.—Everybody condemns the conduct of Lady Bulwer in publicly confronting and denouncing her husband on the hustings.—Mr. Charles Dickens has settled £600 a year on his wife, from whom he has separated.—The "Soldiers' Daughters' Home," Roslynhouse, Hampstead, was publicly dedicated, lately, Prince Albert officiating.—Rev. Arthur Poole, of Knightsbridge, England, of the Established Church, has had his license revoked by the Bishop of London. He held regular confessionals.—De Pene, who was wounded in the late duel by Sub-Lieutenant Hyene, has been brought to Paris, and is going on as favorably as possible. Great anxiety is felt as to whether the three sub-lieutenants will be tried by a court-martial.—Accounts from Villefranche give a most satisfactory account of the state of the vines. Vines and crops in the Aube also look exceedingly well. The grain harvest in the principalities threatens to be scanty, owing to the extreme heat.—The new volume of Bancroft's History of the United States is receiving considerable attention from the English literary journals.—Among the persons lately presented to Queen Victoria, was Mr. Samuel J. Bridge, of California, formerly of Boston.—The Globe's Paris correspondent says a number of witnesses have been subpoenaed at Paris; and it is said that General Changarnier, in Belgium, is to attend to the crown prosecutions in London for libels on the Emperor Napoleon.

Mutiny in India.

An English writer says:—"One class of important errors certainly is being remedied in the Bengal presidency. There is little or no artillery now in the hands of natives, except on the frontier, where it will always be necessary to employ natives almost exclusively. So far good. Again, there is not, I believe, a single magazine or arsenal that is not held by Europeans. The only thing remaining is to keep the supply in the native regimental magazines as low as possible. Otherwise the tendency is to let ammunition accumulate in stores. At the time of the mutiny many a regiment had six, and some twelve, months' supply to start with. Then we have all, or very nearly all, our forts garrisoned by Europeans. Further, all our principal treasuries are in the forts—that is, the bulk of the treasure is inside the fort, a small sum only for the day's expenditure being in the collector's office outside. So that when the next great mutiny occurs, the mutineers will find themselves *sans* guns, *sans* magazines and fortifications, *sans* ready money, etc.—all which advantages they enjoyed on the last occasion. Thus far have we profited by the lesson."

A "Society of Thirteen."

With the view of combating certain superstitions, a number of gentlemen of Bordeaux have resolved to form themselves into a society, which shall be called the "Society of Thirteen," and which shall have banquets always to be given on a Friday—and a peculiarly grand one to come off on the thirteenth Friday of each year. The members, moreover, will at each banquet upset the salt, which is deemed unlucky; and have undertaken to commence all their journeys, and all their important operations, on a Friday. In addition to all this, they offer to receive as members of their society persons afflicted with what is called, along the coast of the Mediterranean, the "evil-eye," and who are generally shunned, because it is supposed that they do great harm to the persons with whom they speak, unless the latter present to them each hand with the two middle fingers and the thumb turned down.

Elections in France.

The most remarkable fact to be observed during the late elections for members of the councils-general and councils of *arrondissements* in France is the number of abstentions. In some cantons, where there are 3570 electors inscribed on the lists, not more than 530 came forward to vote. At Bordeaux, of 5070 electors inscribed, only 2075 voted. At Nantes, the election was null in consequence of a fourth of the electors, as required by law, not having voted. At Criquebot, in the *arrondissement* of Havre, of 5474 electors inscribed, only 2116 voted. At Fecamp, of 4924 electors, only 2594 voted. The election for the council of *arrondissement* was null at St. Quentin and Nimes, in consequence of a deficiency of voters. The government papers account for the fact by the universal contentment which prevails throughout the provinces.

"A Queer Fish."

As two men belonging to engine No. 18, on the Blythe and Tyne Railway, were standing on the staith, they stoned to death a very curious looking fish, as it swam in the river. The creature is quite a novelty. It swims both ways with equal facility. The tail is of the shape of a harpoon, the point of which projects outwards. The body has somewhat the appearance of a shell, though, of course, fishy in its texture. The head appears as if tacked on to the body by a single thread, so slender is the connection; and projecting from the head are about eight or ten rough, knotty cords, the longest about a foot in length, and upon one side of each of these cords are other projections resembling teeth. The total length of it is about two feet; and it is destined, we believe, for the museum in Westgate Street, Newcastle.

The Count de Paris.

It is boldly asserted that the son of the Duchess of Orleans will soon make a bold push for the throne of France. One of that band of devoted adherents assembled around the bier of the deceased duchess, asserts that the Count de Paris is willing and ready to assert his claims on the instant; and that the whole assembly was struck with the chivalrous boldness of his demeanor when, in answer to the timid expressions of young Guizot on the occasion, who feared "detection and arrest" as the consequence of any demonstration—the young count arose and exclaimed, vehemently, "And what then? Better to die sword in hand on French soil, than perish by inches of disease and disappointment here!"

Propagation of the Gospel.

The 157th anniversary of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" was celebrated in London by a full choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a sermon by the Bishop of Derry. The lord mayor, attended by his sword and mace bearers, was present; but the congregation, on the whole, was considered small.

Prussia and Hanover.

A degree of coolness has arisen between the Prussian and Hanoverian governments relative to the railway desired by the former to connect Prussia with Jahde, its seaport on the North Sea. George V. refuses to let the line pass over the brief space necessary, though Prussia is offering every possible concession.

Memoirs of Rachel.

The "Memoirs of Rachel," by Madame de B., have appeared in London in two volumes, and do not meet public expectation. The chapters reveal that the writer seems to have apprehended Rachel's genius imperfectly, and shows up only her faults, follies and meannesses.

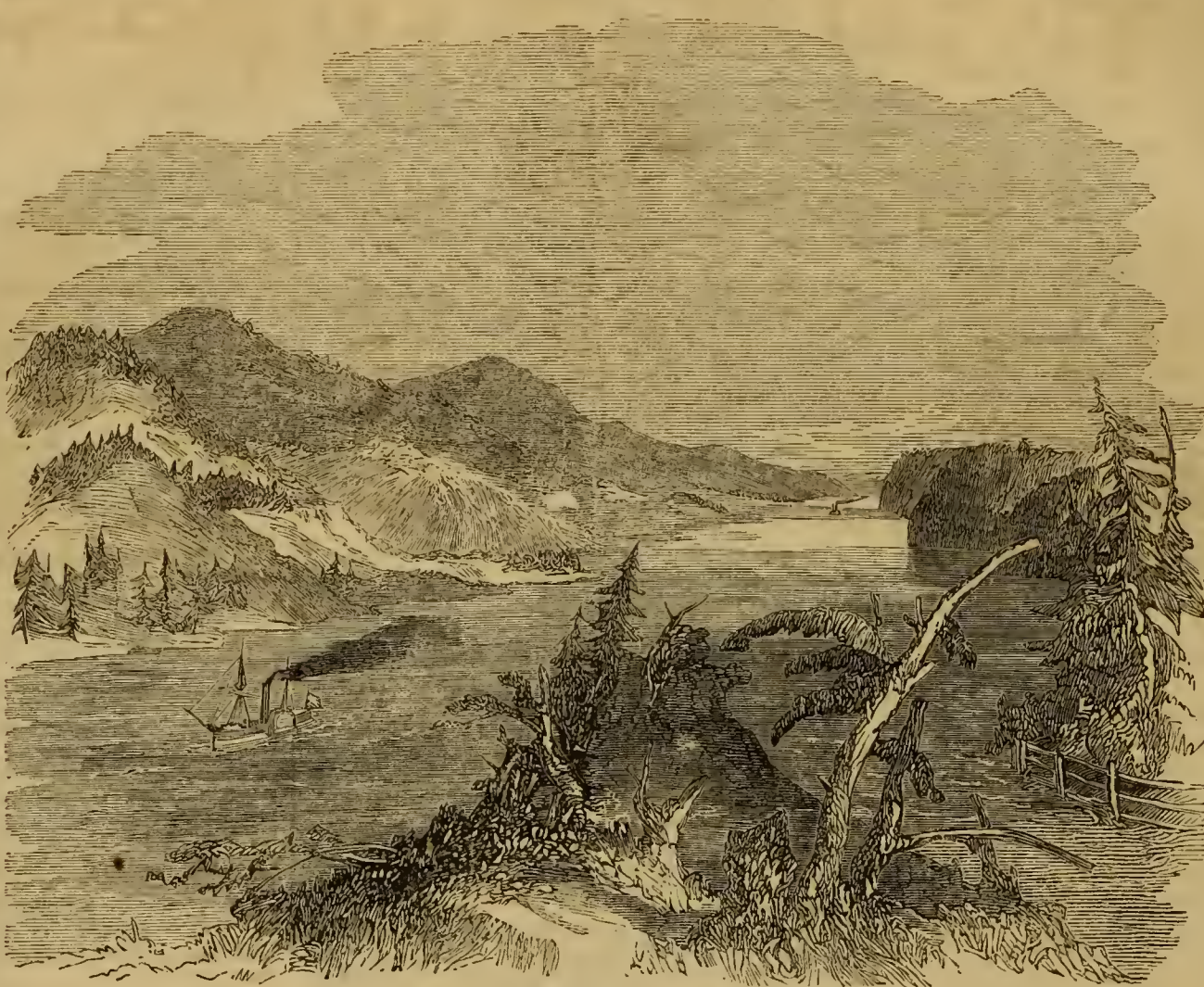
French Preparations.

French agents are in the Mecklenburg duchies and Schleswig, buying up horses for the army. Their purchases are principally directed to animals suited for the artillery, and lots of about one hundred are continually being sent off to France.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

DEEP RIVER, CANADA.

The wild and romantic scene depicted in the first engraving on this page is a specimen of the character of much of the landscape in Canada. The view is taken from Colton's Island, looking down the river, near the foot of the Des Joachim Falls, the present head of steamboat navigation, 140 miles above the city of Ottawa, and 200 miles from Montreal. The width of the Ottawa here is over half a mile, and its depth more than 100 feet. Ottawa country is the chief seat of the timber trade, and contributes very largely to the supply of the principal staple of Canadian exports. The mountains along the north side of Deep River, as exhibited in the annexed sketch, are upwards of a thousand feet in height, and the many wooded islands of Allumettes Lake render the scenery of this part of the Ottawa truly magnificent, and in picturesqueness far surpassing the celebrated Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence. Taking a bird's-eye view of the valley of the Ottawa, we see spread out before us a country equal to ten times the extent of Massachusetts, with its great artery the Ottawa curving through it, resembling the Rhine in length of course but greatly exceeding it in magnitude. The city of Ottawa has long been regarded as destined, from its natural position and resources, as well as its capacity for military defence, rapidly to attain great importance. It is the centre of the timber trade, vast supplies being brought from the forests in the rear, and it has also inexhaustible water power from the Chaudiere Falls, as well as two other falls from the Rideau River. The Chaudiere Falls, which are crossed by a suspension bridge, uniting Upper with Lower Canada, are surpassed only by those of Niagara, and the neighboring scenery is the finest in the province. By a short branch line to Prescott, the city is connected with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and also at Ogdensburg with the railway system of the United States, while there is likewise a daily line of steamers east and west to Montreal and Kingston. For some time a project has been in contemplation to form a ship canal from the Ottawa River to Georgian Bay, which would attract nearly all the traffic of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. At present the city is connected with Lake Ontario by the Rideau Canal. Within about seven miles are some iron mines, which are said to be successfully worked. The distance from Ottawa to Montreal is 126 miles, to Quebec 296, to Kingston 95, to Toronto 233, and to New York 450. At present its population is only 10,000, while that of Montreal is 75,000, Quebec 60,000, Toronto 50,000, and Kingston 13,000. The Toronto correspondent of the Canadian News, treating of the selection by the queen, of Ottawa as the new Capital of United Canada, writes as follows:—"The position of Ottawa, one portion of which is in Upper and the other in Lower Canada, renders that city the only compromise, geographically speaking, that could have been made; and, when this is said, there remains of those questions nothing but that local selfishness which rendered it impossible for



DEEP RIVER, A PART OF THE OTTAWA, CANADA.

the Canadian Parliament to settle it. Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto would each have preferred that it had been selected; but even in these cities there is a general disposition to admit that, after them, Ottawa is the next best place. More than this could not be expected. Ottawa is approachable by railroad, and is, besides, situated on the finest river, after the St. Lawrence, in Canada. Between the river and the Georgian Bay there is available for settlement 24,000,000 acres of land. There may be, and undoubtedly is, some waste; but, making all due allowance for this, it is evident that Ottawa must be the centre of the future population of the country. The navigation between the Ottawa River and the Georgian Bay will one day be completed by means of the French River and Lake Nipissing. When this is done, a large portion of the heavy products of the Great West must find its way through the Ottawa into the St. Lawrence."

PLANTS OF THE COAL FORMATION.

The curious picture on this page illustrating the appearance of the plants of the coal formation, is an ideal one, though resting on a strong theoretical basis. It was designed by Professor Geopart of Breslau, to exhibit the different plants of which the coal measures are composed; and our readers will see here, in the engraving, a restoration of those plants. It is the generally adopted opinion of geologists, that these plants grew in enormous masses,

and, constantly decaying, deposited layer after layer of materials which, in course of time, became coal. The plants which have been found belong principally to the ferns and palms, some of which grow to an enormous size, stems having been traced of forty to sixty feet in length, and bearing all the distinctive marks of the genera to which they belonged. Several of the same description as those in the coal measures are found in a fossil state, and specimens are preserved in the British Museum. Geologists and botanists all concur in attributing the coal fields to enormous masses of plants, particularly ferns, but few give us anything of the formation of the coal itself. The plants have evidently been subjected to very great heat and enormous pressure; the heat must have been so great that the mass was heated almost suddenly, and without the admission of air—something in the same manner as charred wood.

A LITERAL JOKE.

The Parisians are laughing over the last good story from the German Watering-Places. It appears that the Princess N., who resides in a sumptuous chateau near the baths of Newwied, sent a dinner invitation, according to her hospitable custom, to Major P., an officer on service at the garrison near by. The major chanced to be on duty, and was obliged to decline; but, on sending his excuse by his faithful sergeant, he told him to bring him his dinner as he came back—meaning, of course, that he should go for it to the neighboring restaurant. The subaltern chanced to be very literal in his habit of mind, and he delivered the two errands at once, to the servant at the gate of the chateau. Very much astonished at first that her proposed guest should send for his dinner, the princess soon entered into the joke; and, ordering a huge tray to be sumptuously laden from her kitchen, she despatched it by the hands of the sergeant and her own footman. Astounded at the magnificence of the "dinner for one," the major summoned up his messenger and soon came to an explanation; but, quiet too *spirituel* to lose the enjoyment of the luxury, he invited in a couple of brother officers and they made a capital feast. Only, before sitting down, he gave the sergeant five dollars, and instructed him to go to the confectioner and procure a splendid castle of sweetmeats, taking it with his compliments to the princess. All dutifully done—but her highness, in consideration of the subaltern's so well performing his duty, sent him out a dollar, for his perquisite as a messenger.

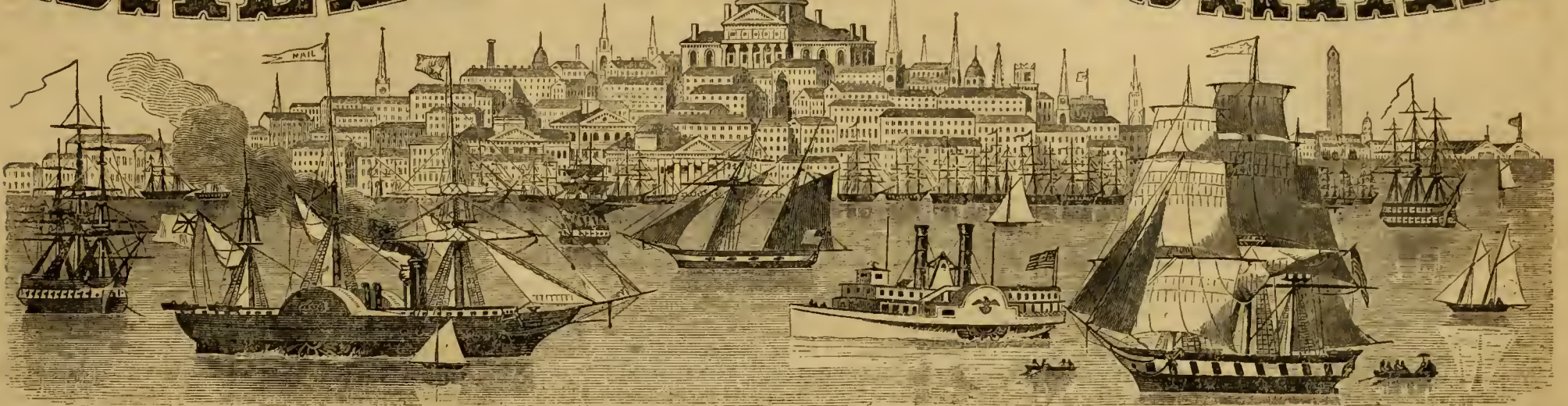
"Excuse me!" said the literal sergeant, as he looked at the one dollar, and supposed that, of course, it was to pay for the confectionary he had brought, "Excuse me, but it cost five. Four dollars more if you please!"

The princess by this time understood the character of the man, and she gravely sent out the other four dollars. The major was still at dinner with his feasting brother officers, when the faithful sergeant entered with the military touch to his cap, and laid down the five dollars upon the table.



THE PLANTS OF THE COAL FORMATION.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

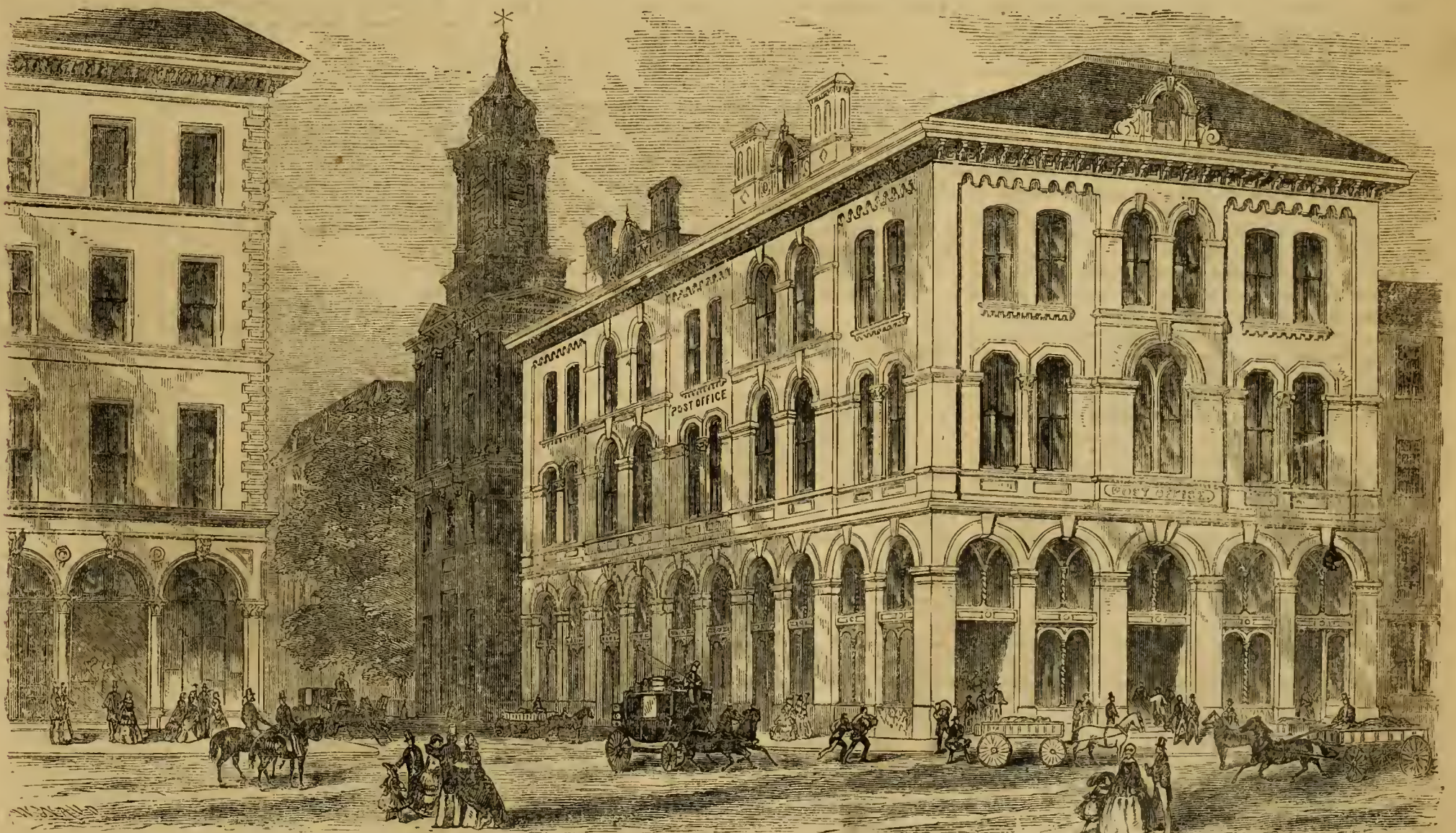
5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XV., No. 5.....WHOLE No. 371.
\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

NEW BOSTON POST-OFFICE BUILDING, CORNER OF CHAUNCY AND SUMMER STREETS.

The design on this page, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, represents the new building now being erected, and to be occupied by the Boston Post-Office. The structure is intended to cover two of the large estates which bound on the northwest corner of Chauncy and Summer Streets, and will measure 100 feet on the former, and 50 on the latter avenue. The two street façades are to be built wholly of freestone, presenting to the eye, when viewed from the corner of Arch and Summer Streets, an imposing extent of 150 feet in length and 60 feet in height. This large external surface is designed in the Romanesque style, having three sub-divisions of stories—the lower or street story being 21 feet high, and composed with a range of piers, crowned by semi-circular arches between them, forming a series of doors and windows on both streets. The remaining stories have coupled arched windows, with piers in ashler between them. The plane surfaces of each of the two façades are broken by breaks or recesses, flanked by quoins. The several stories are subdivided by fascias and moulded belts, and all the window openings have archivolts and keystones of imposing proportions. The two façades are crowned with massive entablatures, the cornices of which are enriched with brackets of bold projection. A noticeable feature of the architect's design is the treatment of the chimney-tops, the Lutheran windows and the roof of the structure—all of which are made of pleasing proportions, and are ornamental as well as useful parts of the design. The post-office business will be transacted in the first story of the building, the whole area of which will be devoted

to this object. This story will be subdivided in its height by a gallery, which is to bound upon, and completely encircle, the four sides of the edifice, forming an open area inside of the four galleries, from the main or street floor to the ceiling of the gallery, which ceiling will be wholly of glass, receiving light from the roof of the building, through an open well-room of 16 by 40 feet. The business-room will be located on the street floor, in the centre of the length and width of the building. It will measure 26 by 83 feet, and will be surrounded by corridors for the public, which will be beneath the galleries just described. The "boxes," the "stamp," "ladies," "foreign" and "general delivery" offices will all face on the inner side of these corridors within the business apartment. The corridors are to be immediately accessible from the streets by numerous doors. The construction of the edifice, and the carrying out of the views of the postmaster, have been entrusted to Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., of this city, whose architectural reputation has been established by numerous works designed and executed during a series of years, not only in this city and State, but in various sections of the Union. We understand that all the principal contracts for the work have been closed, active operations have already been commenced, and it is expected that the building will be occupied as early as January 1, 1859. In a former number we spoke favorably of this site for the post-office, and have seen no reason to change our opinion since. Within our memory the post-office has occupied, successively, the corner of Water and Congress Streets, the Old State House, and the present location in the Merchants' Exchange. In the meantime, though the banking institutions adhere to State Street, the

business of the city has been rapidly moving south, the only direction open to its extension. Summer Street, widened and improved, has become, like Winter Street, a place of business; and the opening of new avenues from State to Summer will hasten the development of the mercantile character of the latter. After a thorough examination of various localities, after viewing the present and estimating the future geography of business, if we may use the expression, and weighing the social interests connected with the establishment, Mr. Capen, our present zealous and energetic postmaster, recommended the removal of the office to Summer Street, and received the sanction of the department to the measure. Though the change has elicited much opposition, yet we think that, when the new post-office is fairly in operation, the change will commend itself to a large majority of our fellow-citizens. Summer Street, as we have observed, is already the seat of a large business, and must soon, as well as Winter Street, be entirely surrendered to the commercial exigencies of the city. To the south of it lie some of our most important railroads; to the south of it lies also the social expansion of the city; and before long, the space as far as the Roxbury line will be as densely populated as the upper part of New York. It would perhaps have been well enough to have continued the post-office in State Street, could sufficient accommodations have been provided there, but that was impossible. There is one part of our population who will be from the outset in favor of the new site—the ladies, whose accommodation ought to be provided for in establishing a post-office. They pay a large part of the postal revenue, and have a right to be considered.



THE NEW POST-OFFICE, CORNER OF SUMMER AND CHAUNCY STREETS, BOSTON.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Margaret was about to leave the room, but as she turned, she uttered a shriek of surprise and terror, and sank down into her chair again.

"Berthold!" she cried, with a voice half choked.

And, in truth, there stood the young man on the threshold, and it was the expression of his features that had so shocked the old servant. He was pale, and his lips trembled; his eyes were flashing with the keenest indignation. Without allowing Margaret time to utter another word, he went up to her, grasped her wrist, and said, while he dragged her from the room:

"Come, follow me. Obey at once; I am resolved."

The servant followed mechanically, and Berthold led the way into another room which looked out upon the garden, and which was already brightened by the rays of the rising sun; he closed the door, folded his arms, confronted Margaret, and said, with a voice rendered tremulous by emotion:

"Ungrateful creature! What! you can thus mock at my poor uncle, your master, when he is dead? Have you no feeling, no heart, that you can utter such fearful words in the presence of the corpse of your benefactor?"

"But what have I said?" stammered the old woman, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Ha! you have flattered him that he might think of you in his will; you have coaxed him, deceived him for love of gold. Cursed gold, which can fill a woman's soul with such venom!"

"But, mynheer, I don't know what you mean. It is possible I may have spoken thoughtlessly; but O I have shed so many tears these last few days that I was forced to try to get over my grief."

"Hypocritical serpent, you will try to deceive still!" roared Berthold. "I heard all you said; it was God who brought me here to hear your unhallowed talk in presence of a dead body." He then grasped her arm again, and exclaimed: "Speak! what do you know of my uncle?"

"Nothing, nothing!" stammered the terrified servant.

"What do you mean, eh? Why do you pretend to know the secret judgments of God?"

"But, mynheer, what is the matter with you? Do you want to kill me?" screamed Margaret. "A poor defenceless woman like me. Let me go, or I will shriek for assistance."

This threat had its effect on the young man, and made him restrain his indignation. He spoke with apparent calmness:

"Kill you? no, no!—drive you away, forbid you ever to set foot within this house which you have contaminated by your shameful ingratitude."

"Drive me away—me?" whined Margaret; "I, who have tended our old master these twelve years past, and nursed him through his sickness? I wish he could only hear that you were going to drive away poor old Margaret."

"You shall be off this very instant."

"But, mynheer, people don't drive away a servant in this way, without caring whether she has a roof to sleep under."

"Seek shelter elsewhere. Go to an inn; I will pay for your bed."

Margaret seemed to become bolder in proportion as the young man's voice became less excited, and she saw that there was no real danger. It was, therefore, with a very decided voice that she said:

"When a servant is discharged, she must have a fortnight at least to look out for another place."

"I will pay you a month's wages; but be off! You shall not remain beneath the same roof which covers my uncle's remains. Your presence is a curse and a dishonor to him."

"But my name is in the will as well as yours, mynheer; and till we see how that stands, nobody is master here."

Berthold smiled a bitter smile, and his repressed indignation flamed forth anew.

"Your name is in the will? Yes, yes; and you are very grateful! Go to your room, put your things together, be off this moment, or the police shall remove you by force. Ha, you would drink coffee and make merry, while your benefactor was being laid in his grave! No, no. Are you going or not?"

She applied her apron to her eyes, and prepared to obey the absolute order of the young man. As she moved towards the door, she muttered indistinct threatenings, and then went down stairs without another word. Berthold sank into a chair, exhausted by the violence of his passion.

When she came down stairs, she dropped her apron, ran through the passage, and looked through the keyhole of the office door. A smile touched her lips. "He is there already. We will see whether he will allow Margaret to be driven away like a beggar-woman."

Then she put her apron to her eyes again, and began to cry bitterly, and knocked at the office door.

"Come in!"

"O, dear Monck, help, help!" she cried. "What will happen next? 'Tis enough to kill one with shame and spite."

"Well, what's all this fuss about now?" asked Monck, gruffly.

"This fuss, eh?" she repeated, with glaring eyes; "you've a good many notes in your song, for your part. Ha, you think

you'll do like this when we are married. Why do you speak to me as if I were a dog? Take care! the dog has teeth, and may bite you yet."

Monck shuddered, bit his lips, and then said, as he took the old woman's hand coaxingly in his own:

"But, Margaret, my dear friend, you took me quite by surprise. Is it strange if a hasty word escaped me? Come, tell me what vexed you; I will comfort you to the best of my ability."

"Only think, Monck, the proud fool, the silly dolt, he has sent me off!"

"Who?"

"Why, Berthold."

"In fun, surely. He couldn't mean it."

"O yes; I must be off directly, or he will call in the police, he says."

"But the cause—the reason?"

"The reason? I was gossiping with the women up stairs about Mynheer Robyn—how the old hunk would not make a will, how he had done so many bad deeds in his lifetime, and how he was in torment, sure enough. Mynheer was listening all the time."

"You could not hold your tongue!" shouted Monck, stamping on the floor with rage. "Thoughtless creature! when one gets a legacy, one must always speak well of one's benefactor."

"Ay, because you say so much good of him, I suppose?"

"Between ourselves, when we are alone—that is quite a different matter; before strange people! Listen, Margaret; I have concealed something from you because you can't hold your tongue. But I will tell you now; it is a secret which nobody must know."

"A secret that nobody must know?" repeated the old woman, while her eyes glistened with eager curiosity.

"Yes; but, I conjure you, don't let a word escape your lips which might lead anybody to guess this. The slightest imprudence might rob us of our inheritance; not a farthing would be ours."

"Well, well; what is it? You may rely on it, I shall be silent as the grave."

"Margaret, dear Margaret," said Monck, with a sigh, "the will may be set aside; it is not drawn up as the law requires."

"Good heavens! how can that be?" cried the old servant, whose paleness was real this time.

"Well, so it is; the law says that a will, to be valid, must mention the place and the day when it was made. Robyn has forgotten the date."

"How do you know this?" asked Margaret, with a glance of distrust; "you have never seen the will?"

"No; what I tell you was confided to me in strict secrecy by a person I must not mention; but who, as head and chief of the supreme court, you understand, noticed the flaw, and will conceal it out of regard for me."

"There is always some obstacle in our way. Soon I shall hear we are going to get nothing."

"If you will be silent, there is no risk; but if you will gossip about the will, you will be the means of plunging us both in poverty again. There is Berthold coming down stairs. Don't be afraid; you can stay here; I can easily set it right with mynheer. Go quietly into your room, and wait there till the matter has blown over. Keep the secret; our welfare depends on it."

Monck stood looking after the servant as she made her way through a side door; then he said, smiling and rubbing his hands:

"Stupid chatterbox! she believes everything one tells her. Now she thinks she has got hold of a secret she won't be able to think of anything else. When she comes to find out that her name is not in the will, she will revenge herself by going about saying that there was no date to Mynheer Robyn's will. People will laugh at her, for the will bears date April 20th. Ha, ha! I know a trick or two."

He rubbed his hands again, and went to his desk, where he took up his pen, and seemed to be lost in calculations. His features wore an expression of calm indifference.

Berthold entered the office, took a chair, and said:

"Monck, I want to talk to you."

The clerk turned his head.

"Sit down," said Berthold; "our conversation may be a long one."

"'Tis of no consequence; I am used to standing," said the clerk, as he cast a sharp, penetrating look on the young man's face.

"Look you, Monck; I might not unreasonably be angry with you for what happened here a few days since; but I do not wish to believe blindfold all the gossip of a wicked woman."

"Mynheer is right, perfectly right; Margaret is a fool who does not know what she says. She speaks evil of everybody—of you, of me, of herself; but she is old, and one must have pity on her gray hairs."

"She is going to leave the house directly; I've discharged her."

"She has told me so; but you do not mean it really, mynheer?"

"It is a decision without appeal."

"Why such unwonted and unexpected severity?"

"O, it is fearful! it chills my blood to think of it. All kinds of mournful thoughts had prevented my sleeping, and as soon as day began to dawn, I arose with the intention of going to the chamber of death for awhile. As I drew nearer, I heard strange words; I stood still and listened. Margaret was reproaching my uncle in the most savage way, exulting in his death, and reviling the corpse of her benefactor in that very room. I have discharged her. But I am come here to talk on matters more serious than this."

"Margaret shall not leave!" growled the clerk, with involuntary energy.

"No? and who shall prevent it?" asked the young man, amazed at Monck's tone.

The clerk was himself again, and said, with a smile of humility which ill concealed his impatience and contempt.

"Why, you are master here. Pray excuse my boldness. I ventured to hope that mynheer would yield to entreaty, out of compassion to a poor old woman; and I still hope so. But you wished to talk to me of more serious matters. I am all attention."

Berthold was completely deceived by the pretended humility of Monck's words, and said, more calmly:

"No; I will not inquire why my uncle was so furiously angry, and how he came to see my poem, 'The Usurer.' Even if Margaret's disclosures are true—"

"They are not true. Margaret is a slanderer."

"Probably. It is a matter of indifference to me; I forget and forgive all—on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you will aid me to attain an end I have proposed to myself."

"Be good enough to explain."

"Monck, strange things are said about my uncle, and about the sources of his wealth. People say he has brought widows and orphans to beggary. I entreat you, tell me clearly what truth there is in all these accusations."

A shudder convulsed the clerk for a moment. Berthold noticed it, and said:

"Well now, tell me candidly and plainly, what kind of business was carried on here?"

"What sort of business? So far as I can see, a perfectly lawful business."

"A lawful business could never have led to the ruin of so many. Convince me that these charges are false."

"Don't allow yourself to be wrought upon thus, Heer Berthold," said the clerk, with assumed calmness. "It is always so in trade; the man who loves money is vexed with the man who gains it; and if there is no other way of revenge, they resort to calumny."

"Well, I will be plainer still, and come to details. There is a widow Lorrein, who was formerly off, and who is now starving in garret—she and her children. They say that the inheritance of this widow and her children came into my uncle's hands. Is this true?"

"There is some truth in it," muttered the clerk.

"But how? by what means?"

Monck shrugged his shoulders.

"You must know, Monck; for you had more to do with all this than my uncle had."

"I don't see your drift, mynheer," answered Monck, with a bitter and impatient expression of countenance. "Were your suspicion well founded, I am bound to silence by my reverence for my benefactor. It is no business of ours, I think, to pry into secrets which he would have liked to bury with him in his grave."

"Indeed you do not see my drift. Let me tell you more clearly what my intention is. I have heard a great deal during the last three days; and although my heart is slow to believe all the reports current in the city, I am obliged to acknowledge that my poor uncle has gone astray, that he was deceived as to the lawfulness of certain ways of gaining money. The thought that God may require from me an account of his fatal mistake, pursues me day and night, and allows me no rest."

Monck folded his arms and drew up his head; an incredulous, mocking smile trembled on his thin lips, and he looked steadfastly in Berthold's face.

"Certainly, if my uncle thirsted for gold," continued Berthold, "it was solely from his affection for me. He has, unconsciously perhaps, stained his conscience and brought his soul in peril, in order to leave me a noble inheritance. And now, Monck, gratitude imposes on me a duty which I have resolved to perform. I will seek out all who have been wronged in their dealings with my uncle; I will repair their wrongs, and thus undo as far as possible the evil which he committed, perhaps out of affection for me. If you will help me in carrying out the resolution, I should like to begin to-day my work of consolation by making restitution to the unfortunate persons who think they have reason to accuse my uncle of wrong. Do not feel anxiety in regard of yourself; I will compensate you for everything."

"Ha, ha!" cried Monck; "what folly! Everybody will laugh at you."

"Who? the unfortunates whom I shall by this means restore to comfort, and the benefit of whose prayers I shall thus obtain?"

Monck raised his head, and looked his young master boldly in the face, while he said, in a tone of mocking scorn:

"You talk of gratitude—you, who are going to throw away all the money your uncle scraped together, who mean to insult his memory by believing all these stupid reports, who in your heart accuse him of dishonourable lust of gain, and (excuse the word) of usury. Do you call this gratitude? You have lost your senses."

Berthold arose, and looked at the clerk with amazement.

"Yes," continued the latter; "you are surprised that the low-born, simple Monck dares to speak thus boldly to Mynheer Robyn. But I, too, have duties towards my deceased benefactor; and, come what will, I will protect his memory from your dishonoring and dishonorable inquiries."

"Monck, you are only pretending," said Berthold, with a look of lofty pride, beneath which the clerk quailed. "It is not curiosity that urges me on. I shall do all that is needful in secret; in secret will I toil to remove this blot from my uncle's name; no one but ourselves shall know it. Many a deed of darkness, I fear, must have been done in this house, since you tremble so at the mere thought of disclosure. Why not tell me at once what I want to know? The papers and books here around us will set me on the track of everything."

These words made the clerk start as though he had been shot. He advanced a step, with a hasty gesture, which indicated some sudden decision; then he stood still, repressed his rage, and muttered:

"No; to-morrow, to-morrow."

"Well, let it be to-morrow," said the young man, mistaking the meaning of Monck's words. "I would rather have hallowed the day of my uncle's funeral by some good work of restitution; but I will accede to your proposal if you promise me that you will help me to-morrow."

"I help you?" cried Monck. "Never! You shall know nothing. No, no; you, who have already thrown reproach into the very face of your benefactor, you shall never proclaim his shame. I will take good care to prevent you."

The young man turned pale with anger.

"Shameless man!" he roared; "what is it that you dare to reproach me with? I might answer you after your own fashion. I might tell you that it is you, yourself, who tempted my uncle to usury, who encouraged his careful economy until you had excited in him a burning thirst for gold; but it were vain. I despise your accusations too deeply. Since you refuse to tell me what I wish to know, I will discover it without you. Get you gone, and leave me alone!"

A burst of contemptuous, scornful laughter was Monck's only answer.

"Have you lost your senses?" asked Berthold, whose amazement increased every moment. "What makes you bold enough to laugh thus in my face? Insolent rascal! Were you not my uncle's servant? Are you not mine so long as you remain in this house?"

"I laugh," said Monck, with an expression of victorious and exultant hatred, "because you are so inconceivably simple. There is a will which will remain a secret until to-morrow. You play the inaster with a high hand. Would it not be better to wait until to-morrow, until you know the usurer's last will and testament? You turn Margaret into the street, you show me the door; it is the will alone which can tell us which of us must take himself off—whether Margaret, or you, or I, or all of us together. Who can tell?"

"What insane folly!" said Berthold, contemptuously. "Leave me in peace now. I need not your help to obey the impulse I feel within me to remove this stain from my uncle's memory."

He turned, while speaking thus, towards the strong box, and took in his hand the keys which were in the lock of one of the half-opened doors. When Monck saw this, he sprang forward and cried:

"You shall not touch that box!"

"You dare to speak thus to me?"

"You shall not open it, I tell you!"

Berthold was proceeding to open, one by one, the many locks which secured the inner compartments of the strong box, when he felt Monck's hands on his shoulders, and was laid on his back in an instant. He rose, seized his assailant by the neck, and threw him violently against the desk. The clerk gnashed his teeth and howled with rage and vexation; his face was livid, his whole frame quivered, and a dull deep fire glowed in his eyes; but still he could not refrain from expressing a wild malignant joy.

"You shall pay me for this—yes, you shall pay me a hundred-fold for this!" he roared, as he opened his desk to look for something.

Berthold had folded his arms on his breast, and was standing with his back against the strong box, watching the clerk's movements. His features expressed disgust and proud contempt.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the clerk, as he produced a paper from his desk, and held it before Berthold's eyes; "I was anxious to avoid all contention while the corpse lay in the house, but you compel me to avenge myself. I am resolved to see you shrink into yourself with rage and despair. There, read; this is a literal copy of the will that Mynheer Robyn wrote with his own hand in my presence."

Berthold took the paper and began to read it. Monck fixed on him a look of malignant triumph; and when the young man's countenance became pale and his lips quivered, an expression of intense gladness and unutterable enjoyment lighted the clerk's features. His enemy lay defeated before him, and he could now plant his foot on his prostrate breast.

Berthold let the paper fall from his hand, and looked at Monck with incredulous wonder.

"Yes, yes, my good mynheer; it is so, and no otherwise," said Monck, scornfully. "All, all for me—nothing for you! This comes of playing the pedant, and writing verses upon the usurer, as you called him. You have paid dear for it, but what can you do? The pot is broken, and you can't mend it now."

Berthold sat still, humiliated by this unexpected blow, and by the scornful malice of the clerk.

"And if I, the despised clerk, were to show you the door, would you dare to oppose my command now? But I am considerate; I don't like disturbances; and besides, the will cannot be made public until to-morrow."

The young man got the better of his astonishment by a violent effort of self-command, and said, with energy:

"It is simply impossible. You are deceiving me; there cannot be such a will."

"Do you think me childish enough to do as you have done?" said Monck, with a grin. "Am I not too old and too crafty to buy the bear before it is caught? What good could it do me to enjoy one day's triumph only? Should I not to-morrow be put to shame and disgrace, just as you are now?"

"It is horrible!" exclaimed Berthold. "You have betrayed me, misled my uncle, and robbed me. I shall stand up for my

rights, lay an accusation against you, and this will, wrung from a rich old man by your hypocritical craft, will be set aside."

"Claim your right! set aside the will!" repeated Monck, with, contemptuous pity. "Don't you think Monck knows how to draw up a will so that it shall be legal and valid? Your uncle wrote it of his own free will. Do not impose on yourself with so deceitful a hope as that."

Deep and deeper still sank the conviction into Berthold's breast that he was robbed of all hope of his inheritance; for Monck was far too crafty to have neglected any precaution which might secure him the peaceful possession of the old man's fortune.

"Well!" said he, with sudden decision. "Be it so! I leave the house at once. I cannot breathe this atmosphere of deceit, and malice, and fraud. Perhaps God, in his mercy, wishes to keep me from contamination. At least no stain of dishonorable gain can cleave to my soul. Farewell! I cannot avenge myself on you; but you cannot prevent my feeling for you the most profound contempt and abhorrence."

He turned to leave the office, and had reached the door, when Monck called to him:

"I have forgotten something I had to say."

"I want to hear nothing more."

"It is something your uncle charged me to say to you. Surely you will listen to his last words."

"Quick, then; I cannot linger here."

"Do not stand in the door; come back into the room."

Berthold returned a few steps.

"When the will was made and signed, I represented to your uncle that you would be left poor, and would perhaps suffer want. I wished him to mention your name in his will; but he refused, and my request seemed to give him great pain. With all my effort I could get no more from him than a verbal charge—or rather request—to give you five thousand francs to keep you from starvation until you could get a place as clerk in some office."

"It is false! What more lies have you to tell?"

"It is just as I have told you. Sign me a receipt, and I will give you the money at once. Then everything will be settled and done with between us."

"I will not touch your polluting gold," indignantly exclaimed the young man. "Alms from *your* hand! I should loathe myself. But surely you have lost your senses."

"Come, come, Mynheer Berthold; I will keep it if you like; only think well what you are doing, for in a few days you may be glad to jump at it. Anyhow, I will keep it here, and you can come for it when you like. You will come—you will come; no doubt of that!"

"I shall come? I despise gold, and all who sell their souls for gold, too deeply. Farewell! and if ever I reach out my hand to you for money, I give you leave to abhor and scorn me, for I shall scorn and abhor myself."

Berthold left the office with excited step, while Monck cried after him:

"You despise gold, eh? You will soon know the value of it. You scorn and loathe me? Ha, ha, you will be sorry for that word some day!"

The clerk stood for some minutes at his desk, and abandoned himself to wild, victorious joy of heart. By slow degrees the smile died away, and more serious thoughts seemed to occupy him. His features became cloudy and overcast, and, putting his hand to his head, he said:

"Berthold will claim his right—try to set aside the will. On what grounds? He knows nothing—has no suspicion of anything. But if Margaret should let fall any thoughtless word? What a lucky thought to make her think the will was defective and could be invalidated! She fancies she has a good hold on me there. But if Berthold were once to contest the validity of the will? Perhaps the thing might be discovered. Come, come, he has no money to begin such a contest as that. But what if Kemenaer were to lend him money? Laura is betrothed to him."

He rubbed his forehead thoughtfully, to stimulate his brain to acuter meditation on his resources. All at once he uttered a cry of joy; he trembled with emotion as he said:

"O, what a thought! Laura shall be *my* bride."

After a few moments his countenance fell, and he said again:

"No, it cannot be; my suit would seem too absurd. He would laugh at my pride; he would look on it as an unheard-of folly. But how childish my fears are! This astounding suit will crush all doubt as to the validity of the will. It will be a convincing proof of my confidence in the security of its provisions. Yes, yes; be bold, courageous, overbearing—that is the way to blind and to sway people. Laura my wife! A dowry of four hundred thousand francs! Why, what can resist the glittering attraction of a million? And have I not a paper in my hands which would make Kemenaer crawl like a slave at my feet? Capital—excellent! I shall thus rob my enemy of everything—anticipate and vanquish him even in his affection—kill him outright in impotent fury!"

And as if this suggestion had deprived him of his senses, he sank back in the chair which Berthold had just vacated, and burst into a loud, long peal of laughter.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT a mile beyond the suburbs of the city was the common cemetery. It was a field in no wise remarkable, surrounded by a low wall, and protected, as it were, by a lofty stone cross erected on a mound in the centre. Here and there were a few tokens of remembrance above the resting-place of some privileged dead; but towards the south, the magnificent cenotaphs, the marble

crosses, the gilded ~~altars~~, became more numerous, and looked like a grove of sculpture. All kinds of ~~haunting and bombastic~~ phraseology might be read on these stones; and it was singular, that even here, amongst the dead, pride seemed to triumph gloriously, for the only words which shone in gilded letters were those which attested that he who lay beneath—if the worms had not yet quite devoured him—had, during his life, been a possessor of—gold.

Further away lay the burial-place of the sons of the people, artisans and the lower class of tradesmen. There were no tokens by which to distinguish the resting-place of a father, a son, or a friend, except the elevation of the soil over some newly-filled grave, soon to be trodden down and levelled by the feet of the grave-diggers and passers-by.

Above the ground man's blind and boastful mistake had full sway. The rich seemed to live on in their pride; the poor seemed lost in their unadorned graves, without memorial, for ever. And yet all enjoyed one and the same rest; all lay side by side, in the bosom of the earth, like sons of one common father.

It was the morning of a day which promised to be surpassingly lovely. The sun was pouring its mild and genial radiance upon the meadows; it reflected itself in the gilded letters on the monuments of the rich, but it had a touch of light and warmth for the lowliest graves too, and wooed and drew forth from them more and fairer flowers than surrounded the cold marble. The churchyard was lonely and still. Butterflies were darting joyously about the abode of mourning; bees were gathering honey from the flowers which adorned the graves; the grass waved its stalks above the mouldering skeletons of the dead; birds were singing and making love on the pinnacles of the statelier tombs; but, of all this tide of life, no sound broke the unspeakable repose of the dead.

A woman entered the churchyard, leading a child with each hand. She was poor—that was obvious, although her faded clothes indicated that she had once known competence and comfort. Her countenance, wasted and withered more by sorrow than by years, was pale and thin, and yet its lines were delicate and full of grace. Her children—a boy and a girl—were healthy and ruddy. The storm which had bowed their mother had not smitten their young hearts yet. They followed their mother with timid steps as she made her way amidst the graves, until she stood still on a spot near the wall, and looked round as if to discover some undistinguished spot.

"Mother, where does father lie buried?" asked the little girl.

The widow shook her head in calm despair, and with a tear glistening in her eye, she strove to make out some gravestones which might serve to put her on the track of the one spot she sought to find.

"Mother, tell me, where is father buried?" said the girl, again.

"Silence, child; I shall find it soon," she murmured. "They have altered something here."

"But why don't they put a stone over father's grave, with his name on it, like those we see yonder?"

"Those who lie yonder are rich people," said the widow, sighing, as she continued her search. "Ah, I think I know the spot now!"

"Mother, mother, what pretty flowers! Here is a daisy with pretty red on its leaves," cried the boy, stooping to pluck the tempting flower.

His mother arrested his hand.

"No, no, Johnny," said she; "don't pick that flower. Let it live on, for it grows on your father's grave, dear child."

"Where is father buried?" asked the little girl, for the third time.

"There, beneath your feet, Annie."

"There! where? The grass is all even there."

"Now, children," said the widow, painfully touched by the child's innocent words, "now kneel down on this spot, put your hands together, and pray with me. Your poor father is no more, but God in his goodness will recompense him in his heavenly kingdom for the bitter sorrows he endured here below."

The children knelt beside their mother on the grass. Again and again they repeated the words, "Our Father, who art in heaven." The still whisper of earnest prayer was long heard above that lowly grave; long flowed the widow's tears, until at length she summoned up all her courage, repressed every sign of grief, and rose to leave the beloved spot.

"O, mother, let me pick the pretty flower!" entreated the little girl.

"No, Annie; let it grow until it falls of itself on your father's grave."

"O, do, mother! you don't know how glad I shall be."

"But, my child, in less than an hour the poor little flower would fade and die in your hand."

"No, no, mother; I want to put it between the leaves of my prayer-book. There it will dry up nicely. I shall keep it always; and when I go to church, the little daisy will make me think of my poor father."

"O, dear child," sobbed the mother, "take it, take it! Yes; put it in your prayer-book, and take care of it as a sacred memorial of the love—" She paused, and pointed to the wall, and laid her hand affectionately on her daughter's shoulder while she said: "Annie, you are older than your brother. Do you see those two grand stones there, close to the wall? Shall you know them again? When you turn your back on them and look towards the cross yonder, take ten steps from the wall, straight on, and so you will come to the spot where your father lies. Look well at it, my child, and don't forget it, for the time will come when I shall not be able to point it out to you."

She moved away from her husband's grave, and directed her

steps slowly towards the corner in which were the tombs of the rich.

"What are these, mother?" asked Annie.

"This is the corner of the rich, my child."

"When I am big enough," muttered little Johnny, "I mean to put a great stone on father's grave; but I am not strong enough yet."

"Was father ever rich, mother?"

"Not rich, Annie, but pretty well off. He had enough to go through the world with."

"Had he much money, mother? what became of all his money?"

"Ah, dear child, you are not old enough to understand all these things yet. Your father was cheated, and his business was cramped. He was forced to borrow money. He fell into the hands of a greedy usurer. After a sad and bitter life, he died of grief, poor and forsaken by everybody."

A grave-digger now entered the churchyard, with his spade in his hand, and came towards the spot on which the widow and the fatherless were standing. He pointed towards the meadow as he came near, and said:

"My good woman, you must get out of the way, for look there—all those coaches! The churchyard will be full of people."

The woman turned to look at the stately funeral procession, and asked:

"I suppose it is some distinguished person, some high official, some celebrated man?"

"I don't know anything about that, but he was worth a million. You know him well; everybody knows him. 'Tis old rich Robyn."

"Robyn!" shrieked the widow,—"Robyn! Come, come, my children, let us leave this spot."

She then urged her children onwards, lifting her eyes to heaven as she went, and saying:

"My God, canst thou endure such mockery before thy righteous eyes? He, my husband's murderer, buried with such pomp, while the children of his victim scarcely know where to find their father's grave!"

"Annie," said she, after a while, pointing to the advancing procession, "do you see that coach with black plumes, and gold, and rich drapery of red silk? Do you know, child, who it is that they are bearing to his grave on a bier as rich as a throne? You would shudder if your mouth could pronounce that name."

But she paused, as if she could not summon strength enough to utter it again. The poor child looked up inquiringly.

"No, no! On the margin of the grave begins the kingdom of righteousness and justice. God judges between them. Alas, poor sinful soul! may God have mercy upon it!"

While she was flying from the irritating spectacle with hurried steps, the long array of coaches drew up at the gate of the cemetery. The hired bearers took the coffin on their shoulders; the attendants dismounted from their coaches, and arranged themselves according to their rank in a long procession. And so they moved slowly and solemnly towards the grave. Berthold followed immediately behind the coffin. He was pale and much excited by emotion; but he bowed his head low, in order to conceal his grief from those who were following. Every eye was bent on him; every one was talking of him, the lucky fellow who was going to have a million of money, and who, nevertheless, could counterfeit grief and sorrow so well.

After the young man followed some wealthy persons with cold and stately countenances, who knew nothing of old Robyn personally, but were present to attest their deep reverence for gold. Behind them followed Monck with a white handkerchief at his eyes. He seemed so overpowered by his grief, that his legs trembled as he walked; and a simple-minded looker-on, deceived by this touching affection of a servant for his master, took his arm, and guided him on his way to the grave.

Far away, near the end of the procession, came Conrad, the music-master. He was there out of affection for Berthold. He had no objection to pay this respect to the man who had toiled, by whatever means, to accumulate an inheritance for his young friend.

The coffin was soon laid in the ground; the grave-digger had seized his spade to place an everlasting barrier between the light of the sun and the gloom and darkness of the dead, when a person advanced bearing a paper in his hand; it was the funeral oration over the deceased. An involuntary expression of curiosity and of derision stood on every face. What was there to be said in praise of the old usurer?

The orator called Robyn his *friend*; it is a great recommendation in the world to have been the friend of so rich a man. He spoke of his talent for business, and called him a skillful and able *financier*; he showed how his whole life had been passed in labor and in care; he praised his humility and his economy, and became quite eloquent when he painted Robyn as a generous and open-hearted man, the refuge of the unfortunate, of widows and orphans, who had never found his door closed against them when they needed his help. And at last he turned towards the coffin and said, with an artistic lowering of his voice:

"Robyn, noble-minded man, useful citizen, faithful friend, light lie the earth upon your head. Farewell!"

While the orator was wiping the perspiration from his forehead and face, many of the hearers came up to him, and shook hands with him, and complimented him on the beautiful speech he had delivered. Whether it was true or not, that was nothing to them; indeed, not a few of them chuckled aloud at what they called the cunning of the orator. The coffin was laid in the grave; their duty in the eyes of the world was done, and—Robyn was already forgotten.

While the persons present were returning to their carriages,

gossiping as they went, Berthold went towards his friend the music-master, and whispered in his ear:

"Conrad, I pray you remain with me; I have something important to say to you."

When they had reached the gate, Berthold was passing by the coach on the step of which Monck had already placed his foot to enter; but the clerk no sooner saw his young master than he jumped down, held the door of the coach, and said, with a low bow:

"Will Mynheer Robyn be so good as to step into this coach? His humble servant will find a corner elsewhere."

"Venomous creature!" muttered Berthold to himself. But he made no reply. He took Conrad's arm and turned aside into a by-path. The coachmen cracked their whips, and the same procession which had moved towards the cemetery with such pompous slowness, now flew back along the highway with as much speed and noise as though the coaches were carrying a jovial party to the fair.

"Well," said Conrad, when he and Berthold were left alone, "what have you to say to me? It is something else besides this mournful duty that disturbs you so—is it not?"

The young man leaned his head on Conrad's shoulder, and sobbed aloud:

"Alas, I am so wretched! Compassionate my lot; my future makes me shudder."

"But speak out, Berthold; has some unforeseen misfortune come upon you?"

Berthold raised his head, and said, in a tone of utter despondency:

"Conrad, I am poor—poorer than you are!"

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"My uncle has disinherited me."

"Disinherited you? and in whose favor?"

"Monck's."

"Good heavens! my presentiment was well founded. I always feared that the hypocritical scoundrel would try to cheat your uncle in his dying moments. But I did not think he would go so far as this; it is impossible!"

"It is true for all that. Monck irritated my uncle against me. I heard from Margaret, without her knowing it, how it all happened. With my poem, 'The Usurer,' in his hand, he wrung the will from the dying old man."

"But this will—you must have it set aside, Berthold. It cannot be valid."

"Does not the law give my uncle full power to dispose of his property as he likes?"

"Likely enough; but it may be defective in form."

"Vain hope, Conrad. While my uncle was writing the will, Monck was at his side. Monck is crafty enough, and he knows too well how to frame a will so that it shall be absolutely unimpeachable. Fate has smitten me irrevocably, hopelessly."

Conrad trembled with amazement as the mournful conviction sank down into his mind. He said nothing, and seemed lost in painful thought.

"O, I acted like a blind fool!" exclaimed the youth. "I knew Monck was a hypocrite; my common sense told me I ought to be on my guard against him. Had I not been so senseless and so reckless, I might have shielded my uncle from his craft; but who could have deemed such cunning wickedness possible?"

"Alas!" said the music-master, with a sigh, "it is because the artist deems the craft of the wicked so weak, that he despises it, and so becomes its victim."

These words were followed by an interval of mournful silence, during which the eyes of both were bent on the ground. Then Conrad shook his head as though he had resolved to shake off the impression produced by these fatal tidings. He seized his friend's hand, and then said, in a more cheerful tone of voice:

"My poor Berthold, it is a great misfortune to lose so much money. But don't you think there are other springs of gladness and of peace in man's heart?"

"Money!" exclaimed the young man, with a feverish laugh.

"I despise, I abhor money. Now I know, alas! how many stains may cleave to a gold piece." He bowed his head, and continued in a voice hoarse and choked with emotion: "But I feel the cruel power of gold; I tremble in every limb, and my heart is oppressed within me. Money would be less than nothing; but Laura, Laura!"

"Indeed, yes; Laura, Laura!" repeated the music-master, in a low voice.

"Alas, alas! shall I, the poor unfortunate poet, dare now to raise my eyes towards her? Will not Mynheer Kemenaer close his door against the disinherited artist?"

Conrad shrugged his shoulders in painful doubt.

"Thus," continued Berthold, "I shall lose not only the gold I little valued, but my soul's long dream, the joy of my life, the light of my future—all, all departs with the gold! We are wrong, Conrad; gold is really and truly the fount and spring of all happiness. Could I but bring my heart to it, I should, like others, reverence and love gold as the only real power on earth."

The music-master looked at his desponding friend with deep sympathy and compassion. Whether he really thought that the young man's fear was exaggerated, or whether he was only anxious to pour a present balm into his wounded soul, he tried to show him that the loss of his fortune need not have the distressing consequences he dreaded so much.

"Come, Berthold," said he, "moderate the ardor of your wilful fancy. Let us go slowly on towards the city; it is near the hour at which I must give my lesson at Mynheer Kemenaer's. What are you afraid of? Do you fancy Laura will love you less because you can no longer offer her a large fortune, together with

your love? You do not know Laura as I know her. Deep in her heart is a hidden treasure of magnanimity and generosity, of firmness and self-reliance. I should not be in the least surprised if she resolves to become your bride all the sooner because your circumstances seem to put her love to the test. Do not despair; Laura is not like the common run of women; she does not regard gold as the spring of the heart's peace."

"But Mynheer Kemenaer?" said the youth, with a deep sigh.

"To him gold is everything."

"Do you think so, Berthold? There is surely one thing Mynheer Kemenaer loves more than gold, something which would be stronger than gold, if both came in collision."

"What can that be?"

"The happiness of his only child, of his Laura. It is because he thinks that gold will secure her a fairer lot when he is taken from her, that he is so eager to increase his wealth. Were Laura to declare that she would not, could not renounce the sweet hope you two have dreamed together,—were she to feel your separation so deeply as to pine away in hopeless sickness, then Mynheer Kemenaer himself would implore you to save his child, to receive his Laura from his hands."

"Thank you, thank you, dear friend; you are deceiving me as well as yourself, it may be, but my distempered soul receives with sure trust the bright glad beams of hope with which you enchant my eyes."

"Be sure of this, Berthold; Laura will sustain a vigorous conflict with her father's covetousness, rather than abandon you; it may last long, and cost her many tears, but she will conquer in the end. You see, Berthold, you do wrong in abandoning yourself to despair at once. No doubt this unexpected change in your circumstances will astonish and vex Mynheer Kemenaer. Were he to follow the first impulse, he might, perhaps, close his door against the poor poet, just as you fear; but the loving, high-minded Laura is there to prevent and forbid the cold decree. Do not mistrust your noble Laura so soon; and you will see that the result will bring back all your peace and joy of heart."

"May your kind words but prove true!" said the young man, as he gratefully pressed his friend's hand. "Then I should bless God for what has happened. Yes, yes, Conrad; my uncle's money would have allowed me no rest; it would have tortured my heart with remorse. You do not know it, but this gold is made up of the tears of the widow and the orphan, the despairing cry of the distressed, the heart's blood of agonized fathers; my inheritance would have been the fruit of the basest, vilest usury."

"I have long known or at least suspected it," said the music-master, "but I wished to spare your simple and tender heart a pang so sharp. But now keep up your hopes until you are assured that fate is as cruel as you fear. You must leave your house; you could not remain longer under the same roof with that wicked Monck."

"I shall never return to that house," answered Berthold. "Monck and I have had a violent explanation; not for the world would I go near the door of so odious a hypocrite; the very look of him almost kills me with humiliation and shame."

"But on what have you resolved? where do you mean to live?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any money?"

"I had in my room a little—some three or four hundred francs, perhaps. But I would rather die of hunger than go to fetch it."

"Leave all that to me, Berthold. I shall feel no shame in going to ask for what is yours. Did your uncle leave you nothing?"

"Nothing. Monck wanted to give me five thousand francs. He said my uncle had asked him to do so."

"And you did not take them? With that sum you might have been able to wait for brighter days."

"An alms from Monck?" indignantly exclaimed Berthold. "Legalize his fraud, his falsehood, by receiving his hush-money? You are speaking only to test me, Conrad. Had Monck put the money in my hand, I should have thrown it back, I fear, in his hypocritical face. The gold is to lie there till I go in person to claim it. Monck says I am sure to go—that I shall be goaded by want to go in quest of the proffered alms. Should I ever stoop to such degradation, then you may despise me, Conrad; for I shall have sunk deep indeed in the mire. Never mention it again; it irritates me."

"You are right," said Conrad; "we will never speak of it again. And now I have a proposition to make to you. There is a vacant room in the house in which I lodge; it is furnished neatly; it is close to my own room. Hire it, until you see what you can do."

"Hire it? where is the money?"

"Think no more about that. Conrad is not rich; but he has always paid his rent regularly, and the landlady will trust him readily. He will be answerable for you."

"But at the month's end?"

"You will not be there a month, Berthold. And even if Mynheer Kemenaer's decision is not made within the month—though that is not at all likely—I will pay for you, my friend. Why so many words between us? To-morrow I will go to get the money you left in your room. To refuse to give it up would be a clumsy theft. Monck is too crafty to bring himself into peril for so small a sum as that. That will last you more than one month. Come, come; 'tis a settled point. When I have given my lesson, we will go and hire the pretty room next to mine. You will be lodged like a prince, and I shall be always near you, Berthold, to comfort you and help you to bear your trouble."

"Kind friend, my misfortune has but increased your love for me. If everybody should turn against me, you would never forsake your poor Berthold. To be with you, to dream together

of art and our future, to compare and discuss our feelings, our fancies, our productions; it is a happiness which makes me lift my heart in gratitude to God. Were not my heart oppressed with a gloomy dread, I should be glad and rejoice; but the accursed power of gold! Laura! Now that I see her house, a cold shudder runs throughout me; I feel ashamed. Do you think I may venture to accompany you, Conrad? I am the same person I was before—yet I am not the same; all my confidence and energy are gone; I have no longer the right to love her. To entreat, to tremble, to blush—if gold gives nothing else, at least it gives courage and confidence."

"How you change your mood, Berthold! At one moment you are full of comfort, the next you are wailing and lamenting—now soaring with hope, now prostrate in despair. You must restrain yourself and be reasonable. Come, hold up your head like a man, and don't debase yourself thus before Mynheer Kemenaer. He ought not to hear the unexpected tidings from any one but yourself. Don't be afraid; speak boldly; tell him just what has occurred. Come, I am going to ring."

The door was opened. In answer to Conrad's inquiry, the servant said that Mynheer Kemenaer was not at home, but that Mademoiselle Laura was in the arbor at the other end of the garden.

Berthold started and trembled; he was mastered by an emotion which amazed him. Formerly he had trodden these rooms with frank and open countenance, with joyous, exulting confidence; now his eyes were cast down to the ground, his heart was wrung with anguish, and his cheeks glowed with the blush of shame. He timidly approached the arbor, and as soon as he caught sight of Laura, he uttered a cry of anguish, and was obliged to bury his face in his hands to conceal his tears. What sight had thus disconcerted him? Conrad himself was amazed at it.

When the young man appeared at the entrance of the arbor, he surprised Laura busily weaving, in a fit of quiet abstraction, a lovely wreath. The flowers were those of the orange-tree; the wreath was a stainless, fragrant bridal wreath. This token of a sweet and gentle hope had struck Berthold with sadness and alarm. Laura and Conrad both looked at him—the one in sorrow, the other in astonishment; but before either of them could utter a word, Berthold sank down upon the seat of the arbor, and exclaimed, in a tone of profound melancholy:

"O my dear Laura, your heavenly vision will never be realized! Crush, crush the wreath; it makes my heart bleed to see it."

"What is the matter with you, Berthold?" inquired the anxious and trembling girl. "For heaven's sake, speak! your manner and your words terrify me."

"Alas, Laura, I no longer possess anything in the world! I am poor; my uncle has disinherited me."

The maiden looked at him incredulously.

"Monck has extorted a will from my uncle; he is sole heir."

"Monck?" cried the girl, with anger and contempt in every feature. "This, then, is the reason of that mysterious aversion I

always felt for him. I had a presentiment of his utter falseness; shuddered when I saw him, as though I foresaw that he would render him whom I love miserable. And he has robbed you of your inheritance! The snake who crawled and crept in silence in order to bite more surely. Poor Berthold! don't lament about that. God will bring the arts of the deceiver to light." And she burst into tears.

"It is a grievous trial—is it not, Laura? You see now that all our bright and joyous dreams may vanish, and leave nothing but hopeless sorrow. Perhaps this is the last time I may see you."

Laura looked alternately at the music-master and at Berthold; her tears had ceased to flow; her countenance wore an expression of terror and amazement.

"O Laura," continued Berthold, "it is not because of my lost inheritance that I shed bitter tears, but my heart quakes with dread of a far worse misfortune. I thought God had predestined you to be my bride; in this enchanting conviction, I looked onwards along the bright path of our life, and saw in the cloudless heaven of our love only stars of peace, and gladness, and bliss. Who knows, dear Laura, whether the view of that stainless heaven is not forever closed to us?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

Pray for thine enemy, for if thou art a good man thyself, thou canst not but rejoice to see thy worst enemy become good, too.

EARLY SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

The pleasant picture on this page overflows with rural sentiment, and carries us away from the builded city, with its whirl of toil and enjoyment, its great enterprises, its great wealth, and its great sorrows, into the heart of the quiet lap of nature. The girl, with her love of decoration, has gathered a whole harvest of sweet wild flowers. The boy has made prize of a nest of young robins, to be reared as household pets. We were reminded, in first looking at it, of the exquisite lines of Leigh Hunt:

"Along the hazel pathways
The traveller will meet,
Youth with their laughing faces
And morn-elastic feet;
Now for the bird up-looking
With hand-overshadowed eye,
Now seeking flowers—I sought them
Some twenty summers by."

Cold, indeed, and insensible must be that heart which does not open to the eloquent influences of nature, does not beat higher at the contemplation of a bright morning, when every blade of grass is hung with diamond dewdrops, when from every thicket and spray some feathered warbler pours forth its matin hymn of thanksgiving and joy, when the insect world is alive and abroad—the dragon-fly with his wings of gauze, the butterfly with his pinions resplendent with colors that defy the painter's art. To the resident of the country, it is delightful to watch, day by day, the gradual development of the beauties of nature, from the first swelling of the buds in the early spring, to the full development of the leafy glories of midsummer. But

there are comparatively few who care to note these processes; most people, we incline to think, prefer to wait, afar from nature's laboratory, till she has completed her wonderful work, and then dash from city to country, and fall at once into the midst of the splendid panorama. It requires, however, no little amount of refinement and culture to appreciate rural beauties. Those "to the manor born" are frequently insensible to their charm. Rousseau's peasant-woman complained of the noise of the nightingale. Among boys and girls who were brought up on farms, we find few contented with their lot. They see only the toil; they think not of the advantages of such a life. That girl in the picture, as she grows older, will weary of the monotony of a country life; the flowers that deck her hair, the red berries that she forms into a necklace, will not long satisfy her; she will sigh for artificial decorations, not knowing that even in the most artificial life of cities, the rose or the camellia are the most prized of every indoor adornment.

She will weary, as she grows up, of milking the cows or feeding the hens, of churning or making cheese, and the factory will have more charms for her than the farm-yard. The boy, too, may become discontented with hard work and little money, and aspire to be a city bookkeeper. But if so, the time will come when both will regret the old homestead; when experience has enlarged their views, they will put a higher estimate on rural life.



EARLY SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUNT PATTY'S VISIT,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"O MOTHER! this is too, too dreadful! The very day of my birth-night party! In the name of all that's horrible, what could have sent her to Washington at this season of the year? I may as well hang my harp upon the willows, for all the chance I shall ever have of getting a husband worth having, while there is such a rock-a-head in the family as old Aunt Patty Comstock!"

"It is provoking; but there is no help for it, as I see. We must make the best of it, and keep her out of sight as much as possible."

"Out of sight! You know very well she won't be kept out of sight. A pretty figure she is too with that old gored dress made in the year one, and that poke bonnet coggled up on top of her head. What will Mr. Mayhew say, I wonder? You know how fastidious he is, and how aristocratic are his connections."

"I know how aristocratic he says they are. Jane, I wish you would be a little more careful in your intercourse with Mr. Mayhew. There is something about him I dislike exceedingly; and you know the stories your father has heard."

"Absurd! If they were true, if he was a gambler and a rone, how could he have gained entrance into the society in which we meet him? The very first in Washington. Why, he was even at Miss Lane's reception the other night; and I am sure there is hardly a single girl in the city that is not in love with him. Father and Aunt Patty ought to be yoked together. They are both of them full of crotchets as they can be, always seeing something wrong in everybody."

"Well, well, don't get excited; I only warn you, that you may be on your guard. A girl of the fortune you are expected to inherit is a good prize for any fortune hunter, you must remember that. But to return to Aunt Patty. We must contrive for all our sakes to keep her in the background as much as possible. If the cars would only run off the track, and hurt no one, just to detain her until after the party—"

"Why, aunty, isn't she the old maid sister that took care of you till you were married?"

"Hold your tongue, miss, and go to your room; you are all eyes and ears for what don't concern you. I suppose you'll tell Patty what we have been saying about her."

"O, aunty—"

"Go to your room, and don't let me hear you call me aunty again. You are no relation to me, thank heaven! There now, we'll have no crocodile tears. Go, I say, and when I want you, I'll let you know."

It is like beginning a story in the middle and leaving it off at both ends, to commence with a conversational scene, when the reader is ignorant of the parties engaged in it; but the above is so descriptive of the dispositions of the three principals, that I forgive myself for departing from the line and plummet rule.

Mrs. and Miss Crenshaw were the wife and only daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, very proud, very heartless, and very much in love with fashionable society. To be the leader in that sphere was the height of their ambition, and of course being possessed of vast means whereby to carry out their ideas, the achievement was not difficult. Yet although they had sparkled at Saratoga, flashed in all their splendor upon Newport, and danced through half a dozen winters at Washington, the principal object of their ambition was still ungratified: Miss Jane Crenshaw was Miss Jane Crenshaw still, and from all appearances likely to remain so for an indefinite space of time. It was strange as it was provoking. Other girls, with no more beauty and not half her wealth, married off and departed for good and comfortable homes, while she hung a full blown flower on the family tree. Her father, a plain, bluff old fellow, who had coined his money from the sweat of his brow, said she was too exacting, looked too loftily for a mate, was waiting for an English lord, etc.; and to this disdainful pride I am inclined to think might have been attributed her ill success. Suitors she had had by the hundreds; in fact, she was one of those dangerous and most unprincipled girls who would have every man's heart to trample under her feet. No tie was too strong, no engagement too sacred, for the trial of her detestable skill. Young girls revelling in the bliss of a first love, feared her as they would a pestilence; even wives, who should have been sacred from her evil arts, looked darkly and coldly upon her. But still the one eligible party, one on whom she could with propriety bestow her hand, never came.

The season at Washington had been more brilliant than exclusive. All travelled persons know with what ease the semblance of wealth and fashion gain admittance to the society of the elite. No one of the vast crowd of pleasure-seekers in the brilliant metropolis could have told just how or when the Hon. Mr. Mayhew became one of the "Upper-Ten." He was one of the most elegant men of the day; not alone in personal appearance, which was the acme of manly beauty, but in manner, style and dress, the latter of which, to the smallest minutiae, bore evidence of a cultivated and aristocratic taste. His slight and graceful person never sported any colors but black and white. His tiny hand, no bigger than a woman's, was encased in the purest and whitest of kid, while a foot, the very type of aristocratic lineage, was gaily tenderly cared for by the most celebrated French boot-makers. This was his second season in Washington, and yet he remained unappropriated. His attentions were too equally divided to give rise to any especial comment; his manners too carefully guarded, his advances too consummately skilful to engender hopes in the most sanguine bosom. If to any one he was more

than usually attentive, it was to Jane Crenshaw. He rode with her, walked with her, attended her to parties and concerts, and really, in his nonchalant way, seemed quite devoted to her. Only her father was dissatisfied with the arrangement. As man to man, many a wicked and reckless act had come to his ears; reports of unholy deeds committed only for the gratification of a moment's vanity; of a fast and wicked life, wherein the patrimony of a worthy man had been wasted in degradation and debauch; all of which had sunk deep into his heart, and he had determined if it were possible to save his only child from the direful fate which as Mr. Mayhew's wife he knew must inevitably be hers. He reasoned with his wife, he reasoned with his daughter; but he had allowed them too large a license, permitted them to be the arbiters of their own fate too long to look for respect to his opinions. For once in her married life, Mrs. Crenshaw agreed with her husband. There was something in Mr. Mayhew's manner that, disguise it as he might, repulsed and troubled her. His respect was not the respect of an honest man for an honest woman; it was not genuine, it was not sincere, it lacked the tone of refinement which always permeates true regard and it where we may. There was no cordiality of feeling mingled with their intercourse. She recognized him because her daughter, to whom she had always bowed a willing slave, desired it.

Perhaps if we take the liberty of an author, and peep into Mr. Mayhew's room and over his shoulder, we shall be better informed as to the reason of Mrs. Crenshaw's instinctive dislike. Luxurious enough he looks, this Hon. Mr. Mayhew, as he sits there, enveloped in a dressing-gown of the rarest quality of cashmere. A bottle of wine stands upon the table, in close proximity to his elbow, while cigars of the most delicate brand give evidence of his devotion to the Virginia weed. You will see that at present he is neither drinking nor smoking. One small white hand is coquetting with the mass of curls which shade, but do not conceal the broad smooth brow, the other clasps the miniature of some lady of more than ordinary attraction. Is it Jane Crenshaw's? No, you see that at once; the face is too young, too pure, too girlishly beautiful to belong to her. To whom then could it belong? Certainly to none of the habitués of fashion, or we should recognize it. There is beauty enough on that silent plate to have made the reputation of a dozen belles. Perhaps that letter lying half finished upon the table can give us the desired information.

"DEAR JACK,—The game is about played out with me here. Old Crenshaw suspects—more than that—he knows; at least, he knows more than he ought under existing circumstances. I must make one grand move—run away with the heiress. She is an only child, and of course good for immediate forgiveness. Have you seen Tinnie lately? Poor girl, I dread the effect of my marriage upon her! Do you know, Jack, if there is any time in the world that I feel like a scamp and a villain of the blackest dye, it is when I think of her? I love her, Jack. That is the only human feeling I believe I have in my heart, and yet I have been her ruin. If I could give her back her honor, her purity of heart and soul, I should be willing to die. But there, where is the use of fretting over what can't be helped. I'm in the dumps this morning. Tinnie's sweet, sorrowful face is before me, and I'm wondering how I ever can break my perfidy to her, for it is perfidy, Jack, of the wickedest kind. You needn't laugh over this letter, or imagine me on the stool of repentance. To-morrow is Jane Crenshaw's birthday; in the evening, while the crowd of visitors are amusing themselves, we shall slip out and off to some long-faced parson, who, in the twinkling of an eye will make us one. One! God forgive the mockery of such a thought.

From your friend in the dumps,

HENRY MAYHEW."

There, vile as the man is, one spark of goodness still remains to make him human.

Christmas morning of 1857! How gorgeously clear it rises over the ocean, over the tops of houses, over whole forests of frost-gemmed trees; and with its rising what varied impulses pour into the hearts of millions of God's creatures.

"Eighteen, and free," was the first thought of Jane Crenshaw, as her head lazily emerged from its nest of downy pillows. "And to-night I shall be the bride of Henry Mayhew. It is strange he desires this clandestine way of getting married, when we might just as well have been married in church with imposing ceremony, grand display, bridesmaids, and all the other et ceteras of fashionable weddings. However, to get him is the object, no matter by what strategy he is obtained."

No single blush upon cheek or brow, no throb of love within that fashion-hardened heart—only the thought of the triumph it would be over the many who would willingly have changed places with her. The entrance of her cousin, the young girl who was sent weeping from the room in the first introduction, put a stop to her reflections.

"Has Aunt Patty come?" was the first question asked.

No, Aunt Patty hadn't come, but there was still another train in which she might arrive.

"Why do you all dislike Aunt Patty so greatly? I am sure, uncle says she is one of the best women in the world—so good to the poor, and so charitable to those who are in distress."

"Uncle says! Well, you can take your uncle's word. I'm sure, if you will only manage to keep her out of sight for this evening, you will do me a lasting favor."

"Uncle says I shall dress and go into the parlors to-night. You know I have never yet seen anything of city life, and I'll try my best not to disgrace you."

"You, you dress and go into the parlor? Well, well, what will happen next, I wonder?"

"It is nothing so astonishing, I'm sure, that I should associate with your friends. My mother was your father's only sister. If I am dependent upon charity, it is not yours. Your father adopted me; I am his child, his to be treated with respect, to enjoy the same privileges with yourself, to be sent to the same schools, have

the same masters, and be in every way your equal. I leave it to you to say how well his plans have been carried out."

"Why, I declare, if you don't make quite a show of spirit. Pity John Ware couldn't have seen it."

"The worm will not bear too much treading upon. What would my uncle say to know that the only child of his only sister had been a slave in his house? worse than a slave, for you would not dare treat a slave with such contemptuous disrespect."

"There, there is the bell, and there is Aunt Patty, bag and baggage; and as I live, there is John Ware shaking hands with her, as if there never was and never could be any one half so welcome again. That fellow is always in the way. I wonder how he got acquainted with Aunt Patty? There, do go, she'll be poking up here in a moment."

"How de da—how are you, all hands? 'Peers to me you aint so glad to see me as you might be, considering it's me. Here, yank hold of them ere trunks and things. Don't mash that band-box, you feller; it has got my best cap in it—real lace, with yaller flowers. Why this ere aint Jane, is it? 'Peers to me she's grown mighty patty. Kiss me, child."

"I'm not Jane, Aunt Patty. I am Uncle Crenshaw's orphan niece."

"You are a very sweet gal, anyhow. Why Peggy—"

"Don't call me Peggy, for heaven's sake! That was all very well for the country, but here I should faint if any one heard you call me so."

"O, you'd faint! 'Peers to me your narves are a little shaky this morning, Peggy. You aint a bit as you use to was. This is fashionable I spose. Well, if this is what fashion teaches, thank the Lord I'm not fashionable! If you don't want me here, I wish you'd just say so honestly, and done with it."

"Why, how can you think so? You take offence so quick! There, Eunice, show Aunt Patty up into the front chamber, and help her arrange her dress. She must be tired after her journey."

"Not a bit of it. I aint one of your delicate ones; no more you usn't to be, Peggy. Ah, well-a-day! live and learn, live and learn. I s'pose Jane's narves are too weak to see her old country aunt. When she is equal to the experiment, tell her she would be pleased to see her." And Aunt Peggy, followed by Eunice, half hidden behind a pile of handboxes, left the room.

In the hall they were intercepted by John Ware, who managed to whisper in the ear of Eunice:

"Meet me in the music room. I must see you alone."

John Ware was the music teacher in Mr. Crenshaw's family, a man who in any other position in life would have been sought for the nobility of his nature and the wealth of his intellect. But alas for poverty! nor genius, nor intellect, nor noble qualities of mind or heart were proof against that; so John Ware worked with might and main, cheered only by the sweet smiles of Eunice Crenshaw and the occasional approval of her good-hearted uncle.

It was late in the afternoon when Jane, in all the brilliancy of a birthday costume, sailed slowly into the parlor and presented herself before Aunt Patty. The good old lady dissected her from top to toe, looking first over her spectacles and then through them, and finally without their aid in any form.

"You've got the advantage of me, miss," she at length exclaimed, taking at the same time as enormous pinch of snuff, as was her wont when unusually annoyed. "Some friend of the family, I s'pose."

"Why, no; I'm Jane!"

"O, you are Jane! Then I think if Jane knew as much of what is due to common courtesy as she does of fashionable frippery she would have welcomed her mother's sister before this time o'day. What do you call that flumediddle?"

"Honiton, honiton flounces. They cost two hundred dollars a piece."

"Massy sakes; two, four, six hundred dollars in flounces! Haven't you got any poor people around here?"

"Poor people! It is enough for one in the family to play charitable. Eunice tends to that portion of the arrangement."

"Why, where's your vandike? I should think you would be afraid of somebody coming and catching you half dressed. You needn't have hurried yourself on my account. Ugh, you make me shiver to see you! Do for massy sake go and get something for your neck and arms, child, before you catch your death of cold."

"This is the fashion, Aunt Patty. I have dressed earlier than usual for the party tonight; but as for my arms and neck, I never wear any more covering over them!"

"You don't mean to tell me you are going into company with that bare neck and shoulders?"

"Certainly."

"Why, don't you expect any men there?"

"Of course. What an idea!"

"Then I must say, of all the disgusting, immodest, and imprudent things I ever did hear of, this is the beatomest."

Jane shrugged her shoulders and left the room; but if Aunt Patty was indignant with Jane for her immodesty of costume, be sure the sight of the sister she had educated, dressed almost as young and quite as indecently, capped the climax of her anger. It was well for her that just then the hearty, cheery voice of her brother-in-law broke in upon her anger. After giving him a hearty shake of the hand and convincing herself that he at least was no slave to fashion, she burst forth:

"Thank goodness there is something human about you! I was beginning to stifle here in this fashionable atmosphere."

In the meantime, there was a very stormy scene going on in Jane's chamber. By some means John Ware had heard of the intended elopement that evening of herself with Mr. Mayhew, and it was this secret which he wished to communicate to Eunice in the music room. He had done so, begging her to be watchful

and in no way to allow it to transpire. Eunice, in the innocence of her heart, thinking that her cousin would be persuaded to forego such a scandalous proceeding, had gone at once to her, and with tears and prayers begged of her to reject such a thought. Jane's rage was fearful to behold. She flung her cousin from her, using the most bitter epithets and the most taunting reproaches. She accused her of worming herself into secrets which did not concern her, of trying to make mischief in a family on whom she was indebted for her bread. All this Eunice bore humbly, meekly, still pleading with her to remember her gray-haired father, if she had no respect for herself. At length, after much argument, her cousin seemed to relent. It was only for the novelty of the affair, she said. It was so humdrum to get married by the same rule by which everybody else got married. After all, perhaps it was best not to elope. Her father and mother were sure to give their consent.

"You are a good girl, Eunice," she said, kissing her cheek, a most unusual demonstration with her. "Don't mention this to any one else. I blush now to think I was so foolish. There, leave me alone to compose myself." And kissing her again, she locked the door upon her retreating footsteps.

But Eunice was not satisfied. She determined to be upon her guard, and at all hazards to prevent the elopement. Who would aid her? She hesitated to give her uncle the pain she knew a knowledge of the circumstances would necessarily give him. John Ware? In all the intercourse of Mr. Mayhew with the family of Mr. Crenshaw, they had never met face to face; and for some reason Mr. Ware seemed to avoid him. Aunt Peggy? Could she trust her? After due deliberation she decided upon this course. She found her hard at work at her knitting by the parlor window. It took her sometime to understand it, and then her indignation was like to spoil all. The only means of escape from the house was through the conservatory, out upon a balcony, and so down the steps to the street; and in this conservatory it was agreed upon that Aunt Patty and Eunice should watch by turns.

"Pears to me I shall feel like a thief. I never did such a thing before in my life, and I hope I shall never have to agin. This comes of fashionable life."

Evening came, and with it carriage after carriage load of elegant men and beautiful women. Aunt Patty had never seen anything so dazzlingly brilliant in all her unsophisticated life. It kept her bobbing up and down every moment or two to acknowledge the introductions which, in spite of his wife's look of anger, Mr. Crenshaw insisted upon giving her. Some cast upon her most amazed looks of wonder, some ignored her presence altogether, but woe to the witty one who thought to make her country ignorance a stepping-stone for their ridicule. Mr. Mayhew was among the last arrivals; but to the surprise of Eunice, Aunt Patty seemed really to like his society. He was very respectful to her, and quite won a smile from her brother-in-law by the manner in which he allowed himself to be monopolized by her.

"He isn't the worst egg in the basket, mind that," she whispered in Eunice's ear when they were together for a moment. "I believe it's all her work now. We shall see. He looks as melancholy as if he was going to be hanged instead of married."

It was past eleven o'clock, and still Mr. Mayhew lingered in the parlor. Eunice, missing Jane, hurried at once to the conservatory, and to her surprise heard voices there, seemingly in altercation. Concealing herself behind the branches of a flowering tree, she peeped out, and to her consternation, saw a young and beautiful girl almost grovelling at her cousin's feet. Her hands were clasped in the folds of Jane's dress, and her face, pale as marble, lifted earnestly to hers.

"Call me what you will, lady," were the first words Eunice heard. "I deserve it all; but I love him. He is all I have in the wide world; while you are blest with every joy this life contains. O, lady, what is his heart to you, you who have hundreds at your feet every day in the year? I will not lose him—I will not! He loved me before he ever saw you! He would love me again if you would only give him back to me."

All this time Jane was struggling to free her dress from the grasp of her frantic visitor; her face swollen with passion, her brow almost black with its convulsed and protruding veins.

"I tell you again, I neither know nor care who you are. Unhand me, or I will alarm the house and have you thrust into the street."

"Not till you promise me to restore my husband—ay, husband, in the sight of God and all good men. Do you think the heart of a loving woman can be blinded? If I had found you devoted to him as I am, I would have pitied and wept for you; but there is no love in those glaring eyes, no love on that frowning brow, no love in the heart that can look so coldly upon the misfortune of a fellow-being! O, give him back to me, and I will bless you, and pray for you every hour of my life! O, you are marble, worse than marble, or you would listen to my prayer!"

"Are you mad, girl? Let go my dress. What fiend of mischief sent you here to-night?"

"I followed him; I have followed him many an evening, almost near enough to touch his hand. He could not have been so near me and I not know it. I should have felt his presence if I had not seen him."

"Romantic fool."

"No, only too loving for my own peace."

In the misery of the thought she unclasped her hands from the dress and pressed them upon her heart. Jane would have fled from the room, but her visitor sprang before her. Then the fury of an ungovernable temper broke forth in all its wildness and impetuosity.

"Fool—wanton—miserable outcast! Know that I could heap the bitterest curses upon Henry Mayhew for ever having loved

you. I hate him—hate him; do you understand? But the forces of everybody and everything I ever knew have been arraigned to part us. I would marry him if my marriage bed should prove my grave; ay, if the marriage ring should be a dagger to stab me to the heart! Now go!" And catching the frail, gentle-looking little creature in her arms, she was about to fling her out among the vines upon the balcony, when her eyes fell full upon the form of Harry Mayhew. He was standing with arms folded and face blanched to the hue of marble; but his arms opened to shelter the little golden head which nestled so gladly to his bosom.

"A listener!" sneered Jane, when her astonishment would allow her to speak.

"By accident—yes. I have heard all your declaration of hate—your contempt for this poor girl, who at least might have been treated with the respect due from one woman to another. I only regret the denouement has come just here and in this way. I came here to tell you how I was situated with regard to another. I am not all depraved, though God knows my sins are great as I can bear! I had no heart to give you; I had loved once passionately and well. Your ambition selected me for its gratification; my needs tempted me to accept that selection. I was not deceiving you, for hearts had neither lot nor part in the matter. I repented before it was too late, and if I had found you here alone, according to engagement, I should have made an honest confession, and left it to your generosity to forgive me."

"Didn't I say he wasn't so very black arter all?" exclaimed Aunt Patty, popping up from behind an orange bush. "This is what I call hide and go seek. Come, Eunice, show yourself. We haven't stopped an elopement, but we've done just as good a job. So you'll really marry this pretty critter. Dear me, how she trembles."

"So this is a contrived plan to humiliate me," said Jane, as her cousin came out, much abashed, from under her flowery concealment.

"No, not to humiliate you, cousin—to save you."

"Thank you; and I suppose by this time the whole house is gloating over the scandal."

"Not a soul knows it but ourselves. You keep your secret and we'll keep ours. It was lucky I came to-day, after all. I say, young man, I don't care what you have been, I look at what you are. You have proved yourself an honest man, and what's more, a true man, and if ever you should be poor enough to accept the bounty of an old woman like me, just say so, and what I have is yours. There, no words. Yes, dear, you may kiss my hand and my face too. Take her home at once, and be back before the company miss you. As for you, Jane, the sooner you are in the parlor the better. Eunice and I will sneak in quietly, and nobody be the wiser for this little adventure."

Aunt Patty's advice was followed to the letter; but still when they reached the parlor there was a deal of excitement and wonder evinced among the guests. Ladies were straining both neck and eyes to get a glimpse of some person in a far corner of the room, around whom a great crowd were gathered. The secret of this excitement was soon known. During their absence there had been a new arrival—the arrival being none other than the Hon. J. W. Davidson, a man celebrated no less for the position he held in society than for the master eloquence of a mind whose brilliant qualities had endeared him to all who were happy enough to enjoy his acquaintance. Fashionable society had been on the *qui vive* during the entire session for his expected arrival. Rich, elegant, and still in the enjoyment of his bachelor freedom, marriageable ladies and managing mamas were especially emulous of his acquaintance. Winter after winter had seen him the gay, social, cheery companion, the constant and earnest friend, and the generous and thoughtful benefactor to the worthy poor by whom he was surrounded, and now, when his presence was most wished for, he strangely absented himself. A star dropping down upon that brilliant assemblage would not have created more surprise than his sudden arrival on the evening above named.

Old friends had been recognized, new friends introduced, and now came Eunice's turn for presentation, sweet, country bred Eunice, with her pure white muslin dress, terminating in a little frill of lace about her throat. No pearls confined her soft flaxen curls, no diamonds marred the purity of the fair round arm just visible through the floating drapery of a sleeve. "How prudish!" exclaimed one; "how countrified," sneers another; while her uncle, proud of her beauty as of her modesty, leads her boldly through the mass, who open an avenue for them, up to the star of the evening. Mr. Davidson notes the modest demeanor, the downcast eyes, the deepening bloom upon the most lovely cheek in the world, and a smile that on another face would have looked like fondness flitted like a sunbeam over his features. The introduction was over, the graceful courtesy, the few common-place words, and Eunice was about to vacate her position in favor of other applicants for the great man's notice, when a soft word was whispered in her ear, which sent the blood from cheek to heart.

"Eunice, mine!"

That was all. There was a half-suppressed scream, a sudden swaying of the crowd, and Mr. Davidson, with Eunice in his arms, held to his heart, was out among the flowering vines in the conservatory, which but a short time before had been the scene of far different emotions and passions. Mr. Crenshaw, rubbing his hands gleefully, planted himself in the doorway and insisted that no one should follow.

"She'll come too soon enough, never you fear," he reiterated time and time again, when curiosity prompted the more daring ones to insist upon going to Eunice's aid.

"Take the surprise with the love, darling," whispered Mr. Davidson, after Eunice had recovered sufficiently to listen to his explanation. "I could not withstand the temptation. I had

been here year after year, mingling with what the world calls the best of society, hoping at last to find some one simple-minded and sincere enough to love me for myself alone. Eunice, I never found that person. Often as my fancy would lead me astray, my judgment would show me the very rock upon which I resolved not to split. Then I determined upon an experiment. I would know if there was any truth or sincerity in the world. This winter, as the poor music teacher, John Ware, I have run the gauntlet of Washington society. A black curly wig, and a pair of whiskers got up and colored for the occasion, answered every purpose of concealment. Those who were loudest in their praises of the manliness and personal attractions of the Hon. J. W. Davidson, had no eyes for poor dependent John Ware; and so I escaped detection. O, how I enjoyed the slights heaped upon me by those who had been my warmest admirers. Your uncle was in the secret, and I think hoped my choice might fall upon his daughter; but she was the most repulsive of all my former acquaintances. Her insolence was unbearable, and I often wonder that I did not in some moment of aggravation doff my disguise and appear in my natural colors. Then you came, you with your sweet face and unsullied heart. I saw you were unhappy, out of your sphere, and kept still more in the background by your aunt and cousin. Then came the longing to appropriate you, before contact with the world had brushed the down from the bloom of the peach. I wanted you as you were—pure, ardent, fresh as the driven snow, with none of its coldness. I directed all my energies to that one point, and—need I ask how I have succeeded? Will you love me less as the millionaire than as the poor musicteacher?"

Need the answer of Eunice be given? Is there a heart that ever loved who has not already divined it? When the lovers returned to the company they found it in a complete maze of surprise. The secret was out. Hearts beating under a glare of diamonds enough to dazzle one's eyes, were filled with rage and dismay. How could they have been so stupid? They might have secured him as easily as Eunice had done; but it was too late now. Mr. Davidson favored them with one of his merry speeches, explaining as much of the ruse as he cared to, and ended by presenting Eunice as his betrothed bride. Her aunt and cousin were embittered to the heart's core. That Eunice, the poor orphan whom they had adopted as an object of charity, should take precedence in rank above them was too painfully mortifying. If Mr. Crenshaw had only given them a hint of the plot, things might have been vastly different. However, her aunt nor cousin's anger, nor the inward rage of disappointed rivals could avail to mar the joy of Eunice and her lover. They were married almost immediately, and after a short bridal tour, took possession of the splendid Davidson mansion, just far enough away from the city to enjoy its pleasures without enduring its turmoils.

Mr. Mayhew also married the young girl he had so wronged, and took up his abode where he was not likely often to meet with those who knew his former history. Through the kindness of Mr. Davidson and Aunt Patty he found sufficient employment to make a comfortable living and lay something by for a rainy day. Aunt Patty gave up her Vermont home, and resided alternately with Mr. Davidson and Mr. Mayhew, until—now don't laugh—one long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old and gray and wrinkled and odd. He hated women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot and heavy whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected. One day the contest having raged unusually strong, Aunt Patty left him in disgust, and went out into the garden. "The bear," she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a blossom which attracted her attention.

"What did you run away for?" said a gruff voice close by her side.

"To git rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a burdock bur."

"You wont get rid of me neither."

"I wont, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What, us two old fools git married? What will people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well. Good-by. I shan't come again."

"But stop a bit—what a pucker to be in!"

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you was of age. Good-by."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool! Come back, come back, I say. Why, I believe the tarnal critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez, I'll consider—"

"I don't want no considering. I'm gone. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance. All right. Good-by."

"Jabez—Jabez! That stuck-up Becky Hastings shant have him if I die for it. Jabez—yes. Do you hear? Y-o-s!"

"There!" exclaimed Aunt Patty, on the day of her wedding. "I foresaw something would happen out of my visit this winter to Washington, but I never thought getting married would come of it."

Mrs. and Miss Crenshaw still grace the paternal mansion at Washington. If Jane ever marries it will be the hand without the heart, for her noblest aspirations reach only to the triumph of taking precedence of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson.



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, AND MOUNT ELEPHANTIS AND OWL'S HEAD.

A TRIP TO LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

BY A TOURIST IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

June had come,—not with its roses though, but with rain, and mist, and blustering wind. It seemed as though March had revisited us. But "time at last makes all things even," and by the middle of the month

"—Heaven was clear,
And all the clouds were gone;"

and June fairly put forth its claim to be what Coleridge termed "leafy." And now, having worked hard with pen and ink all the winter, I took it into my head that I would seek relief in my pencil, which would be some such sort of rest as that afforded by alternately changing the leather of the sole for that of the saddle. But where shall I go? was the puzzling question; for I longed to go somewhere, if only to escape the "noisy jubilee of the streets" on the approaching "Fourth." I had "done" the White Mountains, wondered at Niagara, grown weary enough of fashionable summer resorts, and craved that almost impossible thing, something new. Where could such be found? After hunting among gazetteers, historical collections, maps, and what not, I decided on a certain route, which I shall now briefly describe. I longed for some place in which novelty, beauty and comfort were combined, and can now, like the sage of old, shout *Eureka!* Every one has heard of the Valley of the Connecticut, and of the Green Mountains. So much has been said about their beauties, that I shall not dilate on them. I am sketching a tour, not writing a topography. My principal object is to draw attention to some of the loveliest, though comparatively little known, localities in all this broad and glorious land, and I know many will thank me for the

information I shall give. There are thousands of tourists who are weary of the changeless circle of summer travel. Let such accompany me in my notice of a region where the artist, the sportsman, the lover of nature, or the valetudinarian may find choice subjects, abundant game, charming scenery, and renewed health. No need is there to describe the ride to White River Junction; enough to say that it is a hundred and forty miles from Boston, and may be reached in about six and a half hours. From New York it is distant two hundred and sixty-one miles. Here several lines connect, the Northern from the east, the Central from the west and south, and the Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railroad from the north. I stepped into the cars of the latter, after a capital dinner at Mr. Appleton's hotel, the Junction House, en route for Lake Memphremagog, distant a hundred and five miles. The Connecticut River flows on the right hand. Soon we arrive at the Hanover and Norwich Station, on whose platform I note some young cadets of Norwich University and a few students of Dartmouth College, both which institutions are within half a mile of the depot on either side of the river. The next station is Ompampanoosac, a place, as its Indian name implies, once as famous for wild onions as Wethersfield now is for the cultivated esculent. The Thetford and Lyme Depots are soon reached and passed, as also is the pretty village of Orford. We now reach Piermont Depot, near which is the picturesque old bridge, familiar to so many readers by the beautiful lines on it, written by one of Ballou's most graceful contributors, Miss Emily R. Page. A mile further on is Bradford, and then Newbury, one of the loveliest of New England villages, celebrated for its seminary and its sulphur springs, is reached. Here I remained for a day or two in that excellent hotel, the Newbury House, which was crowded with visitors. In this town there is more interval than in any other in the State. The great Oxbow, enclosing a New England prairie, containing 500 acres, spreads its lake-like expanse just north of the village. A sketch of this portion of the Connecticut is given in No. 4. All around the scenery is superb. Mount Pulaski forms a background to the village-scapes; from its summit may be seen Owl's Head, the Sugar Loaf, and Moose Hillock, from the lofty top of which latter mountain a view equal to that from Mount Washington itself is commanded, with infinitely less trouble in obtaining it. It can easily be reached from Newbury. Between Newbury and Wells River (that distance I walked) is Ingalls Hill, the view from which, said a gentleman who had travelled extensively in every quarter of the globe, was without exception the most beautiful he had ever seen. At Wells River, the terminus of the White Mountains Railroad, I again took the cars, and passing through McIndoes, where are some fine falls of the Connecticut, went on to Barnet, just beyond which we left the Connecticut River, which had hitherto been our companion all the way, and thundered along the banks of the Passumpsic, an equally beautiful though smaller stream, to St. Johnsbury, the former terminus of the road, and the place in which is located the world-renowned scale factory of E. and T. Fairbanks & Co. In this village is the St. Johnsbury House, one of the best conducted hotels in New England. From thence to Lyndon, near which are the Lyndon Falls, exceedingly picturesque, and on to Burke, where those who desire to do so take stage for Willoughby Lake, which is some six miles distant. Soon after leaving the station, I travelled along the banks of the Bellwater Pond, a busy, thriving place, and soon found myself snugly housed in Mr. Hiram Hill's Barton Hotel. I staid all night at Barton, for

the purpose of fishing in Bellwater Pond, and a fine string of pickerel, and a longe, or a salmon trout, as they call it here, of twenty-four pounds, rewarded me. In the morning I started in Hill's stage for Lake Memphremagog, fifteen miles distant, over an excellent road, in the course of which we rode along the banks of Barton River and crossed Black River, a stream worthy its name, for it was as sable as the fabled Styx. "There's Memphremagog!" exclaimed the driver, just as we reached the summit of a hill overlooking a pretty village; and there indeed it was, stretching far over to the north, and framed in mountains which it faithfully reflected; for in the soft, hazy atmosphere it looked calm as some Eden stream on a paradise morning. To the left, Mount Elephantis and the Owl's Head, and far off in the purple distance the Sugar Loaf (there are always Owl's Heads and Sugar Loafs in every mountain range, I believe), on whose summit, as I afterwards learned, is a lake, like those tarns one meets with in the Scottish Highlands, abounding with trout. These fish I now know from gustatory experience to be "rich and rare;" but I really wonder how they got there. Possibly, when the waters of the Deluge subsided, some hollow on this mountain top may have received and retained the waters, and in them certain antediluvian trout, from which descended the present occupants. But it may be objected to the theory that I have not accounted for evaporation or taken secret springs into consideration. Well, I am in no mood just now for argument, so let the geologists look to it; and as Professors Hitchcock and Agassiz are now making a scientific survey of the rocks of this State, I leave the matter to their acumen. I drove to the Memphremagog Hotel, which is kept by Mr. Phineas Page. It is without exception about the pleasantest hotel-home I was ever domiciled in. It stands on the edge of the lake, and is close to the steamboat pier. Mr. Page's house is especially famous for its piscatorial dainties. Heaven, it is said, often sends meat (or fish) and a certain sable gentleman sends



ISLAND SCENERY IN LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



WILLOUGHBY LAKE.



THE GREAT OXBOW.

cooks. It is not so at Page's. The pickerel, trout, or longe, are scarcely out of the lake before they are performing the part of St. Lawrence on a gridiron, or taking a warm bath with the water at 212° Fahrenheit. Other table dainties are in culinary harmony with the finny "critters." We might almost fancy Mr. Phineas Page had derived his half-ichthyological given name from his daily victims. The last sketch is a view of the southern portion of the lake from the piazza of the Memphremagog House. The little steamer is called the Mountain Ward, commanded by that fine fellow (I won't use the hackneyed term gentleman), Captain Fogg. This boat leaves the pier every morning, steams thirty miles up the lake, calling at the Mountain House—a capital hotel, kept by Mr. Jennings, which I recommend to all tourists—and returns to Lake Village the same evening. There is no more delightful trip in the country,—the shores of the lake are indented with lovely bays, and bold headlands stretch out grandly. Not far from the starting-place is a lovely "bit" of water scenery. I have endeavored to give some idea of the little islands which cluster there in sketch No. 2. North of this, and about three miles distant, is the scene portrayed in No. 3. No better place for the union of music and moonlight could possibly be imagined. The lake abounds in choice fish. Longe are sometimes caught weighing sixty pounds, and from six to twenty pounders are frequent. Fine pickerel are taken all the year round, as are other choice fish. In the woods and on the flats, there is any quantity of feathered game; and woodcock and snipe resort to the neighboring marshes in great numbers. Wild fowl of all kinds are common sights. In short, Lake Memphremagog is a paradise for sportsmen. It is now easily reached in one day from Boston, and there is only two hours (or miles) of staging, and that is over a capital road and in good vehicles. It is a direct route to Canada, part of the lake indeed lies beyond Derby line, and the approach to it from all directions presents a series of the loveliest pictures. There is another advantage to which I must refer. Tourists may remain as long as they please at Page's Hotel, Lake Village, or Jennings's

Mountain House, and then take the steamer to the northern extremity of the lake, from whence stages run over a fine turnpike road to Sherbrooke, fifteen miles, where they may get into the cars of the Grand Trunk Railway and reach Montreal or Quebec the same day. On the return trip, the route may be varied by travelling by way of Moosehead Lake, Maine, and to Boston or New York via Portland. The Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railroad is one of the best conducted in the United States. Its directors are practical men, and Mr. Amos Barnes, who has for several years been conductor, is highly popular with all who use the line. Owing in a great measure to his vigilance and foresight, scarcely a serious accident has occurred since the first train ran—I am sure I need say no more. So let me conclude by recommending all who desire real relaxation and enjoyment, either in the delightful Lake Village and its vicinity or on the bright, clear waters themselves, to spend a part of the summer at least by Memphremagog. No one will regret following this advice, which is not always the case with those who receive advice gratis.

COMEDY IN AN AQUARIUM.

I once possessed a soldier-crab, that inhabited a *Purpura* shell, which was, however, quite insufficient to conceal him. Whether it was that his tail was weaker than usual I cannot say, but in spite of my efforts to make him shift his quarters to some more suitable, though more weighty conch, he always preferred his original dwelling. I dropped in for his approval, at different times, at least six turbinated cots, any one of which would have suited him to a turn; but no, although his head and the greater portion of his body were always exposed, from some unaccountable reason he always appeared contented and happy with his choice. By accident I hit upon a plan to eject him. I had a dog-whelk, which was at least twice the size of the hermit-crab, and, as it approximated too closely to the top of the tank to suit my notions of propriety, I gave him a sudden jerk that sent him plump to the bottom. He landed in a corner close to a piece of sandstone, on which some delicate *Ulva latissima* was growing, and luckily in the same corner the hermit was seated performing his toilet, little anticipating any disturbance. Meantime Mr. Whelk in a few seconds, not being at all maimed by his fall, prepared as usual to make a move, and gently turning back his horny door, or *operculum*, he affixed his broad breast to the first object within reach, and the aforesaid *Purpura* shell holding this position, it of course was selected for the purpose. Shortly thereafter, the crab, wishing to take his morning walk, prepared to move. Imagine his surprise and indignation upon finding that his carriage refused to be drawn after him with its usual facility. He knew that the obstruction could not have arisen from its having stuck in the mud, and therefore probably concluded that I or somebody else (not at all an unusual occurrence) was playing tricks upon him. In this belief he gave a strong pull, and then, finding he did not advance in the least his vehicle from its former position, he popped inside with the intention of tiring us out, and so getting free. Accordingly, after a short interval, thinking perhaps that all was right, he peeped at first rather slyly out, but in a little while with great boldness, when, to his horror, what should meet his eye but the monster mollusc bearing down upon him, and threatening to crush himself and his dwelling all to pieces beneath its weight. That he was greatly alarmed was evident—if not from his face, at least judging from his actions, for he pulled and tugged and shook his long antennæ threateningly, although without the slightest success. A pony might as well have attempted to pull a phaeton to which was attached a heavy brewer's dray, as the crab to move the united weight of his shell and the great whelk combined. There was one hole left for him whereby he might



THE OLD BRIDGE, NEAR PIERMONT DEPOT.

creep out of his difficulty. It was not a pleasant alternative certainly, but it must be done, so giving a final tug, quite as futile as any he had before made, he unhooked his tail, and clambered up the friendly piece of sandstone that stood hard by. From the apex of this resting-place he looked savagely down upon the wretch who had, as he thought, wilfully robbed him of his house—his all. "Is it not too bad, sir, for such a crawling rascal to stick to his neighbor's property like that?" he seemed to ask, looking up at me. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," thought I, for I knew the whelk had, like Michael Cassio, "Erred in ignorance, and not in cunning." I could not, therefore, think of going to the rescue. The result proved that it was unnecessary; for soon afterwards he had crept over the hermit's cell, and was quietly wending his way towards the wrinkled sands. The crab, who had been attentively watching every movement, no sooner perceived the coast clear than he scrambled down to his "old house at home," before the door of which I had just mischievously pushed a pebble. Determined not to be baffled by such an obstacle, he quickly scraped it away, sorted his shell, and giving a sort of gymnastic leap from the place where he stood, he dropped his tail with the greatest precision into the aperture, adjusted his body, and galloped off to some more favorable spot. This little incident taught him a lesson, from which it was evident he profited on another occasion. Indeed, the next day I found he had voluntarily taken up with a shell much better suited to the calibre of his body. It was very annoying, after I had waited so long and patiently to see him "flit" to another residence, to find that he had done it on the sly, and under the shadow of night, like a swindler that had not paid his rent. But many a time have I, in common with other zealous observers, been similarly disappointed. It is on this account that it is so difficult to treat of their habits from personal observation. It not unfrequently occurs that before a circumstance can be chronicled, which when written takes but a few minutes to read, days, weeks, and even months are spent in constant watching by the anxious student.—*Harper's Aquarium.*



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, FROM THE PIAZZA OF MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF TOM MOORE.

BY W. FELIX TIMBER.

Wild rolled the waves round Erin's strand,
And dark the night winds lowered;
But darker yet that gloomy land,
By sorrows overpowered.
Fair maidens weep, fond lovers sigh,
That one so gifted thus should die;
A requiem sing, rejoice no more,
But in your saddest strains deplore
Death's noblest victim—hapless Moore.

Mount high, ye billows of the deep,
And swell the mournful sound!
Our honored bard is now asleep,
Low in the cold, moist ground.
The fall of death—the shades of night
Have hid the mortal from our sight;
But on a high and heavenly shore
The immortal poet slugs before
The God of love, whom all adore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WEDDING AFTER ALL.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Yes, darling, it came in the midst of brightness and beauty. Never was there a more delightful day, never. We had carried all the pot-flowers out on the lawn, and Rosa was gathering some of the most delicate buds for the breakfast table. Rosa seems to love only buds (she is a rose-bud herself). It is a strange taste—but, as I was saying, we were so happy! The spring work was all done—everything about the house looked clean, bright and shining. We had been particularly careful with Tilla's room. All the furniture, of course, is new (Horace had exquisite taste); the curtains were so royally beautiful, the carpet so regal! We said every time we ran up to take a look at the bride's chamber (to be), "wont they be so cosy there, with vases and pictures, music, rare books, and surrounded by that delicate statuary that Horace brought from Italy!"—and now to think the dream is over—a pall has fallen on her hopes and ours. Truly this has been a house of tears for the three past days. Rosa said as we were going in to breakfast:

"Stop one moment, Tilla, let me put this lily in your hair, over your left temple—there; your cheeks are too bright, coz, and this will soften that crimson to a more delicate hue."

"I feel the blood in my face and temples," said Tilla; "but thank you, no; I have an aversion to wearing lilies in my hair. They were placed in my mother's hands when she lay cold in her shroud, and I have never wished them to wear as ornaments since."

"What a strange whim!" cried Rosa, laughing, and winking roguishly over at us; "now I should wear them for that very reason; but don't be angry with me, Tilla, I'll take it out."

She had sometime before slyly thrust a lily with a long stem in Tilla's curls; now she snatched it away.

"O, have I been wearing it long?" asked Tilla, with a look of great distress. "I wouldn't have had it there for the world!"

"Pshaw, you are nervous, coz!" exclaimed Rosa, looking wonderingly at her cousin's eyes, which were filled with tears; "that's foolish."

"I know I am nervous, I know very well that it's foolish," Tilla said, biting her under lip till it grew very red indeed. "I am not often in this mood, and I seem strange to myself. O, Fred, that is mine; give it to me!" And she held out her hand eagerly.

"Let me look at it only one moment!" Fred cried, not looking however, not detaining it a second, as with a deprecating motion she still held out her beautiful white arm.

He gave her the little package, unconsciously revealing the worshipful heart in his glance as he did so. Poor Fred! his love for Tilla was hopeless; he knew that her soul was in the keeping of another, but he had not the resolution to tear himself away, though the preparations for the wedding made him so miserable. But Fred is a noble fellow, if he is my brother; as manly and tender as he is generous. He will come out of this trial better than he is now; better fitted for the solving of that great problem we call life.

It was strange, but Tilla's momentary nervousness about the white lily quite unlied all our mirth, and threw our garlands of fancy into confusion. We laughed no more, but ate our breakfast so silently! Rosa for a while chattered and talked nonsense, but nobody laughed, nobody talked nonsense back.

"What in the world has come over you, girls?" said Aunt Nell, as she trotted across the room to bring her work together; to bring up the little sewing-table and the worsted basket, and the various boxes and bags which she invariably placed around her seat, with a great deal of bustle and confusion. "You look as solemn as a funeral."

"I'm sure I feel merry enough," said Rosa.

"And I—and I!" echoed Tilla and myself, while a deep voice said, in at the window:

"Girls, you know you are telling stories." And Fred aimed a bunch of ripe cherries, so that it fell in the midst of us.

This caused some scrambling and laughing, but after they were eaten, we all fell in the mood contemplative again.

"Girls, if you don't talk, I wont stay here," said Aunt Nell, winding silk on a reel. "Go up stairs, all of you, and see the

bride's room; that will set your tongues to going. You expect Horace to-morrow, don't you, Tilla?"

"To-morrow, certainly," replied our fair cousin, with emphasis, the delicate bloom on her cheek brightening and paling again. "I can't think what ails me; I'm so foolish!" She said this because her lips trembled, and she had turned away. "Well, come, I'm not going to mope here; I move we march up stairs. Let's see, isn't there something to do?"

"The pink gauze for the marbles," said I.

"O yes, the pink gauze; where did you put it, aunty?"

"In my second bureau-drawer," said Aunt Nell; "in a white paper, in the left corner!" she cried, as we hurried out.

We went in her room, opened the drawer, took the paper and proceeded to the palace-chamber, as we had christened it.

"I declare it grows more exquisite every day!" exclaimed Rosa, pausing on the threshold.

The sun came through the interstices of the green blinds, through the pale pink shades under the lace curtains, and threw a faint but glowing radiance over every object. In arrangement and color there was nothing wanting; it seemed as if one added touch would destroy their symmetry.

"But if we do not cover these lovely Cupids, they will be injured," said Rose; "especially through the hot summer. Who's got the crape? O, you, Tilla?—let's have it; there ought to be a dozen yards."

"Crape?" exclaimed Tilla, pulling at the string.

"O, you know what I mean; gauze, then—it's all the same."

"O, girls, it is crape—black crape!"

She said this sinking back, looking as white as the snow; the crape fell out, fold after fold, and hung down over her pink morning robe; Tilla leaned back almost fainting.

"Aunt—Aunt Nell!" cried Rosa, springing down the stairs, two steps at a time; "what in the world did you get black crape for, for the marbles? You've frightened Tilla almost to death!"

"Why, child," said Aunt Nell, rising hastily and coming up the stairs, "she took the wrong paper. I had forgotten; I bought the crape for old Mrs. Nettles, who is to send her boy after it this afternoon; there's no harm done; she took the wrong paper, that's all."

"But you know how nervous she is, and how black crape shocks one, at any rate; I'm sure it does me."

"Here, Tilla, it's all right; don't be so foolish, child!"

Aunt Nell had rushed into her chamber, and rushed out again with the package of pink gauze. I was soothing Tilla, who was pale and helpless, and telling her that such mistakes often happened; it was silly to be superstitious about it. But she is superstitious; her mother was.

"Come, don't let's think any more about this," said Rosa, in her hearty way, shaking back the thick ebony curls that hung over her black eyes; "such things don't affect me one bit." But her lips were pale, nevertheless; perhaps it was sympathy for Tilla's fright.

"Affect you, why should they? Dear me!" cried Aunt Nell, who was Rosa's counterpart; "how I did use to scold sister Mary for being nervous about such things! You take after her, child. I never shall forget her look when I put on old Miss Morris's black bonnet, to see how the shape become me; I thought she would have gone into fits. But nobody died in consequence, except our old dog Tib, and he'd been superannuated, as good as dead, for two years or more. There, I'm glad to see you laugh, child; and I can't blame you, come to think of it, for feeling a little nervous; I suppose it's natural, just now, Horace being in boats and on cars so much. Come, come, cheer up!"

Tilla shivered a little, but made a great effort to cheer up, which resulted in a spasmodic bloom and a series of languid smiles. We festooned the gauze over what little gilding there was, the frames of the mirror and the pictures, and wrapped up the beautiful statuary, if that can be called wrapping up, which does not hide an outline or a shadow, and then we pretended to re-arrange some other little things, till we cheated ourselves into the belief that Tilla had forgotten all about the black crape, which of course she had not, any more than we had.

After dinner we walked to the wood, Fred going with us. We tried to be a merry party, but some way or another we did not succeed. Fred told us a melancholy story about a man who lived in an old house in the village—a haunted house, of course—that made our teeth chatter, and we felt very glum and blue, the whole of us. Never did I long for the coming of the mail so intensely as I did on that evening. I knew there would be letters for some of us, or at least papers, and glad was I when I heard the long, shrill whistle that announced the vicinity of the mail train.

"A letter for Aunt Nell, and one from somebody for Tilla!" cried Fred, holding them tantalizingly beyond her reach.

Presently he gave Tilla hers, sighed as he turned away, and began to unfold the papers, an operation that generally took some time, for he always smoothed them out, doubled them exactly in the centre, and then folded them in two again. While he was doing this, my eyes were fastened on Tilla. It seemed to me that she never looked so surpassingly lovely. The gas was on, in a full, clear flame above her head; her dress of some soft, glossy texture hung in queenly folds about her graceful form; her lips were parted with smiles; the old, sweet glow was on her cheeks; the long, dark lashes (very long and dark and sweeping were they) almost rested on the fair flesh that beneath them; her brow, so pure, so smooth, so maidenly, gleamed out whitely from the waves of rich auburn hair that swept against her temples, swayed against her throat. Nobody could see her but I; she had chosen her seat in a niche.

Fred handed me one of the papers—(Rosa was busy cutting cake in the next room)—and I believe we opened them together.

It was not a moment before Fred and I looked over towards each other, and if my face bore the same impress of horror that his did, we were a ghastly couple. His teeth were pressed into his lip, his hands grasping the papers yet unopened on the table, while he glared at me and I at him, livid and terror-stricken. I turned to give one more glance at Tilla; she was yet reading, happy, poor soul! happy as her dear child-heart could be; then obeying his motion, I noiselessly arose and followed my brother. Up into his bachelor chamber I went, and we two sat down there, the papers all huddled in his hands, dumb for the moment. Then he spoke, and his voice thrilled me: "O, Harriet, Harriet West!"

"Frederick, this is awful!" was my reply; "it has almost turned my brain! What will she do?—O, what will she do?" I was overcome and sobbing like a child.

"God knows, sister!" His voice was broken, and by the dying twilight I could see the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"We must not let her know to-night; we must prepare her; can we inform her gradually? O, this is overwhelming!" I could not stop my tears, though I was striving very hard for composure.

"I don't see how; but if you cry thus, she will notice it; indeed, I can't tell what to do; I can't think, I'm bewildered!"

"It is no mistake, is it?—are you sure there can be no mistake? Was it his name? We must look again. O, horrible, horrible! Light the gas, Fred."

Yes, there it was in great black letters, as if to mock our strained vision, "Terrible Calamity!"—and there in the list of the killed, the first name, too, was that of "Horace Appleton—taken up dead." O, it was fearful! His body perchance crushed in the fall of a heavy car—and there sat Tilla beneath us, unconscious of her loss—her great and irreparable loss, I felt sure it would be—so happy, reading what his loving hand had traced only a very few days before!

We sat there till the supper-bell rang, and then went slowly down, trying to feign ease while our hearts were burning within us like live coals. Was it not strange? Rosa and Tilla were waltzing around the supper-table; an old wheezy hand-organ was grinding out doleful tunes under the window.

"See her now!" cried Rosa, triumphantly; "the first time she has been like herself since morning."

Tilla's face was perfectly brilliant, and Rosa was in such wild spirits that she did not notice Fred and I. We talked of everything; I had hard work not to keep choking up every little while, and I noticed that Fred snapped his eyes more than usual.

"The papers, girls, where have you put the papers? Dear me, you know I always want one, if no more."

Supper was cleared away. It was Aunt Nell, bustling from place to place, opening closed doors, peering in and shutting them again; it was Aunt Nell, impatient and frowning a little, asking for the papers.

"Where are they, Fred?"

Fred turned to me. "Hattie, where are they?"

My heart was in my mouth, but I could not prevaricate. "Did you not leave them in your room, Fred?"

He hurried to his room, and I after him. My head felt light; my brain and my eyes were hot and tingling.

"What shall we do, Fred? Call Aunt Nell, and tell her."

"No, no," he said, hurriedly, tearing the papers into strips and thrusting them into the stove; "we must gain time." Then he applied a match, and the papers roared in the flame.

"I don't see what good that is?" said I.

"Nor I either, that's a fact. I don't know what I'm about. Look here, I'm going out of this house; to-morrow I shall take the cars for Ashville. Of course he must be brought here."

A faint "good-night," and he was gone. I seated myself, holding my temples tightly, and strove to think. Aunt Nell called me again and again, but I could not have gone down unless I had been dragged from the chamber.

"What is the matter with you all? I shall go crazy, I do believe!" Aunt Nell had come up into Fred's chamber, and stood within the door. "I just caught a glimpse of Fred's coat-tails," she continued, "and called him, but he wouldn't answer; and here I have been shouting for you, a thing Dr. Tyng expressly forbid me doing, and you can't answer!"

"O, Aunt Nell!" I gasped, "Horace Appleton is dead—killed—an accident—the express train!"

"Merciful Heaven!" Aunt Nell fell back into a chair, nearly lifeless. "Hattie, you can't believe it! Hattie, you are in a dream—in a maze, child!"

"O, aunt, it is too terribly true! Poor Tilla!"

"And to think she and Rosa have gone down to the store! The child will certainly hear of it, and fall down dead. O dear, dear, dear!"

"Well,"—I felt weak and stupid—"she must hear of it, and I'd rather somebody else would tell her; I couldn't."

We sat there for a while in a state of mind that no language can describe; I picturing the scenes that would probably be enacted in that house in a few days, in place of the joyous bridal that we had so long anticipated. I thought of the merry times we had enjoyed, preparing the beautiful room, sewing on the delicate fabrics, making the wedding dresses, and now all these must be exchanged for the pall, the coffin and the crape, the robes of mourning.

Soon, it seemed very soon (it was more than an hour), we heard a carriage coming. It stopped. My prophetic fears told what had happened. I hurried down the stairs, followed by Aunt Nell. Alas, alas! she was taken out, white as a drenched lily—poor Tilla—her face blanched to the hue of death, her eyes wild, hollow and staring. Rosa followed, her face also livid, looking at us with starting eyeballs.

"We heard it almost the first thing!" she cried, in a low whisper, and rushed into the house.

The doctor was summoned. Tilla had not spoken, had not moved. She lay as we placed her upon the lounge, and to all our tender queries, she never answered once. It was the saddest spectacle I ever saw. Everything needful was done, but there seemed to come no consciousness into the wide-open eyes, not the tremor of a nerve was visible.

"Poor child!" said the doctor; "watch her every moment; come over to the house if she moves." And giving the necessary directions, he returned to the bedside of a sick wife.

Aunt Nell sat by the lounge; I crawled in the darkness up into Rosa's room. I heard her sobbing softly on the bed, and went to mingle my tears with hers.

"Tell me about it, Rosa?"

"Charley Blair was reading it as we went into the store. He pronounced the name perfectly plain. She caught my arm and began to look just as you saw her when she came home. Everybody hushed; the shop was as still as death. Presently she went tottering forward, and exclaimed, 'Charley Blair, let me see that paper?' He shook his head, and said 'No.' O, dear, how she looked! Then she asked—O, in such a solemn voice and manner!—"As you hope for mercy, tell me if you just read that Horace Appleton—was—dead?" Nobody answered, and then she cried out and fell down. O, poor Tilla! What a horrid day it's been, and what horrid days are coming!—ugh! I wish I was away from here; anywhere but here. How is she?"

"She lays just the same; doesn't seem to take any notice."

"And Fred—where's Fred?"

I told her how he had gone.

"Poor fellow, he must feel dreadfully, too!"

Occasionally I went down stairs. Aunt Nell still sat watching; she made me go to bed at last, and I fell into an uneasy slumber. In the morning Tilla came to herself a little, but still she seemed like one in a dream. She would sit on the edge of the couch, throw her hair back and clasp her temples, seeming to strain every faculty to bring back some forgotten vision. There was no use in trying to comfort her; she would look up so strangely, and smile in such a way, that we feared her reason was gone forever.

Fred had doubtless left the village. We knew we should not hear from him for two days at least, for the place where the accident happened was a great way off. That night we sat at the table, Rosa and I; we could eat no supper; it was a useless ceremony. The whistle of the mail train had sounded, ay, sounded like a knell in more than one anxious ear. The boy was coming with the papers; I thought there was an unusual bustle, but I hurried to the door.

"Good news, good news!" shouted Charley Blair, waving a crutch—he was lame).

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" said the doctor, in a tone of authority; "would you kill her?"

What does it mean? I could not speak, but I looked the question from one to the other of the motley throng that had crowded to the door.

"It means," said the doctor, coming near and speaking softly; "that after all, Horace Appleton is alive and nearly well, he having—"

Here he caught me round the waist and clapped his hand on my mouth, to stifle the shriek of joy that would have resounded through the house.

"I ask again if you would kill that poor girl!" he cried, almost sternly, releasing me. "I tell you if she were to hear this news suddenly, it would dethrone her reason forever. I would rather for the time being she remain just as she is, for gradually she is becoming in a manner reconciled, and when she has strength to bear it, then I am willing she should be told, but not now. Thank God! Poor child!" And he drew a long sigh of relief.

Rosa was told. First she wept freely, then she danced, making all sorts of pantomimic motions, expressive of her rapture. Aunt Nell was told, and for one hour she obstinately refused to credit it, if one might believe her, walking to and fro and shaking her head, but with eyes filled with smiles and tears all the time. No, she wouldn't believe it till she looked in his eyes and took hold of his hands, and then, after such a shock, she didn't know as she should. Seeing this made me commend the doctor's wisdom in Tilla's case. But we could not control our manners and our eyes. Poor Tilla must have thought us heartless when she began to think at all; indeed she confessed as much afterwards.

Three, four days passed and our gentle cousin had grown even like an angel. So it seemed to us. She never spoke of Horace, but we often found her with a smile upon her lips, looking heavenward. One day I entered her chamber.

"I am very happy," she said; "I just heard Horace; I know his voice, and I think he was calling me. I shall see him soon."

"I believe you will," I said.

Her face lighted up. "O, I am so glad!" she said, softly; "then you are willing I should go? I have been communing with my heart and with my God; I think I am ready."

The doctor came in. "Well, Tilla, you are much better!" he exclaimed.

She looked alarmed for a moment, as though he was taking her sweet hope from her breast.

"I heard a voice just now," he said, cautiously, "that sounded strangely like that of Horace Appleton."

"And I, so did I, doctor," she said, hurriedly but faintly. "Is it not very strange? Do you think they ever come to us?"

"O, I am sure they do," replied the doctor, taking her white hand in his, soothingly.

She closed her eyes, and opened them again. "It is a pleasant belief," she whispered.

"It is indeed; but how much pleasanter it would be just now to hear the real voice?"

Her lip quivered. "Don't, doctor," she said, with an expression of pain, turning her head away.

"But I want you to think of it, my child; I have my reasons; I wouldn't wound you for the world; wouldn't it be sweeter music to hear his voice as you heard it before you were ill—to see him as you then saw him?"

One or two tears fell slowly down her white cheek. "O, doctor, you know it would; but that is impossible. Please say no more." And she withdrew her hand.

"Perhaps not impossible!"

I held my breath. She looked—looked at him with her whole soul in her eyes, her cheeks flushed painfully, her eyes dilated.

"It might be, you know"—he hesitated.

She caught both his hands and raised herself instantaneously, still hanging upon his face with her strained glance, as if her very soul's salvation depended upon what he should say next.

"Sometimes," he said, slowly, "reports are erroneous—"

She fell back on the pillow, her color gone, her lips compressed, her hands closely clasped. I thought she had fainted; the doctor gently pushed me from the bedside.

"Gather all your firmness now, my child. Place your thoughts on God. Thank him who once restored the dead to life—"

I could bear it no longer, but rushed from the room, and flying to the farthest corner of the house, I gave full vent to my feelings, weeping uncontrollably. When I went down stairs, I saw by their faces that the uncertainty was over, that she knew it. Fred was walking back and forth, his glance absent, his cheeks and eyes hollow, his arms folded, his brows a little knit. Horace (he had been home two days) reclined on his couch, very pale but very happy; we were all happy; even Fred, in a certain sort of miserable way, was happy, too, I verily believe. Aunt Nell was up stairs; Rosa sat humming and smiling.

The door opened; had a vision from the unseen world appeared, I could not have been more startled. There stood Tilla, leaning on the doctor and Aunt Nell. She looked as ethereal as a spirit. She was dressed in pure, soft white, her hair banded back, her face so eager, so eager yet so brilliant with hope! They led her to the couch—and then to see her fall within his arms!—even the remembrance is almost too much for me.

"Given me back from the very grave!" she sobbed, laying her head against his bosom. "O, God sees how grateful I am!"

He had his arm about her, his well arm, but he could not speak, no, could not say a word; large tears stood in his dark eyes, and his lip quivered as I have seen a babe's when grief has touched its little heart too sharply—but it was not with grief. You may believe that there was not a dry eye there, and more than one left the room with a quick and stealthy tread.

Well, sorrow came for a night, but joy followed, ay, indeed it did. And we're to have the wedding after all. I have this minute been to peep into the "palace room," as I do every two or three hours, just to refresh my eyes. It is as beautiful as a dream! But Tilla, since that sorrow, seems transfigured from beauty to glory. I think she has some new source of happiness, for yesterday she was in the "palace room" as I went by, and I am very sure she was just rising from her knees.

We are all happy again; not as we were before, but rationally, calmly so, referring all pleasant gifts more immediately to the Good Giver, "He who doeth all things well."

CRYSTALLIZATION.

All metals are capable of assuming, under favorable circumstances, the crystalline form. Many of them, particularly gold, silver, copper and bismuth, occur crystallized in nature, and are found either as cubes or octahedrons, or in some of the derivative forms; antimony is, however, an exception to this rule, and affords rhomboidal crystals. In order to crystallize a metal artificially, it is sometimes sufficient to melt a few ounces in a crucible, and having permitted it to cool on the surface, to pierce the crust formed and allow the interior to flow out. By this means very beautiful crystals of bismuth may be obtained; but in the case of some of the less fusible metals, larger masses and slower cooling are necessary to produce this effect, and consequently these are never found in a crystalline state unless considerable weights have been fused, and allowed gradually to cool, as sometimes occurs in furnaces in which their metallurgic treatment is effected. It also frequently happens that one metal may be precipitated in crystalline form by placing a strip of another metal in the solution of its salts. In this way silver, deposited in a solution of acetate of lead, precipitated the latter in feathery crystals. Gold is occasionally deposited in this form from its ethereal solutions, and a stick of phosphorus produces the same effect. Nearly all the metals yield crystals when deposited from their solutions by electric currents of feeble intensity, and it is doubtless to this action that we are indebted for the many beautiful specimens of the native metals which enrich the cabinets of mineralogists.—*Scientific American*.

CHINESE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

Under the reign of I don't know what emperor, who lived 2600 years before Christ, the prime minister was ordered to put an end to the disorder which existed in the musical scales. He accordingly repaired to a high mountain, covered with a forest of bamboos. Taking a branch of bamboo, he cut it between the knots, removed the pith, and blowing into the hollow reed, produced a sound similar to that of his own voice when unmoved by passion. The sound thus produced became the key-note of the series. While the minister pursued other experiments, a couple of birds, male and female, perched upon a neighboring tree; the male began to sing, and uttered six different notes; the female, replying to her mate, articulated six more, and it happened that these twelve sounds joined together formed the twelve degrees of the scale. The minister, profiting by this lesson, cut twelve bamboos, and arranged their lengths so as to produce the twelve half-tones forming the chromatic scale embraced in the unity of the octave! This charming picture expresses the moral as well as the physical character of music, and contains fundamental truths afterwards confirmed by Pythagoras and by Leibnitz.—*Lamartine*.

HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF A THUNDER STORM.

A French writer, M. De La Rive, thus describes the best means of escaping the perils of a thunder storm, and corrects some popular errors on the subject:—"It would be better to avoid having about one metallic objects, when fearing to be struck in the time of a storm. Franklin also recommends not to keep oneself too near to chimneys, the soot of which is able to conduct the electric discharge; to keep oneself distant, for the same reason, from metals, from looking glasses (on account of their tin foil), and from gildings. The best thing appears, that we should endeavor to keep ourselves in the middle of a room; the less we trust the walls and the ground, the less are we exposed. The surest plan, perhaps, would be to have a hammock suspended by silk cords in the centre of a large room. However, even with these precautions it may happen that, if the lightning does not find a continuous conductor around the chamber, it may dart from one point upon the point diametrically opposed, and may meet in its course the person in the middle of the room. Numerous assemblages of men or animals may increase the danger of being struck by lightning, either by assembling in a given point a greater quantity of conducting matter, or by producing by their breathing an ascending column of vapor, the effect of which is to conduct in preference the discharge towards the place itself from which it emanates; finally, it is probably also to an ascending current of moist air that may be attributed the fact, observed very generally, that granaries filled with grain and forage are more frequently struck by lightning than other buildings. It also happens sometimes that a single person is struck in the midst of a numerous group; and, inversely, that a single person is spared, without our being able to detect any exterior cause of the difference, which is evidently due to the circumstance that, as is proved by direct experiments, there are individuals who are naturally better conductors of electricity than others. Although it would be more prudent not to be situated in the midst of clouds, out of which lightning and thunder are escaping in an incessant manner, yet a number of examples of persons who have been so placed, and who have come out safe and sound, show that there is not always danger in traversing similar clouds; it is also more prudent, during a storm, to keep away from telegraph wires, to escape the shock of the sparks that may result from the phenomena of induction."

COLT'S REVOLVERS.

The word "revolver" has had, of late, much signification in the estimation of Englishmen. It has been a most important agent of defence to our poor countrymen in the terrible struggle with the Indian mutineers, and has done its work bravely in the retributive war. We are among the earliest of its votaries, and we have had reason to be glad that we did our best to obtain for it a popularity in the service. But Col. Colt did not long enjoy a monopoly of the manufacture of his marvellous repeater. Others came into the field with weapons, laying claims, upon some ground or other, to superior effectiveness, and a furious competition arose, which must have done injury to the enterprising American, if his weapon had not been of genuine manufacture. Among his opponents were Messrs. Deane and Adams. The advocates of their fire-arms were numerous; it was considered a neck and neck race; precision on the one hand opposed to rapidity on the other. There was, however, no public test of the relative merits of the weapons to which every competing party could refer. "Opinion" alone determined the selection. Accordingly, Col. Colt, confident of the superiority of his weapon, referred the question of its efficiency to the government of the United States, taking the opportunity of giving prominence to his pistol-carbine, which, as a military weapon, is of course of greater value than the pistol. The government referred the matter to a board of competent officers, and their report is now before us, furnishing conclusive evidence that the palm of superiority must be awarded to Col. Colt. We hope it will not be long before we are able to announce that the British government has followed the example of the authorities in America, and ordered that the Colt six-shot pistol be introduced into our cavalry.—*London United Service Journal*.

PEOPLE WHO ESCAPE GOUT.

Deep drinkers escape gout, not because they deserve it, but because the nervous powers of the stomach are enfeebled by over stimulation; they have consequently no appetite, they eat but little, and fail to accumulate that excess of effete and ill-assimilated nitrogenous matters in the circulation, which in those who eat more largely, as well as drink freely, is one of the principal causes of the malady. Moderation in eating, then, is one of the first great points to be impressed on all those who are anxious to avoid the gout. Eating too much is a much more common excess with the upper and middle classes than drunkenness. We don't find the disease among that class of poor persons who live in our large towns, whose occupations are sedentary, and who drink gin and beer to an excess that is frequently indirectly, if not directly, destructive to life. We see in the habits of life of these individuals several circumstances most favorable to the development of the disease, impure air, deficient exercise and excess in drink, but why have we in this class of persons no gout? Simply because in their diet there is a deficiency of nitrogenous elements. Almost all their money is spent in drink, they have not the means of procuring an excess of food, and, owing to the loss of appetite from excessive drinking, they would be unable to eat it if they had it. They therefore do not get that excess of supply over waste, in the nitrogenous elements of their food, which leads to that essential pre-existing condition for the development of the disease.—*Alexander on Rheumatism and Gout*.

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QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities,

to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was her piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

"Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

Such was the decorum of her manners that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.—*William H. Prescott.*

deur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy atmosphere; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.—*Washington Irving.*



INTERIOR OF A CAFE IN SUEZ.

she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast. She spoke the Castilian with elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses of herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence, but she had no relish for it in private; and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted. Among her moral qualities the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her steady and hearty support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCHMAN.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues, and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smuttermer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke was uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly gran-

INTERIOR OF A CAFE AT SUEZ.

The scene before us exhibits a curious mixture of Orientalism and Occidentalism. The locality is the interior of a café at Suez—a plain room for the accommodation of travellers, in which, save in the Moorish arch and lattices, there is little that is strikingly characteristic. The glimpse of the camel through the open door, however, is suggestive. A high platform or divan, something like one of those that receive the baggage in our railway stations, runs along either side of the room, leaving a sufficiently broad alley in the middle, through which the waiters circulate with their little trays set thick with enamelled coffee cups. There are several European travellers on their way to India in this room. An erect, handsome fellow, with his right hand resting on his cane, a pipe in his mouth, and a smoking-cap on his head, we take to be an officer, glad to escape the restraints of a uniform, whose thoughts are divided between the dear ones he has left at home and the wild scenes of battle he is about to encounter. The Europeans, with one or two exceptions, are smoking pipes—"the custom of the country"—but they do not exhibit that complete devotion to the business shown by the Orientals squatted on the mats in front and on the further platform. There is with them a complete abandonment to the dreamy luxury. The old fellow with his back to us in the foreground is so completely absorbed in his luxurious reverie, that he heeds not the Nubian attendant who presents him with coffee. The whole scene displays that curious intermixture of Eastern and Western faces now to be met with on all the great routes of the Orient. The Faithful have embraced many of the inventions of the Giaours. The tide has turned, and the peculiar manners of the East are fast giving way, even in their very strongholds, before Western influences.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELTA.—Corks may be rendered impervious to air and liquid by dipping them two or three times in a mixture of two-thirds virgin wax and one-third beef suet, melted; baking them in an oven until dry. These corks must not be squeezed when dry.

INQUIRER.—The reason why the nine of diamonds is sometimes called the "curse of Scotland," is because nine Scotch peers voted for the union with England.

MISS M. L., Dorchester.—Tobacco-smoke (under cover) will be found an effectual remedy for aphides; but the larvae of many other insects, especially of the tipula and the tentredinidae, which occasions the wrapping up and shrivelling of the leaves, can only be removed by washing with lime-water, or hand-picking.

PUPIL.—In regard to your question, "What were the seven wonders of the world alluded to by the writers of antiquity?" we reply as follows:—1. The Egyptian Pyramids; 2. The Mausoleum erected by Artemisia; 3. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; 4. The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; 5. The Colossus at Rhodes; 6. The Statue of Jupiter Olympus; 7. The Pharos, or Watch-Tower at Alexandria.

NEEDLEWOMAN.—The manufacture of needles in Whitechapel, England, was originally established by a person named Mackenzie. The trade was afterwards removed to the borders of Warwickshire and Worcestershire; but the fame of Whitechapel needles still endures, and labels marked "Whitechapel" continue to be used. It is stated by Stowe, that needles were sold in Cheap-side as early as the reign of Queen Mary, and that they were understood to be made by a negro, who had brought the art from Spain, and who made a secret of it. Needles were also said to have been made in London by a native of India, in 1545, and by one Elias Krause, a German, in 1556.

AGNES.—The necklace is an ornament of the highest antiquity. Necklaces were worn by the people of all ancient nations, and by men as well as by females. Fashion, which during the space of several years banished the necklace, has of late decreed its restoration.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The name *Meerschaum* is German, and signifies *sea-foam*. The substance so designated is a hydrate of magnesia combined with silica. It is found in beds in Natolia, and when taken out it is soft, and makes a lather like soap. The tobacco-pipes made of meerschaum are boiled in oil or wax, and baked, by which means they obtain their gloss and hardness.

GEORGIANA.—Frederick the Great was the first who suggested a partition of Poland—proposing that Russia and Austria should take a large share of the Polish territory, reserving to himself those parts which touched upon his own dominions. A treaty to this effect was signed at St. Petersburg, in 1772. The Poles, under Kosciuszko, made some attempts to protect the little remnant of liberty and of nationality which was left to them, but their efforts proved ineffectual; and during the reign of Catherine II. (in 1793), another partition of Poland took place. This was followed by a final division of the remaining Polish provinces among the three powers—Russia obtaining on each occasion by far the largest share. The last king of Poland was Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowsky.

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.—An active, healthy, intelligent girl, with two heads, eating and speaking with both mouths, is on exhibition at Lexington, Kentucky. "Two heads are better than one," we are told, but they cannot be quite so ornamental.

FAME AND FORTUNE.—A young lady is winning a great reputation and coining money at St. Petersburg, by her resemblance to an orang-outang. In this country, no lady who is so unfortunate thinks of making a public exhibition of herself.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Cunard Company have taken the Anglo-Australian mail contract. The extent of their operations is truly wonderful.

.... The electric telegraph has been introduced into Persia. It extends from the shah's palace at Teheran to his villa near by.

.... The Collins steamers, Adriatic, Baltic and Arctic, are said to have been sold to the French government for \$1,600,000.

.... The East Indian news, on its arrival at Marseilles, is regularly cooked for the French and continental market.

.... The state prosecutions against the London publishers, for libels on Louis Napoleon, were formally opened on the 22d ult.

.... A Berlin engineer has invented a new bullet casting machine, which can turn out 4000 Minie bullets in one hour.

.... Charles Kean has revived "The Merchant of Venice," with admirable taste and immense success, in London.

.... The eruption of Vesuvius continues, but without loss of life, and with less destruction of property than was anticipated.

.... Sheridan Knowles receives a large income from his plays, while denouncing the theatre constantly from the pulpit.

.... Mr. Beach, of the N. Y. Sun, has made an improvement in printing, by which both sides of a sheet are printed together.

.... A new literary society has been formed at Montreal, to extend a taste for acquiring a knowledge of Canadian history.

.... The people's Sunday bands have been allowed to perform in London parks this year, sometimes to 50,000 auditors.

.... The *Italia del Popolo*, a Mazzinian journal at Naples, has been seized, and its four editors thrown into prison.

.... Mr. Pray, formerly of Boston, attempted lately to revive the forms of the Greek drama at New York, but failed utterly.

.... Now that Ary Scheffer is dead, his picture of Count Eberhard, belonging to the Athenæum, acquires increased value.

.... A bright fire of pine, tar or shavings, kindled in a garden at night, will destroy millions of insects.

.... In the late floods of the Missouri River, one man lost thirty acres of land, which were carried off in the current.

.... The amount of copper shipped thus far in the season from Lake Superior mines is 1985 tons.

.... A bare-footed urchin being asked what his mother did for a living, promptly answered, "She eats victuals, sir."

.... Every man thinks he can do two things without training till he tries—that is, edit a newspaper and swim.

.... It seems to be so easy to be good-natured, that it is a wonder anybody takes the trouble to be anything else.

.... There is no species of satisfaction comparable to that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word.

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

It is a remarkable fact that to slavery was England first indebted for the introduction of the Christian religion among her people. This event took place during the year 597 A. D., under the direction of Pope Gregory the Great. Bede, the historian, records that Gregory, while a private clergyman, was prompted to attempt the conversion of Britain, by seeing in the slave market of Rome some light-complexioned, fair-haired British youths exposed for sale. The bright and intelligent look of these slaves attracted his attention, and led him to question them as to their country, people, etc. Their prompt and pertinent replies fired his religious zeal, and prompted him to undertake a personal mission into Britain for the conversion of the people. The reigning pope gladly seconded the design of Gregory, but the Roman people, with whom he was a favorite, were loth to have the zealous priest expose his life upon so long and perilous a mission. The project was therefore abandoned for the time being; but not long after, when Gregory succeeded to the papal chair, he minded him of his former purpose of converting the Britons, and directed that some intelligent English lads be bought in the market at Rome, for the purpose of having them educated as Christian missionaries, to be sent among their countrymen.

But the plan of evangelizing Britain, thus suggested to the pope by the contemplation of the young British slaves in the Roman market, appeared too distant and uncertain, if wholly dependent upon the education and training of a few British captives for the momentous task; and accordingly Gregory the Great selected a devoted band of able churchmen, with Augustine, prior of the monastery of Saint Martin, as their leader, and sent them forth on their journey to the island of the Angles. Augustine and his brother missionaries left Rome, and made their way as far as the little islands of Lerius, on the Mediterranean coast of France. Here they made a halt, and conferred with the monks upon those islands, from whom they learned such discouraging accounts of the Britons, that Augustine became hopeless of producing any good, and accordingly sent back to the pope for permission to abandon the enterprise. This request Gregory positively refused, and ordered them to prosecute their journey with all speed, and to have full reliance upon God's protection and support. Augustine, upon the receipt of this reply, took heart, and proceeded on his way, travelling northward through Gaul, and from thence sailing across the English Channel to Kent, landing upon the island of Thanet, the present site of Margate and Ramsgate. He then despatched a passenger to Ethelbert, king of Kent, the ruler of East England, that he had journeyed thus far from Rome, in hope of showing him and his people the way to heaven. This devoted missionary to heathen England is known in our times as Saint Augustine.

Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, was already a Christian, and the king was therefore favorably disposed towards the missionaries. He therefore made a journey to the island of Thanet, and was received by Augustine with imposing ceremonies. Forming a procession of his monks, one of whom bore a silver cross, another a picture of the Saviour, while the rest chanted litanies, he came forward with them into the presence of Ethelbert, producing a profound impression upon the king and his followers. The king did not become a sudden convert, but received the messengers of the pope with courtesy and hospitality, replying to the address of Augustine, as follows:—"Fair words and promises are these, but being also new and uncertain, I cannot relinquish for them principles long and universally professed among my countrymen. Your distant pilgrimage, however, and your charitable purpose of communicating to us what seems of surpassing excellence to yourselves, justly claim our hospitality. I shall therefore provide you with a residence, and the means of living. Nor do I restrain you from endeavors to spread your opinions among my people."

For a residence for the new-comers, the city of Canterbury was assigned, and they subsequently took possession thereof, with all the imposing ceremonies of the church. The king soon after gave in his adhesion to the new religion. Augustine was installed as archbishop of Canterbury; and by the year 607, the supremacy of the pope was acknowledged throughout the country. Thus was Great Britain brought under the dominion of the cross, and its heathen worship exchanged for Christianity.

GRASSHOPPERS AND TOBACCO.—The grasshoppers have made sad havoc with the tobacco plants in Georgia. In some places, after completely destroying the crop, they sit on the fences by the roadside and ask every traveller for tobacco. These insects have certainly reached a pitch of depravation of which they ought to be ashamed. First robbers and then beggars!

THE ASTOR HOUSE FARM.—The proprietors of the Astor House cultivate, for the purpose of supplying their establishment, a farm of two hundred and forty acres in Union village, N. J. They raise vegetables, fruit, poultry, milk and butter. Whether it costs them as much as to supply their table from the market, we know not, but certainly their guests fare infinitely better.

A SUGGESTION.—Douglas Jerrold used to say that a golden volume was yet to be written on the first struggles of forlorn genius in London, "magnificent, miserable, ennobling, degrading London." And Charles Dickens would be the man to write it.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—Alphonse Karr says very keenly: "'He is wrong' means 'he does not think as I do.' 'He is right' signifies 'he is of my opinion.'"

MINNESOTA.—Gov. Sibley has ordered the Sioux back to their reservation, to put an end to their bloody fights with the Chippewas.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

The "calamities of authors" have furnished many subjects both for pen and pencil; D'Israeli, the father of the British statesman, has immortalized them on paper, and different painters have perpetuated them on canvass. Mr. Ward, an English artist of eminence, gained great reputation by his "Doctor Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-chamber," "Daniel Defoe endeavoring to sell the Manuscript of 'Robinson Crusoe' to the Booksellers," and "Johnson reading Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" Mr. Frith has painted the ignominious discomfiture of Alexander Pope by Lady Mary Wortley Montague; and Mr. Wallis first earned fame by his curious picture of the dead Chatterton, the "marvellous boy," in violet-colored small clothes, stretched on his mean couch before that cunningly painted garret easement. All these gentlemen found their prototype in, and took their cue from, Hogarth's "Distressed Poet," the immortal cartoon where the unhappy verse-painter is being dunned by an irate Welshman for a milk score, while his patient, pretty wife sits by and durns his inexpressibles. It strikes us, however, that the painters have been somewhat remiss in chronicling on canvass the sorrows and calamities, the early struggles and aspirations of their own craft. We have no plethora of pictures representing Lantara dying on his hospital bed; Correggio crushed beneath the weight of the sack of vile copper, given him in ironical payment for one of his best works; André del Sarto in his tailor's shop; Albert Durer bullied by his shrewish wife; Benvenuto Cellini languishing in the dungeons of St. Angelo; Dick Wilson mending his waistcoat back with an unframed classical landscape; Barry turning his beefsteak on the coals with a pair of tongs, and sending Edmund Burke out to buy a pot of porter; Wilkie painting with his canvass propped against a chest of drawers for want of an easel; and George Morland hurrying off pictures of pigsties in a spunging-house while his patron, the bailiff, is looking on approvingly.

In the design on our last page we have a new version of the "old story"—the poor author, his suffering wife, the hard-hearted officers of the law who have come to see what they can seize and convert into cash, the child who offers its toy as a sacrifice—all these features are delineated with great power. But there is a ray of sunshine in this general gloom. A young lady, the landlady's daughter, is just entering, bearing a letter with a very big seal, delivered to her a moment before by a splendid footman, who is descending the shabby stairs. There is hope yet for the distressed poet; he has found a patron; genius is about to receive its reward. Some rich publisher has given him an order for a work. The inflexible creditor will be paid off; the wife will have a fresh gown, and the children new shoes and stockings, and meat for dinner; a ton of coal will be ordered in; several more reams of foolscap and boxes of Gillott's pens purchased; and perhaps the forthcoming work will be a hit and make the fortune of the rash man who has embarked on the stormy sea of literature.

CLAY FOR FOOD.

In some parts of South America, according to the testimony of credible travellers, such as Humboldt, Gromilla, Spix, Martius and Molina, the natives eat clay for food, either from necessity or choice. According to the great Prussian philosopher and traveller, the Ottomac Indians in the Orinoco valley, during the periods of heavy floods, subsist entirely on a fat and ferruginous clay. The Indians of the Amazon region eat a kind of loam, even though other food be abundant. According to Molina, the Peruvian tribes eat a sweet-smelling clay. An edible clay is sold in the markets of Bolivia, which upon analysis proves to be tale and mica. The inhabitants of some parts of Guiana mingle clay with their food, and the negroes of the island of Jannica feed upon earth when other food is deficient. The natives of New Caledonia, an island of the Australian group, satisfy hunger with a white, friable earth, composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, and chalk. Clay-eaters are also found in Siam, in Siberia and in Kamtschatka, and in our own country. In the interior of North Carolina, where food of a different description is easily attainable, there are many persons, men, women and children, who make a practice of eating clay. This singular habit amounts to an infatuation with them, notwithstanding its deleterious effects. They have a cadaverous, bloodless look, are lank and weakly, with hair, lips and skin of a watery color, and protruding bellies. The little children in summer, running naked through the pine woods, have a prematurely old look, and appear as though their crops were stuffed out with clay. The whole race of these clay-eaters are a listless, drawling set, deficient in enterprise, and of very small intellectual power. What possesses them to indulge in this strange habit, it is impossible to conceive; but they are so devoted to it that they cannot leave it off.

A CELEBRITY DEAD.—Martin Koszta, the Hungarian refugee, who was rescued from the Austrian authorities in 1853, by Commander Ingraham, of the U. S. Navy, died recently in very indigent circumstances, on a sugar plantation near the city of Guatemala. This was the hero of the celebrated "Koszta case," which was the occasion of the famous Marcy letter to the Austrian Chevalier Hulsemann.

SEVERED HEARTS.—Among the most remarkable places for a visit in London, is the new court for the trial of divorcees. It is immensely crowded and popular, especially by the fair sex, says an English paper.

LAMARTINE'S INDEBTEDNESS.—It is said that Lamartine's debts amount to \$600,000. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.—FRIENDSHIP.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Ye friends, who seek to strew my weary way
With flowers—bright, blooming flowers of hope and love:
Who raise my thoughts this weary world above,
And change my heart's December into May,
Though round your paths misfortune's direful sway
Shall come, and sadness cloud your future hours,
Can I forget? Not while the light of day
With cheering beam illumines the drooping flowers;
Not while the earth receives again the showers,
Which from her bosom sprang in drops of dew,
And everything within this world of ours
Speaks loud of gratitude. Beloved few,
To me unchained by links which friendship drew,
I place you in my heart—forever there,
Embalmed in holy memories, fond and true,
Ye shall with me each pure enjoyment share,
And far from thence pursue all sorrow, woe, despair.

RUTH.

Entreat me not to leave thee so,
Or turn from following thee;
Where'er thou goest I will go,
Thy home my home shall be!

The path thou treadest—hear my vow—
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now—
Thy God shall be my God!

Reft of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art nigh;
Where'er thou grieve'st, I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die!

And may the Lord, whose hand hath wrought
This weight of misery,
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me!—ALABIC A. WATTS.

A FOUNTAIN.

I saw a famous fountain in my dream,
Where shady pathways to a valley led;
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
And all around the fountain brink were spread
Wide branching trees with dark-green leafy rich clad,
Forming a doubtful twilight.
The place was such, that who entered in,
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,
And straight became as one that knew not sin.
Or to the world's first innocence was brought.—CHARLES LAMB.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Haven't we had some boiling weather this month, dear reader? And isn't it a consolation to think that, in the old world, folks have been thoroughly stewed, parboiled and roasted like ourselves? Flaneur writes the "Colonel," of the Post:—"Such Senegambian weather! Thermometers think nothing of 90°, pure Fahrenheit, and still aspiring. The asphaltum is blistering hot, ice is at a premium, and there is no walking the boulevards after dusk for the quantity of Frenchmen, women and children, who, deposited in iron chairs, take up the whole space while they take 'the fresh' of the evening air.".....Mary, queen of Scots, wrote beautiful Latin poetry, and we dare say her little French notes were couched in exquisite terms, but she made a sad jumble when she tried to write English. Take the following as a specimen from one of her letters:—"Gud frind—I mervel mickle ze vreit ne meer to auld frinds for the vol nocht foguet zou. As for neues, I dare nocht vreit los I herve a sipber; therefore send me en." Let us translate—"Good friend—I marvel mickle (much) ye write no more to old friends, for they would not forget you. As for news, I dare not write them till I have a cipher; therefore send me one.".....The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser speaks of a curious case in one of the churches in that city, where a parishioner threatens to withdraw from the society, alleging as an excuse that the *young ladies are not sociable!* Who is the man that dares make that assertion?....."The only real liberty cap," says a clever and witty author, "is a night-cap. In it men visit, one-third of their lives, the land of sleep—the only land where they are always free and equal.".....A correspondent demonstrates, to the satisfaction of the New York Evening Post, that "John Smith" is a name to be found in the tongue of every nation abroad. He even presents it in the Greek, the Chinese, the Russian, and the Icelandic.An effective and original picture of the battle of Inkerman is now on view in London. It is painted by M. Portais, an *attache* of the staff of General Bosquet, and represents the second charge of the Zouaves, chasseurs, etc.Charles Dickens is always interesting himself in some good movement. He recently presided at a dinner given for the benefit of the Playground and Recreation Society. This is a new society, got up for the purpose of providing open spaces for playgrounds for the poorer children in populous places. This would seem to be a small matter, and yet it is an important movement, and will conduce to the health and happiness of the rising generation.What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.The successful manufacture of gas from wood has of late been announced, and the fact is treated as though such manufacture were a recent discovery. This, however, is not the case. Wood-gas was generated half a century ago, by M. Lebon, a Frenchman, but nowhere, neither in Europe nor America, could said wood-gas, in any of the gas-works of this country or abroad, be introduced, because it had no bright light—no lighting power at all. Since 1850, the distinguished German chemist, Dr. Pettenkofer, at Munich, Bavaria, and Mr. Rutland, an engineer, have invented an improved chemical process for generating gas from wood, since which wood-gas has come into general use all over Germany, as well as in Austria, France, Italy, and even in Spain and Russia, answering the purposes of illumination admirably.When we are thoroughly baked, browned and dried out in the oven of summer, we are very glad to be set in the east wind to cool. Under any other circumstances, said wind is abominable. Certain animals mentioned in the Scripture sniffed the east wind rapturously—but they were asses.The toothache may be cured by holding in the hand a certain root—that of the tooth.Among the ladies of England, lace has become the rage, latterly. Among the attractive novelties are some elegant pelerines, of the form which was some years ago distinguished by the name of the "Cardinal." They are worn with low corsages, and it is expected that fashionable favor will be divided between them and the "Fichu Antoinette." "I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.There is a tremendous onslaught on Bonapartism in a work by A. Herzen, recently published, entitled "France or England?" The author says:—"I have no intention of making a personal

attack upon the emperor of the French—far from that. I look upon him as a fatal instrument. I see upon his brow a tragic mark—a black sign across the bloody rays of his uncle's glory. He is the representative of death. The Bonapartes, like the Cæsars, are not causes, but effects—they are symptoms—they are tubercles upon the lungs of Rome, when her time is come—they are a malady of decay, of consumption—their force is one of irritation, like the wasting energy of a fever. The strength of Bonapartism is death—its glory is bloody and corpse-like—it has neither creative force nor productive energy—it is utterly sterile—all that it produces is but an illusion and a dream—it has a seeming, but no substance, being made up of phantoms and spectres. You see empires, kingdoms, dynasties, dukes, princes, marshals, frontiers, alliances, etc. Wait a quarter of an hour!—'tis gone—they are but illusions in the clouds. All that is real is, the soil of Spain fattened with French corpses—the sands of Egypt whitened with French bones—the snows of Russia reddened with French blood. Bonapartism, like delirium, has neither object nor principle—it is a contradiction—a masquerade. When it sings, it is but nonsense—"Partant pour la Syrie." One hundred and fifty officers serving in India have tendered their resignation to Sir Colin Campbell. We suppose these are the gentlemen who have made fortunes by the spoils of war, and are anxious to get home to invest them.The recent triumphs in modern mechanical art of mind over matter have thrown ancient ingenuity, even of the highest order, sadly into the shade; let us take one instance. "In Egypt I saw Cleopatra's Needle," a young lady, returning from her school in England to her home in India, wrote lately to her friends, "but I thought very little of it, I assure you, after having seen the sewing-machine in London." The National Guard, of New York, have adopted the daughter of a deceased comrade, each man paying \$1 per year. The surplus, after providing for her support and education, is invested, to form her dowry. The young lady is now sixteen, pretty, accomplished and intelligent. The recent transaction in London, by which Brazil effected the loan of \$7,500,000, has surprised some who forget that Brazil has always promptly paid the interest on her foreign debt, and each year reduced the principal at the rate of nearly a million of dollars. The Post describes another trick of the "drop" order in New York. It is operated by taking a box or package to a private residence, with a bill duly receipted, and receiving the money for the same. A lady some days since received such a parcel, and found in it a pair of old boots. In another instance a box of stones was delivered, and three dollars collected. An extraordinary case has just occurred at Hull, England, which is commented upon with deserved severity. A little boy ten years of age was trundling a hoop in the middle of a street, in that city, when he was arrested by the authorities and placed in jail. The mother was informed of the fact, and requested to pay the fines and costs, which she refused to do. The boy was then treated like the ordinary prisoners—his hair was cut short, and he was sent to pick oakum with pickpockets and thieves of various kinds. On the boy being missed from school, the clergy interested themselves in his case, and on the fourth day they obtained his release by paying the fine and costs. Truly, Hull is a benighted region; it was always considered so, and now it is placed beyond all doubt. A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, give a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water, is equally true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push from adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium. The more our ladies practise walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one. Gen. Walker and Colonel Anderson have entered into their own recognizances, in New Orleans, to observe the neutrality laws—the former in \$3000, and the latter in \$1500. A section in the naval appropriation passed by Congress, declares that it shall be lawful to enlist boys for service in the United States marine corps, with the consent of their parents or guardians, not being under 11, nor over 17, years of age. It is not a very creditable fact, says the Alexandria Gazette, that American journals are occupied to some extent one day in contradicting, explaining, or modifying the statements furnished them, principally by telegraph and letter-writers, on the previous day. The desire to furnish *sensation* news overrides the care and caution requisite to obtain correct information. Some unknown donor has just released the English Church at Paris from debt, by handing in a cheque for the whole amount, £3800. Some people imagine this regal donation to emanate from Lord Ward; others declare that it can proceed from no hand but that of Miss Burdett Coutts. Reports from Dacotah Territory state that the Yankton Indians, 3000 in number, are committing depredations on the white settlements along the Minnesota River. The cause is dissatisfaction at their annuities, now due, not being paid by the government. They therefore intend to recover their lands, and drive the whites away. They have destroyed the village of Medary, and burned the town of Flacerau. An emigrant train had also been plundered. The settlers were concentrating at Minnesota Falls, preparatory to defensive operations. The working capital invested in the lager beer trade of St. Louis is \$348,000, which, added to the total products, makes an aggregate of nearly two millions annually invested in the lager beer trade at that place. The post-office department decides that the postage on a letter to or from Canada, not weighing over half an ounce, is ten cents, which can be prepaid or not, at the option of the sender; but if the former, it must be prepaid in full, no notice being taken of part payments. The New York pickpockets have adopted the plan of taking excursions to Staten Island. One who is a good swimmer falls overboard, to gather a sympathizing crowd, so that his accomplices can operate. This was tried the other day on board the Hunchback, but the captain, having heard of the dodge, let the fellow remain in the water till he was nearly drowned. Three inventions pertaining to fire-arms have lately been patented in England by Mr. St. Storm, of New York. One of these is an improvement in repeating fire-arms, which gives to revolvers greater readiness of operation, durability and facility for repair, combined with elegance and compactness—and also insures more quickness and certainty in the operations of loading and firing under such contingencies as occur on horseback, or while in a boat, and avoids the fouling of the lock by the smoke and gas resulting from the discharge. Another is for an improvement in breech-loading fire-arms, whereby the force of the discharge tightens the joint between the chamber and the barrel. A third is for a band bullet-mould, which allows of bullets being made by hand with great perfection and speed. During a late debate in the English House of Commons upon the question of electing members of parliament by ballot, Lord John Russell said that, without entering into any discussion of the liberties enjoyed in the United States, he would not be willing to exchange the liberties of the English people for them. Very sorry, my lord. The recent decision of the supreme court confirming the title of the Commonwealth to all the lands in the Back Bay which the State authorities claimed, removes an important restriction which has hitherto trammelled the powers of the State commissioners, as they were prohibited from improving any of that portion of the territory of which the title was in litigation with the city of Roxbury, until a decision should be rendered in favor of the Commonwealth. Such a decision has now been made, and the operation of the commissioners may now be extended over the whole domain. A detachment of the 22d regiment of Illinois militia, numbering 112 gues, will visit Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston during the season. It will be the largest excursion ever undertaken by the military of this country. Hon. Horatio King, First Assistant Postmaster General, in a letter to the Postmaster at Montpelier, Vermont, informs him that "patterns and blank sample sheets are subject to letter postage; and that printed ballots and business blanks are to be rated by the sheet—each sheet being considered a single circular—without regard to the number of times the blank or ballot is repeated on it."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The late advices from India are not very encouraging, and the British government and people have made up their minds to a long, bloody and costly war for the re-conquest of their rich territories in the East.—Prince Napoleon is constituted Minister of Algeria, but remains at home.—A conspiracy has been detected in the Punjab.—The pestilential condition of the river Thames was the prominent topic in London. The new houses of parliament were so much affected by it, as to seriously impair the health of the members.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has sold her residence at Dresden, and settled finally down in a villa near London.—At Leipsic, Johanna Wagner has been singing to well-filled houses. Her voice is said to have lost much of its power, but to be as sweet as ever, accompanied by all her old poetic feeling as an artist.—A company of Turkish actors and actresses have opened a theatre at Constantinople, the first play performed by them being a comedy, translated from Italian into Turkish.—Shocks of earthquakes continued to occur in Naples. Tremendous hurricanes had also occurred, and at Sala fifty houses had been demolished, and many people killed. Several villages had also been destroyed by a deluge of rain.—The debates in the British parliament on the French free-labor scheme excited considerable indignation in France.—A fire in Dantzic destroyed fifty-five houses, warehouses, etc. Loss, one million of thalers.

Russia.

Letters from St. Petersburg say that the emperor is gathering about him every day men belonging to the progressive party. The cabinet is impressed with the necessity of approaching Western civilization, and the next generation will not find any trace of slavery in Russia. This policy is opposed by the old Russian party headed by Prince Menschikoff. The old German party, headed by Prince Nesselrode, has not much influence. Russia is on the very worst terms with Austria, and on the very best with France. England is by no means popular, and Russia threatens to make any alliance hostile to Great Britain. Russia is very active in Turkey, not to create any actual revolt, but to gain the feelings of the Christians.

France and England.

Some hard hits have been exchanged lately between the presses of these two countries. The Constitutionnel, after having indignantly repulsed the charge brought against France of reviving the slave-trade, exclaims, "In our colonies we have not shot, hung, or blown away from the mouths of cannon, without any form of trial, thousands of prisoners. We have not, in the 19th century, presented the anti-Christian spectacle of cities given up to all the passions of the soldiery. Our colonies are models of good order and reciprocal benevolence." The Constitutionnel appears to have forgotten about the smoking to death of the Arabs in the caves of Kabylia.

Candia.

According to the Journal of Constantinople, the troubles in this island are quieted. The Sultan has redressed many of their grievances, and promised to consider others. A general and complete amnesty has been granted to all those who took part in the tumultuous assemblages of which the island was the theatre. The civil and military authorities are requested to trouble no one. Among the concessions made by the Sultan to the Christians, is the right of bearing arms. The Sultan moreover promises that the *hatti-humayoun* shall be faithfully executed in all that concerns religion.

Female Soldiers.

Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, at Nantes, recently made a distribution of St. Helena medals to the old soldiers of the empire. Among the number was a woman named Jeanne Louise Antonini, who has served, in male attire, ten years in the navy and fifteen years in the infantry, where she attained the rank of non-commissioned officer in the 70th regiment of the line. She received nine wounds while bravely fighting. On bestowing the military medal, the marshal remarked, "It is the woman who almost always gives the example of courage; it is not the coat that makes the man."

Prospect of War.

It is still asserted that the French government is preparing for war, not with England, but with Austria. In this war, it is said, she would have Piedmont for an ally; to whom she would give Lombardy, Tuscany and Modena, in return for the countries of Nice and Savoy. Russia would remain neutral, in spite of the hatred she bears Austria; but this would be on condition that Prussia and England should maintain the same attitude, and remain immovable spectators of the strife between the French and Austrian eagles.

Telegraphic Moustaches.

The Legitimists of the elder branch have, by tacit agreement, now pretty generally understood in Paris society, decided on a mark of mutual recognition. The cut of the moustache is esteemed a safe guide to the politics of the juvenile and elderly loungers about town. In contradistinction to the elongated and well-gummed extremities of the Imperial pattern, theirs are of square cut, and no attempt at the "pointed style" of hirsute architecture is allowable.

Crinoline Intelligence.

The fashion of crinoline has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing it. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact of an actress, who, in the character of an orphan, was to have floated away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realize the latter idea with anything like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound framework.

Hot Weather Abroad.

The foreign journals report that the season has been very hot, but the extreme heat has been often tempered by thunder showers. The chief feature of the storms has been the copious fall of large hail-stones, in some instances of the size of walnuts. At Paris the heat has been so intense, that nearly all the theatres have been deserted, and few pay the expenses. In France a drought has prevailed since May.

M. Delangle.

It is hoped that this man, now minister of the interior at Paris, in place of Gen. Espinasse, his predecessor, will be liberal in his administration. He is a lawyer of remarkable talent, of a conciliating spirit, and a man of lofty integrity. He became president of the imperial court of Paris, not by any intrigue, but in consequence of his talent and incorruptibility.

Austria.

Private letters from Vienna confirm what has been reported with respect to the warlike sentiments which exists in that capital, and which are the natural results of the covert allusions and taunts indulged in by the French press of late to the prejudice of Austria. The military party is extremely energetic in its language.

Severe Sentence at Paris.

A man named Ferre, describing himself as "a carpenter and a poet," has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for singing in the streets one of his own effusions, entitled "Confessions of the Emperor to the Archbishop," of a grossly offensive character to his majesty.

Arab Chiefs.

A number of Arab chiefs from Kabylia, are now on a visit to Paris. They excite great attention by their manly figures, and their handsome, intelligent faces, bronzed by an African sun.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Santa Anna has published another manifesto to eulogize himself and his acts, besides condemning those who have succeeded him in the Mexican presidency. He says he lately intended to return to Mexico, but the change of the government has rendered his presence unnecessary. — Mr. Russell, the India correspondent of the London Times, has been unfortunate. His first accident was a kick from a horse, which compelled him to resort to a chooly. When the baggage was in danger at Barceilly, his bearers put him down on the road and bolted. Weak and very ill, he nevertheless managed to mount a horse, when a sun-stroke knocked him down, and very near proved fatal. — The engineer of a fast train was arrested, lately, by the authorities of a "one horse town" in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, for running through the borough at a greater rate of speed than is allowed by their ordinances. Having neglected, however, to give publicity to these ordinances, they could not impose any fine; and their discomfiture was aggravated by the malicious excuse of the engineer, that "he didn't know there was a town there!" — The four leading journals of Chicago have adopted the cash system with regard to subscriptions. Henceforth, no name will be entered on their books unless it be accompanied by cash; and whenever the cash shall have run out, the paper will stop unless more cash is forthcoming. — There is some trouble in New Haven between the squirrels recently placed on the Green, and honey bees. Several swarms have taken possession of the squirrel houses, and as the bees are not very comfortable bed-fellows, the squirrels have all left. — The oldest man in Bernardston is Mr. Israel Slate, now in his ninety-seventh year. He is still a hale and hearty man, the Greenfield Gazette says. His eyesight is so good that he reads his newspaper without spectacles; his voice is clear and strong, and the only one of his senses that is impaired is his hearing, which is, however, good enough to render it not difficult to converse with him. — The water works at Cleveland, recently constructed, will supply water by means of a reservoir 750 feet above the level of Lake Erie, into which the water is drawn from the latter by two immense engines, costing \$160,000, and capable of forcing 318 gallons a stroke, making ten strokes a minute. — A year since a young man named James Dean, at that time working as a journeyman carpenter at Chicago, received a legacy of \$40,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia. He died lately from the effects of dissipation. — The Chinese use opium as a remedy for wounds. The Placerville (California) Index says that a Chinaman having got frightfully mangled by the caving in of a tunnel, the Chinese doctors stuffed his wounds full of opium, and gravely asserted that "opium pretty good John—keep cure him by-and-by—Chinaman keep shabby." — According to the best information we can gather from the newspapers, the crops throughout the country are at least as good as usual. — Hon. Nathan Parker, of Manchester, N. H., has been appointed trustee of the House of Reformation, in place of David Cross, resigned; and for trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum for the insane, Jeremiah F. Hall, Ralph Metcalf and Samuel Herbert have been appointed. — Edward I. Tinkham & Co., bankers, of Chicago, who were obliged to suspend during the financial crisis last autumn, have resumed business again. — Mrs. Mozart seems to be appreciated by her new friends and neighbors in Illinois. She has been successfully concertizing in the vicinity of Chicago, and our exchanges from that neighborhood speak most complimentary of her.

TO DYSPYPTICS.—It is a well established fact that soda, magnesia, and all alkalies, either afford but a temporary relief, or confirm the disease which they are designed to cure into a chronic affection; therefore let our readers be warned against their use. There is an agent, however, the "Oxygenated Bitters," which immediately relieves, and permanently cures, all forms of dyspepsia and difficulties of the stomach. It is a long tried and thoroughly tested specific, which has been the means of restoring health to vast numbers of suffering invalids all over the wide extent of this country. It is for sale by all respectable apothecaries in the various States.

A HARD LEAP.—A man named Francis Schiller, in a fit of insanity, leaped from a three-story window in Chicago, and broke his right ankle. His insanity was occasioned by the loss of a large sum of money, the sad result of betting upon elections.

LONDON SEAMSTRESSES.—The London Weekly Times says that the young milliners and dressmakers of that city are condemned to sixteen, seventeen or eighteen hours of toil out of the twenty-four in each day and night.

JEWS IN NEW YORK.—The Jewish population of the city of New York exceeds in number that of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

LOTTERY VICTIM.—In the trial of a lottery case in Philadelphia, a victim testified that he had lost by the purchase of tickets over thirty thousand dollars.

OMNIBUS TRAVELING.—It is estimated that there are 16,000 persons who ride in the omnibuses of our city, daily.

Wayside Gatherings.

According to the Christian Examiner, every eighth man in Massachusetts is a shoemaker.

The swans of Collector Austin, at his residence in West Roxbury, have produced a pair of cygnets.

The French government have denied all complicity in the M. Belly's Nicaragua project.

Among the receipts of the American Colonization Society last month, were \$5000 from the McDonough estate.

Capt. Luce, who commanded the steamer Arctic when she was lost, has been appointed treasurer of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad Company.

Dr. J. T. Thornton, of Brandon, Mississippi, is said to be the author of the famous "Hard-shell Baptist" sermon upon the text, "An he played upon a harp of the-ousand strings."

Several more arrests for making and passing counterfeit coin have taken place in Lockport. This species of crime is extensively practised in Western New York.

Barthold Mayer, a teacher discharged from the Raymond Institute in Carmel, N. Y., secretly married Miss Fanny Howitt, one of the pupils, fourteen years old, and reported to be wealthy.

Lady Carrington has generously offered a very high premium to any person who can invent the cheapest, most wholesome, and nutritious dish, not yet mentioned or described by Ude or Soyer, which shall be considered serviceable to the poor.

Francis Briggs, of Windsor, Massachusetts, has been sent to jail in default of \$2000 bonds, to be tried for brutally beating his half sister, a little girl of ten years, who was bound to him by the overseers of the poor in Savoy, Mass., three years since.

Capt. Richard Girdler, for many years superintendent of the Massachusetts General Hospital, has resigned that position. The trustees have sent him a highly commendatory letter, accompanied with a present of \$500.

The first telegraphic message direct from Constantinople to London, on the second of May, came "in less than no time." It left at 11.45 in the evening, but arrived at 8.57 the same evening, beating the sun by three hours.

Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, printers, and telegraph operators need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and keep out of mischief.

Frogs are now a regularly quoted article in the New York market. The last report reads, "Frogs are in demand, and sell for one dollar per dozen. These are fast becoming a favorite dish, and the demand for them is becoming constantly greater."

The death of Edward Moxon, the poets' publisher, is announced in the London papers. He was the friend of Charles Lamb, the elder Disraeli, Samuel Rogers, Barry Cornwall, Sheridan Knowles, Fanny Burney, Monckton Milnes, John Forster and Tennyson.

A road for carriages has been made this season on the south-westerly side of Mount Washington, which begins near the former site of Fabyan's Hotel, and follows up a branch of the Ammonoosuc River. It extends from the main road to the Cold Spring, about three miles from the summit.

A man left a revolver to be repaired at the gunshop of Henry Duntze, of New Haven, stating that it was not loaded. While being heated for the repairs, one barrel was discharged and the ball penetrated John Duntze's arm, inflicting a serious wound. On examination, another barrel was found loaded.

Dan Rice's well known horse "Excelsior" fell from the stairs which he used to ascend in the ring, and fracturing his leg, his death was rendered necessary. "Excelsior" was a son of the renowned "Grey Eagle," and was twelve years old, eight of which he performed in the ring.

There is a lady living in Blooming Grove, Orange county, N. Y., by the name of Diana Brooks, who is 114 years old, and yet is intelligent and active, and walks half a mile to church every Sabbath. She was thirty-two years old when the declaration of Independence was made.

Monsieur Marche, a writer of considerable note, who has held for many years the office of conservator of the manuscripts in the Burgundian Library, in Brussels, died recently; he was seventy-eight years of age, and had held his late post for the last twenty-seven years.

The oldest Masonic Lodge in the country is the St. John's of Boston. Its charter was granted April 30th, 1733, by Lord Viscount Montague, and it was organized July 30th, 1733, Henry Price, Esq., Master. The St. John's was empowered to grant charters for other lodges, and the first one issued was to Benjamin Franklin, then a resident of Philadelphia.

There are twenty ships now in frame at Quebec, Canada, in which the woods chiefly used are elm, in lengths of from 50 to 70 feet, for keels, floors, and bottom planking; tamarac (larch) and red pine for planking, white pine for decks; oak, red pine, etc., for beams, bends, and other purposes. The ships being generally iron-kneed, with iron traverse traces in their frames.

Edmund Flagg, Esq., under whose charge was prepared the "Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations," recently issued from the State Department at Washington, is now completing for the press a volume, commenced some years since, detailing political events which have transpired on the continent of Europe since the revolution years of 1848 and 1849, especially in Southern Europe.

The town of Downieville, California, is located in one of the richest gold regions in the State, and the spot on which it stands has been so often mined and re-mined that the buildings are above winding tunnels and deep shafts, and although the surface has been repeatedly dug over, yet the precious ore is so plentifully mixed with the soil that a man who digs a cellar for his house obtains gold enough to defray the expense.

A law has been in force in France, for the last thirty years, compelling owners of steam boilers to insert certain fusible plugs in certain parts of the boiler, which plugs will melt and let the steam escape whenever its pressure and temperature rises above a certain point. This law is well enforced in France, and in order to insure the efficiency of the plugs, they are manufactured by the government itself. The consequence is that no explosions are heard of in that country.

The San Francisco Bulletin describes a remarkable specimen of gold bearing quartz. The boulder in shape bears a striking resemblance to the head of a calf, with indentations to represent the eyes, ears and nostrils. It is beautifully covered with veins and splashes of gold on its outer surface. It was originally thrown aside by a miner as a worthless rock, all covered with mud and dirt, but its unusual weight induced him afterwards to examine it. The specimen is worth \$4000.

Sands of Gold.

.... The recognition of a principle involves the responsibility of living up to it.—Bovee.

.... Great towns are but a large sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds or pounds to beasts.—Charron.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.—Colton.

.... When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.—Beecher.

.... To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity, is knowledge sufficient for a little great man.—Lacon.

.... The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, and too much if expended foolishly.—Bovee.

.... Nothing is so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing-point.—Douglas Jerrold.

.... Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.—Colton.

.... The more we practise virtue the dearer it becomes, as two friends love each other the more, the more they know each other.—Madame Cottin.

.... Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.—Beecher.

.... Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. A wise man will look into it for two purposes, to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.—Lacon.

.... The original desire, as it may exist in the bosom of angels, as it was implanted in Adam, and as it may attend us hereafter in a high and holy world, is the desire of excellence, of virtue, of the cultivation of our powers, of making as much of ourselves, and of doing as much in the sphere where we are placed, as possible.—Albert Barnes.

Joker's Budget.

The gentleman is known at once by his walk, the lady by her carriage.

Why are hoops like an obstinate man? Because they often stand out about trifles.

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

A man of talent will purchase the admiration of a hundred while genius is getting a bill changed for circulation.

How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach? One; after which his stomach is not empty.

"I liked your dessert better than your dinner, yesterday." "What dessert?" asked Plato. "Your conversation," replied his guest.

"The ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side!"

An old gent who resides in the suburbs never has green peas for dinner without remembering the poor—he sends the pods to the orphan asylum.

A critic was never better criticised than when Goldsmith said of Lord Kames's "Elements of Criticism," "It is easier to write that book than to read it."

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV., when in Dublin.

At a shop window in Drury Lane there appears the following notice—"Wanted two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family." May their appetites be small!

When the Quakers first invented coats without buttons, what was the difference between a sycamore and a Quaker? One was buttonwood and the other a button wouldn't.

A noted physician says that one of the best things to appease hunger is an opium pill. We wonder if the doctor ever tried a beef-steak flanked with several dishes of "mashed taters." We doubt it.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after twelve years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.



EARLY STRUGGLES.—THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

[For description, see page 77.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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ARTESIAN WELLS AND FORTS PINCKNEY AND SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Among numerous views heretofore published in our paper, from the pencils of our own artists, illustrating scenes in the southern portion of our country, we have given several views in Charleston, South Carolina, which series we continue on this page. The drawings were made upon the spot expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, whose name is a sufficient voucher for their fidelity. The first engraving shows the present appearance of the Artesian Wells situated at the corner of Wentworth and Meeting Streets. There are two of these wells, one of them finished, the other in progress. The frame-work on the left of our view belongs to the finished well, which has been bored to the depth of 1250 feet, and a stream of water is thrown to the surface, the amount discharged being about forty gallons per minute. The cost of this well was \$22,000. The water from this well is strongly impregnated with carbonate of soda, and is of a very warm temperature, and from these causes it has been allowed to run waste without being put to any use, until quite recently, when it has been carried into the Charleston Hotel, which is near by, and used for washing and bathing purposes. The result attained by this well not being satisfactory to the inhabitants of Charleston, they, with commendable enterprise, have set about boring another, the apparatus for which is seen on the right of our picture. The experience obtained upon the first one will undoubtedly be of benefit in prosecuting the second work. The pipe used upon the first was found to be too small for practical purposes, being only three inches in diameter; that used upon the second is much larger. It has already reached the depth of eight or nine hundred feet, and we believe is intended to penetrate the earth twenty-five hundred feet, or until the quality and amount of water obtained are satisfactory. In many parts of the South, these wells are not only a very great convenience, but almost an absolute necessity. Here in New England, where water of the best quality is so easily obtained, where the purest springs bubble forth spontaneously from the ground, and where the rivers and lakes are perfectly clear, one can scarcely realize the benefit of wells of this kind; but in the Southern and Western country, where the river water is so rich with mud and decaying matter, and the well water so impregnated with limestone, such substitutes are highly appreciated. It is thought quite probable, by those acquainted with such matters, that the amount of water obtained from the well in progress will be ample to supply the whole city of Charleston.—Our other view gives a scene in the harbor of Charleston, representing Forts Pinckney and Sumter, named after distinguished sons of the South. Fort Sumter was named after General Thomas Sumter, the brilliant partisan leader of the South, who, after fighting gallantly through the revolutionary struggle, won civic honors as a representative

and senator in Congress, and died, universally regretted, at his residence near the Bradford Springs, S. C., June 1, 1832, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. Lee says of this distinguished man, in his memoirs:—"Sumter was younger than Marion, who was about forty-eight years of age, larger in frame, better fitted, in strength of body, to the toils of war, and, like his compeer, devoted to the freedom of his country. His aspect was manly and stern, denoting insuperable firmness and lofty courage. Deter-

mined to deserve success, he risked his own life and the lives of his associates without reserve." During the Southern campaign, Tarleton wrote to a brother officer:—"I shall be glad to hear that Sumter is in no condition to give us further trouble; he certainly has been our greatest plague in this country." Tarleton had good reason to remember Sumter after, for he was ignominiously defeated by the gallant Southron when he attacked him at Blackstock Hill, and was compelled to retreat, leaving his wounded to the mercy of the victor. Sumter himself was severely wounded in that brilliant affair, and was compelled to remain some time in inactivity; but as soon as he could keep the saddle, he was again in the field, harassing the British, and breaking up their posts. The outset of his military career was chequered with severe reverses, which, however, disciplined his mind, and taught him to temper his heroic gallantry with a prudence that crowned most of his enterprises with success. He gave the first severe check to the British after the fall of Charleston in 1780. After that event, the British carried matters with a high hand, and the patriots were gloomy and despondent, when Col. Sumter re-entered the State at the head of a noble band of followers, and restored the spirits of the people by a series of victorious achievements. In July, 1780, he routed the miscreant Huck at Williams's plantation, and the same month made his successful attack on Rocky Mount, and cut the Prince of Wales's regiment to pieces. At Broad River, he repulsed the attack of Wemyss's command, who was himself wounded and taken prisoner. At Eutaw, he performed important services. Indeed, throughout the whole Southern campaign, this chivalric leader exhibited adventurous, daring and sagacious spirit, and for his services in many a hard fight and desperate encounter, he is numbered among the bravest of the brave, as one says.

—The city is well protected by forts, but protection are the shoals and changing channels, difficult and dangerous, having only a depth of 10 feet. The harbor is much exposed to easterly winds, which damage the shipping in the harbor extensively. 1. near the centre of our picture is Fort Pinckney; immediately in the rear is seen a long, low strip of land. This is Sullivan's Island. It is very sandy, and is occupied by a few houses for summer resort. It is very healthy, the fever having never visited it, we believe. A great many of the residents of Charleston, who are obliged to remain in the city during the "heated term," reside upon the island. There is a fine hotel kept here by the proprietors of the Charleston Hotel, and a ferry connects it with the city proper, rendering it a fine resort for business men who spend their days in the city, but sleep upon the island. Charleston abounds in subjects for illustration; and we have more sketches which we shall present to our readers in due time.



ARTESIAN WELLS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.



FORTS PINCKNEY AND SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

The tone of Berthold's voice indicated an agony so intense that Laura uttered a cry of alarm, and said, grasping his hand:

"What do you mean, Berthold? Does this stroke of fickle fortune make you tremble for my love? No, no; mistrust me not. I have not loved you because you were to be rich in money. What knit my heart to yours, what made me thus in unconscious reverie weave a bridal crown, is the wealth of your soul, the tender purity of your heart, the loftiness, the nobleness of your disposition. What I love in you is—the friend of God and of man, of virtue, of beauty, and of art. Though an evil demon of gold has robbed you of your uncle's fortune, yet my bridegroom has lost nothing of the rich treasures of his soul. Be comforted, Berthold, and of good courage; reflect that your tears dishonor me. You ought to have a firmer faith in Laura's fidelity."

"Angel of goodness!" sobbed Berthold, with a voice choked by conflicting emotions.

"He fears, mademoiselle, that your father will separate him from you," said Conrad, who was eager to give a practical turn to the conversation. "Mynheer Kemenaer prizes gold very highly."

"My father? yes, my father," muttered the girl to herself, with an abstracted air.

"It is his decision I dread, Laura," said Berthold. "I am poor; I possess literally nothing, nothing but a most precarious future. He will ask me how I hope to assure you a lot worthy of your position in society. What can I answer? Will he not look down with undisguised contempt on the insolent poet? And what, if he were to throw me off, to reserve you to be the bride of a richer man? Alas! instead of all my bright dreams, nothing would remain for me but an intolerable life, and a slow, lingering, wasting death."

"What you dread shall never be," said the maiden, with a calm energy of decision. "My father loves gold, it is true; he says so, at least; but he loves it because he thinks it will make me more happy. Apart from you, Berthold, I can never be happy. I shall try to convince him of this; I will implore, and entreat, and kneel before him. He will not allow me to pine and die. No, no; he loves me too sincerely for that. He has no other care than my happiness. My tears will overcome him."

"And if he refused? Then, Laura, I should never again hear your voice."

"If he refused!" repeated the girl, with proud self-reliance in her eye. "Then I should remain with my father to the end of his life, and cherish evermore my love for you. Berthold, do not think I am a woman to be given away, against her will, in exchange for a large fortune. I will reverence my father and show him all affection; but to pledge myself to duties I could never perform, to doom myself to a life of hypocrisy, never, never! You shall be my bridegroom, or never shall man receive my plighted word."

Berthold was beginning to murmur some words of admiration and gratitude, but Laura did not give him time to continue. She rose up and said, while her eyes glowed with lofty courage:

"No fears, Berthold. If we are separated, I shall be far more wretched than you. Your love of art would still be a support and an aid. In the practice of it, in the liberty of a man's life, you will find, not full consolation, perhaps, but distraction from your sadder thoughts. A woman is always alone with her own heart; she dreams and she wanders in reverie. I will not pine away. But leave me now; my father may come in at any moment. He must not hear the sad tidings from you; you might give him an unfavorable impression. Leave it to me, and you shall see that all will turn out well. I will let Conrad know when you may come to receive from my father's own lips the assurance which shall quiet all our alarms. Go now, quick; my father may surprise you here. Don't despond any more. Confide in me. The happiness of my own life depends on this throw; I shall not bend or yield. I have been so long your betrothed, I shall be your bride, too; it must be—it cannot be otherwise."

And while pronouncing these words in a tone of unshaken confidence, she led Berthold and his friend towards the door. Then she answered the young man's timid farewell with a consoling smile:

"Keep up your courage, Berthold; it is only a cloud which is drifting across the heaven of our future."

CHAPTER VI.

MYNHEER KEMENAER's housekeeper was busily occupied in dusting the chairs of one of the apartments. Her left hand was resting on the back of a chair, and the right was wielding a duster; but her industry was in seeming only—the greater part of her time was spent in standing motionless, in an attitude of eager attention, and trying to piece together and interpret the sounds of voices which reached her from the next room. The conversation seemed to possess an extraordinary interest for her; for her features were continually changing their expression from fear or sorrow to hope and gladness, and she muttered from time to time in broken words:

"Poor Laura, what she will suffer! Mynheer Kemenaer is quite right; love without money is a lamp without oil. What a determined will our young lady has! but 'tis all of no use. Ha, there! now she is crying bitterly; 'twill be the death of her. Mynheer's voice is so low; can he mean to grant her request? impossible! What's that she says? She will go into a convent! She is fainting away, I think; no, she is speaking again. He promises her to think the matter over; he gives her a little hope; then he is half conquered already. I should never have thought it. Now they are both silent. What has happened? They are coming out of the room, I think."

She remained awhile listening, without hearing anything further. She then moved stealthily towards the door, and was about to apply her ear to it, when the key turned in the lock and Mynheer Kemenaer entered the room, still much affected by the serious conversation he had been holding with his daughter.

"What are you about here?" he asked, with a threatening look.

"Mynheer, I am dusting the chairs," answered the astonished servant. "I wonder where it all comes from. A body has nothing to do all day long but dust one thing after another."

"Go up stairs to Laura," said Kemenaer, with irritation in the tones of his voice. "She is in her room, and is not quite well. If I catch you listening again, I will send you about your business."

The poor housekeeper sneaked out of the room without daring to utter another word. Mynheer Kemenaer seated himself at the window, and buried his face in his hands, that he might think over what had just happened. He appeared very gloomy, and very spiteful; for now and then his lips were compressed with impatient disgust, and he tapped in an excited manner with his feet on the floor. At length he stood up, and strode up and down the room, saying to himself:

"It is wonderful! Berthold disinherited? Monck—the sly, cunning Monck, possessor of that enormous fortune? This is what comes of being a poet, of dreaming, of building castles in the air; and all the while letting one's self be cheated by a crafty servant! O, it serves him right, the blockhead! If he had paid any attention to his own interests, such a thing could never have happened. He does not care for gold; gold has taken its revenge—it has stolen away from him to some one who really loves it. And so things go. He wants to be my son-in-law! A wretched maker of verses, a senseless dreamer, a fellow who has not wit enough to make a decent clerk in an office. Ha, ha, that would be a good joke! How all thoughtful, sensible people would laugh at me! That Monck—who would have thought it! the smooth flatterer, the humble clerk, all at once a millionaire! He is a great deal more clever than old Robyn; he will get together nobody knows how much money. He will be loved, and flattered, and respected; noblemen, merchants, farmers—all will honor in him the power of gold, and nobody will ask where or how he got it. Monck a millionaire! What a wonderful stroke of fortune!"

Mynheer Kemenaer had approached the table, and while uttering the few last words, he had taken a chair. On flowed in silence the stream of his thoughts. It seemed to become more and more turbid, for at intervals he shook his head in painful doubt, and a sigh escaped him. At last he said, in a kind of dreamy way:

"My poor Laura is suffering terribly. Silly child, to think of marrying a poor poet, only because she loves him. She says she shall be ill, and pine away. Laura has such a wonderful character; her feelings are so deep, her energy so irresistible. Suppose her affection for Berthold were really so deep-rooted in her heart that it cannot be got rid of now; suppose her heart breaks in the process; suppose I were to inflict an incurable wound on her tender soul by too eager and violent an opposition. Perhaps she would really pine away. She is not very strong; my only child, my Laura! O what a position this unexpected freak of fortune has placed me in!"

Mynheer Kemenaer sat for some time with his eyes fixed on some object in the distance; he made a great many strange faces, and he muttered a great many unintelligible words, until he seemed at length to have vanquished his rebellious feelings, and said, with a smile:

"Yes, I must be very considerate with her—leave her a glimpse of hope, and crush down her hope by degrees by delay and uncertainty. 'Tis a question of time. A man without money does not long fascinate a woman. And if Laura does not lay aside her fatal whim very soon, Berthold himself will enable me to cure her. I will speak to him of his poverty, and make him feel that I only tolerate his presence out of regard to the whim of a young girl, and only as long as this whim lasts. That will wound him deeply, and in his pride he will give up Laura. Come, come, the thing is not so difficult."

The bell was rung at this point of his musing with astounding violence.

"If that were Berthold, now!" said Kemenaer; and then he continued: "But a disinherited man doesn't ring so loud. But who knows? His disturbed state of mind, perhaps—"

A servant appeared at the door, and said:

"Mynheer Monck wishes to speak with mynheer."

"Monck, Monck?" exclaimed Kemenaer, while a submissive and respectful expression settled on his features. "Don't keep him waiting, for Heaven's sake, Rosalie! Quick! make your excuses; take him into the great drawing-room, and be ready to bring in the wine when I tell you. Go, and do your errand with your best grace."

Kemenaer went into the next room, drew out from its corner the handsomest and best easy-chair, looked in the glass, and pulled up his collar and arranged his tie, and then stood looking towards the door with an expression of friendship and affection, to greet the late clerk of Mynheer Robyn. He ran to meet his visitor as he

entered, with both hands eagerly stretched out, and said, with every token of warmest affection:

"Well, my dear Mynheer Monck, how delighted I am to see you! I congratulate you with all my heart. The good, noble Robyn! How well he knew how to put his money out; and I am sure he could not have left it in better hands than those of the able and far-sighted Monck. And what procures me the honor of your visit?"

Monck seemed to have been completely transformed by his legacy. His suit of mourning, made of the finest cloth, became him exceedingly well, and a pair of close-fitting gloves had changed his dumpy, awkward fingers into decent and presentable hands. His face indeed was still rather repulsive, from the absence of eyebrows and eyelashes; his thin lips still indicated baseness and cunning; but the consciousness of wealth had already stamped his features with an air of command, and his self-satisfied and collected expression of countenance gave one the idea of a clever and thrifty man to whom nature had refused the gift of personal beauty. He received Kemenaer's frank greeting as a matter of course, and answered in a tone of easy familiarity:

"I wished to be the first to tell you that Robyn has left me his sole heir."

"You do me too much honor; you are too kind," said Laura's father.

"But I find you know it already. Has Berthold had the impudence to present himself in your house still?"

"He came here while I was out, and told my daughter the whole affair."

"You will of course forbid him your house?"

"I was just thinking what I ought to do in the matter. Pray sit down, my good Mynheer Monck. What will you take? a glass of Madeira?"

"Nothing, nothing, thank you."

"Malaga, port?"

"No; don't put yourself to any trouble, friend Kemenaer."

"We must take a glass in honor of your good fortune."

"Well, well, if it will give you pleasure."

Kemenaer rang the bell, and ordered in some wine. Monck sat down in an easy-chair, and beat time with his foot on the floor, like a person who is quite at his ease and at peace with himself. He followed Mynheer Kemenaer with his eye, and a faint smile of cunning and of derision played about his lips.

The servant soon returned with some bottles of wine, and with glasses of various shapes.

"Now, my excellent friend, is it Madeira you would like best?"

"Well, be it so; Madeira."

"Mynheer Monck, your health and my sincere congratulations! May fortune be ever propitious to you, and smile on your path of ever-accumulating wealth!"

"Thank you; you are really too kind. And I trust I may always continue your friend, and that I may be able to give you a share in some of my most gainful speculations. I feel a deep inclination to connect myself with you more closely. Now that fortune does smile on me, I hope to be of service to you."

These lofty words, uttered in a tone of condescending protection, vexed Mynheer Kemenaer to the heart; but he repressed every indication of his displeasure, and answered very politely:

"I know it, Mynheer Monck; you are a noble-hearted man, and I shall be most happy and thankful to avail myself of your proffered assistance."

Monck was silent for a moment, sipped his wine, and looked at Kemenaer full in the face.

"You were going to speak?" said the latter.

"Ah, yes; but it has escaped me. O, you were thinking what you ought to do about Berthold."

"I find myself in a rather perplexing position," said Kemenaer, with a sigh.

"I am surprised. You cannot be so imprudent as to hesitate for a single moment. Berthold has not a penny in the world; he has taken a little room with the music-master whom I have met here sometimes."

"He has taken a little room!" repeated Kemenaer, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, and don't fancy he can ever come to any good. I offered him, in sheer compassion, five thousand francs. He refused them with disdain. He despises gold, the haughty fool!"

"What you have said grieves me much, my good Mynheer Monck."

"Why?"

"I don't know what to do. Laura takes on in a way that almost breaks my heart."

"What does she want?"

"I hardly dare to tell you; she persists in her wish to marry Berthold."

"Ha, ha!" said Monck, with a prolonged burst of laughter; "you are jesting; it is impossible. She, Laura, your daughter, the wife of a lean, hungry poet! She cannot know that he has nothing but the clothes on his back."

"Yes, she knows everything."

"But how do you account for such an extraordinary wish?"

"The love she feels for Berthold."

"Love!" said Monck, with a sneer. "That's all very fine in books. There countesses may marry lads out of the foundling hospital, and a banker may marry a poor widow's daughter; but who ever heard of any such thing in real life? And you, friend Kemenaer, you who know the world, can you feel a moment's doubt on the only decision left to you?"

"The thing grieves me much. Let us talk of something else."

"No, no; I must, as your friend, keep you from an act of fatal folly. You must close your door against Berthold."

"Later, of course; but already? I cannot do it now, however much I may feel that it must come to that. Laura would probably fall ill and pine away. I must be crafty, and try to overcome her deep love for that stupid Berthold by degrees."

"Then he is to come to your house?" exclaimed Monck, with irrepressible rage. "Then you will never see me here again, Mynheer Kemenaer. It grieves me to part with a dear friend; but Berthold has wronged and insulted me beyond forgiveness; he has declared himself my enemy. Never will I set foot in any house at which he visits."

"For a few weeks only; I will so manage matters that you shall never meet him. Be good enough to consent thus far, in kindness to my poor, silly Laura."

"Yes, to give Laura pleasure, I would willingly make many sacrifices. It is as much out of regard for her as from proper self-respect that I am trying to open your eyes. What you propose is the most absurd of follies. Laura is never to marry the wretched poet; you say yourself that such a marriage is out of the question; but by to-morrow everybody will know that Berthold is disinherited, that he has not a penny in the world, and lives in the same room with a fiddler. If people see that he still visits you, they may well wonder. All people of sense will laugh at you and condemn you. The good, virtuous Laura will be the object of all kinds of remarks; she will lose her fair fame. And if she goes out into society, she will be avoided and shunned as one who has forsaken the path of propriety for the sake of a wild, senseless attachment."

"What you say is the simple truth," sighed Kemenaer. "I know it well; but I am a father, and my daughter's tears unman me. Sometimes I think it would be best to marry them at once, to put a stop to people's gossip. My fortune is not great, but it is enough to assure them a quiet life, without care or want, if they will only live economically."

Monck stamped his foot impatiently. Kemenaer's spirit was roused within him by this assumption of authoritative control over him, and he said, in a calm, decided tone:

"But, Mynheer Monck, I am quite at liberty to dispose of my own child and my own fortune as I please."

"How can your understanding be so clouded, friend Kemenaer? A poet economical! If he can't get money, he can spend it fast enough. He will let everybody cheat him, and will sink down into poverty without knowing it. What would be the result of your unaccountable resolution? Everybody must die sooner or later—you, like other people. Only fancy a man living carelessly on what you leave your daughter—a man who knows nothing about money, who is always putting his hand in his pocket. How long will that last? Your child, your Laura, will sink down into poverty and degradation. She will die of remorse and regret, and she will accuse you as the author of her misery for not having prevented her thoughtless step."

Kemenaer was much struck by this ominous picture; perhaps also he wished to atone for his little outbreak of independence by giving some higher proof of his regard; anyhow, he seized Monck's hand, and said:

"Ah, you are indeed a wise counsellor. Yes, yes, you are right. I will give orders at once to forbid Berthold the house. But Laura, Laura!" he added, with real sorrow and tenderness.

"People don't die of love," said Monck, with a smile. "Laura will soon be herself again. How could you dream she would continue to love a man who lives in a garret, and who will be going about, in less than three months, with his coat out at elbows? Laura deserves a better lot. She must contract a grand marriage; she must marry a man who will raise her in the world, who can make her shine by the side of countesses and baronesses. She possesses every quality necessary to make her a desirable wife for anybody—even for a millionaire."

"Yes, she is very beautiful," murmured Kemenaer.

"That's nothing," said Monck, with a smile.

"She has understanding, and has been well educated."

"So much the better; that may be of use."

"She has a beautiful voice, and knows music thoroughly."

"Mere rubbish!"

"She is kind-hearted, affectionate, and virtuous."

"Certainly, of course; but she has another merit which you have omitted."

"What is that?"

"She is the only child and heiress of Mynheer Kemenaer; she will have some day about four hundred thousand francs."

"O, my dear Monck, you are quite out there; you estimate my fortune much too high."

"Well, well, as you please; but I know what I am saying."

Monck sipped his wine once more, moved about in his chair, shuffled his feet, as if he could not summon courage to utter something which was trembling on his lips. Kemenaer sat looking at him with astonishment. At length Monck sat upright, put his elbow on the table to support his head, and, looking Kemenaer full in the face, he said:

"I am come to speak to you on a very weighty matter—to make you a proposition which, I doubt not, will be very acceptable to you."

"I am all attention. Be good enough to explain your meaning."

A bright smile lighted up Monck's features as he continued, in a tone of assured triumph:

"I know a good bridegroom for your Laura. You seem amazed! It is a man of many merits, but I will mention only one—he is worth a million."

Kemenaer listened in speechless astonishment; a dark presentiment threw its shadow over his soul.

"Well now, Mynheer Kemenaer, suppose a man, who has a

million of money, were to come to you and say, 'Give me your daughter,' would you hesitate?"

"But of whom are you speaking?"

"Of myself."

Laura's father became deadly pale with the violence of the effort he made to repress his indignation. After a pause, he said, with affected indifference:

"Ha, ha, my good Mynheer Monck, you don't mean it; you are only enjoying a good laugh at my expense."

"Why, what is there so wonderful in my question?"

"Can you mean what you say? I cannot believe it. You marry Laura? No, no, you cannot mean it."

Monck was much annoyed by the scornful anger which Kemenaer could not altogether repress; but he answered, calmly:

"You ought to be very thankful. I fancy a million is no such despicable bridegroom."

"Yes, a million remains always young, and it glitters and fascinates without losing any of its charms as years go on; but *you*, my good, worthy Monck!"

"Well."

"You are already old, at least you look so."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Your appearance is not one that is likely to win a young girl's heart. You are a man of sense, and ought to be able to see things as they really are. Ha, ha, Monck, what a droll fancy for you to take up! Really I cannot believe you are talking seriously."

Monck's whole frame quivered with rage. He saw clearly that Kemenaer was laughing at him, and deemed his proposal a degradation, although he was careful to speak with respect and civility.

"Well," said he, with a threatening look, "you think I am jesting, do you? No, no; my proposal is so serious that you had better accept it at once, friend Kemenaer, without all these useless words."

Laura's father made no further effort to command himself. His face glowed with indignation, and he exclaimed:

"What do you mean, mynheer? Do you dare to threaten me?"

Then his courage sank, and he continued, while his voice trembled with anger: "Let us remain friends; sound counsel will convince you this cannot be. Nay, good Monck, between ourselves, you are ugly, very ugly."

"But what of that? I am a millionaire."

"Only yesterday you were a mere office clerk at Mynheer Robyn's. Gold will wash the ink from your fingers, I know; but that can't be done in one single day."

A sinister smile played on Monck's features, and he looked at Kemenaer with such intense and undisguised contempt that the latter sprang up from his chair, and exclaimed:

"But this matter is going too far! Your million has turned your head. This conversation can last no longer."

"Sit down, sit down," said the other, with a freezing coldness which made Kemenaer shiver, and constrained him to obey, as if Monck's serpent eye had fascinated him.

"For Heaven's sake, don't chafe me now! you are mad!"

"Not in the least."

"What do you want, then?"

"No circumlocution, friend Kemenaer; I mean your daughter to be my wife."

"Never! the very thought of such a marriage would frighten her to death. Monck, let your fatal proposal rest where it is. I don't know why, but Laura hates you intensely."

"She will love my million."

"And you have no love for her?"

"My million and her four hundred thousand will live very peaceably together."

Kemenaer sprang to his feet again, and said, with fury in his eyes:

"This would be dreadful, were it not so absurd. Do you fancy I could give my Laura to *you*? that I could lay my noble-minded, graceful, tender girl, like a sacrificial lamb, in the arms of a man without heart or soul? I am her father, and she is dear to me as the light of my eyes. And do you fancy I could bind her for life to you, whose heart is as cold as that of a corpse? I have listened too long to your disgraceful and degrading proposal. I would rather have remained your friend, or at least your well-disposed acquaintance; but since your folly knows no bounds, I shall oppose my pride to yours. Leave this house instantly; forget what you have dared to ask of me, and believe me when I say that you should never have my Laura—no! not if you had all the gold in the Bank of England. Now be good enough to leave the house, and never return to it more. Come; you will not move? you will remain in spite of me? I cannot believe my eyes."

Monck moved not a muscle, and continued looking at Kemenaer with a scornful, irritating sneer.

"Do you understand me or not?" roared the latter.

"Sit down once more," answered Monck, with imperturbable coolness. "I will not mention this marriage again, but I wish to tell you a little story."

"Come, come; no trifling now; we have had enough of this."

"Sit down," repeated Monck. "The story I have to tell you interests you deeply, Mynheer Kemenaer. Listen a moment. Then I shall go away, with a merry heart and with your consent to our wedding."

"Ha, ha, you are dreaming," said Laura's father, with a smile which gradually subsided into an expression of alarmed curiosity.

"Sit down," said Monck, again pointing to the chair with an air of command; "you shall hear my story."

Kemenaer sat down, cowed by Monck's manner and by a mysterious presentiment of horror.

"There was once a man who loved gold dearly," began Monck, with galling calmness of manner, "but who concerned himself

very little about the means he employed to acquire it. He practised usury. He engaged in many profitable speculations. And although he knew the law so well that he generally kept clear within the bounds of its letter, *once*—"

"What has this story to do with me?" muttered Kemenaer, with a voice tremulous and low with anxiety and fear.

"Come, come; listen further. This man thought himself cunning, but on one occasion he was induced by his love of gold to commit a deed of fraud, of *escroquerie*, as people call it. You must know something of this story, friend Kemenaer?"

Kemenaer sat grasping the edge of the table convulsively, and staring at the calm and cold narrator.

"You know the story, I think?" repeated Monck, with a sneer.

"The proof, the proof!" gasped Kemenaer.

"I am going on. The victims of the fraud were taken in; their last drop of blood was wrung out, and, even if they entertained any suspicion, they had no money to go to law with. He who had enriched himself at their cost, now enjoys in peace the fruits of his craftiness and the esteem of the world. He thought that the proof of his crime, or rather of his blind recklessness, was destroyed long ago."

"Good heavens! and is it not so?" shrieked the terrified Kemenaer.

"The bit of paper was preserved from the fire by a poor clerk," continued Monck, with unmoved features; "the clerk became a millionaire, and took it into his head to have the daughter of the vile usurer to wife. This roused his pride; but the clerk, or the millionaire, sought out the hapless victim, put the necessary money at his disposal, brought the proof to light, and thus brought the criminal to justice. He was found guilty and condemned to—I don't exactly know the punishment; the law says something about two years' imprisonment."

Kemenaer listened with bloodless countenance and quivering lips.

"Do you possess this bit of paper?"

Monck nodded with an air of triumph, and continued:

"But I am out in my story. The man did not refuse. In order to preserve his liberty and his honor, in order to rescue himself and his child from everlasting disgrace, he gave his daughter to the clerk in exchange for the fatal slip of paper. Is it not so, friend Kemenaer? does not the story end so?"

Laura's father continued for a few minutes stunned by this terrible revelation.

"Must the condemnation be the end of the story, after all?" asked Monck. "It depends on yourself. Speak! your first word will decide it irrevocably."

Kemenaer made a violent effort to master his emotion; he stretched out his hand to Monck, and groaned as he said:

"Good Monck, you will take pity on a poor father, will you not?"

"No nonsense! Pity between *us*? What do *we* know of pity? If you had been strong enough, would you not have kicked me out of your house a few minutes ago?"

"But you are compelling me to sign my child's death-warrant."

"Stuff! 'Come; yes or no.'"

"O Heaven," groaned Kemenaer; "it is fearful!"

"Well; I am going. To-day I shall consider well how I can best revenge myself. Farewell, Mynheer Kemenaer. You will never see me again. I will have nothing to do with a man whose fitting and predestined place is a prison, with thieves and cut-throats."

He went towards the door, and his hand was already on the bolt, when Kemenaer sprang forward and drew him back into the room with gestures of eager entreaty.

"Well?" said Monck.

"Alas!" cried Kemenaer, "it is a sacrifice which will poison all my life, which will kill my Laura; but I must bow to the hideous decree."

"Do you consent to my marriage with Laura? *yes or no?*"

"I must, I must!"

"And you will persuade her to receive me as her bridegroom, if not with grateful gladness, yet with becoming calmness? Give me your hand on it."

Kemenaer put forth a hand which shook as though an ague-fit were upon him, and grasped the icy hand of Monck; then he fell exhausted into a chair, and his head fell on the table.

"Come, come," resumed Monck; "your apprehensions are without any reasonable ground. I will make your Laura happy; I will surround her with splendor; I will enable her to shine in the world; I will gather around her all the pleasures which unbounded wealth can command. I shall help you on as much as I can, for this marriage makes your affairs my own. What goes into your strong box is not lost from mine. We will undertake, in concert, wonderful things. You will see your fortune grow day by day; and you may be sure of this, friend Kemenaer, you will very soon bless the day that gave you a man like me for your son-in-law."

Mynheer Kemenaer said nothing. All his faculties were benumbed and crushed.

"Ha," said Monck, "one little thing has just occurred to me. There is a professor who comes here to give Laura lessons in music; he was a friend of Berthold's. You will be good enough to forbid him the house. You know why, I dare say."

Laura's father nodded, but could not speak.

"Propriety exacts that there should be an interval of some months between the death of old Robyn, my benefactor, and my marriage. So there is plenty of time for Laura to get over her liking for her miserable poet, and feel that a rich marriage has its attractions. Anyhow, I request you will speak to her at once, to-morrow at latest, about my proposal. It will be a pleasure to me, of course, friend Kemenaer, to have constant access to your

house as the betrothed of your daughter; I can thus convince myself that Berthold, my enemy, has not the slightest hope left him. Now I will relieve you of my presence. In three or four days I will call again, to hear from Laura's own lips that she accepts the place and title of Madame Monck. You know me, friend Kemenaer, you know me, and you know that no man can safely try to deceive me or trifle with me. Else—but no; you are a man of sense; I have confidence in your prudence. Well, good-by!"

Kemenaer rose from his chair, and tottered to the door with the confident, sprightly Monck. He bade him adieu with a melancholy, choking voice, and then paced up and down the hall, sighing and growling, tearing his hair, and almost wild with impotent rage. At length he exclaimed:

"What is to be done? Is there no way of escape? None, none! My poor innocent Laura to be the bride of that soulless scoundrel! Yes, yes; I must sacrifice her, doom her to that horrible life. I, her father! Fatal crime, which compels me to crush and break my child's heart. No evasion—no hope. Alas, alas! how am I to break it to her? I shudder at the thought, and yet I cannot escape my terrible doom; dishonor, shame, prison, flit before my bewildered eyes like hideous phantoms. I have worshipped gold, and my idol lashes me, crushes my child, crushes all my happiness. The righteous vengeance of Heaven has reached me; God has cursed me!"

After these fruitless wailings, he sank down into an arm-chair, covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly. When he had thus relieved his oppressed heart, he sprang to his feet, and exclaimed with convulsive energy:

"No, no; it cannot be. I will not give my child her death-blow. There is still, perhaps, a way of escape. He wants gold, the traitor. My daughter is an object of indifference to him; it is my fortune he wants. Well, he shall have it; one hundred thousand francs—two hundred thousand—all, all!"

And while uttering these last words, he hastily arranged his clothes, put on his hat, and ran distractedly out of the house, to make one last and despairing effort to bend Monck.

CHAPTER VII.

LAURA had heard from one of the servants that Monck had been paying her father a long visit, and that warm words had been passing between them; but she knew nothing of the subject of their discussion, nor of its result. Her father, who had left the house soon after Monck, was still absent; but as he often allowed the dinner hour to pass without making his appearance, she thought little of his absence now.

There was joy in Laura's heart. Although her father had treated her disinherited lover's name with mere contempt at first, he had at length spoken a few words of comfort and hope, which convinced her that he would, in his affection for her, consent to that which would assure her happiness. In the afternoon, Laura summoned her maid to accompany her to the church. She felt herself impelled to return thanks to God for having touched her father's heart; she wished to pray for poor Berthold, who had been so unjustly deprived of his inheritance by a wicked man; she was anxious to seek counsel and strength from above, that she might be able to rescue her unhappy lover from despair. Her long and fervent prayer had cleared and brightened her soul. When she left the church, there was a gentle, hopeful smile on her countenance, and she looked forward into the future with calm confidence.

When she returned home, she left her bonnet and shawl in the hall, and went into an inner room, where she surprised her father, sitting in deep thought, with his face buried in his hands. She took a chair, sat down by his side, laid her arm tenderly on his shoulder, and said:

"Dear father, you must not be so cast down. You will see hereafter that you have cause to rejoice in your kindness towards me. It is true, the world may criticise your condescension, but what does that matter, if we all live together happily and peacefully?"

Kemenaer's eyes were bent on the ground. He could say nothing. He had used every effort to prepare himself; he had sought strength in the reflection that, after all, a million is not a thing to laugh at, and that he and his daughter might be deceived about this dreaded marriage. But all his efforts had been fruitless. Despair was in full possession of his heart; his intellect refused him counsel; he could not form any plan to break to his daughter the hideous decree which had gone forth in regard to her destiny.

Laura continued, in her sweetest, tenderest tone:

"Dear father, you who have always been kindness itself to your Laura, you will not separate from her forever the friend of her childhood, because he is the victim of a vile cheat?"

A shudder ran through Kemenaer's frame.

"O, drive away these gloomy thoughts. Let not gold be any obstacle to our happiness; for indeed, only think, father, how delightful our life will be if you will but follow the impulse of your affectionate heart. Berthold will be my husband; he will live here with you. Berthold has such a gentle soul! His gratitude towards you will know no bounds; he will love you, reverence you, obey you as a son; he will anticipate your slightest wish. Together we should surround your life with love, and ease, and gladness; and thus you would enjoy peace and happiness to a good old age, which we should always pray to God to grant you. Don't let the gold trouble you any more, father. When married to Berthold I shall not need recreation, nor seek pleasure in the world; we shall live a retired and inexpensive life. What you have already accumulated is more than enough to provide us with

all we need. We shall find streams of purest bliss within our own hearts. We shall enjoy ourselves with poetry and music, admire the beauties of nature, pass through life in unclouded love of each other, and in gratitude to our merciful God. Is not this far better, father, than the idle tumult, and luxury, and splendor which the world and its gold could give us?"

"Silence, silence, my dear Laura. Your words pierce my soul cruelly."

"How chafed you are, dear father! Have I said anything to grieve you?"

Mynheer Kemenaer raised his head suddenly, as though the very desperation of his position had given him the needful strength, and said, rapidly and in a tone of deepest dejection:

"Laura, my child, I would give my whole fortune to fulfil your heart's desire, but I am a father, a hapless father, whose heart is rent and torn by conflicting feelings and claims. I cannot consent to what you ask. You are inexperienced, my child; your silly heart longs for a bliss which could not last long, and which might be followed by a whole future of gloom. Love, love! It is a feeling that grows weaker and weaker, and finally dies away altogether. Woe to those who wish to build the happiness of a life on so rotten a foundation. No, no; the only sure basis of happiness and peace is—wealth, the possession of real solid property. If everything else is lost, if misfortune and sickness rob us of all, of friends, of appetite, of the use of our limbs, of sight itself, so long as we have plenty of money we have everything at our command; we have only to let our gold glitter a little in people's eyes, and they will do for us and procure for us all we need."

Laura looked at her father in an agony of apprehension. Everything about him seemed to have undergone a change; his features moved convulsively; his voice was hoarse and hollow; his words had not their customary precision and clearness; his manner was excited and anxious.

"The life you wish is a life of extreme peril," continued Kemenaer. "There is nothing before you but degradation, misery, and shame. I cannot abandon my inexperienced child to such perilous vicissitudes. Berthold has no money; he will waste your portion, and plunge you into poverty. I shall be dead; you will be alone in the world, and perhaps you would one day stand on my grave and charge me with unmanly weakness in allowing you to follow the whim of a moment."

"Father, dear father, what are you saying?" cried Laura. "O, have some little compassion on me!"

"Compassion!" exclaimed Kemenaer, quite beside himself. "No, no compassion. I cannot spare you. I must violently crush that fatal love for Berthold out of your breast."

The terrified girl covered her face with her hands, and began to weep. Her father gazed on her in silence; the anguish of his daughter pierced his heart; he was pale and agitated. He moved restlessly in his chair, and threw his arms about convulsively. Then the storm within died gradually away; he fixed on his daughter a look of intensest compassion, strangely at variance with the cruelty of his words. He took her hand gently and affectionately, and spoke with the calmness of desperation:

"Laura, forgive your unhappy father for grieving you against his own will. You know, dear child, that I cannot evade the discharge of the duties imposed on me by fate. Listen; I will speak as kindly as I can; and do you feel some pity for me—my agony is beyond words. Laura, ever since I first saw you smile on your mother's bosom, I have shaped out for you in my day-dreams a most brilliant lot. I have toiled, saved, hoarded, in order to provide you a noble dowry, for a father's love knows no bounds when a daughter's happiness is in question. You are beautiful; you are adorned with all the gifts of nature, and with all the fruits of education. You have every right to shine in the world, to be honored, admired, beloved in society. Your destiny cannot be—to marry a poor poet, and to forfeit the homage of the world. You must dwell in a palace; your coach must glitter amongst the rich and great; it is yours to command, to be surrounded, adored, as queen of fashion and of beauty. That is the lot I have thought of for you, Laura. Nevertheless I could not place you in this brilliant position; I rested my hope on a princely marriage for my child; that hope, alas! has vanished quite in one shape; it has become a reality in another. A wealthy man, a man who possesses more than a million, has asked your hand in marriage; and I, as a father, who must be prepared for the most bitter sacrifices in order to secure his child's happiness—"

Laura's tears had ceased to flow, and she sat trembling and staring wildly into her father's face.

"And I," continued Kemenaer, stammering with anxiety, "I have promised my daughter's hand to this wealthy person."

The maiden stood up, smiled a bitter smile, and said, as though the extremity of her misery had brought back her scattered faculties:

"So I am to be the wife of a man I have never seen! My hand and my heart are to be the purchase of gold! O, my poor father, your mind is wandering! It cannot be; you cannot sacrifice me thus on the altar of covetousness—me whom you love so tenderly. O, dear father, have pity on me! It cannot, cannot be true that you would thus compel my choice. You would not doom me to a life without love—a life of anguish and never-ceasing despair."

"It must be!"

"No, I implore you, father, let me enter a convent," cried Laura. "I shall forget Berthold; I will never think of him more; but to become the wife of a man I do not know, who has presumed to hope that my affection might be bought with gold, rather, far rather would I bid farewell to all, and die in misery and want."

Kemenaer was obliged to employ all his strength of mind to refrain from tears, so piercingly bitter was his daughter's cry of

anguish; but whatever it cost him, desperate as was the strife within, there was no help for it—no way of escaping the dreary, awful decree of fate. He proceeded with feverish haste:

"The man whom I destine for your husband is not unknown to you, Laura; he has often been here, and has long cherished an affection for you."

Laura started as though a serpent had bitten her.

"Monck!" she shrieked, and her face was livid as that of a corpse.

"Monck," repeated her father, trembling with impotent wrath.

Laura raised her head, and her eyes glittered with keen indignation as she said:

"Monck, Monck! you wish me to become the wife of Monck! I can be only a hideous dream. I the bride of the vile deceiver who has robbed Berthold of his inheritance—of the hypocritical fiend who has neither heart nor soul—of the crawling brute whose only appetite is for gold! I have ever felt an involuntary hatred for the wretched scoundrel, and shall I, in the presence of God, bind myself to him for life? No, no; never will I commit a perjury so vile. While my lips were uttering the fatal word which promises love, my heart would despise him, abhor him, loathe him—yes, until it ceased to beat in death!"

Kemenaer took both her hands in his, and looked imploringly in her eyes, as he said:

"Laura, I conjure you, by the memory of your blessed mother, by all my love for you, by everything that is dear to you, struggle no longer against a lot which cannot be evaded. Spare your wretched father this added agony. O, if you knew, my darling child, how it grieves me to constrain you! and yet—and yet you must be Monck's wife; nothing can prevent it. Were this marriage a crime, it cannot be set aside now!"

Laura fell on her knees at her father's feet, and besought him, with clasped hands and with the energy of despair:

"Mercy, mercy, father! doom me not to a life so dreadful. Alas! I will do everything you wish; I will reject Berthold, I will hate him if I can, but give me not to Monck. My heart is chilled within me—to live with that evil spirit, that unnatural, inhuman being—to see constantly his horrible face—to feign love to him!"

"My child, my poor child, it cannot be helped!" groaned Kemenaer.

"No mercy, no compassion!" shrieked Laura. "Alas, then you do not love me—you have never loved me!"

Kemenaer quailed beneath this reproach; he smote his breast in the extremity of his woe, and burst into tears. Laura threw her arms round his neck, kissed him with feverish energy, and said, amidst her sobs:

"O father, be calm. Pardon me; I did not know what I was saying. Let us not talk of these horrible things any more. You did not mean it; your sorrow has disturbed your mind, but rest will restore you; you love me still—you have ever loved me so tenderly, so warmly. Do not weep, father; your tears wring my heart so painfully."

And she laid her head on her father's breast, and mingled her tears with his. Long did they remain in this attitude, plunged in deepest sadness. At length Mynheer Kemenaer, compelled to complete his frightful sacrifice, wiped away his tears, and said, in a tone of unutterable sorrow and vexation:

"Laura, my precious Laura, I implore you, forgive me the anguish I so reluctantly inflict on you. I do not believe you can ever be happy with Monck. I, too, hate and abhor the grovelling cheat."

His daughter gazed at him in joyful surprise, and her eyes sparkled with hope through her tears.

"No, no; let not hope enter your heart, Laura. There is no hope—no hope more. You must take that odious, detestable Monck as your husband."

"Never, never!"

"Why will you force me to the most torturing disclosure a father can make to a child?" moaned Kemenaer. "Well, since there is no way of escaping this bitter humiliation, I will drink it to its bitterest dregs. Listen, then, Laura; you shall know what mysterious power enslaves my will; you shall judge and decide on my liberty and honor, or on my everlasting disgrace."

The maiden had again covered her face with her hands, and her tears were falling silently and fast.

"Listen, Laura, listen, and let me find at least pity and allowance in my child's heart. I was the son of a physician; my father bequeathed me nothing but an honorable name and an excellent education. Your mother's family was very rich. I loved her as people love before the cold world has withered trusting affection. Her parents refused me her hand, alleging as a reason that I, who possessed nothing but my love, could not maintain her in the station she then occupied in the great world. I implored and entreated; I promised to condense all my energies, all my powers in the one effort of winning and accumulating money. At length, worn out by your mother's firmness, they reluctantly consented to our marriage. In the secret enjoyment of our first year of married life I forgot my pledge; I surrounded my Sabina, your mother, with luxury and comfort, and shrunk from no expense to gratify her slightest, unexpressed wish. I soon saw that our money, was wasting rapidly. The thought that your mother's noble-hearted love for me would be, in sober earnest, the cause of her humiliation, smote me with alarm and terror. She who had ever lived in ease and free from care, was she to begin to save in housekeeping, in dress, in company? Should we go and live in a smaller house, and thus allow the world to say that your mother was feeling the punishment of her love for me!—the world is so pitiless towards those who are sinking in the social scale. Should it point at my Sabina and cast scorn on her? No, no, never!

But how could I shield her from this degradation? Gold, gold was the one only thing. Then first did I feel the high worth of gold. Could I not purchase therewith your mother's happiness, and peace, and respectability, and comfort? I began to apply to business, to business of all kinds. I toiled day and night to gain money, stimulated by duty and affection. I seized every opportunity, I employed every power and faculty of my being to reach one end—to win gold. Thus I was struggling through life; sometimes cheated, so that I retained no more confidence in man, but, on the whole, I was very successful. You, Laura, were nearly ten years old; I saw you on the verge of womanhood; your future troubled me greatly. I felt myself impelled to yet severer toil, to a yet keener pursuit of money, and soon I had staked all we possessed in speculations of great risk, but of great profit. Others were too crafty for me; I was deceived, robbed, betrayed. At one single throw almost my whole fortune was gone. What was to be done? Accept my lot? Allow your mother and you to sink down into abject poverty? No, no; I laid aside all the tenderness of my nature, like an overstretched cord, and with a threatening, scornful laugh defied the deceitful and covetous world. Just then, Mynheer Robyn offered me a means of winning at one

alone. O, would God but grant that I might die now, I should die thankfully and joyfully at your feet! But that would be of no avail. Monek would carry out his resolve, or wreak his vengeance on your father's memory. My shame would still overwhelm you. Resign yourself meekly to the fatal sacrifice; trust that Heaven will recompense your loving self-denial, and grant you peace and rest in the life you have accepted for my sake. O, deliver your father from open and public disgrace!"

A knock at the door made Kemenaer start to his feet before Laura could give any answer to his appeal. The housekeeper appeared at the door.

"Mynheer Monek requests to be allowed a few minutes' conversation with mynheer; he has something to tell him which cannot be postponed."

"No, I am not at home; I cannot receive any one," said Kemenaer, with an expression of impatient vexation.

"Rosalie, bring Mynheer Monek into this room," said Laura.

"Good heavens! what would you do?" cried Kemenaer.

"Make one last attempt," she replied, with calm decision.

"But he will not listen to anything."

"Who knows? Fear not, my father; my duty is clear."

RETRIBUTION.

The spirited engraving on this page is from the celebrated allegorical picture by an English artist, Mr. E. Armitage, which attracted so much attention at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The allegory is understood at a glance. England is personified in the vengeful figure of Britannia, mutinous India in the howling tiger, whose throat is grasped by the amazon, while her sword is shortened preparatory to inflicting a mortal wound. The dead mother and infant typify the outrages of the Sepoys. There is one quality in this picture which makes it appeal to all men, whether versed in the mysteries of art, or profoundly ignorant of its most elementary principles. We mean the simplicity and certainty with which the story is told. In all symbolic paintings, there is a danger of falling into obscurity through too great an aiming at the abstract; and there is another danger, still more hateful to a man of taste, which arises from the endeavors to make the design intelligible to the meanest capacity, and which prompts the artist to be unduly literal in the presentation of his idea. A man of true dramatic power will know how to avoid both these extremes, and this Mr. Armitage has certainly done. The tower and the onion-shaped dome which belongs so peculiarly to the



RETRIBUTION.—AN ALLEGORICAL ENGLISH PICTURE.

throw almost as much as I had lost; and, if I consented, he offered me money enough to hide my poverty from the world. I hesitated long; but the misery which threatened my wife and my child bent my will."

With a voice preternaturally calm and slow, he continued:

"Laura, I am dying with shame at making this confession to you, but I cannot evade it. O, have pity on me! I signed papers which would render me guilty in the eye of the law."

The maiden gazed on her father with a shudder; her countenance was colorless and ghastly in its nshy paleness.

"No one has ever known anything of this my wretched crime; no one has ever suspected that I could be guilty of a dishonorable action. Robyn has always told me that the paper, the only proof of this transaction, was destroyed; but Monek, the crafty, cruel Monek, has secretly preserved it. He will give it back to me, burn it in my presence, if you, Laura, become his wife." It was with a burst of scalding tears and a choking voice that he added: "If not, he will lodge an accusation against your father, and cause him to be condemned to disgrace, to prison."

Laura sat still and motionless as a statue; her lips alone quivered convulsively. Mynheer Kemenaer sank on his knees at her feet, and groaned:

"Laura, my beloved Laura, mercy, mercy on me! Believe not that your father demands this frightful sacrifice for himself

"O, Laura, do not hurl me down into ruin!"

"No, father; make your mind easy. I will deliver you. But I hear him coming. Leave me one moment alone with Monek. Do not refuse me this last request."

Kemenaer was so exhausted by the violence of his emotions, that he yielded at once to Laura's superior energy, and went out through a side door without speaking a word. The maiden hastily wiped away her tears, and awaited the approach of her father's enemy with calm countenance, but with mortal anguish in her heart. A cold chill smote her when she saw Monek enter the room, with the same assumed smile on his thin lips, the same deprecating, insinuating look which had inspired her, from her earliest infancy, with contempt and hatred for the grovelling hypocrite. Monek approached her, and said, with a self-satisfied smile:

"Mademoiselle Laura wishes to speak to me? Her father has told her my wishes? and she—she consents joyfully?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

There are some people who are so happy, smelling and plucking the roses about them, that they never think of the slugs and creeping things that may be at their roots.—*Jerold*.

architecture of the East, are scarcely more than indicated at the back of the picture; the story is sufficiently told by the struggle as to the result of which there can be no doubt, between the calm, dignified, determined Britannia, and the howling tiger upon whose throat she has already laid her hand. The details, too, which fill up the picture and complete the tale, are introduced so as to produce a feeling of sadness and indignation without needlessly provoking our horror—a sensation which it is never the province of art to excite, horrible as the incidents may be which suggest his picture to the artist. Mr. Armitage, the author of this design, is about forty years of age. He entered the Painters' Academy in 1837, being then twenty. In 1839, Mr. Armitage was selected by M. Delaroche to assist him in his great work, the "Hemicycle," of the School of Fine Arts in Paris. In 1842, Mr. Armitage sent to the annual exhibition of Living Painters (then held at the Louvre) a large picture representing "Prometheus bound." In 1843, he sent a cartoon representing the "Landing of Julius Caesar in Britain" to Westminster Hall, which gained one of the three first prizes. He has gained several of the prizes offered for cartoons and frescoes for the decoration of the House of Lords. Most of his pictures are on a large scale. On his return from Russia, during the Crimean campaign, he painted two large battle-pieces—"Inkermann," and the "Cavalry Charge at Balaklava." The artist considers the "Inkermann" to be his *chef d'œuvre*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POETRY AND LOVE.

BY DI VERNON.

POETRY.

A gift from Heaven—and as rare
As angel music to our ears;
'Tis born above—'tis nurtured there,
'Neath angels' smiles and angels' tears.

Sweet Poetry, thou blessed thing!
Thou holy, soul-inspiring power!
Thou teachest all the birds to sing,
In leafy tree and fragrant bower.

Thou teachest man to feel and know
That, else he'd never know nor feel;
Thou teachest woman's heart to glow
With thoughts too precious to reveal.

Sweet Poetry, we owe thee more!
Thou givest us the power to tell,
In hymns of praise, how we adore
The blessed God in whom we dwell.

LOVE.

There is a silent, rapturous spell
That sleeps within the secret heart;
Poet, thou know'st its power full well!
Minstrel, it weds thee to thine art!

There is a sweet and trembling thrill—
A something which we can't express—
That courses through the heart until
'Tis brimming o'er with happiness.

Who hath not felt love's burning power?
Love's magic touch who does not know?
Ah, me! life's clouds must darkly lower,
When in youth's heart love does not glow!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"MOTHER, dear, dear mother! can I do nothing to comfort you?"

"O, mama, Freddy will be good! Don't cry."

"Mother, let me take little Lizzie, and you try and rest for an hour. I will mind the children."

I crept away and left my aunt alone with her loving, tender-hearted children, and her great sorrow, which not even their gentle sympathy could soothe, and went to look once more upon the dear, dead face of him who had been my more than father. My mother and his wife were sisters, and when my father died, John Elliot's home was opened to the desolate widow. Not long did she enjoy their kindness; and dying gave her babe to this good brother's care.

"Be kind to the fatherless; she has no friend on earth but you, and as you deal with her, may God so deal with you and yours!"

John Elliot promised, and faithfully performed his part. From that hour I was as one of their own little ones, the only difference being that my frail childhood received more tender, watchful care than was bestowed on the more robust sons and daughters of the household. We were a happy family, united by the tenderest bonds of love and gratitude; the father cheerfully toiling to provide a comfortable home, the mother ever careful of the wants of each and all, a willing assistant in the labor of love, the children dutiful and good, each in its own little way lending a helping hand. I never saw a pleasanter household, and in our content we dreamed not that a change would come.

But the strong arm was laid low and the tireless worker stricken down like a little infant. My uncle came in one day from the field; he looked pale and walked unsteadily, and to my aunt's alarmed inquiries, replied that he felt ill and must rest. She helped him to their chamber, and the little feet about the house moved softly, and the young voices were silenced, for it was something new and strange for him to be sick. I remember how I shrunk away in alarm when the physician came; but we grew accustomed to his presence soon, for he was unremitting in his care. But neither skill nor love nor prayers could save him, and after long days and nights of cruel anxiety our hopes and fears were ended, and we stood weeping around the pale, dead form which in life had never witnessed our childish tears unmoved. He called me to him a few hours before he died and bade me prepare for the change, also giving me a sacred charge to love and watch over the others.

"Your aunt is not strong, and in her anxiety to take care of you, dear children, she will kill herself. Isabel and you must save her all you can, and relieve her of the charge of the two little ones. And Mary, you must be kind and patient with John. You know how rash and impulsive he is, never stopping to consider consequences; he needs some one to counsel him; and I have long seen that he listens to advice from you with a better grace than from any other. You are younger than your cousins, Mary, but you have learned more of many things, and are fit to guide them all."

I promised to obey his wishes, and in a few hours he was no more. Yet a few more hours and they carried him away from us, away from the home he had made so pleasant, and the dear ones who loved him so well. There was a great blank in our household after my uncle's death, realized most sadly when aunt called the little sorrowful group about her the next morning after the funeral and read from the Holy Book and prayed that the God of

the widow and the fatherless would protect us now. Dear aunt! I think I see her now, the tears falling on her black dress, and her lips quivering, and her hands shaking with the effort she made to preserve her composure. We missed him all the time, missed him as only a good, kind father can be missed, at the table and the fireside, and in our little griefs and pleasures, and it was not to be wondered at that we made double demands on the time and attention of the kind and gentle mother who was left to us.

In her greatest sorrow, her deepest anxiety, I never knew my aunt impatient or inattentive to our slightest wants; her large brown eyes ever looked on us with love, and her sweet voice ever reached our ears in gentlest tones of kindness. All the day long she went about attending to the cares of the household, and late into the night her hands were busy with the family sewing. I frequently woke and saw her busily stitching away on some little torn garment, the tears falling over her cheeks, and dimming her eyesight.

There were five of us children to be attended to and worked for. John, the eldest, was a fine boy of fourteen, his sister Isabel was twelve, and I was a year younger. Freddy and Lizzie were nine and seven, two very delicate little ones, who had all their lives demanded much of their mother's care. The house and farm were unincumbered, but they needed a man's care, and aunt did not feel willing to hire much assistance, as she had no resources but what the land produced and the profits of her small dairy.

We lived along with little change until John was seventeen, and then circumstances compelled the first separation of the family. The heaviest earthly affliction came upon my aunt, a grief which even outweighed the loss of her beloved husband. For three years she had labored untiringly for the family, taking a pleasure in knowing she was well performing her duty to her children; but now this was at an end. A disease brought on by her incessant working attacked my dear aunt's eyes, and in a few months the sight was gone forever. It was now that we children felt the great responsibility resting upon us. Isabel became the housekeeper, with little Lizzie for assistant; Fred, now a fine lad of twelve, was able to attend to the garden, and do many things on the farm; while John, to whom the quiet country life had ever been distasteful, avowed his determination of going to sea. In one of his frequent visits to the city where he sold the produce of the farm and garden, he had made the acquaintance of a Captain Armstrong, the master of a large ship in the East India trade. The captain was pleased with the lad, desired him to supply him with what they needed in his line of business, and at last quite a friendship grew up between them. Captain Armstrong was part owner of the ship, and when John told him the state of affairs at home he advised him to go a voyage with him, promising to do all he could to advance his fortunes. It was all arranged in a week, and the captain came to see us and gain the mother's consent. We girls, who had expected to see a grim old sailor, were not a little surprised when John came in and introduced his friend. He was not more than twenty-five, with handsome dark blue eyes and the sweetest smile I ever saw on a man's face. I saw a tear glittering under the dark lashes as he looked at aunt sitting blind and helpless by the fireside, and there was deep feeling in the tone in which he promised to take every care of "her boy."

Aunt felt more reconciled to John's departure after this visit, for there was no mistaking Captain Armstrong's sincerity and true feeling towards John. We all liked him, especially little Lizzie, who never was tired talking about the handsome gentleman who had admired her flower garden and thanked her so pleasantly for the nice bouquet she gave him, and in return sent her a pretty inlaid workbox, full of pearl spools and other articles for her work, and underneath John's daguerreotype in a neat little case. Dear little Lizzie, the gift of a royal regalia could not have rejoiced her so much, and as there was no time to work any present for her friend, she sent him a note of thanks, a little ill-spelled scrawl enough, for our pet was not a very bright scholar, but so earnest in its gratitude that Charles Armstrong was more touched than he would have cared to own. Years afterwards I saw the note in his possession, worn and yellow with age, but not all the contents of his pocket-book would have purchased that bit of pencil-ruled paper.

Isabel and I worked on John's wardrobe with sad hearts but seeming cheerfulness, for we would not add to the mother's grief. It was sorrow enough for her not to be able with her own hands to perform any little kindness for him. John kept up bravely until the last day; he was the very soul of cheerfulness, and he would not yield to his feelings until the parting, but even that came at last. He led his mother to her room, and when she kissed and blessed him, came back to Isabel and I in the kitchen, when all his assumed manliness gave way.

"I cannot see mother again, girls," he said, when his first burst of grief had subsided. "I don't believe I should leave her after all, if I was to look on her face again, it is so pitiful to see her so quiet in her sorrow, and for a bad, disobedient boy as I have been. It breaks my heart to think of it."

"But, John, dear, it is better for mother and all the family that you should go. You know you never liked the farm work; and now you will see foreign countries, and make money, and come back in a year or two, and be rich enough to live easy all the rest of your life." And good, tender-hearted Bella, in her anxiety to comfort her dear brother, almost forgot her own distress at his departure.

"You don't think it best for me to go, Mary?" John said, when his sister had gone to her mother's room. "I know you never have approved of the plan."

He said truly, I never had approved it, though doubtless part of my reasons were very selfish ones. I liked my cousin John so

well, his presence was so necessary to my happiness, that I could not bear to think of his absence for my own sake; and then his mother depended on him for support and comfort under her affliction, and his young brother and sisters looked up to him almost as a father. With attention to the property he had, he could get a comfortable living, and I could see nothing better in the future for him than such an old age as his father's had been. But we were about to part, and I could not add to his distress.

"You know I could not wish to part with my brother if I thought it was ever such a good plan, John."

"Nor do I want to leave you, Mary. You are more to me than any one else in the world but mother, and I am sorry I did not take your advice and stay at home. But it is too late now to repent; you know I was always getting into some scrape and being sorry for it. But I don't want you to forget me, Mary. I shall be gone a great while, three years, or perhaps four. I did not dare to tell mother how long; but you must be good to mother and not let her fret about me, and answer my letters soon, for I shall be so anxious to hear from you."

When Isabel came back, he also gave her some charges, and then made us both go to our room, promising to call us at day-break. Poor Bella, worn out with the day's cares, was soon asleep, but my heart ached too bitterly to let me rest. I sat at the window all night, and listened to the hushed footsteps in the room below, where John was moving about making the last preparations for departure. He came up at dawn, and softly opened the door, but started on seeing me awake.

"I thought it best not to rouse you," he whispered.

"And I was not going to be cheated out of my morning walk," I replied; and taking a shawl, went down.

He kissed his sister's cheek, and followed me, and in a few moments we were on the road. I walked with him to the turnpike, and then bade him farewell, giving him my own little Bible, which he promised to read as often as he could. Child as I was, I had a great fear that in some way this going to sea was to make a sad change in my cousin John, that he was no more to be the open-hearted, truthful lad of by-gone days, that he would come back with great whiskers, and swearing and chewing tobacco, and telling false stories; and though I smile now when I think of my childish idea of the dangers of the sea, it was a very serious matter to me at that time.

"Mary, I do not wish you to go. Your uncle would never have permitted it, and the last thing John said was to be sure that you all kept together."

"But, aunt, I want you to see this as I do. It is better for me to go away for many reasons. Isabel and Lizzie can do all the work now easily; there is no need of me on the farm, while a little money would enable you to get a man to do the work and Fred could go to school. Mrs. Allan has promised me a large salary to take care of the shop for her, and she is so kind that I know I shall be happy. I will come home once a month, and if I get tired I can come back at any time."

It was not until we had several long arguments that I could convince my aunt that my plan was a good one, or gain even a reluctant consent to my leaving home. I had opposition on all sides to encounter, for Isabel said she could not part with me now John was gone, and she urged her mother to keep me, and taught Fred and Lizzie what arguments would attack my weakest feelings. But I knew it was for the best, and at last had my way. In another week I was busy among the ribbons in Mrs. Allan's millinery store, striving by keeping my hands employed to drive away the homesickness I was suffering from.

C— was a large, thriving country town, and as ours was the only establishment in the place, my employer did a good business. She had been greatly annoyed by her shop girls, some of whom had abused her confidence and otherwise ill treated her, and young as I was, she soon gave me a large share of responsibility. She had no one to transact business for her, and was frequently obliged to be absent. I cannot say, after the first novelty was gone, that I enjoyed my life. I missed the freedom of the country, the air and exercise, and I found the gay ribbons but a poor exchange for the beautiful flowers in our garden at home. The vain, silly speeches of our customers and their endless whims, were wearying enough, and but for the purpose I had in view, I do not believe I could have endured my new and unpleasant life.

Mrs. Allan was kind to me and willing to give liberal remuneration for faithful services, and when I thought of our dear Fred pining for the opportunity to go to school, it gave me strength to endure; but I missed the sweet companionship at home, and I grew pale and thin. The other girls in the shop were not very companionable; they were older, better dressed, and had seen more of life. I had to listen to many a sneering remark about "country breeding," and my being trusted with the care of the store did not increase their love for me.

I had been at C— three months, when one day a lady and gentleman came into the store to make some purchases. The lady was very plain in her dress, and she wished to order a bonnet of a very sober style. The girl who waited on her was impertinent, and made some remark about the "mean look of it," which called up a flush to the face of each of the strangers, and they were about leaving, when I went round and sent the girl to her seat and took the lady's order. By Mrs. Allan's permission I did the work myself, for I felt that I knew exactly how to suit so plain a taste. Like myself this stranger sickened at the sight of the finery too much the vogue in C—.

The bonnet gave satisfaction, and Miss Lawrence came again and again to our shop, and each time her manner to me grew kinder. I soon learned her history. She had come to the country with her brother, who was in poor health, and whose physi-

cians recommended fresh air and plain, wholesome diet. I thought at first that Herbert Lawrence was far gone in consumption, but learned on further acquaintance that he had met with a severe accident a few years previous, which had resulted in a long illness and a subsequent depression of spirits, which threatened his reason. As soon as it was possible to travel, Miss Lawrence had brought her brother to C—, where they had some acquaintances, and so great had been his improvement that they determined to make it their permanent home. Here, when the returning pain in his head warned him of too much study, he could throw aside his books and walk or ride over the breezy hills, and win a good appetite for the plain, wholesome country living which awaited his return. I was much interested in Herbert Lawrence and his pretty, gentle sister, and gladly received an invitation to visit them in their quiet home, where the books and birds, the flowers and the music, gave abundant evidence of their taste for poetry, and their love of nature. They were wealthy too, but I learned that accidentally, their style of living giving few indications of the abundance at their command.

Once I met a stranger at their house, a tall, handsome military man, with a determined step and a haughty look in his dark eyes. I shrank in alarm from that look and his loud tone, until I saw how beautiful those eyes became when they rested on Maria Lawrence, and how tender was the tone in which he addressed her. They had been betrothed at the time of Herbert's accident, but with rare sisterly love she had indefinitely deferred her wedding to watch and tend her brother, and her lover, stern and cold as he appeared, loved her the more for her goodness to the sufferer. I cannot give in detail the progress of my acquaintanceship with the Lawrences; suffice it that they treated me as a sister, and having learned my reason for coming to C—, ably assisted my endeavors to procure for my young cousin the benefits of a good education. I usually spent the Sabbath with them, and one day when we had returned from evening service, and Maria was carefully attending to her birds and flowers for the night, Herbert came and sitting in the bay window at my side, under the shadow of the drapery, asked me to be his wife. He did not say he loved me, but he promised to guard me carefully from the rough storms of life; and weary as I was of my toilsome life, it was a great temptation. I owed them a deep debt of gratitude, it was in my power now to repay it all; for on my marriage with her brother Maria would have been once more free. But Herbert, did I love him? or was it only respect for his perfect character, his pure and beautiful life, that made me tremble at his words, and my face flush crimson under the searching look of those earnest eyes? No, I did not love him, I could not be his wife, and I told him so. He grew a shade paler, but there was no change in his tone when he said:

"Do not grieve so, Mary. I feared it would be so; I had no right to expect that you, in your youth and beauty, could love a miserable invalid like myself. Still it was a bright dream, and you must believe me when I say not wholly a selfish one. I thought to place you above all care and toil, to be a son to the kind mother you love, and share with you the happiness of returning the kindness which those good friends bestowed on your childhood."

I saw he was agitated, though striving to maintain his composure; and it made my heart ache to think I had given him pain, he was so good, so gentle, and careful of the feelings of others, he had been so truly my friend. I wept like a child. He laid his hand upon my head and spoke calmly and earnestly.

"You must not weep for me, dear child; I knew my fate long ago, and was resigned to it, and if I had the presumption to think that you might some day love me, this disappointment is a fitting punishment."

His words distracted me, and I prayed him to be silent.

"It was not *that*, O, believe me, dear Herbert, it was not that! I am not worthy of your love, I could not make you happy as you deserve, for long ere I beheld you I loved another. You are worthy of any woman's love, and some day you will rejoice that I did not accept your offer."

He smiled sadly.

"I am glad you have told me your secret, Mary, though I fear it is one which adds but little to your happiness. However, it is safe with me, and I shall try to believe that you may prove a true prophet, unlikely as it appears at present."

There was no change in their behaviour to me after this, save that Herbert by his added kindness tried to do away with the painful impression his words had left on my mind. On the following Sabbath they accompanied me home, where my coming was always the cause of great rejoicing. On this day we were more than usually happy, aunt joining in our conversation with more than common interest, and all looking forward to John's arrival with anxious impatience. Within the week we had received letters from him, filled with hopes as impatient as our own, and I felt by the tone of them that he had given up all intentions of leaving us again. My aunt and cousins had heard me speak so much about the Lawrences in the past three years that they did not appear like strangers to them, and their warm sympathy in our anxiety for the absent one compelled each one to love them. Once I saw Herbert's eyes resting on my face with an inquiring look; but just then Isabel came with luncheon for the travellers, and comments on the nice plum cake and homemade currant wine diverted his attention for the time.

"Your cousin is very lovely," Maria whispered to me when Bella had left the room again. "I think I never saw a more perfect face and figure in my life."

"And her disposition is even still more perfect," I replied, for none knew better than I the exceeding loveliness of this fair girl.

Herbert said nothing, but appeared lost in gloomy meditation,

and soon after, with a heavy sigh, walked to the window. Bella and Lizzie were in the front garden gathering bouquets for us, and Maria proposed that we should join them, leaving Fred to keep his mother company. We walked about in the sunshine and admired the flowers, and then sat down to rest in Bella's favorite arbor. I never saw my young cousin appear to such advantage as she did that day. Her delicate summer dress of white and lilac was exceedingly becoming, and the excitement of our arrival had given a tint to her cheek and a light to her eyes unusually bewitching. She knew that Herbert Lawrence was in ill health and very shy of strangers, and to make him feel at home she conversed without her usual reserve; in fact she was charming, and we all felt the influence of her sweet temper.

The day was only too short, and the time for parting came all too soon. Aunt pleaded hard that I would soon come home to stay; and at last I made a promise to give up my present employment at the end of another month. The four weeks were soon over, and again I was in my old home to remain. I should not have given up my profitable situation, but that I felt that too much was placed on Isabel's care. With the cares of the household, she could not give that attention to her mother that her feebleness required, and there were many hours each day when she was compelled to sit alone in her darkness and find amusement in her own thoughts. Another reason was that it was the mother's wish to have all the household together on John's return, which was now daily expected.

I had been at home two weeks, and no tidings had come of his arrival, when one morning Herbert Lawrence came driving up to the garden gate in a hurry. I saw him from the window, and went out to meet him with a strange foreboding of trouble. With much agitation he asked me if we had any news from John, and on my replying that we had not heard any tidings whatever, he turned aside into Bella's arbor and showed me one of the city papers, where among the shipping intelligence was an account of the picking up of one of the boats of the ship "Ocean," containing the second mate and five of the crew. They reported that "On the night of the third, when out five weeks from London, the ship had been dismasted in a gale, that she was leaking badly, and had become unmanageable, owing to the loss of part of the rudder. They six had left with Captain Armstrong's permission, the rest of the crew preferring to remain and share the fate of the captain and his passengers. The vessel that rescued the boat had made an attempt to find the sinking ship, but without success; and as three weeks had passed before they reached their home and no tidings had come, they gave it as their opinion that she must have foundered."

I could not at first realize the horror of this paragraph, but at last it came to me clearly, fearfully. John, for whom we were longing, waiting, whose coming was to have been such a season of joy, whose name was ever on our lips and in our hearts, never to come any more; lying down far under the cold blue waves, unconscious of our love, of our sorrow, my heart sunk down like lead in my bosom at the thought.

"Mary, what is it, dear? I know there is some trouble," said Isabel's sweet voice in the doorway.

But I could not move or speak. She turned to Herbert, who stood holding the fatal paper.

"Will you not tell me? It is something terrible to affect you both thus. Your sister—is she ill?"

Herbert shook his head, but could not speak an answer any more than myself. With a sudden presentiment of the truth, Bella threw herself on her knees before me, exclaiming:

"You have heard from John; O, Mary, I know you have heard from him; but don't tell me he is dead, I cannot bear it!"

She almost screamed out the last words, for her fear had deprived her of all self-possession. I was alarmed for her reason, and lifted her up, and together Herbert and I made her understand the truth. Even that, bad as it was, was better, with the faint hope it suggested, than the dread certainty of his death. Isabel soon recovered her calmness sufficiently to converse about our best plans.

"We must keep this secret from mother," she said. "The anxiety would kill her; and I will write at once to the other owner and learn what he thinks. Perhaps before this he has heard from them."

Herbert approved of this, and undertook to send the letter for her. But a new idea had struck me: I would go to the port and see the rescued sailors myself. I did not tell any one of my plan lest they should prevent me; but when Herbert had driven off I went and hired a neighbor's horse and chaise, with a boy to drive, and was soon hastening on the road to the city. It was a long, uncomfortable journey, and not until nightfall did I arrive at my destination. I found one of the men after a short search, in which I was aided by one of the owner's clerks. The man was very civil, even displaying much sympathy; but he gave me no hope, not a vestige.

"I would have stuck by our captain," he said, "for he was a noble fellow, but I thought of my wife and the little ones at home, and it seemed to me the boat had the best chance, even in that wild sea, so I risked it, and we were all saved. But two of our fellows died yesterday—went to join their mates in another world." He looked down at the child he was holding in his arms, and a tear fell on his hard hand. His wife put her apron to her eyes and sobbed. "One of them was Polly's brother. He was never very strong, and what with exposure and an ugly knock he got the day we left the ship, he fell into a fever, and yesterday morning it carried him off."

I asked him a question about John.

"If the captain staid by the ship, Mr. Elliot staid by the captain," he replied. "They were firm friends, and each would

have risked his life for the other." And seeing that I could not retain my tears, he asked me if I was Mr. Elliot's sister.

It was a distressing interview, and I came away with less hope than I had before I saw him. Evidently he believed that they were all gone. I saw the owner next morning, and he too gave them up. Some planks, a part of the bulwark, and another of the "Ocean's" boats had been picked up, the whole evidently intended for a raft, but more than that he could not inform me of.

With a weary, aching heart I went home again. And now Isabel and I could no longer keep our secret from the blind mother, whose quick ears detected the sorrow in our voices. She heard it all in silence, without a murmuring word, and when I had finished, and Isabel lay sobbing on the floor, she raised her eyes to heaven—her poor sightless eyes—and humbly prayed for strength to bear the blow.

"The Lord gave him to me, and it is His will to take him away. Blessed be His name!"

Such submission had not come to me; poor Fred's feelings found a readier echo in my heart when he called in question the justice of the Being who thus afflicted us. But through all my rebellious murmurings I was still protected and cared for, surrounded with unrecognized blessings, as in the days when with humble submission I sought to do His will.

Three months passed, and winter was upon the earth, the cold, dreary winter, with its frost and snow and chill north wind. I had never liked it—the summer, with its birds and blossoms, suited me better, even when a child, for I loved not the boisterous sports of my companions, and ever shrank from contact with the ice and snow; but this year I welcomed the once dreaded season; with a bitter feeling of satisfaction I saw the last flowers die, and the leaves fade and fall from the trees, for even so had my hopes and wishes faded and died.

My aunt's sorrow grew less with time, and the love once given to John was now Fred's. Isabel wept when she mentioned his name, but her grief was daily becoming easier to bear, and the society of the Lawrences did much to divert her attention from her sad loss. Only Lizzie and I could find no balm to soothe our wounds—dear little Lizzie, who cried herself to sleep every night, and whose first thought in the morning was ever of "John, dear brother John." She seldom mentioned any other name, but I often thought that John was not the only one she mourned, for child as she was, her feelings were very deep.

Maria and Herbert were very kind to us, making frequent visits, and always bringing books or papers to make our leisure hours more pleasant. I welcomed them for aunt's sake, their pleasant conversation doing much to cheer and comfort her, but I did not always feel in spirits to join them. One night I sat in the arbor gloomy and sad as usual, not heeding the voices from the house now speaking farewell. Herbert's horse stood pawing at the gate, and I saw Maria and Fred pass down the walk towards the carriage. I should have joined them, but a merry laugh grated harshly on my feelings. Herbert and Isabel followed more slowly. As they paused under the tall pines which guarded the arbor entrance, I heard her ask why he was so sad.

"Because I am not happy now, and have no hopes for the future," he replied, in a desponding tone.

I had no intention of overhearing their conversation, but it was too late to move now. I could not hear her next words, but he spoke bitterly.

"I have not everything to make me contented. While I know that Maria is sacrificing herself for my sake I cannot be contented, while I see the poorest laborer in the village happy in the love of his wife and family, and know that such blessings will never be mine, I cannot be contented."

"But why may not such blessings be yours?" I heard her ask, in evident surprise.

"Why, indeed?" he answered, in the same bitter tone. "Because no woman is willing to spend her life in wearying attention to a miserable invalid, nor am I selfish enough to ask it."

"But she might do it for the same motives your sister does it for, love and duty, and then the task would be pleasant."

"Twice have I allowed myself to think so, Miss Elliot, and twice have my hopes been crushed. I could not bear the agony of another disappointment."

I saw he was holding Isabel's hand, and that she tried to withdraw it, and said something about his "sister," and the "carriage." He held the little hand closer, and tried to read her pale and agitated countenance.

"Isabel, dare I hope that you could learn to love so well that duty would be pleasure?"

He bent down to catch the whispered words, spoken too low for me to hear; but I knew their meaning when I saw him clasp her to his heart, the moonlight falling on his uplifted face and her fair, drooping head.

Her mother gave willing consent to their betrothal, already she loved Herbert as a son, and with him she felt that her child's happiness was safe. The news gave joy to all, for Herbert was an universal favorite, and no fortune could be too good for our darling sister. If for a moment a thought of his feeble health gave uneasiness, we banished it with the comfortable reflection that out of all the world he could have chosen no more faithful, tender nurse. They were not to be married for several months, but we could not deny him the happiness he took in the society of his young betrothed. I gradually took upon myself Isabel's various duties, and especially the care of her dear blind mother, to whom in my heart I henceforth devoted my life. That I would be kind to his mother had been his last request, and I would keep my promise faithfully.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 91.]



CARRYING BOILERS ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

Two vigorous designs illustrative of Egyptian travel are those we publish on this page. Egypt appears to have returned to that path of progress opened by the genius of Mehemet Ali. Large public works, from which the whole commercial world will derive benefit, are now being executed on the ancient Delta, from Cairo to Alexandria and Damietta. Suez appears already to have changed its uncared-for appearance. Not only has the recently-completed railway, which unites the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, been the cause of the many improvements which now strike old

travellers with wonder, but the growing European intercourse with India has contributed largely to the present prosperity of the port. In Suez, you now meet with travellers of every nation.—The sketch representing camels conveying boilers across the isthmus of Suez suggests queer ideas of the juxtaposition of civilization and semi-barbarism. Think of an Arab chief, with his pipe and lance, seated on his camel, with either foot resting on a boiler, part of a machine destined to transport travellers faster than the swiftest horse of the desert, or the bronze courser of the Arabian Nights. The browsing and the prostrate camel, the man dipping water

from the spring, the woman and child in the foreground, complete the oriental picture.—The second sketch is a livelier picture, representing the crossing of the isthmus in vans drawn by horses and mules. It is a scene of wild excitement. Formerly the whole distance from Suez to Cairo, and *vice versa*, was performed in vans. These vans started in a set, changed cattle at post-houses, at stages of about six or seven miles, through the desert, and accomplished the journey in some seventeen or eighteen hours. Now a railway crosses the desert from Cairo to about twenty-three miles from Suez, and almost any number of vans start at once.



CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

LIFE IN LONDON.

In the world of London, for it is a world in itself, a person may pass a lifetime without witnessing one half the strange scenes enacted within its limits. The aristocratic portion of its inhabitants are totally ignorant of the manner of life of the less fortunate classes. Our illustrations of London life herewith are not taken from the circles of upper-tendom. We have gone into the streets, and lanes where the clouted brogan is more familiar than the varnished boot. One of our sketches represents a street-preacher holding forth in Gray's Inn Lane to a motley auditory, composed entirely of the poor and wretched—ragged children, costermongers, beggars, etc. Some of the group appear inattentive, many are evidently sneering at the preacher, but let us hope that those who "came to scoff will remain to pray." Out-door preaching has latterly produced great effects in London, and there is no field of labor in the world demanding more strenuous efforts from earnest Christians than whole districts of the imperial city—where vice and ignorance have made their head-quarters. A Sunday scene of a different character is presented in the sketch of the Brill, Somers-Town, taken early in the morning. The Brill is situated between Euston-Square and the station of the Great Northern Railway, and is a place of great attraction to thousands who inhabit Somers, Camden, and Kentish Towns. Though bearing the name of a well-known English fish, our early riser will most probably find that the Somers Brill claims no special relationship to the cold-blooded tribe. This Brill, in fact, is a public house, which faces the pedestrian as he enters Skinner Street from the New Road, and looks externally like all such places, in a flourishing condition. How it came to have this surname would no doubt be as interesting as to know the origin of the surnames given to other public houses. Some landlord of old may have had a particular liking for this fish, or may have been fortunate in procuring a super-excellent cook who could satisfy the most fastidious customer by placing before him a superior dish. Very likely some local antiquarian could tell us all about it and much else. He could tell us no doubt when, and under what circumstances, this northwest suburb of London itself was so named from the noble family of Somers; that this very Brill was known in days gone by as Caesar's Camp, and for this latter statement might quote as authority the distinguished and well-known Dr. Stukeley himself. The oldest inhabitant could also talk with great volubility respecting the site on which Somers Town now stands—how, some sixty or seventy or more years ago, it was a piece of wild common or barren brick-field, whither resorted on Sundays the bird-fanciers and many of the "roughs" from London to witness dog-fights, bull-baiting, and other rude sports, now happily unknown in the locality. This "oldest inhabitant" would most probably contrast the dark ages of Somers Town with its present enlightened and civilized days, and conclude an animated harangue with the words—"Nobody would not believe that here, where I can now purchase tea, coffee, beef, everything I want, on a Sunday morning, that such barbarous



STREET PREACHING, GRAY'S INN LANE, LONDON.

practices were followed while bishops and divines were preaching in St. Paul's, St. Pancras, and in all the churches and chapels around on the divine obligation of the Sabbath; nobody would not believe such a thing now." As the philanthropic or curious visitor enters Skinner Street about eleven o'clock, some bright

be on this wise, wages must be paid earlier: facilities afforded to the poorer classes for purchasing most markets, and other changes, which in due course will bring about, when they once know and recognize the necessity of wholly

Sunday morning, his ears will be greeted, not by the barking of dogs and the roaring of infuriated bulls, as of old, but by the unnaturally loud cries of men, women, boys and girls, anxious to sell edibles and drinkables—in fact, everything which a hard-working man or poor seamstress is supposed to need in order to keep body and soul together. The various so-called necessities of life have here their special advocates. The well-known "buy, buy, buy," has at the Brill a peculiar shrillness of tone, passing often into a scream—and well it may, for the meat is all ticketed at 4 1-2 a pound. Here the female purchasers are not generally styled "ladies," but "women," and somewhat after this fashion,—"This is the sort of cabbage, or meat, or potatoes to buy, women." Each salesman seems to think that his success depends upon the loudness of his cry; and by the time the visitor reaches the butcher's shop or "Cheap Jaques" on the opposite side of the street, he will wish his ears were stopped that he might gaze for ten minutes on the animated scene before him. There are stands laden with fish of all kinds, shapes and sizes—fruit, potatoes, and, in fact, specimens of everything in season, not excepting flowers and roots from the Hammersmith and other gardens in the environs of London. Whatever is considered necessary for a Sunday dinner can be procured in the open space immediately in front of the Brill, or in the shops adjoining. From seven to about twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, on this small piece of ground, which is shaped somewhat like a star-fish, with streets branching off from it as at the well-known Seven Dials, there is, perhaps, more business done than on any other spot of the same size in or near London. The purchasers not only come from all parts of Somers Town itself to this spot on a Sunday morning, but from Camden Town, Holloway, Hampstead, and Highgate, and even from distances of five or six miles. Altogether at the Brill matters are carried on in a business-like way. The salesmen, many of them young boys, are too intent on selling, and the purchaser too intent on buying, to warrant the supposition that they derive much spiritual benefit from the preachers of all persuasions and of no persuasions who frequent the neighborhood. The most ardent, and apparently the most successful, of the street preachers are those who occupy posts in the immediate vicinity, and hold forth in familiar strains on the advantages of teetotalism, and the evil consequences following intemperance. The attentive crowds who listen to the exhortations given, warrant the supposition that some poor mortal is induced to bridle his appetite and save his spare cash. On inquiry it will be found that this market is in every way a very profitable concern, both to those who expose their goods for sale and those who own the property in the surrounding neighborhood. Whatever is therefore done in abolishing the Sunday morning bill trade must



THE BRILL, SOMERS-TOWN, LONDON, ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HANNAH LEA.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

In early days, ere manhood brought the sins of worldly life,
In boyish day-dreams oft I dwelt on wealth, and fame, and wife;
And most I thought upon the home that wealth and fame would bring:
The home from which I fondly hoped my all of joy would spring;
And then I'd live a truthful life of Christian purity,
And bless the goodness of my God that gave me Hannah Lea.

How sweet the pictures then I drew of how our lives should pass,
All to each other, both to God, and striving to amass
A wealth of gold and gems of love, that these we might bestow
Upon the poor and suffering ones God's will kept here below.
And O, my eyes grew dim and moist at Christ's great charity,
To let me live this noble life with thee, dear Hannah Lea.

My precious one, those dreams have fled—'twas just that we should part,
For manhood lost life's early truth—its purity of heart;
And I've become too low a thing to wear a love like thine,
We could but sunder that bright chain which made me thine—thou mine;
And love and fame I know I've lost—have lost in losing thee,
Riches are dross, are worthless while unshared with Hannah Lea.

The evening closes round me fast, the moonbeams silver o'er
The cottage where you used to dwell—they silvered it before;
But then the sheen, which now is cold, brightened my happy heart—
O, Hannah, from this dear old spot I cannot bear to part;
Though years have fled since you and I pledged faith beneath this tree,
Its rustling leaves have power to force my tears for Hannah Lea.

A wanderer long in other lands—a sinful-hearted man
Stands where he gave his troth for thine, and marked ambition's plan;
And O, the hot tears, flowing fast, spring from the consciousness
That, like the one in Scriptural tale, he's doomed to restlessness;
No shelter from life's storms and cares, fate echoes mockingly,
And shudderingly I turn me from the home of Hannah Lea.

You would not know me should we meet—hardship, and care, and sin
Have left no trace of him who once thy loving smiles could win;
All changed, for now thy memory lives within the sacred cell,
Where in days long gone thy image dwelt, 'fore I from heaven fell;
And at that sacred shrine I seek to lift my misery,
With thoughts of what I might have been had I won Hannah Lea.

When on that eve you gave me up for but a single wrong,
O, bitterly the blow was felt—pride grew within me strong!
And many a night since then at sea I've mourned my recklessness:
Had I remained, I might have taught your heart forgetfulness;
The wrong was slight—it was no crime against my love for thee,
But now I could not dare to lift my gaze to Hannah Lea.

E'en could your pitying heart o'erlook my heavy load of sin,
I never could your life deface—I know well what I've been;
An angel mate with one like me! I love you far too well,
And crush the burning hopes I've held with memory's fearful spell;
O, darling, pray to Christ that he from sin shall make me free,
And let me kneel before God's throne with angel Hannah Lea.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE IDOL OF THE TYROLESE.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

THE inn of Saint Leonard, in a Swiss village, was one cold and stormy night in mid winter the scene of confusion quite unusual to a place of its quiet and humdrum ways. The wife of Theodore Hofer, the ever-cheerful and smiling host of Saint Leonard, presented her husband, after a marriage of twelve years, with a fine son; and as the storm brought a larger accession of company to the inn that night than was usual, the occasion was responded to, and the child's health drank, in a manner that threatened to empty Hofer's wine-cellar at his own expense, since in his joy he refused payment for a single glass.

One old soldier, who had been an officer in a bloodless war and one of the principals in as bloodless a duel, insisted upon seeing the new heir of Saint Leonard and baptizing him with wine into the service of his country; and Hofer, whom ecstasy at becoming a father overcame his judgment, actually produced the wee creature in the large front room, and smiled as the old lieutenant passed his sword over the face in the form of a cross, touched the infant's red brow with redder wine, and proclaimed, in a half drunken voice, that here was a horn soldier; and giving him at the same, subject however to the decision of the mother, his own name of Andreas. Madame Hofer made no objection to the name, but she *did* object strongly to the noise and confusion, and being too drunk to resist her commands, the parties slunk away to bed, each holding to a servant on one hand and the balustrade on the other.

This little episode in the quiet monotony of the life at Saint Leonard, sometimes called "the inn on the sand," occurred in 1767. The little Andreas showed no disposition to ratify the promise of the old lieutenant at his birth, of becoming a soldier, evincing no great emotion at the sound of martial music, and disdaining to fight with his companions upon any occasion. As he grew up a young man, his business consisted chiefly of trading to Italy with wine and horses, and in these branches of trade he continued until 1796.

Andreas was now twenty-nine years of age, and as the war approached Tyrol, his dormant enthusiasm seemed to awaken, and he appeared all at once, the inspired leader of a rifle company from his own country, against the French on Lake Garda. As they marched away, his eye wandered a moment to a window behind which a pale, delicate face appeared, wet with tears. The sight made him falter and change color, but it was only for a single instant. He resumed his firm step and erect carriage, and passed on. That face haunted his visions throughout the campaign. It was that of Octavia Sheffer, to whom but a few days before he had proffered his heart and was accepted.

The events of the campaign brought Andreas Hofer into a position where all acknowledged his superiority; and when, in 1808, the rupture between the cabinets of St. Cloud and Vienna appeared inevitable, and the people of the Tyrol became excited, he was one of the band of private messengers sent to the Archduke John, who was then in command of the Austrian army. This was the initiatory step to the insurrection which resulted in the most triumphant success for the mountaineers, who conquered nearly the whole country, and took eight thousand Bavarians prisoners.

The bravery and courage of Andreas Hofer made him perfectly adored by the Tyrolese. A brief and hurried visit to Octavia, made in the stillness of night, through danger and peril, was the only intercourse permitted to the lovers for many months. On the 12th of April, 1809, Andreas forced a battalion of Bavarians in the plains of Stertzing to surrender, thus earning new and lasting laurels.

Sitting at home, "meek-eyed, with her golden hair," Octavia pored over the brief details of that day, and wearied herself in imagining how looked her hero amidst the bands of excited peasantry, with their impromptu *cannon of wood with iron hoops*. She fancied to herself how the women and children, who actually fought, and loaded rifles for the men to fire, must have worshipped such a leader; and hard as it was to be separated, and to feel that his path was through perils sufficient to appal the bravest, still the triumphant thought came ever uppermost, crowding down the fear and pain, "And this man—this hero, is *mine*."

Meanwhile the Tyrol was again invaded, and a close blockade succeeded. Andreas hastened to join the regular troops, in order to restore its freedom of communication with the interior, when the armistice of July 12, succeeding the battle of Wagram, was announced. The terms of the armistice penetrated his soul with horror. It was demanded that the Tyrol should be given up to the fury of the enemy. The Tyrol!—and Octavia and her family in peril! Vain indeed had been the blows which he had struck for freedom, if this was to be the gloomy ending of all the bright and glorious hopes which they two had held so long!

Disabled from performing any available service where he now was, Andreas lingered only to bid the discomfited peasantry adieu, and then attempted to reach the Tyrol, which he hoped by some stratagem to succeed in entering. He was cut off on every side, and with the horror of Octavia's situation perpetually before his eyes, he was at length driven to find concealment in a cave in the valley of the Passeyr. Those days were days of unmitigated anguish, in which the strength of the soldier almost gave way under the emotions of the man.

He was almost at the turning point between hope and utter despair, when one morning he was roused to new emotions by hearing the voices of human beings. The mouth of the cave was effectually screened by thick brushwood, which did not, however, drown the voices. They were talking of the armistice, and Bavarians though they were, they candidly admitted that the people of the Tyrol had bravely retaliated upon their besiegers, and had risen, armed and conquering, to avenge their wrongs. The speakers' voices died away, and Andreas darted from his concealment, and succeeded in reaching the lines unmolested. Under cover of the night, possessing himself first of the watchword, he gained access to the Austrian ranks, and, animated by the welcome sight of their beloved leader, the Tyrolese fought with such energy as to secure the victory.

The morning sun shone brightly upon a wedding group in the little hillside sanctuary at Passeyr. Amidst doubt and danger, with the enemy lurking in detached parties about the mountains, and the dread of new terrors that might momentarily be expected, the bridal ceremony went on. It was yet so early that the sun had not drunk the dews that had wept profusely on their pathway to the church. No marriage parade, no pageantry were there; but the two, with each a single attendant, walked forth silently amid the springing flower, to pledge their faith as each other's, now and forever.

Pale as a lily, the bride glided up the aisle beside the bronzed soldier who seemed as if born for her protection. The wearing horrors of the siege had stolen her bloom, while his wild life had added new strength and vigor to his frame; but still there was a shade of melancholy on the fine countenance that would seem to say how painfully these troublesome times were overshadowing the bridal hour.

"To leave you again, my wife," he uttered, softly, as they retraced their steps on the green sward; "to leave you now, would unman me wholly. I am weary of this strife. O, that we could but retire to some unknown wilderness, where we could leave these scenes of commotion far behind, and where not even the distant hum of war could ever reach us again."

Soon after his marriage, he was called out to resist once more. The enemy had already entered the Tyrolese mountains, and the people were prepared for fresh battles. Won by specious promises, Andreas at length submitted to the terms of a new amnesty, which submission he was led by false reports to recall. Now, then, he was open to the severest punishment of war. He was accused of breaking the amnesty, and a price was even set upon his head.

One long, lingering farewell to Octavia, one light kiss upon the brow of his infant, and he was gone. In the lonely shelter of an Alpine hut, amidst the snow and ice of winter, Andreas lay concealed, scarcely daring to communicate with his beloved one at home. A few who knew of his retreat, took turns in conveying food to his desolate abode, and the letters of Octavia, by which she strove to console and cheer him in his imprisonment. Baraguay d'Hilliers, the commander, in vain promised golden rewards

to the mountaineers, to reveal his abode, but no inducement was sufficient to make them discover it, so great was their affection for their beloved leader. At length Octavia left her infant under the care of a friend, and joined him in his exile, thus making life supportable. Her presence awoke new hopes, and he dreamed of freedom and happiness once more.

In an apartment lighted by a profusion of wax candles, which were magnified and re-produced by beautiful and costly mirrors, sat the great general, Baraguay d'Hilliers. He was at his desk, carefully looking over despatches, when a servant entered and requested, in the name of Eugene Douay, a confidential audience. Hastily folding away the papers, the general gave orders that he should be admitted, and while awaiting his visitor, he drew his chair nearer to the cheerful blaze that flamed in the little porcelain stove. The servant ushered in a dark, low-browed man, in the dress of a priest, who came forward with an abject and craven air, as if conscious that his errand was not one to glory in.

"Be seated, reverend sir," said the courteous general. "You have commands for my private ear?"

"Yes, my son. They relate to one from whom you wish to hear—Andreas Hofer."

The general started. "Indeed! Has his hiding-place been discovered?"

"I have succeeded in finding the man who carries food to him, and have watched him long enough to make myself perfectly sure that I can find him. I await your advice as to the mode of surprising him?"

"Pardon me if I ask your motive in doing this?"

"Certainly. Hofer once made me his confidant. I was privy to all his schemes, and, to say truth, he was my best friend. But he has offended me in a certain point, and I cannot—excuse me, my lord general; it is a painful subject."

Douay did not see the look of inexpressible disgust which Baraguay d'Hilliers cast upon him. In a moment the general had recovered his polite, *suave* manner, and desired him to finish his statement. It was brief. A few soldiers, the priest said, were all that were necessary; Hofer and his wife lived alone, and there would be no counter force. When would the general wish the prisoner to be taken?

"I will issue orders, and when I am ready I will send for you as a guide to the place of his concealment," said the general, bowing him out. "By heavens!—but I feel mean to enter into conspiracy with such a contemptible traitor. To betray his friend and benefactor! I loathe him; yet still I must, perforce, take advantage of the reptile's information." And he sat down again and wrote.

Silence was around the rocky mountain pass where stood the Alpine hut. Within, there sat the two who were all the world to each other, and whose love burned as brightly amid the glaciers as it would have done amidst the gayest scenes. They were talking of the little Theodore, who was named for his grandfather, the host of Saint Leonard's inn, who was long before this gathered to his fathers. Suddenly a crackling sound was heard by both, as if some heavy animal had pressed the snow too heavily and broken its crisp and glittering crust. They started to their feet, and the slight door gave way before a heavy stroke, and the little room was filled with armed men, who claimed Andreas as their prisoner.

Bravely did Octavia bear up under the heavy burden. It was well that she did not realize the full penalty of that law under which Andreas was to suffer. She accompanied him unshrinkingly to Mantua, whither he was taken to undergo the ordeal of a court-martial. The decision was final, and then came the terrible parting. The brave heart of Andreas Hofer was pierced with the bullets of the soldiery. Before the sun had set, Octavia heard of her child's death.

In the splendid cathedral of Innspruck, Andreas Hofer lies buried, for so willed the universal voices of his countrymen; and beside him lies the poor broken flower, whose tender heart was reached through his, by those fearful messengers of death.

"They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed;
No friend—no kinsman there a tear to shed;
His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dear face—and die."

Men often flourish for the very want of those merits for which they are accidentally rewarded.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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Below we give our readers a very beautiful poem, by Miss EMILY R. PAGE. The theme is the Old Bridge which we presented in our last number, in the Memphremagog Lake series of engravings. The entrance to the covered bridge is seen just beyond the cottage home of the poetess.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Bowered at either arching entrance
By a wilderness of leaves,
Clustering o'er the slant old gables,
And the brown and mossy eaves,
Is the dear old bridge which often,
Often in the olden time,
Echoed to our infant footfalls
And our voices' ringing chime.

Where from out the narrow windows
We have watched the day go down,
Till the air was full of twilight,
Soft and shadowy and brown;
Till the river, gliding past us,
Gleam upon its bosom wore,
And the shadows, deep and deeper,
Crept along the winding shore;
Till the pale young moon grew brighter,
And the silver-footed night
Scattered stars along the pathway
Of the eve's departing flight.

O! the dear old bridge has echoed
To the tread of many feet
Whose sweet music long has slumbered,
Muffled in the winding sheet.
Many voices, too, have sounded,
Clear, and soft and full of song,
Like the ripple of a bird note,
All the ringing roof along.

But the silent angel hushed them
Many weary years ago;
Yet an echo 'mong its arches
Seemeth still to linger on;
And as now within its shadow
I am sitting all alone,
Flows the river down beneath me
With a sad and ceaseless moan,
As if grieving for the lost ones—
They who listened long ago,
Leaning from the narrow windows
To the light waves' lulling flow.

And the elm-trees, swaying lightly,
Let their shadowy dimness fall
Far in on the frowning columns
And along the darkened wall,
Like the shadows which have drifted
From the cold and solemn tomb,
Wrapping up my glad young spirit
In the mantle of their gloom.

And the golden-fingered sunbeams,
Sifting through the broken roof,
Weave upon the dusty flooring
Here and there their shimmering woof,
Seeming like the shining vista
Where my hopes reposed secure
When the dew of life's young morning
On my heart lay fresh and pure.

Now, though years have swept me onward
Down the hurrying tide of time,
Leaving childhood far behind me
Like a pleasant matin chime,
Yet from youth's deserted gardens
I am gathering up the flowers
Whose sweet fragrance floateth to me,
Cheering all the passing hours.

With the sunshine round about me
Bright and glad as long ago,
And the river down beneath me
With its soft continuous flow,
With the old familiar places
All about me, everywhere,
Come again the pleasant faces
That made earth so bright and fair.
And as then, each passing cloudlet
Seems to wear a golden edge,
As I muse within the shadow
Falling from the dear old bridge.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87.]

It was with painful feelings that I listened one day to aunt's pleadings in favor of the suit of a neighbor's son, who had for some weeks past made our house the scene of frequent visits. Imagining that I treated his addresses with coldness on her account, she warmly advocated his cause, and urged me to look on him with more favor.

"I had a different plan for you once, dear Mary," she said; "but Providence saw fit to deny my prayer, and now if you can love this young man, there is nothing to give me greater happiness. For a few years you will both remain here with me, for the farm needs the care of one experienced like him; and by-and-by, when Fred is old enough to take charge himself, James Morton will have a house of his own to take you to."

I knew that aunt proposed this for my benefit; but the man and the arrangement were altogether repugnant to my feelings, and not even to please her could I give my consent to anything of the kind. I was well assured that Morton was more attached to the house and farm than he was to me, pertinacious as his attentions had been, and on every occasion I made him understand that his

visits to our house were unwelcome, at least to me. His deceitful smoothness disappeared at last, and the real nature of the man was displayed when he threatened to make me repent my treatment of him by spreading abroad injurious reports against me. His threat was not without its terrors to one who had lived all her life in a country village, but even his hatred was better than his love, and I dared him to do his worst. I thought with bitter regret of the noble defender I had lost in my eldest cousin, one word from whom would have silenced this bad man; but I had neither father nor brother now, and never in my life had my heart felt so cold and unfeeling to all the world.

Christmas was at hand, but it brought me no joy, and I assisted the girls in making the accustomed preparations quite mechanically. Herbert and Maria were to dine with us, and they came early, in fact, there was no danger of the former's making any delay when his destination was our house. I was glad for the mother's sake that we were not alone, there were too many sad memories connected with this day to make our own a cheerful party. But Herbert's good humor was catching. He had lost all his sadness and reserve, and under the sunshine of Bella's smile became a far different person from what I had first known him. Maria said his health was daily improving, his mental contentment having the most beneficial effect on his bodily strength, and she felt a debt of love and gratitude to the young fiancée, scarce less than her brother's.

We lingered round the dinner-table that cold Christmas day and listened to Herbert's droll stories of his experiences on that day in other years, and even aunt joined in the laugh his quiet humor called forth. He was describing a scene in a Canadian forest where he had been deer hunting with some young officers and an Indian guide. They had run out of provisions, and on Christmas day dined on bear steaks, without bread or vegetable.

"Stephen Paul, our Indian friend," he said, "thickened the gravy with sugar, and after drinking it with a great relish, proclaimed that a 'little of that was very good too.'"

Fred was greatly amused at this story, and while we were yet commenting on Stephen Paul's epicurean taste, Lizzie jumped up, exclaiming that she heard steps approaching. She ran to the door, and Herbert was answering some question about "those glorious Canadian forests," when we heard the child scream; there was a sound of hasty feet in the entry, and just as every one sprung up, the door came open and John came in. I knew him instantly in spite of the great change in his appearance, but his whole thoughts were directed to one. She stood leaning her trembling hands on the chair for support, and terrified at the confusion, but another second and he held her in his arms.

"O, mother, mother, I never expected to see you again!" were the first words he spoke.

"Nor did I ever think to hold you again to my heart, John, my dear, dear son!"

He could not let her go, but kissed her pale cheek again and again, still holding her in his arms, while Isabel was sobbing on his shoulder and Fred in vain tried to attract his attention. Herbert led his weeping sister to the window, for her tender heart was overflowing with sympathy; and feeling deathly faint and sick I stole out of the room. In the entry I found Lizzie and Captain Armstrong, the poor child's curls all tangled and damp with tears.

"I thought I should never see you any more, and it made me so sorry," she said, with a great effort to appear calm.

"And you really grieved for me, my little Lizzie, you really would have been sorry if I had never come back? I knew John had many to love him, but I, I have not one, no sister, no mother, not one unless it be yourself, dear child." And the strong man seemed inclined to give way to as much weakness as his little companion.

I clasped hands silently with Captain Armstrong, and passed into the kitchen, the neat, pleasant country kitchen, the room of all others in the house where I had most missed John. I leaned my head against the mantel and looked into the fire, with a throbbing pain in head and heart and no tears to give relief. It was so strange, so unreal, this sudden return, that I trembled lest I should wake and find it all a dream. I could not think, I could not move, only stand there and look into the fire and repeat to myself, "He has come." I heard Lizzie and the captain go into the parlor, and then the sound of all their voices as questions and answers passed round; then there was a pause, and the door opened and shut, and I knew John was coming to seek me. He crossed the passage, came in and shut the door, and still I could not move; not until he spoke was the spell broken. His voice trembled from the agitation of such affecting welcomes as he had already received; but he did not understand my stillness and silence.

"They all gather round me, Mary, with a kindness which makes me a boy again, all but you; and you, who were the last to say farewell, have not yet hid me welcome home. Can it be possible that you, of all the household, are not glad to see me?"

"So glad, John, that I could die now, having nothing more to wish for on earth."

There could never more be coldness or misunderstanding between my cousin John and myself after this. He stood by my side looking thoughtfully into the fire, as I had done a few minutes before. He was greatly changed, as though some hard trial had crushed out all the boyish impetuosity which had characterized his younger days. He looked careworn and anxious too, far beyond his years, and reading his face as I did then, I felt that he had suffered much and long. He had grown taller, and dark with exposure to Eastern skies, his dress was far from neat or carefully put on, and his appearance scarce such as is admissible to polite circles, yet did I think him then, as now, the handsomest man I had ever beheld. He smiled at my earnest look.

"You find me changed, Mary, but my heart is still the same. When I went away you were too young to understand any other feeling than the sisterly love with which you had ever regarded me; but you know now what I mean when I tell you that in danger and sickness and suffering, when the fever pain was scorching my brain, or the wild wave threatened to sweep me to destruction, it was of you that I thought, your voice was ever speaking to me, your name ever on my lips. At times I had a strange sensation of some one near, as though in answer to my own silent longing for your presence, and I was tempted to believe that your feelings were similar to my own, that in some mysterious manner our spirits conversed."

I cannot express the joy it was to me to find how similarly we thought on this subject, by so many people laughed at as the freak of romantic imagination; but John was not romantic nor foolish, only very earnest and truthful, and I knew he understood the mystery.

"I am not the only one the past four years has changed, Mary," he said. "Your childhood gave but little promise of the good looks you possess now; or it may be that I have seen so few women in my travels that in my eyes you have charms not really your own."

I thanked him for the compliment.

"Not a compliment at all, don't say that, you know I never liked them as a boy, for they are usually false. Between you and me there must be nothing but truth; we never deceived each other as children, let us not do so now. Mary, you remember when we used to play under the birch trees by the brook side, and I put my arm round you one day and asked you if you would be my wife when we grew up? I was a little fellow then, and you scarce better than a baby, but I meant it, Mary, with as much sincerity as I mean it now, when I again ask you the same question."

I don't know now what answer I made, doubtless it was nothing very sensible, but he was well content.

I have but little space left to tell of all the happiness which the dear old farmhouse witnessed on the incoming of the year. Isabel and I were married at home, on the same day, and when Herbert bore his bride away John's mother clasped me to her heart and called me daughter. Our little Lizzie was very proud of her office of bridesmaid, and very friendly with John's friend, the captain, who made her cry while he was describing how they were both ill with the fever in Calcutta, with no one to wait on them or bring a drop of water to cool their raging thirst. And then he told how John left his own bed to nurse him well, bathing his poor burning head and giving him all the nice cool fruit that was brought for both, and at last saved his life. And here the captain's voice grew very husky, and both John and he got up and shook hands with a long, lingering clasp that told us more than all they could have said. But this was half a dozen years ago, and there is another tie to bind them now, for our Lizzie no longer makes sunshine and music under the old roof, but has gone to be our brother Armstrong's darling wife.

I think Maria and her stately husband were rather scandalized the other day when we all went in unexpectedly and found the little wife sitting on her husband's knee, intent on one of the sea stories which he is never tired of telling nor she of listening to, and before they went away they were fully convinced that all the petting which Lizzie received from each member of the family in her childhood was as nothing in comparison to the worshipping love of her husband. He is more than sixteen years her senior and nearly twice her height, yet I am free to say that I never saw a couple whom I thought more beautifully suited to each other than they are.

Herbert and Isabel have so far passed a calm, unruffled life; he will never have robust health, but their beautiful, rosy children have inherited none of his weakness. They make a merry party when they visit us in the old farmhouse, and the little Lawrences are no less dear to their blind grandmother, whom they all idolize, than are the children of the household, the little ones who call John father. Around the old house and the beloved mother the warmest affections of the various families centre, and few days pass in which she does not receive a visit from one or more of her children. Fred is in business in a neighboring town; he expresses himself as sick of the fancy for getting married since Lizzie left us, but if report speaks true, it will not be long before he follows the good example the others have set before him.

POISONOUS SNAKES.

I am under the impression that the poisonous snakes are much troubled, at certain seasons of the year, by the poison-bladder being surcharged; and that thus, being anxious to rid themselves of this poison by biting something soft, and thereby pressing it out, they naturally seize the first thing which their instinct tells them will not injure their poisonous fangs. Two instances that occurred at Natal appear to bear out the theory. A Hottentot was crossing the Mool River drift, another man following a short distance in the rear. The last man saw a snake dart out from some rocks, seize the first Hottentot by the leg, and glide back again. The bitten man died within a short time of receiving the bite. There is at the present time a man at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, who, when far up the country with his master, and walking near the wagons, perceived a puff-adder spring at his face. He suddenly lowered his head, and the snake wound itself round his wide-awake hat. The man knocked the hat off, and the snake was immediately shot by a looker-on.—*Drayson's Sporting Scenes among the Kaffirs.*

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SNAKE CHARMING.

As we strolled through the market place, we met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers; they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos; three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes, resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes. We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes, to which they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding up a book, muttering in naison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of the snake-charmers.

Having concluded this invocation, the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat's-skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake. This he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, whilst the reptile seemed to obey his wishes by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and, standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the desert of Soos, called *leffa*. They were of a mottled color, with black spots; thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. The name *leffa* is given, I imagine, by the Mongrebbin Arabs to this kind of serpent, from their re-

tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterwards of a blueish hue. It is needless to say, that after this I declined handling the *leffa*.—*Hay's Barbary*.

THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

From our numerous illustrations, given from time to time, our readers must needs be pretty familiar with out-door life in the Crescent City. The accompanying picture conveys a lively idea of the Levee, a most interesting and peculiar feature of that commercial emporium. The site of New Orleans is on an inclined plane, descending very gradually from the margin of the river to the swamps in the rear. When the river is full, the surface of the water is from two to four feet above the streets of the city, and at any stage it is above the swamps in the rear of the back streets. To prevent inundation, an artificial embankment called the *Levee*, has been built upon the river, at a great expense, extending from Fort Plaquemine, forty-three miles below the city, to one hundred and twenty miles above it, four feet high and fifteen feet broad. Directly in front of the city it affords an agreeable promenade. Nothing can present a more animated scene during the busy season of the year, than the Levee at New Orleans, from the loading and unloading of vessels and steamboats, and the passing in all directions of a countless number of drays, transporting cotton, sugar, tobacco, and all the varied and immense products of the great western valley. The position of the city, as a great commercial emporium, is scarcely inferior to that of any in our country. The Mississippi, with its tributaries, brings to it as a market, the products of more than twenty thousand miles of navigation; nor is it possible yet to conjecture how vast this trade must become when the resources of the whole Mississippi valley shall be

four wards, commenced lighting it, employed watchmen, erected fortifications, and organized the militia. The cession of Louisiana by Spain to France occurred in 1801, and in 1803 it was purchased of the latter power by the United States. From this date, when the city contained but 8000 inhabitants, its rapid growth may be reckoned. In 1804, it was made a port of entry and delivery; and in 1805 received a city charter.

INGENIOUS DEVICE OF A HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

In the year 1700, several soldiers of a British regiment, at that time stationed in this country, a regiment commonly known as "Montgomery's Highlanders," were taken in ambush one day, and fell into the hands of the Indians in the Cherokee country, where the regiment had been sent to chastise that tribe for certain depredations and cruelties they had committed. One after another of these poor fellows was put to death, with all the prolonged torture and barbarous cruelty which the savages into whose hands they had fallen, could devise. Allen Macpherson, one of their number, having witnessed the fate of several of his comrades, and seeing the Indians preparing to give him his turn next, fell upon the following scheme to disappoint the savages, and deprive them of their anticipated gratification in his torture. He gave the Indians to understand by signs, that he had something of great importance to communicate to them before he should be put to death. An interpreter was procured, and through him Macpherson informed them that he was in possession of a charm of great value, and now that he was about to die, he did not wish to leave the world without imparting the secret to those who were to remain in it. He informed them that the knowledge would render their warriors invulnerable and their tribe invincible. Having



THE LEVEE, AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

semblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter *fa*, *le* being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half coiled and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, whilst their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy ward off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the *leffas* seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

Now, calling upon Seedna Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the *leffa* to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, the man making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirling rapidly around and calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn. Having put the *leffa* down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, whilst the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted. Conceiving that the whole was a trick, that the *leffa* had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be harmless, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

"Are you an Eisowy?" asked the man of Soos; "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?"

I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "if the snake bites you, your hour is come. Bring me a fowl, or any animal, and I will give you sure proof ere you attempt to touch a *leffa*."

A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about a minute,

fully developed. To expedite the passage of ships to and from the gulf, large and powerful steam tow-boats are employed, some of which will take several large vessels in their train. It is curious, in the case of New Orleans, as, indeed, with all the cities of our confederacy, to contrast its present splendor and greatness with the recent insignificance of its origin. It is not one hundred and fifty years since it was commenced. It was laid out in 1717, and named in honor of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France during the minority of Louis XV., a man, by the way, who least deserved honors of any kind. In consequence, however, of an extraordinary rise of the Mississippi, a year or two later, the spot on which several buildings had been erected was overflowed, and the enterprise, under this discouragement, was for a time abandoned. In 1722, the settlement was again commenced with the view of making it the chief town of the province. The next year, when Charlevoix arrived from Canada, by way of the river, the plain contained about one hundred miserable huts, huddled together without the slightest attempt at regularity, two or three dwellings of larger size and some pretensions to neatness and comfort, a shabby structure occupied as a chapel, a shed converted into a house of prayer, one large wooden warehouse, and a population of about one hundred souls. Soon after Charlevoix's visit, an accession was made to the population by the arrival of a company of Germans, whose descendants still remain, occupying what is called the German coast. In 1727, the Jesuits and Ursuline nuns arrived and were accommodated on a tract of land in the Faubourg St. Mary. In 1764, British vessels began to visit New Orleans and trade with the inhabitants. The exports during the last year of its subjection to France amounted to about a quarter of a million. In 1785, the population of the city proper was 4980. Three years afterwards it received a severe check in a calamitous fire which consumed more than a thousand houses. In 1791, academies and schools were opened by some of the immigrants, education having previously been in the hands of the priests and nuns. In 1792 Baron Carondelet arrived, and immediately set himself about organizing the municipal affairs. He divided the city into

thus excited their curiosity to a high degree, he proceeded to tell them that the secret he would impart was, that a certain medicine, in the preparation of which he would instruct them if they spared his life for a few moments, would, when applied to the skin on any part of the body, render it impervious to the stroke of the sharpest weapon, in the hands of the strongest man. This extraordinary medicine, he said, consisted of a compound of certain herbs which grew in their woods; if they would allow him to go, with a guard over him, to the nearest wood to collect the proper plants, he would prepare the medicine, and also instruct them in its preparation. He also told them that he would immediately put the efficacy of this invaluable secret to the most satisfactory test upon himself; that by rubbing his neck with this wonderful preparation, he would defy the strongest warrior among them to pierce his skin with the sharpest tomahawk.

This story readily worked upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and in their eager desire to obtain the valuable secret, the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Macpherson set off to the woods under a strong escort, and soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled the herbs, he rubbed his neck with the decoction, and laying his head upon a log of wood, he desired the strongest man amongst them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, with all his might. He assured them that they would find that the blow would not make the smallest impression. A warrior of immense strength was selected for the experiment; and aiming a blow with all his might, the Indian cut with such force that Macpherson's head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Cherokees stood gazing at each other in silent amazement at their own credulity, but they admired the ingenuity and address with which their prisoner had escaped the death of lingering torture which they had prepared for him; and instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim out of their clutches, it is recorded that they were so pleased with the cleverness of the stratagem, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties upon the remaining prisoners.—*American Scottish Journal*.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. H.—Albumen alone, or a strong solution of gum, will give a good gloss. Whatever may be the quantity of isinglass used in solution, the white of one egg beat up and mixed with it will be sufficient for a good sized sheet of paper.

A. M.—The Alligator-Pear is a West Indian fruit resembling a pear in shape. It is of very large size, and usually weighs from one to two pounds. Within its rind there is a yellow butyaceous substance, which, when the fruit is perfectly ripe, constitutes an agreeable article of food.

J. C.—In England, the practice of erecting vaults in chancels, and under the altars, was begun by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he re-built the Cathedral in the year 1075.

EQUESTRIAN.—The date at which spurs were invented or first introduced is not known. The ancient Greeks were acquainted with the use of the spur, and had coverings for their legs similar to modern boots—indeed, the leather boot, with the top turned down, appears on one of the young horsemen among the Elgin Marbles. That the Romans had spurs, at least as early as the Augustan age, is proved by the testimony of several of their writers. Cicero uses the word *calcar* to signify a spur. He also uses the word metaphorically, as "this man wants a bridle; that one, a spur." The word *spur* is likewise used metaphorically by several of our early English writers. Thus Spenser, in the "Teares of the Muses," says:

"Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed:
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?"

SCRIBBLER.—The earliest historical record of the appointment of a Poet Laureate at the English court, appears in the reign of Edward IV. The distinction was conferred on John Kay, who, though he has left us none of his poetic compositions, has given to the world a translation of the "Siege of Rhodes," from the Latin. This work he dedicated to the king, styling himself "hys humble Poet Laureate."

II. B.—A good cement for broken china consists of gum acacia dissolved in boiling water, as much plaster of Paris being added as will form a thick paste. The proportions of the gum and water are half an ounce of the former to a wine-glassful of the latter. Apply the paste with a brush to the fractured parts.

O. B.—The dromedary is sometimes called also the Arabian camel. It has one hump or protuberance on its back, and is thereby distinguished from the Bactrian camel, which has two humps. It has four callous protuberances on the fore legs, and two on the hind ones. The dromedary is a common beast of burden in Egypt, Syria and the neighboring countries.

SCHOLIAST.—Maunday, or Shere Thursday, is always the Thursday before Easter. The word Maunday, we imagine, to be derived from the Saxon word *maund*, or *maunds*, a basket, subsequently used for any gift or offering contained in a basket; so that Maunday Thursday—the day on which the royal alms are distributed—is so named from the *maunds* in which the alms were placed.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This is the cheapest magazine published in the world! Enclose one dollar to us, and it will be sent to you regularly for a whole year, making two large illustrated volumes of over 1200 pages per annum! The people are our customers, and we care not that the old style of publishers exclaim, "Too cheap! too cheap!"

TRAINS LIGHTED BY GAS.—The night trains between New York and Philadelphia are lighted by gas. Each car is fitted with a cylinder containing a sufficient quantity of gas for the trip. The cost of lighting each car is but ten cents against fifty cents under the old regime of sperm candles.

SPLINTERS.

.... Bavarian beer, instead of wine, is now imbibed in Paris, by citizens, workmen, students, idlers, in short, by all classes.

.... In Lexington, Ky., a mob hung a man named Baker, for murdering City Marshal Beard while trying to arrest him.

.... A letter from Rhodes complains of the pirates. Robbers who infest Rhodes should be called highwaymen.

.... The number of Indians in the Canadian provinces is about 20,000, exclusive of the wandering tribes of the North.

.... The schoolmaster is more valuable than any other manufacturer—because he is engaged in manufacturing minds.

.... The temperance people of New Bedford are agitating the question of establishing a home for the fallen in that city.

.... The following contains the alphabet:—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

.... Another theatre, with a lager beer garden attached to it, has been opened for the Teutons, in the Bowery, New York.

.... Anger, like a hurricane on the ocean, rolls the heavy surges of affliction over the tempest-tossed soul.

.... A batch of Ojibway Indians, got up with a total disregard of the cost of feathers and red ochre, have been in New York.

.... The transformation of sailing vessels into steamers is going on with great rapidity in the French shipyards.

.... The late calamitous fire in the London docks is said to have destroyed property to the amount of £150,000.

.... An irritable man is like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

.... A professor was lately removed from office, because he regulated the astronomical clock to keep mean time.

.... A Mr. Cole, of Quebec, is said to have invented a machine, by which one man alone can raise a weight of 6000 pounds.

.... The lava streams from Vesuvius, though presenting a fine spectacle to tourists, have been very destructive to property.

.... It is intended to inaugurate the new monument to Brock, on Queenstown Heights, on the 13th of October next.

.... The London Times is now printed on beet paper, making a saving in expense of \$100,000 a year.

.... If rats will not come into your traps, drop a little oil of rhodium in them—that will fetch them.

.... The Pope of Rome has increased the number of his corvettes from two to ten—quite a little navy!

.... Ahmed Pacha, lately drowned in the Nile, left \$100,000 to the person who taught him French in Paris.

.... The "Putrid River" is the name now commonly given, in London, to the once "Silver Thames."

THE CIRCASSIANS.

The beauty of the Circassian women has long been known to fame, and has attracted a romantic interest to the country of their birth. The harems of the East are supplied with their beautiful dolls from the region of country about the Caucasian Mountains, occupying the space between the Black and Caspian Seas. Circassia, in a general sense, includes all this territory, though there are several distinct provinces, or states, occupied by seventeen different tribes, which are subdivided into many clans. The strongest and most prominent of these tribes are the *Tcherkess*, which occupy the northwestern portion of the Caucasian range. It is from the name of these tribes that the word Circassia is derived. The population of this region of country is estimated at about two millions of people. They are in nominal subjection to Russia, though in a state of constant warfare against the czar, and being a fierce and powerful race of hardy mountaineers, they oppose a formidable resistance to the Russian troops, often holding them at bay, and sometimes gaining complete victories over them. Even the all-conquering Timour the Tartar could not subdue them in other days. The province of Georgia, on the southern side of the mountain range, being further removed from the Russian frontier, enjoys a comparative exemption from this perpetual strife. It is from this section that many of the female slaves are carried, who are purchased for the Turkish and Persian markets.

The Caucasian, with a complacent self-flattery, is adopted by European writers as the highest type of the human race. Physically it is so, and the experience of centuries has proved that it is full as well adapted for high moral and intellectual development, under favorable circumstances, as any other. In the home of its birth, however, among the mountains of the Caucasus, it does not present any very encouraging traits, either moral, social or intellectual. Its daughters are reared up for sale in foreign markets, and symmetry of form, fairness of complexion, and beauty of features, are encouraged simply as available qualities for commanding a price. Parental or fraternal affection has no part or lot in the matter, and the only parental aspiration which is indulged in, is, that the young female may please the eye of the Jew merchant, and bring a handsome price. As for life among the Circassians, "there is nothing in it," as the used-up man says in the play. They subsist chiefly by plundering their neighbors, do but little in cultivating the soil, and burrow in the most filthy, ill-constructed and contracted hovels. They live upon the coarsest and most unsavory food. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the females do not object to being sold, but rather anticipate the event with pleasure, as a certain prospect of improving their physical condition. They all have the hope of becoming the wives of pachas and grandees.

The trade in Circassian slaves has been interdicted by the present Sultan of Turkey, yet it is still carried on in a covert manner, and to as great an extent as heretofore. The price paid by the Turks for these females, varies according to their attractions, but usually ranges from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The personal attractions are all that are sought for, in this traffic; intellectual culture being a bore to the stolid Turk, even were it possible to find it in these puppets of the harem. The sole accomplishments of the Circassian females consist in embroidering, needle-work and weaving; reading and writing being mostly unknown among them. The religion of all the Circassian tribes is for the most part Mahometan, though some few are converts, under Russian influence, to the Greek Church. The Mahometan religion is an indispensable arrangement with the slave-raisers, because it places their daughters in free communion with their future Turkish masters. It is well known that the Turks will hold no domestic relations with infidels; and in this, perhaps, we may see the way open for the ultimate abolition of this disgusting traffic in female beauty, by the conversion of the Caucasian tribes, by Russia, to the Greek Church.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.—The strides towards perfection which are being accomplished in this brilliant department of art, challenge universal admiration; and all persons of taste are availing themselves of the means to procure copies of such brilliant and costly works as have heretofore been hardly within their reach, on account of their cost. Individual portraits have been brought so nearly to perfection by Mr. Masury, at his fine establishment, No. 289 Washington Street, as to leave nothing to be desired in this department. Here also fine and beautiful copies are made of rich engravings, statuary, etc., at a trifling cost. The photographic art is one of wonderful excellence; and Mr. Masury is certainly at the head of his profession as an operator—long experience, patient experiment, and much foreign travel, all having conduced to his complete success.

POETRY AND PROSE.—A poor poet, just as he had finished a favorite production at midnight, suddenly exclaimed, in ecstasy, that he felt his head surrounded by a blaze of glory. He was not long in realizing that his head had caught fire. This reminds us of Hogarth's politician, reading a newspaper, unconscious that the candle he holds in his hand has set his hat and wig on fire.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.—Royal marriages are queer things. The young queen of Portugal was lately married by proxy in her German home, then went on a visit to Queen Victoria, where she had a good time, and then leisurely sailed for Lisbon to meet a husband she had never seen.

ENGLISH JOURNALISM.—English editors pride themselves on the accuracy of their compositions, but the following sentence appears in the columns of a Liverpool paper:—"The corporation are about to build two free schools, one of which is finished."

THE GIPSEY WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

The picture which occupies the whole of the last page is striking and well drawn. It represents a gipsy woman who has recently lost her husband, setting forth on her lonely tramp through the Bohemian Mountains to regain her tribe, accompanied by her three children and by the inevitable pony bearing all her household goods. The gipsy character is well preserved in the face of the woman, which is touched by sorrow, but full of masculine resolution. The dark elf-locks stream unkempt about her shoulders, her feet are bare, her children are nearly naked, yet she would not exchange her free wandering life for a palace. You feel, as you look upon her, that she will follow this strange career till she becomes the gray-haired sybil of her tribe—for nothing can wean a true Gitana from her vagabond existence. The gipseys are truly a singular people. When they first appeared in Hungary, in the beginning of the 15th century, they were called *Zigani* and *Zingani*. The Italians, Wallachians and even the Turks called them *Zingari*, *Tschingani* and *Zigani*—a name probably originally Indian, since in Beloochistan a similar people have been found, called *Tehingani*, and the peculiar language, which they call *Romany*, employed by the European gipseys, is the dialect of Hindostan. The gipseys, though found all over Europe, are most numerous in Turkey. There are many of them in Spain, and the female gipseys of the latter country are remarkable for their beauty and grace. Very few of them follow trades; many of the men, however, are horse dealers, jockeys and tinkers. No gipsy will marry any woman who does not belong to his race, and when tired of his wife, he will turn her off without scruple. They are very fond of their children, and spoil them by excessive indulgence. Both men and women have a weakness for brandy and tobacco. The empress Maria Theresa attempted, by enacting severe laws, to compel the gipseys in her territories to adopt permanent abodes, learn trades, and educate their children, but she was as completely foiled in her attempt to change their habits as was the czar of Russia, who adopted milder measures. The best informed persons consider the gipseys as a branch of the Pariahs of India. In 1417, they first appeared in hordes in Germany, and in the following year 14,000 of them entered Italy. They probably originally left their native country when Tamerlane, at the head of his fierce and tumultuous warriors, wasted India with fire and sword, at the close of the 14th century. Be this as it may, they present a most curious field of study to the philosopher, and though the subject has been often treated, it is far from being exhausted.

A BURNING MOUNTAIN.

Near Pottsville, in Pennsylvania, on the slope of the Broad Mountain range, is a burning mountain, which for more than twenty years has been in a state of internal combustion. The surface of the mountain is marked by numerous small craters where the fire has worked its way through, and from these there is a constant discharge of steam and smoke. This fire was originally caused by accident; and although repeated attempts have been made to extinguish it, by shutting off all vent holes, and by turning in water, it has been found impossible to suppress it. On the contrary, it is steadily though gradually progressing, and undermining acre after acre of the mountain. There is a broad vein of anthracite coal beneath the surface which has been worked at various points for many years. The original fire was caused by some workmen who were excavating the vein in the winter and built a fire within the drift for the purpose of melting the ice which had gathered in the works and obstructed their operations. This was done on a Saturday afternoon, as they left off work. Upon returning to the mine on the Monday morning following, they found that the timber which composed the roof had taken fire and burned, and that the coal itself within the vein was in a state of combustion and discharging volumes of sulphureous gas. All efforts to extinguish the fire proved unavailing, and from that day to this, a period of more than twenty years, the fire has still burned on. The springs of water which issue from the mountain have been made highly mineral by this subterranean fire, and possess great medicinal virtues. This fact has been discovered within a year or two, and the waters are getting to be quite famous for the cure of all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. They are used with wonderful effect both internally and for bathing, and the project of establishing a large hotel there is seriously considered. It may be that Broad Mountain will yet rival Saratoga as a resort for invalids.

HORSE-TAMING.—Mr. William H. Rarey, brother of the famous horse-tamer, who is now in England, is teaching the art in Campaign county, Ohio. At Urbana he has a class of some twenty-five or thirty pupils, at ten dollars each. Hockett is also teaching it in Canada. In a few years vicious horses will command a premium for experimenters.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.—Lord Arlingford announces, says the Court Journal, that he has at length succeeded in making a flying machine, which he hopes shortly to be able to exhibit in Dublin. We knew a man who invented a flying machine, and would have succeeded infallibly if he hadn't broken his neck at the first trial.

MELANCHOLY.—A female correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a sight she saw lately that made her smack her lips. It seems a pity that the ladies in that city have to smack their own lips.

MEDICAL.—During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TWILIGHT BREEZE.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

How gently sighs the twilight breeze
Upon yon glowing hill;
How gladly bow the heated trees
For it their locks to fill.

How soft it lifts the midnight curls
From sleeping beauty's brow,
And cools the cheek, like ocean's pearls
From 'neath its deepest flow.

It breathes on labor's weary son,
As sweet release from doom;
And cheers the toiling, fainting one,
Like Orient's perfume.

SUMMER SONG.

Sweet summer is coming!
How gaily sings the lark at morn!
The wild bee is humming
Around the flowery thorn.

FIRST VOICE.

What charming wild music in grove and in vale!

SECOND VOICE.

Sweet summer, thou art coming—I feel the inspiring gale.

CHORUS.

Ay, summer, thou art coming:
Thou mildest, loveliest, hail!—*From the German.*

MEMORY.

But in that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seemed to roll,
And gather, in that drop of time,
A life of pain—an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years.—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

One month more of hot weather, and we shall revel in cool nights, alternating with sunshiny days. Now, existence, on the whole, is rather a bore; exertion of any kind, excruciating; thoughts, a torture, and comfort out of the question, unless your position enables you to relinquish all exertion, and seek the coolest nooks on the face of the globe. An enviable man is he who owns a yacht, and can shape his course out into the far Atlantic, where the breezes even at midsummer are temperately cool. But such a life requires money. To be sure, a poor man might buy a yacht on credit, and pay the expenses of the voyage by a little quiet piracy; but the world has so degenerated since the days of Sir Francis Drake, that buccaneering is looked upon as even ungentelemanly. Therefore, as we cannot honestly or safely hoist the black flag, we must be content to toil perspiringly at the editorial oar, grumbling a little at the weather, but looking forward to autumn and winter for relief. . . . We wonder more people don't visit Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., perhaps the loveliest sheet of water in the world. Leaving Boston, via Boston and Maine Railroad, at 7 1-2 in the morning, you reach Alton Bay about half past ten, and then take a steamer, which touches at Wolfborough, ten miles off, and lands you finally at Centre Harbor, twenty miles further, about one o'clock, after thirty miles steaming among lovely woody islands, past irregular shores, here and there rising into mountains, with bold Alpine distances, that would make a painter wild with joy. The lake is the most romantic spot imaginable. . . . Several of our friends are down with the rheumatism. How would they like a nice, refreshing bath of good hot sand? At Cannes, in France, besides the usual aquatic bathing, "sand" baths are now in vogue on the warm beach, the patient being imbedded up to the neck in the sandy element. It is said to be a specific in rheumatism. Chelsea Beach would be a good place to "try it on." . . . In spite of what grumblers say, we have made up our minds that there is far more good than evil in the world. Flowers that beautify the earth with color, and delight the passer-by with their fragrance, are everywhere; the poison-berry and the deadly nightshade are found only in the noisome marshes and untrodden swamps. . . . A shoemaker of Cologne was recently tried by the criminal tribunal of that city on a charge of having disturbed the service in the Protestant Church, by discharging a pistol loaded with gunpowder in the midst of the sermon. In his defence he said he had been prompted by Satan. The tribunal condemned him to two months imprisonment, as his prompter did not appear to pay his fine. . . . We have often noticed that when a common incident in a dull, everyday town is to be rendered into a piece of news, "men" become "individuals;" "women" are spoken of as the "fair sex;" "meats" are turned into "viands;" people never "go," but always "proceed;" never "feel," but always "experience a sensation;" never "eat," but always "partake of refreshment." . . . A baby is flourishing in Union county, North Carolina, 22 months old, weighing 60 pounds. . . . Speaking of happy married couples, a country paper observes that the perfect interblending of natures which constitutes domestic bliss, only belong to those "very stupid sort of people, mostly too lazy to quarrel, or too feeble to indulge in contradiction, ready to sacrifice principle on the shrine of good-nature, and passing through life like two lumps of putty, taking any form outside circumstances may impress." A shocking libel, we think, on wedded humanity. . . . There are said to be 330 nunneries in Spain, with 20,913 nuns in them. . . . A celebrated cantatrice, now "starring it" in Paris, lately received from a Muscovite prince a handsome brooch in diamonds, in acknowledgment of admiration; but not wishing to accept a gift, she returned it with warm thanks. Next day she received a letter from the prince, approving highly of her decision; but the writing in this letter had a singularly glistening appearance, and it was afterwards found that the magrate, not to be outdone in generosity, had reduced the returned diamonds to fine powder, with which he had besprinkled the wet ink, and had thus ensured the acceptance of his homage! None of our correspondents use that kind of sand! . . . People will tell stories about the "Friends." Here's one we heard the other day:—"During the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing the hatchet, he looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it!"—when, suiting the deed to the word, he immediately cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery home. . . . A new literary institution has just been established in Montreal, under the name of the "Societe Historique." Its object is to extend a taste for acquirement of a knowledge of history and archaeology, particularly of such as relates to Canada. . . . A company has been formed for a submarine telegraph between England and India, via the Red Sea, with a

capital of \$5,000,000. . . . A doctor gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:—"A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of fashionable hoots!" The lady recovered immediately. . . . "There is a tame rat on board the City of Memphis," says the Appeal, "which stands upon his hind feet when ordered, licks his master's hand, and kisses him, climbs up over him, holds a little stick in his fore-paw, and stands up like a soldier; comes when called, goes away when told to do so, and enters his box or cage as an obedient child would at the request of a parent." That idea of being kissed by a rat is not very tempting to us—but there's no disputing about tastes. . . . Statistical returns, the Paris Union asserts, have just revealed the fact that there are now in France, 1,800,000 young females of a marriageable age, who are on the lookout for husbands. Travelling bachelors must be on their guard. . . . Who is it says "humbug rules the world"? It is a mistaken notion. The people love the truth best, and in the long run will pay most for it. Humbugging, like all cheating, may show a temporary gain over honesty. But it is only temporary, and in the long pull, fair dealing with all communities will ensure the best return. . . . As this is the season for waging war on insects, we venture to make a few remarks on the way to do it:—Many people seem to fancy that the head is the vital part in an insect; and having pinched or run a pin through its head, they think that they have effectually slain the creature, and marvel much to see it lively some twenty-four hours afterwards. Especially is this the case with the large-bodied moths, whose vitality is quite astonishing. You may even stamp upon them, and yet not crush the life out of that frail casket. If you drive the life out of one-half of the creature, it only seems to take refuge in the other, and then retain a more powerful hold, like a garrison driven into a small redoubt. . . . Three young women, pupils in the Female College at Holly Springs, Mississippi, eloped recently with three young men, and were married in Tennessee before the faculty could overhaul them. All the fault of teaching girls grammar—it learns them to conjugate. . . . We notice a variety of suggestions designed to enable persons exposed to the direct rays of the sun, to avoid the fatal affliction termed a *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke. The simplest plan of all is that pursued in the South. Wet a piece of raw cotton, and place it in the crown of your hat. It will invest you with almost perfect immunity. . . . Alphonse Karr's idea of woman's love is thus expressed:—"The minds of women are thus constituted. For them a man may be brave, great, generous, honest, if he can, yet these are but accessory qualities—even if he did not have them, it would not entirely prevent his succeeding, provided he be not ridiculous; but if for one single instant he appears ridiculous, that instant he is lost." . . . A woman at Amboy, New Jersey, is afflicted with the singular hallucination that a snake has taken up his abode in her leg, occupying a space extending from the knee up to the hip-joint. She experiences much inconvenience and pain from the reptile, as she believes, and is gradually sinking from the tortures. . . . Mr. Thorne, of Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, New York, has a herd of only some seventy cattle, but their cash valuation is over \$80,000. For one bull, \$6000 were paid in England; for another, \$5000; and another is almost equally valued. One of his cows, "Dutchess 66th," cost \$3500 at an auction sale in England, and her calf brought at the same sale \$2000. . . . A singular coincidence has been remarked in regard to the late attempt on the life of the emperor of the French. On both occasions that his majesty has wished to hear Ristori play, his life has been attempted, and on both occasions the play was "Mary Stuart." The emperor himself spoke of this remarkable coincidence. Louis Napoleon is very superstitious—believes in omens, presentiments, and all that sort of thing. . . . The Orleans (New York) Republican has seen a man named Jackson Paine—a farmer, living some five miles from Albion—who declares that he has not slept for over fourteen months. His general appearance is indicative of feeble health; his eye is restless and rolling, and his demeanor nervous in the extreme. . . . William R. Lincoln, Esq., the superintendent of the Maine State Reform School, has resigned his situation, and accepted the charge of one in the city of Baltimore. . . . Charlemagne, if we believe the record, had in his army a great Swiss named Acnother, who forded rivers that were unbridged, whatever their depth, and mowed down men like grass. The men slain by him in a fight he strung upon his spear like larks, and carried swung over his shoulder. . . . The Northampton Courier says "the frogs in this region are in danger of becoming extirpated. A number of epicures have been hunting for them, to be used as family food—one of whom recently bagged eight pounds of rear legs at one trip." . . . An Australian, from the number of murders committed in that auriferous region, thinks that Melbourne must be the place Shakespeare speaks of, when he says "that bourne from which no traveller returns." . . . The Rev. Joel Winch, who lately died in Vermont, being once in a prayer-meeting, and perceiving many on their seats, commenced his prayer thus:—"Lord, have mercy on those who are too proud to kneel, and too lazy to stand!" . . . At a large wedding-party at New Orleans, not long ago, the guests were cheated out of their supper in a novel way. A gang of thieves having entered the dining-room by a back window, gathered the edges of the table-cloth together, and folding it into a bundle, made off with everything that was upon the table, including the family plate valued at some hundreds of dollars. When supper was announced, the table was there and nix besides. . . . Campaigning in India in the hot season is not pleasant work. The day's march is performed before sunrise. Then tents are pitched, and breakfast procured by six o'clock. As soon, says a correspondent, as it is over, the hot wind begins, every man rushes to his tent, the kuskus tatties—frame filled with a sort of grass, fitting to the tent-door, and kept constantly watered, so that the hot air is cooled somewhat before it enters—are put up, and then for heat, and swelter, and torpor the rest of the day till an hour before sunset, at which time the hot wind generally ceases. During the day the thermometer rises to 110, and sometimes even to 120, inside the tents. . . . At her majesty's last state ball, the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, wore four splendid jewels, amongst which was the famous diamond, valued at £30,000, in the hilt of his sword. . . . "Grandpa," said a precocious three-year-old, "what's that man doing on the ladder up against that post?"—"He's trimming the lamp, Bobby."—"No, he ain't—he's cutting up shines." . . . A man was lately called upon to testify as to the character of a person charged with being intoxicated, whereupon he smoothed his hair, cleared his throat, and spoke as follows:—"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk—no, not by any means! But this I will say—when I last saw him, he was washing his face in a mud-puddle, and drying it on a door-mat. Whether a sober man would do this, of course I can't say." The court thought he wouldn't. The consequence was, the "defendant" went up for sixty days.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK FOR VISITORS TO CAMBRIDGE AND MOUNT AUBURN.

Wm. V. Spencer, No. 128 Washington Street, has got up a very neat little guide-book to Cambridge and Mount Auburn, for the use of travellers over the Cambridge Railroad. It has a nice map of the cemetery, many very well executed illustrations, and a large amount of well digested information. It is just the thing in every respect.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY—BENEDICT ARNOLD. By GEORGE CANNINO HILL. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. 18mo. pp. 295. 1853.

Mr. Hill is following up with great vigor the vein he has opened in the rich mine of American biography. Intended for youthful readers, the work before us is written in a simple, chaste and pleasing manner. The life of the "only traitor of the American Revolution" is essentially dramatic from beginning to end. A character, in which qualities deservedly commanding admiration were blended with the basest vices, is an anomaly well worthy of study—while the fate of him who first served, and then betrayed, his country, was all that poetic or human justice could desire. On the broad canvass of the American Revolution the figure of Benedict Arnold stands forth in "had eminence," and he will remain forever, like Judas Iscariot, a type of perfidy.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The French papers are exulting over the recent course of England to this country. They say that England tyrannizes over the weak, and cringes to the great, powers of the earth. There is a great deal of bad blood between France and England just now. The *Nord*, of Brussels, a paper that sustains Louis Napoleon, also says that "the triumph of America will lead to the entire annulment of the offensive duty which Great Britain has undertaken as the world's philanthropist, and it remains now only, in our opinion, for all other nations to protest against the commercial surveillance which they have suffered in the vain and useless efforts to suppress the slave trade."—The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says:—"The affair of Montenegro, and the ticklish state of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey and Austria, are considered very serious; that France has sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and if a satisfactory answer should not be returned at once, more ships would be sent to the Adriatic."—It is announced that the Turkish government has made ample satisfaction for the outrages on Fon Blaque, the British consular general at Belgrade. The regiment to which the soldier belonged who made the attack has been withdrawn, and the soldier and his officers sent to Constantinople for trial. The pasha personally expressed the regret of the Porte to the consul, and salutes were fired in honor of the British flag.—It is said that Fuad Pasha has communicated a telegraphic despatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, giving fresh assurances that the troops sent to Herzegovina were not intended to act against the Montenegrins, and that in no case should that country be invaded by the Turks.—Several districts in France are suffering severely from want of water. In Paris it is used very sparingly by the lower classes.—The *Patrie* states that a Russian frigate has joined the French squadron in the Adriatic, and been placed under the orders of the French admiral. This news created a great sensation at Vienna.—A very important concession has been made to the Jews in England, who claim the right to sit in parliament without taking the oath, by Lord Derby. Lord Derby said he believed it was impossible to maintain inviolate the principles for which their lordships had so long contended, without bringing themselves into collision with the House of Commons; therefore, he felt it the duty of the house to consider whether there was any possibility of a satisfactory settlement of all differences. He believed the suggestion of Lord Lucan, that the Commons should be allowed to dispense, by resolution, with the words "on the faith of a Christian" when a member of the Jewish persuasion applied to take his seat, afforded the only solution of the difficulty—and therefore, though with great regret, he was prepared to accept it.

Frenchwomen's Rights.

A Paris correspondent writes, in relation to the rights of women in France: "However capricious and unjust may be the marriage law here as to nuptials contracted abroad, the rights of the woman are on a far different footing than in England. To illustrate this—a case was decided, recently, when Mlle. Nobelet, the actress of the Theatre Français and Odeon, having married in 1842 a Sieur Delamarre, then penniless, in 1857 became the victim of ill-treatment. She had a splendid villa at Therness, rich furniture, and a stock of three thousand bottles of the primest vintage. The husband having been duly separated this year *a mensa et thoro*, claimed possession of the cellar and the use of the domicile. The court ruled that he should confine himself to his sitting-room, and to a particular bin of liquors, until further orders, the rest of the apartments at once to be put under seal and secured to his better half."

A Singular Monomania.

John Wardle, a cellier, of West Bromwich, England, whose monomania of a supposed relationship to the royal family has for several years placed him under the surveillance of the police, was recently brought up before a magistrate. Several letters written by the defendant sufficiently proved his delusion. Mr. J. W. Kite, surgeon, gave evidence that Wardle was continually conversing about his claims upon her majesty. On the occasion of her majesty's visit to Birmingham, Wardle declared his intention of going to see her, intimating that unless she gave him some money, "he would do something he should be made to pay for." The bench made an order for his removal to the Stafford Lunatic Asylum.

A Shocking Character.

A beautiful and accomplished lady, belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of England, has just died in Paris of intemperance. She drank absinthe and brandy almost exclusively, and frequented the lowest holes—those patronized by the rag-pickers, by whom she was called the Marchioness de St. Pochard. At one of these resorts she fell in with a student, whose capacity for imbibing liquor enchanted her, and married him. This fellow, now supplied with ample means, soon drank himself to death; and recently his wife was found dead, with an empty absinthe bottle at her side. What a life!—and what an end!

The Duel Ground of Paris.

Formerly the Wood of Boulogne was the fighting-ground of the Parisian duellists. It was at the time when encounters were frequent; custom and fashion did not permit hostile meetings elsewhere. The rendezvous was at the Maillot Gate, where there was a restaurant, who owed his fortune to the point of honor. But how many victims, how many dead and wounded there were in this second Pre-aux-Cleres. Now the Wood of Vincennes is exclusively patronized by the gentlemen of the sword and pistol. Still, they are not numerous enough to make the fortune of a restaurant.

A Painter's Luck.

A singular story is going the rounds of the French press. It seems a painter was going with eight thousand francs in his pockets to pay a tailor's bill, when he saw a beautiful young lady accompanied by another lady and an old gentleman; and becoming smitten with her, followed her into a railroad car, thence to the seaboard, and thence, so infatuated was he, to the West Indies. He has just now returned with the lady his wife, a rich man, paid his tailor's bill with interest, and promised him his custom for life.

Montenegro.

The affairs of Montenegro continue to attract attention in Europe. Turkish troops are continually landing at Ragusa, but it is said that the Porte does not design to fight the Montenegrins, as any aggressive act would be a violation of agreement with the great European powers; but the Ottoman cabinet will try to collect troops enough about this little country to blockade it, and thus have the mountaineers in their power.

A Parrot's Party.

An eccentric French lady, very fond of parrots, lately invited all her friends' parrots to meet hers at an evening party, and they had an unusually jolly, gossiping time of it. The cards of invitation read as follows:—"Jaequot and Coeotte de T— have the honor to invite the parrots of Madame the Princess de R—, to pass the evening at their house. Music and supper."

Longevity.

A man lately died in France, whose memory embraced the events of a whole century. This person was named Darius, was 103 years old, and had played at Ferney under the direction of Voltaire. He died in one of the hospitals of Rouen. For a long time he had lived on allowances from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and other benevolent institutions.

Rome.

Sanguinary conflicts were of almost daily occurrence between the French and Roman soldiery.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Mr. Freeman A. Crafts, of Whately, recently caught, in Hatfield Pond, two turtles, the largest of which weighed *thirty-five pounds*, and the smallest, fifteen pounds. Two men stepped upon the back of the largest turtle, for the purpose of holding him, when the animal walked off with them both as if no passenger was aboard. The Northampton Courier is responsible for the above. — At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descended at some length upon its merits, the boy earnestly remarked, "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?" — Mrs. Elizabeth Shearer, aged 104 years, a native of Washington county, Maryland, who emigrated to Paris, Kentucky, in 1793, when there were only three houses in that region, died on the 3d ult. — Adam Emeigh, of Jerusalem, New York, has invented and actually patented a device for skinning eels, to the use of which we hope the eels will soon become accustomed. It consists in the employment of a clamp or holder and decapitating knife, used in connection with a griper and ripping-knife, or their equivalents, whereby the desired work, viz., the skinning of eels, may be performed very expeditiously, and in a manner far preferable, i. e., to the operator, not to the eels, to that done by hand. — Another mass of earth, rock and trees separated themselves from Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, recently, and went thundering down into the chasm. The Niagara Falls Gazette thinks that, at this rate, Buffalo may hope "in time" to have the Falls within the city limits. — Orders have been received at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, for building a sloop-of-war of twelve hundred tons burthen. — To make people quiet, just give them what they want. If a damsel loves, it shows that she wants to be loved in return—love her. If folks are hungry, get chops, brown stout, beef and plum-pudding. If cash, hand out an X. If blue, flood them with glory, "pieter" books, sunshine and "sich" like. People are quiet and contented as anybody, if they only have what is wanted. Make a note for reference. — A patent has recently been taken out in England, for rolling iron and steel, by having the axes of the rollers arranged to work at an angle to each other; and when two or more pairs are used, the succeeding ones are arranged in opposite directions to the axes of the preceding. By these means, the grain of the iron and steel is twisted more effectually than by having the rollers placed parallel to each other. — Many young ladies make fools of themselves by the looking-glass. — Those who have made the experiment of raising tea in this country, say "the plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. We cannot afford to pick, roll up and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for one dollar a month and boards himself, it may be done." — The ideas of an age in time make the facts of that age. — The heat of the sun lately bent the rails on the railroad, near Buffalo, in two places; it curved each way—being the combination rail—fully six inches out of line. A train narrowly escaped serious accident. — It is now positively asserted that the emperor of Russia will pay Louis Napoleon a visit at Paris soon. — In the morning ask thyself what thou hast to do, and in the evening ask thyself what thou hast done.

ONLY TOO TRUE.—Hundreds die annually from neglected colds and coughs, deeming them at first of slight consequence, until they become fixed upon the system, and the lungs evince unmistakable signs of disease. Now the first stages of these attacks may be cured and utterly dispelled by the use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, an article that has been long tried and proved in this country. It should be kept in every family from Maine to California, to be ready in case of need. The genuine has always "I. Butts" written upon the wrapper, and may be had of all respectable druggists everywhere, in town or country.

CALIFORNIA SQUIRRELS.—The sum of \$100,000 is said to be expended annually in California, in the purchase of poison to destroy ground-squirrels; but it is now proposed to construct a steam-boiler, of about four-horse-power, mounted in a wagon, get up steam, and conduct it into "the dens of the varmints" by pipes, and thus destroy them.

BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE.—The bridge of boats over the Rhine, at Cologne, came near being destroyed by fire, lately. A cart, loaded with furniture, straw, tobacco and a sack of quick-lime, took fire while passing over the bridge. The burning wagon had to be thrown into the river, and the bridge was set fire to in several places.

FINNY AND FUNNY.—In fishing, we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and *being* a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

INDIA.—Many soldiers are in the hospitals in India, raving mad from the effects of the hot weather. Many of these poor fellows, it is feared, will never recover their senses.

Wayside Gatherings.

Five million acres of United States lands in California are to be sold in February next.

A violent earthquake occurred at the city of Mexico on the 18th of June, killing fifty persons.

Capt. Emerson, of Keyport, N. J., has purchased the steamers Massachusetts and Telegraph, of Nantucket.

Five French missionary priests and six Sisters of Charity lately embarked from Havre, for Texas.

Proctor Bourne, who died lately, aged 68 years, had held the office of postmaster in Marshfield, Mass., for over forty years.

Few persons can realize the fertility of the mother bee. Writers tell us she will lay from one to three thousand eggs a day!

The local papers say that the arrivals at Saratoga, up to the present time, are about double the number to that of the same date last year.

Ball Hughes has recently completed a very spirited statuette of General Warren, which is in the possession of Josiah Quincy, Sen.

At Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the Commencement exercises were introduced by a novel exhibition of a gymnastic association, established one year ago.

Mr. Judd, the editor and proprietor of the American Agriculturist, has commenced the publication of a German edition of his very valuable and excellent work.

Miss Louisa Lander, the young sculptor of Salem, will soon return to Rome, to execute orders which she has received for several busts. She is to make one of Peter Cooper, of New York.

A government measure will be introduced into the Canadian parliament for a general reduction of salaries, beginning with the highest officials, and going down to the subordinate officers.

The net profits of the late festival in New York amounted to \$2000, of which \$300 was paid to the widow of the musician who was killed by a *coup de soleil*, and the balance will go to the funds of the Musical Fund and Protection Societies.

There are now four hundred and eight convicts in the Indiana State Prison. The warden finds it very difficult to find accommodations for all of them. It will be necessary to greatly enlarge the present prison or build a new one.

The Northampton Courier says that the frogs in that region are in danger of becoming extirpated. A number of epicures have been hunting for them, to be used as family food—one of whom recently bagged eight pounds of rear legs at one trip.

On the 31st ult., Ambrose S. Skeeles, who had separated from his wife a year previous, visited Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to induce her to live with him, failing in which, he cut his wife's throat and then his own with a pocket-knife. Both died in a few minutes.

It is calculated that a fluent speaker utters between 7000 and 7500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usually rapid utterance, will reach 8000 and even 9000. But 125 words a minute, or 7500 an hour, is a fair average.

Concord, N. H., has the largest coach factory in the United States. It is that of J. S. & E. A. Abbott. The entire premises cover about four acres of ground. The number of men employed is about two hundred. Every description of carriages is made, the annual value of which is \$300,000.

It is reported that there will be a Ladies' Equestrian Convention at the Union Race Course, Long Island, on the 8th of September, at which a pianoforte valued at \$500, a silver pitcher and goblet worth \$300, and a watch valued at \$200, will be awarded as prizes to the best female riders.

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort are arranging a well organized company, and will early in the fall sail from New Orleans for Havana, and thence to the other West India Islands, for the purpose of giving theatrical representations in the English tongue. We wish them success.

Mr. Smith—*which* Smith is not stated—has been victimizing the traders of Worcester, on the pretence that he was about to establish a grocery and provision store in that city. He obtained credit to the amount of \$150, beside a wagon, which he pledged for nearly its value, and then stepped out.

A young man by the name of Mann went into the St. Mary's, at Decatur, Iowa, to bathe. After having been in but a short time, it was seen that he was drowning, when a Mr. Bates went in after him. But in the struggle Mann got him by the throat and strangled him, so that he also was drowned. Bates leaves a wife and four children.

During the crisis last fall, Messrs. West & Caldwell, dry goods dealers in New York, suspended, and were released by their creditors on the payment of fifty cents on the dollar. On the first of July, every creditor received the remainder of the balance due, amounting in the aggregate to \$36,000, not one cent of which were they under any obligation to pay. Such noble conduct as this is worthy of record.

A Boston paper printed almost a hundred years ago, contains the following advertisement:—"Brought from Havana, a box of Cigerros, a very rare article. The best tobacco rolled up to the size of a small finger and of about five inches in length, for smoking. They are preferred by the Spanish Dons to a Pipe. Those who may wish to enjoy such a Luxury, will please call and try them."

Mr. A. W. Thayer, of Cambridge, has sailed from New York for Bremen. This is his third visit to Europe for the purpose of making researches in musical history and biography. His special object now is to visit Vienna and complete a life of Beethoven, upon which he has been engaged for many years—a work which would have been completed two years since but for the failure of his health.

The number of Indians in the Canadian provinces, as far as could be ascertained by a commissioner recently appointed to Indian affairs, was about 8500 in the eastern, and 11,500 in the western, showing a total of nearly 20,000, exclusive of wandering tribes to the north, of whom no correct information could be procured. A majority of the tribes are steadily, though slowly, increasing in numbers, and in nearly all, some approaches to civilization have been made.

A singular case of simulation has just been developed in the Massachusetts State Prison. A convict, 43 years of age, who was sentenced in 1851, for a term of eight years, has been an inmate of the prison hospital for the past seventeen months, ostensibly in consequence of a weakness of the back and limbs, which prevented him from standing. The physicians and wardens, suspecting he was shamming, announced their suspicions, adding that he would be deprived of food until they were convinced. He held out for thirty-six hours, but his appetite got the better of his legs, and he went out, and has since been at work, as hearty as anybody.

Sands of Gold.

.... Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—*Beecher*.

.... Of all men, ministers and rogues have the least faith in their fellow-men.—*Bovee*.

.... No men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it can perform.—*Colton*.

.... It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—*Seneca*.

.... Every Christian should begin to doubt himself, if, after ten years, he finds that self-denial is as hard in the same things as it was in the first.—*Beecher*.

.... The nearest approach to an understanding of life, is to feel it—to realize it to the full—to be a profound and inscrutable mystery.—*Bovee*.

.... Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.—*Colton*.

.... The highest virtue implies the highest intellect, just as the greatest sacrifices demand the greatest force of character to make them.—*Bovee*.

.... There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.—*Lacon*.

.... It is not known where he who invented the plough was born, or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood.—*Lacon*.

.... There are moral crises in life—certain conjunctures of affairs when God displays himself as he never does at other times; and if we do not then make observations, like some stellar phenomena, certain truths will not come again for ages, and to us, never.—*Beecher*.

.... The character of covetousness is what a man generally requires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than of expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.—*Pope*.

Joker's Budget.

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? The jolly boat.

Why is an omnibus-driver swearing at his horses like a good Christian? Because he is *above* making unpleasant remarks.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

Like provisions dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mantua-maker's shop reads thus:—"Dresses made lower than ever."

A little girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birthday, took no notice of it at the time, but a day or two after, asked her father if she and the king were twins.

A Parisian robber who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacco-shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff!

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to discover."

A friend was one day reading to Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged. "Ure seems to have been a base 'un," said Jerrold.

That man whose better half told him before their marriage that she was worth twenty thousand dollars, when she was worth two hundred thousand, as he found out after marriage, has forgiven her for the falsehood, and *pocketed* the offence!

"O, Mr. Hill," said one of the Rev. Rowland's hearers, "how is it you say so many out-of-the-way things in your sermons?" "Ah," said the eccentric divine, "you are such out-of-the-way sinners."

Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike!—what time is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after *twenty years* of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.

It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.

It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no advertisements in its eight super royal pages.

It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has seventeen years of editorial experience in Boston.

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THE GIPSEY WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

[See page 93.]

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CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD, ETC.

The view on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, and represents faithfully a familiar locality, embracing an accurate representation of the U. S. steamer Roanoke, now being prepared for the reception of the officers and crew of the Colorado—and the brig Dolphin. The Roanoke is one of the new steam frigates, and is, we believe, about sixteen feet longer than the Merrimac. She is the largest of the six, the building of which was authorized in an act of Congress some six years since, and fully as handsome in model and appearance as any of them. She was, however, unfortunate in the outset, having run aground and been so seriously hogged as to break her back, an accident which has just been repaired at our navy yard at a cost of \$150,000. The brig Dolphin, represented in the engraving, sailed from this port last month, and is now in the Gulf. She was manned by volunteers, who eagerly shipped in anticipation of a brush with the British gunboats, an anticipation happily disappointed by the prompt action of the British authorities in stopping the offensive proceedings on the part of their cruisers and gunboats, followed by the British government disavowing the act, holding the officers responsible, and abandoning the long-disputed claim to the right of search and visitation. The promptness, however, with which seamen flocked to our flag on the first menace of war, is a most encouraging feature, showing that the spirit which animated our gallant tars during the Revolution, the war with the Barbary States and that of

1812, is still as vivid and effective as ever. The maritime and naval history of this country is one of which the nation may well be proud. Even in the revolutionary struggle, when almost destitute of means, vessels were fitted out under the new flag and some actions performed which will live forever on the scroll of time. The second struggle with the mother country, that of 1812, commenced upon and was mainly conducted on the ocean. At the first blush it appeared as if the contest would have the ordinary result of the strife between weakness and strength. The English boasted of their thousand ships—our entire navy was nothing in comparison—a mere squadron—yet it issued from the contest with a triumph that amazed the world. The record of its operation is a muster-roll of victories. Two years after the war had commenced, the London Times commented on it in tones of amazement—and well might it create surprise that the “mistress of the seas” should be compelled to strike her meteor-flag again and again on an element which she almost claimed as her own. These naval victories were attributable as much to the skill of our mechanics as to the valor of our seamen. The frigates sent out of our ports were models of naval architecture, superior to any war vessels ever before constructed. From that time forward the superiority of American ships-of-war has been admitted, while our mercantile marine has equally borne away the palm. For a long time, however, we permitted foreign nations to outstrip us in building steam war vessels. For many years, while France was

quietly establishing a powerful steam navy, and England following in her wake, our own navy could show only a few vessels propelled by steam, and but one or two creditable in their performances. Congress at last awakened to the necessity of doing something in this way, and the authority to build six large steam frigates led to the construction of ships worthy of carrying the stars and stripes. The Niagara, built and launched by the lamented George Steers, has excited admiration in England, and her recent performances while engaged in laying the telegraph cable, did not belie her high reputation. We have now at least the nucleus of a very fine steam navy; we have shown what we can do, and should necessity demand, we could, in a short space of time, match the steam navies of the old world. Steam has, indeed, revolutionized navigation, and most entirely changed the face of naval warfare. A power independent of wind and tide, gives an opportunity for manœuvring which bestows on the ocean warriors of to-day an incalculable advantage over the heroes of the service. The weather-gage will no longer decide a victory; and science on the ocean, as well as on the land, must decide the strife of nations. Long may it be before our war ships have any more perilous occupation than that of laying a cable to connect distant lands, or carrying food to a famishing people. But because we hope for universal peace, we must not therefore be unprepared for war.—The buildings in our sketch represent the machine shop and foundry, which perfect the resources of the navy yard.



UNITED STATES SHIP OF WAR ROANOKE, BRIG OF WAR DOLPHIN, AND NEW BUILDINGS, CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

MONCK uttered the words which closed the last chapter in a sneering tone, which wounded Laura deeply, and suffused her pale cheeks with a glow of indignation. The poor girl shuddered at the unwonted state of her feelings. With more than manly courage, she subdued the rising storm, and said, with a voice which astonished Monck by its sweetness and calmness:

"Be good enough to take a chair, mynheer, and listen to me with the attention which a serious and decisive conversation demands. My father has told me that I must receive you as my suitor; he has explained to me that his future happiness depends on my consent. I am prepared to submit to my fate."

"You consent?" exclaimed Monck, deceived by the quiet composure of the girl. "Ah, Laura, thank you! I did not expect so ready an acquiescence in my wishes."

"You know well enough that I have no alternative," said Laura, sadly. "Before I give my formal consent, it is proper, mynheer, that you should clearly understand what place your wife can give you in her heart. I will be open with you. I do not wish my whole life to be a course of hypocrisy. Perhaps when you come to weigh the details of the lot that awaits us, you may reconsider your decision."

"Impossible. Is this all you wish to say? Let us say no more on this point. You agree to accept me; that is all I ask."

"But, mynheer, I do not love you."

"I know that well enough; but that is not the point now. Our marriage cannot take place for some months. You have time enough to become more just towards me; and, in any case, when you shall bear my name, I will make your life so brilliant, so luxurious, that you cannot but feel some affection for him who lavishes such unceasing kindnesses on you."

"No, no; I implore you, mynheer, do not delude yourself with a hope so vain. I cannot give you the slightest reason to expect any change in me. Love you! No; never, never! Were I to use every effort, it were impossible."

"Well, be it so; we will see about it."

Laura was so stung by the coldness of Monck's tone and manner, and by the unshrinking gaze he fixed on her, that she could not carry out her design. She had hoped to bend him by her entreaties and tears; but her indignation and aversion made her incapable of humbling herself before him. Still she made one attempt, and said:

"Mynheer, have pity on me, I beseech you. You wish to attach me to yourself like a slave; you doom me to the most hideous lot. To you gold is a fount of sufficing happiness; to me it is not. I need affection; I must live through my heart. Marriage with you! It is an everlasting blackness of night descending upon my soul; it is the crushing of all life and feeling."

"No, no; you take too dismal a view of it," said Monck, in a tone which he meant to be soothing.

"Cannot my cry of anguish reach you?" continued Laura. "Then, at least, have pity on your wretched self. You think a human being can live without love; will you always think so? Let me become your wife, I shall be ever at your side, the victim of your cruelty, an ice-cold statue of submission to inevitable fate. No word of love will ever escape me; it would be a foul perjury. You yourself would be utterly wretched with me."

Monck rose up, and said, impatiently:

"I know enough. Your father is waiting for me; I must go to him at once, for my business is immediate, and has reference to an enormous gain. So, mademoiselle, you consent to our union?"

Laura became pale as death, but said nothing.

"Do you consent?" repeated Monck.

"And can you accept the lot I predict for you?" asked the maiden, with quivering lips.

"Why not?"

"O, it is dreadful!"

"I await your answer, mademoiselle," looking her full in the face with a triumphant sneer.

Laura reached forth her hand, and said, with a terrible effort:

"Well, let my destiny be fulfilled. Be my husband. Come now, and let us gladden my poor father's heart."

"One word more, mademoiselle. You have favored me with a sketch of our future. I, too, have one question to ask. If it is true that you will never love me, will you conduct yourself outwardly, in the eye of the world, as a submissive wife? Will you close your heart to all other love, and discharge your duties to me faithfully?"

Laura was too deeply wounded by these questions to reply; she could only look at Monck with an expression of loftiest contempt. And so majestic was her attitude, so full of power and superiority, that the miserable villain quailed and cowered before her. Recovering himself, he added:

"You mean that I have nothing to fear on that score. So much the better, mademoiselle. I am glad that the mere suggestion of a failure in duty excites such a storm within you. Let us go to your father; he will rejoice at your voluntary consent."

Laura followed her betrothed with an expression of unconquer-

able aversion and abhorrence on her face; but her step was firm, and indicated a steadfast, irrevocable decision.

A quarter of an hour later, Kemenaer accompanied the future husband of his daughter to the door. Monck seemed in high spirits, and continued to talk of business, and assure the unhappy father that they could not fail to gain very considerably. When Kemenaer had opened the door, intending to walk down the avenue with Monck, they found themselves confronted by Berthold.

Monck took off his hat in scornful affectation of reverence, and smiled as he said to the astounded youth:

"Useless, useless, Mynheer Robyn. You come to ask after Mademoiselle Laura. I will tell you the latest news. Laura is about to be married; she has, of her own free will, accepted the hand of one who can at least assure her a tolerable lot in the world. Is it not so, Mynheer Kemenaer? Has she not accepted the hand of Mynheer Monck?"

"Of Monck! Your hand! Laura your wife!" roared the young man, maddened with rage. He turned to Kemenaer, and stared at him, with eyes wide open, and gaping mouth, as though he looked for some contradiction of this appalling announcement.

"It is true," said Kemenaer, shaking his head mournfully.

"And so, Mynheer Robyn," said Monck, with malicious enjoyment of his triumph, "you will promise me to forget henceforward where my bride lives."

Berthold was pale as a sheet. He stood like a lion preparing for a spring, and growled, with the glare of vengeance in his eyes:

"First my inheritance, then my betrothed, and now you jest at my sufferings! Foul monster! will you compel me to violence?"

The words and gestures of the distracted youth frightened both Monck and Kemenaer; they shrunk trembling into the passage, and Monck closed the door violently in Berthold's face.

The poor young man stood for a moment gazing at the door; then he turned, and ran wildly down the avenue.

At some little distance from Kemenaer's house was a grove of lofty lime-trees, which belonged to an adjacent country house. At the furthest end of the grove was a bench, overshadowed by the foliage of the trees, and commanding a view of Kemenaer's house, and of the gardens and fields which stretched away in the distance. On this bench sat Berthold. His eyes were fixed immovably; his thoughts were wandering far away.

Since the unfortunate youth had been so unexpectedly robbed of his inheritance, the country had exchanged its tender green for deeper and varied tints. The cherry-trees were gay with ruddy fruit; the grass was waving its long stalks to the music of the summer winds; the corn was in full blossom; the nightingale, absorbed by paternal cares, had forgotten his enchanting song.

It would seem that the months which had passed had brought no relief to the poet, for appearance indicated something which was not exactly poverty, but a growing scarcity of the means of subsistence. His clothes were threadbare; his hat, though carefully brushed, seemed weary with long service. There was a something about his whole man which revealed the absence of money. Berthold was visibly fallen away; his gnawing anguish had already traced deep wrinkles on his forehead, and his sunken cheeks were wrinkled and shrivelled with grief.

He has been sitting a long time on that bench without moving a muscle. But now his features are slowly assuming an expression of bitterness; he shudders and presses his hands on his forehead, as though he would still the raging storm of his brain. Now again calmness is stealing down upon his heart. A quiet melancholy smile just touches his lips, and he murmurs:

"Alas, my poor soul, thou pinest and wailest! Dark angel, thrust forth from thy paradise, thou wanderest round the heaven of thy youth, hoping that the wind may waft towards thee some echo of her sighs—the sweet breath of some flower on which her gentle eye has rested; and dost thou hope still? No, no; thou hast nothing to hope in all the long future. It is one dark, impenetrable gloom, disenchantment and anguish, into which memory can scarcely cast its faint reflection of joys all past. Turn back again, my soul, to those joyous days; flee away to yonder acacia whose snowy flowers then fell so thick on thee and on her who was then thine; seat thyself beside her—yes, dream, dream on, poor soul; consume thy last energies in useless reverie, mourn and pine away, and soon thou shalt slake thy thirst divine at the well-spring of everlasting, unchangeable love."

The last few words were uttered in a tone which had something of scorn in it, and when he had ceased to speak, his lips still quivered in deep and painful thought. Then his whole expression underwent a change. A fresh tide of thought came pouring through his soul; he bit his lips and smote his forehead with his clenched fist; then he sprang from his seat, and exclaimed:

"Have I, then, lost my courage and fortitude forever? What am I doing here? Torturing myself with miserable dreams—striving in vain to allay the fever which is consuming body and soul! And while I am thus sacrificing all to a vision of utter hopelessness, I forget that there is one whose patient kindness I requite with ingratitude. The good Conrad! he cares and toils from morning to night to earn a little money. I, idle dreamer, I allow him to bear all our joint burden; I accept the fruit of his labor and sorrow; I eat, I drink, I roam about, and I look on calmly while my poor friend is struggling manfully with slowly advancing poverty. This cannot, must not last. I will shiver these degrading bonds which hold my soul and my will in durance. Far, far from this wretched spot!"

He walked hastily away from the bench towards the high road, but his step became slower and slower, until he stood quite still, leaning against the stem of a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Yes, yes; I will let Conrad see I am grateful; I will work

too, and earn money. But how? What can I do? Write poetry, Conrad says. Poetry! what mockery! I have written poetry. A book of mine has been published. Reviewers have said that a glorious future lay before me; but the crowd is cold and indifferent, and the book sells so slowly that I cannot pay my printer. A fearful, hopeless debt is my reward. Poetry! no, no."

While soliloquizing thus, he had unconsciously retraced his steps to the bench, as if it exerted on him a secret and irresistible power of attraction. His thoughts had taken another direction.

"Love, love! It is a deceiver which fascinates you, blinds you with the brightness of its promises, and at last pierces your heart through and through, and leaves the envenomed dart in the incurable wound, and kills you slowly, slowly, sorrowfully."

He turned his eyes towards Kemenaer's house, and sighed.

"No hope more, none—none but in death. Why do I thus protract an unavailing strife? Rather let me ruthlessly pluck these torturing memories from my mind."

And then he sank languidly down upon the bench, bowed his head upon his breast, and was lost in desponding thought. Soon a person came briskly up the grove who was evidently looking for some one. When he saw Berthold in the distance, he smiled joyfully. He came up to the dreaming youth, and addressed him by his name. His voice had something of triumph in it, as though he had good news to announce. The poet, surprised in his reverie, stood up and said, with a deep blush of shame:

"Conrad, you knew my morbid imagination would lead me to this spot. I have broken my pledge, have I not? Pity me—forgive me!"

The music-master took no notice of these words.

"Sit down, sit down," said he. "O, Berthold, I bring you such good news! What happiness awaits you! I am quite beside myself with joy."

"Happiness—for me!"

"Berthold, my friend, you will scarcely believe what I am going to say."

"Laura?" said the poet, with a sigh.

"Listen; I will tell you. The day before yesterday, the Royal Society of the Fine Arts held a meeting, and named corresponding members from among the most distinguished artists of our country. Your name is in the honored list. My heart beats high with joy. The star of your fame is rising now, Berthold. No man can now question your merit. This proof of the estimation in which you are held by competent judges will give you courage to win the wreath of laurel which awaits your brow. You will put away all doubt now, will you not? You will fulfil the brilliant destiny which God in his mercy and love has marked out for you?"

Berthold looked at his enthusiastic friend with a melancholy smile.

"Good heavens! can you remain unmoved by such a proof of the respect in which your name is held?" asked the astonished Conrad.

"No, no; I am glad—glad to see you so happy."

"You don't know all yet. The journals announce your appointment, and append the speech of the secretary in proposing you. In it you are called a poet of true feeling, and manliness, and highest promise; and your last poem, 'The Wandering Soul,' was recited to the meeting by the president himself. The journals say that everybody was moved to tears. Only think, Berthold, you have made the old masters of the art weep. O, 'tis the happiest day of all my life!"

"Dear Conrad!"

"But why do you remain so unmoved? Others in your place would be fervently thanking heaven for such good fortune."

"It is delightful, indeed; but of what use is it now? what will it bring us? Fame? Can any fame repay you the costly sacrifices you are making for me? No. Money alone can help us now."

"Yes, but money will be forthcoming, a good deal, it may be. Don't you see that your nomination and the official eulogy of your book will draw public attention to it? Many editions will be sold in a short time. Our printer will be paid; we can buy some better clothes. Come, come; don't be cast down. Money will come in good time; and you—you will earn it in abundance for us both."

Berthold's eye sparkled with gladness at the brilliant prospect opened to him by his friend.

"Earn money—much gold? Can it be true? But you are deceiving me, my friend. Poetry is twin-sister of poverty. Between her and gold there is an energetic, unconquerable repulsion."

"What fresh whim has seized you now?" said Conrad, sighing deeply. "Are you beginning to thirst for gold? It is true, we have not too much just now; but, except that our clothes are rather shabby, what have we wanted as yet?"

A bitter smile passed over the poet's face, as he asked:

"Conrad, where is your watch?"

The music-master was disconcerted for a moment by this unexpected question. He hesitated a moment, and then said:

"It is gone to be cleaned."

"No, my noble friend; attempt not to conceal the truth from me. You have sold it or pledged it to pay the rent of our rooms, have you not? Do not think that I accept your magnanimous sacrifice with unfeeling selfishness. It is a bitter grief to me that I cannot repay your kindness. O that I could exercise stronger self-control! Do you know any remedy for that disease which is wasting me away—that image, that fatal image which pursues me day and night?"

The music-master took Berthold's hands in his, and said, impressively:

"Dear friend, you are wandering in your mind. The remedy you seek is near at hand. You must remember that you are a man, and oppose a firm and unshaken will to the assaults of your morbid fancy. Look at things calmly, and without illusion. Yonder, behind those walls, dwells a woman who was destined to be your wife; who made you believe that she could not live without you; that apart from you her soul would pine hopelessly away; and how it could be I know not, but one single day sufficed to make her forget all her promises. Her words were falsehood and deceit. She loved you not; the million you were to inherit was the secret object of her affection. No sooner the million taken from you than her heart abandons you and follows its object. She sells her affections for gold, and links herself in an accursed union with him who has robbed you."

Berthold lifted his hands with an imploring gesture, as if to beseech him to spare Laura.

"Conrad, Conrad! what if we are wrong? Do not speak thus of her; you wring my heart."

"No, no; no mercy for the perjured one; she deserves only contempt. She has accepted your deadly enemy for her husband. O, it is the very abyss of degradation and vileness! It is so infinitely vile that, instead of repining, you ought rather to bless God for having swept so worthless a creature from your path. Look no longer at that house. There triumphs the wretched Monck; there Kemenaer laughs at the disinherited poet; there Laura sneers at the foolish youth who once dared to raise his eyes to her. Yes, they must laugh at Monck's victim. What can you hope, or wish, or expect? You are losing life in idle dreams; and could your yearning desire be granted, it would be your duty to spurn Laura from you with utter abhorrence."

Berthold rose slowly from the bench, and answered, moodily:

"Alas! must I give up all, even sweet memories, the last solace of my bleeding heart? Pine away and die with the certainty that she, who has pointed my death-blow, makes sport of my agony!"

"Were I in your place, Berthold, I would find a way to avenge myself."

"A way to avenge myself?" cried the youth, with sudden energy. "What would you do?"

The music-master answered enthusiastically:

"I would collect all my powers and employ them in the production of great works; I would write poems which should extort the admiration of my countrymen. My name beloved, and honored, and renowned by a thousand voices, should reach even her who so lightly forgot it; the brilliance of my fame should dazzle her eyes until she repented her perjury. But you are pale; you tremble. What are you looking at?"

Berthold pointed with a shudder through an opening in the foliage. Two women were slowly approaching the spot on which the friends were sitting, without having noticed their presence. The younger of these women was walking with languid step, and seemed almost worn out with protracted illness. The paleness of her cheek, the wandering restlessness of her eye, the touching expression of unutterable woe on her features, showed that the poor girl was just recovering from a serious illness, and had come forth, leaning on the arm of her maid, to seek some refreshment in the cool shade of the trees.

"Laura! It is Laura! Come, Berthold, come; do not let her read in your face the sad tale of your suffering."

"What I suffer? Look, look! she bears the stamp of death on her countenance."

"Come, quick!" said Conrad, dragging his reluctant friend from the spot.

"No, no," said Berthold; "let me look at her once more—only once."

Laura had, by this time, noticed and recognized him; and although her companion would have held her back, she walked on straight towards Berthold. When they were so near that each could remark the traces of suffering in the appearance of the other, they could not prevent a cry of mournful pity, and Berthold burst into a flood of tears. Laura, probably under the influence of a sense of duty, at once repressed every indication of emotion. Her countenance was calm and unmoved, but it bore the impress of so deep an anguish, so abject a prostration of soul, a despair so utterly void of hope, that it was clear that only the certainty of approaching death gave her strength to bear so calmly a meeting so painful. She addressed Berthold with a melancholy voice:

"You are ill, Berthold. My poor friend, I will not ask what disease is wasting your life; I know too well the worm which gnaws the disenchanted, deceived heart. I, too, have been ill. On my bed of sickness I have prayed without ceasing that God would give you strength to bear your sad lot."

Berthold was quite beside himself with emotion, and exclaimed:

"You have prayed for me?"

"But the heavens are closed to my prayer," she continued. "The last remaining hope of my soul is vain; my own misery sufficed not."

"Is it not a delusion? You think of me? You bewail my lot? Is it not of your own free will that you give your hand to my enemy?"

"I know, Berthold, your heart has accused me," said Laura, with a smile which ill concealed the bitterness of her soul. "You thought me happy. Look at my face; see what havoc my happiness has made of my youth and bloom."

"But I am in a dream; my head is confused. Do you regret our affection of other days? Do you still love your poor Berthold?"

"Love? No, no; never more may I dare to love. Fate has uttered its inexorable, irrevocable decree. Deep night is on my soul; not one lonely star shines on my path—one, yes, one; it shines above an open grave."

"Laura, Laura, you are killing me with perplexing anguish. I see you suffer. I can read what your sad words would conceal. Is there no power on earth which can deliver you?"

"There is one power above all powers on earth. I have longed, with eager longing, for death. I feel, with exulting gratitude, that sickness is wasting my strength, that my breathing is more difficult and painful. I hope I may leave the earth ere my sacrifice be consummated."

"Die? You long to die?" groaned Berthold.

"No, not quite so, alas! God has not seen fit to grant me this coveted boon. I shall never—alas, alas, I am recovering!"

The unfathomable despair disclosed by these words made the young man's tears flow afresh. The poor maiden, cold and calm in outward bearing, was not less profoundly affected. Her lips quivered, and there was in her eye something which seemed to say that her tears fell inwardly on her aching heart.

The servant now interposed, and said:

"O, mademoiselle, come, come! let us leave this spot. Your father said he would follow us soon." And seeing that Laura still hesitated, she added: "And Mynheer Monck will doubtless accompany him."

"Monck, Monck!" yelled Berthold, goaded to madness by that hated name.

Laura seemed to collect her strength, and said, quietly:

"Berthold, chance has brought us together here to bid each other an everlasting farewell. Soon I shall be the slave of inevitable duty; and between us there is a gulf which, not even in memory, can we try to fill up, without sin. Forget me, I implore you; take courage; overcome your grief, and leave me at least this consolation—that I alone must drink the bitter cup."

"Berthold, quick!" said Conrad. "Yonder comes the fiend himself who is killing you both. It is Monck; he sees you."

"Farewell, Berthold," whispered Laura. "If you have ever loved me, hear me now. Give your love to art; become great and renowned; your fame will awaken an echo in my poor wretched heart, and though she must forget her first friend, she may still admire and love the poet of her fatherland."

Berthold stood trembling with astonishment, with compassion, with despair, gazing on the receding form of the young maiden, who was returning slowly homewards. Monck passed the friends; his features were convulsed with rage, and his eyes were glowing with threatening and with vengeance. When he saw the music-master, there was such an expression of contempt, of scorn on his face, that Conrad was obliged to summon all his strength of mind to curb his indignation. Berthold was so absorbed in his own thoughts, that Monck had gone out of sight without his having been conscious of his presence.

"Unhappy friend!" said Conrad; "this meeting will increase your malady."

"Increase my malady! What malady? No, no; Laura has not forgotten me—not betrayed me. She loves me still; it is her affection for me which is draining her life-blood. This conviction gives me courage. I feel myself stronger. I will, I will—"

"Compose yourself; be calm; your mind is wandering," said Conrad, in alarm.

"Come, come," said the young man, dragging his friend impetuously along beneath the trees. "Come; I mean to be a poet now; I will win a glorious name. Now my soul thirsts for renown; it is as though a whole world of poetry were seething and boiling within me. She has awakened it; she can still love the poet of her fatherland."

And running so fast that the terrified Conrad could scarcely keep pace with him, he rushed like a madman through the grove.

CHAPTER IX.

MARGARET was sitting at a small mahogany table, in an easy-chair covered with green velvet, and was drinking her chocolate out of a breakfast cup of fine porcelain, gilt and painted with beautiful foliage. The room in which she was sitting was adorned with costly furniture, soft carpets, and rich curtains, all new, and selected with consummate taste.

The old servant of the deceased Mynheer Robyn had undergone a wonderful change. She wore a lace cap of the newest fashion, large ear-rings, and clothes of silk. And as she sat there, so easy and comfortable, buried in the soft cushion of her easy-chair, half sitting and half reclining, dipping the delicate biscuit in her fragrant chocolate, she might easily have been taken for a *mevrouw* of noble birth. Though there was little nobleness in her carriage, and bearing, and manner of eating, there was pride enough in her eye, and all her features were radiant with that serene self-satisfaction which the possession of wealth inspires.

Although Margaret seemed quite at ease, and devoured her biscuits with vigorous appetite, some vexatious thought seemed to obtrude itself from time to time, for she paused now and then, and forgot her breakfast, as if she were pondering something disagreeable. Then she stamped with her foot, or clenched her fist, and thrust it forward at some imaginary enemy, and contorted her features into an expression of fury and revenge.

It would not have been easy to guess what disturbed her peace of mind, since although now and then some bitter words escaped her lips, they were broken and meaningless. Only the names of Laura Kemenaer and of Monck were joined together, so as to lead to the inference that envy lay at the bottom of the mischief within her. While thus musing and ejaculating, she put her hand out to take another biscuit; there were no more. She rang the bell violently. A servant came running in haste, a young girl who seemed quite untrained and unaccustomed to service. She approached Margaret with awe, and asked:

"What would you please to want?"

"Blockhead! why not call me dame at once?" snarled Margaret.

"What is your will, madame?"

"That word doesn't seem to suit your uncivil mouth. Pah! you stink of the stable still."

"But, madame," stammered the girl, "you are always angry with me. Is it my fault that I am a country girl? I do my best to learn my duty."

"Hold your tongue!" growled Margaret. "A servant must not answer. You are enough to give one a fever with your stupid ways. Now, what did I ring for—what did I ring for? Don't you hear?"

"Madame has emptied her cup; she wants more chocolate?"

"Ha, yes! How is it you put only four biscuits on the plate?"

"Six, madame; six."

"Four; not one more."

"No, madame; six."

"What! you dare to contradict me? Four, I tell you. Confess there were only four, or I'll soon let you see who is mistress here. Speak, you owl! there were only four."

"You are mistaken, madame; there were six."

"You obstinate booby! Go to your room, pack up your things, and be off before noon, or I will tell the servant to kick you into the street! Do you understand or not? Get out of my sight, you good-for-nothing creature!"

The girl put her apron to her eyes, and began to cry. Her tears seemed to pacify Margaret; and instead of driving her away, she said, coaxingly:

"Now think a bit, Katie; there were four biscuits."

"O, madame, if you will have it so, I must say yes!" sobbed the girl. "Yes, there were four. You must have pity on me, madame, and bear with me; I am willing to tell any lie to please you, but I cannot get into the way of it all at once."

"Come here, Katie; I will give you a piece of advice. Will you do what I tell you?"

The girl made a gesture of humble submission.

"You are now a silly girl, as is natural, since you have only just come from milking cows. You ought to have begun with poor folk, where there is plenty to do, and when the work is done, the servant is left at peace. With rich people it is not so. We have too much time on our hands, and too many whims. I have been a servant myself, Kate."

"I know you have, madame."

"Ho! you know I have, eh? but you must be quiet when I am speaking. What was I going to say? Ha, yes! When I went out to service, I got into a rich family where all the servants were changed about four times in the year, at least. I was cunning, and soon saw what was wanted there to be the favorite of *mevrouw* and of *mynheer* both. *Mevrouw* was master; I saw everything with her eyes. If she was out of sorts or in a pet, I held my tongue; if she called me an ass, a stupid thing, a lazy owl, I looked imploringly at her, as though I acknowledged she had just cause to scold me. I took every opportunity to praise her beauty and the elegance of her dress; I pretended an extravagant liking for her ugly brats of children, for her nasty lap-dog, and for everything she liked. If anything turned up between *mynheer* and her, I took her part—when he was gone, you understand,—and I bemoaned her lot as if I thought she was really unhappy; but I kept my eye on her face, and took care to change my tune in good time. I knew how to keep *mynheer* in good humor, too. He had a notion that there was not a more clever man on earth than himself. So when he said anything, I seemed struck with admiration, as if I had seen some miracle; and I said sometimes, when there was no quarrel going on, that I would rather have *mynheer's* understanding and *mevrouw's* beauty than their gold. They were fools enough to believe me, and liked me because I stroked them the right way. You see, Kate, now I am *mevrouw*, and you are the servant. Behave to me just as I behaved to my master and mistress; look at me to see what I want; flatter me, coax me, fall in with my humors; say that there were four biscuits or a hundred biscuits, just as you see I wish you to say. Why do men like their dogs so much? Because they are silent and servile, and lick their master's hand even when it is raised to chastise them. When I was a servant, I thought it very hard to be either a slave or a dog; now I am rich, it seems quite natural. When I scold you and call you a booby, Kate, you must not cry; I do it only to enjoy the feeling that I am rich and can do as I like."

"Madame, are you then so rich?" asked the girl, who had understood little of this long oration.

"Yes, yes, Kate; about a million."

"A million! that is a terrible sum of money."

"That is to say, Kate, I have not the million yet; but I am going to marry Mynheer Monck, who has inherited it."

"Our *mynheer*? I don't believe it," said the maid, with a smile that vexed Margaret.

"Why? you forget that it is I who tell you. What I believe, you must always believe, too."

"Ha, yes! I was forgetting all that. Let me go to the kitchen now, if you please; *mynheer's* breakfast must be got ready."

"No; you must tell me why you don't think I am going to marry *mynheer*."

"I dare not," stammered the girl.

"You must; you have heard something, I dare say, of a girl called Laura Kemenaer. People said *mynheer* was going to marry her. Didn't they say so in the baker's shop?"

The maid nodded affirmatively.

"You don't know the whole thing, Kate; Mynheer Monck's love for Laura Kemenaer is only a sham. In less than two months you will call me Madame Monck; you may take my word for that."

"Ha, 'tis no sham!" said Kate, with a knowing shrug of her shoulders.

"What is no sham? Do you know anything further?"

"Yes, yes; but I have never ventured to tell you."

"Tell me—quick!" cried Margaret, in alarm.

"You see, madame, I don't know much about your city ways, but people get in love in the country, too. The son of the farmer I lived with last was in love with our burgomaster's daughter, and things did not turn out as he wished. The poor fellow used to sit whole days long with his head in his hands, and his eyes looking cold and dead, and he used to be muttering always, 'Rosa, Rosa!'"

"But are you daft, you goose? what do you mean by telling me a long story about your village?"

"Why this is it, you see, madame. Our mynheer sits days and days alone, thinking and staring straight before him, with vacant eyes. When you come, madame, he rises up and smiles. But he does not think of me, and I have often heard him mutter, 'Laura, Laura!' just like our farmer's son."

Margaret became deadly pale.

"And I will tell you something else," continued the maid. "Yesterday, when you were gone out, mynheer sent me with a note to the grand shop in the market-place—you know, where all the beautiful ladies' clothes hang in the window—I brought back a large parcel. Mynheer opened it, and I saw it was all real lace. At first I thought he was going to make you a present; but he forbade me to mention to you that I had been to the shop. A short time after that, I saw the footman go out with the parcel under his arm. That's just how our farmer's son did, too, when he was going to marry. He got a pretty handkerchief, with crimson and blue fringe, for Rosa, the burgomaster's daughter."

"Go to the kitchen," said Margaret, trembling with rage. "Go to the kitchen, I tell you!"

"There, you are always vexed with me; and yet I have told you what mynheer told me to keep a secret. A poor servant girl can never do right."

"Yes, yes; you have done right, and I will reward you well," said Margaret, rising and moving towards the door of her room. "I will know the truth. If you are right, you will see strange things, Katie. O, the rascal, the scoundrel, to cheat me! Yes, there won't be much of his million left!"

She ran through the passage to the room of the astounded Monek, who was sitting quite still, with his head in his hands, lost in thought. When he saw her he rose up, composed his lips to an affectionate smile, and said:

"Good-morning, Margaret; how are you this morning? Is your headache better to-day?"

"You have a worse headache than mine, you hypocritical old rascal! Tell me, why do you sit here all day long, doing nothing but dream? 'Tis not about me, for all your pretences; but Margaret knows you now, and she can read in your cunning fox eyes that you mean to deceive her. You had better not, Monek,—you had better not; I know how to take a terrible revenge."

"At it again?" growled Monek, with a threatening gesture. "Speak; tell me what new whim you have in your head now. I have no time to listen to your silly prattle."

"Then you must make time. You have time enough to sigh all day long. Ha, ha, look at him there with his oily, hypocritical old face! Pah! I should be ashamed of myself; you are so ugly, the very children are frightened at you."

"Hold your tongue, you miserable woman!" roared Monek. "One word for all—"

"Ho, ho! show your teeth as much as you like," said Margaret, with a sneer; "you won't bite me, for all that."

"'Tis too much, too much!" exclaimed Monek, stamping on the floor. "You assume complete power over me; I must put a stop to this."

"When you like. Say what you were going to say, you ugly old liar!"

"You are ungrateful beyond measure. I alone inherit the whole fortune of Mynheer Robyn; you have no right to remain in this house one single moment against my will; and I, out of kindness to you, allow you to be mistress here; I give you servants, gay dresses, everything you can want. What more would you have?"

"What a simpleton you are, Monek!" said Margaret, with a ringing laugh of scorn. "Do you think you can take in old Margaret in that way? Friendship, goodness! No, no, no; it is because you are afraid of me. If you dared to turn me out into the street, you wouldn't wait till to-morrow. But I have a good hold on you; you shall not shake me off."

Monek felt that he was obliged to quail beneath the old servant; he gnashed his teeth impatiently, and looked as though he would have swallowed her alive; but she, conscious of her superiority, kept her eye fixed on him, and laughed with an irritating chuckle. "If I had not my temper under strong command!" yelled Monek, shaking his fist at her.

"Well, yes, I would advise you. I would scream loud enough to bring all the neighbors in, and tear your eyes out of your ugly head. Come, don't command your temper, don't."

Monek strode up and down the office, and made strong efforts to control himself. At length it seemed as if he were crushed beneath Margaret's superiority, and resigned himself to his fate. He stopped suddenly in front of her, and said, trembling the while with fury:

"Tell me clearly what you want; and if you are not contented with my answer, go, run about amongst the neighbors, and tell everything like the gossip you are."

"What do I want? why I will tell you clearly, once for all.

First, I forbid you to cross the threshold of Kemenaar's house. Secondly, you shall marry me within six weeks. Is that clear enough for you?"

"Thirdly?" asked Monek.

"Thirdly, you shall give me money enough to buy my outfit—plenty of money; for I am determined everybody in the city shall long remember Madame Monek's clothes."

Monek answered as if his turn were come to irritate and annoy his enemy:

"And suppose I were to say that I should not obey your commands,—that I laugh at you and your whims, and am resolved to bear no more of them?"

"How soon you would repent it! You should run after me, implore; but, mark my words, if I once take a resolution, I will carry out my revenge to the end."

"Come, come, what would you do?"

"I would tell everybody what a vile cheat you are, and that the will can be set aside."

"You don't know that."

"No? I know the date is wanting. It escaped you in a thoughtless moment; but you may be sure the secret was not lost on me."

"Nobody will believe you."

"Pretend more indifference still; smooth your hypocritical face a little more; your heart is not a bit the more easy for all that."

"Well," said Monek, with an air of triumphant scorn. "I tell you that I will receive no commands from one who ought to be thankful enough to be allowed to obey here. You may wait as long as you like to know what I propose to do in the matter of my foolish promise to you; but do not imagine that I shall omit one visit to Mynheer Kemenaar's. And now, leave the office; I command you!"



THE "CORNICI," ON THE ROAD FROM NICE TO GENOA.

Margaret placed her hands on her hips, and screamed, in a paroxysm of rage:

"Ha, ha, that is what you mean! Farewell then; you shall soon hear of me again. I shall go to Berthold; he shall know the flaw in the will; I will tell him how you deceived his uncle with your vile tricks, how you cheated him out of his inheritance, and how you privately led the old man astray. Yes, I will tell him how Mynheer Robyn himself knew nothing of any will the very morning of his death, for he told me he would think of it within the next fortnight. Berthold will see clearer into this mess than I can. Poor Margaret! this is the reward of your confidence in a scoundrel; now you are thrust out into the street. But cheer up; Berthold will not let you want."

She wept as she uttered these last words, and shook her fist at Monek, as she moved towards the door.

"Farewell, you hideous old serpent!" said she; "I shall yet see you begging your bread, if you don't come to the gallows first."

During these threatenings, Monek's face became gradually paler and paler; so profound was their impression that he continued gazing at her without speaking a word, until her hand was on the latch of the door; in a few moments she would have left the house.

This thought roused Monek from his stupor; he sprang towards Margaret and raised her arm, as he muttered some words of tenderness and affection. He led her to a chair, and said, with the sweetest tones of his insinuating voice:

"Sit down and don't cry, Margaret dear. It is your fault that I am so vexed. You take the upper hand a great deal too much. Were I to listen to you and follow your advice, we should both be wretched. Come, be quiet; no other than you shall ever be my wife; whatever the world may say, I will marry you."

"When, when?" asked Margaret.

"Sooner than you think; but we must be very prudent for a little while. Our enemies have still a ray of hope."

"You are always deceiving me!" exclaimed Margaret, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Why do you sit there all day long dreaming and sighing? Why does Laura's name always come to your lips when you are alone? Do you fancy I don't know what that means?"

"Is it not very natural that I should think of Laura, of Kemenaar, of Berthold? Not in the way you suspect; on the contrary, I tremble all day long with fear; I am wearing out with anguish and vexation."

"Things cannot go as you would like at Kemenaar's, surely?" said Margaret, with a sneer. "His daughter is not likely to listen to the fascinating talk of a man like you, eh?"

Monek ground his teeth with rage, as though this sneer had reached a deep sore in his heart; but he answered, with a sly laugh:

"You have hit the mark, Margaret; she hates and abhors me, because I am Berthold's enemy. In her eyes I am nothing but a frightful villain; but so much the better, so much the better."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Her dread of me makes her ill, and she is pining away. She will die, and then I am free from the fear which makes me quake day and night."

"Don't you love her, then?"

"Love? I love? Do you think me a child? Were I not obliged to act the hypocrite in order to protect us both from our enemies, my hatred alone would be enough to make me pretend to love Laura."

"Your hatred?"

"Yes, my implacable, burning hatred of Berthold. You cannot imagine how far this feeling possesses me. It is only because Laura dares still to love that low rascal Berthold that I grasp her in my hate, in order to wreak my revenge on them both."

"And the lace you sent her as a present? I was not to know anything about it. This mystery alone shows that you are trying to deceive me."

"It is true, Margaret dear; I do deceive you, in order that I may not rouse your suspicions, and to spare you needless annoyance. My affection for you compels this forethought. What I am doing is a subtle course of hypocrisy, which is excessively painful and humiliating to me; but I make this sacrifice for the welfare of us both, my dear Margaret."

"Good heavens! What a nuisance it is to have to do with a crafty rascal!" sighed Margaret, half prostrated. "One can never know what to believe. And how long is this game to last?"

"Till Laura's death. She was very far on the way to the churchyard, but she now seems to be getting a little better."

"And suppose she recovers?"

"I don't believe she can," answered Monek. "She longs for death, and is gnawing her own heart. Then a thousand things may happen. Suppose she gets well; then I must dissimulate until the marriage between Laura and Berthold becomes a perfect impossibility. Mynheer Kemenaar compassionates his daughter's grief, and he shows a strong disposition to allow her to marry Berthold. But you see clearly, Margaret, that this marriage must be prevented; for if Berthold were once Kemenaar's son-in-law, the cunning old villain would at once dispute the legality of the will. He is rich, and would bring the matter before the high court of justice. He has no notion that there is a flaw in the will, but the lawyers would soon get scent of it. And then, my dear Margaret, what would that lead to?"

"It would be set aside, eh?" asked Margaret, with an expression of alarm which made Monek's eyes gleam with triumphant joy.

He added, in a tone of pretended complaining:

"O, I cannot sleep for thinking it. We should lose all of the gold

we now possess. To become poor again! It would not be so hard for you; you could take service again."

"I be a servant again!" cried Margaret. "I would rather die of starvation. People would run after me in the street and laugh at me. But, Monek, it can never come to that? You make me quake all over with fear."

"If Berthold marries Laura, we are lost."

"You must hinder it; at all costs you must hinder it. O, Monek dear, spare no trouble—spare nothing!"

"I spare trouble? No, no; I shall struggle, strive, use every effort, until the victory is ours. I should not be discouraged even were it necessary for months longer to feign, to crawl, to deceive. Now you see why I strive to make Kemenaar fancy that I aspire to his daughter's hand,—why I seek to deceive them as to my real intentions by sending them costly presents. Time goes on the while; Laura grows weaker and weaker; Berthold sinks gradually deeper and deeper into poverty. Kemenaar will not dare to say he ever knew him."

"Indeed," muttered Margaret, in confirmation, "I saw him yesterday, at a little distance. How miserable he looked! He had the same clothes on he used to wear, but so threadbare. I almost pitied the poor lad."

"You are only joking. Pity for our deadly enemy?"

"It was only a passing feeling. Who could pity a wretched drunkard who is too idle to work?"

"A drunkard!" repeated Monek, with joyful surprise. "Berthold a drunkard! Who says so?"

"Did you not know it? Berthold goes about with low people; he sits in a tavern all day long, drinking gin. I heard it from a woman who lives near him. She was talking of it at my dress-maker's."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

Paris, Hotel du Louvre, July 8th, 1853.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq., Dear Sir,—Though established here for some years, and likely to remain for many more, I can assure you that I have not forgotten my country, or my dear old native city, Boston. The sight of an American newspaper always gladdens my eyes; and when, a few days since, I had the pleasure of examining a volume of your illustrated journal, established long after I left the city of notions, I was surprised to see what progress had been made in the newspaper line since I expatriated myself. But I did not take up my pen for the purpose of writing compliments, but of making an offer. I perceive that the scope of your publication embraces scenes in all countries, and it occurred to me that some of my reminiscences of travel—for I have been something of a wanderer in my day—might not be deemed unworthy of your notice. I have accordingly been overhauling my old note-books and sketch-books, and send you two views on the road from Genoa to Nice, with descriptive text, hoping to see them in some future number of your publication. I selected this subject because I was so delighted with the journey I made now some years ago. The delightful places I visited then recur to my memory like a pleasant dream. What rich and brilliant scenery! what vivid light! what perfumes! what trees! what varied and sublime perspectives! Winding along mountain flanks, the famous "Cornice" road seems suspended between sea and sky. At times, the rock suddenly escapes from your eyes, and, save the narrow space on which your foot rests, you see before you only the azure of the waves and the azure of the firmament. Often even some warm vapor, vaguely spread like a light veil in the atmosphere, suffices to obliterate the line of the horizon. Then the two immensities are mingled; above, below, on all sides, you see only a boundless ocean or a boundless sky. How many times, at burning noon, have I sought for this distant line without being able to distinguish it, and catching, at remote distances, a glimpse of some object floating in the dazzling light, I have asked, "What is that? a ship, a swan, or an eagle?" And none of my companions have been able to make it out. Words are impotent to paint the sensations of an isolated man in the presence of these abysses of light; it seems like a dream, or the presentiment of another life; the soul, surprised and moved, trembles and seems willing to prepare for departure, as if disengaged from the bonds of the flesh. No, traveller, you are still on earth; in your intoxication, guard against vertigo; beware of precipitating yourself towards that infinity which opens to your desires; rather close your dazzled eyes, for the hour has not yet come; move on, pursue your course. Suddenly the path turns, climbs or descends, and penetrates a narrow gorge. The scene changes, and softer pictures succeed. Above you, you behold through the delicate foliage of the olive tree some delicious villa, white and sleeping. The blue, pure and calm wave silently bathes the terraces of marble shaded by orange and citron trees. You rarely get even a glimpse of the masters of these delightful dwellings; you might easily suppose them beings of a superior poetic and happy order. Perhaps some white robe flits among the urns, under the festoons of vine-leaves; you sigh and pass on. But the very continuity of these seducing apparitions would enervate reverie. Nature has seemingly been desirous of making this part of the world a collection of all her grandeurs, and has placed but a few steps from some of her sweetest landscapes, in narrow passes, steep precipices, naked, crumbling rocks, torrents and stern pyramids, fashioned by no human hand, which spring from the waters; or the mountain suddenly bars the way; a black cavern alone yawns before your eyes, and by a dark and cool subterranean passage, leads to a golden sky. Towns succeed each other, from time to time, without destroying the charm. To San Pier d'Arena, to Cornegiano, to Pegli, succeed Voltri and Cogoleto, where Christopher Columbus was born; wealthy Savona, where the richest fruits abound; Finale Marina, proud of its magnificent marble palace constructed by Bernini; Oneglia, where, in 1796, Bonaparte assumed the command in chief of the army of Italy; Porto Maurizio; San Remo, which boasts of having the best sailors of the Mediterranean; Ventimiglia, the birthplace of Persius, the Latin poet; the principality of Monaco, a kingdom in miniature, governed by sovereigns in a hotel of the Faubourg St. Germain, by sovereigns who do not know their own happiness, or what they might create. These are great names, but who could enumerate all the villages, all the graceful hamlets perched on the hills, the cottages and hermitages half hidden in trees, and showing their ridge-poles here and there in places so lovely that one would wish to halt and pass his life among them? With its diversity and delightful caprices, the "Cornice" is now an easy and safe road. It was not so some sixty years ago when Madame de Genlis traversed it with the Duchess de Chartres, who was hastening to Italy without the royal authority. The amusing description which Madame de Genlis gives will aid you to appreciate the two illustrations I send you. "Learning at Nice," she says, "that we could go to Genoa by land, in sedan chairs, we came to the sudden resolution of making this perilous journey, the very name of which is frightful, because the road is very appropriately called the 'Cornice.' I sent for a man who let mules, wishing to question him about the dangers of the road. This man, after listening attentively, replied: 'I am not anxious on your account, ladies, but, to tell the truth, I'm rather afraid for my mules, for the last year I lost two, which were crushed by fragments of rock falling on them, for they are often detached from the mountain.' This way of quieting us was not very consoling; still, it made us laugh, and we set out. A short distance from Nice, in a place called La Turbie, we found a

charming arbor covered with garlands of flowers, in which an excellent breakfast was prepared; it was a compliment of the commandant of Nice to the Duchess of Chartres, who travelled under the name of Countess de Joinville. On leaving Nice, you find the old castle of Montalban, taken by the French in 1744; two leagues further on, we halted at the tower of Eze, commanding the sea, the situation of which is admirable. At the end of an hour, we resumed our journey. This road is a veritable cornice, in many places so narrow that a person can hardly pass. On one side, enormous rocks form a sort of wall which seems to rise to heaven; and on the other, you find yourself just on the verge of precipices of five hundred feet, at the foot of which the sea, breaking on the reefs, produces a sound as sad as it is alarming. In all the really dangerous passes, we alighted, and were held by the arm as we moved along. From Monaco to Manton, you can breathe; the road is very fine. After Manton, it becomes frightful again; still, we began to get accustomed to it, and the sight of a prodigious quantity of pretty natural cascades charmed us so as to almost make us forget the precipices. At Hospitella, the most frightful shelter where hospitality was ever given, we all three slept in the same chamber. We arranged a sort of bed made of mule blankets and leaves for the Duchess de Chartres. In the same room were two great heaps of corn, and the master of the house assured my companion and myself that we should sleep very well if we slept on them; and our cavaliers lent us their cloaks to spread on the corn. We had to sleep in a singular attitude, nearly standing. We passed the night in continual anxiety, caused by the sliding and sinking of the corn. We saw the day-break with a great deal of pleasure, and as we were ready dressed, our toilettes did not delay our departure. The next day's journey was very fatiguing, though we only made two leagues and a half; but we found all the roads so bad that I travelled almost all the

trellices, whose arcades are adorned with garlands of leaves that flutter in the slightest breeze. It seems, in this delicious region, as if the earth were cultivated to supply not the wants but the pleasures of man. There you see real shepherdesses. All the young girls have their tresses crowned with a bouquet of natural flowers. They are almost all pretty, and remarkable for the elegance of their figures. To avoid a horribly dangerous mountain, we embarked at Pietra, and made three leagues and a half by sea. At Noli we resumed our chairs. From the top of the mountain which commands the towns of Anvaye and Savona, the finest view in the universe is discovered; it is the most remarkable scene to be met after leaving Albenga. Savona is a handsome town, very agreeably situated, and only twelve leagues from Genoa. You see, at the village of Abbisola, a short league from Savona, the palaces of Rovere and Durazzo, both of great magnificence; the gardens are vast, but in poor taste. I remarked a very singular thing, that is, that you see none of the charming flowers which grow naturally in the fields, with the exception of the orange; but the box is cultivated with the greatest care, and the superb vases which fill the terraces are full of it. This wretched box is put in beautiful vases, only because it is dearer and rarer than the myrtle, jessamine and laurel rose. This journey, the most dangerous and the most curious that can be made, passed very gaily and without accident; it took sixty days to accomplish forty leagues. The horror of precipices made me go more than three quarters of the way on foot, over cutting pebbles and rocks. I arrived at Genoa with feet swollen and wounded, but in very good health." I have quoted largely from Madame de Genlis, both because her descriptions of scenery are vivid and truthful, and because her experience affords such a contrast to that of modern travellers. In our days she would have traversed the Cornice in a good post-chaise, in a diligence, or with a courier; but she would have been minus the "pleasing terror" which gives such a charm to adventure. Still, if the road is easier now, it is far from being uniform, and the scenery is still the same, supremely beautiful. Trusting I have succeeded in interesting you, and that I shall interest your readers in these reminiscences, I remain cordially yours,

J. N. STANFORD.

HAMBURG COOKERY.

In nothing, perhaps, are the Hamburgers more to be envied, in a gastronomic view, than in their vegetables. Singularly small as are these products of the kitchen garden, they are sweeter and more delicately flavored than any I ever tasted elsewhere. As *entremets*, and as accompaniments to meat, they are largely consumed. The Hamburgers laugh at the English cooks who boil green peas and potatoes in plain water; for here boiled potatoes are scarcely known—that nutritious vegetable being cut into slices and fried; while green peas are slowly stewed in butter and cream, and sweetened with fine sugar. But we "gesellen" have plebeian appetites; and whatever dish may be set before us, as surely vanishes to its latest shred. The little patches of puff-paste, smeared with preserve, sent to us as a Sunday treat, or the curious production in imitation of our English pie, and filled with macaroni, are immolated at once without misgiving or remorse. If we sup at all, it is upon pasty German cheese, full of holes, as if it had been made in water; or a hot liver sausage, as an extraordinary indulgence. And our "Licht Braten!" Herr Sorgenpfennig rubs his short, fat hands, and his round eyes twinkle again, as he tells his little cluster of "Herren Gesellen" that there will be a feast, a sumptuous *abendbrod*, to inaugurate the commencement of candle-light. The "Licht Braten," as this entertainment is called, is one of the old customs of Hamburg now falling into disuse. It would be doing Herr Sorgenpfennig an eternal injustice did we pass over it in silence, more especially as he boasts of it as real "North German fare." Here we have it:—Raw herrings to begin with. Bah! I confess this does not sound well upon the first blush; but, then, a raw, dried herring is somewhat different to one salted in a barrel. To cook it would be a sacrilege, say the Germans. And then the accompaniments! We have two dishes of wonderful little potatoes, baked in an oven, freshly peeled and shining, (in the centre of the table is a bowl of melted butter and mustard well mixed together. You dip your potato in the butter; and while you thus soften the deep-sea saltiness of your herring, the rough flavor of the latter relishes and overcomes the unctuous dressing of your potato. I swear to you it is delicious! But where is our "braten," the "roast," in fact? O, thou unhappy Peter! I see thee still, reeking over the glowing forge fire, cooking savory sausages thou art forbidden to taste! I see thee still, struggling in vain to "bolt" the blazing morsel, rashly plucked (in the momentary absence of Sorgenpfennig) from the bubbling, hissing fat, and thrust into thy jaws. Those burning tears! those mad distortions of limb and feature! God pity thee, Peter; but it was not to be! Those savory sausages are our "braten," and they smack wonderfully after the herrings. If there is one item in our repast to be deplored, it is the Hamburg beer—which, however, is as good as it can be, I suppose, for the money—something under an English penny a bottle. But here is wine, good, sound wine, not indeed from the Rhine, nor the Moselle, but red, sparkling, French *vin ordinaire* at a mark (fourteenpence) the bottle.—A *Tramp's Wallet*.

Great are the odds against poverty in the strife. How often is the poor man, the compelled Quixote, made to attack a windmill in the hope that he may get a handful of the corn that it grinds? and many and grievous are his buffets ere the miller—the prosperous fellow with the golden thumb—rewards poor poverty for the unequal battle.—*Jerrold*.



SECOND VIEW OF THE "CORNIC," ON THE ROAD FROM NICE TO GENOA.

way on foot, the road, as on the day before, still skirting the sea, sometimes on the height of a precipice, sometimes on a narrow shore, with large and sharp stones underfoot. Besides, the whole country we traversed was arid and frightful; our bearers were the most rascally people in the world, understanding neither French nor Italian, speaking an unintelligible jargon, getting drunk, swearing and quarrelling incessantly. It was difficult not to take an interest in their disputes, when, carried by them, you saw them on the edge of a precipice, suddenly tremble with anger, shake and reel, and carry the litter with only one hand, that the other might be free to make menacing gestures. Their litters are unlike ordinary sedan chairs; they are long and somewhat narrow. The place where you sit is sheltered from rain by a sort of waxed cloth. Your legs are extended without the liberty of bending them, and my feet protruded beyond the chair. The road from St. Maurice to Albenga is full of frightful passes; but this road offers admirable points of view, among others, that from the top of the mountain which commands the town of Longuella. The descent of this mountain is very steep and dangerous. We went down on foot, and I may also say barefoot, for the rocks we had been climbing for three days previous had so cut up our shoes that the soles were almost gone; and not foreseeing that we should have so much walking to do, we had failed to provide ourselves with several pair. At ten o'clock in the morning, we made our bearers stop on the summit, from which we discovered the town of Albenga, in the midst of a delicious plain. At the base of the mountain is a vast and fertile plain surrounded by rocks and majestic mountains, some of them covered with ice. The aridity of the rocks, and the imposing aspect of the mountains, form a singular contrast with the smiling beauty and the fertility of the plain; the meadows are embroidered with violets and lilies; the laurel and rose grow there without culture. There you see fields surrounded by long trellices of vines, and through these charming open galleries, discover verdure, flowers and fruits framed in the light

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Forth from the greenwood shadows
The battle-trumpet calls;
Forth from our happy fireside.
Forth from these peaceful halls.
The graves of sire and kindred,
The anguish of thy wife,
The soft smiles of our infant child,
Thou leavest for war's strife!

I weep—my fond heart trembles,
But duty bids thee go;
The soil of our fair country
Is trod by dastard foe!
God stay my selfish sorrow,
The nation claims thine aid;
Go forth, my noble husband.
With brave heart undismayed!

I'll pray for thee at morning,
And plead for thee at noon,
At evening, and when in the sky
Sails the calm midnight moon;
Asking the God of battles
To shield the glorious right,
And be around my soldier,
To cheer him in the fight.

Thy baby boy shall listen.
And on his lips thy name
Shall be the first word spoken—
His first thoughts of thy fame.
I'll teach his eye to kindle,
His cheek to burn and glow,
Whene'er he hears the martial life
Out on the proud air flow.

Then go! I will not hinder,
With useless floods of tears;
Heaven prosper thee and keep thee—
Prove false my woman's fears!
Better to die with valor,
And fill a patriot's grave,
Than live upon a despot's lands,
A false and cringing slave!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEGEND OF NAUMET CRAG.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"When the sun is sinking low,
And in gold the mountains glow,
Sing to me, Eumena;
For the hour befits thee best;
Calmly lies the heart at rest;
Sing to me, Eumena."

"WHERE met you with this nonsense?" gaily cried a youth, lightly entering the apartment where Lilian Travers was thrumming her guitar. "You are as capricious as an untamed mocking-bird. Now a psalm tune, then a bit of a love song, and afterwards perhaps the latter half of some lugubrious ditty. When, I would ask, are you to commence being an equable and reasonable creature?"

"When my forty-fifth cousin, Master Ralph Alstein, shall take it into his head to set me an example," retorted Lilian, as springing forward with a bird-like buoyancy she caught hold of Ralph's hand, and putting herself suddenly in position, advanced her tiny foot. "Now, grave sir, for a dance. What shall it be? one of my grandmother's minuets or—"

"Shame on you, Lilian! Can you not remember that I have Roundhead blood in my veins, and therefore cannot participate in such vain amusements? But dear me, if you insist I cannot resist. The blame is all yours; so here goes."

In the midst of their childish play, the door was gently opened and a gentleman of portly air stood for a second or two an unobserved witness of their movements. Clearing his throat with a loud ahem, he advanced further into the apartment. The effect was instantaneous: Ralph wheeled about, crimson and abashed, Lilian sprang to her seat and bent over her guitar.

"I understand," said the last comer with a slow and measured voice (for, as being Sir Hugh Travers, vice-governor of the royal province of New Hampshire, he felt bound in all things to preserve due dignity), "I understand that you are charged with important messages to myself from the very worshipful Governor Andros."

"Such is the case, honored sir," replied Ralph, regaining in a degree his composure, and drawing from an inner pocket a packet of papers, which he delivered to Sir Hugh. "I was informed on my arrival that you were absent, and therefore found it necessary to wait your return."

"Be seated, I pray you," observed Sir Hugh, with a ceremonious wave of the hand. "I am pleased to entertain under my roof one who can claim a common ancestry with myself, however remote be the relation between us."

The young man bowed, though not placed especially at ease by the tone in which this half-courteous greeting was enunciated. Meanwhile Sir Hugh undertook to peruse the documents in his hand, though at odd intervals his glance directed itself from over the top of the page with a severe air on the young girl, whose face was clothed with a most studied demureness. Every sly look that she threw in the direction of Master Ralph was marked by a most portentous frown on the brow of her constituted guardian. At last the latter, impatient at finding himself embarrassed between two objects of attention:

"Lilian," he said, "I would have you leave us by ourselves for the present. We have some matters to speak of which were better talked of without you."

Lilian rose up silently, and with an air of displeasure, half-assumed, half-real, moved slowly towards the door; but at the moment she came opposite her father's chair she sprang aside, pressed her lips to his forehead, and with a scarce audible laugh disappeared. A comic vexation manifested itself in Sir Hugh as he again addressed himself to Ralph.

"Young sir," he went on to say, in a pompous and would-be dignified manner, "I am happy to be able to entertain under my roof one who can claim descent from the same ancestry as myself, remote indeed as is the relation between yourself and me. I hope you will be able to make yourself at home with us during your brief sojourn. And, by the way, I may apologize for the levity visible in Lilian's demeanor, by reminding you that she has not the advantages of training conferred by a sojourn near the centres of education and refinement. She is well intentioned at heart, but ignorant of the ceremonious proprieties of society, and it is therefore necessary that I assume a more careful oversight over her when we receive visitors. Her mother is quite an invalid, and for that reason confines herself to her own apartment the larger part of the time. I will leave you to your own resources for the present, as I must examine these despatches more minutely. My steward, John Hope, will be at your service with fishing-tackle and fowling-pieces. We shall expect to meet you at supper, if your convenience will allow."

With these words Sir Hugh bowed himself out of the apartment.

"Here is a nice kettle of fish!" exclaimed Ralph, when left alone. "I have torn myself from all the pleasures of society to come to this castle in the wilderness, and just as I was thinking myself more than repaid with the promise of studying at my ease this wild coz Lilian, in comes the overpowering Sir Hugh, like the giant in the fairy tale, denying all access. What shall I do with myself, pray?"

"Do?" said a silvery voice at his elbow. "That is a silly question indeed. What shall you do, prithee! Why, sir, ignorant, you are to fetch me fresh compliments and flowers three times a day, attend at my side when I ride forth, read exquisite passages from the poets, and perform all the et ceteras which your situation requires. What an ill-trained lad it is, with his foolish questions."

"Lilian," replied Ralph, with an embarrassed air, "I must take heed how I utter my thoughts when fairies like yourself come flying through the keyholes. But you are too hard upon my awkwardness; there are circumstances which should make it in some measure excusable."

"Precisely so, my very wise cousin. And now as you are duly pardoned, you will hold yourself immediately at my service. You are required to come forth and assist me in my garden; your particular duties to be assigned to you on the field of action."

Ralph, laughing, essayed to be excused, but his apology was overruled with a very decided air.

"I perceive, Master Ralph Alstein," rejoined Lilian, drawing herself up and lifting her finger impressively, "that you are not fully aware of the position which you now occupy, and of the authority which you are to obey. Know then that I am the supreme directress of this realm of Woodland. My excellent father has so many matters of state on hand that he has not time to descend to the actual management of home government, and therefore the supreme power is, to all intents and purposes, my own lawful right. My father of course does all the high speech-making, and is very strict in family laws, but is too kind to dream of usurping any improper control over my prerogative. There, sir, I am really offended at the trouble you have caused me. Please then to recollect that, in any doubtful point, my commands are final, and that nothing can be more unsafe than to think of evading them. Now, sir youth, follow me."

Ralph bowed low, and forthwith gave himself up to the spirit of the play. With Lilian he wandered through the garden paths, culling rare or fragrant flowers, wondering betimes at the easy grace of her converse, as her mind, like the body of the tiny humming-bird, skipped effortlessly from theme to theme. He even began to suspect her as delighting to bewilder him with her unstudied flights, and as desiring with cunning alternations of mood to perplex his perception of her proper character. Indeed, he was sorely puzzled whether to conclude her the mere child he had at first supposed, or whether to believe her already a woman of most singular and varied powers. He was compelled to leave the question undecided, by the approach of Sir Hugh, who came toward them from the garden entrance, accompanied by a stout and somewhat clumsily built youth, apparently a year or two older than Ralph. The latter felt a little uneasy, he scarce knew why, at their sombre looks, and as they came up, the feeling was increased by an immediate and special dislike to the younger man.

"Your servant, Master Ralph, once more. I perceive you do not affect either fish or bird. This, my dear sir, is my very good friend, Jason Elwand. Lilian, Master Jason gives you greeting."

Lilian, busily engaged in dissecting a rose, nodded her head in just the slightest degree and bade her visitor good-day, a civility which the latter acknowledged by stationing himself at her side forthwith and attempting some very cumbrous sentences by way of gallantry. Ralph, in spite of himself was drawn away by the vice-governor. Sir Hugh commenced speaking of political affairs, rather to the annoyance of his young friend, whose attention was pre-occupied by less weighty matters.

"The province is in a troublous state, Master Ralph. On the one side our people are disaffected to the rule of our excellent governor, Sir Edmund Andros, who, I must own, is sometimes

rather severe in the execution of the laws. The country is actually on the point of rebellion. Again, on the other hand, our natural enemies, the French, are using every exertion to rouse our Indian neighbors in arms against us. The crisis requires the utmost prudence on my part."

Sir Hugh paused a little, piqued at the abstracted air with which his remarks were being received. Observing, however, the direction in which the youth's eyes were wandering, his own ideas took another course, and he continued, in a measured voice:

"Master Elwand is a worthy youth, and well meriting your acquaintance. He comes from one of the wealthiest and most respectable families in the provinces, and I am well pleased at the alliance which will soon subsist between us. I may inform you that he is my daughter's suitor, and that the marriage will not long be delayed."

Ralph reddened, and a violent fever took possession of his veins. He was himself astounded at the state of his own heart, and amid the whirl of his thoughts found opportunity for self-questioning.

"Is it possible that I, hitherto so light-spirited and heart-free, am now the victim of a mere child? Ah, it must be! Lilian, I love thee, innocent and artless girl that thou art. Yield thee up I cannot, will not, to such a clod as this thy falsely betrothed!"

Young Alstein pleaded a sudden indisposition, which was after all no more than true, and thus succeeded in disengaging himself from Sir Hugh. Retreating towards the house, he cast a sidelong glance toward the young couple, and tormented himself with conjecturing the discourse which they carried on. Meanwhile Lilian and Master Jason were enacting their parts, and it must be owned that the latter gained rapidly in the profession of love-making. A rough shell oftentimes hides a not ill-flavored kernel.

"You profess to love me so deeply, Master Jason—what proof have I? Would you then, provided it were in your power, grant what I should desire of you?"

"Certainly I would, Mistress Lilian. How could it be otherwise? Name the thing, and it shall be done."

The young girl turned full in his face a look so confiding, so beseeching, that Ralph, catching a glimpse as he passed on, felt the venom of despair enter into his heart.

"Jason," she exclaimed, in a serious tone, "I hope you will forgive me for what I am going to say, for indeed I mean no wrong to you or any other in the world. Jason, I would be your friend, but I cannot love you. I would have wished to do so, were it only because that it is my father's pleasure; but I have tried in vain. O, do not continue a vain suit longer! Try to assuage my poor father's disappointment, and whatever in past time I have said or done amiss, I pray you pardon, as being the frailty of a weak, untaught child. Do this, and I will ever esteem you as a kind and true friend."

So earnestly had the fair one pleaded that not till the close of her speaking had she noticed the effect which her words produced on Jason. But no sooner had she finished than she drew back affrighted at his looks, indicating as they did a rage whose utterance could scarce be suppressed.

"Minion," thought he to himself, "you shall fully pay for this at the proper time."

"Ah," said he aloud, "I see how it is; you prefer a jackanapes of a stranger to an honest, plain-spoken fellow like myself, who makes no pretences that he is not able to carry out in the doing."

The astute Sir Hugh, whose watchful sense had noted the rising storm, now arrived on the spot.

"How is this, Lilian?" he cried, with a frown. "Are you at your old caprices again? Girl, you are as unreasoning and unstable as the waves of the sea. Nay, think not to overcome me with your weeping. Master Jason, I beg that you take no note of her whimsies. Young and giddy, my boy, young and giddy. We must make some allowance always with the fickle creatures. Come, dry your tears, girl; it's a thing of no great consequence, after all, and you will laugh at your own folly in half an hour from now. Soho, friend Jason, let us within doors."

But little more than a fortnight had passed since the arrival of Ralph at Travers Hall, yet during this brief time great changes had taken place in provincial affairs. Sir Edmund Andros had been deposed from his rule over the colonies of New England. The troubles of the last few months had disorganized the whole country. The uncertain fortunes of the mother country had given opportunity to the factions which distracted the provinces. On the frontiers of the latter, the French and the Indians committed almost unchecked outrages, penetrating sometimes far into the interior, while the colonists, divided and quarrelling among themselves, were in no condition to arrange a proper system of defence.

The fall of Sir Edmund was the signal for the instant removal of his chief subordinates throughout New England. More obnoxious than many others, Sir Hugh Travers suffered no exception from the rule. He was so chagrined by his disgrace that he resolved to abandon at once the scene of his misfortune, and to return with his family to the sea-coast. In a few days the preparations were effected, and he set out on his journey, guarded by a small company of dependants and accompanied by Jason and Ralph. The most of the party appeared to enjoy the change of scene greatly. Even Madam Travers, in the excitement of travel, forgot her invalidism, and condescended to talk and act like any ill-born mortal of ordinary rank. Lilian was herself, gay and sparkling as ever, with only transient overcloudings of her native joyousness. Sir Hugh was grave and often gloomy; but Jason Elwand was inexplicable, at any rate, so thought Ralph, whose dislike had become the most positive aversion. Lilian began to have an unconscious fear of her intended bridegroom. Jason, in

short, seemed like one struggling to repress an inborn malice and insolence. He frowned on Sir Hugh, was harsh and overbearing to his inferiors, annoyed Lillian with constant and ill-bred officiousness, and affected towards young Alstein a contemptuous indifference. The latter, however, fully repaid him in kind, and Elwand was obliged to seek some other object on which to vent his overflowing ill-nature. He was not long in so doing; for one of the yeomen, a lank, cadaverous looking man, was presently selected. He had dismounted for the purpose of repairing some defect in the accoutrements of his horse. While the rest moved on, Elwand fell back and roughly accosted him.

"What are you at, fellow? You are continually delaying our progress by some pretext or other. Be quick now, and let us have no more of this, I charge you."

"Lud, mister!" ejaculated the man, rolling his yellow eyes lazily upward till they rested on Jason's face, "don't ye worry yerself now. S'pose ye're rayther out o' health and apt to be narvous like. Sorry for ye."

Enraged at the man's coolness, Jason struck him with his whip, and in an instant was torn from his horse and rolled on the ground. Scarcely had he risen, with garments torn and besmeared with dirt, before he was surrounded by his companions. With a look of indignant horror, Sir Hugh berated the cause of Jason's sorry plight.

"You deserve a jail for your outrageous conduct, Mark Frost."

"Look here, governor," replied Frost, kindling up to a certain degree of energy, "I want you to recollect that this country isn't old England, where folks like you and this here dirty-looking chap can lord it over poor people as much as they please. No it aint, not by a great deal; and if this chap doesn't keep his ugly looking pictur' out of my way, he'll be apt to have it damaged more than it is now. I'm pretty good natur'd, but I can't put up with hard words and hard blows at the same time."

Sir Hugh was about to commence a fresh lecture, when Lillian pushed her horse forward, her hair floating on her neck, and her face glowing with scorn.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "Mark ought not to be blamed, not in the least. I would have done the same, had I been a man and in his place."

"What a heroine!" retorted Jason, sneeringly, as he arranged his habiliments in the best way he could, and again mounted his horse. "You have improved mightily under Ralph Alstein's tuition."

"Hush, children!" interposed Sir Hugh, and the three moved a little apart. "It is not seemly, this bickering between those who I hope will soon be connected by the closest of ties."

Lillian turned pale.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "will you not understand that such a thing is impossible? I can never be his wife, never."

"Well said, Mistress Lillian," cried Jason, spurring his horse close to her side, and almost shrieking his words into her ear; "I believe indeed that you never will be my wife. Yet I fancy the time will come, and that soon, when you would deem yourself fortunate to own that title."

The young girl trembled with dismay at his livid and angry countenance, while Sir Hugh was so amazed that he was unable to utter a word, till Jason, riding off at full speed, had already disappeared from view.

"Has anything happened, my dear sir?" inquired Ralph, who, surprised by the manner of Elwand's departure, now approached the magistrate.

"Nothing more serious," muttered Sir Hugh, "than the fact that our friend Elwand, induced by a sudden whim, has left us for the present. Doubtless he will soon find his way back again."

But when the night had elapsed and another morn had come, there began to be a positive uneasiness at Jason's absence, and some of the most expert woodsmen were despatched to follow the course which he had taken. At noon they rejoined the main party, and declared that from the direction in which they had followed him, they were convinced he must have returned to the original starting-point.

"You know not the mischief which is like to come from all this," said Sir Hugh to his daughter. "You are not aware of the injury which these Elwands can inflict on me if they choose."

"Ah, what is it that I have done, my dear father?" entreated Lillian, who with undefined apprehension nestled close to her parent's side, and clasped his hand in her own.

"I will tell you, my child. My affairs, a few years since, being very much embarrassed, some of my friends came to my assistance—the Elwands taking up the quarter part of my debts. These liabilities are now mostly in the possession of Jason, through his heirship to his deceased father; though his uncle holds a portion. I fear the consequences, if Jason be really provoked against us."

"Alas! my dear, dear father, why did you not tell me this sooner? When shall I become a prudent and reasonable girl, and learn to retain my wayward impulses? But nevertheless, father, I have told you truly; I cannot love Jason, it is impossible. And to marry without the possibility of loving him, would not that be dreadful?"

"You are in the right, Lillian," replied Sir Hugh, sadly. "It is I who have been in the wrong, in not sufficiently understanding how illy you were adapted to each other. I have misjudged sorely; yet I would not avert the danger which may now threaten us by plunging you and myself into greater unhappiness than the mere loss of property."

Sir Hugh was from that moment a changed man. Was it because clearly perceiving for the first time his own fallibility of judgment he was thence led to a proper humility, or was it be-

cause an instinct of coming misfortune directed him with its mysterious teachings?

The travellers were now crossing one of those mountainous reaches which, in the southern part of New Hampshire, jut upon the Connecticut River. Early in the afternoon of this day they reached a spot of rare interest even in that attractive region. Their path, for it deserved no better name, led through a slight hollow formed by two eminences situated respectively on the north and the south. This mountain depression, at the westward, opened on a single craggy point which overlooked the narrow valley of the river. A thick wood neared closely on either side, and far down beneath the overhanging pinnacle, might be seen rocky fragments, here and there overspread with running vines and tangled underbrush. The outlook was beautiful, and the charms of the spot combined with the unwonted languor of the day to urge on all the propriety of a midday halt. Hardly had this suggestion been carried into effect when Jason once more showed himself before them, as unabashed as though nothing disagreeable had occurred between himself and any of the company. He had the grace, however, to attempt some slight account of his absence.

"After I was foolish enough to desert you," he said, "I proceeded on my way homeward for several hours, when all at once I began to reason with myself, and to reflect how ridiculous it was to make such an ado over a childish occurrence. I resolved to return; but as evening was approaching, I concluded to camp for the night, try the game, some signs of which I found in the neighborhood, and rejoin you in sufficient season to-day. Here then I am, and hungry as a bear."

Mark Frost regarded him askance.

"This youngster shows himself mighty good-humored after yesterday's doings," he said to himself. "But I don't understand it all. I don't like his countenance; there's mischief there."

But Jason perceived not, or affected not to perceive, any signs of ill feeling towards himself. Contrary to his usual habit, he undertook to amuse those around him by such means as he could. It was soon evident that his talents as a story-teller were not all despicable; for as he undertook to picture forth an old Indian legend which concerned their present resting-place, his dull and animal nature seemed to awaken to a vivid life.

"It was on this very spot that it happened," he said, alternately fixing his glittering gaze on Sir Hugh and his daughter. "On this very spot; and from Naumet Crag, yonder projecting rock, was precipitated the fatal victim. She was the most beautiful of all the Indian girls, Lillian, with her hair silky and shining as your own, with eyes as deeply burning. She was daughter to the chief of the tribe who held possession of all this region round about; and by reason of her rank and beauty her hand was eagerly sought by all the braves who dared to aspire to such a prize. From all these suitors the old warrior chief selected Namaska, the most redoubted of all the youths who followed his lead. The maiden was commanded to accept him as her husband. Meekly receiving the mandate of one whose imperious will was never known to swerve from its chosen purpose, she set about those preparations which on the morrow were to grace the nuptial festivities. When the morning sun arose, she had disappeared. Conjecture was at loss for explanation of her absence, till it was discovered that her cousin, a youth little known in exploits of arms, but of slight and graceful form, was also absent. They had fled together to escape a hated marriage. Horror and a desire of vengeance arose in the hearts of the tribe. The maiden had disregarded the pledge of betrothal bestowed upon her intended husband. In giving herself up to the power of one of her own kindred, she had violated a sacred law of her race. The unfortunate pair were pursued. Notwithstanding the fond precautions by which they had hoped to ensure escape, their hiding-place was discovered. On the eve of that day, before the sun had vanished from the heavens, they were brought back to this spot; and here the maiden saw the object of her unreserving love cut to pieces, the flesh quivering before the eyes which could not turn away. When the murderous hatchets had finished their work, she moved towards yonder rock and lifted the song of death. The foremost of the executioners approached at the old chief's order; but as the last accent of the death-wail passed from her lips, she eluded the offered grasp, sped like a fawn to the craggy brink, and was dashed a shapeless mass below."

Elwand paused for breath. Lillian, spell-bound by an evil fascination, attended him with pallid lips. With one glance, as if to assure himself of the impression desired, he continued:

"From that day a powerful and warlike nation dwindled away, till there now remain of their descendants only a few spirit-broken wanderers. In them, however, one hope still retains existence. Tradition declares to them that when on this spot, from the white race who are now their inveterate enemies, there shall be sacrificed a fair virgin false to her affianced as was this maiden, then the restoration of their people shall begin. Read then, Lillian, if you can, my story's meaning; for this is the appointed hour!"

He leaned forward and seized her rudely by the arm. Lillian, with a cry of terror, struggled in his grasp. Ralph and Mark Foster sprang forward; but in the act a hideous yell burst on their ears, and they were prostrated to the ground. When Alstein recovered sense, Sir Hugh and Mark Foster lay near him mangled corpses, he himself bound hand and foot and unable to stir a limb, while the whole open space was filled with painted savages. While endeavoring to realize the horror which he beheld, Elwand stood before him, supporting in his arms the marble-like and beauteous girl. The villain's face was lighted with a brutal fire.

"Halloa, young master!" he exclaimed, "said I not that a new sacrifice was at hand, and did not this dainty maiden hear

me when I declared, no longer since than yesterday, that the time would come when the greatest boon she could ask would be to own the title of Jason Elwand's wife? Ha! she shall be mine before your eyes; but no priest's tie shall bind us. Is not that a sweet revenge, think you?"

"Dastardly fiend!" groaned Ralph; his brain reeled and the blood was forced from his nostrils.

Jason pressed his lips with brutal gloating to the tender mouth of the young girl, and a feeble cry escaped her lips. At this a stalwart savage stepped toward Jason and addressed him in broken English.

"White man," he said, with unmistakable decision, "you have this day served us well, and your enemies shall be delivered to your power. But the Indian permits no crime against his own honor or that of a captive. Her life is in your hand, nought else. I warn you, be wise, and content yourself with a proper vengeance."

Jason gnashed his teeth in impotent rage; but glaring on the Indian, his eyes met an object which instantly drove all other emotions from his mind. The brained corpse of Sir Hugh, dripping with blood, staggered towards him with arms extended, as though to offer its gory and fatal embrace. Loosing Lillian from his grasp, Jason uttered a shriek of superstitious frenzy, and fled with a blind eagerness from the approach of his victim.

"The precipice! the precipice!" shouted the Indians.

But the warning was unheard, and in the next moment Jason Elwand, a mutilated mass, had died the death which he himself had but just now so gloatingly and vividly described. The Indians, in silent awe, crowded to the edge of the rock. There was a brief gazing, a murmured consultation, and then some of their number approaching, unbound Ralph, and essayed to bring Lillian to herself. They and their surviving companions were borne away from the ghastly scene, and when a circle of the red men had ranged themselves about, their spokesman advanced toward Ralph and grasped his hand.

"The Great Spirit," he said, "has shown us that we must do you no harm. Go in peace; and lest any of our race unknowingly lift his hand against you, here is the wampum-belt of protection; we ask only that you accept it. For our own fate in the future we desire no pledges, for the white man's promise is worthless. Go then in peace."

As their leader closed, the Indians arose, and turning to the northward, quickly disappeared in the forest. That night the bodies of the murdered men were buried with fitting though simple rites. The survivors then renewed their journey, and three days after arrived at Boston. Lillian, who had resolutely sustained herself till then, was taken ill with a fever, from which she did not fully recover till after the lapse of many weeks. A year afterward she yielded her hand to Alstein, as she had long since yielded her heart, and the sorrows through which she had passed tempered to a happy sweetness the natural gayety of her character.

TRAGIC POETRY.

Tragic poetry has been well described as "poetry in its deepest earnest." The upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow. This is a truth attested by every department of art—the poetry of words, of music, of the canvass, and of marble. It is so because poetry is a reflection of life; and when a man weeps, the passion that is stirring within him are mightier than the feelings which prompt to cheerfulness or merriment. The smile plays on countenance; the laugh is a momentary and noisy impulse; the tear rises slowly and silently from the deep places of the soul. It is at once the symbol and the relief of an overmastering emotion; it is the language of emotions to which words cannot give name; passions, whose very might and depth give them their power, we instinctively recognize by veiling them from the eyes. In childhood, indeed, when its little griefs and joys are with that absence of self-consciousness which is both the beauty of its innocence, tears are shed without disguise; but when the self-consciousness of manhood comes, us that tears are the expression of emotions too sacred to be sure, the heart will often break rather than violate this in our nature. Tragic poetry, in dramatic, or epic, or what ever, has its original, its archetype in the sorrows which flood clouds over the days of human existence. Afflictions which across the earth on errands mysterious, but merciful, could we understand them; and the poet, fashioning the likeness of them in some sad story, teaches the imaginative lesson of their influences upon the heart.—Henry Reed.

MODESTY AND BOLDNESS IN AN AUTHOR.

It is strange how easily some men who are shy in private, run into a bold egotism in public. They who are much in the habit of addressing the public, acquire a confidence of success and fall into a degree of familiarity with their thousands of unseen and unknown readers that is quite unaccountable to those who have confined themselves to the intercourse of private life, who would shudder to see their own names in print. The author and the public do not meet face to face. The former sends out his oracles or his egotisms from the concealment of his quiet study. William Hazlitt, the famous essayist, was a striking illustration of the strange contrast which a person may present between his public and his private manners. He was a bold and egotistical author, but he was a singularly shy man. In addressing the whole world, he was daring and dogmatical; but in a small private company, if any strangers were present, he could scarcely muster up sufficient courage to go through the ordinary ceremonies of social intercourse.—Literary Recreations.

COMPARATIVE CLIMATES.

Plants spring up twenty or thirty days earlier on the western and southern sides of England than in Belgium, and nearly at the same time as in the north of Italy and south of France; but at flowering time, and maturing of fruit, that advance is lost, and maturing of fruit is earlier in Belgium, France and Italy. Flowering of plants takes place twenty days earlier in Belgium than in Berlin, or in any of the northern parts of Germany or the south of Sweden, thirty days earlier than in New York, and two months earlier than in Lapland, but the ripening of fruit does not occur till fifty days later than in the latter places.—Pioneer Farmer.



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VIEW OF THE FAMOUS AND



OLD CITY OF DELHI, IN INDIA.

[For description, see page 109.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DORA.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Young Dora sat 'neath the maple tree
That shaded her mother's door;
The swallows twittered above her head,
The breeze blew in on the shore,
The sun went down in the golden west,
And the summer day was o'er.

Her knitting lay at the maiden's feet,
For her thoughts were elsewhere;
No bird heard she in the maple bough,
So sad was her heart with care;
The breeze blew cool from the waves' white crest,
And lifted her auburn hair.

Her little sister, with graceful glee,
Came dancing down the lane;
She kissed the tears from sweet Dora's cheek,
And lovingly soothed her pain:
The breeze shed over the purple air
The breath of the salt, salt main.

"Dear sister, think you of Alfred Paige—
Your sweetheart he used to be—
And the ring and the kiss he gave to you
Before he went off to sea?"
Fresh blew the gale—its viewless wings
Rustled the leaves of the tree.

Poor Dora bowed her head with a sigh,
"Ah, well-a-day!" sorrowed she;
"My Alfred Paige, O, he loved me well,
And his love was life to me."
The playful breeze danced round and round,
Now laughing with mirthful glee.

A form is bending over them both—
No longer her cheeks are pale;
Her glad tears flow to be kissed away
By lips that breathe love's sweet tale:
While softly, the dewy flowers amid,
Now sigheth the gentle gale.

Young Dora sat in the "lingering light,"
Her Alfred Paige at her side;
The birds heard she in the maple boughs,
And her soul through her eyes replied:
While paused the breeze, as he fondly said,
"To-morrow thou 'lt be my bride!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMONG THE SHAKERS.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

I HAVE been in all sorts of queer places in my time; in Jew synagogues, Turkish mosques, East Indian temples, where der-
vishes howl and dance, and in Quaker meetings, to say nothing of
odd secular localities; but I had never visited the settlement of
a Shaker community, though I very much wished to see one. It
was a bright, calm June morning, of this year of grace, 1858, that
I left the White River Junction, Vermont, in the cars of the
Northern Railroad, for Boston. Scarcely, however, had I trav-
elled ten or twelve miles, when the word "Enfield," uttered by
Mr. Barnes, the conductor, arrested my attention.

Enfield!—the very name was full of interest for me. I knew of
another Enfield over the Atlantic, a quiet little London village-
suburb. Among its lanes and fields I had spent many a pleasant
hour with one of the most genial and gentle of authors—Charles
Lamb—(I wish I could borrow his pen while writing this arti-
cle)—and I loved the very name of Enfield for his sake. If I had
time, just now, I would, episodically, relate some reminiscences
of "Elia;" they, however, must stand over for the present.

Almost immediately I snatched up my little satchel and quitted
the car, for I remembered that there was a Shaker village in the
immediate neighborhood; indeed it had been pointed out to me
by a fellow-passenger as we rode along. It lay at the foot of a
range of hills, its houses reflected in the waters of Moscoma Lake.
Never had I beheld a more tranquil scene, and I murmured the
words of the old song:

"I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
The soul that is weary may hope for it there."

Close to the Enfield depot was a huge red building on which
was painted in large letters the name of it, "Shakers' Mills." I
did not visit these, because I suppose all mills, whether Shaker or
untremulous, are much alike. What I wanted to see were the be-
lievers in Mother Lee themselves. So having secured the services
of a lad, I embarked on board a flat-bottomed boat, and was soon
quietly gliding over a beautiful sheet of water, Shaker Pond, as
it is commonly called, a name not quite so euphonious as the
Indian appellation I just mentioned.

Indians and gipsys are wise people in their generation, and
have keen eyes for the picturesque. So it would seem have the
Enfield Shakers. I have never seen a more quietly beautiful spot.
The road through the village, bordered by luxuriant trees, runs
parallel with the lake shore, which lake is encircled by mountains.
The Happy Valley of Russelas could scarcely have been more
tranquil than the Shaker village when I entered it on disembark-
ing, which I did close to a little island, that not long since was a
floating one. Now, however, its vagabondizing and wandering
days were over, for the stay-at-home Shakers had no idea of al-
lowing an island to wander "at its own sweet will," and so staked
it down in a most unpicturesque and ruthless manner, until it be-
came as stiff and still as themselves. What was once a beautiful

object is now a mere clump of trees stuck in a sort of half
swamp. As I looked I longed to "up stakes" and set it floating
again.

There was a large, plain, slate-colored wooden building close
to the water's edge, and just inside its doors sat a man reading a
paper. He was dressed in a brown sort of blouse, chocolate-col-
ored trousers, thick boots and a white, broad-brimmed hat; be-
neath the rim of the latter and descending over his neck was some
straggling curly hair, and the collar of his shirt was turned down
primly. I approached close to him before he raised his eyes from
his paper. Not a muscle did he move, nor indeed give any symp-
toms whatever of vitality. If I had gone into that underground
palace in the "Arabian Nights," and looked at the prince who had
been changed into marble, I should not have beheld a more mo-
tionless object. It could not exactly be said of the Shaker gen-
tleman, as Tennyson says of the Sleeping Beauty, that his was "a
perfect form in perfect rest," for he was of a burly form, and not
exactly shaped after the pattern of the Apollo Belvidere, but he
was stout and brown complexioned, and looked the picture of
health. I spoke, and he lifted his eyes from the paper.

"Sir," I asked, "are strangers allowed to stroll through your
village, and see the buildings and schools?"

"Yea," was the reply.

My friend did not seem inclined to talk much, but I determined
if possible to draw him out. Every man has his salient point;
find out where that is and he is no longer impregnable. I soon
ascertained that the gentleman upon whom I had fallen was of a
mild and calm temperament, so I at once became meek and mild
myself, rubbed up my remembrance of Zimmerman on Solitude,
and discoursed slyly and quietly on the delightfulness and desira-
bility of flying from the world (not with Tom Moore's Bessy), and
settling down for life in so sweet a spot. I gained enthusiasm as
I went on, and was on the point of praising celibacy itself, when
the sudden recollection of—well, never mind who—flashed across
my mind, and I referred in the mildest manner possible to the
subject. I know one thing, however, and it is this—if all the
Shaker ladies are similar in appearance to the few I chanced to see,
the Shaker gentlemen can have few temptations to matrimony.

I was fortunate enough to succeed in my innocent manœuvre,
and Brother A. kindly offered to show me the "lions" of the
place. First, we explored the building in which we were. It was
firmly and conveniently built. In one part logs were sawn with
circular saws, which I was told is a Shaker invention; in another
were planing machines and the like. Up stairs were drying-
rooms for herbs, and floors for various uses. Everything was
perfectly clean and neat, and the greatest order prevailed on all
sides.

Still escorted by Brother A., who had become by this time quite
communicative, I strolled towards the centre of the settlement,
which consist of what are called "Families." Of these there are
three, who constitute separate branches of the one trunk commu-
nity tree. As I pressed on, indications of thrift abounded. The
farming was excellent, and as the soil was fine, no wonder the
fields of potatoes, corn, etc., should look so promising. Brother
A. was evidently proud of the state of these agricultural matters,
as indeed he well might be. I thought the potato and grain stalks
had a sort of stiffness about them, though, which I had never ob-
served in those specimens that grow among the "world's people,"
but that might have been a foolish fancy, after all.

Presently we arrived at a stone building, which I found was the
trustees' room. My friend ascended two or three steps, and after
very carefully wiping his boots on a door mat which might have
been a table napkin for all the dirt it had on it, and which
cleansing of my soles I also practised in obedience to a printed
direction at the entrance—led the way into a plainly furnished
apartment. Here I made my first female Shaker acquaintance,
and fresh as I was from the region of hoops and bustles, the ap-
pearance of the costume of the amiable recluse was not a little
singular.

She was a tall, slender woman, about, I should suppose, thirty
years old; but if it is no easy matter to guess the exact age of any
ordinary female, how much more difficult must it be to fix the
precise birth-register of a Shakeress? When I entered, she was
occupied in ironing, on which she was so intent that she scarcely
responded to my bow. I've seen women iron before now, but I
had never beheld the operation conducted so quietly. Others
made great noises with the flat-iron, by dropping it on the stand,
or by humping it on the linen they were smoothing. Not so my
new acquaintance; she let the little implement glide softly over
the snowy linen, or whatever material it was, and when she laid it
aside, no more noise was perceptible than that made by the snow
when it falls, as Bryant says—

"—flake after flake,
Into the dark and silent lake."

The costume of the lady, I have hinted, was singular. I will
add that it was singularly ugly; so frightfully plain, that I believe
the Venus de Medici herself, if attired in it, would look horribly
homely. It consisted of a white cap of primitive form, borderless
and ribbonless, which partly concealed the face, and a chip bon-
net of the coal-scuttle formation, not a "love" or a "duck" of a
bonnet, by any means. Instead of just hanging on the back of
the head, it not only covered the occipital region, but extended
nearly a foot beyond the frontal portion of the skull. Over the
bosom was pinned a muslin kerchief of exceedingly plain pattern,
simple lines crossing each other, and terminating in points before
and behind. The gown was of blue stuff, and almost guiltless of
folds, for it hung down in a perpendicular line from the waist,
which seemed to be just under the armpits, to the ground, entirely
hiding the feet and ankles, so that, though I looked pretty closely,
I could not tell of what materials the shoes or stockings were

made, nor whether the ankles they protected were well-turned or
otherwise. From certain physical indications, and an awkward
gait in walking, I suspect the latter. I exceedingly regret to be
under the necessity of saying so, but it is a fact that I could liken
the good lady to nothing but an animated corpse, and all her sis-
ters whom I afterwards encountered might be put in the same
ghastly category.

My conductor next took me to see one of the "lions" of the
place, the great barn, an edifice which has, it seems, excited the
wonder and admiration of the farmers all around. I am no farm-
er myself, and so understand little of such matters; therefore I
shall not attempt a description of the huge building. Instead of
doing so, let me say a word or two about a much more interesting
place (to me), the school. This was held in a small, neat build-
ing about the centre of the village, and close to the chapel, which
is common to the three "families."

First I entered a lobby, observing on my left hand a sort of
cupboard or recess, with white, spotless curtains in front. One
of these being blown aside, revealed a row of little bonnets be-
longing to the scholars within. These were exactly twenty-four
in number, all girls, averaging from thirteen or fourteen years of
age down to three or four. On one of the long sides of the room
was the teacher's platform, and on the other desks painted of a
dark slate color, rising from the floor, one above another, to the
wall. All the scholars were attired in Shaker uniform, but the
smallest girls, instead of wearing the hideous white caps, had on
little black net head-coverings. On the whole it was the queerest
looking set of scholars I had ever beheld.

The teacher was quite a young woman, and the best-looking lady
I had yet seen in the village; that, however, is not paying her any
great compliment. But one thing is certain, she knew how to
teach. For my especial satisfaction the classes were "trotted
out"—I beg pardon, they glided out on noiseless feet—and put
through their exercises. Sargent's Readers were the text books
used, and the performances were very creditable. But I never
saw such un-childish looking children in all my life; they seemed,
one and all, to have had childhood crushed out of them. Poor
little things!—they never smiled nor looked slyly at each other,
but were dismally grave and appeared like Lilliputian grand-
mothers.

A sudden thought struck me. How came it to pass that there
should be any children at all in a community whose members
neither "marry nor are given in marriage?" I could not make
that out; so I inquired of Brother A., who informed me that these
children were not "natives," but little "waifs and straws" of
creation whom the Shakers had picked up and were providing
for. Thus, then, are their ranks recruited.

I left the school and wandered alone through the village for
some hours, until at length the quiet, the strange-looking inhabi-
tants, and the general torpor of the place, began to exercise a
drowsy influence over me; Sleepy Hollow itself could not have
been more somniferous. I absolutely felt a stiffness creeping over
my limbs, and a sedateness stealing upon my mind. Yielding
weakly to worldly emotions I did go so far in a heedless moment
as to chase a fine butterfly, hat in hand, but I speedily saw the
error of my impulsive ways, clapped my Panama on my crown,
and was mightily relieved, when, on looking around, I ascertained
that no one had witnessed my boyish freak. In fact, the butterfly
itself rebuked me, for he settled stiffly down on a stiff-stemmed
flower, and looked as demurely unbutterflyish as possible.

The Shakers are without doubt an excellent people, but I con-
fess I am too worldly-minded ever to wish to join them. The
men look unnatural, so do the women; and I never before felt so
forcibly the truth of the scriptural declaration that "it is not good
for man (or woman) to be alone." They are thrifty, industrious,
well-to-do folk, upright in all their dealings, and highly respected.
As to their peculiar religious tenets, that is their business and theirs
alone. For my own part, I hold that a man has as much right to
abuse me for the shape of my nose, as for the articles of my be-
lief. So the Shakers may sing and shake and dance as much as
they please for me. But I left their village with an unpleasant
sensation, and after the broad-brims and queerly-cut clothes of
the men, and the angular forms, sad faces and closely-fitting
gowns of the women, it was a positive relief to behold pretty faces,
crinolines and hoops and once more.

The more grand and noble a man is in his actions, the more
simple he should be in his conversation and manners.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Down bath the brave ship gone,
Down in the deep;
Mad billows thundering on,
Break not the sleep
Of the true-hearted brave,
Who, when no hand could save,
Tossed by the whelming wave,
Went to destruction hurled,
Down in the deep!

Heard ye the 'frighted shriek?
Heard ye the gun?
Saved from that midnight wreck,
Is there not one?
No!—quickly, silently,
'Neath the night-blackened sky,
Seen by no mortal eye,
Wrapped in the arms of sleep,
Found they their grave!
God, what a death to die,
Down 'neath the wave!

Ah, who can tell the hearts
Sundered for aye?
Tender hearts, generous hearts,
Doomed to decay!
Who, of the tearful eyes,
Watching 'neath other skies,
For the dear one who lies
Locked in death's sleep,
Coldly and silently,
Down in the deep?

Souls of the fated brave,
Peacefully rest!
Lightly, O, stormy wave,
Lie on each breast!
Speak of their fate with tears,
Think of them through the years,
Who, mid the ocean-storm,
Went to their rest.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 1.

BY ALUNG.

A CHINESE ATTACK.

OUR scene is laid at the Kinpai Pass, the entrance of the river Min, that splendid sheet of water that flows past the great tea emporium of Foo Chow Foo. On a fine summer evening, about three years ago, could be seen lying at anchor in these calm waters, surrounded by picturesque and verdant islands, four beautifully modelled, gracefully sparred schooners, sitting on the water as lightly and jauntily as pleasure yachts, yet as stoutly built and thoroughly armed as vessels of war. The light breeze that crept over the mountain tops, as it bore down upon the bay its load of fragrance, lazily swept the blood-red flag of England, as it floated from the schooners' peaks. From the shore was heard the low murmur of some distant gong, that told of evening worship to the Chinese Josh; and the lurid glare of the burning paper-prayers, offered up by some devout Celestial, was seen to flash upon the waters. It was a calm and lovely scene, inspiring to holy thought; and it seemed to whisper deep rebuke to the oppression and wrong with which too oft the day was rife.

The four vessels, whose presence in the bay betokened so much confidence and security, were engaged in that most profitable yet destructive trade—the smuggling of opium. Long have the Chinese authorities struggled in vain to stop this deadly traffic. No matter who suffered, or what interests were at stake, the trade was profitable to the subjects of England, and therefore poor John Chinaman had to grin and bear it.

On the island of Wosoon, about a mile from the vessels, stood a Chinese village, containing about two thousand inhabitants. These people, like all Chinamen, were quiet and fearful of foreigners, never creating a disturbance with Europeans, and seldom retaliating an injury. Such at least I ever found the inhabitants of Wosoon, notwithstanding their unaccountable conduct towards our men, as detailed in the following sketch:

On the evening of which I speak, two of the crew belonging to one of the schooners obtained permission to go on shore, to make some purchases in the village, as several had done before. One of them was a colored man, named Johnson, and the other a Portuguese, called Antonia. They had borne the reputation of well-behaved men and good sailors on board their vessel. What occurred on shore during their visit, I cannot say; but at nine o'clock in the evening, Johnson, the colored man, swam off alone, and boarded my vessel, which laid nearest to the island. His account of this singular circumstance ran as follows:—Upon going ashore, he and his companion had passed through the village without interruption, and having finished making their purchases, they started on their return to their boat. When they were passing through the suburbs of the village, they were set upon by several Chinamen, robbed of all they had, and treated with great violence. They both fled from their assailants, and sought the shore; they were closely pursued, and their boat having been removed from its place during their absence, they were obliged to take to the water. He rushed in and swam for his life, and thus escaped his pursuers. Antonia could not swim, and having waded into the water up to his waist, he was thus overtaken and run through with a spear.

In a moment my boat was out and pulling for the "Agnes,"

the schooner to which Johnson belonged. Upon seeing his captain, Johnson related his tale to him. The boats of the "Agnes" were at once ordered on shore, and in a short time they returned, bringing the body of Antonia. The spear which had killed him, had broken short off, leaving the head in his body; he had been struck in the back, and with such force, that the point of the spear-head protruded from his breast. The presence of death in that still evening air shed a deep gloom over the crew, and there were many muttered threats of vengeance upon the murderers of their lost companion. That same night the commanders of the four vessels met for consultation as to the best method of obtaining redress for this gross outrage. It was utterly impossible that the real offender could be discovered; and after much deliberation, it was determined to compel the people of the island to pay the sum of three thousand dollars for the future support of the widow and children of the murdered man, whose residence was at Macao.

In pursuance of the plan agreed upon by the conference, a force was gathered together the next morning and despatched to the town. It consisted of four boats and about fifty men and officers, all under command of Capt. Jones, of the "Agnes." At day-break I manned my boat with fourteen Manilla men, armed to the teeth, and as brave fellows as ever handled a cutlass. With these picked men, on whom I could place the utmost reliance, I proceeded to the place of rendezvous to join the other boats. The morning sun was pouring a flood of gold across the glassy surface of the lovely bay when we started for the island. A pull of twenty minutes brought us to the shore, and simultaneously the keel of the four boats grated upon the sandy beach. We were as yet unobserved from the shore; and landing promptly, we formed in military order, and commenced our march for the village, leaving four men in each boat as a guard. We had not proceeded far before we were discovered by the islanders, and upon entering the village, all were up and stirring about as though it were mid-day.

Our first visit was to the Mandarin of the island, whom we found at his residence, reclining upon his couch, and enjoying his morning pipe of opium. Capt. Jones narrated the facts of the murder, and demanded the indemnity that had been fixed upon, for the support of Antonia's family. To this the Mandarin replied in brief and decided tones that he would do nothing of the sort. Poor fellow!—it would have been far better for him and his townsmen, if they had not thus summarily rejected our proposition. There was no time to parley, and words would have been useless. Capt. Jones at once gave orders to sack the house, and it was done in an instant. Boxes were broken open, money and every other portable thing of value were taken possession of by our men, and the owner taken prisoner. A pair of irons were placed upon his wrists; and to prevent him running away, his long plaited hair, that reached from the back of his head nearly down to his paper-soled shoes, was made fast to the belt around the waist of his keeper. We then visited the principal stores of the village, and made prizes of everything of value that could be conveniently transported by the men. By the time this was accomplished, we had made three prisoners in all; and with them and our booty, consisting of some six thousand dollars in silver and a large quantity of merchandize, we re-formed to march to the boats. But we were not destined to get off so easily; for on leaving the village, we found three or four hundred men collected to dispute our passage.

The order was given to close up, keeping our prisoners in the centre, and on no account to fire a shot or strike a blow without orders. In this condition, driving the crowd before us, we gained the open ground leading to the shore, some half a mile distant. On, on we pushed for about two hundred yards, when, upon looking round, I found that we were completely hemmed in on all sides by at least ten times our number. The natives were greatly excited, and soon commenced what proved to be a premeditated attempt at rescue. Spears, swords and knives, hitherto invisible, were in the hands of all, and guns as well. Their first attack was with stones. One was thrown which felled one of our men to the earth; this was followed by dozens at a time, and several of our men were severely hurt. In vain I begged of Capt. Jones to order the men to fire over the heads of the crowd, for the purpose of intimidating them—in vain I asked him to release the prisoners, whose struggles retarded our retreat. His only reply was, an order to close up and move at double quick time. This we could not do without leaving the struggling prisoners behind. The crowd now became more daring, and came closer to us to hurl their missiles, crying out that we had no ammunition with us. Our not firing on them before this led them into this supposition; for they saw that several of our men were hurt and bleeding, and naturally concluded that we would have fired had we been loaded. Foremost among them, and seemingly the ringleader, was a large, villanous-looking ruffian, whom I once ordered from my vessel, when he came to supply the crew with fish, eggs and milk. He recognized me, and immediately made me the object of his solicitude. With a yell like a fiend, he rushed forward within ten yards of me, and hurled a large stone with all his might. He must have been in good practice, for it came so near me that I could feel the wind of it upon my cheek as it rushed by my head. Had it hit me, I should not have been alive to write this sketch. Short time had I, however, to rejoice at my fortunate escape, for he was again at his post in the front, and this time more successful in his aim. The second stone he threw struck me in the side, cutting my sword-belt and clothes, and penetrating deep into my hip. It was the last he ever threw. Pain and rage got the better of discipline—I shot him dead. At the same moment Capt. Jones was felled to the ground by a blow on the head.

Forbearance was now useless, and patience had now ceased to be a virtue. Upon recovering his feet, the captain gave the order to "fire!" Never was order more quickly obeyed, or fire delivered

with greater execution. At the first discharge, over fifty Chinamen bit the dust. Would that the slaughter had stopped here! But no, the concentrated rage of the Manilla men could not be calmed. It had found vent at last, and now boiled forth like the lava-sheet of a volcano. Like tigers on their prey, they sprung into the midst of the mob of flying Chinese, and short work they made with all whom their creeses and long cutlasses could reach. The long pent-up passion which had filled them during the whole retreat, the natural hatred which they bear to the Chinese race, now combined with the galling pain of their wounds from the stones thrown by their assailants, to actuate them with the fury of demons. All command for the time being was lost; and not while a Chinaman could be seen was the oft-repeated order to cease firing obeyed. We were at length alone upon the field, with our dead and wounded enemies covering the ground around us. We had lost two killed, and there were many of us wounded; but the havoc among the Chinese had been terrible. How so many of them should have fallen, I know not; but at the lowest calculation, there were one hundred and fifty of them lying dead upon the field, or so disabled as to be incapable of moving.

We picked up our two dead shipmates, and with our wounded, and one prisoner, bore them to the boat. This prisoner, fortunately for himself, had been given in charge of a European, and this had saved his life. The other two had been committed to the care of two Manilla men, who first let them run a short distance, and then shot them dead. The next day we pulled out to sea, and buried our two men, not daring to bury them on the shore, for fear the Chinese should dig up the bodies and perpetrate their barbarous insults upon them. With the burial of our dead, I was prepared to bury all further thought of the engagement, but the sequel was yet to come; and that illustrates most strikingly the peculiarities of English law in China. Captain Jones and the officers of the party were summoned before the British consul, to answer to the charge—of what, think you, dear reader?—of kidnapping a Chinaman! We met the charge, and submitted to a fine of forty dollars, for taking our prisoner on board the "Agnes." Captain Jones paid the fine, and sent the fellow on shore. But, as he said, I thought it strange justice, to be fined for bringing one man on board ship, and nothing said for killing over a hundred of them! "No matter," continued the captain, "I'll know better next time; and before I lose forty dollars for bringing one prisoner on board, I'll send him where the other two went." *Such is English law in China!*

YOUNG LADIES.

One of the great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages. They won't marry now, we are told, as they used to do, and ought to do, on £300 a year. Depend upon it, in many and many a case it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting—it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbors' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key to their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose "the one" out of a bevy of proper-behaved damsels like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height and shape and color? They all look alike; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention—matrimony premeditated; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't fancy that I talk like a cynical old bird, not to be caught with chaff. I take as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and open as I once was to the conviction of bright eyes, my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion (claps for Alma and Balaklava), gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressible, decidedly. "What I missed most," said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face." Whereupon I spoke: "I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the club. Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family name again at the old manor?" "Well, so I would," said Jack, interjectively between the puffs of his cutty; "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies! Catch me marrying a young lady!"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

Solomon tells us that a glutton shall come to poverty; warns us not to be among the riotous eaters of flesh, and even bids us put a knife to our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy? Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demagogue would dictate to us how much to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race. Jonathan Edwards says in his diary: "I find I cannot be convinced in the time of eating, that to eat meat would exceed the bounds of temperance, though I have had two years' experience of the like; and yet three minutes after I am done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I overeat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced again of excess, and so it is from time to time. Jefferson says that no man ever repents eating too little. Sir Isaac Newton often dined upon a penny's worth of bread. Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by going into the country where he could get good milk and eggs, and three ounces of baked custard three times a day, with no drink but ginger-water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh, and uniformly got better. Marion and his men waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no drink but water, and no shelter but the sky. Beside brown bread, the Greek boatmen subsist almost solely upon their native fruits, figs, grapes and raisins. They are the most nimble, active, cheerful, graceful and merry people in the world. Grant Thorburn attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eats enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies, not so much by the excess of business and multiplicity of cares, as by the overwork they crowd upon themselves in digesting surplus and unnecessary food."—*Home Journal.*

It's a great comfort for timid men, that beauty, like the elephant, doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, how it would trample upon us.—*Serrol.*

ST. MARK'S CHURCH,

WREXHAM, ENGLAND.

We have heretofore presented many specimens of church architecture, both American and European, which have proved among the most popular of our illustrations; and on this page we publish a fine engraving of a beautiful new church, recently dedicated to St. Mark, in Wrexham, Denbighshire, not only as an attractive structure in itself, but as showing the prevalent taste in England. Hitherto there has been but one church in Wrexham, a fine old building dedicated to St. Giles, which has long been an object of the greatest interest to travellers through the principality, and the merry peals of the bells of which have obtained a world-wide reputation. For a few years past, however, the want of another church has been greatly felt; and to meet this want St. Mark's Church has been erected. The foundation-stone of the building was laid in August, 1856, by Miss Cunliffe, the daughter of General Sir R. H. Cunliffe, Bart., of Acton Park, near Wrexham, the religious service being conducted by the bishop of the diocese (St. Asaph), and a large number of persons being present to witness the interesting ceremony. Since that time the work has steadily progressed, the contractor being the late Mr. Ebenezer Thomas of Bangor, under whose direction it has just been completed, and the architect, Mr. Peason of Swansea. The sacred edifice is situated on a piece of ground near to the entrance to the town from the railway station, where there have also been lately erected a Roman Catholic chapel, a Wesleyan chapel, and a large barracks, the whole forming a beautiful addition to the architectural adornments of the town. The style of St. Mark's is the Decorative throughout, the walls being of coursed rubble of Cefn stone, with Bath-stone dressings, and the piers supporting the nave arches having moulded caps and bases. The roof is constructed of Memel fir, covered with Staffordshire tiles. The floor is also tiled. The whole of the woodwork is stained a light oak color, giving the structure a very neat, though at the same time lively and pleasant appearance. The pulpit is of Bath stone. North of the chancel is the vestry, over which the organ-gallery is erected. The tower appears not to have been



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, WREXHAM, ENGLAND.

included in the original estimate for the erection of the building (amounting to upwards of \$25,000), and as there is at present a want of funds, that portion is not yet completed; but, with the spire, it is intended to be upwards of 200 feet high. This rises at the southwest angle of the nave; and through it and a porch on the north side of the building are the two principal entrances. The church, which will accommodate 800 persons, has been built by public subscription, and the following inscription appears conspicuously on a neat brass tablet near the lofty western window: This church was erected by public subscription upon the express faith that all the sittings therein are to be free and unappropriated forever. MDCCCLVIII.

A BUENOS AYRES MILKMAN.

The second sketch on this page, drawn from the life, represents a Buenos Ayrean milkman with his cargo of lacteal luxury ambling through the Calle Mayo on his way to supply his city customers. The street view is a correct one; the cigar shop at the corner is a noted place. Up the intersecting street appears a fish vender, with his fresh-caught fish suspended from a stick thrown over his shoulder, crying his wares in those melodious tones peculiar, we believe, to the fish dealers of all countries. The milkmen generally ride on their knees in a manner which, from the obstruction of the cans, we cannot show in a side view. They must go at a moderate pace, or their cans would contain more butter than milk. There is a very good and regular supply of milk in Buenos Ayres, but the manner of obtaining it would shock the feelings of an American milkmaid accustomed to gentle and well-educated cows. The process is as follows: The cow, having been caught with the lasso, is attached by the horns to a tree or stake, and her hind legs and tail tied, to prevent kicking and other unmannerly proceedings. The calf is then introduced, and allowed to suck a little, after which the milker puts him aside and takes his place, till the deluded cow begins to suspect the imposture and to withhold the supplies; then the calf is allowed another suck, and again supplanted; and so on till the requisite quantity has been obtained, after which the calf is allowed to complete his meal.



A BUENOS AYRES MILKMAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUFFERER.—The application of the following remedy for tooth-ache, is said to be efficacious in the most desperate cases, provided it is not connected with rheumatism:—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix them well, and apply them to the tooth.

ROBALIND.—The Nightingale does not sing sweetly all the year round. Its voice undergoes a woful change, resembling in the autumn the hoarse croaking of a frog, a reptile which has been called facetiously, and not quite inaptly, it would seem, the "Dutch Nightingale."

M. R.—The term *step* prefixed to certain words to express a relation by marriage, is derived from the Saxon verb *Stepan*, signifying to deprive. Step-mother is the mother of an orphan, or of one deprived of its natural mother. The radical sense of *step*, a pace, is to part or open; the word coincides with the Saxon *Stepan*, to deprive; and in the compounds formed by the prefix *step* to the degrees of relationship, *step* seems to imply removal, or distance.

EMMA V.—A lady to whom we refer such questions as that you sent us, informs us that the best starch dried and beaten to powder, is generally the basis of all hair powders.

R. C., Roxbury, Mass.—The flower *Dahlia* was so named from a Swedish botanist called Andrew Dahl, and therefore should never be pronounced as if it were spelt *Dailia*. *Camellia* should have both *Es* pronounced. It was named after Jn. Kamei, a Jesuit, whose name is latinized *Cancellus*.

PARVENUE. Blackstone Square, Boston.—Letters of condolence should be sent as soon as possible after the death is made known. Delay should be avoided; because it is desirable not to revive painful feelings, when time may have begun to soothe them. A lady unacquainted with the relatives of the deceased is not expected to write.

A. C., Pensacola, Florida.—The custom had its origin in the sacred character ascribed to the mistletoe by the ancient Druids, who never performed any of their rites or ceremonies without the presence of this bough. The mistletoe is a parasite which grows on several trees, but it was regarded as particularly sacred when entwined on the oak. The Druids considered the oak as the peculiar favorite of Heaven, and the mistletoe as the sign of the tree beloved by God himself.

BEAU BRUMMEL.—The custom of wearing cravats is of French origin. Two distinct etymologies have been given for the word cravat. According to Menage it is a corruption of *carabette*, a kind of collar peculiar to the French Carabineers. Other etymologists derive the word cravat from *croat*. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century a military corps was organized in France in imitation of some Croatian regiments employed in the service of Austria. In this French corps even the dress of the *Croats* was imitated. They wore a sort of scarf, folded round the neck and tied in front in a rosette, the ends falling gracefully over the chest. In course of time this fashion was generally adopted, and the scarf received the name of *croat*, which, for the sake of euphony, was changed to cravat.

SAILOR BOY. Glen's Falls, N. Y.—Bowditch's Practical Navigator costs three dollars. You can obtain it by addressing Mr. Burnham, bookseller, Cornhill, Boston.

"GOLDEN." Rochester, N. Y.—Among English writers, Horace Walpole is admitted to be one of the best models for lively epistolary correspondence. In French literature, Madame de Sevigne stands unrivalled as a letter-writer.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The greatest disappointment is felt in the second failure to lay the Atlantic telegraph cable. We may now say to England in the words of the song,

"The last link is broken
That binds thee to me."

But physically only—for nothing, we trust, will sever the chain of brotherhood and good feeling that new unites John Bull and Brother Jonathan.

SPLINTERS.

.... The ladies of the royal family of Russia are said to be among the most beautiful women in all Europe.

.... Lolù Montez says the criterion for a beautiful woman in Europe is to be a load for a camel.

.... Mr. Duncan, the owner of the famous New York yacht, has been staying at Nahant with his vessel.

.... Gen. John A. Quitman, a hero of the Mexican war, who died lately, was sixty years of age.

.... A western paper has an article headed "Sulphur and Civilization." That was schoolmaster Squeers's motto.

.... Bancroft the historian, it is said, has not received a dollar profit from his history of the United States.

.... A force of one thousand men is now employed on the New York Central Park. It will be a glorious place.

.... Frederick S. Cozzens, the author of the "Sparrowgrass papers," who has been seriously ill, has recovered his health.

.... Franklin Pierce and lady, with Hawthorne and his lady, and J. H. March, are passing the summer in Switzerland.

.... Mr. Henry Wallack, the stage manager of the Howard Athenæum, is now on a visit to his friends in England.

.... Wm. Gratt, at Wareham, Va., has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for kissing a girl against her will.

.... Two men in West Haven, Conn, this season raised 7000 quarts of strawberries on an acre and a quarter of land.

.... Camphene or burning fluid is said to be rendered inexplosible by the infusion of carbonic acid gas.

.... The colossal church of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg is the largest in Europe with the exception of St. Peters at Rome.

.... Queen Christiana of Spain is the owner of Malmaison in France, the favorite residence of the Empress Josephine.

.... The Chicago Democrat says that a million bushels of last year's wheat are in store in that city.

.... The wool crop of Licking county, Ohio, will reach this year the handsome amount of half a million pounds.

.... It is said that a monster company is getting up in New York to manufacture gas out of water.

.... The infant son of Dr. Arthur P. and Julia Dean Hayne, the distinguished actress, died lately in St. Louis.

.... A man has been arrested at Earlville, Ky., for using postage stamps a second time—the penalty is fifty dollars.

.... All the libraries connected with Harvard College contain about 120,000 volumes—many of them rare ones.

.... An Oregon letter says it rains there for twenty-six hours in the day, seventeen mouths in the year.

IDA PFEIFFER AT MADAGASCAR.

The strong-minded woman and great traveller, Madame Pfeiffer, has recently turned up in the island of Madagascar. This island is situated in the Indian Ocean, on the west side of the coast of Africa. It is about 900 miles long, from north to south, and about 250 miles wide. The distance from the coast of Africa is 275 miles, that being the width of the Mozambique Channel, which separates the island from the continent. The inhabitants are not negroes, but of the Malayan type. They are tall, erect, and well formed, of an olive complexion, and with straight, black hair. They live in villages, and are divided into numerous tribes, though governed by one supreme sovereign, who rules over the whole island. When first known to modern Europe, by the discovery of the Portuguese, they believed in a Supreme Being, the one true God, who has delegated the government of the world to four lords, of the north, south, east and west. The present sovereign of the island is Queen Ranaralona Manjaca, a widow of thirty years' standing, she having murdered her husband in 1828, through dislike to his introduction of European customs and encouragement of Christian missionaries. The husband had been educated in England, and upon ascending the throne in 1818, he sought to establish civilization, schools and Christianity. His wife poisoned him, and upon his death assumed the reins of government, and proceeded to undo all that her husband had accomplished in the way of improvement.

During the last year, Madame Pfeiffer found her way to Madagascar from the English island of Mauritius, situated in the Indian Ocean. She was accompanied by a Frenchman of the name of Lambert. At first she was well received at the Madagascar court, but in a short time the prejudices of the queen were excited against her, on the pretence that she and some other Christians upon the island had formed a plot against the government. She was accused of being a republican and a historian—the latter a character particularly obnoxious to the queen, and with good reason, considering her criminal and reprobate life. With the exception of the prince, son to the queen, everybody turned against Madame Pfeiffer and her companions, and their lives were demanded by the populace. After a fortnight of terrible suspense, during which time they were closely guarded, and in constant fear of death, they were brought before the grand council, consisting of more than one hundred persons, and accused by the prime minister with aiming to dethrone the queen, establish equality, and proclaim a republic. He then said that the people demanded their death; but as the queen never executed *white* people, she would, in her abundant clemency, be contented with their banishment from the country. They were accordingly marched to the coast under a strong guard; and Madame Pfeiffer is of opinion that the purpose of the queen was to kill them by fatigue and sickness, as they were compelled to linger fifty-three days on a journey across an unhealthy district of forests and morasses, which is usually performed in eight days. But she survived the protracted exposure to this frightful climate, and so did her companion, Mr. Lambert, though she suffered daily attacks of fever, and was greatly exhausted by the journey. Upon her return to Mauritius, she published an account of her persecutions in the French papers, and gave the heathen queen a very bad setting-out.

The French nation formerly had some settlements upon the island of Madagascar, and still claims rights there, which it is purposed to assert after the China war is over. There have been various acts of outrage to French missionaries, of which France can justly complain; and more recently a French vessel has been seized and plundered by the natives, and the officers and crew all murdered. It would be an easy task for the French arms to conquer the island; and if its three or four millions of population are as well disposed towards Christianity as they are represented to be by Europeans who have visited there, France may succeed in establishing a permanent and valuable possession, which would prove to her a source of wealth and maritime strength. The chief articles of production at the present time are indigo, ebony-wood, tortoise-shell, gums, and honey; but it is undoubtedly capable of raising sugar, cotton, and other valuable tropical productions.

WILLIAM T. PORTER.—This gentleman, recently deceased in New York, was for more than twenty-five years editor of the famous "Spirit of the Times," which he founded, and for the past two years principal editor of Porter's "Spirit of the Times." He was a ready writer on sporting and theatrical subjects, and possessed a rare editorial tact. He knew how to draw out and foster native talent, and the sunny rays of his "Spirit" warmed into life a host of humorous American writers, whose lucubrations gave the journal a rare attraction. Mr. Porter was a very social, genial man, and had troops of friends all over the country.

INTEMPERANCE IN PARIS.—The most dangerous form of alcoholic indulgence is now found in Paris, and especially among the army in the Algiers, to be "absinthe;" its action on the nervous system is disastrous. This fatal liquor drove Gerard de Nerval to suicide, and has caused the death of many a gifted son of genius. Intemperance used to be a rare vice with Frenchmen, but *ils ont changé tout cela*.

A GOOD REASON.—The New York literary correspondent of the Boston Traveller says that some one recently asked Mrs. Veile, the authoress of "Following the Drum," why she wrote the book. "To buy new ball dresses," was the reply.

ART-PATRONAGE.—During the term of former exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, New York, there have been usually sold from one to five pictures only. This year, more than thirty have been purchased, and at liberal prices.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

So much has been written lately of the great city of Delhi, in the Bengal presidency, Hindostan, it has been recently the theatre of such important historical events, that, although we have already published some partial views of it, we do not hesitate to present the large picture which occupies the whole of pages 104 and 105 of this number of our Pictorial. It will be seen, that notwithstanding the changes which time and the ravages of war have produced in this once splendid place, it is grand and imposing even in its present condition of decadence and ruin. At one time, it was the largest city of Hindostan, covering an area of twenty square miles, but its limits have been greatly contracted. It is built on two rocky eminences, surrounded by walls of red sandstone thirty feet in height, and pierced by several colossal gateways. The palace of the Great Mogul on the Jumna, is one of the most extensive palatial residences in the world, and one of the principal features of the city we have heretofore described and illustrated. The principal modern buildings are European, and comprise an arsenal, a church, a college, a printing-office, and the residences of the British functionaries.

Of the recent events of which this city has been the scene—the rebellion and its recapture by the English—our readers are familiar. Delhi, or as it was anciently called, Indraprastha, is mentioned by the Mohammedan histories as early as A. D. 1008, when it was the residence of the Hindoo rajahs. It has at various times undergone great vicissitudes, having been frequently taken by hostile powers and subjected to all the miseries of such events. In the beginning of the present century, the prosperity of the city and country around was almost entirely annihilated, and the Mogul emperor and royal family reduced to the utmost poverty and distress by the Mahrattas, who took possession of his capital, of his gardens and houses, and used his name to oppress and impoverish the people by fraud and extortion. From this miserable state of desolation and ruin the city was rescued by the British in 1803, when it was entered and taken possession of by Lord Lake, after he had defeated the army of Dowlab Low Scinda in the neighborhood. Peace and order were now restored to the city and territory, and a handsome annual allowance made to the emperor and his family. Prior to the late rebellion, the population was estimated at 250,000, in which there were about ten Mohammedans to seven Hindoos.

THE BLACK MENDICANT!

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR.

A STORY OF PLOT AND PASSION.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

This is the expressive title of the next story which we shall publish on the first page of *The Flag of our Union*. It has been written expressly for us by a gentleman of refined taste and education, in Philadelphia, and is certainly wonderful in its interest and attractiveness. Doctor Williams will be remembered as the author of that celebrated historical novel, "The Brothers of the Coast: or, the Pirates of the Caribbee." We shall illustrate the new story in a beautiful manner with fine original drawings, and commence it next week. Secure the numbers in season.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This widely circulated and favorite illustrated monthly, is now in its fourth year of publication. Each number contains one hundred pages of original reading, as various as the mind can conceive of, forming two volumes a year of 1200 pages! for one dollar. The cheapest publication ever issued in this country or Europe. For sale everywhere for ten cents per copy. Or by enclosing us one dollar it will be regularly forwarded to you by mail for a whole year. Too cheap! too cheap! say the old line of publishers, but they, fortunately, are not our patrons. It is the reading public, all over the land, who will have Ballou's Dollar Monthly!

MISS DAVENPORT.—This distinguished actress, it is said, is engaged for the ensuing winter to perform in New Orleans. The character selected for her first appearance on the French stage is "Adrienne the Actress," which she will alternately perform in the two languages, in the French and American theatres in that city. If she succeeds in a foreign language, she will win laurels that, we believe, no actress before her ever reaped.

COUNTERFEITING.—The arrest of a farmer, named James Messenger, at Sinking Spring, Ohio, for passing counterfeit money, revealed his connection with the "Mystic Circle of Alchemy," a regularly organized gang of counterfeiters in Philadelphia. This circle cannot readily square their accounts with justice.

TELEGRAPHIC.—Some of the telegraph stations in Newfoundland are twenty miles from any habitable place, and the operators live in a state of original simplicity. Of course they would prefer to have their "lines in pleasant places."

NEWPORT.—This delightful watering-place is crowded with visitors, and no wonder, it has attractions both for the lover of fashion and the quiet lover of nature, and the climate is delicious.

DISGUSTING.—The Cincinnati papers say that wife and woman whippers in that city has become disgustingly prevalent.

DISPROPORTIONATE.—Seven serpents, of monstrous size, and a monkey, were brought into Salem recently.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A THOUGHT IN THE FOREST.

BY C. S. JONES.

When'er I step within the emerald gloom
That floods these aisles, I feel 'tis hallowed ground.
Not consecrated by the act of man,
But by his Maker. All is silent here—
And utter silence is the expression oft
Of deepest earthly worship. Gaze awhile
Down the long vista of that pillared aisle.
Does not thy spirit also wander on,
Striving to pierce some shadowy path that leads
From Actual to Unknown?—from earth to heaven?
And here and there, amid the slumberous leaves,
A sunbeam darts, and golden meshes weaves
In ever-varying outline on the earth
And green moss, rich with flowers.
So ever and anon doth Heaven's light
Shine on the spirit's pathway, and reveal
Objects of beauty hidden else from sight.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it;
We see not the flower, if we sow not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why, it's just as we take it—
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.—CHARLES SWAIN.

GRIEF.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears—tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they viewed each other's sorrow—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day—now wind, now rain—
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.—SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter;
We should be prudent—never love too fast:
Profusion will not, cannot always last.—PETER PINDAR.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We are entering on the last month of summer—bright, sunny August, smiling with flowers, fragrant with new-mown hay—for the mower's task is not yet ended—glorious in the consummate foliage of the broad woodland; and whether we sit in some forest nook, listening to the songs of the light-hearted birds, or beneath the noble elms of our Common, with the fountain raining its wealth of silver into the pond, or lie on some rocky headland, lulled by the mysterious voices of the sea, we are surrounded by charms that fill the eye and heart—charms peculiar to the month, for each of the twelve sisters has attractions of her own. Hail to thee, bright August, with the unbounded zone, more fascinating even than roseate and leafy June, or golden July! We greet thee, to part with thee too soon! While we are seeking groves and bays to keep cool, the Parisians are hieing to the Bois de Boulogne, galloping or driving through wooded avenues, or straying over the level greensward of the Pro Catalan. If we join them in imagination, we shall halt before a stone cross, which marks the site of a dark deed of the feudal times. Here, the legend says, a troubadour was waylaid and murdered by a troop of bandits. Among his effects was a rare perfume, which he alone possessed the secret of. The ruffians used this perfume on their hair, and this put the authorities on the scent. They were taken, confessed their crime, and were gibbeted therefor; while a stone cross was erected to mark the spot where the luckless troubadour met his untimely end. . . . The theatres will soon be in full blast again, but we do not care to trouble ourselves with such artificial entertainments while the book of nature lies open before us in this glorious month. With the first frost we shall be prepared to speak of artificial entertainments. . . . The following conversation took place recently between a steady old Quaker and his son, who had just returned from a visit to the Southwest:—"Did thee receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"—"Yes, father."—"Then, why did thee not buy thee a new coat?" This present one is certainly very fragile."—"Why, the fact is, I left all my money in the bank at New Orleans."—"Ah, thy economy is certainly commendable! In what bank did thee deposit it?"—"I do not exactly remember in what bank, father. I know it was a very good one, as it had a Scriptural name. It was—um, let me see—it was the Pharaoh Bank, I think. It had a good many depositors."—"Son, banks are very unsafe now, and thee had better send for thy money immediately." Nathan took a coughing spell. . . . An Irish servant, who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion about going to a fair, held annually in a neighboring village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him from going. "You always," said he, "come home with a broken head. Now stay at home, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings."—"I am forever and all obliged to your honor," replied Darby; "but does it stand to reason that I'd take five shillings for the great big bating I'm to get to-day?" A Frenchman built a four-story house adjoining his Dutch neighbor's two-story house. Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one on the low house cries out to the other, "What for you build so high there?" To which the Frenchman replied, "De ground is very cheap up here." Two Spaniards got to quarrelling in Vicksburg, the other day, and fell to belaboring each other with bags of gold. The bags burst, and there was a scramble among the spectators and the belligerents for the scattered treasure. The Spaniards recovered most of it, but the Sun reports one negro as having picked up fifty dollars. . . . Some one sagely remarks, "The girls think of hymen, and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. They screw up their corsets, bring on consumption, and can't help dying." A prisoner escaped from the Wisconsin penitentiary, lately, in a very ingenious manner. He pretended to be sick, and was allowed to walk in the yard. He then made a sort of an image, cut the hair from his own head, decorated the top of the image with it, deposited it in his bunk, and took his customary walk. At night the watch looked into his cell, and noticed him, as he supposed, reposing quietly in his accustomed place, but the next morning he was nowhere to be found. . . . We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we want to go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. . . . The cows in a portion of Salem county, New Jersey, are dying very fast, and in a most singular manner. After being turned

into the pasture for a few hours in the morning, they suddenly become swollen, and die. No satisfactory reason has been assigned for it. The only remedy which has been found of any use has been in pulling out the tongue of the animal as far as possible, and holding it in that position for some time. In some cases this has proved effectual. . . . Louis Napoleon rode through the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, without escort, in an open carriage and four with postillions. He is getting bold again. . . . A very ingenious novelty has just been introduced on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, in the shape of a station indicator, which informs the passengers of the name of the station or place which the train may be approaching. . . . There has been another royal marriage in Turkey. The nuptial procession of Munyreh Sultana, the second bride, took place with the same ceremony as that of her sister the week before. The Sultan, it seems, was anxious not to show any predilection for either of his two daughters. Their trousseaux were exactly the same, the festivities and all other ceremonies likewise. Each of them had a summer palace hired for her on the Bosphorus similarly furnished, and for both an exactly similar winter residence is being built. . . . Spirits of hartsorn is said to be a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartsorn decomposes, chemically, the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately destroys its deleteriousness. . . . Sophie Cruevelli, now Baroness Vigier, has got a fortune by the death of Ahmed Pacha, recently drowned in Egypt. The Pacha, when in Paris, was seized with a truly Egyptian admiration for the fair cantatrice, and offered her his hand. But nothing could avail, and the poor Pacha left Paris in despair, though it appears the fair syren was not forgotten, for by his will he has left her, some say a million of francs, besides jewels to a large amount, amongst which is the famous emerald bracelet worn by Mehemet Ali, and considered of immense value. . . . At the very interesting celebration of the national anniversary held at Woburn, Mass., the platform was graced by the presence of many old and highly respected citizens of the vicinity. One group is worthy of special mention, as it consisted of three brothers, Messrs. Jesse, Joshua and Luther Converse, of Woburn, survivors of the Revolutionary period, whose united ages are 265 years. The one first named alone is 93 years old, the second 91, and the third 81! Munich is going to follow in the wake of London in making up a "Great Exhibition." In the Crystal Palace of Munich there is to be collected examples of the art of all Germany during the past century. . . . The third national horse show, arrangements for which have been made by the people of Springfield on the largest scale, will be held in that city on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of September. Gov. Banks and other State officials have promised their attendance. . . . A man was discovered sitting on the track of the Grange and Alexander Railroad, the other day, as if taking a nap. All efforts were made to stop the train, but in vain; and when the engine struck him, it lifted him eight or ten feet in the air, and he fell flat on his back in the ditch, apparently lifeless. He was taken into the cars, and the train started back to procure medical aid; but he soon commenced talking, remarking they were carrying him the wrong way. He soon after raised up his head, and said he was not hurt. He then rose to his feet, remarking at the same time, "Stranger, you gave me a thundering jolt! Hallo, let me get off!" The train was stopped, and he ran off as though nothing had happened. . . . Rev. R. T. Robinson, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Winchester, has been presented by some of his friends with a fine saddle-horse, valued at \$175. This will probably be a better means of preserving health than a journey to a foreign clime. . . . A suit was recently brought before a justice of the peace in Yuba county, California, for the recovery of seventeen dollars, which a man had won of another, or rather got possession of, by "bluffing," while he had four Jacks. The Marysville Inquirer says the court "let herself loose" on the question, and held that where a party coolly and deliberately "bluffed" the holder of a small winning hand out of his money, it might well be considered downright robbery, and be punished as such; but the court stated that, while it would punish the party who would be guilty of such "bluffing," it had no protection or mercy for the man who, like the plaintiff in this case, would permit himself to be "bluffed" with fours in his hand! Such a man, in the opinion of the court, should not only lose his seventeen dollar "spot," but receive the jeers of every good "poker" player in Yuba county. . . . The number of the American Magazine published in July, 1758, has an article, in which the writer gives a pleasant imaginative account of being called before a convention of women to answer to some charges preferred against him, on account of his offensive allusions in a previous issue to the large hoops worn by the ladies! His greatest objections to the hoops were their inconvenience at dancing parties. The article is as timely now as it was just a hundred years ago. . . . Old Dr. Lyman Beecher is described as now quite feeble. His memory has significantly failed; he hesitates at plain words, while all his auditors know what is wanted. . . . Henry M'Kee, a warehouseman in a Pittsburgh distillery, descended into a whiskey reservoir, carrying with him a lighted candle. He had scarcely descended, when the vapor in the reservoir ignited from the candle, and the whole inside was in a blaze. The aperture was so small that some time elapsed before he could be extricated. When he was first taken hold of, the skin peeled off his arm, and he fell back insensible. . . . There are said to be 6000 Israelites in Cincinnati, who are principally engaged in trade. The sect have five synagogues, which will accommodate about 5000 persons, two schools, six benevolent societies that afford relief to the resident or travelling poor, one hospital, and four literary societies. . . . Rev. George D. Cummins, D. D., pastor of Trinity Church, in Washington, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, in Baltimore, and is expected to enter upon the duties of that office about the first of September next. . . . Dr. Gould, of the Dudley Observatory, is the son of B. A. Gould, Esq., of Boston, and nephew of Miss Hannah F. Gould, the gifted and well-known poet of Newburyport. . . . The members of the Seventh Regiment, while on their visit to Richmond, wore in their hats sponges saturated with water, to protect themselves from the danger of coup de soleil. . . . Daniel Webster penned the following:—"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity." . . . An effort is made in Hartford to raise \$5000, to purchase the works of Bartholomew, the sculptor, pay off all his debts, and have something left for the widow. Col. Samuel Colt has subscribed \$500, and several others \$150 and \$100 each. . . . The region at the West recently submerged by the overflow of the rivers, is now afflicted by miasma, caused by the decaying matter left upon the subsidence of the floods. Doves of hogs turned out upon the reclaimed lands along the Illinois shore, are dying off rapidly from an epidemic which has suddenly broken out; the health of the inhabitants is beginning to suffer. . . . Caspar Heisenbaucher, a young German, was very badly injured in Chicago on the 5th of July, by firing, on a wager of half a dime, a cracker held in his mouth. He won the bet, but was seriously burned; his tongue and cheeks were lacerated, and two of his teeth blown out. . . . At the burning of the steamer Galea, on the Mississippi River, recently—where, happily, but few lives were lost—one can hardly restrain a smile over an incident that occurred among the passengers. It was in the night, and the boat was luckily run ashore; and among those who were observed wading up the bank, were a bride and groom—he in the unique costume of a shirt and hat, and she ditto, less the hat. At that crisis, he could hardly have afforded to "endow her with all his worldly goods." . . . The greatest event which has occurred in Spain for a long time is the inauguration of the canal for bringing the water of the river Lozoya to Madrid, where an abundant supply of water has been long wanted. The canal is 50 English miles in length, seven years have been employed in completing the work, and more than 22,000,000 francs have been expended.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The London Times learns that the electric telegraph was completed from Melbourne to Adelaide. The production of gold was on the increase, the supply being about 25,000 ounces in excess of last year. Money was plentiful, trade was healthy, and prices of goods tending upwards. A new gold field has been opened upon the South Wales side of the Marray River.—The Paris Presse publishes an article in favor of the liberty of the press. The Pays perseveres in opposing any modification of the home policy, although it admits that the grandeur of the empire would not be irreconcilable with liberty—but when, it asks, has liberty in France been connected with tranquillity, or with anything lasting?—The friends of Lady Bulwer—who had been placed in a lunatic asylum—are about taking measures to establish her sanity.—Explanations have been demanded from the Viceroy of Egypt about negotiating a loan of an English house.—The Madrid cabinet has been completed. Gen. Ros de Aland is appointed the new captain-general of Cuba.—Difficulties have arisen between Germany and Denmark.—The tranquillization of Oude is proceeding more slowly and less satisfactorily than could be desired, and the whole line of the Ganges swarms with mutineers.—The Russian and French commissioners join in the opinion that St. George's Channel is the best suited for the entrance to the Danube. Austria advocates the Sulina mouth.—There has been an exchange of diplomatic attaches between St. Petersburg and Constantinople.—An allied naval expedition has been organized to seize the shipping and stores at Hei Po, destined to supply Peking.

France, England and Austria.

That the Emperor Napoleon's friends and familiars are extremely irritated against England, and particularly against Austria, is a fixed fact. That he himself shares this discontent, is proved by these authentic words, which lately fell from his lips:—"Patience has its limits; the pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last." It would be probably broken, if France were in the same financial situation as at the epoch of the Crimean war. But her politics are hampered by the expenses bequeathed by this war, and the embarrassment caused by the financial crisis which followed it. But the Constitutionnel shows, by an analysis of the official tables of the movement of commerce in 1857, that after having been the last to experience the effects of the crisis, France will be the first to recover from it. Austria, on the contrary, bends more and more beneath a deficit of revenue, which this year will reach more than a hundred millions of florins. Finances govern everything—they give the law to diplomacy, and explain its acts. Hence there will be no war at present. The proof that Napoleon does not dream of a campaign this summer or autumn is, that he is gone quietly to Plombieres.

The East.

If the peace of Europe incurs any danger, it is not from the West, but from the East, that the horizon is darkened. The troops Turkey has congregated about Montenegro, notwithstanding her promise not to renew hostilities against this province, authorized a belief that she wished to starve the Montenegrins by a hermetic blockade, and force them to violate the armistice agreed upon, to give them a right to take vengeance for the disaster of Grahovo. But France and Russia have foiled this stratagem, inspired by Austria, by signifying to the Porte that they were firmly resolved not to allow her to evade her engagements, while Montenegro held firm to theirs. The Porte has receded before this ultimatum, and given explanations, which are deemed satisfactory.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer.

This tourist, remarkable as well for her extensive acquirements and great talent of observation, as for her courage, has related her journeyings in many books highly esteemed by learned men. With no resources but the profits of her books, Madame Pfeiffer has been more than once round the world. Last year the indefatigable traveller started for the island of Madagascar. After having been feted at first by the natives of the country, she was afterwards persecuted shockingly. Almost alone, sick, pursued by savage bands, she escaped death providentially. Having returned to Europe a few weeks since, she fell seriously ill on landing at Hamburg. Whether she had not strength to solicit aid, or was refused, the poor lady has been compelled to take refuge in a pauper hospital.

English Anniversaries.

The House of Lords has decreed the abolition of the political anniversaries of the Anglican Church. They were three in number:—The 5th of November, the date of the discovery of the gunpowder plot; the 30th of January, the date of the execution of Charles I.; and the 29th of May, the date of the restoration of his son, Charles II. These three events, whose memory was linked to that of a dynasty henceforth excluded from the throne of England, will for the future pass unnoticed; though probably Ouy Fawkes day will long be kept up by the populace of London.

Insulting the English.

Those Parisians who particularly hate the English, have a peculiar method of testifying their animosity. When they meet any of the haughty islanders, they put a handkerchief, or a smelling-bottle, to the olfactory organs, as if they scented the pestilential emanations of the Thames. This was no more than Queen Victoria was obliged to do, lately, when she walked near the river, to the disinfection of which her ministers have just appropriated fifteen hundred pounds sterling worth of lime per month.

Austria.

The Austrian Gazette, which illy disguises the displeasure caused by the apparition of the French eagle on the shores of Dalmatia, says, "We, too, have an eagle, which looks two ways at once, and whose two beaks are sharpened!" The Paris Patrie replies, "That it is desirable that the Austrian eagle should profit by the twofold vision, to cast one eye on its history." A delicate reference to the victories of the first Napoleon over the Austrians.

An Un-rehearsed Stage Effect.

The other day a new piece was performed at the "Folies Dramatiques," Paris. One of the actresses, named Ether, had just said, in the tone of lassitude and despair required by her part, "When shall I have a moment's rest?" when a voice from the pit exclaimed, "Not till you have paid my bill!" The actress was completely dumbfounded by the spectre who rose thus, with his bill in his hand, and thus added an unexpected scene to the comedy.

Prussia and Austria.

Letters from Vienna say that the hope of seeing Prussia and Austria united on the question of the principalities and Montenegro is much weakened. Prussia is said to have declared that she would not depart from the policy of neutrality which she had hitherto pursued, and which worked well. This declaration is conformable to the antecedents of this power, and the provisional situation of its government.

The Taking of Canton.

The English journals have re-published, with ill-concealed spite, the assertion of a Belgian sheet that, in a spectacle to be presented to the Parisians, and called "The Taking of Canton by the French," the English would not be represented at all, for fear the populace would hiss and hoot the red-coats.

Monument to Queen Hortense.

The monument erected by Napoleon III. over the remains of Queen Hortense, in the Church of Rueil, was consecrated on the 27th of June. The same church likewise contains the mausoleum of the Empress Josephine.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Edward Pousland, recently deceased at Beverly, leaves six shares in the Salem Bank to the deacons of the first Baptist church there, the income resulting therefrom to be for the benefit of the poor of that church. — Many years ago when a bill for the relief of an aged officer was under consideration in the senate, a member who wished it set aside suggested that it could be well postponed—"Congress sits every year." Mr. Fromentin, a Frenchman, a senator from Louisiana, who advocated the bill, pointed energetically to the venerable petitioner, conspicuous in the lobby, and exclaimed—"Yes, Mr. Speaker, Congress sits every year, but Death sits every day—look." — The free banking law of Iowa, passed by the legislature, has been approved by the people. It is similar to that of New York, except that it demands the keeping on hand of a greater per centage of specie. — A Californian, while crossing a mountain, lost his way and perished in the snow. His body fell a prey to the cactos, and when found his head was entirely eaten off. A friend of the young man undertook to write an account of his death to the father of deceased, and after spending an afternoon in the effort, produced the following epistle: "Dear Major,—The kiotas have eat your son's head off. Yours, Henry Boocher." — A palm leaf fan placed against the window sill, letting it project two-thirds of the way out of the window, will force into the ear a constant, and in proportion to the speed of the train, a strong current of air. — The attempt to bore an artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, seems likely to be a failure. On the 6th ult., the shaft had penetrated to the depth of 1708 feet. Fifty feet more will complete the last contract between the State House Commissioners and the parties who are performing the work. The limestone stratum seems to eclipse by far anything of the kind ever before heard of in the geology of the country, as the shaft has already been sunk into it upwards of one thousand feet. — Frederic W. Porter, the defaulting agent of the American Sunday School Union, has made a full confession of the history of his frauds. They commenced nineteen years ago with the mulberry and silk-worm speculation, and have continued ever since, and cover transactions to the amount of \$600,000. The amount of loss to the society by his fraudulent use of its name is \$40,000. — Robert Brown, greatest of British and greatest of European botanists—*botanicorum facile princeps*, as Humboldt termed him—died at London recently in his eighty-fifth year. — Mr. Smith O'Brien has published a manifesto in the Dublin Nation, in which, after alluding to the possibility of a French attack upon London, he says there would be no feeling in favor of it on the part of Irishmen, and that he would like to see 300,000 of his countrymen in arms for the defence. He suggests, however, that in giving their aid they might stipulate for the concession of an independent Parliament. — The Sea Bird, which ascended Frazer River to within a mile of Fort Hope, on weighing anchor, found gold enough in the mud attached to the fluke to pay handsome wages. Bellingham Bay is said to be the site of the future Golden City. — The book containing the town records of Westfield, Mass., during the Revolutionary war, which has been lost for many years, and was advertised for some fifteen years ago, was found in the garret of the Douglas house on Elm Street, recently. A brother of the late Mrs. Mary L. Douglas was town clerk of Westfield at the time, and it is supposed that this book of records accidentally found its way into the place where it was discovered by being placed with some other works which were considered of little or no value.

DOCTORS DISAGREEING.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is an old question. We never thought of their resorting to the duello, however, to settle a professional dispute. But for nearly a year a quarrel has been festering between two of the most eminent physicians of St. Louis, Dr. Walker and Dr. Montrose A. Pallen, on account of the alleged practice pursued by one of them of selling patent medicines, which is considered a violation of professional ethics. A duel between them has been several times projected and frustrated. Recently they went over to Illinois to fight, but were arrested before they got ready, and were held in \$2000 each to keep the peace. Both these gentlemen, of course, believe in bleeding and blue pills, and the agency of powder—not Dover's.

PHYSICAL TROUBLES.—Life has few charms indeed for the dyspeptic, which is not to be wondered at, however, when we remember the amount of bodily suffering which he must inevitably endure, and which also operates indirectly but surely upon the mind. But we may confidently rejoice in the fact that there is a sure and pleasant remedy for this growing evil. By the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, the picture is at once reversed, and the bright side of life is made to appear. Any one may test the fact for themselves, and at the same time find a permanent cure. We often speak of this medicine because we know its wonderful efficacy and excellence.

SNAKE STORY.—Letitia Hamlin of Belchertown, sixteen years of age, while gathering berries in a pasture recently, killed two black snakes, measuring each six feet in length, besides catching two live striped snakes, which she put in her bosom and carried home to her mother! Brave girl, with eccentric tastes.

Wayside Gatherings.

The excitement in California relative to the Frazer River gold mines continues. Three thousand persons have already left San Francisco for that region.

The Taunton (Mass.) Gazette says there are four sisters in that town, weighing nine hundred and thirty-five pounds; the shortest, being six feet high, weighs two hundred and fifty-six.

Horace Mann, president of Antioch College, has been elected president of the faculty and professor of ethics in the North Western Christian University at Indianapolis.

The total shipments of grain to Chicago this season amount to \$10,197,818 bushels which is an excess of 5,706,000 more than the entire shipments up to the same time last year.

Albert Myer, a young convict in the Ohio penitentiary, who murdered another convict, Bartlett Neville, a short time since, is to be hanged on the third of September next.

Abner Smith, lately postmaster at Northfield, Boone County, Indiana, has been convicted of robbing the mails, and sentenced to the State prison for ten years.

What a world of truth in this remark of Victor Hugo's: "There are some unfortunate men in this world. Christopher Columbus cannot attach his name to his discovery; Guillotin cannot detach his from his invention."

Very serious depredations were committed in Cairo during the late high water. A large portion of the town was stolen, the depredators pretending to mistake it for drift-wood. In some cases the mistake was probably an honest one.

At the present time there are one hundred and seventeen brick or stone, and three hundred and seventy-three frame buildings, in all four hundred and ninety, now going up in Milwaukee, at an aggregate cost of \$1,100,000.

The California mines are yielding largely, and the accounts from every section are highly favorable. The agricultural prospects were never brighter, and full harvests were confidently anticipated.

At Lower Wakefield, Pa., lately, Mark Healey, who was using one of Ketchum's mowers, slipped into a post-hole, and the horses drawing the mower close to him, his thighs were cut through to the bone, and he died almost immediately.

Health-officer Thompson, of New York, expresses his opinion that the yellow fever infection may be carried in steamers from sickly ports by means of their coal. He bases the opinion on the experience of men acquainted with the history of the yellow fever at St. Thomas.

It has been decided in the U. S. Circuit Court for California, that John C. Fremont was not a citizen of California in May, 1850. This gives to Col. Fremont the right to sue in the U. S. Courts, a very great advantage in his suit to drive trespassers from his lands in Mariposa County.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that a Utah mail party encountered millions of buffalo, blocking up the highway so as to delay the mail, feeding upon the luxuriant grasses of the plains, while the deer and antelope were more numerous than ever seen before.

Prof. Morse sailed for Europe, with his family, on the 24th ult., to be absent a year or more. The professor has already received the first installment of the \$80,000 presented to him by the European governments for his telegraphic invention, and was required by ours to pay a duty on the gold in which it was paid.

Madame de Wilhorst has failed to obtain an operatic engagement in Europe, and another American prima donna, Miss Ward (Madame Guerabella), after singing at two or three concerts in Paris, and giving one of her own, became discouraged and will shortly return to the United States.

Mr. Collamer, superintendent of the Central Road, at Niagara Falls, sent a despatch to a subordinate in Buffalo, requesting him to send down four leeches for his wife, who had a swelled face. The operator took the word *leeches* and made it *coaches*, whereupon down they came at the tail of the next passenger train.

The Paris Constitutionnel says the court of Berlin has nearly accomplished an arrangement between Don Pedro and the Pretender, Don Miguel, under which the latter renounces all claim to the throne of Portugal, on condition of the restoration of all his sequestered property in the kingdom, and a well-secured annual pension.

At the recent annual session of the Ontario Association of Universalists, Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins received a letter of fellowship as preacher of the gospel. Her husband is also a minister. This is supposed to be the first woman who ever received a letter of fellowship from any ecclesiastical body. Rev. Antoinette Brown was only ordained by her congregation.

At Grand Rapids, Michigan, a well caved in, and covered with curbing and gravel two men, named Bush and Richmond, thirty feet from the surface. They were thus kept down thirty hours, and yet were got out safely, after a hard day and night's work. At least a thousand people congregated about the spot, and sent up a loud shout when the men were rescued.

An English paper says that the queen has long entertained an aversion to Buckingham palace, and this is very naturally explained by the fact that it is infested with rats and other vermin, making it little better than a sort of royal "Old Town House," and quite as needful of fumigation. We suppose surly John Bull will say that all this comes of the visits of the queen's beggarly German relations.

In Salem, cold water being scarce, they use hot water from the tanners' tanks, to water the streets, and say it keeps down the dust more effectually. Cold water is apt to lay on the surface in little puddles, but hot water penetrates the dust and wets it thoroughly. Salt water is preferred to fresh, as it crusts the surface of the dust to some extent, and is thus more serviceable in keeping it down.

A correspondent of the Banner states that in North Turner, Me., dwells an old gentleman by the name of Caleb House, who is now in his eighty-ninth year. He was the first settler in his part of the town, and is the parent and grand-parent and great-grand-parent of numbers of descendants. The other day, being in pursuit of a little juvenile recreation, he shouldered his axe, went to the woods, and felled, cut and corded one cord of hard wood. This we call smart.

Mazzini has undertaken to raise a new loan; this time the bonds are made in a style very picturesque. They represent two armies in battle array, a cross mounted by a crown of thorns reposing on a cannon and a coffin. The tricolor and a royal crown lie on the ground, and at the bottom is seen the cupola of St. Paul's church. Two women in white robes, and a steed ready to be off, complete the decoration. The funds are to remain in the possession of Mazzini, who promises to employ them in the cause of European liberty.

Sands of Gold.

.... There is always need of a man to go higher if he has the capacity to go.—*Beecher*.

.... Nature has not conferred upon us a responsible existence, without giving us, at the same time, the strength, rightly exerted, to perform its duties.—*Bovee*.

.... Liberty is the soul's right to breathe, and when it cannot take a long breath, laws are girded too tight. Without liberty man is in a syncope.—*Beecher*.

.... Out upon the vile and sordid matters blighting this beautiful, this liberal world, that self-promotion should ever be sought upon the coffin-plates of our neighbors!—*Douglas Jerrold*.

.... It is extraordinary how many defects we can discern in a friend after we have quarrelled with him. The same remark applies to a woman after she has rejected us.—*Bovee*.

.... A charitable untruth, and an uncharitable truth, an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.—*Bishop Hall*.

.... No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor, according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.—*Beecher*.

.... As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of perpetual congelation commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary the court, the more frigidity and apathy we shall experience.—*Lacon*.

.... Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not the strength of mind to forgive, is by no means weak enough to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.—*Colton*.

.... When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.—*Lacon*.

Joker's Budget.

Scholar—A diver for pearls, who generally loses his breath before he gathers much treasure.

A lady who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church one Sunday, sent her card.

"Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am de use ob kickin' ebery eur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

It is in vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for the hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you may occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

A poor actor, with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who inquired what he was going to do? "Only going to 'spout' Shakspeare," was the reply.

An Irishman in Chicago has just discovered a substitute for potatoes. It consists of pork and cabbage. He says that he has tried various other things, but this is the only "substituto" he'd like to warrant.

"Will you have it rare, or well done?" said a landlord to an Irishman, a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of roast beef. "I love it well done iver since I am in this country, for it was rare enough we used to ate in Ireland."

A gentleman who was rather impatient at table, declared that he wished he could manage without servants; they were greater plague than profit. "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "O, no," returned the other, "I have tried them; they wont answer."

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that, "One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

Epitaph on a Woman struck by Lightning.

She died of thunder sent from heaven,
In 1777.

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HONG KONG RACES, CHINA.



THE START OF THE CELESTIALS.

HONG KONG RACES.

Wherever Englishmen obtain even a local and temporary footing, there they are sure to establish the national sport of horse-racing. It follows their flag and drum-beat throughout the world. At Hong Kong they have some excellent racing, but the most amusing feature of the sport is witnessed on those days when the Celestials take part in the exhibition. The two views on this page will enable our readers to form a lively idea of what transpires on these occasions. One of them shows the "shilling stand," where Anglo-Saxon and Oriental features and costumes are pleasantly and strikingly contrasted. There we behold the English Jack tar, the British officer, the Yankee with his cigar, and note-book under his arm, John Chinaman and "Jenny Chinawoman," all intent upon the sport. And surely the Chinese in the scrub-race depicted in the other engraving, furnish food for inextinguishable laughter. Such equestrianism, such ground and lofty tumbling, cannot be seen in any ring, or on any track in the world. Only such a combination of circus clowns as no money could command, could hope to imitate the spectators. The spring is the season when these entertainments flourish. A correspondent writing from Hong Kong, says that "the race-course is in 'Happy Valley,' a lovely spot indeed, situated about a mile and a half from Victoria, and the last resting-place of those who die here. The burial-ground is at the foot of one of the lofty grassy hills which form this valley; there are, in fact, three places of interment—one for the Protestants, one for the Roman Catholics, and one for the Parsees. Just opposite to these were the stands and stables;

whilst the flat plain was studded with all manner of nations—English, Americans, French, Malays, East Indians, Manilla Indians, blue-jackets, marines, and Celestials. Umbrellas were in such abundance that, seen from a height, one would fancy the place was filled with animated mushrooms, or, from their various colors, rather toadstools. The races began in the afternoon, and afforded great pleasure. The Chinese are as much excited as the English, and bet with much ardor. The Celestial fair ones came out in full force, dressed with great taste and neatness. The crowd differed from a race one in England in many respects, but first and foremost in the total absence of intoxication and in its quiet conduct. There was a grand stand, filled with swells and crinoline, but the native ones afford more scope for the pencil. The races lasted three days; but the last one deserves particular mention, as the Celestials had a race themselves on native ponies. Thirteen started, and four or five of the riders fell off the first go; the merriment of the spectators baffles all description; however, the dismounted cavaliers showed great pluck and got up, grinning, as if nothing had happened; four of them kept well together, and a lucky fellow came in in gallant style, amid great applause; but some of the others were nowhere, and many of the quadrupeds came in without riders, seemingly enjoying the fun as much as anybody else. A good race finished the sport, and Hong Kong went to dinner, and was merry." Another writer, describing the spring races, says:—"The Englishman's holiday followed. If any one is desirous of seeing good, steady, old-fashioned racing, where there are no crosses, and where every horse is started and

ridden to win, he must go to Hong Kong. A Londoner cannot conceive the excitement caused in this little distant island by the race week. It is the single holiday of the merchants. They spend weighty sums in importing horses from all parts and training them for the contest. We may smile at this truly English mania struggling against strong discouragement, but the means of amusement are not numerous at Hong Kong. When we first see the race-course in the 'Happy Valley,' we are half tempted to declare that it is the most picturesque spot in the whole world. The scenery, however, must not distract our attention while Snowdrop is making the running. The grand stand, the booths, the stables, and all the properties of the turf, by no means forgetting the luncheons and champagne, are all in first rate order. The mile and a half of road between the 'Happy Valley' and the city of Victoria is at the proper time crowded with vehicles and horsemen and pedestrians, and sometimes the pace is rapid, and sometimes one of the party blows a horn. The Wong-nei-chong stakes are of foreign sound, but also are the Cesarowitch. Six Arabs come forth to dispute the Canton cup, the most important of the six races of the first day; if the pace is not very fleet, the contest is severe and the run honest. Enthusiasts from Shanghai sometimes come down and win away the honors from the great stables of Victoria; the Capulets and Montagus of China meet here in friendly emulation, and 'Sir Michael' and 'Snowdon' are important champions. So are the gentlemen jocks, who, principally supplied by her majesty's army and navy, seem wonderfully brilliant to the clustering thousands of Chinese.



THE SPECTATORS' STAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

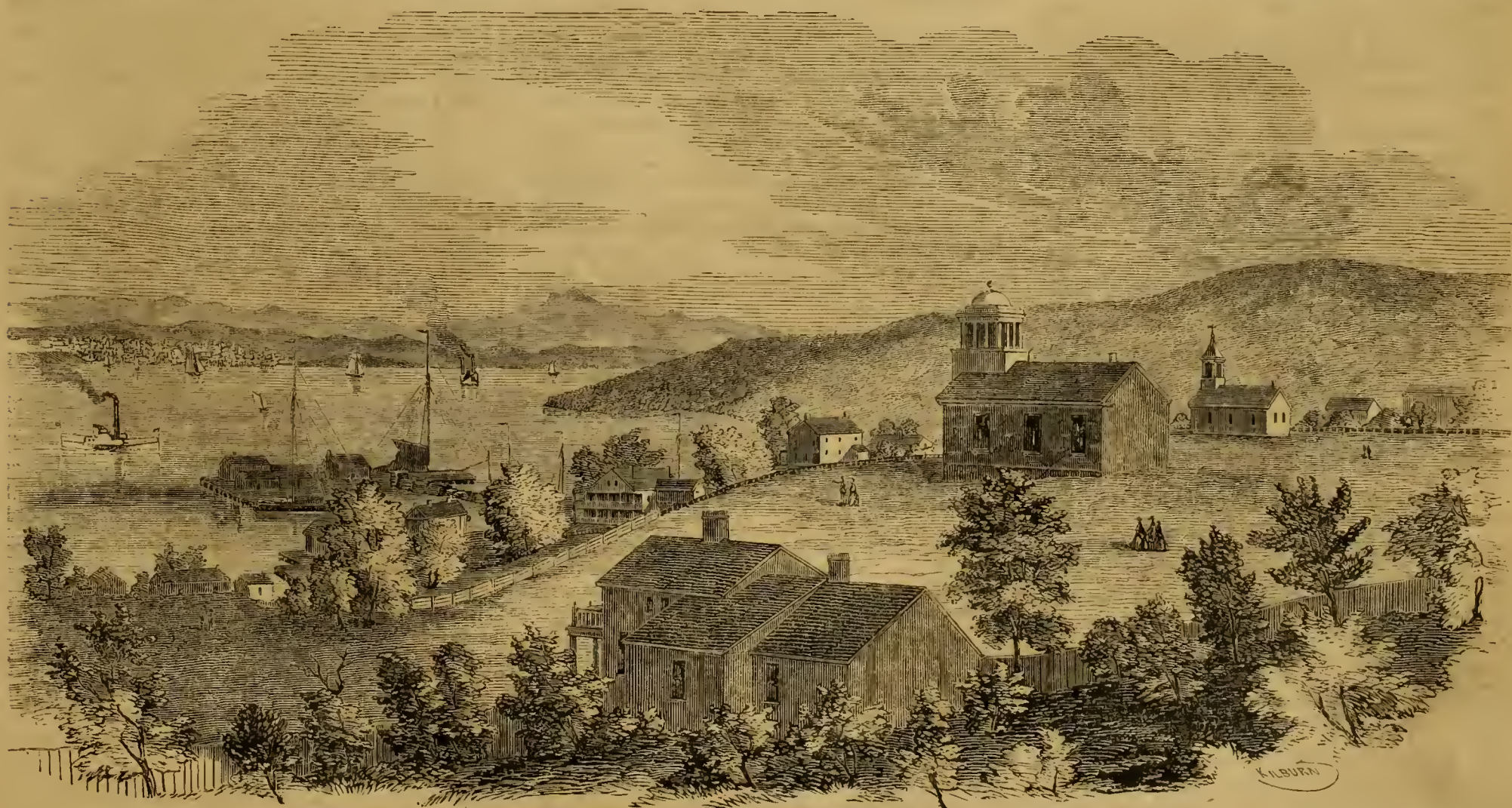
5 CENTS SINGLE. { \$2 50 PER ANNUM. } Vol. XV., No. 8.....WHOLE No. 374.

PORT KENT, NEW YORK.

We present our readers this week with another of those pleasing views of rural scenery in Northern New York which have obtained such celebrity for our paper, from the accuracy of their delineation and the interest of their subjects. They were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, of this city. The village of Port Kent is situated on elevated ground, on the western or New York side of Lake Champlain, and commands a magnificent view of that beautiful sheet of water. It is nearly opposite Burlington, on the Vermont shore, which is about ten miles distant across the water. The lake is 132 miles long, and in its southern part is generally narrow. From Whitehall to the south part of Orwell, Vt., about twenty miles, it has an average breadth of half a mile, though in one place it is contracted to 80 and in another to 40 rods. The widest part of the lake unobstructed by islands is that seen in our view, it being at this point about ten miles broad, and has a depth varying from 54 to 282 feet. Still further north, it encloses several large islands, and is about fourteen miles wide. Its outlet is the Sorel River, which flows into the St. Lawrence 45 miles below Montreal. The lake is connected to the southward with the navigable waters of the Hudson River by the Champlain Canal 63 miles long. No part of the Union presents finer scenery than this lake and its vicinity. The large and picturesque sheet of water, with its romantic shores and the grand mountains which form a background to the view in almost every direction, present beautiful scenes, which always make an indelible impression on the memory. Standing on the high land near the foreground of our view, the lake and surrounding landscape is spread out before the spectator in all the charm and majesty of nature. At the right, beyond the church and academy, is seen Trombley Point, a bold headland, extending out into the lake, and protecting the harbor from the southern winds. This point is the north-eastern

extremity of the Adirondack range of mountains. Immediately beyond the point, and beyond the lake, is seen the lofty Green Mountain range in Vermont; and standing out in bold relief in our view, is the Camel's Rump Mountain, one of the peaks of the Green Mountain chain. To the left, Burlington is seen in the distance. By turning round, and looking in the direction opposite to our sketch, the spectator has a view of the noble Adirondack peaks, and the splendid table lands, and extensive and highly cultivated farms of Clinton county, New York. Altogether the scene from Port Kent can hardly be surpassed in loveliness. This place is the principal port for the Adirondack region, and great quantities of lumber and iron are shipped here for their destination in various parts of the country. Iron ore from other parts of the lake is brought here by vessels, and is carried hence to Keesville on the Ausable River, and other towns above, where it is manufactured into hardware and other utensils, which are again brought to Port Kent, and shipped to a market. Port Kent is connected with Burlington by several lines of ferry-boats, among which is the splendid steamer Montreal, commanded by the attentive and popular Captain Lott Chamberlain. Passengers destined for a sojourn in the Adirondack region debark here and take stages for the interior. In no part of the Union are the steamboats finer, more commodious, or better managed, than upon Lake Champlain. The care and attention of the officers is worthy the highest praise; everything is done for the safety and comfort of the passengers, and accidents are so well guarded against, that it is almost impossible for them to occur. Our readers cannot better spend the warm season than by taking a trip upon this lake, and luxuriating in the pure air and glorious scenery of this beautiful region. We shall present our patrons in future numbers with many more views hereabout, the material for the artist having been so lavishly furnished by nature that it can scarcely be exhausted. Lake Cham-

plain lies between the States of New York and Vermont, and extends from Whitehall, in the former State, in about 43° 30' north latitude to 45° 6' north latitude, a few miles across the southern boundary of Canada. Its coast line, including all the windings—and it is very irregular,—is estimated at 280 miles. The principal streams flowing into it are the Saranac, Chazy, Ausable, Misisquoi and Winooski, the outlet of Lakes George and Wood, and other creeks. Its principal outlet is the Sorel or Richelieu River, which discharges its waters into the St. Lawrence, about fifty miles below Montreal. It contains many islands, among which may be mentioned North and South Hero, La Motte and Schuyler. The Vermont shores of this lake are generally fertile and highly cultivated, while those of New York are wild, rocky and barren, rising into vast mountains, interspersed with lakes, but containing few or no bottom lands. In favorable weather, Lake Champlain presents to the traveller, as we have heretofore remarked, views of surpassing beauty and magnificence, the bold mountain peaks of the Adirondack and Green Mountain chains being contrasted with and reflected in the calm mirror of the matchless lake, as it is ploughed by the noble steamers which traverse it from one extremity to the other. Perhaps to this region, more than to that of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, belongs the name of the Switzerland of America. Indeed, one might almost, at times, fancy he was floating on the bosom of Lake Geneva, and looking to the Alps. The waters abound with salmon, trout, pickerel, and other fish. Lake Champlain affords excellent commercial facilities. By means of the Chamby Canal and Sorelle River improvements, a free navigation has been opened, both with the great lakes and with the Atlantic Ocean, while, on the other hand, the Champlain Canal, by connecting it with the Hudson River and Erie Canal, secures an unbroken water connection with New York city and the principal interior towns.



VIEW OF PORT KENT, ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEW YORK.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

Monck pretended to take no further notice of this revelation. He took Margaret's hand, pressed it affectionately, and said:

"Now you see clearly, dear Margaret, that you are mistaken as to my intentions, and that I rather deserve your gratitude. Henceforward be quite easy, and don't listen to the gossip of the neighborhood. It is possible—I don't think it will be so, but necessity may drive me to it—that I shall have to pretend to be preparing for my marriage with Laura. But don't let it trouble you; you alone, Margaret, shall be my wife. I have promised you, and it shall be. Meanwhile, you can do just what you like here. If you want gold, speak. What more can you want? Only leave me alone; I will outwit our enemies. In two or three months you shall be Madame Monck. Now are you pleased? Does that satisfy you?"

Margaret looked steadfastly at him, but he bore her penetrating gaze without quailing, or evincing the slightest uneasiness.

"Are you sure you are not cheating me again?" she asked.

"Always the same miserable suspicions! If I had any affection for Laura Kemenaer, should I desire her death, think you?"

"Well, be it so; I am a good easy soul whom anybody can deceive; but, Monck, you shall rue the day if ever you play the rōgne with me. Take care; you know what I can do."

"If I am not speaking the simple truth, you may avenge yourself how and when you like. I shall have deserved it. But I feel no alarm about it, for I am not likely to give you any reason to seek revenge. Trust in me, and keep a good heart, dear friend; your apprehensions will not last long. There is my hand on our speedy marriage. And now be good enough to leave me alone a little while; I have some important letters to write. This Berthold will drive me mad; I can scarcely collect my thoughts. Margaret, if the gentleman comes who was here yesterday, receive him with civility, and bring him in to me at once."

"Which gentleman? The one with the spectacles?"

"No; he will not come to-day. The other."

"Ha! the one with a greasy neckerchief and battered hat? He wants to borrow money, I suppose. He doesn't seem worth much, Monck."

"You are mistaken about him. He does not come to borrow money, but I want him to wreak my whole vengeance on Berthold. Now do what I have asked."

Margaret left the office. No sooner had she closed the door, than Monck stamped his foot furiously, rushed frantically about the room, and muttered to himself:

"The wretch! She worries me to death with her absurd folly. Monck, the wealthy Monck, to marry a stupid old servant, ugly as sin, and without a penny! Suppose I offer her five or six thousand francs? I dare say she would gladly accept them and release me from my engagement. But then I should have no hold on her; she would gossip about the will, and perhaps say something which would make people suspect me. No; as long as she eats her bread from my hands, I can coerce her. I must pretend, and coax her, until Laura becomes my wife. If Margaret will not yield to circumstances, well, she must be off. But my fears are needless; she believes everything I say to her. Would that I had nothing to fear but Margaret's distrust!"

He sat down again at his desk, and covered his face with his hands.

"Not a moment's longer delay. Father and daughter do all they can to gain time; they have hope still. Mischief is brewing. Berthold and she understand one another; she pretends to be sick in order to put off the wedding. Thrice already has she seemed to be recovering, but the moment I speak of marriage, she becomes worse again. She won't eat; she is resolved to elude me by dying. Suppose she did? She is civil, but 'tis only in appearance. Her eyes show that she regards me as her executioner. How she must hate and despise me! Months and months of icy, freezing contempt. But I will have my revenge; if she drops down dead at the altar, she shall be my wife. And I will hurry it on; I will demand it at once; I will be implacable and unbending. I know what inspires her with such hatred. Berthold's fame blinds her eyes. Ha, ha, that fame shall vanish like smoke. We will see whether Laura will cling to him when scorn and contempt are his portion, when he is avoided as an idle, base, disreputable man."

He raised a journal which lay open beside him, and read with feverish joy:

"The lovers of our country's literature received with gratitude Berthold Rohyn's first volume, because they discerned in it, as they thought, some indications of talent. His second volume, 'Grief and Hope,' has dispelled the illusion. It is nothing but a mass of absurdities; no sense, bad taste, wretched verse. His tirades against the wealthy are odious as well as stupid. We are sorry to learn that the writer is an ungrateful person, and has broken the heart of his benefactor. What truth there is in this rumor we know not, but one thing is clear—this volume shows us a heart overflowing with gall and bitterness, instead of the assumed simplicity and innocence which characterized his first verses."

Monck laid down the journal, and said:

"What will Laura say when she reads that? That will do for a beginning; but we must go on, go on till Berthold is crushed

beneath universal contempt, and dies of impotent rage. *Art against gold*, eh? 'Tis a child pitted against a giant. If my scribe would only come now! I have been waiting for him these two hours. He will introduce other writers to me. Other poets will be jealous of Berthold, too; they will be apt and willing tools. It will cost me a good round sum, however. Why does not the rascal come? I was going to consult him whether the time is not come for an article lamenting Berthold's *penchant* for drink. He drinks! All the street slanderers are helping me on to my goal. He drinks! First his works, then his past life, his tendencies, his drunkenness! That is his *coup de grace*! Come, I must go and look up my scribe; it will give me a little distraction, and help to cool my burning brain."

And with these words he seized his hat and left the house.

Mynheer Kemenaer was slowly pacing up and down a long avenue in his garden. His head drooped down on his breast, and his eyes were bent vacantly on the ground. His countenance bore traces of long suffering; numerous and deep were the lines of care on his forehead; his eyebrows were drawn convulsively together; he had fallen away greatly, and seemed to be at least ten years older.

All along the path he was pacing, the latest flowers of the year were in full blossom. The dahlia spread its thousand tints over the garden, the sunflower turned its magnificent orb to the sun; all around was crowded with many-hued magnificence. On some of the trees the foliage had begun to assume a thousand lovely hues, as though before their decay the leaves were putting forth all their strength to fascinate the eye of man. The sun was still warm, and filled the autumn air with glorious light. And indeed nature is pre-eminently fair and enchanting in the fall of the year. To him who is at peace with God, and with his own heart, it is a fount of touching delight and of deepest emotion.

Mynheer Kemenaer was absorbed in his own thoughts, indifferent to everything around him, insensible to the sweet influence of the sun; he walked steadily on, with a discontented frown upon his countenance. Still, he gave no outward sign of the tumult and strife within, until, on turning a corner, he raised his eyes, as if he expected to see something in that direction. He stood still there, and pronounced unconsciously his daughter's name. He then raised his eyes to heaven, and said:

"O my God, is there no mercy with thee for my poor Laura? Must she really be sacrificed in propitiation for my sin? Is the decree inexorable? Strike me in thy righteous indignation, but spare my only child!"

He covered his face with his hands, and seemed stunned by the awfulness of the blow. When he again looked up, his features wore an expression of bitter scorn, and he resumed his languid walk.

"It is done; no more hope! I have worshiped gold, I have served the demon of gold; it has been to me as an idol. And the Lord has made use of gold to punish me. Laura, poor lamb! must go in a few days a living sacrifice to the altar. I, her father, I am the executioner who deals the fatal blow. To-morrow the civil contract! To-morrow! Yes, yes; pretend to be calm and at ease. Tell your daughter she is deceiving herself, that she will be happy with that hideous rascal. Accursed mockery!"

As he came near the seat on which his daughter was sitting, he strove to assume an air of confidence and hope. It was all in vain. There lingered in every tone of his voice, on every line of his face, in his very smile, a something which spoke of bitter, hopeless despair.

Laura did not notice her father until he was close to her; she then looked sorrowfully at him, and murmured a quiet, plaintive greeting. He sat down on the seat by her side, and took her hand in his; and thus they sat, silent and embarrassed, as if neither had anything more to say to the other. Poor Laura was pale and thin, but her fair forehead and her transparent face wore that pensive, fascinating beauty which we remark in those who are slowly passing away from life. Her father and she looked like two inmates of an hospital, who had left their beds of sickness to take one last look at the blue heavens.

Mynheer Kemenaer was the first to break the painful silence. He asked, affectionately:

"Laura, my poor child, how are you this morning? Still dejected? Your hand shakes; your whole body shudders. Alas! has the fever returned?"

"No, father; the fever has left me."

"Why then this terrible agitation?"

"Nothing, father; a dream I had last night—a frightful omen; my nerves thrill yet with the horror it gave me. But it will soon pass away; I feel better already."

"Poor Laura! you trifle with your agony. Is not the reality bad enough, that you seek to feed your sorrow with the dark, false images of your fancy?"

"False images! O, dear father, were you speaking truly when you said that? No, no; my dream was not false. It was the chilling, agonizing presentiment of the lot that awaits me."

"Now, Laura, tell me what your morbid fancy pictured to itself. You will see how wrong you are in allowing yourself to be agitated by phantoms of the night."

"The recital would grieve you too deeply, father."

"No, no. But anyhow, pour out your griefs, my child, into your father's heart; it will relieve you, Laura."

"Well, then, you must know all. This night just past something strange occurred to me. My spirit seemed to leave the body, and, freed from the constraint of matter, was strong to look into the furthest future, and to see what will become of your poor Laura. I was standing before the altar; in the bridal wreath were woven thorns which pierced me; the blood trickled slowly

down my cheeks. I felt the wedding-ring burning, burning my finger to the bone. The fatal word passed my lips; I promised love—love and obedience. I was married—a victim and a slave. Your last kiss, father, was imprinted on my forehead; I was taken from you, and led away to a gloomy dwelling. For a long, long time, scornful songs and triumphant rejoicings echoed in my ears. At length came the night; all was still as the grave. I was alone with my bridegroom. Suddenly his countenance, his whole body underwent a change. Before me grinned a hideous demon, a spirit from hell; his hair stood up, his teeth chattered, his eyes glowed with keen fire. No one could hear me; no one could bring me aid. I fell on my knees; I besought him to spare me; but he grasped my hand, uttered a frightful howl, and dragged me to the brink of a precipice. I sprang back, and broke loose from the enemy of God; my despairing cry was flung back from the arched roof; I ran round, I screamed, but nothing availed to bring me help. The ruthless fiend seized me again by the arm, and dragged me again to the gulf which was destined to be my grave. 'Mercy, mercy! what do you want with me?' was the cry which rose from my agonized heart. 'Mine, mine!' he howled in my ear; 'mine forever, forever!' Then my spirit returned again into my body. I awoke; my face was still bedewed with the sweat of anguish, and I shook as from the paroxysm of a burning fever. Is that a false image, father?"

Kemenaer made no reply, but wiped away a tear from his eyes, while Laura sat looking pensively on the ground; and for some time there reigned a solemn silence far more expressive than any words would have been.

The maiden raised her head at length, and said:

"And is there then no hope now, father? Must this hand sign the fatal contract to-morrow? Will my awful dream become a reality within a few days?"

"I have tried every means," answered Kemenaer. "I have wept before him, implored him, offered him my whole fortune as the ransom of my honor and of you. He is absolutely implacable. Laura, my dear Laura, accept your lot with resignation, for your poor father's sake."

"I am ready. The future appals me unutterably, but I have submitted myself to it. Do not fear, father; on the appointed day I shall accept Monck's hand with fortitude, for beyond this dread eclipse I see one solitary star."

"Always these thoughts of gloom, Laura. You will die; you invite, you welcome death; but do you think of me? Alas, Laura! I should be alone in the world—alone with the intolerable conviction that I had laid you, my precious child, you, so pure and innocent, in your grave. Be more reasonable. It is indeed, in all probability, a misfortune to become the wife of a man whom no one can love; but I do not think it is so fearful as your dis-tempered imagination suggests. How many marriages are there celebrated every year in this city, simply on grounds of interest, of covetousness, of pride! Gold has obtained such universal sovereignty over men's hearts, that nobody ever marries for love, except, perhaps, small tradespeople and peasants. And yet the rich do not seem so very unhappy in their marriages."

"But who has ever told you how much grief, and contention, and hatred may dwell in a household unperceived from without? Do we not hear from time to time some dreary cry from the palace of the rich which tells us that a chain has been snapped?"

Kemenaer grew pale at these words, but, controlling his emotion, he continued, with apparent calmness:

"Yes, one single exception in a hundred thousand cases, which people notice because woe has stricken some noble or rich person. You must not argue thus, Laura. The feeling which some call love will probably never exist between you and Monck. It is something which people cannot command at will; but with a little effort on your part, there may be a quiet, gentle feeling in its place, a mutual esteem—"

"Esteem!" exclaimed Laura, raising her hands in the extremity of her surprise. "Esteem for my father's enemy, for the enemy, the spoiler of— Can a person divide his soul into two parts? Can one detest and esteem at the same time?"

"I will not go so far as that, Laura; you mistake my meaning. Suppose that you accept your lot with resignation, seeing that it is impossible to evade it, could you find no consolation in the worldly wealth which would be at your disposal? There are multitudes who would crush down all love within their hearts, if they could only outshine others as you will. Your lot would make many, many a maiden envious; for your every wish will be accomplished. You will have a large and beautiful country-house for the summer, servants without end, glittering jewels, gay dresses. If all this earthly happiness could but make your lot endurable, then, perhaps, a gleam of peace might yet sink down into your father's heart, and his old age would not be one long, crushing martyrdom."

He then took his daughter's hand, and pressed it tenderly, while he added:

"Now, dearest Laura, give me some little comfort; tell me that you will try to find solace and alleviation of your sorrows in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury; tell me that you will drive away this fatal image of death."

Laura withdrew her hand with such impetuous energy, that Kemenaer started and looked at her with astonishment.

"Hush, father, hush! Ah, there he is—Monck, Monck!" whispered the girl, turning her eyes away in horror, as if some fearful phantom was before her.

"At least be kind and prudent, and conceal what is in your heart, Laura; I implore you, I conjure you, simulate at the least outward civility."

"Yes, yes; I will make every effort to do violence to my feelings," stammered Laura; "but that eye of his—that hateful eye!"

Monck was in the distance, advancing towards them as they sat. His bearing was stately, his step light, his movements and gestures free and unembarrassed. His well-made clothes became him well; he was switching his cane with an expression of exuberant joy, and his countenance glowed with pride and gladness of heart. It was easy to see that he had done his very best to look respectable. After having saluted Kemenaer, he sat down at Laura's side, and said:

"You are enjoying this beautiful weather, dearest? The sun is warm and benignant. And how do you find yourself to-day? Better, I hope."

"Yes, mynheer, I am better," Laura faintly whispered, with her eyes bent on the ground.

"You will soon get well again," continued Monck. "I will take such care of you. I will make your life so enviable that you yourself will be amazed at your present melancholy. I have bought a magnificent coach for the great day; I am going to get some English horses, the most beautiful I can find in the city; our liveries are to be green and red. I hope you approve, Laura. That will do, will it not?"

"Yes, mynheer, that will do," said the maiden, with a sigh.

"But you are so gloomy and depressed. Come, let me at least read in your lovely eyes that you are pleased with all the efforts I am making to provide for your future comfort."

He took her hand, and would have pressed it in his, but Laura drew it hastily back, as though his touch scorched her fingers.

"You draw your hand away?" said he, in a tone of voice which was at once insinuating and threatening. "You spurn my hand; but will you not in a few days be mine forever?"

"Pardon me," sighed Laura, with painful submission, as she gave him her hand. "I am almost beside myself; I scarcely know what I am doing; I am sick."

"Sick!" repeated Monck, with undisguised irritation. "Sick! Did you not promise me that you would not be sick again? I am a kind-hearted, forbearing person, but—"

"Don't worry yourself, my dear Mynheer Monck," said Kemenaer. "She does not mean what she says."

And turning towards his daughter with a look of entreaty, he asked:

"Your fever has quite left you, has it not? You do not wish to postpone the wedding any more?"

"No; I am not ill," she replied. "I am ready; the sooner the wedding is over, the better."

Monck was still holding her hand as she spoke. Her arm was trembling, her lips quivered, and she sighed unconsciously. Monck pretended not to notice her discomposure, and said, with an expression of frank unconcern:

"I am wrong, then; so much the better, Laura. You shall soon see, my dear friend, what I am doing for your happiness. It will be a surprise to you, a glad surprise; but I must not tell you what it is. Rosalie is coming to call for us. I will drive away all your melancholy."

Laura remained motionless and silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground. This insurmountable repugnance seemed to annoy Monck; he looked at her with a sinister smile, and then, turning to Kemenaer, he asked, with an air of perfect indifference:

"Well, friend Kemenaer, any news?"

"I have not heard of anything new," was the answer.

"Were you on 'change yesterday?"

"No; you know I don't go on 'change now."

"You would have heard something which has some kind of interest for us."

"Indeed! Something about your marriage?"

"No; something about Berthold Robyn."

Laura raised her eyes, as if a sudden shock had roused her from her reverie. This movement did not escape Monck.

"Yes; about Berthold Robyn," he repeated, feeling in his pocket for something. "A paper was handed round upon 'change which throws a strange light on Berthold's behaviour; and it is doubtless true, for it is attributed to a friend of Robyn's. But where is the paper gone, now? I am sure I put it in my pocket; perhaps I have lost it."

"Spare yourself the trouble," interposed Kemenaer. "Of what consequence is it to us how Berthold behaves, or what becomes of him? It is better that his name should never again be mentioned in our circle."

"Ha, here it is!" said Monck, producing a paper from his pocket. "It is too long to read all the article. Well, I will read only a few lines, which will show you how deep the wretched Berthold has sunk in the abyss of vice."

Laura fixed her radiant eyes on Monck while he read the following passage:

"We are of the number of those who hailed with joy the entrance of the youthful poet Robyn upon the toilsome path of literature. Although few competent judges were willing to admit his power, we indulged a hope that he might eventually take some tolerably high place among the writers of our country. It is, therefore, a friendly warning we would address him in solemn earnestness. Berthold, you are deep sunk in dishonor and shame; you disgrace your name and the profession of art; you are slaying your soul and your understanding; all who know you begin to look on you with contempt. O, rise once again from the mire of vice! Cease to frequent the low taverns where you mingle with the dregs of the people; forsake your drunken companions; avoid that gin which is ruining your soul and your body. Listen to the fearful word *drunkard!* which is beginning to be attached to your name—"

"It is false! O, it is false!" exclaimed Laura, quite beside herself.

Monck smiled.

"False?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"Really, Laura, how can you know?" said her father, with tears in his eyes.

"I don't know!" stammered the maiden, trembling with the effort she made to control her emotions. "It is possible. No, it cannot be. Berthold a drunkard? Ha, vexation, despair! But who wrote that article? Let me see it."

"It bears no name," said Monck.

"No name!" cried Laura, with intense disgust and scorn.

It was now Monck's turn to tremble. The girl bent on him a look so piercing, so criminating, that he felt she read his very soul and understood his vile contrivance.

There followed an interval of silence. Kemenaer trembled because he saw signs of the storm that was rising in Monck's bosom, and dreaded lest he should take a cruel revenge. He was wrong, however; for Monck wore his everlasting hypocritical smile, and said, pointing out at the window:

"Yonder is Rosalie, who is come to say that she is quite ready. Come, we are but children. It is, after all, of no moment to us what Berthold is or is not."

And as he offered his arm to Laura, he said, in his most affectionate tone:

"Now, my dearest, let us think no more of this newspaper; very likely it contains falsehoods, as you conjecture. Deign to accept my arm; you are going to have a most welcome surprise."

Laura obeyed mechanically, and walked onwards, leaning on Monck's arm. The hapless girl tottered along, with her eyes fixed on the ground, like a criminal on her way to execution. So intense was her repugnance to Monck, that his very presence made her shudder with terror and hatred. Monck seemed to pay no attention to her condition, and said to Kemenaer, as they walked along:

"I mean to build a hot-house to preserve the plants of warmer climates. For myself, I don't care much about them; I don't know wheat from oats, and I don't think I shall ever make much progress in the knowledge of plants, because I can't see any use or profit in it. But it is enough for me that Laura takes pleasure in flowers. While I task my mind to gain money in order to increase our fortune, she can please herself by tending and cultivating the rarest and choicest flowers and plants. That will give you pleasure, will it not, Laura?"

"Yes, certainly—flowers—they will give me real pleasure," said Laura, not knowing what she said, in the horror she felt at Monck's presence and familiarity.

"You are an old and experienced lover, friend Kemenaer; you must advise and help me. It will be an additional reason why you should frequently honor us with your visits."

"You are, indeed, doing too much for Laura's happiness," said Kemenaer. "Great as your fortune is, this lavish expenditure must put it in some peril."

"Don't fear that," said Monck, with a smile. "Do we not know how to multiply gold at will? I have three or four grand speculations in view already. Among other things, I mean to establish a grand industrial institution, with a capital of several millions. I shall be president, and you may be treasurer, if you like. We shall gain money with the money of other people, and manage to get a good share of the capital, too. If you have only a little courage, Kemenaer, a little courage and cleverness, I will enable you to double your fortune in a very short time. I don't mean to worry myself with petty things, as old Robyn did; 'tis too slow for me. There is more to be done on the grand scale; and if we can get up such a society as I propose, there will be a perennial flood of gold, over which no owner watches. Do you take my meaning?"

Kemenaer replied only with some inarticulate sounds and an affirmative nod of his head, and for a while they walked on in silence. When they came near the house, Monck said to Laura:

"My dear bride, you are about to see your wedding presents. I trust they may meet your approval. I have spared no cost to please you, and I am sure there is nothing more rich or beautiful to be seen in the city."

He took her hand and led her through the hall into a back parlor, where the various presents were laid out upon a long table. There were all manner of rich stuffs in silk and satin, and lace of wondrous fineness and beauty. There was a large casket, from which flashed the lustre of countless precious jewels, set in gold and silver.

Laura cast on the costly presents a look of supreme indifference, as Monck led her round the table, that she might admire the various objects in detail.

"Well now, what think you of this lace?"

"Beautiful, very beautiful, mynheer."

"And this Indian shawl; did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"It is beautiful."

"And this casket of jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds?"

"Very beautiful," repeated Laura's melancholy voice.

"Well, friend Kemenaer, am I not fortunate in my selection?"

"Indeed, it is of royal magnificence," said Kemenaer, astounded at the gorgeous display. "Laura, you may well be pleased and glad; you will be the fairest, best adorned bride ever seen in this city. Now thank the kind Mynheer Monck for his thoughtful bounty."

"Thank you, thank you," whispered Laura.

Monck took a lace shawl from the table, threw it over Laura's shoulders, and fastened it with a magnificent brooch, a cameo, on which was represented Cupid kindling the altar candles with his torch. The poor girl stood still as a statue, and submitted mechanically to his whim. What were her sufferings at this moment? Her bosom rose and fell convulsively, her lips quivered with repressed agony, but she compelled herself to endure.

And what was Monck's intention? Did he wish to sting and

torture her in excess of hate? Yet he seemed to be eager to draw some word of gratification and cordial admiration from her lips. Was his pride gratified at the thought that such a noble and elegant creature was his destined bride? There are men, doubtless, whose heart is so corrupted that their very affection is tinged with malice.

While Laura was standing quite still, and allowing Monck to adorn and admire her, he said:

"Ha, how bewitching you will look! I fancy I already see you standing by my side before the altar. Come, let us see how the bridal crown becomes you."

He went to a chair on which was a large box, from which he drew out and held up to their gaze a wreath of orange-flowers, among which costly diamonds sparkled here and there. The sight of this last fearful preparation overcame Laura's fortitude, and she uttered a shriek of utter, despairing anguish. She turned as though she would escape from this hateful mockery. A bridal wreath! a wreath of snow-white flowers, such as she had woven in other days for another bridal than this!

Monck approached her with a smile, and although she had reached the door, he placed the wreath on her head. But her cup was full; she became pale as death; a heart-rending cry escaped her, and she fell to the ground in a swoon, as Monck was uttering the words: "Madame Monck, how lovely you are!"

CHAPTER XI.

CONRAD was sitting at a small window, striving to elicit some little warmth from the feeble beams of the setting sun. He was wrapped in a tattered cloak, and his limbs were drawn together like those of a person suffering from extreme cold. The poor music-master was ill; a fever had attacked him, and he was shivering so violently that his feet might be heard beating on the floor. When, in the intervals of his shivering fits, he looked out of his window, he had before him a part of the city, and the fading light of evening touching the tiles with gold and purple. He was no longer in the handsome room on the first floor he once occupied. Poverty and misery had driven him higher and higher, and the room in which he now sat shivering was an attic in a lofty old house which had once been the hall of one of the city guilds. Massive beams ran along the roof over his head, and a gigantic chimney occupied one whole side of the wall.

Everything in the room indicated poverty and want. Three miserable chairs and a table were the only furniture, and on the table, amidst some bundles of music, were a knife and two forks, with an empty plate, which had remained there since his last meal. Nothing broke the dirty uniformity of wall except a few old garments hung on nails in a corner by the window, and a violin with a few old books which were laid on a shelf against the chimney. On the floor were two pairs of shoes, different enough in their make to show that they did not belong to the same person, and a small well-worn brush.

Conrad had been sitting at the window for a considerable time, without any movement to indicate life but the involuntary shivering of his ague-fit; only from time to time he seemed to listen eagerly for some expected sound, with a look of eager longing on his pale and wasted features. Soon the sun had sunk behind the houses, and the little room became so dark that nothing could be discerned but the faint glittering of the green panes of glass in the window. All around was perfect silence; not even a sigh escaped his breast.

Suddenly he heard the echo of a quick footstep on the stairs. He drew his chair to the table, threw back his cloak, and tried to hold his head up, with an obvious wish to make the person who was coming up believe that he did not feel the cold, and was very comfortable. The door was opened, and a despairing voice was heard in the gloom:

"It is horrible! Men are serpents. I shall go mad! O, my head, my head!"

"Berthold, light the candle," said the music-master, imploringly. And in a moment a small candle was striving to pierce the darkness of the wretched room.

The young man sprang forward, seized both hands of the sick person, and said, with anxious tenderness:

"My poor Conrad, your hands are cold as ice; you are trembling violently. Are you well?"

"Better, much better; the fever is passing off!"

"O heavens, and no means of lighting a fire!" cried Berthold. "Not a penny to bring a physician or to buy physic."

The sufferer looked at him with painful surprise, and said:

"Have you not received any money, then?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"And the epithalamium? Has not Mynheer Roelof paid you for it?"

"Everything is against us," sighed the young man. "My verses are lying there on the table; Mynheer Roelof has declined them. They are too solemn and melancholy for him."

"I told you they would be. You thought to awaken a deeper feeling of joy by the contrast of happiness and unhappiness. Those who are happy close their ears to the cry of misery and pain; it sounds like a challenge or an imputation of their joy. And thus we have lost twenty francs."

Berthold sat down, and said, with a look which seemed to implore forgiveness:

"Dear Conrad, how can I help it? Was it not a cold-hearted mockery of fate to make me write an epithalamium for to-morrow? To-morrow Laura is to marry Monck! And was I to sing, to exult, to pour out my soul in a lay of joyousness? I tried hard; I toiled to infuse somewhat of gladness into my verse, but in vain. The very words *joy* and *hope* in my poem breathe of sadness and

despondency. So said Mynheer Roelof, as he led me to the door. I know not how, but strange thoughts are raging in my brain."

"Come, come, be calm," whispered Conrad. "Is there nothing else that worries you? In three days I get my month's salary from the church; then we shall be rich again."

Berthold was so absorbed in gloomy reverie that he seemed not to hear the comforting words of his friend; he was gazing forwards with his eyes wide apart, and moving his arms convulsively.

"But, Berthold, you are concealing something from me," said the music-master. "What is it that disturbs you so fearfully?"

"What disturbs me? Horrible things! This afternoon misfortune has dogged me like a malediction, and my heart is quite crushed down. Listen, but do not weaken yourself with excess of indignation. I had left you to take my poem to Mynheer Roelof. I had scarcely got the length of the street, when I met my printer; he gave me many harsh words, called me a vile cheat, and demanded immediate payment of the five hundred francs which I owe him for printing my last work. He threatens to put me in prison for debt. He says that everybody ridicules my volume, that the journals speak contemptuously of it, and that the best thing I can do is to sell the remaining copies for waste paper. Dying with shame, I listened awhile to him, and then ran up the street without knowing what I was doing. As I was running, I met your friend who plays the French horn. He made me stop, and inquired about your health. I told him of your fever. My blood is boiling in my veins as I speak. He looked in my face, and said: 'Ha, Conrad has been looking too long in his glass; this comes of his drinking. Take care you don't follow his bad example.'"

The sufferer raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed:

"O, is it possible! Berthold, you told him he was deceived, did you not?"

"I said nothing. To hear you represented as a drunkard—you, Conrad, image and type of all virtues, of love, of self-sacrifice! Indignation struck me dumb; I seized the slanderer by the throat, and thrust him so violently against the wall, that he became black in the face; but the passers-by rescued him from my grasp. He ran away, and I, too, was glad to get away from the crowd. I was quite beside myself with rage; my brain was all on fire. When I rang the bell at Mynheer Roelof's, I did it so violently that I alarmed the house. I gave mynheer my poem; he read it, and asked me whether I was making game of him. My excuses availed nothing. He pushed me to the door, and said—O, why did I not serve him as I served the other?"

"What did he say?" asked Conrad, after a brief pause.

"He said: 'Your verses are the production of a madman; you made them when you were drunk.'"

"Poor Berthold!" said the sufferer, with a sigh; "what fearful trials you are doomed to undergo!"

"You a drunkard! I a drunkard! and we, who are so glad to have a crust of bread and a little water, to escape perishing of hunger! But it passes all comprehension. The whole city seems convinced that we are living in drunkenness and debauch. From what cavern of hell has this hideous accusation come up to plague us?"

"Monck," said the music-master.

"Monck?" repeated Berthold, shaking his head. "You are wrong, Conrad. What motive can he have for persecuting me so ruthlessly? He has my inheritance; to-morrow Laura will be his wife. What can he envy me more? I have nothing more—neither fortune, nor bride, nor honor. I never did him the least injury."

"He has injured you."

"But I have forgiven him."

"The evil never forgive the wrong they do."

"O, leave me in my uncertainty; I do not wish to curse my kind!" exclaimed Berthold, in despair, pressing his forehead with both hands.

Conrad remained silent; his shivering was less violent, and a slight flush on his cheek showed that a reaction had begun. He looked at his friend, and both were silent for a considerable time.

Meanwhile, Berthold seemed to be struggling with desperate thoughts. He smote his forehead with his clenched fist, and his whole demeanor betrayed the violence of the storm within. Gradually his agitation became less and less, and at length an expression of calm submission came over his features. He drew his chair nearer his friend, took his hand, and said, beseechingly:

"Conrad, dear friend, I implore you do not oppose the resolution I have formed. You have submitted to this misery for my sake; the fever which is wasting you is the consequence of your grief for my unhappiness. I cannot allow you to die of starvation before my eyes, while I have the means of delivering you. Doom me not to cruel ingratitude. I entreat you let me do my duty to you; withhold me no longer."

"What do you mean?" asked the music-master.

"I will go to Monck to-morrow, and ask for the five thousand francs he has in reserve for me, on condition that I go in person to fetch them. He will give them to me. He wrote more than two months ago, to tell me so."

"His writing this was a mere piece of mockery."

"What does that matter if he gives me the money?"

"O, Berthold, where is your manliness, your self-respect?" cried the affrighted music-master.

"What remains in me to respect? Down-trodden as I am, condemned to universal contempt, hated as a man, ridiculed as a poet, abhorred as a drunkard who has drowned in gin the little sense God gave him? Self-respect, indeed! What is it but the pride of the poor worm who strives to raise his head out of the mire in which it crawls. No more fancies, Conrad. To-morrow there will be a gulf between my past and my future, which nothing

can ever fill. The young man, full of love, of pride, of courage—the poet, in whose future you reposed such trust, will be dead. Let not the fallen artist be crushed down by the memory of what he once dared to hope. Let me seek help where it may be found."

"No, never!" exclaimed Conrad. "What? you, Berthold, you would stretch forth your hand for an alms to the scoundrel who is bent on killing you by degrees, after having robbed you of your inheritance? You would submit to a degradation so intolerable?"

The vehemence with which Conrad spoke aided the reaction from the cold fit of his fever. He had ceased to shiver. A ruddy glow had succeeded to the paleness of his countenance, and his voice was clear and strong.

"O, I know it too well," said Berthold. "What I would do is a baseness and a degradation; and yet it must be. Yet greater would be the baseness of suffering you to die of illness, and want, and shame; and this only to evade a shame and a degradation. I see my duty clearly now. Whatever you may say, Conrad, to-morrow I shall go to Monck. I hope that God will bestow on me, in consideration of my motive, the strength I need for this bitter trial."

"You shall never submit to it, Berthold," said the music-master, with angry irritation. "Never shall you grovel at the feet of that hypocrite; never shall you degrade yourself forever in your own eyes; never!"

"But how, then, are we to get out of this terrible distress? We cannot go on as we are."

"You push things too far, Berthold. When I get my pay, we shall be able to live on a while longer, and hope for better days. It is the shame and disgrace that fret you, is it not? It is, in truth, painful to feel the sting of universal contempt; but such things have ever been the lot of the world's greatest and best men. They are the initiation of fame and renown—"

He was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"Who can it be?" said Berthold. "My printer again, perhaps."

"It is the boy from down stairs," answered Conrad; "I hear his cough."

A man entered the room. Looking round with a scornful smile, he said:

"Bless me, how high up you live, gentlemen! Here is a letter which one of the chorister boys left in the shop for Mynheer Conrad. How dark it is up here! If Mynheer Berthold can see to write his books by this bit of a candle, I wish him luck with his strong eyesight. Good-evening, gentlemen."

While the man's steps were still echoing on the staircase, Conrad opened the letter, and Berthold watched his features with deep emotion. In their position, any tidings from without could bring only accumulated scorn or a deliverance beyond hope, so that the hearts of both friends beat violently as the letter was opened. Conrad grew pale; he rubbed his forehead and his eyes, as if his sight was impaired and he could not read clearly. A smothered moan escaped his lips.

"What is the matter? What is in the letter?" cried Berthold, in alarm.

The music-master put the letter into his friend's hands.

"What! threatened with dismissal from your situation in the church? Our last resource, and on account of immoral conduct!"

The music-master's head was bowed down, and his tears fell fast. Berthold threw his arm around his neck, and said:

"Be calm, my poor friend; don't be unduly cast down. It is not your own loss for which you mourn. The fount of your tears is the grief you feel that you must now relinquish all your dreams of fame and greatness for me. Come, misfortune has now wreaked her utmost on us; let us at least receive her blows with the fortitude of true resignation. Agree to my effort with Monck."

"Rather would I die in this garret," said the music-master, gasping with anguish and indignation. "Accused of immoral conduct!"

"Listen to me calmly," said the youth. "I told you that I was willing to undergo this bitter humiliation solely for your sake. I am deceiving you, Conrad; selfishness was not altogether without some share in my resolve. What can I do here any longer? Were I even renowned and in honor, I should never again know an hour of peace. To-morrow, Laura will stand and give her hand to Monck before God's altar. You think I no longer love her because I have long concealed from you the flame which is consuming me. O, Conrad, her image is ever before my eyes; it disturbs my uneasy slumbers; it is ever in my thoughts. My wife she can never be; I acknowledge that; but to know that she is bound to another, and that other Monck! To meet her with her husband; to be, perhaps, splashed by the wheels of her carriage! No, no; my heart would receive such deep, and cruel, and continuous wounds, that both soul and body would soon be worn out. I must be off; I must fly to other lands, where nothing can remind me of her, of what I had once hoped to be. Let me go for the five thousand francs, Conrad. We will pay our printer; we will discharge all our little debts; we will go to France, to Paris. There, in the crowd of the world's metropolis, we shall be lost and unknown; calumny will have lost our track; envy can there pursue us no longer. You will soon find a place in some church or other. I will work; I will learn some trade, if need be; I will offer myself to some printer, or as a clerk in some office. We shall live in peace, as tranquil and as happy as poor exiles can ever be."

"The prospect would indeed be delightful," said the music-master, with a deep sigh, "did not its realization require the extreme and most painful self-sacrifice."

"Ah, Conrad, it is not your recovery—no, it is my own deliverance I implore at your hands. In compassion to me, let us fly from the place in which she lives. Assent to my resolution."

"Hideous thought!" cried Conrad. "I see you at the feet of that rascal Monck; you are stretching out your hand to him; he is smiling with joy at your degradation."

"Silence, silence, Conrad!" stammered Berthold, with a shudder. "Let me keep up my courage; do not rouse the latent pride of my heart. Assent; for if you will not, what are we to do?"

"In truth," muttered Conrad, as he let his head fall down on his breast again, "if I do not assent, what are we to do?"

"A woman's voice on the stairs?" said the youth, in astonishment. "Am I deceived, or is it really so? I fancy 'tis old Margaret's voice, the servant of my poor uncle. Is the old hag come to insult us in our poverty? She lives with Monck. Some new disaster threatens us."

Margaret pushed the door open, grumbling aloud as she came forward: "Drive me away, indeed! The rascal, the cheat! I'll make him smart for this!"

Surprised at the gloom of the little garret, and at the bareness and poverty of its whole appearance, Margaret stood stock still in amazement.

"What do you want here?" asked the youth, who had sprung to his feet, and was looking angrily at her.

"Well, well," said the old woman, throwing her hands into the air, "is it you, Mynheer Berthold? so thin and so pale! If you had not spoken, I should not have known you again. Bless us, how misfortune alters people!"

"What do you want here?" repeated the youth.

"Ha, ha!" said Margaret, smiling, "the good Mynheer Berthold is angry with me. If you knew why I have come to look for you in this wretched garret, you would kiss my hands in gratitude and joy."

"Not a word more, you wretched creature!" roared Berthold, advancing with a threatening gesture. "Be off, be off, I tell you!"

"You drive me away?" said the old woman, with a sigh. "Well, I will be off. But if you knew what I want to say to you! I come to give you back your inheritance which the rascally Monck has stolen from you,—yes, stolen like a thief, as he is."

Berthold's features wore a bitter and incredulous smile.

"Monck has sent you, I suppose, to insult us in our misery?"

But Conrad rose hastily, and interposed his mediation. He was tremulous with astonishment, and his eyes gleamed with a ray of repressed hope.

"Silence, Berthold; keep yourself calm. Listen at least to what this woman wants to say to you."

And taking Margaret's hand, he led her to the remaining chair.

"Now, my good woman, sit down and rest yourself," said he, kindly and cordially. "You say you are come to give back Mynheer Berthold's inheritance, the inheritance Monck has robbed him of?"

"Monck has turned me out of doors, as if I were a dog!" screamed Margaret, thumping the table with her fist; "but he shall rue it. I was to have been his wife; it was so agreed between us while old Robyn was alive; but Monck has deceived me, the hypocritical rascal! To-morrow he is to marry Laura Kemener, because her father has plenty of money; for you would hardly believe it, but he does not love her; he hates her."

"But tell us about the inheritance," said the music-master, impatiently.

Margaret seemed to pay no attention to this exclamation, but proceeded in her own way:

"And this Laura—she detests him; and she is so much afraid of him, that the poor girl is pining away. Yes, yes, Mynheer Berthold; you don't know it, perhaps, but Laura still loves you so much that she is wasting away because she is separated from you."

The young man's anger had entirely disappeared, and he had listened to the old woman with beating heart and glistening eyes. And now he asked her in a gentle and soothing tone of voice:

"Pining away? Laura wasting away? And she loves me still, you say, Margaret? How can you know this?"

"It is Monck's great vexation; and that is why he has tried to injure you so cruelly in every way. He wants to kill you with annoyances, or to make you leave the country; and he would have pushed you hard, for those who have money can do anything."

"Yes, evil enough," said the music-master, with a sigh. "But the inheritance, the inheritance."

"So it is really Monck who has stained my fair fame with slander and lies?"

"Who else could it be? Silly child! did you not know that?" asked the woman, in astonishment.

"You came here to talk about Berthold's inheritance," interposed the music-master, with increasing impatience.

Margaret settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and coughed once or twice, as though she were preparing herself for some very weighty disclosure. Then, with a cunning smile on her features, she began:

"Well, we will talk seriously over the matter. 'Clear reckonings make fast friends,' says the proverb. What will you give me if I put you in the way to get back the million which Monck has cheated you out of?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Woman's mission may be admirably indicated at a husband's fireside; in the rearing of children; in those offices of household wisdom, those noiseless, unobtrusive activities of domestic life, that make the home of the man a temple consecrated to the affections; a place of quiet, cheerful happiness, let the world flounder and bluster as it may without. This we take to be a part of woman's mission, whether the woman rule in a palace or sit at her own swept hearth.—*Jerrold.*

MOORISH LADIES.

On our return to Algiers, the ladies of our party went by invitation to visit the wives of some Moorish gentlemen who lived about a mile out of the town. They took the precaution of going armed with toys, as presents for the children. On arriving, they walked into the court of the house, where they were received by one of the Moorish ladies. Their hostess shook hands with them, and conducted them to an inner room. Here they found four or five other ladies, with a whole tribe of boys and girls; the ladies were sitting cross-legged on cushions on the floor, and the children were playing about. After more shaking of hands, the visitors were invited to be seated, and the toys were distributed. The mothers were so delighted with the toys, that their children had but a small chance of ever becoming possessed of them. All the women were more or less handsome, and very much painted. Their dress consisted of full trousers of different colors, tied round the waist and below the knee, and light vests which concealed very little of the person; a red head-dress, anklets and armlets of gold or silver, with large diamond rings and ear-rings, completed the costume. These ladies are wives of different husbands; and, as no man is allowed to see his friend's spouse, their living together in one house must sometimes prove inconvenient. An example of this was afforded by the unexpected appearance of one of the husbands, when all the other wives fled in the utmost dismay for fear of their faces being seen by a stranger. After the object of their fear had departed, they began questioning the Christian ladies as to how they could dare to cross the public streets unveiled, and without feeling shame at being seen by men. The youngest of the women was only fourteen years old, and but just married; she would have been considered beautiful anywhere; her hands and feet were remarkably small. The visitors were presently taken up stairs and regaled with coffee. Then all the

fusion of silver buttons; his linen of the purest white; his high round hat decked with beads, and carelessly or jauntily set aside; a second jacket also richly embroidered; with dark curls carefully arranged round a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; and a countenance of manly beauty. A Catalan or an Andorran cavalier is seen in his vest of blue velvet; his red silk sash and fine cotton stockings appearing over his hempen spartillas. Not unfrequently a peasant is to be seen, with a red *montero* cap, with his *capa* over his shoulder, and with loose linen *bragos* or trousers. A Guigaro, with his wild, dark eye, expressive gesture, and imperturbable self-possession, is seen in a richly-worked shirt of fine linen, worn on the outside, as is usual; a long and elegantly embroidered cambric sash, fastening to his side the silver-handled sword, or *machette*; silver spurs and low slippers. And sometimes *monteros*, or countrymen, are seen galloping through the streets, each with his high-crowned straw hat, with broad rim, his loose shirt over his other garments, its tail fluttering in the breeze, and his long sword lashed to his waist by a handkerchief, and dangling at his back. The Creole-Spaniard is sometimes dressed in a *camisa*, of striped gingham, breeches of ticking, and a *chequita*, or sleeved tunic, of the same material as the *camisa*; half-boots or moccasins of untanned hide, a sportsman's belt, a girdle furnished with a heavy hunting-knife, and a wide-flapped *sombrero*, or hat of palm-leaf, complete his equipment. Of some of the *caballeros* it may almost be said, as was reported of some of the black slaves of Darien, that their whole summer costume consists of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. The large black eye, and raven hair escaping in endless tresses, the dark, expressive glance, the soft, blood-tinted olive of the glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty and beauty of the Spanish female. The Moorish eye is the most characteristic feature of the Andalusian. This is very full, and reposes on a liquid, somewhat

and, though destitute of moral principle, of courage, of greatness, he is kissed and visited by Queen Victoria, because he is emperor of France, the elect of his people. General Bonaparte is avenged. So the British styled the Father of his Country "Mr. Washington;" but his greatness was not extinguished by the small impertinence. It was under the reign of Louis Philippe that the remains of Napoleon were translated to France. The body was exhumed the 15th of October, 1840, and was found upon examination to be little changed. It was placed in a sarcophagus, and carried on board the Prince de Joinville's flag-ship. The vessel sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, and entered the harbor of Cherbourg on the 2d of December, the anniversary of the victory of Austerlitz. At Havre, the body was placed on board a small steamer on the Seine, in a catafalque on deck, so as to be visible to the people on both sides of the stream. It would require a volume to describe the imposing ceremonies, the decorations, the demonstrations and salutes with which the august remains were received on their passage through France. In Paris, the whole military, regular and volunteer, paraded; there were miles of tripods emitting colored flames; all the public buildings were appropriately draped; the entire population was out of doors, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. An immense sensation was produced when Sergeant Hubert, who, for nineteen years, had kept watch at the grave in St. Helena, landed. More than a million of people turned out to welcome back the dead emperor. The body was carried into the Church of the Invalides by thirty-two of Napoleon's old guard, preceded by the Prince de Joinville, who was to present it to the king, who stood ready to receive it. The speeches on this occasion are models of brevity; indeed the eloquence of words was needless; the occasion was eloquent enough. "Sire," said the Prince de Joinville, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon." "I receive it," was the



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, AT ST. HELENA.

dresses were exhibited; and, after a little conversation and a good deal of laughing, the party broke up. The probabilities are, that as soon as the Moorish ladies were left alone, they set to work to curse the toys they had received as the work of the devil, and to pray that he might receive the givers into his keeping as dogs of Christians. Pleasant people to visit! Those who wish to see a Moorish woman in full splendor, must behold her arrayed for her wedding. As the bride is seen for the first time by her future husband on the day of her marriage, of course she makes it her aim to appear to the greatest possible advantage on that occasion. First she is bathed, then painted, and then dressed out in her best garments. European ladies are readily admitted to the wedding feasts. They are received at the door by the bridegroom, who is supposed to keep guard there till midnight. The lower court of the house is reserved for the dancing women, whilst up stairs the bride is to be seen sitting and receiving her company. Her bosom, if she be rich, is covered with strings upon strings of enormous pearls, and her head is literally concealed by diamonds, which are generally set on branches that tremble at each motion of the neck. Coffee is distributed, and the faces of all Moorish babies carefully covered to avert the evil-eye of the Christian.—*Letter from Algiers.*

COSTUMES IN CUBA.

The full dress of a *mayoral*, or overseer of an estate, is thus described:—A wide-rimmed straw hat; blue-striped small-clothes, fastened to the waist; a blue, embroidered shirt, hanging loosely over them like a sack; a large straight sword with a silver handle, ornamented with precious stones; the shirt-collar and sleeves confined with gold buckles; an embroidered cambric handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; pumps, cut quite low, and adorned with heavy silver spurs. Occasionally a European-Spaniard is to be seen with an open jacket of green velvet highly embroidered, with light leggings of the same material, ornamented with a pro-

yellow bed, of an almond shape, black and lustrous. Their eyes have been pleasantly compared to dormant lightnings, terrible in wrath, and hiding liquid fires.—*Philippe's United States and Cuba.*

TOMB OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

In a lonely valley, in the heart of a mass of rock in the Atlantic Ocean, visited only by vessels going to or returning from the East Indian voyage, lies the tomb which for some years held the ashes of the first Napoleon, one of the greatest warriors and statesmen the world ever knew. His body rests "by the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he loved so much," but the spot where it was first laid will ever possess a deep historical interest, and being especially sacred in the eyes of France, the English government has recently ceded it to that power. The scene has changed much since the emperor was buried there, the foliage having grown quite luxuriantly, the weeping willows at the grave particularly. Napoleon was buried here on the 8th of May, 1821, dressed in his habit as he lived. He was consigned to the grave with such honors as his enemies could give him. The coffin was carried by British grenadiers, where the rocky roads prevented the hearse proceeding, passing through lines of British troops under arms, while minute guns were fired from the flag-ship in the harbor. Three heavy volleys of artillery were discharged as the coffin was consigned to its resting-place. So far so good; but it is scarcely conceivable that the government of so great a nation as England should have given orders that no inscription should be allowed on the tomb, but the words "General Bonaparte." How little did such petty malice affect the greatness of the name they thus thought to belittle! Thenceforth the tomb was the goal of many a pilgrim, and the thousands who visited it spoke not of General Bonaparte, but of Napoleon the Great, emperor of France. But England has been sufficiently humiliated for her treatment of the first Napoleon. A ruler sits on the throne of France simply because he is the nephew of the exile of St. Helena,

king's answer, "in the name of France." He then took Napoleon's sword from Marshal Soult's hand, and giving it to General Bertrand, said: "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the emperor upon his coffin." The funeral mass was then celebrated. Two of the actors in that scene—Louis Philippe and Marshal Soult—are dead, while the Orleans family, who figured so largely in the transaction, are all in exile. Louis Philippe had his faults, but when we compare his administration and his friends and counsellors with those of the present ruler of France, the citizen king appears to admirable advantage. Who could have anticipated that his downfall would have produced an ephemeral republic and an iron despotism in less than four years! Truly France is a riddle.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

One pleasant day last summer, says the Boston Post, a small party embarked in a wherry to visit Russ Island, lying just below the railroad bridge, which crosses Squam River, Gloucester. In the boat was a Newfoundland dog. As soon as we had disembarked, we observed at a short distance about a dozen cows and an old lame horse feeding. The dog also espied them, and rushed towards them, barking loudly. This attack first startled the cows, and they began to retreat. The horse was selected as the main object of his assault, and limped away as well as he could. The cows huddled together in a group, and passed around among each other for a few minutes, apparently consulting on what was best to be done. Finally they came forward in a body, covered the retreat of the old horse, and took the van themselves. They then moved deliberately together in a line, with heads toward the ground and horns presented to the dog, and drove him back, defeated. At every rally on his part, they repulsed him, till he abandoned his attacks, and then retired to a grassy spot to graze as before. Those cows actually protected their lame associate from the assaults of their noisy invader.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

SIO ITUR AD ASTRA!

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

[Suggested by the engraving thus entitled in No. 4, in the present volume of "Ballou's Pictorial."]

Weary brother, fainting brother,
Sinking 'neath thy load of pain,
Resting on our common mother,
Thinking ne'er to rise again,
Hopes once cherished sadly perished—
Wilt thou ne'er thy heart regain?

Never feel again the thrilling
Of a free and manly breast?
Courage prompting, joy instilling,
Pointing upward to thy rest?
Hope departed, craven-hearted,
Dost thou linger here, unblest?

Where is now that high endeavor
Which once bore thee up the steep?
Canst thou lose this toil forever,
Be content to idly weep?
Feebly falter, nerveless palter,
Lost in error's fatal sleep?

Rouse thee, brother! Soul immortal,
Still pursue thy destined way!
Far above thee gleams the portal
Of an everlasting day;
Faint heart chiding, fears deriding,
Trust in God, and join the fray!

Cast no longing backward glances,
Pass temptation firmly by:
Siren-like, she quick entrances,
Leaves thee, then, to droop and die.
Hasten, brother! Night advances,
Starry torches light the sky!

Now thou throwest off this languor,
As at touch of wizard's rod!
Now thou movest as with anger,
That thou wert so long a clod.
Steadfast ever, wearied never,
Thus we journey on to God!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROMANCE AND REALITY:

—OR,—

THE TWO LOVES OF ADELE FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"O, MOTHER! O, mother!" Such a wailing, woeful moan would have penetrated any heart but a heart of stone, but it made no impression upon the one it was intended to melt.

"Adele, you disgust me, you make me ashamed of ever having brought such a weak, whining imbecile into the world. What more do you want? He is rich."

"Yes, but—"

"He is popular, he is courted by the first families in the neighborhood. He could marry the richest girl in our circle—"

"O, if he only would—if he only would!"

"Silence, girl. There is neither shame nor spirit in your pretended aversion to one of the noblest men God ever made. O, you may shudder—neither your tears nor prayers will move me in the least. Do you think I am blind? Do you think I do not know the very secret reason why you so oppose my dearest wish? Do you think your midnight visits to the old stone house have not been traced? Shameless girl! It is my duty to see you well settled in life before you are quite lost to honor and decency."

"No, no, no, mother; you cannot say that, or if you can you shall not! I am your child, your only child. Until this present time have I ever failed in duty to you? Have I not given you all the reverence, all the obedience, all the affection a child could bestow upon a parent? I tell you, mother, this is a case of life and death, for sin is death, death to the heart that reckless and tortured leaps blindly into the chasm of crime, hoping nothing from the past, fearing nothing for the future."

"Have you done?"

"Let me speak while the spell is on me. You know I love William Becket, you knew it years ago, you encouraged it, you gave it your sanction, you used all your woman's arts to aid in its progression; and why? Then he was rolling in wealth, was courted, feted, petted as Grantly Thornby is now. His father speculated wildly, failed, and in his ruin involved the ruin of his only son. Still you played your cards cautiously and well. You pitied him, you pitied me; you trusted matters were not so very desperate after all, but you took good care to remove me far away from his influence, thinking that in separating us personally you could separate our hearts. It was not possible, they had grown into one; parted they might be, but not divided in thought, act or deed."

"You romantic fool! Don't dare deliver any more of this ridiculous twaddle in my presence. So surely as the sun rises in the heaven, so surely shall you be the wife of Grantly Thornby!"

"Then on your head be the sin, if sin should come. On your head be the storm and strife and darkness which I see looming in the far distant future. On your head be the crime of a broken heart, a hopeless life, a reckless spirit that with the marriage knell will fling off its humanity and become as the fiends of woe. I warn you, O, I warn you! If I have not your hardness of heart, I have a portion of your determination, and never, never shall

Grantly Thornby mould me to his detestable liking. I will be his wife, because I cannot help myself, but the hand that blights my life shall not blight my love; so tell monsieur, my husband that is to be."

Pale and exhausted, Adele Fairfax sank down among the pillows of her lounge, from which but a moment before she had risen in her indignant scorn. Her mother, a large, gross looking woman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and loaded down with jewels, sat opposite her, her eyes fairly blazing with wrath and scorn. To be defied by her own child, the child who until that day had been all meekness, all obedience. A bombshell entering the apartment and exploding at her feet could not have startled her more. However, she had gained one triumph—Adele had consented to become the wife of Grantly Thornby. Wild as Adele had spoken, she had no fear for the future. She knew the innate purity of her daughter's heart, and even had she doubted that, the will and strength of Grantly Thornby was sufficient to protect his own and his wife's honor.

The mother had scarcely left the room by one door, when another was opened giving admittance to a second party. It was in the person of a singularly handsome man, tall, stalwart in frame, with eyes that seemed to belong to no human being, so large, so burning, so penetrating as they were. The face was in keeping with the form, the features regular and well defined, the forehead broad and massive, the mouth—ay, there lay the reading of that strong man's nature. It was a wicked, sensual mouth, large, full-lipped, yet when in repose bearing a set determination, a dominant frown, which seemed to say as plainly as words could have done, "my will is law." And so it was. Scarcely in all his lawless life had he failed in accomplishing any object that seemed to his erratic nature worth pursuit. And should he fail now, when the prize to be obtained was only a simple, stubborn girl? Not he. It was not so much for the affection he bore her, yet even there he had conceived a passion which he found it impossible to subdue; but she had defied him, mocked at him, laughed him to scorn. His blood was on fire to revenge the insult. She should love him yet. Only let him secure her to himself, only let her become his wife, away from the influence of her unfeeling mother, dependent upon him for society, affection, and all the little attentions women so yearn for and need, and he defied fate itself to thwart him in his triumph. And yet if he could only succeed in winning her now. A loveless and a much loved wife, it was a galling chain to forge, yet he was desperate in his wooing. If ever man won woman to his love, he would yet win Adele Fairfax. Thoughts such as these flickered through his brain as he stood there within the shadow of the door gazing upon the fair face of her he so desired to win.

Adele, lost in sorrowful thought, did not hear the opening of the door, nor was she aware of his presence until a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder. She looked up, bewildered, and for a moment a shriek was like to burst from her lips; but she was a brave girl, and it was not the time now to show a craven spirit. She returned his gaze with one almost as vivid and burning, until he found voice to speak. He was strangely agitated, was that strong, determined, fearless man of the world. He sat down by her side, taking her resistless hand in his own.

"You have consented?" he at length asked. "You will be my wife?"

"Consented—yes! Be your wife—yes!"

Hard and cold indeed was the voice which uttered these few sententious words.

"And you will try to love me?"

"I cannot, O, I cannot; you know it is impossible. O, why, why do you insist upon this dreadful union? What can I ever be to you, I who love another?" He bit his lip, but did not interrupt her. "Could any power bind my thoughts? Would they not follow him forever in his lonely pilgrimage? Are they not part and parcel of his existence? Think what it would be to live year after year, for death does not come at one's bidding, the companion of one whose heart, soul and existence was wrapped in that of another!"

"Girl, you drive me mad!" he cried, thrusting both hands through his hair as if he would drag it out by the roots. "Will nothing I can do, no sacrifice I can make, find its way to that obdurate heart of yours?"

"Nothing, nothing! We have argued this question before—do not let us revive it. I cannot love you, I cannot; even if I loved no one else it would be the same. You are a shadow upon my path, your presence terrifies me, your threats disgust me—"

"Stay, stay, Adele!" he cried, grasping both her hands. "Have mercy if not on me, at least on yourself. Think what you are doing. You are scorning a love which, though mine, is pure as ever woman won—a love I never knew I possessed until your golden beauty first dazzled my senses. I have been a reckless man, well, perhaps a bad man, but you could have moulded me to your will, you could have formed a nature which is not all depraved into something worthy of woman's hand."

"And yet I cannot, cannot love you."

"There is no personal sacrifice I would not make for your sake, there is no deed of daring I would not accomplish, if such deed would give you a moment's happiness. I would toil night and day for your sake if need be; watch over your comfort with the eye of a fond husband and a jealous lover. I would love you as never before was woman loved; I would cherish you as never before was woman cherished; the very air of heaven should not visit your head too roughly. O, Adele, think what it is to cast away such a strength of affection as I offer you!"

Grantly Thornby's face was of an ashy paleness—great drops of agony stood upon his brow, and his lip trembled with the intensity of his emotion.

"Is there no hope?" he asked at length, finding Adele disinclined to continue the conversation.

"None, alas, none!"

"Will nothing move you, no kindness, no gentleness, no consideration for those you love best?"

"Nothing—do not hope for it."

"Nor affection, fresh as the bloom of a summer rose, for it never existed till you called it into life?"

"Nothing, nothing! O, do not prolong this miserable contest of words. It is useless, it wrings my heart and yours; O, pray, pray let it cease!"

Thornby passed his hand over his brow once or twice as if trying to control some wild thought.

"Enough, enough. No kindness will win, no devotion move you. You will be my wife, no earthly power can prevent that. You will hear no more of a love which has been met with scorn. If you think it degrading to be loved by me, I cannot help it—I would not help it if I could. I have told you I never loved woman before; my life has been too busy, my thoughts too much absorbed in the pursuit of happiness; but it is past; be at ease, for it is the last time I ever intrude my unwelcome, my mad passion of love upon your notice."

He wrung her hand, and would have left the room, but Adele detained him.

"You say truly, no earthly power can prevent my being your wife. I know my duty. You will trust to my honor, you will feel that however my mind may be filled with another's image, my life will be pure and sacred to you as if the union of our hands had been as well a union of our hearts. You will remember this?"

He pressed her hands, and turned quickly away. Adele caught one glance of his face as he left the room, and saw what she never thought to have seen—the glittering of tears in eyes not used to melting softness. Her heart pained her for having caused even a moment's suffering. "How mortified he must have been," she thought, "to have been so decidedly rejected." But how could she help it? She had looked for no such tender, passionate appeal to her feelings; hitherto his wooings had been in bitter, burning words, words speaking more of a desire to triumph over her will than her affection. She was beginning to pity him. Had he been no suitor for her hand she would long ago have admired him. His indomitable power of character, his rock-like determination, his strong, unconquerable will, were merits which under other circumstances could not have failed in striking her woman's eye. Women like strength in a man far more than beauty; it appeals to their dependence. No greater contrast could possibly be made than existed between the persons of Grantly Thornby and William Becket. The first, muscular in person, some would say almost to roughness; but that could never be. Mr. Thornby was a gentleman, and what would have seemed heavy and unwieldy in some, sat upon him with a grace which only a well-bred man of the world could acquire. The other, effeminate to the last degree; pretty, soft womanly features, soft white lady-hand, soft tender blue eyes, light hair, laying in little rings around a forehead which looked as if the sun had never shone upon it, a delicate, slender frame, tapering off with a foot that Cinderella might have envied, and you have a picture before you of William Becket. Adele was thinking of it now, and contrasting it with the sturdy form, the bold features, the great, piercing eyes of Grantly Thornby. She was thinking too she wished William had a little more of manhood about him, at least enough to make some exertion for a livelihood. She looked very pretty sitting upon the lounge in deep thought, her fair hair falling in waves over her shoulders, her dimpled chin resting in her small white palm, her eyes full of gentle, tender light, awakened there by her woman's pity for an unloved man. Sweet Adele, her thoughts were taking a strangely foreign shape, when the entrance of her mother aroused all the antagonism of her nature, and sent her pleasant images flying to the four winds of heaven.

"Well!" said that amiable lady, looking steadily at Adele.

"You have succeeded; I have given my word, and now let me have peace. I've no more to do with it. Make whatever arrangements you please, let the sacrifice be complete, only give me peace."

The mother turned to reply, but Adele had left the room.

It was now in the middle of July, and it was settled that they were to be married the coming October, that golden month of the year. Adele experienced no regret, nor in fact seemed to take the smallest interest in the progression of affairs. Mr. Thornby was constant in his visits, but no common acquaintance could have been more reserved or respectful. No word of love ever passed his lips, no pressure of the hand denoted his claim upon that little property, yet even Adele could not help noting that his face, in growing graver was also growing paler; still her nature revolted against the enormity of forcing her into a marriage repugnant to her every feeling. Had he been in love with any one else, no hand would have been sooner outstretched in sympathy and condolence. As it was, she pitied him, and really began to exert herself to banish something of the gloom which surrounded his life. "It wasn't his fault," she would think, "after all; he couldn't help it, poor fellow, and as long as I have got to be his wife, I may as well try to be agreeable."

From that day the scene changed at the dwelling of Mrs. Fairfax. It was an old rambling country mansion, surrounded with groves of oak and maple, in which they resided, Mr. Thornby's estate joining theirs. Flowers grew all about in the greatest profusion, and there was one little lake just upon the verge of the forest, where the lazy water-lilies lay glinting their white leaves all the long summer. To this lake Adele and Mr. Thornby made a daily pilgrimage. Adele was astonished that she had never be-

fore discovered what a companionable man her betrothed was; she rather liked leaning upon his arm and looking up into his brilliant eyes while he explained to her some wondrous feat of travelled life. It amused her to hear of scenes which she never expected to see, though the thought once did occur to her that perhaps when she was his wife he would take her upon a foreign voyage, and give her an opportunity of witnessing what he had been so graphically describing. Now that he had ceased to torment her with his love, she began to think a life with such a companion would not be so very disagreeable after all. Adele was sensible enough when the romance which she had gathered from books was not too powerful for her. She began to compare the glowing, fascinating descriptions which he knew so well how to relate, with the silly, whining sentimentality of her former lover, and for that matter lover still, for she would have flushed with indignation had any one suggested the idea of her having turned truant to her first love. She never dreamed of such an atrocity. She liked Mr. Thornby because he was so kindly to her, so careful over her, so considerate for her comfort, but never, no never could her heart wander from its allegiance to its first love. And she was sincere in this belief. It is true she sometimes wondered why William seemed so tedious and tiresome in his melancholy wailings. He was growing petulant too, and exacting, although he knew she was betrothed, and in a few weeks would be nothing more to him than the memory of a dream that had come and gone, and left only a shadow behind. It was really irksome for her to meet him, but that was because he was perpetually moaning over what could not be helped. Once indeed she told him, that had he been a man of mind sufficient to bear up under the misfortunes which oppressed him, had he risen up under adversity and carved his way into the world as other men had done, she would have left all, in defiance of restraint, and shared his fortune whether for good or evil. But it would be rushing into the face of Providence to saddle a man with a wife and the responsibilities of a family when he had not sufficient energy to support himself; to all of which he only whined the more, and accused her of turning against him because he was poor. No, it was not that, he knew it was not that, but she had grown wiser and more thoughtful, and saw more clearly what was right and what wrong, and she was sure it was wrong to waste life as he was wasting it.

October was fast approaching. The orchards were golden with their luscious fruit; the forest trees were all aflame with autumn fires, while over all was that dreamy, hazy, delicious air which seems redolent with general joy of the season. You would scarcely have known Adele again, so wondrously had she changed. The gladness of her heart seemed to have come out upon her face, making it radiant with beauty and bloom. No longer did she sit passively looking on upon the progressing of bridal appointments. Her betrothed was large-hearted as he was large-brained. He insisted upon furnishing the trousseau, and made a trip to New York for that purpose. Be sure there was nothing forgotten that could please the eye or gratify the taste. How long to Adele seemed the days of his absence; she would not have believed she could have missed him so much. Did she love him? O, never; yet she was not sorry to have him love her. To be sure, he had not spoken upon the subject since that fatal morning on which she was so incensed with the persecution of her mother. She almost wished he would, that she might take back some of those cruel words, and tell him how much she liked him, and how different she had found him to what people described him. She was sorry she could not love him as a wife should love a husband, but perhaps the time would come when her mind would change. At present she must be true to William, poor William, from whom she was parted forever, whose woe-begone face would haunt her while she lived. Yet spite of these sentimental thoughts she was quite angry with herself that she could not feel more real sympathy for her broken-hearted lover.

At length Mr. Thornby arrived, Adele meeting him at the turnpike, where she knew he would take a short cut across the farm. One single grain of encouragement from him and she would have flung herself into his arms; but he merely took her hand, tucked it under his arm, and proceeded leisurely to the house. Adele was chilled by this singular coolness; she was prepared to give him so kind a reception, had even taken the pains to walk half a mile for the pleasure of seeing him a few moments sooner. It was not kind of him, to say the least. Then came over her with a great crash, "suppose he does not love me." Such a possibility had never before occurred to her. What, after all those protestations, to overcome it at last! The blood seemed to stagnate in her veins; she could not move if her life depended upon it. Mr. Thornby felt the sudden trembling of her hand and paused in his walk to learn the cause. Adele was white and trembling, but it was only for a moment; she laughingly assured him it was customary with her, the result of fatigue.

The bridal array had arrived before them, and was already spread out upon sofas and chairs and tables and pianos, even the little ottomans had to bear their share of the splendor. And it was splendid. Robes of such misty fabric that it seemed dangerous to touch them lay in juxtaposition with laces which an empress might envy. Jewels gleamed from their crimson cases like stars, while lying upon the bridal veil, itself not more pure, was a carnet of pearls of the rarest quality. Ah, Mr. Thornby had shown his taste as well as his liberality! After allowing Mrs. Fairfax due time to admire them, he explained to her that he wished for a moment to speak with Adele alone.

"My poor girl," said he, when they were alone, "did you think I would take the advantage of circumstances to wed an unloving wife? Did you think I was monster enough to drag you to the altar, and force you to take upon your pure lips an unholy vow?"

Adele looked up into his face bewildered, but she answered nothing.

"I confess, there was a time when my mad passion and your obstinacy almost turned my brain, when my heart grew dark, and I felt capable of almost any wickedness to secure to myself my priceless treasure—my peerless Adele. That time has passed. I have seen you trying hard to conquer that repulsion against me, trying to like me, and amuse me, and make some amends for what you knew I must be suffering. I determined you should have your reward. It was hard to give you up; for as I told you then, I loved you as never before man loved woman; but your sweetness and patience have triumphed. There is your bridal paraphernalia, here the deed of a house and lot, settled upon yourself and children, and now I resign you to the arms of your younger and earlier lover, and may he make you as happy as I would have tried to do."

"Resign—not your wife—marry William Becket! O, you cannot mean it, you would not be so cruel!"

Adele had sprung up imputent of all restraint, and thrown herself at his feet. The eyes of Mr. Thornby burned with a triumphant fire, but he merely clasped her two hands, looking down into her frightened face.

"If you could have loved me, if it had been my fate to have met you when you were free and heart-whole, the world could not have contained another so happy as myself. But it is my fate to live alone, unloved, uncared-for and unblest, while you—"

"I will not leave you; you shall not cast me off. I do love you, I never knew how much till now; I am not ashamed to own it, I am proud of it. I am ashamed of that childish folly which passed for love. As you love me, so I love you, with all the strength, power and force of my being. I will be your wife, and so being, will devote the rest of my life to your happiness."

Mr. Thornby waited to hear no more, but taking her in his arms, he folded her to his broad breast, which was ever after to be her home. Another week and they were married, and Adele says it may be that men have second loves, but she is very sure women never love but once. So much for her romance.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE church of San Lorenzo was filled to overflowing one evening just as the soft Italian landscape was lighted up by the radiance of the setting sun. Through the olive groves that led to the church, a bridal train was passing, while the tree-tops were blazing with golden light; but just at the moment it entered the dim arches of the church, the last lingering ray disappeared, giving place to the rich and gorgeous clouds which only Italian skies may wear.

As the bridal party paced slowly up the long aisle to the altar, over which hung the most splendid painting of the fifteenth century, fresh from the hand of a youthful but mighty artist, the strong illumination from the myriads of wax candles fell upon the noble brow of the young bridegroom and the fair and beautiful face beside him, and a suppressed hum of admiration was heard all over the gorgeous church. No wonder indeed that it should be awakened, for, added to the interest excited by the beauty and grace of the youthful pair, there was a charm in their superior rank that the people of Italy appreciated not less highly. The bride was no less a person than the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, who was betrothed when only four years of age to Ferdinand Francis of Avalos, the future Marquis of Peschiera. She was now seventeen, and he was hardly older.

The brilliant wedding was the subject of conversation for months afterwards, envy seeming on this occasion to lay aside her shafts; for nothing was said that did not bear upon the virtues or beauty of the happy children who had thus united their destinies forever, for weal or woe. For a brief season these two lives seemed to flow on in serene happiness. Vittoria was the muse of Italy, and her songs breathed forth the beauty of her daily life, tranquil and calm, but never tame nor spiritless. Their home was all that the descendant of the Colonnis might be expected to dwell in, noble, surrounded with all graceful and beautiful associations, and rich with the treasures of art and the achievements of intellect.

But woe for the trusting hearts that see no cloud in the distance. When the sparkle is brightest on the cup, then most surely is fate preparing the bitter drop that is to succeed it. Ferdinand joined the army—the noblest, bravest officer, the purest patriot that it boasted, and at the battle of Pavia was desperately wounded. Not aware that his life was thus to be sacrificed to his courage, the Italian States offered him the kingdom of Naples. With a magnanimity which placed her above royalty, Vittoria wrote to him not to accept it—which indeed he did not intend to do—"the virtues of my husband," she added, "are above princes." Alas! his refusal was almost his last act; and the broken-hearted Vittoria watched that glorious life as it receded, with an anguish that to be known must be also endured.

In her deep seclusion at Naples, and afterwards at Fichia, the mightiest in Italy sought her hand. She turned from them all, and finally retired to a convent at Viterbo, devoting her life to the sacred memory of the dead, and only waiting the hour when she should set sail on that ocean on whose banks the beloved had left her to weep alone. For years the grave, sad woman lived thus, the music and poetry of life hushed, as she thought, forever, along with the pale lips that had once responded to their sweetest strains from her own. For years she never left her convent save

for a walk in the garden. But although outwardly the world looked dark and repulsive to that sorrowing spirit, there was the same earnest love for the pure, the noble and the beautiful, that had marked her in her proudest and happiest days at the Colonna palace, when Ferdinand of Avalos, the boy-lover, was lingering by her side.

In her deep solitude Vittoria caught whispers of the still glorious fame of Italy's now aged artist, of him who, though smitten by years, could never really grow old, the painter, poet, sculptor and architect, the fourfold life of Michael Angelo. A poet herself, there was one bond between them that was mutual. A lover of art, with an intense passion for the beautiful, that her grief had deadened but not destroyed, she was smitten with an earnest longing to revive her old art-worship in his presence who could so well appreciate its quality.

They met, he in whom old age had already commenced, and she whose youth was already fading away, and they met too to love. Let no one smile sarcastically at this statement; take Angelo's own words—"It is the power of a fine face which spurs me towards heaven. In those eyes I find a luminous ray which guides me to my Creator." Those who cannot conceive of a sentiment like this, born in the innermost soul, and partaking only of the spiritual beauty of the divine passion, must lay aside these pages; they bear no interpretation for such minds.

How rich must have been that communion, how full of all glorious and sublime beauty, which could thus have drawn the lonely and sorrowful recluse from her convent to meet Michael Angelo in Rome and spend hours by his side! I think truly that had the record of those hours been faithfully kept, there is nothing in the whole world that would have surpassed it for beauty and interest. The tenderest vows of youthful lovers, despite what is so often talked of as love's young dream, must fade into nothing before the meeting of these two grand and noble natures, now known to each other for the first time, after a lifetime of struggle and sorrow on one part and of earnest striving to live out the highest life on the other.

Too old to paint, the poet breathed out his highest strains for this new joy that had come to him, and Vittoria answered them in words as sweet and beautiful as his own. The hand that had brought out the divinest conceptions of the pencil and the chisel, and which was yet to create the noble grandeur of Saint Peters, did not disdain to write gentle and loving words to the sad and sorrowing widow of the brave Peschiera.

One summer day, the loveliest of those that so beautify and bless the clime of which poets love to sing, Michael Angelo sat awaiting Vittoria's coming. Eager to shed light on her darkened lot, he ever garnered up all that was delightful and pleasant in his daily walks to bestow upon her when they met; and this day his treasury was full to overflowing. Sweet and rare flowers, a precious painting, a new song were awaiting her. Long he lingered, and when at length the door opened and a strange figure appeared, he experienced a sensation of disappointment and regret. A nun, in the habit of the Viterbo convent where Vittoria lived, announced herself as the messenger from her who occupied his thought. She was ill, perhaps dying, and wished to see him once more. The next moment saw him on his way to the convent, with a terrible foreboding of the truth. The beauty of that lovely summer day was darkened, and his sick heart whispered only of death. As he entered the convent gate he lifted the covering from that silver hair and prayed earnestly for strength to meet all that was to befall him.

He was indeed too late. That beautiful and noble spirit had passed the boundary line between the two worlds, and was in the presence of God and the beloved. Kneeling by her side in the chapel, which now held within its walls the presence of the holy dead, Michael Angelo took the pale, thin hand and pressed it to his lips, softly and reverentially as a devotee would kiss the relic of his patron saint—and this was his first kiss to Vittoria. Even then he declared that he did not dare to kiss her forehead or cheek or the pale, cold lips.

Those who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel, nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.—Lacan.

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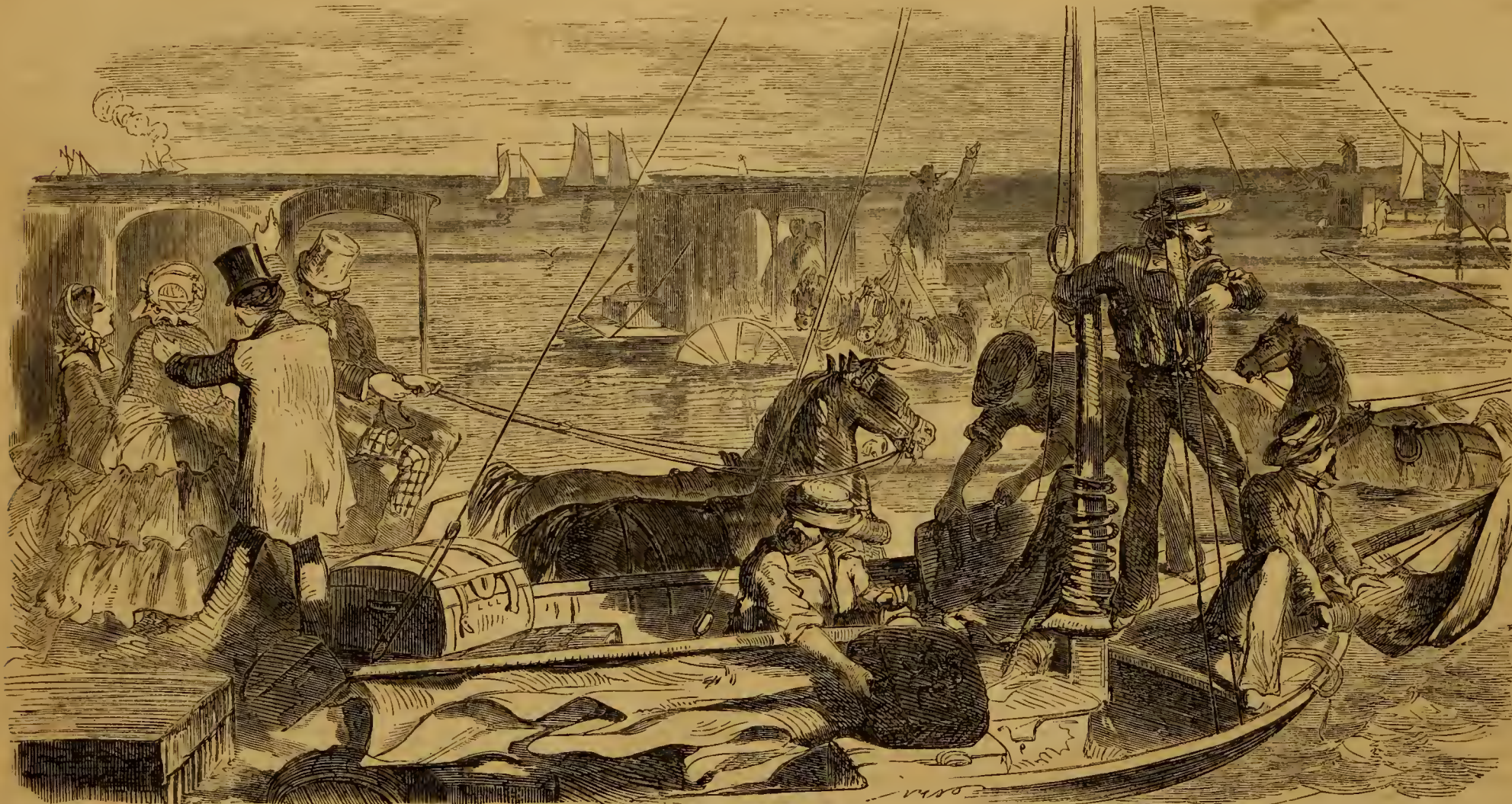
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LANDING AT THE CAPE.

CAMP MEETING SKETCHES.

We believe that the camp meetings held during the summer season by some of our religious denominations are peculiarly American, though resembling and bringing to mind the great open-air gatherings of the religionists of the old world; the Covenanters of Scotland, the Protestants of France, who were compelled to gather together in the woods and wilds, since liberty of worship in houses built by human hands was denied them. The camp meetings of the Methodists originated in the necessity of finding more accommodation for the gathered numbers of a powerful persuasion when they met for religious purposes, than could be afforded in a small settlement. But whether originating in choice or necessity, it has been found that religious zeal acquires a new impetus, an added fervor, from being exposed to the powerful influences of nature. "The groves were God's first temples," and surely no cathedral aisle, the work of human hands, can compare with the columned aisles of the forest, while the proudest ceiling that human skill and wealth ever hung, cover but an inappreciable point of "the spacious firmament on high." We cannot wonder, therefore, that it has become the custom with thousands of our fellow-citizens to go forth yearly into the woods and by the seashore, and there devote days and nights to religious exercises. There are evils connected with this practice, but we are not disposed to enter into their discussion here. Even of the scoffers who hang

about the skirts of a camp meeting, many are converted to the word. With these remarks we pass on to a notice of the engravings on this and the next page, from drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and illustrating the camp meeting at Millennial Grove, which commenced August 4th, concluding on the 10th. The first sketch represents the landing at Eastham, Cape Cod, a favorite locality for these religious gatherings. In the foreground is a vessel which has just touched bottom; the crew are lowering the jib and making the sails snug. The ladies are being assisted into a carryall drawn by two horses, which, in nautical parlance, lies along side. The water is so shoal here as it approaches the shore, that the landing of passengers is always effected in this manner; and it is a curious spectacle to look around you and see the animals attached to the various vehicles, plunging through the water like so many sea-horses. There is a queer incongruity about it which leaves a strong impression on the mind.—The second sketch conveys us to the camp ground with its "canvass houses," and shows us how the gentlemen perform their morning toilettes. The accommodations are here of very primitive character; a "rill from the town pump" affording the element, and Hingham pails the vessels of ablution. Fortunate is the man who is the possessor of a bit of looking-glass which he can stick up with a jack-knife to the trunk of a tree and therein contemplate his reflected countenance, and see how satisfactorily he has

trimmed his ambrosial locks.—We now pass on to the third sketch, which presents a busier scene. The necessities of life must be provided for, and here we are let into the mysteries of the cooking arrangements of the camp. An improvised kitchen range—boilers supported by bricks, perform their work admirably; a host of busy hands employed in kneading cakes, "neat-handed Phillises" tripping hither and thither, are the noticeable features in the sketch. Through the opening in one of the tents we see a breakfast party earnestly engaged in satisfying their appetites, which good consciences and pure air have engendered.—The last scene, the interior of a tent, with the inmates at prayer under the lead of a distinguished preacher, is well worthy of careful study—as it is no fancy sketch, but an actual transcript of real life. During those exercises men and women become powerfully agitated and convulsed, and the wrestlings of the spirit are often fearful to contemplate. The first camp meeting we ever attended was during our boyhood, and we can never forget the impression it made upon us. The scene pitched upon was a sort of natural amphitheatre, where an open area of green sward was surrounded by immemorial trees, not too densely clustered, while from a distance not too great, the sea sent its music and perfume. At night when this natural temple was lit up with hundreds of lamps, when the seats were filled with earnest worshippers, and powerful preachers addressed the assembly, the scene was one of deep interest.



MORNING ABLUTIONS.



COOKING.

THE FRAZER RIVER INDIANS.

The San Francisco Herald gives an interesting account of the Indians of the Frazer River region, where the gold discoveries have recently been made, derived from a gentleman who has been among them. Marked differences exists between these Indians and other tribes with whose characteristics we have become familiar, and they seem to be of a superior cast of character. They are a much nobler people than the Indians on Puget's Sound, who are called "Chenooks." They are large, muscular men, fond of athletic sports, of a lighter color than the southern tribes, and very brave and determined. Many of their women are represented as being quite handsome, with regular features, and even delicate hands and feet. The males are very jealous of their women, and a want of chastity is severely and promptly punished. One remarkable peculiarity of the "Northern Indians," as they are called, is that many of them have light hair and eyes, and present a marked difference in their general physiognomy from other Indian tribes. They often visit the camps of the whites at night, and engage them in running, leaping and wrestling matches, in which latter they are said to be very expert. They are also fond of throwing somersaults and exhibiting their physical prowess in other ways. The whites on Puget's Sound are much in the habit of slapping, boxing and bawling the Chenooks, who never make any resistance; but when anything of the kind is attempted on one of the Frazer

River Indians, he is certain to reply in kind. They also exhibit a remarkable trait in this connection; when they are struck with the fist, they strike back in the same manner, and will not have recourse to any other weapon but one of the same nature with which they are assailed. The men are nearly all armed with good English muskets, which they handle with great address, and are remarkably good shots. They are eager to obtain Colt's revolvers, and will offer \$100 to \$150 in gold dust for them, but as the miners would hang any man detected in supplying the Indians with this formidable weapon, they are not able to obtain them. Two distinct and hostile tribes reside on Frazer River, and the enmity existing between them is said to be as great as that described by Cooper between the Delawares and Hurons. Like all other Indians, and a good many white people, they will steal, and as usual the emigrants who are rushing to the mines are rousing their hostility by murdering them for petty thefts. For these outrages they will doubtless seek and secure a bloody revenge. The Northern Indians use very little paint, and are not tattooed at all. Since the influx of immigration they are much better dressed than before, and wear their habiliments with much ease and natural grace. The hair is worn quite long, and is ornamented with feathers. Canoes of colossal proportions are built by them from the immense trees existing in that region. The tree is carefully felled by being burned down, during which operation the fire is regularly

tended to prevent its expanding too far, and to retain its given space. The fallen trunk is then shaped into a canoe with exceeding labor, until it arrives at the required dimensions and model, after which it is hollowed out by burning. As soon as this process is concluded, they fill the canoe with water, and then heat large rocks red hot, which are thrown into the water and generate steam, by which the wood becomes pliant, when it is spread apart amidsthips by means of stretchers tightly wedged in, until it acquires the requisite breadth of beam, when the water is bailed out and the canoe allowed to dry. Many of these are capable of carrying one hundred warriors, with their arms, accoutrements, and provisions for several weeks. Several of them have been purchased by the whites, one end sawed off, and built in to make a flat stern, and then rigged into sloops and schooners, some of them capable of carrying from seven to nine tons of cargo. The Northern Indians also build extensive forts, large enough to shelter six or seven hundred warriors with their families. These forts are built of trees, very substantial, and exhibiting much skill in their construction, and perfectly proof against small arms. They declare most emphatically that the whites shall not go into the Thompson River country, which they claim as peculiarly their own; but do not hesitate to exhibit very rich and coarse gold obtained in that region, and they report that gold abounds there, and there is no reason to doubt their statement.



THE TENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LAST PICTURE.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

DURING the reign of Elizabeth of England, a bitter persecution was waged against art; she ordered all sacred pictures in the churches to be utterly destroyed, and the walls whitewashed, so that no memorial of them might remain. In her reign it became a fashionable and even praiseworthy action to tear pictures to pieces and ruthlessly destroy statuary. This bitter, senseless war against art crushed genius; no artist dared permit his mind to rise in the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, unless he wished to become acquainted with the prison or stake. This extraordinary check upon art occurred at a time when the most essential assistance was offered to its progress. Men were hired to destroy the stained glass windows of the churches, and any pictures or statuary they might find. One man by the name of Donsing destroyed, together with his agents, in little over two years, about four thousand six hundred and sixty pictures alone, and many pieces of statuary and richly stained glass windows. These agents of destruction were bold, unprincipled men, and did they think a house contained a picture, they walked in, and without ceremony, soon tore from the walls anything they found.

William Elford was a young man and an artist, though he followed the trade of silversmith. Every spare moment he devoted to his art, and the walls of his little bare studio were covered with pretty pictures, many of them displaying great talent. It was in fear and trembling that young Elford worked at his beloved painting. His studio was a small attic, and the door was always kept locked, night and day; and often as William sat at his counter in the little shop and saw Donsing and his agents go by, he trembled for his treasures, more valuable than all the gold and silver in his shop. Mrs. Elford and one other were the only partakers in his secret, the only persons ever admitted to the little attic room. That other was a young girl betrothed to William, the beautiful Annie Wilson. Often she sat beside her lover as he painted at his easel, and shared his pride and longed for the time to come when all persecution should cease and William acquire the fame he deserved.

One day William repaired to his studio. He had no job on hand, and rejoiced in his heart to be able to devote a whole day to his beloved art. He had scarcely seated himself before the easel when a customer called, and without thinking he ran down stairs with the palette on his thumb. Arriving in his shop, he laid the palette carelessly on the window-seat, and stood behind the counter to receive the orders for a heavy silver chain. The customer departed, and young Elford hastened up stairs; arrived there he missed his palette, and was about to return to seek it, when the tramp of feet alarmed him. Hastily locking the door of his treasure-chamber, William Elford took a few steps forward, but was arrested in his progress by the figure of Donsing, only too well known to him. Assuming a careless air, he asked:

"What brings you here, friend?"

"Business," was the gruff reply.

"The shop, down stairs, is the place for that; I will follow you there instantly."

"I rather think my business lies up yonder!" exclaimed the man, pointing to the little dark door.

"I keep no articles of trade there; all my silver and copper are down stairs."

"I did not know that people hammered and carved silver with colors and brushes; but I suppose you have discovered a new way of working metal." And with a malicious grin Donsing held up the missing palette, on which lay little spots of brilliant colors; his companions laughed loudly.

"You cannot be expected to know all the materials used in working silver. Will you return down stairs?" asked young Elford, hoping to deter them from entering his precious studio.

"Come, come, young sir," said the man, coming up a few steps, "we are used to dealing with such birds as you, and we know the nest is generally built in the top of the house; so stand aside and open the door; refuse, and worse will befall you!"

Knowing that further resistance would only exasperate the man before him, William Elford turned and with trembling hand opened the door. With savage exclamations of delight the destroyers rushed into the apartment, and in an incredibly short space of time the walls of the room were bare and the floor strewn with pictures, broken brushes and powdered colors. During the destruction of his pictures, William stood outside the room, his face covered with his hands. The work finished, Donsing and his men left the room. As he passed the young artist, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hark ye, young man! Keep to your trade, and don't meddle with what don't concern you. If we hear of your resuming your painting, something worse than mere destruction of your daubs will befall you; an upright post and a goodly fire of fagots. Beware!—we shall keep an eye on you. You are a comely young fellow, and I like not to see you so down-hearted. Come, cheer up!—I'll e'en do something to encourage you. My sword needs a new hilt; I'll have a solid silver one this time. Here, take it!" And so saying, Donsing unhitched the weapon and handed it to the jeweller, who could scarcely repress a shudder as he took it.

His first impulse had been to fling it back to the man who thus added insult to injury, but he prudently refrained from so doing, and took the sword which had made its way through many of his pictures.

"Never mind expense, young man; make a handsome hilt. How soon am I to have it?"

"In three weeks."

"Three weeks be it, young fellow. Try and show if your talent for daubing has left you any for carving. I would that you could engrave me a picture on the broad part of the hilt; show me making a hole through some precious daub or holy church window. Canst do that?"

"No."

"Aha!—we are sore on that point, are we? Well, well, have it your own way, I am not particular. Good day." And with a salutation of mock respect, the man and his agents left the little dwelling to which their entrance had brought only despair and hatred.

When they were gone, William Elford entered with trembling step his little room, two hours ago so neat, now cluttered up with broken frames and torn pictures. He sank upon a low stool and covered his face with his hands. He was in this position when Annie Wilson with noiseless step came up the stairs. At the door she paused, and her eyes grew dark with horror as she looked at the scene of desolation. With one bound she sprang to the side of William and laid her little hand upon his arm.

"William, William, what is this? Who has been here? Can you not speak to me?"

The young man raised his pale face, and his voice sounded sad and strange.

"Annie, dear, my hopes are all gone. Donsing and his hirelings have been here."

"How was it possible for them to suspect you?"

"A single act of carelessness. I left my palette in the shop barely fifteen minutes."

"O, William, what will we do? You can never resume your painting, for that beast will always watch you."

"My mind is made up, Annie. I will work doubly hard, and get money enough to take us all out of this country, to France, to Italy—anywhere that I may be free."

"That is a good plan. Yes, and I will help you, William; I will sew. I am a good needlewoman, and I can have as much as I can do from Mrs. Hammond, that handsome, rich widow who lives opposite mother's. Yes, I will help you. This very morning Mrs. Hammond offered me some embroidery to do, but I refused. I'll go right away to her and get it before she can give it to any one else. Good-by." And before William could speak, the young girl was gone.

In an elegant room sat the widow Hammond. She was still young and very handsome, though there was something in the flash of the dark eyes, and curl of the ruby lips, that told of a determined, unprincipled disposition. Who shall look into the heart and see the motives which led the rich Mrs. Hammond to notice pretty, innocent Annie Wilson, who lived in that little, low, black wooden house opposite? Seated on a low stool by the lady's feet sat the young girl.

"So, Annie, you have thought better of my offer?"

"Yes, madame," replied the young girl, without raising her eyes.

"I see how it is, child. Your gallant silversmith has not prospered as well as he expected, and perhaps the marriage day looks further off than it used to, and you will try and help along; not willing to wait?"

"Ah, Mrs. Hammond, you have sharp eyes. You say right; I cannot always wait."

"You are a true woman, Annie. Suppose I guess a little more of your affairs of which you seem so chary?"

"You are welcome to do so, madame."

"Silly child, you say that as if you disbelieved my power to guess any more than you have a mind to tell me. Now listen, child. Your lover is an artist—"

The young girl started, and with her black, piercing eyes, the wily woman watched her.

"This day," she resumed, in a sort of playful tone, while she caressed with jewelled hand the bent head of her young companion, though never once relaxing her watchful look, "scarcely two hours ago, Donsing and his men entered his house, and in five minutes destroyed the work of years. Am I not good at guessing?"

"Yes, madame; though I suppose the news has reached this quarter of the city, for Donsing is not apt to hide his deeds."

"Hush, child, walls have ears! I learned it not from report. Go into the street, near here or near your lover's house, and say that William Elford is an artist, and people will open their eyes. No, no, Annie, I guessed, and right for once. I have seen young Elford several times, and there was that in his eyes which spoke the man of genius. I am sorry for you both, and will help you. To you I will give all the sewing you can do, and will pay you well. To Elford I will give such work in silver as I may have occasion for, and—"

"Why do you pause, dear lady?" asked Annie, looking up at Mrs. Hammond, usually so ready, hesitated in her speech.

"I had something to say which will seem so silly. Your gallant loves his art, you say?"

"Yes, madame, passionately."

"I would like to have him paint a picture for me. I would give him a large sum for it."

"But, dear lady, he risks his life by so doing."

"No, child, for I have influence, and besides none would know it but ourselves. When you see him, which I warrant will be very soon, will you propose it to him?"

"I—I ca—"

"Never mind, we will say no more about it, since you will not do such a simple thing for me. You forget, I think, that the one who orders and pays for the painting of a picture is apt to fare the same as the painter. Do I then risk nothing for you?"

"Your pardon, dear lady; my fears made me forget. You are ever generous, and too kind—too kind. I will speak to William, and bring you word to-morrow."

With graceful obeisance Annie Wilson left the room, her heart and mind filled with a mixture of feelings. At one moment she was going to tell Mrs. Hammond all her plans—the resolution of her lover to leave the country; but when she looked up, there was an expression in the lady's face which sent a chill to the young girl's heart, and which bid her beware how she placed any confidence in her.

Left alone, the widow paced up and down the room. Her lips were compressed, her brow knit, and her step was very determined. Her lips moved, and she spoke aloud.

"Little fool! to think that for love of her I would risk my liberty. How many fools there are in this world! There's Donsing over head and ears in love with me; thinks I am scheming for his happiness. Fool!—does he suppose that I risk so much just to have my portrait painted for him? Annie, too—does she suppose I like a pair of turtle-doves? No, no. My heart burns with love, ardent love, for the young painter—young Elford. My plans are deep laid; young Elford—heavens, how handsome he is!—will paint my portrait; while I sit to him I'll make him love me; when the picture is finished, Donsing shall seize upon it and threaten the young fellow with the prison or stake; then I'll come to his rescue, bribe Donsing to silence, and it will end by Elford marrying me from gratitude if not from love. Aha, I can outwit them all!"

So murmured the widow aloud as she paced to and fro through her large apartment, every now and then glancing at the reflection of herself in the little round mirror. She was very beautiful, and she knew it well.

Annie Wilson, after leaving Mrs. Hammond, returned home and busied herself with sewing. She knew that William would come to her that evening, and so she worked diligently, anxious that he should see what she could do. As long as she could possibly see, Annie wrought, and glowing flowers grew on the pearly silk beneath her fingers. When the twilight shadows deepened, Annie laid aside her work and sat watching for her lover. As she watched, she saw enter the widow's house the hated Donsing, and it was not the first time. The sight filled her with fear, and she determined that when she told William of the widow's wish, she would also tell him of the visitor. Her lover came, and his eyes sparkled as he heard the offer; without a moment's hesitation he consented to paint the picture. Annie's words brought a slight shadow to his face.

"Dear William, you have heard the offer, but not the meaning. I should advise you to have nothing to do with Mrs. Hammond."

"Jealous, Annie?" asked William, with an affectionate smile.

Annie's eyes filled with tears as she heard these words, though she answered, laughingly:

"I guess not; but when you have heard all, you may perhaps think my fears are not wholly groundless, and value my advice more. I don't know, but I think it is a portrait of herself Mrs. Hammond wishes. Now, that hated, vile Donsing is a constant visitor there, and I rather think is striving to win her. She seemed so generous and kind this morning, that I was on the point of telling her our plans, but a sight of her face deterred me; there was a look in her eyes that made me tremble. All I ask you is, not to entrust any confidence in her; keep her in the dark as to our movements. She will give you a handsome sum for the picture, and I would make her pay in advance; and from the very minute you have the necessary sum of money, be ready to start upon the instant."

"You speak very wisely, dear Annie; I will act upon your suggestion; if the widow has any base plans, they shall be thwarted. But do you know, dear Annie, what is the first step towards our departure?" And the voice of the young man was very deep and tender.

"No, indeed, William."

"Foolish girl, this then—our marriage. Only as my wife must you leave the country."

The young girl blushed deeply as she heard her lover's words, but after a moment's thought, she said:

"'Tis best. As soon as you have got the needful, we will be married."

The young man caught his bride to his heart and kissed her; then left the house, his heart beating high with love and hope.

It was all arranged. At a certain hour every day Mrs. Hammond sought the humble dwelling of the young painter, and had the satisfaction of seeing a glowing resemblance of herself grow upon the canvass. The painting was satisfactory, but not so all the arrangements connected with the sitting. Again and again, Mrs. Hammond found Annie Wilson beside the young painter; as often she was sent to Mrs. Hammond's house for a fan, a handkerchief or a scarf. The picture progressed, but not the scheme the good lady had proposed; she seemed just as far as ever from the wish of her heart. Perfectly indifferent to the charms of his handsome patroness seemed the young artist. The picture was half painted when Mrs. Hammond with her most winning smile spoke to young Elford about remuneration.

"Mr. Elford, your genius is unmistakable. The picture so far is very good."

"It could scarcely help being so with such a perfect model to paint from."

"Ah, flatterer!" And the lady tapped him on the shoulder playfully with her fan. "You mustn't talk so to me. If I should speak of business and money matters, I am sure you will forgive me. I am a plain woman—"

"No, madame, a very beautiful one."

The lady's eyes flashed, though she shook her head laughingly.

"No, no, you must not misunderstand me; I mean that I am a plain, matter-of-fact woman. So far, I am more than satisfied with the picture, and I must speak of the price."

"I—"

"Don't interrupt me. I am a lone woman, without tie on earth, husband and child gone, no friends, and plenty of money. You must allow me to fix my own value to the picture, and to-day pay you half, which you will find in this purse—five hundred pounds."

"'Tis too much, dear lady."

"Not a word. If I choose to give that, please don't refuse it; it is a joy to me to be able to do it."

"Dearest lady, how can I thank you?" And William Elford seized the little hand and pressed it to his lips, murmuring: "I cannot tell you all I feel, all I owe you—my heart beats too fast. Lady, lady, there is one I love—"

The widow bent forward and kissed the young man, and before he could recover from his astonishment, the lady was gone. Awhile the young painter mused in silence, then exclaimed:

"Yes, Annie was right! She bade me beware of that woman. I see it all now. Clear before me now are many things which I could not fathom. She loves me. Ugh!—that kiss was like a curse. All is ready for instant departure, and I need not stay to finish the hated picture. The money she gave me is enough, and we will away."

That night William Elford and Annie Wilson were married, and when the morning sun rose, a white-sailed ship bore them far away from England, the land so fatal to all painters then. The next day Donsing called on Mrs. Hammond. He found her in a very amiable mood, for the remembrance of the half-spoken avowal of love from the young painter was fresh in her memory. Her greeting was especially cordial, and the hopes of Donsing rose.

"Ah, Mrs. Hammond, when think you that portrait will be finished?"

"Very soon, Mr. Donsing. 'Twas half finished yesterday."

"'Twill be long before it is wholly finished, I fancy."

"Why?"

"Only because last night the young scamp of a painter was married to Annie Wilson, and—"

"Furies!—what do you tell me—married? I will not believe it!"

"'Tis true, nevertheless. You are strangely moved, madam; I should think by your manner that you loved the young painter yourself."

"Dolt, so I do!"

"Ha, that's well! But the bird has flown with his true mate. You thought to deceive me so, did you? Do you remember that you are amenable to the law? Think not to escape me, traitress."

"Hold!—don't plume yourself too soon. I have a written promise from you that you would leave him unmolested. Will not our punishments be alike, think you?"

"False woman!—rest in peace; I will have nothing more to do with you. Fear me not; you are too base to touch!" And Donsing left the room, but not so suddenly but that he heard Mrs. Hammond call out:

"Self-interest!—what will you do with 'The Last Picture'?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 2.

BY ALUNG.

A LUCKY MISTAKE: OR, SHOOTING THE WRONG MAN.

"Come, boys, now that the cloth is removed, pass the bottle, light your cigars, and listen to Alung's promised tale of shooting the wrong man."

Such was the word at the dinner-table of a club of young men in the city of Boston, where I was a guest. None of the members had ever crossed the line, and they were anxious to hear me relate some of my adventures during my fifteen years' sojourn in India and China. With a spirit of cheerful compliance I proceeded to narrate the following adventure:

"You are probably all aware that the present emperor of China and the mandarins of the empire, are descended from the Tartars, a nation which conquered the Chinese many years ago, after a long and bloody war, and have continued masters of the country ever since. As a mark of subjugation the conquerors obliged the people to wear their hair of extreme length, plaiting it at the back of the head, in the manner of a queue. This badge of effeminacy was at first felt to be a deep disgrace by those of any spirit; but time, the great condoler and reconciler, wore away the feeling, and in the course of a few generations the Chinese became so much attached to the fashion, that they regarded it as an essential mark of their nationality. At the present day a Chinaman would almost as soon consent to lose his head, as to have his tail cut off. So much is this peculiar ornament prized among them, that it is considered sufficient punishment for theft to sever this appendage from the culprit's head.

"The mandarins, or governors of provinces, are and ever have been cruel in the extreme to the people they have so long dominated over, and the Chinese have ever regarded their masters with secret hate. The European and American missionaries have to some extent enlightened these abject people as to their own nature and capacities; and as a consequence, they have awakened to a sense of their many and grievous wrongs. At length human endurance could stand no more, and the long pent-up feelings of the people burst forth in open rebellion. As the first mark of their independence of the task-masters to whom their race had submitted for centuries, they cut off with their own hands the long-imposed badge of servitude, and sacrificed their much-loved tails upon the altar of patriotism. At the time this rebellion broke out, I held

an appointment under the English authorities, of not the most safe or enviable character, though to me, who am naturally fond of the excitement of danger, it was all the more acceptable for the perils to which it exposed me. My post was governor of one of Her Britannic Majesty's prisons, in one of the largest settlements in that country. Then as ever, it was the policy of her majesty's representatives to take no decided part with either party; that is to say, openly and publicly; and yet they managed to keep on good terms with both, not knowing which side might eventually carry the day, and rule the country. To carry out this policy, your humble servant was constantly called upon to do one thing and another for either party, as the case might be, and this kind of service was demanded of him by his superiors without the slightest regard for the imminent risk he ran, should he be taken in the act, of being quietly strangled, or of waking up some fine morning with his head ornamenting a bamboo pole on the city walls, or in the mandarin camp, instead of reposing on his own proper shoulders. It was while in the performance of an act of this equivocal character that the occurrence took place to which I shall now refer.

"The city of Shanghai was taken, and held three years, by two rebel chiefs, named Aloo and Aling. Soon after its capture, an army of twenty thousand mandarin soldiers laid siege to the city, which is protected on all sides by a wall. Many and fierce were the engagements between the opposing armies; though it seemed to be a general rule to cease firing at meal-times, in order, I suppose, not to interfere with the regularity of the belligerents' digestive organs. Aling became the sole chief in command of the city, by shooting Aloo for cowardice, and held the place for nearly three years, until his stores were becoming almost exhausted. Rice and opium were become things to dream of rather than to use; and as no hope of relief presented itself, the commander determined at last to abandon the place. The 15th of February, 1855, was a dark, cold day, with heavy masses of lowering clouds drifting across the horizon. Peal after peal of thunder shook the welkin, while the forked lightning crackled and flashed, as if in mockery of man's puny artillery, which sputtered from the city walls in resistance of a fierce attack by the government forces. It was a fitting day to usher in a night of such fearful carnage as followed. Old men, and women bent double with age; maidens and young mothers; children and babes; all, all met the same terrible fate in that wild night of human slaughter. Never can I forget the scenes of those dark hours; they are seared upon my memory as with a brand of iron. Many a time have I witnessed death in its most horrible forms; yet the recollection of those scenes sickens upon my soul whenever I think of Shanghai. I had retired for the night, after a day of unusual toil, when I was aroused by one of my Chinese policemen, and informed that a strong light was shining over the city. I went forth into the air, and there was indeed a light so bright in the distant sky above the city, that I could easily read the fellow's name and number on his badge. I knew all in an instant. The rebels were retreating, and had set the city on fire before leaving it. I hastened with my men to the eastern gate, and looked in upon a scene that fairly revelled in horrors. The government troops had entered some time before I reached the gate, and were butchering all they found, sparing neither old nor young. The streets were heaped with slain, and the gutters literally run with blood.

"For two whole hours did I witness this horrible massacre, without the power to check it in the least degree. My brain reeled with the delirious excitement of the scene, and I fairly gasped for utterance. Yet I restrained myself, as if by a violent effort, and preserved perfect composure amidst this saturnalia of blood. At length I returned home, sick at heart at the thoughts of what I had witnessed. Over twenty-five thousand human heads were cut off that one night, and piled up in the yard of their Josh-house, or temple. In the morning, I was sent for by the consul, and upon repairing to his house, I received a warrant to arrest the rebel chief, Chin Aling Foo, commonly known as Aling. It was supposed that he was on board a schooner called the 'Nina,' and I was to stop and search her, and take him dead or alive, if found on board. If I succeeded in my enterprise, I was to receive the round sum of thirty thousand dollars as a compensation. I knew very well that Aling had been brought up in a European family, and if report spoke true, that he could handle a revolver to perfection. Other rumors said that he had plenty of practice upon the prisoners he captured, or among his unruly followers, and that he never missed his mark. With these comfortable assurances as to the nature of the duty in which I was about to engage, I thought it wise to settle my accounts before my departure; for take him I would, if I could only set eyes upon him, or die in the attempt.

"Late in the evening of the same day on which I received the warrant, I bid my brother, who held a post under me, to take charge of the prison during my absence; and if I was not at home by the next night, to send a favorite detective of mine, a Chinaman, to look for me about Woosung, as I was going upon some rather critical business. After this I took my revolver and sword, and put off in my boat for the destined scene of action. At three o'clock in the morning the 'Nina' hove in sight, as she rounded a bend in the river, and in five minutes more I stood upon her deck. I presented my authority, and searched the vessel, but to no purpose; the fugitive chief could not be found. Upon reflection, I felt certain that he could not have left the shore, and I hastened to a place where I thought I should be most likely to find him. On the north bank of the river Yankain stands a large village called Woosung. This place has long been a celebrated depot for the opium trade, and as a consequence, the worst characters in the country congregated here. It was at the house of one of these bad men that I expected to find the person I was in pursuit of.

"In the suburbs of the village, in an isolated house, lived a desperate fellow called Antonio, a Spanish Malay. He was ever ready to cut a man's throat for a dollar, and would not mind much whether it was counterfeit at that. He was a sworn friend of Aling, they being bound together by some devil's-bond which is known to the rascality of all the East. I lost no time in besetting his house, and beat in the front door in order to surprise Aling should he be there. The door had begun to yield to our repeated blows, when a voice in the rear attracted my attention. I ran around the house, just in time to discover a man jump from the window. Quick as thought I levelled my revolver and fired. He fell, and I, thinking him dead, returned my pistol to my belt. But I soon found out my mistake, for he was up and off in a moment, and before I could fire again he was beyond the range of my shot. He ran, and I after him, across the heavy, wet rice fields, while the rest of my party followed after me. I was almost certain of taking him, for his course lay in the direction of a creek, some thirty yards wide, and I thought I should be able to shoot him while he swam across. But fortune favored him, for I slipped and fell, and before I could regain my feet and reach the bank, he had crossed, and was beyond my reach. I still pursued him, crossing a bridge a short distance down the creek, and ordered my men to spread themselves so that he could not double on us. For three miles further on we kept, and at length I got sight of him again. I took a wider range than the rest of my party, knowing the country well, and that another and wider creek was just ahead, which his direction would make it necessary for him to cross. I was right in my calculation. He did not care to take to the water this time, and so coursed the bank down to a bridge which I had reached before, by a shorter cut, and where I lay in ambush behind the battlements. He did not discover me until within thirty yards, when I sprang out and ordered him to stand, or I would fire.

"He heeded not what I said, but plunged into the stream. Before he had reached the opposite bank I put a ball through his back. He sank, then rose again, struggled up the bank and fell. I ran across the bridge and stood over him. He appeared to be dead, but as I laid my hand upon his shoulder to turn him over, quick as lightning he sprang to his feet, and drew a long, bright dagger, which flashed like a meteor over my head. Now began what I knew full well would be a struggle for life and death. I had barely time, by catching his descending arm, to save myself from the blow aimed at my heart. As it was, I received a deep wound in the fleshy part of my breast, the point of the dagger glancing off upon my ribs. We clenched in a death-gripe, and fell together. For ten minutes we fought and rolled over and over, he using his teeth wherever he could get hold with them, while I clutched the hand in which he held the dagger. The time seemed an age!—would my people never come up? He was a strong man with the strength of desperation. He plied his disengaged hand to some purpose, for I was bruised fearfully, as well as bitten. I was growing weaker and weaker every moment, and a feeling of despair came over my heart. It now took both my hands to hold that in which he held the dagger, and even this was becoming impossible. A fortunate idea suddenly suggested itself to me, which, I think, saved my life.

"We were down upon the ground, and I only acting in self-defence. In a moment, with a superhuman effort I sprang to my feet, and with a bound planted them both upon his chest as he lay prostrate. This stunned him, and with another and another jump he lay senseless at my feet. My revolver had been lost during the struggle, but I wrenched the dagger from his hand, and had just raised it to plunge it in his heart, when for the first time I saw his face sufficiently to recognize he was not the man I was after. I did not strike, but lowered my hand. My party soon came up, when we ironed him and took him to Shanghai, and delivered him to the Chinese authorities. It turned out that, though I had failed to arrest the rebel chief, I had captured one of the most formidable and desperate villains in the country; one who had committed several murders, but had until now successfully defied or eluded justice. A few weeks after, having recovered from my wounds, I witnessed his execution; and so ends my story of shooting the wrong man."

FACTS OF PROGRESS.

To those who now surround the family fireside when the curtains are snugly drawn, and cold winds whistle along the impervious walls and windows, it must be interesting to know that at one time their ancestors lived in houses formed only of one room, having a fire in the centre of the floor, around which they used to lounge or sit, and spread for bedding at night the skins they wore for garments by day. The roof formed a cone, which answered the double purpose of a chimney and a window; through its large orifice the rain and hail fell, driving down large flakes of soot, and the wind moaned like the solemn voice of a troubled spirit lamenting the ignorance of mankind. At a much later period, and long after the invention of glass, that article was deemed such a luxury that noble families, when leaving their town residence for the country season, had the window panes removed and carefully packed in straw for security. Glass was not then such as we now have; it was tinged with a sickly color, was uneven in surface, and full of specks and imperfections. Pewter, from which working-men now quaff their pints of porter, was such a luxury that noblemen used to hire it for banquets from brokers, as they now sometimes hire gold and silver.—*Philp's History of Progress in Great Britain.*

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THE ARMORY OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Such readers as may not have had an opportunity of seeing the Tower of London, and the armory which it contains, may be informed that it is a large collection of fortified buildings surrounded by a moat or ditch, that it contains several streets, and that it covers upwards of twelve acres of land. It was begun by William the Conqueror in the eleventh century, and was used as a royal palace till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Since that period it has been, and still is, used as a state prison. Here the amiable but unfortunate Lady Jane Gray was first confined and then executed; and here Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his history of the world. The White Tower, which is the most important part of the fortress, is a large square building in the centre. On the top there is a watch-tower at each corner. One of these was used as an observatory before that at Greenwich was built, and it still retains the astronomical name. In this tower there are a variety of apartments, which contain various sorts of arms and the models of different war-engines presented to government. On the top there is also a large cistern, which is filled from the Thames by a water-engine, and which is intended to supply the garrison with water. It is said that the sea armory in this tower is furnished with arms for fifty thousand sailors and marines.

The grand storehouse, before its destruction by fire in 1841, was a large and handsome brick building of the time of William III. The ground floor formerly contained part of the royal train of artillery, among which was one of the earliest invented cannon, formed of bars of iron, hammered and bound together with iron hoops. This cannon was moved, not on a carriage, but by six rings conveniently placed for the purpose of locomotion. This room was used as a storeroom for small arms, ready packed, to be sent off to any part where they might be required on the shortest notice. Above this room was that of the small armory, reckoned one of the finest rooms of the kind in Europe. It is said to

comes up, because he always selects the seed himself, and hangs it up by the husks in the garret, where it is thoroughly dried. He does not plant until the sun has warmed the soil enough to give the germ an immediate start. His wheat fields he drains with tile, and the water that used to freeze and thaw on the surface, and throw the roots of the wheat out and kill them, now passes down into the drains and runs off. His fields are green and beautiful in the spring, when his neighbor's are russet, brown and desolate. His fences are in good repair, and his animals are not made breachy by the continual temptation of dilapidated walls. His wife and children are comfortably clothed and fed, and are not kept in a continual fret and worry by a husband and father who has no system or energy in his business. "A time and place for everything," is his motto carefully carried out. The shoemaker is always called in when his services are needed, and none of his household get wet feet, catch cold, have the lung fever, and run up the doctor's bill of twenty dollars, for want of a cent's worth of leather at the right time in the right place.

Smith does not believe in luck. He knows that health in the family and thrift upon the farm depend upon a thousand little things that many of his neighbors are too lazy or careless to look after. So while they are at the tavern, or loafing in the village, or running a muck in politics, he is looking after these little things, and laying his plans for next year. He has good corn even in the poorest year, because the soil has the extra manure it needs to bring out good long, plump, well-capped ears. He meant to have eighty bushels to the acre, and he has it, good measure, and running over. Talk to him about luck, he will say to you: "It's all nonsense. Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking on and seeing how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right. He rarely fails."—*American Agriculturist*.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

During the latter part of this journey I was suffering much from my knee; I also began to feel the effects of a violent cold, caught during the storm on the Tchoussowaia, and was apprehensive that I should be laid up with a fever. On entering the director's room after my arrival at the Navod, noticing my indisposition, he immediately ordered tea; his next step was to send for a physician. In the course of half an hour the latter arrived, and, seeing the condition I was in, directed that I should at once go to bed, while a Russian bath should at once be prepared for me. This was commencing business in earnest. In due time the bath was got ready, to which I was carried by two sturdy Cossacks. Having laid aside my last clothing the body guard placed me on the top shelf of the bath-room, within an inch of the furnace, if I may so call it, and there steamed me till I thought my individuality well nigh gone. After about forty minutes of drubbing and flogging with a bundle of birch twigs, leaf and all, until I had attained the true color of a well done craw-fish, I was taken out and treated to a pail of cold water, which was dashed over me from head to foot, that fairly electrified me. I found myself quite exhausted and helpless, in which condition I was carried back to bed. I had scarcely laid down ten minutes when a Cossack entered with a bottle of physic of some kind or other, large enough apparently to supply a regiment. The doctor followed instead of preceding the apothecary, and instantly gave me a dose. Seeing that I survived the experiment, he ordered the man in attendance to repeat it every two hours during the night. Thanks to the Russian bath, and possibly the quantity of medicine I had to swallow, the fever was forced, after a struggle of eight days, to beat a retreat. At the expiration of this time a returning desire for green fields and mountain scenery convinced me that I might safely resume my journey, which I was soon enabled to do.—*Atkinson's Siberia*.



VIEW OF GALWAY, IN IRELAND.

have contained arms sufficient for one hundred and fifty thousand men, all arranged in the most beautiful order. Why should not this state of things be restored? Why should we not increase it to an armory sufficient for two hundred thousand men for the defence of the country?

It is thought by many that the great fire which consumed the grand storehouse destroyed all the armories and the antiquities which they contained; but this was not the case, for some were preserved in the White Tower, and some in the Horse Armory. The latter is a modern edifice, built against the south side of the former. It contains a curious collection of suits of armor from the time of Edward I. to that of James II., arranged in chronological order. In the Spanish Armory there is a collection of weapons of war and instruments of torture, conjectured to have been found among the spoils of the Spanish Armada. Among other instruments of death are to be seen also the axe with which Anne Boleyn and the lamented Lady Jane Grey were beheaded.—*London Journal*.

LUCK IN FARMING.

There are few words oftener upon the lips of a certain class of farmers than luck. Smith is a "lucky dog" because his corn never rots, his wheat never winter-kills, his sheep never get into his rye, and his cows never invade his meadows or orchards. His crops are better than his neighbor's, his butter brings more in the market, and even his wife and children have a more contented look than other people. Everything he touches thrives. What a lucky man Smith is!

Now the fact is, luck has nothing to do with Smith's success in life. If you watch the man, you will find that every result he reaches is anticipated and planned for, and comes of his own wit and work. It is the legitimate reward of his labors, and it would have been bad luck had it turned out otherwise. His corn always

GUIZOT ON BONAPARTE.

Since, writes the French statesman in his "Memoirs," I have had some share in the government of men, I have learned to do justice to the Emperor Napoleon. He was endowed with a genius incomparably active and powerful, much to be admired for his antipathy to disorder, for his profound instincts in ruling, and for his energetic rapidity in reconstructing the social framework. But his genius had no check, acknowledged no limits to desires or will, either emanating from heaven or man, and thus remained revolutionary while combating with revolution; thoroughly acquainted with the general conditions of society, but imperfectly, or rather coarsely, understanding the moral necessities of human nature; sometimes satisfying them with the soundest judgment, and at others depreciating and insulting them with impious pride.

Who indeed could have believed that the same man who had established the Concordat, and re-opened the churches in France, would have carried off the pope from Rome, and kept him a prisoner at Fontainebleau? It is going too far to apply this same ill-treatment to philosophers and Christians, to reason and faith. Amongst the great men of his class, Napoleon was by far the most necessary for the times. None but himself could have so quickly and so effectually substituted order in place of anarchy; but no one was so chimerical as to the future; for, after having been master of France and Europe, he suffered Europe to drive him even from France. His name is greater and more enduring than his actions, the most brilliant of which, his conquests, disappeared suddenly and forever, with himself. In rendering homage to his exalted qualities, I feel no regret at not having appreciated them until after his death. For me, under the empire, there was too much of the arrogance of power, too much contempt of right, too much revolution, and too little liberty.

VIEW OF GALWAY, IRELAND.

The general view of Galway on this page is taken from the deck of a steamer in the Bay of Galway, which is a large inlet of the Atlantic on the west coast of Ireland, between counties Galway and Clare, thirty miles in length and about ten miles broad on the average, well protected by the South Arran Islands. Galway acquires a fresh interest in American eyes from the fact that a regular line of steamers has just been established between that city and New York, of which our friend Pliny Miles, Esq. of New York is the agent. Galway lies in about the same latitude as Dublin on the east coast, and is connected therewith by a railroad; distance one hundred and five miles. It is situated on a small river which flows from Lough Corrib into Galway Bay. The population is about 20,000. It is intersected by several branches of the river, and is very irregularly built, the streets being mostly narrow and dirty, but from the number of its conventional structures and antique storehouses, communicating by archways with the street, its general appearance is picturesque. It has two bridges, one erected in 1342, some remains of ancient fortifications, a large collegiate church, founded in 1320, a modern Roman Catholic Cathedral, numerous monasteries and nunneries, a college and a grammar school, a county courthouse, town hall, town and county jail, three barracks, a county infirmary, a union work-house, a theatre, large flour mills, breweries and distilleries, a paper mill, foundry, some fisheries carried on by the inhabitants of the suburbs of Claddagh, with large exports of corn, flour, bacon, fish, kelp and marble. The harbor is furnished with docks admitting vessels of 500 tons burthen, and a light-house has been erected on an island opposite its entrance. Galway was conquered in 1232 by the Anglo-Normans under De Burgh, many of whose descendants still reside in the town. During the middle ages it had a flourishing trade with Spain, whence it derives the Moorish characteristics of much of its architecture.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DUHIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BIDDERER."—In floral language, the Larkspur is made the emblem of lightness, an appellation which the graceful airiness with which these flowers are placed on the branches fully justifies. The generic name of the plant is derived from the Greek word signifying "a dolphin," because the flower-buds, before they expand, are thought to resemble that animal. In the natural single state of this flower, the outer petals form a kind of horn-shaped nectary, at the head of the corolla, which is similar to the spur of the lark's foot. Hence the English name Larkspur.

A SUBSIDIARY.—Majolica is the finest description of the old Italian pottery, the manufacture of which attained its highest degree of perfection in the fifteenth century. The art of manufacturing this beautiful ware is said to have been introduced into Spain and Italy by the Moors, and the name *Majolica* is supposed to be derived from the Island of Majorca, where the finest kind of this Italian pottery was first produced. There is a tradition that Raphael himself as a boy commenced his artistic career by painting on Majolica plates and dishes, for which reason this kind of porcelain is sometimes called "Raphael Ware."

AMATEUR.—It requires great dexterity and care to gild picture-frames successfully. First lay on a coat of size and whiting, and next a coat of gold size. Whilst the latter is sufficiently damp to be adhesive, cover it with gold leaf, and afterwards whisk off the loose parts with a light brush.

Mrs. D. C., Charlestown, Mass.—The following recipe is recommended by a lady for cleaning black silk: Lay the silk smooth upon a board, and spread a little soap over the soiled places. Make a lather with Castile soap, and with a fine brush dipped in it, pass over the silk the right way, viz., lengthwise, and continue to do so till the silk is sufficiently scoured. Turn the silk and scour the other side in the same manner. Put it into boiling water, and let it remain for some time, and finally rinse it in gum water, and stretch it out till nearly dry; then press it with a cool iron.

INQUIRER, San Francisco, Cal.—The writings of Confucius are chiefly on the subject of moral philosophy; but there are among them two books which may be considered historical,—one relating to his own, and the other to more ancient times. The former contains all the information that was known respecting the state of the country at that period; but the latter is considered to be more trustworthy than historical, and is supposed to be merely a collection and arrangement of the records kept at the courts of the early monarchs. This work is called the "Shoo-King;" and there is another called the "Shi-King," containing all the ancient songs or poems of the country, which, it is recorded, used to be sung or recited before the emperors.

INVALID.—Cold fomentations are useful in sprains, but not until the active inflammation has subsided, and it is required to give tone and strength to the part. The best way of applying them is to put a thick bandage upon the part, and keep pouring cold water over it.

PEACEFUL USE OF GUNS.—A novel application of artillery to road-making has taken place in Department de l'Arriege, near the Pyrenees. The contractor found the process of blasting an overhanging rock rather difficult, and a battery of mortars of the 10th Regiment passing along, he telegraphed to Paris for leave to open fire on a crag sixty metres above the road over which it impended. A few rounds of ten-inch shell brought down the whole mass in fragments; 'twas the affair of ten minutes.

THE BEST SHOT.—The best shot ever heard of has been made in Calais, Maine, where a gentleman fired, in midnight darkness, at the bark of a dog, and the next morning found the animal dead, the bullet having hit him in the throat.

SPLINTERS.

.... Ex-Governor Boutwell will deliver an agricultural address at the cattle-show in Woodstock, Vermont, next month.

.... A dwelling-house in Franklin Street, which cost, seven-teen years ago, \$12,000, was sold lately for \$30,000.

.... In Central India, the rebels are again giving the British trouble—re-occupying forts from which they had been driven.

.... It is reported that Sir Allan McNab, of Canada, will be the first governor under the New Caledonia bill.

.... The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has memorialized government to protect British rights in the forced loan in Mexico.

.... A young man lately registered himself and lady at a New Orleans hotel—"S. B. J. and lady, on a *bridle tower*."

.... The canal boats of New York are henceforth to be propelled by steam—an improvement on towing by horses.

.... Ten times as many troops as there are now in Washington Territory will be needed to whip the Indians.

.... Six hundred and seventy ladies have petitioned the common council of Detroit to suppress concert and lager-beer saloons.

.... Mr. Macready, the ex-tragedian, has met with a terrible affliction in the loss of his only child, a daughter, just grown up.

.... The officers of American vessels in Havre were not permitted to fire guns and otherwise celebrate the Fourth of July.

.... There is chronic ill-will, and there have been not a few bloody encounters, between the French and native troops at Rome.

.... Cast-iron pipes reaching to the sea are recommended for the gigantic sewerage deemed essential to cleanse the Thames.

.... Deaths by drowning have been fearfully prevalent of late. The sea or river-bath is a tempting luxury, but caution is requisite.

.... A Melbourne, Australia, paper comments upon the extraordinary and unaccountable mortality of children in that city.

.... A strange freak of nature—a white robin—was lately observed hopping about in one of the gardens at Salem.

.... There is only one objection to "well-meaning" people, that is, they have not time for "well-doing."

.... The man who plants a birch tree little knows what a great blessing he is conferring on posterity.

.... The Rarcy family consists of four brothers, all of whom are very successful in the art of horse-taming.

.... The only brother of Henry Clay was a cabinet-maker. But a president's first job is cabinet-making.

.... Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience. Pedestrianism ought to be fashionable.

.... To drive rats out of your house, let the basement to a new band practising on wind instruments.

RE-BURIALS.

Quite a mania prevails at the present time for digging up the bones of the great men of the United States, and re-burying them with more or less of pomp and parade. The latest instances that have come to our notice, are the removal of the remains of James Munroe from New York to Virginia, and the exhumation of those of Ethan Allen. In both cases the purpose was to deposit the relics of the dead beneath imposing monuments, that should commemorate their worth. Not to be outdone by Vermont or Virginia, it is now proposed by the Rev. John Josey that South Carolina should take up the remains of General Marion and deposit them beneath an appropriate monument. Mr. Josey says that the relics of Marion "quietly sleep in his own family graveyard in Charleston district," as though this were a very reproachful circumstance. Now we should like to know where more appropriately could a great man's bones repose, "after life's fitful fever," than in the graveyard of his family, surrounded by the remains of his kindred? Doubtless it would be fitting and commendable to raise a monument to a great man's memory, and if possible, over the spot where his body lies buried; but the idea of removing those remains from their last resting-place for the sake of placing them beneath a monument seems little short of sacrilege. If a stately monument in some conspicuous place is desirable, let it be set up, as a tribute to patriotism and an incentive to emulation; but there is no necessity for disturbing the repose of the grave in order to enforce the sentiment which such a monument inculcates. We applaud the spirit of our people which prompts them to rear monuments to perpetuate the fame of those who have signalized their lives by service to the country, and would gladly see in every city and town of the Union stately structures to record the name and deeds of those who have contributed to build up the greatness of the nation. But we see not why the sanctity of the grave should be violated, with the mistaken view of adding to the interest of those monuments. The preacher tells us in the good book, "In the place where the tree falleth there shall it be;" and it certainly seems a fitter tribute to one whom we would honor, to permit his remains to repose in peace, than to remove them beneath the shade of a monument, however high. There is, moreover, nothing incompatible in the idea of a monument to perpetuate a hero's memory that it does not cover his remains. Who thinks the less of Bunker Hill Monument, that the bones of the patriot martyrs do not repose beneath the lofty pile; or of Chantry's Washington that it does not stand above the tomb of the Father of his Country?

To us the idea of a re-burial under any circumstances is repulsive rather than attractive, and we can see not the slightest sentiment of honor to the dead in thus disturbing their repose. We recall the sentiment of Shakspeare, the great poet of humanity, who upon this as well as all other subjects, experienced the feelings common to his race, and expressed them in words that find an echo in the human heart. In the epitaph upon his tomb, which there is every reason to believe he wrote with his own hand, he gives utterance to his repugnance to disturbing the remains of the dead in the following forcible language, expressed in the quaint style of his age:

"Good friend, for Iesva anko forbear
 To digg the dust enclosed heare,
 Blest be ye man yt spares thes bones,
 And evrst be he yt moves my bones."

THE TURQUOISE.

The beautiful gem known as the turquoise is so celebrated for its peculiar tint of blue that it has given a descriptive name to that soft, rich color known as turquoise blue. Yet though so lovely, the color is not permanent, but changes and fades out by age and exposure to the light. It is said that the color can be restored by keeping the gem for a long time in the dark. There are two kinds of the turquoise stone, known as the oriental and the occidental turquoise. The former is the best, and has the most permanent color. It is found in Turkey and Persia, also in Siberia, and has a different chemical composition from the latter. The occidental turquoise is found in Lower Languedoc, in the southeast of France, and is a fossil ivory, colored with the phosphate of iron. The other is a tri-phosphate of alumina, and derives its color from the oxides of iron and copper. Truly this was ordinary stuff for old Shylock to prize so highly, when he mourned over his run-away daughter's extravagance in giving his ring for a monkey, and exclaimed—"It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." But there was probably a trace of ancient sentiment still left in the hard heart of the Jew, and sentiment is a great alchemist in turning dross to gold.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—The school festival at Music Hall in this city last month was a complete success. It was a delightful sight to see the thousands of happy and innocent children, all neatly dressed, filing past our office and filing into the hall, where a true "feast of reason and flow of soul" followed. These celebrations are a great improvement on the old style.

FREE-LOVERS.—The citizens of Berlin Heights, Ohio, have resolved to purchase the property now held by the free-lovers in that town, with the purpose of effecting the entire expulsion of that disgraceful rabble from the place.

POETRY AND WOMAN.—Bulzal used to say that a woman without poetry was like a landscape without sunshine.

FIVE CENTS.—The price of Ballou's Pictorial is *five cents per copy*, everywhere.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

There is observed in the western heavens, just after sunset, and at the very place where the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, a body of pale whitish light, like that of the milky way, of a pyramidal form, inclined obliquely to the horizon, and extending far into the heavens. This pyramid of light is called the Zodiacal Light. It has the appearance of a double-convex lens, seen edgewise, and always accompanies the sun, though not visible from the same point of the earth at all seasons of the year. The most favorable time for observing it in our climate is about the period of the vernal equinox, in February and March. The pyramid is then less inclined to the horizon than at any other period, and consequently more readily visible. Hitherto it has been supposed that this singular appearance was due to the sun, and some astronomers attributed it to the effect of the sun's atmosphere. But Laplace, the great French astronomer, showed from its form and magnitude that this was impossible. Others have held that the zodiacal light proceeded from a nebulous ring around the sun, similar to the rings of the planet Saturn. But the fact that we see no direct appearance of any such ring around the solar orb, renders that hypothesis very questionable. The whole subject, indeed, has hitherto been involved in the greatest uncertainty.

Some new and original speculations have recently been put forth by Professor Nicol of England, based upon the observations of an American astronomer, who has been to Japan and other favorable points for investigating the subject. It seems that at Japan the zodiacal light, which is only visible here in the form of a cone, extending partially into the heavens, there reaches across the heavens from horizon to horizon, like a belt. Upon this appearance Professor Nicol argues that the light is reflected from a great nebulous ring surrounding the earth, or rather several rings. He makes the distance of these rings about 100,000 miles, and their breadth about 52,000; the depth being unknown. His theory is, that the rings are composed of millions of asteroids circulating round the earth, which reflect the light of the sun in certain positions of that luminary, and thus cause the light spoken of. There is also said to be a faint, slaty-colored ring within the others, which is contracting towards the earth at an accelerated speed, now amounting to eighty miles a year; and if the rate of annual approach should increase to one hundred miles, he thinks it would reach the surface of our planet in one hundred and eighty years. If this be so, it will be of the utmost importance to the people who inhabit the earth in the year 2038 to know what this supposed ring is made of. If it should prove to be made of meteoric stars, such as occasionally fall to the earth now-a-days, their lives would not be worth a pin's fee; for they and all that they possess will be battered to pieces and buried up with rocks. We shall need a little more direct evidence of the existence of these supposed rings, and of the solid substance of their component bodies, before we sound the alarm for posterity; for as at present advised, the substance of the zodiacal light appears to be so extremely rare that the smallest stars may be seen through it.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

The noble landscape scene which occupies the whole of our last page, is a reproduction of a celebrated painting by T. Creswick, one of the best of the modern school of landscapists. The engraver has accurately preserved the drawing of the composition and the bold effects of light and shade, the turbulent dash of the cataract and the vigorous handling of the foreground, which makes a strong base for the composition. The picture is boldly conceived, and displays masterly treatment in the execution. The mountain torrent, swollen by recent rains, rushes onward from the bank, and at its crest almost threatens to leap out of the canvass at the feet of the spectator; it is diverted below, however, by a solid block of shelving rock, across which lie some fir trees, divested of foliage. The water, foaming with rage, is full of motion and fluidity; but the truthfulness of its realization would be more apparent if the spectator could compare it with an actual waterfall in motion. Perched on the top of the rock wall on the left are some deer, whose forms stand out in plain relief against the sky in the distance, which is lighted up with the first rays of morn. On the opposite side a lofty mountain, crowned with a ruined castle, closes in and gives a romantic interest to the scenery which has much of the Scandinavian character about it.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MAXIM.—You must travel through a despot country so as to fully understand what the inappreciable luxury of liberty means; in the same way as, in order to appreciate the real blessing of health, there is nothing like walking through a hospital.

THE BEST ACID.—Martin Burney, whilst earnestly explaining the three kinds of acid, was stopped by Lamb's saying, "The best of all kinds of acid, however, as you well know, Martin, is nity, assid-uity."

A GENIUS.—A fellow who chopped off his hand, the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

ABOUT BETTING.—Somebody has discovered that when a betting man says he'll "take" you, he means that, if he can, he'll "take you in."

MATRIMONIAL.—The man who never says nothing to nobody, was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

EDUCATIONAL.—Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FAIRY.

BY EFF T. HATT.

A stream through the forest is flowing,
With banks of a beautiful green;
And the violet and wild roses growing,
Add beauty and life to the scene.
In a dell there secreted by flowers,
Is a spot so delightful and airy,
That often reclining for hours,
I watch and make love to a fairy.

I once saw her blue eyes n-peeping
From lilies and leaves floating there,
With glances so sweet and bewitching,
I'm conscious I whispered, "Ma chere!"
An echo the forest resounding,
Replied for the fairy so fair:
And back to the rocks came, rebounding,
The ominous sound of "Beware!"

I still see the fairy, but never
Of love will she speak, for her fears;
But the echo forever and ever
Keeps ringing its voice in my ears.
There's a moral, you see, in my story—
The spirits we covet and love
Are but frail, in their beauty and glory,
To the spirits who worship above.

A SONNET.

Things that now are beget the things to be,
As they themselves were gotten by things past.
Thou art a sire, who yesterday but wast
A child like him now prattling on thy knee;
And he in turn ere long shall offspring see.
Effects at first, seem causes at the last,
Yet only seem; when off their veil is cast,
All speak alike of mightier energy
Received and passed along. The life that flows
Through space and time, bursts in a loftier source.
What's spaced and timed is bounded, therefore shows
A power beyond—a timeless, spaceless force,
Templed in that infinitude, before
Whose light-veiled porch men wonder and adore.

FLOWERS.

O flowers!—O, gentle, never-failing friends,
Which from the world's beginning still have smiled
To cheer life's pilgrim as he onward wends,
Seems not your soothing influence, meek and mild,
Like comfort spoken by a little child,
Who, in some desperate sorrow, though he knows
Nothing of all life's grieving, dark and wild,
An innocent compassion fondly shows,
And fain would wend us back from fever to repose?—MRS. NORTON.

THE GLEN.

Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild-horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.—LONGFELLOW.

YOUTH.

In earlier days and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
I had—ah, have I now?—a friend!—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Everybody is out of town, or supposed to be—that is, everybody of any pretence to the *ton*. What matter if the city is cool and healthy—what matter if, from the woody heights of the country, or the broad expanse of the bay, the pleasant perfume of woodlands, or the fresh swell of the ocean, alternately sweeps over the irregular surface of Tri-mountain, we must expatriate ourselves in obedience to the "vermillion ukase" of Fashion. Yet we fancy that some few owners of palatial mansions are secretly indulging in the forbidden luxury of staying at home. We have detected butchers' boys with corpulent baskets at the back-doors of palaces, whose front blinds and windows were all closed, and over which the police had been requested to exercise a special surveillance, as the occupants had gone to Newport. From these same houses have been heard at midnight sweet airs of Bellini and Verdi warbled by delicious voices; and the romantic watchman, as he paced his rounds, has paused to listen, believing them to be haunted, but by spirits gentler than the rude ghosts of other days. . . . We neglected to notice at the time, the genuine Rubens, the "Penitent Magdalen," recently on exhibition at Cotton's. It was a well-preserved painting of the great master—powerful in conception, and splendid in execution. But what a pity that Rubens had a Dutchman's taste in the matter of female beauty, and Dutch women for models! The left arm of the Magdalen was as muscular as a Boston truckman's—and a carress from a pair of such arms would certainly strangle a Hercules. . . . It is well worth one's while to step into the vestibule of the Boston Athenaeum, and notice the beautiful painting and gilding which have been lavished on the walls and ceiling. We never saw any decorations at once so rich and chaste. . . . What delicate compliments a Frenchman's *esprit* will conceive! In a house where Fontenelle had died, some one had just shown the company a trinket so delicately wrought that no one dared to touch it for fear of breaking it. Every one was delighted with it. "For my part," said Fontenelle, "I do not love anything that calls for so much respect." At that moment the Marchioness de Flammarens entered. She had overheard him. He turned, perceived her, and added, "I do not say this for you, madame." . . . Piron once had a suit against one of his neighbors, to learn at the expense of which party a court-yard common to both should be paved. The judge was on the point of assessing the expense on Piron, when he, knowing that the magistrate was an unlettered man, supported his position by this passage from Jeremiah: *Pavement illi, ego non pavavi*. The judge did not know what reply to make to the quotation, and ordered the yard to be paved at the expense of the neighbors. . . . Marmontel, who wrote very poor verses, wrote a treatise on poetry, and undertook to teach the art he practised himself so badly. In reference to this essay Piron said:—"Marmontel is like the legislator of the Jews; he shows every one the promised land he will never enter himself." . . . An old courtier was asked how he had managed to prosper at court so long. "My secret," he replied, "has

been to receive affronts, and return thanks for them." . . . During the war of 1778, the English captured a French vessel, on board of which were several enses addressed to Buffon and others for the king of France. The English admiralty sent Buffon his cases with a polite note and confiscated the king's. So that sometimes it is better to be a king of science than a king of men. . . . Some one regretted that nature had not furnished our ears with a sort of lid which might close to exclude annoying and foolish remarks, as we close our eyes against the light that troubles them. . . . A return of the total number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to America during the past three years has been printed. In 1855 it was 121,801, of whom 23,958 sailed in British ships. In 1856 it was 129,093, of whom 31,199 sailed in British ships. In 1857 it was 148,648, of whom 50,000 sailed in British ships. The proportion taken by American vessels therefore, is steadily decreasing. . . . The three eldest surviving graduates of Harvard College are the venerable Rev. Abiel Abbott, D. D., of West Cambridge, of the class of 1787; William Sawyer, Esq., of Boston, of the class of 1788, and the Hon. Josiah Quincy, sen., of the class of 1790. Mr. Abbott is nearly 93, and Mr. Quincy is in his 87th year. Both these gentlemen are quite vigorous for persons of their advanced age. Mr. Sawyer's eyes have failed him of late years, and he is rarely seen on "Change, as in former times. . . . The Washingtons and the Bonapartes are united in the person of Madame Murat, who has been appointed vice-regent of the Mount Vernon Association for Florida. She is the grandniece of Washington through the Lewises. By her marriage with Achille Murat she became the niece-in-law of Napoleon the First. . . . The Eutaw, Ala., Observer says that Dr. E. F. Bouchelle is engaged in exploring the mountain regions of Alabama, with a view of ascertaining the extent of mineral resources, and collecting mineralogical and geological curiosities. Dr. Bouchelle has exhibited one of the most interesting geological curiosities ever seen. It is a globule of water, moveable and visible, encased in primitive rock. . . . The New Bedford Standard states that there is a house in Westport, now in good condition, which was built about the time of the Indian war, something more than two hundred years ago. The timber is of mammoth dimensions, and looks good for another century at least. The house belongs to the estate of the late Capt. Abner Davis. . . . A romantic looking, comfortable brick mansion, with a splendid garden contiguous, on Fifty-first Street, New York, has the reputation of being haunted; the owner cannot get a tenant for it at half price. At 12 o'clock every night the ghost makes an exhibition of himself at the windows. The place was searched by the police and others the other night, but his ghostship kept shady. . . . The grand concert of the choir in rehearsal for the Centenary Festival, in commemoration of Handel, which takes place next year, came off per announcement on the 2d of July, at the Crystal Palace, and was on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The chorus numbered 2000 voices, and the instrumental force comprised 400 players, including the bands of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera, the Amateur Musical Society, the Crystal Palace, together with the Crystal Palace Wind Band, and the bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards. There were, moreover, twelve harps, and the monster organ of Gray and Davidson added its musical thunders to the aggregation of sounds. . . . A full account of the burial of Dr. Mitchell on the summit of Mount Nitchebel, in North Carolina (the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains), is given in the Raleigh Register. Dr. M. lost his life, it will be recollected, while engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which his remains now repose. The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive. . . . S. S. West, a young man from Palmyra, Wayne Co., died recently at Marquette, Lake Superior, of injuries received by diving. He went to bathe—his foot slipped as he went to jump from a pier, and he fell upon his head in shallow water. His head was thrown back so as to paralyze the spine and whole body. He survived for a few days only. . . . Professor Agassiz recently announced publicly that he regarded himself "no longer a European," saying that he designed to remain in America, if for no other reason, to show the world that learning here could be free from the trammels of routine, as our forefathers made our government free from the interference of all external powers. . . . A reporter at Toledo, charged with the duty of reporting the fourth of July oration, got nearly the whole of the Declaration written down instead, before he discovered his mistake. He exhausted his funds in treating, and has now "hired out" cutting bushes. . . . Chevalier J. G. Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister, is spending the summer at the Nahant Hotel. . . . The old and erroneous idea that the whole region of the Rocky Mountains north of the 40th parallel is a sterile region, presenting an almost unbroken field, is completely refuted by Gov. Stevens's exploration. One of the officers of his party, Lieut. Saxton, says in his report—"I find that my previous ideas of this Rocky Mountain range are, so far as this section is concerned, entirely erroneous. Instead of a vast pile of rock and mountains almost impassable, I find a fine country, well watered by streams of clear cold water, and interspersed with meadows covered with a most luxuriant grass." . . . A young Shaker and Shakeress lately left the Niskayuna settlement, rushed to Troy, got a carriage, got a minister, and got married. The young lady appeared next day in a crinoline skirt eight feet round, while the young gentleman mounted a pair of patent leather boots, ordered up a box of cigars, and commenced shaving for a moustache. Think of that—a Shaker with a moustache! . . . Several of the continental journals publish the translation of a letter addressed by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to M. de Lamartine, on the subject of the latter's pecuniary embarrassments. The English novelist expresses profound admiration of the French poet, sympathizes with him in his difficulties, and offers his cordial co-operation in the measures undertaken for his relief. . . . The health of Mrs. General Scott has so far improved, that she contemplates returning home soon, we are gratified to learn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAMILY AQUARIUM. By HENRY D. BUTLER. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann Street. This little treatise contains familiar and complete instructions for the construction, fitting up, stocking and maintenance of the Fluvial and Marine Aquarium, or Ocean and River Gardens, which are now such a rage. It is entirely original and adapted to the country, written in a pleasing and popular style. No lady needs further instruction than this work contains for fitting up an aquarium for her parlor table. The book is sold at 50 cents by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.

NEW MUSIC—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "Old Rosin the Bow," with variations; "Row, Row, Homeward we go," song, words by J. E. Carpenter, music by N. J. Spolie; "Kitty alone and I," solo and chorus, and "Christina Quickstep and Polka," by Mrs. H. L. Greene, dedicated to Mrs. J. W. Sullivan.

TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE, SINGLE AND MARRIED. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 261. 1858.

This work is dedicated, by permission, to Henry Ward Beecher. It contains a series of sensible and frankly written essays, addressed to young men and young women on subjects intimately connected with the well-being of society—such as manners, habits, dress, food, marriage, accomplishments, the rearing of children, etc. For sale by E. O. Libby & Co.

BELLE BRITAIN ON A TOUR AT NEWPORT, AND HERE AND THERE. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 359. 1858.

It is well understood that the author of these letters never wore the crinoline, even at a fancy dress ball—and that indeed Mr. Fuller, formerly of the New York Mirror, and one of the most sparkling writers in this country, is responsible for them. The assumption of a feminine *nom de plume* was at first a pleasant mystification, and very well managed. He has done well to collect his fugitive letters, for they are full of grace and wit, and describe American life and scenery very felicitously. Few more readable volumes have issued from the American press. Their style is vivid and original, reminding us of that of the best French feuilletonists. This fascinating work may be obtained of Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The late arrivals do not bring us much political news of importance. Hard fighting is still going on in India.—The movements of Louis Napoleon are, as usual, shrouded in mystery.—Queen Victoria has been visiting her married daughter at Pottadam.—Mr. Bentley, the noted London publisher, announces a new Quarterly Review, the first issue to be made on the first of November, and the regular time of publication to be on the 1st of February, the 1st of May, the 1st of August, and the 1st of November, in each year.—The Prince of Wales, transport, arrived at Gravesend with 220 sick and wounded from India. During the voyage eight deaths occurred on board. A large number of invalid troops are suffering from wounds received during the relief of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell.—There has been a serious outbreak among the students of Leipzig, who, for some very trifling cause, have risen in open rebellion against the academical authorities, and have been carrying their violence so far as to render it necessary to call in the aid, not of the civil power alone, but of the military.—The weather in England continues in all respects favorable for the growing crops, and the cutting of wheat has commenced.—King Leopold, of Belgium, has proposed giving a gold medal, valued at 100 francs, and 1500 francs, in sterling coin, to the playwright who produces the best comedy in the Flemish dialect.—The Loudon literary journals make copious extracts from the autocrat's contributions to the Atlantic Monthly, and the selections are widely copied by the English newspapers generally.—Fuad Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador Extraordinary at Paris, has received a telegraphic despatch announcing that the Porte promises all the satisfaction in his power for the murder of the French consul at Jeddah, and that the Arabs who committed the crime shall be visited with condign punishment.—The Shakspeare autograph is enshrined in the British Museum. It lies on velvet, in a sloping mahogany case, with a plate glass before it, and a curtain of blue silk to protect it from strong light.—Earl Malmesbury, in reply to representations of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, in regard to the forced loan in Mexico, says the subject was under consideration by the law officers of the crown.—It is rumored that the Panama route is to alternate with the Suez route for the fortnightly mails between England and Australia.—St. Petersburg letters say the military character of the administrative system for Poland is about to be superseded by a new system, in which the civil element will predominate.—Further outrages in Turkey against the Christians are reported.

The "Decline of the Drama."

In the address closing the season at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Mr. Buckstone said:—"I can never join in the dreary cry of the decline of the drama—for why should I?—and, taking the present state of the stage generally, there is no reason for such talk; for where rhymesters in addresses, and old playgoers in newspapers, prate of the drama being bankrupt, it can generally be traced to authors who cannot get their plays acted, ambitious actors out of engagements, or more frequently to that portion of the public which never pays for admission. And what is this state of bankruptcy? One prosperous manager (Mr. Webster) is re-building his theatre. The old Adelphi was not large enough, or convenient enough, and therefore he intends to give you a more commodious and a handsomer house. Is he bankrupt? Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's, places before you the plays of Shakspeare, produced in a manner unknown and undreamt of by the Garricks and the Kembles, and his theatre is nightly filled by admiring audiences. Is he bankrupt? Are the worthy lessees of another thriving theatre, the Olympic, bankrupt? As Brutus says, 'I pause for a reply.' No, ladies and gentlemen, give the public anything good, and that public will come to see it, and in greater numbers than it did fifty years ago."

Pocket-picking on the Railway.

A few days ago an ingenious theft was committed on the North British Railway by an *attache* of the swell mob, aided by two of his light-fingered brethren. It was planned in the following manner:—The fellows stationed themselves at the North British Railway Station, scrutinizing each person who obtained a ticket; and on seeing a lady walk up and take out a purse with some pieces of gold, one of them gave the hint to his companion, who followed the lady and took his seat in the carriage with her. The conduct of the three men was fortunately observed by Mr. M'Adam, of the Bay Horse Inn, and he also got into the carriage. On arriving at Portobello he noticed that, while the lady was delivering her ticket to the collector, one of the fellows dexterously abstracted the purse from her pocket. He at once collared the thief, who dropped the purse, which was restored to its owner. The man was taken to the police office, but as the lady did not appear against him, he was liberated.

Americans in Rome.

The Roman correspondent of a London paper writes:—"There have been, besides aristocracy and royalty, celebrities not to pass unnoticed in crowds among the foreign visitors here during the past season. Hawthorne and his family spent a part of the winter here; and it is but a few days since I had the honor of being introduced to another of America's illustrious sons, Mr. Bryant, who had been travelling in Spain and Italy, with his lady, a daughter, and a beautiful niece. I found this veteran poet then on the eve of his departure for Florence, and was most favorably impressed with his venerable aspect, quiet dignity, and unassuming simplicity of manners.

Shakspeare's Birthplace.

The late Mr. John Shakspeare, who died recently at Langley Priory, Leicestershire, has bequeathed by his will the sum of £2500 pounds, to carry out the work set on foot by him during his lifetime (when he gave a similar sum to aid of a public subscription), of restoring the birthplace of Shakspeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, to the condition which it was during the lifetime of the poet. He has also bequeathed a sum of £60 a year in perpetuity in furtherance of the same object.

Bank of Ireland.

The Dublin Freeman states that "the Bank of Ireland will in future pay cheques from £1 upwards, instead of £5, as heretofore, and are having their cheque-books printed on tinted paper of a yellowish tinge, to frustrate any attempt either at alteration of the amount, or obliteration of the crossing. The power to issue small stamped cheques will be a convenience to many persons, and the penny each prevents an unnecessary use of the privilege."

Death on the Stage.

During the performance of the Theatre du Chateau des Fleurs, at Marseilles, recently, one of the dancers, Mdlle. Agathe, while engaged in the ballet in the "Argonaute," suddenly fell to the ground. She was carried off the stage and medical assistance procured, but life was extinct. It is supposed that death was caused by the rupture of an aneurism.

A Telegraph Project.

In a letter to the chairman of the Galway Harbor Commissioners, Mr. J. Orrell Lever states that he is in a position to lay a wire of Atlantic Telegraph between Galway and Halifax, and that he has offered to do so, saving the company £30,000, and taking that amount of interest in the company.

Reforms in Russia.

"A letter from St. Petersburg," says the Nord, "states that the emperor of Russia, continuing the series of reforms which he contemplates introducing into Russia, intends to give up to private companies the working of the mines of all kinds with which nature has so liberally endowed the country."

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

G. P. R. James, it is said, has accepted the consul generalship of Odessa, and is about to leave Richmond. This is to be regretted, because Mr. James has behaved admirably in this country.—A boy's rendition of a proverb: "Spoil the rod and spare the child."—The Court Journal gives the rumor that the sultan, fully persuaded of the necessity of a personal interview to settle the political questions pending between France and Turkey, has determined to visit Paris, and that the Greek bankers of Paris have furnished the necessary funds.—The hackmen of New York have formed a protective union.—An ornithological committee on poultry was recently appointed for the Maryland State Agricultural Society, by Mr. Merryman, the president. The names of the committee were Parrott, Dove, Partridge, Bird and Robin.—The New York Tribune regards the new line of steamers between Galway and New York as a fixed fact.—Jacob Schoyer, a copper-plate printer, born in Baltimore, being unable to provide food for his wife and eight children, bought an ounce of laudanum at 463 Ninth Avenue, New York, swallowed it at the druggist's door, and died the same night.—The firemen of Salem are about forming an association for the benefit of disabled firemen.—The old cockerel is again perched on his favorite roosting-place on the Hanover Street Church steeple. He appeared pleased to get back, and it was confidently expected by some of the spectators that he would flap his wings and crow, for gladness.—At Whithy, Canada, during a hailstorm which lasted an hour, the crops were destroyed, houses unroofed, and a schooner was dismantled.—Two hundred thousand pounds of wool have been purchased at Ann Arbor, Michigan, during the season just passed. If the price averaged thirty cents a pound, the proceeds were \$60,000.—The German papers are loud in their praise of the excellent appearance of the vines on all noted points on the Rhine.—A woman named Kehl, residing in Philadelphia, attempted to commit suicide in a novel way. She secured a rope, and fastening one end to the window-shutter and the other around her neck, jumped from the window. She was seen by some citizens, who cut her down, and applied the proper restoratives.—Here is a piquant extract. "He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was lost on the coral reefs."—The subject of the propriety of admitting females into the University of Michigan is now before the regents.—The marriage of a loved child may seem to a parent a kind of death. Yet therein a father pays but a just debt. Wedlock gave him the good gift; to wedlock then he owes it.—At St. Louis, when a steamer crowded with passengers bursts, it is called "elevating the masses."—The sloop yacht *Una*, now lying at Nahant, made the passage from the foot of Tenth Street in New York to Boston Light House in thirty-two hours. Who can beat this? At no time during the passage did she make less than eleven knots per hour. Coming through Vineyard Sound she made fifteen.—Col. Alexander Wilson of Philadelphia has been appointed United States District Attorney for the Territory of Utah.—The Montreal Advertiser believes that the celebration of American Independence has cost more loss of life and limb than the contest which established it.—The tables of mortality show that the lives of editors, compared with other men, are comparatively short. They wear out before their time, as if the only hope they have for a respite from their great troubles is an early release from them.

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

A CAUTION.—Let no one resort to spirituous liquors as a tonic, they will never accomplish the desired end, but rather defeat the very object for which they are used. The Oxygenated Bitters have no equal as a tonic medicine. They contain no alcohol, and are especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females, suffering from debility or from any derangement of the natural functions. This long-tried and excellent specific may be procured of all responsible druggists throughout the country, and is endorsed by the medical faculty.

A HINT TO WIVES.—Cultivate your nerves. You can't pet them too much. Something will always be happening in the house, and, unless your husband be worse than a stone, every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be cured by the jeweller.

A MISTAKE.—It is an old belief that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place." This is a popular error, as a gentleman residing in Brunswick, Maine, can testify, his house having been struck twenty-seven times in the last fifteen years.

Wayside Gatherings.

A strawberry plant was lately on exhibition in Albany on which could be counted upwards of four hundred berries.

It is said there is not a boot or shoemaker in the town of Welton, N. C., nor is there any within eight miles of it.

It is proposed in South Carolina to erect a monument to Gen. Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution.

The number of emigrants arrived at New York the present year up to July 21st was 40,561; during the same period last year the arrivals were 107,237.

The Falstaff Brigade at Mansfield, Ohio, on the 5th numbered fifty. The lightest man weighed 200; the officers weighed as follows: 248, 290, 237, 352, 250, 335.

The Salem Observer states that a white robin, something new under the sun, was observed recently on two or three successive days in a garden in that city.

The murrain or black tongue, that has been so destructive to the cattle and deer in East Florida, has appeared in the region of Apalachicola, where it is equally fatal.

A caravan of camels is being organized to facilitate the transit of emigrants to the territory of Arizona. The camels are to cross the intervening desert toward the Gulf of California.

A crusade has been begun upon the rag-pickers of New York, said to number 1500; their accumulations of refuse bones, rags, etc., are considered deleterious to the public health, and will be no longer permitted.

The Northampton Insane Hospital is now completed, and is ready for the reception of patients. It has cost the State \$315,000. It contains three hundred and fifty-two rooms, and is said to be thoroughly built.

The Lyons Academy, France, has offered a prize of 1200f. for the best work on the means of opening fresh sources of labor to females, and of placing the wages of women on a level with those of men, where equality of service is rendered.

They have a new mode of electioneering in Canada. The London Free Press has adopted the novel expedient of publishing the bumps of the respective candidates, phrenologically classified, and with their respective values more minutely given.

In 1667 Mr. Ashburnham was expelled from the House of Commons for taking a bribe of £500. In 1694 the speaker was expelled for taking a bribe of 1000 guineas from the city of London for passing the Orphans' Bill; Mr. Hungerford, for taking 25 guineas for the same bill.

An Arab soldier was being led out to be shot at Algiers, under a sentence of a military tribunal, when he suddenly pulled a knife from beneath his garments, and stabbed a corporal. He then threw himself on the ground, and resisted every attempt to make him rise. He was consequently shot as he lay.

Sanford Van Hensler of Montgomery county, N. Y., recently proposed a race with another young man, but had not run far when he fell, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. The unfortunate young man had burst a blood vessel, and died soon afterwards.

Albert G. Eldridge, a young man of good standing in Toledo, Ohio, became so dejected on witnessing the favor which a lady whom he loved bestowed upon another young man, during a recent trip of the steamer North Star to Detroit, that he jumped overboard in a fit of desperation and was drowned.

A splendid specimen of the agave, American aloe, or century plant, weighing two thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds, is about to bloom in Philadelphia. It is owned by Mr. George H. Stuart, who will place it on exhibition when in full flower, and give the proceeds to the Young Men's Christian Association.

The vice regent of the Mount Vernon Association for Alabama, Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, was honored by a most hearty response to the appeal she addressed to her State. Between seven in the morning and seven at night of the 5th of July, she received seven hundred dollars for Mount Vernon.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says the lake commerce of that city thus far this season far exceeds that of any previous year, and "we have every reason to expect to record at the close of navigation an increase of at least one-third in the flour and grain receipts over those of any former season."

Horace Vernet has just terminated a magnificent representation of the capture of Malakoff. The moment chosen for representation is that when General McMahon was advised to abandon once more the position, and when he sternly refused to do so. The painting is a highly successful and terribly real expression of the dreadful scene.

The British and foreign Medico Chirurgical Review shows that the habitual use of spirits arrests that metamorphosis of tissue which is necessary for health, leaving the effete tissue as a useless burden in the body, to be converted into that least vitalized of all the organic constituents, oil and fat, till finally life itself is clogged at the fountain-head.

Letters from Europe and India speak of the remarkable heat of the season. The last accounts from India reported the intense heat of the country as having a fatal effect upon the English troops. In the 35th regiment eighty-four deaths of apoplexy are announced. The London theatres have been deserted on account of the great heat, and several persons are reported to have died from the same cause.

As Mrs. Webb was going from her residence in West Rush, New York, to the house of her son, accompanied by her husband and a son eighteen years old, the husband, who had been drinking freely, suddenly drew a dirk knife and stabbed his wife in the side near the heart. He was instantly knocked down and secured by the son, but not before he had inflicted several dangerous wounds upon himself. His wife died the next morning, and it is thought he cannot recover.

On an Ohio River steamboat, recently, a young lady went screaming through the cabin declaring in the most piteous manner that her child had fallen overboard. The clerk immediately warned, through the speaking-trumpet, the pilot above. The engines were stopped and the small boat lowered; but after sculling about for some time in search of the child, the hunt was given up. The mother swooned away, and was carried to her room, where the little innocent was discovered in a profound sleep.

A three gallon jug of Rhine wine was lately found in the bed of the Miami Canal, sixteen inches below the surface. It had probably been dropped overboard by some passing boat, and the washings of the dirt had completely embedded it. The liquid was good old German wine. In addition to the three gallon jug, there was also found on the same day, in the bed of the canal, a lady's gold watch, a five franc piece, a leather purse with six dollars in gold and several quarters, a Bavarian kreutzer, and other small coin.

Sands of Gold.

.... No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.—*Juvenal*.

.... As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.—*Mason*.

.... Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but only for a time.—*Bovee*.

.... When laws, customs, or institutions cease to be beneficial to man, they cease to be obligatory.—*Beecher*.

.... I cannot call to mind that I have ever seen a face bearing the impress of bad passions, that did not also have upon it the stamp of suffering.—*Bovee*.

.... A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

.... Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

.... The strength of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way too. For God goes before and ploughs, and we can but follow after and plant our seed in his furrow.—*Beecher*.

.... Calumniators are those who have neither good hearts nor good understandings. We ought not to think ill of any one till we have palpable proof; and even then we should not expose them to others.—*Colton*.

.... We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants, if they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—*Lacon*.

.... Some are so censorious as to advance, that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravity of the human heart, must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease must be himself diseased.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a parish bell like a good story? Because it is often tolled.

What belongs to yourself, yet is used by others more than yourself? Your name.

Who smoked the first pipe? Prometheus when he stole the fire from heaven to light his clay.

Jones has purchased a hat for the head of navigation, and shortly expects to clap the climax.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

The young man who cast his eye at a young lady coming out of church has had it replaced, and now sees as well as ever.

Why does a lady with wealthy lovers around her hear more music than anybody else? Because she hears several millionaires at once.

A fellow in Albany is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was.

A hotel and livery stable keeper at a fashionable watering-place advertises, amongst other inducements to visitors, *sociables* for young ladies and gentlemen, and *sulkies* for married folks.

Some one inquires, in the name of Mrs. Partington, Why can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

If the people of any of the submerged towns of the Mississippi want their shops lifted out of the water, they had better send to Cincinnati for operatives. We see that there are a good many shop-lifters in that city.

All the ideas of King William III. were military. Being told that Dean Swift was a very clever fellow, and had done great service to his majesty, the king replied: "Very well, then I'll give him a troop of light dragoons."

It is stated in a Cape Cod paper that the mackerel, though not decreasing in numbers, are becoming every year harder and harder to catch. We suppose they are getting smarter and more knowing. It is a very natural supposition, for they are generally found in schools.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after twelve years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.

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It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has seventeen years of editorial experience in Boston.

It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

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Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, to one address, for \$3 50 a year.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.



THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.—FROM A CELEBRATED ENGLISH PAINTING.

[For description see page 125.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

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5 CENTS SINGLE. { VOL. XV., No. 9.....WHOLE No. 375.
\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

BENGAL SEPOYS SHAVED BY CHINESE, CALCUTTA.

We publish without hesitation another of our oriental scenes, embracing types of the strange people of the East, with whom European civilization is now being brought in contact in such a startling way. The Chinese who are operating on the Sepoys in the picture before us are the most dexterous Figaros in the world, and have not a little of that cunning and intriguing spirit with which Beaumarchais invested his immortal barber. In feature and figure the Sepoys differ essentially from the Chinese. Very slight, they are yet capable of great endurance; and though naturally mild, yet the sad record of the mutiny in India shows of what deeds they are capable when their passions are once thoroughly roused. When will this conflict end? is the question that every Englishman is now asking himself. The rebels have just found out where their strength lies, and that it is not in the attack or defence of fortified places, not in stricken fields, but in the harassing guerilla warfare to which they are so well adapted. How matters stand with them now is best explained in the following letter published in a late London print:—"There has been a very plentiful shedding of blood, and very great loss inflicted on the rebels. Since the beginning of the mutiny, and the insurrection which followed it, not less than 30,000 Sepoys, according to the most careful estimates, have been slain on the field, or have died of their wounds and diseases incident to the war. I should say that 8000 or 10,000 armed men and inhabitants of towns and

villages have also perished in encounters with our troops. As to those shot, blown away from guns, or hanged in pursuance of the sentences of civil or military courts, no materials exist by means of which an estimate of the number of mutineers and rebels so punished can be formed. Up to this time, there has certainly been no lack of work for the executioner. At every large station which I have visited, executions have taken place during my stay, but I have never been yet induced to witness one of these spectacles, which, indeed, take place so secretly that one object which the infliction of capital punishment has in view, to deter others from the commission of crime, must be frustrated. Thus you have missed many thrilling horrors, tales of men blown away from howitzers, or swung off from carts, and always meeting their death with resolution and courage, which they never exhibit in the field, or when the chances of life and death are undecided. Unconscious of the real force of the term, the admirers of such sights apply the term 'white Pandys' to those who are bold enough to remember they are Christians. Pandys—black or white—is the name of a savage, ferocious, merciless, blood-thirsty wretch, who has no pity and no stint in his lust for taking life,—who disregards the voice of religion and humanity, or has never heard it. Such a one is he who can write like this, almost as bad as he who can print and publish it—"I did not get a cut at any of the wretches, but I had the satisfaction of riding my horse over the heads and faces of the beasts as they lay on the field." Very different are

the sentiments which prevail in the army. The first fierce excitement having died away, the army is only animated by the common instincts which actuate British soldiers, and they are little desirous of continuing a war in which there is no mercy to the vanquished and no glory to the conqueror. The secret despatch of the directors to Lord Canning, although it will provoke a yell from the Jack Ketch party, will strengthen the hands of those who desire to see peace founded on some more solid basis than solitude and skeletons. We cannot declare a war of extermination against all those whom the Sepoy mutiny has drawn into the civil war, and against all those who favor rebellion. If as a Christian people we would do so, even as conquerors we could not carry out our own decrees. The Sepoys as organized bodies have disappeared. Our principal enemies now are matchlockmen and irregular horse; but it is only too evident that the feeling of the people in many districts is, if not decidedly hostile, so little sympathetic that they take no pains to aid us in any way, while in some districts they are, in spite of burnt villages and desolated towns, openly arrayed against us." There is reason to believe that a more judicious policy in the treatment of the natives of India will henceforth be pursued. The entire government system, as our readers are aware, has been changed; and when the armed rebellion is repressed, the allegiance of the natives will be solicited by caring for their wants and strictly upholding their rights. The law of force will never answer: the law of love must prevail.



BENGAL SEPOYS BEING SHAVED IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA.

THE DEMON OF THE HEART.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XII.

The music-master looked at Berthold; the young man's features wore an expression of sovereign contempt.

"You know nothing about it," he said, disdainfully.

"Nothing about it! I know nothing about it?" repeated Margaret. "Three days after old Robyn's death, Monck entrusted to me a secret, a secret fatal to the old cheat, for he has been coaxing and begging me for six months past to hold my tongue about it. Were this secret known to the lawyers, the will would be declared invalid."

"O my God!" exclaimed Conrad, with his hands upraised in thankful wonder. "May your words only be true, good woman. Berthold, then we shall rise superior to slander and calumny; nothing will obstruct your clear path then; your name shall shine as a star in the firmament of art. And this secret, my good woman, this secret?"

"What will you give me if I tell you?" asked Margaret, with provoking coolness.

"What do you ask? what do you want?"

"You must know I was to have been in old Mynheer Robyn's will, but Monck prevented it. If things had been as they ought to have been, I should have had a good legacy. You will give me that legacy?"

"How much, how much?"

"Why, a few thousand francs."

"How many thousand?"

"I will be reasonable. Is twenty thousand francs too much?"

"No; you shall have twenty thousand francs—twenty-five thousand francs—thirty thousand."

"That's what I call speaking to the point," said Margaret, exultingly. "You are men who don't think of refusing an old woman a bit of bread in her declining years. But may I rely on your word?"

"Doubt not, woman," answered Conrad. "The service which you render Berthold is worth the recompense you ask. You shall have the thirty thousand francs. Shall she not, Berthold? Are you contented, woman? Speak out now; what is this secret?"

"You won't deceive me? Well, I will tell you. The law declares that no will is valid which does not bear a date."

"Well?"

"Mynheer Robyn's will bears no date."

The music-master sprang up, opened a drawer in the table, and drew forth, with trembling hands, a slip of paper. He glanced at it, uttered a cry of despair, let the paper fall, and said, bitterly:

"Vile trickery!"

"Quick, be off!" interposed Berthold, addressing the astonished Margaret. "I was sure Monck had sent you to mock us in our poverty. O, if you were not a woman!"

"What is the matter with you both? Now I have told you the secret; do you mean to turn me away with reproaches? You don't know what I can do; I shall not let you off so."

"My good woman, you have been deceived. Here is an exact copy of the will; it bears date, April 20th. I am willing to believe that you did not come merely to insult us; but now go away."

"April 20th!" repeated Margaret. "Are you quite sure?"

"There is the copy of the will; if you can read, look at it for yourself."

"Has not this mockery lasted long enough?" growled the young man. "Are you going or not?"

"Wait one moment," said the old woman, rubbing her forehead; "let me think a bit. Ha, Monck has been pretending, has been cheating me! And why? What if my first suspicion were true? Yes, yes; now I see how it stands."

"What do you see?" said the music-master, despondingly.

"What do I see? Why, the will is a forgery; Mynheer Robyn never wrote it."

"Explain yourself; what do you mean?"

"Listen. Old Robyn always refused to make a will. We feared, Monck and I, that he would have a fit and die, without leaving us what he had promised. The very morning of his death, I begged him to make his will. All I could get out of him was, that he would make it within a fortnight if he did not get better, and that at the end of that time I might fetch a notary. There was no will; I am quite sure of that. Monck was alone with the old man for nearly an hour. The bell rang; I found Mynheer Robyn lying back dead in his chair, and was alarmed because I thought he had made no will. Monck told me there was one. Do you see what that means?"

"Go on, for Heaven's sake!"

"You must know that Monck can imitate old Robyn's writing so exactly that the master himself could never tell the difference. Two or three hours before his death, I had said to Monck, 'If he dies suddenly, write a will yourself.' I am sure Monck has followed my advice, and all he has said since was meant to make me forget this."

Conrad remained in deep meditation for a short time; then he ran to the wall, seized his cloak, threw it over his shoulders, and exclaimed:

"Berthold, the letter Monck wrote you! Quick, the letter!"

"What are you going to do?" asked the young man. "Where are you going?"

"The letter, the letter! O, Berthold, if this suspicion is correct, you will get your inheritance again, and that rascally Monck will be punished."

"Stay here," said Berthold. "You are ill, Conrad. To-morrow will be soon enough to inquire what ground there is for the old woman's suspicion."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the music-master; "no, no. If I have to run about all night, if I drop exhausted in the street, I will try to rescue Laura. To-morrow will be too late; to-morrow she is to marry Monck."

"You will rescue Laura?" cried Berthold. "What do you mean? I don't understand you. Can you hinder her marriage?"

But Conrad strode hastily out of the room, seized old Margaret's hand, and dragged her along with him, saying, as they went:

"Come, you must go with me to explain everything. Come, you shall have the thirty thousand francs. Follow me; run if you can; we have not a moment to lose."

As he went out, he cried to his friend:

"Berthold, by God's help everything will come right; life, love, fame, wealth, everything!"

Then his steps were heard resounding on the stairs, while Berthold fell on his knees, and breathed an earnest prayer to the Disposer of all human destinies.

"Come, Trees, step along," said an old woman to her companion, as they passed through the city gate, towards one of the suburbs. "Step along, or we shall be too late to see the bride. You, who have younger legs than I have, you ought to be able to keep up with old Beth. 'Tis easy to see women are getting worse and worse every day; when I was your age, I could have jumped over a five-barred gate as easily as I could walk three steps."

"Yes, but I don't like running along the street like a mad woman," answered the other. "Everybody is looking at us."

"What does that matter? Step out; poor people must not be so nice. 'Tis all very well for rich people, who are always afraid what others think of them. But we have nothing either to win or to lose, Trees."

Trees walked on awhile in silence. When they had gone some little way into the suburb, and had struck into a by-path, she asked:

"But, Beth, do you know the bride? Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes; I have seen her a few times at church. She gave me a franc once when I begged of her; but that must be five months ago."

"And is she really beautiful?"

"Very beautiful; like a picture."

"White complexion?"

"White as a lily."

"Black eyes?"

"Black as pitch."

"A little mouth?"

"Like a rosebud."

"Elegant in form?"

"Like the angels over the high altar."

"Well," said Trees, "there's one thing I can't understand. Rich people are generally so pretty, and fair, and graceful, while poor people are coarse and ungainly, with snub noses, big mouths, and bony arms. How is it? All are of one blood, surely?"

"Trees, Trees, you are running on finely with your tongue," answered black Beth. "I fancy God has ordered it for the best. Poor people have to work, and so they are coarse-featured and bony. What would such a tender creature as that do, if she had to go about in a fish-cart as I have? She would soon be killed outright, or else her limbs would soon become strong and coarse like mine, and the sun would tan her face till she was as black as I am. You see it is not in the blood. Take a rich man's child, and make her go about from a child with a costermonger's cart, and it would grow up as coarse and rough as you or I."

"And 'tis old Mynheer Robyn's clerk, the one who got all the old miser's money, who is to marry this sweet, pretty creature? Who would have thought it that night when we sat watching old Robyn's corpse? I shall never forget him, the ugly old sinner, with no eyelashes. If I had no husband, and he were to propose to me, I should scream with fright. Only fancy living all one's life with that ugly face opposite you! But how can so beautiful a girl love such an ugly wretch as that?"

"Money, Trees; money, my child."

"Money? 'But the man's the same for all that.'"

"Yes; a man as we fancy men to be. But we are wrong."

"A marriage without love! It must be a hell upon earth; and yet rich folk seem to live more peacefully than we do. There are many things in life beyond us, that's clear."

"Well, Trees, 'tis simple enough. What is the use of love in a family? To comfort one another in sorrow, to bear together the heavy burden of life till we come to the churchyard together. Those who have no sorrows, and sing and dance their way through life, what do they want with love?"

"I don't think you know much about it, Beth. How can you know in your garret what goes on in rich people's houses?"

"Was I not a charwoman for twenty years, and have I not slaved and toiled in a hundred great houses? And don't the servants tell everything that goes on?"

"And how are marriages made in rich houses, then?"

"You see, I will tell you all about it. Every girl knows beforehand what money she is going to have; 'but the heart is young and love is blind,' as the proverb says. It generally happens that the young girl has cast her eyes on some handsome, fine young fellow, without ever asking how much money he is to have. Then comes the father, who has to drive a bargain for her, and he shows the handsome young fellow to the door. Then the old

people begin to fear their daughter will give them trouble, and they look out a husband for her. Some fine day comes the father, and says to the girl: 'I have found so many hundred thousand francs for you; you will marry well.' She gets the husband into the bargain; and whether she has ever seen him or not, whether he is so ugly that little children are frightened at him, or whether he is a thorough rascal, that is never once thought of. The poor girl cries, sobs, and is very low spirited for a few days, and then she marries the money and the man."

"O, you are always abusing the rich!" said Trees, interrupting her. "What you have just described may happen once now and then, and so it is in our street sometimes. Some of our neighbors make their children marry against their inclinations for the sake of a trifle of money; but that cannot be the rule among rich people any more than among the poor."

"Yes, there is something in what you say, Trees; but anyhow, that's how it is with this old Kemenaer, whose daughter is going to marry a man as ugly as a brute only because he has lots of money. From her childhood she knew and loved a young gentleman who lived at Mynheer Robyn's, and her father had given his consent to their marriage. Everybody thought that Berthold—I think that is his name—was to have his uncle's money; but the will gave everything to the clerk. All at once the wind changed, and the young lady's affections set in another quarter. She loved Berthold; now she loves the clerk,—that is, her love went with the money. Step out a bit faster; only see what a crowd there is at Mynheer Kemenaer's door! Yes, yes, Trees, so things go on in great houses. We should say it was perjury and selling one's self; but what do we know about it?"

"Now, Beth, before we blame people, we ought to put ourselves in their place for a moment. If you were rich and had a daughter, you would not let her marry a young man who had not a penny in the world, would you? 'Gold buys butter,' says the proverb. And, after all, there is small love in a house where the mice die of starvation."

"True enough; I don't say she ought to have married Berthold, but are there no young men in her own station, that she must go and choose that old baboon without a bit of eyelashes, because he has a million? Well, here we are at last; stand just behind me; it must be a strong fellow who can push back old Beth. We must get close up to the door, or we shall not see the bride at all."

"O, Beth, what magnificent coaches! And the coachman with his bright livery; why, he is as gay as a parrot on his perch."

"Don't go too near the horses, Trees; they are not as civil as their masters. Look how impatiently they are pawing the ground, and how proudly they toss their heads. 'Tis the full manger that does that. Our old neighbor, the carrier's horse, is never so happy as when he can stand stock still. Horses are like men, child; some eat a good deal and work very little; others work themselves almost to death, and get very little to eat. Let us stand here close to his group of girls, and we shall hear what they say."

In front of Mynheer Kemenaer's house was assembled a large crowd of people, mostly women and girls of the lower ranks, who were gathered into little knots, and were discussing Laura's marriage to the wealthy Monck, and the splendid clothes she was to wear. One of them was busily explaining how Mademoiselle Kemenaer was to wear a dress of silver satin with lace white as driven snow; how she would be covered with diamonds from her head to her feet; and how she would dazzle every one who looked at her with the splendor of the jewels she was to wear in her ears, on her bosom, and on her wrists. The others were listening with gaping mouths and open eyes, and every heart was beating with envious longings.

As soon as the description of the gorgeous bridal dress was finished, all the listeners broke forth in exclamations of wonder; even black Beth clasped her hands and protested she could not believe anything so grand as that. Then the discussion turned on the happiness of the rich, and especially of Laura, who was not only rich herself, but was to be the wife of a man worth a million. How happy and proud she must be! She would have nothing to do all her life long but ride in her carriage, live in a chateau, have twenty servants to obey the least sign of her will; rich as the sea is deep, dressed like a queen, and making everybody stare with the brilliance of her appearance. What a lot was hers! These simple women and girls could imagine no higher bliss on earth; and if any one told them that Laura Kemenaer was sad, and that beneath the glittering diamonds was a heart that throbbed and ached with agony, they would only have marvelled at her ingratitude. And yet, while hundreds of her sex were envying the poor girl her happiness, poor Laura was enduring an anguish so intolerable that she prayed for death as a release.

In one of the upper rooms of Kemenaer's house were a few women—dressmakers, modistes, servants—busy in adorning the bride. Ordinarily on such occasions of joyful preparation, there is much cheerful gossip; as each article of dress is put on and its folds duly adjusted, there are compliments and exclamations of delight. Here, on the contrary, there reigned a dreary, unbroken silence. The women looked so solemn and so full of commiseration. There were no flatteries, no smiles; and if a word was uttered, it was in an under tone, and accompanied with a sigh.

Laura was standing amongst them with her eyes fixed on the ground. She submitted to be turned and arranged as the women pleased, and gave no sign of consciousness. She was pale as death. Around her thin mouth was a bluish circle, and her face bore signs of passionate and continuous tears. She trembled violently as she stood, and her limbs moved convulsively. Whenever a question was addressed to her, she answered it by moving her head, or by a look so sad, so despairing, that all around her were moved to tears. The whole scene was more like the pinioning of a prisoner to be led to the scaffold.

When at length the bride was ready and adorned with all her jewels, the attendants could not suppress the expression of their admiration. "How lovely! how splendid! how rich!" they whispered to one another. And indeed the bride was lovely to look on. A dress of watered satin, which seemed woven with threads of silver, clasped her bosom, and fell in graceful folds to the ground. A wreath of flowers crowned her jet black hair; from her head floated down a veil of lace, which enveloped her whole person in an enchanting transparent cloud. The green light of emeralds shone in her ears; the ruddy glow of rubies was on her arms; but it was on her bosom that the art of the jeweller had concentrated his costliest jewels into a flashing, dazzling focus of splendor. This was Monck's most valuable present; a spray of roses composed of brilliants so large, so numerous, and of such exquisite purity, that at every movement they sparkled and glanced like spires of keenest flame.

For some little time the astonished tirewomen stood gazing at the magnificent bride, and touching here and there a fold of her dress or of her veil. At length one of them said, in a tone which indicated pity rather than flattery:

"I wish you joy, mademoiselle; you are quite ready."

Laura moved slowly towards a chair, but the *modiste* in chief uttered a cry of alarm, and seized her by the arm.

"Mademoiselle, you must not sit down; you will crease your bridal dress!"

A smile so painful, so scornful, so mournful, flitted across Laura's features, that the woman fell back in amazement and awe. The poor girl sat down, and seemed to take pleasure in disarranging her dress; but she spoke not a word, nor did she raise her eyes from the ground.

Mynheer Kemenaer entered the room. Finding the preparations completed, he thanked the attendants and dismissed them. It was with a thrill of anguish that Laura saw them withdraw, and as soon as the door had closed on them, she burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, I can at least weep in peace before my mouth utters its perjured vow!"

Her father took her hand, and said, beseechingly:

"Laura, my child, be yourself for a moment. Our doom will soon be sealed."

The poor girl sprang to her feet, threw her arms round her father's neck, and cried, in accents of despair:

"Father, father, would to God we could die now, thus in each other's embrace! Would that he would place the barrier of death between us and Monck! O, how would our souls praise the Lord for his goodness!"

"Silence, Laura; do not talk so. For my sake restrain your tears. You are expected down stairs now. Every one wishes to see you. You must follow me now."

"Is he there already?" asked the girl, with an expression of terror.

"No, not yet; one of the witnesses and a few of our friends. They know your dressing is completed. We must not be uncivil. There is no help now."

"No help!" repeated the girl. "Nothing can bring help now! Has God indeed abandoned me? No hope more, none! O, I cannot yet believe it; it is too dreadful. In a few hours I shall belong to him, be his property, and the slave of his will."

These thoughts seemed to make her wild with agony; she stretched out her hands and pointed towards the wall, as if to repel some phantom of terror.

Her wretched father shook his head slowly, and made a violent effort to restrain his tears; his cheeks and his lips quivered with anguish. He then took his daughter's hand again, and said, mournfully:

"Laura, my beloved Laura, do not aggravate my sufferings. You promised me yesterday that you would be strong and calm, that you would console yourself for your unhappiness by reflecting that you had rescued your father from disgrace and ruin. Why do you break your loving promise? Mynheer Monck is already so terribly vexed, he has already spoken of breaking off his marriage to you, in order to avenge on me your lack of affection and gratitude. If you now put him to shame in presence of the assembled crowd, and awaken his wrath by your unconquerable hatred, what, think you, will he do? He will refuse your hand, and then your father would be dragged to prison, and doomed to everlasting disgrace."

At this moment the sound of wheels and the neighing of spirited horses were heard at the door. Both father and daughter shuddered convulsively and in sympathy; they knew too well whose arrival it announced. Kemenaer knelt at his daughter's feet, and implored her:

"Laura, Laura, he is come! See, I am at your feet, on my bended knees. Have pity on your poor father! Come, come down with me. Wipe away your tears; hide your feelings from the impertinent gaze of those around you. Try to smile; forgive me, Laura, forgive me; my dreary fate compels me."

He rose and took her hand; he induced her to stand up, and would have led her out of the room, but she struggled and resisted, as though her feet were rooted to the floor.

"My God, my God!" cried Kemenaer, covering his face with his hands; "she will doom me to everlasting shame, after all."

Laura was touched and roused by her father's heart-rending cry; and as though inspired with some new resolve, she raised her eyes, advanced to the door, and said, with a grim attempt at a smile:

"Come, father, come; it is over now. I surrender myself to my doom. Come; make your mind easy about me."

She ran quickly down stairs, followed by her father, and entered the drawing room. When she heard the voice of Monck mingling

in the general conversation, her courage failed her, and it was with slow step and an air of deepest dejection that she entered the room, leaning on her father's arm.

At her appearance a murmur of admiration was heard throughout the room, and the words, "How beautiful! how magnificent!" her eyes should be red with weeping, and that she should be very pale; quite natural that she should tremble on the threshold of a life so new, so strange.

But Mynheer Monck thought otherwise. He looked furtively at Laura, and quivered with rage when he read in her whole bearing and expression that her aversion to him was as intense as ever. However, he composed his features into a smile which was meant to be very agreeable, and approached to greet his bride.

"Come, come, keep up your courage, dearest one," said he. "These young girls have a trick of crying always when they are going to be married. But it is a joyous and a happy day, nevertheless. Hold up your head, and let our friends admire your lovely face. It is pale, very pale, Laura. These gentlemen would almost fancy you were sorry to be married."

Laura felt more dead than alive, and could not utter a word in reply. Her whole frame trembled so violently that the rustling of her satin dress might be heard all over the room.

Monck whispered in her ear, with a smile on his face:

"You look like a lamb that is being led to the slaughter. Make some display of affection for me, or I will crush your father beneath my vengeance."

Kemenaer had read in Monck's eyes what was passing within his breast, and in intensest anguish he took his daughter's hand.

"Laura, Laura," he whispered, "remember your promise."

"Mademoiselle will not refuse her bridegroom her gracious smile?" asked Monck.

The poor girl drew a deep sigh, as though her heart would burst. She smiled, and tried to look as though she were happy, but still the predominant expression of her eyes was unutterable agony and deadly despair.

"I am not sorry," said she; "I am not afraid; but let us be going. O, Monck, Monck, be not angry with me; forgive my dejection; I hardly know what I am doing. Come, let us go to the registrar, to the church; quick, or I shall go mad!"

"I would gratify your flattering impatience with great pleasure," answered Monck, "but it is not possible, my love. Our second carriage has not yet arrived, and we cannot set out until it comes. Meanwhile, be amiable and self-possessed, and do not prevent our friends from admiring your magnificent array. Your father is beckoning to me; I have a few words to exchange with him."

Turning himself to the company, he said, in that tone of lofty and imperious politeness which is proper to those who bow down before the shrine of wealth:

"Gentlemen, be kind enough to excuse me for a moment. I have a few things to settle with my father-in-law. Be good enough to entertain the bride during my absence; her emotion is naturally great. But when we assemble at the wedding dinner, you will be fascinated by her blithe and amiable demeanor."

And then he followed Kemenaer into a little room beyond.

"Well," said Laura's father, "before we go to church, you have something to give me."

Monck looked at him for a moment without speaking.

"Have you not brought the paper with you?" asked Kemenaer, in alarm. "Answer me at once; what is your intention?"

"I am thinking whether I should not rather break off the marriage, and drive to the attorney-general, instead of the church."

"You cannot entertain such a thought!" groaned Kemenaer. "After I have tortured my child for six months for your sake, you cannot wreak your vengeance on me. And why should you? Have I not been cruel enough?"

"These are but words," said Monck, with a smile of bitter derision. "Your daughter is an ungrateful creature; she degrades me in presence of your friends. My blood is boiling in my veins. Wealth has made me proud, Kemenaer; it wounds me to the quick, and goads me to fury, to see that Laura is the only being who bows not her will to mine."

"But, Monck, what can I do now? Is it my fault? Everything is ready now. Laura is sad, I confess, but it is the anticipation that crushes her. Once married, she will find out the consolations and alleviations of her lot. You will treat her kindly, and she will feel grateful to you; gradually she will learn to esteem you, and, perhaps, to love you. Come, give me the paper; for Heaven's sake, give it me!"

Monck seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing the agony of Laura's father, and stood silent while he clasped his hands in entreaty, without deigning other answer than a dubious shake of his head.

"But," continued Kemenaer, "if you don't wish Laura for your wife, take half my fortune as the price of the fatal writing. Do so, dear Monck; I will bless you as my deliverer, as my daughter's benefactor."

"Two hundred thousand francs," muttered Monck, with a smile. "But with Laura I have them all the same."

"O, leave me my honor and my child, and take all, all I possess. Then would I kneel before you in gratitude."

Monck opened a pocket-book, drew forth a scrap of paper, and gave it to Kemenaer.

"There, take your paper," said he. "I must have Laura; otherwise, you might still let her marry that drunken poet."

Kemenaer raised the paper with trembling hands, looked at it with a cry of triumph, and then tore it into a thousand pieces, and trampled them beneath his feet. The fatal signature he threw in the fire, and looked at the flame steadily, until nothing remained of the dreaded document but a few thin white ashes.

When Mynheer Kemenaer turned round again, his head was erect, and he confronted Monck with a manly and threatening look, which astonished and almost terrified Laura's bridegroom. Monck concealed his emotion beneath a smile.

"What do you mean by this unwonted behaviour?"

"I mean that I am now pondering whether I shall not interfere to stop this marriage," answered Kemenaer. "Anyhow, mynheer, I will tolerate no incivility from you, and you shall respect my daughter's sorrow, or else—"

Monck trembled and grew pale.

"Or else you will put me out of your house? Simpleton! do you fancy I have not provided for every chance of war? You don't know Monck. If I had not found amongst old Robyn's papers others which criminate you, you don't imagine I should have given you up this?"

"Other papers? You are deceiving me. There was nothing but this one signature which would criminate me."

"Two others," said Monck, in a triumphant tone. "Come, come, friend Kemenaer; I will give them to you as we return from church."

Kemenaer felt pretty sure that Monck was deceiving him; but so intense was his dread of the craft of his enemy, that he followed him without another word. They both entered the drawing-room, and found Laura seated on a chair, with her eyes fixed on the floor, and the company gazing at her in silent wonder.

"Mynheer Van Dol, our second witness, is not yet come," said Monck, with impatient irritation. "I will go and look out along the avenue, and if he is not coming, we will set off without him, and choose another witness. Get yourself ready, meanwhile, Laura; I shall return in a moment to give the signal for our departure."

He left the room, and opened the house door to look down the long avenue. The women who had been watching so long for a glimpse of the bride, drew back in alarm at his unexpected appearance. When he had again closed the door, black Beth exclaimed:

"Well, didn't I tell you that he had no eyebrows or eyelashes?"

"What a hideous old rogue he is!" said a young girl. "He is enough to kill one with fright."

"What an oily faco!" said another. "I would not have him, for my part, for all his money."

"Yes, you may say so now," remarked a third; "but you would bear a great deal to ride in your coach all the rest of your life."

"Did you notice," asked another, "how his cat's eyes twinkled? He is a man I should not like to meet alone in a wood. He may have as much gold as he likes, but he has a black heart under his embroidered coat, for all that."

Black Beth whispered in her friend's ear:

"Now the bride is coming, Trees; for, look! there they are getting the carriages drawn up."

"There she is! there she is!" suddenly shouted the whole crowd, pressing eagerly towards the door.

Black Beth, who was taken by surprise by the sudden rush, thrust her long bony arms into the group before her, who hindered her view, and contrived to clear for herself an open space.

"O, how lovely, how lovely!" cried the women. "Only look! what diamonds! She is like the Madonna in the great church. They make one's eyes ache to look at them; her bosom looks as if it was on fire. Good heavens, what a beautiful creature! Out of the way, out of the way! there she comes!"

The curious women were suddenly and violently pushed aside by four men of singular appearance, rough and unpolished in manner, who moved and spoke as if they were entitled to command there. They paid no attention to the cries and murmurs of the girls, but walked boldly into the house at the very moment when the door was opened to allow the bride to pass out.

One of the four advanced to the bridegroom, and whispered something in his ear. Monck became pale as death, and he was obliged to grasp the arm of a gentleman near him to prevent himself from falling. He then stepped aside with the person who had spoken to him, and they were overheard whispering earnestly to each other.

Kemenaer trembled with amazement, while Laura raised her eyes to heaven in hope of some unlooked-for deliverance. The spectators looked at one another inquiringly.

Monck turned round and said to Laura and her father, with an emotion he strove in vain to conceal:

"Something strange has happened to me, something I cannot understand. I must go with these gentlemen immediately. Don't be alarmed; it is a mere trifle. Some one has been slandering me; a word of mine will set all right. Wait for me a moment—a quarter of an hour at furthest. I shall soon be back again."

He then followed the unknown personage, entered a carriage which was in waiting, accompanied by three of the four strangers. He spoke to the coachman, the whip was heard, the carriage drove rapidly down the avenue, and had already vanished from the view of the bewildered company, before any of them could summon courage to utter a word.

"Well, the old rogue is gone to jail!" shouted black Beth. "He had the look of a gallows-bird, sure enough."

"Don't show your joy so plainly," said Kemenaer to Laura, with feverish eagerness, as he noticed the glad, grateful smile which lighted up the pale features of the poor girl. "They were officers of justice. What can it mean? Go in, Laura; keep yourself quiet. I will go and see what it is, and as soon as I learn anything, I will come back and tell you. Go in, go in!"

And so saying, he sprang into one of the carriages, and shouted to the coachman: "As quick as you can, to the police-court!"

CHAPTER XIII.

BERTHOLD was standing with his arms folded, looking out of the window. His eye was fixed on the tiles of the neighbor-hood, the weathercock of which gleamed bright in the sun-shine. The hapless young man marked with desperate calmness the slow advance of the hands of the clock. Each time that the bell chimed the quarters, its sound smote drearily on his heart, and elicited an echoing groan of agony.

As the time drew near, he became paler and paler, and his eye became wild and restless; at length he tore himself from the window, struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and exclaimed, dejectedly:

"Ten o'clock! And Conrad has not returned. All hope is lost!" And then, after a pause of gloomy thought, he continued: "Look, there she is! The bridal wreath is on her head. She is leaning on Monck's arm. Evil is triumphant; he is smiling gladly; she steps into the carriage; the horses fly along at full speed. Clouds of incense fill the church, and the hymn of praise peals along the vaulted roof. And look! she is kneeling at the altar; Monck is placing the bridal ring on her finger; the priest asks whether she will love him; she answers yes! It is done; all is over."

He fell back into a chair, and tried to control his impetuous despair.

"Can the yearning after fame, the thirst of immortal renown—can these be wrong in God's sight? or is my lot the punishment of my pride? I was young; I felt the might of genius within me; my future lay before me, all bright and glorious. A maiden fair and pure as an angel was to have strewed my path with sweetest flowers; I was to be rich, renowned, and God has sent me this! My soul aspired too high. I have despised those who could not soar—those from whom God has withheld genius and learning. And now I am smitten down in my pride. The eagle lies grovelling in the mire with bruised and shattered wing. Could I have bowed down before the demon of gold, what a gentle, happy, brilliant life I might have passed away! And now, what am I? A craven, crushed, and abject worm. I cannot gain my daily bread; I have lived on the bounty of my poor friend; I am powerless, useless, worthless. Slander has withered my fair fame. I am reputed a drunkard. I drown my soul in gin? O my God! and I am to go to-day to this vile impostor, and grovel at his feet, and accept as an alms some little portion of my own inheritance?"

Suddenly a gloomy smile came over his features. His arms fell heavily down by his side, and his tears began to flow abundantly. He was roused from his reverie by a noise on the stairs. A sudden joy lighted up his countenance; he sprang up, and cried:

"Ha, there comes Conrad! Good news, perhaps. Laura's deliverance, Monck's punishment, love, happiness, fame! No, no; woe is me, I am fast losing my senses!"

He looked at his friend's mournful face, which bore traces of utter exhaustion, and asked, eagerly:

"Well, Conrad, what news? Was Margaret's accusation false?—a mere invention of Monck's own, to crush me still deeper down into despair?"

"Alas!" said the music-master, with a deep sigh, "however that may be, Laura's lot must be decided to-day. How it wrings my heart to relinquish the last hope of rescue!"

"You are ill, Conrad. O, how shall I ever repay your kindness! Sit down; don't speak; keep yourself quiet; your fever is coming on again."

The music-master sank into a chair, and said, with a bitter smile:

"This is not my bad day—to-morrow. Let me rest a moment, and fetch my breath."

The young man sat down in silence beside his friend, and took his hand and pressed it tenderly. After a few moments, Conrad said:

"Berthold, I have been standing in the avenue of Keme-naer's house. The wedding coaches drew along by my side. I saw Monck come out with a laugh of triumph on his hideous face; he returned to fetch the hapless victim of his hatred."

"And you saw them go off to the registrar's, to the church?"

"No; I stood a moment crushed by the wretched certainty that nothing could deliver the poor innocent lamb from the claws of the ferocious beast. Still, I thought even yet there is hope, at the last moment. I ran to the police-office, and sought the magistrate who heard Margaret's story last night. I could not find him. I ran to his house; he was not at home. I ran back to the police-office. I questioned constables and clerks—all in vain! Everybody laughed in my face. At length I gave up my search in mere exhaustion. We are indeed unfortunate, my friend; but O, what a lot is Laura's!"

Berthold covered his face with his hands, and remained silent.

"O, how glad I was! how happy my treacherous hope made me!" continued the music-master, after a brief pause. "When I told the whole story to the magistrate, and laid before him the grave suspicions I had of Monck, he seemed quite convinced. He said he would inquire into it at once, if it obliged him to sit up all night. I made him see that the dear girl's life depended on it. The magistrate has been unable to stop the fatal marriage. Margaret's charge is a false one. Berthold, I am grieved at your wretchedness, my friend; but be of good courage; time may heal your wounds."

The young man shook his head, rose from his seat, and said, with a resigned and steady voice:

"Well, Conrad, let not affliction crush all our energies. So it is: tears are of no use. Let us accept our lot with patience and

resignation. To-morrow we shall be far away. Another land will restore your health, and give me back my peace of mind. Yes, I will amend—I will work; all my idle dreams shall flee away, and I will strive to repay your self-sacrifice and love."

Their attention was attracted from this miserable subject by the sound of a voice on the stairs:

"Not there, mynheer; higher up—quite at the top. Open the little black door. Yes; there."

"Mynheer Keme-naer!" exclaimed both.

"Excuse the liberty I am taking," said Keme-naer, with his hat in his hand. "Mynheer Robyn, I bring you important news. Monck has been apprehended and put in prison."

"Good heavens!" shouted Berthold; "and is Laura his wife?"

"No; she was just stepping into the carriage. God had compassion on her."

Berthold fell back into his friend's arms, and cried with tears of joy:

"Conrad, Conrad, Laura is not married! Dear Laura is rescued!"

"Thank you, Mynheer Robyn, for feeling so tender an interest in my child. And I am happy that I can give you further tidings. Monck is imprisoned on suspicion of having forged your uncle's will. If the charge is made out, you will be put in possession of the inheritance of which you have been robbed. They are now busy sealing up all Monck's papers."

"Berthold, now you need not degrade yourself before Monck!" shouted the exulting music-master.

Keme-naer's countenance assumed a grave and earnest expression, as he stammered forth:

"Mynheer Robyn, you think me, doubtless, a man who would have sold his daughter's happiness for gold. I pray you think not so ill of me. God has punished me for my sins; I have lived six months of dreary expiation. I come to you, mynheer, as an afflicted parent, to implore my daughter's life at your hands. O, Berthold, be my son! deliver my Laura from certain death. Your love alone can keep her back from the grave which yawns to receive her."

"What? Do I understand you aright? Laura my wife? Impossible!"

"Do you accede to my request?" asked Keme-naer.

"O, I am beside myself! Thanks, thanks be to God!"

"In that case, Mynheer Robyn, I will not deceive you. My fortune will be much less than you think, than it has been; not more than half, perhaps. Once in my life I committed an injustice; I must make restitution. I shall henceforth try whether love and joy can again flow into my heart. I must make a heavy sacrifice of money for peace of conscience. You will yourself be very rich; there is no doubt of that. But will Laura's diminished fortune affect your magnanimous resolve?"

Berthold uttered a cry of joy, and threw himself into Keme-naer's arms.

"It is a dream!" he exclaimed. "Let me give you the sweet name of father. And I, too, must give away much of my wealth to make up for injustices once committed for the sake of gold. We will seek out the hapless sufferers, and surround ourselves with happy faces. What a blessed bond between me and my father!"

The tears gushed from Keme-naer's eyes, and he pressed the young man convulsively to his heart. Then Berthold, releasing himself suddenly, said, in a tone of great decision:

"One condition I must make—an indispensable one."

"What is it?" asked Keme-naer, in alarm.

"You see, Mynheer Keme-naer, the man who stands before us (pointing to Conrad) is an angel of goodness. He has tended me as a father,—toiled for me like a slave. I have eaten of his bread in my sorrow; he has borne my cross for me, sacrificed for me his substance, his position, his health, and borne for me the burden of slander. He must share my happiness as he has shared my misery. My condition is this: Conrad must be my brother and my friend; he must live with me, never leave me, and use my wealth as his own."

Conrad smiled and wept, but could say nothing. Keme-naer seized his hand eagerly, and said:

"My dear Conrad, I assent to this condition with exceeding joy. You know how Laura has ever respected you. You know not how often in her affliction she mentioned your name. Let a bond of love unite us all henceforth. Berthold, you, Laura and I will form one household. I shall become an artist in time—so far, at least, as to admire whatever is noble, and loving, and good. Come, Conrad, let me embrace you, too. This is the happiest day of my life."

He pressed Conrad a moment to his heart, and then said:

"Come, come both of you. How glad my poor Laura will be! She is expecting us."

"Does Laura know you are here? Does she know why?"

"She does. But come; my carriage is at the door; the horses shall fly along."

"But—our clothes!" said the young man, sorrowfully.

"Never mind your clothes."

"Come, come!" shouted Berthold, seizing Conrad's hand, and dragging him in his eagerness down the stairs.

They sprang into the carriage. Keme-naer gave the word; the whip was immediately in active exercise, and as if the horses knew they were messengers of joy, they dashed forwards, and made a shower of sparks fly from the road.

Soon they reached the city gate, and soon had turned into the avenue which led to Keme-naer's house. When they stood still at

the door, the horses were smoking like furnaces, and the foam hung in flakes about the bits.

Followed by both the friends, Keme-naer ran in, opened the door of the little room behind, which was Laura's usual resort. They found the poor girl on her knees, in a corner of the room, her hands clasped, and her eyes uplifted to heaven.

"Laura, dear Laura," cried Keme-naer, "welcome your happiness. Here is your bridegroom!"

The maiden sprang up, and ran, with outstretched arms, to meet the young man. Ere she reached him, she stood still, looked towards heaven, and cried, with joy indescribable:

"Thanks, thanks, O my God! Thou hast heard me! Berthold, Berthold!"

She fell, half fainting, into Berthold's arms, and on her pallid features was a smile of consummate bliss, of compensated affliction, and gratitude beyond words.

THE END.

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

ORIGIN OF BRANDY.

Brandy began to be distilled in France about the year 1313, but it was prepared only as a medicine, and was considered as possessing such marvellous strengthening and sanitary powers that the physicians named it "the water of life" (*P'eau de vie*), a name it retains, though now rendered, by excessive potations, one of life's most powerful and most prevalent destroyers. Raymond Lully, a disciple of Arnold de Villa Nova, considered this admirable essence of wine to be an emanation from the Divinity, and that it was intended to reanimate and prolong the life of man. He even thought that this discovery indicated that the time had arrived for the consummation of all things—the end of the world. Before the means of determining the true quantity of alcohol in spirits were known, the dealers were in the habit of employing a very rude method of forming a notion of the strength. A given quantity of the spirits was poured upon a quantity of gunpowder in a dish, and set on fire. If, at the end of the combustion, the gunpowder continued dry enough, it took fire and exploded; but if it had been wetted by the water in the spirits, the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire. This was called the proof. Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be above proof; those that did not set fire to it were said to be below proof. From this origin of the term "proof" it is obvious that its meaning must have been at first very indefinite. It could serve only to point out those spirits which were too weak to kindle gunpowder, but could not give any information respecting the relative strength of those spirits which were above proof. Even the strength of proof was not fixed, because it was influenced by the quantity of spirits employed—a smaller quantity of a weaker spirit might be made to kindle gunpowder, while a greater quantity of a stronger might fail. Clarke, in his hydrometer, which was invented about the year 1730, fixed the strength of proof spirits on the stem at the specific gravity of 0.920 at the temperature of 60 degrees. This is the strength at which proof spirit is fixed by Act of Parliament, and at this strength it is no more than a mixture of 49 pounds of pure alcohol with 51 pounds of water. Brandy, rum, gin, hollands, geneva and whiskey contain nearly similar proportions.—*Johnson's Chemistry of the World*.

ANGLO-SAXONS AT CANTON.

The Americans and the English (says Dr. Yvan) are the real heroes of this country. In going courageously to seek their fortune in distant lands, they realize the only honorable conquests of the present time; and like all men who run great risks, it is not merely the love of money which urges them to these enterprises. These intelligent speculators are not, as is generally thought in France, avaricious usurers; the majority of them are men gifted with powerful minds, and who, in the delicacy of their sentiments, carry us back to the periods of Amadis and Galaor. It was reserved for our witty nation to discover that these courageous merchants who condemn themselves to a perilous and voluntary exile, in order to share the riches acquired by their own labor with some loved one at home, were devoid of all poetic sentiment, and had ingots of gold in place of hearts! I have known a great many of these hardy adventurers, who lived in this commercial Bœotia without complaining that they were not understood by the bankers of their own country, and by the tea-dealers of the Celestial Empire, possessing as their sole consolation in the midst of their irksome labor the hope that one day they would see again some fair head which was then hidden in some corner of Kentucky, in the mountains of Scotland, or the sweet cottages of Albion. I can affirm that the steamer which brings to those sad edifices, the factories, the European or American mail, distributes as many soft protestations and tender oaths as commercial bills and inexorable accounts. And those impassible merchants, who unsal without emotion a missive on which sometimes depends their entire fortune, often tremble all over in opening the letter of a young girl, to whom they communicate all their successes. If I had time I would relate some of these secret histories which have had no witnesses but the cold walls of this severe monument—this commercial monastery—and some English or American cottage, and no intermediaries but some unhappy sheets of paper which arrived at their destination impregnated with marine effluvia, and already several months old!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

I won an old lady's heart by a present of tobacco on my return to Inkau's kraal. She had been frequently looking at me very attentively, and paid me some neat compliments; had she been young, and more like Peshanna, I should have been flattered; but, unfortunately, her appearance was not one that would be at all likely to inspire the tender passion. Her face was thin and wrinkled, while her whole body looked as though it were covered with a skin that had been originally intended for a very much larger person. During the whole time that she was at work, she was uttering disjointed remarks to me, and at length proposed, in the most shameless and barefaced manner, that I should marry her daughter. I requested to know which of the damsels then present was the proposed bride, and was shown a young lady about twelve years old, who had very much the appearance of a picked Cochinchina fowl. I concealed my laughter, and told the old lady that, when this lassie became taller, and very fat, I might then think more seriously of her proposition; but as at present, I had not six cows (the required price) handy, I could not entertain the subject. The old lady told me she would get the skin and bone adorned with fat by the time I came on another visit; and, for all I know, this black charmer may be now waiting in disappointed plumpness.—*Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa*.



STALACTITE CHAMBER IN THE FAMOUS GROTTA OF OCHOZ.

GROTTO OF OCHOZ, BOHEMIA.

We publish herewith two very interesting views in the famous and recently discovered Grotto of Ochoz, Bohemia. Few objects in nature present greater cause for admiration than the grottoes and caverns which are so rarely to be met with in mountainous countries. It is quite impossible for those who have not seen them to picture to themselves the grandeur and magnificence of these subterranean temples, in comparison with which the grandest structures raised by the hand of man sink into utter insignificance. The greatest and most celebrated in Europe are the Grotto of Antiparos, in the Grecian Archipelago, and that of Adelsberg, between Labache and Trieste; and to these we may add the Cavern of the Peak, in Derbyshire, England. There is also a small one, but possessing very great beauty, at the village of Cornale, near Trieste. Another has been discovered of late years in Bohemia, near the city of Brunn, which possesses many very beautiful formations. It was discovered through the merest chance, by a half-witted cobbler, who imagined he could reach the lower regions through an opening in the face of the rock. This grotto is situated near the villages of Ubec and Ochoz, from which latter place it takes its name. When first discovered, its beauty surprised every one; but, unfortunately, it has suffered much from the ignorance and wanton mischief of the rude inhabitants. Its length is 270 fathoms; the entrance to it is through an aperture scarcely three feet in height. Once entered, the passage becomes more lofty, but in several parts the visitor is obliged to bend down to prosecute his way. At the end of the gallery, which is nearly eighty fathoms long, and in many places highly polished by the action of water, he reaches the first chamber. The roof, which is dome-shaped, is five fathoms high, eight broad, and twenty-one long. On the right and left are high mounds of alluvial soil; bearing a little to the right, a second chamber is entered. In this chamber, for the distance of nearly thirty-two fathoms, the visitor passes by numerous masses of travertine, or a species of concretionary limestone, jutting out from the wall, like the fungus that is sometimes seen growing from trees. Another extraordinary formation is called the glacier, from the resemblance it bears to one. In other parts are seen numerous conical pillars, and from the roof vast quantities of beautiful stalactites depend. A stream runs through this splendid grotto, and the whole of the stalactites and the limestone are of a most dazzling whiteness. The grotto itself is 200 fathoms long, and its further extremity terminates in two galleries leading right and left; in the latter of these is the bed of the stream, and on the right, after running a distance of 120 or 130 fathoms, terminates in a chamber, in which is a magnificent group called the pulpit, or weeping-willow. This is only a very cursory description of this beautiful grotto, which, until its fortuitous discovery, was never beheld by the eye of mortal man. When these singular works of nature are lit up by a number of torches, nothing can be more striking or beautiful than the spectacle they present. The dazzling purity of the ornaments of the cavern-chambers, the singularity of their forms, the brilliancy with which they flash back the rays of artificial illumination, are such as to strike the beholder with astonishment. Our engravings may be depended on for their fidelity—nothing has been exaggerated, but every feature has been re-produced with the mathematical correctness of the photograph. The "Weeping-Willow" is certainly one of the most curious freaks of nature ever discovered. The famous Grotto of Antiparos is on a grander scale than that we have delineated, and the Cavern of the Peak is one of the world's wonders. But the stalactites in both these places have been injured by the smoke of the torches carried into them by thousands of visitors. The cave chambers of Ochoz are principally attractive from the freshness and brilliancy of their curious formations, and they always will be famous.

"PEG WOFFINGTON."

Within a year or two of the birth of Edmund Burke, a Frenchwoman, Madame Violante, had an exhibition in Dame Street of the same city. Her attention was attracted to a very graceful girl, whom she observed with a pitcher on her head daily carrying water from the Liffey, and whom she learned, on inquiry, to be the daughter of a poor widow who kept a small grocer's shop, and took in washing on Ormond Quay. Instructed by this kind patroness, the beautiful child played *Polly*, in the "Beggars' Opera," achieved a signal success, and became the talk of the town. This was the first introduction to the stage of the netress, who, as Margaret Woffington, became so widely celebrated in England and Ireland. She was undoubtedly one of the most fascinating women of her day. Tall in her form, and with the most graceful proportions, eyes as black as jet, ever sparkling with animation, and overarched by eyebrows at once soft, full and delicate, a nose tending to the aquiline, rich hair, hanging in profusion round a finely-moulded neck, full of life, full of humor, and full of intelligence, she was the envy of all women, and appeared formed by nature to win the hearts of all men. Though she occasionally played *Lady Macbeth*, there was nothing tragic in her style. It was into comedy that she threw all her exuberant spirits, her natural playfulness, and her untiring energy; and she delineated four different sets of comic characters which had nothing in common. She personified the fine lady of fashion with a grace, tact and dignity, which astonished those who knew her humble origin. She personified the vulgarity of a city dame with a breadth and force of humor which drew laughter and tears from all eyes. She personified an old woman with all the garrulity, feebleness and irritability of age; and, what was then thought extraordinary magnanimity on the stage, she did not hesitate to hide her lovely face under a hideous mask of paint, patches

and penciled wrinkles. She personified a young rake, so as to make women fall in love with her, and deter Garrick from ever acting the part of *Sir Harry Wildair*, after she had by her ease and vivacity rendered it peculiarly her own. But she was not merely an actress; the woman, and not the artist, predominated in her life. While in the first element of all female honor she was said to be deficient, and could therefore neither be truly respected nor purely loved, so many romantic tales were told of her sympathetic benevolence and munificent charity to the destitute, who had no other benefactor, and to the wretched, who had no other consoler, that even grave people could not but pity her in her degradation, and regret that, exposed as she had been to contaminating influences from her early youth, with none to advise or direct her unguarded steps, the shadow of her vices should follow with equal pace the seductive lustre which her talents, beauty, accomplishments and impulsive generosity threw around her, and on all who came into her presence.—*McKnight's Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The following extract is from Randall's "Life of Jefferson":—"Mr. Jefferson was generally rather a favorite with the other sex, and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut hair luxuriant and silken. His full, deep-set eyes, the prevailing color of which was a light hazel, were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, the emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim at this period, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. If it naturally had any of that warmth, which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent—and it no doubt had—it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placid-

ity there were not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencounter, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices, of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion, which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolled by oaths or tobacco. Though he speaks of enjoying 'the victory of a favorite horse,' and the 'death of the fox,' he never put but one horse in training to run, never ran but a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even vice-royalty, to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex."

DEATH OF AIME BONPLAND.

A letter from the celebrated naturalist and traveller, Tschudi, to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, announces the death, in May last, of Aimé Bonpland, the early friend and fellow-traveller of Alexander Von Humboldt, in the 85th year of his age. He died at San Borja, a small town in Brazil, near the Uruguayan frontier, where he had resided since 1831. Aimé Bonpland was born at La Rochelle, France, on the 22d of August, 1773. He was brought up in the medical profession, of which his father was a member, and accompanied Humboldt on his scientific expedition to America, in 1799. Among the fruits of his explorations was a collection of six thousand plants unknown to botanical writers, which, on his return to France in 1804, he presented to the Museum of Natural History. For ten years he was in high favor with Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, and filled the office of director of the gardens at Navarre and Malmaison; but after the abdication of Napoleon he returned to South America, and took up his residence at Buenos Ayres, where he became a professor of natural history. Subsequently he travelled across the Pampas, the provinces of Santa Fé, Chaco and Bolivia, explored the Paraná, and penetrated to the foot of the Andes. In 1821 he established tea-plantations on the Paraná, near St. Ana, which excited the jealousy of Dr. Francia, the dictator of Paraguay, who destroyed them, and compelled Bonpland to act for eight years as garrison surgeon in a Paraguayan fortress, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Canning and the British consul at Buenos Ayres. In November, 1829, he returned to Buenos Ayres, intending to embark for Europe, but his scientific enthusiasm prevailed over his love of country, and he never left South America previous to his death. Some obscurity envelopes the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life. It is known that he re-explored Paraguay; and in a letter to Humboldt, with whom he corresponded at irregular periods, he mentions that his herbarium, comprising an immense collection, and writings, are in perfect order at the event of his death. It has been reported that, through long isolation from the society of civilized men, he had become so intellectually degenerated, that he was no longer conscious of his early fame, and could speak the French language very imperfectly, for which reasons he was ashamed to return home. His letters to Humboldt show no signs of intellectual degeneracy, however, and the testimony of recent travellers describes him as living at a charming retreat at San Borja, still actively employed in botanical researches. The publication of the results of his researches for the last twenty-five years will be an important contribution to the cause of science.



THE "WEEPING WILLOW," IN THE GROTTA OF OCHOZ.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REPLY TO A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY FRANK FORTESCUE.

Peace, loved one!—all thy doubts dispel,
And place thy hand in mine;
And look into my eyes, and see
If form is there but thine.
No, thy face my soul doth fill!
Say to thy doubt, be still.

Peace, loved one!—brush away thy tears!
Thy beautiful eyes, to me,
Absorb like sun the morning dew,
And draw my life to thee;
Still, doth a doubt thy spirit fill,
Say to that doubt, be still.

Peace, loved one!—time, alas, doth change,
But for my spirit, never!
Each eve thy love shall tie afresh
The knot I would not sever;
Still, doth a doubt thy spirit fill,
Say to that doubt, be still.

Peace, loved one!—on this bosom mine,
Rest thy head, and weep thy tears;
Think of the love and joys to come,
And drive away thy fears:
Still, doth a doubt thy spirit fill,
Say to that doubt, be still.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEALINGS WITH THE DEVIL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Yes, I do believe that some people have dealings with the devil!"

The speaker was a plain woman, richly attired. She spoke in a low, almost frightened tone, her eyes bent directly upon the young girl before her. There was an evil expression in the uncouth features, the set lips, thin and blue, the stereotyped frown, that gave such a cold, harsh bearing to the brow. And then she told her story, to which the girl listened shrinkingly.

Louise Caldwell was the daughter of unfortunate parents. Penny haunted them like a ghost. Constant struggling and frequent disappointments soured their tempers. They were proud as well as poor, and it galled them to see their nearer relatives on both sides doing well in the world, acquiring wealth and reputation, while they were kept down from one year's end to another. It was partly the constant exhibition of this feeling that made Louise so strange a child. They even reproached her for her plainness, and thought bitterly that they might never realize a better fortune through her, because she was neither beautiful nor graceful.

Louise, child that she was, felt this keenly. She became at an early age a worshipper of beauty, though at the same time she was very jealous of its influence over those she loved. Left an orphan at the early age of twelve, she was adopted by a rich and childless uncle, who with his wife tried their best to love the strange, uncouth girl they had taken under their protection. Masters were provided, no expense was spared to cultivate what graces she possessed, and her wardrobe was unlimited. But she was too surely ill-favored ever to reap much benefit from all the advantages afforded her, and she knew it. It did not add to the sweetness of her temper to feel that the stranger and the friend alike pronounced her homely, and looked wonderingly from the low forehead, black hair, coarse features and rough complexion to the soft fabrics that fell about her limbs in shining beauty, or thought—"if I had these accomplishments how differently they would become me!"

One morning at the breakfast-table her uncle received a letter with a foreign postmark. His brother James, long a resident of Paris, was dead, and the orphan daughter unprotected.

"She has a small fortune," said Mrs. Caldwell, after the suddenness of the unexpected shock was over.

"Yes, and is very beautiful," rejoined her husband, "so my head clerk says. He bought goods for me last year, and met her on the continent."

"What shall we do?" asked the wife anxiously, toying with her food.

Louise bit her lips and looked steadily down; anger had shot up in her heart when she heard that her cousin was beautiful—when she listened to the words—"my head clerk met her on the continent." How eagerly she waited, with what a beating heart, for the reply.

"Why, I suppose we must have her here, for a time at least. She will be society for Louise."

Louise sat with a swelling bosom, envy and hate of this unseen cousin tugging at her heart-strings.

"She must be accomplished!" exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, thinking of the coming winter and its amusements. "She has lived in Paris for ten winters, has she not?"

"Exactly. Poor James!" sighed Mr. Caldwell, rising from the table; "he would have left a large fortune in ten more."

And so this was his obituary in his brother's heart.

"As to clothes," said Mrs. Caldwell, in a conference with Louise, "I suppose she will wear mourning for a while, through the summer and fall probably. I shall persuade her to go into society next winter. It is not good for a young girl to mourn too much."

"Especially if she is beautiful," said Louise, with a sneer.

"True, child; nothing spoils good looks so much as tears. When you used to cry it made you look frightful."

"Not on account of my good looks, certainly," replied Louise, sullenly.

She always felt hurt and wounded at these thoughtless allusions to herself, and yet no one talked of her defects more freely. It seemed to give her a bitter pleasure; but this time her voice was so peculiar than her aunt regarded her steadily.

"No, of course not," she said. "You were never handsome, I confess; still, with red ribbons and black lace, you make up rather well—at any rate, Atwater thinks so."

A vivid crimson stained the cheeks of Louise at mention of this name. Atwater was her uncle's head clerk. He had shown her more attention than any other man, and appeared to do so because he liked her society. His presence alone could bring a vivid light to her eye; she loved, no, she worshipped him, and the thought of the beautiful cousin kindled the unholy fire of her nature. She was jealous.

A frightful trial awaited her. The head clerk had gone up to the third story of her uncle's warehouse that same afternoon, and missing a step was precipitated to the first floor. It seemed as if the death agony had come and passed when they lifted him up. He was carried home for dead. Louise, who was driving out, came in the midst of the confusion. Astonished, frightened, she inquired why the doctor's chaise was at the door, why the servants stood motionless and pale. Her own maid cried out with sobs that poor Mr. Atwater had been killed. At first she seemed stunned, almost senseless, then she cried with loud shrieks, and flying up stairs prayed to be admitted to his room. No one witnessing her anguish could fail to interpret it truly. Her uncle came out, and half-leading, half-forcing, carried her into her room.

"I must see him, uncle! O, my God! dead, dead, and I loved him so! I never loved any but him, uncle!"

The pitiful look, the pitiful words, brought tears into the eyes of the stern man who bent above her. There was no blush with the confession, there needed to be no shame; it was nature, pure, holy, impulsive and true.

"Hush, Louise; hush, girl; they will hear you! It may be—they will bring him to life."

Louise sprang to her feet; her eyes blazed.

"He is not dead then!" she cried. "Perhaps he will live! O, uncle, I have not known what I was saying!" And as she thought, the crimson tide rushed over face and bosom.

"His wounds are dangerous, very dangerous," said her uncle, gravely. "But he breathed; there may be life and hope. It was a terrible fall; I heard it away at the farthest end of my counting room. If he lives it will be a miracle. I must go to him now. You had better join your aunt above stairs; her nerves have been shocked by this occurrence."

He left her sitting in a tremor of apprehension, still full of thankfulness that so dear a life was spared, and yet the terrible dread that it might be but for an hour, a night, overmastered her, and sinking on her knees she lifted a prayer that he might be restored, and then prepared to meet her aunt.

How wearily lugged the hours of that night! Louise knew no sleep. Now she stood outside the door of the room in which he lay, listening, hearing, however, only the beatings of her own heart. Now she sat drooping in the darkness of her chamber, weeping and praying.

The day brought hope; he might live. Before the night came again she stood by his side. He was unconscious, had not spoken yet, scarcely moved, but now his hand fluttered uneasily on the quilt. She took it in her grasp, and his fingers closed upon her hand; so she sat there, hour after hour, a willing prisoner. For days Louise hovered about the couch of the sufferer, until he learned to know, to watch for her tread, and to murmur almost impatiently if any other ministered to him.

Meantime the beautiful cousin came. "O, she is beautiful!" cried Louise in her heart, with a shudder. Such golden curls, such eyes of melting tenderness, such lips that expressed so much grief, and were yet marvellously lovely in color and outline; that form, so slender, the grace of drapery, the matchless elegance of a Parisian toilet made her altogether bewitching, transporting, robed though she was in sombre shades. Was it strange that a feeling of triumph took possession of Louise when she thought that for many days and weeks Atwater would not see this vision of loveliness? That for at least the time of his illness and convalescence he would be all hers? And even if he loved her, such was her dread of the power of beauty, it was anguish to think of his meeting with her cousin at all. Poor girl, she had many a heart ache. It was only in the chamber of sickness, when she forgot self, that she was transformed. Then, absorbed in the cure so imperatively called for, she did sometimes look beautiful, and the weary invalid followed her every motion with smiles. Business of importance called her from the city one day.

"I shall be very lonesome till you come back," said the invalid, with a glance that brought out a rich color on the dark cheek of his young nurse.

"Aunt will sit with you awhile," said Louise. She did not dream that the fair stranger in sable who kept her chamber so pertinaciously was waiting for this very chance, had been waiting long, and smiled as she saw the carriage drive from the gates.

The young man sat alone in his easy-chair, which had been rolled up to the great bay window. The crimson curtains lent the counterfeit of health to his handsome face, and his broad, pale forehead, shaded by the loose curls, his dark eyes lighted with the fire of returning vigor, made him more beautiful than when he had been in the full flush of his manly strength. There was a light step in the room. The invalid did not turn his head, for he felt a consciousness that his visitor was the aunt of Louise.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but aunt wished me to ask you if there was anything she could do for you."

The sick man started as he caught sight of the bright young creature, with glossy curls shading her face, standing so near him. He stammered out something about his remembrance of meeting her at some time, and she laughingly refreshed his memory.

"But have you just come?" he asked, gazing into the face that from almost childish proportions had changed into a riper beauty.

"O, no; I have been here several weeks!" she replied. "I came soon after you were injured; but you had good company in my cousin Louise, and I did not wish to intrude. Are you much better now?"

"Almost well," he replied. "Your cousin has indeed been a gentle nurse." And a look of tenderness crossed his face.

"Ah, I have learned to love Louise," said her cousin, fervently, throwing more fire in her brilliant eyes. "She is truly a beautiful girl."

Atwater glanced towards her as he spoke, and there came a vision of the plain, dark face and stood beside this glowing countenance.

"Not so beautiful, but good," he said.

"True, she has but little color; but then one gets tired of too vivid a red. For my part I like dark complexions," she said, tossing her curls. "But you have not answered my question, or rather my aunt's. Can we do anything for you?"

"You can, if you will only sit and smile and talk with me," he answered, calling a bright blush to her cheek.

"O, certainly, if I can do you any good. I will, however, first get my netting, and then you must be kind enough to tell me if I weary you."

So she tripped away, leaving him fascinated with her grace and sprightliness, and unconsciously comparing her with poor, plain Louise. She was soon back, and he was no more lonely nor weary that day. When Louise came home she found her cousin reading in her musical voice to the man she loved better than life. The violence of her emotion deprived her almost of her senses; she ran hurriedly to her own chamber and threw herself in a paroxysm of rage on her couch. She knew how much Atwater admired beauty; she had seen his almost worshipful glance fixed upon the sparkling countenance before him, and she felt that there was no longer any hope of winning his affection, even though the doctors had said that he owed his recovery to her skilful nursing, even though he had said almost words of love.

"Go to mother Nash!"

It seemed as if she heard the words repeated audibly, "go to mother Nash." She sprang up; the twilight had gone and darkness was gathering in the chamber. Louise had not much courage, and it seemed as if in the corner she could see the dim features of the miserable old hag, and that the bleared eyes blinked at her and the puckered lips distorted themselves in vain endeavors to speak.

Mother Nash was called a fortune-teller. Some dark deed was associated with her life, and so she lived on the outskirts of the city alone, despised, dreaded, yet on account of what seemed her supernatural powers she was visited by the superstitious who were anxious to map out their future, be it light or shadow.

Louise walked her chamber in great anguish of spirit. She felt a strong conviction that her Parisian-bred cousin would spare no pains in assailing the heart of the man she loved, but, by every artifice in her power, aided by her extreme beauty, would strive to usurp the place she had so hardly won. If she went to mother Nash she must go alone, and the dread of confronting so terrible a personage almost unnerved her. But still anything seemed preferable to the annihilation of her dearest hopes. The next day she strove in vain to fill her accustomed place; but everything seemed changed. It appeared to her that Atwater treated her with indifference, and that he was constantly looking for another and a fairer face, and when that came, as come it did, Louise left the chamber with a passionate manner, at which her cousin smiled indifferently.

"Are you not well?" asked the latter with hypocritical air, as she approached Louise in her own room not long after.

"No, I am not," replied her cousin, in a fierce though subdued voice, "and you well know why."

"Poor child, she has no prudence; she cannot conceal anything," thought the artful Parisian; then she said aloud: "I know why? Indeed, you are mistaken; I have not heard you hint at illness."

"I can tell you that you shall never marry him, never!" cried Louise, in a choking voice.

Her cousin opened her beautiful eyes.

"Marry him—marry who? Really I can't think you mean that I could stoop to that conceited clerk. If he chooses to love me, why that's my business, not yours. I did not give you your plain face." And she tripped off, singing a gay French air.

Soon Louise heard her clear voice below stairs, and she knew the invalid was there listening to her finished performances while she was weaving a silken web around him. Instantly her resolution was taken. It was now eight o'clock in the evening. She hurried below, ordered a chaise, and at nine, when the full moon shone gloriously, she drove, not without much fear and trepidation, to the lonely dwelling of mother Nash.

It was a huge gray building, towering up against the sky, and had long gone by the name of Nash's Folly. It had been built by a weak but rich brother of mother Nash, fifty years before; now the master and the mansion were crumbling to decay. No lights were visible. Solitary and black it stood, and the wind that wailed nowhere else seemed to make a mournful sound here. Louise left her horse at a little distance and approached the

dilapidated door. The first and second summons were not heeded, but the third knock brought the hag herself, all bundled up, a handkerchief tied over her mouth, another over her forehead, and a shawl thrown around her. With a horrible grin the toothless old woman cried out:

"O, come in, pretty miss. I've been waiting for ye." And she ushered the trembling girl through several large, unfurnished rooms, into what seemed to be used for both a kitchen and a bed-chamber.

Dust, dirt and untidiness reigned, but worse than all her surroundings was mother Nash in her haggish person. There seemed to be a mixture of every evil passion in the forbidding lineaments of her countenance. Now she showed her toothless gums in grins, and now she mumbled indistinctly. It was very trying to Louise, but she did not flinch from the trial.

"You're in trouble, arnt ye, poor child? Ay, ay! men will be faithless; they were in my day, he, he. And she's a great beauty too (Louise started), but I can outwit everything, even money. I've got the power, he, he."

The rest can best be told in the words of Louise herself, as with low, awe-stricken tones she unfolded her history to the young girl before her.

"She told me my life as if she were reading it from the pages of a book. She described me as I was and as I had been, and also my cousin. 'He likes her better than you,' she said, with one of those diabolical grins; and my heart sank, 'but follow my advice,' she added, 'and no earthly power can take him from you. Pay me in gold before I go farther.' I gave her ten dollars. Her eyes glistened. She went into another room, and for ten minutes I heard the most fiendish noises. When she returned, noticing that I was pale and trembling, she offered me wine in a broken cup. I could not taste it. Then she put in my hand a small stone, transparent with the exception of a minute white cloud in its centre, saying: 'From this moment, while you retain this stone, he will love you and only you; lose it, and neither his love nor his life will be spared to you.' I took it and hurried from the house with feelings that cannot be described. As I drew near home my heart beat with dread. What if after all the whole thing should be a mockery? As I entered, I heard the silvery tones of my cousin. I saw Atwater standing by the piano, but his eyes seemed fixed on vacancy. I imagined he turned to the door at sound of my footsteps, and striving to conceal my agitation, I sauntered in as carelessly as I could. He almost flew towards me, caught both my hands with an expression of joy, and drew me to a lounge, still retaining my hand. Meanwhile my cousin looked on, struck dumb with surprise. He did not once turn towards her, but seemed to have eyes only for me. O, the triumph, the triumph of that hour! The triumph succeeding day after day when seeing the fruitless endeavors of my artful cousin, her desperation, her rage, her hate of me. I think she loved Atwater, had loved him from the first.

"Well, weeks passed, and he was still passionately fond of me. Taking advantage of a little fortune bequeathed to him by a distant relative, he went into partnership with my uncle, and then he wished me to marry him. His devotion was wonderful. Everybody congratulated me, and possibly thought it strange that so elegant a man should be fascinated by a plain person like myself. Now I began to pity my cousin. She grew wasted and refused society. A few of the shrewd ones guessed the right reason, others said she pined for her father or some distant, faithless lover.

"I kept the little stone in a steel box, which I scarcely ever left out of my sight. A little chain was attached, by which I could carry it on my arm in the manner of a reticule. Sometimes I saw my cousin's eyes fixed on that box in a strange, suspicious way, especially after my marriage, and I began to watch her. As for Atwater, he treated her as a brother would treat a sister, but his devotion toward me seemed undiminished.

"We had been married nearly a year. Earth was to me like paradise; I was entirely happy. The business of my husband was prosperous; my health was good; I even fancied I had grown somewhat handsome; my home in my uncle's house was everything I could wish; I was absolutely contented. Ah, if I had been wise—if I had flown from the too near presence of that dangerous cousin!

"One morning, in a hurried, excited way, my husband came to tell me that he must go to New York. I did not notice his manner particularly, but when he had gone I grew restless, and it seemed as if my old unhappiness came over me as if in flashes. I went to my aunt's room.

"They will have a fine day for their journey," she said.

"I looked at her.

"They, who?"

"Why, Lizzie and your husband."

"Lizzie and my husband? I gasped. 'Do you mean that she has gone?'"

"Why, how strange you act, child; you are as pale as ashes. I hope you are not foolish enough to be jealous of such a good husband."

"But why did he not tell me? O, aunt, there is—' I was about to add 'something wrong,' but I checked myself, for she was smiling curiously.

"I don't suppose he thought," said my aunt. "Lizzie told me that she was going to visit at Colonel Henry's. I shouldn't wonder if young Henry likes her pretty well; but to tell you the truth, I think once she did like Atwater very much. But I had rather you married him; I always felt so."

"I hurried to my chamber, half crazed with undefined terror, and there I unlocked the little casket that hung on my arm. Horror of horrors! the stone was gone! I fell back faint and sick at

heart. I cannot describe to you the feelings that overwhelmed me, nor could you understand me if I did. I feared that brain or heart would burst, and there I sat for hours, tortured with apprehensions that shook my very life from its fastenings.

"I can hardly tell the rest; but impious though it may be, I thank God that it happened. In the next morning's paper I saw that the steamer in which my husband took passage had blown up, and neither his name nor hers was included in the list of the saved. A blank followed. I raved for weeks, until they were obliged to send me to a lunatic asylum, where I remained six years. There, you have my history thus far—never mind the rest. I only tell you this to prove to you my belief that some people do have dealings with the devil."

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE LEGEND OF GISELA.

BY MARY W. JANVINE.

In the olden fental times, a proud and warlike baron left his Castle of Rudesheim, on the Rhine, to go to distant Palestine during the crusade against the Saracens. Buckling his bright armor over his breast, he joined the ranks of his emperor, and turned his war-steed's head towards the Orient, commending his only daughter and his "Faderland" to the protection of Him who urged him forth to battle against the infidel.

Gisela, the baron's daughter, was the most beautiful of all German maidens, with soft yellow hair floating over shoulders white as the lamb's wool, and eyes of sunny blue like the summer skies that slept serenely fair above the turrets of Rudesheim Castle. And here, in the old castle on the Rhine, her days passed like a song that is told. At early morning she gathered the blue flax flower or plaited the broad glossy grape leaves into wreaths for her tresses; by day she sat in the great keeping-room of the castle with her maidens and the stately dame Bertha, whom her father had appointed to keep matron's guard over his motherless child, busy with her embroidery and spinning; and by night, looking from her window in the tower over the pleasant German country, she watched the silver moon flashing down on the winding "King Rhine" beneath the castle battlements, or afar over the sleeping vineyards, or lighting up the dark shadows of the gloomy, haunted Hartz Mountains keeping sentinel against the sky far away to the north like grim giants. There was not a tale of elfin people, who came out to dance by night in the fairy grounds on the borders of the Black Forest, of mimes and gnomes, who dwelt in caves down deep under the mountains, or gallant knight who carried captive beautiful princesses from beleaguered castle walls, but she had eagerly heard from the old croning nurse who sang or talked her young lady Gisela to sleep in childhood; and as the girl grew toward womanhood, those old-time stories became grafted with almost a woman's faith upon her heart till she grew to believe that, sometime in real life, she should meet the embodiment of these early myths.

So, nightly, at the sunset hour, Gisela seated herself at the eastern window, high up in the tower, half expecting to see some handsome young knight riding furiously over the plain which stretched far away, mounted on a snow-white charger, with housings of blue and gold, seeking hospitality of the Lord of Rudesheim Castle, or to behold a pale, wounded prince, returning disabled from the Saracen wars, set down on a litter at the castle gate, when she (as she had often heard sung in olden ballad), as daughter of the "Baron old," should give right ample welcome, and end all by the romance of falling deeply in love with her noble guest.

At length the dream of the beautiful Gisela became fulfilled. One twilight, watching from the tower window, she beheld a rider, whose steed came drooping and foot-sore, as weary with many a long day's journey, slowly approaching the castle.

"'Tis the knight of my dreams!" said the girl with a smile, as the gray-haired porter opened the castle gates and she heard his horse's hoofs ring heavily on the paved courtyard; but when afterward, at the evening board in the great oaken dining-hall, Dame Bertha presented Lady Gisela to the young stranger of proud and courtly bearing, she received him and bade him welcome to Rudesheim Castle with all the dignity of a baron's daughter.

"Comest thou from the wars, sir knight?" she queried, looking down from her seat at the table's head to meet an earnest, admiring gaze, whereat she blushed slightly.

"Ay, fair lady," replied the soldier, gazing still with flushed cheeks upon the beautiful German maiden. "Hast any kin in Palestine?"

"Perchance thou bearest tidings of Sir Robert, Baron of Rudesheim, this castle's lord—my father?" queried Gisela, with prideful tones, for she felt piqued that her guest knew not so warlike a noble as the Lord of Rudesheim.

"Ha! Sir Robert thy sire? Faith, I crave your pardon that I knew it not!" said the knight, with troubled gaze. "But lady, dear lady, hast thou not heard—surely thou hast been advised ere this—nay, I would not be an 'evil messenger, but—'" And here he ceased, with sad and downcast eyes.

"For the love of heaven!" began Dame Bertha. But the knight heeded her not, for he was brooding with deepest solicitude over the beautiful Gisela, whose fainting head he had caught in his arms.

Weeks went by, and while the emperor's armies came marching back from the Holy Land, with prancing war-horse, and fluttering pennon, and banner and bugle peal, Sir Robert of Rudesheim

returned not to his domains by the Rhine. Every detachment from Palestine but confirmed the words of the young knight, that Sir Robert had fallen in an early fray, and ere now his bones must be whitening on the deserted battle-field.

But still Otto of Warbeck, for so was the stranger called, lingered at the castle; and perchance his presence was needed to cheer the orphaned Gisela, for, though she yet mourned her father, tears are apt to dry beneath the sun of love—such love as was upspringing in her heart for the brave and handsome Otto.

Thus days and weeks went by, and yet Count Otto lingered. And again spring and summer came round, the blue-flax flower grew tall and the purple vintage of the Rhine ripened daily in the generous sunlight; and where of old Gisela had sat alone at the castle window in the tower, another sat beside her. But the time had come when Otto must depart into his own country far up the Rhine; and one twilight they sat together, the knight repeating the story of that love which in the pleasant autumn would recall him again to her side to claim her as his bride.

"When the vintage has been gathered, and ere the snows have again whitened the summits of the Hartz Mountains, I will come again, to leave you no more, my dear Gisela!" he said, fondly. "But see, who is yonder coming toward the castle? A palmer, mayhap, or a wandering minnesinger, come to crave the hospitality of the Lady of Rudesheim. Will you not deputize your Otto with your commands?" And the lover knelt playfully before her.

"Yes, go; I dub you my almoner, sir knight." And the Lady Gisela struck him with her fan on his shoulder. "Call the wanderer in, for Rudesheim never bars its gates to the needy. Or stay, I will go with you myself, for if it be a palmer, as you say, perchance he will tell me where they have buried him on Palestine's distant plains." And with a voice subdued by tears, she silently took Otto's arm and accompanied him down the stairs from the turret chamber.

Meantime the castle gate had swung wide in answer to the new comer's lusty knock. A bugle peal, shrill and clear, and strangely familiar to every retainer at Rudesheim, as well as to old Dame Bertha and the trembling Lady Gisela, sounded full upon the air, a heavy, well-known footfall crossed the castle's threshold, and the pale, gaunt, but heavy-browed and bearded man cast down his palmer's staff and hat, and stepping into the centre of the wide oaken hall, shouted, in a voice of iron:

"And so, base, craven vassals, ye gave credence to an idle tale that Robert of Rudesheim had lain his bones to bleach on the fields of Palestine? Now bring me a goblet of old Mocheimer, and send hither my Gisela!"

"Great God! It is my father, Otto!" shrieked Gisela, who had gained the entrance to the hall, falling in a heavy swoon to the floor.

"Whom have we here? What young scented popinjay is sporting in Rudesheim's castle, while its lord lies bound in cursed infidel prisons? Give me my child!" And with a fearful oath the stern baron jealously thrust Otto aside as though he had been a reed, and lifted Gisela to his own breast.

"It is in vain, Gisela; these tears, this idle love for you young knight moves me not. When I lay in Turkish prisons, I vowed, so God opened a way of release, henceforth to dedicate my daughter to the church. My prayer was heard; my prison door at length turned on its hinges, and he who was left for dead on the battle-field by his own fellow-soldiers, but was borne thence to pine in heathen dungeons, again stood free. Once more my foot has pressed my own Rhineland and crossed my castle threshold; but Robert of Rudesheim forgets not his vow. And now no more tears, girl; for before heaven thou art destined for a sister of the Convent St. Angela!"

The fiat had gone forth. Neither tears nor prayers from the agonized Gisela bore weight with the stern Sir Robert. Her love he treated as the idle caprice of an hour, which devotion to prayer-book and rosary would subdue. Dame Bertha's entreaties he scoffed at over his wine-cup. And Count Otto Warbeck he dismissed with freezing formality from his castle, bidding him seek another bride among those whose sires had never fought in Holy Land or vowed their daughters to the service of the most holy mother church.

Perhaps the stern baron's heart was softer than it seemed; perhaps the tears of his daughter moved him inly—he had been inhuman else; but his vow was registered on high, and must not be broken. Thus Gisela was condemned to the solitude of her tower-chamber till the period of her novitiate in the convent should arrive. Ah, stern Sir Robert, better had that vow never been made, or better yet had it been broken, since thou wilt find that the same high, proud, unflinching spirit that fills thy breast guides also thy daughter's, for the Lady Gisela, though soft and yielding hitherto as pliant wax, has now hardened into the iron of resolve and revenge!

One night the tower window was flung wide, a light form, with streaming golden hair, flashed down the castle battlements, a slight splash stirred the blue waters of the Rhine below, and the waves closed over and sang a rippling death-song for Gisela. What then, proud baron, sitting at thine oaken board, and quaffing thy rich red wine? What then, when they bore her in, all dripping, stark, and pale, still fair and beautiful, no more the bride of the church, but of heaven? Ah, what but an old man's palsied hand and livid face,—a woe deeper and wilder than that of Otto Warbeck when they pointed to the spot where Gisela had redeemed her vow by her leap into the rushing waters?—a dread deeper than falls, this day, on the boatmen of the Rhine when they hear her wailing cries where her spirit still lingers, as they believe, about the Bingerloch?



AN AFRICAN MOUNTED RANGER.

AN AFRICAN MOUNTED RANGER.

The curious-looking black mounted on a South African bullock, bitted and saddled, who faces us in the first engraving on this page, is a specimen of the tribe of Griquois, who derive their origin from the Hottentots, and whom the colonists and wild tribes have driven by degrees back into the interior of the country. Now they are in some sort under the control of the missionaries, who have founded Griquois-town in the environs of the Orange River. The population of this station may perhaps reach 6000. Each family possesses its cabin and patch of ground. From a distance their numerous habitations give the settlement the aspect of a large town. During a brief portion of the year the land is fertilized by rivulets, but at other times it is parched and burned by the sun and wind. The crops also suffer from rust and the ravages caused by clouds of grasshoppers. The missionaries have established a copper currency, which only passes among the Griquois. The natives fabricate useful articles, cultivate corn and all sorts of vegetables, and raise large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. At certain periods they sell their produce at Cape Town, as well as cloaks made of the skin of wild animals, which abound in their country—such as lions, leopards, and antelopes. The Griquois are rarely more than four feet two or three inches in height. Their faces are long, copper colored, the cheek bones very salient, the eyes small, the lips gross and prominent, and the head covered with thick wool. The men wear garments of skin and the women cloaks, like the female represented in our engraving. Their cabins are generally of a circular form, three or four feet high, the opening being scarcely two feet square. The fire is in the centre, and the smoke eddies throughout the whole interior; a European would be smothered by it. The natives lie around this fire on sheepskins, and cook their meat on the coals or on spits. The Griquois are very fond of honey, which abounds in certain places, and which they carefully preserve in goat skins; they also consume edible roots which they find in the mountains. They also eat grasshoppers and locusts cooked in hot ashes, with a relish.—**STREET AMUSEMENTS IN ITALY.**—The game represented in our second engraving, a sort of swing, is called by the Italians a *canofiena*. It is especially in favor during the autumn. Songs, the music of the tamborine, and the shouts of the young girls, blend together with a chorus of merry laughter at the oscillations of the swing. About, and on the porticoes, some work of antique art or of the *renaissance* rarely fails to add effect to the scene, and the sun, before plunging beneath the horizon, gilds with his tenderest rays these joyous scenes, which the inhabitant of the north contemplates as he passes and which he can never forget.—**WOMEN OF MOLA AND CASTELLONE.**—The first sketch on the next page delineates the costume of the women of Mola and Castellone, near Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. Under the splendid sky of Southern Italy the women are ignorant of the capricious luxuries of fashion. They possess an art of braiding their hair, which is not the same in the different countries of Italy, but which is invariable in each of them. On Sunday, at daybreak, before the time of the first mass, you see groups of young women in the open air, before the doors, occupied in adorning their heads, according to the consecrated custom. The traveller who chances to pass through a village wonders to see so many roused up by vanity at such an hour. They are not surprised at his curiosity, and repay his admiration by sweet smiles. Of all the manners of dressing the hair peculiar to Italy, that of the inhabitants of Mola and Castellone is the most singular. To increase the bulk of their tresses, they interweave heavy cords, and add ribbons, which, according to their color or richness, serve to distinguish young girls from married women. The first make a triple plait of lively and variegated colors with these ribbons. The second make only two plaits of more modest colors, but of tissues of gold and silver—they are called *galani*. Our engraving will sufficiently explain to our lady readers the manner in which they divide their tresses and arrange them round their head. To keep their hair in place, the girls use long silver pins, the heads of which are generally an eagle with two crowned heads. These pins, like those which are found in the ruins of Pompeii, are called *spadette* (little swords). A learned Neapolitan finds a symbol in their use: they are defensive arms, like the little poniard worn by Spanish women. The married women, instead of these pins, use a sort of crescent, which, slender in the middle, expands and rounds towards the extremity, and is called *spadetta sana*, and is thought to symbolize the pacific unity of marriage. The ribbon ornaments are fixed to the hair by a number of large silver pins, among which is one of a bird with a sort of little branch of coral hanging from its beak. In different places, and particularly at the back part of the head, you see little hands of coral, with the finger raised—these are charms against the *jettatura*, the evil-eye, a superstition which still exists among the country people, and

sometimes influences the upper classes. On festival days, and in processions, when all these young women are collected, adorned with their richest dresses, they present a surprising and charming spectacle. They have veils of silk, cotton or wool, but if they covered their heads, of what use would their elaborate hair-dresses be? It would be time and trouble thrown away—so they allow their veils to float negligently over their shoulders. Their dresses are of silk, some of them plain, others embroidered with flowers of gold and silver. Their velvet corsets are covered with strips of gold lace, which, on the back, diverge into rays. Their ear-rings are of large pearls and in the shape of boats. Their fingers are loaded with rings, with the exception of young girls who are not engaged. They wear also heavy gold chains, to which women of mature age suspend gold doubloons. Let the imagination add to all this array, an elegant, well-proportioned shape, a fine complexion, rather roseate than brown, for the women of Mola and Castellone do not work in the fields, and you will readily conceive that no travelling artist ever leaves these villages without new drawings in his sketch-book and agreeable souvenirs in his memory.—**INTERLACHEN.**—The village of Interlachen, Switzerland, of which we present a pleasing view on the next page, is of itself an inconsiderable place, consisting of but a few white-washed houses, and yet these buildings are essential elements in the landscape, their walls contrasting with the green trees or reflecting in the lake, take away that feeling of loneliness which, but for them would be awakened, on gazing over the valley of Interlachen, up to the splendid amphitheatre of mountains that rear their steep walls and snow-crowned peaks up into the azure sky. Interlachen is in the canton of Berne, on the Aar, between the lakes Thun and Brienz. It is a great resort of travellers in summer. The valley of Interlachen is some five or six miles in length, and about three or four in breadth. On the north it is shut in by the mountain range called the Harder, the slopes of which are steep and well-wooded, and repay a climb from the fine view they afford of the valley, of the swiftly-rolling Aar immediately at their foot, and of the lakes of Thun and Brienz. On the south side are what may perhaps be termed the outworks of the great chain of the Bernese Alps. Near their base are two or three small hills or mounds, on the summit of one of which is the ruined castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Byron's hero, Manfred. On the west is the lake of Thun. On the east the mountains approach closer to one another, and leave just space enough for the lake of Brienz.

A CLEVER THIEF.

The Paris Pays contains the following: "Two young men were, a few afternoons ago, seated in front of a cafe on the Boulevards, when one of them, named Lucien W—, informed his friend that he had just come into possession of 5000 francs, adding that the 5000 francs, in bank notes, were safely locked up in a drawer in his room, and he should not then trouble himself with business. He had a sum of 50 francs in his pocket, with which he proposed that he and his friend should go to Asnieres and enjoy themselves with boating, dining, a ball, etc., and not return until two o'clock in the morning. At a table close to them was a well-dressed man, who, although apparently absorbed in the perusal of his journal, did not lose a word of the conversation. He was an accomplished thief, named R—, alias 'the Aspie,' who had but recently returned from a tour in the provinces, which he had found it necessary to make in order to withdraw himself from the observation of the police. The bait of 5000 francs was too tempting for him to resist, and he immediately resolved to try to obtain possession of it. Having noticed that Lucien W— had placed his bag on a stool at a short distance from him, the Aspie adroitly substituted his own for it, and, after paying for what he had taken, walked off. He knew that the 5000 francs were deposited in a drawer in the young man's room, and the address of that room he hoped to find by means of the name at the bottom of the hat. Seeing the hatter's address, he went to his shop and told him that he had, on leaving a restaurant, taken a hat which did not belong to him, and which he was anxious to return to the owner if the hatter happened to know the address of his customer. The information was readily obtained, and in a very short time after the thief had paid his visit to the apartment of Lucien W—, and gained possession of the money. About an hour after the young man came to the hatter's also, and was informed of what had occurred, but not thinking of any danger for his money, he merely bought a straw hat, and with his friend proceeded on his trip to Asnieres. On his return home at night he discovered his loss. Information was immediately lodged with the police, and from the description of the man given by the hatter, he was, on the following day, arrested while on a party of pleasure, which he had also devised, with some friends, to the river side. In his pockets were found the 5000 francs, minus 400 francs, which he had expended."



STREET AMUSEMENTS, FLORENCE, ITALY.

• BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

There was a very litigious fellow, a Welshman, named Bones. He had got possession, by some means, of a bit of waste ground behind a public house in Hogwash Street. Adjoining this land was a yard belonging to the parish of St. Jeremiah, which the parish trustees were fencing in with a wall. Bones alleged that one corner of their wall was advanced about ten inches on his ground, and as they declined to move it back, he kicked down the brickwork before the mortar was dry. The trustees having satisfied themselves that they were not only within their own boundary, but that they had left Bones some feet of the parish land to boot, built up the wall again. Bones kicked it down again.

The trustees put it up a third time, under the protection of a policeman. The inexorable Bones, in spite of the awful presence of this functionary, not only kicked down the wall again, but kicked the bricklayers into the bargain. This was too much, and Bones was marched off to Guildhall for assaulting the bricklayers. The magistrate rather pooh-poohed the complaint, but bound over Bones to keep the peace. The *causa belli*, the wall, was re-edified a fourth time; but when the trustees revisited the place next morning, it was again in ruins! While they were in consultation upon this last insult, they were politely waited on by an attorney's clerk, who served them all with "writs" in action of trespass, at the suit of Bones, for encroaching on his land.

Thus war was declared about a piece of dirty land literally not so big as a doorstep, and the whole fee-simple of which would not sell for a shilling. The trustees, however, thought they ought not to give up the rights of the parish to the obstinacy of a perverse fellow, like Bones, and resolved to indict Bones for assaulting the workmen.

Accordingly, the action and the indictment went on together. The action was tried first, and as the evidence clearly showed the trustees had kept within their own boundary, they got the verdict. Bones moved for a new trial; that failed. The trustees now thought they would let the matter rest, as it had cost the parish about one hundred and fifty pounds, and they supposed Bones had enough of it. But they had mistaken their man. He brought a writ of error in the action, which carried the cause into the exchequer court, and tied it up nearly two years, and in the meantime he forced them *volens* to try the indictment. When the trial came on, the judge said that as the whole question had

been decided in the action, there was no occasion for any further proceedings, and therefore the defendant had better be acquitted, and so make an end of it.

Accordingly, Bones was acquitted; and the very next thing Bones did, was to sue the trustees in a new action, for maliciously instituting the indictment against him without reasonable cause! The new action went on to trial; and it being proved that one of the trustees had been overheard to say that they would punish him, this was taken as evidence of malice, and Bones got a verdict of forty shillings damages besides all the costs. Elated with this victory, Bones pushed on his old action in the exchequer

that a bill in chancery had been filed against them, at Mr. Bones' suit, to overhaul their accounts with the parish, and prevent the misapplication of the parish money to the payment of their law costs! This was the climax. And being myself a disciple of Coke, I have heard nothing further of it, being unwilling, as well, perhaps, as unqualified, to follow the case into the labyrinthic vaults of the court of chancery. The catastrophe, if this were a tale, could hardly be mended; so the true story may end here. This story is almost a daguerreotype likeness of a class of suits and cross-suits that frequently occur in our various courts.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

chamber to a hearing, but the court affirmed the judgment against him, without hearing the trustees' counsel.

The trustees were now sick of the very name of Bones, which had become a sort of bugbear, so that if a trustee met a friend in the street, he would be greeted with an inquiry after the health of his friend Mr. Bones. They would have gladly let the whole matter drop into oblivion, but Jupiter and Bones had determined otherwise; for the indomitable Briton brought a writ of error in the house of lords, on the judgment of the exchequer chamber. The unhappy trustees had caught a Tartar, and follow him into the house of lords they must. Accordingly, after another year or two's delay, the case came in the lords. Their lordships pronounced it the most trumpety writ of error they had ever seen, and again affirmed the judgment, with costs, against Bones. The trustees now taxed their costs, and found that they had spent not less than five hundred pounds in defending their claim to a bit of ground that was not the value of an old shoe. But then Bones was condemned to pay the costs. True; so they issued execution against Bones; caught him, after some trouble, and locked him up in gaol. The next week, Bones petitioned the insolvent court, got out of prison, and, on examination of schedule, his effects appeared to be £0 0s. 0d! Bones had, in fact, been fighting the trustees on credit for the last three years, for his own attorney was put down as a creditor to a large amount, which was the only satisfaction the trustees obtained from perusing his schedule.

They were now obliged to have recourse to the parish funds to pay their own law expenses, and were consoling themselves with the reflection that these did not come out of their own pockets, when they received the usual notification



MOLA AND CASTELLONE WOMEN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.



INTERLACHEN, A VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 3.

BY ALUNG.

THE OPIUM TRADE: OR, A TUSSELE WITH THE FORMOSA PIRATES.

WE were lying at the Kin-pai Pass, during the hotter part of the month of March, waiting in idleness for the captain's return. He had been gone up to the city of Foo Chow Foo for the last fortnight, to transact business with our agents, and I did not know when he would return. I busied myself getting the schooner into ship-shape order, and felt a little proud of her taut and tidy appearance, which I knew would call forth the commendations of Captain H. We all loved the handsome craft, and the captain never failed to notice any improvement which my taste or care made in her condition. I said to myself, the craft is worthy of her captain, and he is worthy of his vessel. Any sailor might be proud to sail under him. Indeed I would have been with him to this day, had I not left the vessel upon other business, at his request, and to oblige the owners. As it is, I may never see him again; but I cannot forbear to offer this tribute of respect for one of the best seamen and worthiest men that ever trod a ship's deck; and having said this much, I will now proceed to my story.

I had got the vessel all ready for sea, when one morning I received a letter from Captain H., stating that I would receive a full cargo of opium that night, and must have everything ready on the night following to sail at a moment's notice. Accordingly I made every preparation, and got all my men on board during the day. At midnight the opium boats came along side, and after four hours of hard work, our schooner was full to her hatches. At daylight all appearance of our night's work had been removed, and no one, to look upon the vessel, would have surmised that twenty boats had discharged their cargoes into us, and that we had fifty thousand dollars' worth of opium on board. The boats had all disappeared, and our little vessel lay there as quiet and demure as though she would not leave for weeks to come, and had not a pound of freight in her hold. With the opium came another letter from the captain, saying that he sent me a carpenter and a Chinese pilot, and that I was to treat the latter well, but on no account suffer him to have any communication with any of the people on shore. As soon as the opium was stowed, I recollected the captain's order to look sharp after the pilot. I had not yet seen him, and sent my servant-boy to summon him into the cabin, directing the boy to remain with us and act as interpreter.

While the boy was looking for him, I began to imagine what sort of a chap he would turn out to be. I was sufficiently in Captain H.'s confidence to know that the speculation in which we had now embarked was a rich one, but of difficult execution; and that to this pilot we must trust our lives, and the safety of our valuable cargo we had on board, besides some forty thousand dollars in specie, which was known to be in our treasure-chest. I hoped to find the pilot a fine, open-hearted fellow, who for a good salary would keep his promise, and conduct us safely to our destined haven. But I soon had an opportunity to test the reasonableness of my hopes by the appearance of the man himself, as my boy asked him into the cabin. My first sensation upon seeing him was dislike; but I told him to take a seat, and saluting him with the usual compliment of Chin-Chin, I bade the servant place some tea and wine before him. He was a tall, pock-marked, sinister-looking fellow, with a large mouth, out of which his upper teeth protruded like a bulldog's, his upper lip being too short to cover them. From his chin and upper lip hung a few long, straggling hairs, and his sunken eyes appeared to dance about, as if seeing everything at once, but looking at nothing. His dress was the loose frock and wide pantaloons so much worn by boatmen in that country, with a hat of straw, and shoes of the same material. According to custom he had removed his hat and shoes upon entering the cabin.

After he had partaken of the refreshment set before him, I proceeded, through the interpreter, to converse with him for the purpose of drawing him out, avoiding altogether the business for which he had come on board. I found that his knowledge of the bay where we were lying was perfect, and, what I most desired to ascertain, that he did not belong to the main land, but was an island fisherman. The darkness of his complexion indicated that he was an island-man, the men of the islands being not only of darker skin, but darker also in treachery and crime than the worst of their countrymen on the main land. Brought up to follow no other pursuit than fishing—the half-barren and rocky islands on which they live giving but a scanty return for the labor bestowed upon the soil—to these islanders the sea is the most profitable field of labor, as they can thus add piracy and murder to their more peaceful calling, and unless caught in the act by a vessel of superior force, stand a good chance to carry off their plunder and escape punishment. From such a set of professional cut-throats was our pilot, and I could easily see why our captain thought it necessary that he should be strictly watched. I had now learned all I could respecting this revolting specimen of humanity, and so I directed the steward to give him a berth between-decks, and let him mess with the other Chinamen on board, and Chin-Chin'd him out of the cabin. I thought the cabin looked much brighter for his absence; at any rate it smelled a great deal sweeter.

During the remainder of the day, my brother, who was second officer under me, in obedience to my directions, kept sight of the fellow continually. Not until evening could I discover that he had the least desire to speak to any of the boatmen who were permitted to come along side, to sell eggs and fruit, and other little luxuries, to the crew. At length another boat approached, and I felt certain that there was an understanding between the man in

it and our pilot; for, from the moment the boatman's face could be recognized, the latter stood at the gangway and awaited his arrival. To prevent an interview without betraying my suspicions of the pilot's character, I promptly ordered all the boats away, and they knew me too well to delay a moment, or await a second order. He now requested permission to go on shore for a short time, and I refused him. I could see rage and disappointment painted on every feature of his ugly countenance, as he turned to leave the poop, muttering in his own language—curses, I suppose. I had him now so closely watched that he could not speak a word to our Chinamen, but what it was reported to me.

Things remained thus until two o'clock the next morning, when Captain H. came on board. In a few words I told him all respecting the suspicious conduct of the pilot, and my precautions; in his usual mild manner, he replied:

"Good, good, the best thing you could have done. I will look after him myself now." He then continued: "Get the schooner under way as quick as you can, and stand out to sea. She must be out of sight of land before daylight."

Our thirty Manilla-men made short work in getting our little beauty under sail, for in ten minutes she had everything set and was gliding through the water with the grace and speed of a dolphin. From long experience in and out of that roadstead, I wanted no better pilot, day or night, than myself; and under my charge she soon passed through the difficult passages, and floated in safety on the deep waters of Formosa Channel. I could readily imagine the surprise of the people on shore, when day broke bright and clear over the waters of the bay, and our craft was nowhere to be seen, though no one could tell how or where she had disappeared.

Captain H. now informed me of the nature of the business we were on. We were to go to the island of Formosa to contract for the sale of a very large quantity of opium, in payment for which we were to receive camphor. The risk we occurred may readily be seen, when it is considered that by the Chinese law the importation of opium is illegal, and the penalty of taking camphor from the island, if caught in the act, is death. But brave hearts and the prospect of large profits, caused us to disregard the peril and laugh at the government. The rivers and bays to which we were bound had never been surveyed, and were only known to such fellows as the pilot whom our captain had engaged for the present voyage. Our first visit was to a place called Tam Suie, or Sweet-water River. We arrived off the entrance of the river on the second morning after leaving Kin-pai, and our pilot took charge. Under his guidance we entered the river about eight o'clock in the morning, and two hours after came to anchor opposite a large town called Chin-Hai, containing some thousands of inhabitants. Thus far the pilot had done well, and I was agreeably disappointed. The captain now sent off our shroff (or Chinese man of business) to a large city inland, of which I forget the name, with directions to make the necessary arrangement for our trade.

During his absence we remained at anchor, nothing occurring to excite our curiosity or alarm our fears. Not so, however, with the inhabitants of the town opposite to which we lay; for never was a wild animal gazed upon with greater curiosity, than was our worthy captain when he went on shore. He was the first white man that most of them had seen, and must have made a strange impression upon them. The captain was a man of six feet and four inches in height, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, with red hair and moustache, and blue eyes; the last two being peculiarities seldom seen in China. Wherever he went, crowds followed and stared at him, always taking good care, however, to keep beyond the reach of the long Malacca cane which he carried—a very good proof of their wisdom, by the way. At the expiration of ten days the shroff returned, and our business arrangements were then effected in a very satisfactory manner, our opium discharged into boats, our return cargo received, and some twenty-five thousand dollars in cash taken on board. We were all prepared to go to Foo Chow Foo for more opium.

While we lay there the pilot had not been permitted to go on shore; yet at times I saw him speak to men in small boats that passed near the schooner. The day before we sailed, some fourteen or eighteen men came off in a boat while the captain was on shore, inquiring for the pilot, and asking permission to see the vessel. But I knew too much of the risks of the opium-trade to permit them to set foot upon the deck, and they returned to the shore. I did not mention this visit of the pilot's friends to the captain, not thinking it a circumstance of much consequence. With a fair breeze we got under way the next morning, and the pilot again took charge of the vessel. We started on the ebb of the tide, and after a few hours' sail, the mouth of the river could be seen about three quarters of a mile ahead of us. We had safely threaded the most difficult and dangerous parts of the river, all the while the captain standing by the pilot and watching him narrowly, when at a request from his boy he repaired to the cabin for a moment, but soon returned to the deck. I was forward at the time of his return from the cabin, superintending the working of the vessel, and turning to look aft, I was surprised to see the captain seize the pilot by the long queue of plaited hair which hung down his back. What could be the cause of this energetic demonstration on the part of the captain? I was not long left in suspense, for an order from him quickly revealed the treacherous conduct of the rascally pilot.

"Quick, quick, Alung!" cried our skipper; "get a gimlet and free the vents of the guns! This scoundrel has stopped them with wooden spikes, and we shall be among that crowd of piratical junks, now putting out from yonder creek, before we can fire a gun to keep them off!"

The boy had watched the pilot's movements, and informed the captain what had been done to the guns, when he called him into

the cabin. A good many of our men understood English, and hearing what the captain said, they saw the imminent danger to which we were exposed, and took hold with a will to free the guns from the spikes. In a few minutes we had the vents cleared, and were all ready for the reception of our unwelcome visitors. Captain H. stood by the wheel, holding the pilot by his long hair, and presenting a revolver at his head, telling him he would shoot him dead should he run the schooner aground.

By this time the largest of the junks had sheered out into the stream so that we must pass close to her. But now that we knew our danger, we were ready for her crew. On we swept, nearer and nearer to them, they awaiting our approach with the utmost confidence, in the belief that their accomplice had disabled our guns and put us entirely in their power. The pirate's men are crowding to the side of the junk next to us, in large numbers, and all in readiness to spring upon our decks and overpower us; the other junks are rapidly drawing towards us, and altogether they present an array far too formidable for a single schooner's crew to meet. The word is given by our captain to man the guns, and as the crew obey the order, the pirates seem to chuckle and laugh at the prospect of our astonishment and fright when we try to fire and find them useless. We are within forty yards of our foremost assailant, when the captain gives the order—"Fire!"

At the word, four twelve pounders and two long thirty-twos, loaded with grape and cannister, poured their deadly contents among the crowded crew of the pirate vessel, hurling into eternity those who a moment before had fancied themselves the masters of our vessel and its contents. A second discharge, and this time of heavy shot, brings the junk's mast crashing to the deck, and tears away one half her side. She rolls over on her beam-ends, and sinks to the bottom, the bloody waves closing over the common coffin of her inhuman crew. A cheer from our gallant fellows, as she sunk, told the other junks of our success before we emerged from the smoke of our guns. We now began a game of long bowls with the others, our long guns reaching them easily, and soon had the pleasure of seeing them fly before us, or of sinking those that were unable to get away as we passed them. Through the whole affair they had all kept up a continual fire upon us, but they did us no serious injury; and one hour after the discharge of our first broadside, we had no further cause to fear them.

The breeze had been light all the morning, but the discharge of our guns had caused the wind to lull, until it became a dead calm and we were obliged to come to anchor. The crew were all aware of the treacherous conduct of the pilot, and would gladly have taken his life, if they could have had a chance. To prevent this, and also to guard against his escape, for we still had need of his services to pilot the vessel over the bar, we chained him for the night in the cabin. Through the night all hands kept watch on deck, armed and ready to repel an attack. About midnight several of the junks, with their long oars, pulled towards us; but a thirty-two pound shot, which we sent crashing among them in the dark, told them that we were not to be caught napping while in that neighborhood.

Daylight at length broke over the calm and lovely water, without a ripple to break its mirrored beauty, and we felt relieved from the uncertainty which darkness had imposed on us. By turns we partook of refreshment and repose, dearly earned by a day of strife and a night of anxious watching. At noon a light breeze sprung up off the land, and with glad hearts we got the schooner under way, hoping soon to be clear of this nest of pirates. The breeze freshened, and promised us that in another half hour we should be in deep water outside the bar. One of our gunners, a Manilla-man, was steering, and the pilot sat upon the taffrail, giving him his points to steer by; while the captain still watched the scoundrel, pistol in hand. We reached the mouth of the river safely, and could see the open water upon our port side, extending for miles in the distance. On our starboard beam was a large village with a monstrous Josh-house or temple in the middle, the round dome of which could be seen above all the other houses; it stood about one thousand yards from where we were, a most imposing landmark.

The pilot announced that we were over the bar, but the captain desired him to continue his orders while he went to the cabin for his charts. He had scarcely left the deck when the vessel's head was pointed in another direction, by the pilot's orders, and with a slight shock she struck, and we were fast aground. In a second the captain was on deck, and ran aft; but the pilot was gone, and what appeared at the moment still more mysterious, the man who was steering was also gone. We were looking over the stern to see if they were in the water, when a voice from the gangway called our attention in that direction. The hail came from the gunner Antonio, who had been left at the wheel. He held the pilot by the hair of his head and dangling in the water. The latter was dying. For a short time Antonio held him thus suspended, that all might look upon the miscreant. He then took the long, bloody creese which he held between his teeth, plunged it into the pilot's breast, and released his hold; the body sank beneath the waves. Antonio sheathed his knife and came on deck, proud of doing so good a deed. He said that after the captain left the deck, he put the helm hard up, in obedience to the pilot's orders, and soon after felt the vessel touch the bottom. Turning to the pilot for further orders, he had only time to catch a glimpse of him as he dropped over the stern in making his escape. Hastily he left the wheel and jumped over after the pilot. Being a good swimmer, he soon caught him, stabbed him, Heaven only knows how often, and then towed him to the vessel's side. The black-hearted villain had well deserved his fate, and his carcass was now food for fishes.

Here we were, hard and fast on shore, among a hive of pirates. And yet there was no excitement, more than that of haste to do

all we could for the safety of the vessel. A kedge-anchor was run out, but came home through the loose sandy bottom, and we had no boat sufficiently large to carry out one of our bower anchors. Night was approaching, and the junks we had repulsed the day before were nearing us again. We could see communications pass between them and the people on shore, but they kept out of the range of our long guns. Thus night closed over us. All our crew were on the lookout, and our boarding nettings had been put up to repel any unwelcome visitors. Fortunate for us was it that the vessel was provided with them.

Two hours past midnight we heard a movement on the waters, and could distinguish the low sound of several boats sculling towards us. On they came, with the stealthy approach of a cat upon its prey; there were hundreds against forty, but we did not fear them. A blue-light from the schooner soon showed us where they were, and our shot rattled among them like hail. This checked, but did not stop them. Volley after volley of our small arms was discharged into the approaching boats, and yet they gained our side. They were upon us; but our nettings saved us, as thrust of boarding-pike and cutlass sent them wounded from the barrier they had not expected to meet. Three boats together had assailed the port quarter, where the captain with six men disputed their entrance. After a long struggle against such unequal numbers, they cut a passage through, and several of the assailants gained a footing on our deck, but never to leave it again alive. Captain H. was a host in himself; and to aid him I called off a few of my watch, when we soon killed or drove them over the vessel's side.

Again and again they renewed the attack, endeavoring to throw fire-pots and other combustible missiles upon our deck, but striking against the nettings, these recoiled harmless and fell into the water. The boats now retreated, beaten off and foiled in their attempt; and as the moon rose we sent a few souvenirs from our long toms, which hastened their departure. I can form no idea of their loss, but it must have been very great. On board our little schooner we had five killed, and almost all were wounded to some extent, but not many seriously. The captain and myself came in for a slight remembrance at the hands of the rascals in this way.

When daylight appeared, the people on shore opened a harmless fire upon us, from four guns which they had hauled down to the beach during the night. Their shot either fell short, or were so badly aimed that they did us no mischief. A new thought now struck the captain. Up to this time we had only defended our lives and property from the pirates. He now determined to make the scamps work for us, in order to get our vessel out of difficulty. Calling one of the gunners to him, he pointed out the dome of the Josh-house, and asked him if he could hit it with a shot from his favorite gun. The gunner answered, "Yes, sir," and smiled at the prospect of showing off the capabilities of his pet and giving an exhibition of his own skill.

The captain then called the shroff, and sent him on shore with orders to tell the people, that if they did not send him back safe, and also send off a large boat to carry our anchor out, so that we could heave the schooner into deep water, he would fire on the village with his big guns, and not cease while a single house stood. He gave them half an hour to comply with his demand, and would commence firing at the expiration of that time, if they did not do as he ordered. Trembling with fear, the shroff started upon his perilous mission. We saw him land, and a crowd gathered around him. Soon after, the guns on shore again opened fire on us, and Captain H. gave orders to fire on the village. The first shot was a good one, for the top of the Josh-house flew into fragments in the air.

"Man the forward guns!" said the captain. "If they will wreck my vessel, I will make a worse wreck of their village."

Both guns were now hurling large shot among their best and most prominent buildings, scattering death and destruction throughout the town. This timely application of cold iron brought them to their reason and gave us the mastery. In a short time the shroff came off, and with him a large boat well manned. The natives took our anchor out, and we were soon afloat again. The people on shore were now as anxious for us to leave, as we were a short time before to get away; but there was still one act to be performed to wind up the drama. Taking advantage of the commanding position of our guns, the captain sent a demand on shore for a full supply of provisions, and five thousand dollars in cash as a recompense to the wives of our five men who had been killed. The recollection of the persuasive eloquence of our thirty-two pounders induced them to comply with this demand without much delay, and we then sailed from Tam Saic, sending a round shot as an offering of thanks, into the temple of the idol Josh. For months after, we traded in and out of that river, but never had another fight with the pirates of Formosa.

The absent man would be thought a man of talents, by affecting to forget what all others remember; and the antiquarian is in pursuit of the same thing, by remembering what all others have thought proper to forget. I cannot but think it would much improve society, first, if all absent men would take it into their heads to turn antiquarians; and next, if all antiquarians would be absent men.—*Colton.*

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

LADY AGNES of Dunbar was one of the proudest women in all Scotland; so much so was she that it was wont to be said of her that she was "the fiercest lord in all the realm." She was tall, graceful and very handsome; but so dark was her beauty that she gained the name among the common people, of Black Agnes of Dunbar. This name, given to her by the peasantry, soon was used by the gentry, and throughout the kingdom she was known by that cognomen. At the time my story commences, Scotland was at war with England. Before the castle of Dunbar encamped an armed host, and the rugged plain before the gates resounded with the cries of war. Within the castle all was bustle and activity, but no confusion. Gliding from post to post was the lady of the castle, dressed in a rich green velvet dress, heavily embroidered with gold, while from her proud head, in contrast with her black hair, floated a veil of white. The dress enhanced while it darkened her beauty, making her look nearly Moorish in tint. Ever by her side walked Lady Jessie Claverhouse, one of Scotland's fairest daughters.

Jessie Claverhouse was small and delicate, with a dazzlingly fair complexion, blue eyes and golden hair. She was the favorite maid of Lady Agnes, perhaps because she presented such a contrast to her mistress. Together they walked through the castle, Lady Agnes whispering to one, giving an order to another, with the clearness and precision of an experienced general. She was adored by her friends and household, and hated and feared by her neighbors. To-morrow was to begin the battle, and eager for victory, Lady Agnes was anxious that all should be right—no post left unguarded, no cross-bow wanting arrows, no harquebuss neglected. As she crossed the hall to enter her dressing-room, a page came forward. Lady Agnes smiled upon the boy, another favorite, and said:

"Well, Roland, what wishest thou?"

"A harper, lady, begs permission to enter."

"This is no time to listen to any music, save that of whizzing arrow or trumpet call," was the haughty answer.

Jessie Claverhouse spoke. "Dear lady, my ears are nearly deaf with the rattle of arms, my heart is heavy as a leaden ball. Permit the harper to enter."

The lady of Dunbar smiled a fond, indulgent smile, and laying her hand upon the white shoulder of her maid, said:

"You love not the warlike sounds that please me, child; yet you have been patient and brave, and should have some reward. If I admit this harper, he must look to you for attention." Then turning to Roland, she said: "Admit the singer, boy; lead him to the dining-hall, where we will come to listen to him."

The page departed, and for a few moments the ladies retired to their apartments. Soon they returned, and proceeded to the dining-hall to listen to the harper's words. Seated beside the wide fireplace was an old man, bent with age. His dress was that of a pilgrim, a coarse brown serge, and his gray locks escaped from beneath a cap of brown velvet, which he doffed respectfully as the ladies entered. After seating themselves, Lady Agnes graciously requested the old man to play. A sweet, mournful ditty he played, accompanying the music with his voice. Jessie whispered to Lady Agnes:

"Surely, dear lady, did I but close my eyes, I would think that some young knight sang to me, his voice is so clear and sweet."

"Shut your eyes then, child, and dream," was the almost playful answer.

A while the harper sung the usual love songs in his clear, rich, mellow voice. Lady Agnes listened patiently for some time; then the sweet, spiritless songs wearied her.

"Sir harper, I would hear something else," she said, as he finished. "Can you not sing to us some warlike song; something that will stir the heart, make the blood flow swifter through the veins, flush the cheek, and brighten the eye?"

"Lady of Dunbar, I will try; but in my pilgrimage, I've seen more of love than war."

A while he paused, then like a clarion his voice rang out. It filled that vaulted hall and thrilled to every heart, that martial song. The soldiers at their posts heard it, and grasped the harquebuss and cross-bow with a firmer hand. As the inspiring sounds died away, Lady Agnes arose.

"I thank you, sir harper, for the last. Truly it was a brave song, Jessie, and we will e'en retire with the strains yet thrilling in our hearts." Turning to Roland, she said: "Roland, boy, to you I give in charge the comfort and well-being of this old man. See to him well that he want nothing, and to-morrow, ere the din of battle begin, he shall have safe passage from the wall, if so he wish. Good night." And with a gracious wave of the hand and a proud step she walked away.

Excited by the song and the thoughts of the coming events, Lady Agnes did not go to her bed, but sat by a window overlooking the plain destined to be the scene of battle the next day. Again and again she urged the gentle, faithful Jessie to go to her couch, but that devoted girl only shook her head, and taking a cushion placed herself at the feet of her beloved mistress, her hands resting on her knees. Some time she sat listening to the regular tramp of the sentinels on the parapet beneath the window; then the golden curls sunk lower, the white lids closed over the blue eyes, and the fair girl was asleep. A fond smile played over the dark face of Agnes, and she sat calmly and quietly listening to the regular breathing of the fair sleeper. As she sat so quietly, a sound caught her ear, a sound of bolt slid, of chain undone. She

listened attentively. Yes, the bolt to the door leading to the parapet was being noiselessly shot into its place. Placing her hand over Jessie's mouth, Lady Agnes aroused her.

"Wake, wake, Jessie! I've need of you."

The girl opened her eyes, and at one glance comprehending that there was need of secrecy, she arose silently.

"Listen, Jessie, and say what you hear."

The girl listened, and her face paled as she whispered:

"The door beneath is being bolted."

"Yes, child; the sentinel is away on his beat; when he returns the noise will cease, to be resumed when he goes to the other side of the tower. I must discover the cause. Stay you here, watchful for every sound."

Lady Agnes spoke quietly. Jessie pleaded:

"Let me go, too; my heart is brave and calm?"

"No, child; you can aid me more by watching here."

Lady Agnes left the room, and Jessie Claverhouse seated herself, determined to be ready for everything, as she felt there was some treachery, for she had heard every order given and knew that the little door opening upon the eastern parapet was to be left unbolted. A long while she waited, but heard no sound. She began to think her suspicions were groundless, when Lady Agnes returned. One look at the lady's face told that all was not right.

"What is it, Lady Agnes?" whispered Jessie, with white lips.

"Treachery!"

The word came like a thunderbolt to the listener.

"The door?"

"Was bolted, Jessie, and the little postern door on the other side of the castle was unfastened. The treachery is within our walls. 'Tis almost daybreak; in two hours more the battle will begin; before that time the traitor or traitors must be found."

"Dear lady, none of your household would betray you. Some one must have secreted himself within these walls—"

"Jessie—the harper!"

The words came low and deep; but each woman felt that the other guessed her thoughts.

"Lady Agnes, I will find him; if he is within the castle, I will seek him out. Do you go and see that all is as you commanded, and I will find the false harper, wherever he is."

With a swift but noiseless step, Jessie Claverhouse sped to the dining-room, where she thought to find the old harper, for she had heard him ask the young page, Roland, to permit him to sit by the fire. His harp stood by the chimney, but the man was not there. For a moment Jessie paused, not knowing where to search for the missing spy—for now she felt convinced that the harper was such. As she stood thus irresolute, the door opened, and the old man sprang in, closely followed by an armed man, one of Lady Agnes's cross-bow men. The long serge robe was torn and floated behind him, showing a complete suit of armor; the gray wig and velvet cap were gone, and Jessie Claverhouse beheld before her a young, handsome man. Close at the heels of the false harper was the man-at-arms. With a bound the man reached Jessie Claverhouse and fell at her feet.

"Mercy, mercy, fair lady!—let him not kill me!"

Jessie looked scornfully at the traitor at her feet, but she bade the man desist.

"Hold, Stenie!—let our lady herself consign this base man to his doom. Go you and tell Lady Agnes to come hither." Then turning to the trembling man at her feet, she said: "Upon your honor, if so base a thing as you can have any, I rely that you will remain here till the lady of Dunbar comes."

The man bowed his head with shame, and remained motionless. In a very short time Lady Agnes entered the room, her cheeks flushed with crimson, and her black eyes blazing.

"So, sir harper, spy, traitor!—you would betray to her enemies the lady who gave you shelter and food? What shall be your punishment?"

The man slowly rose, turned and faced her. "Let me be shot."

"Shot!—why that is an honorable death. No, man, you shall be hurled from the parapet into the camp you left only to betray. With their own eyes shall your friends behold the result of your dishonorable mission. What, ho, guards!—take this man and fling him into the camp beneath, that the English may know how Black Agnes treats all spies and traitors!"

Jessie Claverhouse covered her face with her hands. Much as she abhorred the man for his unworthy act, she could not think of his fearful doom without a shudder. The man perceived this, and in desperation turned to her.

"Lady, plead for me! I have no right to expect mercy—but O, the fearful doom! I have a brother and father in the camp beneath; they are honorable, true knights; the knowledge of my base deed would kill my aged father, Sir James Preston. For his sake, plead for me; I fear not death, but disgrace."

Jessie Claverhouse paused; then earnestly pleaded for the bold youth before her.

"Dear lady, remember 'tis not a friend he has betrayed, but an enemy. For his country he risked his life. No harm is done; his treachery was discovered in time. Be for—"

"Stay, Jessie, sully not your pure lips by pleading for a base traitor, who has no honor. In days gone by I knew his father; that name has saved him. Go, base villain!—you are free to pass out; tell your masters what is my force, my power to defend myself. I cannot bring sorrow to the man once my father's friend. Guards, let the spy go free, bearing with him the curses of the woman he would have betrayed!"

"Lady Agnes"—the voice was calm and proud—"freedom I will not accept, with disgrace! Never shall living man hear aught from my perjured lips!" And with a sudden movement the young man plunged a dagger into his breast, and fell dead at the feet of the generous though proud Black Agnes of Dunbar.

SWISS CENTRAL RAILWAY.

As a specimen of the high character of this great work, we present herewith an accurate view of the viaduct near Rumligen, where the road passes through a wild mountain gorge on a succession of bold and lofty aisles, at a dizzy height. The slow progress of the heavy wagons and of the pedestrians on foot, contrast with the facility with which the railway train above shoots its way athwart the chasm. The net-work of railways which will soon traverse Switzerland in every direction, is progressing rapidly. Beginning at Basel, one of the most important commercial towns in Switzerland, it bears off, first, in a south-eastern direction, along the course of the Rhine and the valley of the Ergol, through the canton of Basel, and, passing under the Jura at Lower Hauenstein, reaches Olten, where it branches off in several directions—westward, towards Berne, Soleure, and Biel; southward, towards Lucerne; and eastward, towards Aarau, where it joins the northern line of railway from Constance, thus connecting the principal towns of Switzerland. If we look at the situation of Switzerland, in regard to its position with the rest of Europe, we shall see the importance which these lines are likely to acquire. They will become the connecting links between the great German and French lines with those of Central Europe. Basel is now the point of junction between the French, Eastern, and Rhine lines, and the Basel-Lucerne lines forms the continuation of the two towards the south; and thus a direct communication will be opened up between the ports of the Baltic and North Seas with Italy and the south of Europe. The construction of the Swiss lines of railway has been a work of immense labor, on account of the difficulties

duction, requested him to exercise his influence on my behalf. M. Decazes turned round to me, and, tapping my cheek with his hand in a lofty, patronizing way, said: 'We'll see what can be done for the lad.' We parted, nor did we meet again. Well, strange to say, on the 1st of March, 1848, it was the lot of this lad to sleep in that very bed on which, many years ago, he had seen the duke sitting, and which the duke had been obliged to vacate for his use. After so much toil, nature began to claim her due, for I think none of us had breakfasted yet. Unfortunately nothing was to be got. By dint of searching, the starving dictators of France were so befriended by fortune as to procure some black bread which the soldiers had left, a bottle of wine, a bit of cheese, and a pail of water, just brought in by a good-natured workman. By another lucky chance, a cracked sugar basin was discovered, which passed round, like the cup filled with more generous contents, in an ancient banquet. The operations were merrily conducted, and M. de Lamartine, smiling, said: '*Voici qui est de bon augure pour un gouvernement a bon marche*,'—(this is a good omen for a cheap government).

GHOST STORIES.

While the Thirty-third or Wellington's Regiment was quartered in Canada, the officers at the mess-table saw the door open, and a figure pass through to an inner room. He was deadly pale, and was recognized as a brother officer, Wynyard by name, known to be then in England on sick-leave. There being but one exit, and as he did not return, some one of the party looked into the room he had entered, but found no trace. Not merely one, but all present

curtain of her bed and look at her, and that she was convinced he was dead. A few hours after, a servant brought a letter announcing his death at the very time she had seen him. I learned afterwards that her husband had destroyed himself, and that she had heard a pistol shot and the ball roll along the floor, he at the time being far away.—*Notes and Queries*.

MUMMY POWDER.

Gentle reader, without being considered offensively personal, may we take the liberty of asking whether you ever have felt any tendency towards cannibalism? There's no need to lose your temper, for we don't suppose you to be a native of the Sandwich Islands, the interesting aborigines of which, Sidney Smith says, always have cold missionary on the sideboard. But the fact is, if you haven't eaten mummy yourself, your forefathers have before you, and you know the inevitable result. In a paper entitled "Concerning Churchyards"—a very readable one, though literally on a grave subject—Fraser thus discourseth:—"One of the oddest things ever introduced into *Materia Medica* was the celebrated 'Mummy Powder.' Egyptian mummies, being broken up and ground into dust, were held of great value as medicine both for external and internal application. Boyle and Bacon unite in commending its virtues; the latter, indeed, venturing to suggest that 'the mixture of balms that are glutinous' was the foundation of its power, though the common belief held that the virtue was 'more in the Egyptian than in the spice.' Even in the seventeenth century, mummy was an important article of commerce, and was sold at a great price. One Eastern traveller brought to



SWISS CENTRAL RAILWAY.—THE VIADUCT NEAR RUMLINGEN.

which the engineers had to encounter. The different companies have adopted the American style of carriage, by which a communication is established from one carriage to another, and in every respect is the comfort of the passengers studied. The view chosen by the artist will show some of the beauties of this line, and the character of the works which have been executed, as well as the taste displayed in adapting them to the character of the country.

NOW AND THEN.

"When I left school," says Louis Blanc, "I was scarcely of an age to look for employment; still I found myself obliged to do so, on account of family circumstances, which admitted of no delay. Among the friends of my family was a man of great merit, who had been vice president of the legislative body during the *Cent Jours*, in which capacity he uttered, when the intelligence of the defeat of Waterloo reached the Assembly, these memorable words: '*Du calme? Messieurs, apres la bataille de Cannes, l'agitation etait dans Rome et la tranquillite dans le Senat.*' (Calm? Gentlemen, after the battle of Cannes, agitation was in Rome and tranquillity in the Senate.) The gentleman I allude to was M. Flaugergues. He had not much influence at that period, owing to his liberal views and independent character; but I knew he was acquainted with M. le Duc Decazes, then grand referendary of the House of Peers, and I applied to him. Of what took place I have preserved a vivid recollection. One fine morning, M. Flaugergues took me to the palace of Luxembourg, where we were ushered into the duke's bedroom. He was sitting up in bed, and reading the *Constitutionnel*. M. Flaugergues, after the usual formalities of intro-

saw the figure. Some took notes of the incident; and in the log-book of the regiment (if a nautical phrase is admissible in matters purely military), may be read the then written statement of the facts. News of his death afterwards received, proved the hour of his dissolution and appearing to have been simultaneous.—An instance similar to this case, and others I could mention, where doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of a denizen of a higher sphere appearing to its beloved ones on earth, occurred to a friend of my own, and to the companion of his early youth, who, having obtained a cadetship, went to India. His story ran thus: Several years ago, the former was towards evening driving alone across a wide, barren heath. Suddenly by his side in the vehicle was seen the figure of his playmate. He knows not why, but he experienced neither surprise nor dread. Happening to turn his head from him to the horse, and on looking again, the apparition had vanished! And now an indescribable feeling of awe thrilled through him; and, remembering the conversation they had held together at parting, he doubted not but that his friend was at that moment dead; and that in his appearing to him, he was come in the fulfilment of their mutual promise, in order to remove all pre-existing doubts. By the next India mail was received intelligence of his death, showing the exact coincidence as to the time of the two events, and bringing home at once conviction to the mind of the bereaved.—More than twenty years ago, I was called one morning before daylight to visit the late Mrs. S. living in Mamhead Cottage, and found her in a most excited state, arising from an impression on her mind, as she stated to me, that she had seen her old friend, Mr. Adams, who lived near Totnes, open the end

the Turkey Company six hundred weight of mummy broken into pieces. Adulteration came into play in a manner which would have gratified the Lancet commission; the Jews collecting the bodies of executed criminals, filling them with asphaltum, which cost little, and then drying them in the sun, when they became indistinguishable from the genuine article. And the maladies which mummy was held to cure are set forth in a list which we commend to the notice of Professor Holloway. It was 'to be taken in decoctions of majoran, thyme, elder-flower, barley, roses, lentils, jujubes, cummin seed, caraway, saffron, cassia, parsley, with oxymel, wine, milk, butter, castor, and mulberries.' Sir Thomas Browne, who was a good deal before his age, did not approve of the use of mummy. He says:—'Were the efficacy thereof more clearly made out, we scarce conceive the use thereof allowable in physic—exceeding the barbarities of Cambyzes, and turning old heroes into unworthy potions. Shall Egypt lend out her ancients unto churgeons and apothecaries, and Cheops and Psammetichus be weighed unto us for drugs? Shall we eat of Chamnes and Amasis in electuaries and pills, and be cured by cannibal mixtures? Surely such diet is miserable vampirism; and exceeds in horror the black banquet of Domitian, not to be paralleled except in those Arabian feasts wherein ghouls feed horribly.' I need hardly add that the world has come round to the great physician's way of thinking, and that mummy is not included in the pharmacopoeia of modern days."

Though love cannot dwell in a heart, friendship may. Friendship takes less room—it has no wings.—*Jerrold*.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. M.—It would be best to study with a first-class actor.
 W. C. D.—We cannot call to mind any work which is specially devoted to the subject. There is no pronouncing dictionary of the language referred to, for the reason that the pronunciation is simple and regular. The rules are few, and when learned, can be very readily applied to any word in the language.

PHILANTHROPE.—"Guy's Hospital," London, is indebted for its origin to Thomas Guy, an eminent and wealthy bookseller, who, after having bestowed immense sums on St. Thomas's, determined to be the sole founder of another hospital. At the age of seventy-six, in 1721, he commenced the erection of the present building, and lived to see it nearly completed. It cost him £18,793, in addition to which he left, to endow it, the immense sum of £219,499. A splendid bequest, amounting to £200,000, was made to this hospital by Mr. Hunt, to provide additional accommodation for one hundred patients; his will was proved Sept. 24, 1829.

FIREMAN.—The Philadelphia fire department consists of 42 engine companies, 43 hose companies, and five hook-and-ladder companies. The number of members of the department are—active, 3210; honorary, 3123; contributing, 10,546; total, 16,879.

SUBURBAN.—In the Christian church, sponsorship in baptism arose in the desire of assuring that the child should be of the religion of Christ. It was first ordained to be used, according to some, by Pope Alexander; according to others, by Sextus, and others refer it to Telesphorus, about A. D., 130. In Catholic countries they have godfathers and godmothers in the baptism of their bells.

INVALID.—The chemical analysis of opium has rendered it probable that its activity as a medicine depends upon the presence of a peculiar alkaline base, called *morphea*, in combination with an acid, which has been termed *meconic acid*.

J. C.—The common opera-glass is nothing else than the Galilean telescope, invented by Galileo, in 1609, which was the first ever employed for the purpose of exploring the heavens.

STUDENT.—The greatest mental philosophers have failed to account for memory.

MECHANIC.—The Egyptians were certainly acquainted with the art of glass-making. Beads have been found in the mummy-cases.

C. B., Montague.—1. We cannot answer now. 2. *Qui vive?* literally, "Who lives?" or, "Who goes there?" is the challenge of French sentinels; hence, to be "on the *qui vive*," is to be on the alert, like a sentry. 3. From the palace of St. James.

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR, THE—

RED AND WHITE MEN OF VIRGINIA.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

In the next number of Ballou's Pictorial we shall commence a tale with the above title, abounding in incidents of frontier life, and depicting with vivid interest events that transpired during those pioneer days of hardship and sturdy battling, both with nature and the red men of the forest. The scene is laid in the Old Dominion, in its earliest history, and the narrative finely blends the truthful and romantic in its record of the life-scenes of that period.

SPLINTERS.

.... Several large sharks have been captured near Fulton Ferry, New York. Those in Wall Street are less easily taken.

.... Blackwood's Magazine says that men enjoy mountains, and women, waterfalls—but can't account for the difference.

.... A monument to Madame Sontag has been erected at Marienthal, near Dresden, by the Duke of Mecklenberg Strelitz.

.... Ships entirely built of the best Honduras mahogany are the latest novelties in European naval architecture.

.... The pope, on the anniversary of his coronation, increased by one third the pay of his famous Swiss guard.

.... A tradesman in Nottingham, England, has a cat that plays on the piano after a fashion of her own.

.... A steamship bound to Havana, lately, ran over and killed a whale—a most extraordinary adventure.

.... Mr. Ten Broeck, not content with running his American mare in England, means to ride her himself.

.... It is rumored that Lord John Russell contemplates a visit to this country. How he would be lionized!

.... Professor Agassiz lately declared at a public dinner, that he regarded himself no longer a European.

.... Albert Smith only closed his illustrated lecture on Mount Blanc, after he had delivered it two thousand times!

.... The Duke of Malakoff lately accompanied the queen of England to Aldershot, where she reviewed the troops.

.... A railway train in England was lately struck by lightning. It must have had a very poor conductor.

.... W. Ivory Bushnell, the American who married Catherine Hayes, died lately at Biarritz, in France.

.... Cotton, so compressed as to be fire-proof and water-proof, is said to be a good material for building ships.

.... There are fifteen hundred laborers employed on the Central Park, New York, and the work is progressing rapidly.

.... A gentleman in France was lately cured of tetanus, or lock-jaw, by repeated inhalations of chloroform.

.... Laura Keane's Theatre, New York, will be opened the first week in September with a powerful company.

.... The German Theatre in New York is doing well, and so is the French company at the Metropolitan Music Hall.

.... It is said that Fuad Pacha, after the Paris conference, will demand the evacuation of the island of Perim.

.... Max Maretzek has leased the Tacon Theatre, Havana, for next season at \$13,000 a month!

.... In London, Madame Tussand has added to her exhibition a life-sized wax figure of President Buchanan.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLIMATE.

Profound philosophers have attributed to the changeable climate of the temperate regions of the earth the vast superiority which the inhabitants possess over those of the torrid or the polar regions. Substantially all the intelligence and enterprise of the world is exhibited by the nations which dwell in these regions,—as the people of the various countries of Europe, and of the United States and British Provinces in America. Their climate is a perpetual conflict of the cold winds from the polar regions and the hot winds from the equator. These winds are opposite in character and direction, and cause that changeableness, that extreme variety of temperature, of dryness and moisture, of fair weather and foul, which diversify the climate of the temperate zone. The cold winds from the north are dry, and lick up the moisture of the earth, while the warm winds from the south are laden with moisture, which is condensed upon the mountains and hill tops, and falls in showers of rain. Either alone would be a curse to the land; the former by making it dry and sterile, the latter by drenching it with water to the destruction of vegetation and the detriment of human health. Blended together, or acting alternately, they produce that wholesome and beneficial variety which make for man seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, and through all, a healthy temperature.

These changes from hot to cold and moist to dry, are different in the same country in different years; and as a general thing it is remarked that when there is a dry summer or a cold winter in Europe, there is a wet summer or a mild winter in America, and the reverse. The same differences sometimes exist between the eastern and western portions of the same continent. Thus, in the years 1816-17, owing to the moist south-western winds which had prevailed over eastern Europe, the degree of moisture was such that the harvests failed entirely, and there was general famine and distress. But these wet winds did not extend to western Europe, and consequently the harvests of that portion of the continent were as abundant as usual, and served to supply the famishing people on the other side of the continent. It was then that the immense grain fields of southern Russia were first made known to the rest of the world, and their commercial importance established as the granaries of Europe. It is thus that the hand of an All-wise Providence so orders the winds of heaven, as to make his intelligent creatures mutually dependent upon each other for assistance and support, and establishes those bonds of fraternity between them which the mad ambition of wicked rulers constantly seeks to sever.

A MAGNIFICENT WATERFALL.

On the western slope of the mountain chain in southern India, known as the Western Gats, is a most remarkable waterfall, which is probably the highest in the known world. It is located on the river Shirawati, a small stream which flows into the Indian Ocean, in the British province of Carvara, somewhere about the fourteenth parallel of latitude. This section of country is visited by powerful and long-continued rains during the rainy season. At this time of the year a vast body of water fills the river, and the fall of the Shirawati presents a most magnificent appearance, combining the beautiful and the sublime in a degree truly wonderful. The water first descends about three hundred feet down a slope of forty-five degrees, acquiring in its progress a great momentum, and being worked into a dazzling white foam. After this preparatory run, the river, rushing forward with terrific energy, takes a perpendicular leap of over eight hundred feet down a dark abyss into a rocky ravine, where it is scattered into spray and foam, to be again united at the bottom, and find its meandering course to the ocean. The total height of this waterfall is eleven hundred and fifty feet, or more than one fifth of a mile! Such a sight as this is worth a journey of thousands of miles to behold, for beside it all other waterfalls would dwindle into insignificance.

GEORGE PEABODY.—This gentleman gives princely entertainments in London, but caters particularly for his brave countrymen and fair countrywomen. One of his last dinners to the Americans was at the famous Crystal Palace, where he not only spread the most tempting viands before his guests, but regaled their ears with such music as Mario and Grisi furnish.

NEGRO PHRASEOLOGY.—Nothing is more amusing than the language of a "cullud pusson" when he launches into the dangerous paths of rhetoric. The other day a polite colored gentleman replied to an invitation that "sneckumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent the acceptance to the invite."

A QUEER REASON.—It is said that Frazer's River Indians entertain the most deadly hatred for the Chinese because their eyes are not located in the right place. They scalp them whenever they can find them, the operation being assisted by the long pig-tails of the poor Celestials.

FREE BATHING.—They talk of establishing free baths in New York at several points, with separate apartments, for men, women and children, and teachers of the noble science of natation. The idea is a noble one and worthy of the imperial city.

THE RIGHT PLACE.—In a certain town, lately, a quack's sign was stolen. The inscription was "To Dr. Bolus's apartments." The missing sign was afterwards found nailed to the gate of the graveyard.

SLAUGHTER OF TROUT.—A string of five hundred trout was lately caught in the brooks near Campton, N. H.

FISH RAISING.

The science of ichthyology is now brought to contribute its part towards increasing the store of food for the use of man. Fish diet has in all ages of the world been esteemed nutritious, wholesome, and available on account of its cheapness. A study of the nature and habits of edible fish has led to the suggestion of plans for increasing the supply by artificial culture, and successful experiments have proved the practicability of breeding fish as well as any other description of food. In France there is a public establishment at Huningen, in the Province of the Upper Rhine, for the artificial culture of fish; and such is its success that the government is in a fair way to be able to re-stock all the waters of the kingdom with fish. The work of supplying the rivers and ponds of the various departments is now going on with vigor, and thus far the results appear to be very successful. The establishment is under the direction of a national board, and it has the means of offering to individuals facilities for fish-raising to any extent. The scheme is now to be extended to maritime waters, and the government has empowered M. Coste to visit the seacoast fishing-stations, in order to gain all practicable information for the success of the undertaking. The results of his investigations are to be published in a series of reports. The first of these, in reference to the oyster fishery, is already out, and contains suggestions for replenishing the coast of France with these important bivalves, the stock of which has nearly run out there. It is not generally known that oysters will not grow in entirely salt water. They need a soil that is partly washed by fresh water, like the flats at the mouth of a river or large bay, and will not thrive in any other location. M. Coste proposes to re-plant the old beds on the coast, and establish new ones wherever practicable, so as to have a complete chain of oyster beds around the whole coast. These banks he proposes to classify, so that none of them shall be visited oftener than once a year in three; and further, to establish by law that the fishing season shall not commence until the month of February, instead of September, as at present. This regulation is for the purpose of preventing the destruction of the young oysters by taking the old ones. Should his plans prove successful, all France will worship the great oyster-saviour, for these bivalves are a great favorite with that people, and Louis Napoleon will have to look out for his laurels.

COLOR OF THE SEA.

People are finding out the cause of everything now-a-days, even to the color of the sea, which has so often puzzled the reader as he was looking over a vessel's side. Mr. Piessi, of London, has lately been experimenting upon the blue water of the Mediterranean and the green water of other seas, with a view to detect the substance which gives to these waters their distinctive color. His opinion is, that the blue color of the water is due to ammoniacal salts of copper, and the greenness to chloride of copper, held in solution. He detected the copper in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, by suspending a bag containing nails and scrap iron, over the side of a steamer on a voyage from Marseilles to Nice. Though this voyage was only of twelve days duration, there were found upon the surface of the iron indications of copper, and after four voyages with the same bag, the quantity of copper deposited upon the iron was so considerable as to excite great surprise. Heretofore the blue color has been attributed to the depth of the sea, and the green color to the reflected light from the marine vegetation at the bottom of shoal waters. But this explanation has not always proved satisfactory; for water often appears green where there is no bottom but light sand. The probability is, that the blue tinge is due to copper, and that the green is produced in shallow water by the blending of the yellow color of the bottom with the blue of the water; for it is well known that a mixture of blue and yellow will produce green.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—This lady is as good natured as she is beautiful. She is constantly doing acts of kindness. The great French actress, Madame Dorval, left a boy ill-provided for. He went on a visit to George Sand, who lives retired on her estate in Berri. Touched with his destitution and evident talent, the republican lady took a sheet of satin note paper and wrote to the Empress Eugenie, asking for an appointment to some college for the youth. The empress immediately complied.

MUNIFICENT CHARITY.—From the close of 1828 to the close of 1852, the late Amos Lawrence gave away in charity six hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars—a vast fortune. This is the record of a truly good man. And it may be added that Mr. Lawrence was discriminating in his charities, and bestowed his gifts on deserving persons.

THE MOTHERLESS.—This is the title of a photograph by Whipple & Black, from a celebrated crayon drawing of two orphan sisters by Mr. Charles A. Barry. Mr. Barry's drawing is full of character, expression and grace, and stamps him as a true artist.

A QUAKER'S WARNING.—A staid Broadbrim replied to a fellow who was abusing him, "Have a care, friend, or thee mayst run thy countenance against my fist."

HOSPITALITY.—Hugh Miller says: "Hospitality flourishes where the inn and the lodging-house cannot exist, and dies out where they thrive and multiply."

SLIPPERY WAYS.—It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A TRUE FRIEND.

BY N. B. ANDERSON, M. D.

How blest the tokens of thy heart—
Such emblems pleasure bring;
The constant joy which they impart,
Deprive the soul of sting.

Dispelled, the clouds of sorrow e'en
No murky shadows o'er
The life so sweet by pleasures blest—
O, who could ask for more?

Our hope shall rest on thy sweet face,
Where rays so brightly tend;
And all our paths with pleasure trace,
And love with beauty blend.

Thus, in each other's kind esteem,
With pleasure and with joy,
We'll bless what has already been,
And future ills decoy.

With happy bliss may life glide on
Without one cloud to cast
A shadow, which shall fall upon
Such pleasures as the past.

THE WESTERN SUMMER CLOUD AT EVENING.

Still Twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow—
The far-stretched curtain of retiring light
With fiery treasures fraught, that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides where darkness lowers,
In fancy's eye, a chain of mouldering towers:
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst javelins dire, and darts of streaming blue.—BLOOMFIELD.

VIRTUOUS AGE.

How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,
The good old man is honoured and revered.
And breathes upon the young-limbed race around
A gray and venerable charm of years.—MONTGOMERY.

DEATH.

Ah, it is sad when one thus linked departs!
When Death, that mighty severer of true hearts,
Sweeps through the halls so lately loud in mirth,
And leaves pale Sorrow weeping by the hearth!—MRS. NORTON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Now that the Utah imbroglio is happily settled, our thirty-million public is craving for some subject of general excitement. The presidential election is two years ahead, Great Britain has behaved honourably, the Indian troubles are small affairs—what's to be done to stir up the people? A movement for the acquisition of Cuba will probably be the next startling event. Sooner or later that "pearl of the Antilles" must be set in the coronal of stars, and it may be ours sooner than we expect. "Things is workin'!".....Mr. MacKenzie, of Glasgow, has begun a publishing enterprise upon a grand scale, under the title of the "Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography," and he has enlisted a formidable array of contributors, whose names occupy almost two pages of close print. Among them we find most of the authors at present known to periodical literature. All the biographies of any length are authenticated by the initials of the writer, who, being thus personally responsible to the public for his contributions, will be sure to exercise the more care in the collection of his facts. It is a singular fact that England does not boast a good biographical dictionary that can compare with the "Biographie Universelle" of France. The work above-mentioned is therefore highly commended by the literary public of Great Britain.....A Kentucky judge, in passing sentence upon a criminal, recently, delivered himself in the following style:—"Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you, sir! This court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this court all *knows* that of that is any vice this court abhors, it is intemperance. When this court was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this court *knows* that this court has *naturally* a very high temper, and if this court had not stopped short off, and stopped the use of intoxicating liquors, I have no doubt, sir, but what this court, sir, would have been in the penitentiary, or in its *grave*!".....An island, about five rods square, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, floated down Lake Ontario, lately. The soil was sufficiently firm to bear up a man, and was inhabited by small birds.....The St. Paul (Minnesota) Democrat says:—"On Sunday last we counted, in a space of less than twenty acres, forty-seven varieties of wild flower, all indigenous to Minnesota.".....Only think of it! Last month snow fell on the top of Mount Washington, covering the ground to the depth of two inches. Rather a cool retreat for dog-days.....The word "Dolles," a word which occurs so frequently in the news from Oregon, is a name given to a narrow passage on the Columbia River, some fifty miles above the Cascades, where the stream passes between immense walls of basaltic rock, only three hundred feet asunder. The name, which is pronounced as if written *dolls*, means "slabs;" and was given, doubtless, by the early French trappers, as descriptive of the remarkable masses of basalt, which is not dissimilar to flag stones set upon end, and cemented together.....The Boston Ledger, a very clever paper, by the way, tells a curious cat story in this wise:—"Two years and a half ago one of our citizens, to oblige a friend, the captain of a ship about to sail for the East Indies, gave him a cat for the purpose of keeping the vermin on board in proper subjection. Pussy, during the intervening time, voyaged to Calcutta, thence to Liverpool, back to Bombay, thence to Charleston, S. C., and finally back to Boston. A few days after the arrival of the ship at this port the former owners of the cat were sitting at breakfast, when in walked tabby, the same as if she had never been away from home, and after a general review of the premises, she came and jumped on the knee of the master of the household, as had been her wont in old times. The story is a curious evidence of attachment to locality in the animal, and a singular proof of its retention of memory....."Do you drink *hale* in America?" said a cockney. "Hail? no—we drink *thunder* and *lightning*!" said the Yankee....."Here," writes a London friend, "is a good thing which may amuse your readers. You know there was a conversation in the House of Lords the other day about the title by which Sir Colin Campbell would be called up to the peerage,

and it was said that he could not be Lord Campbell, because there was a Lord Campbell already. 'Why not?' asked some one, I believe Mr. Tom Taylor. 'The new peer would be Lord Campbell *de facto*, and the old one Lord Campbell *de jure*.'".....The oldest postmaster in the United States is said to be Gen. Joseph Locke, of Bloomfield, Maine. He has held the office forty-five years.....The Irish are great practical jokers. During a public meeting in Dublin, lately, a large group of persons in front of the platform were suddenly afflicted with a continuous severe fit of sneezing, and it was ascertained that some person had ejected a shower of pungent snuff into the air.....A tragedy similar to that of Ginevra occurred in New York, lately. A little boy named George Pritner was missing, and diligent search was made for him without effect. Four days after his body was found in a large chest on which was a spring-lock. He had probably secreted himself in the chest for some purpose, supposing he could easily get out. But the lock became fastened as the lid closed, and he was smothered to death.....Steam power has been applied to boats on the Erie Canal.....The Russian journals for some time past have published almost daily articles on England, on her policy and influence in the world. One of them, the Russian Gazette, has an article which maintains that England, by entering into an alliance with Austria and Turkey, has lost her prestige in the eyes of nations, and is preparing her own ruin.....Mr. Walford, a Cambridge (Eng.) student, has made the first ascent of Mount Blanc this year. He was determined, he said, to go higher than Mdlle d'Angeville, who went up last summer, and therefore, when on the summit, was lifted upon the shoulders of his guide, who, in like manner, was lifted upon the shoulders of two of his companions.....It is said that the choice of a wife by the Prince of Wales, that future monarch of England, if he outlives his mother, is limited to seven royal princesses. Princess Alexandra of Denmark is considered the most suitable match of the seven. When the Prince of Wales comes of age, in 1862, she will be 18.....A girl in Treanton, N. J., attempted to commit suicide the other day by jumping into a water pond because she had been forsaken at a picnic by one from whom she expected better treatment.....It is said that there will be but few peaches in Western New York, this year.....We read a good story of Pope Clement XIV., the other day. A lady asked him if he was not afraid of the indiscretion of his secretaries. "No, madam," he replied, "and yet I have three," showing the three fingers he used in writing.....Gold has been found in the Kennebec River at Skowhegan, Maine.....The Duke of Marlborough was excessively mean. The Marquis de Breille says he was sent to him one evening by Prince Eugene. "He had gone to bed," says the marquis, "and they waked him. I was given a seat near his bed, and the servant placed two candles on the night-table and retired. At the beginning of the interview, which promised to be a long one, the duke, while listening to me, clapped an extinguisher on one of the candles, and continued to pay attention to what I was saying.".....A gentleman who had a very blundering servant, put down in writing everything he wished him to do. Going to the country one day, the master fell into a ditch. He called the lad, who, instead of hastening to his assistance, exclaimed, "Stop, let me see if it's down in my memorandum book." Great presence of mind that—wasn't it?".....The English make some queer bets. In 1811, Mr. John Coxeter wagered a hundred guineas that he would have a coat made in the course of a certain day out of cloth, the wool of which should be cut the same morning. On the 25th of June, at 5 o'clock in the morning, two sheep were brought before the person who had taken the bet, and were immediately sheared. The wool was washed, carded and spun, and instantly put on the loom, woven and pressed. The tailors then took the cloth in hand, and at 6 o'clock 20 minutes, P. M., Mr. Coxeter appeared in his coat before an assembly of five thousand persons, who received him with great applause.....The privileged wag of the court of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, who was chosen king of Poland in 1712, was old General Kyan, his *nide-de-camp* and familiar friend. One day, when he was invited to dine at the king's table, he asked permission to take the monarch's seat for a moment, and, sitting down on the throne, and covering himself with the royal chapeau, he addressed a discourse to the monarch as if he had been General Kyan. After having warmly praised his merit, he ended by granting him the post of Governor of Koenigsstein. The king thought it such an excellent joke, that he had the commission filled out for Kyan immediately, and the general held the post for some years, dying at last at the age of eighty.....A plain-spoken anonymous writer says:—"A husband-hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puckers, she puts on so many false airs, and she is so nice, that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at church or meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl, you are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday! Men will flirt with you and flatter you, simply because they love to do it; but they have no more idea of making you a wife, than they have of committing suicide.".....There is a man in the House of Correction at New Bedford as a prisoner, who is eighty-six years of age. There is also a woman in like condition, who has lived out the allotted years of life—threescore and ten. Offence—selling liquors contrary to law.....At Newport, recently, a sailor belonging to a brig lying at that port, climbed to the main truck—an elevation of about one hundred feet from the deck—and seating himself thereon, with no support whatever, save that on which he was sitting, proceeded very coolly to slap his hands and exercise himself in various ways; he then changed his position, and with his stomach resting upon the truck, threw out his arms and legs in imitation of the act of swimming. Considering the height at which this was done, and that the diameter of the truck does not exceed six inches, there are few, especially among landmen, who would care to imitate it.....The origin of the pugilistic phrase "I am" is discovered in the following passage from Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," chapter 42d:—"In short, the tumult thickened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, '*Lamb* them, lads; *lamb* them!' a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fate of Dr. Lambe, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by a rabble in Charles the First's time.".....The Brussels Independence says:—"Three Englishmen, having crossed from England to Holland in a small boat, arrived at Arnheim on the 29th of June. On landing they hoisted the boat upon their shoulders, and carried it with them to their hotel, and the following morning carried it back to the Rhine in the same manner, and left for Germany.".....The London Illustrated News says:—"All Europe is rotten, and France is its rottenest portion. Whether France is ever again to be sound is for time to determine.".....A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers respecting Professor Morse, which says:—"The professor has already received the first instalment of the \$80,000 presented to him by the European governments for his telegraphic invention, and was required by ours to pay a duty upon the gold in which it was paid." In the first place, Professor Morse hasn't received any money, and in the second place, imported specie pays no duty.....The tobacco plant in the Connecticut valley looks remarkably well. The Hartford Times says:—"A very large crop has been planted, and it looks now as if double the amount would be raised this year that there was last, although the quality may not be as good.".....The best way to strengthen a good resolution is to act as you resolve. If you resolve to repair an old fence, it strengthens the resolution, and the fence, too, to commence at once.....The Detroit Board of Education—who must be a little waggishly inclined—have adopted as a device for the seal of that body, a handsome young schoolmistress, with a thriving youngster across her lap. The left hand is uplifted, having a stout, leather strap, in the act of descending upon the youngster aforesaid, whose mouth is wide open, from which issues the motto of the seal—"Strike, but hear me!".....Over four thousand dogs were killed in New York city during the months of June and July last."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The war in India continues to rage still, the insurgents carrying on a fierce guerilla warfare; they use their fire-arms with remarkable skill. The British government seems to be aware that they must put forth Herculean efforts during the cold season. The hot weather has filled the hospitals with British soldiers.—The quarrel with China will most likely be soon brought to a close. In the Chinese waters, as in the Crimea, the French have shown their superiority over the British in activity and energy.—As it requires still £220,000 sterling to fit the Leviathan for sea, it will probably be a long while before we shall see her on this side of the Atlantic. The British government have positively refused to advance any funds for her completion.—Madame Champagneux, the only daughter of the celebrated Madame Roland, has just died in Paris, aged 77.—The Sultan has been seriously ill.—The *Moniteur* ridicules the idea of a French invasion of England.—Harvesting is going on actively in France, and a heavy fall in breadstuffs is anticipated.—An ineffectual attempt has been made to rout the Chinese near Canton.—The accounts from the silk crop in the south of France continued favorable, and the yield shows an improvement upon last year's.—Trade throughout France continues to improve. Large orders for tissues have been received from the United States, by the wholesale houses in Paris, who have scarcely bought anything for six months.

Prince Demidoff.

This Russian nobleman, noted for his wealth and brutality, and his being the divorced husband of the Bonapartist princess, Matilde, died a few weeks since. Feeling himself getting worse on his arrival at Baden, where he died, he immediately sent for all the most famous physicians in the country. They arrived from every town, eager to be in at the death of such a noble head of game as Prince Demidoff. They were twelve in number. He saw them all one by one, and compelled them each and all to write their opinion of his case. No two opinions agreed on any one point! Then he insisted on a general consultation being held, at which he, being present, followed the discussion with the written opinions in his hand, and enjoyed to his heart's content the exquisite pleasure of mocking the discomfiture and wounded self-love of them all.

Flying Machine.

Napoleon III. has just made a present of five thousand francs to a private in the line, who asserts that he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air-ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material, placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be suspended at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rest on a lever, which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well. Thanks to the emperor's munificence, it is now about to be constructed on a large scale.

A Good Retort.

A French officer lately said to an Englishman, in Paris, "It's all settled; we shall invade you yet—the very spot for landing is decided upon. A hundred thousand Frenchmen upon the sandhills of Norfolk would do some good."—"Not so much as they would do if a little fatter," replied the Englishman, drily. "What do you mean?" returned the Frenchman, rather puzzled. "Why, that the spot you mention, being the most barren in the whole country, requires more manuring than a hundred thousand skinny French carcasses could afford," said the Englishman, turning coolly on his heel, to the amusement of most of the company present.

English Philanthropy.

All England's philanthropy revolves on the point of a piece of Sheffield cutlery, her disinterestedness is purely mercantile, her abuse of others is but a blind. Her principal object is maintaining a large armed force on the African coast is the interest of her commerce; the increased force in the Cuban waters had the same object in view. By inspecting the ships of other nations, she may now and then detect a slaver, it is true; but by these visits she detects something of far greater importance to her—the nature of the commerce her rivals are carrying on.

Attempted Assassination.

There is no question now but that a serious attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon was made at Plombiers. Some say that it was a new outbreak of the Italian vengeance of the Carbonari, but public opinion declares this last attempt to be traced to one of the *detenus politiques* just emancipated from Cayenne, on whom the dangerous climate, and the hardships he had undergone, have produced the insanity which has taken the *idee fixe* of the indispensable destruction of the man who had been the cause of all.

Switzerland.

A musical convention on a monster scale—such being a biennial custom in Switzerland—is now about to come off at Zurich. Ten thousand musicians, vocal and instrumental, are this time to swell the choral anthem, and deepen the rich diapason. A banquet, where 12,000 Switzers and their guests are to fraternize under the canopy of the Helvetic sky, is part of the announced performance.

A French Crew murdered.

The Presse announces that the crew of a French ship, Marie Caroline, have been murdered, and the ship burnt, on the coast of Madagascar. It appears that she came to the island to take free laborers for the French colonies, which one of the Madagascar chiefs promised to supply. When the captain came on shore to receive them, he was treacherously murdered.

An Old Actor gone.

George Bartley—a celebrated actor of old times, who played *The Count*, in the original cast of "The Honeymoon," and was at that time stock prologue and epilogue speaker at Drury Lane—died in London on the 22d of July. He married Miss Smith, the successor of Mrs. Siddons, but she and their children all died before him.

The Panic in France.

The extent of the pressure during the commercial crisis of the last year in France appears from an official paper, which states that the commercial failures declared between July 1, 1857, and June 30, 1858, amounted to 1015, whilst in the preceding twelve months they amounted to only 700.

A Mammoth Rose-Tree.

There is now growing at Clayton Green a rose-tree, the stem of which measures 61 feet. The tree covers 830 square feet of wall, and has 23,000 roses upon it, says the Preston (England) Chronicle.

English Justice.

John Smith, who was convicted at York, England, of throwing vitriol, at Hull, upon Jane Elizabeth Turner Robinson, has been sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude.

American Aloe.

During the great heat in July, an American aloe in the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, shot up, in twenty-four hours, a height of ten inches.

A Rich Man dead.

John Oordon, of Cluny, the richest commoner in the northern part of Great Britain, died a few weeks since.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

They have a new mode of electioneering in Canada. The London Free Press has adopted the novel expedient of publishing the bumps of the respective candidates phrenologically classified, and with their respective values more minutely given. — The Portland Mining Company are about to commence operations in a freestone quarry in Perry, specimens of which have been examined by competent judges, and by them said to be of an excellent quality. — Private advices direct from Madrid, received in this city, state that the new O'Donnell ministry would not for the present make any alteration in the command of Cuba. — The Lancaster (Pa.) Inland Daily Times says that Mr. Isaac Bear, of Warwick township, in that county, and one Garber, drank seven gallons of whiskey, in thirteen days, when Bear died of *mania-a-potu*, leaving Garber master of the field. — The shortest charge ever given to a jury was as follows:—"Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot, and you are well acquainted with what is your duty. I have no doubt but you will practise it." — At Thornton Gore, N. H., recently, John Merrill, about 18 years of age, son of Peter Merrill, during a halt while searching for a bear, stood with the muzzle of his gun pointing towards his head, and accidentally hitting the hammer with his foot, the weapon was discharged, and the contents went through his head, killing him instantly. — A writer, dating from Lucknow, says:—"Yesterday (April 27), in a small corner, was discovered a dirty box after an hour's digging, and when opened, behold a collection of rubies, diamonds, pearls, etc., of the value of 100,000 rupees. The soil of Lucknow is a mint of money." — Electricity is about to be applied to music. A performer seated before a piano, constructed for the purpose, in London, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, will play a *morceau*, every note of which, by means of the electric wire, will be repeated by another instrument in one of the concert-rooms in Paris. Thus Thalberg will be enabled, without leaving London, to give a concert by telegraph two thousand miles off. — A large and valuable deposit of plumbago, or black lead, has been discovered in Buzzel Mountain, in the town of Newry, Oxford county, Maine. Several tons have already been mined and found to be of an excellent quality. This article is used in large quantities for pencils, for burnishing cast iron, and for diminishing friction in the machinery of railroads, steamboats, etc. — The Bombay Telegraph speaks of considerable alarm existing at Bombay on account of several mysterious deaths by poisoning, and mentions that this species of catastrophe is alarmingly on the increase. — A daughter of Mr. Henry S. Wooder, of Mount Hawley, Ill., eight years of age, died of hydrophobia, lately; she had been bitten by a cat. Three hours before her death she said she had been visited by the spirit of her deceased sister, who told her that certain remedies would relieve her and make her death easy. The articles were procured and administered, and there was no return of the spasms, but the child continued conscious and free from pain, and died quietly. — Dr. Valentino Mott, the eminent American surgeon, received by a late steamer his diploma as Honorable Fellow of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh—an honor which, we believe, has been conferred upon no other of our countrymen.

A FEMALE JACK SHEPARD.—Maria Keys, alias Fankner, the "Queen of the River Pirates," has lately been arrested at Cleveland, Ohio. She had about twenty men under her orders. Frequently she headed the banditti in person, dressing herself up in men's clothes. She had an extensive wardrobe, and could appear in any character that she deemed necessary for the successful consummation of her plans. She has been known to rig herself up in the character of a sailor, a canal-boatman, a verdant young man from the country, an old gray-haired and decrepid man, etc. All alone she has "cracked" many a warehouse along the docks in the night.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.—Sick headache, debility and indigestion are easily cured by the use of the "Oxygenated Bitters," a remedy that should be in every family in the United States. The effect of these Bitters is almost instantaneous, effectually and permanently relieving the patient. Containing no spirituous liquor, they are suited to all classes, ages and sexes, and form a pleasant tonic, improving the tone and energy of the stomach. It is a medicine discovered by a regular physician after years of practice, and has been most thoroughly tested for nearly a score of years.

A SMART SPEECH.—Under the administration of Cardinal de Fleury, rewards were granted to an entire regiment, excepting the Chevalier de Ferigouse, who was passed over. One day, when this officer was attending the cardinal's reception, he said: "I know not, my lord, by what fatality I chanced to be under the umbrella when your eminence was raining favors on the whole regiment." This smart speech secured him the reward he sought of the minister.

NOT INSANE.—Lady Bulwer has been liberated from an insane asylum in England, and pronounced rational. We are sorry for it—the only excuse for her disgusting conduct was mental aberration.

Wayside Gatherings.

Less than an acre of land in St. Paul, that was purchased in 1848 at \$1.25, was recently sold for \$10,000.

Mayor Tieman has commenced a vigorous crusade against the ticket swindlers, runners, and disorderly hackmen in New York.

The British soldiers found at Delhi an idol with large diamond eyes. That idol was unlike the ghost of Hamlet's father. It had speculation in its eyes.

Cincinnati is now the largest horse-market in the United States, and during one week lately, forty thousand dollars worth of horses were sold at the various stables.

The licensed hackmen of the city of New York have determined to take some measures to ensure greater respect for their calling, and security for the public against imposition.

A foolish girl of twenty married one of the Sioux chiefs recently, at Washington. When she reached his princely wigwam, she found it a mud hovel, occupied by two other wives!

"Will saltpetre explode?" received another practical settlement in the late burning of a warehouse on London Dock. Quantities of saltpetre caused five explosions, three of which are reported as "tremendous," and with "appalling effect."

The New York canal commissioners, to facilitate steam navigation, and also the passage of boats fully loaded, have directed all the bridges on the Erie Canal to be raised without delay at least twelve feet above the water line.

The introduction of a melodeon in the Front Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in Trenton, N. J., has caused the withdrawal of some twelve persons, who are conscientiously opposed to instrumental music in church.

Within the last twenty years upward of fifty colleges have been founded. There are now in the United States a hundred and twenty-four colleges and universities, with an aggregate number of fourteen thousand students.

The New York fire commissioners have resolved that all persons running with an engine shall wear a badge of membership, and all others taking hold of the rope shall be arrested and handed over to the police authorities.

Five young women of a company of fourteen, who sacked a groggery in Bristol, Ohio, last June, were tried by three justices for riot, and acquitted, the court deciding that the groggery was a nuisance, and the girls had a right to abate it.

On the farm of Hon. John G. Davis, near Montezuma, Indiana, two large springs recently burst forth from the earth, and continued to throw off such volumes of water that large fields in the neighborhood have been covered with standing pools and ponds.

Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankee rarely, if ever, make way with themselves; for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming president, and at any rate his curiosity prompts him to live on, just to see what he will come to.

Capt. Charles H. Webb of Stamford, Ct., who sailed to England in the little yacht *Charter Oak*, with only one man as an assistant, is now building another yacht, to be called the *Christopher Columbus*, with which he will proceed to St. Petersburg, touching at Southampton and Copenhagen.

The plague, after an intermission of twenty years, has reappeared in a district of the Pashalie of Tripoli, named Bengaji, and at last accounts was continuing to make ravages as an epidemic. There was a rumor that it had already reached Constantinople, but for this there was no foundation.

The Cairo Times describes the cutting off of a drunken man's leg by his wife and child. The victim, instead of bleeding to death, crawled half a mile and had his leg sewed on again at a saddler's. It is but justice to the woman to say that the limb was a wooden one.

A huge boa constrictor, which was kept as a show at a tavern in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, escaped recently, and working its way into a yard in the neighborhood, it mounted a tree, and bid defiance to those who proposed to capture it. At last accounts his snakeship was still entrenched among the branches of the tree.

Since 1850, the time occupied by steamers crossing the Atlantic, between Liverpool and New York, is shortened by two days. The amount of fuel consumed by the steamships which perform the voyages so shortened is twice that which was required by the steamers which ran between New York and Liverpool previous to 1850.

Mr. Edward Rice was killed in Canton, Mass., by the bursting of a grindstone in Reed's machine shop. The person who first went to inform his wife of her bereavement was met by her at the threshold of her door with the remark that he need not say a word, as she knew what had happened, having dreamed it all on the night before.

Despatches from St. Petersburg state that the Czar Alexander has not only withdrawn the decree prohibiting Bible societies, but has actually given them a subscription of twenty-five thousand roubles. Another decree permits the Polish language to be used in the schools of Lithuania, which had been forbidden by the Emperor Nicholas.

A beef panic prevails in and about Savannah, Ga. Many of the cattle there it seems are diseased, and this has had an effect to produce a general suspicion among the consumers of beef, which is not only working harm to those who supply the market, but to the people at large. Good beef is said to be a drug in the market, the apprehensions of the people preventing them from buying it.

A family named Stearns, residing in Corinth, N. Y., were recently arrested for cruel treatment of a young girl who was bound to them. Mrs. Stearns, besides ordering her husband and son to administer sundry severe whippings, had at one time tied the girl's hands behind her, and then, with a shoemaker's awl, pinned her up to the door by the ear! For this fiendish conduct the wretch was fined the sum of one dollar!

The New York Tribune says that a warrant has been set on foot in that city having for its purpose the colonization of the numerous bodies of spiritualists, socialists and free-lovers on some of the islands in the South Pacific Ocean. Meetings to promote this object have been held on several Sundays in a grove in New Jersey. A man named Tyler, formerly a Methodist clergyman, is at the head of the affair.

A great tubular iron bridge is now being constructed at Newcastle, England, and will be completed in about two years, for the Egyptian railroad, which crosses the Nile about midway between Cairo and Alexandria. The river there is eleven hundred feet wide, and a steam ferry-boat is now employed to do the business. It does not suit the go-ahead spirit of the pasha. He was once detained for four hours in crossing, by an accident to the boat, and he then gave Robert Stephenson orders to build this bridge.

Sands of Gold.

.... If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.—*Lacon*.

.... A Christianity which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom to the top of society needs another Christ to die for it.—*Beecher*.

.... It is our relation to circumstances that determines their influence upon us. The same wind that carries one vessel into port may blow another off shore.—*Bovee*.

... Of governments, that of the mob is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.—*Colton*.

.... Vanity will sometimes make a very indifferent a very good friend, moving him to kindness to another from a desire of obtaining his esteem.—*Bovee*.

.... The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.—*Colton*.

.... The three events which cause us to think most seriously, and to feel most profoundly, and which make the most decided impression upon the character, are thwarted ambition, unsuccessful love, and the approach of death.—*Bovee*.

.... Our children that die young are like those spring bulbs which have their flowers prepared beforehand and have nothing to do but to break ground, and blossom, and pass away. Thank God for spring flowers among men, as well as among the grasses of the field.—*Beecher*.

.... Those who visit foreign nations, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate but not their customs, they see new meridians, but the same men, and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home, with travelled bodies but untravelled minds.—*Lacon*.

.... It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy, you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.—*Beecher*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a deputy sheriff a new and useful invention? Because he is a *sue-ing* machine.

The sheep in the meadow, and the axe in the forest contribute their "chops" for the support of man.

Early rising.—I hold that it is not natural. With men, as with peas, early rising is all a matter of forcing.—*Pelham the Second*.

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you're about to *leave*, I shall detain your trunk," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

"Pa, will you answer me a question?" "Certainly, my boy." "Well, pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course." "Well, then, pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

A duel came off at Seleneclady recently, between two exquisites. They fought with lucifer matches on the tow path. One of the parties was slightly killed and the other mortally frightened.

"I have been to the capitol to see your friends swear into office," said a politician to an opponent on the evening of the fourth of March. "Yes, and I have been to see yours go swearing out."

"Good news, Belhouli," said a wag at Balsora, "the caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom." "Prepare, then," replied Belhouli, "to obey my commands."

"Is there any difference in the pronunciation of horse-dealer and horse-stealer?" inquired a student of his instructor. "The difference, if any, is very slight," was the reply, "either in the pronunciation or definition."

Pat says that "nothing can be easier than to repale the union of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. It is only necessary," says he, "to transpose two letters, and they will become *untied* kingdoms at once."

Old Master Brown brought his ferrule down—his face was angry and red, "Now, Anthony Clair, go seat you there, along with the girls," he said. Then Anthony Clair, with mortified air, and his chin down on his breast, crept slowly away, and sat all day, by the girl that loved him best."

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VIEW OF BALBEC, SYRIA.

With the ruins of Balbec almost every one is familiar by means of description and illustration, but few readers, perhaps, have formed a conception of the appearance of the modern village; hence the accurate delineation on this page will probably be very acceptable. The crescent shape of the principal street, with its quaint architecture, the tranquil waters, the whispering trees, the woody heights, the indolent orientals lounging out of doors, conversing gravely, riding in state, or floating in their light caïques, all make up a scene of peculiar beauty and interest. The modern village has only preserved the name and the site of the ancient Heliopolis, the proud "city of the sun." At the commencement of the 18th century, the number of inhabitants of Balbec, almost all Christians, was 5000. In 1733 there were but 2000. In 1784, Volney reckoned only 1200 souls, and the population is now reduced to 200. A few Christian Arabs profess their faith under the guidance of a bishop. The other inhabitants are the Montonahs, descendants of the ancient Syrians, and converts to Islamism. They have no business, and their probity is not highly vaunted. The village is poor; most of the houses are built of earth or wood. The promenade on the quay, which is planted with large trees, is not without character and beauty. Elegant and swift barks animate the scene by furrowing the limpid waters of the little river of Ouadi-Nahlé, which, after having bathed the ruins and the village, loses itself in the Nahr-Kasmick.

BRIDAL CARRIAGE

OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The accompanying engraving of the wedding carriage of the emperor of Brazil conveys a better idea of it than any description could impart.

It is built of the finest wood and the richest material. It is covered with gilding, the wheels as well as the pannels, and a multitude of emblematic cupids are scattered all over it. It is surmounted by the imperial crown, intermixed with leaves of the Brazilian tree. The loyal Brazilians cannot fail to be greatly delighted with this gorgeous equipage, which is quite as rich and cumbrous as any monarch has ever enjoyed. The carriage, as an appendage of royalty, is of such remote antiquity that "who was the first coachmaker?" has long been a vexed question among the learned. A writer in Frazer's Magazine learnedly and amusingly discusses the subject, but after demolishing all previous theories, he arrives at the not very satisfactory conclusion "that Phœbus Apollo (the sun) alone can with truth be said to merit the honor due to the originator of so useful a species of locomotive machine." Whoever may be the inventor, we at least know that so early as the time of Moses, chariots (which are carriages of peculiar construction) were in use, for when Pharaoh went to punish the children of Israel, "he took six hundred chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt;" and that in the days of Rome's power and glory, a vehicle, ornamented with gold and precious stones, was the usual accompaniment of pomp and magnificence. The long period of barbarism, however, which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, effaced almost every remnant of this luxury, and the necessities of the times dictated a change of sentiment respecting it. Carriages were no longer patronized by the nobility, nor permitted to their vassals. The feudal lords, with whom military service

was a chief consideration, considered it policy to discountenance their use, as tending to make men indolent and effeminate. Hence, even as late as the sixteenth century, "masters and servants, husbands and wives, the clergy and laity, all rode upon horses or mules, and sometimes women and monks upon she-asses, which they found more convenient. The minister rode to court, and the horse without any conductor returned alone to his home, till a servant carried him back to court to fetch his master." In the early history of England, occasional mention is made of coaches, but it is surmised that the ancient vehicles were merely cars, or a superior sort of wagons. According to Stowe, "in the yeere 1564, Guylliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. And after a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queene's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and downe the countries, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobilitie, and others of sort, and within twentie yeeres became a great trade of coach-making." The fashion gained a permanent footing, notwithstanding the opposition of watermen and chairmen, and the vituperation of Taylor, the "water poet," who reviled the new-fashioned coach as a "great hypocrite, for it hath a cover for knavery and curtains to vaile and shadow any wickedness. Besides, like a perpetual cheater, it wears two bootes and no spurs, sometime having two pair of legs to one boot, and oftentimes (against nature) it makes faire ladies wear the boot;

and if you note, they are carried back to back, like people surprised by pyratts, to be tyed in that miserable manner and thrown overboard into the sea. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crahs, it being drawn sideways as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach; and it is a dangerous kinde of carriage for the commonwealth, if it be considered." The principal varieties of wood employed by the coach-builder are ash and mahogany. Ash is used very largely; the quality called "hedge-row" ash is a tough, fibrous wood, with which the principal parts of the frame-work of a coach are constructed, as it is not liable to warp or twist. Beech is a cheap kind of wood, never used by builders of the best carriages. Elm is employed for planking those parts of the body of a coach requiring much strength, as also for the naves of the wheels. Oak in similar manner is employed where strength and durability are required. Mahogany furnishes the material for the panels of the best coaches; those broad, smooth and delicately curved surfaces which form the most conspicuous part of the body of a carriage. Spanish mahogany, which the cabinet-maker selects as the most beautiful for his purposes, is not so useful to the coach-builder as the Honduras, on account of the unfitness of its curled and twisted grain to conform to the bending which coach panels receive.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Lieut. Habersham thus recounts the circumstances upon which the celebrated romance of "Paul and Virginia" was founded, which may be new to some of our readers:

Mademoiselle Caillon, aged eighteen, and very beautiful, was returning from France to Mauritius. M. Montendre was a passenger by the same vessel, and they naturally fell

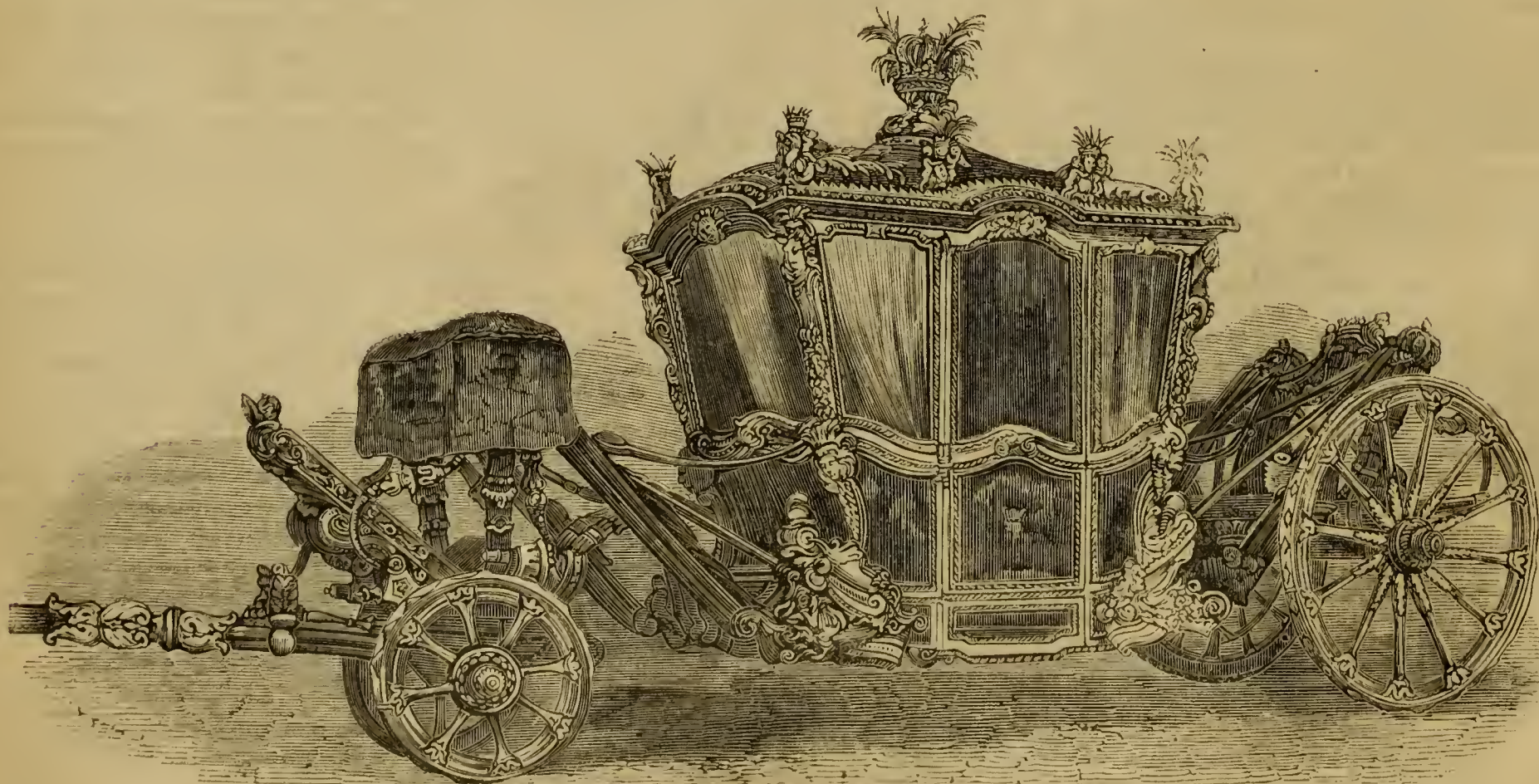
desperately in love. The vessel was wrecked very near Port Louis, and most of the passengers and crew were lost. The lovers were on the ship's fore-castle, among others, with the sea breaking threateningly around them; others of the crew were aft on the quarter-deck. Many were, it seems, trying to save themselves in one way or another, some of whom eventually succeeded. M. Montendre might have been among these latter, but he would not make the attempt unless Mademoiselle Caillon would accompany him. This the lady shrank from, as it would necessitate the removal of her apparel. In vain the gentleman implored her to resort to it as the only chance of escape; her resolution remained unshaken.

"Very well," he ended, sadly, "I will die with you, if it must be so."

And the green waves washed mercilessly over them, and the white boiling foam covered them as with a winding sheet. They were never seen more—such was the death of "Paul and Virginia." When last seen, he was standing erect, with his strong arms folded over a hopeless breast, and she, with a depending hand resting upon his neck, and eyes of despairing love lifted to the averted ones of him who could no longer save her. There is something grand in this piece of self-devotion; something sublimely beautiful in the purity of this modesty which shrank from violation, but not from death. St. Pierre had a ground well worthy the creations which his lofty genius reared upon it. Alas, poor "Paul and Virginia!"



VILLAGE OF BALBEC, IN SYRIA.



BRIDAL CARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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CITY HALL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We have reserved for the present number of our illustrated paper, from among the many sketches of Richmond, Virginia, drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, the view we now present of the City Hall, which stands upon high ground at an angle of Capitol Square, and not far from the Capitol. It is an elegant and costly building in the Doric style of architecture, and is quite an ornament to the city. The City Hall has a fine portico at each end, and contains accommodations for the city courts, the common council, and various offices. We have spoken so often and so fully of Richmond, accompanying our text with graphic sketches, that our readers must be pretty familiar with this charming Southern city. They will remember that it is built on both sides of the valley intersected by the Shockoe Creek, which flows into James River. Its area is three miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide. The State House and other public buildings are justly celebrated, and its private residences are tasteful and commodious. The City Hall, delineated on this page, is, as we have said, of the Doric order of architecture, modified, of course, for purposes of convenience. The Doric order seems to be a universal favorite in this country for public buildings. The Parthenon at Athens seems to be the accepted model, since it is one of the most perfect remains of the Greek Doric extant. The Parthenon was constructed by two architects, Callicrates and Ictinus, in the time and by the order of Pericles, and was adorned by

Phidias with those inimitable sculptures, fragments of which now form the greater part of the *Elgin Marbles* at the British Museum. It was erected about 448 B. C., when Grecian art was in its prime. Its length is about 230 feet, and breadth 100 feet, measured to the peristyles, or outer columns. There are eight columns along the front and back, and seventeen along the sides. As regards elevation, the building stood on a *stereobate*, or platform, raised three steps from the ground; the columns of the peristyle rested on this *stereobate*, but the walls of the temple itself were raised yet higher, by an additional platform, which formed the pavement of the temple itself. The Doric columns are about thirty-six feet high, with a lower diameter of a little more than six. The shafts are fluted; they diminish gently towards the top, and they have in the centre a gentle swelling or protuberance, called the *entasis*—indeed, recent researches have detected a general (and in all probability designed) absence of verticality in the walls and columns, which are in most cases recognized as vertical. The roof of the temple was covered with flat marble plates, the lateral junction of which formed parallel lines extending down the sloping sides of the roof; from the general ridge of the building to the tops of the flank walls, and along the top of the cornice on each flank, were rows of graceful ornaments. The pediments over the two porticoes were adorned with statues. No other building now existing, perhaps, has been made the theme for so many inquiries and so many remarks as the Parthenon. The proportions and general charac-

ter of the structure; the sculptures with which it was adorned; the polychromy, or color, which seems to have been employed by the Greeks as an adjunct to their architectural works; the attempts to answer the question *why* this building is so universally admired—all have formed the subject for numerous essays and numerous professional papers. Whatever may be the opinion on particular points, or whatever the phraseology employed, the terms with which the Parthenon is noticed are almost invariably those of encomium. Colonel Leake says of it:—"Its dimensions were sufficiently great to give an impression of grandeur and sublimity, which was not disturbed by any obtrusive subdivision of parts, such as is found to diminish the effects of some larger modern buildings, where the same singleness of design is not observed. In the Parthenon, whether viewed at a small or at a great distance, there was nothing to divert the spectator's contemplation from the simplicity and majesty of mass and outline, which forms the first and most remarkable object of admiration in a Greek temple; and it was not until the eye was satiated with the contemplation of the entire edifice, that the spectator was tempted to examine the decoration with which this building was so profusely adorned; for the statues of the pediments, the only decoration which was very conspicuous by its magnitude and position, being enclosed within frames which formed an essential part of the design of either front, had no more obtrusive effect than an ornamented capital to a single column."



VIEW OF THE CITY HALL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLOCKHOUSE. A RECOGNITION.

THE beginning of the seventeenth century must be recognized as the true starting-point of the civilization of North America,—the seed time whose harvest is in our day, apparent through the length and breadth of the continent. For more than a century preceding the year 1607, the monarchs of Europe, especially those of France, Spain and England, had cherished the darling hope of finding vast regions of gold in the newly-discovered and almost unknown Western World, and their efforts had chiefly been directed to their acquisition; and thus more than a hundred years elapsed with hardly an effort being made to reclaim the mighty region from its savage wilderness state.

But with the lapse of these years came the slow conviction that the greatest glory and wealth was to be added to the Old World by colonizing the new, and thenceforth the work of building up a nation went slowly though surely on. As early as the year 1565, Melendez, an officer of the Spanish crown, had established a military post at St. Augustine, in the present State of Florida, but it languished for years, and never became, as was intended, a permanent settlement. The first settlement, the germ of future sovereign States, was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in the year 1607, and thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock.

It was, indeed, a hazardous undertaking—that of taking the first steps towards the colonizing of Virginia. But stout hands and brave hearts were enlisted in the business, and with the landing of the one hundred and five emigrants upon the banks of the James River, the work began. Under such leaders as Newport, Smith and Gosnold, the settlement of Jamestown was enabled to struggle on through the fifteen years preceding the date of our tale; and under less heroic leaders, well might the colonists have been swept away to a man. The forests were filled with hordes of savages, intent upon the destruction of the whites, and the hatchet cut off not a few of the early settlers. Famine, fire, treason, had all been successfully combated, and with the establishing of Virginia as a colonial possession of Great Britain in the year 1619, with a governor and representative assembly, it was fondly hoped that a brighter day had dawned.

The white population of the colony, in the year 1622, had increased to almost five thousand. These were chiefly located at Jamestown, although a few other settlements had been formed upon the James, Potomac, and intervening rivers. But with this increase, a deeper hatred and jealousy had risen in the breasts of the Indian leaders, and many prophesied alarming danger. Powhatan, long the friend of the English, was dead, and his brother, Opechancanough, a dark, revengeful chief, now ruled the tribes. The mutterings of the impending storm came to the ears of the colonists, but they could only stand prepared and hope for the best. A general sense of insecurity prevailed, and it seemed almost as if the work of the pioneer had been just commenced.

At this time, the country between Jamestown and a small settlement near the site of the present city of Richmond was covered by an almost unbroken forest. A path had been trodden by passing feet, but the traveller was frequently compelled to consult the notches cut upon the trees. An occasional stump, charred by fire, gave evidence of the activity of the colonists, and of their determination to push their clearings into the very heart of the forest.

Half way between the settlements we have mentioned, and upon the bank of the river, which here curved and widened perceptibly, stood a large wooden building. Several acres of forest had been cleared around it, and the hand of improvement could be plainly seen in various other surroundings. The house was somewhat irregular and straggling in its architecture, though a moment's examination was sufficient to convince the beholder that it had been constructed with an eye to defence. Its appearance, in fact, was half that of a fortress and half of a private dwelling-house. The centre part of the building was a large loop-holed stockade, round in shape, and constructed in the most substantial manner. It was two stories in height, the upper projecting several feet beyond the lower, as if for the purpose of attacking enemies below. From this stockade two wings projected at right-angles, which, except in shape, resembled the main building, being furnished with loop-holes and barred windows in the same manner. The whole building had about it an appearance of security, which partly compensated for its lonely situation and distance from the settlements.

This structure, known to the people of Jamestown as the Blockhouse, was the residence of an English noble—Sir Gordon Hargreaves. The dwellers of the Blockhouse numbered twenty—Sir Gordon, his maiden sister, Anne Hargreaves, his daughter Eleanor, two female domestics, and fifteen sturdy fellows who constituted the garrison of the building.

Concerning Sir Gordon, very little was known. He had arrived at Jamestown from England three years previously, and after a residence of a few weeks at the settlement had selected his company of men, and moving into the depths of the forest, had con-

structed his dwelling. It so happened that at the time of his arrival, the men whom he had taken into his service were destitute and almost helpless; their gratitude to him was without bounds, and they willingly consented to follow him into the wilderness. There he lived, shut up in his fortress, a mystery to all. He seldom appeared at Jamestown, and when he did so, his stay was brief. He had no friends there, and hardly an acquaintance. Advances were frequently made by the curious or kind-hearted, but to all he was the same—cold and distant. His demeanor towards his men was kind but constrained; they knew nothing of him, excepting what they saw day after day.

Many were the conjectures made as to why Sir Gordon had left the mother country, and an hundred rumors concerning him were afloat. In truth, it seemed strange that he should appear in Virginia as he did,—a peer of the realm, and yet a simple settler in a wild and dangerous colony, holding no commission from the crown. That he was wealthy was well known, and there could be no doubt as to the authenticity of his title. Some had it that he had fought a duel in England, and had been compelled to fly by the odium which followed the deed; some, that he was by nature a hermit; and others, more bold, ventured to hint that his name should be presented to the Colonial Assembly as that of a dangerous person, and one suspected of aiding and abetting the Powhatans in their designs upon the settlements. These, however, were no more than conjectures and surmises, unsupported by the slightest proof even in the minds of those who uttered them; and at the date of our story, the inmates of the Blockhouse were as little known to the settlers as at their arrival in the colony.

Towards the close of a pleasant afternoon in March, the person who had excited so much comment by his appearance and mode of life, was pacing to and fro across the piazza which fronted one of the wings of the house. Sir Gordon Hargreaves was a man of perhaps five-and-forty years, though a casual observer would have accounted him much older. His face was one of stern mould, mingled with which was a look of suffering, plainly defined by the furrowed brow and expressive mouth, which abated, if not softened, the natural sternness of his face. Mental suffering must have dealt hardly with Sir Gordon, for rarely is there a man of his years whose appearance is so painful. Mental suffering, we say, for the effects of time or bodily pain could never leave such marks upon the human face. His hair, too, was streaked here and there with a thread of silver, and his eyes had at times an almost vacant light; his whole demeanor and appearance, and his very motions, in short, were those of a man living under the influence of some mysterious terror.

The dress of Sir Gordon was in conformity with his rank and the fashion of the day. A half military coat of rich material descended below the knee, beneath which was visible a long velvet waistcoat. His lower limbs were encased in the customary knee-breeches and silk stockings, and his shoes were confined by heavy buckles of silver. To complete his costume, a richly-mounted sword was suspended at his side.

The sun had almost touched the western tree-tops, but still the nobleman paced backward and forward upon the piazza. His arms were crossed upon his breast, his head was bent, and he was lost in thought. So deep were his reflections that he noted not the approach of two horsemen who had just emerged from the wood, and it was not until the feet of the horses struck the gravel in front of the piazza that his attention was aroused. He started with a quick exclamation, and looked fixedly at the new-comers. The one, in approaching, had dismounted, and throwing his rein to the other, who seemed to be a servant, was advancing towards the house. As he came nearer, the gaze of the nobleman became more intense, and a strange look flitted over his face.

The stranger was a man some few years less in age than Sir Gordon, and his firm, upright bearing and decided step bespoke the military man. His countenance was almost playful in its singular frankness; his eyes were a deep blue, and his mouth seemed always curved in a smile of strange sweetness and suavity. A profusion of light hair fell from beneath his cocked and plumed hat, and scattered itself over his shoulders. His dress was a full military costume—a coat covered with gold-lace facings, large boots, covering the entire leg, broad ruffles at the wrists and frills at the breast, while a handsomely-embroidered belt of Turkish leather supported a sword and a pair of silver-mounted pistols. He walked up the steps, and extending his hand, exclaimed:

"I give you greeting, Sir Gordon."

The latter took the proffered hand, but still kept his eyes fixed upon the face of the man before him. Once he seemed about to speak, but he checked himself, and continued his strange scrutiny.

"Have you forgotten me, Hargreaves?"

"Surely," returned the nobleman, "I am not mistaken. Can this indeed be my old friend Wyatt?"

"Yes—Sir Francis Wyatt, lately appointed governor of the colony of Virginia, and sent hither by a fidgety sovereign to keep the savages at a distance, and perhaps lose his own scalp thereby," laughed the other, grasping his companion's hand again.

"Excuse me, Wyatt, excuse me," exclaimed Hargreaves, with much fervor, at the same time heartily returning the pressure. "I should have known you, too; I do not boast of beholding a white face, other than those of my household, more than thrice in a year. But come with me inside, and my daughter and sister will give you a better welcome."

"Nay, Sir Gordon, I must not tarry; I only thought to call on my return from the up-river settlements, and assure myself that you were really alive and in the colony. Why, man, what evil spirit possessed you to disappear from Old England so mysteriously, four years ago? You might have demanded and received from the crown any colonial office within its gift. I believed you dead; and, indeed, my dear friend," he continued, laying his

hand affectionately upon the other's shoulder, "you seem now more like the ghost of the Gordon Hargreaves of other days than that generous man himself. Come, unhosom yourself to me."

Sir Gordon did not answer for some moments; his lip quivered with a painful motion as he listened to Wyatt's words, and once he motioned as if he would have him cease.

"My friend," he replied, at length, "did you ever know of the name of a Hargreaves being coupled with that of dishonor?"

"Never. Why ask that question?"

"Because, Sir Francis, I would have my motives remain secret for awhile, if this can be, and at the same time I may not lose your esteem; I would—"

"Say no more—no more," interrupted Wyatt. "I wish not to share your secret, and I am content to know that it cannot be a dishonorable one."

A grateful look from Hargreaves answered his words.

"And now," said the latter, "be content to stay with me awhile. I may not offer you the luxuries of my English home, but if warm hearts can render a welcome true, you will have no cause to complain of yours. Come; I have much to ask of you; I would talk with you."

"It is impossible at present, Sir Gordon; I must be in Jamestown to-night. I should be well pleased to tarry with you till morning, and behold again the sweet face of your little Eleanor; but I forget—she must be a woman now. And Mistress Anne, too. However, I promise myself great pleasure with you at some future day. As it is, I must depart speedily."

"But stay a moment, Sir Francis; I would hear something of yourself. I heard some time since faint rumors of the arrival of the new governor, but I had not the least suspicion of who it was. Have you been long in Virginia?"

"Some few months; I came with the new constitution, and am hardly acquainted as yet with the duties of my unthankful office."

"And what news do you hear from Jamestown?"

"There are a hundred rumors afloat of a threatened Indian outbreak, and I know not what to give credence to. Do you feel safe in this half fortress of yours?"

"I have had no serious trouble with the Powhatans; in fact, I flatter myself not a little upon the friendly relations that exist between us. And even in the case of an open rupture, I should feel little troubled. I am strongly fortified, as you see, and equally well garrisoned."

"Yet in case of serious trouble, I should advise you to seek shelter in Jamestown. I shall endeavor to warn you in time should the fears of this outbreak increase. I may have occasion to send you a message by my secretary, whom I will commend to you in advance. He is a fair-favored and well-spoken young man, and cannot fail to please you."

"Thanks for your courtesy, Sir Francis; I will remember your recommendation."

"And yet one thing more," said the governor, as he prepared to go. "A ship arrived from England a few days since, loaded with emigrants. Among her passengers was one whom, perhaps, it may gladden you to hear of."

Hargreaves made no answer, but a shade of doubt crept over his face.

"Not to mystify the matter," continued the governor, "the new-comer is none other than Morgan Lymburne, who is heir to the estates and title of his deceased father."

The name fell upon the ear of Hargreaves, and an irrepressible groan burst from his lip. His face became pallid and bloodless, and he leaned heavily upon the railing of the piazza for support. Sir Francis Wyatt turned quickly towards him in deep astonishment, and hastily and anxiously inquired the cause of his emotion.

"It is nothing, Sir Francis; merely a passing weakness. What did you speak of? O, the arrival of a ship from England."

"Yes, and also that Morgan Lymburne, Earl of Redwood, was on board."

"Lymburne—Morgan Lymburne," came slowly and painfully from the lips of Sir Gordon. "But you may have been mistaken; you took him for another!" he exclaimed, suddenly, and as if possessed with new hope, at the same time starting forward.

"No; mistake would be impossible in this case. I knew him well in England, and we talked together for an hour. But by my soul, Hargreaves, this thing appears to trouble you. Speak out; what is it that so moves you?"

"Do not mind it, Wyatt," replied the other, eagerly. "You saw him—you spoke with him! Tell me, of what did he speak?"

The governor directed a glance of curiosity towards Hargreaves, and then replied:

"To tell the truth, Sir Gordon, his inquiries were principally concerning yourself. He wished to know where you resided; how long you had been in the colony, and so forth."

"But you did not inform him? you did not—"

"No, because I did not then know myself. But, doubtless, he has obtained the information from another long ere this."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves returned no answer. The last words of the governor fell upon his ear, and he stood, seemingly rooted to the spot, with terror. His brow grew cold and clammy, and great headed drops started forth. The governor regarded him with mingled curiosity and excited interest, and finally remarked:

"Surely there is nothing in my words that should affect you thus. Lymburne belongs to one of the oldest of the titled families of the realm, and seems to me to be a fine fellow,—a little wild, perhaps, but I trust none the worse for that."

Hargreaves replied only by a mute, distressful glance, and a mournful shake of the head. The governor turned on his heel, and paced nervously across the piazza, while the words, "What can it mean?" fell several times from his lips.

"Sir Gordon," he at last said, stopping before him, "I am at a

loss to account for your singular emotion in connection with the name I have mentioned, but I will think no more of it at present; at some other time you may see fit to inform me. And as the night is fast closing in, I must tarry no longer; I hope, however, to see you again before many days. Till then, farewell."

He took the other's passive hand within his own, but waited in vain to hear an answering adieu. The mind of his friend was evidently wandering; his lips quivered strangely, and his temples twitched convulsively. The governor dropped his hand, and turned away with a clouded brow. His servant was waiting where he had dismounted; and throwing himself into the saddle, Sir Francis entered the forest at a gallop, and disappeared in the direction of Jamestown.

Sir Gordon Hargreaves looked up, and started to find himself alone. He passed his hand across his forehead, and with a deep sigh recalled the interview which he had just held. Darkness was fast covering the earth, and the hootings of owls came plainly to his ear; lights flashed from different parts of the building, but he heeded them not. Once, as a gay, girlish laugh floated out upon the air, he started towards the door leading from the piazza; but restraining himself, he leaned against one of the light pillars, and relapsed into troubled thought. A threatening shadow had fallen across his path, and he knew not how soon the reality might stand before him.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS WARNING.

JAMESTOWN, at the time of which we write, contained a population of about two thousand souls. It exhibited that straggling and unfinished appearance common to all new settlements,—the streets being laid out without much regard to regularity, and the houses being mostly rough log cabins, erected to supply the first pressing necessity of the settlers. The exceptions were a few houses constructed of brick, belonging to a wealthier class of colonists, a church and court-house. The river ran just at the verge of the settlement, and upon every side stretched the dark forest.

While the conversation between Sir Gordon Hargreaves and Governor Wyatt was taking place at the Blockhouse, or perhaps half an hour after, an old man was groping along one of the rough streets of the village. Groups of men, with here and there one of the other sex, were assembled about the doors of various houses, earnestly discussing the arrival of the last vessel from England, or more generally the rumored Indian outbreak. The form of the old man whom we have mentioned was visible in many of these assemblies; but although he listened attentively, he seemed desirous of taking no part in the discussions. After pausing several times on his way, he moved steadily forward without turning to right or left, until he had reached the church, and then changing his course, walked towards a brick house, which was well known as the residence of the governor. Before reaching it, however, he stopped abruptly, and after listening intently to the sound of footsteps, which came nearer while he listened, he hastily concealed himself in the shadow of a neighboring house. He waited but a moment, before a man passed by without observing him, but whose face he scanned with the utmost eagerness.

"Ah, Morgan Lymburne," he soliloquized, as he proceeded on his way, "your mind might not be so much at ease if you but knew who has just observed you! If you think to pursue your course here without interference, let me tell you, you fatally deceive yourself. But time will show—time will show."

He had now reached the governor's house, and pausing before it, he observed it carefully. There seemed to be but one light in the building, and that was in the corner room toward the street. The window was very low, and the old man gazed anxiously upon it. He could see the ceiling and part of the walls of the apartment within, but nothing more. Casting his eyes about him, he discovered a large billet of wood at no great distance from where he stood, and he immediately dragged it with eager hands to the window, and mounting it, looked cautiously into the apartment. Apparently his examination was satisfactory, for after a moment he stepped down, and cautiously opened the door. There was no hall, and he found himself in the lighted apartment which he had just examined from the outside. His face and figure are now perfectly disclosed, and we may spend a moment in examining them.

His countenance is that of an old man, and his hair is almost entirely white. And yet it seems strange to call him old; his features are as regular as those of middle life; there is no falling in of the mouth, and the face does not bear that peculiar shrivelled appearance so common to old age. But his eyes are the features which most claim the attention; hollow and sunken, their glance is restless and uneasy, and their expression would be almost impossible to analyze. It is a strange—a peculiar face, one upon which is the unmistakable impress of suffering. The form is bowed, and, whatever might be his age, any observer would pronounce him old. But he appears frequently as an actor in our tale, and his character and designs will be fully unfolded as we proceed.

There is another occupant of the apartment to whom all the old man's attention is instantly directed. Before a round table in the centre of the room, sits a person busily engaged in writing by the light of a lamp. It is a young man, with a fair, noble-looking face, one who cannot have seen, at the most, twenty-five summers. There is about him an air of nobleness, of worth; it sits upon his high forehead, it looks out from his hazel eyes, it dwells about his finely-formed mouth, and even waves in the masses of his brown hair which fall upon his shoulders. His dress is a picturesque costume—half military, half hunter's. He wears a buff coat with scarlet facings, but his legs are covered with the leggings of the backwoods settler, and upon his feet are thick moccasins.

His hand passed rapidly over the parchment, until he had copied the whole of the document before him, and then placing his pen upon the table, he rose to his feet, and for the first time became conscious of the presence of another person. He gazed upon the intruder in astonishment, and then springing forward, he seized him by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Luke Harvey, am I right? Speak! Is this indeed you?"

"Yes, Edward, you are right. I see you have not forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" exclaimed the young man. "I have thought of nothing else since I left England. But why do I see you in Virginia?"

"Because my interests demand it; because—yes. I may speak plainly—because *your* interests demand it."

"And those interests—what are they?"

A smile of doubtful meaning flitted over Luke Harvey's face, but it quickly passed, and he replied only by a shake of the head.

"But can you tell me nothing? can you give me no satisfaction?"

"At present, none. Be patient, Edward Yearley, and be assured that time will solve whatever is doubtful now."

"But hear me, Luke Harvey!" exclaimed Edward, anxiously, and drawing nearer to the old man. "What I have to say is known to you far better than I know it, but you must hear it again; it haunts me, and I can think of nothing else. I can remember nothing which is not connected with you; you seem to bear the prominent place in my mind. I have not forgotten the days of my childhood in England. But how is it that you alone are associated with all my recollections? I have obeyed you implicitly in all things, because I have always been accustomed to do so; even when doubting and distrusting you, I have still never questioned your authority. And when, some months ago, you informed me of your wish that I should come to America, I complied, although confidently believing that I should never see your face again. And now, at the moment when I was thinking of you and imagining you thousands of miles away, you appear to me again. Luke Harvey, forgive me if I have sometimes accused you in my own mind of dishonorable motives; but where, tell me, where is this to end? Can you blame me for seeking to know that which most concerns me, and which, I have good reason to believe, you have locked up in your breast at this moment?"

Edward Yearley paused in his excitement, and anxiously awaited the old man's answer. The latter seemed but little less agitated; he bent his eyes to the floor, and was silent.

"Edward," he at last replied, raising his head, "you say that at times you have mistrusted my motives. I ask you, do you mistrust me now?"

"No, no—not now; I cannot; I was unjust whenever I have done so. But the years glide away, and leave me always and forever in doubt, which to me is almost as painful as the certainty of what I fear."

"Then rest content for yet a longer time. I tell you, Edward Yearley, your presence to-day in this colony of Virginia is one great step towards the solution of the enigma which is so dark to you. I have followed you here in pursuance of a long-cherished plan, and the work is now before me. I might tell you all—I might reveal everything to you, but my judgment bids me forbear. Let the game rest in my hands; and if it lies in the power of man to win, be sure I shall succeed."

Edward Yearley gazed in wonderment upon the quivering face of Luke Harvey, as he uttered these words, and a feeling of awe gradually stole over him. The latter continued:

"You cannot now judge who are your enemies and who your friends. But leave this matter to me; I will inform you whenever it is necessary whom to avoid. And now let us talk no more of this. I ventured to come here to-night, because I knew you were alone, for I desired to see you alone. How like you your place?"

"Excellent," replied Edward, with animation. "Sir Francis is all that I could desire; he treats me with unvarying kindness and consideration, and, indeed, he seems more like an older brother than a master."

"He is truly a chivalrous and a noble gentleman," replied the old man, "and his soul is free from all consciousness of wrong."

The words seemed to waken a sudden emotion in his breast, for he bent his head so far as to hide his face, and only raised it when aroused by Edward Yearley's question.

"Do you know him?"

"No—that is, I did formerly, but it was many years ago. But tell me, Edward, have you ever spoken of me to the governor?"

"No, I think not, though—"

"Then do not. He might not remember me, but I do not wish to risk anything upon possibilities. Where is the governor at present?"

"He started yesterday to visit the settlement at the Falls.* He intends, I believe, to stop at the place which the people call the Blockhouse, and return to-night."

"Ah, that reminds me of another thing," exclaimed Harvey, suddenly, and with energy. "I landed here just ten days ago; has there been another ship since then?"

"Yes; the Caledonia arrived two days ago."

"Do you know any of her passengers or emigrants?"

"None, although there were many."

"Have any of them called to see the governor?"

"Yes, most of them. Nearly all of the emigrants do so."

"Then perhaps you have heard the name of Morgan Lymburne mentioned in this room?"

"Surely; I remember it well. He called here yesterday morning. The governor addressed him as Sir Morgan."

"Yes, he bears a title. Was their conversation private?"

* Now Richmond.

"No, nothing of the kind; I heard it all. Sir Morgan was anxious to learn from the governor the situation of this Blockhouse of which I spoke to you."

"Ha! so soon upon the scent?" mused Luke Harvey, as if unconscious of the presence of Edward. "Did the governor inform him?" he continued; in a louder tone.

"I believe not. I am sure he was not acquainted with its situation."

"Did Sir Morgan notice you, or say anything to you?"

"I fancied that when he first entered the room, he started upon seeing me, and I thought I detected him several times in the act of bending his eyes upon me with a look of rage and hatred, but I reflected that it might be the natural expression of his face."

"So, so!" mused Luke Harvey, in his undertone; "the wolf snaps quick, I see. It was *not* fancy, Edward," he continued, raising his voice; "neither was that look the natural expression of his face. Of this thing be assured: Morgan Lymburne bears a deadly hatred to you, and has ample cause for wishing you at this moment at the bottom of the Atlantic!"

"But why?" asked Edward Yearley, in amazement. "Have I ever wronged him? I never saw his face, that I am aware of, until yesterday. If this be so, why is it?"

"Ah, why? Do not ask me, Edward; let this rest with other mysteries. There may be a time when all this shall be revealed; but not yet. Be content to know that Sir Morgan is really your enemy, and knowing this, you may be forewarned. My first wish and design in coming here to-night was to warn you against this man. Mark me, Edward Yearley, Morgan Lymburne bears you no love. I know him well; and if it be that you will interfere with his deep-laid plans, he would scruple at nothing to be rid of you. You shudder, but I speak only the truth. Be prepared for him; it shall be my task to watch him, and his movements cannot escape me."

Edward Yearley gazed long and fixedly into the face of the strange man before him. What he had heard had so shocked and astonished him that for a moment he was disposed to doubt its truth. One glance at the face of Luke Harvey, however, dissipated his doubts. He resolved to believe in the old man and to trust him.

"Hark! what is that?" asked Harvey.

Edward listened, and replied:

"It is Sir Francis, I believe. A horseman has certainly stopped at the door."

"Then I must go. Not for worlds would I be seen of Sir Francis. Think you I can escape by the door before he enters?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not by that door; but here is the governor's private entrance. It leads into the council-chamber; from that you can escape by the back entrance. Hasten! He is already upon the stairs."

"I go, but bear in mind my warning. Whether Sir Morgan means to strike now, or to defer his blow, his intentions towards you are the same. Remember; I warn you that you may be armed."

The old man disappeared through the secret door, and closed it behind him. Almost on the instant, the outer door opened, and Sir Francis Wyatt entered. He greeted Edward Yearley affectionately, but the latter could only respectfully return his salutation; his thoughts were busy with the strange words of Luke Harvey, and he could turn his mind to nothing else.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW DARKENS.

LATE in the afternoon of the day following that upon which the events already narrated occurred, two horsemen left Jamestown, and proceeded up the river in the direction of the Blockhouse. The settlement was speedily lost to sight, and the travellers moved along the path for some time in silence, stopping now and then to assure themselves by the "blazes" marked by the woodman's axe upon the trees that they were following the right direction.

The foremost horseman was a man of slender though evidently muscular body, and features which at first glance would be pronounced eminently handsome. His face was regular in its outline, with the exception of the chin, the slight projection of which gave an unpleasant cast to the mouth. But there were other signs in that face which spoke far more plainly than this. His eyes were small, but very dark, and in them seemed constantly to dwell a light of malice. The nose was perfectly aquiline, but a peculiar quivering of the thin nostrils at times excited unpleasant thoughts in the observer's mind. His hair was dark, almost entirely black, and, after the fashion of the times, was worn long.

The age of this man could not have been thirty by half a dozen years, and yet the marks of dissipation upon his face seemed to add much to his age. His dress, which was worn with a careless abandonment, was that of one of the higher class, and composed of dark velvet; in addition to which he wore heavy riding boots. A long army sword was at his side, and his belt was supplied with pistols, besides those in his holsters.

Sir Morgan Lymburne—for it is he whom we have thus introduced to the reader—turned in his saddle and addressed his companion, or rather servant, who rode behind. He was a heavy, beetle-browed fellow, whose face exhibited a singular compound of ferocity and low cunning—qualities which probably recommended him favorably to his master.

"Searle, did you discover anything new concerning this young Yearley?"

"Nothing, sir, except that he is the governor's secretary, and came over with him."

"But does any one know more than this about him?"

"Nothing more, sir. But I believe he is very well liked."

"Popular is he? Well, perhaps I shall like him, too, if he keeps out of my path and don't attempt to interfere with my affairs. But I can afford to let him go until this other matter is settled to my satisfaction."

The man, as if in duty bound, gave a coarse laugh as these remarks came to his ear, and quickening his pace with his master, the two rode on for some time in silence. At length Sir Morgan remarked:

"And what of these people at the Blockhouse, Searle?"

"Nobody knows anything about them, but everybody talks of them. They seem to have acted strange-like; they say Sir Gordon hardly ever shows himself in the settlements, and nobody is acquainted with him."

"Then that is your game, Master Hargreaves!" soliloquized Lymburne. "Secrecy, forsooth! But I will give him the benefit of the few hours of secrecy that remain; after that, my way must prevail."

A malicious and triumphant smile curved the lips of the speaker, and under the impulse of the thought, he struck his spurs into the sides of his steed, and advanced at a swifter pace. The servant followed close behind, and for more than an hour longer they threaded the intricate forest path, emerging at last in the clearing in front of the Blockhouse.

"This must be the place," observed the servant, whose eyes first separated the buildings from the attending gloom.

"Here?" exclaimed Lymburne, drawing rein and examining the locality. "I believe you are right. And now," he continued, dismounting and throwing his bridle to the other, "remember my orders. Mix with the men and discover all you can, and to-morrow I will see you again."

So saying, he ascended the steps, and knocked heavily with his riding-whip at the door, first pulling his hat lower over his brow. His summons was soon answered by a lady somewhat past the middle age, but whose countenance was one of mingled dignity and sweetness. She held the light up nearer, but evidently did not recognize the man before her.

Sir Morgan stood motionless for an instant, and then removing his hat, said, in a mocking voice:

"Mistress Anne, I greet you kindly."

At the unexpected sight of his face, the lady retreated a step and turned deathly pale, almost dropping her light in the weakness of the moment. Once she essayed to speak, but the words died on her lips, and she gazed with terror upon Sir Morgan. The latter enjoyed her horror for a moment, and then said, impatiently:

"Where is your brother, Mistress Anne? I would see him."

Anne Hargreaves turned, and Lymburne followed her along the passage. She stopped and hesitated before a door near the end of the hall; but at length she pointed at it in mute agony, and disappeared. Sir Morgan opened the door indicated without hesitation, and entered the room. It was an apartment of medium size, at the extremity of which was revealed by the light of a taper the form of Sir Gordon Hargreaves, sitting with his head bowed upon a table, and apparently lost in deep reflection. Lymburne enjoyed the spectacle for a moment, his entrance having been unobserved, and then advancing to the table, made his presence known.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Sir Gordon. I take it for granted that I am a welcome visitor."

Hargreaves raised his head as he heard the voice, but no sooner had his eyes rested upon Lymburne than he sprang from his chair, gazed with a wild, startled look into his face, and then sank back against the wall, stunned and helpless. A cold sneer broke over Sir Morgan's countenance.

"I give you greeting, Sir Gordon," he said. "But by my faith, I hope you are not in the habit of treating all your friends thus, else it is no wonder that you have so few in the settlements hereabouts."

The taunting words had the effect of arousing Hargreaves from his terrified stupor. He stood upright with an effort, and gasped hoarsely:

"Morgan—Morgan Lymburne?"

"Ay, my old friend, you are right, only you forgot to prefix the 'Sir' to my name. I am glad your memory is so good, and only hope it may not fail you before we conclude our interview."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves sank into his chair, and with a deep groan, bowed his head upon his hands. His visitor stood silently before him, waiting for him to exhaust the first violence of his emotion. At last Sir Gordon raised his head, and with every muscle of his pallid face trembling, demanded in a faint weak voice:

"And what, Morgan Lymburne, do you seek here?"

"Zounds, Sir Gordon, I'll overlook your incivility in withholding my title, but your question is absolutely amusing. Upon my word, you treat the matter as coolly as if you were in earnest. What do I want? I have a certain document in my breast-pocket which might possibly refresh your failing memory. Perhaps you would like to hear it read."

"No, no! I will admit its truth. The cursed paper bears my name; would to God that my hand had withered before it placed it there!"

think of it. Take the money; the sum you have mentioned I will gladly give you; only forego your claim to the hand of Eleanor."

Morgan Lymburne stood near the centre of the room during this appeal, his arms crossed upon his breast. At its conclusion, he replied with a shake of the head, and in a determined voice:

"It is useless, Sir Gordon; I have vowed to obtain the rights granted by the contract, and not one hairsbreadth will I swerve from it."

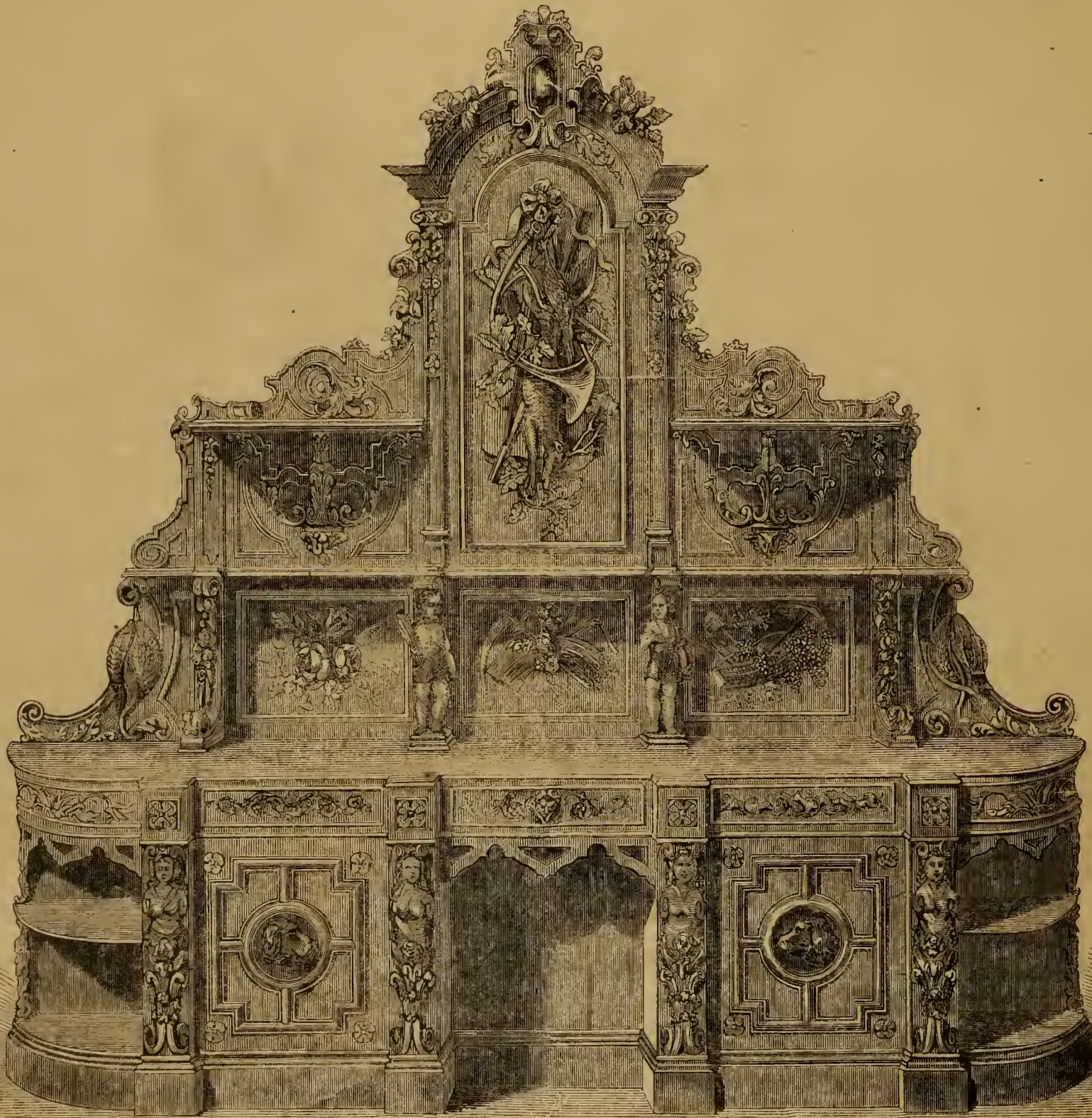
"Hold!" cried the parent, in an agitated voice. "Be not hasty in your decision. I will double my offer; yes, I will grant you one hundred and twenty thousand pounds upon condition of your releasing all claim to my daughter's hand."

"Cease, cease, Sir Gordon; I repeat it, such offers are useless—nay, idle. Money cannot induce me to relinquish my right to the hand of the Lady Eleanor."

The nobleman cast a look of fearful agony upon his persecutor, and tottering to a chair, sank helplessly into it. Prepared as he had been for this blow, it still fell heavily upon him, and he sank beneath it. Lymburne eyed him triumphantly, and then drawing a chair to the other side of the table, coolly sat down and awaited Sir Gordon's answer.

At this juncture, the inner door opened, and a young girl entered

the room. She started as her eyes fell upon Morgan Lymburne, and was about to retire, but as if suddenly recalling her face in her memory, she hesitated, and looked inquiringly at him. Evidently she recognized him, for her embarrassment gave place to a tremor of fear, and the pleasant bloom faded from her cheek. She was surpassingly fair, even in that distressful moment. Somewhat above the medium height, her form was still so perfectly proportioned and so faultless in its contour, that the discrepancy would hardly be noticed. Her face was one of rare beauty, so lovely, in fact, that the beholder forgot to separate and remark each peculiar feature, and only remembered the full perfection and sweetness of the whole. The dark hair and eyes of the maiden afforded an agreeable and striking contrast to her pure blonde complexion; her whole air and appearance, in short, fully proclaimed her to be descended from noble English stock, although she had discarded the somewhat stiff and ungraceful female costume of the day, and was now habited in a simple dress which became her better than could the trappings of court attire.



BUFFET OR SIDBOARD, DESIGNED BY M. ELIAERS.

"My dear sir, I beg of you not to distress yourself uselessly. Believe me, sir, when I say that you have doubtless committed many more foolish things than this."

Lymburne's tone of mocking railery served to arouse and exasperate Sir Gordon. He rose from his chair, and paced hurriedly across the room, stopping suddenly before his strange guest.

"Tell me, sir, what will content you? Mention the terms upon which you are willing to leave me now and forever."

"Sir Gordon Hargreaves," replied Lymburne, in a careful, measured tone, "you misjudge me if you think me capable of yielding one iota of what is granted me by that paper. Its terms were freely acceded to by you once, and now I demand nothing more than their fulfilment. That contract, executed by you to my deceased father, signed and approved by living witnesses, grants to me the hand of the Lady Eleanor, your daughter, upon the nineteenth anniversary of her birthday, and also her dowry of sixty thousand pounds. Recognize my right in this matter, and all will be well; consider your late conduct, and you will acknowledge that it has been hasty. What do you say, Sir Gordon? Are you prepared to forswear your oath?"

"No, no—not that!" murmured the stricken nobleman. "It is binding, morally binding at least, and I cannot deny it. But I would have you give up your claim; I implore you to resign all thoughts of this alliance. It is hateful to me; I cannot bear to

Sir Morgan Lymburne was so surprised for a moment that he could only gaze with unfeigned admiration upon this lovely presence, but recovering himself, he came forward, and exclaimed:

"Eleanor—Lady Eleanor, is this indeed you? I had forgotten the years which have elapsed since I saw you last, and hardly expected to see so womanly a person."

With these words he took her hand, and bent as if to press it to his lips. The lady perceived his intention, however, and hastily drew back. Sir Morgan looked up, slightly disconcerted.

"Pardon me, Eleanor, if I have offended. And now tell me, do you welcome me?"

"I remember you, Sir Morgan," replied Eleanor, in a low voice, evading his question. "But I hardly expected to see you here to-night."

"I faith, I'll warrant it!" replied Lymburne, with a disagreeable laugh. "And whether Sir Gordon expected me or no, he seems to give me but a freezing welcome."

The latter raised his head at the mention of his name, and gave a convulsive start as he saw the two standing together. He met his daughter's appealing glance, and said, in a husky tone:

"Eleanor, my daughter, be pleased to leave us together alone. I have more to say to Sir Morgan."

"Adieu, then, Lady Eleanor, for a time," said the latter; "I have yet much to say to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN FURNITURE.

With the advance of wealth, and the development of resources in this country, there has arisen a demand for elegant furniture to complete the equipment of the beautiful residences which are rising around us in town and country. Until within a few years these articles have been imported from abroad at a heavy addition to the original cost, but they are now manufactured in our great cities in the very best style, out of native or imported material. Among the most successful and popular cabinet-makers whose work has fallen under our observation is Mr. A. Eliaers, at present established at Nos. 330 and 332 Washington Street, in this city, a gentleman with whom we have been long acquainted, and who has been liberally patronized by our citizens. Mr. Eliaers is not merely a cabinet-maker, in the usual sense of the word; he is an artist, designer and inventor, being what we believe is termed in France a domestic engineer. He draws, models, and carves beautifully, besides being a thorough master of his trade. He has not only invented a great number of new articles of furniture, but of labor-saving machinery and tools wherewith to perform his work. A visit to his establishment is a great treat to a person of a taste for mechanics as well as the fine arts. Among the striking pieces of furniture he has turned out is a superb buffet or sideboard of

venient writing or reading desk is attached, which can be turned to any desired angle, while by a simple motion of the hand, requiring no muscular effort, the back of the chair sinks, and is self-sustained, firmly, at any angle, from the perpendicular to the horizontal. The lady's chair, which is well adapted for the use of invalids, or convalescents, and a luxury to all, is of similar construction, and adapts itself to every attitude of the body. We have seen a seat for night-trains on the railroads, constructed by Mr. Eliaers on the same principle, which promises to complete the comfort of travellers in our luxurious cars, rendering locomotion agreeable to the most delicate. The "Library Chair," also invented and patented by Mr. Eliaers, is a solid, elegant and comfortable seat, which, by a single instantaneous reverse movement, becomes a flight of steps by which the highest shelf of a library may be reached. These transformations do not injure the elegance or the solidity of the furniture, and the machinery by which they are produced is perfectly simple, works like magic, and is not at all liable to get out of order. Mr. Eliaers has also acquired a great reputation as a stair-builder. We lately visited the splendid mansion of a gentleman in Roxbury, which contained a fine specimen of Mr. Eliaers's skill, in the shape of a vast stair-case of solid mahogany ascending from a hall, which reminded us of those in

compared to an enormous insular pyramid. Its position, which is on the borders of the Obersweitz, and the great chain of the Alps, affords one of the most beautiful and extensive views which it is possible to conceive. In 1689, the only place of shelter for the herdsmen was the "Hospice of St. Mary of the Snows," built in a nook sheltered from the west and north, a place to which pilgrims resorted. Their numbers increasing, it became necessary to find accommodations for them, and several inns sprung up. Towards the end of the last century, travellers began to turn their steps to Switzerland, and the Rigi soon became an object of attraction. In 1816, an inn was built somewhat higher up the mountain than the Hospice. It was still a long and weary journey from it to the top. A hut, which had been erected here in 1815, rose to the consequence of an inn through the support of some of the wealthier inhabitants of Zurich; this stood about sixty paces from the top, on the south side. The number of visitors increased, however, so rapidly that this could no longer afford the required shelter, and a second sprung up. These soon became insufficient for the numbers that sought the summit for the beauty of the view. In 1850, a handsome hotel rose upon the foundations of the former. This, however, has not sufficed, and it has been found necessary to add another and a larger, in which every com-



THE NEW HOTEL ON THE RIGI MOUNTAIN, SWITZERLAND.

solid black walnut, intended for a large dining-hall. We were so much pleased with the design, execution and effect of this sideboard, that we had a drawing made of it, and prepared the engraving published on the preceding page. The style of this article is that of the *Renaissance*, a revival of the old and substantial fashion of cabinet architecture, now the mode, and justly usurping the place of the frail furniture which preceded it. A chair or table in the style of the *Renaissance* will last for centuries, and, modelled on true principles of beauty, will always be agreeable to the eye. The sideboard before us, constructed on Mr. Eliaers's carvings and patterns, cost \$3000, and employed fourteen men six months. It is of solid black walnut, and is twelve feet in height, and eleven feet three inches in breadth. The carvings are beautifully executed from models made by Mr. Eliaers from actual game, fish, fruit, etc. The top piece comprises bunches of fruit, exquisitely carved, beneath which is a finely-sculptured mass of game, while on the different panels are figures of the seasons, Peace and War, Caryatides, varieties of game, fish, vegetables, implements of hunting, etc. The interior is admirably arranged, and the whole is a monument of artistic and mechanical skill and industry, harmonizing the useful and the ornamental in a remarkable manner. Among the recent valuable inventions of Mr. Eliaers with which we have been particularly pleased, are a gentleman's and a lady's extension chair. To the arms of the gentleman's chair, a con-

the French palaces and chateaux. The bed-room furniture, the panelling of the solid mahogany and satin-wood doors, the dining-room furniture, and many other articles in this costly residence, were from Mr. Eliaers's establishment. Mr. Eliaers also fitted up the library-room of Hon. Edward Everett, in Summer Street. His carved book-cases may be found in many private houses in this city and New York. We regret to add that Mr. Eliaers has determined to remove to France next spring, having received offers to establish himself in Paris, where the specimens of his workmanship, exhibited at the great Exposition, were very much admired. During the interval, the resources of his establishment will be severely taxed to supply the orders that are flowing in upon him.

NEW HOTEL ON THE RIGI, SWITZERLAND.

The striking scene on this page is an accurate representation of the Rigi Mountain, Switzerland. The foreground is enlivened by a group of travellers, and shows the various contrivances for seating the ladies comfortably on horseback. For many years past the Rigi Mountain has been a favorite resort, and its fame has gone on increasing, for it is almost impossible to obtain a more splendid view than from its summit. The small group of mountains, of which the Rigi is the highest point, stands completely apart from the range surrounded by lakes, and may almost be

ort is to be obtained. The visitor will scarcely credit the trouble and expense which it has cost to furnish him with this comfort. A large and substantial house built upon the summit of a mountain nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea, requires somewhat more labor than a corresponding house built in a valley. Before a stone was laid, it cost 60,000 francs to level the foundation and purchase the ground, but the commune has entered into a bond not to let any other portion for ten years. All the wood-work and lime had to be carried up by manual labor. The scene during the two past years was very curious, old and young being employed in carrying up the necessary wood, etc.; here ten or twelve men might be seen bending under the weight of a rafter, toiling up the steep paths, two carrying up a plank, a door, or a blind, and this was by no means an inexpensive job; a hundred weight of wood cost two francs, a plank one and a half francs, a door one franc eighty cents, a blind three francs twenty cents, for carriage alone; the carpenter's work alone cost 40,000 francs; twelve men were employed for two years in preparing the stone, and six men in getting the sand. Our readers may form some idea of the cost of the whole by the items we have given. The whole length of the hotel is 156 feet, its breadth 48, height 60. It contains about fifty apartments; the dining-room is capable of holding two hundred persons at dinner; the whole of the decorations are in excellent taste, and every comfort is provided for visitors.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STARRY RAIN.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Softly fall thou, starry rain,
O'er the roof and window-pane;
Sing to me a lullaby
Softer than the zephyr's sigh;
As the evening comes again,
Gently, gently fall thou, rain!
Gleam in brightness o'er the rose,
Blushing in its meek repose:
O'er the larkspur's pink and blue,
And the marigold's rich hue;
Touch the maple's nodding plume,
Tossing through the evening gloom;
Cherries, with their fruitage red,
Whence the wild bird has just sped:
O'er the vines that cross the pane,
Gently fall thou, starry rain!
Gently, gently fall thou, rain,
Never with a sound of pain:
Never like a wail of woe
Let thy tender numbers flow
Round this hushed and shadowed home,
Where the joy light may not come!
For, alas! it is but late
Since the mourners through yon gate
Entered in this darkened room,
Shut from summer scents and bloom,
Where, excluded from the day,
Hushed in sleep the maiden lay:
Sleep, the silent and "profound"
That they take "beneath the ground."
Though her smile was very soft,
Though her voice had gladdened oft,
Ere the fount of joy grew low,
From our love the maid must go.
White flowers in her soft brown hair,
White flowers on her bosom fair:
Thus they bore her through the gloom,
To her lonely burial tomb.
Therefore, gentlest rain, I pray,
List the words that I would say!
Whispering round that home to-night,
Be thy voice subdued and light;
So to those who sit and grieve,
In the dull and darkening eve,
O'er the fondly cherished dead,
Thou shalt say, "Be comforted,
Ye will meet your lost again!"
Will you say it, starry rain?
Gently, gently, airy sprite,
Wandering, homeless, through the night:
Softly let thy silvery feet
Print the grass and flowers sweet
Heaped above one precious face,
In the lonely burial place.
So, when next we go to see,
Something shall remind of thee:
Bursting buds and springing grass,
Telling us where thou didst pass,
With a slow and sad refrain,
O'er our darling, pitying rain!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINNING A WIFE:

—on,—

A BASHFUL MAN'S WOOING.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF A BENEDICT.

BY RALPH RUDDERBRACE.

"Why, Ned Dalton's married, Ralph!" exclaimed my roommate, throwing down the evening paper; and jumping up, he threw his cigar out of the window, commencing the execution of a double shuffle at the same time.

"Ned Dalton married!" I ejaculated, adding, "Hold on, rattlebrain; just stop capering long enough to explain, will you?"

"Here," said he, regaining the paper and thrusting it into my hand, "here, read for yourself." And seizing a flute, he commenced to play "Jordan is a hard road" like all-possessed, while I read the notice of my friend Dalton's marriage, which was stated to have been solemnized in Burlington, Vermont.

"Did you ever?" demanded Frank Ridley, as I finished.

"No, I never!" responded I, quickly.

"Who'd a thought it?" queried Frank.

"Who, indeed?"

I am certain I should have been the last one to have dreamed of such a thing as matrimony in connection with honest Ned, the most bashful man in the presence of ladies that I ever met with.

"Where away, Frank?" demanded I, beholding my chum preparing for a promenade.

"To circulate the intelligence of Ned's escape from bachelordom. I am sure the news is too good to keep." And with a hearty laugh he disappeared, leaving me to cogitate alone on the strange freak of the blind god, which had transformed my bashful friend into Benedict the married man.

My reverie was of short duration, being interrupted by a no less personage than its subject, whose hasty entrance and abrupt "congratulate me, my dear fellow, etc." brought me to my feet in an instant.

"Ay, that I will, and with all my heart, Ned!" I exclaimed, as I grasped his offered hand. "But be seated; I have but just read the notice of your marriage, and when you entered was indulging in a vain attempt to conceive how or where you had gained the courage necessary to enable you to address any woman on the subject of marriage."

"You deemed it strange, then?"

"Strange! to be sure I did. Why, bless my soul, Ned, I never knew you to meet a woman's eye without blushing, and as for conversing with one—now tell me frankly, Ned, did you ever speak first to a lady in your life?"

"O, yes, cer—"

"O, but I mean any one to whom you had been but recently introduced, or with whom you were but slightly acquainted?"

"I can't say."

"No, I don't think you can. But where is your wife? Who is she? Where did you get her? What does she look like? And above all, how came you to win her?"

"There, you don't expect answers to all these questions at once, do you?" demanded he.

"No," said I, producing my cigar case and tendering him its contents; adding, "just pass them by without notice, save the last, for I'm dying to know by what miracle you won the consent of any woman on earth to be your wife."

"Well, you shall hear, provided you accompany me to the Revere after the relation. We arrived last night, and I wish to make you acquainted with the being who has transformed me into the happiest of men."

Pardon me, dear reader, if without further preface I give you the relation of a Bashful Man's Wooing in his own words.

"'Twas at the close of an unusually unhealthy summer, not many years ago, during which I had been detained in the city, my earnest desire to the contrary, notwithstanding, by business, which having concluded satisfactorily to myself and all concerned, I prepared for a descent on the rural districts; a visit to any or all the sea-side, lake-shore, and mountain resorts of fashionable society being among the numerous luxuries denied me by the blind goddess; and being undecided what particular locality I should honor with my presence, I requested my half-dozen friends to refrain from pen, ink and paper in my behalf, at least until they heard from me, and taking leave of them, took the cars via the Providence Railroad, determined to trust to chance for an introduction to some secluded paradise where I might taste pure enjoyment, untortured by the cares of business, the clamorous demands of my tailor, bootmaker, and sundry other creditors, the last but not the least of whom was my washerwoman.

"At Providence I came to a halt for a short time, but finding too much bustle therein to suit my ideas of solitude, I shouldered my portmanteau, and liquidating my hotel bill, an act by the way I am very seldom guilty of, stepped on board the steamer bound to Newport, which latter place I had no intention to visit, my destination being ye ancient town of Bristol in ye State of Rhode Island. There I was landed about 11 P. M., on the day of my embarkation, having experienced no inconvenience whatever, if I except the loss of my cigar-case with a full half dozen prime Havanas, which I had hoarded with a miser's care for a whole week that I might enjoy to its greatest extent the pleasure I hoped to reap from their consumption in that seclusion I was in search of.

"Taking possession of apartments—beg pardon, Ralph, I would say an apartment—at the Bristol Hotel, I ordered dinner; after which I sallied forth on a tour of observation, which resulted in the conviction that the paradise of my imagination had at length been found. 'Tis truly a paradise, at least in my estimation. But I am digressing, which is no part of my intention at present, so with your leave I will return to the subject, promising more circumspection for the future.

"You know I was ever an admirer of the ladies, Ralph, handsome ladies particularly; and I assure you, judging from the samples of the sex whom I met during my afternoon ramble, I was convinced I had at last reached a spot where that particular failing might be indulged in at will. Elated with my good fortune in finding a temporary home so much in accordance with my desire, I returned to my inn, and partaking of a bountiful supper, repaired to the guests' parlor, where I found two ladies, the only inmates of the apartment. Apologizing for my intrusion, I was about to retire, when one of them begged me to remain, assuring me I was no intruder, and smilingly informed me I could not have entered at a more opportune moment, as they were endeavoring to dissipate ennui by the formation of a whist party, and lacking one of the requisite number would hail my presence as a god-send if I would only condescend to join them.

"O, certainly, I would be only too happy, with a number of like assertions, all which were uttered with a volubility which surprised myself, since I was never very remarkable for fluency of speech in the presence of the fair sex.

"My self-introduction elicited a like courtesy from my fair captor, who then introduced her companion as Miss Martha S—, when I obtained a view of her features for the first time. That glimpse did my business. Another! Now, sir, as well might I attempt to gaze at an unclouded summer sun when in the zenith, as upon the dazzling beauty of the fairy being who bowed to my common-place and somewhat awkward greeting. As I assumed a chair, she retired, when I made an attempt at conversation with her companion; but my nerves—you know how nervous I am in the society of ladies—were so disordered by that electrifying glance that it was like to result in a failure, when the fair enchantress returned, accompanied by an elder lady, whom she introduced as her mother, and followed by a waiter bearing lights.

"Just imagine, if you can, Ralph, how I felt, seated at that card-table, the partner of a lady whom I dared not look at lest my heart should leap right out of my mouth and take refuge in her bosom. Of course I played at random—who could do otherwise under the circumstances?—and as a natural result was defeated in every game, while my partner bore her share of our ill-fortune, for which I alone was accountable, with the best grace.

"Cards were voted a bore at length by our antagonists, who protested against winning such easy victories; when I stumbled through a formal leave-taking and sought my chamber, not to sleep, but to indulge in a series of waking dreams of the future.

"Morning came, finding me still awake, and fully resolved to lay aside my bashfulness for the once and cultivate the acquaintance of the fair being whose beauty had so suddenly and deeply enslaved me. Alas, for my firmness! One glance from her laughing blue eye, as she assumed a seat opposite me at the breakfast-table, played the very deuce with my heroic resolve, robbing me in an instant of my borrowed politeness, studied gallantry, and all power to articulate the set speeches with which I had hoped to make an impression upon her heart, leaving me again the great, blundering, boobyish schoolboy which I had proved myself to be on more than one former occasion, despite the ancient appearance of my hair and whiskers, but ill-concealed by a plentiful application of Mason dye.

"During that and several subsequent days we met regularly three times a day, at meals, besides several chance meetings in the guests' parlor, each meeting serving but to increase my embarrassment, and place a still greater gulf between us. Did you ever feel embarrassed in the presence of a female? No! Well, I envy you. You have no idea how excessively small a man appears, in his own estimation, when in the presence of a woman for whose favor he would die, and unable to control that emotion, which must of necessity cause him to appear a fool. 'Twas so with me; I would have given a world, had I possessed one, to have been able to converse with a tenth part of that fluency which I can so readily command in the presence of my own sex; but it fled on her approach, and to her remarks I was seldom able to reply save in monosyllables.

"I had been about a week an inmate of the hotel, when I became aware that a party of pleasure-seekers were about to visit Newport, whereupon I resolved to make at least one of their number, provided I could summon courage to request the honor, and was favored with the society of my fair enchantress on the occasion. As a period of five days must elapse ere the excursion came off, I believed I had ample time to win her consent to become my companion; but had I had an age, the result would have remained unchanged, for the moment I entered her presence I was tongue-tied as usual.

"Time tarried not for me, however. While I was hesitating, resolving, and wavering, the eve of the excursion arrived. I had already purchased tickets for two, in anticipation that she would accompany me, and on this evening, being her only companion for a brief period, in the family parlor, I made an attempt to approach the subject by saying:

"Have you heard of the pleasure excursion for to-morrow, Miss S—?"

"O, yes. Indeed, I have heard but little else for a week."

"I think an excursion to Newport at this season must be delightful."

"It is, and this one will be extremely so, I think; at least, the scale of preparation gives me reason to hope as much, provided the weather proves favorable. Do not you intend to join the party?"

"Me? O, yes—that is—provided—" And I came to a dead pause.

"She glanced at me from her sewing, and then turning her gaze on the scene outside the window, said:

"Do not let anything detain you here, or you will regret it. I am sure we all anticipate a pleasant time, and if I were in your place I would not lose the opportunity of participating in the pleasure of the day. Such a one will not occur again for the season."

"What could she mean by the pronoun we? Had she been engaged already by some more fortunate rival? Rendered desperate by my fears lest such might be the case, I hastened to assure her of my intention to make one of the party, and wound up by blundering out a hope that she would honor me by becoming my partner for the day. I can't tell for my life how my request was worded, I only know that a silvery laugh saluted my ear as I closed, and immediately after the words:

"Too late by a day, Mr. Dalton. You should have asked me yesterday morning, when I would have accepted your invitation with pleasure."

"I am sorry to hear that I am too late. May I know to what cause to attribute your refusal?"

"O, yes; to a prior engagement to be sure. A host of invitations for this excursion came pouring in; indeed, judging from their number, one would think ladies in Bristol were like angels' visits to earth, so I yesterday, in despair you know, accepted one, merely that I might truly say to all others, "Already engaged, sir."

"Confound—"

"Sir?" And the fair being dropped her work, looking up with a severe expression of countenance.

"O, pray, excuse me. I did not intend to swear; but I had hoped for the pleasure of your society on this excursion, and this disappointment is exceedingly vexatious."

"I am glad—sorry I would say," resumed she, as she flashed an arch glance at me, resuming her needle at the same time, and adding: "I am sorry for the disappointment; but it is too late now to amend it. I would have been pleased to have been your companion; but since I cannot, will you permit me to provide you with one? I shall be happy to do so, and if I may, will guarantee to find one for you who will banish all remembrance of your disappointment ere our return."

"Impossible! But I accept your kind offer, only because I might appear unfashionable if unaccompanied by a lady."

"You will not regret it," said she, rising, and laying aside her work, when she added, "If you are at leisure, and will accompany me to Aunt Harcourt's, I will introduce you to cousin Emily, just returned from school, who I am sure will be delighted to go, and who will prove a much livelier companion than I."

Ten minutes later we were walking, arm-in-arm, along Congress Street, towards her aunt's dwelling, which we soon reached, and where I was introduced to Miss Emily Harcourt, who accepted my invitation tendered through my fair friend Martha, when we returned.

The morning came, and at the appointed hour the steamer containing the excursionists, my fair partner and myself among the number, started, amid the cheers of the crowd assembled to see us off, and the thrilling strains of music discoursed by the band which accompanied us.

Soon after our arrival in Newport, Miss S—— proposed a visit to the fort on the opposite side of the harbor, my fair partner seconding her proposition strongly; whereupon my fortunate rival and myself procured the services of a boatman with his vessel, a small schooner-rigged boat, to convey us thither. We arrived at the fort in safety, and were conducted over it by the officer in command for the day, who was apparently pleased by the interest we manifested in all that met our gaze, and courteously vouchsafed all the information we demanded. Having gratified our curiosity to its greatest extent, we were about to set out on our return, when our gentlemanly conductor begged to be allowed to extend to us the hospitalities of his home, and upon our grateful acceptance of his invitation, conducted us to his quarters, where he introduced his wife, who received us cordially, and ordered refreshments for us in the garden.

So kind and courteous were our host and hostess that we forgot to note the flight of time in their presence, until reminded by our boatman, through a servant, that our return could be delayed no longer if we would return to Bristol with our fellow-excursionists. Thus reminded, we took leave of our kind host and his lady-wife, not before the latter, however, had pressed upon each one a splendid bouquet, selected by her own fair hands from her garden of floral treasures, which had elicited from more than one of our party an expression of hearty admiration.

During our sojourn in the fort the wind had freshened to a strong breeze, which rendered our passage back to the city rather dangerous than otherwise, which danger was enhanced by the nervous dread exhibited by my fair partner as each passing wave sent its tribute of spray over our frail vessel. Each moment her fears increased, until she could no longer control them, and it became necessary to hold her to prevent her sudden and unskillful movements from capsizing the boat. At length, when about half way between the fort and breakwater which protects the inner harbor, a wave somewhat larger than any of its predecessors sent a plentiful tribute on board, drenching myself and my fair partner to the skin and causing her to break from my protecting grasp and spring towards the stern for refuge. In so doing she stumbled, and ere a hand could be stretched to aid or save her, was precipitated into the sea, while the accident so distracted the boatman that he momentarily relinquished the helm, when the boat flew up in the wind and fell off on the other tack, capsizing as she did so, and precipitating our whole party into the sea. Being, as you know, an excellent swimmer, I had no fears for my own safety, and my first act was to grasp Miss S——, whom I placed in comparative security on the bottom of the upturned boat, ere I turned my attention to her cousin, who was floating, buoyed up by her dress, a few yards distant. She was soon in safety alongside her cousin, where I had scarce placed her when the former exclaimed:

"O, heaven! Mr. Dalton, Mr. Randall is drowning!"

Following the index of her gaze with mine, I beheld the ratification of her words. He was indeed drowning, and simultaneously with the boatman, who had just made his exit from beneath the boat, I struck out to the rescue. He had struggled to some distance from the boat, while I was engaged in securing the safety of our fair friends, and I now had the mortification of beholding him sink ere I could reach him. As he disappeared from view with a despairing cry, I fairly leaped from the water in a vain effort to reach him, but being at too great a distance, could only redouble my efforts to gain the spot in which he sank, which having done, I dove, and in my descent, a few feet below the surface, meeting something, I grasped it, when I was in turn grasped in a close embrace, and deeming my object gained, returned to the surface, only to find that I had grappled with the boatman, who, actuated by the same desire to save our drowning comrade, had also dived, and meeting me in his descent, had with me, deemed each other the object of our solicitude, thereby rendering our well-meant efforts vain. We made a second attempt, but was unsuccessful. He was indeed gone; and exhausted by our efforts, we succeeded in regaining the boat, to which we were compelled to cling, being unable, even with the aid of our fair companions, to gain her keel.

As the catastrophe had been witnessed by hundreds on shore, over a dozen boats had been instantly manned and put off to the rescue, the leading boat having doubled the end of the breakwater, and being in full view at the instant we regained the boat. We were soon rescued from our perilous situation and conveyed to the steamer, where we were provided with a change of clothing, which we gladly availed ourselves of, and by means of which, with the aid of stimulants, we succeeded in recovering so far from the effects of our bath ere we reached Bristol as to allay all apprehension of subsequent evil results.

When about to embark at the fort I had transferred my bouquet to the care of Miss S——, who surprised me on the morning after our return by offering to my acceptance the wilted flowers which composed it, and which, with her own, she had retained

during her immersion and subsequent sojourn on the bottom of the boat. She accompanied the tender of the faded flowers with some remark concerning the coincidence between their blight and that which had been cast on our pleasures by the same cause. But as usual I was too much embarrassed to reply, and receiving them from her hand, remained dumb and apparently in deep contemplation of the withered offering.

"Have you no desire to retain them, Mr. Dalton?" she demanded, as I laid them on the centre-table a few minutes later.

"No," replied I. "Why should I?"

"As a memorial."

"Of what?"

"Our—I would say your escape from death."

I bowed, and after a brief pause resumed:

"Not of mine, Miss S——, but of her's who retained them in her grasp in the moment of extreme peril. Yes, I will keep them as a memorial of—your escape, I would have added, but meeting her keen regards, I once more became the victim of embarrassment."

"Divide them with me, please," said she, after a brief pause; and coming to my side, she extended her hand, adding: "I should like at least one flower as a memorial of that intrepidity to which, under Heaven, I owe my life."

"Choose," said I, and I extended towards her the bunch of withered flowers, from which she selected one, a heliotrope, and pressing it to her lips stood a moment, while I had an intuitive perception that her regards were bent on me, and dared not raise my eye to meet them; then with noiseless step she glided from the apartment.

When she returned, after an absence of nearly half an hour, quite a number of the guests were present, which prevented any further conversation between us at that time, and indeed for years, for thereafter during my stay she studiously avoided my society.

A few weeks after the accident already mentioned, I returned to Boston, and amid the cares and bustle of business strove to forget the fair being whose beauty and winning manners had first enslaved, and whose recent chilling coldness had so recently tortured me. How vain the effort! Her image was indelibly stamped upon my memory. I could hear her silvery laugh amid the rustle of the leaves each eve, as I bent my steps across the Common, homeward, while did I lose myself in reverie for a moment she was sure to be present, in fancy, and interrupting the train of thought led me a dance over the bright waves of Newport harbor, to enact again my part in the thrilling scene in which we had mingled.

A year passed, and I again sought Bristol, resolved to conquer my inherent bashfulness so far as to demand from her the information which she alone could convey. With a wildly throbbing heart I left the cars, and was driven to the Bristol House, where a stranger officiated as landlord, and where I looked in vain for one familiar face among the family of mine host. The secret of the change was at length made known by the landlord in reply to my inquiry for his predecessor. The hotel had changed owners. He had purchased from Mr. S——, but was unable to afford me the slightest information concerning him or his family. The next evening found me in Boston again, where I resolved to remain, despite the sickening heat of the summer months, at the risk of being termed a crusty old bachelor by my few female friends in the city. And I did remain, never crossing the city boundaries for three long years, until my health gave way, and my physician ordered me to the country.

Having no definite destination in view, I took the cars via the Fitchburg road, resolved to halt at the first station which possessed attraction sufficient to interest me. Suffice it that I reached Burlington ere I saw anything to induce me to change my seat in the cars for one in the parlor of a village hotel, and I would probably have gone further had not a sense of weariness oppressed me, causing me to seek refreshments and rest. I found the former at the Ticonderoga House, and after a slight repast, requested to be shown to my room that I might seek the latter. My request was complied with, and although it was still early I prepared to retire for the night. While engaged undressing, a miniature case on the dressing-table attracted my attention, and taking it up, I was amazed and overjoyed upon opening it to behold the likeness of the sweet enchantress who was still fondly cherished in my remembrance. How it came there I could not imagine, but was full soon informed by a waiter who tapped at my door, and upon being admitted demanded if I had seen it, and remarking that the former occupant of the chamber believed he had left it therein. I gathered from the waiter sufficient information to enable me to identify the owner of the picture, which I promised to return, if found, in the morning, when the waiter retired, ignorant that I was already in possession of the miniature.

I saw the owner of the picture next morning, and returning it to him, succeeded in forming his acquaintance, when I learned that he was a cousin to Miss S——, who he informed me was then an inmate of his father's family, who resided some ten miles from Burlington. He welcomed me warmly upon learning my name, and assured me he had heard me frequently mentioned by his fair cousin as her preserver, at the same time extending me a hearty invitation to visit her. I would gladly have availed myself of his kindness, but my timid nature shrunk from the meeting, and I was compelled to decline for the present.

Being in business in Burlington, I was in his society daily during the first week of my sojourn, at the close of which he had won my entire confidence and the secret of my hopeless passion for Miss S——. He appeared to be particularly delighted with that item of information and reiterated his pressing invitation for me to accompany him home. I hesitated for some time, but I at length declined, when he set out alone, leaving me to spend the

second Sunday of my sojourn in the solitude of my chamber. At an early hour on Monday he returned, and coming straight to my room, placed in my hand a small package, which upon opening I found to contain the withered heliotrope selected from my bouquet by Miss S——, with a crayon sketch of our perilous adventure in Newport harbor, underneath which was written—"If you remember this, come."

I looked in my friend's face and beheld therein a happy smile, while in answer to my inquiring glance, he said:

"She knows all, and I congratulate you on the possession of her heart, which has long been yours. You will go?"

"I will," said I, grasping his hand. "You have done that for me which else had remained undone. How can I repay you?"

"Nay, mention it not. I have but labored to secure the happiness of my fair cousin. My sister was her confidant, and has long known the secret of her love, which was but recently imparted to me with her fears for its hopelessness. Your advent and confession has removed those fears, and from her did Martha learn your presence here, to which information I yesterday added, apparently unconscious of her interest therein, the story of your love. The result is that package, placed in my hand this morning by my sister, who requested me to convey it to you."

"For which I thank you most sincerely."

"I rejoiced—but why proceed? what remains must of course be uninteresting, and may be summed up in a few words. We met that afternoon, now six weeks ago, and were united in wedlock four days since. But come, she awaits us, and I am eager that you should see her, since henceforth you must be her, as you have been my, friend."

He ceased, and evincing great impatience to be gone, I hurriedly prepared to accompany him, when we set out from the Quiney House, and in a few minutes reached the Revere, where I was ushered into the presence of one of the most lovely women I ever beheld, whom he introduced as his wife.

Need I say I was charmed? I think it is unnecessary. But as a proof of my hearty appreciation of her beauty and intrinsic worth, permit me to add, gentle reader, if you, or any of your fair friends, are blessed in possession of such charms of mind and person as is she, please make the same known to your humble servant, for, since I have formed the acquaintance of my friend's fair wife, my bachelor life has lost all charm for me; yet I must confess, although far from being a bashful man, I am unable to effect an escape therefrom, through or with the kind aid of any of my female friends, which aid is by them withheld.

HEROIC DEVOTION TO HIS ART.

Mrs. Matthews, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of this. In that scene in the play of the "Committee," where Obadiah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor into his resistance, so much so that Johnstone ("Irish Johnstone"), the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obadiah was borne off half dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake half filled with the rankest lamp-oil. We will let Mrs. Matthews tell the rest:

When the sufferer had in some degree recovered from the nausea the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marvelled why Munden should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the whole of the liquid down his throat. "It would," Johnstone said, "have been easy to have rejected, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him." Mr. Munden's reply, by gasps, was as follows:

"My dear boy, I was about to do so, but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made upon swallowing it, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat."

THE SPANISH COMPLEXION.

The peculiar tint of the Spanish complexion is an easy one to introduce and to harmonize amongst other colors; witness the predilection of even landscape painters for brown trees, brown grass, brown everything. How the hue is set off here by the white garments, glowing in the sunlight, and the rich red scarf that the poorest porter wears about his waist. Entering a Scotch merchant's establishment in the city, we saw a roll of the most gorgeous scarlet satin, the purple of the Roman emperors, laid out before some peasants; poorly enough clad, but by no means disposed to forego indulgence in a piece of finery, manufactured perhaps in Glasgow or Macclesfield, but never there exposed to public gaze. How every painter should thank the men who live on barley and water and silk finery, in place of spending their means on rich food and strong drink.—*C. Piazza Smyth.*

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VIEW OF JEDDAH, SCENE OF THE LATE INSURRECTION.

VIEW OF JEDDAH, SCENE OF THE LATE MASSACRE.

We present on this page a view of Jeddah, on the Red Sea, where the French and English consuls, and a vast number of Christians, were massacred by the Mussulmans on the 15th of June last. The growing hatred of the Mussulmans to the Christians, which has spread throughout the Turkish empire, was one of the chief elements in this sanguinary affair. Jeddah is built along the shore in the form of a parallelogram, extending almost due north and south. From the sea it has a poor appearance; only a few minarets rise above the houses, which present a long line of mean buildings. From the sea there is no entrance except through the shabby irregular courts of the custom-house, which are littered up with lazy employees and bales of coffee and gum. The gate is at the end of a wide street, one side of which is occupied by a palace built by the former sheriff, Gholeb, and is lined on either side by a dark row of coffee-booths, which are filled from morning to night with crowds of idlers all smoking the narghile. The bazaar, principally composed of wooden booths, runs almost at right angles to this street, leaving in the centre only a narrow passageway, often obstructed by camels and their loads.

The shops are poorly furnished—more than one half of them retail eatables; the rest of them display coarse china, porcelain, or European earthenware—the venerable willow pattern predominant on the English ware—cottons, cornelian beads, and rosaries. Two or three shops sell Indian and Syrian silks. The crowd which fills the street forms a most interesting sight, on account of the number of different races whose representatives compose it—Turks, nomad Arabs, Meccans, Persians, Afghans, Indians, blacks of every shade, with features varying from the Jewish to the negro type. Behind the bazaar lies the town, composed of tortuous and narrow streets, in which are a few houses with curiously-carved lattices and beautiful doors of teak; the greater number, though lofty, are externally mean, and in their interior confined and shabby. Of all the towns in the East none has so distinctive a physiognomy as Jeddah; it is even more oriental than Damascus, though as striking for its ugliness as Damascus for its beauty. A most unpleasant sight to the English eye are the crowds of poor Indians, who litter in the streets like dogs. These Indians are pilgrims who have returned here from Mecca, but being destitute of means to continue their journey, live on alms a

life of squalid idleness. According to the most probable calculation, the number of houses, large and small, may be about 4000, and the population perhaps reaches 20,000, of whom some 1500 are Indians. The Turkish government have punished the ring-leaders in the massacre, and promised indemnity for the pecuniary losses sustained in the outbreak.

THE CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS ON THE RHINE.

The last engraving on this page gives a view of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine, the suburban residence of the king of Prussia. It is a castle, finely placed on a jutting rock overlooking the Rhine and the little village of Kapellen, and nearly opposite the confluence of the Lahn, three miles above Coblenz. Its picturesque outline and commanding position seem to justify its name of the Proud Rock. It is one of the numerous fortresses built by the archbishops of Treves, and was a favorite residence of several of those princely prelates. It was destroyed by the French in 1688, and had been abandoned to decay until it was presented by the town of Coblenz to the present king of Prussia, while crown prince, by whom it has been restored.



STOLZENFELS, ON THE RHINE.

THE RIVER NILE—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The ancients were entirely unacquainted with the cause of the overflow of the Nile, upon which depended the fertility of the Delta, and the vast basin of the vale of Egypt. Living as the Egyptians did, in a clime where no rain ever fell, and all being unacquainted with that immense rain-shed formed by the mountain regions of Abyssinia and Ethiopia, the wondrous and rapid swelling of the Nile every year without variation at the summer solstice, and continuing for one hundred days, invested that river with a mystery allied to deity, and made it the object of worship to the countless millions of husbandmen, whose far-reaching generations rose and subsided, one after another, upon its ancient banks. Had they known of the powerful spring rains that rolled down the untravelled mountain sides of an unexplored desert, full well would they have been able to assign a natural cause for the annual overflows, which they measured by a hundred Nilotometers, and celebrated by immense national rejoicings when it had attained the height requisite to insure general fertility.

As Herodotus, the Grecian, and father of history states it, their mode of agriculture was primitive enough. Says he: "But when the river has come of its own accord and irrigated their fields, and having irrigated them has subsided, then each man sows his own land and turns swine into it; and when the seed has been trodden in by the swine, he afterwards waits for harvest time; then having trod out the corn by his swine, he gathers it in." Our Mississippi River planters would call this entire mode of culture a *swinish affair*!

One of the great wonders of the vale of Egypt was the Lake Mæris, made by a king of that name, to receive the surplus over-

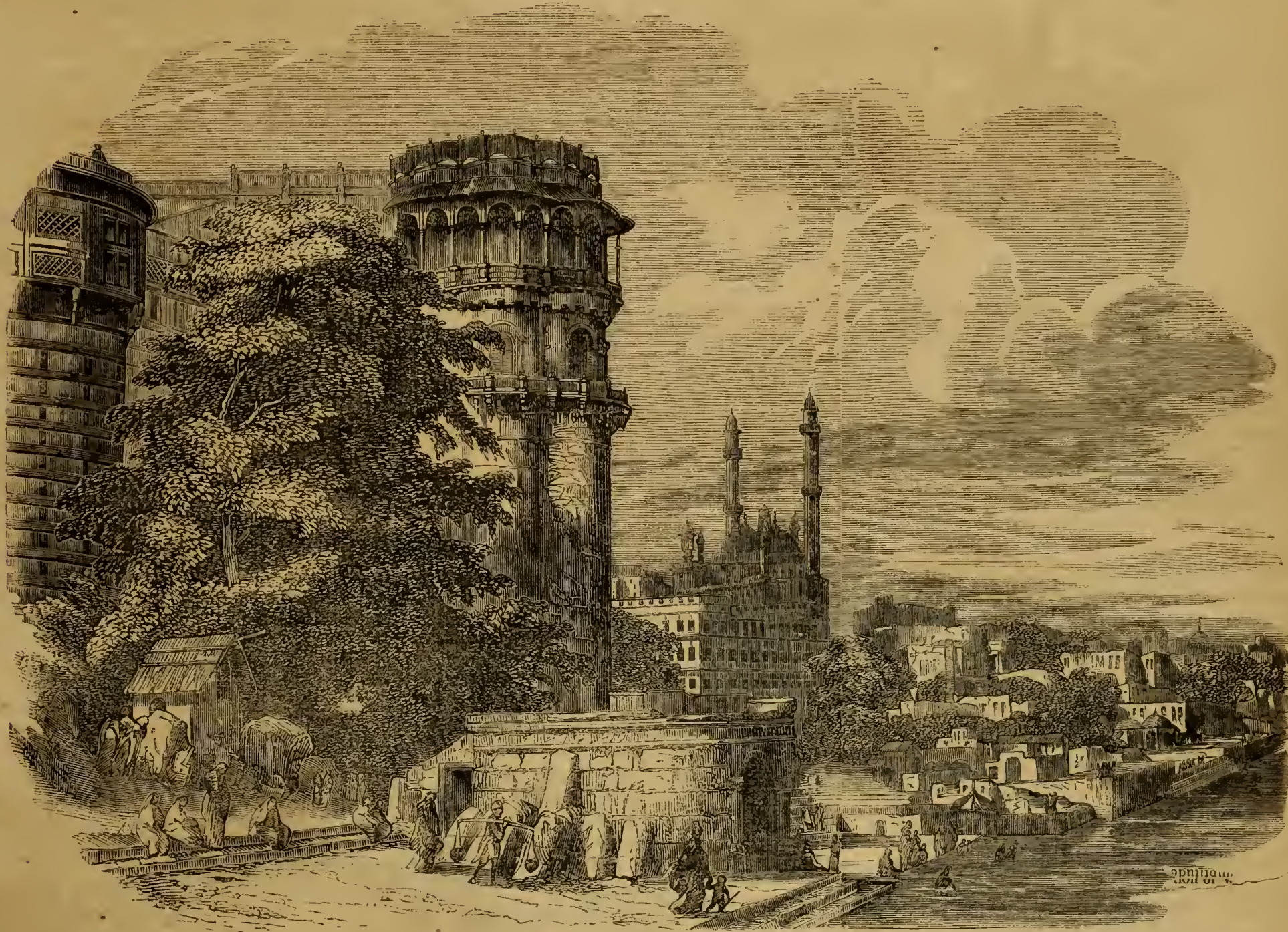
duces just the same effect as he usually does in the summer, when passing through the middle of the firmament; for he attracts the water to himself, and having so attracted it, throws it back upon the higher regions; there the winds, taking it up and dispersing it, melt it; and therefore, with good reason, the winds that blow from this country, from the south and southwest, are by far the most rainy of all. I do not think, however, that the sun on each occasion discharges the annual supply of water from the Nile, but that some remains about him. When, however, the winter grows mild, the sun returns again to the middle of the heavens, and from that time attracts water equally from all rivers. Up to this time, those other rivers, having much rain-water mixed with them, flow with full streams; but as the country has been watered by showers and torn up by torrents, when the showers fail them, and they are attracted in summer by the sun, is the only river that, with good reason, flows much weaker than usual at this time than in summer; for in summer it is attracted equally with all other waters, but in winter it alone is hard pressed. Thus I consider that the sun is the cause of these things."

Modern travellers describe the valley of the Nile as now presenting three remarkable appearances during each year: in the autumn, a vast, almost shoreless sea; in the winter, a wonderful plain of living green; in late spring and summer, a most desolate parched and arid desert.—*Natchitoches Chronicle*.

Tubal Cain must have turned pale when he first tried the scale upon the first trumpet made for rumor, who, when the world was thinly peopled, could do all she willed by unassisted sound of mouth.—*Jerrold*.

GENERAL JACKSON AND HIS OLD WAR-HORSE.

Everybody must sanction the kindness bestowed on the favorite war-horse; and the more than ordinary honors paid him after death by his brave master and family. Why? Because he was a faithful servant and an efficient helper in the day of trouble—in the hour of danger. I was often reminded of this praiseworthy remembrance of fidelity and merit, cherished by my old friend, General Jackson, towards his famous Old Duke, the horse he rode during the Southern campaigns of the late war. Though Duke grew feeble—was greatly affected, withered, and almost helpless in his latter days, he was not forgotten nor suffered to be neglected. I have in a walk with the general, more than once, gone to the lot which contained this living wreck of martial valor; and, while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wishfully at his master, the general would sighingly say: "Ah, poor fellow, we have seen hard times together—we must shortly separate—your days of suffering and toil are well nigh ended!" On one occasion, wishing to try the general on a tender point, the writer of this article suggested to him the idea of putting an end to the sufferings of Duke by having him shot or knocked on the head. "No," said his generous master, "never—let him live; and while there is anything to go upon, on this farm, Old Duke shall have a part." But pardon me, Mr. Editor, for this digression—for while writing the above my heart was greatly moved; for I held communion, in imagination, with the gallant Jackson, who, with his brave compatriots in arms, rode upon the "whirlwind's wing," and poured the storm of death on the invaders of this land of freedom.—*American Turf Register*.



VIEW IN THE CITY OF ISPAHAN, PERSIA.

flows of the Nile. This wondrous excavation was, "in circumference, three thousand six hundred stades (each an English furlong), or sixty schenes (each seven and a half English miles), equal to the seacoast of Egypt. The lake stretches lengthways, north and south, being in depth in the deepest part fifty orgyæ, each equal to six feet." On the banks of this tremendous excavation, the work of human hands, Herodotus stood, long years before the coming of Christ, but nine hundred years after Meris, the builder, had gone to his long rest beneath the Pyramids, two of which he built in the midst of his lake.

Said Herodotus: "When the Nile inundates the country, the cities alone are seen above its surface, very like the islands in the Ægean Sea; for all the rest of Egypt becomes a sea, and the cities alone are above the surface. When this happens, they navigate no longer by the channel of the river, but across the plain."

Herodotus asked the priests and magi the cause of the inundation of the Nile, but receiving no intelligible opinion, he made up his own mind and ascribed it to the power or influence of the sun; and as he, with all other ancients, supposed the sun to pass over and under the flat plane of the earth daily, his reasoning is so ludicrous that we describe it entire: "During the winter season, the sun, being driven by storms from his former course, retires to the upper parts of Libya; this, in few words, comprehends the whole matter; for it is natural that country which this god is nearest to, and over which he is, should be most in want of water, and that the native river streams should be dried up. But, to explain my meaning more at length, the case is this: The sun, passing over the upper parts of Libya, produces the following effect: as the air in these regions is always serene, and the soil always hot, since there are no cold winds passing over, he pro-

A LARGE ORGAN.

The French Roman Catholic Parish Church of Montreal has recently been supplied with a large organ, proportionate in size to the vastness of the building. The builder is Samuel W. Warren of Montreal. He began the work in November, 1857. The central section was completed and performed upon on the 24th of June last, the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste, to the delight and satisfaction of a congregation numbering over ten thousand persons. When the remaining two sections are fully completed the dimensions of this immense organ will be fifty feet in height, forty-five feet wide, and twenty feet in depth; number of pipes, four thousand six hundred and ninety-eight—some of which weigh twelve hundred pounds; four sets of manuals; one set of pedals two and one-half octaves with twelve stops; six large bellows, to be worked by water power, and eighty-nine different stops. The pneumatic lever is to be applied to each of the manuals distinctly, and also distinctly or separately to manual couplers. To the pedal organ there will be a double set of pneumatic levers; but the most elaborate use of this power will be found in its application to the combination of stops. Here we have it exhibited in a compound form to each organ individually, and to the whole collectively; where, by one operation, the player is enabled to produce a combination of stops upon the instrument at once, by a series of knobs about two inches apart, placed immediately in front and under each set of manuals, occupying a central position, always in reach of the performer. The registers extend throughout the entire compass of the key-board. The pedal keys of this organ are concave at the centre, thereby obviating the hitherto embarrassing operation of the performer of describing a semi-circle in his movements with his feet. The cost of the organ is about \$20,000.

VIEW IN THE CITY OF ISPAHAN, PERSIA.

The fine view published on this page is from a drawing made within the walls of the famous city of Isfahan, Persia, and exhibits the oriental richness of its splendid architecture, its towers and minarets interspersed with luxuriant foliage, and its marble steps leading down to the broad river that intersects it. This city was formerly the metropolis of Persia, and was known to the ancients as Aspadana. It is situated in the midst of a wide plain, through which flow the crystal waters of a broad river. It is surrounded by charming groves and orchards, and was formerly protected by a wall, twenty-four miles in circuit, which was entirely destroyed by the Affghans. The streets are narrow, but the numerous remains of splendid palaces, bazaars and caravanseries show the modern traveller what must have been its splendor in the palmy days of its magnificence. Three handsome bridges connect it with the suburbs of Julfa and Abbas-abad, one of which has thirty-three arches. On either side of the river is a spacious park, called the Chahar-Bagh, or "Four Gardens," a superb avenue, flanked by several picturesque palaces and delightful gardens. The chief square of Isfahan is "Maidan Shah," formerly surrounded by splendid bazaars. Of the seven palaces, that of the Chetel-Sitoni, or "Palace of the Forty Pillars," built by Abbas the Great, is incomparably the finest. It stands in a vast square, which is intersected by numerous canals, and planted with trees. The front roof is sustained by a double range of columns, more than forty feet in height, and each shooting up from the united back of four lions of white marble. In the time of Chardin, Isfahan contained 162 mosques and 48 colleges, most of which are still standing, though in a state of great decay. Of these the largest and most striking is the Mesjid Shah, situated in the Maidan Shah.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PICTURE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Sweeping down upon her courser,
With the splendor of a queen,
Rides the proudest, loveliest lady
That my eyes have ever seen.

See ye not the graceful bending
Of the plumed and haughty head?
See ye not the dark eyes kindle
With the regal light they shed?

See ye not the lofty spirit,
See ye not the dauntless nerve,
In the clear and perfect arching
Of the nostrils' chiselled curve?

See ye not the gracious sweetness
That the queenly lips denote?
See ye not the airy rounding
Of the white and slender throat?

See ye not the wavy beauty
Of her garments' floating train?
See ye not the form's full splendor,
And the proud hand on the rein?

Sweeping down upon her courser,
With the splendor of a queen,
Rides the proudest, loveliest lady
That my eyes have ever seen!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 4.

BY ALUNG.

A NARROW ESCAPE: OR, HELP FROM A DUMB FRIEND.

At the time when the events related in this sketch occurred, the city of Shanghai had been held by the Chinese rebels about eighteen months. Each day the combined forces of the French and mandarins attacked the city; the former bombarding from their war vessels in the river, which flows near the city walls, and the latter cannonading from the land side. Thus far, no impression had been made upon the place, and the rebels held the regular government and its European ally at bay. Chin Aling Foo, the rebel chief who held the city, was a very brave man, and a person of superior intelligence. He was a native of China, but had been brought up from boyhood in a European family, and had received a moderate English education. These early associations had imbued him with English ideas of liberty, and had wrought upon a brave spirit and a sanguine temper to such a degree, that he cherished a deep hatred for the oppressors of his countrymen, and longed for an opportunity to avenge the wrongs inflicted upon himself and his race. Consequently he was among the foremost to join in the present rebellion, when it first broke out; and his superior intelligence and boldness soon made him a leader among the rebels. His English training and knowledge of European laws aided him materially in giving shape and force to the tumultuary outbreak; and therefore it is, that, at the time the incident occurred which I now narrate, Aling, the former hostler of an English merchant, is found as Chin Aling Foo, the rebel chief, commanding the important city of Shanghai, and holding it against the united power of two strong allies.

Among those who flocked to "the City of Freedom," as Aling called it, to support his cause, were a few Europeans and Americans—outcasts from society, idle and vicious, who sought a life of violence, crime and debauchery, and who neither by word nor act, feared God or man. Aling gladly received these reprobates, fully satisfied that he could make them useful. He formed them into a body-guard for his own person, and never moved or slept, without being surrounded by this precious troop of ruffians. To this body he assigned the execution of any movement where courage and prowess were necessary to success; and when any particular point upon the walls was severely assailed by the enemy, and there was danger of a successful assault, the well-aimed rifles of the body-guard taught the assailants the benefit of a cover from their deadly fire. For such valuable services as these, Aling paid them generously, supplying them with all the luxuries of the city, and even procuring wives for them.

About this time the stock of ammunition of the besieged began to run out; and so closely was the city invested by the enemy, that but a very small quantity of powder, lead and cannon balls could be smuggled through the lines, even with the most alroit stratagem, by those who were willing to incur the danger for the sake of a handsome profit. Something must be done to procure a larger supply, or the city must yield. To meet the difficulty a new and rather ingenious plan was adopted. Among the body-guard of Aling was one man who was a very fiend in disposition and in action. He had recently murdered a poor seaman from California, thinking he had gold secreted upon his person; and to avoid the penalty of his crime, he was only too glad to seek safety in the city, under the rebel chief, with whom he became a favorite. His prompt execution of the chief's orders, however cruel and murderous, soon won the hearty approbation of the latter, and made him the chosen instrument for every desperate act. To this inhuman wretch was given the execution of the new and eventually successful scheme for replenishing the ammunition stores of the rebels.

The plan adopted by Aling, was as follows:—Night after night, the desperate fellow selected for the duty, disguised as a man-of-war sailor or European, and accompanied by his Chinese servant, a rebel who stood high in the favor of the chief, would steal forth

from the besieged city and enter the settlement within the enemy's lines, where most of the wealthy Chinamen and all the Europeans resided. Here they would prow round until some Chinaman of rank and importance could be found in a fit spot for the accomplishment of their purpose, when they would seize him and drag him a prisoner to the city. Should he make any outcry before they could secure him, a blow or two from a dagger did the business, and there was no fear of his discovering who were his assailants. Thus the plan went on for several nights; the secret emissaries seldom failing to bring in a valuable prisoner from the enemy's lines, and often leaving one or two dead in the streets of the quarter which they visited. They were seen by the curious to go and come, night after night; and though the movement was known to have some reference to a supply of much needed powder and ball, yet no one, not in the confidence of Aling, could see how these movements were to enlarge the stock of ammunition.

In the settlement where the kidnappers and assassins plied their nightly trade, alarm and consternation began to spread. Several distinguished Chinamen had been found murdered in out-of-the-way places, and the most of them robbed of all they had of value upon their persons. Others had suddenly disappeared without any warning, and no one knew whither. People became afraid to go abroad after dusk, not knowing how soon the invisible dagger might reach their own hearts. Nothing could be found out relative to the murderer, save that in every case the wound appeared to be made with the same weapon, and probably by the same hand. Speculation, however, had not long to tax itself in penetrating the mystery, for a communication from the city walls of the rebel city soon threw light upon the subject, and made it plain to all. A demand from the rebel chief explained not only how the murders had been committed, but also how the missing men had disappeared. Aling's demand was short, and to the point. He required that some stores now on their way to him, should be permitted to pass the lines and enter the city; otherwise he would send them the heads of the persons whose letters to the governor he now enclosed. These letters were written by the missing men, and supplicated the mandarin governor to save their lives. After a little delay, probably to enable their relatives to pay the governor for granting the demand and saving their friends' lives, the terms were consented to, and the stores suffered to enter the city unmolested. True to his word, Aling promptly set his captives free. Previous to conducting them to the city gates, the chief summoned them before him, and thus addressed them:

"I am now going to give you what *you call* liberty, and I suppose when you are beyond my power, you will look upon my divesting you of your hair, as an act of cruelty. But, fools, do you not know that the long tail you prize so much, was forced upon your fore-fathers as a badge of submission and servility by their conquerors? It is the same at this day; the conquerors who degraded your fathers, are now your masters, and yet you are proud to wear the badge imposed by them! Shame upon you, grovelling curs, who lick the hand that beats you! Go; I send you back to your task-masters, with the looks of freemen, but that is all you possess; for in your miserable hearts you are fit for nothing but slaves!" With this discharge still ringing in their ears, they were permitted to leave a place which they expected would have been their graves.

The stratagem having succeeded so well, the rebels were disposed to try it again, and it had been so cleverly carried out that they had little fear of being thwarted by the Chinese soldiers, in any second attempt. Eldridge, the principal in this kidnapping business, was an English sailor whom I had accommodated in jail on one or two occasions, for bad conduct. I knew by experience that he was perfectly fearless. His name got to be such a subject of dread to the Chinese, that no ten of them would dare to attempt his capture. Accordingly Aling set his plans to work to procure another supply of powder and ball, and by the same means as before. In a few days another man was missing from the Chinese settlement; in a day or two more, another was found killed; and thus under the very noses of some thousands of soldiers, did this one man perpetrate his bold acts, spreading death and sorrow throughout the settlement. All this time, a warrant for Eldridge's arrest was in the hands of the consul, upon the charge of murdering the Dutch sailor; and fortune had reserved its execution for the reader's humble servant, Alung.

One morning, upon entering the consul's office, to present my report of the prison for his inspection, I found the footi, or governor of the province, with him, engaged in earnest conversation. I think they were speaking of me; for the moment I entered, the consul called me to the table where they sat. He addressed me as follows:—"Alung, Saqua, the governor, says you are a very brave and faithful officer; quick to arrest Chinamen and rebels; but that he has never known you to exercise your ability upon one of your own nation or color. We would like to have you capture one who is and has been a source of great trouble to him." "The fact of the matter is," he continued, turning from Saqua, whose words he had been interpreting, "that ruffian, Eldridge, has been in the settlement again. This morning two wealthy Canton men were found dead, and another is missing. The governor has come to me to get you to effect the capture of the assassin, for which service he will reward you handsomely. This warrant for his arrest for the murder of the Dutchman, will be sufficient authority for your action; but I do not like to order you to serve it, knowing the desperate nature of the man. He would never be taken alive, and the service would consequently be of the utmost danger to you. At the same time, could you succeed in securing the villain, it would give me the greatest pleasure. The deed would be of the highest importance, and your reward would be commensurate. It is useless to say more; you know the man as well as I can tell you. If you choose to go upon this

dangerous duty, here is the warrant; but do not be reckless; success is what we want; and you must run no risk that is not necessary to insure his capture."

After this address, the consul spoke to the governor for a few moments, and then asked me if I would like the assistance of some mandarin soldiers? As yet I could not determine, and requested time to think over the matter, and devise a plan for accomplishing what he wished. Then taking my leave, I returned to my rooms in the prison, to contrive a scheme for entrapping the murderer. After some deliberation, I decided upon the mode of proceeding I would adopt. Between the part of the city whence Eldridge came in his nightly excursions, and the settlement which he visited, was a level tract of about half a mile, entirely bare of trees and shrubs, which was formerly used as a race-course. I went to this plain as if in search of birds to shoot, and after looking about for some time, I discovered a spot which I thought would answer my purpose. There was an old, dilapidated saupan, or Chinese boat, there, half buried in dirt and stones, under one end of which I could lie concealed, and see all that passed around me. I now returned to the consul and disclosed my plan for the capture of Eldridge. With the kindness of a parent, he cautioned me to be careful, and again warned me of the danger I was certain to incur, in attempting to take him without assistance. But I was determined to make the attempt, though life would be the probable cost of my failure to secure the villain.

That night I prepared for the coming struggle, by arming myself with my usual weapons, a revolver and a dirk, and also took another, called a "sand-stick," well known in that country for the stunning effect of its blow; a weapon which I intended to use to some purpose, should opportunity offer. At 11 o'clock I reached the edge of the settlement nearest to where I was to await my man, and placed six Chinese policemen in ambush, with orders not to move until I came for them, or they heard my pistol, in which case they were to come to me with all despatch. At midnight I took my station under the old boat, and waited, as Mr. Micawber would say, "for something to turn up." In an hour I saw Eldridge and four others pass near me. But I could do nothing with so many. I waited patiently, in the hope that he might return alone. But disappointment was still my fate. They returned together, dragging along a poor wretch by the hair. I never felt a stronger temptation to use my pistol than I did at that moment. "But, no, I will have you yet," I muttered between my clenched teeth; "when you have not so many to defend you; and if ever I take you, I will do so, alive." They passed on, not dreaming how easily I could have sent a couple of them to settle their long account. All I gained by my night's watching, was a knowledge of one of the small secret gates in the wall of the rebel city. After following the kidnappers to the city wall, I returned to the settlement, called off my men, and went home to bed, not over pleased with my disappointment, though it was my first night's watching.

The next night I was again at my hiding place, but the party did not appear; and for five successive nights I watched in vain. On the sixth, I started again, though with little hope of their being out; for there had been warm work in the city, that day, repelling the French marines, who had stormed a breach in the city walls which the heavy guns of their ships had made. When I had got a short distance from the prison, I found that I was accompanied by a thorough-bred bull-dog belonging to me, which I had brought from England; and I sent one of the men back with him, to shut him up in the prison yard. By ten o'clock, I reached the place where my men were usually concealed, and giving them the same orders as heretofore, I struck off for my biding place. In a short time I seated myself on the old boat, and whiled away the minutes, thinking of the sad reverses of fortune which had befallen me in life, and which reconciled me to be what I then was. The moon soon began to cast her soft light around, and I lay down for concealment behind the old saupan. I had not long to wait, for before the bells struck midnight on board the ships in the river, I saw my man approaching, accompanied by his servant. I felt that the decisive moment had come which was to terminate his liberty or my life, and braced my nerves for the issue.

On they came, and I could hear that they were conversing in English. Yet, though I heard every word they uttered, I did not realize a single idea which they expressed. It was not fear, it was not passion; I cannot say what it was that so affected me during the whole time they were passing the spot where I lay concealed. My anxiety was intense. I now grasped my sand-stick, and stepping quickly and lightly, I came up behind the servant, who walked a pace or two in the rear of Eldridge, and struck him with all my force upon the head. Without a single cry, he fell to the ground like a lump of lead, and lay as though dead. As he fell, I sprang towards the master, who had heard the fall, but not the blow, and had turned to see the cause of the noise. I struck him as he turned; but my second blow was not so well aimed as the first, or else the man stooped to avoid it. As it was, it fell upon his forehead with sufficient force to bring him to the ground. But as he descended, he grasped my legs with his arms, and we went down together. I fell on top of him, and as he struck the hard ground, a sharp, stinging pain in my shoulder, accompanied by a snapping noise, told me that I was stabbed, and the dirk broken off in my body.

I struggled hard to restrain his arms and draw my pistols; but he understood my purpose, and held me fast. I shouted for my men; but they were too far off to hear my voice, and I could not fire the signal agreed upon. I could feel the blood running down my back, and my strength was failing with the loss of blood. I could also feel his hand gradually approaching to where my dirk was suspended in my belt, and was unable to prevent him. I knew that my fate was swiftly overtaking me, and tears came to

my eyes. They were not prompted by cowardice or the fear of death. But I thought of all my dear friends in my far-off home, and of my beloved brother whom I had brought up from childhood, and whom my untimely death would leave alone and friendless, in a strange land. These, and many other such thoughts, flashed with lightning quickness through my mind, and caused my heart to soften and my tears to flow.

Eldridge knew that he would soon have me at his mercy, but still I struggled with him, with the strength of desperation. The fearful oaths he swore as the prospect of success, and his passion prompted him, I never can forget. "So you'd take me, would you?" he said; "but I'll show your consul how I'll treat all whom he sends after me; for your head shall be found upon his door-steps this very morning, with his warrant in your mouth, or I hope to be—" and here followed a string of oaths fearful indeed to hear.

By this time he had grasped my dirk, and I expected every moment to feel it in my heart. I had shut my eyes in resignation to my fate, for I could not see my death-blow descend, when a slight shock against our bodies, and a yell from Eldridge, who had worked himself above me, caused me to open them again. Merciful God!—can my men have come to my assistance, or is the man whom I knocked down, endeavoring to save my life? I managed to free one of my arms, and then the other; I grasped my revolver and sprang to my feet. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the sudden revulsion of my feelings at that moment. No human power could have aided me; but Rattler, my brave dog, had the villain fast by the throat, and I was safe! How I cheered him on, as he tugged and tugged, sinking his teeth deeper and deeper into the struggling wretch's neck! In the delirium of my joy, I danced from one to the other of my prisoners, striking them alternately with the sand-stick, which I had now regained.

At length it occurred to me that the dog might kill his victim, and I called him off. Having discharged my pistol as a signal to my men, they came up and carried me and Eldridge to the prison, neither of us having strength to walk. The servant we left upon the field. He was dead, my first blow with the sand-stick having killed him. In the morning the consul and the governor came to see me at my quarters in the prison. I could not leave my room, owing to my wound in the back. It was severe and painful, but not dangerous; and after a few weeks of close confinement, by the help of a strong constitution and good surgical treatment, I was able to go abroad again. I had kept my promise, and taken the prisoner alive. For this I received a great deal of praise from the governor and others, and a handsome reward from his excellency. But what became of the desperado, Eldridge, remains to be told in another sketch of scenes in China.

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

I have met with several, and witnessed many, wonderful and narrow escapes in the course of my travels. A friend, who had been out shooting for some hours, coming home tired, without thought or reflection, was on the point of throwing himself on a stretcher to rest, when he was suddenly pulled back by a bystander, who had observed a tremendous brown snake coiled up on the opossum cloak. He was horrified, but providentially saved. The snake, of course, was despatched. Another friend, on a cruise, put his saddle down for a pillow at night as usual, and on lifting up the saddle-flaps the next morning, he observed a beastly dead adder lying flat down. He soon dropped the saddle, and killed the snake. While giving our horses water one day, my cousin saw a black snake, half in and half out of water; he shot it and put it on an ant hill to watch the ants at work. While so engaged, its mate came at us, passing over my instep, in a state of great excitement; it was also shot. On going over the Main Range, a dead adder was observed, creeping on a poor quail which crouched on the ground, fascinated; we allowed the poor bird to fall a victim, and then struck at the adder. The blow did not take effect, and the reptile sprang three feet at my friend, who escaped unhurt; the adder was subsequently killed. Again, being one day encamped on the Main Range, for the purpose of cutting bark, with my brother and a friend, I had to go down to a little water-hole to fill the quart pots for tea; while stooping down to my task, an enormous black snake slid down the bank, quacking and hissing; before I could recover from my fright, he had passed over my arm and up the opposite bank. I was too much terrified to shoot him, though I had my gun at my side. Two more instances will suffice. A child, the daughter of a friend of mine, playing on the verandah, was on the point of picking up what she thought a piece of varnished wood, so flat and straight was it extended, when her father called her back. The snake (for such the piece of wood turned out to be) proved to be a large diamond snake about nine feet long. Again, I was sitting with my sister, after the children were put to bed, and having heard that a snake had been seen in the house during the day, we were frightened. While engaged in conversation, we heard noises of "Cah, cah, cah," issuing from the rafters and shingles; and, to our horror, beheld a nasty yellow snake hanging down over our heads, as if about to spring upon us; up we started, a gun was brought, and the snake was killed.—*Life in Australia.*

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as if it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follow it up, he may expect to accomplish anything reasonable.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOOD KNIGHT.

"SANS PEUR, SANS REPROCHE."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

NEARLY four centuries ago the fine Chateau de Bayard, in Dauphiny, was the noble and beautiful residence of one who was allied by birth to the best families in that province. Of his ancestors, the fields of Poitiers and Agincourt, where they "made their mark" in blood red letters, attested to their valor; and the father of the present occupant of the chateau fell with six mortal wounds. Such an ancestry could not give birth to cowards; and well had Aymon Terrail proved that he was worthy of his "forebears." Connected as he was with the noblest and best blood—with those who styled themselves the Scarlet Nobility—and with a reputation for courage and bravery that none disputed, it was matter of sincere grief and sorrow when Aymon Terrail returned from the First Battle of Spurs (that of Guineazeste) with such fearful wounds as to confine him through life to the chateau.

Already long past fifty years old, Aymon Terrail could not but regret that in his early years he had not allied himself to some one who could now have cheered the evident desolation to which he was doomed. But the grand old chateau was not to remain dull or gloomy because its brave master was disabled; and as soon as he recovered from the fever of his wounds, his halls were thronged with the choicest of the nobility, who brought their sons and daughters with them to greet the old soldier in his home.

Among these last was a meek-eyed, gentle girl, who had almost passed the period of being called so. In her youth, it was said, she had refused several splendid offers for the sake of nursing her father, who had long been a prey to disease, from a violent fall which had partially obscured a naturally fine and cheerful mind. She was still in mourning for him, he having died some months before, and her friends earnestly desired her to go into society to dissipate the effects of his loss.

What Aymon Terrail naturally supposed would make him repulsive, only served to awaken the deep pity and sympathy of Jeanne d'Argentin; and it needed but a word to make her forego all the new charms of society which, after giving them up until she was past thirty, she could easily resign again. Jeanne became the faithful wife and the tender nurse of a man whom she honored and loved through years that brought happy and pleasant memories after the seared form was laid in the earth; and surely man never felt such deep love and gratitude to woman for lightening and cheering an existence otherwise hard to be borne.

Four sons, bright and beautiful, were born to them; and in their youth and happiness, Aymon Terrail lived his own life over again as a happy and careless boy. Kind and indulgent, yet ever setting before them the path of right, he made their childhood happy, while they in turn shed beauty and radiance over his declining days. He knew that, in the course of nature, he could not witness their growing up to manhood; so that all he could do for his children, all of anxiety he could save for his Jeanne, he must do quickly.

Aymon Terrail was entering his eightieth year, and felt the near approach of that power which had spared him thus long. The wife he had so loved, the children so dear to his aged heart, must be left, and with a manly courage, such as in his youth he had faced death upon the battle-field, he met him now. Only a few days before the last scene was over, he called his sons around him, in presence of their gentle mother, and desired them to choose their future life, as far as mortals could choose what may never be granted them. One chose to occupy the chateau, another to live like his uncle who presided over the Abbey d'Esney, and a third to be like his uncle, the bishop of Grenoble. There was another child, a boy of thirteen, with eyes that shone out of the soul and looked into the soul, and with one arm thrown around his mother's neck, and with a voice like the sky-lark's, entreated his father to permit him to bear arms, like those noble ancestors of whom the tales of their deeds had ever rung like music on his ear. At the sound of the boy's speech, Aymon Terrail wept like a child, but not for grief.

"Thou shalt, my Pierre!" he answered. "God give thee grace to do so. Thou art like thy grandfather, the best and bravest knight in Christendom; and thou shalt follow his profession."

The lad joyfully withdrew, without marking the mournful smile on the lip of his mother; and with a dignity which would have become one twice his years, yet tempered with modesty, he began to talk with his brothers about the future of them all.

The next day saw a grand dinner party at the Chateau de Bayard, of which the sons did the honors, on account of the father's inability. The guests were noble, and included Aymon Terrail's brother-in-law, the bishop, and several of his kindred. After dinner, at which Pierre had distinguished himself for his manly courtesy, Terrail asked their advice as to where the boy had best be placed to take the initial steps of his profession.

"Send him to the king of France," said one.

"Place him in the house of Bourbon," said another.

"I will take him to our good Duke of Savoy, as his page," said the bishop, "and send for my people at Grenoble to fit him for his presentation to-morrow."

On the following morning, therefore, thanks to the persevering knights of the thimble, Pierre, dressed in a splendid suit of velvet and satin, and mounted on a little, spirited horse which the bishop had given him, rode past his father's window as brave and fearless as when in after days he curbed his fiery war-steed on the field of Taro and Brescia. It was the grand starting-point in the boy's eventful life, that morning; and long after the father's aged

head was laid low, and the earth was pressing on the bosom of his gentle mother, long after one of the little band of brothers had become abbot at Josaphat in Chartres, and another bishop of Glandèves in Provence, and Pierre himself had become known as the brave Chevalier du Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*," he looked back to that bright morning of his innocent boyhood with a sigh that the freshness and beauty of life's morning hours should be mildewed and blighted by the world.

Alas, for the knight "with the heart as pure as pearl!" Alas, that every pearl hath its flaw, more or less perceptible, or hidden away in its depths so far that only by holding it up to the light we can discover it, and then it looks all the more hideous for the surrounding beauty.

Catherine Allegri, a noble Milanese lady, whose family were hitherto, like the chevalier, "*sans reproche*," met him in the height of his fame, when all France was ringing with his praises, and when his own head, perhaps, was turned with the overwhelming admiration he was receiving. The Spanish blood which she inherited from her mother flowed warm and passionate in her veins; and the first sight of the eyes that looked out of the knight's soul into hers sealed the fate of the unhappy lady. He loved her—but there was no true marriage he thought for one who lived in the battle-field, and he would bind himself to no ties. When the brief love-dream ended, there was a heart broken by shame and disgrace, a fair head bowed to the grave, and a motherless infant in the darkened house of Allegri, while it left a stain upon that lofty character which we would fain believe faultless.

Before the storming of Breseia the chevalier visited an astrologer. This man assured him that he would not fall in the battle, which he predicted for Good Friday or Easter Sunday following, but that within twelve years from that event he would be slain by artillery. "Otherwise," he added, "you would never end your days in the field, for you are so beloved by those under your command that they would sooner die than leave you in jeopardy."* Strangely enough, all things corresponded to the prediction. The battle of Ravenna, the day and events, were all correct; the fate of the Duke de Nemours, and the falconet shot which laid bare the shoulder bone of the good knight.

Crossing the Alps to his uncle, the bishop of Grenoble, fatigued him so much that he believed himself dying, and as he always wished to die in battle, he lamented most piteously that he was "to die in a bed, like a girl."

At the time and in the manner foretold by the astrologer, Bayard's death took place. It was while conducting the French army in their retreat before the Spaniards, and the knight, as usual on such occasions, took the post of danger. A stone from a harquebus struck him across the spine with a blow which he knew instantly to be mortal. Holding up his sword, he kissed the cross upon its handle, and pronounced these words, audibly: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*"

His servant took him from the horse and placed him under a tree. The Spaniards, discovering who he was that was wounded, exhibited the greatest kindness towards him. A tent and camp bed were prepared for him, and every attention paid to him that a generous enemy could bestow. The Marquis of Pescara addressed in terms of strong commendation of his knightly powers, and of commiseration for his present strait. And here, surrounded by both friends and foes, with a fervent prayer for God to forgive his offences, the "Good Knight" closed those beautiful eyes for the last time and sank away to the quiet slumber of the dead.

By the direction of the Spanish general, the body was placed in a church, and solemn services performed there for three days; it was then taken home. As the funeral cortege passed through Savoy, orders were given by the duke that as much respect should be paid to it as if it were that of his own brother. Bayard was buried in a convent that had been founded by the bishop of Grenoble.

The French are a demonstrative people, and delight in expressing their emotions by external forms; yet years swept by, and no visible type of their remembrance of the good knight appeared. The king whom he had died to serve, the nation of which he was the pride, reared no memorial to his virtues or his fame. It remained for a private individual, connected with him by no tie, except that of being a native of the same province, to erect his monument. Let his name be carried down to the future, long after the monumental marble has sunken into the earth, as Scipio de Poulloud, Seigneur de Saint Agnin.

* Vide, "The Right, Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gestes, and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard, the Good Knight, without Fear and without Reproach." By the Loyal Servant."

He has learned much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered the most strict and necessary connexion that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven; he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, that is, all excess, brings on its own punishment, even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Ilim who is the God of nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution, which temperance would preserve. The debauchee offers up his body a "living sacrifice" to sin.—*Colton.*

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ARY SCHEFFER, THE ARTIST.

No visitor to the Athenæum Gallery who gazes upon the transfigured form and face of Dante's "Beatrice"—that purely spiritual creation, in which the dream of the painter reflects the dream of the poet, or rather has recreated it—but must breathe a sigh of regret, to think that an artist so gifted as the author of that picture, is lost to the world of arts. Ary Scheffer, whose likeness our engraver has faithfully preserved, died recently at Argenteuil, of an aneurism, from which he had suffered for some years, and which was aggravated by a journey he made to England, to attend the funeral of the Duchess of Orleans. Ary Scheffer was born at Dordrecht, in 1795, and exhibited his skill for the first time at the Museum of the Louvre, in 1812. Associated with the romantic movement of the modern school of painting in France, he occupied a special position, and won a popular reputation, by the elegiac character and the elevated tendencies of his genius. His cultivated mind was familiar with all the great poets of the world in their original tongues. If he did not draw his inspiration from English literature, Goethe furnished him the subject of his best known compositions—the two *Mignons*, and several scenes of *Faust and Margaret*. He borrowed from Schiller the subject of *Count Eberhard the Weeper*, which is in the Museum of the Luxembourg, and a duplicate of which is in the Athenæum collection of this city; from Dante's poem his picture of the "Shades of Francesca de Rimini and her Lover," the "Apparition of Beatrice," etc. The most popular and most touching of his works is "Christ in the midst of the Afflicted." The heart of the artist, open to all the noble sympathies of the age in which he lived, has there mingled contemporary troubles with the eternal sorrows of humanity; beside suffering laborers, beside mothers mourning their children, poets misunderstood and heaped with insult, he has placed nationalities oppressed and sinking under a pitiless and unjust fate—it was when Greece and Poland engrossed the sympathies of France. If the works of Ary Scheffer are deprived of the brilliancy of picturesque qualities, they are attractive by the charm of gentle emotions; they melt the soul, fill it with lofty sentiments, and attract it to pure and chaste reveries. Such is the picture of St. Augustine and St. Monica, seated by the seaside, and absorbed in pious meditations. The good impressions awakened by contemplating the productions of an artist are a sweet perfume linked to his memory. Those who knew Ary Scheffer, and were in a position to appreciate his moral qualities, the dignity of his life, the uprightness of his dealings, know that the eminent artist was an excellent man. On a bust canvass is sketched the last inspiration of Scheffer's genius; the last and completest revelation, in an incomplete form, of Scheffer's individuality. Below is being enacted "the riddle of this painful earth." Martyrs, heroes, the good, the great, the sufferers in the cause of God and man; those who have loved, who have hoped, who have striven, who have aspired, lay crushed and prostrated by death, by tyranny, by persecution, by ingratitude, by injustice. They have drunk



ARY SCHEFFER.

the cup of suffering to the dregs—"it is finished," and they give up the ghost. But not to lie long in "cold obstruction." "Can these bones live?" Like the prophet of old we witness their resurrection; they wake, they move, they look upwards. Slowly, surely, irresistibly they mount—they mount to where the Saviour awaits them; and gradually, as they emerge from the vapors of blood, and fire, and smoke, to where the "light of His countenance" gleams on them, their faces change and calm, and grow serene, hopeful, satisfied, radiant; and among archangels and all the host of heaven they learn the meaning of the words, "When death shall be swallowed up in victory." Such is the plan of the "Sorrows of Earth," one of the greatest pictures imagined by man.

guishing himself. At Tolosa, before breakfast, Mr. Isaac Percire, on behalf of the railroad corporation, offered a sum of ten thousand francs for the benefit of the poor of the town. The reply, which astonished every stranger, was, "We have no poor." Indeed, it is one of the most thrifty places in Spain.

When honors come to us, rather than we to them—when they meet us, as it were, in the vestibule of life, it is well if our enemies can say no more against us, than that we are too young for our dignities. It would be much worse for us, if they could say that we are too old for them; time will destroy the first objection, but confirm the second.

THE TOWN OF TOLOSA, SPAIN.

The town of Tolosa, of which we here present a view, is a manufacturing place in the north of Spain, and contains about 7500 inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the chain which separates the Guipuscoa from the basin of the Ebro. Viewed from the point selected by the artist, the scenery is quite picturesque—the mountains rising as a background, lofty and precipitous. In the foreground, we have a Spanish diligence drawn by eight mules at a gallop; sometimes a good mule-team will make twelve or fourteen miles an hour. The town of Tolosa was not long since the scene of great rejoicings on the occasion of commencing work on the great Northern Railroad which is to connect France and Spain. Tolosa is situated on the Guipuscoa. Like Alava and Biscay, the Guipuscoa is a part of the Basque country—of that country of *fueros* which, in an administrative point of view, is a confederation of three little republics. The superior junta sits under the ancient oak of Guernica; a deputy-general, an elective functionary, rules each province, and everything prospers by favor of those institutions which partake at once of the modern representative system and of patriarchal tradition. The Guipuscoa wished to hasten the execution of the railroad binding France to the interior of the peninsula through its territory, and offered the Spanish society of the *crédit mobilier*, which contracts for the line, a subscription of thirty-six millions of *reals*, nearly two millions of dollars, and its population is only 157,000 souls. This is a proof of the general ease, and of the energy of its patriotism. Of course, they did deem it a sacrifice; but holding commercial relations with France, England, America, Navarre, Arragon and Castile, they knew very well the importance of an iron road. Celebrating the commencement of work on the great northern road, they celebrated the power of the spirit of association and industry which realizes the fraternity of peoples. All this was said in prose, in verse, in music, in French, Spanish and Basque, and repeated by the echoes of the Pyrenees, while the first strokes of the pickaxe were heard upon the road. The ceremonies at Tolosa took place in the morning; in the afternoon they were repeated at San Sebastian. Eloquent discourses were delivered on the occasion, Senor Gonzales Bravo, one of the most eloquent orators of the peninsula, particularly distin-



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF TOLOSA, SPAIN.

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FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVA SCOTIAN.—We give the following recipe from a highly approved authority:—Take a cupful of linseed, and pour over sufficient boiling water to cover it. Let it stand till the water becomes like a jelly; then add a little rose-water, and strain it for use.

INQUIRE.—The Golden Rose presented by the pope to the empress of the French was a rose made of burnished gold, and blessed by the pope. The presentation of these golden roses to royal personages by the head of the Romish Church is a custom of very ancient date, said to have had its origin in the year 1049.

ELIZA.—A game of chess was played by means of the electric telegraph between Manchester and Liverpool.

"SIGNER-RING."—It is generally believed by the best authorities that the "Tempest" was the first play written by Shakspeare.

PUPIL.—The circle was divided by the ancients into 360 degrees, for this reason—they believed that the sun moved round the earth (instead of the earth round the sun), and the presumed planetary revolution was supposed to occupy 360 days. Hence they named each day's progress made by the sun on its journey round the earth, a *gradus*, step or degree.

F. L.—The diameter of the Victoria Regia, like that of any other flower, of course varies according to the general dimensions of the plant itself. In its native regions of South America the water-lily attains so gigantic a size, that the diameter of the flower has been known to measure as much as three feet.

Mrs. L. M.—The work you allude to is entitled "Il mio Prigione." Its publication (somewhat more than twenty years ago) first introduced the name of Silvio Pellico to the knowledge of the Western public. It is a touching and deeply interesting narrative of the captivity to which the author was doomed in consequence of his participation in some of the political movements of the time. Pellico's tragedy, entitled "Francesca di Rimini," is but a feeble work, though it has recently afforded an opportunity for one of Klotz's histrionic triumphs.

CONSTANCE.—Haydn's symphony in C is one of his early works, and, therefore, more simple in its construction than those of a later date. It does not promise much at the opening, but the middle movements and the *finale* are so full of melody, and so ingeniously worked, that they please all tastes.

M. DE V.—Your praise is acceptable, and as sweet as the flowers you cull.

It. C. D., Salem, Mass.—You must not confound *bashfulness* with *modesty*. Bashfulness in young persons is usually the result of timidity, and it naturally wears off by intercourse with society. The manners of the most highly bred and most intellectual persons are generally distinguished by modesty. This quality has nothing in common with awkwardness or bashfulness, whilst at the same time it is quite compatible with a due estimation of one's own worth. It springs no less from principle than from feeling, and is manifested by retiring, unobtrusive manners, assuming less to one's self than others are willing to yield, and conceding to others all due honor and respect, or even more than they expect or require.

ROSA G.—The German language is, of the two, the most difficult to pronounce. The pronunciation of the Spanish language is indeed extremely simple and easy. The letters *j* and *x* in Spanish are gutturals; which sounds were introduced into the Spanish language by the Moors.

MR. O. H. P. FANCHER.—This gentleman has been very successful in teaching his system of horse-breaking and taming, which he claims to be fully equal to Rarey's, though different. He has had large classes of pupils in this city and elsewhere, and credentials from the highest authorities, substantiating his claims to complete mastery over the horse, and ability to communicate his power. He may be addressed on the subject at Natick, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

... The new Adelphi Theatre, London, twice as large as the old one, will be completed by the end of this month.

... The Boston Museum was the first in the field of our theatres, and has been doing an excellent business.

... An asylum for deformed and infirm actors and actresses, called the "Dramatic College," has been started in London.

... The vintage on the Rhine commenced a fortnight earlier than usual, and the yield was excellent.

... Only think of English gallantry! The gallery of the House of Commons has been enlarged to accommodate hoop skirts.

... A hair-dresser in Paris attracts custom by adopting the costume of *Figaro*, in the "Barber of Seville."

... A monument to the Scottish hero, William Wallace, is to be erected on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, Scotland.

... The average of property in the State of Massachusetts would give eight hundred and eighty dollars to each of its citizens.

... A great political banquet has been given in London, to commemorate the political emancipation of the Jews.

... The Emperor Napoleon recently made a magnificent present to the viceroy of Ireland. Louis is liberal.

... Almost all the birds of fashion have returned from their summer haunts, to display their plumage in town.

... Everett's, in Washington, near the corner of Summer Street, is the place where you always see good pictures.

... The work on the new post-office building, in Summer Street, is progressing with great rapidity.

... The present month will wind up the military parades, except, now and then, some anniversary parade.

... Business of all kinds has revived, and mercantile men once more go abroad with smiling-faces.

... It will be a hard task for the Turkish authorities to keep down the hatred of the faithful to ginours.

... Sorrows in life are like shadows, that set off and relieve the brilliancy of sunshine.

... A severe rain storm lately occurred in Cincinnati, flooding streets and cellars, and destroying a great deal of property.

... A gentleman lately renewed his subscription to the Worcester Spy, who has taken the paper for sixty years.

... Miss Helen B. Souberbielle, near Philadelphia, lately accidentally discharged a revolver, killing herself instantly.

... Laura Keane's theatre, New York city, will open for the season, on the sixth of the present month.

... It is rumored that Musard has accepted an engagement to lead the orchestra at the German Theatre, New York.

... Two of the Ravels have returned to the United States with a company, which will soon play at the Boston Theatre.

A WORD ABOUT MOSQUITOES.

The Spanish have the honor of giving a name to this summer torment, but have by no means described its peculiar qualities in its name. Their word *mosquito* (a little fly) does not give the slightest indication of the sharp sting, virulent poison, or distracting hum of this pest to humanity, though, from long habit, we are led to associate everything annoying with the sound of the word. A few years ago, while sitting at the open window of a snug corner in a little box in the country, which, with a flower garden and about two acres of land, had the honor of calling us master (that was before we became an editor—a pursuit admitting of no such mundane comforts), we had occasion to learn by actual investigation the *modus operandi* by which mosquitoes are born into this sublunary sphere. Noticing that the ladies were rather plenty in that corner (for naturalists say that only female mosquitoes bite us), and particularly stout-built and sonorous, as well as blessed with very sharp appetites, we looked out of the window to see from whence they came. Just beneath the window, at the corner of a piazza, stood a hogshhead, placed there to catch the rain-water from the roof, with which fluid it was about two-thirds filled. Seeing the musical gentry arise from this hogshhead, it occurred to us that they might be attracted there to get a drink. Applauding their temperance principles, and willing to see a 'skeeter drink, if not at our expense, we went out of doors in order to take a nearer view of the water. There we saw no mosquito imbibing the fluid, but several rising therefrom, with clean, bright wings, and presenting altogether a neat and tidy appearance, as though just out of a drawer, and not ashamed to look a man in the face, having never drawn human blood. Upon presenting our hand to one of these amiable-looking, ingenuous mosquitoes, she fastened upon it with a knowing air, and went to work upon a small vein with the adroitness and gusto of an experienced phlebotomist. Disgusted with this voracious return for our amiable advances, we crushed her in the bloody act, before she could soar aloft and raise her accursed yell of triumph.

Having recovered our equanimity, in some measure, and dismissed the pleasing idea of a temperance reformation among mosquitoes, which should make them cold-water drinkers, we scrutinized the surface of the water narrowly, and discovered two or three gray, shell-like cases of about half an inch in length floating upon the top of the water. One of these was partly opened, and from the crevice protruded the legs and wings of a veritable mosquito. After a little while, the new-born blood-seeker freed herself from her cell, and arose upon her wings, sailing aloft in pursuit of prey. Here, then, was the fable of *Venus*, illustrated in the birth of those of whom the tricky goddess was a faithful prototype, in her torment to man. *Venus* was born from the water, and so are female mosquitoes. Upon looking into the depths of our favorite hogshhead, from which we nightly sprinkled the flowers with soft water, we discovered myriads of little wigglers sporting about beneath the surface, some larger and some smaller, but all resembling the gray case from which the mosquito had just emerged. Doubtless they were enjoying, *Venus-like*, the anticipation of their future triumphs in tormenting man. But we put an end to their cruel mirth; for, with a desperate effort, we hurled the hogshhead over, and poured its contents upon the sunny gravel-walk, whose heated stones soon dried up the incipient insects, and put an end to their existence. Probably several millions of these stinging pests were thus hurried to their long account, before their bills had been reddened with a single crime. In this our readers must admit that "we did the State some service;" and if the narrative of our discovery shall induce anybody to banish from their premises stagnant water in summer, we shall have done still more for the comfort of the liege subjects of the State.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—"Here's a coil, my masters!" as Shakspeare says. Our ears are fairly dinned with the bell-ringing, and gun-firing, and jubilant acclamations that wire-pulling between England and America has called forth. The event has produced some intensely fine writing, and one of our contemporaries fires away as follows:—"The world is finished, its spinal cord is laid, and now it begins to *think*! A living nerve has been unwound from the Anglo-Saxon heart, and tied in a true-love knot between the Old World and the New. Time turns loiterer on its westward way, and the Sea is the narrow selvedge of the globe."

A LAWYER PUNISHED IN ITALY.—The criminal tribunal in Rome, before which the Marquis di Campana was recently tried and convicted of peculation and abuse of power, after sentencing the marquis, ordered the prisoner's advocate, Signor Marchetti, to be suspended from the exercise of his profession for three months, as a punishment for the piquancy of his rejoinders, and the warmth of his expression in defence of his client.

PERSONAL.—David Dudley Field, of New York, informs the editor of the Hartford Press that his brother, Cyrus W. Field, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819. So the noble trio, Franklin, Morse and Field, were born in the old Bay State.

A THOUGHT.—There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best men have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

PROPNETIC.—Mr. Bernard Housemann, of Cincinnati, made a bet with his milkman that he would die on a certain day. The day came, and the man died, as he had predicted.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.—Being chased by a mad ox, or collecting bills for printers.

ORIGIN OF ODD FASHIONS.

Singular fashions of dress have almost always originated in the necessity of hiding some physical deformity. For instance, the shoes at one time worn, terminating in points two feet long, and so troublesome that they had to be held up to the knee by chains, were invented in the middle ages by Henry Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal an enormous excrescence he had on one foot. Charles VIII. of France, instituted long, floating robes for short habits, to hide his misshapen legs. Francis I., wounded in the head at Pavia, cut off his hair and beard; and the beards of France and England disappeared immediately. Bluff King Harry of England imitated his royal neighbor, and great was the murmuring of the sturdy Britons in consequence. They testified their discontent to the king in such a way, that the latter said one day, laughing, that his subjects seemed to set more by their beards than their heads—an ominous pleasantry from the lips of a king who was by no means economical of the heads of his people.

A beautiful lady of the court of Edward VI. of England, invented patches to hide a blemish on one of her snowy shoulders, and for fifty years the youngest and most charming women of Europe were compelled to hide color of their head under a thick paste, because the Duke de Richelieu, unwilling to show his gray hairs, had invented the odious and ugly fashion of powder. One single pretty fashion has sprung from the necessity of hiding an imperfection, and for that merits special notice; it is the lace-trimmed handkerchief invented by the Empress Josephine. Josephine had bad teeth—now the older a woman grows, the more beautiful her teeth becomes, but in the days of the first empire, the dental art was in its infancy. To conceal her defect, the empress always carried in her hand a batiste handkerchief adorned with costly lace; while conversing, she continually raised it to her face, producing the effect of a cloud of perfumed lace waving about her. She carried the luxury of handkerchiefs to a great extreme, and was certainly the first woman who ventured to display handkerchiefs costing two hundred dollars apiece. She has since been far surpassed in extravagance by the devotees of fashion.

THE POWER OF AVARICE.

When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the king of Rome, near the barrier de Passy, in surveying the line, the shop of a poor cobbler named Simon, stood in the way. It was decided to purchase this stall. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded 20,000 francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it, but Simon, grieved by the greed of gain, now asked 40,000 francs. This sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but that being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to 60,000 francs. He was offered 50,000, but refused. The emperor, being consulted, said he would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans entirely. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for 50,000 francs, 40,000, 30,000, coming down at last to 10,000, half what he originally asked; but the authorities would not hear a word. But after all it was decided to buy it at a fair price, when the disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the king of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for 150 francs, and in a few days after the sale, was removed to an insane asylum—disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

RATTLESNAKE BITES.—Two scientific gentlemen of Thomasville, Ga., have been experimenting with the rattlesnake. Several experiments were tried on dogs, which, after having been bitten, were subjected to various remedies, which were reputed to have been efficacious in many instances, but which, in these cases, failed entirely, the bite proving fatal in a few hours. Whiskey was finally tried, and the dog, after being bitten on the fleshy part of the thigh, was forced to swallow several gills of whiskey at short intervals. The poor animal was made extremely sick for several days (whether owing to the whiskey or the bite of the rattlesnake, the scientific gentlemen were unable to determine), but finally recovered, and at last accounts appeared as well as ever.

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.—It takes an Englishman to describe an Englishman. John Dryden understood John Bull remarkably well. In his satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," the poet likens the English to the ancient Israelites, and calls them—

"—a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
 As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace!"

That was written nearly two hundred years ago.

A RACER BURNED.—Franc-Picard, a racer that has won for himself a fair reputation on the turf both in England and France, and for his owner nearly £40,000 in stakes, bets, etc., was burnt to death lately on the Namur and Liege Railroad. The horse-box caught fire from the friction of the wheels, and when the train was stopped, Franc-Picard and two racers of less note were found burned to a cinder.

THE BIBLE IN INDIA.—At a recent meeting of the American Bible Society, a communication was received from Rev. William Butler, Nynee Tal, India, stating the almost total destruction of Bibles in that country during the war, and asking a grant, which was made.

TROUTING.—Spare the brook trout at this season. It is their spawning season, and one caught now destroys hundreds of next year's crop. Moreover, the fish do not now have their usual flavor.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

There may be many lovelier, as far as features go—
Possessing eyes Madonna-like and skin as white as snow,
And form and face as beautiful as one could wish to see,
And every charm and every grace—still none outrival thee.

I love to view the beautiful in nature or in man:
It makes me feel God's graciousness—the wisdom of his plan;
Were loveliness bestowed on all there'd be nought to admire:
Themeless the poet's muse would be—silent the lover's lyre.

I do not deem thee beautiful—and yet I've never seen
One who possessed so sweet a face and such a pleasant mien:
Such trusting eyes, such simple ways have won my heart to thee,
And now and ever thou shalt have its fond fidelity.

A gentle spirit far outshines the loveliest face or form:
And thine is gentle, I am sure, or else my fancy's warm;
I may be wrong, but still I'll not invite the dark surmise—
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis said, 'twere folly to be wise.

WHAT LOVE MIGHT BE.

I have a distant notion of what love
Might be. I know the dreams about the thing,
That there is one whose every look and word
Is fascination, graceful as the clouds,
Bright as the morn, and tender as the eve:
Whose lightest gesture, as she moves across
The room, seems like a well-known melody:
And whom you need not talk to much, for that's
The touchstone—to whom you've nothing to explain.
Because she always thinks too well of you.—ARTHUR HELPS.

CONTENT.

I'm rich indeed—to me is given
That godlike prize, that gift of Heaven,
To be content when these are mine:
A maiden with her kisses ready,
A conscience pure, friends true and steady,
And every day a flask of wine.—GOETHE.

A PROUD SAINT.

Of all the prides since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected saint.—THOMAS HOOD.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We have often sighed for a book of the clouds—a volume that should record the gorgeous phases of the vapors that float over the noontide or sunset sky, fantastic in form, infinite in variety. The other evening, pillowed on the new-made hay, and looking upward, so that the horizon and all it bounded was out of sight, we beheld aerial mountains, grander than the Alps, with more hues than Mt. Blanc ever bore, sailing majestically onward before a gentle breeze, and fading gradually into the general dusk of night. Hitherto, painters have been able to give us only faint images of this marvellous drapery of the heavens, but now photography fixes them in all their perfection. When the marvel of color is added to the process, as it will be, then we shall at last have our long-desired book of the clouds! But, alas! we fear we shall look in vain for the many castles we have built there!.....The other day we shook the hand of our friend Muggins, just returned from what he persists in calling his "bride tower" in Europe. The man only left Boston two months ago—and yet he had done Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt and the Holy Land. But, alas! Muggins's mind, instead of being improved, is simply a chaos of waves and mountains, pantaloonless Highlanders, Cent Gardes, hazzaroni, pachas and agas, Arabs and camels, palaces, steamboats, lateen sails, caiques and donkeys. It is a fine thing to be a fast man. He can do his klogdom a day when he goes forth on his wanderings!.....A watch has been facetiously designated as the image of modesty, since it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down. The newspaper has become the log-book of the age. It tells us at what rate the world is running at; we cannot find our "reckoning" without it. In some countries of Europe, and particularly at Genoa, there was formerly inscribed over the gates of prisons the word *Libertas*. Does not this remind our readers of Madame Roland's exclamation, "O, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!".....Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out. There are some curious phenomena connected with sleep. An indifferent word does not rouse a man from his slumbers; but call him by name, and he wakes immediately. The mother wakes at the slightest motion of her infant. An old harpist, who slept when he was not playing, woke the moment the chords of his instrument were touched. Misers have been roused from sleep by putting a purse into their hands. A countryman finds it impossible to sleep or think in the street, from the unaccustomed noises, but soon gets used to it. Many persons are roused by the extinction of their night-lamp, and a miller always is awakened by the cessation of the noise of his mill. The sacred book of the ancient Persians says: "If you wish to be a saint, instruct your children, because all the good they do will be imputed to you.".....A musician, after having served twenty years at the French opera, went to M. de La Vrilliere, to obtain the customary pension of retirement. "That's the way with all of them," said the minister, angrily; "they hurry through their twenty years' of service, so as to snatch at their pensions.".....Some noblemen of the court of Vienna asked Joseph II., on one occasion, to reserve the promenade, the Prater, for persons of quality, because the common people and smaller gentry annoyed them. The emperor replied:—"If I only wished to see my equals, I should shut myself up in the vaults of the Capuchins, where my ancestors repose. I love mankind without distinction; and I prefer those who possess talents and virtue, to those whose only merit it is to reckon princes among their ancestors. There is a great deal of theology in the idea of a little girl, who wished she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read her Bible and pray, but it was pretty hard to mind grandmother. A noted "rough," boasting of one of his fights, said that he had jammed his adversary so hard against the wall of a saloon, that he was taken for a fresco painting." Of course he was a hero among the muscle-men. Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these *pumpers*, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning—I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."..... Women are fond of telling us that they hate handsome men; but you may be sure that it is only to ugly men that they say so. Recently, while two young couples were promenading in New Orleans, the party encountered a huge alligator, also out for a promenade. The monster was killed with crowbars, though not before he had sent one of the young men "a kit-

ing" some dozen feet or more by a blow from his tail. The amount of gold produced by California during the year 1857 is stated to be \$65,000,000; Australia, \$100,000,000; Russia and Siberia, \$20,000,000; other parts of the world, \$20,000,000. Total, \$200,000,000. If this amount is correct, and the aggregate production of the next ten years should equal the past, two hundred thousand millions of gold will be thrown into the monetary circulation of the world within that period. There is a journal published somewhere in California, which is printed on the stump of a tree, which is said to have been thirty feet in diameter and of prodigious altitude. What an inspiring sentry-box for a watchman of the people?..... "No one," says Dean Loker, "will ever shine in conversation who ever thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad." This last rule of the dean's is rarely violated in society. A Maine editor says that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand round it. This is like the fellow who saw a flock of pigeons so large that he could shake a stick at them. A recent writer says:—"The French are the first promenading people in the world. They have their promenades *a pied, en voiture, a cheval*; their promenades *sur l'eau*, and now and then their promenades *dans l'air*. Does a provincial town pretend to civilization?—it justifies its claim by pointing to its *Place de Promenade*. Does a column of the *grand armee*, after 'covering itself with glory,' take possession of a foreign town, thrusting French *employes* and French usages down the throats of the subjugated?—the first care of the conquerors, their first step towards the improvement of the new subjects, is to pull down their houses and fill up their canals, in order to furnish them with a promenade."..... If all the rascals who, under the semblance of a snug respectability, sow the world with dissensions and deceit, were fitted with a halter, rope would double its price, and the executioner set up his carriage. A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows:—"Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."..... If any man has failed to estimate the affection of a true-hearted wife, he will be likely to mark the value in his loss, when the heart which loved him is stifled by death. There is a spot on the brain—the point of the "pen" of the *calamus scriptorius*—not larger than the head of a pin, which, if touched, is sudden death, as instant as lightning. As the diligence which plies between Guelma and Boua, in Africa, was recently proceeding along the road, near the village of Penthièvre, the horses all at once reared up, and refused to advance, and the driver perceived a gigantic lion seated in the middle of the road. He at once informed the passengers, and they all manifested the greatest consternation; but at his suggestion they lighted chemical matches and burned paper. The light of the moon, however, was so strong, that it paralyzed the glare of the flames, and they produced no effect on the lion. The consternation of the passengers was on the increase, when the animal relieved them by walking slowly away. The treasure of a wife's affection, like the grace of God, is given, not bought. A false set of teeth cost twenty dollars—what is the cost of a falsetto voice?..... The literary guild of Paris are more thrifty than is the custom of the craft elsewhere. Arsene Houssaye, author of "Le Roi Voltaire," has been a highly successful speculator in stocks, railway and mining shares; Felix Solar, whose new play is announced at the Vaudeville, is a banker. Deunery, who writes the melodramas, is the manager of a bathing establishment. John Lemoine, the brilliant political and literary contributor to the Debats, is the secretary of a Spanish Railway Company. M. Jourdain, one of the ablest philosophical and political writers of the day, is the manager of a great banking-house. An author of considerable fame, but who does not choose to be given in connection with the statement, started an eating-house a few years ago, and has realized a fortune. A correspondent of the Literary Gazette asserts that he can name a dozen or more popular authors, who are also directors of cab, mining, or other companies. He who is always his own counsellor will often have a fool for his client. The Journal of the Two Sicilies gives an account of the fearful ravages caused by the late storms in the provinces of Principato Citeriore, Terra di Bari, Terra di Lavoro, and Primo Abruzzo Ultra. The inundations caused by the rains destroyed several bridges, and washed away or choked the crops, while several persons were killed by lightning. The loss of cattle is stated to have been very large. Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear 'em rattle as they walk. The Prince of Wales is now fairly slipped from the royal apron strings. He gives dinner-parties at his lodge at Richmond, and goes to the opera on his own hook, making good Mr. Gibbs sit in the background, while he lounges in front with his friends and associates, criticizing the singers and dancers with the air of a connoisseur. He has lately given dinners to the Count de Paris, the Count de Flanders, and two or three youthful members of the English aristocracy. A man of true humor may put a capital joke into an epitaph, and get a broad grin from a skeleton. Letters from St. Petersburg state that a Polish exile in Siberia has invented a means of applying steam-power to the traction of the sledges, by which journeys may be made on the frozen rivers and steppes covered with snow which abound in the Russian dominions. Mr. W. Harrison, the vocalist, has recently ruptured a blood-vessel; but he is announced to appear again in public. Dr. Maisonneuve's new system of avoidance of amputation in cases of injured limbs has been presented to the Academie de Medecine at Paris, and is said to have been tried in various hospitals with success. The invention consists in the application of a machine by which the limb is said to be torn from the socket without pain and without loss of blood, the patient in some cases being completely restored in the course of a few weeks. The man who asks no love is a monster. The man who expects none is a child of despair. The unusual spectacle was recently presented of a negro of the darkest hue sitting in the portion of the House of Commons allotted to the peers. It proved to be the king of Bowny, on the west coast of Africa, a potentate of great enlightenment, who is studying English institutions with a view to introducing them into his own dominions. Conscience, he it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed. The building at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets, identified with the family of Benjamin Franklin, and for a long time claimed to be the house wherein he was born, is to be demolished on the first of September, in order that Union Street may be widened at that point.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. PUTNAM'S RECIPT-BOOK AND YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S ASSISTANT. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 223.
This work is deservedly popular—the receipts for cooking being all excellent, and most of the dishes simple. The present edition has many additions which increase its value. No young housekeeper should be without it.
WAVERLEY NOVELS—HOUSEHOLD EDITION. RED GAUNTLET. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols., 12mo.
With their accustomed punctuality our enterprising publishers have issued "Red Gauntlet" in exquisite style and beautifully illustrated. This edition is certainly the most elegant ever brought out in this country—faultless in paper, typography and size. It is meeting with the great success it deserves.
SERMONS PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, BY THE LATE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, A. M. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 350.
The discourses in this volume are quite up to the mark. In the first and second series, which we have already noticed favorably, no man can fail to be improved by reading these eloquent and thoughtful sermons. The volume before us contains an interesting biography of Mr. Robertson, and is embellished by a portrait.
NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., No 277 Washington Street, we have received "Mrs. Barrow's Schottische," by John Holloway, "Musentine Schottische," by Henry Atkins, "Tis the Moonlight Sleeping," a song, and "Matrimonial Jars," a new comic duet.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The fetes at Cherbourg, and the journey of Queen Victoria, still furnish matter for comment to the leading European journals. Some of the English papers still regard the completion of the docks and fortifications of Cherbourg as a menace and an insult to England.—It is stated, on what is thought to be excellent authority, that 80,000 European troops are requisite for the suppression of the insurrection in India, and that 20,000 is about the actual number now available for field service.—The fourth and fifth volumes of Dr. Barth's "Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa," comprising a full account of the author's residence in Timbuctoo, and completing the work, have appeared in London.—A copy of the famous Mazarine Bible has recently been sold in London for the extravagant sum of \$2975—the highest price ever given for a work of the same class.—Festus Bailey's new poem, "The Ago," a colloquial satire, is making a great pother among the London critics. He has attacked English abuses with a bold and vigorous pen, and has spared so few of the popular vices of the British Isles, that the English press are down upon him with gigantic blows. They allow him great genius, but they rain castigations without stint for his opinions.—It is now believed that the imperial government of China will soon be brought to terms by the Western powers.—On the shores of the Red Sea various incidents still illustrate the ferocity of the revived sentiment of hatred to the Christians on the part of the followers of Islam.—A *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of the fair sex has been published in London, entitled, "The Grand Secret of Wife-Tamling, now first made known. By Professor Rarea."

The Hot Season in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the British Standard writes as follows:—"I can assure you that the heat is worse than the oldest can remember. I am only writing, and yet my hands glisten, and feel as if dipped in soap-suds, and my face is a regular spring of water. One dare not go out in the sun, unless he particularly wishes for discomfort or sickness, or probably sun-stroke. You in England have no idea of the state of everlasting moisture in which we are kept. Punkahs and khus barely keep us alive. Guess, then, what it must be in the field; and do not wonder at thirty men dying of sun-stroke for three killed, or that sixty-three men in one regiment had been admitted to the hospital in one day, all suffering from the sun. I cannot at present write more—great beads of perspiration are falling on the paper, and erasing my work far more quickly than I can accomplish it, and therefore I will bid you adieu."

Copyright Congress.

On the 15th of this month there will be held in Brussels a congress, which will occupy itself with the question of literary and artistic property. The committee charged with the organization of the congress has sent to the "Publishers, Printers, and Papermakers Association in Paris" an invitation to associate in their labors. To the different questions which figure in the programme, the "Publishers' Association" have replied by a report, which embraces all the points in discussion. This document—a *resume* of the whole question of literary copyright—does great credit to M. L. Hachette, the well-known Parisian publisher, its compiler, who has great experience in the matter. "No law," the report observes, "is so vague at present as the law of copyright between nation and nation."

Perpetual Motion.

A correspondent of the London Builder thinks that the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire:—In the rotunda of the Woolwich barracks there is, he says, a clock moved by machinery, which has been going for more than forty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who has had a watch in his possession for more than thirty years, hermetically sealed, which there is no means of winding, which tells the day of the week, the hours, the minutes, seconds, months, and, he believes, years, and how far you walk in the day. It cost about \$2000, and was made by a French artist in Paris.

Bohemian Curiosities.

The sandstone rocks of Adersbach, in Bohemia, have been visited by persons from all quarters of the globe, on account of their grotesque and fantastic forms. Ten years ago another defile of sandstone rocks was discovered near Weekelsdorf. To this is now to be added the discovery of a grand layer of petrified trees. It stretches to the extent of two miles and a half in length, and half a mile in breadth, and there is one point where 20,000 or 30,000 stems of petrified wood may be seen at a glance. All the museums in the world could be supplied from them with splendid specimens. They appertain all to the family of the *Conifera Auracarias*.

Literary Pensions.

The following are among the yearly pensions recently granted by the British government on the civil list, in consideration of literary merits and services:—To the mother of Hugh Miller, \$150; the widow of Douglas Jerrold, \$500; the widow of Robert Montgomery, \$250; the daughter of James Hogg, the Scottish poet, familiarly known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," \$200; the widow of Dr. Dick, \$250. These pensions are less than similar grants made at the same time to the relatives of persons who had served in the army and navy.

Post-Office Statistics.

It is stated that the people of the city of London sent by post 32,000,000 more letters during the last ten years than all the people of the United States, although the population of that country is ten times greater. Of the 950,000,000 letters posted in London, more than 430,000,000 were for circulation within the limits of that city.

The Leviathan.

In a report just issued by the Great Eastern Company, it is stated that liabilities of a pressing character to the amount of £66,556 must be immediately met; and they suggest two alternatives—the first being to issue preference shares, and the second, to promote the formation of a new company, to whom the Great Eastern may be sold.

New Crystal Palace.

The promoters of the intended Great Exhibition of 1861 have under consideration a proposition for placing the new crystal palace, in which it will be held, as a permanent building in Battersea Park, close to the present terminus of the Crystal Palace Railway.

Shakespeare in Russia.

A new translation of Shakespeare into Russian has been commenced, and the first volume contains "Timon of Athens," "Julius Caesar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." The translation is stated to be a faithful one.

Death of a Pugilist.

In London, Thomas Cannon, aged 64, the once celebrated pugilist and ex-champion of England, under the name of the "Windsor Cannon," put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the head.

New Opera.

Verdi has undertaken to write for Paris a new opera in three acts. The *libretto* will be written by one of the first feuilletonists of Paris. The opera is to be produced during the coming winter.

Musical.

Madame Clara Novello has passed through Paris, en route for Italy. M. Leon Duprez, son of the well-known tenor, is engaged in the composition of an opera.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

According to a census just taken, there are 4076 children between the ages of five and fifteen years in the city of Worcester. This is an increase of eighty-seven over last year. — The dignitaries of the colored church at Elkton, Maryland, have resolved to turn out of their congregation "all ladies guilty of the immoral practice of wearing hoops." — Hugh White, of Liberty county, Virginia, has discovered upon his estate a paint-bank. It is said to be one of the most extensive bodies of decomposed ochreous iron in the world. — The stereoscope has become so popular in England, that storekeepers let out the pictures as books are had at a circulating library. One party in London advertises that subscribers of twenty-one shillings per annum, may borrow slides and exchange them continually without further charge. — From present appearances, the hand fire-engines, both in Philadelphia and Baltimore, will soon be superseded, to a great extent, by the steam fire-engine. The fire companies solicit subscriptions, and when a sufficient amount is obtained, intend to replace their old machines with others of the improved construction. — A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—"As Mount Vernon has been dedicated to the people of the United States, it has been suggested, from various quarters, that 'a monument in bronze' of the Hon. Edward Everett be erected on the premises, as a memorial of his efficient aid in acquiring the domain. A most appropriate suggestion!" — The original pattern from which Daniel Lambert had a pair of pantaloons cut, was sent a few years ago from London by D. Reid, a tailor, to his nephew, Thomas Tennant, a tailor in Baltimore, who made it a present to Mr. C. G. Peters, of Portsmouth, Va., who now has it. — The Rockingham (Virginia) Register says that a projected camp-meeting in that county was indefinitely postponed in consequence of the immense expansion of hoops. A considerable enlargement of the "camp" would be necessary to accommodate the ladies, and, considering the expense and the shortness of the time to make necessary arrangements, it was concluded to indefinitely postpone the meeting. — A man in Madrid, New York, many years ago, bet a glass of rum he could swim Grasse River within four rods of the dam. This bet was taken, and he won and drank the wager. Grown bolder, he offered to bet another glass he could swim it within two rods of the dam. This was taken, and this time the swimmer lost! He had collected the dram he won, but he never paid the one he lost. The editor who chronicles the fact was at his funeral. — A scandalous paragraph, to the effect that Sir Fitzroy Kelly, attorney-general of England, had secretly married his dairymaid, is denied by that gentleman, who writes to the papers contradicting the story, and pronouncing it little else than a tissue of falsehoods. — Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, the well-known authoress, is dangerously ill of consumption at East Hampden, Maine. — The local societies of the smaller towns in Germany are beginning to bestir themselves towards the completion of the Handel monument, by giving concerts. "Samson" is going to be forthwith produced with this intention in the picturesque old town of Halberstadt. — A Parisian rumor is that M. Felicien David has set "The Last Judgment," and that M. Méry has succeeded in so modifying the *libretto*, as to make the work presentable at the *Académie Impériale*. — Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

"THE ARKANSAS RANGER: or, Dingle the Backwoodsman." — Having entirely exhausted the large edition first published of this popular story, we have just published a second edition, which is now ready for delivery. It is a most vivid and startling story of life in the East and West, unrivalled in plot and interest, exhibiting those remarkable adventures and incidents which can only occur to a roving and daring character. Dingle is a noble specimen of our brave and chivalric frontier men. The story is neatly bound, and fully illustrated with original drawings, and sent to any part of the country, *post paid*, on the receipt of twenty cents. Address M. M. Ballou, Boston, Mass.

FOR FAMILY USE.—Have you a cough, cold, pain in the chest, or bronchitis?—in fact, have you any of the many premonitory symptoms of that fearful malady, consumption? If so, do not delay—know that there is relief in hand in that long-tried specific "Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry." The great success of medicine has led to several imitations being thrown upon market; therefore purchase none but the genuine, which has "I. Butts" written plainly upon the wrapper. Do not—that is dangerous; but adopt this specific at once, and you are of almost instant relief.

POSTPONING PLEASURE.—Those who save up money or their honors for the time when, without strength or desires, they can no longer use them, seem like people who, having but an hour to sleep, take fifty minutes to make themselves a nice, soft bed, instead of sleeping their whole hour on the grass or the hard ground.

RATHER COOL.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says that "if any of the pretty young girls would like to have a fine mouse-tuque upon their upper lips, they shall be indulged just as soon as ours has time to grow."

Wayside Gatherings.

The Salem Light Infantry have made it a rule to furnish no wines or other liquors at any of the parades ordered by law.

The court house in Attala county, Miss., was burnt recently, with all the records. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

The disease known as the black tongue has broken out among the cattle in the vicinity of Mobile, and is spreading with much rapidity.

Mr. James Parton (author of the Aaron Burr romance) is preparing a life of General Jackson, which will be published by Mason Brothers.

A California paper estimates that the Frazer River exodus will take from that State one-third of its voting population prior to the fall election.

The cotton crop of Georgia promises to be very large. The prospect in the other Southern States is equally good, aside from the overflows.

At Montreal, recently, public officers seized in several bakeries two hundred and twenty-eight loaves light bread, and distributed it among the charitable institutions.

Statistics show that the consumption of paper in the United States is seventy-five per cent. greater in proportion to the population, than the consumption of paper in England.

An old lady of Tusculum, Ala., offers a reward of \$20,000 to any young lady, not over 17 years of age, who is willing to live in the capacity of an adopted daughter with her.

A Washington letter-writer says that he has it from the "highest authority," that the English government will build a railway through the British possessions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Rev. S. W. Davidson of New Haven, a colored Baptist clergyman, has been arrested for stealing leather. He made an attempt to sell the same at a price much below its value.

Vocal music is recommended by certain Paris physicians as the best cure in the world for dyspepsia and indigestion. It is said that operatic singers are never troubled with these complaints.

The Free-Lovers at Berlin Heights refuse to accept the offer of the citizens of that place to purchase their property at a fair valuation. They decline to leave the place on any pretence.

There is to be a pigeon-shooting tournament at Fayette, Ind., during the present month, at which it is expected that there will be a large attendance of sportsmen from all parts of the United States and Canada.

John D. Defrees of Indianapolis has sent Mr. Crittenden two living American eagles, "as a testimony of respect and admiration for the man who, of all others, is entitled to be called 'last of the Romans.'"

Charters for fourteen city passenger railroads in Philadelphia have been granted by the Pennsylvania legislature. Of these three are in successful operation, and others are, or soon will be, in course of construction.

M. Victor Considérant, one of the earliest and most enthusiastic followers of Fourier, has renounced the doctrines of his master, and declares that a society cannot be organized upon his principles. He tried the experiment thoroughly.

The German population in Philadelphia, at the present time, is estimated by those most conversant with it at 80,000 souls. About one-half have arrived in this country since the revolution in Europe in 1848. About 10,000 of the number are voters.

There are more than two thousand persons of both sexes now temporarily resident in Indiana, Iowa and other Western States, for the express purpose of obtaining divorces upon grounds which would not avail them in the States of their actual residence.

A correspondent of the Montreal Pilot states that the fact that gold existed at Frazer River was known years ago to the Hudson's Bay Company officials, but the knowledge was carefully concealed, lest it might interfere with their monopoly of the fur trade.

Mrs. Olive Parkhurst, the oldest person in Chelmsford, died suddenly recently. At noon on the day of her death, she was active and prepared the meal for the family, but soon after fell into a sleep from which she never awoke. Her age was nearly ninety-eight years.

Mahogany ships are the latest novelties in European naval architecture. Honduras mahogany, for most purposes, is said to be quite equal to oak, which is scarce and dear, and the captain of a mahogany ship, built in Bordeaux, France, gives her an excellent character.

A common soldier in the Isle of Jersey lately gave himself up as the murderer of his wife and child, by smothering them some years since in England. He states that he has been a clergyman in the English church. He appears to have received a superior education.

The indications of a healthy fall trade in most departments of domestic business are encouraging. The stock of goods in all parts of the country, at this time, is unprecedentedly low. The crops are large, confidence is almost regained, and traders look hopefully on the future.

The great library left by the late collector, Herr Fischhof, at Vienna, is offered for sale. It contains more than 100,000 musical works, and works on music; besides very rare manuscripts, and numerous autographs of Bach, Haydn, Salieri, Schubert, Chopin, and other musicians of note.

The tax levy for this year in the city of New York, has finally been fixed and amounts to \$8,470,741. Of this sum there goes directly to the State \$1,409,290 78. The supervisors, as county officers, will expend \$1,576,988 36, and the Common Council, through the various departments of the city government, will dispose of \$5,482,044 74.

A Mr. Downing, of Red Wing, Minnesota, was pursued by a mad ox, and only saved himself by roosting in a burr oak tree, which he had barely time to reach, but where he sat in safety, looking down with little compassion, and very much angry passion, at the ox, who was trying the temper of his horns in an ill-tempered manner, by butting the butt of the tree.

Mrs. Loudon, authoress of works on flower gardening, died recently in England. She was the daughter of Thomas Webb, of Birmingham, and in 1827 published "The Mummy," a novel, the scene of which was laid in advance, and the suggestion in it of a steam plough attracted the attention of John C. Loudon, a writer on agriculture, who sought an introduction and became her husband.

In Philadelphia, for a long while past, a man of about 50 years of age, genteel in appearance, and wearing gold spectacles, has been adding to his means of livelihood by getting the keys of unoccupied houses, on pretence of a desire of examining the premises, and selling them. He reads the papers carefully, and when a house is advertised for rent, obtains the key for admission, and then bags all the keys in the house.

Sands of Gold.

.... The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.—Beecher.

.... Success is his who works hard enough for it.—Bovee.

.... Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.—Beecher.

.... Truth selects no single individual as her exclusive exponent.—Bovee.

.... More have been ruined by their servants than by their masters.—Colton.

.... Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—Lacon.

.... A man in this world is a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.—Beecher.

.... Genius makes its observations in short hand; talent writes them out at length.—Bovee.

.... The grave is the true purifier, and, in the charity of the living, takes away the blots and stains from the dead.—Jerrold.

.... Whether they shall confess their faults or not, men generally leave to their moods and not to their principles.—Beecher.

.... The best evidence of merit is a cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

.... There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—Sir Philip Sidney.

.... Man owes two solemn debts; one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.—Jerrold.

.... Much misconception of character arises out of our habit of assigning a motive for every action—whereas a good many of our acts are committed without any motive.—Bovee.

.... A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.—Beecher.

.... He who in this world resolves to speak only the truth, will speak only what is too good for the mass of mankind to understand, and will be persecuted accordingly.—Douglas Jerrold.

Joker's Budget.

Did the "heat of passion" ever cook anybody's goose?

When does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

A woman is like tar—only melt her, and she will take any form you please.

To hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower is the height of benevolence.

On reading the epitaphs in a churchyard, a preacher said, "here the dead and the living lie."

Why is a drunkard like a bombshell? Because the moment he is out of reach he is "on a bust."

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when he was contemplating the kink in his tail.

A Western editor says that "a child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterwards."

A lawyer at Lowell found \$95 and returned it to the owner, and one of the papers says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is unprofessional.

Nothing in this world is more changeable than the price of things. The water has been higher than the land all through the valley of the Mississippi.

A boarder at a hotel in Chicago missed \$50. A servant, named Abraham, was arrested on suspicion. The money (we say it without irreverence) was found in Abraham's bosom.

A chap was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife. He replied: "One that was not a prodi gal, but a fru-gal and a true gal, and one that suited his conjugal taste."

The best thing a young man can do who is troubled with dull evenings, melancholy and dyspepsia, is to get a good, womanly wife. It is the best of remedies for the worst of diseases.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who it is notorious, mistook a philosopher for a highwayman.

A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "O, you're a jewel!" "O, no," replied he, "I'm a jeweller! I have just set the jewel."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after twelve years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

THE JAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

A finely expressive picture is that we publish on this page. We are in the interior of a strong dungeon of the old world. The window, too high to be reached, admits, it is true, a little light, a little glimpse of the blue sky, but only serves to display the massive oaken and iron-clamped door, the vast oaken beams, and the cruel stone walls and floor. The prisoner, a young man, sits with his head bowed down in sorrow—the jailor is about leaving him in solitude, followed by a child, who urges an elder sister to accompany them. But the young maiden lingers, rivetted to the spot by that pity which is said to be akin to love. Indeed, we think her sentiment has already changed from the colder phases of compassion to the throbbing tumult of affection. If we were a despotic monarch, we should take care that our Petropaulovsky fortress, our Spielberg Castle, or our Chateau de Vincennes, were governed by a jailor without a daughter. That jailor's daughter is always spoiling the plans of the incarceration of innocence. They are handsome, she is tender-hearted, the father is a drunkard, and a bottle of brandy and a turn of the massive lock settle the whole business. Or if the young lady cannot compass the loved one's escape, she can procure him numberless comforts during the period of his confinement. Who supplied Wifskywofsky, the Pole, with all kinds of books while he was shut up in St. Petersburg? Who gave Sezeedy, the Hungarian, his tobacco when the Austrian tormentors had deprived him of it? Who introduced the writings of Victor Hugo and Schaeffer into Mont St. Michael, when Rouget, the republican, was there pining for sympathy and support from his fellow sufferers? In each case, we answer for it, it was the jailor's daughter. As the daughter of the horse-leech cried out perpetually, "Give, give, give," so the daughter of the jailor exclaims without ceasing, "Take, take, take." It is she who renders tolerable the prison that would otherwise be a grave, and sometimes even converts it into a bower of felicity. We fancy that Providence which places the oasis in the desert, and plants flowers by the side of thistles, has willed that jailors shall not be childless, and that their children shall be girls. Look, you who have read M. de Stendhal's admirable book, at Fabrizio in the state prison of Parma. He is on the point of abandoning himself to despair, and his position is indeed a hopeless one, when suddenly in a conservatory just facing his window, he perceives Clelia, the daughter of General Conti, the governor. Day after day he gazes at the "jailor's daughter," and she knowing that the Fabrizio of her heart is condemned to die, waters her flowers as plentifully as if each were an hydrangea. At last they love one another, a regular system of communication by signs is established, and at a given moment Clelia rushes to Fabrizio's cell, and arrives just in time to save her adored one's life—for to avoid the scandal of a public execution it has been resolved to poison him. Richard Cœur de Lion, again, owed his preservation in part, it is true, to Blondel, but principally to the jailor's daughter, without whom nothing could have been done. Blondel might have sung and played from morning till night; that would not have loosened the king's fetters, nor would music alone have had much effect

upon the heart of his custodian. But Blondel sings, the jailor causes him to enter the prison to continue his song, and this singing leads to drinking and joviality generally, joviality to intoxication, and intoxication to unconsciousness. Then comes forward the soft-hearted, undutiful daughter, who robs her father of his keys, liberates his majesty, and elopes with "the pretty page." But in most cases we believe that it is with the prisoner himself the young lady falls in love; and therefore if the jailor's daughter in the picture were only a shade better looking, we would not pity the supposed victim in the least; for that in the course of time he will be restored to freedom there can be no doubt; and, in the meanwhile, his existence will be anything but an unhappy one. It is all very well for the artist to show us an open window through which the exterior landscape is just visible, as if

ness, Tom loves Sally, Sally Bill, and Bill Mary Ann. Now if the jailor's daughter loves the prisoner, her lover is probably some person who lives outside the prison, and for whom she does not care a fig. She promises this person her hand on condition that he drinks copiously that evening with her father, so that the escape of the one she does love may be effected while the old man is intoxicated. But the best view of the matter, is that which involves the elopement of the jailor's daughter with the prisoner himself; for then, not only does all "end happily," but there is a little girl left, who, in the course of time, will grow up and be able to liberate and elope with a prisoner herself.

RACING HORSES WITH AN ARAB.

The editor of the Utica Herald dates his last letter from the region of the Dead Sea. A portion of his ride over the wilderness of Judea is described thus:

The ride was very lonely and tedious. My Bedouin Sheikh still seemed consumed by fears of hostile Arabs. He reconnoitred every mount, suspiciously examined every ravine, and his restless eye was ever roaming over the wide desert. After riding somewhat over an hour, he told me the great danger was passed, and I could now consider myself as fairly out of the hands of the Philistines. His manner changed completely. The expression of care passed from his face; he became by turns listless and jocular; demanded back-sheesh like an Arab clothed in his right mind; toyed with his long spear; and wound up by challenging me to a horse race. Now, to confess the truth, I am one of the most egregious cowards on horseback alive. And yet, here I was coolly called to dispute the course with a wild Bedouin, who had spent half his days in the saddle, with a wild Arab horse. What could I do? I parried; I equivocated; I pleaded an attack of the rheumatism; was opposed to racing on conscientious grounds, and resorted to the most desperate subterfuges to worm myself out of the scrape. But my complacent savage had taken the pleasant fancy into his head, and there was no arguing, or begging, or lying out of it. Finally, I compromised by consenting to a trot; I loosened the reins of my horse, when he shot forward as if hurled from the mouth of a cannon. On we sped with the speed of lightning over the plains, through ravines, up the sides of mounds, down into gullies, tearing the parched earth



THE JAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

that were something to be deeply regretted. The prisoner will have enough to do staring into the large eyes of the jailor's daughter, and will find pictures sufficient in her ever-changing countenance; and in due time he will be liberated, and perhaps, like the Fabrizio before alluded to, will regret his captivity, and find that every place is a prison where she is not. But that he will escape is certain. Either the jailor's daughter will herself take the keys from her father's pocket, or she will press into her service that little sister who is already so willing to assist her; and the deed will be done by a child not yet six years of age, but who, thanks to the atmosphere of a prison, is in mind considerably older. There is also another more complicated and more dramatic scheme by which the artist's prisoner might gain his liberty. In love it often happens that instead of the reciprocal busi-

beneath us, and raising two dense masses of dust. On we went as if all the fiends of tophet were after us, our horses neck and neck, and one rider cleaving desperately with both hands to the mane of his charger. My feet slipped out of the stirrups; my turban came down over my eyes, blinding and bewildering me altogether. I desperately pulled away at the bits; I shouted to my Bedouin to hold up; I pleaded, I entreated; I magnanimously offered to wave the honors of the race—but all in vain. He brandished his spear, shouted in wild glee, and dashed forward anew; my horse followed as if every hair on his head was winged; and so we kept on madly racing until we halted perforce by the shore of the Dead Sea. I was glad enough to dismount, and in the wildly-weird scene before me soon forgot the race and its perils.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

5 CENTS SINGLE. \$2 50 PER ANNUM. Vol. XV., No. 11.....WHOLE No. 377.

UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT AT NEW ORLEANS.

This building, which is shown in the engraving on this page from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, is a fine, substantial structure of the Ionic order of architecture, and consists of a centre building and two wings. It is built of brick, with a mastic coating to represent granite. The internal arrangement of the edifice is very creditable to the architect who planned it. The total length of the building is two hundred and eighty-two feet, and the depth one hundred and eight, the wings being twenty-seven by eighty-one feet, and is three stories in height. The erection of the building was commenced in 1835, and when completed cost \$182,000. The mint is situated on what was once called Jackson Square, being nearly the former site of Fort St. Charles. Our view is from Esplanade Street, one of the finest avenues of the city of New Orleans. The machinery of the mint is substantial and highly finished, and when in operation, proves an interesting sight to visitors, which from the gentlemanly urbanity of the officers of the establishment, can be easily enjoyed. A large amount of coin is produced at this mint, both of gold and silver. The mint is of course an object of great interest, and an especial mystery to those who have fewer dealings with current coin than they desire—a sort of Aladdin's cave, which their imaginations invest with the untold wealth to which the enchanter's lamp gave access to the adventurous Oriental. In reality, however, the mint is accessible, and its treasures are by no means untold. There is

no such thing as gold dust or gold dollars "lying round loose" there; every grain is accounted for. The coining of money is the nicest of operations, and is always the prerogative of sovereign power, and consequently in this country can only be done by Congress. Among the ancients, and indeed among the moderns, till within the last 280 years, coining was performed very rudely by placing a blank piece of money between two dies and striking the upper one with a hammer. But the hammering is almost always imperfect, as may be seen by an inspection of any collection of old coins. The coining-press or mill, now modified, improved, and worked by steam-power, is a French invention of the reign of Henry II. In England, it alternated with the hammer, until finally permanently established under the reign of Charles II., in 1662. In coining by the mill, the bars or ingots of gold or silver, after having been cast, are taken out of the moulds, and their surfaces cleaned or *blanched* by being placed in a bath of hot diluted acid, after which they are immediately dried. They are then flattened by rollers, and reduced to the proper thickness to suit the species of money about to be coined. To render the plates more uniform they are sometimes wire-drawn, by passing them through narrow holes in a steel plate. The plates, whether of gold, silver or copper, when reduced to their proper thickness, are next cut out into round pieces, called *blanks* or *planchets*. This cutting is performed by a circular steel punch of the size of the coin, which is drawn downward by a powerful screw, and passes

through a corresponding circular hole, carrying before it the piece of metal which is punched out. The pieces which are thus cut, are brought to the standard weight, if it is found necessary, by filing or rasping; and the deficient pieces, together with the corners and pieces of the plates left by the circles, are returned to the melter. The milling, by which the inscription or other impression is given to the edge of the coin, is performed by rolling the coin, edgewise, between two plates of steel, in the form of rulers, each of which contains half of the engraved edging. One of these plates is fixed, and the other is moveable by a rack and pinion. The coin, being placed between them, is carried along by the motion of the rack, till it has made half a revolution, and received the whole impression on its edge. The next important part of the coining still remains to be done, and consists in stamping both sides with the appropriate device or figure in relief. For the purpose, the circular piece is placed between two steel dies upon which the figures to be impressed are sunk or engraved in the manner of *intaglio*. The two dies are then forcibly pressed together by the action of a powerful screw, to which is attached a heavy transverse beam, which serves the purpose of a fly, and concentrates the force at the moment of the impression. The coin is now finished, and is thrown out when the screw rises. By means of Boulton & Watts's coining machinery, driven by steam, both the edges and face of the money is coined at the same time. By this machinery, eight presses, attended by boys, can strike 19,000 pieces of money in an hour.



THE UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT, AT NEW ORLEANS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR,—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

With a shudder and a forced inclination of the head, Eleanor Hargreaves left the apartment. Sir Morgan Lymburne followed her with his eyes, admiringly, and then turned again to her father.

"And now, Sir Morgan," said the latter, as the two found themselves again alone, "I would ask you if this matter can be settled in no other way,—if it cannot be compromised."

"I tell you again, no!" returned the other, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table. "Death of my life, Sir Gordon! what sort of a man do you take me for? Do you consider the trouble you have put me to by your unwarrantable flight from England? Zounds, sir! this would be enough to anger any reasonable man past endurance; but of this I say nothing. Be reasonable, Sir Gordon. Consider that this contract was made by your own free will and desire; and what, pray tell me, should induce you to endeavor to escape from its fulfilment?"

"What? why ask me that?" exclaimed Hargreaves, with energy. "Who knows you—who knows your character better than I, Morgan Lymburne? You stand confessed the most dissolute and depraved of the nobles of England, and the thought of giving my daughter to such a man is worse than death. I tell you—"

"Stop, Sir Gordon!" exclaimed the other, his cheek reddening with anger; "I care not to hear such words from your lips, and these accusations have nothing to do with the contract. I am here to demand its fulfilment to the minutest particular, and I shall hold you most rigidly to your oath."

Hargreaves paced the floor for a moment in his deep excitement. His face was flushed and feverish, and his eye dim and glassy.

"But not immediately," he uttered, at length. "The terms of the contract—"

"Are that I shall receive the hand and dowry of your daughter upon her nineteenth birthday; that day happens about the first of April, I believe."

"Yes—the fifth day of April."

"And March is almost gone. So you see I have calculated my arrival at such a day as to allow me a short interval in which to become acquainted with my betrothed; and to tell the truth, my first impressions of her are most agreeable."

The speaker uttered these words in a cool, self-possessed tone, looking the while at Sir Gordon. The latter returned his glance with one of anxious dread, but the face of his visitor was too perfect an index of his depraved heart to afford aught of satisfaction from the scrutiny.

"And now, Sir Gordon, I will retire. I advise you to think coolly and calmly of this thing, for your own good sense will teach you that this marriage must take place at the appointed time. During the intervening days, I shall doubtless find sufficient occupation, and perchance you may change your unfriendly opinion of me with further acquaintance. I wish you a pleasant slumber and a better frame of mind."

So saying, he followed the domestic, who had just entered, from the room. Sir Gordon covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. Darkness seemed to overshadow and encompass him—darkness through which he could not hope a ray of sunlight might appear.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

How long Sir Gordon Hargreaves remained thus motionless, he knew not, heeded not. His taper burned almost to the socket, but still he sat with his face hidden in his hands, stricken and powerless.

The door softly opened and admitted the form of Eleanor Hargreaves. With a sigh of relief, as she noticed that her father was alone, she came forward and placed her hand upon his shoulder, speaking at the same time his name.

"Father, what is it? Why are you so strangely affected?"

He raised his head, and seeing her before him, seemed possessed with a sudden idea of protection, for he extended his arms towards her. She, obeying an undefined impulse—why, she knew not—flung herself upon his breast.

"O God of mercy!" murmured Sir Gordon, as he clasped her in his arms, "if this blow had been aimed at me, I could bear it; I could bow meekly beneath it; but that ~~you~~ ^{son}, my darling, my beloved child, should be its victim, is almost madness to me. But this is useless; I cannot avert it."

Eleanor released herself from her father's arms, and gazed into his face with a strange look of bewilderment. His words conveyed a dark suspicion to her mind, and she shuddered as she asked their meaning.

"Speak, dear father; this is all mystery to me, and I know not what to make of it. Is it the presence of Sir Morgan Lymburne that has thus excited you?"

"Yes; he has caused it."

"And why," asked Eleanor, tremulously, "why does the sight of him affect you?"

"Did it not strangely move you, also, Eleanor?"

"It did, father; I confess it. I could not help remembering Sir Morgan as one who was so hateful to me when I was almost a child, and his manner to-night was far more repulsive. But surely his coming here can have no connection with me."

She spoke as if she would fain believe it, but in her father's eyes she read a denial of what she had uttered. Sir Gordon passed his hand across his brow, hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"Be firm, Eleanor, if you can, and I will tell you all. God knows, I, too, have need of firmness in this hour of bitter trial! But first, answer me this: do you know wherefore we emigrated hither almost four years since?"

"No, I do not. Often have I puzzled myself about it, and sometimes I have questioned Aunt Anne, but she has always persisted in refusing to tell me."

"Poor Anne! She, too, will bitterly feel this stroke," mused the father. "She has borne with me this season of doubt, and as keenly as I will she deplore this sad overthrow of our hopes. But listen, Eleanor, and I will reveal the whole, for it has now become necessary that you should know it."

"Years ago, Eleanor, before I met your beloved mother, I formed an acquaintance with a nobleman of England, Sir Reginald Lymburne by name. I was then but a boy of fifteen—he a man just twice my age, but this difference was no check to our intimacy. There existed between us a mysterious bond such as is seldom found between persons of like age."

"Five years passed away; my parents were both dead, and the family title descended to me. During these years, the friendship of myself and Reginald Lymburne had waxed firmer and firmer, until at last we had become as brothers. Upon my attaining my majority, we set out together for the tour of Europe, and during this journey occurred a circumstance which, strangely enough, was the commencement of the woful misfortune which promises to overshadow us in its darkness."

"We were travelling among the mountains of Italy, where we had been for some weeks, examining with curious eyes the novelties which were everywhere around us. One day, when in the very heart of the Apennines, we were attacked by a dozen stout brigands. I was wounded at the first fire, but still continued to defend myself, until, weak from loss of blood, I sank down, as I thought, to die. Lymburne, however, came to my aid, and with his back against the rock, stood over me like a lion at bay, and fought desperately. His left arm was broken by a carbine-ball, but in spite of this disadvantage, he maintained his ground without flinching, and I saw him strike down four of the brigands as they crowded about him with angry oaths. At this critical moment, a party of armed travellers arrived at the spot, and the robbers were driven up the rocks; but I had become insensible ere this, and for six weeks after, all was one dreary blank to me. I awoke at the end of that time, and found myself in the little wayside inn where I had been conveyed; and by my bedside, eagerly watching, was faithful Reginald Lymburne, himself weak and pale from the effects of his wounds and his great exhaustion. That noble-hearted being! He supported me when I became strong enough to walk a little, and his kind hands ministered to me until I became strong again. If I had loved him before, I almost adored him now; from that time we were inseparable. Sir Reginald married some years before I did, and his little Morgan was five years old when you were born. Your mother died shortly after; Reginald's wife had breathed her last in giving birth to her son, and it was natural that our thoughts should turn toward the union of our children. Then came to my mind more vividly than ever the recollection of the great service which Sir Reginald had rendered me, and I determined to repay him as far as it lay in my power."

"With this determination in my mind, I executed an instrument, solemnly declaring that my daughter should be given to Morgan Lymburne, son of Sir Reginald, as his bride, upon her nineteenth birthday; and also that a dowry of sixty thousand pounds should accompany her. Moreover, I swore in presence of Sir Reginald that I would most sacredly carry out these intentions. I, in my gratitude, planned the whole matter, but he warmly approved it, and blessed me for what I had done."

"Sir Reginald died soon after, and I became the guardian of his son until he should reach his majority. But with every year, that boy increased in wickedness and depravity. His temper became wayward and uneven; he despised the counsels of his friends, and before he reached the age of twenty-one, he was already a confirmed spendthrift and libertine. O, my daughter, can you imagine the great agony of my spirit as the truth forced itself home upon my mind that you must at last be given up to this evil, wicked man? My tortures were only such as I have experienced to-night; but they wasted me almost to a skeleton. At last I resolved to fly from England, and endeavor to find rest in retirement where Morgan Lymburne could not reach me. I disposed of most of my lands, and with you and my sister took passage privately for Virginia. The rest you know. Here we have lived for more than three years, secure, I hoped, and safe from the power of the wicked young Lord Lymburne, but through some means he has tracked us, and is now beneath this roof, demanding the fulfilment of the contract."

Eleanor Hargreaves had listened to her father's words, and full well did she comprehend their fearful import; the color fled from her cheek, and her whole face assumed a marble paleness. She could not open her lips to speak, so transfixed with horror had she become at the fearful recital.

"Eleanor, there is one thing more which I must tell you," pursued the father. "Gladly would I spare you this last pang, but it is better that you should hear the whole. This man—Sir Morgan Lymburne—is little better than a murderer! You start, but

this is the truth. Before we fled from England, he wantonly provoked and insulted an innocent and estimable man, and afterwards slew him in a duel. It was a fiendish and cold-blooded act, and my heart sickened with horror as I heard the recital."

Eleanor Hargreaves gave a low cry of terror, and covered her face with her hands. Her father sank back in his chair, weak and exhausted by his emotions.

"But tell me, father," exclaimed Eleanor, when she had grown calmer, "can you, after all this, think of making me the wife of Morgan Lymburne? Can you bear the thought of seeing—"

"Eleanor, Eleanor, for Heaven's sake, hold! Every word pierces me like a barbed arrow. Have I not endured almost the agony of the lost in thinking of this? What can I do? Which way must I pursue? On the one hand is my gratitude to Sir Reginald, and the solemn oath which I gave him; on the other, the fearful sacrifice which the contract demands. Eleanor, I love you; you are my all upon earth, and could my death free you from Lymburne, I should not hesitate to plunge my sword into my own breast. I took you from the arms of your dying mother, and with tears in my eyes I promised her that I would faithfully guard and protect you; that promise I have endeavored to keep. I have considered Sir Morgan's demand, and look at it in whatever light I may, I arrive at the same decision."

"And that is—"

"That it must be complied with!"

Poor Eleanor! The blow was harder than she could bear. An hour ago, happy, light-hearted and gladsome, now weighed down with a heart-load of terror and fears. So sudden had been the gathering of the storm that she could hardly realize it, except as an illusion of her own mind.

"But surely," she said, after a pause, "there must be some hope. Sir Morgan cannot mean to push this thing immediately; there must be an interval."

"Yes—a short time, a few days. Your birthday is the fifth of April; then is the time which is provided by that thrice accursed contract for the marriage."

"But is there no hope—no loophole of escape?" asked Eleanor, anxiously.

"I can see none now," answered the father, evasively.

"And if the fifth of April finds this matter in its present situation, must this marriage take place?"

"Alas! I fear it must."

"Then God help me!"

"Amen!"

It was the passionate outburst of their overcharged hearts, and with it came a silence, each looking into the other's face, and each finding there nothing but the dark shadow of the terror that lay at their hearts. At length, Sir Gordon became aware of the lateness of the hour, and remarked:

"It is late, Eleanor, and you need rest; sleep if you can, and try to banish thoughts of what has happened from your mind. Withdraw, I beseech you."

"But how am I to meet Sir Morgan?"

"Do not reveal your real feelings too much; treat him coldly and ceremoniously, and see him as little as possible."

Eleanor turned to go, but her father detained her.

"One thing more, my child. Do not appear too much cast down by this misfortune. Take heart of hope, if you can; remember that these are troublous times, and we cannot tell what may happen to-morrow. I would not raise your hopes only to be cast down, but I feel that it is better to cherish hope than to surrender to despair without a struggle. A number of days must first elapse before this thing can come to pass, and in that time much may happen. And now, my child, Heaven's blessing be with thee!"

Eleanor attempted to speak, but the words stopped in her throat, and she hastily left the room. Sir Gordon listened to her retiring footsteps, and then the strength which had supported him during the latter part of the interview abandoned him, and he tottered to a chair. He had bidden his daughter to cherish hope, but he felt it to be vain; and even now the echo of his thoughts seemed to be sounding in his breast, in a mocking tone, the words—*no hope, no hope!*

CHAPTER V.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE FROM JAMESTOWN.

UPON the following morning, Sir Morgan Lymburne rose before most of the household, and after dressing himself with scrupulous care, proceeded to take a survey of the Blockhouse. He passed down the staircase and out upon the piazza without meeting any person, but as he turned the angle of the wing, he encountered his servant, John Searle.

"Ah, Searle, you are stirring early! But what success? Have you discovered anything?"

"No, sir, nothing of any importance, and nothing which I have not found out with my own eyes. Sir Gordon keeps fifteen men to garrison his barracks yonder; but they are a close-mouthed set of knaves, or else they fancied not my company, for hardly a civil word could I get from one of them, though I mingled with them until bedtime."

"Well, mind it not, John. Perhaps thou mayest have the pleasure of turning some of them from the door ere long. But watch well, meanwhile, and discover what you can."

The two parted, and Lymburne continued his inspection of the house. He walked round to the river side, noting the few weak points of the building, and calculating in his mind the distance to the river. Having remarked these and other things, he retraced his steps and was about to re-enter the house, when his eye was caught by the flutter of a dress at the extremity of the piazza.

Without hesitation, he walked directly to the spot, where Eleanor Hargreaves was seated, looking out upon the river. She rose to go as she saw him, but his eye detected the movement, and seizing her hand he forced her gently back into her seat.

"Nay, fair Eleanor, you would be cruel to leave me thus. You must stay and talk with me. I am glad to have met you so auspiciously."

He seated himself by her side, and still held her hand. She made no attempt to withdraw it, but turned away her head and made no answer to his speech.

"And first, Eleanor, I presume Sir Gordon has informed you as to why I am here."

"He has," she replied, in a low tone.

"I rejoice to hear it; it removes much embarrassment, and we can now quickly come to an understanding. I can easily comprehend how it is that the announcement which was made to you last night has the effect of somewhat bewildering you, but I trust that this will soon wear off. Will it not, dear Eleanor?"

Instead of answering his question, the maiden drew away her hand and turned her face towards him. He was confused and abashed by the expression of calm dignity that rested there, and was occupied for a moment in collecting his thoughts for a new attempt.

"Eleanor," he at length continued, "I know that this is not a time for useless words. You are soon to become my wife, and as such, I shall expect all your love. Tell me, then, can you love me?"

"Sir Morgan," returned Eleanor, in a firm voice, "I beg of you not to press that question. When I become your wife, it will be in opposition to my desires, and I would that the question of love should not be mentioned. If I am to be sacrificed, at least I will bear it with dignity."

"When you become my wife!" repeated Sir Morgan, in a slow, sneering tone. "I faith, you talk as if there were some doubt about the matter. But try to cast away your scruples. By Heaven, you *must* love me; I'll compel you to! Say, Lady Eleanor, will you *try* to love me?"

"Do not urge me, Sir Morgan; I cannot make a promise which I should be sure to break."

"Now by the fates, but this is unbearable! Lady Eleanor—what?"

His last exclamation was caused by the movement of Eleanor, who suddenly put an end to the unpleasant interview by leaving him. He gazed with chagrin after her as she walked away, and biting his lips, muttered: "Patience! the bird is not to be confined at once. That lofty spirit of hers must be tamed, and her eyes—egad, how they flashed! She walks with all the dignity of a queen. But patience, Morgan Lymburne, and you shall triumph."

So saying, he strode towards the door. The movement brought him, unexpectedly, face to face with a young man who had just ascended the steps, and who carried a rifle in his hand. Lymburne started back with an oath as he noticed the face of the other, and he exclaimed, in a gruff tone:

"How now, fellow? You stare at that lady as though you never saw one before."

The face of the one addressed flushed angrily, and he took a step forward, but restraining himself, he said:

"Stand aside, Sir Morgan Lymburne, and let me pass."

"Ha! you know me, then?"

"I do; and now stand aside."

"But wherefore? Perhaps I may be interested in your tidings."

"So you will be, but I choose not to give them here. Follow me and you may learn what news I bring."

So saying, he pushed Sir Morgan aside with a determined hand, and entered the hall. The latter gave vent to an exclamation of anger, and with lowering brow and clenched hands, followed the person whom the reader has probably recognized as Edward Yeardeley. The latter proceeded through the hall, and encountered Sir Gordon descending the stairs. He removed his cap, and said, respectfully:

"Am I addressing Sir Gordon Hargreaves?"

"You are. What have you to say?"

"I come from Governor Wyatt, and bear important tidings of the Indian outbreak. My name is Edward Yeardeley."

"You are welcome, Master Yeardeley, although I fear me that your tidings are none of the best. Sir Francis spoke to me concerning you, and I am glad to see you here. But you seem fatigued. Where is your horse?"

"He fell under me when I had gained half the distance, and I was compelled to journey on afoot."

"You should be tired, then. Here, Anne," he said, addressing his sister, who had just entered the hall with Eleanor, "conduct Master Yeardeley to a suitable apartment, and give him some refreshment. But stay," he added, observing that Yeardeley's attention had become attracted to his daughter. "Master Yeardeley, this is my daughter, the Lady Eleanor Hargreaves."

Edward Yeardeley took the hand which the maiden extended to him, and fixed his eyes admiringly upon her face. Becoming conscious of her increasing confusion, he made a low bow, and followed Anne Hargreaves into an adjoining apartment. Sir Morgan Lymburne stood near by during the ceremony of introduction, and once ground his teeth with passion as he witnessed the admiration so plainly depicted upon Edward Yeardeley's face, but none noticed him. Sir Gordon passed him on his way to the barracks, as the large room of the main building was called, but hastened past with a cold, grave salutation, as if desirous of avoiding him.

In a few moments the whole household was summoned to the

barracks, which was the entire ground room of the main building. This room was well adapted to the purpose of defence, the loopholes being constructed so as to command all points, and the walls composed of thick oaken planks, impervious to bullet or arrow. Heavy muskets, such as were used at that period, and rifles were rested against the walls, and kegs of ammunition, protected by a screen, bespoke the forethought of the owner of the Blockhouse.

It was to this apartment that Edward Yeardeley was introduced by Sir Gordon Hargreaves, after being ministered to by the kindly hands of Mistress Anne. The fifteen men composing the garrison of the place were already here, awaiting with anxiety the purport of the communication which they had been called together to receive. They were a broad-shouldered, hardy-visaged set, with hardly a sinister feature among them; and, more than this, as we have once intimated, they were devotedly attached to Sir Gordon and his family. Anne and Eleanor Hargreaves and the two domestics were also present, while Sir Morgan Lymburne, and his servant, John Searle, towards whom many a dark glance was directed from the men, had withdrawn themselves to one side.

"Listen, men," commanded Sir Gordon, when all were assembled. "Here is Master Edward Yeardeley, Governor Wyatt's secretary, who has ridden, post-haste, by command of the governor, from Jamestown, to bring us intelligence of the Indians. What he has to say deeply concerns us, and I wish you to lend him your attention, that we may know the full extent of our danger, and decide in what manner to combat it."

Edward Yeardeley stepped upon a keg near by, in order that he might be more conspicuous, and looked round upon the anxious faces turned up to him. A low buzz of satisfaction was audible as he did so, but he commenced speaking, and all was instantly silent.

"My friends," he said, "you are probably aware of the rumors of an Indian outbreak which have lately prevailed; many have regarded them as idle and without foundation, but I bear full confirmation of them. Yesterday morning a friendly Indian came to Jamestown, and revealed the whole details of the plot. He informs us that there is a general conspiracy among the Powhatans, incited by the vindictive Opechancanough,* and that the hatchet will soon fall upon every English settlement in the colony. He knows not what day has been fixed upon, but believes it near at hand. The governor places all credit in his statements; he has frequently served us before, and we have not the slightest reason to doubt him. Jamestown is saved, but Sir Francis Wyatt fears that the people of the York and Potomac River settlements are lulled into a fancied security, and will fail to seek the shelter of Jamestown, or make preparations for defence. It is thought some recreant Englishman has been tampering with the savages, but this is uncertain. One thing, however, is certain—the danger is imminent and immediate. Sir Francis has admonished me to urge upon you the necessity of immediate flight to Jamestown."

A slight shade of paleness was visible upon the faces of the females as Yeardeley concluded, and Sir Gordon looked anxiously upon his men. They consulted together in a hurried whisper, and then one of them, Richard Seabold by name, stepped forward and asked:

"Will the gentleman pardon me for speaking?"

"It needs no pardon, my good man," returned Edward. "Say on."

"Then would the gentleman be pleased to tell us what he thinks it would be best for the people of the Blockhouse to do?"

"It may be presumptuous, my friends," replied Edward, "to give my opinion before men so experienced in woodcraft and Indian ways, as you doubtless are; and besides, Sir Gordon will exercise his own discretion in the matter. But as you have asked my advice, I have no hesitation in giving it. I believe, as I have told you, that the Powhatans are preparing to strike quick and speedily; the blow will fall upon the settlers like lightning, and woe be to those who are unprepared! I think that Governor Wyatt obeyed the first impulse of the moment in advising an instant flight to Jamestown, not considering what I am well prepared to believe, that the forest between here and Jamestown may at this moment be filled with prowling Indians. It would be madness to risk our lives by a removal, and I earnestly warn you all not to attempt it. You have an admirable place here for defence, and you can do no better than to stand by it to the last. You might hold it against a horde of Indians; but at all events, it is the safest and best course."

Richard Seabold had listened eagerly to the young man's words, and at their conclusion he swung his hat in the air with a startling hurrah, and pressing up to Yeardeley, exclaimed:

"Give me your hand, sir; I knew all the time you were a man after my own heart. Stick to the old Blockhouse, say I, as long as there's two timbers of it, and if the rascally Indians show their painted faces, we'll give them proper advice in the shape of leaden pills! What do you say, boys? Shall we stand by the Blockhouse?"

Animated by the example of Seabold, the men returned a deep-toned "Ay!" Sir Gordon hastily approached Yeardeley, and inquired, in an anxious tone:

"Are these really your sentiments, sir?"

"Assuredly," responded the young man.

"And will you stand by us if it comes to the worst?"

"If you will permit me, Sir Gordon. My retreat towards Jamestown is probably cut off, and even if it were not I should be anxious to aid you to the extent of my power."

*This chieftain was brother to Powhatan, and as remarkable for his hatred to the English as the former was for his friendliness. He was subsequently captured by the colonists and publicly exhibited, which treatment broke his spirit, and finally killed him.

"And you, Anne and Eleanor, what say you? Are you ready to stay with us and prove yourselves true Englishwomen?"

"I will answer for both," returned Anne Hargreaves, or "Mistress Anne," as she was commonly called. "We realize that our greatest safety lies here, and here we will stay."

"Then the matter is decided. Men," he continued, raising his voice, "we will stay in the Blockhouse."

The men answered by a hearty cheer, which made the Blockhouse ring again.

"You will look to Master Edward Yeardeley for your orders," continued Sir Gordon. "He has decided to remain with us, and I leave the defence in his hands."

Sir Morgan Lymburne gave a scowl of unmitigated hatred at Edward as he heard these words. Not so with Richard Seabold; he leaped upon the keg, and swinging his hat in wild excitement, exclaimed:

"That's it, boys! that's exactly the talk! Now three rousing cheers for Captain Edward Yeardeley. I know him, he's got the true grit. Now! ready—one—"

And then went up three deafening huzzas, which well might have intimidated even the Powhatans, if any of them had chanced to have been near. Edward bowed his thanks, and circulated actively among the men, listening to the word which each had to say concerning the necessary preparations. Richard Seabold at the same time turned to one of the domestics, a bright, handsome girl, whose face had become somewhat paler than was wont from listening to the words of Edward Yeardeley.

"Fie, Ruth!" he said, half jocosely, half tenderly, "the Powhatans shall not harm one hair of thy handsome head. Be assured, dear Ruth, thou art as safe—nay, perhaps safer, than if thou wert this moment in Jamestown."

"Surely, while the valiant Richard Seabold is nigh," returned Ruth, somewhat roguishly. And Seabold turned away to join in the preparations for the defence, which were now visible on every side.

Sir Morgan Lymburne, as quickly as he could do so without fear of observation, drew John Searle to one side, and eagerly interrogated him thus:

"Did you find them, Searle?"

"Yes, and they are waiting for you."

"Where?"

"Half a mile up the river. There are three of them."

"Then I will go at once. If I am inquired for, say that I have retired to my room, and must not be disturbed. In the meantime, you may join these fellows in their work; it will allay suspicion."

Sir Morgan moved leisurely toward the door, but he suddenly paused and grew alternately white and red with anger as he saw Edward Yeardeley conversing earnestly with the Lady Eleanor. Becoming conscious that he had drawn their attention to himself, he turned away, and with a smothered curse, left the room.

The rapidly unfolding events of our tale demand that we should follow him and observe his motions.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLOT THICKENS. A DARK DESIGN.

SIR MORGAN LYMBURNE stole cautiously from the Blockhouse, peering around in every direction to assure himself that he was unobserved, and thus slowly traversed the clearing, shaping his course up the river. Once clear of the opening, however, and sheltered by the thick forest, he swung the light rifle which he carried over his shoulder, and walked on as swiftly as the nature of the country would allow.

If the face is a true index of the heart, then certainly Sir Morgan was pondering upon evil schemes. Evidently those whom he had just left at the Blockhouse were the subjects of his thoughts, for several times he unconsciously uttered the names of Edward Yeardeley and Eleanor Hargreaves, while his brow grew darker and his hands worked more convulsively upon his rifle. The storm which raged in his breast extended its effects to his outer person, but he seemed not to notice his emotion, so pre-occupied was he with his reflections.

It was now about the hour of noon. Lymburne strode on for almost an hour, making his way with difficulty through the more tangled portions of the forest, and keeping the river constantly in sight, that he might be sure of the direction. His path finally led him to a bend of the stream, where the bank formed a high, bold bluff. Moving to the extreme edge of this, he looked down, and with visible satisfaction saw a canoe drawn up on the shore below, by the side of which stood two persons, evidently Indians, while a third was seated upon the thwarts.

Lymburne descended the bank without hesitation, and joined the Indians, who had become aware of his approach, and were waiting to receive him. These men might be called Indians, but their dress seemed to mark them otherwise, as it consisted of the usual blanket, and the remainder being composed almost entirely of articles of English apparel, such as the hunters from the settlements were accustomed to wear. Their faces were darkly bronzed in hue, and their features were singularly repulsive. They were, in fact, renegades from the Powhatans,—men who had in some way disgraced themselves at home, and being driven from the lodges of their tribe, had fled for safety to the settlements, where they lived a kind of outcast-life, being sometimes seen in Jamestown, but oftener prowling about the smaller and more isolated settlements, stealing and plundering whenever an opportunity offered.

Lymburne joined them, and immediately the four commenced an earnest conversation, the renegades speaking in a guttural half-English dialect, while Sir Morgan gesticulated freely, pointing more than once in the direction of the Blockhouse. This

lasted for a few moments, when the Indians simultaneously expressed their comprehension with a deep-toned exclamation and a significant nod of the head. Lymburne then took from his belt a heavy purse, and taking from it six crowns, placed them in the hand of the one who seemed to be the leader of the party. His dull eyes sparkled with delight, and showing the money to the others, he turned to Lymburne, and pointing to the sun, went through with an expressive pantomime, marking with his finger the sun's course down to the western horizon, and then turning to the east, marked in the same manner its ascent towards the zenith, which Sir Morgan plainly understood to signify "to-morrow." Nodding in token of his comprehension of the motion, Lymburne pointed inquiringly to his rifle. The Indian gave a sign of assent, and the three renegades then entered their canoe and launched out into the river. The current drifted them slowly down, but with their paddles in their hands, the frail boat shot like an arrow down the stream, and quickly disappeared.

Sir Morgan watched until he could see it no longer, and then ascended the bank, a dark smile of satisfaction playing across his face. He struck into the forest once more, but proceeded with a much slower step than he had used in coming. His reflections seemed as agreeable now as they had then been disagreeable; that smile of evil portent still lurked about his mouth, and once he gave utterance to a short laugh of satisfaction.

He had proceeded in this manner until he had gained half the distance he meant to travel, when his ear was caught by the snapping of a stick, as if beneath the foot of some person in advance of him. He stopped and listened, but the sound again struck his ear, and this time evidently nearer. The thought that some person from the Blockhouse might be approaching flashed across his mind, and, for certain reasons, not wishing to be seen, he hastily concealed himself behind the trunk of a large oak near at hand.

The footfalls gradually approached nearer, and the form of a man soon came into view. His form was bent and his steps slow and feeble, and we shall have no difficulty in recognizing him as Luke Harvey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND PAINTRESS OF CREMONA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE year 1530 saw the birth of Sofonisba Angiuseiola. She was born at Cremona, and like many of her countrywomen, her chief education was in the noble art of painting. She was a relative of Pope Pius IV., and one of her most successful efforts was the portrait of Isabella, queen of Philip II. It was a present from the king to the pope. In her earlier years she had studied with Bernardino Campo and Bernardo Gatti, and under their instruction had in turn become a thorough portrait and historical painter. Her first portraits were that of her father and two of his children, and these brought her a reputation which has been kept in honorable remembrance. The marriage of Saint Catherine, in the Pembroke collection at Wilton, is hers, and the portrait of Sofonisba herself, playing on a harpsichord, is there also. Her three sisters, Lucia, Europa and Anna Maria, were also painters.

If genius has its exquisite delights, it has also its exquisite sufferings. It was so with the sensitive heart of Sofonisba. Her marriage with a Sicilian nobleman, Don Fabrizio di Moneada, brought her all the happiness which she could look for. She accompanied him to Sicily, and, for a short time, life seemed to bloom, a second Eden to the young and romantic artist. It was all too bright to last. Her husband died, and the unhappy widow, unable to live where everything reminded her of her lost happiness, returned by way of Genoa to Italy.

Orazio Lomellino, the captain of the ship in which Donna Sofonisba returned, was one of the bravest, as he was one of the handsomest, of men. His life had been one of romantic interest, from the varied incidents which had chequered his career upon the sea; and his relation of these, and the fascinating manner in which he brought them, distinct and graphic as a picture, before the minds of his audience, roused all the enthusiasm of his passengers, and made him a hero at once. He, however, modestly disclaimed any such pretensions, and placed all his own deeds in an unassuming light; but no one who knew Lomellino could forbear the tribute of admiration. Toward his lady passenger, his manner was a beautiful blending of sympathy and reverence, accompanied with a protecting air that the widow could not but be grateful to him for showing.

Arriving in Italy, Sofonisba resumed the study of art, and strove to silence her grief by an increased attention to its pursuit. Her life in Sicily came back to her only as a beautiful dream, the incidents of which, bright and brief as they were, it seemed to her that she could almost transfer to her canvass. She passed three years in this way, alternately dreaming of the past, and laying up a reputation for the future. Her home grew lonelier every succeeding year. Her sisters were all married, and her parents had lain down to the same slumber in which her dearest friend was sleeping. Only herself and a young brother remained, and it was only for her loneliness that he refrained from leaving Italy altogether, to find a new home; but he loved his sister too well to permit him to do this.

They lived very simply. The pretty Italian cottage in which she was born had been improved and embellished by Sofonisba's wealth, until it needed nothing more to make it a paradise. It was shaded on three sides with beautiful trees, and on the north were picturesque views that would enchant a painter's eye.

Glimpses through the foliage at the south and east showed vineyards mantling with purple grapes, and on the southwest, the waters of the Mediterranean lay like a "glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests."

Within, all was elegance, but so simplified that it did not seem to clash with the modest style of the building, or the retired life of its owners. The room where Sofonisba painted, and that which she devoted to music, were the two most frequently occupied by her. But to Julius, the library had greater charms. Here they had collected a vast amount of books, in all languages, while paintings and statuary abounded.

One of those delightful days which rise and set only on Italy, or at least are lovelier there than elsewhere, was just dawning. Julius had been up and waiting long for his sister to appear. The servants brought in breakfast, but still nothing was heard from Sofonisba. The brother was alarmed at this departure from her usual custom. It had been her delight, for years, to greet the hour of dawn. He hastened to the door of her room, and called to her to look forth upon the loveliest day of the year. Her sobs reached his ear, and he entered the room.

"How shall I tell you, my brother? I cannot see a ray of light. Julius, I am blind!"

It was too true. Some misgivings, it seemed, she had felt, but could not endure to give them expression, lest they should wound the brother's affectionate heart, and besides, she had never anticipated anything so complete and sudden as this. Oculists were called in, and the best advice consulted, but in vain. Never again would those eyes that had loved so well to look upon the face of nature, and direct the cunning hand to copy its beauties, never again would they behold the light of day. Beautiful eyes were they indeed, and all untouched, to outward appearance, by the cruel disease. No one would have dreamed that they did not see as well as ever. The disorder was of that peculiar nature that, while it destroys all hope of recovery, leaves the eyes in their original beauty and brightness.

Now then, indeed, the world in which Sofonisba had lived was dark and dreary in the future. Now, indeed, did the affectionate brother give up all thoughts of leaving her, and resolved to devote his life to her happiness. Long before he had ceased to mourn over her privation, she had become most truly reconciled. She lived now in the world within, instead of the world without. Now she more fully valued her wealth of books, since she could remember and repeat what Julius read to her.

Her delicacy of touch as a painter stood her now in good stead. Through its subtle power, she could more easily than others distinguish what she wanted to find, without asking for it; and in her walks, when she wished to be alone, her little dog was a sufficient safeguard.

"I am not unhappy," she would say. "God, in closing my eyes, has opened to me a better vision. True, I cannot see the trees as I walk beneath them, but I hear them as they bow to the blind artist who loved to paint them, and the birds carol sweet songs in their branches, as I pass, and the soft breeze kisses my sightless eyes. Do not weep, Julius; I am very happy in them all, and in you more than any."

Vandyck, who often visited her, declared that he learned more of the practical principles of art from this blind painter than by studying all the Italian masters. This was rare praise, and, better still, it was deserved.

One day she was alone. She had driven Julius away, declaring that he should go and sit for an hour or two in "somebody's sunshine." She would not have him wearing out his young days for her. She would play and sing, she told him, all the time he was gone; and finding her in a mood so cheerful, he obeyed.

She passed slowly and cautiously to the music-room, and felt her way to the harpsichord, and soon the music rose loud and sweet from hand and lip. Her voice seemed richer and fuller than ever before, as the eyes of nightingales have been said to be put out that they might pour forth a more thrilling melody. The vaulted roof of the room echoed to the strain, while the sightless eyes were turned upward as if in prayer, with not a cloud upon their blue depths. She looked a Saint Cecilia—an embodied muse, or the spirit of music itself.

So thought he who stood, speechless and entranced, at the door of the room. At the conclusion of the song, he breathed a deep sigh. It caught the quick ear of the songstress, and she started, and the rich red hue spread over a cheek that had not lost any of its fairness or beauty since he saw it last. He approached and held out his hand. She saw it not, but she heard his footstep, and recognized it as one she had heard somewhere before. Her blindness had sharpened every other faculty to its utmost.

"Will you not speak to an old friend, lady?" asked the stranger. And her quick, glad response was music to his ear. "But did you not know my face?" he asked. "Am I so strangely altered?"

She paused a moment ere she replied, and her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"You did not know then, Lomellino? You had not heard of my misfortune?"

"Never. What is it, dear lady? I thought that fate had already done its worst for you when we met before."

"True. Your words are a rebuke, although I know you did not intend it. I must be brave, Lomellino, and tell you that I am blind—hopelessly, irretrievably blind!"

He turned pale for a moment, but, recovering himself, he said: "And if so, dearest lady, will you not give me a right to walk ever by your side, to direct your steps, to love and protect you always, as he would have done whose loss you so bitterly mourned? Say, will you not permit me to be to you what he would have been?"

"No, my friend, no. It shall not be said that Orazio Lomellino has bound his free, glad steps, or his spirit, free as the waves over which his vessel glides, to a blind wife. Had it been otherwise—had I not experienced this misfortune, my heart and soul would have answered yes. I knew all your worth long since, and believed you all that was good and noble. God forbid that I should make the world dark to you, because it is so to me."

"Bless you for some of the words you have uttered, and O, forget the rest! Beloved lady, think better of what you have uttered. O, I will so watch you that you shall hardly miss the sight of those dear eyes. Answer me; may I thus guard her who, waking or sleeping, has not long been absent from my mind since first we met?"

Who can doubt what that answer was? In the whole world, there was not, perhaps, a happier pair than Lomellino and his blind wife. As he had promised, so did he perform. No cloud of distrust ever came between them; and when the auburn locks of Sofonisba changed to silver gray, she seemed dearer to his heart than when in all the flush of her youthful beauty. He lived to watch those footsteps until they disappeared over the river; nor were they long separated.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this union, something which rises far above the level of ordinary love. To me, it is absolutely glorious. Woman, we know, is born to grief and love; but when a man steps aside from his triumphal career, to shed light over a darkened life, it is glorious. It is as when the sons of God came down to love the daughters of men. Let the memory of Orazio Lomellino be embalmed with all that is good and noble, while woman has a heart to feel or a tear to give.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LETTER FROM LAURIE TODD.

MR. PRINTER,—In a late number of the Pictorial, is an article headed, "*Advantages of Temperance.*" It says that Grant Thorburn never eats enough. On reading this remark, my kind wife got in a mutton-chop stew. "My dear," says she, "folks will say I don't give you enough to eat." "My dear," says I, "eating enough is only giving work to the doctor, the apothecary, the coffin-maker and the grave-digger." I have not eat enough, at any one sitting, during the last forty years; hence the food I loved best when in my thirtieth year, now is as sweet to my taste as then, the powers of digestion having been kept in order by moderation in all things.

I love and eat all kinds of fruit and vegetables, but they must pass through the fire before they enter my mouth. I once looked through a microscope, into a glass of water; a shoal of live eels was swimming in its midst. Thinks I to myself, if we must swallow fish, we better boil them first. This incident occurred in 1828; from that day to the present, I have drank one quart of coffee, without milk, every twenty-four hours. This fact confirms the doctrine so widely promulgated by Doctors Grahambread, Dunderhead and Hornblower, that the drinking of coffee is a slow poison. In my case, it is very slow indeed.

GRANT THORBURN, Senior,

Aged 85 years and 6 months.

New Haven, August 10, 1858.

THE BLINDWORM.

Near Dover, there is a small wood, where vipers are reported to dwell; and as I was walking in the wood, I caught a glimpse of a snake-like body close by my foot. I struck, or rather stabbed it with a little stick, for it had a very viperine look about it, and with success rather remarkable, for the very slight blow that the creature could have received from so insignificant a weapon, used in such a manner. The viper was clearly cut into two parts, but how or where could not be seen, owing to the thick leaves and grass that rose nearly knee-high. On pushing among the leaves, I found with regret that the creature was only a blindworm. A curious performance was being exhibited by the severed tail, a portion of the animal about five inches long; this was springing and jumping about with great liveliness and agility, entirely on its own account, for by this time the blindworm itself had made its escape, and all search was unavailing. Some ten minutes or so were consumed in looking for the reptile itself, and by that time the activity of the tail was at an end, and it was lying flat on the ground, coiled into a curve of nearly three-fourths of a circle. I gave it a push with the stick, when I was startled by the severed member jumping fairly into the air, and recommencing its dance with as much vigor as before. This performance lasted some minutes, and was again exhibited when the tail was roused by another touch from the stick. Nearly half an hour elapsed before the touch of the stick failed to make the tail jump, and even then it produced sharp convulsive movements. The object of this strange compound of insensibility and irritability may perhaps be, that when an assailant's attention is occupied by looking at the tail, the creature itself may quietly make its escape.—*Common Objects of the Country.*

AFFLICTIONS.

God schooleth and nutureth his people, that through many tribulations they may enter into their rest. Frankincense, when it is put into the fire, giveth the greater perfume; spice, if it be pounded, smelleth the sweeter; the earth, when it is torn up with the plow, becometh more fruitful; the seed in the ground, after frost, and snow, and winter storms, springeth the ranker; the higher the vine is pruned in the stock, the greater grape it yieldeth; the grape, when it is most pressed and beaten, maketh the sweeter wine; fine gold is the better when it is cast in the fire; rough stones, with hewing, are squared and made fit for building; cloth is rent and cut that it may be made a garment; linen is washed and wrung, and beaten, and is the fairer. These are familiar examples to show the benefit and commodity which the children of God receive by persecution. By it God washeth and scoureth his congregation. "We rejoice," saith St. Paul, "in tribulations; knowing that tribulation bringeth forth patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed." The power of God is made perfect in weakness; all things turn unto good to them that fear the Lord.—*Bishop Jewell.*

THE TYROLESE CARRIER.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing from the life, representing one of those hardy carriers of the Tyrol, whose broad shoulders, in a country of crags and mountains, have to supply the place of horse and cart in transporting heavy loads from place to place. Our sturdy friend in the picture has halted for a moment, resting his ponderous load on his iron-shod staff while he fills and lights his German pipe, that invariable solace of the mountaineer. The Tyrolese carrier, as our engraving shows, is not only picturesquely but comfortably clad, and though his calling is a laborious one, yet "the back is fitted to the burthen." But to bend one's loins and break one's back carrying other men's goods for the scantiest pay, is about as miserable a profession as can well be conceived, and therefore envy we not the lot of a porter—a carrier who carries, as distinguished from the carrier who makes his horses carry. But what, then, must be the position of a carrier in the Tyrol, in a country where to walk—that is to say, to carry your own bones and your own flesh along with you—is by no means an easy matter, and when the slightest false step may precipitate pack, carrier and all, into an abyss which, he will find to his cost, is not bottomless. But does the mountain goat stumble? does the Pyrenean mule hesitate even on the edge of the precipice? No; and by long habit and stern familiarity with danger (familiarity, you know, breeds contempt), the men of the Tyrol become as agile, as sure-footed, as the goats themselves, to say nothing of self-possession, in which they are naturally the animals' superiors. To wander about the Tyrol for pleasure is of course exceedingly pleasant; but the Tyrolese carrier can scarcely have an eye for the fields waving with corn, and the rich pastures decked with wild flowers of every description, nor the mountains with their varied shapes, nor the ravines, nor the deep and dark precipices, nor the complexion of the ever changeable atmosphere. Provided he can fill his pipe, that is all he thinks about, or perhaps, rather, that is all he thinks he thinks about; for, take him from his mountains, and he will pine for them, and sicken with nostalgia, that terrible and incurable disease, which used to commit such havoc among the Breton and Swiss troops of Napoleon's army, that he was compelled to break up the system of recruiting entire regiments from particular provinces, and to draft the Swiss and the Bretons into corps where they were sure not to meet many of their compatriots and co-provincials to sympathize with them and remind them at every instant of their lost homes.

OPEN COURT AND HOUSE, AT CAIRO.

We have added to our popular series of illustrations of Eastern life and scenery the fine engraving on page 169, which shows the interior of a courtyard and part of a house at Cairo, belonging to a family of wealth. It is noticeable for the noble scale on which it is built, the exceedingly rich ornamentation of its walls, and the fanciful style of verandahs, galleries and arcades, recalling Irving's fascinating descriptions of the palace-homes of the Alhambra. In the private houses of Cairo, the foundation walls, to the height of the first floor, are eased with a soft yellowish stone; the alternate courses of the front being sometimes colored red and white, particularly in large houses. The superstructure, the front of which generally projects about two feet, and is supported by corbels or piers, is of brick, and often plastered. The bricks so employed are burned, and are of a dull red color; the mortar is a mixture of mud, lime and ashes. The roof is flat, and is covered with plaster. The entrance-door is often ornamented and fancifully colored with red, white and blue paint, and inscribed with some Mohammedan verse, or moral maxim, in the Arabic character. The poorer classes of houses, however, have unpainted doors, much less elegant in their appearance. An iron knocker, a wooden lock, and a stone door-step, generally constitute part of the arrangements. The windows of these houses are very differently placed from those to which we are accustomed. The windows of the ground-floor are a kind of small wooden grating, placed far above the heads of persons walking through the street; those of the upper apartments project a good deal, and are formed of wooden lattice-work, so close as to render it impossible for persons on the outside to see what is going on within; they are generally unpainted, but are sometimes enlivened by variety of color. The streets of Cairo are so narrow and so tortuous, that one in passing through them can frequently touch both walls with his two elbows.

VIEW OF ISLAMABAD, CASHMERE.

Following the picture of the house in Cairo, on page 169, we have placed a very effective representation of Islamabad, the second town in the valley of Cashmere, and the site of one of the pleasure-gardens of Shah Jehan—of which nothing now remains but the spring gushing from the hillside and the magnificent plane-trees on its banks. It is but a miserable village, of which the houses in the sketch are a sample. They bear a striking resemblance to the Swiss chalets in their form, but differ slightly in construction, for, mud being as plentiful as wood in the valley, bricks and logs are used in about equal proportions. Their broad eaves are covered in the spring with a brilliant display of white, blue and yellow iris, and present a verdant appearance during the greater part of the summer. Here the various sources of the Jhelum combine to form a navigable stream on which floats almost the whole traffic of a country which does not boast a single wheel carriage. Four of these sources, at the distance of a few miles only from Islamabad, and one on the spot, burst from the ground in a solid spark-

THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

The Rogues' Gallery is growing up into an important institution. The collection of portraits known by that name, and exhibited at the Detectives' Rooms in the general police headquarters, corner of Broome and Elm Streets, now numbers nearly 240. The advantages of the idea are daily illustrated, in enabling persons to identify burglars, pickpockets, and other villains by whom they have suffered. Yesterday, for instance, a man whose house was broken into by a fellow whose face he had seen, but who had escaped arrest, looked over the gallery and instantly spotted the perpetrator; and another person who had his pocket picked, recognized the "Knuck" among the portraits, and officers were at once put on the track of the guilty party. By a frequent examination of these photographs, the detectives become so familiar with them that they easily identify the originals on the street; and the regular members of the department, as far as they choose, derive a similar benefit from the exhibition. Sometimes criminal refugees from other cities are picked up in this way. For example, not long ago, a fellow was arrested here on suspicion of being a pickpocket, and his face was duly added to the gallery. A Boston policeman happening to be in town shortly afterwards, recognized this man as a burglar who had escaped from this city, and by that means succeeded in procuring his arrest, and he was taken back to Massachusetts, and put in the penitentiary for ten years. An examination of the portraits is favorable to the claims of physiological science. Imagination doubtless exaggerates the evil aspect of a known culprit, but there is no mistaking the hideous lineaments of vice and crime which lower upon the spectator from the Rogues' Gallery. Low cunning, ferocity, unbridled intemperance and lust, and especially that malignant misanthropic look which we expect to find in the branded outlaws of society, are stamped on most of the faces, although some exhibit a well counterfeited innocence and amiability which makes them all the more dangerous to the public. These are generally confidence men and other plausible rascals, who live by their wits. The greater portion are young men—say under twenty-five years; and it is notorious that the majority of our most hardened villains are not over that age. Most men do not object to the exhibition of their portraits in public places; but rogues are decidedly averse to lending their facial ornaments to the gallery, and most of them require a little gentle compulsion before they will consent to sit for pictures. There is a variety of ingenious ways for bringing them to terms. One is, to fasten placards on their backs and parade them on Broadway till they give up, out of pure shame—a feeling which is probably not altogether extinct in the breast of the worst of men. One obstinate fellow was escorted up and down Broadway, some time ago, with a large label "pick-pocket" upon him. He held out well for a while, and endured the comments and jeers of the public with a high stoicism, but finally burst into tears and expressed a willingness to have his portrait taken. Another and more common process is to pass the contumacious chap from one station-house to another, showing him up to the men at roll-call, until he has made the entire circuit of the precincts, unless he gives in at an early stage of his disgraceful progress, which he generally does. The rascals, when placed before the camera, sometimes screw up their faces into forms of heightened ugliness, so as to prevent subsequent identification; but they are promptly informed that such grimaces will not be allowed, and that they will be detained till they assume a natural countenance. It is a great point with the rascals, even the most hardened of them, to get their portraits out of the gallery, and to this end they make all sorts of propositions to Sergeant Lefferts, but he has only one condition of acquiescence, with which they are generally very slow to comply, and that is, to abandon their evil courses; and when he is satisfied that they have thoroughly reformed, he will grant their request. Sometimes, when the culprit is evidently a beginner in crime, the sergeant very kindly consents to keep his picture in a private drawer, away from the public view, with the understanding that he will be added to the collection if he offends again. Thus the Rogues' Gallery is not only a potent agency in the detection of crime, but, what is of greater importance, in its prevention. It is curious to notice how often science may be pressed into the service of truth and justice in the exposure of villany, and thus nature help in the work of preserving the integrity and purity of human society.—*Journal of Commerce.*



THE TYROLESE CARRIER.

ling mass, and are much revered by the Hindoos of the valley, who constantly perform pilgrimages to them; they were also economized by the Mogul emperors, to decorate and fertilize their gardens, now entirely destroyed. The melting snows of the hills which confine the valley on its northern and eastern border contribute the rest. The town has no trade or manufacture beyond one or two shawl-weaving establishments, and is fast crumbling to decay. The valley of Cashmere has been long celebrated for its shawls. The wool used in their manufacture is of two kinds, one obtained from the tame, and the other from the wild goat, wild sheep, and other wild animals. The fine down growing next to the skin alone is taken, the long hairs being all picked out by the hand. Three weavers are employed on an embroidered shawl, of an ordinary pattern, for three months; but a very rich pair will occupy a shop for eighteen months. The demand for the shawls of Cashmere has, from various causes, greatly fallen off of late years, and is still on the wane. The people of the valley of Cashmere are for the most part Mohammedans.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY EMMA CARLISLE.

I'm pleading for the little child, the gentle, trusting flower;
The angels of our happy homes, God's best and purest dower:
Sweet song-birds, ever trilling out their music pure and wild—
Deal gently, O, deal gently with the artless little child.
Be careful, lest that tiny heart thou dost not understand:
Be careful, touch the slender chords with firm and skilful hand—
Lest thou shouldst idly strain the lute, and unto thee be given
Discordant notes, where once breathed out sweet thoughts from childhood's heaven.

Our Heavenly Father, be alone who doeth all things well,
Intended not that man should cast o'er them a darkened spell;
He sends the dove of innocence to dwell within their breast,
He gives them peace, he gives them joy, to make their lifetimes blest.
O, do not cloud their spirits up with future storms and fears:
Too soon we lay our childhood down for weight of coming years!
Too soon, too soon do ruthless hands break off the silver spell:
To childhood's plays and mimic sports we bid a long farewell—
Farewell until the earthly links from off our hearts are riven,
Then we shall be as innocent as children are in heaven.

I'm pleading for the little ones—that fairy girl of thine,
Whose azure eyes beam out a world of lovelight most divine;
Say, couldst thou bear in after years to see her cold with fear?—
The warmth of her youth crushed out by thee from year to year?
O, no, thou couldst not! Then keep fresh the memory of thy youth;
Be not unreasonable with her, and she will be in truth
A daystar and a light to thee—for she can learn to know
The ills of life, and bear them all, just as they come and go.

It is not long since I have played a happy little child:
Since I have wept when others wept, and smiled when others smiled;
Yet nurtured up with loving hearts, as I have ever been,
Too much—too much by far I've heard of doubt, and pain, and sin.
It is a weary, weary thing not to be understood.
And, with the knowledge of that thought, grow up to womanhood.
I'm thinking of my childhood's hours, how very bright were they.
When my spirit talked to birds and flowers through all the summer day:
When angel-wings fanned from my heart each childish care and pain,
How very often I have wished I was a child again.

O Father, I've an earnest prayer to offer unto thee:
As years roll on, let me, undimmed, keep childhood's memory!
O, may I ne'er with scornful words shiver bright dreams untold:
O, watch and guide my spirit now—keep it from growing old!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FATED EIGHT HUNDRED:

— OR, —

THE SOLDIER'S CRIME.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"TAKE care, LeFarge! Lieutenant Jean Vincellotte has a terrible temper."

"I am neither afraid of his temper nor of him," replied the tall first lieutenant. "He behaved disorderly last night, and as it is not the first time, I shall report him for discipline."

The man who spoke wore a noble, commanding presence. He was much respected, loved and feared, but universally bore the name of an upright and order-loving officer. He was very handsome; his eyes and hair were coal black, his features elegant, and his air distinguished. Lieutenant Jean Vincellotte was the second in command, an equally handsome man, but of less dignity. His figure was more slender, his manners more graceful, his eye perhaps sparkled a trifle more; but that proved the instability of his temperament. From some cause or other LeFarge had taken a deadly dislike to Vincellotte. It may have been because he was, before his own marriage, the favored lover of Emeline Castlemain, the belle of Quebec, whom he had borne away in triumph. He was said to have the most beautiful woman in the world for a wife, and it is certain that he worshipped her with all a soldier's ardor and a lover's devotion.

The army was returning from a skirmish with Indians, and they were now on their way to Quebec. The past week they had been stopping at a considerable town on the frontier, whither the lovely wife of Lieutenant LeFarge had come to meet her husband, and the night before the conversation mentioned above, Vincellotte had drunk too deeply of the wine, and had unconsciously insulted his superior officer. LeFarge was inexorable, and Vincellotte was disciplined. The latter was changed for a time into a fury. Walking his narrow quarters with blazing eyes and the expression of a fiend, he shook his clenched fist at the empty air, and hurled forth vow upon vow of revenge.

"I will turn his black soul out of his body," he cried, with a fearful execration. "He shall sicken and die in the presence of his beautiful wife, and then, by the eternal gods! she shall marry his murderer. The poltroon, to brand me thus! It was only to gratify his infernal revenge because I happened once to love the woman he married; it is in her eyes he wishes to disgrace me! Well, let him wait awhile; let him feast his eyes upon her beautiful face—it will not be long. I'll compass my purpose if I destroy the whole army!"

Meanwhile there was much talk concerning the discipline of Vincellotte. Everybody who knew him had occasion to denounce his French blood. The soldiers hated him, while they loved LeFarge; even the women admitted that his manly beauty was spoiled by the quickness of his temper, and he had lost the opportunity of more than one fortunate match on that account.

In their room in the hotel sat LeFarge and his wife. Words cannot express the dazzling loveliness of the fair woman. She wore a dress of tissue delicately embroidered with silver thread;

her sleeves were looped over arms of pearly whiteness, and around her magnificent throat hung a costly necklace. This was the costume that rendered her most lovely in her husband's eyes. Her hair fell in ringlets unconfined, and her blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, were now dancing with mirth, now drooping in sadness.

"I hear Vincellotte has been disciplined," said Emeline. "It appears to be a pity; for a man so sensitive and of such a high spirit can hardly get over so evident a disgrace."

"I hope you do not apologize for him, my dear," said LeFarge, shortly.

"O, but you know I always feel ever so little a bit of interest in my old beaux, Paul! But dear me, don't look so terribly cross. I was only in fun."

"To be sure, I supposed you were," said the lieutenant, clearing his brow and laughing a little. "Vincellotte deserved his punishment, my dear. He is a disorderly man; I have kept his tricks to myself for too long a time; he has now at least what he has been deserving these five years past."

"I only hope you never will regret it," said Emeline, looking down.

"What do you mean?" asked LeFarge.

"That he is revengeful, and may single you out as the victim of his revenge. Remember my dream!"

"Pshaw!" said the lieutenant; but for a moment his heart misgave him.

The dream his wife referred to was very symbolical. She thought that while sitting with her husband in camp, an enormous wolf entered, and springing on the back of her husband tore his head from his body. The wolf had the face of a man—the human and singularly beautiful features of Vincellotte; and since then she had never looked at him without recurring to her dream.

However, time wore away, and Vincellotte was out again on parole. Every one noticed that confinement had gone hard with him. His hair and beard had not been cut; the former hung in glossy curls even to his shoulders, the latter, which before he had always shaved, had grown in a luxuriant crop on chin and cheek. His eyes glared more brightly than ever, and his face was a bleached, unearthly white. Revenge seemed written on his forehead—revenge curled on his pale lips. He only answered, whatever was said to him, in monosyllables; he never spoke to LeFarge, nor, only when it was impossible to avoid it, ventured in his presence.

One day Vincellotte appeared on parade with his hair and beard trimmed and a glow on his cheeks. He had decided upon his plan of revenge, and could no longer afford to be sad. His brother officers wondered what change had come over him. They congratulated themselves, for it was pleasanter to see him in this frame than the other. "Vincellotte appears to have forgotten," they said to each other. "He seems in excellent spirits." Vincellotte had not forgotten.

The commandant gave a brilliant supper. Vincellotte was there in his best humor; only when he looked towards LeFarge, if one had but noticed closely, might be seen a quick revival of the old glare, an involuntary bringing together of the white teeth under the moustache, a pressure of the lips that grew suddenly white. Wealth and beauty were also there—beauty in the person of Madame LeFarge, who, though pale, looked royally lovely. From some cause not apparent she watched her husband closely, and she never looked towards Vincellotte. The fete passed off. There was music and dancing. Vincellotte's eyes glittered as he saw his enemy. He watched him with intense satisfaction, and at midnight went home, not having danced. And yet, strange to say, nobody seemed to observe that his conduct that night was not what it generally was on festive occasions. But when he was in his room, sitting coolly down, his eyes fixed, his lips clenched, one might then have noticed the evidence of diabolical pleasure. Quietly he took a cigar from the case beside him and smoked, sucking the weed with evident relish. After smoking he drank wine, glassful after glassful, and then, wrought up to a desperate courage, he did the deed.

Taking from his escrutoire a small package he laid it on the table, and folding his arms surveyed it with fiendish delight. It was labelled in large letters, "Poison." Then stealing from the room and quietly finding his way out, he went to the well that served the mess and the barracks, and deliberately emptied the contents within, stealing back with the stealthy steps of a criminal; and after that he threw himself upon his bed and slept soundly till morning.

"What is the matter with you, Brewster?" asked Lieutenant LeFarge of a private who was staggering along by a railing—"drunk?"

"No, sir; I'm sick, your honor," said the poor fellow, feebly touching his fatigue cap.

"Sick, are you? Why, what's the matter?"

"Don't know, sir; there's a powerful lot complaining in the same way. Not more than twenty men in our barracks well."

"How long have they been sick?"

"Since this noon, your honor. O, Lord!" And a groan succeeded as the poor fellow turned almost double.

"Well, doctor!" exclaimed Lieutenant LeFarge, as the barracks physician came hastily out, "what seems to be the matter?"

"Very inexplicable, lieutenant; twelve men dead within the last fifteen minutes."

The lieutenant turned pale.

"O, God!" groaned the poor private, and losing strength he fell to the ground, and rolled in agony.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed Lieutenant LeFarge. "That man looks like the cholera."

"The symptoms are very much the same," said the physician.

"It is strange; there seems to be no provocation to that disease either in food or atmosphere. Very mysterious."

He shook his head, and was going along, leaving the lieutenant standing in a bewildered attitude, when suddenly a woman sprang down the barrack stairs, her eyes inflamed, her hair dishevelled, her attire in disorder, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"O, doctor!" she cried, catching at his hands, "O, for the love of heaven save Will Shawn, my husband. Doctor, he doesn't know me!" she screamed, in frantic, ear-piercing tones. "The cold sweat is on his forehead—O, save him, doctor, save him! You may well know how I love him when I tell you that I am the missing granddaughter of Earl Bouve. I followed him—O, don't tell me I have followed him to his death!"

"I am afraid you have, my poor girl; I will go with you, though."

The next day one hundred and thirty men had fallen, mowed down by merciless death. Consternation and awe fell upon the inhabitants at this great calamity; many of them began to move away. Some of the officers, whose quarters were in the vicinity of the terrible well, were taken with the poison symptoms and instantly died. Lieutenant LeFarge stopped in another quarter of the city, but frequently, when near the barracks of this regiment, he would drink of the fine well-water. For this opportunity the blood-thirsty soul of Vincellotte thirsted. Calmly he looked upon the awful work of devastation that was going on around him, and even simulated the disease in all respects, faithfully, save one, he recovered.

The second day two hundred were dead. Coffins were now seen being brought along from all directions. The wives and families of those officers who lived near the well were all stricken down. They were but few, but not one survived. Some of the Roman priests ignorantly proclaimed that it was a judgment on the regiment for some sin their superiors had committed, and they came round with their rosaries and sacraments. The barracks was a scene of suffering and confusion unparalleled. Hour by hour some scores died; shrieks and lamentations, prayers and groans were going up from morning till night; the very atmosphere seemed filled with pollution; it grew like an accursed place. Even Vincellotte became desperate as he daily saw LeFarge untouched as yet by the venom of his cruel nature; and pale and feigning extreme weakness, he moved from the place.

Meanwhile, the attention of the doctors was drawn towards the well. One of them on tasting the water became violently ill and was with much difficulty saved. It was immediately analyzed, and the well sealed up. Report was sent to the commandant that they had found the water highly poisonous. Lieutenant LeFarge was in the room, Lieutenant Vincellotte not far off. Both gentlemen were pale and care-worn; but when the announcement was made LeFarge started as though he was shocked, while Vincellotte carelessly exclaimed:

"It like to have made an end of me. Confound all wells; I never want to go near one again."

"Good God!" exclaimed LeFarge, his face grown livid, "doctor, I'm a dead man. I drank water from that well not three hours ago."

"We notified this morning," said one of the physicians, hastily.

"I was away all night—came home on horseback. O, my God! take me home to my wife!"

Vincellotte saw at last his triumph complete. In his vengeful heart there sprang up as yet no remorse. The devil gives his followers a quitclaim on conscience sometimes till the dying hour. He pretended, in appearance at least, great pity and sympathy for LeFarge. The hypocrite offered his aid; he was hardened enough to do even that service for the man who had injured him only by doing his duty. They led him, drooping, dying, to his rooms. His wife, though struck pale and speechless with horror, did not pain him by her own distress. She held his dying head in her arms; kept back her tears, but when the last breath was drawn, she fell senseless by his side, and for many moments it was thought that her spirit had joined that of her husband.

During the funeral, and after the last services, none were so gentle, so attentive as Vincellotte. He seemed to take the whole charge of the melancholy business. Not intruding by either word or movement upon the privacy of the widow, he managed to make everything tell to the best advantage. She heard of him through willing tongues, and could not but respect his delicacy of deportment. Then she returned to her home in Quebec, there to mourn the untimely death of one of the bravest and noblest of men.

Meanwhile Vincellotte had not lost sight of his reward. The good things of this world are heaped upon villains sometimes. An uncle died leaving him heir to a hundred thousand. Did not the ghastly vision of the fated eight hundred troop sometimes about his pillow of down? Did not the faces of murdered babes, the cries of cruelly wronged women, make his dreams hideous? The wholesale murderer threw up his commission. For three or four years he pursued pleasure, keeping his greedy eye fixed upon Quebec, where the widow of LeFarge still resided. She had not yet thrown off her mourning, though her sorrow was quiet and subdued.

In the fifth year Vincellotte bought a splendid mansion near the residence of Mrs. LeFarge, and like a spider, venomous and cruel, he began to weave his web for the innocent, the unsuspecting. By degrees the beautiful Mrs. LeFarge threw off her sables, and ventured on the edge of popularity. Her extreme beauty brought the fashionable wife-seekers at her feet. Vincellotte stood and worshipped at a distance. By a series of the most cunning tactics he engaged her attention. The splendor of the fame of his

wealth was attractively proclaimed. He did not force his company upon her, but by the most distant worship made her sensible of the ardor of his attachment.

But there is no need of prolonging the preface of what soon happened. Why did not the wronged LeFarge start from his grave when the outrage was perpetrated? Why did not the latest eight hundred fill those great rooms, and there with burning eyes and words of fearful import lay their blood upon him? There was nothing of the kind. Only sounds of festive music, halls flooded with light, rooms hung with flowers, a bridal chamber on which untold sums had been lavished, and where the hangings and the curtains were of costly laces and satins, gold embroidered.

The wife of the rich Vincellotte bore her honors well. A babe was born to her in the course of three years—a beautiful creature, but with no powers of articulation, no creative faculty, in fine, with no mind. Innocence and beauty were its only dower. Vincellotte ran through his income. He lived like a prince, it is no wonder that he soon began to feel the drain upon his purse. Wherever he listed there he travelled. Behold him in Paris at last, with health impaired, though his beauty and wit were still as brilliant as ever.

One fatal morning he was arrested and borne to prison. His wife, with blanched face, followed him, although she knew upon what terrible charge he had been committed—a charge of murder. His cousin had been found mortally wounded with seven barbarous gashes in his side and around his head and throat. Subsequently a scrap of paper was found on the dead man's person with Vincellotte's name upon it; this, with some other evidence, was of sufficient importance to convict him, and he was sentenced to the guillotine. He had all along persisted in his innocence, and his wife had implicitly believed him; when, however, he found that his doom was sealed, his manner changed. A priest came to see him, to hear his confession if he could be induced to make it. He entered the gloomy cell; Emeline, pale and haggard, sat there fondling her unconscious infant. She sat at her husband's feet, her elbow resting upon his knee; he had his face hidden. As he saw his visitor, he shuddered violently, then with a loud and bitter laugh, springing to his feet, he cried:

"You wish me to confess. Well, I killed him—you hear, do you? you priest, you Emeline—I murdered him with seven stabs. O, how he struggled for life—ha, ha! I see him now, writhing, gurgling!"

The priest stood silent and composed. His wife threw herself upon her knees and grasped him by the arms, as she cried, with a voice of terror:

"Unsay that, Jean Vincellotte, or you will drive me mad!"

"Unsay it, woman! I could not if every fiend compelled me. I tell you I murdered him; and that is not all. Listen, sir priest—listen, Emeline; what you have heard, what you know, will be as nothing to what I am to tell you now. I poisoned the well at St. Vincent, and eight hundred men, women and children died in less than one week from drinking its accursed waters!"

A yell finished the sentence. The priest stepped back, horror, disgust and fear painted upon his face. Emeline stood for a moment as if changed into stone, then with a shriek, like that of a forsaken spirit, she heaped maledictions upon his head.

"Why was I left to this—the wife of my husband's murderer? O, my God, I am indeed forsaken! Come from thy grave, LeFarge—is there no fiend who will torture him?" And thus raving, with reason gone, she was carried from the prison.

"Miserable man!" said the priest. "God forgive me that I breathe the same polluted air with you. I can offer thee no absolution—I can give thee no hope. Henceforth the torments of undying remorse await thee."

"Hope!" cried the doomed man, while his face changed to a ghastly hue, and his quivering finger pointed upward, downward, on all sides. "Hope! what hope for a man tormented already before his time? They are thick around me—there's poor Lancy—there is LeFarge, with glaring eyeballs—there the the granddaughter of the Earl Bouve throwing fire out of her hair at me; here are all the faces that I know—hundreds upon hundreds. They crowd upon you, upon me; O, save me, save me!" And he fell in a writhing heap upon the stone floor of his cell.

The priest could no longer bear his agony, but left him to that fearful doom. When it became known to the populace, they cried like tigers for his blood, and thronged the prison so that it was necessary to execute him in secrecy, which they did, he shrieking and glaring, not in dread of the death to come, but of that innumerable company who had never left him night or day since his condemnation.

The poor victim of Vincellotte's treachery spent two years in a hospital for the insane. During that time her child died. At the expiration of her imprisonment she returned to her native city, wrecked in beauty and dimmed in intellect. But a man who had loved her long and hopelessly again renewed his suit. She was much younger than the old commandant Villers, but she needed a home, a rest, and she married him. Many years ago she was spoken of as the once beautiful widow LeFarge, whose husband was poisoned at the well in St. Vincent, and who was one of the Fated Eight Hundred.

THE WIFE.

The origin of the word "wife" has recently been the subject of some discussion. Trench, a high authority on the "study of words," remarks that the word belongs to the same family as weave, woof, web, and the German weben. It is the title given to a person who is engaged at the web and woof, those having been the most ordinary branches of female industry and wifely employment when the language was forming. So that in the word itself there is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fittest for her who bears the name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KING'S MYSTERY.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

PHILIPPE AUGUSTE, the son of the old fighting monarch, Louis VII., ascended the throne of France in 1180. His father lived to see his coronation, and his marriage with Isabella of Hainault, and then died of paralysis. Philippe was but fifteen when he was crowned. Seven years afterwards he was in Palestine, fighting against the Saracens, side by side with Richard Cœur de Lion, to whom his youngest sister, Alice, was affianced. Subsequent disputes rendered them foes, and the alliance was broken off, Richard marrying instead the beautiful Princess Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre.

Just before Philippe's departure for the Holy Land, the Queen Isabella died; and on his return from thence, being desirous of allying himself to the princes of the north, he married Ingeborge, sister of Canute VI., king of Denmark. The marriage, which was celebrated with all the pomp and observances of royalty, was followed closely by the coronation of the youthful queen. While the latter ceremony was being performed, Philippe was earnestly looking upon her face, and it was observed that he suddenly grew pale and trembled excessively. So great was his unaccountable agitation that it was with difficulty that his attendants could induce him to remain in the cathedral until the ceremony was over, and in three months he demanded a divorce.

"The poor young queen," says Henri Martin, "was made to take part in the assembly without understanding what was its object, or what was said of or to her, and when she was informed by an interpreter, she burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'Male France! male France (wicked France)! Rome, Rome!' meaning that she appealed from the authority of her husband and his instruments, to the authority of the sovereign pontiff. She refused to retire into Denmark, but, withdrawing herself beyond the royal domains, retired to the convent of Cisoing, in Flanders, where she abode, poor and lonely, while King Canute preferred her suit for restitution to the papal court."

The slow progress made in this rendered Philippe so impatient that he set the canonical law at defiance. Having fallen violently in love with Agnes de Merania, daughter of the Duke of Dalmatia, he married her, in spite of the church. Celestine III. allowed the affair to pass unproved; but when Innocent III. was advanced to the pontificate, he threatened the king with excommunication unless he abandoned Agnes de Meranie and took back his lawful queen.

Philippe treated the threat with a scorn which procured his sentence at once. He was excommunicated, and the French clergy were laid under an interdict of performing the church rites. Philippe, unused to yield, even to the authority of the Holy See, dismissed all the priests who ventured to side with the pontiff, and appropriated their revenues to his own use. The deserted queen, Ingeborge, was seized by his orders, in her convent where she had pined for three dreary years. Unable to solve the problem of her destiny, she knew not whither she was to be carried, until the gloomy apartments of the castle of Etampes received her, a state prisoner.

The pope prevailed in his resolve of shutting up the churches. The whole system of religious observances came to a dead stand throughout France, and the king was obliged to take his young son, Louis, and the Princess Blanche of Castile, to whom he was affianced, to Normandy to celebrate their nuptials. Two years witnessed the struggle between the pontificate and the kingly power, and then Philippe agreed to abide by the decision of a new council. The assembly met at Soissons and deliberated solemnly for fifteen days. On the sixteenth, Philippe suddenly announced his determination to settle the whole affair without interference from strangers, and making his way out, he mounted his horse and rode off.

On that day the unhappy Ingeborge was more than usually restless and unhappy. A nervous tremor assailed her at the slightest noise. Condemned to prison for no known fault, debarred from intercourse with those around her, who knew nothing of her Danish tongue, living in perpetual solitude, and watering her prisoner's fare with her tears, the beauty of Ingeborge must have been of more than mortal type had it not faded under the terrible ordeal to which she was exposed. But her fresh, rosy northern beauty which she had brought from Denmark, had only given place to a more delicate and ethereal loveliness. Her pure, pale face was like a water-lily, and the frail, slender figure that moved slowly about in that gloomy prison seemed so shadowy in its proportions that one would have scarcely wondered to behold it gifted with wings and soaring upward from captivity to a glorious freedom.

This day she was more sensitive to slight annoyances than her lofty sense of what was due to herself usually permitted her to be. She started if but a bird quivered in the branches of the single tree that grew in that gloomy *quartier*, and some strange emotion seemed to shake her very soul within her. She had pondered over the dull and unfathomable mystery of her coronation day, had recalled the strange and terrible change that had overshadowed the face of him to whom alone she had to look for countenance or support in that solemn ceremony, and then imagination had paused before the mysterious sorrow which had come upon her young days, and doomed her, as she supposed, to a life of imprisonment.

The high and narrow casement of her room had just let in the straggling beam of sunshine that told the hour of approaching sunset. It was but the last gleam that visited her for a moment

each night, and left the dull room with deeper and lonelier shadows than before. All was still, and she could hear the beating of her own heart, and she wondered that it had not ceased to beat under the load of unhappiness that seemed crushing it into the earth. She climbed up to the casement to catch a parting glance at the red sunset clouds; and as her gaze fell under the radiance, it rested on the long, long street, whose extent seemed to the prisoner interminable. A single figure on horseback met her gaze, and partly because the sight of a human being made her feel less lonely, and partly because she was mysteriously attracted to the sight, she continued to gaze upon him until the projecting towers of the prison hid him as he came nearer.

The sound of the horse's feet had suddenly ceased. She withdrew from the window and knelt down by the little narrow bed to pray before she went to her slumber. So absorbed was she in her devotions that she heeded not the sound of the key as it unlocked her door, nor knew until she was rising from her knees that some person stood beside her. That radiant sunset and the act of devotion had soothed her wild nerves into quiet. Then she looked up and saw the impersonation of all her dreams since the hour she left Denmark. Philippe Auguste stood before her regarding her with a strange mixture of savageness and tenderness. He laid his hand upon her thin wrist and impelled her along with him. Without speaking, he drew her down the long flights of stairs, until she arrived at the end, perfectly exhausted. He took her in his arms, lifted her to the saddle, and springing lightly up, he rode off under the gathering twilight. What passed in that hour was never repeated to mortal ears, but in all probability the strange mystery was partially if not wholly revealed. The next day Ingeborge was proclaimed as the lawful wife of the king.

In a distant apartment of the palace, a few weeks after this event, a young woman lay apparently dying. Beside her sat the queen, now restored to her beauty, yet with a trace of sadness, as of remembered suffering. The priest approached to administer extreme unction, and when that was over, the dying woman placed her little hand in that of the queen, and closed those sad, mournful eyes forever. Agnes de Meranie had died of a broken heart.

For twenty years after the death of Agnes, Philippe and Ingeborge reigned together. None knew what had prompted the king, either in repudiating her at first or in restoring her afterwards, voluntarily, to the throne. Whether the deadly wound which was inflicted upon the queen was ever robbed of its sharpness is not known. Mortals live through grief, shame and disgrace, through woes one of which might seem sufficient to kill the strongest; and Ingeborge lived on, and made no sign. If there were thorns in the queenly tiara, she did not show where they pierced.

Philippe Auguste died on the fourteenth of July, 1223, of a disease which had long threatened his existence. Long before, the pope had legitimized the children of the well beloved Agnes, and to her son, Philippe Hurepel, or The Rude, he left the same provision—ten thousand livres—as he did to Queen Ingeborge. As the latter had no children to be prospective heirs to the throne, it is probable that she went to bury the remembrance of her strange life in her native Denmark.

Her successor, Blanche of Castile, wife of Louis Cœur de Lion, so called after the hero of England, was of a very different nature to the ex-queen. Her Castilian blood was forever prompting her to some daring and high-handed exploit, and the brief reign of her husband leaving her in possession of the kingdom, as regent in place of her son Louis, then only twelve years of age, gave her a power and influence which she did not fail to exercise to its utmost extent, and to raise up enemies, among whom she numbered the son of the unhappy Agnes de Meranie, who disputed with her the regency as his own right. Scarcely, however, had she assumed the regency than she hastened to raise an army for the destruction of the league against her. Another of the insurgents was her old lover, Thibaut of Champagne. Him she recalled by an artful hint that she would accept the homage once offered, and he was soon at her feet, instead of joining the rebels. After a life of power, wielded strongly over all around her, she took the veil of a Cistercian nun, in the abbey of Maubuisson. She expired in the odor of sanctity on the first of December, 1253.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.

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BRIDGE

OF ALLAN MINERAL SPRINGS. The engraving below represents a spa in North Britain, which of late years has attained great favor and celebrity, and of which some of our friends who have lately returned from Enrope speak in the most enthusiastic terms. Till lately a mineral spa, with suitable accommodations for visitors, was an attraction altogether unknown in North Britain. To saline and sulphureous springs in different districts a certain local celebrity was attached; and of late years some village watering-places have been frequented by summer visitors in considerable numbers. The saline springs of Airthrey, at Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, have been resorted to by invalids for a period of half a century, but the village with which the spa is connected has only been reared during the last twenty years. A more suitable locality as a resort of invalids or of persons in quest of rural quiet it is hardly possible to conceive. Equi-distant from the German and Atlantic Oceans, the place is snugly and beautifully ensconced at the southern base of the Ochils—a gracefully undulating mountain range which partially traverses central Scotland. The site is otherwise singularly attractive, interesting, and convenient of access. From every point the prospect is truly magnificent. North-eastward the Ochils extend their undulating verdant masses and moss-clad summits; stretched out in the foreground are the level plain of Stirling carse and the vale of Menteith, irrigated by the rivers Forth, Teith, and Allan, which, serpent-like, seem to intermingle their silvery courses; while in the centre of the scene rise up the crags of Stirling Rock, Craig Forth, and Abbey Craig, stony sentinels, each associated with events stirring to the Scottish heart, and eminently interesting to the stranger. To the south-west the dark hills of Touch bound the horizon, while in the more distant west, in the region of the far-famed Trossachs and the celebrated Scottish lakes, rise in stupendous magnificence the massive and majestic sum-

mits of Benledi, Benlomond, and Benvoirlich. The panorama includes the battle-ground in which Scottish nationality was at successive periods struggled for in mortal combat, nobly vindicated and sternly won. Three miles south of the spa, Stirling Castle, on its rocks, points to every incident of renown bound up in the natural history. The climate of Bridge of Allan has been celebrated since the reign of King William the Lion, in the twelfth century. Sheltered by several intervening mountain ranges, the place is entirely free from the east winds which are so frequently experienced on the eastern coast. It is protected by the Ochils from the fierce northern blasts, while the powerful southwest gales are effectually subdued by the hills of Touch. The incessant humidity of the west coast is unmet, and it is altogether a delightful place of sojourn. As we have before said, this place teems with associations of old time in respect of striking and memorable incidents, and presents scenes of singular and romantic picturesqueness, while its curious legends have in the hands of the novelist furnished themes of fiction the noblest in the language.

MUSWELL HILL CHURCH,

NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

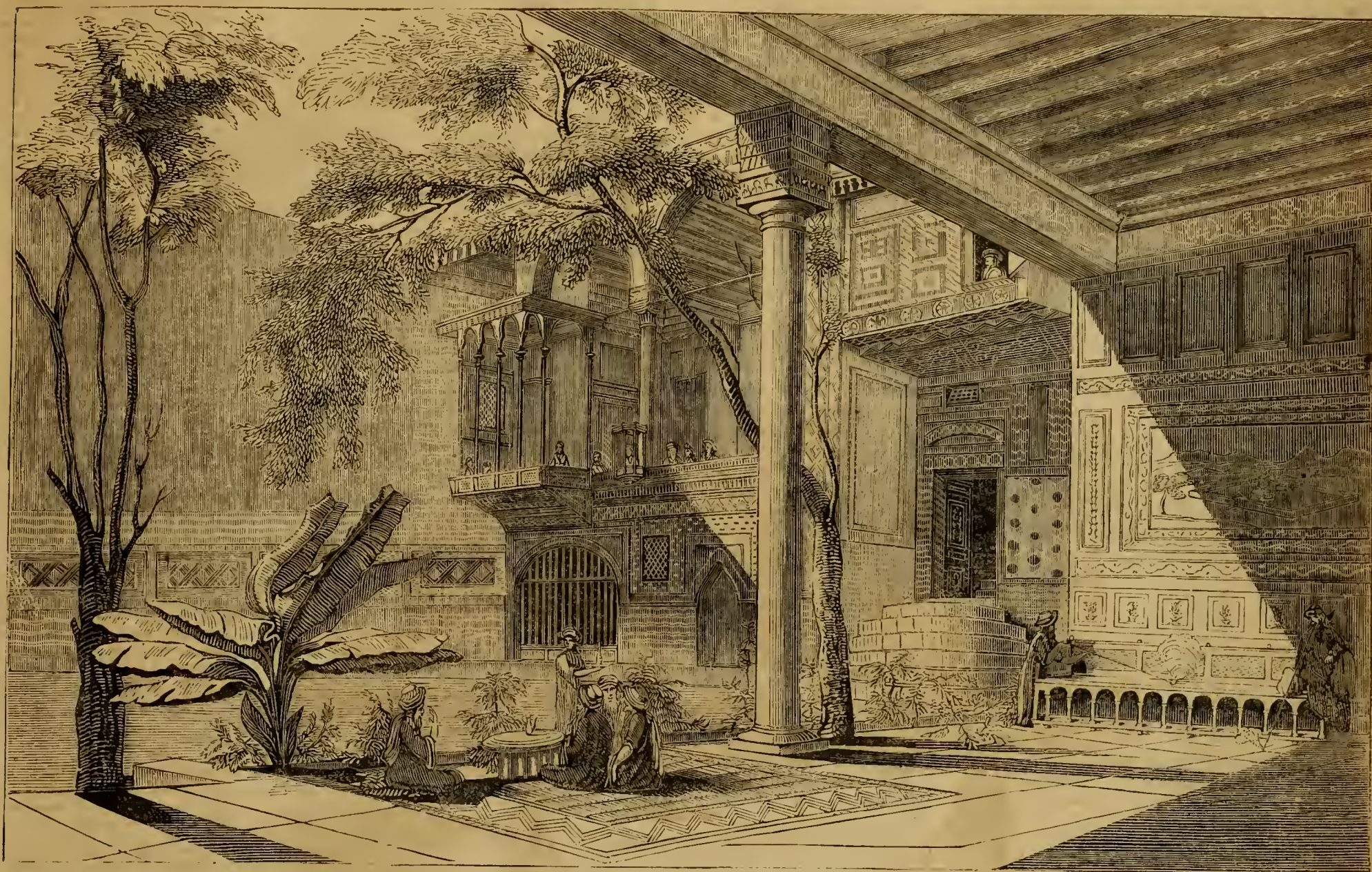
We have published the accompanying view of Muswell Hill Church, about five and a half miles from St. Paul's London, because it is so favorable a specimen of English church architecture, exquisite in the harmony of its proportions and exceedingly picturesque in effect. The design might be happily imitated on this side of the water. How beautifully such a church would look in an opening in the midst of one of our beautiful oak groves. A peculiar effect is produced in the church before us by the profusion of English ivy which has clung to the walls and tower, clothing with a living ornament which no skill of the chisel could equal. The churchyard is surrounded by a hedge which adds to the pretty pastoral effect. In the vicinity of Muswell Hill Church is Hornsey Church, where the poet Rogers is buried.



MUSWELL HILL CHURCH, ENGLAND.



BRIDGE OF ALLAN MINERAL SPRING, NORTH BRITAIN.



VIEW OF AN OPEN COURT AND HOUSE AT CAIRO, IN EGYPT.



ISLAMABAD, CASHMERE, A FUNERAL PASSING

For description, see page 165. j

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE REAPERS.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

[Strange as it may seem, the first verse of the following poem was composed, or rather *improvised*, in a dream; and so vividly was it impressed upon his memory, that, upon awaking, the author repented it without effort at once. His judgment suggested some changes, but it was preferred to give it *verbatim*, as a striking instance of somniloquism.]

O, my soul goes forth with a faith sublime,
And I feel that God is near,
When the fields are ripe in the harvest-time,
And the reapers' hymn I hear.

They come, they come, like the measured beat
That the waves to the rocks impart!
I feel the tramp of a thousand feet.
Like the throb of a mighty heart.

I love the song of the reaper strong,
As it swells from the golden West;
When they tune their stroke to a shout and a song,
With their gleaming blades abreast.

They come, they come, like a wave-ride flood,
And the grain melts away like a breath!
But their bright blades bear no blush of blood,
And they strike for life—not death.

Press on, blest army, and chant that strain,
And not the war-song—wield
The sickle, not the sword—the grain
Change not for battle-field!

On, glorious band, though from each brow
The dew of life drops down;
'Tis nobler far than gems, I trow,
That glitter in a crown.

Sovereigns ye are, that walk the earth
Freer than kings of state;
Then covet not the rich man's spoil—
Be patient, work and wait.

Trust God!—do battle for the right!
Be firm, be frank, be free;
And let thy watchword in the fight
Be "Truth and Liberty!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEAD AND ALIVE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

DEAD?—and what was *that* death?

There was the sound of weeping about my couch, tears fell like rain upon my face, lips pressed mine with passionate kisses. Surely I was dreaming. And yet for hours I had been striving to shake off the spell of that horrible vision—for vision it was. For hours I had struggled with the strange torpor that was upon me, the torpor that benumbed my limbs, chilled my blood, and stagnated my pulses. For hours I had heard that desolate sound of sobbing, felt the tears dropping on my forehead, the pressure of caressing lips against my own. I had heard my mother's voice calling my name in tones of agonizing entreaty, and tried in vain to answer her. My father had lifted me in his arms, pressed my face against his bearded cheek, chafed my cold hands, called me by all the pet names I had ever known, and when I gave him no response, he laid me back upon my pillow, and kneeling beside the bed, sobbed and trembled with the strength of his great grief. My little sisters had stood on tiptoe by my side, smoothed back the hair from my forehead pityingly with their dimpled fingers, hushed the glad music of their childish voices into silence, and lisped that terrible word whose meaning had always been a mystery to them—death!

Death! What had death to do with me? Was I not alive? Could the dead hear?—could the dead feel?—could the dead think? Thou God of mercy!—how slowly dawned the fearful truth upon my mind! How long, how fiercely, how resolutely I combated the cruel reality of my situation! How eagerly I tried to convince myself that I was indeed dreaming all the while; that I should waken soon from that disturbed slumber; that I should remember the sobbing, the tears, the wild words, as only the bitter ingredients of a troubled vision! How lingeringly hope gave way to fear, and fear lapsed into the dead calmness of despairing certainty! I knew it all at last.

It was the second morning of May. I had been out the day before with my mates, gathering flowers. All the dewy morning, the quiet forenoon, and the long, golden afternoon, we wasted wandering in the cool, shadowy old wood, winding our hats with festoons of evergreen, and crowding our hands with the pink and white blossoms of the sweet arbutus. I was very, very weary when I reached home at twilight, too weary even to taste the tempting supper which waited for me; so tossing my flowers idly upon the table, I went up to my room, and throwing aside my hat and shawl, flung myself upon my couch. But the delicious repose I had anticipated did not come to me. My weariness increased rather than diminished. It seemed as if a belt of iron girdled my head, as if a hand of ice was pressing coldly against my heart. I did not attempt to account for the unnatural sensations I experienced, attributing them all to my excessive fatigue, and supposing they would of course pass away with that. Lying thus, I fell into a kind of stupor, a stupor that seemed like the approach of sleep, and yet was not sleep; a feeling of numbness, of languor, of oppressive drowsiness, and then followed unconsciousness.

When I awoke, it was to hear every member of the collected

household lamenting me as one dead. I tried to answer them, to force my rigid lips into speech, to open my shut eyes, or move my heavy arms; but in vain. My will had no control over my body. I felt that girdle of iron still about my head, that hand of ice still crushing my heart, and every effort I made to release myself from the spell but tightened their death-like pressure. I thought I was in a nightmare; but no nightmare ever lasted like that. I could give no solution to the mystery of my utter feebleness. I had read often of persons lying for weeks in trances that had every appearance of death, of men and women buried alive, and finally the awful thought forced itself home upon my mind—I was to be the victim of a like fate! I, like them, was doomed to have the sunlight, the blessed air, the sights and sounds of life shut out from me forever, before my time! I, too, was to suffocate in a living tomb, to revive perhaps at the last moment, only to strangle and writhe and die in my narrow coffin home. The white shroud-plaits would be folded across my bosom while a living heart was beating underneath. The coffin-lid would be fastened down above my face, the green sods piled upon my breast, while death lingered a truant on his way, to torture me. The thought was anguish most maddening, terror most awful, agony the most unendurable.

The family physician came, and laid his hand professionally upon my heart. How bitter were my feelings towards him when he turned away and assured my weeping friends, in his cool, methodical, business tones, as if it were the commonest matter in the world, that there was no life remaining. O God, the sufferings of that moment! Passionately I strove to signify that I was not dead—strove to gasp, to stir, to unclose my eyes, to speak even in the faintest whisper. No motion, not so much as the tremor of an eyelid—no sound, not even an audible breath, rewarded my eager efforts.

The May wind, fresh and cool from the meadow lands, came in and drifted mockingly across my face. I could hear the crimson-breasted robins calling to each other from the budded maples. I knew when the sunlight came and crept over my chamber floor, till it slanted in a golden line across my forehead. And then kind hands closed the blinds and drew the curtains closely over the windows. The room was hushed and darkened, and I was left alone, alone with my dead and living self.

Hours went by while I lay there; hours that seemed concentrated into so many seconds, so precious had time grown to me. Every moment carried me nearer my living sepulchre, further from the faint possibility of resuscitation. The family clock struck the passing hours; every stroke was like a knell to me. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, two—and then another sound broke the awful stillness of my chamber. God of heaven, the village bell was tolling! Intuitively I knew what it had to tell. I tried to think of something else, to shut from my hearing the horrid sound. As well might I have bidden an angel to my rescue. With an exquisite self-torture I counted the strokes. Every one smote upon my ear like a human blow. It tolled my age—nineteen years! Reason deserted me then; hope faded within my heart; my soul reeled on the shores of consciousness, and all was blank.

Days passed before I knew more; days in which I was the same as dead—speechless, motionless, senseless. But my misery was not to be of so short duration. I revived to an intenser horror, a blacker fear. I knew that I was no longer in my own chamber; that my limbs were composed for burial; that my hands were folded stiffly upon my bosom, my hair combed back straightly, and that there were flowers on my breast and about my head. I heard voices and footsteps in the room, and once or twice a face bent down above me so closely that I could feel a warm breath on my cheek.

"How lifelike she looks; poor Mellie!"

It was the voice of Lucia Maynard, my dearest friend, who spoke. Lifelike, indeed!—why should I not? No words could have been a more exquisite mockery, and for a moment I hated her for speaking them.

"Do you know how the doctor explained her sudden death?" inquired another voice, one which I did not recognize.

"He attributed it to a disease of the heart, I understand," was the answer.

"What a sad death to die, and she so young, too! Her family are very much distressed by this sudden stroke."

"And Guy Edson, I hear, is well nigh distracted."

"Guy Edson, who is he?"

"Why, is it possible you have not heard? He was her betrothed lover, and they were to have been married in the coming fall."

"Indeed; how sad!"

And so they talked and gossiped carelessly, little dreaming that their idle words fell upon ears to which listening had become torture. Guy Edson well nigh distracted! Even in my own mad intensity of anguish, I had time to pity him. I knew he loved me, truly, fervently, almost idolatrously. I was to have been his wife so soon—how he would miss me! And I, so young, so full of hope and strength and vigor, should go down to the grave, the victim of a living death; while thousands to whom existence was a misery, would live out their allotted years. No one would ever know what I had suffered. The grass would grow above me, the birds sing, the flowers blossom, and I should pass out of remembrance as so many passed before me. And Guy, my Guy, might live till he, too, learned to forget me. Possibly, after a while, when the wound in his heart had healed somewhat, he might find another woman to share the home that had been planned for me; another's head perhaps would lie on his breast; another's children climb his knee and call him father. Merciful Heaven!—could I not break the stony calmness that petrified me?

"Hush, there comes Mr. Edson!"

The voice was again Lucia's. Dumb as I was under the bur-

den of that fearful stupor, her words sent a quick thrill through my blood. Guy coming! Yes, I heard his well known footstep at the door—on the carpet—by my side. Perhaps he would know that I was not dead. One by one, as if respecting his claim to solitude, the various persons in the room stole softly away, leaving us alone together. Then the restraint which had kept him silent before so many envious eyes, gave way; the great grief of his manly heart burst forth in sobs and tears. He drew me up into his arms with a clasp so close that I could count every pulsation of his heart. My head fell heavily against his shoulder, the crown of flowers brushed his cheek. Passionately he rained kisses upon my lips and cheeks and sealed eyelids; caressingly he smoothed my hair, and wound its shining curls about his fingers, as he had been wont to do in his tenderest moments.

But no bashful flush crept into the cheeks that always before had reddened beneath his kisses; no words broke over the pale lips that never before had failed to give him welcome. If I could have thrown off, even for a moment, the dead weight which paralyzed me; if I could have wound my arms but once more about his neck, spoke a single word of tenderness in his ear, laid my lips for a single instant to his, I would have been content. But even that precious privilege was beyond my power. I could utter no soft farewell, bestow no parting caress. Mountains were light in comparison with the powerless arms I yearned so madly to lift; granite more yielding than the lips I struggled so fiercely to part.

And so I was forced to lie there like a weight of marble on his breast; forced to listen to the outbursts of his wild sorrow, and receive passively caresses that my whole soul longed to answer. I could have torn my heart from my bosom for a single glance into the blue eyes whose hot tears had bedewed my forehead. I could have spurned my hope of heaven, if so he might have known he held a living form in his embrace. I cursed myself, my fate; I wrestled with the unutterable fear that cramped my heart. I prayed with vehement earnestness and despairing strength. I called on God, and flung accusations of cruelty in his holy face. I besought him to give me the life he had half robbed me of, or else make that bitter, unendurable mockery of death a reality. I implored him to shut upon me the gates of sense; to give me oblivion, night, nothingness.

Then there came a revulsion. I wondered if I were not really dead as they said I was. Perhaps I was to suffer an eternity of just such torture as that; to crumble into dust under the mouldy sods, yet have no power to divide my conscious soul from its rotting tenement of clay. Perhaps the grass, heaving like green billows all over the broad earth's bosom, held each a spirit tormented like mine, with consciousness. Perhaps Christianity was a mistake, the blessed future it pictured a miserable lie, God a demon, and what man called life a few years' disguise, worn over chains which held deathless souls in eternal bondage.

Then there came another change, the quiet apathy of unutterable despair. All the sounds of outward life became suddenly infinitely precious to me. As a miser might count his gold when he sees it slipping from his grasp, so I counted greedily the passing moments which still intervened between me and my horrible destiny. All over the house I could hear the murmur of subdued voices, the sound of hushed footsteps, as though I had fallen into a sleep from which they feared to waken me. Through the windows came the breezy murmur of winds and leaves, the singing of birds, the low din of village life, the voices of children at play;—how they mocked me!

My coffin was brought in and placed upon the parlor table. I heard the lid turned back upon its hinges. Once more I was clasped closely to my lover's heart; once more a rain of tender kisses fell upon my face; and then he gave me into the hands that waited to lay me in my coffin. Carefully, very carefully they placed my head back on its white pillow, yet their slow, gentle movement seemed to me like the most indecent haste. I would have sold my soul for a moment of time, for a single instant's delay of that cruel preparation.

I know not how it happened, but when they were composing the shroud over my limbs, a careless arm jostled the coffin. The heavy cover dropped down with a crash and a jar. The glass lid shivered into atoms, and a shower of fine, sharp particles fell upon my face. My flesh tingled painfully at the contact; a drop of blood oozed from my temple and trickled down upon the pillow. I heard it fall, and blessed instinctively the wound that caused it. My heart leaped with a thrill of rapture—O God, how blissful! The sluggish blood moved in my veins; my stagnant heart throbbed; a spasm of returning life trembled through all my limbs; I gasped, breathed, saw, moved! My lips parted; I sat upright; I called faintly—"Gay!"

A rapid glance of surprise, an expression of unutterable rapture, a bound, a cry, and he was by my side. I trembled in his arms, nestled against his heart. The deliciousness of sensation came back to me; the bewildering phantoms of deathly torpor fled away. I lived, I laughed hysterically; I wept tears of passionate gladness and heartfelt gratitude; and when, a few moments later, father, mother, sisters, friends, and the one dearer to my heart than all, stood breathless with hope and joy by my side, there was not a single eye that did not glisten with tears of thanksgiving; no face that did not shine with intense happiness; no voice that did not echo the ecstatic, thankful cry of mine—"God be praised!"

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M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUNRISE IN THE VALLEY

BY SYBIL PARK.

'Tis early morning—yet the gloom
Of night hangs o'er the sky;
But many a glimpse of summer bloom
And beauty meet the eye.
Along the hills dim shadows creep—
A veil of misty white—
As though the earth were hushed asleep,
To wait the dawning light:

So quiet that the dreamy sound
Of cool waves rippling by,
Keeps the glad spirit sweetly bound
Where pearly dewdrops lie.
Methinks I hear the fairy song
Which woke the summer flowers;
I wait to meet the elfin throng
That haunt these leafy bowers.

Ah, see, the shadows float away!
O'er all the crimson east
Rich floods of radiant glory play.
To crown the day-god's feast.
And now they bathe the western hills—
Those beams of golden light:
Oft nestling where the meadow rills,
Flash in and out of sight.

O, such a world of beauty lies
Spread outward to the view;
The azure depths of summer skies,
The blossoms wet with dew!
A sudden gush of song drifts up
Amid the shining leaves,
And to and fro the hare-bell's cup
Sways in the balmy breeze.

Our valley! O, so bright and fair
It seemeth unto me
The purple hills, its dewy air,
And wild waves dashing free!
I would not ask a dearer home,
But in its bosom deep,
When life's sweet morning dreams are flown,
I fain would ask to sleep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 5.

BY ALUNG.

HELPING A FRIEND: OR, THE BITER BITTEN.

ON the coast of China the winds are regular and constant for six months at a time, blowing, for one half the year, from the northeast, and the other half, from the southwest. These winds are known as monsoons. They operate very advantageously for the coasting trade of the Chinese merchants, who despatch their trading-junks to the various ports along the coast at the seasons when the course of the wind insures them safe and speedy voyages, both to and from their destined ports. The merchants generally start their vessels about two months before the monsoons change, so as to have a fair wind to the place they send them to. There the vessels remain prosecuting their traffic until the winds change to the opposite quarter, when the vessels start upon their return with a fair wind. Were it not for these periodical changes the junks could make no voyages to any distance, for their clumsy build and rig, which make them dull sailers, entirely unfit them for beating against head wind. Besides the saving of time which the monsoons insure the Chinese merchants, they lessen the danger of capture by the numerous piratical junks which infest the coast. These marauders often seize a whole fleet of traders, and convey them to some out-of-the-way creek, and there detain them until an immense ransom is paid for their release. With all the advantage of quick passage and chance for outsailing the pirates which the monsoons give, the liability to capture is still so great, that of late a fleet seldom puts to sea, unless under convoy of a vessel well armed, manned by a Manila or Portuguese crew, and officered by Englishmen or Americans—each junk paying the vessel a moderate sum for its protection during the voyage.

About two months after one of the regular changes of the monsoons, the schooner of which I was mate arrived at Hong Kong, to be repaired and coppered. The fourteen days during which she would be in dock, I looked upon as a time to be enjoyed on shore; for I should not probably have another such a vacation from ship duty, probably for two years to come. My long connection with the opium trade had made me pretty well known to all along shore, not only to the merchants and boatmen of the large cities, but to almost every lawless desperado along the whole coast which I had visited in the way of business. Among the rich Chinese merchants at Hong Kong was one whom I had known ever since my first visit there, and I had always esteemed him as the most honest and respectable man of his nation that I had ever met. I was always a welcome visitor at his store; and the best seat, a choice cigar and a glass of good wine or English ale were ever at my service. Besides this hospitable treatment, he had done me many little favors, which his position and influence enabled him to perform; and, strange to say of a Chinaman, these friendly demonstrations were all prompted by good feeling, and not by any consideration of favors done, or to be done, on my part. On one or two occasions I offered to compensate him for what I had received at his hands; but he not only declined to receive anything, but he seemed to be so much hurt at the proposal, that I never renewed it.

As soon as the schooner was fairly docked, I sent my luggage to the house of this friend, for when last at Hong Kong I had promised him that I would stay at his house while the vessel was undergoing repair. I then sought him at his store, which was in a different part of the city, and soon found him. But, instead of finding him a happy, jovial, fat little man, full of good nature and alive to fun, as I had left him a short time before, my old friend Alti appeared thin, careworn and wretched. To my expressions of surprise at his altered appearance, he replied by shaking me warmly by the hand, and installing me in my old seat in the corner, saying he would soon show me that it was not without reason that he looked as miserable as he now did. Alti spoke English well, and in a few words he told me his sorrows, giving his narrative in nearly the following words:

"You see, Alung, my friend, about three months ago I was up the coast at Swatou, and while there purchased a large quantity of rice and timber—in fact, so large a purchase, that it took all the money I possessed to pay for it. This was to have been my last speculation; for had I brought my purchase safely to this city, I should nearly have doubled my capital, as I bought very cheap. Well, I came back here and took my own twenty-two boats, and hired ten others, carrying them all to Swatou, where I loaded them full. The quantity of timber and rice was so great, that the thirty-two junks would scarcely contain the whole; and by this you may judge of the extent of my purchase. I left with a fine breeze, and every prospect of a speedy run down the coast. On the second day we could see by the outlines of the shore that we were approaching the islands, and I hoped to be safe in Hong Kong, with my large fleet of boats, on the third day. But, alas for my miserable fortune, on the night of the second day I lost all! The twice-eyed robber, Tachee, with his pirate junks, took away one of my fleet of boats and all their cargoes. He came on board my boat himself, and said to me, that he knew I had plenty of money, and when I paid him fifty thousand dollars, my boats and cargo should be released. I begged him to let them go, and solemnly swore that I would pay him the sum required as soon as I had sold my rice. I told him all my money had been spent in that venture, and even offered to remain his prisoner until my shroff had sold sufficient to pay the ransom demanded. But his only reply was, that my life was not worth the amount. He then ordered me into his boat. Half dead, I obeyed; and in another hour my boats were out of sight. Next morning he put me on shore at Macao, telling me that if I paid the ransom in one month, I could have everything back again; but if not paid by that time, he would send boats and cargo to a place where he could get more for them. He then left me, saying that the money could be sent to him at the village on the great Ladrone Island. I got a boat at Macao, and came home here, to try to borrow the money. But the attempt has been hopeless; those who heretofore would gladly lend me fifty thousand dollars, now, since my misfortune, will not lend me one. I have managed, by collecting some debts, to get together fourteen thousand dollars, but cannot collect any more. That amount is useless, for Tachee will not take anything short of the number demanded, and to raise fifty thousand dollars is impossible—I am therefore in despair."

Alti closed his store soon after he had told me this sad narrative, and we went home together to his house; this great misfortune burdened both our hearts, and banished all sociability. After spending a dull evening, I retired for the night; and while alone in my room, revolved over in my mind the circumstances which I had just heard narrated, in the hope that I might devise some way to help my friend out of his difficulty. With Tachee, the pirate who had captured Alti's boats, I was well acquainted, having often sold him large quantities of opium. He was a good judge of the article, and a large consumer. Often have I been in my schooner, or open boat, laying in the midst of his piratical junks, with twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars worth of opium on board. But I felt no alarm upon these occasions, for it would not do for him or his fellows to rob any boat that was in the trade, or injure its crew. We knew intimately all their haunts; and a single act of violence towards us or ours, Tachee knew full well, would have brought the whole of us upon him, to the utter destruction of his boats, and the demolition of the villages upon the islands where the wives of himself and men lived. I, therefore, felt no hesitation in resolving to seek an interview with the pirate at the rendezvous indicated by him to Alti, in the hope that I might induce him to compromise the matter by lowering or varying his terms.

The next morning I broke my plan to the disconsolate merchant, and he was rejoiced to see that an effort was to be made in his behalf. The better to disguise my purpose for visiting the island, I concluded to take a quantity of opium with me, in a small vessel hired for the purpose. Alti readily advanced the fourteen thousand dollars which he had on hand, to be invested in opium; and having freighted a boat with the proceeds, and obtained the consent of my captain for the gunner of the schooner and fourteen of the men to accompany me in the boat, I started on the next evening. My course lay through the simoon passage, for the Ladrone Islands. On the next day, about noon, we entered the bay where Tachee's village was situated. We saw only one junk lying there. Where my poor friend's boats and cargo were I could not imagine; I saw nothing of them. The private flag flying at our masthead told whom the vessel belonged to, and also our business. Everybody along the coast knew the flag and the vessels of the house for which I had sailed so long. In a short time I let go anchor, and a sanpan came off from the shore. As soon as the men in the sanpan recognized me, they came on board. By them I sent Tachee some choice samples of opium, stating the price and the quantity I had on board, having first learned from them, to my satisfaction, that the pirate was on shore.

A fresh breeze was blowing off the shore, which I thought might prevent him from coming off at that time; but it did not, for I soon had the gratification of seeing Tachee and his brother—as great a rascal as himself—rowed off by six men. I met the two men in the gangway as they came on board, and shook hands with both, asking them into the cabin. The brothers were soon engaged in discussing a bottle of my sherry, my men the meanwhile hoisting on board the money they had brought to pay for the cargo. The wine being disposed of and the proper quantity of Chin-chinning indulged in, we then adjourned to the deck, where the process of testing each case as it came from the hold was gone through with. Up to this moment I had formed no scheme how to broach the principal business which had brought me there, when all of a sudden a new idea struck me, and one so strange and novel that I could hardly suppress a laugh at the finale of the scene which I knew must soon follow, should I put my new conceit into execution. Ten cases had already been tested, approved, and passed over the side into the boat; and as they had all turned out to be just what I said they were, Tachee gave me my full price for all I had brought,—sixteen thousand dollars. The sanpan could not carry more than half the cargo at once, and so, when loaded full, she was despatched to the shore. Now was the time to put my plan into practice. I therefore walked forward and told the gunner to take four men aft with him towards the cabin, and when I made a sign to seize the two brothers, who were on deck, and make them fast, and then get the vessel ready to start as quick as possible. I now returned aft, where both were busily engaged over another case. I pointed to the pair of pirates, and before they could recover from their astonishment, they found themselves bound hand and foot and securely ironed. They expressed great indignation at such harsh treatment, but it availed them nothing.

In a few words I told Tachee what I wanted, and what my course of proceedings towards him would be if I did not get it. Their sanpan would soon be along side again, and they could send a letter on shore by it, ordering Alti's junks and all their cargo to be conveyed safe to Hong Kong, or I would take the pair to Whampoa and deliver them up to the mandarin there, who would pay me well for arresting two such notorious pirates. "And now," I continued, "you can take your choice: either send back to Alti the whole of his property, or refuse to do so, and try what terms the mandarin will offer. One of these two you must do."

They knew me too well to doubt that I would fulfil my threat to the letter; and they also knew that if I gave them up to the governor of Whampoa their lives would not be worth insuring for one grain of rice. They therefore concluded to comply with my terms; and after exacting from me a promise that I would give them their liberty upon the restoration of the property, and that I would wait a week for the junks to be brought to Macao, they sent a letter on shore by the sanpan, directing the return of the boats and cargo. We now made sail from the bay, and the next day anchored at Macao. Here Alti came to see how I had succeeded in my mission, and before the expiration of the week the full number of his junks arrived from the islands. I now sent Alti on board his boats to see if the cargoes were all right. On his return from the visit, he reported that but little had been removed, and even that had been replaced by articles equally valuable.

I now released Tachee and his brother, and permitted them to return by one of his junks which had accompanied the restored fleet. On leaving, he asked for the money for which he had not received opium, amounting to eight thousand dollars. This I did not think proper to give him, and sent him away without it, keeping it to defray the expenses of the trip. After doing so, I divided the balance among myself and men, which, to tell the truth, paid us very well for our trouble. Poor Alti could not bear up against joy so well as he did against sorrow. My opinion is, that he was nearly insane with delight for several weeks afterwards. In the delirium of his joy, he one day asked me to marry his daughter, an only child, in order, as he said, that he might leave me all the property which I had recovered for him. For this kind offer I sincerely thanked him; and the chances are that I might have accepted it, and become son-in-law to a long-tailed Celestial, had not a pair of black eyes beneath a brow fairer than ever graced any maiden in the Chinese empire committed an act of piracy on my heart, which I could not remedy in any other way than that in which I saved Alti's property, viz., by taking the fair pirate and making her prisoner for life.

REMINISCENCES OF JEFFERSON.

To him I owed all the small blessings and joyful surprises of my childish and girlish years. I was fond of riding, and was rising above that childish simplicity when, provided I was mounted on a horse, I cared nothing for my equipments. I was beginning to be fastidious, but I had never told my wishes. I was standing one bright day in the portico when a man rode up to the door with a beautiful lady's saddle and bridle before him. My heart bounded. My grandfather came out of his room to tell me they were mine. When about fifteen years old, I began to think of a watch. One afternoon the letter bag was brought in. Among the letters was a small packet addressed to my grandfather. Three hours after, an elegant lady's watch, with chain and seals, was in my hand. My Bible came from him, my Shakespeare, my first writing-table, my first handsome writing desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress. What, in short, of all my small treasures did not come from him? My grandfather's manners to us, his grandchildren, were delightful. I can characterize them by no other word. He talked with us freely, affectionately, and never lost an opportunity of giving a pleasure or a good lesson. He reproved without wounding us, and commented without making us vain. He took pains to correct our errors and false ideas, checked the bold, encouraged the timid, and tried to teach us to reason soundly and feel rightly. He did not interfere with our education strictly so called, except by advising us what studies to pursue, what books to read, and by questioning us on the books we read.—Randall.

CAPTAIN CHARLES O. ROGERS,

EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON JOURNAL."

The accompanying portrait, executed expressly for our Pictorial, was drawn by Mr. Alfred Hill, and engraved by Mr. Pierce, to whom we entrusted the task of faithfully reproducing one of the most admirable photographs we have yet seen by J. B. Heywood, 172 Washington Street. There are few persons who are residents of this city, or who make occasional visits to Boston, but will recognize the head as a likeness of Charles O. Rogers, Esq., one of the best known of our younger class of citizens, who take an active part in the civil, military and political affairs of the day. Mr. Rogers was born in 1818, in Worcester, where his father was engaged in business as publisher of the *National Ægis*, in the office of which the subject of this sketch was first initiated into the mysteries of that art which he has since made subservient to his pecuniary interests. His elder brother, Henry Rogers, came to Boston, and was engaged as a compositor in the office of the *Boston Journal* when that paper was first started; and in 1841, Charles O. Rogers also entered the establishment, and took the business management of the concern. His enterprise and energy soon discovered new fields for the development of journalism, and at his suggestion, Messrs. Sleeper & Rogers started the morning edition of the *Journal*, and he became a partner, and subsequently, with his brother, bought out Mr. Sleeper's interest. Under their joint proprietorship the paper prospered abundantly, but he was soon called to mourn the loss of his partner and his father, who were buried on the same day. The brother's share in the concern was purchased by Mr. Rogers, and he is now its sole proprietor. There are few men who have done so much—none who have done more—to make the Boston press recognized and respected for its ability and usefulness than Mr. Rogers; for his competitors have found him so keenly alive to anticipate every public want in this department, that since his debut may indeed be dated a new era in the history of the fourth estate of this city. His liberal expenditures and tact, his skill in directing, and his indomitable perseverance, enable him to accomplish whatever his good judgment suggests; and to these qualities may be attributed the popularity and influence of the *Boston Journal*. It is now a large sheet, and comprises a vast amount of matter in each issue, well arranged under appropriate heads, each speciality—such as the ship news, etc.—being conducted by an adept in that department. The universality of its range of topics renders it welcome in town and country. The reports of meetings—political, literary and scientific—of courts, trials, conventions, celebrations, etc., are particularly full and accurate. Music, the drama, agriculture, literature and mechanics receive their full share of attention; and not a number comes from the press which does not give evidence of hard labor and unstinted expenditure. The *Journal* is fortunate in having a large number of correspondents, foreign and domestic, who are continually presenting vivid pictures of society and manners throughout our country, and in the remotest parts of the world. During the Washington season, Major Poore (the well-known "Perley") writes a series of letters remarkable for the accuracy of their information and the ease of their style. With all this wealth of resources the *Journal* is strongly individualized by the controlling taste and influence of its energetic editor and proprietor, whose character is stamped upon its pages. To conduct a daily paper successfully in these days of competition and of rapid intelligence, is a triumph of which any man may well be proud, and a task, the difficulties of which no one can adequately estimate who has not been connected with such an establishment. Mr. Rogers has held several civil and military offices. He has served two years in the common council, and two years in the State legislature; and since 1854, has been commander of the Boston Light Infantry, an old corps, which dates its charter from 1793, and which has been commanded by Hon. Daniel Sargent, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Russell Sturgis, and a host of others who are well known. In this organization he takes an honest and just pride; and the "Tigers" are no less proud of one who has done, and is doing, so much to advance their interests and the cause of the military generally. Captain Rogers is still a young man; and it will be, we trust, many years before that vitality which now characterizes his movements shall cease to render him a valuable and progressive citizen.

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.

A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.—*Steele*.

A BOOK OVER 900 YEARS OLD.

The articles which have lately appeared from time to time in the *Free Press*, in regard to old Bibles, have had the effect to bring to our notice one of the rarest and most valuable specimens of biblical literature in the world. This is a volume of six hundred pages, containing the whole Bible in the Latin language. It belongs to the Rev. Dr. Duffield, of this city. The book is made entirely of vellum, and the printing is all done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and cannot be distinguished, by any imperfections in form, from the printed letters of the present day. The shape of the letters is, of course, different from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The immense amount of labor may be conceived from the fact that there are two columns on each page, each of which lacks only about six letters of being as wide as the columns of this paper. They will average sixty lines to a column. The columns numbering 1200, we have about 72,000 lines in the whole book. Nothing short of a lifetime could accomplish such a work. The date of this book is A. D., 930. It was consequently made 560 years before printing was invented, and is 928 years old. There is probably nothing on this continent, in the shape of a book, equal to it in age. The vellum upon which it is printed is of the finest kind, and is made of the skin of young lambs and kids, dressed and rubbed with pumice stone until it is very thin. It is somewhat thicker than common paper, being a medium between that and the drawing paper now in use. The fine veins in the skin are distinctly visible in many



CAPTAIN CHARLES O. ROGERS, COMMANDER OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

places. A pencil mark was drawn by the operator, to guide the construction of each line. Many pages have these lines visible on the whole surface, no effort having been made to rub them out. Two lines running up and down divide the columns with mathematical accuracy. At the beginning of each chapter, highly colored ornamental letters are placed. These are the only marks of the division of chapters. There are no subdivisions into verses, the chapters running through in one paragraph to the end, and no descriptive headings. This invaluable relic was presented to Dr. Duffield, by Lewis Cass, Jr., our minister resident at Rome. He procured it of a Greek monk, who brought it from the Greek convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of Mount Sinai. Mr. Cass befriended this monk, who was in trouble; and he, in return, presented him with the volume which we have described. According to his story, it is the work of one of the ancient monk scribes in the convent abovenamed. When it became known that Mr. Cass was parting with it, and that it was going out of the country, the round sum of \$3000 was offered him for it by the monks of the city of Rome. This was of course refused for the pleasure of placing so inestimable a relic in the hands of one who can appreciate its value so well as our learned divine, Dr. Duffield. At the time of the late fire in the doctor's house, this book was thrown into the street among others, and came very near being lost. It was picked up on the sidewalk by one who recognized it as one of Dr. Duffield's most valuable relics, and preserved it. This Bible should be carefully preserved and prized as a venerable relic of an age when printing was unknown.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHERBOURG, FRANCE.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes in its third page, which is generally set apart for literary or scientific subjects, a historical sketch of Cherbourg, which is not without interest in present circumstances. The following is a summary:—"Cherbourg, which occupies the public attention at this moment, is situated in the peninsula of Cotentin, the ancient Lower Normandy, so called from Coutances, its capital. The Cotentin, which formed part of the possessions of William the Conqueror, became English after the battle of Hastings. Gerberat, Count of Cherbourg, distinguished himself in that battle, and contributed powerfully to the success of the Normans. From the death of William, in 1087, until the middle of the 15th century, Cherbourg was frequently taken by the French, and re-taken by the English. It was finally taken by Charles VII., August 12, 1450, after a siege of forty days, and has never since ceased to belong to France. Louis XIV., finding that the French coast on the channel to the extent of 125 leagues was unprovided with a port of refuge for ships of war, determined to construct one equal to Rochefort or Toulon, and appointed a committee to select a point. The 13th of April, 1655, the committee reported that it would be expedient to improve the port of Cherbourg, and to construct a breakwater of 2400 yards in length. Vauban consequently visited the coast of Cotentin at the command of Louis XIV. He recommended La Hogue as the most advantageous strategic point to construct a port for a war navy; but he admitted the merit of Cherbourg, and prepared a plan for its defence signed by his own hand, which is still preserved at the

Hotel de Ville of that town. Nothing more, however, was done until the year 1739, when the commercial port was formed, the quays built, and two moles constructed at the entrance to the canal. The war of 1744 interrupted the works. In 1758, Lord Howe landed at Cherbourg, and did not quit the town until he had caused considerable damage. Louis XVI. revived the question in 1776, but Vauban's preference for La Hogue found many partisans, who would perhaps have triumphed had it not been for M. de Sartine, then minister of marine. The partisans of Cherbourg found a valuable ally in Colonel Dumouriez, commander of the town, who subsequently became so remarkable during the republic, and on the 3d of July, 1779, a royal ordonnance commanded the construction of the forts Hommet and of the island Pelee. The works of Cherbourg excited attention both in France and throughout Europe, and the king commissioned his brother, the Count d'Artoise, to visit them. That prince arrived at Cherbourg the 22d of May, 1786, and expressed his admiration of all he saw. At the end of three days he left for Versailles, and from the manner in which he spoke of the works, the king was induced to visit the new maritime establishment. Louis XVI. made his solemn entry into Cherbourg the 22d of June, 1786, and left the 26th of the same month. The king examined the works in the harbor, as well as the defences and the commercial port, with great interest. During his stay at Cherbourg he was well received by the authorities and by the population—his affability, his simple manners, and his solid information produced the best effect. The partisans of La Hogue, however, remained firm, and returned to the charge in 1785. But they experienced an obstinate resistance. A note exists which was addressed to the king the 23d of March, 1786, by M. Pleville le Pelley, in which the advantages possessed by Cherbourg are explained at great length. Louis XVI. would not abandon Cherbourg, and he took the warmest interest in the works until the conclusion of his power. The plan was carried out by subsequent governments. The national assembly voted funds for the continuation of the works in 1791, and again in 1792. From this period the works of the breakwater have been continued without interruption. The breadth of this stupendous work is 140 yards. The breakwater is not extended in a straight line. It is composed of

two branches of unequal length, which form an angle of 170 degrees, of which the opening is turned towards the south. A commission appointed by M. Deeres, minister of marine to Napoleon I., declared on the 20th of April, 1811, that there is anchorage in the roads of Cherbourg for twenty-five ships of the line in summer, and seventeen in winter. The breakwater at Cherbourg was commenced in 1783, and finished December 31, 1853. The entire cost of the breakwater amounts to 67,000,000 francs, viz., 31,000,000 francs from 1783 to 1803, 8,000,000 francs from 1803 to 1830, and 28,000,000 francs from 1830 to 1853. The annual expense of keeping the breakwater in repair is estimated at about 120,000 francs. The breakwater, which is 3812 metres long from one channel to the other, is defended by natural blocks of granite. The wearing of these blocks requires annually 3000 cubic yards of fresh blocks. The points east and west are covered by artificial blocks composed of hydraulic cement. Each of these blocks is thirty cubic metres in volume, and weighs 44,000 kilogrammes. Cherbourg is defended by a fort constructed on the island of Pelee, which was commenced in 1783, and finished in 1794—Fort Chavagnac, Fort de Querqueville, Fort des Flamands, Fort du Hommet and St. Anne's Battery. The outer port of Cherbourg was inaugurated in the month of August, 1813, in presence of the Empress Marie Louisa. The floating dock was finished in 1829. The inner floating dock, now called the Dock of Napoleon III., cost 16,000,000 francs." As we remarked at the outset, the present interest in this place will give this extended account a peculiar value.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RIFLE. Buffalo, New York.—"Gerard the Lion-Killer" is living, and is now with a large hunting-party in Africa.
 QUERIST.—1. We do not know what gave rise to the practice. 2. Yes.
 S. H. Saco, Maine.—The best way to learn the character of the Puritans is to read the various histories of New England, and of Old England, during the Puritan away. Elliott's "History of New England," and Neal's "Puritans," are among works to be consulted.
 D. L. S., New York.—We learn from a letter from R., dated Florence, August 1, that your picture was nearly completed. It was to be shipped early in September.
 C. H.—The total number of persons employed in woollen factories in the United States is given, in the census of 1850, as 22,678 males and 16,574 females; but this must be far short of the truth, as the list of trades and occupations is notoriously imperfect.
 JUVENILE.—A watch should not be suspended by a chain when not worn, nor should it be hung on a hook, as in either of these cases it might obtain from the escapement an external pendulous motion, which would be fatal to correct performance. The back of the watch-case when hung should always press against something soft, and should never be laid on a hard substance, such as a table, as under such circumstances it might be liable to external vibration.
 S. H., Salem, Mass.—Omnibuses were first used in Paris, and were not known in this country until 1830, when Gillling, a Frenchman, came to New York, having a drawing of such as were then in use in the French capital. One was built in that year under his direction by a coach-maker in New York, and another by Messrs. Carter, of Newark, N. J., by whom Gillling was employed. The appearance of the first omnibus run upon Broadway, by Brower, a stage proprietor, attracted much attention.
 SCRIBBLER.—Authors and publishers have quarrelled from time immemorial. Charles Lamb writes to a brother poet, "The booksellers consider us their journeymen—they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood out of us, to put another sixpence into their mechanic pouches." Campbell, on the occasion of a literary dinner, gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte; and upon being asked what Napoleon had ever done for literature, replied, "A great deal—he once shot a bookseller."
 M. C. Concord, N. H.—Gainsborough, the painter, was born at Sudbury, England, in 1727, and died in London, in 1788. His landscapes and other rural subjects are more valued than his portraits.

WILD WILL:

—OR,—

THE SEER OF NIAGARA.

A ROMANCE OF THE EARLY FRENCH WAR.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

This is a fine original novelette, which we shall commence in the next number of "The Flag of our Union," and for which we bespeak the particular interest and attention of our readers. It is written with all the grace of the practised pen of its author, and combines some of the best scenes and most artistically developed plots that we have printed for many a day. It is a most charming and original story, and intensely interesting from the beginning to the end.

"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN."—Mr. B. G. Stone has just issued an accurate lithograph of this famous profile cliff in Franconia, N. H., which may be obtained at Cotton's, Washington Street, and Wiggins's, Tremont Row. The engraving is from a beautiful drawing by Mr. Stone.

SPLINTERS.

.... A black fish, weighing one hundred pounds, was lately caught out of Okefenoko Swamp, in Georgia.
 Col. John Billings has been postmaster of Trenton, formerly Oldenhamvelt, Oneida county, N. Y., for half a century.
 Seventy-six bass, weighing over twenty-five hundred pounds, were lately taken in a seine at Newport.
 The Free-lovers of Berlin Heights threaten reprisals in the event of their property being injured by outsiders.
 James, the "old fireman" of Philadelphia, who had been in service since 1811, died quite recently.
 The Lower and Upper Sioux Indians have been paid off by our government, and are on friendly terms with us.
 Francis Julien died of hydrophobia in Mobile, lately, though he had been bitten by a mad dog two years ago.
 The Baltimoreans are very properly rejoicing over the new ship channel in Patapsco River.
 Sir John Dean Paul, the swindling English banker, is said to be a hopeless lunatic in the Pentonville prison.
 Francois and Gabriel Ravel, with a new troupe, are in this country. They cannot leave the stage.
 The promenade concerts at the Music Hall have been attended with brilliant and flattering success.
 The camelion, which is said to feed on nothing but air, has, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.
 Routledge & Co., of London, pay Sir E. Bulwer Lytton \$100,000 for the privilege of publishing his works.
 Society is composed of people who have more dinner than appetite, and people who have more appetite than dinner.
 In China they wear watches in pairs, and this extravagance extends to wearing shawls in pairs.
 In mercantile business, as in statesmanship, to think and to act form the basis of fortune and success.
 Mr. Charles A. Barry has just completed a life-sized portrait of John G. Whittier, the poet.
 In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know if it is valued for what it will fetch, or what it will bring?
 Gen. Walker, instead of being on the march for Sonora, has been quietly taking his ease in Alabama.
 We are sorry to see it stated that the grape crop in the vicinity of Cincinnati is almost a complete failure this year.

RELICS OF THE PAST.

"The past" is a relative term, and may refer back to the revolutionary era of our country; to its first settlement by Europeans; to the earlier visit by the Northmen; to its prior invasion by the civilization of Asia, by way of the Aleutian chain of islands; to its first population by the red man, by the same route; to the glacial era, when our gravel hills were dumped down by icebergs; to the plutonic period, when the mountain chains were heaved up from the bowels of the earth; or to the still earlier era, when the substance of those mountains was deposited in level strata of minute particles. It is to the latter period that we would now invite the attention of our readers,—to that remote past, before the mountains themselves existed, and when the materials of which they were to be composed were gathering together, preparatory to their crystallization into rock. In a portion of the primitive rock formed at that remote period,—so remote that its distance from the present can only be expressed by ages of ages,—a globe of water has recently been found by Dr. Bouchelle of Eutaw, South Carolina, contained in the centre of the specimen. The drop is said to be movable and visible; and the rock being of the oldest on the face of the globe, this water is supposed to have existed in its present form ever since "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another comparatively ancient curiosity, though quite a modern affair when contrasted with the former, is a living frog, which has recently been blasted out of a coal mine near Evansville, Indiana, by a miner named Potts. He was at work in a chamber of the Bodiam mines, some three hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and had thrown down a large mass of coal by a powder blast, which he was engaged in breaking up, when from one of the fractures which he had made leaped out a living frog, well formed and active, and about the size of a man's two fingers. Above the point where this little animal lay buried, are several strata of coal and sandstone, regularly stratified, of the aggregate thickness of two hundred and forty feet; and it must have required ages, beyond the capacity of man to comprehend, for the accumulation of these separate deposits above the vein of coal in which this creature was concealed. The facts above narrated, astounding as they appear, are vouched for by the editor of the Evansville Journal, who saw the ancient reptile sporting in all the pertness and activity of juvenile froghood, and inspected the locality from whence he was taken. We should be glad to have the creature submitted to Professor Agassiz for examination, to see wherein the structure of the animal may differ from that of the present day. As a general thing the type in fossil animals differs materially from that of the living species, and such a variation in the present case would go far to establish the truth of the indications that the animal was actually buried in the coal vein, and has lived there through the indefinite period of time which must have elapsed since that stratum of coal was deposited.

ANCIENT LETTER CARRIERS.

The institution of the post-office, as we understand it in our day, does not seem to have been known to the ancients, who employed birds and dogs as messengers. Bergier, in his history of the great roads of the Roman empire, says that Cyrus introduced the use of four-wheeled carts, drawn by four horses, to transport the government despatches, and that "from the Egean Sea to the city of Suza, the capital of the Persian kingdom, there were one hundred and eleven huts or houses, from one to the other of which was a day's journey." Under the Romans, in the days of Augustus, Suetonius tells us that relays were employed for rapid communications. To send their letters "the emperors," says Bergier, "employed posts stationed on the military roads, so well regulated and governed that there was no need for the sovereign prince to travel through his kingdom, for without leaving the city of Rome, he could govern the earth by letters, missives, orders and mandates, which were no sooner written than, by means of the posts, they were carried as promptly as if birds had been the messengers." Little did Augustus deem that the lightning would one day be the letter-carrier of mankind, and speed the winged thought from one hemisphere to the other literally in "less than no time."

A SPLENDID EDIFICE.—The new St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the corner-stone of which was recently laid with appropriate ceremonies, it is estimated, will be completed in five years, and cost \$750,000. It will be 140 feet front and 325 feet deep. The ground plan is a Latin urn. It is to be built in the Gothic style, with three aisles, separated by lofty arches supported on marble columns, with a small chapel opposite each arch of the nave. The height of the interior will be 120 feet in the clear.

BOATING ON JAMAICA POND.—The young men of Jamaica Plain have collected quite a fleet of pleasure boats, which may be seen almost every pleasant evening skimming over the surface of Jamaica Pond. There are in all about thirty boats, including four race boats, of four oars each, two wherries, one canoe, and one canvass boat. The four-oared boats have two crews each.

LONGEVITY IN SALEM.—When the city assessors made their May perambulations they found that there were two hundred and twenty males in the city who were over seventy years of age, the oldest being ninety-five. Of the whole number two hundred were men yet in active life. Four have since died.

AN UNLUCKY EXPRESSION.—An editor, retorting upon an opponent, says: "Now this is a matter of taste—or rather of common decency—and something with which we have nothing to do."

BAZAAR, OODIPOOR, RAJPOOTANA, INDIA.

The whole of our last page is occupied by a large and effective engraving representing the bazaar, or market-place, of the town of Oodipoor, Rajpootana, India. The rich effect of Oriental architecture, with its massive walls, graceful domes, its shaded galleries and huge external staircases, is here graphically displayed. We have bearded merchants, traders and priests, soldiers with clumsy matchlocks, fruit-venders and water-carriers, and women whose native grace has not been impaired by the use of European costumes. The picturesque town of Oodipoor is the capital of a small State, governed by a rajah who is the acknowledged head of the Rajpoot confederacy, and whose forefathers made a gallant but ineffectual stand against the Mogul emperors. When the ancient capital of Rajpootana, Cheetore, was sacked for the third time, Oody Singh, then rajah, removed his capital to this spot, on the banks of a beautiful lake, by the side of which his palace is a commanding object, overlooking the lovely valley to which the domain of his successor is now reduced. It is a well-built city, stone and marble being plentifully used in its construction, and surrounded by a wall of far greater extent than at present necessary to hold its reduced population. The principal business is carried on in the vicinity of the buildings here given, of which the one on the right is the Kotwabee, the office of the magistrate who has the control of the bazaars, the collection of dues and management of the police; and here all, from the Kotwab downwards, are busily engaged from morning till night in plundering the peasantry who bring their produce to market, or taking bribes from all parties to all suits which are brought before them. There is no end to the exactions to which unfortunate villagers are subject before they can realize on their produce. First, at the gate of the city the guard abstracts his piece of wood, or handful of grain or vegetable, from the loaded cart or donkey, as it passes; then a naked beggar, smeared with ashes, springs from a corner where he is jabbering prayers before a filthy idol, and takes his quota; then at the Kotwabee again; and finally, they have to endure the predatory visits of the sacred cattle, who stalk up and down the bazaars, helping themselves wherever they please, and often resenting any attempt to protect the coveted eatables with lowered horns.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture has always been encouraged in China by the government. Every year, from time immemorial, a grand festival is celebrated in its honor in all the principal towns of the empire, and the emperor himself, on this occasion, works in a field in the environs of Peking. In the ancient imperial ordinances we find the following precept: "If there is a man who does not labor, a woman who does not spin, some one suffers from cold or hunger in the country." None of the Chinese reformers have forgotten the noble maxim; many of them have become celebrated by the zeal with which they have put it in practice. Among this number is quoted an emperor of the family of Pung. Faithful to the spirit which had constantly inspired his predecessors, this monarch caused an infinity of the monasteries of the Bonzes to be destroyed. Another, the Emperor Yong-Ching, who reigned at the end of the last century, ordered the governors of the provinces to send him every year the name of the peasant who had rendered himself noticed by his application to farming and his good conduct. This diligent laborer was raised to the rank of mandarin of the eighth order, a distinction which gave him a right much envied in China, that of taking tea with the governor and remaining seated in his presence. On his death, great honors were rendered him, and his name was inscribed with pomp in the hall of his ancestors. This wise policy has not only resulted in augmenting the number of farmers in China, but nowhere are they more esteemed, and they rank much higher than the mechanics and merchants of the city.

GOOD DINNERS.—More than a century ago, Dr. Townshend, of Pewsey, asserted a principle whereby one may estimate the value of a grand dinner, and at the same time ascertain what qualifications are requisite to complete the character of an accomplished statesman. He has put it in print, and solemnly affirms that "it is an old and well-founded observation, that no man is fit to govern an empire, or a state, or a city, or a family, who cannot give to his friends and adherents a good dinner!"

GREAT FEET.—An exchange speaks of a chap with feet so large that when it rains or when he wants to get in the shade, he lies down on his back and holds up one foot. It fully answers the purpose of an umbrella. This beats the man whose feet were mistaken for a pair of leather trunks, and who had to go to the fork of a road to pull his boots off.

CABLE WIT.—The following definitions are among the smart things elicited by the success of the international telegraph:—"The Equator—an imaginary line which divides the world. The Cable—a real line which unites it."

THE HOSPITAL AT NORTHAMPTON.—The governor has issued a proclamation announcing that the "Hospital for the Insane in Western Massachusetts," at Northampton, is completed, and now ready for the reception of lunatics.

SHIP "ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH."—Paul Curtis has a ship of a thousand tons on the stocks in his yard at East Boston, which he designs to name the "Atlantic Telegraph." Its figure-head will be a bust of Franklin.

PERSONAL.—Our old favorites, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, are playing in the stock company of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I AM THINKING OF THEE."

BY M. POTTER, JR.

I am thinking of thee—yes, awake or reposing,
My thoughts and my dreams are clinging to thee;
And my heart, tyrant-like, is ever deposing
All else from my mind save reflection of thee.
Years have rolled by since last my fond vision
Beheld the dear form which I cannot forget;
Still, still I remember thy love, thy derision,
The hour we parted—the hour we met!

I am thinking of thee—and affection grows fonder,
As I dwell on the past so fraught with delight;
While regret, deep regret fills my mind as I ponder
On the hours of love so deliciously bright.
Yes, oft am I gloomy, when from retrospection
My spirit returns to grapple with pain;
While my sorrowing heart still clings to affection.
And sighs for the days which can ne'er come again.

BEAUTY AND GENIUS.

Beauty and genius, is it so,
That ye, even ye, can sink so low?
Can this world's mists quench lights divine,
That Heaven set forth and bid to shine?
The insect takes its tiny flight,
Ambitious of the violet's height;
The eagle will not fold his plume
To crawl and mope in mire and gloom,
But soars above, as proud to try
If he may reach yon sun and sky.
But mighty minds, endowed with power,
Higher than highest orbs to tower,
Leave ether for corrupted air,
Cleave to the dust, and perish there.—SPERANZA.

KNOWLEDGE.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,
How in his cradle first he fostered was;
And judge of nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass.
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.—SPENSER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

After a summer almost unparalleled for the strange vicissitudes of the weather, we have drifted into autumn—not in these latitudes a melancholy month, but often, as we trust it will prove this year, more summery than summer itself. What golden noontides—what delicious mornings and evenings may we not expect! The genial atmosphere of our autumn nerves even the aged, while fresh vigor seems imparted to the young and imaginative. Sadly do our pleasure-seekers miss it when they turn their backs on forest, and mountain, and lake, just as September begins. It is the very season when we feel most inclined to leave the city and roam through wood and glen. . . . We do not envy the mood of that very fast young American, whom we heard the other day declare that the transatlantic telegraph was "slow." We ought surely to be satisfied when we hear of events some time before they happened. This is certainly the case. Westward despatches, like good musicians, constantly beat time. The westward wave of electricity outstrips the old scythe-bearer, and his budget is stale when it comes to hand. . . . One of the great events of the day is the successful navigation of the Erie Canal by steam. The experiment has been fairly tested, and its result must add immensely to the wealth of the Empire State. Are our readers aware that, during the last twenty years, the New York canals have carried upon their waters the stupendous amount of fifty-five million tons, having a value exceeding two billion five hundred million dollars? . . . Douglas & Sherwood's mammoth skirt establishment, Nos. 51, 53 and 55 White Street, New York, is one of the marvels of the day. A palace devoted to hoops and crinoline—miles of beauty (a Miss is a mile, and Douglas & Sherwood employ a thousand girls) ministering to extend the area of other beauties, and turning out four thousand skirts a day. It is really prodigious. The enterprising firm evidently entertain no fear of the immediate collapse of crinoline. . . . "The Mount Vernon Record" is a neatly-printed quarto, published monthly, under the official sanction of the "Ladies' Association," which devotes its influence and profits to the purchase of the home and grave of the "Father of his Country." Address S. F. Watson, Philadelphia. Price, \$1 a year. . . . What is courage? Lord Peterborough, who passed for one of the bravest men of his time, said to some of his admirers, who lauded him for never having shown fear, "Show me a danger which I think serious and inevitable, and you will see that I am as much afraid as anybody." . . . The peculiarities of men of genius as to their working hours have excited much attention. Paesello could only compose in bed. The poet Cimarosa derived his inspiration from tumult and crowds. Mezeray was in the habit of writing in broad daylight, even at noon-day. Descartes composed some of his sublimest works, lying on his back; whilst the famous jurist, Cujas, wrote his in a contrary position. Guido Reni never touched his pencil unless he was in full dress; and Haydn declared it was difficult for him to compose unless he wore the ring Frederick the Great had given him. . . . One of Talleyrand's friends reminded him of a misfortune which had nearly proved fatal to him. "My friend," replied Talleyrand, "God has placed our eyes in front, that we may always look forward, and never back." . . . Tasso replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him, "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill-will." . . . To many people gratitude is a burden, and he who imposes it almost worthy of hatred. Thus Racine thought it necessary to say to a friend, "I am under obligations to you, yet I shall always love you." . . . The *Moniteur* Algerien mentions an invasion of rats in the province of Bona, the animals having spread over some districts of the country, and devoured whole fields of corn. According to the accounts of the Arabs, these vermin have never appeared in such numbers as during the present season. An officer of the Arab bureau is now engaged in going through the district, in order to ascertain the extent of the damage caused, and fix approximately what allowance it will be necessary to make to the sufferers in the payment of their taxes. . . . The clerk of a New York apothecary has been convicted of manslaughter in causing the death of an infant by making a mistake in preparing a prescription. . . . Mrs. Chadwick, wife of Mr. George Chadwick, Peckskill follow, Putnam county, New York, cut off her hand between the wrist and elbow, while laboring under religious excitement. She had recently been frequently heard to say, "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off." The wound is a terrible one, and her recovery is doubtful. . . . The *Wheeling Times* says that a man was run over by the gravel train at Broad Tree Tunnel, recently. He was kneeling on the track at the time, grieving and praying for a deceased

friend, when the train appeared coming out of the tunnel, with the engine backing, in consequence of which the engineer did not see him. The train passed over him, severing his head from his body. . . . Mr. Kavanah, who took the letter from Lucknow during the siege to Sir Colin Campbell, has been rewarded with the sum of £2000, and an appointment in Oude worth £700 a year. . . . The company which was formed last year in New York, for the purpose of establishing telegraphic communication between the island of Cuba and the American continent, have completed their preliminary arrangements, and are resolved to commence the work immediately. . . . In Attleboro', lately, during a shower, a young lady, not being able to do better, sheltered herself effectually by taking off her crinoline skirt and making a sort of tent of it. She emerged as dry as a toper at 6 A. M. . . . The wine, brandy, cigars and tobacco imported into the United States last year cost \$11,934,868. . . . Mayor Tienmann, of New York, lately solemnized a marriage of two happy couples at a charge of fifty cents. Cheap enough. . . . Female clerks are becoming an institution. There are some six hundred in Boston, including book-keepers. . . . The taxable property of Chicago last spring was thirty-six millions of dollars; while the amount recorded upon bond and mortgage, which it was pledged to secure, was over one hundred and nine millions of dollars. . . . Miss Louisa Pynch and Mr. Harrison have accepted a new opera from the pen of Mr. Balfe, which is to be produced next month, at Drury Lane. . . . Jules Janin, the well-known critic of the *Paris Debats*, is about to publish a book entitled "Mademoiselle Rachel." . . . The late Sir R. Sutton, Bart., who was in hunting and sporting matters a second Nimrod, killed, in 17 years (from 1828 to 1845), the following enormous quantity of game:—3467 grouse, 12,774 pheasants, 22,795 partridges, 7829 hares, 4483 rabbits, 182 woodcocks, 165 snipes, 35 wild ducks, 14 quails, 4 landrails, 4 plovers, and 4 dotterels. Total, 51,765. . . . The Dean of Ripon, in England, and John Q. Wilson, of Albany, are reported to be the survivors of those who accompanied Robert Fulton on his first steam vessel journey on the Hudson River. . . . The Russian mission now at Peking has, in a recent report, made known the result of the last census taken by order of the emperor of China. The present population is said by this document to amount to 415,000,000, that of Peking being 1,648,814. . . . The word "lobsters" is often sneeringly applied to soldiers in England at the present day. It is suggested by their red coats, and it is not unlikely that the appellation was very common with the patriots in Revolutionary times. . . . A new tragedy on the subject of Cleopatra has just been produced at Naples. The author is Signor Bolognese. The "Serpent of Old Nile" is personated very successfully by Madame Sadowski. . . . A writer in the *National Intelligencer* says that spirits of hartsborn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartsborn decomposes, chemically, the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. . . . To prevent the production of photographic bank notes, the Bank of England now prints its notes on yellow paper with blue ink, from which photographic copies cannot be taken. . . . The violin which Ole Bull uses in his concerts is of very considerable value. It was made in 1562, by Gaspard de Salo, by order of Cardinal Aldobrandini (afterwards Clement VIII.), and is ornamented with chasings, by Benvenuto Cellini. The cardinal gave the instrument to the treasury of Inspruck; but in the year 1809 it fell into the possession of a French soldier, who sold it to Dr. Pagnini, a brother of the celebrated violinist, and he bequeathed it on his death-bed to Ole Bull. . . . The *London Illustrated News* gives half a column and a character portrait to Aldridge, the negro tragedian. The critic says:—"As both a tragic and a comic actor, Mr. Aldridge's talents are undeniably great. In tragedy he has a solemn intensity of style, burning occasionally into a blaze of fierce invective or passionate declamation; while the dark shades of his face become doubly sombre in their thoughtful aspect—a night-like gloom is spread over them, and an expression more terrible than paler lineaments can readily assume. In farce he is exceedingly amusing; the ebony becomes polished—the coal emits sparks. His face is the faithful index of his mind; and, as there is not a darker frown than his, there is not a broader grin. The ecstasy of his long shrill note in 'Opossum up a gum-tree,' can only be equalled by the agony of his cry of despair over the dead body of Desdemona." . . . Sidney Smith says:—"A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember a joke after a meeting of the clergy, in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming, 'I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith—you meant a joke.'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I believe I did.' Upon which he began laughing so heartily, that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back." . . . The Prince de Ligne finely remarks that to paint death, as we generally do, is a great injustice. We should represent death in the shape of a venerable, mild and serene matron, with traces of beauty in her countenance, and her arms gracefully expanded to receive us. This is the emblem of an eternal repose after a melancholy life harassed by anxieties and storms. . . . A boy nearly three years of age, son of Mrs. Mary McGuire, who keeps a porter-house in Greenwich Avenue, New York, died from convulsions produced by fright. A stranger to Mrs. McGuire entered the place, and called for liquor; and it being refused, threw a bundle of wood at her, the sticks flying in every direction, and breaking a number of decanters and glasses. The boy was immediately seized with convulsions as stated. . . . It is estimated that there are more than two thousand persons of both sexes now temporarily resident in Indiana, Iowa and other Western States, for the express purpose of obtaining divorces upon grounds which would not avail them in the State of their actual residence. . . . Chilly, the manager of the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, has as usual been given up to the jokers during the hot weather. He alone was obliged to close, under pretext of the preparations necessary to bring out his new piece of "The Fugitives." They say that one night he looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter, with the sacred question of "Why, good gracious, where's the audience?"—"Monier," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get a bottle of beer at the Cafe de Strasbourg." Chilly wiped his brow, from which the perspiration was streaming. "Will he return, do you think?"—"Most certainly—he expressed himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man."—"Then let business proceed," exclaimed Chilly, loftily—and it did proceed. . . . As evidence of the progress of music in America (intended more especially for our European friends), we copy the following from the *New York Herald*, where it appeared among the musical advertisements:—"Drummer wanted—in a wholesale shirt store. Address box 460, post-office." If a wholesale shirt store requires a drum already to succeed in New York, we presume general dealers will require a full band. . . . The counsel for a prisoner convicted of assault and battery in New York, intimated to the Recorder, about to pass sentence, that it would be well to liberate him in honor of the great event which everybody was celebrating—the success of the Atlantic cable. The Recorder blandly answered that, in consideration of the cable, he would only give the man six months in the penitentiary. . . . Some of the expensive and splendid churches in the Fifth Avenue, New York, have had to be abandoned for want of funds. It is now all the rage to build costly churches in that aristocratic avenue. Dr. Gardiner Spring's new church on Murray Hill, in that avenue, will cost \$200,000; and Archbishop Hughes's new cathedral will cost not much short of a million. . . . The ladies have worked nobly in behalf of the purchase of Mt. Vernon. Madame Le Vert, the distinguished Mobilian, has in one year collected nearly seven thousand dollars, of which sum the citizens of Mobile gave nearly half. On the 4th of July, Mr. Win. P. Molett, of Dallas county, Ala., sent this lady \$550.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

All angry feelings between the French and English seem to have passed away with the cordial interchange of sentiments between the two sovereigns at the Cherbourg fete.—The Atlantic telegraph stock has risen to par.—The submarine telegraph to the Channel Islands has been successfully laid, and communications are now going on between Southampton and Alderney.—Soyer, the immortal cook, has breathed his last in London, and will never breathe again in this world.—Rains have injured the French harvest, which will not be so good as has been expected.—There was a large arrival of wounded troops from Delhi and Agra at Chatham, England, lately. They had disembarked at Gravesend from the East India Company's troop ship, *Seringapatam*. A large number of the invalids were wounded at Delhi, Meerut and Agra, and several have lost an arm.—In Candia, 300 armed Turks wished to pursue their vengeance on the Christians, but they were prevented by the arrival of the minister of police. . . . The renewal of diplomatic relations between France and Naples is rendered probable. . . . Accounts from Teheran, via Constantinople, announce that the relations between the Persian government and the English minister, which seemed on the point of being broken off, had been completely re-established.—The *Espana*, of Madrid, states, on the authority of a letter from Melilla, that the Moors, after carrying off all their crops, had opened a sharp fire of artillery and musketry on the Spanish garrison, and had done some damage to houses in the town.—Advices from Vienna announce the report of a concentration of an Austrian corps d'armee of 30,000 to 33,000 men of all ranks in South Hungary, on the points nearest the Turkish, Bosnia and Servian frontiers.

Alexandre Dumas.

Some curious details of the private life of this prolific and popular author have lately been given publicly. It appears that he receives company even when engaged in literary labor, and often has to lay down and take up his pen fifty times an hour. He is also beset with duns, notwithstanding he coins money as an author. But he always faces his creditors. When he has money, he pays them; when he has none, he dismisses them with promises to pay, which satisfies them equally well. He does not go into company much, is rarely seen at the theatre, and never at official parties and receptions.

France.

The *Moniteur de l'Armee* replies to some remarks in the *London Times* respecting Cherbourg. The article is one of contradiction and assertion rather than of argument or proof. It concludes with a defence of the present system in France, with a eulogium of the emperor, and a recommendation to the *Times* to banish all uneasiness, the harmony between the two governments being perfect, and no hostility on the part of France to be apprehended.

China.

In their recent engagement with the French and English, the Chinese have behaved remarkably well for them. They have improved amazingly in firing, and many of their batteries are admirably served. More than one blue-button mandarin has killed himself, rather than yield himself a prisoner; and several braves have flung themselves on the French bayonets when all hope was lost.

Antwerp.

A dreadful fire recently destroyed the Exchange in this city, with its magnificent bronze cupola, arcades and the Tribunals of Commerce. The Chambers of the Syndic, with the city archives, were completely destroyed. The fire broke out in an upper story, and nothing was saved. The Exchange of Antwerp was one of the finest edifices of its kind in Europe.

Frenchmen Plotting.

It is said that Louis Napoleon was very much affected when he learned that the persons compromised in the plot lately discovered at St. Etienne were mostly Frenchmen, while those who figured in the affair of the 14th of January were foreigners. About thirty of the St. Etienne conspirators have been arrested, and twenty loaded shells, exactly like Orsini's, seized.

Sardinia.

The Princes Humbert and Amadeus, of Sardinia, sons of the king, who are pupils of the Artillery School at Turin, took part, lately, in the half-yearly competition of firing at a mark. As the other pupils, young men of eighteen or twenty, are not courtiers, the competition was a *bona fide* one. The princes displayed remarkable skill in the exercises.

Imperial Clemency.

The emperor of the French embraced the opportunity of the rejoicings of the 15th of August, to grant pardon to a great many poor fellows banished for patriotism in adhering to the oaths and pledges that he himself set the example of violating. It is very magnanimous to forgive those whom you have injured!

India.

In Central India, the rebellion is said to have been effectively repressed by a proclamation of Lord Canning, announcing that there would be no hope of pardon for any individual who had co-operated in the murder of any British subject. We don't believe in the suppression of any such rebellion by paper bulletins, having greater faith in leaden bullets.

Rome.

The Roman pontiff has decided to re-establish the order of Hospitaliers of Jerusalem, or Knights of Rhodes. It cannot be that they are to assume their old mission of warring against the Turks—the treaty of Paris forbids this. It is thought that a firman will be solicited to permit making the Holy City the seat of the order.

Algeria.

The Algerian papers publish a letter sent by Prince Napoleon to the Chamber of Commerce of Algiers, in answer to an address of congratulation on his appointment. The prince, confirming the rumors which have been current on the subject, expresses a hope that he may shortly be enabled to pay a visit to the colony.

The Cable!—the Cable!

Nothing is talked of in Europe now, but the success of the Atlantic cable. It will be a wonder for a long time yet. Already a vast number of submarine lines to various parts of the world are projected; and if one half the schemes are carried out, the bottom of the ocean will be reticulated with telegraphic wires.

Russia.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the cholera has again broken out with great violence in the capital. The deaths are not very numerous, but they frequently come on with great rapidity. There were then eighty-one cases under treatment.

Poland.

Accounts from Posen, in the German journals, state that the revolutionary committee of London has recently distributed in Poland copies of a manifesto exciting the Poles to rebellion. A copy has been seized by the authorities of Posen.

Turkey.

Some of the Austrian journals have been accusing the Court of the Tuilleries of designing to dismember Turkey and Austria, but the semi-official organs of Louis Napoleon emphatically deny any such purpose.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

About 1800 patents were issued at the patent-office during the six months ending the 30th of June. The receipts for the same period were \$100,525. — Near Abingdon, Virginia, recently, a Mr. Smeltz was feeding a thrashing machine, when the cylinder burst, driving one of the spikes through the chin upwards, carrying away the lower front teeth, and shattering the jaw in a terrible manner. Another spike was deeply buried in the shoulder, and could not be extracted without endangering his life. — At Balina, Mexico, is accumulated from the neighboring mines two millions of silver bullion, which cannot be transported because of the troubled state of the country. — The Countess Dowager of Hardwicke, who recently died in England at the age of 95, was the daughter of the fifth Earl of Balearres, who, at the age of 60, married her mother. Lady Hardwicke was therefore able to say her father was engaged in the rebellion of 1715 (143 years ago); that her grandfather was born in the same year that Charles 1st was beheaded (1549), and that Charles 2d gave way the bride at her grandfather's first marriage. — A company of gentlemen at Rocky Point, L. I., caught seventeen sharks one evening, lately! That is preferable to having seventeen sharks eat a company of gentlemen. — The celebrated racing stallion, Ambassador, was killed by lightning, recently, on the plantation of his owner, Mr. Charles N. Merriwether, about ten miles from Clarksville, Tenn. Ambassador was the winner of the great Alabama stake of \$28,000 in 1854, and his time is among the best on record. — H. Clay Smith has been prospecting on Bear River, in Oxford county, Maine, and has shown to a Portland editor specimens of gold found in the bed of that river in the town of Newry. He says he found the real gold-bearing quartz, and took specimens of gold at various points, although the high water, occasioned by the constant rains, prevented any test as to whether enough could be obtained to make mining profitable. — The *Norwalk Gazette* says that while eight young men were in the water at Belden's Neck, a thief came along and stole "every vestige of their clothing." Of course they could not very well chase him, and he escaped. — An old woman lately fell off a house in Limerick, Ireland, as she was sweeping the gutter. On being taken up, she applied her hand to her pocket, with the romantic observation, "Musha! I wonder is my pipe broke?" — Perry Cox, who broke jail a short time ago at York, Pa., has turned up on Frazer River, where he boasts of making \$30 a week by barbering. — From the annual abstract of returns of the militia of the United States for 1857, transmitted to Congress in accordance with the act of 1803, by the Secretary of War, we learn that the grand aggregate in all the States, Territories and the District of Columbia is 2,755,726. Of this number about 2,700,000 are infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 riflemen. The total returned for Kentucky is 88,858, of which number about 86,000 are infantry, 900 cavalry, 1000 artillery, and 700 riflemen.

A LITTLE HERO.

A correspondent of the *Pittsburg Post*, writing from the Mountain House, Cresson, relates the following incident which recently occurred in the cars, after leaving Pittsburg:—"As we left the city, we observed a small boy, named Stitt, about 12 years of age, poorly clad, but very intelligent, having with him an infant ten months old, the child of his sister, who died a few weeks ago. The lad had brought the infant from Iowa City, where the mother died, and was on his way to Harrisburg. The young uncle had cared for it, and nursed it all the way—a weighty charge for one so young. It would not, perhaps, have been so much remarked had a young girl been the custodian of the orphaned babe, but here was a mere boy putting away childish things, and assuming all the cares and responsibilities of a parent, during a journey of a thousand miles at least. The passengers manifested the greatest interest in the little wayfarer and his charge, the ladies especially, in turn relieving the lad of his burden, as he appeared to be almost exhausted with his long journey. Such constancy and manliness in one so young is not often exhibited, and certainly well deserves the name of heroism."

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—We have frequent occasion to speak of this remarkable medicine, because we have full faith in its excellence, and know of many instances where it has performed almost miraculous cures. It is principally designed as an antidote for dyspepsia, indigestion, and the numerous disorders of the stomach. It was discovered and perfected by a regular physician, after years of research and practical experience in medicine. It is entirely unlike all other specifics with which we are acquainted, and extracts the disease by its very roots, leaving no vestige behind. Sold by all respectable druggists in the United States.

A HARD NAME.—Columbus, Kentucky, is a hard place. An old farmer, who had been badly swindled there, said of it:—"If the angel Gabriel happens to land at Columbus, there'll be no resurrection; for they'll swindle him out of his trumpet before he can make a single toot!"

TO WASH COLORS.—For washing fine and elegant colors, the *Scientific American* advises ladies to boil some bran in rain water, and use the liquor cold. Nothing can equal it for ease upon color and for cleaning cloth.

Wayside Gatherings.

A firm in Chicago shipped recently, direct to London, eighteen thousand coon skins.

The sporting men in Milford, Conn., are trying to raise money enough to make a trotting park.

There are 50,051 rice plantations in the South, the annual product of which is worth about \$4,000,000.

The last census of New York city shows a decrease of population since the great revulsion of last year.

Mr. John Butler Studley died in Hanover, Mass., recently, of consumption, after a lingering illness of twenty years, during sixteen of which he has conversed only in a whisper.

The telegraph operators at Trinity Bay have named the place "Cyrus Station," in honor of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The nearest village is fifteen miles off, and the nearest house five miles.

The Minnesota correspondence of the *Cleveland Plaindealer* says that the area of crops throughout Minnesota this year is at least one-third greater than last year. The corn crop is exceedingly promising.

The subscription to the Legare monument, according to notice, was closed August 1st, the amount subscribed having reached the handsome sum of \$2438 50, and the subscription list showing a goodly number of the most distinguished and respectable names in South Carolina.

A curious mistake occurred in the election returns for the presidency of the federal republic of Switzerland. In consequence of a clerical error, the wrong man was placed at the head of the government for a space of twenty-four hours, but when the mistake had been detected, he resigned his dignity to the lawful possessor.

A woman residing at St. Mary's, C. W., observed a drunken man coming up to the toll-gate with a club in his hand, with which he made after and struck a boy; no doubt believing he was going to murder the boy, she uttered a cry and rushed to his rescue, but had only proceeded a few yards, when she fell upon the ground and expired.

Princeton Theological Seminary bids fair to censure the calumny of the degeneracy of ministers' sons. One-fifth of the present number of students are the sons of ministers; and in the institution may now be seen the grandsons of the Rev. Drs. Griffin and Witherspoon, and the great grandson of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

A recent French writer remarks that summer for journalists is like the desert of Sahara for travellers. A hot sand under the feet, burning skies above the head, sterility all around and not an oasis. When the paper has gone to press and the moment to halt and rest arrives, journalists and travellers have both the same thought. It is of to-morrow.

It is reported in Great Salt Lake City that Brigham Young has received a revelation from the Lord commanding him to hold his voice for a season. The secret of the "revelation" was exposed by one of Brigham's wives in conversation with a Gentile, when she said, "Brigham will not preach again so long as there is a Gentile short-hand reporter here to take down his discourses."

William H. Russell of Detroit, missing mysteriously since December, has turned up in San Francisco. He went to Liverpool, thence to Jamaica, thence to San Francisco, where he was too ill to wander any further, and where he fell into good hands. Mr. Russell's mind was affected by the death of his little boy, and the labor of fitting up his hotel at Detroit, and he wandered away in that condition.

An establishment in Cincinnati, purporting to be a candle and oil factory, has elicited investigations, from the peculiar offensive odors which it exhales, and it has been discovered that the carrion collected by the offal contractor is there boiled down, the oil and lard extracted, and the remains used to fatten hogs for the market. It is described as being even worse than the swill milk business, and the concern is to be indicted.

At Coney Island, recently, Mr. George Merrifield of Baltimore left a gold watch, diamond breastpin and suit of clothes, all valued at \$400, at the Pavilion Hotel, where he disrobed himself preparatory to bathing in the surf. He received a ticket for his property, but while in the water a man presented a forged ticket, obtained the property, and escaped before the swindle was discovered. This may serve as a warning to others under similar circumstances.

In Buffalo, recently, as a young man was engaged in swinging some young ladies, he tripped and fell so that as the heavy swing box returned it passed over him, tearing the flesh clear from the bone on one side and making a transverse rent in the flesh of the abdomen seven inches long. The man's body, which was stout, was compressed into a space of less than nine inches when the box passed over him. Although seriously injured there are prospects of his recovery.

Dan Rice's trained camel was killed going from Brazil to Green Castle, Ind., recently. As the elephant and camel, which were chained together, were crossing a bridge, nine miles from the latter place, they broke through. The elephant caught a beam with his trunk, and found a footing for one of his legs, and so saved himself by main strength, climbing upon the firm part of the work; but the poor camel swung by his side when he reached terra firma with a broken neck.

A simple young fellow from New London was met on the battery, New York, recently, by a "gentlemanly stranger" from Buffalo, who was anxious to get home, and offered to exchange a valuable gold watch for greenie's silver watch and two dollars cash. Green (his real name was Simon Smith) made the bargain and walked off with the prize. It was wrapped in elegant tissue paper, and presently Green unwrapped it, when his splendid purchase turned out to be nothing but a common pebble. He will examine the next watch he buys before purchasing.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that as Mr. Squire J. John, a prominent furniture manufacturer in that city, was blowing into the muzzle of a gun, to ascertain whether it was loaded, a favorite house-dog came bounding upon him, and exploded the gun, the hammer of which was raised. The contents of the barrel, a heavy charge of shot, entered the face of Mr. John, carrying away the left eye and the entire upper left portion of the face and head. The brains of the unfortunate man were scattered in every direction, and of course he died instantly.

A desperate "lover," named Paxton, having received the "mittin'" from a young lady at Darlington, in Montgomery county, N. Y., to whom he had been paying his "distresses," met her at church recently, and drawing a revolver, snapped it three times in a vain attempt to shoot her. A gentleman came to the rescue of the lady, and Paxton levelled the revolver at him, but fortunately it again missed fire. He was immediately disarmed and arrested and taken to Crawfordsville, where he was lodged in jail. Strange to say, the pistol was re-capped and every barrel which had before missed fire was discharged on the spot.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is his whole life, not a few incidents of it, that proves a man.—*Bovee*.

.... The death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of Christianity, as the life of Paul.—*Colton*.

.... Women generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Subtract from many modern poets, all that may be found in Shakspeare, and trash will remain.—*Colton*.

.... He that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, new ideas, and old wine, will not often dine with the rich.—*Lacon*.

.... It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about, so long as there are two straws upon it.—*Jerrold*.

.... In the morning, we carry the world, like Atlas; at noon, we stoop and bend beneath it; and at night, it crushes us flat to the ground.—*Beecher*.

.... We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.—*Bovee*.

.... How few let their passions, their resentments, die before them! How few see their vices collared, ere they fall themselves.—*Jerrold*.

.... There is a law of motion as well as a law of rest, and a greater virtue than the virtue of standing still. Next to faith in God is faith in labor.—*Bovee*.

.... God's word is sometimes to us like a magic writing which has faded out and become invisible, and then, at other times, the lines re-appear, and it flashes for us with a divine meaning.—*Beecher*.

.... If we steal thoughts from the moderns, it will be cried down as plagiarism; if from the ancients, it will be cried up as erudition. But in this respect, every author is a Spartan, being more ashamed of the discovery, than of the depredation.—*Lacon*.

.... Let it be understood that the end of our existence here is that we may be more godlike; and may we know that we shall become so by being more manly in the world, and that we are placed here to grow strong and noble, and not merely to enjoy.—*Beecher*.

Joker's Budget.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

A man has a right to scold his wife about the coffee—when he has sufficient grounds.

Punch calls the once separated Atlantic telegraph cable "very hard lines." Nevertheless, they have "fallen in pleasant places" at length.

A wit and a fool in company are like a crab and an oyster; the one watches till the other opens his mouth, that he may eat him up.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell to weeping, except one man, who begged to be excused, as he belonged to another church.

An old lady reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man, he had a dreadful set of children!"

At a shop window in Drury Lane there appears the following notice: "Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family." May their appetites be small!

Several editors at the West are disputing about the comparative length of the ears of corn they have received. It is a pity that they can find nothing better to boast of than the length of their ears.

Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said: "There is a rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, asked, "At which end, my lord?"

A mason speaking of the difficulties of making a cellar rather deeper than it was usual to make them, was answered by the owner of the property, that he could have it as deep as he pleased, for he owned all the way through!

A man sitting upon the verandah of an up-town inn, lailed "one of the oldest inhabitants," and inquired the denomination of the church upon the opposite side of the road. The reply was, "Wall, she was a Baptist nat'rally, but they don't run her now."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

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Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

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THE BAZAAR AT OODIPOOR, RAJPOOTANA INDIA.

[For description see page 173.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE HUDSON RIVER HISTORICALLY ILLUSTRATED. TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—In my last I bid you farewell as I was about starting for Tarrytown from Dobbs's Ferry. The view of the river on leaving the depot at the latter place is one of great beauty; and as I do not propose to confine myself strictly to a series of views of any one locality in my tour up the Hudson, I have introduced it here. The most prominent object in looking across the "Tappaan Zee" of the Knickerbockers, is the long pier of the Erie Railroad, which extends from the shore to a point over a mile distant. The river is here nearly three miles in width, although not navigable for more than one third of that distance, on account of the flats which stretch from the western shore. This pier, constructed at an immense cost, was formerly the eastern terminus of the road, but is now only used for the shipment of the heavier freight; the passenger trains branch off at Suffern's to Jersey City. About three miles above the town of Piermont, which is seen at the shore end of the pier, is the pretty little town of Nyack, opposite Tarrytown, nestling itself at the foot of the hills, and struggling with the foliage for a chance to display its modest beauties. Still further up the river the bluff which shuts in the view is "Point-no-point," one of the headlands which form the circumference of the basin wherein rests the beautiful little Rockland lake.

Tarrytown, which is only about six miles above Dobbs's Ferry, is a place containing many points of interest and attraction. Like many others—I had almost said all—of the towns on the river, it disappoints the visitor upon his first arrival. The original settlement appears to have been made immediately on the shore, at the foot of the range of hills which lend such beauty to the scenery of the eastern shore. Leaving the collection of antique-looking buildings which surround the depot, and climbing a steep and circuitous road to a semi-plateau at an elevation of about a hundred

feet or more from the shore, the visitor is struck with the rural beauties of the town, which bears a strong resemblance to many of the New England towns and villages. The dwellings lie scattered over the face of the hills, most of them with handsome door-yards, and many of them—the residences of persons doing business in New York—with handsome gardens and ornamental grounds attached. The site of the town was originally occupied by an Indian village called Alipconck, or the "Place of Elms." In 1680, the Dutch settled here, and called it "Tarwe-town," or "Wheat-town," which has since been simplified into Tarrytown—although Diederich Knickerbocker says the name was given it by the Dutch housewives of the back country, from the propensity of their husbands to tarry about the taverns on market days. On my arrival I sought quarters at the fine hotel which stands a little to the right of a hill overlooking the river, and being very much fatigued with my day's tramp, sought repose soon after supper. As this was neither my last nor first visit to the place, we will take up the thread of my narrative some months in advance, which will bring us to the beautiful spring-time, when, of course, there is more to attract and adorn than in the chill and blustering winter.

I awoke early of a fine spring morning, and clambered up the hillside to an elevated point, where I had a charming view of the river and the opposite shore. The town below was hidden in deep shadow, which extended partly across the river, while the sun, which was just rising behind me, cast its glittering rays far across the landscape, gilding the hilltops of the western shore, and lighting up the windows in the houses at Nyack until they looked like lanterns in a fairy grove. From the Palisades below to Point-no-point, at the entrance of Haverstraw Bay, the scene presented, especially at or soon after sunrise, is one of great beauty, and worthy of the painter's pencil. The morning air, together with the exercise, had given me a fine relish for breakfast, after enjoy-

ing which, I strolled out with sketch-book in hand in search of the picturesque. My first visit was to the monument erected upon the spot where occurred an event which has given the town its strongest and most enduring celebrity—the capture of André. A capital view of this monument has been published in the Pictorial, Volume 6, page 204, in connection with the Tarrytown Institute, kept by Mr. A. Newman, within a few yards north of it. I had occasion to call upon Mr. Newman, and found him a man who I should feel was particularly calculated to have the charge of such an academy of learning. We spent half an hour together, and after sketching the monument and the academy for my own private portfolio, I walked to Sleepy Hollow, a distance of about a mile, and spent the balance of the morning in sketching in this highly interesting locality. It would be "gilding refined gold" to attempt to describe a scene which Irving has rendered classical, and I content myself with giving a sketch of the bridge which spans the little stream. The old mill and the church have each been represented in the Pictorial, and I pass them by, although I took sketches of them for my own use. I tried, but in vain, to find time to get to Greenburgh, to visit Van Wart's monument. I send you a drawing of it, however, from a sketch made some years since. It stands in the Presbyterian churchyard at Greenburgh, on the Saw-mill River. Van Wart was one of the three yeomen who captured André. He was an officer of the church here for many years, and the people of Westchester county erected this monument over his remains. On the 11th of June, 1829, its completion was celebrated by the usual ceremonies on such occasions. It bears the following inscriptions:—

"Here repose the mortal remains of Isaac Van Wart, an elder in the Greenburgh Church, who died on the 23d of May, 1828, in the 69th year of age. Having lived the life, he died the death, of the Christian."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 184.]



VIEW OF TARRYTOWN, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

The old man moved on until nearly abreast of the tree behind which Morgan Lymburne had concealed himself, when the latter, his face inflamed and his manner furious with anger, stepped directly before him and barred his further progress. Luke Harvey started back as he recognized Lymburne; but the latter sprang forward, and grasping him by the arm, exclaimed in a voice husky with rage:

"Pest! Fiend and furies, old man, what are you doing here? Why have you left England? Speak! answer me quick, or by all the fiends, I'll murder you on the spot!"

Luke Harvey seemed little discomposed by this outbreak, and answered promptly, in a tone of cutting sarcasm:

"Do so, by all means, Sir Morgan. It would be only one more murder on your soul, and blood is nothing to you."

"Yes, you talk of murder—you!" cried Lymburne, wildly. "Your hands are clean; of course, there is no blood on them!"

The old man's face turned more ghastly pallid at these words, but he answered quickly:

"What I have been, Morgan Lymburne, has nothing to do with me as I am now. I will not deny that my hands have been steeped in crime, but if the repentance of years can avail anything, my crimes are surely atoned for. I have commenced the work of reparation, and I will not rest until it is accomplished."

"Beware, old man!" Lymburne replied, in a hoarse tone. His excitement had so weakened him that he leaned against a tree for support, while his face exhibited a strange mingling of hate and fear. "I'll not be trifled with. Tell me, on the instant, why you have followed me, or I swear you shall never leave this spot alive!"

"You cannot frighten me," replied Luke Harvey, in the same calm, determined voice. "If you thought me so completely your slave as to look on passively and see you succeed in your designs, you have fatally deceived yourself. When I say, Morgan Lymburne, that I have commenced the work of reparation, I speak the earnest truth. I have followed you from England because I have sworn to interrupt your proceedings here; I have traced you hither from Jamestown for the same purpose, and here we have met. You must abandon your designs, for I shall not rest until justice is meted out. Be warned, Sir Morgan, and desist; leave the colony and return to England in peace; otherwise, you cannot escape the certain ruin which I shall bring upon you."

"Old man, you're mad!" gasped Lymburne. "Think you that I shall abandon everything, give up what is dearer than life itself, to humor the insane whim of a drivelling fool like yourself? No—by Heaven, no! I tell you again, as surely as you persist in this shall my vengeance overtake you."

"Then you are inexorable?" replied Luke Harvey, quietly, and preparing to go. "Well, pursue your course; you have received from me all the assistance in this villany that you may ever hope for. I wash my hands of the business; I leave you to your fate."

"Stay!" shouted Lymburne, as he saw the old man moving off. "I will bribe you; I will hire you to leave Virginia. Mention the sum that will purchase your silence; I will give you whatever you require."

"I wish not for your gold, Sir Morgan," replied Luke Harvey, turning away. "Could you pile it high as these tree-tops, and offer it to me, I would spurn it. Nothing, Sir Morgan, nothing shall induce me to swerve from the line of duty which I have marked out. I have offered you my terms; you have refused them, and now—the consequences be upon your own head."

Lymburne, when left alone, appeared as if paralyzed. His eyes followed the retreating figure of Luke Harvey, and once he raised his rifle and covered him with the sights, but he seemed too weak to pull the trigger, and the piece fell from his hands. But his strength slowly returned to him, and a terrible smile broke over his face. Carefully examining the flint of his rifle, and observing accurately the course of Luke Harvey, who had now disappeared from sight, he moved off, making a wide detour to avoid the man whom he was pursuing, and walking more briskly as he proceeded. His course led him over a wide extent of forest, but at last he arrived, as he judged, some distance ahead of the old man, and immediately commenced his preparations. A large tree had fallen near by, and behind this he placed himself, resting his rifle over it and drawing back the hammer. Three trees directly in front of him afforded an accurate line of aim; and thus prepared, he feverishly awaited the approach of Luke Harvey.

The latter at length appeared, and, all unconscious of the proximity of an enemy, slowly drew near. Lymburne scarcely breathed in the excitement of the moment. His teeth were shut hard, but his eye glanced steadily over his rifle-barrel, and with the pulsations of his heart almost entirely suspended, he waited for the moment which should bring the victim into his toils.

He had not long to wait. Luke Harvey advanced until nearly abreast of the fallen tree, and not twenty rods in front of it. Upon the instant, the sharp, quick report of Lymburne's rifle echoed and re-echoed through the forest, and against the river-bank, and a light puff of smoke curled slowly up among the trees. Morgan

Lymburne sprang eagerly upon the log to mark the effects of his shot. Luke Harvey stood in his tracks, just where he had seen him when his head had come in range of his rifle; but as he looked, the old man wavered from side to side, and without a groan, but with the simple throwing up of his arms, he sunk heavily to the earth.

Morgan Lymburne threw down his rifle, and with a cry of exultation darted forward. Anxiously he examined the body, but no sign of life was apparent. To all appearances, the shot must have been instantly fatal. The forehead was covered with blood, and a portion of the white hair was dabbled in it. The eyes were closed, and he lay perfectly motionless.

"Aha, my old friend," soliloquized Lymburne, as he rolled the body over, "you thought of betraying me, did you? But you're safe now; you'll not betray many men, I imagine. I think I am safe now; here is one enemy disposed of, at all events!"

With this speech came another vocal exhibition of satisfaction, and then the assassin bestirred himself to conceal the body. He gathered from the neighboring trees a quantity of dead branches, and threw them upon the body; then collecting armfuls of dead leaves, he scattered them upon it until it was entirely concealed. These he disarranged so as to make the pile resemble a natural projection of the soil, and then stepped back and viewed his work with an air of satisfaction.

"There—that will do, I think," he observed, "at least until I can obtain help from the Blockhouse."

With these words he started to go, but remembering his rifle, he turned and searched for it. He soon found it where he had thrown it in his excitement, and with rapid steps pursued his way toward the Blockhouse. He drew near it in due time, and slackened his pace as he observed a person moving along the edge of the wood, but a second glance convinced him that it was John Searle, and he hastened forward to meet him.

"Has anything happened, Searle?" he anxiously asked. "Have I been missed at the house?"

"No, sir. Young Yeardley is keeping them busy, and even the women have turned in to help, and they're all four busy, running balls."

"The fools! And Yeardley and the Lady Eleanor are casting sheep's eyes at each other, I suppose. But I shall stop that game presently. And now, John, come with me; I have work for you."

The two took their way rapidly into the woods, and Sir Morgan in a few brief words explained to his servant what had happened within the last hour, concluding with the words:

"And now, John, we must drag the body down to the river and set it afloat, and all will be well. There's no telling where it may bring up, but no one will be the wiser as to the manner or place of his death, and as he is not known, his death will not create much excitement. Is not that the best way to dispose of it?"

John Searle immediately concurred in the benevolent designs of his master, and they contrived to pursue their way through the forest, Sir Morgan leading, until they had arrived in the vicinity of the spot where Luke Harvey had fallen.

"Ah, this is the place!" remarked Lymburne, as he passed the fallen tree. "'Twas a good shot, Searle; I rested my rifle across the log yonder, and he—Heaven and earth!" he ejaculated, as the spot where he had placed the body came into fuller view. "What does this mean?"

Well might he be astonished, for the branches and leaves which he had an hour before scattered over the body of Luke Harvey were broken and thrown confusedly about, and the body had disappeared.

"By my soul, but this is passing strange!" burst from the lips of Sir Morgan. "Searle, what do you make of it?"

"Are you sure you hid him here, Sir Morgan?"

"As that I stand here now. Could any wild beast have carried him off?"

"I think not; it is the work of the Indians."

"But they would have scalped and left him."

"Not if they wished to rob the body," replied Searle.

"There may be something in that," observed Lymburne, thoughtfully. "And yet, I would that I were sure of it. But keep silent, Searle, and we may hear more of this."

With these words he retraced his steps to the Blockhouse, followed by his servant. But his manner was singularly anxious and restless, and more than once he was startled by the creaking of a bough overhead.

Ah, Sir Morgan, undoubtedly you will hear more of this!

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERY SOLVED. THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

LEAVING Sir Morgan Lymburne to return to the Blockhouse in an unenviable frame of mind, we will revert for a moment to Luke Harvey, whom we left, apparently the victim of Lymburne's malignity. But the old man was not to die thus.

His escape was almost miraculous. The secret of it was that the would-be assassin had fired one second too soon. In his eagerness to anticipate the death of his victim, Morgan Lymburne had pressed the trigger the very instant that Luke Harvey was about to take the step which would have brought his head within the line of aim. The consequence was, that instead of entering his temple, the ball grazed the sculp, making a deep but not dangerous flesh-wound, and rendering the old man insensible by the violence of the shock. This insensibility Lymburne mistook for death, as we have seen, and his subsequent movements were made in accordance with this belief. Luke Harvey remained senseless for some moments after Sir Morgan had gone, and when at last he revived, he was bewildered to find himself pressed down by the

load of rubbish that had been thrown upon him. Removing this, he gained his feet, and after casting his eyes around, and perceiving a dull, heavy sensation of pain in his head, his scattered senses came back to him, and he easily conjectured all that had occurred.

"Ah, Sir Morgan," he soliloquized, as he bound up his head as well as he was able, "that was a narrow escape; but you are not rid of me so easily! With me dies the knowledge of what *must* be revealed hereafter, and I cannot afford to die yet—no, not yet. Flatter yourself as you may, Sir Morgan Lymburne, your game is almost played out. There's one upon your track who will not leave you until justice is done to those whom you are wronging. But not yet, not yet; a few days longer, and all will be well."

With these words he tottered towards the river as fast as his failing strength would allow him. An application of the water to his head partially dispelled his weakness, and going to a clump of alders near the river-side, he dragged forth a canoe and proceeded to launch it. The current carried him slowly along, a dip of the paddle now and then accelerating the motion of the canoe. As he glided past the Blockhouse, his eyes eagerly sought the building, and he continued to gaze upon it until it was lost in the distance.

Let us now take up the main thread of our story at the Blockhouse. The absence of Sir Morgan, as John Searle had informed him, had not been noticed, so occupied was every member of the household with preparations for the defence. Edward Yeardley was actively engaged among the men, and all followed his directions as implicitly as if they had always been accustomed to being commanded by him. It was strange to see how entirely Sir Gordon had relinquished everything to the young secretary; but the nobleman was a shrewd reader of character, and, aside from the recommendation of Sir Francis Wyatt, he felt certain that his confidence was not misplaced.

The unceasing excitement of the day had conspired with other circumstances to drive the unpleasant events of the previous night from the minds of Sir Gordon Hargreaves and Eleanor, or, at least, to remove from their hearts the weight of anxiety and fear which had so sorely burdened them. This was owing in part, doubtless, to the absence of their persecutor.

There was not an inmate of the house who did not regard Edward Yeardley as one to be esteemed and respected, although his arrival had been so recent—excepting always Sir Morgan and his servant. The men looked up to him as a superior being, although honest Richard Seabold stoutly declared that the "captain," as he had first designated him, was "as decent as if he had been born and brought up in the woods, and had never seen a settlement." Mistress Anne smiled graciously upon him at every opportunity; while Sir Gordon was as freely-spoken towards him as if he had known him for years. Eleanor, too, exhibited unmistakable signs of interest in him which she could not conceal, and became strangely embarrassed whenever his manly voice addressed her.

As night drew on, the preparations for defence were gradually abandoned, and, in spite of the danger which hung over them, loud laughs and jests came frequently from the men's quarters as the defenders sat round their table. The evening wore on, and Eleanor, tempted by the quiet beauty of the faint starlight and the silence which everywhere reigned at this hour, slipped from her room, and descending the stairs, walked out upon the piazza and leaned thoughtfully against the railing. Her meditations were deep and fervent; she mentally compared her feelings upon the previous night with those which engaged her mind now, and she could not help acknowledging that the cloud which had so suddenly lowered upon her, now seemed further off and less portentous in its aspect. Why this was she knew not, but she in some way connected it with the face of Edward Yeardley, which seemed constantly before her.

The sound of a footstep behind her startled her, and turning, she saw, to her confusion, the person of whom she had just been thinking. A blush mantled her face, and Yeardley, perceiving her embarrassment, gallantly raised his cap, with the words:

"Pardon me, Lady Eleanor, if I have intruded. It was unintentional, I assure you."

"You have not intruded, sir," replied Eleanor, her confusion giving place to an arch smile.

"Then perhaps you will allow me to remain?"

"Certainly, sir. I presume you have, like me, been enjoying this beautiful evening."

The young man made an affirmative reply, and a short silence intervened. This was becoming somewhat awkward, when Yeardley remarked, in a tone of frankness:

"Pardon me again, Lady Eleanor, but I have thus far been in doubt how to address you. Do we meet as new acquaintances or old friends?"

A joyous smile passed over the face of Eleanor as she heard his question, and she replied in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Ah, sir, that question removes a doubt from my mind. I was embarrassed by your distant manner—"

"Which was because I knew not how it would please you to be greeted," replied Edward, impetuously.

"I know it—I felt it all the while. But let us understand each other, sir; let us be friends, by all means. I am grateful to you, deeply grateful; but for you I should have perished miserably, and it wounds me deeply to realize that I have never had an opportunity to tell you how earnestly—"

"Say no more, Lady Eleanor," exclaimed Yeardley, a joyous color diffusing itself over his face as he spoke; "say no more; I am amply repaid by these gracious words which you have addressed to me, and which shall linger in my memory till my latest hour."

We may remark, *en passant*, that the occurrence alluded to by

Eleanor Hargreaves was her rescue from drowning, upon the river, by Edward Yeardeley, which had happened the previous autumn. This, as the reader will imagine, was unknown to the father of the former.

"Lady Eleanor," continued Edward, "your words give me deep joy. A friend such as you were well worth the peril of risking one's life to obtain. I must speak freely; your words have recalled pleasant memories which have blossomed in my heart. I saw you at Jamestown, and my heart was possessed with love—yes; I will not seek to disguise it—with love for you! I cherished your memory; it haunted me day and night; I could not drive it forth. Ah, how my heart thrilled within me as I held your insensible form in my arms when I plucked you from what had so well nigh proved your watery grave! How would I have rejoiced had it been my blessed privilege to have died for you then! Eleanor, I have lingered about this place for days, satisfied if I could but obtain one brief glance, one look at you. I have watched you when you knew it not, and when—am I presumptuous?—when I fondly dared to hope that your thoughts were of me. Eleanor, dear Eleanor, give me but one look, one word on which I may hang my hopes. I am rash, I am foolish, but these thoughts swell within my heart; they must have outlet. Eleanor, I love you; the whole adoration of my being is yours. Speak to me; let me know my fate, though it be the breaking of my heart."

He looked up from where he knelt at her feet, as he uttered his passionate appeal; but she answered not; her face was turned away, though her hand remained in his fervent grasp. He waited, but she moved not, answered not, and he rose to his feet with a moody brow.

"I might have known it," he murmured, sadly. "You love me not, Lady Eleanor; but no matter; let it pass. I was bold and rash; forgive me, and let us be friends."

Eleanor turned her tearful eyes upon him, and in a tone that thrilled his every nerve, replied:

"Edward—Edward Yeardeley, you have forced me to the confession of a love which can never be realized,—a passion which must lie and moulder, till—"

But he heard no more; with the impetuous earnestness of his nature, he clasped her to his breast, his lips were pressed fervently upon her own, and thus he held her, fearful that some evil hand might interpose to blight his new-found happiness. Alas, he knew not the evil that threatened her whose heart throbbed next his own!

"Forbear, Edward, forbear!" murmured Eleanor. "This is useless; it is cruel to raise such hopes."

"Eleanor, what mean you? Your words are a mystery to me. Explain them."

"There is a shadow upon my path; there is one who has doomed me to perpetual woe and misery."

"Ha! And that one is—"

"Sir Morgan Lymburne."

The sunny face of Edward Yeardeley darkened as Eleanor pronounced the hated name, and his eyes flashed with what seemed the light of a stern resolve. Conquering his emotion with an effort, he said, in as firm a tone as he could command:

"Eleanor, this affects me strangely; I have had dark suspicions of it. That man, Morgan Lymburne, is my enemy; I have been warned to beware of him, and to-day I have read deep hatred in his malignant glances. I will be calm, dear Eleanor; I am calm. Tell me of this; spare no details, that I may judge in what manner to act."

He seated himself by her side, and in a low voice she repeated to him the startling tale which she had heard from her father on the previous evening. The light of hope faded from his eyes as she continued, and when he had heard all, he bowed his head upon his hands to hide the pallor which had overspread his face.

"But," he exclaimed, with sudden energy, "can Sir Gordon—will he feel bound to hold that contract sacred, and permit you to be sacrificed to this incarnation of wickedness?"

"Ah, Edward, if you knew him as I do you would not ask that question. He feels for me; the blow falls heavily upon him, but he holds his honor dearer than all things else, and he will not break his oath. Do not blame him; his sorrow now is greater than he can bear."

Again Edward Yeardeley bowed his head, while a groan of agony came from his breast.

"Then all is truly darkness. There is nothing left to us."

An arm was placed about his neck; a sweet voice sounded like a silver bell in his ear the words:

"Look up, Edward. There is something left to us; we are not alone."

"And that?" he cried, starting up; "what is it?"

"Hope and love."

Magic words! They came like a precious balm to his bruised and wearied heart; his form dilated with new strength, and he reverently pressed his lips upon the brow of the fair being beside him.

"Eleanor," he exclaimed, in thrilling tones, "you are my good angel! Hope and love! they do, indeed, remain to us, and most surely shall we cherish them."

The lovers sat and talked much longer, but their voices were low, and hardly rose above the gentle wind which barely stirred the leaves. But all lovers' trysts must have an end, and at last they parted, willing to leave the future to hope and love.

A new leaf had been turned that night in Eleanor Hargreaves's book of life, and many and varied emotions struggled in her breast. But prominent above all was the beautiful, undying sentiment of love; love toward the noble youth whose manly voice seemed yet to thrill her heart and float around her; a love which the fear of Sir Morgan Lymburne seemed powerless to obliterate.

The lovers had hardly disappeared from the piazza when the individual last mentioned stepped from the shadow of the overhanging roof where he had been concealed.

"Maledictions on them both!" he muttered through his clenched teeth. "How long, in the fiends' name, is this to last? By the gods, not much longer! Enjoy yourself while you may, Master Yeardeley, for I fear my day of triumph is short."

With these words, and with a smile of dark meaning, he turned away and entered the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE OF STARTLING IMPORT.

EDWARD YEARDLEY rose early on the following morning, and descended to the barracks. The previous day had been one of such fatigue and excitement that none of the household were yet stirring; in fact, the preparations for the defence were almost entirely completed, and Sir Gordon had advised his men to strengthen their wearied bodies by a long sleep, as they were liable at any moment to be called upon.

The young commandant passed on towards the door, when Richard Seabold appeared in the room. A hearty salutation passed between them, when the latter remarked:

"I flattered myself, captain, that I was the first riser, but I see you have got the start of me."

"But you must need more rest, Seabold; you worked much harder than I, yesterday."

"I don't know about that, sir; and even if I did, my muscles are tough, and a little rest brings them up all right again."

"Well, Richard, what do you say to a walk? It is early yet, I believe."

"With all my heart, sir. Where will you go?"

"I have not had time yet to examine the woods herabouts. I would like to spend an hour or two in looking about and seeing the shape of the forest and the different approaches to the house."

"It is a good idea, sir. Wait a moment and I will go with you."

Seabold stepped into the adjoining room, and soon returned, bearing his own rifle and that of Yeardeley. The arms of the other men consisted mostly of muskets; these two were the only serviceable rifles in the house. That of Seabold was a ponderous double-barrelled affair, and it seemed at first glance too massive to be handled by a single man; but in the hands of Seabold it became a mere plaything. Yeardeley's weapon was of lighter calibre, with ornamental mountings, but serviceable and trusty for all that.

The two left the Blockhouse, one of the men having been aroused by Seabold, and requested to barricade the door and keep guard until their return. It was the commencement of a most beautiful day, the warm, southern springtime being in its full glory. Edward Yeardeley felt his whole being exhilarated by the fresh, bracing atmosphere, and he found no difficulty in keeping up with his companion, who measured off the ground with huge strides. They skirted the forest for some distance, and then entered further into its depths. They had walked on in this manner for some moments in silence, when Seabold suddenly turned and said:

"Captain Yeardeley, there's one thing that I've had in my mind to say to you, almost since the first hour you set your foot in the house, but this is the first good chance I've found. Shall I speak out?"

"By all means, Richard," replied Yeardeley.

"Then I'll tell you exactly what I've thought. I know you won't go far to say that it's none of my concerns, because it is; we all take a friendly interest in you, and we should all feel bad to have anything happen to you."

"But what is it, Richard?" asked Yeardeley, anxiously.

"It's no more nor less than that cursed Lymburne! Hang me, if I wouldn't like the shooting of him, the sneaking reptile! First he comes here and sets Sir Gordon and the pretty Lady Eleanor half distracted by some evil contrivance, and then his eyes light on you, and he looks like a thunder-cloud whenever you're about. I tell you, Captain Yeardeley, the fellow means mischief; it can't be denied."

"Perhaps you are right, Seabold," returned Edward, thoughtfully.

"I'm sure of it. And then that prying servant of his, John Searle; I have my eye on him, and if I don't trip him up yet in some piece of villany, then my name's not Richard Seabold! The men would strangle him now if I should say the word."

"I believe your words are true," replied Edward, "but we must do nothing rashly. I have had sufficient cause to be suspicious of Sir Morgan before. Leave him to me, and do you keep close watch of Searle, and if you see anything suspicious, report it to me."

By this time they had made a half-circuit of the Blockhouse, and closely examined the western side. Plunging deeper into the woods, they now took a course which would bring them to the river, opposite to where they stood, or upon the eastern side of the house.

They were moving swiftly, yet stealthily along, when Edward felt his companion's fingers close upon his arm, and his voice utter in a whisper the words:

"Hush! I saw an Indian's face peering from behind that tree."

Edward glanced in the direction indicated by Seabold's arm, and his keen eye quickly detected not only one, but two painted faces.

"Quick! Cover yourself with a tree!" uttered Seabold. "There are more of them."

Edward obeyed the direction, but not one instant too soon.

Seabold had already disappeared, in what direction he knew not; but hardly had he sprang behind a large trunk, when a whizzing was heard in the air, and with a dull "chug," an arrow entered the tree behind which he stood, while at the same instant the sharp report of a rifle was heard.

Although Edward Yeardeley had been but a few months in the colony, as we have before intimated, he was almost an adept in the mysteries of woodcraft. His spare hours had been spent in exploring the forests in the vicinity of Jamestown in company with experienced hunters, and he had arrived at an admirable degree of proficiency with his rifle.

As he heard the report, his piece was instantly at his shoulder, and his quick eye detected a light puff of smoke some rods distant, while a dark face was thrust from behind a tree. It was only for a second, but it was enough. Edward Yeardeley's rifle poured forth its deadly contents, and the echoes of the report were mingled with a howl of agony as one of the savages fell, pierced through the brain. Edward had hardly noted the effects of his shot when the hoarse bark of Seabold's rifle was heard at some distance to the right, and another yell of rage and pain told that the hunter's bullet had found a fatal lodgment.

The remaining savages, three in number, thinking doubtless that the two white men had emptied their rifles, and would now fall an easy prey, rushed eagerly forward, swinging their stone hatchets and uttering the most frightful and hideous cries. But they were soon undeceived. Richard Seabold's rifle had another load, and as its stunning report was again heard, one of the Indians clapped his hand to his breast and ceased his cries. Edward had barely time to see that Richard had thrown down his rifle, hunting-knife in hand, to meet the savages, when he became aware that one of them was coming towards him with a succession of bounds. Bracing his nerves for a struggle, he grasped his knife and awaited the onset.

As he came near, the Indian whirled his tomahawk and sent it violently at Edward's head. The young man stepped quickly to one side, and the weapon barely grazed his shoulder. The combatants rushed together, and a fearful struggle ensued.

But Edward found himself in the grasp of one possessed of far more bodily strength than he had ever known. His adversary first seized him by the arms, but he slipped from his grasp and inflicted a wound in his shoulder. Maddened by the pain, the Indian caught the long hair of Yeardeley in his grasp, and throwing his whole weight upon him, bore him down upon his knee. Edward felt his strength failing fast, but gathering all his energies for one blow, he drove the broad blade of his knife upward into the Indian's naked breast. The blow was well aimed, and the Indian rolled upon the ground, his heart almost severed in twain.

Edward rose to his feet just as Richard Seabold came up to him. Spots of blood upon various parts of his dress attested the violence of the fight.

"Are you hurt, Seabold?" asked Edward, anxiously.

"Nothing to speak of; that first bullet ploughed my arm a little, but this blood is mostly what that red-skin lost who's lying over there with my knife through his neck. But mercy on us, captain! who'd have thought of seeing you so cool? I'm called rather quick on the trigger, but you stopped that fellow's breath before I had my rifle well up; and here's another, a great Powhatan as big as two of you, stiff as a poker! I'm proud of you, captain. The boys at the Blockhouse will yell high when they hear this; and it's no use, captain, I must yell, too; so here goes!"

Richard accordingly relieved himself of several whoops, which might well have been mistaken for the bellows of a wild beast. When he had grown calmer, Yeardeley inquired:

"But do you think they are all dead?"

"Your two are, for certain, and two of mine; but I think the one I shot last may have some life in him. Don't think it's owing to any good intentions of mine, captain. I said to myself before I fired, 'You're a dead red-skin!' but my rifle swerved an inch or two, and I lost my aim. Hadn't we better examine the bodies?"

"Certainly."

"This is a full-blooded Powhatan," said Richard, touching with his foot the one whom Edward had stabbed. "I know him by his face. And this last one of mine is one of the same breed. Here is the one that you killed first, and he—"

He stopped suddenly as his eyes rested on the face, and then said, in a quick, surprised tone:

"By all that's evil, Captain Yeardeley, here is a strange affair. Look at this man. Do you know him?"

"Is it possible that this is Sagawan?" exclaimed Edward.

"Yes, Sagawan, the renegade. You've seen him often in Jamestown. Let us look at the others. I have a suspicion here."

Seabold examined the two other bodies, and pronounced them both renegades. The two men's eyes sought each other with strange glances.

"Two Powhatans and three renegades. What do you make of it, sir?"

"Treachery!" replied Edward, in a decided tone.

"By the powers, but you're right there! These renegades would never have attacked us without somebody's setting them on. But look there! my last man isn't quite dead yet."

Yeardeley looked, and saw that one of the renegades had risen to a sitting posture. Blood was fast welling from his breast, and his breathing was labored and painful.

"Tell me," cried Edward, in his ear, "why did you wish to kill us?"

The dying Indian rolled his fast-glazing eyes, and shook his head.

"He will die," said Yeardeley, "and with him will perish his secret."

"No!" exclaimed Seabold; "he revives a little; he is about to speak."

Edward Yeardeley took a canteen of water from his companion's belt, and held it to the lips of the Indian. The latter drank eagerly, and with a grateful look, said, in a husky tone:

"The white man is not harmed; the Indian is glad. He is sorry that he tried to kill him."

"Why did you try to slay us?" Yeardeley asked.

"White man—black heart—give money to red man to spill his blood."

"Who was it that did this?" Yeardeley and Seabold both asked in a breath.

"Not know, but black heart, red hand. White man, beware! snake is in the grass; step lightly; look around. Keep watch—the trail; more than all the leaves of the forest; keep close, watch close; snake inside, red man outside. Powhatans come quick; burn, scalp, kill. See! hark—"

The words were unfinished, for a harsh rattle in his throat cut them off, and he fell back upon the ground. The two white men gazed into his upturned face, and mused in silence upon what they had heard.

"By my soul, it is clear enough!" Seabold remarked.

"It is so," replied Yeardeley. "There is only one explanation to it; Sir Morgan Lymburne hired these men to destroy me, and as they could not find me alone, they intended to kill both of us."

"That's it, without question. And now, Captain Yeardeley, may I ask what you mean to do in this matter?"

"I shall act quickly. Keep it from the men for a few hours."

"By my soul, if I do not so, 'twill be a sorry case for Sir Morgan. The fellows would tear him limb from limb if they should chance to know it. I faith, I should like to see it done, too!"

"But that will not do, Seabold. We must move cautiously, or the villain will take the alarm. I will manage it."

The two shouldered their rifles and prepared to return speedily to the Blockhouse, when their attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps. Edward Yeardeley drew back the hammer of his rifle, but his doubts were dispelled by the appearance of Luke Harvey.

"Ha! What does this mean?" he inquired, in wonderment. "Who are these?"

"They seem to be dead Injuns," replied Seabold.

"Edward Yeardeley! You here?" he exclaimed, as the latter advanced to meet him. "But tell first of what has happened here."

Yeardeley complied, giving a clear, brief account of the attack and defence, and the confession of the dying renegade.

"And so Lymburne thought to kill you by the hands of the savages? But bear up and be wary, Edward; a few days more, and all shall be revealed."

"But will you not return with us to the Blockhouse?" Yeardeley asked, anxious to converse with the old man.

"No; it would interfere with my plans. Do not mention that you have seen me. The plot is almost to a head; the mystery will certainly be revealed ere long. And now, farewell! When we meet again, it will be a decisive meeting."

With these strange words, Luke Harvey moved off in the direction of the river. Yeardeley gazed after him with an air of mystified wonder, and then rejoining his companion, both returned, thoughtfully, to the Blockhouse. The day had opened eventfully, and its continuance was to be signalized by stirring and important occurrences.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FRENCH COURT IN ANCIENT DAYS.

BY LEMUEL HUNTING.

THE close of the ninth century was a period of almost utter stagnation in the kingdom of France. Under the rule of Charles the Simple, the country had been almost completely sacked by the Normans, and invaders and freebooters ceased to trouble a region where everything valuable had already disappeared. "You might," says an old chronicler, "have journeyed leagues without hearing so much as the bark of a dog;" so deserted and empty were the towns and villages.

The feeble monarch, living supinely among his ruined possessions, was at length roused into something like an appearance of interest, by the bold entry into Paris, by Rollo, the Norman chief, who had made his way hither through havoc and conflagration by which he had marked his progress. Hitherto, Normandy had possessed no real title or settlement; but the old chief now demanded that Charles should endow him with its possession, and confer upon him the rank of a great feudal prince, proposing at the same time that he should marry the king's daughter Gisele.

Charles had not spirit to spurn these haughty proposals, but only stipulated that he should embrace Christianity, and do fealty to him as his suzerain, according to the custom of the Franks, in return for his estates and dignity. These conditions were accepted, and thence sprang into being the often contested Duchy of Normandy, of which Rollo was then formally invested.

While this ceremony was going on, the old warrior was ordered by the prelates to stoop and kiss the foot of the king. "Never, by Heaven!" was his angry reply. One of his soldiers was permitted to serve as his proxy in this interesting ceremonial, but instead of stooping, the soldier raised the foot to his mouth so

rudely that the king was toppled from his throne to the floor, which drew peals of laughter from Rollo and his people. As soon as the marriage was performed which made him the son-in-law to Charles, Rollo was baptized at Rome, by the name of Robert.

The new Duke of Normandy was so firm and just in his administration that no fief in France was so efficiently and admirably governed. It was said of it that "a child might have traversed his domains, with a purse of gold in his hand, without fear of molestation;" and the old chief is said to have hung a pair of golden bracelets on a tree, where they remained for two years without any one daring to touch them.

The battle of St. Medard, in 923, brought disgrace and defeat to Charles the Simple, and for the next three-fourths of a century the throne of France passed from king to noble, and from noble to king, until the Carolingian race ended in the person of Louis le Faineant, or the Slothful.

In 996, the son of Hugh Capet ascended the throne under the name of Robert I. His queen, Bertha, was a princess of the house of Burgundy. Gregory V. desired him to put her away, on the alleged ground of relation within the prohibited degrees; and when Robert refused, the pope placed his kingdom under an interdict, and the king was excommunicated.

The court was deserted by all, excepting two menials, who supplied the means of life to the king and queen. Lonely and desolate, the royal pair remained in the deserted palace, receiving their food by means of a turning box, their servants fearing to touch anything which they had used, lest they should draw upon themselves the dreaded wrath of Saint Peter.

The persecution at length subdued the king. Bertha was divorced, and the interdict was removed. A new queen was found in Constance, daughter of William, Count of Arles. The domestic happiness of Robert was embittered by the impetuous passions of Constance. She was vain, haughty and imperious, and abused the station which the unhappy Bertha would so well have adorned.

Meantime, the latter, who had been tenderly attached to Robert, was lingering out a life worse than widowhood. It became known to her, too, as if to increase the sense of injustice which pressed upon her so heavily, that the pope was only a tool of the Emperor Otho III., who sought to get possession of the duchy of Burgundy as his own,—a claim which the union of Bertha with the king of France would materially injure. She heard of Constance, holding high festival where once she herself reigned with soberness and moderation; of Robert, alone in his religious devotions, while his queen was giving audience to a crowd of revellers, who chanted love songs, or danced in the state apartments, as if pleasure was all that was worth living for. Constance, indeed, despite her intense piety, at times, had seemed to adopt something like the motto of Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, "Eat, drink and love; the rest is not worth a filip."

Within the sheltering walls of a convent, Bertha passed her sad and blameless life. For her, never again bloomed a single hope. The roses of youth had been scattered to the winds, and solitary and alone she passed to the arms of death. The nuns found her lifeless, one morning, in her lonely cell, and at the very hour, perhaps, in which she died, Queen Constance was listening to the idle romances and exaggerated adulation of the servile courtiers whom she was feasting at the palace.

Among the maidens who attended upon the new queen, was Lucie de Clare, a young and beautiful girl, whom Constance permitted at court, more for her grace and beauty than for her scanty claims to nobility. She became a favorite with both the king and queen, until the latter discovered that the young Hugh or Hugues de Beauvais admired her protege, and thenceforward Lucie was subjected to annoyances and a system of espionage which wrought fearfully upon her mind and body. In the queen's apartment, she was kept at the embroidery frame until her fatigue often induced faintness; while the queen looked on with evident pleasure and satisfaction. Ill as she was, Lucie de Clare surpassed all the ladies at court in beauty. Though now pale as a lily, yet she was not dependent on color for her loveliness, but more on the statuesque nobility of her face and figure.

Madly in love with her, De Beauvais had often procured interviews with her at the greatest possible hazard; for such was his knowledge of the violence of the queen, that although he had been an especial favorite, he felt that she would not scruple to sacrifice himself and Lucie de Clare, if she should discover that they met without her sanction.

One night, when all at the palace seemed hushed in the deepest slumber, De Beauvais wandered alone in the royal garden, to which he had secretly procured a key. One little faint glimmering of a lamp, placed in a window, was the signal that Lucie would join him there in a certain path which they agreed upon. Long he waited, for such was now the utter debility of her frame that the descent from her chamber to the garden was painful and difficult. A few moments passed in terror and impatience. She was so long in coming, that he began to think that her progress was intercepted, when a light figure glided rather than walked towards him. So pale and shadowy did she look beneath the pale starlight, that he was almost afraid to clasp her in his arms, lest she should dissolve into unsubstantial air, until, wholly exhausted by exertion, she was near falling.

"Dearest Hugh," she whispered, when she recovered, "I fear the queen's spy, a woman whom she orders to watch me night and day, has discovered and will track me hither. Let me hide somewhere, where her prying eyes may not see me."

"Nay, my own Lucie; fear not. The queen cannot chain our love, and I know that King Robert thinks so well of me that I have decided to ask thy hand of him before to-morrow noon."

"Alas, my Hugh! unless thou canst have the king's word upon

it before he confers with the queen, there is not a shadow of hope."

"Cheer up, my pale flower. No queen shall prevent our union. Lucie, would it grieve thee to quit the atmosphere of courts, and fly with me to some quiet spot—perhaps to some little hut in the Alpine solitudes, where we may never hear of grandeur and pageantry again, where the little we need will be supplied to our simple wants, and where peace, which never comes to us here, will brood over our dwelling like a dove?"

Lucie's small hand pressed that of her lover.

"O that we might be so happy, dearest Hugh! But there is no spot so remote that this cruel queen would not find me. I think, Hugh, that she is fully bent upon my death. These terrible faintings which I experience, this dying sensation which I feel night and day, sapping the springs of my life, I almost tremble to tell you, are, doubtless, the effect of some potion administered in my food."

"Lucie!"

"I fear so, indeed. This faintness is too frequent to be induced by mere fatigue or anxiety, and I truly believe that the medicine which the queen's physician prepares for me, and which is always brought me by the spy of whom I told you, is changed or adulterated by some one after it leaves his hands."

"Touch it not, my Lucie. Destroy it, or bring it to me, that I may one day confront that cruel woman with her wicked attempt."

"Thou knowest not the queen, if thou thinkest she will ever fail in any project near her heart. Hark! was that a rustling of the leaves, or some one in the garden?"

And the poor feeble girl clung closer to her lover's arms, as if, in that embrace, she could gladly breathe out her life.

"It was only the breeze rustling the leaves, but you are so sadly broken that it affects you."

Neither of them saw a gliding shadow that turned out of the path, at these words; nor, if they had, could they have averted their destiny. It came all too soon.

Early the next morning, De Beauvais was summoned with the rest of the courtiers to attend the king on a hunting party, and believing that, in the pauses of the sport, he could better engage Robert's attention, he cheerfully complied. He gave a stolen glance, as they rode off, to the pale face at Lucie's window, but did not venture any stronger proof of recognition. She, however, placed her hand upon her heart, in token that it was still beating for him.

Alone and cheerless, she returned to her couch, after the party had gone, perfectly unable to conquer the languor and listlessness of her whole frame. She slept a part of the day, and woke with a fearful start that shook her nerves to almost infantine weakness. She had dreamed of the queen, of Hugh, bleeding to death, and of King Robert weeping over the body of his wounded favorite.

There was a bustle in the courtyard; the hunting party had returned. A rude hurdle, covered with a cloth, on which something was deposited which Lucie supposed was the deer, was carried hastily past the palace gates, into a quadrangle, sheltered from open sight. Lucie leaned far out of the window, attracted to the spot by something of sympathy with the victim. "Just so are they hunting me to the death!" she exclaimed, as she saw a man approach and uncover the supposed deer. A terrible interest chained her at the window, and she held convulsively to its framework, as she leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the stricken animal.

The sight that met her gaze froze every drop of blood in her veins. The uncovering of the hurdle showed her the pale face and bleeding figure of Hugh de Beauvais! How or why he was thus, she was mercifully spared the knowledge. Her frame, previously weakened by the minute but certain doses of poison which had been administered to her, sunk at once under the terrible sight; and when the cruel Constance sent for her, in order to enjoy the spectacle of her agonies at the death of her lover, Lucie lay beneath the window where she had fallen. The attendant raised the thin white arm, and it fell heavily from her touch. Death had set his seal upon the beauty of that perfect face. She had gone to rejoin Hugh in a world where "lords and kings are known no more."

Ancient chronicles assert that Constance not only planned the assassination of De Beauvais on that day, but caused it to be executed in presence of the king; and adds, that "the spiritless monarch, as was his duty, was speedily reconciled to his imperious consort." After a life of intrigue and tyranny, the same chronicler quaintly remarks that "she died, to the great relief of her family and the whole kingdom."

DREAMING.

That volition is not suspended during sleep is proved by many facts; and probably the experience of every person who remembers his dream affords evidence that the will is as busy during sleep as when awake. But the fact is strikingly illustrated by examples of remarkable exertion of will in the employment of intellect and genius during sleep. Tartini, a celebrated violin player, composed his famous "Devil's Sonata," which he dreamed that the devil challenged him to a trial of skill on his own violin. Cabanis often, during his dreams, saw clearly into the bearing of political events which baffled him when awake. Condorcet frequently left his deep and complicated calculations unfinished when obliged to retire to rest, and found their results unfolded in his dreams. Coleridge's account of his wild composition, "Kubla Khan," is very curious. He had been reading "Purchas's Pilgrimage," and fell asleep the moment he was reading this sentence, "Then the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto." He continued in profound sleep about three hours, during which he had a vivid confidence that he composed from two to three hundred lines; if, as he says, that can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things in a parallel production of correspondent expression. On awaking, he appeared to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and proceeded to write down the wonderful lines that are preserved, when he was interrupted, and could never afterwards recall the rest.—*Dr. Moore.*

THE MASSACRE AT JEDDAH.

It seems undoubted that the outrage was the work of a population sunk in ignorance and barbarous self-conceit, cherishing the bitterest hatred of the few Christians with whom they are brought in contact, and full of the belief that the English and other European nations are in some way the vassals of their own chief, the sultan. Strange as it may appear, there exist regions of the globe, at no great distance from Europe and from the scenes of late events, situated too on the shores of a sea continually traversed by British vessels and visited by travellers who may dilate on the greatness of Western civilization, where so monstrous a perversion of history and politics can still prevail. Yet not only do multitudes on the Arabian coast fancy their own race superior to the infidels, but they actually believe that we are so weak, so little regarded by the sultan, that the most flagrant outrages against us may be enacted with impunity.

We do not, indeed, mean to say that these reflections pass consciously and logically through the minds of the fanatical, half-naked ruffians, who loiter about in an Eastern town, always ready for mischief; but roughly, and after their manner, they come to the conclusion that we may be injured, and that, though the pasha allows a few of us to settle in the place for the sake of the money we bring, there is no chance of true believers being meddled with for having slaughtered a few such dogs. It is with this dangerous and insolent spirit, which may at any time produce new outbreaks, that we are chiefly concerned. The port of Jeddah is frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the Mussulman world; these pilgrims are naturally among the most zealous and intolerant of the sons of Islam; they bring the news of each Mussulman region and the contests with Christians which come with their respective ex-

which Livingstone is to lay open the treasures of Central Africa to the world. Iron, too, has invaded the domains of fashion; the fact that one house in Sheffield had, not long since, orders for sixty-five tons of steel for ladies' petticoats, will prove how successful the invasion has been.

To achieve these triumphs, the iron-making powers of the country have been taxed to the utmost. A table is given by Mr. Hunt, by which it appears that in eleven mines, more than three millions and a half tons of pig iron—equal in value to upwards of twelve millions sterling—are produced each year in Great Britain. This, it must be remembered, is the value of this metal, ere yet any cost beyond that of smelting is incurred upon it. When it is converted into bars and rails only, the value is more than doubled; and when we have this important element, by the aid of skilled labor, manufactured into all the numerous articles for use and for ornament to which it is applied, the value is increased more than a hundred-fold. England stands as the first of the iron-producing countries of the world. Her stores of the raw material are more vast than those of any other country within the same area. Hence, consequently, is derived a large source of national wealth from the soil where for ages those mineral stores have awaited man's industry.

Notwithstanding, says Mr. Hunt, the immense quantities of iron produced in Great Britain, it has not, as yet, been turned against us to much account as an article of ornament. The people are too busy with the more important useful manufactures, to give much attention to the details which the production of the ornamental demands. Circumstances, however, appear to be leading gradually into this manufacture, and there is little doubt that, in a few years, England will be a large producer of orna-

A STORY OF PROMOTION.

Among other historical obscurities with which Paris is filled at this moment, may be quoted Herr Baron G—, who, enriched and ennobled by the king of Prussia, rose from the humblest origin to a position of high consideration in the world. While the present Prince of Prussia, then an infant of some three years of age, was staying at the palace of Babelsburg, by some negligence of his nurse he was left alone for a few minutes in an apartment on the third floor. With the instinct of mischief of children of that age, the little prince took advantage of the absence of the nurse to accomplish a feat, which consisted in an agreeable walk outside the window, upon the narrow ledge of the coping stone, whence he could conveniently climb up the back of the lion rampant which supports the entablature of the frontispiece of the building. A blacksmith's workman, who had been sent for to execute some repairs in the palace, coming up the garden, beheld with horror the situation of the child. With true presence of mind, he hastened gently to the spot beneath the window, following every movement of the urchin with the keenest anxiety, and extending his leather apron as he gazed upwards to watch the first giddiness which should occur to the bold adventurer. As the child drew nearer to the lion, the ledge no longer afforded such firm footing, and presently, with a loud cry, he pitched over, from that terrific height, right into—the leathern apron of the blacksmith, which sustained the shock without failing, and in another moment the little prince was restored safe to his royal parents, who, in token of their gratitude, took immediate charge of the fortune of the brave young workman, and bestowed upon him a handsome pension with the title of baron, to both of which he has done honor during a well-spent, useful life.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

periences. The dweller in Delhi or Hyderabad tells of the great struggle against the English, and prophesies their approaching downfall; the Afghan and Persian relate the events of our wars with them after their own manner; the pilgrim from European Turkey tells of the insolence of Slavic and Greek rayahs, and how the Western nations were forced to support the sultan against his enemies. Even if, as individuals, they know the truth, yet as pious men in a holy place, and, moreover, as travellers with an eager audience and none to contradict them, they are tempted to color every event so as to excite the pride, the indignation, the zeal, or the jealousy of the population they come among. What wonder, then, if at any time the rage of the Jeddah mob should again stake itself in the blood of the Christian community?—*London Globe.*

ORNAMENTAL IRON CASTINGS.

A late number of the London Art Journal has a very interesting article on iron castings, written by Mr. Robert Hunt, showing the importance of that branch of British trade. England, the writer says, may, in a peculiarly appropriate manner, designate this as her "Iron Age." In all parts of the country, the earth is pierced in search of iron ore; and the blaze of iron furnaces illumines the midnight sky, wherever the proximity of coal admits of its being smelted. The island is traversed in all directions by iron roads; iron buildings receive us at the ends of all the railways; iron enters more or less into the structure of nearly all our large edifices. The temple of the Italian Muse has sprung, like Aladdin's palace, into sudden existence by the aid of iron; and the Crystal Palace stands on its hill at Sydenham, a triumph which might be dedicated to Vulcan, as the work of the Cyclopes. On the river and on the ocean, iron exerts its power; and from the canal boat to the Leviathan, boiler plate-iron has taken the place of wood. Iron appears to be destined to aid largely in the progress of civilization, for "homogeneous metal"—a kind of semi-metal—is employed in the construction of the small steamer in

mental works of great beauty in iron. An accident led to the production of the far-famed Berlin iron castings. During the wars of the first Napoleon, the Prussian treasury becoming exhausted, an appeal was made to the people to contribute toward the expenses of the country; and the rich and poor contributed with true patriotic feeling—not merely money, but gold and silver ornaments. To encourage this, it was determined that every one who gave up gold ornaments for the national cause, should receive an iron one, in the shape of a cross, instead, inscribed with the words—"I gave gold for iron." These crosses of iron required chains of iron to suspend them. They were made; and the attempts of one manufacturer to rival another, led to the production of those beautiful chains, bracelets, and other articles of iron, which are alike remarkable for the delicacy of their workmanship and the elegance of their design.

There was a general impression that the iron founders of Berlin possessed some secret process by which these tasteful articles were made. Their beauty was attributed to the peculiar character of the iron ore employed, and the sand used for moulds; but it is now known that they used English pig iron, and the whole secret of those exquisitely delicate castings depended on the temperature of the iron when it was run into the moulds. Mr. Hunt says that in several foundries in England where experiments have been made, castings in every respect equal to those of Berlin have been produced. These experiments will be continued, and there is no doubt that works of ornament will be produced of the most valuable and enduring description. The subject to which this article refers is one of very wide and general interest; not alone as regards the improvement of the raw material, but the advantages derivable from such improvements by so many important branches of British manufactures. In fact, the consequences may be universal in their influence on commerce as well as on art. In our own country, greater attention is being given to this branch of art, and specimens of ornamental iron casting are made here quite rivaling those made abroad.

STATE HOUSE, NEWPORT, R. I.

We publish herewith an excellent view of the State House, Newport, R. I., a venerable relic of the past, built very much in the same architectural style as the Old Province House in this city. Our artist happily conceived the idea of depicting it on a public holiday, with the square in front filled with citizens, the steps, windows and balcony of the State House filled with ladies and gentlemen, and a military company in front completing the animated picture. It was no idle caprice that first made Newport a summer resort, and it is no idle caprice that induces gentlemen of New York to build costly residences in and about the town. Fashion for once is right. The salubrity of the climate is unchallenged; no east winds, or rather east winds tempered to blandness, an equal temperature, delightful scenery, bathing and fishing facilities, make up a sum of unequalled attractions. Then there is a quiet, old-time aspect about the city that is exceedingly pleasing and interesting. Newport at one time bade fair, in the opinion of good judges, to be the commercial emporium of the United States. But long and long ago that hope was abandoned, and it is now to be regarded chiefly as a watering-place. During the fashionable season, its population is swelled by a prodigious number of strangers. The Ocean House frequently seats a thousand persons at dinner. This house was first built in 1843, but in August, 1845, was burnt entirely to the ground, but in the following autumn and winter was rebuilt in a style of great magnificence. It occupies an admirable site. There are several other hotels in Newport, all well kept, and liberally patronized. There is a large number of private residences built by gentlemen of taste, solely for occupation for a few weeks, and varying in style and cost, from the plain cottage with four or five rooms to the palatial mansion-house capable of accommodating a little army of guests and servants. The popularity of Newport increases with each year. The facilities for reaching it from almost every great centre are now unrivalled; from this city the Fall River Railroad and a boat from Providence, and from New York, the Fall River steamers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY J. BOLINGBROKE REYNOLDS.

'Tis summer now, and sweetest flowers
Are blooming round my way,
And lovely birds of fairest plume
Are singing all the day;
And as the lovely flowers I see,
My thoughts go out and dwell with thee.

At twilight hour, when all is still,
And tiny stars appear,
Then most I feel my loneliness,
And miss thy presence dear;
And as the moon sails up on high,
I think of thee—I think and sigh.

And though we may not meet again,
Yet every year shall see
A lustre added to the love
That I have given thee,
It will be pleasure to have known
Thee, though I called thee not my own.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.
AN INCIDENT OF TEXAN LIFE.BY MARY W. JANVRIN,
AUTHOR OF "PEACE: OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

"Yes, sir," said my friend, a young physician of acknowledged skill and talent, doing a large practice in one of our flourishing northern cities, "yes, sir, a physician sees many strange scenes in the course of his profession, and sometimes has cases of an apparently hopeless nature to contend with. Such an one recurs to my memory now, which I will relate to you.

"In the fall of 185—, during an unusually sickly season, I was prostrated with a severe attack of lung fever, induced by much exposure. The fever proved of alarming violence, and I was brought to death's door. The best medical advice was procured—physicians from the metropolis were sent for—my own father, grown old in the profession, hung over my bed day and night with deepest parental solicitude; but their combined skill seemed set at naught, and I was given over to die. But when the crisis came, contrary to all expectation, my life hung trembling in the balance. For many days I hovered on the border ground of hope, and then slowly I began to mend. Yet weeks went by before I gained strength to walk feebly about my chamber, or gaze from the window into the streets my feet had so often trod.

"The autumn had been unusually wet and cold. Now, November's gray skies gloomed without; the long, dreary northern winter was approaching, and every sullen wind, whirling dead leaves past my window, and each successive gloomy day, struck a chill to my heart. Weak and nerveless, I tottered about my room, not daring to venture out; and thus days passed, bringing me no returning strength.

"This state of things could not long continue. The lungs, already weakened by disease, could not withstand the chill winds and storms of the approaching New England winter. There was but one resource, one alternative; and this was to visit the South, and remain there until health and strength returned. I indeed felt that warmer airs and milder skies only could restore me. Accordingly, I made hasty preparations, and bent my steps southward. Various were my wanderings, but their terminus was in the far southwest, in that misrepresented and much abused State which numbers its settlers from almost every northern State and European nation, that vast region of swamp, prairie, and mountain range, rendered famous by exploits of Uncle Sam's bravest sons, and whose clime is a perfect Eden—the flowery land of Texas. The transition from a New England November to the mild airs of the southland had not been so abrupt as to enervate me; on the contrary, every day of my journey brought me renewed vigor, and when I set foot on Texan soil I bore little resemblance to the emaciated invalid who set out in quest of health a few weeks previous.

"Judge O—, one of the most delightful men I ever knew, had been my travelling companion, and by his keen wit, varied knowledge, and warm, generous nature, had contributed much to my enjoyment and to my interest in the history of the various localities through which we journeyed. And when I reached his home in Texas, and was made to partake of his boundless hospitality, I felt very grateful for his kindness to 'the stranger in a strange land;' and even now, though years have elapsed, my heart wanders back to him. Well do I remember all the kindnesses I received at his hands, and his friendly, fatherly counsels. Under his roof I met much of the worth, the valor, and refinement of Texas. Particularly do I recall the memory of one Christmas festival, where, in common with other invited guests, the night waned in the enjoyment of his generous hospitality.

"Among the introductory letters to influential men in Texas with which I had been furnished, was one to General Rusk, late senator, with whose recent tragic death by suicide the whole country is painfully familiar. And here let me pause to pay a tribute to the memory of as generous and brave hearted a man, one of nature's own noblemen, as this nation ever numbered among its sons. You are doubtless familiar with his history ever since it was worth remembering. He went to Texas when young. He fought with his countrymen against Mexicans and savages; was at the head of the war department in the republic of Texas when you could have bought all the arms and ammunition in that coun-

try for a mere song, and contended with difficulties of every grade and character until he was elected to the senate, where he served with much honor. His ambition was gratified, yet there was nothing in its gratification that satisfied. Wearied of life—in the prime of his manhood and the zenith of his fame—he rushed unbidden into the presence of his God. I wish I could know all the circumstances that broke down so lofty a courage and so brave a heart. Poor Rusk, what a sad fate for so brave a man! A single explosion of a rifle gun, held in his own hands, filled all Texas with mourning and sorrow.

"But to my story. The spirit of adventure hurried me on. I left my new friends and went to the village of L—. Its locale was pleasant and romantic in the extreme—encircled as it was by immense forest trees with luxuriant foliage, and fanned by cooling breezes from the Mexican Gulf. A week's sojourn in this charming place so pleased me that here I determined to rest awhile from my wanderings. The great natural beauty of the scenery that begirt L—, combined with its balmy climate, possessed a twofold charm for me; and there, too, in that quiet village, I formed the acquaintance of people of warm and generous natures. Hence I decided to sojourn among them while at the South.

"Returning health also brought back my habits of business, and once more I longed for the active duties of my profession. In my own New England, enjoying the best advantages, my medical education was complete; and now, notwithstanding this little village of Eastern Texas counted several physicians among its sparse population, I determined to add myself to the list—obtained a building suitable for an office, removed thither the few books that constituted my library, and my instruments, and, as the painter's art was not represented in the village by either amateur or master, rendering it impossible to procure a painted office sign, I was reduced to the ludicrous necessity of chalking out on an ancient board my name and profession.

"By-and-by practice began to flow in. The region round about L— was sparsely populated, and where hamlets or settlements had sprung up, of course such rude and uncultivated characters as always predominate in a border country were found. Here was the hardy, stalwart, native Texan, the dark, bandit-looking Spaniard, or with perhaps a tint of darker, Mexican blood in his veins, the phlegmatic German, the tall, raw-boned 'Hoosier,' and 'Wolverine' emigrant—in short, every shade of complexion and variety of character, including a few desperadoes and gamblers; and in such a rough and ready community, where the people oftener obeyed the decrees of Judge Lynch than the milder legal functionaries, taking the law into their own hands, and settling grievances and trespasses by revolver, bowie-knife, or a 'knock down argument,' in such a community, aside from the practice that ordinarily came to a physician, the services of a surgeon were often called into requisition.

"In addition to such as I have described, there were several men of letters, among others, a young clergyman of ripe and varied scholarship, an accurate and elegant writer, an accomplished and commanding orator. We soon became fast friends, and his excellent society did much to relieve my loneliness when my thoughts were of home.

"But I have told you something of the rough character of many of my early patients during the first months of my location in L—, and already I had won something of a reputation in the surgical line, when, one morning in spring, sitting in my office and perusing a letter just received from my northern home, I heard the violent canter of a horse along the road, and then came a startling rap upon my door. Thrusting away the letter, I answered the summons, and beheld on the threshold a huge, raw-boned Texan, standing in huge riding-boots, spattered with mud, and holding a heavy riding-whip, whose handle he had applied in lieu of knuckles.

"'Hello, stranger! You're Doctor Sayles, I take it, by this eroshingle on yer door?' he said, in a stentorian voice.

"'That is my name. Can I serve you?' was my reply.

"'Wall, I reckon ye can. Ye see, doctor, I'm sent in a tremendous hurry; want ye to saddle right up and gallop over to N—. Ye see there war a stabbin' case over thar last week—mout be ye heered on it, stranger, how Diek Billings 'bout killed old Ripley? Court's settin' thar, and these ere confounded lawyers r'allers gettin' into some kind o' muss or other. Wall, the doctors have all gin poor Ripley up to die—and thar he lays for all the world like a dead man a'ready—but his wife, poor young creature! she'd heern o' the young college larnt doctor from northern parts, and kinder took it into her head that ye could save him. So jest to pacify her I come over after ye, though its my 'pinion Jack Ripley's a goner!' And with this speech the huge Texan shook himself like a water-dog, sending a shower of rain drops from his burly shoulders.

"'And when did you say this affray occurred?' I asked.

"'More'n a week ago,' he answered.

"'And where is the wound?' I again queried.

"'In his throat. Some said the jugeler was ee'nabout cut off; but I reckon not, or he'd a died afore now by a long spell. But its a purty dangerous gash, I can tell ye, doctor,' he said, emphatically.

"'Of course all the doctors round about were summoned?' I inquired, putting up my case of instruments.

"'Lord bless ye, young stranger, yes! There's seven on 'em right in N—, and they war on the spot in a jiffy—seven on 'em, all mighty purtentious and important like—though between you an' I, doctor, I wouldn't have one on 'em doctor my Satan out there,'—snapping his hard fingers at the great, evil-looking, black horse, bony and muscular as his master, he had tethered to a post before my door.

"'You've got a power o' books here, stranger,' he continued,

glancing about my office, 'and cuttin' irons, too,' curiously eyeing the instrument case I was transferring to my pocket. 'I calkate a feller'd like putty well to come and larn medicine some day, eh, doctor?' And he gave me a friendly slap on the shoulder. 'Got any skiletons strung on wires, and sich like gimcracks, for a feller to larn to sargeant on?'

"'Plenty—should be happy to receive you as office student,' I responded politely, still wincing under the blow he had given me. 'But come; if the wounded man be in the state you describe, we had better hurry down street, where I can get a fast horse, then I am at your service.' And locking my office door, I was followed by the admirer of Æsculapius.

"In half an hour, mounted on a mettled horse, beside the Texan on his powerful, coal black 'Satan,' and stretching away in that long, swinging *lope*, or canter, in which all Spanish horses travel, we were scouring the level inland prairie, alternated by patches of forest, which intervened for twenty miles between L— and the country town of N—, where the wounded man lay. On the journey I learned the particulars of the case from my companion, who, though illiterate and uncultivated, proved a shrewd and good-natured man.

"It seemed that one Billings, a man of powerful make and frame, who had located himself in the county to practise the legal profession, had conceived a violent dislike, amounting almost to hatred, toward another resident of the county, also a lawyer of some renown, familiarly known throughout Eastern Texas as 'Old Ripley.' Rivals in their profession and its attendant honors, it was not strange that both should look upon each other with jealousy and animosity, or that Billings, who was frequently vanquished in debate by his more eloquent adversary, should grow to almost hate the hindrance to his own further advancement in a political career among that community in which he had resolved to spend the remaining years of his life. Ripley (a man of slighter build than the other, but of more agile strength) had long been known and honored by the people, and when he learned that they were finding a new object for their affections, the feeling of personal jealousy already existing toward his rival grew to deeper dislike, thus leading to the tragic affair which had resulted in my call.

"A little upward of a week previous, the Supreme Court had opened its spring session in N—. Billings and Ripley were retained on opposite sides in a trivial case, in which, excited by debate and inflamed by their own dislikes, they became personal and abusive in court. At the hotel they met again for dinner; lowering looks were exchanged at table, and afterwards, stepping out on the piazza where a group of lawyers sat smoking, the quarrel was renewed; when, finally, unable to restrain their passions, words came to blows, and they grappled with each other. Ripley threw his unwieldy opponent after a severe struggle, and, falling heavily, Billings's shoulder became dislocated. He begged for quarter, saying, 'I can fight no longer!' But his victor, whose passions were no longer under control, continued to beat the helpless man. In another instant Billings's free hand had withdrawn a short clasp knife from his pocket, and with a tremendous effort he plunged it into the throat of his torturer, bending over him. The hot red blood gushed forth—Ripley's hands relaxed their hold—he fell.

"'Ripley is killed!' exclaimed the horror-stricken group, as they lifted him from the piazza, where a darkening pool of his life-blood widened.

"In an instant all was confusion. A party of Billings's friends resented him from the excited crowd, bore him within a room of the hotel, and kept guard at his door while a surgeon was sent for. The news of Ripley's murder, as it was supposed to be, spread like wildfire; and all the medical skill of the vicinity was soop on the spot—the seven physicians of whom my companion had told me. They came, they looked upon the bleeding, senseless man who lay on a bed in the entry of the hotel, but none knew what to do, perhaps because of their agitation. Some recommended one treatment, some another; and after a brief consultation, during which poor Ripley's life-blood still ebbed away, a piece of sole leather was barbarously applied to the wound, lint laid around its edges, and a handkerchief bound about the whole! Yet still the wound bled day by day—sometimes ceasing for several hours, then bursting forth afresh.

"'It is of no use; we can't save him,' said the doctors; and so, given over to die, had poor Ripley lain those seven long days.

"All this, in his own rude way, I learned from my guide as we dashed along; and, drawing my own inferences from his story of the treatment of the wounded man, and recalling every similar case of surgery practice I had witnessed in our hospitals or read of in the works of the patriarchs of the profession, I had decided how to act.

"It was afternoon twilight when, muddy and weary, we rode into N—. The afternoon session of the court was over, and there was a crowd of lawyers and citizens about the door and hotel piazza as we reined up, for it had got abroad that the stranger doctor had been sent for. Looks of curiosity were bestowed upon 'the northerner,' and I heard contemptuous expressions as I sprang from my horse to the piazza. 'Pshaw; a mere boy!' 'A stripling!' 'He save Ripley!' came in tones which they took no pains to suppress to a whisper; but taking no heed, I entered the hotel.

"Such a scene as met my gaze! On a low couch, which had been brought to the entry, since it was deemed immediate death to remove him to a chamber, lay a man with a ghastly face, unshorn beard matted with blood, his clothing and the pillows dyed with the same sanguinary stream, and above him hung his lovely young wife, with face almost as pale as her wounded husband's, who, for those terrible long days, had there kept her faithful vigil.

Near by stood a group of medical men, evidently regarding the new comer with curious, and I could not fail to see, jealous, and then contemptuous eyes. I went up to the bed and bent over the man, who lay with closed eyes, a face like the dead, and scarcely perceptible breath. A glance showed me the nature of the case. The blood oozed slowly from the wound, drop by drop—a *coagulum* had formed—and thus had immediate death been prevented. The young wife read my countenance with eager gaze.

"Madam, I think an immediate operation will save your husband's life. I believe I can find the bleeding vessels and secure them with ligatures; otherwise he must soon die," I said.

"O, sir, save him, save him, and I will bless you forever!" she exclaimed, excitedly, grasping my arm.

"It will never do," upspoke one of the medical attendants. "He will die under the operation. Young man, your skill is of no avail here."

"I heeded neither the lowering frown nor the sneer that accompanied these words; but, feeling that it was for her to decide whose summons hither I had obeyed, turned again to Mrs. Ripley and said briefly yet firmly:

"Madam, this decision rests with you. I do not say I can save your husband, but I think so. While there is life there is hope. Patients have recovered when more severely wounded. Here at least there is that chance. As he now lies, he is bleeding to death, and can scarce survive another night. I leave it with you whether the operation shall be performed."

"There was a little pause, during which that faithful wife gazed alternately from the other physicians' faces to mine, and then upon her husband's. I think my firmness must have inspired her with faith, for at length she said, bravely:

"I consent!" And pressing one kiss on the ghastly forehead on the pillows, she went out, quickly.

"I shall require some assistance," I said to the physicians; but all save two left the house, while one of the remaining two advanced to the bedside.

"Turning to the patient, I removed the dressings from his throat and washed away the coagulated blood. The wounded artery at once burst forth bleeding; it was instantly seized by my pointed forceps and tied by my assistant. The wound was then dressed, the blood washed away, the clothing changed, and the patient removed to another bed. Cordials were administered, and he spoke:

"My wife!"

"She was summoned; and, so great the change, she scarce recognized her husband. Speaking brokenly, she exclaimed:

"God bless you—you have saved him!" then sank fainting on the floor.

"You may be sure, my dear friend, that there was some excitement among the crowd outside when it was said, 'Old Ripley will yet live!' My appearance among them was literally a triumph, an ovation. The lawyers, and many others, came up and shook me warmly by the hand; the people of N— gathered close about me, as though old Æsculapius himself had stepped among them in bodily guise and wrought a miracle, instead of the very common surgical operation I had performed. But the gratitude of that young wife was far dearer to me than any plaudit there, as she came again and took my hand, saying, amid her tears: "God bless you—you have saved my husband!"

"It rang in my ears as, next day, I rode back to L—; it came to me as I sat there in my office or rode through grand old forest paths to visit patients around that far-off Texan town; it floats to me often now, here in my own New England."

"And your patient recovered?" I asked.

"He is still living, in the enjoyment of vigorous health. Any Texan will tell you of 'Old Ripley,' one of the most noted lawyers and politicians of that State."

"And what became of Billings?"

"When told that his opponent would recover, he went almost wild with joy. He thanked me personally for the service I had rendered, and begged me if I ever needed his good offices to command him freely. After this affair, whose finale had almost proved a tragic one, he appeared subdued; his hatred seemed to have vanished, and a friendship, I have since been told, sprung up between him and Ripley, which, I pray, may never be disturbed."

The physician ceased, cast his eyes dreamily towards the coal fire, brushed from his forehead the soft brown hair, then spoke long of the warm-hearted, generous Southern people. Said he:

"I number among my best friends, to this day, some of those large-souled, hospitable Texans, who besought me to remain among them and minister to them in their sickness and distress. When I left, a large practice was fast pouring in upon me. I was summoned from a circuit of thirty, fifty, even a hundred miles around, and sometimes even further than this. But circumstances impelled my return to my New England home; yet perchance some day I may again return to clasp once more all those kind and valued friends by the hand, and gaze upon objects and scenes I can never forget. But no more of this."

"My life is very busy here. The physician's life is no idle one. I have chosen my calling, and, when my own years are numbered, shall perhaps 'die with my harness on,' among the sick and broken-hearted. Yet often, riding by myself along some lonely country road, standing by some bedside within the crowded city, and often, in the hour of danger, when life and death are contending before my very gaze, rise before me two faces—the ghastly one of the apparently dying Ripley, and the pale, grateful countenance of his young wife as I saw her when she exclaimed in all the depth of woman's gratitude—"God bless you, you have saved my husband!" Were I to live an hundred years, I could never forget her, nor that 'Incident of my Life in Texas.'"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE Duke of Braganza was one day called to the throne of Portugal, and the name and title given him of Don Juan IV. Before his exaltation he had married Louisa de Guzman, daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a woman of great spirit and beauty, which latter quality was transmitted also to her daughter Catherine. Catherine did not, however, inherit the spirit of her mother. She was weak and irresolute of purpose, but with a face that was absolutely charming enough to make one content with her want of strength.

Catherine had been educated in a convent, and the society of the nuns and her confessor, and the reading of the breviary and the lives of the saints, composed her whole social and intellectual life. But the fame of those soft yet sparkling eyes, those delicate features, that beautiful olive complexion, through which the bright red blood flashed up like the gleam of rubies, and the sweet expression that rested over all, spread even to the court of England, where Charles II. had been revolving in his mind whom he should choose for his queen.

Somewhat misty in his choice, now listening to the Earl of Bristol, who wanted him to marry an Italian, and now to some other adviser, who suggested one of the German princesses, he only decided when the miniature of Catherine of Braganza was placed in his hands. When he had resolved, it was no easy matter to turn him from his purpose. It was in vain for Bristol to talk now of his making a choice of a princess whom the king of Spain would adopt and dower her as a daughter of Spain. Vainly did another speak to him of the Germans. They were "too foggy," he said; and so the Earl of Sandwich was despatched to bring home the daughter of Braganza as the queen of England, and the five hundred thousand pounds which the king expected as her dowry.

The queen was brought, but the treasure was not so easily forthcoming, and its failure put "Old Rowley" in a temper that was, to speak freely, far from agreeable. The facts were these: The dowry had been amassed by the bride's mother, partly by selling her own jewels and plate, and partly by borrowing the jewels and plate of churches and convents; but there was occasion to use it hastily to fit out forces, and the bridal dowry was taken to forward that purpose.

The queen of Portugal did the best she could under the circumstances, for which she ought to be embalmed in the Chinese herb, as one of the long line of her successors was. She put one half the amount in jewels, sugar, cotton, silk, and various other commodities, on board, and pledged her royal word to pay the other half in one year.

None of the usual ceremonies were observed, which should have awaited the daughter of a king. The Braganza family had never been acknowledged as having a right to the throne, and only a dispensation from the pope could make the marriage with a heretic, as the king was called, admissible. Catherine's relatives would not suffer the dispensation to be applied for. They preferred to trust to the honor of England's king.

So, on the thirteenth of April, 1662, the fleet, with its precious cargo, sailed from Lisbon. Catherine suffered much on the voyage, but was obliged, from a point of etiquette, to remain on board after her arrival, until she should be met by the king, and to be seen by no one save her own women. Sick, dispirited and weary, how she must have envied the free footsteps of the English sailors' wives, who were landing at the same moment in which the ship which held her arrived. It was a great experience for the shy, convent-bred girl.

The marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Romish church, by the Lord de Aubigny, the queen's almoner. Subsequently the royal pair were re-married by Sheldon, bishop of London. Catherine pouted during the espousal, refused to repeat the ritual, or to look in the bishop's face. Yet she insisted before he left the presence chamber where the ceremony took place, that he should pronounce her the wife of the king. Looking back to the monstrous and absurd fashions of that period, we may well conceive that it required the most perfect beauty in a woman to wear them without making a fright of herself. Catherine bore the ordeal perhaps as well as any of the famous court beauties who are immortalized by the pencil of Lely.

Catherine's train of attendants consisted of six maids of honor, six almoners, a confessor, a Jewish perfumer, and a nondescript officer called the queen's barber. Charles soon despatched them, and filled their places with his own creatures. Handing the list to the queen for her signature, she started on seeing Lady Castlemaine's name; and, seizing the pen, she hastily drew a mark across the hated word. The king persisted, and, in a letter to Lord Lyttleton, he declared, as he hoped for peace here or hereafter, he would carry that project into effect—and he did!

The next morning the whole train presented themselves to the sight of the queen. Among them came Lady Castlemaine, and ere Catherine could catch the name, she had already spoken to her in the same sweet and kindly manner which she had used towards the others. As soon as she was conscious of her presence, she sprang from her chair, and turned ghastly white; then the red flush of shame and indignation came welling up to her cheek, the blood gushed from her nose, and she swooned in the arms of her attendants.

The court broke up. Catherine's grief and indignation at the insult she had received almost broke her heart. She sat all night, shedding tears, and declaring that she would go back to Lisbon in the smallest vessel rather than stay longer. To add to her sor-

row, the king neglected her; and the courtiers all thronged around Lady Castlemaine, whose star threatened to eclipse that of the unhappy queen. Worn out by the strife and insults that followed her, she broke down altogether, and patiently submitted to the indignities forced upon her. She was baited into receiving the bad and wicked woman who was stealing the affections of the king from his true and lawful wife.

"I wonder at your patience in sitting hour after hour to have your hair dressed," said Lady Castlemaine on going into the queen's room one day. She now seldom addressed her majesty in the customary style.

"I have so many things that require my patience," answered Catherine, "that I hardly give it a thought."

The unhappy queen fell sick under all these indignities, and then, and only then, was the careless monarch roused to anything like interest in her. He hung over her bed, wept, and entreated her to live for his sake (the arch hypocrite), and even the semblance of affection had power to restore her from the grave to which she seemed hastening. Wakeman, her physician, declared that it did more towards curing her than all his prescriptions. After her recovery, she resolved to change her melancholy and silent ways, and enter more into the gaieties and festivities of the court; and like all persons who attempt a frolic when it is foreign to their nature, she carried it quite too far.

A fair at Audley End was the occasion she chose; and the queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham went, disguised like country lasses, in red petticoats, with Bernard Gascoigne riding on a miserable cart horse beside them. When the lasses alighted, the beautiful little feet with embroidered satin shoes, betrayed them, and every farmer and farmer's boy who could find anything to ride upon, pursued them to the very gate of the court.

Then came the charge, monstrous and unaccredited, of an attempt by Catherine to poison the king, and that Wakeman was bribed with fifteen thousand pounds to perform that service. The infamous Titus Oates accused the queen of high treason. For once Charles showed manliness and judgment beyond what any one might expect of his thoughtless and indifferent want of principle.

"I will not stand by," he said, "and see an innocent woman abused." And the charges dropped to the ground unsustainable, the last effort of weak and unprincipled minds to injure her whose affection for a faithless and unworthy husband was only too deep and strong.

In February, 1685, Charles was attacked with apoplexy. Catherine in vain entreated to see him. He refused, but sent her his pardon, and asked her to forgive him. Watching, waiting, longing for one more sight of the husband who had neglected and outraged her, she kept near the door, regardless of what would be said of her; and sometimes she caught a brief glimpse of the scene within. She had received his message of pardon, dying hypocrite that he was, and as she strove to see his face, she caught sight of the person in whose arms he was expiring—the Duchess of Portsmouth.

If Catherine of England ever erred—as who does not?—if she were indeed loaded with crime, there would yet be enough in her deep sufferings to disarm censure forever. What true woman, what true man, could withhold pity for this crushing and unmerited sorrow? The king lingered a few days, and died in the arms of the duchess. Catherine mourned his death; and, doubtless, bitterer than all else was the pang of his refusal to see her. With characteristic exaggeration the public journals announced that the grief of the queen for her royal consort equalled that of the blessed virgin herself.

The tie between Catherine and England was severed forever. No child had come to bless her as a woman, or to make her the mother of a long line of kings of England. And, solitary and alone, she wended her cheerless way, a queen no longer, to Lisbon, carrying with her a few pictures, her only mementoes of her luckless marriage, save the thorns that rankled at her heart. Sad and disowned, like the hapless old King Lear, she lived out her threescore years, dying in 1705, at the age of sixty-three.

The gamester is a privileged person, a creature who merges all the petty wearying anxieties of life into one sublime passion. Become a gamester, and you are fortified, nay, exempt from the assaults of diverse other feelings that distract and worry less happy men. Gaming is a moral Aaron's rod, and swallows up all meaner passions.—*Jerrold.*

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SCENES ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 177.]

"The citizens of the county of Westchester erected this tomb in testimony of the high sense they entertained for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of their fellow-citizen, as a memorial sacred to public gratitude."

"*Vincit amor Patriæ.* Nearly half a century before this monument was built, the conscript fathers of America had, in the senate chamber, voted that Isaac Van Wart was a faithful patriot, one in whom the love of country was invincible, and this tomb bears testimony that the record is true."

"*Fidelity.* On the 23d of September, 1780, Isaac Van Wart, accompanied by John Paulding and David Williams, all farmers of the county of Westchester, intercepted Major André on his return from the American lines, in the character of a spy, and, notwithstanding the large bribes offered them for his release, nobly disdained to sacrifice their country for gold, secured and carried him to the commanding officer of the district, where the dangerous and traitorous conspiracy of Arnold was brought to light, the insidious designs of the enemy baffled, the American army saved, and our beloved country free."

At noon I sought the ferry-boat which plies to Nyack on the opposite shore, but was a few minutes too late. Finding that it did not cross again for a couple of hours, in company with two gentlemen, who were in like predicament, I chartered a sail-boat, and with a brisk breeze crossed the wide expanse of Tappan Bay, and landed by the side of the ferry. My object in crossing was to visit Tappan, six miles below, and I lost no time in procuring a conveyance, and was fortunate in meeting with a valuable guide in a Mr. West, who, desiring to go down as far as Piermont, consented to accompany me to the places I desired to visit. The road lay along the banks of the river, and at the foot of the hills, which, occasionally approaching the water, exhibit deep scars where the hand of industry has wrought out large quantities of freestone, of which they are composed. Many of the dwellings along the route are built of this material, and some of them bore unmistakable evidences of an ante-Revolutionary epoch. At the end of three miles we entered the village of Piermont, which has grown up entirely in consequence of the operations of the railroad, and is chiefly inhabited by its employees. Some few of the houses are neat and pretty, but most of them are very commonplace, and many are mere shanties, occupied by Irish laborers, with the usual pigsties and accompanying filth and stench. Further on, our road lay through a gap in the hills, by the side of the railroad, and out into a lovely valley, wherein lay, quietly dreaming of its ancient renown, the village of Tappan. It is but an inconsiderable place, and would not merit notice, except for its connection with one of the most important events in our early history.

After André's capture at Tarrytown, and Arnold's flight, the former was conducted to West Point, and on the 28th of September, was sent by barge to Stony Point, and thence by land under an escort to Tappan, where the army then lay. He was placed in a small room in the northwest corner of the old stone house represented in one of my sketches. Its appearance has been materially changed since, but enough remains to make it an object of interest. The room in which André was confined was kept intact for nearly fifty years, when the then proprietor altered and enlarged the entire rear portion into a ball-room, boasting, as Lossing says, that he "had received a whole dollar for the lock that fastened up Major Andrew." The house is in different hands now, and the visitor is received with courtesy and attention.

André's trial took place in the old Dutch church of Tappan, which was torn down some twenty-two years since, and a larger one of brick erected on its site. Its floor was the ground, and the congregation took their seats with them. A gentleman of Singing informed me that an ancestor of his had peeped into the windows of the old church during the trial, and remembered well the appearance of the board of general officers, as they sat in chairs on the ground about a circular table brought from the tavern near. The trial was a short one, inasmuch as André, with a candor which made friends among his enemies, acknowledged the circumstances by which he had been placed in the unfortunate position in which he then stood. The board, after a long and earnest deliberation, reported that he ought to be considered as a spy, and in accordance with the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suf-



WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

fer death. The report was approved by Washington, and his execution ordered the next day at 5 P. M. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the circumstances connected with this intensely interesting episode in our history. Every school-boy is familiar with it, and I pass it by, simply remarking that the seeker after information will nowhere find a more succinct and perfect account of all the details of Arnold's treason, and André's capture, trial and execution, than in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," a work which should be in the hands of every American, young and old.

The spot where the sentence of the court was executed is about a quarter of a mile from Washington's head quarters, on the right of a line running from the highway from Tappan Village to Old Tappan. In 1847, a patriotic merchant of New York caused a stone to be inscribed "André executed, October 2d, 1780," and placed upon the spot. I did not visit it, as I was informed that the sacrilegious hands of former visitors had destroyed and carried off so many relics, that scarcely a vestige of it remains.

While Washington was at Tappan, he had his head quarters at a stone house now occupied by the family of Samuel S. Verbryck, whose wife is the grand-daughter of John De Windt, who then occupied it. It is situated near the road from Sneed's Landing, within a few rods of its junction with the main street of the village. It is a very antique-looking structure, and, unlike the '76 stone house, remains in nearly the same state of preservation, excepting damage by the elements, as it was when Washington occupied it. In the front, the date of its erection (1700) is wrought in the wall by an arrangement of bricks. The room occupied by the chief contains a fine specimen of those old-fashioned fire-places, which are so rarely met in the present day, and which are so valuable and interesting.

Having finished my pleasing task at Tappan, I returned to Nyack, enjoying a delightful drive along the banks of the Hudson in the cool of the evening, and crossing to Tarrytown, took the cars for Sing Sing, whence you shall hear from me ere long.

I am, my dear sir, very respectfully, your artist,
JNO. R. CHAPIN.

There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellow, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them.—*Jerrold.*

POTATO DISEASE.

The microscopic examinations which I have made with the potato plant, during several summers past, have revealed facts of vast importance to agriculturists, both in America and Europe. In 1855, the United States Patent Office published various communications, letters, extracts, etc., upon the potato disease. The first scientific examination in the United States was made in the State of New York, in 1844. The publication of this investigation induced many persons in this country to form opinions that fungi caused the disease. The same opinion also prevailed in Europe. Atmospheric influence was another theory. Insects upon the vines and leaves another. My microscopic examination and experiments commenced at Waltham, Mass., in 1851. In June of that year, I found the leaves on my potato stalks turning yellow—some quite dead, while the tops and leaves, and also the leaves and stalks of other hills, continued quite thrifty and green. This peculiar circumstance, thus early in the season, induced close observation and careful examination into the phenomenon. A query naturally arose—Can fungus or atmosphere act thus partially upon the plant? Is there not some other predisposing cause prevailing? From this investigation I felt confident that insects or worms had attacked these plants at the roots.

Acting from this impression, I examined the roots; but with the natural vision no insects were found. The microscope, however, revealed myriads of insects on the seed-tubers, roots and stalks under ground. The attack upon the latter at the lower joint was visible in spots or marks resembling iron rust. Potatoes which I had in jars and flower-pots in my shed, covered from any exposure (experiment tubers), exhibited, under the microscope, similar insects; and the tubers taken from my cellar at this time, had insects on those which were sprouted. Thus, in three separate and entirely dissimilar positions, insects, similar in every respect, were found, evidently subsisting upon the sap of the sprouts and vines. This revealed to me unquestionable evidence that, during the early growth of the plant, insects' ravages produced deterioration by the drawing of the sap from the vital part—thus causing the disease. The insects being only microscopic, rendered it extremely difficult to discover the nidus or hibernating spot of the eggs.

Early in my researches, however, I became satisfied, from the position of the young insects, that the eggs would be found near or under the eye-brows of the potatoes. This proved to be correct. It was not till 1856 that I first found the eggs. They are found embedded in the very sprouts, and in the skin near the eyes; but only with a powerful microscope and the light of the unclouded sun can they be found. During the period from 1851 to 1856, my experiments in cultivation and otherwise were continued. Since the latter date I have watched as before (sealed in glass jars and otherwise) the development of the tubers and the embryo progress of the eggs to the first animate motion of the tiny insects, and their attack upon the tender sprouts. The effects also of their ravages, and the progress of the poison infused into the vines causing the malady. This insect is the *aphis*.

The particulars of my discoveries and my opinions were communicated to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts in August, 1851, answering a resolution of the legislature passed that year, soliciting information on this subject; and the fact is a matter of record in the State department. For reasons of my own, my communication was to remain with the seal unbroken (unless at my request) until 1856.

The facts and authenticated proofs attached thereto, and a multiplicity of other similar evidence, have been placed before the United States Patent Office, there to remain. They are deemed adequate to settle the question positively, as to the cause of the disease. I need say only a word more. Let me briefly add that, by repeated experiments, I have discovered a practical remedy for the disease. The tests of cultivation are here shown by the evidence of my neighbors at Waltham, Mass., which proves the efficacy of my remedy. After a rigid investigation before the United States Patent Office, I have secured letters patent from the United States government for the right to apply the remedy. I am prepared to dispose of rights to use the remedy. Individuals wishing to possess the same for States or counties will apply by letter, or otherwise, to the undersigned.

LYMAN REED, Baltimore, Md.



ERIE RAILROAD PIER, PIERMONT AND NYACK, FROM DOBBS'S FERRY.

GEN. WASHINGTON.

I first saw General Washington on the 17th of October, 1778, when for a short time he had his headquarters at a house then occupied by Colonel Kane (great-grandfather of the late Dr. Kane), some two miles westerly of the Quaker meeting-house, on Quaker Hill, in the present town of Pawlings, formerly called Fredericksburg, Dutchess county, and on the road leading to Poughkeepsie. The encampment of the largest portion of the continental army then collected in one place was on the same ridge of land with the Quaker meeting-house, and from two to three miles south of it, on the road from Cold Spring to Carmel, the present county seat of Putnam county, and within the limits of the town of Patterson in the same county. I was at that time in my tenth year, and, like all boys belonging to ardent whig families, at that stirring period, was intensely interested in the great events occurring around me. My father and mother took me with them to see the camp, about ten miles distant from their residence. The 17th of October was selected as the time for the visit, because it was known that there would be a grand parade and festival on that day, it being the first anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. For the same reason many others availed themselves of the occasion to visit the camp, and a large crowd of both sexes was collected. As everybody was eager to see General Washington, they huddled together upon the road leading from the general's headquarters to the camp, all on horseback, as everybody then rode who rode at all. The cavalcade of officers and their attendants who had gone up to headquarters to escort the commander-in-chief down to the place of entertainment, soon made their appearance. As it was passing the company of spectators, my father inquired of a soldier standing by the road, whether "His Excellency" was in the train which was just riding by. He answered, I remember, thus: "Yes, sir; him on the right hand in front, on the blazed-faced horse,"—and a noble horse he was. The cavalcade, immediately it had passed the throng of spectators, wheeled to the left of the road into an open field at the foot of a very abrupt but short ascent to the flat upon its top, where the tables were set under a long shade of green boughs. As soon as the general's horse came to the foot of the hill, he sprang forward with the swiftness of a bird, and ascended it rather by leaps



MONUMENT TO ISAAC VAN WART, GREENBURGH, N. Y.

than an ordinary gallop, and reached the top before any other one of the escort had got half way up. Certainly never before, nor during the long years since, did I behold so noble an equestrian figure; for General Washington excelled in horsemanship, as he did in everything else which he undertook. When the general and his attendants had arrived at their destination, the spectators dismounted, and took their stand outside of the assembly of officers, who joined in numerous parties in conversation for a long while before dinner was served. My eyes were riveted during the whole time upon General Washington, whose noble personal appearance and majestic bearing so far exceeded any other present as to leave no ground for comparison. A lofty stature, two inches over six feet, with a form as perfect in its proportions as possible to represent both gracefulness and strength—a nearer and repeated view of him many years afterwards, when in the office of president of the United States, enables me to say, that my first estimate of his personal appearance was not a mistaken one, though formed in the enthusiasm of boyhood. I gazed at him for at least two hours, scarcely having patience to have my attention turned to other distinguished officers whom my father pointed out to me—such as the Baron Steuben, General Knox, and the Baron DeKalb. I then believed that I was looking at the noblest and best man in the world, and eighty years of reading and reflection which have since elapsed have in no wise changed that early impression. The general was dressed in a blue coat with buff

facings, and large gold epaulets, with buff colored small-clothes and vest, and boots reaching quite to the knee. His hair, of which he had a great quantity, was craped and turned back from his forehead, and dressed in a very large and long braid or twist upon his back, the whole profusely powdered, as was then the fashion. His sword was what was called a hanger, shaped like a sabre, but much shorter and lighter. It was worn attached to a belt around the waist, under the coat. The handle was of green ivory, the hilt and guard of silver, and was the same that was presented to Congress some years ago by the relative to whom it was bequeathed by the general's will. Such were my first impressions at the sight of the greatest man of his own or of any age. The picture is stamped upon my memory in living light, and time seems only to increase the freshness of its coloring.

The last time I saw General Washington was in May, 1790, during the second session of the first Congress under the present constitution; it being held in New York, and the last which was convened in that city. I was then in my twenty-second year. My brother, the late Elijah Boardman, afterwards, and at the time of his decease, United States Senator from Connecticut, making an excursion to New York, I accompanied him, in order to see the city, which I had never visited, and to take a look at Congress, which I had a great desire to see in session. We arrived in the city on Saturday evening. We agreed to go to the church the next morning where we supposed the president would attend, for the purpose of seeing him; though we had both seen him while in command of the army, and my brother, indeed, many years older than myself, had served a campaign under his orders. The president then resided in the centre house of what was called Mr. Combs's block, on the western side of Broadway, between Trinity Church and the Bowling Green. To accomplish our object we went first to the front of Trinity Church, intending to wait there until the president's carriage came up, and, if it stopped there, to follow him in; but if it went by, to repair to St. Paul's, knowing that he would attend service at one of them. When we reached our proposed stand, we found a large number of gentlemen occupying the ground, doubtless influenced by the same motives with ourselves, and had already formed two lines reaching from the church door to the middle of the street, and a few yards apart. The president's coach soon came up, and stopped at the mouth of the avenue formed by the spectators. He stepped out of the vehicle, with his hat (such as he used to wear while he was in the command of the army) in his hand, and walked through the bowing lines of admiring gazers with that gravely serene bearing and majesty of countenance such as, in my estimation, no other face ever wore. He was followed by Mrs. Washington, escorted by a gentleman of the family, and by the private secretary and lady. His dress upon the occasion was precisely like Stuart's portrait of him (except the sword), to wit: black throughout, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes; his hair dressed in front just as Stuart's portrait has it; on the back it was enclosed in a black bag of silk shift, such as in those days the first magistrates of States often wore, if favored with a full and flowing head of hair. The entire costume was exceedingly graceful and becoming. Our seats in the church being remote from his, we could only see that he was very intent upon his prayer book, and possessed the air of sincere devotion. It so happened that a Captain Clark, a coaster, from New Haven, Connecticut, boarded at the same house with us in the city, and from him I learned that he had been applied to to carry the president out to a good fishing ground in a distant part of New York harbor, where he proposed to amuse and recreate himself for a day or two, in fishing. He informed me that he should take his vessel from the East River around to the North River side, to a wharf directly in the rear of the president's house, and there receive him on board—Greenwich Street not being then built upon. Determined to avail myself of another opportunity of seeing the great object of my youthful admiration, I went alone to the wharf indicated by

added to my previous idea of his character. The tones of his voice were deep and clear, and his smile peculiarly winning and pleasant. I afterwards asked Captain Clark if the president was successful as a fisherman. "Yes," he said, "all the fish came to his hook." Upon these occasions, he was in a very different attire from the one above described. He wore a round hat with a very large brim, a light mulberry overcoat, with an undress of a corresponding color. His hair was in a very long queue, reaching to his waistband buttons; and the ends of the hair below the riband showed a sprinkling of gray—a slight one though for a man of fifty-eight. I have thus, perhaps with tedious minuteness, described the personal appearance of General Washington at the last moment I ever saw him, except in the mental contemplation of his undying glory.—Hon. David Sherman Boardman in *Home Journal*.

FLOWERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The floral beauties of Britain were confined to those wild flowers which are to-day the light of childhood. The eyes of the "barbarians" looked upon the modest daisy, which then presented the same simple form that it does to-day. Primrose, nursed in the recesses of gnarled roots of trees, came forth in abundance in the spring; so did the blue-bell and the violet. These familiar flowers, with dog-roses, fox-gloves, traveller's-joy, flowering heaths, and water-lilies, were the chief beauties of the bouquet of ancient Britain. Fuchsias, balsams, dabbias, auriculas, hyacinths, pinks, tulips, roses, and a host of other beauties, which now adorn our gardens and dwellings, were then quite unknown. Even the wallflower and the mignonette were strangers to our land; and the honeysuckle, which is now a very common inhabitant of the hedges, came to Britain a stranger, and stole out of the confines of a garden, to share the fortunes of our native wild flowers. Nor was the state of the British flora peculiar to the earliest period. It prevailed with only slight additions and improvements, down to the sixteenth century.—*Philp's History of Progress*.

The wings of Time are no other than two large bill-stamps, duly drawn and accepted. With these he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes.—*Jerrold*.



SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEAR TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Captain Clark, and took my stand upon it. The president, at the appointed time, came out at his back door, attended by some two or three of his family and a servant, and stepped on board the vessel, where he met with General Cadwallader, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and one or two other gentlemen who were to share in the proposed amusement, with whom he conversed for a few moments, while the vessel got under way. Captain Clark having informed me that he should remain but one night, and return in the afternoon of the second day, I again kept watch, and when I saw the vessel approaching the city, I resorted to my former stand upon the wharf, and again saw the president when he came up to the wharf, left the deck of the vessel, and returned to his house. I heard some of his conversation in this free and unrestrained intercourse with his companions, but no circumstances could detract from his wonderful dignity of manner and of deportment. This close and minute inspection and observation of him only

HOUSE IN WHICH ANDRE WAS CONFINED, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

BY OEN. J. ARLINGTON BENNET.

The element of all existing things
Partakes the nature of from what it springs;
An axiom true that man dare not deny—
And if he should, can't give the reason why.
That man exists all his sensations tell;
That thought exists is evidenced as well;
That mind exists is proven by its power;
That God exists is seen in every flower!
The element of God is then in man—
His body, soul and mind in God began;
And thus partaking of the godlike kind,
Exerts a portion of the Almighty mind
In combinations of material things,
To give the lightning more than seraphs' wings!
Subjects the elements to man's own will,
And says to potent Steam, "You must be still;
Let motion cease till we perform our part:
We raised your power and lay it by our art."
Through ocean's depths men talk to men at last,
Surpassing every feat in ages past!

The vestibule of man's immortal mind
Is now but entered by the human kind;
Our motive powers on land and water show
That man's a finite god placed here below!
'Tis but begun—man through the heavens will steer
His well-poised boat, as now he does it here;
And nation linked with nation (yet by steam),
Will each salute in peace its king or queen,
Or president, like James Buchanan—then
Man shall behold the victory of the pen.
We have a field for exercise just now—
'Tis large, and good, and fertile all allow;
But man must soar to realms of higher thought,
As greater wonders must ere long be wrought
By human genius where the mind is free,
In this our glorious land of liberty.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KITTY TOM'S STORY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I was a peculiar cat. I was decidedly an odd cat; I was odd looking as well as odd in my appearance. I was eccentric in my dress; I wore constantly a garment of the purest white, with a line of black running from my nose to the tip of my tail. Some people maliciously called me line-back, but I was too indignant and by far too wise to allow the title to become fixed to me. I always put on the most stolid air of indifference when I was addressed by it, neither recognizing by look or motion my odious connection with it. My name, the name my young mistress had given me, was Tom—Tom Barstow. To be sure she only called me Kitty Tom—the Barstow was of my own adding, and all for the love I bore my mistress.

Upon the whole, I do not think there was a finer, nicer, sleeker, plumper cat in the whole town than I; a cat who was more respected and beloved, or one that had more warm, earnest friends. But I was selfish; I slighted the love and kindness of every one save my mistress with whom I lived. Her love was all in all to me; I cared for nothing beside in the uncertain line of human affections. Her happiness and comfort were my greatest cares. I think she realized this; certainly it was not my fault if she did not; I tried earnestly enough to make it known to her.

My mistress was beautiful and an heiress, and more, she was an orphan, so that my protection and care did not come amiss; still better, or worse—for I am a bachelor in my thoughts and feelings, and so write the better for my mistress and the worse for myself—she had lovers; an army who stood bashfully aloof from her, and two who ventured very near. Of the two who monopolized her time, thoughts and attention, I had formed entirely different opinions. I was not the only one; she had ventured to take the same liberty. But alas! my mistress favored one and I the other. She showed her preference for Mr. Fayles Bruce in pretty, sunshiny smiles every time he made his appearance. I testified my dislike in little sharp, angry growls, rounding and humping my back nervously, and sometimes by spitting (the greatest insult I could offer him), when I heard his step in the hall.

The other, a plain, dignified gentleman, with ways that were well worth studying for their depth of meaning, my mistress treated in a manner that was at once strange and incomprehensible to me. First she was gay, glad and happy in his presence; then she went off into such a state of gloomy abstraction as to quite chill me. But I did not change in my treatment towards him; I always evinced the same joy at his coming, and treated him with the same warmth of manner, though he came three times a day instead of three times a week. There was little use in denying it; I hated Fayles Bruce, and admired Jasper Dutton. The one pinched my ears, pulled my hair, and even kicked me, when my mistress was not observing him; the other always petted me, talked to me as though I possessed common sense, and gave me a comfortable seat upon his knee when he came.

I think the two gentlemen hated each other, though both were too emphatically men of the world to own to such a feeling openly. Yet for some reason they never met at my mistress's house, which was a source of much wonder to me, since they both came so often and stayed so long. I now more than half suspect that she laid plans to keep them apart, for certainly everything could not have run along so smoothly had it not been so. But at last, much to my regret and constant sorrow, Mr. Dutton's visits began to grow, not "beautifully," but alarmingly, "less," while Mr.

Bruce came oftener than ever. I tried vainly to learn the cause of this sudden change, but my mistress remained provokingly silent upon the subject, not even mentioning the name of Jasper Dutton. In my own mind I accused her of heartlessness, though I think if I had heard any one else express such an opinion, I should have gone wild with mingled rage and indignation. The thought of having Fayles Bruce for a master grew more and more torturing to me every day, and I did not fail to express my disapproval of him in a vehement manner at every opportunity; while in return he abused and tormented me with a perseverance that was truly worthy of a better cause.

One bright, beautiful morning, when Mr. Dutton had not been to my mistress's house for more than a week, and while she was out upon a shopping expedition, some one came to the door and left her a note. The servant brought it into the parlor where I was sitting upon the sofa, and laid it upon a side-table. I was a very inquisitive cat, and so the moment that Hannah was well out of the room, I mounted the table and commenced turning the delicate little missive over with my white paw. My mistress's name was on the back of it, "Miss Frances Barstow," written out plainly and boldly. My heart leaped up with joy as I read it, for I knew at once the penmanship was Mr. Dutton's. What could be in the inside of it? I attempted to break the seal, but was prevented from doing so by hearing Mr. Bruce's well known ring at the door.

My first thought was to jump from the table and hide under the sofa, but I feared if I did so, my mistress would never see Mr. Dutton's note, and so I resolved to bravely keep my post in spite of everything, seating myself, meanwhile, squarely upon the envelope. I trembled violently when Mr. Bruce entered the room, saying to Hannah that he would wait until Miss Barstow returned home. I crouched down more like a thief, than an honorable cat as I was, as he crossed the room and seated himself upon the sofa opposite me. For several moments he did not observe my presence, but when he did, he hallooed at me so loudly that I was nearly frightened out of my senses.

"Hallo, Tom, you have chosen a rare seat, haven't you, during your mistress's absence? Allow me the pleasure of assisting your most gracious lordship in descending to the floor?"

But I declined his assistance in a most decided manner, rising resolutely upon my hind feet as he attempted to clutch his fingers about my neck.

"Show fight, eh?" he remarked, maliciously, thrusting his long fingers into my side. "Well, fight while you have an opportunity, my good Grimalkin, for I do swear to you this moment, when your mistress becomes my wife, you shall die, as you deserve! You understand me, eh, you half-human, you?"

So saying, he gave me a blow upon the head that sent me reeling and sprawling upon the floor. My first thought as I looked about me, was for the note. It had fallen with me, and lay closely by my side. Mr. Bruce noticed it at the same moment that I did, and stooped to pick it up. But I could not allow him to take my treasure so easily, and when he clasped his fingers about it, I gave his hand such a scratch with my claws as to make him groan aloud with pain. In return for this little hand-clasp of mine, he kicked me with all his might across the room, and then turned to the note.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he turned it deliberately over in his hand; "Mr. Dutton again! Supposing I dispose of this little scrap of paper without the knowledge of my lady Florence? But first let me ascertain what is contained in this slick, spooneyish-looking package!" And with a coolness that sent the blood boiling through my veins, he tore open the envelope. "I swear, who would believe it?—the little creature has been upbraiding him for his neglect! I thought she had more spirit. And he—gracious!—like an awkward school-boy who is too bashful to declare himself boldly, tells her his love on this paltry piece of paper. Capital! And what is this? He has heard that she was 'engaged to Mr. Bruce,' 'thought she was trifling with him,' 'despises a woman who makes an honest heart her plaything.' Fol-de-rol! I guess I'll place this little confession in my pocket. It is not just the thing for my little Flora's blue eyes; not quite the sentiment at present for her wavering little heart; so I'll keep it for her."

So saying, he placed the letter in his vest pocket, looking cautiously about him. Luckless me!—he espied my head thrust inquisitively out from under a large velvet ottoman, and my eyes fixed eagerly upon his face.

"Jehosaphat!—that confounded cat seems to understand me like a book. I believe he's more than half human. How I long to beat his well-developed brain out of him! As it is, I shall have to content myself with showing him to what a degree of perfection the shoemaker has arrived in the manufacture of my boots. Do you understand that, sir? Allow me to illustrate my meaning."

I leaped half wildly across the room as he came towards me, and called as well as I could in my language, for my mistress. It almost seemed that she came at my bidding, for in a moment more I heard her light, springing step in the hall.

"Ah, amusing yourself with my pussy, Mr. Bruce?" she said, pleasantly, as she entered the room. "You find Tom rare company, too, I'll venture."

"Yes, rare indeed. Do you know that I have been giving him credit for an intellect almost human, during your absence?"

"I'd not be surprised to learn so," replied my mistress, rubbing my neck with her white, jewelled hand. "Tom is a wise old fellow, and a devoted friend, too, where he is once prepossessed in one's favor. But your hand, Mr. Bruce? he has not been scratching you at such a rate as that, I trust?"

"O, that is a mere trifle, I'll assure you. One can bear almost anything from a pet like this. In a frolic I provoked Tom, and as you see, and as I deserved, I am bearing the fruits of my folly."

My mistress shook her head thoughtfully, and I thought, sensitively enough, stroked my back less earnestly. But I was too angry to be a correct judge of anything that was passing about me. One idea engrossed wholly my thoughts, that of my mistress's note, which the wicked Mr. Bruce had so cruelly pocketed. How could I convey to her an idea of her loss? how make known to her the treachery of her base friend? Her conversation with him annoyed me so much that I could not form any definite plan for the completion of my wishes, and so I slid down from her lap and stole from the room. I had but one aim, but one desire, and that was to give back to my mistress the letter that had been stolen from her.

All that day I lay curled up on the snowy counterpane of my mistress's soft bed, not even going down to the kitchen for my food, as I did usually at the ringing of the bell. Late in the evening I was aroused by my mistress's step as she entered her room. It startled me at once, it was so slow and laggardly. What could it mean? There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, and a look of real, earnest sorrow lay about her red mouth.

"Tom, you are the only true friend that I have in the whole world!" she said, taking me up in her arms, and resting her velvety cheek upon my arched back. "I don't know what I should do if it were not for you!"

I purred vehemently, to let her know that I understood and appreciated her regard for me.

"Do you love me, Tom, for anything besides the victuals I give you?" she asked, taking my head between her hands.

I nodded assent as well as I could, trying to tell her that I had been without my food all day for her sake.

"They have been abusing me, Tom." I began to sharpen my claws. "Everybody abuses me but you. I am going to tell you about it; I know you can understand me better than anything or any one else. Well, I love Mr. Dutton; I have loved him for a long, a very long time. You never mistrusted it, did you, Tommy?" I shook my head. "Well, I have been too proud to let any one understand my true feelings—even him. You know Mr. Bruce, Tom? Well, I hate him as much as I love Mr. Dutton, though he is vain enough to think differently, and to expect me to marry him. You know that Mr. Dutton has not been here for a long time? The reason I cannot learn, unless it is that he thinks I am encouraging Bruce. Well, a few days ago I wrote him a note, saying all that was becoming for a young woman to say, and asking him to call and see me as he had always done. And, pussy, he has never answered it, and I am as miserable as I can be! I believe I shall marry Mr. Bruce out of pure revenge, wouldn't you?"

I shook my head again in answer, but my mistress did not notice me, and only buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. All night she sat by her window, without once falling to sleep, or forgetting her sad, gloomy thoughts; and when morning came, she was so white and trembling that I feared she would not be able to leave her room. But at an early hour she went out to walk in the broad old grounds that surrounded her house, and like a faithful friend I followed after her. As she walked slowly up and down a favorite mall, Mr. Bruce made his appearance, smiling and smirking, as he usually did when he met her. For once in my life I was glad to see him, and followed deceitfully at his heels, purring at the top of my voice the while.

"Tom is happy to meet me this morning," he said, stooping to caress me.

I arched my back and rubbed my head against his hand. Thus encouraged, he lifted me in his arms, when—O joy, O gladness!—I espied once more the note of Mr. Dutton snugly ensconced in his vest pocket. Eagerly I watched my opportunity, and while Mr. Bruce's eyes were fixed earnestly upon my mistress's face, I slipped my paw into his pocket and clawed the note out, so that it fell almost noiselessly upon the ground. He did not notice what I had done, but my mistress stood observing me intently, and when the note fell, she stooped to pick it up, evidently with the intention of returning it to him. As she was about to do so, she saw her own name upon its back, and with trembling fingers I saw her unfold the delicate sheet of paper.

"Miss Barstow, you forget," stammered Mr. Bruce, dropping me unceremoniously upon the ground, and springing to my mistress's side.

But she waved him proudly away, and continued to peruse the missive with a coolness that surprised me.

"You may go now, sir!" she said, haughtily, as she finished reading it, and standing up before him like a queen, pointing with one hand to the sheet. "You may go, sir—go!"

And he did go, cursing "that cat" until he was out of hearing. That night Mr. Dutton came to see my mistress, and stayed so long that I grew almost angry with him. She didn't seem a bit tired or sleepy, nor anxious in the least to have him leave her; but instead, planned with him earnestly about satin robes, parties, bride's maids, and I cannot remember what all.

My mistress has been Mrs. Dutton for nearly four years, and I am sure she is the happiest woman living, while I am the happiest and most contented of cats.

Solomon has said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention; for that is often a revival which we think a discovery.—*Lacon*.

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M. M. BALLOU, Boston Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PEARLS.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.*

Mid the brightest treasures of the earth,
In realms unseen we owned our mystic birth;
We dwelt in temples God's own hand had built,
Whose polished walls no human touch had gilt:
And vain the proudest architect might ape
Their folding portals and harmonious shape.
There, fair in virgin loveliness, we sought
No praise but His, who our pure forms had wrought;
Serene beneath the All-Seeing Eye we slept,
While o'er our homes the waves of ocean swept.
But man, whose avarice grasps at all that Heaven
Of bright and beautiful to the world has given,
Came, murderer-like, in silence and in stealth,
And robbed the secret chambers of our wealth;
Dragged us unfeeling from our living halls,
Then to corruption left our conscious walls:
Thus from our native shrines forever torn,
We're doomed to wander o'er the earth forlorn,
All pure and spiritual as holy maids
Who feed the altars' fires in vestal shades,
Our plunderers' train we grace. Alas, for gold—
For sordid dust, our pallid charms they sold!
Beauty beheld and claimed us for her prize,
The soft auxiliaries of her starry eyes:
And deemed the bloom Heaven painted on her face,
Less love inspiring than our borrowed grace.
Favorites of loyalty, 'twas ours to throw
A moon-like lustre o'er the queen's fair brow;
And still her handmaids we adorn her bower,
Of rank the heralds, and of wealth the dower.
Yet, though the court's polluted air we breathe,
Where garlands wither in the hands that wreath
Their scentless flowers, to hide the thorns of care,
The hues of native innocence we wear—
So fair, so delicate, the lily's cheek
Is scarcely shaded with a tint so meek.
But oft, when sunbeams o'er our bosoms play,
We're like the rainbow's softening ray;
And like that ray, the eye of man in vain
The evanescent glory would detain.
Our love and guardianship no children claim,
And yet to us is given a mother's name;
No Grecian dame or Roman matron dare
In purity of fame with us compare:
Slander itself has never dared to throw
A blackness o'er that fame's unsullied snow.
Bards, as they swept the lyre, our names have given
Oft to the fairest workmanship of Heaven;
They've sung how Nature, ever lovely, seemed
More lovely still when we resplendent gleamed
Upon her breast, as bathed in silver light,
She lay beneath the canopy of night.
They have sung, too, how we in sorrow's gloom,
When Christian faith and hope illumine,
A softer charm, a holier grace impart
Than ever decked the votaries of art.
But he, who in ecstatic vision saw
Futurity its awful veil undraw,
Beheld a new created heaven unfold
Its portals, opening into streets of gold,
Has sung in prophetic strains our glories there,
Mid all earth's fairest gems, still passing fair.

* Deceased—the poem is now first published.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 6.

BY ALUNG.

CATCHING A CHINESE THIEF.

PROBABLY there is no country on the face of the globe, which makes any pretensions to organized society, that has so large a proportion of thieves, as China. The Chinese thieves are all of them expert in their profession, as every one will acknowledge who has spent a month in that country; for even in that short time, one seldom fails to be repeatedly victimized by these adroit rascals. Some idea may be formed of the adroitness of these robbers, and the extent to which they carry their nefarious practices, when I state that it is a common occurrence for ships lying in the river, to have the copper torn from their bottom and carried off, and their cabins entered and stripped of everything moveable, while the captain and his officers are asleep within ten feet of the robber. And stranger yet, women are the principal aggressors in this system of theft. But in these cases, the British watchword at the battle of New Orleans—"beauty and booty"—is seldom realized; for the women engaged in these forays are usually as homely as sin, and filthy and squalid beyond conception.

These river thieves leave the shore at night, in a light boat, and dropping down to the devoted vessel, peer through the stern windows, generally left open for the admission of cool air to the hot cabin; and if all appears quiet, one of these not very conscientious ladies, naked as she was born, and covered all over with a coating of grease, climbs through the open window into the cabin. Here, if undisturbed, she leaves undoubted traces of her industry, and then regaining her boat, which her accomplices have kept under the ship's stern, returns with her booty to the shore. Should you awaken and spring up to catch her, she will glide through your hands like an eel, and the last you will see of her will be her bare legs as she goes head foremost through the open window. At the same time it is needless for you to indulge in any humane apprehensions that she will be drowned; for swimming is to her only a wholesome and usual exercise, and she will make her way to the boat she came in, with the celerity of a duck, while the sanpan will be pulled in among those that throng the shore. These boats all look so much alike, that it would be impossible to pick out the right one, should you think it worth while to go in pursuit. Once

in a great while, one of these aggressors is caught; but this occurs so seldom that the punishment inflicted upon the thief does not in the least check the rest from continuing the practice.

On shore, burglary is a common occurrence among the Chinese houses. To protect themselves from the burglars, every English or American merchant employs a watchman at night, whose business it is to walk around the premises and see that the entrances are not broken open; from time to time striking a hollow bamboo with a piece of hard wood, as a signal to the inmates that all is safe.

In the settlement of which I have before spoken, and where my official duties lay, there were two European hotels, one owned by a man named Muller, and the other by one Thompson. Both the landlords were Scotchmen, and did a thriving business. Mr. Thompson had gone to Scotland to visit his friends, some two years before the affair took place which I am now about to narrate, and was soon expected back by the man he had left in charge of his establishment, Mr. Robinson. The latter had got the business of the hotel all in readiness for the inspection of his employer, when he should arrive; the debts which he had permitted a few safe persons to incur, had all been collected, his books balanced, and the profits of the establishment converted into hard cash, ready to be handed over to the principal.

Thompson's house was called the Commercial Hotel. It was built like the old-fashioned Spanish houses in Cuba, with large rooms, high ceilings and immense windows, shaded by a splendid verandah in front, where, in the cool shelter, the visitors of the hotel could enjoy a little comfort during the excessive heat of the broiling summer days. On one end of the verandah was the office, where the books and money were kept, the latter being deposited in the drawer of a strong wooden desk. It was a rule with Thompson to lock the desk and office with his own hands, every night before going to bed, and carry the keys to his room.

Thompson was expected by the next steamer, and the time for her arrival was at hand; when, one morning, I was sent for to go over to the consulate. I obeyed the summons, wondering as I entered the office, what affair I was now to engage in, and get half killed in conducting. I found Robinson there, in a state of great excitement, entering a complaint to the consul that he had been robbed the night before. He stated that he had retired to bed after twelve o'clock at night, having first carefully locked the desk and office door, and taken the keys with him; and that he left all quiet, and heard no disturbance during the night; that, upon coming down in the morning, he found the office door locked as he had left it; but upon entering the office, he discovered that the desk drawer had been broken open, and \$2500 in money, four gold watches and chains, two Colt's revolvers, and several other small articles of value, had been stolen.

He could not fix his suspicions upon any person in particular; and upon questioning his night watchman, the latter informed him that he had not seen any person near the house during the night. It was evident that the robbery had been perpetrated by some one who knew where the money was kept; for no other place had been disturbed except the drawer where it was deposited; and time and opportunity was also required to fit a key, with which to open the office door. Under these circumstances, the consul directed me to arrest all the servants in the hotel, and bring them before him. This order was promptly executed. All of them were Chinese, and they offered no objection to being carried before the consul. His questions were, however, entirely unavailing to draw forth any clue to the missing property, and he therefore ordered me to convey the servants before the Chinese magistrate for examination, in the hope that something might be forced out of them by the peculiar process of the native tribunals.

Tying together the tails of the servants, to prevent them from running away, I started with them for the Chinese court. Arriving there in safety, I delivered up my prisoners to the authorities, together with a letter from the consul, requesting that they might be examined upon the charge of robbing their master's house. I had never been present at a Chinese trial, though I had witnessed thousands of executions; and learning that the examination would soon commence, I concluded to stop and satisfy my curiosity, by witnessing a course of justice in a Chinese court. I was honored with a seat near the mandarin judges where I could observe the whole proceedings.

The court was held in a dark and gloomy-looking room, the walls and ceiling of which were painted all over with the most hideous looking beasts and reptiles, the chief excellence of these art-monsters being their savage and horrible appearance. The painting upon the ceiling represented the much worshipped Josh, bearing off in his talons to the regions below an unworthy subject of the Celestial Empire, who did not, if one might judge by the expression of his face, seem to enjoy the ride very much, or cherish any very pleasing anticipations of the entertainment to which he was thus summarily conveyed. The prisoners were soon placed before the judges and some questions asked and answered. A piece of paper containing several Chinese characters was then handed to each of them. These papers were burned, one by one, the holders repeating a form of words, after a fellow who acted as clerk of the court. This chap had such a villanous squint in both eyes that I could not tell whether he spoke and looked at me, the prisoners, or the retributive Josh upon the ceiling. This swearing, for such I learned it was, did not satisfy the judges; for they called up several dirty-looking fellows who sat around the walls upon stone benches, and set them at work upon the unfortunate victims of justice. Some of these placed a wooden bar across the court room, in front of the judges, while others tied the prisoners' feet together and their hands behind their backs. The operators next passed the long tails of the prisoners between the lashings of their feet, and drew each man's feet and head as near together as possible. They now placed the prisoners upon their

knees, resting their bodies against the wooden bar, and introduced an iron bullet under each knee. Upon these bullets the whole weight of the body was borne; and in this position the prisoners were kept, for the purpose of extracting the truth from them.

This species of Chinese torture was entirely new to me. Its effects must have been fearful, for the moment the bullets were placed beneath the men they gave a piercing scream of anguish. Three of the younger of the prisoners soon fainted, but the more robust stood the torture for about half an hour, when one after another dropped senseless. During the latter part of the time which they were kneeling upon the balls, a man walked from one to the other, striking them in the face with a piece of leather about the size of a man's hand, attached to a wooden handle. When they all lay senseless, I departed, carrying a letter to the consul saying that all of them were innocent! I thought this was a very queer way to ascertain the fact whether it was so or not. When the poor wretches recovered, they hobbled after me to the consulate, and were discharged. Robinson took them all back into his employment, as Thompson was expected in a few days, and he had no good grounds for discharging them. But the author of the robbery was still undiscovered, and all this parade and cruelty had amounted to nothing. I kept on the lookout, however, in hopes that some clue to the truth might turn up, and not without success, as the sequel will show.

About this time a friend called at my quarters to see me, and while we were engaged in pleasant chat, I asked him to join me in a glass of gin. He accepted my offer, and I called to my boy to place a case-bottle and glasses upon the table. The lad informed me that the case was empty. Not to disappoint my friend, I handed the boy a dollar and sent him to the Commercial Hotel to buy a bottle. He soon returned with the liquor, which upon tasting, I found much inferior to what I usually bought of Robinson by the dozen. The circumstance caused no remark at the time, but when I saw Robinson at the hotel in the evening, I told him of his mistake in sending me poorer gin than usual. He denied that he had sold any gin to my boy that day. I then told him to say nothing of the matter, for my boy had perhaps told me a lie, and I should like to find out if it was so. When I went home I questioned the lad, and he informed me that he gave the dollar to the watchman at the hotel, who brought him the bottle of gin. Strangely enough, out of all the servants at the Commercial, this watchman was the only person of whom I had my suspicions at the time as the robber who stole the money. But Robinson thought he was beyond any such imputation, he being Thompson's oldest and most trusted servant. The affair of the gin recalled my suspicions of this fellow, and I determined to keep an eye on him. I saw Robinson at once and told him what my boy said. He recognized the bottle immediately as one of a pile of empty ones belonging to him. It had been filled with spirits procured somewhere else.

To enable me to carry out my determination to watch the man, Robinson got him out of the way early the next evening, while I hid myself in a place convenient to overlook his movements at night. My hiding place was in a dirty rubbish hole, in the lodge at the entrance of the hotel grounds, which building the watchman occupied as a shelter on stormy nights while on duty. I took my place about seven o'clock in the evening, and commenced my watch upon the watchman, he little suspecting that any one was overlooking him. About two o'clock in the morning, while he was sitting in the lodge, a slight noise attracted both his attention and mine. He appeared to listen sharp, and so did I; and we quickly heard three distinct taps on the wicket. He went out, and soon returned with the watchman of the next house. They sat down on the lodge and had a long conversation upon some interesting subject, in which the subject of money was involved, as I inferred from their making sundry calculations in the usual Chinese way, with ten small coins on the table. Their conversation, whatever it was, took place in whispers, but just as they parted, I managed to overhear the words, "to-morrow night." Morning came, and the watchman went home to sleep, while I crept from my hiding-place and went about my usual business.

The next evening I resumed my concealment in the old hole, which smelt so of opium that it almost made me sick. About the same hour as on the previous night the watchman admitted his friend. But, instead of sitting down in the lodge, they shut the door after them, and I could hear them walking in the courtyard. In a short time they returned to the lodge, and as fortune would have it, seated themselves in the only place where I could have a full view of them from my hiding-spot. For this inadvertent favor, I thanked them in my heart. And now, what are those things which they examine so carefully? Nothing very particular, only Robinson's four gold watches! In a moment I sprung upon the pair, and I really believe frightened them clear out of their senses. They fell upon their knees, crying out in their broken English:

"No squeeze me, sir, and I shall pay you all the piece of dollar, all the piece watch, and all the piece everything. One twice eye man give me, sir!"

I asked them where the money was. Begging me not to "squeeze" them, as they say for punish, they led me to where the treasure was concealed, and there I found every dollar of the money, and all the other missing articles. I soon aroused Robinson and told him of my success, and before I went to bed I had the two rascals safe, under strong bolts and bars. Robinson was overjoyed at the recovery of the property, and at the renewed prospect of rendering a satisfactory account of his stewardship. The next day the two watchmen were handed over to the very tender mercies of the Chinese magistrates, and one week after two freshly severed heads, mounted upon the tops of long bamboo poles, kept watch upon the city walls.

GRAVES OF THE RANDOLPH FAMILY.

It has long been known that several eminent persons had been buried for more than a century beneath the floor of the chapel of William and Mary College; but so long a time had elapsed since there had been an inspection of the premises, that all was doubt and uncertainty on the subject. Some weeks ago, however, the old floor, which had become rotten, was removed, and a new one some feet higher than the old has taken its place. An opportunity was thus presented of inspecting the entire area of the chapel. All who have visited the venerable chapel will remember that two doors open into it from the college building. That on the right enables the visitor to pass into the body of the chapel, while the left door is at present only used for admission to the stage on which the board of visitors and the faculty are seated on public occasions, and from which the students address the assembly. As you enter the right hand door, almost immediately beneath your feet, is the vault of Sir John Randolph. It is five feet broad inside, just large enough to hold two coffins; it is eight feet long, and the height from the bottom to the crown of the arch four and a half feet. The bottom of the vault is only three feet below the surface of the ground on the outside of the building. This, in common with the other vaults, is of common bricks and mortar, put together roughly, as it could be seen only when the floor was taken up. This vault was first opened; for, from the great length of time which had elapsed since the vaults were seen—if, indeed, they had ever been seen by any living person—nobody could identify them. From its position in respect to the elegant mural tablet just above it in the chapel, it was evident that it contained

injured except at one point where there was a hole made probably by gases generated by the decomposing body. The elegance of the coffin and the completeness of the fixtures, proclaimed it at once the coffin of John Randolph, the attorney general, who withdrew with Lord Dunmore from the colony, and died the year after the peace in London, even if the tin plate upon it had not contained these words: "John Randolph, Attorney General of Virginia, died Jan. 31, 1784, aged 56 years." There were several smaller plates used perhaps for ornament. On one of them were the words, "Gloria Deum."

Immediately on entering the left hand door described above, there appeared another vault in a line with the one just mentioned, and about the same size. On opening it, two bodies were discovered. The first, on the north side of the vault, was contained in a leaden coffin which enclosed a wooden one not much decayed. The leaden coffin was not as neatly finished as the one which held the remains of John Randolph, the surface of the lead being without polish, and the edges of the lid tacked instead of being soldered together. This defect in the closing of the coffin may have contributed to its good preservation, as it allowed the gases to escape, which, in case of John Randolph, found a vent in the side. On the breast of the coffin was a plate, silver gilt on the upper surface, the lower surface filled in with lead, leaving the simple but eloquent inscription, "Peyton Randolph, Esq." It was rightly judged that the name would speak for itself. He had been attorney general of the colony until in 1766, on the death of Speaker Robinson, when he was called to the chair of the House of Burgesses. That office he filled with universal acceptance until July,

WOOD ASHES AS MANURE.

Wood ashes is an excellent manure, as good as could be desired in particular cases. We have seen barren sand that would not grow a clover plant, made to produce fair crops of grass, roots and grain, by the use of ashes. This was done by first applying a heavy dressing of ashes, when clover was sown, light dragged and rolled. The effect was a slender growth of clover, and this formed the foundation of further improvements, until the once barren soil was rendered fertile, giving good crops, and with a judicious rotation and the liberal use of ashes or plaster and clover, its fertility has been maintained for many years. From what we have witnessed and experienced, we believe ashes to be particularly valuable for light land, and they have a good mechanical effect on heavy clays, making them more friable. In England they are used for peas, vetches and other leguminous plants. We have used ashes for potatoes with very satisfactory and profitable results. As a top dressing for old meadows they are excellent, especially when used with about an equal quantity of well rotten stable manure, and well worked into the sod with a brush or light harrow. Their effect, however, depends more upon the condition and need of the soil than upon the crop to be grown. Ashes, it must be remembered, furnish inorganic elements needed by crops, and can never take the place of stable and other manures that furnish the organic food of plants. The clover plant is invaluable for this purpose, as most farmers on light soils will readily admit. The burning of coal has superseded to so great an extent the use of wood, as to make it an object to economize in the saving of wood ashes for manuring purposes.—*Scientific American*.



OPENING OF THE HAUSTEIN TUNNEL, ON THE SWISS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

the remains of Sir John Randolph. Nothing could be seen but the base of the skull and a heap of dust. Of the coffin there were three iron handles left, and were probably the means by which "six honest freeholders" of Bruton parish bore his corpse to the grave. By the way, as these handles had not suffered very materially from rust, it may be that the remaining handles had been removed at some previous time—probably when the remains of Lady Randolph were laid by the side of those of her husband. Close to Sir John's remains were found the relics of a coffin, several large pieces of the plank, especially of the lid, around the edge of which were strips of cloth, with double rows of brass tacks. The body was not as entirely decomposed as that of Sir John. Many of the bones are entire. This second body was apparently shorter than the first.

But the reader may inquire, who was Sir John Randolph? And it is proper that we say a word or two in answering the question. He was the sixth son of William Randolph, of Turkey Island, and of Mary Isham, his wife. William was the first of the Randolphs. He landed in the colony, probably, between 1665 and 1675, soon acquired wealth in immense tracts of land and negroes and redemptioners, and rose to the dignity of a seat in the House of Burgesses and on the bench of the general court.

Adjoining the vault of Sir John, and immediately under the platform or stage extending between the right hand and left hand doors, was another vault of the same dimensions, in which there was a leaden coffin of large size, elegantly fashioned. It contained a wooden coffin apparently in tolerable preservation. The top of the leaden coffin was flat, the sides convex; and it was un-

1775, when he withdrew from the chair, at the earnest solicitation of the House, that he might recruit himself for the approaching session of Congress. In the same vault was another body, the skeleton of which is of large size. It is doubtless the body of Mrs. Peyton Randolph, which we might expect to find in the tomb she had constructed for her husband. There is, however, no mark upon the fragments which would enable us to affirm the fact. That the body is not Lord Bottecourt's is plain from the circumstance that the vault was not constructed until seven or eight years after his decease.

The occasion of opening these vaults of the Randolphs was one of deep interest. There were visible at a single glance, and for the first time, the remains of two distinguished men who were born in the colony, who were brothers, who had been students of William and Mary, treading with the elastic step of youth the floor beneath which their remains have so long rested; who had been members of the House of Burgesses; were leading member of the bar, and had filled the office of attorney general with their father, whose remains resting by their side were also visible, had filled before them; who had been sent on important missions to England by the general assembly; and who, but for a great and overshadowing political event equally unexpected, and, at the beginning of the contest, equally undesired by both, would have had equal claims to the gratitude of their country. We will state for the sake of accuracy, that Sir John Randolph died in Williamsburg, March 6, 1736-7, at the age of 44; Peyton Randolph died in Philadelphia, October 21, 1775, at the age of 52; and John Randolph died in London, January 31, 1784, at the age of 56.

HAUSTEIN TUNNEL, SWISS CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The free Switzers seem to be as energetic as the free Yankees; undaunted by obstacles, and determined to succeed. In constructing their central railway, the nature of the country required numerous viaducts and tunnels. Our engraving shows the rejoicing among the countrymen of Tell at the first sight of the iron horse emerging like some mighty enchanter from the cloven gateway of the Hauenstein Tunnel. This triumph of engineering skill was opened a few weeks since with great ceremony. The members of the town councils of Berne, Basel, Aargau, Lucerne and Soleure assembled together for the purpose. The train left the temporary station at nine o'clock, and proceeded on its way, passing through the territory of Basel till it reached Sissach, when another engine was attached, and by ten reached Laufelfinger, the station at the tunnel. Here the party was met by the clergyman of the place, who, after an oration, offered up prayers for the success of the undertaking. After this, the train proceeded on its course through the tunnel, which was lit up by innumerable tapers; at many parts transparencies were displayed, and in the niches, which occur at every thousand feet, colored fires were lit up. The length of the tunnel, which is twenty-eight thousand feet, was traversed in six minutes. Arrived at the other end, the party returned to Basel, where a sumptuous feast awaited the guests. Numerous loyal toasts were drunk, and a very pleasant day was spent, till the shrill whistle of the trains which were to convey the guests to their different destinations, gave the signal for separation. The network of railroads is thus fast girdling the globe, and bringing all the nations into brotherhood.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST, Bangor, Me.—The process of making a bank-note is briefly as follows: The drawing of each vignette is engraved on a small piece of steel, called a flat piece. It is then hardened by exposure to heat, and then taken up on a roll of soft steel by means of heavy pressure in a machine adapted to the purpose. The roll is then hardened, and the picture is transferred from it, by pressure, on the plate on which the bank-note is to be made. Heads and lathe-work dies are cut or engraved also on flat pieces, hardened and transferred in the same way. The plate is then ready for the title and writing, which are cut upon it. It then goes to be printed. The printing is done in the usual style of steel or copper plate printing, but with more care.

"LIBRARIAN," Baltimore.—A print from a wood cut of St. Christopher, bearing date 1423, has long been in the possession of Earl Spencer, and one dated five years earlier, we believe, has recently been discovered.

F. M.—The production of raw cotton was a matter of little importance here until the invention of the cotton-gin, in 1793, by Eli Whitney, a native of Massachusetts, who had taken up his residence at the South. This machine, by means of its metallic points like saw teeth, separates the fibre of the cotton from the seed, to which it adheres with great tenacity. After this invention the cultivation of the plant rapidly extended, so that the exports, which were only valued at \$160,000 in 1793, in 1851 had reached the enormous amount of \$112,315,317.

O. de L., New Orleans.—The person you inquire after has not resided in this city since 1853.

R. F., Mobile.—Ex-President Pierce is not expected home until next summer. It is understood that he will reside in New Hampshire.

A. G., Salem, Mass.—You will find a complete file of the *Moniteur* in the Boston Athenaeum.

"SOUTH STREET."—There are none to be had in this market.

F. C.—Return all his letters immediately.

R. V., New York.—The comic sketches published under the *nom de plume* of the "Young 'Un," were written by George P. Burdham, Esq., of Melrose, Mass.

"MINOS."—1. Bells were first used in churches about A. D. 605.—2. The English Court of Chancery was established A. D. 606.—3. Sibert, king of the East Saxons, founded the Church and Abbey of Westminster.

S. C.—*Tabula rasa*—a shaved or smooth tablet—a mere blank. The idea is taken from the waxed tablets of the ancients, on which they made their memoranda with a sharp instrument called a *stylus*, with the flattened end of which they afterwards erased what they had written.

L. M., Rockport, Mass.—The term of "Punic faith" (*Punica fides*) was used ironically by the Romans, to denote the treachery of the Carthaginians, a charge of which they themselves were by no means innocent. It is now used generally to mark the absence of good faith, or the breach of a political engagement.

AMOS, Lynn.—The wheels at the two extremities move at exactly the same rate of speed. The operation of the machine is based on this.

A SWIMMING FEAT.—A great swimming match came off at Madison, Wisconsin, lately, between seven men. Three of them swam for five hours and thirty-seven minutes each, and were constantly on the move, as no one was allowed to swim on his back, or float in any way, showing a power of endurance and muscular strength seldom equalled. These three men are bound to go through life swimmingly, and to keep their heads above water.

A NEW PLAY.—Miss Davenport is about to produce a new play, written for her by O. S. Leland, and called the "Czarina."

SPLINTERS.

.... It is said now, that the king of Holland has no thoughts of abdicating his throne in favor of the Prince of Orange.

.... The Spaniards have been adding to the fortifications of Saragossa, declared a fortified place of the first class.

.... The Emperor Napoleon is going to visit Queen Victoria in a private way—just to take tea and chat with her.

.... A specimen of the gigantic herring (*clupea gigantea*), weighing fifty pounds, was lately caught in Connecticut.

.... A grandson of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, is settled as an Episcopal clergyman in Barnet, England.

.... Dr. Johnson describes laughter as "a convulsive merri-ment;" so that a hearty peal must be a "convulsion fit."

.... A granite pyramid is to be erected at Cherbourg, to commemorate the queen's visit in August last.

.... Levecl, the sculptor of the last equestrian statue of Louis Napoleon, only six years ago was a grocer's boy.

.... The tax on armorial bearings in England yields a quarter of a million dollars a year. Vanity of vanities!

.... Why is a true philanthropist like a good old horse? Because he invariably stops at the sound of woe.

.... A financier lately described a poet as one who soared or dived after the infinite, but didn't pay his bills.

.... Mr. Prior, so favorably known as the author of a "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," has been knighted by the queen.

.... The Marché des Innocens, Paris, is to be transformed into a square, the famous fountain remaining in the centre.

.... The Duke of Orleans said of two very poor persons who had married, that "Hunger had wedded Thirst."

.... What is the very essential difference between a ship and a hen? The hen lays one egg—the ship *lays to*.

.... Richard H. Stoddard, the poet, lately received the degree of Master of Arts from Middlebury College, Vt.

.... The immigration from Ireland is sensibly decreasing. Work appears to be plenty at home.

.... In England it is the fashion now to use visiting-cards with photographic likenesses of the visitors thereon.

.... Egotism has been rather happily defined to be "putting the private I too much before the public eye."

.... Some men are like tea—they must get into hot water before their strength is thoroughly developed.

.... Miss Mulock sensibly remarks of marriage—"Marriage ought always to be a question, not of necessity, but choice."

.... Miss Margaretta Fox, lately admitted into the Catholic church, denies that she has relinquished her belief in spiritualism.

COINCIDENCES.

Crimes and casualties run in series, in human affairs, just the same as fashions or disorders rage. If a man commits suicide by hanging, other cases of the same kind are sure to follow before long, in the same community. So if a railroad train breaks through a bridge, destroying life and property, other trains will soon break through other bridges, with like results. Three children at a birth make their appearance in some part of the country, and straightway other triplets are issued by enterprising mothers in various localities. A steamboat runs its nose into the side of another, smashing in the planks and timbers; and before the sheets are dry upon which the account of the accident is printed, other collisions take place in other parts of the country. Sometimes a woman poisons her husband, and then husband-poisoning becomes the prevailing form of homicide for awhile, to be superseded in its turn by some other class of murder, which will have a similar run. Once upon a time a man ascended to the top of a high monument in one of the public squares of Paris, and threw himself headlong to the ground, thus finishing his mortal career. Upon that, every Parisian who was weary of life, adopted the monument as the road to eternity, until, at length, suicides by leaping from the monument top became so common, that the city authorities were obliged to shut up the access to the stairway, in order to prevent the alarming spread of the mania. And finally, somebody's good-natured friends get together and march in procession to his house, laden with all sorts of valuable gifts, and surprise him with a bountiful present. After this, for a month to come, nothing is heard of but *surprise parties*, surprising all kinds of people with all kinds of presents, of which the *surprised* recipients are usually the planners and payers for the costly articles which are bestowed. Verily, like the Pharisees of old, "they have their reward." For, is it not noticed in the papers? The moral of all this may be found in the story of the tailor who laid down under the trees to sleep, while carrying a bundle of caps, to market, having first put one on his head, in lieu of a night-cap. A gang of monkeys stole his caps while he slept, and fled to the tree-tops, each one imitating the owner, by putting one on his head. Upon awakening, the man saw that all his caps were lost to him, and in despair of recovering them from the high trees, he tore his own cap from his head, and dashed it to the earth. Forthwith all the imitative animals followed suit, by throwing their caps to the ground, and the tailor thus recovered his property.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

We have already commenced to perfect our arrangements for the coming new year, at which time we shall vastly improve and beautify all of our publications, new type, new style, new heading, everything will be made perfect and beautiful, in the typographical department, and especially in the contents of our journals. We are closing engagements with several new and talented contributors, and shall be able to say, in a few weeks, that no paper in this country can show so large and select a corps of talented assistants engaged upon its columns as our own. New papers are springing up every day, all over the country, but the public do not easily forget old favorites, or lose confidence in thoroughly established and completely successful publications. Be not deceived by flashy advertisements, or loud promises; judge calmly for yourself, and remember that those who have been tried and approved are the safest and best!

Enterprises which require extraordinary puffing, and immense expenditures in advertising, to sustain them, have little of intrinsic value in themselves. The public do not require to be told on every page of the daily press which miscellaneous journal or magazine they should purchase; they know their own tastes best, and will select and adhere to those which in themselves present most that is really valuable and interesting. Our own journals were never more popular or prosperous than at the present moment, and this popularity has been sustained by putting labor, talent, and money into the papers themselves, not by placarding the town, nor filling the daily press with flash advertisements, calculated to excite the curiosity of the inexperienced!

BUILDING OUT WEST.—"Meister Karl" is our authority for the following tough story:—It seems that *very far* out West, there was a tribe of Indians who lived in a very secluded vast wilderness, where they had owed for their lodges a long time. One fine morning they all started off on a horse-stealing excursion, and did not return for many days; when they did, they found a first-class hotel with nigger waiters and gongs, wine-carts and Johannsberg, on the spot where their council lodge had been—and a town scattered all around it, with lots at two hundred dollars per foot! Enterprising people this!

RATHER UNLUCKY.—An old lady sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, England, let fall her Bible with claps to it, and the noise partly waking her, she exclaimed aloud, "What! you've broken another jug, you jade, have you?" When old ladies "speak right out in meetin'," they ought to be careful what they say.

MONUMENT TO A HERO.—The English do not willingly permit the fame of their great men to die for want of memorials. The corporation of the city of London has determined upon placing a marble bust of the late gallant Havelock in the council chamber, Guildhall.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—Why is a beauty like the engine on a railway? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

PROVING SPIRITS.

The strength of spirit was proved in old times, before the doctrine of specific gravity was invented, by moistening gunpowder with it, and then setting fire to the mixture. If the gunpowder exploded after the spirit had burned off, the proof of the spirit's strength was established. If it did not explode, the evidence of the presence of water showed that the spirit was weak. This mode of proof was rather ingenious, but yet very crude and unsatisfactory, because it only showed that the spirit was strong, but not how strong. Some people pretend to judge of the proof of spirit by inspecting the bubbles when it is shaken, and we once knew a veteran *bon-vivant* who was finely sold in this pretension. He was asked to decide which was best of two proof-glasses of Old Jamaica, presented for his judgment. After tasting each, and dropping a portion on his hands, rubbing them together, and smelling the aroma, he next rapped each glass smartly, so as to raise a bead upon the surface, and scanned the bubbles narrowly with his eye. All the while a number of curious spectators who were in the secret were looking on, watching the judge's operations. At length, after going over all his tests again and again, tasting, rubbing and smelling, rapping and looking, he announced in very decided terms that *this* was the best flavored, but that was the highest proof, holding up either bottle alternately. The decision was received with roars of laughter, by the witnesses of the adept's skill; for they were all of them aware that both samples had been taken from the same puncheon of spirit! In New York city they measure the proof of the miserable decoction there used to craze people's brains, under the name of whiskey, by the amount of pugnacity a given quantity will produce. Thus whiskey is said to be ten fights, fifteen, twenty, thirty, or forty fights strong; which means so many fights to the gallon, indicating its strength by the number of fights which a gallon will get up. The kind most in vogue at Five Points, among the reckless rowdies of that notorious locality, is forty fights to the gallon, and it would not be safe for any dealer to sell a weaker article than that. So much for the various ways of measuring the proof of liquor; but our own opinion is, that the best way after all to prove it, is to let it alone entirely.

DEATH OF MRS. STEPHENS.

The death of Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, a highly-gifted lady-writer, which took place recently at the residence of her sister in Hampden, Maine, will produce a painful impression among thousands who knew her only as a brilliant and industrious caterer for their literary enjoyment. To the circle of her attached friends, those who knew and loved her for her generosity, her broad and liberal sympathies, her kindness of heart, the exquisite sensitiveness of which made its every chord thrill at the faintest note of sorrow, the high courage that confronted and conquered pain and trial, the event we chronicle has a deeper and sadder import. Little did the public dream that those gay and sparkling effusions which seemed the ebullition of uncontrollable spirits, were, many of them, written on a bed of sickness. Yet such was the fact, Mrs. Stephens having been for a long time an invalid. She wrote much and wrote well, chiefly in our literary magazines and newspapers. Her name is familiar to the readers of our own publications, with whom she was a favorite as a writer both of poetry and prose, ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Alas! that the pen so industriously employed in the service of the public should be idle now—that the music of that voice whose gentle tones were always full of sympathy and kindness should be heard no more forever!

NO-HAIRED MEN.—Here's a chance for a speculating Yankee exhibitor. We learn from the "Sydney Empire," that a gentleman who, in May last, was at a remote station down the Balonne, called Gooce, about 100 miles below Surat, fell in with four blacks, who had come to that part of the Balonne only a few days previous, and who appeared to belong to a tribe unknown to white men. They presented the remarkable peculiarity of being entirely without hair, and they stated that neither the males nor females of their tribe had hair on their bodies at any period of life. The colored gentlemen referred to are like "Uncle Ned," who

—"had no wool on de top ob his head
 Where de wool had ought to grow."

THE BIRD OF OUR BANNER.—Mr. H. T. Ware of Thetford, Vermont, lately shot an eagle which weighed eight and a half pounds, and measured from the tips of his wings six feet two inches; plumage a beautiful dark blue; head white; claws cover, when extended, the circumference of a two quart measure.

LEARNING LANGUAGES.—It is no use for a man to set up for a universal linguist, for the good reason he would have three thousand and sixty-four tongues to learn—so much trouble did those sinners of Babel make for the world.

SCOFIELD'S AROMATIC AND ANTISEPTIC TOOTH-POWDER.—This preparation comes to us highly recommended as a preservative of the teeth, a hardener of the gums and a purifier and sweetener of the breath. It is well spoken of by several dentists.

THE TELEGRAPH.—The cable has almost ceased to be a wonder—we get used to things so readily in the nineteenth century. People now complain of the slowness of the telegraph if they don't hear the London morning news at their supper-table.

"GOOD NIGHT."—This is a simple, earnest wish, that, like the circle of the universe, holds within it all things.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DE SENECTUTE.

BY EFF. T. DYATT.

No longer does this weary heart
Throb to each fancy new;
Nor can fresh scenes to me impart
The bliss they used to do.
But like a well-spring all alone
Upon some desert drear,
My heart has cold and careless grown
To every joy and fear.

The hours of childish glee are gone,
Like bubbles in the air;
And love on flighty wings has flown
To the regions of despair.
Nor does the sunny stream of joy
Within my bosom flow;
But like some long-neglected toy,
I'd smile to see it now.

'Tis ever thus we learn to lose
The friendships we have made;
For can we life to flowers infuse
That long have been decayed?
No! early love is but the dream
Of childhood's calm repose,
Which fades like any other beam
As twilight darker grows.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been;
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean.—BYRON.

GREATNESS.

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

So we have come to the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn at last. Not that we admit that expression as perfectly characteristic of our northern autumn. By no means. If our autumn be the death of the year, still it is a regal death-bed, blazing with glories all its own—with purple and gold, scarlet and silver. Nature sinks as the dog-star sinks beneath the wave, surrounded by more than the splendor of her mid career. . . . Amidst the great discoveries and events of the age four stand forth with splendid prominence—steam navigation, the electric telegraph, the suppression of pain by the use of ether, and sun-painting. All of these date within the present century—all the discoverers were Americans, except one, Daguerre. The practical application of steam has immortalized Fulton, the practical application of electricity has ensured the renown of Morse, the great ether discovery has made the name of Dr. Jackson familiar throughout the world, and Americans can well afford to honor Daguerre. . . . A very rich prelate was congratulating a poor country curate on the good air of his parish. "Ay, my lord," replied the latter, "the air would be good if I could live on it." . . . A very singular occurrence in the administration of justice happened very recently in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia. It was the trial of an offender against the laws nearly a month after the death of the individual. An unfortunate woman, accused of arson, died in the county prison on the 4th of July last. Notwithstanding the fact was duly made known to the officers of the law, the unfortunate criminal was arraigned a month afterwards, a plea of not guilty was entered, and she was acquitted—but she had already appealed to a higher court! . . . The present season lots of blue fish appeared at Cape Ann. They are great devourers of mackerel, very voracious, and strike at a bright pewter bait. They swim fast, and are taken by boats going before a smart breeze. . . . The members of the Minnesota legislature indulge in the delightful practice of smoking during the business hours of the legislature; and the St. Paul Times pronounces it unbecoming and undignified, and thinks there was a resolution passed at a prior session, in which the language used pronounces the practice ungentlemanly. . . . A young law-student of Lynn has been let off with a fine of \$10 and costs, provided he leaves the city, for robbing the money drawer of a furniture dealer. . . . Bishop McGill, of Richmond, Va., has received from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, a present of a magnificent pair of carriage horses. . . . Rev. Reuben Emerson, of South Reading, Mass., now about 87 years old, was present at the recent commencement at Dartmouth College, after an absence of many years. He was a graduate of the class of 1798. His brother, Rev. Dr. Brown Emerson, of Salem, now in his 81st year, was a graduate of the same college, in the class of 1802. . . . Benjamin Franklin was shabbily treated by the Royal Society of England when he placed his papers on electricity in the hands of some of the learned members. These "knowing ones" of their day said it was "impossible" that lightning and electricity was one and the same thing. The practical American proved it, and struck his opponents with dismay as he revealed their learned ignorance. . . . A writer in the Christian Advocate and Journal says that there are at the present time between 70 and 80 clergymen of the Church of England alone who are converted Jews. . . . The presentation to Mr. Mix, the efficient chief of the Indian Bureau, of a gold-headed cane from the chief of the Seminoles, speaks volumes in respect to the honor, humanity and sense of justice of him whom the Indians call their father. . . . Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, is engaged in laying out and constructing an immense arboretum and garden on the plan of the celebrated "Jardin des Plantes," which he intends as a gift to the city of St. Louis—though the entire country will be free to enjoy its benefits. His design seems to be, not only to make it a most complete collection of all known trees, plants and shrubs, but to include in its objects a full course of instruction in all matters relating to agriculture. . . . The people of Toronto are erecting a Crystal Palace for the exhibition of the products of the Canadian provinces. The opening is expected to take place about the first of October; and in connection therewith a movement has been made to invite Queen Victoria either to preside in person over the opening of the palace, or send the Prince of Wales or some other member of the royal family to do so. A petition to that effect has been signed by all the leading men of the country, and has been forwarded to London in the hands of Mr. John G. Norris. . . . The Detroit Free Press says:—"It is an actual fact, which cannot be contradicted with any truth, that we have a wilderness uninhabited by any human beings, and occupied by the wild beasts of the aboriginal forests, within five or six miles

of Detroit, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants. . . . Alexander Birney, a Scotchman, who had earned a competence in this country, and purchased a fine place at Hastings, New York, was killed there while blasting a rock. He held the drill, and the hammer with which another man struck broke, hitting Mr. Birney in the abdomen. . . . An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look to heaven, as the place where I am going to live forever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am." . . . A robust octogenarian, whose principal rules for preserving health were merely "take exercise—shun physic," being one day at the court of St. James, was requested by his inquisitive majesty, George III., to explain how he managed to keep himself looking so hale at his time of life. "Pray," said the king, "what physician and apothecary do you employ?"—"Sire," answered the tough old courtier, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass." . . . After the death of his wife, Sir Charles Napier removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his daughters. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution. . . . The celebrated dramatic artists, Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, now in California, are seriously at loggerheads—more's the pity. Their matrimonial connection is already sundered *de facto*, and they live apart, each retaining a child. . . . The portrait of Charles Wilson, mayor of Montreal during the Gavazzi riots, having been mutilated in the city hall, an Italian artist had nearly finished a copy of it, when his room was entered by burglars, and the new picture entirely destroyed. . . . An old man died recently in Westminster workhouse, who, in the course of nine years, assumed the responsibility of becoming sponsor to upwards of a thousand children born in the workhouse; and for the service of becoming godfather, he was upon each occasion rewarded by the authorities with a pint of porter. . . . The First Universalist Society of Danvers have commenced the erection of a new church, their present one not being sufficiently spacious. . . . Mrs. Lamson is the occupant of the house in Charlestown where Prof. Morse was born. . . . The sum of ten thousand dollars per annum, it is said, is required of the general government to defray the cost of conveying and distributing the mail matter which the Mormon congressional delegate is in the habit of franking to the members of his tribe in Utah and elsewhere. . . . The revenue of the Queen of the Antilles the last half of this and the first half of next year is estimated at \$15,560,494 77; the expenditures, \$14,985,712 48, including \$29,000 debt to the United States, \$1,374,989 remittances and drafts paid to Spain, \$20,000 for missionaries to Africa, \$16,000 for pensions to the heirs of Columbus, and last, though not least, \$17,130 for cigars for the queen! . . . The Austria Intelligencer states that the pecan crop in Texas this year will be a very heavy one. The trees throughout the country are full of the young nuts; the export may amount to \$200,000 in value. . . . Don't express your opinions too decidedly before those who would grow offended at them; remember that all men die some time, and that seven out of ten make their wills. . . . It is the order of nature that children should complete the education, moral and mental, of parents, by making them think what is needed for the best culture of human beings, and conquer all faults and impulses that interfere with their giving this to those dear objects who represent the world to them. . . . During the search "instituted" by the editor of the Newark Times for female compositors, it is reported that the following dialogue took place:—Brister—Good morning, Mr. Henpeck. Have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters? Henpeck—No, sir; but I've got a wife that would make a very good devil. . . . The trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living. The undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead. . . . A London witness having told the magistrate that he was a penman, was asked in what part of literature he wielded his pen, and he replied that he penned sheep in Smithfield market. . . . A Blue is a travelling college, and civilizes wherever she goes. Send her among the Hottentots, and in a week she'll write 'em into top-boots. She spent only three days with the Esquimaux Indians, wrote a book upon their manners, and, by the very force of her satire, shamed 'em out of whale oil into soda water. . . . The force of emphasis in giving meaning to a sentence is well illustrated by the brief colloquy which we overheard the other day between two persons—"Do you imagine me a scoundrel, sir?" demanded one, indignantly. "No, I do not imagine you to be one." . . . A worthy son of the Emerald Isle, as the bells commenced ringing in honor of the transmission of Victoria's message to the president, went hastily into the street to ascertain where the fire was! On his return he was asked, "Billy, where 's the fire?" He replied, "And sure there 's no fire at all—it is only the queen *spunking across the water to the president*." . . . "I hate anything like deception in matters of personal appearance," said Mr. Hunter to his Celtic steward; "and if, even after I marry Lady Litgow, I shall find that any portion of her beautiful head of hair is not of natural growth, or is falsely and artificially arranged, I will at once insist upon a separation!"—"Better not," replied Patrick. "It will be best for the reputation of ye both, if ye'll take my advice, and widout mindin' a bald spot at all, bravely *adhere* to her." . . . Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till, falling, it is shivered to pieces—and the rest of life is a wrangle as to who broke it. . . . Friendship in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life, as we have heard it called, goes into vinegar; and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AGE. A Colloquial Satire. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1858. pp. 203.
Our Boston publishers deserve great credit for the promptitude with which they have issued an elegant American edition of a satire which all England is just now talking about. The work shows that "none can better wield the battle-axe of satire in its field" than the author of "Festus." The principal fault of the poem is a want of discrimination in the author—he seems to delight in attacking everybody and everything. Consequently he has raised up a host of antagonists, many of whom wield pens as trenchant as his own.
NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have published "One Hundred Songs of Scotland, with music and words"—a most acceptable work for the lovers of Scottish music. This collection embraces some of the most charming melodies and songs extant.
THE ARTS OF BEAUTY: OR, *Secrets of a Lady's Toilet*. By MADAME LOLA MONTEZ. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 18mo. pp. 132
This book contains some sensible observations on beauty, and the art of preserving it, with a great number of valuable receipts. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.
THE TWO SISTERS. By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 12mo. pp. 497.
This work is written in the usual vivid style of its author, who always deals largely in incident and in forcible dramatic dialogue. The scene of the present romance is laid in this country. The book is handsomely printed, and can be obtained of A. Williams & Co., in this city.
NOTICE.—F. Gleason, Esq., formerly proprietor of our publishing establishment, having purchased of the undersigned the privilege of again entering into the publishing business, the object of this notice is to inform the public that the arrangement is one mutually agreeable to both parties, and is executed in the most friendly manner, and in entire good faith.
M. M. BALLOU.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The settlement of the Chinese question is, as it properly should be, the grand topic of the day. It was a little singular that this news should have been given to the world just after the completion of the inter-oceanic telegraph, and when Europe and America were wild with joy at that event. Commercially, the unbarring of the ports of China opens a vast field to enterprise, and must enormously increase the wealth of the world, while in the interests of civilization a vast step has been gained. Possibly, before many years, China may be Christianized.—There is no prospect of the Leviathan's being sent to sea in a hurry. Meantime, as a maritime curiosity, she attracts scores of visitors, of whom a small admission fee is exacted.—In London and Paris this week, the weather has been the same as here. We can now compare our thermometers and barometers with the instruments of those cities daily.—In spite of the queen's late visit to the emperor of France, the best state of feeling does not exist between the people of those sovereigns. It is grumblingly remembered in France that Queen Victoria was very cold in her manner during the fete, contrasting strongly with the radiant expansiveness and kindness of Eugenie, who is queen of hearts wherever she goes.—Preparations are making in India for very vigorous measures during the ensuing campaign. The hospital reports are absolutely terrific in the number of deaths reported among the troops for the summer months just closed. The Indian army has been decimated.—The court of Persia still continues in mourning for the young Emir Nizam, who was last year proclaimed prescriptive heir to the crown of Persia. The emperor is much cast down at the loss of this youth, on whom, though he was only eight years of age, he had founded great hopes. In order to qualify the young prince for the high station which he was to fill, it was already in contemplation to send him to Europe to complete his education.—The rebels in India have marked their course by committing the most frightful mutilations or slaying every native who serves government.—Despatches from St. Petersburg speak positively of a better understanding between the Russian and Austrian governments, through the diplomacy of the latter and the influence of the empress of Russia.—A board of trade notice in the Gazette announces that the Porte has decided to allow perfect freedom of trade in salt, whether for purposes of internal trade or exportation.

New Steamship.

A steamship of a novel construction has arrived at Hartlepool, England, from Greenwich, where it has been built by Messrs. Joyce, to test the utility of an ingenious contrivance for detaching portions of the vessel and leaving entire cargoes at any port on her route. The vessel, which is about ninety feet in length and very narrow at the beam, is built of iron, and consists of three separate moveable compartments, which fit together in sockets, and fastened by strong iron stays. The foremost section is occupied by the crew, the middle compartment contains the entire cargo, and the aftermost part the engines. It is said that the central section can be disconnected from the other two in a few minutes, and an empty hold substituted in its place, so that the vessel can proceed on its course with a fresh cargo or in quest of one.

The Prince of Oude.

Our readers know that the Prince of Oude has been recently staying in Paris. He is said to have been leading *la vie Parisienne*. Not long ago he went to see the new Indian ballet at the opera, and in the course of the evening the manager took him behind the scenes and into the green-room. What brilliant glances were shot at him by the whole corps de ballet! Sometimes, dressed like a French dandy, the prince went to the balls at the Chateau des Fleurs, the Mobilie Garden, and the Pre Catalan. On these occasions he left his famous diamonds at his hotel—and in this acted prudently, for these enchanted places are peopled with little creatures in crinoline, who do not object to receiving presents of diamonds.

Despotism on the Continent.

The despotic powers of the continent are now imbued with a general desire to meet the wishes of the people. The new spirit has even penetrated into Russia, for we learn that the czar, following the example of his brother of Austria, has approved the sentence passed against the police authorities for misconduct to the students of Moscow University. While this decision has alarmed the officials, it has been received by the people as an assurance that the days of arbitrary power are drawing to a close.

China.

What splendid dreams the imagination will be compelled to renounce on the day when steamers plough the waters of the Yellow River, and some continental railroad links Europe to the possessions of the brother-in-law of the moon! Let us figure China open to all the travelling clerks in the world—what a fall! And the archives of the fabulous Peking translated and published in England! What a profanation for the Celestials!

Beranger.

Arrangements have been made in Paris by some of the friends of Beranger, to perform a funeral service once a year on the anniversary of his death. This year scarcely any one attended it. Can Beranger be already forgotten by fickle Paris? Was there not something prophetic in what he once said to a friend, with a sad smile, "I have burned too many things that the world adores to hope for the pardon of everybody?"

The Empress and the Ribbon-Makers.

A petition has been lately presented to the Empress Eugenie, by the silk merchants of Lyons and St. Etienne, praying her majesty to encourage by her patronage the flowered branch of the ribbon trade. The empress graciously replied that the only means in her power was to cover her dress as much as possible with the richly-worked ribbons. And her majesty has been as "good as her word."

Methodists in England.

The number of members in the Wesleyan Methodist Society shows an increase during last year of 6996 in Great Britain, and 119 in Ireland. The number on trial for membership in Great Britain is 22,611. Nearly £100,000 were expended last year in the erection of new chapels, and about £40,000 in the liquidation of chapel debts.

Victor Hugo.

This great French writer is rapidly regaining his strength, having completely recovered from his recent severe and alarming illness. Many of the French papers have been permitted to speak of Victor Hugo, lately—but the emperor can never pardon a man who has levelled against him the fiercest philippics ever penned.

Prolific Vine.

The vintage on the European continent has been large this year. In the grand duchy of Baden, one vine, eight years old, from the Cape of Good Hope, bore twelve hundred bunches of grapes, eight hundred of the bunches being large and fine. No special care was taken of it, nor was it very heavily manured.

Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale, whose health is very poor, has recently visited the Malvern water-cure establishment a second time, and we are happy to learn has experienced relief from the treatment.

Ireland.

Sir John Acton, Bart., has purchased the Dublin Review. It has hitherto been conducted by Mr. Bagehaw, Q. C., and Cardinal Wiseman.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The Greek ladies, a great many years ago, wore something better than crinoline, or whalebone, rattan, brass rods, watch springs and hoghead-hoops. They could enjoy *stone petticoats*! The amyanthus, or abestos—a native fossil stone—could readily be split into filaments, and woven like any other threads into cloth suitable for the sacred purpose in question. Moreover, they were exempt from all wash-tub immersions; for, when soiled, they need only to be cast into the grate, whence they came out unharmed and whiter than snow. — Francis, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success when contending with William III., of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "humpback." "What does he know of my back?" replied the marshal, "he never saw it." — A free and easy actor said he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation, convinced—as proved to be the case—that my lord and my lady, not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him. — The latest trick of the New York pick-pockets is to surround the person they wish to fleece, and while one blinds him by throwing snuff in his eyes, the other rifles his pockets. This operation was successfully tried on a Hibernian, lately, near the Battery. — A burglar was discovered endeavoring to effect an entrance to the house of Mr. Burrus, in Cincinnati, when that gentleman opened the door suddenly, and by the persuasive eloquence of a revolver, induced the fellow to walk in and take a chair, while Mr. Burrus dressed himself, after which the culprit was escorted to the nearest police station by his host. His name is William Walker, and he professes to have been attached to the force of Gen. Walker, in Nicaragua. He refused to tell where he boarded, upon the ground that he was engaged to be married to one of two young ladies in the house, and that it would kill her to learn of his present "peculiarly perplexing predicament." — In Lafayette, Indiana, they have a gigantic Indian on exhibition. He is 19 years of age, stands seven feet seven inches in his moccasins, and weighs 486 pounds. — Only a few years since Gen. Jackson, being seated between two ladies, said he felt like a thorn surrounded by roses. V. S. M. says, a few days ago, while riding in an omnibus, and being seated between two ladies, he felt like a stave in a hoghead of molasses, surrounded by hoops. — A numerous tribe of gipseys are now encamped near Buffalo, and are being visited by large numbers of the curious in that city. They say they are from Cornwall and Lancashire, England, and that they are waiting for a large detachment (some 300) of the tribe to join them from the "old country." — Louis XIII., of France, coming from the council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the king, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are ye not the master here?" said the king, pushing him angrily. "Go before me!" — "I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

HEALING ON ITS WINGS.—Those persons who have made use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, know the application of this term, for they have thus cured themselves of coughs, colds and consumption. There is no necessity for enduring these evils, or of submitting to a long and disagreeable course of treatment to be relieved of them, when so sure and pleasant a remedy is at hand. The prudent and thoughtful will always keep this medicine by them for meeting such contingencies. Buy none unless it has the signature of "I. Butts" written plainly on the wrapper, as the genuine is always thus marked.

SLEEP-WALKING.—The son of a German farmer lately shot his father dead whilst partially waking from sleep-walking. The unfortunate parent had entered his son's room at night, and having partially woke him, the latter, fancying the house was broken into by thieves, seized a gun hanging by the bed, and destroyed his father. The brother of the same somnambulist had, several years previously, narrowly escaped death by sabre-cuts, under nearly similarly circumstances. The court before which this sad affair was brought, acquitted the prisoner.

"CALL SOMEBODY ELSE."—One half of our jests may be traced to Bagdad. How many versions have we not seen of the following Eastern anecdote? A preacher in the mosque began the history of Noah with this text from the Koran, "I have called Noah," but forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length one of his hearers cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

A NEW RULE OF ETIQUETTE.—Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like another Solomon, awarded "Let the greatest *simpleton* go first." Long after this disputes took place even in the Prussian court. The king ordered that the greatest *fool* should go first. Frederick II. could say such things.

THE MORMONS.—Hundreds of Mormons, male and female, are leaving Utah, glad to escape the tyranny of the brute, Brigham Young.

Wayside Gatherings.

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is the cheapest magazine in the world. For sale everywhere for ten cents per copy.

The New Haven papers notice a herring caught in that vicinity which weighs forty-seven pounds. Prof. Dana says it is a genuine herring.

Swamp fever has broken out among both whites and blacks in the lowlands of the Mississippi, occasioned by the receding of the water.

An old bachelor of Oxford, Miss, worth \$150,000, recently found a new-born female babe hanging at his gate. He has adopted it, and given it the name of "Eureka Gate."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times speaks very highly of a new cannon, the invention of Sylvanus Sawyer of Fitchburg, Mass.

The family of Mr. James Musgrave of Stillwater, Wisconsin, was poisoned recently, by eating toad stools for mushrooms. Two children, aged respectively seven and ten years, died.

A daughter of Prescott and Helen M. Colby of Bradford, N. H., two years old, died after an illness of three or four days, occasioned by swallowing phosphorus from matches.

Robert Dale Owen, the American minister at Naples, denies the report that he has become a Catholic. Without belonging to any religious body, he holds to the Unitarian doctrine.

The Rt. Rev. James H. Otey, D. D., bishop of Tennessee, has consented to act as missionary bishop of Arkansas, a post made vacant by the decease of Bishop Freeman.

A wine company has just been organized in Alabama, with a capital of \$25,000, all of which has been subscribed. It is called the "Mobile Wine Company," and has for its object the growth and production of native wine.

In New York, recently, a gentleman purchased some beautiful red and apparently ripe peaches from a fruit seller opposite the post-office, and on peeling them he found them perfectly green under the skin, the seller having painted the skins red in order to make them saleable.

A new species of inflammable mineral termed "illuminating clay," has been discovered by Mr. Frederick H. Southworth, an American resident of Rio Janeiro. He has tested the properties of this clay and applied the same to the making of gas. He reports that it gives seven cubic feet of gas to the pound, while coal gives but three and a half cubic feet to the pound.

The Boston Post states that several young ladies have been attacked with partial paralysis of the hands and arms, after devoting some time to the modelling of wax flowers. The white wax contains white lead; the green, copper; the yellow, chrome yellow; the orange, chrome yellow and vermilion—all strong poisons; while many other kinds of wax are equally poisonous.

James A. Van Vorst, aged ninety-two, and Matthias Barhydt, aged eighty-two years, live in Glenville, Schenectady county, N. Y. Recently Barhydt had some hay to get in, and could get no one to assist him. Van Vorst, hearing of this, volunteered his services, saying, "I am boy enough," and the two together took in seven loads of hay in the afternoon.

In Woodland, Ulster county, New York, John and Matthew Schoonmaker, with the help of a fox-hound, a water spaniel, and their pocket knives, attacked and killed a "genuine black bear, one of the red nosed and most savage kind," weighing, after it was dressed, nearly three hundred pounds, which the hound started in the "bush," while they were out on a fishing excursion.

The following prices have been recently paid for rare American coins: "Pine tree" sixpences and shillings sell for \$5; the Baltimore shilling pieces, \$31; New England shillings and sixpences, \$20 and \$25; Carolina elephant pieces, \$10; early dollars and halves about \$3 each; dollars of 1804, 1851, 1852, \$5 each; gold dollar of 1856, \$7; 1852, \$10; dimes and half dimes prior to 1815, about \$1 each; cent of 1779, \$5; 1793, \$1.50 to \$2; half cent of 1836, \$5; 1831, \$10.

An Irishman was discovered recently, under the cars at the railroad depot, New Jersey, just as the train was about to start. He was lying lengthwise on the track, his legs placed one on each side of the wheels, in such a way that he must have been crushed instantly to death on the first move of the cars. He said he wanted to die; that he had a sore leg that could not be cured, and which gave him a great deal of trouble and pain, and that he had no means of supporting himself.

A clergyman of Newark, N. J., when returning from the usual Sabbath evening's services, a short time ago, was exposed to a singular attack. He had just parted with one of his congregation, when a large, stout man rushed from a dark corner, and suddenly seizing him by the arm, and holding him tightly in his grasp, thrust into his hand a quantity of gold and silver coin, and rapidly disappeared before his victim had time to call the police. It was some time before the victim recovered from his astonishment.

Three "gentlemanly looking strangers," while making a tour of the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, succeeded in abstracting from the cabinet of rare coins, two fifty dollar pieces; one slug worth forty dollars; four \$20 gold pieces; one \$20 California gold coin, and one \$25 gold piece. The scamps effected the robbery by means of a false key, with which they unlocked the cabinet during the momentary absence of the attendant. Two of the rogues very foolishly offered some of the coins at stores a short time afterwards, when the peculiarities of the coins excited attention and thus led to their arrest.

The Philadelphia North American narrates an amusing incident of the cable celebration in that city. In coming down Race Street in the morning, we saw an enthusiastic English gentleman standing on his door step, a big brass dinner bell in each hand, which he rang wit such effect that the din fairly deafened the entire block. He was perspiring like an ox, and alternately shouting, "Long live 'er majesty!" "Long live Prince Halbert!" We passed the spot half an hour afterwards, and found him still ringing and cheering, his voice dwindled to a gruff whisper, and his bald head glistening in the sun like a newly scoured porringer.

A drover passing through a portion of Iowa, stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water, which was handed to him by a very pretty married woman. He not only took the water, but a kiss, at which she was highly indignant, and as soon as her husband returned related the circumstance. He started in pursuit, and, after a hard day's ride, overtook him, and accused him of the theft. The drover admitted his guilt, but thought it wasn't worth making a fuss about, and so thought the husband, who consented to settle the matter upon the receipt of \$5 for his day's ride. The drover handed over a \$10 bill, and received \$5 in change; but when the husband got home, he discovered the bill to be a counterfeit.

Sands of Gold.

.... A cunning man over-reaches no one half as much as himself.—Beecher.

.... The worst thing that can be said of the most powerful, is, that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.—Lacon.

.... Love is God's loaf; and this is that feeding for which we are taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."—Beecher.

.... Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Lord Bacon.

.... Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

.... He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue and time are three things that never stand still.—Colton.

.... We become familiar with the outsides of men, as with the outsides of houses, and think we know them, while we are ignorant of all that is passing within them.—Bovee.

.... We ought not to be over-anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established, and it is understood.—Lacon.

.... It is with books as it is with women, where a certain plainness of manner and dressing is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.—Hume.

.... In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel, either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.—Colton.

.... Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most by the attraction of his own.—Beecher.

Joker's Budget.

Some great genius has discovered that the "centre of gravity" may be found in a Quakers' meeting.

Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April? Because they've just gone through a *March*.

Beer, like the flea, is subject to *hops*. And again, beer is like a bear—each is a *brevin*. Moreover, beer is like a bird—being a *swallow*.

The gentleman, so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

Bricks are made by pressing finely-prepared clay into moulds constructed for the purpose. Mercantilely speaking, they may be said "to be pressed for money."

The cow, like the true American, is perpetually chewing. If the cow, however, chewed the same stuff, there would soon be a scarcity of milk for tea.

At a game of questions, it was asked, "How to tell a lie from the truth?" "Make them both pass the same door," said Louis; "you may be sure the lie will pass first."

In speaking of a fashionable card writer signing his name, Mrs. Partington recently remarked: "He consigned his autocrat to the missile with wonderful effulgence. Isaac, son, hand me a fan."

"Remember, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his bill, "remember, sir, that if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

Madame Maintenon, in speaking of Louis XIV., said: "He imagines that he is expiating his faults, by being inexorable to the faults of others." There are a few more left of the same sort.

The man who orders his dinner is clearly the waiter. An inspection, however, of the little notice hanging up there, "Please pay the waiter on delivery," painfully unravels the false logic of the assertion.

The deacon of a church over whom a new pastor had been settled, was praising his many good qualities to the deacon of a neighboring church. He declared that the minister had but one fault, and that was a propensity to become a little quarrelsome when he was drunk.

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MISS SOPHIA HUMLER.

The accompanying portrait is pronounced an admirable likeness of a young female violinist who is now creating a great sensation in the musical circles of London, and whom we hope before long to have the pleasure of hearing in our own noble Music Hall. This lady, born at Saulgan, a small town near Stuttgard, in Wurtemberg, began to play the violin in her seventh year, under the direction of her father, a zealous amateur. At her first debut she gave proof of her remarkable talent, and she was sent to the Conservatoire at Munich, where she received a classical education; thence to Paris, where she made a very rapid progress under the direction of her master, M. Alard. After studying two years in that city she received the second prize at the Conservatoire. She then proceeded on a tour to Germany and the departments of France, where a brilliant success crowned her efforts. Her talent obtained her the particular patronage of the king of Wurtemberg and many artistic celebrities. Her first appearance in London was at Mr. Albert Schloss's concert, where she made such an impression that he was induced to engage her for the concerts of the Swedish National Singers now being given in St. James's Hall, where the favorable opinion first formed of her has been confirmed and augmented by the united applause of distinguished audiences and the unanimity of the public press. She is but sixteen years of age, and, since the appearance of the sisters Minonollo, no female violinist has caused so great a sensation.

ROAD TO UTAH, DOME ROCK, ETC.

The view herewith is on the Sweet Water River on the road to Utah, and embraces a view of the famous Dome Rock, a natural curiosity of which pioneers and travellers have so often spoken in terms of admiration. It is a rock of vast size, forming a dome so well proportioned that, at a distance, it appears the work of man, the crowning glory of some sunken cathedral or other public edifice, rather than one of those freaks of nature in which she sometimes delights, as if willing to show how regularly she can occasionally work and how eclipse the handiwork of artists. The whole Salt Lake valley in Utah abounds in natural curiosities. Among them the Great Salt Lake claims the front rank. As this region is now engaging a large share of public interest, as it is purely American, we may well spare some little space to a notice of some of its striking features. Salt Lake is certainly one of the most remarkable prodigies in the world's geography. It is quite shallow, giving only thirty feet soundings in the deepest parts. It is so charged with salt that in bathing it is impossible to sink below the surface. Three rivers, the Weber, the Bear River and the Jordan constantly pour a great quantity of fresh water into this basin, and though the lake has no apparent outlet still its waters exhibit no diminution of their saline character. The salt boilers say that four pailsful of this water yield one pail of salt. If a drop gets into the eye, it is as painful as tobacco juice, and should a swimmer swallow, he would run the risk of suffocation. Another curiosity is a boiling spring, about three miles from Salt Lake city. It is sulphurous and of so high a temperature as to be insupportable. Salt Lake city is a curious place. It was originally laid out in blocks of ten acres each,



MIDLE. HUMLER, THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

intersected by streets 130 feet wide. To each house was appropriated an acre and a quarter of ground; but this arrangement was soon broken through as the ground in the business part of the city became valuable. There is every style and variety of architecture in the city, from the prophet's "Sion House," which cost \$30,000, to the poor hut occupied by one or two of his wives, who are lucky if they get a nod of recognition from him once in six months. Brigham Young's house is of course the best in the city, and is of considerable size. From fifteen to twenty of his wives live in it. Mr. Hyde, who has written by far the best book about the Mormons, gives the following account, eminently characteristic of Brigham's method of getting work done; and as it relates to this house, we may as well repeat it: "The shingles were ready and waiting. At a Sunday meeting in the Tabernacle, Brig-

ham announced that he had a mission for all the carpenters, and demanded if they would accept it. They raised their hands, and were then coolly commanded to 'shingle the Sion House in the name of the Lord, and by the authority of the holy priesthood.' So Brigham's Sion House was shingled, for although the carpenters grumbled, still they obeyed." To the left the Council House stands, a two storied building, forty-five feet square. This is the printing and publishing office of the "Deseret News," the Mormon newspaper, and has been used as the "Endowment House," or place where the saints were initiated into the genuine Mormon mysteries. The endowment is a singular medley of swearing, mummery, obscenity and profanity. It is very graphically described by Mr. John Hyde in the book before alluded to. To the right of the Council House is the site of the temple to be built in the style described by the architect as the "Valley Style," but which has long been known in New England as Carpenter's Gothic. On the west side of the temple block is built the tabernacle. "Nearly 2000 persons meet here every Sunday, and listen to orations from the 'First Presidency' and other great men. They are served with every variety of mental poison, and devour with a relish things too bad to mention." The entrance of the United States army into the valley and the city of the Mormons must have been an imposing spectacle. An eye-witness thus describes it: "The army of Utah, under command of Brevet Brigadier General Johnston, entered this valley on Saturday, the 26th of June. It was about 9 1-2 o'clock in the morning when the right of the advance column emerged from the cleft of the Wasatch Mountains, known as Emigration Canon, and began to spread its long line over the tortuous road down the 'bench' towards the city. The day was perfectly clear, and the whole line of march could be distinctly seen as the troops trailed over the gentle slope from the mountain foot to the river bottom, presenting the finest possible view which could be had of an army in motion. The line of the army as it trailed into the city was at least ten miles long, and when the head of the column had advanced to the temporary camping-ground, west of the Jordan River flowing through the valley bottom, we could look from the general's tent and see the glistening bayonets and the snowy wagon covers of the rear still defiling out from the mountains. The scene was magnificent and cheering to Gentile eyes, but exceedingly humiliating to the few Mormons who witnessed it—men who had repeatedly prophesied 'in the name of Israel's God,' that the army should never enter the valley, and whose private conversations and public speeches for months past have been full of brave declarations of their power and determination to see that the prophecy was fulfilled. It is due to them to remark here, however, that they still maintain their ability to have excluded the army, declare that they would have done it had volunteers been sent instead of 'regulars,' or if the peace commissioners had not come and made them promises which they chose to accept as conditions of their forbearance. The reputed facilities of defence of the Mormons is a topic of general mirth in the army, and the supposed impregnable defences of the Echo Canon are considered by the troops as a perfect bugbear."



THE ROAD TO UTAH, DOME ROCK, ON THE SWEET WATER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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NORMANDY.

The free and spirited artistic sketch on this page depicts a peasant girl of Normandy, France, engaged in weaving a straw basket, to be filled with apples gathered from the tree beneath which she is sitting. There is nothing of the fine lady about her; indeed, her robust and vigorous organization would strike terror into the souls of the *habitués* of a Parisian salon. There is strength in those firmly moulded arms and hands; her feet were "made to use," to support her healthy frame; and yet there is an unconscious grace in her attitude, and a statuesque beauty in the folds of her drapery. We prefer to regard her as an allegorical type of her province, rather than an individual provincial. She personifies the characteristics of the north of France. The south presents to the poetical imagination its blue horizons, its fields gilded by the sun; but, beside the marvels of a spontaneous nature, the picture of an indolent and sensual life. The north of France has other views and beauties of a more elevated character. Less favored in respect to natural wealth, it creates surprise and admiration by the fertile applications of its industry, a prodigious activity, and the resources which labor has developed in an avaricious soil. In this order of ideas there are true elements of poetry and motives of inspiration singularly applicable to the tendencies of modern societies. Contemplative poetry has had its day; the waves, the flowers, and the stars, have been sung long enough; the delicate sensations of the soul have been sufficiently analyzed. The new order of ideas is exemplified in the artist's idealization of Normandy. This Normandy is young and beautiful, endowed with a rude energy, as in the time when she received the em-



NORMAN GIRL BRAIDING BASKETS.

braces of Scandinavia; patient, as in the epoch when, down-trodden by haughty dukes, she mourned the fate of her children; proud and glorious, as when she gave birth to William the Conqueror, to Corneille, the tragic poet, and to Poussin, the gifted painter. How many memories are awakened by this figure so grand in its simplicity! In the first place, she presents to the mind the image of the agricultural life whence Normandy derives its principal wealth. She reminds us, by her application, of the industrial activity which has developed all the resources of the soil. If she is draped like an antique muse, it is because she has excelled in the arts; and without going back to distant times, when a dweller in the Val de Vire invented the French vaudeville, we cannot forget that, in our days, she has breathed through the lips of Boieldieu melodies sweet as the song of nightingales; that, with Casimir Delavigne, she has wept verses sweeter than the sweetest honey of Greece; and that, with the pen of one of the greatest French historians, she has written pages worthy of Tacitus. If it is the property of poetry to awaken dreams, the artist's charming allegory has this essential quality in a high degree; and there is not one of our readers who can look at this chaste and sweet, energetic and active face without doing homage to the thought which inspired it. Bright Normandy! thou hast been beautiful and blessed as Leah, valiant as Deborah, laborious and resigned as Naomi! Wast thou not the mother of that fierce and victorious conqueror who humbled the pride of England at Hastings, and founded a line from which the proudest families of Albion boast to be descended? Surely thou art indeed highly exalted.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNCIL. AN EXCITING SCENE.

THE occurrences which we have related had detained Yeardley and Seabold so long in the forest that much anxiety on their account had arisen in the minds of those at the Blockhouse, and a party of men had already been detailed by Sir Gordon to scour the woods in search of them. Lymburne had arisen, and learning from John Searle the cause of the excitement, a dark, exulting smile broke over his face.

"I warrant them safe enough, Searle," he said, in an undertone. "I only stipulated for the death of Yeardley, but this burly hunter will surely share his fate."

"I hope so, at least," returned Searle. "I like him not."

"Neither do I; but never fear; our enemies are without doubt disposed of ere this. We have been expeditious, John; in less than two days we have accomplished much."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves here left the side of his daughter, who was gazing anxiously through one of the barred windows, and with much excitement in his tone addressed Sir Morgan.

"Hark ye, Lymburne, what do you make of this strange absence of our two best men? By my faith, it troubles me."

"They seem to have got their deserts," replied Lymburne. "If they chose to venture into the forest, I, at least, shall not grieve that they have lost their scalps."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves started back in amazement at these malignant words. He was about to answer in an indignant strain, when an excited movement at the door and a glad shout called him away.

"What is that?" asked Sir Morgan. But the next instant the sound of Edward Yeardley's voice came to his ear, and his face paled with vexation. Glaring for a moment upon the man who had escaped his villainous trap, he beckoned to his servant to follow, and both left the room.

A score of questions were put to Seabold by half a dozen tongues, but he pushed the men aside without answer, and went to deposit his rifle in its accustomed place. Yeardley looked round, and observing the absence of half the force, demanded:

"Men, what has happened? Where are the rest?"

"They went out to hunt you up, captain," replied one.

"Let them be recalled quickly. Fire three muskets in quick succession."

Then turning to Sir Gordon, he said:

"Sir, I must speak with you privately. We must be alone."

The nobleman looked with wonder upon the young man's excited countenance, but signified his assent, and the two withdrew together.

Half an hour passed. The scouting-party had returned in safety, but a general restlessness was everywhere apparent among the men, and an ominous silence prevailed among them, broken now and then by a half-whispered observation. Another half hour elapsed, and still the same anxious excitement was everywhere visible; each person, without knowing why, seemed to feel instinctively that something momentous was about to happen.

"I tell you, there's surely something in the wind," one of them muttered. "Here's Seabold, close as a trap, and not a word to be had from him; Sir Gordon and the captain shut up together, and that other black-looking pair nowhere to be seen. Sure as fate, something will happen!"

A door was at this moment thrown open, and Sir Gordon and Edward Yeardley appeared. A whisper of surprise was heard among the men as they noticed the startling energy of the former's countenance. Never before had they seen him so excited.

"To the barracks! quick!" he exclaimed. "Let every person in the house be summoned instantly. By Heaven, if this thing be true, the mover of it shall suffer!"

The barracks was quickly filled by the anxious members of the household, Anne and Eleanor Hargreaves and the domestics being also present, by order of Sir Gordon.

"And now," said the latter, as he stood by the side of Edward Yeardley, "we are ready, Bradford; go and request Sir Morgan Lymburne and his servant to attend us."

The man disappeared, and returned after a moment, saying that Sir Morgan refused to come.

"By Heaven, but he shall!" cried the excited nobleman. "Richard Seabold, take with you three of the men and order him hither. If he refuses, bring him forcibly."

This message had the desired effect, for Sir Morgan soon entered the room, followed by his servant and those who had been sent to bring him. His face was dark with anger, and approaching Hargreaves, he said:

"Sir Gordon, what means this mummery? By my soul, I'll not be trifled with!"

"Nor will I. We are assembled here to investigate a strange affair which has just taken place, and in which it is believed that you acted a base part."

"I? Sir Gordon Hargreaves, 'twere better not to insult me thus. I wear a sword, and—"

"Hold, sir! Never rant and rave in this manner. Our investigation shall be impartial and thorough; and first, Master Yeardley will give his testimony."

Lymburne's face grew deadly pale as Edward stepped forward, and every eye in the room was fastened upon him. A suspicion of the truth had fastened itself upon the minds of some, and all eagerly waited to hear Yeardley's words.

"I started from the Blockhouse at an early hour," he commenced, "in company with Richard Seabold. We examined the woods in several directions, and were about to return, when we were attacked by five Indians. We maintained a desperate fight with them, and in the end slew them all, with little injury to ourselves."

He paused, and murmurs of wonder and approbation were heard in all parts of the room. Seabold, who stood next to Edward, took the opportunity of whispering in his ear, "Look at Sir Morgan!" He did so, and shuddered as he beheld his face, distorted with fear and anger.

"But this is not all," continued Edward. "One of the savages confessed to us before he breathed his last, that a *white man* had bribed them to murder us; yes—given them money as the price of our lives."

A cry of horror and indignation was simultaneously uttered by the men as they heard the words of the commandant, and many fierce glances rested upon Sir Morgan Lymburne. The latter started forward, but Sir Gordon motioned him back, exclaiming:

"Hold, sir! You shall speak for yourself ere long. Richard Seabold, is Master Yeardley's account true?"

"As gospel—every word of it," responded Richard, promptly.

"And now, Sir Morgan, we will hear what you would say. Is not this a strange affair?"

"No; it is a lie—a vile, craven falsehood! A pretty fabrication, truly! But what matters it? I have no concern in it, and care not whether this fellow is scalped by the Indians or takes to his heels, like the boastful coward that he is."

Stung almost to madness by the insulting words and manner of Sir Morgan, Edward Yeardley stepped forward with as much calmness as he could assume, and confronted his enemy.

"Look ye, Sir Morgan Lymburne," he uttered, in a meaning tone, "such epithets come with a bad grace from lips like yours, and will avail you nothing. Before this assembly," he cried, in startling accents, "I charge you with attempting my life in a base, dastardly manner. You are convicted by the evidence of those whom you hired to do your bloody work, and whose places would to God you now occupied! Speak, sir; what have you to say? Justify yourself if you can without falsehood, for by virtue of my authority as commandant here, I shall order your arrest."

"No man lays hands on me," returned Lymburne; and drawing his sword, he placed his back against the wall, and eyed the company defiantly. Several of the men moved forward, but Edward restrained them.

"Beware how you attempt resistance!" he uttered, in a voice of warning. "Your efforts will avail you nothing; you are entrapped in your own wickedness, and there are strong arms here ready to secure you."

"And who knows you? who cares for you?" exclaimed Lymburne, ferociously. "You are a base-born hind—a son of a nobody, and fit only for the jaws of wild beasts!"

For an instant it seemed as though Edward Yeardley were about to strike the villain to the floor. His hands were doubled and his brow worked itself into great ridges as he heard the contemptuous taunts of Lymburne, but mastering himself, he replied with unnatural calmness:

"I will not bandy words with you, neither do I care for your anger; I treat it with the contempt that it deserves. Your own conduct betrays you; you stand convicted of the crime. I shall place you under arrest until the proper tribunal can mete out justice to you. Seabold, disarm him and bear him away, but do not be violent with him, unless he resists."

Morgan Lymburne heard the command, and, foaming with rage, and with a howl of fury, he sprang forward. He aimed a furious blow with his sword at the young commandant, but the latter was on the alert, and springing nimbly aside, Lymburne's weapon was left to strike upon the floor, while a well-directed blow from the hand of Yeardley laid its ruffianly owner insensible at his feet.

Upon the instant all was confusion. The men crowded around Yeardley, seizing his hands and giving free vent to exclamations of delight. Sir Gordon also came forward to declare his full approval of the young man's course, when Lymburne slowly rose from the floor and looked about him. A large, discolored spot was visible upon his temple, and all the evil passions of his nature seemed concentrated in his face as he spoke.

"By heavens, Edward Yeardley, you shall pay dearly for this! One of us must die; blood alone can atone for this insult!"

At a motion from Sir Gordon Hargreaves, two of the men grasped him and held his arms firmly pinioned.

"Hear me!" cried the discomfited villain, as he struggled to free himself from their grasp. "This matter must be settled at once. Never yet did a man strike me and live to boast of it!"

Yeardley replied only by a glance, but that glance maddened Lymburne far more than words could have done.

"Edward Yeardley," he cried, quivering from head to foot with passion, "I brand you a base coward—a lying poltroon! I spit upon you! I defy you! I ask you again, will you fight me?"

"No!" cried Edward. "God forbid that I should seek your life as you have sought mine. I leave you to the hangman."

A cry from the bystanders warned Yeardley of new danger. With a quick movement, Lymburne broke away from his guards, and darting upon the former, smote him violently in the face. The young commandant staggered beneath the cowardly blow,

and when he regained his balance, a vivid spot burned like fire upon his cheek.

"Do you still deny me satisfaction?" Lymburne demanded standing with folded arms before him.

"No, no!" articulated Yeardley, in a choking voice. "If blood alone will satisfy you, blood let it be! I call on those around me to witness that this affair is wholly of your seeking; you have forced me to it, and I disavow all blame in the matter."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves hastily drew our hero aside, and addressed him excitedly; but the latter exclaimed, in a low tone:

"Sir, I beg of you not to interfere in this matter. There is now no escape; we *must* fight. Eleanor," he continued, as she approached him, her face paling with fear, "be calm. This man is mad—thirsting for my blood. He has forced me to this, and upon his head rest the consequences."

"But he will kill you; he means to take your life."

"I know it, but I fear him not. I am acting in a just cause, and I am content to abide the issue."

The men, in the meantime, were conversing excitedly, throwing doubtful glances at the two combatants as they stood preparing themselves for the fight. The voice of Richard Seabold, however, quickly reassured them.

"Don't fear for the captain, boys; I tell you he's the real grit. If he fights half as well as he did this morning, that villain will be like a reed before him."

CHAPTER X.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

THE scene in the barracks had now become intensely exciting; every person present had something at stake in the issue of the duel. Sir Gordon Hargreaves had at first been disposed to interfere, but with the words of the young commandant in his ears, he had fallen back, and now stood with his arms crossed upon his breast, and a painful look of doubt upon his features. Eleanor stood by his side; she at once perceived how useless any appeal to her lover would be in this extremity, and she fixed her eyes upon him in silence, and clasped her hands convulsively upon her bosom. The domestics—Ruth Gamble and another—stood a little in the rear of these, and the men were collected at the opposite side of the circular room, thus leaving an ample space in the centre. Richard Seabold had fastened his gaze upon Sir Morgan as if still fearing some covert treachery.

"Master Yeardley," said the latter, as he threw off his outer garments in order to allow the free play of his arms, "you are the challenged party, and with you rests the right of choice. You will prefer the sword, I suppose; but I forget—it is a gentleman's weapon, and you are, doubtless, unacquainted with its use."

Without replying to this sneer, Edward turned to Sir Gordon, and said, in a low tone:

"Sir, I must ask of you a favor; my sword I left in Jamestown, and must request the use of yours. Will you favor me by loaning it?"

The nobleman unbuckled his belt, and handed it to Yeardley. The latter drew the weapon from its sheath, and his eye brightened as he beheld it. It was of Toledo manufacture, which was well shown by the figures imprinted upon the blade. Placing one hand upon the hilt and the other at the point, Edward bent the flexible blade until it doubled in his grasp, but the temper was true, and it stood the test. Satisfied with this, the commandant stepped into the centre of the room, where Lymburne had already placed himself, and took his position.

The day was now upon the wane, and a flood of sunlight through the western loopholes plainly revealed the figures of the combatants. There was but little contrast between them, and yet the picture was a startling one. Sir Morgan was the tallest by an inch, but his chest and shoulders lacked that massive firmness and strength which lay in Yeardley's, without, at the same time, seeming to detract from the slenderness of his figure. The faces of both were firm in rigidity of outline, but about Sir Morgan's mouth played a smile of dark meaning, and one which Edward plainly understood as an expression of a design to take his life by fair means or foul. His own face was calm, and slightly pale, but nothing of fear could be detected in it.

"Sir Morgan Lymburne," he said, "you have sought my life, and seek it now; I have disclaimed all responsibility of what may here happen. And now let me ask once more—will nothing induce you to forego this combat?"

"Ha, brave sir! you wish to sneak away like a coward, do you? Your heart is as white as your face, and—"

"Stay!" thundered Yeardley. "Will nothing satisfy you but my blood? Answer without further insult."

"Nothing. You must and shall fight me."

"So be it, then. Are you ready?"

"Yes, and anxious."

"Then come on!"

There was not the interval of a second between the words and the loud clang of the swords. For a moment the excited spectators could not separate the combatants in their minds; the broad sunlight streamed through the loopholes, and the weapons seemed like jarring wreaths of fire as it fell upon them, the fierce ring of the steel attesting the whole vigor of the onset.

Both had laid aside their coats, and each, with one foot advanced, seemed to exert every muscle. Knowing Lymburne as a skillful swordsman, Sir Gordon at first feared for the safety of his adversary; but his fears soon gave way to admiration at the consummate knowledge of the art displayed by Yeardley, and he watched the details of the fight with excited interest.

Sir Morgan had come to the contest with the belief of an easy victory, but hardly had the swords crossed before he discovered that he was dealing with no tyro at the business. Thrice in suc-

cession his favorite thrust was parried, and at the fifth stroke his guard was so nearly lost that he involuntarily trembled for his safety. A strange smile passed over the face of Yeardeley, and Lymburne, becoming aware of this, set to with redoubled fury, and for a moment pressed his antagonist so hard that the latter was compelled to use his arm briskly to turn aside the fierce thrusts. The weapons at this phase of the combat seemed to coil and wind about each other like shining serpents, and their clashing was loud and incessant.

But not many moments had elapsed ere the spectators became aware that Yeardeley held his adversary completely at his mercy. Up to this time he had stood almost wholly upon the defensive, and the few thrusts he had made had been aimed at no vital part. But Lymburne now started back in terror as he found himself striving to recover his guard, while the point of his adversary's weapon was touching his breast. The maddening conviction that Yeardeley was playing with him shot like an ice-bolt to his heart, and rushing forward with redoubled fury, he recommenced the unequal fight.

"Beware, Sir Morgan!" Yeardeley uttered through his compressed lips as he marked the evil fire which burned in his enemy's eyes. "I've already spared you twice; beware the third time!"

"It is false!" yelled Lymburne. "I have slain better men than you; look out for yourself!"

As he spoke, he made a furious lunge at Yeardeley's throat; but the commandant with a quick movement turned aside the blow. Sir Morgan had thrown his whole weight into the stroke, however, and its violence carried him forward. He struggled to regain his balance, but before he could succeed the sword of Yeardeley had passed entirely through his left shoulder, inflicting a most painful wound. The acute suffering which instantly thrilled his whole frame seemed to madden more than to weaken him, and his violent efforts were instantly renewed. Yeardeley perceived, however, that his life was in danger of falling a prey to the insane fury of the other, and his course was instantly marked out. Lymburne came on, furiously striking right and left, and after parrying a few thrusts, Yeardeley seized the opportunity of crossing his sword midway upon that of his enemy. Upon the instant, his own turned dexterously in his hand, and with a snap the blade of Lymburne parted close to the hilt, and went flying through the adjacent loophole.

With a howl of baffled fury as he realized his defeat, Sir Morgan drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it at the head of Edward Yeardeley. So entirely unprepared was the latter, and so sudden had been this treacherous movement, that his fate was well nigh sealed. But watchful eyes were upon the villain, and before he could draw the trigger he was seized in the muscular arms of Richard Seabold and hurled senseless to the floor. Yeardeley paused a moment to recover from his agitation, and then wiping the blade of the sword which had served him so well, returned it to its owner.

"By my faith, Master Yeardeley," exclaimed the enthusiastic nobleman, as he received it, "you did nobly; you handled your weapon like a born lord. I tell you your skill is marvellous! I have been accounting myself the best swordsman in Virginia; I faith, I remember that in other days I could easily disarm Sir Francis Wyatt, and he is no child, I assure you. But I freely yield the palm to you. On my life, sir, you have shown yourself a master."

The commandant answered these praises modestly, and turned to Eleanor. His lip quivered as he saw the extent of her emotion, and drawing her aside, the two whispered earnestly together.

Meanwhile, the baffled villain who had been so summarily dealt with began to show signs of returning consciousness, which as soon as Sir Gordon Hargreaves perceived, he said:

"Take him to the room he has occupied, and confine him closely. You, Bradford, shall be his jailor; shoot him down if he attempts to escape."

"But the servant, John Searle," inquired Seabold; "what shall we do with him? He's as dangerous as his master."

"Serve him the same way," was the unanimous answer from the men, and a general movement was made towards him.

Searle, on his part, began loudly to protest against the injustice of such a proceeding, and his words seemed to make some impression upon Sir Gordon Hargreaves, for hastily approaching Edward Yeardeley, he communicated something in a low tone. The latter shook his head doubtfully, but Sir Gordon continued with much anxiety in his tone, until at last Yeardeley yielded a reluctant affirmative to his appeal.

"Men," said Sir Gordon, "we must not act without deliberation in this matter. Would it not be unjust to imprison Searle because his master is guilty?"

The men replied only by looks of doubt, while mutterings such as these circulated freely among them:

"He's a black-hearted knave! He's as bad as his master. String him up, and be rid of him!"

"It is settled, then," resumed Sir Gordon. "The man is guilty of nothing that we can lay hold of, and we must not imprison him on suspicion. Hark ye, John Searle; we allow you your liberty, but be careful how you abuse the privilege. These are perilous times, and enemies will meet with but little mercy at our hands."

The man replied by a shrinking look of feigned humility, and withdrew after those who were bearing Sir Morgan to his confinement. Richard Seabold hastily approached Yeardeley, and said:

"It's a fatal error, captain. Take my word for it, no good will come of sparing that man. If I had my way, master and servant should both swing before another hour!"

Edward made no reply, and the members of the household one by one quitted the room.

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERY. DANGER IN THE DARK.

THE afternoon had rapidly slipped away during the continuance of the events detailed in the preceding chapter, and the sun was down behind the western forests before the assemblage in the barracks had broken up. The revelations of the villany of Lymburne had produced a deep effect upon every member of the household, and excited groups were gathered here and there, discussing the duel and its attendant circumstances. Sir Gordon Hargreaves appeared more thoughtful and reserved than any of the others, though a look of satisfaction appeared upon his face as he listened to the stern tramp of Bradford, who, the reader will remember, had been posted as a guard over Sir Morgan Lymburne.

A mingling of many emotions was apparent in Edward Yeardeley's countenance as he passed through the hall and stood in the open air of evening. The eventful occurrences of the day, startling though they were, had left him calm and without outward excitement, and they also seemed to have increased his self-reliance, and added to his manly bearing. The promise of Luke Harvey came back to his mind with redoubled force, and he felt an instinctive knowledge that the time of which the latter had spoken must surely be close at hand.

He had pondered thus upon the old man and his promise for some moments, when he was joined by Eleanor Hargreaves. A glad smile broke over his face as he saw her, and taking both her hands in his, he exclaimed:

"And how now, dear Eleanor? Have not the clouds cleared away most wonderfully to-day?"

"What mean you, Edward?" she asked, surprised at his manner.

"What! do you not comprehend the plot yet? Then listen. As soon as the danger from the Indians shall have passed, Sir Morgan Lymburne will be conveyed to Jamestown, and surrendered to the colonial authorities, to answer to the charge of tampering with the Indians and inciting them to slay me. If we can sustain this charge—and there is but little doubt of it—his conviction and punishment will be sure. The public mind is intensely excited upon the subject of this premeditated Indian massacre, and Sir Morgan's case will be apt to excite but little pity; and in addition to this, the influence of your father and myself with Governor Wyatt will greatly count in our favor."

"But can Sir Morgan's case be legally tried here?"

"Without doubt; the first session of the court has been held, and another will soon follow. Had this affair happened in England, Sir Morgan might easily clear himself by demanding to be tried by his peers;* but the offence was committed in Virginia, and he will probably be judged by a dozen honest citizens, who will make short work of the matter."

"I see—I understand you now," Eleanor exclaimed, her face lighting up with joy. "Sir Morgan will, in that case, be absent upon the fifth of April, and after that day my father will no longer feel bound by this hateful contract."

"You are right, Eleanor. And now can we not look hopefully forward to the future?"

"Ah, Edward, you must not feel too sure that all this will happen as you say. I feel that there is doubt, deep doubt, which the future alone can solve."

"But shall we not still hope?"

"Yes—hope always and forever."

A short silence here intervened, when Eleanor suddenly said:

"But, Edward, how happens it that you have never spoken to me of yourself?"

"Of myself?" he answered, his face growing dark.

"Yes; tell me of your past life—of all that happened to you before we first met."

"Eleanor, do not, do not ask me that!" exclaimed her companion, in tones of real anguish. "My life has been a mystery; who and what I am I cannot tell."

"But your parents?"

"Are dead—at least, so Luke Harvey once told me, but nothing more would he reveal."

"And who is he, this Luke Harvey, of whom you have spoken several times?"

"I know not that, either. I know nothing about him, save that as long as I can remember, I have been guarded and protected by him. I have conjectured vainly; I know no more of the matter now than when I was a child."

"This is strange indeed!" Eleanor mused. "But have you no clue, no trace, to enable you to discover anything?"

"None; yet stay; I have something here—a little thing which Luke gave me years ago, charging me always to keep it. I have worn it around my neck for years, but never thought anything of it. I well remember the words of Luke when he gave it to me, for he made me repeat them over until they were firmly impressed upon my mind. He said, 'Edward, take this and keep it always; it may at last solve the mystery which hangs about you; but at all events, take it and guard it closely, and should you ever find a person who possesses one exactly like it, know then that you have found one whose destiny is interwoven with your own, and with whom your after life will be closely connected.'"

With these words he drew from his bosom a small gold locket of antique pattern, but most exquisitely chased and finished. At first sight of it, Eleanor gave an exclamation of astonishment and strange surprise.

"What is it, Eleanor? What moves you?"

"Edward, I have the duplicate of that locket."

In corroboration of her words, she held up to the astonished gaze of Edward Yeardeley the exact counterpart of that which he

* A privilege, we believe, which is now granted in England.

held in his hand. He examined it carefully, but both were the same in every particular, even to the date, A. D., 1600, which was stamped upon the inner side.

"And how did you obtain this?" asked the young man, when the amazement called up by this singular discovery had somewhat abated.

"It was given me by my father, longer ago than I can remember. I have worn it ever since."

"Singular! Upon my soul, this is passing strange!" Yeardeley exclaimed, looking earnestly into his companion's face. "What can you make of it?"

"Nothing. I confess it puzzles me past comprehension. But those mysterious words of Luke Harvey—what did they mean?"

Edward Yeardeley started, and suddenly exclaimed in tones of emotion:

"I know not, but O, Eleanor, dearest Eleanor, pray that they be at last realized! 'One whose destiny is interwoven with your own, and with whom your after-life will be closely connected,'" he repeated slowly. "Let us accept the omen of these strange words; shall we, dear Eleanor?"

"Assuredly, Edward. There may be truth in them."

"There must be!" cried the other, vehemently. "Why it is I know not, but I feel a strange confidence in that old man, Luke Harvey, and this discovery, mysterious as it is, fills me with new hope. I feel that this doubt which has encompassed my whole life is gradually disappearing, and I believe, too, that the end draws nigh when all shall be revealed. Yes, we will take new courage."

The lovers thoughtfully entered the house, pondering deeply upon the strange discovery which they had just made. Let us leave them, while we follow the movements of a personage who is yet destined to figure conspicuously in the course of our tale.

As soon as the excitement occasioned by the duel had somewhat subsided, John Searle assumed a careless manner, and strolled easily among the men, by whom, however, he was still as much as ever avoided. But he was not long in making a discovery which evidently disconcerted him. The stern eyes of Richard Seabold were fixed threateningly upon him, and move wherever he might, his gaze was never for an instant relaxed. Searle grew uneasy as this state of affairs continued, and at last approaching Seabold, he said, with an air of great humility:

"Surely, Master Seabold, you do not suspect me? If it is so, you do me great wrong thereby."

"We can't always tell," observed the latter, significantly. "We have just disposed of one enemy, and we are not sure how soon it may be before we shall be called upon to take proper care of another. Look well to your movements, my honest friend."

"Ah, Master Seabold, you are now doing great injustice to a faithful and good man, and one who would be glad to show his valor in behalf of these helpless women; though I greatly fear that the conduct of that rash youth, Edward Yeardeley, will—"

"Stay, you villain!" thundered Seabold. "Say another word against the captain, and I'll throw you into the river as sure as my name's Dick Seabold! You talk of Captain Yeardeley's actions, forsooth! Mean-spirited, whining hound that you are, I'm almost determined now to—"

How far the indignation of Richard Seabold might have extended, we are not prepared to say, as the voice of Sir Gordon Hargreaves was heard just at that instant, calling him imperatively. With a shake of his fist and a menacing glance, Seabold hurried away, leaving John Searle to pursue his plans unmolestedly. The latter gave a low chuckle at this turn of affairs, and then crept stealthily into the house.

Night was now fast approaching. The moon had not yet arisen, and the house was quite dark inside. The men were mostly outside, three or four being seated in the barracks, talking of the events of the day. Searle observed these, and an impatient scowl passed over his face. He walked the length of the hall several times, but the men had not stirred. His impatience now reached the highest point; he grew restless, and muttered broken sentences. At last one of the men rose and left the room, and in a few moments the others followed. Searle witnessed their departure, himself unseen, in the meantime, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

His movements were now attended with a great degree of caution. Going to the outer door, he listened to assure himself that no person was approaching, and then proceeded to unbuckle and remove his shoes. Disappearing for a moment, he returned with a large covered vessel in his hands, with which he entered the barracks. Scarcely a minute elapsed before he re-appeared, still bearing the vessel, and went in the same direction as at first. His movements were stealthy and cat-like, and he passed through the hall swiftly, as if fearful of detection. Once he stopped in a tremor of apprehension and fear, as a loud exclamation came from the exterior of the house, but it was not repeated, and after a moment's hesitation, he proceeded with his work. Three journeys back and forth were accomplished, and when he emerged from the large room the last time, his face was overspread with a look of malignant satisfaction, and he muttered the words: "Excellent! well done! Now let the Indians come; I think we're prepared for them. Ha, ha! yes—we're fully prepared for them!"

The voices of those outside now came more plainly to his ear, and he stole away to await the further progress of affairs.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOCKHOUSE BESIEGED.

WHEN Richard Seabold was summoned to the side of Sir Gordon Hargreaves, he found the latter conversing earnestly with Edward Yeardeley. He was immediately addressed by the former,

and the conversation soon became deeply interesting. Evidently it had reference to Sir Morgan Lymburne, for gestures were frequently made towards that part of the Blockhouse where he was confined. It will be sufficient to state that it was proposed to Seabold to take charge of the prisoner and convey him to Jamestown, in which arrangement Richard heartily acquiesced.

A heavy weight seemed removed from the breast of Sir Gordon, and he showed at once an unaccustomed vivacity of tone and manner. He conversed a short time with Yeardley, and then greeted those who stood near by in a pleasant voice. The whole household, tempted by the beauty of the night, were assembled in front of the house. The barrack-doors had been thrown open, and half the men were standing or sitting by them, while others reclined upon the ground. Edward Yeardley was walking with Eleanor Hargreaves slowly to and fro across the level sward, while Seabold had sought the side of Ruth Gamble. Altogether it was a pleasant and peaceful scene which the moon looked down upon.

An earnest group at length gathered around the hunter, as Seabold was sometimes designated, and demanded a story. Not liking the interruption, and still disliking to refuse, Seabold remarked:

"Well, boys, if I must, I must. What shall it be?"

One said "an Indian story;" another, "a hunting story," and Sir Gordon Hargreaves, who had drawn near as the auditory increased, observed:

"Let us have some of your experience with the savages, Seabold; I believe you have had much of it."

"You may well say that, Sir Gordon. I have had a large amount of dealings with the redskins since I first came to Virginia, now almost twelve years, and generally speaking, I think they have found me a tough customer. Sit round, boys, and I'll tell you of a little affair that happened in these woods about five years ago."

Seabold's listeners drew closer to him, and he commenced as follows:

"I started from Jamestown, one afternoon, with my rifle, meaning to bring in a deer. My course lay with the river for about a mile, and then I struck into the woods. I went on in this way for some time, and when I was just about giving up all hopes of the deer, I heard a kind of low noise off to the right.

"Now some hunters would have turned back in a hurry at hearing that, for anybody would know the noise that the Indians make to decoy the deer near enough for a shot, but I kept on. It was a time then when the Powhatans were considered a little more peaceful, although I knew well enough that the red rascals could never be depended upon. I thought they would not interfere with me if I minded my own business, but there was where I was mistaken, as you shall hear.

"I kept on, as I said before, but not more than two minutes had passed before I heard a loud yell, and the next instant a large buck came plunging along with a long arrow in his side. Of course, I didn't stop to consider who shot that arrow, but brought up my rifle and fired. The animal ran a few rods further, and then dropped.

"When I came up and saw that the arrow had only made a slight wound, and that it was my bullet that killed the deer, I began to consider him as mine, and so sat down and commenced skinning him. It's strange that I didn't first stop to load my rifle; I believe I was never guilty of such carelessness before, but it happened curious all round.

"Well, there I sat, busy about my work, and thinking of nothing else, when all of a sudden I heard a strange kind of a noise, and looking up, I saw three great Indians not twenty rods off, looking savagely at me, and talking among themselves. Of course I jumped to my feet in surprise, but I didn't think—no, I had no time for thinking just then, for all of a sudden the redskins gave a tremendous yell, and made for me like lightning. I just looked at my rifle and remembered that it was unloaded, and then started off upon the run.

"I believe I travelled faster for five minutes than ever before in my life. The Indians came on, jumping and yelling, and I put in harder, and gained a little on them, which I saw by looking over my shoulder now and then. Two of the Indians carried bows, and were a little ahead of the other, who had a musket. My thoughts worked rather fast as I ran; my object was to gain enough ground to put into operation a little stratagem I had been turning over in my mind."

The speaker here stopped and looked attentively towards the wood, uttering at the same time a loud exclamation. This was the noise which had alarmed John Searle in his secret operations.

"What is it, Richard?" inquired Yeardley, who had just drawn near, and "What is it?" was repeated by a dozen different tongues.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," replied Seabold; "but I surely thought I saw an Indian's head thrust out from behind those trees."

All eyes were at once directed to the point indicated, but nothing of the kind could be seen, and Sir Gordon observed:

"Go on with your story, Richard. You only fancied what you spoke of."

"It may be so," Seabold replied. Then after a searching look toward the forest, as if he really believed in the presence of an Indian there, he continued:

"After running in this way a short time, I determined to make a new move. I had now got to a place where the trees grew closer, and where I knew I was out of sight; so darting aside, I hid myself behind the trunk of a tree. The Indians soon came along, and as I expected, the two first drove right ahead without seeing me. The other was close upon their heels, but he stopped

and cast his wicked-looking eyes around as if he suspected that all was not right. This was just as I expected it would be, and I was prepared for him. He looked around, and then stooped to examine the tracks. This was my time, and I sprang with my whole weight on his back. He rolled over beneath me and made a grab for his musket, but it was too late; my knife was in his heart, and he died without a groan."

"But the other two?" one of the men exclaimed.

"Yes, I am coming to them. Of course I knew they would not be long at fault, and they soon found out that the trail was lost. I soon heard them coming back, and seizing the loaded musket of the dead Indian, I sprang again behind the tree. In a moment I caught sight of them as they came back with their heads almost to the ground, hunting for the trail, and silently cocking the gun, I stood ready for them. They soon came near, but they never saw the body of their companion until they had nearly stumbled over it. Then such a yell as they sent up I never heard before or since! It was the most awful sound that I ever heard an Indian make. But I waited a little longer until they stooped down to look at the body, and then levelling the musket with a careful aim, I fired. Both sprang to their feet, but one fell back, dead, and the other, who was badly wounded, as I could see, broke away with a howl, and ran for his life."

"Did you follow him?" one of his listeners inquired.

"No. I thought—"

The speaker suddenly sprang to his feet with a fearful exclamation of terror, and pointed again in the direction of the forest.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, in startling tones, "I'm not deceived now. As sure as I stand here this moment, I saw an Indian at the edge of the wood!"

More than one countenance paled at this announcement, and another quickly replied:

"So did I. And there's another, and another."

"To the barracks! quick!" the commandant exclaimed, in an energetic voice. "Assist the women, men, and hasten, for Heaven's sake, hasten!"

He turned to Eleanor, who stood motionless and pale, her arm outstretched and rigid. He looked, and that look revealed a sight which chilled his blood with horror. A score of dusky forms were stealthily creeping round either wing of the building, each grasping a tomahawk, while as many more had gained the piazza, and were advancing to intercept their intended victims, who were already crowding around the door.

"On, on, Eleanor!" he shouted. "Hasten, for your life—for life!"

Half supporting her almost insensible form, he sprang forward, but the foe was already in the way. The majority of the men had gained the shelter of the barracks at the warning cry of Edward Yeardley, bearing with them Mistress Anne Hargreaves and the two domestics, but hardly had they entered the building ere a dozen painted warriors stood between them and their friends. Then commenced a furious strife, the Indians struggling to cut off the little party without before they could be saved, and the sturdy borderers fiercely striving to rescue their friends before the arrival of new foes. Sir Gordon Hargreaves had drawn his sword upon the first attack, and the manner in which he used it fully attested his valor and strength. By his side stood Seabold, every stroke of his huge knife dyeing it a deeper red; while Edward Yeardley, still bearing Eleanor in his arms, pressed close behind.

"Fight, men!" thundered Seabold. "Use your knives on the cowardly miscreants; cut them down without mercy!"

The heroic exertions of both parties of the defenders had now cleared the way of a number of their foes, and those outside were pressing eagerly forward to gain the open doors, when a new party of Indians darted with wild yells from the piazza. But the defenders were now united, and their dusky foes met with a solid front upon their first advance. Steadily the little party retreated, and one by one they gained the wished-for shelter, while arrows whistled over their heads and lodged in the wall. Safety seemed now secured; the majority of the household were already within the barracks, when with a yell of disappointed fury the Indians dashed desperately forward.

"Keep up good cheer!" Seabold shouted, in encouraging tones. "Be ready to close the door after us, men; and here's at you again, you cowardly redskins!"

A hand was laid upon the shoulder of Eleanor Hargreaves, but a deadly thrust of Edward Yeardley's knife laid its owner at his feet. A tomahawk hurled through the air, and found a fatal resting-place in the brain of one of the gallant men at Seabold's side, but still the party retreated firmly and in order. The barracks was gained, the shelter reached in safety, and the two doors were swung back to their places. A hand from the outside was thrust in, but immediately drawn back with severed fingers; and as the bolts were shot in their places, a score of arrows quivered in the planks, while the whole forest rang with the ominous yells of hundreds of the Powhatans.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY. THE DEFENCE.

"To the loopholes!" Edward Yeardley shouted, in a clear, ringing tone. "Quick, with your muskets, before they scatter themselves around the building!"

This command was instantly obeyed. The savages were collected in a noisy multitude before the door in their excitement, when the stunning report of a dozen fire-arms was heard, and a deadly shower of slugs and bullets was poured upon them. Many fell, killed outright by the murderous discharge, while the cries of rage and anguish that filled the air told of painful wounds.

"And now," said the commandant, "every man must act for himself, and fight to the best of his ability. The Indians are many, and thirsting for our destruction, and after such a hint as that which we have just given them, they will be apt to scatter themselves into small bodies and surround the building. Let every man load and fire as quickly as he can, and be careful that every shot touches a foe."

A cheer greeted this speech, and the men stationed themselves at different points, and prepared to obey the orders which they had just received. But a strange cry was soon heard.

"My powder is out!" "And mine! And mine!" exclaimed others, successively.

"This is strange!" said Richard Seabold. "The pouches were all filled yesterday. But there is plenty more. Come behind this screen one at a time, and I will supply you."

Saying this, he went to the place where the powder was kept, but as he did so, he uttered a cry of alarm.

"Men, stand back!" he exclaimed, as the defenders crowded about him. "Sir Gordon and Captain Yeardley, look at this!"

Edward Yeardley started forward, but his cheek paled as Richard Seabold raised the covers of the powder casks and exposed their contents to his view. There was the powder, but entirely wet and soaked—a black and sodden mass!

"Look at this; behold it, every one!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens, men, what means this? Have we indeed a traitor among us?"

Every eye was fixed in blank amazement and dismay upon the commandant. The latter seemed terrible in the anger of the moment.

"To your posts, men!" he shouted. "We have a traitor among us, and let every man watch for him. If we find him, woe be unto him!"

"But the powder?" asked one.

"There is more," interposed Seabold. "There is a cask in the next room, which this villain, whoever he is, did not reach. Bring it out and load up quickly, for the enemy is howling fiercer than ever outside."

This was true; the cries of the Indians redoubled in fury, and a perfect storm of arrows rattled against the logs behind which the defenders were entrenched. The latter did not fire in a volley, but whenever their keen eyes detected a painted face, the heavy report of a musket was sure to follow. Thus the attack and defence continued, varied by the yells of the Indians, so terrible to the females, who had retired to the inner room, and by an occasional death-cry, as a bullet was sped with a truer aim.

Edward Yeardley moved from point to point, animating all by his presence and courageous bearing. Richard Seabold touched his shoulder, and beckoned him aside.

"I have my eye on the traitor!" he whispered.

"Ha! are you sure?"

"Yes; I know the man. But what shall be his punishment?"

"Death!" replied Yeardley, in a startling whisper.

"Right, captain, right! When I look round and see these helpless women, and this little handful of men, and then think that this house holds one base enough to betray them into the hands of those red devils outside, I wish in my heart that I could see him tortured. But I am after him; he cannot escape."

"Be cautious and get the right one!" observed the commandant, significantly.

"Never fear, captain; I shall not miss him."

Edward Yeardley turned away just in time to observe the flight of an arrow through the port-hole. It was winged with a fatal aim, for it entered the breast of one of the men, and he sank back into the commandant's arms. He hardly stirred; one gasp, and all was over.

"Poor fellow, he is dead!" said Yeardley, with much emotion.

"And he died in a glorious cause!" exclaimed Seabold, springing forward and taking his place. "Look at him, boys, and resolve to revenge him."

His rifle gave a hoarse bark as he finished the words, and a wail of agony from the forest attested the fatal accuracy of his aim. The men recovered from the momentary stupor which the fall of their companion had occasioned, and a succession of quick discharges followed. But the Indians had benefited by the experience of the last hour, and had grown cautious in their approaches to the house, as was easily to be perceived by the slackening of the fire from the defenders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

CONSUMPTION AS A LUXURY.

The "Scalpel" for April contains a very interesting article on consumption, based upon a theory promulgated by Dr. Washington. The substance of it amounts to this:—That the food we eat is first converted into albumen; that the albumen is conveyed by a vein, into which it is directly deposited to the right side of the heart; that it is thence transferred at once to the lungs, where it is converted by the air we breathe into blood; that if this air be insufficient in quantity or indifferent in quality, the albumen, instead of turning into blood, forms tubercles, and these tubercles are the physical element of consumption. That is, in few and plain words, the whole of the new theory. Of course the remedy is a simple one—viz., plenty of good fresh air. Nothing could be cheaper—nothing more satisfactory. But will it do? We incline to answer in the affirmative. We have known more than one consumptive friend who, after despairing of all help by means of medicine, have effectually cured themselves by the most reckless exposure to every species of weather. Fresh air, we have reason to know, is one of the best medicaments in the whole catalogue of human renovators. It has but one fault—it is too economical. Nobody likes to get well so inexpensively. This may seem odd, but it's true, nevertheless. We take as much pride in our sickness as we do in any other luxury we possess, or fancy we can afford to indulge in.—*Sunday Times*.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The accompanying landscape scene embraces a view of the residence of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, one of the most deservedly popular of American female writers, whose name is a household word throughout the length and breadth of the republic, and is neither unknown nor unhonored abroad. The house is beautifully situated in Hartford, Ct., and occupies the left of our picture. The railroad winds around the base of the hill on which it stands. The Hartford depot is seen in the centre of the picture. In this delightful home Mrs. Sigourney is enjoying the sunset, or rather the Indian summer of a beautiful life. Her maiden name was Lydia Huntley, and she was born at Norwich, Ct., Sept. 1, 1791, of highly esteemed parents. Her father was a soldier of the Revolution, and her mother a most excellent woman. The future poetess was much benefited by the friendship of Mrs. Lathrop, and her education carefully attended to. At the age of seven she wrote little poems, remarkable for correctness of versification, and characterized by that vein of religious sentiment which runs like a golden thread through all her writings. In 1814 we find her engaged as the principal of a select school at Hartford, established by herself. In 1815 her first work, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was published. In 1819 she became the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, a cultivated and opulent merchant of Hartford. In 1822, Mrs. Sigourney published "Traits of the Aborigines," a historical poem in five cantos. About the same time, a volume of her poems appeared in London. In 1824 she published a prose work. In 1840 a collection of her poems in two volumes also appeared in London, and was warmly commended by the press. In 1841 her longest and most successful poem, "Pocahontas," was issued from the American press. "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" (1842) records, in prose and verse, her recollections of foreign travel during the year 1840. Mrs. Sigourney everywhere

justly deserved to suffer, although he persisted to the last moment in his entire innocence of the crime for which he was condemned. This mysterious affair was not explained until some years afterwards, when the gentleman's servant, on his death-bed, confessed that he was the man who had robbed and murdered his master. It would seem that both the landlord and the servant had nearly at the same time made up their minds to commit this dreadful deed, but without communicating their intentions to each other, and that the one had anticipated the other by a few minutes. The consternation visible in the countenance of the landlord, his confused and embarrassed account of his intrusion into the chamber, and the cause that brought him there at such an hour, were all natural consequences of that alarm produced by finding a fellow-creature, whom he had sallied forth at the dead of the night to destroy, weltering in blood, and already murdered to his hands; and the knife had involuntarily dropped from his arm, uplifted to strike, but unstrung, as it were, and paralyzed by the terror excited by so unexpected and horrifying a discovery.—*Law Jurist.*

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

A correspondent gives us the following calculations:—"From Falmouth to Gibraltar the distance is less than 1000 miles; from Gibraltar to Malta the distance is 988 miles; from Malta to Alexandria it is 815 miles; from Suez to Aden 1310 miles; from Aden to Bombay 1664 miles; from Bombay to Port de Galle 960 miles; from Point de Galle to Madras 540 miles; from Madras to Calcutta 780 miles; from Calcutta to Penang 1213 miles; from Penang to Singapore 381 miles; from Singapore to Hong Kong 1437 miles; from Singapore to Batavia 520 miles; from Batavia to Swan River 1500 miles; from Swan River to King George's Sound 500 miles; and from King George's Sound to Adelaide 993 miles. From Adelaide to Melbourne and Sydney there will

the West Indies, such a ship would reach the locality before a ship can at the present time be fetched from the squadron station at Bermuda, and sent thence to the required spot."—*London Express.*

THE VAULTS OF ST. SEPULCHRE, LONDON.

A correspondent of the New York Evangelist, now in London, gives the following curious narrative of the remarkable preservation of a corpse, in an account of his visit to the vaults of the church of St. Sepulchre, in that city:—"A strange sight was disclosed to me in St. Sepulchre, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest church edifice in this city. It stands opposite Old Bailey, the hoary prison, and not far from St. Paul's Cathedral. This church was partially destroyed by the great fire in London, but early rebuilt. It is an immense edifice, with a very wealthy parish, yet only two or three hundred persons are ever in attendance at their place of worship. Beneath the church are a series of great burial vaults, where interments have been made for many hundred years. The sexton told me it was estimated there were fifteen hundred coffins now entire under the building, and from an examination, I have no doubt of its truth. The atmosphere of the vaults seem to have a remarkable effect in preserving the coffins, if not the bodies, from decay. Descending through an iron door from the church the other day, we entered a very large apartment, but dimly lighted, where piles of mouldy, black-looking coffins were placed upon each other. These coffins, with their elegant and costly trimmings, had not been decomposed. Climbing up over a heap of them, the sexton opened a large wooden box, and out of it took an entire female figure, in a remarkable state of preservation! The limbs were unbroken, and the body perfect, except the flesh shrunken, yet it was still soft and flexible to the touch. The sexton stated that the officers of the church had



RESIDENCE OF MRS. SIGOURNEY, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

met with the reception due to her literary abilities and her character as a lady. The most distinguished persons united in doing her honor, and among others, the amiable queen of the French presented her with a splendid diamond bracelet as a token of respect and affection. One of her late publications, "Past Meridian," is a charming work in prose, in which the subject of Old Age is treated with great felicity. During her life, Mrs. Sigourney has produced about fifty volumes. Her most successful efforts are her occasional poems. All her writings are characterized by purity of feeling, originality of thought, sympathy with the good and beautiful, and an earnest religious spirit.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A country gentleman was travelling from Berkshire, on horseback, to London; he had a friend with him and a servant, and they supped at the inn, and ordered beds for the night. At supper, his friend happened to observe to the gentleman, that it would be advisable to start early the next morning, as it would be dangerous to go over Hounslow Heath after sunset, he had so much property about him. This conversation was overheard by the landlord, who assisted the gentleman's servant in waiting at the table. About the middle of the night the gentleman's companion thought he heard a noise in his friend's apartment, but it passed over, and he thought no more of it. Some little time afterwards, he was again disturbed by a similar noise, when he determined on entering the apartment. He did so, and the first object he saw was the landlord, with a lantern in his hand, and with a countenance of the greatest consternation, standing over the still bleeding and murdered body of his friend. On a still further search, it appeared that the gentleman had been robbed of all his property, and a knife was discovered on the bed, which was proved to be the property of the landlord. He was tried, condemned, and executed, and what was very remarkable, he admitted that he most

shortly be a telegraphic communication overland. From Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, to Bermuda, the distance is about 1500 miles; from Bermuda to Inagua the distance is about 1000 miles; from Inagua to Jamaica it is 300 miles; from Jamaica to Antigua 800 miles; from Antigua to Demerara, via Trinidad, 800 miles; from Antigua to St. Thomas 227 miles; from Jamaica to Greytown, via Navy Bay, 1000 miles; and from Jamaica to Belize 700 miles. It will thus be seen that all our settlements, dependencies and colonies in the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Arabia, India, China, Australia, the West Indies and Central America could be joined to England by shorter submarine cables than that which at present connects Ireland with Newfoundland, and without their touching any powerful foreign State. The aggregate length of these cables would be about 21,000 miles, and, reckoning 20 per cent. for slack, the whole length would not measure more than 24,000. These cables would place England in almost instantaneous communication with upwards of forty colonies, settlements and dependencies, situated 20,000 miles apart, in the eastern and western hemispheres. The mere shipping telegrams to and from all these places and England would be of incalculable importance to merchants, ship-owners and seafaring people; and the political telegrams would be of infinite value to the imperial and colonial governments. From the above-named colonies, settlements and dependencies come the most precious and the most useful articles of merchandise, and to them are sent the most staple manufactures of Great Britain. Millions of money will be saved to the population of England every year in articles of consumption by English and colonial merchants knowing the state of the home and colonial markets by telegraph. The British squadrons stationed in different parts of the world, need not be one-tenth so large as they are now, if England and her foreign dominions were enclosed in a telegraphic net-work. If intelligence should be received in England by telegraph of a man-of-war being wanted in any part of

recently been examining the vaults, and as burials there had long since ceased, they designed to close the entrance. Before doing so, they had been making a careful survey of the premises, and under a mass of rubbish in one corner, they found a stone enclosure, a sort of sarcophagus, out of which this female figure was taken. It is believed to be over three centuries old, and evidently, from its position and the stone enclosure, it was a female of rank. It was a strange sight in this subterranean charnel-house, with blackened coffins piled up to the ceiling all around, to see this entire human figure raised up bodily from its resting-place, and standing erect upon a coffin before you! The fact of its existence is probably known to but few persons, and before this reaches you, the entrance to it will be closed to all further inspection."

WATER IN HOT CLIMATES.

In some parts of the East, considerable pains and expense have been bestowed on inventions to supply travellers with water; and these are always considered as works of peculiar benevolence. It is remarkable that it is mentioned of the Hindoos in some parts of India, that they sometimes go to a considerable distance to fetch water, and bring it to the roadside, where travellers are likely to pass, and offer it to them in honor of the gods. Fountains are common in the East. Their number is owing to the nature of the country and the climate. The soil, parched and thirsty, demands moisture to aid vegetation; and a cloudless sun, which inflames the air, requires for the people verdure, shade and coolness, its agreeable attendants; hence they occur not only in the towns and villages, but in the fields and gardens, and by the sides of the roads, and by the beaten tracks on the mountains. Many of them are the useful donations of humane persons while living, or have been bequeathed as legacies on their decease. The Turks esteem the erecting of them as meritorious, and seldom go away after drinking, without blessing the memory of its founder.—*Reynolds.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WYOMING.

BY FRED. L. HOSMER.

Let granite columns reach the sky,
To mark the spot where heroes fell;
Let pillared marble lifted high,
The names of fallen patriots tell!
Then wouldst thou, O Wyoming,
Be rich in columns, granite-wrought;
And Purian pillars loudly sing
Of those who for their country fought!

The air was still, and all around
Was wrapt in quiet peace;
The hum of industry—the sound
Of warbling birds had ceased.
The workman's weary toil was o'er:
And home with willing feet
He sought the vine-clad cottage door,
The loved of home to meet.

But hark! there comes a rustling sound:
What yells are on the air!
From ambush savage Indians bound,
Like lions from their lair
They rush upon those feeble men,
Like wolves 'mong guardless sheep:
Ah, few may live—and even then,
But live to mourn and weep!

Strong were the men who fought for home,
For country and their all;
And 'neath the patriot's lifted arm
Did many an Indian fall.
Ay, strong their hearts who swore to stand,
And pour their blood in fight
For kindred, home and fatherland—
For liberty and right!

And there were they who bore the name
Of men and Christians, too,
Who, traitors to their country, came
Leagued with that savage crew.
Eternal infamy shall brand
The traitorous names of those
Who dared to lift the blood-stained hand,
Leagued with their country's foes.

The old and feeble joined the strife,
And all who arms could bear,
Beside their homes, to save the lives
Of those who nestled there.
They felt that power that they e'er feel
Who fight for all held dear;
Their watchwords, "Home and liberty,
We die or conquer here!"

But close the Indians crowd around
In numbers thick and fast,
And nearly all those patriot men
Are breathing forth their last.
'Tis done—the murderers' work is done!
Men, women, children lie
Pale, mangled, bleeding, one by one,
Emblems of liberty!

That night the pale moon gazed adown
On a scene of havoc dread—
On vacant homes, a wasted town,
And ghastly forms of the dead.
And the beautiful stars wept tears of grief,
Like mist o'er ocean's flood,
That War should walk this lovely earth,
And mark his steps with blood!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

A Ghost Story, in which little is fictitious except the names.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THERE was nothing in the least peculiar about the room. It was a large, old-fashioned apartment, looking out upon a beautiful prospect of hill and dale. Neither had it any traditional interest, save that it had descended from an old and honorable family whose ancestors were noble both by name and nature. On the walls hung a few portraits—a saintly-looking woman with a babe in her arms, a hard featured gentleman, who had probably been the husband of the said lady, the stiffness of whose collar and the depth of whose white cravat gave even to the dead canvass a look of blue-white suffering. These and a hugely frilled old lady of another century's fashion were all the evidences of a distant generation belonging to the mansion. To be sure, many years ago an insane uncle had lodged there, who ended his life in the house, but not in that room. He chose the garret for his deed of self-violence. It was rumored, consequently, that strange noises were made by the spirit of this uncle; but the apparition, whenever it was seen, most singularly took the shape of a young woman.

It was not yet three months since Cordelia Hastings had died in that very room, and though peculiar sounds pertaining to old houses had been heard before that, the sights were not seen till after she had been laid in her last home.

Cordelia and Carry Hastings were twin sisters. Their love for each other was as sincere as it was possible for souls to be, so united. They were even morbidly attached, so that if one of them met with misfortune or accident, the other sympathized even to keen suffering. It was deemed almost miraculous that when Cordelia was taken ill Carry showed no symptoms of disease.

But at her death the sister's grief was so violent they feared insanity would ensue, and every day when the excess of her anguish was somewhat lessened, she would go and spend an hour (she was restricted to that time) at her sister's grave, which she had embellished with beautiful plants.

The father and mother were unpoetical, common-place people, who believed that the rattling and the running about nights was but the perambulation of the rats. They had caused the chamber in which Cordelia died to be re-furnished, and as before, it was used as the "ceremony room," they called it, or in other words, the spare chamber, always in readiness for any guest expected or unexpected.

THE GHOST.

The first intimation they had that there was any trouble about it was on the occasion of a visit from a staid old aunt from the interior of the State. She was a maiden lady and a pattern of propriety—a tonguey woman, who had held up expectations to her nieces if they should outlive her. She had never been from her home before, and she saw here on the edge of a city sights that were wondrous to behold to her uncultivated eyes.

"Law!" she exclaimed, as they placed her carpet-bag in the closet, and she stood reconnoitering, "you've given me the best room in the house, seems to me. I aint particular, you needn't put yourself to trouble on my account."

She was told that none of the family ever slept in that room; it was kept for visitors, and she was entirely welcome. She would enjoy it, for it was cool and pleasant at all times of the day. It was the first time that any one had used the room since the death of Cordelia. When they left her alone, the old lady went about examining the apartment. She peered at the pictures, soliloquized over them, for she had known the living originals, and opened a door near the head of her bed that led into a smaller room, neatly furnished and gave evidence that it was occupied by the remaining living sister.

"Seems to me there ought to be a lock to this door on this side," she said, shutting it again, "same as there is to the entry door. But dear me, I don't suppose there's any danger of thieves, though the place looks sort o' lonesome here, and out of the way like. I guess that's Carry's chamber. Carry's a nice girl, and she shall have all that I meant to give them both."

Night came, and after prayers, Carry accompanied her aunt to her room, leaving her with an expressed wish that she would sleep well.

"Yes, dear, nothing wakes me up," said the old lady. "I always sleep all night."

She did wake up, however. It was near midnight. The moon shone in the room with a beautifully clear light. The curtains of her bed were opened a little on one side, and as her eyes were directed that way it seemed to her that she saw a white figure flit by, and heard the sound of soft footsteps moving about. Too much alarmed to rise, she laid still and listened. She fancied she heard a chair pulled out, then some one sitting down and writing, then footsteps again, and all was silent. Presently, gathering courage, she opened the curtains. The room was quiet and seemingly occupied by no one but herself. She snapped her eyes and rubbed her forehead to convince herself that she had not been dreaming when she saw the white figure. Now of the fact of her wakefulness there could be no question. She had seen something move, she had heard the chair drawn up, and heard the pen used. Besides, as she looked out again there stood a chair exactly opposite the table, and the furniture of the table seemed somewhat disarranged. Getting quietly out of bed, she went to the little door leading into the chamber of her niece. The young girl lay in a sweet slumber, but she awakened her with the request that she would come in her bed, for she had been disturbed and was very nervous. Carry, unwilling to deny her, followed her, though it cost some tremor to lay her head upon the pillow where not long before her gentle twin-sister had breathed out her life.

EVIDENCE OF A GHOSTLY VISITANT.

In the morning the old lady was laughing over the last night's foolishness, as she called it.

"I expect it was sleeping in a strange house," she said. "Law, but it was queer, if it was nightmare, for the steps sounded so real, and the going up to the table and sitting down and taking the pen; why, I can't half believe that it didn't happen after all."

"Why?"

It was a simple exclamation. Carry stood at the table between the two large windows, looking down. She had just loosened her beautiful chestnut hair, and it hung in glistening waves down to her waist. She turned about, consternation painted upon her face; but suddenly bethinking herself, she quietly took what lay before her and going into her own little room sat down to ponder.

"How came they there?" she asked herself again and again; and she trembled with apprehension. In her hands she held a little green enamelled inkstand, a pen, and a scrap of paper, on which were written the words:

"My dear sister—how strangely quiet is your slumber. O, that you would wake, that I might but speak to you once more!
C. Hastings."

"Can it be," asked the young girl as she sat there, "can this be a message from the dead? O, my sister, my sister!" And for a few moments her grief controlled her. "It must be," she added, rising slowly and going towards a little table. "Last night, after I had finished writing, I put my pen and ink in this drawer and locked them, leaving the keys in. She, to convince me that she really does come, took them from here in the dead of night and wrote as no mortal could have written. It is fearful yet beautiful to think of—my angel sister! I will not let my aunt or my mother know of this; they would think me crazy." So

saying, she locked her drawer again, with trembling fingers, and finished her toilet.

"Seems to me Carry is dreadful pale and restless," said her aunt several times through the day.

Her mother answered that it was in consequence of her excessive mourning for Cordelia, her sister.

"Law, poor child; how foolish I was to disturb her!" exclaimed the good-hearted old woman. "I tell you what, Liddy, don't ask me to eat no more meat for supper; it makes me see all my ancestors."

"I'm going to sleep with you to-night," said Carry, whose cheeks looked very white, as she banded her ringlets back.

"You needn't on my account, child," returned her aunt. "I aint a bit afraid."

"But I should prefer to do so," replied Carry, pertinaciously, "if you will permit me."

"Law, yes, child; permit you, certainly I will. Only I promise you I shan't keep awake to see sights and hear noises." And the good woman verified her prediction, for she was soon sound asleep.

Not so with Carry. Patiently she waited, with straining eyes peering out into the darkness, longing yet dreading to see her sister, whose written yearning she had placed under her pillow. But morning came, and nothing unusual had yet occurred. Listless and disappointed she arose at dawn, longing for something that still she could not define—wondering in what relation the angel-spirit of her sister stood to her now, and answering her aunt's questions in such a sorrowful, languid way that the heart of the good old lady ached both to hear and to see her.

THE GHOST AGAIN.

The third night Carry slept in her own room. At about the same hour her aunt was partially awakened by the sound of footsteps, and suddenly a hand was placed on her forehead, cold as death, passed over her eyes, and a soft voice said, "She sleeps the sleep of death." Extreme terror for a moment paralyzed every faculty, so that for some moments the old lady thought herself actually dying. A damp sweat broke out upon her, every limb trembled convulsively, her breath came in gasps, and during all she could see the ghostly figure draped in long white garments, hear the stealthy tread. No sooner had she obtained the slightest command over her faculties, before she uttered a piercing shriek. It echoed through the house, followed by another and another. The inmates came from their chambers to her room, but the door was fastened on the inside, and Carry, dreadfully frightened, awoke with the rest, and gliding around the bed let in the wondering inmates.

"O, dear!" cried their visitor, as they thronged about her bed, "I've seen it again. Put me in another chamber as soon as I get my strength up. I don't want dead folks' hands on my face. If I ever get over this, I'll go home to-morrow. I won't stay here another day."

"Why, Aunt Susy, what is the matter?" asked Carry; and the faces in the antique frames seemed to look forth and ask with her, "what is the matter?"

"I've seen her again; you needn't think I was dreaming that time. She put back the curtains, and I saw her. It was as much like Carry there as you can think—her living image; and she put her cold hands on my face and said I slept the sleep of death. The Lord a massy knows how I could sleep the sleep of anything with a ghost following me. I've never done anything to be haunted for, I'm sure; I can't think what it's for."

"It's for me," said Carry to herself, sadly, "it is my warning. I must prepare to follow her."

"Carry, you mustn't mind this," said her mother in an aside tone, seeing how very white her daughter had become. "You may depend upon it, your aunt is subject to nightmare, and that's what ails her."

"No, this makes the second time she has come," said the young girl, mournfully. "Night before last, when aunt thought she heard steps and somebody writing, I found this—or rather I found it in the morning. It is her handwriting, and she had taken my pen and ink out of my drawer where I had locked it up securely."

"Nonsense, Carry, you must be mistaken; it is as like to your own as it can be."

"No, I am not. I only wish I could see her once; it seems as if I could then rest in peace."

"Nonsense, child!" said her father,—but his lips quivered,— "you shouldn't have such notions."

Poor aunt Susy was transferred to another chamber, and for several weeks the haunted room was left to its own silence and seclusion. The only daughter of the good old couple, however, grew desponding, almost despairing. In her vain attempts to see and speak with her sister, she became almost a shadow of her former self. She was very beautiful, but now her loveliness seemed ethereal, heavenly, and those who knew her said she had not long to live.

THE JOURNEY.

Aunt Sue had gone home, and the parents of Carry becoming alarmed, sent for medical advice. It was good in the shape it came; the young lady must travel. At first short distances and change of scene would do; if she still languished she must take a sea voyage. On hearing all the particulars he pronounced it a disease of the brain that displayed itself in a distorted imagination. Preparations were instantly made for visiting some distant relatives who resided in Scotland. Carry did not seem disposed to put herself to much exertion, but as she saw the work of change going on, she gradually grew more interested. They set sail on a delightful day, and for several weeks not a cloud dimmed the prospect. The weather was unalloyedly beautiful, the scenery

new and ever changing, and though her face was often sorrowful, Carry grew more lovely; her countenance lost its intense spirituality of expression, and dimpled again with earthly smiles. She always slept in the room next her mother, and once or twice in the dead of night the latter saw a shadowy form floating about her bed. Once, being a woman of courage, she questioned it. There was no answer—the figure stood still for a moment and disappeared.

LORD CARR.

One day sailing down the river Dee, Carry met a merry and congenial party. They were first attracted by similarity of names, and finally made out claim to relationship, distant but sufficient to warrant an acquaintance. Among the company was a young man of imposing figure and a most noble, agreeable countenance. During the day he paid her much attention, having been introduced to her as Lord Carr.

"He's not only handsome but he's rich," said Georgiana, a young beauty of the English style. "Sis declares I'm setting my cap for him, but I wouldn't have you think I'd do such a thing." And with a coquettish laugh she joined the circle where the young lord stood chatting pleasant and familiarly with Carry's father.

She knew not why, but Carry felt that one glance of that brown eye was worth more to her than all the attentions that had been lavished by others. He was not like many of his class, even quietly familiar. In his implied admiration of the young American girl there was a certain respectful distance that was as flattering as it was marked. There was no easy nonchalance, no reckless levity; every movement was accompanied, apparently, by a certain thoughtful manner that signified how far from his mind were things trifling or mean.

"He's a bona fido lord, and rich," whispered another of the far-removed cousins, "but so eccentric, dear me! They say he spends half of his time in study; and he has been at the greatest expense in fitting up a splendid observatory, where he looks at the stars through an enormous telescope."

"He is a man!" thought Carry. "How delightful it must be to have both the will and the opportunity; few have both."

AN OFFER.

It was a gay assembly. Plain Mr. Hastings and his wife having the means to scatter liberally, they spared no expense when they wished to do a handsome or a generous thing. Beautiful belles outvied each other, but none seemed half as lovely as Carry Hastings, the gentle American flower. Carry was attired in exquisite taste, and all seemed to acknowledge the supremacy of her loveliness. More than one suitor had asked for her hand, but she had as yet seen no one whom she loved sufficiently to leave father and mother and cleave unto him. None, did I say? Sometimes a pair of brown eyes haunted her, and a figure that kept on the outskirts of the throng riveted her eyes, and unconsciously a sigh fluttered on her lips. She did not know that he was watching her, most critically watching whenever a handsome gallant came near her, noting the play of her sweetly serious features, longing for an opportunity of meeting her by herself. A young friend approached her.

"I feel romantically inclined," she said, laughing. "Will you go out with me to that arbor, where we can overlook the river?"

They went together, and Carry did not see that Lord Carr followed quietly at a distance. They were seated in the arbor. The moon threw a broad and long wake of white light over the river, the branches of the trees looked as if tipped with silver, the scene without was exceedingly beautiful.

"There, I declare, my handkerchief is gone!" cried Carry's thoughtless friend. "I remember just where I left it; and if I should lose it, mama will be so sorry, for it was a gift from some great personage. Will you stop here just one moment—are you afraid to be alone?"

"O, no!" said Carry, longing to have in such a place only the companionship of her own thoughts, "not in the least afraid." And away tripped the merry girl.

Carry still sat musing, when suddenly looking around, she thought that had been for some time banished recurred to her mind—"I am here alone—it is evening—suppose in this place Cordelia should come for me!" The fear of seeing her sister's apparition gave her for the first time strong emotions of terror. She clasped her hands as she sprang forward, looking on all sides with a timid, nervous glance. A rustling of leaves, a footstep, made her cry out—"sister, not here, not now!" when suddenly, half fainting, she found herself supported, and heard a rich voice saying:

"Do not fear, you are not alone."

"I was very foolish," she said, recovering from her momentary alarm. "I thought I had grown strong, but sometimes my nerves give way."

"Will you be seated?" asked the young man, leading her within.

She sat down trembling, she hardly knew why, except it was for joy that he of all the throng had followed her.

"Is it true that you return soon to America?" he asked.

"Within a week," was the reply.

"Will you exchange gifts with me?" he asked, bending towards her—"will you leave your heart with me, and carry mine with you to that pleasant home to which you are going?"

The voice was low and thrilling. There was a long silence. He said in still lower accents:

"Does this silence tell me that you cannot love me?"

"O, no, no!" exclaimed Carry, vehemently; then she added, shrinking away from even the soft light of the moon. "I cannot let any one love me; I am most strangely followed, and that is

why my health has suffered." And she told him the story of her twin-sister's life and death, and the impression that she was continually haunted by her unseen presence.

"I can bear the interference of a shadow," he said,—she did not see him smile,—"and I think I may yet convince you that the shape which you or others have seen is no happy soul, come back from that glorious home to impair the health and usefulness of one so dear as you must have been to your sister. I have studied these mysteries often, and sooner or later have exploded them. Let not this, which I will not call a whim, because it is evidently real to you, this error of the fancy, of the imagination, stand in the way of my affection." And drawing her towards him, he imprinted an honorable kiss upon her forehead.

THE GHOST REVEALED.

Again Carry trod the halls of her American home. Her parents had offered to sell the fine old mansion if she still retained unpleasant impressions under its roof; but this she would never allow. In the meantime both its doors were locked, and the great room was only entered for the purpose of being cleaned at stated times. No mysterious sights had been seen, yet Carry, haunted by the fancied consciousness merely of the strange presence, grew pale again and listless.

But one day, on the reception of letters, came a sealed packet directed to her. Within were welcome tidings; Lord Carr was coming, had already taken passage to America, would, in short, be in those walls before the month had gone. Great preparations were made to entertain him. A handsome suite of rooms on the third floor were furnished, for Carry would not consent that he should occupy the haunted chamber, and in less than the expected time the young nobleman made his appearance.

"I am going to be your physician," he said to Carry one evening, when their conversation had turned upon the old theme. "I wish myself to sleep in this haunted chamber, and if the spirit troubles me I will lay it forever."

To this, after some little demurring, Carry consented, and all things being arranged accordingly, Lord Carr entered the pleasant room, and prepared without any unusual demonstrations to go to rest. He placed his watch carefully in a guard that hung by the mirror, took pains to lay every article in an exact manner so as to impress its location on his memory in case they should be removed, committed himself fervently to Heaven, and went to sleep. It seemed to him that he had not slept an hour when he awoke with a start. Listening intently at some distant sound, he heard the strokes of the clock, and counted twelve.

"It is the hour," he thought, throwing the curtains up on each side so as to reveal the room more plainly. His lamp, which he had left burning, had gone out, and the moon had nearly set. There was enough light, however, to see dimly, yet after some effort of the vision, distinctly every object in the room. With strained ears and eyeballs, Lord Carr waited for his visitant, whoever she might be. But gradually he fell into a drowsy stupor, from which he was startled by some undefined noise. Grasping the curtains in his hand he lay, all expectation, when suddenly there came gliding slowly around the foot of the bed a figure, white, luminous, apparently, and angelic. The outline of the form, though shadowy, was graceful; the hands hung by the side, the face was pale and stony in its mobility.

Spite of his bravery, natural and acquired, the nobleman felt every fibre in his body thrill with a strange awe. The figure, with a tread seemingly light as air, and trailing its snowy garments after it, went up towards the table, took down the watch, looked at it, murmured, "it is almost time," and again stood with hands crossed and head bowed, apparently undecided.

"In the name of God, who are you, and what do you want?" asked the young man, solemnly.

There was no answer, only the vision turned partly away, seemed to look from the window, and with a deep sigh retraced its steps till it was out of sight. Again he made the solemn inquiry, but there was no answer; neither was there sound or trace of anything in the room save the fitting of white garments from the door on the left side of his bed's head. For several moments he lay silent, thinking of this strange sight, then he arose and tried the door through which it had disappeared. It was locked fast. In the morning Carry made anxious inquiry.

"Have patience," he answered, with a smile; "you shall know all in time. You may be sure I will not lose my promised wife for want of persevering effort. I am on the track, so let us think no more of it to-day."

Night came again, and this time Lord Carr resolved to keep awake all night if necessary, in order to see the phantom more fully, watch its motions, and if possible detain it or lay it, how he did not yet determine; he left the result to the chances of the hour. He sat up till eleven writing. The house was very still, and only the portraits from the antique frames looked down upon him, the babe and its mother wearing, it seemed to him, a smile of sweet approval. Then he lay down without undressing, careful not to close his eyes lest anything should escape his notice. Presently he heard a slight movement as if of a bolt slipping easily from its place. Quietly the door opened. He lay quite still, scarcely breathing, looking intently as the same white-robed figure of the preceding night entered and stood by the bed. At first he was startled at its resemblance to Carry: it only looked whiter, seemed more shadowy, more of heaven than of earth. So long she stood there looking intently down on him that he had time to reason himself into calmness, though a slight tremor still ran through his veins.

"It seems as if she was dead," whispered the ghostly visitant. "I can scarcely hear her breathe." And bending cautiously over, she placed her hand tenderly on his brow.

"Hold! whatever thou art, spirit or flesh and blood!" He had caught the hand, grasping it firmly; it writhed, there was agitation, resistance, then a faint scream, and poor Carry, thoroughly, though rudely awakened, stood trembling, confused, frightened at her near proximity to their guest, yet scarcely knowing where she was or where she had been, so beclouded and bewildered were her faculties.

"I understand it now," said the young nobleman, "you are the ghost—you come here in a fit of somnambulism." Then drawing his curtains, he said, playfully: "Good-night, my gentle spirit; we'll talk it all over in the morning."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Carry, now thoroughly awake, retired to her chamber, and there, full of wonder, mused upon the circumstances. She called to mind the last nights of her sister's life, when repeatedly she would glide in to stand by her bedside, to administer her medicine, to feel her brow to see if her sleep was not death, and often to write down her present aspirations for the life of the beloved one. Inexpressible relief followed these reflections; the beautiful delicacy with which her lover had dismissed her, disarmed her of all unpleasant feeling. She knew, and he would know, that it was this devoted attention, week after week, that had so impressed her brain that it had caused her to act the part of a ghost on the old familiar premises all unconsciously.

The mystery being satisfactorily solved, a wedding came on the carpet. Aunt Sue was written to and invited, and returned for answer that she would certainly come in time to see the "ghost" married; and not long after the mansion was vacated for a richer but not a happier home in Old England.

THE DEAD SEA.

It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged drift wood, form a fitting frame for the dark sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if yet the smoke of the wicked cities was ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley. It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin, and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouths a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt, is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live, is one of the exaggerations of travellers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks quietly reposing on the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the fire from heaven devoured the mighty cities of the plain. —*Correspondent of the Presbyterian.*

PROMPT.

Ex-Governor Bontwell told the following at a recent educational convention in Pittsfield:

"A Yankee schoolmaster went over from Massachusetts into Yerk State, last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors and would try the same on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day, a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared, and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. 'Ah, your name is Litchfield? Just step out here.' And bringing the young man into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, until the frightened youth fled for his life.

"There," said the triumphant pedagogue, 'I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, but we'll see who is master here!'

"The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to a mistake. The schoolmaster thought 'a stitch in time would save nine,' but, unfortunately, he took it in the wrong place."

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PARISIAN STREET SCENES.



THE WAFFLE-SELLER.

PARISIAN STREET SCENES.

There is a magic in the very name of Paris. Of all the cities of the old world, it is that to which travellers from all parts hasten with the greatest eagerness and quit with the greatest reluctance. It is the city of all others where the stranger can most readily make himself at home, particularly if he speaks the beautiful language of its people. No city of Europe is more beautiful or more progressive. For centuries it has been advancing in splendor, and it is not yet finished. Constant changes are taking place in it. You leave it regretfully for a tour of a few months, and when you come back, you find, perhaps in some quarter where you left

rickety and tumble-down piles of houses with narrow and filthy thoroughfares, spacious gas-lighted streets lined with splendid magazines and dwelling-places. No part of Louis Napoleon's administration is more creditable to him than the persistent policy which has led him to accomplish marvels in the improvement and embellishment of his capital. Whether or not selfish motives partly governed him, the results are the same. It is true that the broad avenues he has established now permit masses of troops to operate, and open a path for the passage and the sweep of cannon; but then the bills of mortality will show that the sanitary condition of the people has been essentially improved by these openings. If the government troops can penetrate to places that they could formerly reach only by a terrible sacrifice of life, disease is at the same time banished from those quarters. The pestilence that walks at noonday can no longer sweep them. So much for modern Paris. Nor is the universal liking felt for Paris a mystery. It pleases all because it caters for the tastes of all. If pleasure be the object of the visitor, here, as in ancient Corinth, he finds the cup of Circe filled to overflowing. If study be his object, where will he find greater facilities? If he be a painter, are there not the Louvre and Versailles? If fond of society, where are there coteries more brilliant and elegant manners more refined? If a recluse, he well knows that nothing is more complete than the solitude of a great city. In Paris there is perfect social freedom, however little political freedom is permitted. Above all things, life and property are safe. The police system is perfect. If its stringency be sometimes annoying to travellers, it is compensated by the perfect security it enjoys. Nothing like rowdyism can flourish in Paris. The dark days of street assassination are over. There is no haunt, as in other cities, where the police dare not penetrate. The police is ubiquitous. There are no "free fights" in that bright capital. A "short boy" or a "dead rabbit" would "spoil" there in twenty-four hours. And again, though living is dearer there than it used to be, you can dine well for a franc, though you may spend fifty if you choose. The man of moderate means can make himself comfortable at Paris; the millionaire can lead there the life of a Lucullus.—On the pages now open before our

readers, we publish a number of spirited engravings representing some of the interesting out-door characters that are to be met with in the French capital. The first of these is the vender of waffles, whose wares literally go off like hot cakes. The itinerant sellers of cakes, bonbons, fruit, etc., do a good business, as the French are very fond of delicacies, and are always munching something when they can hunt up a sou in their pockets.

The food of the French is far less substantial than ours. Jarvis says:—"The American laborer, who consumes in one day more meat than the family of a French *ouvrier* in a week, would furnish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays, also, but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub, would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a wholesome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove a savory competency of the latter. But, whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these, to a French workman, would be equivalent to a feast. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and throughout his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. . . . The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris, thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables mixed. This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of an incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the first hour, eight sous by the second, and so on, the chief diet being roast veal, as good as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at four sous, composed of four courses as follows: vegetable soup, one sou; bread, one sou; montagnards (large red beans), one sou; coffee with sugar, one sou; or, four sous a head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the 'coffee' (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the roast veal. Not a few sewing-girls, or domestics out of place, dine daily on a son's worth of bread. The table-service of the dinner at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to 'lay the table' for the dinners next in course."—Our second sketch exhibits a house-painter, or out-door artist and decorator. He is descending his ladder after having



HOUSE-PAINTER

given the finishing touches to a flourishing arabesque of grapes and vine-leaves, probably intended to indicate the establishment of a wine-dealer. There is a certain "proud humility" in his demeanor which leads us to imagine that he may once have entertained the hope of rivalling Horace Vernet or Ary Scheffer. But it is evident that his illusions have long since vanished. He has never "exposed" in the annual exhibition, has never been patronized by French bankers or Russian nobles, has failed, in short, to win the golden crown of high art. Yet in one sense his art is high enough—sometimes seven stories high, and no one can dispute that he has reached the "topmost round of the ladder."—The next sketch introduces us to the student in his attic. The weather is bitterly cold, for our student, like the hero of one of Béranger's ballads,

"Blows his nails for dire
Want of fire."

And, moreover, he is accoutred in his great coat. Beneath his shelf of books, hang his pipe and tobacco pouch—those inseparable companions of the Parisian student. We are inclined to think that our friend is not a *noceur*—not one of those who spends his time in gay delights, dances at the Mabilles in summer, and at the masked balls in winter,—not one who runs up a bill at the wine-merchant's, and then writes home to his provincial parents for a remittance because "books cost so much at Paris;" but, on the contrary, a pains-taking, hard-working fellow, living on bread and water, reading hard, and determined to make a name or die in the attempt. Very many of the students in Paris succumb to the temptations by which they are surrounded; but there are also many honorable exceptions.—Our next sketch delineates a female street singer, clad in sordid garments, burthened with a child hanging to her back, and twanging the strings of a cracked guitar. She is screaming forth in a cracked voice some popular ditty, very likely the song composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis



THE STUDENT IN HIS GARRET.

Napoleon, for that is just now an especial favorite, telling how Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, and how that courageous and gallant young gentleman requested St. Mary to grant his modest desire to be hailed the bravest of the brave and wed the fairest of the fair, and how after proving his title to peerless valor by hacking off the heads of numberless Paynim (what business had they to be Paynim?) he was rewarded by the hand of a certain Lady Isabelle, supposed to be the most beautiful of her sex. This same "Partant pour la Syrie" which we have placed in the lips of our itinerant singer, this dish of milk and water, is now the national air, and usurps the place of that noble Marseillaise, the battle-cry of a nation staking all for independence, which, if heard in the streets of Paris to-day "would rouse the very stones to mutiny."—The lowest of all occupations in Paris is that illustrated in our picture of the chiffonier or rag-picker. Yet these people who glean the garbage of the street sometimes, from such beginnings, amass fortunes. Jarvis says:—"I hired for the winter a fine apartment of a *chiffonier*, who had become a merchant of *meubles* (furniture), with an annual income of \$8000, and was the owner of a country-seat."—The last engraving of this series delineates a student chatting with a grisette. The grisette is essentially a Parisian institution. No one can tell whence she comes—perhaps from the foundling hospital, and when her career is ended, she does not die—she disappears. The grisette, though fond of pleasure, is hard-working, plying her needle often from morn till midnight, for scanty wages. "The dress of a grisette is an indescribable mixture of careless neatness, perfectly charming in the *tout ensemble*, modestly displaying the advantages of a good, or skilfully concealing the defects of a bad figure. Their bonnets, when they mount them, are coquettish morsels of pasteboard covered with some fanciful stuff, and jauntily fitting on the back of their heads, leaving the sides and front exposed. Their prettiness is in their easy air of well-bred assurance and laughing features rather than in pretensions to beauty."



THE STREET SINGER.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

The London press is severe upon the course pursued towards China. It says:—"Generally speaking, the British nation are sensitively alive to appeals based on justice and mercy. They dislike the Palmerstonian line of quarrel, and would rather beard and grapple with the strong than bully the weak. But China seems to be an exceptional case. We have sympathy for the red man, armed avengers for the negro, are revolutionary at Naples, and philanthropic in Borneo. We protect Australian aborigines, and are jealous of the rights of Indian landowners. But somehow we have no bowels of compassion for the Chinese. The fact is, we have laughed at them till we have forgotten that humanity has its rights and feelings, even in China—that men are men still, though they wear petticoats and pigtails, and women women, though incapable of a polka. From the naïve avowal of the delinquent interpreter, in 'Anson's Voyages,' 'Chinee man ver

laughter at seeing, as they fancied, the head of a mandarin taken off by a round shot. Is not something of the same spirit traceable in our accounts of recent 'victories?' We will not pursue this topic further, save to express an earnest hope that this evil is working its own cure—that as we know the Chinese better we shall feel for them more, and treat them more wisely, more mercifully—must we add, more justly? They are covetous, no doubt; let us not enlighten them by an exhibition



THE CHIFFONIER, OR RAG-PICKER.

great rogue, truly, but have fashion no can help," to Basil Hall's diverting history of the decease of the pig 'Jean,' and the machinations of the Celestials against the 'bulk of her personals,' our literary notices of this strange people have tended mainly to excite our ridicule. The vulgar notion of a Chinaman is made up of a few peculiarities of diet and dress. What can it signify how you deal with a set of fellows who wear hats like an umbrella, fatten puppies for pies, and think a fat maggot excellent grub! Even our educated classes talk of 'the necessity of reading these conceited barbarians a lesson—as if with regard to them, and them only, the exercise of power might be divorced from responsibility—as if slaughter and spoliation ceased to be serious things when inflicted on the most industrious and most densely peopled region of the earth.' Strangest of all, even our seamen seem to lose something of their tenderness of heart when poor John Chinaman is to be taught his weakness! The crew of the *Alceste* burst into a roar of

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

The loss of his father in early life was an irreparable misfortune. He lost in him the authority and tender control which would have softened his ardent imagination, and modified his passions. However, he was still living when Dante was nine years old, as he one day took him to a festival at the house of a rich neighbor, Portinari, who was living with his wife and a young daughter called Beatrice, or, in the graceful Florentine abbreviation, Bice. She was also between eight and nine years old. The child, says Boccaccio, was full of grace and nobleness. Her appearance kindled in the enthusiastic soul of the boy an ardent affection, almost nameless on earth. He has given an account of his youthful emotions in his work entitled "*Vita Nuova*," which was composed in the vernacular idiom, when he was about twenty-two years old. This title of "*Vita Nuova*" does not precisely mean "new life," but "youthful life," and rather, we believe, "life of initiation." At the commencement of this book, he says that he was nine years old when the "glorious lady of his thoughts" appeared before him; she appeared brilliant with sweet and noble colors as became her age. At this moment, he continues, the vital spirit which dwells in the inmost core of the heart began to tremble in him so passionately, that he felt violent pulsations in the smallest veins, and it seemed to say:—"Here is a deity more potent than myself, coming to exercise its domination over my heart." From that day, he adds, love became the master of his soul. The beloved image never left him; he sought every opportunity of beholding her features. "They were," he says, "so sweet that one could have applied to her the words of Homer, 'She does not appear to be the daughter of a mortal, but of God;'" and her presence was so beneficent that he never permitted his human nature to escape the control of reason. From that day Beatrice became for Dante a type of perfection—a heav-



FRENCH STUDENT AND GRISETTE.

of rapacity. They are cunning—the weak often are; let us show them that the strong can afford to be honest. They are arrogant—let us forbear to trample on the pride of Con-fu-tsee with greater pride. They are idolaters—shame and woe to us if we offer them shells and rifle bullets as our best 'evidences of Christianity.'

THE RIVER STYX.

He is the wisest man in the world who loves nothing. Did you ever hear of the river Styx? One dip in it makes a man invulnerable to all things—stones, arrows, bludgeons, swords, bullets, cannon-balls. It would save a good deal in regimentals, if the soldiers might bathe there. So much for Styx upon the outward man; but I have often thought it would be a capital thing if people could take it inwardly—if they could drink Styx, like the Bath waters. A course or two, and the interior of a man would then be insensible of foolish weakness. But you would never get the women to drink it.—*Jerrol.*

only being, toward whom he must elevate himself by the continued efforts of the will in shaking off the dust of earthly vicious affections. When he had reached the age of full-grown passion—in the midst of the reckless youths—associated to their lawless excesses, it was enough for him to have perceived at a distance only the pious form of his beloved—to have followed her with his lingering gaze of love—he at once recovered the energy of virtue, and became powerless for evil. In his dreams he beheld her radiant. When in reality he beheld her surrounded by her companions, she appeared to him an immortal being, descended among earthly women to honor their weakness and protect their virtue; or, says Ozanam, if she were kneeling at the foot of the altar, he believed in her holy mediation for the sinners; he felt intuitively prayer flowing fervently from his lips. But when, on her return home, waiting for her on the way, he received from her the kindly salutation (*salute*) of Christian brotherhood; then a sudden flame of charity kindled in him. It made him pardon his enemies, and, when she was near, bowing to him, a spirit of love annihilated for a moment his whole being. Afterward, adds the poet, at the moment when this noble lady inclined her head toward him, nothing could veil the dazzling light which inundated his eyes; he became overpowered by an overflowing beatitude. This salutation alone was the ultimate end of all his wishes. Dante was so earnest in his enthusiasm, that he conceived it to be shared by all his contemporaries. He says that when the noble lady was crossing the streets of the city, people hastened to see her pass; and those whom she approached felt so impressed, that they dared not raise their eyes, whilst she, enveloped in her humility as in a veil, went on without appearing cognizant of what was done or said in the crowd. And when she had passed, many exclaimed, "She is not a woman, but one of the most beautiful angels of heaven!"—*Life and Times of Dante*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IDEAL INVOCATION.

BY MRS. A. H. BAILEY.

What is the magic charm that lies
 Deep in the light of those brown eyes?
 The dewy spell that flashes there,
 To tell my heart a spirit fair
 Shineth beneath the rougher rind?
 A hidden gem of heart and mind—
 A rare sweet flower I longed to find;
 Yet sought in vain
 A fleeting strain!

'Tis not the charm of beauty rare,
 Symmetric form, complexion fair:
 'Tis not the fleeting hue of health,
 Or intellect of wondrous wealth—
 The charm that like a diamond lies
 In the still lake of those brown eyes,
 And flashes but on kindred skies:
 Then tell its name,
 And whence the flame!

Tell me its name, that I may try
 Each hidden spell in earth or sky;
 In potent herb or magic ore;
 In tomes of astrologic lore:
 In all things lofty or refined,
 Some subtle, viewless tie to bind
 Heart unto heart, and mind to mind!
 I charge thee tell
 The hidden spell!

I conjure thee, by all things bright
 That sparkle 'neath the sun's rich light,
 Tell me the secret of those eyes,
 And if they see the flood uprise
 That wellets from my spirit's deep,
 Tide answering tide—or do I sleep,
 And must I only wake to weep
 A bright ideal,
 Though still unreal?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 7.

BY ALUNG.

FIGHT WITH THE PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

SAILING vessels trading on the Chinese coast have a great many more difficulties to encounter, than people unacquainted with that coast would imagine. Channels badly surveyed, charts faulty and defective, sunken rocks without number, and growing coral reefs that alter from voyage to voyage—all these one would think might be sufficient to harass the voyager in those troubled waters. Yet these are not all; and to the list must be added strong and ever-changing currents, terrific gales of wind, and thick weather, hiding all the heavenly bodies by which the mariner guides his bark. And as a background to this portentous picture, there remains the certain conviction that robbery and perhaps murder await him at the hands of the natives on shore, should he be shipwrecked, and yet preserve his life from the fury of the elements. To these heartless robbers the unfortunate mariner may look in vain for assistance or pity in his distress. They see in him only a powerless being, to be robbed of what little he may have succeeded in saving from the wreck, at the risk of his life; and look upon themselves as wonderfully generous, should they consent to spare that life.

Nor yet does this constitute all the perils to which the navigator of these seas must expose himself. Should his vessel escape all the above-mentioned dangers, and take him safe to his destined port, there are still those on shore against whose machinations a guard must be kept; for robbery and murder of the "outside barbarians," as they call us, is a part of their creed, and they only need a reasonably safe opportunity, in order to make their works and their faith correspond. To accomplish their purpose, many and various are the stratagems they employ, particularly on vessels whose captains and officers are strangers on the coast, and consequently not aware of the many masks under which they disguise their villainous intentions. I will mention one case of this kind, which occurred within my own knowledge, and with the principal parties to which I was most intimately acquainted. It happened on board a small English brig called the "Julia," about four years ago.

The "Julia" left Hong Kong, bound for Shanghai with a cargo of sugar, during the southwest monsoon, which is a fair wind from the former to the latter port. It is common for vessels bound on this voyage, to go through what is called the "inside passage," when the monsoon favors, thus saving a long distance; and the "Julia" was ordered to follow this course. The brig carried a captain, mate and second mate, all of whom were Europeans, and a crew of sixteen Lascars, or natives of Hindostan, including the cook and steward. For the first five days, a fine wind cheered them on their passage, and this held with them until they had reached within a day's sail of their port of destination. Then the wind gradually died away, until at length there was a dead calm, and the water all around lay like one continuous sheet of molten glass, reflecting back the bright rays of the mid-day sun. Not a breath stirred the sails of the little brig, even so much as to make them flap against the masts; they hung in the clew-lines, as flat and motionless as the surface of the water that mirrored the vessel beneath. The strong tide running through the channel caused the captain to let go his anchor, in order to hold on to what he had gained. Otherwise his vessel would soon have dropped back as far as he had sailed that day.

Never did the eye of mariner look upon a more beautiful scene

than that which then surrounded the "Julia." On every side lay the numerous islands which form the Chinese Archipelago, with their rich foliage and endless variety of shades reflected in the calm waters; while the many channels which wound their way through them, opened up with vistas of gorgeous beauty, giving a glittering splendor to the picture, which filled the soul of the beholder with rapture. The nearest of those islands was about a mile from where the brig lay at anchor, and from the vessel's deck not a man or boat could be seen in any direction. The whole scene seemed a new creation, fresh from the hand of an all-bountiful Providence, with not a human being to roam its lovely islands or thread its mazy channels. But this appearance of freshness and innocence was but a seeming; and woeful would have been his fate who had trusted to it; for every one of those islands was occupied by a large village of acknowledged pirates; and the stillness apparent all around was but the stealthy hush that precedes the leopard's spring. In the morning, the men were sent below to sleep; and through the whole day nothing but the calm waters and lifeless islands met the listless gaze of the officers in charge of the deck.

The captain of the "Julia" had not been long enough on the coast to know that there is certainly mischief brewing, when, in the vicinity of such characters as peopled those islands, no signs of life or activity are seen; and that extraordinary precautions must be adopted, to guard against the unknown mischief, in every way. This important knowledge the "Julia's" officers and crew soon had reason to learn; but, alas, for some of them, the lesson came too late. It was towards evening when a small boat was seen to come round the point of one of the islands, with a single man in it, who pulled straight for the brig. The captain showed his folly by permitting the man to come on board, who found among the seamen forward a ready sale for the fish, eggs and fruit he had brought with him. After stopping a short time on board, the boatman, seemingly well pleased with the ready sale he had met with for his articles of traffic, returned to the shore.

During the week of calm which detained the "Julia" in her anchorage (a fate not unusual at that time of year in those waters), the boatman came off each day, supplying plenty of everything at the most moderate rates of charge. At length, by his seeming fairness and honesty, he had gained the captain's good will, who made him some trifling presents, and often engaged him in conversation. He accounted to the captain for the non-appearance of any large boats, or any more men, by saying that they had all gone on a long cruise, and would not be back for a month to come.

The brig had now been becalmed six days, and there was no sign of a breeze. Their solitary visitor was the only man their company had seen during the whole of this time, and he came and went at pleasure, mixing with the men when he chose, and speaking broken English with the captain and officers. On the sixth day, while on board, he went into the fore-castle, and taking from his bosom a bottle of samshoo, a spirit distilled from rice, poured out a small part of its contents into a vessel, mixed it with water, and drank it. He then handed the bottle to one of the men, who placed it to his nose to ascertain what its contents were, and then followed the Chinaman's example. Thus it passed from one to another, until it was empty. This liquor, he told the men, was plenty on shore, and at length led them to employ him to furnish a supply, thus accomplishing the object which he had in view. The men clubbed up between them money enough to purchase a gallon, which the boatman promised to get, and smuggle on board the next day, on condition that they would not tell any of the officers. On the day following, towards evening, the fellow made his appearance, and smuggled the liquor past the officers, in hollow water-melons; a small round jar being placed in a cavity of the evenly cut and hollow fruit. The men bore their prize off to the fore-castle, anticipating a lively time that evening with their treasure. Soon after concluding his sales, the boatman left for the shore, gloating over his fiendish success.

After supper the jars were brought forth from their hiding-place, and the beverage equally divided among all. One of the crew lay sick in his bunk, and sailor-like they remembered him in the allotment, putting his share away in a bottle, until he should be well enough to drink it. All the men indulged in a hearty draught, and sat down to smoke their pipes and chat. In due time each man's pot was empty, the cook and steward, who were fellow-countrymen with the sailors, participating with the rest in their enjoyment, which alas, was soon to turn to woe and death. About an hour after swallowing the liquor, the whole crew were simultaneously taken sick. The symptoms were violent and alarming, and the captain and officers were called to the fore-castle. They tried all they could to relieve the agonized men, but their efforts and remedies were all in vain.

One after another of the sufferers dropped dead around, with blood and foam issuing from the mouth, from which the tongue hung out, blackened and swollen, while the eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. The internal torture which they experienced, caused them to shriek fearfully; and four of them, maddened by their sufferings, plunged into the sea, and sought a more speedy relief from their torments by drowning. Thus, in twenty minutes from the time the first symptoms of sickness appeared, all the crew, except the sick man in the bunk, were stretched lifeless upon the deck, or sunk beneath the tranquil waters at the vessel's side.

The sick sailor revealed to the captain the transaction with the boatman, relative to the samshoo, and exhibited the portion which had been put away for him. The captain at once saw that the liquor had been poisoned, and readily understood how so many of his men had been destroyed. A light suddenly broke upon his mind, also, as to the purpose for which this wholesale butchery

of his crew had been perpetrated. He saw at a glance, when too late, the folly of his conduct in permitting the boatman to come on board, day after day, when common sense should have told him that the fellow, coming whence he did, must be a pirate. But there was no time to be lost in vain regrets, for the accomplices of the villain would doubtless be down upon the brig in force, as soon as they learned the success of his scheme in smuggling the poisoned liquor on board. It was nearly dark, and the deck and fore-castle were still encumbered with the bloated and discolored bodies of the dead. The stench was dreadful and could not be borne; it was therefore necessary to cast them into the water. Having done this, with the assistance of his officers, the bodies floated away on the surface, as though they had been dead for weeks. The captain, though guilty of oversight in permitting the treacherous scoundrel to board his vessel, was a prompt and brave man, and like all brave men, he at once set about doing the best thing that could be done to avert the further evil consequences of his mistake.

The chain cable was unshackled abaft the windlass, and a stopper put on, so that the anchor could be slipped at once, should a breeze spring up; the topsail-yards were mast-headed, and all the other sails loosed, ready to sheet home and hoist away the moment the wind should serve. The brig carried three six-pounders and two heavy midship guns. The former were loaded with grape and run out, ready for use; the latter were got aft upon the quarter-deck, and charged to the muzzle. All this hard work took time, and by seven o'clock they had barely finished the arduous task. They now rested from their labors, and with their weapons ready at their sides, sat down to await the coming of the expected enemy.

Nor had they long to wait; for the captain's anticipations as to the further designs of the pirates were correct; and at little past midnight they heard the sound of dipping oars, which told of the foe's approach. The night was dark, and the boats could not be seen until within a short distance from the brig, as they came from the direction of the island where the boatman had his home. But they are desecrated at last in the gloom, and the gallant little band pour into them the heavy charges of grape and cannister from their cannon. Well was each gun aimed, and yells of pain burst from the approaching boats, as the shot told upon the wretches who composed their crews. The boats continued to press on, and the captain and officers took their stand upon the little quarter-deck, determined to sell their lives dearly. On either side of them stood the two guns on which was all their dependence. These pieces had been pointed forward, and commanded the deck.

Like men contesting for a valuable prize at a regatta, the crews of the several boats rushed them along side, each craft striving to outstrip the other. The blood-thirsty rascals sprang up the high sides and over her bows, and in a moment her decks were crowded with men. But the competitors in this race of death paid dearly for their haste. A heavy shock shakes the little brig from stem to stern, as both guns are discharged at once among the invaders, and fifty mangled pirates strew the deck. The echo of the heavy cannon rings among the surrounding islands in the calm night, while the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying keep up a horrid symphony on deck. Quicker even than they came, are the few not wounded pirates off the deck and putting away from the brig in their boats. The gallant defenders of the brig gave a hearty cheer of exultation at their success, which followed the retreating foe across the waters and revived the distant echoes. So far, all had gone well, and strange to say, with one exception the Englishmen had escaped unhurt. The mate alone had been struck by one of the shower of balls which the pirates fired on their approach; but it had only lodged to its own depth in the fleshy part of his thigh, and gave him but little trouble.

They cleared the decks of the dead Chinamen, and even rid their ears of the groans of the wounded and dying, by tossing them over the vessel's side, to make other arrangements for their lives. The guns were again run in and charged, in anticipation of another attack; and, knowing what their fate would be if taken, they laid a train to the powder magazine, where, if there was not sufficient powder to blow the vessel to pieces, there was at least enough to sink her where she lay, and thus cheat the pirates of their coveted prize. Again they seated themselves and awaited their fate, in the darkness of the night. At about three o'clock in the morning, the creaking of an oar in a row-lock informed the little band of an attempt at surprise. But danger is a great sharpener of the sense of sight as well as hearing; and before the pirates had gained as near the brig as on their first attempt, a death-dealing shower of grape sent many of those in the boats to their long home. Apparently maddened by the loss of their numbers, and ashamed to be beaten off by three men, they pulled their boats onward with redoubled speed, firing volley after volley at the brig. Again the guns of the "Julia" arouse the distant echoes, as their second discharge is poured into the pirates' boats, now almost alongside; and this time with fearful execution.

The mate was again wounded, the second time severely, for he fell beside his gun. But he managed to sit upright, grasping a revolver in each hand. The boats again reached the side, and springing upon deck, the pirates rushed aft to where the captain stood. A prompt discharge of the long guns checked them for a moment, and brought some of them to the deck. Several were nearly cut in two by the old scrap iron with which the pieces were loaded. Still a few rushed on, and cutlass in hand the captain received them, while every shot from the revolver in his left hand laid one of his assailants dead. In similar fashion the second mate dealt with the crowd that pressed upon him and the wounded mate. The latter, though disabled somewhat, was not idle, but with deliberate aim, fired upon those who were most forward in attacking his brother officers.

Yet must the unequal contest soon cease, and already the captain looks anxiously towards the train, from which he has been beaten back. His mind is evidently resolved upon the fearful alternative of blowing up the magazine. And not a moment too late, if he could accomplish his terrible purpose; for already are the fiends in the cabin, searching for plunder, although the brig has not yet been taken. But look! all hope is lost! The captain sinks beneath that last blow, and already a dozen weapons are raised to be plunged into his heart!—What means that cry of terror that now burst from the conquerors?—and who are these men, dressed in white, that sweep them from the deck like chaff before the wind, and save the brig and the lives of her brave defenders?

My sketch is finished. The men belonged to H. B. M. steam frigate "Baracoota," which vessel, on her way down the channel, heard the guns of the "Julia," and sent her boats to the brig's assistance, which fortunately arrived at the right time. The frigate's boats followed the pirates to their bay, and made them pay dearly for their treachery to the "Julia," as well as settle many other old scores of villany. That morning and afternoon was a busy time upon the pirate island; and when the sun went down at evening, it looked upon the blackened and smouldering remains of forty-seven burned junks, and the ashes of their village. Around upon the island were strewn the dead bodies of the wretches who infested the lovely spot, and the carrion birds held high carnival upon them for weeks afterwards, leaving their polished bones to whiten in the sun.

The commander of the "Baracoota" took the wounded officers of the "Julia" to Hong Kong, in his steamer. There they received proper medical aid, and soon recovered; after which they rejoined their vessel, which had been brought to the same port by some men and officers from the frigate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

THAT I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I deported myself like a person in love; I talked like a person in love; I looked like a person in love, and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was no everyday one; I was sure of that. There wasn't words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, length and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surpassing beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was returned!—the strong yearnings of my nineteen-year-old soul went out in the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all Crankshire, and the most beautiful maiden in all Crankshire, in return, sent the yearnings of her heart out to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the weeks came around, I went up to the old brown home of Deacon Stoddard to tell his daughter my love, and as regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good deacon made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly references to her play-house in the shed, her long-sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered, while the deacon's wife wore a face of immovable sobriety, an old coat of the deacon's for my mother to make into a roundabout for me.

But the great love within us buoyed up our souls so nobly, that we were not much harmed by this wickedness. We were sure we were strong enough to live down all prejudices, and live them down we would, in spite of everything. Our love was mighty; it should do a mighty work. Our love was powerful; we would prove to the world its power. Our love was strong; we would abide in its strength; and—we did! I don't know how it came about, but this was certain, that there did get into our precious heads a belief that we had better "become one flesh." We knew we were young, but what of that?—didn't we love each other? We knew that our parents would object to any such procedure; but we were the ones that would have to abide by the wrong, if wrong it proved, and what was it to them?

Of a certain, then, we would be married. We would have a charming little home of our own. I would work for Janet, and Janet would work for me. We would put miles between all envious eyes and malignant tongues, and our home. We would have our happiness all to ourselves. O ecstasy! O joy!—how the full tides of bliss poured upon our souls at these thoughts! How white-winged anticipation sat in the chambers of our hearts and sang of the golden future! Yes, yes, Janet and I would be married. We would steal slyly away from the house, while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morpheus; hic us, on "the wings of love," to the nearest city; Janet would become, in a moment's time, Mrs. Jason Brown, and I Mrs. Jason Brown's husband. We would search out some humble, but still neat and tasteful cottage, with vines running over its windows, green moss over its roof, and a few rose bushes over its garden gate; in this cottage we would settle down for life, and—and—volumes would not contain the expectations that drifted upon us after the eventful "and."

At once we set about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's gray nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness her, and then proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting for me at her chamber window. I was to place a ladder at that same window; she was to descend that ladder; we were

to fly down to the road, through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was hitched, and then the wind should not outrun us.

There was but one difficulty in the way. Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little, mischievous, wicked creature of eleven summers, who, to use Janet's words, "was awake at all hours of the night." There was but one way for us if Fanny was aroused; she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hands a round, shining silver dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidant the very afternoon before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of her raising the house by a sudden outcry.

Well, the long-looked-for, hoped-for, and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How slowly its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange heartful of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window, looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the homestead of my father! The moon was out in all her splendor; she was kind to me, lighting up with her silver touches all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the fields in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—ah, a dear, kind father he had been! (At this juncture my throat began to ache). I turned away from the window.

"If I could but see my mother once more!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat sleeve. "No one ever had a better mother than I have!"

I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with her touch. There was a spinning-wheel in the room where I slept; at the end of its spindle hung a woolen roll. With my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived, and, with a slow, sad, yet noiseless step, I left the house. Once out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, respected and influential man, an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends, and—the husband of Janet.

I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting away from home with my horse and wagon without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place, and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little sprite Fan; if after all she should betray us, what a dreadful, direful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in! I groaned aloud at the thought; yet I put a brave face upon the matter; I said if it was right that we should go, we should go; if it wasn't right, in all probability we should stay at home; yet, right or not right, if that miserable little Fan *did* betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—that was certain. Was I in earnest?—did I mean it? But we shall see.

How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after hitching my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously up the long lane that led to the deacon's house. O joy inexpressible!—the waving of a white handkerchief in the moonlight told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet fondly to my breast, mine, mine forever! Ah, how happy I was!—so happy, indeed, that I stood still there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my over-loaded heart would burst away from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then? What an Apollo I must have looked, with my bean-pole-ish proportions, wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallow-tail coat that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly to my arm-pits. The sleeves reached down to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed myself for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of blue broadcloth was perched a hat. O ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat!—a hat and not a stove-pipe, a hat and not a boot-leg! That hat!—looking back at it through the mists of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two full feet, while its brim appears but little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as perfect now as it used to be, and so I may not see quite rightly. Make all due allowances, dear reader.

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honor to the name of Brown, and I was proud of it; proud as I stalked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fate was surely with us; Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her light, lithe little figure flit noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her, from the very bottom of my heart, for her kindness!

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so the moon crowded in out of sight under a huge black cloud. The very heavens favored us; our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon *terra firma* beside my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly within the sleeves of my blue broadcloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing

that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means of carrying with us.

"Be quiet, Fan," whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle above our heads. "Be quiet, Fan, for Heaven's sake, and drop it quickly!"

But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward and forward, backward and forward, the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty.

"Do, do throw it, Fanny, dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should be awakened—"

"La, give it to her, Fan; don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry!" called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds of the parlor windows, which belonged to none other than Deacon Stoddard. "Give her the things, and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some wheat, and some butter to the wagon. Janet must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fan."

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot; I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate, or go mad? While we stood undecided, two huge comfortables fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pillow-cases, quilts, table-cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

"Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather beds belong to Janet?" called Charlie Stoddard, from one part of the house.

"Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows, too. Carry 'em right out of the front door!" was the answer.

"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked the deacon, pushing open the blind. "Your father's?"

"Y-e-e-s, sir," I stammered.

"Humph, didn't you know better than that? That old gray isn't worth a button to go. Why didn't you come up to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry right straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason! If you'll believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be sly, Sam, work lively; they're in a hurry; it's time they were off!"

"Have you anything with you, Janet, to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window.

"No, ma'am," faltered Janet, moving a step or two from me.

"Well, that's great calculations! And if I live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either; or a doughnut fried! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, meekly, stepping easily as I could a little further from Janet.

"Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!" called Fan, from the window, her merry voice trembling with suppressed laughter. "Isn't that coat a splendid one, father?—just look at the length of its tails!"

"Just give me my glasses, wife?" said the deacon. "Is it a new one, Jason?"

"Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane.

"Well," drawled the deacon, eyeing me slyly, "that coat is handsome!"

"And his hat, father!" called the wicked little Fan.

"I declare!" exclaimed the deacon. "Wife, wife, look here and see Jason's coat and hat!"

What should I do—stand there till morning before that incessant fire of words?—should I run?—should I sneak off slowly, as Janet was doing? What, O what should I do?

"Don't they look nice, mother?" asked the deacon, putting one broad, brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his gray head almost down to his knees. "He-haw, he-haw, hi-he-haw!—mother—he-haw!—don't they look nice?" roared the deacon.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The deacon's laughter was a signal; it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fan cackled from the chamber window; Sam shouted from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard "ho-ho-ho'd" from the kitchen, while Charlie threw himself down in the door yard and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned around; I gave a leap across the garden. Every Stoddard called after me. I am wrong; every Stoddard but Janet; she remained silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; another that I had forgotten my bundle and bride; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fan bade me hold up my coat tails, or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests; I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling sheepish—no, sheepish is a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself; I thought I had better be dead than alive; that I had made an idiot of myself. It was all plain; Fan had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her until broad daylight, then sneaked out to the barn and hid in the hay-mow. I staid there until Charlie Stoddard brought home my father's horse.

The old gentleman was frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me; he did ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sure of this, I did not look at a girl for seven years—no, not for seven years. When the eighth year came round, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard. Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a parson's wife.

And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a real deep motive in her head when she betrayed Janet and I, though she was but a child. She liked me, even then, I believe. Well, at any rate she declares every time that the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge upon her. Bless her faithful heart, it has been indeed a sweet one!

POLICE SCENE, LONDON.

The accompanying sketch represents one of those scenes which every long sojourner in the "Great Metropolis" must have witnessed. The artist makes us the spectators of a truly mournful procession, and he has thrown such variety of expression into his groups that it seems as if the mantle of Hogarth, that wonderful satirist of the pencil, had fallen upon him. A band of policemen, distinguished by their truly British uniform, round hats, long surtouts, and broad leather belts, is escorting to trial the victims of the law collected the night previous. Some of these men have benevolent faces, others are hard-featured, others again careless and indifferent, one or two perfect Bumbles, puffed up with the sufficiency of that "porochial" functionary. The culprits vary still more in expression. First in the file is a haggard woman whom want and, possibly, intemperance, have driven to theft. On the right of the second officer, a bleary-eyed victim of gin moves stolidly along, while on his left, a juvenile pilferer, reminding us strongly of Jew Fragan's favorite, the "Artful Dodger," or of Sefton as Jemmy Twitcher, follows the current. Concealing his face by an umbrella, is a well-dressed man, one who doubtless calls himself a gentleman, who has doubtless been "pulled" for a "lark," a fancy phrase which includes some such dignified and agreeable amusement, as wrenching off door-knockers, pulling out bell-handles by the roots, and beating watchmen, manly British sports, a taste for which was engendered by that exceedingly moral drama "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," and in which the late Marquis of Waterford, with other peers of the realm, was thought particularly to excel. After his lordship, for he may possibly be a lord, walks an unmistakable member of the swell mob, dressed in the very height of fashion, neck ribbon, mustache and all. He has doubtless been fingering a "reader," the owner of which, not at all desirous of parting with his pocket-book, and

pushed the lady into a dark room, with the words, "Hide yourself, for there is no speaking to him to-day. The lady consequently left without executing her commission.

A day or two afterwards, Beethoven sent the waltz to the gentleman's house, with the following note, the authenticity of which is beyond a doubt, as the original is now lying before us:

"DEAR SIR,—Through the stupidity of my housekeeper, your mother was sent away, without my being told a word of her visit. I have severely censured her unbecoming conduct, in not introducing your mother into my room; the boorishness and coarseness of these people, whom I am unfortunate enough to have around me, are known to every one. I beg your pardon.

"Your most obedient servant,

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN."

Poor, feeling man, who, in addition to the colossal misfortune (doubly terrible to such a composer) of being deprived of the sense of hearing, was compelled to suffer the torture, which eat into his very soul, of passing among such persons his existence, saddened, moreover, by other heart-depressing family matters, which were communicated by Beethoven himself—who desired and asked for sympathy—to the writer.

EXTREME OLD AGE.

There are certainly more things in old age than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Flourens says a man is naturally a centenarian, who may double his term of life. Old Parr died by accident, sound, hale, and healthy, at the age of 152. The fact rests upon the most competent testimony possible—the public and scientific report of Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the founder of the science of ovology. And the other day one James Nolan is reported to have died in Ireland at

JOHN CHINAMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

The Chinese residing in Australia are usually—and this should be borne in mind, lest we judge of a whole race by its off-scouring—of the very lowest class. They are brought over, in large gangs, by speculative countrymen of their own, under condition of working in the gold mines, and they seldom apply themselves to any other sort of labor. The "headman," as he is termed, supplies them with food, principally rice, and also with shelter and tools. In return, he receives a fixed proportion of the gold obtained by them; and there is no instance on record of either party breaking faith. But the headman's gains are not limited to his share of the gold. He is usually storekeeper, opium seller, and gambling-housekeeper to the fraternity. In the centre of the squalid tents, which constitute a Chinese "camp," one erection of a superior height and size, is distinguished by a red flag inscribed with mystic hieroglyphics. This is the abode of the headman, and here the Chinese miners assemble to spend surplus gains, chiefly on opium smoking and gambling. Quail-fights and cockchafer matches are favorite amusements. One method of spending time and money is remarkable for its combination of the uttermost stretch of laziness with an intense excitement. Each gambler places before himself a lump of sugar; all lie still as sleepers, until he upon whose lump a fly first settles, wins the stakes. When John Chinaman lands in the colony he is invariably clothed in the blue, padded jerkin, short wide trousers, peculiar shoes, and large conical wicker-ware hat of his native land. But, when he has earned money enough, he casts aside his dress, and clothes himself after the manner of the European.

If he can afford to array his legs in enamelled knee-boots with scarlet tops, and his person in a black frock coat, he is sure to do so. Then, with a red silk sash tied round his waist, a tall black hat on his head, a cane in his hand, one or two gold rings on his



CONDUCTING THE NIGHT CHARGES TO THE POLICE COURT, LONDON.

detecting the offender, has handed him over to the tender mercies of the law. Once he would have dangled from a rope for this offence; but now he will probably be transported to the penal colony, and perhaps in time have an esquire attached to his name, and figure as an extensive landed proprietor, like Wilkins Micawber. Near the close of this procession of Guilt and Law, is an old woman, paralyzed with age and crazed with gin. A few hours before as she imbibed the deadly poison in a gin palace, she was, for a moment, fortunate and young once more—now she is awake to all the horrors of reality. Poor human nature! what pictures you present in your fallen state!

A TRUE ANECDOTE OF LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

In the year 1825, a well-known artist, who was also a dilettante in musical composition, published a small volume of waltzes. Each was expressly composed for the occasion by one of the most popular and celebrated composers of the day, since nobody refused his contribution to the editor, who wished to pay a curative trip to Carlsbad with the proceeds. The book met with an extraordinary success and rapid sale. Suddenly the editor hit upon the notion of soliciting a contribution from the great Louis Van Beethoven, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, through his grandfather and father. With the noblest and most affectionate readiness, the great composer promised compliance with his petitioner's wish, and gave him not only a waltz, but (he, the incomparable), a trio into the bargain. He told the gentleman to come for the work, which would be finished in about four weeks. As, however, the gentleman fell ill, he was unable to go, and obliged to renounce so interesting a visit. He begged, therefore, his mother to fetch the work, and express his thanks.

But the housekeeper, to whom the lady gave her name, would not admit her, saying her master was again very cracked that day. As, at this moment, Beethoven put his head out of the door, she

the age of 115 or 116 years. Now, very important physiological, moral, and social results would, we suspect, be obtained, were cases of this kind made the subjects of scientific investigation by competent physical and metaphysical students. The following are the facts as recorded in the newspaper paragraphs: "Mr. James Nolan died April 24, 1858, at Auchindrane, Carlow, Ireland, having reached the age of 115 years and 9 months. All his faculties were preserved to him until his death, his sight being nearly perfect, and only his hearing defective. There is something more interesting in these facts than his being the oldest subject of her majesty, who had lived in the reigns of five sovereigns of England. No doubt it is curious to be carried back by two lives—Mr. Nolan and his father—to the reign of Charles II., and almost to the time of Cromwell. But Mr. Nolan, in as far as longevity is concerned, is the most extraordinary specimen of the hominal species in our times and island. And very useful hints for the guidance of human life might be obtained from the complete investigation of the facts of the lives of men and women like him. The means, moreover, of satisfying a wholesome and useful curiosity exist in the case upon the spot; for it has been well said, that all human knowledge is represented in every village or parish in which there reside a clergyman, a lawyer, and a doctor. The lawyer could tell us the proofs which establish the birth of Mr. James Nolan in 1742; the doctor could describe to us his constitution, habits, diet, and precautions; and, lastly, the clergyman could give us an account of his moral dispositions—the most important consideration of all in regard to longevity. The remarks we have made upon the case of Mr. James Nolan apply equally to the case of a woman, who, according to the report of the registrar-general for the first quarter of this year, died the other day at Cawdor, in the county of Nairn, at the age of 110 years. As we have said, this subject of human longevity is worthy of deeper study."—*Glasgow Mail*.

fingers, and a Manilla cheroot in his mouth, he feels he is a developed creature, and is proud of his appearance. His tail, of course, disappears in the earlier stages of his transformation; the razor also has been laid aside; and, by the time that he bursts into his full splendor of tailoring, a crop of carefully-oiled, but somewhat stubby black hair has grown over his once well-shaven face. In the article of diet also, John undergoes a wondrous change. On his first arrival, he is, perforce, content with a handful of rice and a little curry; he esteems himself singularly fortunate if he be occasionally able to procure a few scraps and bones of meat. As the gold finds its way out of mother earth into his pockets, he expands the borders of his bill of fare. Choice joints of meat, and a plentiful supply of vegetables, are freely purchased; for he is not parsimonious. No price is too high to keep him from a meal on birds—especially male birds—of any kinds; and he is not less fond of pork. Be it observed, too, that a Chinaman can coax a pig as no other being can. A pig is, in the hands of every Chinaman, what a horse is in the hands of Mr. Rarey. The Chinese communicate together throughout the country. As the stage wagon rolls along, one of them may often be observed stationed by the roadside. When the coach passes he springs upon the step and exchanges a few words with his fellow-countrymen inside. Presently another man repeats the operation, and in this way information of the rise or fall of articles of commerce, or the variations in the price of gold at Melbourne, travels throughout their community in time to be of use, before the European storekeepers on the gold fields can take advantage of it.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

Virtue reads prettily upon a tombstone, but it is a losing quality with bare walls and a quenched hearth. Virtue, honesty, benevolence—what are they? The counters with which the wise men of the world gull its fools and slaves

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MIDDLESEX FARMER.—The efficacy of gypsum, or Plaster of Paris, as a fertilizer, is the subject of a great diversity of opinion among farmers. Along the seacoasts it has been found useless; the muriatic acid derived from the salt water converts the plaster into an insoluble substance called muriate of lime—but in other sections it is highly prized. Its value consists in the fact that it will seize upon and change the ammonia, which exists in all rain-water, "into a sulphate of ammonia, which, not being volatile, remains in the soil, to be dissolved and absorbed by the spongetlets of the roots of plants."

J. D., South Boston.—A full explanation of the telegraph system would require a volume. You had better read Davis's "Manual of Electro-Magnetism."

INQUIRER.—The electric clock dispenses with all wheel-work in the time-keeping part. It runs without weights or springs, and its moving power is a galvanic battery. By means of this electric clock, every room in a large establishment may be furnished with an instrument of simple construction, indicating the precise time, with an accuracy that could not be obtained by independent clocks, without referring to the cost; railway stations may be put into connection with a great central clock, and show uniform time; and by an extension of the idea, one clock or motive power might suffice for an entire city.

H. D.—Declined.

J. A. D., Millwood county, Missouri.—The moral character of the candidate must be vouched for satisfactorily. There is a limit with regard to age. The studies are severe, but the students are well trained physically. The examination is once a year—in the fall, we think. The expenses are paid by the United States. The appointments are made from each congressional district, and through the recommendation of the representative for each district. You had best write to, or call upon, the representative from your district, who would give all the information you desire.

J. S.—Count Demidoff is not dead.

K. L.—Certainly—at the time of the *coup d'état* the English journals denounced Louis Napoleon in the severest terms. When his alliance was necessary to the successful prosecution of the Crimean war, they lauded him to the skies.

"PUPIL," Rockport, Mass.—The population of London in 1845 was two and a quarter millions.

CLERK, Salem, Mass.—When a bank-note is paid into the Bank of England it is never re-issued. The notes are endorsed with the date of reception, and then filed away in boxes, where they are kept ten years, at the expiration of which time they are put into the paper-mill and ground over. The paper-making, engraving, printing, etc., of the bank are carried on in the bank building itself. In the business room about a thousand clerks are constantly hard at work.

VOYAGEUR.—There are steamers constantly running between Liverpool and Havre. We should advise you to sail direct from New York for Havre.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.—At one period of his commercial career in New York, Cyrus W. Field, of telegraph fame, was compelled to fail and compromise with his creditors. But he was soon successful again, and calling a meeting of his creditors, paid all his obligations with interest. Such a man deserves the glorious success that has crowned his career.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!—Purchase a copy of *Bailou's Dollar Monthly*, for ten cents, at the nearest periodical depot, and see what we mean by saying that it is the cheapest magazine in the world! One dollar a year!

SPLINTERS.

.... Miss J. M. Davenport, who has passed the summer at Lynn, plays an engagement at the Boston Theatre.

.... "Flaneur," the pleasant Paris correspondent of the Boston Post, is now at home in Boston.

.... The gold medal presented to Cyrus W. Field has the motto "Nil desperandum—perseverentia vincit."

.... A pear-tree in Salem, two centuries old, has this year produced very delicious fruit.

.... In one year the sum of £118,576 was expended in the united kingdom of Great Britain for medical fees.

.... In England, when the militia go into camp, they frequently spend twenty days inside the lines.

.... Major-General Sir W. Fenwick Williams's visit to his native Nova Scotia excited the greatest enthusiasm.

.... Twenty-three notorious thieves lately sailed from New York for the Pacific coast and Frazer's River.

.... The press and the pulpit have pretty nearly used up the subject of the Atlantic cable by articles and sermons.

.... A good hearty laugh not only does good to the man who indulges in it, but to all who hear him.

.... The banker of the rouge-et-noir tables at Baden Baden has been broken twice this season.

.... The changes time effects in words are curious. Formerly, youth of both sexes were denominated "girls."

.... On a certain railroad, when a lady wants a drink of water, the conductor "chocks the wheels," and goes and gets it.

.... Messrs. Longman & Co., of London, has just published the life of a lady queerly named Schimmelpenninck.

.... A parish in England has a self-acting organ that plays twenty tunes—but the trouble is, you can't stop it.

.... The pecuniary difficulties of the Leviathan, now Great Eastern steamer, do not seem to be alleviated.

.... There are now four theatres in full blast in this city. People needn't lack amusements, certainly.

.... The chief result of the Canadian legislature, says a Montreal paper, is, that it costs \$500,000.

.... The Indians will hardly like to see the indomitable Hareney in command of our troops in Washington Territory.

.... Insolent rowdiness is again rampant in New York city. How about that vigilance committee?

.... Advices from Venice state the death of the bishop of that diocese, the brother of the great sculptor, Canova.

.... The Bible purchased by the ladies of Halifax for Lady Inglis, was presented to her by Hon. S. Cunard.

CAUSE OF THE POTATO ROT.

Some years since the State of Massachusetts offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the discovery of a practicable and effective remedy for the potato rot. Other governments and various societies have from time to time offered rewards for the discovery of the cause and cure of this destructive disease. But, though great attention has been paid to the subject by agriculturists and chemists, no remedy has hitherto been proposed which has proved adequate to stay the disorder, and no very satisfactory light has been thrown upon the subject. Various theories as to the nature and cause of the rot have been suggested, and modes of treatment founded thereon have been prescribed, but after a longer or shorter trial, all the remedies have failed. We believe that Massachusetts has repealed her law, authorizing the payment of a reward, but presume she would willingly grant a handsome gratuity to that public benefactor who should succeed in preserving potatoes from destruction. The potato crop is one of the most important that the country produces, and any man who can prescribe a means of saving so valuable an article of subsistence for the use of man, will render a service of such magnitude as to entitle him to the gratitude and bounty of the government.

A new competitor for the honor of exterminating this serious evil, has recently promulgated the results of his investigations in the Scientific American, and claims to have found the cause and cure. Mr. Alexander Henderson of Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been studying the matter for the last twelve years, and has arrived at the conclusion that the disorder is caused by an insect called the *Phytocoris Lineolaris*, which is hatched upon the seed potato after it is planted, and subsequently preys upon the new tubers and poisons them, causing them to rot. By examining the potato with a microscope, just before planting, he discovered upon the surface a small, yellowish, oval substance, secured to the potato by a gummy covering. This is the egg of the *Phytocoris*; and tubers bearing this mark will produce unsound potatoes. When they are planted at the usual depth, the warmth and moisture of the earth causes this egg to be hatched, usually a few days after planting. From this delicate egg proceeds a small insect, from a twelfth to a twentieth of an inch in length. It is without wings, but has six perfect legs, two antennæ or feelers, a three-tubed proboscis, and a pair of brilliant black eyes. This creature commences feeding upon the seed as soon as born, by sucking its nutriment through one of the tubes of its proboscis, changing to the new roots as they appear; through another tube it probably injects poison into the tubers, and through a third it breathes. This goes on two or three months, after which the insect's wings appear, and by this time the vine has attained its growth. It then makes its way up to the surface of the earth to try its new wings, and feeds upon the vine, which withers and dies soon after it is attacked. The poison injected into the tubers causes spots upon the surface, which soon spread to blotches; and by the time the insect is ready to leave them for the vines above, enough of the virus has been communicated to the new potato to cause nearly the whole of it to rot. Mr. Henderson's remedy for the disease, based upon his discovery as to the cause of it, is to sprinkle quicklime upon the seed before planting, for the purpose of destroying the vitality of the egg. He also recommends that the seed be planted deep, so as to prevent the egg from germinating; that the earth be hoed well round the vines, and that all openings in the soil be closed up by pressure. The remedy is certainly a safe one as well as sensible, and it would be well for our farmers to try it.

NEPTUNE IN WRATH.

During the past five years, the amount of property wrecked on the English coast was five millions of dollars a year. This rather militates against a theory we heard broached in a suburban pulpit lately, *apropos* of the success of the Atlantic cable. "In olden times," said the preacher, "when man used the ocean for purposes of gain, of battle and of conquest, the sea warred against man, was his declared enemy, and dashed his galleons and galleys to fragments. But now when higher aims animated the navigator, when seas were traversed for the peaceful purpose of commerce, and to spread Christianity, comfort and civilization, the sea was no longer the enemy and master, but the friend and servants of man. The Atlantic was traversed in safety," etc. No doubt navigation has improved in skill and safety—the winds and currents are better understood, steam has extended its sceptre over the great deep—but old Neptune is still not wholly tamed. He often re-asserts his might, and then, in his wild wrath, all the arts of man are in vain when opposed to him; and he is indiscriminate in his fury, devouring that peaceful white-winged messenger of commerce, pursuing a legitimate traffic, and perhaps sparing the pirate, the smuggler, and the ship bound for a freight of wretched Coolies.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is living near London, with her husband, and two little nightingales, a male and a female. She has not forgotten this country, and always gives a warm welcome to American visitors. It is not impossible that we may see her on this side of the Atlantic before many months.

HORSES AND MUSIC.—The city of Providence wages unrelenting war on circusses and hand-organs. Elsewhere the tan may be spread, and "old Dog Tray" extorted by a cruel crank, but not in Providence.

SAVINGS BANKS.—There are eighty-six of these institutions in Massachusetts, and the property deposited amounts to thirty three million dollars.

BRITISH INDIA.—The whole outlay for public works in India during the years 1844 and 1845 was £2,230,000.

THE PIRATES OF OLD.

In the sixth century of our era, long before the introduction of Christianity into Sweden and Denmark, the inhabitants of those countries were famed for their bold and extensive maritime excursions for plunder. Piracy was the most distinguished and honorable pursuit of their heroes and great men, and the oaths of religion were employed to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon their expeditions. The religion of Odin was celebrated with barbaric pomp, and served to inspire the warriors with bravery and hardihood. The following stanza, from the death-song of Regnaz Lodbrok, a Danish leader, who was made prisoner of war in Britain, and put to death by reptiles in the Snake Tower, shows the spirit with which their religion inspired them:

"Cease my strain! I hear them call,
 Who bid me hence to Odin's hall;
 High-seated in their blessed abodes,
 I soon shall quaff the cup of gods!
 The hours of life have glided by;
 I fall, but laughing will I die!"

In the valley of Hertha, near Hledru, the ancient capital of Denmark, was the *sacred grove*, in the midst of a dismal and sombre forest. In this grove stood a stone altar, on which the Danes every nine years celebrated their horrible sacrifices of human victims. During the month of January, they flocked together in crowds from the mainland and the islands, and with many ceremonies offered up to their gods ninety-nine men, and as many horses and cocks, as a peace-offering to the offended deities, and for the purpose of conciliating their favor for their maritime expeditions.

The descendants of Odin, of the dynasty of Ynglingar, ruled over Sweden, and resided at Upsala, just north of the present city of Upsal. At this ancient seat of royalty is still to be seen the celebrated *Mora-stone*, on which the ancient heathen kings were crowned, and received the homage of their subjects of Swealand and Gothland. At Sigtuna, on the frith of Mälarn, stood a large wooden temple, built by Odin, called *Oden-sala*, or Oden's Hall, the revered sanctuary of all heathen Northmen down to the ninth century. This temple possessed immense wealth in gold and silver ornaments, the fruits of piratical expeditions; for the seakings always consecrated to Odin and Thor part of the spoils of their plundering excursions. In this sanctuary were the statues of their gods. Odin was represented with a drawn sword in his hand; Thor with a hammer, and the fair image of Frigga expressed her mild empire as the goddess of love and marriage. The heathen worship at length gave way to the Christian system, under the devoted labors of Ansgarius, a monk who went from France in the ninth century, and labored in the conversion of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, to Christianity.

NAPOLEON I.

Nothing in the world was ever more strangely contrasted than the state in which the great emperor of the French lived after he had shaken Europe by his victories and his habits as the young commander of artillery. When as emperor he made his campaigns, his post seemed always rather the centre of a brilliant court than the head-quarters of a general. The severest etiquette reigned around him; his aides-de-camp and officers were no longer received at his table, and he evinced much fastidiousness as to those whom he should admit; to take a repast with him was a distinguished honor, not to be obtained without difficulty. He dined, so to speak, in public; while he ate or was entering his *salle à manger*, the people flocked to feast their eyes upon him. Meanwhile, he never appeared embarrassed or confused by the excessive demonstrations of respect showered upon him, but behaved as though he had been accustomed to them all his life. His saloons, and a vast pavilion he had caused to be erected in front of his palace, were constantly filled by a crowd of generals and administrators, and the highest nobles and most distinguished men in Italy, who came to solicit a favor of a glance or of a momentary interview. Everything had succumbed to the *eclat* of his victories and the haughtiness of his demeanor. He was no longer the general of a triumphant republic, but a conqueror upon his own account, imposing decrees upon the vanquished. Yet the French begrudged not his splendor, for he was the representative of genius leaping by its own force from the lowest level to the highest eminence.

A BAD SIGN.—The fact that in all our large cities the most atrocious crimes committed are perpetrated by youths of seventeen years to twenty, is one of the most discouraging features of the age we live in. The cause may be found in laxity of parental discipline. Parents in cities should exercise a sleepless vigilance over their sons.

"THE DEEP, DEEP SEA."—Captain Denham, of the British navy, has obtained ocean soundings to the depth of about eight and three-quarters English miles. We trust that is deep enough to suit the most fastidious.

AN INCORRIGIBLE.—The Stamford Mercury mentions the death of a woman ninety years of age, who had had seven husbands, and by her will she ordered that she should be buried next her *fifth*. No. 5 was the favorite.

BINDING.—Binding of every description is done at this office, in the very best style, and at the *lowest* rates. Works bound and returned in *one week*.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.—Some poor fellows like to gaze on gorgeous sunsets because they are the only golden prospects they enjoy.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]
THE OLD MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY "COSMOS."

Glowing in the sunlight, gleaming soft at eve,
Whirling, mimic fountains sparkling in their glee;
Rainbow-tints of beauty golden pictures weave,
From the dashing spray-drops 'neath the greenwood tree.
Oft in youth I sported on thy mossy bank,
Merry as a humming-bird sipping mountain-dew;
With cup of silvery birch-wood crystal waters drunk,
And built an airy castle while the moments flew.

I watched the tiny fishes darting in the wave,
And culled the flowerets blooming in blossoms o'er thy bed;
I plucked the drooping grasses thy murmuring waters lave,
And twined a rustic garland round my youthful head.
I gathered rounded pebbles, smoothed by dripping hands,
And little mountain shells with rough and jagged sides;
And in the brooklet shining, amidst its glistening sands,
I built a mimic grotto in which the water glides.

So careless then of sorrow, I dreamed the hours away,
And thought not of the morrow, or the storms and cares of life;
While glowing, freshening visions around my pathway play,
Unmixed with thoughts of evil, or the world's unholly strife.
Those childhood days have passed—but memory, ever true,
Retains the recollection of the flowing mountain stream,
I've sought for pleasures since the bustling, gay world through,
But sweeter far the brooklet's joy to me will ever seem.

NATURE.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.—THOMSON.

GREATNESS.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return.—ROWE.

THE MAGNET.

That trembling vassal of the pole,
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

A rain-storm! These lines may issue from the press when the sky is cloudless, and the air bright and balmy, but they are written in the midst of a junior deluge. The rain is pouring down steadily and persistently; the streets are flowing with liquid mud; the sidewalks are invaded by frequent water-spouts; umbrellas are a mockery; there are no such things as water-proof boots; we become suspicious of even the most immaculate India rubber mackintoshes; every one, as Mantilini says, is a "moist unpleasant body;" every one is disgusted and disgusting. One can endure a brief summer rain falling on the thirsty earth, and followed by the bow of promise gleaming in a golden sunset, but one of those cold, dreary autumnal rains is enough to worry out the patience of a Job. . . . And what about the ocean telegraph? Will it make men wiser, happier, more practically Christian? We hope so. It is very pleasant, certainly, to gossip with our transatlantic neighbors, to learn this afternoon what the weather was in London this morning, and how the opera went off last night at the Queen's Theatre. But we don't think it follows that because England is brought nearer to us we shall never quarrel with her again. Young Arthur and Melissa were very civil to each other when they were only speaking acquaintances, but since they were wedded they have led a cat and dog life. Among nations it may be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." However, we don't by any means regret the gun-firing, and bell-ringing, and illuminations and speeches, and have no idea of throwing cold water on a line of communication which has a whole ocean of cold water resting on it already! . . . Mark! that organ beneath our window really renders "Home, Sweet Home" very prettily. How popular that song is—words and melody. The publishers made ten thousand dollars in two years. . . . Our friend Kimball at the Museum is doing an excellent business. Mrs. Virginia Cunningham is a very attractive and popular, and Mr. Barret proves very acceptable as a light comedian. The old favorites play with their accustomed spirit. . . . The Bavels, it seems, cannot live without the excitement of the stage—and they will, in all probability, die in harness. . . . Hooped skirts, it appears by the latest foreign advices, are more voluminous than ever, but some of the authorities show a great lack of gallantry to the lovely wearers. The Independence Belge states that a young lady, living in Hanover, has been recently sentenced by a court in that town to pay a fine of two francs "for having worn a dress which, occupying the whole breadth of the pavement, is an obstruction to the public way." . . . Judge William A. Burt, a native of Worcester, in this State, and the inventor of the solar compass, the result of his experience in the Lake Superior county, died in Detroit, lately, universally respected. . . . The St. Anthony Express says that a couple of Irishmen residing a mile north of that place undertook to grind some blasting powder in a coffee-mill, for the purpose of making it fine enough to fire in a shot-gun. Of course the friction produced by grinding ignited the powder, of which there was a half pound, blowing the coffee-mill into small fragments, and severely wounding the two men. When will men learn to be prudent in their dealings with gunpowder? . . . Woman has found her true "sphere" at last. It is about twenty-seven feet round, and is made of hoops and erinoline. . . . Mr. Winans, the Baltimore locomotive builder, is said to be building a steamer at Baltimore upon plans entirely his own, which is to cross the Atlantic Ocean in six days. . . . They get up hail-storms on a grand scale in Minnesota. They had one recently in Freeborn county which raged as a tornado, tearing hundreds of oak-trees into shreds, tumbling down fences, flattening cornfields, demolishing gardens, and doing much other damage. In some sections sheep and pigs were killed by the hail-stones. . . . The Spiritual Clarion, published at Auburn, New York, gives an account of the speaking of a babe six months old through spiritual agency. . . . A vender of cement, describing his action, said it was particularly useful in mending jars. A witty purchaser asked him if it would mend the jar of a door. "There's no occasion for its use in that case," said the pedler, "for that is generally sound enough." . . . Dr. Charles Wilson has written a book of a hundred pages to explain the path-ology of drunkenness. Dingenies describes it in two words—zig-zag. . . . Miss Annie M.

Andrews, the "Heroine of the Pestilence," was married in Baltimore, lately, to John D. Upsher, a merchant, of Norfolk, Virginia. . . . We heard the other day of a man who was so ghostly and so poor, that he walked about just to save funeral expenses. . . . On the first of September the East India Company as a corporation ceased to exist. The affairs will be hereafter managed by the India council, consisting of fifteen members. . . . Orville Gardner, the ex-pugilist, emigrant-runner, etc., whose conversion last winter attracted much notice, is a resident of Port Chester, New York, with his mother and brother. The latter has also been converted, and is as active in exhorting as his brother. They are both engaged in the shoe business. . . . The second centennial anniversary of the purchase and settlement of the ancient town of Freetown, which included Fall River, will occur on the second day of April next; and it is proposed, as we learn from the Taunton Gazette, to celebrate the anniversary in an appropriate manner. . . . There is a night in fortune as well as in daytime; they only are wise who provide themselves with oil before darkness falls. . . . A few days ago a foreigner applied for a marriage license to the clerk of the probate court in Cincinnati, and when called upon to give the lady's name, had entirely forgotten it. Of course he was in a quandary, from which he relieved himself by going after the bride herself, and producing her in *propria persona*, to let her answer for herself, which she did, and the twain were made happy. . . . France is determined not to be behind England in great enterprises. She attempts achievements upon the land as remarkable as those of England upon the water. Whilst the latter is making an experiment with the monster steamship and the Atlantic telegraph, France is about to undertake the gigantic project of tunnelling the Alps by the force of compressed air. . . . The Western papers predict that grain, corn, beef, and provisions of every description, will be very cheap this fall. . . . Swamp fever has broken out among both whites and blacks in the lowlands of the Mississippi, occasioned by the receding of the water. . . . It is ascertained that the recent accident at Burlington on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, cost the company \$350,000. It is said that for each of the thirty persons killed, the company paid \$5000. . . . The late S. S. Prentiss once narrated the following as the line of defence by which he secured the acquittal of a client who was on trial for libel:—"It was a most aggravated case as far as facts were concerned. But I made these points—first, that the plaintiff's character was so bad that it was incapable of injury; and secondly, that my client was so notorious a liar, that nobody would believe any statement that he should make. And the jury therefore agreed with me on both points, and acquitted my client." . . . A tablet of polished Peterhead granite is about to be placed in the wall at the head of Hugh Miller's grave, in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. It is without any elaborate ornamentation, and its inscription runs thus:—"Hugh Miller, died December 24, 1856, aged 54 years." . . . The original of the "Old Kirkin," in Butler's poem of "Two Millions," is said to be the late Henry Parrish, the millionaire, whose famous "will case" was before the Surrogate Court so long. . . . A man who has a fixed purpose, to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea, it splits the troubles of life, and they eddy round him in idle foam. Take for an illustration, Cyrus W. Field. . . . Brigham Young is terribly afraid that some of his wives will apostatize. The apostacy of one of his wives would be most dangerous to the reputation of the man, and the greatest care is observed to prevent so startling a catastrophe. Brigham must himself be aware that some of his spirituals are chafing under the bonds which bind them, and aching for the opportunity to go free. He has an armed guard quartered within his walls at Salt Lake City, both day and night—but whether to protect his harem, or to save the prophet himself from personal danger, we are unadvised. . . . A Yankee, on his "bridle tower," says that "Marriage is sooted to evry and enny body. It's a ten rale fence that society has built up to keep folkes inside the bounds uv good behaviour." . . . One of the most recent improvements used by burglars is the use of the blowpipe, to draw the temper of the chilled iron and steel placed as a guard against cutting instruments around the locks of safes and vaults. . . . Lot Dresser, of Coventry, Connecticut, killed in the woods in that town, recently, a black squirrel. It was of the size and form of its gray brethren, and was of a glossy jet black color. . . . It is said that Thalberg, the pianist, was paid for his performances when in this country \$20,000 per month, exclusive of expenses. . . . Dr. McKenzie, the literary editor of the Philadelphia Press, says the original of Wilkie Micawber, in "David Copperfield," was Dickens's own father. . . . An eccentric cat, belonging to a family in Fairhaven, caught a young rabbit recently, and, instead of satisfying her appetite with her prey, as was her usual custom, has taken to rearing it with motherly tenderness. . . . Civilization is a great thing. The dog will feed on bread or biscuit, which his ancestor, the wolf, would starve rather than touch. The cat, although preferring animal food, will eat bread and milk, which the tiger will not look at. . . . An amusing story is told in a Cincinnati paper, of a bachelor who rushed to his washer-woman in great excitement, and was just in time to arrest her hand as she was placing his pantaloons in the suds. He had \$10,000 in bank-bills sewed to the waistband, which he had forgotten at the time of sending them to the wash. . . . A pet deer in St. Louis entered his owner's sleeping apartment and devoured \$47 in bills, which were lying loose on a lounge in the room. Rather expensive fodder that, we should say. . . . When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed as a special pleader, he replied, "Pray, sir, can your son ent sawdust without butter?" . . . He that is proud of riches is a fool; for if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine? How much must he give place to a chain of pearls or a knot of diamonds? . . . The State of Pennsylvania, at the last session of her legislature, resolved to erect upon the public grounds at Harrisburg, a monument to the volunteers and regular soldiers who lost their lives in the late war with Mexico. . . . This paragraph, from the New York Commercial Advertiser, admirably hits off those captious persons, who seem determined not to be pleased with the Atlantic cable:—"Provokingly slow! Under the postscript of to-day's issue we give a telegraphic despatch from London, but it brings nothing later than yesterday. It gives us no extracts from the London papers of this morning."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WAVERLEY NOVELS—HOUSEHOLD EDITION. THE BETROTHED AND THE HIGHLAND WIDOW. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols., 12mo.

We are more and more charmed with this beautiful series at each successive issue. It is impossible to surpass it in elegance and correctness. During the "hard times"—now numbered happily among the things of the past—people could not refrain from buying these books; and they are now called for in such numbers as to tax the utmost energies of the enterprising publishers to supply them.

NEW MUSIC.—From Russell & Fuller, 291 Washington Street, we have received the cantata, "Grace, Grace," de l'opera de Robert le Diable de G. Meyerbeer, pour le piano; "Les Bords de la Mense," valse gracieuse, par Alphonse Leduc; "La Bella Andaluza Bolero," par A. Hamonier; "Sweet Day, so cool," etc., trio, words by Rev. George Herbert (quoted by old Isaac Walton); "Le Carnaval de Jeune Fille," polka facile, par Camille Schubert; and "Tae Parting," a duettino, by Donizetti—Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington Street, have published the "Atlantic Telegraph Polka," by A. Talley, dedicated to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., with an ingenious illuminated title-page.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH. By CHARLES F. BRIGGS AND AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1858. 12mo. pp. 255.

Nothing can be more timely and welcome than this history of the great Atlantic cable—a full and complete narrative, interspersed with sketches of Mr. Field and other persons concerned, a general history of telegraphs, minute descriptions, with diagrams, etc., the whole finely and liberally illustrated. The motto on the title-page is one of the aptest quotations we ever saw. It is from Psalm 19: 4,—"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." For sale by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The details of the Chinese news first communicated by telegraph, though satisfactory, do not quite come up to excited public anticipation. However, the main point is gained—the exclusiveness of the imperial system is broken down.—A lady in Paris lately made a brilliant ascent in a balloon, and was much applauded; but in her case the descent was not so facile as usual. The country people would have it that she was a witch, and so maltreated her, that she narrowly escaped with her life.—From Spain we learn that a decree has been promulgated, announcing that merchant shipping, native or foreign, is to pay lighthouse duties only once. It has been resolved to considerably strengthen the fortifications of Mahon, in Ballere Isles, and to increase the garrison at that place.—The prompt action of the British government in bombarding Jeddah, has shown the Turks that their dilatoriness in administering justice to Christians can no longer be permitted.—Mr. Ten Broeck's late victory with his American horse, Babylon, has opened the eyes of British turfmen. They are beginning to find out what perseverance will accomplish.—In France, some Italians had been arrested at Cherbourg and Paris, and the Paris police were exercising a marked surveillance at the station of the Great Western Railway. The government had been informed that Mazzini had left London. The emperor and empress arrived at St. Cloud on the evening of the 21st, from their tour in Brittany.—The London Times believes the establishment of the Atlantic telegraph to be a guaranty of peace between the two countries.—The disgraceful conduct of the authorities of Naples at the funeral of Carlo Troya, one of the most learned and liberal men of Italy, is still the theme of indignant comment. Had he been a man who had thriven by flattery and corruption, he would have been honored with almost royal obsequies. But it is his truest praise that, in Naples, policemen accompanied him to the grave, and that not a word was said.

Bristed's Duel.

Letter-writers give various versions of the duel fought a few weeks since by our countryman, Charles Astor Bristed, at Baden-Baden, but the following is the true one. In one of his letters to the "Spirit of the Times," under his *nom de plume* of "Carl Benson," Mr. Bristed indicted some strictures on the life of a dissipated French marquis. They reached France in course of time, and the marquis went to Baden-Baden with two friends, offering Bristed the alternative of a full retraction, or the wager of battle. Bristed refused to retract, and "went out." One of his balls passed through the Frenchmen's hat uncomfortably near to his head, whereupon he threw himself into the American's arms, expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and declared that his antagonist was a man of honor and a gentleman. The obnoxious expressions remain as written. Such is the code of honor.

A Hungarian Nimrod.

In a book recently published, entitled "History of Sport in Hungary," the author relates that Count Maurice Sandor, who flourished some twenty years ago, once, in the neighborhood of Vienna, rode forty-seven miles in an hour and thirty-four minutes, on two horses only, being at the rate of a mile in two minutes all the way! One of these miraculous nags was an English thorough-bred, the other an English half-bred. On another occasion he drove two hundred miles in less than nine hours—number of horses not stated. His first great feat was leaping the first saddle-horse he ever owned over a cart-team of three horses abreast in the streets of Pesth. Another time he drove four green horses in a phaeton down a staircase of more than thirty steps.

The Sea-Gull and the Telegraph Cable.

A very curious incident occurred when the paying out commenced in mid-ocean. The splice had been made, and the cable was being lowered over the sterns of the vessels, when a little before it touched the water, a sea-gull, no doubt fatigued after a long flight, perched on it, and his claws getting fast in the tar with which the cable was coated, he was unable to extricate them, so that he was dragged down under the water and drowned. He made desperate efforts to save himself, but to no purpose, as he stuck fast; and when he found himself going down, his despairing screams sounded far across the waters. The strangeness of the occurrence, and the terrible agony of the poor bird, caused some sensation on board the vessels.

Charles Dickens.

It is intimated in one of our London papers, that it is not improbable that Charles Dickens may again visit this country, this time on a reading tour, relying upon the magnanimity of our people in forgetting the slanders he uttered in his "American Notes." There was far too much touchiness manifested by our people on the publication of that notorious work. It simply recoiled on its author—for it was the greatest farago of ronsense and ignorance ever uttered by a brilliant man. Whether he admits it not, Dickens must be heartily ashamed of that production.

English Debt and Railroads.

The public debt of England is about eight hundred millions of pounds sterling (£800,000,000), and the number of stockholders in it is two hundred and sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-six (£269,796). Great Britain has invested in Railroads, since 1829, three hundred millions of pounds sterling (£300,000,000); the gross earnings of her railroads last year were twenty-four millions (£24,000,000), and the declared dividends, thirteen millions (£13,000,000).

Central India.

The army of Central India is at last enjoying that respite from hard service which it has so gloriously earned. The capital and the central parts of Oude appear to be entirely clear of enemies and arms. The enemy are driven from the great cities and plains, and are seeking shelter in uncultivated districts, where hills and forests offer natural fortifications, and jungle paths give facilities for eluding pursuit.

Hume, the Medium.

Hume, the American medium, has actually married a Miss Krell or Kroff, who brings him the sum of \$160,000 in cash. Since his marriage, it is said the spirits have left him—for in one of his attempts to evoke the shadow of a deceased aunt of one of his new relatives, the spirits refused utterly to obey. But he has played his cards out, and has secured a fortune and a wife at 29 years of age.

Drought in France and Spain.

There is less water in the rivers of France than anybody ever remembers to have seen. Many of the mills have stopped, and those situated on smaller streams are not able to do more than half the usual amount of work. The drought is so great in the province of Aragon that the fields have to be watered, and the peasantry fight with each other to obtain water from the Ebro.

English Harvests.

The grain harvest through the midland and northwestern counties of England shows the crop to be abundant and of excellent quality. The wheat fields have been more than ordinarily prolific and healthy. The potato disease has been unusually virulent in some districts, and more than half the crop has been destroyed.

Egypt.

An attempt has been made on the life of the viceroy of Egypt by one of the fanatical party, who was discovered in his highness's chamber under his bed. No explanation could be got from the would-be assassin, further than God had sent him there. He was immediately taken out and decapitated.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Great preparations are in progress for the coming fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association. The list of premiums amount to \$21,000—the largest ever given by any society in the country, and it is distributed over every department of agricultural, manufacturing and commercial industry. — Memorial rings have been used for centuries. Sometimes they have been provided by will. Shakespeare bequeathed to several friends "twenty shillings eight pence apiece to buy them rings." — The London Daily News, speaking of the probably successful working of the submarine cable, says:—"Supposing, however, that the speaking or printing apparatus of the Atlantic telegraph can be raised to the highest degree of efficiency, the wants of two worlds must speedily outstrip its capabilities. It is but a single line of electric rail. Messages can pass but one way at a time. The same craving necessities which demand not only double lines of railway, but express trains of sixty miles an hour, will soon require a double path for the winged words of the East to pass to the West without jostling the *Ariels* of the New World." — George Combe, the author of the well-known work on the "Constitution of Man," died on the 14th of August. — A letter from Ex-President Pierce, received at Washington, states that the health of Mrs. Pierce has been decidedly improved since they left the United States. The letter was dated August 10, at Hotel Byron, near Villeneuve, Switzerland. If the weather was favorable, they would pass into Italy in September. — It is as easy to deceive ourselves without our perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it. — A physician going down the street with a friend of his, said to him, "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left; she knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." — "Ah, I understand—you had the misfortune to despatch him." — "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him." — One of the incidents of the Emperor Napoleon's recent tour was that when, at Port Louis, he paid a visit to the room in which he had been held prisoner. — At Cincinnati, on a license suit, one of the witnesses, who did not taste the liquor, but saw others do it, testified that he knew it was whiskey he saw them drink, for he could tell it more than a mile off. The counsel for the defence asked him if he drank any of it. "Drank any of it! Why, no; don't you see I'm alive?" — There are three kinds of praise—that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude. — The first message over the Atlantic cable from Trinity Bay was flashed through to London by the Hughes machine. The speed of the Hughes machine is about 300 per cent. greater than the English machines, which do not record the messages transmitted, whilst the Hughes prints every word in plain, clear, capital letters. — We like that — we mean the new "pill" which a distinguished physician has just invented. This infallible remedy for melancholy is made of "fun and fresh air in equal proportion, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day."

A VALUABLE CHESS-TABLE.—At the sale of the personal estate of the late Gen. Persifer F. Smith, in Philadelphia, were sold a chess-table, with backgammon-board attached. The wood of this table is made of the fortifications of Vera Cruz, and is superbly carved. The checker-board is made of wood from the flag-staff at the city of Mexico. Also, a large military arm-chair, elegantly carved, made of wood from the fortifications of San Juan d'Ulloa, Vera Cruz, and costing \$180.

TWO FACES.—There is a negro boy in Polk county, Texas, who has two faces, fixed on opposite parts of the head, with mouth, nose and chin so full and perfect that it is impossible to tell which is the front face when the body is hid from view. He is six years of age, healthy, of sound mind, and runs and plays among other children. Not much of a curiosity, after all. We know a good many grown-up white men who have two faces.

HARD TO BELIEVE.—A freight train on the Newburgh Branch Railroad was stopped by grasshoppers, lately. Large numbers of grasshoppers had alighted upon the track, covering the rail. The train passed over a great number of them, which made the track so slippery that the wheels turned round without going forward. Sand was poured upon the rail, when the train resumed its accustomed motion.

FUNNYGRAPHIC.—"I've had a grand letter from Judith," said Mrs. Griskin to a neighboring cousin. "She's away up to Pearce, a-top of the Who's-sick Mounting, that they're trying to punch a hole through; and she says when that's done they mean to have a gay time up on the summit. Uncle Joe's big barn is to be fixed up, if the bottom of his well don't tumble out."

THE BEST BEDFELLOW.—The sweetest bedfellow is—conscience, conscience. Ha, it's charming to feel her at our heart—to hear her evening song and morning song!

PATRONIZING.—"Who's there?" said a patrol to a passing figure, one dark night. "It's I, patrol, don't be afraid," kindly replied an old woman.

Wayside Gatherings.

The hop crop in New York State this year will not, it is said, amount to two-thirds of that of former years.

It is expected that at least 350,000 gallons of wine will be made from the native grapes in California this year.

A German starved to death recently in Detroit. He was out of employment, but preferred to die rather than beg.

A vigilance committee for the suppression of incendiarism and the arrest of incendiaries has been organized in Rochester.

Dr. Hayes is receiving encouragement for his proposed Arctic expedition, and it is said that it will certainly be undertaken.

A little girl in Chester, Vt., who was recently bitten by a spider while picking blackberries, has since died from the poison.

Government having abandoned the attempt to improve Red River, two boats with the tackle, which cost \$30,000 have been sold for \$2465.

The little red balloons have got the go-by from juveniledom, and stereoscopes have taken their place. The change is an improvement.

Mr. E. C. Delavan, it is reported, has paid off the whole debt of the New York Temperance Society, amounting to \$9169 out of his own pocket.

Alexander Penault was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Montreal, Canada, for stealing two pence from the poor box of the cathedral in that town.

The Syracuse Courier says the product of the Onondaga Salt Springs will this year amount to at least seven millions of bushels, being an excess of nearly a million over any previous year.

The use of composition metal for ships' fastenings is beginning to be disapproved of in England. Pure copper alone is used for this purpose in constructing ships at the royal dock yards.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of Israelites was held in Baltimore recently at Independence Hall for the purpose of framing an address and resolutions congratulating the Israelites of England on their admission to parliament.

The Providence Journal proposes to settle the controversy about the proper title for the president by dubbing him "lord of thirty-two umbrellas." The title is borrowed from that of an Asiatic potentate, who is "lord of twenty-four umbrellas."

Young ladies who "follow the fashions" are generally giddy-headed and light-hearted. A woman who has no higher aspiration than to pile so much finery and flummery upon her person is unworthy the sex which a Fry, a Nightingale and other noble souls honor.

During the progress of the great French Revolution, from 1790 to 1796, there were issued by the governments of France 45,578,000,000 francs, or about \$9,500,000,000 of paper money, which depreciated and became worthless, like our own continental money.

Daniel Rex, out in Ashtabula, feeling the royal blood in his veins, thought to scare a vicious bull by jumping at him, but his feat had precisely the opposite effect. Taurus sailed in, pitched Mr. Rex up, and then pinned him down with his horns, and when rescued by a couple of his friends the man was almost dead.

As has probably been the case in all the large places in this country, there has been no increase of population in Boston the past year, the report of the assessors showing a decrease in the number of polls from 1857 of 574. In seven wards of the city there is a decrease and in five an increase.

Somebody writes from an American vessel in the Chinese waters that a worthy missionary had scattered several copies of the Ten Commandments on the shore. The next day they were sent back, with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode.

A party of seven men went on an excursion to the Miami River, near Middleton, Ohio, recently, and got drunk. Six of them undertook to "duck" Michael Selby, but carried the joke too far and drowned him. They afterwards dragged his dead body into the woods, covered it with brush and placed over this a log. All were arrested.

A tubful of soapsuds, farmers should remember, is worth as much as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Every bucket of soapsuds should be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place in which to dispose of it; but the roots of grape vines, young trees, or anything of the sort, will do as well.

Recently, a female attired in a most voluminous skirt was committed by the Liverpool magistrates, for pocket-picking and shop-lifting. By an ingenious contrivance she had formed her crinoline into an immense receptacle for stolen property. Several shawls and other articles, stolen shortly before her apprehension, were found upon her.

It is an old adage that "man's best or worst fortune is his wife." We have known instances where men have risen from obscurity to a respectable position in society by being united in marriage to women of real talent and worth. And on the other hand, we have known men of promising talent ruined by being wedded to vain, fashionable women, who were more remarkable for pride than sense.

The New Orleans Picayune notices a hunter of alligators, who has captured four hundred in the swamps near that city since May. He goes into the swamps at night with a pan of fire, and shoots them as they crowd around the light. The skins are sold at 75 cents each, and make the very best boots. The oil, tusks, and hides of these four hundred captured animals have netted the captor \$560 in three months.

George P. Belvins died recently near Selma, Ala., from injuries received by being thrown from a buggy. He is said to have been one of the finest classical scholars in the South. His gifts as a writer were first brought out while at Princeton College, where he, with Charles G. Leland, and other talented young writers, edited the College Magazine. In after years he was a favorite contributor to the Knickerbocker.

The Harvest Moon, as one moon between August 23d and October 16th, is called every year, from its rising several successive nights soon after sunset, and serving to lengthen the day for the benefit of the reaper, gives some of the finest evenings that will be had this year. For six days the rising of this moon varies less than twenty minutes daily, and as will be observed, serves very much to retard the darkness and prolong the day.

Sands of Gold.

.... The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.—Bovee.

.... Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—Beecher.

.... Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.—Lacon.

.... The light in the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.—Bovee.

.... Never ridicule what you cannot comprehend; you thereby betray your own ignorance.—Eaton.

.... There is one moment in which ill-nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity felt for its victim.—Miss Edgeworth.

.... Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.—Bovee.

.... Many works succeed because the mediocrity of the author's ideas exactly corresponds with the mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public.—Chamfort.

.... In great cities, men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others, than in the country; for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.—Colton.

.... There are two classes of people in the church: the religionists, who love God by trying to do right; and the Christians, who are inspired to do right by loving God.—Beecher.

.... Injuries accompanied with insults are never forgiven; all men on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest; they never threaten until they can strike.—Colton.

.... Great crimes seldom spring from any sudden demoralization in the natures of the perpetrators. What seems to us as a fearful precipitation of character, is no more than the rending of a veil from the hitherto concealed parts of it.—Bovee.

.... Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.—Lacon.

Joker's Budget.

Speaking coolly of a friend—calling him a "nice swell!" (an ice well.)

"A stitch in time saves nine."—The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviates a nine-fold introduction.

"Do you profess religion?" "No, sir; I profess my faith and practise my religion." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A railroad track-layer in Massachusetts has absconded with a considerable amount of funds. He preferred making tracks to laying them.

The Cincinnati Horticultural Society has been discussing "the best way of keeping fruit." We find it is kept best locked up in the pantry with the key in our pocket.

No lady will be admitted to the next "Woman's Rights" Convention who does not "shave and sing bass." The officers are expected to wear moustaches.

A fat candidate for office in Alabama, who is said to weigh three hundred and seventy-five pounds, asks the people of his district to try him. Are they tallow chandlers?

"It is extremely disagreeable to me, madam," said an ill-natured old fellow, "to tell you unpleasant truths." "I have no doubt, sir, that it is extremely disagreeable for you to tell truths of any sort."

A green Vermonter enlisted in the naval service, and upon his first visit to his ship, espying the marine in the gangway pacing backwards and forwards with his musket, he accosted him with—"Hello, capting! out a-shootin' luns this mornin', hey?"

A passenger out in one of the late steamers says: "The Frenchman's story seems to me expressive. One morning, the cabin-boy came for his boots. 'Boots!' feebly sounded from the berth. 'Ah, sare, you may take zem; I sail want zem nairy more.'"

The truest epitaph our cotemporary "ever saw was that of a clown which simply said, *Here I am.*" Then old John Geddes was wrong when he wrote, in reply to those who derided his unhandsome form:

"You see not here John Geddes. No!
'Tis but his dwelling-place below."

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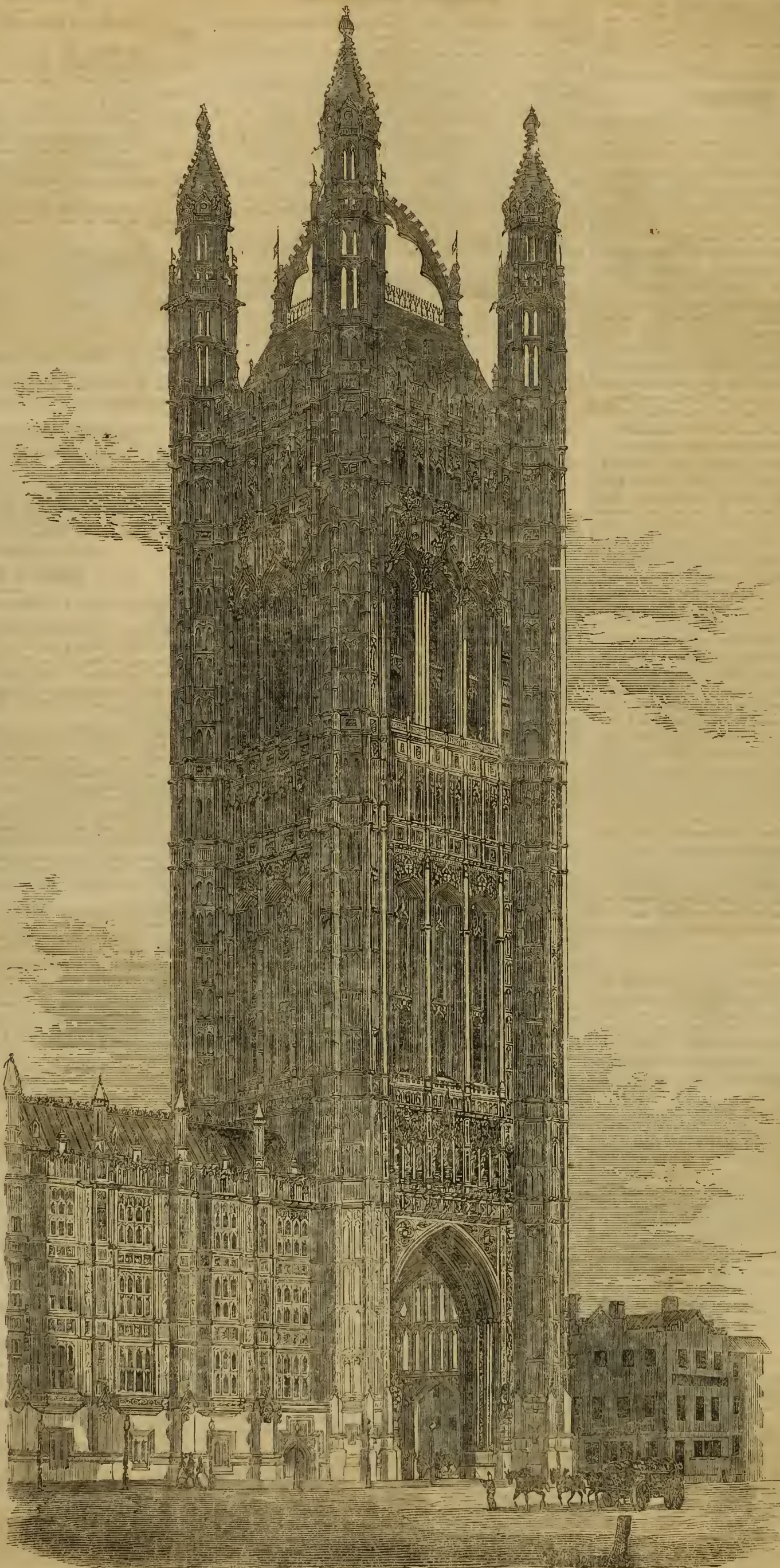
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THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

We present on this page an accurate representation of the Victoria Tower, Westminster Palace, London, recently completed, and one of the grandest triumphs of modern architectural skill and taste, and one of the noblest structures in the world. Henceforth, for a traveller not to have seen this tower, will be to have travelled to no purpose. Yet those of our readers who will never enjoy a sight of the building itself, may rest assured that its "counterfeit presentment" is before them. It is one of the special privileges of wood engraving thus to minister to the enjoyment and instruction of "tarry-at-home travellers." The foundations of the tower, like all the others on which the new palace of Westminster is built, are of immense strength, formed of a solid mass of concrete more than 14 feet deep, and which descends 10 feet below Trinity datum. They were allowed to settle several months before the structure was commenced, on the 2nd of April, 1842, since which time the pile has grown slowly, but surely, at the rate of 23 feet per year, till the whole edifice has attained a height of 345 feet from base to summit, and presses upon the foundations with a weight little short of 30,000 tons. Compared with this magnificent altitude, all other towers that we know of shrink into insignificance. There are spires enough, undoubtedly, of greater height, but no towers; even that noble one at Mechlin, half spire, half tower, and which, perhaps, comes nearest to that at Westminster, is but 348 feet to the top of the vane, while to the top of the vane of the Victoria Tower is no less than 420,—more than double the height of the Monument, more than sixty feet higher than the top of the cross of St. Paul's, and within a few feet of three times the height of the famous tower of Pisa. All the other proportions of the tower are equally massive and noble. The walls are twelve feet thick up to the base of the first tier of windows and thence six feet. The storied windows are forty-four feet high by thirty-two wide, and five feet deep. The figures, which look so small and infantine in the niches on the sides, are huge as Titans—colossal masses, nearly ten feet high, and weighing many tons. The supporters of the coats of arms of the British kings are large as horses, and massive, as if meant to be supporters to the tower, while even the four light and airy-looking pinnacles which crown the whole mass above, with their little gilt tops like points of fire, are in reality themselves as large as good-sized temples, and reach actually ninety feet into the air above the parapet of the tower as it now stands. But none can appreciate, or even realize, the lofty grandeur of the pile, with all its rich magnificence of decoration, by merely gazing on it. Noble as it is in any aspect, the Victoria Tower, like other great triumphs of architecture, must be examined in detail to be felt in all its mute eloquence of form. Only when the visitor has climbed the spiral staircase, which winds with many a hundred weary step up to the very summit—when he has studied the elaborate workmanship and proportions of the interior from balconies under the great window, entered the lofty arcades over them, and thence mounted to the roof and pinnacles above all, can he be said to know this building, which has grown up almost unnoticed and unknown, but which is nevertheless destined to give frame and name to England's architecture for centuries to come. The tower is attached to the palace on the north and east sides only;



the south and west fronts being open to the street, the latter forming that magnificent archway which is known as the royal entrance, and through which only the reigning sovereign will ever be allowed to enter. The gateway under which her majesty enters is an arch of nearly sixty feet high and twenty-two wide—such an entrance as no other place in the world equals, and this leads directly into the basement story of the tower. It is one huge groined arch, nearly seventy feet square at the ground, and sixty-two feet to the top of the groin. On the left is a rich carved screen leading to the royal gallery; on the right is a grand archway similar to that of the royal entrance. The visitor who wishes to ascend the tower passes at once to the south octagon turret, which he enters through a low iron door. At the first moment all seems wrapped in darkness, but after a while the eye, growing accustomed to the obscurity, discerns the last step of a well staircase of iron, which winds up and up in apparently endless spirals, till the circling balustrade is merged together in the long perspective, terminating at a dim bluish spot no bigger than your hand, which marks the outlet on to the tower roof, nearly 350 feet above you. A dozen turns up this stair conduct the visitor by a passage to the first and largest floor in the tower. It is an apartment 51 feet square and 17 feet 6 inches high. The tower is constructed from top to bottom of brick, stone, and iron, without any admixture of combustible materials, being thus entirely fire-proof from base to summit. It is intended to be used as a grand repository for the State papers, records, and muniments of the nation, and for this purpose it is divided into eleven stories, each of which, with the exception of the basement story and the first floor immediately over it, contains sixteen fireproof rooms. All these floors are communicated with by means of a most singularly constructed flying spiral staircase of iron, which passes through an octagon aperture in all the floors, with each of which it joins by means of a short landing. The roof of the tower is sloping, reaching sixteen feet above the parapet, and is surrounded with a gilt railing six feet high. The four corners are guarded by four stone lions twenty feet high, and from the base of the corners spring four cast-iron flying arched buttresses, which are formed in the centre in a kind of crown about thirty feet above the roof. The upper edge of these buttresses are decorated with a richly gilt wrought iron railing, which makes them, when united, still more resemble a coronet, and in keeping with the regal aspect of the tower. Resting on the roof, and passing upwards through the four points of these buttresses which support it, is a flagstaff in proportion to the rest of the pile, and strong enough to withstand the taunts of the acre of bunting which flutters from it on gala days. Seen from the outside the great general features we have attempted to describe look bolder and more striking still; and though the ornaments are so numerous, the tracery so multiplied, and the height of the whole mass from the eye so great, there is still no confusion of parts. The mind fixes its massive and just proportions without distraction, and as the eye glances down its sculptured records of the line of kings, with all their historical associations connected with the very parliament to which it marks the entrance, the visitor feels that it is more than a mere tower; it is a sculptured monument of the history of a nation; it is a monarchy written in enduring stone.

THE NEW VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER LONDON

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

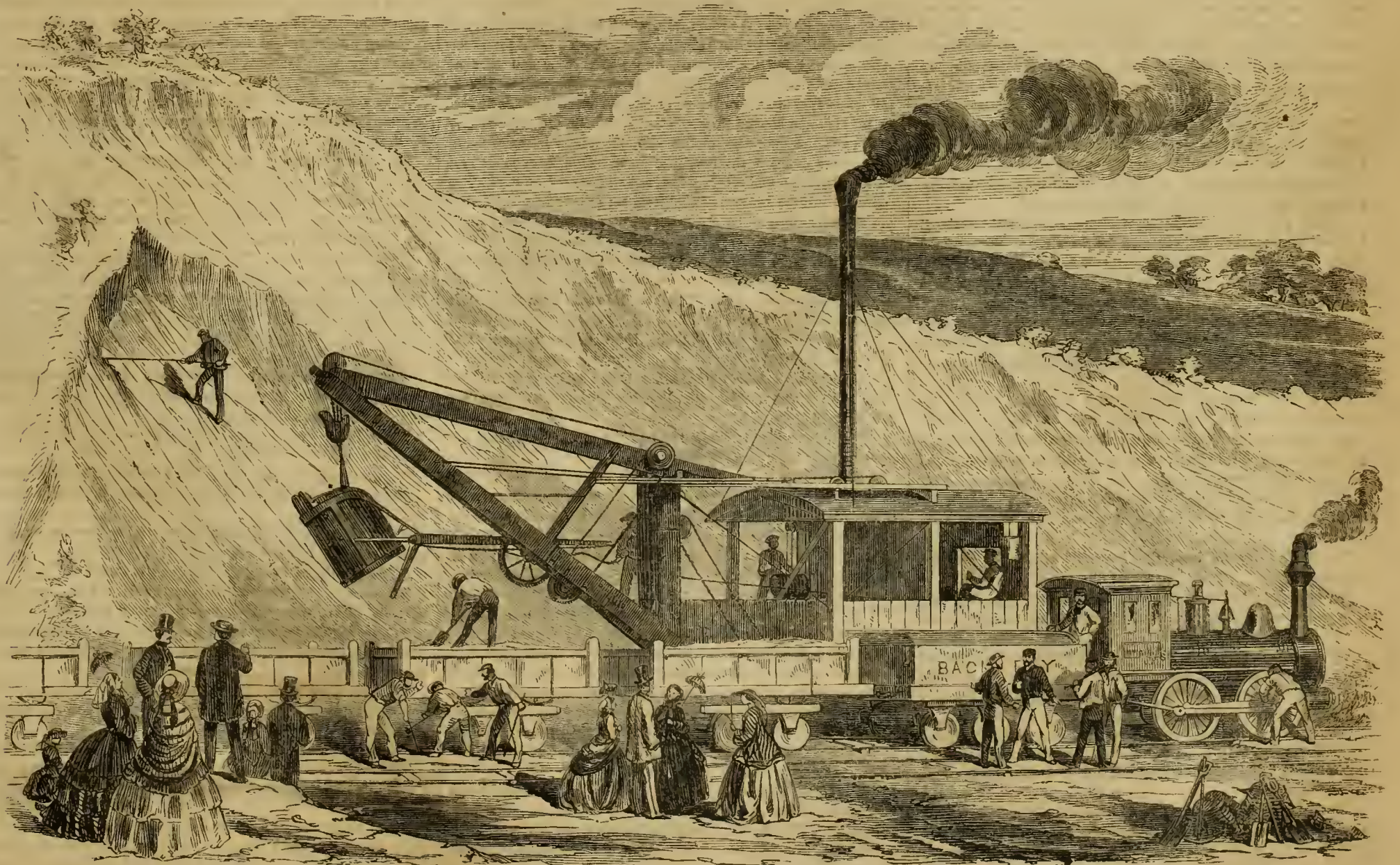
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IMPROVEMENTS ON BACK BAY, BOSTON.

The accompanying engraving from a drawing made for us on the spot by Mr. Wm. Waud, represents the operations now going on on the Back Bay, for reclaiming that large tract of territory, destined soon to be covered with elegant squares, streets and blocks of buildings. A large number of persons are now employed, and the work of excavating and filling up is rapidly going forward. The *modus operandi* will be readily understood from our accurate delineation of the machine employed. Steam and human power are combined to push forward the work with the utmost despatch. This enterprise, which has now been in progress for seven years, was set on foot by the State government in order to render its property available. In July last the State Commissioners made a contract with Messrs. Goss & Monson, who had previously shown their ability in the fulfilment of a similar engagement on a smaller scale, for filling the whole territory lying eastward of the third street laid out west of the Public Garden, receiving in payment four blocks of land; two blocks next to the Garden, and lying between Boylston and Newbury Streets; one block next to the Public Garden, and lying between the land of Goddard and Lawrence and Marlborough Street; and one block on Beacon Street, these lands being purchased by Messrs. G. & M. from the State, at the rate of \$1.17 the square foot, in payment for as much filling as the amount will cover at a certain fixed price. All the lots and blocks bordering on a broad avenue laid out on the cen-

tre of the land and running southwesterly, are reserved to the State, and will undoubtedly command high prices when brought into the market. The contractors are to fill up the territory to a perfect level four feet below the top of the Milldam, except the streets, which are to be level with the surface of the Milldam. The quantity of land allowed to the contractors will be 260,000 square feet, leaving the State 793,000 square feet, exclusive of streets, parks and passage-ways. Last summer the State Commissioners sold a block next the garden, extending 596 feet on Beacon Street, and 120 feet deep, to Messrs. Wm. W. Goddard and T. Bigelow Lawrence, for the sum of \$70,000, one quarter cash. They immediately made a contract for filling 250,000 square feet with solid earth and clear gravel, agreeing to pay at the rate of forty cents per cubic yard, with one cent per superficial foot additional for levelling the surface. The new contract of which we have spoken is based on the same tariff of prices. Messrs. Goddard & Monson, skilful and enterprising contractors, obtained the work, and in addition were engaged by Messrs. Goddard and Lawrence to fill their purchase. Hence they acquired the skill and courage to embark on the present enlarged undertaking. They proceeded to execute their contracts with diligence. The material was brought over the Charles River Railroad to Brookline, and thence into the Back Bay by a special track, constructed for the purpose and laid parallel to the Brookline Branch and Worcester Railroads. It was loaded by means of a steam excavator of a large size and

strength, capable of filling a car in two scoops of its huge shovel, into cars of the best construction, in the manner shown in the engraving below. The contractors put three powerful locomotives on the track, and run them night and day, Sundays excepted. In their hands the work now before them will be speedily accomplished, and both parties to the contract will have reason to be satisfied with it. In a brief period the lands reclaimed will yield several millions to the State treasury, and soon what has been so long a dreary waste, will be covered with fine buildings, and become one of the most attractive and healthy portions of the city. It is only in this direction that Boston proper is capable of territorial expansion; and it is only this new portion of the city, together with the South End, lying parallel, which can redeem the charge brought against Boston, of having the narrowest, most inconvenient and tortuous streets of any city in the Union. In the future the south part of the city will present the same contrast to the older portion that upper New York now does to the part below the city hall, the Knickerbocker germ of the great imperial metropolis. Neither our Puritan fathers nor the Dutch of Manhattan dreamed of or provided for such wants as we now experience. Dr. Francis states that when the New York City Hall was erected in the beginning of the present century, it was decided to build the back of brick, instead of marble like the façade, because nobody would ever think of building on that side. Now lower New York is but a tithe of the city.



LOADING GRAVEL CARS FOR THE BACK BAY, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR,—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

A dead silence now followed, and for a considerable time nothing was heard from the besiegers. Edward Yeardeley took the opportunity of stealing to the side of Eleanor Hargreaves, and whispering assurances of safety.

"What can it mean?" Sir Gordon at last inquired. "Is it possible that they have retreated?"

"No—you may be sure of that, Sir Gordon," Richard Seabold replied. "The blood-thirsty redskins will stick to us as long as there's hope of a scalp."

"Perhaps they mean to storm the house," the nobleman observed.

"No. Indians don't fight that way; they know more than to try it. We pick them off now, as fast as they show their heads, and it would be their destruction to rush on us in a body."

"But we have killed many of them."

"Yes, several dozen, but the woods are swarming with them still. This quiet shows that they are hatching up some infernal plan against us, and we must be watchful. But we shall know what it is soon enough."

All felt this to be true, and they awaited in breathless expectancy the movements of their enemies. But the minutes passed away, and still nothing was heard but their own anxious breathing.

"This is torture!" exclaimed Richard Seabold. "I can't endure this; I must find out what it means."

"Hark! What is that?" exclaimed Edward Yeardeley, who had rejoined them.

All listened, and a noise seemingly proceeding from overhead attracted their attention. It was a muffled, shuffling noise, and each looked into his neighbor's face for an explanation.

"I have it!" Seabold ejaculated. "The Indians have climbed to the roof at the ends of the wings, and are trying to get into the house through the upper story."

It was plainly so, and every eye was fixed on Yeardeley. He was calm and collected as ever.

"This is a startling danger," he said, "but if we meet it promptly, half the danger will be removed. Seabold, take six of the men and follow me. Sir Gordon will defend this place in our absence."

The commandant took up his rifle, and motioning to the men to follow him cautiously, ascended the ladder which led to the second story of the main building. A strange scene was presented to his eye as his foot touched the floor. There were two windows to this room, one leading out upon each wing, and a group of Indians were busy upon the outside of each, endeavoring to wrench away the bars which prevented their ingress. Without stopping to observe more, Yeardeley discharged his rifle with fatal aim into the midst of the foes, and under cover of the smoke, Seabold, followed by his men, sprang into the room, and dividing into two parties, they poured in a close and deadly fire upon both bodies of Indians. The latter were thrown into fatal confusion, and before they could entirely retreat, a second volley completed their discomfiture, and drove the survivors from the roofs.

"They probably won't try that again," observed Seabold. "There lie two, four—yes, seven of the rascals, and some of the others must have unpleasant pieces of lead lodged in various parts of their ugly bodies. But it might be safe to leave two or three here to watch. What do you say, captain?"

"It is certainly a good plan; we should have thought of it before. Symonds and Warder, you may remain here. Watch closely, and if you see anything suspicious, let me know immediately."

The commandant and his men then descended the ladder. Those below were anxiously awaiting their appearance, and the men could not repress a shout of enthusiasm when they learned the slaughter of the Indians. An answering howl of rage was instantly heard from the forest.

"That means mischief," said Richard Seabold, shaking his head. "They will try something desperate now, take my word for it."

"Will they try to burn the house?" asked Sir Gordon, anxiously.

"I think not; I have thought of that several times; but there is no place where they can approach except at the ends of the wings, and there—"

The report of a musket from above interrupted him, and one of the men came down to report that he had just fired at an Indian who seemed to be stealing towards the river with his arms filled with broken boughs.

"Then they have commenced their work already!" exclaimed Seabold. "But we will soon stop it. Let half of the men follow me, and I will engage to disperse them, if Captain Yeardeley thinks best."

Edward quickly gave the desired permission, being previously informed of Seabold's plan, and the bold hunter and his followers left the room and proceeded along the whole length of one of the wings. From the upper window of the end of the building, a startling scene presented itself to their view. A large body of

Indians had collected below, and were actively engaged in piling up brush and light wood, while several more were on their hands and knees, endeavoring to light the pile. With a word of direction to his men, Seabold gave the order to fire, and the savages were instantly thrown into confusion by the well-directed discharge. Rallying, however, they sent a flight of arrows at their assailants, several of which penetrated through the window. Again the little party delivered their fire, and the Indians were compelled to retreat, bearing with them their dead. A whoop of triumph and defiance followed them, and in their rage they discharged another volley of arrows. The white men were at that moment collected at the window, watching the retreating forms of their enemies; one of them gave a sudden painful moan, and staggered back. An arrow had penetrated his brain!

Sadly his companions bore him back to the barracks, and laid the body beside that of his brother in arms. A glad greeting died upon the lips of Edward Yeardeley as they entered, and a shade of sadness passed over his brow.

"This is dreadful!" said Mistress Anne, approaching her brother. "Is there no help for this, Gordon? Can we not hope for an end of it soon?"

"I fear not," replied Sir Gordon, shaking his head. "We have already repulsed them three times, and three of our brave fellows have fallen in their attacks, yet the savages seem as thirsty for our blood as ever. Would that Wyatt's message could have arrived in time to allow of our taking refuge in Jamestown! Yet we must not despair. Master Yeardeley has befriended us nobly, and the men fight like lions. Is Eleanor much cast down?"

"No; she bears it nobly. Master Yeardeley seems glad to speak with her now and then, and Eleanor seems not offended at his familiarity."

A doubtful look passed over Sir Gordon's features at these words, and drawing his sister aside, the two conversed for several minutes, the nobleman evincing a strange anxiety and uneasiness upon the subject which his sister had touched upon.

It was now well nigh midnight, and the moon rode high in the heavens. The siege had lasted six hours, and still the ferocious enemy continued to hover around, making no general attempt against the Blockhouse, but testifying their activity by a random arrow or an occasional whoop. The excitement of the defence had driven all thoughts of fatigue from the minds of the defenders, and they grasped their muskets firmly, and kept their stations by the loopholes.

Fearful as had been the scenes through which they had already passed, the most fearful was in reserve. But we will not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIV.

A THRILLING SCENE, AND A SUMMARY DEED.

In order that the reader may fully comprehend the scene which now took place, it becomes necessary for us to advert again in brief terms to the peculiar construction of the Blockhouse.

We have remarked that the whole ground floor of the main building was occupied by the barracks, so often spoken of heretofore; above this was the room from which the Indians had been repulsed in the attempt to gain an entrance. To the right of the barracks was a small apartment, into which Anne and Eleanor Hargreaves had retreated with the domestics upon the first attack, and where they were now seated in anxious terror and expectancy. From this room a small door afforded egress to the river side of the house; this door was small in size, but similar in construction to the other doors of the building, being made from stout and thick oak planks, and securely fastened with three iron bars. The approaches of the Indians had hitherto been made from the forest, and the river side had been watched only at intervals—an error of almost fatal consequence, as the defenders soon discovered.

A shrill whistle, three times repeated, was now heard, evidently proceeding from the house.

"What does that mean?" asked Edward Yeardeley. "It sounds strangely like a signal."

"Ha! I know that voice!" Richard Seabold exclaimed. "It is a signal, and that—"

His words were suddenly cut short by a warning cry from Sir Gordon Hargreaves. Every person started, for it clearly portended new danger.

"They are coming! Look towards the river. See! they are creeping over the ground in scores!"

A general rush was made toward the loopholes, and the truth became at once fearfully apparent. An almost endless line of savages was dimly discerned, cautiously but rapidly approaching the house, and instantly disappearing. Where could they vanish so suddenly? A cry of horror from the next room too plainly answered the mental query. With terrible forebodings, Edward Yeardeley swung open the door between the apartments, and beheld the females struggling with a dozen Indian foes, while the room was rapidly filling with innumerable dusky forms!

Following their leader, the men crowded forward and discharged their muskets upon the throng before them. The effect was deadly, but the savages had obtained too much foothold to be easily driven back, and though the fire produced a momentary stop to their advance, those outside crowded them forward over the dead bodies of the slain, and the contracted apartment echoed with their diabolical yells of triumph.

Edward Yeardeley saw it all at a glance, and his heart settled back in the firmness of despair as he comprehended the fearful alternative. But his voice rang out high above the clamor, with the words: "On, my brave men! on with your knives! Club your muskets, and give them battle! We are betrayed; we are doomed, but let us die like men, and slay these miscreants while

we can. We can die but once; let us die nobly, and with our faces to the foe. On, on!"

Catching the spirit of their leader's words, the defenders stood bravely at bay, and for a moment the clash of knives and hatchets was heard above the fierce cries of the combatants. Fatal wounds were given and received, and more than one combatant sank in his gore and was trodden under foot while the fight raged above him. A cry of terror sounded in the ears of Richard Seabold, and the maddened forester darted headlong into the midst of his foes, and grasping by his long scalp-lock the Indian who had seized Ruth Gamble in his arms and was bearing her away, he bent him to his knee, and wrenching his own tomahawk from his hand, sunk it deep into his brain. Placing the rescued girl behind him, he brandished his weapon before his astonished foes, while animated by his example, the defenders rushed forward with a cheer, and partially regained their lost ground.

Thus the fight wavered, being obstinately and fiercely contested, the brave defenders struggling with all the energy of despair. A faint hope sprang up in the mind of Edward Yeardeley as he marked the stubborn resistance, but this soon died away. Less than twelve of the heroic garrison remained unhurt and in fighting condition, and these were fearfully fatigued and worn down by the laborious defence of the night, and slowly, contesting every step, they were forced backward to the barracks. The Indians were unable to use their bows in such close quarters, and this fact, combined with the smallness of the door, which allowed the entrance of but one savage at a time, prevented the immediate destruction of the little band. Richard Seabold was bleeding from a frightful appearing wound in the head, but he still maintained his place by the side of his young leader, while his deep voice now and then replied to the whoops of the Powhatans by an answering yell of defiance, and his stout arm was the terror of the savages. His gigantic form towered above the tallest of them, and an Indian fell before every blow of his vengeful hatchet.

Thus the struggle went on, and slowly but surely the garrison retired before their foes. A part of the defenders had already been pressed over the threshold of the barracks, and momentarily they retreated further, when Seabold with a strange cry buried his weapon at the nearest foe, and pushed his way hastily into the barracks. A pang of doubt agitated the heart of Yeardeley as he observed the movement, and the agonizing thought flashed upon him, "Can Seabold be so base as to desert us?" But another moment dispelled his doubts and gave an entirely different aspect to the fight.

Richard Seabold darted hastily past the men, and going to the powder-screen, with a shout of exultation dragged forth a large brass hand-swivel, which until then had been unthought of. With an exertion of his herculean strength, he swung the heavy weapon in his arms, and advancing hastily to his old position, directed it towards the foe. The Indians paused in hesitation and doubt, but their indecision was fatal. The ponderous swivel was steadied and depressed to the proper range, and its brazen throat belched forth a thick tongue of flame and clouds of smoke, while a concussion like that of thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the Blockhouse. Before the fearful rain of missiles, the Indians went down like grass before the reaper, while the few who remained unhurt turned to flee. The throng outside still continued their eager pressure, but the door was quickly forced back to its place and barricaded against their entrance. Two had been slightly wounded by the discharge of the swivel, and were unable to escape through the door, but they were instantly cut down by the defenders.

The floor presented a sanguinary appearance after this strange conflict; the bodies of the Powhatans, with three of the whites, who had fallen in the struggle, lay piled in their blood. The men gazed with strange emotions upon this spectacle, but the voice of Sir Gordon Hargreaves aroused them.

"Whose work is this?" he exclaimed, pointing to the bodies of the three white men. "Who doomed those brave fellows, our companions in danger, to a violent death? Who drew the bolts of yonder door in order that he might betray us into the hands of a blood-thirsty foe? Speak, men! Whose work is this? Who is the cowardly traitor?"

The men looked fearfully upon each other, as if expecting a confession from one of their own number, but no voice was heard until Richard Seabold remarked:

"It is the work of the same hand that destroyed our ammunition, and left us well-nigh defenceless."

"Ay, that is plain. But who is it? Let the man be pointed out." Edward Yeardeley at this instant approached the nobleman, and said, in a low tone:

"Sir Gordon, will you surrender the traitor into my hands for punishment if I will point him out?"

"Yes. Make an example of him on the spot."

The brow of the commandant grew dark, and his eyes shone with the light of a stern purpose as he turned away.

"Come forth!" he uttered, in a stern voice, at the same instant drawing a pistol from his belt and pointing it towards the corner of the room.

The eyes of all were instantly turned that way, and every breath was suspended as a dark object was seen endeavoring to conceal itself behind a water-cask.

"Come forth! Delay not, or you will come forth a dead man!"

This summons had the desired effect; a rustling was heard, and a man crept from his concealment, and fell on his knees in abject supplication at Yeardeley's feet. The eyes of all but the commandant were averted in horror as they recognized in the groveling wretch none other than John Searle. His face was ghastly pale and distorted with fear, his teeth chattered, and his whole body shook and quivered from the same cause.

"O, spare me, captain, spare me!" he cried, in frenzy. "I will confess all, but do not kill me; give me my life—only my life!"

"You confess, then?" said Yearley, compressing his lips. "You confess it all?"

"Yes, all—everything. I was bound to help the Powhatans; I spoiled the powder, and I alone unbarred the door to the Indians. And now will you give me my life?"

"Look yonder, John Searle; observe the bodies of those three brave men who have fallen in death. Who destroyed them? Answer!"

"The Indians," gasped Searle, as he caught the meaning gleam of Yearley's eye. "It was the Powhatans, but you will—"

"No! Accursed traitor, it was *not* the savages that brought those men to their end, but rather your traitorous hand which opened for them the way! What have you to say in your defence? Speak quickly, for your time is short!"

"No, no!" cried the miserable being, wringing his hands in agony. "Give me life, life, life!"

"John Searle, your life is not mine to give; I surrender it into the hands of those whose destruction you so nearly compassed. Men, what say you?" And the commandant appealed to those who stood silently by. "Before you is the villain who has twice endeavored to betray you into the hands of your foes, and not you alone, but also the helpless women for whom you have fought so nobly. His life is forfeited; he pleads for it. Shall we spare him?"

"To plot new treason, and to work our certain ruin? No, never!" uttered Richard Seabold; and the unanimous and deep-toned "No!" of the men fell like a death-knell upon the traitor's ear.

He shuddered anew, and opened his mouth to utter new supplications, but the weapon of Yearley was at his temple, and he listened in despair to his stern words:

"You hear; you have been adjudged to death! You have not one minute to live!"

"Have mercy! Spare me! Mercy, mer—"

His unavailing shrieks were smothered by the report of the pistol, and he toppled over heavily upon the floor, shot through the brain! Edward Yearley turned away, sick at heart, and with a blanching cheek, but with the firmly spoken words:

"It is indeed fearful to contemplate, but who shall say that it is not just?"

"Not I, my friend!" returned Sir Gordon Hargreaves, grasping his hand. "The villain's death was as necessary to our safety as the destruction of our foes without, and I honor you for the promptness of your act!"

A murmur of approbation came from the men, and the defence was resumed with all the vigor that the weakened band could summon.

"Give them a volley to show that we're alive!" commanded Seabold, and the report of the muskets followed. Nothing was heard from the Indians, who had retreated to the forest after their last repulse.

"There is no mistake now," Seabold whispered. "The powder is almost exhausted; there is not more than enough for one charge left."

"Merciful heavens!" Yearley exclaimed. "Are we reduced to this extremity?"

"Yes; there was but little in the keg when it was brought out, and now it is almost gone."

"Let the men load up once more and await their chance. Alas! we are indeed reduced to a desperate extremity!"

His thoughts suddenly turned to Eleanor Hargreaves, and as the sudden conviction that destruction was now inevitable forced itself upon his mind, he covered his face and groaned in the agony of his spirit.

The startling report speedily circulated among the men, and as the last round of powder was distributed they grasped their muskets with the firmness of despair. The sudden cessation of the fire from the Blockhouse had acquainted the besiegers with the state of affairs, and a terrific yell of satisfaction greeted the ears of the defenders.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RELIEF. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The critical moment for the little party in the Blockhouse had now arrived, and this was felt by all. Hitherto each man had fought desperately and against overwhelming odds, but still with a slight hope of victory; now, that hope was utterly destroyed, and they waited in gloomy silence the final onset of their foes, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The eyes of Edward Yearley and Richard Seabold turned frequently towards the place where the females of the household were seated in mute despair, and once something strangely like a tear glittered in the eye of the rough hunter, but he quickly dashed it away and took his place again at the loopholes.

"Hark!" said Sir Gordon, suddenly. "What is that?"

A clear, ringing sound was distinctly heard in the wood, as if made with hatchets.

"They are felling a tree," Edward Yearley responded.

"It is plain enough," Richard Seabold remarked. "The infernal redskins have got us now, sure. That tree is to be used as a battering-ram to burst in our doors!"

Seabold had instantly guessed the truth. Having become acquainted with the failure of the powder, the Indians had resolved to batter down the door and carry the place by storm. Their own overwhelming force and the loss of the whites rendered the issue of the attempt certain.

Day had just dawned, but the beams of the rising sun brought no joy to the beleaguered defenders. They were still firm in their determination to hold out till the last, but the preceding night of horrors had wrought fearful changes with them. They were pale and haggard, and in their great exhaustion they leaned against the walls for support.

"They are coming!" one of the men cried out.

The Indians at that moment emerged from the wood, bearing before them the trunk of the tree which they had hewn down.

"Steady men—steady!" the young commandant whispered. "Pick off the leaders, and let one half save their loads for another volley."

Six muskets spoke simultaneously, and the foremost of the Indians fell. The advance of the huge engine was for a moment stopped, but others sprang into their places, and they again moved on.

The ponderous beam was hurried up to the door, and the savages collected around it in a noisy multitude, eager to gain admission to the Blockhouse and commence the slaughter. For the last time a discharge came from the loopholes, and six of the Powhatans fell in their tracks. The beam had been at that instant levelled, and its bearers had started with it to the assault: the volley of the defenders produced much confusion, but the impetus already given to the beam was sufficient to carry it against the door. The blow was a heavy one, and the door was half started from its hinges.

Another such would have driven it in, but that other was never given. Richard Seabold suddenly grasped the commandant by the arm, and uttered in a joyous shout the words:

"Hurra! We're safe—safe at last! Look at the woods! Hurra, boys! Out upon the bloody redskins before they have time to shew us their backs."

At these strange words Edward Yearley looked towards the woods, and a glad cry involuntarily sprang from his lips. Preceded by a mounted officer, who pointed to the Blockhouse as if to urge them on, a detachment of colonial troops burst from the forest and advanced upon the men. The Indians saw them, too, but it was too late; as they deployed into the open clearing there came a quick word of command, and a deafening volley filled the air. With a wild yell of terror the Indians turned and fled, everywhere pursued by the troops. In his wild excitement, Richard Seabold joined in the route, and many a dusky foe fell before the sweep of his ponderous rifle. The slaughter was great; some of the Indians took to the forest, where they were enabled to baffle their enemies in flight, but by far the greater number plunged into the river and attempted to cross. Many were drowned in the passage, others were shot by the excited yemen upon the bank, while a comparatively small number found safety upon the opposite shore. When the work had thus continued for half an hour a recall was sounded, and the soldiers formed in order in front of the Blockhouse.

With the flight of the Indians, the officer threw himself from his horse and entered the barracks. Sir Gordon Hargreaves met him at the door.

"I faith, Hargreaves," said the former, "you have had an obstinate time with the ungodly savages. We arrived not a moment too soon."

"Sir Francis Wyatt!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand with joyful surprise. "What lucky chance has led you hither so opportunely?"

"It was, indeed, a lucky chance, my friend. I have been engaged in strengthening the defences of Jamestown, in order that we might be prepared in case the savages should attack us, but I have seen nothing of them at home. Still, my heart was heavy as I thought of the weaker settlements, and I had determined to do something for their relief, when last evening a scout came in with the intelligence that he had heard heavy firing in this direction. My thoughts were instantly of you, and as quickly as possible I placed myself at the head of a part of our troops, and by a hard night march through the forest we have been enabled to arrive here as we have."

"And you have done us valiant service; a few moments longer, and we should have surely fallen a prey to the savages. You are entitled to our lasting gratitude. But what is the fate of others? How has it fared with the York and Potomac settlements?"

"Alas! They are entirely swept away! We have reason to fear that few beyond Jamestown have survived the massacre."

"Let us hope for the best, however. And now, Sir Francis, I have a prisoner to deliver into your hands."

"A prisoner! Is it an Indian?"

"No, but a white man; one who has been my guest for the last few days."

"Your words surprise me! It cannot be that you mean—"

"But I do, though; I wish to deliver Sir Morgan Lymburne into your hands, charged with several serious offences."

"Then first, in the name of wonder, explain it to me. Tell me the whole of this strange affair."

The brow of the governor was clouded, but it became darker as his friend went on with a brief history of what had transpired at the Blockhouse since the hurried visit of Sir Francis, and when he had concluded, the latter exclaimed:

"Now may God help me, but I am easily deceived! Sir Morgan Lymburne appeared to me to be a gallant gentleman, though I bethink me I have heard reports of certain discreditable doings in England, wherein he was the chief actor. But by my knightly honor! were he my own son, I would not shield him for this! He is as great a villain as Yearley is an honorable gentleman,

and he shall be severely dealt with. And it gives me joy to hear so fair a report of my young secretary; his welfare is dear to me, and I regard him almost as a brother."

"But who is he, Sir Francis? Know you aught of his family?"

"Nothing. I have forborne to question him, for I discovered him to be sensitive upon the subject."

A shadow passed over the brow of Sir Gordon Hargreaves.

"I would that I knew!" he said, in a tone of doubt. "He is a brave and manly youth, but I fear—"

"What? You are moved; what is it?"

"Not now, Sir Francis; I'll speak of it another time. And now let me give my prisoner into your hands. Master Yearley, be pleased to attend us."

Edward advanced, and after returning the warm greeting of the governor, followed them up the stairs. A man was just passing through the hall, and Sir Gordon called to him:

"Bradford, step hither a moment. How fares the prisoner?"

The man seemed confused by this question, and replied in a troubled voice:

"To tell the truth, Sir Gordon, I fear I've done wrong, but I couldn't help it. I heard the firing down below, and I couldn't stay after that, so I went down to help drive away the savages. I thought nothing about the prisoner until just now, and then I came up to see whether it was all right."

"This is bad!" Sir Gordon uttered. "I fear all is not as it should be, but we will soon see."

The door of the room where Sir Morgan Lymburne had been confined was soon reached and unbolted; but upon entering it, Sir Gordon's worst fears were at once realized. The room was empty; the prisoner had escaped! Sir Gordon Hargreaves sank into a chair and exclaimed in a hollow voice:

"Gone—gone! And thus my hopes are all blasted again!"

Edward Yearley sprang at once to the window, where the means of flight were quickly discovered. The bars had been violently torn from the windows, and a rope was fastened to one, and now hung outside.

"He has certainly slipped from your trap," observed Sir Francis, looking about the room. "But here—what does this mean?"

Sir Gordon Hargreaves looked up as he heard these words, and approached the governor. The exclamation of the latter referred to some characters upon the wall, evidently scratched with the point of a dagger. Sir Gordon read them, and his heart sank with fear. They were as follows:

"I go, but remember! I shall return upon the fifth of April to fulfil the terms of the contract. Be prepared!"

"By my faith, Sir Gordon," observed the governor, "this writing affects you deeply. What is it, and what does it mean?"

"Ask me not Wyatt," he said, with a groan of terror and distress. "Let me keep my secret."

"By the mass, but I *will not*!" exclaimed Sir Francis, vehemently. "When I saw you once before, I seemed to terrify you with the simple mention of the name of Sir Morgan Lymburne; and now, when you should rejoice that you are well rid of him, you exhibit a strange agitation. Come—let us hear the whole!"

"I will leave the room," interposed Edward Yearley, "if you desire it, though I am acquainted with the whole matter."

"Are you, though?" exclaimed Sir Francis, "then you shall stay, for it may need some consultation. Speak, Sir Gordon; let me share your sorrows, whatever they are."

A look of surprise passed over the features of Sir Gordon Hargreaves as he heard the words of Yearley, but it instantly gave place to one of pain, and in a low voice he recounted to the governor the whole circumstances of his friendship with Sir Reginald Lymburne, and the giving of the contract. The face of Sir Francis Wyatt became thoughtful as he proceeded, but he suffered him to relate the whole without interruption.

"And now, my friend," said Sir Gordon, in conclusion, "can you blame me that I did this thing?"

"No—not for that; Sir Reginald was my friend as well as yours, and had the case been mine, I should probably have acted as you did. But why need you feel bound by this contract now? You are now in Virginia, thousands of miles from where that instrument was drawn, and from the men who witnessed it. Break through it; suffer it not to stand! Colonial law will uphold you—I will uphold you!"

A new thrill of hope agitated the heart of Edward Yearley as he heard the impetuous words of the governor, but it was momentary. Sir Gordon Hargreaves shook his head mournfully and replied:

"Would to God I could do it, but—but I cannot! My knightly word was given—my solemn vow was recorded in the presence of my friend, and I cannot, I dare not break them!"

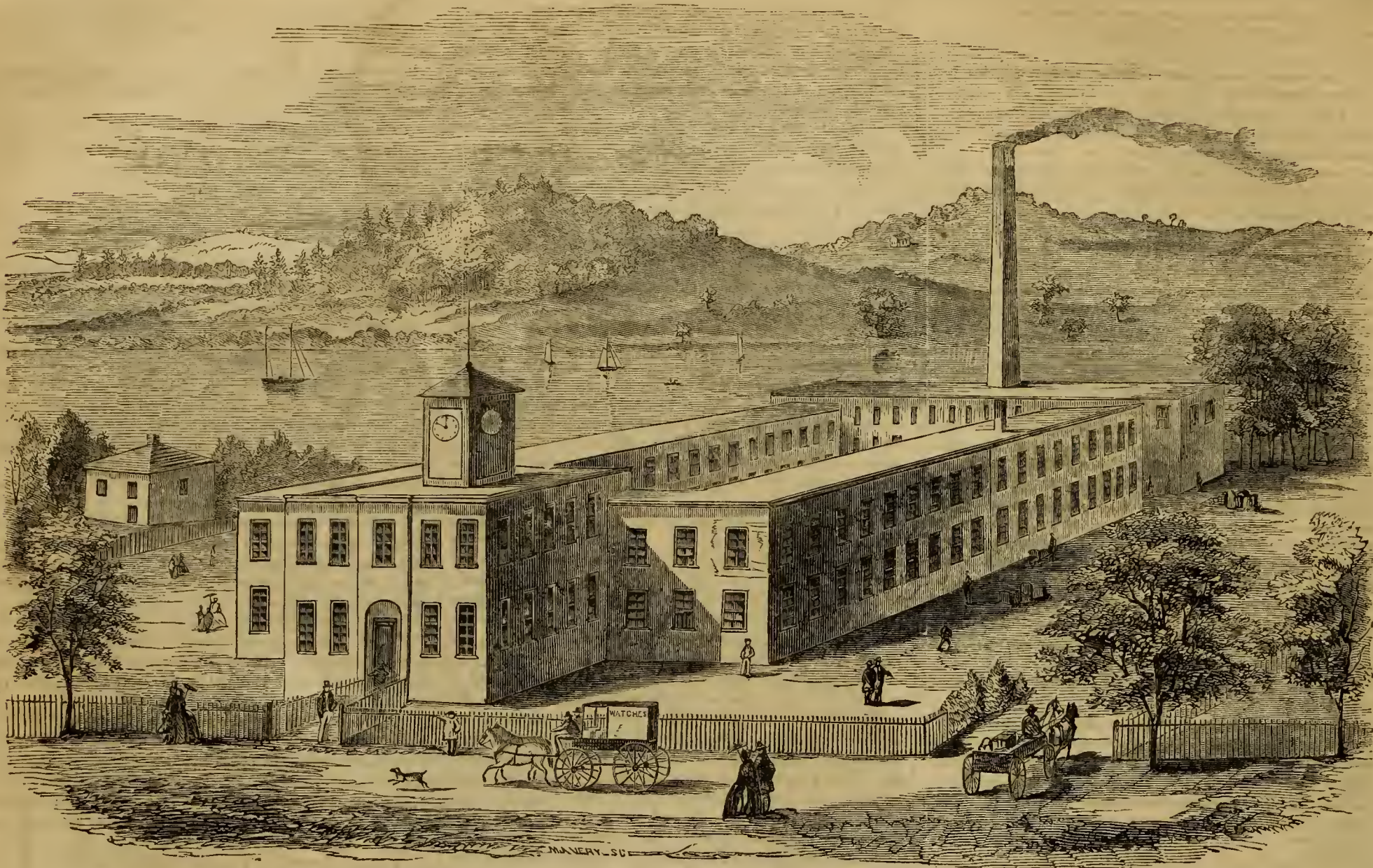
Sir Francis Wyatt made no answer. The whole plot had broken upon his mind so suddenly that it was with difficulty he was enabled to grasp it in detail, and assure himself that the fearful words of his friend were true.

"Poor Lady Eleanor!" he at length exclaimed, "she demands all our pity. Heavens! This is indeed a fearful extremity, and I wonder no longer at your strange agitation upon the mention of the name of this young villain-lord. But is there no help? Can nothing avail to avert this unnatural and repulsive marriage?"

"Nothing—I fear there is nothing!" uttered the stricken nobleman with a groan. "Unless, indeed," he continued, "Sir Morgan might be arrested and held to answer for his attempt against Master Yearley's life, within the next four days. If, as I fear he will, he presents himself upon the fatal fifth of April to demand the fulfilment of the contract, I must comply; yes, though it should break my heart with pain and sorrow. But let us talk no more about it; it distresses me beyond measure."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

* On the first of April 1622, at mid-day, the attack commenced; and so sudden and unexpected was the onset, that in *one hour* three hundred and forty-seven men, women and children fell victims to savage treachery and cruelty.—*Willson's Hist. United States.*



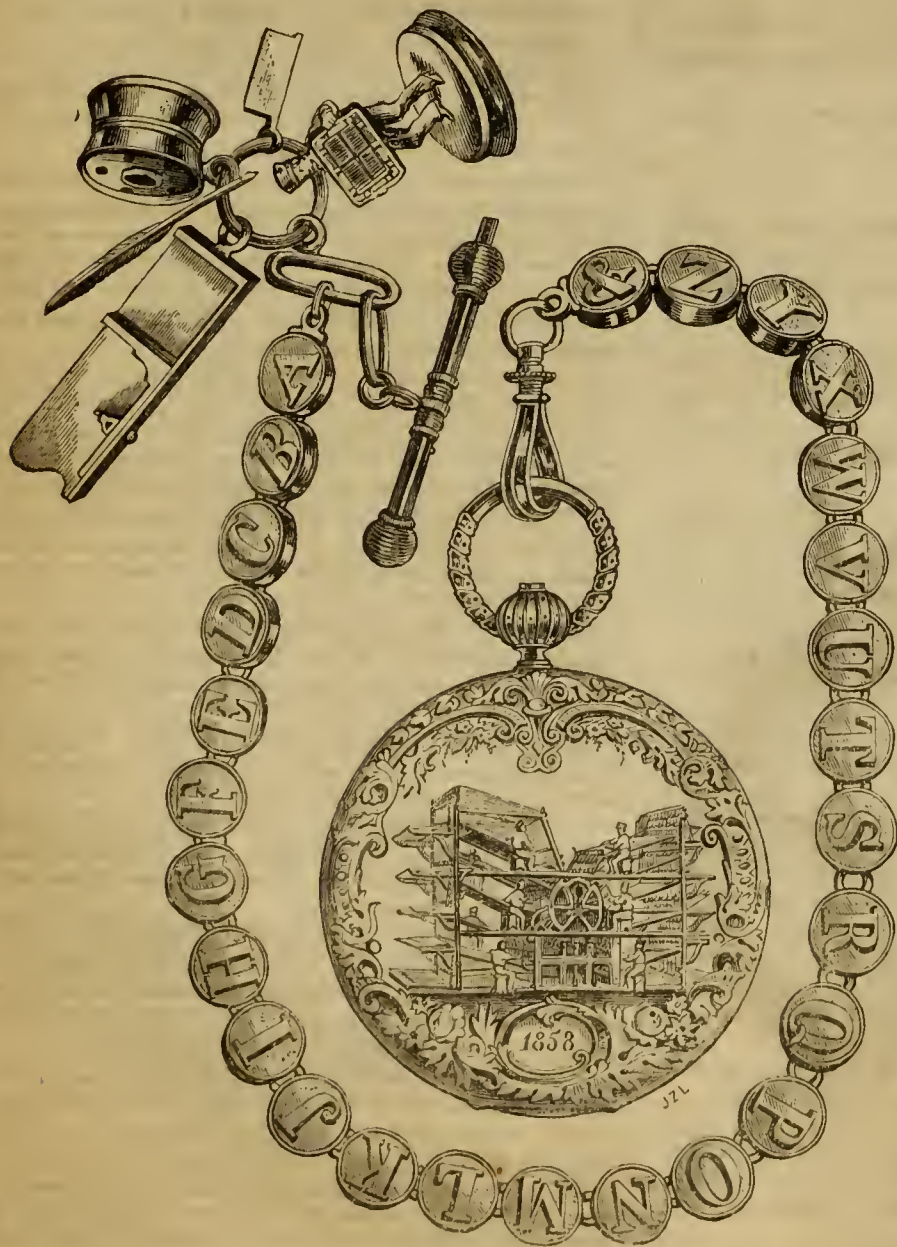
VIEW OF APPLETON, TRACY & CO.'S WATCH MANUFACTORY, WALTHAM, MASS.

**APPLETON, TRACY & CO.'S
AMERICAN WATCH MANUFACTORY, WALTHAM, MASS.**

Watch-making has been styled, not inaptly, the "very poetry of mechanism." The time-keeper, which plays so important a part in the economy of life, consists of such minute parts, its accuracy depends upon so nice a combination, that an examination of its works fills us with surprise at the skill of the workman. A

watch of ordinary size seems a great achievement; but when we are told of watches so small as to be worn in a bracelet, or in a ring, like that of Marie Antoinette, we can scarcely credit it. To accomplish the greater part of such work by machinery, is more surprising yet; but we shall see, in the course of this article, that it is successfully done by an American company established in our immediate vicinity. For a long time the United States have been celebrated for their clock manufactories, but the making of watches is only of recent date. Until the establishment of the American Watch Manufactory, the market was entirely supplied by English, French and Swiss watches—our watch-makers, so called, being little more than foremen of the foreign manufactories. What can be done in this line is shown by the American Watch Company of Appleton, Tracy & Co., of Waltham, Mass., of which we propose to speak at some length. The first engraving on this page is an accurate view of the manufactory, which stands on the banks of the Charles River, on a very picturesque site. It was first occupied in 1850, the enterprise having been previously commenced in Roxbury. The building occupies an area of 100 by 100 feet, forming a quadrangle, with an open court in the centre. The building is two stories in height, and has eight hundred feet of floor line, with about sixteen hundred feet of bench line for the accommodation of the workmen. The motive power is a twelve-horse steam engine, which gives motion to lines of shafting in all the rooms, to which are attached the numerous ingenious, delicate and wonderful machines which are used in the various processes for transforming the crude materials into the exquisitely finished parts of the watch, the completest result of human ingenuity and skill yet attained. The original projectors, after a number of years of trial and experiment, became involved financially, and the enterprise, in 1857, fell into the hands of Messrs. Appleton, Tracy & Co., the present enterprising proprietors, who have made arrangements to extend their operations, and to continue the manufacture on a scale commensurate with its importance; and in accordance with the enlarged views of the originator, Mr. A. L. Dennison, who still continues to occupy a high position in the establishment, to the organization of which he has given years of thoughtful care and intelligent skill. Appleton, Tracy & Co. have added about one hundred acres, forming an admirable and delightful location for home sites for their workmen, several of whom have already purchased lots and erected comfortable homes in the immediate vicinity of the manufactory; and every facility is offered to encourage and attract the attention of intelligent and skilful work-

men, who are here offered largely remunerative and constant employment under the most pleasant conditions, with an opportunity, in a few years, of securing a competency and an independent home in the midst of beautiful and interesting scenery and surroundings. The plan of manufacture is highly philosophical, comprehensive, complete and peculiarly American, resembling that which Eli Whitney first applied so successfully to the manufacture of fire-arms, and which has been since most thoroughly tested and demonstrated at the Springfield United States Armory; by Col. Colt, at Hartford; at Enfield, in England; and which has been more lately introduced at Bridgeport, Ct., in the manufacture of sewing machines. It extends to every part of the watch, commencing with the rolled plates of brass, steel and silver, the wires used for pinions, pins and screws, and the gems for jewels; and by punching, swaging, cutting, turning, polishing, burnishing, drilling, enameling, gilding, etc., brings out the perfect living mechanism. All is done by machinery, each machine doing its peculiar work to a gauge or pattern, with an exactness that no skill of handicraft can rival. With the exception of the jewels and the pivots that run in them, every watch is in every part exactly like every other, so that a thousand might be taken to pieces and then re-constructed with pieces taken indiscriminately. As to the jewels, after they are drilled with a diamond, and opened out with diamond dust on a soft iron wire, resembling a hair in size, their perforations must have certain microscopic differences; so the pivots of steel that are to run forever in these jewels without wearing out in the least, after being turned to a certain size, must be exquisitely polished, and by this last operation their size is reduced a little more or less. These jewels and pivots, after being thus finished, are put into the hands of a female operative, who, by means of a guage, consisting of slightly converging lines, so delicately graduated as to detect the difference of the ten thousandth part of an inch, first classifies the pivots. Then, by means of the pivots, she classifies the jewels. Jewels and pivots of the same number exactly fit. But for each pivot of a particular watch a jewel is selected with a hole that is a degree, or a ten thousandth part of an inch, larger, so that there may be sufficient play, or side shake. The sizes of the several pivots and jewels in each watch are carefully recorded under its number, so that if any one of either should fail in any part of the world, by writing to Waltham, or to Robbins & Appleton, general agents, 15 Maiden Lane, New York, and giving the number of the watch, the part



WATCH AND CHAIN PRESENTED TO HORACE GREELLY.



OBVERSE SIDE OF THE WATCH.

desired may be replaced, so as to be a working match. All the other parts may be made precisely the same, and every dial-plate and case will fit one watch as well as another. The escapements, which in all foreign and hand-made watches have each its own individuality, are here alike, even to the escapement jewels, which are set in pallets, these being cut to a microscopic identity and rigid truth of form. It must be obvious to any one that such a system, directed by Yankee skill and ingenuity, must very nearly approach perfection, and greatly excel handicraft production. No one who examines the machines employed in this manufactory, and attends to the details of the system, will doubt that the work of the best European watchmakers must be equalled, if not distanced, at half the cost of production. In the American watches nothing is left to the eye or touch of the workman. On every part the machine impresses its own precision. The human care is employed merely to see that the machine is properly fed. Gauges, as already mentioned, nice enough to appreciate the ten thousandth part of an inch, tell when the work is done. Not one of the nearly one hundred male and female artisans who combine to make the watch need be a watchmaker. The simplest form of lever movement has been adopted, and three styles have been produced, varying in finish, arrangement of jewels, and other conditions only affecting the cost of production, all being equally reliable timekeepers. Arrangements are now being made to furnish a small and elegantly finished watch for ladies' wear. It is intended to furnish from time to time, as the wants of the trade may require, other styles and sizes of watches, including an entirely new form of "sporting" or "timing" watch, which will indicate the minutest divisions of time with more accuracy than has ever before been attained. The advantages of the American watches to dealers and wearers will be understood by the following enumeration, namely, it has fewer parts, unvarying uniformity; the ease with which it may be repaired, and a part broken or lost by accident may be restored; its greater durability, and the great reduction on the wholesale cost; to which is added a certificate of warranty for ten years, signed by the manufacturers. They are eminently adapted for railroad engineers and conductors, where exact and unfailing timekeepers are of the utmost importance, and where the continuous jar of the moving train offers the severest test to try the qualities of a watch. Several of the most eminent engineers and conductors on the leading railroads in the country have been supplied with these watches, and will now have no other. In many parts of the country great difficulty is experienced in finding good watch repairers, and reliable timekeepers. By the introduction of the American watch, this difficulty may be almost entirely obviated, so that the country merchant can regularly obtain watches as a part of his miscellaneous stock, and the buyer will take his regulated timekeeper, wind it up, and go about his business, as he would in buying any other article, without mystery or humbug. The following fact illustrates the practical effect of the system adopted at the Waltham manufactory. The owner of a Waltham watch in Michigan, having accidentally broken one of its small wheels, carried it to a watchmaker in Grand Rapids to be repaired. Had it been an imported watch, this would not have been so easy a job. But the watchmaker enclosed the broken pinion in a letter addressed to "Messrs. Appleton, Tracy & Co., Waltham, Mass.," and by return of mail received a wheel which, on being applied to the watch, fitted as well as if it had always belonged there. We subjoin the following extract from the report of the judges in the department of watches, clocks and chronometers of the Massachusetts Mechanic Charitable Association, at its eighth exhibition, as to the merits of the American watch:—"The particulars in which they excel are such as uniformity of end-shake, perfect perpendicularity of the parts, correct depths, good adjustment of the escapements, fitting of screws, and that substantiality by which, as watchmakers say, 'the watch goes together twice alike;' or, in other words, all parts find their place and keep it, and act well together, after being taken apart as well as before. Every watchmaker well knows how deficient the better classes, even of English watches, are in these particulars. The value of these excellencies will be understood when it is said that the deficiency of them is what gives the most trouble to the repairer, and both trouble and expense to the owner. It should be remarked that the superiority of the American watches in these respects results not mainly, if at all, from superior skill, but from the principles and methods employed in the manufacture, which circumstance affords a guarantee that this superiority will be maintained." The Waltham watches are, notwithstanding the workmen are well remunerated, yet, in consequence of the employment of steam machinery and other improvements, already furnished at half the price of the English lever, and can be manufactured at the rate of twenty thousand per annum with present means. The most splendid and perfect watch the company has yet produced, and one which will bear comparison with the workmanship of any watch ever produced anywhere, was manufactured, a short time since, to the order of the compositors and proof-readers employed on the New York Tribune, for a surprise-present to the Hon. Horace Greeley, the editor-in-chief, whose portrait is herewith published, together with representations of the watch and chain, the finely engraved obverse of the watch, and the interior section, showing the inscription. The watch was accompanied by a flattering presentation letter, only a part of which our space will permit us to give:—

"TO HORACE GREELEY:—Sir,—The undersigned, employed in the composing and proof rooms of the New York Tribune, ask your acceptance of the accompanying watch, chain, etc., as a memento of their estimation of you as a man, as an employer, and as a printer. * * * * They would also remark that the accompanying watch, etc., are entirely of American design and execution, and they rejoice in the belief that they are the finest specimen of workmanship yet produced in this country. The movement was made by Appleton, Tracy & Co., manufacturers of the American watch, at their establishment at Waltham, Mass., and is designated a lever watch with an adjusted expansion balance, the balance being intended to meet the various changes in the atmosphere, and thus secure a more correct indication of time. It being one of the first they have made, the manufacturers feel a pride in its workmanship and completeness, and upon its merits as a timekeeper rest their reputation. * * * * And now, sir, in conclusion, allow us this boon. Accept our gift as a token of our gratitude—a token bestowed upon a brother craftsman, and a sympathizing and fair employer, by men who despise favoritism



HORACE GREELEY.

and love right. * * * * May its honest dial and cheerful tick, whether amid your business, by your own fireside, or far off in the land of strangers, be a joyous monitor of the heart-throbs of those who wish you health, prosperity and long life." Signed by Thomas N. Rooker and fifty-four others.

Mr. Greeley responded in reply.

"MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CRAFTSMEN:—You have, indeed, taken me by surprise, and in a way as delightful and flattering as it is unexpected and undeserved. For your intention, and for what

you have done, I thank you all. The beautiful watch and chain, of American manufacture, is also another surprise—and one, too, that I receive with exultation, as a sign of the material advancement and prosperity of our common country. If the skill of our mechanics, aided by machinery, has already accomplished so much in the manufacture of the watch, unaided by protection of any kind, what may we not expect in the future? In regard to our own profession, as I look upon the date 1452 on one side of this beautiful watch, with its pictured illustration of Faust and his co-laborers reading the first proofs taken from movable types, and then turn to the opposite side and read the date 1858, surmounted by the mightiest engine of civilization—our own mammoth ten-cylinder press, capable of striking off 20,000 impressions per hour—I can hardly find words to give utterance to the rushing tide of my thoughts and fancies. In these two dates in which you have sheathed this beautiful timekeeper, is rolled an era, upon which is written the whole history of time. Our craft stands at the very portals of the temple of letters. Friends, I came to this city twenty-five years ago, since which time I have been printer and editor, both as employee and employer. I have observed the course pursued by our craft, and I would give you a word of my experience in the way of advice. I have found that 'strikes' for an increase of wages generally resulted in evil, and I would advise you, my friends, to adopt some other mode for the redress of grievances than this. It has always been my desire to be on such terms with those working together with me in this office, that if I found it necessary, I could say to them, 'Men, I am not able to pay you so much this week as I was last'—all feeling an equal sympathy in our common prosperity. I accept your beautiful present with equal gratification and surprise, and heartily return you all my best wishes for your continued prosperity and happiness."

We make no doubt that the watches of the American Company will soon obtain, as they deserve, a celebrity equal to that enjoyed by any foreign watches; and that, as the peculiarity of their construction is understood, they will everywhere obtain the preference. The company is now in the full tide of success, but we predict that ere long they will find it difficult, even with their ample resources, to supply the market. The result of this enterprise has been to supply the public with excellent watches at one half the cost of the imported watches, and which can be repaired for a comparative trifle, since any portion which is broken can be supplied immediately by the manufacturers. The enterprising proprietors certainly deserve the brilliant success they have met with, and the golden future that opens before them. The reputation of their workmanship is already well established, and each watch that issues from their establishment is an advertisement of their skill.



• INTERIOR SECTION OF WATCH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BOUND FOR DREAMLAND.

BY EMMA CARLISLE.

Sweet child, fair child, whence comest thou,
With the ringlets shading thy sunny brow,
Which wear the hue of a golden brown,
Veiling thy graceful form around?—
With the world of dreamy thought which lies
In the liquid depths of thine azure eyes?
Thou seemest almost a fairy dream,
Sailing so swiftly adown the stream;
One hand grasping a tiny harp,
The other points to a mystic shore.
Sweet child, fair child, O, answer me,
Whence comest thou—the bright, the free?

I go, I go where no shadows come—
The land of dream is my sweet home.
'Tis a fairy land, for all is fair—
No cares, no toil can enter there.
Golden fern leaves fringe the shore,
Pearls and rubies are scattered o'er
Gigantic rocks, and the gentle breeze
Stirs the song-birds 'mong the trees;
While on the sweet-scented air doth float
A gushing song from each tiny throat.
Where flowers bloom of every hue,
Spangled o'er with drops of dew;
And a sky of azure, whose cloudlets hold
To their wavy depths a silvered gold.
The land of dreams—'tis very fair:
My sweet home-land, would I were there!

Sweet child, fair child, I oft have heard
Of this land of flowers and singing birds,
Where breezes revel and fairies smile—
I have heard it called the "Enchanted Isle."
O, the hillows will madly urge and roar,
Ere thou gainest the verge of that lovely shore;
There is rock-bound coast and treacherous sand,
To keep thee away from that blissful land.
Take care, take care, for the sirens sing
A song most sweet, and its echoes ring
A wondrous spell around the brain—
Farest thou not to return again?

There was much of pride in her beaming eye,
As she turned her gaze from the arching sky.
What dost thou speak of—trembling fear?
I know him not—he is not here.
Markest thou well that silvery cloud
Which wavers around me, sweetly proud:
There dwelleth Love—his face to see
Is not for mortals such as thee.
When the struggling wavelets part aghast,
He folds me about till the storm is passed.
Markest thou well that golden star
Gleaming up in the air afar!
O, a blessed guide is it to me,
Making my hand both strong and free.
If it was not for hope, I cannot tell
How long I might struggle, or how well.
When the sweet low tones of the sirens come
To lure me back from my peaceful home,
There flutters around me a sweet rose-breath,
And a soft voice whispers "'Tis death! 'tis death!"
Thou shalt baffle them all—O, never fear,
For see, to the islet thou drawest near!"
Then Faith will give to my heart bright gleams
Of my own bright home—the land of dreams.

I go, I go!—it may not be,
Mortal, my lot to stay with thee.
I could not bear one stormy breath,
And one harsh word would bring me death;
I like not this planet's icy spell:
Earth-bound mortal, farewell, farewell!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WEIRD WOMAN OF THE SIMPLON PASS.
A TALE OF CONTINENTAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

"I TELL you it would be madness to go on!" cried the old landlord of a little Alpine hostelry, as he stood with two travellers at the inn door, just as the sun went down in a mass of clouds, which hung dense and dark around the far-off glacier peaks.

"And why, prythee, good sir?" asked the elder of his companions, a tall, regal-looking Englishman, in the prime of life.

"Why?" echoed "mine host," shaking the ashes from his meerschaum; "you shall hear. The streams you will have to cross are frightfully swollen with the recent rains, and the mountain fastnesses swarm with brigands, who'll make nothing of leaving you dead among the rocks. Besides, there's another storm brewing—it will be pitch dark, and on such nights the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass is always abroad."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Richard Huntingdon, "this smacks of romance. I must know more of the mysterious lady. I suppose, however, she is some old hag, with a sharp face, shrunken form, and bristling gray hair."

"No, no; on the contrary, she is young and beautiful. Indeed, I have heard people say she was the most beautiful woman on the continent."

"Better and better! Good sir, your description, instead of deterring me from proceeding at once, only makes me the more eager to go on." And again Huntingdon laughed right merrily, while the landlord shook his head in grave dignity.

"If you knew all I do," he resumed, "you wouldn't feel like laughing. The peasantry never cross the Simplon without muttering their Ave Marias at every turn; and as for me, I would as soon venture into a lion's den as put myself in her way."

"And what makes her such a formidable personage?"

"Ay, she's a supernatural being, you may depend on't! Nobody can find a clue to her home; but she haunts the Pass, and especially in fierce storms. Some of the daring ones have tried to discover on what errand she comes forth, but in vain; her craft outwits them. Come, come in, and take a whiff by the fire."

"No," replied Huntingdon; "I have a friend who is quite ill, awaiting me at Milan; I ought to have been there ere this. Besides, to confess the truth, I like adventure—a perilous journey has a certain charm for me. Tell Pietro to bring round the carriage."

The landlord saw it would be useless to continue his remonstrances, and hastened to obey his guest's orders, and twenty minutes later Richard Huntingdon and his fellow-traveller drove off.

"Keep your torches lighted! Look out for the torrents, and beware of the fatal beauty of the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass!" shouted the superstitious German host, as they rumbled from the inn door; and then he went back to the enjoyment of his mug of ale and his meerschaum.

On, on, on, along the steep banks of torrents, sheeted with foam, through deep defiles, which it seemed as if no sunbeam had ever lighted up, and over frail bridges, that shook like aspen leaves above the tramp of the wild waters beneath, the travellers journeyed, silent and watchful. It was midnight when they reached the grand old road, known as the Simplon Pass, and struck into one of its stupendous galleries. Huge rocks, piled in a thousand fantastic forms; rocks which it appeared as if a Titan hand must have reared; here and there a lightning-scathed pine, standing like some solitary ghost, stationed to keep watch and ward; and far up, up, up, their white peaks sharply outlined against the dismal sky, those cloud-reaching mountains, all combined to give a gloomy grandeur to the scene.

"By my halidom!" muttered Huntingdon's fellow-traveller; "I should think we were in Tartarus, or the next door to it. For my part, I wish we were back at the cozy little inn we so rashly left at sunset. I know this place must be haunted, and expect every moment to see that strange creature the landlord told us about."

"Hush! hush!" interposed one of the *vetturini*; "there she is now!"

At this moment a lurid glow shot across the gallery, and looking up, both Richard Huntingdon and the young earl saw a torch flaming from the trunk of a blasted tree fifty feet above them, while perched on a rock near it, and fully revealed by its strong red light, stood a tall, dark, magnificent woman. She was in the summer prime of her beauty, with a superbly moulded form; a classic face, flushed on the cheek with the richest of bloom, those large, soft, slumberous eyes peculiar to the Italian women, a full, ripe lip, and wave on wave of ebony hair, which swept almost to her quaintly-sandalled feet. A loose purple robe and a scarlet mantle fell in graceful folds about her; one round arm was clasped by a golden serpent, and a similar ornament encircled her swart forehead, the ruby eye of the reptile burning there like a live coal.

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Huntingdon, in a low tone to the *vetturino*. "Don't drive so fast. I must have a long look at this beautiful creature."

"Why, 'tis the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass," rejoined Pietro. "It would be rash to stop here now; she may work some spell upon us."

"Pshaw!" said Huntingdon, "I am not so superstitious as you and the German landlord, who would have persuaded us to stay over night with him if he could. It's an event in one's life to see such beauty as her's. Stop, or at least drive slowly."

The *vetturino* slackened his horses' pace with evident reluctance, and crossing himself, began to murmur a prayer to the Virgin. In the meantime both the Englishmen kept their gaze riveted on the strange lady, till a turn in the pass shut her out of sight. It was with a feeling of real regret that Richard Huntingdon saw her fade from view, and he rode onward with many a thought of her rare beauty and the mystery which had made her such a terror to the mountaineers. In the midst of these reflections he heard a wild, warlike cry, and beheld the flash of a carbine close to the wayside. The next moment the carriage was surrounded by one of the hordes of banditti which infest the Alps.

"Your money or your life!" muttered a voice in his ear, and turning, Huntingdon found himself face to face with a dark-browed outlaw.

"By my faith, you shall have neither!" he retorted, drawing the pistols he wore about him.

A savage laugh greeted this speech and act, and the same person shouted:

"Better give up your gold at once; only a fool would be mad enough to set four against twelve, and that twelve Bernardo Gilletti's picked men!"

The speaker paused a moment, and then perceiving that the little party of travellers were still bent on resistance, added:

"Well, well; since you want war, you shall have it—and war to the teeth too! Come on, comrades! 'Twill be but short work to conquer these fellows." And with another fiendish howl those fierce outlaws rushed to the contest.

Richard Huntingdon and the young earl fought desperately, and the *vetturini* displayed more courage than the Englishmen expected of them; but they were soon overpowered. The leader was busy in examining the purses he had taken from them, and half a dozen of his sturdiest men were pinioning their captives, when a loud bugle-blast came ringing through the great gallery. The next instant a band of horsemen dashed to the spot, headed by a gray-haired man, who shouted as he pressed on:

"To the rescue! to the rescue! There's foul play in the Simplon Pass!"

The hitherto triumphant banditti started, and for a time seemed determined to drive back the intruders, but as they rushed forward, with their sabres brandished, Gilletti and his band dropped their ill-gotten gold, and turning from their captives, fled as if a legion of fiends were pursuing them. As they swept down the road, followed by the mysterious party who had charged upon them with such boldness, a graceful female figure, wrapt in scarlet and purple, came gliding along. It was the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass. Suddenly she paused, and stood gazing at the strange scene around her. One of the *vetturini* was trying to soothe the affrighted horses, that still reared and plunged madly; the other held a blazing torch, whose light shone full on the ghastly face of the young earl, now lying senseless from a wound he had received in the conflict, while Huntingdon bent over him, regardless of a deep gash in his own forehead, and his mutilated right arm. For a few moments the lady kept coyly aloof; then she stole forward, and in a voice sweet as the fabled siren's, murmured:

"Can I do anything to help you, travellers, in your hour of need?"

Huntingdon gave a start of surprise, for he had been so occupied with his companion that he had not observed her approach; but he bowed with as courtly a grace as if no wild legends of her had come to his ears, and replied:

"Thanks, ten thousand thanks! I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your kindness."

At this, she drew still nearer, and shuddered as her glance fell on the stranger's pallid countenance.

"He is not dead, I hope?" she said.

"No, O no!" said Huntingdon. "I begin to feel a faint throb in his wrist. If I only had some water I believe he would revive soon, but though we have heard mountain streams gushing on every side during our journey through the Alps, there now seems to be none near at hand."

"I am more familiar with these regions than you," continued the woman. "I know where there is a rock-spring, cool and clear as crystal; it is not far off. I will guide you to it—that is, if you are not afraid to follow the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass."

Huntingdon smiled.

"I assure you," he replied, "that though I have heard the mountaineers tell ghostly stories about you, I do not fear to trust myself with you."

"Come, then," retorted the lady, with a laugh as musical as the chime of silver bells. And taking the young Earl of Bathurst in his arms, Huntingdon followed her, while the astonished *vetturini* stood dumb with terror and amazement.

On the brink of a fountain as pure as the Egeria of classic story, the Weird Woman paused. She had taken up one of the torches, which had been thrown to the ground in the fierce struggle with the outlaws, and now held it aloft, while Richard Huntingdon dipped the cold water from the spring and bathed the face of his companion. At length the earl drew a long, deep sigh, a faint glow rose to his cheek and brow, his eyes unclosed, and his breath began to come in short and sudden gasps.

"Thank God!" cried Huntingdon, "he lives. Poor fellow, if he had died, I should never have forgiven myself for coming on to-night!"

A few moments more, and the young man raised his head and sat erect.

"And now," resumed the lady, speaking for the first time since they reached the spring, "you ought, signor, to take care of yourself. This good right arm, which did such execution in the recent *melee*, is shockingly mangled, and that is a terrible wound in your forehead."

And she raised her darkly glorious eyes to Huntingdon's with a look of commiseration, which it must be confessed thrilled him strangely.

"O, lady, 'tis nothing—a mere scratch!" he replied, wiping away the stream of blood which had flowed from the gash with his left hand, and making a vain effort to raise his right; but even as he spoke, his sight grew dim, his temples began to throb with feverish pain, and a burning glow shot over his face.

At this juncture, he was again startled by a sudden bugle blast, which roused a thousand echoes among the rocks. The mysterious lady started too, and drawing a golden bird-call from the folds of her robe, sent back a response. It had scarcely died away in the distant windings of the Pass, when once more the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and the gray-haired man who had led on the battalion, which had come to the rescue of the travellers, dashed to the mountain-spring. As he reined up his white charger, he seemed to take in the whole scene at a single glance.

"Well, well," he said, in Italian, "the outlaws are routed; they'll not venture into the Pass again for one month, I'll be bound!"

"I have no words to express my gratitude for your kindly interposition," rejoined Huntingdon. "We should have been taken prisoners had you not scattered Bernardo Gilletti's band. And now, Reginald," and he turned to the earl, "let us go back to the terrified *vetturini*, and see if we cannot go on."

As he rose, however, he reeled, and would have fallen, had he not grasped the trunk of a tree for support. The mysterious horseman wheeled his steed to Huntingdon's side, and said:

"Bianca, the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass, tells me you are not able to proceed, and by all the powers, I believe it! Why, such wounds as yours ought to be immediately attended to. If you persist in continuing your journey now, your life will pay for your rashness. I have a hut among the mountains, a simple peasant's hut; but lowly as it is, it will be better to tarry there

than expose yourself to the storm, and the other dangers of the route before you. Will you accept my hospitality?"

"Yes, yes, for a few hours at least," rejoined Huntingdon, but the hope of seeing her who had been styled the Weird Woman, rather than his own wounds, led him to this decision.

The superstitious *celturini* could not be induced to tarry with one who, they said, was some vile emissary of the enchantress. But the young earl declared himself willing to stop as long as his travelling-companion should think best, and a half hour later they entered the stranger's hut. It stood in a little Alpine valley, and was, as its owner had said, an humble place, but, nevertheless, wore an air of comfort. As Richard Huntingdon crossed the threshold, leaning heavily on his host's arm, he saw the peerlessly beautiful lady he had met in the Pass, standing on the threshold, with her superb head resting against the rough mantel-piece. When she heard footsteps, however, she drew her mantle more closely about her, and darted away, leaving only an odd-looking old crone to receive the guests.

"There, Agnese!" cried the host, as he strode into the room, which served for parlor, kitchen, and hall, "I have brought you a patient."

"Yes, yes," mumbled Agnese, bustling forward; "Bianca told me about him. I shall do my best."

Huntingdon heard this while sinking wearily upon a pile of soft skins in the chimney-corner, and then the grotesque form and face of old Agnese, the blue-eyed young earl, the swart man who had come to his deliverance in the Pass, the bright fire blazing near, the huge dog that had been roused from his slumbers by their entrance, all blended like the phantasmagoria of a dream.

Weeks passed, and Richard Huntingdon was still an inmate of the mountaineer's hut. His wounds had proved more serious than even his new-found friends had supposed; fever and delirium had set in, and for days it seemed to those who watched over him as if his feet were trembling on the very verge of the great Shadow Land. During that long agony the Weird Woman of Simplon Pass haunted his brain, and sometimes he could have sworn that her dark eyes were bent pityingly upon him, her soft hand lay on his forehead, her sweet voice murmured soothing words in his ears. But when his frenzy had passed away, leaving him weak as a child, he watched and listened for her in vain. Old Agnese was the most attentive of nurses; his host came often to visit him, and Reginald would sit for hours at his side, but not all these could compensate for the absence of her who he believed had ministered to him while he was delirious.

It was on a summer's day that he sat in a great oaken chair by the window. "Golden-bellied bees" hummed drowsily among the roses, which had been trained over the lattice; the murmur of a cascade not far off came softly to his ear, and within the cottage there was no sound save the low whir-whir-whir of Agnese's wheel, and thus lulled, the invalid fell asleep. It was late when he awoke; the sunset glow had faded from the Alpine heights, and the shadows of twilight had begun to gather over the valley. His host and the earl had not yet come in from the chase, and Agnese was driving the cows homeward, singing in true Swiss style the famous "Ranz des Vaches," but there, on the cottage hearthstone, just as he had seen her on the night when he entered that dwelling, Richard Huntingdon thought he saw the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass. Her face was turned from him, and so he had a good chance to watch her unobserved.

"Can it be," he said to himself, "can it be her, or is this a mere illusion of fancy, such as often visits those who are weak in body and mind?" And he gazed at her still more earnestly.

"Bianca!" he at length murmured.

The lady started, and turned toward him a face crimsoning with blushes.

"Then you remember me?" she said, gliding to his side with that graceful, airy step he had admired so much the first evening they met.

"Remember you? O, yes!" he replied, holding out his thin hand in welcome. "I cannot tell you how I have yearned to see you once more."

An arch smile curved the lady's lip.

"And are you still bold enough to have no dread of the Weird Woman of the mountains?" she asked, gaily.

"Indeed I am. My only fear is that she will be too chary of her visits to me. I am sure I should recover a great deal faster if I could meet her daily."

"But you don't put the least faith in the supernatural power attributed to me," she continued in the same bantering tone. "You don't believe that by one wave of some magic wand of mine I could restore you to health."

"No, no, lady," said Huntingdon, laughing; "but I do believe that your ministry would be a thousand fold more efficacious than Agnese's, or the village doctor's. Here I am, laid up among the mountains, not even able to drag myself out of doors; I am convinced that you can, if you will, beguile the tedium of these otherwise lonely hours. Will you, Bianca?"

The lady colored and hesitated.

"I will, at least, see you once more," she replied. "I will come to-morrow." And she made a movement to leave him.

"Stay, stay!" exclaimed Huntingdon. "Sit down here by me now."

Again his companion hesitated, but at length sank into a chair near him, and there, while the gloaming gathered, and the stars came out like a legion of vestals in the clear, blue sky, the invalid and "the weird woman" spent an hour in delightful converse. During the interview, Huntingdon learned that his host was Bianca's father, and this hut one of their mountain homes, but nothing more of their mysterious life was then revealed to him.

At parting, the young Englishman extorted a promise that she would no longer stand aloof from him, as she had for the past week, and lifting her hand reverently to his lips, watched her till she was out of sight.

From that evening Richard Huntingdon's convalescence went briskly on. Bianca's shyness had worn off in a great degree, and as the Earl of Bathurst had proceeded to Milan, where the invalid's sick friend was awaiting him, Huntingdon was much in her society. O, those long, bright, midsummer days, when the two strolled together through the Alpine fastnesses, watching the shifting clouds that drifted round the snow-clad heights above them, the bold flight of the vulture, the airy spring of the chamois, the cautious tread of the goat as she led her kids along those perilous mountain paths, listening to the echoes of the monastery bells, the music of the waterfalls, and what was still sweeter, their own dreamy talk, and learning hourly more and more of life's strangest lesson—love! And yet, neither realized the truth of this till a month had flown on golden wings. Then the awakening came, and how our readers shall soon know. The earl returned, bringing despatches that required Huntingdon's immediate presence in England, and as he perused them in the red glow of the mountaineer's firelight, his heart beat heavily.

"What," he said, mentally, "must I leave the Alps to-morrow—leave Bianca?"

The very thought was torture, and stalking from the cottage, he began to hold solemn communion with himself. In that hour he realized how essential Bianca's companionship had become, how madly he loved her, how desolate the future would be uncheered by her presence. But this conviction brought a wild struggle. He had all the pride of a noble English line, and that pride arose in its might, and battled with love. During his convalescence Bianca had told him that her life must for the present be shrouded in mystery; that she and her father, and a few trusty friends, had been obliged to den among the mountains, and even to encourage the superstitious dread of the peasantry to advance their own interests. What those interests were, however, Huntingdon could not divine. Sometimes he suspected her father to be the chief of a horde of outlaws, and the strange, dark-browed men who came and went about the hut, his allies, and as vile as any of Bernardo Gilletti's band. But when he marked the stately port and noble face of his host, when he looked in vain for anything like coarseness or bravado in his swart companions, when he saw that Bianca was ever as delicate and refined as his own mother, he was staggered, and would say for the hundredth time:

"If they are a vile set, they're the most accomplished tacticians I ever saw."

Such having been the state of affairs, it is no wonder that the proud Huntingdon thought of his love for awhile with more pain than pleasure. But as Bianca's image rose before him, clothed in its dazzling beauty, those troublous thoughts vanished, and he gave himself up to the thralldom of that first love-dream.

"I must speak to her, must know from her own lips whether she returns my passion or not," he said, half audibly. "She has not been to the cottage to-day—I will seek her elsewhere." And he struck into a narrow path that led to a grotto, in which she and her father lived a part of the time.

He had not gone far, when he heard a voice which now had power to thrill him to the heart's core—the voice of the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass. The next moment he saw her approaching, arm-in-arm with a tall, handsome Italian—the confidential friend of her father, and a suitor for her hand, as Huntingdon now learned for the first time, from the conversation his quick ear caught. Guido Ristori had just paused for a reply to his passionate plea, when Huntingdon stepped forward, and bowing coolly to him, said, in a low tone:

"Bianca, I was coming to find you. I have news of considerable import—"

"News!" interposed the lady. "I hope nothing has befallen my father!"

"No; these tidings concern me only."

"And perhaps you would rather not have a third person hear it," said Ristori. And bowing to Huntingdon with rare grace, he withdrew.

"What have you to tell me, signor?" queried the lady.

"I have had despatches from England which make it necessary that I should return immediately."

Every trace of the rich bloom that usually burned on Bianca's dark cheek receded, her dark eyes dilated in mournful wonder, her lips half parted, but she could not speak.

"Bianca, we have been much together of late," continued Huntingdon; "would it give you no pang to have this pleasant companionship broken off?"

For a moment more she stood before him, quite overpowered with what had just dawned upon her—the knowledge that the traveller whom her father's roof had sheltered had become dearer to her than aught else in the wide world. But with this conviction came a desire to conceal the truth from him, and with a strong effort she regained her composure, and replied:

"Certainly; I shall miss you—we shall all miss you."

"O, Bianca, Bianca!" cried Huntingdon, "if you can talk thus calmly of it, your heart feels no throb of the wild love which thrills mine! Day by day I have sunned myself in your smiles, till they have grown dearer than the light of heaven! Surely, I love you as no man ever loved woman before!"

"Love me!" echoed his companion, "and that too in spite of the mystery which enshrouds me? O, Richard, this is happiness of which I never dared dream!"

"Then you love me!" murmured Huntingdon.

"With my whole soul!"

The next moment she was folded in his arms; his kiss trem-

bled on her lips, and his voice syllabled the fondest terms of endearment.

"Tell me you will be my wife, and go to England with me at once," he said at length, "and my cup of happiness will be full."

A cloud settled on the beautiful face upturned to him, and Bianca's features contracted as if in sudden pain.

"Nay, nay, I cannot, cannot," she replied, "unless I break a solemn oath."

For a time there was a profound and painful silence, during which gloomy thoughts haunted both.

"*Carissima!*" finally resumed Huntingdon, speaking that sweet, Tuscan love-word in the most musical of tones. "What oath can be binding enough to come between us?"

"Alas, I cannot, I dare not tell you!"

She paused, stood irresolute an instant, and then faltered:

"God knows the temptation to break it is strong—so strong that it requires a masterly effort of the will to resist it!"

"And is there no way in which you can be freed from this oath?" continued the lover.

For one moment the lady's countenance lighted up, then it grew grave again, and she replied, with a mournful shake of the head:

"I fear not. I will, however, use every effort to bring it about. There, Richard, I will leave you now, but to-morrow, at sunrise, I will meet you beside the little spring I pointed out to you the night on which you were attacked by the banditti. Farewell!"

The next morning, at the appointed hour, the lovers met. The dawn had flushed the hoary Alps with a new glory, but there was no light in the dark eyes of Bianca as she came along the pass. Huntingdon sprang to her side, and folding her to his heart, murmured:

"Dearest, your face is like an open book to me; in it I can read the sorrowful truth—you have no pleasant story for my ear!"

"No, Richard, I cannot go with you, bearing an old man's curse. That oath binds me like a chain of iron. You and I must part forever!"

And there, amid the grand old mountains, with the sunshine glinting over rock and torrent and snow-path, as if in mockery of the gloom which wrapped their future in its pall-like folds, they parted.

A year later Richard Huntingdon returned to Italy, and made his way into the Simplon Pass. The hut which had sheltered him during his illness had been demolished, and in its stead was a grave, on which the grass was just beginning to grow green. No headstone told who slept below, and Huntingdon shuddered at the thought that it might be tenanted by the lady of his love. During his absence he had come into possession of a princely fortune, and been fêted, and flattered, and lionized. Bright eyes had lighted up at his approach, and red lips smiled encouragement, but no second love had dawned upon his lonely heart. He had come back in the wild hope of making Bianca his own, and his blood chilled at the bare thought that she was lost to him. A step aroused him from a fit of troubled musing, and he looked round. Surely it was no ghost which stood there, but Bianca's self.

"Bianca!" "Richard!" were the only words interchanged at that moment; the next she once more was folded in his arms.

There, by her father's grave, Bianca revealed the facts of her history, with which Huntingdon had hitherto been unacquainted. She was of lineage as noble as his own, and her family had once been the wealthiest in Tuscany. But her father had connected himself with one of those republican conspiracies, so common in the Italian States, and finally became the chief mover of the enterprise. Suspicion fastening upon him, he was obliged to retreat to the mountains, and remain in perfect seclusion for a time. At length, however, he gathered his followers about him, and they lived in the hope of swelling their numbers till they could overthrow the government. It suited their purpose to awe the peasantry into the belief that they were supernatural, and came and went at the beek of Bianca, to whom they had themselves given the cognomen by which she was known among the mountains. The unique splendor of her dress was also calculated to heighten the effect of the delusion. Catching her father's enthusiasm, Bianca had entered heartily into his plans, and even taken a solemn oath to marry his favorite, Guido Ristori. She had never felt that promise a burden till she learned to love Huntingdon, but she resolved to obey her father, cost what it might. He was now dead, and the rest of his band dispersed, and she dwelt with a peasant's family not far from the pass. She did not, however, long remain under their roof. The morning after that meeting beside the new-made grave, she left the Alps to return no more, and a few days afterwards, in that grand old cathedral, which is alike the wonder and the pride of Milan, Richard Huntingdon plighted his marriage vows to the Weird Woman of the Simplon Pass.

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are in both instances, as fraudulent as he would be that exacted more than his due from his debtors, and paid less than their due to his creditors.—*Lacon*.

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ARABS EXCAVATING AT THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

The picture before is not without deep interest. It represents the process of exhuming the ruins of Carthage after they have remained buried for centuries. The excavations are carried on by the Rev. Mr. Davis, for the directors of the British Museum.—The works are viewed with great jealousy by the Bey. Not long since, hearing that a mosaic pavement of great value had been discovered, he rode to the spot in the absence of Mr. Davis, claimed the ground (and of course the mosaic) as his, and commanded the Arabs not to work there any more. The men came

to Mr. Davis in a great fright, and told him what had occurred. There was no time to be lost, and Mr. Davis at once rode to the Palace, and, after considerable opposition and delay, succeeded in obtaining a written contradiction of the Bey's order. This little circumstance had a beneficial affect in obtaining Arabs to do the work, they thinking that Mr. Davis must have indeed great influence with the Bey to make him alter his word. The Arabs are most difficult to manage. Sometimes in the middle of the day they will strike work and go away altogether. Our sketch represents one party excavating a chamber, and, just at the time

this sketch was being made, the base of the column on the right-hand side was being cleared away. The Arabs are a thoroughly lazy set of fellows. They will not use spades or barrows, but use a kind of hoe and baskets. Three or four pounds of soil is considered a load, which they hand from one to the other. Two English navigators would do the work of eight or ten of these lazy Mahometans. Every basket of soil brings to light portions of crockery, glass, and broken fragments of marbles. In fact, the surface of the ground on which stood Carthage is covered with antique pottery, broken fragments of Greek and Roman



CHRISTIAN PEASANTS PAYING TAXES AT TREBINJE.

inscriptions, and now and then a Punic one turns up. Roman weights are constantly found, and the little square marbles once forming mosaics are to be seen in every direction. Put scarcely anything has been found unmutated, so thoroughly have the words of the Roman been fulfilled, "Carthage must be destroyed."

SKETCHES IN BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA.

The affairs of Bosnia and Montenegro have occupied so much space in the news of the day, and have given rise to so much discussion, anxiety and danger in European politics, that we eagerly embrace the opportunity of laying before our readers a couple of vivid sketches, illustrating the physical appearance, costume and manners of the inhabitants. On the preceding page will be found a sketch representing Christian Rayahs or peasants paying their taxes to the Mudir or collector at Trebinje. They come at certain seasons to the house of the tax collector, bringing with them their taxes in leathern bags, which they deliver with the utmost respect to the secretary, standing with bare head, while he is engaged in counting out the mass of small copper coins, and the very scanty proportion of silver, which they bring in payment. The phlegmatic Turks are well delineated and the anxious expression of the Rayahs is happily hit off by the artist. "Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!" wrote Byron in one of his fits of avarice. It is deeply painful to those whose lot is poverty, and who are overburdened with imposts like these poor Christians. The old man on the left is a very fine study, and the

captured not long before. They had cut off his fingers and toes one by one, and plucked out his eyes, but could not extort from him a cry or a groan. "Boyd brave man," they said. The prisoners were left alone for a few minutes, during which time they agreed to endeavor to escape. That night the prisoners were secured as usual. Towards morning they were relieved from the poles and suffered to walk about a little. Soon the Indians fell into a slumber, all except one who acted as watchman. He sat by the fire, roasting a deer's head, and lazily picking out the dainty morsels. Now or never was the time. Hammond took his place quietly near an axe; the boy stood near where the guns were stacked; Bennet gained a spear unperceived, and cautiously approached the guard, who was nodding over his early breakfast. In an instant the spear was driven through the body of the Indian, who fell forward into the fire. Hammond seized the axe and dashed in the skull of the savage who had boasted of the torture of Boyd. Another blow buried the axe in the neck of another savage who was endeavoring to rise. Bennet, leaving the spear in the body of his first victim, seized a hatchet and dealt murderous blows. The boy snapped three guns, one after another, at the enemy, not one would go off. A stout Indian rushed upon him, but the brave lad clubbing his musket, buried the lock deep in the head of the savage. Five of the seven Indians lay dead. The two others fled, one desperately wounded by the boy. Bennet flung his hatchet at the other. It struck in his back, inflicting a ghastly wound. Still the victors were in imminent peril; they had

AN ANCIENT BELLE.

Atkinson's "Oriental and Western Siberia," a book recently published, affords some choice and interesting reading concerning a country about which so little has been heretofore known. He thus describes an ancient belle whom he met at a ball to which he was invited, near the Irtysh river: In Oust-Kamenogorsk they have not yet learned to keep late hours, for at seven o'clock all were assembled. The ball was given by a merchant, and the whole society of this little town mustered to do him honor. There were about fifty persons present, perhaps three or four more ladies than gentlemen; some gaily dressed in Chinese silks, splendid in color, although I cannot say much for the taste in the selection. When standing together they looked like a bed of tulips. There was one lady sixty years old, who was dressed like a young girl of twenty. Her head was bedecked on one side with white cut-glass beads, on the other with green glass drops, most probably intended for chandeliers. On her neck she wore a chain, with a large square brooch suspended from it, also of green glass. She had bracelets on her arms studded with yellow glass, and round her waist a girdle of the same material. With her pink dress, gay gloves, yellow shoes, and decorations, she was one of the most curiously costumed ladies I ever met. She was the wife of the stadt-doctor—apparently a very respectable man, wearing several decorations, and has on more than one occasion entered the church wearing his orders, on the greatest fetes of the emperor, when every officer is obliged to attend in full uniform. Her fame has



BASHI-BAZOUKS AT TREBINJE.

artist has made the most of his venerable appearance. The engraving on this page delineates a group of Bashi-Bazouks who made such a noise and did such good service as irregular troops during the Crimean war. They are the militia of the Turkish empire, or rather resemble yeomen of former days, who hold their lands upon a military tenure, and are liable to be called upon at any time to appear in arms. At the present moment there are about 15,000 of these wild, picturesque soldiers at Trebinje, called together by the disturbances in the Herzegovina and Montenegro, burning partly with desire to revenge their fellow-religionists who fell at Grahovo, during the attack upon the Turkish camp by the Montenegrins; and partly to pay the Montenegrins for the losses they will sustain by being obliged to leave their farms.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

Among the many adventures narrated by the historians of Wyoming, none perhaps exceeds in interest the story of the escape of Hammond and the Bennets from Indian captors. Lebbeus Hammond, Thomas Bennet, and his son Andrew, a lad of fourteen, were surprised by a party of Indians. It was in March, and the snow lay waist-deep in the woods, but the Indians hurried their captives on. At night they were secured by slender poles laid across them, with an Indian lying upon each end. The fate which awaited them was indicated too plainly to be mistaken. Bennet had torn a button from his coat and wished to replace it. "Fool, Bennet," said one of the captors, "only one day more. You die at Wyalasing." Then they told the fate of Boyd, whom they had

no provisions, the weather was intensely cold, and the woods were full of prowling savages, who might easily track them through the deep snow. Bennet was an old hunter, who knew the country, and led them over the ridges, carefully avoiding the Indian's trails. They swam the half-frozen streams, stopping now and then to pick a few wintergreen leaves in spots where the snow had drifted away, and reached their homes in three days. The Indian who had been wounded by young Bennet died in the woods. His companion, whom the elder Bennet had marked with the hatchet, was found lying insensible, by a party of his tribe. He was brought to life, and told the story of the slaughter of his comrades. Seven years after a treaty was negotiated with the Indians. Hammond who was present, saw an old Indian with a crooked back walking about, whose face seemed familiar to him. He inquired the cause of his stooping. "A Yankee tomahawked me at Wyoming," was the sullen reply.

GOOD AND ILL LUCK.—Shall not one varlet ruffle in its mobs, flounder through many dirty ways, struggle through a maze of briers, and still have his good name—we mean his superfine cloak—without a wrinkle in it, a spot upon it, a tear—yea, even the fracture of a thread in it? And yet, put the same cloak upon another, and, though he shall suffer from a casual jostling, though he shall tread a muddy walk carefully as a cat, and only tarry a moment to gather a dog-rose from a bush at the wayside, and—phew!—what an unseemly rumbling of his garment—what splashes of foulest mud upon it!—*Jerrold.*

extended for miles. I once happened to speak in a society of persons, at least two thousand versts away from her abode, of her curious costume, when an officer recognized the original. I asked if he knew the lady, and he exclaimed, "Not know her! Why I should sooner think of going to Rome and return without seeing the Pope, than go to Oust-Kamenogorsk without making the acquaintance of Marie Ivanovna!" Shortly after our arrival I remarked that the ladies took possession of one room, sitting round it without speaking a word. This was a most extraordinary scene—a social phenomenon never heard of. I mentioned it to my friend, and inquired if it was usual; he replied, "No, not when at home, as their husbands can testify." These gentlemen were in another room, preparing to dance by frequent application either of wine or Siberian *nalifka*; they were noisy enough. The music struck up, when a lady and gentleman came forward and danced a Russian dance beautifully, representing the caprice of two lovers. After this came a quadrille, and then Marie Ivanovna and a Cossack officer performed a Cossack dance, in which both were inimitable. There are, indeed, few young girls who could in this accomplishment have excelled this old lady of sixty; I have never seen her equal. The ball continued: many persons danced well, but not one could make any approach to Marie Ivanovna. The evening ended with an excellent supper, in which our hostess displayed unbounded hospitality.—Our author's work abounds with incidents all illustrative of the phases of life which he has witnessed, and which possess great interest for the reader.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LADY MAUDE.

BY H. E. ROSSITOR.

Lady Maude is beautiful:
O, she is fair to view;
Her eyes are like Italian skies,
With the sunlight glancing through.
Her hair is like pale moonbeams
Gleaming on the snow;
Lancaster and York war on her cheek—
A flag of truce her brow.
Her hand is like a harp's,
It is so wee and neat;
The wild field-flowers bend not down
Beneath her tiny feet.

And, O, she is so winsome,
With her dainty, high-born grace,
Her voice low, clear and musical,
Her calm, sweet, holy face.
For the Heavenly One hath set his seat
Oo gentle, lovely Maude,
And many years will not pass by
Ere she will rest with God.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 8.

BY ALUNG.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW IN CHINA.

MANY persons who have read my former sketches of adventure in the Chinese Archipelago, and observed how treacherous the Chinese people are when a good prize comes in their way, have doubtless asked themselves how these accomplished and unprincipled scoundrels can be prevented from perpetrating their thievish and murderous designs on board the many small vessels that trade along the coast? For the information of such persons, I would say, that strict temperance is the only safeguard that can be relied upon. Speed of sailing, or a powerful armament, are of little value to a vessel, unless her crew are of established temperance habits. The first and principal cause of the loss of many of the vessels which fall a prey to these insatiable thieves, is the intemperance of the men who form the crews, and their debauching themselves with the samshoo, or rice spirit, so readily procured from the Chinese boatmen who visit the vessels for traffic, and smuggle it on board. The extent and magnitude of this evil struck me at once, when I first engaged in the opium trade; and early in my career in that service, I adopted and enforced a system, somewhat arbitrary in its nature to be sure, but which I found to work very successfully in averting the trouble and danger from this cause. I will now detail my plan of operations, together with a few of the difficulties arising from the use of samshoo, which I encountered in my earliest dealings with a crew of opium traders.

When I first joined the clipper schooner "Rosetta," I had been for years first officer of some of the largest ships which sailed from the United States, and had just left a vessel of that class to go on board the schooner. The change was most striking to me. Everything on board was so light and small that it looked like a miniature model of its counterpart on board the ship I had left. And yet, strange to say, although the schooner only seemed like a boat to me, I felt myself, comparatively speaking, "green," or in plain English, not altogether at home with the heavy main-boom which she carried. My awkward position was further increased by my inability to speak anything but English, while her crew consisted of Manila men, whose knowledge of my vernacular was extremely limited. But there I was, and my only resource was to abide by the old adage, "Live and learn;" and I trust I shall not be deemed presumptuous in saying that I did so to some purpose. But my learning was not attained by royal road, or lubber-hole facilities; it was the result of rough and dear-bought experience.

My first great difficulty was the language spoken by the crew; and although many of them spoke and understood English, as I afterwards discovered, many a time have I shouted myself hoarse in delivering orders, while they would stand looking at me like mesmerized subjects, and never stir a limb. On these occasions the gunner was my point of attack, for he appeared once in a while to get the ghost of an idea of what I meant. I would ask him what the reason was that the men did not obey, and his reply was a solemn shake of the head, with the words, "Marineros no abley Englaish, Senior Pilotta; é este abley Spaniola." But speak Spanish the rascal knew I could not do; and I was obliged to court his favor until I had mastered sufficient of the language to carry on the work of the schooner. After I had had months of experience, and not till then, did I find out how often the men had taken advantage of my ignorance of their language, to humbug me to my face. When by close application I had mastered the difficulty, I addressed myself to the task of settling my long-standing accounts with those of the crew who had so often amused themselves at my expense.

My first performance in this line was with a fellow called Alonzo, who from the day I first joined the schooner had been off duty, sick, half the time, with some complaint, the nature of which I never could understand. It was one of those diseases that affect the whole system, and yet do not seem in the least to impair any vital function of the animal economy; and my conviction was that it very strongly resembled—laziness! I several times sent him medicine, but it never appeared to do him any good. All the while his appetite was pretty sharp, and at times, when he felt specially interested in what was going on, he would take hold and

work. All these circumstances led me to the conclusion that, to use a sailor's phrase, "he was dodging."

Day after day, while this was going on, my men would be drunk with samshoo which the boatmen smuggled on board; and though I watched closely, I never could discover the man who supplied them. I saw that it was absolutely necessary that this evil should be remedied, or I had better quit the vessel, and let some more competent man fill my place. There was but one method to be resorted to, and that I resolved to put in force without delay. About this time also an occurrence took place which hastened my intended reform among the crew.

The occurrence I speak of was an implied rebuke which I received from the captain, that stung me to the quick, and aroused me at once into action. One morning as he came on board, he noticed that some of the men were intoxicated, and called me to him and informed me that this state of affairs must cease. Fortunately we were then in an English port, where the vessel would be safe if only one man on board was sober; but soon we were to go on a cruise along the coast and among the islands, and I must put a stop to the debauchery among the men at once, or—I understood the rest—he would find some one that would do it. I was touched by this representation of the captain; not that I cared a copper for the berth I held—but that he should doubt my ability! I, that had held the same situation on board of ships whose long-boat was nearly as large as this schooner! It was too bad; and I determined to show him and the crew that I could be a Tartar when I liked. That evening upon looking around among the men, I could see that the same game was going on as heretofore; and at night I laid awake, in order if possible, to catch the two men asleep whose duty it was to keep watch on deck.

About one o'clock in the morning, while in my cot on the quarter-deck, I heard the watch, as I supposed, walking their regular rounds upon the fore part of the schooner. This led me to conclude that all was safe, and I was thinking of a nap, when a bumping sound alongside, as of a boat touching the vessel, caused me to look along the starboard side, of which my position commanded a view for its whole length. I saw the boat whose jar had arrested my attention, and at once congratulated myself on the certainty of having detected the fellow who supplied the men with samshoo. In the opium trade no officer sleeps without having his revolver within reach. I took mine in hand, more for the purpose of starting the fellow than to hurt him, and crept noiselessly along the deck to ascertain which of the men brought the spirit.

To my utter astonishment I found two stout Chinamen busy passing our rifles and boarding-pikes into the boats which lay alongside, and neither of the watch to be seen; the rascals had turned in, and left the schooner unguarded. I did not wait long to determine how to act; but as soon as the thieves had passed me on their way to get more of the arms, I jumped up on the rail and dropped into the sanpan. As I passed over the rail, I could see that the boat contained three men, one of them holding the craft alongside. As I dropped he loosed his hold, and the sanpan floated away from the schooner. I stumbled and struck the bow of the boat, and fell. Before I could regain my feet, I was struck twice and badly cut on the head.

While down I managed to turn quickly upon my side, and fired my pistol at the nearest ruffian. He held one of our boarding-pikes over me, and was just about to transfix me with it, when my shot took effect and caused him to fall over into the water; whether killed or not, I cannot say, neither had I any time to make very minute investigations as to the nature of his casualties; for I had quite a warm time with the two who were left, who claimed my undivided attention. Without delay they sprang upon me as I lay in the bottom of the boat, and tried to wrench my revolver from my grasp. The weapon was one of "Dane, Adams & Dane's Patent," cocking by the same action of the trigger which revolved it and discharged it. Had it been any other kind of pistol but that, my experience of the localities of the opium trade would probably have been very limited, and the reader's acquaintance with that experience just nothing at all.

One of the scoundrels held my head back by the hair, great bunches of which he tore out, and with the other fist he beat me in the face. The second scamp held my arms fast, and kneeling upon my chest, regarded me with looks of much deeper interest than the unsanctified rascal ever bestowed upon the image of his Josh. But his attentions were altogether too pressing to be agreeable, and I struggled hard to rid myself of his knees. At length I managed to draw up one of my legs, and with all the strength which desperation gave me, I struck him in the chest with my foot. He loosed my arms and reeled backward. Before he could regain his position, one ball from my pistol had sent him to his long account, and another found a passage through his companion.

All this transpired in much less time than words can tell it, though the agonizing struggle for life in which I was engaged, made the moments seem like hours to me. The report of the first pistol-shot had aroused the crew, who rushed upon deck and found the two Chinamen whom I had entrapped. These they secured without delay, while some of them got out our boat and pulled towards me; for the men had recognized my voice while I was struggling in the sanpan. They soon reached me, and turned the boat back to the schooner, where one of the fellows who was shot was taken on board. The other was dead, and his carcass was turned over for a coroner's jury of fishes. The three robbers were delivered up to the mandarins on shore, but what they did with them I never learned.

As soon as I had recovered from the severe handling which I received in the boat, I called the men aft, and after a great deal of questioning, succeeded in finding out who the two men were that held the watch when the attempt to rob the vessel was made. I

ordered the gunner to give them thirty lashes each; but he went about the business with such a grumbling tardiness, and laid the strokes on so lightly, that the performance was rather a mockery than a reality. This did not suit my ideas of what the occasion required, and so when he had got through, I seized the cat from his hand, and with all my force administered the flogging myself. The culprits screamed with pain as each blow brought blood from their backs, and promised future good conduct if I would pardon them. Pardon!—I would not have pardoned my own brother at that moment for such a remissness of duty. They got the full number of lashes, and were then taken below.

Alonzo, the artful dodger, next claimed my attention in my system of practical reform. Him I ordered aft; but the report came as usual, that he was sick in the fore-castle. Instead of going to him as formerly, for the purpose of ascertaining his state, I directed that he should be brought aft. The old disease had got hold of him; for upon examining his tongue and pulse, I found the former much cleaner and the latter more regular than my own, as the cuts upon my head and bruises upon my face had made me a little feverish. While I examined him, I could detect the fellow endeavoring to suppress the smile that would break over his face as he thought what a fool he was making of me. I soon determined the course of treatment that was most advisable in his case, and at once put it in execution.

Calling my boy, who was something of a barber, I ordered him to shave the man's head. In vain he represented that he did not feel any pain there; he soon stood forth shorn of all his locks. My next step was to mix a light, cooling draught, consisting of two ounces of Glauber salts and half a pint of lamp oil, which I administered with my own hand. He really seemed not to like the taste of the potion; but medicine is seldom pleasant to take. After several fruitless attempts he at length swallowed the dirty dose. The poor fellow was now actually sick, and when I proposed to repeat the dose for fear the remedy would not operate, he shrunk from the ordeal, and rather than submit, acknowledged that he had been shamming from the beginning, and had always thrown the medicine away which I had heretofore sent him. Under these circumstances I had him stretched upon the gratings, and made the gunner give him a round dozen on his back, as a counter-irritant for the stuff in his stomach, and to expedite his recovery.

From the day of my remarkable cure of that desperate case of laziness, everything went differently on board the vessel, in all departments of the service. And yet I was not a tyrant; but my men were brought to know that every act of misconduct would be followed by prompt and exemplary punishment. Shortly after the above-mentioned occurrences, we started on a cruise among the islands, to a place where every care was necessary in order to guard against the pirates. Before starting, I made a novel arrangement with my men, the efficacy of which in preserving a crew from laxity of discipline I can truly vouch for. One fine day we came to anchor off the entrance of the Swatow River, where the English agent who first kidnaps and then exports as *willing slaves* so many Coolies for the West Indies, has his house and a small garrison of troops. While here I permitted the boatmen from the village on the main land to come alongside, to sell fruit and eggs to the men. But if any spirits were offered for sale, they were to pursue a line of conduct agreed upon beforehand, which they had faithfully promised.

We had been two days off the Swatow, when one evening the gunner came to me, carrying a jar of samshoo, and pointed to a boat pulling rapidly for the shore, from the men in which it had been purchased. In a moment I had our gig lowered, and six men in her, with orders to pursue the retreating sanpan and bring her back, together with her men. Of all the burlesque races I have ever witnessed, that was the most ludicrous. My gig's crew gave way with a will, and both the Chinamen worked hard at the sanpan with their scull oar. It was a badly matched race, for the gig at every stroke gained upon the boat, and soon overhauled her, making her fast and towing her back to the schooner. In the sanpan was a goodly supply of different articles of luxury and use, all of which I ordered to be handed on board and turned over to the crew.

Jumping into the boat with a well-whipped and hard old rattlin in my hand, I demanded of the Chinamen the money they had got for the samshoo. One of them produced an old purse, and I relieved him of its contents, amounting to something more than what he had received for the spirit. I then seized the fellow by his long tail, and commenced operations; and if that old rattlin did not leave marks upon his back, then I never saw any. When I judged that he had got sufficient (and I was not sparing of the article), I assisted his companion to something like the quantity and quality, for the correction of his manners. At length I got tired of my labor, and calling for the jar of samshoo which had been the cause of all their troubles, I made it assist in their cure by pouring it over them. I then turned them adrift, first removing their only oar and every piece of loose board that would serve for a paddle. They drifted out to sea with the tide, and were not picked up until the next day, when a junk came across the boat and took them on board.

From that day I never knew of my men's drinking a drop of any kind of spirits, save what I gave them myself; and as they were sure to get all that the offending boat contained, they were very prompt to expose every attempt at smuggling which they knew of, and were constantly on the alert for a new victim in every port we visited. At length this became so well known on the coast at all the ports where our vessel traded, that during the many years which I spent in those waters, I was entirely rid of the nuisance; so much so, that, were a man of mine to offer even a hundred dollars for a jar of samshoo, he could not find a boatman willing to run the risk of breaking my *Maine Liquor Law* for the coast of China.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OLIVER DALE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

A suitor came to the hall yestreen—
 Oliver Dale, proposing for me.
 "This love is a forward sprite, I ween,
 He ventures in where he ne'er should be,"
 Said my cousin Maude, for she scorned the thought
 Of Oliver Dale proposing for me.

For Oliver Dale, though learned and wise—
 Oliver Dale was humble and poor:
 Did I look upon him with Maude's proud eyes?
 O, fluttering heart of mine, I'm sure,
 When his lightest look and word you prize,
 'Tis little you care that he's humble and poor!

A step drew near, and entering in,
 My father came with Oliver Dale:
 My cheek burned red with a maiden shame,
 But his brow was stern and ashy pale;
 For the hope in his heart burned dim and low,
 That brightened the life of Oliver Dale.

"He loves you, Clara," my father said.
 "Answer your lover yourself, my child!"
 And Maude, in a whisper that well was heard,
 "In truth, sweet cousin, his brain is wild—
 The clod would mate with the star! Ay, Clara,
 Spurn him to earth!" and she scornfully smiled.

"Maude," I said, "to a loving heart,
 Rank and fortune can nothing be;
 Not with a crown or a conqueror's fame,
 Could Oliver Dale be dearer to me!"
 And I wept, for before me, in rapturous joy,
 Knelt the lord of my love upon bended knee!

Years since that blessed night have flown,
 A happy mother am I and wife;
 And shrouded in her rack, Maude dwelleth alone—
 Lonely and sad her unwedded life.
 Ah, cold, proud Maude, you never can know
 The bliss of a loved and a loving wife!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROBERT OF NORMANDY.

BY MAURICE A. SKILTON.

AFTER the death of William Rufus, who was killed by accident while hunting in the New Forest, and while the eldest brother and rightful heir to the throne of England and Normandy was on his way from the conquest of Jerusalem, the youngest brother ascended it without opposition, under the title of Henry I. The Norman barons confirmed his rule in general assembly, while Duke Robert tamely submitted, remaining in Sicily for nearly a year to press his suit with the rich and beautiful Sibylla, daughter of the Italian Count of Conversano. When at length he obtained his bride, ambition was rekindled in his breast, and, encouraged by the welcome which he received in Normandy, he prepared for war with Henry.

The latter, fearing for his sceptre in England, found means to work upon the easy nature of Duke Robert, and a peace was speedily concluded; the terms of which were, that to Robert should be guaranteed Normandy and a pension of three thousand marks from the English exchequer, and to Henry the throne of England in full inheritance. False-hearted and crafty, the latter watched his opportunity to deprive his brother of the pension, and to declare war against him. Robert had offered a refuge to some of the rebels of England, and the occasion to quarrel came only too soon. Henry sent over an army of Anglo-Saxons, under pretence of protecting Normandy from the mal-administration of Robert, and proclaimed himself its ruler.

It was true that the duke, after the death of his bride, which took place in 1102, had returned to the irregular life which had characterized his youth, and this, notwithstanding his responsibility as a parent, Sibylla having left him a son less than one year of age. Of the disorders which grew out of his conduct, Henry did not scruple to make capital for himself, and this produced a war between the two. On the twenty-eighth of September, 1106, the battle of Tinchebray was fought. Duke Robert was taken prisoner and confined in Cardiff Castle in England.

Henry soon obtained possession also of the little son of Robert, then under five years old, and committed him to Hélie de St. Saens, a Norman noble, until he should have decided upon other plans. St. Saens, however, instead of restoring him to Henry, carried him to the French court, where Louis VI. adopted the little orphan; while his only purpose in so doing was to dispossess him of his inheritance, the dukedom of Normandy.

While the two monarchs were thus plotting the ruin of the young Prince Fitz-Robert (afterwards called William, and known too as *Longue Epée*—long sword), the unfortunate Robert remained at Cardiff Castle, a prisoner to his own brother. The anguish of his captivity was rendered intolerable by the memory of the long series of outrages, oppressions and frauds which had been practised upon him by Henry, from the period of his father's death; by his persecution of his child; and by the memory, too, of his own too easy resignation of his rights at first, to the throne beneath which he was now crushed. Such thoughts as these sometimes maddened the captive and roused every bitter and revengeful feeling which had hitherto lain dormant in his soul.

He had been confined nearly a year, when he made a bold and desperate effort to escape, which unfortunately resulted in a failure. The remorseless cruelty of Henry suggested a mode of

punishment from which the most barbarous savage would shrink to apply to one of his own blood. A copper basin, heated red hot, was held over the eyes of the unhappy duke until the balls were destroyed, leaving him in utter darkness for the rest of his miserable life.—A similar punishment was inflicted by this sanguinary monarch upon Luke de Barre, a troubadour, who had composed some verses ridiculing Henry. De Barre, however, burst from the savage hands that were inflicting the torture, and dashed his head against a wall, thus depriving himself instantly of life.

Still, in the dreary prison of Cardiff, life went on with the royal captive; and still the inheritance of which he had been deprived remained a bone of contention between the French and English monarchs. A succession of wars marked this period, in which conditions were violated, and the most solemn oaths falsified, especially by Henry.

Situated on the river Epte, at the frontier between France and Normandy, was the fortress of the castle of Gisors, an important post, and claimed by both countries. Louis and Henry solemnly agreed that if the neutral baron holding the castle should cede it to either monarch, he should raze the fortifications to the ground within forty days after its possession. Henry was the one who obtained it, and Louis insisted upon the conditions, which Henry refused and prepared for war, in which he sustained a great loss, Louis capturing many important places.

At this time, too, it was reported to Henry that a conspiracy had been formed against his life by the friends of him who was lingering out his dreary existence in Castle Cardiff. Trembling for own unworthy existence, his sleep was murdered by apprehension, and for years afterward, a sword and buckler were his pillow companions. When the dissensions at length seemed to have ceased, Louis agreed to resign the interests of the young prince, William Fitz-Robert, in favor of Henry's eldest son, William, who should be invested with the duchy of Normandy, doing homage to Louis as his suzerain.

This decided upon, Henry prepared to return to England. On the twenty-fifth of November, 1120, he was to sail from Basleul. The fleet was in readiness, and his family—Prince William, and Henry's son Richard, his daughter Matilda, and the Earl and Countess of Chester, the latter being the king's niece—were all assembled. Added to these were William's tutor, and one hundred and forty young Norman and English nobles, among whom were eighteen ladies of the highest rank. Just as Henry reached the beach, the commander of the *Blanche Nef* (White Ship) petitioned him to come on board his vessel. Henry had already made his choice of one of the fleet; but he graciously gave permission to the commander, Thomas Fitz-Stephen, to take his daughter, his two sons and all their attendants on board the *Blanche Nef*. The ship which held the king set sail immediately, while the gay young party lingered.

The afternoon was wasted in drinking, both by the nobles and their attendants, besides regaling the ship's crew. Night found them still at the moorings; but when the moon rose they put out to sea, Fitz-Stephen promising to overtake the rest of the fleet. Three hundred were on board, fifty of them being accomplished oarsmen, whose services were put in requisition to increase the speed of the *Blanche Nef*. Fitz-Stephen himself was at the helm. All was gayety and revelry on board, when suddenly the barque became entangled amidst some hidden rocks. It struck one of these with such force that the timbers started, and almost immediately the vessel began to fill. Far out beyond where the fleet was sailing there was heard a wild cry upon the midnight air, but none knew whence it came, nor imagined that it was the sound of mingled horror and alarm from the friends who were supposed to be close in their wake.

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince and some of his friends into the boat, directing them to row to the shore; but William, hearing the shrieks of his sister Matilda, who had not been placed in the boat, bade them return for her. As the boat ran under the ship's side, the people rushed towards it, destroying what little chance remained for safety. One moment of intense, agonizing horror, and the *Blanche Nef*, and all whom she had held were in the bosom of the deep; all, save one—and he a poor man, a native of Rouen, named Barnard, who was indebted for his preservation on that cold November night, to the sheepskin doublet which he wore. Some fishermen found him at dawn, and carried him to England with the tidings. The king on hearing them fell down in a swoon, and it is said that he never smiled again.

"The bark that held a prince went down,
 The sweeping waves rolled on;
 And what was England's glorious crown
 To him that mourned a son?
 He lived—for life may long be borne
 Ere sorrow break its chain.
 Why comes not death to those who mourn?
 He never smiled again!
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again!"

Was there no sound in that "murmur of the restless deep" that told of the injured brother and nephew? Alas! sorrow does not half its work, if it lead not to penitence for wrong inflicted upon others.

Prince William had received the hand of Matilda, daughter of the Count of Anjou. After the death of the prince, she was returned to her father, but the dower which she carried to her husband was retained. The count immediately joined the new league which had been formed since the death of the prince, in favor of William of Normandy. Henry abated none of his enmity to his nephew, and another war, in which he claimed the assistance of the Emperor Henry V., who had married the Princess Maud, was proclaimed.

One historian relates that Louis assembled sixty thousand men from Rheims and Chalons; sixty thousand from Laon and Soissons; and the same from Paris and Orleans. "The Count of Flanders appeared at the head of ten thousand men; the Duke of Brittany descended from his wild hills with all the men of his province who were capable of bearing arms; and the Duke of Guienne, though engaged against the Saracens, willingly led back his vassals to the defence of his suzerain and his fatherland." The monks of St. Denis brought forth the Oriflamme and presented it to Louis, who, "bareheaded and barefooted, received it on his knees."

Vain "pomp and circumstance!" At sight of the vast multitude, the emperor ingloriously retreated, and Henry entered into negotiations for peace. No hope remained for Fitz-Robert; but at the revolt in Flanders, when Charles the Good was basely slaughtered at the foot of the altar of Saint Donatien, Louis, who avenged his death in the most terrible manner, conferred that territory upon the young prince. The Flemings were enraged at this selection of a strange chief. Henry of England was ready to encourage the enemies of his nephew, and open war was declared against the new ruler. In a battle under the walls of Alost, he endeavored to wrest a lance from the hand of the *bourgeois* who directed it against himself. The iron entered an artery, causing his death. He died at the monastery of Saint Omer, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1128.

Shut out from the brightness of the glorious sun, a prey to the deepest melancholy, the captive duke heard of his son's death with scarcely an accession of grief. Life had long since ceased to interest him who trod his prison floor in perpetual darkness. If he thought of his son's fate at all, it was to rejoice that he was spared the agony which he had endured. Death at last would unlock the prison doors and unseal the darkened lids, and what was life then? Yet for seven more dreary, slow-passing years did his martyrdom continue, and not for an instant did the implacable king waver in his cruelty.

For twenty-nine years, in which only one had permitted him to behold the sweet light and the pleasant sun which seemed so lovely to the patriarchs of the elder world, and which is so dear to all who dwell upon the earth, he had paced the stone flags that were his floor, wondering why the angel Death was so long in coming. He came at last. The inner eye of the spirit seemed opened before the breath left the poor, prison-worn frame; and the sweet bride he had lost, and the little child he parted with Normandy so long ago, were with him once more. In that ecstatic vision, the soul of Robert of Normandy passed onward.

THE YOUNG BOTANIST.

Those who really wish to preserve their plants should get a "botanical box," that is, a box similar to what are now called sandwich boxes, only on a larger scale. These boxes, made of japanned tin, are procurable in any large town. It is a mistake to get this box too small; botanists have it eighteen inches in length, and it is of little use if less than a foot, unless, indeed, it be a small pocket-box, for small plants. The width of the large box is from six to eight inches, and its depth four. It should be convex, the door fastening by a sliding bolt of wire. In addition to the box, botanists carry a portfolio, or light boards containing drying paper; for preserving some plants which easily shed their blossoms this is useful. For getting plants up by the roots, a stout, large knife at least should be used; but where the equipment is complete, a short "digger," or hand "spud," is carried. Such are the few simple preparations by means of which many a beautiful tenant of the wild may be gathered in perfection—carried home and preserved, a record and a reference for years.—*Spencer Thompson.*

PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT DIGESTION.

In a dietetic point of view, it would be well for weak stomachs to remember that wild birds are more nutritious than their domesticated cousins, and more digestible. But the white breast or wing of a chicken is less heating than the flesh of winged game. Other game, such as venison, which is dark-colored, and contains a large proportion of fibrine, produces highly stimulating chyle; and, consequently, the digestion is an easy and rapid affair for the stomach. But, though the whiter meats be detained longer in the stomach, furnish less stimulating chyle, and be suffered to run into acetous fermentation, their less stimulating quality may recommend them when the general system is not in want of a spur. Meats are wholesome, or otherwise, less with reference to themselves than to the consumer. "To assert a thing to be wholesome," says Van Sweiten, "without a knowledge of the condition of the person for whom it is intended, is like a sailor pronouncing the wind to be fair without knowing to what port the vessel is bound."—*Doran.*

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POST STATION.

Our readers will see by the accompanying engraving the state of travelling, and the convenience they are likely to meet with, should they ever be induced to take a trip to Wallachia. Here we have a Wallachian post station. The building, composed generally of mud with a thatched roof, supported in front by wooden poles, comprises within it the bureau and dwelling. Furniture is very scanty, but here, as in all other houses, is found a large sofa resembling a bed, which is usually the station of the good wife, who sits cross-legged upon it during the best part of the day, smoking a cigar, and looking at the husband taking his siesta, both the pictures of consummate idleness. Her dress is picturesque. Round her neck she wears a necklace of coins, and her hair is plaited and bound up with a blue or green handkerchief twisted together, a profusion of gold thread ornaments her dress, a large ring encompasses her dirty finger. The husband, or captain, who, being a government servant, hears a title, wears on his head, which is covered with hair rarely made acquainted with comb or brush, a Russian cap; a long mantle, of some kind of fur, with loose sleeves, covers a caftan of striped silk; beneath which a pair of well-worn, filthy continuations are seen, finished off by a pair of what—can we call them shoes?—that would be too good a name for them, as they are but a mass of rags kept together by a leather sandal. The upper part of the man is not always distinguishable, being usually enveloped in a blue cloud of Turkish tobacco smoke which issues from his inseparable companion, the chibouck. The one expression of countenance is weariness or laziness. In front of the house is a patch of grass land, which is cut up into furrows, or ruts, and which serves as a place of meeting for sheep, pigs, dogs, storks, cranes, ducks, geese, and fowls; under the tent in front of the building a row of cars is stationed. These are vehicles of the most wretched and original description; springs they have none, and the motion of them over the ruts with which the roads—if the mass of mud and ruts can be dignified by such a name—are ploughed up, is dreadful to contemplate, and the creaking of the wheels, the rattling of the car itself, the cry of the drivers, and the cracking of the whips, must be heard to be appreciated. The dress of the driver is picturesque in its way. A not over-clean smock, with wide sleeves, covers the upper part of the man, falling over a pair of tight-fitting trousers. Round his waist he wears a girdle, into which is stuck a knife and his whip; his head is ornamented with a reddish brown cap, from under which his glossy hair escapes, and his feet are shod with raw leather sandals; when living in the house, for he is footman at a pinch, the legs are encased in long leggings. As soon as the approach of a traveller is announced, which is done some time before his actual appearance, by the shouts of the driver, the cracking of the long whip, and the rattle of the crazy conveyance, he starts off into the common, and drives home the necessary number of steeds, which are quickly harnessed and ready to be attached to the



THE STUDENT AND GRISETTE.—SCENE IN A PARISIAN CAFE.

coming vehicle. When the traveller arrives, his first care is to pay the hire of his post-horses for the coming journey. As soon as he is seated on the hay which is strewn on the bottom of the car, the whip cracks, the driver shouts, and off he goes at a gallop, regardless of the pain inflicted on the unfortunate traveller. In addition to all this discomfort, a host of dogs generally accompany him some distance, lending helping voices to the noises before described. As the horses gallop on, clouds of dust arise, which compel the unfortunate traveller to envelop himself in his cloak, if he has one, if not to shut his eyes to keep himself from being blinded. Sometimes this may be avoided if the postilion chooses to leave the beaten track, and drive through a corn-field, which he seems at perfect liberty to do, at least he never stands upon any ceremony about it. Arrived at his destination, the traveller may consider himself lucky if he gets any accommodation at the inn; this he may do if the proprietors are in good humor; if not, he is likely to meet with but sorry fare. For sleeping in the house, the less said about that the better, the preferable way being to sleep out of doors, upon a truss of hay, to avoid a class of companions whose company would be at all times willingly dispensed with. Such are the pleasures of travelling in Wallachia, and in a good many parts of Hungary.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and, unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, we question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights, than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.—Chapin.

PARISIAN SCENE.

In our series of Parisian characters, last week, we introduced a student and grisette chatting together in the street, and now we present types of the same classes seated in a Parisian café, and trying to Americanize themselves by imbibing a couple of sherry cobbler thro' the medium of straws. Possibly the learned young student may have informed his companion—the *etudiante*—that these straws are the identical slender reeds sung in Virgil's pastoral strains, and the sherry cobbler, or *sutor vini*, ascends to great historical antiquity, and is another proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Be this as it may, we have depicted the student and grisette together, for they are indeed inseparable companions. The grisette shrinks from association with workmen in her own level of life, and clings to the companionship of students of law, medicine, and art. She is always gay, always pleasant, always laughing, and at a ball or a party of pleasure, flings care to the winds. None gay-er than she at the masked balls of carnival time, though she may have pinched and starved herself for months to purchase or hire her costume, and though the revelry of to-night may be followed by misery on the morrow. The grisette is always neatly dressed—and though her costume may be of the simplest and cheapest material, yet it is worn with a saucy grace that a duchess might envy. The grisette has lately taken to wearing bonnets, but this is an innovation on old custom; her head-dress is a jaunty little cap. Though associated with students, the neophytes of the world of letters, she is generally illiterate, reading and writing with great difficulty. Her notes are perfect curiosities; in them the emperor's French is treated in a way that would make an academician shudder. In the many days of battle that Paris has known during her revolutions and cements, the grisettes have not all of them remained within doors. When the dead have been numbered, many a grisette has been found lifeless at the barricades beside her fallen lover; and her devotion to the wounded on such occasions is most exemplary. The grisette, as we have before remarked, is a Parisian institution, the growth of a peculiar state of society, and not amenable to those general laws by which we measure the conduct of mankind. Her faults are the faults of circumstances over which she has no control—and she is fully entitled to a lenient judgment. The grisettes much affect the so-called Latin quarter of Paris, and choose their companions from among students as poor as themselves. How they dote upon their closely-cropped skulls, and prodigious dark beards, and curling moustaches, and extraordinary waistcoats, and jaunty pantaloon! How proud is the pretty grisette as she hangs on the arm of a law student, in the whirling waltzes of the *Mabille*, or the military gallopes of the *Chateau Rouge*, with its Bengal lights, bombs, rockets and Roman candles flashing through the air! If the pair be unhappy in their circumstances or connection with each other, a few sous' worth of charcoal finishes their romantic career, and their remains are thrown into *Pere la Chaise*.



A WALLACHIAN POST STATION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SPUR-LEATHER." New York.—The Spanish law in Havana forbids any horse to be abroad without his tail being tied to the saddle. This is to protect pedestrians from being splattered with mud in the narrow streets. They are, therefore, always braided and tightly drawn around and fastened to the animal's side.

E. L.—The writings of Swedenborg are very extensive. Those already printed amount to fifty volumes. There are still many unpublished manuscripts preserved in the Royal Library at Stockholm. They embrace many sciences—chemistry, optics, physiology, mathematics and astronomy. It was only in the latter part of his life that his theological views were given to the world. He lived to the age of eighty-five, but was never married.

MARY O.—To destroy flies, dissolve two drachms of extract of quassia in half a pint of boiling water, and add a little sugar. Spread the mixture on plates or saucers, and place them where the flies are troublesome.

G. C.—The application of machinery to the manufacture of lace dates only from the early part of the present century.

QUERIST.—The last English sovereign, previously to Queen Victoria, who visited France as an ally, was Henry VIII. On that occasion (in 1520) Henry met Francis I., of France, at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

B. C.—You can obtain the work of Ticknor, Fields & Co., corner of Washington and School Streets.

S. S.—The stereoscope pictures will come to 75 cents each, even by the dozen. Mrs. C. M., Baltimore.—We believe that Prince Albert's introduction to Queen Victoria was on the occasion of his first visit to England, to be present at the coronation of the queen, in 1838.

F. M.—The *As* was a Roman coin, originally of a pound weight, but reduced after the first Punic war to two ounces, in the second Punic war to one ounce, and by the Papirian law to half an ounce. The *As* was originally stamped with the figure of a sheep, a cow, or an ox; and afterwards with the figure of Janus on one side, and on the reverse a rostrum, or the prow of a ship.

AMATEUR.—Few flowers contribute so much to the embellishment of large gardens as the hollyhock. It is a biennial plant, and, therefore, to keep up a stock, seed must be sown every spring, usually in a hot-bed, and there nursed till the plants are large enough to be put out in the open borders.

ETHNOLOGIST.—We do not know that the human stature has diminished within the last few centuries. The suits of armor which have been preserved from the ages of chivalry, as well as the size of effigies or monuments in churches, and other statues belonging to the middle and later ages, show an average stature corresponding with that of human beings in Europe at the present day.

IRADER.—The war waged by the British government against the Chinese in 1840, 1841 and 1842 was terminated by the treaty of August 26, 1842, by which Great Britain received \$21,000,000 as an indemnity for the expenses of the war, immediate possession of Hong-Kong, and admission for her vessels into several other ports besides Canton. A violation of some of the treaty stipulations was the cause of the late war.

L. M., New Bedford, Mass.—Mr. Hale, the philologist of the Wilkes expedition, was a son of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the authoress.

THE GAME OF CHANCE.—Of all diseases none so virulent, so fatal, as the fever of chance. And the pestilence walks alike on the Exchange, bosom companion of gentlemen, as it crouches even in doorways, bosom companion of beggars.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—We hope before long to chronicle the practical success of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The results thus far are meagre.

THE FALL TRADE.—Almost every kind of business is in a healthy condition, the money crisis having entirely passed away.

SPLINTERS.

.... A dangerous individual lately asked why the Atlantic cable was like a turnip? 'Cause it can't be beet.

.... The Imperial Horticultural Society lately had a great exhibition at Paris—free to all nations.

.... Mr. T. Buchanan Read, the artist and poet, at last advices was painting pictures in Philadelphia.

.... There is a strong-handed woman in Cincinnati, who beats her husband whenever he doesn't bring home a day's wages.

.... The gambling bank at Baden-Baden has been twelve times broken the present season by gamblers.

.... An American sailor in Malta was lately seen in a café sipping an ice cream while his boots were blacked.

.... The New Yorkers are in ecstasies over their prima donna, Madame Gassier. Other singers are gassy enough.

.... Mr. Gregg, American commissioner at the Sandwich Islands, has resigned, and been appointed minister of finance.

.... A mass for the repose of the souls of Lopez and his companions was lately celebrated at New Orleans.

.... It is calculated that the Russian nation consumes in at strong drink yearly the value of 800,000,000 francs.

.... Martin Koszta, the Hungarian, instead of dying poor, is living comfortably in Medina county, Texas.

.... The charger from which Nolan was killed in the cavalry charge at Balaklava, was lately sold to Lord Cardigan.

.... The city of Baltimore promises to produce a steamer that will go from New York to Liverpool in six days.

.... The exact figures of the New York city tax for 1858 show an aggregate of \$8,471,091 31.

.... Queen Victoria's steam yacht "Victoria and Albert" lately ran sixty miles in three hours and twelve minutes.

.... The first employment of reaping-machines in Kilkenny county, Ireland, caused riots, and the troops came out.

.... The Westminster Palace Hotel Company, London, are erecting a splendid establishment on the American hotel plan.

.... They now talk of building ships of mahogany. It is a fine material, but, we should imagine, too costly.

.... The Brazil squadron, under the flag of Captain Shubrick, U. S. N., has an armament of two hundred guns.

.... A gentleman lately recited Poe's "Raven" in character; but the papers don't say what character—the raven's?

.... A telegraph line is to be established from Alexandria to Aden, down the Red Sea, and thence to Kurrachee.

.... What glorious weather we have been enjoying! Strange that people should leave the country in the finest month.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.

Other cities, such as Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Baltimore, have for some time been favored with Steam Fire Engines. Not so Boston. Owing to the extremely diffident deference of many gentlemen who have composed her city government, to the supposed wishes of the members of the hand-engine fire companies, Boston has not hitherto been able to establish Steam Fire Engines for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens. The deference of the velvet-footed city politicians who cautiously tread the circumscribed mazes of municipal politics, effectuated itself in this wise and to this end:—These purring mousers have a very strong desire to be elevated to city greatness from time to time, by popular votes. Now, members of fire companies are not only voters themselves, but rather prompt and tonguey persuaders of other men's votes, in an off-hand sort of way; and the sly politicians aforesaid very sagely concluded, that if their votes and influence should be given for Steam Fire Engines in the City Council, the votes and influence of the members of the fire companies, which would be likely to be disbanded if the Steam Fire Engines were adopted, would not be given for them at the next city election; and that consequently they would run the risk of being defeated in a reelection to the Aldermanic or Common Council Board. Upon this shrewd calculation of chances, they first did all they could to prevent the city from purchasing the "Miles Greenwood" Steam Fire Engine, and then all they could to throw cold water on the machine, and prevent its throwing cold water to any advantage. Poor old "Miles" was kept in the shade and disparaged in every way, to such an unreasonable extent, that one straight-spoken city father told his anti-colleagues on the committee, that the only trouble with "Miles Greenwood" was, not that he did not throw water enough, but that he could not throw five hundred votes at the polls.

But the wise citizens of Boston, whose whole idea of earthly good was not centered in an election to the council, whether by votes of firemen or watermen, have at length taken the matter in hand. Such men as these made up a purse to be distributed in prizes, for the sake of having a fair experiment with Steam Fire Engines, and the present city government liberally seconding their movement, an exhibition has been had upon Boston Common, in the presence of at least twenty thousand witnesses. Four steam engines were exhibited; two of Boston manufacture, one from Lawrence, Mass., and one from Philadelphia, belonging to a hose company in that city. The machines were tested in every way; as to promptness of movement, readiness in firing up, quantity of water they could throw, height, distance, and capability of endurance; and the result has been a complete and triumphant vindication of the superior capacity of the steam machines to do the work of the city, as well as their superior economy over the hand engines. It is proved that Steam Fire Engines can be moved to a fire, and set to work as quickly as hand engines; that they can throw four streams of greater volume, and further than the others can throw one; and that they can do this for hours without stopping or giving out; in fact, as long as fuel can be found or water holds out. The fact appears plain that four of these machines for the city proper, one for East Boston, and one for South Boston, would do the whole work of the city, playing floods upon the highest buildings that modern ambition can erect, and do it cheaper and better than the present hand engine system. Boston may therefore be considered as converted to the Steam Fire Engines, and our citizens will soon have occasion to rejoice in the increased safety of their property and the diminished rate of fire insurance, as well as city taxes. The city mousers will have to pick up some other interest besides the Firemen, to pet, and after a little growling the old City of Notions will wag on as quietly as usual.

As to the firemen themselves, these brave fellows will have a chance to bestow their generous labors, with ten times the effect they now do, and will get rid of those interminable pulls at the breaks, which wear the body down, though they may not daunt the spirit.

FORTHCOMING!—We have now nearly ready, one of the most remarkable novelettes which we have ever printed, and which will follow *The Young Pioneer*, now publishing in our columns. We shall fully illustrate the new story, and promise our readers something in the way of *vivid narrative*, which has not been excelled since the publication of the famous "Mysteries of Paris!" This new tale will startle by its vivid character, and must make a great sensation wherever it is read. We shall not yet announce its title, or theme.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a lady whose name was Stone:

Curious enough, we all must say,
 That what was Stone should now be clay;
 More curious still, to own we must,
 That what was Stone will soon be dust.

ANTHONY'S LOVE.—Mark Anthony gave the world for a woman. Dr. Spooner says the bargain would have been a good one had the woman been good; but a bad woman is a poor bargain at any price.

ON DIT.—Baron Humboldt has concluded that he has lived long enough, and has fixed the date of his death for 1859. We don't think this is a prophecy of *Humboldt*—but only a *bold hum*.

A FLORAL SENTIMENT.—If you look to "heart's-case," never look to "marry gold."

RELIGION IN HINDOSTAN.

The rule of the East India Company in Hindostan has been strongly marked with favor for the heathen religion of that country. Our missionaries say that this has been too much the case, and that their labors for the good of the natives' souls have been greatly thwarted by the conduct of the authorities of the India Company in discouragement of the Christian teachers and their doctrines, and in open countenance and active aid of the absurd and abominable rites of paganism. The prejudices of the natives, of a religious origin, but running into social and civil life, have been recognized and deferred to by the Indian government, while the Christian guides have been summarily told to conquer their prejudices, and to consider themselves as on an equal footing with the natives, as to any claims to moral consideration. The great festivals of the Brahmins were honored by the presence of the Company's troops, their sacred days celebrated by salutes from the forts, and the spectacle was not unusual of the honored and trusted officers of the Company mingling actively in the service of the idols. This effort to hold political power over India, by catering to her benighted superstition, has caused much trouble and embarrassment to our missionaries, by hardening the hearts of the natives against the reception of the Christian doctrine; and the ghostly laborers in India are strong in the belief that this same abasement of Christianity before heathenism has had great effect in propping up the pride of the natives, and bringing about the recent rebellion. Nay more, the opinion is often expressed by those who have at heart the Christianization of India, that the work would have made greater progress, and been far superior in character, had the British never conquered India and held sway there. This is a very severe commentary upon the career of the East India Company; and if just, it cannot fail to demonstrate the propriety of the recent action of the British government in overthrowing its power.

Now that Great Britain has dethroned the East India Company, and made the government of the Indian Empire a part of the duties of the crown and its ministers, the question is asked with a good deal of interest, whether the course of the officials in India will be heathen or Christian for the time to come? By some it has been supposed that it would be hardly compatible with the dignity of the queen, a Christian sovereign, and the head of the Established Church, to lend her countenance in support of heathenism, by means of her troops and guns. On the other hand, they argue, her duty as a conscientious Christian sovereign is to discontinue false religion by every official act of her government, and give the same preference to the Church of England in India, which it enjoys at home. Lord Stanley, the minister in charge of the India affairs, does not seem to give to anxious inquirers much light upon this subject. In reply to a deputation from various missionary societies which recently waited upon him to sound the views of the government, he gave them to understand in pretty plain terms, that the government were not going to undertake any holy crusade in India, but meant to hold itself aloof from religious entanglements. He remarked that the sphere of government, and that of theological belief, were absolutely and entirely separate, and that the course of the India administration would be that of perfect neutrality upon the subject of religion. This failure to accept the position of religious regenerator of Hindostan has not commended the Derby ministry very strongly to the pious world; and there does not appear to be much more hope of better times for Christian laborers in that vast vineyard, under the new regime, than was under the old. But the time will come when Christianity shall receive "the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession," and to that end all good Christians should pray, whether government ministers work for it or against it.

ISOLA SAN GUILIO, LAKE OF ORTA.

The picture which occupies the whole of our last page, is one of the most striking landscapes we have ever published. It is a scene on the Lake of Orta, which lies in Piedmont, in the division of Novara, about seven miles west of the more famous Lake Maggiore, into which it discharges its surplus waters. The lake is eight miles long and one mile and a half broad. The natural scenery is very striking, but its effect, as in most Italian landscapes, is materially aided by the architecture which blends with it. Here the buildings on the island on the right rise like one of the palaces of Venice, from the very bosom of the waters, and harmonize well with the mountain background. The lake is here represented under the influence of a fresh breeze, but we can imagine the effect produced when perfectly calm, and reflecting the architectural piles, arches, pinnacles, towers, and the surrounding mountains, as in a mirror.

"THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."—Step into the nearest periodical depot and purchase a copy of this favorite miscellaneous journal, for *four cents*, and you will agree with us that it is the best of all the weekly family journals. Full to the brim each week with choice original reading.

A THOUGHT.—Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

BACK BAY LANDS.—The Daily Advertiser estimates that the State's interest in the Back Bay lands is worth \$5,000,000. A sale has been effected which places \$60,000 in the treasury.

OCEAN STEAMERS.—The Galway line of steamers have been very successful in their trips—making quick passages.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOLLING BELLS.

BY WILLIE E. PADOR.

Hark, how the great bells toll, toll, toll!—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I listen, and I hear the great bells tolling,
Though not a sound the solemn silence breaks;
Yet through my ears the requiem is tolling,
And mournful echoes in my bosom wakes.
I hear the great bells toll, toll, toll,
Above the wreck and ruin of a soul.

Above the murmur of life's ocean surges,
Forever flows the funeral refrain;
To some few hearts its way it gently urges,
In some few hearts its echo will remain;
And when the great bells toll, toll, toll,
These few hearts sorrow over some lost soul.

SABBATH MORNING.

How sweetly wide this Sabbath morn
The chime of village bell is sent
O'er the hamlets, o'er the fields,
With Sabbath sunshine blent.
The noble hears and quits his hall,
The peasant quits his cottage home;
All pleasantly, all cheerfully,
To church the people come.
They come from far-off heathy moors,
From lonely farms, from quiet dells,
Led strongly, irresistibly,
By the sweet chime of Sabbath bells.
Across the fields, across the green,
From shades emerge they to the light;
And seen in groups, or singly seen,
It is a charming sight.—RICHARD HOWITT.

RELIGION.

But whither went his soul, let such relate,
Who search the secrets of a future state;
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative;
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly, then, is sure the best—
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.—DRYDEN.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, and without rest,
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

A life alternating between town and country appears to us to be the best fitted to keep the physical and intellectual elements of our being in a state of due balance and activity. There are certain faculties that rust in perpetual rust-icity, and on the other hand, times when the calm of nature must be substituted for the endless din, hurry and excitement of city. The man who has watched the promise of spring, the florid growth of summer, and the golden fruit of autumn, in his country-house, is prepared to return to town, and enjoy with a keen zest its pleasures, its theatres, concerts, lectures, balls and soirees. There is, doubtless, grandeur in a wild autumnal storm sweeping over wood and plain; but we think we can weather it better by a snug fire in a brick block, with gaslights out of doors, and every convenience, public and private, if necessity compels you to go abroad. Just now the city is in a full flush of attraction—all its amusements are novel, and enjoyed with keen appetites. . . . That was a pretty sharp remark of Bautre after a visit to the Escorial Library at Madrid, the librarian of which was a very ignorant man. "Sir," said Bautre, to the king, "you ought rather to have made him your minister of finance, for he never touches the treasures confided to him." . . . Among the Americans at Rome, at last accounts, were Dr. George Hayward, of Boston, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, and Miss Mitchell, the astronomer, of Nantucket. . . . Mr. Charles W. Flint, of Concord, Mass., recently shot a barn swallow that was purely white. It was on the barn with other swallows. . . . A French barrister, M. Delasalle, in defending one of the desperate gang of robbers and murderers just tried at Caen, thus wound up his speech:—"Think, gentlemen, of the terrible consequences of a judicial mistake! You are now twelve in that box, and, in society, you may keep up each other's courage. But when my client's head rolls on the scaffold you will be separated. That gory head will haunt your solitude and your domestic hearth; it will startle you on the desk of the counting-house; it will face you on the conjugal pillow; and it will come between you and your children when you go to kiss them." . . . Love is an alliance of friendship and of lust. If the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined; but if the latter, gross and sensual. . . . A white squirrel, which was caught in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the old Brandywine battle-ground, has been presented to the mayor of Philadelphia. The curiosity will be let loose in Independence Square. . . . The Syracuse Courier says the product of the Onondaga Salt Springs will this year amount to at least seven millions of bushels, being an excess of nearly a million over any previous year. . . . A celebrated actress, whose fresh smile and silvery voice favored the deception, always called herself "sweet sixteen." She stated her age at sixteen in a court-room as a witness. Her son was directly after placed on the stand, and asked how old he was. "Six months older than mother," was the honest reply. . . . A coachman, who was driving a Gascon, splattered and ran against a foot-passenger, who stopped the horses, and began to beat the driver with his cane. "You, sir," said the Gascon, putting his head out of the window, "make haste, will you? I hire this coach by the hour, and can't afford to pay for your luxuries." . . . One day at a party where Talleyrand was, Dupont de Nemours harangued on his favorite theme, the language of beasts. A very stupid person undertook to controvert the theory—and when this person left, Talleyrand quietly remarked, "Mr. Dupont is right—beasts do talk." . . . A boy at Liverpool hanged himself in play, the other day. He, with the object of imitating an execution, fastened one end of a cord upon a nail, and the other end round his neck. His companions thought he was only in play, but to their horror the jest turned into a reality, and the boy was actually hanging. He died before he could be liberated. . . . Margaret, daughter of Waldemar III., was contesting the crown of Sweden with Albert. This prince, to remind her that she would never soar above the usual employments of her sex, sent her a whetstone used for sharpening needles. "I accept it," said Margaret, "and will use it to whet the swords of my soldiers." She vanquished Albert, made him prisoner, and forced him to yield the throne. . . . The answer of Petrarch to the Emperor Charles V., when the monarch asked the poet to dedicate a work to him was fine. "I cannot promise to do so till you

possess grandeur, and I leisure." . . . The cow at Nantucket who pulled her tail off by swinging it round a post, luckily had a shoemaker for her owner, and he sewed it on with a waxed end, and it is as good as new. . . . Munich is the place for duels. A very savage one has just occurred there between Count Gberndorff and the Chevalier Orsini. The former sold the latter some horses and a carriage. The latter did not pay, and hearing himself traduced in consequence, challenged the count, but the police interfered. A few days after Count Oberndorff, seeing the chevalier on promenade, went up to him while he was in conversation with an officer, called him a coward, and struck him several times. The parties met the following morning. Pistols were used, and at the first fire the count received his adversary's ball in the abdomen. The chevalier, in order to escape legal proceedings, started for Augusta, but was arrested at Landau, and brought back to Munich. . . . According to a foreign paper, a letter written by Humboldt, lately read in one of the Prussian law courts, excited sensation from its containing the declaration, "My death will take place in 1859," and that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his works till then. . . . Brigands are very delightful fellows to see on the stage, but to have dealings with them in actual life "doesn't pay." They executed at Bra, near Verona, four brigands recently. On their way to the scaffold they kept talking, laughing, drinking and smoking all the while. Before the execution, one of them addressed the multitude, telling them he had committed not seven, but ten murders, exclusive of two persons he had severely wounded, and who had since died of their wounds. . . . There are some faults which we are pretty sure to overcome at last. When Jeremy Taylor applied to take orders in the church, the bishop objected that he was too young. "If I live, my lord, I shall hope to overcome that fault," said the witty candidate. By-the-by, that vice is one which most of us are sorry to have lost. It is not at all certain that we grow either wiser or better by growing older. Experience has been well likened to the stern-lights of a ship, which merely illuminate the path we have passed over, but throw no light ahead. . . . The expression, "a nation of shopkeepers," so often applied to the English, has been commonly attributed to Napoleon, but it is found in an oration of Samuel Adams, delivered in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776, re-published in French at Paris. . . . They have discovered some rare old fresco paintings at Florence, in the Carmelite monks' convent. They belong to the period of Giotto, and are attributed by connoisseurs to the pencil of either Angelo Gaddi or Spinelli Aretino. Two persons have, with great patience and perseverance, removed the whitewash with which they were covered without injuring them in the least. They represent passages in the life of St. Cecilia, Valerian, Tiburtius and Urban. . . . The "homestead law," recently passed by the Minnesota legislature, exempts from sale by execution a homestead of eighty acres, and one lot in a town or city, with the improvements on the same. . . . Potatoes are said to have been first planted in New England, in 1719, by the Londonderry settlers, who, embracing sixteen families, put their first crop in the ground in May, upon a ridge of land now lying in the western part of Derry, N. H. Since then the potato has ranked among the leading productions of the country. . . . Mr. Niederwieser, of St. Louis, Mo., being a prudent man, took home his money-drawer, and placed it on a sofa near his bed. He left the door open, and went to sleep quietly, but woke up in the night to find a pet deer with a \$2 in his mouth, having already eaten \$87. Many a man with a spendthrift wife has found his "pet deer" yet more expensive. . . . Rev. Mr. Loop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Metamora, Ill., was about commencing a sermon, when a sudden gust of wind blew the document out of the window. Some of the congregation tittered and laughed. The clergyman descended from his desk, went out and recovered his sermon, returned and preached it, and then announced to the congregation that he would preach no more to them. . . . Some queer genius, in whose noddle strange ideas are fermenting, propounds the following queries:—"If a despatch were sent from England, at what time would it arrive at the point of departure, were a cable carried entirely around the world? Would it not arrive the day before it left, less only the time exhausted in making the circuit? If so, then, with a continuous telegraph line around the world, why not send a despatch around and around until it reached back to Adam, and let him know what his children are about these 'latter days'?" . . . Many women covet male habiliments, but few men return the compliment. Yet lately, in London, an Italian, about forty years of age, was arrested for being dressed as a woman. He had on very gay and fashionable attire, the skirts of a pink muslin dress being duly expanded by means of crinoline and hoops, his legs inserted in lace drawers and military-heeled boots, his by no means handsome face partly concealed by rieglets, and his hands enveloped in tight kid gloves. So great was the crowd he attracted, the officers were compelled to put him in a cab to reach the police court. The prisoner stated that he was about to be married, and, having purchased the bridal dress, had a fancy for putting it on! . . . The aunt of a young lady, whose beau got into a personal altercation with the young lady's father at Sandy Hill, New York, was so frightened at the fracas, that she took to coughing, and actually coughed herself to death. The father had forbidden his daughter to associate with the young man. . . . We see by the Opinione, a leading Turin journal, that the appointment of Felix Foresti as United States consul at Genoa is hailed among the countrymen of Alfieri, Pellico and D'Azeglio, as an evidence of the respectful sympathy felt in this country for a noble martyr in the cause of liberty, and for the foremost State of the beautiful and down-trodden peninsula, in its magnanimous stand for popular education and Italian nationality. . . . Mr. Horace Clark, of Middletown, Conn., has raised a tomato which weighed two pounds. . . . The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust, "I like it. If I loved it, I should kiss it." . . . As the speed of American horses is often a topic of conversation, our friends interested in the matter would do well to preserve the following scrap of information:—A mile has been run in 1 minute, 42 1-2 seconds; the same distance has been trotted in 2 minutes, 24 1-2 seconds; and been paced in 2 minutes, 17 1-2 seconds. In the way of endurance combined with speed, we read of 10 miles trotted in harness in 28 minutes, 8 1-2 seconds; 20 miles, under saddle, trotted in 59 minutes, 55 seconds; 50 miles in harness trotted in 3 hours, 55 minutes, 40 1-2 seconds; and 100 miles trotted in 8 hours, 56 minutes, 1 second. . . . An agricultural library is about being established in Winchendon, Mass. . . . Of the chorus at the New York Academy, the New York Express says:—"The chorus looked natural; there were the fat woman and the thin one, the tall one and the short one, and the one with the cork-screw curls; and all the ugly ones, which includes the entire troupe; there were the very tall male, and the one who looks like a blackamoer; the stout one, and all our other friends clad in the same appropriate garments which have greeted our eyes as often as the same notes of music have greeted our ears—each arranged, it may be, to different order, but the same notes and the same costumes forever—seven of each." . . . An incendiary was arrested at East Brandywine, Pa., recently, by the wife of Dr. Gaston, armed with a revolver, and assisted by the hired girl. . . . Two wills have just been recorded in Philadelphia. The first one reads "I will and bequeath all money or effects owned by me to —, or his heirs." The other is still more brief, and reads thus:—"I will everything to my wife absolutely." These wills, though brief, are just as effective as if whole quires of paper had been written over. . . . The Petersburg (Ind.) Reporter gives the details of the breaking up of a band of robbers that have for some time infested the neighborhood. About a dozen have been arrested. One of them was a justice of the peace and another was postmaster and constable. . . . There are no less than six respectable gentlemen who claim to be the originators of the Atlantic telegraph project. Have we got to go through a celebration with each one? we would respectfully inquire.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

As we predicted, the Hughes instrument was the only one found capable of working in connection with the Atlantic cable.—The Galway people manifest the greatest interest in the success of their line of steamers. The despatch announcing the dinner to the officers of the "Propeller," in Boston, was received with great satisfaction.—The second Oude proclamation published in Bombay had been declared by government to be a forgery.—The commissioner at Canton has been urging the people to war, and ignoring the negotiations at the north.—There was a grand cable celebration in the English Crystal Palace.—The British troops are chiefly engaged in harassing the rebels in Oude, wherever they can find them, and in reducing their mud fortifications.—The United Service Gazette gives a rumor that the Duke of Cambridge, Gen. Sir H. H. Douglas and Lord Clyde, are soon to be made field marshals.—The entire stud of Lord Derby's racers are to be sold at auction, he being about to retire from the turf.—An important law case has been tried in Liverpool. An action was brought against a director in the suspended Borough Bank, to recover damages for loss sustained in purchasing shares upon the strength of the fallacious report issued by the bank. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, but a stay of execution was granted.—Many of the chiefs, who have not irredeemably compromised themselves in the revolt, are surrendering themselves to the authorities. Others, who have been faithful to the British flag, are being honored and rewarded. Rebels, proved to have been deeply implicated, are being executed.—The Punjab is tranquil.—The captain of an English ship has been tried and mulcted in heavy damages, for placing a passenger in irons, under the plea that mutiny was imminent.—Cardinal Wiseman, of London, was making a tour in Ireland, and receiving enthusiastic ovations at all points.—The Daily News calls upon the European powers to watch closely American designs upon Nicaragua, under the conviction that the policy of the American government is to acquire possession of the Isthmus.—Charles Drummond, the well-known London banker, is dead.

Republicanism in Paris.

The true friends of democratic liberty in France have not been all killed off, or sent into exile; they hold frequent meetings now—secretly, of course—but in great numbers. They are quite rational in their views, and discountenance the wholesale butchery, assassination and spoliation which ruined the first French revolution. They will fight, if need be—but with victory they will sheathe their swords. They hate the very name of Napoleon, and regard the first emperor in his true light, and not through the false medium which has so long distorted his moral features in France. Great events are in preparation, and the throne totters beneath the weight of the present incumbent.

Prussia.

The Prussian government continue their exertions to abolish the gaming-tables throughout Germany, but the run of bad luck to which the bank at Baden-Baden has lately been exposed may have a greater influence in the accomplishment of that object than any legal enactment of the Diet would be likely to effect. The "bank" there has this season been "broken" twelve times, five of which had been the work of a baron (a captain of the Austrian army), who, on leaving the place, gave 5000 francs to the poor of the town, in token of gratitude for his "luck" there.

A French Characteristic.

A sad accident recently occurred at an exposition of new inventions in a small town in the south of France. An inventor patented a safety coffin, by which if a person was buried alive he could call a grave-digger to let him out by pulling a bell. To illustrate it the inventor jumped in, and closing the lid, requested those who were examining it to open the case when he rung. Just then an opera dancer passed through the street, and the crowd rushed to see her, and the inventor of the coffin was smothered to death before they returned.

Presenting Arms.

Louis Napoleon has sent Queen Victoria a cannon upon his own principles and named "Alliance," in return for that presented to him by her majesty. It is better to be exchanging cannon than exchanging cannon-balls. But the beauty of the whole thing is, that this cannon that Louis Napoleon claims the paternity of was invented by an Englishman, who could find no patronage in England, and so came over to France, and sold his contrivance to Louis, who has been burning to invent something in the artillery line.

New Naval Station.

A new French naval station for the eastern coast of Africa is to be created at Isle Reunion. The Patrie observes, this news is big with important consequences for the influence of the French flag and prosperity of the French colonies. It considers the measure sufficiently justified by the necessity which has arisen of employing French ships—composing what was called the Indo-China division—in localities far removed from Isle Reunion.

Turkey.

The Turkish government has complained to the English ambassador at Constantinople of the bombardment of Jeddah at a moment when it was known Ismael Pasha was on his way thither with full power to punish the guilty. The Divan had issued a circular contradictory of the rumor of the approaching destruction of Mecca by the Western powers, which was occasioning great excitement.

Walter Savage Landor.

The Landor libel case still supplies food for comment in England. It will be remembered that Landor was convicted at Bristol of a series of atrocious and disgusting libels upon a lady of Bath, named Yescombe, who, though formerly a friend of his, had in some way offended him. He was mulcted in damages £1000 and costs.

Italian Brigands.

The mail coach from Florence to Rome has been stopped by brigands at Montefiascone, and \$4000 of pontific money sacked. They nearly murdered Muller, an Austrian courier, carrying the usual government despatches from Mantua to Rome and Naples. He has been actually scalped.

Austria.

The new born imperial prince was christened "Rodolphe Francis Charles Joseph." By imperial edict the prince is appointed proprietor and colonel of the 19th regiment of Infantry. The report that a reconciliation had taken place between Austria and Russia is formally denied.

Telegraphic.

A company has been organized in England to construct a line from Land's End, Great Britain, to the Azores, and from thence to Nova Scotia or Nantucket. This project has been presented with much force and confidence.

Spain.

A large military force is being fitted out for Havana. It is strange that, if Cuba is really the *semper fida* (ever faithful) island, she should be compelled to receive so many soldiers.

China.

It is stated that the amount of indemnity to be paid by China to England and France, as stipulated in the treaty of Tientsin, is 30,000,000 francs.

A Marshal married.

Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, is married at last. The emperor gives the bride one million of francs as a marriage portion.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The Estella Anna Lewis who has separated from her husband is not the wife of Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn Bard," whose domestic relations have not become irksome. — Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life. It is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison. — A new water-wheel for the use of steamships, expected to increase the ordinary speed of such vessels one hundred per cent. without any additional power, has been patented by a citizen of Albany. — In a case recently tried in Philadelphia, the court decided that a child placed at school is under the control of the teacher, and can be properly punished by him, when necessary, and that no one has a right to interfere with the teacher in the discharge of his duties. — While the officers bunking at the southern district station in Baltimore were sound asleep in their berths a few nights since, one of their number rose in a somnambulist fit, and stepping carefully and noiselessly over his slumbering companions towards the door, gave the challenge "Who goes there?" and fired the contents of one barrel of his revolver through the door. Every "guardian of the night" sprang from his bunk, and some excitement prevailed for a moment, to be turned into merriment as soon as the cause was made known. After firing his pistol, the somnambulist returned his weapon to its place, and laid down in his berth again. — A member of the Sydney Jockey Club, in England, has named a favorite horse "The Reverend Spurgeon." — A recent writer, in speaking of the construction of pulpits, says:—"The prevailing fault is, they are too high—doubly high. The platform on which the preacher stands strains the necks of those close about him to look up to him, and strains his neck to look down to them. This may account for the habit some preachers have of looking away off—over everything—at nothing; and of the amen corner brethren, listening with their heads down—a great temptation to fall asleep, and a discouraging attitude towards any speaker." — Mr. John Bean, of Berwick, Me., recently hung himself in the woods. He was subject to fits of insanity, and doubtless committed the act while in one of them. — A Dutch commercial firm, Messrs. Spengler & Co., has established a branch house at Decimar, Japan. The fact of a private firm establishing itself at the seat of the former Dutch Factory shows that the monopoly hitherto maintained by the Dutch government has been definitively abolished. — Among the curiosities of vegetation in the Kew Gardens, London, are the lace, or lattice-leaf plant, from Madagascar; the banyan, or sacred fig-tree of the Hindoos; the sensitive, or telegraph plant of Bengal; the bread-fruit of the South Sea Islands; the rice-paper plant from China, sent by Sir John Bowring; the sugar cane, the bamboo, the East India butterfly plant, and an almost endless variety of other rarities from all parts of the world. — "Every hour that a man is in debt is a year spent in slavery." According to this, what an everlasting long life some people must live. — A young man, having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied, "Certainly, sir—present your bill." — Not a day passes that we do not come in contact with persons who are "doing good continually," whose souls are alive with sympathy, and whose hands are ever ready to minister to the needy and give aid to those who require it. But as they are not "prominent citizens," they pursue their course scarcely marked, and their coming and going attracts slight attention from the world. — "I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband, one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club—and your club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night." — Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.

LIFE WITHOUT TRIALS.—Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable, throw them overboard! Over with them—and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

A QUEER FIX.—A chap sought shelter of a police officer. "See, cap'n—first my father died, and my mother married again; an' then my mother died, an' my father married again; an' some how or other, some way, I don't seem to have no parent at all, nor home, nor no nothing."

A BEREAVED WIDOWER.—A smart-looking gentleman presented himself to a minister, and said, "Sir, you buried my wife five months ago, and I was so pleased with you on that occasion, that I have come here this evening to ask you to marry me."

INDIRECT MOTION.—There are some natures which it would pain and perplex their moral anatomy to move direct to an object. Like snakes, they seem formed to take pleasure in indirect motion; with them the true line of moral beauty is a curve.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is a time-piece at Clinton, N. Y., over 200 years old. Skeletons of men ten feet high have been found in a burying ground near Winchester, Indiana.

In London there are forty-five and a-half miles of sewers large enough for men to enter.

The Pratesi and Cechetti families, late of the Ronzani ballet troupe, have returned to Europe.

John Bolton Rogerson, the Manchester poet, author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Reverie," and various other works, has been granted a pension of £50.

The supply of water from the East London Waterworks Company exceeds upward of 16,000,000 gallons per diem, at present obtained from the river Lea.

John C. Barr, who was appointed United States Consul at Melbourne, Australia, died on board the Emeu, May 19, on his passage out to Australia, from a stroke of the sun.

A white crane has been shot on Bush Creek, Maryland, measuring four feet and six inches in length, and five feet and three inches from tip to tip of its wings.

What can be more John Bullish than a London paper's discovery of Mr. Morphy the American chess player's "capability of improvement?"

A former well-known capitalist is now engaged in peddling soap-fat in Philadelphia. He was brought to this situation by endeavoring to break a faro bank.

There is a goose in Hunterdon county, New Jersey, that has seen the frosts of eighty-three winters, and only two years ago she laid four eggs, which she hatched.

A miner's skid, supposed to have been used to raise blocks of copper to the surface, has been found in an ancient working near the Quincy mine on Lake Superior. It is made of wood, and so dried that its weight does not exceed a couple of pounds.

An old lady, living on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, seeing some men engaged in putting up telegraph wires, wanted to know if they were going to have a slack wire dance on the opening of the railroad.

The revival in Natches, Miss., has resulted in the addition to the various churches in that city of over six hundred persons—almost one-tenth of the whole population, a larger proportion than in any city of its size of which we have knowledge.

It is stated that the first cloud that disturbed the harmony of the Dickens domestic circle was the extravagant living of "Charles," Mrs. D., who is economically disposed, fearing the family would be brought to want.

In one family in Nelson county, Va., are five married sisters whose aggregate ages amount to 434 years—on the 1st of January last the eldest sister was 93, the second 91, the third 88, the fourth 82, and the fifth 80.

Mrs. Martha Ramshotom, of Utica, while sitting on her steps and reaching forward to restrain her little girl from going out on the sidewalk, lost her balance and fell over sideways, broke her neck, and died instantly.

Mr. Knapp, Register of the County of Chatham, Canada, has been detected in frauds involving property to the amount of \$50,000, carried on through the means of false mortgages made by himself.

The Trieste correspondence of the Nouvelle Gazette de Prussia gives harrowing details of the atrocities of which the Christians of the Montenegrin frontiers are the objects, and says that they fully equal in horror the excesses committed by the Indian Sepoys.

The French people, from a regard for the feelings of the mourners, as well as respect for the memory of the dead, when they meet a funeral procession, stand still and uncover their heads in the street while the procession passes. A most touching tribute to the memory of the dead.

An Irish boy, 14 years of age, was arrested at Brattleboro', last week, while in the act of firing a barn. He has confessed to having set most of the fires in Brattleboro' for a year past. When he fired the Asylum barn he put on men's boots to prevent suspicion when his tracks should be seen in the snow.

Rev. James D. Butler, Professor of Greek in Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, has been appointed Professor of the Ancient Languages in the University of Wisconsin, the State University. Prof. Butler has accepted the appointment. Salary \$1500.

Mrs. Mary Cogswell Jarvis, widow of the late Leonard Jarvis, Esq., of Baltimore, recently died in that city, at the advanced age of 79 years. We learn that by the death of Mrs. Jarvis, a legacy amounting to about \$20,000 becomes available to Harvard University, according to the will of her husband.

Dr. Henry Smith, Professor in the New School Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Walnut Hills, Ohio, has recently returned from a tour in Europe. This is the fourth tour Dr. Smith has taken to Europe for literary and educational purposes, during his professorship and presidency in Marietta College in Ohio, and his professorship in Lane Seminary.

There are 200 prisoners in the Connecticut state prison, nine of whom are females. The gas lights around the cells, and the heating steam pipes are wholesome improvements. The new wing, built for insane criminals, rather improves the appearance of the buildings. Tuckerman is employed in wrapping up the joiner's planes made in the prison.

Rev. E. Williams, whom some wicked or foolish person sought to pass off as "the dauphin of France," or son of Louis XVI., died at Hogsburg, in Bombay, Franklin county, N. Y., on the 28th of August, of dropsy. The funeral was performed by the free masons, but the Indians took no part in it, save that a few squaws looked into the grave. The warriors all staid away.

A simple method has been adopted in the ship yards of Venice, from time immemorial, for testing the soundness of timber.—A person applies his ear to the middle of one of the ends of the timber, while another strikes upon the opposite end. If the wood is sound and of good quality, the blow is very distinctly heard, however long the stick may be. If the wood was disaggregated by decay or otherwise, the sound would be for the most part destroyed.

The Lexington (Miss.) Advertiser announces the death, in Holmes county, of the Rev. Mr. Cooper, the original dreamer of Cooper's Well. He was an eccentric, but eloquent and good man, perhaps at his death a superannuated member of the Mississippi Conference. Those celebrated waters, known as Cooper's Wells, were his discovery, and once his property. It is said and credited, that he was led to dig for them by a dream, three times repeated, by which a certain spot was designated—healing waters swelling up, hosts of sick and impotent folks flocking around and getting cured.

Sands of Gold.

.... Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

.... The good distrust themselves—the perverse their neighbors.

.... There is no lack of industry in the world—the lack is in making the right application of it.

.... God puts the excess of hope in one man in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

.... Every scheme of happiness must needs be imperfect that does not embrace the three incidents of wife, home and children.

.... Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

.... Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

.... A man's wit is a part of himself; his wealth or his poverty is part of his fortune. The one is inherent in him; the other is appendant to him.

.... Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks they must be occasionally cleansed, and wound up, and set to true time.

.... When flowers are full of heaven-deseended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

.... May God make us patient to live. Not that we should not have aspirations; but till the flying comes, let us brood contentedly upon our nests.

.... No man is perfect. The ideal man is the whole Christian brotherhood. That alone presents God's idea in the creation of man.

.... The merit of some people is principally in the clearness of their perceptions, while the worth of others is mainly in the strength of their affections. The former appreciate without loving, the latter love without appreciating.

.... There is no tyranny more intolerable than a conscience unrestrained by love. Like an ill-loaded gun, it recoils at the breech and kills at the muzzle. A conscience unsubdued by love torments the owner, and bruises those upon whom he lets it loose.

Joker's Budget.

Why is France like a skeleton? Because only a Bony part is left.

Why is a woodman like a stage actor? He is known by his axe, (acts.)

Why is the best baker most in want of bread? Because he kneads (needs) it most.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the *arts* and *signeences*.

How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man when he died before his father? His father was translated.

A Galway jury, at the conclusion of an inquest on a blind man who had committed suicide, returned a verdict of "Deliberately done away with."

An old gentleman says that he is the last man in the world that would tyrannize over his daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care whom she loves.

A citizen of Hallowell has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body.

The Hull girls all sing. A friend lately from there, says they sang themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard anything like it since he was benighted in a swamp out West.

We may set it down as an axiom that young ladies cannot know everybody's names when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own will be a twelve-month afterward.

A priest said to a peasant whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself and you teaches me."

"Will you take something?" said a tetotalter to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well," said the tetotalter, "let's take a walk."

"Well, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?" "Astomishingly: there were fourteen of us playing together last night and he took the lead." "Capital—admirable!" "Yes, and he kept it so well, sir, that none of us could catch him!"

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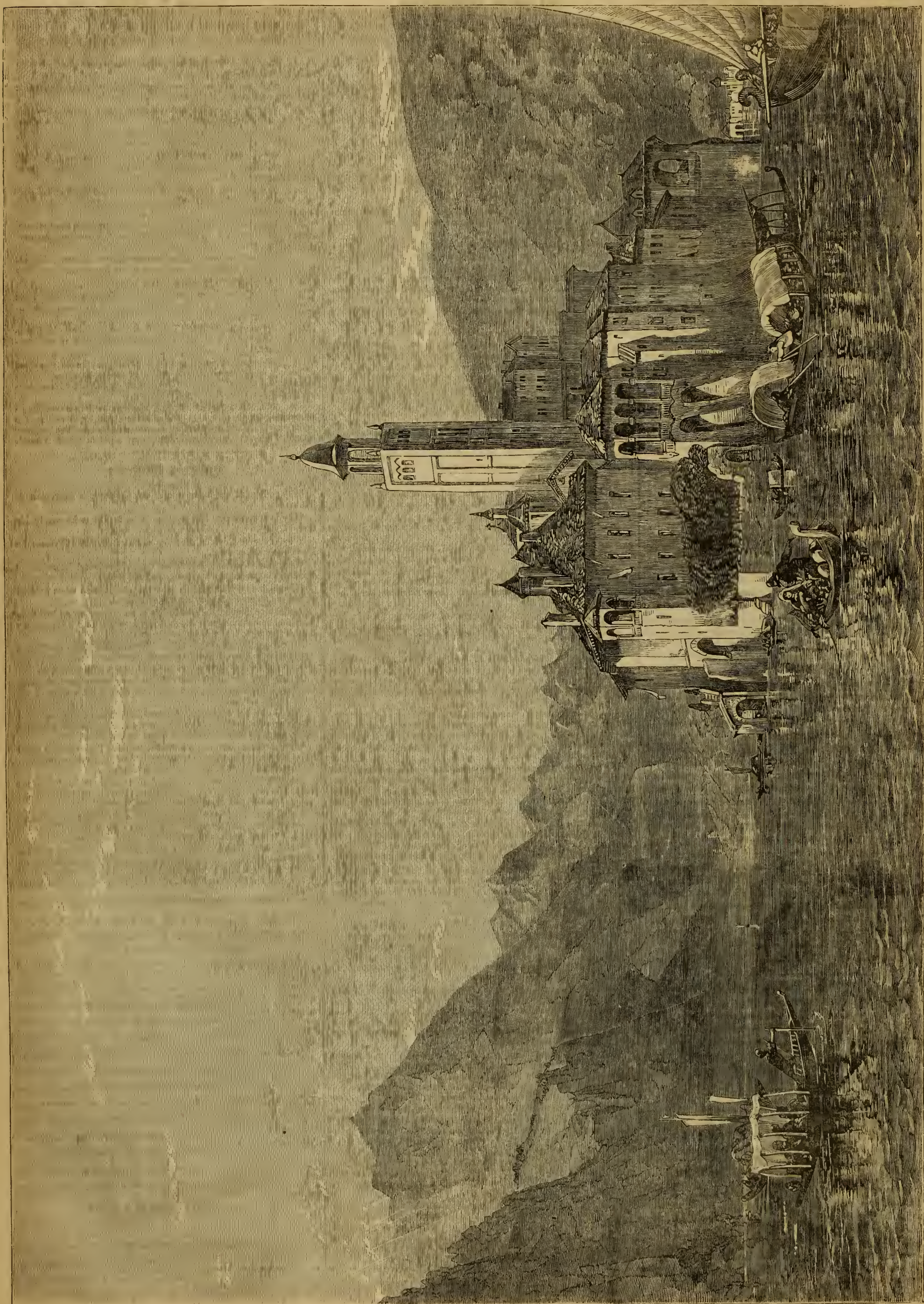
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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.



VIEW OF ISOLA SAN GIULIO, ON THE LAKE OF ORTA, PIEDMONT.

[For description see page 221.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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CAMEL JINGALLS OF A NATIVE INDIAN ARMY.

Jingalls, or small brass cannon, mounted upon camels, as represented in the illustration below, have been long used in the native armies of India. A train of animals thus equipped is one of the most singular spectacles which a Western eye can contemplate. Nothing like it was ever seen in warfare on this side of the Atlantic, if we make a single exception in favor of the solitary gun used by the Texans in the battle of San Jacinto, and which was strapped on a mule and fired from his back. Every time it was discharged, the poor beast, though he braced his best, went down on his knees and nose, and when the victory was achieved he was utterly exhausted. The guns shown in our engraving are of inferior workmanship, and rudely mounted on a wooden crutch. They look more like telescopes than pieces of artillery, and are more showy and noisy than formidable in execution; they add to the wild appearance of an Oriental column on the march. Indeed, the huge and ungainly camels, the vast bulk of the ele-

phants, the light-footed spearmen, the infantry with shield, and sword, and matchlock, the horsemen on their light and lithe steeds, with the brilliant arms and picturesque dresses, the strange instruments of music, the waving pennons, the whole tumultuous array of an Indian army, produces an effect far more picturesque and exciting to the imagination than the well-ordered, compact and solid ranks of a disciplined European army. The former carries us back to the days of Saladin and the Crusaders; the latter belongs wholly to the present age—the age of force, strength, order and science. The artillery branch of the treacherous army of Scindiah, which joined the rebels under Nana Sahib at the critical point in the late contest between the loyal Rajah and the mutineers at Gwalior, included many of these small field-pieces, which, although almost useless when opposed to the means and appliances of modern warfare, possess the advantages of easy transport across country, or over bad roads. In India especially this quality is a very valuable one, the camel being able to carry

his burden across nullahs and over portions of roads torn away by mountain torrents in the rainy season, where no carriage of any description could venture. The rider, who is also the artilleryman, works the gun from his seat on the shoulder of the camel; for which purpose he shifts his position, facing round towards the gun, and leaving the management of the camel to the beckondause on foot, who turns the animal about as opportunities present themselves to induce the gunner to point his weapon, which works upon pivots, giving it a vertical and horizontal movement. Although little reliance can be placed on this contrivance (as at present in use) for effective operation in actual engagement with an enemy, it is a question worth considering whether a little improvement would not make of good service a plan possessing a quality so important in India as speedy transport over difficult roads by means already in the country. In the festival processions of both Mussulmans and Hindoos, the camel jingall is in great request for increasing the indispensable noise on those occasions.



CAMEL JINGALLS OF A NATIVE INDIAN ARMY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

SIR FRANCIS WYATT cast a glance of commiseration upon his friend, and laying his hand kindly upon his shoulder, said:

"Nay, Sir Gordon, be not so much downcast! This villain will hardly dare to show his face again, after what has happened, and in the meantime, my best efforts shall be exerted for his apprehension. Farewell again, my friend; duty calls me back to Jamestown, and I must return. Ere long I will see you again; and now be hopeful, and believe me, all will happen as it should."

Sir Gordon uttered a low farewell, and sank powerless into a chair. Sir Francis Wyatt moved softly from the room, beckoning Edward Yeardeley to follow.

"I will leave you here, Edward," he said, as they descended the stairs. "Your presence is needed here yet; and perhaps it may not be unpleasant for you to stay. How stands your suit with the Lady Eleanor?"

The face of Yeardeley flushed deeply at this merry question from the governor, but the latter grasped his hand, and said:

"I hope to give you joy, my dear fellow, after Sir Morgan Lymburne is in our clutches. You are worthy of her, Edward, and I am sure you will yet be happy with her. And now, farewell!"—but stay, I have left you a good supply of powder, for future emergency."

The detachment of soldiers was drawn up in regular order, and Sir Francis Wyatt sprang into his saddle. Yeardeley watched until they were hidden by the forest, and then turned away. Giving a low order to Richard Seabold who stood near, he slowly sought the apartment where he had a moment before left Sir Gordon Hargreaves.

Sir Gordon Hargreaves sat motionless in his chair for some moments after the governor and his secretary left the room. His head was bowed forward upon his hands, and thus he sat, brooding bitterly upon the sudden overthrow which his hopes had received in the escape of Lymburne. The blow had been sudden and unexpected, and he was set adrift once more upon the sea of harassing doubts, fears, and uncertainties.

Uncertainty? No—this was untrue. He raised his eyes to the wall upon which the hated Lymburne had left his warning, and the conviction that this fearful doom must overtake his house sank deeper into his mind. He might struggle to turn it aside, but it would be useless; the gathering storm of twenty years seemed about to burst over his head and overwhelm him in its fury. This he felt; and with that feeling came a sense of woe, of utter desolation, such as he had never before known. Again he covered his face and groaned in the fullness of his emotion.

A slight noise at the door aroused him, and starting up, he saw Edward Yeardeley standing in the doorway.

"Come in," he exclaimed, "I wish to speak with you."

"I was seeking you, sir," replied Edward, somewhat embarrassed, "because I also wished to talk with you."

"Be seated then, Master Yeardeley. Has Sir Francis gone?"

"He has, but a moment ago."

"Edward, for I like better to address you thus, let me first thank you for your noble services during our late fearful time of trial. You did nobly; our lives are now preserved to us in a great measure through your efforts. Henceforth reckon me as your friend."

Edward Yeardeley's heart bounded joyfully at these praises. To him the good opinion of Sir Gordon Hargreaves was a matter of great moment, and it gave him new courage to proceed in their difficult business, for the accomplishment of which he had sought this interview.

"But we will speak of this another time," continued Sir Gordon. "At present I have other things to say to you. I remember that you said you were acquainted with what I was about to reveal to Sir Francis Wyatt; did you previously know all that you heard me unfold to him?"

Edward replied in the affirmative.

A strange expression flitted over Sir Gordon's face, but he continued:

"And you were also aware, I suppose, of my first object in detaining Sir Morgan?"

"Yes, sir—I was."

"And pray, sir," pursued the nobleman, uneasily, "what did you think of my motives?"

"I approved them," replied Edward, unhesitatingly.

"You did? And wherefore?"

"Because I thought that were I in your situation, and surrounded by the same circumstances, I should act as you have acted."

"May I ask why?"

"Because, in the first place, it seems right so to do; and also, because I—"

Edward faltered as he encountered the eyes of Sir Gordon, but immediately went on.

"And because I have an interest in the breaking of the projected marriage between Sir Morgan and the Lady Eleanor."

"You—you an interest!" exclaimed Sir Gordon, in a voice of alarmed surprise. "Speak more plainly, Edward; I am at a loss to understand your meaning."

"Then listen, sir," replied Edward Yeardeley, in as firm a tone as he could command, "and I will inform you. It was for this that I sought you, and with your consent I will tell you all."

Sir Gordon motioned for him to proceed, and Edward went on. "It is hardly a year, Sir Gordon, since I came to Virginia. I left England because of the assurance of one whom I knew, a mysterious old man, that in this colony were those with whom my fate was intimately connected."

"In Jamestown I first saw one who has since occupied a great portion of my thoughts; I mean your daughter, the Lady Eleanor Hargreaves. Nay, Sir Gordon, question me not; let me first say all that I have to tell you. I was enchained by her beauty; I loved her almost at first sight. I knew not who she was for months; no, not until I first came hither as the messenger of Sir Francis Wyatt; and believe me, sir, my heart throbbed as warmly toward the unknown maiden as it now does toward the Lady Eleanor. By chance I saved her life upon the river; after that I saw her at other times, and always with increasing love. Chance has once more thrown us together; I have helped to protect her from the ruthless hands of savages, and still my love has gone on, increasing to a greater fervor day by day, until now I have come to tell you of this love; to say to you how earnestly, how devotedly I love the Lady Eleanor, and to ask your sanction, I have spoken frankly, Sir Gordon, and with my whole heart—I have loved, and still love with the whole strength of my untired affections, and in this love is bound up my whole existence. And this is why I have desired the iniquitous plans of Sir Morgan Lymburne to fail, for never can I live to behold him, or any other but myself, the husband of the Lady Eleanor Hargreaves!"

Sir Gordon listened with a clouded brow to the impetuous words of Edward Yeardeley, and he fastened a glance of strange meaning upon him.

"And upon what, may I ask, do you base your hopes in this matter? He who would aspire to the hand of the daughter of a peer of England must bring rare claims to his suit."

"The suit, Sir Gordon," said Edward, with a perceptible smile, "is already won. The Lady Eleanor has expressed to me her love."

"Edward Yeardeley, this cannot be! You are deceiving me! Speak! Is it so?"

"No, Sir Gordon; I would not attempt to deceive you in a matter like this. I speak the truth—your daughter has favored my love."

It was a strange expression which Edward Yeardeley encountered in the face of his companion: one of mingled doubt, anxiety and terror. A strange tremor was perceptible in his voice as he said:

"I grieve that this should be so! O, would that I had known it when I might have interrupted it!"

"And why, Sir Gordon, should you wish to interrupt it? You have already acknowledged to me your esteem; and now tell me, have I vices which render me unworthy of your daughter's hand?"

"No—no!" murmured the other. "I believe—I know you are good and noble."

"Then why, Sir Gordon, would you oppose me? O, sir, I have that within me which tells me that my heart is pure; that I am worthy to stand among men, and call myself a man! And if indeed I am worthy of the Lady Eleanor—if by a lifelong love to her I can prove the truth of my words, why must her hand be denied me!"

There was a tone of real agony in the young man's voice which arrested the attention of Sir Gordon Hargreaves, and he paused a moment ere he replied:

"I believe you said you formerly lived in England. Am I right?"

"You are," said Edward, with wonder at the strangeness of the question.

"And did you ever hear of the marriage of the daughter of a noble house to one beneath her in rank?"

"Never—but that is—"

"Nay, my young friend, I have not yet done. You aspire to my daughter's hand—let me ask, who are your parents? Where were you born, and—"

"Spare me, Sir Gordon! Every word wounds me painfully; I have no rank, no wealth, no pretensions save what my honor entitles me to claim."

"Then perceive the hopelessness of your desires! In England a score of titled lords would sue for the hand of the Lady Eleanor, and yet you, whose very birth is a matter of doubt, think to advance equal claims. I say not this to wound you, but to show you how foolhardy you have been in this matter. It pains me, Edward Yeardeley, to speak thus to you, but there is no alternative; you know my motives, and therefore will not think hard of me when I say that the Lady Eleanor can never be your bride!"

"But is there no hope?" asked Yeardeley, in a tone of anguish. "If Sir Morgan Lymburne can be balked in his designs, may not I—"

"It is useless, Edward—nay, worse than useless. I cannot be moved to hold out one frail hope to you; your aspirations are too high. Do not press this matter, I entreat you; I am pained that you should have set your heart upon that which you can never gain."

Edward Yeardeley struggled manfully with the great grief which lay at his heart, and with an effort uttered the words:

"But surely, Sir Gordon, you would not deny me all hope? The secret of my birth will surely be revealed ere long—this I know—and it may be—"

"That you will be found to be the son of a king, or even a king in truth!" replied Sir Gordon with a tinge of sarcasm. "Ah, Edward, it pains me deeply to see you so earnest in this matter! You are hoping against hope; there is not the shadow of possibility that your hopes can ever be realized. You have claims upon the friendship and gratitude of the Lady Eleanor and myself—beyond this you may not go."

Each word fell like a drop of molten iron upon Edward Yeardeley's heart, and he turned despairingly to his last resort. There was one hope left, slight though it might be considered.

"But I have other claims, Sir Gordon!" he uttered in a voice of forced calmness.

"Indeed! and what are they? Present them, and I will judge of them."

"They are all centred in this. With this frail bauble my very life is to be weighed in the balance."

Edward took from his breast a golden locket and placed it upon the table. The effect of this movement was strange. No sooner had Sir Gordon Hargreaves cast his eye upon the locket than he grew deadly pale, and snatching it from the table exclaimed in a husky voice:

"Where, tell me, Edward Yeardeley, where did you obtain this?"

"Tell me first, sir," said the latter with a coolness which astonished himself, "does this remove any bar to the union of myself and the Lady Eleanor?"

"It may, and it may not; this thing astonishes me beyond belief. But for God's sake, hold me no longer in suspense; tell me, where did you obtain this?"

"It was given to me by an old man, Luke Harvey, as long ago as I can remember. But will you not—"

"And this old man," continued the nobleman with increased agitation, "who is he? Does he yet live?"

"He does, but I know nothing more about him; only this, and that he directed me to come to Virginia, promising that all the mystery of my life should be here removed."

Sir Gordon Hargreaves gazed into the face of the young man, and strange expressions of doubt fell from his lips. After that, he leaned his head upon his hand, and seemed lost in thought.

"But did this old man say nothing to you concerning this locket?" he at last inquired.

"Yes, that when I should meet with one who possessed another exactly like this, I might know that our destinies were interwoven."

"Strange! God's truth, what can this mean?" the excited nobleman exclaimed, pressing his hand to his brow. "And what led you to reveal your possession of this to me?"

"Because the Lady Eleanor possesses one which is the exact counterpart of this."

"True—true. But as I live, it is a mystery which I cannot fathom!"

"Then may I not hope," asked Yeardeley, tremulously, "that the prophecy of Luke Harvey may be at least fulfilled?"

"No!" exclaimed the nobleman, with sudden energy. "Trust nothing, believe nothing which you cannot see with your own eyes. There is a mystery connected with this locket, but beware of deceiving yourself with false hopes! I could wish, Edward," he continued in a milder tone, "that a wild or foolish surmise, which this locket has awakened in my breast might be true—for your sake—for the sake of my daughter! but this is folly. Let us say no more upon this subject; be henceforth the friend of the Lady Eleanor, for, believe me, you can be nothing more!"

Sir Gordon Hargreaves could not but contemplate for a moment the chilling look of utter despair that settled about Edward Yeardeley's face as he uttered these words; it was a lifetime of agony concentrated in one look. But the nobleman passed from the room, and hardly had he done so when the young man heard a light step by his side and felt the pressure of a fair arm around his neck. Eleanor Hargreaves was there, her face beaming with affection.

"You heard it?" he asked.

"Yes, all!"

"And now, Eleanor, now what remains to us?"

"Love and hope!"

It sounded like the soft breathing of an angel in his ear. Hope and love! With the solace of these magic words he had thus far borne up through the assaults of danger, doubt, despair, and once again he girded his heart with courage to bear up bravely amid the closing scenes of his time of trial.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FATAL DAY DRAWS NIGH.

Long did Sir Gordon Hargreaves pace his chamber upon that night; long after the other members of the household had forgotten their troubles in sleep. It is doubtful whether the appearance of Sir Morgan Lymburne at the Blockhouse had moved him to as great an extent as the confession of Edward Yeardeley, and the strange discovery of the mysterious locket in the possession of the latter. There was something in this discovery which had roused all the deep emotions of his soul, and he now walked hurriedly back and forth, his mind a prey to cruel doubts and agitation.

"O, that I could tear away all this mystery!" he exclaimed passionately. "It is vain, it is foolish to harbor such hopes as have arisen in my breast to night, but they will not depart! His face, his form, his very actions are the same, and this locket almost renders it probable! Can it be—is it possible that he is an artful impostor? No, no, I wrong him by the thought. Whoever he is, he is innocent of all deception, and though perhaps he may be the tool of designing knaves, yet I will believe him innocent of intended wrong!"

Thus the nobleman soliloquized, but he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. His mind was tossed upon a sea of doubts and uncertainties, and his slumber that night was feverish and disturbed.

The succeeding two days passed quickly away at the Blockhouse. The excitement and distress of the Indian siege had passed away, and the garrison had relapsed gradually into their accustomed ways. Richard Seabold was often engaged in telling long tales of his marvellous forest escapes and adventures, but he was far oftener to be found by the side of Ruth Gamble, where he certainly seemed a welcome visitor.

Edward Yeardley still tarried at the Blockhouse. Why he did so, he hardly knew; unless, indeed, his hopeless passion for Eleanor Hargreaves might explain it. But beyond this lay a restless desire to remain near the object of his affections until the fatal fifth of April should be passed, so that even though the worst might come, he should not be left in harassing uncertainty.

It would be a vain and useless task to attempt to detail the feelings of Eleanor Hargreaves, her father and lover, as the appointed day drew near. A restless anxiety was apparent in all their movements, and their faces were darkened by the effects of the fear which chilled their hearts. It was a season of anxious expectancy, hardly relieved by one tangible hope.

It was the afternoon of the fourth of April. All was still around and in the Blockhouse; the men had withdrawn to their own quarters, and hardly a sign of life was apparent. The day was a soft and balmy one, and the sun shone with unusual warmth.

Sir Gordon Hargreaves was sitting alone in his chamber. A manuscript of parchment was in his hand, but his eyes wandered from it, and it fell from his listless grasp. There was a step upon the threshold, but he heard it not, and it was only when his name was uttered in a cautious tone that he looked up and saw before him Sir Morgan Lymburne. There he stood—his face calm and passionless, but his eyes shot forth a keen glance of hateful import, and his lip curled with a sneer of malicious joy. Sir Gordon exhibited no violent emotion at the sight of his visitor, but covered his face with his hands as if to shut him from sight.

"Well, Sir Gordon, I am here again—and again you seem not over-pleased with my presence. But be that as it may, you are prepared to fulfil your oath. How is this?"

"Not now—not yet," gasped Sir Gordon. "The contract says the fifth of April, and this—"

"Is the fourth; exactly, my friend: I perceive your memory has by no means failed you. I wish not to force the matter in the least—I'm content with the terms of the agreement, and I am here at present to repeat the warning which I left in the apartment where you placed me—out of kindness, I have no doubt! And in addition to this, I thought it exceedingly proper that Sir Gordon Hargreaves should see his intended son-in-law at least once more before the happy day!"

Sir Gordon shuddered as he heard these taunting words, and suddenly reached towards a bell-rope which hung near. The eye of Lymburne quickly detected the movement, and he placed himself in front of Sir Gordon.

"Hold!" he exclaimed. "Lay your hand upon that cord and your life will pay the penalty! I have become desperate, Sir Gordon Hargreaves, and will not be trifled with. What I have to say shall be said quickly, and then farewell until to-morrow!"

As he spoke he laid a dagger across the table and seated himself by it.

"I know your thoughts full well, Sir Gordon; you have been praying that some fate might avert this marriage. Let me tell you now, all such prayers are useless! As surely as the sun rises upon the morrow shall the Lady Eleanor Hargreaves become my bride. I have talked of this to you before, Sir Gordon Hargreaves, and again let me advise you to make the best of this matter, for I well know your dare not oppose it. Speak—am I right?"

Sir Gordon raised his head and replied with difficulty:

"I do oppose it, Sir Morgan; this unnatural marriage has not my sanction."

"Then let me put the question direct," said the other with marked emphasis. "You solemnly swore, almost twenty years ago, that at this time your daughter and her dowry should be given to Morgan Lymburne. That oath was not extorted—it was given of your own free will and by your own proposal. Yes, and hear me further; that oath was given at midnight, in the chapel of your own manor, in the presence of Reginald Lymburne, and with your right hand upon your heart and your left hand clasped in his! Am I right?"

A fearful shudder convulsed Sir Gordon's frame, and he could only motion affirmatively with his head.

"Good—you do not deny it. Now answer me this; with the words of that fearful oath still ringing in your ears, will you dare to throw one obstacle in the way of my union with the Lady Eleanor?"

Again a shudder of fear agitated Sir Gordon, and he painfully articulated the words:

"No—no—I cannot! I would, but I dare not—I dare not!"

An exulting smile crossed the face of Sir Morgan Lymburne as he replied:

"Your answer evinces your discretion; I have not deceived myself. Be not down-hearted, Sir Gordon; the affair will happen just as you planned it, although I faith, I have little thought that my father entertained the idea that my bride was to be won in the wilds of Virginia! But I'll forgive you that servy trick of giving me the slip in England. We will return after the wedding, Sir Gordon, and I warrant me, the Lady Lymburne will be the envy of the belles of the court!"

An irrepressible sigh came from the breast of the father as he heard these words, but he returned no answer.

"This, then," resumed Lymburne, "is the substance of my communication. Let me hope, Sir Gordon, that you will make all seemly preparation for the wedding, and endeavor to present the bride with smiles upon her face, such as most become her."

"Stay a moment!" Sir Gordon exclaimed as a new hope shot through his breast. "Why not tarry with us until the morrow?"

"Zounds, Sir Gordon," replied the other with a dark smile, "this sudden hospitality bodes no good for me, I fear, nay, Sir Gordon Hargreaves, 'twere better not to tarry here, else I might find myself a prisoner ere I should be aware of it. Pardon me, my dear sir, but I cannot help mistrusting you!"

Sir Gordon fell back powerless, completely baffled by the cool impudence of the villain before him. He would have again attempted to grasp the bell-rope, but Lymburne had placed himself between him and it, and his eye never left him for an instant. He realized that he was completely at fault.

"There is yet one thing more," Lymburne observed, clenching his teeth with rage. "Is that varlet of Governor Wyatt, that low-bred hound, Yeardley, still with you?"

"Edward Yeardley is still here," Sir Gordon replied.

"Then I rely on you to see that he is not here to-morrow. His presence would mar the harmony of the happy occasion, and you will see the necessity of having him removed hence. Farewell, Sir Gordon, I am about to depart: yet there is one precaution which I have neglected; I faith, it might have been bad for me had I left you alone with the means of calling your servants."

With these words Lymburne mounted the table, and with his sword severed the bell-rope close to the ceiling.

"Pardon me, Sir Gordon, for this ungentlemanly act, and also for the liberty of locking the door after me," he said, in a mocking tone. "You will at once see that these measures are rendered necessary by the peculiar frame of mind in which I find you, and I trust your short captivity may be as pleasant as mine. Farewell, Sir Gordon, to-morrow I shall return, accompanied by a priest. See to it that you, also, are prepared!"

The door closed behind him, and the snap of the lock reminded Sir Gordon that he was a prisoner in his own house. Lymburne moved cautiously down the stairs and out at the door, and then sped swiftly across the clearing in the direction of the river. The low sound of voices near by attracted his attention, and he carefully crept nearer the speakers. He could scarcely restrain his rage as he saw Edward Yeardley and Eleanor Hargreaves seated together upon the roots of a giant oak, conversing earnestly and in a low tone. His anger must have betrayed him, for Eleanor suddenly looked up and gave an exclamation of terror as she beheld the eyes of Lymburne glaring upon her from the neighboring thicket.

"What is it, dear Eleanor?" asked Edward Yeardley, starting to his feet.

"There—there! I surely saw him just within those bushes? I know I am not mistaken!"

"Who was it? Whom did you see?"

"Sir Morgan Lymburne—he of whom you were just speaking!"

But he was gone. Yeardley sprang hastily to the place indicated, but no one was there. With the remembrance of his knowledge of woodcraft he examined the ground, and was startled to find the visible impress of a nailed boot in the soil, while the twigs near by were broken and disturbed. The tracks led him to the bank of the river, and in his excitement he was about to follow them, when a terrified exclamation from Eleanor at his side brought him to his feet. His attention was instantly arrested by a boat which suddenly shot out into the river, not a dozen rods from where he stood, in the stern of which was his hated enemy, Sir Morgan Lymburne! A mocking laugh came across the water, followed by the words:

"Lady Eleanor, remember! To-morrow you are to become my bride, and I warn you to be prepared! Again I say, remember!"

Eleanor gazed upon the boat as it lessened in the distance, and sank insensible into the arms of her lover. He laved her brow with water from the river, and chafed her icy hands, but it was long ere she opened her eyes. She recognized Yeardley as he knelt by her, and exclaimed in an eager voice:

"It was a dream, was it not? Tell me, Edward, that it was!"

The heart of Edward Yeardley was too full for speech, and he could only shake his head mournfully and point to the boat far down the stream. With a groan of heart-wrung agony, and with a passionate burst of tears, Eleanor Hargreaves bowed her head and wept.

"God in heaven, have mercy!" she murmured. "O, this is dreadful—terrible beyond words! To be doomed past all hope of relief to a fate so dreadful—death itself were preferable!"

Edward Yeardley made no answer. He sat with both hands pressed upon his brow as if he would still the angry throbbings of his brain.

"There is no hope—no hope, but in death!" murmured the stricken maiden, sadly.

"Stay!" suddenly exclaimed Yeardley. "There is a hope—one solitary hope remains. Strange that I did not think of it before!"

"And what is it?"

"It rests entirely with Luke Harvey, the old man of whom I spoke to you. I will try to find him—and Heaven grant that my search be successful! O, Eleanor, there is a wild hope suddenly sprung up in my breast: I feel sure that this strange man can aid us now, when all other aid has failed. There is little time left, but I will do all that man can do. Take courage—put off the marriage until the last moment—delay it if you can, for each minute may bring relief. Heaven bless you, Eleanor, and grant that my efforts may be successful!"

He pressed his lips to her pale brow and hurried away. Sir Gordon's horse stood saddled at the door, and without hesitation he leaped upon his back and galloped away. His course lay in the direction of Jamestown, and he increased the speed of the high-mettled horse until he swept onward with furious leaps.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OVERTHROW OF WELL-LAID SCHEMES.

MORGAN LYMBURNE plied his oars briskly until the Blockhouse was lost to sight, and then indulged in a fit of inerriment at the success of his plans. Still continuing to row, he broke forth into a soliloquy.

"And so the work goes on with complete success—except the death of Searle, and he was of little consequence to me or to the success of my plans. To-morrow, then, will witness the consummation of all my hopes; and a triumph indeed will it be for me! How it rejoiced my soul to see old Hargreaves groan and writhe under my words; and Yeardley—curses on him! how much better than his death will his sufferings be to me, when he knows that Eleanor Hargreaves must be my bride! 'Twill be a sweet revenge, and amply will it compensate for all his insults. But I must act warily until the morrow; that lynx-eyed governor will be upon me if I show my face in the streets. After that I care for nothing; who will molest the son-in-law of Sir Gordon Hargreaves? A powerful protection, truly."

As he neared Jamestown he carefully avoided the various boats which were passing to and fro, and running his skiff upon the bank at some distance above the village, he carefully secreted it among the bushes and proceeded forward on foot. Making a circuit of the outskirts of the village, he approached a low house and knocked twice at the door. He waited, but received no answer, and impatiently repeated the signal. After waiting a still longer time, he cautiously opened the door and entered.

The room was partially below ground and very dark, but the eyes of Lymburne were well accustomed to his haunt, and were not long in detecting the presence of an intruder. The man was seated unconcernedly in a chair, and an angry question came to Sir Morgan's lips, but it died there as the person raised his head and discovered the well-known features of Luke Harvey. With a cry of horror Lymburne bounded back, and stood gazing at the apparition.

"Who are you?" he at last summoned courage to ask. "You're not the man who calls himself Luke Harvey—no—that is impossible. Who are you then?"

"Am I not Luke Harvey?" the old man demanded. "Look at me closely; behold this unhealed scar made by your assassin-hand! Ah, Morgan Lymburne, I was not fated to die then—my work is not yet done!"

With a heavy groan of despair, Lymburne tottered to a stool and sank down. Just as he was felicitating himself upon the sure prospect of success before him, this living witness of his villany had come to blast his hopes and destroy them forever. He was for a time completely unnerved. Visions of ruin and degradation passed before his eyes, in each of which he was the chief actor. It was a moment of bitter agony to Morgan Lymburne; the blow had fallen heavily.

"You are amazed, you are confounded at my presence here. Well you may be, Morgan Lymburne; well may you grieve and shrink before the man whom you attempted so basely to destroy. Ah, Morgan Lymburne, your race is nearly run; your villany is well-nigh played out, and I am here to-day—"

"Why? For what?" Lymburne demanded in a broken voice.

"To demand once more your instant return to England; to warn you not to proceed with your villany at the Blockhouse to-morrow! Once before I warned you—you basely attempted my life, but I am here to-day, and hold you more completely than before in my power! Morgan Lymburne, can nothing avail to open your eyes to this matter? Consider that while I live your plans against Sir Gordon Hargreaves must be powerless; consider that you cannot tempt me to delay the course of this justice, which shall now be as sure as it has been tardy; consider that you are entirely in my power, and that one word from me to Sir Francis Wyatt will place you in prison to await two charges of attempted murder, and then tell me—will you abandon this unrighteous scheme and return to England?"

Luke Harvey bent his eyes fixedly upon Sir Morgan, but the latter answered not. He was completely bound up in the consciousness of his defeat, and he hardly heard the old man's words.

"You answer nothing: then your doom is sealed! Pursue your own way, Morgan Lymburne; go to your wedding at Sir Gordon Hargreaves' to-morrow—but be sure of this—there will be an unwelcome guest!"

With these ominous words Luke Harvey moved slowly from the house. Sir Morgan Lymburne raised his head as if to stop him, but he found himself alone.

When Luke Harvey reached the street he paused for a moment as if dubious as to what course he should next pursue. His indecision was momentary, and he quickly turned his steps in the direction of the governor's residence. Strange glances were cast upon him as he moved along, for no one knew him; but he passed on without heeding them, and in a few moments entered the governor's audience-chamber. It was vacant, and he sat down to await the appearance of Sir Francis.

Hardly had he taken his seat before a horseman dashed up to the door, and Edward Yeardley entered the apartment. The old man gazed with surprise upon him; his face was flushed and feverish, and his dress disordered, while his manner was wild and unsteady. As he saw the only occupant of the room he sprang forward and seized his hand.

"O, Luke Harvey, thank Heaven that I have found you!" he exclaimed in an agitated tone.

"What means this, Edward? Why are you so agitated—where have you come from?"

"From the Blockhouse."

"Ha! Then you have something to say of Sir Morgan Lymburne."

"I have; hear me now, Luke Harvey, and help me; for I need your help more now than ever before."

"Then go on; tell me all."

Luke Harvey listened eagerly and with excited attention while Edward Yeardeley narrated the events of the siege, and what had subsequently happened. At last he concluded, and waited anxiously for a reply.

Luke Harvey pondered deeply upon what he had heard, and for some time made no answer.

"And does Sir Gordon regard you well?" he at last asked.

"Yes, but gives me no hopes that the hand of the Lady Eleanor can ever be mine."

"But he was agitated at sight of the locket, you said,"

"Yes, deeply."

"And well he might be. Ah, Sir Gordon, then was a strange doubt excited in thy breast; then was an old memory revived which well might cause thee to be agitated!"

Edward Yeardeley gazed with strange wonder upon the mysterious man before him as he uttered these words. There was a tone of satisfaction in the old man's speech which well-nigh caused him to forget the object of his journey. This, however, could not long be divorced from his thoughts.

"But this is nothing to me," he exclaimed in tones of passionate grief. "O, Luke Harvey, if it lies in your power to avert for one hour this fearful doom, speak and let me know. For God's sake withhold nothing that may be of comfort to me in this hour!"

"Tell me first, Edward, of the relation which you bear to Eleanor Hargreaves. Speak frankly—do you love her?"

"As my life—as my very being! Can this be of any avail to you? If so, doubt it not; and more than this, she loves me as fondly in return."

The eye of Luke Harvey brightened as he heard these words, and for a moment he seemed unconscious of the presence of Edward Yeardeley. Rising proudly from his seat, he exclaimed:

"At last—at last! O, how does this pay me for a lifetime of suffering,—to know that at last my efforts are to be crowned with success, and the villain, Lymburne, baffled at all points! Ah, Sir Gordon Hargreaves, you little think how soon your sorrow is to be turned to joy—nor you, Lady Eleanor, how quickly will your tears be changed to smiles!"

Edward Yeardeley remarked the light which glared in his eye, and new hope was awakened in his breast.

"Tell me, Luke Harvey," he exclaimed tremulously, "for what can I hope? Your words are doubtful, and I know not how to construe them."

"Listen, Edward, and you shall know. But first answer me this; have you ever gazed into my face and seen the impress of crime—of sin committed long ago? Tell me truly."

"I can answer you readily," replied the young man. "At times I have fancied that your conscience was burdened with the weight of crime."

"And therein you are right. Edward Yeardeley, my soul is stained with sin, but for years have I endeavored to expiate and atone for it. The hour of retribution has almost arrived; an hour to which for long and weary years I have looked forward. Edward, to-day shall end the mystery that hangs about you; to-morrow shall my task of retribution and atonement be fully performed, and there shall my labor end."

Edward Yeardeley heard those blissful words, and with a low cry of joy sank upon his knees at the old man's feet and seized his hand with a fervent grasp.

"Luke Harvey, you are not deceiving me in this!" he whispered tremulously.

"As God is my judge, and as I hope for mercy—no!"

"And all shall be explained—you promise it?"

"I do; and rest assured that my word shall not be broken. Years ago I might have done it, but I preferred to wait until now, and receive the sweet satisfaction which to-morrow will surely bring me."

"But Eleanor Hargreaves—shall she be saved? Can you turn aside this fearful fate which pursues her, and prevent this hateful marriage?"

"Edward Yeardeley," returned the old man, "the plot is deeply laid, and may appear dark to you, but be sure that good shall result from it. My plans aim at the total discomfiture of Sir Morgan Lymburne, and I shall not stop short of this. And now another question; could the consent of Sir Gordon Hargreaves be obtained, would you wed the Lady Eleanor?"

"Can you doubt it? Most certainly I would."

"Then you shall."

Edward Yeardeley gazed in wonderment upon the old man as he uttered these words, and then said in a doubtful tone:

"Luke Harvey, what mean you? Do you say in sober truth that you can thwart Sir Morgan Lymburne in his iniquitous schemes?"

"I can and will."

"And that you can remove Sir Gordon's objections to my claim to his daughter's hand?"

"All this is in my power!"

"Then in the name of all that is miraculous, what is not in your power? Luke Harvey—mysterious old man, who are you?"

A smile of strange meaning appeared upon his face as he answered:

"That, also, shall soon be revealed to you. The schemes of Sir Morgan Lymburne are well laid and deep, but I shall thwart and destroy them. And now, Edward, you must withdraw; you are restless and feverish, and need rest. Hark! there is Sir Francis upon the stairs; go now, for I must see him privately."

A half-framed question was upon Edward Yeardeley's lips, but the manner of Luke Harvey admitted of no delay, and he closed the door behind him and sought his room to gain strength for the morrow.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VILLAIN'S LAST STAKE.

It was fast growing dark when Sir Francis Wyatt entered his audience chamber, and at first he noticed not the presence of another. In truth, had it been broad daylight it might have been the same, for the governor's thoughts were pre-occupied. His face had a deeply mournful cast, and as he leaned upon the mantel he sighed heavily.

His thoughts were of his friend, Sir Gordon Hargreaves, and of the dark fate which menaced his house. Sir Francis Wyatt was a noble friend. Since early morning he had directed all his efforts to the arrest of Sir Morgan Lymburne, but with no success; not the slightest clue could he obtain. The fatal fifth of April was at hand, and the persecutor of Eleanor Hargreaves was still at large. The reflection was a torturing one. Sir Francis recalled the days of his boyhood and remembered his early friendship for Sir Gordon Hargreaves, continuing through youth and manhood to the present day: he remembered the Lady Eleanor as a joyous, bright-eyed child whose innocent prattle had once amused him as he held her in his arms—and now the gloomy reality of the present hour completed the picture. It was enough to sadden his heart from the contrast, and a sigh rose to his lips as he reflected.

A slight noise at the other extremity of the apartment startled him, and turning hastily, his eyes encountered the form of Luke Harvey. He crossed the room with astonishment, and addressed the intruder thus:

"Sir, wherefore are you here? Your presence seems strange and unseemly; what are your demands?"

"I would speak with you, Sir Francis," replied the other, calmly.

The governor started as he heard the tones of the voice, but immediately replied:

"But know you not that the audience hour is long since over?"

"I do—but my business touches the interests of yourself more than mine."

"Ha! say you so? Then say on; I will hear you."

But the old man made no haste to speak, and after a pause Sir Francis observed impatiently:

"I faith, man, whoever you are, you seem to be trifling with me. If you have aught to say, say it quickly and depart, for I am in no mood for foolery."

"I wish not to trifle with you, Sir Francis. My business is of moment."

"Then say on. But first give me your name. What are you called?"

"Some call me Luke Harvey."

"By the rood, old man, your answers are oddly shaped. What shall I call you?"

"Do you not know me, Sir Francis?"

The governor seemed again to recognize something familiar in the old man's tone, for he started from his chair and endeavored to peer into his face, but his features were hidden by the increased darkness.

"Nay, I know you not."

"Yet methinks an old friend should be recognized by his voice."

"There is something in that voice which strangely perplexes me. An old friend, say you? I will look upon thy face and see if I cannot recall it to mind."

The governor pulled a bell-rope, and a servant entered with a pair of wax tapers. Sir Francis seized one and held it close to the face of his visitor. He examined it long and with strange doubts depicted upon his own.

"I am puzzled still to decide," he said at length. "Your face is familiar, but you must have been known to me long years ago."

"It was years ago, Sir Francis. Let me assist your memory. I have met you often at your father's board in England."

"Thou hast? By my soul, this is a strange mystery. Let me think."

Sir Francis Wyatt gazed long and eagerly into the old man's face. His puzzled expression gave place to one which might almost be called fear, and with a fast paling countenance he sprang from his chair.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed wildly, "am I deceived, or is this a dream! The dead cannot surely come to life, and yet your features are surely those of—"

"—sh! Speak that name softly; it has not been uttered before in years. You know me then?"

"Yes, I remember you well. But how comes it that you are here? Were you not reported dead years ago?"

"Yes, and that report was fabricated by myself. I had my own ends to gain."

"This is passing strange! But give me your hand; we should surely meet as friends."

The face of Luke Harvey (for so we must still call him) paled at these words, and he drew back to avoid the proffered hand of the governor. The latter gazed with increased astonishment upon his strange companion, and he said:

"Surely, this is stranger than all! Do you refuse my hand?"

"I will not take advantage of you, Sir Francis," replied Luke

Harvey, with a strange sadness of tone. "Hear me tell my tale, and then if you choose to take me by the hand I shall not refuse. Will you hear me now? I would speak of those whose welfare nearly concerns you—of Sir Gordon Hargreaves and his daughter, and of Edward Yeardeley."

"Do you know aught concerning them?" demanded the now thoroughly excited governor. "If so, say on, and quickly."

"Listen then, Sir Francis." And drawing his chair nearer, as if fearful that even the walls might betray his secret, Luke Harvey spoke in a low and whispered tone. The tale was a long one as he told it, and the moments slipped rapidly away during its recital. The effect upon the listener was strange; wonder, amazement, thoughtfulness, alternately appeared upon his face, and once, as Luke Harvey spoke in a tone more hurried and agitated with emotion, Sir Francis Wyatt sprang, horror-struck, from his chair, and gazed upon the old man with an expression of terror. The mournfully earnest look of the latter recalled him, and he listened in silence to the end.

"By heavens!" Sir Francis uttered, in a voice of wild excitement, "this cannot be! It is past belief! Man—man, you are deceiving me!"

"As God is my witness," exclaimed Luke Harvey, fervently, "I am not! Have I not an interest also in this matter?"

"I forgot; you have an interest in this thing, if your words are true. I could wish to believe them so; let me look into your face again; I would mark its expression."

Sir Francis gazed earnestly upon the features of Luke Harvey, but they were open and without concealment.

"Old man, I will believe you!" he exclaimed. "You cannot be deceiving me; your face forbids it."

"Thanks, Sir Francis; you will not regret your confidence."

"But does Edward know of this?" asked the governor.

"No; I thought it best that it should be revealed to him upon the morrow."

"Death of my life!" uttered Sir Francis, impulsively, "this seems like a dream. Can it really be true? Yet I will not doubt it. But ah! what an awakening will there be upon the morrow!"

"There will, indeed," replied Luke Harvey. "The villain, Lymburne, will meet his full retribution, and a bitter day of reckoning will he find it. And now, Sir Francis Wyatt, will you take my hand!"

The old man eagerly extended his hand towards the governor, but the latter hesitated in painful indecision. Once he seemed about to grasp the outstretched hand, but suddenly drawing back with a shudder, he said:

"Nay, old man—I cannot! Ask me not to take that hand: there is blood upon it! Yet I would not do thee injustice; thou hast sinned, and thou hast also suffered—but still, the sin is there! I would take thee by the hand, but the remembrance of that deed causes a shudder; I cannot do it!"

Luke Harvey bowed his head in silence, and when he raised it his eyes were moistened with tears.

"It is just—it is just!" he replied, sadly. "Mine was the crime, and mine must also be the penalty. But it is for only a little time—my work is done with the morrow, and henceforth I shall seek seclusion."

For an hour longer the two men talked in a subdued, whispering tone, and when at length Luke Harvey arose to go, Sir Francis Wyatt accompanied him to the door and talked earnestly for a moment longer.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Mr. Williams, the editor of the Utica Herald, has reached Palestine in the course of his Eastern wanderings. The following is an extract from his last letter describing the Holy City: "There was one 'Holy Place' in Jerusalem I sought in vain to visit—the site of the Temple of Solomon. It is, as you know, occupied by the principal mosque of the city—the Mosque of Omar. Including the inclosure, it occupies the whole south-western part of the city, and appears one of the most imposing edifices I have seen in the East. Hitherto strangers have been permitted to visit it by paying a modest backsheesh of from five to fifteen dollars each; but of late the Mahomedans have been 'growing no better very fast' in the matter of toleration, and this year have saucily shut the door of the sacred edifice in the teeth of the whole squad of 'Christian dogs.' I attempted to look into the inclosure, but a Turkish sentinel offered to make me a present of the contents of a very rusty musket, while an old vagabond who stood near suggestively drew his finger across his throat—indicating, by such suggestive gesture, that in case I should enter, I should for the future be relieved of the bore of carrying a head upon my shoulders. These rascally Mahomedans have also placed some sacred edifice or other over the tomb of David, so that no Christian is permitted to see the resting-place of the great psalmist. And I may here remark, that there is no sadder spectacle in all this curse-stricken land than that of Arabs, and, if possible, still more degraded Turks, lording it over the sacred city. The ground once pressed by the feet of Solomon, and David, and Christ, now echoes to the tread of Moslem Janissary and the drivelling Dervish; while the Jew is cowering in obscure places, the Moslem struts with the air of one who treads on thrones; while the Christian begs permission to kneel at the tomb of his Saviour, the Turk disdainfully proclaims himself monarch of all he surveys. While the 'Holy Sepulchre' is nominally in the hands of the Christian, Turkish soldiers keep guard at the door, and a Turkish pasha keeps the key."

NOTABILIA OF INDIAN LIFE.—There is a strange story afloat, that at Kussowlie, one of the hill stations, an English resident lost his wife from consumption, and that the friends expected to be invited to the funeral, but were disappointed—because he burnt her. Now we know a man may do as he likes with his own, but doubt its being the wish of any English wife to be finally disposed of in that way. We should think this individual stands a very good chance of remaining a widower. At another of the hill stations (Simla) there has been a marriage in high life—the Rajah of Simoor having taken unto himself two wives. This gentleman's age is fourteen years, and the ladies respectively twelve and thirteen! They are sisters.



TURKISH DANCING GIRL.

PICTURES OF THE EAST.

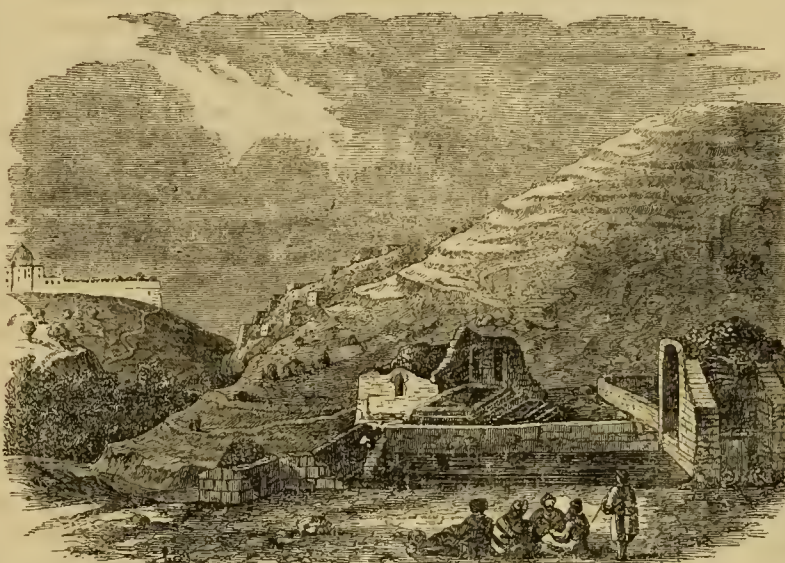
We have placed on this page a number of very fine engravings, representing some of the most striking characteristics of the Holy Land under its modern aspect, all of them possessing a singular interest. They were selected from among the many exquisite illustrations which adorn a very charming little work, entitled "Hadji in Syria," from the pen of Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson, the accomplished daughter of the author of the "City of the Great King," heretofore noticed in these pages, and just



ORIENTAL STREET SCENE.

issued from the press of James Chalen & Sons, the enterprising publishers, of Philadelphia, whose speciality is the production of illustrated works of standard value, got up in the most liberal and splendid style. The "Hadji in Syria" is an indispensable companion to the "City of the Great King," for it treats largely of the domestic life of the Orientals, with the mysteries of which only a lady can become acquainted, and which requires a female pen to portray acceptably. Mrs. Johnson is admirably fitted for the task by intimate acquaintance with the subject, keen powers

of observation, and a graphic facility of style. By combining the powers of the pen and pencil, she has produced one of the most readable and intelligent books on Syria it has been our fortune to meet with. The notices of the engravings before us are condensed from her fascinating pages. The first sketch represents a Turkish dancing girl and the interior of the harem of the Bash Catib, an officer next in rank to the Pacha. The female visitor (and none other is admitted) is treated to coffee boiling hot, to the tempting narghileh, and to fruits and sweetmeats. The dancers are always professional persons—for, in the East, dancing is considered far beneath any but the poorer classes, who make it a trade, and charge a certain sum for their services on festive occasions. The dancing consists in a few undulating movements of the body, not ungraceful, and accompanied by the castanets and tamborine.—The second engraving represents a group of peasant women. One of them is the girl with the water-jar—a charming type of the Syrian female, such as Vernet loves to depict in his Scriptural scenes. "In no city of the earth, perhaps," remarks Mrs. Johnson, "is woman found in greater variety than in the 'City of the Great King.' The fair, ruby-lipped Circassian and the sable daughter of Ham, the fur-clad Russian and the semi-nude Bedawy of the desert, the graceful Greek and the clumsy Copt, the modest Armenian and the brazen Fellah, the haughty inmate of the harem and the oppressed Jewess 'from every nation under heaven.' But, however widely they may all differ in blood, manners, customs and appearance, they all more or less resemble each other in at least this common point—they are the abject slaves of the 'lords of creation.' If, then, you would form a proper estimate of the lot and condition of woman in her Oriental phases, you need not go beyond the precincts of Jerusalem. Do you see that white sheet and that thick veil enveloping something, whose yellow boots suggest the idea that it may be a piece of living humanity? Shade of Eve, it is a daughter of yours! Reader, it is a sister of yours! Those black slaves are sent to hold her in vile surveillance. The lordly effendi, the bigoted church dignitary, the panoplied soldier and the proud civilian, all pass her without the slightest salutation, though they well know from her train that she is as respectable as a woman can be in the East. Nay, her own brother vouchsafes not the slightest token of recognition, even averting his head as he passes; and were her own



EN ROGEL, AND VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

husband to condescend to exchange a few words with her in public, he would be considered not only as utterly disgraced, but as having actually sinned.—The third engraving delineates the gloomy Valley of Jehoshaphat. "On the western slope of the Hill of Scandal is the sepulchral village of Silwan. Here, excavations that were originally intended for the dead, are now appropriated by the living for their dwelling-places. The manner of burying the dead, to which reference is made throughout the Bible, corresponds exactly with the sepulchres which are found in the East at the present day. In those accounts we are told they were 'hewn out of a rock.' Sarah was buried in the cave of Machpelah. These sepulchres exist everywhere; the rocky sides of the hills are full of such excavations, some of which are so extensive, and chiselled with such care, they are now converted into dwelling-places of the living, whose inhabitants live quite contentedly in the dark, damp tombs."—Our fourth engraving represents a street scene, with a woman filling a jar from a water-skin, that looks very like a stuffed seal, an Arab spinning, and a Turkish sentinel, in the military costume borrowed from the French and English, looking indolently on.—The remarkable arch in the fifth engraving is within the walls of Jerusalem. It is in the Via Dolorosa, or Doleful Way, along which the Saviour is said to have toiled beneath the weight of the cross as he passed to death. "This street abounds in 'holy places'—here is a blocked-up doorway to the 'Sancta Scala,' leading into Antonia; a little further on, an indentation in the stone wall is seriously alleged to have been made by the cross of Christ resting against it; hard by is the house of Veronica, whence started the Wandering Jew on his never-ending pilgrimage; and there a high, over-spanning arch, upon which our Lord is confidently affirmed to have stood when Pilate showed him to the people, and cried 'Ecce homo!'—

"Behold the man!"—The next engraving in order represents the summer tent of our authoress and her family pitched upon Mt. Olivet, and overlooking the Kedron. She tells us that "the malaria arising from the debris of Jerusalem compels all Frank residents who wish to live out a full year, to pitch their tents in the country, and remain outside the walls several months of the warm season. Nothing is more primitive than this way of living. Families supply themselves with the mere necessities of life, and occupy either tents or the ruins around the city. Never were we happier than when living in this way on the western spur of Mt. Olivet, just opposite Jerusalem. One is constantly reminded of the days of the patriarchs. The surrounding hills abound in grapes, pomegranates, almonds, apricots and figs; and these formed our principal articles of food. Some of our Bedouin friends brought us one day a bag of fruit from the neighborhood of the Jordan, which they affirm are the veritable apples of Sodom. They were beaten into a



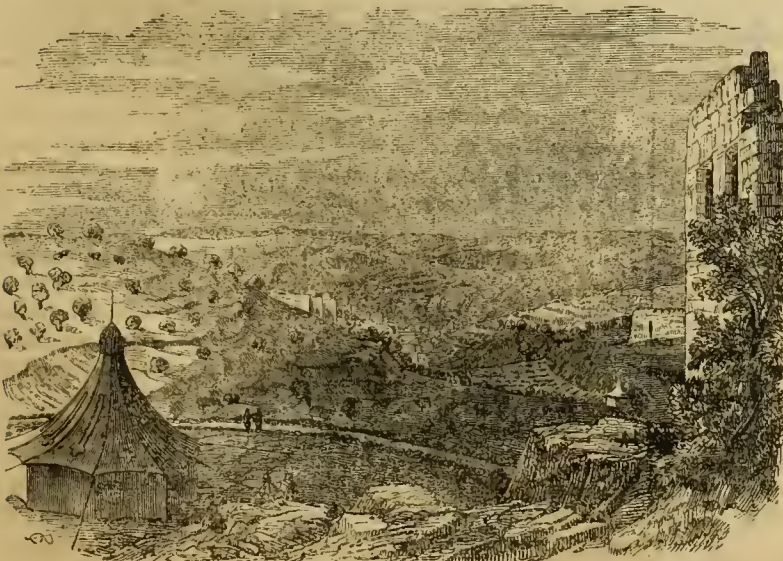
GROUP OF PEASANT WOMEN.

powder, and whether the apple of Sodom or the fruit of Gomorrah, it was very palatable. In exchange, they earnestly pleaded for the only looking-glass we had brought with us of the size of one's hand. From the sensation it produced among them, it was evident they had never seen one before. The eyes of the women especially sparkled from very delight on surveying its reflection of the beads, coins and tassels with which their heads were decorated. This, together with the electrical machine, telescope, and

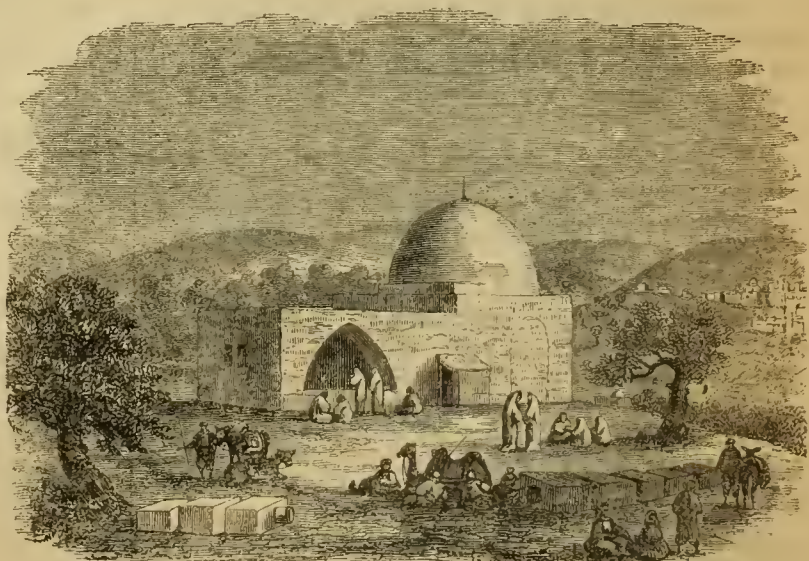


"ECCE HOMO" ARCH, JERUSALEM.

the dispensary of medicines, drew great numbers of them to our abode.—Our last illustration represents the tomb of the ill-fated, but "beautiful and well-favored" Rachel. "The pillar set upon her grave, thirty-five long centuries and a generation ago, has long since crumbled into dust, or, more probably, been chipped into fragmentary amulets; but the venerated spot is still marked, and no doubt correctly indicated by a picturesque mausoleum, where her idolized remains lie interred."



SUMMER RESIDENCE ON MT. OLIVET.



THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WILD FLOWER.

BY E. W. PUTNAM.

I dwell in the haunts of the lowly and poor.
My fragrance is borne to the cottager's door;
I gladden the heart of the barefooted child,
As truant he wanders far into the wild.

I seek not the halls of the lordly or great.
As freshly I bloom by the rude "woodland gate,"
Or under the shade of some knotty old tree.
Where the humming-bird whispers his love-tale to me.

The humming-bird loves me, I knew, for so oft
He stoops his bright wing from its soaring aloft,
To sip the sweet honey from my tiny bell,
And he kisses my brow ere he bids me farewell.

The bee, too, comes often with many a tale
Of sweet-blooming flowerets all over the vale;
He slips from my cup—then away on the wing.
In the bower of some other sweet wild flower to sing.

I smile on the berry-girl, tired and torn,
I encourage the wayfarer weary and worn;
The sin-stained and life-weary gaze upon me,
And weep as I pencil their bright infancy.

Untaught, I exhale to the zephyrs my breath;
Uncultured, I bloom by the roadside and heath;
And when I am crushed by some rude passer-by,
I yield my destroyer my fragrance—and die.

Of me learn a lesson—O mortal, forbear
Too rudely to censure the sin-crushed or poor;
And when some dread enemy injures thee sore,
Raise a prayer for his blessing—he'll love evermore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A NIGHT ON THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

"LAND ho! land ho!" shouted a man on the fore topsail yard of the ship *Revere*, one drizzly afternoon, as enmeshed in my rubber coat and boots, and feeling very uncomfortable, I was trying to shelter myself under the lee of the spanker, and keep an eye to windward at the same time. Our destination was Liverpool, to which port we had been bound for the whole of twenty-one days, the last eight of which had been rendered particularly cheerless by the prevalence of a heavy gale from south-southeast, with a slight variation easterly; which, in addition to retarding our progress, drove us to the northward of our course, how far, we could only judge, astronomical calculation being out of the question in such weather.

When the gale had set in, Cape Clear bore by observation northeast-by-east distant four hundred and eighty odd miles, which fact freed us from any apprehension of falling to leeward so long as we were enabled to carry double reefs. But the second day the gale increased to such degree that we were obliged to close reef everything, even to the galley smoke stack, and hand the mainsail, when we increased our leeway a point, losing all of a knot and a half an hour of headway.

Still, we labored under little if any apprehension, believing the gale would soon abate, and the wind return to the westward, or even to the northward, when we should be enabled to keep away and double the cape with a flowing sheet.

We still entertained this hope, believing the land to be nearly if not quite one hundred miles distant, when the hail, above-quoted, aroused me from a somewhat unpleasant reverie, when hurrying forward, I shouted, "topsail-yard, there!"

"Sir?"

"Aint you mistaken?"

"No, sir! It's land fast enough! But the fog has shut it in again!"

"Could you make it out plain?"

"No sir! Only a glimpse of it as the fog lifted! It loomed up high and broken!"

"Sloping away to the north?"

"Yes sir, an' bold to the south!"

"The Kerry Mountains!" ejaculated I, and after a brief pause demanding: "How did the slope bear?"

"Broad on the lee bow, sir!"

"The deuce! So far out of our reckoning! What's got into the chronometer! According to this land-fall she must be out of the way, easterly, over a degree and a half!" and, turning away, I was about to descend to the cabin, when Captain Benton shoved back the companion slide, and stepping out on deck, demanded:

"What's this, Mr. A.? I thought I heard something said about the land!"

"Yes sir, you did. It has just been reported from the foretop-sail yard, and I was just on the point of calling you."

"Land! impossible!"

"I'm afraid not, sir. Old Sol sticks to it, that it's land though he says he can't see it now, because the fog has settled again. By his description it's the Kerry Mountains, and bearing about east-northeast, at that!"

"Why, where the deuce are we? According to that, both reckoning and chronometer are out of the way!"

"Yes sir, and the chronometer must have been so all the passage."

"It may be, in fact, must be so! But I never knew her to be more than a few miles out before. They may have given us an incorrect rate, or one that be—"

"Land ho!" shouted old Sol, at this instant; whereupon the old man hailed him, demanding: "Can you see it plain?"

"Ay, ay, sir! an' you'll see it too, if you look sharp, there-away!" responded the old seaman, making a gesture to leeward.

Taking his glass, Captain Benton hurried forward, and mounting the fore-castle, placed it to his eye, directing it towards the land, the outline of which was momentarily becoming more distinct as the fog lifted.

"We're in for it, Mr. A.," was his brief exclamation, as I joined him on the fore-castle. "We've got to go north about this time, sure! Call all hands, sir! Square the yards and give her the muslin! Single reefs, and a whole foresail for twenty-four hours, and I shan't care then how soon the wind hauls."

"Call all hands, one of you!" shouted I, as the captain ceased speaking, adding, "stations to wear ship!"

In five minutes all hands were at their stations, when the helm was put up, the after yards laid square, and the ship obeying the motion of her wheel, fell off to north-by-east, when the sails were trimmed, two reefs shaken out of the fore and main-topsail, and one out of the mizzen, while the foresail was dropped to its greatest extent, tending to increase the ship's speed to twelve knots an hour.

Our reckoning at 6 P. M., next day, placed us but a few miles south of Mallin Head, when Captain Benton deemed it advisable to haul to a couple of points, when, having braced the yards up, it was found necessary to take in a reef, the gale having showed not the slightest signs of abatement.

At midnight it was blowing harder than ever, while the barometer indicated a sudden change, which fact coming to the observation of the captain, he ordered the topsail to be close reefed at once, the yards braced up sharp, and the vessel kept full-and-by.

"Have a bright lookout kept at each mast head, and on the fore-castle, Mr. A.," said he, as he prepared to go below, at two bells in the middle watch. "Yes, and by the way, you may as well look in at the barometer once in a while; it won't do any harm to be prepared at all points for this counter gale."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded I briefly, and a moment after I was alone, when lighting a cigar at the binnacle, I commenced my solitary walk back and forth on the deserted quarter-deck, pausing at almost every turn to sweep the narrow line of horizon with my gaze.

Four bells struck, when I summoned the watch aft to pump ship and hold the reel; which task being executed, I was again alone, the watch departing, some ascending to relieve the look-outs aloft, and others seeking the fore-castle to indulge in a smoke or appease the cravings of their appetite.

Obedying some strange impulse, I remained spell-bound, as it were, gazing at the seaman who had ascended to the relief of the lookout in the maintop, and was repeatedly on the point of recalling him, why, I cannot say, but it was only by a powerful exertion of the will that I was enabled to desist. At length he gained the futtock shrouds, and, pressing onward, had just grasped the topmast shrouds with his right hand, when the ship rolled fearfully to windward, heaving me against the weather bulwark with great violence, and shipping the main-deck full of water, which took full possession thereof, sweeping forward and aft with resistless force, and breaking down doors, flooding cabins and state-rooms, and causing great confusion in both ends of the ship, which was by no means allayed by the shrill cry of "Man overboard!" which escaped my lips when I discovered the object of my gaze to be no longer in view, having lost his hold with the weather roll and fallen overboard at the instant I regained my feet.

"Man overboard! man overboard!" and the cry passed from tongue to tongue, rendering any summons to the watch below unnecessary, while each vied with his messmates in their efforts to effect the rescue of their drowning messmate.

Life-buoys, oars and one or two spare stunsail booms followed each other over the rail in quick succession, while the reigning confusion continued at such a pitch as defied my most strenuous efforts to restore order. Captain Benton reached the quarter-deck with the first of the watch below, but as easily could he render his voice audible amid the roar of Niagara, so relinquishing the attempt, he commenced clearing away the life-boat, in which task I joined him, and in which we had partially succeeded, when a monstrous wave struck us full on the weather bow, and taking the forward house as it breached aboard, stove it to atoms, sweeping it away with all its contents, and with it, the whole range of larboard bulwarks from the forward rigging sheer aft to the forward poop timber, which it started.

The warning motion of the ship an instant ere the sea struck her, caused me to look up, when, believing her to be swamped, I sprang from the life boat into the lee main rigging, to which I clung, awe-struck by the destructive power of the wave, even after it was spent and passed. Fortunately the crew were all on the quarter deck at the instant, and consequently escaped the fate of our unfortunate messmate, whom we were obliged to relinquish to his fate, and who, we believed, had ere then passed the last trying ordeal.

"We've doubled Mallin Head, Mr. A.," said the old man, after a brief pause, during which he had coolly surveyed the scene of devastation presented by our deck, "we've met the channel flood, which sweeps to the southward here, with amazing rapidity, and accounts for this tremendous sea. Let the men reef life-lines to leeward! if the wind holds, we shall want them!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded I, and issuing the orders to the men, I passed forward, followed by Captain Benton, who joined me on the fore-castle, and again resumed:

"Who was it that fell overboard, Mr. A.?"

"Alec Steward, sir."

"Steward, my God! The very man on whom I depended to

take us through the Mull. He knew every inch of the coast here, as well as I know the channel in Boston harbor. He was raised in shore here-away," continued the old man, indicating a certain point landward, adding, "Swilly—there's a bay, or indentation in the Irish Coast, known by that name, I believe. However, he hailed from some such place, and came recommended to me as one of the best pilots who ever made the passage north about. What's to be done, Mr. A.? I dare not attempt a passage through the Mull, in the clearest weather, and I don't think we've a man on board who knows any more about it than I do."

"If the wind hauls, I can take you into Mulroy, Capt. B.," said I eagerly, adding, "I've had some three months' practice on the coast, in that neighborhood, and can say, I only wish I knew as much about the channel and land south of Foyle as I do here-away."

"Eh! you can?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I'm glad of it, and, I think it likely you'll have an opportunity to exercise your skill. Do you know anything about the Hebrides?"

"No, sir! But do you see anything like the glimmer of a light right off the weather bow, sir? No, no! hereaway, in the wake of the anchor stock?"

"Yes, I do! That's a vessel's light, Mr. A. Have one of the reflective lanterns sent to the collar of the forestay, and one to the spanker gaff, instantly. Be alive, sir! she may, or must be on the opposite tack, and may be foul of us before you can wink."

'Twas, indeed, a vessel's light, and nearing us rapidly, so that I had barely time to attend to the execution of Captain B.'s order, ere the safety of our ship, from collision with the stranger, demanded our joint attention.

She had approached so near that the outlines of her hull, lower spars, and close-reefed topsails were easily distinguished, when Captain B., deeming a collision almost inevitable, and aware of the folly of any attempt to attract the attention of the stranger, sprang from the fore-castle, and, rushing aft, by a sudden movement of the helm, hove the ship up in the wind, thereby deadening her headway, and so she gathered sternway, canting her off on the same tack, when she fell slightly to leeward of the stranger, who was now close aboard and might have gone clear, had he continued on his course.

But relentless fate ordered it otherwise. Just as our vessel began to forge ahead, they apparently discovered us, and, by some mismanagement, or direction, put their helm up, when the vessel fell off, and, although our helm was jammed hard up at the instant, fell afoul, striking us on the starboard quarter, just forward the forward mizzen-chain, and, heaving us down, sheerpoles too, in which position we remained nearly a minute, when we righted, and, in so doing, fouled all our lower yards in her rigging. We hung in this position for nearly five minutes, during which the direst confusion reigned on board both vessels, particularly the stranger, whose decks were crowded with emigrants, who, frightened from below by the shock attending the collision, only added to the confusion by their despairing cries.

At length the vessels were separated by the violence of the gale, each ship losing her lower yards and topsails, while ours, sustaining additional damage to her hull and spars, in the loss of the starboard mizzen rigging and chains, and having all the starboard plank started quarter down to the third streak below the gunwale, on our quarter deck, we huddled in various groups some forty or fifty shrieking emigrants, men and women, who had fled to our deck for safety, from they knew not what; here were women separated from their husbands, husbands from their wives, parents whose children were left behind, and young people, whose aged parents were on board the stranger. No tie of consanguinity in existence escaped: all were doomed to violent partition in some one or other of our visitors, for the time, or it might be forever, by the sudden separation of the ships. 'Twas a heart-rending scene, which, feeling that I cannot do it justice, I resign to the imagination of my readers.

For nearly an hour, the frantic grief of the poor wretches rendered us powerless; but at the end of that time, having succeeded in placing them in safety, the ship, in the meantime lying to under bare poles, we succeeded in clearing away the foreyard, which hung by the starboard lift, one end resting on the fore-castle—rigging it anew, and rebending the foresail, which we set. Our next task was to set balance-sail aft, which was quickly done, by securing the starboard mizzen rigging in a manner which answered the safety of the mast, when we set the spanker, main-spencer and main-topmast-staysail, and again brought the ship to the wind.

"Pass the grog, and pump her out, Mr. A.," said Captain Benton, as I approached him, and requested further orders, while the crew were hauling aft the main-staysail sheet.

"Ay, ay, sir!—Grog, O! Muster aft, and rig the pumps while you're waiting, men!" shouted I, and entering the pantry, I aided the steward in the preparation of a stiff glass of the necessary stimulant for each man.

On serving it out, we found three additional claimants for a portion of the beverage, in the persons of three seamen from the stranger, who had sought refuge aboard of us in the confusion, while farther investigation discovered to us the fact, that we had exchanged four of our own crew for four of the stranger, which we now discovered to be the ship *Scotland* of Glasgow, from Liverpool, with passengers and merchandize, bound for Quebec.

Manning the pumps, we labored incessantly for some twenty or twenty-five minutes, when the weather pump sucked, conveying to us the welcome assurance that, although leaking at thrice the usual rate, the ship still continued comparatively tight, whereupon, we returned to our duties with renewed courage, and, in less than an hour, had a spare mainyard all ready to send aloft.

When on the point of giving the order to "sway away," I was joined by Captain B.

"It's coming, Mr. A.," said he, "secure the yard as it lays, and let the starboard watch jump aft, an' stand by the spanker and main-spencer."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and issuing the necessary order, I added, "jump forward, four or five hands, and clap preventers on fore-tack an' bo'line!"

"Ay, that's right, Mr. A., secure the fore-tack well. We need that sail to pay her head off in this tremendous seaway! This is north about, with a vengeance, aint it?"

"Yes, sir! It exceeds anything short of a complete wreck that ever I experienced."

"Or I! You say you can take the ship into a port here away?"

"Yes, sir, Mulroy!"

"How does it bear now, think you?"

"About east-southeast, probably a little easterly; but I should run for it on the former course. We can make Torry Island on that course, from which, the entrance of the bay bears south-by-east-half-east, distance a league and a-half."

"Well, I shall resign the ship to your charge, Mr. A., do the best you can, for we must make a harbor somewhere. Oh! have we any rockets or blue lights, for signals?"

"Yes, sir, quite a number."

"Have a few kept at hand then, we must discover that fellow's position, and ascertain to what extent he is damaged, as soon—"

Crash came the foresail against the mast at this instant, and simultaneous with the sound the captain shouted:

"Brail the spanker up! Be alive, my bantams! Let go sheet and head out haul!" and bounding up the poop ladder, he grasped the lee brails, aiding in the execution of his order, shouting at the same time, "Right your helm, steady amidship! Brail the spencer up!" while the noble old sea-boat, groaning from truck to keel under the pressure of the fierce northwest blast, gradually fell off after being relieved of her after sail, and in a few minutes rode securely, head to sea, under the single-reefed foresail.

"We must have more sail upon her, Mr. A.," said the old man, as I joined him on the quarter-deck, after laying the head and after-yards square. "She hardly holds her own, when those old gray backs strike her on the nose. Give her the whole foresail, and try the foretop-gallantsail on her; it may hold till we can get that main yard aloft, and a new main-topsail bent."

Fifteen minutes sufficed for the execution of these orders, when the old ship began to forge ahead, a knot or so an hour, while the keen biting northwest gale was rapidly purifying the atmosphere of the dense and dreary vapor which had so long rendered it obscure and uncomfortable.

"Have that main yard sent aloft, Mr. A.!" was the next order I received, and Captain B. repairing to the cabin, soon returned bringing several rockets, one of which was soon shooting into the upper regions, and out of view in the vapor, not yet sufficiently dispelled to insure the desired success.

Fifteen minutes elapsed, and another rocket bore aloft the evidence of our existence, and a few minutes later we beheld an answering rocket ascend, and scatter its silvery shower, at little more than a mile distant. With the cheering news of their friends, safety, Capt. Benton hastened to our unwilling visitors in the cabin, from which the sound of rejoicing was soon borne to our ears, heretofore pained by the incessant weeping and wailing, which no words could lessen.

On deck our labor rapidly progressed, and were being brought to a successful termination as the bell struck seven in the morning watch, or 7-30 A. M., by which time day had so far advanced as to enable us to distinguish distinctly objects anywhere within the circle of the horizon; and, among others, the ship Scotland, minus her maintop-gallant-masts, with her colors, union down, or, in distress, at the peak.

"Give her the close-reefed main-topsail as soon as possible, and haul the foresail up, Mr. A.!" said Capt. B., as the crew sprung into the rigging to complete their task by bending the topsail. "We must lie by, or relieve that ship; she appears to have fared worse than we did. Yes!" he continued, as he scrutinized her closely through his glass. "All hands are engaged at the pumps, and baling. Bear a hand, or we may be too late to succor them."

An hour later we were lying to under a close-reefed main-topsail, under the lee of the sinking ship, and busily engaged in clearing away our boats for the purpose of transporting to our deck her living freight.

"Willing hearts make ready hands," they say, and so it proved with us. But a short time elapsed ere our four boats were safely launched, manned, and cleaving their way through the fast-subsiding billows to the rescue.

Three successful trips of the boats belonging to both ships had transported to our deck and cabin two hundred and sixty souls, leaving fifty-four, including officers, and the surplus of the Scotland's crew not required to man her boats, to rescue whom the boats shoved off for the last time. They had reached a point within some sixty yards, when the ship, till then lying to under her spanker, forged astern, at the same time sheering sharp to port, and increasing her distance; then plunging violently, she settled by the stern, and gradually sank from view, leaving her late tenants struggling for life, in the midst of the dire commotion caused by her descent to her last resting place.

For a moment the boats paused in their onward course, as their crews contemplated the thrilling scene; but 'twas only a moment. With a cheering shout, the latter sprung to their oars once more, and, with a few long and hearty pulls, sent their frail vessels into the midst of the drowning wretches, of whom but six were lost.

By the hour of noon our humane task was completed, the boats hoisted in, and our ship once more under weigh for the land,

while our new passengers were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, in our 'tween deck, from which we removed some two hundred barrels of flour for their accommodation.

At two that afternoon we made Torry Island, and running for it until sunset, hove the ship to, with her head off shore, on which tack we laid all night, the gale slowly subsiding till the return of day, when she was again kept away, and, under increased sail, resigned to my command. At 10, A. M., we had the harbor open, with a tremendous sea breaking on the bar which guards its entrance, and, as the bell struck eight at noon, we run into the broken water, having taken the precaution to batten down the hatchways, as a safeguard against the foam and water, which fairly buried us for about five minutes, when the ship ran into comparatively smooth water, and, rounding the point on the larboard hand, in thirty minutes after we crossed the bar our best bower was let go in ten fathoms water, and our ship brought to in safety, about a half mile from the beach, and a mile from a small hamlet, named by its inhabitants Glinsk, where the rescued passengers of the ill-fated Scotland were kindly received, and their most pressing wants supplied.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.

BY WALTER JEWETT.

THE view is not very extensive, no painter would select it as worthy of being transferred to canvass. The site is not particularly eligible. I see no business men as they bustle past, as though they were the Atlas, upon whose shoulders rested the business of the world—cast a glance of envy at me, and none of them have called with an offer of a large bonus for my lease; I rather surmise they—if they think anything about it—are content to let me remain undisturbed. The room itself is not very desirable, the roof needs a little repairing, and, by-the-way, my landlord promised to "see to it" last Monday, *year*. I fear, among the multiplicity of repairs his tenants are calling for, he has forgotten this; and a portion of the wall is broken too, and fallen down. My predecessor seems to have thought pasting an old newspaper over it would remedy the defect, but as it does not, and I am getting old and rheumatic, I am careful to remove my chair as far away from it as possible. The neighborhood is not particularly inviting, nor the circle which gathers in front of the next door, mostly composed of females, particularly select. I am very methodical in my habits—most unmarried gentlemen are when they have seen fifty years, and I strive to keep this little room as clean as possible, and I keep the windows open as much as may be; still, there is a musty, dingy smell, which, I fear, will never be remedied until the old building is torn down.

You may wonder that I remain here, and indeed, some young men and women invariably associate the term office with a large fine room, the walls covered with pictures, whose varied scenes draw the mind away from the dull realities of business, or intermingle them, enliven them with the joy of romance; the floor covered with carpets, which yield as gently to the feet as the fierce heat of mid-day to the cooling breeze of the even-tides; the furniture and utensils for every-day use, *bijou* in appearance and reality. I know very well these are the elegancies and luxuries which the successful pursuit of wealth seems to demand, in these modern days, even in our offices and other places of business.

Still, I never had any inclination—even if I had possessed the ability—to indulge in them, and, indeed, they would seem especially incongruous here, or anywhere, so 'twere in a place devoted to the reception of the poor, miserable creatures who surround me, and for whom I exercise my little skill in extending the lease of a life, which, were it not for their inane degradation, would be found intolerable. My life, should I set about describing it for you, would not seem a pleasant one, for I am unable to indulge in few, if any, of the pleasures of life; the morning invariably brings to me the same old story of disease and death, grown very familiar to me from constant repetition, and I am ever conscious of my profession when I dream. Still my life is not altogether devoid of happiness, and, though Heaven denies me those requisites essential to a successful man, I trust I have not been altogether a useless one.

"I have spoken thus much of myself, that you may infer my means of knowledge, as I point out to you the young and the old, the virtuous and the vicious among poverty's children, as they pass my window, and I'll take you to their homes, if need be, and answer the question of the French lady in speaking of the starving poor, "why do they not buy bread?"

Ah, yes! I'm glad she passed just now. No wonder you gaze at her; there! she's returning again and crossing the street. Do you note the strange, inward expressions of that gray eye, and the hair so intensely black? not a single gray one, for all she has suffered so much; she is not like the rest of them, nor can be. Years ago she was the eldest daughter and child, very beautiful too, as you will readily believe, for the traces still remain very visible. She was very gay and frivolous then, and her parents, though by no means wealthy, indulged her every wish. She was wont to dress very neatly and elegantly, had many, very many admirers, good and bad, for she was careless of her associates, if they only pleased her, and there were many and dreadful whispers affecting her fair fame, and her friends, that had been, one by one fell away from her and she was almost alone. 'Twas then, he, who has been the joy of her heart, her very idol, for so many years, first met her; he cared little for the venomous tongues that judged her actions so harshly, and he studied her character, and he peered way down beneath the surface, and found the mine more precious than of gold which lay there. Indeed it proved a mine to him, and he

won it all to himself, and married her. He was poor, both poor, but he struggled nobly, and for a time they were prosperous and happy, then the dark days came on, and he grew sickly, thin and pale, yet toiled while he could; 'twas only a little, and soon the pittance they had saved was exhausted, and they were destitute, and the two little ones sometimes cried for bread, and were cold; he thought of his own weakness and their sufferings, until his agony became almost unendurable, but she soothed him quietly; unaided and alone she labored for them all, the children and her husband, ever smiling cheerfully when in his presence and reproaching herself for the tear that would start when away from him. And so it has been for years; at times he seems to grow better, and, for a while is able to attend to his profession, or write a little for some of the periodicals of the day, and she is quite happy then, though more for his sake than her own. But his convalescence is usually of but short duration, and he soon sinks again; then, smiling and hopeful, she moves right on, making the home which contains hardly the necessities of life a very Eden. Heaven bless her, for such as she is the home hereafter.

* * * * *

That girl, yes I see, with the gayly colored shawl and shabby dress. Hush! the mother that bore her, who lives way up among the grand old hills of New England, never mentions her name, and why should we! her gray-haired sire, whose eye moistens and lip trembles as the thoughtful hour of twilight comes on, strives to think her dead, and cannot. Her story is old, you've heard it a thousand times. True the hot blood of indignation courses through your veins, and you long for the power of annihilation, that you may revenge her wrongs. You have seen the wrong-doer, seen the old and young smile brightly upon him, and, if perchance, all this wreck, this ruin, is referred to, she alone is blamed, while gentle ladies, with souls and bodies caervated by luxury, tap his arm with their fans and murmur "*naughty!*" a term of endearment now. Have patience, there is a God who avenges.

That old negro, who seems like Dickens's Chatband continually making oil, the fruit and candies he sells bring him a scanty subsistence; and the congregation to whom he preaches—for the old dorkie is a preacher as well as a man of business—out of their little, give him a *very* little, but it helps along, as he has no one save himself and wife to provide for. You see him with that peculiar childish smile appertaining ever to the dark children of Ham, which never grows cold. 'Twould seem as if Providence, to recompense them for their secondary and inferior position, had given them hearts which retain their warmth and preserve their powers of enjoyment all through life, and long after his white brother's grow cold. I sometimes think him happier than his contemporaries, men of business, who count their profits by thousands, yet sleep restlessly and are wont to wake from "horrible dreams of falling."

That old lady with the child, who has stopped to chat with him for a while, and, perchance buy an apple for her little one, yes, you are right, she is a grandmother, and that's her son's baby. He is a bricklayer, and lives just around the corner from here; he is very kind to the old lady, and, notwithstanding their extreme poverty, will permit her to do nothing save assist about the house a little, and take care of the children. She calls upon me frequently, for she likes "the smell of a doctor's shop," as she says. The family is not peculiar, that is, there are a great many like them. The father goes to his work early, carrying the little tin pail which contains the frugal meal to be eaten at mid-day, and he comes home late and very weary at night. He rests on the Sabbath, and then only, and yet, with all this weary round of toil, contentment sits at the board, and invokes the blessing, which invariably falls, bringing happiness in its train. I see them, with all the little ones, wending their way to church every Sabbath morning, very plainly dressed, grandmother leading the little one as you see her now; they seat themselves way in the back part of the church, and, if perchance the woman's nature of the mother prompts a glance at the rich dresses and bonnets before her, 'tis only for a moment, and the eyes of all, even the baby's, are fixed with reverential awe upon the minister of Christ's gospel as he speaks of the Lamb of Calvary. They can scarcely judge of the preacher's eloquence, no, nor tell you the meaning of a word; they never criticise his manner, or style his voice mellifluous or harsh. No! their hearts only warm as they listen to the words of the Poor Man's Friend, and they go forth to labor and toil, in bright anticipations of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

O dear! yes, she is coming up stairs too, I know her, and you will before you hear her speak half a dozen words. She has the undoubted charge of this whole neighborhood—"certainly, I'll call this evening, good morning, madam!"—Her husband went off to sea, as captain of a merchant vessel, a good many years ago, and was lost, no doubt, as he never returned. He left her some little property, and, making her head quarters at the house of her brother, she has ever since moved around among the poor and destitute of the city like an angel, smoothing with a gentle hand the pillow of the young mother, hushing the child with a tenderness woman only displays when hushing the little ones into comfort and silence; my first and best ally in every onslaught against disease and death, having a good deal to say certainly, and, at times displaying more or less acidity, yet kind, even in her fault-finding. Do you know, though I would not detract from the heroism and self-devotion of her who moved among England's hospitals, far from home, with gentle hand alleviating suffering, and with kind words inspiring the hope, which more than half cures, that the heroism and self-devotion of this woman seem to me just as great, and, who will say that the reward will differ?

We grieve that our days are so inharmonious. Our hearts are continually going in and out, as it were of ellipses. Yesterday jostles to-day, and to-morrow will carry them both away captive.

ASCENT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The number of American travellers who visit the pyramids of Egypt, is yearly increasing with the increased facilities of travel, and the annual number is enormous. That the ascent to the summit of these marvels of antiquity is no very easy achievement, is shown by the very excellent engraving on this page. Three Arabs at least are required to pull and propel the adventurous traveller from one course of stones to another, and when he reaches the goal he is pretty nearly exhausted. The Count de Pardin, a recent traveller, gives a very spirited account of the famous pyramid of Cheops, a monumental mountain of stone. "The ascent is made on the eastern side. Two Arabs, having tucked up their shirts to their girdles so as to be more at liberty, each reached me a hand, to which I clung, and now behold them springing like jackals from step to step, towing me up after them. I found it difficult to moderate their ardor. They pointed out my companion who had preceded me, and signified that he would get to the top before me, which I cared nothing about, and sought to check the rapidity of their course. About half way up, I stopped for a moment in a sort of niche formed by the fall of several stones. I had hardly caught my breath, when we resumed our ascent, my Bedouins still climbing, running and pulling me after them, at the risk of reaching the summit with my arms pulled out of the sockets and my body left behind. I had to raise my leg to the height of two or three feet, then they vigorously pulled me on the step; while a third, who had smuggled himself into the position, shoved me vigorously in the rear. This exercise had to be repeated two hundred and two times in succession in about twenty minutes. Then they laid me down panting and perspiring on a platform formed by the removal of two or three courses on the summit, and broad enough to accommodate several persons. After a short breathing-spell and a glass of water, we sat up to enjoy the appearance of the sun which began to climb behind the Mokattam. The plain yet lay in shadow, and the Nile was like a silver ribbon. But when the sun was clear of the horizon, the scene suddenly changed. A magnificent perspective gleamed around us. Turning to the east, we discovered to our left, stretching to an immense distance, the beautiful and verdant plains of the Delta. Before us blazed the cupolas of Cairo and the mosque of Mokattam, and beyond the sands of the desert which reach up to the great city. Through this rich landscape wound the life-giving river like a vast sheet of water, which the eye traversed to the distance, towards the south, between the two chains of mountains which confine Egypt and separate it from the deserts of Arabia and Lybia. Behind us the view was lost in an immense sea of yellow sand, where the wind had dug deep wrinkles like the waves of the ocean. Only a few white rocks appeared here and there like skeletons. At our feet rose a multitude of small pyramids, partially destroyed, and to the west



ARAB GUIDES AIDING IN THE ASCENT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

the two great monuments of Chephrem and Mycerinus, the two successors of Cheops. The pyramid of Chephrem has nearly the same dimensions as that on the crest of which we stood; the upper part has preserved its original capping—that of Mycerinus is much smaller. I did not forget to look at the village of Embabeh, situated opposite Boulak, and the scene of the famous battle of the pyramids, where the Mameluke cavalry dashed itself to pieces against the impregnable squares of the French infantry. The inclination of the faces of the pyramid is about forty degrees. We had been warned that to avoid all disputes, it was necessary at the

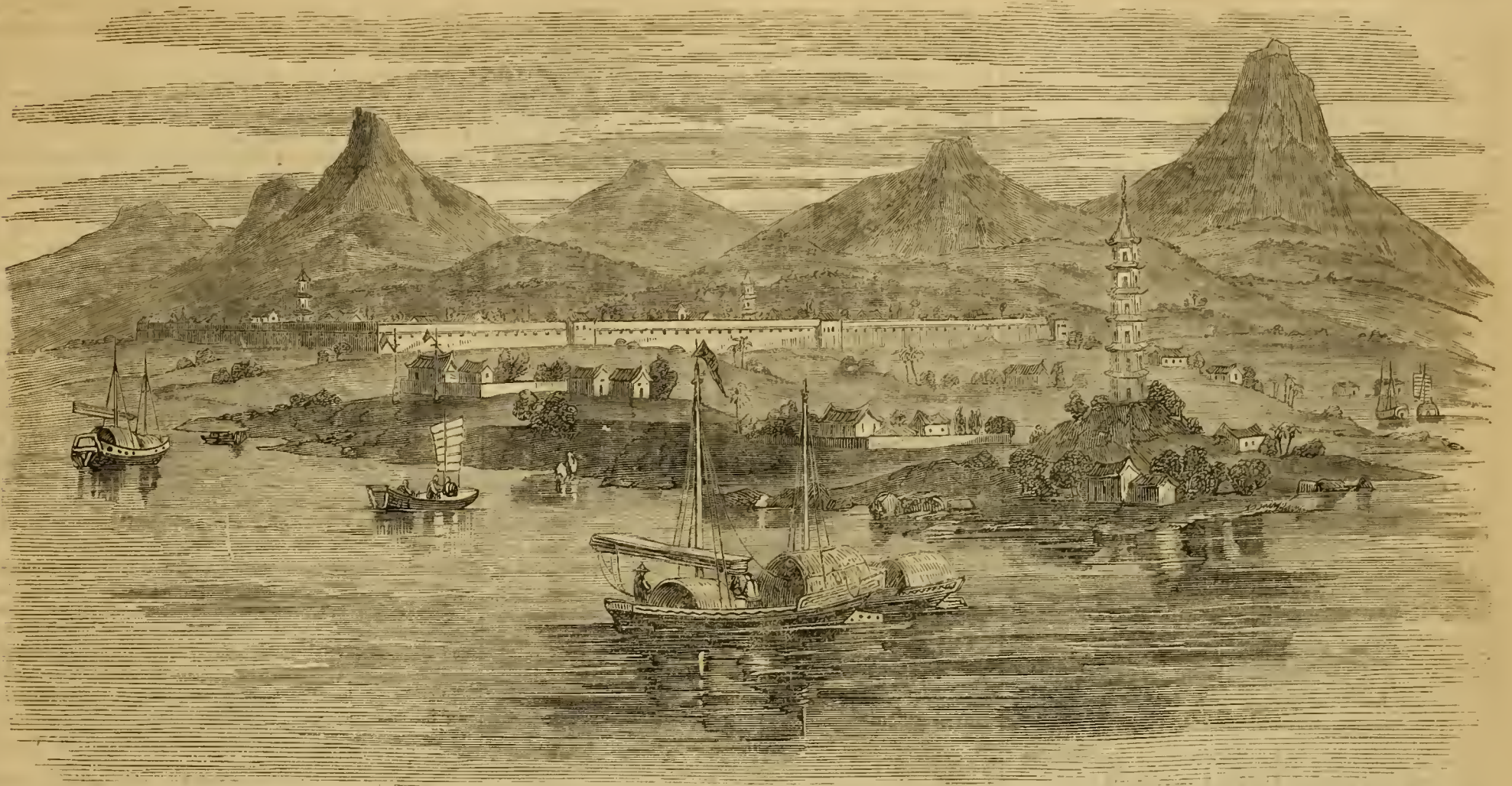
moment of departure, to give the sheik the money for the guides, and to give nothing in advance on any pretext whatever. They attempted, in fact, when they had us up there, to extort something. They employed for our seduction a flood of Italian, French and even English words they had picked up—'Bono Frances! Sultan Bonaberdi beat the Mamelukes! Good! Bono!'—hoping that in honor of the Sultan Bonaparte who had freed them from the Mamelukes, they might move our generosity. Then they tried to sell us pretended antiquities manufactured at Cairo. They asked for their *backsheesh*, saying that if we gave it to their sheik, he would keep it for himself. One of them proposed to take us up to the top of another pyramid in two minutes. Two of them took me aside, telling me to give them the money so that the others should not see it. They tried to frighten us, threatening not to allow us to go down. But flattery, sentiment and menace were in vain; we told them that we would not give them a para till we got down, and only to the sheik. Then, in a tone which showed them it was useless to persist, we ordered them to prepare for the descent. Going down is easy enough. The Arabs spring down, step by step, before you, and you steady yourself by their hands as you follow them."

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BAIRAM.

The second picture on this page represents the rejoicings at the festival of the Bairam, which lasts three days after the close of the Rhamadan. It is an Oriental carnival. Tents are erected—all sorts of games played—swings and a kind of fandango are indulged, and dancers and story-tellers liberally patronized. The troops parade, and all the military officials are in full dress. The different ranks of military and civil officers are distinguished by a decoration or *mischam* worn at the throat. The pachas or generals wear immense decorations of magnificent diamonds. By a singular custom, the people celebrate the festival of the Bairam in the cemeteries. They establish themselves at the tombs of their relatives, in tents pitched to shelter them from the sun, and eat and drink, after having chanted a few verses in honor of the dead. Open-air kitchens are thronged by the amateurs of cakes and dainties. To the swings are suspended strings of bells, which jangle musically with the motion of the swing, to the universal delight of the merry-makers. The greatest crowd is in the cemetery near Bab-el-Nasr. The poor Fellahs forget their wretched condition in the fascinations of the festival. The Egyptians have not the gravity of the Turks; they are more alert and gay, and are not afraid to show that they are enjoying themselves. The streets, that of Ezkebieh particularly, put on a new aspect. All the coffee-houses are filled with Turks sipping their Mocha, denied to them during the preceding fast, or imbibing with rapture the smoke of a *chibouque* or *narghileh*. The coffee-houses are shops of cloth or boards, containing cups and a furnace to make the coffee. This feast was lately celebrated.



REJOICINGS AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE BAIRAM, CAIRO, EGYPT



FOU-CHOW-FOO, ON THE RIVER MIN, CHINA.

FOU-CHOW-FOO ON THE MIN RIVER, CHINA.

We publish on this page a very accurate view of the Chinese City of Fou-Chow-Foo on the Min River, about twenty-five miles from its mouth. It was one of the five ports open to western commerce by the former treaty and of course included in the recent treaties between China, on the one hand, and England, Russia, France and the United States, on the other—one of the greatest events of the age. The greatest interest is now felt in that vast and singular empire which is now thrown open to Christianity, to civilization and to commerce. The population of Fou-Chow-Foo is estimated at 600,000 within the walls, and 400,000 in Nantin and its other suburbs. As will be seen from our engraving, the city is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, about four miles distant. The city boasts of containing the residence of a viceroy and a British consul, and it possesses also a Tartar garrison. The town is commanded by a fortified hill, 500 feet above

the plain, and inside the walls is another height, crowned by a conspicuous watch tower. A long bridge, erected on granite pillars, crosses the river, which is partly covered with ships. The city has a main street, with residences for the public functionaries. Large quantities of cotton goods and well-dyed blue cloths are manufactured here, and 500 ovens for the production of porcelain are constantly employed in the city and its vicinity. The black tea district being within seventy miles, tea is procured at Fou-Chow-Foo cheaper than at Canton.

THE PALACE OF TANJORE, INDIA.

The palace of Tanjore, India, of which we herewith publish an accurate view, is chiefly remarkable as a rich and curious specimen of Hindoo architecture. Its appearance is highly striking and effective. The first expedition, which was undertaken in aid of the Rajah of Tanjore and his ally, Mahommed Ali, who had

taken refuge at Trichinopoly from the attacks of their opponents, supported by the French, was the prelude to British supremacy in India. Tanjore, situate in a fertile territory, was at that period a wealthy city, or rather, as now, divided into two forts and a pettah (native town,) abounding with large edifices and majestic gopuras (pagodas). It has never been entirely subdued by the Mahommedans. Thus the old Hindoo institutions prevailed to a greater extent than in any other part of India (Benares excepted,) and the suttee was a rite of the most frequent occurrence. The large fort, with its walls four miles in circumference, contains, in addition to its celebrated gopura, the Durbar, or "hall of audience," built by the Cholu family of the ancient dynasty; but, with the usual Brahminical superstition, being deemed unlucky, the "Rajah's Chuttrum," shown in our view, superseded it, and became the potentate's residence. This building exhibits the usual peculiarities of the Hindoo style of architecture.



PALACE AT TANJORE, INDIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEONORE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

In the purple light of evening
Strayed we by the lonely shore;
Earth was fair with one bright presence,
In these hallowed days of yore,
When my heart was consecrated
To the peerless Leonore:
Where are now those golden moments?
Where is now my Leonore?

Spread the azure depths above us,
Now with night's gems studded o'er,
And the ocean blue beneath us
Then a mimic glory wore;
But the star that shone upon me
Was my beauteous Leonore:
Through my soul her dark eyes burning—
My unrivalled Leonore.

"Herman," said she, sadly sighing,
"Something never felt before
Tells me we will soon be parted—"
"Stay, beloved one, I implore!
These are idle fears," I murmured,
Yet they pierced me to the core:
Set the young moon dimly shrouded,
As I calmed my Leonore.

Years have rolled in darkness o'er me,
Who is mine for evermore;
We are parted—yet in death, love,
Thy bright memory I adore.
Angel-spirit, guide me upward
To thy heaven, Leonore;
My sad soul is torn and weary,
Parted from thee, Leonore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 9.

BY ALUNG.

A HARD TIME, AND A HARDER ROAD TO TRAVEL.

LATE in the month of June, 1854, having some spare time on hand, and eager to get away from the excessive heat on shore, I accepted an offer which was made to me by a friend, to conduct a short voyage along that part of the coast extending from the city of Shanghai to Amoy, calling at all the ports which lay between these two places. Our voyage was proposed and planned by my friend, Mr. Richford, partly for business and partly for pleasure. He owned a large ship-chandler's store in Shanghai, and desired to visit the ports indicated, for the purpose of establishing branches of his business there. He was therefore willing to procure a boat, man and furnish it at his own expense, provided myself and two others would bear him company, and I would take command of the expedition.

Our company consisted of Richford, Thackwell, Hammond and myself—all hearty young fellows who had occasionally had a rub with the Chinese—and ten Chinese boatmen who belonged to the boat which had been engaged for the trip. A day or two before starting, several suspicious-looking cases and baskets went on board along with other articles of provender; and the quantity of good things gave ample assurance that we should have a bountiful supply of the staff of life and all its trimmings, during the voyage.

But all things, even a Chinaman's tail, have an end, and so had our preparations. Everything which we would be likely to require having been procured, and the hands all mustered, we took a parting glass of *Sillery Mousseux* with the friends who came to see us off, hoisted our three square sails, tripped our anchor, and glided away down the river amid the hearty cheers of those we left behind us. Our boat was a fast sailer, roomy and comfortable, with a tolerable-sized cabin, in which we soon made all snug for sea. By the time we had reached Woosung, we felt quite at home in our new quarters, and were as merry as larks. At that place we came to anchor, and went on shore to purchase some sea-stores not procurable above. We then took a stroll around the village—which, by the way, is one of the dirtiest I have ever seen, even in China—and returned to our vessel.

The next morning we made sail, and leaving the river, shaped our course for Ningpo. Our time passed rapidly and pleasantly during the day, with the aid of cribbage and chess; and at night we divided the hours of watch between us. Now and then a flock of wild ducks would bring our rifles into play, and, although shooting ducks with a rifle on board a boat tossing about on the sea is rather a difficult affair, yet our table was graced with the presence of a pair, which we found very good. On the fourth day we reached the mouth of the Ningpo River, and having the flood tide and the wind in our favor, we glided over its muddy waters at a quick rate. The scenery on each side was the same as on most of the North China rivers—low, flat paddy fields extending for miles inland, with a few mud huts along the banks. In the little creeks upon each side a number of junks were hauled up, which appeared as old and dirty as though built before the time of Noah's ark, and left there ever since. The eyes painted upon their bows looked as though suffering from extreme old age, or a bad case of ophthalmia.

At Ningpo we remained two days, and while Richford was making his business arrangements, we enjoyed ourselves the best way we could in seeing the sights and observing the people of this

great city. One of our visits was to the Chinese Opera, the memory of which was forcibly awakened last night by several members of the feline race, who honored me by a serenade on the top of an old wood-shed at the rear of my present domicile. The only difference between the two performances that was worthy of critical notice, was, that the Ningpo troupe possessed the best tenor of the two.

We left this city in a thick fog, which obliged us to proceed slowly down the river; but the next morning a strong northerly breeze carried the fog and our boat to sea. Our destination was Foo Chow Foo, and for that port I shaped my course, having just as much wind after us as our boat could comfortably carry all sail to. The route which I had decided to pursue when we first started from Shanghai, was to keep the boat along the main land, and to the northwest of the archipelago, for the purpose of avoiding as much as possible the pirates who favor those islands with their presence, and for whose acquaintance, nearer than rifle-shot, I did not feel at all anxious.

The next day after that on which we left Ningpo broke dull and hazy, with masses of dark clouds hanging around the horizon, and over them the sickly green appearance of the sky so well known to the experienced mariner as the precursor of a coming storm. Our boat was not well calculated to stand either a heavy gale or a high sea; but there was no help for it at that moment, and we had to resolve on making the best of what might come. The barometer also fell rapidly, thus adding its testimony to the other appearances which my observation had noted. I at once proceeded to make every preparation in our power for the safety of the boat during the unusually heavy gale which I foresaw was upon us, and I had not much time to spare.

Like one of our northwesterners on the American coast, on it came, to use a sailor phrase, "butt-end foremost." In ten minutes after the wind first reached the boat, the cabin was half full of water. I tried every expedient I could think of to keep her head to the wind, but all to no purpose. She would come up to the wind and shake for a moment; then lifting on one of the swells (which got up in an incredibly short time), she would fall off broadside to the sea, where she would roll so heavily that I expected every moment to see her capsize, or her masts go over the side. At every roll she would ship large quantities of water, which pouring into the cabin, threatened to swamp her. I abandoned all attempts to heave her to, seeing the impossibility of doing so, and as our last resource we had to put her dead before the gale.

Towards evening the gale abated. But with the departure of one trouble another came; the furies of the elements were to be succeeded by human fiends. The pirates on shore had seen us, and probably thinking the opportunity for robbery and murder too good a one to let slip; supposing, too, that we should not venture to sea again during the fury of the storm, even to escape from them; they had evidently determined to pitch into us while we were detained in their inhospitable bay, and, according to their usual course, plunder our boat and capture all that survived the attack, and hold them as slaves for ransom. To carry out this humane purpose, they came out of their creek with four junks, hitherto hid from the observation of any passing vessel, and made sail for us.

We saw the junks as soon as they hauled out from the creek where they had been concealed, and knowing full well what they were coming for, we did not think it worth while to await their arrival. We preferred risking our lives and boat with the storm, in preference to being taken prisoners by them, and held in captivity until ransomed by our friends. As quick as possible, we hove in our cable; but misfortunes seldom come single, and this time the anchor had got foul among the rocks at the bottom, resisting all our efforts to free it. After much delay we were compelled to cut the cable and run, reluctantly abandoning our anchor.

The pirates now opened fire upon us with their cannon, and several balls passed through our sails. We had nothing but rifles with which to return their fire. We were, however, sufficiently near to make our return compliments unpleasantly effective, and so we blazed away. One of the junks made better speed than its consorts, and was gaining on us so fast that we thought it altogether prudent to devote our chief attention to her. We therefore directed our whole fire upon her crew, and made every shot tell. The fellows at the helm afforded the best mark, owing to their more elevated position, and four of their men fell at this spot before they could adopt any means of steering with the helmsman concealed from sight.

Our pursuer came on at a spanking rate, plunging the water before her, with her bow bearing directly upon our quarter. In this position she struck us lightly, and passing, poured her whole broadside into us. Three of our native boatmen were killed by the shot, and Hammond fell senseless to the deck, struck by a splinter from our capstan. Rifle in hand, I was on the look-out for the pirate, which had passed, as I supposed, to range alongside on our other quarter and give us another broadside. At that moment a sheet of flame dazzled my eyes, and a most fearful report was heard, causing our boat to shake as though she had struck upon a rock. Immediately pieces of blackened wood and fragments of human bodies fell in showers upon our deck. By some accident the junk had been blown up by her own magazine, and her murderous crew had thus met with a horrible but well-deserved fate.

All this time we were going fast through the water, and when the smoke cleared away we looked back and saw the other junks stopping to pick up the remnants of their mutilated consort and her scattered crew. As we drew off from land the force of the gale increased, and we soon felt its power, and made every hur-

ried preparation for it that the circumstances would admit of. The poor fellows that had been shot, we consigned to the sea, and with a shovel threw over the side the blackened human fragments that had fallen upon our deck.

As the sun went down the fury of the gale appeared still to augment, and we flew before it all that night, running dead for the main land. At daybreak we neared the coast and could see the waves dash upon it in mimic mountains. All we could do was to look out for the best place to beach our boat, and try to head her for the most desirable point. A nearer approach to the land enabled us to discover a small channel of green water, and for that we headed the boat. She entered it, and with the speed of an arrow from a bow, flew along the narrow passage, on each side of which the sea broke against the rocks with such force as to send showers of spray upon our deck. She glided on until she reached the point of shore directly before her, when she struck with a momentum that made her frame crack, and sent her three masts sprawling inland, being broken short off at the deck. We were all more or less stunned and bruised by the shock, but no one was killed or permanently injured.

So far we were thankful that our lives were spared. But our boat was a helpless wreck, and we knew not where we were. On all the country around as far as our eager eyes could see, no sign of human habitation appeared. The cabin was now fast filling with water; for the boat's bows were stove in. Everything had got wet—powder, rifles and all. We had commenced taking our effects on shore, and were busily attending to the task, when we were saved all further trouble by a body of fifty Chinamen who suddenly surrounded us, headed by a mandarin. Had we been ever so anxious to resist this gang, we could not, for our powder and weapons were useless. Consequently they took us prisoners, and made us all fast with thongs. They then commenced operations upon the boat, skinning her of everything which she contained, and afterwards broke her up and carried her away piecemeal. It was the most perfect and systematic exhibition of plundering that I ever saw—rivalled even the carrion crows, for they leave the skeleton after picking it clean.

During the whole time that this work was going on, we were left tied together, exposed to the blazing sun, without a drop of water or a mouthful of food. When all was got that could be got, we were marched away to a village on the sheltered side of a hill, which could not be seen from the shore. There we were put into a kind of kennel at the back of the mandarin's house. The next step was to put large iron rings around our necks, which shut up with a snap like hand-cuffs. A long iron chain connected these rings together, making us all fast in a string, and this was secured to an iron ring in the wall. At length a substitute for food was set before us, in the shape of filthy rice and oily fat pork, in a large wooden dish which I am certain had a coat of dirt upon it at least an inch thick. This wretched fare was picced out with a pitcher of dirty water. We were then left for the night, to sleep as best we could succeed, upon the slimy floor of our den.

The next morning we were stripped of our clothing, and its place supplied with filthy and ragged Chinese garments, all alive with vermin. Through our boatmen, who fared the same as ourselves, we asked the privilege of washing these clothes, and the request being granted, we set at work and cleaned them of their surplus material, though at the expense of several new rents which washing made in the rotten vestments. For several days they made us work in their rice fields, and we had pretty much planned a method of escape, when one day we were called from the field where we were working, and told that we might go where we chose. The reason of this unaccountable conduct on the part of our captors I could never find out, but it was in perfect keeping with the fickleness of the Chinese character; and as the news was altogether too acceptable for us to waste much time in making inquiries, we made all haste to avail ourselves of the joyful intelligence, without stopping to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

We were now informed that we were one hundred and thirty miles distant from the nearest port where "barbarians" lived; and only too glad to escape from the wretches who had robbed and made slaves of us, we left the village. Such a miserably appointed company as we appeared, could never be imagined. Falstaff's ragamuffins were Beau Brummels compared with us. Without a shoe on any of us; with our rags tacked together with wooden skewers, to shade our flesh from the sun which blistered wherever it shone upon the body; with only ten pounds of boiled rice for food—we began our march for Foo Chow Foo. The sharp stones and coarse gravel soon made our feet one mass of bleeding wounds, and the skin on our faces peeled off in the scorching rays of the sun, leaving the tender skin beneath it raw and scalding, as the perspiration rolled down our cheeks. At night we slept upon the bare ground, and as it rained often, our miseries were proportionably increased.

It would take too much space in this sketch to give an account of all our sufferings before we reached the city and our friends. Suffice it to say that after several days of such hardship as seldom falls to the lot of man, to endure, we reached our friends, from whom we had parted in so much glee, miserable, reduced and pitiable objects; and for weeks afterwards we bore visible marks of our hard time, and harder road to travel.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY EFF. T. HYATT.

I mused upon a summer's night
Within my window all alone:
The moon was shining clear and bright,
And all the heat of day had gone.
As gentle breezes stirred the air,
I felt a spell of quiet there
I had not known since, when a boy,
I slept mid dreams of rosy joy.

I mused, and then before mine eyes
Came fairy forms that once I knew;
I started back in mute surprise—
They seemed so real, but were not true.
I thought I saw a castle's halls,
Whose gorgeous dome and massive walls,
With turrets reaching far above,
Contained the lady of my love.

But still I mused, my steps to trace
Down mossy path by gurgling streams—
The spot of every earthly place
To realize a poet's dreams.
The violet there so modest grew,
Decked in its robe of azure hue,
That gaudy flowers had envious grown,
And left the violet there alone.

'Twas in a cot, mid verdant trees,
Alone a rustic maiden dwelt;
Her hair was floating on the breeze,
Her bonole eyes my heart did melt.
And there within the shady grove,
I told her of my constant love;
When, smiling through her falling tears,
She gave her heart with many fears.

Again I mused and soiled again
Upon the mansion's glittering dome,
And thought that splendor has its pain.
But joy does choose a rustic home:
For gilded show is but to hide
The misery of "pomp and pride;"
While love and faith together twine
Their simple wreath around the vine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PANIC IN RUSHTON.

BY ANSON W. COOPER.

RUSHTON is a quiet little village—too quiet, perhaps, for people who love gay, exciting, noisy places; but when the soul is sick—and whose soul is not sometimes sick?—Rushton is just the place to heal it in. I have called Rushton a little village. It is rather a cluster of small villages, each distinct by itself, but embracing in the whole a large area of ground and a considerably large population. The walks and drives about Rushton are perfectly magnificent. It lies on the seacoast, sheltered within a bay, and encircled in the loving arms of two fine points of land. Built mostly upon the gentle slope of a hill, its southern aspect is towards the ocean, commanding a view of every vessel that floats in its fine harbor; while a short walk will bring one into the midst of as complete retirement as the most quiet country town could afford. There are spots where the green lanes and wooded vales shut out the world as completely as on a western prairie; stretches of soft, undulating scenery, broken here and there by sharper ascents, and relieving it from the charge of tameness or dullness.

One of the prettiest houses in the central village was owned and occupied by a young and thriving trader, who had married a good but portionless girl, and was now the father of two fine children. All things seemed to flourish with them. George Leland's shutters were down from the store windows before those of any on the street; and Mary had the rare gift which has been immortalized in song—that of "makin' auld claithes a'most as gude as new." With these two facts, it seemed almost certain that success would crown their efforts, and so it did; they were prosperous and happy. The neat, cheerful house seemed like a paradise to George, when, weary and tired, he came home at evening and found his two little ones waiting to give him the good-night kiss, and his smiling, neatly-dressed wife at the shining tea-table, ready to pour out the fragrant tea, and then to play and sing his favorite song.

Although Mary had been poor, she was fortunate in having a friend in her girlish days, who had delighted to cultivate her talent for music; and George had given her a piano in the first days of their wedded life, on condition that she would give him a song every night. The two little girls, Annie and Millicent, named after their grandmothers, were now four and six years old; bright, beautiful children, too, as need be, and beginning to join their mother's singing at evening, with voices that promised rich music in the future.

They had been waiting a long time for their father's coming one Saturday evening, and to amuse them, Mary went to the piano and played a lively waltz. The little creatures danced gaily to her music, and, in the midst of their glee, he entered. Mary's bright face looked up as he came in, but the expression she encountered made her tremble at some unknown evil. He sat down to tea, but scarcely tasted it, and did but barely notice the children as they came round him. Mary dismissed them to bed, and anxiously waited for him to speak. At length she could bear it no longer.

"You have ill news, George? Am I not to know what distresses you?"

"I am ruined, that is all, Mary!"

"Ruined?"

"Yes; I have lost all—everything—more than everything!"

"No, no, my husband; wife and children, and health and strength are left to you yet."

"Health and strength without the ability to use them, and wife and children without the ability to support them," he answered, gloomily.

"Don't talk so, love. Tell me all, that I may judge of our misfortunes; I do not believe they are so very terrible, after all."

The husband's lip quivered; he had not known adversity before, and the blow had prostrated him.

"Kettell has absconded with everything available; he has drawn all the money from the bank in my name, and Curtis and Snow have attached the store and goods in consequence of hearing the report. Coming at such a time, when I was harassed to death by Kettell's sudden flight, proved them meaner than I could have believed."

"But they will suffer you to go on?"

"No, they are determined to trust to no contingency, but to secure their debt at whatever cost to me."

"But you have friends, George?"

"I had friends, until I was stripped of all that gained them. They were butterflies, and have proved themselves such. Not a man on the street offered to stand forth for me; and I was too proud to ask them."

"Well, you have credit, surely?"

"What is the credit of one whose bubble has burst? Besides, Mary, there is really a business panic already. I shall not be alone in ruin, but that is no comfort."

It was in the autumn of 1836, when the pressure was just commencing that bore down upon the business community for a whole year afterwards, and from which so many never recovered at all. George Leland's clerk, whom until now he had supposed perfectly trustworthy and faithful, had wrought this great wrong upon a kind employer who had taken him from want two years before, and had treated him with respect and confidence rarely existing in the relations between master and assistant. But George remembered when he was in a subordinate capacity in a store, and he strove to act upon the golden rule which was never applied by his master.

Now, where were the fruits of his kindness? Leland began to distrust every one, the hardest and most hopeless state in which a man can possibly arrive at. It was true enough that no one stood forth to help him; but it was a trying season for all. Hundreds even in that little town, were bending beneath the financial difficulties, and feeling that the crash was most surely at hand. Bank after bank was crumbling into ruin, and firm after firm, of those which had been considered most stable, were crushed down, with scarcely a hope of rising again.

That night Leland walked to and fro in his chamber until the dawn approached. All Mary's efforts could not soothe him. The fate of his wife and children, beggared, as he said, was before his eyes continually.

"But your creditors, George—they will surely wait?"

"Alas, they are inexorable. When a man begins to stagger under one blow, he will be pursued until he is down. Mary, there is no resource but to leave you. Thank Heaven, the house is yours!—how fortunate that I gave you the deed!—and yet some one will say that even this is fraudulent."

"Do you think so, George?—if you do, I will resign my claim at once."

"No; have I not an obligation towards my family? Who would keep you and the children under their roof while I am gone?"

"Gone?"

"Yes, Mary, I must go. Do anything with the house that you wish. I must get away privately. Nay, do not weep, or you will unman me! I shall go to the West, and when I can make you comfortable I will send for you."

It was a hard saying for Mary to hear, but she bore up bravely under it. As George said, there might come a time when they could rise up from these troublous times and be happy again. She shed many and bitter tears over the trunk that she was packing the next morning; she dared not think what would become of herself; she only thought of George and his homeless, wandering life. That night, the first of their wedded life, she fastened the doors upon herself and her children alone. That night, too, George took up his cheerless march for untried lands.

Mary awoke to a sense of desolation, but with a heart that tried to be brave and cheerful. Through the day there were many inquiries for her husband. She scarcely knew how to answer them, but to all she said that he had left town, and that she did not know when he would return.

One of her neighbors who had already felt the pressure, was obliged to give up the handsome house in which he lived. His wife lamented that she must leave so pleasant a neighborhood, and Mary eagerly asked if any part of her house would answer their purpose. Just what they wanted, but dared not ask; and the house was forthwith divided, making sufficient room for both families. Mary retained her own cosy little sitting-room in which she had passed so many hours with the absent one, and willingly gave up the more stylish parlor.

One long chamber in an outer building, roughly built for storing goods, she had finished off for a school-room, and, at low rates to meet the hard times, she soon had as many scholars as she wished, besides a small number in music. Added to these cares, she took two or three boarders, and as far as she was concerned, she had no fear of want. But her thoughts wandered to the absent husband, and when night came and she could fold her arms and sit down in the shadowy twilight to rest, a thousand conflicting thoughts would come thronging to her heart, and she felt a dull, heavy sinking that made her almost ill.

One, two, three years passed. They who had cowered beneath the financial tempest of 1837, had many of them risen again, and the lost confidence was restored. George had written to her often—calm, thoughtful letters they were, but scarcely hopeful enough to cheer her with any prospect of being able to return. She had not heard from him for two or three months, and she began to be seriously alarmed at his silence; she was indeed almost distracted, when at the end of four months no tidings came. Then followed the terrible news of a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi, and the following night the names of the victims were given, and that of — Leland was recorded among them.

"But there is no baptismal name," urged her kind neighbor, Mrs. Eastman.

"No matter; it is my George, I am certain," she would reply, in a tone that showed that hope had no part in her belief that it was he who had met his death on the terrible river.

Only the added necessity of maintaining her children induced her to resume her school. Heart and strength had indeed failed, and for weeks Mary was a pale ghost, gliding in and out of the house as silently as a spirit, and looking almost as shadowy as our fancies picture those unsubstantial creatures. She kept her school as she did everything else—mechanically, and with a dreamy sort of way that only changed into interest when the children thought her so very sad that they wept for her. Then she would smile and make a desperate effort to be cheerful, but it was like the sun showing itself through the snow cloud.

Mrs. Eastman proved herself a firm friend to Mary. Often when the latter returned from her school, she found her fire made and the supper in readiness for her boarders, or some such timely and welcome aid to the wearied woman. Every gleam of light that shone upon the path of the Eastmans was reflected in some way upon hers; and their tender and constant sympathy was her best comfort, after her children. One day her kind friend came into the school. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Mary was sitting listlessly with her head upon her hands, lost in thought.

"Come," said Mrs. Eastman's cheery voice, "this will never do! Dismiss this sad-looking group into the open air, and come in and take tea with me—children, boarders and all; I insist upon it!"

But Mary had already burst into tears, and Mrs. Eastman had to turn out the little troop herself.

"Now, Mrs. Leland," she began, "there is no sense in your thus giving up to despair. Who knows? You know I have never given Mr. Leland up yet."

"Don't, don't!" said poor Mary; "I must not cling to so wild a hope!"

"But what if the Leland who was in that steamer, was after all a Mr. William Leland, of Indiana? I have heard so to-day."

"But, Mrs. Eastman, if George were living, would he not write to me?"

"Perhaps he has. But letters fail sometimes, and if his contained money, as it is likely they did, somebody might have been tempted to take them."

"O, Mrs. Eastman, I cannot trust to such wild possibilities!"

"But you shall trust to them, my dear little woman!" exclaimed her friend, who drew her arm within her own and almost carried her into the house. "It is a duty you owe your children. There, run up stairs and wash away your tears, and come into my room to tea. You shall not wear such a ghostly aspect any longer."

Mary tried to smile, and all the way up stairs she was thinking of the poor Mrs. Leland whose husband was lost. Yes, she would try to accept Mrs. Eastman's view of the case, she would hope! She came down stairs lightly, but the tear-traces were still visible. She turned to open her own door.

"No, not there! Wait a moment!" said Mrs. Eastman, rushing towards her, but too late to prevent her going in. "Lord bless me!" ejaculated Mrs. Eastman, "she will die of fright. Why didn't I manage better?"

A ray of the wintry sunset shot athwart the room and shone upon the face of George Leland! There he stood, alive and handsome and bright-looking as in the old days, and he clasped the poor, pale little woman in his arms, and whispered joy and peace to the heart that was reeling with excess of bliss already. It was just as Mrs. Eastman had said; George's letters were stolen; but he was alive, and that was enough. Mrs. Eastman still regrets that she did not manage the interview better.

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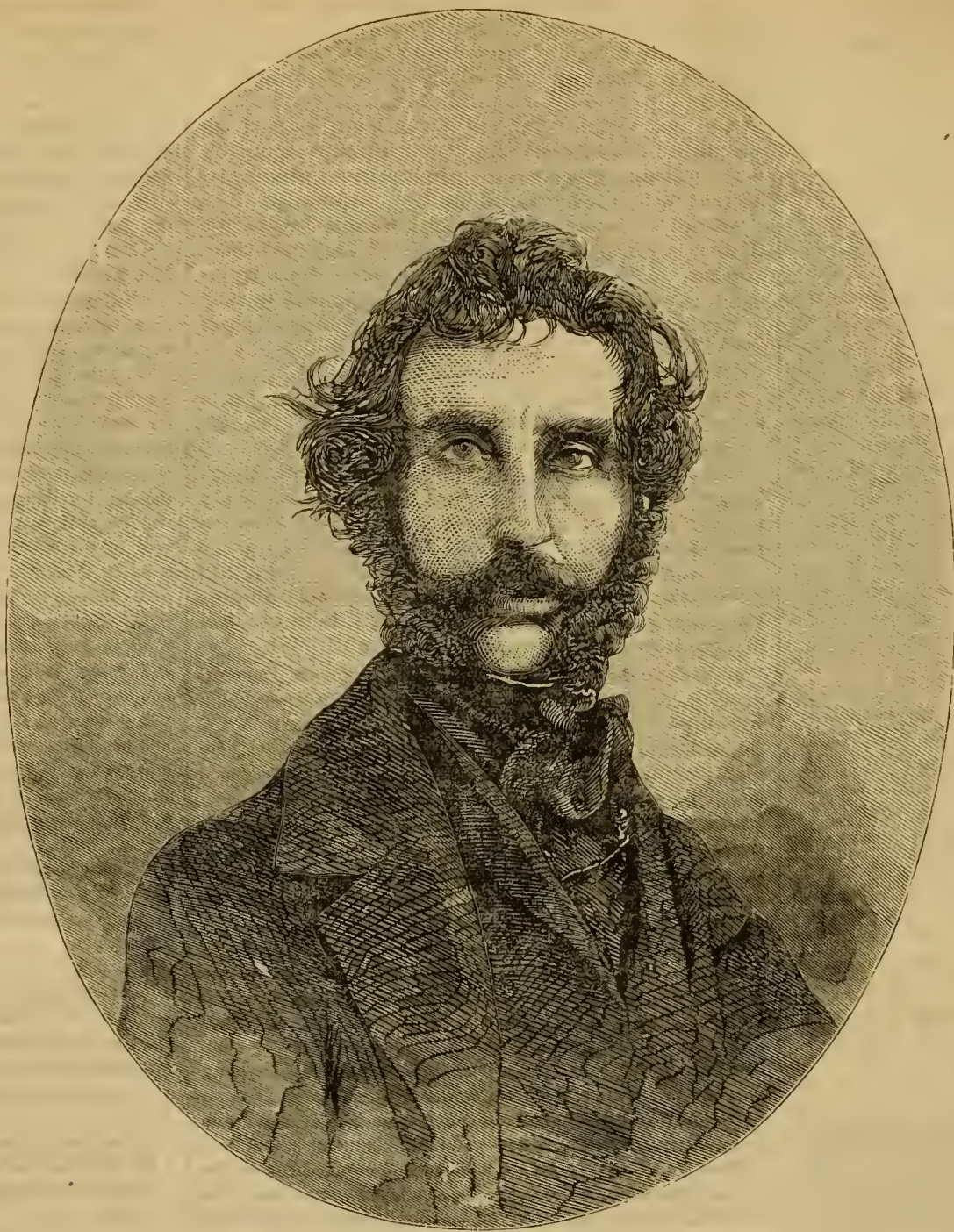
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SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

The accompanying portrait of the distinguished English author, scholar, and statesman, is from a recent photograph, and may be supposed to reproduce his present appearance accurately. Care and severe toil have left their signet on his lineaments, but intellect and energy are stamped upon his brow. It is now about a third of century since Bulwer, to call him by his most familiar name, first made his mark in the world of letters as the author of "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," a novel which, after lingering on the booksellers' shelves for a very brief season, took a firm hold on the popular mind, and was circulated with the most extraordinary rapidity. Simultaneously with its success at home, it became popular on this side of the water, and was soon translated into French and German and achieved a continental reputation. From that time to this Bulwer has pursued a triumphant career as a novelist, ranging over the centuries and the world, in his selection of scenes and subjects, with all the daring and nearly all the success of Sir Walter Scott. He has by turns illustrated fashionable life, chivalry, and history; has tried the dramatic, the didactic and narrative style of novel, and, it is worthy of remark, that his latest novels have been his best, most truthful in spirit, and most healthy in moral tone. His novels alone would have given him a reputation for industry, but it must be remembered that he has also cultivated other branches of literature, as the drama, history and poetry; besides which, he has been an ardent politician, and takes an active part in various philanthropic movements of the day. The secret of his success lies in his resolution and labor. He seems to have adopted as a motto, the energetic declaration of one of his dramatic characters, "There is no such word as fail!" "He will never be a speaker," it was said, when he first entered the House of Commons. He shortly afterwards decided the house on a memorable occasion, and on a vital question, by a speech which electrified all who heard it, elicited from a great orator, and one of the best oratorical critics that ever lived, enthusiastic encomiums, and still rings in the memory of Parliament. He has not belied the promise of that brilliant day; and Edinburgh will not easily forget, that in 1854, nor Glasgow that in 1857, it was he whose accents made their crowded academic halls vibrate—wondrous combination!—to eloquence at once the most ornate and the most impassioned with which they had ever echoed. "He will never be a dramatist," said they, when his first play was produced. It had cost him a far longer period of toil than that fortnight which sufficed to begin and finish the most skilful and pathetic of all modern sentimental comedies—the "Lady of Lyons." "Money" surpassed even Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in its first "run." In fine, there is only Shakspeare who more frequently commands occupancy of the acting stage. The more esoteric merits were all along conceded to Bulwer's dramatic compositions; it was popularity which the prophets denied him. His popularity presently eclipsed every precedent. "He will never figure as a politician," men exclaimed, when he first hazarded himself in that capacity. Yet he soon played a distinguished part in the House of Commons; and at this moment occupies a conspicuous position in the Ministry. His industry has been unwearied; no labor has deterred him. Were it necessary, for the perfection of some minor but essential passage in some work to learn Hebrew, he would stop the press—or we do not else understand the man—till he had mastered the requisite preliminary. Often has he been told that he possessed not the genius necessary for various enterprises which he had undertaken. "Very likely," has he said; "but I have at least the talent of labor, and I must make what I have serve for what I have not." It was like telling a digger that he had not the right tool, when the digger, with the tool in his hand, was fairly accomplishing his work. If scythe would answer, he would contrive to dispense with the more orthodox sickle, need compelling. From this main quality, as from a trunk-railway, many other qualities flowed,—inflexible performance of promises, words kept like bonds, courage unconquerable. And with all these high characteristics are combined pride in his "order"—that "order" of literature in which men earn, not inherit distinction,—sympathy for its less fortunate members, genial and cordial encouragement for its younger aspirants, a gentleman's courtesy in antagonism, and a true man's sincerity in friendship. The public mind in England has lately been excited by some incidents connected with the domestic infelicity of Bulwer, but he has borne himself in these circumstances with a dignity and reserve that do him the highest honor as a gentleman.



SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

VIEW OF SEVRES, FRANCE.

The very pretty landscape in this page, is an accurate view of the village of Sevres near Paris, so famous for its porcelain manufactory. The splendid stone bridge which we see in the engraving, connects Sevres with Billancourt, on the opposite side of the river, which is here divided into two branches by the almost uninhabited island of Sequin. The bridge in the distance is that belonging to the village of St. Cloud, from which point to Sevres rise the high wooded grounds constituting the celebrated imperial parks. On the left is the tall column with the Diogenes lantern in the post; to the right, on the brow of the opposite hill, is the strong fortress of Mount Valerian. The village of Sevres lies in a delightful valley, between the park of Saint Cloud and the

heights of Belle Vue and Meudon. It is on the high road to Versailles; and before the days of railways enjoyed a large share of fashionable traffic, and country residents. Even now it is not without its individual attractions, on account of which special visitors frequently flock thither from Paris. We would particularly draw the attention of the reader to the beautiful position of Sevres as illustrated in the above engraving. The distance from the bridge, which here spans the Seine, to Paris, is not more than two leagues, or five miles; and to this delightful spot rushes, on Sundays and fete days, an eager throng, anxious to find enjoyment and while away in the dizzy round of pleasure the hours that shall bring the morrow. Sevres is, so to speak, a central spot. On the one side is the delightful park and grounds of Saint Cloud, and on the other side lanes delightfully cool and shady, even on a hot, sultry day, lead up to the woody villas of Belle Vue, or the stately and palatial mansion of Meudon. All along the right side of the Seine for miles, extends a long line of rising ground, well covered with trees and verdure, which invites the stranger and citizen to quit the burning pavements of the capital, and seek the sweetness and pleasure of repose in that direction. The view from the Diogenes lantern in the park, is nearly identical; only, perhaps, from the orange-scented terrace of the latter, a less extensive sweep of landscape is commanded, and the classical hills of Montmorency stand not out in such bold prominence. But what of that? Sevres has admirers of its own; and few there are who have toiled out on foot along the straight, hot, dusty road beneath the heights of Chailot and Passy, who will hail the delightful village that lies on the other side of the bridge. In olden days, the sandstone rocks which compose the hills around Paris were quarried out for stone. The French dig out the stone as we dig out coal. Deep shafts are sunk in the earth, galleries are then commenced in all directions, and in the course of time these subterranean corridors become not only numerous but lengthy. Doubtless our readers have heard of the Catacombs of Paris. These are neither graves nor vaults excavated in the earth for the special purpose of containing the dead, but simply galleries, such as we have described and constructed under the same conditions. When the cemeteries and churchyards of the city had become too full to hold more human remains the burial grounds were disturbed; the bones of those who had reposed in these consecrated places for ages were taken up—with no sacrilegious intention, however—and removed with all solemnity

to the quarries south of the capital, where they were arranged in a grim and hideous order; but still with every attention of respect on the part of the living. About the middle of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the dismal galleries of Sevres were the resort of the brigand and the persecuted. The brigand ensconced himself in these dark realms that he might have a *point d'appui*, from which to dart out and attack a solitary traveller, or perhaps a company of gay cavaliers. In the intricate passages of these quarries he could ensure a secure retreat, since they extended in a puzzling labyrinth far and wide, and had two or three entrances known only to himself and his brethren in plunder. These haunts have now been changed into wine-cellars, which are said to be capable of containing 15,000 pieces of wine.



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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Y., Covington, Ky.—There is no work to be obtained here on the subjects you refer to. By writing to Messrs Little & Brown, booksellers, Boston, you can order any book published in Europe.
 SERGEANT S.—We are free to express our opinion that the seventh regiment, New York, has no superior, if an equal, in the world.
 R. D., Manchester.—The members of the royal family of England can only intermarry with members of a Protestant royal family.
 INVALID.—The shower-bath is rather rough practice. Would not a tepid bath be better?
 B. C.—The ring betokening betrothal is worn on the fourth finger of the right hand.
 CASEY N.—It is difficult—nay, almost impossible—to express in letters the correct pronunciation of French words. The nasal sound, for instance, cannot be described. "Bouquet" is pronounced somewhat in this fashion—*Boukay*. Paradoxical as it may seem, the best pronouncing dictionaries are useless, except to those who have learned to pronounce.
 G. T.—A solution of gum arabic constitutes an excellent varnish for a map.
 NON-MILITANT.—A flank march is a movement by which the side of the enemy is turned, and troops are poured down upon his rear, interrupting his communications, and exposing him to an attack where he is least prepared.
 PUPIL.—Gladiators were originally malefactors, who fought for their lives, or captives, who fought for freedom. They exhibited at the funeral ceremonies of the Romans, 263 B. C., probably following the Greek custom of sacrificing to the manes of deceased warriors the prisoners taken in battle. Gladiator fights afterwards exhibited at festivals, about 215 B. C. When Dacia was reduced by Trajan, one thousand gladiators fought at Rome in celebration of his triumph, for one hundred and twenty-three days, A. D., 103. Their combats in public theatres were suppressed in the East by Constantine the Great, A. D., 325. Finally suppressed by Theodoric, in the year 500.
 M. H.—When the bloom of the geranium has gone by, cut the branches back as far as you like; they will break out again, and form nice bushy plants.
 C. C., Hartford, Ct.—The globe at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, England, is a concave sphere, the inside representing the visible surface of the heavens, the stars and constellations all distinguished according to their respective magnitudes, and being turned by means of curious mechanism, their true position, rising and setting is shown. The outside is a terrestrial globe. It was erected by Dr. Long, is eighteen feet in diameter, and thirty persons can sit conveniently in the inside when it is in motion.
 C. D., Brooklyn.—There is no regular line of vessels to Calcutta from this port. Among the merchants in the Calcutta trade are Wm. C. Codman, Samuel Austie and Wm. F. Parrott.
 G. M.—Lockhart's "Valerius," a Roman story, first appeared in 1825, we think.
 N. C.—William Leggett died at New Rochelle, May 29, 1840.
 VOYAGEUR.—Some of the French pawnbroking establishments lend money without interest, but the Mont de Piété at Paris receives 12 per cent.

UNPLEASANT INMATES.—We regret to be told by high authority that "no man knows what torpid snakes may lay coiled in some secret corner of his heart, waiting for a summer of fostering circumstances." Can't some Yankee invent a "snake pison," to be administered to gentlemen in "fostering circumstances?"

MILITARY MOVEMENT.—If there is no objection on the other side of the water, the 69th regiment of New York, Col. Ryan, will visit Ireland in one of the Galway steamers.

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The Russian government has been negotiating with the English Transatlantic Company, for a telegraph cable by Behring's Straits.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Ledyard is laboring hard in England to abate the sanguinary spirit with which the British are pursuing the Sepoys.
 The New Orleans people, unscared by yellow fever, are returning with zest to the various public places of amusements.
 Prince Metternich, the veteran German statesman, though eighty-two years of age, is as active and polite a man as ever.
 A son of Rogers, the distinguished American sculptor, was lately baptized in the Catholic faith at St. Peter's, Rome.
 The tobacco crop of Virginia is estimated this year at 85,000 hogsheds. People will use the weed, in spite of lecturers.
 A lump of ambergris from a decayed whale was lately brought into Nantucket, and sold for \$10,000.
 The young Prince of Oude lately left Paris for the Red Sea, leaving the ballet-corps in tears and white muslin.
 A knitting-machine, that will knit a perfect pair of stockings in less than five minutes, has been invented in New York.
 Mr. Edwin Booth, the young American tragedian, has lately been winning laurels at the South. He is a true star.
 A decoction of box-wood with cologne is the latest remedy for covering denuded heads with luxuriant hair.
 A London printer lately came into possession of a million and a half pounds sterling by the death of a near relative.
 Whiskey to the amount of seven millions of gallons is yearly consumed in the "land of cakes and bonny Scots."
 A Broadway chiffonier lately thought he had found a fortune in a bundle of rags—it turned out a baby.
 Hartford papers, we are sorry to say, declare that bad rum and rowdyism are very prevalent in their city.
 Ira Eldridge, a gentleman who can play Othello without blacking his face, is the last current theatrical card.
 The French Academy is about to publish the first volume of its Dictionary. The work was begun fifty years ago.
 Drawing a mistake or a prejudice out of the head is as difficult as extracting a molar, 'tis said.
 Mr. Albert Smith, the author and lecturer, is engaged to marry Miss Mary Keeley, the favorite of the Adelphi Theatre.
 A recent attempt of the Chartist leaders in England to get up a fresh agitation has been attended with no success.
 Serious crime has decreased lately in Liverpool, England—a fact highly creditable to the magistracy of that city.
 Louis Napoleon's baby has been made a corporal of the Imperial Guards. Next year he will be made a captain.

THE OPENING OF CHINA.

The statement that the ambassadors of England, France, Russia and the United States have succeeded in making treaties with China, is one which excites a good deal of interest. The substance of these treaties is, that the ports of China are to be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and that diplomatic representatives from foreign countries are to have direct communication with the imperial court at Peking. This will involve an entire change in the policy of the Chinese government towards foreigners, and a complete abandonment of the exclusiveness which has hitherto shut up China from the approach of the rest of the world. The guns of England and France have forced the emperor of China to this position. The state of rebellion in that country has also had its effect. The admission of Russia and the United States to equal privileges with the other two powers was a wise stroke of policy on the part of his majesty Hien-Fung, in order to guard himself against the grasping spirit of the latter. The United States have always treated that government with kindness and respect; and aside from the natural disposition to extend to us in return, equal favors with those granted to any other nation, it was obviously sound policy to associate us in common interest with those nations, that we might feel inclined to interpose against any attempt of theirs to stretch their privileges unduly. Thus, the good character of the United States has done for her what the cannon of England and France have done for them.

The consequences of this opening of China to the intercourse and trade of the world, cannot fail to be very important. The productions of that vast country have as yet found their way to foreign markets only to a very limited extent, compared with the resources of the country and the magnitude of its population. The opening of all her ports to foreign commerce will circulate these productions throughout the world, and give employment to a great number of mercantile vessels. Those of the United States will stand a favorable chance for a large participation in this new field of enterprise. The manufactures and productions of this country will also find new and greatly extended markets in China, in consequence of this revolution in her foreign policy. The immediate increase in the demand for these articles must of itself be large, and that increase will be greater still in the time to come, when the advancement of China in civilization shall have created new wants and the means wherewith to provide for them. For we hold that the opening of China to the intercourse of the civilized nations, will prepare the way for a higher civilization in that country; for the improvement and elevation of its many millions of people; and for their conversion to Christianity. There are elements in the character of that people, highly favorable to these advances, when once the artificial restraint is removed which for centuries has kept the nation in a state of material and mental stagnation. The opening of the ports is the first step towards removing this restraint; to be followed, as we trust, by the opening of their moral and intellectual faculties, and ultimately by the opening to them of the Gate of Heaven.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

This beautiful instrument, with its accompanying pictures, is now to be found on almost every parlor table, affording an inexhaustible fund of amusement and instruction. The most complete assortment of stereoscopic instruments and pictures we have examined, is that of Messrs. Wm. E. Abbott & Co., 262 Washington Street, corner of Avon Place. The stereoscopes are of every style and cost, and the slides embrace plain and colored pictures, heads, figures, statues, landscapes, dramatic groups, celebrated cities, buildings, etc., in short, an endless variety. The first sight of one of these pictures in the instrument, is an artistic revelation, startling for its beauty and truthfulness. The figures stand out as if carved. You almost hesitate to look into the interior, so much does it seem like intruding on privacy. And when you gaze upon Egyptian and Roman ruins, it seems as if you were standing among the relics of the past. The effect is almost magical.

PELISSIER'S WOOING.—A pretty story is told of the wooing of the Duke of Malakoff, to this effect: While walking one day in the gardens of St. Cloud, Mlle Valera gathered a rose, and the marshal asking her if she intended to bestow it on him, she replied with rare apropos, "No, monsieur le duc, you only like laurels." On this plain hint, the veteran took courage and spoke. Another version has it that the old gentleman was shot through the heart at Cherbourg.

MADAME LOUISE.—"Madame Louise, from London and Paris," who is about to star it through the country in equestrian dramas in conjunction with G. J. Arnold, the actor, and Nixon & Aymar, the equestrians, is, it is said, no other than Miss Louisa Wells, well known as an actress and equestrienne, and an American by birth.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. T. Ball, who has been engaged two years on an equestrian statue of Washington, is said to have produced a master-piece. Ball is a genius, a fine vocalist and violinist, an admirable painter, and a sculptor who will take the highest rank among American artists.

HOME AGAIN.—T. B. Read, the poet-painter, with some fine specimens of the foreign work of the artist half of his individuality, has arrived home again.

AGRICULTURAL.—Owing to the fashion of wearing tight boots, the corn crop this fall will be very large.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The private lives of poets have seldom much in them to merit public attention. Yet there is usually a very general desire on the part of the reading world to know all that can be known concerning the petty details of their every-day existence, however common-place or even puerile it may be. We have often wondered at this eagerness to obtain such information, and can only account for it upon the principle that man has an inherent disposition to gossip. This disposition manifests itself in the social circle, by his taking a deep interest in the smallest affairs which concern a neighbor, acquaintance, or friend, simply because they do concern a person whom he knows, and not that the facts are of any importance in themselves. In the larger circle of the world, where the aggregate of sentiment is formed which we call public opinion, this same disposition manifests itself in the public mind, by a similar interest in whatever concerns the private life of an author, poet, or other person known to the world by his works, and equally irrespective of the importance or unimportance of the circumstances themselves. In this way the reading world has stuffed its mind full of little petty details concerning Byron, Moore, and fifty other poets, simply because it loved to gossip about these geniuses with whom it claimed acquaintance.

A new scrap of public gossip has just been added to the treasury of writers of poets' lives, by the developments made in the Circuit Court at Bristol, England, during the trial of sundry libel suits against the veteran poet and essayist, Walter Savage Landor. The court convicted him of libelling a clergyman's wife by charging her with conduct too vile to mention, also with perjury, theft and swindling. It appears that for some time past, and until very recently, the lady and her husband and Mr. Landor had been intimate friends, and in the habit of exchanging visits almost daily. Suddenly, and without visible cause, the poet turned against the lady, and in a book called "*Dry Sticks Faggotted*," and a subsequent pamphlet headed with the names of the parties, published the various libels complained of. The only explanation of his singular conduct was, that his great age made him partially insane. Mr. Landor was born in the year 1775, and is consequently eighty-three years old. His whole life has been rather erratic, and marked by occasional outbreaks of insanity. In early life he raised a body of troops to aid the Spanish against the French; but soon threw up his commission in disgust. He afterwards sold estates in England which had been in his family nearly seven hundred years, purchased property in Wales upon which he expended £15,000 in improvements and buildings, got mad with his tenants and drove them from the estate, levelled his house to the ground, and returned to England. Subsequently he resided in Florence, occupying the Medici Palace, and then purchased an Italian count's villa at Fiesole, where he resided many years, in comparative solitude. His last wild freak, we believe, was a public letter, endorsing the liberal government of Louis Napoleon.

MADAME LAGRANGE.

We see it noticed that this unrivalled prima donna lately manifested her attachment to her ex-manager Ulman in Paris in a very disagreeable way—by means of a sheriff's attachment. Ulman was much struck by her execution. We believe the fair creditor did not make much by the process. She claims that Ulman owed her money on the New York engagement. However, Madame will not suffer for want of money at present, for she has been engaged for the Imperial Opera at Rio Janeiro, the papers say at a salary of sixty thousand dollars per annum, with all her expenses and those of her suit of ten persons paid. We are glad that she does not appear under her real name—Madame Stankowich! Stankowich! just think of it:

"Phœbus! what a name
 To swell with praise the speaking-trump of fame!"

MARINE PAINTING.

We paused the other day at Everett's window, Washington, near Summer street, and made one of a group attracted by a fine marine painting from the pencil of Mr. Alfred Wand of this city. The subject was a scene in our harbor, showing a Cunard steamship going out, with the missionary packet "Morning Star" under canvass and outward bound. In the foreground is a rowboat manned with fishermen. The picture is finely colored; the water handled with great vigor, and the whole effect highly pleasing. Mr. Wand has long been renowned for his marine drawings, and this picture shows that he possesses an eye for color and a vigor of touch which will place him in the front rank of marine painters.

A SORRY CASE.—Skinning cows, though a pleasant and lucrative employment, is not always a safe one. It appears a gentleman of Parina, Ohio, who sustained his family by the business, contracted the strange disorder which has troubled the cattle out west, and at last accounts was suffering from a dangerous inflammation in his right hand.

WILD WILL!—Have you read this great story now publishing in The Flag of our Union? It is from the pen of Mrs. C. F. Gerry, and is full of wild but truthful incident of our colonial history. Fully illustrated. For sale everywhere for *Four Cents* per copy.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE."—The State of Iowa has 50,000 men capable of bearing arms, and all the ladies bare arms when in full ball dress.

BOSTON.—Willis says the great tree on the Common is the only portion of our city that we have not rebuilt.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOR ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

BY WILLIE E. PAJOR.

And I dreamed you loved me, darling—
And the thought lay on my heart
As a hope lies in a maiden's breast
When, from the captious crowd apart,
She thinks of loving words *he* said
When standing by her side
On the white sands of the sloping shore,
As they watched the flowing tide.

And I dreamed you loved me, darling—
And the thought was as the sun
And the free air to the convict's heart
When his prison-race is run:
And the open door and the unwatched path
Cry God-speed and begone,
And his heart leaps up unshackled,
Like a spirit newly born.

And I dreamed you loved me, darling—
And when I woke I cried,
I could lie and sleep forever
In such dreaming to abide.
Still, as moonlight is to sunlight,
So the difference would prove
In the dreaming and the waking
To the knowledge of your love.

CONFIDENCE.

How fine and noble a thing is confidence:
How reasonable, too, and almost godlike!
Fast cement of fast friends, bond of society,
Old natural go-between in the world's business;
Where civil life and order, wanting this cement,
Would presently rush back
Into the pristine state of singularity,
And each man stand alone.—LAMB.

YOUTH.

Light-winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping.—MOORE.

GENEROSITY.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.—HOME.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

So we are on the verge of "brown October," so called by the poets, we suppose, because they have so often done it brown in melancholy. Sacred to the Englishman is October; for mighty "hale," as he calls it—the regular "double hex"—is brewed in this month for the delectation of his palate and the moistening of his diaphragm. But in decorating this month, Nature, in England, uses a single rusty tint—here she sets her palette with a thousand gorgeous dyes. Ah, the autumnal woods of New England!—what a fairy realm they are! How, with the deep green of the spruce and the fir, blend the crimson of the maple, the scarlet of the ivy, the gold scales of the hickory, and the pale yellow of the quivering birch! How many dreamy hours we have passed looking into the depths of some woodland pool, and fancying the reflected glories the open portal of Aladdin's cave—a treasury of jewels, a labyrinth of splendors! Commend us to this brilliant month, with its sharp, frosty air, its glorious nights, its moon of Indian summer, making us forget the wealth of June. . . . We saw, the other day, a fine crayon portrait by Barry, of Whittier, the Quaker poet. His grand forehead and his bright, thoughtful eyes are almost startling in their truthfulness. The drawing is to be sent to London, to be engraved in the highest style of art. . . . The poor old Indian preacher, Williams, is dead at last. What a sensation that series of papers, entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" by Rev. Mr. Hanson, dead also, created on their first appearance in Putnam's Magazine! The argument to prove that the poor Indian missionary was Louis XVII., of France, was ingenious, and combined many curious circumstances. But the theory was speedily knocked in the head by counter-fact—and no one doubts now that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died, and was buried in the Temple at Paris. . . . The following anecdote of Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, we find in our exchanges:—"In 1818, William L. Hudson was a lieutenant on board of the Ontario, the first United States ship ever sent out on an exploring expedition. Just before she sailed, one of the yards, found to be defective, was sent down, and a new one raised in its place under the superintendence of Lieut. Hudson, who was stationed in the top. Before the yard was secured, a green hand began to cut the rope that held it—and if he had made one cut more the spar would have fallen upon some twenty men who had been hauling and were still holding on below. Seeing what had been done, Lieut. Hudson jumped at and caught the two parts of the half-severed rope, and held on until the men had made the spar fast; but by this time he was so exhausted that he fell back into the top, and was so strained and bruised that he had to be taken ashore, and lost his voyage." . . . An old red house, standing near the line of the Troy and Boston Railroad, is located in two States, three counties and four towns—the States of New York and Vermont; the counties of Rensselaer, Washington and Bennington; the towns of Hoosick, White Creek, Shaftsbury and Bennington. . . . A German importing house at New York lately received an invoice of real Havana cigars, which were appraised at the custom-house at three dollars per thousand. The importers thought this too high, and under their oath the cigars were admitted at one dollar and a half. Their evidence was that not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars, but that they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves soaked in strong tobacco ley. . . . "One who knows" says that girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly, because they are angry, and sometimes because their lips are disposed to meet yours half way. "One who knows" is a saucy wight, and deserves to be crushed to death by erinoline at an evening jam. . . . Two steamships, one of 1300 and the other of 700 tons, are building at New York, for the navigation of the Chinese waters; also, for the Russian government a steam propeller ship of war, said to be the largest wooden ship in the world. . . . Some blunders which have been made by bad spellers are quite ludicrous. One on closing a letter says, "I would write further, but I have a *pone* in my head." Of course he had a piece of glass in his head! Another—a shoemaker—sending to a friend an account of a consuming fire, says, "I have lost my *awl*!" Quite a devastating conflagration there must have been! . . . "Pa," simpered a young boarding-school piece of codfish, "are you going to have a coat of arms painted on the panels of our new carriage?"—"Yes, child," replied

the sober-minded parent. "A saw and buck, for with them I earned my first money." When President Pierce was asked what his coat of arms was, he said, the shirt sleeves in which his father fought in the Revolution. . . . A Mr. Levi Davis, who resides in the town of Ridgeway, in the county of Orleans, and State of New York, proposes to level "the hills of Scotland and the hills and mountains of New England," and with the *debris* of the job to construct a railroad across the Atlantic, from a point on this side of the ocean to a point on that, "elevated at least sixty feet above the level of the sea, and not less than a mile wide at the top." When the new railroad is completed, we shall publish some illustrations of the opening celebration in the "Pictorial." . . . The governor has delivered over to the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company the bonds for the first instalment of the State loan, amounting to \$100,000. Of this amount, the sum of \$10,000 goes towards a sinking fund. . . . Strauss proposes to get up at the St. Petersburg Vauxhall, open-air balls, as at Paris and Vienna. "But," says a letter from the capital, "it is doubtful that they will succeed, as public functionaries of a certain class think it beneath their dignity to associate with tradespeople." We hope the open-air balls are not to be given in winter. . . . The first vocal prize at the annual competition of the students of the Conservatoire of Paris, was won by a young Scotchwoman, Miss Augusta Thompson, of Glasgow. . . . James Bogert, 93 years of age, died recently in New York. He was a Hollander by birth, and a bachelor. His estate is valued at upwards of half a million of dollars. He bequeathed in his will \$1000 to the American Bible Society and \$1000 to the American Tract Society. . . . A chemist, while passing a few days ago through one of the streets of Baltimore, picked up a few stones used for grading. Struck by the resemblance to California ore, he examined his specimens and found them to contain about \$20 of gold to the ton of ore. The mystery was cleared up on ascertaining that these stones had been brought as ballast from California. . . . The lightning lately played some singular pranks in the house of Mr. Lombard, of Wellfleet. The floors were ripped up, windows broken, the house set on fire, and the owner, Mr. Lombard, was thrown very unceremoniously out of his chair under the table at which he was sitting, saying "nothing to nobody." The lightning should be spoke to. . . . The Boston Herald is indictable for the following:—"An individual perpetrated the following to the infinite astonishment of a select circle of friends—"Why is Boston like part of a play? Because it is a-c-t (city)." We suppress his name out of regard for the feelings of his family. He was allowed to go free in consideration of a hitbertio blameless life, and under a promise of better behaviour in future. . . . Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel. . . . Liverpool is the unhealthiest town in England, having an annual average of thirty-six deaths in the thousand. . . . A genuine whale, forty-four feet long, astonished the people of Virginia, by making its appearance in the Chesapeake. After shooting it repeatedly from a boat, and lancing it with a sword, they succeeded in killing it, and dragged it ashore, where it was examined by thousands. . . . A single combat is rightly named—*do-ill*. . . . A young lady, eighteen or nineteen years of age, daughter of Mr. Haywood, gardener of John Jacob Astor, Jr., at Esopus, near Rondout, New York, died lately from the effects of fright. She was riding in a wagon, when the horse took fright and ran with great speed for about a mile, when he was stopped. The young woman was taken from the wagon in a dying condition, and lived but a few minutes. . . . The ladies in Canada join in regatta sports. At Collingwood, lately, four females contended in a boat-race for a prize of \$25. Juliet exclaimed "Row-me-O!" but the Canada Juliets row themselves. . . . In Iowa, lately, a brute of a man kicked his wife. The indignant neighbors assembled and made a jackass kick him. The wife was kicked by much the baser beast of the two. . . . The most valuable crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Celestials appear to mind their *peas* and *cues*. . . . "That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said, when he saw a ruffian raising his arm to throw a rotten egg. . . . A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady, to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D., what time do you prefer?"—"O," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." . . . At Albany, a girl named Pecord, twelve years old, while playing with a loaded pistol, discharged the contents into her body, entering the left side just below the heart, producing almost instant death. . . . Lever, in one of his stories, tells of a dashing individual, who boiled his hams in sherry wine—whereat, an honest Hibernian exclaimed, "I wish I was a pig them times myself." . . . To prevent the smell of cooking in a house—have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper. . . . The Philadelphia Press says, "England and France have just been spending millions in power and incense and gorgeous receptions to four mortals, called Louis Napoleon, Eugene Montijo, Albert Coburg and Victoria Guelph, who are just as certain to fall under the shafts of death as the countless unwashed who gaped at the proceedings in wide-mouthed astonishment, and who are not in the least bereft of the frailties of our common humanity." . . . Eighty students have entered the present term at Dartmouth College. Of these, sixty enter the Freshman Class, twelve to an advanced standing, and ten the Chandler department. . . . An association bearing the name of the "Lawrence Young Men's Debating Club" has been formed in Lawrence. President, George S. Merrill. . . . The residents of New Boston, N. H., and the adjacent towns, are troubled with an American panther that has lately come among them, depredating on poultry yards, hog-pens, etc. . . . Swift says, "No preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGNES. A Novel. By the author of "Ida May." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 509. 1858.

With this modest title a work comes before us—an American novel—written with care, with spirit and eloquence. A story skillfully constructed, wrought out with great dramatic power, natural characters, natural dialogues and exciting incidents, forming a "combination of attractions," as the managers say, which cannot but crown this effort with success.

New Music.—From Russell & Fuller, 291 Washington Street, we have received "The Grape Vine Polka," for the piano, by P. S. Gilmore, "Honey-suckle and Jarebell Melodies," for the piano, by A. Croissee, and "The Place I called my Home," "Days gone by," "Our Loved and Lost," "Thou art so near, and yet so far,"—from Oliver Ditson & Co. 277 Washington Street, we have received the "Charlton Schottische," by Gustav A. Patz; "Ocean Cable March," by Handel Pond; Fantasia and Variations, from the opera "La Sirene," by Auber; "Day Dreams," a ballad, composed by George W. Foster; "Death of Dermot," an Irish song.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY. By ROBERT MORRIS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 508.

This book contains a series of well-written essays, from the pen of the editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, on courtship and marriage, and many other social questions of interest. They are written with great vigor and earnestness, and display a cultivated and original mind. So soundly moral a work we have not for a long time met with, or one better calculated to interest as well as instruct. It is highly readable, though treating of serious and important subjects. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE CITIZENS' MANUAL OF GOVERNMENT AND LAW. By ANDREW D. YOUNG. New Edition. New York: H. Dayton. pp. 448. 1858.

A revised and enlarged edition of a deservedly popular work. It comprises the elementary principles of civil government, of the government of the United States, common and statute law, parliamentary rules, the law of nations, etc. It is a valuable work of reference for every one—and is especially of use to young men just entering on the active rights of citizenship. For sale by A. F. Graves, 21 Cornhill.

NEW ENGLAND CHATELLE: or, Life in a Northern Poor-House. New York: H. Dayton.

A dismal story, more heart-rending than the poor-house portions of Oliver Twist. It is originally written, and if it calls attention to existing abuses, will accomplish a good end. For sale by A. F. Graves, 21 Cornhill.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The extent of the concessions made by the emperor of China to the European powers and to the United States shows that that extraordinary personage has finally come to a pretty correct understanding of the might of the long-derided outside barbarians. There is nothing like a little gunpowder for letting ideas into the head of a crowned blockhead and despot.—The Turkish ministry has gone out, and a new one formed.—Sebastopol is to be a commercial station without fortifications.—The Jesuits have obtained exclusive authority to establish a branch of their order in China.—The Prince of Prussia is to be regent at the expiration of his present powers.—In France, the commercial reports received from the departments announce a gradual improvement. Great hopes, moreover, are entertained that the treaty of commerce lately signed with the Chinese government will create a further demand.—Notice is given by the British postmaster-general that, owing to the difficulty attending the conveyance through Nova Scotia of correspondence addressed to Canada, no mails will in future be made up for transmission to Canada by that route.—A letter in the Brussels Independence says the Hotel du Nord was the scene of a singular rencontre. Prince Gortschakoff found himself, lately, at table by the side of Lord Lucan, and the two quondam adversaries discussed together the cavalry engagement in the valley of Balaklava.—One of the cannon captured at Canton has just arrived at Paris. It is a bronze gun of large calibre, nearly nine feet in length, and is covered with Chinese characters, indicating the place where it was cast and its date. This cannon has been placed in the court of the Ministry of Marine.—A memorial, signed by a large number of officers of Protestant societies in England, and nobility and clergymen, has been presented to the Swedish ambassador in London, Count Platen, remonstrating against the banishment of six persons from Sweden, for embracing the Romish faith.

Telegraphic Concerts.

A letter from Pesth, Hungary, describes a novel application of electricity made at Pesth, by a Hungarian named Leo. He successfully employed galvanism to produce a simultaneous movement of the keys of five pianos. When the artist began to touch one, all the others remained motionless; but soon the four free instruments, as if animated by an invisible musician, executed the same musical composition with a harmony and precision which four of the most skillful players could not imitate. In another age, the ingenious contriver of this effect would have burned as a sorcerer. Hereafter, a noted player, living in one city, can give a concert a thousand miles off.

The Present Year.

The present year is one of the most fortunate ones of the century. A war, undertaken by three or four thousand French and English against three hundred millions of Chinese, has resulted in throwing open the gates of a sealed empire to the world—a gigantic enterprise, interrupted by more than one failure, has been crowned with success. Linking together the old world and the new. England and America, between whom war was imminent, are faster friends than ever, and peace reigns on the continent of Europe. All these events have been accomplished within a few months.

The Galway Steamers.

The plan of operations stated to have been determined upon with regard to the new Galway line is, to have on the line between Galway and New York ten first class ocean steamers of the highest speed and greatest capacity that can be procured, and at least eight others, to be used as coasters and feeders to the main line, from the ports of Antwerp, Havre, Southampton, Plymouth, London, Liverpool, Bristol and Glasgow, touching likewise at different ports on the Irish coast which may be considered most expedient for the collection of goods and passengers.

Walking on the Water.

They are talking in Holland of a curious invention. An individual lately reached Harlem from Rotterdam in two days, walking on the water with shoes of peculiar construction. He steered himself by means of a paddle. He offered to bet that he could ascend the Rhine in seven days from Rotterdam to Cologne. If this invention succeeds, we shall have pedestrians walking to Liverpool and London. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the above a full-fledged *canard*.

La Marianne.

This secret political society, which, commencing at Marseilles, has extended all over France and Europe, undermining the thrones of despots, and ripening for a grand explosion, owes its name to a young and enthusiastic girl of Marseilles, whose sympathies for the people were first awakened at an incident which occurred during the embarkation of some political prisoners. She bore an exile's message to his lady love, and thenceforth vowed herself to the cause of liberty.

Pelissier's Bride.

The bride of Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, is a beautiful Spanish girl, named Sofia Valera, a friend and relative of the Empress Eugenie. The lady is 24 years old; the lover, 68. The bride had no fortune, but Louis Napoleon gives her a million francs, and the empress bestows a costly outfit. The old marshal fell in love with the fascinating creature at Cherbourg. May their union disprove the old adage, that "May and December can never agree."

Prince Gortschakoff.

We read in the Journal d'Arachon:—"The imprudence of a horseman came near costing the life of one of our most illustrious bathers. Last Tuesday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Prince Gortschakoff, formerly governor-general of Siberia, was thrown down by a horse ridden at full gallop, near the Hotel des Emperours. Happily, the general was only stunned for a few moments and bruised very slightly."

An Ovation.

Piccolomini, the youthful prima donna, who is to star it in opera throughout this country, and hopes to reap a harvest of American dollars, just before leaving Ireland was drawn in her carriage by the students of Trinity College, Dublin, from the theatre to her hotel in Sackville Street. Afterwards she appeared on the balcony, and bowed her acknowledgments.

M. de Pene.

A letter from Frankfort informs us that M. de Pene, the witty editor of the Paris Figaro, who was so nearly assassinated by Captain Ilyene (Ilyena), in a duel, has been taking the waters at Nauheim, in order to complete his recovery from his severe wounds. Our readers will remember that he was run through the body.

Chinese Cannon.

An enormous bronze siege gun, weighing eight tons, has been landed in England, and placed at Windsor, where it will be kept as a trophy taken in the Celestial empire. It is spiked. Its proportions are colossal, and its clumsiness presents a singular contrast to the perfection of European guns.

Chinese for Havana.

It is said that the Spanish government is busy with a plan for transporting six thousand Chinese laborers to Havana, in consequence of numberless petitions from the sugar-growers of Cuba, representing their distress for want of laborers.

The Bombardment of Jeddah.

The hasty vengeance on the part of England is equally condemned by moderate men, both in England and France.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The military of Massachusetts, in January last, numbered 6735, including officers of every grade, privates and musicians. The number is about the same at the present time. — Charles Hale, Esq., of the Daily Advertiser, has been appointed on the Back Bay commission, in place of A. B. Ely, Esq., resigned. Mr. Hale has served on the legislative committee on the Back Bay, and is thoroughly familiar with the complicated interests involved in the management of the property. — The experiment of growing tobacco in Minnesota has proved quite successful—a heavy crop being anticipated this year. — The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says:—"Gen. Pierce and lady have fixed themselves for a time at Vevay, on the lake of Geneva; and from a gentleman, who saw them recently, I learn that they appear much improved in health. The gentleman in question was laid under embargo by the ex-president, to assist him in talking French, as he travels only with a maid-servant for Mrs. Pierce, and acts as his own *courier* and *valet-de-pied*, republican-like." — A man named Myers was respited by the governor of Ohio, just as the sheriff was about to prepare him for the scaffold. — Some of the merchants of St. Paul, Minnesota, are importing largely from Europe direct, by way of New Orleans and the Mississippi River. They say that the whole cost of transportation from Liverpool, by the way of the Mississippi, is little greater than that of transshipment and charges from New York. — Mr. Burnap was reaping with a machine, lately, in Illinois, when the boy who was driving fell from the seat of the machine, and was thrown in front of the cutters. Both legs and one arm were instantly severed from the body, and the heart torn out. — Bell's Life in London is enthusiastic for the American chess-player. It says:—"Since the arrival of Mr. Morphy, the young American Philidor, in England, he has played constantly with all who have dared to present themselves, and his career so far has been one of unmixed triumph." — The true success in life is the attainment of a pure and exalted character; and he who at threescore and ten has won nothing but wealth and a name, has failed to achieve the noblest purpose of his being. Wealth is success; a true life is a far nobler success. He who has won both has been doubly successful; but he who has become rich by neglecting the mind, the heart, and the soul, has sacrificed the greater good to the less. — The best feed for fattening fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil them and mash them fine while they are hot, and mix the meal with them just before they are presented. They fatten on this diet in one half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same degree of excellence on corn, or meal itself. — The ceremonies at Jackson, Miss., in memory of Gen. Quitman, will take place on the 6th day of November next. This is to give the members of the legislature and other distinguished visitors at the capital an opportunity of participating. — It is proposed to vary the size of bank-notes, according to their denominations, as a preventive against the alteration of the same. — The ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, England, has been enlarged, either to meet the prevailing fashion in the matter of skirts, or to accommodate a larger number of female politicians. A distinguished leader in the fashionable world, who was shown into the ladies' gallery a few weeks ago, got fixed in one of the passages, and was not extracted until her toilet had sustained some damage! — The New York Times says there is a prospect of Professor Morse's receiving from the European governments a gratuity of 1,000,000 of francs in consideration of his discovery.

A BLOOMER.—The Philadelphia Press says:—"A very beautiful lady, who boards at one of the Chestnut Street hotels, it is whispered, is in the habit of taking nightly promenades attired in the most fashionable and neatest of male habiliments. Her adventures have been of a perfectly innocent character, but have enlisted the interest of quite a number of Chestnut Street loungers of the fashionable stamp. We have no doubt, too, that her nocturnal tramps are productive of much that interests as well as amuses and distresses her."

LOVE SUIT.—In England, lately, a suit for breach of promise of marriage was brought by a fisherman's beautiful daughter against a captain in the English army, fixing damages at \$50,000. The love letters of the gallant captain were so numerous, that they were printed for the accommodation of counsel, making in all a volume of one hundred and ninety-eight pages. The matter was finally compromised by the payment to the injured lady of the sum of \$10,000, with the promise that the volume of letters should be burnt.

RIFLE CARBINE.—A new arm, loaded at the breech, and capable of being used as a pistol, the invention of Mr. Terry, of Birmingham, England, has been tested on board the Excellent. It was fired 1800 times without cleansing, and at various ranges; and of the shots, 86 per cent. were hits. This must be a very valuable weapon.

MADAGASCAR.—A Paris letter says that there is talk of an expedition to Madagascar by a combined English and French force, to punish the piracies of which the savages of that island have been guilty.

Wayside Gatherings.

A steam calliope is being manufactured in Worcester, composed of thirty whistles, to be sent to Europe.

The Frazer River fever is abating. Somebody thinks it has not been a remittent fever from the lack of gold dust shipments.

The Providence Post says that the story that any part of the Ocean Telegraph cable was made in that city is a fabrication. There is no wire factory in that city.

An elopement took place from Falmouth, Ky., a few days since, by which the bridegroom not only got a young and pretty wife, but a fortune of \$250,000 in the bargain.

It is estimated that, were all the United States as densely inhabited as Massachusetts, they would have a population of 446,000,000 souls, of which Texas would have 50,000,000.

The residents of New Boston, N. H., and the adjacent towns, are troubled with an American panther that has lately come among them, depredating on poultry yards, hog pens, etc.

The notorious horse, Cruiser, which, next to the zebra, was supposed to present the most insuperable difficulties to the horse-tamer Rarey, is announced to appear at the Alhambra, says a London paper, as a circus performer.

An English paper announces that Mr. John Townsend, member of Parliament for Greenwich, has accepted an engagement at one of the London theatres, at a salary of £25 per week. A desire to pay his creditors suggested this idea.

The doctor's fee in New Orleans for a yellow fever case is one hundred dollars, more or less, kill or cure. If taken in season the doctor's attention is not required after the fourth day. One, two or three thousand dollars a week is no uncommon amount of fees for a good yellow fever physician.

Prof. John Wilson of Talladega, Alabama, and one of his servants recently lost their lives in consequence of an apothecary having carelessly put up morphine for quinine, which had been ordered by a physician. The morphine was administered and produced fatal results before the mistake was discovered.

A man who registered his name in New Orleans as S. Bostwick, La Salle, Ill., carried a notice of his own death by yellow fever to the Picayune, and then took the steamer for Texas. He had no baggage, but plenty of money, and is supposed to be engaged in some swindling operation.

They are learning to laugh in Russia. Small satirical journals are rapidly on the increase at St. Petersburg, twenty-one of them being at present published there. Among these are the Laugh, the Empty Bell, the Jester, the Paradise, the Fly, the Novelist, Russian Peasant, etc. The last named has the most success.

The New Orleans Courier of the 1st, says that the water, which has for months made the right bank of the river a fit habitation for fishes, and compelled locomotion to be performed in boats, begins to disappear. We may hope soon that the fields and villages so long submerged will speedily be restored to the use of their former occupants.

The most desperate piece of coolness we have heard of recently was that of a young man named Maynard, in Bad Ax county, Wisconsin, whose leg was recently amputated. During the operation he asked for a chew of tobacco, and inquired the price of a cork leg, saying that he intended to have one as soon as he got well and could earn it.

The Brussels journals announce the death, at an advanced age, in that city, of Mrs. Jones, the mother of the well known carriage makers, who they say was the oldest resident English woman, not only of Brussels, but of all Belgium. She arrived in Belgium in 1794, and having been made prisoner by the French, took up her residence at Brussels, where she remained to her death.

Rich deposits of gold have been discovered about seventy miles from Fort Laramie, in the direction of Laramie's Peak. A young gentleman has written a letter to his father, urging him to leave everything, and go to these mines. He writes that he was shown one lump that weighed four pounds, and was assured by those who made the discovery that these mines equal the richest of California placers.

A party of French emigrants arrived at New Orleans the other day, and were so elated at the sight of a free American city, that on nearing the landing they joined hands and commenced singing the Marseillaise. They were requested by a police officer, however, not to sing so loud, as there were a number of persons sick with the yellow fever in the neighborhood, when their singing was quickly changed to a wail, and an earnest desire to re-embark.

A carrier dove, two months old, was conveyed from Boston to Salem, a few days since, and being set at liberty, the next day presented itself to its master at Shawmut Avenue, in the former place. The dove was again conveyed to Salem, taken to the top of the house, and placed on the corner of a chimney, from which it flew to a church steeple, observed the hearings, and sped on towards its paternal mansion. At the end of two hours from its departure it was observed among its mates.

A Sandwich (Mass.) correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing about the cable celebration in that town, says:—"It is rather a remarkable circumstance that the powder which was used in firing the cannon to celebrate the connection by a cable from England to the United States, is the same which was purchased in the war of 1812 to fight our then English enemy. It has been kept in a tight cask in the old magazine, situated in the old cemetery, since that time."

The Ann Arbor (Mich.) News gives a gossiping account of a widow with some \$10,000, living at Ypsilanti, marrying a well-to-do Detroit gentleman, so as to keep up the style she desired to live in. In the panic her lord got swamped, and she then became tired of him, and offered him \$5000 if he would leave her, which he accepted. The story goes that the lady regrets the last trade, and would be glad to get back the \$5000 without her former husband.

A fellow who undertook to "diddle" a railroad conductor in Alabama, got put off the cars and lost his hat. He pretended that he had lost it out of the window, with his ticket under the band, whereas, he had put it under the seat. The conductor refused to let him proceed, and in an affected rage the fellow got up to leave, the train having been stopped, and picked up the hat, which the conductor refused to let him take, saying that if his own had blown out of the window he must not steal any other passenger's.

A great banquet was given to Prof. Morse by the Americans in Paris, a few weeks since. Hon. John H. Preston of South Carolina presided, and made a brilliant speech. A letter says that "never in five short hours were more eloquent words pronounced, or was more enthusiasm manifested." The union of the Old World with the New, and the genius of the man by whose invention this greatest of modern enterprises has been accomplished, were the subjects of remark. No man ever received a greater ovation."

Sands of Gold.

... Reason can tell how love affects us, but cannot tell what love is.

... Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

... A man in a state of hot-brain nervousness is burning up. He is like a candle in a hot candlestick, which burns off at one end and melts down at the other.

... Some people have no perspective in their conscience. Their moral convictions are the same on all subjects. They are like a reader who speaks every word with an emphasis.

... Many Christians are like chestnuts—very pleasant nuts, but enclosed in very prickly burs, which need various dealings of nature, and her grip of frost, before the kernel is disclosed.

... What we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of old trunks that have crumbled away.

... A diamond shut up in its subterranean prison, rough and unpolished, differs not to the eye from a common stone, and a Newton or a Shakspeare, deprived of the presence of kindred minds and born among savages, savages had died.

... Wisdom is better than physical power.—Better have, like Argus, a hundred eyes to see with and only one pair of hands to work with, than, like Briareus, a hundred hands to work with and only two eyes to see with.

... The moral cement of society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity.

... Afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

... Every thought and feeling is a painting stroke, in the darkness, of our likeness that is to be; and our whole life is but a chamber, which we are frescoing with colors that do not appear while being laid on wet, but which will shine forth afterwards, when finished and dry.

Joker's Budget.

How should a miller address his lady-love? In the language of *flours*, to be sure!

"How would you divide drachm?" asked one printer of another. "Why," replied the other, "I would drink one-half."

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays in a year. When she grows up to a woman she objects to having even one.

A giddy student having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked, "Do write to tell father, for he always swore that I had none."

Paddy is often poetically polite. On picking up and returning a lady's parasol, which had been blown out of her hand, a gallant Irishman said, "Faith, miss, it ye was as strong as yer handsome, be jabers, a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

A man being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that district. He concluded it must be all moonshine.

A loafer slyly took a fish in the market-house and slipped it under his vest. The tail hanging down so as to be seen, the first man he met suggested to him that he should either wear a longer jacket or steal a shorter fish.

John Dory, of the Western Christian Advocate, says that he never yet heard of a school examination in which the pupils did not "acquit themselves creditably," and "met the most sanguine expectations" of all present.

A young Irish girl, in Syracuse, N. Y., pretends that she can cure weak or disordered backs by walking up and down the back of the patient, while the victim lies flat on the floor face downwards.

A model young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so conjurious to their institutions."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after *thirteen years* of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

☞ It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.

☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.

☞ It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no advertisements in its eight super royal pages.

☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has seventeen years editorial experience in Boston.

☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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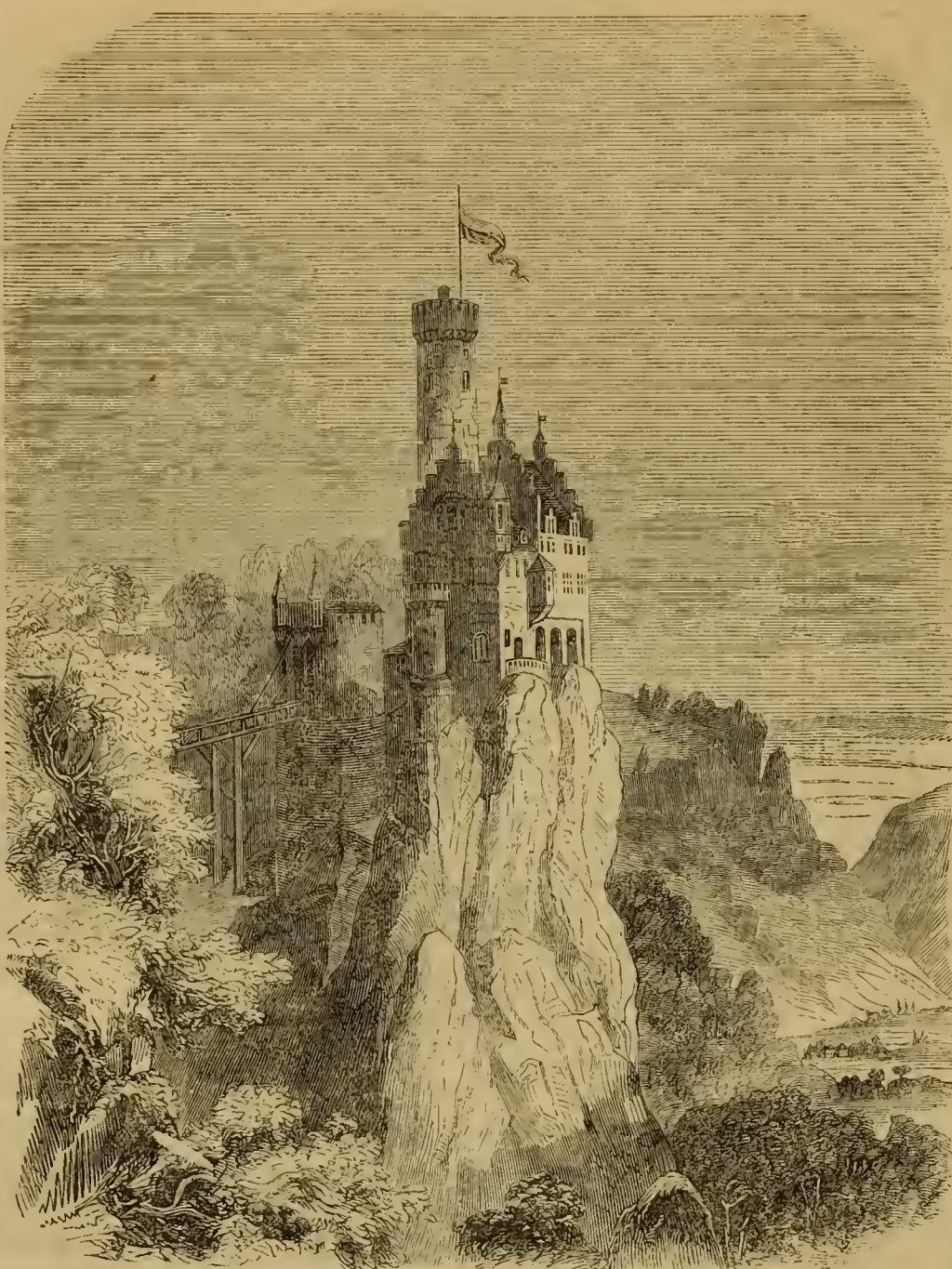
Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston

CASTLE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

The castle of Lichtenstein, Wurtemberg, of which we publish a beautiful engraving, is one of the most striking buildings in Germany. Though of modern construction, it imitates accurately the style of the feudal fortresses in which the robber-chiefs of former days ensconced themselves like the eagles in their nests, keeping a watch on the valleys below, and swooping down like birds of prey to snatch their booty from merchant or traveller, or to desolate some peaceful village, driving off herds and flocks to feed the fierce retainers that clustered round and upheld their feudal banner. With plenty of provisions within its walls, such a fortress laughs at besiegers. A few men could hold out such a position against an enemy before the days of artillery. On the summit of the rock delineated in our picture, which rises perpendicularly to a height of seven hundred feet from the valley of Echatzthal, in Wurtemberg, stood in ancient time, a "Ritterburg," or baronial castle, belonging to the family of Lichtenstein, which, together with the family, was ruined in the wars of former days. The ruins came into possession of the royal family of Wurtemberg. In the last century, a residence for the head forester was built upon the ruins. About twenty years ago, Duke William caused the present structure to be built, and has thereby added another feature to the picturesque beauty of the spot, and restored the halls where his ancestor, Duke Ulrich, retired from the cares and troubles of the world. The present castle is from the design of Herr Heidelhoff.

A HINDOO FAIR IN CASHMERE.

With another of our characteristic delineations of Oriental life the present number closes. It is so amusing to contrast the manners of the west with those of the east, to change from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Ganges, marking the perfect contrast they present, that we do not hesitate to draw many of our illustrations from the Orient. The fair we have represented is very different from our American picnic, though it has some points of resemblance to a seaside gathering. The Hindoos in our illustration, however, are accomplishing a religious duty, and not gathered for the purpose of recreation alone. During the summer the inhabitants of Cashmere are much addicted to making pilgrimages to the various places which tradition has given a repute for sanctity, and the principal feature at the sacred spot is invariably a spring, often of considerable volume, which, rushing from the hillside, has its waters confined in a tank before it is allowed to join the other streams that fertilize the valley. The people here perform their devotions under the superintendence of the Brahmins, making offerings and receiving in return the sacred mark on the forehead. Bathing in the



THE CASTLE OF LICHTENSTEIN IN WURTEMBERG.

tank continues all the day, and in the evening lamps are lit and arranged in rows all around it, and the people collect and sing till daylight. Though it should have rained heavily the day before, yet men, women and children lie down to sleep on the wet grass, the only thing they seem solicitous about being that no one should encroach on the spot they select for their cooking, which they enclose with cloths stretched on sticks. Unlike those of their caste in India, the Brahmins of Cashmere eat mutton, and here many sheep are slaughtered and eaten, the pilgrims first offering the liver, etc., to the god Joala, in whose honor the festival is held. Booths are erected around the tank, where provisions are sold, as well as women's ornaments, and toys for children, of which the staple appears to be trumpets and whistles, a dozen of which can be procured for the traditional value assigned them of one penny.

DIFFICULTIES OF HOME.

The house-mother has her troubles; ay, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfully; weighing them at their just value and no more; never tormenting herself and everybody else by that peculiarity of selfish and narrow minds, which makes the breaking of a plate as terrible a calamity as the crash of an empire. No one can hold the reins of family government for ever so brief a time without feeling what a difficult position it is; how great is daily need of self-control, as the very first means of controlling others; of incessant individual activity, and a personal carrying out of all regulations instituted for the ordering of the establishment—which, unless faithfully observed by the mistress, the eye and heart of the house, are no more than a dead letter to the rest of the establishment. No doubt this entails considerable self-sacrifice. It is not pleasant for lazy ladies to get breakfast over at that regular early hour which alone sets a household fairly agoing for the day; nor for unarithmetical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by sixpences, to put down each item, and persevere in balancing periodically receipts and expenditures; nor for weakly, nervous, self-engrossed ladies to rouse themselves sufficiently to put their house in order, and keep it so, not by occasional spasmodic "setting to rights," but by a general methodical overlooking of all that is going on therein. Yet, unless all this is done, it is in vain to insist on early-rising, or grumble about waste, or lecture upon neatness, cleanliness and order. The servants learn to laugh at all complaints of their unpunctuality. They see no use in good management or avoidance of waste. For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindness, and above all, conscientiousness, if these are deficient in a mistress, it is idle to expect them in servants, or children, or any member of the family circle.



A HINDOO FAIR AT CASHMERE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

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\$2 50 PER ANNUM. }

THE BREMEN AND NEW YORK STEAMSHIP "HUDSON."

Our delineations of marine architecture have been so popular, and elicited so many requests to continue our series of portraits of noted vessels, that we add to our gallery the accurate engraving which adorns the present page. The magnificent steamship represented derives additional interest from the fact that she was built to run between the largest city of our country and Europe, and that her deck will be trodden by numbers of our friends and countrymen. She is of iron, and was built during the present year at Yarrow on the Tyne, England, by an eminent iron ship-building firm, Messrs. Palmer, Allport & Co., and the first completed of two sister ships, the Hudson and the Weser, built for the North German Lloyd's, a company under whose auspices the twin vessels will run in the passenger trade between Bremen and New York; hence their names, the Hudson and the Weser, to correspond with the two rivers with which the commerce and history of those cities are so closely identified. This enormous vessel, which is of 3000 tons register, and of symmetrical proportions and completeness of equipment, as well as of size and capacity, not to be surpassed, and scarcely equalled in the most famous shipbuilding marts of the world—is, in length of keel, 318 feet, and over all 345 feet; width 40 feet, and depth 33 feet. In the way of comparison, it may be noted that the Hudson is longer by 100 feet than the Royal Albert, and about 80 than the Marlborough, two famed three-deckers of the English navy; she is longer than the Great

Britain, and on a par with the most famous screw-steamers afloat. The machinery is by Messrs. J. B. and C. M. Palmer. The nominal horse-power of the engines is 746; the predicated horse-power being 2600; and to put this powerful machinery in motion there are four boilers, with twenty-four furnaces. The cylinder of the Hudson is 90 inches in diameter, being six inches more than the cylinder of the Leviathan which is 84 inches; the screw-shaft is 125 feet long and 16 inches in diameter. In this vessel accommodation is provided for about 740 persons, in the following classification:—First class, 70; second class, 100; third class, 420; crew, 130. The estimated rate of the vessel is fifteen miles an hour. The saloon immediately below the deck, in the after part of the vessel, which is supplied with ample table accommodation, and cushions luxurious to a degree, is fitted up with maple and rosewood, and has on the panelling, along the sides of this marine palace, paintings of American and European (chiefly German) scenery, by Mr. Lawrie, of Glasgow, and the cornices, etc., faced with gold. This saloon is 70 feet long and 40 feet wide, including the sleeping apartments on each side. Below the first-class saloon, and only second to it in splendor, though scarcely inferior in comfort, is the second-class saloon and corresponding apartments. Both are lofty, airy, and well lighted from the sides of the vessel, and, the upper saloon more especially, from above. The engines occupy the centre of the vessel, with on each side accommodation for the crew; and in the fore part of the vessel is the accommodation for

third-class passengers, or emigrants, to whose convenience and wants every possible consideration is also paid. Bremen, the port from which the Hudson runs to New York, has long maintained intimate commercial relations with the United States. Though a small city, it is the principal European market for American tobacco. The average quantity imported by it is somewhere about 30,000 hogsheads per annum, and of this amount the greater portion is from the State of Maryland. From Bremen, this tobacco finds its way all over Germany, Prussia and Austria, and even Italy and Russia. Many Bremen vessels resort for it to Baltimore, Petersburg and Richmond, and latterly to Philadelphia. The quantity of cotton shipped annually to Bremen from the United States does not much exceed 8000 or 9000 bales, and the exports of rice to the same port are about 5000 or 6000 casks a year. The Bremen vessels trading hither are remarkable for their successful imitation of our style of ship-building and rigging; they are constructed on our models, and while the sailor can detect the nationality of any other vessels afloat at a glance, it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish a Bremen from a Yankee craft. For many years the Bremen vessels have brought to this country a large number of German emigrants, consisting chiefly of industrious mechanics and laborers, many of them with large amounts of money, with which they push forward to the West and buy land; for only a small proportion of the emigrants from Bremen locate on the Atlantic seaboard of the country.



THE BREMEN AND NEW YORK STEAMSHIP HUDSON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PIONEER:

—OR—

The Red and White Men of Virginia.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

That night Sir Francis Wyatt retired, exulting in the consciousness of the sole idea—the safety of his friends at the Blockhouse—and Luke Harvey moved slowly down the street. Neither he nor Sir Francis had observed the demoniac eyes which glared upon them through the window as they sat together, nor did Luke Harvey notice the form that now stood concealed near the doorway, and which followed him with cautious steps as he tottered away.

But it was not long before the old man heard the sound of muffled footfalls behind him, and without pausing to listen he moved on at a faster pace. A sudden fear pervaded his breast, and he sped on as fast as his weakened limbs could carry him. Now the footfalls behind grew louder and nearer—a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, and Luke Harvey gazed with a sinking sensation of terror into the face of Sir Morgan Lymburne. His eyes glared rather than looked upon him, and his features were overspread with an expression of desperate firmness.

"Morgan Lymburne, why do you detain me?" the old man asked, in a forced tone of menace.

"Draw a little this way—out of the hearing of passers. There, now I will answer your question. Why do I detain you? You can answer yourself with a little thought!"

Luke Harvey was silent; he felt instinctively that a terrible danger menaced him.

"Look ye, old man," pursued Lymburne, "there must be no delay here. I thought to have silenced your mischievous tongue, but through some evil chance I failed. The hour is almost at hand when the great design of my life is to meet with success, and I will have no witnesses against me. Already has your babbling tongue worked me much injury, and I have resolved to stop it. Here you are, wholly at my mercy, and you must comply with my demands, or forfeit your life! Judge whether I am the man to hesitate in this matter!"

"But what do you seek? What are your conditions?" asked Luke Harvey, in trembling tones.

"Need you ask? You demanded my return to England as the price of my safety—now I impose the same conditions upon you! Promise me that you will not interfere with my project, that you will ship for England upon the first opportunity, and that you will forever seal your lips and let this secret die with you! Do this and you shall live—refuse, and—"

The bright blade of a dagger gleamed significantly before Luke Harvey's eyes. He shuddered, but answered firmly:

"It is impossible—I will not consent! I am resolved that justice shall be done!"

"Choose!" said Lymburne, in a hissing whisper. "Will you comply?"

"Never! I will die first!"

"Then die you shall!"

But this was the instant for which Luke Harvey had reserved all his energies. His enemy raised his dagger for the death-blow, and as he did so the grasp of his left hand upon the shoulder of his victim became partially relaxed. With one mighty effort the old man broke away, and ran with convulsive energy.

On! on! it was a struggle for life now. He heard the muttered curses and maddened bounds of the assassin as he hurried in the pursuit, and with every nerve braced for action, Luke Harvey dashed on. His staff dropped from his hands and his hat from his head, and his white hair was blown back from his temples, but still with compressed lips and painfully drawn breath he held on in the race. Nothing but the fear of death could have sustained him for one moment, and even now his gait grew unsteady and faltering, and his legs almost sank under him.

He saw a light before him—O, God, why could he not reach it? He could not increase his pace—already the surrounding objects seemed to swim before his eyes. He shouted—he called wildly for help, but the streets were deserted, and no assistance came. The agonized words of a prayer trembled upon his lips.

"God have mercy! To die at such a time, when I most wished to live! Spare me for a day—only a day—but not now—not now!"

His neck was compressed in a vice-like grasp, and he closed his eyes. Only once he opened them—and then as the assassin's dagger sank into his breast. He fell heavily to the ground, the life-blood streaming from his breast: he was conscious that Sir Morgan Lymburne stood over him, and then all was dark.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOUR OF DOOM.

The fifth of April dawned upon the Blockhouse and its inhabitants, and the sun rose higher and looked upon a distressful scene. Sir Gordon Hargreaves was pacing to and fro across the piazza, his head bowed upon his breast, and his steps unsteady and irregular. A boat, containing two persons, was rapidly ascending

the river, and after the lapse of a few moments, Sir Morgan Lymburne, accompanied by a man of middle age, whose dress and gravity of deportment proclaimed him to be a clergyman, advanced across the clearing and ascended the steps.

"I give you a good morning, Sir Gordon," exclaimed Lymburne, somewhat boisterously, and presenting his companion, he retired to the other end of the piazza to watch with careful eye the movements of Sir Gordon Hargreaves. He noticed with some alarm that several of the men drew near and motioned towards him, and he deemed it better for his safety to seek another place of waiting.

"I give you joy, sir, on this happy occasion," said the clergyman, as Lymburne withdrew.

"No—no, sir!" exclaimed Sir Gordon quickly. "This thing is almost like death itself to me; I would not—"

He stopped abruptly as he perceived the clergyman's eyes fixed upon him with an expression of wonder, and his confusion was increasing, when Richard Seabold came up and desired to speak with him. The two drew aside, and Seabold eagerly said:

"Sir Gordon, that rascal Lymburne is here; shall we seize him?"

"No, Richard, we cannot now."

"Cannot? By all that's good, Sir Gordon, say the word and I will soon lay my hand on him!"

But the nobleman shook his head sadly, and Seabold walked away, astounded at this strange turn of affairs.

Eleanor Hargreaves was in her room, and with her was her aunt. The face of the maiden was pale as that of death, and her hands were rigidly clasped upon her breast as she looked anxiously from the window.

"O, Aunt Anne," she exclaimed, "do you think he will arrive in time? He was sure when he rode away, and I cannot but think that he will save me."

An expression of pity stole over the mild face of Anne Hargreaves, and she took the hand of her niece within her own.

"Listen to me, Eleanor," she said in a tone of forced calmness, "God knows how earnestly I have desired that you might escape this fearful marriage, and you yourself can judge whether it would be like me to withhold one gleam of hope from you in this hour; yet I have thought of this, long and often, and I see no way of escape!"

"None?" murmured the stricken girl.

"Alas, none! You must become the bride of Sir Morgan Lymburne!"

With a sob of agony Eleanor Hargreaves threw herself into the arms of her aunt, but she could find no relief in tears. The violence of her grief had dried their channels, and she was denied even this consolation.

"But Edward Yeardeley?" she said at last, raising her head, "Surely, we take hope from his words!"

"Ah, Eleanor, do not deceive yourself!" Anne Hargreaves replied, shaking her head sadly. "His love for you has crazed him, and his words were wild and meaningless. What would you expect from him—from any one? Nothing can stay this evil man in his designs; we are completely in his power. It is painful, it is distressful, my child, to realize this, but let us not deceive ourselves. We are in the hands of God, and only he can help us now!"

The speaker's tone was one of mournful despair, and all hope fled from the breast of Eleanor Hargreaves as she listened. A silence followed, which was at length broken by the entrance of Ruth Gamble, who came to announce that the bridegroom and clergyman had arrived, and were waiting below.

Mechanically Eleanor Hargreaves submitted herself to the hands of her attendants as they arrayed her in her costly bridal robes, and she seemed more like a fair statue of marble than a living, breathing being. She seemed in a trance; she heard her name called, and she was conscious that she was being led down the stairs, and as she entered the room beyond, the face of Sir Morgan Lymburne appeared to her. Then she shuddered—and with that shudder the fearful truth flashed upon her. Before her was her bridegroom. Her brain seemed scorching with the terrible thought; and she looked around her to assure herself that all was real. Alas! it was but too real. There was her father, there her Aunt Anne and Ruth Gamble, and there was the clergyman, by whose agency the fearful ceremony was to be performed. Her eyes wandered from there, and fell upon the repulsive face of Sir Morgan Lymburne, and her heart grew still with fear. He bent to kiss her hand; a sudden impulse moved her, and with a starting cry she threw herself at his feet.

"O, spare me, Sir Morgan!" she murmured, in tones of piteous anguish. "Be generous, pity me, and do not urge this marriage! You may make me your wife in name, but my heart can never be yours! O, in the name of God, forbear! Spare me, insist not upon this, and God will bless you!"

Morgan Lymburne gazed half triumphantly upon her as she knelt in frenzied supplication, and raising her, he said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all present:

"Surely, Lady Eleanor, you forget yourself: we are about to proceed with the marriage."

And then bending over, he whispered in her ear:

"Hold! Stop this, at once, or by Heaven I'll make you rue it hereafter."

She shuddered as she marked the diabolical expression of his face, and knew that she sought in vain for pity from him. An icy look of calm despair settled over her marble features, and she waited in silence. The clergyman looked with surprise upon the scene, and as he heard the words of the Lady Eleanor he stepped forward.

"Surely," he said, "there is something wrong here! Sir Morgan, how is this?"

"It is nothing—nothing, I assure you," replied Lymburne hastily. "The lady was for a moment ill, but you see she is better now. Proceed, sir, we are waiting!"

"But I fancied the lady exhibited an unwillingness to proceed in this matter."

"A mistake, all a mistake, my dear sir. We are in readiness; let the ceremony proceed."

There was a nervous haste and anxiety about the manner of Sir Morgan which the clergyman did not fail to observe, but he opened his book and placed himself in the centre of the room. Sir Gordon Hargreaves bent over and whispered in the ear of his daughter:

"Be calm now, my child: for my sake, be calm!"

He had time to say no more, for Sir Morgan Lymburne came to lead her away. He started as he took her ice-cold hand, but recovered himself, and conducted her to her place. The others gathered round in silence.

All was still, and the clergyman commenced reading the form of marriage, according to the ceremonial of the Church of England. He proceeded until he came to the words:

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep only unto her, as long as ye both shall live?"

Sir Morgan answered in a loud voice, "I will!"

Turning to Eleanor, the clergyman put the same question:

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's holy ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

The face of Eleanor Hargreaves grew almost deathly in its fearful pallor as she comprehended the words. The eyes of all were upon her, but with a cry of agony she exclaimed:

"No—no—O, God, I cannot! Save me from this, good sir; I cannot become his wife!"

A lightning-bolt through the ceiling could not have produced greater surprise. The minister dropped his prayer-book and gazed alternately upon each member of the group before him, while Sir Morgan Lymburne's face grew black with rage.

"Do not delay!" he said, hoarsely. "Go on, instantly—"

"But, sir, here is some difficulty," the clergyman interposed.

"No—I say no!" Lymburne shouted. "Go on! I will answer for her; why do you wait? Go on, I say!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Sir Gordon, suddenly, "What is that?"

It was the sound of a horse galloping furiously up to the door. Sir Morgan grew pale, and clatching the minister by the arm, he whispered excitedly:

"What matters it, sir? Go on, go on!"

"No, sir, I will not!" said the clergyman, calmly, closing his book. "There is some mystery here; I will not act unadvisedly. We will wait and see who this new comer may be."

The door was hurriedly thrown open, and Edward Yeardeley sprang into the room. With one glance he comprehended the scene, and in an agitated voice exclaimed:

"Is this marriage completed?"

"No, sir, it is not," the minister replied.

"Then let it be stayed; I forbid it! Look up, dear Eleanor! All will yet be well!"

The maiden heard the thrilling tones of her lover, and with a low cry of joy she darted forward and sank upon his breast. Sir Morgan Lymburne moved towards Yeardeley with a menacing mien, but the stern glance of the latter intimidated him.

"Dastard! why do you interfere? Come back, Eleanor Hargreaves, or by my soul you shall rue it!" he uttered, in a voice choked with rage.

"Stand back, Morgan Lymburne! Lay not your hand upon this lady, or I'll not answer for my conduct! There is a strange scene to be acted here, and your villany is to be unmasked. Back, sir, and wait!"

With a paling face the baffled villain fell back. The shuffling of feet and the sound of voices was now heard in the hall, and every eye was fixed upon the door, while the hearts of the lovers beat quicker with expectation.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.

The sound of footfalls drew nearer, the door was thrown open; and Sir Francis Wyatt entered the room. Sir Gordon Hargreaves stepped quickly forward to greet him, but at the sight of those who followed him he stood motionless.

At a signal from the governor, Richard Seabold and two others slowly advanced, bearing in their arms the form of a man. Sir Morgan Lymburne stood horror-struck and astounded, for as the man raised his head he recognized Luke Harvey. But what a change had come over him! His face was ghastly in its awful pallor, his eyes were dim and fast glazing with the presence of death, and his brow was damp and clammy. A shudder passed through the company, for they knew that they gazed upon a dying man!

Sir Morgan Lymburne acted as though bereft of sense. Twice he started forward, and as many times he stopped and shuddered as he met the old man's failing eye. His limbs trembled, and he sank helpless into a chair.

"Who are you?" he managed to articulate in a husky tone. "You're not a man—you're surely some evil spirit sent to torment me! Twice have I taken your life, and yet you are here unharmed! Man or devil, avant! Get from my sight!"

The wretched man covered his face to shut out the fearful spectacle. The hearers of Luke Harvey would have laid him down, but he motioned them to desist.

"Raise me up!" he whispered hoarsely. "Support me while I speak."

The men complied, and he turned his eyes upon those before him.

"What was't you said, Morgan Lymburne? Ah, I remember; 'twas that I am here unharmed. No, not unharmed; your steel found my life, and I have not an hour to live. My eyes are weak, and I cannot see you; gather closer round me, for I have much to say."

With faces full of deep awe, the company complied. Luke Harvey opened his lips to speak, when Sir Morgan Lymburne suddenly sprang forward:

"Hold, I protest!" he exclaimed in a hoarse tone. "This man is mad; he is a drivelling old dotard, and his words are not to be relied on. There is no officer of the law to hear him, and if—"

"Peace, sir, peace!" Governor Wyatt sternly interrupted. "I am here, the highest legal authority in the colony. And now, old man, proceed."

"But he lies; he—"

"Richard Sexbold, arrest that man; I give him over to your charge."

Sexbold moved up to Sir Morgan and laid his brawny hand upon his shoulder with a grip of iron which made him wince. Baffled at every point, the villain sank back into his chair with a muttered curse.

"Sir Gordon Hargreaves," said the dying man, "draw nearer. Look into my face, do you recognize me?"

For an instant the nobleman gazed, and then started back in amazement.

"Guy Lymburne!" burst from his lips.

"Yes, I am Guy Lymburne, the brother of your friend! Sir Francis, you recognized me not so easily."

"No—and I can doubt your identity no longer. You are indeed a Lymburne."

"But what does this mean?" asked Sir Gordon, who had not recovered from his astonishment. "Guy, for Heaven's sake, speak and tell us of this strange matter. I held you to be dead long since."

"And so I was; dead at least, in common report. But draw nearer yet; my voice is failing fast, and I would not leave one word of my story unsaid."

The eyes of Guy Lymburne wandered over the attentive expectant faces before him as if he would mark the presence of those most interested in his tale. His eye kindled as he saw the forms of Edward Yeardley and Eleanor Hargreaves, and he hastened to commence; but his breath came hard and painfully, and he spoke with difficulty.

"Sir Gordon Hargreaves, you remember my brother, Reginald Lymburne; else you would not have been driven to sanction the deed which my coming has interrupted. You remember him; tell me of what mould and disposition he was."

"A noble, generous-hearted man; a man among men!" Sir Gordon exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"And did he resemble that craven-hearted assassin, Sir Morgan Lymburne, as you call him, who sits cowering in that chair?"

"By my faith, no!" observed Sir Gordon, impetuously. "I knew him well, and never were father and son more unlike."

"You are right," continued Guy Lymburne. "He was one whom men delighted to honor; all loved him, all revered him: all but one, who hated him with a hatred such as Cain bore to Abel, for that man was myself—his only brother!"

"He was my brother, and the heir to the family title and wealth; I was ambitious, and I hated him. He was hardly a year older than myself, but he was the heir, and for this sole cause my bitter hatred and jealousy centred upon him. It was a most ungrateful hatred; he was always kind and brotherly, even in my darkest moods, but that could not abate the force of my passion. It rankled and festered at my heart as I grew older; he became Sir Reginald Lymburne when our father died, and in my heart I cursed him and wished him dead. I was always silent, haughty and moody, while Reginald was gay, light-hearted and generous. People wondered that it should be so, and all surmised as to what could be the cause of my reserve. Some said I was the prey of a secret disease; and therein they were right, for revenge and hatred are like burning cankers at the heart!"

"Had Sir Reginald always continued unmarried, it may be that I might have been content with the simple cherishing of my hate, for I stood next him to his title and wealth. He had before offered to share the latter with me, but I repulsed him with cold and bitter words. I must have wounded him deeply, for after that day he avoided me."

"And thus we lived and might have lived for years, had not Sir Reginald taken to himself a wife. I hugged my hatred closer to my heart, and waited. The event which I had feared at last happened; in due course of time a male child was born, and then I swore a fearful oath that that boy should never inherit his father's title! That oath was registered in the blackness of my heart, and well has it been kept."

"My plan was soon formed, and hastily, though well executed. Too well did I know the character of Sir Reginald Lymburne to think that a son of his might in after years be made to bow to my authority, and with this knowledge I set to work upon my revengeful plan."

"Upon the very day of the birth of Sir Reginald's child, an infant was born to one of his tenants, a poor man, Michael Thorne, by name. With large bribes and promises of gold—for

the man was wretchedly poor and needy—I induced him to give up the boy to me. All was confusion at the manor; a birth and a death had happened within the same hour, for the gentle Lady Lymburne had expired. This was favorable to me, and gaining access to the apartment I watched my chance, and when I was left for a moment alone, I hurriedly changed the infants, taking away the son of Sir Reginald, and leaving in his place the little Michael Thorne! It was executed silently and well, and I returned to my home with the true heir, exulting in the success of my scheme. I had no fear that the imposture would be discovered; the infants were wondrously alike in face, and none but a mother's eye could have detected the cheat. That mother fortunately for me, had ceased to breathe."

"The son of my brother, who was now in my hands, had been christened shortly after his birth; they had named him Morgan Lymburne. I carried him to Michael Thorne, and instructed him to bring him up in place of the child which I had taken from him. All was now as I wished to have it, and I confidently awaited the progress of events."

"It was shortly after your daughter was born, as you will remember, Sir Gordon, that you and Sir Reginald entered into the solemn compact which you have considered so binding. This was kept profoundly secret, as you thought: but it came to my ears, and I gloated over it with more than a miser's eagerness. I saw in this compact a source of new wealth and power to me, and I determined that it should be religiously carried out."

"Thus I watched and waited for five years, and then an event happened which threatened the safety of my well laid plan. Through some means Sir Reginald's suspicions had become aroused, and they became still more excited from an unguarded expression which dropped from my lips in his hearing. Without one word of warning he came to my house, and when he found me alone, charged upon me the very crime of which I had been guilty! I will not speak of the excited words which passed between us; enough that I knew that ruin awaited me, and I resolved to act the murderer's part. I shudder while I relate it—I became a fratricide; Sir Reginald never left that house alive!"

Overpowered by the fearful recollection, Guy Lymburne covered his face and shuddered fearfully, while a groan of horror came from the breast of Sir Gordon Hargreaves.

"But let me hasten," pursued the dying man, "for I am sinking fast. It was rumored that Sir Reginald Lymburne had died suddenly from apoplexy; there was a grand funeral, and Sir Gordon Hargreaves became guardian of the pretended heir. About this time Michael Thorne also died, and I was left sole possessor of the secret."

"I now waited impatiently for the time when I might disclose the secret to the pretended heir, and demand of him implicit obedience to my wishes. That time soon came. I had observed in the youth with increasing uneasiness and alarm the possession of a violent temper, and a haughty and arrogant bearing, and somewhat ere the time I had intended, I revealed to him the secret of his birth, and demanded that he should place himself under my orders. He listened, and coolly replied that my life was now in his hands. I threatened to disclose the secret; he, in turn threatened to bring me to the bar of justice with the murderer's brand upon my brow, and I was completely beaten and baffled."

"But I soon discovered that there could be no safety for me in England; the spies of the young lord tracked me and watched all my movements, and twice my life was perilled through his means. In pursuance of a hasty resolution, I fled to the continent, and there remained several years. It was at this time that the fearful consciousness of my crimes first fastened itself upon me; remorse and horror filled my breast, and I could obtain no rest. The phantom of my murdered brother seemed constantly to follow me, and at night it stood by my bed and warned me to make reparation. My sufferings ceased not until I had made a solemn vow to devote myself thenceforth to the work of restitution and atonement."

"I caused the news to be sent to England that Guy Lymburne had died in Switzerland, and after the lapse of two years more, that all might be certain, I returned. It was as I thought; my bowed form and white hair amply disguised me, and I passed without question under the name of Luke Harvey. But things were greatly changed; Sir Gordon Hargreaves and his family had mysteriously disappeared, and the pretended Sir Morgan Lymburne was preparing to pursue them. I sought out the true son of Reginald Lymburne, and in him there could be no mistake; his form, his face, his actions were those of his father. Obeying my directions, he came to Virginia, where I soon followed him, forestalling the arrival of the pretended heir."

"And now I can say but little more; the rest is known to you, and my breath is fast failing. Twice has this son of Michael Thorne attempted my destruction, but I am here to-day, thanks be to Heaven, to perform this act of justice. Edward Yeardley—for so you have been known—permit one who has deeply wronged you to call you thus for the last time, and to designate you by your rightful title,—SIR MORGAN LYMBURNE!"

The heart of him whom we have known as Edward Yeardley throbbed wildly during the last moments of the old man's confession, and when at last the strange truth burst upon his astounded mind he closed his eyes in utter bewilderment. But the death-like silence which succeeded was quickly broken; his hands were grasped by Sir Gordon Hargreaves and Governor Wyatt, and as their familiar voices saluted him as Sir Morgan Lymburne, he realized that it was not all a dream."

"And yet one thing more," said Guy Lymburne, when silence was again restored. "Sir Morgan I had thought to do this act of justice, and then depart forever from the presence of those whom I had wronged; but the death-blow of Michael Thorne has ordered

it otherwise, and perhaps better. You see before you one who has sinned and suffered; one who asks not for life, but only for forgiveness! Grant me this, and I can die in peace."

Edward Yeardley (how hard to abandon the old for the new!) looked upon the dying man, and every feeling of animosity fled from his breast. He forgot that before him was the murderer of his father—he forgot everything but his suffering and repentance, and in a broken voice he murmured the words of a sincere forgiveness.

The face of Guy Lymburne was illumined with a light which seemed almost heavenly in its sweet serenity, and he fell back in the arms of those who supported him. For a moment he seemed to be dying, but once more he unclosed his eyes and gazed around him.

"Not yet," he whispered slowly. His eyes rested upon Sir Gordon Hargreaves, and he beckoned him nearer.

"There is one more act," he murmured faintly. "This is the day upon which your daughter was to be given to Sir Morgan Lymburne: shall not the marriage be at once celebrated?"

"I faith, yes!" exclaimed Sir Francis, who had caught the words. "It is binding on you, Sir Gordon; the marriage should proceed at once."

It needed only a few whispered words to inform Sir Morgan Lymburne of this proposition, and he, as well as the others, immediately perceived that the terms of the compact would be fulfilled only by a strict compliance with the proposition of Guy Lymburne. There was a half-whispered consultation, and then Sir Morgan Lymburne and the Lady Eleanor Hargreaves—now a willing bride—took their places before the clergyman. A few solemn words were uttered; solemn vows were interchanged, and with his kiss yet warm upon her lips, Eleanor Hargreaves was the wife of him who had before received her heart!

A smile of satisfaction flitted over the face of Guy Lymburne, and he murmured in tones already rendered faint by the approach of death.

"Sir Morgan, long ago I gave you a golden locket—have you preserved it?"

"Here it is; I have placed it in your hand."

"And here is another," said Eleanor, placing hers beside it.

"This is well. Sir Gordon, do you remember these?"

"I do; I had them made at the time my promise and oath were given to Sir Reginald. One was for my daughter, and the other was for him whom I supposed the son of my friend."

"But I obtained it, and placed it in the hands of the true heir. Sir Morgan, you remember my words at that time?"

"Yes; I once repeated them to Sir Gordon."

"And now," continued Guy Lymburne, "the prophecy of those words is fulfilled. I have made restitution, and as my last moments draw near I hope to die in peace."

A shudder passed over his frame, and the hand which Sir Morgan Lymburne held grew cold.

"It is dark—dark!" the dying man whispered faintly. "Let in the light—I cannot see! Morgan, Eleanor—where are you? Draw closer to me; let me take your hands: ah, now I feel them. But closer—closer—it grows dark again! Reginald, can that be your face again? Mercy—forgiveness! I have repeated all—pardon—forgive—"

The awe-struck listeners remained silent, but they heard no more. A peaceful smile was upon the face of the dying man, and with the words of his last petition upon his lips, but so calmly that they hardly knew the moment of its flight, the spirit of Guy Lymburne ascended to Him who gave it!

CHAPTER XXII.

WITH the revelation and death of Guy Lymburne, as described in the preceding chapter, our tale reaches its proper conclusion; but the hand of the writer would fain continue his record to another chapter, in order to take a fitting leave of the characters who have figured in the tale, and to say a kind farewell to the reader who has thus far accompanied him.

Guy Lymburne was dead, but not forgotten. He was followed to the grave by those with whom his life had been so strangely connected; and if in after days the remembrance of his crimes caused them to shudder and grow pale, the thought of his final sufferings, repentance and death preserved his memory green in their hearts. And it may be that his example was one by which they did not fail to profit.

One week after the scenes of our last chapter, there was a brilliant assemblage gathered at the residence of Governor Wyatt in Jamestown. It was a happy occasion, and doubly so as it was whispered among the guests that the fête was in honor of the newly-arrived Sir Morgan Lymburne and lady. There were the noblest men and fairest women of whom the colony could boast; there was Sir Francis Wyatt, whose joyful laugh was heard the evening through; there were Sir Gordon Hargreaves and his sister, Mistress Anne, with their faces illumined with smiles of unwonted happiness; and yet there were none in all that happy throng whose hearts were more truly light with joy than those of Sir Morgan and the Lady Eleanor Lymburne, whose radiant faces many recognized as those of old acquaintances.

A word in reference to the after lives of our characters, and we have done.

The fate of Michael Thorne remains clouded with mystery. By order of Governor Wyatt he was closely imprisoned at Jamestown to await his trial for murder, but before the appointed day arrived he escaped from his prison and disappeared. All search was unavailing; and though the prevailing rumor that he had been slain in the forest by a revengeful brother of Sagawan, the

renegade, (whom the reader will remember was killed in the attack upon Sir Morgan Lymburne and Richard Seabold, which was instigated by Michael Thorne) was received by many as true, yet there was no authority for the report, and his fate remains a mystery to this day.

Richard Seabold was soon after united in marriage to none other than Ruth Gamble, and for a time the pair lived peacefully

who in every generation have been numbered among the distinguished of that State.

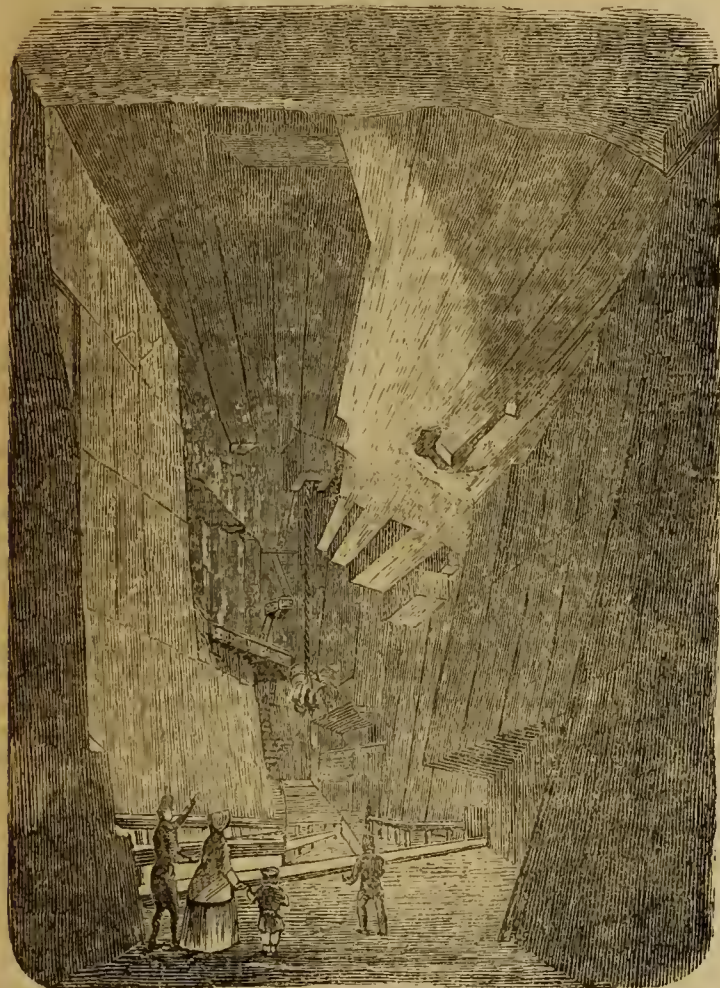
Fatal to Virginia as had been the Indian massacre, it was the turning point which rendered her existence stable and secure. Under the energetic lead of Sir Francis Wyatt the colonists turned vigorously upon their treacherous foes, and everywhere the Powhatans were routed and driven from the borders. From that day the course of Virginia was upward and onward; she had passed triumphantly through the first trials of her existence, and those trials had left her well prepared to oppose in the foremost rank of her sister colonies the aggressions of kingly power upon the land which her children had won with the offering of their blood.

"And now," said Sir Gordon Hargreaves to his children one evening in the early summer of the same year, as they sat together upon the piazza of the Blockhouse and looked out upon the beautiful river, "there remains one question for you to decide. The strange circumstances which have driven us from England have no power to prolong our exile; we are free to go back, or stay in Virginia, as we choose. For myself, I confess that this new land which has for five years been my home has won a place in my affections; its scenes and people seem like those of a home, and I should grieve to abandon it. Yet I will not influence your choice. What say you, Eleanor? In England the titles of nobility await us—here, if we cast our lot, we become simple citizens. What is your choice?"

"I leave it with my husband," she replied, gazing fondly into his face.

"Then it rests with you, Morgan. Shall we return to England?"

"No," replied the latter, his features lighting up with the enthusiasm of the thought, let us stay in Virginia. Titles await us in England, but the honor which they will bring us can never match this fond distinction—the claim of being among the founders of a nation! We have left the monarchies of the old world behind us; let us not also turn our backs upon the noble destiny that awaits us in the new. It requires little prophecy to discern a brilliant future in store for these rapidly increasing colonies; a future, indeed, in whose labors and triumphs we may not participate; but while we can prepare for its approach by our labors of to-day, we will be satisfied. Here is our home, let us make it also the home of our children!"



VIEW OF A GALLERY.

in Jamestown. But the thirst for adventure was too powerful in the breast of the sturdy hunter to allow of his living an inactive life, and with an affectionate farewell to Sir Morgan Lymburne, who he declared was "the best man in Virginia, even if he was a lord," he moved westward in the van of the emigration which had started from the settlements. He was heard from occasionally; he had planted himself in the forests of Western Virginia, where he was engaged in battling with the savages and the wilderness, and in raising up a number of sturdy boys to bear the family names of the Lymburnes.

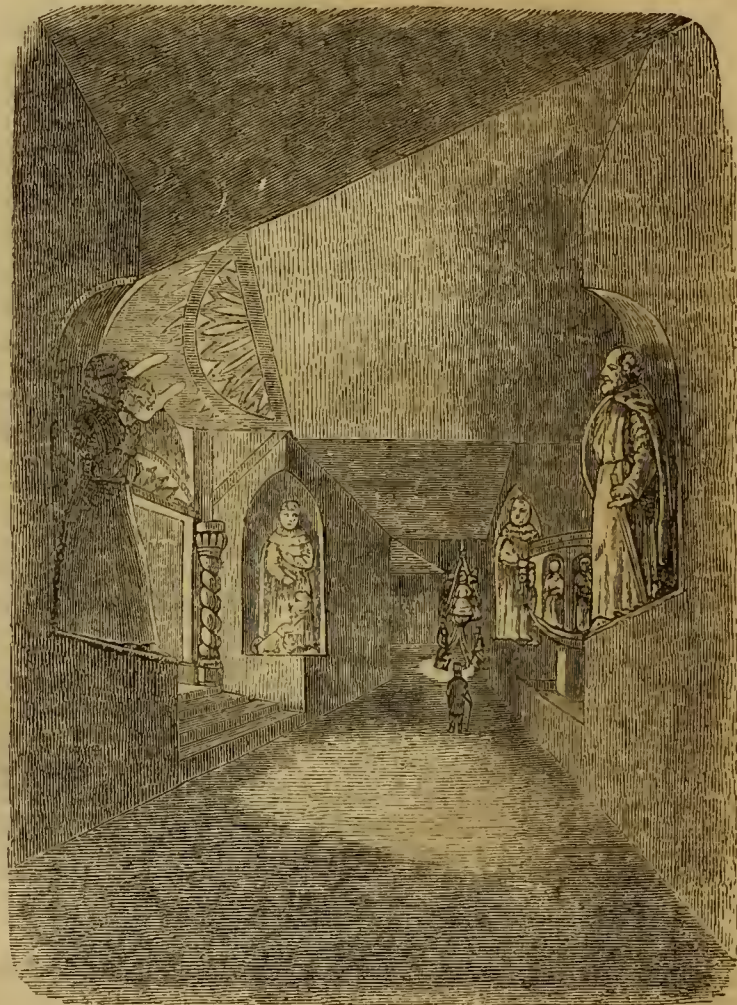
Anne Hargreaves—sweet, peaceful "Mistress Anne"—continued near her brother and niece until the day of her death, dif-

SALT MINES OF WILIESCKA, POLAND.

The accompanying engravings afford glimpses of interior scenes in the famous Salt Mines of Wiliescka, Poland, the most celebrated in the world. They have been worked since 1251, and are particularly distinguished by their vast extent, the dimensions of the beds remaining yet unknown. Probably their full dimensions will never be discovered—or at least, not for ages. The entrance to these mines is by six shafts, of four or five yards in diameter. In the interior there are various artificial formations, the salt itself furnishing the material. The appearance of one of the galleries is shown in the first view. In the next we behold a passage leading to the chapel. It is of immense dimensions, adorned with colossal statues of salt. In the third picture is shown a monument of the same sparkling material. The bottom of the shaft is shown in the next picture, and by using the figures introduced as standards of measurement we shall be able to form an idea of its extent. The chapel is a very well proportioned and even elegant structure, and when well lighted up produces a very striking effect. A subterranean well or lake is shown in the last engraving of the series. The shafts and galleries are perfectly dry, leaving no inconvenience from dust. There are springs, both of salt and fresh water, in these mines. The greatest depth of the mines is nearly eight hundred feet. Bivalve shells and crabs' claws have been found at the depth of three hundred feet. To keep the mines dry the salt water is taken up and thrown away, but the fresh water is preserved below, for the use of the horses, the supply being insufficient both for horses and men. The subterranean excavations extend upwards of three miles. The number of people employed is from twelve hundred to two thousand persons. They are said not to live long, being liable to a complaint in the chest. Rock salt, which is the kind represented by our illustration, forms large beds and masses in many parts of the world, and even composes entire mountains. It occurs in large columnar and spheroidal concretions, and is also crystallized in cubes. It is divided into two kinds, foliated and fibrous. The most obvious conclusion about the formation of rock salt is the one which supposes that it was deposited by the sea. Against this it has been objected that the composition of rock salt is much more pure than the contents of sea water. Rock salt is also found at much greater heights than the level of the sea. But the latter conclusions can hardly hold good, for the ocean once covered all the continents; and, by whatever process the dry land was raised from the sea, or the water depressed from the land, extensive hollows must have formed the lakes and pools of salt water, from which the salt would be deposited by evaporation. There are rock salt mines in Catalonia in Spain, Altemonte in Calabria, Loo-wur in Hungary, Tunis in Algiers, Cheshire and other counties in England. In Africa, to the south of Abyssinia, at the feet of the mountains which separate that country from the Gallas Negroes, salt exists in

dry and solid masses. The summit of the mountains which border the desert west of Cairo, presents an immense plain covered with a mass of salt. It is spread over so large a surface that the eye cannot reach its extent in any one direction. To the west of the desert of Sahara are the great salt rocks of Tegaza. These are worked by the Moors. The salt mines furnish the white and colored salt, which is carried by the caravans to Cassau and

Tombuctoo, to supply the Negro states, for it does not appear that there are any salt mines in Negroland, properly called. Other salt mines are found to the southward of Sahara. Salt mines are also found in Tunis, in the kingdom of Congo. The salt mines of Poland have been celebrated for centuries, above all others, and large numbers of visitors yearly explore their hidden recesses and enjoy the wonderful spectacle these caverns present.



PASSAGE LEADING TO THE CHAPEL.

RACE HORSES.

Some of the race horses which were sent to this country many years since, by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, were of the finest breeds in England, of perfect form and entirely sound. Barefoot, when four years old, won the St. Ledger stakes at the Doncaster races, against eighty-four horses at twenty-five guineas each, and was never unsuccessful on the turf. Sarah, when three years old, won the Newmarket stakes against twenty-five horses at fifty guineas each. The Earl of Darlington gave £3000 for this animal. The income derived from these horses while in this country, was given by Sir Isaac to the founding of a High School in Nantucket. This school is now, and long has been, one of the

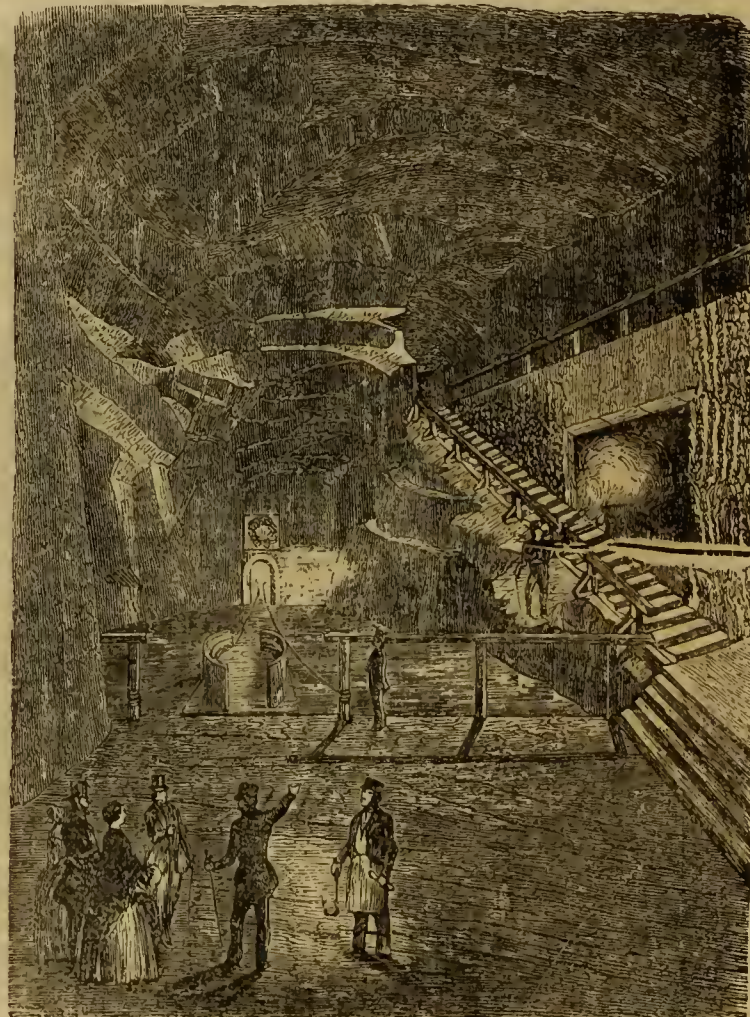


MONUMENT AND DWELLINGS.

fusing around all an air of calm contentment which called down blessings on her head from all who knew and loved her.

The heroic defenders of the Blockhouse generally followed the example of their leader, Richard Seabold, and devoted themselves to the task of regenerating and redeeming the wild forests. They have left their mark, which is perceptible to-day both in the smiling fields and plains of Virginia, and in their descendants,

dry and solid masses. The summit of the mountains which border the desert west of Cairo, presents an immense plain covered with a mass of salt. It is spread over so large a surface that the eye cannot reach its extent in any one direction. To the west of the desert of Sahara are the great salt rocks of Tegaza. These are worked by the Moors. The salt mines furnish the white and colored salt, which is carried by the caravans to Cassau and



BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

very best in Massachusetts. The building in which it is held, is very handsome and commodious. The number of scholars in attendance will average about seventy or eighty. As a general thing they are all connected with Sir Isaac by ties of consanguinity. This school is regarded with the greatest interest by the good people of Nantucket as the legacy of Sir Isaac.—*Vineyard Gazette*.

HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

There is nothing in the world we think so much of as we do of our women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, and pretty cousins, are women; and the daughters will be if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And there is a love of women in general which we do not deny. A fine magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, a ripe red cheek, and flashing eye,

teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the bed with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air tight cans, neither will women. They need air. If the shiver come on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest. Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is also as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion. Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies evolved in relation to the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, brings about a delightful play of the heart and intellect which, in their reaction upon the body, is truly nothing less than preservation. Then, there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life who has no place in the heart for religion. The calmness, the patience, and the joy and hope that are in the possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to heighten every personal power and charm she possesses.

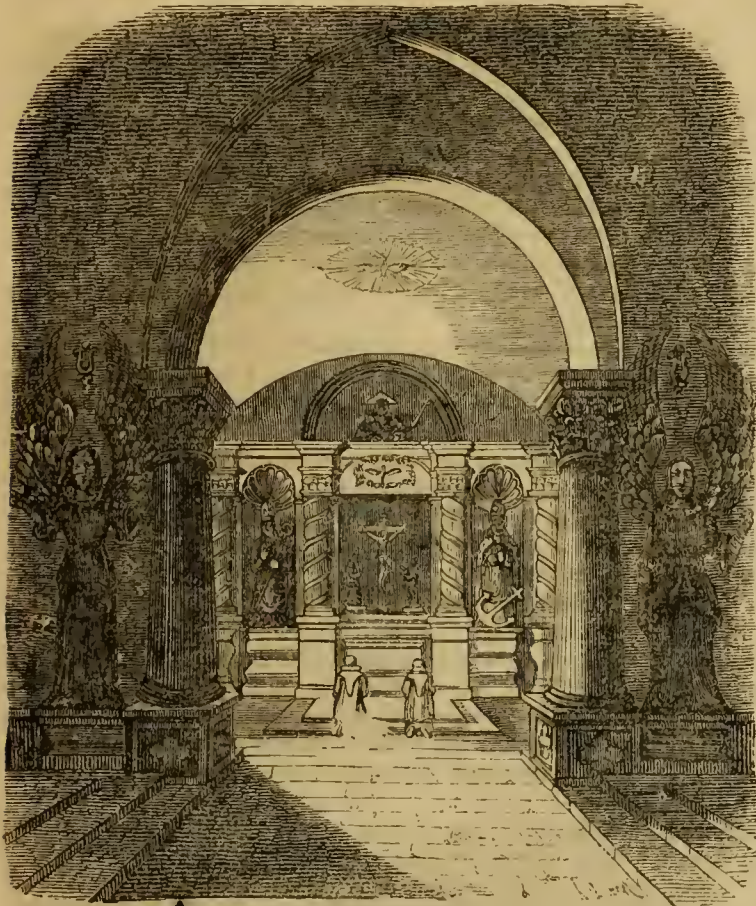
ABANDONED WATER-LOGGED SHIPS.

In the whole catalogue of disasters at sea, those which present the most terrible features are water-logged timber ships. The timber trade between Great Britain and her American colonies employs a very considerable fleet of large vessels. As wood is a "floating cargo," old worn-out West Indianmen, which would not be used for any other purpose, are frequently employed. A few years since, in addition to a full cargo, they carried heavy deck loads, which so strained their shattered fabrics, that they often became water-logged, and were sometimes abandoned in the middle of the Atlantic. The sufferings of the crews on these occasions in their open boats were appalling. Beating about for weeks on the waste of waters without food or drink beyond the rain that fell from heaven, they were obliged to sustain existence by preying on the bodies of their dead companions, and not rarely they cast lots for the living. Since the passing of the act prohibiting deck loading, these disasters are far less frequent; but they have by no means ceased. At this time there are several timber ships drifting about the ocean, floating heaps of desolation, at the mercy of the Gulf Stream, which will ultimately cast them on some European shore, or drift them into the North

Sea, to serve ultimately as fuel for the Esquimaux. In turning over the leaves of Lloyd's List, we find indications of these dreary wrecks, which, clothed in seaweed, are driven over the face of the waters, and sighted by passing ships, of which they often cause the sudden destruction, whilst careering along in seeming security. When these waifs and strays of the deep drift into much frequented ocean paths, they are doubtless the cause of many of those dreadful catastrophes witnessed only by the eye of God, and our own knowledge of which is a curt notice on the "Loss-book" at Lloyd's, "Foundered at Sea, date unknown." A recent instance, in which possibly no damage was done, will yet suffice to show the risk. The *Virago*, loaded with teak from Moulmein, in the Indian Ocean, to Queenstown, Ireland, became water-logged, and was abandoned on the fifth of March last, 155 miles southwest of Cape Clear. The next day she was passed by the American liner *Eagle*; on the 17th of the same month a steamer, on her way from Rotterdam to Gibraltar, reports having seen her; on the 5th of April she was passed by the *Naiad* on her passage from Palermo to Milford; and on the 15th, the *Samarang*, on her way to Tenby, met with her; on the 18th she was seen 160 miles off the Lizard, "in a very dangerous position," by the *Champion of the Seas*; again, on the 3d of May, the *Alhambra* steamer, on her voyage to Southampton, met her in latitude 47 deg.; about the same time and place she was seen by the *Peru* steamer, "and appeared as if run into; and, finally, on the 20th of May, the telegraph sends word that she was stranded near Brest, and her cargo was being discharged. It is curious to note how, amid the tossing of the ocean, her name became gradually obliterated, till it was totally effaced, a type of the progressive decay and final destruction of the vessel herself. At first she is properly reported at Lloyd's as the "*Virago*;" the next ship makes her out to be the "*Argo*;" still later her cognomen is put down to the "*go*;" and then the name disappears until the French find her upon their strand. Here we suppose her half-obliterated papers were found, and our neighbors, according to their usual wont, transmute the "*Virago*" into the "*Nerogoggi*." From these

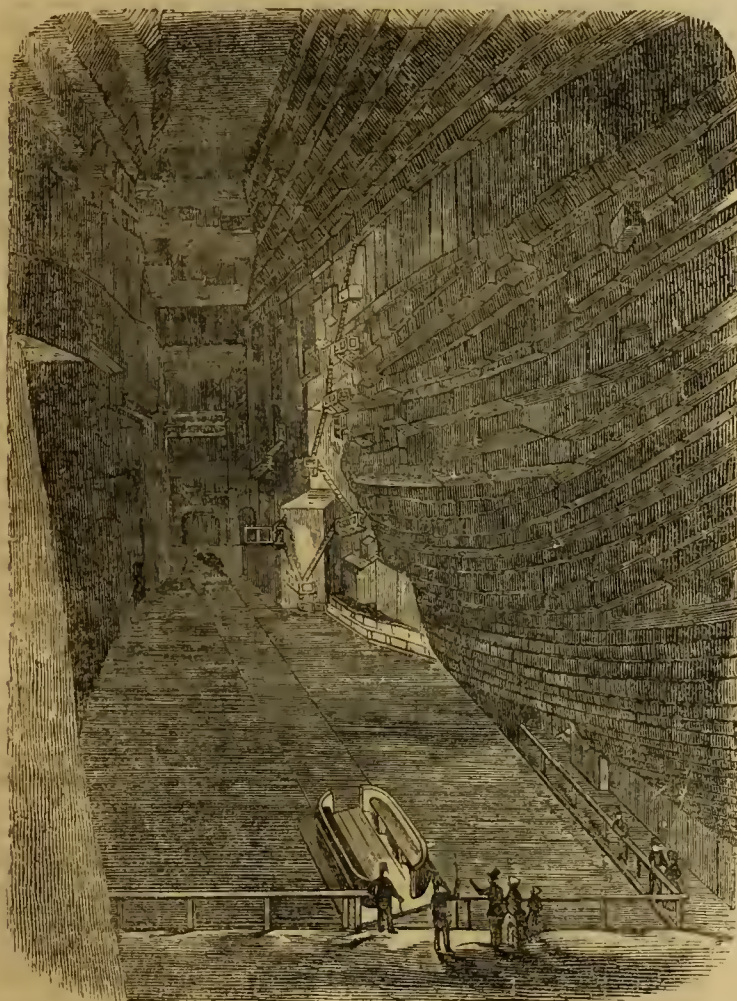
reports it is evident that a number of large vessels passed quite close to the wreck, and it is even probable that a collision may actually have occurred, and no one have been left to tell the tale. In some cases, where the circumstances of wind and current are favorable, water-logged ships are taken in tow by other vessels, and become valuable prizes. When, however, these wrecks are in such a condition that it is clear they cannot be brought in, we

think it would be well if they could be destroyed. A few pounds of powder, judiciously placed, or a beam or two sawn across by the ship's carpenter, would break the bond that binds these logs together, and once separated, they would not be likely to do much damage. As it now is, these water-logged hulks often are the cause of serious disaster from collision by other vessels.—*London Quarterly*.



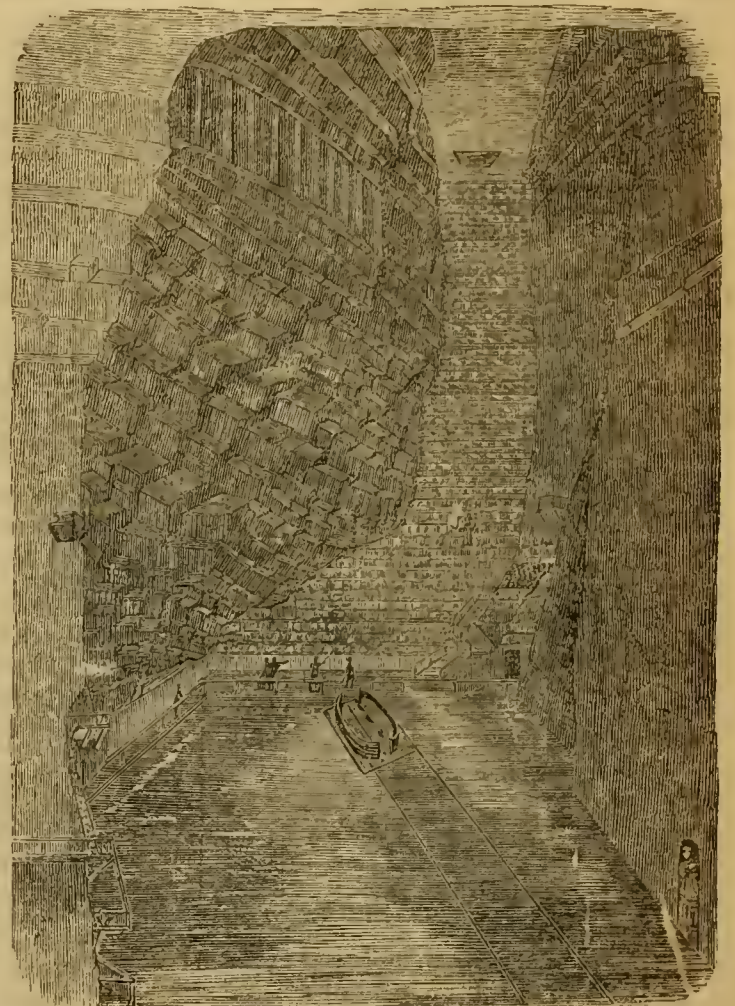
INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

is something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks, and every day streets. A North River steamer, under full headway, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life—(men's life, we mean, of course.) Any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot pickle them. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them in cans and seal them up air tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode for preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an infallible receipt. Have the



OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE LAKE.

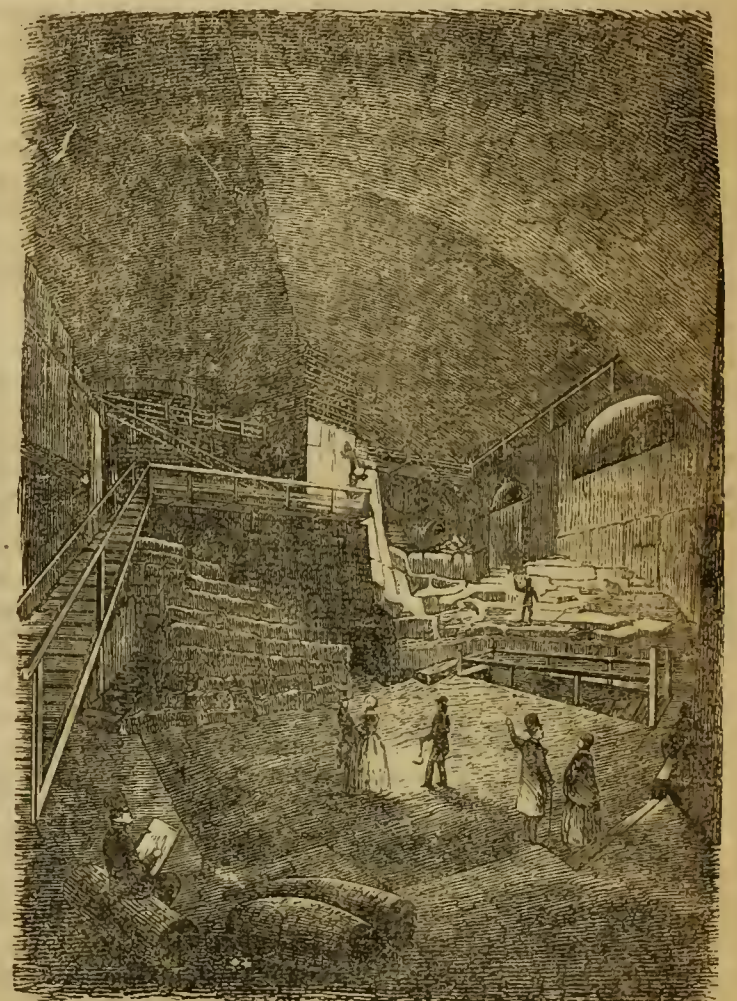
feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abides the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skins, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off goes her



THE LAKE.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother one bright summer morning dressed in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the Swiss cottage, when an enormous eagle snatched him from the earth, and bore him high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the cry being at a point which was inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In destroying the child, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest, that it became a fixture there, and



CENTRAL EXCAVATION.

whenever the wind blew, it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim. How sad to see their darling thus destroyed before their eyes, and to behold daily afterwards the fluttering of its gay dress, a significant death pennon.—*N. Y. Albion*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIFT.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

A noble lady, bright and fair,
With eyes of heaven and curls of gold,
Stood on a river's bank;
Her fragile whip, now swaying in air,
Again clutched closely with a trembling hold,
She thought upon her rank.

And at the thought her red lip curled,
The blue veins filled upon her brow,
Her face seemed very sore;
While from her hand the whip she hurled,
This noble lady ne'er could bow
To wed a country squire.

Anon the mood passed by, and she
Stooped for the little whip which lay
Close to her fairy feet:
There's none like him in courtesy,
There is in him more heaven than clay—
Love thoughts are very sweet.

And as she mused on all the host
That graced that day her board,
And pledged her beauty bright,
Her fancy seemed to fly most
Nor duke, nor marquis, earl, nor lord:
She was uncertain quite.

"Allice!"—that voice!—and o'er her temples flew
The roseate color of angry thought:
How dare thee, Squire John?
Lady, forgive the utterance true—
A heart with tenderness o'erfought
Nay, lady, do not shun!

Sweet lady, list!—my earnestness and truth
May never raise me to thy noble side,
But they will prove my love.
I worship beauty, virtue, truth,
And dare to seek thee for my bride,
Let who hath claim above.

What though my lands are not as broad,
They're limitless from where we stand;
And though no noble earl,
I'm upright—proud as any earl or lord;
And in that pride I ask thy hand—
I see the scornful curl.

Not through my pride spoke I of lands,
Sweet one; for thee I'd give a world—
Deep in my heart thy image dwells.
Didst need, I'd toil for thee with yeoman hands:
Thy gaze is kinder, and thy lip uncured,
And thy soft bosom swells.

I have a gift to offer thee—a gift
More precious than any king could give—
An honest heart's first love.
I lay it humbly at thy feet—to lift,
And humbly pray thee let me live
With thee on earth—above.

As morrow steals from gloomy night,
So poured love's sunshine from that lady's heart,
And all was joy and beauty.
Thou sayest, John, "thou'dst have a husband's right;"
Then love me—we will never part—
I'll do thee wisely duty.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

On the farm of Mr. Strauss, a worthy yeoman, in Pennsylvania, is still exhibited as a curiosity, a building some twelve feet square, eight logs high, and with a slated roof. It now answers the peaceful and innocent purpose of a corn-crib; but was originally built by William Patterson, a Scotchman, for a blockhouse, at the time of Braddock's war in 1755. Patterson was a man of strong will, and one of whom the Indians stood in great awe, although his manners towards them were not by any means harsh or abusive. He had a grave, authoritative way, that somehow affected them with a sense of his superiority, and he could control them with a nod. Silent as their own warriors, he won upon them by qualities that most resembled their own; and the few words he condescended to utter were received as oracles by the dusky children of the wilderness. After the famous treaty with the Indians in 1764, he was regarded by them as the best specimen of their white brothers.

One of their young braves, Waukanoe, had been at various times to bring corn to Patterson's mill, the latter having built the first mill ever known here. In one of his excursions, after gazing in delighted surprise at an invention which he owned was "better than pounding," he saw with still greater delight the handsome daughter of Patterson; and thenceforth the susceptible heart of the savage uttered itself in the most touching language which his vocabulary afforded, to express his admiration of the white girl.

Flora Patterson was indeed a being who might have won a grander conquest than that of the untutored Indian. With the blonde hair and eyes of her country, she possessed a clear, pure white skin that the winds could not roughen nor the sun freckle; a pale, Greek face, and a slight and delicate figure. Had she possessed only half of these charms, she would have seemed perfect to the hereafter old man, who had laid down his wife and eight children beneath the forest shadows, and to whom this one alone remained.

A few apartments in the mill contained his small family; his

maiden sister acting as housekeeper, and superintending the simple details of Flora's education in reading, writing, spinning and knitting. But these were only occasional lessons; for Flora delighted chiefly to be in the mill with her father, and he was pleased only when she was in his sight. His peculiar bereavements had made him cling strongly to this child, as the last flower that bloomed in his household; and daily and hourly did thanksgivings ascend from his heart, that she at least was spared to his declining age. Sitting side by side, the golden locks of the girl mingling with the almond blossoms of the father, they talked calmly yet tearfully of the dead, who they knew were awaiting them on that shore of better promise, where, "when the long fever of the soul had passed," they should meet again.

Thus did Waukanoe behold the beautiful Scottish maiden; and eagerly did he question Job Higgins, the mill-tender, in all the English words he could command, to know if the "Sunny Hair" had a lover.

"Guess so!" said Job, in the broad, nasal accent that proved him a native of "the Massachusetts." "Think of her myself when she is old enough; so now don't you be thinkin' on her!" Waukanoe's vocabulary did not extend to this long speech, and he could not take in the full meaning of Job's drawl.

"Waukanoe be Sunny-Hair's brave. He hunt; bring plenty deer; white squaw cook." And he threw his hand over his shoulder to designate to Job who it was that should have the honor of dressing his venison.

Job told it to Aunt Margery by the firelight in the kitchen, and received a reproof for the way in which he speculated on the chances of Flora's marrying one of the savages.

"But now look here, Aunt Margery; spos'n Flory wanted to be married, who'd she have, I'm bound t'know? There's nob'dy round here but jest Josh Sassfield and me. You don't think she'd have 'ither of us, dew ye?"

"Hush, Job! It is quite disrespectful to speak in sic' a way o' yer master's bairn."

"Master!—master, indeed! D'ye know, aunty, I am a free-born Massachusetts boy? Don't know as the king hisself has any rule over Job Higgins. I held a bagonet in the ranks last year, and arter that I calk'late I'm free-born anyhow. Don't turn up that 'ere word *master* to me agin, Aunt Margery, or I shall be obleeged to notice it, if yer should."

Aunt Margery, a humble soul, apologized to Job Higgins, which appeased his wrath so much that he offered, of his own accord, to bring in the wood from the pile that night, a labor which he was apt to shirk, if possible, when the master's eye was not upon him. Flora and her father came in together and sat down by the kitchen fire, which blazed up merrily as Job threw on log after log, lighting up the bright pewter platters that shone like silver on the dresser opposite, and the glittering copper skillet and brass warming-pan that hung upon the wall. "Sunny-Hair's" tresses caught the radiance and gleamed up like coils of twisted gold; while Aunt Margery, who had been alone all the afternoon, bestowed a welcoming glance upon the girl, and went to fetch the customary mug of cider and plate of apples.

The good spinster loved her motherless niece; and well had she loved the good, kind brother, who had never failed in his duty towards her, and had always sweetened that duty by tenderness and affection. Her clean stuff dress, a green plaid of her own weaving, a plain white linen cap from which the flaxen locks came "streeling" down, a checked apron, and a small shawl, were all as neat as hands could make them. The gentle Scottish woman had "come o' gude bluid," and she retained in the western wilderness the same orderly habits which she had brought from the heath-covered hills of Scotland.

It was a fine night, with a thick, crispy fall of snow upon the ground, and the sound of falling footsteps came through the shutterless windows. Soon the door opened, and Waukanoe and an old Indian stood before them, the snow from their mocassons melting upon the nicely sanded floor which Aunt Margery's hemlock broom had swept in curious figures. Patterson gave them a grave welcome, and made room for them upon the hearth. Waukanoe then explained to him that he had brought his father, who had discovered a silver mine at Millin, and wanted to tell the white people where to dig, but that they had laughed at him. He came now to the father of "Sunny-Hair," to tell him where it lay, and give him a chance to dig.

Waukanoe did not want to be paid for the information; but the old Indian, not being in love with Patterson's daughter, stipulated for many valuable articles in return. Patterson believed his tale quite probable, and gave him what he wanted, and then the old brave undertook to plead for his son's bride.

It was well that Aunt Margery and Flora could not understand all that was said, or they would have disconcerted the gravity of their visitors by laughing; but Job Higgins hovered about Flora, scowling at the Indians, and putting on heroics that were quite terrific to look upon, though harmless in their actions. With eyes and cheeks distended to their utmost capacity, and mouth wide open, he heard the proposal to buy Flora for Waukanoe's bride, and to take her immediately to his wigwam. Not that Job thought for a moment it could be done, but the enormity of the presumption was what he felt amazed at. To him, Flora was an angel, fit for only one man in the world; and, though Job sometimes talked largely to others respecting "Miss Flory's" kindness to him, people only had to mention the name of Harvey Ballantyne, to make him lay aside his pretentious talk.

Harvey Ballantyne was the countryman of William Patterson's, but a feud between the latter and Harvey's father had been long cherished in great bitterness. Harvey remembered the beautiful golden-haired child whom he had carried in his arms over the burns of Scotland; and as soon as he knew where the emigrants

had settled, he came over the sea just to take a look at sweet Flora Patterson. To Job Higgins, in whose good faith and honesty he placed great confidence, he deputed the task of watching over his treasure; and the youth, under cover of his half-assumed simplicity, reported regularly every change in the household, every event that stirred its quiet, to the lover who was toiling to gain a home for Flora, whenever her father should repent of his enmity to his own.

Job had duly reported Waukanoe's first appearance of love towards her; and had whispered in her ear that very evening, that Harvey was not far off, and might be with her that night. Accordingly, when the Indians had gone away, after Mr. Patterson's refusal to part with his daughter, Flora pleaded some special work she and Aunt Margery had to finish, and begged her father, as he was tired, to go to bed. He complied, asking them not to sit up long; and then Flora entreated her aunt to propitiate her father in favor of Harvey Ballantyne, and to expedite her marriage in order that she might be free from all farther persecution from Waukanoe.

Margery Patterson had once been betrothed to Robert Ballantyne, the father of Harvey, and the feud between him and her brother had broken it off. He had married a friend of her own, who had died early, leaving one child; and Margery's heart had never ceased to go out to him in tenderest sympathy, and with a deep yearning for the love that was once her own—perhaps her own still! They were talking of this, and the eyes of both were suffused with tears, when the sound of footsteps was again heard on the crashing snow.

"There is Harvey!" exclaimed Flora, as she sprang from her low stool at Margery's knee.

She opened the door at the gentle knock, and admitted—not Harvey, but the Indian, Waukanoe. In a moment he was bearing her from the house, stifling the scream which was rising to her lips, and stopped not until he reached the edge of the wood. Margery had fainted, and was therefore incapable of arousing her brother.

As Waukanoe saw no signs of pursuit, he slackened his pace, the dead weight becoming insupportable. Fearing perhaps that she was dead, he laid her upon the snow and strove to revive her by rubbing her face with the icy lumps. He stood up for a moment to look back towards the mill, when a ball from a rifle passed through his shoulder, and he fell beside the insensible girl. Even in his agony, he grasped her with the other hand until his senses fled, and he lay bleeding and prostrate.

Over the two forms stood Harvey Ballantyne, and by his side, Job Higgins, the invincible. Job had gone out to confer with Harvey, when they saw Waukanoe in the act of laying down his helpless burden. The acute vision of Job detected in a moment the nature of that burden, and without waiting to ascertain if it were indeed Flora, he whispered to Harvey to fire. Waukanoe's head had just risen as the bullet sped.

"Wait a minute," said Job, compassionately, as Harvey drew Flora away from the side of the bleeding Indian. "It won't do to leave this varmint here. Savage or not, we must see to him."

Harvey, who had now succeeded in restoring Flora to perfect consciousness, consented to return after he had seen her safe, and help him to dispose of the savage. But Aunt Margery had come to herself and alarmed the house, and her brother now sent down two or three strong men to take the Indian to a place of safety and see that his wound was bandaged. All restraint towards the preserver of his child passed away, and in a few weeks both father and son were domiciled in the old mill, and Aunt Margery and Flora were preparing for a double wedding. Robert Ballantyne's love for Margery was as warm and sincere as amid the scenes of their youth; and when sanctioned by her brother's now hearty approval, it was dearer than ever to the gentle heart that had pined in secret so long.

Job Higgins had his reward. He accompanied the family to a fine location upon the banks of the Juniata, and was ever considered one of their truest friends. Waukanoe recovered after the departure of Flora, whose absence cured him of love, and he took a pretty Indian girl for his wife, who had tended him in his sickness. His father still continued to extort articles of value from those to whom he offered to show the silver mines, but their existence was thought to be quite apocryphal. The old blockhouse stands as a memorial of William Patterson, and his descendants still love to visit it. Even its present use as a corn crib is most appropriate to the memory of the stern but honest old miller. So let it be!

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 10.

BY ALUNG.

STEALING A CHINESE GOD.

I HAD been in Shanghai about three years, when one morning on looking over the North China Herald, a paper published at that place, I was delighted to read in the arrivals the name of the ship "Endymion." This vessel was commanded by Captain Withecomb, an old and respected friend of mine, with whom I had sailed as chief mate, and at whose house I had spent many of the happiest days that marked that period of my life. In a short time I was on board and chatting with my old skipper over a glass of sherry, asking after his wife and family, particularly his eldest daughter, a fine, dark-eyed, handsome young lady, who had made a deep impression upon my heart, and whose image was seldom—But I must say no more on this subject, for I hear my wife coming, and she will say that I ought positively to be ashamed of myself for writing such fibs; that she is certain sure I never thought of her once while I was away; and yet I can show dozen of letters, in which she thanks me for sundry little presents, such as crape shawls, pieces of silk, etc., which she now says came all the way from China without my ever thinking of her! No matter; she thought of me when others in more affluent circumstances sought to supplant me in her affections, and sorry am I to say it, she did not get much of a prize in your humble servant.

I soon had all the news from the captain, and besides that, about half a quire of closely-written and delicious nonsense from Sarah, and a long letter from her mother, good Mrs. Withecomb, written in the compound style of a homily and housekeeper's receipt-book. The old lady gave me much good advice how to conduct myself, gave me also directions how to make a cooling beverage with limes, and closed her remarks by citing the case of Captain Withecomb as an example of the evil effects of mixing brandy in his coffee. But, though I looked closely at his happy face, I could see no traces of evil practices upon his constitution; he looked as healthy as ever, and could not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds. These, and several other letters from my friends at home, he gave me, telling me at the same time that he had brought me some little things which, strange to say, that is if he spoke the truth, never cost him anything. But I suspect this was a gentlemanly evasion on the part of the captain, to prevent me from paying for them. He then told me I could go, and take time to examine "Sahe's log-book," as he called her bountiful opistle; but to be sure to come on board to supper, at six o'clock in the evening.

I kept my promise; but I suppose some of my lady readers would like to know how I felt on reading my letter from "the dearest girl in the world," as Mr. Traddles has it. The curiosity of the dear creatures is entirely laudable, and I would willingly gratify it, were I not afraid my wife would deny the veracity of my account. In fact, I have heard her say that she felt certain I had never opened her letter, or that if I did, I fell fast asleep before I had read four lines of it. Though how she can account, according to this theory, for my sending her the piece of silk she sent for, of the same color as the bit she enclosed to me in her letter, saying that its color suited her complexion best—puzzles me even to this day.

At the appointed hour I went on board the "Endymion," taking with me all the Chinese curiosities which I had collected for the captain since I saw him twelve months before. He was a great fancier of articles of virtue, and had one of the largest collections of curiosities of any private gentleman in the country where he resided. I had brought him a strange and heterogeneous assortment, comprising swords, spears, pikes, flags, toys, models—in fact everything I had come across for a year past, which I thought would interest him. He was delighted with the prizes I had brought him, and while we were packing them away, I had a busy time recounting to him the history and peculiarities of each article, which he wrote down in his journal, designating each narrative by the number appropriate to the implement to which it related. One sword, which I had withdrawn from the body of a dead rebel, I am certain he would not have sold for a thousand dollars. From the time he heard the story of this ugly-looking piece of cold iron, the price of the Chinamen's tails which I had cut off for the crime of theft on the part of their owners, fell in the old man's estimation at least seventy-five per cent.

At length the wonders were packed away, and the history consigned to his chest, and I hoped that the captain's appetite for curiosities was fully satisfied. But ambition is ever the same, whether in high or humble life; and a regular fancier of rare articles is just as sure to have one more object to long for, as an Alexander or a Napoleon is to sigh for another kingdom to add to his empire. What the "very last" was, that my good friend's ambition coveted, I soon had occasion to know.

One Sunday morning several Chinese peddlers were on board the ship, selling small wares to the men, when fortunately, or unfortunately, a small image of a Chinese Josh, or deity, was noticed by the captain among the articles in their baskets. The sight of the little image aroused a train of thought in his mind, and excited a wish that nearly cost me and four of my friends our lives to gratify. In all his large collection at home he had no Chinese idol, and he wanted one to make his happiness complete. Not a new image manufactured for sale, such as could easily be bought at the shops; but an old one, and the older the better—one that had been worshipped by millions of people! That was the idol for him, or none! Upon this important point I was forthwith consulted, and asked to help him to what he wanted. But I could do nothing, and frankly told him so.

But the fire was kindled and could not be quenched. For weeks after I could see that the volcano burned within. The old man was moody and abstracted; he noticed but little that passed about him, and began to lose the fresh color and brisk and cheerful step for which he was always distinguished. He was positively growing thin, and it was evident to me that the ungratified wish for a bona fide idol was preying upon his health. He came to me one day as I was smoking on the poop, and renewed the subject of his anxiety to obtain an old Josh.

"Alung," said he to me, in conclusion, "I know you would do anything in your power to oblige me; now you make an effort to get me this idol, and your success shall command anything in return which my ability can grant, so long as I live."

As the captain said this, I thought of Sarah, and of a little picture which I used to see sometimes with my eyes shut, wherein she appeared, together with a pair of little fairies playing at her feet and calling me papa. The picture came before my mind more vividly than ever; it looked so bright, and so lovely and interesting seemed the fairies, that my answer was decided at once. Under this fairy spell I grasped the captain's hand, and promised to accomplish his wish if mortal man could do it. But, shades of Paradise! could I have heard one of those yells with which one of the above-mentioned fairies is at this moment making my head ache, I wonder whether I should have been so quick to accept his offer, and pledge my word to get him a Chinese god!

I need not say that the captain was an altered man upon receiving my promise; a re-action took place immediately; he was in high spirits, for he considered the coveted Josh just as good as under his hatches, knowing that when once I passed my word, I should keep it. Nor is it necessary to remark that Mrs. Withecomb's homily was forgotten for that evening, or that I got up the next morning with my head aching, not from drinking a cooling beverage made of limes. At breakfast I told the captain I would spend the day on shore, seeking information where a Simon-pure Josh could be obtained.

I made for a hotel where I usually met some young men who were my everyday companions, and found them smoking on the verandah. I soon told them what a queer object I was bent upon, and asked them to give me some hint how to proceed to find the object of my search. They were unable to enlighten me, and the subject had pretty much passed from our thoughts for the evening, when Tom Hammond, a good-natured, bold-spirited fellow, laughingly proposed to steal the idol from the Yank-in-pan Josh-house, just outside the city walls. The idea took well with the merry crew, and over a bottle of champagne we settled the preliminaries for an attempt upon his Josh-ship that night. We then separated, and at seven o'clock in the evening I left the ship to rejoin them, having first seen that a tackle was got ready to hoist the distinguished stranger on board, should we succeed in getting him. But I did not tell the captain what a risk we should run in our mad freak, for I knew him too well to think that he would knowingly permit me to incur danger on his account.

The temple which we intended to visit stood near the bank of the river, not far from the city wall. The rebels held the city at the time, and below it, or nearer to the outside settlement, three French vessels blockaded the river, not permitting any boats to pass to and from the city, and firing into all which they discovered making the attempt. To avoid the Frenchmen we crossed to the opposite side of the river, and walked along the bank until we had got about half a mile above where they lay. With two sanpans which we found at the shore, we pulled across to the Josh-house. There were but five of us in all, and we carried pistols. Our only apprehension of danger was from the French vessels, should they discover our motions. We had provided a strong pole to string the idol to, and enable us to carry it to the boat. Shouldering the pole, I walked to the temple with the rest, and by nine o'clock we stood in darkness within the walls.

All was silent, and I opened my dark-lantern, directing the light in such a manner as to conceal it from the view of the ships in the river. The gentleman we came for, stood there upon his pedestal, amid a great many others much larger, but not so well finished as he was. The perilous enterprise in which we were engaged, combined with the silence and the darkness to make the hideous monsters look ten times as ugly as usual, as they glowered forth from the obscurity in the feeble light of our small lantern. Before our chosen victim, upon his altar, lay several oranges and other offerings of devotees, showing that the temple was still frequented by worshippers, who probably came from the city. But we had no time to look about us much, and immediately busied ourselves in removing the idol from his pedestal. After taking him down carefully, we laid him gently on his back, and with sacrilegious hands bound his godship to the pole, with less fear of hurting his feelings than of spoiling his beauty.

The image was a heavy one, though made of hollow metal, and weighed, as I judged, about three hundred pounds. We now raised our load of sanctity to carry it to the boat, and had peacefully gained about fifty yards from the temple, when eight Chinamen sprang up in our path. Thackwell and Hammond, both strong fellows, carried the burden, and upon them the whole eight made a dash.

"Drop the ugly thing," I cried, "and let us run! The rebels will be upon us in a moment!"

All the answer I got was the report of three pistols from my friends. At the same moment a blow from a Chinese sword was given me, and I turned at once to repay the donor. The bearers of the idol then started on the run, and three of us brought up the rear, keeping off the Chinamen, and on the whole executing a masterly retreat. Our shots were now fired whenever one of our pursuers came near. The reports of our pistols soon brought the rebels upon the walls, who, supposing the French had landed and

taken possession of the Josh-house where the pistols were discharged, opened a heavy fire from their cannon upon the building. The balls and grape-shot now flew around us in every direction, and all the more near from the fact that we were at some little distance from the temple; for the Chinese are not very good marksmen even by daylight, to say nothing of night.

To cross the river would have been certain death to some of us, if not all; stop where we were we dared not, for the fellows whom we had beaten off would inform the people in the city what we were about, and the cause of the firing. The loss of their Josh would bring them around us at once, like a swarm of angry bees, and there was no other way but to put off down the river, and run the risk of passing the French ships in our boats. In a few minutes the Frenchmen opened a fire upon the city, as though determined to have a finger in the pie, whatever it might prove to be. We could now hear the balls whistling and moaning as they flew past, above and around us. But, as may well be supposed, we did not stop long to listen to the music, but with all our strength laid to the oars.

Hammond and I were in one boat, and she bore the precious freight which had been the cause of all this terrible row. He and I determined to stick by the idol as long as we could, and while pulling in company with our friends in the other boat, we formed our plan of action to meet the new emergency. Thackwell was to pull on one side of the ships while I passed on the other, so that one boat at least might stand a chance to escape should the other be seen. On parting with that boat, I told them if taken and questioned, to say that I had sent them to ascertain the cause of the firing. The two boats then separated, and soon neared the ships, which we were obliged to pass close alongside of. I had got nearly opposite them when I heard either my boat or Thackwell's hailed by an officer from the poop of the French frigate.

"*Hola, barquette!*" sang out the Frenchman.

I kept mum, and could soon hear Thackwell's voice in reply:

"Ay, ay, all right, we belong to the settlement."

"*Venez le long de la frégate, ou je fais feu sur vous!*" again cried the officer.

"*Je ne comprends pas le Français,*" answered Thackwell, not observing in his hurry, that he was answering in the very language of which he was denying his knowledge—at the same time pulling as hard as he could to get away.

"*Jetez l'embarcation a l'eau,*" were the last words I heard, followed by a few shots, fired, as I supposed, at the boat.

Our boat had not ceased pulling all this time, and I soon had reason to be glad of it; for the sound of a man-of-war's stroke reached my ears. For a few moments I could hear them talk while taking Thackwell and his party prisoners, and him delaying them all he could, for my boat had also been seen, but too late to hail me. This I understood by hearing Thackwell saying, in a loud voice, "I know nothing of the other boat." Hammond and I made the oars bend well as we struggled to get beyond the reach of the frigate's boat. At last we reached the "Endymion," and found the captain on the look-out for us. To sling and hoist the Josh on board was only the work of a moment. We cast the sanpan adrift, and told the old skipper to go below, as I suspected that some fellows had seen the boat, and I wanted to put them on the wrong scent. He and Hammond retired to the cabin; and they had scarcely left the deck when the Frenchmen came alongside to inquire if we had seen the boat pass. I pointed to her, and said two men had jumped out and swam ashore.

I was well acquainted with the officer from the frigate, as I was at that time the governor of the only jail for Europeans and Americans in the settlement, and had had several of the frigate's people under my charge at different times. On recognizing me, he asked if I had sent any persons on the river that evening? I inferred at once that Thackwell had told him what I had desired him to say, and replied that I had just sent three friends of mine, and was getting uneasy about them; for I was afraid that one of the party, who was a wild colt and fond of excitement, might lead the others where a shot from the city might sink the boat, or wound some of them.

"*Sacre!*" said the Frenchman, "he is wild! I have just taken him; but as his statement is a true one, I will tell the captain of the frigate, and he will release him and his companions."

I offered to accompany him to his vessel; but he said it was unnecessary. An hour after his departure we all sat around Captain Withecomb's table, devouring his good things and giving him a description of our adventure. Thackwell and I had each received a slight wound, but they were not of much account and gave us no trouble. After spending a very pleasant night with the captain, we parted. The next day the old man, who was perfectly enraptured with his prize, valuing it all the more for the thrilling narrative with which the capture of the ancient Josh was connected, thanked me over and over again for my prompt fulfillment of my promise, and asked me what he could do for me in return? I mentioned Sarah! Dear, generous-hearted old sailor! I can see him now, as with tears he grasped my hand, saying:

"Give her to you, boy?—to have you for my Sahe's husband would make me more happy than the possession of all the Chinese gods in the country!"

Over a modest bottle we settled the whole matter; and the day never came yet, that I was dissatisfied with the reward I received for stealing a Chinese Josh.

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BENGALEE VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

The pictures on this and the next page illustrate scenes in the old world and the new—in India and in South America. In explanation of the engravings, we are happy to be able to furnish some notes of intelligent travellers, never before published in this country. The first two engravings represent a Bengalee village, on the banks of the Ganges, and a scene sketched in the environs of Calcutta. The first of these is strictly oriental, and the graceful trees, the tethered elephants, the bamboo cottage, the bright-plumed peacocks, are no stranger to our eyes than the attenuated forms of the native family lounging about in various attitudes before the door. The same strangeness of figures is seen in the group in the second engraving, which is enlivened by the passage of a native dignitary in a clumsy coach surrounded by runners and attendants. Of these sights in the environs of Calcutta, the intelligent French traveller, whose notes we have before us, writes: "Let us transport ourselves to the banks of the Ganges in the environs of Calcutta. It is an animated scene, which extends for a distance of several miles. You see a crowd of Indians bathing. On one day there was a poor young man exhausted by malady, thin as a skeleton, lying in the sand near the river, with a faithful friend watching sadly beside him. Near the spot was a Brahmin of a certain age, with a severe countenance, who had just painted his face, shoulders and breast, with great care, and was admiring himself in a little glass, seated on a wooden platform. On a larger platform, with a cover of foliage and mats laid over sticks, to serve as an umbrella, there was a whole society of Brahmins, one of whom was having himself washed. Then there were fakirs daubed with chalk, with their hair and beards disordered, though braided up. Sometimes, also, their hair was twisted round their heads in the shape of enormous turbans, and covered with a red or white powder. A wretched, dying old man had himself carried out in a palanquin to try the reviving virtues of the air: his haggard air and excessive leanness indicated the approach of death. A young man, full of strength and grace, coming out of the water, displayed the rich hair that covered his head, and suffered his bronzed body to dry in the last rays of the setting sun. A corpse was carried to the dead-house. The roof was occupied by an innumerable number of huge cormorants, and vultures and other birds hovered over or stalked round this sad receptacle. A troop of Brahmin women, light and supple, were descending towards the river to make their

ablutions, covered with fine muslin drapery, rose colored, green or lilac. Farther on they are burning corpses on a funeral pyre, and the odor of their bodies spread far along the shore animated by so many scenes. * * * Yesterday I saw the sick young man again, seated and apparently reanimated; I was astonished, for the other day he was motionless and appeared to be dead. I gave him a rupee, which seemed to please him. His friend, perhaps his brother, was no longer with him,—he had fulfilled his honorable task, satisfied the craving of his soul, and had returned to his habitual life. A Brahmin going to bathe with his monkey, walked haughtily along, carrying the animal on his shoulder—both of them had their foreheads painted red. At intervals a carriage of the days of king Dagobert drove by, filled with rajahs or Indian lords, young and old, great and small—those obscure lords who live in the infected quarters of the strange capital called Calcutta. These men are either naked, with immense heads of hair in disorder, or wear theatrical turbans with plumes, and faded robes of gauze or brocade. The servants, naked or wearing short drawers only, cling to the old carriage and the springs, while others run alongside. Calcutta forms a singular contrast to a European city, and the proximity of the prosaic civilization of England, transplanted to Indian soil, brings out in marvellous relief the poetry of those rooted manners which seem proof against man and time. Thus, after a grand dinner at the Governor-General's, in the midst of officers in scarlet uniforms, blazing with gold, and fair ladies whose complexion shames the pearls they wear, how great must be the effect of the festival of Kali, the goddess of vengeance, whose sectaries are the Thugs, the sworn assassins, devoted to murder as many victims as possible, to appease the wrath of their terrible divinity. These wretched Thugs believe that all tricks are admissible which enable them to accomplish their ends. They insinuate themselves into the good graces of travellers, make friends with them, warn them of the danger they run from Thugs, persevere for entire months, and when finally the moment comes and corresponds with the signs of the goddess, when the crow flies in a certain direction or the jackall runs on the right side of the road, then they execute their fell design. Men of all religions are admitted into this sect, as you would hardly expect to meet among a people commonly so gentle as the Indians. On leaving Calcutta, we were at first for many days in the narrow streams forming the delta of the Ganges,



SCENE IN THE ENVIRONS OF CALCUTTA.



CROSSING A TORRENT IN NEW GRANADA.

between marshy inlands, covered with impenetrable forests or jungles, uninhabited by men. Every evening we anchored in these solitudes for the night, for fear of the sand banks. The young officers on board, returning to their regiments, attempted to make an excursion in boats near the banks, and one of them fired a gun, to which thousands of jackalls replied. But their lamentable cries were overpowered by a prolonged howling like the rolling of subterranean thunder. It was the voice of the tiger, and the young men hastily returned to our vessel with pale faces. At the first red light of the morning we resumed our voyage, and when the sun dissipated the humid but hot vapors of this pestilential desert, we saw, here and there, crocodiles lying motionless, as if they had been bronzed carvings, on the sand of the narrow beach beneath the forest and the river, as in ambuscade in a ravine, with their jaws open towards the water, and their bodies under the deep shadow of tropical vegetation. These terrible creatures are from fifteen to twenty feet long. An officer fired a charge of small shot at one of them, which, on being hit, whirled rapidly round in the air, and then suddenly entered the water. Thus five or six days passed, at the end of which we saw, for the first time, a Bengalee wood-cutter's boat, then villages, the roofs of which were made of bamboo canes and palm-tree mats, in clumps of cocoa and other trees. The women were partially clothed with a simple and beautiful drapery. The men had a dark and wild look under the shadow of their luxuriant hair. Graceful children were sporting on the sand. Benares we found a curious and picturesque, but not a large city. It is a compact heap of three story houses, with little temples carved like chess-men, in which are seen brahmins and fakirs painted with different colors, little hump-backed white bulls, decked with flowers and with gilded horns; half-naked women loaded with rings, sprinkling water on a multitude of little idols or cylindrical stones rounded at the end. Then you see strange horsemen, with their bows passed over their shoulders, as in the representations of the gods of mythology, with arrows attached to their backs, without quivers, riding horses dyed with henna and indigo. And all are there crowded together in narrow streets, in the middle of which, here and there, tower up elephants with odd trappings, forcing their way with difficulty and noise amidst the crowd of animated beings, temples, houses with balconies, and shops of eatables, sometimes carrying away in their progress the awnings made of cocoa leaves, sustained by slender bamboo canes. It would seem as if would they crush women and chil-

dren at every step; but it is not so—the colossus is considerate in his ways, and carefully avoids injuring or even incommoding them. But let us leave Benares for Lucknow, the scene of such great events in the late rebellion, and we shall have a better idea of the picturesque luxury of this strange country. At Lucknow, Col. Low, the English resident, tendered us the use of one of his elephants to make the tour of the city. He called out from the window, and instantly I saw emerging from the garden the gigantic quadruped, with a howdah of silver gilt, adorned with mock jewelry imitating diamonds, rubies and emeralds, which, instead of being set, were hung to the howdah, and produced a charming effect in the red morning sunlight. This pavilion, of a singular appearance and form, was composed of two swans carved in silver, and the festoons of mock jewels I have mentioned. The curtains and cushions blazed with red and gold. The kornak was dressed in white, with a Cashmere shawl thrown over his back. I mounted by means of a ladder. A servant wrapped in a Cashmere shawl, seated himself behind me, in a place made for the purpose, and we set forth, preceded by a regular horseman, a sort of Cossack, oddly dressed. There are always a dozen of them mounted at the door of the residence, ready to escort the persons of the household. I entered a broad and populous street. Handsome Moorish edifices, with Muscovite cupolas and innumerable minarets, appeared on all sides of me. Horsemen dressed in cloth of gold and Cashmeres, on pretty horses, preceded by men with silver pikes or sabres, running; other lords carried in open and gilded palanquins, with rich silver hookahs, or rather gourgouri—for these pipes with elastic stems are so called—in their hands, surrounded by servants, preceded by guards of honor on camels caparisoned in red and green; elephants, often in groups, surmounted by splendid pavilions, in which the people of Lucknow were conversing from one to the other, hookah in hand, in brilliant costumes of the liveliest colors; troops of wild Afghans swinging on their huge camels—made up a scene of Oriental magnificence of which I had often dreamed in my early days, but of which the reality far surpassed the anticipation. It was altogether a gorgeous *resumé* of the Orient, and I regretted not the toil of travel which had been crowned by a spectacle so strange and so magnificent."

CROSSING A TORRENT IN NEW GRENADA.—Passing from the East to the West, from Asia to South America, we present the reader with a scene in one of the beautiful virgin forests of New Grenada. The principal feature in this sylvan scene is the passage of the torrent that dashes itself among the rocks of the river-bed in the midst of the primeval forest. The traveller is placed in a seat, to which rope stirrups to rest his feet are attached, while strips of hide are passed over the shoulder of his sturdy Indian carrier. The latter is trained to support a heavy weight and is perfectly sure-footed, though the sensations of a nervous person in being transferred in this way over the round and slippery trunk of a tree, above a leaping cascade, are anything but agreeable.

THE HUT OF A PERUVIAN MINER, NEAR PASCO.—Another of our South American scenes is a neat though slender construction of canes and thatch, and looks more like a magnified bird-cage than a human habitation. It serves, however, the purpose of the simple people who occupy such a shelter. The silver mines of Peru are not nearly so productive as they were formerly. The yearly returns from the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of 1,650,000 pounds, but the annual produce is now not half that sum. A government establishment receives and stamps the silver before it is sent to Lima. There it is coined and then returned, and on its return is very often waylaid and plundered by the bandit montoneros. The city of Pasco stands on a tableland, in a basin surrounded by rocks, and is 13,720 feet above the level of the sea. There an incessant clatter is going on, strangely different from the solemn stillness that reigns around. The mines are opened in all sorts of public places, and we cannot pass many yards without encountering one. Some not more than twenty feet deep, some fifty, some double, some three times that number. The miners, with some few exceptions, are Indians. They earn about half a dollar a day; but when a rich mine is opened, they are paid in ore, and are at such times handsomely remunerated. To compensate for the mines which are rendered



THE HUT OF A PERUVIAN MINER.

useless by the irruption of water, or other accidents, rich and new ones are daily discovered. They are all found in the chains of mountains, commonly in dry and barren spots, and sometimes in the sides of the *quebradas*, or astonishing precipitous breaks in the ridges.

A HALT ON THE ROAD TO MOCOA.—The last sketch of our series represents a group of Indian carriers, halting in a pleasant valley near Mocoa, by the side of a cool stream that finds its way down the mountain, to drink and wash themselves, and take their frugal repast. These men carry enormous packs upon their backs, and yet ascend the steepest hills, like those shown in the background of our engraving. The Indians of South America are almost literally beasts of burthen. They are mild and patient, contented with little, and willing to work hard. Our engraving is remarkably correct in the representation of the glorious foliage of South America, where indeed vegetation attains its utmost luxuriance. Some of our modern landscapists are beginning to work the mines of scenery in South America that woo the pencil—its magnificent forests, mountains, and its prodigious cataracts and rivers.

LITERARY HUSBANDS.

Sir Walter Scott was a literary man of the very highest class; a man who tried many departments of writing, and succeeded in them all—and he was married for thirty years, made a love-match, and was happy in the marriage state. Southey was a fortunate and happy husband. Home was all in all to him; whereas it can be nothing, or worse than nothing, to a man who is miserably married. He married a second time, his second wife being a lady of literary standing, and both were happy. Mr. Cooper, who was one of the most successful of writers, was happily married, and his domestic life was singularly free from trouble. Lamartine is well known to have married fortunately in all respects. Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures that ever lived. She made her husband's home happy. He was never tired of writing of her excellence. If Shelley's first marriage—the marriage of a boy and a girl, who knew nothing of human life—was unfortunate, his second marriage can be quoted as a model union. Wordsworth made a love match, and his love was as lasting as his home was blessed. Professor Wilson, of Blackwood memory, made a happy marriage, and his wife is said to have exercised more influence over him than any other person. Her death was the greatest misfortune he ever knew. Dr. Johnson, whose wife was old enough to be his mother, with some years to spare, found nothing unpleasant in the marriage state. His last biographer says he "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died, in her sixty-fourth year," the husband being but forty-three. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first literary man of his day, after Shakspeare and Bacon, and at middle life he married a beautiful woman eighteen years his senior, and the marriage was productive of much happiness. We know but little of Shakspeare's life—a very strong presumptive proof that he lived well—but what little we do know is sufficient to show that, though he married, when a boy, a woman eight years his senior, he was not unhappy as a husband. "With this fact in view," says Mr. Halliwell, alluding to her superior years, "and relying on very uncertain personal allusions in his plays and sonnets, it has been conjectured that Shakspeare's marriage was not productive of domestic happiness. For this opinion not a fragment of direct evidence has been produced, and on equally potent grounds might we prove him to have been jealous, or in fact to have been in his own person the actual representative of all the passions he describes in the persons of his characters." But "his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him," as the clerk informed Dowdall, in the year 1693. This last fact is a fine illustration of Sir Thomas Browne's idea of the pleasure that unsatisfied affections feel in the thought that they shall mingle their ashes with the ashes of those whom they love, and touch in their urns.

This list of happy marriages made by literary men might be almost indefinitely extended. Many living Americans could be named who have had no occasion to regret that they have "given hostages to fortune;" but the matter is too delicate to be pursued in detail with regard to the living. The reason why it is so generally believed that literary men must be miserable husbands, is to be found in the unpleasant fact that some few of their number have married unhappily, and that there has been a great deal said about their domestic infelicities, either by themselves or by others. If the truth were known, we suspect it would be seen that it is not necessary for a man to be a scholar and an author to make an imprudent marriage. All marriages out of the literary classes are not necessarily happy ones, any more than all marriages in those classes are necessarily unfortunate; but other men do not attract so much attention of your novelists, poets, and so forth; nor are common men fond of making their domestic woes subjects for their pens and tongues. It may be true that literary men do wrong to marry; but it is true only in the sense that all men do wrong who marry, which seems to be the deliberate opinion of so good a man and so profound a philosopher as Thales. But what an idea it is, that the first civil and religious institution made by God after the creation of man and woman, and one necessary for the virtuous continuance of humanity, should not only be unadapted to the condition of the human race, but should be found calculated to develop misery for the most cultivated of that race!—*English Review*.



INDIANS HALTING NEAR MOCOA, SOUTH AMERICA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOTHER'S TREASURE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDEKEDGE.

Put up thy sweet mouth for a kiss,
My darling, my fairest, my best:
Even angels might envy my bliss
When I fold thee, sweet dove, to my breast.
My treasure, my jewel, my pearl,
Lie close to my fast-throbbing heart;
My rosebud, my sweet baby-girl,
How dear and how precious thou art!

Nestle closer—the night-dews are falling
On many a fresh little grave;
On my bosom thy tresses are falling
In many a soft, rippling wave.
Nestle closer—the angels are gazing
From their beautiful dwelling above
On my treasure, and never cease praising
My rosebud, my seraph, my dove.

O, I fear that the angels may crave thee,
To smile in yon beautiful home:
That our Saviour, who perished to save thee,
May be yearning to call thee His own!
On my breast lay thy fair, golden head.
Lest the life-chorus that bind us be riven:
For Jesus our Saviour hath said,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WASHINGTON AND THE DESERTER.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER,

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET FAIRFIELD," "CLAUDE LOVEARE," "MARY, THE ACTRESS," ETC., ETC.

AN old tory named Godfrey Dimsley, lived in a fine house within some few miles of Morristown, in the Jerseys. He possessed wealth, and his family consisted of one son and a daughter. In virtue of his father's circumstances, the former lived the life of a gentleman of leisure. A short time subsequent to the opening of our story, he took up arms in defence of royal George. The latter—a lovely, fascinating, and really accomplished young lady—kept house—assisted, of course, by several servants—for the old man. Her name was Letitia; and, for a year or so prior to the period of those events which we are about relating, she had been the betrothed bride of a young man named Luke Granville.

Luke was the only child of a well-to-do farmer who resided in the same vicinity. Letitia and himself had grown up together, the childish love of their babyhood growing with their years, and increasing with their strength. The old folks all around seemed perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, and so things went on smoothly enough. At length Mrs. Granville sickened and died; then Mrs. Dimsley; and then Mr. Granville. Of the four old folks one only was now left.

Not long subsequent the air began to tremble with the first mutterings of our great national war. For a time Mr. Dimsley and his family managed to pursue a centre track—apparently neither swaying to the royalists on the one side nor the rebels on the other. No one could possibly say what were their proclivities. The son at length absented himself from the family mansion; the daughter avoided all reference to the matter,—for on the subject she had no opinion of her own, but was led entirely by the will of her father,—and the old man bestrode the fence in a manner that did infinite credit to his tact, but none to his principles.

Meanwhile the love of Luke and Letitia went on about the same as usual, while great and unusual activity prevailed in the vicinity, the patriots organizing themselves into a military company, and their mothers, wives, daughters and sweethearts aiding and abetting them in every way that lay in their power. Of a bold, fearless, chivalric turn of mind, and naturally loving liberty and independence, Luke Granville could not long stand back.

After he had enrolled himself he went to visit his betrothed. Neither father nor daughter said anything against, nor yet anything in favor of, the step he had taken. Letitia looked troubled, however, and, as she really loved Luke, unreservedly lamented the necessity which would take him from her side, and subject him to so much danger. Any allusion to the righteousness of the cause, and the duty every son of the soil owed the land of his birth, she turned aside, really not knowing what reply to make. Blinded by his love, however—not an uncommon case—Luke saw through a veil that too often is deceiving. With a renewal of their vows they at length parted; and, a few days subsequent, the newly raised company took up their line of march to join their countrymen already in the field.

As the liberty-loving patriots fled past the residence of Mr. Dimsley—which was all in their way—the old man, from policy, made his appearance in front of his house, and bowed stiffly, though with apparent kindness, to his departing neighbors. At the same time the shutters of one of the windows on the second story were pushed slightly open, and Letitia's lovely face was partly exposed to view. She waved her hand to Luke, and he bowed. Both felt very full; and the young girl had a double cause for her sorrow—the absence of her lover, and the secret position of her father. As they were going past, the captain of the company observed to an officer:

"I hardly know what to think of old Dimsley; he neither appears to be one thing nor the other."

"My life for it, captain, he eventually turns against us, if he hasn't really done so already," was the response.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, lieutenant, for I always think that those who are not with us are against us."

"That's it, exactly, captain! and some of these days, before long, the old fellow'll show his colors, my word for it."

Similar doubts and surmises were in the mouths of others of the patriots. As yet, however, no word had been expressed aloud. After the company had advanced some paces beyond Mr. Dimsley's house, the old man turned and passed inside. A frown had settled upon his hard face, and he looked darkly.

"Letitia!" he called quickly and sternly.

The young girl reluctantly closed the shutters and came down stairs.

"Well, father," said she, sadly, a presentiment of what was coming deeply depressing her feelings.

"You must break off with Luke Granville, unless he comes over to our side," continued the old man, harshly; "for though we may not openly avow our loyalty to good King George, we cannot encourage his rebellious subjects so much as to take one into the bosom of the family. I could not call a rebel to his king, son,—and you are no daughter of mine if you could call such a one, husband."

"I have always abided by your instructions, and followed your precepts, father," was the reply of the obedient girl; "and though it breaks my heart to part with Luke, I will not now prove disloyal to either my king or my parent. Luke has not pursued the course I thought he would, but the step he has taken I feel has separated us forever. Ah, me!"

"Right, my child, unless he changes his views, which I hardly think likely. In the end, however, you will discover how wisely you have acted in discarding him. This insurrection cannot last long, and then every traitor will feel the just vengeance of our good king, and all his loyal subjects experience more fully his beneficent bounty. Let us be found where our duty calls us—with the faithful and true."

Not a thought of the pangs of disappointed love seemed to enter the old fellow's brain. Idle too it would have been to have urged such an excuse, for all the reply it would have produced would have been, "moonshine!" To permit any feeling, no matter how sacred, to stand in the way of self-interest would have seemed utterly preposterous to him.

Without waiting for a reply the old man bustled out of his daughter's presence. He knew—domestic tyrant that he was—that she *dare* not disobey him, however her own feelings might dictate to her a more independent course.

With a sigh on her lips and a tear in her eye, Letitia retired to her chamber. A little more firmness of character might have altered her views—despite her father's iron tyranny—and made her a much happier woman. But therein she was sadly lacking. Often and again her father used to tell her, when he was out of humor, that she was just like her mother, as easy as an old shoe.

"How my heart aches!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair by the bed-room window. "O, why did not Luke remain true to the king! Why did he join the rebels! What, what shall I do? My life is wound about Luke's, and how can I part with him? I cannot! And yet I *dare* not marry a rebel while I remain here, and fear to desert my father, he is so cold and hard. What shall I do?"

Her face dropped in her hands. After a silence of a few moments she started up suddenly, exclaiming:

"But this rebellion cannot result otherwise than disastrously to those engaged in it, and why then may I not win Luke away from the desperate cause? By so doing will I not be saving him, as well as securing my own happiness? O, yes, it must be so, for right or wrong, the poor rebels cannot long contend with the armies of King George. But will he heed me? Will he listen to my prayers? Why doubt it?" she added after a pause. "Does he not love me, well? and has he not always cheerfully complied with whatever I asked? He has; and I know he will not refuse me now. I'll go and talk to father about it, at once!"

Full of the hope of regaining her lost lover, the young girl bounded lightly from the room. She did not see, could not look at, the proposition in all its bearings. She thought only of her own heart's happiness. Love; all potent love, together with the teaching of her father, rendered her blind, also. What is anything, what is everything, sometimes, in the path of love? Has it not, does it not, daily and hourly, sweep everything before it in its irresistible course? And what a temptation to set before a young and ardent man, no matter what his principles, what his resolution. Loving, worshipping, idolizing the object of his affections as Luke Granville did, what was almost sure to be the sad consequence? We shudder to think. Let the sequel show how this individual case resulted.

Many months had passed away, and one night six persons were assembled in the parlor of Mr. Dimsley's house.

This was in the winter of 1776. Washington had established his quarters at Morristown, near which, it will be remembered, the Dimsleys and Granvilles had always resided, and where the younger branches of the families were born.

"Morristown," says an historian, "is situated among hills of difficult access, with a fine country in the rear, from which he (Washington) could easily draw supplies, and from which he might at any time retire across the Delaware, if necessary. Giving his troops little repose, he overrun both East and West Jersey, and even made himself master of the coast opposite Staten Island. With a greatly inferior army, by judicious movements, he wrested from the British almost all their conquests in the Jerseys. Brunswick and Amboy were the only posts which remained in their hands, and even in these they were not a little harassed and straitened. The American detachments were in a state of un-

wearied activity, frequently surprising and cutting off the British advanced guards, keeping them in continual alarm and melting down their numbers by a desultory and indecisive warfare. It was by the operations of this campaign that Washington gained for himself among European tacticians the name of the American Fabius."

We have stated that six persons were one evening assembled in the parlor of Mr. Dimsley's house. They were Mr. Dimsley himself, his son, now a lieutenant in the royal army, a British chaplain, a maiden cousin of Mr. Dimsley's, Letitia, and—yes—Luke Granville.

"Well, my friends, are we all ready?" inquired the chaplain, a hale, rosy, jolly looking person, after a little desultory conversation.

"Yes, sir, we are all prepared," responded the maiden cousin, a lank, vinegar-faced female, who was sitting on one side of the fair Letitia. Luke occupied the other, and he held one little soft hand of the young girl between both his own.

"Let us then proceed at once," added the chaplain.

The parties all arose and clustered around the minister, the maiden cousin standing beside Letitia, and young Dimsley beside Luke. The Episcopal marriage ceremony was then performed, and Luke and Letitia were solemnly and irrevocably united together.

Cake and wine were then produced, of which all partook, the newly wedded pair, however, only tasting a little as if out of compliment. Doubtless they—particularly Luke—had other matters to think about. Meanwhile the parties conversed on various subjects—the state of the country—the prospects of the contending armies, etc. At length old Mr. Dimsley addressed his son and the chaplain in this manner. Said he:

"I believe it is understood that you start early to-morrow morning for headquarters, and that Luke, properly disguised, goes along with you."

"Exactly, father!" responded young Dimsley.

"It may not be pleasant to leave so soon, but, undoubtedly, such a course is necessary," added the old man. "Away from the army Luke would not be safe even for a day."

"That he wouldn't!" said the chaplain. "If the rebels were to catch him they'd make short work of him, without a question."

Letitia pressed Luke's hand, encouragingly, for she thought that the words must have a painful effect upon her husband's mind. The young man displayed no emotion, however.

"But we must not let them catch him!" quickly observed young Dimsley. "We brought him here safely, and we must take him back in the same manner."

"Well, we won't if we can help it, of course!" was the chaplain's response; "but these rebels are as cunning as foxes."

"There is no denying that," said old Mr. Dimsley, "and if I thought that any of them were aware of his presence here to-night, I should be loth to have him remain an hour longer beneath my roof."

"But our movements have been so very secret that no one beside those interested can possibly know that he is in this neighborhood," responded his son. "Take my word for it, there's no danger to either Luke or yourself."

"Well, I'm glad to think so," said the old man, "and proud to know that I have been able to do my king—God bless him!—the little service of bringing one rebellious subject back to a sense of his duty."

"Every little helps, father!" responded his son; and, after that, with a few unimportant remarks, the party separated for the night.

Throughout the whole of the evening it might have been observable Luke kept close beside Letitia, only joining in the conversation when he actually could not help it, and then briefly and indirectly.

But what is the meaning of all this? inquires the reader. How comes Luke Granville, a patriot, a follower of Washington, in such company, and surrounded by such circumstances. Wait! by-and-by we shall, probably, see.

Late in the night, or, rather, early in the morning—we are speaking of the same night on which the marriage was performed—Luke was aroused from a sound sleep by some one shaking him. Upon opening his eyes he discovered, by the light from the window, an American soldier standing over him, holding a glittering sword within an inch of his own bare throat. The man seemed to become at once aware of Luke's awakening, for, bending down over him, he sternly whispered:

"One word above your breath—one motion to escape or create an alarm, and you are a dead man!"

"What do you want?" inquired Luke in an almost inaudible whisper, though not with any show of fear.

"I want you to get up quietly, dress yourself, and come along with me."

"I'll do so!" responded the young man, unresistingly.

"Mind you, Luke Granville—you see I know you!—no tricks. A single suspicious movement, and, by my hopes of freedom, you'll never see the morrow's dawn. Come, now, to your feet! but if you would not die upon the spot, no noise to disturb others."

Luke stepped to the floor and at once proceeded to dress himself. His wife continued to sleep soundly. Meanwhile the soldier stood within a few feet of his prisoner, his gleaming sword held ready for instant use.

"I am ready, now," said Luke, at length.

"There's a ladder against the window by which you may descend to the yard," said the soldier, at the same time pointing to the open window. "You'll find a comrade of mine below there, though I shan't be far behind you."

"Give me a moment first," said Luke. "Turn your face to the window, and I pledge you my life I will not make any at-

tempt to escape. I would only take leave of my wife, but prefer doing so as privately as possible."

"Take care you don't waken her!" said the soldier, turning away as requested; "for 'twould be the worse for yourself. I fairly caution you."

Luke bent over his wife, and thrice pressed her beautiful lips. Then, without a word, or the least outward demonstration of feeling, he turned to the window and from thence descended into the yard. His captor followed on, closing the window behind him, and, afterwards, replacing the ladder where he had found it. The patriots, with their captive, then made their way out of the yard, and soon out of sight of the house.

"Why do you take me in custody?" inquired Luke, at length.

"For being a deserter!" was the stern response.

"Who says I am a deserter!" demanded Luke, calmly.

"Who says so?" was the indignant rejoinder. "Why, don't everybody in the camp know that you went over to the British? Wasn't you chased almost into their lines? Hang it, man, don't make us think worse of you, if that's possible, by trying to lie out of it!"

"I am not trying to lie out of anything, comrade; I am only trying to understand how matters are situated."

"Well, I know one thing, Luke Granville, and that is, that you take the prospect of hanging a little bit cooler than anybody I ever saw before."

"I don't think I shall hang, comrade," calmly replied Luke.

"Not hang!" was the angry rejoinder. "What! desert the standard of your country, and go over to the enemy! turn your back upon your suffering, but patriotic, friends! lift your hands against your own kindred! and yet think you will escape the punishment! If I thought there was a chance of that, I'd run you up myself before you are a minute older!"

"Blast the traitor!" exclaimed the other soldier, "let's hang him up as it is, and make sure of it."

"If I thought he'd not get his due, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. But he will, I'm sure, because General Washington never falters in the administration of justice."

"That's all true enough," replied the other; "but I tell you, now, I do love to be in at the death of a tory or a traitor."

"So do I, myself, comrade; but, nevertheless, we'd better trust to Washington's justice, and carry this man safely to the camp. He'll not get off so easily as he thinks, I warrant you, for we've got evidence enough to hang half a dozen traitors."

"I suppose it would be the best to take him before the General," was the only half willing reply.

Luke had paled a little at the course the conversation had taken, for he was more than half afraid that the men might conclude to act upon the dictates of their feelings, and in the event of such a contingency his death would be inevitable. Well enough he knew the deep hatred that every true patriot felt for a tory or a traitor; and well enough he knew that neither tory nor traitor had the least reason to expect a particle of mercy.

And did he think to escape? we fancy we hear the reader ask. Patience! and we shall probably be able to arrive at the pith of his thoughts before long. The ultimatum which the soldiers arrived at was to Luke a source of considerable relief.

"Let my crime be what it may, comrades," said he, "I hardly think that you will be so unjust as to deny me the right of a fair hearing. 'To Washington I am willing to submit my cause, and, if he doom me to the gibbet, I will applaud the sentence.'"

"I, too, am willing to abide by the general's decision; and, though you richly merit the meanest kind of a death, you shall not die thinking that you suffered injustice at my hands," responded the man who had been most forward in Luke's capture.

"Well, you knave!" said the other, addressing young Granville, of course, "I should really just like the fun of hanging you up to one of these trees, but, then, I suppose, that wouldn't be exactly according to justice, so I mustn't think of enjoyin' the pleasure. However, I'll have the satisfaction of seeing you drawn up yet, I'll dare swear."

"I hope not, comrade; but still am willing to abide by the sentence of my superiors," said Luke, mildly; and, after a moment's pause, he added, inquiringly, "May I ask, comrades, if the commander-in-chief, or any one else, knew of your coming out to arrest me?"

"No one knew of it; because we didn't ourselves when we left camp this morning," was the reply.

"Perhaps you would be willing to tell me how you learned my whereabouts?" added Luke.

"We'll tell that to the commander-in-chief, and you may hear it all then!" was the unsatisfactory answer.

Luke asked no further questions, and the three tramped along afterwards in silence, reaching the headquarters of the American army about the first beat of the drum.

The earliest streak of light was just breaking in the heavens on the morning following the events last recorded, when old Mr. Dimsley, his son, and the British chaplain met in the dining room for an early breakfast. After the usual salutations young Dimsley observed:

"Isn't Luke up yet, father?"

"I have not seen either him or Letitia," was the reply.

"The young man must be aroused!" said the chaplain; "for we must be off from here right away."

"George," said Mr. Dimsley, Sr., addressing his son, "you call him, will you?"

The young man turned to leave the room, but before he reached the door Letitia burst abruptly into the apartment.

For a moment the young girl gazed from one to the other, and then she exclaimed: "Where's Luke?"

"Where's Luke?" repeated the three men, simultaneously.

"Why, Letty, you should know better than we!" added her father.

"Have you not seen him?" continued the young girl, in accents of the deepest alarm.

"Not since last night," returned the old man.

"Wasn't he abed?" inquired young Dimsley.

"Yes!" rejoined Letitia; "but when I awoke awhile ago he was gone. I rested easy, however, thinking that he was with you making ready for his departure. O, what can have become of him!"

"Most likely he is around the place somewhere," suggested the chaplain.

"I will go for him!" cried Letitia, excitedly.

"We will accompany you," said her father.

Out into the fields all four then wended their way, Letitia in advance. At length they approached a barn that stood at some distance from the dwelling house. As they were passing, their steps were arrested by a smothered cry.

"Father, did you hear that?" cried Letitia.

"Some one's in trouble there!" said the old man.

"It must be Luke!" rejoined his son.

"O, don't say so, brother, don't say so!" cried Letitia, in agony.

Meantime all three were hurrying toward the barn. In a few moments Letitia, who kept in advance, swung open the door. The form of a negro, bound and gagged, met their sight.

"Pete!" was the simultaneous exclamation of the three Dimsleys.

The negro could not reply, but he groaned and gesticulated in the most expressive manner. Letitia and the old man began at once to cast loose his bonds.

"Who is this fellow?" inquired the chaplain, of young Dimsley.

"A family servant," was the reply. "One who has been with my father ever since he was a boy."

By this time Pete was entirely released of bond and gag.

"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded old Dimsley of the negro.

"Where's Mr. Granville?" cried Letitia, at the same time.

"Golly hebbens, mass'r, missus, jes wait a minnet an' I'll tole ye all about it!" exclaimed the darkey, spasmodically. "Dun ye know, I'm mof dead?"

"One word only!" said Letitia, anxiously, "have you seen Mr. Granville?"

"Nebber a time sin' las' ebenin', missus!"

"O, dear, where can he be?" cried the young girl, wringing her hands, agonizingly.

"Who tied you up here?" demanded young Dimsley impatiently.

The negro had now somewhat recovered himself, and he replied: "Who tied me up yere, Mass'r George? Why, two rebel sogers, for sartin."

"Rebel soldiers!" was the astonished exclamation of all.

"Shu, rebel sogers. Ye see, I was gwain aroun' to see dat all was right, when all to once, afore I know'd de leastting, sumbody grabbed me aroun' de arms, an' sumbody else stopped my mouf. I fit em mity hard, but 'twarnt no use at tall; for dey runned me in yere quicker'n a minnet. Den de feller what had um han' ober my mouf, luff go; but he tole me ef I jes ventered to make de least bit ob a noise he'd cut my froat for me, shu. An, golly hebbens, he'd a done it too; for he jes holded de ngliest lookin' swouard right aross my froat dat I ebber did see. Massy! but I did jes spec' to git my wizen disloatered, ebery minnet!"

"Come, get along! get along faster!" cried his impatient auditors.

"Well, I aint got de breff to git along much faster, kase I'se bin tied up yere in a berry uncomfable 'sition fo' sebral hours or mo'."

"Well, Pete, just tell us what the men wanted, and some other time we'll hear all about what you've suffered!" exclaimed young Dimsley.

"Well, dey wanted to know whar Mass'r Granwill's room was; an' dey tole me ef I didn't tell um right quick, an' tell um de truff, too, I shouldn't lib long enuff to say my prayers. Well, Mass'r, I didn't want to 'tray enybody, ye know, bout de house, but I was dreffully frightened; 'sides dat I saw dar warn't no use for to lie, so I—so I—so I—"

The poor negro stammered painfully.

"So you gave them the proper directions," broke in old Mr. Dimsley, to the darkey's great relief.

"Deed, Mass'r, I couldn't do enyting else!" said he.

"I'm satisfied of that, Pete, so you needn't be alarmed," said his master. "But, what was done then?"

"Why, Mass'r, dey tied me up an' gagged me jes as I was when ye foun' me awhile ago; and den dey tole me ef dey cotched me in a lie dey'd cum back an' kill me. But dey didn't cum back, Mass'r, dey didn't! 'cause I tole dem de truff, which I was berry sorree to hab to do."

"The rebels have carried Luke off, that's plain!" said old Mr. Dimsley.

"Nothing plainer," responded Dimsley, Jr., and the chaplain; and both looked considerably troubled at the admission they were compelled to make.

"O, Luke, Luke, what can I do to help you?" cried Letitia, with every token of the deepest distress.

"You can do nothing, Letty," responded the old man, unsympathizingly.

"No, indeed, you can't! for, if the rebels have him, as seems pretty certain, he's past all help," added young Dimsley, unfeelingly.

"I'm thinking," suddenly broke in the chaplain, "that we're all of us in danger of the same fate if we stay here much longer. Doubtless the rebels were not in sufficient force last night to capture us all, but that they will come back again, immediately, and with all the men that may be needed, it is but reasonable to suppose. I'm of opinion that the whole family had better remove to safer quarters, the men particularly, and that without any delay, for already the rebels may be too near for us to effect our escape."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Dimsley, Sr.; "and we will make our preparations instantly. Come on to the house!"

"Come, Letty!" said young Dimsley, as he took his sister's hand.

The young, bereaved wife was weeping bitterly.

"O, but Luke, Luke, brother, what will become of him?" she exclaimed.

"We cannot help him now, Letty, and must think of our own safety," said her brother. "It's pretty hard, I know, but such are the chances of war. Come!"

Reluctantly the young girl obeyed. In fact her brother had to fairly drag her along after him.

Shortly afterwards the Dimsleys and the chaplain rode away from the house, and not long subsequent to that the building was shut up and the servants departed, carrying along with them the most valuable of the household goods. Young Dimsley and the chaplain escaped to the British army, but what became of the old man and Letitia was, for several years, enveloped in mystery.

The prognostications of the chaplain in regard to the return to the house of a larger force of the Americans was not verified, strange as it may appear under the circumstances. The day passed and the building remained undisturbed.

In the dead of the night following, however, the neighbors were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of fire. The flames of the burning building could be distinctly seen for miles around, and no one was very long in making out that it was Mr. Dimsley's house. Few regrets were expressed, and the fire was allowed to do its worst. In fact, so great was the headway it had obtained, that no human efforts could possibly have saved it from destruction. How the conflagration originated, or who were the authors of it, was never discovered. The whole affair forever after remained buried in silence and mystery.

On reaching the American lines the two soldiers who had captured Luke Granville hurried their prisoner into the presence of the commander-in-chief. Washington was already at his work, planning and directing.

Washington—hallowed name!—name for all that is good, and great, and noble!—name that shall be revered and held sacred until all time shall cease to be!—name that lingers fondly on the tremulous lips of old age, and springs joyfully from the tongue of gushing childhood! O, glorious and never fading name! the merest mention of which makes proud millions of freeborn men and women and children!—dear name, around which clusters all that is sacred to an American's heart!—name, pure and untainted, and far, far beyond the shadow of an aspersion! how many memories throng our brain as we write the single, simple word, Washington.

The general was sitting beside, with his right arm resting upon, a rough table, which was covered with papers, etc. Even an utter stranger could not well have mistaken the commander-in-chief, there was something so pre-eminently above all other men in his appearance. Physically he had no superiors and few equals, and, in the natural qualities of his intellect, he stood alone. In every lineament of his smooth and handsome face—in the sparkle of his eyes—in the play of his finely cut lips, you could easily discover the unmistakable evidences of a master mind. But why attempt a pen and ink picture of the immortal Washington, when the soul of the man lives in his deeds, and the history of this now great Republic—in a measure redeemed by his sagacity—is a record of his life time? The American people know and feel that Washington was himself alone, and no one else was Washington.

Circled around the great and good chieftain were a number of those immortal worthies whose names are indissolubly linked with the early history of our country.

"What have we here?" said Washington, as the sentinel ushered in Luke Granville and his two captors.

"We have brought back a deserter, general," responded one of the men.

"A deserter!" said Washington, quickly; and then, after a moment's scrutiny, he added: "So he is! He went over to the British about a fortnight ago. Not a word, Mr. Granville, not a word! Where, and under what circumstances did you find him?" he added again, addressing himself to Luke's captors.

Eagerly and quickly the principal of the latter proceeded to a relation of all the facts. In passing Mr. Dimsley's house on their return to the camp they had seen something that induced them to stop and look around. Besides, the character of Mr. D. was well known to them, and the knowledge in no respect lessened their suspicions. Through a crevice in one of the windows they had been enabled to see the parties within, and, being somewhat familiar with the person of Luke Granville, they at once recognized him. Here was a chance not to be neglected, and they resolved to attempt the capture of the "blasted deserter." How their scheme was accomplished is already known to the reader.

Patiently General Washington listened to the whole narrative, a pleasant smile lighting up his face all the time. At the conclusion he said:

"Friends, you acted with a promptness, precision and firmness



THE LONDON RAT-CATCHER.

that merits my heartiest commendation, and the approbation of every lover of liberty. I shall not forget you, take my assurance."

The men flushed with pride, for any praise from the lips of their beloved commander was something to remember.

"It is natural," continued Washington, "to look with dislike—nay, hatred—upon deserters and tories, but inadvertently, and from the best motives, you have in this case committed a mistake."

Every one present looked astonished, but none more so than Luke's captors. Was the general going to leave their prisoner off? they mentally asked themselves.

"Understand, however," added Washington, "that I unqualifiedly return you my thanks for what you have done, and earnestly advise you to always pursue the same course you adopted in this case. By so doing you cannot commit a wrong, and may render your country an invaluable service. But I will not keep you any

longer in suspense, but simply state what I mean. Mr. Granville, it is true, was a deserter, but he was only so for our good, and for the good of that cause for which we all are struggling."

"How!" was the simultaneous exclamation of all present.

"I repeat," pursued Washington, "and I desire all those present to make the fact known, as an act of justice, that Mr. Granville went over to the enemy with my fullest approbation; and I have no doubt but that he has a good account to render of his absence. However repugnant to our higher feelings such a course may be, circumstances and situations sometimes arise which leave us no alternative. Mr. Granville could serve both himself and his country by going into the enemy's lines, and I unhesitatingly profited by the opportunity. He has run much risk,—bore much unmerited obloquy,—and he deserves the thanks of all. I am happy to see him back again with us, safe and sound."

"Even had I not had some object of my own in view, your thanks, General Washington, and the knowledge that I had done my duty, would amply pay me for all," responded Luke Granville.

"Not a deserter, after all!" cried one of the men who had captured Luke.

"Did I not tell you I hardly thought the gibbet would claim me yet?" responded Luke, smilingly.

"Well, I'm glad of it, Luke Granville! because I hate to see a man turn his back against the land of his birth! Shake hands! You're a brave fellow!"

"Thanks, comrade!" said Luke, as he seized the outstretched hand.

"And 'sposen we'd a hung you up, as I wanted to!" said the other, with a long, low whistle. "Wouldn't that a bin something to think about, and dream about, too!"

"But you did not do so," said Luke, "so you have nothing to reflect on yourselves."

"I shall be more keener in the future, howsoever," said the man.

Luke and his captors then quitted the general's presence. Shortly afterwards the former was recalled, and his conference with the commander-in-chief was a long, and, we have every reason to suppose, a satisfactory one.

From a new recruit who had come right from his own neighborhood, and who had joined the army immediately on its arrival in that vicinity, Luke, it appears, had learned the full particulars of Mr. Dimsley's torism. Then it was that the plan which he afterwards carried out, suggested itself to his active mind, as the only possible way of making Letitia

his wife without really compromising himself. In the character of a deserter he might obtain useful information, and secure his own object. Washington was really in want of information as to the movements of the enemy, and at once accepted the young man's offer. The result is known.

It was not until the close of the war that Luke again met Letitia; for, Mr. Dimsley having heard of the trick that had been played upon him, resolved that his daughter and her husband should never meet again; and, to make the matter quite certain, he secretly conveyed the young

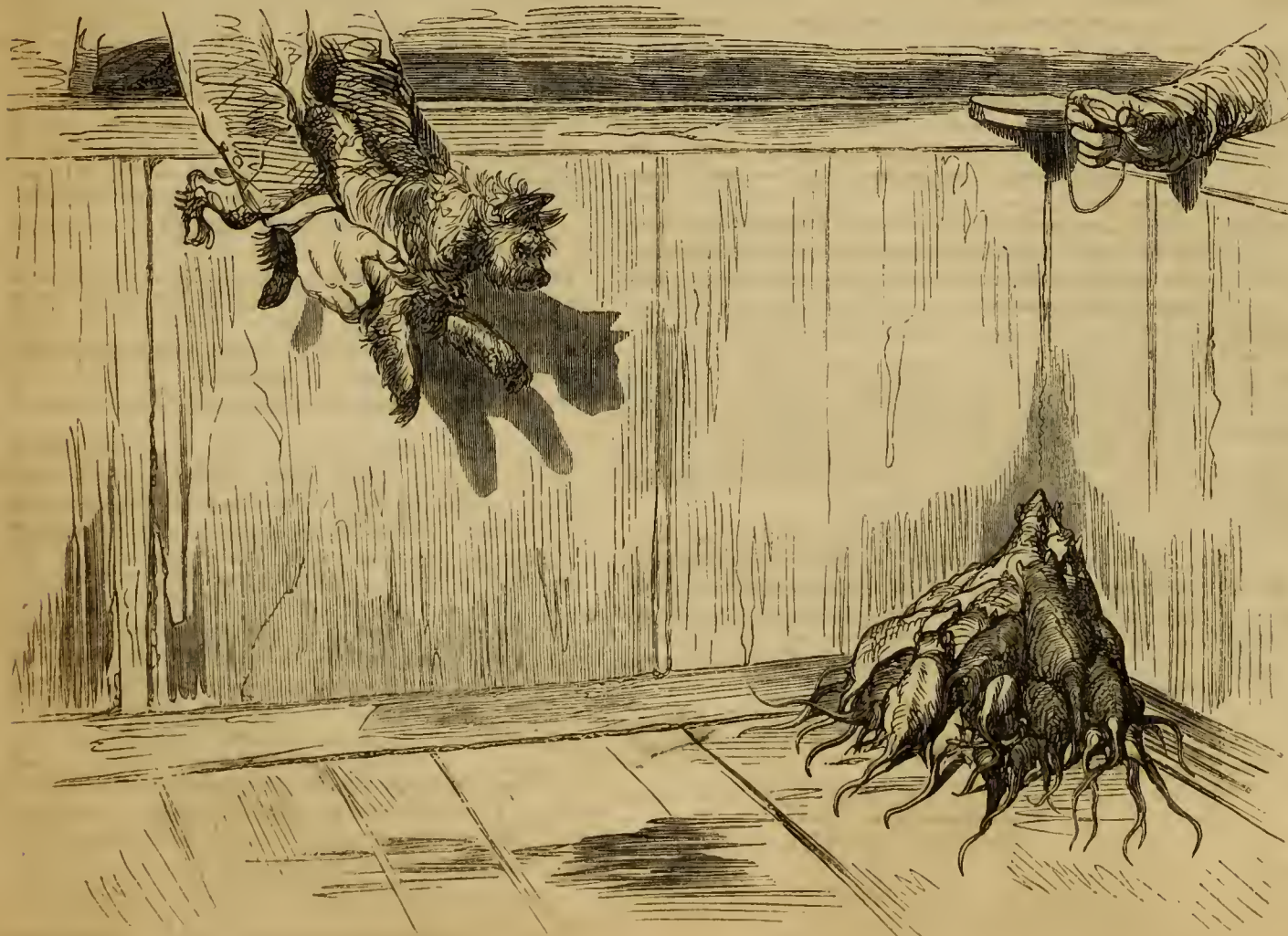
girl to England. After peace was declared—and in the meantime the old man had been summoned to his last account—Letitia re-crossed the wilderness of waters, and eagerly sought the scene of her marriage. There she encountered Luke, who had given her up as lost, and was mourning for her as for one that was dead. It was a happy meeting, and, on earth, at least, an inseparable one.

RATTING IN ENGLAND.

Ratting is a sport much relished by many of our cousins on the other side of the water, and ministers to those tastes which have furnished a theme for the invective and sarcasm of their Gallic neighbors. It cannot be denied that John Bull, in some of his favorite sports, lays himself open to censure. The prize-ring still exist, a repulsive fact, cock-fighting is still patronized liberally. Still an improvement in manners is perceptible. A hundred years ago there were actually gladiatorial combats in England—noted swordsmen being



THE TIME-KEEPER.



THE TERRIER DOG AND HIS BATTLE.

matched against each other, and giving and receiving ghastly wounds. Among English sports, ratting holds no inconsiderable place, and we have devoted a page to its illustration. The scene of the sport, the rat-pit, is usually a hall in some tavern frequented by the fancy. The rat-pits are constructed of wood and quadrangular, while the top of each angle of the pit is covered by a little round table of wood; to prevent the rats making their escape by rushing up the corners. They always congregate in this spot, piling themselves up into a pyramid. The rats are collected by a rat-catcher, and there are none more expert than those of England. They are transported to the scene of action in wire traps, and the rat-catcher, who is dexterous and bold, takes them out, one by one, by the tail, and drops them into the pit. Our full-length sketch of the rat-catcher engaged in this operation, is a faithful type of a very large class. The sport of ratting consists in killing the greatest number of vermin in the shortest space of time, and though ferrets and cats are sometimes pitted against them, yet the only legitimate combat is that between terriers, of different breeds, and rats. The terrier has a body of iron and a remarkable sagacity and aptitude for this service. A terrier beats a cat out and out in her own line of business. The rat dogs vary in weight, according to the breed, from 6 to 16 pounds. Large dogs are hampered by their weight. The combat requires great sagacity and great cunning in manœuvring. The rat often defends himself with vigor before being seized by the reins, and, once taken, may still turn and cruelly wound his adversary in the muzzle. But the latter, with a prodigious instinct of dynamics, shakes his head and jerks the rat with a very rapid alternate movement. Continual force accordingly overpowers all possibility of muscular contraction, and only a sharp squeak indicates his fury and distress. Large bets are made on the number of rats a dog can kill in a certain time. One of our engravings shows the time keeper's watch in hand, holding a fresh dog in his left hand, and another sketch exhibits the pit itself. A little dog named Tiny, weighing 5 1-2 pounds, was very famous in the annals of the rat-pit. She once killed 200 rats in 59 minutes, 58 seconds, and crowned her glory on the 27th of March, 1848, by killing 100 rats in 29 minutes, 10 seconds. The exploits of the famous "Billy," almost stagger credulity. He once killed 50 rats in 6 minutes, 6 seconds, winning thirty guineas for his master, and beating a Berkshire dog which fell exhausted after killing the thirtieth rat. Billy has been immortalized by the pencil of Landseer, and his skin stuffed with great skill, is one of the attractions of the tavern where he passed his illustrious life and killed so many vermin.

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FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OLD SALT."—The sea-term, *grog*, for a mixture of rum and water, arose from an English admiral, who was called "Old Grog," having first introduced it on board his ship, about A. D., 1743. This brave admiral did great service in the West Indies, by taking Porto Bello, Chagres, etc.; but by his disagreement with the commander of the land force, the expedition against Carthagea failed. He commanded in the Downs, in 1745, and the next year was dismissed from the service by his majesty's command, for writing two pamphlets, by which the Secretary of State's and the Secretary of the Admiralty's letters were made known. He died in 1757.
 M. M.—There is a tradition that the patriots on Bunker Hill used a red flag with the motto "Come, if you dare!" Trumbull, in his celebrated painting, shows the pine-tree flag.
 C. D.—The German *kirschwasser*—which may be translated, cherry-water—is obtained by fermenting the small and sweet black cherry. It is chiefly made in the region of the Black Forest.
 ARTIST.—Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, the father of the great battle-painter, died in Paris, Nov. 27, 1836.
 J. O.—1. The arrest of McLeod, on a charge of having been one of the parties in burning the Caroline, was made on the 27th of January, 1841.—2. The "Great Western" and "Sirius" steamers arrived in New York, from England, in April, 1838.
 R. D.—The sub-treasury system was adopted in 1840.
 M. R. V., Stamford, Ct.—Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was worth about a million of dollars at his death. He bequeathed this fortune to founding the museum at Copenhagen, which now bears his name.
 T. O., Lowell, Mass.—The Mexican force at the battle of San Jacinto was 1500—that of the Texans, less than 800.
 SUBSCRIBER.—An account of Matthias and his impostures was written and published by Mr. Stone, editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in 1832.
 C. S.—Shark's fins are regarded by the Chinese as a very strengthening food.
 INQUIRER.—The great seals, applied in tin boxes to certain legal documents, are made of a mixture of fifteen parts of Venice turpentine, five of olive oil, and eight of wax, melted together, and colored with red lead.
 MARY V., Brooklyn, New York.—Scribe, the dramatist, is 67 years of age. He is immensely rich, and lives on an elegant country estate purchased by the fruits of his literary labors.
 M. D., Lowell, Mass.—The first locomotive constructed in this country was built by the West Point Foundry, at New York, in 1830, for the South Carolina Railroad, and named the *Pheenix*. A second engine was built the same year, by the same establishment, and for the same road, and named the *West Point*.
 "REEF-POINT."—Some of the screw steamers make twelve knots an hour against a strong tide.
 INQUIRER.—The first cotton factory in the United States was established at Beverly, Mass., in 1787. It continued in operation until 1802, and then stopped, 90 per cent. of the capital having been sunk in the enterprise.

COMMON SENSE—A DASH AT THE DOINGS OF THE DAY, by George Vandenhoff. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co.—This popular satire, which has been universally acceptable as delivered in public by its author, reads well in the elegant dress in which Ticknor, Fields & Co. have clothed it. We can only repeat now what we have said on former occasions, that we admire the grace and spirit of this production, and the abundance of its happy hits. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Vandenhoff intends to devote himself to lecturing this fall and winter, having already a large number of engagements on hand. He has fixed his permanent residence at Greenfield, in this State.

SPLINTERS.

.... The captain of an English ship has been tried and heavily fined, for putting one of his passengers in irons, lately.
 ... It has been rumored that Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie intends to return to the stage, to raise funds for the Mt. Vernon Association.
 While the Texan papers were noticing Parodi's death in Switzerland, she was singing like a nightingale in Baltimore.
 It is said that the corn at the West is so sensitive, that it is "shocked" at the approach of J. Frost.
 A female pickpocket, in Philadelphia, is worth \$25,000—entirely made by her industry in the filching line.
 Mr. J. G. Lyford, of Sebec, Maine, has killed three hundred and twenty-four bears since the year 1804.
 Ball's statuette of Henry Clay is as good as his world-famed statuette of the great and lamented Webster.
 There are now about fifteen hundred men steadily and actively employed in the Philadelphia navy yard.
 The Galway steamships are making excellent progress. The line is energetically managed, and must succeed well.
 A French woman slides, a Spanish woman glides, an American lady trots, and an English woman tramps, in walking.
 It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "this critical age," as the divines say, "this sinful age."
 The troops encamped near the quarantine grounds, Staten Island, are very well drilled and disciplined.
 The "Eno House," corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, New York, is leased to Col. Stevens at \$30,000 a year.
 Laura Keane has been doing an excellent business in New York—her company is really a fine one.
 At a late performance of Piccolomini, in Dublin, the delighted gallery sung "O, she's a jolly good fellow!"
 A pear-tree on the Hardy estate, Salem, planted in the year 1636, this year produced excellent pears.
 Major Ben: Perley Poore lately addressed the Farmers' Club, of Newburyport, and spoke very acceptably.
 The Mercantile Library Association have got out a promising programme for their winter lectures.
 Stankovich, the husband of Madame La Grange, turns out to be a Montenegrin, instead of a Russian or Pole.
 Wm. E. P. Haskell, Esq. has assumed the charge of the Chelsea Herald, a vivacious and sensible local paper.
 There is a cotton-mill running in Alabama, which pays twenty-nine per cent. dividend each year.
 ... Dr. Spooner says, a man who kills himself with over-work, is as much of a suicide as if he hanged himself.

IRELAND AROUSING.

We have been much gratified of late, to observe the abundant evidences of the improved condition of Ireland. Her soil is better cultivated under an improved system of landholding; her trade, commerce and manufactures are reviving, and comfort and prosperity once more smile upon her people. The weakening process of forced emigration has measurably ceased, and a better prospect than blank starvation now opens upon her peasantry. And with this change for the better in the physical condition of the people, the elasticity of the Irish character is displaying itself with all its wonted vigor. Among the evidences of this buoyant spirit of enterprise, perhaps the most gratifying is the recent establishment, upon a broad and firm basis, of a line of ocean steam-packets between that country and America. This line is to run from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, to New York and Boston, and is to have some six or seven tributary branches from various European ports to Galway. It is established under the auspices of John O. Lever, Esq., an Irish merchant of wealth, intelligence and enterprise, and has for its backers some of the heaviest capitalists of Great Britain.

This new line will consist of sixteen large steamers, six to be employed on the branch lines on the European waters, and ten on the main trunk across the Atlantic. The first of the line arrived in New York early in September, and the second at Boston, later in the month. They were both well patronized by freighters and passengers, out and back, and their success establishes the fact of the permanence of the line. Boston was taken by surprise by the unheralded arrival of a staunch-built and finely-modelled iron screw propeller, of some eight hundred tons burden—the *avant-coureur* of the new line, bearing, as her commander, the accomplished Capt. Wm. T. Thatcher, whose mission was not restricted to the mere command of the ship, but embraced the ascertainment of the facilities and encouragements presented by the port of Boston as one of the western termini. But though unprepared for the advent of the new comer, the Galway pioneer was well received by our merchants and business men, as well as by the friends of Ireland; and the captain departed with a full conviction that Boston was, of all others, the place for the steamers to run to. We trust that all our citizens, who have dealings with Europe, will do their best to see that the Galway line is well sustained, and that the good opinion of Boston formed by Captain Thatcher shall not be belied in the future. The Irish people in New England can do much to encourage this enterprise, by using it for freights, passage of friends, and sending remittances; and as it will be the shortest, safest and cheapest route to Europe, they will not fail to employ it for these purposes, in preference to any other means of communication with the old country.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING:

—OR,—

THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

In our next number we shall commence the publication of an illustrated romance under the above title, adapted from the French expressly for our columns by Miss Anna M. Carter, a writer favorably known to our readers, whose graceful pen has improved upon the original, and rendered it one of the most effective stories ever published in this country. We never seek to create expectations not destined to be realized; and we will stake our critical reputation on the assertion that this story fully equals in interest the world-renowned "Mysteries of Paris," which has been translated into every living language of Europe. The plot of our narrative is remarkably ingenious, and its elaboration brings forth a series of startling and unexpected incidents, with vivid pictures of wild and interesting characters, and scenes of intense dramatic power and effect. Perhaps we should add, having referred to the "Mysteries of Paris," that in the "Knights of the Iron Ring" there is not the faintest shadow of the immorality which disfigures the "Mysteries," and should render it a sealed book in the domestic circle.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—S. Masury, the eminent photographer and daguerreotypist, has just published a very fine photograph of the great and lamented statesman of New England, from an original picture owned by Charles A. Stetson, Esq., of New York. The figure is full length, and represents Webster in his plain farmer's dress, sitting under a tree.

LEATHER BREECHES.—In the days of our grandfathers, as soon as a youngster went to learn his trade, he was fitted out with a pair of leather breeches, which generally lasted him with care, and patching, and mending, until he was free. He then had another pair as part of his freedom suit, which very often served him through life.

A NOVEL HYMN.—The following verse occurs in a hymn entitled "The Railway to Heaven," actually sung at Whithy, England:

Of truth divine the rails are made,
 And on the Rock of Ages laid;
 The rails are fixed in chains of love,
 Firm as the throne of God above.

LAPSI PENNARUM.—One of our exchanges talks about a "silver fire-horn," and another about a boy's "firing stones." Of course the blunders will be laid on the shoulders of the poor compositors.

EPSOM COURSE, DERRY DAY, ENGLAND.

The large engraving which occupies the whole of the last page, will serve to give the American public some idea of the motley crowd assembled on the Epsom race-course on the Derby Day. The English blood in our veins has given us a taste for racing, and on our large race-courses there is not only splendid running, but great excitement; yet no such frantic enthusiasm is manifested by our British cousins. It has been said that if the sale of beer was interfered with in Bavaria, there would be an immediate revolution in that pleasant little kingdom; and most certainly an attempt to suppress the Derby Day would create something more formidable than a row in England. A wondrous *melee*, a Babel of sights and sounds, is Epsom race-course on the Derby Day! What a perplexing notion it must impress on the "intelligent foreigner" of the temperament of the English people—so universally reported, that they well nigh believe in the imputation themselves—to be imperturbably stolid and phlegmatic! The Derby Day may even be compared to the saturnalia of ancient Rome; for at Epsom, for one day in the year at least, the rich and the poor, the nob and the snobs, the patricians and the plebeians, are on an equality. Mark the scene on the "hill." All Bohemia seems to have emptied its floating population upon this portion of Epsom Downs. Mountebanks with monkeys, and dancers on stilts; Punch-and-Judy men, with panpipes complete; card-sharps, Ethiopian serenaders, troubadours, dark gipsy fortune-tellers; grooms, porters, postilions, cab-drivers, stable-boys, racing-touts, beggars, costermongers, newspaper reporters, policemen and pickpockets, are all mixed up with the lords and the ladies, the guardsmen and the dandies, the great betting men, and the young ladies with long ringlets; and, as accessories to the motley tableau, we have a heterogeneous salmagundi of lobster-salad, champagne, pale ale, betting-books, race-cards, opera glasses, cold lamb, crinoline, pigeon-pies, smelling-bottles, whistles, penny-trumpets, jacks-in-the-box, white kid gloves, white top-coats, brown stout and beer. It is lucky for the sanity of the British nation that the Derby Day comes but once a year, and that they are much milder at Ascot and at Goodwood.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

This highly valuable city institution has been removed to its new quarters in Boylston Street; and though we cannot say much for the exterior beauty of the building—which may safely be set down as a Boston *notion*, and *sui generis* at that—yet we are free to admit that the arrangements and accommodations for books and readers are excellent. The city may well be proud of its public library, which is unsurpassed by any establishment of the kind in the country. The amount of good that it will do, in encouraging and gratifying a taste for reading, is altogether beyond computation. Next to pure water from the lovely Cochituate Lake, it is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon our citizens. We notice that several new and more liberal regulations have been established by the trustees, for increasing the facilities for consulting works of reference, and taking out books. The assortment of books that is now accessible is greatly larger than at the old building in Mason Street—made so by opening and arranging the munificent gift of Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, and by additions which are constantly made by purchase with the income of the fund granted by him, as well as by new gifts of books, which he forwards from time to time. Many persons have been liberal donors to the library, but Mr. Bates has excelled all others in his bounty, and is deservedly esteemed as the patron of the establishment. In 1853, he gave \$50,000 as a fund to be invested for the purchase of books with the income; and the number of volumes which he has presented exceeds thirty thousand, many of them being works of great importance and value. He is a native son of Weymouth, Massachusetts, and a member of the wealthy English banking firm of Baring, Brothers & Co. His splendid benefaction to Boston is alike honorable to his judgment and his liberality, and has secured for him a name and a fame worth more than any patent of nobility, or ancestral inheritance.

WOMAN'S WIT.—There was much more fact than fancy in the cross reply of an unfortunate female culprit, when under cross examination in a petty court, by a browbeating limb of the law. "Madam," he demanded, "what sort of conduct have you pursued through life, that should subject you to the suspicion of this outrage upon the plaintiff?" She answered, "Impudence, which has been the making of you, has caused my ruin."

REMEMBER.—All the serials of the day, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, music, London Illustrated News, Punch, etc., are bound at this office, at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Old books rebound, and made as good as new, at a trifling charge. Gather your loose paper-covered works together, and see what choice volumes can be made for ornament and preservation.

WASHINGTON STREET.—This gay thoroughfare never looked gayer than it does now-a-days of a bright autumnal forenoon, with its sparkling shop-windows, its brilliant promenaders, and the tide of vehicles pouring through. A flaneur on the sidewalk can hardly realize that he is "only a villager."

"WILD WILL: or, The Ser of Niagara."—Don't fail to read Mrs. C. F. Gerry's brilliant story, thus entitled, now publishing in "The Flag of our Union." For sale everywhere for *four cents* per copy. A captivating American tale.

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD!—Ballou's Dollar Magazine is the cheapest work ever published in any country. Elegantly illustrated. One dollar a year.

The Poet's Corner.

TAKEN HOME.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Like a sweet star, falling slowly
In the morning's purple light,
Day by day, the dear one sleeping,
Faded gently from our sight.

Scarcely knew we when the angels
With their shining hands let down
Softly to his waiting forehead
The Immortal's starry crown;

Only that a sudden beauty
Drifted o'er his face like light—
Only that the smile grew holier
On his lips so wan and white.

Shall we weep, that thus so early,
Going from all care and sin,
He has sought the golden portals,
And the angels let him in?

Shall we weep, dear friends, with thinking
That the dew which childhood wears
Was not quenched from off his forehead
By the gathering dust of years?—

That his feet are saved from going
In these thorny ways of ours—
Led, instead, by silver waters,
Where the paths are full of flowers?—*The Ladies' Repository.*

THE UNKNOWN.

Tell me no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place—a home for all
Its burden of affection? I depart
Unknown, though fame goes with me—I must leave
The earth unknown.—*MRS. HEMANS.*

GENUINE WIT.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.—*POPE.*

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by wide spreading it becometh nought.—*SHAKESPEARE.*

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Some have called autumn the "death of the year." The expression is too harsh—say, rather, the sleep of nature; for we know that, after the weary interval of winter, she will revive bright, smiling, glorious again. But is not death itself a gentle slumber? "To die—to sleep;—no more." We Anglo-Saxons have too grimly figured Death—a fleshless skeleton. The ancients, with a more delicate fancy, and a truer insight into the great mystery, represented him under the form of a genius—sad and thoughtful, it is true, but radiant with a beauty surpassing the greatest loveliness of earth. "I know the nature of women," says one of Terence's characters—"you will, and they want; you want, and they will." And Chamfort says, "A woman is like your shadow—follow her, she flies; fly her, and she follows you." But we like not these satirists of women, and gladly turn to the truer remark of Montaigne:—"Women, in general, are worth more than men; and, in fact, our vices cause the defects of women. Almost all their vices belong to us, while their virtues and good qualities are theirs—and theirs alone." A seaman, having his leg shattered by a ball during an engagement, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was off, it was, of course, immediately thrown overboard, upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg, "I'll complain of you to the captain. Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it." One of the teeth of a biting frost was lately picked up in the town of Hull. In New Orleans, lately, while a little boy of four years, named William Scully, was playing in company with Julia McKinney, a little vixen of two and a half, she stabbed him in the side with a penknife, inflicting a wound that was at first regarded as serious. The chief of police called upon his specials to make an arrest; but no one would volunteer, and the young lady declared that she would die before she would go to prison. Finally, the physicians declared that the boy's life was in no danger, and the matter was settled. Such actors as the following named were to be praised:—"Whose bodies figure what they think and feel; who, by their silence, their delays, their looks, their slight graceful movements, can prepare the audience for a speech, and by a pleasant sort of pantomime, combine the pauses of the dialogue with the general whole." It is curious to find at times how evil may grow out of good. At Trinity Church, New York, lately, a highly respectable young lady was arrested by a police detective, who insisted that she must be a thief, as they had her likeness in the "Rogues' Gallery." Notwithstanding a clergyman, in whose company she was, vouched for her respectability, she was kept in custody about four hours before being liberated. The citizens of Milwaukee are the most law-abiding people in the world. One of them, when asked why so many people were drowned in their river, replied that it was on account of an ordinance of the city, which forbids swimming within the city limits. When one of them slipped in, he recalled the ordinance at once, and rather than violate it, went cheerfully to the bottom without a struggle. An editor down South eulogizes a new brand of cigars, which he considers well worthy of a puff—his puff ends in smoke. Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. A Mrs. Planter was recently brought before a London police court, for having nine husbands. She owned up to four of them—but of these she did not know what had become of two of them. They had probably transplanted themselves. You see boy (to two

Celtic urchins, who are in possession of a sugar barrel)—"O, my! aint you both been and did it! Pisened, by thunder! Why, I see the man a sprinkling white powder into that 'ere barrel only this morning—to kill off the dogs wot was always a licking round it, he said—and now you've been licking it, and 'll sure to die after it, both of yer!" (Irish boys clear out in great tribulation, and make tracks for the nearest doctor's, while the Yankee boy goes in himself, and takes possession of the eask). Within a week, says the New York Tribune, ten thousand children have applied for admission to the public schools in that city, and have been turned away because there was no room for them. The rejection of these ten thousand prevents twenty or thirty thousand more from applying. A recent writer says:—"You no more mean what you say when you make an ordinary buttering after dinner speech than you do what you write when you finish a letter with 'your most obedient servant,' and address it to a fellow whom you mean to kick the first time you can catch him." A vagabond-looking fellow—but with some wit, nevertheless—was brought before a magistrate at Tourbridge, on the charge of stealing turnips. After making some droll remarks, he was asked by the magistrate, "But didn't you take the turnips found in your pocket?" Prisoner—"I, your worship! Certainly not. I went to sleep in the field among the turnips, and the three you found in my pocket grew there whilst I lay—the heat of my body causing them to shoot up faster than ordinary. I steal turnips, your worship! I'd scorn the idea!" There is a blind man on Pont-Neuf, in Paris, who has a placard on his neck, which reads as follows:—"Five to-day, for God will return it to-morrow." A joker recently suspended another over it, which read, "I am an old humbug, and proprietor of five houses. Give all your money to the cripple opposite." The Rev. Mr. Stickkins, who, by the way, has a holy horror of grammar and orthography, thus describes the "departure" of a saint:—"When I *arrove* at the house of my *disceased* friend, he was *perspiring* his last. I stood by his bedside, and said, as he was too far gone to talk, 'Brother, if you feel happy now, *jist* squeeze my hand'—and he *squeze* it." A country editor, speaking of a member of the New York Assembly, says:—"The first year he went to Albany he was so conscientious as to utterly refuse to receive his allotment of stealings, in the shape of books and stationery. The next year he did not hesitate, and finally came home unable to tell the truth under the most favorable circumstances." When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid!—why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula!" But having it explained to him that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na! I didna fear that! I was only afraid we should be all kilt before we had time to win it!" Biddy, said the landlady of a boarding-house to a new recruit in the kitchen, "did you bake the bread we had for dinner, or boil it?" Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the noble art of cookery, said, "An' to be sure, mistress, I did both." The Hull girls all sing. A friend lately from there says they sung themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard anything like it since he was benighted in a swamp out West. An Albany paper says there is a man in Troy with a nose so long, that he has had holes bored in it, and uses it occasionally for a clarinet. They have invented a new spirituous beverage in New Orleans, which kills at three hundred yards—one yard further than the Minie rifle. "He is a very unfortunate man," said Dr. Spooner, speaking of a gentleman whose ill-luck is proverbial, "and I really believe if he should fall on his back, that he would break his nose." There is nothing like taking things coolly. Carlyle had just completed, after infinite labor, one of the three volumes of his "History of the Revolution," which he left exposed on his table while he went to bed. Next morning he sought in vain for the manuscript, and had well nigh concluded with Robert Hall, who was once in a similar dilemma, that the devil had run away with it, when the servant girl, on being questioned, confessed that she had burned it to kindle the fire. Carlyle neither stamped nor raved, but sat down without a word and re-wrote it. The Daily Advertiser estimates that the State's interest in the Back Bay lands is worth, at least, five millions of dollars. A sale has just been completed, which places \$60,000 in the treasury. Mrs. Leach, one of the English aristocracy, some time since accused her son (the Rev. Mr. Leach) of insanity, and procured his incarceration in a mad-house for a year—and he might have been held in durance all his lifetime had not a commission of lunacy, through the exertions of one of Mr. Leach's servants, investigated the case and released the prisoner. It turned out upon inquiry that Mr. Leach was never treated as a madman until his mother ascertained that he had made an offer of marriage to one of his servants; and this was called the "overt act" of insanity. We converse with those we love through flowers; with those we worship through the stars. Anaximenes taught that air is mind. Some one else says air is the hidden food of life. Plutarch seems to incline to Anaximenes's opinion, remarking that perhaps the reason why there is a sympathy of feeling on various subjects arises from breathing the same air. Air is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe—the most elaborately finished of all the works of the Creator. All classes of men affirm this. Sydney Smith says to public speakers, that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking, they would never break down. In English universities, boat-races, horseback rides, and ten mile walks, are a part of the educational means for physical development. Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience. During a recent thunder storm at Sacco, Italy, out of a flock of one hundred and forty sheep, one hundred and twenty were killed. Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession. He used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a Caesar, but that it required a thousand years to produce a Baron! A variety of anecdotes testify the admirable talents he displayed. Whenever he meant to compliment the talents and merit of distinguished characters, he always delivered in a pointed manner the striking passages of the play, fixing his eyes on them. An observation of his respecting actors is not less applicable to poets and to painters. "Rules," says this sublime actor, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them, it will be well done—passion knows more than art." Humboldt tells us that he met, one day, in his travels, with a naked Indian, who had painted his body to represent a blue jacket and trousers with black buttons. The capital embarked in copyrights by the leading English publishers is out of all proportion to that which is similarly employed in this country. Instead of paying a per centage on the sale of the work, they most commonly buy the author's entire interest. Thus, Moore was paid by the Longmans \$15,000 for his *Lallah Rookh*. The same firm pay Macaulay \$30,000 for the right of publishing the first two volumes of his "History of England" for ten years. It was recently adjudged in the Warwick Assizes, England, that a false bid at a horse auction, in order to shove up the price, is a fraud; and that the real bid in advance of the bogus one takes the animal. The point taken by the defendant was, that until the fall of the hammer, the auctioneer was the agent of the owner, and that the owner had the right to countermand the sale; but it was ruled that the point would not do. The San Francisco press boast that the natives of that city are luxuriating in ripe peaches, apricots, nectarious strawberries, raspberries, pears, grapes, figs, apples, bananas, pine-apples, oranges, limes, lemons and water and mus-melons. Ex-Governor Bontwell, Secretary of the Board of Education, has become an agriculturist. His large and beautiful farm, among the Groton hills, is under a high state of cultivation, and he has recently erected an extensive and costly barn, embracing all modern improvements. From eight to nine thousand dollars worth of milk is annually sent from Groton to this city, and much of it comes from Mr. Bontwell's farm. An Irish laborer, engaged in cutting wheat at Highfield, England, having lighted his pipe, threw the match on the ground, setting fire to the standing grain; destroying in a few minutes five or six acres of wheat.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

Louis Napoleon seems to have satisfied the British government of his pacific intentions; but Punch is not so easily conciliated, and keeps firing away at the emperor with unabated vigor and malice, of course. Mr. Punch's circulation south of the channel will be stopped in revenge. A despot may allow himself to be attacked seriously, but no armor is proof against the shafts of ridicule.—Charles T. Briggs, engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has been knighted by the lord-lieutenant of Ireland.—At a banquet at Killarney, Lord Eglintown, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, took care to deny that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry, or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance.—Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's health has been restored, but he is troubled with deafness, which has been growing on him for some time.—Dickens has been very successful in his readings, lately.—Queen Victoria has returned from her visit to Balmoral, Scotland.—From France we learn that the official report of Prince Napoleon, minister to Algeria, on the condition of that colony is published. He expresses a desire to replace, as far and as soon as may be safe, military by civil government.—A duel with swords had taken place between two Parisian journalists—Delvan, of the *Siecle*, and Vaudrin, of the *Pays*. It terminated without harm to either.—It now appears that, in the frightful railway accident on the heights of St. Germain, seven were killed and fifty wounded.—The Chinese indemnity to England is to be £3,200,000, and to France, £1,260,000.—De Persigny's speech on the policy of Napoleon is semi-officially disavowed by the very man the toady sought to flatter.—Queen Victoria, they say, will soon visit Prussia again, to see her daughter.—Religious fanaticism continues to prevail in the East. At Aleppo a perfect panic prevailed for three days. The Mussulmen armed themselves, and the city was threatened; the authorities, however, prevented any serious consequences.—It is said that Russia and France support the project of obtaining from Turkey the cession to Montenegro of a small port on the Adriatic, through which the Montenegrins may communicate with the world without.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

An interesting document has just been brought to light. It is that in which M. de Pontverre, enroute of Conflignon, recommends young Jean Jacques Rousseau to Madame de Warrens. The letter is as follows:—"Madame,—I send you J. J. Rousseau, a young man who has deserted his country. He seems to be of a happy disposition; he has passed a day with me, and it is God who calls him to Annecy. Try to encourage him to embrace Catholicism; it is a triumph to make conversions. You will conceive as well as I do that, to accomplish this great work, to which I think him well enough disposed, we must try to establish him at Annecy, for fear that he may receive evil influences elsewhere. Take care to intercept all letters which might be written to him from his country, because, thinking himself abandoned, he will abjure sooner. I place all in the hands of the Almighty, and yours, which I kiss. Your very humble servant, DE PONTVERRE."

The Law's Delay.

A singular lawsuit, which has been pending for several years at Ferrara, has just been amicably settled. A nobleman, named Bonacelli, died some years ago, leaving a will, by which he appointed his own soul as universal heir to his estates, representing a value of five millions of francs. The charitable institutions of Ferrara laid claim to the property, while the brother of the deceased attacked the will on the ground of nullity. After long judicial debates, an arrangement has at length been come to, by which the brother abandons his claims in consideration of certain moneys which Cardinal Casani, the curator of the above establishments, engages to pay to him and the other relations of the deceased. It appears that this result has been obtained through the interposition of the pope. In any other country the will would have been declared null and void.

Italy.

It must be very pleasant to travel in Italy, as may be seen from the following dialogue which took place, lately, at the office of the diligences from Florence to Bologna, piazza Santa Trinita:—"Is there room in the coupe for your trip to-morrow?" "Yes, excellency. How many are you?" "Two." "If you like, by paying for two, you can have the six inside places, and can sleep at your ease." "Then you have very few travellers?" "Hardly any, your excellency, on account of the bandits." "How is there any danger?" "Not to-morrow. What day were we stopped?" added the clerk, turning to the office-boy. "Day before yesterday," replied the lad. "Then, your excellency, you can travel with perfect security. There is always an interval of eight days between each attack. I'll put your name down."

Paris.

The old Pont-au-Change, Paris, is to be entirely removed, and a new bridge constructed in its place. This old structure was the most ancient of all the Parisian bridges. It was established at the period of the Roman domination. The Lutetians made use of the "Great Bridge," as they called it, to go into the country north of their island. The "Little Bridge" led into the fields and woods on the south. The money-changers established themselves on it in 1141, and gave it the name it has since retained. In 1339, on the occasion of the entrance into Paris, of the abominable wife of the unfortunate Charles VI., over the Pont-au-Change, a man descended a tight rope from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, and placed a crown on the head of Isabella, of Bavaria.

A Hoax in a Bottle

Some days since a bottle was picked up at the baths of Villers-sur-Mer, France. It contained the following letter:—"August 3, 1858, on board ship C—. About to die, I commend my soul to Heaven, and leave my property to the finder of this bottle. My fortune consists of 350,000 francs and a mile house at Valparaiso. The latter I desire to be converted into a chapel, and provision made for the repose of my soul. My property is deposited with Mr. —, notary, Paris." The "fortunate finder" was a seedy dandy, who hurried up with his prize to Paris, and found that he had been egregiously "sold"—not the first man who has been betrayed by trusting to the bottle.

The Opening of China.

The Western nations are discussing with delight the immense advantages accruing to the civilized world by the opening of the ports of China. The Chinese are an ancient, original, innumerable and industrious people, who, according to those who know them best, eat like negroes, and work like Englishmen. Such a people will not disappear in contact with Europe; they will modify their manners, and become improved and regenerated. It is impossible not to expect the most beneficial consequences from the contact of the two extreme poles of the human pile.

The Two Sicilies.

The government of the Two Sicilies appears to be in a critical state. The commandant, Carafa, had resigned, in consequence of difficulties with his colleagues. The police department is very unpopular. King Ferdinand has refused to ratify the sale of the railroad from Naples to Castellamare, which had been purchased by a French company.

Russia.

The grand dukes, Michael and Nicholas, propose to visit Sebastopol. This city is to be converted into an unfortified commercial port; and, notwithstanding the reports spread by English tourists, it is certain that the rest of the sunken vessels will be recovered.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The Lyons newspapers record the death of an old miser in that city, of the name of Creepin, who has left three millions of francs and five houses at Lyons. So great was his avarice, they say, that for a long time before his death he disbursed thirty-five centimes, or six cents, a day for his food. He has bequeathed the whole of what he possessed to a poor widow, who, by contract, long supplied him with two meals a day for his thirty-five centimes. — Thomas Warner, of Stamford, Dutchess county, New York, went home intoxicated, lately, and got into a dispute with his son Thomas, aged 18 years, when the old man seized a hoe, and struck at his son. Thomas avoiding the blow, Mr. Warner fell forward, and striking his head upon a stone, fractured the skull, and died almost instantly. — A storekeeper advertises ten pounds of sausages for a dollar—whereupon the Boston Bee exclaims, "*Dog cheap!*" — At Chicopee Falls, a manufacturing village of about 2300 persons, of which about three-fourths are of American birth, not a single death has occurred since the 1st of May, and but three deaths since the 1st of January. — "The grave," says Irving, "buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?" — A capacious dock, chiefly intended for the accommodation of the timber trade, has been completed in the north end of Liverpool, and is named the "Canada Dock." — From Fort Kearney, Nebraska, there are reports of a large herd of buffalo, numbering several hundred thousand, and covering the prairie for miles. The officers and soldiers of the fort were having fine time hunting them. — The Etoile Belge states that not long since, as a clergyman was reciting the usual prayers over the coffin of a child, feeble cries were heard, and the coffin was opened, when the child was found alive and lifelike. It was taken to the hospital, and finally recovered. — Five things beautiful to look on are—a maiden kneeling in prayer, a young man supporting the form of his aged mother, an old man with a babe upon his knee, a mother surrounded by her little ones, and a father leading his family forth to the house of God. — The Chinese who have gone to the new gold diggings, have determined to devote themselves to catching the sea-slug, a fish which abounds along the shores of Vancouver's Island, and which, when dried, commands enormous prices in China. — The Santa Clara quicksilver mines in California, which are principally owned by Baltimoreans, have yielded, from the time they were first worked up to the 1st of August, 182,000 pounds of quicksilver, which was mostly sold at 65 cents per pound, producing \$118,000, all of which has been expended upon the mining operations. — There is now pending before a county court, in New York State, an action to recover damages for injury to plaintiff's horse, which was hired to be pastured on defendant's land—the tail of the horse being eaten off by cattle then on defendant's land. — The Savannah Republican says:—"Thomas Hannelly, who was shot lately, lived four days and nineteen hours with a pistol-ball in the left ventricle of his heart." — A new species of inflammable material, termed "illuminating clay," has been discovered at Rio Janeiro, which has been applied to the making of gas. It gives 7 cubic feet of gas to the pound, while coal gives 3 1-2 cubic feet to the pound. The article is the color of clay, and otherwise looks like coal in its pure state. It will burn like wax when held in the flame of a match.

MRS. LONDON.—Mrs. London, the widow of J. C. London, the eminent botanical writer, and landscape and architectural gardener, died in England, lately, leaving a place vacant in society and letters. Thirty years ago—then Miss Webb—she made her first appearance in a remarkable novel, called "The Mummy," which won for her not only public applause, but the hand of J. C. London. In Mr. London's works she bore a share; and, on her own separate account, has produced a number of beautiful and important books, well known in every lady's library, and one of which was thought worthy of being edited by our Downing.

A LOST AERONAUT.—Our readers have all heard of Mr. Poitevin, the French aeronaut, who used to go up from the Champs Elysées, Paris, standing on a horse's back under his balloon, and do a great many other difficult things. Well, they would hear of him any more; for he went up once too often, lately, fell into the Mediterranean, near Malaga, and was drowned.

LADIES' DRESSES.—In Belgium they are waging a pecuniary war on crinoline. A "crinometer" has been adopted in the public ball-rooms, and ladies, whose crinolines surpass a fixed development, are charged an extra admission fee.

MRS. JOHN WOOD.—This lady has proved as great "a card" in San Francisco as in Boston. If we were asked to define what sort of "card," we should reply, "Queen of Hearts—trumps."

CHESS-PLAYING.—Mr. Morphy, the American chess-player, is carrying all before him in London. He has already gallantly vanquished Lowenthal.

Wayside Gatherings.

Among the curiosities of the industrial exhibition at Providence, were Roger Williams's pocket compass, King Philip's chair, and his succotash kettle.

For the year ending May 31st last, 13,912 Germans arrived at New Orleans, La. Nearly 10,000 of those went to St. Louis, Mo. Less than 3000 of the number remained.

The editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette has received a pear which weighs two pounds and a half, and is fully as large as a juvenile pumpkin. It was grown upon his place in South Nashville.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travellers; it is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

Two stones, one weighing ten tons, on the track of the Cheshire railroad threw an engine, a baggage car and two passenger cars off the track, fortunately without injuring anybody.

The sugar growers of Louisiana are turning their attention towards the lands in Florida, lately vacated by the Indians. Sugar will do well there, and possibly coffee.

It is estimated that in the State of Louisiana, there are fifteen thousand square miles of fertile alluvial soil which lie below high water mark, and which require to be protected by artificial embankments.

During the season just closed there were 18,800 arrivals at the hotels at Saratoga Springs. Adding the number putting up at private boarding-houses, the total number is about 28,008. The season embraces three months.

A lad who tried to steal a ride from Fayville to Southboro' depot was shaken from the place where he had secreted himself and both his arms crushed above the elbows by the car wheels. A doctor subsequently amputated them.

Rev. Noah Porter has been appointed Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, in place of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, deceased. Rev. Timothy Dwight has been appointed Assistant Professor of Sacred Literature in the same institution.

A man named Price, living in New London, recently left his wife, taking with him all her available funds. A querist asks, was she not in the same category that somebody or something else was, viz: "Without money and without price."

In 1834, the Sergeant-at-Arms was thirty-four days in travelling from Washington, D. C., to Edwardsville, Illinois. Fourteen days was deemed a short period for the journey from Washington to Louisville, Ky. The road can now be passed over in thirty-six hours.

It is reported that very rich mines of gold exist in Guiana, where it is obtained by simply pulling up the grass and shrubs, the precious ore being found adhering to the roots! It should be added, however, that the climate is very deadly, and that a New York company has secured a monopoly for working the mines.

At Westfield, Wm. Noble was stoning a well 30 feet deep for Lewis Elmore, when a heavy plank fell and struck him upon the head, fracturing the skull and rendering him insensible. The operation of trepanning was performed and the injured man is now doing well.

A foundling was left on a door-step in New York with the following note attached to its clothing: "To my grief I must leave this baby out, for if I had the means I should not for my life. You will have it christened Edmund Clark. I live three miles in the country for I may see my baby again."

"The origin of English boxing," says an amusing character in a recent Russian comedy, "was in this wise: There are so many inhabitants, and so little land, that one man is constantly pushing against another. The push is returned. This one has recourse to his fists: that one retaliates: and thus the terrible art of boxing has originated in that country."

Four sisters, who went to bathe in the river at Smithfield, Iowa, playfully joined hands and advanced into the stream. Two of them returned, but had proceeded only a short distance towards the shore when they heard a scream, and turning, saw their sisters swept away by the current and drowned. Their names were Mrs. Martin and Miss Butler.

The age at which persons are most liable to insanity is, in men from thirty to forty years, while for women it is from fifty to sixty years. The ages which furnish the least, for both sexes, are childhood, youth, and advanced age. Among women, insanity appears earlier than among men, indeed, from twenty to thirty years of age. The rich are more subject to insanity, in proportion, than the poor.

The Paris Constitutional announces that, at the instance of the French government, remuneration will be tendered to Professor Morse, "author of the apparatus generally used in Europe for the transmission of electrical despatches, and whose rights had not been sufficiently protected." The journal adds: "The conference on the subject fixed the remuneration at 400,000 francs, of which sum France will pay 235,000."

A writer in a New York paper says that the "Artillery Company," of Newport, R. I., is the oldest company in the United States. It was organized in 1741, under a charter granted by the Colonial Assembly, which was confirmed to them when the colony became a State of the Union, which they still retain—the present members guard with jealous care the ancient reputation of the corps. They are on parade five or six times a year, and are ever ready for active duty.

The Great Eastern is up for sale, now, or charter, as she lies off Deptford. What an unfortunate speculation was this Leviathan! She might do for government service, but I am afraid that, if ever completed, she would be good for nothing else. She is entirely too large for trading or passenger purposes. One poor trip, with her enormous expenses, would ruin her stockholders. As it is, they are ruined in advance, and "in a state of mortification there is no pain," says medical ethics.

Dr. Faur relates, as an extraordinary instance of the effect of coffee in gout, the case of Mr. Devereau, who was attacked with gout at the age of twenty-five, and had it severely until he was upward of fifty, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but for four years preceding the time when the account of his case had been given to Dr. Faur to lay before the public, he had, by advice, used coffee, and had no return of the gout afterward.

A strange car passed through New Haven recently, built in Lowell, Mass., for some western concern. It was eighty-five feet in length by eight feet wide, arranged with counters and shelves, like a common dry goods store, and is so constructed that its width can be regulated by machinery, so as to be made twice the ordinary width of a rail car. There are no windows in the side, but the end and top are furnished with lights. It is supposed to be the intention of the proprietor to make a travelling dry goods store of it, and "switch" off where he pleases.

Sands of Gold.

.... The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.—*Beecher*.

.... Begging from a generous soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than robbery to a miser in his plenty.—*Farguhar*.

.... Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.—*Beecher*.

.... The woman worthiest the title of a woman of merit is she, who, if her children should lose their father would be capable of replacing him.—*Goethe*.

.... There is no permanent love but that which has duty for its eldest brother; so that if one sleeps, the other watches, and honor is safe.—*J. P. Stahl*.

.... When dunce call us fools, without proving us to be so, our best retort is to prove them to be fools, without condescending to call them so.—*Lacon*.

.... Whoever brings to a higher perfection any branch of noble and productive labor, does something to elevate, refine and perfect the whole.—*Huntington*.

.... Sweetheart, daughter, sister, wife, mother, ancestress; these six words contain what the human heart holds sweetest, most ecstatic, most sacred, purest and most ineffable.—*Mossias*.

.... The more important an animal is to be, the lower is its start. Man, the noblest of all, is born lowest. The next thing below a babe, is nothing, and the next thing above a man is an angel.—*Beecher*.

.... A Christian in the world is like a man who has had a long intimacy with one whom at length he finds out was the murderer of a kind father; the intimacy, after this, will surely be broken.—*J. Newton*.

.... We often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would in all probability have done for us. Life too often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods. Like the fallen angels of Milton, we all know the evils that we have; but we are ignorant what greater evils we might have encountered by rushing on apparent goods, the consequences of which we know not.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

A Dutchman, being asked how often he shaved, replied, "Dree dimes a week, effery tay but Soontay; den I shaves effery tay."

The young man who was living in hopes has moved into a more commodious residence—a brown-stone front in Fourteenth Street.

"Sambo, does yer know why dem noisy birds is called carrion crows for?"—"Gosh, Jerry, I got him! 'Cause dey carry on so over a dead boss."

There are many pickpockets about town just now. So, he that would keep his watch, "this let him do—pocket his watch, and watch his pocket, too."

"You are ill, my friend."—"Yes, my eye is inflamed, and very painful. Do you know of any remedy?"—"Do as I did last week with a tooth—have it out."

"Ah, William, home from the wars? Where is the brother who went with you?"—"Ah me, we left our mother together. One of us was killed. How can I bear to tell her which one it was?"

A man out West, in describing the blowing up of a steamboat, the other day, says the "*tout ensemble* was enough to shake the bravest heart." We always thought that it was the "bilers" that did the business.

"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law."—"A fig for your bannister!" retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose. "Haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, speaking of the performance of a young mare three years old, says "she is a buster." Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, suggests that she must be a "filly-buster."

"Dear me, Mrs. Jones, where's your son Garry? I aint seen him this long time."—"Well, I'll tell yer, Mrs. Flukes; his father thought he'd have one of the fam'ly what'd be smart, so he sent him off to get an epedemie education."

The following result of the omission of a comma is rather ludicrous. In an article about the inauguration of the new hospital building in New York, the writer is made to state that an extensive view is presented from the *fourth story of the Hudson River*.

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GALA DAY AT THE EPSOM RACES, ENGLAND.

[For description see page 253.]

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SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

The spirited engraving on this page is from a drawing made for us by Mr. Kilburn on the spot, and is characterized by his good taste and accuracy. The view embraces several specimens of the vessels used in navigating the Father of Waters, with a distant view of Memphis on the river bank. The Mississippi differs from all other rivers in the extent of its overflow, in its "bluffs" and "bottoms," in its "snags" and "sawyers." In fact it is strongly individualized, and stands alone in the commonwealth of waters. At low water the traveller finds the stream quite narrow, with high bluffs and sand-banks visible on either side, and if unaccustomed to the river, he cannot realize that in a short time the appearance of the scene may be changed, the valley filled to overflowing, and the houses and trees he sees on the high banks actually below the "high" level of the river, and requiring the protection of artificial banks, or "levees," as they are termed. The "snag" is formed by a large tree floating down the stream, and meeting with some obstruction, the root becomes firmly anchored in the bed of the river, with the trunk up stream. The "sawyer" is a tree embedded with the trunk down stream, the current alternately depressing it below the surface or raising it above it. The constant caving in of the banks causes a great number of trees to fall into the river yearly, forming serious obstacles in the navigation. The

Mississippi differs from all other rivers in the variety of craft swarming in its waters. The "raft," the "keel boat," the "flat boat," the "dug-out," the "stern-wheeler" or "wheelbarrow boat," the "freight boat," and the first and second class passenger boats, contrived to meet the various exigencies of travel, transportation and capital, all have a peculiar individuality. All the steamboats are flat-bottomed, and stand almost wholly out of the water, some of them drawing only thirty inches, so that they can pass over the bars when the river is low, although the bottom is so near the surface that the boat does not always avoid grounding. It has been humorously remarked that a Mississippi boat can run on a heavy dew. The first class boats really deserve their name of "floating palaces," and for comfort and luxury have no equals in the world. These boats are three stories high; the lower deck, which is nearly on the water-level, containing furnace, boilers, machinery, etc.; the other two decks the state-rooms and saloons, officers' quarters, etc., the whole surmounted by the pilot's house. The vast wheel-houses, the tall chimneys and the towering steam-pipe are striking features in these monster vessels. All the engines are constructed on the high-pressure principle. A trip on board a Mississippi steamboat gives you a glimpse into the varieties of Western life, for representatives of every class are to be found on one of these floating microcosms. The wooding up at

a landing-place in the night always affords a striking spectacle. Our subscribers will remember that in a former number of the Pictorial we published a splendid engraving from the pencil of Billings, representing one of these episodes of river life. It was also a striking feature in Banvard's famous panorama. The city of Memphis, represented in the distance of our picture, is beautifully situated just below the mouth of Wolf River, on the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, four hundred and twenty miles below St. Louis. It is the most populous and important town on the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, and occupies the only eligible site for a commercial depot from the mouth of the Ohio to Vicksburg, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. The bluff on which it stands is elevated about thirty feet above the highest floods, and it extends along the river for a distance of three miles, while a bed of sandstone projects into the stream and forms a convenient landing. The appearance of Memphis from the river, as our engraving shows, is remarkably fine. An esplanade several hundred feet wide extends along the bluff in front of the town, and is bordered with blocks of large warehouses. Travellers who have recently visited Memphis, express astonishment at the signs of improvement and commercial activity which are here exhibited. The population has doubled since 1845. In 1840 it contained 3300 inhabitants, and now the number cannot be far from 14,000.



SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —ON,— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DILIGENCE.

THERE is a road leading from the little port of Trompea situated on the Gulf of St. Enfemia on the Mediterranean to Monteleone, also to Nicotera and Palmi. Trompea is a small steamboat landing between Naples and Sicily. On the right, where the road crossed a stone bridge to Brentolu, stood a large solid building, bearing on its front in gilded letters, *Osteria dello Corpo Santo*, Inn of Corpo Santo. A few yards from the inn the road takes a sudden turn and descends to the borders of the river. The bend is crowned by a high rocky mountain, on which stands the majestic convent of Corpo Santo, from which the inn takes its name.

The 15th of October, 1823, Baptista Giubbetti was seated on his diligence and rumbling along the road towards Monteleone. He carried four passengers—three inside, and one outside seated beside himself. The diligence was drawn by two fine Abruzzian horses, sleek and prompt.

Baptista was a merry, jovial fellow, a little thin and pale, but always cheerful; and proud of four things, his wife, diligence, and two good steeds, who trotted along steadily, as anxious as their master to reach their homes.

In the interior of the carriage was a man, about forty years old, apparently ill and weak. His head was bald and he wore a close fitting cap of black silk. On the seat before him sat a young man and a young girl. The youth wore the half clerical costume betokening the student. The girl had on a gray dress and neat straw hat. They were not rich but were neatly dressed. Both were evidently unaccustomed to travelling, judging by the eager, curious looks they cast around them. The girl was soon to enter a convent and the youth to become a priest. Both were very handsome, each in their own way. The young girl had black eyes, glossy black hair and brilliant complexion, while her companion had blue eyes and rich, light-brown hair. Though plainly and even meanly clad, there was an air of refinement and elegance about them which struck the beholder, while the perfect innocence and childish confidence caused a smile. Judging from their looks there was little difference in their ages, the brother being eighteen and the sister sixteen years old.

They conversed in low tones, sometimes in French and sometimes in Italian, speaking both with equal fluency and purity of accent; but in speaking each other's names they always used French. The name of the youth was Julian and that of the girl Celeste. The man in front was a Frenchman, judging by his name. The driver had called him Monsieur David.

Monsieur David was silent during the journey, hardly looking even at the young couple before him. Except when Celeste pronounced the word, brigand, Monsieur David had shrugged his shoulders with an affectation of great disdain. Those who travel in Calabria often pronounce the word brigand. Cowards shudder, skeptics, like our sick man in the black silk skull-cap, raise their shoulders and eyebrows with disdain.

There was a cold, sad look in Monsieur David's face, which can be accounted for by the word, *misanthrope*. The general aspect of his face expressed reflection, reserve, egotism, austerity and discontent. One more person alone remains to be described; it is the outside passenger who was seated beside Baptista Giubbetti.

His name upon the diligence book was Chevalier Athol. He came from Sicily in the packet, and without pausing there had sprung upon the diligence bound for the Convent of Corpo Santo. He was a handsome fellow, brave and quick. Meditation didn't trouble him, to judge from appearances. His gaze, clear and unconcerned, wandered over the country, while his slender fingers, white and delicate as those of a countess, played with a cigarette. He was very young, scarcely more than twenty-two or twenty-three. Half reclining on the top of the diligence, one could not judge of his height, but the nonchalance of his attitude displayed grace and suppleness. He looked like an idle lion, careless, unconcerned now, but in the moment of action brave and powerful. His dress betokened the accustomed traveller. Ever and anon he hummed a gay air.

The road ascending from the shore became more and more picturesque. Baptista was alive to the grandeur around him.

"Look, my lord," said Baptista, "at the view. Behind is the sea, and beautiful Sicily and Mount Etna. To the left, with your permission, my lord, are the Lipari Islands, of which the principal—"

"What is there now at Martorello?" abruptly asked the young traveller.

Baptista nearly dropped his reins. He looked at the Chevalier Athol sidewise.

"His excellence has already seen the country?"

"I asked you, friend," repeated Chevalier Athol, "what there was at Martorello."

"Ah, well," responded the man: "at Martorello, my lord, there is nothing that I know of."

"What has become of the Six?"

"The Six!" repeated Baptista, with an innocent air, and at the

same time he whipped his horses. Athol sang very softly an air of Fioravante—

Amici, allegre andiamo al'a pena!
(Friends, gaily march to death!)

"A pretty Neapolitan air, my lord," murmured the poor man, though he was visibly agitated.

"What has become of the Six?" repeated the traveller, without any change in his voice.

"Ohime!" grumbled Baptista, "there is no need for a man to understand music."

"Give me your hand," commanded the Chevalier Athol, "if you know charcoal and iron."

Baptista trembling, extended his hand.

"Well, well," said he, as he felt the double cross which the stranger traced on his palm, "I have heard about that from an agent of King Ferdinand who came for his health among the mountains."

Chevalier Athol smiled and said:

"Friend, you are a prudent fellow."

Then dropping the hand of Baptista and looking him in the face, he said in a low, earnest tone:

"There is something stronger than iron!"

"It is faith," replied the man, without hesitation.

"There is something blacker than charcoal!" added the young man.

"It is the conscience of a traitor."

"You are a Companion."

"And you are master!—Thanks be to God!—I have a wife and child who wait for me—But, by St. John, my patron, if it is necessary, I will go!"

"What has become of the Six?" asked Athol, for the third time.

"Eccellenza," replied Baptista, "if you are the master how can you be ignorant?"

"Speak!" exclaimed the young man, "in the name of charcoal and iron!"

"There were seven," murmured the poor man.

"I know where the seventh fell," said Chevalier Athol, in a sad tone.

Baptista uncovered his head respectfully and made the sign of the cross.

"The seventh was a saint!" said he.

Then he went on in a weary tone:

"When they had assassinated Mario Monteleone, three times count, twice baron and master of the knights of the forge, the six gentlemen were proscribed—I repeat what was told me, Eccellenza. They came one night, it was the 15th of October, 1816. They opened the gates of the Convent of Corpo Santo, and declared the vendetta against the murderer of Mario Monteleone."

"The name of the murderer?" demanded Athol.

As the man hesitated to pronounce it and became pale, Athol added:

"Do you not dare to pronounce it?"

"Four weeks after that day," replied Baptista, lowering his voice, "the Marquis of Francavilla was dead."

"How did he die?"

"By stab from a Calabrian sword, through his heart."

"And this Marquis of Francavilla was governor of Pezzio, then the place of execution?"

"Yes, signor, and at the time of his death, intendant of Calabria Ultra."

In the states of the king of Naples, the intendant is the chief of provincial administration. His power is more absolute than that of our governor.

"Francavilla was guilty," said the Chevalier Athol, as if speaking to himself; "but it was not he who killed the saint Monteleone. The Six—could they not have gone higher?"

"Higher?" repeated the vetturino; "no—Giacomo Doria was dead in his bed—his two children are his heirs."

"Was Count Giacomo suspected?" eagerly asked Athol.

"I repeat only what was told me," replied Baptista for the second time; "the Dorias have the property of Monteleone, and Count Giacomo was in the country when the misfortune came."

The young traveller seemed to awake.

"And lower?" said he, suddenly.

"Lower?" repeated Baptista.

"The vengeance of the Six stooped lower."

"Ah, signor! I can only repeat what I hear; there is the colonel."

"Trentacapelli?"

"Exactly—Colonel Trentacapelli was found upon the road to Cosenza, his face in the water, the blade of a Calabrian sword had entered his back."

"Was it the sword of a Companion?"

"It was the sword of Silence—"

Inside the carriage the man in the black silk skull-cap closed his eyes—he seemed to sleep.

"It is true, dear sister," said Julian, holding his sister's hands closely in his own, "I am destined for a priest, and I ought to have only quiet, peaceful thoughts. Ah, well, in spite of myself I feel my blood run more swiftly when I listen to the accounts of battles, of glorious struggles, of the passions agitating the world, I fear sometimes—"

"You shall not be compelled to take sacred orders, my brother," interrupted Celeste.

"Ah, sister, my vocation?"

"If you regret the world?" commenced Celeste.

"Ah," broke in Julian, "you are happy, you have nothing to regret."

Celeste sighed, and after a few moments' pause she added:

"I know nothing, brother, nothing of this world."

"Nor I either," replied Julian, frankly.

"Then what have you to regret?"

The young man raised himself up—a pause, then he said:

"I cannot explain what passes within me, and you could not understand me—I suffer. I know a story which always fills my heart, it is engraven on my mind deeper than my studies. Manuelus, our good, kind father, has told me about it."

"Tell it to me, brother, as we ride along."

At this moment Monsieur David opened his eyes. One quick, penetrating look and the lids closed.

"It is the story of Count Mario Monteleone."

Here Julian paused. Celeste waited patiently for him to speak. A few seconds and he began:

"I was thinking, dear sister, of the children of Count Mario Monteleone. His poor orphan children."

"Did he have children?"

"Three children, who disappeared mysteriously and have never been found. They were sought for in England, France, Germany, Spain, but always in vain. The Countess of Monteleone, the poor mother, when the third was taken, became insane."

Celeste listened with tears in her eyes, while she murmured:

"Our dear mother died in Sicily, as Manuelus says."

Julian passed his hand across his eyes and became very pale, while he answered, almost as if to himself:

"I do not know, no, I do not know, Celeste, whence comes this pain, this sadness, which at certain hours takes hold of me, disgusts me with life. It seems as if there was great unhappiness in store for us. I have tried to divine what it is, but alas, I cannot. I remember the day when I first saw Manuelus; we were in the valley of Mazzaro, where we were brought up in charity. I see him yet, running towards us with open arms; and we, timid children, fled at sight of him. He said we should be rich and happy. We followed him to a pleasant house not far from Catania. Every day, he wrote letters, and I remember once he said to me: 'If I was not your father would you love me just the same?' He spoke of my mother, who had come from a great distance to find us, from France, doubtless. Suddenly he was absent—when he returned he was very much changed. He was very sick, and kept his bed, and when we approached him he looked at us with tearful eyes. He said our father was dead, and clothed us in mourning dresses. Celeste, I don't know why, but the last time he wrote us and sent us ten ducats and appointed a meeting in this country, the thought entered my head that he was poor."

"I have often thought of it," replied Celeste, sadly.

At this moment, Monsieur David stirred in his seat, and half opened his eyes.

"Listen, sister," said Julian, leaving this confidential subject. "I will speak of better things of Mario Monteleone. Mario, prince of Benevento, count of Monteleone of Pralazzi and Viserte, baron of Civita Galla and of Vittola, was cousin to King Ferdinand and the highest noble of Calabria. An orphan, he had been brought up at court with the heir of the Dorias, and Francis, prince royal of Naples, only son of Ferdinand."

"The king loved these three youths with nearly equal tenderness, and if he caressed one more than another, it was Mario Monteleone. The king said:

"My son, Francis and Giacomo Doria are gentlemen; Monteleone is a prince."

"The affection of Ferdinand for Mario was very deep, for when Monteleone, led by ideas of liberty which seized all generous hearts in the last century, took sides with the reformers, he did not cease to love him."

"Giacomo Doria followed him. Prince Francis himself, won by the eloquence of Monteleone, helped, it is said, in the grand struggle."

"When the French general Champoinnet laid siege to Naples in 1799, he mingled, with bare arms and a red scarf around his waist, in the army of fishermen and lazzaroni who defended Naples so heroically."

"King Ferdinand grasped the hand blackened with powder, called him his son, and asked what he wanted."

"The liberty of Italy, sire," replied Mario Monteleone.

"Ferdinand I, the same king who governs us to-day, promised a reform."

"Mario Monteleone withdrew forever from the court, and went to live upon his estate. He had one friend in his solitude—Giacomo Doria. When Giacomo Doria went to Naples, Mario Monteleone remained alone with a young cousin, who had been brought up with him and whom he loved like a sister. She was called Barbara Monteleone. Mario loved her for her gentle, happy disposition and for her piety. But Barbara loved Mario in a different way. Manuelus has often drawn her portrait for me, and so clearly, that it seems as if I had seen her. Her face was very beautiful, but she was deformed, deformed from her birth; she was humpbacked. She was several years younger than her cousin and protector."

"When Mario married, towards the year 1801, the beautiful Maria Amalfi, Barbara welcomed the young couple with every mark of joy and affection. But some say she grew deadly pale as the count led his beautiful bride into the palace. A few days and she fell ill; it was thought she would never recover. Mario Monteleone sent to Germany for a famous doctor who saved the life of the young girl. She recovered her health, but her face was ever after as white and colorless as marble."

"Maria Amalfi, the young wife, was as beautiful as an angel, and as good as she was beautiful. She was not rich save in a loving heart. A short time after the recovery of Barbara, Maria Amalfi gave birth to a son. Joy filled the hearts of the young couple, and Barbara seemed devoted to the child."

Monsieur David turned uneasily in his seat, then resumed his nap.

CHAPTER II.

MARIO MONTELEONE.

"Go on, brother," said Celeste, for Julian had paused in his recital as their fellow-passenger moved:

"It was a glorious sight, the devoted father and mother bending over the cradle. Suddenly, a cloud fell on the happy household. One morning the nurse was found weeping beside the empty cradle. Barbara tore her hair, and gave way to the most violent grief. Her distress was as deep as that of the bereaved parents. When the first moment of stupor had passed, inquiries were made as to whence came this blow. There was no answer. The mother of the nurse who lived in the country, said she had seen a band of gipseys encamped on the mountain. They perhaps had stolen the child.

"Couriers were despatched in every direction. Barbara watched their return from the window. When she saw them in the distance she ran to meet them. Nothing had been seen of either Bohemians or child.

"The last hope died, and sadness reigned in the chateau late so joyous. To chase away his grief the Count Monteleone turned his attention to relieving the misery he saw around him. He wished to make the peasants of Calabria industrious and happy. Mario Monteleone wished his old friend and companion in arms, Giacomo Doria to help him. Their estates were side by side. But the proud Doria answered:

"The Dorias have never used but one instrument, which was the sword."

"Cousin," answered Mario, "the Monteleones belong to as noble a family as the Dorias. If you will not help me, I must strive alone."

"Manfully he applied himself to his task, that of promoting industry and agriculture. The senseless pride of the Calabrians was against him. Like Giacomo Doria they scorned implements of trade. One day the noble count took the hammer in his own hands and worked at the anvil. This created a great sensation. The young courtiers laughed at him, but the people blessed him and called him the *Benefactor*.

"King Ferdinand had his anvils spoken of, of which the principal was at Martorello, a few miles from here. He called his young pupil ungrateful, accused him of having abandoned him. He left Naples, intending to bring him back to court. That was in 1805.

"Mario Monteleone received his king with his leather apron on and the hammer in his hand. When the king had seen the Calabrians work, he altered his mind, and embracing Monteleone, he said:

"Remain where you are. You have revived the glory of my kingdom."

"He gave Mario the Cross of the Order of St. Ferdinand, and solemnly instituted the Association of the Knights of the Iron Ring, of whom he made Monteleone the grand master.

"The forges of Martorello were founded, a village sprung up and around them, a village which is gone now. For many years Trompea was a commercial port. English vessels brought wood and took away iron. The country flourished. Hill-sides became covered with waving fields of grain, and, a singular thing, the people improved also. The race which privation and misery had reduced, became once more renowned for its strength and beauty. It has deteriorated, even now, dear Celeste.

"In 1808, Mario and his adherents resisted, as well as they were able, French influence. Monteleone went to Sicily to offer his sword to the king, Ferdinand of Bourbon, his master and his friend. It was while he was gone, that the cloud fell a second time upon the chateau. God had pitied the grief of his faithful servant, and had blessed him with two children. When Mario left for Sicily, his wife was the happy mother of two children; a boy three years old, and a girl just one.

"In the centre of the valley where prosperity had been his work, Mario Monteleone raised a marble pavilion, in a chamber on the ground floor of which, he placed the nuptial bed and two cradles. There he retired with his beautiful wife. The children grew rapidly, giving promise of inheriting the perfect beauty and goodness of their parents. When Monteleone returned from his voyage to Sicily, no one met him on the road. His eyes eagerly sought for Maria and his two children. No one came. When he reached the threshold of the house an awful silence reigned throughout.

"My wife!" cried he, "my children! Where are my wife and children?"

"No answer.

"At last, one of the Six Knights of Iron, the German who had been his secretary, said to him:

"Master, summon all your courage. God has struck you. You have no children, and your wife is dying." Monteleone turned as pale as death and entered the marble chamber. Seated on the edge of the bed was a woman who did not recognize him. In her delirium, she called her children, kissed them, sung to them. These fancies sent death to the heart of the unhappy father.

"Near the sea-shore lived an old woman called Berta, mother of the woman who took care of the two children of Count Monteleone. A few days before the count's return, the nurse, leading the two children, came to see her mother. That evening she returned weeping. Some masked men had suddenly entered her mother's hut; they had stolen the children. She saw them embark in a vessel and put out to sea.

"Monteleone wished to question the nurse. He was told that the day following the disappearance of the children, she was found drowned in the river Brentolu.

"Barbara was nearly beside herself with grief, she could only groan and weep.

"Monteleone closed the marble pavilion where remained the nuptial bed, and the two empty cradles. It was the tomb of his happiness. Maria Amalfi, recovered her health but not her reason. She believed herself dead.

"One evening, the *Six* met in the house of Mario, Count Monteleone, and the German said:

"Master, we who are devoted to you have reflected for you. Chance never strikes twice in the same place. These blows have been given by a traitor. Who has done it? Now, that you have no children, Giacomo Doria is your lawful heir."

"This is the answer that the noble, high-spirited count made to the insinuation:

"Giacomo Doria is my cousin. We have lived for years like brothers. Barbara has already spoken to me in the same manner, and I gave the same answer which I give to you, 'May God preserve Giacomo Doria to his children!' I forbid any one who loves and obeys me to raise their hands against the house of my cousin Doria."

"He was a saint," murmured Celeste.

"Yes, he was a saint, and God treated him as such, since he made him a martyr," said Julian.

"Monteleone was proscribed by the new government and his property confiscated. Nevertheless, King Joachim allowed the forges of Martorello to remain and put them under the surveillance of a special prefect. The *Six*, as the Knights of Iron were called, during the absence of their master, who was the *seventh*, continued their work and organized a secret society. This society, which they say, exists still, in spite of the proscriptions made against them, contributed powerfully to the revolution of 1816, which deposed Joachim Murat.

"One thing is strange, sister, Monteleone exiled in Sicily met with the same fate as Murat upon the throne of Naples. Two attempts were made to assassinate him.

"It was during his sojourn in Sicily that Barbara, his cousin and one of The Six, his right hand man, the German of whom we have spoken several times, accused Giacomo Doria.

"When the fall of Murat, and the restoration of Ferdinand ended his term of exile, Monteleone, Giacomo Doria and his son Loredan, whom he had met in Sicily, returned to Naples in the same carriage.

"In the beginning of October in the year 1815, Mario Monteleone was borne to his home in triumph by the people of Calabria, who were his family.

"Thirteen days after that, Joachim Murat was proscribed in his turn and obliged to fly from Naples. He made the attempt, but fortune was against him. All his hopes vanished. In a few hours he found himself without arms, without followers, a wanderer in the country once his kingdom. As the twilight shadows began to deepen, the king, who was accompanied by Francechetti and a faithful Frenchman, wished to read a handbill posted on a wall. It was a placard signed by the marquis of Francavilla, governor of Pizzo, promising a reward of twenty-five thousand ducats to whoever would bring him the head of Joachim Murat.

"The three fugitives vainly scanned the water, no sail was in sight. The king sat down on a rock by the shore. After having rested a long time, vainly watching for the vessel, the king, hungry and tired, turned his back upon the sea and followed the river Brentolu to the north. After having walked a long distance, they came in sight of a chateau brilliantly lighted up, from which proceeded festive sounds. They knocked at the gate, it was opened to them. In the dining saloon, there were about a dozen men seated around the master, who was sad and silent in the midst of the rejoicings. Opposite to the master was an empty place.

"It was the chateau of Monteleone; the empty place belonged to the beautiful Maria Amalfi, still insane. The guests were, first, the Six, then some gentlemen belonging to the house of Bourbon, among which were Giacomo Doria and his son Loredan. Monteleone ordered the new comers to be admitted. Francechetti advanced to the door. One glance served to show him who the master was.

"God help us!" said he, turning to Murat who was behind him, "we are in the power of Mario Monteleone."

"The latter asked:

"Why do not our guests enter?" and he rose from the table. The noise of the cannonading had reached even Martorello.

"Joachim called Mario Monteleone by name.

"Do not go!" cried his friends. But Mario, ever brave and kind, rose, his friends wished to follow him, but he ordered them to remain seated. He went out alone into the hall. The stranger said to him, pointing to the valets who stood in waiting, "To you alone I give my name." At a sign the servants withdrew, and the master was alone with the stranger. Monteleone spoke:

"What do you want of me?"

"A shelter. I am fainting with fatigue; I am hungry. Give me bread and wine."

"These are things I never refuse any one," replied the master.

"I am proscribed," replied Murat.

"I was yesterday," answered Mario Monteleone.

"I have done you wrong—perhaps unjustly."

"May God pardon you, signor—I will do you good."

"Without asking my name?"

"Without asking your name."

"A blush spread over the stranger's pale face, and he threw back the mantle which had partly hid his face, and stepping forward he exclaimed:

"I will tell you my name, Mario Monteleone, I am Joachim Napoleon, king of Naples."

"The master bowed and remained with uncovered head.

"Sire," said he, "I thank your majesty for having honored my house with your presence." He took a torch and led the way towards a wing of the chateau. Murat followed in silence. They went into an upper chamber.

"Sire," said Mario Monteleone, presenting the king a seat, "God knows that Italy has never had a harder master than you. The evil you have done me concerns only your conscience. I do not wish you ill. I am, it is true, the faithful servant of King Ferdinand, but you are my guest. Under my roof, I swear it, you shall eat in peace and sleep tranquil." He left and returned with food, and with uncovered head and respectful manner he served the fallen king.

"After the repast, Monteleone taking Murat by the hand led him to his own chamber, and said to him:

"Sire, to reach your majesty, your enemies must pass over my dead body."

"Murat threw himself on his couch, faithfully trusting to the unsullied honor of Mario Monteleone. But treachery watched.

"About three o'clock the next morning, the door of the chateau was broken open. A hundred and fiftygend'arms and a hundred men were there. Five officers sought the chamber of the king. The brave Count Monteleone made good his word and defended the entrance valiantly. He fell wounded in three places. Murat, Francechetti, and the Frenchman, warned by the struggle, escaped through the window and made for the shore. Murat was pursued and caught, judged, condemned, and executed in forty-eight hours.

"Monteleone was condemned for having taken arms against his lawful sovereign. No one believed that he would be executed. Twenty thousand voices plead for his pardon. Twenty thousand people ranged themselves round his prison, waiting for his release. They watched two days and two nights. The morning of the third day, a royal courier appeared, coming at a gallop and waving a white flag. A great cry ascended to heaven—"Pardon! pardon!"

"The Knights of Iron ran crazy with joy to his dungeon. Each one was as happy as if it was a father that they had saved. They prepared a litter, ornamented with ribbons and flowers, on which to carry him in triumph to Martorello.

"It was a corpse that was placed on the triumphal car! Monteleone was found dead in his dungeon.

"The preceding night, it is said, a man was shown into his dungeon—a masked man. Monteleone was strangled. A wail ascended to heaven, and with slow steps and heavy hearts the mourning crowd carried the body of their late lord to Martorello. The funeral services were performed in the Convent of Corpo Santo. All the country was there save one—Maria Amalfi had disappeared.

"Ascending the mountain the Six Knights of Iron bore the body. No one saw them during the service. When the last notes of the *Agnus Dei* had died away and unbroken silence reigned in the vast church, six masked men came and stood beside the open coffin where lay the body of Mario Monteleone. They extended their hands over the body, pronouncing a silent oath. On the middle finger of each hand was a ring of iron, each like the other.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

They raised the body of their loved master above the open vault. The open coffin was attached to cords for the purpose of lowering it down into the vault; the six masked men did not move. But, when the coffin was balanced above the opening, they again stretched out their hands. The cords which had begun to glide were stopped.

"Seven years we give ourselves to avenge the death of our master. The sacred earth shall not cover the body of our master until the vile assassin shall have paid the debt with his blood. This promise we make under oath in the presence of Jesus crucified."

"The six masked heads bowed.

"The crowd listened, silent, terrified, while the choir chanted the mournful *Dies ire*."

"The next day the palace of Infantado and the chateau of Francavilla were in flames. Eight days after that, no trace of the flourishing village of Martorello could be found. The forges were destroyed because they had become the property of Giacomo Doria, who with his son, Loredan, was suspected of having connived at the vile assassination of Count Mario Monteleone. The Six Knights of the Iron Ring took their carbines—they are handits!

"They say that every year this very day, the 15th of October, the bells of Co po Santo toll a knell, and that the gloomy nave is filled with these mysterious avengers. It is the anniversary of the death of Mario Monteleone, who is yet unavenged—"

The two children were silent. Julian, sad and sorrowful, and fatigued by the excitement attendant upon the recital of his story. Celeste, silent, for she was dreaming—ay, looking far back in the past. A harsh voice startled both from their reveries.

"That is a strange story you have just related, my young signor."

The speaker was Monsieur David, whom they had thought sound asleep, and who fixed his small, snake-like eyes upon the young student.

"A story known to every one, in this part of the country at least," coldly answered Julian.

"And this Manuelus," questioned Monsieur David, "was he at Martorello when these startling events took place?"

Julian paused a moment before answering. His face generally so open and frank, now expressed haughty pride, and his voice was very cold as he replied:

"Signor, Manuelus is waiting for us at the end of our route. Any further information on the subject you can ask of him."

CHAPTER III.

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

MONSIEUR DAVID did not seem offended by the tone and answer of his fellow-traveller, though he looked hastily round as if expecting and fearing to see Manuelus. Seeing nothing, he began to talk to the children in an indifferent manner of the legends and ballads of the country, and spoke of the famous bandit Porporato—the prince of robbers. Outside the conversation turned upon the same subject. Baptista said:

"Now-a-days, you hear of nothing but Porporato."

"What do they say of him?" questioned Athol, while he carelessly smoked his cigarette.

"They say he is as terrible and powerful as the thunder of heaven, beautiful as an angel, brave and generous as a lion."

"Bah!" exclaimed the young traveller. "You Calabrians always say that of your bandits—they are always perfect prodigies of beauty and valor."

"Since the time of Rinaldini, who was not the son of a man," replied Baptista, with convincing gravity, "there has never been a knight like Porporato."

"Does he not sometimes come into this country?" carelessly asked Athol.

"Signor, I have never seen him, but I cannot say that he has not been here. You know better than I what they will give for his head at Naples."

"Fourteen thousand ducats," replied the young man, then added:

"A goodly sum. Tell me, friend, is Porporato young?"

"Very young."

"One must know where he lives so as to avoid him."

"Signor, the whole kingdom of Naples is his domain; he levies contributions on the plateau of Abruzzo, and within the pope's boundaries, but his chateau is near here, since the songs say so."

Chevalier Athol laughed at the earnestness of the young vetturino, and his mirth gave offence, for the Calabrians defend brigands with as much respect as a subject would his lawful sovereign.

"Signor," said Baptista, with dignity, "I bet a hundred carlines (and I am not rich) that the scoffer would raise his hat to him."

"There, there, Baptista, my boy," said the young traveller, "I will not tease you; you are perhaps right; I will ask only one thing more, this Porporato, is he one of The Six?"

"If you are master," replied the vetturino, rather sulkily, "you must know that without asking."

"I am ignorant; I am the master and command you to tell me."

"Ah, well!" answered Baptista, "it is thought he is."

"The placard says he is twenty-two or three years old, younger by ten years than the youngest of The Six."

"Do they come often into the country, these lords?"

"Every year—the fifteenth of October."

"Stop!" exclaimed Chevalier Athol, speaking in English that one word. "Why do you not call me—my lord?"

"I will call your Excellenza whatever you wish; but we are not yet at the inn." He interrupted himself to exclaim in a tone of sincere admiration:

"San Gennajo! what a splendid spring!"

As he spoke, Chevalier Athol had sprung lightly from the top of the diligence. Baptista handed him his valise and mantle. The young man threw him an ounce of gold, waved his hand, and disappeared among the rocks.

The merry Baptista looked at the gold, it was a generous sum, and with a cheerful voice he spoke to his horses, who trotted steadily on. Of their own accord they stopped by the bridge of Brentolu. Julian and Celeste alighted and entered the inn of Corpo Santo, which was about twenty steps from the road. In the dining room they found an old man, about fifty years old, whom they embraced with every mark of affection and respect. It was Manuelus.

His eyes were full of tears as he received them.

"Ah, my beloved children. I have not prospered in my voyage. The powerful do not remember those who are dead. But one resource is left for us, and this night we shall know our fate."

"Who will declare it to us?" asked Julian.

"If the deposit has been confided to man, I have no hope," replied Manuelus, "for my faith in the human race has gone."

"If not to man, dear Manuelus," said Celeste, "to whom, then, could the deposit be given?"

"To the earth."

Out doors, Baptista prepared to feed his horses. A head,

crowned with a black silk skull cap, appeared at the door of the diligence.

"Friend!"

"Signor! I will come to you in a moment," and he prepared to empty a bag of corn into a wooden box.

Monsieur David spoke with austere authority.

"Here; when I speak you must obey upon the instant."

"Peste!" grumbled Baptista. "Your Excellenza seems in a hurry."

"My Excellenza travels for charcoal and iron."

Baptista raised his hat and stood bareheaded, while he murmured to himself—"It is the day." While he said aloud:

"Iron is strong and charcoal is black."

"There is something stronger than iron," pronounced Monsieur David, while he took the hand of the vetturino.

"It is faith," answered the young fellow, and his lips paled as he felt the fingers of the traveller trace a double cross on the palm of his hand.

"There is something blacker than charcoal."

"It is the conscience of a traitor. Your Excellenza can command."

"Your horses can eat and drink when I alight. I am in a hurry. Up to your seat, and take me to the other side of the mountain."

Baptista obeyed without a word. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the diligence passed the gates of the Convent of Corpo Santo. It paused:

"Go on!" replied the sole passenger, Monsieur David. A half a mile farther the order was given to stop, and Monsieur David got out, carrying his cloak under his arm.

"Friend," said he to the driver, "remember that I command

"Who were they?"

"Two young men and a young girl."

"Aha! You have promised not to tell. The old fox wishes to leave no trace behind him. Is it not so?"

"I don't understand your excellenza."

"No? I can refresh your memory, my boy," and so saying, the man presented his carbine.

"My lord!" cried Baptista, "I am only a poor devil. Have pity on me!" The unknown laughed and lowered his weapon.

"See!" said he, holding up his hand, "it is not necessary to show you my iron ring. I will not make the cross on your palm, neither will I speak of iron and charcoal, nor of faith, nor of the conscience of a traitor. I will take your hand and just press it slightly." Baptista uttered a cry of pain, the pressure was so violent. The giant laughed aloud.

"You will not disobey me after that. Turn your horses. Your wife must eat her porridge without you to-night."

"Why, Excellenza?" timidly asked the young driver.

"Because I need you. I have come a long distance and I am tired. At midnight, you must meet me here, and take me to Monte Fama. God help you if you are faithless."

The giant slung his carbine over his shoulder, and disappeared among the bushes. Poor Baptista remained like one stunned. Then, with drooping head and a resigned air, he turned his face towards the Convent Corpo Santo.

"Go on, my birds," said he, "patience! It is a long time to wait from now to midnight, but it is to do the pleasure of a fierce Calabrian brigand."

Meanwhile, the handsome Chevalier Athol descended the rocks which led to the shore. He walked fast. Arrived at the shore, he walked more slowly, with a firm, buoyant step. He was very



THE OATH OF THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

you in the name of charcoal and iron. If the inspector asks you how many passengers you had, since you left Palmi, answer—"two men and a young girl."

"But," objected Baptista.

Monsieur David held up his little finger, on which was a ring of burnished steel.

"Enough!" exclaimed Baptista, in a low, frightened voice, and springing upon his seat, he gave the reins to his impatient steeds. A few hundred steps from the road there was a deep ravine—thither Monsieur David turned his steps and stopped before a dense thicket. A soft whistle. The plume of a Calabrian hat appeared among the leaves.

"Enter, signor, you are the first comer," said a gruff voice. The leaves parted, and Monsieur David disappeared. He entered the hut of a contrabandist. Meanwhile the empty diligence rolled steadily along. Baptista, forgetting his disappointments in the prospect of returning home, was whistling gaily. Suddenly, at the turn of the road, a man appeared, a perfect giant. He wore a brown cloak and plumed hat. He carried a carbine. The poor vetturino was frightened, and was about to turn and fly, when the man in the cloak gave a peculiar whistle.

"The third," murmured Baptista. "It is the day," and he stopped his horses.

"Amici, allieghe, andiamo alla pena!" sang the man.

"Good!" grumbled the vetturino; "devil's chant. How many times shall I hear those infernal words to-day? Your lordship wishes to ride?" asked he.

"You are Baptista of Monteleone," said the man; "you have married a pretty girl, friend; how many passengers have you had in your carriage?"

"Three," answered the vetturino.

handsome, with an eye like an eagle's—made to look at the sun. His handsome, close fitting dress of black velvet displayed his elegant form to great advantage. He paused in his walk and looked anxiously towards the sea. The waves rose and fell in the sunlight, but there was nothing on the broad surface. Athol seated himself on a rock and his thoughts wandered. He thought of the famous brigand, Porporato. No one knew his true name. He was called Porporato, because of his crimson hat and plume. The first time the red plume had been seen was at Lago Negro. The scaffold was dressed. The priest exhorted Giovanni Bertuzzi to prepare for death, an old man, an outlaw.

Giovanni had already mounted the fatal platform, his hands were bound, and the cord round his neck. Suddenly he was seized in the arms of a young man, whose tall, elegant form was clothed in crimson, and whose head was crowned by a crimson hat and plume.

"Bravo! Porporato!" (the crimson) exclaimed the crowd.

The name always stuck to him. The next day a price was set upon his head by the intendant of Lago Negro. That night the daughter of the proud intendant was carried off, together with all the diamonds. The lady was sent back without ransom. From that time Porporato became a hero. Everywhere ballads were sung in his praise.

There was a chateau among the mountains; God knows where. The prince Francis of Bourbon, it is said, had seen this superb chateau. If he had he never spoke of it. The band of Porporato consisted of thirty chosen men, who were, according to public report, as invisible and powerful as the chief himself. The other bandits of the Appenines had wished to unite with him, but the haughty Porporato scorned their alliance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A CHINESE GALA DAY ON CANTON RIVER.

GALA DAY, NANKIN, CHINA.

A festival in China, such as we have represented it in our engraving on this page, is a most bewildering affair; an olla podrida of flags, drums, gongs, dragons, fire-crackers, squibs, rockets, junks, barges, tanka boats, mandarins, plebeians, priests, women and the "rest of mankind." At night it is all noise, fireworks and lanterns, a sort of caricature of the Fourth of July, an extraordinary, dazzling, stunning, crazy compound of all that is glittering,

queer, noisy and absurd, and we should think the tired Celestial who has coiled away his pigtail and laid down to rest after such a scene, would thank his stars that it was all over.

ORCAS INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.

The Orcas Institute, for the education of young ladies, and situated near the city of Worcester, Mass., is accurately represented in the engraving on this page. It is situated on a commanding

elevation about three miles from the centre of Worcester. With its round towers and crenated battlements, it looks like a feudal castle, though its inmates are very different from the landed dames of the days of chivalry, who, though lives were perilled in maintenance of their claims to admiration, were ignorant of philosophy and science, and could not even write their own names. The course of instruction pursued embraces the solid branches, and those accomplishments which fit woman to adorn society.



THE ORCAS INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, NEAR WORCESTER, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS TO EMORY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

The gentle moon is shinlog,
Shedding silvery beams;
And memory is wondering—
Wondering in bright dreams.

The stars are in the sky,
And oft I think of thee;
Methinks I see thy form
Glide o'er the moonlit sea.

Again I look: the dream has fled—
Fled quickly far away,
And left the gentle, silvery moon
Behind the dark clouds gray.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HAZING THE WRONG MAN.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"CONSARN yer pieter! Didn't you tell me you was a sailor?" demanded Captain Sullivan, grasping the wheel and addressing a slender, dark-haired and dark-eyed youth, who, experiencing a sudden and severe attack of sea-sickness, had most unsailor-like, relinquished the helm, springing to the quarter, over which he was discharging the contents of his stomach, during the utterance of the above demand.

It was early in January, 1851, and cold as Greenland, when the schooner sailed, and having run out by the lower light, with a strong breeze from northwest, about half an hour previous, was fairly in the short chop off the "Hardens," rolling up, and occasionally, gunwale too, in the heavy swell that set down from Chelsea beach. True, it was not a heavy sea way, but to those unused to the quick motion peculiar to schooners, it was very unpleasant, and had a decided tendency to unsettle the contents of their bread-baskets.

Such was the case with the youth in question, apparently. If he was a seaman—which his abandonment of the helm rendered a matter of doubt, at least in the captain's estimation—he was evidently not at home in a schooner. But whatever might have been the cause of his unsailor-like act, he offered no explanation, simply replying to Captain Sullivan's demand, as soon as he regained his breath, and the wheel.

"Yes sir, I believe I told you I was a sailor."

"You believe? Going to deny it, are you?"

"No sir! I deny nothing. I know, I told you I had been at sea, and I may have claimed to be a sailor; yet I cannot recollect the fact."

"No, I suppose not. Subject to occasional fits of forgetfulness, aint ye? What did you mean by telling me a thunderin' lie?"

"A what, sir?" demanded the youth, drawing his slight form up to its full extent, and regarding his superior with an expression of mingled anger, surprise and scorn.

"A lie, confound ye! O, you needn't look so black about it. Under existing circumstances, I have no confidence in your yarn about been to sea an' all that."

"Indeed!"

"What's that?" demanded the skipper angrily, interrupting the youth, adding: "Say that again, you scoundrel!"

"Indeed!" reiterated the youth proudly, adding after a brief pause, during which he put his wheel down a spoke or two, "I only expressed my surprise at the hasty opinion you had formed of my ability, and was about to suggest the propriety of a suspension of the same for a few days, at least until I have found my sea legs again."

"A rig you never had on. But look, you younker! Belay ah! that big dick! It's my candid opinion you're some college larnt bug, as is running away to sea to escape the reward o' your deviltry. Here! what in thunder're ye about! Didn't I give ye the course, east-southeast, and here ye are steering east half-north. You can steer with a vengeance. Hang me, if I haint a good mind to heave ye overboard. Keep her off, if ye know how!" and the old man stamped over to leeward, venting his displeasure, in unmeasured terms, against green hands and land-lubbers generally, but most particularly against our hero, whom he deemed the greenest of greenies.

The vessel's complement, all told, was only five souls, one of whom performed the joint duties of cook and steward, with the additional task of aiding to make and reduce sail, on all occasions, being exempt only from standing a regular watch or steering, a duty which the captain was obliged to perform, in common with his crew. As they were so few in number, it was desirable that all should be fully competent to the discharge of their duties, which fact rendered Captain Sullivan's chagrin very excusable, believing as he did, his watch-mate to be incompetent, if not actually ignorant of the first rudiments of seamanship. That the youth was "book-larned," the old man expressed himself convinced, when confiding his fears to his mate, at the supper table, an hour later; but his manner savored so much of the independent, and his replies were so deeply tinged with quiet yet cutting sarcasm, that the former imbibed a strong feeling of dislike to him at once, resolving there and then, to make him deeply rue the imposition he had practised.

Had the vessel been bound on a coasting voyage, Captain Sullivan might have viewed the case differently, and afforded him some opportunity to retrieve his reputation, when, if he failed, he would

have discharged him in the first port; but being bound to Hayti City, St. Domingo, there was no alternative, so he resolved to make the most of his inefficient services, in any manner in which they could be made available.

William Coleman,—or, as he was designated by his ship-mates—Bill, had an intuitive perception of this resolution on the part of his superior, and instantly formed the counter-resolution to defend himself, at all hazards, against all treatment savoring of tyranny, at the same time, as firmly resolving, to merit, to the extreme, the hasty opinion already formed and expressed by his commander.

"Come, Bill! all hands are called to reef sails!" shouted the steward, shaking him violently about three bells in the mid-watch, as he lay—very like a thorough-bred sailor—dreaming away his watch below, on no softer bed than his chest, his reefing jacket serving him for a pillow.

"Ay, ay, reef sail it is!" was his prompt response as he bounded to his feet, donning his jacket and sou'wester on the instant, adding, "That you, steward? Who called the watch? They must have been rather quiet, or I should have heard them."

"O, there's on'y you an' I to call, an' I bein' awake, saved the mate the trouble," replied the steward, adding, as Bill disappeared up the companion ladder, unmindful of his words: "My eye! that fellow aint the greeny the old man takes him to be. If that aint coming at a call, I never see any. He's up, dressed and on deck, afore any other man in this boat would ha' got his peepers open," and donning an oiled jacket and sou'wester, he followed him on deck, where a keen and fresh gale from northwest was howling through the rigging, straining the hull, and bending the tapering spars which groaned and buckled at each plunge, beneath their towering cloud of canvass.

"Here, you Bill!" exclaimed Captain Sullivan—who had just taken the wheel—addressing our hero as he passed to leeward, taking his station at the main sheet. "Go forward and ease off that boom brace! It's about all you're fit for!"

Our hero obeyed in silence, keenly alive to the sneer contained in the old man's order, and casting off the turns of the brace to the last, stood waiting for the word to ease away. The mate was lowering away the sail in the meantime, and the old man having put his wheel slightly a-lee and clapped the becket on, had manned the main sheet with the remaining steward and seamen, but their united efforts failed to gain an inch of the sheet.

"What in thunder holds that boom?" demanded Sullivan, on finding this effort ineffectual, while the slack sail falling forward of the boom, hid the taut boom brace from his view. "Why don't ye let go that boom brace, you lubber?" he continued, as the steward ventured to suggest that it remained fast.

"Let go it is!" shouted Bill, adding: "Look out for your heads aft," as he hove the last turn of the brace off, and deliberately hove the coil overboard, when the boom swung inboard with fearful velocity, being only prevented from taking sole charge of the quarter deck, by the wet sail.

"Perdition seize the blockhead!" roared the enraged skipper, gathering his carcass up from among the parts of the mainsheet and attempting to right the helm with one hand, while with the other he rubbed vigorously a spot on his cranium, rendered rather tender by violent contact with the main boom sheet-block.

"Hang you! What did you let that boom brace go by the run for?" demanded he, as our hero joined his shipmates, who were hauling in the slack of the sheet and preparing the sail for reefing.

"Because you ordered me to do so."

"I didn't tell you to let it go by the run! O, if I don't pay you for this, you confounded lan'lubber! Mitten that sheet! what in thunder're ye gaping at!" screamed the captain, hoarse with passion, whereupon our hero turned away with a quiet smile illumining his features, and was in the act of mounting the main boom to hook the reef tackle, when the mate accosted him with, "Here! where are you going now? Out o' that, if you don't want to make a hole in the drink."

"O, let him go, Mr. Smith!" exclaimed the captain. "Let him go, by all means! We can't be rid of him too soon." But our hero had fallen back when the mate spoke, and now muttered in a low tone, "I guess not. But you wont get rid of him quite as soon as you wish, old boss."

The sails were soon double reefed, and the schooner, relieved by the extreme pressure of whole sail, was bounding lightly over the billows before the fresh gale, when the watch went below, when Captain Sullivan vented his indignation at will against the object of his wrath, who bore the oral abuse in silence, quietly divesting himself of every particle of clothing, to the evident increase of his superior's chagrin, and turning into his berth, soon dropped to sleep apparently, but was in reality congratulating himself on the evident power he possessed to hector his intentional tyrant.

A few days sufficed to effect a decided change in the weather and climate, when Captain Sullivan, resolved to work the young man's old iron up, set him at work pounding the rust off the cable, remaining at the wheel during the whole of each alternate watch, in order that he might keep him steadily employed at the irksome task, while the latter, chuckling with delight, as—seated at his labor forward—he observed his superior, heart-sick of one position at the wheel, and exposed to the fierce rays of a tropical sun, shifting the weight of his portly person from one aching leg to another, until the task became almost torture, and he was obliged to call in the aid of the steward, during that worthy's leisure moments, in order to reap the benefit of some exercise.

At such moments as those, Bill always had some portion of his task to submit to his superior's inspection, when he would only add to the old man's irritability by frequent expression of his desire to give satisfaction, and covert innuendoes regarding his own sup-

posed ignorance and desire to learn, seldom failing to drop a broad hint that he might forget how to steer if kept from the wheel. This hint never failed in its intended effect, but always renewed the old man's resolve, in which he frequently wavered—to withhold the slightest favors from the culprit, who was quietly laughing in his sleeve, at the pertinacity with which the worthy captain persisted in punishing only himself.

The schooner reached her destination at length, when our hero was permitted some latitude, in the shape of recreation on shore, to which he was taken daily by the captain, as a guard for the boat, during the latter's visits to the consignees. To this fact, Bill owed many hours of ease, during the period required to discharge the outward cargo, and refit and repaint the schooner, a real, though unintentional favor, for which he manifested his gratitude by the most gross misinterpretation of every order he received, and not unfrequent detention of his superior on shore, when entrusted with any errand by the latter, excusing himself on the plea of losing his way amid the grotesque ruins of the once splendid island city.

On one occasion Captain Sullivan desired him to carry a message to a blacksmith, engaged on some work for the vessel, and who lived at some distance, beyond the city proper. Bill improved the opportunity of seeing the country, by extending his rambles as far as the masked fort, where he remained viewing the bastions and examining from the exterior the fortification, until the declining sun warned him of the necessity for instant return. Reaching the beach, he found the skipper in a towering passion, threatening all manner of punishment, and refusing to hear the first syllable in palliation, while Bill, enjoying to the utmost the exhibition of his superior's wrath, took his seat in the boat to await further orders.

This act but added to the skipper's ill-temper, inciting his ire to such a degree, that he pounced upon our hero, and seizing him by the shirt-collar and seat of his unmentionables, threw him overboard, when the latter, with well affected terror, made his way into deep water and, to the surprise of the worthy captain, struck out boldly for the schooner, at the time lying over four-hundred yards from the beach. Capt. Sullivan called him back in vain; to all orders, entreaties and remonstrances, he turned a deaf ear, and continued his onward career, swiftly cleaving the placid waters of the bay, and rapidly nearing the schooner, leaving the amazed skipper to make his way off alone, or with the aid of the first negro he could hire to assist him.

Bill reached the vessel first, and upon being hauled on board by his chum and the mate, professed himself afraid of the captain's anger, in the highest degree, and besought the mate with touching earnestness, to intercede for, and shield him from punishment.

That incident placed a period to Bill's boat service. Next morning, Captain Sullivan having treated him to quite a lecture on what he termed his cowardice, ordered him to get a tarbucket and tar down the main rigging, which had been rattled down anew a few days previous, adding:

"And hark ye, blunderhead! Beware how you scatter your tar on the deck and paint work. Just bear in mind, that for every drop you spill, I'll give you at least one cut with this rope's end!" and he exhibited to Bill's gaze the end of the main-throat hal-yards, adding: "Now away you go and be careful."

Bill followed his directions without a murmur, but the threat of corporeal punishment kindled a sparkle in his dark eye, which did not escape the observation of the mate, who, after the old man's departure for the shore, remarked to the steward: "There's fun ahead! Keep mum, for if I aint previously deceived, the old man 'll find the quarter-deck pretty well painted when he returns."

"I shouldn't be surprised, nor would I blame Bill. It's time enough to find fault, when there's occasion for it."

"True! and it, as you say, and I'm more than half inclined to believe, Bill is a sailor, I don't blame him. One thing is certain, he's got the weather gauge of the old man."

"Yes! and he'll keep it, see if he don't. Whew! There comes the tar! No, no, don't interfere, Mr. Smith," continued the steward, seeing the mate about to speak. "Bill knows what he's up to. Depend on it, that tar wouldn't drop at such a rate, if the old man had been more sparing of his threats."

"Well, but it's too bad to have the deck and paint smeared in that way."

"And remonstrance will but make the matter worse," rejoined the steward, interrupting him.

"Perhaps you're right. However, taint my fault. The old man might have known better, so he can take the consequences."

Noon came—by which time Bill had finished the larboard shrouds, and commenced the starboard side—and with it Captain Sullivan, whose rage knew no bounds, when he beheld the state of the quarter deck.

"O, you scoundrel!" he roared, shaking his clenched hand at the delinquent. "This is how you tar rigging down, is it? Come down, you worthless, useless whelp, and I'll teach you a lesson you wont forget!"

Bill was perched a few feet below the eyes of the starboard main rigging, and right over the old man's head, during the delivery of the foregoing rhodomontade, where he remained stationary, even after its conclusion, as if in doubt, whether to trust himself within the reach of the old man's arm, or remain where he was. At length he apparently decided on the former, and making his bucket fast to a ratline, began to descend slowly, when Captain Sullivan, rendered infuriate by his deliberate proceedings, sprang to the rigging, and grasping the two forward shrouds, swore he would bring him down, when he commenced to shake the rigging with such violence as caused even the tall mast to quiver.

The shaking process was not without its effect, for the tar-

bucket, which Bill had carefully made fast with a slippery hitch, slipped, and falling, struck the deck within two feet of the spot occupied by the old man, who was besmeared from head to foot with its contents, which were scattered in every direction, a large quantity going into the mainsail, which lay loose on the trunk-deck, and bespattering more or less, thirteen clothes, ruining them irrecoverably. Simultaneously with the fall of the bucket, Bill lost (or relinquished) his hold on the rigging, and falling with a loud cry (not unlike a burst of uncontrolled mirth), disappeared from view alongside, when the captain, losing every other emotion in extreme alarm for his safety, instantly jumped into the boat, intent upon his rescue.

He soon regained the surface, and was hauled into the boat by the now delighted skipper, who, in his gratitude to behold him alive, forbore to punish him, although he richly deserved all that had been threatened, as the fall of the bucket was the result of his intention, rather than the old man's efforts to hasten its descent.

During the remainder of their stay, Bill's services were seldom required by the captain, who avoided him as much as possible, resigning him to the control of the mate, to whom he gave no occasion for complaint, performing all tasks awarded him in the most cheerful and faithful manner, with an occasional manifestation of extreme greenness, which was, however, passed without remark by the mate, who had discovered beneath the mask, so studiously retained, sufficient to convince him that he had to deal with a man and a seaman of no ordinary merit. Captain Sullivan, however, rejected any such idea with so much pertinacity, that Mr. Smith forbore a second attempt to convince him of his mistake, leaving the task to be accomplished by Bill, when he should deem it proper to do so.

The schooner received her homeward cargo of coffee and log-wood, and sailed for Boston on the third day of March, 18—. Bill being ordered to the wheel, to steer the vessel out of port under directions of the pilot, which task he executed so well, that Captain Sullivan, believing he might be readily learned to steer, resolved he should thereafter take his regular trick at the wheel, a measure which met with Bill's decided disapprobation, as he had hoped to enjoy the same immunity as on the outward passage, yet he performed the duty without a murmur; sometimes well, at others, in such a lubberly manner as to keep the old man in a continuous growl.

Matters progressed in this manner nearly a week, when the vessel took a strong breeze from south-by-west, which bade fair to increase to a heavy gale, but which Captain Sullivan resolved to take the utmost advantage of, by crowding all sail as long as he could do so safely.

"You Bill! take that wheel, and mind how you steer, if you want to see Boston again," said the captain, as he went forward, followed by the mate, to whom he had suggested the propriety of setting the square foresail and gaff-topsail.

The vessel was running with the wind about two points on the quarter, consequently the main boom was gayed off the vessel, carrying the helm well a-weather or up, until they succeeded in setting the square foresail, which in some measure relieved her.

In setting the gaff-topsail, which task the captain was superintending in person, they experienced great difficulty in hoisting the sail, which the skipper persisted in sending up to leeward of the mainsail; almost an impossibility, in the position occupied by the latter. To facilitate the accomplishment of the task, Bill was ordered to luff, then keep her away, then luff, and again keep her away, all which manœuvres of the helm proved ineffectual, in the accomplishment of their object, when Captain Sullivan, becoming excited by his ill success, rushed aft, and seizing Bill by the collar, shook him violently, demanding what he meant by steering the vessel in that manner.

"I steer according to orders."

"Silence, you whelp! Let her luff! luff, I say!" and the excited man again hurried forward, as Bill replied: "Luff it is!" adding, "Hang ye, I'll give you luffing enough by-in-by," when he put his wheel a-port; the very reverse of the captain's order, as he intended it, but perfectly correct in accordance with the letter of that order, the vessel being running so far to the eastward of her course at the moment, as to hold the wind full two points or more, on the starboard quarter.

Up comes the schooner, Bill righting his helm rapidly, in order to retain full control of her, until the mainsail caught a-back, with a loud report, when the safety of the mainmast depended solely on the strength of the boom-guy. Had the latter parted at the instant, permitting the boom to come over, the inevitable result would have been the loss of the spars, if not of the vessel, and Bill, aware of this, had altered his position, and was crouching, awaiting with the wheel hard a-starboard, the catastrophe, when the captain again bounded aft, shouting, "Hard a-starboard! hard a-starboard!"

"Hard a-starboard it is!" shouted Bill in reply, at the same instant shifting his helm a-port, the vessel being already swinging to the westward of her original course, while the shivering of the huge mainsail, as it again filled, arrested on the captain's lips the volley of oaths with which he was about to greet this last—to him—apparent disregard of his orders.

"A narrow escape, sir!" said the mate, coming aft. "I guess you needn't scold. Bill knows what he's about."

"I should think he did, disobeying orders in this manner."

"No, sir, I obeyed your orders to the letter. If I am green, I know what luff means when the wind's on the quarter, even if a main boom happens to be off on the same side."

"Eh! The deuce you do!" ejaculated Captain Sullivan, betraying surprise.

"Yes, I do! You shook me once to-night for obeying orders, and in return, I'll give you a piece of my mind."

"Out with it!"

"If green captains would learn to issue intelligible orders, green sailors would not necessarily have recourse to their own judgment when executing them."

"Drop that wheel! Take the wheel, Mr. Smith. I'll teach this fellow to keep a civil tongue in his head, if he is a sailor, as he professes to be."

The mate obeyed the order, and Bill, relinquishing the helm, took one or two steps forward, when Captain Sullivan aimed a blow at his head, which the latter, being prepared for, easily warded off, in return planting a powerful blow on the right side of the captain's neck, ere he could recover himself, which laid him sprawling.

"Hands off in future, sir!" said Bill calmly, as the crest-fallen skipper regained an upright position, adding: "You have learned me one thing during the brief period I have sailed with you, and that is, how easily fools and ignoramuses may be imposed on, while I have several pieces of information to bestow on you, in addition to that I just now illustrated for your special benefit, viz., that it is dangerous to presume too far upon my seeming ignorance. That fact you will not be likely to forget, and now, sir, if you have any further orders, I shall be most happy to obey them."

"Go below, and stay there till I send for you!" growled the skipper, as he passed his hand slowly over that part of his neck on which Bill's sudden and effective blow had fallen; while the latter, with a cheerful "ay, ay, sir," dove down the companion-way, and was soon safely encoined in his berth, well aware that Captain Sullivan had had quite enough, and would require no more of his services for that night.

The breeze increased steadily during the night, rendering a reduction of canvass necessary at dawn, and eventually obliging Captain Sullivan to heave to at four bells in the dog-watch, the succeeding evening. Bill had in the meantime been exempt entirely from duty, Captain Sullivan refusing his services when offered, and threatening to iron him the first time he caught him on deck for a longer period than five minutes, at any one time, and even that period only thrice in twenty-four hours.

"Guess I shan't trouble his deck often," said Bill, with a quiet chuckle, when mentioning the threat to the steward. "He'll be as eager for my presence ere long, as he now is for my absence!" And with this remark our hero again sought his berth, leaving it, only, to satisfy nature's pressing demands.

For forty-eight hours the schooner labored nobly, lying to like a duck, but at the end of that time a shift of wind rendered it necessary to her safety to wear ship, in which manœuvre her balance-reefed foresail was split and blown to shreds. She was on the other tack, however; but scarce four hours elapsed ere the wind hauled back to its original point, piping up harder than ever, and placing the schooner in a worse situation than ever. One attempt was made to set the stay-foresail, in order to wear her a second time, but it proved ineffectual, the sail being blown away, as soon as loosed, leaving them in the most dangerous and trying position they could possibly be in.

In this manner they lay fourteen hours, when it became evident the bowsprit was working, owing to the extreme strain on the jibboom, each time she pitched bows under.

"I'd give one hundred dollars if that jibboom was clear of the vessel," said Captain Sullivan, addressing the mate the evening of the third day. "We can't go through the night on this tack, if the gale holds in this quarter and that boom remains where it is."

"And money couldn't hire me to go out there to cut it clear," rejoined the mate.

"Do you think Fred, or the steward, would make the attempt?" demanded the captain, adding: "I know the chances are ten to one against life; but better one should die than all."

"Why not go yourself, captain?" demanded a person at his elbow, when turning, he perceived Bill, who had come up unperceived, while the latter continued: "Are their lives of no more value than yours, sir?" Captain Sullivan scowled at the intruder, but vouchsafed no reply, whereupon Bill smiled satirically, resuming: "I should think the vessel would make better weather on the other tack."

"Yes! if we could only get her round; but that's out of the question," said the mate.

"How so?"

"We have no head-sail!"

Bill smiled in reply, then resumed: "I heard Captain Sullivan offer one hundred dollars just now, for the removal of that jibboom."

"What of it?" demanded the captain, gruffly.

"Only I should like to know if it is open to my acceptance?" said Bill.

"Of course," was the captain's brief rejoinder.

"And you will give me that sum?"

"Yes! if you earn it."

"Enough! To earn it, I must cut away that jibboom, and free the vessel of its strain."

"Yes! I think I see you doing it!"

"You will!" and with these words Bill passed forward, followed by the mate and his superior, when the former, obtaining the cook's axe, took the end of the forethroat halyards, having first unhooked the halyard block and run it aloft, when he formed a bowline on the end, large enough for his person, then requesting the mate to unreeve the mainsheet and pass the end forward to windward, he made preparation for the execution of his task, by cutting away the lee and weather jib-guys, taking the end of the mainsheet, just passed forward by the mate, and having secured himself in the bowline, he grasped the axe, and watching a lull, quickly mounted the bowsprit and gaining the cap, hastened to

make fast the mainsheet to the boom. While thus engaged, a huge sea buried him from view, washing both captain and mate into the lee-waist, but failing to break his grasp on the spar. Again he was plunged beneath the surface, but with like success. A third time, but he still held on, when he was afforded a brief respite, during which he succeeded in securing the end of the mainsheet to the boom, and with a few blows of the axe so wounded the latter, that it snapped in the cap at the next plunge, when he jumped clear to leeward, and in a very few minutes succeeded in regaining the schooner, while the boom hung alongside, to windward, still attached to the vessel by the foretopmast-stay. This he soon secured, when the boom fell to windward, the drift of the schooner being the greatest.

"Say the word, if you want the schooner round," said Bill, while the mate was offering his congratulation on the successful accomplishment of the task.

"How in heaven's name can you wear her?" demanded Captain Sullivan.

"You shall see!" and our hero slipped the becket and lashing off the wheel, heaving the latter hard up, when he again clapped the becket on, turning his attention to the mainsheet, which was gradually growing taut, and tending broad off the weather-quarter, as the schooner fell to leeward of the spar, to which it was attached.

Ere many minutes elapsed, the influence of the spar was visible in the gradual falling off of the schooner's head, until a wave caught her on the weather-bow, paying her off almost dead before it, when Bill, with one blow of the axe, severed the mainsheet, freeing the schooner from the dragging spar, now no longer necessary, and springing to the wheel, showed by the way he handled it, that he knew how to use it to advantage in a gale, if not in calm weather.

Fifteen minutes later the schooner was lying to on the other tack, and Bill, having released the wheel, was receiving the congratulations of all hands, not excepting the captain, who during the remainder of the voyage, awarded him that confidence he had so nobly proved himself worthy of, and on more than one occasion expressed to Mr. Smith his conviction, with his regret, that he had been hazing the wrong man.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RENOVATION OF MOUNT VERNON.

MR. PRINTER:—Most of your readers are aware that an association of ladies have purchased Mount Vernon in the name of the country; the church (being part of the estate) where Washington was christened is to be renovated, the tomb of his fathers garnished, and the sepulchre of the hero surrounded by the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. This spot will be the Mecca of America, where patriots from every clime will pay their *devoir* to him who was first in war, first in peace, and (now) is first in the hearts of his country-women. The ladies have engaged my son to take care of the premises. He has ordered from a botanist in London, some choice weeping cypress, mourning yew-trees, etc. I copy an extract, by which you will see that Washington has more admirers in London than he has in Boston:

Extract from a letter from William Wood, of London, to G. C. Thorburn, of New York, dated August 5, 1858.

"We heartily congratulate you upon the very honorable appointment you have received at the hands of your fair country-women, which places you under a twofold obligation—and not a light one in either case. Though you cannot add to the laurels (by planting fresh ones) of the mighty dead, yet, by a patriotic discharge of the trust, you may extend their shadow, by the knowledge of his name, in attracting the patriots of other lands to do homage at the shrine of departed greatness. We shall esteem it an honor in being permitted to present you with two rare and lofty trees, to be planted on any site chosen by you, or the ladies connected with the Mount Vernon testimonial, in *honorable testimony to the immortal Washington*. And we shall esteem it a still greater honor to be permitted to offer a lowlier contribution, of one or two dwarf evergreens, whose verdure may faintly perpetuate his undying fame—to be planted (if the design permits) at, or near, the tomb. As Englishmen, we think an American needs not the aid of his contribution to evince the spirit of his patriotism, but it may be permitted for pilgrim strangers to the soil of liberty and independence, to lay down their tributes at the shrine of the new world's liberator, and the whole world's fame; whose patriotism was greater than the continent which gave him birth; whose virtues were his most enduring monument, and whose name will stand coeval with the records of time—

"Lay his sword on his breast, there's no spot on its blade,
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade;
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call,
It was stayed with sweet mercy when 'glory' was all.
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its hurrah;
In the path of the hero with pity he trod,
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God."

AN AMERICAN POET."

If you like the subject, give it a place. It will help the dear sisters in their labor of love.

GRANT THORBURN, SEN.

New Haven, Sept. 20, 1858.

The great tendency of our time is to sink the serious and to save the droll. Folks who have an eagle in their coat-of-arms begin to be ashamed of it, and point it out for the laughing goose. In a very little while we shall put a horse-collar about the world, expressly for all the world to grin through it.—*Jerrold*.

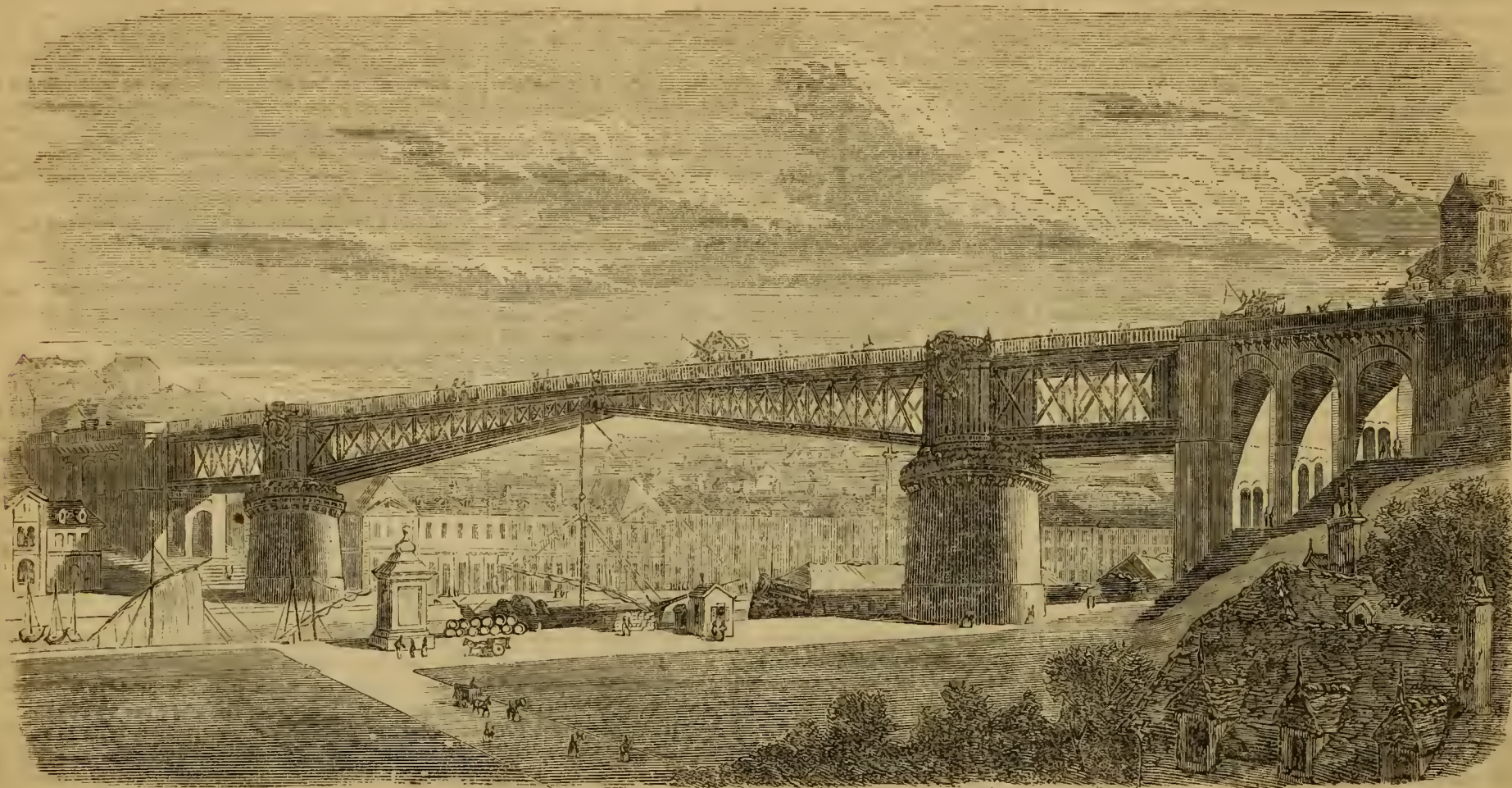
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THE NEW BRIDGE AT BREST IN FRANCE.

NEW BRIDGE AT BREST, FRANCE.

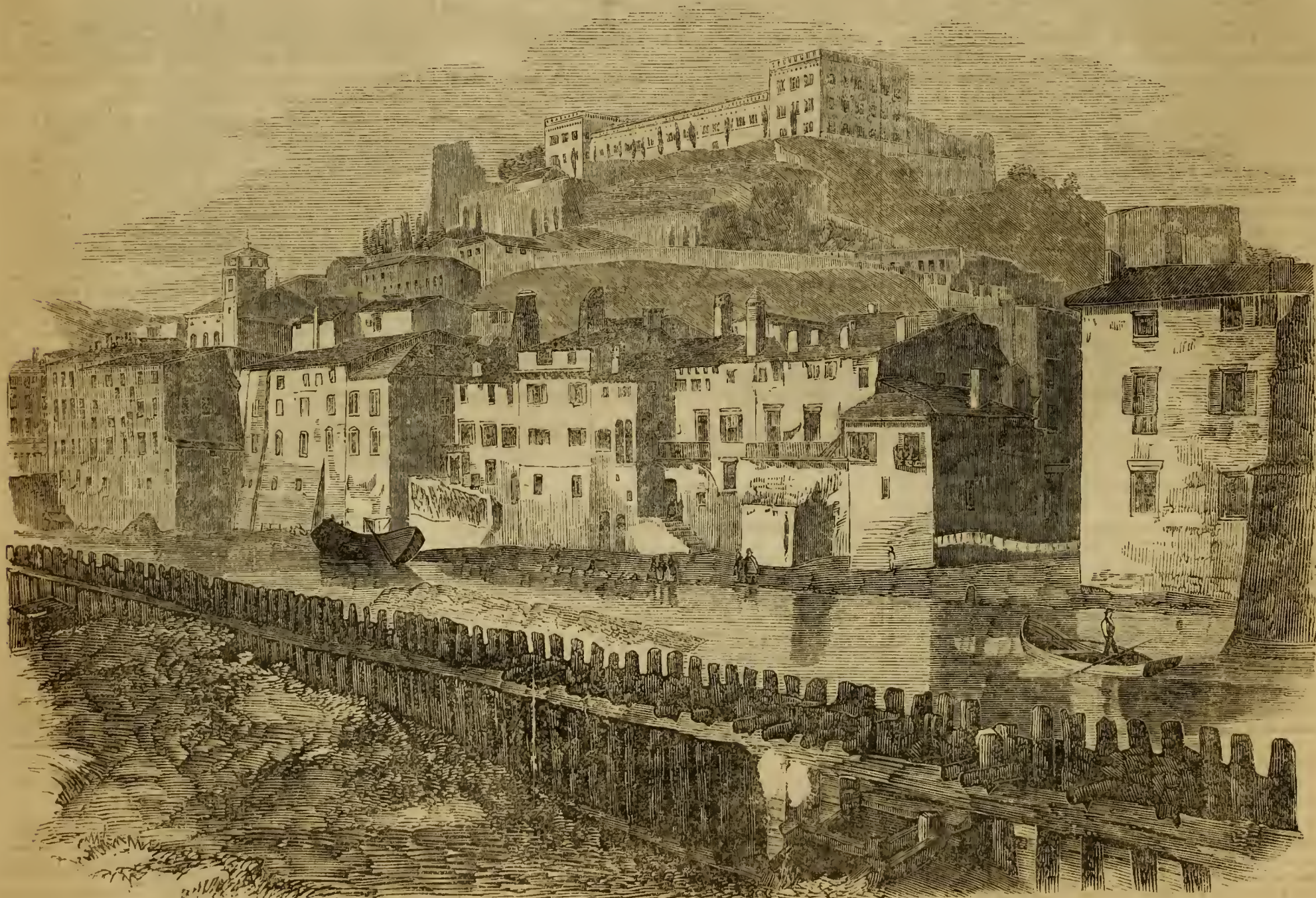
A beautiful engraving on this page—reduced from a drawing on a very large scale, recently presented to the emperor Louis Napoleon—represents the magnificent new bridge at Brest, now rapidly approaching completion. It is very lofty, and extends from one quay to another, far above the spars of vessels and the roofs of warehouses. We publish it, not only because it is elegant and picturesque, but to show how the French engineers unite grace with mechanical skill. We are too apt to term the French frivolous, and yet they accomplish works worthy of the Romans in their prime. This bridge is constructed on the principle of the draw-bridge, to allow, in times of exigency, the entrance of the largest line-of-battle ships into the military port of Brest. The bridge is contrived to open in the middle in two parts, turning on

cast-iron rollers resting on the upper platform of the towers indicated in our design, which are at least thirty-nine feet in diameter at the base. The manœuvre will require only ten minutes' time and the labor of two men, leaving a free passage between the towers of 347 feet. The total length of the bridge is 844 feet; the height under the centre of the bridge is 92 feet above low tide; the total weight of the metallic part of the structure is 1320 tons.

CASTLE OF SAN PIETRO AT VERONA.

The accompanying view of the fortified heights of Verona, which have recently been placed in perfect order by the Austrians, as a means of commanding and overawing the town, is certainly a striking one. The stern military post of San Pietro, crowning the bold height, the houses clustered below, reflected with the

passing barges in the tranquil stream, make up a picture which lacks no element of interest. Few places are so rich in historical recollections as Verona. It has been the scene of some of the most important events in ancient and modern history. In the beginning of the sixteenth century it suffered dreadfully during the siege, till released by France; from which time till 1796 it remained in quiet. It changed masters several times during the wars of Napoleon, and, in 1815, it was made over to Austria. Verona has always been considered the key to Northern Italy, and all those into whose hands it fell have taken care to strengthen it. The town possesses many objects worthy of notice, the principal being the old Roman Amphitheatre, one of the most perfect, as regards its interior, that exists. In the Cathedral there are many pictures worth notice, which attract throngs of visitors.



THE FAMOUS CASTLE OF ST. PIETRO, AT VERONA.

PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

Stories innumerable might be collected of ludicrous encounters between travellers and the continental police, especially that of Austria. The broad-brims of wide-awakes have repeatedly afforded a spacious battle-field for these two antagonistic classes of society. A friend of mine journeyed in one of those revolutionary head-dresses from Florence to Vienna without molestation; but it was not permitted that he should have the Austrian eagle in its nest with impunity, and that watchful fowl made a triumphant peck at him when he least expected it. Taken into custody in the street by a spy in citizen costume, aided by a couple of soldiers, he was marched to a police-office, with the proof of his political turpitude on his devoted head. The chief of the office got into a fearful rage at the sight of him—not so much because of the hat, as because it was late, and dinner was waiting. They were about to secure the government for one night against the seditious broad-brim by locking it up, and locking its owner up with it, when a friend, who had witnessed the capture, arrived with a *valet de place* from the hotel, just in time to make explanations, and save our countryman from repenting of wide-awakes in the night-watches of an Austrian prison. "It was all a mistake, then?" asked the officer. "O! quite a mistake."—"You had no evil intentions in wearing a broad-brimmed hat?"—"None at all; not an intention in the world."—"Well, go, then. But buy another hat. Do not be seen again in the streets with such a hat as this, or the consequences may be very serious." My friend bought a steple-crown before breakfast the next morning, and thus, for a second time, was the Austrian empire saved from destruction. A farce on the

been, and what you have done on every single day. We now know that you are not a dangerous individual, and we wish to persuade you to avoid the appearance of being such. We have no intentions against your beard, signor; you are welcome to keep it. But we would counsel you to discontinue wearing that hat; it would be so easy to lay it aside, and might save you so much trouble."—"Very well," said Budd; "but, if I am to change my dress at the suggestion of government, I want some particular directions as to the new style which I am to adopt. Just give me a written order specifying the kind of hat which I am to wear, and I am ready to obey it. But I must have the order. I want to send it to England; it shall be published in *Punch* or the *Times*. I could get five pounds for such a paper in England." The officer was nettled, and looked angrily at the row of white teeth which glittered maliciously through Budd's black mustaches. Controlling his temper, however, he went on with his admonition, although not in quite so composedly gracious a tone as before. "Signor, we cannot give you such an order; it would be absurd. We leave the matter to your own sense of propriety and prudence. But what we specially complain of is, not so much the hat itself, as your manner of wearing it. You wear it turned up, and turned down, and twisted, and cocked, in a style which attracts a great deal of attention, and is particularly obnoxious." "O, I wear it according to circumstances," said Budd. "I will explain all that to you (sticking it on his head). Now, when the sun is on my right, I turn it down so (hauling the right brim down); and when the sun is on my left, I turn it down so (a haul at the left brim); and, when I want to take a general view of the country, I turn it

leage of help from comparatives and superlatives, is sadly overworked, in company with several others of the intense and extravagant order. The result is that, by the use of such language as this, your opinion soon becomes valueless.

A woman who deals only in superlatives demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is subordinate to her feelings, and that her opinions are entirely unreliable. All language thus loses its power and significance. The same words are brought into use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's window, as are employed in the endeavor to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. The use of hyperbole is so common among women that a woman's criticism is generally without value. Let me insist upon this thing. Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. Apply your terms of praise with precision; use epithets with some degree of judgment and fitness. Do not waste your best and highest words upon inferior objects, and find that when you have met with something which really is superlatively great and good, the terms by which you would distinguish it have all been thrown away upon inferior things—that you are bankrupt in expression. If a thing is simply good, say so; if pretty, say so; if very pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if very fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may say them all of as many different objects, and not use the word "perfect" once. That is a very large word. You will probably be obliged to save it for application to the Deity, or to His works, or to that serene rest which remains for those who love Him.—*Tilcomb's Letters to Young People.*



SCENE, "BEHIND THE CURTAIN."

same subject as the above was played at Milan, partly in my own presence. Presenting my passport at the police-office of that city, I met an English acquaintance, a capital fellow, named Budd, who, with a look of brazen impertinence, was receiving an admonition concerning the radical character of his hat. "Good morning, Signor Budd," said the officer, from behind his desk, leaning forward, and looking searchingly, though civilly, into the broad, handsome, good-humored, but determined face which confronted him. "We sent for you, signor, to speak to you about your hat—the one you have in your hand at this moment."—"It is worthy of the honor," said Budd; "it is a good hat." And he held up the battered, dusky-white broad-brim with an air of affectionate admiration. "Precisely, signor; very useful, I have no doubt. But it may bring you into trouble. You are aware, doubtless, that its form and color are both unusual; you are aware that hats of that species have been the badge of a certain disorderly and treasonable party. You have also a full, long beard, which is equally a badge of the said party. The whole marks you as singular, and attracts an unpleasant degree of popular notice."—"But," responded Budd, "I am not an Italian. I have nothing to do with Italian politics. I wear such a hat and beard as suit my style of beauty and my notions of convenience."—"Exactly, signor. You have nothing to do with politics; we know it well. We know all your tastes and all your haunts. You went into the country yesterday. You were at the *Cafe delle Colonne* the evening before. You were at the house of Signor Bellina the evening before that. You have been watched ever since you reached Milan, and we could tell you where you have

up all round (brim cocked up throughout its entire circumference); and when the wind blows, I slap it down on top for safety (a smart pat on the yielding crown). But just give me an order how I shall wear my hat. It would be better than the other. The *Times* would give me twenty pounds for such a document as that." "Signor," said the officer, losing all patience, and beginning to stammer, "you will find, perhaps, that this is no jesting matter. You had better consider it seriously, and answer us seriously. We are advising you what is for your own good, and what may save you a great deal of annoyance. Think of it again, and see if you do not come to our opinion." In short, they had a long, and, in part, a rather stormy discussion, some of which I heard, while the rest Budd related to me afterward. In the end, he had the moderation to take the officer's advice, and lay aside his wide-awake while he remained on Austrian territory.—*J. W. De Forest.*

TALKING IN ECSTASIES.

Perhaps the following thoughts on exaggeration in talking may find a place in other latitude than that for which they were written: And now that I am upon this subject of talk, it will be well to say all I have to say upon it. It is a very common thing for young women to indulge in hyperbole. A pretty dress is very apt to be "perfectly splendid;" a disagreeable person is too often "perfectly hateful;" a party in which the company enjoyed themselves, somehow becomes transmuted into the "most delightful thing ever seen." A young man of respectable parts and manly bearing is very often "such a magnificent fellow!" The adjective "perfect," that stands so much alone as never to have the privi-

SCENE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

We suppose the desire to penetrate into the mysteries of the green-room, that strange world which lies "behind the curtain," and veils the motive power of the glittering theatrical shows that dazzle our senses, is both natural and universal. Hence we have permitted the artist, whose work is before us on this page, to draw aside the veil and show us the manager's room of a travelling theatrical show. What first attracts our sympathies is the figure of a poor lad, the eldest son and pride of the establishment, who has met with an accident in the course of his professional avocations, and lies extended, pale and feverish, on a rude couch, in the midst of properties and other lumber. The father, dressed and painted for the show, has snatched a few minutes from the noisy scene in front to feel the forehead and watch the symptoms of the little patient; and the sincerity with which his anxious and affectionate feelings are expressed, spite of all that daubing of paint and grotesque attire in which he is disguised, must be commended as a triumph of genuine art. Beside the bed is little "Phenomenon," who is all life and spirits, just dressed, and ready to "go on." She is eagerly devouring a slice of bread and butter, whilst her anxious mother finishes the fastenings of her little satin shoes. Behind, near the window, is the stage villain gravely occupied tying on his huge shaggy beard; and on the opposite side, peeping through the green baize curtain, is the man with the drum and Pan's pipes, who comes to summon the old Mountebank into the presence of the delighted audience, a glimpse of whom we catch through the aperture temporarily occasioned. The various accessories of the scene are well filled in and complete its harmony.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EULALIE.—A BALLAD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I have met thee in the sunlight,
When our hearts were light and free,
And a winning smile was on thy lip,
My cherished Eulalie!
O, how swift those moments fled
On wings of love away,
For hoding fears and falling tears
Marred not our blissful day!

I have met thee in the twilight,
When the day had spent its glee,
Yet thy heart, I knew, was warm and true—
My idol, Eulalie!
The light scarce burned at heaven's gate,
But my step was firm and sure,
For I trusted in my faithful guide,
The constant and the pure.

And now amid the darkness
Of life's wide, desert sea,
Again I'll place thy hand in mine.
O, saintly Eulalie!
Again thine eyes shall light my path,
E'en as they did before,
Until we stay our upward way,
Perchance at heaven's door!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MADMAN STILL.

HIS OWN STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Yes sir, I was crazy for five years, raving crazy. But, bless my heart, you needn't move away—I'm well enough now. Look in my eye—isn't its glance cool and steady? A madman couldn't look at you, in that way; no, not in *that* way. Before I was born, they say, my mother was crazy, so you see I inherit the malady—not but what I'm cured of it now, you know. Why don't you answer? When I say 'you know,' you must reply 'yes,' as though you comprehended in a corner of your brain—where the temple of Venus was built five hundred years ago; eh, you understand me?"

"O yes, I understand," said the young man, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"Well, if you understand, always say 'yes,' that's all. I have heard that my father was a fierce, passionate man; I suspect he was; I *know* he was, for I saw him strike *her* once. That roused the malady in me; I caught up a box in which was a costly glass, and threw it at his head. I was very sorry afterward, though, for when he got well he put me down cellar in the wine vault, and kept me there a week without clothing or victuals. That was nothing, however, to me; I've gone years at a time without touching food. Well, the house in which I was born was large, and old, and grand; I suspect it was Solomon's temple now, though I didn't know it then. I remember the angel's wings in the holy of holies; I took them off once, and put them on my own shoulders. You wouldn't believe me if I told you that I flew to the moon, now would you?"

"O yes!" was the reply.

"Well, then you'd be a fool, that's all I've got to say; for I didn't do any such thing; never was in the moon in my life. No, I went out in the garden and got up into an apple-tree; and there I sat all day and scared the birds. But that wasn't what I was talking about. Let me see—O, our house; it was richly furnished, and in the hall hung three hundred pictures—my ancestors, you know?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I called that my pistol gallery, and so every morning I went in and practised. Sometimes I'd hit 'em in the eye; sometimes I'd knock their teeth out; sometimes I'd put a ball in the tip end of their noses, so at last, you know, my ancestors got to be a tipsy-looking set—eh?"

"Of course they did."

"Yes, there was one old gentleman there with a wig—ha! ha! the way I did scatter that powder—it was *real* powder, you know, a real wig; to tell the truth, he was a real man—my grandfather! They put him in a parlor after that, the finest room in the house; but he was in a finer; you must understand he was *dead*; I killed him!"

"Killed your grandfather!" cried his listener, in accents of horror, edging towards the door.

"Yes; and I'll kill *you*, if you try any of that game. I'm going to put my chair against the door, and if you don't listen quietly, I'll do my grandfather over again; you understand?" And placing his hand under his coat, he exposed to view a pistol probably loaded.

He was a gaunt and must have been once a powerful man. His eyes were wild, hollow and black, and seemed the tenements of horror and despair. His hair was fashionably cut, and so was his beard. There was an indescribable expression flitting now and then over his pallid features; it seemed as if some ghost haunted them. He was well-dressed, had entered the room as if it belonged to him, and with the power of his weird eye transfixed as it were, the thoughtful-faced student who sat reading at his desk. At first, as he was a new-comer, the latter deemed it some intimate of the professors, perambulating the college-rooms, but now, to his extreme terror, he saw his peril and knew not how to escape.

"Well, sir, to resume. I fell in love with my father's house-

keeper; that was very strange, was it not? Picture her to yourself; you have a vivid imagination; most students have. An antique maid, with high cheek-bones, blue eyes, faded corkscrew curls bleached white with age, a yellow skin resembling parchment, bony fingers, and a form like the slenderest end of a meeting-house steeple. Wasn't that an object to fall in love with?"

"I should think so," articulated the trembling student.

"Well, so should I; but you're out, young man; our housekeeper wasn't *that*, let me tell you. She was divine!—a Hebe of a girl—young, bright, blooming, beautiful; fresh as the first morning in young spring. Her hair fell round her like a cloud of glory; her eyes were veiled 'neath the longest, the darkest, the most bewitching lashes; the bloom on her cheeks was like the tenderest touch of the departing sun when he tips the white fleece with crimson; her lips were small, luscious, pink neectarines; her forehead was whiter than the finest ivory. She charmed away the evil spirit; whenever I heard the light tripping of the little foot, the devil within me was still; it crouched, sir, it crouched!—it hid its fiery head, its snaky eyes!"

"I should like to know," said the student, faintly.

"You *shall* know, sir. But first let me shut this window; I never like to sit near an open window; I fell out of one once, almost as high as this; some fools said I jumped; they didn't know the state of my mental thermometer; I did. Don't eye that door too hard, young fellow, or I may find you a more rapid exit. However, you needn't be uneasy; the window is shut; it is five years since the doctors discharged me—*cured*! I'll tell you how that charming creature became the housekeeper at our place. Her mother was a widow; the two lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of our estate; they were very poor, but the girl gave promise of great beauty, and my father always said that if his wife was well, he would adopt her; her name was Emily. But somehow, my mother continued sick—they said, in her chamber. I never could tell where her chamber was, however; it must have been outside the house, built like a pigeon-box, and there she was locked up, and my father kept the key. Well, at last Emily came very often to our house. I was grown a lad, then, of fifteen, very shy and sensitive; I held rule in the household, though, young as I was. There was a look I could put on, like this—"

The student sprang to his feet, his face horror-stamped.

"Frightens you, don't it?" asked the maniac, an awful smile heightening the diabolical intensity of his expression; "well, it did them, and I could make every soul of them do as I pleased. Why, one day I made old Joe, my father's butler, walk on his head from four o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon. You never saw a man more red in the face; but he did it."

"You—were talking—about—your housekeeper, sir," said the student, timidly.

"Call her housekeeper on the peril of your life!" shouted the maniac, his eyes the color of glowing coals. "Disparage that glorious work of perfection if you dare, in my presence! True, she was poor, but she was faultless. True, she was humble, but as pure as the whitest alabaster. Nothing mean could live in her presence; you, young puppy, would have wilted before her like a cabbage-leaf in the sun!" And an imprecation of fierce scorn leaped to his lips.

If a sword-point had been placed towards his breast, and his heart thrust through for the offence, the student could not have forborne the laugh that sprang to his lips at the imprecation—the comparison, and the suddenness with which his tormentor changed from the sublime to the ridiculous. The frown gradually faded away from the brow of the madman, and he too laughed, long, loud and heartily; so loudly, so shrilly, that the noise attracted attention, and there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted the student, thinking that the time of his liberation had arrived.

"Stay out!" yelled the madman, "if you want a whole head. Silence, sir!" he said, sternly, turning to the young man, who, now that he found himself wholly in his power, began to change color. "I want to finish my story," he added, in the most winning voice, with the most polite inclination. "Emily came to the house. You understand that my mother was secured, chained down, locked up. Emily in some measure took her place. From the first day she came I loved her, not with an ordinary love, but wildly, madly, irrevocably, absorbingly. I did nothing, not even think, but for her. O, I can see her now, in that delicate robe, running about so gracefully, so gently. I see the smile on her lip, the light in her eye, the crown of most beautiful womanhood gracing her fair brow—Emily, my own, my murdered Emily!" he cried, rising and stretching forth his arms, and lifting his imploring eyes heavenward. "Somebody told me once—who was it? I forget now—that I should meet her again. Never! She will walk above with shining garments; I shall walk below!" He started, stared wildly, sniffed the air, as he asked, in a tone of alarm—"Do I smell onions?"

The transition was irresistibly comic; again the student could not forbear laughing.

"Do you intend to insult me?" And now the eyes glared with fury, and the hand was thrust with a menace under his coat at the breast.

"I beg your pardon!" cried the student, feeling that his hour was come.

"Down on your knees, then, dog!"

The poor fellow tumbled to his knees, and for some moments his tyrant kept him there, gazing down at him with a tragic air. At last he released him, and the young man, covered with the sweat of terror, sank into his chair, more dead than alive.

"I must tell you more of my Emily. One night, in the dead dark waste, I thought I heard her voice; it seemed to be sounding in cries and shrieks. I sprang from my bed and hurried to that

part of the house where I knew she slept. What fiend sent my father to me then? He came across the hall; something told me that his visit was treachery; that he was a devil, and not my father; so I struck him, and he never spoke again. You see I can do both my father and my grandfather again if I choose. Well, they buried me," continued the madman.

"Buried *him*, you mean," said the student, with politeness.

"Buried *me*!—don't you suppose me capable of telling my own story? I tell you they buried me! I was down there among the coffins and the bones, and when I began to turn it made me very sick. Nevertheless, I was alive at the same time, and went to my father's funeral. Nobody knew I murdered him, between you and me; they called it apoplexy. I have a beautiful method; it kills without leaving the slightest trace imaginable; just let me show you, on your left temple there. It won't take me a second, and I assure you, you will not feel it at all; it is the neatest way imaginable, and I—"

"Tell me about Emily first?" cried the horrified student, preserving presence of mind enough not to seem alarmed, though as the man was coming towards him, he drew his breath hard and prepared himself for a struggle.

"O yes, about Emily. Well, I'll show you afterwards; the knowledge will be beneficial to you, doubtless, if you have a particular spite against fathers or grandfathers. After my father was buried, I made proposals to the beautiful Emily. She trembled and seemed delighted; professed to love me dearly, and I went to town immediately to prepare things for the wedding. Well, sir, when I returned, there was no Emily there. No, sir, she had gone; some friend had carried her away; she loved me too well to leave me. So I began to search for her. First, I thought she might be in her mother's cottage, and I watched there for weeks, slyly, so slyly!—you would have been pleased to see me crawling round there like a subtle serpent. She was not there; so I travelled. One day I came across a beautiful view; my friend was with me. I had a strange inclination—you may have felt it—to throw him in the rapids; for there was a fall there, and boiling, shooting, playing rapids. Well, we both went further on, nearer to the sparkling fall. I saw a pleasant group; they did not see me. One of the party wore a bridal veil; that form I knew; quick as the flash of the lightning it came to me; it was my Emily! 'O, she was married last night,' said my friend. 'Did you know her?' Know her! The rapids were nothing to my seething, boiling blood! 'You will see,' I said; 'I will give her a surprise'—lowering my hat thus, on my forehead. 'I will go up leisurely, and behold what she will do when she knows me.' So I stole near the slippery edge—I watched my chance—I cast one revengeful glance at the bridegroom, and—thrusting forth my hand, gave her such an impetus that she fell down the awful chasm and was dashed in pieces. Then I yelled; then I danced; then I was so wild at my success that I would have sprung over too, but they held me. They put me in a vile prison; they called me a murderer; they persecuted me—But about that scientific blow; I must demonstrate to you how easy you may die—"

"Help!—murder!—help, help!" shouted the young man, closing with the maniac.

There were feet treading the passages, hurriedly, tumultuously. Fortunately the door was not locked. A dozen men came rushing in; they parted the two. It was nearly a death-struggle. The hand of the frenzied man had twisted the collar of the other in such a way, that strangulation had nearly taken place. The keepers of the unfortunate man were soon on his track, furnished with appliances to subdue him. He was carried to the asylum from which he had escaped, and confined in a more secure manner. As for the poor student, a fever ensued; but he recovered, though the shock, bodily and mentally, was never wholly conquered. He is to-day an eminent lawyer, happily wedded; but if you wish to see his lips turn white—to hear his voice tremble—ask him if he ever visited the nearest insane asylum.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The more successful knaves are usually of this description—as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.—*Colton*.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY SYBIL PARK.

It stands neglected by the hill,
Fast yielding to decay;
The wild vines clinging to its sill,
The walls all worn and gray.
Down from the moss-grown eaves long sprays
Of ivy, dark and green,
Swing idly when the south wind plays
The shining leaves between.
All night, when darkness reigns without,
The chirping crickets sing;
And noisome bats flit in and out,
On ever restless wing.
At morn the sunbeams richly pour
Down through each broken pane,
And sweep across its silent floor
In floods of golden rain.

Beside that casement, where the glow
Is beautiful and deep,
One summer eve, long years ago,
Sweet Alice fell asleep.
They parted back each shining tress
Of wavy, golden hair.
And lips that alway spake to bless,
Grew chill forever there.
So beautiful and purely white
The maiden sleeper lay,
You might have wept to know the light
Of life had left its clay.
They made her pillow where the brook
Went faintly singing by,
Within a quiet, meadow nook,
Beneath a summer sky.

The broken sweep, the curbless well,
Those walls so brown and old,
Have each some mournful dream to tell
Of loving hearts grown cold.
That household group—O, where are they
Who gathered here of yore
At early morn, at close of day?—
Why do they come no more?
There's many a trace of beauty yet,
And many a blossom rare,
Beside the fragrant mignonette
Which scents the dewy air.
Alas, the sod hath sunken now
Close to each silent heart!
Above each cold and lifeless brow
The early violets start.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 11.

BY ALUNG.

THE OPIUM EATERS AND OPIUM SELLERS.

To the use of opium may be traced the greater part of all the crime which is prevalent among the people of China. They chew it and they smoke it; and to such excess, that the moral perceptions are deadened, the judgment warped, and all the generous and benevolent feelings of the human heart seared as with a hot iron. Petty thefts, robberies and murders are the consequences, with a running accompaniment of cheating and deception that seem often to have no other object in view than the mere pleasure of cheating. This baleful drug, when once it is used for a few days, fastens itself upon a man's nature with fangs that defy all efforts to shake it off, and leads its victim with unerring certainty along the path of poverty and crime. Food and clothes are freely sacrificed to the tyrannical appetite, and everything else that can procure the fatal poison; until, after a brief whirl around the maelstrom of delirium, the opium slave sinks into the vortex of the grave.

When this habit has established its rank growth, and the devotee has nothing left wherewith to raise money for the purchase of the drug, or even the sediment which is scraped from the pipes of the rich who practise the same infatuation, he is ready to resort to any crime, however abhorrent, which will enable him to procure the article he craves. So far does the want of this stimulant drive men to desperation, that I have known those I have come in contact with while engaged in the opium trade, to offer their wives and daughters for sale or prostitution, so that they might indulge in this pernicious habit, which never relaxes its hold until death.

Those who have witnessed the death of a confirmed opium-eater, will agree with me when I say that it is the most miserable and disgusting in the world. I have seen such a man on waking after a night's smoking, shaking as if he had an ague fit; and at every shake I have expected to hear his bones rattle together in the loose, bag-like skin that covered them. The eyes have sunk in their sockets, and glazed, more like those of a corpse than a living man. The fuel must be renewed in such cases, or the miserable wretch dies. But the opium-seller is at hand on every corner, to renew the supply, and the poor, shaking wretch is again galvanized into a semblance of life. Somewhat like the keepers of the low rum-holes that curse our own fair land, these opium-sellers are sprung from the most brutal and vicious of the very dregs of Chinese society; and of this class were the actors in the following sketch.

I had held my appointment in charge of the prison sufficiently long to enable me to know every opium-dealer in the settlement, when I received orders from the consul to break up their dens; and the reader may rest assured that I came down upon them with a vengeance. In short, as General Cushing would say, I "crushed

them out;" for in two days after the time when my campaign opened against them, there was not one left in the settlement. After this onslaught upon them, they removed their drinking and opium-smoking houses beyond the limits of the settlement, to a place without the walls, called Yank-in-pan, a group of miserable hovels through which it was unsafe to pass after dark.

One day while sitting in my office at the prison, I was called by one of the porters of the consulate to go over to the office, as I was wanted there. The vice-consul, though young in years, was a gentleman whom few could equal in his knowledge of the country, or in his command of the Chinese language, which he spoke with extraordinary fluency. He was prompt and decided in action, and seldom wrong in anything he did. To me he had ever been a kind friend, and to this day I cherish the most pleasant recollections of Mr. Leigh, the gentleman of whom I now speak.

On my entering the consulate, Mr. Leigh pointed to a Lascar who was standing in the office, and directed me to ask him what he wanted, as he could not speak Hindostanee, and I could. Upon this I cast my eyes upon the man, and a strange-looking spectacle he presented. He was a Hindoo sailor, and appeared with scarcely a fragment of clothes upon his body. The blood was flowing from a wound upon his forehead, which appeared to be both deep and dangerous, and it coursed down his body to his feet, presenting a horrid contrast to his dark skin.

The man's story was soon told. That morning he had been paid off from the ship which he belonged to, receiving all his money in English sovereigns. During the day he wanted to purchase some small articles, but could not get change for his gold in any of the small shops. In one of these places he had met a Chinaman who took him to a house where he said he would change the coins for him. At this house he found another man who asked him to show his money, and while doing so, the two snatched it from his hand, struck him upon the head with a heavy piece of wood, and knocked him down. Having plundered him of all his money and stripped him of his clothing, they cast him forth into the street, and he had made his way to the consul's for assistance and redress. His story I interpreted to Mr. Leigh, who ordered me to arrest the pair and bring them before him.

I first took the Lascar to the prison, where the surgeon dressed his wound, and then started with him in search of the robbers. Before leaving, I informed my brother, who was my assistant, where I was going, and that I should be back by three o'clock. Having taken this precaution, I followed the Lascar; but not until he led me to the barrier gate leading out of the settlement, had I any idea that what he had called the town was in reality the centre of that dangerous quarter, the Yank-in-pan. However, this did not cause me to turn back, for I was armed, and felt confident that with the assistance of my trusty revolver I could both protect myself and arrest my prisoners. By the Lascar's description of the two men who had assaulted and robbed him, I readily recognized them for two of the greatest scoundrels in the place, and fellows that I had long been on the look-out for. I knew their house well, and led the way myself, instead of following the sailor.

We soon reached the end of the narrow street where they dwelt, and ran as swiftly as we could to their house. I reached it just in season to prevent being shut out by interposing my baton between the door and the post. I put my shoulder against the door, and exerting all my force, it flew open with a bang, and almost prostrated me upon the inside. As I recovered my standing, a pistol bullet whizzed by my head. I raised my baton to knock the villain down, when a second shot from the double-barrelled pistol held within two yards of my head, cut a line of skin across my cheek. I jumped upon the fellow in an instant, bringing down my baton upon his head with all the momentum of my body and strength of my arm. He fell like a log, and I bounded over his prostrate body to a little window in the back of the passage, where his comrade was endeavoring to escape. With a few vigorous blows I laid him senseless on the floor beside the first ruffian.

The report of the two shots had alarmed the neighborhood, consisting of just such fellows as those I had now settled, and the greater part of them chaps whom I had expelled from the settlement. Of course they bore me no love, and would be very apt to embrace so favorable an opportunity to pay me off for having broken up their dens. In a few moments there was quite a large crowd of these desperadoes around the door. To attempt to remove my prisoners through such a pack of rascals as now beset me, would have been the height of folly, inviting their rescue and probably my own death. Fortunately I acted promptly upon this reflection, and shut the door. I hoped that the crowd would soon disperse, when I could remove my prisoners in safety.

For greater security I had placed the heavy wooden bar across the door; and well was it for me that I did so, for in a few minutes two or three fellows tried to force an entrance. Several times they rushed against the door, when, finding they would not desist, and fearing that the frame might yield to their weight, I fired my pistol through the panel. The shriek of pain that followed the report assured me that one of the assailants had got a dose of cold lead not at all to his liking. I could hear them bear the wounded man away, and then return and concert plans for getting at me. The door was the weakest point of my citadel, and to strengthen that, with the help of the Lascar, I piled all the movable articles at hand against it. There was but one window accessible from the ground, and that I could easily defend, for it was so small that only one at a time could force his way through it.

But, like General Scott, I was also exposed to a fire in the rear; for my prisoners began to show some signs of returning activity, and were about to make a diversion in favor of the main force of the enemy. To obviate this, I fastened them together securely, and threatened to shoot them at once, should they dare to move a

finger. The outside party had no fancy to try the door again, having a salutary respect for my leaden pills; but they commenced firing shots through the boards, some of which struck very close to where we stood, but none of them did any injury. The order was at length given to the besiegers to cease firing, and a council of war was held, to determine upon some other mode of attack which would be more successful.

During the interval of silence which pervaded, one of my prisoners called out something in Chinese, which I did not understand. But the enemy did; for in a moment he was answered from without. This violation of his parole by the prisoner, forfeited his life, according to the laws of war, and I almost wished that I had shot him; for the sight was most disgusting, as the blood spurted from his mouth, in response to a blow of my baton which mowed down his teeth and effectually stopped his talking. In a few moments I understood the nature of his communication to those without; for a shower of balls came crashing through the little window in the rear.

One of their shots wounded the poor Lascar in the right arm. A few, more daring than the rest, put their matchlocks and jingalls through the window and swept the apartment with their range. This would not do for me, for there was no place of shelter from their fire. I accordingly made use of the two prisoners as a barricade, with the assistance of the Lascar, placing them against the window, all tied together as they were, and shoring them up with bamboo poles. This masterly stratagem silenced the fire through the window; for the assailants did not care to make their friends' bodies the medium through which to transmit their leaden favors to us.

Again the firing ceased, and a more safe and certain plan was entered upon. The artillery and infantry were withdrawn, and the corps of sappers and miners put in requisition. They commenced to pick away the bricks from the wall below the window, and had already effected a breach, low down, through which the daylight began to stream. Upon this I threw myself flat upon the floor, so that I could cover with my pistol the man at work with the pickaxe, and sent a ball plump through his heart. He fell back dead. But another of the sappers came to the charge, and just as he had struck one blow, my faithful Colt laid him low. These disastrous results satisfied the foe that their new plan involved quite as much danger as either of their former ones, and they abandoned the wall and again commenced upon the door.

The battering-ram of ancient times was resorted to, in the absence of a siege train, and the heavy timber which extemporized the ram soon caused the door to shake and tremble in its frame. I had but small hopes of its withstanding the shock, and began to count up the available means of defence that were left to me. My revolver contained but two charges more, and my prospects against the mob were small indeed. However, I loosened my dagger in its sheath, determined to await the result in calmness, and when the crisis came, to sell my life dearly.

Another poor wretch, mad with opium, now placed his jingall at a large hole in the door, and stooped his head to take a deliberate aim; but his cheek had scarcely been laid to his weapon, when a bullet from my pistol scattered his brains along the gun-stock. The timber was now plied with renewed vigor, and large stones were hurled against the shattered door. I gave up all for lost; for the door-frame and all came crashing in, bearing down the barricade which we had built against it. Already the yells of the mob proclaimed their success, and dagger in hand, I had nerved myself to spring among them and die fighting—for die I knew I must—when the voice of my brother reached my ear, giving orders to fire! Upon the instant some twenty sharp reports rent the air, which I knew must come from the rifles of my Chinese policemen. The besiegers made a hurried retreat, running in every direction from the fire of my guard; and in a short time I clasped my brother in my arms, and was safe.

I owed my life to his prompt assistance, and the affection of my Chinese body-servant. I had been a kind master to this man, whose wife lived in the Yank-in-pan. Upon hearing that her husband's master was attacked and besieged by a mob, she had run to the prison as fast as possible, and told her husband. He informed my brother without delay, and guided him and the police guard to the scene of the conflict in time to save my life. My guard took the prisoners down from their impalement before the window, and conveyed them to prison. In searching the house, we found about \$500 worth of opium, the sovereigns which had been taken from the Lascar, and some other money. I took charge of the property, and delivered it to the consul. In the course of two or three days the prisoners were handed over to the native magistrates for trial and punishment, and during the examination it came out that those persons who had attacked me, were induced to do so while under the influence of opium, and by being promised more if they would rescue the prisoners and kill me. These promises were made by the other opium-dealers, who had first given their creatures enough of the drug to excite their passions and render them reckless.

My position made it expedient for the magistrates to execute prompt and ample justice upon these fellows, for I had often served the local authorities by arresting the rebels; and as they expected to require my services again, they sentenced to death several of the principal opium-dealers who had conspired to kill so useful a member of society as I was. Among the rest, my two prisoners had their heads cut off, and their property was confiscated for the use of the Lascar, whose wound caused him to lose his arm. I did not forget the service of my servant's wife, but rewarded her with a handsome present, sufficient to enable her to purchase a house in the settlement, and remove from the terrible Yank-in-pan, where I had such a narrow escape.

THE LATE GEORGE COMBE.

The distinguished man whose portrait illustrates this page, was so universally known, and so highly respected in America, even by those who dissented from his peculiar theories, that we are sure the pains we have taken to procure an authentic likeness of him will be appreciated by our readers. The news of his death, which occurred so lately as August 14, at the age of seventy, produced a sorrowful feeling on this side of the Atlantic, as well as in Europe. The melancholy event took place while the subject of our sketch was on a visit to his friend Dr. Lane, of Moor Park. The Scotsman contained the following particulars of his last illness:—"Mr. Combe had, as was his annual custom, left Edinburgh early in the summer, and paid visits to several of his friends and connections in the south of England, the mild and equable climate of which was peculiarly beneficial to his delicate constitution. He had profited in health and spirits by the change, and a week or two ago went to the hydropathic establishment of Moor Park, Surrey, not as a patient, but for the sake of the agreeable residence, and of the pleasant society which he knew, from former experience, was generally to be found presided over by his friend Dr. Lane. The weather, which had been very warm and fine, about a fortnight ago became somewhat less so, affecting Mr. Combe unfavorably. It was only, however, within a week that he was considered decidedly ailing. On Tuesday, his malady, an affection of the chest, left no hope of recovery, and he expired on Saturday, the 14th instant. Mr. Combe had been more or less of an invalid for several years, and in his particularly delicate state of health, the fatalism of anything of the nature of acute disease, could not be unexpected by any of his friends. Still less could it be so to himself: he knew well the frailty of his tenure, and, though conscientiously careful in all that conduced to the preservation of such moderate share of health as he enjoyed, had long held himself prepared to rest from the labors of a worthily laborious life. He had attained the three-score years and ten, which is set down as the common term; that he did so, was undoubtedly due, under Providence, to his strict obedience to those laws of physical and moral well-being, the knowledge and practice of which his works have done so much to extend and enforce. His life was in all points, a wonderful example of the soundness and beneficial influence of the practical precepts of his philosophy; but it was only those who enjoyed and were honored by his friendship, who really knew how thoroughly compatible that philosophy was with the exercise of every amiable and generous feeling. Those who knew him most intimately, the best appreciated the depth and soundness of his moral nature; his intellectual powers and position are before the world. Throughout a very wide circle—a circle not limited to this country only, but extending to continental Europe and America—the announcement of Mr. Combe's death will be received, not merely as telling of the departure of a man, in many respects one of the most remarkable of his generation, but as the loss of a kind, considerate and zealous friend, and the news will also sadden very many far and near—citizens of Edinburgh and dwellers in other, and it may be, distant lands—who have experienced the ready and unassuming hospitality which, in spite of always feeble health, he exercised with a catholicity of welcome daily, we fear, becoming more and more rare among us." George Combe was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1788. His brother Andrew, the celebrated physician, was born nine years later. They were, in all, seventeen brothers and sisters of this prolific family; but George and Andrew alone attained eminence: George was bred to the law; and in 1812, in his twenty-fourth year, commenced practice as a writer to the signet, as solicitors are termed in Edinburgh. To the duties of his profession he devoted his energies for upwards of five-and-twenty years, and amassed, it is understood, a competent though not a very considerable fortune. Early in his professional career his attention was directed to phrenology by the visit of Dr. Spurzheim to Edinburgh. George Combe and his brother Andrew became



THE LATE GEORGE COMBE.

earnest converts to the then new and much abused doctrines. The career of the young lawyer received from this circumstance its future bent. The philosophy that he adopted acted on his whole life and course of thought. From that period to within a few weeks—we might almost say days—of his death, his active mind, kept in activity by his enforced attention to the laws of his bodily health—always weak and uncertain—was continually employed in promulgating, by means of books, lectures, letters, and newspaper articles, the truths which had become the essential parts of his moral and intellectual being, and in scattering to the reading public of both hemispheres the beneficent knowledge of which his phrenology was the mere germ and not the fruit. In 1827 he read to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh the first part of a work "On the Harmony between the Mental and the Moral Constitution of Man and the Laws of Physical Nature." This treatise was afterwards expanded into the more celebrated work by which he is best known, "The Constitution of Man," the appearance of which, in 1828, created a sensation unparalleled by any philosophical work ever published in the language. It excited great praise and greater blame; but, having attracted the attention and the concurrence of a Mr. Henderson, that gentleman bequeathed a

considerable sum to be spent in publishing cheap editions of it in Great Britain and America, and in translating it into foreign languages. By this means it was made known to readers who, under ordinary circumstances, would have had little or no chance of becoming acquainted with it; and zealous disciples bought hundreds of copies for gratuitous distribution in schools, colleges, athenæums, and universities, and sowed it, as it were, broadcast through the land. Among the other works of George Combe are "A System of Phrenology," which has gone through five editions; "The Elements of Phrenology" (eight editions), "Outlines of Phrenology" (nine editions), "Moral Philosophy, or the Duties of Man, Individual, Domestic, and Social" (three editions); "Notes on the United States of America," where he passed two years in lecturing; "Phrenology Applied to Painting and Sculpture;" "The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe," "The Principles of Criminal Legislation and Prison Discipline Investigated," "Lectures on Popular Education" (three editions), "What should Secular Education Embrace?" "Remarks on National Education" (five editions), "On Capital Punishment," "An Answer to the Attack on the Constitution of Man by the Rev. C. J. Kennedy," and a series of valuable, and to many minds irrefutable, letters on the "Currency," first contributed to the Scotsman newspaper. He also enriched the Scotsman by occasional leaders and letters both at home and from abroad. In fact, his pen was never idle; and it may be said of it with truth that it was always employed in what he firmly believed to be the promulgation of truth and right, and in the furtherance of the knowledge and the individual and collective happiness of all mankind. His last great work, which he at one time intended to be posthumous, was published in the autumn of 1857. It is entitled "The Relation between Science and Religion," and carries further to their conclusions some of the doctrines which he had previously laid down than he had ventured on in his earlier publications. This work has already gone through four editions, and been translated into German. It has been asserted by those who did not know Mr. Combe, that his mind was cold, dry, and unimpassioned, and that he had no taste or appreciation for music, poetry, or the fine arts. But he was a lover of poetry, and enjoyed with a deep relish, the finest works of ancient and modern art.

TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

This city, formerly York, and the capital of Canada West, is one of the most flourishing places in British America. The accompanying engraving gives an excellent general view of the city, with its spires and furnace-chimneys rising against the sky, while the foreground is animated by the introduction of a great variety of shipping. It is built on a curving bay on the northwestern shore of Lake Ontario, and is about five hundred miles northwest of Washington. The bay is entered by a narrow opening, and is separated only from the lake by a peninsula six miles long, part of which is shown in our picture. This point encloses a fine basin, formerly a commodious and excellent harbor. The peninsula is called Gibraltar Point. The town rises gently from the water's edge, the observatory being one hundred feet above the lake. The streets generally cross each other at right angles. King and Younge are the principal business streets. There are a large number of public buildings in the city—many of them peculiar and striking in their architectural characteristics. A vast amount of business is done in the place; its land communications with other parts of Canada by means of railroads, being excellent. Toronto was founded in 1794, and though it had but 4000 inhabitants in 1831, it has since so rapidly increased that it now contains 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants—a rate of increase unequalled in the British provinces, and surpassed only by that of some of our western cities. With a more southern latitude than any other large Canadian town, and remote from the winds of the ocean, it offers many inducements to settlers to take up their residence, and establish themselves, for life.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, CANADA.

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FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L.—Obstacles frequently prove beneficial to a favorite pursuit. We have many instances of great results even under great difficulties. The historian, Prescott, was suffering nearly total blindness, and was unable to hear the light in his apartment, during the time that he was arranging and writing his valuable work, "The Conquest of Mexico." He was obliged to have some one to continually read to him, yet under these adverse circumstances his ardor never abated.

H. Y.—The word *chintz* is borrowed from the Persian language, and means literally spotted or stained. The term was applied by European manufacturers originally to cotton printed with more than two colors.

YOUNG BROOKNER.—Dividing music into bars is a comparatively modern invention, and is intended to point out where the accent should be made, viz., by emphasizing the first note of each bar, more than those notes which follow. The principal accent is made on the first of the bar; but, by marking other notes also, although in a less degree, various peculiarities of accent are produced.

MRS. L. B., Tuscaloosa, Alabama.—Victor Hugo's father was a colonel in the army of the first Napoleon, and by the time he had reached his tenth year, had almost made the tour of Europe, following with his parents the fortunes of war. He was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe.

READER.—In Jewish places of worship there is generally a notice to strangers, requesting them not to take off their hats as they enter. The Jews always worship with their heads covered.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—Explosions of gunpowder under water are never accomplished by a report.

TEACHER, Lowell, Mass.—In one of the old London grammar schools, founded in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the following is to be found among the old rules relating to the choice of a master. Would that it might be always kept in view at the present day in all similar establishments:—"The master to be a man of wise, sociable and loving disposition, not hasty, or furious, or of any ill example; he shall be wise, and of good experience to discern the nature of every child; to work upon the disposition for the greatest advantage, benefit and comfort of the child." This would be a good guide to select by.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Paul, Minnesota.—The shake is a rapid alternation of two notes, the principal, or lowest, being the first and last heard. Some musicians commence with the *upper* note, but by far the greater number with the lower one.

STUDENT.—Some of the most cruel of English punishments are gradually disappearing. Sir Samuel Romilly, in giving his opinion on the state of the British criminal statutes, once said, "I have examined the codes of all nations, and ours is the worst."

VOYAGEUR.—In a long voyage made by a steamer and a sailing vessel, the difference of distance is frequently considerable. This arises from the capability of the steamer to keep the shortest sea-lie, which a sailing vessel is not always able to do. Between England and America this difference amounts to from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles.

CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE CIRCLE.—The quarterly meeting of the "Miami Annual Conference" has recommended the ladies of the church to reduce the size of their hoops—hoops being denounced as anti-Christian. We shall see now if the pulpit can accomplish what the press has failed to achieve.

FASHION.—The new bonnets are principally composed of fruits, so naturally imitated, that hungry little boys, with mouths watering for grapes, follow the ladies, soliciting the privilege of a grab.

BALLOONING.—Several accidents have happened to aeronauts, lately. It is always dangerous to get high.

SPLINTERS.

.... In a late number of the "Boston Recorder," Mr. Nathaniel Willis (father of N. P. Willis) proves that he started the paper.

.... The ladies of the court of Wurtemberg, it is said, have abandoned crinolines. But Wurtemberg is not Paris, my dears.

.... Mr. Seldon, proprietor of the Brandon quarries, Vt., has given the Brandon Congregational Church a white marble pulpit.

.... The N. Y. Tribune thinks it bad taste in Mr. Reed to negotiate a treaty with China without consulting France and England.

.... The Jewish community of this city have sent resolutions to the British parliament, thanking it for admitting the Jews.

.... The ladies, in their fall dresses of bright colors, look like troops of flamingoes as they sail through the streets.

.... Charles Kean signifies his intention of retiring from the stage after his next season, which closes in July.

.... Printing makes the orator—it catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life.

New England this year has beat the other sections in apples, which are remarkably fine.

.... Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization.

.... True happiness arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and the next, from friendship and converse.

.... A pretty woman, it has been said, has no more right to wear a veil than the sun to wear green spectacles.

.... Never borrow a cotton umbrella; a silk one can be obtained with the same effort, and will last twice as long.

.... The literary women of Paris lately gave a banquet to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, or rather an impostor, so calling herself.

.... The planet Venus lately showed herself by daylight—an extraordinary piece of condescension in her ladyship.

.... The army of Lyons has been manoeuvring, lately. The engineers threw a bridge over the Rhone in fifty minutes.

.... Lord Derby has retired from the English turf without winning the Derby. *Alter tulit honores.*

.... At Amsterdam the young men held a regatta, lately, walking the water in shoes called "podoschapes."

.... A narrative of the Cawnpore massacre, by the wife of a sergeant-major, has lately created a sensation in England.

.... During Mr. Cyrus W. Field's visit to Canada he was slightly lionized—but not absolutely eaten alive.

.... The late Duchess of Orleans is said to have bequeathed an annuity of 1500 francs to Madame Pepita Gassier, the singer.

.... It is a remarkable coincidence that both "Vivian Grey" and "Pelham" are both members of the British administration.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

The project of erecting a monument at Plymouth, in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers, has met with such favor, that its projectors feel authorized to commence the preparations for the work. The design of the monument is extremely beautiful and appropriate, and reflects great credit upon Hammett Billings, Esq., the architect. The structure is to be composed of granite, and will occupy a commanding position upon a hill at the edge of the harbor, from which there is an extensive view of the bay and the country around. The location selected is directly west of the spot where the celebrated Mayflower first cast anchor, and is so lofty, that the monument will be visible a long distance at sea. The surrounding grounds, comprising about eight acres, are to be handsomely graded, ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and enclosed as an appendage to the structure. The contract for excavating the ground and laying the foundation has already been made, and we learn that the work is to go forward at once. There has been quite a liberal spirit manifested by subscribers to the fund, and there can be no doubt that the directors will be able to raise all that will be required to carry on and complete the work. Many of our citizens have not been called upon to subscribe, and it was perhaps well to defer the application until the recent financial pressure had subsided. But with returning prosperity the claims of patriotism must not be neglected; and every man, woman and child in the community should be eager to devote some portion of the means usually devoted to pleasure, to the honorable work of perpetuating in an enduring manner the name and the fame of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock.

A writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser proposes that a delegate be sent to England by the directors of the enterprise, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions there. He says, with great truth, that the memory of the Pilgrims is held in high veneration in England, and that there are thousands who would gladly aid in this movement to erect a monument worthy of their sainted memory. He also urges an argument in favor of asking English co-operation in this good deed, as a means of cementing the union of peace and friendship between the two countries. Yet we should be very sorry to see any necessity for a call upon English liberality to carry on a work projected by Americans, even though the object of that work be one in which the noble-hearted men of both nations could sympathize equally. It would be discreditable in the highest degree to ask any foreign aid for a work of such moderate cost—and more especially so, when the undertaking has been originated by ourselves alone. Were the proposition now to be started for the first time, for England and America to unite in building a monument on Plymouth Rock, which should be worthy of two great nations, and a fitting mark of their reverence for those good and noble men, there could be no impropriety in allowing England to co-operate with us. But in the present case, where the work designed is not of a character so costly as to be at all burdensome to ourselves; where, moreover, we have originated the idea from and for ourselves, and have entered upon its execution, it would look base and pitiful to allow the agents of the company to go to England to solicit aid. But as little necessity is there for such a movement, as there would be propriety therein. The people of this country—ay, of New England—yes, even of Massachusetts alone—can build the proposed monument, and never feel any inconvenience at the outlay. We are not poor when patriotism and gratitude are the question. Let the collectors go to work here at home faithfully and earnestly, and they will find the people ready and eager to pay for such a thoroughly proper undertaking. Let us at least hear no more about sending solicitors to England, to collect money for this object, until every man in Massachusetts has been called upon.

THE SPANISH TROOPER:

—OR,—

THE MISER OF MADRID.

A Romance by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Author of "The Vendetta," "The Phantom of the Sea," "Steel and Gold," "Bride of Paris," "The Gold Fiend," etc.

In the next number of "The Flag of our Union" we shall commence the publication of a novelette, under the above title, from the popular pen of Mr. Durivage, the author of so many of our most successful romances. It is a narrative of adventure in Spain and the Hispano-American colonies, and is highly vivid and dramatic in its character, interweaving historical events with imaginary scenes and actors in a most ingenious and effective manner. Although the period of the story is modern, yet the scenes, being laid in countries where the spirit of romance and chivalry yet lingers, an opportunity is afforded to the author to indulge his love of the picturesque and dramatic without violation of truth. He carries us through scenes of peace and war, love and adventure, with unflagging spirit, never permitting the thread of the story to drag for a moment, or allowing his catastrophe to be anticipated, till it bursts upon the reader in the closing scenes. This novelette will be fully illustrated by original drawings from the pencil of Champney.

PICCOLOMINI.—This lady's grandfather was a cardinal, and her mother a princess; but she is far more ennobled by her art than her descent. Now, boys, don't call her "Pickled Hominy," as the Dublin gamins did when she flirted with the demisemi-quavers.

VERY PLEASANT.—After hiring an expensive lodging-room, purely because the lady you love lives opposite, to see her through the blinds packing up her trunk for a long journey.

THE CHINESE TREATY.

The particulars of the new treaty made between the United States and China, by the American minister, Mr. Reed, have recently come to hand. It provides for a general peace between the two countries; for the good offices of our government in cases of difficulties between China and other powers; for a resident minister at Shanghai or Peking, with privilege of direct communication with the imperial government at Peking; for suppression of piracy and smuggling, and conformity to the laws of China as to the opium trade; apprehension of mutineers and deserters, and punishment of criminals, reserving the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States authorities over the rights and intercourse of its own citizens; for establishing new open ports for trade; for regulating pilotage, and establishing beacons, lighthouses, etc.; for recognition and full toleration of Christianity, and immunity to Chinese converts; and for the record and publicity of the treaty, by imperial authority. There are various other provisions of minor importance; also a comprehensive clause securing at once to the United States all rights, privileges and powers that may be granted to any other nation, whether political, mercantile or otherwise, whenever treaties shall be made containing such grants. It will thus be seen that our government has obtained exceedingly favorable terms of intercourse, and is to be placed, in all respects, upon the footing of the most favored nations. The former accounts from China, as to the favorable regard which is entertained for this country, are confirmed by the character of the treaty; and it is a source of just pride, that the conduct of our government, its officers, and American merchants and mariners, has been such as to command that respect which other nations have been obliged to extort by force of arms. The American minister has received an official reply from the emperor of China, to the letter of President Buchanan, which document will be placed in the national archives at Washington, where it will be an object of great curiosity, as it will probably be the only autograph of Chinese royalty that ever found its way to America.

A BIT OF FRENCH GOSSIP.

An affair occurred in Paris, lately, which has made a great sensation, and really possesses more than a passing interest. It seems there was a young widow, Madame X., rich and handsome, of course, who had two suitors for her hand, Mr. A. and Mr. B., and could not decide between them. So the young fellows must needs fight a duel to settle their pretensions, Mr. C. being on the ground as the friend of both parties. Pistols and the Bois de Boulogne were the order of the day. At the first fire poor A. fell, bathed in blood. B. immediately fled, by the advice of C., who furnished the means, and was soon on his way to Germany. But the surgeon who examined A., uttered a cry of joy. His adversary's bullet had only stunned him, and inflicted a slight wound in the ear, which caused the effusion of blood. Carried to his lodgings, he soon came to himself, and saw his friend C. standing over him, with a lugubrious countenance.

"All right, my boy," said A. "I shall be able to walk out directly—only need a bit of court-plaster. Where's B.?"

"Dead!" said C., "and you must fly from France. Here's six thousand francs I provided for such an emergency."

And in half an hour after, A., too, was on his way to Germany, with the feelings of a fugitive homicide. In the course of a few weeks he went to Baden-Baden, and there, while staking a louis on the red, in the gambling saloon, he beheld the ghost of his antagonist staking a louis on the black, at *rouge-et-noir*. Mutual explanations ensued, and they agreed to go back to Paris amicably, and draw lots for the lady's hand.

But what was the surprise of the rivals, when each received a letter, containing a line from Madame X., announcing her marriage with Mr. C., the friend of both suitors, who had dexterously availed himself of circumstances to get them out of the way, and give him an opportunity of winning the favor of the fair but fickle dame! The affair adds new force to the elder Weller's solemn warning, "Beware o' widders!"

AN ICHTHYOLOGICAL FACT.—A party of gentlemen, who were sitting on the piazza of the Mountain House, Lake Memphremagog, observed a bald-headed eagle hovering over something white. Mr. Jennings, the landlord, immediately despatched a boat, under the direction of Mr. Simpson Merrill, and the white object turned out to be a shad, of the extraordinary length of 24 1-2 inches, weighing four pounds. That it had been killed by the eagle need not be added. It adorned the breakfast table next morning. This is the largest shad ever caught on the lake. The marks of the eagle's talons were visible on the gills and sides of the fish.

THE LAST OF THE SITTERS.—The deceased Countess of Carlisle is said to have been the very last survivor of those who had sat for their portraits to that greatest of English portrait-painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds. She was painted in a group along with her lady-mother, Georgiana, the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whom the dastman complimented, by saying, "Let me light my pipe at your ladyship's eyes."

FREAK OF NATURE.—Lieutenant Churchill, of Quincy, Mass., has raised a full-sized chicken, which has four complete legs and feet; two only, however, are used in locomotion, the others, being posterior, seem to perform no useful function, being purely ornamental, like the horse attached to a Russian dandy's droschky.

GOOD NEWS.—Victor Hugo has just completed a volume of poems. No other living French author can compare with him, now that Lamartine has hung his harp on a willow-tree.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]
THE DEPARTED.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Many years ago we parted,
And we stood upon this spot,
And, although 'twas in life's spring-time,
Yet it ne'er can be forgot.

Now, upon this starry midnight,
That thrilling voice I hear;
And I see a shadow flitting
That doth seem that form to wear.

Yet I strive, but grasp no shadow;
Though I list, no words I hear;
And this flitting, haunting vision
Only comes to disappear.

I have watched that mystic shadow,
I have listened for its tone;
And I weary of this watching
That which never can be known.

LIBERTY.

O Liberty, the prisoner's pleasing dream.
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme!
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee, the ennobling powers of verse.
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there;
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet
In Africa's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.—COWPER.

LIFE.

Alas, such is our nature!—all but aim
At the same end by pathways not the same;
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day.—BYRON.

GENIUS.

What made more sad the outward form's decay,
A soul of genius glimmered through the clay;
Genius has so much youth no care can kill,
Death seems unnatural when it sighs "Be still!"—New Timon.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The Indian summer! What an episode this is in the hurrying drama of the seasons! It is the *mi-careme*, an extraordinary indulgence in Lent, and more carnivalesque than the Carnival itself. The trees, ere they bid adieu to the varieties of bright apparel, deck themselves, like frolic masqueraders, in the most fanciful and brilliant costumes. Think of that respectable old oak tree in scarlet!—and that old brick of a hickory in saffron! It is well enough for young American birches to deck themselves in yellow spangles, and slender maples may be permitted to flirt in crimson; but for the old fogies of the forest—veterans that have braved the lightning and the storm for ages—thus to masquerade it is, to say the least, indecorous. What a terrible example to set to tender saplings—the younger branches of the family tree. This annual masquerade of the forest is confined to the woods of America alone, and is entirely ignored by the graver foliage of Europe. . . . The French have demonstrated the possibility of inducing domesticated ostriches to lay eggs and hatch. In fact, they can be as easily raised as geese. Shall we ever have an ostrich fever? . . . A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A small girl came out with a fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it into the cellar. A friend said to the child, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" The child answered, "Yes, sir, if I work long enough." There is no labor too great for industry and perseverance to accomplish; and it is not so much the tools we have to work with, as the spirit with which we use them, that gives us success. . . . An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come! Isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" . . . The foundation of the plot of Dumas's well-known drama of the "Corsican Brothers" is said to have been derived from a circumstance which happened to M. Louis Blanc, the equally well-known political exile. He was attacked one night in the streets of Paris, stabbed repeatedly, and left for dead. Having a twin brother at that time in Spain, he shortly after received a letter from him, begging to know if any accident had happened to him, as he himself had felt at the same time as the occurrence took place all the same bodily pain as M. Louis Blanc had himself suffered. . . . Why are handcuffs like evidences of a loan to government. Because they are State bonds. . . . If money is too easily gained, it loses much of its value. As a rule, that which is most difficult to obtain is the most valued. Many persons have become wealthy from very small beginnings, when others have commenced life with affluence and ended with beggary. This truth is strongly exemplified in the case of the person who won the first twenty thousand pounds ever drawn in an English lottery. He also gained a second sum in the same manner, of five thousand pounds, and yet died in the most extreme poverty. . . . How do you account for this? The compass has four points, and yet a pair of compasses only has two! . . . The London Court Journal tells a romantic story of Jung Bahadur, the Prince of Nepal. During the stay of the Nepaulese prince in England, he became deeply smitten with a lady of great rank and beauty, and offered her marriage. Birth and creed alike forbid the union with the noble Asiatic; but, ere he quitted the shores of England, he prayed the acceptance of a small token of his esteem, a beautiful Oriental ring, which the lady with much reluctance accepted. It was accompanied by the singular promise that, if ever she had a command to make, a wish to be carried out, the return of the talismanic ring to his highness would insure its due performance. As the story goes, the lady, high in rank, returned the jewel, with a wish that Jung Bahadur should revenge the foul and horrid slaughter of her countrywomen at Cawnpore. How the prince has fulfilled his promise every one knows. . . . A musical wag remarked, in reference to the submarine telegraphs, that they would soon be all over the world, and so "the harmony of mankind would be in the common chord of C." . . . Truth, scandalized at the reception she meets with amongst men, lies from the surface of the earth, and takes refuge at the bottom of a well. It is said her timidity is such, that she never likes to leave well alone. . . . The people of Rochester, England, were a little startled, the other day, by the appearance of flaming posters on their city walls, announcing the performance of Mr. John Townsend, "M. P. for Greenwich," as Richard III., at the Rochester Theatre. But there was no humbug about it. This member of parliament has gone on the stage to play for the

benefit of his creditors. . . . A journeyman sausage maker, who "parts his hair in the middle," recently eloped with the daughter of a large operator in kindling wood. They did the first eight miles in a charcoal wagon. At last accounts the young lady's father was in pursuit of them. That charcoal wagon may secure the success of the *soot*. . . . An immense army of young grasshoppers attempted to fly across the Red River at the North about the 20th of June, but their ambition exceeded their ability, and down they fell, and were drowned in the river. This has improved the fisheries on the river, and the fish now caught, it is said, are gloriously fat. . . . Mr. La Mountain, the balloonist, says he shall pass the next winter at Troy, New York, and occupy himself in building an aerial ship, with a motive power of five tons, with which he will attempt to cross the ocean, and he is confident that he will land within twenty-five miles of any given point in Europe. We venture to doubt the gentleman's success. . . . The Probate Court of Middlesex has sustained the will of the late Col. Wade, of Woburn, who bequeathed the bulk of his property to Tufts College and the Female Medical College. . . . An impostor, calling himself Count de Viola, has been detected at Paris in selling bogus titles and orders to green and ambitious aristocrats of various nations. He has made a very good business of it. . . . Letters from Ex-President Pierce, dated Geneva, received at Concord, N. H., state that after visiting Turin, Florence, etc., he would proceed to Rome, where he will spend the winter. He was in excellent health, while Mrs. Pierce was much better than when they left the United States. . . . The great beauty of a wife is, that, if she abuses you herself, she will not let any one else abuse you. . . . An English paper states that the Emperor Napoleon is in treaty for the purchase of the Leviathan. The price asked is £600,000, or about two-thirds of the sum believed to have been expended upon this mammoth failure. . . . A rustic, lately visiting London, was accosted upon his arrival at Euston Square, with one of the cabbies calling out, "Hansom, sir?—Hansom?" Hodge, thinking he referred to his good looks, replied, "Hey, tha fogey! o' deol handsomer than thee, or a cuddont for shame show my face in Lunnon." . . . There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars. . . . It is stated that the increased sea service of the navy has created such a demand for officers, especially lieutenants, that the present active list is scarcely sufficient to supply it. . . . William Williams, of St. Louis, who claims to be a practical seaman, and a man of ability and ingenuity, says he is ready to lay a cable double the thickness of the Atlantic cable from this country to Europe, or any part of the world, by means of camels, without a breakage, excepting in a heavy gale or hurricane, in which case he might be obliged to cut it. The cable shall be under the surface of the water six fathoms all the way, to allow vessels to pass without obstruction, and then dropped from shore to shore at once, with less trouble and expense than the Atlantic cable has been. . . . Insects once formed a class of medicines which were considered highly effective in certain cases; and there was a time when three gnats were taken as a dose, just as three grains of calomel might be taken now, while three drops of ladybird's milk were formerly prescribed as seriously as a small dose of some fashionable medicine of the present day. . . . A six-foot lawyer attacked a five-foot editor in Sioux City, recently. The lawyer had a cane and revolver. The editor took both of them away from him, and chased him round the block with his own weapons. . . . The secretary of war has sent to West Point the two stands of colors taken from the British at Yorktown; also the flag carried by our victorious troops at the taking of Mexico. They were considered unsafe at Washington, owing to the department not being fire-proof. . . . The English papers report that the tour of Mr. Charles Dickens has been very successful, as his "readings" have been attended by thousands. In Liverpool, the people more particularly showed their appreciation of the kindly genius of their never-failing friend and champion, by attending the galleries in such numbers that on one occasion hundreds were unable to obtain admission. . . . The following are the dimensions of the new Russian steamer launched in New York. Length of spar deck, 307 feet; breadth, 55 feet; length over all about 325 feet; depth to spar deck about 84 feet. She is pierced with 44 side ports, intended for an armament of 40 shell guns of large calibre. On her gun deck she will carry twenty long guns, and two Dahlgren pivot-guns on her spar deck. . . . Punch says the way to ascertain the number of your enemies is to publish a book. . . . The Rev. Dr. — is notorious for incorporating whole pages from the discourses of the old English divines into his sermons, without ever alluding to the sources to which he is mainly indebted for much of his inspiration and reputation. One of his admiring parishioners lately said to Mr. Fields, the well-known Boston publisher, "Our clergyman is a great preacher. Don't you think, Mr. Fields, his style is magnificent—quite like one of the eloquent old divines of the sixteenth century?"—"Yes," said Mr. Fields, knowingly winking to a bystander, "his style is evidently that of the judicious Hooker." . . . Harley, that prince among English comic actors of the Shakspeare clown school, was buried at Kensal-green. He lies not far from Charles Kemble and John Liston; nor very far from Sydney Smith and Tom Hood. . . . Scotland is to erect a monument forthwith to the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg—the author of "Kilmeny." The Vale of Ettrick is the selected site for this mark of national gratitude and affection.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Russell & Fuller, 291 Washington Street, "Wildwood Flowers," five melodies for the piano, by A. Crookez, viz.: "Buttercup," "Hepatica," "Woodbine," "Rhodora" and "Holly," together with "One Word with thee," "Days gone by," "Our Loved and Lost," songs of home, by A. Hammerer.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "Florence, No. 2," containing six songs, the music by F. Boot, the words by Sir Walter Scott, S. G. Goodrich, Kingsley, Thackeray, Owen Meredith and Byron.

DAVENPORT DONN. A Man of our Day. By CHARLES LEVER. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A dashing, spirited, modern story by the indefatigable author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," etc. Go to A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street, and get this, one of the most readable books of the season.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1856. By GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 12mo. pp. 459. 1858.

This book contains the most vivid and graphic pictures of Russia and the Russians ever penned. From the first page to the last it sparkles with humor and wit, and the fruits of the keenest perceptive faculties. Sala is one of the most extraordinary men of the day. He can imitate the style of any living writer so faithfully as to deceive the keenest critics—many of his articles in "Household Words" have been attributed to Dickens—and yet his own style is stamped with vigor and originality. We only regret that he did not give us a sketch of his last day in Paris, and the affectionate farewell of his brother "Bohemians," who went down to the station to see him off on his northern journey, of which we happen to know something from a friend who was leading the *vie de Boheme* at the time. It would have made a pleasant introduction to his brilliant book.

K. N. PEPPER, AND OTHER CONDIMENTS. By JACQUES MAURICE. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1858.

A collection of quaint, humorous, genial rhyme and prose, from the pen of an eccentric and original writer—a *rara avis* in these days of Macadamized literature. We advise no person, who has conscientious scruples against a hearty laugh, to call at Brown, Taggard & Chase's, 29 Cornhill, and buy a volume.

AFTER DARK. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Dead Secret," New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A story of intense interest, written with great power. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY. By MISS ANNA C. JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. pp. 426.

The work of an observant lady, who visited Germany for the purpose of studying the people. She avoids the hackneyed topics that hundreds of travellers before her have described, and, going beneath the surface, gives us studies of character, at once valuable and original. It is a sound and reliable book, and will fill an almost utter void in our libraries. For sale by E. O. Libby & Co.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The news of the destruction of the Austria caused a most painful impression in all circles. The grief of the families who have lost members by the catastrophe is heart-rending. The insurance on the Austria is about £70,000, and will nearly cover her loss. She was insured in Europe, chiefly in Hamburg and London.—The British government has just renewed a contract with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company of Liverpool, for a period of six years, for the conveyance of the semi-monthly mail along the west coast of South America, from Panama to Valparaiso.—The Literary Gazette says there is a well grounded hope that Canada will next summer be visited by some prominent member of the royal family, if not by the queen and prince consort.—In France there are no signs of a more lenient treatment of the press, which had been hoped for. At Lyons the silk market continued to improve and prices had further advanced. This favorable movement is, in a great measure, ascribed to the arrival of orders for the American spring trade on a better scale than had been hoped.—Late letters from Constantinople confirm the statements of former arrivals, that a conspiracy existed there to get rid of the present Sultan, and replace him by his brother, Abdel Aziz. It is further stated, that the conspiracy had gone so far, that a majority of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople had thought proper to inform certain leading persons in the plot, that, if Abdel Aziz came to the throne by violent means, he would not be recognized by the European powers.—The French government proposes to maintain in the China seas a stronger naval squadron than in times past.—A false alarm of fire was raised at the Sheffield Music Hall during a concert, which created a panic among the audience, during which half a dozen were crushed to death, and many others were injured.—The American horse Prioreess won the great Yorkshire Handicap race at Lancaster.—Fears were entertained of an armed outbreak at Madrid.—Six detached fortresses were to be erected for the defence of Vienna.—Sir E. Lytton has made arrangements for opening a bank at Vancouver's Island, and ultimately in British Columbia.—The London musical public are shortly to have an opportunity of testing the merits of an American composer. Mr. George Bristow's opera of "Rip Van Winkle" is to be produced shortly at the Drury Lane Theatre.—A new company has been formed for purchasing the steamer Great Eastern, and running her to America.

Madame Ristori.

This great actress was lately playing the part of "Judith," at the theatre of St. Samuel at Venice. When she repeated the closing lines, "Teach my name to your children, and tell them that war against the foreigner who threatens the land the Eternal has given you for a country is holy," the audience burst forth with thunders of applause, and encored the passage. She repeated it, after waiting a moment to ask the permission of the Austrian policeman, who should have been at hand, but was absent. The fellow afterwards came into the green-room, and rebuked her for the liberty she had taken, when she answered his insolence with great spirit. The police dared not arrest Madame Ristori, as she was befriended by a very powerful person; but they have prohibited the performance of the play in Venice and the provinces.

Italian Brigands.

In the Diritto, of Turin, we find the following statement:—"The passage of the bridge of Bovino, on the main road leading from Ariano to Foggia, in the kingdom of Naples, has been rendered impracticable by the presence of brigands, whose audacity is boundless. A few days since, a carriage on the way from Manfredonia to Naples was attacked and pillaged. Two young ladies, torn from the arms of their mother, who had been wounded by the bandits, were dragged into the wood, where the urban guard of Bovino and Mantanto, going in pursuit of the robbers, found them next morning half dead. Great preparations are making to destroy this band of assassins, but it is said that yet bolder bands infest other parts of the kingdom."

Russia and China.

The czar is so delighted with the treaty with China, that he has created General Mouravioff Count d'Amour. A city, named Blagowitchensk, is to be founded at the confluence of the Amour and Sei. When a railroad shall have linked the Amour and St. Petersburg, China will be at the door of Europe; and Siberia—so long regarded as a frightful desert—will become an El Dorado. To operate these changes in the map of the world, and at the same time to change his monetary system—in which it appears that all that glitters is not gold—the czar would like to borrow a hundred millions of roubles—but that's a trifle.

M. de Pene.

Mr. Henry de Pene, whose duel with two French officers, in which one of them attempted to assassinate him, is fresh in the memory of our readers, writes to a friend, "I am definitively cured, completely and prosaically cured, cured with remission, without hope of relapse; with two insignificant clear-trices for my only consolation; condemned without appeal to society, to the galleys of the flesh, and the ball and chain of plumpitude." Hundreds of thousands will rejoice that this gay and gallant gentleman has escaped from the death which his epauletted antagonist sought to assign him.

The United States and Mexico.

The London Morning Post says the policy of the United States towards Mexico is believed to be against interference for the present, so when that country becomes debilitated by anarchy, she may fall an easy prey. The Times is apprehensive that the interests of European creditors in Mexico, amounting to £10,000,000, will be in serious jeopardy.

Madagascar.

France will probably wage war on and conquer Madagascar, if she can spare men and money enough. It would be an important acquisition, since she possesses, in the neighborhood, the islands of Reunion, Sainte Marie, Nossi Be and Mayotte—and it would be a compensation for the occupation and purchase of Perim by the English.

Chinese Medal.

The British government proposes to distribute medals to the soldiers and sailors of England and France engaged in the late Chinese war. Perhaps it would be better to wait and see whether the treaty of Tien-Tsing is not to be classed with the celestial diplomatic trickeries of former times.

India.

The Sepoys all admit that their cause is lost. The English have won the game; and as the rebels have only death to expect, they continue to fight on, that they may postpone as long as possible the fate which awaits them.

French Gold.

An unusual quantity of gold and silver coin is being coined in the Paris mint, believed to be for exportation. It is reported that gold has been discovered in the French colony of New Caledonia.

Carrara.

A terrible accident occurred lately in the famous Carrara marble quarries. A mine suddenly blew up, and killed forty workmen. Many of these unfortunates leave families.

Switzerland.

A malignant fever was raging at Basle. It attacks persons in the prime of life, many dying in a few hours. The town hospital was over-crowded.

Prussia.

Advices from Berlin reiterate the statement, that the Prince of Prussia will soon be declared Prince Regent.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

When the Russian army entered Warsaw, in 1795, it seized upon the library of nearly 400,000 volumes, which the Polish kings had been for centuries slowly accumulating. Many of them have been destroyed, but many of great value still remain, and the larger part are to be returned to the university of Warsaw. — It is stated that in 1857, 1425 original works and 201 translations were published in the empire of Russia. The number of books imported in the same year was 1,613,863 volumes, of which 3547 were forbidden and were returned. — Carlyle has gone to survey the famous battle-field of the seven years' war, with reference to his "History of Frederick the Great." — Prentice wishes that the individual who invented what was called the paying out machinery for the Niagara and Agamemnon, would get up a little machine of the sort, to be used in the case of every newspaper subscriber. — To purify the river Thames about two hundred and fifty tons of lime are every day thrown into it near the London sewers, at an expense of \$7500 per week. Men have also been engaged during the period of low water in covering both banks with lime. — Baron Dupin has published a curious speculation. He estimates that if London increases during the second half of this century as it increased during the first, the number of inhabitants in 1901 will be 5,816,900. — The island of Cuba, after paying the expenses of its own local government, contributes its excess of revenue—amounting annually to five millions of dollars—into the treasury of Spain. — John Angell James, at the advanced age of seventy-four, and in the fifty-fifth year of his ministry, has just published a new work, entitled "Christian Hope." The topic is as appropriate as it is beautiful; and the volume, suggested and enriched by his deep and wide experience, will without doubt serve to cheer many a traveller ready to pass through the "dark valley." — In the fifth week of July last (the most recent return made) there were 815,853 paupers receiving relief in England and Wales alone, against 812,392, in 1857. The increase extends to every week of the month. — The mode practised by the natives of the Pacific islands, when their canoes are upset at a distance from the shore, and with whom it is an object to save the boat as well as their lives is thus:—They sustain themselves by joining hands across the bottom of the boat, and use the other hand to paddle home, changing hands when fatigue prompts it. — Dr. J. W. Francis, the eminent physician, of New York, has recently lost \$67,000—nearly his entire property—through the untrustworthiness of an agent, who invested the money in an unsound speculation. — An extraordinary memorial has been addressed by five hundred and seven Austrian priests to the author of the "Concordat," the Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna. In this document the grievances of the priests are set forth in very energetic language. They demand a number of reforms, the most important of which is the abolition of celibacy.

A FRENCH DUEL.

A young French duke, of illustrious name (de Grammont), entered the Cirque de l'Impératrice, with a fair lady on his arm, and passed before a Sardinian nobleman, aid-de-camp to the gallant sovereign of Piedmont (Count de la Boccia). In passing, he bowed to the Sardinian, but the salute was not responded to. "Sir," said the duke, presently returning to the officer, "I believe that I am of sufficiently good family for my salutation to be returned."—"It does not please me to salute you, M. le Duc," was the reply. "Then I shall compel you to do it," retorted the other; and he removed the officer's hat from his head, and made a motion with it as if bowing to himself. A blow was the reply to this aggression. The next day the parties fought with swords. The Frenchman was wounded in the wrist, and the seconds put an end to the combat.

"A SKELETON BOAT-RACE."—We were terribly alarmed at this caption in one of our Philadelphia exchanges. We knew every man had a skeleton in his house, and we supposed, in our innocence, that some mode of galvanizing them had been discovered. Possibly, we thought, some prize attractive to skeletons had been discovered, and this was an effort to get rid of these domestic horrors. But it seems the boats are the skeletons—not the rowers. Skeleton boats are made sharp at both ends, and are rowed by one man. They are very light, weighing only about seventy-five pounds.

A NOVEL ARREST.—A sheriff's officer in Norwich made the following return, lately:—"Then and there, by virtue, etc., I arrested the body of the within named Quinlan, *forty feet high, on a white oak tree, in said Norwich;*" and one of the items of fees, as allowed by the court, we find reads "Paid assistance to climb tree and bring prisoner down, etc."

A PUZZLE.—The Spiritualists of Manchester, N. H., were a little confounded, lately, by the return from a whaling voyage of a person they had declared dead, and whose spirit had freely visited and rapped out the alphabet for them.

A GOOD ONE.—Soyer, the celebrated cook, who died recently in England, has had his epitaph written by some cockney, "Peace to his hashes."

Wayside Gatherings.

There is talk of sending a part of the army to Paraguay, to second the naval movements on foot against that republic.

The Concord Railroad has taken a lease of the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad for five years at \$15,000 a year.

The Cushman monument, which occasioned the gathering at Plymouth recently, is twenty-eight feet high and cost \$2500.

A cake sent to Eldridge, the St. Lawrence county (N. Y.) school teacher, who cruelly murdered his betrothed, was opened by the jailor, and found to contain a nice new razor.

The corner stone of the new Catholic College of St. Peter was recently laid at Troy, N. Y., in the presence of an audience of 10,000 people.

Three convicts have escaped from Sing Sing prison within a few days. Two of them were at work in a potato field, under the care of a keeper. It is said the discipline of the prison is so poor that the lives of the keepers are hardly safe.

At Rome, a short time ago, a mischievous boy, amused at the vast crinoline worn by a lady, contrived to set fire to it as she was crossing the Piazza della Casette. The poor lady was dreadfully burned, and expired the next day.

Paraguay is not wholly unprepared to receive our fleet with the honors of war. She has lately launched three war steamers, has three more on the stocks, has a large foundry at Asuncion, and keeps her ports on the river in good condition.

Great excitement exists at Lawrence, Kansas, and along the route, regarding the Pike's Peak gold mines, which are said to be as rich as those of California. Companies are leaving the borders nearly every day for the diggings.

The cashier of an insurance company in Kingsberg, lately stole 26,000 thalers. The police did not know whom to suspect, but learned the next day that the cashier had been seen digging in his garden in the night. They caused a search to be made there, and found four thousand thalers buried.

The potato rot does not extend to the Middle States, and the supply, it is now ascertained, will be abundant. The disease is chiefly confined to some sections of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, and does not operate badly upon the New York market, where potatoes are sold as low as \$1.25 per barrel.

Mr. LaMountain, the balloonist, says he shall pass the next winter at Troy, N. Y., and occupying himself in building an aerial ship, with a motive power of five tons, with which he will attempt to cross the ocean, and is confident that he will land within twenty-five miles of any given point in Europe.

At the Mount Vernon furnace, Penn., lately, a cow broke into a woman's garden for the forty-seventh time. The provoked woman became so exasperated at the cow, while turning her out, that she, by the intensity of her passion, ruptured internally a blood-vessel, and before medical aid could be rendered bled to death.

Printing has been happily designated as "the art which preserves arts." Printing makes the orator himself more than an orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the orator thunders in the ear of ages.

At Groveport, Ohio, a woman named Schilling threw her four children into a well thirty feet deep, and then jumped in herself. The children were three girls and a boy. The oldest twelve years and the youngest two years old. They were all taken out dead. The woman is supposed to have been insane.

A murderer named Lawless, for whose apprehension \$500 reward was offered, was arrested and taken before a justice of the peace at Cuddebackville, Orange county, N. Y., but who, after detaining him twelve hours, permitted him to go at large, being under the apprehension that he had no authority to detain him more than twelve hours.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided that pre-emptions of town sites on public lands accrue to the benefit of actual occupants naturally drawn to the point by the course of business and trade. This, if faithfully adhered to, breaks up the practice of the land speculators in establishing town sites by means of bogus occupants.

David L. Miller has invented a machine embracing the three principles of the wedge, lever and screw, with which a workman at the Norris Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, weighing 156 pounds, lifted with facility the enormous weight of 37,332 pounds—more than eighteen tons—merely by the application of his strength through his hands to the lever.

A few days since the wife of Mr. Williamson of Milford township, Butler county, Ohio, found an old Spanish half dollar in a closet of the homestead, and soon after a lot containing \$1700, in old Spanish silver coin. Mr. Williamson immediately restored the money to the heirs of the former owner, five in number, who, in return, presented to Mr. W. and his lady \$250.

Large bodies of ice have been observed in the Atlantic ocean recently. One was enormous in size, being two hundred feet high and four hundred feet long. At this season of the year, ice is seldom seen by voyagers, and the probability is the summer within the Arctic zone has been unusually powerful in setting free the mountains of ice in that region.

The British Admiralty are re-engraving and publishing, for the use of the commercial marine, the charts of the Parana and Paraguay rivers prepared by Commodore Page, U. S. N. The British government is fully aware of the importance of the fruitful field presented to England's commercial enterprise in the basin of La Plata, and will avail itself of every means for the extension of its trade into those fertile regions.

A newspaper correspondent at the Sweet Springs of Virginia, chronicles the arrival there of a snake charmer, who professes to tame the reptiles by mesmerism. He coils them about his neck and thrusts them into his bosom, as if they were skeins of silk or cotton. He takes a wild rattlesnake, tosses him about a number of times, and after looking him in the eye a few minutes, coils the snake round his neck perfectly docile.

The steam frigate building at New York, by William H. Webb, for the Russian government, is 6000 tons, and it is estimated will cost \$1,200,000. She is a 72 gun frigate, extreme length 320 feet, breadth of beam 55 feet, and depth of hold 34 feet. Her armament will consist of 38 8-inch shell guns (60-pounders) on the main deck, and 28 long 30-pounders, and about half a dozen of the Dahlgren's 8-inch guns on the spar deck.

In Paris, they complain much that ladies' dresses are worn so long that the lighted cigar matches thrown upon the pavement occasions their destruction. In the Rue Vivienne, lately, as a lady was quietly walking along, her dress came in contact with a burning match, and burst into flames. The lady raised piercing shrieks, and her husband attempted to extinguish the blaze, but did not succeed. Some workmen opened a water plug, and the conflagration was extinguished, but the lady was much injured. Curious idea—wasn't it.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is the creed of honesty always to hope goodness.—*Jerrold.*

.... A traitor is good fruit to hang from the boughs of the tree of liberty.—*Beecher.*

.... Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat—if only the right adversary overcomes you.—*Beecher.*

.... None know the full extent of present hate but those who have achieved that which will ensure the highest meed of future admiration.—*Lacon.*

.... Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.—*Colton.*

.... On the maternal bosom rests the spirit of nations, their manners, their prejudices, their virtues; in other terms, the civilization of the human race.—*Aime Martin.*

.... Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you only flatter one or two, you affront the rest.—*Twain.*

.... As a general rule—to which I have hardly seen an exception—superior men are their mothers' sons; they re-produce their moral impress, as well as their features.—*Michelet.*

.... Suffering, in this world, is both remedial and penal. When it is rightly received, it is remedial. When it is resisted, it becomes penal to him who resists, and admonitory to the spectator.—*Beecher.*

.... There is a sanctity in suffering, when meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.—*Jerrold.*

.... The heart of a woman is so formed that, however arid it may become in the breath of prejudices and the exigencies of etiquette, it will always have a fertile and smiling corner—it is that which God has consecrated to maternal love.—*Alexandre Dumas.*

.... In classes without education, the women are worth more than the men. In the higher classes, men are found to be superior to women. This is because men are more susceptible of being rich in acquired virtues, and women in native virtues.—*Joubert.*

Joker's Budget.

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israelite.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arh."

If you would know how a bull would look when his tail is twisted, just ask a man for that "little bill he owes you," when he is talking to a woman.

"Look here, Jim, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me."—"Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

"Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?"—"What am de use ob kicking every er what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de berry way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

An Irishman, who had just landed, said "the first bit of mato he ever ate in this country, was roasted potato—boiled yesterday. And if ye don't believe me, I can show it to ye, for I have it in my pocket."

"Well, Mr. Richards, how does my son get along with his grammar lesson?"—"He surpasses any pupil that ever I had."—"In what does he chiefly excel, sir?"—"In stupidity, sir. He surpasses any boy that ever I saw in that quality, sir."

A country girl, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she "looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew." "Well, it wasn't any feller by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me; I told him that every one in town would find it out."

Mr. John Smith has discontinued eating crabs, as he had eaten them so long, that everything he undertook went backward. He had a brother who dug a well, till he found he was getting down in the world, when he gave up the business and turned lamp-lighter. He then looked up a little.

A sermon was preached in the parish church of Crowle, by the Rev. H. Phillips, B. A., from "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Amongst the congregation was a female, who was dull of hearing, and on her return home, she told her husband that the reverend gentleman had taken for his text, "Except ye pay your rent, you must all go to the parish."

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BOAR HUNTING IN INDIA.

The spirited scene on this page represents one of the most exciting sports of the East, wild boar hunting, though of course it does not come up to that grandest of all field sports, hunting the royal Bengal tiger. We need not enter into any details of this sport, as it is by no means complicated, and the picture tells the whole story. Half a dozen British officers, well armed, equipped with pith hats, and with the truly British buckskins and top-boots, the best articles for riding in the world, are scouring across the country, dashing down banks, and clearing thickets at a bound, in pursuit of a wild boar. One of the adventurers has succeeded in planting the point of his lance in the back of the flying brute, and that the incision is anything but agreeable is manifested by the attitude of the unhappy swine, who is in a fair way of being converted into mess pork A No. 1. Latterly the poor fellows in India have pursued other game—men fiercer than the brutes of the jungle, and harder to be subdued. Many a gallant fellow, in that other and sterner game, has bit the dust, and been buried far away from "merrie England." We never see a picture or read a description of boar hunting, without a quiet laugh over an incident in the history of Napoleon the Great, who was passionately fond of this sport, and came near losing his life by it on one occasion when the boar turned to bay. When Napoleon I. came to Paris,

driven forth the contents into the woods, there to be slaughtered by the mighty hunter of Corsica. The moment Napoleon discovered the deception he galloped back to Paris, without exchanging a word with his host, and we suspect that he never thoroughly forgave Talleyrand for the trick he had played him.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

You'll never succeed—I'm sure of it. A child's intellect can't be forced without destroying its healthy tone. If it don't take to music or anything else naturally, it won't do so by all your driving. Poor little things! What a shame to be always cramming the scales into them before they know harmony from discord; it only breeds discord in their little hearts. Bless them! How it grieves me to see them plodding over "In my cottage near a wood," "God save the Queen," or "Once upon a time," instead of playing in the bright green fields, forming daisy chains, and making dandelions tell what's o'clock! Depend upon it, nature is the best teacher. Well, and what if the children are called romps, shaking their curls back, and showing their pretty dimples as they come bounding into the room? Isn't it much better than to see them sitting bolt upright on the edge of a chair, pursing their pretty lips into a grim smile, because "Little children should be seen and not heard?" Poor little darlings, how I pity you! Perhaps

ENGLISH CELEBRITIES.

Henry J. Raymond, in one of his letters from London to the New York Times, thus gives his impressions of sundry English celebrities in Parliament and in the pulpit:—"There are not very many members of the House of Commons who would pass with us for eloquent men. Fluency—so common with us—is rare even among public men in England. The Earl of Derby, in the Lords, and Mr. Gladstone, in the House, are perhaps the best debaters in Parliament. Nothing can exceed the ease, the grace, the perfect finish and eloquence of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Mr. Bright is more like our most effective orators than any other English member. He is clear, strong, and thoroughly in earnest. Lord Palmerston, whose speeches when read are so perfect, has a very bad delivery, and Lord John Russell's is but little better. Mr. Disraeli, who leads the House, is solemn and affected to the last degree, and would scarcely be heard with patience by an American audience. With all these men the matter is of more importance than the manner. Indeed, the English seem to have a prejudice against fluency in speech, though I was a little surprised to find the Saturday Review, in a recent number, denouncing a proposed improvement in elocution, on the ground that *lack* of readiness in expression of one's thoughts was pre-eminently an English characteristic, of which the nation was justly proud, and which must by no means



BOAR HUNTING IN INDIA.

he was ignorant of the natural history of France, and one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, expressed a desire to have a boar hunt. The wily politician, who was daring enough to indulge in a jest at the expense of a man who afterwards shook the world with his nod, stated, without hesitation, that there was excellent boar hunting on his estate at Autun. Bonaparte soon tested his hospitality, and after a good dinner, took his boar-spear and rode forth in quest of adventures. Soon a boar crossed his path, which he slew without any trouble. A few paces further on he encountered another boar, which he slew also. This was glorious sport. The little great man's sallow cheeks flushed with exercise, and he galloped on, leaving the game to be taken care of by the prickers and beaters. A shout from a thicket, and another boar burst forth and was speared. Another and another yet were added to his spoils. It seemed as if a hecatomb of victims were to swell the glory of the Corsican Nimrod. His arm began to grow tired with the wholesale slaughter. Strange that he had never heard of this plethora of wild game in the neighborhood of the great French capital. He could not account for it. At last he detected a beater in the very act of flogging a reluctant specimen of the porcine species into the path of the mighty huntsman. Then the whole truth flashed upon him. Instead of being a boar hunter he was only a pig killer. The audacious wug who had invited him to Autun, had ransacked all the pigstyes in the neighborhood, and

I have a curious taste—perhaps not. I like out-door flowers better than hot-house plants. There they are in simple beauty—natural, graceful, strong and healthy. Look at those forced hot-house beauties. Directly they feel the rough wind of nature, they droop and die. So it is with forcing children's intellects. They appear for a while dazzling and bright. When they mix with the rough, rude world they either become selfish and conceited, or droop and die. Better far to see them in their natural simplicity and innocence of heart—kind and loving, forgetful of self; treasures indeed to their parents in after life. Yes, yes—to govern by love is far better than to rule by fear. How cheerfully they run to obey your request! How pleased and happy they look when you reward them with a smile, or a word of approval! It is all they wish, for it is the greatest boon that can be given. Look at that poor thing yonder—see with what a frightened, startled look it flies to execute its parent's commands! Such obedience is only forced, it can't be natural; it doesn't come from the heart. A smile, a loving look, a kind word, does more good with a child than all your angry words. How deceitful, too, fear makes children! If they do anything wrong, they are afraid to acknowledge it to their parents, and when questioned, deny it for fear of the consequences. Teach them to confide in you, to bring all their little troubles, joys and fears to your bosom; sympathize with them, and they will reward your love with truth and affection.

be intertered with. This is certainly carrying national prejudices to the extreme.—I went to hear another English celebrity—Mr. Spurgeon, who continues to preach to enormous congregations, and with undiminished popularity, which it is not easy to explain or understand. He is neither able nor eloquent. He is excessively common-place in both matter and manner. He has a clear voice, very great fluency in the construction and utterance of sentences, and a certain directness in his style of thought and expression. But he is excessively shallow, and frequently sophistical to a degree absolutely insulting to the understanding of his hearers. There are at least half a dozen clergymen in New York who are not only far abler preachers, but who would seem to have the elements of popularity in a far greater degree. Dr. Cumming, the expounder of prophecy and the Apocalypse, preaches to crowded congregations and with more ability than Mr. S. I suspect something of the popularity of both these men is due to the fact that they *speak* their sermons instead of singing them. I heard the celebrated Frederick Denison Maurice preach a very able and interesting discourse at the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn; but it was done with a sing-song tone which differed but little from an unsuccessful attempt at chanting, and which rendered it almost impossible for me to follow him. It must be pleasant for a congregation, in contrast to such preaching, to hear a sermon which they can understand."

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THE PRINCESS DOROTHEA, OF SAXE-HAUSEN.

We have placed on this page a portrait of the Princess Dorothea, of Saxe-Hausen, a sweet and modest face, yet one of those which a physiognomist would at once pronounce as indicative of a capability for deep and earnest affection, and indeed her story is sufficiently romantic to justify the space we have devoted to it. It illustrates, moreover, the mental tortures to which those who wear the coronet are subjected from the stern requirements of rank and etiquette. The loveliest face that shines at a court is forced to wear an iron mask; and the freedom of a princess is as much circumscribed as if, instead of jewelled bracelets, she wore "gyves upon her wrists." The malevolent fairy who used to persecute the princess in the fairy tale, is not one half so malignant as the demon of Court Etiquette, particularly the etiquette of a German court; and the smaller the principality or duchy, the sterner are the rules that govern it. The "mediatization" of a swarm of these petty potentates was not among the worst things Napoleon did, when that haughty *parvenu* remodelled the map of Europe. But to the subject of our sketch. That the Princess Dorothea was beautiful we need not assert—for her portrait attests her claims to admiration on that score. She was moreover graceful, and highly accomplished and educated, and accordingly an object of general interest, admiration and esteem at her father's court. Her secretary and tutor was a young man of a good, but unhappily not a noble family, of Stuttgart, named Max Von Schlesingen—a handsome, brilliant and fascinating youth, who fell madly in love with the princess. He dared even to intimate his passion—and Dorothea, a woman though a princess, could not chide him for its avowal. But one day a terrible scene occurred. The princess announced that she had received an offer of marriage from the Duke of L.—and that she had felt bound to accept it. After vehement expostulations, the private secretary, overwhelmed by his emotions, fell to the floor. The princess, agonized and remorseful, bent over him, lavished every care upon him, and sought to recall him to life by giving utterance to every endearing epithet. Unfortunately the latter part of this scene was witnessed by the chamberlain, who had come to summon her to her father's presence. The prince sent for Max, chid him for his presumption, and ordered him to leave the court. The princess was now commanded to marry the duke, as the only means of softening her father's anger and averting a terrible fate from her lover. Max Von Schlesingen had not yet quitted the court, the prince having found himself in need of his services as secretary—the pending negotiations rendering his great abilities necessary. Strictly forbidden to be seen in the neighborhood of the princess's apartments, yet reminded every hour, by letters and documents he was copying, of the treasure he had lost, the pain he endured may be readily understood. But he was not the less determined to see the princess, and to learn from her own lips his final sentence; for even to know that she still loved him would sweeten his banishment—to feel that he yet held a place within her esteem would be a grateful sense of relief. Some few evenings after the scene we have described took place,

and mystery and fear, recrimination and discord, had passed in the household between those most interested, the princess was seated in her chamber, a grand piano being open before her, over which her fingers wandered vaguely, drawing, nevertheless, some wondrous but sad chords, which served to express the melancholy of her mind, while the mournful, drooping eyes filled unconsciously with tears, as the notes thus awakened recalled back to her some fancy more or less tender, some emotion more deep, some memorial more delicious, and unconsciously associating themselves with the recollection of the hapless Max. An attendant, on whose fidelity she had the most reliance, was in waiting, doing some embroidery or needlework, when she suddenly aroused her mistress by uttering an exclamation of terror. Turning round her head, the princess beheld Max himself, with dishevelled hair, his visage pale and wan, misery and anguish in his eyes—who, rushing forward, fell on his knees, saying—"Dorothea! O, beloved one! Do I behold you once again?" The princess trembled, for besides his liberty, his very life was in danger. "O, rash

for your sake, I am willing to take my sentence of banishment. Say you pardon me, you pity me, you do not utterly forget me, and I go, never to cross your path more!" "I pity, I forgive, I—I cannot forget you, Max!" And she held forth her hand, which he devoured with kisses; and for an instant, a brief moment, carried away by the force of her passion, the beautiful maiden, bending down her stately head over him, let her lips touch his pale forehead in a parting kiss, while Max, losing all control, sprang to his feet and drew her unresisting to his bosom, wildly kissing her brow and murmuring in broken words his wild and frantic love. "O, your highness—Herr Von Schlesingen!" cried the attendant, who had been stricken dumb with surprise as this unexpected scene passed rapidly before her eyes. "Here comes the grand chamberlain and a guard! Fly, escape, or your life will be forfeited to your temerity!" Ere, however, Max had time to escape from the chamber, and before he could loosen her fainting arms from the hold they had taken upon him, a rude grasp was on his shoulder, and a sinister voice sounded in his ears. "Ho,

traitor, here again, in defiance of the commands of his serene highness, the prince! Arrest him, sirs; first to the dungeon of the Schloss, and next—"Release him, I command you!" cried the princess, stamping her foot with passion. "Your highness will pardon me, but I have your royal father's commands," replied the chamberlain. "It is useless!" cried Max. "Plead no more for me, sweet princess. Take my blessing, and eternal adieu!" And despite her cries and protestations, Max was hurried away. She never saw him more. His name was never heard of; neither his person seen among the living. What his ultimate fate was, could never be distinctly known. Exile or death, it was all one. The princess was soon wedded to the duke, and a round of revelry and festivities may have helped to obliterate the humble lover from her memory. It is an old story. Dorothea is not the only princess to whom the exercise of the natural affections are denied, and



THE PRINCESS DOROTHEA, DAUGHTER OF THE SOVEREIGN OF SAXE-HAUSEN.

and misguided youth, do you defy your fate? Who is it that has done this?" she exclaimed. "I—I alone am to blame!" he said. "Do you think I could longer endure my misery, that I could exist without beholding you?" "You tempt danger! You menace us both with ruin!" she exclaimed. "I fear naught for myself," rejoined Max. "Better death than exile from you, princess! Better imprisonment, if I may but breathe the same air with you, than banishment and absence from you! Have you not said you loved me?" he fiercely added. "Why did you tempt me from my duty, Max?" she asked, in turn. "Was it generous in you to wrest my secret from me? Why did you destroy those hallucinations which the artificial life of a court had familiarized me with?—and for the splendor, glitter and servility which surround me, awake within me perceptions of that happiness which never, never can be mine? O, Max, it was a bitter wrong!—and the wrong is all the more, that having once broken the tie, you force yourself before me, compromising my reputation and endangering yourself." "For myself, I care not what becomes of me," he retorted, with a desperate calm which frightened her. "But

whose fond feelings and better nature are sacrificed upon the altar of convention, to the proprieties of royalty and etiquette. The marriages of crowned heads are seldom based upon the affections of the heart. They are matters of state policy, and are conducted by grave, gray-headed diplomatists in the recesses of cabinets, and are subjects of speculation, intrigue and corruption. The bride frequently never sees her partner for life till she meets him at the altar. But motives of state policy cannot quell the promptings of the heart, nor make endurable the annoyances of a long life. Hence, too often the roof of a palace covers two persons who either hate each other with the bitterst hatred, or drag along a lengthening chain in disgust. The man, in these ill-assorted unions, often avenges himself by a violation of the laws both of God and man, setting an example of corruption for his people—while the woman consumes her heart in silent grief and rage. It was motives of policy which made Napoleon the Great repudiate his adored Josephine to whom he owed his rise, and marry the false Austrian, a step which did not produce the results which he anticipated, but from which his decadence was dated.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —OR— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The governor of Palermo had seen Porporato, for he had robbed his villa in broad daylight, because he had boasted at the court of Naples that he would bring Porporato bound hand and foot to the prison of Castel-Vecchio.

"Why dream of Porporato!" exclaimed Athol, springing up.

The dews had begun to fall—the sun was setting, golden and bright beneath the dancing waters. Athol was in the middle of the beach, a few yards from a collection of fishing huts. A few hasty steps, and Athol paused and looked towards the sea. "The wind is contrary, I have two hours yet." Then he turned and walked quickly towards the fishing huts. The door of the first hut was open. He entered, but found nothing at all. The next was equally deserted. Athol called several times, but received no answer. In the third hut, around which was a flourishing garden, he found a pickaxe and spade. He called again, but received no answer. A thought came to him:

"It is the 15th of October—I know where they are."

Finding it useless to call, the young adventurer took the pick and spade in exchange for six ducats which he placed upon the table. Leaving the hut, Athol turned his steps towards Brentolu, and as he walked he murmured to himself:

"Poor sainted Monteleone! If I had only had such a father! A quarter of a mile from here I can find the ruins of the forge, and the other ruins."

Athol now scaled the rocky shore, and before entering the woods in the direction of Martorello he looked again towards the sea. His face brightened. He saw a light felucca.

"Let's see if they have good eyes!" exclaimed Athol; and from the little deserted inspector's office he waved a white kerchief.

A few minutes passed.

"Ruggieri wishes to take a nearer view!" said Athol. But even as he spoke, a large black flag floated from the masthead, waved a moment, then was taken in.

A minute afterwards he descended the rocks and followed the source of the river. Athol looked eagerly round, marking each object.

"Brave Baptista did not lie," he murmured, with a shade of disappointment in his voice. "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in barren Martorello. An old inhabitant might perhaps recognize it; but I, I lose all trace."

He stopped on a bank, above the meadow, surrounded by the brilliant flowering cactus. At the foot of the bank was a mass of white stones. Athol took out his pocket-book and studied a plan contained therein.

"These forges were immense. There must have been a little city round here. There remains not one stone above another." Athol looked round and saw among the flowers and leaves a white cross. "The cross is upon the plan. I am not wrong—I shall succeed. My heart beats. The interest I take in this affair is strange. From beginning to end there has been something strangely solemn to me. How can I explain this interest—I who have passed through so many exciting scenes with perfect sang froid? Why have I made so many efforts to find the obscure servant, that Manuelus, to whom was addressed that letter from the dead? How interpret the childlike joy I felt when I left the letter for him? He was absent, but I waited a long time. I have regretted since that I didn't wait longer still—wait till I saw him. I do not know Mario Monteleone. I never saw him in life, and I cannot tell why his memory haunts me. Why do I tremble when I hear his name? I think of him as of a beloved master—I who never saw him. I, who am so volatile and inconstant, can never forget the dungeon where he died. And here am I, after some years, wandering in this desolate village after I know not what idle dream of folly. A force beyond myself urges me on. It is God. I seek for something—it may be a treasure or a secret."

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT AMONG THE RUINS.

ATHOL sought for something among the ruins, he knew not what himself—he was impelled by an unknown power. The sun had nearly set. As Athol sat thinking, he started, for he thought he heard a voice, a sigh quite close to him. He listened, but it was only the wind among the leaves. He studied the plan he held in his hand attentively.

"Let me see," murmured he; "the pavilion of happiness should be in the centre of the great wall, to the southeast of the forge. If I only knew where the forge was—"

"Here!" distinctly pronounced a voice among the bushes behind him.

With a bound, Athol gained the thicket, but could see nothing, no one. Returning to his seat he saw a vast parallelogram traceable by the rows of stones.

"The pavilion ought to be here," said he, stepping on to a little mound.

"No," replied the mysterious voice again, very distinctly.

"Where then?" asked our adventurer, bravely.

The voice pronounced as it had done before, "Here!"

Athol followed the sound with his eyes, and paused in astonishment, for he saw a white female form. Twilight was but a feeble light to see by. The figure was standing where he had been sitting.

"Stay! do not fly!" he exclaimed, while he walked slowly and carefully towards the spot.

The vision did not vanish as he expected. It was a tall, elegant woman, clad in a white robe, and from her shoulders floated a mantle of the same color. A white veil was thrown over her head, and was held back from the beautiful face with one delicate white hand.

"And why should I fly, signor?" she asked, extending her arms towards Athol. "You were noble and good when I was alive. You loved me. Do I not remember the tears that stood in your eyes when we plighted our vows before the altar of the Holy Virgin in the convent of Corpo Santo? You are still young and handsome, Mario Monteleone. You are the only one left, Mario; all the rest are like me—dead."

"She is insane," thought Athol.

"It does not astonish me, count, that you do not recognize your wife, when you know not your own home."

The wind raised her veil. She paused, and crossed her arms upon her breast. Athol, standing at the foot of the bank, gazed at her.

"How splendidly beautiful she must have been once," he thought. "Was it here that the pavilion of pleasure once stood?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sad smile.

"And under the pavilion was a subterranean retreat?"

"A cool retreat, and on our wedding day it was dressed with flowers, Mario. How can you have forgotten it?" exclaimed the poor insane creature, with an accent of indescribable sadness.

"In digging here where I stand will I find this retreat?" the young adventurer asked, very gently.

The woman descended from the bank.

"There!" said she, pointing to a spot with her tiny foot.

Athol seized his pickaxe and began to work. The moon now shone through the branches of the trees, and fell in silvery light upon the pale, spectre-like figure of the woman, who seated herself on the edge of the bank.

"You were strong formerly," said she; "but the stones of the vault are very heavy. What are you looking for in that tomb?"

The pick sounded against the stones.

"Is there no entrance here?" asked Athol, with his face bathed in sweat.

The woman smiled a sweet, sad smile.

"I do not weep any more, yet I suffer, suffer and die. But I remember—how comes it that you have lost your memory?"

Athol propped his pickaxe and took her hand, a tiny white hand, as cold as ice.

"I pray you," said he, gently, "point out the entrance, for unless you do, I must dig for it."

The insane woman looked at him with a fixed glance.

"How can you forget, you, who sealed up the door the day I died? You wished the temple of our young loves should become henceforth a tomb. Ah, you loved me well!"

Her head dropped, and the rich dark hair fell over her face.

"What are the motives of God?" murmured she. "He who should be an old man, with gray hair above a wrinkled face, is—" She stopped, raised her head. "Are you really Mario Monteleone?"

Before Athol could answer, the noise of a cannon sounded on the still air—a pause, then the bells of the convent tolled. At the cannon shot the mad woman trembled, then raising her head she listened to the convent bells. She looked at the young adventurer with terror in her dark eyes.

"What is that?" asked Athol.

"It is vengeance," murmured the woman. "It is a prayer. Who is to be avenged—a dead man? Who pray they for—for the dead?" She trembled in every limb as she listened. "The dead, whom they avenge," she pronounced, painfully, "the dead for whom they pray—is it you, is it you, Mario?"

Athol saw her fluter, and sought to sustain her.

"The knell is for you, for you the murder. I remember; it is seven years since they put you in the earth. Great God! I have a fear that I am not dead! If I was only crazy! My children! Who speaks to me of my children!"

Her arms fell by her side and tears rolled down her face. The wind bore to the listeners the solemn knell.

"I go; I go!" responded the woman to this call. "They cannot begin without me, who am the widow!"

Her white dress slipped between Athol's fingers, and she vanished like a vision. He remained immovable. The sad story of Mario Monteleone came to him.

"Three children lost. This woman was their mother, who lost her reason the day this vault was closed. Are they dead or living? And why have the traitors allowed this poor woman to live? Am I to become the guardian of the orphans? Shall I become mixed up in this diabolical history? A good, noble emotion fills my wayward heart. I have the last will of that noble man, now a martyr at the feet of God. It was not addressed to me. By hard study for seven days and nights I deciphered the mysterious words traced on the walls of his dungeon. I transcribed them with my blood upon the collar of my shirt. I read them often, because they tell me a soul is above who prays for me."

The young man drew from his pocket-book a piece of linen, upon which was traced in pale red certain mysterious characters. Underneath these signs was written in pure French the following:

"In the name of the All-powerful God, decipher these letters yourself, or carry these characters to one of the Knights of the Iron Ring. If you do that, be you thief or murderer, Monteleone will pray for you."

"I did not go to the knights," said Athol, with a proud smile. "I sought, for I had time while a prisoner, and found the key to the secret, and I can read the mysterious writing. It is this: 'The will of Monteleone is under the third stone, counting from the door.' Under the stone I found the letter addressed to Manuelus and a plan of these ruins. Lost child as I have always been, never hearing the name of God spoken save as an oath, my heart throbbed when I read the prayer of the sainted Monteleone. Since that day I have been with the zingaras of Egypt, the pirates of the Ionian Seas, as well as with the smugglers of the French coast. I know the story of the noble Monteleone. The gipseys told it to me, so did the pirates and smugglers; and it seemed to me the will of God when I was placed in the dungeon of Pizzo, where that blessed man breathed his last sigh. In the writing which I found under the third stone, he says:

"I was too happy. God struck me twice in my happiness. He tore from me my first born. I awoke from my dream and worked for those around me, but the great displeasure of Heaven was not yet appeased. My two children were taken from me, the heart of my wife was broken and her reason gone. Barbara, my cousin, pitied me. Now in compassion God calls his weary servant to him. The world thinks the chastisement is unjust, for I die faithful to Ferdinand, my master and my king—in my eyes it is the sword of mercy which touches me. I recommend my wife to my friends. She will not suffer long. I hope soon to meet her in a happier world. I go to meet my children if they are dead. My oldest son must now be a young man; and the two little children—if they are living, may Heaven in mercy send them a protector. I would like to give them to the care of my relations, my cousin Barbara. I commit them now to the care of the Holy Virgin Mary and their Saviour. I ask pardon of my first born," continued the writing of Monteleone, "for having ceased to weep for him when I stood beside the cradles of my babes. I here recognize him solemnly as my oldest son, Mario, Count of Monteleone, in case Heaven has preserved his life. To him I give the guardianship of my wife, his mother, and my two dear children, his brother and sister. He to whom God shall entrust the care of executing my last wishes will find in a place indicated on the accompanying chart what I hold dearest on earth: the fortune and secret of Monteleone, the entire future of his race. Failing to discover the place himself, let him find a faithful servitor called Manuelus, and give to him these papers."

After reading this writing, Athol raised his handsome face flushed with eagerness.

"He has slept seven years. Seven years—I was then only a child, and knew nothing of this. I know now, I shall know now how to make the mysterious characters arms to serve my need." Raising his eyes, he added: "Weep not, my master, my determination is taken. If I have been tardy, I will lose no more time. I am ambitious. Thy son and thy daughter shall find in me a protector in place of the eldest son, whose part I will take if he is not found. I ask only thy name, Mario Monteleone, till thy eldest son be found."

Athol now eagerly studied the plan. On it the temple of happiness was distinctly marked by a cross.

"The door is there," said Athol.

He instantly began to dig away the moist earth. At the end of a quarter of an hour the upper cornice of the door was exposed. Then Athol understood the last words of the missive. An enormous block of marble, firmly cemented, was before him.

"My pickaxe will do nothing against that. I must use powder."

With his pickaxe he worked slowly and steadily. The bells of the convent still sounded on his ear—slowly, sadly. At last the point of his pick made a hole in the cement. He looked again at the manuscript. These lines he read, which were traced beneath the plan:

"I conjure, in the name of God, the one who becomes the executor of my last wishes, to make, before entering this sanctuary where all I held dear in this world is shut up, an oath before Christ, if he be a Christian, or upon the head of his mother, if he does not believe in the Redeemer, to employ the arms hidden here only for the good of my children!"

"Noble count!" exclaimed Athol, in a voice full of feeling; "whatever may be the treasure, whatever mystery shall be unfolded to me this night, I am a Christian, and swear by Christ, our Saviour, to employ my knowledge only for the safety and happiness of thy race. Art thou content?"

The slow tolling bells of the convent was the only answer. Athol opened his valise and took from it some powder, which he inserted in the hole just made. He struck the stone with his knife. The sparks flashed, and the train of powder was lighted. Athol had just time to spring from the spot when there was a loud explosion, and the heavy marble slab and carved cornice fell to the ground. The sanctuary was laid bare. The rays of the moon penetrating the opening, flashed on a white marble niche, and carved walls. There stood the bridal bed and two cradles. Athol entered with a beating heart. He paused, oppressed with a feeling of awe. The sight of the two empty cradles filled his heart with sadness. Athol looked back to his own childhood. No remembrance of a mother's or a father's tenderness came to him. He remembered being on the deck of a vessel. There was a noise of a fierce struggle. That was all. From that day his recollections were varied; a gipsy life; years spent on the deck of a pirate vessel; others among the mountains; never a mother's care. Chance now placed in his hands a strange secret, perhaps

untold treasure. A new life opened before his eyes, as kneeling upon the marble floor of that sanctuary, the tomb of the happiness of a noble man, Athol in an earnest voice renewed his solemn vow to the sainted Mario Monteleone.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOILED ASSASSINS.

SEATED side by side in the garden belonging to the inn, Julian and Celeste looked back to their childhood, these two poor children who, like Athol, had never known a father's or a mother's care. Julian being the oldest remembered most, and he it was who spoke.

"I can remember, Celeste, of our arriving one evening, a summer evening, in Sicily. The skies were black, and the sea calm; a fine, cold rain was falling. I was told that at the end of the voyage I should find my mother. A man had charge of us, who obliged us to call him father. This man often got drunk, and then he beat us. This man bought a mean little cottage in the valley of Mazzaro. Every month he went to a neighboring city to get money, why I know not. One day, Celeste, you remember that, he bent us to make us work in the fields. From that day he earned by us each day about twenty-one cents. Every day we had to eat nothing but oat-meal porridge, often utterly unpalatable from being burned. Sometimes he would go away and remain several weeks. This man's name was Thibaut. His native place was Marseilles, where he left a wife and five poor children. During one of these absences we met a traveller, sitting beside the road, apparently worn out with fatigue. I was then ten and you eight, sister. We led him to the hut and gave him water. Dost remember that, sister?"

"Yes, yes, Julian," eagerly exclaimed the young girl. "I remember too how, when he had looked at us closely, he held out his arms and called us to him, saying he was our father."

"Thibaut returned drunk, as usual. When he was tipsy he often swore he would sell us for a tari—about seventeen sous our money. When Thibaut entered the stranger left, but soon returned leading two horses by the bridle. He threw a tari upon the table, and told us if we followed him we should find our father, who had searched for us a long time. He told us also that we had a father who was a lord. Thibaut, who had lain in a state bordering upon insensibility on his bed, here groaned, and the stranger, who gave his name as Manuelus Giudicelli, seized you in his arms and led me out of the house. He placed me on one horse and springing on the other took you up in front. The times were unsettled, for king Ferdinand wished to regain his kingdom. It was in 1815. Manuelus traversed all Sicily, and stopped only on the sea-shore in a little hamlet not far from Catania. There was a convent near the village, and the charge of our education he committed to a good monk. Many times we sat reading while Manuelus watched us.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Suddenly he was absent; the absence which I mentioned in the diligence. You know the rest as well as I, my sister. He told us we were French, and that we were proscribed. God, he said, wished us to devote our lives to him. Sometimes he said that, but lately he has spoken of a brilliant future, a rich heritage."

The two children listened to the words of the old man, whom they loved with all their heart; but when he spoke of riches and power, they smiled sadly, for they felt afraid his mind wandered. So they turned their attention to their studies, and the only life that seemed open for them—the life in a cloister. Such was the situation of the brother and sister, when they received an urgent letter from Manuelus, requesting them to meet him at the inn of Corpo Santo at Martorello. So perfect was their love and trust in the old man whom they looked on in the light of a father, that these two innocent children unquestioning, obeyed his request, and soon found themselves safe in the inn and clasped in the kind old man's arms.

Seated side by side, the brother and sister talked of the future.

"Julian," said Celeste, "there is no matter what happens to us now. We have need neither of riches nor grandeur, since we are so soon to be shut up from the world in a cloister."

The tone made Julian look attentively at the young girl. There was in her voice a sort of despairing resignation. He asked, earnestly, "Celeste, do you not take pleasure in the prospect? Is it possible that you do not wish to enter a convent?"

"Brother, I must tell you my thoughts if I die. True, I have made up my mind to that life, and shall be cheerful when once I enter upon it; but now, now, while it is a little ways off, I shudder. Ah, Julian, they tell me life is full of trouble, disappointments and corroding care. I—I cannot believe it. I would rather discover the truth of it by experience."

As the young girl spoke, she raised her head proudly and perhaps defiantly; then she asked, earnestly:

"Julian, have you no regrets? Freely, willingly, do you embrace a monastic life?"

At these questions the lips of the young student grew pale and his eyes grew sad. He did not answer the question immediately, and when he did, it was an evasive answer. Celeste did not seem satisfied, but she went on talking in a low, sweet tone.

"Then," said Julian, suddenly, after having listened to the series of arguments his sister had used, "you think, that placed as we are upon the threshold of the theatre called the world, I should watch well young men while you examine young girls, to prove the truth of the fallacy of Father Jerome's lessons? Ah, Celeste, logic often deceives itself."

"I said, Julian, that all I needed in order to know the world, was to see a young girl living in the world."

"By the same reason it is sufficient for me to watch a young man living in the world?"

"Yes, Jerome II!" cried Celeste, laughing gaily. "Now we will take for our study two young people, a brother and sister; for example, the young Count and Countess Doria."

A voice behind the two young people said:

"There is the carriage and suite of the Count and Countess Doria coming along the road."

Both rose and went to the lattice which overlooked the road. Through the vine-covered trellis the two children could see the handsome equipage as it came along the road.

Behind the inn was a small garden. There Manuelus and the inn-keeper conversed together. The good landlord seemed to think Manuelus wandering, and treated all his remarks as chimerical. This displeased the old man and he suddenly exclaimed, haughtily:

"I cannot make you feel that it is a warning from the sainted dead. Some people are always skeptical. Will you lend me pick-axe and spade?"

The inn-keeper, startled by the tone, gave the required articles; then left to welcome the young count and countess.

Two esquires on horseback rode up. Behind them came two valets wearing splendid livery, and armed to the teeth. Then came the travelling carriage; after the carriage, four gend'arms. With eager eyes Julian and Celeste looked at the two young travellers; Julian at Count Loredan, and Celeste at the beautiful Angelia. Wholly wrapt in the contemplation of the young man, Julian saw not the beautiful blue eyes of the countess fixed upon him; neither did Celeste, eager to examine the features of one of her own sex who had lived in the world she had been taught to look upon as so full of wickedness, notice that the dark eyes of Loredan Doria were fixed in almost spell-bound admiration on her face. As they gazed, the carriage rolled under the gateway and was lost to sight. The two young people turned away with a sigh, as one turns from an exquisite picture or awakes from a beautiful dream. Around them they heard the servants of the inn speaking the praises of the beauty, goodness and wealth of the young nobleman and his sister. One man, the cook, said to his companion:

"Seven years ago it used to be said, 'Next to a Bourbon a Monteleone; next to a Monteleone a Doria.' Now it is, next to a Bourbon a Doria. There is no Monteleone, and the king divides between the Dorias the domains of Mario Monteleone."

Loredan Doria and his sister were perfect types of romantic beauty, and their beauty was enhanced by an expression of purity and nobleness. Loredan was about thirty years old, and his sister ten or twelve years younger. Both were devoted to each other.

While Julian and Celeste sat talking of the two travellers, Manuelus joined them. He seemed a prey to feverish excitement. He held in one hand a pick-axe, in the other a spade. He spoke as if in a dream:

"Yes, yes, grandeur, riches, nobility. The birds shall to-day spread their wings and soar up into the blue sky. Those who have just arrived, travelling in so much style, are rich and noble; there are others more rich and noble than they. After Bourbon, Monteleone; after Monteleone, Doria! Julian, you shall be a handsome count. Look at me, Celeste—I have seen many princesses—you have the eyes of a queen. May God aid us, my dear children. I remember when the Dorias begged their bread upon the high-roads. Sleep, children; providence watches over you!"

So saying, Manuelus extended his hand as if in benediction; then turned and plunged into the woods towards the shore. Julian and Celeste looked after him with tears in their eyes. It was not the first time the kind old man had so spoken to them, and they feared his reason was leaving him.

Meanwhile, preparations were steadily going on in the inn. Supper was being prepared for the young travellers. Upon one of the terraces outside of the inn to the southeast, commanding a view of the glancing, purple waves, Loredan and Angelia sat while their supper was being prepared. Nearly completely hidden by the vine-covered lattice, sat Julian and Celeste, eagerly watching the two young travellers, who were gay and merry. This time, however, their objects of scrutiny were changed. Julian looked with a beating heart at Angelia, and Celeste fixed her large dark eyes upon the young count. Behind Loredan was the world. Celeste was not mistaken in that point. She saw the world reflected in a magic mirror, which was the brother, not the sister. Julian, too, looked with enraptured eyes. Love was the mirror he saw his life in. A paradise, but lost to him. His heart already became sad.

It was a beautiful autumn evening, calm and refreshing. Celeste and Julian, turning their heads at the same time, saw a bright light flash for a moment upon a little hill leading to Monteleone. The hill stood relieved against the crimson evening sky. The top of the hill was crowned by branching trees and thick underbrush. A red flitting light was seen among the branches. Celeste and Julian looked towards the spot where they had first seen the light. At first there was nothing; then it was evident that something was moving cautiously among the bushes. Looking yet more attentively, Celeste thought she saw a human face in the darkness. Then a moment afterwards, a second light flashed in the bushes. Julian said, "Do you remember the Catanian hunter whose double-barrelled gun seemed to us like a bright light among the trees? He was higher up than we, and the barrel caught the last lingering rays of the sun, and—"

"There are two men!" whispered Celeste.

Julian's scientific explanation was interrupted by his sister. Placing his hand above his eyes, he whispered:

"You are right; there are two armed men."

Celeste began to tremble; but why, she could not tell. She

looked with all the power of her eyes, and could distinguish two heads half hidden in the bushes.

"What are hunters doing in this place at this hour?" exclaimed Julian.

One of the men seized with both hands the branches of a young tree growing upon the edge of the bank, and let himself down. The other threw himself flat on his face on the earth, and seemed to wait for his companion.

"They are not hunters!" said Celeste, whose forehead was bathed with a cold sweat. She looked round in distress, and saw the carbines of the gend'arms very near her. Julian raised himself. Celeste placed her hand over his mouth while she said in an earnest whisper:

"Do not call!" and as she spoke, a strange calmness filled her heart. "The knights and gend'arms are at supper. They have left their arms outside. I know that in a second all aid will be useless." A cold perspiration covered Julian's face.

A third time the light flashed in the bushes. It was nearer than before, in front of the man who lay on the bank. They were assassins. Loredan and Angelia still talked gaily, while they partook of the repast which they had had prepared under the trees. Julian, pale and trembling, leaned against the lattice, while he murmured, "If I could but place myself before her!"

"You can do better than that," said Celeste, whose face was pale, but whose voice and hands were steady. She seized at the same time a carbine close at hand, and placed it in the trembling hands of Julian, saying, "kill them!"

A vertigo, a dizziness seized the young student. A third shadow appeared. A report was heard; it was not from a musket; it was the clapping of two hands. A signal, doubtless.

"Kill a man! I!" murmured Julian, whose trembling legs scarcely supported him. The shadow appeared again, and again the signal.

"If you dare not, give!" exclaimed Celeste, who raised her head. She seized the carbine and rested the barrel upon the lattice. At the instant when the shadow was about to give the third and last signal, the carbine in the young girl's hand went off. At the same instant a second report was heard, as an echo of her own. Loredan threw himself into his sister's arms, and Celeste, dropping the carbine, hid her head on Julian's shoulder.

On top of the bank, a human figure sprang into the air; then fell crashing among the bushes, dead. The gend'arms and knights rushed from the inn in hot haste, led by the noise of the double shot. They found a dead bandit; the two others, his companions, had disappeared. Loredan was wounded in the shoulder. Julian, fixing his eyes on Angelia, murmured:

"Would that I had been able to serve you."

At this moment, the bells of the convent of Corpo Santo rung out a knell. A few seconds after, a loud explosion was heard, like the noise of a cannon. The twilight deepened. The alarmed escort assembled in the court-yard. Each asked the other what had happened. Upon the terrace, a woman whom no one had seen enter, suddenly appeared before the group, passed by Loredan and his sister, the inn-keeper and his servants. The wound Loredan had received was slight.

This woman or apparition wore a white dress, and her black hair floated like a veil from her pale but beautiful face. She remained at the end of the terrace. She extended her hand towards the distant towers of the convent and murmured:

"The children of the Doria are beautiful. Where are the children of Monteleone? They are gone, gone. They were beautiful and where are they?"

She paused, and then came nearer the wondering group. When quite close to them, she exclaimed in a thrilling voice:

"Hear you that bell? Harness your horses—death is all around here! The darkness is full of the poignards of silence! It is the night of the 15th of October!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

MANUELUS walked through the deserted village when he heard the double explosion. He kept on. When the bells of the convent began to ring, he raised his hand and made the sign of the cross. A little later, when he heard the great explosion in the valley he trembled, and murmured as he went on, "It is the 15th of October." The night had shut in when he reached the ruins. It was not with Manuelus as with Athol. He lost no time in search; memory guided him directly to the spot. He went to the mound where Athol had first seen the white figure; his heart beat violently, and in a trembling voice he murmured:

"Yes, yes, as noble and as rich. What one wants, the other has too much of. I know well that my master was always prepared for death. Riches, grandeur, rank are here."

As he said this, he seized his pick and spade; but a cry of astonishment escaped his breast when he saw the sanctuary already open. The smell of powder was still there. The moon which had been hidden under the clouds, now shone brilliantly forth. Manuelus entered the chamber. The beautifully carved walls, the rich stuffs covering the bed and two cradles were white and smooth; nothing had been touched. The old man fell on his knees, while tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks. He drew from his pocket a paper which he studied attentively. He was facing the entrance, and the light of the moon enabled him to read perfectly well. In a low, awed voice he read:

"No one has entered this place since the day my happiness departed. The door was sealed up—"

Manuelus paused, because tears blinded him. Suddenly he raised himself, trembling, "But some one has been here!"

A moment more, the sad remembrances caused by the sight of that empty bridal bed made him forget all. He consulted the paper again:

"At the head of the bed, the third panel, that which bears the arms of Monteleone, opens; behind that will be found what I held dear."

Mannulus placed his finger upon the shield, and pressing hard, the panel flew open, disclosing a little recess, in which sparkled a casket of burnished steel. The old man uttered a cry of joy; the casket had been opened by a pistol ball and—was empty!

"Holloa! Mariolo! idiot!" cried a voice outside. "Where are you? Why do you hide from me? Come home, like a good girl; if you run from me, beware!"

It was an old, half-witted, wicked-looking woman, who, with a lantern in her hand, seemed to seek for some one among the bushes. She paused before the door of the pavilion; a covetous smile spread over her face, while she murmured:

"Aha! a nice bed which I can carry away if not too heavy; I've often passed here, but never saw it before. Mariola is fool enough to go and lie on the pretty bed, or weep over the two pretty cradles. She always weeps, fool, when she sees a cradle."

Thus speaking, the old hag entered the chamber, but it was empty. She heard the convent bells. "The bells of the convent tolling," she said. "I know it is the 15th of October; I do not like to be out these nights. Mariola shall pay for it dearly. Come, child! you shall not work to-morrow, you shall play. Come, do not hide any longer from me."

Receiving no answer, the old hag went wandering through the chamber. When she was in the middle of the room, she saw a dark mass on the floor near the head of the bed. She approached it and raised the lantern.

"My nephew Mannulus!" grumbled she, with more surprise than feeling. "What brings you here?"

This old woman, Berta Giudicelli, had been the nurse of Barbara Monteleone, who loved her like a mother. She alone had known of the hopes of her charge, in regard to her cousin Mario Monteleone; had been the sole witness of her rage and despair when Maria Amalfi had become the count's wife. When the children were born, Berta shared with Barbara in the care and affections of the children. She called them little angels, and often invited them into her little cottage. Few people knew much about her. She lived alone, and since the death of Mario Monteleone and the disappearance of his whole family, she gained a living by making nets for the fishermen. After the destruction of the village of Martorello, another sprang up, the inhabitants of which knew very little of the old woman. This they knew, that she had a slave, a beautiful woman, whom she treated brutally. People coming through the woods at night sometimes saw this phantom. This night the slave had broken her chain and fled. Berta, frightened at not being able to find her charge, turned and left Mannulus, where he lay dead to all appearances. Her search was vain, and she was obliged to return to her hut without her. The bells of the convent still tolled out on the evening air, when a travelling carriage rolled rapidly along the road. It contained the young count and countess.

In the twelfth century, Ugo, Count of Monteleone, built the monastery of Corpo Santo. Upon the portal still was carved the arms of Monteleone—a golden heart pierced with two swords, on an azure field, supported by two lions, bearing aloft this motto in Latin: *Agere non loqui* (to act, not to speak.) For seven years on the night of the 15th of October, the church had been opened. Around the altar burned hundreds of wax candles; also at the foot of a large catafalque raised before the altar. Elsewhere, the church was unlighted, and hung with black drapery. Many dark forms stood in the nave, and each carried a weapon under his cloak. The catafalque was surmounted by the earl's crown and cloak, and the orders of Toison D'or of Spain, the Annunciade of Sardinia, and of St. Ferdinand of Naples. Upon the drapery, the side facing the nave, was embroidered a series of mystic emblems, resembling those of freemasons. The principal of these emblems was a blacksmith's hammer and anvil, and underneath was an inscription in mystic characters—a complete dead letter to the uninitiated. A black flag waving overhead, bore in silver letters the Latin motto which had been that of the dead, and which belonged now to the mysterious association called the Companions of Silence.

The door opened, and the monks entered. There were twenty-three, counting the abbot and two priors. They were dressed in white robes, fastened around the waist with hempen girdles. They ranged themselves mute and grave in their stalls, on each side

of the choir. The chaplain then entered, clothed in deep mourning, and followed by two servants. When the foot of the chaplain touched the first step to the altar, six men, shrouded in their mantles and wearing black masks, left the shadowy aisles. With slow, solemn steps they advanced and ranged themselves facing the catafalque, before the gallery of the choir. The sight of them caused great emotion among the assembled multitude, and a murmur ran through the church, *the Knights of the Iron Ring—the Six!*

The mass began, sad and silent, we might say, for the lips of the priests moved, but produced no sound. In the nave, a mouse could be heard, so deep was the silence; also the distant murmuring of the sea. After the gospel, a strange ceremony was performed. A long line of men left the shadow of the galleries, and came one by one to kneel before the catafalque. The six came and knelt extending their hands, in which was a ring of iron. The file of men went and stood beside the six.

Meanwhile, the organ, which seemed like a voice from the other world, increased its tone, and there thrilled through the church the air of Fioravante—*Amici, allegre, andiamo alla pena*. When these notes were raised, all bowed to the earth. As they remained bowed, a voice fell upon their ears; it said:

"Who do you pray for? The tomb is empty—there is no old man there. I have seen Mario Monteleone, younger, stronger, handsomer than in his youthful days. It is only I who am dead!"

Every one turned towards the vaulted roof, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. They saw a white female form which glided slowly among the pillars in the highest gallery. When they turned towards the catafalque their astonishment was greater still; at the right of the catafalque, a tall man stood with his back to the nave. A black velvet cloak shrouded his figure, and his face was hid by a black velvet mask. The six counted; their

"Have we a grand master? Is he the heir of Mario Monteleone? There are six knights."

Such were the murmurs among them. They entered the lower church, and without a word ranged themselves before the coffin. The eldest stepped forward and unmasking, said:

"Hail, lord and father!"

The others responded together:

"Hail, lord and father!"

"I am," said the old man, "Amato Lorenzo, your companion and servant."

The second came forward and pronounced:

"I am your companion and servant, David Heimer."

Then came the third, a perfect giant:

"I am Luca Tristany, the captain."

The rest, in turn, did the same:

"I am Policeni Corner, your cousin."

"I am Felice Tavola, a relation."

"I am Marino Marchese, your friend."

Then the six extended above the coffin their right hands, on the middle finger of which was a ring of iron, bearing the device, *Agere, non loqui*.

"The seventh year is ended, and in the name of the master, I say as usual, what wish you, brothers?" said Amato Lorenzo.

"To live free," answered the first, the giant Luca Tristany. "I have killed two men—two traitors. It is enough; I demand my share. I will withdraw from the association unless I am made grand master."

"I have given," spoke David Heimer, "my time and my fortune to avenge my master. My task is ended. I will be either master or free, and I demand my share."

"I am a relation of Monteleone," objected Felice Tavola.



THE TWO CHILDREN AT THEIR STUDIES.

rank was full. Who then was the seventh? * * *

Six lamps burned around a coffin suspended by silken cords above an open vault; the seventh lamp was unlighted. That one was gold; the six others were silver. Each of the six silver lamps had a name engraved on it. There were six names—Amato Lorenzo—David Heimer—Luca Tristany—Felice Tavola—Policeni Corner—Marino Marchese. The golden lamp bore the name of Mario Monteleone.

The crypt or subterranean church of Corpo Santo was built exactly, save for the arched roof, like the church itself. The coffin which hung above the vault occupied the same place in the centre of the choir as did the catafalque. In the coffin was an embalmed body; a noble, calm face, white with the pallor of death. The light fell only on the bier, leaving the rest of the church in gloom. A few steps from the open tomb, immediately beneath the altar of the superior church, hung a black standard; beneath the drapery was an anvil, a hammer and a piece of charcoal. A crucifix was placed above the whole. On the black flag was a mystic inscription in four lines, separated by death's head. The characters were embroidered in silver.

It was the custom each year, after the midnight mass, for the six companions of silence to renew their vows before the remains of their grand master. There was I know not what vague presentiment over them this night, as they descended the broad stone steps leading to the lower church of Corpo Santo. Twice the ceremony had been disturbed. That mysterious voice coming from the gallery seemed like a menace. Who was the man who dared to place himself among them beside the catafalque? The men murmured among themselves, as the unknown, after the benediction, placed himself at the head of the two lines of monks and walked to the sacristy.

"I am a nearer relation than you," replied Policeni Corner.

Amato Lorenzo said, "Are not my white hairs to be respected?"

"The comedy is played," said Marino Marchese. "The seventh year is ended. The time for enjoyment has come. Cut this cord, that our lord may at last rest in the consecrated earth. Let us divide and separate; the promised time has been given. Is not vengeance accomplished?" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM LEXINGTON.

We make no apology for the spirited engraving on the next page on the score that it is an old story—a "twice-told tale." We know that the old heroic days and deeds of our revolutionary fathers cannot be too often illustrated or commented on, and the popular heart swells high at the repetition of their prowess. For our own part, the glimpses of a picture regarding a revolutionary exploit, stirs our blood like the sound of a trumpet. In this spirit we look upon the design we now publish. We go back to these times of peril and high heroism, when our fathers, after having exhausted every legal mode of redress, after waiting patiently till the armed band of oppression assailed them, boldly caught up the gage of battle, and entered upon the dangerous and doubtful strife with the mother country. The deeds enacted at Concord and Lexington, in old heroic Middlesex, will thrill the heart of the patriot under whatever sky it beats and to the end of time. As we gaze upon the representation of the rout of the British regulars, imagination carries us back to that April day of 1775, with its agony, its bloodshed, its incendiarism, its valor and its glory. We behold the march of the scarlet battalions, flushed with pride, splendidly appointed in the morning—we behold their disgraceful flight at the close of the memorable day—the panic terror of rank and file—the fiery vengeance of the outraged yeomanry; we listen to the shouts of the combatants, the ringing of frequent musket-shots, rolling along the flanks of the flying column, till the panting fugitives drop down "like dogs after a hard chase," within the walls of fresh infantry marched to their relief supported by artillery. Far distant be the day when Americans shall weary of the recital and representation of such achievements!

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM LEXINGTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

There are voices, whose music still thrills through my soul,
Though hushed is their melody here;
There are strains which, departing, have left in their flight
An echo most precious and dear.

There are eyes which in brightness still flash on my sight.
With love and with tenderness filled,
Awakening such throbbings of spirit within,
As ne'er on this earth may be stilled.

There are ringlets which wave but in mockery now,
Affording no joy or delight,
Though fair in their beauty, and bright they appear,
Floating ever before my sad sight.

There are hearts which, in fancy, in unison beat
With mine in each sorrow or joy:
Loving my spirit, with gushings of love,
To taste of the bliss they enjoy.

I start—and this question comes home to my heart,
O, why may not loved ones in heaven
Be seen, not in fancy alone, by our eyes,
But truly the blessing be given?

I pause—and this answer is borne to my ear:
Such glory would dazzle thine eyes
With brightness too great for a mortal to bear—
Alone it pertains to the skies.

The voice thou wouldst hear has a melody now,
Which cannot to mortals be known;
Unfitted for earth and its duties are those
Who list to its heavenly tone.

The eyes have a light which no words may describe—
A glory alone of the sky;
One glance, and thy spirit would soar from its clay,
To mingle with spirits on high.

Dost know that the ringlets are dotted with gems
Of heavenly beauty and worth
Too precious for those unadorned from above?
O, ask not a sight while on earth!

The hearts, which on earth such joy could impart,
Swell now with a heavenly love;
Wouldst see them?—veil rather thine eyes till the sight
Thou beholdest in mansions above.

Affection, which charmed and entranced here below,
Has caught from the Saviour on high
Such sweetness and power—such a glow in its depth:
To witness such bliss is to die.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOM STEELE'S DESERTION.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"It is all very well for you, who never knew what it was to love, to talk in this way to me, Uncle Harry. Had you been born, as other people are, with a heart, you could perhaps have sympathized with my feelings. As it is otherwise, I must bear my troubles alone."

O, so pettishly I said this; so almost malignantly, as I spoke these words within my closed teeth, and that scowl upon my forehead, right between my two eyebrows, which I have so foolishly planted there. And to Uncle Harry, too! the meekest, gentlest creature in the world, if he does happen to be a bachelor and sixty-three. Uncle Harry, who took me to his arms and his heart, when my father and mother died, and devoted himself to my childhood—finishing, too, by installing me sole mistress of his really handsome establishment, and giving me *carte blanche* for all expenses that might suit my fancy or caprice.

And now that Tom Steele, after having shown me some attentions, had taken himself off, to bow at the shrine of Matilda Earle, and my uncle, so far from seeming at all sorry, was in gay good humor, and apparently pleased at my disappointment, I could not help giving him a piece of my mind respecting his singular conduct.

"Now sit down, Nellie, dear. Don't stride across the floor any longer in that theatrical style; smooth out that wrinkle—no, poor girl! it is too deep for smoothing—and sit close to me, in this arm-chair. You need not cover your face; I am not going to scold nor vex you. I shall not tell you to dry the tears that are falling, as large as peas, from your eyes. Cry away, if you like—but hear me. And first, Tom Steele is a fool, a villain, or a hypocrite! Fool, if he thought he could blind my eyes; villain, if he made you false promises, which he did not intend to perform; and hypocrite, because he pretends love to your friend Matilda, when he is bent on securing her richer cousin, through poor Matilda's influence."

I did not sulk any the less for this plain speaking, and Uncle Harry went on.

"It, as you say, Nellie, I have no heart, I can, at least, exculpate myself from the charge of any of these sins against your sex. None ever heard me breathe a word against women. None ever knew me to profess for them what I did not feel."

I murmured, or *muttered*, that is the word! something about not having any feelings to express. My uncle's clear, honest, untroubled eyes met mine, as I stole a glance at him, half ashamed of my hardness towards him. I had often thought my uncle one of the handsomest of men, but never had I seen so pure and beautiful a look upon any face before, as now rested there. He sat

before me, his hands clasped in his usual fashion, his thick gray hair curling over a very smooth forehead, his calm, beautiful eyes of a soft grayish hue, now full of a tender, almost womanly expression; he realized the idea which I had often entertained, that a good man need not be young to be admired. Girls as I was, had I been addressed by such a man as I knew him to be, I could not have resisted marrying him. How had he escaped marriage? Was it because woman too often passes by the good and the pure, to wed herself with the false and the unworthy?

I suppose my frown subsided, for I felt a smile gathering about my lips, as I thought that, did not the table of consanguinity forbid, I should certainly prefer my uncle to Tom Steele, after all.

"I believe I must tell you something of my life, Nellie. I do not like to have you think me lacking in heart. I believe truly, dear girl, you have reason to think so."

It was a covert reproach and cut me to the heart.

"O, forgive me, uncle! I did not mean that—but only that you were insensible to woman."

"I love my little niece, and I have loved another."

"Have you? have you, indeed, dear uncle? And will you tell me that part of your life? Do tell me, and I will cut out this hideous scowl from my face, if it will please you."

"Nellie, I repeat, that I have loved. The love grew with me from childhood. We were playmates together, and, in our infancy, our mothers made the foolish compact which always ends in misery, that of betrothing two unconscious beings together. We had much love for each other—my little wife and I. Her name was not pleasant to me, and I called her my wife almost always. I had read history, and the name of Judith was always associated with something of queenliness, even laughtiness. I did not like to have any person pronounce the name, but there were those who played upon this innocent prejudice, and taunted me with her being called expressly after the Judith of scripture, or the second wife of Louis le Debonnaire. At twenty-one, I left home. My last evening was spent with Judith. I had never loved her so deeply as now, when I was going away from her, and her own heart seemed actually breaking. A thousand times we repeated our vows of eternal constancy. She wept incessantly, and I believed that our parting might be truly fatal to her. I left her sobbing, at the hour of twelve, and when I passed the house in the stage the next morning, there she sat at the window, with her handkerchief still at her eyes. I doubted if it were right in me to go away; but what would my father say if I staid? I wrote letters enough to fill several volumes, I think, and the whole burden of them was love. Those which I received from her, bore a burden not less delightful. I had got over the antipathy to Judith's name. No matter now for allusions to Holofernes or Louis. My Judith, at least, was perfect.

"Business kept me long away. It included a hastily planned voyage on my part, with no time to spare for a farewell visit. I was to go to Leghorn and back, but my employers kept me travelling from place to place, and I was established at length in Paris as their resident agent. It was more than a year before I obtained their permission to leave my post long enough to be married; but at last two months were given me. I hurried off, on the reception of their letter, without waiting to apprise Judith of my coming. But I thought it no matter, as she had always known that I should come in haste, and would probably keep prepared for the great event. I had been uneasy at not hearing from her by the last mail, but I supposed the letters might have arrived after I had gone.

"I reached my home on a cold December night. In fact, I recollected all at once, on hearing the bells ring out a chime, that it was the eve before Christmas. I had to pass the house of Judith's father on the way to my own, and I could not resist getting out at the end of the lane that led to it. The windows were all full of lights, but this I supposed to be for the Christmas gathering which Mr. Ayling always had at his house. I could picture Judith, weeping, perhaps, because I was absent. In imagination I saw her leaving the brilliant scene, and retiring to her own room to read my tender missives over again.

"I passed round to the side on which lay her chamber, but could see no figure projected upon the white curtain, though there was a strong light within. I rung the bell, and was waited on by a strange servant, to a room full of gentlemen's hats and cloaks. As I did not wish to be included among ordinary guests, I asked him to show me an empty room, and let Miss Ayling know that a gentleman had called. The fellow seemed confused, and finally stammered out that Miss Ayling was now Mrs. Hannaford, having been made so by an interesting ceremony about half an hour before.

"I controlled myself by a strong effort, but I think I should have fallen, when I reached the door, had not the man noticed my state. 'It is the coming into a hot room from the cold air, sir,' he said kindly and respectfully, and he turned out a large goblet of wine, which I swallowed.

"Don't mention anything of my being here, my good fellow," said I, as I slipped some money in his hand. 'I can call another time as well.'

"I plunged out into the cold, snowy air, and it cooled the fever which was quickening in my blood. I went home, finding my mother alone. As soon as her joyful surprise was over, her face assumed a mournful look. I knew what was coming, and said gaily: 'You see, dear mother, what your schemes have come to! Pray who is this fine fellow who has captivated my lady love?'

"She seemed inexpressibly relieved when she found that I took it with such apparent coolness. I learned that my dismissal had gone in the last mail. The bridegroom, she said, was a foreigner, said to be quite rich; but people wondered at Mr. Ayling for receiving him so readily to his home. As to Judith, my mother

said she was bewitched with her new lover, from the beginning.

"And his name?"

"Is Ernest Von Erlingen—so said the published banns."

"I jumped up from my warm seat by the fire, nearly overturned the little table on which tea and toast had already made their appearance, and skipping into the middle of the floor, I executed several *pas de deux* in fine style. My mother thought I had gone mad. Not a bit of it! I was as cool as the snow heaped up on the window side.

"My dear mother," said I, confidentially, 'I know him!'

"And who, or what is he?"

"The greatest scoundrel and blackleg living. I congratulate my beautiful Judith on my successor. But I must have my letters."

"I have them," answered my mother. 'I made bold to redeem them on my own responsibility, and promised her that you would return hers.'

"Certainly, to-night of all nights.' And spite of my mother's scruples, I despatched a messenger with the packet of letters, addressing them with all her husband's names, titles and dignities, and longing to add many more which I had heard attached to him.

"Time justified all my conjectures in regard to her unhappiness. Poor Judith! she died under the shame and mortification of knowing how unworthily she had married, and her miserable husband is serving out the sentence for his acts, in a penitentiary."

"Listen, Nellie! Put your ear close to me, that the birds of the air won't hear and carry the news. Tom Steele is the son of this man and Judith! I discovered it only yesterday, and that by mere accident. He has, it seems, abjured his father's name, and I do not believe he has many of his vices—but then, what an escape for you, my darling!"

I was on the floor, kneeling at Uncle Harry's feet, and weeping my heart out. I could not even speak, for sobbing—could not ask his forgiveness for what I had said; but the blessed old man was raising me to his heart, and calling me his own dear daughter, his precious and beloved child.

And this is why I have always staid with Uncle Harry, and why I shall never—never leave him—not even for the love of a husband. Whoever marries me, must take my uncle into the bargain.

THE BLUNDERS OF SCIENCE.

The achievements of science are eminently deserving our respect and admiration. It has unrolled many pages in the arcana of nature and developed many of her hidden laws. But when it assumes to dictate in an authoritative manner what may or what may not be accomplished, it steps out beyond its province. This was happily illustrated by an incident related in a recent speech of Captain Hudson, of the Niagara, on the occasion of a complimentary banquet at Jersey City. He remarked that at the last yearly meeting of the *savans* of London, a gold medal was given for the best paper that was read. And what were the contents of that paper? "It was," said Captain Hudson, "the utter impossibility and impracticability of ever laying the Atlantic telegraph wire!" Similar have often been the dogmatic assertions of science in reference to the suggestions of a teeming brain, which afterwards became matters of fact. When George Stephenson first broached the theory that steam locomotives could be made to run on iron roads, with a speed much exceeding that of horses, science gravely denied the fact, contending that, on a uniformly smooth surface, such as a rail, there would be no purchase for the wheel, which would revolve round and round, without any power of propulsion. But science thought that by placing steam locomotives on common turnpike roads there might be steam coaches at once. The experiment was tried with total failure for the result. After a steam locomotive had commenced running at the rate of six miles an hour, science declared this rate of speed was the highest that could be attained, and the Quarterly Review said that nothing could be "more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches, and that eight or nine miles an hour was as much as could be ventured on with safety." In 1838, when the steamer Great Western was ready for launching at Bristol, England, it was rumored that she was destined for America. Forthwith Dr. Lardner wrote an article for the Edinburgh Review, forcibly contending that it was an utter impossibility for a steamboat to cross the Atlantic. Hardly had the article got cold when the Great Western successfully steered into New York harbor. Science has declared that it was impossible to transmit the electric current one thousand miles through a submerged wire, but the experience of the Atlantic cable falsifies the statement. There is much yet to be learned and discovered before science can safely be positive and dogmatic in her deductions.—*Lowell Courier*.

SAXE THE POET.

The reporter of the Boston Journal, while in Burlington, Vt., gives the following account of a visit to Saxe, that wit among wits and poet among poets:—"It will be recollected that this beautiful place, Burlington, is the home of John G. Saxe, Esq. This genial poet, whose name is a household word all over the country, has a fine place here on the highlands near College Hill, and with his wife, surrounded by an interesting family of little ones, his days pass as smoothly as the measure of his most melodious verse. He largely exercises the true old-school virtue of hospitality, and I was very happy to accept his cordial invitation to take tea with him last evening, especially when he declared that he 'bored no one with ceremony at his little cottage.' The visit was rendered very pleasant by the vivacious conversation of the poet, whose sparkling wit never sleeps, and whose easy entertainment puts every one around him at ease. From the piazza Mr. Saxe pointed out to us the gorgeous beauties of a Burlington sunset, which has been so often described. The sun goes down behind the Adirondack mountains, first laying its mantles of softest lilac on the brows of the hills, and bathing its feet in the sparkling lake. For eight years, said Mr. Saxe, I have looked on this scene from here, but for me its beauties continually increase. Mr. S. now devotes himself entirely to literary pursuits. He has received calls to lecture in many cities from Maine to Louisiana, and will probably occupy his winter months in this way. Mrs. Saxe is a lady of vivacity and spirit, on whom the hand of time has swept lightly, leaving no marks of years. Long may she live, a blessing to the man whose genius is admired all over our land."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"You will readily believe," remarked my friend Aylesford, after a moment's interval in our conversation, "that I have not the slightest faith in the so-called exhibitions of the supernatural and miraculous which in our day have succeeded in obtaining so many credulous believers."

I quickly surmised that this disavowal was intended as a preface to some interesting narrative of experience, and shaped my answer to humor his inclination.

"And yet," I ventured, "it is hardly possible that during the experience of your lifetime something has not happened to shake your faith in some degree in the reality of all visible works and objects."

"True," he rejoined; "and I am willing to confess that upon one occasion I was sorely puzzled to account for a strange apparition which I encountered; and as I perceive you are becoming interested, I will give you the story without further comment or introduction. You remember the summer of the year 18—? Well you may; no one who then lived in the city of New York can ever forget it, or recall its fearful scenes without a shudder. The terrible cholera-fiend swept through the land with almost the destructive power of another London plague, and death followed close upon its footsteps. The great city was literally in mourning; there were few thresholds over which the foot of the destroyer had not passed, and the metropolis was rapidly being depopulated by the exodus of the hundreds who daily fled in fear and trembling from the presence of the scourge. No person within the bounds of the city could call his life his own.

"I remained long after prudence warned me to go, and departed only when an unconquerable fear had taken possession of me. Trembling with alarm lest the germ of contagion might already have been planted in my system, I made my way to a little village upon the shore of the Sound, perhaps a hundred miles from the city. Here, after the lapse of a few days, my spirits recovered their usual tone and vigor, and being assured that my life was no longer endangered, I began to acquaint myself with the location of the place I had selected for a temporary residence. It was, like many other New England places of its class, a handsome little village, nestled down among the hills, as if thrown there by accident, and inhabited by a peaceful, honest community of men and women whose world was bounded by the hills which enclosed them, and whose desires and ambitions rarely transcended them. But I need not attempt a minute description; I presume I am not the only person who has thought that the lines—

"Dear, lovely tower of innocence and ease,
Seat of my youth, where every charm could please"—

could be applied with equal propriety to other 'sweet Auburns' than Goldsmith's.

"One feature, however, let me dwell upon for a moment. The village church, of course, was not wanting—the humble white-painted temple, whose 'church-going bell' with its musical voice called the village people to assemble together beneath the unpretending roof on the Sabbath. The church spire with its glittering vane was there, unceasingly pointing heavenward; but my eye was soon caught as I looked upon it, by a strange peculiarity in its exterior. From the apex almost to the base ran an irregular and jagged seam, which, although it had been lately concealed in some parts by the skill of the village carpenter, was too serious a damage to be entirely hidden. I had little difficulty in deciding that it had been occasioned by a lightning stroke, and I subsequently ascertained my conjecture to be correct.

"After spending the greater part of the day in question in agreeable rambling, I returned to the comfortable little inn which had become my home. Somewhat fatigued with the labors of the day, I retired to my room earlier than usual, and presently lost myself in sleep. How long my slumber lasted, I have never yet been able to decide; but whether one hour, two or three, it came to an abrupt conclusion. An unpleasant dream disturbed me, and at last I awoke with a start, in a tumult of terror, and gazed wildly around me. But before I had time to recognize the room and its familiar furniture, I was startled, nay, absolutely terrified, by the unexpected apparition upon which my eyes suddenly rested.

"Every article in the room was just as I remembered to have left it; the lamp which I had placed on the stand was still burning, though faintly, and by its light I was enabled to clearly define the object which so moved me. It was a figure, apparently that of a female, habited entirely in white, and with long, loosely braided tresses escaping from her flower-wreathed head-dress, and falling beneath her transparent veil. Stricken as I was with surprise and terror, I could not fail to observe that the dress of the apparition was in every respect that of a bride!

"Her head was leaning upon her hand, and her face turned from me; I had started to a sitting posture, and for a moment these relative positions were kept unchanged. As for myself, I was utterly powerless; I strove to speak, but my tongue refused to move; to make a noise, however slight, but I found my limbs completely paralyzed through fear, and incapable of the slightest motion. When at last, after a violent struggle, I succeeded in raising my arm, the apparition turned its face towards me. Under ordinary circumstances the sight of a face would have convinced me of the reality of the presence; but this was no common one. Its counterpart I have never gazed upon before or since; the wild, mournful beauty of that pale, sorrowful face has haunted my dreams to this day. I looked upon it with a species of fascination; my terror had in a great measure departed, but I made no

endeavor to summon reason to my aid; I was entirely bound up in the contemplation of this strange apparition.

"For a little time she regarded me, and then rose up. I heard no sound from her feet as she moved slowly towards the door, passing so near me that I could have reached forth my hand and touched her gauzy dress. She must have opened the door as she passed from my sight, but, although my eyes were turned from her not an instant, it really seemed as though she suddenly and noiselessly vanished into the air; nor was it until some moments had passed that my bewildered senses returned, and I began to comprehend that I had been visited by a flesh-and-blood reality and not an inhabitant of another planet.

"A little reflection enabled me to satisfactorily decide this point; but instead of the fear which had lately possessed me, I was agitated by a lively curiosity. That there was some mystery in this unusual visitation was clearly evident, and I was hardly able to resist the impulse which urged me to follow my departed visitor and observe her conduct and movements. It was only a remnant of my old fears which prevented me from so doing, mingled, perhaps, with a half-defined presentiment that by obeying the impulse I might yet discover my visitant to be more unreal than I could wish. My irresolution continued so long that at length I resolved to defer all efforts at discovery until another opportunity should present itself. You can easily imagine that I had already formed a plausible conjecture as to the identity of my night-visitor.

"The night wore away without further adventures, and morning found me sleepless and thoughtful. In pursuance of a resolution which I had formed, I carefully refrained from mentioning to any one during the day the subject of this adventure, resolved, if possible, to satisfy my curiosity and solve the mystery without aid. Another night came, and again I retired—this time without removing my garments. Throwing myself upon the bed, I endeavored to await patiently and wakefully the return of the apparition. You may wish to ask why I was so confident of its return, and upon this particular night. That is a question which I am not prepared to answer; I can only say that I was certain I should upon this night again behold the strange object of my thoughts and conjectures. Nor was I disappointed.

"I had waited and watched long—as long as nature would permit, and I was just losing myself in that state of semi-unconsciousness which precedes sleep. A slight, almost inaudible sound suddenly fell upon my ear, arousing me instantly. I sat upright and looked around me. My attention was instantly riveted, as before, by one object—my visitor of the previous night! Her appearance was the same in every particular; she seemed like the cold, pale spirit of an earthly bride snatched from beside the altar. Her eyes wandered over the apparently familiar objects in the room, resting finally upon myself. She approached a step nearer and looked eagerly into my face, and then drawing back, she spoke for the first time, giving utterance, in a sad, silvery, musical voice, to the single word—"Come!"

"She retreated towards the door, and then paused and looked back. I hesitated in surprise and awe.

"Come!" she repeated, waving towards me her thin, white, almost transparent hand. "You are not Ernest; no—he will never come back to me; but follow me and I will show you where he was snatched from me. He's in the graveyard now—but come, and I will show you. Come!"

"As she ceased speaking, she disappeared from my sight like a shadow. Throwing off, by a powerful effort the fascination which had thus far held me powerless and immovable, I sprang to my feet and hastened from the chamber. There was nothing unusual to be seen in the hall, and for a moment I stood bewildered, almost ready to disbelieve the evidence of my senses; but the glimpse of a white robe which the moonlight afforded in a glance from the window, dismissed my doubts, and I left the house as speedily and noiselessly as possible. My strange guide had proceeded some distance from the inn, and I hastened after her. Notwithstanding the celerity of my movements, however, I could not overtake her, or approach to any degree of nearness. She flitted on before me, now disappearing for an instant, and then appearing again; and as she turned occasionally to beckon me on with her white, tossing arms, while the night-breeze blew hither and thither the folds of her ghostly drapery, you can hardly wonder that she appeared more than ever in my eyes a disembodied spirit.

"As I followed on, I was somewhat startled at discovering that she was leading me almost in a direct course to the village church. I paused and watched her. In another minute she had reached the sacred edifice, and without pausing an instant she disappeared within it. Fearful of losing her by delay, I pressed on and entered the church. In this, as in many other old-fashioned sanctuaries, the pulpit and altar were beneath the spire, while the gallery occupied the other three sides.

"I advanced a few steps, fully impressed by the air of solemnity which pervaded the place, and soon encountered the object of my search. She had thrown herself upon her knees by the altar, and now remained motionless. She gave utterance to neither sob nor cry, nor were her eyes suffused with tears of grief; yet I was fully prepared to comprehend her sorrow. The full weight of her affliction was not then known to me; but that it was of no ordinary character was fully evinced by the fact that it had forever banished reason from its throne. The poor, wayward creature before me was a maniac!

"It was here," she uttered, sadly, unconscious of my presence, as she still knelt by the altar; "it was here that Ernest was taken from me! He knelt by my side; he pressed my hand; the man of God was asking him to bless and keep us forever, and then, in that blissful moment, he was snatched away! Ernest, see me! Look down on me now! Pity me, and return to my side!"

"Her wild appeal was followed by a gush of tears. She clung

to the altar in the transport of her agony, while her breast was shaken with fearful sobs and moans. Nor could I remain unaffected by the exhibition of such devoted grief. A quick thrill of sympathy went to my heart, and her low-breathed words found a silent echo there. Had she remained thus, absorbed in the contemplation of the great sorrow which even the loss of reason could not obliterate, for hours, I could not have striven to attract her attention to myself; there was a sacredness in her grief which forbade its interruption. But it was not long continued; after the lapse of a few moments she rose from her knees and discovered me near by.

"Let us go, now," she said. "I fear he will not return to-night; I must wait longer. Come away, and I will show you where they laid him."

"I followed her from the church, and into the graveyard which adjoined it. She paused by a grave over which the rank grass of many summers had grown and withered.

"This is the place," she murmured; "he lies buried here."

"Bending over the tombstone, I read the following words which were lettered upon its white surface:

"ERNEST CARROLL—Aged 25 years.
The storm has passed—let him sleep on."

"Unconsciously I repeated the name aloud; it was echoed by a voice close by my side.

"Ernest—my Ernest!" it said; "mine in life and mine in death!"

"And who—who are you?" I exclaimed, addressing her directly for the first time.

"Would you know?" she answered, in tones which vibrated like weird music upon my ear. "Look at me; am I not a bride? Yes; but I am wedded to no earthly companion; I am the bride of Death! Come to me, bridegroom; take me hence, and restore me to the arms of Ernest!"

"She spoke thus, and then glided away. I caught the momentary glimmer of her bridal robe as it glittered in the moonlight beyond the churchyard paling, and the fair maniac disappeared. I never saw her again. Her strange history was soon after made known to me. Five years before, she had been beloved by the handsomest and the best of the young men of the village; the same to whose grave she had conducted me. It was mid-winter when Ernest Carroll first told the fair girl of his affection and asked her to become his wife; but the May-day which she had named for the bridal, soon came round to bless their hearts, as they fondly hoped, with unalloyed happiness. The day came with a fair and sunny aspect, and as the lovers and their friends entered the church, the spring sunshine fell behind them. But this was in an instant dispelled. Without a moment's warning the heavens were overspread with black, and a terrific storm burst forth. But what had the fair bride to fear? Amid the fearful warring of the elements she leaned trustingly upon the arm of her lover, and looked lovingly into his face.

"The marriage ceremony was commenced and continued, although the commotion of the storm almost rendered inaudible the voice of the aged minister. Still it proceeded; the two knelt by the altar, and the words which were to make them one already trembled upon the lips of the man of God, when the fierce lightning-flame descended into the very midst of the group! One only was seathed; all were preserved but he whose heart was at that moment the happiest of all. As the bewildered and affrighted friends recovered from the slight shock which they had experienced, the first object which appeared to their sight was the lifeless and blackened body of Ernest Carroll, as it lay stretched out at the foot of the altar, just as the deadly and mysterious messenger of heaven had stricken him down! They bore him sadly to the inn near at hand, and for hours endeavored to win him back to life, but vainly; his spirit had too surely departed.

"With a face white with agony the bride hung over the corpse, kissing the cold lips and smoothing back the disordered hair from his forehead. Not for an instant could she be prevailed upon to leave his side; she remained gazing fixedly and with sorrowful despair upon the face of the dead even when they drew her gently aside to clothe the body in the ceremonies of the grave. With silent determination she persisted in following the coffin to the churchyard, arrayed in her bridal dress; nor could any persuasion afterwards induce her to lay it aside.

"Persuasion, in fact, could not reach her; there is little doubt that her reason forever fled in the same moment when she saw the body of Ernest Carroll extended at her feet in the church. Ever after that fearful day she was spoken of as the Bride of Death; a name, indeed, which she first applied to herself. Frequently at night she was accustomed to steal forth from the house of her relatives and wander about the village, always visiting the church, the grave of her lover, and the room at the inn where his body had laid previous to interment. This latter fact explains the object of her visit to my chamber, which was the one in question. When I became acquainted with her story, five years had elapsed since the death of Ernest Carroll, during which time she had experienced not one lucid interval in her strange and sorrowful madness."

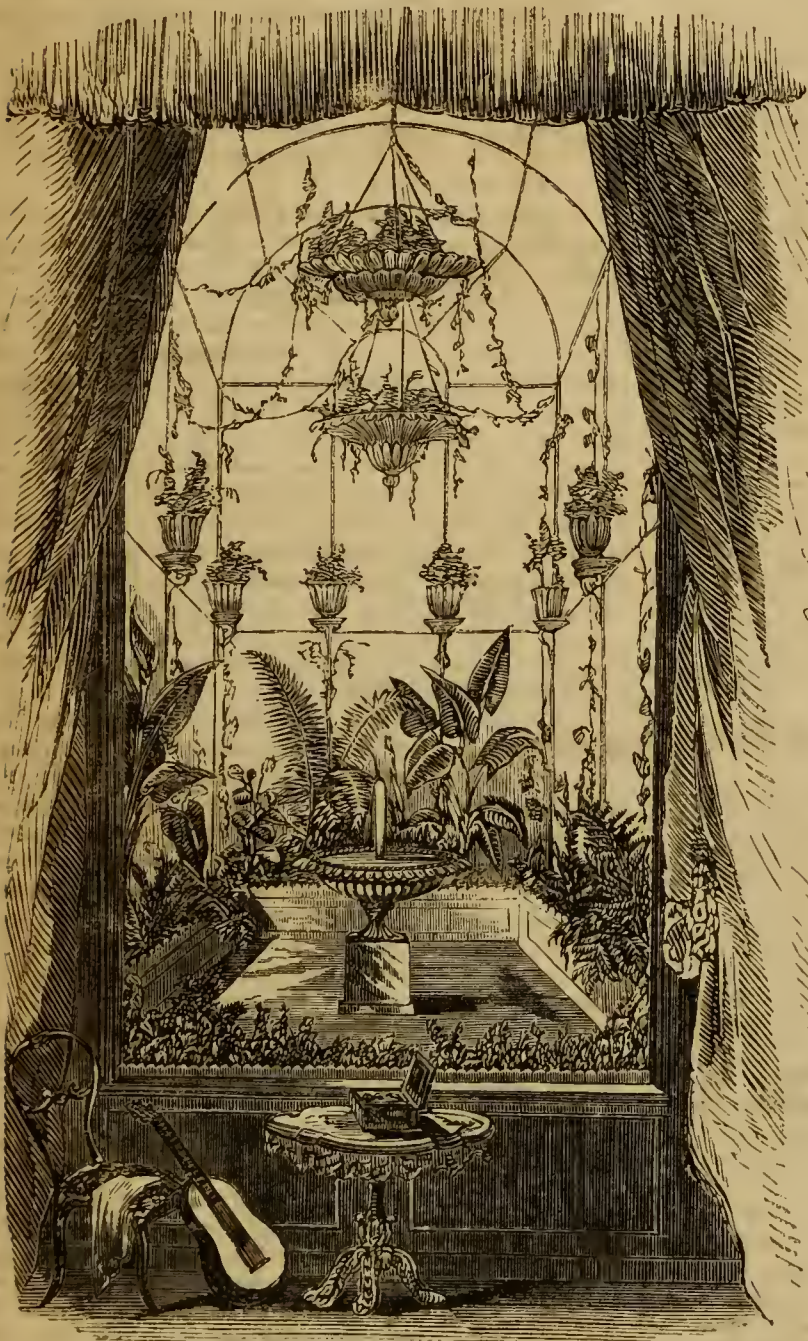
"It is a strange story," I remarked, as Aylesford paused.

"It is so," he remarked; "but no less true than strange. I can only add to it that I have once since its date been in the village which is its scene. While there I inquired for the maniac maiden, and was directed to the churchyard. Death had at last claimed his bride; the sinless, suffering one rested peacefully by the side of her lover."

The want of a genuine religious faith is a great misfortune, but it should never be punished as a great crime, but it never is, or will be, by those who truly possess it. It is only religious prejudice, mistakenly called religious faith, that is intolerant.

SCENES IN PARIS.

In our last number for September we gave our readers a little glimpse into Parisian life—a passing glance at some of its personal specialties; but the subject is inexhaustible, and from the full harvest before us we gather a few more ears for present consumption. Is it not better, reader, on the whole, to journey to Paris under our guidance, safely and surely, than to make that long weary voyage across the Atlantic, ploughing the stormy surges to Liverpool? But that would only be a part of your toil and tribulation. You would have the railway journey to London, and from London to Dover, and then, with a too lively and fresh reminiscence of your ocean trials, to cross that dreadful channel. That you may know what tortures you avoid, by making the voyage on paper and in imagination, instead of in fact, our artist has sketched for your instruction the dismal picture on the next page, and which closes this series of sketches. It is the interior of the passengers' cabin in a steamer from Dover to Boulogne. Look at it and shudder as you reflect that the limp figure hanging to the pillar, that washed-out, wrung-out, used-up spectral image of humanity might be yourself! Or, if we are addressing a lady, let us call her attention to the graceful but despairing female figure reclining against the bulk-head. We say nothing of the other two wretches, in such a helpless, distracted condition that it would be a mercy to them if the boat should blow up or go down head foremost like a dipper-duck. But we will not dwell on so harrowing a scene. By way of amends, we ask your attention to a far more agreeable design. Come with us into this dainty Parisian boudoir, and see how wealth and taste can create a fairy land in a great city. The curtains are drawn aside from a lofty bay window, walled with glass, and forming a miniature crystal palace.



A PARISIAN GARDEN WINDOW.

The light iron sashes intercept but little light, and the lilies, roses, and trailing plants have full scope for development. A little fountain glitters in the centre—hanging baskets overflow with the abundant tresses of delicate vines—tiny vases, attached to the intersections of the framework, are filled with odors and bloom; it is a glimpse of Eden—a dream of fairy land—and lovely should be the presiding genius of such a scene. But let us into the street, for motion and unrest and vivid contrast are the order of the day in Paris. What have we here? Amidst the throng of street-sweepers, behold a hawker of cast-off garments—a “picker-up of unconsidered trifles,” which he retails for a few sous, quite as much as they are worth. The articles of dress with which he is laden were once the “togger” of a Parisian “lion.” Those shattered boots, that greasy *paleto*, that battered hat, once figured in the orchestra stalls of the Theatre Italien, and will now, patched and furnished up, decorate the person of some Robert Macaire or Bertrand. The dandy who rattles by in his American wagon, drawn by a “high steppaire,” will never recognize his cast-off skin as he casts a disdainful glance on the “old clo” man. Who comes next? A young girl bending over an embroidery frame, earning by patient toil the means of support for herself and her old mother, who lies sick abed in that comfortless attic, perhaps under the very same roof that sheltered a rich man's family. Most of the embroideries sold in Paris for consumption or exportation are executed in the country at a very low price. Still as there is always in Paris a large number of women eager for work, however ill-paid, much of it is executed in the city—say eight millions of francs' worth in a year. More than four thousand women are employed at this work in the city. The needlewomen proper are perhaps a minority among the em-

broideresses; half of this class is composed of young girls and women of good family, who employ their leisure in embroidery to eke out their means, or ladies of reduced circumstances who resort to the needle. These latter, sometimes aged and little skilled, rarely gain enough to suffice for the most urgent necessities. We hear of women who contract for the supply of embroidery work to dealers, and who employ apprentices, each of them having twenty, thirty, and even a hundred young girls of from ten to twenty years of age at their establishments, who work from eight to ten hours a day for their board and lodging, with sometimes an added gratuity of a franc (18 3 4 cents) a week. The dealers in embroidered goods generally have their depots in the Feydeau, du Mail and Faubourg Poissoniere quarters. The goods are retailed at the linen-draper's and *marchands de nouveautés*. The basket vender is one of the queerest itinerant traders in Paris. He carries his whole stock on his back and head, piled up into a huge pyramid, nicely balanced, and arranged with as much grace as the flowers in an elaborate *bonquet*. On his head he wears a cap made of a stuffed eagle holding a lantern in its beak. We are without statistics in reference to the basket-trade of Paris, but it must employ, in the aggregate, a very large amount of capital. Leaving the basket-vender to announce his coming by the bells hung round his neck, we come to the poor old blind match-seller, rolling his wheel before him, and humbly soliciting custom. He is clad in sordid rags, but that in Paris is not always an indication of extreme poverty. It is sometimes adopted by successful itinerants as a mute appeal to the sympathies of

see, among every variety of representatives from nations of the Eastern world, any number of Americans and English, and perhaps you will even find a Western Indian, for not a few of the red men have found their way to Paris in the train of some speculator. Every peculiarity is found in that city.



THE PICKER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.



THE SEWING-GIRL.

THE COMET.

The St. Louis Republican has the following account of this erratic celestial body:—Those who look upon the small nebulous star now visible can hardly realize the terrific appearance of this same object when, in 1264, it approached the sun with a tail one hundred degrees in length! Its tail came streaming up in the morning several hours before its head, and when its nucleus was in the zenith the train stretched below the western horizon. Its train was first very broad, but it decreased in width, extending enormously in length. It is said to have disappeared October 3d, on the day of the death of Pope Urban IV. It was, of course, thought a special forerunner of that event. This comet had appeared before in 975, and also in 395, and 104, as mentioned by Chinese annalists. This would give it a period of 292 years. In 975, its tail was forty degrees in length, and its nucleus or head was so bright as to be visible in the day time. Its next appearance after 1264, was in 1556, in the month of February. Its aspect was very similar to its present one, being somewhat paler than

crude speculation relative to its anticipated approach to the earth last year is still in everybody's memory. There is no necessity of repeating that were a comet to strike the earth it could not penetrate the earth's atmosphere on account of the superior density of the latter. But the inclination of the comet to the earth's orbit being so great (36°) there could scarcely be a possibility of a "brush" from its tail at any time. It is interesting to consider this object in the light of a traveller, like a Von Humboldt. A journey of two hundred and ninety-two years is no small "tramp." In 975 it saw the earth in the midst of the dark ages. Basil and Constantine VIII. reigned over the Eastern Empire. In England, the horrid murder of Edward, the martyr, by his stepmother, Elfrida, had just been consummated. The Norwegians were making discoveries in Greenland, and soon after descended upon this continent. In 1264, on its next visit, it witnessed the first regular parliament in England, and the success of the Pope in his struggle for temporal power over Italy. The crusades had begun to tell in their effect upon the culture of the age. In 1556 it found America discovered and greedy Spaniards rioting in wealth and blood at the ancient capital of the Aztecs and in the Peruvian cities. Queen Elizabeth had just been established in England, and Montaigne, Scaliger, Jerome Cardan, Tasso, Camoens, Cervantes, Philip Sidney, were all in the flower of their vigor, and the world's greatest genius, Shakespeare, was just learning to walk. In 1848 its visit may very reasonably be supposed to have been postponed in order to witness the completion of the Atlantic cable scheme. Viewed in this light, we may consider it a special indication of good will on the part of that illustrious luminary.

"THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The Buffalo Republic has a "Fat Contributor" who gives some racy sketches of his sufferings and experience as he waddles from place to place. "Fat Contributor" recently started on a visit to "Little Mountain." The following extracts are from his diary of his journey by railroad from Buffalo to Painesville:—I was warmly received at the Westfield depot, by a deputation of the "Elephant Club" of that village, headed by the redoubtable editor of the Argus—all of whom had put themselves in a perspiration in honor of my arrival. As soon as I appeared on the platform (the heat being intolerable, I had removed my coat and vest—thus displaying to the best advantage my generous magnitude), three lymphatic cheers burst involuntary from their throats; and then the Argus man made himself very red in the face, and sweat a great deal upon the upper lip, in trying to make me hear while the engine was whistling. In behalf of the Elephant Club of Westfield, he desired to bid me welcome! My name and my suffering in the cause of fat men were not unfamiliar to them. They looked to me as the head of the order, and considered themselves mere "baby elephants," to say the least, in comparison with so illustrious a fat man as myself. "Who," said he, loosening his cravat and unbuttoning his shirt collar, "who has always been the first at the table and the last to leave?" A chorus of voices from the other fat men of the committee, who were flabbily reclining on a bench, and incessantly mopping their faces with gorgeous handkerchiefs, responded, "Fat Contributor." "Who is it that shoemakers' wives point out to their terrified children as the man who could swallow thirty or forty 'cobbles' before dinner without inconvenience, unless compelled to pay for them?" The chorus replied in hollow tones, "Fat Contributor." "Who, then, deserves the homage of the 'Elephant Club,' and is worthy of being at its head?" The double chins of the committee shook like jars of jelly, as they roared in wheezy tones, "Fat Contributor." Taken by surprise as I was, I knew not what to say. I clasped my hands over my paunch, to assure them they had stirred up the depths of my inmost feelings, and at last, when words came to my relief, I returned to them my sincere thanks for the honor they had done me. The bell rang to start, and I endeavored to make a low bow to the committee, but owing to my full habit (a very mild expression for one who measures three and a half yards around), I was only conscious of a trembling of the knees, a rolling of the eyes, and an unpleasant tightening of my cravat. The representatives of the Elephant Club gave a feeble cheer, when, overcome by their unusual exertions, they sank helplessly upon the platform, and were deposited in an express wagon, by a strong force of railroad hands, and conveyed to their respective homes. Nothing further happened until I reached the Painesville depot. There I got off and requested to be checked for "Little Mountain." I ordered my baggage to be taken up town to the hotel, and although an omnibus stood ready, I declined riding, and started on foot. I paid no attention to the stares of passers-by, although they turned around and snickered audibly. I met a bevy of young ladies, and after passing them I heard a giggle, and one of them cried—"How appropriate." Wondering what it meant, I entered the "Cowles House," and observed the same pro-



THE MATCH DEALER.

pensity to laugh when my back was turned. At length the proprietor came to me and said; "My friend, I fear some mischievous boy has been playing a practical joke upon you—your back is chalked." Hastily pulling off my coat, there—across my back—I read in big capitals, "Little Mountain!" The man had cheeked me, instead of my trunk, and the exclamation of the giggling school girl was explained.



THE FANCY BASKET VENDER.

the planet Mars, and with a train of four degrees in length. It has been known as "the great comet of Charles V," because it appeared in the year in which his abdication took place. The emperor, Charles V, of Spain, considered it an omen of his death, although he survived it some years. Fabricius, his astronomer, mapped out its path, describing its course "through Virgo and Bootes, past the pole of the heavens, into Cepheus and Cassiopeia." What rendered this comet particularly interesting was its near approach to the earth, being on the 12th of March only seven millions of miles distant. The orbit of the comet of 1264 was computed by Pingré and Donthome, while that of 1556 was computed by Halley and afterwards by Hind, of the Southville Observatory, Regent's Park, England. It was found that the two orbits agreed, and Pingré concluded that they were the same, and that it would return again in 1848. It was accordingly expected at that time, and its non-appearance stimulated some to a re-examination of the previous calculations. Mr. Barber found that the attraction of the outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn and Herschell, had retarded it. Mr. Hind predicted its appearance in 1858, after making allowance for the disturbances. The excitement and



SEA-SICKNESS, CROSSING FROM DOVER TO BOULOGNE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ITALIAN GIRL TO HER ENGLISH LOVER.

BY SARAH ORAVES.

The early violets you gave were sweet,
And withered will endure through many a year;
Faded and pale, when they my gaze shall meet,
In after life, I'll greet them with a tear.

A tear of passionate regret for hours,
Winged by thy presence, hours that would seem,
But that I fondly clasp those deep blue flowers,
Less a reality than some fond dream.

Yet why, when all around me tells of love,
Of spring, of hope, and all their buoyant train,
Why, boding a spirit, to the future roam?
Why turn from present bliss to coming pain?

Alas! alas! twin-born with love is grief,
Co-heirs of this warm woman heart of mine;
Vainly love wreathes the rose, in dark relief,
Sorrow the tear-gemmed cypress will entwine.

Thou wilt go forth, and in that hallowed isle,
All unforgotten even by my side;
Warm hearts will welcome, deep blue eyes will smile,
And gentle sighs thy long delay will chide.

And household words, and home's sweet welcomes,
And that warm fireside you love so well;
I sing them, dearest, like the swan who sings,
With breaking heart, her own prophetic knell.

Do not disturb this current of sad thought,
A word would make it seem reality;
Were this dark future by thy fancy wrought,
Death should immortalize my memory.

It may be, must be, from my own sad heart,
I can endure this deadly prophecy;
My spirit whispers, 'tis decreed—we part;
When time confirms it, dear one, I can die.

I marked the honey-bee, the summer rose;
He won, he left her for a humbler flower,
Vainly warm zephyrs wooed ere evening's close,
The fair rose drooped and withered in her bower.

There is a master-hand, that hand can bring
Sweet music from an else aye silent lute;
Vainly a stranger's hand would touch the string,
That loyal lyre for all but thee is mute.

There is a master-spirit, one alone,
The deep devotion of this heart can wake;
That master-hand, that master-spirit gone,
Lyre and heart all silently will break.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THREE NIGHTS OF THE PESTILENCE.

BY MARTIN L. AINSWORTH.

IN 1791 a horrible pestilence settled upon New York. They who were wealthy enough to leave the city, were, perhaps, attacked at the very moment of their projected departure—terror and the fatigue of preparation, doing the work of the plague, and bringing it where it might never have found its way alone. Martyrs to their profession, two or three physicians—noble men, and an honor to humanity—had laid down their precious lives, more precious now than ever, leaving a blank in their world that could not speedily, if ever, be supplied.

In these latter days, when people go through the world and out of the world, with railroad speed, there are few expressions of deep terror, even when the news of pestilence meets the ear, and the white-winged ship brings her freight of sick and dying to our very shores. But then it was quite different. Sixty years of *living fast*, implies something like indifference to *dying fast*. California and Australia, those deep and wide graves into which so many have been falling, were not known sixty years ago, by the youth of our own soil, and perhaps they have as yet been known, only to breed an almost reckless disregard of human life.

Railroads and steamboats may also, nay, *have* also contributed to abate the terror, while they increase the mortality to a fearful extent. At all events, there is a growing indifference—not perhaps individually, but certainly collectively.

Among those who tried bravely to battle with their fears, were the family of Mr. Linton, a merchant, consisting of himself, his wife and two very lovely daughters, one nearly twenty, and the other barely sixteen.

Within the twelvemonth, Margaret Linton had been betrothed to Doctor John Carleton, a young physician of more than ordinary talent, and, withal, a most amiable and exemplary man. Few women have the depth of character, the warm and generous heart and the tenderness of conscience combined, that Margaret possessed. Quiet and undemonstrative, she sometimes passed for cold and proud. But not so did they who knew her, read the pure, unsullied, yet ardent page of her character. To her friends—and it was a distinction to be Margaret Linton's friend—she was all that mortal sweetness can be; the guide, consoler and adviser of their lives—the angel that spoke only in pure and deeply loving words. All that she was to her parents, to her sister, and to him who had won her first love, cannot be expressed. Hers was a loveliness far beyond the mere possession of personal beauty; although she was not deficient in that; but it was her least attraction, and only served to show the entire correspondences of her whole mental and physical nature.

Violet Linton was a perfect representation of her name—sweet, shy and retiring; a child of nature, in nature's softest and most beautiful aspect.

The house in which Mr. Linton lived was one of ancient Dutch

architecture, but the homely simplicity of its exterior covered a world of comfort and refinement. The situation was cheerful, light and airy, and such as a pestilence would be likely to pass by without touching. Everything in and about it was as neat and clean as possible, and the happy and cheerful hearts of the inmates might have seemed to be their best protection and preventive from contagion. But Mrs. Linton faltered for a few hours, in the midst of her active duties, and the next hour she lay helpless under the influence of the pestilence. There was no loud demonstration of terror or affright in Mr. Linton's quiet household. Doctor Carleton spent all the time by her bedside that he could spare from others; and, although it wrung his heartstrings to see Margaret exposed to the atmosphere of disease, he could not check her in the filial duty that made her loveliness of character still more conspicuous. He trusted that her courage and indifference to self would secure her more effectually from the disorder than her absence from the sick chamber.

The affrighted servants forsook the house, save one—the faithful and well beloved nurse of Mrs. Linton's children; and she was such a treasure indeed, in this struggle. Her plain common sense aided the doctor more and better, than a dozen ordinary professional nurses would have done, while her affection for the patient ensured the faithful discharge of all the duties which the occasion enforced.

It was well for Margaret and Violet that Doctor Carleton kept them busy. Had they had more time for tears, all would have gone wrong; but he enforced a constant watchfulness of symptoms, and, in his absence, he required them to write down all the minutiae of the disorder, to be shown him when he came.

A few hours the sick woman struggled, apparently, with death, and even Doctor Carleton himself had little hope to give Mr. Linton. But in the midst of their doubts and fears, and after an anxious and tearful watching, she waked, languid and weak indeed, but with a look that told that the fearful crisis was past. The reaction upon her husband, after a suspense so trying, induced a slight attack of fever, but this was subdued without any malignant symptoms, and Doctor Carleton was again at liberty to attend the many others who depended on him. His marriage with Margaret had been delayed by the pestilence. It seemed all unmeet to mingle marriage ceremonies with those which death was celebrating, and they had ceased altogether to speak of it. But after Mr. Linton's recovery they felt that they could be happier if, in sickness or death, they could belong more truly to each other. They had appointed an early hour in the morning, to be united, and it was to be in perfect privacy. No one was to know even that the ceremony was to be passed. A call for the doctor delayed it. He *would go*, and Margaret's pale lips bade him go; but little Violet was perfectly indignant at his attention to business at such an hour.

"Hush, Violet! we *may* need some person's aid, and we should think it cruel to have any one put us off by such an excuse."

"You would be married when the doctor is at perfect leisure, then, Margaret? I would scorn to do such a thing."

"O, well, Letty, I shall come into many a struggle deeper than this, and, therefore I claim to be quite stoical in bearing this trial."

"Margaret!" shrieked poor little Violet, as she fell into her sister's arms.

"What is it, love? Violet! why, Violet! what is the matter?"

Violet's pale face, with a little red spot burning high up on the cheek, and a white, chalky look round the lips, which were purple and shrunken, told Margaret, plainer than words, what her shriek meant. Already the child was seized with the dreadful pestilence.

To call the old nurse, and, with her help, undress Violet and place her in bed, and administer the medicine which Doctor Carleton had ordered to be given immediately, if any one should be taken in his absence, was Margaret's quickly executed thought, and this without the knowledge of her scarcely recovered mother.

Violet's disorder assumed a delirious form—usually the most fatal. She seemed wandering beside cool, shadowy ponds, where the soft white water-lilies were floating, but not one could she reach. Then she was herself floating past great icebergs in the ocean, which she wanted to climb, but could not even find a way to come near them. And again she saw cold white statues, holding pitchers, like some fair Egeria, and her parched lips were denied a single draught. She knew no one, although all who were dearest to her stood around her bed. The messengers despatched for Doctor Carleton could not find him, and ere another physician could be summoned, Violet was among the angels.

Long after midnight, the weary man returned to Mr. Linton's, worn out and exhausted, and the sight of Violet, lying dead before him, completed what exhaustion had only begun. He fell, utterly insensible, and was laid in bed in the room whence the beautiful child had just been taken.

Although sixteen, Violet Linton had never been spoken or thought of, save as a child. Her peculiarly low stature, and the fairy lightness of her little figure, had made her look almost infantile, and her pure complexion as well as her affectionate and fondling manner towards those she loved, confirmed the idea, and gave rise to the oft repeated expression of "little Violet."

"There is nothing,"—so Dickens puts into the mouth of little Nell's friend, the schoolmaster—"no, nothing innocent or good, that dies, and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! O, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautifully

would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

So also did the blighted Violet—blighted on earth, to bloom again in immortal beauty—so also did she do her work, in dying that many hearts might flourish anew in a holier and better living and doing.

And how was it with poor Margaret? For a moment her senses reeled under the accumulated shocks which she had experienced. Neither her father nor mother was yet wholly restored to perfect health—Violet lying there before her eyes, and now, her lover dying perhaps! But courage and fortitude came to her aid, just when she needed it most; and she remembered with joy, how beautifully Doctor Carleton's prescriptions had succeeded at different phases of the mother's illness, and that she had noted all, with a critical eye and ear. Could not this knowledge be applied to his own case, in the absence of any more experienced person than herself and Elsie? She would try, at least, and, God helping her, she would succeed. And she left the dead, for whom she could do no more, and the mourning parents to comfort each other, and shut herself and Elsie in the sick room.

A few hours altered the calm, sweet face of John Carleton so much that his own mother could not have known him. After a long interval of delirious excitement, in which Violet's fancies seemed reproduced in his mind, he seemed to sink rapidly under the disorder. His two nurses were unremitting in attention; watched every symptom, and combated every appearance of danger, until a dull, heavy stupor, that yielded to no medicine, and from which there was no arousal, succeeded.

For the first time for many hours, Margaret sat down and folded her hands helplessly on the pillow where lay that head which never before was insensible to her touch. Behind her was a window, through which the beams of a September moon were streaming brightly. She turned round at the dreary sound of wheels in the street. Had they come for Violet! It was well that they had not, for her strength, which had held out while there was anything to do, had failed in her present inaction.

The chill, shining moonbeams were slanting across the face of the sick man, as she turned back towards the bed; making it paler and more deathlike than before. She thought that no breath came from the lips, and despair seized upon her heart. She looked up, and saw her father tottering in his weakness towards her. She could scarcely rouse herself to give him her help to a chair.

"They have taken her away, Margaret. My little Violet is gone." She had no conception that he meant she was carried from the house. The old man—prematurely stricken old by the events of the past week—was calm and still under his grief; but Margaret grew almost desperate under hers. She could not speak, to tell him that John Carleton had passed into the same sleep that preceded Violet's death, or perhaps had passed away altogether.

Mr. Linton knelt by the bedside, his gray hair, so black but last week, streaming over the quilt. He prayed, and the tears that would not flow before, now rained from Margaret's eyes. She held the hand of her lover, cold with dew; and as her father's prayer ended, she felt a faint quivering in that hand, not amounting to a pressure, but quickening her to the belief that he was waking from that terrible sleep. And then and there, John Carleton, pale and ghost-like, but with a recovered consciousness, and a look full of love and hope and joy, drew her feebly down to his bosom, and kissed her reverently as one would a sleeping infant.

A few cool and breezy days followed this dreary week, and the pestilence abated. Men blessed the footsteps of John Carleton for his presence at the bedsides of the sick and dying of their households, and in after times they blessed the heroic wife who watched by him on that dreary night of the pestilence.

There are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change, and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere, through every circumstance of change, as the bound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally at work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weathercock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.—*Colton*.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MISS MARY A. BURNETT.

BY WILLIE WARE.

If affliction round thee fling
Her mantle dark and drear;
If suffering, want and grief
Should ever hover near;
If all thy joys have fled,
And all thy hopes be dead,
"Trust in God."

If friendship's been to thee
But as a passing breath,
Living brightly for an hour,
Then gone for aye in death;
If all thy friends have fled,
Let not thy heart be dead,
But "trust in God."

If the one thou fondly lovest
Hath broken every vow,
And caused thy heart to mourn,
And paler made thy brow,
O, give not sorrow sway,
Wipe the falling tear away,
And "trust in God!"

If a cold and selfish world
Fail to love thee now,
Mourn not, for soon will rest
Fannie's wreath upon thy brow:
And then they'll bow before thy shrines,
And love to quote the words that are thine,
Still "trust in God."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENES IN CHINA.—NO. 12.

BY ALUNG.

A FIGHT WITH THE MANDARIN SOLDIERS.

THE city of Shanghai stands on the west banks of a small river called the Woo-sung, the walls being washed on the southeast side by its muddy water. To the north of the city is a settlement where the European and American merchants have their store-houses and residences, and upon the other sides is a rude plain called the Race-course. This city had been in possession of the rebel army about six months, when the incidents recorded in the present sketch took place. It was the strong fortress of the rebels, and was closely besieged by the government troops, or mandarin soldiers, under the command of the Tartar governor of the province. Day after day the attack of the besiegers was renewed, while a strict blockade was maintained by three French frigates in the river, which prevented any stores from reaching the rebels within the walls. These frigates also aided actively in the siege, by bombarding the city daily with their heavy guns.

About the time to which my present narrative refers, the imperial general had extended his works in a manner that caused great annoyance to the American and European merchants in the outside settlement; and indeed was fraught with serious danger to them and their families and possessions. Between this settlement and the city walls there was a small stream called the Soo-chou Creek, which emptied itself into the river. Upon the banks of this creek the Chinese commander had caused several breast-works to be thrown up, behind which he planted cannon and posted an adequate force.

There was a temporary twelve-foot wall, or barrier, around the settlement, extending, in a horse-shoe shape, from one point of the river bank to another. A portion of the mandarin troops were also encamped in the open space beyond this barrier, their tents extending close up to the same. The pernicious effects of this movement soon made themselves visible, and caused bitter complaints on the part of our people. The Chinese soldiers, naturally thieves, soon commenced stealing everything that they could lay their hands on, infesting the settlement in large numbers, and roaming through its streets at night in search of plunder. But this was only a prelude to the more serious evils which shortly followed.

The guns planted in the Soo-chou Creek opened their fire upon the city, and drew forth a ready response from the rebels on the walls. As the settlement was in the line of direction of the shot sent from the city to the batteries on the creek, it came in for a good share of the rebels' favors, and was of course a very uncomfortable place to stay in. All the families in the exposed quarter had to leave their houses, to avoid the shot and shells which fell on the roofs and came crashing through the walls and windows. In one instance a nurse and child were killed while in bed, by one of these stray shots; and the occupants of many splendid and costly mansions had barely time to vacate them, when they were laid in ruins.

Another serious danger threatened from the turbulence of the Chinese soldiery. A number of them were engaged in stealing fowls and pigs from a gentleman's yard one night, and were fired upon while in the act. Two of the number were killed by the discharge; whereupon the remainder of the party broke into the house, murdered the proprietor and his clerk, and subjected his lady to the most brutal outrages. This occurrence served to bring the dissatisfaction of the merchants to a head; for they saw at once that all of them were liable to be plundered and murdered by the ten thousand lawless wretches that swarmed around the settlement, long before any assistance could reach them from the vessels in the river. A deputation of their number accordingly

waited upon the consul, who immediately took hold of the matter in earnest.

Without delay the consul sent me with an order to the Chinese governor, to withdraw his troops from the Soo-chou Creek and break up his encampment around the settlement. The order was peremptory, because, according to the treaties with the European and American powers, no armed force was to be allowed within two miles of the settlement, except by express permission of the consuls. I delivered my despatch and brought back to the consul a written reply, which I understood to contain a promise to comply with the order immediately. But day after day passed, and there was no sign of leaving on the part of the troops. Yet, as if determined to do all the stealing they could while the opportunity lasted, the rascally soldiers plied their trade with the utmost assiduity. Not a night passed without some of our people being robbed. A second time the consul sent me to the governor, repeating his demand, and then the answer came back, short, sharp, decided, that he would not remove either batteries or camp, for he chose to have them there to fight the rebels; and that if two of our people killed his soldiers, they had a right to kill them who did it.

Nothing remained to be done but to resort to force; and it amused me to see the consul, who was an old East India warrior, coolly read the governor's answer, and then as quietly as though inviting him to dinner, set down and write him that he had *determined to drive the troops off at the point of the bayonet!* And what the old war-horse determined on, he set about at once. That day was a busy one for me, as I was aid-de-camp to the consul, and was rushing about the settlement and on board the men-of-war with orders until dark. All the merchants and clerks, and in fact all the white men in the settlement, volunteered at once, and placed themselves under command of the brave old consul.

At four o'clock the next morning, six field pieces were landed from the frigates, and about three hundred sailors and marines came on shore. By six all the arms, ammunition and camp equipage were piled upon the green before the consul's mansion, and all the volunteers had been supplied with rifles, with which any of them could hit a man at two hundred yards. Again the governor was notified of our purpose, and his reply was, that he would not remove his men; and that if we attempted to drive them off, he would burn the settlement. On the receipt of this letter, all the women and children were sent on board the ships, and we prepared to march against the mandarin troops.

One hundred men and three field pieces were left to protect the settlement, and the rest, numbering in all—volunteers, sailors and marines—about three hundred, with the other three cannon, took the field. We were accompanied by about two hundred Chinese, carrying our camp equipage and baggage. At a little before ten we reached the barrier wall, and could see no appearance of preparation for resistance on the part of the Chinese troops in the field beyond. We halted, and while we were gazing at the hive-like scene before us presented by their camp, a messenger rode into the midst of the tents and delivered some orders, the effect of which was soon apparent in the fire which the soldiers opened upon us.

From behind our barrier wall we answered their fire promptly and with good effect, the large number that fell beneath our discharge proving that the Shanghai volunteers were no despicable riflemen. In a short time the enemy struck their tents and made a hasty but orderly retreat from the exposed position where our deadly fire mowed them down. They made a stand at a safer distance, upon a small eminence covered with low brushwood. We advanced from our cover, and followed them into the open ground, our field pieces at each discharge doing fearful execution among their crowded ranks.

Our commander now detached a force of fifty marines to attack the batteries on Soo-chou Creek, one of which had opened a clumsy and ineffectual fire upon us, killing, however, three of our men and wounding one. The batteries were carried by the marines at the point of the bayonet, and all the guns were spiked but the three which had been ranged upon us. These were directed by our people upon the flank of the Chinese, and their cross-fire co-operated well with the fire in front from our field pieces, to drive the enemy from their new position. After this was accomplished, these three guns were also spiked, and abandoned with the others.

Thus the battle waged through the day, and by eight in the evening we had not only driven them from their batteries, but forced them at least a mile from the settlement. We then determined to encamp upon the field, and pitching our tents, we sent the wounded on litters borne by Chinamen and properly guarded, to the hospital in the settlement. A chain of sentries was thrown around our camp, and picked guards posted at all exposed points; we then turned our attention to the wants of the inner man. On that evening, surrounded by the dead and the dying, many of us cooked and ate the first meal of which we had ever partaken on the tented field.

The night passed quietly, the guards being visited regularly and duly relieved. At break of day the fight was resumed: Our men fought well, and every discharge of grape and cannister from our field pieces mowed the enemy down by dozens. But they held their position behind some mounds of earth which they had thrown up during the night, and at the same time annoyed us very much with four guns of heavy calibre which they had brought to bear upon us. We kept up our fire the whole of that day, but not a foot of ground did we gain; and although we killed hundreds on hundreds, they appeared as numerous and determined as ever. At sundown we ceased firing, and again pitched our tents upon the same ground as the night before. That night our fatigue party carried fifty killed and wounded to the settlement.

We attempted a midnight surprise, and made a fierce and determined assault upon the enemy's camp. But after half an hour of fearful carnage, we were beaten back, leaving five of our party dead behind us. The loss of the Chinamen must have been very great; for our sailors, armed with cutlasses and pistols, fought like tigers, and were only driven off by the overpowering numbers that literally crowded them back, fighting step by step. During this assault the American consul received a wound in the right leg which will lame him for life. When day dawned we were upon them again, but met with the same determined resistance. During the whole of the two previous days my brother had fought by my side, and we had both escaped without a scratch. On the third day we were together, in company with a party of twenty men of which I had the command, and my orders were to storm the mound on which a body of about fifty Chinamen were stationed. They had a gun of heavy calibre with them, and were doing serious mischief with it upon one wing of our line. My business was to spike this gun, and return to the main body. About all of my party were Americans, and when I told them that I wanted to *snake* the force upon the mound, they knew exactly what I meant.

In a few moments we were all buried in the high grass, and silently crawling towards our destined point. We reached within forty yards of the enemy, entirely unobserved by them. I then gave the order to halt, and when all were ready, such a death-dealing volley as we sent among them I never saw equalled by so small a band. With the report of our rifles we sprang up the sides of the mound, and after a hand-to-hand fight of a few moments, what were left of them turned and fled. In a second we spiked the gun and were about to withdraw, when I suddenly missed my brother, who I had supposed was at my side through the whole fray. But the Chinese were rushing to the mound in large numbers, and there was no time to look about us, so we were forced to abandon the spot.

While we were on the run to rejoin our line, I found my brother lying on the ground. A ball from the Chinamen had passed through his thigh and brought him down. He could not walk, and we picked him up and carried him with us to the tents. There the surgeons had a busy time of it, for latterly we had been getting the worst of it. I was immediately after this despatched by the consul to the settlement for two more field pieces and fifty men from the guard stationed there. The consul also sent his horse in my charge, to be put up at the stables, as he had been wounded in the neck by a bullet. I was not long in reaching the settlement, and as soon as I had seen the reinforcements despatched for the field, I rode to the stable and left the horse.

Being anxious to see how my brother got along with his wound, I concluded to scale the barrier and make a short cut back to the camp. This was no sooner thought of than done. I clambered over the wall, and had got within sight of our forces, which were waiting for the fresh men and additional guns before renewing the fight, when three mandarin soldiers rushed upon me from behind. In the glance which I got of them I could see that one bore a long Chinese spear like a pitchfork, with three prongs. What weapons the others had I knew not. They had been concealed behind the ruins of an old mud hut, and I did not see them until they rushed out upon me.

With a spring I darted ahead of them, and ran faster than I ever ran before or since, drawing my sword and pistol from their sheaths while at the top of my speed. But with the best time I could make, the yellow rascals gained upon me, and I could almost fancy I felt the head one's spear with its three prongs entering my back. Soon the sound of his feet told me that the spear thrust would be something more than fancy, if I did not turn upon the bearer and disable him. With a sudden halt I faced about, and had just time to raise my sword, when, still running, he thrust at me with the ugly-looking weapon. I turned his thrust with a vigorous parry in time, and gave him the point of my sword. His great speed seemed to give him quite a good appetite for cold steel; for he never stopped until he had taken the whole of it into his bowels, bringing up short against the hilt, while the point protruded from his back. The other two were at his heels; and as I pressed the trigger of my pistol, the muzzle of which rested against the heart of one of them, his short, heavy Chinese sword left a deep gash on my forehead. At the same instant I received a blow upon the head from the heavy iron-shod club of the third, the crushing noise of which made think I was shot, as I fell senseless to the ground.

Three days afterwards I recovered my senses, and the first object which I realized was my brother, propped up in the bed next to mine, gazing anxiously upon me. Poor Tom forgot all his own pains to think of me, and was overjoyed to see the beam of reason once more dawn upon my face. I was now told how I had escaped. I had been seen by several of our party at the moment of my conflict with the three soldiers; but while my position placed me between my assailants and my friends, the latter could do nothing for me. The moment I felt the enemy was unmasked; and as the remaining fellow (for I had killed the other two) raised his mace to give me a second and finishing blow, a dozen of them drew sight upon him, a dozen rifles cracked, and a dozen balls riddled his body ere he could bring down his club upon my prostrate head.

On the arrival of the reinforcements, our party had beat the mandarins from their entrenchments with great slaughter, and chased them for miles. The governor was taken prisoner, and had to pay an immense sum of money in compensation for the injury he had caused, and to give security for the future safety of the settlement. My brother and I recovered from our wounds in a few weeks, but we yet bear the marks of the fight with the mandarin soldiers.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

As we have made it a rule to keep our readers posted up with regard to the persons and doings of all the world's notabilities, its great men and its rulers—though some of the latter are by no means its great men—we add to our gallery of people talked about, the young Prince of Orange, whose coming of age was recently celebrated all through Holland. To be sure, his royal highness is not really of age, but has been declared to be, which amounts to the same thing. The constitution of Holland provides that no subject of his majesty shall be of age before his twenty-third birthday, but that the king is of age on his eighteenth birthday. The Prince of Orange completed his eighteenth year lately; and, as his royal highness is still a subject, many thought that the king intended to abdicate in favor of his son. Hence the rumors on this subject that were floating about the French and English papers a few weeks ago. There are others who aver that this premature coming of age of the heir to the throne, was a manoeuvre for securing for the prince state pay and a state household five years before he could constitutionally claim them. Be all this as it may, the Prince of Orange has been formally congratulated by the people of Holland on the attainment of his majority. In Amsterdam, as well as in all the other cities of Holland, illuminations and feasts were the order of the day, or rather of the night, and the Prince of Orange has become a privy councillor and a major-general. The house of Orange has always been considered by the people of Holland as the palladium of their rights, liberties, and privileges. From the time of the sagacious William the Silent, who in the days of good Queen Bess repelled with his little band of sturdy patriots the power of Spanish arrogance and despotism, to the time of the liberal minded William II., who in 1849 prescribed the articles of the charter which is the basis of the present liberal constitution of Holland, the house of Orange has always eminently distinguished itself by its unwavering defence of liberty and Protestantism. It therefore well becomes the people of this industrious and prosperous commonwealth to receive with enthusiastic hope another representative of a house which has been the instrument of working out so much good to them. Some months ago it was stated by the English and French journals that the Prince of Orange had asked, and been promised, the hand of the Princess Alice of England; and, though the subject is less talked about now than it was then, and is by many altogether discredited, it is still thought in high quarters that such an alliance will be eventually effected. At a very early age the Prince of Orange was entrusted to the deucational care of an English lady, who, assiduously assisted by his exemplary mother the queen, anxiously devoted her best energies to her responsible office. Subsequently the prince was removed to the educational establishment of Dr. de Raadt—a man of high scholastic reputation—where he passed three or four years, sharing in the studies, amusements, and domestic life of all the boys—sons of statesmen, clergymen, lawyers and merchants—entrusted to Dr. de Raadt's care. At this point of his history his royal parents seem to have evinced a very laudable determination that their son and heir should be educated among his future subjects as a man, rather than as princes are too usually educated. On leaving school the Prince of Orange entered the university of Leyden, where, throughout his academical career, which he terminated a few weeks ago, after taking his doctor's degree, he distinguished himself by his zealous attention to study, by his affable demeanor, and by his superior attainments. He is an excellent linguist, and, under the training of an English tutor, Mr. Henry Attwell (admitted to the Order of the Oakle Crown, in recognition of his services), he has not only succeeded in attaining a correct and extensive acquaintance with the English language and literature, but seems, judging from all the good things that are known and said of him, to have studied, *con amore*, the peculiarities, while he displays the idiosyncrasies, of the English gentleman. The prince, it is said by those well up in palace gossip, intends passing two years at the university of Oxford, England, following the example of his grandfather, William II., in order to cultivate a further acquaintance with the ancient Greeks and the modern English. We are not able to state distinctly that such is the case; but as his royal highness "is o'er young to marry yet," and neither state nor military affairs are likely to demand



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

much of his attention for some time to come, perhaps he could scarcely pass two years of the present impressionable period of his life better than by studying ancient lore, of English constitutional legislation, and their national aspirations on "the charmed banks of the Isis."

THE COSTUMES OF NORMANDY.

In the accompanying engraving we have full length portraits of female peasants of the departments of L'Eure and Calvados, upper Normandy, France, flanked by sketches representing the remarkable head-dress worn by the beauties of that famous region. One of these is a singular crest with wings, two of the others lofty and ambitious structures, with lace lappets. The head-dress in the shape of a mitre, seen in the right-hand corner of the engraving, is one of very great antiquity. Some of these queer *coiffures* are occasionally seen in Paris, on the heads of Norman nurses, and we believe the *boune* of the prince imperial is thus bedecked. During the late tour of their majesties, the empress Eugenie was much delighted with the appearance of the Norman maidens who thronged to see, at various points, offering flowers and gratulations. Among the peasants of Normandy many curious customs, as well as queer dresses, still exist, rendering the country very interesting to tourists tired of the dead level and uniformity of modern civilization. The costumes of the French peasants are by no means so picturesque, and never were, as the national costumes of other countries, and it is a little singular, since France has come to set the fashion to the world. The costumes of the Italian peasants are far more graceful—so are those of Albania, Hungary, and so were those of the Scottish highland before the national dress was suppressed by law. In the East nothing can be more picturesque and graceful than the dresses of the Persians, and the Egyptians still fold them in drapery at once picturesque and classic. Western costumes are, however, fast prevailing.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

The funeral services were ended, and as the voice of prayer escaped, tears were hastily wiped off from the wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choking sobs, as the mourners prepared to take leave of the corpse. It was an old man that lay there, robed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and all the more willing to lie down and rest where weariness is no more suffered, and infirmities no longer a burden. The aged have but few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss, have gone to their grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone; and that few that remain are looking cradleward rather than graveward—to life's closing goal; are bound to and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing. Youth and beauty have many admirers while living, have many mourners when dying. Many tearful ones bend over their coffined clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train. But age has few admirers, few mourners. This was an old man, and a circle of mourners. Two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for, and be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear except his wife. And of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart-mourner. It is respectful for friends to be sad for a few moments, till the service is performed and the hearse is out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affections of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumbers. Some regrets, some recollections of the past, some transitory grief, and the pangs are over. Not always so. But often, how little true, genuine heart sorrow there is!

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her last farewell. Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into that pale, unconscious face. Whom did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the dead; she saw more. In every wrinkle of that brow she read the history of years. From youth to manhood; from manhood to old age; in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health—it was all there: when those children, who had outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and those dull, mutemourners were unintelligible; to her they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words! And then the future! "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so—she did not say anything—but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded. The home circle is broken, never to be re-united! The visions of the hearthstone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home, to which the heart always turned with fondness. But that magic is sundered; the keystone of that sacred arch has fallen, and now home is nowhere this side of heaven! What shall the old wife do now? Go and live with her children? be a pensioner upon their kindness, where she may be more a burden than a blessing? so, at least, she thinks. Or shall she gather up the scattered fragments of that broken arch; make them her temple and her shrine; sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires and die? What shall she do now? They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward with the coffin in hand. It is all right and proper—of course it must be done; but to the heart mourner it brings a kind of shudder—a thrill of agony, as when the headsmen comes forward with the axe! The undertaker stood for a moment, decent propriety, not wishing to manifest rude haste, but evidently desirous of being as expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever. That kiss! Fond token of affection, and of sorrow, and memory, and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead—many such seals upon clay-cold lips—but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart-touching and hopeless as that! Or if it had hope, it looked to the joys of the home above.—*Pictures of Life.*



COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN OF UPPER NORMANDY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50
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 Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club)..... 20 00
 One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together, \$3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. E., Covington, Ky.—We have delayed answering your question in hopes of hearing of such a work as you require, but regret to say that our efforts have been fruitless.
- B., Darlington, Wis.—The work can be obtained in Boston for two dollars. The transportation by mail would cost nearly as much more.
- "SEIRAT-RAPPER."—A belief that certain houses are haunted still exists in England. There is a good house at Harlesden, near Willesden, on the Harrow Road, which is believed to be haunted, and to be also unlucky to all tenants, on which account it has been for some time unoccupied. The popular account of the matter is, that those unpleasant peculiarities of the mansion are owing to the woodwork having been formed out of timber which composed the scaffold on which Charles I. was executed.
- C. P., Burlington, Vt.—Over a surface comprising one-eleventh part of the earth, the power of the sun is too weak to dissipate in summer the ice and snow of winter.
- M. D., Rockport, Mass.—We have no faith that the air will be safely navigated, though constant efforts are making to attain that end. One of our latest French exchanges says: "A soldier of the 63d of the line, named Mure, affirms that he has found the solution of the problem of directing balloons. His apparatus consists of a large surface of strong silk stretched over pieces of whalebone, with two large wings at the sides. The aeronaut is seated along the expense of silk, his feet placed on pedals which communicate a movement to the wings, while his arms lean on a lever, by means of which he directs the mass. All this piece of machinery is disposed immediately below the balloon. Mure has presented a model of his apparatus to the emperor, who has, it is said, advanced 5000 francs to enable the inventor to prosecute his experiments."
- T. K., New York.—Mecchi's razor-paste is composed as follows: Emery, reduced to an impalpable powder, two parts; spermaceti ointment, one part. Mix together, and rub it over the atrop.
- "HOMESUCK."—The following receipts for making blacking are taken from a reliable source: Liquid blacking: Rub well together one pound of ivory black in fine powder, three-quarters of a pound of treacle, and two ounces of sweet oil. Afterwards add one pint of vinegar, and the same quantity of beer.—Paste blacking: Ivory black, one pound; treacle, half a pound; olive oil and oil of vitriol, of each, two ounces; water, a sufficient quantity.
- B. C.—In various parts of Scripture mention is made of rings as ornaments worn by the Hebrews and the Egyptians. Homer makes no allusion to rings; but nevertheless there is reason to believe that they were in use at a very early period among the Greeks. It was customary among the Romans for the bridegroom to send to his betrothed a ring of iron, as an emblem of the firmness and durability of their union. It is supposed by some writers that the nuptial ring was in use among the Hebrews. Among Christians it has been kept up from the commencement of the Christian era to the present time.
- B. D.—Alfred Tennyson was born in 1810. His first volume of poems, entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," appeared in 1830.

A SUBSTITUTE.—A "retired physician, whose sands of life, etc.," says that an opium pill is one of the best things to appease hunger. We prefer oysters, followed by broiled plover.

A ROCKY MARRIAGE.—A marriage was recently performed on Plymouth Rock. It is not stated whether the bridegroom has "plenty of rocks" to live on.

SHORT-LIVED.—Penny papers continue to die off in the English country. John Bull must pay dear for his whistle.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is reported that the Hon. John Minor Botts of Virginia lost \$5000 on the Long Island races recently.

.... Mr. George Vandenhoff has been very successful in his recitations of Longfellow's new and popular poem.

.... Why is an old chair that has a new bottom put ~ it like a paid bill? Because it is *reseated* (received).

.... A German physiologist has discovered that it is the drunkard's "carbon" which being retained, burns up his system.

.... M. Alexandre Dumas, tired of Paris, where he is "played out," is seeking to establish himself in St. Petersburg.

.... A "matrimonial broker" in New York has retired from his peculiar business with a very handsome fortune.

.... Two thousand six hundred and twenty-one cabin passengers left the ports of Boston and New York for Europe last month.

.... The Duke of Malakoff lately gave a dinner at Paris that cost him \$1000. But he has \$50,000 a year.

.... The governor of New Hampshire led off the string in appointing Thanksgiving for the 25th day of November.

.... The work on the Hoosac Tunnel is steadily progressing. We shall be glad when daylight penetrates the mountain.

.... A son of Hon. A. G. Talbot, M. C. of Kentucky lately made his debut as a clown in a circus company.

.... The Times Paris correspondent says the ports of Tahiti and Marquesas are about being declared free.

.... The best joke of the season is the bestowal of the orders of St. Vladimir and of the legion of honor on the emperor of China.

.... The New York and Galway steamship company have purchased the steamer "Congress" for their American line.

.... Church's painting of Ningam Falls has been engraved in London, and is now on exhibition in that country.

.... Hon. John G. Palfrey, since his retirement from politics, has been writing a standard history of New England.

.... The London papers are lauding Charles Kean and regretting that he is to give up the management of the Princess theatre.

.... Paul Morphy, the great American chess-player, was born in New Orleans, in the month of June, 1837.

.... If London increases during the second half of this century at her present rate, the population in 1901 will be 5,816,000.

.... It costs something to be a member of the British parliament. Bulwer spent \$6000 on his election in Hertfordshire.

.... We are inclined to think that our Portland friends will have the honor of seeing the Leviathan steamer, after all.

.... The Boston Fusiliers recently paid a visit to Canada as guests of that fine corps, the Montreal Rifles.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Traces of the semi-civilized race of men that inhabited this country prior to the advent of the present Indian tribes, are often met with in the valley of the Mississippi and along its tributary streams. These traces consist of mounds, tumuli, fortifications, etc., and occasionally human remains and other interesting relics of the mound-builders, are dug up from beneath these earth works. Quite recently, near the town of Winchester, Randolph county, in the eastern part of Indiana, skeletons of men ten feet high have been found in the vicinity of these works of a past race. There is a fortification of earth-work near by, which covers a space of thirty-six acres. The present height of these works is fifteen feet, but there is a mound in the centre which rises to the height of twenty-five feet. Directly east and west from this central mound there are gateways through the sides of the fortification, and outside of these openings and around them, are other smaller forts. These new discoveries are precisely similar in character to the mounds and fortifications heretofore found in those regions, and were doubtless the work of the same people.

In reference to the questions whence these people came, and whither they departed, archaeologists have presented a very plausible theory of their origin in southern Asia, and entrance upon this continent from the northwest, by the way of Kamschatka and the bridge of islands called the Aleutian chain. They made their way to the regions on the western shore of Lake Superior, and traces of them in the copper mines of that locality are found by the miners at this day. They occupied the Mississippi basin until driven thence by the invading Indian race, which originated in northern Asia, and followed the former to America at a later period, settling upon the Pacific side, but gradually encroaching towards the east until they came at length upon the Mississippi, and encountered their more civilized predecessors in the line of emigration. The Leni Lenape or Delaware Indians, according to the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors, resided many hundred years ago in a very distant country in the western part of the American continent. They determined to emigrate to the eastward, and accordingly set out in a body. After a long journey, and many halts of a year at one place, they arrived at the Namoesi Sipu (river of fish), the river now known as the Mississippi, which name is evidently a corruption of the Indian words *namasi*, fish, and *sipu*, river. At the river they met with another Indian tribe, the Mengwe (the Iroquois, or Five Nations), who had also emigrated eastward from a distant country, and had struck the river somewhat higher up.

The traditions of the Delawares further state that the country east of the Namoesi Sipu was inhabited by a powerful nation, who had many large towns built on the great rivers flowing through the land. Those people were called the Alligewi, from whose name the original name of the Ohio river, Alleghany, also of the mountain chain to the eastward, is derived. They were remarkably stout and tall men, and the tradition further says that there were giants among them. They defended themselves by regular fortifications and entrenchments. The Lenape sought permission to settle in the country, but were refused, and could only obtain consent that they should pass through and seek a settlement further eastward. While they were crossing the great river, their numbers alarmed the Alligewi, and a furious attack was commenced upon them for the purpose of preventing their crossing. This treachery led to a war in which the Iroquois joined the Delawares, and the final result was the expulsion of the Alligewi from their country, and the eventual migration southward into Mexico, Central America and Peru. This occurred about the sixth century of our era, and the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians had traditions among them corresponding with these.

WASHINGTON'S BIBLE.

The copy of the Bible that belonged to Washington, and was used by him, has lately been brought to public notice by the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, travelling agent of the Nashville Bible Society. While on a tour of duty in Macon county, Tennessee, he fell in with a gentleman who exhibited Washington's Bible to him and informed him of the manner in which it came into his possession. The gentleman's name is Clairborne, and he lives in Lafayette, Macon county. He says he formerly lived in Virginia, and that while there he received this Bible as a gift from an old lady, in gratitude for his attendance upon a sick son of hers, whom he waited upon until his death. The old lady was a niece of General Washington, and upon his death she fell heir to his Bible, which she preserved as a family relic until her poverty compelled her to part with it, in compensation for the services bestowed upon her deceased son. Col. Clairborne says he gladly accepted the offer which she made him, and upon his removal to Tennessee, carried it with him upon horseback; that he has ever prized it as a great treasure, and would not part with it for three thousand dollars.

THE LATE J. L. HATCH.—The death of this gentleman, one of the editors of the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, is deeply mourned by a wide circle of friends, as well as by those who only knew him as a writer. He was a cultivated man of genius, and an ornament to society.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.—A man who takes proper care of himself, and indulges in plenty of air, exercise, and above all, recreation, ought to be in a high range of health and strength from twenty-four years to sixty-five.

TELEGRAPH CHARMS.—These elegant bits of copper, gutta-percha and iron, are rather unsaleable since the cable has refused to do its duty.

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

The wild but beautiful scene on the last page is an actual transcript from nature, a delineation of a wild retreat on the eastern coast of England, a favorite resort of smugglers, who find its natural fortifications and deep recesses, hiding places for themselves and their goods, and barriers that defy the revenue officers, except they approach from the sea, whose wild and stormy character renders navigation a very difficult task. Is there not a grandeur in those ribbed and scarred rocks that rise like the walls of a feudal fortress along the deep? Here they shoot up perpendicularly in columnar masses, and there their salient projections defy the incessant and thunderous charge of the sweeping tide. The rising moon flings a glittering pathway of silver over the waves, and far away the smugglers' lugger is staggering off into the German ocean under a press of canvass. The flying scud betokens a wild night. In the foreground a boat's crew are shoving their craft into a black rent in the wall of rock, where she will lie till needed, undetected. Two or three casks scattered about, confirm the suspicion that these fellows are contraband importers of liquor. The smuggler's occupation is about gone in England in these days of low tariffs. The days are gone when cohorts of "bould smugglers," with kegs and runlets of right Hollands and Nantes particular that were never intended to pay the king's sixpence, slung, at their saddle-bows, went trooping along the moonlit beach; when cargoes were "run," and farmers' dwellings close to the seashore had snug punchoons and forbidden haunts concealed in their barns and granaries; when lieutenants of revenue cutters were a torment unto them, and county jails full to overflowing with rough seafaring men, who were sent to herd with pickpockets and felons. The coast guardsmen have now comparatively an easy task, and can doze upon their beats (though it is doubtless contrary to the articles of war to do so). In fact, what is there to smuggle? Contraband silks are no longer in demand. Foreign lace, when wanted, comes over in the passenger boat between Dover and Calais, wound round the waists of fair ladies; and, as for tobacco, still the staple of the smuggling vocation, the great bulk of it, in a contraband shape, is brought over packed in the voluminous crinoline of the stewardesses of the Rotterdam steamboats. The modern representative of the "bold smuggler" is a shallow impostor in a pea-jacket, and a tarpaulin hat, very different from the old smuggler, with his striped galliguskens, his broad leathern belt with the brass buckle, his red nightcap, bucket boots, and terrible "snickasnee" such as we see him in "Guy Mannering" and the melo-dramas.

SINGULAR OPTICAL PHENOMENON.

Galignani's Messenger contains a statement of a discovery recently communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, of a process by which the human eye can be made to see every object of a uniform color. A small dose of *santonine*, the bitter principle of *Artemisia santonica*, or worm-seed, produces this strange effect upon the vision. A few minutes after the drug is taken, the patient usually sees everything of a green color, but the quantity of the dose may modify the effect considerably, and there are some persons upon whom it acts in such a manner as to produce some other color besides green. A young man who took five grains of this substance, in a few minutes saw all things yellow; upon repeating the dose, in about half an hour he saw everything red. Half an hour later the red changed to an orange, and that gradually to a yellow again. To another person everything appeared blue, without regard to the quantity of the dose, and to a third the color was always a light straw. The phenomena are not permanent in all cases, but return at intervals of five or six minutes, and they never last longer than one day. M. Martini, an Italian physician, who appears to have discovered this singular effect of *santonine*, attributes it to the action of the drug upon the nerves of the retina, changing their tension and vibratory action under the impression of light. The discovery thus far appears to be merely a chance vagary of medical science, and not applicable to any useful purpose; but it may perhaps prove the germ of some useful invention for the treatment of defective sight.

A NICE MARE.—Daniel Goodall of Ecorse, Michigan, owns a little gray mare, thirty-four years old last spring, which never saw the inside of a stable, and has pastured out of doors all her life. She is lively as a colt, and has outlived many of her offspring. She has a very interesting family of ponies numbering twenty six.

THE NAVY.—The Secretary of the Navy recognizes the rank of admiral in our service. The gallant Shubrick, in command of the Paraguay expedition, was the first to hoist his broad flag at the fore.

"LET US PREY."—A flock of hawks numbering about two hundred, were lately seen winging their way on a southern tour. We advise our friends in the low latitudes to lock up their hen-houses before the tenants are plucked by these feathered gentry.

PROFESSOR HUGHES.—This gentleman, the inventor of a remarkable telegraphic instrument, was born in London, but brought to the United States when a child. His instrument was perfected in Springfield, Illinois.

A NEW BANK.—The Bank of the Metropolis has gone into operation under flourishing auspices, some of our most successful merchants being among the stockholders.

SPIES.—He who turns spy for pleasure, wouldn't stickle to be hangman for business.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Autumn cometh pensively.
Breathing sadness o'er the lea;
Sighing o'er the grassy plain;
Bringing clouds of chilling rain;
Autumn cometh sadly now,
With a frost gem on his brow.

Autumn cometh, pale and sere,
Bringing changes to the year;
Like a tyrant comes he now—
Tears the bright leaves from the bough,
Withers every summer flower
In the garden or the bower.

Autumn cometh, cold and stern,
Teaching what we all must learn—
Leaves must die and flowers must fade;
Summer's sunshine turns to shade:
Life is but a summer day;
Death, like autumn, steals his prey.

Autumn cometh, chill and drear—
Hush, his blast is moaning near,
Through the forest, round the hill,
Hear it whistling loud and shrill!
Now descends the sweeping rain—
Autumn's tear-drops drench the plain.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Sole star that glitterest in the crimson west,
"Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,"
With what unblinking eye and joyous crest!
Yet grief from thee has passed into my breast—
For all-surpassing glory needs must be
Full unto us of sad perplexity
Seen from this place of sin and sin's unrest.
Yea, all things which such perfect beauty own,
As this of thine is, tempt us unto tears;
For whether thou dost sit on thy throne,
Or leadest choral dances of thy peers,
Thou and all nature, saving man alone,
Fulfill with music sweet your Maker's ears.—TRENCH.

WIT.

Prudence protects and guides us—wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways,
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense:
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.—YOUNG.

HOLY DEW.

Within these leaves the holy dew
That falls from heaven hath won anew
A glory in declining.—MISS BARRETT.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Long evenings again! Are they not a blessing, dear reader? Do they not make home twice as attractive? Is not the family group, gathered in a semi-circle round the glowing anthracite (how we regret wood-fires!) chatting or working, while one reads aloud, a spectacle to move even the flinty heart of the pertinacious old bachelor, who strays from his club into the snug home circle? That great institution, the family, is never fully developed, except in those high latitudes where for months the severe weather brings its members into close communion. What is a home in the tropics?—a mere lodging-room, from which every one flies as soon as possible; but the long, cold evenings of the North gather together the various little communities, strengthen the bonds of affection, promote mutual good offices, and perform a large share in the work of civilization. A blessing on long evenings! We are glad to see the "Spirit of the Times" opposing female equestrianism as a public show, *in toto*. We honor the Di Vernon who takes the road with brother, father, lover or husband, or with a company of friends, but it is painful to us to see a lady make a public exhibition of herself on a public fair or race-ground, subjected to the rude comments of strangers and the bold gaze of a mixed multitude. It is an unnecessary exposure. Riding cannot be learned in such scenes—and ladies who will not learn to ride except in the hope of winning prizes and applause, had better abandon the saddle to those who require no such artificial stimulants. Against race-riding and baby-shows may the spirit of good taste defend the fairer portion of creation. Let them leave the former to professional equestriennes. . . . There are some sea-captains who never see a wreck—at least, they never report one. A friend of ours was mate of a vessel homeward bound from Cardenas to New York some years ago. They had been nearly three weeks working out of the gulf; and one night, when it was our friend's watch, he beheld a dismantled vessel in the distance—the gloomiest sight that can be seen at sea. He immediately rounded the brig to, hove the topmast aback, and informed the captain. That gentleman came on deck, and the wreck was pointed out to him. He glanced at it for a single instant, and then cried "Square away the yards, and put the helm up!" The vessel stood on her course, and the fate of the poor wretches clinging to the wreck, if any were on board, is among the mysteries of the great deep, only to be fathomed by the lead-line of a hereafter. . . . A monument is to be erected to Stewart Holland, the gallant lad who went down in the steamer Arctic, standing bravely to the gun from which he was firing signals of distress, until the vessel sunk beneath him. . . . Douglas Jerrold says:—"Work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity. In the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honored, the cost may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original." The Home Journal comes down on the Kossuth hat, calls it "untidy, rowdyish, loafish." It is not at all the thing for a gentleman's wear! Nonsense! The soft hat is light, cool and comfortable, while the stove pipe hat has nothing but its dignity to recommend it. It is as ugly as it is uncomfortable, and no sensible man will wear it. Comfort before dignity, say we. . . . A friend who has tried yeast made of peach leaves, says the New York Sunday Times, assures that it is the best thing in the world—to introduce a physician into the family. The hydrocyanic acid, found so abundantly in the kernel of the peach, evidently has its counterpart in the leaf, and the result of the latter's use is a malady of the most painful description. . . . We learn that Hermann Melville has prepared a lecture, which he proposes to deliver the coming season, descriptive of his personal adventures in the South Seas. The readers of "Typee" will be glad to meet the author on his own peculiar ground. . . . The Queen's

Bench, in England, have decided that ill-health is sufficient excuse for a breach of promise of marriage. So that when a young gentleman is desirous of abandoning his lady-love, he has only to complain of "feeling poorly," and to purchase a doctor's certificate, to secure his pocket, though he may lose his honor. . . . Mr. Hume, the spiritual rapper, lately gave an exhibition of his powers before the czar at St. Petersburg, and the czarina was so delighted, that she gave him a \$600 diamond ring. He was offered \$600 a night at St. Petersburg to display his powers, but refused, having promised the relatives of his Russian wife that he would abandon the spirits. . . . The Savannah Republican says:—"Thomas Hannelly, who was shot a few days since, lived four days and nineteen hours with a pistol-ball lodged in the left ventricle of his heart." We wonder some quack don't prescribe lead-pills in cases of heart disease. . . . The increase in the home manufacture of wine by families in Connecticut, has raised the price of wild or fox grapes in the Hartford market from one dollar to two dollars a bushel. . . . There are in New York city upwards of eighty fire insurance companies, with an aggregate capital of about twenty-two millions of dollars, insuring property amounting to five hundred and fifteen millions. . . . A notice of a new novel says that "the style is so brilliant, that the printer, with the copy before him, can set up the type without any other light in the darkest night." . . . An American, writing from Paris, says:—"Do abolish long skirts in the streets, and doff so much finery. The French and English ladies all wear short skirts, and show their pretty ankles, with their snow-white stockings. The Balmoral underskirt is much worn." . . . We cannot tell who painted the following vivid pen-and-ink portrait of a great but luckless American:—"Among a thousand individuals you might readily point out Robert Fulton. He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity; his height—somewhat over six feet; his slender, yet energetic form, and well accommodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling round about his neck. His complexion was fair; his forehead high; his eyes dark, and large, and penetrating, and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned—giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections." . . . Very pleasant it is for a lady who keeps house, to have a prize of a servant in a fair daughter of Erin, who engages to do plain cooking with a reckless confidence in the theory that culinary skill is intuitive. Our fair friend buys a lobster to regale her husband with on his return from business, and leaves it confidently in the hands of the theoretical cook. Bridget has heard that the internal arrangements of every fish must be removed and thrown away—a lobster is a fish—ergo, she serves up the shell, reposing blushing on a verdant bed of lettuce—the city cart will remove the remainder, together with the potato skins, corn-bunks and bean-pods, with which it has been insanely commingled. We will draw a veil over the agony and despair of the young housekeeper. . . . It is estimated that \$26,000,000 worth of tobacco was used in France during the year 1857. . . . There are about four millions of children and youth in the various schools of the United States, and about 115,000 teachers. . . . Louis Quatorze said, one day, to the Count de Grammont, "Well, count, to-day you are eighty years old!" The count replied, "Your majesty's bounty knows no bounds—you have added two years to my life." . . . An old miser once said that he always held his breath while being fitted for a suit of clothes, as it made him smaller, and so took less cloth to fit him. . . . A company of musicians from Yreka, Siskiyou county, California, calling themselves the "Yreka Brass Band," ascended with their instruments to the top of Mount Shasta, or, as it is called, "Shasta Butte," lately, and amused themselves by playing a number of national airs, such as the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," etc., on the very highest peak. This mountain is said to be the highest in the United States—the altitude being differently estimated at from 15,000 to 16,700 feet. . . . The following extract from an Indian letter confirms the doubts entertained as to deaths attributed to the "wind of a shot":—"Brigadier Russell is also about to leave the army, under the advice of a medical board. Never, perhaps, in all the chances of war has there been such an escape as his. A cannon ball cut the gold watch chain at the back of his neck as cleanly as if it had been a pair of nippers, and did him no further injury, except inflicting a shock to his nervous system." . . . Drs. Bucknell and Tuke, in a recent work on insanity, fully discuss the much disputed question, whether civilization tends to promote insanity, and the conclusion to which the authors arrive is, that there can be little doubt that insanity attains its maximum development among civilized communities, and remains at a minimum among barbarous nations, the unfavorable causes being, principally, the increased susceptibility of the emotions to slight impressions, consequent upon their constant cultivation—the abuse of stimulants—and the over-work to which the brain is subjected, especially in early life, by an over-wrought system of education. . . . Imprisonment for debt has been abolished in Canada. . . . Dr. Fair relates, as an extraordinary instance of the effects of coffee in gout, the case of a Mr. Deverau, who was attacked with gout at the age of twenty-five, and had it severely until he was upward of fifty, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but from four years from the time when the account of his case had been given to Dr. Fair to lay before the public, he had, by advice, used coffee, and had no return of the gout afterward.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Waverley Novels—Household Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co.

The last two volumes of this magnificent and splendidly illustrated, yet cheap edition, contain the romance of the "Talisman," with its grand historical portraits and gorgeous oriental scenes, and the tales of "The Two Drovers," "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Tapestry Chamber," and "The Laird's Jock." The series is now drawing near its completion.

New Music.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, we have received "Heigho," a song composed by A. Pond, "Qui tranquilla Almen posio," from Plotow's "Martha," "L'Allemande," for the piano, by L. Comion, "Qui Sola Vergin Rosa," from Plotow's "Martha."

Sir Walter Raleigh and his Times. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 12mo. pp. 461. 1859.

This volume embraces a large number of Kingsley's miscellaneous articles from the leading British reviews and magazines, that on Raleigh's life and times being the longest. There are some of a light character, but all the work of an original and cultivated mind.

Man upon the Sea. By Frank B. Goodrich. J. P. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 560. 1858.

This fascinating book, from the author of "Letters of Dick Tinto," "The Court of Napoleon," etc., embraces a history of maritime discovery, from the earliest ages to the present time, with a detailed account of remarkable voyages, ancient and modern. We have adventures more thrilling than any the imagination ever conjured up, accounts of strange craft, from Noah's ark to the Atlantic steamship—the whole sketched with a vivid pen. The work is splendidly illustrated, and cannot fail to win universal popularity. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Webster and Hayne.

A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street, have published in pamphlet form, the celebrated speeches of Webster and Hayne in the United States Senate on Mr. Foot's resolution of January, 1850, and also Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate on the Compromise Bill, March 7, 1850. The same publishers have issued "Howe's Complete Ball-room Hand Book, containing upwards of 300 dances," neatly and intelligibly illustrated.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. C. H. Brainard, 289 Washington Street, has just published a fine portrait of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," from an original daguerreotype. Attached to the picture is a fac simile of the author's MS. of his immortal song. This likeness should have an honored place in every household. Mr. Brainard has recently published portraits of many of the leading men of the day which can be obtained at all the principal print stores.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

The treaties concluded between the western powers and China form the principal object on which public attention in Europe is just now concentrated. An event so interesting to the commercial, political and religious world could not fail to rouse even the most lethargic spirits. The told indemnity paid by the Chinese is forty-five millions, fifteen for England, fifteen for France, and fifteen to compensate the English merchants for their losses. The French had no commerce to suffer and consequently no commercial indemnity to receive.—The story that the emperor of China was to receive the crosses of St. Vladimir and the Legion of Honor is contradicted.—The reports of an insurrection at Oran, Algeria, is equally without foundation.—The persons arrested lately at Naples on a charge of insurrectionary movements have been liberated.—Hanover absolutely refusing a reduction of tolls on the Elbe, the other intersected States, Austria, Prussia and Saxony, have laid the question before the Germanic diet, and demanded that the navigation of the German rivers shall be regulated definitely in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Vienna.—The Atlantic telegraph cable war is raging in England, and paper pellets are rapidly exchanged between parties interested. Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician, is handled without gloves. Mrs. Catherine Sinclair has been playing at the Haymarket Theatre, London.—A company has been formed in the city of London to purchase and finish the Leviathan, or rather the Great Eastern, as she is now called, and work her between London and America. This association is called the British and American Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It has been got up by a number of commercial gentlemen, one of whom is Mr. Hughes, the late superintendent of Messrs. Scott Russell and Company's yard, and in fact of the building of the Great Eastern throughout. After a series of negotiations with the original company, arrangements have been made for the purchase of the vessel for £250,000, being less than one-third of the amount she had cost, viz., £800,000, and less than the material would fetch if the vessel were broken up, and sold by auction in "lots." The company has been registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts, 1856-57.

Mock Jewelry.

One of the most curious sights in Paris is said to be afforded by a visit to the vast atelier of M. Bourguignon, where the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into a diamond of the purest water, is daily going on, with the avowed purpose of deceiving everybody but the buyer. The sand employed, and upon which everything depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau, and enjoys so great a reputation in the trade, that large quantities are exported. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection by M. Bourguignon. Many operators are employed whose business it is to polish the colored stones and line the false pearls with fish scales and wax; the scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose. They must be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl cannot be imitated.

The Prince Imperial.

A few weeks ago, when the emperor and empress of France were staying at Biarritz, they telegraphed for the heir to the throne. A newspaper writer says: "I happened to be dining at St. Cloud that evening, and at a quarter to seven precisely, I saw his little highness start off from the palace for the Orleans railway station. He was in a travelling carriage, accompanied by one of his governesses, his physician, and Gen. Rolin, the adjutant-general of the palace of St. Cloud. Preceded by a piqueur and escorted by a strong detachment of cavalry, the heir apparent to the empire passed rapidly over the pretty bridge of St. Cloud, dashed through the Bois de Boulogne, and along the Boulevard; and as the shades of evening were closing in, went to sleep in a special train, to travel, at the age of two years and a half, almost from one extremity of France to another in the course of a single night!"

The London Crystal Palace.

As for the respective Crystal Palaces of London and Paris, the Parisian one is far inferior to the London one. Indeed the latter is the most beautiful thing in the world. It, however, begs description, the imagination shrinks from and rebels against the attempt to depict it in words, with its paradisaical natural surroundings (situated two miles out of the city), its thousands of glittering fountains, its illimitable interior perspective, its great domes, its graceful galleries, its myriads of growing plants and flowers, its Egyptian grottoes and caverns, and stone work, its stained glass, miniature domes, and great windows, its marbles from the glorious old repository of Greece and Italy, its massive organs, and playing water jets, making up a miraculous scene of beauty, such as the heart of man cannot conceive.

London Blue Stocking Club.

It is well known that the appellation of the "Blue Stocking Club" was given to a club formed by Mrs. Montague, which had for its object the substituting the pleasure of rational conversation for the amusement of the card table. The name of "blue stocking," however, is applied to those who, without the stimulative of genius, aim at profundity of learning for mere ostentation, wanting the faculty which true talent carries of subverting and availing itself of cultivation. We are not, therefore, sorry to hear that a new club with this old title is being formed under the auspices of the Hon. Mr. Norton and some literary ladies, who are determined to found it afresh upon a solid basis.

Editors in Arms.

The flowery vale and peaceful shades of Fontenoy-anx-Roses, Paris, were rudely startled one pleasant Saturday afternoon. In a convenient spot, selected in the midst of those sylvan retreats where Parisian children are wont to look for the earliest violets of spring and the first strawberry of summer, two journalists, M. Delvan, of the Siecle, and M. Vaudrin, of the Pays, met to measure swords in deadly strife. A word unkind, or wrongly taken, said to have been followed by a slight blow led to the combat. After several "passes," without any other result than a slight rent in M. Delvan's shirt, the seconds interfered and declared that honor was satisfied.

Business on the Continent.

Business on the continent of Europe has thoroughly revived. At Marseilles the commercial transactions are enormous; at Lyons the manufacturers are short of hands, so great is the demand for goods, and the railroad depots are overflowing with merchandize waiting a chance of forwarding.

The Duke of Malakoff.

Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, who has just married Senora Penlegra, is 68 years old—his bride 28. The marshal has obtained leave of absence to make a bridal tour through Spain and Italy.

Russia.

Telegraphic communication between St. Petersburg and Moscow, Tver and Novgorod were lately interrupted by extensive and disastrous conflagrations in the woods.

Madagascar.

The brother of Radama, a king of Madagascar massacred with all his family, is organizing an expedition against the cruel queen Ranavaloa, with hopes of success.

The American Chess-player.

Paul Morphy is literally loaded down with European laurels. He now stands confessedly the greatest chess-player in the world.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The sultan is getting economical, and has issued an order forbidding the ladies of the palace to go out shopping. The merchants are threatened with severe punishment if they "trust" the dear creatures hereafter.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times writes: "We had a little excitement the other day in an elopement case. A young journeyman printer in the printing office of Thomas Buell & Blanchard, ran off with the daughter of our judge of the orphan's court two or three days since. The printer was poor but perfectly honest and respectable. The girl moved in the higher circles of life—and was but sixteen. The judge and his son came to the printer's working office, with pistols and raw hide say some, and were very indignant, but upon learning that the couple had gone through the ceremonies correctly—getting a license and married according to law, they were pacified, and both doubtless concluded to make the best of it."—That was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living. She answered: "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."—A Mr. Hubbell of Philadelphia, has replied to a circular from his Alma Mater at New Haven, asking money for a society or club instituted to train young men to premeditated or extemporaneous speaking or discussion, declining to contribute. He says: "Gab is the fatal epidemic of republics. What distracted Greece? Gab! What fictionized Rome? Gab. What anarchoized France? Gab. What will dismember this Union? Gab. This eternal propensity of gabbing upon all occasions and at all times, is the curse of our country.—The "Melonaeon," in Tremont Temple, has been hired for the second session of the Superior Court, for five months, from and after Dec. 11th. The room will be fitted up with proper benches, seats, etc., for the proposed use.—A St. Petersburg letter says a financial plan has been submitted to the emperor, destined to furnish the capital for the emancipation of the serfs. According to it, a bank of issue would be established, with a capital equal to the indemnity to be paid to the proprietors; the notes ultimately to be withdrawn from circulation by means of a sinking fund. There is every chance for its adoption, though perhaps with some modifications.—The excitement among the Mussulmen is daily increasing. The sums spent in the purchase of weapons is said to be enormous.—The last news about the Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring large quantities of butter, smashed rose leaves, and such like. The empress is quite "corpulent," which accounts for the style. The fashion will be over here before long. A woman who can make 200 kick the beam will be a belle; while a 160 pounder will have never a lover.—The fact of the construction of a battering ship was lately contradicted by a Paris paper, but it is nevertheless true. A vessel of that kind, completely cased in iron, is now constructing at Cherbourg, under the direction of M. Joyeux, sub-engineer of naval constructions.

ENGLISH NOTABILITIES.—Palmerston in society is a gay and courteous man; Lord Derby has the animal life and spirits of a boy; Pakington is dull, though instructive; Bulwer deaf and peculiar in appearance and manner; Disraeli wanting in freedom and elasticity; and Walpole is gentle and gentlemanly, says an English paper, describing the prominent statesmen of the day. Lord Derby's humor and fund are of the most happy and exuberant kind. His visits to her majesty at Osborne, Windsor, and, above all, at Scotland, where his stay is longer, are hailed by the whole court with the greatest delight, as a relief to the inevitable shade of monotony and gloom which accompanies all courts, and from which even the proverbially merry one of Charles II. was not exempt.

CONJUGAL DEVOTION.—When Robert, the son of William the Conqueror, was wounded by a poisoned arrow, the surgeon declared that he could only be cured by having some one extract the poison with his lips. "Let me die, then," said he. "I will never be unjust and cruel enough to suffer any to die by sucking my wound." His wife, however, took advantage of his sleep, applied her lips to the wound, and lost her life in saving that of her husband. Now-a-days lovely damsels cure by their lips the wounds inflicted by the arrows of their eyes, but they don't die of the operation.

LAMAS IN PARIS.—There is a flock of Peruvian lamas in the menagerie at Paris which excites much attention. They are perfectly docile, and may be seen every morning ridden through the garden by young boys, who manage them with a simple cavesson. An effort will be made to raise and domesticate them in France.

BOOKS.—A blessed companion is a book! A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book—the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

A CHARITABLE LESSON.—It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

Wayside Gatherings.

More than twenty ship-masters from Maine have died in Cuba from yellow fever during the present season.

The receipts at the late State Fair at Augusta, Me., are said to have amounted to about \$7000.

Benson, the sailor who swore falsely to the murder of young Sage, at Middletown, Ct., by Nugent, has been sentenced to the State Prison for life.

From the returns of the census of Texas, now nearly completed, it is ascertained that the population will not fall short of four hundred and fifty thousand.

The St. Louis papers announce the arrival of the statue of Beatrice Cenci in that city and its permanent establishment in the Mercantile Library Association's rooms.

At St. Louis a few days ago a man named Jeffries entered a stable and cut the throat of a horse with a dirk knife. He was committed to answer in default of \$5000.

At Zanesville, lately, during a thunder storm, Miss Mary Edson, step-daughter of John Swingle, was instantly killed by lightning, while a child she was holding in her arms was unharmed.

Miss Jane R. Sewer of Kingston, Mass., has recently presented to Harvard College six barrels and two boxes of old newspapers. They are said to be of great value.

A private letter from a New Yorker in Germany, says Leutzo has a picture in the gallery at Dusseldorf, entitled "Columbus Departing for America." He has just been made a professor in the academy of Carlsruhe.

It is stated that Captain de Reviere of the Blount affair, is no other than the Signor Moreto, who imposed upon and swindled the aristocracy of Chicago, and previously carried on the same game at Boston.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says that Mr. Heap, who, with Lieut. Beale, first explored the Pass across the Rocky Mountains south of Pike's Peak, fully believes the reports respecting auriferous deposits in that region.

The mania for marrying off his marshals which seems to possess Louis Napoleon is again illustrated in the reported match of Canrobert with a widow. If he marries her he will become a grandee of Spain.

The expense of the Atlantic cable celebration in New York, it is thought, will not fall much short of \$20,000, to say nothing about the burning of the City Hall, and for all of which John Bull poked fun at the Gothamites.

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Fair of the Industrial Society of Rhode Island, are a bottle of brandy found on board of the British bark Resolute when she was picked up, after having been abandoned in the solid ice of the Arctic regions.

At North Berwick, Me., lately, a horse attached to a vehicle, in which Mrs. Noble of North Berwick was seated, took fright at the approach of a train of cars, and the lady was thrown out, breaking her neck and causing instantaneous death.

Madame Lola Montez has offered to read a lecture to aid in rebuilding the Church of the Good Shepherd, in New York, which was destroyed by a tornado last summer. The offer has been accepted, and Madame Montez will probably read her lecture on Rome.

The Archduke Regnier, of Vienna, president of the council of the empire, is one of the greatest pedestrians extant. He proposes, in a short time, to start on a journey, on foot, as far as Switzerland. He will only be accompanied by his aid-de-camp. The archduke is very fond of walking, and prefers that kind of exercise.

A German boy of fifteen years, lately in the employ of the San Antonio post-office, has been arrested with from forty to sixty thousand dollars in drafts, bank stock, lottery tickets, etc., in his possession, which he had robbed from letters. It was his intention to return to Germany with his plunder.

The foundation-stone of a Franciscan monastery was recently laid at Pantasaph, North Wales, by Lady Fielding, Viscount Fielding, a recent convert to the Roman Catholic faith, having given about fourteen acres of land for a site. His lordship has also contributed £500. towards the construction of the edifice.

The Gazette de Lyon states that a few days ago some Piedmontese workmen, who were engaged on a railway in Savoy, seized upon an English fellow-workman, put his head on an anvil, and cut it completely off. The murderers were at once arrested. They are supposed to have been influenced by national jealousy.

The lion-killer, Jules Gerard, in a letter descriptive of a campaign against a monstrous lion, states that in the Algerian subdivision Bona, there are at present no less than sixty of these ferocious beasts, who have destroyed in one year ten thousand head of cattle. In his hunting excursions Gerard now makes use of the Devisme bullet, which explodes in the body of the animal.

As Mrs. Marshall, of Tallahatchee county, Miss., was riding home in her carriage during a violent storm, a large tree was blown down and fell directly across the carriage, between her and the driver, literally smashing the body of the carriage to atoms, and yet neither she nor the driver was injured. The fright made Mrs. Marshall sick and turned her hair gray.

A little daughter of Mr. S. E. Merchant, of Abington (some four or five years of age), mounted the wire ladder attached to the dwelling of her parents, lately, clambered up to the ridge-pole, and with most refreshing coolness seated herself astride of it, but, to her apparent regret, was suffered to remain on her precarious perch but a few moments.

We are gratified to learn, says the St. Croix Herald, that the fisheries in Passamaquoddy and vicinity will this season prove more than ordinarily successful. For the last two months the catch was immense, and the fishermen belonging to the several islands have been doing a thriving business. Near Campobello, their average catch for several weeks exceeded 1000 quintals a day.

Who that reads, says the Bath Times, the awful fate of the Austria, and contrasts the disorder, the confusion, and loss of nearly every lady and child on board, with the perfect calmness, order and salvation of every lady and child on board the ill-fated Central America, can fail to feel a degree of pride to think he belongs to the same race and to the same country which the immortal Herndon so highly honored in the last trying scene of his life?

Cardinal Wiseman has been making a perfect triumphal march through Ireland. In Kilkenny, the papers say, he was received in almost regal state. On quitting the railway at one place he was surrounded by crowds of country folk bearing garlands of flowers and branches of evergreens, and before the carriage in which he was riding had proceeded far, the multitude insisted upon unyoking the horses and drawing the vehicle themselves. A similar feat was performed upon his subsequent arrival at another town.

Sands of Gold.

.... Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.—Jerrold.

.... To be a man in a true sense, is in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.—Michelet.

.... With every child we lose we see deeper into life, as with every added lens, we pierce farther the sky.—Beecher.

To be without sympathy is to be alone in the world—without friends or country, home or kindred.—Bovee.

.... What most flatters the self-love of women is to be loved by a man who dares not "tell his love," provided always that this silence is not forever.—Louis Desnoyers.

.... Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.—Colton.

.... There are many Christians who, all their life long, carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an unfledged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing—a poor fledgless hope.—Beecher.

.... We say of the blind man, from whom the visible world is shut out, that he is poorer by half the world than the man who sees. O ye spiritually blind, ye indeed are poorer than we by a whole world!—Tholuck.

.... A religious life is not a thing which spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.—Beecher.

.... Honor women! They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds of love, and, beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments.—Schiller.

.... If you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give credit, on the score of character, which he may have attained, for any great ability in points which you do not understand.—Lacon.

.... Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but unlike those instruments, they are not new-barrelled so easily.—Lacon.

Joker's Budget.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

Can a man's pocket be empty when he's got something in it? Yes, when he has a big hole in it.

How does the most punctual of paymasters incur a mighty debt? By sleeping on tick.

A Yankee, according to the latest authority, sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything.

"Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged school-master. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why, let me off."

At the door of an office in Cincinnati we saw the following sign: "Money loaned to any amount from five to fifty cents on real estate or other good security."

• Speaking of the enormous taxes levied by Brigham Young upon the inhabitants of Utah, may we not apply to him the line of Goldsmith—

"A man is he to all the country dear."

A steamer with a boy of twelve at the helm. Old gentleman: "You're a smart young fellow to be trusted in that situation already." Boy, indignantly: "Don't you see the notice, 'not to speak to the man at the wheel!'"

"Ah, doctor, does the cholera awfect the highaw awda?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the doctor, "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately." The "fellow" sloped.

Dentist to his patient: "Hem, very odd, I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them, no matter how many I take out."

A friend of ours was travelling lately, while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travellers greatly, till finally one of them remarked, in a tone of displeasure: "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, sir," replied our friend, "but you will excuse me—it's the best I've got!"

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THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.—AN ACTUAL SCENE ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

[For description see page 285.]

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REV. THEODORE PARKER.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from a photograph by Horton, 113 Washington St., and has been well engraved by Mr. Hayes. It is a good likeness of one who fills a large space in the public eye and thought, and without whose head a gallery of contemporary notabilities would be incomplete. It is easier for the artist to delineate the external features of the man, than for the essayist to portray his mental character. A "better abused man" than the subject of our sketch can scarcely be pointed out, nor is this to be wondered at when we consider how many popular principles and popular idols he has assailed, how zealously he has handled a wide range of exciting topics, how unrelenting and sweeping is the character of his warfare. On the other hand, by his immediate followers, he has been lauded without stint. Thus one man will tell you that he possesses the highest quality of courage, that there is a true heroism in his advocacy of certain theological and political opinions, that he stands forth ready for martyrdom, if need be. Another will assert that he is especially a coward; that he assumes the garb of a Christian teacher, insidiously to sow the seeds of infidelity broadcast; that while inciting men to deeds of violence by artful appeals to their passions, he takes good care to keep out of danger himself, and knows exactly how far to go without incurring the slightest risk of martyrdom. To one he seems an original genius, to another the tritest of imitators. Some laud his sincerity, others denounce his hypocrisy. He is alternately represented as the enemy of all religion, law and order, a blasphemer and anarchist; and as the exponent of the true theory of religion, law and order, the eloquent advocate of the highest law and the highest religious truth. It is not our purpose nor our province, nor have we the space, to solve this problem. Mr. Parker is undeniably a man of great gifts and great acquirements, a ripe scholar, an original and forcible writer, and a deep thinker. He always commands the attention of his auditors, and always attracts large audiences, whether he speaks on secular or religious themes. Theodore Parker was born in Lexington, Mass., in 1812, and is the son of a farmer and grandson of a soldier of the Revolution. He received a classical education, graduated at the theological school of Cambridge in 1836, and was afterwards settled as a Unitarian minister in Roxbury. For a series of years he was a copious contributor to the *Dial* and *Christian Examiner*, and his articles, chiefly on theological subjects, were published in a collected form in 1843. Previously to that, in 1842, he had startled the religious world by the publication of a volume entitled "A Discourse of Matters relating to Religion," in which his departure from church authority was strongly marked. A sermon preached in May, 1841, "on the Transient and Permanent Christianity," had been vigorously opposed by the *Christian Examiner*, which reviewed severely his more elaborate treatise. Mr. Parker, though claiming that his views were the logical consequences of their theories and doctrines, was ostracised by the Unitarian societies of Boston, and organized an independent society, which met in the Melodeon. The place of meeting has since been transferred to the new Music Hall. Here he

preaches to large audiences, made up of his regular hearers and of those whom curiosity to hear one of the most noted men of the day attracts to the place of assemblage. His themes are varied; religion, politics, social and moral reforms, war, slavery and intemperance, prompting discourses marked by acute analysis, keen satire, learned illustration and decided dogmatism. Mr. Parker is not a good elocutionist, nor does he possess a good voice; but he always commands attention. His style is very terse and antithetical. His concise and nervous language requires a verbatim report; condensed sketches of his discourses are unsatisfactory and do him injustice. His views are always stated without disguise and verbiage, and frequently with a certain harshness, as if,

to use the language of Bryant in speaking of William Leggett, "he took a sort of pleasure in bearding public opinion." He uses without reverence names held the most sacred; careless where or whom he offends in the utterance of his sentiments. His views on the most important subjects may be gathered from his various publications, particularly from his "Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology," his "Ten Sermons of Religion," and his "Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons," (3 volumes, 1852). A large number, if not all of his published works, in a translated form, enjoy a wide circulation and popularity in Germany. As a specimen of Mr. Parker's literary style we select some passages from his sermon on "Old Age:"—"The very old

man loves the sunshine and the fire, the arm-chair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full grown apple from its bough, full ripe, full colored, too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and of new persons, which bit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better. He is not venturesome; he keeps at home. Passion once stung him into quickened life; now that gad-fly is no more buzzing in his ears. Madame de Staël finds compensation in Science for the decay of the passion that once fired her blood; Heathen Socrates, seventy years old, thanks the gods that he is now free from that "ravenous beast," which had disturbed his philosophic meditations for many years. Romance is the child of Passion and Imagination; the sudden father that, the long protracting mother this. Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm Von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom. In intellectual matters, the old man loves to recall the old times, to revive his favorite old men—no new ones half so fair. So in Homer, Nestor, who is the oldest of the Greeks, is always talking of the old times, before the grandfathers of the men then living had come into being; "not such as live in these degenerate days." Verse-loving John Quincy Adams turns off from Byron and Shelley, and Wieland and Goethe, and returns to Pope. Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martin's and Old Hundred chanted in heaven. To him heaven comes in the long-used musical tradition. The middle-aged man looks around at the present; he has found out that it is a hard world; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the field he has trod; "this is the tree I planted; this is my footstep," and he loves his old home, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff and friend. In lands where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day long, a sunny autumn day, before his cottage door, in a great arm-chair, his old dog couched at his feet, in the genial sun. The autumn wind played in the old man's venerable hairs; above him, on the wall, purpling in the sunlight, hung the full clusters of the grape, ripening and maturing yet more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the vine leaves and they fell; stirred the old man's hair, and it whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward; the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting sun; the steeple a mile long reaching across the plain, as the sun stretches out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness."



THEODORE PARKER.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —OR— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

All the lips opened to respond in the affirmative, for such was the general feeling; when a clear, proud voice exclaimed, "No!"

The six looked round, while they hastily replaced their masks. "Who says no?" asked Marchese; and the others repeated the question. Then Luca Tristany, the giant, exclaimed in a defiant tone:

"Man or devil, he who says no, lies!"

His loud, coarse voice resounded in that silent chamber. Each stretched out his hand to the cords, and the coffin began to descend slowly, slowly. At the same moment, the black standard waved, and the six silver lamps were extinguished. The six remained plunged in darkness and astonishment. In the obscurity, they heard a firm, loud step resound upon the marble floor; then a light appeared. It was the golden lamp which burned; it was held aloft in the hands of a young, brave man. It was Athol. But his face was changed. The holy emotions he had experienced in the hidden sanctuary seemed to have spread a glow over his face. At sight of him, the six stepped back, and with one accord they asked, "Who are you?"

Their glances turned to the noble dead; then to the radiant face of the young man. They seemed to make a comparison; the likeness was striking, and there was not one among them who did not tremble. The coffin descended into the tomb, above which it had hung for seven years. Mechanically, the six extended their right hands, on which rested the iron ring. A seventh hand was extended, which also bore a ring of iron like the others, save for three diamonds on the top. The instant when the coffin disappeared, a clear, rich voice exclaimed:

"Adieu, lord and father!"

The six remained mute. The unknown again spoke:

"Luca Tristany, you are strong; raise the marble slab and shut up the tomb!"

"Who are you that commands me?" demanded the giant.

"I am the MASTER!" replied the unknown.

He fixed on each of the six, in turn, his flashing eyes.

"Do you refuse me, captain?" he asked, smiling.

Beside the opening of this tomb was a huge marble slab resting against the wall as it had done for seven years. The giant measured it with his eye.

"There is not a man capable of moving it," murmured he.

Athol stooped, took the stone in both hands, turned it on one edge like a door, and gently it closed the opening.

"You are strong," said Luca Tristany, while the rest looked on in silence; "but while you held that stone in your hands, a child could have come behind and stabbed you; you are not prudent."

Athol smiled, and pointed with his hand where sparkled the three diamonds of the marble slab, on which was engraved two words in black letters,—*GOD WATCHES*.

"We are six," said old Lorenzo, "and you are alone. You have the badge of the master, but we know not who you are; we know not whence you come; we know not what you wish."

Athol answered, "I am the master. I come from the dungeon where Monteleone breathed his last sigh. I wish obedience!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIX.

THE six were astounded at the haughty answer. At last one spoke. It was David Heimer, the Austrian.

"Are you initiated?"

Athol, in place of answering, turned to the black drapery, on which glittered the mysterious letters.

"What says the writing?"

"Above, on the catafalque," said Athol, "I read this inscription: 'To the grand master of charcoal and iron, the Companions of Silence.'"

"What is in this drapery?" asked Lorenzo, pointing to the characters.

Athol read, unhesitatingly:

"There is something stronger than iron."

"It is faith."

"There is something blacker than charcoal."

"It is the conscience of a traitor."

"The key!" cried David Heimer, "the simple companions know that formula. Tell us what the key is, which is the secret of the master's only."

"No," answered Athol, "I will not tell you."

"You do not know it, you do not know it!" exclaimed the men.

"I know it."

"Then why refuse to tell us? to prove it to us?"

Instead of answering by words of mouth, Athol took a piece of charcoal lying on the anvil, and wrote certain cabalistic characters.

"Read!" exclaimed the young man.

David Heimer bent down, and he was a prey to great agitation. A moment he strove to recover his usual calmness, and read, in a trembling voice:

"The thunders listen—the lightning will blast the traitor."

"He has the key!" exclaimed the five, "for he could not write unless he did."

"Each of us possesses it," replied David Heimer, in a loud tone; "the grand master ought to know more than the knights."

Athol placed the piece of charcoal upon the anvil, and with one stroke of the hammer broke it into a thousand pieces.

"Behold what I know!" said he, addressing the men, and drawing his proud form to its full height. "I did not come here to be questioned. So will I serve any one who shall resist my authority!" And as a threatening murmur rose among the six, he added:

"I have six poignards for every one of yours."

Involuntarily, the *knights of the iron ring* turned their affrighted gaze into the dark galleries. They saw about thirty steps from them a circle, immovable. Athol placed the blade of his Calabrian sword to his lips and gave a clear whistle. A low, deep voice answered:

"Signor, we are here!"

"Never mind," said Marino Marchese, who was a gay rascal, "the thunders will be better listeners than we—then speak. For a quarter of an hour I have felt that those men were behind me. Master, if you are the heir of Monteleone, I consent to obey you."

"I, also!" said together Policeni and Felice Tavola.

"Speak!" added the old Amato Lorenzo, "that we may know our new lord."

Athol put his foot upon the marble tomb. "You see my face and yet you do not know me," said he. "My eyes pierce your masks; I know your names as well as your life. The sainted martyr who sleeps beneath this stone has been forgotten. His companions have become bandits, smugglers and pirates—so much the better, for you are my men. I am a bandit, like you; proscribed, as well as you; I need such as you!"

"What for?" asked Marino Marchese.

"That is my secret," replied Athol, "and I shall keep it."

"Are we to be slaves?" cried David Heimer.

"Are you not that, already, since your life is in my hands? since you are weak and I am strong? since I am rich and you are poor? Do you smile? Under the pretext of avenging the master, you have amassed much. I know that you are rich; this very hour you spoke of booty."

He smiled, and a look of mockery spread over his handsome face. No one interrupted him, and he went on.

"There is in Sicily, between Castro Reale and Santa Lucia, a large isolated building, which was, they say, once a convent. Do you know it?"

The six looked at each other, but no one answered a word.

"You smile no longer, signors!" pursued Athol; "you know well, I saw it, this chateau, which has six masters. This house was your chest, your strong box, Luca Tristany. It is said that the marquis of Francavilla had six hundred thousand ducats worth of diamonds. Trenta Capelli was only a millionaire; but Samuel Graff, the old secretary of the duke of Infantado, was rich enough to buy a kingdom; was he not, Felice Tavola? A fine vengeance it is which brings more than a hundred ounces of gold! O, certainly there was enough to divide; and Signor David Heimer was a faithful guardian. When have you left that large isolated house, between Santa Lucia and Castro Reale, Signor David?"

"Day before yesterday evening," replied one of the masked men.

"It was too soon. I know you had double need. I know you watched on one side the departure of the son and daughter of Giacomo Doria; on the other the arrival of two poor children, obscure orphans, brought up in the environs of Catana."

David Heimer made a gesture of surprise.

"Do not be astonished," coldly said Athol; "I have watched you for some time, and from this hour, since I spoke to you, you have belonged to me."

"We shall see as to that!" exclaimed Luca Tristany, impatiently. "But why do you speak of the chateau between Santa Lucia and Castro Reale?"

"The reason is to come, captain. First, I wish to say to you that if Loredan Doria and his sister had been killed by your shot, not one among you would have been living in the place where we are. Do not interrupt me! Loredan Doria and his sister belong to me! I have need of them. David Heimer, you have sent twelve of your men to pursue them on their route to Monteleone. These men lay dead on the road from which they fled."

"Half of one and half of the other," said a deep voice at the lower end of the church; "six runaways, six dead men!"

"Very well, Ruggieri!" said Athol, while the *knights of iron* trembled.

"As to the two children from Catana," continued he, addressing David Heimer, "if a hair of their head is touched, you answer for it to me with your life! I do not wish for blood! This tomb is closed, your oath is accomplished; Monteleone is avenged!"

"You said the contrary only a few moments ago, when we were about to lower the coffin!" exclaimed Tristany.

"Monteleone is avenged," replied Athol, "for the reason that I take into my own hands the task of vengeance! Henceforth, you are only the arms of which I am the body. I take the lever the master left you; a lever capable of turning the world, and with which you have done nothing, because it was too heavy for you. You have struck right and left, according to your hatred and your cupidity. After seven years, it becomes necessary for a man to take your unaccomplished task and give you alms. Alms, do you hear!—for your strong box is in pieces, and you have only emptiness to divide among you!"

"Do you mean to say that our stronghold has been pillaged?" asked David Heimer, in an incredulous tone.

The others murmured, "We are not children to believe fairy tales."

"Pillaged and burned," responded Athol; "I come from Sicily. In passing through Castro Reale, I saw smoking ruins."

"Body of Christ!" cried Luca Tristany, "if I only knew the name of him who dared to do it!"

"It is easy to know it," replied Athol, with an air of provoking indifference; "everybody knows—it was Porporato."

"Porporato!" exclaimed the six in one voice; then all paused. Luca Tristany himself ceased to play with the handle of his poignard. Athol smiled still, while he looked at them.

"It pleases me," said he, "to make you richer to-day than you were yesterday. Draw near all, I speak for you, alone; it is not necessary that the thunders listen."

The six obeyed mechanically.

Athol lowered his voice. "I have soldiers," pursued he, in a voice so lowered that the mysterious Ruggieri and his companions could not hear his words; "I seek lieutenants; you will answer for that. I have need of useful men, like David Heimer; strong ones, like Luca Tristany; elegants, like Marino Marchese; venerable ones, like Amato Lorenzo. I take you to Naples."

"To Naples!" cried each, "it is impossible!"

"A price is set upon our heads!" added David Heimer.

"Five thousand ducats," replied Athol, coldly, "is the price of yours; Felice Tavola's is worth five thousand, also; the heads of Marchese and Policeni, four thousand apiece; it is very little; they are worth more than that. Lorenzo is more fortunate than that, for his is adjudged to be worth six thousand; valiant Luca Tristany can exchange his for ten thousand, if he wish. In a month, I wish Felice Tavola to be a respectable banker in Toledo Street. Policeni and Marchese shall put to shame the exquisites of Villa Reale. The white hairs of Amato Lorenzo will look well in the halls of nobility; and I know of no one who will look better in a colonel's uniform than Tristany."

"But—" objected the six.

"Silence, when I speak!" said Athol, imperiously. "As to David Heimer, I keep him for my confidant for an affair of confidence; the name of the undertaking must not be pronounced."

"My companions," continued he, good naturedly, "you are in good hands, I warn you. Shame on those who have said our work is finished; our work is only commenced. I give you in exchange for these uninhabited regions, rich, beautiful, joyous Naples! I exchange your dull, gloomy caverns for splendid palaces. Enter on your new life without care or fear; it is your domain!"

"You forget," cried two or three voices, "we cannot go to Naples, for a price is set upon our heads!"

Athol looked at them; a brilliant smile spread over his face.

"Twice five," said he, "twice four, once six, once two; that would make thirty-four thousand ducats for six heads! For mine alone, they promise forty thousand!"

"Forty thousand ducats!" exclaimed Tristany.

"There is only one head in the kingdom worth that price!" exclaimed David Heimer.

And all exclaimed at once, "Who are you then, who are you?"

Athol unfastened his long black velvet mantle, and threw it behind his shoulders. He appeared clothed in a brilliant jacket, richly embroidered with the same color, crimson. His breeches were black velvet, and his top boots were crimson.

There was only one cry, low and stifled by surprise and dismay. "Porporato!"

"By Saint Janvier!" exclaimed Luca Tristany, "I will follow you to the end of the earth!"

"Forty thousand ducat head!" added Marino Marchese.

Four others said, "Where you go, master, we will go also!"

David Heimer bowed low. "You can count upon me;" then added to himself, "ay, count to your cost."

Athol extended his hand. Each of the six laid, in turn, a hand in his, in such a way that the iron rings touched and made a little sound. It was the oath of silence! Then Athol said:

"It is the 15th of October. Eight days from now, you will meet me at Naples; as place of rendezvous, I name the theatre of San Carlos, at half past nine, P. M."

"The theatre is large; in what place shall we find you?" asked David Heimer.

"Seek," replied Athol, shrouding himself in his velvet mantle, "the box of his royal highness, Prince Francis, and look well at the man you see seated on the right of the heir to the crown."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARIOTTA, THE IMPROVISATORE.

BEHIND the fountain of the Three Virgins, two streets open; one leading to San Pietro, facing the church, while the other leads to the courtyard of the chateau of Avulas. At the foot of the fountain lay a man clothed in a mass of rags; his arms crossed above his head as if to conceal his face. On the edge leaned a sailor, quietly smoking his evening pipe. Both these figures were, as one might say, but shadows of the handsome young fisherman who stood leaning with an easy, careless grace upon the marble curb.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

His head was handsomely formed, and set proudly and firmly upon his graceful shoulders. The jet black hair was relieved by the jaunty scarlet cap; and the snow white shirt, open at the throat, contrasted with the dark olive complexion, and the shut, dark breeches, trimmed with scarlet, which left the legs bare. This young, handsome man, the type of Neapolitan fishermen, was Mariotta, the improvisatore. His eyes were fixed before him with a far off look, and his lips were smiling, while he recited the following:

"To-morrow will be executed Baron Altamonte. *Porporato will not let him die. He has sworn by silence that he will scale the walls of Castel Vecchio rather than let him die!* They publish a book containing very interesting notices upon the pretended Baron Altamonte, captured by the royal police, and condemned to death by the whole council. His life, his crimes, his brave adventures. Documents which prove that this bandit is the true Porporato of the Abruzzian Mountains. The book contains a portrait of this famous brigand—price, two grains. Cheap enough, my friends, but of no value; for I tell you that the Baron Altamonte is *not* Porporato. The tribunals have already condemned four or five Porporatos, but never the right one. To those who believe that Felice Tavola, Baron Altamonte is Porporato, I can only answer, that a famous fortune-teller has said, 'the cord destined to hang Porporato is not yet twisted!' Friends, Felice Tavola is one of the *Seven Knights of the Iron Ring*—one of the *Companions of Silence*. Naples is in their hands, and Felice will be delivered. There is much that is false spoken of this mysterious brotherhood. Their very name discloses their law—Silence! Any added word is treason, and treason is punished with death!"

The listeners increased in number round the handsome storyteller—the renowned improvisatore of Naples.

"In all places—in the fisherman's hut, the palace of the Dorias, in the public streets, you hear always the same words, *Companions of Silence*; and the same name, *Porporato*! Where is he? no one knows. He may be beneath the walls of Castel Vecchio, among the distant mountains, or perhaps even beside some one of you. Many say that he is in Naples, powerful with his gold, beauty and audacity, invisible as a phantom, taking any form he pleases, playing all parts; to-day, a woman; a priest, to-morrow; soldier, Monday, and Tuesday a great lord, putting at defiance the sagacity and watchfulness of the royal police. Is he the enemy of the *Companions of Silence*, or is he their chief? Porporato, with his burning, crimson hat and plume, will spring upon the scaffold and rescue Felice Tavola. Brave as a lion, handsome as Apollo, Porporato has a familiar spirit, a beautiful Zingara girl. Some say she is his wife; others, his sister; others, his guardian angel. If it is Porporato who is imprisoned, where then is the beautiful Fiamma, his guardian angel? No no, friends, it is not the glorious, invulnerable Porporato who looks from the dungeon window of Castel Vecchio, because Fiamma is not there. There is only one other man and woman as renowned as Porporato and Fiamma. The man is Fulvio Coriolani, the magnificent prince, whose splendid carriage, blazing with gold, was drawn by four white steeds. The woman is the Countess Angelia Doria. The people say Angelia Doria is the only woman in Naples worthy to become the wife of the splendidly handsome prince, Fulvio Coriolani. They are the stars of the court."

A murmur ran through the crowd, which gradually increased.

"Shame, Mariotta, you tell us nothing new. We all know the beauty and generosity of Prince Fulvio, and the loveliness of the Countess Angelia Doria; have you nothing new to tell us? We will go home."

Mariotta smiled proudly, as he answered:

"You know me, friends, and know that I never lie. I have a great secret, but I do not tell it. My pockets are empty, and if I stay here will remain so, for who cares to buy my secret." And so speaking, he turned proudly away.

A cry followed him. "Stay, Mariotta, we will fill your pockets in return for your secret."

Mariotta resumed his place, and his friends handed him many small pieces of money. He was just about to speak, when an agent of the royal police whispered, so low as to be heard only by the young fisherman:

"Hold your tongue, Mariotta, if you wish to live long!"

"Many thanks, Signor Onofrio!" cried Mariotta, as the agent disappeared in the crowd; then turning to the eager crowd, he exclaimed, "You know, friends, I never lie, and if I do now, God will bear me witness that it is the first time in my life!"

"Bravo, Mariotta, bravo!" cried the people, on all sides; "we know thou hast never lied!"

"It is very gratifying to receive so publicly your honorable testimony to the fact. I am poor, and cannot pay for flattery, save by telling you something you do not know."

"Speak, Mariotta, speak!"

"My friends," said he, after a short, thoughtful silence, "there is a ball at the Doria palace this evening."

"O," exclaimed the disappointed crowd, "we knew that!"

"You have become a robber, Mariotta!" exclaimed a voice.

Twenty disappointed, irritated voices exclaimed:

"Give us back our carlins, thieving Mariotta!"

It was in this moment of angry threatenings, that Mariotta displayed his perfect self-possession and influence.

"If I am a rascal, Taddea, wicked man!" cried he, "I have only told the truth when I said your maccaroni was made of sour meal. If I am a scamp, you others, how can you reprove me? Did I rob the church-tower of the English, Ruzzola, last sun? Did I smother my wife, Miterino, false bandit? Did I learn from you how to become a thief, Farfalla, while in your prison?"

"Peace, Mariotta!" exclaimed the men who wished not to fall under his lash; "we were only laughing at you. Keep your carline and earn it!"

"San Gennajo," replied the improvisatore, "I know when you are only laughing! I feel little like a joke. You are selfish. My news is worth more than ten carlins. Know you why there is a ball at Doria Palace? No, I forgot, how should you know, my poor friends, seeing only the carriages."

"You, I suppose, were nearer, Mariotta?" asked, with a sneer, the one he had called Farfalla.

"I am cousin germain to Marin Caffaro, second chamberlain of

Loredan Doria. There is a ball at the palace because the countess is betrothed."

"To Fulvio Coriolani?" cried the listeners, in chorus.

"You have guessed it, my nice friends! Why should I be astonished at it? you have great sagacity! But I have still greater news."

The circle drew nearer.

"My news," said Mariotto, "is worth twenty piastres. The Prince Coriolani was assassinated this evening!"

The words sent an electric shock through the attentive crowd. Each one started; a great clamor arose. "It is not possible—Coriolani assassinated!"—If it was the Marquis Malatesta who has done it, by Saint Janvier! Malatesta will never reach paradise!—Where was the murder committed?—at what hour?—are the assassins known?"

"There, there!" said Mariotta, proud and happy at having produced such an effect; "have I not earned my few poor carlins? When I told you he had been assassinated, I had not seen the body."

A great sigh was heard, as if some monster drew a heavy breath; it was the sigh of the people who adored Prince Coriolani.

"But," resumed the young improvisatore, "I will make you judges. There was a splendid ball at the Doria palace; the prince was there beside the lovely countess. The festival had taken place under the pretext of celebrating the recovery of Malatesta, who had been wounded by a sword thrust. All the nobility were there, but Fulvio and Angelia were the stars of the festival—outshining all others. When the festivities were nearly to a termination, a letter was given to the Prince Coriolani. On reading it, he turned slightly pale. He spoke to the royal Prince Francis; then he left, saying, 'I will return.'"

Mariotta paused.

"That is not all, go on!" exclaimed his interested listeners.

"I must tell the story my own way, or not at all," said Mariotta. "You know that he went on board a packet ship this morning?"

"Yes yes," answered several voices; "we were there and saw him. Two veiled ladies came in the boat, and he, meeting them, led them to the carriage."

"I know it, friends," resumed Mariotta. "The enemies of the count who knew that fact, whispered it round, and said it was at their command that the prince left the ball room. A half hour passed; an hour; two hours; and still Coriolani did not return. Malatesta and some of his friends towards the end of the evening entered the saloon. They had been drinking deeply. These fiery young men circulated many infamous stories concerning the missing prince. Angelia Doria was nearly fainting with anxiety. Her brother, leading her into a conservatory, spoke to her gently, and kept her away from hearing the base calumnies. A great rumor spread, outside of the palace, that the Prince Fulvio Coriolani had been murdered—assassinated."

"Before I go on, see if Signor Onofrio is anywhere listening," suddenly exclaimed Mariotta.

The crowd, obedient to his word, looked; but the Signor Onofrio and his companions were gone.

Being assured on that point, the improvisatore went on in a clear, low voice, and the people guarded the most perfect silence in order to hear him.

"In the dusk of the evening, a man came alone to the bridge of Maddalena. Six gend'arms followed him. The man stepped on board the English vessel; then he came ashore. Some men who were passing, heard a cry. They ran to the spot. Upon the bridge, they saw neither the unknown nor the gend'arms; but a pool of blood and a poignard, on which were engraved three words, *agere, non loqui*."

"Now listen to my secret," said Mariotta, in a lower tone than he had used, and just as the crowd were beginning to overwhelm him with questions. "Listen to my real secret, and God knows what would happen if it should be reported in the Doria palace. Draw near and listen; I wish not all the world to know."

The eager listeners gathered closely round him. In a low voice Mariotta continued:

"The Prince Fulvio Coriolani left the palace towards ten o'clock; at eleven, I, I who speak to you, saw him, with my own eyes, not in the dress of his highness, but disguised in—"

"Disguised how!" cried the people, when Mariotta stopped abruptly.

But the latter seemed struck with a stupor. Had he seen some horrible monster he could not have looked more dismayed. He remained with his lips half apart, and his large eyes wide open.

The impatient crowd repeated, "How was he disguised? how was he disguised?" And as Mariotta's eyes remained fixed in one spot, they all looked in the same direction. They saw only the clear cut profile of a handsome fisherman, who stood in the place formerly occupied by Mariotta, when he was leaning against the fountain's edge.

"Who is that?" asked some one in the crowd.

"Beldomonio!"

But the sight of the arch fiend himself, be he handsome or ugly, would not have stopped the fever of Neapolitan curiosity. The interrogations addressed to Mariotta, the improvisatore, recommenced, when an odd kind of cry was heard above the noise; a sort of mocking, joyous, harsh cry, sounding as if uttered by a wooden doll or automaton. The volatile crowd turned. A large body bounded over their heads, and alighting in the centre of the circle, there performed many strange evolutions; twisting, turning, contorting. Suddenly, this strange figure walked upon its hands, with feet high in air. The crowd laughed and applauded.

"Bravo, bravo, good saltarello!" (jumper.)

The saltarello, who was the same clown who had turned sum-

mersaults by the fountain in the morning, uttered a cry, and bounding upon his feet, sprang on to the curb of the fountain, then into a niche where was the figure of one of the three virgins. When there, he again stood on his hands, flinging his feet high into the air. In this position, the head of the saltarello was on a level with the ear of the young improvisatore, and in a low, deep whisper, he said:

"Another word, and your wife is a widow!"

With a bound he reached the ground, landing on his feet. From thence, he sprang to the shoulders of a gigantic fisherman. Balancing himself for a moment, he turned another summersault, landing in the middle of the crowd. A moment more, and the saltarello had disappeared.

Finding him gone, the crowd renewed their question, importuning Mariotta to answer them. But the improvisatore was silent and pale. His anxious eyes were looking beyond the crowd. Beyond the circle, a man made a sign with his hand to Mariotta. Mariotta answered the signal by pointing towards the Rue Delfino, behind the fountain. The cries redoubled; but as we know that Mariotta could not satisfy his hearers unless at the risk of leaving his wife a widow, we will leave him and follow the person who made him the hand signal, and went to the other side of the fountain.

"O dear," exclaimed the man who was disguised as an English sailor, giving his voice a peculiar broad English accent, "if there was only some one here to speak to me."

He heard a stifled laugh near him; then a woman's voice spoke:

"Good day, Sansovina; Beldomonio is here, waiting for you."

"Shall I go and speak to him?"

"No; but you shall speak to me, and that will answer equally well."

He saw a plump figure come from beneath a heavy archway.

"Ah," said he, "is it you, signorina? Is it this evening?"

"It must be, Sansovina, since there will be no more time to-morrow."

"Is all ready?"

"All will be ready. Beldomonio himself will aid."

The young woman who was standing in front of Sansovina, placed a hand on each shoulder, and looking him in the face, laughed softly, but merrily.

"If you had been here an hour ago, old wolf, you could have taken a lesson in English gibberish. I spoke to a man, thinking it was you. What news?"

"A great deal. There is a movement in the port. They say the officers are on the watch."

"The watch," coldly said the young woman.

"A man was killed this evening, fifty steps from our bark, on the Maddalena bridge."

"God receive his soul! They know all that. What else have you to announce?"

"I come to tell one thing, and receive information on another point. We have not seen Ruggieri all day."

"Beldomonio had need of him."

"And Cucuzone, also?"

"He too was needed."

"It is right—but our men murmured."

"Make them keep silence!"

"I will try. What I came to say is, that the vessel was obliged to quit the little port."

"I know that, also. You are anchored at the mouth of the Sebeto."

"We were obliged to weigh anchor; for when the cries of the assassinated man were heard, the wharf and bridge were covered with men. With our oars muffled in straw, we gained the current, doubled the point of the chateau œuf, and lay to among the rocks, between the tomb of Virgil and the grottoes of Pouzzoles."

The signorina remained silent.

"Did you hear?" asked the pretended English sailor.

"Beldomonio will not be satisfied," answered she; "to reach the vessel, it is necessary to travel the whole length of the city."

"There are twenty war vessels on the watch between the port and Maddalena bridge," replied Sansovina.

"And the sloop?"

"The sloop has changed her place also; because a sloop of war has been crossing backwards and forwards between Gajola and Cape Mesine. The sloop has passed the canal of Procida; it is anchored on the other side of the island, to the east, southeast of the mouth of the Fusaro, and I pray God it may remain there in peace."

"Is that all you had to say?"

"All," answered the English sailor.

"And what did you wish to ask?"

"The time the boat shall make sail."

"There is only one, besides God, who can know that, Sansovina," replied the young woman; "it is the master—and you cannot speak to the master, who is far from here now. Return to your post and watch all night if necessary. Perhaps it will come soon, and perhaps not till daylight. There are numerous obstacles which were not foreseen. The prisoner has been taken from his dungeon and placed in one directly under the roof. He is in the secret. The guards have been doubled outside as well as inside Castel Vecchio. But what of that, since it is the will of the master that the prisoner shall be free?"

"Beldomonio has not wings like a bird," murmured the sailor.

The hand of the young woman pressed heavily on the fellow's shoulder.

"He has wings like an angel," said she, in a low voice, "or like a demon."

A minute or two after, the narrow street was deserted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXPLOITS OF PORPORATO.

"I SWEAR by my hopes of eternal safety," at this moment said our improvisatore, Mariotta; "and who would believe I would consent to be cast off for a few carlins, that I know nothing more. I have no more time to speak of Coriolani. To-morrow, the famous Baron Altamonte will be beheaded at seven o'clock. Listen to me."

"Return the money, since you can tell us nothing more about Prince Fulvio; since nothing has happened to him."

"Nothing happened! Spirito Santo! I did not say that!"

"Ah; well what did happen?"

Mariotta acted like one possessed. His eyes flashed, and he expressed great anger.

"How can I even hope to interest you? Not even the name of Porporato will bring you to your senses," he exclaimed, indignantly. This name, as he thought, had a great effect. A murmur was heard.

"It is well," said Mariotta; "I will not tell you what happens this evening at Castel Vecchio. I will not speak to you of the subterranean passage, made by the Companions of Silence under the Rue Saint Maria, which leads to the very dungeon of Porporato."

"A subterranean passage!" all exclaimed.

"No no," said Mariotta, indifferently, "you do not wish to hear about that."

"Speak! speak! speak!"

"Then listen to me, my friends; I am a Christian, like you all, and not a weather-cock to be turned with every change of the wind. You would give another carlin to know about that passage; how the companions disguised themselves as jailors, and the manner in which all was discovered."

The voice of Gasparado was heard.

"Give! give! he always says. Do you not see that he is mocking us? I mean to split him in two like a herring."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Mariotta, who felt himself grasped by the throat by two men. "Must I be punished for trying to amuse you? This I know, that I am the only one who can tell you the story. I swear upon my hopes of paradise! When the treasure of the royal palace of Capodimonte was stolen this winter, the king, in his rage, increased the price set upon Porporato's head ten thousand ducats. That made fifteen thousand ducats; a goodly sum; but no one could find Porporato. A little while after that, the beautiful Villa Regina was burned; then the silver from the Villa Floriandia was stolen; then the treasure belonging to the archbishop. They promised the sum of twenty thousand ducats to whoever would deliver up Porporato. But, O, my friends, how could they seize the invisible?"

"One night, Bianca Barberini the duke's daughter was carried off. A letter without any signature was received by the duke, apprising him that by paying fifteen thousand ounces of gold, the only hope of his race should be returned. He mounted his horse and went entirely alone to the place indicated—beyond Salerno. He rode out on to the plain between two torrents at the foot of Mount Alburne, whose sides are covered with impenetrable forests. He saw troops of deer and wild goats, but no human being. He saw the block of granite which marks the place where the Roman consul defied the army of the slave Spartacus. He looked around him, but far and near there was no one to be seen—a deep, oppressive silence reigned. When the red disk of the sun was sinking beneath the waters of the Gulf of Salerno, a man appeared, crimson from the plume of his Calabrian hat to his boots. His face was hid by a crimson satin mask. He pointed to the extremity of the forest, where Bianca Barberini stood held by two men. Her arms were extended to her old father. The old duke counted out the fifteen thousand ounces of gold. The man in crimson, Porporato, refused to take them. He led Bianca to her father, bowed like a nobleman that he is, and disappeared among the trees. Since that time, they say Bianca has never been known to smile; and looks daily, hourly, with longing eyes towards Salerno. After Bianca Barberini, Preziosa Balbi was carried off. She was ransomed for thirteen thousand ounces of gold. Bianca Barberini is like a marble statue, and Preziosa Balbi a nun in the convent of Carmelites, at Capodimonte. After those two, came Jeanne Palliante, the betrothed of Doria, Doria and Matilda Farnese, daughter-in-law of King Ferdinand, (may he live a century!) To recover Jeanne Palliante, it was necessary that Fulvio Coriolani—"

The young man stopped and looked anxiously round.

"Go on!" exclaimed the crowd. "Tell us what Prince Coriolani had to do with Jeanne."

There was on the face of the narrator a shade of the trouble which had seized him when the saltarello invaded the circle.

"You know it better than I, friends. If I speak of Coriolani it leads me far from the present subject. Only look at Jeanne as she rolls by in her carriage, and tell me what has become of her fine color. As to the beautiful Matilda Farnese, no one could buy her back; not even Prince Fulvio Coriolani. What would happen if Fulvio and Porporato should meet?"

"A week ago, an old woman, La Beata, once the servant of Samuel Graff, the millionaire, saw a lord pass, going to the cathedral of Mount Oliveto. Seeing the lord pass, the old woman uttered a cry and fainted. She had recognized the assassin of Samuel Graff—"

The listening crowd here interrupted Mariotta with annoying cries.

"The first braggart who shall interrupt our good Mariotta," said Gasparado, the fisherman, "shall be beaten. And you, Mariotta, go on; you are paid."

This decisive sentence met with general approbation, and the crowd were silent.

"La Beata," said Mariotta, "reported herself to the intendant of the quarter, because Signor Spurzheim, director of the royal police, was ill—confined to his bed. She related to him what I tell you now:

"A stranger entered the house of the rich old Samuel Graff, at Palermo, which is the capital of Sicily. The stranger was handsome and polite. He called himself Felice Tavola. He brought letters from Spain, and Graff received him cordially. Soon, Felice Tavola stayed always at the house. One night, Beata woke trembling. The house was full of cries, and the sound of a struggle. The guest of Samuel Graff had opened the doors to the robbers of the south, who called themselves the companions of charcoal and iron."

"The Knights of the Iron Ring had sworn a vendetta against the old intendant of the Duke of Infantado. They had already killed the Marquis of Francavilla, Colonel Trentacapelli, and some others. The house was robbed from bottom to top. Samuel Graff was found bound, and in his heart was a Calabrian poignard, on which was engraved these Latin words, *Agere, non loqui*."

"The same which had killed the man on the Maddalena bridge," said Ruzzola, while a shudder spread through the crowd.

"The poignard of Silence!" slowly pronounced Mariotta. Then he added:

"The guest, Felice Tavola, disappeared with the bandits, and then all Palermo knew it was the terrible Porporato. The lord Beata saw going to church was Felice Tavola. He is known well at court under the name of Baron Altamonte; but they think nothing of changing their names! I can count nearly a dozen which Porporato has borne. Baron Altamonte laughed when they arrested him. He called upon the Chevalier Hercules Pisani, Colonel San Severo, the old banker Massimo Dolei, and Signor Johann Spurzheim, director of the royal police. He called also upon the Prince Fulvio Coriolani. The king ordered him to be put in prison. The court was assembled. Witnesses came from Monteleone and from Sicily. He was proved to be the assassin of Samuel Graff. But one thing was not proved, his identity with the famous Porporato. There were many who swore to his being Felice Tavola; but none could declare that he was Porporato. Who had seen him? There were five persons in Naples who had seen Porporato; three beautiful women, Duke Trioulzio Barberina, and Prince Fulvio Coriolani. Five or six bandits had been condemned as Porporato; but on the day of execution, the real Porporato always gave some striking and bloody evidence of his existence. The Duke Trioulzio Barberina had seen Porporato when he sought his daughter. Prince Fulvio had seen him when he recovered Jeanne Palliante. The king ordered that the Baron Altamonte, already condemned for his many crimes, should be clothed in crimson, and be confronted with the five persons who had seen Porporato."

Four carriages stood before San Pietro. Bianca Barberini came with her father; Preziosa Balbi with the Lady Superior of the convent; Jeanne Palliante came, with the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, her aunt; Fulvio Coriolani came alone in the fourth carriage. Those who saw Prince Fulvio, said he was very pale, and that a deep sadness shone in his eyes. In the ancient armory of Castel Vecchio, were seated the prince royal, Francis of Bourbon, the Minister of State, the superior intendant of the police, the chief judge, the archbishop and other noble lords. When all were seated, the Baron Altamonte was led in, clothed in crimson, wearing a Calabrian hat, adorned with a crimson plume. A red mask covered his face in part. Bianca Barberini and her father first approached.

"In the name of the living God," said his greatness, the Archbishop of Naples, who presided, "do you recognize the prisoner as Porporato?"

"The eyes of the young girl turned towards the handsome Prince Fulvio, then towards the prisoner. She hid her face on her father's shoulder, unable to speak. Who can count the numbers who in secret love the fascinating Coriolani? The old duke answered for his daughter:

"We do not recognize him as Porporato."

"Preziosa Balbi advanced, leaning on the arm of the Superior. Her face was concealed by a long white veil.

"In the name of the living God," repeated the archbishop, "do you recognize in the prisoner the bandit Porporato?"

"From behind the veil came a feeble *no*, though it was perfectly distinct. Then the recluse fainted in the arms of the mother of the convent.

"It was the turn of Jeanne Palliante, who is descended from emperors, and is as beautiful as a queen. She bowed to Coriolani, her saviour, as she passed.

"In the name of the living God," again exhorted the proud bishop, "is the man before you Porporato?"

"He is not," and she fell fainting at the foot of the tribunal.

"There was only Prince Fulvio Coriolani to be questioned. What I tell you, my dear friends, I do not invent. The day the Baron Altamonte was confronted in the armory of Castel Vecchio, there were other witnesses. There were the guards. I have been told, that during the whole examination, the Baron Altamonte kept his eyes fixed upon Prince Coriolani. The prince, on his part, looked at him coldly and severely. At the moment when Prince Fulvio stepped forward to give his evidence, Altamonte extended his hand towards a cartridge box which hung above the door. I will tell you, as perhaps you do not know, that in the time of the Spaniards, Castel Vecchio served as the military commandant's palace. The cartridge box bore the arms of Medina-Tone, with the device, TAKE CARE!

"In the name of the living God," pronounced for the fourth

time his greatness, the Archbishop of Naples, "do you recognize the person present as Porporato?"

"The prince answered in a firm, self-possessed voice, 'I do; it is he!'

"Altamonte made a spring like a tiger; but his hands were bound. Bianca, Preziosa and Jeanne uttered at the same moment a feeble cry. Upon the sole testimony of Prince Fulvio Coriolani, the tribunal decided that Baron Altamonte was Porporato. The recompense of a hundred thousand ducats remained in the royal coffers. The Companions of Silence have declared the vendetta against Prince Fulvio Coriolani. Where are they, the terrible Companions of Silence? Do not ask, my friends. Where are they? Here, there, far, near, everywhere; they are in your circle. In order to deliver Porporato, it is necessary to demolish the fortress stone by stone. Will they try it? morning will tell us."

"I do not speak ill of these Companions of Silence, my friends, and I pronounce the name of Bourbon with all the respect that is due. We live in difficult times. An imprudent word may cause the death of the father of a family. But why should they kill me, who wish everybody well? The darkness of this night covers a great battle. Beyond, on the other side of the fortress, there are movements in the shade, and muffled voices are heard. The attack is ready; the defence is prepared. The whole regiment of Swiss guards is at Castel Vecchio. Do you know it? Two squadrons of light horse are stationed behind the church; the dragoons are hid in the neighboring houses. I have seen the court-yard of the hospital for the poor full of bayonets; bayonets in the garden of the Incarnation; more bayonets in the yard of Pallonari. As to the sworn—"

Here Mariotta stopped at hearing a clear whistle, as if coming from the balcony of a neighboring house. Other notes answered from afar. The Strada di Porto presented a new aspect. Most of the lights were extinguished, and the windows of the shops closed, though the doors remained open. There was a crowd still which formed a semicircle around the improvisatore. At the sound of the whistle, each one became like Mariotta, silent. In the silence, two musicians of Abruzzo, placed at both ends of the streets, sang with energy and spirit, the well known air of Fioravante: *Amici, alliegere, andiamo alla pena!* And immediately a rapid movement was made in the crowd—a sort of separation or grouping. From each group some men disengaged themselves, and walked away towards the upper end of the street or strada. They wore the dress of sailors, and among them was a young woman, an orange vender.

All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. It had not taken place too soon; for by the time the strada was cleared, a file of soldiers appeared upon the scene. The auditors of the eloquent Mariotta looked for him, but he had disappeared. All the lights had been extinguished, as if by enchantment; there remained only three or four, long distances apart, along the length of the street. The crowd, silent with surprise, heard the tramp of feet, and then the command, "Forward, march!"

Ten minutes after, the Strada di Porto was bristling with bayonets, stationed round the fountain of the Three Virgins. The people were enclosed in the square like a flock of timid sheep. But in this troupe you might search in vain for our friends Farfalla, Miterino, Ruzzola, Masaccio and others. Gasparado, the gigantic fisherman, also was missing. It was truly a flock of inoffensive sheep that the soldiers of the king of Naples held prisoners in their circle of bayonets.

CHAPTER X.

THE ORANGE GIRL.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening that the Strada di Porto was occupied by armed men. All the other avenues leading to Castel Vecchio were equally well closed and guarded. The authorities had been warned that an attempt was to be made that night to deliver Porporato. Consequently, every precaution was taken to foil the attempts of the mysterious association, who seemed to have taken up their residence in the city of Naples. Our companion Mariotta has left us nothing to say in regard to this brotherhood of Silence, which had for so many months caused so much excitement and talk in the kingdom. We can establish, however, two facts. Firstly, that no one knew whether this association, too powerful to be considered a simple band of brigands, had a political basis. Secondly, that there was little remembrance of the origin of this association, for the very good reason that the brotherhood itself seemed to have forgotten it. The object seemed no longer vengeance of Monteleone. And if the murder, for which Baron Altamonte or Porporato was going to be executed, had any connection with the events related in the beginning of our story, it happened at the time when the Companions of Silence, for whom Naples used the vendetta as a pretext, and the name of the sainted martyr, Mario Monteleone, as a talisman to influence the poor population of Calabria.

Now another direction was given to the works of the brotherhood. We know that in the vestry of Corpo Santo, the Chevalier Athol, or, if you like it better, Porporato, had said:

"Let Monteleone rest in peace; he is avenged, since I take into my own hands the task of accomplishing the vengeance!"

They were proud words. We shall see soon if Porporato kept his promise. One thing was certain—that Porporato was not idle. In a few months many deeds were done. Felice Tavola was the first of the Six who fell under the hand of justice. Tavola! But who can be sure of his identity? Already, many subalterns had taken the name of Porporato, and sustained the falsehood to the very scaffold. Far and near, stories of the enormous crimes of Porporato were related, and did he really accomplish only the half

of what was imputed to him, he must be a perfect demon—a perfect *Fra Diavolo*!

The law of the Companions of Silence, if we are to believe what is reported of it, was, that might makes right. The master had sovereign power over them. The Six were only his servants and lieutenants. He consulted them when he pleased. After the six, came many companions bound by oath. After the companions, came the common soldiers, without name, who were under pay, and obeyed blindly, unquestioningly. The oath of silence obliged them to die for the master.

The Castel Vecchio was open on five sides, each looking down a small street (*vicoletti*.) The principal entrance opened upon the *Vicoletto Delfino* and the *Rue Martinella*. The sixth, seventh and eighth faces (for the fortress was a polygon of eight irregular sides) were enclosed by houses, and had but one entrance, opening under a half circle of arches behind *San Giovanni Maggiore*, not far from the entrance to the catacombs. This vaulted passage does not exist now. This night, Castel Vecchio was filled with the garrison of Naples, and looked as if prepared for a siege. Every avenue was guarded, and the *Strada di Porto* became a guard room. In the long space, between *Saint Jean* the greater and the *Larghetto Saint Antoine*, where there was no place of issue, the precautions were not so great. Five or six sentinels placed within hearing of each other, were the sole guards.

About a quarter of an hour after ten o'clock, in the little marketplace called the *Grand Piazzetta*, two men crouched under the shadow of the fortress walls raised, slowly and carefully a ladder. It was impossible to do it without making a slight noise. The sentinel just then turned the angle of the wall. The two men dropped silently, flat on their faces on the ground. The good soldier turned his back and resumed his song. When he was out of sight, our two nocturnal rovers rose quickly. One mounted to the top of the ladder with the agility of a cat. Then he slid down noiselessly, and crouching at the foot of the ladder he whispered to his companion:

"Too short by three or four hands' breadths?"

His companion made a gesture of disappointment. In spite of the darkness, you could distinguish his splendid, tall figure. The other, his head supported by his hands, remained immovable. The man in the cloak looked at the ladder, then at the wall.

"The street slants down and the roof rises," said he. "The building is higher where we are, than in the *Rue Manton*."

His companion pointed to the sentinel, who again appeared at the angle of the wall, then said:

"He has a lantern."

"Two things that embarrass us," replied the man in the cloak. "Let's get rid of both."

He made a sign to the other to follow him, and traversed the street with a step as swift and light as that of a young girl; while the sentinel, whom we shall call *Buffalo*, had his back turned.

At this instant a voice exclaimed: "*Sentinelle guardaveti!*" (Sentinel guard!)

All the sentinels repeated the cry. The sentinel *Buffalo* repeated the same, though he smiled as he thought of the silent walls. A few minutes passed; the sentinel paused in his walk. A noise was heard in the *Vicoletto*. A voice of a child or woman singing, fell on his ears.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed *Buffalo*, striking an attitude.

The only answer he received was a laugh; and a loafer, a true *ragazzo* of Naples, with his hat over one ear, came out of the little alley *zaffo*.

"Who goes there!" repeated *Buffalo*.

The loafer advanced, with his hands resting on his hips, and singing carelessly. He was a tall, graceful fellow, and long black tresses escaped from his cap. *Buffalo* thought of the beautiful locks of his own *Nannette*, and he murmured:

"I don't like to fire upon him."

"Good night, comrade *Pietro*," said the young rascal.

"Take care, *bambino!*" (little boy) replied the soldier.

"You are not called *Pietro!*" said the young fellow, still slowly advancing. "Then good night, *Francisco*, *Paola* or *Andrea*."

"Take care!" and the soldier presented his musket.

The boy stopped.

"It is a long time since your weapon has been used, *Jacopo*, *Rafaele* or *Fillipo!*" said he, in a joking tone, "I pray you don't begin the game now."

"By the Holy Saint Peter!" grumbled *Buffalo*, "it is a disguised girl! A darling, with a merry heart! If you wish to go free, pet," said the sentinel, "come and give me a kiss."

"Holloa, *Carlotto!* you have discovered then that I am a girl? Ah, well, *Ludovico*, my friend, I will let you embrace me if you let me have my fantastic will. I have bet two ducats, neither more nor less, that I will smash the reflector of your lantern."

She was just beneath, the charming orange girl of *Strada di*

Porto, and the girl who spoke with the pretended English sailor. She drew back her arm and sent a stone flying. The glass of the lantern fell in pieces.

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed the affrighted sentinel.

"Ah," exclaimed the young rogue, "we girls of *Procida* know how to throw stones. Now for the lamp itself!"

A second motion of the arm, a second stone. The lamp was broken and extinguished. An idea of treachery filled the frame of the poor soldier, when he saw the unflinching aim of the young girl, and when he found himself in sudden darkness. He seized his musket to give the alarm; but two arms as soft as satin were placed round his neck from behind.

"Did you not promise thyself a kiss, *Tommaso!*" said the laughing voice of the young girl.

At the same time, his musket was snatched from him, and a silk handkerchief was bound tightly over his mouth. He wished to call, but it was too late. A second handkerchief covered his eyes. Then he heard laughing and whispering round him. They complained of not having cords. They made his own girdle serve for bonds. His hands and feet were bound, then he was placed away like a packet, beneath the walls. *Poo! Buffalo!*

There were four round him—three men and a disguised woman. The latter, and one of the three men constituted themselves sentinels, and took the beat to the right and left of the square. The two others turned the angle of the wall and raised the ladder. The first threw aside his mantle, showing a handsome form. He was dressed like a fisherman, and was easily recognized as the handsome, proud young man, whose appearance at the fountain of the Three Virgins had closed the lips of the eloquent *Mariotta*, and who bore the name of *Beldemonio*. The second was the ragged *lazzarone* who had lain beside the fountain, and later still

The clown obeyed, and pressed his hands against the wall. He felt immediately a foot on each arm; a foot light and sure.

"Not bad! not bad!" he exclaimed, in the tone of a protector. "Do not close your eyes, or turn your head; and above all, do not look beneath you."

One foot rested on his right shoulder, another on his left. The clown did not speak, and held his breath. A cold sweat covered his brow.

"The deuce! I would not tremble like that for my own hide," murmured he. Then he added, in a supplicating tone, but without moving his head:

"Get down, signor! get down, my good young master! I will try again. If any head must be broken, it had far better be mine."

"Keep silent," said the fisherman, in a low voice, "but do not tremble. There is some one on the roof of the other house."

Another voice spoke at the same time.

"It is not only a cat in the gutter. Let us go! It is the patrol on the roof. We shall finish our night in the guard room."

"It is Lieutenant *Frazer!*" murmured *Cucuzone*.

Above, on the ramparts, the usual cry sounded. "*Guard! Sentinel!*"

"Answer!" ordered our fisherman, when the cry had been repeated by the guards in turn.

"*Guard! Sentinel!*" cried the clown.

The echo rung through the vaulted passage beneath, then all was silent. No one could be seen on the roof.

Cucuzone did not dare raise his head, but he felt the fisherman prepare to spring upon the roof.

"It is too high," at last said the young man; "I fear I shall fall. *Cucuzone!*"

"Signor?"



THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

who had made those gigantic leaps and feats, and had whispered those words which had caused the lips of the improvisatore to grow pale.

"Mount!" exclaimed the fisherman.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the saltarello was at the top of the ladder. There was really quite a little depression between this spot and where they had placed the ladder before; but not as great a difference as was thought, for the clown slid down the ladder, and said:

"Two hands!"

"Two hands more!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a disappointed tone; "and can't that be reduced?"

"My mother is old," replied the clown; "I am the sole heir to the name of *Cucuzone*. Ask something possible of me!"

"Can't you find another ladder?"

"The streets of the city are full of patrols. It is a miracle that we have not been discovered."

The fisherman lowered his head and reflected. Half past ten sounded from the clock tower of *Saint John* the greater.

"At eleven o'clock the sentinels are relieved," said the saltarello.

"Mount!" ordered the fisherman, who brushed his hair back with a determined air.

"And afterwards?" asked the *lazzarone*.

"Mount!"

The saltarello obeyed. When he was at the top of the ladder he felt it tremble beneath his feet. He turned, and saw that the fisherman followed him.

"Signor," asked he, in astonishment, "do you think you can do better than I?"

"I think I can do differently," replied the young man. "Hold yourself firm!"

"The day when I met you upon the grand square of *Casenga*, you had two weights of fifty pounds on each arm, and you did not tremble as you do now."

"It is true, signor; but I was upon solid earth then, and my weights, if they fell, could not be killed."

"Do not think of me, my faithful fellow. Take care only that your arms are as firm as commonly. Take one of my feet in each hand—raise with all your strength—and bless God!"

The clown hesitated.

"Signor," said he, "the ladder is only balanced. When I make an effort to raise you, it trembles and slides under my feet, and my arms are planted against the wall. How will it be if I take away that support? Signor, it is not right to try it; let me attempt it in your place."

"Do what I told you!" commanded the brave young fisherman. *Cucuzone*, before obeying, passed his hand across his face, which was covered with a cold sweat.

"May the Holy Virgin protect us!" murmured he, making the sign of the cross. "I do not wish to disobey you, but the scoundrel whose life you are trying to save, is not worth the risk of your life. He did not get into this scrape by obeying any of your orders."

The fisherman exclaimed, "Be quick!"

Cucuzone seized one foot, then the other. He was a stout, powerful man, accustomed from his youth upwards to the most violent exercise. But his emotion robbed him of half the power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Home! Beautiful, but oft misinterpreted word. One may have food, and shelter, and raiment, and yet have no home—for no earthly outward seeming has power to make any one spot more dear than another.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

BY "COSMOS."

Night darkling sat, majestic in her gloom;
The silvery orb, concealed by sable robes,
Gave forth no light in clouded, dismal sky;
Crime, stalking forth unblushing in its course,
Held regal sway—licentious, run unchecked.
A city vast, encircling in its folds
A million souls reflecting changing cares,
And struggling all unconscious of their doom,
Was stricken then with pestilential breath.
A shadow long, portentous in its might,
Bent lowering o'er, foreboding danger nigh;
The sighing winds in mournful cadence sung
A requiem sad, prophetic in its wail;
With awful stride, destroying in its way,
The fearful plague, remorseless, onward strode:
A sudden fear—an awful, dread dismay
And deadly chill encircled every heart;
Face gazed to face, proclaiming sickening sense
Of coming ill, and dire and dreadful woe.
Days passed—the lengthening weeks gave no decrease
Of grasping death, but crushed with hideous glee
The young and old of high and low estate:
All shared alike—the stately lord and haughty dame
Were borne in carts to yawning, ghastly pits.
With hurried steps, invoking help from God:
Or fevered lips blaspheming Heaven's decree—
Men reckless strode, defying nature's claims
Of birth or blood, in selfish fear engrossed.
A maniac priest, with bloodshot, evil eye,
In sandalled feet and filthy garments clad,
Roamed constant on, denouncing wholesome laws,
And urging on the maddened, surging crowd
With blinding rage—to glorious old St. Paul's
Ran fiercely on a furious, impious mob;
Through chancel doors, far up the noble dome
They hurled the torch, and danced and shrieked perforce.
O'er prison gates, from burning church and spire,
Again they hurled the ready, willing flame:
All London then aghast and trembling stood.
But still the plague grew strong with passion's might—
That fearful cry, in ringing, solemn notes,
"Bring out your dead!" through livelong night was heard;
And cheeks blanched white in burning dwellings' glare,
As mocking fiends howled curses through the streets.
But lo!—stop, hush! the bell less frequent tolls!
Joy! joyful news! the deadly plague abates!
And then from church, from every stricken heart,
Went up to God a silent, heartfelt prayer.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEONORE,
THE FLOWER-GIRL OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

"BRING Rose Haviland to me before the city clocks strike twelve, and this shall be your reward!" And the speaker, Ricardo Vialla, laid his hand on a large bag, heavy with Spanish doubloons.

The two ruffians at his side shrugged their shoulders, knit their dark brows, and glanced significantly at each other.

"By the mass!" cried one, "that wont pay—'twill be an ugly job, I assure you. We've got to set all our wits to work to make our way into the enemy's camp, and carry off the girl right in the face and eyes of that brave young fellow who is so desperately in love with her. No, no, no—I don't undertake it for the meagre sum of money you offer—do you, Delorme?"

"Not I. Why, you're confounded stingy, captain! You live here like a prince. You go into the first circles of New Orleans, while we are skulking round to do your bidding. You don't soil your delicate fingers," and he touched the white and jewelled hand still resting on the bag, "but we have to harden our hands with all sorts of rough tasks. Nobody thinks of you as a villain, but we're looked upon as black-hearted wretches! And yet you want to pocket the lion's share of the gains. I wont have it, by my faith, I wont! I don't care how soon the bond which links us together is broken."

"Come, come, you are out of temper to-night, or you wouldn't talk in this strain," rejoined Vialla, with the tact of the practical diplomat he was; "if I've not offered you enough, it was from no wish to be mean with you. Believe me, I know the value of your services, and am willing to pay for them. There are not two other men in New Orleans whom I would trust in the present emergency. Bring Rose here early or late, and you shall each have a bag of doubloons."

Again the villains exchanged glances, but now they looked well pleased.

"Agreed!" cried both in a breath, and after a slight hesitancy, Delorme added, "beg pardon, captain, I was angry, or I shouldn't have been so impudent just now."

A faint smile flickered over Vialla's fine features.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, "I don't mind it, Delorme; your temper is like a tropic atmosphere, it must sometimes have a tornado. But to return to your enterprise; there's no necessity of my saying 'be cool, be crafty, be persevering.' I have the fullest confidence in your skill."

The next moment the ruffians passed out, each with a revolver concealed amid the folds of his dark blouse. Vialla listened till their heavy footfalls died away in the corridor below, and then burst into a mocking laugh.

"Poor Delorme!" he muttered—"the fellow had the right of it, I do live like a monarch."

As he spoke, Ricardo Vialla glanced round the stately banquet hall, where he had received the two desperadoes who had just left him. The great room with its tessellated floor, its frescoed walls, its long French windows, curtained with cloud on cloud of rare old lace and silken damask; with its murmuring fountains, its Parisian chairs and lounges, its marble tables and side-board, groaning under massive plate, and the tall mirrors reflecting and multiplying this magnificence, did indeed seem fit for the proudest being in the wide world. For a time Vialla paced to and fro with a most triumphant air, but gradually the smile faded from his moustached lip, and his brow clouded.

"Rich as I am," he continued, "high as my standing is here in the Crescent City, Rose Haviland turns coldly away from me, and is fool enough to fall in love with a poor dog of a lawyer. But she shall never be his, my minions shall wrest her from him. She shall be queen of my palace-home, for I will move heaven and earth to make her mine!"

While he had been soliloquizing thus, a female figure had stolen up the broad, softly-carpeted staircase, and crept noiselessly along the passage which led to Vialla's dining-hall. In their haste the ruffians had left the door slightly ajar, and so the other visitant could hear what was passing within. As Vialla finished the last sentence, she rushed in, and pausing in the centre of the apartment, hissed out the one word, "Ricardo!"

The man started as if a summons from the spirit-world had reached his ear, and turning, saw before him a slight figure, a thin, pale face, lighted up by a pair of burning black eyes, and framed in masses of midnight hair—it was Leonore, the Flower-Girl of New Orleans! She wore the jaunty costume of the French peasant women, but her short, full skirt, the once gay bodice, and the gipsyish hat, were soiled and torn, the dainty foot bare and bleeding, and the pale, wasted hands locked so tightly together that the finger-nails had sunk deep into the flesh.

"Leonore, Leonore!" gasped Vialla.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the girl, wildly, "you know me, then, though the glow has gone from my cheek, the dew from my lip, the brightness from my eye! Am I welcome here?" and her voice grew unnaturally shrill, her emaciated form shook from head to foot.

For once Vialla Ricardo was at a loss for a reply, but at length he summoned strength enough to answer:

"O, of course, of course! It has been so long a time since we met that I had begun to fear we should never meet again."

The young girl's figure seemed to dilate and expand, her eyes blazed with an intense light, her wan cheek burned, as bending toward Vialla, she muttered:

"Dastard! you, in the strength of your manhood, dare not speak the truth before a weak woman. Ricardo, you are false, what you have just told me is a base lie! But you cannot dupe me longer—I know you too well to be again deceived; I know that you have set your heart on winning Rose Haviland. I overheard you but now, when you declared she should yet share your home. Aha! win her if you will, but remember, remember the day will come when you will wish you had never wronged Leonore, the Flower-Girl!"

There was such concentrated bitterness in her tone, such terrible indignation in her dark, elfish countenance, that the guilty man was startled, but he determined to put a bold face on the matter.

"Wronged you, Leonore!" he said, "how have I wronged you, pray?"

"How? O, holy Madonna! There was a time when no bird was blither than I, when I was in the flush of health and beauty. But in an evil hour I saw you, I listened to your words of love, for a few short months I lived like one in a sweet dream, but then, then, God help me! God pity me! I awoke! Ever since I learned that you had grown weary of me, there has been a fever in my blood, my flesh has wasted from my bones, I've grown old prematurely, day and night wild thoughts haunt me—Ricardo Vialla, you have almost drove me mad! Do you think I shall let you go unpunished? No, no, I shall be avenged, sooner or later I shall be avenged!"

She turned to leave him, but he grasped her arm in the hope of conciliating her.

"Stay, stay, Leonore!" he murmured, "perhaps I can prove that you have been deceiving yourself;"—at this juncture he stopped, for his quick ear had caught the tramp of hurrying feet on the terrace below; then came a loud knock at a side-door, a knock which he believed heralded the approach of the two men he had despatched on a base errand an hour before.

"What's that noise!" he exclaimed; "wait here an instant, Leonore, till I go and see." And he darted from the room. The gruff voice of Delorme convinced him that his emissaries had indeed returned, but had they been successful? His heart beat fast as he asked this question. Stealing into a shadowy corner, he leaned forward, all eye and ear, pale, mute, expectant. A moment more, and they came slowly up the staircase, Delorme bearing in his arms a female form.

"Santa Maria!" muttered Vialla, "the girl is in my power! Get her into your hands again if you can, Hugh Courteney!" and he crept from his hiding-place and advanced to meet the ruffians.

"By my faith!" he said, "you are back early; you have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"Yes, yes, captain, we found the coast pretty clear!"

"And the lady, how is she?" queried Vialla.

"Deaf and dumb as a stone! She has been senseless ever since I snatched her from the seat."

"So much the better," rejoined Vialla, "but I must have one look at her now."

With these words he pushed back the heavy cloak in which

Delorme had wrapped his victim, revealing a face of rarest beauty. It was oval in contour and delicately featured; the complexion was of exquisite fairness, the eyelids long and thick, the brow softly penciled, and the disordered hair of that peculiar shade which some have called dusky gold.

"Surely, no man could ask a lovelier bride," murmured Ricardo Vialla, touching his lips to her pure, white forehead. "There, there, my men, bear her into this room!" and he opened the door of a splendid saloon. "I have a little business to attend to, and must leave you awhile, but I will join you soon." And he hurried away to the banquet hall where he had left Leonore. To his utter surprise, he found the room vacant, the Flower-Girl had gone, he knew not whither.

Vialla muttered an oath, adding:

"What has become of the poor, demented creature? Can it be that she is bent on revenge? Can no arts of mine silence her tongue and thwart her mad purposes? Ah, yes, I shall find her yet, and it will be an easy task to outwit her. And now for the saloon where I left my minions and Rose!"

When Ricardo Vialla moved into that luxurious little chamber, Rose Haviland was still unconscious. Delorme had set down with her on a divan, and pillowing her head upon his broad shoulders, begun to fan her with his sombrero. She was the only daughter of an old and decayed family, and her parents had looked to her to build up their fallen fortunes by a brilliant alliance. When Vialla became a suitor for her hand, they smiled upon his suit, for with his vast wealth and high position he held in society, he was regarded as a most eligible match. But the girl, however, could not be brought to look upon him with any favor. She had already learned to love with the depth and fervor of her romantic nature, a poor, though gifted law student. Of late, the attentions of Vialla had grown so utterly distasteful, and her father and mother had urged an immediate marriage with such pertinacity, that the girl had fled from her home with Hugh Courteney. Ricardo Vialla, however, was not long in discovering that she had taken refuge with a friend of Courteney's in an obscure part of the city, and that they were to be married in a few days. His plan to abduct the girl and its success, are known to our readers. What wonder was it then, that as he stood gazing upon Rose, his heart swelled with triumph? The cloak which had enshrouded her when he met her at the head of the stairs, had fallen to the floor, and he now noticed that she wore a robe of bridal whiteness, and that a spray of orange-blossoms was wreathed amid her tresses.

"She is dressed like a bride," he said to Delorme; "was this to have been her wedding-night?"

"Yes, captain; I suppose they feared you might find them out, and meant to be made one at any rate. You see Gaspar and I had a fine chance to get her into our clutches, for Courteney had gone after a priest, and the mistress of the house was busy in preparations for the impromptu wedding. We crept into a little balcony, Gaspar kept watch, and I seized the girl, as she was sitting by the mirror, and thinking, I dare say, with a woman's pride, what a beautiful bride she should be!" Vialla broke into a laugh, which rang like a gush of triumphant music through the room.

"'Twas well done, the job was well done, my men!" he said gaily; "you have earned your bag of doubloons apiece. I will have the lady eared for, and then pay over the money which bribed you to my assistance."

As he ceased speaking, he pulled the bell-cord and a slave appeared.

"Chloe," he exclaimed with a significant glance, "I have summoned you that I might entrust to your care this young lady—my wife and your mistress that is to be. At present she seems in a deep swoon, but you can restore her, I have no doubt."

"Yes, yes, massa!" responded the woman, with a sly look; "I'll try my best wid de poor cretur," and lifting Rose Haviland with as much ease as if she had been an infant, she bore her away.

"There, now, comrades," said Vialla, as the door closed after the negress and her burden; "we'll to business once more. Follow me!" And the trio moved back into the banquet hall, where they had drank and feasted early in the evening.

Vialla touched a spring in the elaborately carved sideboard, and a secret compartment was revealed. In that compartment many a bag of Spanish doubloons was concealed. Vialla drew out two heavy bags and flung them on the floor, exclaiming:

"Take your reward, I give it as freely as if every coin were but a drop of water!"

The two ruffians seized their treasure, eyed it a moment with a smile of satisfaction flickering over their faces, and then hiding it under the voluminous folds of their doublets, turned to go.

"Look here, captain!" said Delorme, coming to a sudden stop, "you've dealt handsomely by us to-night! When you're in want of help again, I'm ready, for one, to lend a hand."

"And I too!" rejoined Gaspar.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks!" responded Vialla, and thus they parted.

As the desperadoes descended the staircase, the slender form of the Flower-Girl stole warily after them, and when they reached the street, when the white gate leading into Ricardo Vialla's courtyard had closed behind them, she still kept on their track. They had proceeded forty rods, perhaps, when she stepped forward and laid her thin hand on Delorme's arm. The ruffian turned and involuntarily his fingers tightened about the revolver he carried.

"Victor Delorme," said the girl, in a husky voice, "I have no murderous intent, there is no need that you should grasp your weapon. Do you not yet know me?" And she pushed back the straw hat which had shaded her countenance. Delorme gazed at the haggard face thus uplifted to him in the moonlight, with its

convulsed features, its parched and purple lips, and those dark eyes burning with such strange fire in their hollow sockets, and a shiver ran through his burly frame.

"Leonore," he muttered, "can this be you, my lost sister, or has some ghost risen to mock me?" The girl shook her head sadly. "I am Leonore," she said in broken tones.

"But what has made you the mere wreck of what you were when I last saw you?"

Leonore's brow grew dark with the storm-clouds of passion.

"Come with me and I will tell you," she replied.

The brother hesitated a moment, and then hastily bade Gaspar "good night," and walked on beside his sister through street and square, lane and alley, till at length they crossed a narrow court, and entered a dingy old house. Up, up, up, over flights of creaking stairs, toiled the Flower-Girl, her brother following her. Finally she opened a low door in the fifth story, and ushered him into a gloomy, seven-by-nine room.

"This is not your home!" cried Delorme.

"No, not a home, it don't deserve the name, but my den, Victor! When you used to visit us, we had such pleasant lodgings, mother and I, for I earned a nice little sum every week, selling flowers, and she"—and the girl's lip quivered—"she tended the plants, and added something to our means by her needlework. But now, now she is dead—she died of a broken heart, Victor!"

"And what broke her heart, pray?" queried the young man.

"The knowledge of my wrongs! Even before her death my beauty had faded; I had lost all interest in life, and scarcely cared to keep soul and body together. Victor, I have loved, loved in vain! One whom I thought everything that was good, and generous, and true, sought me to while away an idle hour, promised solemnly that I should be his wife, and then grew cold and neglectful, and gave himself up to a new love.

"And who is the villain? Tell me, tell me, Leonore, and by my faith, you shall not go unavenged!"

"Victor, his name is Ricardo Vialla!"

Delorme sprang from the chair into which he had sunk during his sister's recital, as if thrilled by an electric shock, but he could not speak, and the girl went on:

"And to this man—to this black-hearted villain, who has brought your mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and blighted my hopes, you are bound body and soul! You have to-night been doing foul work for him. Ay, I was lurking in the shadow of the great magnolias that overhang his gateway, when you came by, bearing Rose Haviland. I was on the watch for you when you came out, with your ill-gotten bag of doubloons under your blouse!"

"Mon Dieu!" groaned the guilty brother; "then I have been toiling to build up your false lover!" And he began to pace the room like an enraged tiger.

A half-hour dragged by, during which not another word passed between Delorme and his sister, but it was fearful to see the storm of passion which swept over the desperado. His broad chest heaved, the muscles of his dark, stern face quivered, the massive brow flushed to crimson with the hot blood which went leaping through every vein. At length he stopped short before the faded flower-girl, and said hoarsely:

"Leonore, it is too true, I have degraded myself into a mere tool for that villainous Vialla; he has drawn me into sin, he has made me an outlaw in the world, with my hand, like that of Hagar's child, against every man, and every man's hand against me. But the spell is broken. Many times ere this, it has been weakened—nay, to-night, growing disgusted with his avarice, I declared to him that I cared not how soon the bond which bound us together was sundered, but with his consummate tact he restored me to good humor, and I again bowed my neck to the yoke. I did his rascally errand, but 'tis the last—the last—the last I shall ever do for him. He shall learn ere I am a day older, how strong my arm can be when raised against him!"

He drew his broad-brimmed hat low over his fierce eyes and moved toward the door. The flower-girl sprang after him.

"And what will you do, Victor? Something of the old tenderness still lingers in my heart—you will not lay violent hands on Ricardo!"

"No, no, I think I know of a better way to circumvent him. Listen, girl; to-night a secret has come to my ears—it is this: Crime of every species has become so frequent in New Orleans, that the citizens are rousing themselves for its suppression. They talk of making a bold move, as they did in San Francisco when they formed a vigilance committee. Had I not learned what you have told me about Ricardo Vialla, I should, doubtless, have communicated this bit of news to him before morning, and received another bag of doubloons as my reward. But now I shall go in search of the revolutionists—ere I eat or sleep, I shall divulge the secret that Vialla, though occupying a high position among them, is in reality the main-spring of half the crime in the city. Good night; when I have performed my mission, I shall come back to you."

The stars paled in the soft, blue, southern sky; the moon went down and the June morning broke, but Victor Delorme came not to his watching sister. Hour after hour passed, and the sun was low in the west, when he came hurrying in.

"Why so pale, Leonore?" he asked, as he flung himself on the rude floor at her side.

"I feared everything, Victor—feared that you had again fallen into the power of Ricardo!"

"Your fears are vain! Hark ye—I have been closeted with the prominent members of the vigilance committee the whole day. They know the real character of Vialla; they have brought their plans to maturity; this very evening the crisis will come. The

revolutionists will take possession of the arsenal and the most important points of the city, and if all goes well, Ricardo Vialla will lie in prison before midnight."

"And the girl—Rose Haviland?" queried Leonore; "they will rescue her—they will give her back to her lover?"

"Yes, Hugh Courteney is one of the foremost in the ranks of the vigilants! And I, I, Leonore, I have joined them! I have been bidden to the wedding feast of my old captain, and I shall go, but not as he expects me, not to see him drag an unwilling bride to the altar. Poor Rose! He has told her she must make ready for a bridal, and I have heard that she is almost wild with grief. Would that I could carry her this good tidings, but I cannot, for I have no time to spare. I must tarry here no longer, for I have weighty matter in hand!"

Again he was hastening from her, when the flower-girl once more detained him.

"Stay, stay a moment," she whispered, manage to steal into Vialla's house, and in the ear of Rose Haviland."

"Heaven help you, Leonore!" said the girl, as she hurried kiss, he left her.

Two hours later the captive Rose stood in a stately mansion where she had been imprisoned. That lofty room there were luxuries which made it seem like a hall of an enchanted palace; a flood of gas-light poured from a glittering chandelier, lending a new charm to every object, and the air was heavy with the perfumes of Arabia. Outside lay a beautiful garden, where the pomegranate and the orange ripened, and gorgeous flowers blushed, and fountains threw up their silvery sheen, and many a graceful statue stood white and still amid the shadows. Rose Haviland knew that she might be mistress of all this splendor, and yet, looking on it, she felt like a caged bird, panting for freedom. Slaves were grouped about her, ostensibly to anticipate her slightest wish, but in reality to act as a body-guard, and the idea of escape seemed preposterous. She knew that the time appointed for her bridal was nigh, and every stroke of the little French clock sent a pang to her heart. At length she saw a female figure flitting through the shrubbery below, till she was lost to sight on the terrace, and in a few moments Rose heard light feet pattering along the passage, and then a rap at her door. A slave opened it, and there on the threshold stood the flower-girl. She dropped a courtesy and murmured:

"The gentleman sent me—I have sweet flowers for a bride to wear!" extended a basket crowded with orange-blossoms, japonicas, and buds of the cape jasmine, all wet with the night-dews.

The watchful slaves took it for granted that the gentleman to whom she had alluded was none other than their master, and cordially bade her enter. The flower-girl tripped to Rose Haviland's side, and while displaying her treasures to the best advantage, succeeded in whispering:

"Take heart, lady; all will yet be well—your escape is sure, for Ricardo Vialla's hour of doom has come!"

The next moment she had gained the balcony, and Rose was left to ponder on the joyful news.

Meanwhile, Vialla sat at a table in his banquetting-hall with a few of the firmest of his allies. He had drunk deeply, and now he raised his glass, shouting: "Fill high to my bride, comrades!"

At this juncture, the dull boom of cannon, the heavy tramp of many feet, and the wild cry "Down with Vialla, the traitor!" fell upon his ears. He started; every trace of color left his cheek; his whole frame shook.

"What is it?" he gasped, "what is it?"

"Good Lord, massa!" replied a slave, "the house is surrounded with armed men; they are calling for you like mad!"

"Discovered, betrayed!" groaned the guilty man; "where is Victor Delorme? Ah! there was a demon in his eye last night and to-day when I saw him—he has met Leonore; to avenge her wrongs, he has divulged my secret! But I will not be taken by a mob!"

With these words he rushed to a small door, and flinging it open disappeared. The vigilants thronged in, a host of men in arms—thronged in to capture Ricardo Vialla, but he was not there! Vigorous search was made, but in vain—the villain and the traitor, who, in the guise of a gentleman, had been such a pest to the Crescent City, had in some mysterious way effected his escape. Foremost in the ranks of that portion of the vigilance committee who had beleaguered Vialla's house, was Hugh Courteney. As he passed one of the winding corridors, a beautiful face, with masses of rich hair drifting about it, peered from a half-open door.

"Rose, my own Rose!" cried the young man.

"O, Hugh!" murmured the girl, and the next moment she was folded in her lover's arms.

The morning subsequent to these events, Courteney and Rose Haviland plighted their faith at the altar. Her father gave the bride away, for both he and his wife had heard of Vialla's villainy and regretted that they had ever urged their daughter to give her hand to him.

The rest of the proceedings of the vigilance committee are so well known to our readers, that we need not rehearse them here. We will only add that the ruffians surprised at Vialla's banquet, were at once imprisoned, and met the sentence of the law.

Victor Delorme seems a changed man. He declares that he will never again return to his old courses, and may God help him to keep his word. His sister's spirits have not yet regained their elasticity, but she no longer stands on the verge of madness, and may we not hope that in due time, the glow will come back to her cheek, the light to her eye, the smile to her lip, and the dew of youth once more gather on the now weary heart of Leonore, the Flower-Girl of New Orleans?

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WAY OF FIGHTING.

I have seen, says a letter-writer, the arms used by the Chinese in the fight at the storming of the ports at the mouth of the Pei-Ho. The first sight of them shows the utter helplessness of this vast empire of 350,000,000 of population, when it comes into contact with European science and arms, and discipline, on the battle field. They remind me of the scenes of my boyhood, when all the lads of my country village were armed with wooden guns, furnished with wooden locks and flints, which could snap if they could not fire. They are ignorant of the rifle, the percussion cap, and even of the flint, once used in its place. The gun is a match-lock, and of such formidable dimensions and weight, as to need wheels to carry it, instead of their own shoulders. It is almost impossible to raise and level it, such is its weight; and often another man, kneeling before him who loads and fires, bears the end of the gun upon his shoulder, in the happy consciousness that if the enemy chooses to kill him instead of the soldier at the other end of the gun, he is innocent of any man's blood, and could not but be. And those matchlocks! they are worthy of a place in any antiquarian museum. Almost would the old Knight Templar of Malta start up again, should these matchlock guns be placed in

their hands beside their armor. The matchlock in cumbersome—keeping with the barrel and stock; some inflammable material, bent burning, taking the place of a flint, and striking the powder like the tail of a comet when it strikes. Then there is the powder, which is damped with water, and armed with a wooden rammer, which is pushed into the powder, and then the match is lighted, and the gun is fired. The match is useless, and the powder is so slow and difficult that after an attack on the forts, one of the guns, and received a soldier and a gentleman, and unlike a soldier and a gentleman, the Englishman did not choose to fire with a puff of steam was out of the rear of their nozzles.

THE LATE M.

Few foreigners have attained to the same identification themselves so completely with the life of the late M. Alexis Soyer. He was born in Marseilles in 1801. He was educated in the seminary of the Grand Vicar, and intended for the priesthood, but felt no inclination for the church, and went to London, where he was apprenticed to the celebrated Chef de Cuisine. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he came to England, where he was in the service of the late Duke of Devonshire. He married a lady of considerable talents as an artist, and some years ago. At the time of the distress caused by the potato crop, he went to Ireland, where he was in the service of instituting soup kitchens for the poor; and he introduced them with great success, and furnished the family with a cheap and relishing meal who had no means of providing for themselves. During the exhibition year he took a house in Kensington, and fitted it up as a restaurant, but it unfortunately turned out a bad speculation. When the news of the gross neglect of the Commissariat Department in the Crimea was exposed in the London Times, M. Soyer started off, and employed all his energies in ameliorating the condition of the soldier, as far as his food was concerned, and rendered great services to the army by the introduction of several useful inventions by which the soldier was enabled to have a comfortable meal instead of the wretched fare he had been accustomed to previous to his arrival. At the time of his death he was engaged in endeavoring to improve the dietary of military hospitals. In private life he was much respected. He is buried in the vault in Kensal Green in which repose the remains of his wife.

THE CHERBOURG CHORUS.

We have no wish to exaggerate; but as far as we have heard, the peace congress at Cherbourg was one continual cannonade. Even at this distance, of space as well as time, one's mental ears are deafened by the echoes of the thunder. The emperor arrives—bang go the guns! The emperor goes to bed—bang go the guns! The emperor gets up again—bang go the guns! The emperor goes out—bang go the guns! The emperor meets the queen—bang go the guns! The emperor says, "How d'ye do,"—bang go the guns! The emperor says, "Good-by!"—bang go the guns! This was the key-note of the imperial peace congress. Everything went off to the same unvarying tune. There was one unceasing roar throughout the whole proceedings. The only reports listened to were those of ninety-pounders. There were several "great guns" in oratory present, but the only speeches audible were from the mouths of the cannon. Nevertheless, for all his flourishing his iron talons in our face, the French eagle is a dove; acknowledged bird of peace. Cherbourg is his nest, and Cherbourg (have we not imperial assurance of the fact?) has been inaugurated in the midst of profound and perfect peace. The burnt-offering of gunpowder was intended as a peace offering. Every rainrod that was used for it, was in reality an olive-branch; a smacking kiss of friendship sounded loud in each salute. Even at Cherbourg, *L'Empire est la paix*. According to the emperor, Jupiter Tonans is the deity of peace.—*Punch*.

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MONASTERY OF CETINJE, IN MONTENEGRO.

As the affairs of Montenegro have recently occupied, and are still occupying the attention of European diplomatists, and form a *questio verata*, likely still to give a great deal of trouble, we have thought our readers could not fail to be interested in a picture sketch of the monastery of Cetinje, a famous place, now occupied as a palace by Mons. Delarue, minister of Prince Danilo of Montenegro. It is an irregular fortified building standing at the base of a rocky hill. The surrounding scenery is wild and romantic. It contains apartments for the priests attached to it, and numerous others, which are occupied by the senators and dignitaries who are attached to the court. It also contains a prison. Part of the cloisters is now used as a cartridge manufactory. There are a few houses near it, which form a street; and here take place assemblies, at which councils relating to public business are held. It was lately a scene of the wildest joy and excitement, upon the occasion of bringing the trophies which the Montenegrins took from the Turks after the battle of Grahovo. The Russian Consul was present, and was received with great manifestations of satisfaction, particularly as he was the bearer of a large sum of money, and his presence was also considered as a mark of approbation on the part of Russia, of the conduct of the Montenegrins. The transport of the cannons and different other trophies occupied three days in bringing from Grahovo to Cetinje, it being necessary to carry them by manual labor, on account of the difficulties and steepness of the roads. Their arrival, which was announced by the firing of guns, was hailed with shouts of delight by the people. The procession which bore them defiled before the prince, who spoke to several of the persons who composed it. When the ceremony of defiling before him was concluded, he addressed them in the following brief speech: "I cannot better express my pleasure to you this day than by saying that I look upon myself as the most fortunate of princes, in possessing true subjects who can repulse their cruel foes with so much bravery, and are ready to spill the last drop of their blood in defence of the Cross and me." Loud acclamations followed this. Afterwards the Prince and the Russian Consul paid a visit to the President of the Senate, Mirko. The affair of Grahovo, to which we have alluded above, was a piece of treachery on the part of the Turks, but found the Montenegrins prepared for battle and victory. The fanaticism of the lower order of Turks is constantly prompting them to assail all "infidels," while the policy of the Porte is liberal and comprehensive. The Sultan stands between two fires; on the one hand he incurs danger from the bigotry of his subjects, on the other, risk of annihilation at the hands of the Christian powers, who have resolved to check the ferocity of the Turks, and demand the extremest fulfilment of existing treaties. Turkish ferocity will succumb at last.



PORTRAIT OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There are some authors on the bright roll of English literature who are as dear to us as old and tried friends. We are familiar not only with their works, but with their persons; we treasure up their familiar sayings, laugh over their humor and eccentricities, and familiar jokes, know the cut and color of their clothes, and indeed, seem to have walked, and chatted, and laughed with them.

We must have met big, burly, honest, dogmatic Dr. Johnson—we certainly saw Garrick as Richard; we have a faint memory of Burke and Sir Joshua, and we can swear to an acquaintance with careless, shy, odd, extravagant, but genial Oliver Goldsmith. As we look upon his honest, harmless face before us, there comes over us this queer feeling of pre-existence, an ante-nineteenth century feeling, which makes us sure that we encountered, somewhere or other, bodily and face to face, the author of the "Deserted Village," the "Traveller," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that rattling five act farce, "She Stoops to Conquer," which will last as long as the stage itself. Goldsmith is a true type of the literary character. He is one of the brightest glories of Ireland, where he was born, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, in 1731. His father, the reverend Charles Goldsmith, sent him to Dublin College for his classical, and to the University of Edinburgh for his medical education. But he made no figure at either, and was so careless and erratic as to give great trouble to his friends, and it was only by an uncle coming to his aid, that he was sent to Leyden to continue his studies. But a year at Leyden was as much as his "truant disposition" could endure, and we find him setting off to make the pedestrian tour of Europe, with only one clean shirt and no money in his pocket. He was more adventurous than Bayard Taylor, and travelled certainly on a smaller capital. At Padua he took a medical degree, and came home to London almost literally penniless. Now he pounds drugs in an apothecary's shop, and then undergoes the martyrdom of an usher's life in a country school. But London attracts him, and he hies thither, a literary adventurer. We trace his pen in the Monthly Review, and the Public Ledger, and the publications of the day. His poem of the "Traveller," carries him into the highest literary circles, as a peer of the intellectual nobles of England's Augustan age. His novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," with Dr. Johnson for sponsor, made a great sensation. It has since become immortal. He writes histories, and labors as a compiler with success. His comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," takes the town by storm. But he is careless, extravagant, irregular—always in debt and difficulty. He affects the life of a man about town, wears gay clothes and is bubbled by sharpers at the gaming-table. Harassed by pecuniary troubles, jaded by irregular living, he is consumed by a slow fever, and dies in April, 1794, mourned by all lovers of literature, and wept by the truest friends.

In the elegant epitaph penned by Dr. Johnson, it is said with truth, that he left no species of writing untouched, and adorned all to which he applied himself—*nil non tetigit quod non ornavit*. His compilations are very felicitous. His historical and scientific works abound with errors, for his acquirements were not profound and accurate, but his style is so pure and fascinating, that every sentence from his pen is a gem, and a model to the scholar.



VIEW OF THE MONASTERY OF CETINJE, IN MONTENEGRO.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Mr. Donald, junior, and I were riding in front, accompanied by Multan Khan, and had advanced about 200 yards from the house, when we observed a body of horsemen drawn up across the road, in a grove immediately in our front, and waiting for us. Multan Khan pulled up his horse, and bade us at once return to the house, as the only chance of saving our lives; for he said that neither himself nor any of his men would advance with us another yard. It was out of the question to attempt to get through this body by our four selves, and so we turned back to the house. I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the enclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon us, with savage shouts and yells. How I escaped I know not, for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was going on behind me, I saw Mr. Donald, senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr. Gibson and striking him with swords and sticks. I now noticed Multan Khan and our escort galloping off, leaving us to our fate. My only chance was to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr. Donald, senior,

you a family and little children?" He answered by a nod. "And are they not dependent on you for their bread?" He replied "Yes." "Well," I said, "so have I, and I am confident you are not the man to take my life and destroy their means of support." He looked at me for a moment, and then said, "I will save your life if I can: follow me." He immediately turned and set off at a gallop, and we followed him.—*Edwards's Indian Rebellion.*

THE LATE DR. BOWDITCH.

"Byles," in writing to the New York Tribune about the demolition of old houses, etc., gives some pleasing reminiscences of the translator of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, which we quote: "Dr. Bowditch, like Dr. Franklin, was a self-taught man, and fought his way by himself to scientific eminence and social distinction. Like Franklin, he received the rare distinction of being elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of London, of its own mere motion, and with exemption from the payment of fees. Of course, there have been several Americans entitled to write F. R. S. after their names; but they have been elected in the usual way, at their own desire, and with the usual payments. I believe that, besides these two philosophers, Prof. Pierce of Cambridge is the only American who has received this particular

eminence in the country, of their own mere notion. He said 'it came just at the right time,' and did him much more good than the greater honors which came later. I believe that you have told how the scientific library of this great man, which he directed to be kept together and made free to any person wishing to use it, and of which his son, Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, has been the custodian, has been transferred to the Public Library, in consequence of this leveling measure, where it will be kept together, and be free to all comers, according to his characteristic wish."

GALA DAY, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

The pleasing scene delineated on this page, is one of those with which many of our readers are familiar; for few Americans, visiting the continent of Europe, fail to make the tour of Switzerland, attracted by its wonderfully sublime scenery, and by a sympathy with the honest and free inhabitants, whose political institutions so nearly resemble our own. Though the Swiss are a hard working people, they wisely indulge in frequent festivities and out of door amusements. Their national anniversaries are commemorated with great spirit; their harvest festivities are gay and mirthful; their great sporting matches bring out the entire masses of



GALA DAY AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

to follow me, and drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They opened for me right and left, and I passed close to poor Mr. Gibson: I shall never forget his look of agony, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians, who were swarming round him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice I was on the point of shooting some of the fellows, but refrained, thinking that threatening them with my pistol was more likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them. I soon got clear of the mob, and joined Multan Khan and the escort, who had by this time halted. Mr. Donald, senior, followed me almost immediately: his horse was severely wounded by a matchlock ball in the rear hind leg; but he was himself untouched. His son also rode up soon after; he had escaped unwounded, by riding through the own, and jumping his horse over a ravine where the fellows could not follow him. A man also joined us, mounted on my second horse, a difficult animal to manage; he threw his rider almost immediately, then bolted, and was, as I imagined lost. Multan Khan and the others seemed by no means pleased that we had escaped, and were very threatening in their demeanor. I rode up to the former, and putting my hand on his shoulder, said to him, "Have

distinction. Dr. Bowditch was a fellow of the Edinburgh and Dublin societies, and of a multitude of continental learned bodies; but I recollect he once told me that the degree of Master of Arts, which was given to him by Harvard in 1802, gave him greater pleasure than any of his later honors. He was at that time a sea captain sailing out of Salem, and had not the slightest personal acquaintance with any of the authorities of the university. It was a commencement day when he found himself in Boston harbor with nothing to do—for at that time commencement day was a strict holiday, and there was no more business doing than on Sunday. As all the rest of the world had gone to Cambridge, he thought he might as well go too, and see what it was all about. He arrived about the time the exercises were over, and elbowing his way into the church, he found the president just taking his seat in Parson Turrell's arm chair, of which the 'Autoerat of the Breakfast Table' gives so diverting an account in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly, and proceeding to give the degrees. Among the rest he heard his own name uttered in the unknown tongue, and understood enough to know that he had had a degree bestowed upon him. He said that he did not know exactly what it meant, but he knew it was a recognition of his merit as the author of the 'Practical Navigator'—an honor alike unsought and unexpected, bestowed by men of the first

the districts where they are held. It is the policy of the different local governments to encourage these gatherings, as they keep up the health and strength and union of the people, and their example is worthy of being universally followed. Our artist has delineated a scene in the outskirts of Geneva, and the occasion of the gathering is the completion of the vintage. Outside of a suburb-anium, the men and maidens, the patriarchs and the youths, married and single, have gathered together on their holiday, bent on having a good time. The costumes of the Swiss, particularly of the women, are singularly picturesque. Many peculiar head-dresses will be noticed in our engraving, some of them reminding you of the coiffures of the Norman peasant-women. The Swiss women are fond of gay colors—of gaudy ribbons, scarlet stockings, brilliant shoe-buckles, and rich ear-drops and necklaces, so that a large gathering of them always produces a fine effect. Parisian fashions have not penetrated their mountains, and they remain true to their national costumes. The very nature of their country will probably lead to a continuance of these dresses among the hardy mountaineers. Of course we except the residents of the cities; they follow the fashions of Paris. But in the valleys, and on the hills, we shall still always meet the "nut-brown maid," with her straw hat, her braided hair, her short petticoat, and velvet bodice, and her treasured but simple ornaments.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SABBATH DAY.

BY FANNY BELL.

How sweetly shines this Sabbath morn!
What healing to the soul it brings!
No sounds upon the air are borne,
Save nature's gentle whisperings.

The swallow skimming o'er the grave,
The loosened cattle loitering round,
The hymning grove, the journeying wave,
Alone disturb the calm profound.

O'er the high vault of stainless blue,
Light snowy fleeces float serene,
Like hovering spirits, pleased to view
The stillness of the Sabbath scene.

Labor, retired in cottage nook,
Withdraws to solemn thought awhile,
And leans him on the sacred Book,
That strengthens for his weekly toil.

E'en waaton leisure, burthened oft,
Mid toys and trifles, which to choose,
Receives in peace the summons soft,
On higher, holier things to muse.

Tears that have flowed for wrong or guile,
Thoughts, rudely jarred, or sorely wrought,
The week-day's cares, the week-day's toil,
On Sunday's bosom are forgot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WIDOW MUGGS AND HER DAUGHTER.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MRS. DIANA MUGGS and Deacon Harry Osgood lived neighbors to each other. Mrs. Diana Muggs was a widow, and Deacon Harry Osgood was a widower; Mr. Osgood was sick, and Mrs. Muggs wasn't; Mrs. Muggs had a daughter, and Mr. Osgood had a nephew. The daughter's name was Lizzie Muggs, and the nephew's was Harry Osgood, Jr., after his uncle. Miss Lizzie was a gay, rosy, coquettish little damsel of eighteen; Mr. Harry, Jr., a tall, moustached Harvard graduate of twenty-three; widow Muggs a plump, thrifty, wide-awake, buxom lady of thirty-eight, and Mr. Osgood, Sen., a portly, round-faced, good-natured farmer of forty. It may seem strange, but it is true, nevertheless, that Cupid had stirred up the hearts of these goodly four into the most inexplicable entanglement and confusion. He treacherously hag-gled his arrows before he aimed them, and then laughed in his sleeve—(query, does Cupid wear sleeves?)—to see how crookedly the distorted shafts struck home. He punctured the heart of the elder Osgood, and straightway that gentleman's affections fell on Lizzie Muggs; he shot out an arrow towards the tendrils of the buxom widow's heart, and in return, the tendrils of the buxom widow's heart shot out a matrimonial hope towards Deacon Osgood; he threw dust in the faces of the young people, and lo and behold! they saw only each other.

This was the way affairs stood at the commencement of my story. The widow had an eye on the widower; the widower had an eye on the widow's daughter; and the widow's daughter and the widower's nephew had an eye on each other. With the exception of Lizzie, they were all more or less blind in the matter. Osgood, Sen., and Osgood, Jr., were on the best of terms; the deacon thinking the personal attractions of his rival overbalanced by his own broad acres and his well-filled money-bags, of which his less fortunate nephew possessed not a one; and the nephew being fully conscious of his foothold in Miss Lizzie's heart, and believing, moreover, that his uncle's frequent visits to the house of widow Muggs were intended to honor the mother instead of the daughter. The mother, also, thanks to Lizzie's skillful maneuvering, labored under the same impression; while Lizzie herself, with infinite self-complacency, assisted in carrying on the delusion, laughing now at one and then at another of the blinded trio, as she pulled wool first over the gold-bowed spectacles of the worthy deacon, then over her mother's orbs of vision, and even eluding materially the merry eyes of Harry the younger. Let me tell you how it ended.

It was a pleasant morning in summer. Mrs. Muggs's kitchen window was open, and she sat beside it. A tin pan, heaped with ripe, delicious-looking crimson currants, rested on her lap; while beside her, on the window-seat, was a white earthen platter destined to receive the fruit as it passed through her careful fingers. Before the kitchen table stood Lizzie, her black hair tucked back smoothly behind her ears; her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, displaying a pair of dainty wrists, and arms like dimpled ivory. A snowy napkin was pinned from shoulder to shoulder across the waist of her brown calico morning-dress, and her hands were dexterously kneading a lump of unwieldy dough, which was destined eventually to take the form of those goodly articles of food yecept biscuits.

Judging from the silence that reigned in the room, broken only by the sound of the currants as the widow's fingers stripped them rapidly from the stems, and the noise of Lizzie's rosy palms as she stopped occasionally in her work to rub off the particles of dough and flour that adhered to them, the ladies were not remarkably communicative. Lizzie's eyes, however, wandered once in a while from the square surface of her moulding-board, and the glances that stole through the thick fringe of her jetty eyelashes to her mother's face, burned with latent sparks of mischief. At last she paused abruptly and wheeled about.

"Mother!"

The widow looked up; Lizzie down. There was a moment's silence, during which Lizzie twisted her apron-string over her befouled fingers; then with a little musical laugh she turned back to her biscuit.

"Mother!"

This time Lizzie's tone was more emphatic than before. Again the widow looked up; again Lizzie looked down, twisted her apron-strings, hesitated, laughed, and after a provoking little delay, turned to the table.

"Mother!"

This time Lizzie did not wheel about, but kept her face bent down perseveringly over her work.

"Well?"

There was a spice of impatience in the widow's voice, as though she didn't relish being trifled with.

"I had two offers yesterday."

"Offers—what kind of ones?"

"Matrimonial."

The widow looked pleased. She was proud of Lizzie; Lizzie was handsome, sprightly, intelligent and bewitching enough to delight the heart of any mother, and more than all, Lizzie was always having offers; half the young men in the village had proposed to her, and many a time had the little coquette made her mother her confidant. Mrs. Muggs never reproached and scolded her; she had been a girl herself once, and she didn't forget the fact, as some mothers do. She thought Lizzie had the result of another flirtation to announce, and so she crossed her hands over her half-emptied pan of currants, and waited with a benignant, patronizing smile for her to proceed.

"Mother, if you were in my place, and had two lovers; and if one was rich and one was poor; one old and one young; one rough and one homely, and one handsome, gentlemanly and refined; and if you loved the young, handsome, poor lover, and didn't love the old, homely, rich one—which would you marry?"

The widow hesitated. One of her foibles was a desire to see Lizzie married wealthy. For this reason she always had discouraged the attentions of the younger Harry Osgood, and Lizzie knew it.

"Well, Lizzie," she answered, at length, "love is a fine thing when it goes hand in hand with prudence; but there is nothing like poverty to take the sweetness out of a honey-moon; and many a young woman, who, in the magnanimity of her first passion, throws herself away on a poor man, rues the day after the romance has a little worn off, and children begin to crowd around her knee, with mouths to fill, bodies to clothe, and minds to educate. If you have had an offer from a rich man, Lizzie, you had better think well of it. Your father was poor when I married him, and I ought to know."

The widow spoke earnestly. Lizzie laughed, colored, and kneaded away desperately at her lump of dough.

"But he is twenty years older than I am, mother?"

"That's nothing; women grow old faster than men. A man at fifty and a woman at thirty are well-matched, in my opinion. But who is it?"

"O, but, mother, he's homely, besides being old, and I don't love him an atom!" responded Lizzie, with a pout, disregarding her mother's inquiry.

"Pshaw, child! You are too sensible, I hope, to mind such trifles. Who ever saw a handsome man who was good for anything? A homely husband is better than a poor one, any day; and as for love—fol-de-rol! A woman can love any man who is kind to her, if she tries."

Lizzie's red lip took a little skeptical curl, but the widow didn't notice it.

"But what if I happened to like some one else, mother?"

"Fiddlesticks! I'll wager I know who you are thinking of now—that oily-faced, hypocritical young Osgood! I wish—"

The widow stopped short. Lizzie had straightened up in such a queenly fashion, and darted such an indignant sparkle from her black eyes, that her mother checked herself involuntarily.

"And so you think I would do better to marry his uncle?"

The widow gave a start of surprise, so sudden as nearly to upset the tin pan enthroned on her knees; but Lizzie was very innocently looking out of the window, and did not notice it.

"Lizzie Muggs, you don't pretend to say that *that* man has made such a goose of himself as to propose to *you*?"

"Well, what of it, mother?"

Lizzie's hands were in the dough again, and the widow's face took the hue of the currants she was looking over; if Lizzie laughed, no one knew it but herself. For full five minutes widow Muggs sat back straight in her chair, her blue eyes dilated, a nervous color coming and going rapidly in her cheeks, one hand uplifted in amazement, and the other grasping so tightly its fill of currants, that their globed redness broke out into juice, and trickled in a little, wine-like rill through her fingers. Then she exclaimed, explosively:

"The o-l-d H-a-r-r-y!"

"Yes, the old Harry, and the young one, too," replied Miss Lizzie, wickedly misconstruing her mother's words. "To be sure I like the young one best, as you very well know, but I'll never marry without your consent, mother, never! They are the only two enduring men in the village; the only two that I would select from, if I were going to choose a husband. I'm sorry we don't both fancy the same one; but then the old gentleman isn't really so very bad. He's rich and kind-hearted, and will pet me as if I were his own daughter. A good many girls that I know of would jump at the chance of marrying him, and I've no doubt I should get reconciled to him in a little while. If I must, I must, of course."

A little trill of malicious laughter followed Lizzie's words, and a naughty smile drew each corner of her rosy mouth into a nest of dimples. If the widow could have seen the arch face nverted from her gaze, she would have understood better Miss Lizzie's sudden meekness.

"But, child, he is old enough to be your father!"

Lizzie's face dimpled again.

"Yes, I know it, mother. But, as you say, women grow old faster than men, though I didn't think of it until you mentioned it. He's not old yet, either, by any means; a man at forty is just in his prime. And then everybody knows that men of his age make more considerate husbands than younger ones; they are not half so whimsical and jealous and exacting."

"I don't know about that, child." The widow's nervousness increased in proportion with Lizzie's coolness. "Perhaps you don't understand human nature as well as you might. When a man marries a second time, he's very apt to be always drawing comparisons between his first wife and last. If I was a young girl like you, I wouldn't marry a widower under any consideration. It's a hard place, Lizzie, a h-a-r-d place."

The widow sighed ominously. Lizzie was silent, though any one to have noticed her closely, would have seen a vibratory motion of her sides, indicative of suppressed merriment.

"And then, as you said, Lizzie," continued Mrs. Muggs, "he is a terrible homely man; no wonder you can't fancy him."

"La, mother, I only gave that as an excuse. Why, a great many persons think he's handsome. Besides, you say a homely husband is better than a poor one."

The widow coughed a little, and reddened a great deal; she was caught in her own trap.

"But I'm not so terribly set in my way, child, that I can't give up a point when I see I'm wrong. You like young Osgood, and he likes you, and I know it's a very hard thing for young people to be separated after they once get their hearts fixed on each other. If you should marry anybody else and be unhappy, I never should forgive myself."

"O, don't be anxious about me, mother; I'm not one of the breaking-hearted sort, you know. I never could marry a man whom you disapproved of, and you have always disliked young Osgood."

"O no, child, you are mistaken!"

There was a little flush of earnestness on each of the good widow's cheeks, and Lizzie's sides were vibrating again.

"But you don't like him."

"Yes I do, Lizzie, yes I do. To be sure I have scolded about him before now, but I say a great many things I don't mean, Lizzie, a great many things. You musn't lay up every word I say for law and gospel."

"But he's poor, mother, and you want me to marry a rich man."

"Well, after all, Lizzie, riches aren't everything in this world. Your father was poor when I married him, yet I never saw an unhappy day till after he died. And besides, you can't call such a man as Harry Osgood poor. I expect he'll be his uncle's heir; but even if he isn't, he has youth, talent, energy, and a good name, and these are an honorable man's best riches, always, Lizzie; to say nothing of such a treasure as he would have if he married you."

"Bravo, mother!" Lizzie clapped her hands applaudingly. "Well, you know you have invited the deacon here to tea this evening, and I have taken the liberty of asking Harry. I shouldn't wonder if I referred them both to you for an answer."

A long silence followed in the little kitchen of widow Muggs. The widow worked away without speaking, and so did Lizzie. Finally the former broke the spell.

"You are kneading that dough to death, child; your biscuits will be hard as brickbats."

"Sure enough." Lizzie looked up at the clock; she had been moulding steadily for an hour and a quarter. "But see what you're doing, mother!"

Her warning came too late. The widow had finished picking over her currants, and absent-mindedly gathering up her lap full of refuse stems, dirt and dry leaves, she was shaking them carefully out of her apron upon the platter of clean fruit. Lizzie looked at the widow, and the widow looked at Lizzie; both blushed and laughed. They understood each other; the widow knew the meaning of the hard biscuit, and Lizzie knew the meaning of the dirty currants.

That afternoon as the two ladies sat sewing in their little back parlor, Deacon Osgood came walking leisurely down the street, and turned into the green lane that led to the house. Lizzie caught sight of him first, and throwing down her work, ran out to meet him. He smiled gallantly and stooped, as if to kiss her, but she made a deprecating motion, and drew her little hand gaily through his arm.

"No, I didn't come out for that, Deacon Osgood; but only to say what I thought I shouldn't have an opportunity of mentioning in the house. You know the subject you mentioned last night? I have been thinking it over all day, and I have come to the conclusion that, though I like you and respect you very much, I don't love you as I'd wish to love the man I marry."

She paused, and the deacon sighed.

"The fact is," she continued, "I don't think I'm quite old enough for you. I'm a little wild, rude, witching, saucy thing, to make the best of me, and I'm afraid we shouldn't be well-mated."

She paused again, and again the deacon sighed.

"Well, I don't know but you're right, my child; but I've lived without a companion a great many years, and it's awful lonesome work. I've been getting low-spirited this long while, and I thought a wife would cheer up the old house, and make me happy again."

"I don't doubt it, Deacon Osgood, I don't doubt it in the least. But I think you'd be better suited with an older person; I'm so

young and giddy. I'm sure you'd make a kind, good husband for the right kind of person, and if I can't be your wife, I shouldn't object to calling you my—"

Lizzie hesitated, as though she dared not conclude the sentence. At that moment a brown Kossuth hat appeared at the further end of the lane, topping the lithe, graceful figure of the deacon's nephew. Lizzie took her arm from the deacon's instantly, and withdrew a few paces into the background. The deacon noticed the movement, and smiled good-naturedly.

"What is it you wouldn't object to calling me, Lizzie—uncle?"

"No, not that," she answered, a quick crimson springing to her face; "but," another hesitation, "but—well—mother told me this morning that you were old enough to be my father!"

Something in her tone struck the deacon as peculiar, and when she looked towards the house, his glance followed her's instinctively. By the parlor window sat widow Muggs, sewing industriously. The deacon thought he had never seen a fresher face, a better figure, or a tidier dress than her's; and he wondered that he had never before noticed what a comely woman the widow was, and that he had ever dreamed of having her for a mother-in-law. Then his eyes met Lizzie's. There was something strangely arch, strangely suggestive in her merry smile; something not to be misunderstood, that set the deacon's thoughts running in a new channel; something that made his eyes brighten and his cheeks glow with a light, half surprise, half hope. But as if the suddenness of the idea had paralyzed him, he stood rooted to the spot, motionless, wordless, almost breathless.

"I'll warrant you wouldn't marry me now, Deacon Osgood, even if I should happen to change my mind," said Lizzie, with a tantalizing smile, and another glance towards the parlor window.

"No, by ginger, I wouldn't!" was the deacon's emphatic exclamation. "What a precious old fool I've been, to be sure, not to know the difference between a hen and a chicken!"

He started at a quick pace for the house, reaching the door just as the shadow of the brown Kossuth hat dropped on the grass at Lizzie's feet. But his step slackened wonderfully as he entered the hall, and when he tapped at the sitting-room door and the widow responded with a cordial "come in," his heart beat like a war-drum. Ah, poor Deacon Osgood!—he was not half so flustered in the gay young Lizzie's society, as in the presence of her sedate, middle-aged mother. He had a hard task before him, a task that has made many a valorous man's tongue to trip, his breath to falter and his color to come and go in cowardly flushes. Yet he felt that that must be the first topic of conversation; that he could not act himself till that subject was settled once and forever. And so he hitched about restlessly in his chair, stammered, blushed, coughed, ahem'd, and once, forgetting himself, whistled outright. Finally, wrought up to a proper pitch of desperation, he broke out with:

"Mrs. Muggs—ahem—do you think I am too old to marry again?"

The lady addressed bent her head down over her sewing, pretending she had pricked her finger, and scowling with well-affected pain. The deacon repeated his question, with a little nervous tremor of agitation in his voice.

"I think you are too old to make a fool of yourself!" was the widow's reply; her thoughts ran on Lizzie.

The deacon was abashed; he ahem'd violently for a few moments, and pulling out his red silk handkerchief, made up faces at himself behind it for his awkwardness. Whether or no he made up any at the widow, I can't say; but at last he mustered up sufficient energy to ask her faintly what she meant by his "making a fool of himself?"

"This is what I mean, Deacon Osgood: I think when a man gets to be as old as you are, his thoughts ought to be somewhere else besides on little girls who have just jumped out of their pantalettes!"

"But, Mrs. Muggs, I am only forty, and you haven't worn pantalettes since I first knew you, some twenty years ago."

"Me—me?" It was the widow's turn to stammer now. "Me? That alters—of course—somewhat—the case. Do you mean me, Deacon Osgood?"

"Mrs. Muggs, I mean you!"

"Goodness gracious!—bless me!—the o-l-d H-a-r-r-y! Why didn't you say so, to begin with?"

The widow arose; the deacon arose also. The widow took a step forward; the deacon took half a dozen, and before they knew it, they were shaking hands right heartily.

"I hope you'll excuse me, deacon, if I have been rude. As I said to Lizzie this morning, I say a great many things that I don't mean—a great many things. Here, have a seat in this arm-chair; you are tired, I am sure. And let me get you a glass of my ginger-beer; I call it excellent, and you must be thirsty after your long walk in the sun. And here, put your feet on this ottoman—it will rest them." And the widow bustled about energetically, while the deacon watched her and thought what a pleasant, good-hearted woman she was, and what a mistake he should have made to have married Lizzie.

Just then a suppressed laugh sounded beneath the window. The widow and the deacon both looked out, only to catch a glimpse of the brown Kossuth hat and Lizzie's blue muslin dress disappearing round the corner.

"I declare, if those young ones haven't been listening—the plagues!" exclaimed the widow, blushing.

"The plagues!" echoed the deacon, with a broad smile.

And they were happy. There were four flushed faces at Mrs. Muggs's tea-table that evening, four tongues that seemed inclined to cleave to the roofs of their owners' mouths; four pairs of eyes that did but little service besides scrutinizing the table-linen. Once Lizzie, attempting to hide her rosy little mouth behind her tea-cup,

broke into a laugh that well nigh strangled her. The merriment was contagious. The infection ran like wildfire around the little circle, till the whole four straightened back in their chairs and laughed in concert; Lizzie, tea-cup in hand, holding up maliciously towards her mother a stray stem that she had just pulled from her currant-sauce, while the widow pointed defiantly to some very hard biscuits which the deacon and Harry had been attempting to butter.

Three months later there was another tea-party at the widow's, to which the village parson had an invitation; and after supper, which was served in the front parlor, Lizzie drew the deacon to the sofa, and begging Harry not to be jealous, seated herself on his knee, and taking his happy-looking face between her two hands, kissed him first on one cheek and called him "Uncle," and then on the other and added "Father!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NUN AND THE CUIRASSIER.

BY NED ANDERTON.

SEVERAL years ago, I was detained by a violent and sudden storm, so common among the mountains, at a little wayside inn among the Alps, with a small party of tourists, who, like myself, were travelling on foot, the better to observe the beauties of a country too often viewed through the windows of a whirling post-chaise. As the evening came on we drew around the fire, and there being several of the number excellent at story-telling, a succession of marvels whiled away the first few hours of darkness. At length each having contributed his share with one exception, a general attack was made upon a hale, jovial-faced, white-moustached individual of about sixty, who had that frank, military air which always betrays the soldier; and as the wind howled fitfully without, and the rain poured down with steady, mournful sound, while in addition, the "witching hour of midnight" was fast approaching, some one suggested that he should favor us with a ghost story as being the most appropriate; and another hinted that the most interesting heroine for such a tale would be a nun. Laying aside his pipe, and taking a fresh glass, the Frenchman drew nearer the fire and with a good-humored smile, began:

"A story must it be?—with somewhat of a ghost in it, and a nun, too? Well, if my heroine must be a nun, she shall at least be one of those who never made a vow not to marry. And such there are; the Sœurs Beguines, or Sisters of Charity, make no vow that must necessarily doom the other sex to despair.

"Some years before the breaking out of the first French Revolution, the Sieur de la Marche, a young man of one of the first families in France and a captain of the first regiment of cuirassiers, fell desperately ill at Lisieux, where he was quartered with his troops. During his illness he was attended by a nun of this order, young and beautiful, and in every respect a perilous nurse to a young gentleman of a susceptible nature and a crack regiment. The bosoms of cuirassiers are not always clad in steel; those of ladies of charity never. He recovered from his sickness, but it had been better that he had not. She had taken very great care of him throughout; she had daily smoothed his pillow with her own hand, and by that hand had his daily medicine been sweetened; she had made his pillow very smooth, and had prescribed many rules to him for the recovery of his health.

"But now he was up and about; that is to say he was up in his chair, and about the ordinary occupation of a young cuirassier; no pillow was to be smoothed, no physic to be taken, no more rules of health to be prescribed, and his nurse and he began to talk of other things. They confessed they had both fallen into a passion; but it was not the passion of anger. They had made some vows, not one of them what is generally called a nun's vow.

"I wish it had turned out otherwise; but truth is the soul of history. He was false—he left her. What could she do? She did all she could; she died. But his was a far more grievous fate, and it was right it should be so. He was at Paris; not among the dissipated, not among the gaieties, not among the thoughtlessnesses of Paris—for he had a conscience! And to a cuirassier who had killed a nun, conscience was a troublesome thing. Conscience produced uneasiness, uneasiness produced fever, fever produced sleeplessness. The Sieur de la Marche lay awake the first night, the second night, the third night. He had a foolish trick of going to bed early; a very foolish trick for a man with a bad conscience. There cannot be a more disagreeable bed-fellow than a conscience neither good nor indifferent.

"On the third night, as the clock of the Petits Augustins struck twelve (a melancholy sound even to such as have never killed a nun), he heard a gentle tap at the door of the *porte cochere* below. He listened. The knocking was not repeated, but it seemed as if the house door had been opened from within. Strange!—for the servants had all retired to rest. He heard a light footstep slowly mount the stairs; it mounted *au troisième* where La Marche lay. The latch of his door was gently lifted, and a faint glimmering light darted into the chamber. It proceeded from a lamp which was borne in the hand of a woman clad in a nun's habit; in the habit of an order, alas! too well known to the trembling young man. He sat up in his bed as the figure approached; it placed itself at the bed's foot; it raised the veil which had covered its face and head. Gracious Heaven, it was she!—in the dress in which he had first seen her—but how changed the face which had watched with fond affection by his bed of sickness! Pale and fixed, the features had settled down to an expression of stern and deadly melancholy; the eyes were bent upon him steadily and reproachfully. He would have tried to speak; but the right hand of the nun was raised as if to forbid him—and he remained silent.

He gazed on the dreadful apparition; to look off, for even an instant, was impossible.

"For one long, frightful hour, it kept its stand—one hand still extended, the other holding forth the lamp with a motionless power which could have belonged to no being of this world. As the clock struck one, the figure slowly left the bed's foot, the door opened as of its own accord as she approached it. Once more she looked upon him; she mournfully waved her hand; she left the room, and the door was closed! The wretched young man sunk back exhausted on his pillow. Was it a dream?—O no! As the morning dawned through the chamber, he tried to persuade himself that he had slumbered and dreamed. He had not slept.

"To say that during the whole of the next day a moment did not pass in which the hideous phantom sat not on his heart and brain, glared not before his eyes, fresh in memory as while its actual presence was standing before him, would indeed be no exaggeration. But his horror increased a thousand fold as the evening closed, and the dark hours again approaching, doomed him to return to his gloomy and haunted bed. The secret of the visitation had not passed his lips; it was a secret of another world. But his face, more pale and haggard, and the deep expression of anxiety and dismay which marked his features as he returned to his chamber, sufficiently told the tale of a mind yet more worn and distracted, and of a conscience which had yet more fearful pains in store than those it had already endured.

"As the night advanced, his heart beat heavily and his breath labored almost to suffocation with the dread of a vision not less horrible, less ghastly, less appalling, in its expected return. The sound of the midnight clock struck like a death-bell on his ear. Again the same footstep was on the stair; again a melancholy impulse, as that of one resigning himself to inevitable fate, bade him speak the words to summon in the phantom which was to rivet and blast his senses. Again the gaunt figure of the dead nun placed itself before him; again with the same withering look and in the death-like silence did it keep its stand till daylight, when again it slowly and stealthily left the chamber.

"Night after night, week after week passed on, and never did the fatal hour of twelve arrive, but as the harbinger of a visit, which at each return was one to him of more overwhelming terror; for gradually, both mind and body were sinking into a state of more defenceless weakness and desolation. Long and earnestly did those who watched with anxious friendship the spark of life which seemed daily fading to its extinction—long and earnestly did they conjure him to reveal that hidden misery which was consuming his heart.

"At length to his brother, and to him alone, the fatal secret was disclosed. In vain did his brother implore leave from him to keep the night-watch with him. No!—there was between the grave and him, between the avenging spirit of another world and his guilty soul, a secret yet, which must never be revealed, to which no human presence must be witness. He feared he knew not what of untried horror if his nightly visitor should see a stranger intrude upon that solemn and dreadful penalty.

"His brother ascribed all to the hauntings of a deep and sickly remorse. Long did he seek for means to dispel the sad and fated illusion; at length an expedient occurred. He knew that the Beguine had had a sister, a twin sister, in form and face so nearly resembling her, that in former days they had been mistaken for each other by their nearest friends. He sought her out; he begged her, in mercy, in womanly pity, to forget her sister's wrongs, to pardon the destroyer of her sister's happiness and honor, to think only of the severe, the bitter retribution which even now was hurrying him to an untimely grave, and to give effect to the means which were in her power only, for perhaps restoring his tranquillity, his life. He besought her to personate her dead sister; to visit his brother's chamber at midnight, watch through that fearful hour at his bed's foot, and at the end tell him that throughout the many weeks that this ghostly vision had haunted him, it had been but herself inflicting upon him the punishment which his conduct towards her sister had so justly merited; that the punishment was now complete; that remorse and penitence had done their work, and that now, chastened by suffering, he should be left at peace. Thus might the illusions of a troubled conscience be broken through, and tranquillity and health restored.

"She consented. She procured a Beguine's habit like her sister's, and on the appointed night, with a lamp in her hand, at a few moments before the clock struck twelve, she slowly and fearfully ascended the stairs; fearfully, as one who felt she approached a scene of suffering and horror, and to counterfeit the awful form and presence of one dear to her memory, who, though the sepulchre had closed upon her earthly being, might still in spirit be a witness to that bold deed of charity. She tapped at the chamber door; a faint voice replied from within; she entered. The young man was already sitting up in his bed, as if awaiting the phantom which the hour announced. His eyes were turned towards the door; his face was deadly pale, and his mouth half opened with an expression of languid and patient anguish.

"As she advanced towards the bed's foot, he for an instant raised his eyes and hands towards heaven and sighed once heavily. He then fixed his gaze steadily upon her. At intervals his lips moved with a melancholy, imploring expression, but no sound escaped to break the deep and dreadful stillness of the scene. At length a strange hysteric sob and a sudden spasm shook his frame. He seemed to look out into the dark space behind her as she stood. Instantly his whole countenance changed into one of wild terror. He threw his arms violently above his head, shrieking, 'Great God, there are two of them!' and sunk back, a corpse, on his pillow, his last suffering over."

A dead silence followed this narration, and soon after the party broke up for the night, and the next morning we separated.



PEASANTS OF THE LANDES, SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BABELSBURG,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, NEAR POTSDAM.

The elegant structure depicted in one of the engravings on this page is situated about a mile from Potsdam. Here the Prince of Prussia resides during the summer, and here Queen Victoria lately paid him a visit, which is soon to be repeated. The towers of Babelsburg rise on elevated ground opposite the Virgin and Holy Lakes. The castle was built about twelve years ago as a country seat for the Prince of Prussia. The Tudor style prevails in the outline of the main building and higher towers; whilst the diminutive height of some side-wings satisfies the taste of those longing for simplicity in a rural abode. A large number of detached buildings are scattered over a park surrounding the castle to the extent of 400 acres. Nothing can be more beautiful than to look from the single watch-tower, erected in the delightful half-Gothic, half-subdued style of mediæval German cities, rising from the solitude of the woody domain. In the early morning, when the meadows lie in shadow, or about sunset, when the sombre tints of the native fir woods of Brandenburg deepen into a richer hue, while two or three fishermen are plying their craft on the Havel, the scene has a quiet beauty of its own, filling the mind with feelings such as, according to the opinion of the Prussians of those parts, can only be realized by the inhabitants of the plain. The park is the creation of that famous Prince Puckler Muskau, who, after having travelled for years in the East, retired to the sands of his fatherland, to make landscape gardening a science and its practice an art. As to the castle itself, it forms an oblong structure, whose principal front, facing the wa-

ter, is about 150 feet long. The side-wings, being for a great part attached to the principal front, do not extend very far behind. About ninety rooms is the sum of the apartments contained in the whole building, the interior being built and fitted with the chaste nobility of the purely Gothic style. "With the sole exception of the glorious Wittelsbacher Schloss, at Munich," says a correspondent, "I do not remember any other royal palace all over Europe in the minutest niceties of whose appearance the attributes of one and the same style have been so carefully preserved as really to transport you, as far as locality is concerned, into a different and long-passed age of mankind." At the same time, the furniture and general arrangement of the dwelling-rooms in Schloss Babelsburg are extremely simple. A set of apartments, however, which two years ago were added to the main building, with a view of serving as a country retreat for the Princess Royal and her husband, are fitted up in the most luxurious manner. In order to surround the bride with all the refinements and gorgeous splendor of every quarter of the globe, the severe features of the pure Gothic have in this wing been suffered to undergo a considerable blending with the Parisian taste. In former years, before the Princess of Prussia had retired to Coblenz, she and the prince used to spend the summer in this charming abode. This has not been the case, however, during the last eight years, excepting on short visits. Her royal highness revisited the place after her long absence, in order to receive there Queen Victoria and the prince consort. Excepting the above-mentioned side wing, her majesty had the whole castle at her disposal.

PEASANTS OF THE LANDES, SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The peculiarity of the shepherds of the Landes in the south of France is strikingly represented in the engraving on this page. It consists of the immense stilts on which they traverse the vast heaths of their department. In the use of these appliances they are most dexterous, some indeed performing wonderful feats with them, such as Gabriel Ravel used to exhibit on the stage. All of them are enabled to perform many miles an hour with these contrivances. It will be seen that by means of a staff the shepherds of the Landes are enabled to take a rest whenever desired. Seen from a distance, stalking through the fog, these peasants present a strange and spectral appearance, which might well alarm a traveller who caught a glimpse of them for the first time. The name of Landes is given to a department of south-western France formed of part of the old province of Gascogne, bounded north by Gironde, east by Garonne and Gers, south by Bas-Pyrénées, and West by the Mediterranean. It has an area of 3846 square miles, and a population of about 300,000. The surface is covered by spurs of the Pyrenees in the south, but north of the Adour are the extensive heaths (*Landes*) from which the department obtains its name. On the coast are numerous lagoons communicating with the sea, and between these are extensive downs, the sands of which are partially fixed by plantations of pines. The principal rivers are the Leyre, the Adour and Gave-de-Pau. The climate is mild, but unhealthy on the coast. The wealth of the department consists of iron and coal mines, bitumen, timber, and mineral waters. It is divided into three arrondissements, Dax, Mont de Marsan, and St. Sever.

A GENEROUS MONARCH.

Alfonso V., of Arragon was born in 1385, and died in 1454. His character, chivalrous and generous, is illustrated by the following anecdotes: One day his treasurer was paying him 10,000 ducats. An officer who was present said in a low voice, not meant for the king's ear, "That sum is all I need to make me happy." The king, however, heard him, and said, "Thou shalt be happy, then;" and immediately ordered the 10,000 ducats to be paid to him. To render himself more popular, Alfonso was in the habit of walking in the streets of his capital on foot and unattended. When representations were made to him of the danger of thus exposing himself, he replied, "A father who walks in the midst of his children has nothing to fear." One of his courtiers having asked him who were those of his subjects whom he loved the most? "Those," he answered, "who fear for me more than they fear me." Seeing one day a galley filled with soldiers on the point of sinking, he ordered immediately that succor should be given. Seeing those round him hesitate, he leaped into a boat, and cried, "I like better to be the companion than the spectator of their death." The soldiers were saved. Alfonso seems to have had wit as well as nobleness. He was in the habit of saying, that to constitute a happy household it was necessary that the husband should be deaf and the wife blind.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BENEVOLENCE.

Good deeds are very fruitful; for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all successions of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others; and as they are more beneficial to others are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommensurable, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them for that they are so profitable both to myself and others, and to myself in others.—Hall.



BABELSBURG, THE FAMOUS AND ELEGANT PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXILE.—Charing Cross is a corruption of *Chere Reine* Cross, the name being a souvenir of Edward III.'s dear queen Philippa.
"UP-COUNTRY."—An accountant's duties are of a very important nature. To discharge them rightly, you will need a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic, with the modern system of bookkeeping, and rates of exchange; must be quick at calculation; and write legibly and rapidly.
M. S.—Jules Janin's book is called "*Rachel Dramatique*," and treats her critically as an actress.
V. S.—Actions for breach of promise of marriage can be maintained against ladies, but we confess our inability to understand how "a gentleman" can seek to revenge himself on a fickle maiden by inflicting on her a pecuniary fine.
VIOLLETTE, Roxbury.—The "*Bohemian Girl*" was originally an English opera—afterwards introduced upon the Italian stage from its popularity.
TITO.—It is stated of the English horse "*Flying Childers*" that in 1721 he ran over the Newmarket course, three miles, four furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. He never could have gone a mile in a minute; it is an impossibility, as has frequently been demonstrated.
C. C.—The famous "moon hoax" was got up by Mr. Richard Locke, and first appeared in a New York paper called the "*New Era*." It purported to give an account of a monstrous telescope contrived by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, by which animals and persons in the moon were distinctly visible. It imposed on some scientific persons.
AMATEUR ARTIST.—To fix a pencil drawing, hold it horizontally and dip it into a vessel filled with a weak solution of isinglass and water, and then lay it out smoothly to dry. When perfectly dry, place the drawing between two smooth sheets of white paper, and pass a hot flat-iron over it.
M. D., Newark, New Jersey.—Sir Henry Barkly is governor of Jamaica.
L. C.—There are pocket spy-glasses of great power which may be obtained for about fifteen dollars.
INQUIRER.—Cherbourg, France, was attacked by the English during the past century. It is now one hundred years ago since Admiral Howe landed a small British corps of blue jackets, equipped as marines, who on the 18th day of August, 1758, became masters of the town of Cherbourg, and marched some leagues inland, whence they retired before an overwhelming land force, and after a short conflict regained the squadron.
R. D.—We have given above a recipe for fixing pencil drawings. Weak coffee has been sometimes used, when the delicate brown tint it imparts is no objection.
A HOUSEKEEPER.—The clove of commerce is the flower of the plant before its expansion. The fruit is a very different thing, and quite unknown as an article of commerce.
SERGEANT S.—An interesting calculation has been made of the colors most fatal in battle. Red takes the lead in the proportion of danger; Austrian gray is the least hazardous. The graduation stands thus: Red, twelve; rifle-green, seven; brown, six; Austrian gray, five.

BRIDAL COSTUME.—A new style of dress was lately worn at a wedding in this city. The bride and bridesmaids were attired in red instead of the conventional white. Perhaps it was to typify the bride's blushes.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE.—The new post-office is progressing rapidly. It will soon look like the picture we gave in the Pictorial.

FRUIT CULTURE.—Pears are almost synonymous for dollars. A man in this vicinity cleared \$12,000 this year by his crop.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Post thinks it would be a great relief if the men who are quarrelling about the telegraph were as mute as the cable.
 Herring's horse picture at Elliott's, Washington Street, has attracted vast numbers of visitors. It is a fine thing.
 Waterbury, Conn., pays its mayor only fifty dollars a year. How magnificent his entertainments must be!
 The Duke of Malakoff has a long string of titles to balance the seven baptismal names of his bride.
 Washington Street has been repaved, and thoroughly, with North River granite, an excellent material for highways.
 The Collins steamships have been sold. What a pity that noble line could not have been sustained!
 The Galway steamers seem to be doing a good business. They are firm boats and make quick passages.
 Prince Ghika need not have lost his life at Paris; he threw himself from his carriage when his horses ran away.
 The new telegraph between England and Holland weighs 1260 tons, though but 140 miles in length.
 Mr. Burton's engagement at the Boston Theatre must have been very gratifying to him. It was brilliantly successful.
 At Toronto, recently, Sir Edward Head laid the capstone of the tower of the new university.
 Cricket and base-ball clubs are all the rage in this vicinity. We are glad to see all such movements.
 The steamer City of Baltimore lately made the passage from New York to Liverpool in ten days, two hours.
 Baron Gros, French plenipotentiary in China, has been made a senator, which gives him a large income.
 Mr. John Vandenhoff lately reappeared on the Liverpool stage, the scene of so many of his former triumphs.
 The English government propose to erect a formidable fort at Lucknow, and garrison it with European troops.
 Col. Jefferson Davis lately went home to Mississippi after spending four months agreeably in New England.
 1785 steam vessels, of 408,702 tons, were returned as registered in Great Britain before New Year's day, 1858.
 The ladies of the sultan's harem at Constantinople are rebellious, and refuse to curtail their extravagant expenses.
 Jews at Milwaukee protest against Mr. Buchanan's saying the "nations of Christendom" in his telegram to the queen.
 Lord Eustice Cecil, an English nobleman, is travelling or is to travel in this country, and make a protracted tour.
 Lord Derby lately announced the sale of his racers; but he only sold the public and some poor old hacks.

LONG EVENINGS.

The approach of winter brings with it, to us in the north, a tide of those blessings, which by the law of compensation, countervail some of the trials and annoyances incidental to a cold season. The last leaves are falling, serene and withered to the ground, there to rustle in eddying whirls to the passing breeze; the dull yellow stubble of the fields tempts us no longer to wander forth over upland and plain; the naked trunks of the forest trees stand like giants stripped for battle, and the descending disc of the sun early gives place to the whirling myriads of stars that wheel in glittering phalanxes on their appointed course—tireless sentinels of the celestial system. Such is the external aspect of nature. But as it grows more forbidding, the inviting aspects of home brighten. The hours of business and toil are shortened, and the cheerful blaze on the hearth and the well-trimmed lamp at the window, "love-lighted watchfires," are not the less welcome because they blaze at an earlier hour. In summer, we are all sensible of vagabondish and Bohemian proclivities. We feel a sense of suffocation in builded houses, a strong desire to "camp out." It seems as if a sleep on the door-step, with the scraper for a pillow, would be Elysium. Our hearts are steeled against houseless wanderers. Houseless! happy dogs! how we envy them!

But the approach of winter brings different feelings. We then prefer "home, sweet home," to the most brilliant melody ever coined by Italian brain. Families are closer knit by more intimate association, old friendships are renewed, new friendships formed; social intercourse develops anew the kindest feelings. But it is chiefly the scope afforded by these long evenings for mental cultivation that gives them their great value. The books that are wearisome to read in summer, are now, especially in isolated localities, the truest friends. Their voices are now listened to with profit and pleasure. The weekly newspaper with its stories or tales, essays and news, its illustrations of strange scenes and events, is a treasure—a fund of rational enjoyment and of instruction. Who shall measure the influence it exerts in developing the powers and increasing the usefulness of its readers? In long evenings of winter, every line of the popular family journal is scanned, and the back numbers, hurriedly skimmed in the heat and bustle of summer, are brought out again, and seem as fresh as ever. Give us the fall and winter to expand the intellect!

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

This celebrated explorer of Southern Africa is now upon his second extended tour in that country, and being provided with a portable steam launch, made of steel, he will be enabled to penetrate the country watered by the great Zambesi River, to a very great distance. This launch was constructed in England, in three sections, so as to be put together or taken apart with facility, and was carried out to Africa on the deck of a larger vessel, to which she will serve as a tug in ascending the river. Under date of the 21st of June last, Dr. Livingstone writes to Mr. Laird of Liverpool, the builder of the steam launch, that she has been successfully put together upon the water at Lauve, a town near the mouth of the river, in latitude 80 degrees south, and works very well. The process of uniting the several compartments was very easy, occupying only one day to put her in complete order for river navigation. The doctor says she goes steaming up the Zambesi in good style, astonishing the natives and frightening the hippopotami. In fact these aquatic beasts are completely disgusted with the little craft, and rush off pell-mell when she steams into a herd of them, no one venturing to attack her.

THE DANGER OF DRESSING IN THE DARK.—Major Clapp's Gazette tells a capital story of a gentleman at the West End who holds a commission in the militia, is also a member of the standing committee of his church. A meeting was recently called, and just before he left his own house to attend it, he hurried up stairs in the dark, opened a closet and put on a frock coat, threw his cloak over him, and hastened to the meeting. As his host ushered him in, he fell back in astonishment, for in the dark our friend had put on his regimental coat. He was forced to remain by those who were waiting his assistance to settle some spiritual matters pertaining to the church.

DANGEROUS COURTING.—A few nights since, a spruce young fellow from somewhere about Quincy, Pa., went to Port Providence to pay his devoirs to his dulcinea. It appears in their long and tedious courting they fell asleep. The mahogany table on which the candle was left burning took fire, and was considerably injured before they awoke. We have heard of sparking, but this was blazing. The accident commends the Scotch proverb: "Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing."

HUMBUG.—The opera of Don Giovanni was lately given in a concert room in this city, to accommodate persons who object to going to the theatre. Don Giovanni! the music of the spheres wedded to a libretto as immoral as the *Traviata*! But then it was purified by the omission of theatrical costumes. *O tempora! O mores!*

FOOTING THE CABLE.—We thought that the cable had been made subservient to pecuniary gain in all possible manner in this country, but Messrs. Howes and Cushing, (Americans) who have an equestrian establishment called "*The Alhambra*," in London, now use two hundred feet of it for Mme. Delavanti to walk over.

PERFECTLY CLEAR.—"They say Bubble and Burster have failed. What's to pay now?" "*Nothing*," was the laconic and explanatory answer.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

When Thomas Jefferson founded the college known as the University of Virginia, for the purpose of preventing the institution from becoming the instrument of any sect, he provided for the exclusion of religious instruction. His purpose was, to make it strictly a literary and scientific seminary; and in his judgment the blending of the religious element in the plan of education would impair its efficiency for the promotion of the end designed. Mr. Jefferson's motives in making this regulation, were the subject of great misrepresentation by narrow-minded people, and he was charged with being an atheist. But he sturdily persisted in his course, and maintained that the students were no more liable to be made atheists in consequence of this provision, than they would in any other university. Facts have borne testimony to the correctness of Mr. Jefferson's position. At the present time there are among the students one hundred and twenty-six professors of religion, of various denominations, and daily prayer meetings are held regularly by the undergraduates. This does not look much like atheism, certainly. As to Mr. Jefferson's religious belief, the best evidence of his faith in the Supreme Being, is to be found in his virtuous, useful and honorable life. To an inquiry upon this subject, once made by a writer of biography, he made the following model and pertinent reply:—"Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been *honest and dutiful to society*, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

GOVERNOR KEY-ING.

Among the recent news from China was the announcement of the death of Key-ing, the commissioner who signed the treaty with Mr. Cushing, in 1844. He was a learned, upright and accomplished man, with very liberal views of policy, and friendly to intercourse with foreign nations. Yet with these views he was a sincere friend of the emperor and the reigning dynasty. When the French and English were advancing towards the imperial capital, the "*Holy of Holies*," in Chinese eyes, Key-ing, from his courtesy and experience, was selected by the emperor to visit the foreigners and "soothe them." Of course he failed in arresting the progress of their arms, or securing the abandonment of their purposes; the imperial court held him responsible, and he was sentenced to death for having failed where no man could have succeeded. The bigoted and arrogant blockhead who occupies the throne of China has no conception of the power of the outside barbarians, and could only account for Key-ing's failure on the ground of treason. Accordingly the faithful old patriot was sentenced to death, but in consideration of his age and long services, the emperor kindly gave him permission to commit suicide, and he died like an old Roman or Greek. The Boston Courier lately contained a feeling obituary notice of this distinguished man, understood to be from the pen of Fletcher Webster, Esq., who, as secretary of the Chinese mission, knew him well and appreciated his good qualities.

AN OLD LADY IN COURT.—At Durdham (England) Assize, a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-tailed wig, of the old lady. The old lady shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'." "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," the ancient dame answered, stoutly; "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

ALMOST THE LAST CHANCE.—We have now only five complete sets of the Pictorial bound, from the commencement. The whole form *fourteen* elegant volumes bound in full gilt, strong and uniform, with illuminated title-pages and indexes, and containing over *twelve thousand fine engravings*, of current events of the times, of eminent men and women, and of manners and customs, all over the world. These volumes can never be re-printed, and are already entirely out of the market. No public or private library should be without a set. They will be forwarded by express, carefully packed, on the receipt of \$28. This is the last chance!

REMEMBER.—All the serials of the day, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, music, London Illustrated News, Punch, etc., are bound at this office, at the lowest rates, and returned *in one week*. Old books rebound, and made as good as new, at a trifling charge. Gather your loose paper-covered works together, and see what choice volumes can be made for ornament and preservation.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER.—The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

THE HEIGHT OF REFINEMENT.—There is a dandy in Chicago of such nice tastes that he greases his boots with the oil of bergamot. He is first cousin to the youth who sleeps on a bed made of sponge cake.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—Why is associating with bad characters, like getting a leg crushed during the dog-days? Because it is apt to lead to "mortification."

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY CEROLLA H. CRISWELL.

The golden leaves are falling fast,
The crimson ones are turning pale
With terror at the wintry blast
That rushes by with mournful wail,
As if in sorrow thus to bring
Destruction on its rapid wing.

Leaf after leaf comes sighing down,
To join its fellow on the earth,
The golden hue soon turns to brown,
Beneath the tree that gave it birth,
Whose naked branches seem to mourn
The offspring rudely from them torn.

How melancholy 'tis to see
The beauties of the earth decay!
How sad it is to think that we
Like all the rest must pass away;
Like all the flowers, forgotten die,
Like all the dead, forgotten lie!

EVENTIDE.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
You path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dulcified clod
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,
Seems better moved to praise;
From us, what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days!
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.—J. T. FIELDS.

CONSCIENCE.

O, conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend:
But if he will thy friendly cheeks forego,
Thou art, O, woe for me, his deadliest foe!—CRABBE.

GENEROUS THOUGHTS.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word he speeds,
And truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.—WHITTIER.

SILENT SORROW.

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
Yet it consumes my heart.—SHERIDAN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

What can be pleasanter to one to "the manor born," a native of good old Boston, than a stroll in Washington Street, on one of these fine bright, sunshiny forenoons, when its channel is filled with the tide of exulting life? Washington Street is *sui generis*, as strongly individualized as Broadway, the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées or Unter den Linden. For our part, we like it, for its peculiarities, its sinosities, its contractions and expansions, the miscellaneous character of its architecture. We are glad that a few old gabled buildings stand here and there, in contrast with Romanesque, Venetian and Grecian piles, to remind us of the days of our cocked-hat and leather-breeched ancestors. Yes, a lounge in Washington Street, with its sights and sounds, its human panorama, and its mercantile shows and shop-windows, is a genuine treat to every man who has a dash of the *flâneur* in his composition. Queer things may be fished out of advertisements. In one of our French papers we find the *annonce* of a "M. Kenard, public scribe, who audits accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes." One of the besetting sins of literary men is their intolerable carelessness about their chirography. In many cases an affectation—in all it is remediable. Some persons imagine that a legible manuscript is incompatible with rapid composition, but the falsity of this idea is shown in the case of Alexander Dumas, one of the most prolific writers of the age. Though he labors incessantly, his manuscripts have no erasures, their chirography is neat and ever elegant, and would hardly discredit a professor of penmanship. In fact it was owing to this accomplishment that Dumas obtained the official employment which enabled him to commence his literary career. Brigham Young is said to be worth \$3,000,000, besides having control of all the church property in Utah. The latter exceeds in value all the rest of the property in the territory, and it is exempted from taxation by the territorial law. The British soldiers stationed in New Brunswick are deserting in large numbers. A young lady in Blandford, Va., was bitten on the finger by a pet squirrel, some months since, and recently amputation of the limb was found necessary. A fellow who undertook to diddle a railroad conductor in Alabama, got put off the cars and lost his hat. He pretended that he had lost it out of the window, with his ticket under the band. The conductor happened to know that he had put his hat under the seat. So he put the shrewd gentleman off the cars at the next station, and took his hat from him, as he had test it, and the hat under the seat must evidently belong to some one else. The New Haven Register gives an account of a farmer in Indiana who plants four thousand acres of corn. He sends his corn husks to London, and last year they brought \$15,000. He has between seven and eight hundred hogs worth over seven dollars a head. His intention is next year to move his plows by two steam engines, and, if they work as he expects, to plant ten thousand acres of corn. He owns 40,000 acres. Since the opening of the dog pound in New York city, 6477 dogs have been brought in, and 6219 killed; the remainder have been redeemed. The Detroit Advertiser relates that a little girl about two years of age, who had crawled upon the track of the Detroit and Toledo Railroad at Trenton, was saved from destruction by an approaching train, by a dog, a playmate of the child, which caught the child by its dress and dragged it from the track into the ditch, where it held it until the train passed by. At the autumn coffee sale of the Dutch Trading Company, held recently in Rotterdam, the largest stock ever known at one sale was brought to the hammer. It consisted of about 800,000 hales; but large as the stock was, it was not equal to the demand. It brought about a penny a pound above the brokers' estimate, and the sum realized was about two millions and a half sterling. One-half of this total was pure profit to the government, while the brokers' commission amounted to £25,000. The shipment of blackberries alone from Madison,

Indiana, the present season, amounted to nearly 7000 bushels, for which \$10,557 were paid out. An English religious journal has the honor of inventing a new clerical sin. The Record has made a grave discovery. It appears that some of the clergy in the country have occasionally been present at archery fetes, and one of the Record's correspondents designates this as "Nothing but a new and very dangerous form of worldliness—a snare very cleverly baited, and proving very disastrous in its effects upon the younger clergy of the agricultural districts." A French trader, who could neither read nor write, has just failed for £60,000. He dealt in rabbit skins, and bought up millions. One bank had, in three years, £440,000 of his paper, and his average business amounted to £80,000 a year. So much for rabbits. In Baltimore, recently, a policeman attempted to arrest a rowdy when the latter fired a revolver, the ball of which entered back of the poor policeman's left ear, passed entirely through the neck and came out at the right ear, having severed the spinal cord and cut the base of the brain away. Very naturally he fell dead. A new and interesting fashion has been introduced in Cincinnati—that of celebrating betrothals, or engagements between young people, by the giving of a party and inviting guests as to weddings. In Germany and other parts of Europe this is almost the universal custom. Should it prevail here, and betrothals be announced in the newspapers, the ladies will seize the morning papers with as much eagerness to find who is betrothed, as they now do to read the marriages and deaths. The practice will have a good effect on both male and female jilts. In Paris, in a late attempt to remove a cancer, the lady sufferer was so stupefied by chloroform, that breathing ceased and life appeared to be extinct. The physician immediately expanded her lungs several times by breathing into them, as into those of a person drowned, and she was resuscitated. A fifty-two mile trot came off at Lebanon Springs, New York, recently. The distance was made in three hours and forty minutes—the first eighteen miles being trotted in one hour. As the trotting was not on a track, but along a road, up hill and down, it is a remarkable feat. The winning horse is an old stager, heretofore valued at about forty dollars. He never stopped till the distance was accomplished. As some workmen were repairing an old unoccupied house on Mechanic Street, near the gas works, at Syracuse, N. Y., one of the men opened a dark closet, and was shocked on discovering a perfect skeleton, hanging from a hook on one side of the room, and partially concealed by the door. The premises were formerly occupied by a milliner, who was supposed to have left the city, as nothing has been seen of her for some time past, and the room has recently been unoccupied. A physician was called to examine the skeleton, and without hesitation he pronounced it that of a female. Disease having killed off the common silkworm in France, at a sad rate, M. Guerin Menthville has recently laid before the Academy a species of silkworm that, unlike the one at present common in Europe, does not adept mulberry leaves for its substance, but feeds exclusively upon the Japanese varnish tree (*alanthus glandulosa*), a tree almost as common in France as in China. An extraordinary statement is made in the St. Petersburg journals. In demolishing a wall in the apartments of the hereditary Grand Duke, in what is called the "Great Palace," in that city, the skeleton of a woman was found, still covered with fragments of clothing, which fell to dust on being exposed to the air. There is not the slightest tradition, they add, to show who the woman was, nor why she was closed up in the wall. A Russian, with a name that sounded like Raise-a-muss-ki, was arrested in Philadelphia the other night for the offence of rambling about in female apparel. We should think the crime of wearing circoline carried its own punishment with it. The colored tragedian, Ira Aldridge, has left London for Prague, and will proceed thence to Vienna, Berlin, Königsberg, and other cities of northern Europe, to fulfil starring engagements of an extremely lucrative character. There was a rumor that he intended visiting the United States, but he has been advised, it is said, to postpone the visit indefinitely. The last news from Madagascar is to the effect that Ranavaloa, queen of that island, was very ill. She is said to be a savage old girl, not at all fond of Christians. The Paris correspondent of the Globe, concerning the recent transaction between Russia and Turin, says that all the preliminary interchanges of diplomatic and courtly demonstrations have ended in a solid and substantial fact, viz., "Russia has got lease for twenty-two years to come, at the fixed rate of four millions of francs annual payment into the Sardinian exchequer, of all that capital messuage called the town of Villafranca, with water privileges comprising a capacious and well sheltered harbor, capable of accommodating thirty ships of the line, within ten miles of France, two miles from Nice, and in the most favorable position for becoming a small Sebastopol in the heart of the Mediterranean." "What is the matter, sir?" said a surgeon to his patient. "Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they've disagreed with me." "Have you eaten anything else?" "Well, no—why, yes, I did, too—that is, I took for my tea a mince pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me." There is great repugnance in Australia to the Chinese emigrants, and the colonial assembly has passed a bill taxing them ten pounds per head. The miners are not satisfied with this, but demand their exclusion from the country. A handsome seminary building at Earlville, Ill., was totally destroyed recently, some miscreant blowing it up with powder. The seminary cost \$6000, and was built of brick. An emigrant train, which recently crossed the staked plain to California, experienced terrible sufferings from thirst, the plain being a barren waste and poorly supplied with water. Out of 1600 head of cattle, 500 died for lack of it, and for a period of seventy-six hours they were without a drop to slake their thirst. The men also suffered terribly, and many shot down famishing bullocks on the road, stuck them, pulled off their boots or shoes, caught the thick hot blood, and drank it freely. By so doing they saved their lives. English papers say that strong efforts are making for the pardon of the delinquent bankers, Sir John Dean Paul and Strahan. They have already passed through the fearful ordeal of three years' incarceration as common felons. An Irishman in Cincinnati died, apparently, a short time since, was laid out, coffined, and a burial certificate obtained, and the friends of the family were called together to "wake" him. At about three o'clock in the morning, when the howl of lamentation was at its height, the body rose upright in the coffin, and demanded what all the fuss was about. The company fled in affright, when the corpse deliberately got out of the coffin in a very thin costume, took a drink, and profanely demanded his pants. This affair reminds us of John Brougham's "fine auld Irish jintleman who wasn't dead at all." Mrs. Gore, the popular novelist, who has recently become afflicted with partial blindness, is about to submit to an operation for cataract. This lady's loss of sight is attributed to protracted anxiety for the fate of an only son, who has been serving with much distinction on the staff at Lucknow and in the Rohilcund campaign. The lowest note which the ear can perceive consists of sixteen vibrations in a second. The note of the highest string of our modern pianos consists of 3072 vibrations. John Howie, a lad sixteen years of age, living with his family in one of the western towns, left home early in August, taking with him a valuable horse. It was supposed he had started for Frazer River, and little anxiety was felt in regard to him. Three weeks afterwards, however, his body was found attached by a "lariat" to a half-dead horse. From appearances the boy, on the night after leaving home, lay down to sleep, with the horse tied to his person, to prevent his escape. The animal becoming unmanageable through fright during the night, had run off, and dragged his master by the rope until the boy's life was extinct. Afterwards the horse had continued to graze around, dragging the body along for three weeks. A sprightly book has just been published, entitled, "Lectures to Married Men." The author was probably mistaken in supposing that there was any lack of such lectures. They are said to be very abundant. "But 'curtains' are generally drawn over them.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

In Great Britain, while the public are lamenting generally over the failure of the Atlantic cable, the electricians are busy at Valentia continuing experiments with a gigantic electro-magnetic machine. An effort will be made to repair the cable near the shore, but the probability is that defects exist at a great distance from Ireland, and that a new cable of better construction must be laid before the old and new worlds are placed in communication.—In a discussion at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the construction and laying of Atlantic and other submarine telegraph cables, Mr. Newall maintained that the conducting wire of the Atlantic cable is much too thin to conduct effectively for a distance of two thousand miles, and that the insulating covering is not sufficiently thick. He described the successful laying down of the Malta and Corfu cable, extending a length of one thousand miles, in water as deep as the Atlantic, through which, he said, eighteen words a minute are transmitted; and if the Atlantic cable had been constructed on the same plan and paid out in the same manner, he felt assured there would have been no difficulty in laying it down, and the results would have been satisfactory.—The English papers publish an official synopsis of the treaty with China. It contains fifty-six articles. A separate article provides that two million taels shall be paid on account of the British losses at Canton, and two million taels on account of the expenses of the war. The British forces are not to be withdrawn from Canton until these sums are paid in full. The main features of the treaty are already known.—Government has resolved to fortify Valentia harbor. The vicinity of Valentia had suffered greatly from a furious rain storm. Houses were swept away, and many lives lost.—The Earl of Elgin is appointed a knight of the grand cross of the bath, and Capt. Oldham and Preedy, of the Atlantic cable expedition, are made knight commanders of the bath.—Considerable anxiety was felt throughout France as to the intentions of government respecting the decree permitting the importation of foreign grain, which, if not renewed, would cause the revival of the obsolete sliding scale.—The Spanish and French expedition against Cochín China was not expected to commence operations before November.—It is stated that the Russian Navigation Company will be authorized to establish a station in Algeria, and to have a coal depot there. The company is not bound to confine its services to the Black Sea.

Sir Edward B. Lytton.

Bulwer is small and spare, with profuse light hair, whiskers and moustache, with a high forehead, aquiline nose, and eagle eye. He is now secretary for the colonies, and like all the cabinet ministers, has a salary of £5000 per annum. Though now fifty-five years of age, he seems to be in the prime of life, and with scarcely any of the marks of age, excepting a slight deafness, which leads him to put his hand to his ear to enable him to hear better. His wide reputation as a linguist, novelist, poet, and historian, is alone sufficient to make him a man of mark, to say nothing of his statesmanship. How much wiser has been his interpretation of life than was that of Byron, with whom he is often compared.

Americans in Russia.

The contract of Messrs. Wloans, Harrison & Wloans, for building and keeping in repair the machinery of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, is not unknown in the United States. These gentlemen have accumulated, in a few years, almost fabulous fortunes, and their contract holds good for several years to come. The terms are immensely in their favor, and it is said that the government has offered them a very large sum to cancel it, but the proposition has been refused.

Turkey.

Poor Abdul-Medjid has more trouble with his wives than Brigham Young with his troop of spouses. The seraglio has revolted against his projected economical reforms, and his will has yielded to the strange will of woman. The favorite sultana has defied Riza Pacha, and displays greater magnificence than ever. Foreign cabinets cannot prevent the sultan from rushing on to his ruin. He will inevitably fail, and we doubt whether he pays six cents on the dollar.

China.

The Paris Moniteur remarks that if China is destined to receive the happy influences of Christianity and civilization, and if a result of such vast importance has been obtained at the extremity of the world by such small forces, "it must be attributed to the good understanding happily maintained between the governments of France and England, and the valor of which the sailors of both nations have given evidence."

Henry T. Buckle.

Henry Thomas Buckle, the English scholar, whose "History of Civilization" is eliciting so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, is only thirty-six years of age, is possessed of an ample fortune, resides in London, and is an excellent whist player, besides being one of the best chess players in England. He devotes his time to literary pursuits, and has appeared to great advantage as a popular lecturer.

New Opera in Paris.

La Harpe d'Gr, an opera by that excellent harpist, M. Godefroid, has been produced at the Theatre Lyrique with moderate success. Perhaps the composer has waited too long for his opportunity, since we knew that, ten years since, he was expecting his chance—having been engaged with apparent strictness and real random, by M. Jullien, to furnish Drury Lane with an opera every year.

Music in Germany.

In October there was held a festival at Coblenz, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute. The oratorio chosen was the Samson of Handel. A festival of the Middle Rhine was held at Wiesbaden, at which the one oratorio was to be The Creation. There was a popular singing festival at Innsbruck last month.

India.

Advices from India confirm the news of the defeat of the Gwalior rebels with a loss of 700 killed—the British loss was trifling. A brilliant victory was obtained by 550 policemen over 4000 rebels. Three Bengal regiments have been re-armed. The Punjab, Bombay and Madras were tranquil. The port of Poovoor, after thirty hours shelling, surrendered to Gen. Napier.

Austria.

Arrangements between the Austrian government and the Rothschilds, and other French and English capitalists, for the transfer of the Vienna and Trieste, and other railroad lines, are understood to have been definitely completed on the basis lately described.

The Comet in Paris.

Donati's comet created as great a sensation in Paris as it did here. Every night the Parisians gathered round the moveable observatories at two o'clock to watch the wonder of the heavens from the Pont-Neuf.

Spain.

The Spanish government is about sending three thousand more troops to Cuba, and projects an expedition against the pirates of Morocco, aided by the French; thus Africa as well as Asia is to be invaded by European arms.

France.

The rumor gained ground that a matrimonial alliance was on the tapis between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the king of Sardinia.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The furniture of the City Hall, New York, was lately advertised at auction by the sheriff, to satisfy an execution against the city. — A writer in the New Orleans Picayune estimates the sugar crop of Louisiana this year at 325,000 hogsheads. — In Princeton, New Jersey, recently, considerable excitement prevailed among the college students, in reference to a cannon of Revolutionary fame, which they had dug up from one of the street corners, and placed on the South Campus, the "Townies," as they are called, threatening to rescue it from its present position; but at the last accounts the attempt had not been made, and quiet was being gradually restored. — They know how to live in Russia. The nobles of Wilna have engaged a celebrated cook of Warsaw, named Tonti, to prepare the dinner they propose to give to the emperor. The culinary artist is to be paid twelve thousand francs. — Mr. Thomas Johnson, a resident of Worcester, Mass., lately entered a mock auction shop, No. 9 Chatham Street, New York, and paid \$40.50 for a watch, represented to him as gold, but which was soon discovered to be a worthless article. Officer Black, of the mayor's squad, compelled the swindlers to disgorge the money, and take back the *ticker*. — The English soldiers who fell at the attack of the Redan, in the Crimea, were buried near the spot, and a monument raised over the remains. One tablet, which was in the Russian language, has been entirely effaced. — M. Friedlander, a well-known bookseller of Berlin, has, after ten years careful experiment, succeeded in discovering a method for the reprinting of old books and manuscripts. The print of the original is, in the course of the process, transferred to a stone, from which the copies are multiplied after the manner of lithography. — At a dinner of "Bibliomaniacs," in London, recently, among other rarities exhibited, was a tattered Shakespeare, which cost £400; a Cicero, which had been kept in a glass case; and an old dusty Bible, whose appearance elicited loud hurrahs. — At last accounts from Peru, Lieut. Gillis's astronomical party, sent out by the Smithsonian Institution to observe the solar eclipse, were about proceeding to an inland station among the Cordilleras. There was danger that the object of the expedition would be frustrated by cloudy weather. — In the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, William Nixon has been pronounced guilty of manslaughter, for having left his horse and cart unattended standing in a public street, by which negligence a child was killed. — Mr. Dermont Dempsey, supposed to be the wealthiest man in Macon, Georgia, died on the 26th ult., leaving an estate of \$500,000. It was found after his death that his will divided \$5000 between his two children, and the remainder of his property, \$495,000, to the Catholic Church. — The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have ordered twenty station indicators, to be placed on the ears of that road. This indicator is so arranged that, after passing a station, the conductor pulls a cord, and the name of the next station appears. The sound of a bell calls the attention of the passengers to it. — The British government has granted a pension of £50 each to Miss Mary H. L. Lander and Miss Emily Lander, daughters of Mr. John Lander, who died from the effects of the climate while exploring the river Niger, in Africa. — The piers of the new bridge at Westminster, London, will be one hundred feet in length, each standing on two hundred and thirty-three piles of iron and elm driven ten feet into the London clay, the superincumbent material being first concrete and then granite, bound together internally by iron clamps embedded in the stone. — Douglas Jerrold once said to a young man, who desired to see himself in print, "Be advised by me; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

SPANISH BARRANISM.—A piece of vandalism was lately committed in Spain, which we should hardly have believed possible in an European State, and in the year 1858, if we had not read the fact in the Peninsula Correspondent, of the 9th of June. The celebrated bridge of Alcantara, with the triumphal arch of Trajan, has been pulled down, in order to use the stones for other purposes. This bridge, that united the two shores of the Tagus, was, as everybody knows, one of the most important architectural Roman relics in Europe. It was 670 feet long, and 28 feet wide. The triumphal arch on the bridge measured 40 feet in height.

WONDERFUL LONGEVITY.—The Bangor Union records the following wonderful case of longevity. On the morning of Sunday, the 3d ult., there died in East Corinth, Maine, a maiden lady named Edgerly, whose age, as shown by the written record, was one hundred and seventeen years. It is said that she was five years old when the record was made, so that her real age is one hundred and twenty-two years. She perfectly retained her faculties until within two years, her eyesight being clear enough to enable her to thread a needle as readily as any young person.

A BAD PEN.—"God has written 'honest man' in the face," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold, speaking of a person, in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" Jerrold replied, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

LITERARY.—"Howadji" Curtis is engaged in writing a history of the Hudson River. The subject is a grand one. It will be an addition to current literature.

Wayside Gatherings.

A tourist writes that Rev. William Jay is in very delicate health, and will not probably live a long time.

A submarine telegraph of about 300 miles is in course of manufacture in Scotland, to connect the colony of Victoria with Tasmania.

Rev. Z. Thompson of Bethel, Me., shot a five hundred pound bear on a recent evening. The fat was four inches thick on the back of his bearship.

The ladies of Iowa are decidedly "fast." On the 18th ultimo, a race of ladies, on foot, came off at Iowa city, for a prize of a silver cake basket. The prize was won by a Miss Handy.

The Wool Grower estimates an increase in round numbers of five hundred thousand pounds in the wool crop of Ohio, over last year—only one county, Knox, showing any considerable decrease.

A cat in Caroline, Va., with a litter of five kittens, recently on a mouse being thrown into the barrel which they occupied, adopted it as one of the family, treating it in every respect as her own legitimate offspring.

The first section of the overland stage route to California having travelled in more than one day less time than is called for by the schedule, the presumption is that San Francisco will be reached overland in 22 days' time.

Three men were suffocated in a well by poisonous gas, at Willow Spring Station, about ten miles from Chicago, a few days since, and the people, not knowing how to expel the gas, were unable to recover their bodies.

On a Sunday lately, while Dr. Burrows, pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Richmond, Va., was preparing to baptize several persons at the Second Baptist Church, he had his gold watch stolen from a chair on which he had left it.

A Washington correspondent writes, "the department is being flooded," etc. We shall next have "the sun is being rising." When an especially awkward expression gets into use, there seems to be a very general disposition to make the most of it.

A young (!) anaconda, eight feet nine inches in length, girthing eleven inches in the largest part of its body, and weighing 14 pounds, was found in Brighton a few days since. It probably was one of two that recently escaped from Salem, the other having been found. This one is supposed to have died of starvation.

Vesuvius at night (says a letter from Naples) presents a great bed of charcoal fire, as it were, on its side. On Sunday morning a heavy cannonade was heard from it, lasting, perhaps for half an hour. This took place just at break of day. During the night some persons felt the shock of an earthquake.

Dr. T. B. Dawson of New Portland, Me., was drowned in Gilman pond, at Lexington, Me., one day lately, at a place where the water was only fourteen inches in depth. He had been out for several days engaged in fishing, and it is supposed that he was attacked by a fit and fell into the water.

The Neapolitan government have been the victims of another hoax. Some mysterious balls were found in a bale of silk manufacturers' goods, and pronounced to be infernal machines. A learned pundit for some time was afraid to test these contraband articles, but at length he screwed up his courage and did so, when they proved to be simple and innocent gymnastic toys.

Some of the fruits exhibited at the California State Fair were extraordinary. Among them was a pear weighing four pounds, a bunch of grapes weighing fourteen pounds, an apple weighing two pounds three ounces, a peach measuring twelve and one-half inches, and a strawberry six and one-half inches in circumference.

Mr. Randall, in his life of Jefferson, says: "He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games, which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another. He was moderate in the enjoyment of the table. To strong drinks he had an aversion, which rarely yielded to any circumstances. His mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco."

Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newark, N. J., who is now in Sweden, says in a recent letter that he is assured that there is not a parish in Sweden where the religious awakening is not taking place, and persons of every grade and position in life are coming under its influence. Instances of sudden conversions, as sudden and remarkable as some of those in the New Testament, are related.

The Limerick Chronicle mentions the following case of extravagance: "A landed proprietor, who came of age two years ago, has been obliged to leave the country in consequence of his embarrassments. On attaining the age of twenty-one, he had £50,000 in bank, which he has got rid of, and accumulated debts since to the amount of £400,000. He kept open house for high and low."

The New Testament is soon to be published in the court dialect of China. The size selected is octavo. It will contain about 150 leaves, and will be sold at a price not exceeding fifteen cents a copy. We are glad to learn this fact, yet we think that until certain commercial abominations are not only abandoned but forgotten, the "Celestials" will put little confidence in the practical utility of our sacred writings.

A little son of Mr. Flach of Wheeling, who recently witnessed an execution, having a strong desire to know what sort of a sensation hanging produces, got a rope the other day and hung himself to a fence, where he remained till life was almost extinct before he was discovered and rescued. Not satisfied with this experiment, he afterwards attempted to try it on a younger brother. The boy is only seven years of age.

A question of some importance to newspaper publishers was recently decided in Paris. A book firm announced a work as "producing the most lively sensation throughout Europe," etc., which clause the Presse newspaper refused to admit into the advertisement. The publishers said that its rejection did an injury to the sale of the book, and they brought a suit, but the court decided in favor of the defendants.

At Bridgeport, Pa., lately, a little son of James Robinson of Wheeling, was playing in a yard where there was a sow with a litter of pigs. A dog seized one of the pigs, when the rest of the litter clustered round the child, when the enraged sow seized the child, and throwing it upon the ground, tore the flesh from its neck and body in a shocking manner. The boy was rescued in season to save his life.

A Mr. Fawkes, of Lancaster, Pa., has constructed a steam plow which was exhibited and tested at a recent fair in Illinois with perfect success. It is described as a cross between a locomotive and a tender, and is mounted on two guiding wheels and a large propelling wheel, which overcomes the difficulties of miring on soft soil, and slipping on hard smooth ground. It draws six ploughs, so regulated by spiral springs as to yield to any extraordinary obstruction.

Sands of Gold.

... Perhaps to know what friendship is we should have experienced love.—*Chamfort*.

... Women go further in love than most men; but men exceed them in friendship.—*La Bruyere*.

... A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.—*Louis Desnoyers*.

... Mother, wife, children, friends, house, country, business and ambition—characters, places, and incidents of a dream.—*Bovee*.

... The wife, in poor households, is economy, order, providence. All the influence she gains is a progress in morality.—*Michalet*.

... The world is rich in great men. Has not every domestic circle, every village, every town, every city, every country, its great man?—*Bovee*.

... The greatest of all cunning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.—*Lacon*.

... There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.—*Swift*.

... Most women have hardly any principles; they are guided by the heart, and depend for their morals on those whom they love.—*La Bruyere*.

... Our first obligation is to promote the happiness of those immediately around us. Having accomplished so much, our success in this limited sphere will suggest the means and stimulate the disposition for enlarging it.—*Bovee*.

... He who always receives and never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel, and think, and care only for himself.—*Hawes*.

... He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue in its place; otherwise he will have his labor to renew; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

What seat should woman yield up entirely as the prerogative of man? Deceit.

Who is it that sits with the hat on before the queen, emperor, and also the president of the United States? The coachman.

Arrived—the man that swallowed a jackass, and left the tail hanging out of his mouth. He expects to leave in the morning.

A man was walking quickly down the street the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a thought and knocked into the gutter.

Why should collectors of mineral specimens be the richest persons in existence? Because they never go out on a professional tour but they bring home the rocks.

The New York Post says a compositor probably thought a Miss as good as more than a mile, when he made the types speak of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miss Standish."

A young fop about starting down to New Orleans, proposed to purchase a life preserver. "O, you'll not want it," suggested the clerk, "bags of wind wont sink."

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methusaleh. But the fact is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

"Mother," said Jemima Spray to her venerable maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come a courting me to-night." "And what did you tell him?" "O, I told him he might come. I wanted to see how the fool would act."

A man in the habit of travelling, complaining to his friend that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. "O, that would be worse," replied the hero; "the thieves would rob me of them also."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, writing from Spezzia, says it is a place to stick by. The climate is an astonishingly well regulated one, never hot, never cold, rains seldom and always at night, and there is a great deal of moonlight, as well as a large quantity of crazy people.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

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Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

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Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston

THE THUGS, OR SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.

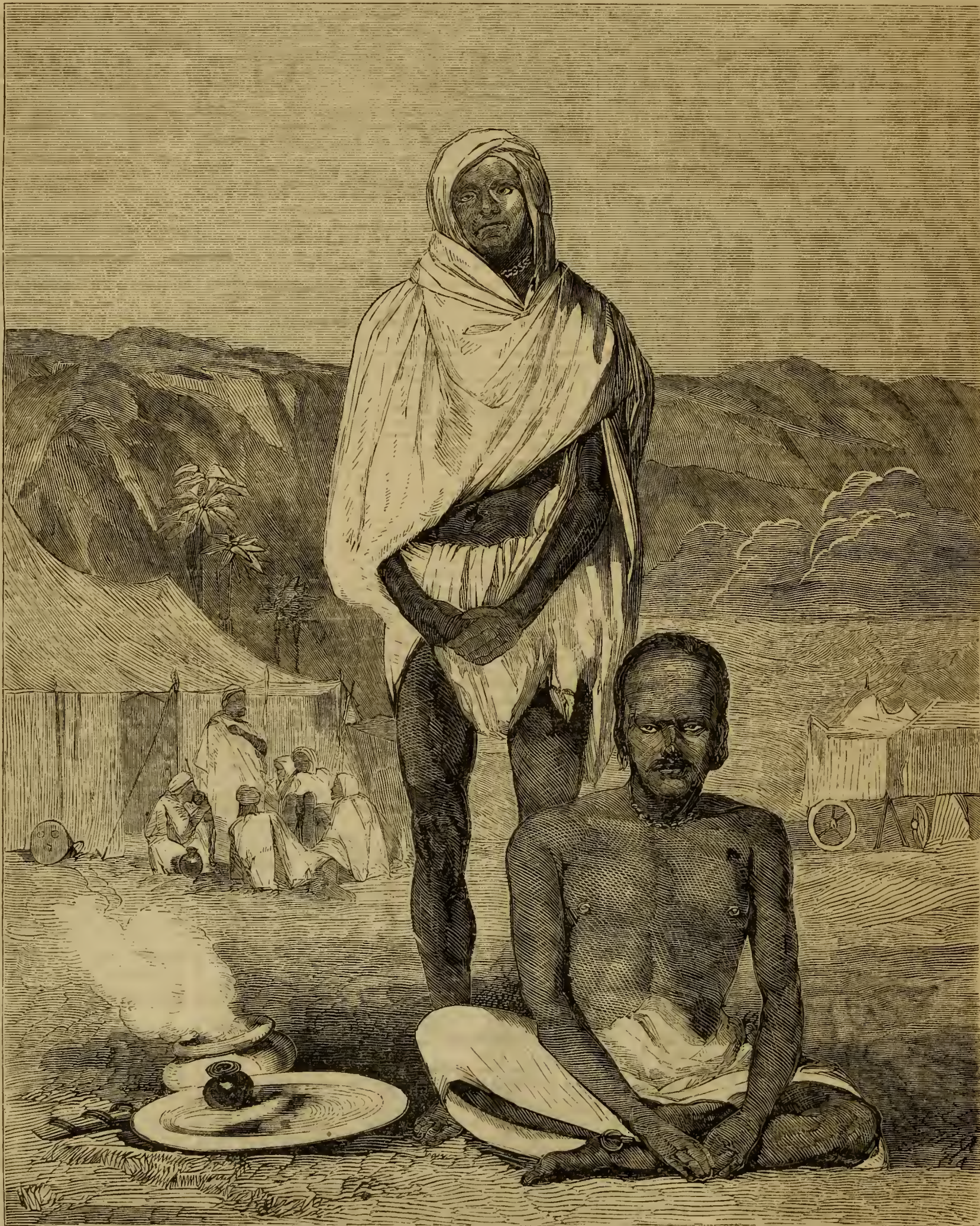
We have never seen more striking representations of the abhorred Thugs, the secret murderers of India, than those delineated at full length on this page. But if we saw their portraits without knowing the character, no secret shudder would seize upon us as we gazed upon them; for these men and associate women are most deceptive in appearance. This association of murderers has obtained a world-wide notoriety, and nothing that the East India Company ever did was more deserving of praise than their efforts to crush these detestable wretches. Suttee, infanticide, oblations to Juggernaut, human sacrifices, shrink to a mere point (in regard to the destruction of human life), before the wholesale murders perpetrated by Thugs, north and south, east and west. The whole length and breadth of the fairest parts of Hindostan were polluted by their daily and nightly assassinations. Public attention was at last directed to these merciless and mysterious destroyers of their fellow-men, and the very first efforts to observe their community, understand their organization, and decipher their atrocities, exhibited an extensive, silently conducted system of destruction unthought of by the highest authorities, and unbelieved and discredited by the magistrates and civil officers of most of the districts in India. The supreme government of Lord W. Bentinck took the subject up warmly, and the officers who were first appointed for the suppression of Thuggism in Bengal soon traced out and showed clearly how deeply and extensively the great social pest prevailed. The most appalling disclosures were now made through the medium of approvers, whose revelations were undeniably confirmed by the remains of victims which they pointed out, and very general excitement prevailed and was at its height in the years 1831-32. The system was found to be so extensive and perfect that agent Thugs were discovered in most bustees (villages), the chief officer, or potaels, of which often numbered among the fraternity. Large landed proprietors were implicated, and faquirs (religious mendicants), and even government officers, were found in their ranks. The society seemed not to be confined to either cast or sect, religion or occupation. All denominations embraced it, seemingly with avidity, and, once initiated into the mysteries of the goddess, the Thug seemed against his fellow kind to the latest hour of his life. They lived only on the passion of hunting down their fellow men to death. The 'ghirnee' was their war-cry; the pickaxe (this instrument is worshipped every seventh day by Thugs), their standard; and the filthy and unclean Bhownance, their goddess. The subject of the picture was a mohurror (or writer) in the Bancoora Collectory, and an ameen (or investigator) of the Gora Bazaar, Berhampore, both government employments. He was an hereditary Thug. This man was discovered and taken by Captain Lewis, Thug agent at Berhampore, a first class military station on the Bangeratty, and one of the high roads through Bengal to the upper provinces, it being only a short distance from Moorshedabad, the residence of the Nabob of Bengal. Ram Luckun Sein was one of the thirteen Thugs sent to the artist by Captain Lewis, for the purpose of showing how completely all trace of the real character of these people could be merged in the assumed one. Much as a long residence in the country had rendered the artist independent on the matter of his own personal safety, as this Thug, panther like, lightly sprang up the steps of his bungalow, and stood erect before him on the floor of its verandah, he did feel assured in observing that the nujeeb in charge was leaning against its baluster, and, without any appearance of vigilance, steadily keeping his eye on his prisoner. There he stood, with folded arms and inquiring, unabashed features, peering into the draughtsman's face, Luckun Sein, an authentic Thug. He was naked from the waist upwards, and the development of a strong, light, wiry make, appeared perfect of its kind. His arms were well articulated for strength; there was nothing of a restless or suspicious bearing about him; he seemed quite unconscious that there had been anything in his former life or present position to be wished for otherwise than as it existed. He entered freely into conversation, was bland, mild, and persuasive in manner, with somewhat of a determined eye. None would have suspected him to be a Thug. The ameen had been a soathee

(or inveigler), the duty of such Thugs being to entice travellers into the hands of the gang. In a former number of the Pictorial we published a picture representing an encampment of Thugs, in which were exhibited the various disguises they assume to entrap confiding travellers. The bands are now nearly, if not entirely broken up, though some recent mysterious murders seem to show that members of this fiendish association still keep up their sanguinary traditions.

ANCIENT RECENSION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS IN SYRIAC.

The following is an account of the discovery of this wonderful volume: In 1842, Archdeacon Tattam paid a visit to a Spanish monastery in the valley of the Natron Lakes, and obtained from the library certain quaint volumes, which, on his return to Eng-

canons of Ammonius and Eusebius. At the bottom of the page the canons were written in the same color. An inscription in a very ancient hand on the first page of the volume announced that the book "belonged to the monk Habibai, who presented it to the holy Convent of the Church of Deipara belonging to the Syrians in the desert of Scete." After a prayer for pardon and forgiveness of his deficiencies, the scribe finished his long solitary writing with this apostrophe: "Son of the living God, at the hour of thy judgment spare the sinner who wrote this." A note at the end of the book indicated the actual date of the binding. "In the year 1533 of the Greeks (A. D. 1221) the books belonging to the Convent of the Church of Deipara of the Syrians were repaired, in the days of the Presidency of the Count our lord John, and Basil, the head of the Convent, and our lord Joseph the steward. May God



THE THUGS—THE FAMOUS SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.

land, were placed in Mr. Cureton's hands. One of the volumes thus obtained consisted of eighty leaves of vellum of different hues and thickness, covered with Syriac writings of different dates and in different hands. The volume on examination proved to be a Syriac version of the four gospels, incomplete, but of a very early date. The monk who had arranged these fragments seemed to "have no idea of selecting the scattered parts of the same original volume which had fallen to pieces, but merely to have taken the first leaves that came to his hand which would serve to complete a copy of the Gospels, and then to have bound them together." Hence, the volume was a jumble of several manuscripts bound together without regard to date, and not always with regard to size. The first eight leaves were apparently of the date of the sixth or seventh century, transcribed in a large bold hand. Numeral letters in red ink on the margin marked the sections and

in his mercy grant to them and to all the brethren a good reward!" A prayer followed, which might be put up with advantage by readers in general: "Whoso readeth in this book, let him pray for the sinner who wrote this!" The leaves of this volume, which arrived in England in 1842, contained only incomplete chapters of the latter, and a few earlier chapters of the four Gospels. In the binding of another volume a leaf was discovered containing a portion of St. Luke. In 1847, a further portion of that Gospel was obtained from M. Pacho, and further search among fragments brought by that gentleman yielded part of a leaf of St. John. This increased the bulk of the MS. to eighty-two leaves and a half.

Some fret inwardly, and some outwardly. The former is the better plan for our friends, but the worse for ourselves. But the better plan of all is never to fret at all.—Bovee.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

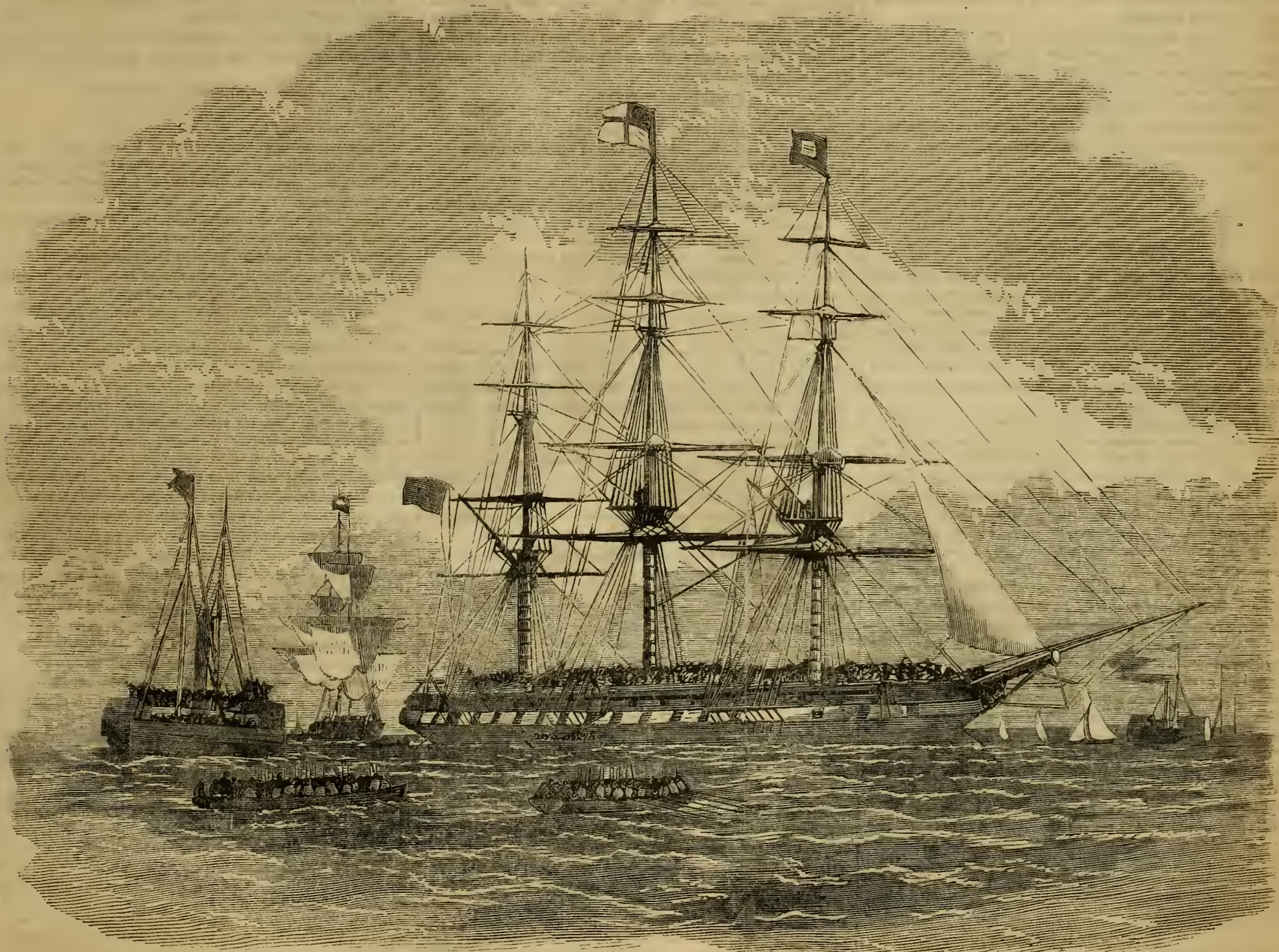
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DEPARTURE FROM GRAVESEND OF TROOPS FOR INDIA.

During some weeks passed, reinforcements of the troops for the East India service have been embarked in large numbers from the English ports: and quite recently, the important roadstead of Gravesend was the scene of unusual animation on the occasion of the departure of a magnificent clipper-ship, the "Eastern Monarch," with eight hundred troops on board. These were all picked men, and went off in excellent spirits. We have placed a representation of this scene on our pages, and it makes a beautiful marine picture. In the centre lies the gallant craft, crowded with troops and sailors, soon to bound exultant over the wave, white with her virgin canvass. The surrounding waters are alive with boats, a crowded steamer is passing, and all on board these various craft are cordially saluting the departing soldiers. Under any circumstances, the sailing of an outward-bound passenger ship is an interesting event. Even in these days, when man has almost mastered the ocean, a long voyage is always attended

with danger. The splendid ship, perhaps the most magnificent triumph of mechanic art, a thing of life and beauty, a giant, ribbed with oak and steel, seeming strong enough to defy the utmost fury of elemental war, is, after all, but a frail toy in the fierce convulsions of the great deep. A tornado may wrench out her masts as easily as a lady's hand plucks the spires of grass from her garden parterre. A sea coming on board may clear her decks from stem to stern, more surely than the sweep of an enemy's broadside. The lightning may shiver her gallant masts—a whirlwind scatter her sails in ribbons. Fire, that dread enemy of the navigator, may devour the superb fabric in a few moments of time. There are few who assemble to witness the departure of friends, even on a pleasure voyage, to whom fears of such catastrophes do not come home with palsying effect. But the departure of a troopship awakens more anxious feelings. The soldiers who are exposed to the trials and dangers of a long voyage, are but just entering on a perilous career when they set foot once more on

terra firma. Those destined for India are not only exposed to the danger of a bloody death at the hands of the enemy; they are forced to confront the risks of an inhospitable climate—fever, ophthalmia, dysentery, may await them beneath the burning sun of India. Their bones may bleach in a jungle, when the vulture and the tiger have finished their carnivorous repast. Yet the English soldiers go forth on their perilous mission with the same undaunted spirit which generations of English soldiers for ages have exhibited. The agony of parting over, their gallant hearts beat only for glory. It is on those whom they leave behind them, mothers, wives, sweethearts, children, that the agony of separation and doubt fall heavily. The officer's wife is early apprized of what befalls him in his exile; by his letters, if living, by the earliest despatches, if he falls. But the soldier's wife, especially if her husband be a wholly unlettered man, must be without intelligence, heart-sick and desponding for weary months. How much does the world owe to its unpretending, humble and unrecorded heroes!



DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM GRAVESEND FOR INDIA.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING:

—OR—

THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

As soon as Cucuzone attempted to raise his arms, the ladder began to tremble, which motion communicated itself to his body. The frail support slid along the wall and seemed to crack. If he had dared, he would have cried out in his fear and despair. His heart beat violently.

"Try now, my poor fellow!" exclaimed the dauntless young fisherman.

Cucuzone made a supreme effort; his muscles were contracted fearfully. The two feet of his companion rose, and he felt a terrible shake. Then his hands remained empty. The fisherman had sprung upon the balustrade. The arms of the clown fell down by his side; he was dizzy.

"Thanks," said the fisherman; leave the ladder as long as you can against the wall."

"If they relieve the guard?" murmured Cucuzone.

"Fiamma knows what to do in that case; you are all under his orders to-night."

From the summit of Castel Vecchio came the watchword. When the patrol approached nearer, the fisherman himself answered, "Guard! Sentinel!"

The poor Buffalo could not complain; his place was filled. Before the answers of the sentinels had died away in the distance, a whistle, clear and sudden, sounded through the streets from the side of the Rue Zaffo. Immediately after, the regular tramp of the guard was heard upon the sidewalk. Cucuzone was already at the foot of the ladder, and the fisherman had disappeared in the darkness which was spread above the roofs. The young woman and sailor occupied themselves with delivering the poor conscript. The young woman said to him, having removed the bandage from his mouth:

"You could see nothing, though you could hear all. Listen, two ounces of gold if you are silent; if you speak, six ounces of lead in your heart."

"To make sure, you had better begin with the six ounces of lead!" grumbled the soldier.

But the young girl answered: "That is not the wish of the master!" The instant after, our three nocturnal rovers and the ladder were hid in impenetrable darkness. The head of the patrol appeared at the head of the street.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.

"Well, well, Martino," said a voice, "we shall not forget you. If you have slept, my boy, you shall feel the strap—good deed; you shall be relieved this hour."

CHAPTER XI.

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

THE worst was over when the young fisherman had gained the ramparts of Castel Vecchio. His further progress was, however, only made easy by comparison. The next house was a story higher, but built of rough stones, so that the ascent was dangerous, but not impossible. This house had a name; it was the Hotel des Folquieri. This hotel was shut in by houses of more modern build. It covered nearly the whole space which separated the fortress prison from the Rue Mantou.

Our young adventurer waited till the sentinels had departed in their rounds, then he commenced to scale the seventh wall of the Hotel des Folquieri. It was almost like a ladder of stone. Our young man, prudent and courageous, though he had not the gymnastic talents of the faithful Cucuzone, soon reached the highest roof. He knelt down, and found that he was in the heavy gutter of the old house. This was nearly on a level with the roof of the prison, which rose black and imposing in the distance. He could see to walk slowly by the dim, variable light of the sentries' lanterns. The young man had not a moment to lose thinking of danger. He might be discovered by the inhabitants of the hotel and taken for a thief. Cautiously he made his way along the gutter. This part seemed only like child's play. From a child he had inured himself to dangers of all kinds. A new obstacle presented itself. A family in the upper part of the house had built a room out on to the very gutter, and even jutted it over. It was necessary to have wings to summit this obstacle. Beldomonio allowed an exclamation of rage to escape him, and turned his steps towards the other part of the house. He turned two angles and followed the irregular form of the house, when he came upon a bright light, which he was obliged to pass. He stopped. The shadow of a young girl was traced in black upon the window. This young girl rested her head against the frame; she either dreamed or was looking out. In that case, it was perfect folly to expect to pass before the window without attracting her attention. The young man was obliged to make a halt. He could plainly see the exquisitely delicate profile and the graceful figure. While Beldomonio watched, she turned from the window and knelt in prayer.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The young man paused a moment, and looked with gentle eyes at the young girl who prayed so earnestly, and as if in agony, judg-

ing from her clasped hands and tearful eyes. Profiting by her devotion, he moved slowly forward on his hands and knees. As he crept along, he heard breaking in upon the silence of the night the sound of saws and hammers.

"They are erecting the scaffold!" he murmured.

Casting one last lingering look at the young girl he moved forward, while he said, "She suffers; I will return."

Two battlements remained before him. The first he scaled, and by a vigorous jump surmounted the last, and found himself on the leads of the Castel Vecchio. On a level with this last wall, a lantern hanging against it threw a feeble light into the window of a dungeon, which was guarded by heavy iron bars.

"I alighted well!" said Beldomonio to himself; "our man is there!"

He was right. The lantern was placed before the cell of the prisoner, that any attempt he might make to escape should be detected. The moment when Beldomonio was considering what to do, he heard steps at the foot of the tower. A round passed among the sentinels. Beldomonio crouched beneath the window, and held himself suspended by his arms. The soldiers talked and laughed at the absurd precautions taken to prevent the escape of Baron Altamonte.

"Do our signors think that the Companions of Silence can attack us a hundred feet above the earth?" said one.

Another laughed mockingly, as he said:

"One would think it was Porporato, they make such a fuss about him."

"Ah, comrade, don't you think it is really Porporato?" questioned another.

"Blessed Madonna, no!" answered the fellow. "Porporato is a perfect demon, and had it really been him, the only way to have made sure of him would have been to have chopped his head off instantly. There is not a dungeon so high or so low, or a wall so strong in all the kingdom that could confine the terrible Porporato twenty-four hours."

Beldomonio smiled, as hanging still by his arms he listened to these extravagant remarks.

"Deuce take the prisoner, whoever he is!" exclaimed one tall, stout fellow; "but for him I should have been tucked away cosily in my own bed, instead of walking here in the night air."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his comrades; "Tommaso thinks too much of his feather pillow."

"We must challenge and go our rounds, or we may get into trouble," said one, and walked off.

"Who goes there!" and the men separated.

When their steps ceased to resound upon the stones of the balcony, a tall man appeared before the sentry, whose post was beneath the dungeon window. The sentry's first impulse was to give the alarm, but the unknown seized his hand and traced upon his palm a double cross. The soldier looked fearfully around, then tremblingly said, "Here!"

"Everywhere!" replied the unknown.

The soldier looked at him closely, but the face before him was masked. The dress of the unknown was that of a fisherman. After having looked cautiously all around again, the soldier pronounced in a low, frightened tone:

"Iron is strong and charcoal is black."

"There is something stronger than iron," replied the unknown. "It is faith."

"There is something blacker than charcoal."

"It is the conscience of the traitor. What wish you, signor?"

"To deliver the prisoner."

"I am answerable for him with my life."

"Your life belongs to us; do not put it between the anvil and the hammer! You are here because we wished you to be."

"It is not my guard," murmured the soldier; "the sergeant—"

"The sergeant," interrupted the unknown, receives his orders from the lieutenant, the lieutenant obeys the captain, the captain the major, the major the colonel, the colonel the general. Whom think you the general obeys?"

"The king—"

"Me!" So speaking, the unknown showed the sentinel his right hand. On the middle finger was a ring of iron, on which sparkled three superb diamonds.

"Command, signor!" said the soldier. "I have a mother; I commend her to God."

"Death is against us, life for us," replied the unknown; "have no fears!" He approached the barred window of the dungeon and called out in a low voice:

"Felice!"

No answer.

"Felice Tavola!"

The same silence.

The soldier, pale and trembling, began his walk. The moment when the unknown turned to question him as to the silence, the watchword passed from mouth to mouth along the ramparts. "Niente nuovo!" (nothing new) said successively each sentinel. The poor soldier placed both hands upon his agitated breast, and pronounced like the others:

"Nothing new!"

The inside guard called out, "Guard, sentinels!"

"Bartolo Spalazzi!" said the unknown.

"You know my name, signor?" murmured the soldier.

"Thou hast done thy duty," said the masked man, "and tomorrow thou shalt be in the corporal's coat, and thy mother shall sleep in a good bed. Answer, and hide nothing from me—something has passed in this dungeon since thou hast been on duty?"

"Signor," answered Bartolo, "I swear upon the honor of a soldier of Silence, upon my oath—were my mother dying without help—that what I tell you is the truth. Ten minutes ago, some

one entered the dungeon of Porporato, if the prisoner is Porporato; I heard the noise of voices, then the sound of chains; then the door opened and closed; all was then silent—"

"A murder?" thought the unknown, aloud, "it is impossible." He asked the soldier another question:

"Were those who entered, policemen?"

"Yes, signor."

"I must know all!" cried the unknown, who seemed a prey to extreme agitation; "how much time between each round?"

"Thirty minutes."

"And when will you be relieved?"

"At eleven o'clock."

The unknown looked at his watch. "I have time!"

He stepped towards the dungeon, and drew from his pocket two small instruments which he fixed by the light of the lantern hung from the wall. These little things when joined, formed the admirable machine invented by Jack Sheppard. This Sheppard's file mounted upon a little wheel, would sever an inch bar in less than three minutes. The unknown used his file, which produced only a slight noise. He seized with both hands the severed bar and sprang into the dungeon. The cell was empty. Upon the whitewashed wall which faced the window were two lines, traced in mysterious, though distinct characters. The unknown remained struck with stupor, gazing at the letters which to him were fraught with a terrible meaning. "Trenson!" murmured he, while his arms fell by his side and his head drooped. A shade fell on the wall.

"Signor! signor!" said the voice of the sentinel at the dungeon window; "they come from all sides at once!"

The unknown raised himself to his full height. "I am still safe," said he; "woe to the traitor!" He left the dungeon. The ramparts were already filled with noise and confusion. Cries came from every direction at once.

"They have placed a ladder in the Rue Mantou, facing the Grand Piazzetta. Martino has been gagged and bound; they put a bandage over his eyes, and gave him two ounces of gold to pay for his discretion!"

"And Martino has told?"

"His account is good, the poor devil!"

"How many mounted the ladder?"

"Only one—the rest stayed behind with a disguised woman."

"Then he is probably on the roof?"

"Or in the fortress itself!"

"Quick, quick! to the search!"

"Who is on guard below?"

"Bartolo Spalazzi of the Trani regiment—"

Steps approached, and the guard in turn presented arms.

"I am lost!" murmured Bartolo.

"Cry, who goes there?" commanded the unknown, who extinguished the lantern, and thus plunged in darkness the outside of the dungeon.

"Who goes there?" cried Bartolo, mechanically.

"Cry louder!"

"Who goes there?"

"Present arms—I will save you while I save myself. Listen, they are coming along the angle. Call who goes there, again."

"Who goes there?" called the affrighted sentinel, in obedience to the command.

The unknown sprang over the rampart. "Challenge and fire," ordered the unknown, as he disappeared.

A loud report was heard, followed by a great tumult.

"Have you shot him, Bartolo Spalazzi? Here! here! a ladder! All the streets are guarded; he cannot escape!"

The soldiers gave chase upon the roofs around Castel Vecchio. They called to each other; the hunted man could not escape them. Beldomonio advanced slowly, calmly, calculating his chances of safety, which were neither very numerous nor rare. The Italian built houses presented no hiding places; nothing but flat, plain roofs. He had nothing to do but retrace the steps he had already made in coming. But his intention was not to go to the place where he had left the ladder; too well he knew that once there he was lost. He knew not what to do, and walked slowly, deliberately, trying to hit upon some plan of escape. He crept to the edge of the ramparts and looked over, but he shook his head as he murmured, "Ah, if I was only among the Apennines!"

Doubtless he dreamed of the dense forests, rocks and caves, and the bounding torrents. It was a dream; the steps of the pursuing soldiers already sounded on the next roof. A few minutes and they would be upon him. Beldomonio looked back; he saw the musket-barrels shine among the stone pillars of the balustrade. Upon the young man's face at this moment of extreme peril, there was not the slightest trace of anxiety. He walked with his head high—his look clear and untroubled. He was perfectly cool with death staring him in the face. Our fugitive placed the angle of the balustrade between him and his pursuers. He thus found himself in the square formed by the Hotel Folquieri. A remembrance of the kneeling figure of the young girl came to him, and in the midst of his danger he turned to find the window. But the light had vanished, and he could not distinguish it.

The noise of coming steps recalled him to his senses, and he drew his poignard and disposed his mantle in such a manner that it formed a kind of hammock beneath the balustrade, into which he could drop and hang for a long while without great fatigue. His poignard was long, and served as a transverse bar. Beldomonio knew the temper of his steel. He passed the dagger through the folds of the mantle.

"I have played at this game before," he murmured, "to preserve the honor of a countess! The wind swung me gently for three hours under a balcony. I can begin again. When they say, 'Check to the king!' the king saves himself if he can."

Lights flashed now upon the very roof; they were close upon him. Beldomonio did not hesitate, but made a plunge, and his head disappeared beneath the balustrade, sixty feet from the earth. Trusting to his good dagger and the strength of the mantle, the young, brave fellow had launched himself forth. The pursuers passed on, searching in every pillar, along the balustrade, but never thinking of looking beneath, sixty feet above the earth!

As our fugitive hung, he heard the rattling of paper, and cautiously raising his head above the wall, he saw by the feeble light of distant torches a window in front of him covered with the glazed paper so much used by the poor instead of glass. The young man's face which had remained unchanged during all his danger, suddenly lightened at the sight of that frail, paper-covered window.

"Thanks, my star!" murmured he, laughing; "business re-established in a single stroke!"

Beldomonio raised himself with a sudden, noiseless spring, unfastened his impromptu hammock, and in another instant was inside of the little chamber, with the window closed behind him. He had just crouched beneath, when the noise of voices and steps redoubled.

"If he hasn't thrown himself on to the pavements," said the captain, "we shall capture him alive."

The captain stopped directly in front of the window, behind which crouched the young fisherman.

"This is well closed!" said he, after a vigorous stroke with his poignard. Then he said in a confidential tone:

"You need good feet and eyes this night, my children, if you know the name of the daring rascal, as you call him. A warning was received by the Minister of State this very night, that Porporato had sworn upon charcoal and iron to deliver this Felice Tavola, Baron—"

"What, what?" interrupted his men, on all sides; "is not that Felice Tavola the real Porporato?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"My children," said he, instead of answering the question, "remember there is a treasure hidden upon these terraces. A treasure of a hundred thousand ducats! If we find it, I will divide twenty thousand ducats between you—isn't that generous? Forward, march!"

A general *eviva*, bravo, showed that the captain's generosity had been appreciated. The worthy lion took the largest share.

Behind the frail paper window, the handsome Beldomonio laughed silently. When the soldiers left, they planted a torch directly opposite the window behind which crouched our brave fugitive. As Beldomonio crouched silently on the floor of that little chamber, he thought of the empty dungeon, and the fearful words in hieroglyphics on the white wall. They were these: "I have been forgotten; I will be revenged!" Fearful menace in the lips of a Knight of the Iron Ring!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

BELDOMONIO wished to raise himself when the soldiers had left, but when he tried to do so, his legs refused to do their duty, and a thousand lights danced before his eyes; his knees trembled, the floor rose and fell as he strove to look at it and to tread firm. His temples beat; his forehead felt as if enclosed by a band of iron. A convulsive fluttering was in his throat, while a strange numbness—the agony of coming death—ascended from his icy feet to his burning brain. An awful dizziness came over him; everything around him was turning with maddening speed. Placing his nerveless hands upon his forehead, he felt it bathed with a cold death damp. For the first time in his changeful life, a cold shudder thrilled through him. At this moment, when his ordinary presence of mind was deserting him because his brain was affected, he became sensible of a peculiar odor in the little room and he felt a sort of warmth. Instinct warned him to open the window. But at the very moment when his hand was on the frame, he heard a step, slow and firm. It was the tread of the sentinel only a few yards from the window. Fight; he had no strength left. Die; he did not wish to die so soon. He made a desperate effort. He dragged himself, tremblingly, faintly, supporting himself upon everything in his path, to the other end of the room, where he supposed he should find the door. Ten times he stopped in his course, because his breath came in such gasps. Between the table and the door he saw an object, the form of which he could not distinguish; this object shed a feeble light. It was a chaffing dish, a furnace in which fire still gleamed among the mass of ashes. He was so far gone that he understood nothing more; instinct alone governed him. The door; he wished to reach the door. He fell before his hand touched the desired haven, and his head struck against the frame.

Each one sees in his last moments, when death comes, a vision; each lip murmurs a cherished name as he breathes a last sigh. What did Beldomonio see in his last agony? A brilliant palace, many beautiful women, young, rich; among them wandered a fairy—a merry, sparkling fairy. Nina!

But there was still another vision; the heart is full of mysteries. He saw in a sort of shade a poor child, whose long black hair made her delicate white profile look almost ghastly; a kneeling figure. For her he had no name.

For a long time our young fisherman remained without motion. His head was but a few steps from the door-sill. Beneath the door, which was old and loose, was a wide crack, through which came a current of cool air. The open lips of Beldomonio drank in the blessed draught. At the end of a few minutes he was able to take another step, after about twenty attempts. He seized the handle of the door; the door was closed and locked. Then, resting

on his knees, he raised himself, and strove to turn the key. He could not; all his strength was gone; he was like a young baby. Again he placed his lips to the crack and sucked in the refreshing air. Each breath gave him new life, and a triumphant sigh filled his heart. He rose again; this time the key turned, and the door opened. He struggled no longer, but sank upon the floor with his head outside the door in the cool dark entry, in which were many open windows. At the end of ten minutes Beldomonio opened his eyes and awoke to life. His first movement was surprise; he had lost all remembrance of what had passed. The first sensation he felt was pain in his hand; three of his fingers were very painful. "The furnace!" thought he. Then having looked towards the window through which the light of the torch shone, "The soldiers!" Then another thought: "there is some one dead in this room!" He raised himself painfully, combating the weakness which was still in him. It seemed a long time that he had lain insensible; he turned to the window to consult his watch. He thought it must have stopped, for only a quarter of an hour had passed since he fled from the dungeon. Raising it to his ear he found that it was going.

Two ideas filled his brain. To help the suicide, and take flight and finish his work; for the struggle of the night was far from being finished. First he seized the chaffing dish and carried it outside of the room. Then he rushed to the couch, which was empty. The sight of the bed awoke a vague remembrance in him. Surely it was at the foot of the miserable bed that he had seen the beautiful, kneeling girl praying in such agony. He lowered his eyes, and at his very feet he saw the poor girl stretched on the floor. Beldomonio took her in his arms gently, and placed her on the bed. Death had perhaps claimed her as his own a long time.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

She was not cold, but as rigid as a corpse. He felt her heart; his own pulses beat so violently that he could not tell whether her heart beat, or whether it was stopped forever.

The torch planted upon the balustrade shed a light into the chamber and seemed to rest caressingly upon the white, delicate features of the beautiful suicide. Familiar with death from childhood as he had been, Beldomonio could not look unmoved on this different scene. This different death—a death of despair—struck him to the heart. He wondered why the sight of this young girl, seen but once before, should fill his heart with such painful feelings. He strove to restore her to consciousness, but all in vain. Kneeling beside that bed, with tears streaming down his cheeks, the young fisherman longed to give his life for the being before him; longed to awake her and call her—sister. He knelt there dreaming.

Eleven o'clock sounded from the belfry of Castel Vecchio; that sound called him to himself. Beldomonio looked round the chamber and trembled. In half an hour what numerous events had happened; how many feelings filled his brain. Looking around the room he saw a piece of paper on the table. This he seized quickly and turned to the window; the light was bright enough to enable him to read the delicately traced characters. Beldomonio read: "Cherished father, pardon and pray for us."

"She was not alone!" exclaimed the young man in terror. "Is there another poor dead one here; dead with despair?"

He searched for the other victim of poverty and despair. In a distant corner he saw a mattress, and in the shadow a human form. He stooped and knelt beside the miserable pallet. A young man lay before him, graceful and handsome in the repose of death perhaps. Where had he seen a face like that, so pure and noble?

While Beldomonio was racking his brain to remember, he heard a faint sigh. He bent his cheek close to the blue eyes of the young man; he felt a slight breath—but very weak. While he held his breath to listen, he heard another faint sigh from the side where the young girl lay. He sprang to the couch; she was not dead! Her hand which had hung over the side of the couch was moved; was placed across her breast. Fresh air streamed into the chamber, dissipating the deadly fumes of the charcoal by degrees. The young fisherman fell on his knees and prayed to God. The youth also moved. Now was the time to lend aid; now they could be saved!

But suddenly in the far distance, clear and sweet, came a voice. Distant as was the voice, the words of Fioravante were perfectly distinct, "*Amici, alliegge andiamo alla pena!*" Beldomonio raised himself and frowned. This time it was an importunate call. An idea of revolting against the mysterious bondage of his destiny filled the heart of the young man. He looked towards the couch. The young girl had moved again. He turned to the other corner and found to his joy that the youth too had moved.

"I will send some one to them; I must away now!" So saying, he drew a heavy purse from his pocket and threw it on the table. For a fisherman, the purse was very large and heavy.

In the far distance came the chant: "*Amici, alliegge, andiamo alla pena!*" Beldomonio stamped his feet impatiently, and perulantly exclaimed; "I hear! I hear! and I will come!"

Upon a chair beside the bed lay a piece of embroidery and a pair of scissors. By the aid of these scissors the young man removed the elegant black moustache. Another turn of his hands and his luxuriant locks were shorn. At the third sound of the chorus he was ready. Before leaving, he opened the window and passed the couch with lowered eyes, for he did not dare look at the beautiful sufferer who called so powerfully upon his sympathies. He saw upon a chair a plain cloak, which he threw over his shoulders; then without glancing behind him, he left the chamber which death had all but entered.

In the corridor he saw several doors. He opened the nearest and asked: "Is there any one here?"

A cry of affright responded to him. He recognized the voice of an old woman.

"Whoever you are," said he, "rise and go into the next chamber; there are those there who need your care. Here is your salary."

Two or three pieces of gold fell on the floor just inside of the door. Beldomonio descended the staircase. The danger was not diminished, but rather increased on the contrary. In a moment the young fisherman became aware that the soldiers of Castel Vecchio, having sought for him in vain upon the roofs and in the fortress, were now searching for him in the neighboring houses. In the midst of his danger the noble young fisherman murmured to himself:

"I have saved them, I know! Another will do what I wished to do. I will return to them again; I will return!"

Thus dreaming, Beldomonio descended the staircase.

"You cannot pass here, my young saint," said a voice upon the platform.

He had seized the large prayer-book at the same time that he took the cloak. A look from the corner of his eyes, showed the person who spoke to be a middle-aged woman. He knew nothing of the young saint whose part he had attempted to play. He lowered his head, and holding the book before him, murmured some words of pious salute, when the dame grumbled out:

"You shall see that we never will forget your words."

Beldomonio bowed profoundly and passed on.

"God bless you, my poor Signor Julian," said the woman, with a shade of bitterness; "do not forget me in your prayers!"

Then she added, as if to herself: "An innocent youth; a perfect baby in the world."

Beldomonio smiled to himself and went slowly on. He heard a great noise and confusion in the vestibule beneath him. All the servants of many houses were collected together there, talking, arguing and disputing. All had seen the soldiers searching on the roof, like so many phantoms. Two opinions seemed to be general among them, worthy of notice. The first was, that the prisoner, having strangled the jailor, assassinated the sentinel with a pistol shot, had run the guard, leaped from terrace to terrace, gained the street and escaped. What was there surprising in this, if it was the invincible Porporato? The second, that the Companions of Silence, numbering several hundred, had sealed the terraces, and held in check the garrison. A regular battle was impending. Men and women were speaking at the same time; men swearing terrific oaths, and betting on the issue of the combat. When they perceived the *young saint*, as they called him, whom Beldomonio had relieved of book and cloak, the disputations were stopped.

The court, lighted only by a few torches placed upon the upper balustrades, sixty or eighty feet above, was quite dark. This was well for Beldomonio, who had been unable to find any cap wherewith to cover his head and conceal his face. But no one suspected him. Some whispered half aloud, "Where does the young abbot go at such a late hour?" Cocoli, the porter of the house, raised her head and answered, proudly: "Do you not know that the secret angel goes to watch with the sick at the hospital for the poor?"

Voices were raised in praise on every side, and Beldomonio's thoughts went back to this little chamber; to the burning charcoal and poisonous vapor. He made a giant effort to collect his wandering thoughts, and passed on rapidly through the crowd. Cocoli followed him to the door to open it for him, and as she did so, whispered:

"You look brighter than yesterday; there is more color in your face. A word for me in your *oremus*, child of God. I have taken four numbers in the royal lottery. If the blessed mother of Christ deigns to make them draw, I will make her a handsome offering—do not forget us, my seraph!"

Beldomonio was outside. The carriage gate opened, as we said before, upon a little untravelled alley-way of the Rue Mantou, where he had first raised the ladder. Things were changed since then; then the street was deserted, now it was full of soldiers. The first step Beldomonio made from the door, a bayonet was placed at his breast.

"Back! no passage here," exclaimed a gigantic Swiss guard.

"Signor," said Beldomonio, "I return to my duty; I am expected at the hospital for the poor."

The officer and several men approached the young saint and looked at him attentively.

"March!" exclaimed the ferocious Swiss, pushing him before him.

Beldomonio, without further pressing, took a quiet, sedate pace and walked calmly forward and traversed the Piazzetta-Grande. When he reached the Vicoletto Raffa, he threw the cloak under a gate and walked on. At the foot of the street he placed the blade of his poignard to his lips and made a low whistle. A corresponding sound was heard on the side of the Strada Medina. Then a young girl, disguised as a boy, sprang from a low doorway.

"There is five hundred just below," said she, "ready for the attack; what is to be done?"

"Where is my carriage?" asked Beldomonio, without answering her question.

"At Mount Oliveto. What is to be done?"

Beldomonio took the young girl's hand and strode towards the place indicated. A light, elegant caleche, drawn by two magnificent horses, was stationed behind the church. Beldomonio sprang in. The young girl standing by the door, repeated for the third time the question, "What is to be done?"

Beldomonio seized the little hand resting on the carriage door and drew it to his lips, murmuring:

"Thanks, Fiamma!"

She blushed with pleasure. Beldomonio added: "In an hour Matilda Farnese must be at Naples and ready to follow me."

"The Princess Farnese shall be ready," replied the young girl; "and after that?"

"After that, dress yourself like a duchess, little Fiamma, and go to the ball at the Doria palace, where I will be."

"Shall we dance?"

Beldomonio smiled.

"Keep ever near the countess," said he.

"And the others?" asked Fiamma again.

"Let them mix with the men round the Doria palace; but be careful. And have all ready at day-break!"

Making a kiss to the young girl, he called to the coachman.

"Is it you, Ruggieri?"

"Yes, signor."

"Go to the house of Johann Spurzheim by the way of the Rue Tribunal, out of the city gate of Capone, and re-enter by the Notarea gate, and traverse the Piazza del Mercato."

The whip cracked; the horses sprang forward at a gallop. The instant the carriage began to move, a man sprang from the shadow, and with a noiseless bound reached the footman's box, where he remained.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARBARA MONTELEONE.

It was the evening of the same day, in the month of February, 1823. Three windows of a large house in the Piazza del Mercato were feebly lighted. It was the hotel of Johann Spurzheim, an Austrian by birth, director of the royal police. The police office occupied nearly the whole of the ground floor. The family of the director lived in the upper part. One of the lighted windows belonged to the sleeping chamber of Johann Spurzheim; the two others opened upon the saloon, where a woman was in deep consultation with the doctor, Pierre Falcone, a young physician, already well known for his skill. Johann Spurzheim only resided a few months at Naples. When there, few people knew anything of his movements, for he enjoyed the confidence of the king and court, and his movements were guarded and secret. There were many who detested him, and watched always for some weak point, but were as yet unable to accuse him of anything.

Nine o'clock sounded from the clock tower of Santa Maria del Carmine at the moment when we enter the sleeping chamber of Johann Spurzheim. It was the precise instant when the scenes we have just recounted were beginning underneath the walls of Castel Vecchio. In the Piazza del Mercato all was silent; all the shops were closed, and the square silent. The chamber was plain almost to austerity, high studded and hung with sad colored drapery; a single lamp burned in it. The director of the royal police was lying in his bed, ill, his head resting upon a hair pillow. By the light of the lamp his features looked pale and wasted; but the cast of his face denoted intelligence. There were other features that must not be forgotten, though seen for the first time. The sick man was the same that we saw seated on the back seat of the diligence, going to the inn of Corpo Santo—Monsieur David—the man in the black silk skull-cap; he who had commanded Baptista Giabetta, the vetturino, in the name of *charcoal and iron*; the one who had disclosed to the bandits the route taken by Lord Doria and the Countess Angela.

History tells us of many men who appeared to enter heart and soul into the mysterious retreats of their enemies in order to strike more surely. In Italy, Azeglio became a carbonari; in England, the famous Templeton became the apparent accomplice of Wat Tyler. Perhaps Johann Spurzheim was one of these men. At least, we have seen him in the crypt of the convent of Corpo Santo, beside the corpse of Mario, Count Monteleone, in the midst of the Companions of Silence.

The reader probably recognized him under his mask, in spite of the name of Heimer added to that of David. It was he, the confidant and secretary of the first grand master. Two roads then opened before him. We shall see later which one he chose. His eyes were closed, his parched lips opened as if to catch each flying breath. His cheek was hollow, and his deep set eyes surrounded by a dark circle. He lay perfectly motionless, but he was not asleep. He listened to low, mysterious sounds—a conversation held between two persons. There was no one in his chamber. The two persons to whose conversation he listened, were his wife Barbara Monteleone, and the young doctor, Pierre Falcone. Between the sleeping room and saloon where they conversed, were two doors and a passage way. Upon the table beside the bed, stood a number of bottles of medicine, and a few glasses. From under the coverlid, appeared now and then the black and tan head of a bright-eyed King Charles spaniel. If the black and tan head was under the covering, it was because it was useful or necessary for Johann Spurzheim to have him there.

Another object, though everything is worthy of notice, was a small piece of ivory which lay beside him on the pillow. To this piece of ivory was attached a long flexible tube, the opposite end of which was fastened to an opening in the head of the bed; an opening that when closed was invisible.

In the next room, Signora Barbara Monteleone, wife of the director, was seated in an easy chair, with her feet before the fire. Doctor Pierre Falcone remained standing before her. Barbara Monteleone was now about forty years old. Her head was very beautifully shaped, but too large for her body, as is often the case with people deformed from their birth. This defect was scarcely noticeable while she remained seated, as her bust and shoulders were in proper proportion. Barbara was a hunchback, and in the presence of company always remained seated. She had a deep

chair made to so accommodate her shape, that while she reclined on it with exquisite grace, she looked like a graceful, elegant woman. Long habit gave her a peculiar nonchalance, which carried with it a sort of fascination. Still this stratagem did not deceive the world, and it was known through all Naples that the lovely, witty, talented Barbara Spurzheim was deformed.

Her face was remarkably handsome, brilliant, though peculiar; for her hair, eye-brows and eyes were sparkling black, but her face perfectly pale. Though born of a good family, the death of her parents, and absolute want of fortune, threw her upon the hands of her cousin, Mario Monteleone. The first incentive which excited her intellect, was the ambition to become countess of Monteleone. Mario had seen her grow up beside him; he loved and treated her like a sister. She, on the contrary, loved her cousin Mario as much as she was capable of loving any one, and fondly hoped for a long time that the admiration of her cousin would turn to something warmer. She hoped in vain.

If there is one route which does not lead to love, it is cold admiration. Barbara was not born wicked, but she was ambitious—unscrupulously ambitious. The marriage of her cousin to Maria Amalfi turned to bitterness and gall all the kindly feelings of her heart. There was only one man in Martorello who looked at her with any interest. Barbara thought herself adorable. She said:

"That man shall be my slave; I need a slave, I need a tool; that man shall be my tool."

That man was David Heimer. He possessed the entire confidence of Monteleone. With him Barbara formed an alliance. A little later she married him. But she found that the man she hoped to make only her tool was as strong and proud as herself. It was a strange household. If there was a struggle, neither would yield; both were equally strong; so they formed a treaty. Together they placed their lances in rest and charged, cheering and aiding each other. One common thought was between them—inordinate ambition. David Heimer, whom we shall call by the name he has chosen, that of Signor Johann Spurzheim, faithfully consulted with his wife, and Barbara Spurzheim brought to bear on his affairs all her wit, wisdom and prudence.

For nearly ten minutes the young doctor Pierre Falcone stood before Barbara, who read easily and rapidly from a Latin folio before her. A little way from the chair was an organ, and a music book placed on the stand was open at a fugue by Sebastian Bach. The mantel-piece was of red marble, in the Italian style of carving. Two large and richly wrought Etruscan vases stood on each side, and an exquisite bronze clock occupied the middle. On the walls hung six large paintings, by different masters. Upon one picture, the death of Lazarus, the eyes of both the occupants of the chamber were fixed in silence. At the end of a few seconds the eyes of Barbara fell from the picture to the face of the young doctor. He was a young man of twenty-eight or nine years old, very tall, but thin and muscular. His face, though excessively pale, had some claims to beauty. His black eyes expressed nothing at this moment. Two or three lines of care or thought were visible on his face, and his hair was black and thin. Perhaps he was a dreamer. He ought to be brave. He was, undoubtedly, a man of great hopes. Looking at him, Barbara frowned.

"He is too young!" murmured she to herself.

Just then, the young man's look turned from the picture to her, and intercepted her earnest gaze. Barbara said, as if to explain her act:

"I have thought for a long time that painters of the old school knew how to represent agony; I am mistaken."

"Nevertheless," said Pierre Falcone, "the agony of Lazarus—"

"Is exact," interrupted Barbara.

"You do not find it sufficiently horrible?"

"Too much and too little. The more modern masters have learned to embellish death; the old masters contort and convulse their dead. Johann Spurzheim does not look like that."

Pierre Falcone lowered his eyes, while these words were pronounced with a frightful calmness.

Barbara saw that, smiled, and said, choosing a cough lozenge from a rich golden box:

"If you can answer for the life of my husband, Signor Falcone, your fortune is made."

"You know well, madame," answered Pierre Falcone, quietly, "that that is impossible."

"What is science, then?" asked Barbara, scornfully.

Then she added, controlling an inclination to cough, which came over her:

"I will give fifty thousand ducats to any one who will say to me, 'Johann Spurzheim shall live!'"

"Who ever said so would lie, madame."

Barbara placed both of her delicate little hands on her breast and coughed violently.

"O, that cough!" said she, "sometimes it seems as if a burning fire was in my lungs; at other times a leaden coldness seems to stifle me. Doctor, doctor, am I then, I too condemned?"

"You think too much, madame," replied the physician, rather evading a direct answer.

"And thinking kills me?"

Pierre Falcone smiled.

"If you promise me fifty thousand ducats on condition that I answer you, madame—" commenced he.

"You consent!" cried the directress, eagerly.

"I must place my head for the stake!" finished Pierre Falcone, in a firm tone.

Barbara held out her hand to him. It was cold and moist.

"Take another lozenge," said the doctor, gently; "you are going to have another spasm."

But the pastil did no good. An additional pallor spread over her face, then a hectic flush rose, and a violent fit of coughing

seized her. Her cough was hard and slow, distressing to hear. The embroidered kerchief which she had held to her lips was stained with blood.

The face of the young physician remained impassible. Barbara showed him the handkerchief, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you believe me, yes or no?" said he "consumption cannot be cured, and I promise to cure you."

She took a swallow of water and remained immovable. For an instant her eyes were veiled and fierce. But suddenly a ray flashed from them.

"You see me well," said she, "very well. Would to God that my husband were so! Answer me, doctor, upon your conscience, is there no human means to save him?"

"None, madame."

Barbara lowered her eyes and hesitated.

"And," replied she, in a totally changed voice, "will he live a long time?"

Pierre Falcone thought he had misunderstood.

As she received no answer, Barbara raised her head. She looked the doctor full in the face and repeated:

"I wish to know if he will live a long time?"

"Ha, what, madame?" stammered the physician.

"Johann Spurzheim, my husband," pronounced Barbara, distinctly.

"But, madame—"

"I wish to know!"

"Science cannot precisely deter—"

"Eight days?" interrupted the directress.

"It is impossible to affirm—"

"Fifteen days?"

"Truly, madame," said Pierre Falcone, "a like question—"

"I have my motives for asking it, doctor," interrupted Madame Spurzheim; "I am sure you think he won't last a month."

"No madame," answered Pierre Falcone this time, "I do not think so."

She lowered her eyes again and murmured: "He is too young!"

"Seat yourself there!" said she, abruptly, pointing authoritatively to a seat almost opposite to her.

The doctor seated himself, keeping his eyes fixed upon the lady's face. Barbara closed her eyes, and after a silence of a few minutes, she said:

"Reflect well before you answer me; what I am going to propose to you is perfectly serious. I have reflected deliberately. Doctor Pierre Falcone, would you like to have me for your wife?"

It was a good precaution having forced the doctor to take a seat; that sudden, frightful question would have made him falter. He wished to speak, but Madame Spurzheim imperiously signed him to be silent.

"I have told you to reflect, signor!" said she, very coldly; "you have not yet had time to do so!"

She leaned back in her chair with perfect ease and calmness. Her face was always perfectly calm.

"While you reflect, I will speak; you can do both at once, hear and reflect," continued she. "Listen to me attentively; when I have spoken, you can answer me. You are young, but you are ambitious, and, I think, audacious. I do not love you. What I propose to you is the title of count with the fortune of a king."

The doctor's eyelids trembled, and he darted towards the wily woman a defiant look. He thought her mad.

"No no," said she, smiling, and answering his look, "I am not insane, as you think to yourself, I see. You also ask yourself, 'How can she give me the title of count and a royal fortune; she has neither the one nor the other.'"

"I know you are rich," began Pierre Falcone.

"Misery!" cried she, rousing up suddenly; "I rich! Multiply by ten what I have—increase a hundred fold, increase a thousand fold, and you will come nearer the truth. The fortune I speak to you of is immense!"

"But what fortune do you speak to me of?" murmured the doctor, in spite of himself.

"I speak of the fortune of the Dorias, added to the fortune of the ancient counts of Monteleone."

The forehead of the physician was covered with drops of sweat.

"Do not interrupt me again," said Barbara; "soon it will be time for my husband to wake from his sleep. I must have your answer before you leave me. You are a Companion of Silence—"

In spite of the admonition not to interrupt her, Falcone could not help giving a faint cry of terror. There was cause for his fright, because this accusation was made by the wife of the director of the royal police in her own house.

"Madame!" cried he, "upon my safety—"

"Well, well," she stopped him; "you are in Naples; oaths count you nothing. My poor doctor, that is only youthful folly; you have given your liberty to that mysterious association, and, just now, the association gives you nothing in exchange for it—at least, you think so, do you not?"

"It is true—" stammered the physician.

"Sad thing that of attending to the orders of men whom you know and whom you do not know! You often regret it, often—"

"Yes, often, madame!"

Barbara smiled, and lightly waved her handkerchief.

"Falcone," said she, very gently, "*Iron is strong and charcoal is black!*"

He raised himself up with a sudden spring, his surprise was so great.

"I can dispense with the responses given in your catechism," she went on, in a light tone, "I will do more; I will come to your aid immediately, for I see you are lost in suppositions. Try and

believe that Signor Johann Spurzheim, my husband, reveals to me the secrets of the royal police, and that the royal police itself has discovered your secret. The royal police has discovered nothing, my poor doctor; the brotherhood of Silence belong to the royal police—"

"It is not possible!"

"I will state it better; the royal police belongs to the brotherhood of Silence."

Pierre Falcone allowed his long arms to fall by his side. A mocking smile spread over the thin lips of Barbara Monteleone.

"Very sad indeed," said the wily woman; "you have lost nothing, however, for your talent has been made the most of. I don't mean to say that you really lack talent, Signor Pierre Falcone; but be kind enough to tell me who lacks talent to-day? Ducats are rare—I have never found any, I who speak, I found only a pistole—it was a counterfeit."

A dry, harsh laugh was heard just then in the sleeping apartment of Johann Spurzheim. It was the sick man who was seized with sudden access of gaiety. Why? The laugh lasted half a second, then all became quiet.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FATAL COMPACT.

THE two people paused, then Barbara went on: "You have talent, Pierre Falcone; should I have chosen you without that? But if you crossed the threshold of this house in the capacity of physician, it is because you have taken the oath of silence—because they had their views for you—they wish you to gain the patronage of the Dorias. You are well off, for you have been paid in advance, for you are our physician, which is but a step to being something more. It is not that of which you complain. What is galling is to be a slave, and go blindly wherever the master or lieutenant wish; obey without knowing for what. Who can tell in what coin your debt may be paid to-morrow. What I propose to you is to raise the bandage from your eyes, and instead of a slave you will become a master! You are wholly ignorant, I can enlighten you. I am a lady of Silence, and I am the only one."

She showed him upon her middle finger a gold ring, crowned by three superb diamonds, forming a triangle. This ring was like, save in metal, the one belonging to Mario Monteleone. It bore the Latin device, "*Agere, non loqui.*"

Pierre Falcone took it, examined it, read the three words of the device, and returned it. All that was done silently. He obeyed to the letter; he reflected. Barbara looked at him contentedly, like a professor who approves of the conduct of his pupil.

"You are young," said she, "and that is what has held me back for eight days—for it is eight days since I have given up all hopes of my husband. But you are prudent, and I think daring; and I know you will not recoil before a foolish scruple. Before you become bound to me by irrevocable bonds, I cannot tell you all it is necessary for you to know; I can only let you judge of your future. For that, two things are enough, to tell my own past and that of the association."

"The association was founded by a saint; you have heard of Mario Monteleone, master of the *Knights of the Iron Ring*. Its primitive aim was to do good. It had a second aim after the death of Mario Monteleone; two ends—one apparent, the other hidden. The first was to avenge the assassination of the grand master; the second was conquest. The first is the pretext and the cloak. It served a long time. The other would be soon attained if we only had among us a man, a lion. But I have not said all, and there is a third phase to which we submit to-day. A man came to us, a giant or a fool, I don't know which; I do not, cannot judge him; I detest him. Perhaps he is a lion; if he is, we will take him in a snare. He is as handsome as a demi-god. If I was young and beautiful, I would wish to fawn at his knees. But I hate him! I hate him!"

She pronounced these words twice with frightful earnestness, and her pale face and flashing black eyes rendered them more meaning.

"The latter," she went on to say, lowering her voice, "the latter, by a magic talisman has made us what we are—placed us round the throne; but what he wishes, that man without title or rank, I wish for myself. I will have it. He looks upwards always. He does not see the net at his feet—a net with closely, firmly woven meshes. I will break him—I have sworn it; not because he is our tyrant and has his foot on our heads, but because the property he covets is my property, and he wishes to rob me of my heritage. This heritage I bought with blood. I will keep it. Pierre Falcone, by what I tell you, judge if you will help me. I must tell you one other thing, before they called me Barbara Spurzheim, my name was Barbara Monteleone."

"How!" exclaimed the doctor, "you will be—"

"I am the last of the name. Mario is dead, without children; I am the sole heir. Do not ask explanations, Pierre Falcone, you know too much, already, you have no right to know more. Have you reflected?"

The doctor approached her respectfully, took her hand and kissed it.



THE PRAYER.

[See page 306.]

"No, madame," said he, "I have no right—I will not say that I accept; that is too little; I give myself to you with transport!" Barbara fixed her half-closed eyes upon him.

"You speak well, Signor Pierre Falcone," murmured she; "you are a skillful, wise man—"

"Madame—"

"Very skillful, very wise. 'You are capable of seeming to love me should occasion require—'"

"Do you doubt?"

"I did not intend that," interrupted Barbara, smilingly; "we shall have need when the time comes—need of an excuse in the eyes of the world. Love alone can give it to us. Ah, well, you will make a beautiful count, Falcone! The imbecile, blind world will say, 'the old woman has bewitched the young man.'"

There was harshness, but no bitterness in these words.

"The old woman," pursued she, changing her tone, "will take her sureties, for the young man will never be her master, remember that!"

The doctor knew not what to say or do in answer to that remark. The lady came to the rescue.

physician."

Falcone thought these words were suspicious, and so pointed to the glass.

"There is nothing in that," said Barbara, coldly; "but I do not wish to have a physician who will be obliged to taste all my potions."

Falcone bowed.

"Without preamble," continued she, "to resume the discussion of our affairs; 'have you ever killed, Signor Falcone?'"

The latter stepped back at this abrupt question.

"In duel?" pursued Barbara; "in a case of legitimate defence? in spite of yourself?"

"Never, madam, never!" interrupted the doctor.

Barbara seized the young man's hands and drew him towards her, making him bend till she could place her hands upon his head. She placed her fingers behind his ears and laughed.

"Console yourself, my dear young doctor; if you have never killed, you will kill! The bump of destructiveness is well developed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BELDOMONIO AND THE SUICIDE.

[See page 307.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I LOVE—I LOVE."

BY SYBIL PARK.

"O, I love, I love!" were the accents wild
Which rang from the heart of a sinless child,
"I love the sunshine, the birds, and flowers,
And the dew which shines in the morning hours!"
Then she danced along in her restless glee,
Like the waves of the meadow streamlet free,
Oft pausing a moment to grasp the beams
As they floated away in sun-bright gleams.

"O, I love, I love!" sang a laughing girl,
With her eyes of light, and with cheek of pearl.
And the sunlight swept in a richer glow
O'er those waving curls and that brow of snow.
The face was wondrous, in beauty rare,
For never a shadow had rested there,
And joy flashed out like a witching spell,
As a low-breathed name from the warm lips fell.

"O, I love, I love!" ye could read each word,
As the folds of the bridal veil were stirred.
'Twas a festal scene—o'er the fair young head
Rich orange blossoms their incense shed,
And a fair light shone in the violet eyes,
Like the azure depths of warm southern skies,
While the rose-tint deepened on cheek and brow,
As the full heart murmured its sacred vow.

"I love, O, I love!" on the twilight dim
The words came up like a funeral hymn.
O'er the dying form and the watcher pale,
The moonbeams hung as a silvery veil;
Through the open casement the night wind stole,
Whispering of peace to the mourner's soul;
For darkness and tears had gathered there,
Till the heart grew mute in its chill despair.

"I love, O, I love!" and the bright curls fall,
A shower of gold on the sable pall.
Not a wail of grief mid the stillness there,
Only a sigh and a voiceless prayer
Telleth how darkly the weight of tears
Is crushing the hope of her early years;
And she gazes long as they bear away
From her yearning sight the cherished clay.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BURNING SHIPS:

— OR, —

A LEAP FROM THE FIRE INTO THE FRYING-PAN.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

"How hot! how stifling!" exclaimed Captain O'Brine, of the ship *Edward O'Brine*, when twenty-four days out of Charleston, S. C., bound to Liverpool, with a cargo of rice and cotton. "I believe I shall be obliged to shift my quarters from the cabin to the long-boat, if the weather continues so extremely warm; and yet this breeze blows from the northwest, Mr. Alcorn. Why should it be so very hot below?"

"Can't say, for my life, sir," replied I, adding, "I cannot complain of an unusual degree of heat in my room, Captain O'Brine."

"You can't? Strange! Why for the last three nights I have been drenched with perspiration. Last night particularly, and this evening, worse than last—why I can't stay below, it is so hot."

"Shall I have the stern dead-lights opened, sir? Your room is close and requires frequent ventilation, and as we have what wind there is, nearly astern, you will then have the advantage of a free circulation of air."

"Yes, open them by all means!" and Captain O'Brine moved aft, leaving me to attend to the execution of his order.

"By Jupiter! we'll roast in that fore-castle, Mr. Alcorn!" exclaimed one of my watch, as he came aft, in obedience to a call. "I could hardly stand it to eat my supper. If you have no objections, sir, I should like to sling my hammock in the sail-room, till the weather grows cool."

"By all means, my man, shift your quarters, all who wish to. But how is it that I have heard no complaints of heat before?"

"'Cause we didn't like to say anything about it, lest you might think we were growling 'thout cause."

"Well, lay aft two of you, and hoist up the dead-lights, as the steward unreeves the lashings."

"Ay, ay, sir! Come, Bill, bear a hand. The mate says as how we may sling all our hammocks in the sail-room, an' I'm in a hurry to get mine on a stretch," and the speaker, accompanied by a messmate, passed to leeward of the after house, and ascending the half-deck, commenced the execution of their task, while I joined my superior and reported their complaint against the atmosphere of the fore-castle.

"It can't be all imagination on my part then. There's something wrong about the vessel. The builders agreed to ventilate her in the most thorough manner, and this looks like it. Neither crew nor captain can live in the quarters assigned them. By Jupiter, Alcorn! I've half a mind to exchange berths with you. How'd you like to be captain for the remainder of the passage, ha, ha, ha!"

"Not at all, sir. The empty title would be but poor remuneration for the mighty frying I should undergo," replied I, jestingly adding, "I think, however, you will not desire to exchange in the morning."

"Probably not. What's that? a ship's light, pale, like the glimmer of a star, which I see off the starboard bow?"

"How bearing, sir?"

"Broad off; four points, I should say."

"Ay, sir, I have it! That's a vessel's light; and as I live, a vessel in distress!" I added, as a congreve rocket shot upward from the light, and bursting high in the air, scattered a shower of gorgeous gold and silver rain.

"Ay, so it is. Did you see that rocket, my man?" continued Captain O'Brine, addressing the man at the helm, and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, adding: "Steer right for the spot it rose from. Square the yards, Mr. A., and haul up the lee clue of the mainsail."

"Larboard braces outside," I shouted, passing forward, casting off the lee braces as I went, and mounting the fore-castle, turned my gaze in the direction in which I supposed the stranger to be, when on the instant a blue light burst to view, about a mile distant, and burning brightly for a few minutes, went out. Ere it disappeared, however, our yards were square, the ship heading directly for it, and I had joined my superior, waiting fresh orders.

"You may as well turn the hands up, Mr. A. It's well to be ready to render them the assistance they may require."

"Call all hands there forward!" I shouted, going to the forward edge of the after-house, whither the captain followed me, resuming:

"It appears strange to me, that that should be a vessel in distress. We have had no rough weather, lately. It must be some emigrant ship, short of water, probably, or something of that kind. Perhaps one whose passengers are in a state of mutiny and have risen *en masse*, to enforce some demand. I have heard of such occurrences, have not you?"

"O yes, frequently! But I do not imagine that to be the case in this instance."

"Why not? I see no reason to doubt it."

As I could assign no valid reason for the doubt expressed, I forbore reply, remaining with my gaze fixed ahead, expecting a renewal of the signal.

"Have you any rockets at hand?" Mr. A., demanded the captain, after a brief pause.

"Yes sir. About a dozen in my room."

"Send up one or two. 'Twill inform them of our vicinity. Did you observe a sail in the horizon before it became dark?"

"Yes sir, several. Nearly all astern, though, and all bound to the west'ard."

"Is this one of them?"

"I think not, sir. There was but one to the east'ard, and she bore well off the larboard bow when last seen. It may be her, though she must have altered her course soon after night shut in, as she was standing about west by north when I took her bearings."

Leaving the captain, I sought my room, and taking a rocket, proceeded to the galley for a match, wherewith to set it off, and having found several, proceeded forward, and mounting the fore-castle, was about to obey the captain's order, when a bright light burst upon me as if by magic, while the cry of "a vessel on fire," came simultaneously from the throats of a dozen of our crew. Spell-bound I gazed upon the sublime scene disclosed to view by the light, until the captain, shouting "up with that rocket!" recalled me to a sense of my duty, when, hurriedly executing his order, I followed with my gaze the swift messenger, until it burst, then turned my attention to the burning ship, now little more than a half mile distant, every rope, sail, and spar, being clearly defined, and standing out in bold relief against the dark wall of sky in the distance.

She was on fire near the mainmast, round which a tongue of flame was winding, creeping up the spar with surprising rapidity, and communicating to every rope and stitch of canvass in its ascent. I remained wrapped in the most profound attention, to the scene, so thrillingly sublime, until the hoarse cry, "all hands, shorten sail!" of the second mate, called me to my station on the forward house to superintend the reduction of canvass.

"Clue up everything but the topsails, Mr. A., and in the meantime, have those boats forward got ready for launching, in case of necessity."

"Ay, ay, sir! Let go the royal-sheets and halyards, fore and aft! Clue up lively! Mizzen, fore, and maintop-gallant halyards let go! Man the bunt an' clue lines! Let go the sheets fore an' aft!" and at the word, the clues of all three were gathered to the yards, when repairing to the fore-castle, I resumed: "Man the gear of the foresail and run it up with a will!" which order was as speedily executed as its predecessors, when I reported, "sail shortened, sir."

"Send four or five aft to haul the spanker out, and see those head-braces all clear," shouted the captain in reply, which order was scarce executed, when the second mate, who, with two hands, had undertaken to clear away the boats forward, reported, "boats all clear, sir!"

"Very well. We are about nigh enough, Mr. Alcorn," said Captain O'Brine, as he joined me on the forward house.

"'Twont do to venture too near with our inflammable cargo."

"That's so, sir."

"Brace the fore yard up then, as soon as possible."

"How, sir?"

"To starboard, certainly! We must edge away to wind'ard of him—ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" came the faint reply, as our head-yards swung to starboard, and our saucy clipper came to within a hundred and fifty yards of the burning ship, which was now in a bright blaze from the front of her poop to her fore-castle, while her boats were alongside and her crew in the act of embarking.

"Have you boats enough?" demanded Captain O'Brine, hailing through his trumpet this time.

"Ay, ay. What ship is that, and where bound?"

"The *Edward O'Brine*. To Liverpool," responded Captain O'Brine, adding, to me: "He's in a hurry to find out where we'll carry him to," resuming through his trumpet, to the stranger, as an unintelligible hail reached us:

"What say?"

"How are ye, O'Brine?"

"That's some one who knows us," remarked the captain, replacing his trumpet, and responding:

"I'm well. Who are you?"

"I'll tell ye when I get aboard," was the reply from one of the boats, which then shoved off from the burning ship, and was soon under our gangway, when in the first man who mounted our side, both Captain O'Brine and I recognized as Captain Joel Brown, of the ship *Three Bells*, which had loaded at the same pier with us in Charleston, sailing only three days advance of us, from that port.

"Why, Captain Brown!" exclaimed both Captain O'Brine and myself, as the former leaped from our rail inboard.

"Yes, that's me, come to claim a passage, as you see, for myself and crew, to old England."

"To which you are welcome," rejoined my superior, extending his hand, which was clasped by his unwilling guest, in a pressure which betrayed much more readily than his bearing, the agony he was suffering.

"Ah, how are you, Alcorn?" he resumed, extending his hand. "Look out for my boys, will you?" and again addressing my superior, he added: "Permit me, O'Brine," and led the way to the cabin, whither the latter followed him.

I welcomed his mates heartily, they and I being old acquaintance, and having seen their men all out of the boats, three in number, I issued orders to have them taken on board, and leaving the second mate to attend to the execution of the order, led them aft where we could gaze at the destruction of their noble ship, demanding how she caught, and when they discovered the fire.

"There you have palled me," said Mr. Chadbourne, adding: "We discovered the fire this morning, and might long before, if we had only adopted measures to ascertain the cause of the unusual heat which prevailed in all parts of the ship, for at least ten days. It drove us from the poop-cabin and the men from the fore-castle, last night; so, believing something to be wrong, I off hatches this morning, at four, A. M., but clapped them on again in a hurry, I tell you, when I saw the volume of smoke which burst out. We sent—"

"By Heaven! we're in the same fix!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, as the firm conviction that such was the fact, forced itself upon my mind.

"In the same fix! You don—"

But I waited to hear no more. Clearing the half-deck ladder at a bound, I doubled the corner of the after-house and rushed full butt against Captain O'Brine, who had just emerged from the cabin in search of me.

Recovering himself, he exclaimed in a hurried whisper: "Call the carpenter and off with the quarter-hatch forward. I'm afraid the ship's afire!"

"I know she is!" was my thrilling and whispered response, as I hurried forward, calling the carpenter as I went.

With the aid of a chisel and hatchet we started the starboard and end battens, and turning back the tarpaulin, started one of the quarter-hatches, when a light blue smoke instantly burst through the midship-seam, assuring me that our fears were but too well founded.

"There's fire where that came from," exclaimed the carpenter, adding: "Shall I take the hatch off?"

"No, no! Hold fast, for your life! Recanlk it and batten it down as quickly as possible."

"Yes, yes, secure it instantly!" exclaimed Captain O'Brine, who, with Captain Brown, had joined us unperceived.

"Rig the force pump at once, Mr. Alcorn, and have the decks scuttled, as speedily as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir. Aft, there! Rig the force pumps, two of you! How are those boats, Mr. Bunker?"

"Hooking on the last, sir."

"Very well. Bear a hand with her; we've work for all hands!" and approaching him, I placed my lips to his ear, adding in a whisper: "The ship's on fire—hiss! keep cool! Let them learn it by degrees!" I continued, as he started, apparently about to betray all by an exclamation, adding aloud: "Does any one know where the ship's augers are?"—we had several on board, found in the vessel when resigned by the builders.

"Yes, sir, I put them away in the bos'n's locker, as you ordered," rejoined one of the men.

"Well, get them out at once, my man. We must use them to some purpose, presently."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the man, hurrying off to obey the order, while several of the crew demanded of each other, "What's up? What does the mate want augers for?"

The force pump was reported "all ready" at this instant, and simultaneous with the words, the last boat showed its gunwale above the rail, when I resumed: "Drop those falls, four hands, and plug those main-deck-scuppers, fore and aft!"

Four hands sprung to obey the order, when one of the oldest and most experienced of our men exclaimed:

"Ha, ha! Plug the scuppers, ay! The ship aint afire, is she, Mr. Alcorn?"

Receiving no reply, he resumed: "I'm blowed if I didn't think so. Tight scuppers and flooded decks and we'll carry her safe to port."

The boat swung inboard at this instant, when I resumed: "Fall back from the falls, the larboard watch! Six of you, man the force pumps! Lay for'ard the others. Rig and start the

head pumps"—we had two, a number seldom seen on shipboard, one being deemed sufficient for all requirements.

By this time the real cause of these preparations was generally known, but created no confusion; those assigned to the pumps taking their stations at the brakes and commencing their task as coolly as if pumping for the ordinary purpose of washing decks.

I now detailed a party for the purpose of drawing water alongside, at which task they were busily engaged ere a lapse of many minutes, under the direction of Mr. Bunker, when, distributing the augers to the remainder, I directed them to commence aft at the cabin gangway, and bore four lines of holes through the deck, taking particular pains to avoid the deck beams and cabin timbers, and at a distance from each other not less than three feet.

The recent addition to our number, had placed quite an effective force at my command, and as each man exerted himself to the utmost, we soon had the main-deck flooded to the depth of six inches, when Captain O'Brine ordered the ship to be kept away, and all sail to be made.

I detailed one half of the combined crew to the duty, the remainder continuing at the pumps and scuttling the deck, in which some three hundred holes were bored by the time the last studding sheet was belayed.

In obedience to my superior's orders, I now mustered the crews of both ships, and combining the watches, sent the larboard watch below, eight bells being struck nearly an hour previous, and having subjected every portion of the deck to examination, and ordered the fore-castle scuttle to be closed to exclude the air, I sought my room, accompanied by Mr. Chadbourne, but not to indulge in slumber. No, that was impossible. With a smouldering volcano beneath us, from which we were separated only by a hard and highly inflammable pine plank, and which might at any moment burst forth, sleep was out of the question; so, after making a somewhat voluminous entry in the log, of the incidents of the last few hours, I sat down with my companion, to calculate on our chances of reaching port.

In this manner, and with a relation, by him, of the incidents preceding, attending and succeeding the discovery of the fire on board the ship *Three Bells*, we passed away the time until eight bells, when we again repaired on deck to take part in the contest with the all-devouring element.

Finding but little water on deck, the greater portion having made its way into the hold, I ordered the auger-holes, amidships and forward, to be plugged up tight, to prevent the air from obtaining a passage below, leaving no holes open in the deck but such as were kept continually under water. Assured that we had water enough in the hold, I stopped the head pumps, and manning the ship's pumps, commenced to pump the water already shipped, in the manner described, back to the deck, that it might return below as before. By this means I was enabled to flood the deck once more, gradually affording the water passage to the hold, by the withdrawal of the plugs at intervals, until it reached the maximum, at which the pumps could keep up the supply on deck.

It was now broad daylight, the sun being well up, while the scene on which he shone well nigh baffles description. The wind had died away almost to a dead calm soon after we filled away, leaving us nearly becalmed in the vicinity of the *Three Bells*, which had now burned almost to the water's edge, the surface of the smooth sea being strewn for miles, with burning bales, and half burned, blackened bunches of cotton. Our deck likewise presented a thrilling scene to the beholder. From over two hundred auger-holes therein, the smoke and steam from below came bubbling forth, and in the still air enshrouding us in a dense cloud of vapor, dispelled at intervals, as some strong breath of wind raised it, filling our canvass and forcing us a few yards, or perchance a half furlong onward.

At length the watch below were piped to breakfast, during which a fresh breeze sprung up from the west-southwest, when, with stunsails on both sides, we began to move at a brisk rate through the water, the smooth sea tending to accelerate our speed, while the extreme steadiness with which our ship moved onward permitted an equal distribution of water over all parts of the vessel.

Throughout that, and for three succeeding days, the wind continued steady, while by keeping the deck continually flooded, we had apparently checked the progress, if not gained entire control of the fire below, when the gale veered to northwest, increasing to a fresh gale, and obliging us to reduce sail to double-reefed topsails, foresail, innerjib and spanker, under which the ship heeled to starboard so far as to render abortive further contention with the devouring element.

The gale continuing fresh and steady for thirty-six hours, Captain O'Brine ordered all sail to be clewed up, and the ship kept away, dead before it, when all hands were turned to at pumps and buckets, and one hundred additional holes bored in the deck, which had now become so hot as to be extremely uncomfortable.

We remained engaged in this labor for ten hours, the ship drifting slowly to the southeast during that period, when deeming the fire sufficiently checked for a time, we again set double-reefed topsails, whole courses, jib and spanker, hauling the ship's head to east-northeast, and plugging all the auger-holes, when we once more moved at a brisk pace toward merrie England, from the shores of which we were still four hundred and thirty miles distant, by observation.

At noon the following day, the gale subsided to a gentle breeze, but left such a sea running as rendered unavailing all our attempts to pass the desirable quantity of water. Yet we persevered in our efforts until evening, when the wind veered to southeast, blowing a steady breeze, to which we trimmed our canvass, shaking out the last reef and setting topgallant sails, when with our yards sharp up on the larboard tack, we were enabled to make good a course,

about northeast by east half-east, which, if persevered in, would carry us a few miles to the northward of Cape Clear, obliging us to tack in order to weather the cape.

Our position was now by no means desirable, nor was our prospect at all cheering, as a thick fog closed in around us—a sure forerunner of a gale from southeast—rendering us entirely dependent on our dead reckoning for a knowledge of our whereabouts.

The gale came on, when after a brief consultation, we hove to on the larboard tack, taking the needful precaution to have the boats stowed with necessary provisions and water, and ready to launch at a moment's warning, should the progress of the fire compel us to adopt such an alternative. This we were spared, however, although the gale lasted forty-eight hours, when the weather moderated, and the fog lifting, disclosed to our view the Irish land, distant some twenty miles, and stretching away to the east-southeast, where it terminated in the bold headland which forms the southern extremity of the green island.

We wore ship instantly and made sail on the starboard tack, on which we stood for eight hours, when the wind chopped into the westward, enabling us to square the yards and gather headway; skirting the Irish coast, until to the eastward of the cape, when we bore up for Tuskar, Captain O'Brine being resolved to run for Liverpool—our destination—or, in event of failing to effect a harbor there, Dublin Bay, in preference to entering Cove harbor.

We made and passed Tuskar light in safety, twenty eight hours after entering the chops of the channel, and had edged her off a point for Holyhead, when the wind again veered to southeast, bringing up another dense fog, which, added to the horror of our situation, was now trying in the extreme.

For the last five days we had been disabled by the rough weather from any effective contest with the fire, which, judging from the prevalent heat, was on the point of breaking out in several parts of the vessel, which fact added in no small measure to our annoyance, as we contemplated the probability of being obliged to abandon our noble vessel to the destroyer, almost within sight of our destined port. But Providence otherwise ordered it. While consulting on the safest measures to be adopted, we were cheered by a view of the steam-packet *Iron Duke*, bound to Dublin, as she altered her course to avoid collision, hailing us for information as to our destination, etc.

Captain O'Brine instantly made known our situation, asking assistance, which was speedily rendered in the shape of a twelve inch hawser, which we passed through our bow cleck and clinched round our foremast, when the steamer run off some forty or fifty fathoms, and catching a turn with her end of the hawser, we were off in her wake, bound to Dublin Bay.

With the aid of our canvass, we proved but little detriment to the steamer, which dropped us at Queenstown, eight hours after taking us in tow, when running the ship into six fathoms, we let go the best bower, and in less than half an hour had the water spinning through the ship's side, through six two-inch auger-holes, bored beneath the water line. These, with the holes on deck, which we kept open to admit the supply furnished by the force and head-pumps, soon filled the ship, when she settled to the bottom, leaving but a few inches of her gunwale free at high water.

We lay in this position a week, when a steam-pump was placed on board, and the ship pumped out, the holes in her side effectually plugged, and where we were safely docked on the nineteenth day after discovering the fire, which had probably smouldered unsuspected, from the hour of leaving port, forty-three days previous.

The hatches were soon off and the stvedores engaged in discharging the ship, which by order of the dock committee had been hauled into Collingwood dock, then new, unoccupied, and but recently opened, and where two fire engines were placed in attendance, as a guard against any latent fire which might remain unextinguished.

This latter measure, at which we laughed as absurd at first, proved very necessary eventually, for on breaking up the second tier, in the "tween-decks," strong indications of fire became apparent, and soon after a truckman having deposited a half burnt bale from that tier, in the freight shed, it burst into a bright blaze, verifying the oft asserted fact, that pressed cotton, once ignited, cannot be extinguished by common methods. In over a hundred instances the cotton began to blaze after being conveyed to the shed, rendering the utmost vigilance necessary to prevent the destruction of the whole, while our ship, upon being discharged, was discovered to have been burnt to a shell, her lower deck being in many places burned to a cinder, and all more or less charred, while in view of the fact we felt grateful to Heaven, which interposed to save us, when menaced in the gale by a danger of which we had no intimation, to wit: the foundering of the ship; little, if anything existing, to prevent such a catastrophe, as her lower deck was so weakened by the fire as to be of little service.

I say we were grateful to Heaven for its interposition in our behalf. But none of our number were more so than Captain Brown, his officers and gallant crew, who in taking refuge with us, had exchanged the fire for the frying-pan, and in so doing, experienced the pleasure of a double escape.

Try for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession, and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up; and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

COLOR AND TEMPERATURE OF THE OCEAN.

It is a commonly observed fact that the usual color of the ocean is a bluish green, of a darker tint at a distance from land, and clearer toward the shores. According to Dr. Scoresby, the hue of the Greenland sea varies from ultramarine blue to olive green, and from the purest transparency to great opacity. The surface of the Mediterranean, in its upper part, is said to have, at times, a purple tint. In the Gulf of Guinea the sea sometimes appears white: about the Maldivé islands black; and near California it has a reddish appearance. Various causes must of course co-operate to produce this diversity of tint. The prevailing blue color is generally ascribed to the greater refrangibility of the blue rays of light, which, by reason of that property, pass in greatest abundance through the water. The other colors are ascribed to the existence of vast numbers of minute animalculæ—to marine vegetables at or near the surface—to the color of the soil, the infusion of earthy substances—and very often the tint is modified by the aspect of the sky. The phosphorescent, or slimy appearance of the ocean, which is a common phenomenon, is also ascribed to animalculæ and to semi-putrescent matter diffused through the water. The temperature of the ocean also exhibits some peculiar and interesting phenomena. Within the tropics the mean temperature is about eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, and generally ranges between seventy-seven and eighty-four degrees. At these depths the temperature is probably nearly the same under every latitude. In the torrid zone it is found to diminish with the depth, while in the polar seas it increases with the depth.

FRIENDS IN PROSPERITY.

One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided, was a pretence, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity these superficial earthlings are mere specks on the horizon! But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our sides real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.—*North American Review.*

HORACE VERNET IN HIS STUDIO.

This illustrious painter of battle-pieces is really a colonel in the National Guard, but so strong is his sympathy with the military subject he so marvellously illustrates, that he believes himself destined some day to head a campaign, if not to become a marshal of France. I once had the good luck to see this great artist at work. He was painting the battle of Isly, and no one was present save the celebrated Isabey and myself. The picture was of immense dimensions, and Vernet stood on a ladder painting, which he descended rapidly every few minutes, and running off some twenty yards, eyed the effect, talking volubly all the time. His finest touches were given with astonishing celerity, and Isabey was constantly thrown into ecstasies of admiration. To see Vernet paint, whilst Isabey criticised, was a treat not to be met with every day.—*A New Yorker in the Foreign office.*

Corruption is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling, it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling; and all that corruption attracts, it also retains; for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch, than having yielded, to regain it.

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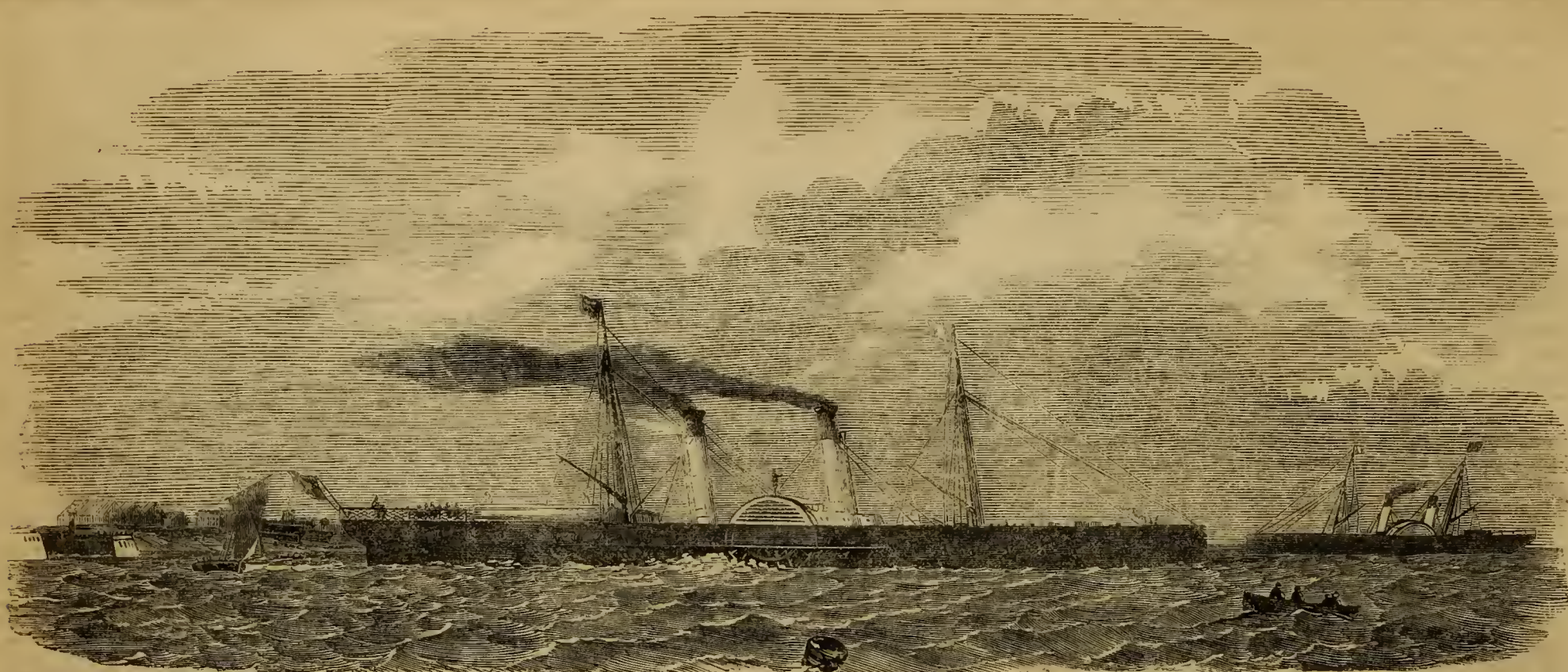
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THE NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE PACKET ORLEANS.

THE NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE PACKET ORLEANS.

In these days, rapid communication—from sea to sea, from nation to nation, from village to village—seems to be the aim of half the skill and invention of the world. On the earth, and in the waters under the earth, and even on the earth under the waters, some new contrivance for the annihilation of time and space is constantly seen; and the gain of an hour in transit east, west, north or south, is hailed with as much satisfaction as if the only road we mortals travel were the road to perfect bliss. We Yankees are a fast people, and claim to possess the speediest modes of locomotion known—yet when we hear of sixty and seventy miles an hour on an English railroad, we may question whether we are the fastest as well as the “greatest nation in all creation.” In the maritime picture now before us we have a representation of the steam packet Orleans, huilt to ply between the port of Newhaven, England, and that of Dieppe, France, and which is claimed to be the fastest sea-going craft afloat. The Orleans is 190 feet long, 21 feet broad, and depth moulded 11 feet. She has two oscillating cylinders of 48 inches, and four and six inches stroke. This steamer, on her trial trip, ran very nearly nineteen miles an hour; but what is still more remarkable is, that on one of her regular voyages between Dieppe and Newhaven, she accomplished the entire distance at an average speed of eighteen miles an hour, though she had nearly two hundred passengers and their baggage on board. The Orleans is certainly a saucy-looking craft, with her sharp bows and raking masts and chimneys, and seems capable of doing all that is claimed for her. What an improvement she is on the old tubs that used to roll passengers, rather than carry them, from England to France! Dieppe, by the way, to which this steamer runs, is a quaint old Norman town, with a famous old church and castle, and having considerable commerce. It was founded by fishermen in the fourteenth century. Canada was discovered by the inhabitants of Dieppe, and it is worthy of note that the first French settlers on the coast of Africa were from this place.

BRAHMIN STUDENTS.

The second picture on this page represents two Brahmin students in their characteristic costume. The interest now felt in the affairs of India, renders an illustration like this particularly interesting. The Brahmins form the first of the four castes of Hindoos. They claim to have proceeded from the mouth of Brahma, the creator. They form the sacred or sacerdotal caste, and its members have enjoyed more power and influence than the priests of any other nation on the face of the globe. Their great prerogative is that of being the sole depositaries and interpreters of the Vedas or sacred books. There are seven subdivisions of the Brahmins, which derive their origin from seven penitents, personages of great antiquity and remarkable purity, who are said to have rebuked the gods themselves for their irregularities. A Brahmin should pass through four states. The first begins at the age of about seven, when the duty of the Brahmachari, or

young novice, consists in learning to read and write, studying the Vedas, and becoming familiar with the privileges of his caste, and all points of corporeal purity. Thus he is taught his right to ask alms, to be exempted from taxes, and from capital and even corporeal punishment. Earthen vessels, belonging to Brahmins, when used for profane persons, or for certain purposes, must be broken. Leather and skins of animals, and most animals themselves, are impure, and must not be touched by them. They are not allowed to eat flesh and eggs. The Brahmin is also taught to entertain a horror of the defilement of the soul by sin; and rules for purification by ablutions, penances and various ceremonies, are prescribed. The second state begins with his marriage, when he is called Grihastha. Marriage is necessary to his respectability. His daily duties become more numerous and must be more strictly performed. Regular ablutions, fasting and many minute observances become requisite. The Brahmins, however,

engage in secular employments, politics, commerce, etc. The third state is that of the Vana-Prasthas, or inhabitants of the desert, which is now, however, seldom reached. They were honored by kings, and respected even by the gods. Retiring to the forest, green herbs, roots and fruit were their food; reading the Vedas, bathing morning, noon and evening, and the practice of the most rigorous penances were prescribed. “Let the Vana-Prastha,” says Menow, in the Institutes, “slide backwards and forwards on the ground, or stand the whole day on tip-toe, or continue rising and sitting down alternately; in the hot season, let him sit exposed to five fires; in the rain, let him stand uncovered; in the cold season, let him wear wet garments; then, having stored up his holy fires in his mind, let him live without external fire, without a shelter, wholly silent, and feeding on roots and fruit. When he shall thus have become void of fear and sorrow, and shaken off his body, he rises to the divine essence.” The fourth state is that of

a Sannyasi, in which new and severer penances are to be performed—suppressing the breath, standing on the head, and other such ceremonies, till the devoted patient rises to a participation in the divine nature. The sanctity and inviolability of a Brahmin are maintained in the eyes of his countrymen by the most severe penalties. The murder of one of the order, or robbing him, is an inextinguishable sin; the killing of his cow can only be atoned for by a painful penance. To some travellers it appears that the number of Brahmins respectable for knowledge and virtue is very small; that the great body of them are devoted to ambition, intrigue and voluptuousness, and that their character is disgraced by avarice, meanness and cruelty. Their charity extends only to those of their own caste. The objects of their worship, besides those of their innumerable gods, are almost every species of animal, and a variety of malignant demons. The transmigration of souls is one of their essential doctrines, and they believe in the existence of a hell. Some of the ceremonies of the Brahminical worship are horrible; some are more debasing than the orgies of Bacchus. The sacrifices commonly consist of vegetables, but animals are sometimes sacrificed, and the burning of widows was a relic of the horrid practice of offering human victims. This was years ago suppressed by the British government, though the priests warmly resented interference with a practice sanctioned by the use of ages. The worship of Brahma, the creator, and the first person in the Hindoo Trinity, is regarded as the oldest religious observance in Hindostan. The priests of Brahma are very numerous.

ELEPHANT BATTERY.

To our gallery of curious Oriental scenes we add, on the next page, a representation of an elephant battery on the march. The ordnance and stores in Indian armies are usually drawn by bullocks, but the guns of large calibre have a pair of elephants harnessed to each, tandemwise, as shown in the engraving. In the earlier Indian wars it was deemed impracticable to use elephants for regular draught, for, although wonderfully sagacious and teach-



BRAHMIN STUDENTS, INDIA.



ELEPHANT BATTERY ON THE MARCH IN INDIA.

able, this animal seems to entertain certain prejudices which in some instances he defends with as much obstinacy as if he were a Hindoo or a Mussulman. The elephant was then employed in carrying the larger tents and other camp equipage, and in assisting the guns in very sandy, miry, steep or difficult places. This task was accomplished by the application of the proboscis to some portion of the gun or its carriage, pushing or pulling it forward with perfect ease. A writer of that day remarks—"The sagacity of these animals is wonderful, their tractability no less so. They follow the first gun, relieve the weight from the bullocks, fall to one side, then repeat their assistance to the second, and so on;

they will even occasionally chastise the bullocks with their trunks when they do not pull kindly." Their assistance was found of so much value on these occasions that it naturally suggested the idea of using their immense strength in a more regular way, for the transit of ordnance. An attempt was accordingly made some years ago to harness and break in the elephant for drawing large guns; the experiment was attended with complete success, and since then elephant batteries were formed, and have been extensively employed in many important military expeditions. In the capture of Lucknow the elephant guns are especially referred to as contributing much to the success of that important undertaking.

COCK-FIGHTING AT MANILLA.

The favorite sport of the people of Manilla is shown in the second engraving on this page. The scene is an enclosure in which the maus are fought in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, native and foreign, many sturdy Britons and cute Yankees being among the lookers-on. The eagerness of the amateurs is well hit off in the sketch, as well as the coolness of the two Chinamen, who with the inevitable cheroot in their mouths, are pitting the gallant and warlike birds against each other. Civilization has not, we believe, taught these barbarians to arm the heels of these birds with steel gaffs—they fight with the weapons nature gave them.



COCK-FIGHTING IN MANILLA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES,

Written upon hearing the sound of a distant church bell.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I know that round life's desert way
The skies not always mourn in gray,
I know that angels' forms are said
To hang around our nightly bed,
I well believe that earth is fair,
Though shadowed oft with gloom and care;
Yes—I have known the joys of life,
Its hours of peace as well as strife,
I've turned aside from mournful graves,
To toss on pleasure's giddy waves,
I've wept o'er hopes of buried years,
And then, the wine-cup held my tears;
I've seen the joys of life decay,
And others sought, more bright than they;
And yet, I never knew an hour
More fair than this in holy power,—
I never knew this heavenly peace,
Which grants from care such sweet release!

'Tis Sabbath morn, and Sabbath skies
Greet everywhere my longing eyes;
My thought is true—they nearer bend,
As if to earth they would descend.
I almost catch the gleaming bright
Of silver wings beyond their light;
And here, below, all things are fair,
No tumult breaks the Sabbath air;
Weary of toil, fatigued with play,
Nature and man must rest to-day!
That blissful sound! I've heard it oft,
And listened to its cadence soft;
Its echoes dwell around my heart
Like friends from whom I may not part;
And still I hear the chiming swell,
The volcings of the Sabbath bell!

Sweet Sabbath bells—in other lands
I've listened to thy sweet commands,
And turned my thoughts from earthly themes,
As sinless then as in my dreams!
Thy echoes sweet, thy solemn tone,
My spirit claims as all its own;
And still thy earnest chimings dwell
Within my breast, sweet Sabbath bell!

O, let it be my earnest prayer,
To Him from whom all blessings are,
That when my eyes shall close on earth,
My lips forget their wonted mirth,
My cold hands lie across my breast,
This wayward heart at last find rest,
My soul may leave this house of clay
On such another Sabbath day!
That when my spirit seeks its flight,
Beyond the skies, to realms of light,
One earthly sound may speed its way,
And even on life's threshold play;
That still that blissful symphony
The wanderer's guide to heaven may be,
And in that hour thy voice may tell
Of joy and peace, sweet Sabbath bell!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EASTER SUNDAY TRAGEDY.

BY HERNERT LINTON.

DURING the pontificate of Innocent III., the deadly feud between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines was lulled into something like repose. More zealous for the cause of discipline and morality than for the extension of his own power, Innocent had established leagues under his protection, comprehending the cities near Rome, formerly under the German sway. The legates whom he despatched to the different posts, convoked diets, and those diets settled any differences that might arise.

Among the cities that accepted the protection of the pope was Florence. The purity and sanctity of the character of Innocent, the reputation for learning and wisdom which he deservedly enjoyed, and his strong will, which awed the kings of Europe and made them submit quietly to his dictum, were guarantees of the potency of his protection; and already several noble Florentine families had demanded the rights of citizenship, and peace seemed brooding like a dove on banners which had hitherto been only stained with blood.

While thus the tiger slept, and flowers seemed to crown his brow, a cloud was brooding over the quiet of Florence. Giovanni Buondelmonte, a Guelph noble, residing in the upper vale of Arno, paid his addresses to Ida Amidei, the daughter of a wealthy Ghibeline. The beauty and station of the young heiress of the house of Amidei justified the choice of the noble suitor, and preparations were going forward on the most liberal scale for the celebration of the marriage. No fairer flower ever bloomed beneath the warm sky of Italy than Ida Amidei. The rich olive of her complexion was relieved by a rosy flush that struggled up through the pure skin like the gleam of a ruby through a crystal vase. An only daughter, she was perfectly worshipped by her parents, and the only consideration upon which they would consent to her marriage, was the promise of spending half the year in her paternal home. The bridegroom cleft consented, and the time passed swiftly away in the full perspective of a happy union at the end of a few months.

Buondelmonte had been spending a few hours at the Amidei palace, and was walking homeward, his eyes bent on the ground, doubtless in contemplation of his approaching happiness. Pass-

ing by the palace of the Donati, a woman's voice gave him kindly greeting. From the arched window a veiled face looked down and bade him enter. Although unacquainted with the family personally, he yet knew them as Guelphs like himself, and he obeyed her summons readily. She met him at the door and drew him into a room where several of her women were embroidering. It was the lady of the palace herself who had thus conducted him. Surprise took from him all power of speech, and he could only look from one to the other as if in a dream.

The lady impelled him towards a veiled figure, and raising the veil, disclosed a face of dazzling and bewildering loveliness. Even the image of Ida Amidei paled and faded before this vision of beauty. All the poetry which existed in the mind of Buondelmonte failed to utter any adequate description of that face—its perfect contour, its purity and dignity. It was a new revelation to the ardent Italian. All that he had ever dreamed of—all that his fancy believed was realized in the lady of his love, fell far short of what he now saw. Yet he gazed in silence, unable to comprehend why he had been brought into contemplation of so exquisite a picture. The beautiful eyes filled with tears at his gaze; the soft lips parted, and a sob of mingled pride and mortification seemed to issue from them; but it only increased the charm of her beauty. The elder lady smiled at the apparent success of her scheme. Turning to her involuntary visitor, she said:

"Look well upon this face; it is that of my child. Know that I had reserved her for your wife. Like yourself, she is a Guelph; while the daughter of the Amidei is one who belongs among the enemies of your race and your church."

With that bewildering, dazzling face before him, the Italian could but bow before its enchanting spell. Upon that hand whose creamy whiteness and perfect shape made a picture in itself, he bowed for a moment in silent communing with himself, and then raising his head he poured forth all his homage and the renunciation of all former vows to Ida Amidei—to her who at that moment was sitting in her perfumed apartment where he had left her, weeping at the excess of her own happiness. And Giovanni accepted the hand offered by the mother of Ianthé Donati, and thus the misery of one who truly loved him was sealed.

How deep was the resentment of the noble family of Amidei may be but dimly imagined. Deeply sympathizing with their wrongs, twenty-four other Ghibeline families entered at once upon their cause. Ida Amidei was the representative of their class, and through her every Ghibeline was insulted and must be avenged. In a private room at the palace the fathers, sons and brothers of every noble lady belonging to Ida's set, met and discussed the deep affront which had been received. They decided that nothing but the offender's blood could wash away the stain, and it was agreed, that as he would not marry her to whom he was solemnly betrothed, he should not live to wed with Ianthé Donati.

At the house of the latter, all that wealth or taste or ostentation could suggest, was in preparation for the marriage. Every one seemed in high spirits save the principal person—the bride herself. She sat in her darkened chamber and wept at the unhappiness of another. In the brief and tearful glance which she had taken of Giovanni Buondelmonte, no feeling of preference, but rather one of repulsion, had arisen in her heart. She had heard of his betrothal to Ida, and every generous principle of her nature revolted against being a party to such an exchange of affections. All the persuasions of her proud and haughty mother, who had set her heart on this alliance, did but disgust her the more at this heartless traffic of her hand; and she was prepared to resist it, even to the point of being disinherited by her mother. She even secretly wrote a note to Ida, disclaiming any share in the transaction, and expressing her utter distaste for one so fickle as Buondelmonte. It was a gleam of hope in the young girl's heart, for, strange to say, even the infidelity of her lover did not wean her heart from him.

In the character of Giovanni there were many elements of goodness—many of sterling worth; but vanity and indecision spoiled him. Ida had just learned this defect in his character, yet it did not diminish her love. She was frantic at the idea of the determined vengeance which her friends had sworn against him, and which they had unguardedly avowed before her. She wrote back to Ianthé Donati to watch and guard her lover if possible; and at night these two young and beautiful beings met stealthily by moonlight, disguised as peasant girls, to concert some measure to avert danger and death for one so false and fickle. Strange community of feeling in two so differently situated—the loved and the forsaken. It was the night before Easter Sunday; and when the two women parted, there was deep grief and a sad sense of desolation on the part of one of them, and of terror on the other, at the disastrous consequence of her own betrothal.

Sunday morning came. The churches were filled to overflowing to celebrate Easter; but a few were lingering around the streets, though in scattered or detached parties, or lounging in the shadow of the statue of Mars at the Ponte Vecchio.

"I wonder where he lingers?" said a tall, dark Florentine, who had once aspired to the hand of Ida Amidei. "We must despatch business before the churches disgorge, or we shall lose our prize after all."

"Giannettino wants to revenge his own private wrongs at the same time, I am thinking," whispered another. "I remember that two years ago his vanity made him believe that the fair Ida would not refuse to listen to him."

"Now, by the heavens!" exclaimed Giannettino Doria, "thither rides the very man we wait for!"

"Where?—where?" was the eager question from every lip.

"Just coming round the point yonder! Quick!—be ready to attack him!"

True enough, on a superb Arabian which he had imported for his own use, and which was glittering with its costly trappings, came Buondelmonte, with head erect, and looking as if he would "witch the world with noble horsemanship." As the silver mountings flashed in the sun, so flashed the swords of the nobles, now gathered in one group; so flashed they, too, as they pierced the form so proud and active but a few moments before. He lay on the ground covered with wounds, but with his handsome face undisfigured, turned upward in the soft, sweet sunshine of that Sabbath morning. O, how would the mother that bore him, or the maiden who loved him, have borne that sight!

With hair and veils disordered, and the marble hue of terror upon their faces, hand in hand to support their fainting steps, came Ida Amidei and Ianthé Donati. The first came shrieking aloud; the other fell down upon the body in all the stern, silent, marble grief which befitted her lofty character. They clasped Ida in their arms, and tried to bear her away; but their eyes fell before the sublime look of the Donati. Death had endeared Giovanni to her heart.

"Leave us!" she said, waving them away. "He is hers in death, as in life. You have killed him; you have killed this child also. She is *your* child, I think!" she continued, addressing an old man, who from the resemblance she believed to be Ida's father. "You have killed her, old man, as surely as if you had thrust your sword into her heart! Ida, dear Ida! leave them; they are unworthy of you or me. Let us watch beside Giovanni until death comes for us too."

* * * * *

She *did* die—that forsaken girl who clung still to the memory of her faithless lover; but Ianthé Donati lived with the memory of that night ever upon her; lived to see him deeply, terribly avenged. Forty-two families of the Guelphs swore to avenge him, and then followed that dreadful period in which, for thirty years, Florence was bathed in blood. "Every day some new murder, some new battle" took place within the city, until from the blood of Giovanni Buondelmonte a thousand streams had deluged Florence.

At the window of an upper room in the palace of the Donati, a woman, pale and thin, but with a stern nobleness of face, sat daily for more than thirty years after this event. The long black hair which had once adorned Ianthé Donati's head, was now white as silver. The eyes, once like diamonds in their flashing beauty, were now bent on a little desk before her. Upon it were a miniature of the dead Giovanni, and a slip of yellow, time-worn parchment signed Ida Amidei. The simple meal of bread and olives would sometimes set untouched for hours, in which she dwelt on that awful tragedy, while her earnest gaze would be fixed upon these solitary mementoes of two who had met and parted, and met again only in death. It was only after long years of a desolation too sad to contemplate, of years in which the lofty intellect almost gave way under the load of remembered agony; only after the frail body had become weaker than the noble soul could sustain, that she placed her hand in that of the faithful attendant of her childhood, and implored her to bury these memorials in the coffin with the attenuated body so soon to occupy it.

"When yonder star fades," she said, pointing to one which was going rapidly down, "I shall be in heaven."

She had prophesied her death before, when lying by the dead body of Giovanni, but now she was not mistaken. She clasped the faithful hand closer, as if she would receive from it support through the dark valley, and then all at once loosing her clasp, the attendant saw that she was dead—no, translated into life eternal!

ENGLAND'S STRENGTH.

England is not quite so unprotected as some may think, and as many say she is. In one week we might assemble at Spithead or Cherbourg Roads fifteen sail of powerful screw ships of the line, including some of the most powerful now afloat, and in a fortnight twenty-five sail of the line, with large frigates and steamships. These ships would be in efficient fighting condition, and would speedily be fully manned. They are now, in part, distributed along our seacoast; but the electric telegraph would in a short space of time concentrate the whole at any given point. Independent of our war ships, we have some hundred merchant steamers calculated to bear an effective armament; and, as we have often stated, an unprovoked or aggressive movement on the part of an enemy would be sufficient to kindle a flame of patriotism in the breasts of thousands now engaged in peaceful occupations, and stimulate them to volunteer their services to fight for their homes and firesides. We repeat, therefore, that Cherbourg is not an object calculated to occasion any unpleasant feeling in our breasts.—*United Service Gazette.*

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

All in the good time coming
The happy days are placed;
And down the paths of distance
My feet in faery paced,
And walked the magic meadows,
And pleasant vales that graced
The land we call Enchanted,
To which we fain would haste.

But ere my heart was conscious
Of passing time, my feet
Were on the ground enchanted,
Where all life's glories meet;
There bloomed the snow-white jasmiao,
There grew the rosemary sweet,
And the amaranthine branches
Hung over the nodding wheat.

There were tokens, signs and symbols,
Of a wealth that is not told
By three per cents or consols
Or piles of yellow gold;
And the faces of the dwellers
Were of beauty's rarest mould—
Traces left of Eden's glory
Ere the serpent sought the fold.

And the good time, fixed so distant,
And the land enchanted, placed
Far beyond the arid desert
Of affection run to waste,
Now has come and now is trodden,
And the meed of life I taste,
In a sweeter bliss of loving
Than the lost years ever graced.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RUDOLF OF WERDENBERG.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

AFTER the disastrous defeat of the Austrians, in the valley of St. Gallen, by the Appenzellers, Duke Frederic rested, uncertain what to do. The cities would not fight again in the quarrel of the Abbot Kuno, to sustain whose rights the war had been waged. The abbot feeling vexed at his defeat, counselled another attack. To these counsels the duke wisely turned a deaf ear, and Abbot Kuno, to gain his own ends, heaped insults and injuries upon the cities and on the Appenzellers, who, believing all trouble at an end, had returned to their peaceful homes. Injury was heaped upon injury, till the brave men, unable to bear more, destroyed all the abbot's castles in their country and ravaged his domains. His end was gained, and, burning with rage, Abbot Kuno sought the duke.

"Your errand, sir abbot?" asked the duke, surprised and displeased by the sudden interruption.

"I come for aid. Appenzell will become a second Switzerland if let alone."

"Peace; blood enough has been shed in your cause. Let the peasants alone."

"It cannot be. My castles have been destroyed, my dominions ravaged."

"How?"

"True, sire, the peasants have become insubordinate; and let me warn you that unless prevented, Appenzell will join the Confederates, and the nobility and Austria will lose everything in the upper country."

"Aha! I will reflect upon it. To-morrow I will inform you of my decision."

Thus dismissed, the abbot left dissatisfied. The next day Duke Frederic promised, and assembled many noble knights and a large army, and dividing his forces, prepared to march against Arbon and St. Gallen, to invade the country in both sides at once.

The news of this threatened invasion filled the brave Appenzellers with consternation, for they did not love war, but would not submit to tyranny. A general assembly was hastily convened, and with sad but determined hearts they prepared to take measures to resist this invasion. Deep denunciations were showered upon the haughty Abbot Kuno, the cause of so much war and bloodshed.

Jacob Hartsch, the hero of the last war, had just finished speaking. His words had been listened to with marked attention, and a deep silence filled the room, for all were thinking. This silence was suddenly disturbed by the abrupt opening of the door. Before any one was aware, a tall, handsome man, richly dressed, stood within the hall. All rose to their feet, for the dress betokened the new-comer as belonging to the nobility, hated and feared by them. For a moment the men stood gazing at the intruder with gloomy eyes and their hands upon their swords. A moment only was lost in the astonishment. One spoke:

"Whence come you?"

"From the valley," was the answer.

"Who are you?" was the next question, fiercely asked.

"If you will listen I will tell you, friends."

The tone was commanding and firm, and the speaker came a few steps further into the room.

"I have been informed that Duke Frederic, incited by Abbot Kuno, is raising troops in the Tyrol to fight against you. Am I mistaken?"

"No, no!" was answered in chorus.

"The oppressed must hold together; therefore I come to you."

"Who are you?"

"You all know me. Behind these rocks is Werdenberg, the inheritance of my fathers; my ancestors were sovereigns in the Rheinthal.* Austrian rapacity has robbed me of everything; nothing is left me but my heart and good sword, which I bring you to-day. Let me remain among you, a free countryman of Appenzell, to live and fight with you."

"Long live brave Rudolf of Werdenberg!" And the shout ascended to heaven.

So spoke the brave, handsome Rudolf of Werdenberg, and thus was he cheered; so spoke he, and laid aside his armor and rich count's dress, put on common shepherd's clothes, and lived among them. Such conduct as this in the heroic warrior pleased them all, and he was made their general-in-chief. The Appenzellers built ramparts in the defiles, and renewed their old alliance with the city of St. Gallen, and prepared as best they could to receive the duke's army.

On a rainy day, June 17th, 1405, the largest body of Duke Frederic's forces marched against the valiant Appenzellers, who with beating hearts awaited their coming. On they came from Allstatten in the Rheinthal, ascending towards the frontiers of Appenzell, and up the Stoss Mountain. On they came, marching in compact lines, shoulder to shoulder, till they reached and began to ascend the mountain sides. Then their lines became broken, for the grass was slippery, being wet with rain, and the mountain side steep. To add to the disorder, the shepherds rolled rocks and trees down from the heights upon them. The distance was but half achieved, when a signal from Rudolf of Werdenberg was given, and the bands of the Appenzellers rushed upon them. Rudolf was at their head, barefooted like the rest of the shepherds, in order to be more sure of foot.

Terrible disorder was in the enemy's ranks, and to increase their trouble, their cross-bows were useless because the strings were slackened by the rain. Thus the fight was only with sword and spear against sword and spear, and an advantage was gained by the hardy mountaineers by their perfect security of foot. The Austrians fought bravely and desperately. Suddenly appeared upon the height a fresh body of Appenzellers, who seemed determined to cut off the Austrians' retreat. Terrified at this new addition to the strength of their enemies, the Austrians turned and fled down the mountain side, fighting as they went.

In the midst of the fight Rudolf looked back and saw standing still on the mountain the body of men whose timely coming had spread such terror through the enemy. Still they stood, never aiding. Rudolf raised his clear, clarion-like voice.

"On, on! Stand not there like cowards! Appenzell to the rescue!"

The men stood still with one exception. The one who seemed to be captain, waving his hand, plunged down the mountain, and in a moment was standing next to Rudolf of Werdenberg.

"Why do your men not follow? Cowards!" exclaimed Rudolf. "Fight on, and question not!" was the haughty answer.

The combat lasted six hours. Blood and rain flowed and mingled in the rushing mountain stream. When the battle was ended, weary and worn, the victorious Appenzellers returned to the Stoss, where the cowardly men still stood. Ever beside Rudolf walked the gallant young captain, who, deserted by his men, had bravely fought. Again Rudolf questioned:

"Had your cowardly band been true Appenzellers, they would have been in the thickest of the fight. Why didn't they follow you?"

"In their presence you shall be answered." And with a quick, firm step, the young captain walked on and reached the top a moment or two before Rudolf.

He turned and met Rudolf. Pointing with one hand to his band, with the other the brave fellow threw aside his cap, saying:

"Rudolf of Werdenberg, you shall be answered now. My men were unable to follow, and my women were unarmed."

All followed the example of the young captain, and threw aside their caps; and Rudolf, looking at the leader, saw the beautiful Edith Hartsch with her wealth of golden hair, unconfined by the cap, floating over her shoulders. He understood it now. They were women. They wished to die for freedom with their husbands, brothers and lovers, or help them conquer.

Far over the valleys rung that proud, joyous shout. The disheartened and defeated Austrians heard it. Joyous were the greetings exchanged; husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and bride, embraced each other. Apart from the crowd stood Edith Hartsch, her beautiful face filled with sadness. Jacob Hartsch and wife stood hand in hand, but Edith stood alone, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the loved brother who fell on the last battle-field. A voice broke in upon her sad thoughts.

"I, too, stand alone. Will not Edith Hartsch give her hand in friendship?"

It was brave Rudolf of Werdenberg who spoke. A bright smile flashed over the beautiful young face, and a merry voice exclaimed:

"Will the leader of warriors clasp the hand of a captain of cowards?"

"The hand belongs to one whose bravery would cancel the name of cowards for many. Women never are cowards."

The little hand was placed unhesitatingly in the one extended, and Edith laughed merrily.

"O, wise leader, henceforth remember that all stones are not dross; some contain gold; and that not in all Appenzell is there a living being—man, woman or child, deserving the name of coward."

"The lesson was a good one, fair Edith, and I yet blush at the remembrance of my unworthy anger."

"It is past now; and after the fatigue of the conflict you need rest. We will go home."

* A valley on the left bank of the Rhine, in the present Canton of St. Gallen.

So spoke the beautiful, brave Edith Hartsch, and she turned to lead the way down the mountain side to the little vine-clad cottage of her father. She had proceeded but a little way, when with a faint cry she sank upon the earth. Rudolf in surprise knelt beside her, and to his horror saw a small stream of blood issuing from her side. Quickly he tore open the shepherd's frock and discovered a deep wound in her breast. A handkerchief had been used to staunch the blood, but had become saturated, and now the crimson tide flowed freely. Binding his own handkerchief over the ghastly wound, Rudolf summoned assistance, which was near at hand. The girl was lifted upon the shoulders of three sturdy shepherds and borne carefully to her home.

For many days Edith lay in great pain and danger. Every day to the cottage door came Rudolf, anxious to hear how fared the young girl who had become very dear to him. Every day also came Henry Kunzli on the same errand. Sometimes the two men met, and anything but friendly were the glances which passed between them. For some time Henry Kunzli had been very attentive to the beautiful Edith, who always received him kindly, but in no wise encouragingly. Days passed, and at last she was pronounced better. A few weeks, and she was able to leave her room and sit in the cottage door, though she looked wan and pale, scarcely more than a shadow.

Calmly pursuing his way towards Jacob Hartsch's cottage was Rudolf of Werdenberg. He walked forward thoughtfully, for he was to see Edith to-day for the first time since he beheld her sink faint and bleeding at his feet. A sudden crackling among the bushes, and Henry Kunzli stood before him, demanding abruptly—

"Where go you—to Edith Hartsch?"

"Yes."

"You shall not!"

"Ah, I shall not—and why?"

"Because I will kill you before you stir one step further!" was the fierce answer.

"Calm yourself, Henry Kunzli, and explain if you can, why you put yourself in this useless rage."

"Talk, talk! You know why I am angry and my blood boils like yonder mountain torrent. I love Edith Hartsch, and you know it; yet you go there, coming softly like the summer wind. You try with your stories of former greatness, with your descriptions of the splendid castle in the Rheinthal, once yours, to win the being I adore from me. But you shall not. I will prove that though a count once, you never will be again. She shall not be yours. Will you go back?"

"No!"

"Then you die!"

"Beware, Henry Kunzli! I am unarmed, and stand fearless before you. Strike if you wish. Appenzell will ring with the cowardly deed; and think you that when the word assassin is branded on your brow, the brave Edith will listen more kindly to your wooing?"

"Fool that I was! Go back, Rudolf of Werdenberg, and leave me alone to win her."

"I cannot do that. Rather let us go together and learn our fate. We both love her, but she alone has the right to choose on whom she will bestow her hand."

"Were you out of the way," answered Henry Kunzli, almost beside himself with rage, "she would have no choice. Here, I throw aside my weapon; man to man we will fight. Behold that precipice! Over the edge into the roaring torrent beneath one of us shall fall. Come!" And with a sudden spring the athletic young shepherd sprang upon Rudolf, who, planting himself firmly, received him and wavered not with the shock.

Together they struggled, Henry endeavoring to throw his rival over into the fearful abyss. Rudolf of Werdenberg, always brave and generous, strove only to save himself—not once did he try to get his antagonist near the edge. Thus the two men struggled on the mountain side, when suddenly a voice exclaimed:

"For the love of God, desist your awful struggle!"

The voice struck to the hearts of both men. Henry Kunzli sprang to his feet, releasing his antagonist whom he had down. Rudolf raised himself on one knee, turned in the direction of the voice, and beheld the pale face and drooping figure of Edith Hartsch, who, standing in the shadow of a huge rock, looked like a ghost. In a clear, sweet voice she spoke:

"Henry Kunzli, why were you fighting?"

"Because I love you, and hate him," he answered, gloomily.

A faint blush spread itself over the pale face, and in a loud voice Edith requested Henry to explain the cause of the fearful struggle she had interrupted. Truthfully the young man explained, and ended by saying:

"Edith, you know all. Now choose between us."

"I cannot. Come home with me, both of you, and you shall have my answer."

"Choose, Edith, or I will throw myself over this precipice!" And Henry took a few paces backwards. "A moment's suspense is worse than death."

The girl grew pale as death. She knew it was no idle threat.

"You shall always be my friend and neighbor—good God!"

The young man waited not; he heard her words; knew that she loved him not, and with a sudden spring he went over the precipice. Edith heard him fall into the water, and knew he was gone from whence he would never return. A wild cry and she fainted. Rudolf raised the thin, light figure in his arms and carried her to her home.

A few weeks, and marriage bells rang merrily over the mountains. Edith Hartsch gave her hand to one whom she had loved long and well; gave her hand without one dark misgiving, to the one by whose side she had fought and bled—to the brave and handsome Rudolf of Werdenberg.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

The accompanying portrait is a good likeness of the Hon. Charles Sumner, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, now absent in Europe from ill health. Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. His father was high sheriff of Suffolk county. Mr. Sumner received his preparatory education at the Public Latin School, Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1830. In the following year he entered the law school at Cambridge, and in due time was admitted to the Suffolk bar, and commencing his professional practice in Boston in 1834. He was for a time editor of the *American Jurist*. In 1837, he visited Europe and became acquainted with many distinguished men in England and on the continent. A defence of the American claim to the northeastern boundary, published in *Galignani's Messenger*, attracted great attention. On his return to this country, he edited an edition of Vesey's reports, in twenty volumes, with original notes and biographical notices. When the annexation of Texas became a prominent topic, Mr. Sumner made several speeches against the measure, which was soon consummated. He supported Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in 1848. In 1851 he was elected by the votes of the coalition legislature of Massachusetts, as the successor of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate. His course there is too well known to render it necessary for us to review it. Mr. Sumner is a warm advocate of the doctrines of the peace party, and some of his best speeches were in favor of a Congress of Nations, as the ultimate court of appeal in international disputes. His orations and speeches were collected and published in two 8vo. volumes in 1850, and exhibit his industry and learning. Mr. Sumner is not a ready offhand speaker, but requires preparation beforehand. Hence he labors under a disadvantage in the Senate, where, as in most representative bodies, spontaneous eloquence is requisite to produce a powerful impression. Those who are unfamiliar with his style, will find a fair specimen of it in the following extract from one of his published orations:—"I need not dwell on the waste and cruelty of war. These stars we wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demagogue footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon desolate homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers and sons, who in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold hands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult. Horror-struck we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy but truthful answer comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations." Mr. Sumner then depicts two vessels meeting far out at sea. "Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They who had escaped 'the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks'—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their unmitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew, and of the Sicilian Vespers, and the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea, once so stately, so proudly built, but now shattered with cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails, exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary hull of peace, is their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest, away from country and home, where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations."

A MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"I was present, too, when you made your debut," said one turning to another, who good-naturedly gave the following account of his passage through that terrible ordeal. "I had resolved not to open my lips during my first session," said he, "and kept my resolution firmly during the three months, except that I had once to present a petition; and when the Speaker suddenly called out my name, for which, at the moment, I was not prepared, a mist came over my eye, and the paper trembled in my hands, during the few inarticulate words in which I endeavored to indicate its object. 'Bring it up,' quoth the late speaker, in that melodious voice of his, which will never be forgotten by those who heard it; and having handed in my petition to the clerk, he crammed it, with a matter-of-fact air, into a bag, and so ended my first experiment on the indulgence of the house. At length, however, I was urged by one whose position entitled him to be heard with respect, to endeavor to address the house, for several reasons; which he urged so forcibly, that I reluctantly assented, and promised, with an inward spasm, to speak on a particular question, when it next came before the house. It was one of great public interest and importance, but not within the category of party questions. Shortly afterwards I left town, and took an early opportunity of shaping my thoughts into a short address. The subject was one

slightly, at three o'clock, and shortly afterwards took a glass of port wine, with an egg beaten up in it to clear my voice. Then down to the house I went, sighing at every step with anxiety and apprehension, afraid to look anybody in the face, and I lapsed into a sudden taciturnity, and took my seat on one of the back benches, cold as death. Presently entered the noble lord who was to open the discussion, and my heart began to beat. He was one of only two who knew that I should attempt to speak. O, how I envied his perfect self-possession! his practical knowledge of the house, and his own weight and position in it! Then another, and another, and another rose; I getting less and less self-possessed, as time wore on. I had resolved to wait till the house had, so to speak, ebbed down to dead low dinner point, viz., eight o'clock. 'You're going to speak—it's written all over your face,' said Sir —— sitting next to me, good humoredly. I whispered in the affirmative; for at that particular moment I dared not tell a fib. 'Well, you won't rise before nine, of course, and I'll run and get dinner! That will do, won't it?' 'Yes,' I faltered, inwardly adding, 'by that time it will do, or I shall have been done for!' Away he went; and resolving to follow the speaker who next rose, I slipped out to the refreshment stand, and took a glass of Seltzer-water, with a small dash of cognac in it, and returned to my seat. There were then about thirty members in the house,

but among them, most of the leading men, on whose absence I had anxiously calculated. I glanced at the reporter's gallery, and down again, in trepidation; the strangers' gallery was crowded, the one might have to chronicle what the other would witness—a breakdown! 'For these reasons, sir,' quoth the speaker then on his legs, looking round for his hat, 'I shall unhesitatingly—' I heard no more; down he sat; my heart knocked against my ribs almost audibly; I trembled from head to foot; I took off my hat, up rose seven or eight members; 'Shall I rise?' I gasped to myself; I did rise very slowly; then the cry 'new member!' appalled my ear; every one of the disappointed members looked sternly, or at least with pique, at me, for whom they were forced to suppress their statistics and eloquence a little, it might be, a very little longer! and left me standing alone. At that moment the lively image rose before my mind's eye, of a solitary culprit arrived at his last moment on the scaffold. I had my written speech in my pocket; what would I not have given for leave to read the well worn familiar little document, bodily, to the complaisant house? However, I began, huskily, trembling like an aspen leaf, and got through my first two sentences; O! the dismal horrid silence there was.

"Ay, I was there, I perfectly recollect; it was intense, and I felt for you," interrupted the deputy-sergeant-at-arms.

"At the end of the second or third sentence my memory failed me; I slipped, so to speak, 'off the rail,' and thought 'here I go! I managed, however, to throw in an allusion to the noble lord who had opened the debate, that enabled me to recollect myself; and I happily got on the line again. But, *cette affreuse silence* continued. Not one solitary 'hear' from any part of the house; nor any whispering, or any conversation, which I should have hailed as an inexpressible relief! Scribble, scribble, scribble went the pens of the ruthless recording angels in the gallery to my right. I thought of them for an instant with terror. After I had been speaking about five minutes, thank Heaven! a kindly and decided 'hear!' issued from the opposite side, followed by one or two on my own side; the effect was truly inspiring on me; the house had seen the agitation with which I was speaking, and generously encouraged me, till at length I was enabled to get through a speech of twenty-five minutes time, without having missed more than a word or two of what I had prepared; having had presence of mind, moreover, to throw in one or two allusions to what had fallen from preceding speakers, and resumed my seat; having delivered my

maiden speech, which I would not have to do again for a thousand pounds!"

"How were you received when you sat down?"

"Ah, that does not signify!"

"Well, how did you figure in the papers next morning?" asked one.

"At much greater length than I had the least right to expect, and in two of the chief ones, almost word for word."

"Whew!" exclaimed a young member, who had listened very anxiously, "I'm disposed, after this, to put off my little business till the Greek Kalends."—S. Warren, in "*Blackwood*."

THE FRENCH TRICOLOR.

The origin of the *tricolor* is an historical fact, to be found in all histories of the revolution, and had nothing to do either with "the Orleans family," or "heraldry." In 1789, after the defection of the French Guards, a permanent committee of electors sat at sixty electoral halls, for the purpose of providing arms and provisions for the people. It was determined to raise a city guard of 40,000 men, each district to contribute a battalion of 800. The name of the guard was the "Parisian Militia;" their colors the *blue and red* of the city mixed with the *white* of their friends—the *Garde Francaise*. The Parisian militia became the "National Guard," and their colors the *tricolor*, from this union or "fraternization."



HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

with which I was familiar, and yet I was so nervously apprehensive and fastidious, that I wrote out my speech eight times before I could please myself! I should have gone on writing it, up to the present moment, if I had not reflected that I had just three weeks time left to commit it to memory—"

"Commit it to memory?" inquired one or two surprisedly—"why, surely, you were no novice in pub—"

"Yes—I committed it to memory, *verbatim et literatim*, for breaking the ice of the House of Commons is a fearful business to any one. If I repeated it once, I repeated it at least a hundred times—whenever I had the opportunity of being alone! I tried, moreover, to prepare myself for the awful moment at which, on my rising, the cry of 'New Member!' would cause every other person who had risen, not so entitled, to resume his seat, leaving me standing in solitary 'possession' of that fearful house! I kept my own counsel; and as the appointed day drew near, and I thought of the 'break down' which would be ruthlessly recorded by the truthful reporters, and amuse so many good-natured pitying friends round the breakfast-tables, and at the clubs, next morning—felt myself more and more disposed to give up the thing in despair."

At length arrived the day, big with my little fate. I repeated the speech in my dressing-room that morning, as usual, but, alas! more inaccurately than ever, and felt sick at heart. I dined, very

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRAGEDIAN, Peoria, Illinois.—1. A good English education must be the groundwork to commence on. 2. W. V. Spencer, corner of Washington and Water Street, Boston, has an excellent assortment of plays. 3. The price is 12 1/2 cents.
 C. D.—The greatness of Peter of Russia has not been over estimated. He not only founded an empire, but he may be said to have built a city. He had a shed made for him in the midst of the works, to sleep in. From morning till evening he superintended his men, who had scarcely any materials for the great undertaking, having to bring even the very earth from a distance in bags, not possessing any mode of conveyance. Under these difficulties the fortress was built in six months, and the city of St. Petersburg, containing thirty thousand dwellings, in the short space of one year. Energy can accomplish great results.
 L. C.—A great amount of research has been employed to gain authentic facts relating to Shakespeare. It adds an interest to agricultural pursuits, to know that he was a farmer, and that at the same time that his creative imagination was engaged in the production of Macbeth, his commercial calculations were employed in a legal process for recovering a debt of thirty-five shillings and tenpence for corn delivered to Philip Rogers.
 ARABELLA.—It is probable that the number of palms existing on the face of the earth will be found by future travellers to amount to as many as a thousand different species.
 MANCHESTER.—Fifty thousand pounds worth of gold and silver are annually employed at Birmingham in gilding and plating, and are of course, therefore, quite lost as bullion.
 MEDICUS.—Balls are held every fortnight at St. Luke's Hospital, London, as a diversion for the insane patients. The results of the present system of kind treatment are most encouraging.
 CONSTANTIA.—Translation, according to Dryden, is a kind of painting after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to make the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the coloring itself, perhaps, tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful by the attitude, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole.
 ACCOUNTANT.—The tally is an extremely old instrument in the art of book-keeping, and was formerly extensively used by the English government. They were formed of wood, and were of various lengths. An interesting but grievous fact was the result of this clumsy method of keeping accounts. In consequence of the great accumulation of these wooden ledgers in one of the exchequer departments at Westminster, it became necessary that they should be destroyed, and an order was issued from the board of works to burn them, which was performed with more than the expected effect, for as the stove of the House of Lords was used for the purpose, the result was the deplorable destruction of both Houses of Parliament in 1834.
 TRAVIATA.—Miss Cushman was educated with a view to making singing a profession. She lost her voice at New Orleans during an engagement there—whereupon she turned her attention to acting.

NOSES AND WIVES.—In New York a man lately recovered \$500 from an antagonist who had cut his nasal organ with a drinking-glass, while a man whose wife had been killed by a careless driver was awarded \$200 damages. The relative value of a man's nose and a woman's life is curious.

INSECT LIFE.—Somebody says that insects generally must lead a jolly life, and talks about the fun of being tucked up in a rose at night. But how would he like to be snaked out of his snug bed in a hollow apple-tree by a woodpecker's bill? Say!

SPLINTERS.

.... If Mr. Paul Morphy continues to play eight games of chess at a time, blindfolded, we are afraid he will injure himself.
 The crinoline mania rages unabated. There is certainly a skeleton in every man's house now.
 Vincennes is to have the finest park of artillery in Europe, and the fortress is to be enlarged.
 Baron Marochetti's colossal model of Washington was one of the nuisances destroyed at the N. Y. Crystal Palace.
 It is an endless pursuit to act by any other rule than that of satisfying our own ideas of right.
 There is a sacredness and awe about deep grief which silences all attempts at consolation.
 Mr. How, the patentee of the loop-stitch in sewing-machines, now receives \$80,000 a year from the manufacturers.
 Boston Common was mowed four times this season, and each cutting yielded a very fair crop of grass.
 There are upwards of 1150 railroad stations on the 107 New England roads, including a few in Canada.
 The immediate establishment of telegraphic communication between San Francisco and some western city is a probability.
 Mr. Masury, the photographer, took an excellent likeness of Burton, the comedian, during the latter's visit to this city.
 In Longfellow's new poem, flowers are called "Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber."
 Baron Larry, a surgeon in the French army, reports only four deaths in 22,000, during two months' camp at Chalons.
 Queen Victoria is about presenting to the emperor of China a steam-yacht like that presented to the emperor of Japan.
 Walter Savage Landor now resides at Genoa. He has lately become reconciled to his wife, after a separation of 40 years.
 The Paris papers record the death of Mavrocordato, one of the surviving heroes of the Greek struggle for independence.
 The geological museum of the late Mr. Hugh Miller has been purchased by the British government for 2500 dollars.
 Mr. Anderson, one of the explorers of Southern Africa, has been compelled to return towards the Cape of Good Hope.
 The chief of the McGregors was lately engaged in a lawsuit. Once a McGregor would have appealed to his broadsword.
 Carlyle says, "Experience is an excellent schoolmaster, but he does charge such dreadful high wages."
 A marriage is arranged between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the king of Sardinia.
 The French government is busy spending money on the defences of Havre and other Channel ports.
 The steam canal boat Charles Wack lately arrived in the North River, New York, in fourteen days from Buffalo.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

On the 12th inst. a youth of seventeen years of age, named John Rogers, is to meet the extreme penalty of the law by a public execution. The sad story of this young man is one which should make a deep impression upon the minds of youth, and read them an indelible lesson against rashness. Rogers left a country village to go to New York city to seek his fortune. He there fell into bad company, and was led into evil courses, foolishly supposing that he should find enjoyment therein. Heedless of the salutary counsels that had been bestowed upon him at home, which in the false confidence of inexperienced youth he treated as the groundless apprehensions of persons altogether ignorant of the world, he gave himself up to the idle and dissolute life which is led by the rowdies of a great city. One night, while on a drunken career through the streets, in company with two associates, he encountered a respectable old gentleman by the name of Swanston, who in company with his wife was peaceably pursuing his way along the sidewalk. Some one of the party jostled against the gentleman, and this gave rise to a remonstrance on his part, which brought on an altercation between him and the young men. Young Rogers, inflamed with bad rum, and eager to win the applause of his companions, at once drew a knife and stabbed the old man, inflicting a mortal wound. For this rash act he was arrested, tried for murder, and convicted. He was sentenced to death, and the governor of the State refusing to grant a pardon, he is to be executed as stated above.

We know not when we have heard of an instance of crime more strongly calculated than this to operate as a warning to young men. There is no safety for youth, with its strong passions, keen appetite for excitement, and ignorance of the ways of the world, but in constant and honorable employment. This young man no more designed to commit murder than hundreds of others who walk the streets of our cities without aim or object. Had he been devoted to some regular and steady employment which would have occupied his time, engaged his thoughts, and demanded the clear exercise of a brain unbefogged with liquor, he never would have done the awful deed, which ended his early life upon the scaffold, and settled irremediable shame upon his parents and friends. He never would have kept company with the dissolute companions whose precepts and example induced him to drown prudence, reflection and honor in the sea of drunkenness, and never would have roved the streets at night in bacchanalian orgies. Let the youth of our cities mark this painful example of the effects of idleness, bad company and dissipation, and from it draw a lesson that shall restrain them from the first steps in such a destructive path. Let them resolve to be a law unto themselves, and ever to keep the curb of prudence on their thoughts and actions, so that they may never be placed in such a situation as young Rogers was, and in an unguarded moment take the life of a fellow-being. In this way, the awful story of his crime and its expiation may be rendered useful to guard hundreds and thousands as little likely to all appearance to commit murder as he, from entering the first step upon that path of shame and disgrace which has brought him to a dishonorable grave in the bloom of his youth.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. General Scott, who is now in Paris, has improved greatly in health. The king of the Belgians has been travelling in Italy. Mr. Henry Wyckoff is now in the United States. Lieut. Wise, author of "Los Gringos" and "Tales for the Marines," who visited Europe lately on account of ill health, was completely restored by the baths and regimen of Carlsbad. Lady Franklin was lately at Odessa. Rossini has been composing lately—not operas, but *ragouts*. He is as great in cookery as in music. Mr. D'Israeli has been editing a new edition of his father's works. Mr. Richard Ford, the best English writer on Spain and the Spaniards, died recently. H. K. Browne, the sculptor, has lately finished a bust of Mrs. Sigourney and is at work on one of the old hero, General Scott. Judge Whitley, editor of the Hoboken Gazette, has converted a room of his editorial bureau into a picture gallery. The artist Overbeck is at Rome.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE SCOTCH.—Old Sam was bitterly prejudiced against the bonny Scots. Boswell, his biographer and worshipper, observing that there was no instance of a beggar dying of want in the streets of Scotland—"I believe, sir, you are very right," replied Johnson, "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but from the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

M. VON HUMBOLDT.—M. Von Humboldt has recently celebrated his 90th birthday. An English correspondent, writing from Berlin, says that "never did a conqueror receive congratulations from so many persons and such great distances, as the post-boy had to carry on Tuesday morning to the well-known house in the Oranienburger-strasse."

WILLISCIAMS.—Willis calls the great tree on the Common, "Boston's spread hand of benediction for the world-weary wanderer," and Ticknor and Fields's bookstore the "Poet's Rialto," both happy fancies.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—There is a jealousy between painters and photographers, because the former say that the business of the latter is a "foe-to-graphic art."

HALF-BREEDS.—The richest man in Iowa is said to be Antoine Claire, a half-breed Indian. Many of the half-breeds in Minnesota are said to be very wealthy.

THE PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

Every friend of humanity must rejoice in the improved prospects which have dawned upon the people of Ireland within the last few years. The excessive and exhausting emigration which commenced with the failure of the potato crop in that kingdom, has ceased; and even that failure of the staple of the Irish peasantry, by the forced emigration which it caused, has been productive of permanent good results, by inducing a more beneficial arrangement for the application of labor to the soil, and increased attention to the improvements of science to agriculture. Ireland is again a thriving agricultural country, with a population of healthy and comfortable people, instead of being a ruined and emaciated land, with hordes of helpless, starving tenantry, as it was a few years ago. By the late government returns, it appears that Ireland now has upwards of six millions of acres under cultivation, exclusive of pasturage, of which nearly one half is devoted to grain crops, and the balance to potatoes and other esculents, flax, clover, and meadow-grass. Within three years, the number of acres under cultivation for wheat and potatoes, has increased two hundred and fifty thousand; and in the same time, the quantity of live stock has multiplied so largely that the present value is six million dollars more than it was in 1855. These substantial proofs of the advancing prosperity of the Irish people must prove exceedingly gratifying, especially to those of our people who are connected by ties of blood and kindred with the "old country," and whose fervent prayer has been, while enjoying the peace and prosperity of our own happy land, that the day might come ere long when these blessings would be showered upon Ireland.

WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The fine engraving which occupies the whole of our last page is from the pencil of Darley, one of the most original and accomplished of American designers. It represents Washington embarked at Whitehall, New York, and waving his last adieux to his companions in arms, Knox, Greene, and their gallant compeers. The figure and face of Washington are based on Stuart's noble full-length portrait. General Washington bid adieu to his companions in arms on Thursday, December 4, 1787, when Knox, Greene, Hamilton, Steuben and others were gathered in a room of Francis's tavern. When Washington entered all rose to receive him; and as he looked around on them who had stood by him in many a dark hour and on many a bloody field, his habitual self-command failed him, and he betrayed his deep agitation. Advancing to the table, he raised a glass of wine to his lips, and with a voice that showed his emotion plainly, said—"With a heart full of gratitude and love, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Knox then advancing to his beloved chief, extended his hand, but Washington clasped him to his heart, and took the same affectionate leave of the other officers. He did not trust himself to speak after this, but passed out of the house, where he shook hands with the members of the guard of honor, many of whom shed bitter tears, and then, himself agitated and weeping, entered the barge which was to bear him away. Few scenes of history appeal more strongly to the feelings or are more worthy of the artist's pencil.

MEDICAL MEN AT FUNERALS.—Such was the custom in many parts of Great Britain until the close of the last century. The following circumstance caused it to be discontinued: In Cork, Dr. Longfield, then an eminent physician, was as usual attending the funeral of one of his patients, going to be interred at Christ Church. As the mournful *cortège* passed by the Exchange, a witty cobbler named Bounce, whose habitat was in this locality, suddenly popped his head out of his stall, and thus addressed the doctor: "Fine morning, doctor; I perceive you are carrying home your work." Medical men have not since attended funerals in that city. It is usual in some of the towns in Ireland for the apothecaries as well as the doctors to attend, wearing scarves and hatbands of white linen tied with black or white lustrings, according as the deceased may have been married or not.

THE COMET.—The way the comet dried up last month was excruciating. When last seen, instead of the hirsute glories of its sweeping train, it exhibited only a "two-inch tail," such as excited the disgust of Mr. Pickwick, in Tupman's brigand jacket. In Paris, a shabby eclipse was once hissed by the indignant populace, but in better-bred America, the comet was suffered to retire into private life with no more notice than a president going out of office.

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN FRANCE.—The various French railway companies intend, it is said, to introduce changes which will give much additional comfort in first class carriages. Special carriages are to be constructed, composed of saloon, bedroom and anteroom, which may be engaged at a special tariff.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—A copy of the private journal of Catherine II., of Russia, has just come to light in Europe. The czarina dips into the Russian nobility and her contemporary celebrities, as if her inkstand had been filled with gall and wormwood.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.—In the Palace Gardens, New York, a "veiled songstress" has been the attraction. We have heard of "veiled voices" before; but this singing through crape or gauze is a new invention.

A NEW WRINKLE.—Two young sprigs of Chicago lately fought a duel. If either had backed out he was to have paid \$100 forfeit. Hence they risked their lives to save their pockets.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOREVER THINE.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Although you starry heaven doth divide
The presence of thy spirit pure from mine—
Though Deity hath to our hearts denied
Exchange of vows, I am forever thine.

Forever thine! although above thy brow
The flowers have lived and died for many years,
Time and temptation ne'er can disavow
Our pledge of truth and interchange of tears.

Forever thine, in sorrow—thine in joy,
I swear thy gentle spirit shall not fade!
It haunts my soul, and nothing can destroy
Its beauty, burning bright and undecayed.

Forever thine! Frail memory's fountain flows,
And hope's blest star gleams brighter through the night;
Still love, released from human passion, glows
A purer flame of undefiled delight.

Forever thine! As one who walks alone
Along the world, where weary splendors shine,
I tread the paths of manhood, alien grown,
For I am only thine—forever thine!

THE TWO ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repeat; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours.—LONGFELLOW.

MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Morn wakes in beauty, but her eyes are pale,
As pillowed downy in aerial snow,
She bids from off the lake the dull mists sail,
And watches, with her mild and sunny brow,
Till slowly up the green hill's side they go,
To fling around the cliffs their glittering wreaths;
Then, moving forth in smiles, her footsteps glow
With dewy radiance o'er the purple heaths,
And fresh through all the soul her rapturous spirit breathes.
[J. G. CROSSIE.]

WAR.

Our quivering lances shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threaten the gods more than Cyclopaean wars;
And with our sun-bright armor as we march
We'll chase the stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.—MARLOWE.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

He deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking maid.—COLERIDGE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

One of the pleasant portions of the labor we have learned to love—so pleasant that it can hardly be termed a task, is the preparation of our weekly dish of gossip, for it brings us into communication with a wide circle of friends. Very few of the thousands we address will ever be known to us personally, yet we are not speaking to strangers. Though our hands may never meet in the warm grasp of cordiality, yet we commune in spirit. We are aware that we are addressing a variety of tastes, and hence we glean in varied fields. The gazettes of the world lie before us in the languages of modern civilization, and we lay a very extensive range of American and European journals under contribution in gathering material for our readers. Now we are indebted for an anecdote from the gay Frenchman—now for a serious apothegm to the deep-thinking German. We borrow a scrap of musical intelligence from the Italian, and again a bit of gossip from the land of Cervantes, happy if in our *olla podrida* we can find something to suit every taste and show that we are negligent of none. . . . While we are enjoying some fine Italian music in this country, the Italian opera in Paris is catering well for Gauls and strangers. There are some names on their bills not unfamiliar to us—Grisi, Albani, Nantier-Diddie, and Mario the inextinguishable. . . . We heard a good story the other day of a gentleman who was visiting a gallery of pictures and explaining them to a lady companion. "This picture," said he, pausing before a Scripture-piece, represents the marriage of Cana." "Eut," said the lady, as she examined it through her glass, "where's the bride?" "Mrs. Cana? here she is!" replied the cicero, pointing to one of the female figures. . . . In Prussia everything is noted down, the slightest details of etiquette being committed to paper and print. Lately the president of a court in a town of Pomerania issued the following "vermillion ukase": "Whereas, it has come to the knowledge of this tribunal that certain employes of said tribunal do not salute the judges with sufficient respect, it is ordered, to maintain good order in this respect, that each of the employes, when he meets one of the judges, shall salute him by bowing and lowering his hat to the height of his knee." This bowing by rule is a new kink. . . . It is computed that there are about 4000 newspapers published in the United States, which circulate annually over 500,000,000! Nearly 20,000,000 dollars are expended in their publication. . . . The new chimney at the Charlestown navy yard, although very elevated, is not the tallest of the kind in the world. There exists in Bolton, England, as may be seen by referring to the "Cyclopedia of Useful Arts," published in 1852, page 361, a chimney which is 306 feet high, or more than 100 feet higher than the one in Charlestown. It cost £3000, or about \$15,000. . . . We are informed that the emperor of Russia is thinking of giving up his Circassian war. By his vigorous attack on the sultan's expenses, Abdul Medjid seems to be just opening his Circassian campaign. The difference between the two cases is, that the czar does the war to save money, and the sultan begins it with the same object. . . . A Pottawotanie chieftain was giving some evidence before the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, when the following honest admission occurred in his evidence: Quoth Alexander, "I was in those days much about the garrison; kept with in a few miles; always went to the Suter's when I was thirsty." "Were you often thirsty?" "Hadn't much money in those times." "Were you

thirsty whenever you had money?" "Was very much thirsty always when I had money." . . . The wife of the new American minister at St. Petersburg went to hear Dickens read while in London, as we learn from a Memphis paper. This is her opinion of the performance: "So I heard Dickens read Donbey, and must confess to some disappointment. Some portions he read with a singular beauty and pathos, but on the whole, it was very inferior to his intellectual ability and reputation. His pronunciation was rather cockneyish; he read more like an Englishman than a scholar, and was more like an actor than an orator; his audience was very large and enthusiastic. . . . A curious book has been forwarded from Munich to Dr. C—, in Paris. The book is the work of Prince Charles D—, compelled by his father to enter a monastery, in order to secure the paternal estates to the eldest son. Prince Charles lived in the greatest solitude, even for a monk, scarcely ever leaving his cell, and always occupied in the severest study; the object of that study is revealed at his death. He has left behind him a complete theory of the doctrine of chances, which he calls the Affinities of Numbers, and by which he proves that numbers have their sympathies as well as plants and animals. The bankers and croupiers of the hells of Germany hear the announcement and tremble. . . . The corporation counsel of New York has decided that the almshouse governors had no right to vote Dr. Morton \$1500 from the city treasury, to pay him for his ether discovery. Besides, the precedent is considered a bad one, which may lead to gross abuses. . . . The wife of Charles Grover, who has a grist-mill near Albany, hearing that the miller had been suddenly prostrated by sickness, leaving the mill in operation with no one to see to it, went to the mill, and while adjusting some machinery her dress was caught in a wheel, and in an instant her head was drawn between two cog-wheels, tearing her hair and a portion of her scalp off. In endeavoring to extricate herself, her right foot and left hand were smashed, and her arm above the elbow mangled. No hope is entertained of her recovery. . . . Lerwick, Scotland, says the "John O'Groat Journal," at present suffers under a severe visitation of crinoline. Four hundred and seventeen cases have occurred up to this date, and the contagion still increases; nine new cases having been observed in the parish church on Sunday, of which three are considered very severe indeed. The rapid and unprecedented spread of this Parisian epidemic in our remote locality is truly alarming to every husband and father, and deserves the most careful consideration which the medical profession can give. A case having occurred at Coningsburg recently, the kirk session there have instituted a rigorous quarantine. . . . "Gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next," says somebody, and spreads the widest mantle, he might have added, that covers mortal iniquity. . . . Punch says: They show you on your travels an unfathomable infinity of "Lover's Leaps," including, of course, Sappho's. They are all more or less dangerous, and you involuntarily shut your eyes merely in looking at them; and not being in love, you prudently walk away; and supposing you are in love, the prudence becomes still more necessary. But the longest Lover's Leap is, out and out, the one that we view from the heights of Fairy Land, of the Sleeping Beauty. Hers was a Lover's Sleep (s)leep that lasted a hundred years before she got to the end of it! . . . A sensible Englishman says: Long ages of trying to please has made a Frenchman disposed to bow upon every small provocation—too small, we think. Long ages of stiff-neckedness and doggedness have made us rather inclined to break than bend. If you shake up a Frenchman from a sleep, the first word that he murmurs will probably be "merci!" I should be very sorry to repeat the exclamation that a surly Englishman would most likely utter. We regret to say it, but duty impels us, French politeness is an instinct, English politeness a lesson badly learnt. . . . The invention of a new engine, in which electro-magnetism is to be the motive power, is claimed by a Mr. Keiser of Kentucky. The invention is described as consisting in a certain system of balanced beams or frames carrying soft iron bars at each end; these are to be operated upon alternately by two series of electro-magnets, in such a manner as to receive an oscillating motion, and having combined with them mechanism, through which their oscillating motion is caused to produce the rotary motion of a shaft. The British Chinese treaty, according to the authoritative abstract issued from the foreign office, corresponds with the synopsis previously given by the North China Herald. The compensation afforded to England falls, however, far short of the sum first represented. The entire amount is \$5,920,000; one half to go to British subjects who suffered damage at Canton; the other to the British government as indemnity for the expenses of the war. The province of Kwang-Tung, of which Canton is the capital, is to foot the bill, under regulations to be established in conjunction with the British officials at that place; and the British troops are to remain there until the whole sum is liquidated. . . . A young woman in Detroit was arrested for appearing in male attire, but compromised with the person who held her prisoner by paying him fifteen dollars for her liberty, when it turned out that the assumed officer was an impostor. . . . The Anglo-Indian Magazine publishes an interesting article entitled the "Last Hours of Sir Henry Lawrence." Immediately before death, he partook of the Communion, and gave directions concerning his burial. He said, "Let there be no fuss about me. Let me be buried with the men. No nonsense—here lies Henry Lawrence, who lived to do his duty." All this in disjointed sentences, speaking as it were to himself, and then turning to the chaplain, "I should like a text of Scripture. 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have offended against him.' Is it not from Daniel? It was on my dear wife's tomb." . . . The Limerick Chronicle mentions the following case of extravagance: "A lauded proprietor, who became of age two years ago, has been obliged to leave the country in consequence of his embarrassments. On attaining the age of twenty-one, he had £50,000 in bank, which he has got rid of, and accumulated debts since to the amount of £400,000. He kept open house for high and low." . . . A short time since, two brothers, residing in South Carolina, a short distance from each other, were afflicted with a cancer, which appeared in both brothers at the same time, and in the same eye of each. Recently one of the brothers fell dead on the floor of his room, and on the following Monday the other died in the same manner. . . . Boys in large cities are considered smart enough and forward enough for all useful purposes, but they are far behind the graceless gamins of Paris in all that pertains to juvenile precocity and rascality. A correspondent tells of the recent meeting of a couple of youthful worthies on the Boulevards, when one of them addressed the other with, "What a fine cap you have got on your head!" "True enough, very fine," replied the other; "I bought it at yonder corner shop. I give the owner of that shop my custom." "And how much did it cost you, that cap?" "I don't know. When I bought it, the owner was asleep." . . . The late news about the Paris "fashions," is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, mashed rose-leaves, and such like. The empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. The fashion will be here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the washtub, perhaps. . . . The prisoners in jail at Bangor, Me., are very select in their society. A low fellow named Webster was sent to jail for lack of a fine of \$2 64, and the prisoners, disliking his society, clubbed together and paid the fine by selling wooden meat skewers of their own make, and so got rid of him. . . . The Le Roy (Ill.) Democrat says that a young man in Elba climbed a tree, a few nights since, in search of a raccoon, from which he fell to the ground, a distance of some forty feet, striking on his feet. No bones were broken, but such was the shock to his nervous system that he has not spoken since, and remains quite insensible. . . . Peter Cooper of New York, and others are attempting to consolidate all the telegraph lines of the country under the management of one company.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

Shares in the Atlantic Telegraph Co. keep up to about £400, and it is hoped that the improvements in the apparatus made by Hughes and other electricians will yet render the wire available for the transmission of news.—A deputation from the Atlantic Steam Packet Company had an interview with Mr. Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, on the subject of postal subsidies for mail service between Galway, Newfoundland and America. He stated that government viewed with considerable interest the new line of steamers between Galway and the British North American colonies, established by Lever, and the importance they attached to being able to communicate between London and Washington in six days.—At the general conference of the railway delegates, in session at London, it was resolved to give a permanent organization to the conference, and form from it an association called the Railway Companies Association.—The English government has despatched a note to the Hanooverian government, urging that immediate proposals be made for the total abolition of the State dues.—The common council of London have resolved to present the freedom of the city and sword valued at 100 guineas each to Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram for their Indian services.—The Limerick Chronicle says that upon the opening of parliament, government will recommend giving to Galway a grant of £50,000, as the first instalment for the construction of a breakwater, should the commissioners report favorably. The commissioners had arrived to commence investigations.—Prince Napoleon's visit to Warsaw is now thought to be a prelude to an alliance of France, Russia and Piedmont against Austria.—The emperor of Russia bestowed upon the aid-de-camp who accompanied the Prince Napoleon to Moscow the cross of St. Vladimir, and on the other officers of his suite that of St. Stanislaus.

Madame Cabel, the Singer.

The following anecdote is related of Madame Cabel, during a recent visit to Le Mans:—Shortly after she had alighted at the hotel, she saw an elderly gentleman carried into a room adjoining that which she occupied, and who had just been seized with a violent nervous attack. After she had recovered from the emotion caused by the sight, Madame Cabel turned her thoughts to the object of her visit to La Maus, and began practising the pieces which she was to sing the next morning at a public concert. When she had gone over them once or twice, some one knocked at her door. It was the chambermaid of the hotel, who had come to say that her singing had produced the most singular effect on the sick person, and that the medical man began to hope that music would produce a cure. Madame Cabel, on hearing this, did not hesitate a moment, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey, continued singing for a part of the night to alleviate the sufferings of her temporary neighbor. Not content with this, on the day after, having sung at the concert, she returned and sang for the sick man five or six times as much as she had done before the public.

An Operatic Row.

A short time ago there was a "row" in the great theatre at Trieste during the representation of William Tell. The opera was so badly given and the scenery so beggarly, that the audience indulged in remarks which were anything but flattering to the directors, singers, orchestra and chorus. As the tumult continually increased, the police interfered, and gave orders that the curtain should be dropped. The mandate was obeyed, and, as the gas was gradually turned off, the audience had no choice but to leave the house.

Italian Opera.

The Italian opera opened the winter campaign at Paris with Verdi's *Traviata*, Madame Penco as the heroine. The interior has been highly decorated by M. Calzado, the impresario, who devoted to the purpose 40,000 francs of the 140,000 which he won this year at the gaming-tables of Montbourg. Mr. Calzado is a more fortunate player than that English preacher, who staked his souls at Baden and won for the benefit of the poor. He ended by losing his own money and the poor's too.

Voltaire's Letters.

The correspondence of Voltaire with the President De Brosses, curious, piquant, and characteristic of both parties, has been republished in Paris, with some important additions supplied by the editor, M. Foisset,—namely, various hitherto unpublished letters between Voltaire and the king of Prussia, and other eminent personages. There are said to be of great interest.

The Poet's Publisher.

The London Illustrated News says—"Now that poor Moxon is gone, poets are more adrift than ever. Moxon was called 'the poet's publisher.' Dover Street was, it is said, 'a nest of singing birds.' Who now condescends to look at a manuscript in verse? We are all in hand-books and Travels."

Rome.

Instead of diminishing the garrison it keeps in Rome, the French government is about to increase it. This resolution was suggested, not only by the care of providing for the future, but on account of the conflicts between the French and papal troops which took place after General de Goyon left.

An Accident.

A scene snifter of the French opera, named Cuoy, having lately fallen on the stage from above and been killed, the emperor has ordered that a pension of 600 francs shall be paid to his widow. The minister of state, on the day of the accident, sent the poor woman a present of 300 francs.

Vieuxtemps.

At Hamburg, this season, Vieuxtemps made his first appearance since his return from America. Meyerbeer, who is reported to be in better health than usual, is travelling with an invalid daughter, and it is doubtful whether he will return to Paris for the winter.

The Vintage in France.

The vintage in France turned out admirably. But if the vintagers rejoice, their wives do not share all their joy. One of them said a few weeks ago—"We shall be well thrashed this year." This is, in fact, among degraded populations, the dark side of a good vintage.

Austria.

The Vienna Gazette publishes the new law concerning military conscription—limiting the term of service to seven years instead of eight and including nobility. Baron Ward, originally a Yorkshire groom, and subsequently prime minister of Parma, has died at Vienna.

Turkey.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has been instructed to express the regret of the English government for the bombardment of Jeddah, and England intends to indemnify the sufferers. It is further reported that England will ask permission to rent the island of Perim for a hundred years.

Spain.

The Madrid Gazette publishes a royal ordinance, authorizing the government to receive tenders for a concession for a line of packets to run between the peninsula and the Antilles, the tenders to be adjudicated upon on the 31 of February next.

Prussia.

A decree has been issued by the king of Prussia, appointing the prince of Prussia regent. The prince is to carry on the government until the perfect restoration of the king's health upon his own responsibility.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

There was a decrease in the taxable property of San Francisco for the present fiscal year, as compared with the past, of considerable more than four millions and a half of dollars.—Martha Morgan, a handsome young widow, residing in Johnson county, N. C., was tried recently on a charge of having murdered Alexander Allen, a constable, who had leaved on her furniture, and applied aggravating language to her. She was acquitted.—A writer in an English paper calls the idiosyncratic Spanish smell, a compound of oil, onions, charcoal, cigars, garlic and orange peel.—On the night of the 8th ult., a German shoemaker, residing on Josephine Street, New Orleans, cut a frightful gash in his throat, and then uncorking a bottle of wine, he placed the mouth of the bottle to the wound and poured in the wine. He was with some difficulty secured and taken to the hospital. It is thought he will recover.—The trustees of the Iowa College have determined to remove the institution from Davenport to Grinnell, on account of the vandal policy of the city in cutting streets through the college grounds.—A correspondent of the Transcript, whose initials are good authority, says that the black sulphide of silver, which forms on plated and silver wares, door plates and knobs, is no evidence that the silver is impure. It may be removed at once, he says, by wiping the surface with a rag wet with aqua ammonia, and without the trouble of rubbing and scouring with polishing powders.—James Boon, aged eighty-five years, an inmate of the poor-house at Kingston, N. C., with his family, consisting of a wife and three children, it is said, has inherited a handsome estate, amounting to \$150,000.—Excellent wine is now manufactured from the tomato. It is made with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and very much resembles champagne—a light transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor. It can be made equal to the best of champagne.—The sale of Spurgeon's sermons in this country has been immense. At the late trade sale in New York, 20,000 copies were sold in twenty minutes, and upwards of 160,000 in all have been sold in the United States.—The library of James G. Percival, the poet, lately deceased, one of the most rare and valuable collections in the United States, is offered for sale by his executor in Wisconsin. It contains 10,000 volumes, and has been valued at \$30,000, though it is offered for \$20,000.—The Salem Observer learns that the late Tucker Da-land, Esq., has bequeathed, by his will, five hundred dollars to the Salem Widow and Orphan's Association, and the same sum to the Children's Friend Society.—Since the fifth of April, 29,598 persons have ascended to the cupola of the State House in this city.—It is said that Jones, the murderer of a Jew pedler in the western part of this State, has sunk into an idiotic condition, and the probability now is that the extreme penalty of the law will not be enforced.—President Benson writes from Liberia that the prospects of that colony as a cotton producing region are improving rapidly.—The family of Mr. Andrew Gale of Augusta, Me., ate heartily of lobster recently, and soon after were taken violently sick, the result, their physician said, of eating the lobster. Mr. Gale died after a sickness of eighteen hours, but the others recovered.—The Paraguay expedition consists of two hundred and eighty-eight guns, two hundred and fifty-five officers, and about three thousand men.—Mr. Barry Sullivan, a well-spoken-of English tragedian, is coming to the United States.—A photograph wayfarer in Algeria, coming upon an execution of several Arab murderers, set up his dark chamber in a cart, and took off their heads as quickly as the guillotine. His pictures were quite successful.

CHEATING ALL ROUND.—Some traders play a sharp game. To draw off some of Slap, Dash & Co.'s trade, Fuss & Fume have to put down the price of their sugars a cent a pound. To do this with profit, F. & F. have to teach assorted gravel how to look like "first class St. Croix." Slap, Dash & Co., to recover their loss, "doctor" their coffee, and sell the best "old government Java" at a price that shows that the old government of Java have an extensive interest in a pea patch. And so on to the end of the chapter.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—The Astor Library now contains rather more than one hundred thousand volumes—a number which marks it as inferior in its contents to several of the royal and imperial libraries of Europe; but if the majority of the latter were properly weeded, the disproportion would sensibly diminish, for, as Dr. Cogswell remarks, "a library, of all things, is the last which can be estimated by statistical data."

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.—The sum to be paid for Mount Vernon is \$200,000; \$18,000 of this was paid at the signing of the contract. The first installment of \$57,000, due January 1, 1859, is now ready to be paid, and it is hoped to raise the entire purchase sum during the present year, so as to take possession on the 22d of February.

RICH AND POOR.—The rich are inclined to believe that they are superior to other men, and other men do all they possibly can to fortify them in that belief.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have sold their lead mines in Newfoundland for \$200,000.

The number of English vessels wrecked last year was 1143, or at a rate of more than three per diem.

Rev. Mr. Evans, a Presbyterian clergyman of Lane, Ogle Co., Ill., was killed by lightning lately.

The jail at Freehold, N. J., was forced by the prisoners on the night of the 9th ult., and all the inmates escaped.

Two hundred thousand pounds of women's hair is annually sold in France, and the price paid for it is usually six cents an ounce.

A Mr. Rowett has offered to lay a rope covered with electric wire between Valentia and Newfoundland for £182,000.

The corner stone of a new Masonic Temple was recently laid at Nashville, under the direction of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee.

White fish have made their re-appearance in Oneida Lake, and are now caught by thousands. None have been caught there for ten or twelve years back.

Antoine La Claire, a half-breed Indian, living at Davenport, is said to be the richest man in the State of Iowa. Governor Grimes ranks next in wealth.

A lady in Mississippi sued a young man for damages to the amount of \$10,000 for breach of promise of marriage; but the jury being married men, says a local paper, returned a verdict for only \$10.

A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him but his brother, who was killed at the same time."

At the Universalist General Convention at Providence, R. I., lately, a resolution recommending that our public schools and colleges be opened for females on equal footing with males, was lost by a vote of 21 to 13.

In New York some of the furniture auctioneers hire houses and fit them up as private residences; and then filling them with cheap and showy furniture, advertise it as the property of a gentleman who is "going to Europe," or "breaking up housekeeping."

The London Times says:—"On Sunday last Mr. Spurgeon informed his immense congregation that he had already signed an agreement for a freehold site opposite the Elephant and Castle, Southwark; £5000 is the sum to be paid for the land."

An exchange tells of an excitable gentleman who at a fire headed a line of fire buckets, and as fast as they were passed to him he threw the bucket and all into the fire, crying out all the while, "Pass on more buckets!"

Death has at last divided the oldest pair in the United States. Mrs. Ludwick Snyder died a short time since in Burnside, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, at the age of 108. Her husband, who is 112 years old, survives her.

At West Dryden, N. Y., on the 30th ult., a tornado unroofed and blew down many buildings, and caused great injury to orchards. In a house which was blown from its foundation and turned round, a clock that stood fastened on a shelf did not stop, but was found marking time after as before!

The shade trees in New Haven are rapidly dying; twenty-five in one locality, some of them twenty-five years old, have died, and in other parts of the city trees are either dying, or have a sickly appearance. It is feared that the gas pipes have got out of order, and that the earth from which the roots draw their nourishment has become poisoned.

A few weeks since, says the New Orleans Crescent, we mentioned as a singular circumstance, the marriage of a German widow, in the Third District, to her fifth husband—not one of the previous four having outlived his wedding a year. Well, a few days since the fifth husband took the yellow fever. He died, and on Friday was buried.

Mr. Benjamin Baker, of New Bedford, has a dog some six months old, that was born with only two legs—the fore as well as the four legs being absent. The puppy is healthy and otherwise in good condition. The canine can propel himself quite well by resting on his breast, which is entirely smooth, and accelerating himself by his hind legs. He is quite a curiosity.

Capt. Pope, who has charge of the artesian well expedition, writes from Pecos that the purpose of sinking wells on the plains will probably have to be abandoned, in consequence of the peculiarity of the geological formation, which is soft and crumbling to the depth of 1050 feet, or so far as bored. The cost of establishing wells in such a place would be very great.

Mr. Morphy has been astonishing the Parisians by repeating his extraordinary performance of playing eight games at one and the same time, without seeing the boards. He won six of the games, and the other two were drawn. The play lasted for ten hours, during which time Mr. Morphy never took the slightest refreshment, and at the conclusion did not appear to be much fatigued.

A Norfolk paper states that a new military company will be shortly raised in that city, to be composed entirely of Jews. It is the first time we have heard of this class of our population turning their attention to military pursuits in time of peace, but, as in the days of David there were mighty men of valor among the Jewish nation, we presume that the spirit which animated their forefathers still exists among them.

On the 20th of May, 1854, Catherine E. Pithie attempted to leave the cars of the Hudson River Railroad at Tivoli, when they started and she was thrown down, and the cars passed over one of her feet, crushing it so that it had to be amputated. Her father recovered of the company \$750 in a suit for loss of service and medical attendance, and now the young lady has obtained a verdict for \$5500 damages from the company.

A short time since a son of Timothy Burke, residing at Phoenix, N. Y., was accidentally drowned, and the child's mother took the matter so much to heart that she grieved herself to death. She was taken sick and gradually failed for a few weeks, when she joined her child in that "bourne whence no traveller returns." The only cause assigned for her death is grief. She had several other small children, but the lost boy appears to have been the jewel of her heart.

The Society Islands have been lately offered to the United States. The governors of the islands invited the American consul (Henry Owner, Esq.,) to attend a public dinner, and availed themselves of the occasion to make the unconditional offer. The affair was at first treated as a joke, but it has since assumed an importance not to be underrated, as the islands produce all sorts of tropical fruits and plants, besides affording a desirable rendezvous for American vessels trading between California and Australia.

Sands of Gold.

.... If weaknesses in love are pardonable, it is principally in women.—*L'auvenarges*.

... To love early and marry late, is to hear a lark singing at dawn, and at night to eat it roasted for supper.—*Jean Paul*.

.... Big and awkward—little and graceful—these are pretty much synonymous terms in the matter of personal appearances.—*Bovee*.

.... Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.—*Beardley*.

... We get at the outlines of things from what we read and hear, but the filling up must be through our own experience.—*Bovee*.

.... The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.—*Burton*.

.... It sometimes happens that a woman hides from a man all the passion she feels for him, while on his part, he feigns for her all which he does not feel.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.—*Lacon*.

.... A man is very angry with a woman who ceases to love him, and consoles himself; a woman makes less noise when she is forsaken, and remains longer inconsolable.—*La Bruyere*.

.... A good thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.—*Bovee*.

.... The virtues of women are difficult, because glory does not assist their exercise. To live at home, to regulate only one's self and family, to be simple, just and modest, are painful duties, because they are obscured. We must have great merit to be virtuous only in our own eyes.—*Fontenelle*.

.... It is adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed nor calls out his powers if pastured out with the common herd that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

"This is a net gain," as the spider said when he caught a fly.

When are women fathers? When they are sighers (sires), which is not unfrequently the case.

Why is the Atlantic cable like one of Dickens's characters? Because it is all of a twist (Oliver Twist.)

Why are the darkies of New York generally a debased class? Because they are often found living in *de basement*.

"Mike, have you settled that affair with Lewis yet?" "Yes, he kicked me off the stoop last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me."

A minister at a camp meeting said: "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes, don't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."

"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a ban-nister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose; "haven't I a brother as is a cor-ridor in the navy?"

Commercial gent.—"Another outbreak, eh! These riots will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." Fashionable gent.—"Aw, dessay! Delighted to hear it! Aw always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."

Professor Porter visited Harrisburg recently to count the varieties of fish in the Susquehanna, and announces that the number is twenty-seven. How does he know that they all swam up to him to be counted?

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PORT LA UNION, SAN SALVADOR, CENTRAL AMERICA.

We present on this page a fine engraving from a view of the important port of La Union, Central America, drawn for us on the spot, by our special correspondent, and accompanying an interesting article from which we compile the following description. It is a singular fact that the country of which we speak is nearly the centre of the world, connecting North and South America with ports opening to the eastern hemisphere on the east, and to Polynesia, Asia and Australia on the west. From the variety of its superficial configuration, and from other circumstances, it is a sort of epitome of all other countries and climates on the globe. Mr. Squier tells us that "the natural conditions which favored the development of mankind in one portion of Central America and rigidly suppressed it in another, are still active and potential. The Spaniards stopped not to maintain an unequal struggle against savage nature on the Atlantic slope of the continent, but established themselves upon the dryer, more salubrious and more genial Pacific declivity. The Mosquito shore still remains the haunt of savages, whom three hundred years of contact with civilization have failed to improve; while the State of San Salvador sustains a population twice as great in proportion to its area as any other of equal extent of Spanish America, and relatively as great as that of New England itself." The port of La Union, represented in the accompanying sketch, is situated on the Bay of Fonseca, and is the principal one of the State of St. Salvador, receiving the

bulk of its imports. The drawing indicates correctly, in the character of the shipping, the activity of the port. The population is only about two thousand. A striking feature of the scene is the singularly-formed and lofty volcanic peak of Conchagua, a mountain, which, though picturesque and impressive to the eye of the traveller, is a disadvantage to the settlement, since it forms a barrier against the sea-breezes, and renders La Union hotter than any other spot on the same bay. The mountain system of San Salvador is quite peculiar, the mountains being rather isolated elevations than connected chains. Running from northwest to southeast, between the valley of Lempa and the sea, there are eleven great volcanoes,—Apeneca, (Santa Anna, Izalco, San Salvador, San Vincente, Usulután, Tecapán, Sacatecoluca, Chinameca, San Miguel and Conchagua, that shown in our engraving. The State of San Salvador, in which these volcanoes occur (only two of them, however, are active), lies on the Pacific Ocean, and has an area of about 9600 square miles. The principal river is the Lempa, which rises at the foot of Chingo, a mountain on the confines of Guatemala, and is navigable for the greater part of its course. San Salvador is an agricultural State, and contains many tracts of land of remarkable fertility. The staple productions are indigo, sugar and maize, or Indian corn. The production of indigo at one time amounted to 3,000,000 dollars in value. The indigo is yielded by a native triennial plant. Sugar is largely produced and of excellent quality. Cacao was formerly cultivated to a consid-

erable extent, but this crop seems now to be abandoned. Mr. Bailey, in his work on Central America, observes: "Coffee is another article which might become of great commercial importance in San Salvador. There are many localities favorable to its growth about Ahuachapam, Santa Anna, San Salvador, Sonsonate, and San Vicente. In the first three places it grows kindly, and there are some thriving plantations that yield fruit of good quality; but the home consumption being small as yet, though gradually increasing, they are not looked to as a source of much profit." Good tobacco is grown in the State, but there is no surplus for exportation after supplying the home demand. There are some silver mines which have been profitably worked, and very rich gold mines near Tabasco. About eighteen leagues from Santa Anna are mines producing iron superior in quality to any English iron, and which might be worked to advantage. Coal is also found in the State. The Indians derive their chief wealth from the sale of the well-known "balsam of Pern," which is the product of a tree. The balsam is obtained by making an incision in the tree, whence it gradually exudes, and is absorbed by pieces of cotton rag inserted for the purpose. These, when thoroughly saturated, are replaced by others, which, as they are removed, are thrown into boiling water. The heat detaches the balsam from the cotton, and, being of less specific gravity than the water, it floats on the top, is skimmed off, and put in calabashes for sale. San Salvador has great capabilities.



PORT LA UNION, SAN SALVADOR, CENTRAL AMERICA.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —OR— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

As Barbara Spurzheim said these words, she fixed upon the young man a cold, steady look, which he could not bear; and when Barbara's voice again fell on his ears, he trembled like a wretch already guilty.

"You have killed," said this slow, implacable voice; "not in duel, not in a case of legitimate defence—not by chance, and in spite of yourself. Science is true, and you lie, Pierre Falcone; you are an assassin!"

He uttered a deep groan, fell back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Barbara Spurzheim raised herself; came out of her stronghold. When she was seated, she looked like a handsome, tall, dignified person; but when she rose, her deformity showed only too plain. Her head looked then as it was, twice too large for her body. Her body was short and crooked, and she walked very lame, one leg being shorter than the other. The illusion she had created was gone. But do not mistake the sentiment she inspired in the mind of the young doctor. It was neither pity nor disdain, but fear. She appeared to him like a wicked fairy. This woman or demon projected three black acts without pity or remorse. The tears of the father, the sobs of the mother, fell upon a heart of ice. She was initiated also in the awful mysteries of the Companions of Silence! She knew everything, and was capable of everything!

"Falcone," said she, stopping before the young man, whose face was still covered, "I know that—I know everything. It was necessary for you to be wholly in my power before I would speak as I have done. Johann Spurzheim aided me; for that I shall regret him. You are for me, Falcone; that is why I say to you, look at me; you have never seen me!"

She drew the young man's hands from his face by force, and compelled him to look at her. He lowered his head after he had done so. Barbara said truly he had never seen her. He had only seen her seated in her chair or in bed, when she looked like a woman. Barbara's teeth were pressed so firmly upon her lips that blood sprang beneath the pressure. At heart she was vain, and she made a great effort to keep from showing her spite.

"Doctor," said she, in a free and careless tone, "now you see why I am obliged to buy a husband. Do not revolt like a madman or fool; do not tell me that you are not bought. I have kept the best arrows of my quiver; my answer will be like a thunderbolt. Remember now and always that it is not you I want; I want your assistance. I do not need a husband, but an accomplice. I call things by their right name. If I spoke of marriage, it was because I wished to give you a sacred right to act for me, and without that ceremony I could not throw over your shoulders the mantle of Count Monteleone. I have always dreamed of being a countess; that dream will be realized; I wish it! When the times shall come, you will go to court with me. The king knows me; I have letters from him. The king knows not that I am the wife of Johann Spurzheim; I have signed myself in writing to him, Barbara, Countess Monteleone. The king will make my husband the first lord in the kingdom!"

She became silent. Pierre Falcone, after a moment's silent thought, turned towards her and said: "I accept."

"Unconditionally?"

"Unconditionally."

"Ah, ah, my beautiful doctor!" cried Madame Spurzheim, looking him through and through, measuring the very depths of his soul with her eagle glance; "you are either more ambitious than I thought, or else you have some after thought. If you are ambitious, you shall go to the top of your desires; if you have any after thought, that is your look-out. There were some who thought to play with me—they are dead! You have then fully understood me, doctor?"

"I have understood."

"Now," said Barbara, "we will complete all our arrangements. On your part there is a promise of marriage under oath, at the end of my year of widowhood. No need of any writing; I know how to force men to keep their promises. If you doubt me, Signor Falcone, please inform me what was found this evening upon the Madeleni bridge. On my part also a promise of marriage. A share in the fortune which I claim by right of succession; the title of count, which the king will not refuse the husband of Barbara Monteleone. And finally, the day Johann Spurzheim dies, his place among the *Knights of the Iron Ring*, and his ring of iron. Your arm, doctor, let us go and take care of our sick man!"

Pierre Falcone bowed in silence, and presented his arm.

On the face of Johann Spurzheim, who lay on his bed, was a strange smile. It was the smile of a mathematician who has solved a difficult problem; the smile of the hunter in sight of the game he has tracked for hours. The chamber was as deserted as when we first entered it. At the precise moment when Barbara said to her new knight, "give me your arm," Johann Spurzheim moved. The little ivory thing which was attached to a cord was thrown cord and all into the opening we spoke of at the head of the bed. The spring was closed, so well that no trace of it was visible. That done, Johann Spurzheim caressed the dark head of

the beautiful little King Charles, and gave him the wing of a chicken, which the dog devoured eagerly under the coverlid. Then he turned his face to the pillow, closed his heavy eyelids over his sinister-looking eyes, and waited the coming of his treacherous wife and physician.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

HARDLY had Johann Spurzheim closed his eyes, when the door of his chamber opened cautiously. His wife entered, leaning on the arm of the young doctor, Pierre Falcone. Near the foot of the bed stood one of those concave arm-chairs used by Madame Spurzheim. Into this she sunk, in her usual attitude of graceful indifference.

"Behold me in my beauty!" said she, smiling.

Though the illusion was destroyed, and the doctor knew what she really was, a deformed dwarf, he was almost startled to see how different she looked when seated. Pierre Falcone bent over his patient.

"I am not asleep," murmured, very faintly, the sick man.

"Is that a reproach, good friend?" asked Barbara, with an affectation of feeling. "I have been in the adjoining chamber, where your doctor has been holding out to me very bright promises of your recovery as soon as the weather becomes warmer. A faithful friend and servitor he is, Johann. When you are well I hope you will not forget him."

The lips of the director hardly moved; but they heard his answer perfectly plain:

"When do I ever forget good or evil?"

Pierre Falcone wished to feel his pulse; he repulsed him with a smile. "In a minute," said he.

Then addressing his wife, he added:

"You have been, Barbara, my well-loved wife, and I would wish that all Naples might be here to hear me render you the homage rightfully due. You are the consolation of my last days!"

"Calm yourself, signor," said Falcone, "do not speak so much."

Johann shook his head.

"My delay," said Barbara, "had another motive. I wished that your affairs should not suffer from your passing indisposition."

"I have had a good sleep, and feel astonishingly refreshed. Do you not both see that I look better?"

"Very much better," answered the wily woman. The doctor said nothing; the doctor looked at his wife!

"And you, Falcone?" said he.

"I?" repeated the latter; "I—I—I do not know."

"You do not know?" pronounced he, slowly.

Then addressing Barbara, who did not dare look either at her accomplice or her husband, Spurzheim said, good-naturedly:

"I am sure, dear friend, that you wonder why I placed so much confidence in this young physician; giving to this young man, not more than twenty-seven or eight years, the cure of such a severe illness as my own. There are some who have thought that he was not in possession of all his faculties. Do you wish to know the secret of his distraction, his fits of absent-mindedness?"

"Signor!" interrupted Falcone, in affright.

"Too much talking will injure me, you say," said Spurzheim, with a mocking smile; "rest easy—I am far better than you think for. I can explain by a few words the enigma of the good doctor's behaviour. He is in love."

As he said this, Spurzheim closed his eyes complacently, in order not to see the glance which shot from his wife's dark eyes. The doctor who stood a few steps from the lady's chair, remained as if struck with thunder.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

He had accepted the proposition made to him by Barbara Monteleone, because he knew that she, as well as her husband, had not long to live. Barbara was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Again her handkerchief was stained with blood.

"Take one of those lozenges which have always helped you, my dear wife," said Spurzheim, whose eyes were still closed. "Ah, when I hear you cough so, my heart aches. What greater grief than a husband wandering through his deserted home in search of the wife of his bosom who is no more! Happily for me that I am destined to precede you on the long journey."

Barbara wished to protest, but her husband went on.

"It distresses me to be obliged to touch upon this very painful subject, but it is necessary. Pierre Falcone, look and be instructed. In all Naples you will not find a couple so devoted to each other—devoted to death. Behold Barbara Spurzheim, who dies because her husband cannot live!"

The lips of the dwarf became livid.

"Would to God," murmured she, "that I could give you the few days which are left me, Johann, my husband, to prolong your precious life!"

"Did you hear her, Falcone? What a treasure I lose! Falcone, you are in love. May you gain the object of your attachment."

"Is the object of this love living?" asked Barbara, with a smile, half sad, half gay.

"Living and beautiful under a black erape veil," replied Johann. "Our faithful lovers are willing to wait for a year of mourning in order to be happy!"

A cold perspiration stood on Pierre Falcone's forehead, and Madame Spurzheim lowered her eyes. A flash of light shone for a moment beneath the half-closed lids of the sick man. The stroke had gone home. Johann crossed his hands on the coverlid and spoke in a tone of compunction.

"Forgive me for the indirect allusion I made to my approaching

end. The pain it causes you forbids me to treat of certain subjects; the separation will not be of long duration. There is another world beyond this. I pray you leave me alone with my physician for a short space."

"Have you no confidence in me, Johann!" cried the hunchback, who essayed to shed a tear; "ought I to lose a single instant so dear to me?"

Spurzheim held out his hand to her. She kissed it, at the same time dropping a tear.

"Barbara," said he, "my confidence in you is unbounded. When the doctor shall have answered in his conscience a few questions I shall ask him, I shall be more tranquil. I will then occupy myself with insuring the future of the only being dear to me in this world. You are a woman far superior to your sex, Barbara. Summon your courage. To-morrow morning you will have nothing more to ask of me; to-morrow morning you will have neither curiosity nor desire to gratify."

"I shall have all!" thought Barbara, who could scarcely conceal her triumph. She rose and kissed the brow of the sick man tenderly. A moment after, the director of the royal police and Pierre Falcone were alone together.

"I owe her that," said Spurzheim, with an indefinable expression. Then he added, "to-morrow morning she will have nothing more to ask of me! What say you, doctor?"

"I listen to you, signor, and await your orders."

Johann smiled and said:

"How much shall I give you, doctor, to make you forget the wickedness passed where you are?"

"Signor, I do not understand you," stammered the young man.

"You are not a dolt, Pierre Falcone; in one evening two great fortunes are proposed to you. I ask, doctor, your opinion of my wife. Answer me, doctor, upon your conscience, is there no human means to save her?"

Pierre Falcone remained stunned, for he thought of the same question asked by the wife.

"Answer!"

"Signor, there is none."

"And," replied the director, imitating the voice of his wife, "will she live a long time?"

Falcone remained speechless.

"I wish to know if she will live a long time?"

"Signor?"

"I wish to know!"

"Science cannot precisely deter—"

He stopped, struck with horror. The questions and answers were precisely the same as had passed in the neighboring room.

"You have heard our conversation!" he cried, unable to contain himself.

"Your ticket in the lottery obliges you to draw a wife. She is an admirable woman—that Barbara Monteleone. I would have given a hundred ounces of gold to have seen her face when you said, 'you gave yourself to her with transport.' She has many marvellous qualities, but they cannot last a month. I am more eager than my wife. I wish to be a widower in twenty-four hours!"

Just as he finished these words, three knocks were heard in the room above. The sick man's face had an anxious, cautious expression, but it was an urgent affair. His smile faded, and taking a little whistle which hung by a cord hidden among his bed curtains, he gave one low note. A faint grating sound was heard in the direction whence came the knocks. Pierre Falcone watched. He was beyond being surprised at anything new. The top of the bed cracked and opened, forming a trap-door above the head of the sick man. From this space came a sort of waiter or shelf, which descended gently.

"What news, Beccafico?" asked Johann.

"Not much, signor. Castel Vecchio is closely guarded. The scaffold is erected in the Piazza San Pietro—"

"Nothing come from the Doria Palace?"

"Two couriers. They search for Prince Coriolani—there is a report that he has been assassinated!"

"Assassinated!" exclaimed Spurzheim and Falcone at once.

The waiter continued to descend till it touched the hands of the director. He took from it two letters.

"Hold the light, doctor."

Pierre Falcone held the light and Johann Spurzheim broke the seals, while Beccafico continued:

"A man has been stabbed on the Madeleni bridge."

Spurzheim looked at the doctor, while he answered:

"I know that."

The lamp trembled slightly. The first letter contained nothing, and the director threw it upon the waiter scornfully. Beccafico continued speaking:

"The sailor who came in the packet ship, speaks of an unknown lady passenger. Keep your eye on her, signor."

Johann nodded, while he read with deep attention. When he had finished the perusal of it, he took both letters and burned them in the lamp.

"That purifies the air of a sick room," murmured he.

At a sign, the trap reclosed. An idea seized the director; he gave the signal, and the top of the bed again opened.

"Present, signor!" said the harsh voice of Beccafico from above.

"Beccafico, when was the Baron Altamonte arrested?"

"The 19th of December, signor."

"And put in prison?"

"Seven days after, the 26th of December, by your order, which I carried myself to Castel Vecchio."

"When did we take possession of this palace? Make no mistake, Beccafico."

"The 29th of December, signor."

"The letters we expected then have not had time to reach here. So much the better."

The trap closed.

"Help me regain my health, doctor. No physician has ever understood my disease, and I think you are like the rest. We will labor together to-night, and you will see whether I am yet good for nothing. Raise me so that I may sit up in bed."

When Falcone had helped him to sit up, Johann heaved a deep sigh of fatigue.

"I am very weak, doctor, and I suppose you laugh at my weakness. Do you think my days are numbered? No need to answer; I have longer to live than you think for. It has been foretold that I am proof against poison or steel. I shall live a hundred years; for it is written!"

"Signor," said Falcone, "I know nothing. Since I entered this house this evening, everything has seemed strange, supernatural. I know not if I am in my right mind."

"I will speak and see if you can understand me. Don't interrupt me. There is a man, Pierre Falcone, whom you hate—hate with your whole heart and soul—"

"I protest, signor, that—"

"Peace! Listen to a little story I will tell you, which will serve to amuse you. Three years ago I was in Palermo, at the end of the year 1820, on business. But to interrupt myself. How liked you my account of assassinating the husband and marrying the wife, when the year of mourning has expired?"

"Signor?"

"I would not give a ducat for thy head, my poor doctor, if Barbara had eight hours at her command. I will go on. In the year 1820 there was great rejoicing because of the visit of Francis Bourbon, prince royal. Many strangers were in the city; Neapolitan nobles belonging to the court. The Angris were there; the Berberini. Alizia D'Angri and Bianca Barberini, two beautiful girls; but they were obliged to yield the palm of beauty to Inez Frezzolini, daughter of the Marquis Mantou. Why do you close your eyes, Falcone?"

"Because the light is too strong for them, signor."

"Look at me like a man, Pierre Falcone. If you are strong we will form a treaty; my story will not be long. A grand entertainment was given to the prince royal by Count Segesta in his magnificent chateau on the borders of the gulf of Castel-a-Mare. Sitting on the grass under the luxuriant trees, in all youth's adornment, Inez Frezzolini was stung by an asp. They brought her dying to Palermo. There was only one way of curing the wound. A condemned man must suck the poison. The afflicted will live, but the condemned dies. There was not a single person sentenced to death in the prison at Palermo. A letter was read from Francis, prince royal, to all the prisoners, in which he promised pardon and five hundred ducats to any one who would place his lips to the wound. All refused except one. He said:

"The five hundred ducats shall be for my old mother."

"Have you a mother, Pierre Falcone?"

"No, signor, she is dead."

"The prisoner at Palermo was called, if my memory is good, Pietro Bertini—"

"Pietro Maria Bertuzzi, signor," rectified the doctor.

"You know the story better than I perhaps?"

"Signor," said Falcone, in an altered voice, "please go on."

"Ah, well," pursued Johann Spurzheim, "this prisoner, Pietro Maria Bertuzzi, had become, I think, a smuggler, to gain bread for his mother. He drew the poison from the wound of Inez Frezzolini, who recovered. The prisoner did not die. With the five hundred ducats he received, the young man studied medicine. He was admitted to the first grade; he was admitted as physician in the palace of the Frezzolini. Pietro Bertuzzi was very handsome. He fell in love with the young and beautiful Inez whose life he had saved at the risk of his own. Tell me the rest, Pierre Falcone," suddenly said Spurzheim, "I forget."

"One night," said the doctor, slowly, between his teeth, "there was a ball at the palace Frezzolini, and Pietro Maria, who was not invited, hid where he could feast his eyes upon the beauty of his love. From his hiding place he heard two young men discussing the beauty of the beautiful Inez. He watched the two as they entered the hall room; saw them go and converse with the being he adored. His heart was filled with rage against them because they were more privileged than he. Later in the evening, his heart was filled with hatred. Pietro Bertuzzi was hidden beneath the balcony. Inez Frezzolini and a friend came and stood there. Then under the silent stars, Inez confessed that she loved—not Pietro Maria—but the Chevalier Athol, one of the young men who had an hour ago stood on that same balcony. The heart of the listener was filled with despair and hatred—bitter hatred for his rival. The old Count Frezzolini died, and his beautiful daughter too. An epidemic carried them off. One remains. I hate him! I hate him!" exclaimed Pierre Falcone, dropping the third person. "Inez died by her own hand, for Athol was blind to her beauty. For love of him she died. He lives still, gay and handsome, but he shall die!"

"I know," said Spurzheim, "when Inez died, for a time you gave way to grief. Then you roused yourself; you sought for Athol; he was nowhere in Palermo. One lucky day you discovered that the Chevalier Athol was no other than the Master of Silence, the brigand as powerful as a king, the terrible and renowned Porporato!"

"You are right, signor."

"To get near him you became a Companion of Silence. You are just the man I need. All that Barbara, my excellent wife, promised you, I will give you; you shall be rich; you shall be a count. Tell me, are you capable of loving?"

"No, signor."

"Yet you would marry a beautiful young girl if she brought you wealth and rank?"

"I am ambitious; it is my sole remaining passion."

"I have a wife for thee. You shall have also the ring of Silence, which makes you a master, not a slave—not mine, but one as good. What will you give me in exchange for that, Signor Falcone?"

"Anything you wish."

"I ask in return, your strength, which I have not, health, which I need too; your agile limbs, piercing eyes, subtle ears, your entire self, that my active mind may have a useful body."

"I will be your body, signor."

"You have understood me well. Barbara has pried into my affairs. She has seen three letters upon which hang our life or death. I must go myself and get these letters. Dress me."

Without remonstrating, Pierre Falcone helped the sick man into his clothes.

Now carry me to my cabinet."

Falcone lifted the emaciated man easily, and bore him to a door, which opened and admitted them into a little dark cabinet in which was a winding staircase. This staircase the young man descended with his living burden. At the foot of the second flight he came to another cabinet, like the one he had just left. This opened upon a long corridor, in which were a few windows, at regular distances apart, tightly closed and guarded. Traversing it, Pierre Falcone thought he heard the sound of steps on the pavement. This corridor, he thought, must be on a level with the street. At the end of the corridor was a closed door. Johann drew a key from his pocket and placed it in the lock. The door opened. They were in the office of the director of the royal police.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THREE LETTERS.

JOHANN SPURZHEIM gave a long, searching glance round the room as soon as he crossed the threshold. Everything remained exactly as he had left it; not a paper was moved.

"What a woman!" murmured he, as Falcone carried him to the table; "what a fairy! She has left no trace of her passage. Ah, my friend, I shall regret her, I know!"

Before the table stood a large leather-covered arm-chair, looking more like a sentry box than a chair. This arm-chair was well known in Naples. It was thought that it was made to keep the director safe from any draft. But it had more precious advantages than those. He was then, in this little sentry box, like a priest in his confessional. The citizens who frequented the bureau of the police, had seen, I know not, what shadow in the profound depths of this arm-chair; an emaciated body, a thin face, so meagre and pale that it looked like the head of a phantom. That was all.

Pierre Falcone placed the lamp on the table, then having his two hands free, he placed Johann Spurzheim in his confessional box. The two lateral sides of this singular chair were hung on hinges, and opened, according to the wish of the occupant. Each of these sides was double, and covered with stitched morocco. Once enclosed in this box, few people knew him. The chair was on castors; four strong men could scarcely lift it. Johann Spurzheim uttered a sigh of relief as he sunk on its easy cushions.

"I am a little tired; but it is no wonder. Hand me my letters. Ah, I am glad to get once more among my papers, books and letters—old companions. In my bed I am defenceless; but this is my fortress, Falcone; once here I feel as if I could struggle with a giant."

The doctor handed him his letters, and pushed the lamp nearer him.

"Ah," cried he, "these three unsealed letters. There is no trace of their having been unsealed; but I know that she has been here. Was there ever such an incomparable woman! I shall regret her."

He looked at the three letters, one after the other, and Falcone saw his hands tremble. The lamp threw an oblique ray into the deep chair; Falcone saw that the face of the director was very much agitated. Johann saw his surprised look.

"Friend," said he, "you never will know what you would now know, be persuaded of that. You will be my confidant, it is true; but the office is a sinecure. Never try to surprise me; that will bring you unhappiness!"

"Signor," replied Falcone, "I will execute all your orders faithfully, unquestioningly; but do not menace me, for my character is not perfect."

"Peste!" grumbled Spurzheim; "we treat power for power, friend Pietro Maria Bartuzzi!"

"As you please, Signor David Heimer!" slowly pronounced the doctor.

Johann trembled slightly at hearing this name; for a moment his lips remained open. Then he smiled sarcastically, as he said:

"Peste! peste! We are more knowing than we pretend to be. It is well, Falcone; he who menaces you must be on his guard. I see we shall be good friends. Turn my chair a little, dear companion; not that I desire to hide from you, but I shall have other visitors perhaps, beside yourself."

Falcone turned the heavy machine.

"Enough!"

The light of the lamp entered no more the confessional.

"Falcone," said Spurzheim, "have you known long the name by which you just called me?"

"For three years."

"Good! Bring a chair forward and be seated, so that the light falls full upon you. Soon you will leave me, for I must send you

on a mission of the highest importance for you. But before I proceed, draw the curtains which hang before my chair."

The doctor obeyed.

"When you are gone, I shall be obliged to remain prisoner till your return. Give me some sheets of paper and a pencil."

These he took, and with a trembling hand traced a plan.

"This, friend Falcone, is a plan of my house, of which you know only the dining room, drawing room, my sleeping room, and this cabinet. It is an old building, and contains many corridors and galleries. This plan will make you acquainted with every room, door and passage. You will be able to return to my sleeping room easily. At the right of my bed is the door B, which opens upon the corridor B C, at the end of which is my wife's boudoir; poor Barbara, I shall regret her! In the boudoir is a door D, which leads to a staircase ascending to the second story. Take the corridor F F, leading to the private apartments of Madame Spurzheim, which is situated exactly over us, two stories higher. In the saloon is the door C, which you must take. It is the longest way, but you will not run the risk of meeting any one. Three rooms are empty, H I J; they are guest chambers. You will traverse them; the third on tiptoe, as silently as a cat, for you are near my poor Barbara's chamber door, who inhabits the room L, which you will enter by the door K—"

"And why shall I enter her sleeping room?"

"That you shall soon know," said Johann, laughing. He gave a key to the doctor. "The door K is closed, this will open it. My dear wife ought to be asleep at this hour. She always has by her bedside a table, on which stands a golden box containing cough lozenges. Your commission consists in changing that box, and replacing it with this."

He held towards the young man a little golden box, precisely like the one used by Madame Spurzheim. The first movement of the doctor was to repulse him.

"You can see," said Spurzheim, taking no notice of the repugnance of Falcone, "that my tastes are very like dear Barbara's!"

"What is there inside?" asked the doctor, who was very pale.

"Why wish for painful details?" slowly answered Johann Spurzheim.

"Poison!" murmured Falcone.

Spurzheim opened the box. "Some lozenges," replied he, with a frightful calmness.

"But," said Falcone, "if your wife should wake!" The blood in his veins turned to ice.

"Make any excuse you please; but change the box all the same."

Falcone took the box. Spurzheim uttered a deep sigh, and repeated again:

"I know very well I shall regret her!"

Falcone said: "There is a solemn compact between us, signor; woe to the one who proves false!"

He turned to the door. From the depths of his chair the eyes of Johann followed him.

"Soon!" said he.

"Immediately!" answered Falcone, who disappeared through the doorway.

Spurzheim laughed a dry, harsh laugh.

"I shall outlive them all! all! I am thin, wasted, but there is life enough within me."

The presence of Falcone had annoyed him, for he prepared to open the three letters he held in his hands, and examined them closely. The three letters were alike, bearing a seal—a shield with a golden heart pierced by two swords. The arms of Monteleone! He was about to break the seal of the first, but he hesitated, and after a moment's thought placed it with the two others upon the table.

"Before I open them I must take care!"

In order to do this he must rise. Terrible task! For several moments it seemed as if that would be impossible. He placed his thin, trembling hand upon the arms of the chair. After trying several times he succeeded, and stood leaning, trembling, panting, against the firm sides of the confessional. Then he sank upon his knees.

"What strength have I?" he murmured, as soon as he recovered his breath. "Scarcely able to raise my own body, which is far from being ponderous."

He wished to wipe his forehead, which was covered with drops of sweat, but he dared not relinquish for a moment his support. After a while he raised himself on his knees, grasping with his hands the table. Thus supporting himself by the different articles of furniture, the old man made the circuit of the room, carefully examining each door. He was obliged to stop many times on his way.

"It is a long distance," murmured he; "I did not think I was so weak."

When he got back to his chair, Johann Spurzheim uttered a sigh of weariness. When he recovered his breath, he exclaimed, triumphantly:

"They thought me dying, did they? Idiots! I shall live a hundred years! It is written."

The first letter was unsealed. It was written in the mysterious characters of Silence, and said:

"To render myself worthy of the confidence of your excellence, I have worked diligently. I am on the watch. I feel around me the meshes of this mysterious and guilty plot; I am sure that I can disclose it. To-morrow I shall have the honor of telling your excellence more."

This letter was dated two days previous; two days ago Johann should have received it. It was signed by a cross and the cipher 133.

"There isn't anything in that letter," said Johann, half aloud; "he seeks, he hopes to find, that is all. Not a word of the two children. Let's see what is in the others."

Johann opened the second letter. This also was written in the same characters, and was a little longer. It contained the following words:

"I worked well yesterday. I am still but a novice in the trade of spy, and rather old to begin my apprenticeship, but the end in view sustains me. The children of my master must have bread. I have learned many things; I think they are important. I will tell them to you this evening."

"This evening!" said Johann; "what is the date?" The letter was dated the day before.

"It was yesterday!" exclaimed Johann, in despair; "he was to have come yesterday evening. I will finish the letter, and perhaps be able to judge something from it." It continued:

"I pray you instantly to admit me to an audience with you. Yesterday, I knocked in vain at your private door."

"So he was here yesterday!" again spoke Johann Spurzheim, and he made an impatient movement. The letter thus closed:

"I absolutely must see your excellency, or some other member of the royal police, to whom I can make my declaration. I kiss the hands of your excellency."

This also was signed with the simple cross and the cipher 133.

"He must see either me or some member of the royal government!" repeated the director, in an altered voice.

His hand trembled so violently that he could scarcely open the third letter. Eagerly his eye ran over the contents, written like the rest in the characters of Silence. It was dated the morning of the same day. It said:

"I have found your door again closed. I shall wait until the evening before addressing myself to any one else. This evening passed, I intend to go to the Minister of State or the king himself—"

You could have heard distinctly the teeth of Johann Spurzheim knock together, even from the depths of his box-like chair, as he read the following sentence:

"At ten o'clock precisely I will knock at the little door of your cabinet—"

A stifled oath passed from the lips of the director.

"He came," groaned he, "at ten o'clock. It is half past eleven. Perhaps at this very moment he is with the Minister of State or with the king! I am lost!"

He crumbled the letter in a paroxysm of rage; but recovering himself, he smoothed it with his trembling hands upon his equally unsteady knees, and continued the reading of it.

"I have two reasons for my urgency," continued this mysterious correspondent; "I know too much to be silent any longer; I shall tell all I know. In the second place, I am in want, horrible want! My master's children are starving—actually starving!"

This was signed with the cross and simple cipher 133. The cross and cipher were at the bottom of the page.

Johann was about to tear the paper in pieces in the excess of his rage and despair, when he perceived beneath the cross, upon the extreme edge of the paper, in tiny, mysterious characters, the notice to turn over. He turned the page; some more words were written there. Johann read:

"If your excellency cannot attend to me at ten o'clock, I will go my rounds and return at half past eleven; knowing that the Minister of State and the king will be till late at the Doria Palace."

Johann Spurzheim drew a long breath. He looked at the clock, which was just upon the stroke. At the same instant, three timid knocks were heard at the door; the bolt of which Johann was obliged to rise and shove back.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET OF NUMBER ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE.

The first movement of Johann was to quickly regain his seat. His hand encountered there a key suspended by a silken cord. His eye brightened. That was all he wished, doubtless, for he said in a firm voice, "Enter!"

The door opened immediately, giving a sight of a long, dim corridor. The person who entered was an old man; yet looking at him, it was very evident that his tall form was bent more by fatigue than age. His eyes, timid, yet bright, gave a sort of youthful aspect to the face, covered with wrinkles, engraven by sorrow and misery. When this man had closed the door behind him, he looked all round the cabinet searching for the master of seals; the look was humble and fearful. His dress was that of a Sicilian peasant, and very much worn. He held his hat in his hand in a graceful, easy manner, showing him to be above his dress. His poor, wrinkled face spoke of hopes lost, despair and suffering. He

saw nothing in the vast, ill-lighted room. The new-comer, astonished at this silence, stopped in the middle of the room and asked:

"Is not Signor Johann Spurzheim here?"

A hidden voice answered, "Approach the table!"

Whence came that voice? The man strove in vain to discover.

"Come near the table!" impatiently repeated Spurzheim, and in his impatience he struck against the side of the box chair, and the old man became aware where the voice proceeded from. He came to the table. Johann said, coldly:

"Seat yourself there, near the lamp!"

"Signor," murmured the poor man.

"Be seated!" repeated Johann, imperiously; "I like to see clearly the face of the person I question."

The old man thought that the director did not like to be seen, because try as he would in his fearful way, no glimpse could be got of the occupant of the strange chair. He seated himself and placed his hat between his knees, and lowered his head.

"Raise your head," ordered Spurzheim, "and look towards me."

The poor man obeyed. The rays of the lamp fell full upon the bald head and few scattering gray hairs. It was a handsome, finely formed head. The eyes had in them a resigned, sad look; his face lacked energy. From the depths of his retreat, Johann studied the face attentively. The sight of that old face seemed to revive some forgotten memory. Where had he seen that faithful face? Ah, it came back to him, and he murmured:

"It is he! it is truly he! It is he whom I have watched for so long!"

"You are No. 133, are you?" abruptly asked Johann Spurzheim.

"Yes, signor."

"It is you who wrote me those three letters then?"

"You are not a good huntsman, not to know the tame roe from the wild. Why did you write me those letters?"

"I wrote them because that you as well as all the world are taken up with this powerful association, the Companions of Silence. I know the history of Mario Monteleone. The king knows that that mysterious brotherhood make vengeance the excuse for robbery and wickedness. The king seeks for the Companions of Silence to punish them, but he seeks for the widow and children of Mario Monteleone to give them back their titles and property."

"And think you to gain your money, my friend, by spying the king?"

"Allow me to say, signor," repeated No. 133, in a quiet tone, "I think to gain my money by serving the king in all his desires and wishes. You do not frighten me, for I know that under your rudeness you hide a deep devotion to your prince. Do you wish me to speak of the widow and children of Mario Monteleone?"

Johann could not answer for a moment, he trembled so violently. It was then that his box chair was so invaluable. But for that shield, No. 133 would have seen his wasted body tremble, his dull eyes gleam with a triumphant light.

"Speak," said Spurzheim, affecting indifference.

"The two children of Mario Monteleone have never received the least sign of interest from the pretended avengers of their father, the Companions of Silence—"

"How long is it since they left Sicily?"

"Your excellency knows they lived in Sicily?"

"My excellency knows more than you on many subjects, and you will see, my friend, that it is not easy to deceive my excellency. I know that there lived in Sicily a young boy and girl, brought up by a certain man named Mauuelus Giridicelli. This



DOCTOR PIERRE FALCONE AND THE DIRECTOR.

"Yes, signor."

"What made you request to become a member of the police?"

"Want."

"Had you ever performed the office of a spy before?"

The old man raised his head with such a proud, haughty air that Johann scarcely recognized him. The proud manner lasted but a minute. The old man bowed his head and answered simply:

"No, signor, never."

"You are old, too old to begin any trade. You want activity and youth."

"I know that, signor," replied the old man, humbly; "but I must earn bread for my children; and if I am not young and active, I am faithful and watchful."

He drew an old pocket-book from his pocket and opened it.

"Before you commence your report," said Spurzheim, coldly, "did you find, buy or steal the seal with which you close your letters?"

"My poor seal! By selling it I could have got bread for my children; but I couldn't do that! Signor, I have longed to speak with you, and I hope you will treat favorably an unfortunate. You, a worthy magistrate, will not abuse my good faith. At the time I speak to you, signor, and if you hasten, there is perhaps still time to arrest a young man who has figured in Sicily and Calabria under the name of Chevalier Athol, and who to-day commands the Companions of Silence around Castel Vecchio, in order to deliver the prisoner who is to be executed to-morrow. He is followed by a woman, disguised as a boy, and thousands of mysterious soldiers await only a sign from his hand—"

"Is that all?" said Johann, disdainfully; "the very least of my men know where to take Beldomonio and Fiamma."

"Why don't they take them, then?" naively asked the agent.

man made several journeys to court to claim a heritage, but in order to do that a title is necessary. Mauuelus Giridicelli could never furnish that."

Saying that, Johann Spurzheim darted an eagle glance towards No. 133. I know what thought flashed through the old man's brain at that moment, but he would give half his blood to have been able to see the face of the wily director. Vain desire! From the two sides of the chair hung curtains of green silk, which were, it was thought, to protect the weak eyes of the invalid from the strong light of the lamp hanging overhead. He was literally invisible.

"What is true one day may be false the next," murmured the poor agent.

Johann asked quickly, "Have you any acquaintance with this Mauuelus Giridicelli?"

"No," answered the agent, unhesitatingly.

"Is that all you had to say to me?" asked Spurzheim.

"Please God, no, signor, for I must earn my salary if I have not already done so. I must have my salary at any price!"

"I hear you; but tell me first if those two young people of whom we just spoke are at Naples?"

"Signor," replied No. 133, "my two children are with me, or rather the children of my old master were brought up in Catania in the same village with the latter; that is how I know about the young heirs of Monteleone. I look after their interests for the sake of the friendship existing between the children. The last time I saw these children was in Calabria Ultra II., at the hamlet of Martorello."

"What were you doing in that country?"

"Coming to Naples with my children."

"Then your children are with you?"

"Yes, signor, my own children are."

"Well, go on."

"If the government of the king can deny the identity of the son and daughter of Mario Monteleone because they cannot produce the register of their birth, I suppose it is not the same with the noble widow of the count."

"Know you her retreat?" eagerly asked Johann. Then regretting his interested manner, he added, indifferently, "Twenty times impostors have spoken to me of her."

"I am no impostor," slowly and quietly replied the old man; "I tell you that she is at Naples."

He heard Spurzheim spring in his chair while he asked, in a voice trembling with eagerness:

"Are you sure, man? are you sure?"

"I have seen her."

"Anywhere near the Minister of State?"

"At the very door of his apartment."

Johann lowered his head as if thinking, and murmured, in a tone wholly inaudible to his visitor's ears:

"Poor Barbara! it is not my fault. At this very moment my lozenges must be on her table; perhaps even now she takes one to ease that frightful cough—she will never cough after taking one. They are an infallible cure for many diseases—all in fact."

As if in answer to his thoughts, some one knocked lightly at the door by which Pierre Falcone left. It was doubtless Pierre Falcone who had returned.

"What news, my friend?" asked Johann, from his retreat; then added warningly, "I am not alone."

"Your commission is executed," responded Falcone.

"Very well; go and wait for me in my bedroom; I will be with you directly."

He listened till he heard the doctor ascend the stairs, then he turned towards his agent.

"Go on with your story. Tell me all you know, without waiting to be questioned. I am far from well, having risen from the bed to attend to you. I cannot waste my strength in questioning you. Beware how you attempt to deceive me!"

"I never lie, signor. Maria Amalfi has just returned from France, where she has been since the 15th of October, when the seventh anniversary of the death of Mario Monteleone was celebrated in the convent of Corpo Santo. Her voyage had a grand end. There is in Marseilles a famous physician Daniel Bach, pupil and friend of the celebrated Samuel Hahnemann, who has discovered a new science. Daniel Bach, as well as his master, has unknown arms with which to fight against these subtle enemies of man—sickness, insanity, death—"

"Stop!" cried Johann.

"Take a paper and pencil and write me the direction of this learned and most excellent doctor. Does he make good cures?"

"He cured Maria Amalfi of her insanity."

Spurzheim uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight.

The agent took the paper and wrote, "Doctor Daniel Bach, Rue Charreux, No. 4."

Spurzheim did not ask him how he knew the direction, but bade him go on, saying, "I am your debtor, friend; you shall be rewarded. Go on."

"I have told all I know in that respect. I do not know who placed her on board the vessel in France—the packet ship Buterfly. She was alone on board with only a lady companion—"

"Stay, friend, can you not describe the companion by some distinguishing mark, if you know not her name?"

"She is small, dark, and very handsome; the beauty belonging to the Zingara race. They were received on their arrival by a young man, dressed very elegantly. I have been but eight days in Naples, signor, and know few people, and I did not know the young man's name, neither have I been able to find out. People called him the prince; I asked who he was, but no one would answer me; they all laughed at me. I tried to follow the carriage, but I am old and the coach was drawn by four superb horses, and it was soon out of sight. I have an old friend who busies himself with ferreting out the proofs of a treachery to the government which he suspects."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AT LEEDS, ENGLAND.

The accompanying engraving is an accurate representation of the fine statue of Queen Victoria, lately placed in the vestibule of the new town hall, Leeds, England. Numerous as are the portraits of the queen of England in the various departments of art, this recent statue appears to give more general satisfaction than any other. It represents the queen in her state robes, bearing the sceptre in her right hand, and in her left the scroll of the constitution. There is an elevation in the look and attitude which belongs to high station, and which must be natural to the queen when appearing in the character of a sovereign upon state occasions. It is the historical phase of her life, and belongs as such to marble rather than to pictorial art. In private life, and on informal occasions, the queen is lost in the unpretending lady; though her native dignity is never laid aside. Few female sovereigns have commanded more universal love and respect than Victoria. Elizabeth



NEW STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

abeth, great as a sovereign, was contemptible as a woman; her heart was corroded by petty passions; her vanity and love of flattery were inexorable, and her small teasings were as degrading as her great cruelties were inexorable. No one can review her career and assert that she was a loveable woman. But Victoria possesses all those kindly feelings and agreeable manners which command love, while she certainly rules with dignity and power. She has earned a worthy name in her two fold capacity of sovereign and woman, and is queen of hearts as well as queen of lands. Her dignity and virtue have rendered revolution impossible in England, even in times of the angriest political feeling, and the most menacing of political contingencies; and when the national anthem is sung, it is probable that there are few dissenting voices to the prayer, "God save the Queen!" In political matters, the queen of England really possesses very little power, the government of Great Britain being a constitutional monarchy, and the responsibility resting with the cabinet ministers. The president of the United States has far more power vested in him.

DISTINGUISHED COMETS.

The presence of one of these remarkable visitors—one of the most beautiful of them all—renders the history of the whole cometary race specially interesting for the time. In the year 389 a comet, the head of which appeared to be composed of several small stars, and its tail a flaming sword, and which must have been a splendid object, caused the greatest consternation among men. Another comet in 582 appeared to be surrounded by thick darkness and to stand in a sort of opening; the tail which was of great magnitude, looked like the smoke of a distant conflagration. In 615 the Chinese describe a comet with a tail 60 degrees long and having a vibratory motion. The great comet of 891 had a tail 100 degrees long and of astonishing brilliancy. One of the finest comets on record appeared in 1392, so bright that it was visible at noon-day. In January, 1472, a comet came within three and half a million of miles of the earth, and was visible in the day-

time, its tail stretching completely across the heavens. In 1618 Kepler discovered a comet which had brilliant corruscations in its tail. The comet of 1652 almost equalled the moon in size, and was of a pale livid color. The comet of 1680 almost grazed the sun's surface, moving at the rate of 180,000 miles in an hour; the nucleus resembled a burning coal, the tail was 90 degrees in length. The period of its revolution around the sun was computed to be not less than 8800 years. The comet of 1744 is regarded as the most splendid of the last century. Its head equalled Venus in brilliancy, and at one time it exhibited six tails, in rays like a fan. The comet of 1807 had a well-defined planetary disk of a circular form, which Herschel estimated to be not less than 538 miles in diameter. The real length of the tail was nine millions of miles. The comet of 1811 was remarkable for remaining visible for a year and a half. In the autumn of 1811, the comet was within the circle of perpetual apparition, and conspicuous all night. The tail was longest about the end of the first week in October; it then extended over an arc of twenty-five degrees and was six degrees broad. Sir William Herschel saw a well-defined planetary disk involved in a nebulosity forming the head. The disk was of a pale ruddy color; the surrounding nebulosity, bluish green. The nebulosity was upwards of one million of miles in diameter. In 1819, a fine comet appeared suddenly in the constellation Leo. Cacciatore of Palermo, assures us that it exhibited phases similar to the moon, during part of its visibility, and that the crescent was not always on the same side of the nucleus. In 1825, M. Pons, at Marseilles, discovered a comet that remained visible for nearly one entire year. It was most conspicuous at the beginning of October, 1825, as the head was approaching the southern horizon. The tail was fifteen degrees long, and divided into two branches. Santinir saw the nucleus, composed of three bright points. The fine comet of 1843 is fresh in the recollection of many. The tail extended 40 degrees, and undulations were noticed in it. It had a very small, but bright nucleus of a reddish color. It approached within 96,000 miles of the sun,

and it was at first believed that it had actually touched it. Most of the astronomers are positive that the present comet is not that of 1556, called the comet of Charles V., from which its elements of motion are said to differ greatly. It is not identified as having visited the solar system before. It will pass so near the planet Venus, it is said, that its motion will be materially disturbed by the attraction of the planet.

Women of superior acquirements, and of sterling qualifications, if they can so far forget themselves as to envy pretty fools the little attentions they receive from prating coxcombs, act as absurdly as if they were to begrudge the fly her paramour, or the moth her may. Madame de Stael, however, has often been heard to say that she would gladly have exchanged all the brightest qualities of the mind for that which niggard nature had denied her, the perishable but attractive beauties of the body. A sentiment, after all, more discreditable perhaps to our sex than to herself. —*Lacyn.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Come hither, little playmate,
Come, sit beside my knee,
And tell me why you sob and sigh,
And look with fear to me!
I know the night is darksome,
And the storm is fierce and high,
Yet why upon thy little heart
Should fear and trembling lie?

It is because the shadows
Are flitting on the wall;
They seem like hosts of warlike ghosts,
And they chill where'er they fall.
So hold me closer in your arms—
See, their hands are stretched again!
They are sad and solemn spectres,
And their presence gives me pain.

Ah, little child, how strangely
Do thy infant fears recall
Each spectre guest that haunts my breast—
Real shadows on the wall!
Not, alas, like thine, the terrors
Of twilight spectres gray,
But phantoms real, which from my heart
Can never pass away!

Thy infant fears remind me
Of manhood's sterner grief;
But this—ah, woe!—'tis truly so,
May never know relief!
The shades which haunt thee linger
For but a single night,
But death alone can put my own
To everlasting flight!

They pass before me nightly.
When sleep has closed thine eyes,
And the sheeted corse of vain remorse
Next to my bosom lies!
There are ghosts of hopes and sorrows,
From memory's wintry shore,
Yea, even *her* shade, whose heart shall throb
For me—ah, nevermore!

Then closer, little playmate,
Lie closer to my breast;
If coming years must bring thee fears,
Now, surely, thou shalt rest.
Perchance life must be darksome,
Each one must act his part,
But I'll pray that thou may'st never know
These shadows of the heart!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEMPLE HOUSE MYSTERY.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"HAVE you heard the news?" said Miss Belle Clapper to Mrs. Alltawk.

"No, indeed; what is it?"

No feminine individual, be it observed, in Cackleton, or out of it, loved to hear news better than Mrs. Alltawk; while no one loved to tell news, natural or artificial, better than Miss Belle Clapper. The Temple House, we may add, had received that name from a quaint-looking little temple, or pavilion, which stood in its garden.

"They have let the Temple House, at last," replied Miss Belle to her friend's question.

"And who to?"

"To a widow—a young widow, with two children. How she ever got there, I can't imagine. She must certainly have come in the night. At all events she was here bright and early this morning, and her children too. A queer time to move, isn't it? I never knew one breath about it till Sally Ann told me that she had seen her and her two little girls as she was going for milk this morning early. They were standing by the back door, looking at the Temple, as she turned the corner. Sally Ann's cousin Hetty lives next door, you know, at Mrs. Johnson's, and she told her who they were. Curious how they could get here and nobody know it, isn't it?"

Mrs. Alltawk certainly had good reason think it curious that anything of the sort should take place without Miss Belle Clapper's knowing it, for a keener instinct than hers for finding out things, a more highly cultivated and indefatigable genius for investigation, did not exist within the boundaries of the borough of Cackleton—not even excepting Mrs. Alltawk herself, who did unquestionably deserve to stand next to her eloquent and observant friend.

"It is curious, indeed," echoed Mrs. Alltawk; "it is mysterious; and for my part, I never did like mystery, and never knowed no good to come of it. Mrs. What's-her-name may be a very correct and proper person—I wouldn't insinuate anything to the contrary for the world—but why make a secret of her movements in that way? Where there is nothing wrong, there is no concealment, because there ain't no need of it. But you haven't told me the widow's name—what is it?"

"Her name? Well, I s'pose she calls it a name, but for my part I would just as soon have no name at all as be called Mrs. Smith, which means just nobody, it is nothing but a cloak to hide all sorts of rogues and vagabonds."

"Mrs. Smith?—you don't say so! Well, everybody knows that I would be the last person, the very last person, to show anything

like a disposition to be prying or inquisitive, but I do say that this thing ought to be inquired into."

"Yes, that it ought; and I'm determined to do it, too. Thank Heaven, I'm not one of that sort that hangs back and counts the cost, when anything is to be done for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. If there is trouble to be taken, I'll take the trouble; if there is labor to be done, I'll do the labor; but Cackleton shall not be imposed upon as long as I can prevent it; and I don't boast of it, either. It's natural for me to be public-spirited and benevolent; I couldn't help it if I tried."

If there is any philanthropist who is beginning to grow despondent and to lose confidence in the perfectibility of the race, it is a great pity that he could not have been present on this occasion, to have observed the truly admirable recklessness with which these inestimable ladies flung themselves into the fore-front of the battle for truth and good morals, "pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," for the glorious cause. Mrs. Alltawk even seemed to be afraid lest her friend should get the better of her, in words at least, and she forthwith capped the above-recorded manifesto of Miss Belle Clapper with a similar harangue of her own, twice as long and fully as eloquent. Our readers will perhaps excuse us from giving a detailed report of it. Indeed we feel incompetent to do it justice, and prefer not making the attempt.

Unlike many even of the sterner sex, whose resolves are apt to effervesce in mere words, our Cackleton ladies set themselves to work in earnest, determined to discover what dire mystery lay hid under the smooth, deceptive commonplace of Mrs. Smith, who was actually suspected of having dared to smuggle herself into a respectable village in the night-time—or perish in the attempt. For some time their success was hardly commensurate with the nobleness of their cause and the self-sacrificing zeal with which they pursued it. Sally Ann, her cousin Hetty, and other similar locomotive engines, were set to work, but with little apparent advantage. Great hopes were entertained of the good effects to result from skilfully tampering with Mrs. Smith's servants; but somehow it did not seem to succeed.

The lady had three servants, all mulattoes, and related to each other; a middle-aged man, a woman, and their daughter. Sally Ann and her cousin, and Mrs. Alltawk's maid-of-all-work, Nancy, all tried in vain, and tried their very best, to pump these Africo-Caucasian hybrids—but it was emphatically "no go." To use Sally Ann's expression, they "couldn't begin for to come it." The "tawnies" were all respectful, polite, deferential even—but utterly unresponsive; dry as a drunkard's throat, and close as a clam-shell. Even bribery, to a moderate extent, was tried unavailingly. In spite of the indefatigable labors of Clapper, Alltawk & Co., some few of the ladies of Cackleton called on Mrs. Smith, and severely as their conduct was reprehended by the two indefatigables, they were nevertheless the very first to question them about what they had seen and heard at the Temple House, though their inquiries led to no more interesting results than they had previously made elsewhere.

At last the condition of these two ladies was really getting to be a pitiable one. In fact the health of both of them began to be visibly impaired, though it was hard to say what name ought to be given to their common ailment. They do say that old Dr. Smirk told Miss Belle Clapper that it was a case of "congested curiosity," but we have not been able to trace the report to any source that could be relied upon as absolutely and undoubtedly authentic.

Poor old Mr. Alltawk, however, was perhaps a greater sufferer than any one else. He was a mild, docile, patient husband, long trained to habits of silent, unquestioning obedience; but one morning, when Mrs. Alltawk was bewailing her hard fate in not being able to find out anything, he so far forgot himself as to venture very humbly to suggest the possibility that there might be "nothing to find out." Poor old man!—that unlucky speech cost him many a headache—not to speak of the headaches, particularly of that species which results from the contact of violently impinging broomsticks, and other and similar sorts of domestic artillery.

It is quite impossible to say what might or might not have happened, if Sally Ann had not covered herself with immortal honor by a most seasonable discovery. One of Mrs. Smith's offences, we may here remark, was being the mother of a little girl who could only just cleverly walk alone.

"I wouldn't for the world insinuate that there is anything wrong," said Miss Belle Clapper; "but if there is *not* anything wrong, is it not a very extraordinary thing that Mrs. Smith does not wear mourning for a husband who has been dead such a short time? As for that poor child, I can't help feeling that it is predestinated to some bad end."

This unfortunate little one, guilty of the "original sin" of being born at such an unlucky epoch, was on one occasion playing alone near the front gate as Sally Ann happened to be passing. Being always on the lookout while passing the Temple House, she soon perceived that the little creature had a glove in her hand. This glove Sally Ann managed to steal, not on account of its intrinsic value, but because she knew that her mistress would applaud and perhaps even reward her for the act.

"What?" I fancy I hear the reader exclaim; "a mistress, a professedly Christian mistress" (for such she was), "reward a servant for committing a theft?" Pooh, pooh! my dear sir, or madam, you are too squeamish altogether. Don't you know that in the maintenance of great public rights, the commission of petty private wrongs is sometimes unavoidable?

When Sally Ann came in with the glove, Mrs. Alltawk happened to be seated with Miss Belle Clapper in the inmost penetralia of her maiden bower, or, more vulgarly speaking, her bed-chamber. Unless you had happened to hear the exulting yelp of

my old fox-hound, Ringwood, the signal of his having found the scent at last, I could convey to you no adequate idea of the shout of ecstasy with which the ladies welcomed the sight of that glove.

"Did you ever, Mrs. Alltawk?"

"No, I never, Miss Clapper!"

(Both, *en duo*)—"A man's glove, I do declare!"

It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that this discovery actually saved those ladies' lives, for lives of the sort are apt to be made of somewhat tough material; but, to say the least of it, its tonic and restorative properties were almost magical. With a rapidity which bid defiance even to telegraphic competition, the story of the glove was spread throughout Cackleton, with such embellishments as the fertile brains of its authors and propagators suggested. The form which it assumed was about this: that a masculine individual (name and personal appearance unknown), had been seen at the Temple House, and some said in Mrs. Smith's own room, at a "horridly improper" hour, and had been forced to decamp with such precipitation that he left his glove behind him, said glove being now in the hands of a certain person who did not object to showing it.

Great was the sensation produced among the Cackletonians by this astounding development. Since the day when Squire Cornute's wife ran off with the shoemaker, no such excitement had been witnessed. Mrs. Smith's servants were subjected to a strict cross-examination, but with no more satisfactory results than before. Though she had been so reserved as to make but few acquaintances in Cackleton, and no intimate ones, there were nevertheless a number who "considered it their duty" to bring to her ears these disagreeable reports; and the remarkable apathy with which she received these friendly announcements was regarded as "a very bad sign indeed."

Though perhaps the most active of all, Miss Belle Clapper and her friend were by no means alone in their efforts in the cause of truth and good morals. Cackleton indeed abounded in public-spirited individuals of this sort, both male and female. In fact, we may say that Cackleton was a place of no small importance—in its own estimation. Few little towns similar in size and population held their heads so high; and at this particular juncture the Cackletonians (if we may borrow a metaphor from "horse-talk") "felt their oats" more than usual. A public establishment, with many lucrative surroundings, was about to be put in operation by the United States government somewhere in that region, and it was pretty generally believed that Uncle Sam had already cast a favorable eye upon Cackleton for that purpose.

Even the best disposed people in the place were now beginning to say hard things of Mrs. Smith, and their good will was not increased by the extraordinary equanimity with which she seemed to regard the evil reports which were now so universally circulated. This "brazen impudence," Miss Belle Clapper said, was enough for her.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, "I know as much about wickedness as most people, and if the callousness of case-hardened guilt was ever visible upon human countenance, it is upon that babyish face of Mrs. Smith!" (That sinful widow, we should mention, was very handsome.)

The "indefatigables" had effected much, but they declared that they would be morally inexcusable if they rested from their labors until the plague-spot was driven from the Temple House and from Cackleton. Keeping this glorious object constantly in view, they resolved by a bold stroke to "carry the war into Africa," or in other words to visit Mrs. S. in her own house. Armed with a convenient subscription-paper, they undauntedly entered the contaminated premises, and, by a pre-concerted arrangement, while Mrs. Alltawk drew the enemy's attention to herself, Miss Belle Clapper after the lapse of a few minutes retired, stating that she had some business to attend to in a neighboring house, and would rejoin Mrs. Alltawk in the street.

By a series of ingenious devices, which it is unnecessary to particularize, Mrs. Smith's servants had all been called out of the way, and Miss Belle therefore found nothing to interfere with a hasty but comprehensive examination of the Temple House, from top to bottom, which she forthwith proceeded to make. Mrs. Alltawk, who was politely received, having detained Mrs. Smith long enough to enable her worthy coadjutor to complete her important perquisitions and get into the street again, took leave of the object of her curiosity.

"Well," she exclaimed, eagerly, as soon as Miss Belle Clapper had joined her; "what have you seen?—what have you discovered?"

"Give me time," replied her friend, "and I'll tell you. I saw every room in the house, I believe, but two, and both of them were locked, or fastened in some way."

"Aha—locked, were they? That of itself is proof enough that there is something wrong, seriously wrong. Honest people don't make a practice of locking room-doors in the daytime."

"Well, as I have told you, I had looked all over the house, and I was beginning to think that I wouldn't find anything worth coming for, after all; but, in the very last place I looked, in a little room back of her bed-chamber, I found this."

"And what's that? I can't see nothing but a scrap of an old dirty newspaper."

"Look closer; examine it carefully."

"Well, I do look closer, and I can't see nothing more."

"Put on your spectacles; there—now look."

"Well, I do look, with all four eyes, and I can't see nothing—at all—but a few streaks of dirt and a parcel of little black specks a-sticking here and there."

"And can't you see what they are? Don't you see that a *man's* razor has been wiped upon that very paper, and that, too, not many hours ago?"

"You don't say so! Why it is, sure enough—the very place where the lather has been wiped off a razor! Merciful fathers!—to think that such wickedness should be carried on in Cackleton, right under our noses. I shall be afraid of an earthquake coming to swallow up the place. Why the fellow must have slept there last night!"

"To be sure he did. Now the next thing is to find out who he is—to get sight of him. And in the meantime it is our duty to let all Cackleton know what a viper it has been fostering in its bosom; it is our bounden duty to do so. But that piece of paper was not the only thing I found; look here!"

"A man's collar!—left off when he shaved. Goody gracious, what a set! That rivets the truth, and clinches it; nobody nint a-going to doubt after that."

"Not after I've told my story, they won't."

"But it won't hardly do to show the things and tell how we got 'em, will it?"

"Leave all that to me. We are not obliged to tell everything just as it happened; we must fight the devil with his own weapons. I managed it pretty well about the glove, I think; and I can make a far prettier story out of the collar and the lather."

Mrs. Alltawk greatly admired her friend's *exaggerative* abilities, and was content to trust them. We will not trouble the reader with the results of Miss Belle's ingenuity, nor with the effects which they produced upon the public mind; they can readily be imagined.

About ten o'clock that night, as Miss Belle Clapper was disrobing her virgin form, preparatory to the enjoyment of that sweet repose which is the reward of days well-spent, suddenly the door flew open, and Sally Ann, in a state of great excitement, burst into the chamber.

"O, Miss Belle, I've see'd him, I've see'd him, jest as plain as I see you this moment!"

"Seen who?" asked the mistress.

"Why, the man that shaves and wipes his razor—the shirt-collar man—Widow Smith's man."

"You have? When?—where?—how?"

"Jest a little while ago, at her own house, goin' in at the back door. You see I was a-comin' home from Aunt Polly's, and I stopped and dodged round the house a little, as I allers do. And as I was a-lookin' about, here and there, all at once I heerd a noise, and I jumped inside o' the door o' the Temple and hid myself; and just that very minute a tall man dressed in black clothes come a-stealin' round the corner, and stopped and looked about a while, to see that nobody wasn't watchin' him, and then popped right into the back door that leads out into the garden. And arter that I kep' watchin' the winders o' Mrs. Smith's room, and I could see the shadders o' two people on the curtain, jest as plain as I see you this minute. And arter I'd stood there about a quarter of an hour or so, I see'd him come out again, and go down the garden walk, right past me. I follered him little ways, but the fust noise I made he turned round and looked at me so hard that I was scared more'n a little, and scampered off home as fast as ever I could run."

"And you didn't find out where he went to?" cried the disappointed mistress.

"No, indeed, ma'am, I couldn't do it without—"

"Bah!—you're a poor stick, Sally Ann, a miserable poor stick. If you were worth a pinch of snuff, you would have found out who he was, and where he went to, and all about him. I do wish I'd been there."

"I'm sure I did the best I could, and as it was, the man see'd me plain enough to know me, and—"

"There, there, that will do. You haven't told me yet what aort of a man he is. Can you tell me anything about him? What did he look like?"

"Well, there wasn't nothin' but moonlight to see him in; but he was a tall, dark, smooth-faced man, neither very old nor very young, I think; and wore spectacles, and had a pretty big nose, and an umbrella under his arm."

This news, like the rest, was of course spread abroad in the shortest possible space of time. The guilty Mrs. Smith was now "sent to Coventry" in all quarters as far as it was possible. But when any one treats you with supreme indifference, to "cut" that individual becomes an easy task; and this was just the position of the Cackletonians with regard to Mrs. Smith. With the exception of the very few who had been really kind to her, or those (still fewer) who had not meddled with her affairs in any way, they had been chronically and habitually "cut" by her from the beginning; and "diamond cut diamond" in such cases is a very poor game for these who happen not to have the first cut.

The next night after Sally Ann's adventure, Miss Belle Clapper and Mrs. Alltawk were hid in the currant-bushes in the Temple House garden soon after sunset. When it became quite dark they crept up to the immediate vicinity of the back door, which opened directly into the garden. The month of October had not yet departed, but the nights were beginning to be cool, and that particular one was really quite frosty; or at least there was a keen, cutting wind, as cold as any frost need be. All the ardor of our two sentinels upon the watch-towers of truth could not prevent them from feeling very uncomfortably chilly, and they therefore took shelter from the wind within the walls of the Temple, remaining close to the door, however, and with their eyes fixed upon the back door of the house.

After a long watch the vigilance of our "indefatigables" was at last rewarded, and the smooth-faced, spectacled gentleman actually made his appearance at the back door. In spite of all their sharpness, it appears that he had entered the house without their observing him. At all events, there he was, and when they first got sight of him he was standing directly under the hall lamp

where they had a good view of him. He was quite a fine-looking man, and looked older than Mrs. Smith by eight or ten years.

"How horribly improper!" exclaimed Miss Belle Clapper, in a "stage whisper."

"Awful, awful!" gasped Mrs. Alltawk.

"Mercy on us!" continued Miss Belle; "I do believe the horrid wretch is coming here!"

And it did look like it, for the "horrid wretch" was walking straight up to the Temple door. The lady-sentinels shrunk back into the darkness. The "horrid wretch" stalked up to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and deliberately walked away again! The Temple was strong-built and tight, and furnished with sky-lights, but no windows!

The "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," without the difficulties, would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part omitted. Our ladies, therefore, who gloried in the arduous nature of their enterprise, ought not surely to have been dissatisfied with such a difficulty as this. We are therefore sorry to be obliged to confess that they *were* dissatisfied—much more than dissatisfied; in fact they were furious—stark, staring, raving, roaring mad! It seems strange that a tempest of wrath so noisy as that was, did not attract the attention of the people in the house; and it really strengthened somewhat the suspicion afterwards entertained that the "horribly improper" man had locked them up on purpose.

What passed between these much-injured investigators on this occasion, we cannot pretend to record; it would fill a volume. Suffice it to say, that when their wrath had cooled a little, they began to reflect upon the eminently ridiculous figure they would cut when found there imprisoned, like rats in a trap; and they therefore remained, quietly shivering and groaning, until daylight brought the old man-servant, who, with a very unknowing, business-like air, proceeded to open the door.

If the old fellow had seen a pair of ghosts, he could not have started back with more genuine melo-dramatic earnestness than he did when the two wo-begone female figures were brought to view; and the start was all the more melo-dramatic in consequence of its being almost too highly-wrought to be natural. The crest-fallen "indefatigables," however, were not in a condition to profit by their superior shrewdness in the matter referred to. Cold and weariness and want of sleep had their effect, even upon their adamantine tongues and iron-bound senses. Muffling and hiding their haggard visages as far as possible, they bounded away like race-horses, nor slackened their speed until safely ensconced within the walls and protected by the privacy of their respective apartments.

Next day all Cackleton was edified with a verbal portrait of the "horribly improper" man whose shocking conduct on the Temple House premises was already public property. How Cackleton became so wise was of course no secret to Miss Belle Clapper and Mrs. Alltawk; but how it happened that the minutest particulars of their own nocturnal adventure were raising broad grins upon the public phiz in every direction, was neither so plain nor pleasant.

And yet there was still another mortification in store for them. Before night they learned that the Uppertens—the very top-skimmings of the cream of "good society" in Cackleton—had sent out invitations for a grand party, to which everybody who was anybody had been invited—save themselves! This was a terrible blow; but another, and a worse, if possible, soon followed. The next morning, like a thunder-clap in a cloudless sky, came the astounding, overwhelming intelligence that that "horribly improper" Mrs. Smith had actually received an invitation to the party!

At an early hour the slighted ladies met together for mutual condolence, and such a tongue-tempest as their combined powers originated, had not often been heard of, even in Cackleton. A traveller, who happened to be passing by the windows at the time, made an entry in his note-book, giving to the place so many churches, so many schools, so many hotels, a bank, and a private mad-house!

At last, when both had talked themselves very nearly into a state of collapse, a brace of invitations was presented to them. It was emphatically at "the eleventh hour," but that was not the worst of it; the sweetmeat had a terribly bitter pill inside of it. It was expressly stated that the invitations had been sent at the "earnest request of the lady occupying the Temple House!" It was a nauseating bolus, but it must be swallowed; anything was better than to stay away. They would rather have crawled thither on their hands and knees.

"Mrs. Upperten," said Miss Belle Clapper, addressing the hostess at the very first opportunity, "you can't surely be aware of the true character of that wretched woman, Mrs. Smith. You certainly have not heard the truth about that odious widow, and about the horribly improper man who has been seen so often in the house, and in her very chamber!"

"O, yes," replied the lady, "I have heard. We will never be at a loss, here in Cackleton, for the means of hearing all that does or does not take place, as long as we are blessed with such invaluable public investigators and disseminators as Miss Belle Clapper and her friends. I don't like to speak of my guests, particularly in their absence; but of the man, at least, I will venture to say that his conduct is utterly inexcusable. I hear that he had the consummate impudence to go to the door of the Temple and actually lock up two lady-worshippers, and keep them there all night. O, it was shocking, Miss Belle—positively shocking!"

With these words, Mrs. Upperten turned away to receive some fresh guests, and Miss Belle remained in a *put down* condition, such as the "oldest inhabitant" had never observed before. She immediately rejoined Mrs. Alltawk, and commenced a most ferocious whispering. But the troubles of that public-spirited pair

were not yet at an end. The newly arrived guests were none other than the "odious" Mrs. Smith; and—could they believe their own eyes?—that "horribly improper" man, with her arm actually locked in his! This, of itself, was enough to drive all Cackleton distracted; but it was nothing to the extraordinary phenomenon which accompanied it, namely, the sight of Miss Belle Clapper and Mrs. Alltawk, standing in the middle of the floor, and neither of them apparently able to utter a single word!

People may talk of their rare sights and their curiosities, but such a rarity as this no human being had ever seen before; it was unique and unapproachable, and valued accordingly; the apparition of Mrs. Smith and *the man* was for a while unnoticed. It was evident to the bystanders that the pent-up volcanoes within these two ladies' bosoms, particularly in that of Miss Clapper, must soon find vent, or else some awful catastrophe would be the consequence. The eruption came. Miss Belle Clapper sprang like a tiger-cat at the throat of Mrs. Smith, exclaiming:

"Audacious huzzy!—vile, impudent str—"

But before she could get any further, a strong, masculine hand seized her, and a strong bass voice, powerful enough to utterly annihilate her thin, squeaking treble, thundered into her ear:

"Woman, you are deranged!—you are stark crazy! Be quiet, this instant, or I will put you in a straight-jacket and send you to a mad-house; I will, so help me Heaven!"

There are some few energetic people in the world, who are so thoroughly in earnest that those they address never think of doubting what they say. To such a one belonged the pair of black eyes that flashed over the gold spectacles upon Miss Belle Clapper; they were terrible eyes, and she was wholly unable to withstand them. Cowed, fascinated, conquered, down sank the fiery terment upon an ottoman, whimpering like a well-whipped child. As soon as she was disposed of, the trumpet-toned voice of her conqueror was heard again, giving utterance to the following words:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Cackleton,—circumstances make it necessary for me here to make a public exhibition of myself, which is anything but agreeable to my feelings. I have lately been commissioned by the United States government to make certain scientific and other observations in this place, with a view to ascertain its fitness for certain purposes contemplated by a governmental establishment about to be located in this part of the State. It was important that these inquiries should be conducted in as quiet, and indeed in as secret a manner as possible. These purposes I believed I could best accomplish by coming hither in the night, and afterwards confining myself within doors as much as possible. I accordingly took possession of the Temple House, with my wife (the lady beside me) and my little ones, one night about eleven o'clock. I then set myself diligently to work, never leaving the house for any purpose till after dark.

"We had been established here but a few hours, when the good people of the place began to exercise their ingenuity upon us. My wife was forthwith dubbed a widow, and christened Mrs. Smith; for both which distinctions she was indebted solely to the imaginative powers of the Cackletonians. It is proper to say, however, that the name of Smith—a very good name, but not ours—may possibly be "founded on fact," as the novelists say, since my wife has in her possession the trunk of a female friend with that ubiquitous name upon it.

"Having been thus kindly furnished with a name and a position, which rather favored our purpose, we determined to let the thing take its course. With the consequences, or rather the sequences of this procedure, and with the indefatigable exertions made in our behalf, you are no doubt all acquainted. We take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge them, and to assure the indefatigable ladies of our 'distinguished consideration.'" (A low bow in the direction of the ladies.)

"We leave Cackleton to-morrow. In bidding you all adieu, I have only to add, that being required by the government to decide the question whether Cackleton is or is not a suitable place for the contemplated national establishment, I feel constrained to answer in the *negative*. The location has many advantages; but I have convinced myself by actual observation, that the inhabitants in general are so busily engaged, so entirely absorbed, in transacting the affairs of their neighbors, that it would be absolutely cruel to impose any additional burdens upon them." And with another low bow, the speaker, accompanied by Mrs. Upperten, retired, and was seen no more in Cackleton.

The reader may imagine the rage and mortification of the Cackletonians, particularly when they learned that the powerful personage who had been so ill-treated among them was one of the first scientific men of the age. But there was no help for it. He departed the next day, and with him departed all hopes of the establishment from which so much wealth and distinction had been expected.

The above information was obtained from the Uppertens, who were old acquaintances of the distinguished professor, and the only persons in the place who knew the secret. So furious was the tempest of popular indignation, that Miss Belle Clapper and Mrs. Alltawk were obliged to leave the place, to exercise elsewhere the abilities which gave rise to the legend of the Temple House.

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.

Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world—unweary by its injustice—unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it? If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its outward growth it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it!—*Jerrold*.



BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA.

BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA.

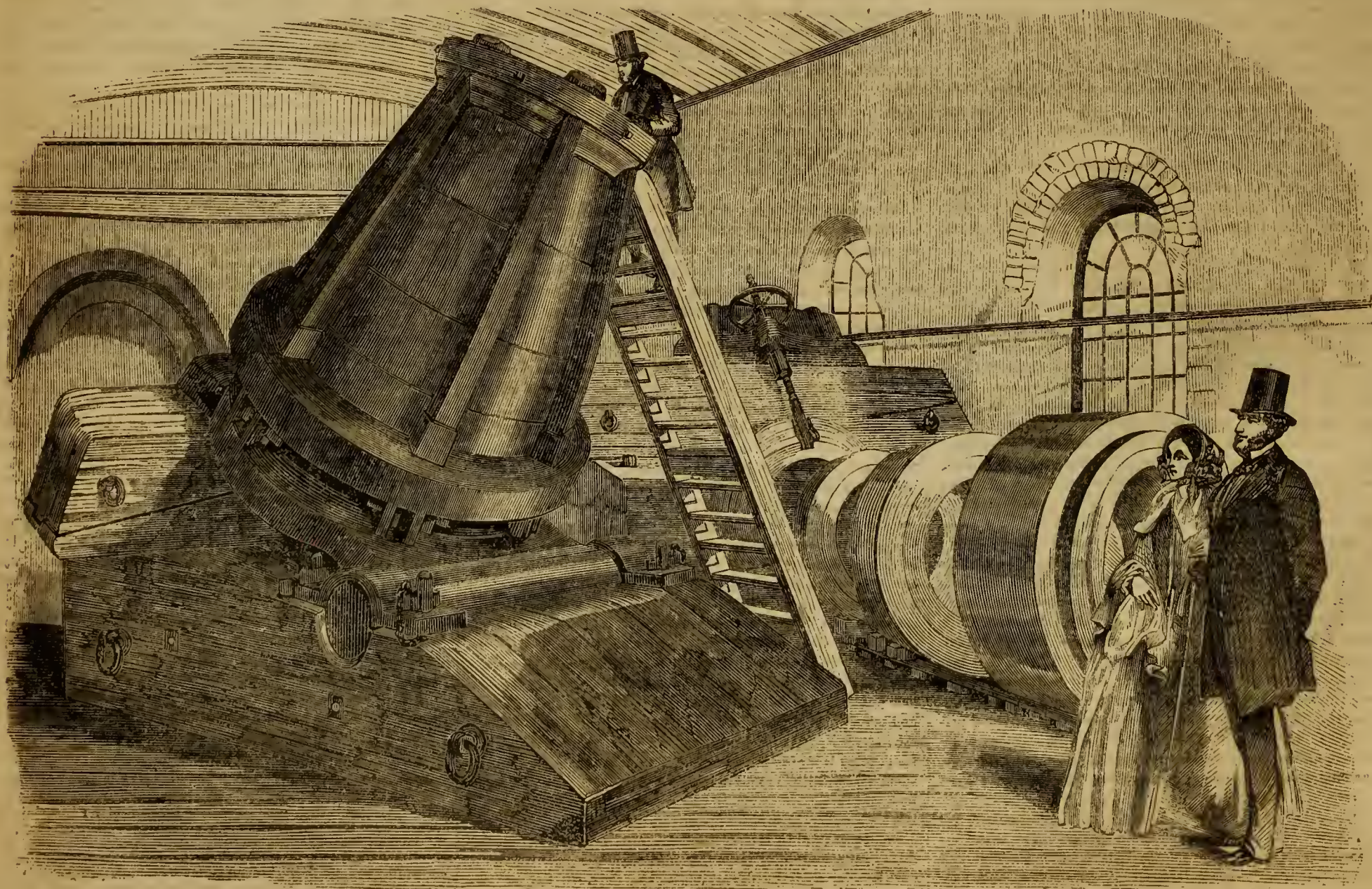
The great events that have just transpired in the East—the treaties of peace and commerce concluded between China and the Western powers, and the extended commercial facilities secured to this country, together with the establishment of Russia on the Amoor, render the accompanying engraving representing the line of demarcation between China and Russia peculiarly interesting. The great wall which shuts China out from her northern dependencies was constructed in the third century before the Christian era, and is consequently of great antiquity. It extends over hill and dale for 1250 miles, varies from 15 to 30 feet in height, and is strengthened at regular intervals by large square towers. This

barrier, after the lapse of so many centuries, is now in decay. The space depicted in our engraving as enclosed, represents the market-place in which the Russians and Chinese bring the products and manufactures of each country and have them exchanged for those of the other.

MALLET'S 36-INCH MORTAR.

The second engraving on this page exhibits a terrible engine of war, designed by Mallet for the British government. The immense size of this mortar may be estimated by comparing it with the figure of the man who has mounted the steps and is gazing down into its grim jaws. The largest shell habitually used by the

armies of Europe is 13 inches in diameter, and weighs in flight 180 pounds; it holds 9 pounds of powder, can be thrown at the utmost 4700 yards horizontally, and penetrates about three feet into hard earth, and scarcely through an arch of three feet thick by its fall. Mr. Mallet's object in designing these enormous mortars is to enable a shell of a yard in diameter, weighing about a ton and a quarter, and holding nearly 500 pounds weight of powder, to be thrown to the same, or possibly a greater distance. The great mine thus suddenly transferred into an enemy's works has been ascertained to penetrate into compact earth more than sixteen feet, and no arched bomb-proof or casemate exists which can resist its crashing fall; while the explosion of so large a mass of



MALLET'S FAMOUS GREAT ENGLISH MORTAR.

powder in the buried shell is capable of excavating a crater of about forty feet in diameter by about twenty in depth, and levelling buildings and works for a radius forty times greater than that of a 13-inch shell. To project such a shell (one of which was actually thrown, in October, at Woolwich, with 70 pounds of powder to project it, upwards of a mile and a half), a mortar of corresponding magnitude, strength and weight is required. The actual weight of each of the 36-inch mortars is about 52 tons; but such a mass, or even one half the weight, if made in one piece, it would be perfectly impossible to transport with any certainty over the best roads, and not at all over rough country; and even by sea would be difficult to ship, carry or land. One of the peculiarities, then, of these mortars is that they are readily capable of being separated into several distinct segments or parts, the heaviest of which only weighs about as much as two 13-inch mortars, and that these segments can be easily put together in the battery, or any one damaged segment taken out and replaced on the spot with a similar one. These mortars are, with the exception of the part called the base, made wholly of wrought iron; the chase (or barrel) and chamber being formed upon a peculiar principle, by which the external and internal parts of the whole thickness of metal are strained alike, and will break, if at all, at the same time. This is not the case in any solid cast or forged mortar or gun, which bursts at the internal surface first, and then rends from that towards the outside. These mortars (two of them have been constructed)—

A WOUNDED OFFICER RETURNING FROM INDIA.

The engraving on this page, simple in its elements, and touching in its story, seems to meet all the requirements of high art. The scene is the deck of one of the Peninsula and Oriental steamers, on its homeward voyage, on which are grouped a few of her glorious cargo—heroes who have fought and bled for their country in many a hotly contested field, and who now, maimed and shattered in constitution, still look forward to one glimpse of their dear native home as their proudest and sweetest reward for all the labors and perils of the past. The principal figure, in the middle, is that of an officer of distinction, an invalid, who, extended upon a mattress, his head propped up with pillows, seeks refreshment from the faintest breeze which the very motion of the vessel produces on the stillest and most sultry day. His wife, an amiable, ladylike woman, sits beside him, pressing his fevered hand, and solicitously watching the changeful color of his cheek, and drawing his attention to an announcement which has just been respectfully made by a sailor-boy, that they are "nearing land." This welcome piece of information he hears listlessly enough, almost with indifference; for he is a man, who from long habit, has been lost to all idea but that of duty. He will want to inhale the hot and dusty atmosphere of Bond Street and Pall-mall, and the cooler, but equally dusty breezes of Rotten Row, before he will entirely shake off this impassible temperament, and feel himself his own master. In a very different mood is the younger gentleman, who, lounging

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF HUMAN BEINGS.

If the rebels in India would give their version of the great Sepoy revolt, the stories they might tell of English cruelty would go far to change the current opinion of East Indian atrocities. An English officer, named Cooper, has lately published a work on the outbreak in India, and he unconsciously exposes a good many of the horrid acts of his own countrymen. Here is his account of a slaughter of Sepoys which he witnessed in the Punjab:—"Ten by ten the Sepoys were called forth. Their names having been taken down in succession, they were pinioned, linked together, and marched to execution, a firing party being in readiness. Every phase of deportment was manifested by the doomed men, after the sullen firing of volleys of distant musketry forced the conviction of inevitable death—astonishment, rage, frantic despair, the most stoic calmness. One detachment as they passed, yelled to the solitary Anglo-Saxon magistrate as he sat under the shade of the police station performing his solemn duty, that he would meet the same fate; then, as they passed the reserve of young Sikh soldiery, who were to relieve the executioners after a certain period, they danced, though pinioned, insulted the Sikh religion, and called on *Gungahee* to aid them; but they only in one instance provoked a reply, which was instantaneously checked. Others, again, petitioned to be allowed to make one last 'salaam' to the Sahib. About one hundred and fifty having been thus executed, one of the executioners swooned away (he was the oldest of the



THE WOUNDED OFFICER'S RETURN FROM INDIA.

of one of which we give an elevation as seen in the shop where they were both made principally—namely, the Thames Ironworks, Blackwall—were commenced during the Russian war, but their completion was delayed until after the arrival of peace. One of the mortars was tried satisfactorily at Woolwich, on the 19th of October, and again recently, for the purpose of obtaining certain gunnery elements as to the flight of these huge shells, when after the sixth round a slight accident occurred to a defective ring, forming part of the mortar, the exact nature of which the inventor states in the following letter to the London Times:—"A single wrought-iron external ring of nine inches by three inches thick, forming part of the chase of one of these mortars, was discovered to be fractured, after the sixth round with 70 pounds of powder, the fracture being through an unsound welding equal in area to about one half the ring. In no other respect is there anything wrong with either mortar, and this trifling accident will not occupy a week to repair. The select committee decided on the moment that, if firing at an enemy, they would have continued, as the mortar is not in any way disabled; but there being no object in running the possibility of risk to a valuable weapon for mere experiment, they resolved to cease firing the three remaining rounds intended for that day's trials; and, however personally desirous to have continued, I quite concurred in the good sense of that determination." It is sad to think that human skill and science must be devoted largely to the production of instruments of destruction.

in an easy-chair, and taking a whiff from his cigar, is chatting cheerfully with one of the officers of the ship. The group of wounded and invalided soldiers to the right, who hang over the gunwale of the ship, and eagerly scan the first indications of the white cliffs of Old England, is very picturesque, and feelingly realized. A few stray land birds, having found their way so far out to sea, are perching themselves upon the vessel—two on the shrouds and one on the deck; the latter of which the convalescent officer watches with some attention as it pecks at some crumbs which have been offered to it. No one can fail to be affected by the group, while those who have passed through similar scenes will find their eyes moistened as they gaze on the picture. Within the memory of all, we have had the spectacle of war-worn soldiers, men of our own blood and race, returning from the fields of their fame and suffering. The pestilential climate of Mexico, and the fierce character of the battles fought, tried our officers and soldiers as severely as the climate and conflicts of India did those of England. They were met in the same heroic spirit of gallantry and endurance—rewarded with the same gratitude and consideration. It is true that our warriors received no crosses and decorations, but to have fought in Mexico was a title of honor and respect. Military services are held in this country in high estimation, and, we think, viewed in a proper light. The pecuniary rewards attached to the profession of arms are low, and hence the man who perils his life in defence of the national flag must be actuated by a high and lofty sense of patriotism, above all ignoble aims.

firing party), and a little respite was allowed. Then proceeding, the number had arrived at two hundred and thirty-seven, when the district officer was informed that the remainder refused to come out of the bastion, where they had been temporarily imprisoned a few hours before. Expecting a rush and resistance, preparations were made against escape; but little expectation was entertained of the real and awful fate which had fallen on the remainder of the mutineers; they had anticipated, by a few short hours, their doom. The doors were opened, and behold, they were nearly all dead! Unconsciously, the tragedy of Holwell's Black Hole had been re-enacted. No cries had been heard during the night, in consequence of the hubbub, tumult and shouting of the crowds of horsemen, police, tehsil guards, and excited villagers. Forty-five bodies, dead from fright, exhaustion, heat, and partial suffocation, were dragged into light, and consigned, in common with all the other bodies, into one common pit, by the hands of the village sweepers. One Sepoy only was too much wounded in the conflict to suffer the agony of being taken to the scene of execution. He was accordingly reprieved for queen's evidence, and forwarded to Lahore, with some forty-one subsequent captures, from Umritsur. There, in full parade before the other mutinously-disposed regiments at Meerut, they all suffered death by being blown away from the cannon's mouth. The execution at Unjalla commenced about daybreak, and the stern spectacle was over in a few short hours. Thus, within forty-eight hours of the date of the crime, there fell by the law nearly five hundred men."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

AUNT MEHITABLE GRAY sat knitting by her window, and I sat watching her. I was pleased with my scrutiny. I drank in a luxurious kind of self-satisfaction and contentment from her rosy, good-natured face. The round, plump outline of her cheeks, the pleasant light of her blue eyes, the kind smile that softened the curve of her rather large mouth, displaying a set of teeth that might have made a dentist ambitious, the folds of dark brown hair, striped with gray, put back plainly under the lace frill of as white a cap as ever matron wore, all seemed radiant with an atmosphere of homely quiet, tranquillity and good humor. Her two feet, of decidedly un-Cinderella-ish proportions, but well slipped and plump, were decorously crossed at the ankle on a low ottoman. I admired their fine shape and healthy, natural size (I never had a Chinaman's taste for small feet). There was something solid, reliable and pleasing in their appearance. The open skirt of her simple gingham morning dress revealed a cambric petticoat, with graduated tucks, white as the driven snow (if I could get a comparison, I would, but I can't, and so "driven snow" will have to answer), a cambric collar, tucked to correspond with her petticoat, encircled her throat; while poised upon as finely balanced a head as ever excited the eloquence of a phrenologist, sat that crowning piece of a respectable elderly lady's dress—her cap. And such a cap!—a perfect nest of lace, jauntily interspersed with knots, and bows, and streamers of pink ribbon, like fragments of a broken sunset on a bank of snow (there! reader, dear, congratulate me on the originality of that comparison).

Now if aunt Mehitable had a weakness anywhere, it was a leaning of her affections towards pink ribbons; or, in fact, *anything* pink. Her patchwork bed-quilts were all a mixture of pink and white, her best tea-set was of white china with a pink band, and even her little pet kitten ran about the house with a pink ribbon around his throat. But that has nothing to do with my story.

Well, as I said before, I was well pleased with my survey of Aunt Mehitable's person. She looked as thrifty, and substantial, and pleasant, sitting there by the open window, with the light of a sweet summer morning brightening her cheery face, and turning her knitting needles of polished steel into slender lines of gold, as they glittered in and out through the soft rows of worsted stitches.

I may as well say here, that although I called her Aunt Mehitable, she was no relation of mine. She had been a schoolmate of my mother's when they both were young, and in after life, one of her dearest and most steadfast friends. I was a city child, born and brought up in one of the dearest and most delightful localities of dear old Boston. In the spring of my nineteenth year, my mother, like the dear, sensible woman that she was, instead of fitting me up for a fashionable summer jaunt to Saratoga or Newport, had posted me off into the country for a few months' rustication, and here it was that I first looked upon the goodly visage of Aunt Mehitable. I had given her the name at first as a sort of compliment, and finally settled into the habit of calling her so, for my love of her dear face and kind, motherly ways.

"Nell, come here!"

The command startled me, it was so abrupt and unexpected. Aunt Mehitable's knitting-work had fallen from her busy fingers upon her knee, her hands were crossed idly on her lap, and an abstracted smile hovered about her mouth. Her round ankles were uncrossed from the ottoman, as she spoke, and myself motioned a seat thereon. "Well, what is it, auntie?"

She drew my head down upon her knee and stroked my hair caressingly, but made me no answer in words. Her glance wandered out of the window, over the wild fields that surrounded her cottage; fields green and fresh with the tender verdure of early summer. Then it came nearer home, into the quiet little sitting-room, and roved about in a sort of aimlessly searching way, lingering upon every object separately, from the tall wooden clock that beat out its monotonous story of time, in the corner, to the striped, home-made carpet that covered the floor beneath it. It was evident to me that Aunt Mehitable was thinking of something very unusual, very strange, and withal, quite pleasing. At least she dropped her gaze upon my face, and said in a way half assertative, half interrogative:

"You have never seen my son Edward, Nellie?"

I shook my head. Next to pink ribbons, Edward was Aunt Mehitable's weakness. During the four weeks that I had sojourned with her, his praises had poured into my ear in a continued stream. Edward's accomplishments, Edward's beauty, Edward's future prospects, had been her inexhaustible theme during my stay, until at last I should as soon have thought of putting my hand in the fire, or my foot in water, without getting either scorched or dampened, as of passing a day in good Mrs. Gray's society, without hearing a dissertation on Edward. So I settled myself down contentedly on the ottoman, and waited for her next sally. It was altogether different from what I had expected.

"Have you ever thought of marrying, dear?"

"Why, what a question to ask a girl of nineteen, Aunt Hitty!" and I laughed merrily. "I assure you I am too much of a woman not to have been building air-castles, ever since I put off pin-a-lores and pantalettes. Thought about marrying! to be sure I have!" and I laughed again.

"Well, well, you needn't take on so about it; it was a civil question, wasn't it?" she asked, a little flustered. "I suppose you will marry one of them Boston chaps and settle down in the city, won't you?"

How she lifted my chin into her hand, and looked penetratingly into my eyes.

"Nothing more probable, Aunt Hitty, though I regret to say I am decidedly countryfied in my tastes. I hate the city."

"Do you, dear?" Her face brightened like a full moon.

"Would you like always to live in the country?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How would you like such a home as this, with a nice husband attached?"

"Above all things!" I cried, clapping my hands delightedly.

"What a sweet, delicious idea!"

"And could you be contented with such surroundings as these?"

Aunt Hitty looked inquiringly about her, and my glance followed hers. Everything my eyes fell on looked fresh and sweet. The long, white curtains, looped back from the windows with tassels equally white, the simple furniture, guiltless of dust or stain; the old-fashioned looking glass, with a tuft of peacock's feathers stuck above it; the little stand of books in one corner, the stately wooden clock opposite, the polished andirons on the hearth, and the coarse carpet, with its rainbow-like stripes of red, blue and orange, all had a quiet, homelike fascination for me, and although I had assured her jocosely before, this time my reply came from the heart:

"Contented, a thousand times contented, Aunt Hitty!"

"Bless your sweet heart, child! You've got your mother's honest, simple nature. You don't care for fineries or fooleries." She put her warm, motherly arms about my neck, and kissed me tenderly. "But you don't pretend to say you could be satisfied to live in this very same little out-of-the-way village, in this very same house, all your days, do you?"

"Why yes, only—"

"Only you'd want some other society beside old Aunt Hitty, eh?" She winked to me roguishly. "I expect Edward home to-morrow."

Something in her tone as she said this, brought a quick color into my face. For the first time I didn't like to have Edward associated with our conversation.

"So you really think you would like this for a home; well, *this* place is Edward's. I guess we can manage the affair between us."

I looked up at her in surprise. A benignant smile broadened the corners of her mouth, and a patronizing light that amused while it half frightened me, brightened her blue eyes. Dear, transparent old soul! I saw through her in a moment.

"But, Aunt Hitty—"

"No buts, child!—leave it all to me. I've had my heart set on this ever since I first laid eyes on you, and should have mentioned it before, only I didn't think you'd take to it so readily."

"But, I say, Aunt Hitty—"

"Tush, child!" She ran on, without noticing the little quiver of distress in my voice. "You seem just like a daughter to me, and he'll like you, I am sure. Edward's a good boy, Edward is."

"But I say, Aunt Hitty—"

"Don't get so excited about it, dear. I haven't written anything to Edward about your being here, and I didn't mean to tell you how soon I expected him home, but somehow I couldn't help it. I intended a pleasant surprise for both of you. I'm not in the least fearful that he won't be pleased with you—not in the least. Edward's a good boy, Edward is."

Two or three times I attempted to remonstrate, but the garrulous, self-deluded old lady would interrupt me with such a flow of words as quite to dishearten me, always concluding with—"Edward's a good boy, Edward is."

At last, in a fit of clear desperation, I cried out:

"Aunt Hitty! Aunt Mehitable! Mrs. Gray! Are you insane!"

She turned upon me with a shocked, bewildered look.

"Don't deceive yourself any longer, auntie. I don't doubt that Edward is a good boy—a worthy son of his worthy mother—a noble, talented, handsome young man. But for all that, I don't want to marry him!"

"And why, Miss Hoity-toity? He's good enough for the queen." She looked really pained.

"It isn't that I don't think him good enough, auntie—only I am—already—am—"

"Not engaged, child!"

"No, not as bad as that—only in love!"

"Pshaw! who with?"

"I don't know."

She looked at me half angrily, as though she thought me making sport of her.

"Don't bite me, Aunt Hitty, and I'll tell you about it. It's nothing very serious, after all."

She took up her knitting-work, and commenced knitting vigorously, eyeing me over her needles with a questioning, dissatisfied look.

"Well, you see, auntie," I began, "he saved my life."

"Who?"

"I tell you I don't know. It was in this way: A year ago this very June—"

"The same time Edward went away," she interrupted.

"A year ago this very June, I was travelling between here and Boston, in a lumbering, rickety old stage-coach. I had but one companion—a young man. I see you are anticipating me, so I will only say he was handsome, gentlemanly and refined, and beguiled many an otherwise tedious hour, with his rare conversational powers. I was always a very susceptible damsel, auntie, and I grew to liking him strangely—more so than I had ever liked any other man upon so short an acquaintance. Well, as fate would have it, we were obliged to pass through a rocky gorge on our way, and while the crazy old coach was jumbling over the stones, I spied a cluster of purple columbines nodding on a cliff

almost directly over our heads. I asked the driver to stop while I gathered them, and my companion begged the privilege of accompanying me. Of course, I was nothing loth. We had a difficult task before us in climbing the steep, slippery rocks, but we managed it finally, and stood within a few feet of the coveted blossoms. I sprang forward for them, my foot caught on a stone, and in a moment more I should have been tumbling over the hill in a most un-heroine-like manner, had not a quick, strong hand grasped my arm and held me on solid ground. But my rescuer met the fate from which he had saved me. His foot slipped on the very pebble which had well nigh betrayed me into a fall, and with a dizzy, sliding motion, and a vain attempt to save himself, over he went. I saw him strike the foot of the gorge, heard a low groan, and—well, I don't know what happened afterward, till he stood leaning heavily on my shoulder, with a bruised head and a well nigh broken arm. There was no house within half a dozen miles, the driver said, and so, after bandaging his head with my handkerchief, and taking my merino scarf from my neck to bind up his arm, we were obliged to proceed. O, auntie, how white his face was! and how he winced with pain as the coach joggled along over the rough road, though he kept assuring me that he wasn't harmed—only scratched a trifle. I know it was a delicate matter for a young lady to manage, but I could do no less under the circumstances. It was not the place for a display of prudishness, and so I did it."

"Did what?" asked Aunt Hitty interestedly, as I stopped to take breath.

"Why I put one arm across him to steady him from the motion of the stage, and told him to rest his head on my shoulder, and—and—he did. When we reached the hotel he had fainted."

"And is that all?"

"Nearly all. I was obliged to proceed on my journey, but not until I first assured myself that he was in good hands. I left him a note, expressive of my thanks for his gallantry, my earnest regrets for the accident, and begging him when he was sufficiently recovered to be able to dictate a message, to send me word of his welfare, as I should be anxious until I heard that his slight act of courtesy to myself had not resulted seriously."

"And did you ever hear?"

"Yes, that's the funniest of the whole, Aunt Hitty. It was only a few days before I came here. Papa brought me a note superscribed in a bold, firm, masculine hand, to Miss Nellie Stanwood. It said that owing to an oversight of the landlady's, my note was laid aside among his things, and it was only by the merest accident that he had discovered it, after a lapse of nearly eleven months from the time of its dating, and when he was hundreds of miles away from the place where it was written. He assured me that he was well—quite well—that he had sustained no serious injury, and that if he were the owner of a dozen heads and as many pairs of arms, he should be delighted to risk them all in so sweet a service once more. He said that he should be passing through Boston in a short time, and should do himself the honor of calling upon me, to renew, with my permission, an acquaintance that, in spite of its unfortunate interruption, had been remembered by him only too pleasantly. He added a few joecular remarks in allusion to the catastrophe, and signed himself—"The Hero of the Gorge." I suppose he forgot that I was not in possession of his real name. He did not inform me before the accident, and I had no method of ascertaining afterward."

"And you don't mean to say, Nellie Stanwood,"—Aunt Hitty was eyeing me severely over her knitting-work—"you don't pretend to say that you entertain any affection for a man whom you never saw but once—of whose real name, even, you are ignorant."

"But I do pretend to say it." I felt the hot blood burning in my cheeks, as I answered her, but I had begun my confession, and I would not retreat. "It doesn't take me an age to learn to lo—like a person. There was an unmistakable air of refinement about him, a congeniality, a kindredness of soul, if you will, which magnetized me the moment I came under its influence. I felt instantly that he was manly, honorable, thoroughly pure and good; that our acquaintance, if formed under other circumstances, would soon have resulted in an inevitable heart-entanglement, and that thought, in connection with our novel adventure, opened before me a lesson, which I was only too ready to read, understand, and remember."

"O, you romantic little idiot!"

Aunt Hitty turned away in a huff. Every pink streamer on her cap quivered with instinctive indignation. Her knitting-work fell to the floor, and her right foot beat a quick, impatient tune on the carpet.

"Aunt Hitty!"

I spoke in a mollifying tone, and drawing both her hands within my own, laid my flushed cheek coaxingly against them, for I couldn't endure to see her looking so pained and hurt.

"I don't care, it's too bad!" she exclaimed, with a sort of spite, though she didn't withdraw her hands from my caress. "The first woman I ever took a notion to have my Edward marry, and now for her to prove herself such a foolish little—"

She didn't finish the sentence, and looking up, I saw tears, real, genuine tears of wounded feeling, in her eyes. I sprang up from the ottoman, seated myself on her knee, put my arms about her neck, and commenced playfully kissing off the tears with a series of little dainty smacks that had always been a childish trick of mine. In spite of herself, I soon had her laughing.

"Now, Aunt Hitty, don't mind it, please. Maybe I shall like Edward better than I think; or what is more probable, maybe he won't fancy me, and you'll soon begin to see through his eyes, you know, and forget this."

There! I had her eyes full of tears again. But this time she smiled through them.

"Forgive me, Nell. Your auntie is a precious old simpleton to make the best of her, but I had got my heart so set on this, it was hard to be disappointed. There's no danger but you'll like each other, though. I've no need to worry. Edward's a good boy, Edward is."

And with that sentence ringing in my ears, I left her. I kept my room for the remainder of the day, thinking all manner of disagreeable, disquieting things, and wishing myself in Jericho.

The next day was bright and beautiful. The stage was expected at three in the afternoon, and before the clock struck one, Aunt Hitty sent me to my chamber to dress, in spite of my assurance that fifteen minutes was ample time for ceremony. As my foot touched the lower stair, she called after me:

"Put on your pink dress, Nellie."

Yes, I had anticipated her, and selected a dress of the faintest rose-colored tarlatan, in which I duly made my appearance before her, to be turned about this way and that, complimented, criticized, kissed, and then tortured with the never-failing remark, which somehow didn't strike me as particularly applicable: "Edward's a good boy, Edward is."

That was a long half hour that we sat together in the porch, waiting for the coming stage that was to bring home Edward Gray. A long half hour, but it ended at last, as all half hours must eventually do. We heard a faint rumbling in the distance; then a little cloud of dust was describable through the trees, drifting nearer and nearer towards us down the road, and then suddenly, while Aunt Hitty was stretching her neck to its utmost capacity, her motherly face flushed with eager expectancy—her eyes alight, and her cheeks aglow, and I sat trembling beside her like a scared mouse, the ponderous brown vehicle dashed round an angle of the road, and rattled furiously up to the door. A tall figure, encased in a dusty travelling-suit of linen, sprang to the ground, and with half a dozen rapid leaps stood before us.

"Mother!" "Edward!" were the exclamations that followed, and Aunt Hitty's plump arms were about the young man's neck, and the dusty linen coat sleeves were about her's. For a moment the mother and son stood clasped in a close embrace, and then, as the latter wheeled about, I caught a view of his features.

One glance was enough. But why did the crimson blood rush tumultuously up into my face, my heart spring to my throat with a frightened bound? Surely I had seen that tall, straight figure, those merry blue eyes, that head of thick brown curls, elsewhere! Shades of romance! With a thrill of dismay I recognized the fact, that my gallant friend, "The Hero of the Gorge," and Edward Gray, were one and the same person.

I turned noiselessly, with the intention of stealing way unobserved, but Aunt Hitty was too quick for me.

"Edward, this is Miss Stanwood—a daughter of the lady you have heard me mention so often. She has been visiting with me for a few weeks. Miss Stanwood, my son Edward."

He turned with a careless nod, but as his glance met mine, an expression of wonder, succeeded by a radiant, frank, but bewildered smile, swept over his face.

"How—who—what? Is it possible? Nellie Stanwood! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure!" And I felt my hand clasped with a hearty, cordial pressure, and knew that a pair of wicked blue eyes were reading my countenance, just then burning with the rosiest of blushes.

I stammered out a few incoherent words of greeting, and then awkwardly enough, in my desperate attempt to say something intelligible, referred to our former meeting, expressing my thanks in a blundering and confused manner, which must have excited the young man's compassion, for he interrupted me gayly:

"O don't mention it—don't mention it! The gratitude ought all to be on my side, for the happiness of winning such an acquaintance. And yet if you really consider yourself indebted to me—though I wouldn't for the world presume upon any little service I may have rendered you in the past—why, let us cancel the obligation in this way," and bending forward, he touched his lips gallantly to my cheek.

Aunt Hitty stood staring at us in round-eyed amazement, but a few words explained the matter to her satisfaction, and lifting her hands wonderingly, she exclaimed:

"You don't say! You—don't—say! Why, Nellie, Edward! I'm so glad!" And the delighted woman, with an agility surprising in a lady of her years, darted forward and flung her arms about each of us, hugging and kissing each of us alternately, till I was almost smothered with her demonstrations of joy, and Edward declared that if that was to be the order of the exercises, he was entitled to a share; and I have a distinct impression of half a dozen kisses that didn't come from Aunt Hitty's lips, bestowed promiscuously upon my cheeks, chin, and forehead—my mouth alone escaping.

I was nineteen years old then, and now I am nearly thirty. If you are satisfied with the fact of my being Mrs. Gray, I am. But I wish you could take a peep into my sitting-room this morning; the veritable sitting-room where Aunt Hitty and I sat years ago, only now the striped carpet has given place to one of rather nicer material, and in the corner where the old clock used to stand, there is now a stylish-looking sofa. At this moment a crimson smoking-cap is tossed carelessly upon one of its cushioned arms, and a pair of masculine slippers are peeping out from the drapery at its foot. At the window sits Aunt Hitty, looking a little older than when you saw her last. It is not knitting-work she has in her hands, but a suspicious looking bundle of flannel and dimity, which she is tossing up caressingly, saying once in a while, in a voice tremulous with age: "Edward's a good boy, Edward is!"

And now there is a step on the walk, in the hall, at my side; a firm, manly step, while a little six-year-old girl, tugging at my skirt, cries: "Mama, papa come! papa come!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

BY EDWIN L. TUTTLE.

I BECAME interested in him, from seeing him pass my window every morning, towards a breezy hill, where, when he had reached the summit, he would take off his hat, as if involuntarily doing homage to the Creator of so much beauty as lay sleeping beneath his eye. He was a tall, spare man, evidently in ill health, but with a clear and untroubled eye, that told of a world of cheerful and healthy fancies and thoughts. I called him, habitually, the Poor Scholar, after some character of which I had once read. I knew he was poor, for his carefully darned clothes betrayed it no less than the indescribable look in his countenance that, spite of his cheerful eyes, told me was born of want—I almost feared, of starvation. I cannot remember all the arts I used to become acquainted with him. I succeeded at last, by means of one of my children, a bright little fellow, who had an infantile tact for making friends, and who was quite attracted to the poor scholar, whose real name I found was Matthew Thornleigh. My little Fred had been on the hill twice with the stranger. I did not fear to trust him with my treasure, for I knew, by the glance of those clear, upraised eyes, that he was a good and true man. They grew quite inseparable—the child looking out for him every day, and the young man as earnestly watching for Fred.

One day they were hastening down the hill to avoid a thunder shower, which was fast coming on, and when I ran out to meet the boy, I begged Mr. Thornleigh to come in with me too, until the sudden storm had subsided.

He hesitated, but I insisted. "Had you not stopped for Fred's little feet, you could have avoided the shower altogether. Therefore, you must come in."

He smiled a sweet, sad smile, and followed me. We talked of books, and I began to see at once, that he was highly intellectual and more than ordinarily educated. I actually lured him into taking tea with me.

After that he often called, and talked with me of books. I supplied myself with new publications that I knew he would not otherwise see, and I took care that he should not want nourishment for the body also. Every day on his return from the hill, I insisted on at least, a glass of wine and a biscuit, as his refectory after walking. It did him good, and he stepped lighter and stronger every day.

I found he was living with his widowed mother, and that they were poor, almost to destitution. The mother was lame, and consequently disabled from work; and he, after years of patient study, and another of patient hope, was compelled to give up a good prospect of employment, on account of the frightful amount of blood which he raised.

"Will your mother see me?" I asked.

A cloud came for an instant over his fine eyes. After a while he said, "Perhaps—I do not know; but our altered circumstances have rendered her shy of strangers."

Never mind, I thought to myself, Fred can make her acquaintance—and the little fellow actually went daily until he enticed Mrs. Thornleigh, lame as she was, to my house.

I found in her a worthy mother to such a son. She knew his worth and his attainments; but she had long known that his future was short. I knew it too, but I had determined that it should not pass away in destitution; neither would I wound his sensitive nature by seeming to bestow charity. I knew that, with such a mind as Matthew Thornleigh possessed, he must have traced evidence of it somewhere. "You have doubtless written much," I said, interrogatively.

There was a deep flush on his brow when he answered, "I have, but it has been rejected."

"May I see what they rejected?"

"Certainly, I will bring it to-morrow."

The mass of writing which he placed in my hands the next day, was proof of his industry, and, in my judgment, it was worthier of publishing than much that finds ready success.

I determined to make a trial for a novel, which I found lying in the midst of essays, fragments of plays, and a number of very sweet poems. I inclosed the longest to a well known publisher, wrote a note in my largest hand-writing, and signed my name, John Armstrong. The book had received its name already, and the name of its author. I substituted new ones for both.

The manuscript was read, and I soon received a note addressed to John Armstrong, stating terms of publishing, etc., and requesting an answer. The whole business was done by writing; and, with the facility with which those things were done three or four years ago, when a *fast book* was "put through" as easily as a telegraphic message. I had soon the pleasure of presenting to Mr. Thornleigh a book, of which the title-page only was looked at by him, and was not recognized. "But read it—look it over while you sit here," I said. "I want your opinion of it. It must be good, for I was assured that a new edition would come out immediately, the first not being large enough to supply the demand."

He turned over the leaves, at first listlessly, for he had not been quite as cheerful as usual. But he presently warmed up into new life. "Why, this is perfectly marvellous! Did you do this?"

And I told him, as he sat there, his large bright eyes growing larger and brighter, until their beams were quenched in a shower of glad, happy tears. I believe I never experienced a sensation of truer satisfaction than I did then. No book in that prolific year did better than this; and although the returns were not rapid to him, the presumption was that he would reap a good harvest eventually, and this thought nourished him even more than my wine did.

To draw his mind from his state of health was now desirable. Like all deeply romantic young persons, when they are ill, he had long been impressed that his life was passing. I convinced him that his symptoms were sometimes inconclusive ones, and this also was good for him. I am taking great credit to myself, I am aware, but indeed I must be forgiven. Small indeed were my offices; productive, happily of good results, showing that the day of small things must not be despised.

A year found Matthew Thornleigh independent. Almost all his finished productions had found their way into the press, in one shape or another, and a lucrative employment was within his reach, of which his health was the only drawback. Another, less valuable, he accepted, and in the joy of a rescue from poverty, he grew strong and well. It was like the excitement of wine, and he threw upon it daily.

How pleasant it was to see the mother once more dressed as became her age and dignity, and waited on by a servant; their dwelling renewed in its freshness, and Matthew's books—those precious books! returned to the lately empty shelves.

I was about to receive a visit from two young cousins, and at home we were busy preparing for their reception. They arrived in due season. Sybil Grey, a bright, dashing, coquettish beauty, and Kate Harris, not so pretty, but a very lovable sort of person.

How bewitchingly Sybil looked in her mass of thin, floating drapery that waved round her like a blue mist; so different to Kate, in her modest gray silk, which exposed neither arms nor neck. The latter was just such a woman as I should select for Matthew Thornleigh's wife, had the "Poor Scholar" been in a situation to marry; but I loved her too well to wish to see him droop away as he might do, if sorrow should come to him again.

But there was no need of anxiety on Kate's account. Sybil Grey carried him off at once, and showered her soft, winning smiles, as she had done to dozens of victims before. To Matthew, so new to this species of excitement, it was bewildering, intoxicating. She exaggerated his talents, until he began to think that the public had been unjust to him in not making his ovation a more brilliant one. Listening to her extravagant talk, he overrated himself, and his really fine mind became obscured by vanity.

It was a desperate game that Sybil was playing, and the price was the heart, and soul, and life of one of the best and purest men I ever knew. I warned her, and I warned him. I knew that with her it was the passion of an hour, and that, once back to the gay city, she would forget the poor victim whose love for her would destroy him, unless he could be convinced of her arts.

I said nothing to Kate, who looked on somewhat indifferently, as if she were used to see Sybil playing with the victim she intended to destroy. I could not feel thus careless, especially as I knew Sybil was constantly receiving letters from a gentleman in the city, to whom she was engaged.

They were inseparable. Kate and myself were left, day after day, while Matthew—who had no engagement after three in the afternoon—and Sybil went riding, or driving, or walking together. We could have no doubt that an engagement had been formed, from the manner in which they spoke of each other. As to Sybil, she wound her maddening, bewitching toils round our "Poor Scholar," until I began to dread that she should loosen them—all unfit as she was to be his wife—lest his reason should be the sacrifice.

She was called home suddenly, by the arrival of a long absent brother. Kate staid with me, and Sybil promised to come back, although I had not urged it. I could not respect her, for I fully believed she was luring Matthew on to disappointment. His only solace in her absence, seemed talking with Kate and myself about her. He was hopeful and confident of the future, but his anxiety to see her again was so intense, that he obtained a leisure day, and went to visit her. The circumstances of that visit were painful in themselves, disastrous in their results. Matthew Thornleigh came to my house when he returned, and I could never have believed that one could have changed as he had since morning. The damp masses of black hair lay upon a forehead wet with great drops of agony. The frame which had grown strong and full, was quivering, and the limbs were tottering in weakness.

He gasped out his day's experience and left us. The next day he was raging with fever. I wrote to Sybil to come and behold the wreck she had made. Her answer was characteristic. "Mr. Thornleigh must expect, if he imitated the moth, to have his wings scorched. Don't be alarmed, 'men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.'"

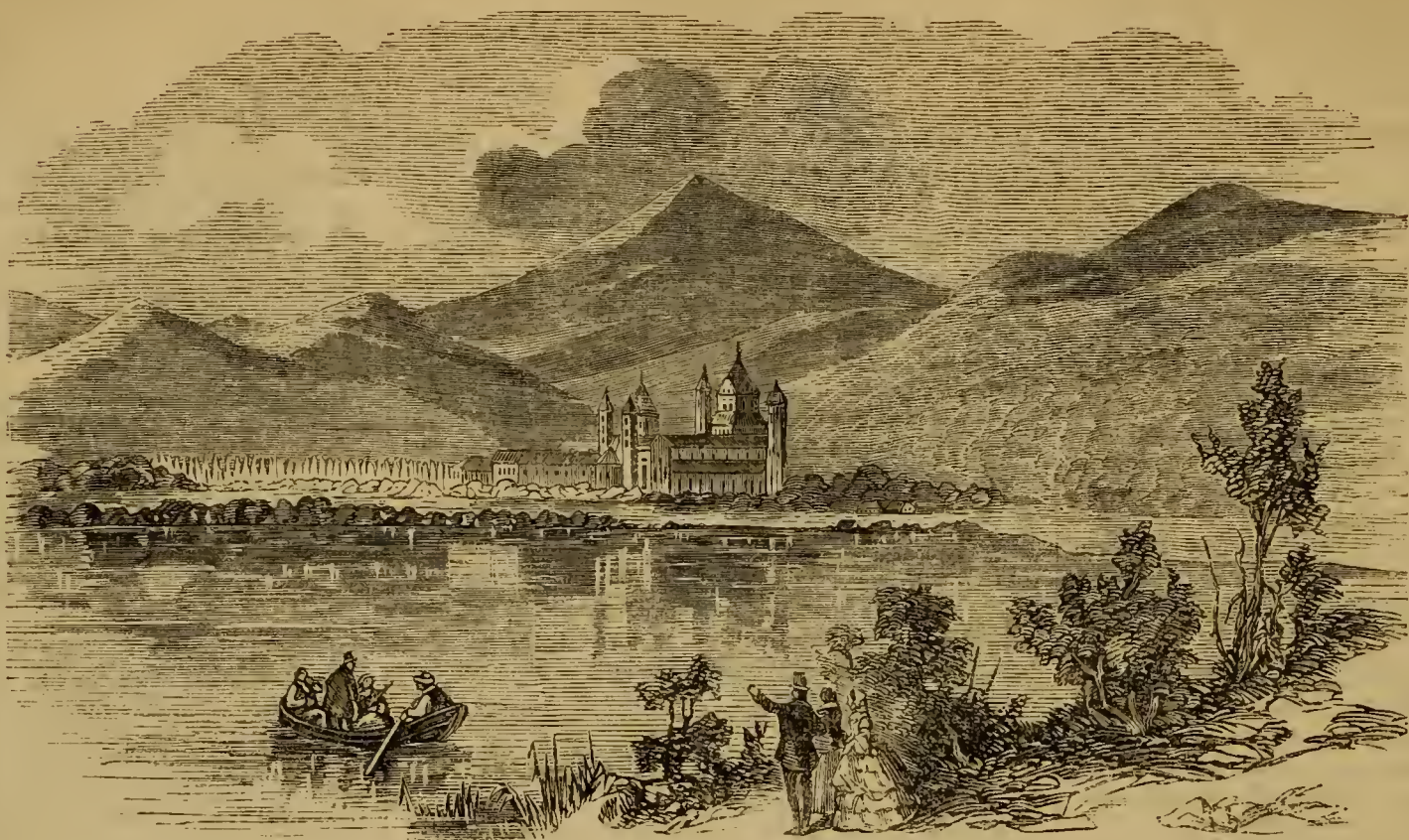
I would not reply to this heartless letter, but, long before Thornleigh came to his senses, we received wedding cards. Sybil Gray was married! O, what weary days for all of us, were those in which Sybil Grey was making her wedding tour at Niagara and the Springs! Mrs. Thornleigh was unable to take care of Matthew, and Kate and I went to her every day. He knew me always, but Kate and his mother were unrecognized. At last, one Sabbath twilight found him restored to his right mind—pale and weak, but calm and composed.

"It was a terrible dream, my friend," he said, with a sad smile. "Thank God, it is over! The blow was so cruel that it crushed all the love that I felt for her." How glad these words made me, for I had felt half responsible for his misery, because I had introduced them to each other.

Matthew Thornleigh recovered. Pride came to his aid, and he now despises the heartless coquette who discarded him when she had played out her drama. Sometime, perhaps, when his faith in woman is restored, the serene goodness of Kate Harris may light up the evening of his days with a soft and gentle beaming. But Kate will not have him long on earth. His years are numbered.

**THE LAACHER-SEE,
NEAR ANDERNACH, PRUSSIA.**

The pretty landscape delineated on this page is one of the most romantic places in Germany. On the road between Cologne and Coblenz, near the old towns of Andernach and Sinzig, is the village of Brohl, situated in one of the most interesting spots for the geological student, and which also affords in its neighborhood some very romantic rides and walks. One of these spots is the Laacher-See. It is about two leagues from Brohl and somewhat less from Andernach. The road to it from Brohl runs through the mountain village of Tonnestein, celebrated for its mineral waters, which have all the qualities of the Seltzer Springs, and are, like those, sent to all parts of the globe. The See or Lake is situated on the summit of the range of the Eifel Gebirge, and presents one of the most beautiful scenes in the neighborhood. It is nearly circular, and has neither outlet nor inlet for its waters. It is surrounded by the high peaks thrown up by the extinct volcanoes, which at one time were in full activity, but which are now covered with vegetation. The spot was so beautiful, and at the same time so retired, that it was chosen by the monks of old as one on which to erect a monastery and church, both of which suffered in the Seven Years' War, and were left as ruins. The former building was restored, and was at one time the residence of the governor of Coblenz, but is now partly converted into a hotel. The church has also been restored by the king of Prussia. The district is famous for its mill-stones, which have enjoyed a world-wide fame ever since the time of the Romans, several of whose workings are still visible at the present day. The quarries are still in work, and furnish some of the best stone for buildings which are required to withstand the action of the water. So great is their hardness that the faces of the arches of the bridge over the Vistula at Dirschau are composed of blocks from the quarries of Niedermendig, to withstand the action of the vast masses of ice which float down the stream at the approach of spring. The railway bridge of the Rhine at Cologne is to be constructed of the same material. A stay of a few days will be well repaid by a visit to these interesting places, and we advise those of our friends proposing to travel in Europe, not to neglect the Laacher-See. A large tract of country in the neighborhood is equally well worthy of visiting and study, whether the object of the traveller be simply recreation, or the pursuit of scientific investigation, or to study beautiful scenery and curious manners, and customs of the people of the place.



THE LAACHER-SEE, NEAR ANDERNACH, PRUSSIA.

SPEARING FISH BY NIGHT.

The scene on this page is one that will not fail to interest the sportsman as well as the lover of the picturesque. It illustrates the mode of spearing fish by fire-light practised in Canada, as well as in some of the salmon-runs of the United States. The *modus operandi* is as follows: To the stern of a light flat-bottomed skiff is fixed a projecting frame-work of iron, which is filled with resinous wood or other combustible material, which makes a strong glare. While this is kept in a constant blaze, the skiff is paddled carefully over the favorite resorts of the salmon. The fisherman standing erect in the stern, poises his many-tined spear, watching the water intently, and enabled by the light to see to a great depth. The fish, dazzled by the glare, lie motionless, and the sportsman with unerring aim and strong arm, darts his spear downwards and transfixes his prey. The sport is very exciting to those who are skilled in it, and is very interesting to look on from shore. The wooded banks lighted up by the artificial glare, the blaze reflected on the water, the gliding boat, the statuesque figure of the spearsman, starting into sudden life when he makes a strong plunge, altogether form a scene that dwells long in the memory of those who have the good fortune to witness it. This mode of taking fish requires dexterity on the part of the sportsman, but when that is once acquired, he is more certain of obtaining his object than if he depended on the line, for he need make no exertion unless the fish actually present a mark to the deadly weapon he wields.

only be temporary, adopted more active precautions. It was suggested that, as a preliminary step, the Emperor Charles V. should appoint inspectors to survey the country, and mark those places which, being least exposed to the coming flood, would be most likely to afford a shelter. That this should be done, was the wish of the imperial general, who was then stationed at Florence, and by whose desire a work was written recommending it. But the minds of men were too distracted for so deliberate a plan; and besides, as the height of the flood was uncertain, it was impossible to say whether it would not reach the top of the most elevated mountains. In the midst of these and similar schemes, the fatal day drew near, and nothing had yet been contrived on a scale large enough to meet the evil. To enumerate the different proposals which were made and rejected, would fill a long chapter. One proposal is, however, worth noticing, because it was carried into effect with great zeal, and is moreover, very characteristic of the age. An ecclesiastic of the name of Auriol, who was then professor of canon law at the University of Toulouse, revolved in his own mind various expedients by which this universal disaster might be mitigated. At length it occurred to him that it was practicable to imitate the course which on a similar occasion Noah had adopted with eminent success. The inhabitants of Toulouse lent their aid; and an ark was built, in the hope, that some part, at least, of the human species might be preserved to continue the race.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*



SPEARING FISH BY NIGHT IN CANADA.

A DELUGE.

At the end of the fifteenth, and early in the sixteenth century, Stoeffler, the celebrated astronomer, was professor of mathematics at Tubingen. This eminent man rendered great services to astronomy, and was one of the first who pointed out the way of remedying the errors in the Julian calendar, according to which time was then computed. But neither his abilities nor his knowledge could protect him against the spirit of his age. In 1524 he published the result of some abstruse calculations, in which he had been long engaged, and by which he had ascertained the remarkable fact that in that same year the world would again be destroyed by a deluge. This announcement, made by a man of such eminence, and made, too, with the utmost confidence, caused a lively and universal alarm. News of the approaching event was rapidly circulated, and Europe was filled with consternation. To avoid the first shock, those who had houses by the sea, or on rivers, abandoned them; while others, perceiving that such measures could

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]
FAREWELL TO THE JUNIATA.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Farewell, Juniata, forever!
Flow on as thou didst in my youth;
Still flow, though, alas! we must sever,
Thou emblem of time and of truth!
How oft have I rode on thy waters,
When the wind's kiss thy bosom did thrill,
With thy bright banks and beautiful daughters,
That made thee more magical still.

But years with swift plasons are fleeting,
And sunlight for shadow is changed;
Yet thou, with thy flowing waves greeting,
Art ne'er from my bosom estranged.
In memory's ear wilt thou murmur,
When manhood hath bade thee good-by;
And memory will mirror the firmer
Than thou now dost reflect the blue sky.

THE PATH OF INDEPENDENCE.

An easy task it is to tread
The path the multitude will take;
But independence dares the stake
If but by fair conviction led.

Then haste, truth-seeker, on thy way,
Nor heed the worldling's smile or frown;
The brave alone shall wear the crown,
The noble only clasp the bay.

Oo, worker for the public weal,
When knaves combine, and plot and plan,
Assert the dignity of man,
Teach their dishonest hearts to feel.

Still keep thy independence whole,
Let nothing warp thee from thy course,
And thou shalt wield a giant's force,
And wrong before thy foot shall roll.—WATTS.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power,
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves another self,
A master-self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave;
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors?
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life.—YOUNG.

SILENCE.

Silence! coeval with eternity!
Thou wert ere nature's self began to be;
Thine was the sway ere heaven was formed on earth;
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth.—POPE.

GREATNESS.

High stations tumult, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We are now fairly launched into November, the month when English gentlemen are reputed to destroy themselves in large quantities in despair at the disgusting weather. But nowhere in America is November an unbearable month. It may be chequered with storms, but it has many a day of bright sunshine, and, on the whole, is a "frothy but kindly" month—a rather courteous gentleman-usher to the palace of Winter. . . . We find rather a startling fact in one of our Parisian exchanges. Several ladies of one of the northern towns of France have applied for shooting licenses. Wives in old times accompanied their husbands in their perilous excursions, and even followed them to the wars, but though hawking was once fashionable with the ladies, it is quite a novelty to see them with guns on their shoulders. We think, however, that the empress set the example, by shooting pheasants on the wing at Compiègne. . . . Dr. Monsey, a celebrated English physician, was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders. "Well," said the farrier, "your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints." "Ah," rejoined the physician, "my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry!" . . . Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Sam Foote's, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G because he is a Gustis (Justice);" and, "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizzhuu." Such was the orthography of these learned English ladies. . . . Dr. Johnson having heard that Foote had called him a "learned Hottentot," in return styled the actor a "pleasant villain." . . . The effervescence of the heart or the imagination, that we call enthusiasm, is a fine stimulus of our nature, but only where it stops short of mental intoxication. . . . A bachelor, writing us from the interior of California, says that although young women from this side of the continent often arrive unmarried on the California coast, they never get in that condition to the interior. He says that, like misfortunes, they "never come single." . . . Under a long dress you have a perfect right to suspect there lies a large foot. . . . The figure-head of the *Adriance*, brought home by Dr. Kane, after abandoning that vessel in the Arctic regions, has been presented by his relatives to the Kane Lodge in New York. . . . Madame Amelia Schoppe, a German novelist and poet, died lately at Schenectady, N. Y., aged 67. She was a daughter of Dr. Weise, and was born on the Island of Fehmarn, in the Baltic. . . . The fires in which steel is tempered, would consume a pewter vessel entirely. . . . A few years ago, during the performance of a tragedy in Paris, the audience was thrown into laughter by the mistake of an actor, who in exclaiming "*Arrete, lache! arrete*," "Halt, coward! halt," pronounced the words so rapidly that they seemed to be "*arrete la charette*." "Stop the cart!" . . . The British Government has granted a pension of £50 to Mrs. Charlotte Roncroft, in consideration of the civil services of her husband, who died while acting as British consul at Cincinnati. . . . The fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather, bound close to the wound, will soon stop the flowing of blood. . . . After a great victory by the Swedish monarch over Peter of

Russia, a competent share of which murder was claimed by an impious priesthood for "the Lord," the question for the victors was how to dispose of the prisoners. A council was held, at which Queen Christina ventured to suggest something in the shape of humanity. "Madam," replied the king, "we took thee to bring us children—not to give advice!" This was the father of Charles XII. . . . Toads and salamanders have been ascertained to secrete a deadly poison, repeated experiments upon birds placing it beyond question. . . . One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't," he replied; "I must be just before I am generous." "Well," said the one who made the request, "let me know just before you're generous, and I'll try you again." . . . Sixteen thousand felt hats are being made in Philadelphia for the United States army. . . . A frantic fair correspondent says that the ladies are beginning to give up society, because they encounter none but spoilt boys and premature old men. . . . We consider whistling a very harmless amusement, and can stand a good deal of it; but there are some who can't. One of these says: "I can stand a fife on training days when all the nation is 'armed and equipped according to law,' and a drum with its 'flang, flang,' serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poorer puckerer, I prefer death in some easier if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with: 'Mine fric', vat for you all de time vassel? You loss your dog, eh?' . . . The vulgar woman is a spider attempting to spin silk. . . . A military company is reported to have been organized in Richmond, Va., composed entirely of Jews. . . . There are times when all like to set a screen between themselves and the penetrating eyes of others. . . . The process of reasoning in a child's mind is very exact, though it may be founded on a false basis. We know of one youngstess who had been taught carefully to be polite. And she was polite. A better mannered little fellow never trundled a hoop; but she had a curious idea of the origin of the word polite, which never manifested itself until one day a little cousin was rude to her, when our little one called out, "Ma, Cousin Jenny's very po-dark!" To her it was obvious that po-dark was the opposite of po-lite. . . . The famous critic, Theophile Gautier, is packing up for a visit to Russia. . . . A cluster of Baldwin apples, twenty-one in number, growing on a limb ten inches long, was lately exhibited in Boston. . . . Good wrapping paper has been made from the Chinese sugar cane at Athens, Georgia. . . . In the days of packets, when everybody went to Albany from Western New York via the "raging canal," a company of six or eight gentlemen assembled one evening at a hotel in Lyons, to wait for the two o'clock A. M. boat. They spent the fore part of the night playing cards and cracking jokes and champagne. When they retired, they left particular orders with the porter to call them at half past one. Soundly they slept till the clock struck three, when in came the porter, yelling at the top of his voice, "Gentlemen, get up quick, the boat has been gone more than an hour!" . . . The Moravian congregation at Bethlehem, Pa., have over a million of dollars at interest. . . . The deaf and dumb in Great Britain are said to be more common in the agricultural and pastoral districts than in those containing a large amount of town population. . . . The ladies of Iowa are decidedly "fast." Recently a race of ladies, on foot, came off at Iowa city, for a prize of a silver cake basket. The prize was won by a Miss Handy. . . . The number of English vessels wrecked last year was 1143, or at a rate of more than three per diem. . . . History, we believe, has failed to record what we see stated in the papers, that the first settlement in New England was not at Plymouth, but at Phippsburg, Maine. A settlement was made in this town by Sir George Popham and one hundred colonists from England, in August, 1607—more than thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. . . . When a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching, in Boston, he picked it up, and, holding it before his congregation, said, "This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing." . . . M. de Ligand, Marquis de Vandreuill, has just died at La Reole. With him becomes extinct one of the old families of the French nobility which has produced several excellent general officers. . . . Leibnitz found the Prussian Queen Charlotte of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "wants to know the why even of the why," says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. . . . A letter from Toulon says the boiler of the corvette *Rolaud*, whilst being tried, exploded, and wounded at least thirty-five persons, nine of whom had died, including the captain and chief engineer. . . . The Duke of Cleveland is an active youth of seventy-one, and goes shooting on the moors just like a boy of sixty—says an English paper. . . . The Kaiser has prohibited the Vienna press from criticizing the theatrical and operatic performances on pain of his displeasure. . . . Piccolomini, it is said, is accompanied by her father and mother, sister and brother, and two servants, and has twenty-five large travelling trunks. Her salary is \$4000 per month for twelve months. . . . Washington Irving has recovered from his recent illness.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY WARDS-WORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 12mo. pp. 216. 1859.

The poem which gives its title to this volume is rich with the imagery, the thoughts, the exquisite expression, and the fascinating word-painting of the most popular poet of America. We regret the measure in which it is written, while we admit that it is managed in the most artistic manner. The minor poems in the book embrace some of the most exquisite and finished gems that the poet ever produced, showing that the Indian summer of his life is as fertile and glowing as the June days of his manhood. Such things as the "Warden of the Cinque Ports," "Victor Galbraith," and the "Golden Mile Stone," will live the life of the language in which they are written.

VERNON GROVE: OR, HEARTS AS THEY ARE. A Novel. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 384. 1859.

In the opinion of a competent critic this is "the best novel yet produced by an American lady." It originally appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, and is now published to meet an imperative demand. As a work of art it is worthy of high praise. The interest of the narrative never flags for a moment;—uniform power, a deep insight into the mysteries of the human heart, a knowledge of society and its complex relations, a faculty of keen observation and forcible character-painting, commend it to all readers. It is for sale by Crosby & Nichols.

ISABELLA ORSINI. An Historical Novel of the 15th Century, by F. D. GUERAZZI. Translated by Luigi Monti. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 320. 1859.

The reading public are placed under great obligations to the enterprising New York firm who have issued this powerful and exciting story in the finest style of book-making. The translation is by Signor Monti, instructor of Italian at Harvard, and is dedicated to Professor Felton, an avowed admirer of the works of the Italian novelist. We can assure our readers that in this romance they will find a rich banquet. The story is deeply interesting and well managed, the characters well drawn, and the pictures of the manners of the 15th century graphic and valuable. The work is for sale by Crosby & Nichols.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the original Greek, with chronological arrangement of the sacred books, and improved divisions of the chapters and verses. By LEICESTER AMAROSE SAWYER. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 423. 1858.

We leave to Biblical scholars the task of criticizing this version of the New Testament, after collating it with the original. The translator says in his very instructive preface, "this is not a work of compromises, or of conjectural interpretations of the sacred Scriptures, neither is it a paraphrase, but a strict literal rendering. It neither adds nor takes away; but aims to express the original with the utmost clearness and force, and with the utmost precision." The book is published in very elegant style.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son.

This little work is filled with articles valuable to the farmer, fruit-grower, dairyman, poultry fancier, cattle-dealer and horticulturist. It contains a large number of elegant illustrated engravings, and costs but twenty-five cents. Get it of John J. Dyer.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The rebellion has not been entirely suppressed in India, and it will be some time yet before that consummation is reached, but it is now hemmed in within a comparatively narrow space. The London Times says: We have broken, dispersed, and utterly disorganized a force which was sufficient in its integrity to hold 150,000,000 of people in subjection, and to defend their country against any outward enemy. We could not kill them all. With vivid recollection of their treachery, and their atrocities we will say, Heaven forbid that such a tremendous immolation should stain our history! We must kill a great many—we have killed a great many; but we may hope to drive a very large portion back to the occupation of tilling the earth.—The cholera has broken out in the Cashmere valley. The Maharajah reports that upwards of 100,000 of his subjects have perished in a few weeks.—At the Social Science meeting in Liverpool, one of the delicate duties of an attending gentleman was to "crush the garments of ladies into a decorous dimension," as they entered St. George's Hall.—The London club gossip have been busy over the visit paid by Lord John Russell to Lord Derby at Knowsley, and it is believed that strange political combinations will arise out of this meeting.—Embassies are honorable but expensive. Belgian envoys to Constantinople spent 16,000 francs, and the pay was only 5000 francs. The embassy to Moscow cost the Prince de Ligne 200,000 francs, and he brought back a snuff-box.—Barnum has been lecturing in England on the shortest way of making a fortune.—The Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, of Hohenzolhe, has taken the veil at Rome in the nunnery of St. Ambrose.

China.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times says no change had occurred in the state of affairs at Canton, but he had heard a report that one of the commissioners who met the ambassadors in the north, and who bears a character for conciliation, had been appointed viceroy of the Canton province, which might lead to some improvement in the state of matters. The report that Namow had been destroyed, as an act of redress for firing on a flag of truce, is unfounded. The forts were taken and destroyed, but the town was spared, at the solicitation of a deputation from the people. The Chinese soldiers showed considerable resistance, and the British had three men killed and twelve wounded.

France.

Mr. Troploug, president of the senate, took occasion, at an agricultural fair at Cormeilles, in the department of l'Eure, to deliver an address, defending the hereditary division of property, and administrative centralization, "which, like the action of the heart, carries life to the extremities." The president of the senate has thus placed himself in opposition to the doctrines of the "Univers," and those of M. de Morrey, president of the legislative body, whose taste for decentralization is regarded as excessive at the Tuilleries. The country is for one and the court for the other.

The Galway Steamers.

The Galway line of steamers now enters into the form of a public company (limited), under the title of the "Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company;" and the directors are named as follows: Right Hon. Lord Viscount Bury, M. P., Norfolk; Sir Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., London; Sir Allen Napier Macnab, Dundurn Castle, Canada; John Arthur Roebuck, Esq., M. P., London; Thomas Howard, Esq., Manchester; George Peter Lascardi, Esq., London; John Orrell Lever, Esq., Liverpool and Manchester; Thomas Osborne Stock, Esq., Lloyd's, London.

Algeria.

Among the projects attributed to the French government with relation to Algeria, is that of creating dukes, counts and barons with estates formed of great donations of lands in Africa. This is in imitation of the estates created in 1808 by Napoleon I. to support his conquests. It is hoped by this means to reconstitute the somewhat decayed imperial nobility, and to interest the self-love of the dukes of Blidah, Oran and Mouzaia in the progress of the country from which they will derive their titles.

The Djeddah Massacre.

The upshot of the Djeddah massacre has excited Mussulman fanaticism to blindness. The example given by the "Cyclops," and the show of justice ordered by Ismail Pacha did more harm than good. Ismail put to death a dozen poor wretches and sent some thirty to Turkey to be sentenced. As for the instigators of the massacre they have not yet been disturbed, but remain at Djeddah to prepare for retaliation when another opportunity occurs.

The Ill-fated "Austria."

The foreign journals inform us that in the autumn of 1857 this vessel was chartered by the British government to carry troops to India, but, in consequence of the bad condition of her machinery she had to return to her point of departure under canvass. Her charter was revoked, and it was only a short time afterwards that she commenced running for the Hamburg company.

The Empress Eugenie.

This charming woman understands the art of flattering the working people. The other day she visited a shawl manufactory at Rheims, and affected to be so much delighted with the fabrics, that she pulled a splendid Cashmere from her shoulders and substituted a Rheims shawl. Immense applause, of course, followed this act.

Copenhagen.

The society of "Friends of the Peasants" sent the king an address with 8000 signatures, demanding the abolition of the common constitution, the complete re-establishment of the Danish constitution of 1846, and the Scandinavian union, as the only means of safety for the State. The king refused to receive the deputation sent with the address.

Prince Napoleon.

To calm the apprehensions the journey of Prince Napoleon to Warsaw raised, a London paper related an indiscretion on the part of Queen Victoria's youngest son, who, after a family dinner, said, "Mama likes the emperor Napoleon very much, and regards him as an ally in whom she can place the greatest confidence."

Free Trade in France.

The emperor is determined to permit the free importation of grain into France for a year longer. This will aid commerce, and will not injure agriculture, which receives a powerful impulse from another decree authorizing the *credit foncier* to devote ten millions of francs, under the form of loans, to the extension of drainage.

Prevention of Smuggling.

The French government, on the application of that of Spain, has given orders for exercising a strict surveillance to prevent the smuggling which is now being carried on to a considerable extent on the Pyrenean frontier.

Alexander II.

The emperor of Russia will probably visit both London and Paris, in order to form an alliance between Russia, England and France, which will be the highest guarantee of the peace of the whole world.

History of England.

The first volume of Prof. Ranke's History of England during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries is in press in London.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The official list of passengers on board the burnt steamer Austria shows that 456 lives were lost, 88 saved.—A singular match took place at Buffalo recently. Capt. Beman of the steam ferry-boat Cygnet, wagered Mr. I. Staley of Grand Island the sum of forty dollars that the latter could not pull a boat from Grand Island to Black Rock while the steamer was going the same distance—nine miles. Mr. Staley obtained the race boat Mary of Buffalo, and won the race by a minute and a half. The nine miles was accomplished by Mr. Staley, against a four mile current, in one hour and thirteen minutes. The steamer was built last spring, and is considered the fastest boat west of New York.—Four gentlemen subscribed \$20,000, towards Mr. Beecher's new church, at a meeting in New York.—A letter from Geauga county, Ohio, states that an epidemic dysentery has raged among children in that section, ravaging every home and proving generally fatal. In the town of Chester, it is stated, but few infants have been spared by the pestilence.—During one week there were shipped from St. Albans, Vt., 202,000 pounds of cheese, worth \$15,150, and 175,197 pounds of butter, worth \$29,771, bringing in to the farmers of that locality the pleasant sum of \$44,821. Talk about poor farmers!—Rev. James Pratt, for eighteen years rector of the St. Stephen's Church in Portland, has accepted the call extended to him by the church in Philadelphia over which the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng was rector.—The N. Y. Times says a man of fifty-five years of age has one foot in the grave. We should like to see a vote taken on this question.—Haliburton says: "There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, and I do like it in others. O, we need it—we need all the counter-weights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?"—There are only two cities in Germany or the world which contain more Germans than New York and its environs.—A Mrs. Planter was recently brought before a London police court for having nine husbands. She owned up to four of them, but of these she did not know what had become of two of them. They had probably transplanted themselves.—After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrien, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the established ridiculous custom; at the sight of which the groom followed suit, with a copious flow of the briny fluid. After his friends succeeded in calming him, he said he could not help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did.—Shun a man who does not pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor towards curls, will invariably attempt to dodge the grocer, tailor, and butcher. Faithlessness to the dimity institution is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and a good bringing up.

THE INDIAN WAR.—In India, a very curious sign of the times, if so it may be called, has been remarked in several quarters. "There is an undoubted spirit of inquiry abroad among the natives regarding the strange phenomenon lately presented to them of a handful of Englishmen coming victorious out of such a strife as that we have lately witnessed, with such tremendous odds against us. They begin to ask themselves, 'Is this the result of the interference of the Almighty in our favor?' You will have heard of a whole village near Meerut being converted to Christianity a few months ago. I know a lady who has been forced by the importunate solicitations of her Mohammedan servants to explain the Bible to them, and regularly undertake their education. This is a sort of thing quite unheard of."

A NEW YELLOW DYE.—The chamber of commerce of Lyons has just received a chestful of the fruit of the Gardenia plant, which in China goes by the name of Hoang-chee, and is used there for producing a yellow dye, which possesses the rare property of communicating its color directly to silk, without the aid of any other substance, and of resisting the destructive action of all alkalis and acids, picric acid alone excepted. This dye has a fine glossy brilliancy, especially by candlelight, a property which considerably enhances its value.

ANOTHER POLAR EXPEDITION.—At a late meeting of the Boston Natural History Society a letter was read from Dr. Isaac I. Hayes to the president, announcing his intention of making another attempt to reach the north pole of the earth, and asking for the influence of the society in behalf of the object.

CHINESE MORALITY.—Every man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at a time of a religious festival, about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

EVENING PLEASURE.—Emily—"Shall you dress much to-night, dear?" Lilian—"No, as little as possible. I am going to a ball."

QUERY.—Considering the immense speed of the comet, would it not be well to call it the go-it?

Wayside Gatherings.

The Tehuantepec route to California will be opened soon.

Large numbers of gold hunters are still on their way to Pike Peak, Kansas.

Some of the Atlantic cable is laid across the Ohio river, connecting Evansville, Ill., with Henderson, Ky. It works well.

Mr. John W. Farmer, the philanthropist, who kept a free eating house in the tenth ward, New York city, has been nominated for Congress.

The English electricians concede that all the defects in the Atlantic cable are in that part laid from the Agamemnon. This must be gratifying to the officers of the Niagara.

An asylum for the deaf and dumb has been opened at Talladega, Ala., under the superintendence of Dr. Johnson, of Georgia, who has had many years experience in teaching the deaf and dumb.

The army in Utah has moved into winter quarters under the command of Lieut. Colonel Smith. General Johnston has entered upon the duties of Commandant of the Department of Utah.

A young man named Morris, mail agent between Jefferson City and St. Joseph, Mo., has been arrested for robbing the steamer Emma of \$2000 on a recent trip. The young man's arrest was the cause of great anguish to his mother.

The vein of plumbago in Puzzle Mountain, in Newry, Me., has been worked through, and the supply, which was supposed to be almost inexhaustible, has proved to be very limited. Not a great quantity was procured.

The old vine-growers of France recollect that the comet of 1811 was followed by an excellent vintage; and the comet of 1858 has brought about, they say, a similar result. It is now reported that a comet would be welcomed in the wine districts every year.

The Havana Prensa notices a remarkable incident as one of the results of the shock from the explosion, no less than the restoration to reason of a lady of that city, who had entirely lost her mind some six months ago, from a severe and protracted spell of sickness.

The wheat crop of Canada in 1858, according to returns received at the Bureau of Agriculture, is about 25 per cent. below the average of ordinary years. These returns came from forty-six different counties, of which thirty-six are in Upper Canada, where alone wheat is grown to any considerable extent.

Robert McCue, an aged citizen of Schenectady, N. Y., went to bed one night lately, as well as usual, and died before morning. The coroner held an inquest, and the jury returned the following verdict: "We find that, by his extreme age, and disease of the heart, the same Almighty power that placed him here has taken him to himself."

Dr. Gaillardet, who assaulted Mr. Cranston, of the New York Hotel, New York, with a wine bottle, because he had been expelled from the house for insisting on keeping a patient with an infectious disease in the house, has had his trial, which resulted in a verdict of "guilty of assault with intent to kill." He has not been sentenced.

At New York great dissatisfaction is expressed at the accumulation at all retail establishments, of quantities of silver coin. The banks will not take it on deposit; it cannot be sold in large quantities, except at a heavy discount. The war with China, which has stopped the export thither, and to some extent, the depreciation of the coin here, have led to this state of things.

Recently three little children of Mr. Sullivan, a boy and two girls, at Springfield, Walworth county, Wisconsin, were left alone in the house, and by some means the bed took fire, communicating to their clothing, and burnt them so severely that they died. The eldest of the little ones was but five, and the youngest was a helpless babe.

The Millerites of New York have taken fresh courage from the comet, which they are now quite certain is the sure precursor of the final end of the world. They had quite a large meeting at Military Hall, in the Bowery, Sunday forenoon. Their minister dwelt upon the prophecies of Daniel, and figured the whole thing out as clear as mud.

A Mr. D. G. Raab of Ohio county, Indiana, presented a specimen of corn to the late State Fair of that State, with a statement that a field of twenty acres yielded one hundred and thirty-six bushels to the acre. The smallest yield of any one acre was one hundred and two bushels, and one acre produced one hundred and sixty bushels. The field was on the Ohio River bottom.

The magnificent Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, is newly decorated with ten panels, bearing the portraits of the chief artists employed in the works at the Tuileries and the old Louvre; and two panels, larger than the rest, display pictures of the Louvre in its original and its present state. All these productions are in tapestry, and have been executed in the Imperial manufactory at the Gobelins.

A Greek merchant named Antonio Calvocoressi, has been arrested at Manchester, England, and Boisserole and Hugon, two Frenchmen, at London, for being engaged in the manufacture of spurious Turkish coin. The Greek had obtained the manufacture in Birmingham of about fifty-five gross of Turkish piastres. The Frenchmen had not quite succeeded in perfecting their dies at the time of their arrest.

A boiler alarm, operated by a ball, which floats on the surface of the water inside of steam boilers, and rises or falls as the water varies, has been contrived by Alexander Miller of Cleveland. A whistle is blown by the escaping steam whenever the water falls below the tubes, thereby endangering an explosion when cold water is suddenly introduced. It looks well in the cut in the Scientific American, and boiler inspectors say it will work.

A case has just been decided in the Brooklyn, N. Y., City Court, to the effect that a single woman can recover damages from a married man for breach of marriage promise. In the case alluded to, the defendant had deserted his wife and played bachelor lover to a German girl. Failing to marry, according to promise, she sued him, and he had the meanness to crawl off by saying that as he had a wife already, his promise was an empty lie. The jury thought otherwise, and gave \$5000 damages.

Donati's comet has now passed from view, and the astronomers are busy in computing its elements. Already it has been ascertained that it will not return to us in less than 2400 years, by which time that and the earth may be materially changed. The experiments made with the light of the comet prove that light to be reflected, and not from the body itself. The nucleus is therefore composed of ponderable matter, however shadowy the tail may be; and the theory of astronomers that it is a mere vapory mass, that would no more affect our planet, if it should come in contact with it, than a fog bank, is exploded.

Sands of Gold.

.... Brisk talkers are usually slow thinkers.—Bovee.

.... Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

.... Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—Penn.

.... Love is wholly in him who loves; the beloved is only a pretext.—Alphonse Karr.

.... If you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—Addison.

.... Sweep first before your own door, ere you sweep before your neighbors.—Frederika Bremer.

.... It seems as if the blue sky of England had gone wholly into the eyes of the women; it is only there.—Eugene Pelletan.

.... Poetry has no echo more sonorous and more prolonged than the heart of youth in which love is first born.—Lamartine.

.... The life of a woman may be divided into three epochs: in the first she dreams of love, in the second she makes love, in the third she regrets it.—St. Prosper.

.... It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of women, because the works of this genius are all works of love.—Lamartine.

.... Nothing is premeditated in love; it appears to be a divine power which thinks and feels within us, without our being able to influence it.—Madame de Staël.

.... A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain. There is a nobler bliss, still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.—Bulwer Lytton.

.... The activity of some men is like that of rail cars in motion—they tear along with noise and turmoil, leave peace behind them. The quietest nooks invaded by them lose their quietude as they pass through, and recover it only on their departure.—Bovee.

.... Fears accomplish much in love. The husband of the middle ages was loved by his wife for his very severity. The bride of William the Conqueror having been beaten by him, recognized him by this token for her lord and husband.—J. Michelet.

Joker's Budget.

Why is an egg like a horse? Because it is not useable till broken.

How should a miller address his lady-love? In the language of flours, to be sure.

A confirmed tippler was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him—he kept sober.

The newspapers are full of advertisements for plain cooks. We suppose pretty cooks are of no account.

"What an ungrateful return," said a politician, when a count of his votes proved him to be in the minority.

"Pay your score," said a publican to a customer who was running up an account for ale. "Wait till I've had the score first; that last mug only made ten."

"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a deplait—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

Did or did not Mr. Biggin, who invented coffee-pots, and made a fortune by the invention, give his name to those vessels, or was "biggin" a generic term before it was a proper noun?

The Marysville News said to the Sierra Democrat, "We don't wish to settle anything with you, brother Forbes." Forbes answers: "Wishing to settle is not a weakness of yours, we believe."

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point).—"Then, Emily! O, may I call you Emily?—Sweetest!—best!—say that you will not go—without—" Fish-woman (cuts in).—"Any fish to day, marm?—any mackerel, shad, or catfish?"

"Billy, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, with only one letter for each word? "It can't be did." "What, you just ready to report verbatim poetically, and can't do that? Just look here! c 80, cat, r 80, rat, h 80, hat, b 80, bat."

A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said very gravely, to his fair hearer: "Ma'mselle, I never beg, but dat I have von wife wid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make deir bread out of, but de perspiration of my one eyebrow."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after twelve years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.

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It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has seventeen years editorial experience in Boston.

It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, to one address, for \$3 50 a year.

Any postmaster can receive a copy of the paper to his own address at the lowest club rates. Sample copies sent when desired.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston

ROADSIDE SCENE IN ITALY.

The American traveler in Italy is kept in a constant state of excitement by the numerous wayside incidents and scenes, all new to him, which meet him at every turn. To say nothing of the scenery, either of mountain or plain, the convents and chapels perched on almost inaccessible crags, the wayside shrine, the fountain, the crumbling ruins, the vines festooned from tree to tree, the glimpse of immemorial towns in the distance, the figures that animate these varied scenes are all interesting, if, perhaps, we exchange the beggars, those inevitable drawbacks to the pleasures of Italian travel. But the shepherds, the sandalled monks, the peasants in their quaint and old-time costume, the vetturino drivers and the donkey-drivers, all regale the eye that loves the picturesque. The accompanying picture is a bold and graphic sketch of a wayside scene, full of strength and character. The carrier has paused at a fountain to refresh his animals—and noble specimens of their kind are they—though that kind does not rank very high in comparison with the nobler horse. The panniers they carry, their nose-baskets through which they imbibe the grateful element, and their trappings are generally fancifully and elaborately wrought and braided. Their owner is a gallant looking fellow, well endowed with "biceps and sinews," and there is a dash of recklessness about his fearless face which might lead one to fancy that on occasion he might use the ugly looking gun, the stock of which peeps out from behind one of his panniers, in a way not the most acceptable to travellers well stocked with the circulating medium. But we are willing to exonerate him from the suspicion of doing anything *contra bonos mores* more heinous than a bit of smuggling on his own account. For the rest he is doubtless a good Christian, and we dare say he never passed the Madonna without dropping on his knees, or at least raising his hat. Doubly admired is he by the little peasant-girl who bends over the fountain with her water-jar by her side. To her the donkey-driver is a sort of hero, for he visits remote villages and towns, and sees more sights than were ever dreamed of in her philosophy. The whole group is an interesting and characteristic one, and displays some of the peculiarities of Italian life among the peasantry, happy amid rudeness and privation.

HOW TO TEACH.

A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil as if he was pouring it through a funnel; but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot before him, to observe his pace, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.—*Montaigne*.

ROAD SIDE SCENE IN ITALY.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
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NEW BUILDING

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

The rapid transformation which many parts of Boston is undergoing, shows that among the "notions" for which our city is celebrated, that of clinging obdurately to old fashions and old landmarks is not one of them. A citizen of Boston, returning after an absence of two or three years, would hardly recognize the place, were he set down in some portions of it. Within a few months, what changes have taken place in Franklin Street and its vicinity; the private residences all demolished, and a double curvo of commercial palaces, piles of granite, reared in their stead. With respect to Boston, a noteworthy fact is this: that its wealth finds vent rather in the erection of superb stores and corporation buildings, than in private dwellings. If we go on at this rate, Boston may soon merit the title of the "city of commercial palaces." But we are wandering from our immediate theme, a notice of the magnificent new building of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, represented in the engraving below, from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Waud. It stands on the corner of Bedford and Chauncy Streets, and is a truly beautiful structure. It is now rapidly approaching completion, and will

certainly be regarded as one of the finest architectural ornaments of the city, and worthy of the valuable and liberal institution for and by which it was erected. It will be remembered that the corner-stone was laid with appropriate official ceremonies on the thirtieth of September, 1857, in presence of the officers and many members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, of Mayor Rice and several members of the city government, and a large concourse of citizens. On that occasion Joseph M. Wightman, the president, delivered an exceedingly interesting and appropriate address. The building, designed by Hammatt Billings, artist and architect, is about sixty-five feet by ninety and is of light freestone, the color of which harmonizes with all conditions of the atmosphere, and with any local color that may surround it, an object of the highest importance in picturesque architecture. The material also readily yields to delicate manipulation, as is seen to advantage in the various carvings which adorn the exterior, and which are chaste and effective, though not florid. The style is the Romanesque, and the windows are all arched except in the angles of the third story. The building has two fronts, one on Chauncy and one on Bedford Street. In the centre of both fronts is a projection of the two stories, combining the doorway

and principal windows in one composition, consisting in the first stages of pannelled piers, bearing an arch, above which is a cornice; and in the second, of a window with niches at each side, decorated with a tasteful Corinthian order. The other openings in the lower and second stories are double-arched, with columns and pilasters having elegantly wrought foliated capitals. In the third story, the centre space on Chauncy Street is occupied with three niches and pedestals designed for the reception of allegorical statues of *THOUGHT*, *LABOR* and *CHARITY*. On Bedford Street the space is occupied with windows, and the building there joins the beautiful church designed by the same architect, which, as it is also built of freestone, does not injure the effect. A rich cornice with modillions and dentils surmounts the building, which is covered at the angles with pavilion roofs of the mansard form, the faces broken with ornamental dormer windows, and in the centre by a receding roof not visible from the street. The lower story is to be one large room suitable for a bank or similar institution; the second will contain small halls, with library and committee room attached, while the third story will be devoted to the great hall for the meetings of the Association, with rooms for the directors, affording the amplest accommodation.



THE NEW MASS. CHARITABLE MECHANIC INSTITUTION BUILDING, CORNER OF BEDFORD AND CHAUNCY STREETS, BOSTON.

[Translated and adapted from the French for BalloU's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —on,— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Could the eyes of the old man have penetrated into the depths of that chair, he would have seen the pale lips of Johann Spurzheim, director of the royal police, grow white, and would have seen that wasted body tremble like an autumn leaf in the wind.

"Tell me all the details," said Johann, endeavoring and partly succeeding in steadying his voice. The agent was no subtle observer fortunately.

"It concerns a high and powerful functionary, and was confided to me under oath; I cannot betray it, signor."

"Friend," coldly said the director, "the comedy is played, and I am almost fainting with fatigue; I cannot have such an agent as you, from whom it is necessary to draw each word. You refuse to answer my questions, therefore you deserve no salary; retire, and may God help you!"

No. 133 sat stunned, and he exclaimed, the tears filling his eyes:

"Signor! signor! have pity on me! do not send me away! It is true I am not a common spy. I sell my conscience now, because I cannot find any one who will buy my blood. I wished to be a soldier, but they looked at my bald head and laughed at me; I wished to work, but they looked at my wrinkled arms and trembling hands, and again they mocked me; I wished to ask alms; I am a bad beggar—no one gave me a sou. Signor, I will tell you all I know, and in the name of the merciful God do not send me away empty-handed!"

"Speak, then, my comrade," replied Spurzheim, "and do not oblige me to question you unceasingly. If I am satisfied, as I said before, you shall be paid well."

"Signor," replied No. 133, after a moment's thought, "may God pardon me for my treachery—it is misery that urges me on. I will tell you all that has passed between my old friend and myself. I followed the equipage as far as Rue Toledo, when some one called my name. I turned; it was an old friend who spoke to me of Baptista Giabetti, the old veteran of Monteleone—perhaps you know him. The poor fellow has lost his wife, the pretty Giannia; she was carried off by one of the *Knights of the Iron Ring*, Captain Luca Tristany. Baptista is a Companion of Silence, and has sworn the vendetta against his master, the gigantic captain—"

"Write me the name of Baptista underneath that of the physician," commanded Spurzheim.

The agent obeyed, then went on.

"I cannot give you his address, signor. Not a great while ago—it seems to me but yesterday—I was initiated into the mystery of the Brothers of Charcoal and Iron, when it was a Christian association, governed by a just man. There are men still in Calabria who remember that. The sainted Mario Monteleone was enemy to no one except misery, the child of idleness and vice. The old man had a paper covered with mysterious characters which he could not read. I could and did. He asked me for the key. I hesitated a moment as to whether I should give it to him; then I reflected that it was now the cipher of odious bandits, and that I could conscientiously give it to him. The papers consisted in four notes, two from London, one from Paris, one from Marseilles—"

"Addressed to who?"

"To the dignitary in question; but his name I know not, for the envelopes bearing the address were gone. This functionary was absent somewhere—I know not where; they were all unsealed, the first by accident, the others on purpose. I asked my friend to give them to me and I would try and decipher them; I asked a day to do that in; I must return them to-morrow morning."

"If you have them with you, give them to me," cried Spurzheim, with a singular accent of triumph.

"Signor," answered No. 133, respectfully, but firmly, "that is impossible. The trade which I am now following is perhaps not very honorable; but I have honor. The papers do not belong to me; if any one tries to take them from me by force, I will defend them with my life."

Johann Spurzheim laughed a dry, short laugh.

"Half spy," grumbled he, "half knight errant; you are a singular person and amuse me. No one will take your papers by force—he easy; but you can tell me what they contain."

"Signor!" The voice was indignant.

"Ah, no reply," coldly said the director; then added, harshly: "Fool that you are, think you that I do not know more than you! The papers were given you by old Benedetto Guerra. He just left here, and it is because he was with me that I allowed you to knock in vain at my door an hour ago."

The agent had no means of knowing that the wily director lied, for he had spoken truly. No. 133 had received the papers from Benedetta Guerra.

"If that is so," answered the agent, very slowly, "I have nothing to hide from you. There is no need to relate to you the story since you know it."

"The papers," interrupted Spurzheim; "show me the papers, or read me the contents, as you choose."

The agent opened his pocket-book and took from it five pieces of paper, one of which he looked at.

"That is the key, signor."

"Let me see the key!" exclaimed the director, actually trembling with eagerness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DIRECTOR AND HIS TWO VISITORS.

"The key is based," replied the agent, "upon the letters of the first line of the song of Fioravante, which serves for the call and word of command to the Companions of Silence; *Amici, alliegge, andiamo alla pena!* Here is the key."

Johann Spurzheim extended his hand beyond his sentry box. At the sight of that hand, dark, withered, thin and long, the agent uttered a cry of astonishment, and dropped the paper.

"Pick it up," said Spurzheim, laughing dryly, "I have not a handsome hand, to be sure; but I am all nerve, my comrade."

No. 133 picked up the paper and gave it to him. It contained the alphabet of Silence. The ordinary letters of the alphabet were placed beside the cabalistic letters, which were in capitals. The key was perfect.

"Curious!" exclaimed the director, after having examined them; "very curious! Seems to me that I have some writing about me like it. It was Sanserit to me. You are a very valuable man, comrade. Hereafter, the royal government will easily surprise the secrets of these wretches."

A second time the skeleton-like hand came out of the shade. It extended a paper written in the cabalistic letters to the agent, who took it and slowly deciphered a few words. He turned pale and lowered his eyes.

"Read it out loud to me, friend; I wish to know the contents."

The agent read: "David Heimer is warned that Manuelus Guidicelli is at Naples with the two children from Catana."

"David Heimer!" exclaimed Spurzheim, feigning surprise; "he is one of the knights of iron!"

"We shall find him, signor!" cried the agent, with singular energy. "If he is in Naples he will not escape us!"

"Do you know him?"

"Do I know him! Do I know David Heimer!"

"You have some cause for hating him, it seems, judging from your manner, friend," said Spurzheim, blandly.

The blood mounted to the pale forehead of the old man, and he seemed to struggle to be calm.

"May God forgive me; I cannot lie—I hate him!"

Johann turned in his confessional and smiled; it was the smile of a tiger-cat.

"Now show or read me the notes, as you please," said he.

"I will read them to you, signor," replied the agent. "The first is dated from London, and contains only an acknowledgment of some money received. The second, dated also from London, speaks of having lost trace of the boy, and asks for three hundred ducats to enable him to search for the child. This is signed as well as the rest, by a cross and the letter T. The third is dated from Paris, and contains nearly the same words, joined with a threat, that if the sum asked for, three hundred ducats, be not immediately received, the whole shall be disclosed. The fourth is an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, and a request for more, for five hundred ducats, accompanied by a threat of disclosure. That last one is dated from Marseilles."

"Many thanks!" cried Johann; "put the papers in your pocket, I have nothing to do with them."

As the director spoke, he seized the little key which hung at the back of his chair, and inserted it in a little key-hole, whose existence he alone knew. He turned the key and spoke.

"You are a faithful man, 133, and I am obliged to you. I have something to tell you; but first I must pay you for your services. You wish to keep your name a secret from me?"

"Yes, signor."

"Well, well, that is as you please; but should I wish to send you a message, shall I direct it to your lodgings?"

"I have no lodging-place, signor; I sleep under the stars by the gate of Saint Antoine."

"Splendid country which permits such a life!" cried Johann; "but do your children also sleep in the open air?"

"No, signor," said the old man, reproachfully, "they lodge in the Hotel Folquieri, Rue Mantou."

"Write that for me beneath the name of Baptista Giabetti"

As the agent wrote, he heard the clink of gold, and he thought joyfully, "Ah, to-morrow the children shall have bread!"

In his retreat, Spurzheim, on his part, opened a secret recess in his chair, and instead of taking out the money, he produced a curious looking stick about two feet and a half long. This he handled slowly, for he was yet weak, while he murmured:

"The good Minister of State will be surprised to-morrow when he sees those pieces of paper."

"Your excellency had something to tell me," said the agent, when he had written the address of his children.

"You are right; the papers were addressed to me—me, director of the royal police."

"To you, signor!" exclaimed the old man, with horror; "but then—"

"But then—don't interrupt me," said Spurzheim, raising the stick to his shoulder. "This David Heimer whom you hate, is ill—he scarcely has strength to breathe. You could crush him with one hand—"

"You know where he is, signor?"

"He is here, my comrade—two steps from you—I am he!"

The agent seemed about to spring forward. Spurzheim still played with his strange piece of wood. The agent fell, placing

his hands on his breast, uttering only a faint cry. A slight whistling noise had been heard; that was all. A silence of a few minutes, the silence of death, reigned in the cabinet of the director of the police. Then he sighed—then laughed.

"I am stronger than they," murmured he; "I shall bury them all!"

The agent, No. 133, fell beside the table, as if struck by thunder. At the end of a few seconds, the director dragged himself on his hands and knees towards the body. The light of the lamp fell upon the bald head; but the face was livid, the eyes fixed and open. It was a horrible sight—that old, wasted man, creeping on his hands and knees towards that lifeless body. He laid his hand upon the agent's heart.

"It is warm but it does not beat! Ha! ha! he is well preserved, though no older than I. Never mind, I shall live a hundred years."

He fumbled in the pocket of the agent and drew out the pocket-book, which he opened and took from it some papers, also the agent's card, but it bore no name only the cipher 133. He put back the card as well as the alphabet of Silence, and replaced the pocket-book in the old cloak. Spurzheim pushed the body under the table and dropped the curtains, thus concealing the corpse. That done, he crawled back to his chair, and raised tenderly the stick which had been so fatal to the poor agent. He raised a little lever at the end of the machine. He took a ball and introduced into the bore of the thing we have called a stick, but which was an air gun, which he was carefully loading. Many times he had to stop, for his strength failed him. It was done at last, and the false man sunk back in his chair. He had scarcely done so, when steps were heard in the corridor, and some one knocked at the door.

"Enter!"

The door opened just as the hands of the clock pointed to quarter of twelve. There were several men who led an unfortunate man heavily ironed.

"I do not see the Minister of State!" said the prisoner. "I wish to speak either with the minister or king."

"They say that Felice Tavola knows me!" said Johann, laughing maliciously. "He is afraid. The lieutenant is ambitious, he will remember my instructions."

"The Minister of State has changed his place lately," said the lieutenant, scornfully. "Monsieur baron, I beg you not to give us any trouble."

Saying this, he dragged him rudely across the threshold. The prisoner resisted as best he could.

"I swear," cried he, "before all of you, that I will not disclose a word save to the Minister of State or to the king; not even if I should be tortured!"

"He knows me! he knows me!" murmured Spurzheim.

"Is his lordship there?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes," answered Spurzheim, disguising his voice.

"In the name of God, tell me with whom I am!" cried Felice Tavola, whom the men led towards the table.

When Spurzheim saw the prisoner enter, an expression of content settled upon his wan face. Were the Baron Altamonte as strong as ten Hercules, he could not break the chains which bound him. Altamonte, on his part, threw an eagle glance into the shade of the confessional; but his eyes, blinded by the light of the lamp, saw only a blackness.

"Signor," demanded the lieutenant, "shall we keep guard here or outside?"

"Outside," answered the director, still disguising his voice.

At these words Baron Altamonte bowed his head. The lieutenant ought to be a captain! After having pushed his prisoner into the chair, he bound the baron to the massive wooden table.

"Signor," said he, as he opened the door, "remember that we are only just outside the door, in the corridor. At the slightest sign from you we will return. This man," he added, laying his hand on Felice's shoulder, "is Porporato. As his companions did not come to deliver him, he asks to reveal things to you, that he may save his life. God protect your excellency."

The door closed, and Baron Altamonte remained alone with the director. The former was a very handsome bandit, thirty-five years old. At Naples, he passed for a gentleman. Among the *Knights of the Iron Ring*, Felice Tavola possessed an influence equal to that of David Heimer himself. They were enemies. When the door closed, Felice Tavola said, without raising his head:

"I know you are there, David; you laid the snare into which I fell. Kill me without leaving me to languish, is all I ask."

Johann coughed dryly, and laughed as he answered:

"Have you not some important revelation to make me, my poor Felice Tavola? Can you not, my illustrious Baron Altamonte, tell the Minister of State or the king, that an unmitigated scoundrel has wormed himself into their confidence, and that the Neapolitan police is in the hands of bandits?"

"Kill me!" said the knight.

"How shall I do that, my friend?" replied Johann; "I who have neither arms nor legs, as you know. You have often laughed at me, calling me the 'corpse!' Alas, Tavola, it is your head the bureau will take off, and leave me the skeleton, the corpse, in this weary vale of tears, when I will pray daily for your soul!"

"Kill me!"

"Ah, if I was only in your place. Your beautiful hands, Felice, are bound; if you could only make a step, you could crush me with your weight—nothing else. I am as defenceless as a sick man in bed, as a child in the cradle—I could not even call for help. I never saw you look so handsome as you do to-day!"

"You are not a man, David," groaned the prisoner between his teeth; "you are a tiger!"

"As you will, Felice, my dear brother! If you had remained five minutes longer in your prison, you would have been free. Beldomonio, that fool, who can have wings when he likes, scaled the walls of Castel Vecchio—"

"Did he?" cried Tavola, "did he for me who accused him?"

"I wished to give you the pleasure of doing him justice before you died. He did that. The sentinels belonged to him. That young hero, Beldomonio, arrived safely, though surrounded by awful dangers, at the window of your dungeon. He filed the bars of iron and entered your cell—"

Felice was beside himself with rage, but what availed it? Johann saw his rage, and exclaimed, in the words of Shakspeare, "Roar well, lion!" Johann triumphed, and nothing is so dangerous as triumph.

"Nothing was found in your dungeon, Signor Baron Altamonte," pursued he, "for you received a quarter of an hour previously my letter, promising to save your life—"

"It was you then who wrote that letter to me, David Heimer?"

"Who knows as well as I the weak spot in your cuirass? But listen to the rest, my dear baron; I did not wish only for your death, my brother; it was necessary that the young hero Beldomonio should fall also. You know I am envious and wicked—who in the world is without his imperfections? You know that Beldomonio more than rules me—he oppresses me. It is evident that any anonymous denunciation would be attributed to me; I have so arranged it that the denunciation should seem like yours."

"You counterfeited my writing?"

"For shame! I did better than that, my worthy brother, for I wished to spend my last days in peace and tranquillity. Read that, I pray you."

He extended his hand, and placed under the full light of the lamp a paper bearing a mysterious arrangement of certain letters. Felice Tavola read rapidly, habituated as he had been to the secret of his prison. "I have been forgotten; I will be remembered!"

"Reflect, my brother, they have no person to speak to you; it is their amusement."

"I wrote nothing upon the walls of my prison," said Felice Tavola.

"Yet Beldomonio found something there."

Felice Tavola became pale with rage.

"Ah, what would you give to have your hands free, my charming baron?" said Johann.

"Infamous scoundrel!" hissed the prisoner.

"Beldomonio, our young eagle, found that inscription there," continued Spurzheim, gaily. "When he dies—he, the most beautiful of Neapolitans, he will say in his heart, 'That miserable Tavola betrayed me!' How do you like that idea, brother, mine?"

As Johann finished that question, in a grave yet caressing tone, he paused, struck with astonishment. The face of the prisoner, hitherto pale, almost livid with rage, brightened slowly. A smile played on his handsome lips. Johann asked if his dear brother was insane. Felice had no fear; if he had known the part he played a few minutes previously, he would have been afraid. Felice looked at the director steadily. In spite of the certainty Johann had that the prisoner could not stir a step forward, he trembled at that look—that bright, vengeful look. Instinctively, he placed his hand on the machine which had given the low sigh when the agent No. 133 fell dead. Felice Tavola still looked at him with that silent smile on his lips.

"David Heimer," said he, "you are a curious rascal; you are like a scorpion which stings itself to death; but the article of one of the laws says: 'Any knight of the Iron Ring who discovers treason shall kill the traitor.' You have betrayed, and I will kill you."

This sounded like an extravagant piece of bravado. The corridor was full of guards, waiting only a sign from the director to rush in; and the prisoner besides being heavily ironed, was chained to a table. Nevertheless, there was such an expression on the face of the man, that Johann summoned all his strength to cry out.

"Do not call," said Felice Tavola, who divined his intent. "Scarcely five minutes ago you said if I had only my hands free, or even if my leg was loosed from the table, no one would have time to come to your rescue. You are as defenceless as a sick man in his bed, a child in its cradle—those are your own words—I will crush you with my weight alone!"

Tavola made a sudden movement. The handcuffs fell from his wrists. They had been severed in advance. Johann trembled in his chair—he did not cry out. Tavola took a rich poignard which lay upon the table and served as a paper-folder, and cut the cord which bound his leg. Johann might have been dead he lay so motionless in his retreat. The prisoner stepped towards him.

"Have pity, Felice, my good brother!" supplicated the director of the royal police; "I did wrong to joke with the fears of my friend. But you were not made the dupe of my pleasantries, were you? You know well that I was here only to save you!"

"Be silent!" commanded Tavola; "you shame and disgust me. You have no means of saving me, so why lie about it?"

"I swear that I have, brother."

"Yes, I remember; at the other end of your house is a gate opening on the Vicoletto Ognessante. Rise and lead the way!"

Johann uttered a groan.

"I can neither rise nor walk," replied he, in a stifled voice, "you know well; no one is ignorant of my miserable state. But in the name of the all-powerful Judge, I cannot refuse your request, Felice, my old companion. Come here, take me in your strong arms and march with me; I will guide you."

"Did you call, signor director?" asked a voice outside. "Answer!" commanded Felice.

"No, my boy, no; remain quiet."

"What is that?" asked Felice, seeing the object in his hand. "Are you afraid of the skeleton?" said Johann, laughing. "Do not be uneasy, my friend, it is my staff; see, I put it under my shoulder this fashion, like a gun."

"Lay it down, for I wish to take you up. There is no time to be lost."

A second time there was a sort of sigh, a whistling, heard. The prisoner, placing his hand on his heart, staggered and fell, his head resting upon the corpse of the agent.

"What is the matter, Felice, my friend?" said Johann, fearing that he was not dead.

He glided towards him. He was dead.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DARK ALLEY.

JOHANN had achieved a great work. He raised the head of the Baron Altamonte to disentangle it from the curtain. He seized the head by the luxuriant tresses, and lifted it laboriously into place. It was a great task, but he accomplished it; the curtain was disengaged. He put Felice Tavola under the same corner as poor No. 133.

"No passage here!"

The challenge outside was distinctly heard by the trembling director. Johann listened attentively for the answer, but could hear none; so he regained his confessional as fast as his weakness would permit.

We are now obliged to leave Signor Spurzheim in his chair, while we step outside. Perhaps the air gun would whistle and strike a third time.

The man to whom the soldiers said, "you cannot pass," stepped from a splendid carriage. The equipage stopped about fifteen feet from the principal door of the police office. The master of the carriage, in the narrow, dark alley, where were stationed

was not dressed in accordance with the regulations of the police. He wore a long, wavy

under the cloak which he wore. This common dress did not

manner or handsome face. With a firm, assured

the dark alley. He had not gone far, when a musket was placed

to his breast.

"Who goes there?"

The man seized the gun and laughed.

"Do you ask that question of me? The director of the royal police expects me."

"That may be, but we must have your countersign."

Beldomonio seized the gun, and tried to get possession of it. The noise of the struggle brought the lieutenant to the spot.

"No passage here!"

Beldomonio lowered the musket which he had got away, and asked, "Who commands here?"

"Perhaps myself!" insolently answered the lieutenant, who was ambitious to become a captain; "a fool only would ask the question."

Beldomonio replied in a commanding tone:

"If you are chief, come here; I wish to speak to you."

"Know you who I am, dolt-head?" replied the officer with rage.

"I think I know the voice of Lieutenant Spinoso," said Beldomonio; "I wish to speak with him concerning some things which happened last evening between the Ferdinand Theatre and Capona gate. If the lieutenant wishes, I will speak of them aloud."

He pushed the soldiers right and left, and came to the unknown. The soldiers questioned among themselves, "What happened that night, I wonder? Why should the lieutenant wish to make a mystery of it?" Nevertheless, the lieutenant joined the new-comer, and seizing him by the arm, whispered between his teeth:

"Whoever you may be, I—"

The arm slipped from his fingers; a heavy hand rested on his shoulders. A haughty voice pronounced in the darkness:

"I warn you not to lose the respect!"

All ears heard that and opened eagerly, but they heard no more. There was a dead silence. The new-comer, placing his lips to the ears of Lieutenant Spinoso, whispered one word. That single word was sufficient, for the lieutenant raised his hand to his bearskin cap; "Highness—" murmured he.

[SEE ENGRAVING]

"Silence!" interrupted Beldomonio.

But the words had been heard, and produced a sensation. The gendarmes had heard him called "highness;" each one tried to see his face.

"Free passage!" commanded the lieutenant.

Beldomonio passed between the two files of soldiers. When he was on the door-step, he turned and said:

"It is well, Lieutenant Spinoso; you will hear from me—you can retire."

"Signor," replied the officer, with embarrassment, "my orders forbid me—"

Beldomonio opened the door suddenly.

"Johann Spurzheim," said he, in a clear voice, "will you command these men to retire?"

Immediately the muffled voice of the director was heard.

"Retire, my friends; I need you no longer."

"But—" said Spinoso, "the prisoner—"

"The prisoner is in safe keeping; and remember, lieutenant, I give an account of my actions to the king only!"

Spinoso neared the door and looked in; he saw nothing of the prisoner. "Forward, march!" commanded he.

Beldomonio entered, and closed the door behind him. He traversed the room with a rapid step. Generally, as we have said, those who conversed with Johann Spurzheim did not see him. Whether night or day, it was the same. The swinging lamp was so placed that no rays fell into his sentry box, but fell full upon the faces of the person he talked to. It seemed that Beldomonio did not wish such to be the arrangement, for he took the lamp and placed it so it shone full in the face of the director, almost hid as he was in the depths of the chair. Beldomonio seated himself with his back to the light, but facing the director. The roles were changed.

"Why are you not in bed, David Heimer?" he asked.

"Master," replied the man, "I expected you."

"How did you know that I would come?"

"I am sick, but my head is clear; I divined it."

"Are you really ill?" asked Beldomonio, as if talking to himself.

"When you called yourself Chevalier Athol, signor," replied Johann, "we met twice. I have passed the three or four months you gave me to live."

"That is so," said Beldomonio.

"Those who sigh at my death will not lose patience. But I cannot make myself believe that you, signor, sigh for my death; I, who am such a faithful servant to you."

Beldomonio looked at him sharply.

These two men presented a curious and painful contrast—one so old and attenuated, the other a perfect type of manly beauty.

"If I wish thy death, David Heimer—" began he, but did not finish.

"You will be able the more easily to accomplish your wish; is it not so, master?" said Johann, in a low voice.

Beldomonio turned his head away with a sort of disgust. He was wrong, for as he did so, Spurzheim darted upon him the look of a serpent.

"Master," continued the wily director, "I judged that the association would need me to-night."

"Did you think my undertaking would not succeed?"

"Your undertaking could not succeed, as it has proved."

"Do you attribute the bad success to chance, Johann?"

"No, signor, I was ill."

"Do you not know that they carried me to the hospital?"

"Upon my honor," cried Johann, "I did not know!"

"Upon your honor!" repeated Beldomonio, bitterly; "but I would like to believe you, David. Reflect upon one thing; if you are ignorant of such a thing, it is dangerous for the association to count upon you."

"You are severe, master."

"I am just."

"My illness—"

"We do not want an invalid in such a place."

The pale cheeks of the man reddened slightly. His eyes closed and his lips trembled for an instant, yet he answered, calmly:

"Master, I do my best. If you know any one more active or useful than I, I am ready to give up my place to him."

"We shall see that, David," coldly pronounced Beldomonio; "there is no peril in remaining. I do not think you are fool enough to struggle against me. To each day give its care, however; let's speak of to-day. Was it by your garden gate that you allowed Felice Tavola to escape?"

"No, signor," replied Johann, in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"Did you tell him that Sansovina's vessel had changed her place, and was stationed outside the city, in the Chiaga, facing the tomb of Virgil?"

"No, signor," replied Spurzheim a second time; "there was no need to tell him that."

"He knew it then?"

"He did not know it."

"What did you say?" exclaimed Beldomonio, fixing his eyes upon the director. "Has any misfortune happened to Felice Tavola?"

"Master," pronounced Johann Spurzheim, slowly, raising his head, "Felice Tavola is dead."

Beldomonio paled.

You assassinated him!" he said, in such a low voice that Johann could but just hear.

The rage of this man was frightful to behold; but Johann was brave though so frail.

"You are mistaken, master," said he, tranquilly; "I killed him in self-defence."

"In self-defence! he was chained!"

"Another mistake, signor; his hands were free;" and Spurzheim pointed to the place beside the table, where in truth lay the irons. "Article seventh of our laws, master, commands that the traitor be killed."

"What proofs have you of his treachery?"

"You have seen the menace yourself; I punished the traitor."

"There is treason," murmured Beldomonio, "but the traitor is not Felice Tavola."

Johann Spurzheim turned pale, and his thin fingers trembled.

"Ah, well, David," said the young man, "our law condemned the unfortunate Felice Tavola; you have been his executioner; against your will, doubtless—"

"Yes, signor."

"You did your duty; the council shall judge you. I am losing my time; I have something else to do to-night;" and the young man rose.

"One thing more, master. Rule nine of the law gives to the person who shall punish a traitor the forfeited ring of iron. I claim it—else the right to present the association with a new member."

"It is yours." Beldomonio turned to go.

"Do you not ask the name of the new member?"

"If he is my friend, no matter; if he is my enemy, there will be misfortune. Farewell, David Heimer. I repeat in leaving what I said before; 'I do not think you will be fool enough to struggle against me.'"

Beldomonio turned again to the door.

"Master, we have not finished."

Athol stopped and looked so intently at the director that his heart grew cold, though he replied in an assured tone:

"We have not finished, because we have not spoken of you, master. I wish to speak of three things; first, the two children in Catana—they are in Naples, and shall soon, to-morrow, if you wish, be in your hands. The second communication regards the widow of Count Monteleone. She is in Naples."

"Go on," said Athol, impatiently.

"The third communication regards a man you have often told me to search for. I mean the Calabrian, Manuelus Guidicelli."

With a bound Athol was beside him.

"Have you found him?"

"I found him; I know why you were so eager to find him."

"You kept him safe?"

"Yes, signor."

"Is he in your house?"

"Yes, signor, and in this very room."

Athol looked round the vast room.

"Raise the drapery of the table," signor," said Johann.

Athol obeyed, and saw the two corpses.

"Manuelus! Manuelus!" cried Athol, with deep feeling; "yes it is he! Such as I dreamed the faithful servant of Mario Monteleone to be!"

"Master," interrupted David, feigning to misunderstand him, "I assure you that it is he. I used to know him at Martorello. There is no doubt of his identity."

Athol turned towards him. His eyes flashed fire.

"David Heimer," said he, pale with the efforts to control his passion, "you will answer to me for this murder; but" he added bitterly, "I suppose you killed this poor, harmless, faithful old man in self-defence."

"I killed him to preserve your interest, master."

"You owe me for his life. How did you accomplish these two foul deeds? for both could crush you by a single gripe?"

Johann Spurzheim showed the air gun.

While Spurzheim was speaking, trying to free himself from blame in the eyes of his haughty master, Beldomonio had unloosed the poor man's cravat and felt his pulse. Johann could not see the face of Athol, and it was lucky for both that he could not. Beldomonio placed his hand on the bandit's heart; it was cold and still. He laid his hand on the agent's breast. The body was warm, and the heart beat slowly, slowly. He felt in the pocket and found the well-worn pocket-book.

"Read what you find there, and judge if he deserved not to die. He swore to give into the hands of the Minister of State the paper you will find there," said Spurzheim.

Athol opened the book and saw the alphabet, the key to the mysterious characters of Silence. But he saw also a paper that made his heart bound—a paper that the wily director had overlooked. It was the letter that, according to the wish of the sainted dead, Athol had sent to the old man. The letter written by Mario, Count Monteleone, in his dungeon, during his last sad, solitary hours.

"David Heimer," said Athol, "you have acted as you thought was your duty, I feel sure. What you have done has disarranged my projects; but then you knew not what my projects were."

"No, signor."

"I have said once, do you remember, that I did not wish for blood?"

"Yes, my master."

"I add to-day, the association does not need blood. Your conduct shall be submitted to the council."

"My conscience is my judge," boldly answered Johann.

"We shall see that," said Athol; and he collected the papers belonging to the agent and was about to leave the cabinet, when Spurzheim spoke.

"We have not finished yet."

"What else is there?"

"Placed as I am, I have a right to expect aid and protection from you, signor. I am too weak to hide those two bodies."

He expected a refusal, and the eagerness with which Athol acceded to his desires, troubled him.

Athol, without a moment's hesitation, seized the body of Manuelus and placed it upon his shoulders. Before doing that, however, he drew the iron ring from the rigid, though still handsome hand of the elegant bandit, Felice Tavola.

"See what you have gained, David," said he, giving it to him.

He turned towards the door, charged with his burden. The blood of Manuelus stained his white shirt.

"As to the other body," said he, passing the sill, "I will send Cucuzone for it."

Johann said nothing. He looked at the blood flowing from the poor agent. He struck his breast with his hands and murmured, with an accent of despair: "I have done nothing; that man is not dead!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEGEND OF SAN GENARO.

An Englishman stood near the corner of the little dark alley leading to the director's office. The night was cloudy, and just as the moon was hid behind a dense bank of clouds, he heard voices near him. The poor man had a slight knowledge of the language, enough to enable him to understand the conversation of the men he could not see.

"Take care; do not strike his head against the ground," said one man.



FELICE TAVOLA READING THE SCROLL.

[See page 339.]

"He will not feel it, for he is dead," replied the other.

"How he bleeds," added a third voice; "the cushions of your carriage will be ruined, signor."

"Put him in!" exclaimed the first speaker; "never mind the cushions."

Just then the moon shone out bright, and disclosed to the terrified gaze of the Englishman, a handsome carriage drawn by a pair of superb horses, and three men. The door of the carriage was open, and two men were endeavoring to put into the carriage the lifeless body of another man. A third man, handsome as a picture, stood by giving orders. He was dressed like a fisherman. The head of the corpse came within a few inches of the ground.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Parbleu!" murmured the saltarello, "be quiet; the poor devil cannot die twice!"

At last the body was put into the carriage. The fisherman sprang into the coach beside the body, saying to the saltarello as he drove off: "Go and get the other body."

The words fell upon the ears of the dismayed Englishman, who could not move for terror, though his heart counselled him to run away. The carriage disappeared, and so did the third man. The poor frightened Englishman listened to the sound of his retreating steps with a kind of fascination, and though he murmured to himself, "He will return; he will return with another, another," he did not stir.

As for the saltarello Cucuzone, he paused at the head of the dark alley for an instant; then making the sign of the cross, walked in. To make it more dreary, the faint, watery moon again clouded in, and plunged the narrow alley in utter darkness. The lane was long; the teeth of Cucuzone chattered together, and he started at every noise. The darkness for him was filled with

spectres, phantoms. He called upon God, the Virgin Mary and Saint Janvier, rapidly; a cold sweat covered his face, his knees trembled. He arrived more dead than alive at the house of Johann Spurzheim, and knocked with a trembling hand at the door.

"Enter!" said the weak, harsh voice of the director.

The poor saltarello thought some one behind him spoke.

"Heavenly Saviour! Virgin Mother! Saint Janvier! Saint Janvier!" the poor man exclaimed with fervor.

"Enter!" repeated the voice, impatiently.

Cucuzone waited not for another invitation, but bolted in. A great sigh of relief was heard as the saltarello found himself in a lighted room. A faint voice asked, "What wish you, friend, so late?"

"Iron is strong and charcoal is black," said the saltarello; then added, "but not so black as that infernal alley!"

"Come near the table. Why were you so late?"

"Because there was no hurry," bluntly said Cucuzone, trying to make light of his late terrors. "I would much rather be in bed, begging your pardon, than here."

"Go and slide back the bolt of that door," commanded Spurzheim, pointing to the door through which Pierre Falcone had left for Madame Barbara's apartments.

Cucuzone executed this order, going across the room by bounds and a couple of summersaults.

"Friend," said Johann, "I've seen monkeys who sprang and hopped better than you."

"Your excellency wishes only to make me jealous. Where is my package?"

"Here!" and Spurzheim drew aside the curtain.

"Where shall I carry it?"

"To the river."

Cucuzone raised the body on his shoulders, murmuring as he did so: "Good heavens! it is poor Felice Tavola! Ah, he knew how to drink a good glass of wine. He is very heavy. What shall I be paid for this commission, signor?"

Johann extended to him an ounce of gold, which Cucuzone took grumblingly.

"Some people don't know how to be generous!" But he took the body and placed it on his sturdy shoulders.

"Remember, my man," said Johann to him, "if you should meet any patrol, and he should find out whence you came with your burden, you will not awake to-morrow morning."

"Excellency," said Cucuzone, in a low tone, "I am well acquainted with the habits of our little community; may God bless you!"

He walked to the door and passed the threshold with a firm step, in spite of his heavy burden. Johann could hear him counting his steps as he walked, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight." He heard no more; Cucuzone was on the ninth step.

There is a legend in Naples—the famous legend of San Genaro—which says that a man who carries a corpse on his shoulders is lost if he makes a hundred steps. This legend came to the mind of poor Cucuzone, and so trembling, panting and frightened, he strode on, taking as long steps as possible to do under the circumstances. If he had only had a pick-axe, he would have buried Felice Tavola in the middle of the gloomy alley. He had nothing, and the poor saltarello felt that he was doomed to die at the end of a year. In spite of his greatest efforts, he would have taken twenty-four steps before he reached the end of the alley. Was there no means of avoiding the duty imposed upon him? The Brotherhood of Silence did not joke. Cucuzone was paid for his knowledge of it. He reached the end of the dark alley as

he had calculated. When there, he placed the body upright against the wall, and seated himself upon the ground to consider what he should do next. As he sat there he heard steps, as if some one were running slowly. By the fitful light of the moon, Cucuzone saw a man pass on the Rue Albanese. He thought no more of him and resumed his calculations, but was again interrupted, strange to say, by the same man, but this time more tired. Cucuzone sprang up. He recognized the Englishman who had stood tremblingly watching the body of Mannelus being put in the carriage. This poor man had, upon hearing the heavy tread of the saltarello with the other body, burst from the horrible stupor that bound him, and in desperation took the first street he came to, the perfidious Rue Albanese, which brings the traveller back to the starting point. The poor man essayed to escape, but always returned to the point he left—the end of that fatal alley. He thought he had become crazy. Cucuzone arranged his plan of action in a second. He turned a summersault in his delight, and replacing the body of the unfortunate bandit on his shoulders, he by fifteen vigorous steps reached the middle of the Piazza del Mercato. He reserved five steps for any emergency. The place he occupied barred the passage of the poor Englishman.

On the runner came; seeing nothing, hearing nothing. He was right upon Cucuzone, when the latter exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"Stop!"

The poor man heard the command, but his impetus was such that he could not stop so suddenly without falling, so he came full against the body of Felice Tavola, which Cucuzone held in front of him like a shield.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed the latter, as he let the body fall.

"I beg your pardon, signor, it was a mistake," murmured the Englishman.

"You have killed him!" repeated the saltarello; "do you hear me?"

The man uttered a deep groan.

"The accumulation of a misfortune!" groaned he; "I have been an accidental murderer!"

He remained immovable, like a statue.

"May God forgive you. The only thing to be done is to throw him into the water!" And Cucuzone placed the corpse upon his shoulders. Then he fled, perfectly happy at having gone so few steps, and escaped the doom which would have fallen upon him if he had gone a hundred steps with the corpse on his back. The Englishman remained alone, angry, frightened, almost crazy, with a dead body on his shoulders.

Johann Spurzheim was alone in his cabinet. He listened to the long, heavy steps of Cucuzone as he strode through the dark alley. When all was silent, some one knocked gently at the inner door.

"Enter!" cried Johann. And when the physician appeared at the threshold, he exclaimed again:

"Enter! enter! enter! we have worked well for you, my friend! I say it without boasting! Has Zora wanted anything?" Zora was the little King Charles, which had always shared the couch of the director.

"Zora has wanted nothing," replied Falcone.

He was pale and weary looking. Johann remarked it.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" asked he.

"I have passed an awful night, signor!" murmured the doctor.

"A beautiful night you mean!" said Johann, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "a beautiful night. Draw the curtains in front of the door; I like to have everything in order. Also the drapery in front of the table, place that right. Ah, Falcone, my companion, these curtains have served me well to-night!"

He laughed dryly.

"When the curtains are fixed and the door bolted, we will go up stairs. I invite you to a ball. You shall go and dance at the Doria palace, my comrade."

"I am tired," replied the doctor, as if refusing.

The director of the royal police laughed again.

"See the difference," cried he, "I am indefatigable! If you had accomplished only half of what I have done this night, you would be wholly dead, my fine fellow!"

Then the wily man's face changed, and he said:

"Poor Barbara; I shall miss her!"

Then there was silence. Pierre Falcone stood by the table with his arms crossed on his breast and his head bent down.

"Has she suffered much?" asked Spurzheim, lowering his eyes, speaking almost in a whisper.

"She suffers still," replied Pierre Falcone.

A nervous spasm crossed the director's face.

"Can you hear her cries in my chamber?"

"Distinctly, signor."

Johann reflected a moment, then said:

"There is no one beside myself in that part of the house; there is no danger."

Pierre Falcone shuddered and grew cold.

"We'll forget that," said Johann; "it was necessary. Necessity has no law. I shall miss her."

Then changing his tone he said: "Put that ring on your



LIEUTENANT SPINOSA AND THE FISHERMAN.

[See page 339]

middle finger; the possession of it makes you a knight master, and from this hour you have in Naples an army of twenty thousand soldiers. To-morrow you shall be king's physician if you wish. The secret of the masters of Silence is triple. The master of Silence knows where there is treasure; he possesses the key to the characters; he knows the name of his equals. Come near."

Falcone advanced.

Johann continued in a low voice, "The treasure is in Abbruzzo Citra, at the foot of Mount Laurea, in the cellars of the chateau of Crimson, built by the Borgias of Rome, and which belongs to the domains of Monteleone. The key of the characters you will find on this paper; take it, you will soon know as much as I. Your equals are six in number, whose life is in the hands of the Grand Master; the latter is Porporato—he has other names. There remain five masters; first, myself—thank your patron for

being your friend. Next to me comes my lieutenant, Andrea Visconti Armellino, superior intendant of the royal police; his real name is Policeni Corner. The third in importance is the Colonel San Severo, a Hercules, a giant; his true name is Luca Tristany; his sobriquet of bandit, *Il Capitano*. The fourth is the old Massimo Dolci, the court banker. He troubles us very little. His true name is Amato Lorenzo. The fifth is the Chevalier Ercole Pisani, and devoted to Porporato. He was the friend of Baron Altamonte, whose ring you have. We will fight him for he will give us trouble. His rightful name is Marino Marchese. Armellino wants my situation as director; his wish will be his misfortune. San Severo is too strong; he worries me. The three others have guessed my aim; they are in the way. Friend Falcone, if you wish it, we will remain alone; both rich and powerful as kings!"

"What must be done to become so?" asked the doctor.

Johann looked at him steadily. He laughed mockingly.

"The first thing that is necessary, is to take me in your arms and carry me back to my bed. I am sleepy."

"Signor," said Falcone, "if you return to your chamber you will hear the groans—"

"Not long," interrupted Spurzheim, with frightful calmness; "those lozenges are very powerful."

He stretched out his arms towards Falcone, as a child does towards its mother. The doctor raised him in his arms and ascended the staircase. Johann was in hopes to hear him breathe hard under his weight, but he reached the last landing breathing as calmly as if he had walked free. They entered the chamber, and soon the director was laid, faint and weary, upon his bed. Tired as Spurzheim was, he raised his head to listen. A faint moaning was heard. Johann uttered a deep sigh, and sunk back upon his pillow.

"Open the drawer of my bureau—the upper drawer," said he, "and take out a blank card of invitation to the Doria palace. Write your name in the blank space."

"What shall I do at the Doria palace?" asked Falcone.

"Watch!"

"The night is far advanced."

"He whom you are to watch will come after you, nevertheless."

As the doctor was about to ask a question, Johann laid his finger on his lips in token of silence. They heard a faint, despairing cry; then silence reigned in the house.

"Poor Barbara!" said Spurzheim; "that must have been her last sigh."

"Signor—" stammered the young physician.

"Well, well, friend, opinions are free; if I believed in God I should say masses for the soul of my poor Barbara. Leave the lamp and go, Falcone; I am sleepy."

The doctor crossed the room and laid his hand on the door-knob. The lamp gave but a feeble light. The young man turned.

"You did not tell me who to watch."

"Do you know Prince Fulvio Coriolani?"

"No, signor, I have never seen him."

"No? That is surprising; all the world knows him. Listen to me well, Falcone; when the Prince Fulvio Coriolani is announced to night at the Doria palace, look attentively at the young and brilliant prince. When you have looked at him, Falcone, you will not ask why I sent you to the fete. Farewell."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of the story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]



THE CORPSE AND THE SAILOR

[See page 340]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADIEU.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

If I have injured thee, forgive the wrong,
The bitterness of death is not so strong
As love's despair;
And from the attributes which to thy sex belong,
Let pity leave the gentle throng
To list a wanderer's prayer.

If I have sinned against the love which sprung
Within my heart—thy careless judgment wrung
My soul with misery;
And with the hopes to which I clung
Went self-respect, and madness flung
Life's first great agony.

If thou couldst know the strength with which I strove
To drown all thought of thee, and once more rove
Free as before we met,
Yes, thy proud spirit would have felt the love
Which raised its object even heaven above
Must madden when unmet.

In other climes, new hopes and scenes
May raise the cloud which intervenes
Between my soul and peace;
But now a saddening darkness screens
The joys on which existence leans.
Adieu, *Dieu vous benisse!*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE INDIAN SEERESS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It had been a gala day in Canada. Several young men sat around a convivial board in an English hotel at Montreal. Among them was the haughty son of the Lord Intendant—a handsome, gay, distinguished-looking young man, with polished manners, graceful address, and looking much older than his years, for he was only nineteen. Conversation had been upon political matters—now the subject changed to a topic of an entirely different character.

"Horace," said the son of the Lord Intendant to one of his companions, "they tell me that an extraordinary woman is in town; that all the nobility are crowding to her humble residence, and according to all accounts there must be something in what she says concerning the future."

"I have heard of her," said the pale youth addressed. "They say she has the bearing of a queen, though she is quite old; very probably she is an Indian princess belonging to some of the western tribes."

"It is a leisure evening with me," said the son of the Lord Intendant; "suppose we slip away at the first opportunity, and pay her a visit?"

"I am willing; and if she prophesies my union with Miss St. Clair, I'll give her two sovereigns instead of one which she demands."

As soon as they could excuse themselves from the company, the two young men set out in the direction of the Indian seeress. The night was beautiful, the mild moon shone, and the young men conversed gaily together as they walked along.

"We must be careful, should she ask us leading questions," said Horace, "how we answer. These witches, as they call them, have generally a good share of penetration and much shrewdness. A lucky guess at which you nod your head, gives them the advantage by putting you off your guard, and then they have the field to themselves."

The house to which the two young men addressed their footsteps, sat back on the road. It had, before its present inhabitants had taken possession, been deserted and left to decay. It was a small, one story and a half cottage, covered up in front with the trumpet-flower; its garden was a wide patch of not ill-looking weeds; trees massive and gray with age stood in front. But before I give a description of its inmates, let me take the reader back to some twelve months previous.

THE CAPTIVES.

For years there had been no trouble with the Indians on the Canada border; the settlements had grown strong in numbers, and no one looked forward to perilous times. One beautiful day three persons were travelling from one town to another, through a rough road cut in the heart of a forest. They were returning from a great festival given by Major Waldron, who with his troops was stationed at one of the principal military posts. The party consisted of a husband and wife, and the only sister of the latter, a fair young girl of sixteen. Barrister Lowe, the gentleman, was a man of commanding presence, an eminent jurist, who had only a few months before emigrated from Liverpool.

"We must hasten our speed," said the barrister; "the sky looks threatening; I should not be surprised if we have rain before long."

"Yes," said his wife, touching her beautiful bay lightly. "Genevieve will be wondering what keeps us. The child has been on the lookout for us ever since morning. I dreamed we had lost our Genevieve; you can't think how much sorrow the mere shadow of such a fate gave me; what would the reality be?" And she shuddered.

"That is just the way she has been talking this whole blessed day," said Louise; "it has been nothing but Genevieve. I declare it makes me nervous to go through this thick woods—what beautiful scarlet flowers here! Tom tramples them under his feet; Tom, you

have no poetry in your soul. Bless my heart, every time I hear a bush crack my heart jumps in my mouth! O, my heaven!" she cried, her cheek blanching; "I saw two glaring eyes looking out from that clump of pine undergrowth!"

The barrister and his wife both laughed heartily at her "conceit," as they called it.

"You would make a brave wife of the border!" cried her brother-in-law—and he fell reeling from his saddle, his brains in portions striking his wife's mantle.

In less than a minute four Indians had secured the horses, and the agonized wife and sister, with shrieks of terror, were in the power of the blood-thirsty wretches.

"You must ride with us," said the chief of the four, a tall, muscular Indian. "Make no trouble, and you shall be treated well; resist, and you shall die by slow torture."

Mrs. Lowe laid a lifeless burden against one of the redskins; Louise turned her agonized face towards the speaker.

"Coward and traitor!" she cried; "I know you through your disguise. Wretch—viper—you have partaken of my brother's hospitality, and this is the way you return his kindness!"

"No words, Miss Louise; these men are mine," said the apparent Indian, with set teeth and quivering under lip. "I swore you should be mine, and you shall. I shall now proceed to bind you, during which operation you will please be perfectly quiet, if you do not wish your blood to stain the tomahawk of one of my allies."

So saying, he proceeded to bind the beautiful, trembling form of his captive, while at a nod one of the real Indians lashed the insensible form of Mrs. Lowe securely to himself.

"O, if I were a man!" cried Louise, defiantly; "and had but weapons to defend myself!"

"Why, then you would not be Louise, and I should not trouble myself to notice you in this unceremonious way; but as you are not a man, and simply a haughty, beautiful braggart of an English girl whom I mean to make my wife, or my slave, as I please, you will be so good as not to make any more impertinent remarks. I am revenged enough already; I don't care to spoil so much loveliness." And turning adroitly, he left a polluting kiss upon her forehead.

As they journeyed along, the poor widowed woman awoke from her deathlike trance. Her first cry was for her murdered husband, her next for Genevieve. Heart-piercing were those tones of anguish as they arose. The wail of a ruined life filled even their echoes as they rang back from the wooded distance.

"I shall have to silence her with something more potent than the tongue," said the man-fiend, who rode in front of his stolid companions.

"O, for the love of God, use no violence!" cried Louise, her very soul shrinking as she saw the murderous look in his eye; "my sister!—you cannot do violence to her; she has never wronged you!"

"Your wishes are commands," replied the disguised man; "I have only a charming little piece of news to tell her, which in all probability will quiet her." And stopping his horse till she came along side, he said, in tones awfully bland, in which spoke the exultation of an incarnate fiend: "My dear madam, listen. At noon yesterday, while you were no doubt enjoying the convivial society at Major Waldron's, the Indians entered your house and found two children. One of them was named Genevieve; her they tomahawked, and I have seen her scalp."

The woman sat frozen into horror, looking blankly towards him; she was quiet, but it was the stillness of perfect despair. Louise, whose eyes had been dry and tearless before, wept bitterly as she saw the pitiable condition to which sorrow had reduced her sister; wept for the fate of the lovely Genevieve, the idol of the household, and despair entered her heart also. Bound to the form of one she loathed, one whom she had dismissed from her presence when his suit became tedious and revolting, bereft of her nearest protector, a witness of her sister's mental suffering, dreading she knew not what humiliation, it is no wonder that Heaven seemed unkind, and life a dread reality. But these feelings did not long distress her; the childlike faith that had ever been hers, sprang over the opposing barriers, and she sent up a prayer to God that he would mercifully deliver her.

GENEVIEVE

It was true, as Hal Bennett had said—the Indians did visit Fort Edward, from which, as it was deemed a time of safety, most of the residents had gone to spend a holiday in the woods. Genevieve's nurse and an old gray-headed servant fell victims to their brutality, and Genevieve with tears and shrieks fled to a chamber in the house, where, locking herself in, she crawled into the bed with the infant child of her nurse who was quietly sleeping. But the savages, bursting the door, found her hiding-place, and dashing out the brains of the babe against the post of the bed, they roughly commanded Genevieve to go along with them.

The poor child was forced to obey. Her almost superhuman beauty seemed to make an impression even upon the flinty hearts of her captors, and they forbore to shed her blood. One of them, a young brave, mentally reserved her for his wife, as he gazed upon her English face with the light flaxen hair sweeping in abundance, and the large blue eyes pensive with tears, as she stood pleading for her life.

Genevieve was fourteen. Never in any court shone more resplendent charms than were already ripened upon this little maiden. And yet those fair feet must be torn by the rough march over rugged roads; those exquisite limbs must feel the thong of the Indian's lash; those glorious eyes supplicate almost in vain for mercy, through tears that fell like rain. Her captors, all but the young brave, were cruel men. They forced her on

with aching feet, sometimes wielding the heavy axe around her temples, sometimes dragging her by her golden hair, until she became so humbly submissive and so spiritless that they threatened to burn her because she had no courage.

It was a moonlight night, and the space they had chosen for a halting-place was as beautiful as a fairy dream. The smooth green sward; the straight trees draped with the hanging moss; the winding stream silently meandering over a bed of gravel, shining here and there like a silvery serpent; the fathomless blue of the sky above, and the deep shadows alternating with the white, vivid moonlight, formed a picture of surpassing loveliness.

On such a night, in the midst of such surroundings, they bound Genevieve to a stake, and heaped brushwood about her till it reached to her arms. Her eyes started almost from their sockets with wild affright; her lips, pale as the dead, moved in vain to supplicate mercy; and when words came, they poured from her lips in torrents, in shrieks of anguish that might have made the very ground cry out in supplication. For a few moments the young brave who loved the beautiful Genevieve, stood with folded arms and downcast eyes; then as his companions were about to apply the torch, he sprang forward, shouting defiance and brandishing his battle-axe. He hurled the dry sticks right and left, cut the bonds of the almost senseless girl, and again brandishing his formidable weapon, drew her against his bosom with one arm and defied his comrades.

Instead of exciting anger, his great courage won the admiration of the savages, who conceded the prize to him, and from that time thenceforth looked upon poor little Genevieve as the wife of the young brave. She felt a sentiment of gratitude towards her preserver, and clung to him in all their after journeyings with a girl's clinging fondness; but the thought that he was ever to be to her other than a friend had never entered her innocent heart.

THE ESCAPE.

Louise and her sister were carried without rest all that night and the following day, through the heart of the dense woods; then they were allowed refreshments, a little sleep, and the journey was resumed. At length after a week's travel they halted, as the heartless Bennett said, for a final home. They were still apparently in the very depth of the heavy forest. Louise had schooled herself into submission, wisely considering that if she appeared resigned to her fate she might gain many little liberties that would perhaps result in her escape. Mrs. Lowe remained plunged into an apathy from which nothing seemed likely to arouse her. She sat hour after hour smiling bitterly to herself, or if her attention was engaged, it was only for a moment; she relapsed again into that still, dreadful state of utter despair.

"Well, my beauty," said Bennett, removing his plumed head-dress and fixing his revengeful black eye upon Louise, "how do you like the home I have brought you to?"

"It is very lonely," she said, choking down the grief that swelled to her throat.

"And you like it?"

"Yes, I—I like it—as well as I can."

"Ha, as well as you can!—and how well *can* you like it?" he asked, coming near, throwing himself upon the sward, and impudently laying his head on her lap, while his eyes were fastened unflinchingly upon her face; "how well can you like, my beauty—how strongly?"

"As strongly as I can hate!" cried Louise, in low, fierce, concentrated tones, letting her passion master her for once.

"O, well, I am content," chuckled her tormentor, smiling maliciously. "I have seen the force and extent of your hatred; now I intend to fathom the depth of your love, and see whether it be as delicious as your hate was tormenting. Don't you love me for saving your life and the life of your sister? Say, don't you love me? No hesitation, or, I swear it, you shall die this very minute!"

A frightened "yes" fell from the pale lips. Louise was not heroic enough to court death. Besides, this man of wicked but powerful will exercised a strange influence over her. Body and soul were wearied; hope had almost died; expectation was a horrid spectre with vulture-like wings; and she dreaded his satanic power.

"You and Mrs. Lowe there, are to cook for me," continued Bennett. "I shall leave you here, guarded by my most trusty follower. If you attempt to escape, death will follow you; remember. I am going to kill game. May you enjoy yourselves. Tomorrow our lodge shall be built, and then in this wilderness I shall marry you. Until that time I leave you free; as free as you may be in the keeping of trusty Bill."

Then turning to the Indian, he charged him in the language of his tribe, to keep a strict watch, and bestowing a loathed kiss, he went his way.

"Come here, Louise," said Mrs. Lowe.

Rejoiced to see the first gleam of interest in her sister, Louise hastened to throw herself down by her side.

"Did he, did that monster say we must cook for him?" she asked, in a low voice.

Louise answered in the affirmative.

"Then we must poison him; poison them all."

The young girl started violently. Such a remedy had not remotely entered her mind. She shuddered, and was sick at heart for a moment; then she asked:

"But how shall we poison them?"

"Do you see that?" said Mrs. Lowe, pointing to a sickly yellow plant which bore a purple flower; "that is rank poison. We will press the juice into their food—and glory over their dying agonies!" she added, in a voice scarcely human.

"But, sister, suppose we have to eat?"

"We must pretend illness before they begin; they will never suspect; and if they do, this will make them powerless. If they force us to eat, better that than dishonor!" she said sternly. "I shall join my murdered husband and my Genevieve."

Her eyes were dry and glazed as she repeated this; she had not wept since that terrible day, and everything she said and did seemed verging on to madness. Carefully and secretly they gathered the flower and the root, and before night the deadly juices were mingled in the savory mess that steamed above the fire. In the expressive language of Scripture, there was "death in the pot."

"Come, you will dine with us?" said Bennett, who had lost somewhat of his savageness in prospect of a feast.

"I thank you, I am too much fatigued; I could not taste a mouthful now, but if you will save some, I will take it by-and-by. The cook tastes, you know?" she added, forcing a sickly smile, for her heart was throbbing with terror.

"O, every one to his humor," said he; "you and your sister there, can wait till we are done, then. I like it; my friends here will like it; it is the custom among their tribe. Women are inferiors; their position should be at their husbands' feet. Unlimited power or none, is my motto."

So saying, he began to eat ravenously. Had he but once glanced at the widow, who had lifted her head and was intensely regarding him, he would have dashed his gourd to the ground. But he did not; he ate on and on, as if he never would be satisfied; so ate his followers. Then they threw themselves down to sleep. Poor wretches! little they knew it was their last rest. The watch slept also; it was the first time he had ever been off his guard.

"Louise," whispered her sister, "we must get their arms. I am not certain what effect the poison will have; they may suspect us. Besides they have been drinking brandy; they will sleep the sounder while they do sleep."

The tomahawks and rifles were gathered and carried for some distance to be thrown among the bushes.

"Let us stay here," murmured Louise, trembling excessively.

"No, no; do you think I would lose sight of one dying agony? Come back; I know not which one fired at my husband, but in each fiend as he struggles I shall see his murderer. Come back!"

Very reluctantly the poor girl accompanied her sister, who with dry eyes and eager mien hurried to the spot where the doomed men slept.

"It is beginning!" she cried, in a smothered voice, as one of the Indians writhed and groaned in his sleep.

Just then Bennett awoke with a frightful groan.

"Undying torment is in me!" he cried, making a motion as if to spring to his feet; but his limbs were powerless. "Water!" he yelled, "water! God of mercy, what is the matter? Girl, don't stand looking at me so—water, water!"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Lowe, detaining the girl by a violent hold on her garment; "he shall have none."

"Water!" cried the agonized voice, in wilder accents.

"He must have it!" exclaimed Louise; "I cannot bear the sight!"

"Poor coward! If you had seen a husband's blood, you—"

"O, for God's sake, water!" said the faltering tongue.

"Sister, let me go; he will haunt me if he perishes without!"

"Not a drop to cool his parched tongue!" cried the widow; "not a drop; he gave no mercy, and he shall have none."

"Water, water!" moaned the sufferer, his face swelling and changing.

Louise sank upon the ground, still with her sister's grasp upon her, and hid her face in her hands. A few dread moments elapsed and they two only stood on the spot of their captivity, living souls. The three Indians, with their leader, were stark and stiff; Bennett, the cruel deceiver, lay a hideous corpse.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

"Now I can prophesy," said the widow, solemnly, rising from her kneeling posture and folding her hands.

"Dear sister, what do you mean?" asked Louise, anxiously.

"I mean what I say. Some strange power has been given me. I could read your very thoughts, Louise. When we find a city, there I will prophesy. They will take us for Indians."

"Not with these complexions, dear sister," said Louise, trembling for the poor woman's reason which seemed at times to be unsteady.

"We must stain ourselves," replied her sister, promptly. "Here are some walnut leaves; you need not be so very dark, but I must be full-blooded. The wife of a royal chief I will be, and you my brother. You need not look at me in that way, child! I am in earnest. These Indian costumes become us exceedingly."

"But, dear sister, suppose we should never leave these woods? We may perish with hunger. It is the third week now, and we have had nothing but berries to eat. I feel my strength failing me."

"We shall get out," replied Mrs. Lowe, folding her blanket (it had belonged to Bennett) more closely about her; "to-night we shall clear the forest. I know it; I have seen it. We shall find a beaten track commencing at a blighted tree; that way we shall find the city."

Louise looked at her sister with a feeling of awe. She did indeed appear to be possessed with some new power of divination, and silently she followed to the very spot that had been designated. After a long and weary march they entered the outskirts of a city. They had money which they had found upon the insensible Bennett, and with this they rented the little cottage where speedily the elder sister became known as a foreteller of future events.

So strangely true were her delineations of character, and her prophecies, which she seemed to deliver in a trance-like state, that gold began to flow into her coffers, and her name became renowned. A year had elapsed, during which she had lived in strict seclusion, and the beautiful Indian youth who passed for her brother, was daily canvassed and admired by many a charming belle who repaired to the house of the Indian seeress that she might have her fortune told.

To Louise this costume and confinement were growing wearisome. She still looked upon her sister as partially deranged, but could not bear to thwart her in an employment which had taken such a hold upon her imagination that she appeared to believe that such had always been her vocation, strangely forgetting, or rather ignoring the former existence of her husband or her child.

This was the woman to whom the son of the Lord Intendant repaired with his friend. They entered, ushered in, as usual, by the handsome Indian lad, and instinctively their eyes dropped before the majestic presence of the Indian seeress. She was very tall, with a dreamy, poetical face, quite decidedly European, with the exception of the copper color of the skin. In everything she appeared superior to her race.

"Young man, your destiny is a strange one," she said, to the son of the Lord Intendant. "Your wife will come from among a tribe of Indians."

"From where?" exclaimed the young man, half rising, an angry frown upon his brow.

"An Indian girl, an Indian princess, perhaps," murmured the woman, relapsing into her dreamy state. "It must be so; she is with them, has slept in their lodges, tipped their arrows with the game-poison, and dressed their food. But," and her voice softened, "she is very beautiful."

"I thank you," said the haughty son of the Lord Intendant, with a mocking bow; "I will go elsewhere to find a description of my future wife. I have some ambition."

He was angry; it could be seen in the curl of his lip, and the whiteness around it.

"My father's son marry a squaw!" he muttered, angrily; "the woman is a fool."

"But she did not know your rank," said his companion, soothingly.

THE LOST FOUND.

"O, I am glad I prevailed upon you to come! Is it not beautiful? Does it not seem like the olden times? I think you are more yourself, also, in that dress."

"Hush, I see a vision!" murmured the widow.

"Truly a vision of beauty," replied Louise, unconscious that she, too, was gazed at and wondered over. "Who can she be?"

Everybody gazed and gazed, as, leaning on the Lord Intendant's son, a radiant young creature of some sixteen summers floated into the room. She wore no diamonds, no silks of flashing lustre; a band of pearls mingled with the gleamy waves of her bright hair, and a robe of white fell in graceful folds around her.

"Who can she be?" was the question sent from one part of the immense hall to the other.

Nobody seemed to know. The widow, meanwhile, upon whose arm leaned Louise, followed this bright star like one fascinated; she spoke not, answered no one question put to her by Louise, but still walked whenever she walked, striving in vain to face her, but the throng prevented. A gaily epauletted officer who had been eyeing Louise, now gently inserted himself near her in the promenade. Some one asked who this girl might be who was making such an extraordinary sensation.

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed the officer, still striving to keep his place near Louise. "That is the captive. For nearly three years she has been with the Indians. The Lord Intendant purchased her freedom but last week, with a large ransom, and he is intending to educate her."

"H'm, for his son, I should judge. She certainly is a most lovely creature; I should never think she had been a day from a palace."

"Most graceful, truly," returned the soldier. "She has a sweet name, too—Genevieve. It is said an Indian lover pines for her."

Louise felt her arm clutched convulsively. She herself was faintly conscious that some great good was impending. The name brought forth the remembered features of her idolized little niece. She dared not feel that this Genevieve, so tall, so regal, so lovely, was the very same. Suddenly her arm was dropped; there was a strange, quick commotion in the throng, and Louise saw her sister kneeling before the beautiful girl, saw Genevieve with a cry of joy throw herself upon her sister's neck, and she knew that the mother had found her child. She grew dizzy and faint, and when she returned to consciousness, found herself supported by a gallant soldier with epaulettes upon his uniform.

Both her sister and herself were driven to the house of the Lord Intendant, in company with Genevieve. Their story became immediately public and caused a wonderful sensation. Everybody wished to know and be known by the whilom captives, and Genevieve was in raptures at meeting with one she had thought dead; in feeling that once again she could rest within the encircling arms of a mother.

The prophecy of the barrister's widow, in her capacity of Indian seeress, was at last fulfilled. The son of the Lord Intendant did marry the adopted child of a chief, of a red browed Indian, after she had passed a few years in some of the best London schools. Her mother was liberally provided for by government, and Louise married Lieutenant Goldly who had been so much pleased with her on the night of Genevieve's recognition of her only parent.

At times there was seen in the city where Genevieve resided, a tall, thin figure, attired in Indian habiliments. A wasting cough

shook his gaunt frame, his eyes were lighted by unearthly fires, and the hectic disease painted vividly even his dark cheek. Sometimes he visited the stately mansion of Genevieve's husband, and it was noted that the young mistress received him herself; that every kind attention was bestowed upon him, and a home offered him within the palace. But he was restless, and could not stay long in one place. To see Genevieve sometimes was his only solace; for hopeless love for her, he was dying.

One day he was found dead on the outskirts of the city. In the bosom of his dress was found folded a blue ribbon nearly faded out, one that Genevieve had worn when she was captured. The faithful fellow was laid in the Lord Intendant's own burial vault, and upon the marble shaft that rose slenderly above his ashes was wrought the scene in which the noble Indian youth had saved the fair girl from a death by fire. And his memory was revered.

THE GOVERNESS.

"A Diarist Abroad," sending his jottings to Dwight's Journal of Music, notes very prettily the following incident which occurred aboard ship, on his passage across the Atlantic:—"There was a tall, slender woman of some thirty-five, with a certain ladylike air, and also a certain precision in manner and in speech, both in English and German, which, as in Peter's case, 'bewrayed' her. You saw the governess at once—at least you thought so. And so it proved. She was one of that class which always excites my sympathy. Necessary appendages in certain families, they hold a position somewhere between the kitchen and parlor, with small salary and few joys, victims of stupid children, and owing their positions, such as they are, to that very culture and those mental endowments which make these positions hardly endurable. After years of service, in which she has crossed the Atlantic again and again, she now was making her sixth passage, taking her small savings with her, in the hope of rest with her old mother in the little Rhine city of her birth.

"During the passage she told me some queer history. At one time she had charge of a little orphan girl, in poor health, an heiress to a million. But somehow—nobody knows how such things are brought about—the lawyers had fastened the chancery clutches upon the property, and there were times when this little millionaire and her governess actually suffered for the want of suitable food! Our fraulein governess brought on board at New York, one little pet, a beautiful canary bird, who, the first few mornings, awoke us by his melodies. When about a week out, our unlucky steward let the cage fall. The bystanders sprang to it and raised it—the bird lay in the bottom, dead! Good-by, little pet of six years. She knew nothing of it. The cage was taken below, and hung up in its usual place. No one said anything, but left fraulein to find out for herself the next morning. Some time next day I say her, with a sad face, go behind the wheel-house alone. The cage disappeared. She spoke not of her loss, but some time afterwards I accidentally saw, nicely folded in clean, white letter paper, a little bunch of yellow feathers. The tears which the poor governess had shed had fallen over the stern of the vessel, and no one was the wiser. This little incident seemed to me to betray long years of loneliness, during which both her joys and her sorrows she had learned to bury in her own bosom."

THE WELLINGTON SARCOPHAGUS.

The dust of England's greatest general reposes at length in a not unworthy mausoleum. The coffin, which, since the memorable day of his funeral, had rested upon the tomb of Nelson, is now placed in a massive sarcophagus in the crypt beneath the noble dome of St. Paul. There was great difficulty experienced in procuring a block of stone suitable for the sarcophagus, and it was by an opportune but curious coincidence that at length one was discovered in a huge mass of porphyry, on the Treffry estate, in the parish of Luxulyan, near St. Blazey, on the coast of Cornwall. The stone was so hard that tools manufactured on purpose were employed in shaping it; and as only one workman could labor on it at a time, two years were occupied in carving out the interior. This operation was performed where the stone was found—the cutting being done by hand, the polishing by steam power. To form the sarcophagus, the porphyry mass was sawn into two parts; the larger providing the receptacle for the coffin, the smaller furnishing the lid. It is of a deep chocolate color, relieved with crystals something of an orange hue. One side of the sarcophagus bears a gold letter inscription, "Arthur, Duke of Wellington;" the other, the dates of his birth and death. A Greek cross, with a gilt outline, resting on a circular boss, adorns each end. The pedestal is of white granite from the Cheesewring Quarry, Cornwall. The sarcophagus is supported at each end on a parallelogram of granite, which is higher than the top of the pedestal, so that light is seen through; and against each end of these parallelograms are sculptured the head and paws of a sleeping lion, giving two, therefore, on each side of the sarcophagus. The lower part of the walls of the chamber is also lined with rough white granite, with a moulding of polished red granite on the top; and there are four large polished granite candelabras, of baluster shape, which stand at the four corners of the apartment. From a sphere which surmounts each of these candelabras, rise four small jets of gas. The floor is paved with tiles, and this pavement has been extended to that part of the crypt in which stands Nelson's sarcophagus.—*London Globe*.

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HOP-PICKING IN KENT, ENGLAND.

For description see page 343]

LATE CAPTURE OF THE SLAVER BRIGANTINE WINDWARD, BY THE BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR ALECTO.



For description, see page 349.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SEEMING AND BEING.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

Out upon this paltry seeming!
Base deceit in saintly guise,
Hollow forms, and words unmeaning,
Vain pretence, and real lies!

Ne'er in seeming, but in being,
There the strength of virtue lies,
While his eye—the Great All-Seeing—
Penetrates each thick disguise.

And before Him, unavailing
Every cunning woven screen;
In whose sight the clear, prevailing
Thoughts and motives all are seen.

Seem not, but be faithful, earning
Title good to something true.
Pure coin from the base discerning,
Render unto all their due.

Onward! to the right keep moving,
Spite of any human bands;
That there's something real proving,
Even in a world of shams:

Something that the earth's wide coffer
Ne'er could bribe or buy away,
Conscience, scornning every proffer,
In itself a joy and stay!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADVENTURE OF A NIGHT.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

I WAS a verdant young student of medicine, in the year 183—, but full of all the enthusiasm for the profession which most of us succeed in getting up. I studied with Doctor Herman, an old and well-established physician, whose strong good sense was the most valuable auxiliary to his success in the world, and which quality, I am bold to say, I have endeavored by copying him, to bring to my own aid in my practice.

Fred Palmer was my fellow-student—a generous, whole-souled fellow, with a spice of the dare-devil in his composition. Handsome as a picture, tall, straight and not too slender, with hands and feet which Byron might have envied for their aristocratic proportions, a forehead of intellectual breadth, magnificent hair falling carelessly over it, and eyes in whose liquid depths it would seem that maidens' hearts might be fairly devoured, Fred rejoiced in as noble a physique as I ever witnessed.

It was a time of very general health in the city and suburban towns. The weather was clear and cold, and even confirmed invalids seemed to have taken out a new lease of life. Fred and I had a famous time of it, lounging—*loafing* is the modern phrase, not then manufactured. We rode the doctor's horses, flirted with the ladies, attended balls and parties, and were, altogether, gentlemen of the largest leisure. But by-and-by this grew into harder work than our studies, and we gladly settled down to our books again, the doctor rejoicing that, if he had no patients to sound his praises, he was at least rearing two grand specimens of the *Æsculapii*, who would one day do inimitable honor to his name.

Fred sauntered into my room one morning, and turning his pockets inside out, in signification of their utter emptiness, he said: "Tom, just think how long it is since we have had a subject for anatomy. Two powerful reasons are showing themselves to my mind why we should immediately search for something of that sort, and these reasons are, *firstly*, the dearth of my pocket, and *secondly*, that we are not getting on as we ought. The doctor has commissioned me to find a man who will bring him one in a day or two, and why should not *we* receive the money which he is disposed to pay?"

"You reason well, my lord!" was my reply; "but we will go separately, if you please. If we are seen going away together, suspicion may follow us."

"As you please. I have already had intelligence from Bill Walker, that he will bring one to-night, if I will assist him; and Seth Marden has signified that he would do the same for a small consideration. The doctor does not object to our taking them to the ruined old house by the river, and when all is ready, he will come down there, and demonstrate as usual."

With all my apparent readiness, I yet shrunk from our project. I had just had a long respite from everything of the sort, and, despite my inflated talk of the beauties of our profession, I had no heart in this part of it. But I had promised Fred, and I would not retract.

In the afternoon I took the light sleigh and went across the bridge to the city, to wait for Seth Marden, who had told Fred that he would meet one of us at a certain point. It was very cold, and I was chilled through, for I was a slight, delicate youth, and God knows my garments, in those student days, were none too warm.

Before I went, I had a long talk with Fred, in regard to a very serious flirtation which he had been carrying on with an amiable girl, an orphan, who lived with her aunt in the large town yonder. He was almost indignant with me for the way in which I censured him. I represented to him that, if he had no design of marriage, he was really injuring Helen, by appropriating her to himself in such a manner as to keep all others aloof. Her aunt was poor, and Helen's marriage might be a more desirable circumstance than we imagined.

Fred raved a little at my interference, but I brought the matter right home to him. "There is your sister Cecilia, Fred. Suppose that, just to kill time, I should devote myself to her for months, to the exclusion of all other gentlemen, and that I should have no fixed purpose of marrying her, how would you regard me?"

"As a villain, of course," burst out spontaneously from the depths of his really generous though careless heart.

"Then, Fred, put yourself in my shoes, and think that Helen Whitney is Cecilia Palmer; that is all."

Fred sighed and looked grave. "I am afraid, Tom, that I have been a fool after all. Helen is so beautiful, so graceful and *spirituelle*, that I had nearly forgotten that my family expect me to bring them a different wife from Helen Whitney, the orphan niece of poor fussy Mrs. Bridgeton."

This was said with such an unusually pompous air for Fred, who was generally quite modest in his assumptions of family consequence, that I laughed outright. He reddened to his forehead, and looked provoked.

"My family is at least better bred than Mrs. Bridgeton, Tom."

"Better *bred*, true," said I, venturing upon a most execrable pun. "Your grandfather's coat of arms, if I recollect right, was a *loaf of bread*!"

He was thoroughly angry now. "You are not green enough to think that I would marry into such a connection," he said.

"Were Helen entirely alone in the world, and I at the head of my profession, I could venture to marry her; but—"

"Don't make me hate you, Fred!" I interposed; "if you have no claims on Helen yourself, I will try my own fate with her."

I could see how scornfully the handsome creature looked upon my puny little figure, contrasting it with his own grand and noble presence; yet, as if repenting of that scorn, the next moment, he clasped my hand in his and said, "Tom, you are a true friend, I know, but sometimes you probe rather too deep."

I showed him my watch-seal, on which was engraved a surgical instrument, and the words "I probe to heal." The bauble was a present from an old physician who had taken a fancy to me in my boyhood, and encouraged my preference for the profession.

Fred acknowledged its truth, but shaking his finger at me as we parted, he said: "I warn you against tampering with Helen's affections!"

The next moment we were racing horses over the bridge, the end of which having reached, we went different ways. I was detained beyond my expectations. Seth Marden was sulky and dilatory, and I could not bring him round to reason. It was near midnight when he had arranged all things so that I could depart. During the evening the weather had changed to that unpleasant phase, known as the coming on of the January thaw. The hard, dry atmosphere had softened, but a thick fog had supervened, and made it almost impossible to find my way through the dim streets. Once on the bridge I made better progress, to my great satisfaction, for I was in no enviable situation. While my right hand was grasping the reins, my left arm was encircling—not, alas! the warm and yielding form of one of the young fairies with whom I had been dancing away the merry nights of Christmas revel, but that of a dead man! Seth, never at a loss for an expedient, had put on the head an extra cap of his own, and wrapped the body in a long gray cloak, placing it upright in the sleigh beside me. The horse, impatient of being kept out so long, set off before things were arranged to keep it steady, and at every furious jerk of the animal, the dead man's face would come nearly in contact with my own, or I would shudder as the hair would sweep past my cheek, escaping from the small and jaunty cap which Seth had pressed tightly upon one side of the head.

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, as I drove over the bridge and saw lights in a chamber of the old house. "Fred is there, with a good fire to receive me. I am glad he has got home first. Ugh!" I continued, as the frozen figure beside me again leaned towards my face. "Avaunt! 'Take, O, take those lips away!'"

I turned into the avenue to the old house, passed the hospital, whose drowsy inmates were probably all steeped in slumber, and drove directly to the door in front, in order to have the benefit of the staircase.

"Hist! Fred!" I called, for I needed his help sorely, my fingers being chilled through. "Come down, man, don't be playing your tricks now. I am perishing with cold." I could scarcely keep the horse from bounding away, so eager was he to get to the stable; but after calling in vain, I tied him to a post, and dragging my silent companion into the hall, I let him fall at the foot of the stairs, while I hastened upward.

"I suppose the lazy fellow is asleep," said I pettishly, as I ascended. "I will pay him for this another time!" I opened the door, and the warm air and the glow of light rushed out to meet me. They were grateful after cold and darkness, but I had to shut my eyes tightly for a few minutes, in which time I discharged a whole volley of invectives against my fellow-student.

No answer! I opened my eyes again, and, gracious heaven! what a sight did they encounter! On a low table, scarcely a foot and a half high, lay the form of a female, with the long and wavy hair hanging down, and sweeping the floor. Close to the table, and apparently smitten by the death-blow, Fred was lying on the floor, his face white as the lifeless hand that had dropped on his head, and seemed almost to be playing among the thick clustering curls. I ran to him, loosed his cravat and tore open his vest. His heart still gave a faint beat. He was faint, then, not dead, as I had feared. I dashed water in his face, applied hartshorn to his nostrils, and lifted him where he could see only me when he awoke, and not that ghastly face. With a long, convulsive sigh, his pale lips parted. I never beheld such a face of horror as he exhibited when his eyes were opened once more.

"Where is she? what have you done with her?" he asked in accents that seemed unearthly and strange.

"Don't think of any one, but drink this wine; it will revive you," I said as I reached a bottle from the closet. Our nights in that room had been dismal enough to warrant our keeping a restorative, surely.

He did drink eagerly, as if he needed it, to make an effort to speak to me. Then he pushed me aside with all his strength, and went and knelt down by the low table.

"Tom!" he said in sepulchral tones, "do you know who this is?"

I started forward. Until that moment I had not noticed the face that lay upturned in its ghastly whiteness, under the pale light of the dim candles. I gazed long, but could not think what he meant. The countenance was young, and must have been very lovely, the features being finely cut and the hair luxuriant. It somehow looked familiar, but only as *resembling* some one whom I knew; not as being that one.

"This is Helen—*my* Helen!" he said mournfully, passing his fingers shudderingly over her hand.

"Helen? Helen Whitney? Don't be absurd, Fred. Look! Helen has not this scar above the left temple, nor has she these intensely black eyebrows. Yet I own there is a resemblance."

"O, if I could believe you, Tom!" said the poor fellow, who was now as weak as a child from the revulsion my words had caused. I carried him to a chair by the fire, wrapped my cloak around him, and begged him to tell me all. Once beginning to speak freely, and out of sight of that face, he told me he had arrived there with his burden about half an hour before midnight; that he had made a fire, lighted up, and then uncovered the face. A moment's inspection impressed it on his mind that it was Helen's. He had not seen her for a week, and this death had happened in the large suburban village next our own, and in which Mrs. Bridgeton lived. His first thought was, that Helen had died from his cruel and heartless neglect. He had tried her in that way several times, in order to test the strength of her affections, and knowing that he had done wrong, it seemed as if this pale ghost came to torture him for his infidelity to the sweetest and most amiable of human beings.

Again I looked at the face, and scarcely wondered that in the imperfect light, and in his excited state, he should be mistaken. I turned aside the folds of the flannel robe—cashmere was not then worn by the dead, and flannel was just becoming a customary dress—and the name of the deceased was, as I expected to find it, written on the binding of the garment beneath it, just where it buttoned across the neck.

"Look here, Fred!" I said, and he staggered towards me again. He saw the name—Charlotte Johnstone—and his whole soul seemed to renew itself in the joy. He grasped my hand, laughed, cried, and sang, all in a breath—stooped down to read the name again, and then came back to shake hands with me once more.

"Now, Fred!" said I, "we have done enough for one night. I will put out the fire, open the windows, and let the man lie down in the cold hall, while I drive you home. To-morrow you must go over to see Helen, and make your peace with her."

"A good plan," said he, "but I shall not leave this place to-night. Tom, I would not have that form touched for the Indies. She shall be buried again, poor girl! Bill Walker is coming in the morning, and he will find some way of getting her back to the same place. But O, Tom!" said he shudderingly, "how intensely real it was!"

I drove the horse home and hastened back on foot, for I felt Fred ought not to be left a moment. We sat up with the dead girl's face in our sight, the rest of the long winter night, impatient for the dawn. Locking the old house securely, we went home and to bed, from which we were roused by Bill Walker's tap at the door.

"You found all right, doctor?" said the fellow. Fred looked as if he would faint again, but he fought against it, and told Bill what he wished him to do when night should again come on.

At ten, I inveigled Fred into a sleigh, and carried him out to see Helen. They were engaged when we returned, for I got Mrs. Bridgeton to tell me her whole history by the kitchen fire, while Fred was making *real, lasting* love, in the parlor.

At night, I saw that Walker performed his part of the transaction, and also of carrying the dead man to Doctor Herman's private office. We also swept away all traces of our having been at the old ruined house, and neither Fred nor myself ever entered it again. The prettiest of white cottages stands on the site of the ruin, and everything about it has been so altered, that I rarely think of its being the scene of such an adventure.

Had it not happened, I do not believe that Fred would have been half so happy as he is. He married Helen as soon as his practice was established in the pretty town where she lived, and now rejoices in the possession of as good a wife, and as promising a set of children as one needs to be blessed with.

Their oldest daughter—another Helen—is now twenty, and when I tell you that I have never yet married, being commonly known as "the bachelor doctor," you may guess that there is some charm for me at Fred's house. I have been waiting for Helen to be old enough, and she has never once, since our engagement, even hinted that I was too far advanced to make her happy.

To-morrow, then, the "bachelor doctor" resigns his title, to take up a dearer name; and although some of my old college friends, whose hair has not retained its hue like mine, have ventured upon the old comparisons of Winter and Spring, of December wooing young May, and the like, yet I know that they are all truly and heartily glad, that one who has been drifting about the world, as a naval surgeon, for eighteen years, is about to retire to private life, and to cast anchor in a pleasant and sunny home, with such a being as Helen Palmer for his companion.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GERTRUDE.

BY EFF. T. HYATT.

Sweet as the perfume of the summer flowers,
Kind as the impulse of our childish hours,
Fair as the blossoms of a houri's bowers,
Is Gertrude.

Good as the martyr, who, forsaken here,
Parts with this earth to meet a brighter sphere,
To whom than riches is his faith more dear,
Is Gertrude.

Strong as the oak that rears its head on high
To rend the clouds that sweep the azure sky,
To nobly live, and then to nobly die,
Is Gertrude.

Bright as the sun that sheds a genial ray
To light the darkness of eternal day
That we may find that "long and narrow way,"
Is Gertrude.

True as the cross, which in our faith implies
Our bodies suffer, but our souls arise
To joy in heaven, not seen by earthly eyes,
Is Gertrude.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY JOHN S. CLANWILLIAM.

PERCHED upon the summit of a lofty rock stood the proud castle of Rolandsech, whose ruins are yet to be seen and admired by any travellers journeying through this magnificent region. At the base of the rock on which this old baronial structure stands, flows the waters of that most beautiful of all beautiful rivers, the Rhine, of which Germany may well be proud, as it has but few equals in the world. Directly opposite Rolandsech are the renowned remains of the castle of the Drachenfels, which also is situated, like the nest of an eagle, on the summit of a rocky hill, at the foot of which stands a pretty little village, embowered in trees, whose pretty and neat cottages, and church spires, contrast strangely with the fine old ruins above them. But I must cease speaking of things as they now are, and turn to the period in which our story is situated, when Rolandsech and Drachenfels were in their glory, and when their halls were filled with gallant knights and stately dames. But, before commencing our narrative, let me tell of a pretty little isle which lies in the Rhine, between the two old fortresses. It is a sweet, green spot, and at the time we write of there was a convent in the centre of the island (indeed I believe it is there now), from whose tower each evening chimed the vesper bell, calling the inmates to prayer.

The lord of the castle, Sir Roland, by whom the castle was built, hence its name of Rolandsech, had been ordered to attend him at the wars with his retainers, and he now was giving a farewell banquet, as he was to depart on the morrow. It was evening, and the great hall was ruddy with the gleam of the tapers and torches placed in large, gilt brackets along the walls. Banners, conquered in some well fought fields by the ancestors of Sir Roland, many of these trophies of his own victories, erected helmets, warlike shields, and implements of the chase, lined the stone-built walls of this hall. Here was a buckler on which was painted a half-moon, denoting its formerly having been in the possession of some Saracen chief, from whom it was taken by a grim knight of the cross, an ancestor of the present lord. There was a branching pair of stag's antlers, and so the walls were adorned with different kinds of arms. Besides these were portraits—some full length, others only heads, of many valiant German warriors, and even of some of its monarchs.

A large oaken table extended most the whole length of the room, and at it were assembled all the inhabitants of the castle. At the upper end of the hall the floor was raised two or three steps, thus making a division between the places where the baron sat and that of his knights and retainers. Sir Roland of Rolandsech sat at the head of the festal board, on a large oaken chair, richly carved and worked in various shapes. He was a tall man, of a commanding and bold appearance, but young—not being over twenty-five. He was attired in a rich tunic of velvet, and around his neck hung several golden chains and medals—the gift of various princes. At his right hand sat the beautiful lady Hilda, with whom he was to have been joined in holy wedlock, when he heard the intimation of his sovereign's wishes, and so it was postponed until his return. Many other nobles were assembled at that board, and all were high in their praises of Sir Roland and his handsome betrothed.

At the lower end of the hall were the retainers. All were joyous and happy; the jest passed around, the wine circulated freely, and every one did full justice to the magnificent fare set before them. There was venison—shot that morning in the neighboring forests—every kind of meat and game, in short a royal banquet. I said every one was joyous, ay, save one—the lady Hilda. She was thoughtful and did not enter into any of the jests that circulated between the noble knights and dames at Roland's board.

"Cheer up, my lady Hilda," said the baron in a gay tone, "thou shouldst not be so cast down in spirits."

"Alas, my lord," said the fair lady, "sad fears oppress me; visions of yourself dying on the battle-field pass before my eyes. I have tried in vain to cast them off, but no, they still retain their hold on me."

The baron spoke soothing words to her, and soon he succeeded in drawing her into the merriness of the party. So passed the evening, and when the castle bell tolled twelve, the company broke up and departed to rest.

It was with sad forebodings of the future, that the lady Hilda bade adieu to Sir Roland. He cheered her and tried to raise her spirits, but it was in vain, for sad presages of this expedition filled her mind.

With the first dawn of day the Lord of Rolandsech arose, and donning his armor, being assisted in that by his esquires, he walked down into the court-yard of the castle. Here all the knights and men-at-arms, who marched under the banners of Sir Roland, were assembled. The scene was a warlike one. Here stood a knight, whose esquire was examining his steel panoply, and seeing if all the straps were buckled tight. In another place were several armorers engaged in beating out a breast-plate. There again was a soldier burnishing his master's shield, and handsomely caparisoned horses stood around. When Sir Roland entered the yard his steed was led up to him, and as if he was without armor, he vaulted lightly on his back. Erect he sat in his seat; his proud form seemed to be part of the noble beast he bestrode. At this moment a knight, mounted on a cream-white charger, and clad in armor richly ornamented with gold and silver, rode up to Sir Roland, and inquired if he was ready to start.

"Let the signal be given for departure," answered Roland. Sir Hugo de Volkstein, for that was his name, drew forth a small hunting horn, and wound a loud blast on it. In a moment every warrior was in his saddle, bearing aloft their spears, which glittered in the morning sun. The men-at-arms, with their halberds, ranged themselves in ranks, Sir Roland and his faithful friend Hugo rode to the head of the column; another huge blast and this martial band was in motion. They crossed the drawbridge, and soon the clatter of the horses' hoofs was lost in the distance, as the gallant soldiers went down the hill, on which the castle is perched.

It was the battle-field. The clash of arms and the groans of the wounded and dying arose to the heavens, lances were shivered, and darts flew thick as hail. Foremost amongst the warriors of the German emperor was Sir Roland, dealing death at his enemies with an immense battle-axe, which he wielded with terrible force. But look! one of the enemy, crawling on the ground, stabs his noble steed. He falls, and now he is surrounded by a crowd of his foes. The gallant Hugo in vain attempts to reach him; he is driven back by a superior force, and the last he sees of his dear lord is that he is laid low by a blow on the back.

Months rolled on, and the disconsolate Lady Hilda hears no tidings of her lover. At last one day, as she was sitting in the great hall, she heard the blast of a horn, and then the tramp of many steeds in the court-yard. She rushes to the door, and as she reaches it, it opens and a mailed form appears on the threshold. His helmet is bruised, his armor dusty and blood-stained. He slowly raises his barred vizor, and the well-known face of Hugo appears. With a shriek the Lady Hilda sank to the ground; everything had happened as she thought it would. When she recovered, all was told her; how her lover had died on the field of battle, fighting valiantly, and as she was an orphan under the protection of Sir Hugo, her cousin and her only relation, she determined, the world being a blank to her without Roland, to become a nun in the convent of Nonnewerth. The morning after Hugo arrived, a train might have been seen slowly winding down the hillside. It reaches the water; two or three barks are ready to convey the party to the island, and soon the Lady Hilda is forever lost to the world in the gloomy cloister.

A year passed, and one stormy night, when the elements raged without, the sad and lonely Hugo de Volkstein sat musing by the fire. A stranger entered the hall in the garb of a monk; he throws back his hood, and discovers himself to be Sir Roland! Hugo, with a cry of joy, clasped his master to his bosom. The baron had heard all; Hugo and he wept, in their grief together. Sir Roland's tale was soon told; he had been stunned by a blow, and when he recovered, found himself in the hut of some peasants, who had carried him thence from the battle-field. For a long time he was compelled to keep on his couch, but when he recovered sufficiently, he procured a monk's garb and set out immediately for his castle. The warder of the castle, who supposed him to be some poor priest in need of shelter, had related to him the melancholy news of Lady Hilda's having taken the veil.

A room was chosen by Lord Rolandsech in one of the towers of the castle, from the casements of which he could look down upon the peaceful little isle of Nonnewerth. From one of the windows of this tower he would gaze for hours on the convent, and, in the evening he saw a light from one of its apartments, which he fancied to be the room of Lady Hilda.

One calm evening Hugo entered the knight's apartment; he was sitting with his gaze fixed on the accustomed light. Hugo softly approached him. How still he is! He went nearer, and perceived that the Lord of Rolandsech was dead! De Volkstein looked towards the convent, and just then the twinkling light expired also.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honor of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it among all his acquaintance.

RELIGIOUS KINGDOM IN AFRICA.

In the highlands of Ethiopia, Major Harris found a so-called Christian kingdom, a national establishment dating from the earliest ages. By this church, saints and angels are invoked, the Virgin and St. Michael are made scarcely subordinate deities, a crowded calendar of saints receive honors, and half the year is composed of fasts and festivals. It enjoins also confession to a priest, whose curse is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the alms-giving and penances he imposes as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies, either borrowed from the Jews or retained from the Ethiopic faith. Their churches, which generally are small and men, resemble the Jewish temple; they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone. The service is in a dead language, and dancing is one of the ceremonies. They keep in the same manner, and with equal strictness, the seventh day and the first—the Sabbath of the Jews and the Lord's day of the Christians. They observe the Levitical prohibitions as to unclean animals; they wash their cups and platters as a religious duty; they will not eat with Pagan or Moslem, nor taste of flesh that has not been slain in the name of the Trinity. They practise circumcision, not asserting it to be obligatory, yet rigorously imposing it on every pagan convert to Christianity. They allow of concubinage. They are all baptized once every year, commemorating the baptism of Christ at the Epiphany by a procession to the river, into which men, women and children enter in a promiscuous and shameless crowd. Fasts of extraordinary frequency are observed with unexampled strictness—two every week, on Wednesday and Friday; while, reckoning all the holy days together, one entire half of the year is thus occupied.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

HINDOO WOMEN.

Never enjoying even female society, their lives are passed in the extreme of listlessness. It is this which produces so many instances of women burning themselves. The husband's death is a revolution in their existence, which gives an opening for the mind's bursting out of the ordinary track of depression. They have a confused notion that the hour is the only one which can occur to them for distinction. As is the case with all spirits that have been long held in restraint, the momentary emancipation is carried to extravagance. Working themselves up to frenzy they pledge themselves to they know not what. Once they declare their intention to burn themselves, which is done in the first instant of bewilderment produced by the husband's death, no retreat is allowed. The forecasting policy of the Brahmins has made the disgrace of the woman's faltering fall, not on the individual alone, but on all her relations, so that the whole of her family will force her to perseverance. Then the Brahmins intoxicate her with representations as well as with drugs. In this hot climate the funeral of the defunct must so soon take place that there is no time for reflection. The interests of the Brahmins in this, is that it is a triumph over reason. The scene is an additional perplexity to that common-sense, the growth of which they sedulously watch and endeavor to stunt in the lower classes. Subjugation of the intellect, that they may reign over the bodies of the multitude, is the unremitting object of that worthless and successful caste.—*Life in India*.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all re-produced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or if right, no bad association utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.—*Dr. Bushnell*.

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STATUE OF ST. LOUIS, AT AIGUES-MORTES.

This remarkable monument and statue of the celebrated royal crusader St. Louis, is one of the most memorable works of the gifted sculptor Pradier. St. Louis is represented standing in the costume of a warrior. His right hand is directed towards his breast, on which glitters the sign of the crusaders; the left rests on the hilt of his sword. He is supposed to be standing on the vessel which bears him to the land sullied by the presence of unbelievers, and towards which his thoughts are directed. There is something at once calm and inspired in the expression of his face; his hair, worn in the Merovingian style, adds to the effect, by impressing on the head, encircled by the royal crown, a mystical character. The tunic covers the whole body. There is a pleasing suppleness and negligent grace in the folds of the rich embroidered drapery. The extremities of a coat of mail appear on the feet and hands. At the feet of the warrior is a casque with the vizor down, and behind an anchor with one point embedded in the soil. On the northern face of the pedestal is the following inscription: "To St. Louis, the city of Aignes-Mortes, wishing to perpetuate the most glorious memory of her annals, has raised this statue, on the spot which witnessed the embarkation of this Christian hero for the fifth and sixth crusades." Every one knows what circumstances attach the memory of the sainted king to this little city of the department of Gard. It was at Aignes-Mortes, the port of which has been filled up by the deposits of the Rhone, and which is now nearly a league from the Mediterranean, that this prince embarked for the crusades which were so fatal to the kingdom and to himself. St. Louis may be regarded as the most noble exponent of the spirit of the Middle Ages. We find in him the ardent faith, the chivalric rectitude, the facility of expansion and the simple equity, which constitute the social qualities of that epoch; we may add to his honor that he had few of its defects. Born April 25, 1215, he did not obtain possession of the throne without difficulty. The seigneurs attempted to abduct him and his mother Blanche, and both were obliged to take refuge in the tower of Montlhery, whence they were delivered by the burgesses of Paris. In 1244, in gratitude for his recovery from a dangerous illness, he assumed the cross and the obligations of a crusader. The Christians of the Holy Land were then menaced with utter ruin. Nearly the whole order of Knights Templars had perished at Gaza; the infidels were everywhere victorious. As Egypt was thought indispensable to secure the Holy Land, King Louis determined to make a permanent establishment, and implements of labor and seeds formed a part of the cargo of his fleet, which sailed from Aignes-Mortes, August 25, 1248. It wintered at Cyprus, and the army landed at Damietta in 1249, the Saracens retreating before the mail-clad warriors of Europe. But delays gave them time to recover their courage, and the march of a division from Damietta to Massara was severely harassed. The king marched to the relief of his brother, Count d'Artois, at Mansourah, where the crusaders sustained a siege and suffered the ex-

tremities of famine. The plague added its horrors to the sufferings of the Christians. It was decided finally to embark on the Nile; but it was too late, the Mamelukes had cut off the retreat. They massacred all who resisted, and compelled the survivors to surrender. The king was obliged to give up Damietta and to pay ransom. He afterwards embarked at St. Jean d'Acre with the wreck of his army. Such was the consternation, that not a word was spoken till they were a league from land. The king was reduced to two garments, and had no bed to sleep on. He found Queen Margaret at Acre, who had gone mad on learning his captivity, and who, three days afterwards, was the mother of a boy

named Tristan. All these trials did not discourage St. Louis. He remained four years longer in the Holy Land, busied in erecting fortifications. Finally he heard of the death of Blanche, which left France without a government. He was so grief-stricken at this intelligence, that he passed two days without uttering a word, and when, on the third day, Joinville came to him, he could only open his arms, and falter out, as he burst into tears, "I have lost my mother!" He immediately made preparations to return, and landed at Hyeres July 10, 1254. He found the kingdom weakened and bleeding. The Pastoureaux had committed horrible cruelties, punished by similar cruelties. The sadness of the king seemed augmented. From the day of his return, he was never seen "either to smile, or wear raiment of price." He passed whole hours in his oratory, where he abandoned himself to tears. A single occupation seemed to please him—the administration of justice. He was accessible to high or low, and personally heard all complaints and redressed them. He abolished judicial combats, established testimonial evidence, and began to take the part of the clerks against the seigneurs, that is, of the written law against capricious tyranny. His love for his people was sincere. He diminished the taxes and protected the clergy in their rights, while repressing their unjust pretensions. After he had united to his kingdom several French provinces, which had hitherto been under the dominion of England, he determined to undertake another crusade, and, in 1270, sailed for Africa, besieged Tunis, and took the citadel. But he died August 24, 1270, of a contagious disorder, which swept away the greater part of his army. The instructions he left to his son, show the noble spirit and high character of Louis IX., who was in advance of his age in many respects, and parallel with it in one only—religious bigotry. He was canonized by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1297, and Louis XIII. obtained from the then pontiff the authority for the permanent celebration of the festival of St. Louis in all the churches.

VIEW OF LLANDUDNO,

On the Irish Sea, Carnarvon, Wales. The accompanying engraving is an accurate view of this thriving seaport, which is noted for its copper mines and for its lofty cliffs, and which has been brought into particular notice recently, by the opening of the St. George's Harbor Railway, connecting it with Conway. The well-known seaworn caverns of the promontory of

Gogarth are in the parish of Llandudno, which contains also several monuments of early cyclopean architecture, and is still the haunt of the once celebrated peregrine falcon. The population of the place is estimated at 1131. The opening of the St. George's Harbor Railway will tend to make Llandudno, as it in every respect deserves to be, more popular than it has ever been. Eight passenger trains are to run daily to and fro, and arrangements have been made to hook to the principal stations on the London and North Western Railway. Within three years a complete system of drainage has been established at Llandudno, gas-works, water-works, a spacious market-hall, public reading-rooms, baths, etc.



STATUE OF ST. LOUIS, AT AIGUES-MORTES, FRANCE.



VIEW OF LLANDUDNO, ON THE IRISH SEA, CARNARVON, WALES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURIOSUS.—The ancients imagined that dew was shed from the stars; and the alchemists and physicians of the Middle Ages believed that the dew distilled by night possessed penetrating and wonder-working powers. The ladies of those times sought to preserve their beauty by washing in dew, which they regarded as a "celestial wash." They collected it by placing upon the grass heaps of wool, upon the threads of which the magic drops clustered.

VOYAGEUR.—Paris is essentially a modern city. The improvements of the present century have destroyed almost all the ancient landmarks. The tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie is an exception, and the cathedral of Notre Dame is one of the finest Gothic specimens remaining.

STUDENT.—Certain coasts are liable to almost perpetual fogs from local or geographical agencies which contribute to their production. The coasts of California are almost constantly wrapped in fog; and, almost as constantly, the western coast of the American continent, as far south as Peru. Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Hudson's Bay, are all subject to dense and frequent fogs arising from the condensation of vapor from the water flowing from the hot Gulf Stream, coming in contact with the colder air.

GERMANIA.—Lewes's "Life and Works of Goethe" will probably furnish you with all the particulars you desire to learn.

STOCK-BASIS.—By species we understand so many individuals as intimately resemble each other in appearance and properties, and agree in all their permanent characters, which are founded in the immutable laws of creation. An established species may frequently exhibit new varieties, depending upon local and accidental causes, but these are imperfectly, or for a limited time, if at all, perpetuated.

AMATEUR GARDENER.—Roxbury, Mass.—Exogenous plants, which have stems growing by additions from without, also called Dicotyledons, from the seed consisting of two lobes, are the most perfect, beautiful, and numerous class, embracing the forest trees, and most flowering shrubs and herbs. The exogens furnish examples of gigantic size, and great longevity. In South America, on the banks of the Atabapo, Humboldt measured a *Bombax calaba* more than 120 feet high, and 15 feet in diameter.

CONVALESCENT.—In walking for exercise, don't "dawdle" along the road, but move vigorously, taking long steps and swinging the arms. A hard trotting horse would not suit your case—you should have an easy goer, if you can find one.

LADY SUBSCRIBER.—The Jews have always displayed a preference for the natural fashion of the hair, and the ancient Hebrews wore it long and flowing. The Levites, indeed, while ministering in the Temple, submitted themselves to the scissors every fortnight, but the Jewish youth—like Absalom—rejoiced in its luxuriant growth.

QUEST.—The population of Liverpool, in 1851, was 376,000; of Glasgow, 329,100; of Manchester, 401,330. The revenue from customs in Liverpool exceeds three millions and a half, in Glasgow they are about a million pounds.

PHILOPONA. River Head, N. Y.—A stereoscope instrument with a set of views would be a very suitable present.

POVERTY-STRICKEN.—A counsellor in Detroit described his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Detroit, I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through, and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.—The Philadelphians have three steam fire-engines, and have ordered another built. They think there is nothing like them.

SPLINTERS.

.... The annual festival for the benefit of the Jews' hospital held at Niblo's, New York, yielded fourteen thousand dollars cash.

.... The profits of Mr. Loughry's peach crop in Adams county, Ohio, this season, were \$9000. He was a lucky man.

.... The remaining Indians in Florida have determined to become good citizens and obey the laws of the State faithfully.

.... A Frenchman in San Francisco expects that he has discovered a way of removing gold from quartz rock by electricity.

.... In England, a woman with nothing to do talks scandal, while an idle man takes to writing for the London Times.

.... An incurable old bachelor describes marriage as a "female despotism tempered with puddings." The wretch!

.... Upwards of six hundred adventurers returning from the Frazer River country, landed in San Francisco in one fortnight.

.... A horse in California, severely bitten by a rattlesnake, was saved by the application of sweet oil.

.... Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who is an invalid at Vienna, intends to live the rest of her life with her brother, in Neustadt.

.... Prejudice, when we least expect it, creeps in upon our minds, and controls their most secret operations.

.... The man of system is known to do what he agrees to perform, and to do it well and punctually.

.... The famous iron mountain of Missouri is attracting attention abroad. It is said to yield 90 per cent. of ore.

.... Persons in England who leave railroad cars while trains are in motion are subject to legal penalties.

.... A rash young man in this city has threatened to apply the Maine liquor law to his sweetheart, she intoxicates him so.

.... The Utah expedition is "slightly" expensive. Corn at Fort Laramie for the cavalry costs six dollars a bushel.

.... The man who plants a tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity—especially if it's a birch tree.

.... The Dalton horse, so called, on the Rockville course, lately trotted ten miles in thirty-one minutes.

.... We learn from the English papers that it is proposed to erect a memorial fountain to Alfred the Great at Oxford.

.... We see it stated that Mrs. LeVert is about to publish a work entitled Sketches of Eminent Americans.

.... The story that Hon. John Minor Botts lost \$5000 on the Fashion race course, Long Island, is an entire fabrication.

.... Horace Vernet's picture of the "Taking of the Smala of Abd el-Kader" is the largest painting in the world.

.... The emigration from Liverpool to other parts of the world, this year, is not half as large as it was last year.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Pictorial* for the year 1859. Four numbers more will complete the *fifteenth* volume of the work, and with the number for January first, commences volume sixteenth. We shall bring out during the next year some of the best novelettes we have ever published, besides which we have added to our regular corps of contributors, some of the best male and female writers in this country. We shall commence the new volume with a fine *original* romance from the pen of Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE, one of the most graceful lady writers now living, entitled:

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—OR,—

THE FALSE HEIR.

Founded on Incidents of the French and Indian War.

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Altogether we intend to make the Pictorial as attractive and intrinsically valuable, as we have done heretofore, and to present such a weekly visitor for the domestic fireside as shall be welcome all over the land. There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the name and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

SOUTH AMERICAN ENTHUSIASM.

South America has become an El Dorado for prima donnas, and Rio de Janeiro is the headquarters of operatic enthusiasm and Brazilian gold. Madame de Lagrange has lately been singing to them with unexampled success, and it is curious to note the style in which the press speaks of her Norma. One erudite editor says: "She is excited and gesticulates like Guérin's Cymenestra; she speaks like Domenichino's Sybil; she is exasperated like the young man in Raphael's Transfiguration; she weeps material sentiments, like the wife of Brutus beneath the pencil of David; she is moved and moves us like the Velléda of the Martyrs, and advances to the sacrifice like Cymodocæa." The poor fellow who indited that, must feed upon classical dictionaries and catalogues of paintings. Another Brazilian monomaniac says: "Her voice, which runs through the octaves, may be compared to the *moanings* (!) of the nightingale when, suspended in an ether of harmonies above the Elysian regions, she seems to lose herself in the myriads of stars!" *Viva la musica!*

AT LAST.—The British government is just beginning to send out light clothing for the troops in India. Heretofore, John Bull-like, British soldiers had to swelter in padded broadcloth under a tropical sun. The old fogies at the Horse Guards thought the service would be ruined if uniforms were made to conform to climate.

CURIOS POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.—Arkansas is a free and easy country. The stage-driver from Brownsville, Arkansas, to Little Rock, left ten sacks of mail matter in Mrs. Gullett's corn crib rather than be troubled with carrying them! A local paper thinks this accounts for the failure in the delivery of letters.

TOGETHER!—Let our friends remember that we send "Ballou's Pictorial" and "The Flag of our Union" together, for \$3 50 a year. These two journals united, form a fund of valuable and entertaining reading and pictorial illustration unequalled elsewhere.

AERIAL.—A Mr. La Mountain advertises for a loan to enable him to build a balloon to go to Europe with. Mr. Mountain may "make a muss," but we doubt whether he will raise the wind.

LIFE IN TEXAS.—A Texas paper informs us that young gentlemen of ten or fourteen in that really fine and delightful State, carry bowie-knives and pistols about their person.

PUGILISM.—The late prize fight in Canada has led to innumerable private encounters "without gloves," in all parts of the country—such is the force of example.

HOP-PICKING IN KENT, ENGLAND.

A Kentish hop-field in full and luxuriant growth is one of the pleasantest of rural sights, far surpassing in picturesque effect the far-famed vineyards of France. The hops are suffered to grow to a greater height than the vine, and there is an indescribable grace and airiness about the plant, with its delicate leaves and waving tendrils. But a hop-field, at the picking season, adds the bustle of life to the charm of nature, and this is admirably depicted in the large and fine engraving which occupies page 344 of the present number. At the picking season every man, woman and child is pressed into the service. Even the idle and disreputable become industrious and steady under the demand for labor. In our picture there are various groups of pickers, a certain number being piled up before each group, like a stack of muskets. On the left a laborer is loading a horse-cart with the stacks. The proprietor of the estate is overlooking the operations; his wife is chatting with a laborer's wife, who holds her child in her arms. The whole scene is instinct with rural beauty and activity.

As the hops are gathered by the pickers, they are thrown into "bins." Around them lie the picked and unpicked poles, about which little children are sitting, or playing their pretty childish games. The many-colored garments of the pickers contrast picturesquely with the green and yellow of the hop plant and the verdure of the surrounding fields; and the hum of voices, the merry shouts of laughter, mingling with the melody of some old song tune, ever and anon borne on the passing breeze, sound strangely, yet pleasantly, in that hop forest where but yesterday the silence of nature reigned. As the bins are filled with the newly-picked hops, they are emptied by "the measurer," who measures and keeps an account of the quantity picked at each bin. From the bin the hops are conveyed in sacks, or "pokes," as they are called, to the "oasthouse," where they are dried by the heat of Welsh coal, or coke fires, into which sulphur is thrown to give the hops a brilliant color. When sufficiently dried, they are thrown out into a large, airy room, to be cooled; after which they are shovelled into "pockets," or bags, seven feet and a half in length, and firmly stamped down by a man called "the treader." When duly filled, the pockets are "coped," or sewed up, and they are soon afterwards looked over and weighed by the revenue officers. They must be kept on the premises (according to the Hop Statutes) for the space of twenty-four hours after being weighed, after which they are ready for the market or the brewer.

The hop plant is indigenous to England and several other countries in Europe. Hops were first brought into England from Flanders in the year 1524, but it was not until 1693 that their cultivation was firmly established. At the present time between 50,000 and 55,000 acres are cultivated for growing hops. There are two duties payable on the hops to the revenue, the old and the new duty, making together about eighteen shillings per hundred weight. These duties add considerably to the public revenue. In 1855 they amounted to nearly £800,000; in 1856, to about £550,000; in 1857, to £460,000; and it is calculated that the two duties will this year reach £500,000, or \$2,500,000.

NIGHT CHASE OF A SLAVER.

The marine picture occupying page 345 of the present number, is one of the most spirited we have yet presented to our readers, and delineates a recent occurrence on the coast of Africa. It has all the elements of the romantic—a wild night, with the sky covered with wind-clouds; the moon struggling through a mass of vapor; the slave brigantine thrashing through the water, with every stitch of canvass set; and the sloop-of-war, under steam and canvass, crowding in pursuit. The scene is represented with such truthfulness, that we almost fancy we can hear the dash of the waves, the whistling of the wind through the rigging, and the creaking of the masts as they bend before the gale. The slave brigantine is the "Windward," and the vessel in pursuit is the "Alecto," British sloop-of-war. The "Windward," though of 177 tons only, had 600 slaves on board, 149 of whom died from the effects of close stowage after the prize was taken into St. Helena.

A POLYGLOT CREW.—The American ship Kalamazoo, Capt. Taylor, now at City Point, Va., with salt and iron from Liverpool, has a polyglot crew. The captain is a Quaker from Pennsylvania; the first mate is an Irishman; the second a Virginian; the cook a Chinese; the stewardess a "Cornwall girl," (married to the cook); two of the sailors are Malays; two negroes; one a Manila man; and two more Swedes. Yet they agree together very well, and form a happy family.

MARTYRS TO DRESS.—Many shocking accidents have lately occurred in consequence of the profusion of drapery now worn by the ladies. Several girls have been burnt; and one was thrown the other day from a horse, owing to her crinoline petticoat hitching in the crutch of the saddle. According to a verdict of a coroner's jury, crinoline is undeniably a killing fashion.

A FLYING MACHINE.—An English lord, Carlingford, thinks he has perfected a machine for navigating the air. All he wants now is money—not, however, an uncommon want with lords and commoners.

EDWIN FORREST.—The "noblest Roman of them all" has not bid the stage farewell. With his vigorous health, he may wear the buskin yet for many years.

PROFOUND SILENCE.—Profound silence in a public assemblage has been thus neatly described:—"One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief!"

The Poet's Corner.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.

O, how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feels his passion on a wauton's lip,
As bees from laurel flowers a poison sip.

But yet I cannot hate. O, there were hours
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses which his babe and mine should share,—
Though he should spurn me,—I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say
How injured and how faithful I had been!

SUFFERING.

O life, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,
With your great weight of woe!

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it, what were we?—TRENCH.

WISHES.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.—DRYDEN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We have just shut up, with a sigh of regret, a volume of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (Dr. Shelton McKenzie's excellent edition—the American and the best), and it reminds us of the fact that Professor Wilson's son-in-law has just gathered his dispersed writings into twelve closely printed volumes. Wilson was a fine fellow—a scholar without pedantry, a humorist, a wit, a critic, a poet, a keen sportsman, a stout pedestrian, and a fly-fisher who would have won the heart of old Isaac Walton. He was genial, frank, and whole-souled—a man after Kingsley's mark, who "feared God, could walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and twist a poker round his finger." We wish we had more men of this stamp, to show that one may write books and study hard without being either a pedant or a milk-sep. . . . It is stated in one of the papers that if the ill-fated steamer "Austria" had been fitted with iron decks she would not have been destroyed. An iron ship, with iron decks, bulk-heads, doors and state-room partitions, would be fire-proof, and moreover could be made a perfect life-boat, able to undergo with impunity two such collisions as that which destroyed the Arctic. If iron ships cost more, they are far more valuable than wooden ones and in the end cheaper. An iron ship is in her prime when a wooden one is used up. The "Nankin," an iron brig built at this port by Mr. Tufts for Captain Forbes, shows that as good iron vessels can be built in Boston bay as on the Clyde. The employment of iron will, before many years, revolutionize the business of ship-building. . . . Now that Russia has seriously entered on the path of internal improvement instead of external conquest, the first symptoms, as furnished by Le Nord, is rather equivocal. The great imperial contract for selling alcoholic compounds throughout the country is taken by spirited undertakers at an improved figure of thirty-seven millions of silver rubles. Yes, they are "undertakers," for they will soon have their customers in their graves. . . . The new camel corps in India is thus described by a correspondent of the Delhi Gazette: "Last evening the governor-general, commander-in-chief, and suite, were out on the *maidan* reviewing the central corps, about 400 of these ungainly beasts going through military evolutions. It was a novel and curious spectacle to see these animals performing almost all the movements of cavalry. Besides the native driver (who is of course armed) there is on every camel a hardy Briton, who occupies the back seat, and is quite in a position to use his rifle. The camels are well trained to the word of command. On a recognized touch of the guiding-string down would they drop on their knees, the riflemen would be off in a second and go into skirmishing order till the word of recall was issued, when they would shoot back to their places, remount, and almost simultaneously, like a brown mass growing out of the ground, would the camels regain their feet (so to speak) in their own awkward mode, that is, first their hinder parts and then their long stretching necks. You can fancy what a rare scene the whole was." . . . An agent of the London Stereoscopic Co. is now in this country, and he has artists employed taking views of scenes and noted places throughout the United States, which will be sent to London and there multiplied, not only for our own use, but for sale on the continent. . . . An inquest was recently held in England on the body of a child of five years, the jury returning a verdict that it came to its death in consequence of eating the berries of the mountain-ash tree. . . . The Recorder of New York in a charge to the grand jury lately, bore down hard on prize-fighters, and expressed the determination to suppress all such vicious institutions. . . . Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says, "If a man empty his purse into his head no one can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." . . . Mr. G. P. R. James is in the habit of dictating his novels, as he says he finds that much easier than writing them with his own hand. A review of "Lord Montagu's Page," in the "Richmond South," says: "Mr. James dictates

his stories, and pours forth complex sentences with a precision of diction which is not less surprising than the careful finish of the gorgeous pictures which he scatters in richest profusion through his pages. He dashes on, pacing his short quarter-deck sort of walk, and sending forth word after word, sentence after sentence, with the marvellous facility which is peculiarly his own." . . . Letters from St. Petersburg state that a Polish exile has invented a means of applying steam power to the traction of sledges, by which journeys may be rapidly made on the frozen rivers and in the steppes covered with frozen snow, which abound in the Russian dominions. . . . Capgrave is a chronicler of the true mediæval type. In his *Chronicles of England* he begins with the creation of the world, and comes slowly down to his own times, giving an account of every year in regular almanac fashion, as, for example: "Anno Muodi l.—The first man Adam was made on a Friday, withoute modir, withoute fader, in the field of damask; and fro that place led into paradise to dwell there; after dryvyn oute for synne. Whanne he had lyved nine hundred yere and xxx., he deied, byried in Hebron, his bed was lift with the Flood and layd in Oolgotha." . . . The rope which surrounded the ring or enclosure in which Morrissey and Heenan fought, has been bought by a distinguished gentleman of Buffalo, and in a short time will be cut up, set in gold, silver or brass, and sold to all who desire a memento of the battle. It should have been saved entire for a use understood by the sheriff. . . . Dr. Duchesne states that the blind are not, as might be supposed, insensible to the attractive spectacle of fireworks. They are, he says, passionately fond of this kind of pleasure, which would seem to be exclusively reserved for persons in the enjoyment of their sight. They attend such diversions with joy; and their hearing has acquired such development, that they succeed in distinguishing the various pieces of firework by the different sounds they produce. Perhaps, too, they may feel gratification on hearing expressed around them the various sensations of the spectators. . . . People who are slow to think may find encouragement in the conduct of Buffon, who would re-write a favorite sentence twenty times, and was once fourteen hours in finding the proper word for the turning of a period! Boileau confessed to hunting three hours for a rhyme. . . . A writer suggests a manifest improvement in the lecture system. He says: The best thinkers are often the poorest speakers. The ablest men to compose a lecture are often the worst to deliver it. Even trash and lies fluently spoken by a dashing fellow will find hearers, but science without something of this finds none. By all means, then, let men of natural oratorical powers form alliances with men of real solid science, learning and thought; let one prepare and the other deliver. Let them do it openly, just as two lawyers, one a pleasant speaker who can carry the jury, goes in partnership with another patient thinker who is posted up in law reading, and can find precedents and principles for every case. Let lecturers as well as lawyers hunt in couples. . . . There is great wisdom in this by Jean Paul, which many a young scribbler of sentiment should ponder: There is a lyric intoxication of the heart, in which one should write no letters, because, fifty years afterwards, people may happen to stumble upon them who have neither heart nor intoxication. . . . We are glad to note that many sports and exercises are rising in public favor. For delicate boys educated at home, or in private establishments, some kinds of gymnastic exercises may be advisable, as may be also for girls a course of calisthenics, or movements intended to give strength combined with grace. But artificial must always be subordinate to natural exercise for purposes of health. Infinitely preferable to the formal and stiff drill of the Prussian gymnasias, are the free and even boisterous sports of the British public schools. When the Duke of Wellington was looking one day at the Eton boys at their sports, he said it was in the playground that Englishmen were trained. . . . Steele wrote of Addison, "In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing, to be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress by the superiority of his genius." . . . According to the report of the steam-boat inspectors of St. Louis, the value of the boats destroyed in that district during the year ending October 1, was \$311,000, and the value of the cargoes lost \$635,300. . . . Dr. Bruhns of Berlin, has computed the orbit of Donati's comet, and finds that the period of its revolution round the sun is no less than 2101 63 years. . . . An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Yea, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's witty reply. . . . At the Maryland cattle show, held in Baltimore, two men were standing a short distance from the ring, near the entrance gate, when two others passed in. In passing, their attention was attracted, and one of them accidentally trod on the foot of one of the two who were standing. He immediately apologized for the accident, but as he stooped to go under the railing, the party whose foot had been trod on drew a revolver and fired three shots in succession at him. One of the balls touched his right cheek, producing a slight abrasion. His companion was knocked down and kicked three or four times in the face. The party who fired, with the one to whom he was talking, after the outrage leisurely walked away from the grounds. What are we coming to? . . . Here's another atrocity: Michael Elk, who murdered his wife in Cincinnati recently, by plunging a knife into her bosom, gave as a reason for the bloody deed that she had the phthisis, and had kept him awake all night by her hard breathing. He would, he said, kill anybody who disturbed his rest. Michael is said to be of an exceedingly sweet and amiable disposition. . . . If rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is by no means easy to conceal our poverty. It is less difficult to hide a thousand dollars than one hole in our coat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TENANT HOUSE: OR, EMBERS FROM POVERTY'S HEARTHSTONE. New York: It. M. DeWitt.

The author of this domestic story has taken a step in the right direction; he has dived below the surface of society to gather his characters and materials. We have always thought that the subterranean life of New York, in the hands of a keen observer and graphic writer, would furnish scenes as startling and emphatic as London, similarly mined, has yielded to Dickens. The success of some previous attempts has given the author of the "Tenant House" courage, and the result is a series of pictures at once forcible, startling and impressive. It is based on facts, and hence appeals strongly to the sympathies of the reader. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published the "Ocean Cable Polka," composed by Franz Kielblock, with a fine portrait of Cyrus W. Field; Musard's "Express Train Gallop," arranged for the piano by W. Dressler; "Sweet Flowers wake," a song, composed by H. W. Walsh; and "There's not a word thy lip hath breathed," a ballad, the words by Robert F. Hausman, music by L. O. Emerson.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN LAWYER.—By GEORGE BISHOP. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 374.

A valuable digest of laws and law-forms relating to the persons and property of women, married and single, throughout the States, in their various relations of society. It explains their rights and the modes of legal redress to be adopted in given circumstances. In a word, to a certain extent, it renders "every woman her own lawyer," and if this book sells as it should, the United States will be full of Portias. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 35 Cornhill.

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK, Esq.; together with his opinion on matrimony. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 263.

One of the pleasantest volumes that Judge Halliburton has written. Sam Slick has as many admirers as Sam Weller on both sides of the Atlantic, and his present work is well calculated to make merry faces in the holiday season of the year. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 35 Cornhill.

PORTRAITS OF MY MARRIED FRIENDS: OR, A PEEP INTO HYMEN'S KINGDOM. By UNCLE BEN. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 343. 1858.

Very pleasant, and very pathetic by turns, are Uncle Ben the bachelor's sketches of his married friends, aided by the artist's illustrative pencil. There are genius and good humor in this volume which will amply repay personal and must indeed become a general favorite. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 35 Cornhill.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

Quite a sensation was created in England, lately, by the reception of a few words from Newfoundland through the Atlantic cable, which sent the stock up very rapidly. Still, there is little hope of the permanent efficiency of the wires.—The London Times continues to attack Commissioner Reed for his part in the Chinese negotiations, characterizing him as the "cat's paw of Russia." The Times eulogizes the diplomacy of the Russian minister, and says the treaty he obtained deserves to be ranked among the highest order of diplomatic papers.—It has been finally agreed, with the consent of four-fifths of the shareholders of the Great Eastern, that the original company should be dissolved, and a new one formed; and that the cost of building and launching the ship (£640,000) should, in the new company, be reduced one-half.—The correspondence between Lever and Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, on the subject of a subsidy for the Galway line, and the renewal of Cunard's contract, is published. The latter says the extension of the Cunard contract was assented to in March last, before the Galway line was mooted, but there is nothing in it to interfere with arrangements for postal service via Galway. He says Cunard has undertaken increased services, and submitted to additional conditions.—The council or state of Geneva had formally declined, in a letter to the federal council, to remove certain foreigners from Geneva.—In France considerable modifications in the recent stringent passport rules were being made. The minister of the interior has sent orders to the frontiers and seaport towns for the authorities to consider passports henceforth as titles to aid, and not cause for delays or annoyance.—Various amounts of Russian gold continue to arrive in Holland, whence, in the present state of exchange, they are despatched to Paris.—Rumors of a Russian loan continue to circulate, but they are as yet believed to be wholly founded on surmises caused by the recent efflux of specie from that country, and its known wants for railway and other purposes.

The Serfs of Russia

The first attempt at emancipation was made in 1803, by Alexander I. By transforming the serfs of the crown domains into personal free farmers, he reduced the number of serfs from fifty millions to thirty millions; but the noblemen were not disturbed in their ownership. He soon stopped in his reforms, and Nicholas had to think of other things in the first years of his government than of the peasants. These last at last their patience, which had been tested so long. Already, under Alexander, they had perceived who it was who had opposed their emancipation. When Nicholas also failed in conquering the nobility, horrible scenes were enacted in some parts of the empire. Ever since 1842, insurrections of serfs formed a standing item of the events of the year—even the ministerial reports did not dare to deny that every year sixty or seventy noblemen were killed by their peasants.

Keying, the Chinese Mandarin.

The Paris Pays has private advices from Shanghai, according to which, the mandarin Keying was not sentenced to death, with the privilege of committing suicide, as reported by the correspondents of English journals. He was, like Yeh, degraded, and condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the fortress of Tho-ho. This, at his advanced age, will probably prove to be imprisonment for life. The imperial general, Tsan-Kwo-Leang, who in June last suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Nankin rebels, likewise incurred the emperor's displeasure; but as he is a great favorite with the army, it was thought advisable to punish him by proxy. An effigy of the general having been procured, one hundred lashes were administered to it with becoming gravity.

Curious Discovery.

Near Rhinzabern, in Germany, an admirably carved Roman eagle of bronze has been recently dug up. It is a little larger than a pigeon, and has the wings lifted, without being extended. The talons, which were missing at first, have since been found. The standard is inscribed "L. VIII. G." These signs indicate that the eagle belonged to the 8th legion, composed of Germans who lived in the country between the Meuse and the Rhine; and this standard may have belonged to one of the Roman legions annihilated in the defeat of Varrus.

Tit for Tat.

A few days ago, Mr. X., a lawyer at Lille, France, had a visit from a butcher. "Sir," said the latter, "I should like to know, if a dog had destroyed some of my meat, whether I could recover damages of the owner."—"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "In that case, you will please pay me for twelve francs, worth of sausages your dog has devoured." Mr. X. paid the money, though he was visibly vexed. A few hours afterward the lawyer's clerk presented the butcher with a bill of 12 francs 50 centimes for legal advice!

Tunnelling Mt. Cenis.

The giant undertaking of tunnelling Mount Cenis, one of the highest mountains of the Alps between Switzerland and Piedmont, progresses slowly. The difficulties of the enterprise consists not so much in the length of the subterranean communication which is to be effected, as in the impossibility of taking the work in hand at more than two points, and of the necessary supplies of air, at a distance of 10,750 feet from either end of the tunnel.

A Theatrical Novelty.

M. Leon Beauvallet, well known in the United States from his connection with the Rachel troupe, and for some silly sketches of American life published in Paris, has been authorized to establish a puppet-theatre on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. The puppets will be likenesses of well known and popular actors and actresses, whose voices will be imitated by skilful performers behind the scenes. If this is well done, the new theatre will be a success.

Madame Ristori.

This distinguished actress is keeping several dramatists at work in Paris for her. Besides Messrs. Dall Ongaro, Giacomelli, Montanelli (this last is translating Corneille's "Polyeucte" for her), M. Sonima is writing a new tragedy, called "Cassandra." M. Ricciardi is preparing a drama for her, and Mr. Christien Ostrowski is writing a play, taken from the life of Raphael, and called "La Fornarina."

Bosnia.

The Greek Christians in Bosnia, who had been committing terrible outrages on the Mussulman population, have a belief that they will be supported by France and Russia in a dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and the formation of a Greek Constantinopolitan State.

The Rothschilds.

These Hebrew money-kings have returned to their different houses, in London, Frankfurt, Vienna and Naples, after having divided profits, and arranged operations for the coming year. Baron James de Rothschild is in Belgium.

The Weather in Paris.

Up to a very late date the autumn in Paris was very warm and pleasant; and the forty orange-trees surrounding the Palace of Industry were in full bloom in the open air.

Cochin China.

A Spanish auxiliary force has been formed at the Philippine Islands to assist the French expedition against Cochin China. It is composed of 1500 tagals.

The Duke de Chartres.

It is asserted positively that the Duke de Chartres, brother of the Count of Paris, has entered the service of Piedmont.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The New Yorkers are paying their taxes at the rate of \$180,000 a day. The employees of the free Imperial Library of Paris complain that many frequent the library as a pretence for obtaining warmth; many ask for frivolous or even infamous works; some are so grossly ignorant as to need elementary instruction; others will even tear out the leaf of a book to save the trouble of making an extract. The second volume of Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great has appeared. After wading through a world of preliminaries, and giving an admirable picture of old Frederick and young Fritz, the author has at last neared the most brilliant part of his subject—the Seven Years' War. Miss Therese Raymond of Albemarle county, Va., is reported to be one of the best chess players in the States, though a few months since she was entirely ignorant of the game. A German who had resided for several years in New Orleans, and had acquired a large property, went over, last spring, to bring his relations to this country, and make them comfortable here. Upon their arrival, every one, father, mother, brothers and sisters, to the number of eight, were swept off by the yellow fever. To make good sailors, keep all brass-knuckled mates at a distance; and while using prudent caution against the insubordination to which sailors sometimes yield, still treat them not only as human beings but as men. Treat an individual like a devil and he will be very likely to manifest devilish conduct. A piece of wood, perfectly petrified, with a screw formed in the middle of it, has been found 150 feet beneath the surface of the earth, near Panola, Miss. M. Eugene Venillot, a writer of some reputation, but somewhat overshadowed by the wider fame of his brother, the celebrated editor of the Univers, is to marry a sister-in-law of the homeopathist, Hahnemann. The Friend of India relates that a native convert to Christianity was compelled to leave his books at Malliana when the outbreak occurred, in the house of a man who had sheltered him. This man read the books, was struck with them, and read them to his family daily. A knot of listeners was formed, and, as soon as peace was restored, the audience sought the aid of a missionary. More than forty persons have been baptized in consequence, and the converts commenced building a church at their own expense. Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his blindfold playing at the Tuileries, before the ladies of the imperial court, and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook. The English papers announce the death of Mr. John McGregor, of the firm of Todd & McGregor, Glasgow, the greatest builders of iron steamships in the world. This firm was the first to commence building large iron steamers. This was in 1829, since which period they have constructed 100, varying from 1600 up to 4000 tons burden. A Virginia gentleman proposes to donate \$20,000 for the erection of an agricultural college in the vicinity of the University of Virginia, on condition that the farmers of the State will render the donation available for the purpose, by contributing an additional sum of \$50,000. Bleeding, we believe, is very rarely resorted to in modern practice; but they were terrible Sangrados in old times. In the early ages some of the abbays had a bleeding house, called Phlebotomaria, in which they had four quarterly bleedings. Half a century ago bleeding was generally in fashion spring and fall. Surgeons were then never seen without a case of lancets and a red fillet. A fashionable phlebotomizing surgeon has been known to receive above \$5000 a year for this operation alone.

CALIFORNIA.—What a remarkable country is California! The Sacramento Bee announces the discovery of a magnificent valley lying in the Sierra Nevada, and about forty miles north of Honey Lake Valley. Its soil is fertile, grasses luxuriant, it is well timbered and watered, there being several living streams flowing through it at a distance of from one to three miles apart. The banks of these streams are fringed with trees, and the land between is open prairie; rabbits, deer, antelope, bears and prairie chickens abound there. It has been called "Rabbit Valley," because of the great numbers of that animal with which it abounds.

RANK OF ADMIRAL.—It is not true, as has been stated, that the rank of admiral is recognized by the navy department; but, by the regulations, flag officers who have been in commission twenty years and upwards, are authorized to hoist their flag at the fore instead of the mizzen mast, and those under that period at the mizzen, as usual.

MR. SPURGEON.—We are informed, says an exchange paper, on the authority of a prominent Baptist of New York, that the churches of that denomination in the Empire City, have offered Mr. Spurgeon, the great star preacher, \$10,000 and his expenses, if he will consent to make a six months tour in this country.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—Postage stamps have been introduced in Spain. They are square, the colors pink, green and brown, with a head of Queen Isabella within a circular border.

THE ASTRONOMER DONATI.—Donati, the discoverer of the comet that bears his name, has been appointed assistant astronomer of the imperial museum of Florence.

Wayside Gatherings.

Turtle-soup, put up in hermetically sealed cans, is now one of the most profitable exportations from Key West.

Mr. Galt is now engaged upon a statue of Thomas Jefferson, to be placed in the University of Virginia.

After a litigation of ten years, a case has been decided in the English Court of Chancery, by which some heirs in Vermont will come in possession of \$200,000.

The British government has given notice to the United States government, that they will put down American filibusterism or any colonization in Central America, by force.

The amount of money paid by the order of Odd Fellows in the United States, for the relief of members (including patriarchs), widows, orphans' education, and funerals, from June 1857, to June 1858, was \$476,955.

Mrs. Lydia Studley, a woman of sixty-five years of age, has been convicted at Providence of the murder of her husband by the administration of poison, and sentenced to the state prison for life.

A Philadelphia paper, noticing the effect of the fine weather in that city, says Chestnut Street was as brilliant as a *parterre* of double-breasted dahlias, the quantity of ladies promenading it being absolutely overwhelming.

According to the report of the steamboat inspectors of St. Louis, the value of the boats destroyed in that district during the year ending October 1, was \$311,000, and the value of the cargoes lost \$635,300.

Since the introduction of Croton water into the city of New York, the wells have been entirely neglected. If any accident should happen to the Croton dam, what a condition the city would be in!

Mrs. Julia Stevens drew \$3000 from the Bank of America, in New York, a few days since, after which she stepped into a carriage and drove to the Girard House, but before reaching that place discovered that the money, which she had placed in her reticule, was lost.

The Hartford police have arrested an Irish woman who has long been known as a thief, and they find scattered about her house, beside a quantity of clothing, about \$600 in bills, \$250 in specie, and a bank book of \$150, the proceeds, without doubt, of her villainies.

The bones of Rev. Mr. Brooks, who perished in the snow on Salmon Mountain in California, have been found, and also a watch, a twenty dollar gold piece, and a package of tracts, which he had about his person when overtaken by the storm. He died almost in sight of shelter.

A mail robber was recently caught by the postmaster at Little Rock, Ark., in a novel manner. A clerk in the office was put in a mail-bag, and hung up on the wall, in such a manner that he could see any one who entered the office. The thief soon after entered, and was recognized and arrested.

The wife of a well known citizen in Cincinnati, in relating a painful history of her troubles to the Police Judge, stated that not a single word of conversation has passed between her and her husband for the past twenty years! They have lived in the same house together, and a part of the time dined at the same table.

The model for the equestrian statue of Washington which it is proposed to erect in Philadelphia, has been made by Ball Hughes of Boston. The model is now in Philadelphia, and the Bulletin says that "a gentleman who has examined most of the equestrian statues in Europe, assures us that it is one of the most beautiful works of the kind he has ever seen."

At a camp meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord. This was in accordance with a resolution of a conference of the denomination.

Dr. Randolph, a celebrated spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture on a Sunday recently, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat who has just returned from the Western Kansas gold mines, writes that there is no gold at Pike's Peak. The company he was with prospected five days and did not find a trace of gold. But in the region known as the Platte region, they found gold everywhere. He says the gold is abundant enough to pay for digging, but not over \$10 per day can be made.

At New Britain, Conn., lately, Frederick Westover, son of Amos Westover, was playing with an old gun barrel, and after touching it off the third time with a slow match, ran about twenty feet, when the barrel burst, and a small thin piece, about the weight of a cent, struck him on the side, over the heart, going through his clothes and just breaking the skin. The heart ceased its pulsations and the boy died in less than ten minutes.

A woman, formerly of Newark, N. J., but who, for the past year, has been living in Chicago, a few days since started, with a sick child in her arms, to return to Newark. When near Cleveland, Ohio, the child died in her arms. The mother, disconsolate, and far from friends, with scarcely money enough to reach home, rather than leave her babe among strangers, continued on her journey, and reached Newark, having carried the dead infant in her arms the entire distance.

The centenary birthday of Robert Burns is to be celebrated January 25th, at his birthplace, about two miles southward from the town of Ayr, and close by the kirk of Alloway, and the "Auld Brig o' Doon." Sir James Fergusson will occupy the chair, assisted by Professor Aytoun. This is as it should be; yet out from amidst every honor paid to the departed bard, there looks a picture of his life; worn, harassed, trampled out, by the mean miseries, which the great and rich of his own time never lifted a finger to relieve.

"An Engineer" suggests to an exchange paper the following means of extinguishing fires on board steamers: "Under each deck, along each passage way, in the engine room, in both cabins, fore and aft, close to the roof and out of the way, let there be carried a four inch lap, welded steam pipe, bored every twelve inches with inch holes; let this pipe be connected with the steam dome of the boiler by means of a flange cock (not a globe valve), which may be opened by a rod extending to the upper deck. In case of fire, all the passengers and crew being on deck, and the hatches closed, this cock being opened would instantaneously fill the vessel with steam from stem to stern, putting the fire out like the snuff of a candle. There is no better 'fire annihilator' than steam."

Sands of Gold.

.... Difficulty is the spur of love.—*Malherbe*.

.... The heart of a young woman in love is a golden sanctuary which often enshrines an idol of clay.—*Paulin Limayrac*.

.... One half, the finest half of life, is hidden from the man who does not love with passion.—*Henri Beyle*.

.... A failure of civility is not to be expected when he asks favors from one who is uncivil when he grants them.—*Bovee*.

.... I cannot conceive of not loving the being by whom one is loved, for the sole reason that he loves.—*George Sand*.

.... He who shrinks from the grave with too great a dread, has an invisible fear behind him pushing him into it.—*Bovee*.

.... Love is, I believe, an entirely personal poem. There is nothing which is not at once true and false in all that authors have written of it.—*Balzac*.

.... We degrade life by our follies and vices, and then complain that the unhappiness which is only their accompaniment is inherent in the constitution of things.—*Bovee*.

.... Love is like a charming romance which is read with avidity, and often with such impatience that many pages are skipped to reach the denouement sooner.—*Sylvain Maréchal*.

.... A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second; but I should suspect his emptiness if he carried on his reserve to a third.—*Colton*.

.... There is no being eloquent for Atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings—the clearest proof that it is out of its element.—*Hare*.

.... As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.—*Lacon*.

.... There are no little events with the heart. It magnifies everything: it places in the same scales the fall of an empire of fourteen years and the dropping of a woman's glove, and almost always the glove weighs more than the empire.—*Balzac*.

.... Love makes itself understood by the simplest beings; it bears with it a charm which moves the indifferent, and the eyes of two young lovers have a language whose sweetness penetrates even those who have never loved.—*Madame Desbordes-Valmore*.

Joker's Budget.

The safest route to New York is the *sound* route.

They have got a fast operator in Arkansas; he cuts up clover and hay, and sells it for black tea.

The tail is the canine indicator of joy. In caressing a strango dog you should always wait for the waggin.

There are two letters of the alphabet which have the power of transforming the word ample into a pattern. Which two are they? S and X: sample and xample.

Although the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob who pelt a poor fellow with eggs can properly be said to give him an ovation.

Mother.—Fanny, come here. What are you doing with that bottle of extract of pennyroyal? Fanny.—Why, you said, ma, it would drive away the ants. I want to see if I can't scare away Aunt Perlina.

The heaviest blow the militia system in Virginia has yet received, is recorded by a country paper, which states that a traveler going through the town mistook the militia, drawn up in line, for the chain gang.

A female correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a sight she saw lately, that made her smack her lips. It is certainly very melancholy if matters out West have got into such a condition that ladies have to "smack their own lips."

"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient. "There they are," replied the Irish cook, proudly. "It took me a long time to clane them; but I've done it, and thrown all the nasty insides into the strate."

Among the reasons given why one of the candidates for Congress in the western part of Pennsylvania should be elected, was that he was not a dandy, but had worn the same blue coat for twenty years, regardless of the changes of fashion.

"And where was the man stabbed, sir?" asked an excited man of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medium line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply. "O, yes; I understand now. But I thought it was near the court house."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after twelve years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, to an address, for \$3 50 a year.

Published every Saturday, by

M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

COLONEL JOHN G. BARR.

The writer of this anecdote was well acquainted with Colonel John Gorman Barr, late consul to Melbourne, Australia. He was a man of brilliant parts. With a mind stored with useful knowledge, he possessed social qualities that endeared him to all who had the good fortune to be thrown into his company. Among the many original good stories that he used to relate with a gusto peculiar to himself, I remember the following. Before I relate it, however, I will preface it by stating for the benefit of those who knew him not, that he was commander of the first Alabama company received by the government for the war with Mexico, and, for awhile, acting lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. His amiable temper, his generosity and his manly bearing, endeared him to his men to a remarkable degree.

During the "heated term" of the Presidential campaign of 1856, Captain Barr was called by his engagements to visit the northern part of Bibb county. The region not being familiar with him, darkness approaching, and the houses few and far between, he bethought him of seeking a lodging for the night. He reined up his horse in front of a house. There was a calf hitched to the gate, a spinning wheel on the piazza, and an old lady knitting. Everything looked quite snug. Captain Barr (although a remarkably modest man when he encountered the fair sex), ventured to inquire the chance of a night's lodging there. The good lady, after hesitating awhile, stated that her "old man" not being at home, she didn't like to take in strangers.

"How far is it to the next house?" inquired the gallant captain.

"About a mile?"

"Good evening, ma'am."

"Good evening." And the weary horse and rider plodded on.

Captain Barr rode along until he thought he had gone "about a mile," without seeing any house.

The captain gallantly apologized and promised more discretion. After awhile, the "old man" came in, and when he had rather gruffly saluted the stranger—entered into conversation. The more he looked at Barr, the more he looked perplexed. After one long and intent gaze, he started up, threw his arms around the neck of Barr, and bursting into tears, cried out: "Wife, it's him, it's him!"

"It's who?"

"Why Captain John G. Barr, God bless him."

Never was there such a revolution. All the chairs of the house were brought into requisition for the use of the captain. His horse was put up, not in the corn crib, but near by, the mother was all smiles and apologies, and never prepared a better supper in her life. Mine host was an old companion in arms.

A STORY OF NATURALISTS.

One of the most distinguished parties that have made a tour to the White Mountains the past season, was one composed principally of the *savans* connected with Harvard University. Among them was the famous Agassiz, always intent on scientific research; and there were the professors of botany, and geology, and chemistry, with Professor Felton, the well-known Grecian, and Dr. Holmes, the witty poet, and "Autoer of the Breakfast Table," was of the party, which was so numerous as to require a special conveyance for their transportation from Conway to the Crawford House. This conveyance was a large country wagon, drawn by a team of fine Green Mountain horses, and driven by a sturdy son of the Granite State. Felton sat on the front seat with the driver, and the rest of the company stowed themselves away in the body of the wagon as they most conveniently could, and so the distinguished party jogged cosily along the road to the Notch. The day was one of the finest of the season, and admirably adapted for such an excursion, and every one, after his speciality, seemed to

"O" quietly remarked our absorbed Grecian, "they are naturalists."

A few days after this, the same team was engaged for this identical trip by a party of Bostonians. None of them were particularly scientific in their tastes or habits, and they did not in any great degree share in the fondness for geological or botanical research which characterize the eminent gentlemen who had gone before them, and whom, being acquaintances and friends, they were expecting soon to meet among the mountains. As they rattled along the turnpike through the Notch, one of them said to the driver, who was delightedly ruminating on the contrast between his present orderly company and the troublesome party he had been so perplexed with a day or two before:

"Good deal of travel along here this summer, eh, driver?"

"Wal, considerable this week or so," was the reply.

"I suppose you have about as much as you can do, now-a-days, carrying people to the mountains?" continued the tourist.

"Pretty nigh," replied our Jehu of the wagon. "I had a queer party along, the other day—the last before you. I never see such a set of fellows!"

"What were they like?"

"Like? Like loonatieks, more than anything else I know on! Why, I thought I should never git up to Crawford's. Every once in a while they'd stop the team, and jump out and pick up a stone, or pull up a weed, then one of 'em would preach a long sermon, and when he'd done, all the rest would chatter over it; and it was e'enamost as much as I could do to git 'em into the wagon agin'; and it was daylight-down 'fore we gotter Crawford's."

"But who were these people?" inquired the whole company of listeners in a breath. "Didn't you find out?"

"Wal, not exactly. I axed their keeper who they were, and he told me they were *naturals*!"



VIEW IN ONE OF THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

He now began to think that he was indeed going "about a mile"—that is, going around a circle whose diameter was a mile. This thought proceeded from the tortuosity of the road. His cogitations were abruptly brought to a close by his arrival at the long-looked-for house. Custom being contagious, and the good people in that region being simple in their tastes and frugal in their wants, he was not surprised that at the gate a calf was hitched, and on the piazza a spinning-wheel stood, and in the door a lady knitting. According to the latter, he said: "Can I stay all night?"

The good lady intimated that her husband being absent she doubted the propriety of accommodating a stranger.

Disappointed, but nothing daunted, our hero inquired the distance to the next house.

"About a mile—but I've done told you that once before."

Perplexed beyond measure, he at length obtained permission to alight, hitch his horse, and rest himself on the piazza. The good lady eyed him with no expression of good-will, and being often accustomed to make the best of a bad bargain, the captain took a seat that was offered by no means graciously. In the yard he discovered a little light-haired boy peeping curiously at him around the corner of the house.

"Is that your son, madam?" he inquired of the good lady who was busy in her household duties, who answered him with a short, jerking "yes."

By some legerdemain of his own, the captain soon had the little fellow between his knees, talking quite socially.

"What's your name, my little man?"

"Captain John G. Barr, sir," promptly replied the lad.

"Well, I hope that you will be a better man than your namesake."

"What's that you say?" loudly interrupted the mother. "Don't you dar say anything agin Captain Barr in this house, if you expect to stay here all night when my old man comes home."

take the keenest delight in its incidents. Occasionally the geologist would spy out some curious conformation or remarkable specimen of rock, and would insist on the driver's stopping to allow him to alight and investigate it. This would often consume much time, while the geologist would descant to his companions upon the nature and peculiarities of his discovery, and it more than once occurred that the impatient Jehu was obliged to remind the deeply absorbed party that the day was wasting, and that they had a long ride before them. But scarcely had they resumed their seats in the wagon, before the botanist was struck with the apparition of an unfamiliar looking flower or plant by the way-side, of which not forthwith to possess himself were a grievous deprivation to himself, and it might be an irreparable loss to science. So there was another stop, followed by another general debarkation, another consultation of the *savans*, another scientific disquisition, and, of course, another protracted delay; of which last the honest driver (perplexed in the extreme to know what all these sudden stoppages and these mysterious consultations over pebbles and weeds could mean) was louder and more intense in his complaints, the oftener they occurred, the longer they lasted, and the nearer the party approached the end of the journey. In the height of his impatience, the depth of his despair, and the extremity of his perplexity, he turned to his companion on the box—for Professor Felton, I should remark, had taken no part in the scientific researches of his brethren, but had contented himself meanwhile with the quiet perusal of some favorite Greek poet, or with silently admiring the majestic scenery by which he was surrounded.

"What on earth's the matter with them men, squire?" somewhat petulantly demanded the bothered Jehu. "What are they about, stopping the team and jumping out every time they come across a loose stone or a big dandelion, or thistle, in the road? Who are they, anyhow, squire?" he exclaimed, in an agony of mingled curiosity and impatience.

Some laughing about this time, as you may reasonably suppose; but how was the merriment increased when the tale was told to the actual heroes of it, that night, at Crawford's!

VIEW IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS, INDIAN OCEAN.

The landscape sketch on this page was taken on the skirt of a forest of the famous Pandanus, or Serew Pine, on the seashore of one of the Nicobar islands. Besides the natural features of the scenery, we have here a spirited delineation of the natives, male and female, women and children, their curious conical habitations, and their buoyant and ingeniously-constructed canoes. The Nicobar islands consist of nine large islands and several smaller. The largest of these is called Great Nicobar, and is some twenty miles long and eight wide at its broadest part. Little Nicobar is not more than half this size. The islands in this group best known are Noncowry and Nicovari, which are only separated from each other by a strait, forming one of the best harbors in India, and in which vessels of the largest tonnage may safely ride. The islands are rocky, but covered with vegetation, although, owing to the few inhabitants—not more than some 4000—but few spots are cultivated. The climate is unhealthy for Europeans, owing to the dense forests, which cover large tracts of their surface. The soil is fertile, and produces some of the most delicious tropical fruits in abundance. The fruits consist of the pandanus, represented in the engraving, cocoa-nuts, papayas, bananas, limes, tamarinds, betel-nuts, and a species of bread fruit. The inhabitants cultivate yams and other roots. The pine-apple grows wild, producing fruit of the most exquisite flavor. The woods produce excellent timber. The sea abounds with fish, shell-fish and turtle. The inhabitants construct their houses near the seashore on piles some feet above the ground; in many cases the tide flows under them. The inhabitants on the coasts are of Malay origin, but the aborigines are of the Australian race of negroes.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

WILLIAM E. BURTON, ESQ., COMEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait of William E. Burton, Esq., the popular comedian and theatrical manager, was drawn by Homer, and engraved expressly for our Pictorial from a fine photograph recently taken by Silsbee, Case & Co. Mr. Burton's late engagement at the Boston Theatre was one of the most brilliant and triumphant that we remember. He came to this city at a time when theatrical business was universally dull, and when managers despaired of producing anything that would "draw." Under these circumstances, Mr. Burton made his appearance to a full house, and continued for a fortnight to play to overflowing and delighted audiences. Seats were secured with difficulty, and we venture to say that if the engagement had been prolonged to a month, the same results would have been manifested. Mr. Burton was born in England, about the commencement of the present century, and at an early age entered a printing-office, where he learned the mystery of Faust. We know not what mysterious connection there is between the composing-room and the stage, but certain it is that many eminent actors have stepped from the former to the latter. Among the distinguished ornaments of the stage, who in early life handled the composing-stick, was the celebrated George Frederick Cooke, the greatest actor of his time, and more lately Douglas Jerrold, actor, author and printer. Mr. Burton, when quite a young man, was fascinated by the stage, and resolved to devote his life to it. He accordingly enrolled himself in a provincial company in England, and was for many years subjected to the vicissitudes of a country actor's career—trials which nothing but stern resolution or the happiest temperament can endure. Thus was passed his theatrical apprenticeship. At length he began to be appreciated at Norwich, which boasted one of the most respectable provincial theatres in England, well managed, well supported, and possessing great representative talent. The subject of our sketch soon became a favorite with the Norwich audience, and whenever his benefit night came round, he was sure of a crowded house and smiling faces. In private life, his geniality, humor, wit and information rendered him equally popular. At length he determined to test the temper of a metropolitan audience, and accordingly secured an opportunity for an appearance in London. He need have entertained no fears for the result of his appeal; the verdict was emphatically in his favor; the press and the public unanimous. Mr. Burton came to this country in 1835, and has ever since been before the public as an actor or manager. In the latter capacity he met with many vicissitudes, in the former he always carried his audience with him. No man, as a comedian, ever more justly earned the name of artist—for he has made a life-long and conscientious study of his profession. In the literature of the stage, he is thoroughly versed; with the best living models he is well acquainted. He has collected the best dramatic library known to exist—a perfect treasury in that department of literature. We do not mean to infer that his library is solely dramatic, for Mr. Burton is a general reader and scholar. In proof of his literary abilities, we may refer to the "Gentleman's Magazine," which he established and conducted with rare ability and tact, and to his "Encyclopedia of

Wit and Humor," a work in two large 8vo. volumes, exhibiting great research and great taste. Mr. Burton's success as a manager dates from his connection with the Chambers' Street Theatre in New York, which he took when it was entirely run down, and completely resuscitated it. It soon became a favorite resort with the New Yorkers and with strangers in the city. Here, aided by a powerful corps, but himself the "star of the goodly company," were produced, not only the best standard plays in the best style, but a large number of original pieces, many of them written for the establishment by that indefatigable dramatist, John Brougham, long a prominent member of the company. Here he produced the "Serious Family," and the "Toodles," and "Dombey and Son," his "Aminadab Sleek," "Toodles," and "Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle,"

being such strongly individualized and genial performances, that it seemed as if his patrons would never tire of seeing them. Indeed the Friday night bill at the Chambers' Street Theatre for two years, was invariably the "Serious Family" and "Toodles." But farces, however attractive, were by no means the staple of the house. On the contrary, Mr. Burton brought out several of Shakspeare's plays, with splendid scenery and costumes, in the style of perfection inaugurated by Charles Kean in London. Among these successful revivals were "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tempest," and a "Midsummer Night's Dream." In the first named play, Burton performed "Falstaff" with the unction of a true comedian and the zest of a Shakspearean scholar. His "Sir Toby Belch," in the "Twelfth Night," was another Shakspearean character in which he excelled. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," his good taste and fidelity to the author, were noticeable in the manner in which "Puck" was brought on the stage, not as a graceful fairy, such as Mrs. Wood appeared at the Boston Theatre, but the misshapen, tawny and mischievous imp the great English dramatist depicts. Those initiated into the mysteries of the stage are aware how hard Mr. Burton must labor as a manager—the mass of the public can have but a faint conception of his task. He is a thorough business man, prompt and energetic, setting the example of attention to duty, and insisting upon it, though very companionable with his employees. The scene of his labors has been transferred from Chambers' Street to Broadway, Mr. Burton having become proprietor of the theatre first occupied by Laura Keane, before she took possession of her present establishment. Mr. Burton has probably many years of usefulness before him, as he is still a vigorous and healthy man. He has wisely provided the means of relaxation from the duties of his profession, having purchased a fine estate at Glen Cove, Long Island, in a salubrious situation, and furnished with all the *agremens* of a country life. In this place, the scene of generous hospitality and good cheer, he probably anticipates passing the decline of life, when the two-fold toil of manager and actor proves too great a burthen. That it may be long before this hour arrives, is the wish of the many thousands for whose happiness he has so successfully catered for so many years. In the present state of the drama we can ill spare so finished an artist as William E. Burton. It is no wonder that favorite actors and actresses are so enthusiastically cherished by the public, for the merit of an actor dies with him. There is no means of perpetuating the tones of the voice, the gestures, the magnetism of the stage. Historic fame, if more tangible and enjoyable than almost any other, is also the most fleeting. An actor's reputation is purely contemporary. The works of the painter are enduring for many generations, and are reproduced by kindred pencils, and so live forever. Traditional types perpetuate the creation of the poet, but the actor dies and leaves no sign. We know that Roscius lived—that Garrick was the idol of his contemporaries, but how they spoke, what was the secret of their fascination, we know not. It died with them—the grave broke the spell, and all that remains of them is the record of the effect produced on their contemporaries, which we can only measure by the standard of living genius among us.



WILLIAM E. BURTON, ESQ., COMEDIAN.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —OR— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Half an hour afterwards, Johann Spurzheim slept. The King Charles suddenly sprang from beneath the coverlid. A noise was heard at the door. The dog growled fiercely. Johann heard, for his sleep was light; but it was some minutes before he was fully awake. At last he succeeded in rousing himself, and turned on his side so that he could see the door. This opened. Terror froze the blood in Spurzheim's body. The little dog growled and sprang from the bed. There was the sound of a struggle; then silence. Two or three minutes of terrible agony followed. Johann recovered his self possession. All was quiet in his chamber. He turned the screw of the lamp; the chamber was filled with light. The door was open in reality, and the body of Barbara Spurzheim his wife lay on the threshold beside the strangled dog. Johann trembled in every limb; he raised himself as best he could and crawled to the spot. The left hand of Barbara tightly grasped the throat of the beautiful King Charles, which she had strangled, and so fiercely that blood streamed from its mouth. With this blood, with her right hand, she had traced some words on the wall. Johann read:

"In seven days, at this hour, I expect you in the infernal regions, assassin!"

Johann looked at the clock; it was just half past twelve.

"She knows the future!" murmured the director, raising himself and crawling back to his bed. "Poor Barbara! She wished to revenge herself—it frightens me. I shall live a hundred years! It is written!"

The carriage in which we left Athol, or Beldomonio, was borne at a gallop through the streets, then entered a magnificent palace court, situated near the centre of the Strada di Capodimonte. Beldomonio leaped quickly from the carriage. Lights flashed through the house. At the hour when Barbara and the King Charles spaniel, all that Johann Spurzheim loved in the world, died, lights appeared on the steps of the palace. The Chevalier Athol, in rich court dress, wearing the order of the Annunciade and cross of Isabella the Catholic, appeared, leading by the hand a veiled lady. Both entered a splendid carriage, and the Chevalier Athol said to Ruggieri, who sprang upon the box, dressed in gorgeous livery: "To the Doria palace!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ZINGARA GIRL.

It was winter; but the winter of Naples is like our balmy spring. A young girl and man stood talking together in the conservatory. The lady was dressed in a single robe of white muslin, trimmed with delicate wreaths of flowers. She wore neither domino nor mask, and her lovely, expressive features were perfectly visible by the soft light from the colored lamps hanging in the conservatory. The hand of the young girl rested gently upon the arm of her companion—a handsome man.

"Angelia," said the young man, "I am your brother and protector. I am head of the family of Doria-Doria. Allow me to speak to you like our father, whom God has called to himself."

"Loredan, my dear brother, you may speak."

"Sister, you are young, rich and very beautiful, and the highest noble in the court next to the Bourbon. I have long sought for your equal as a husband, but I have failed. There is a menace suspended over this house of Doria. My heart tells me to watch—"

Voices were heard in the garden.

"Her royal highness wishes for the Countess Doria."

Angelia rose as if to obey this call. Her brother gently detained her.

"Do you love this prince to whom you are affianced?"

"I love him as much as I am capable of loving; if you have anything to say against him, my brother, I shall refuse to listen to you!"

"Is it you who speak so, sister?" stammered Doria.

"It is I, brother; it is the Princess Coriolani!"

"You are not yet Princess Coriolani!" said Loredan, in a low voice.

"There is nothing to prevent me from becoming so now, and whoever strives to do it, will become my mortal enemy! Brother, you are good, you are noble, you love me; I cannot understand your meaning, and I do not wish to—"

Near the two young people a dry laugh was heard. Opposite to them was a rich sort of hedge of camellias, seen through the wide open door. A domino, whose slow, heavy steps announced great age, passed among the trees at the foot of a statue of Venus di Medici. He paused a moment. Angelia and Loredan saw him write a few words on his tablets hastily. He clapped his hands three times; a masked man appeared from an adjoining path and received the paper.

"The old man is Massimo Dolci, the court banker; but the other I do not know," murmured Loredan Doria.

The old man said to his masked companion, "It is necessary that they know that—and immediately. Go, I will wait for them here."

A few minutes after, Massimo Dolci was surrounded by three men—Colonel San Severo, Andrea Visconti Armellino and Ercole Pisani. Massimo Dolci and his three companions conversed together in a low voice. Conspicuous above all was the grand old head of the banker.

After a few minutes' conversation the men separated, each going in a different direction. Loredan Doria watched them with a bitter smile on his handsome lips.

"The prince royal and king himself must be bewitched," murmured he, "since three or four adventurers are now among the first nobles of the kingdom!"

"I do not know them, and consequently do not defend them," replied Angelia; "I know Fulvio and I defend him."

"You know him!" repeated Loredan; but he did not utter the scornful words on his lips. He paused, then said in gentle, sad tones: "Poor cherished child! you are our joy and pride. I have nothing against you, darling sister. That man rules you as he does everybody else. And I, I was once his friend—"

"Why are you so no longer?"

"Because you love him, sister," answered the young man, unhesitatingly. Then he went on. "Sister, we are alone in this world; we are rich, we are powerful, but God never gives all together, and we have no parents. You do not know how many times that I, a young man, have sat beside your cradle, sad and despairing. I have looked at you smiling calmly in your sleep with tears in my eyes. Angelia, I love you better than anything else in this world; better than the young girl to whom I am betrothed."

Tears sparkled in Angelia's eyes. She kissed her brother's hand.

"It is not jealousy that makes me speak to you, dear sister; though I love you enough to be jealous; but it is not that, I swear it, and you know I never lie! Only I have had the foresight for you which I wanted for myself. I have looked that man to whom I gave my friendship in the face. I have seen, I know not, what shadow on his brow; I trembled; I inquired into his past life; could learn nothing of him."

"I will answer for his past, brother," quietly answered Angelia.

"You are a woman—women easily believe those they love. You are young—youth is easily deceived."

"The king is an old man, brother; the prince royal is a man! I can only say that they love him. I too love him."

"Is this love very strong and deep, my darling sister?"

Angelia did not answer, for she was a prey to some violent emotion. Her lips grew pale, and tears filled her eyes. She said:

"I suffer and wish to die! I wish to die," repeated she, "for his love alone can save me."

Loredan drew her affectionately towards him and kissed her.

"Save you from what, Angelia?"

Angelia hesitated. Two or three times her beautiful lips parted, as if she was about to speak; but suddenly she raised her head and asked with a provoking air, "My brother, what were you doing last night at the corner of Rue Mantou and the Grand Piazzetta, opposite the house they call the Hotel Folquieri?"

Loredan trembled violently, and remained motionless. Angelia raised herself. He did not try to detain her this time.

"There is an enigma in me," said she, smiling, "which you can never guess. I lose time. I suffer, but do not fear for the honor of our name; I will look to that."

She disappeared, light as a sylphide. A low laugh was heard among the trees. Loredan bounded to his feet.

"It is that demon Nina!" murmured he.

"Count," said a voice near him, "I am glad to find you alone."

The new-comer was one of ten dominoes who had been holding counsel together in a far corner of the elegant garden. It was the same whom Angelia had heard say, "If it cost me my life and my honor, I will dishonor or kill that man."

Angelia knew not who was to be insulted or killed, but she recognized the speaker. It was her cousin, the Marquis Malatesta. Loredan turned towards him.

"What do you want of me, Cousin Malatesta?"

"I wish to ask you two things, Cousin Doria. First, have you pleaded my cause with Angelia?"

"I have."

"And the result?"

"Angelia will never be your wife."

Malatesta smiled a proud yet bitter smile.

"I will pass to the second question, Cousin Doria," said he.

"The king is master everywhere; but you are master in your own house. Will it displease you if an arrest is made in the name of the king, this night, in your palace?"

"If it is for the true service of the king," said Loredan, "I consent, conditionally. If it is a ministerial affair, I refuse."

"It is for the king. Your condition?"

"That the person menaced be not my friend nor—"

"He is your enemy!"

"I was going to add, Cousin Malatesta, nor my enemy."

"When you know his name—"

"I guess it. You shall not have my sister, Marquis Malatesta. We are Dorias, and do not love those who fight in that manner."

"I have fought Fulvio Coriolani with the sword."

"Very well; you were vanquished. Perhaps my fate will be the same, Cousin Malatesta; but if Fulvio Coriolani is attacked in my house, I will defend him with the sword!"

Underneath a wide-spreading tree sat two young girls; both beautiful, though the style was very different. One was tall, fair and blue-eyed, with the air and manner of a queen, and the smile of an angel. The other was small, dark-haired and dark-eyed; black arching eyebrows, retroussie nose and sparkling complexion, gave her the air and manner of a mischievous fairy. Her figure

was very small, but exquisitely proportioned and graceful. The tall, elegant girl was Angelia Doria, whom we have seen before. The other was that Nina whom Loredan called a demon. Angelia and Nina were seated at the foot of a beautiful statue. Nina was the niece of old Massimo Dolci, court banker. She was first lady of honor to her royal highness the princess of Salerno, wife of King Ferdinand's second son.

"I have just finished reading a fine book; it is the romance of Amadis of Gaul. I will tell you of it. It will serve to amuse you. The beautiful Orianna must have looked like you; Lisvard was king of Great Britain, magnanimous and faultless, like your brother Loredan."

"Are you making fun of my brother, Nina?"

"God forbid, highness. This Lisvard had a daughter, who was the eighth wonder of the world, the divine Orianna, whom you resemble. This Lisvard did not wish Orianna to marry the terrible Amadis, of whom our beautiful Fulvio is the living portrait; but the Princess Mabilie, whom I resemble a little—"

"For gracious sake, Nina, speak seriously!"

"Do you love me only half as much as I love you, proud girl?"

Angelia looked at her in astonishment, and answered:

"You know well, Nina, that I love you very dearly."

"That is not enough," exclaimed the petulant girl.

"I can say no more, Nina, but I will prove it. I have a secret to confide to you."

The beautiful Zingara girl sprang to her feet; then knelt before the young countess, laying her head on her knees.

"Secrets!" said she; "ah, I know many secrets. But before you go on, countess, tell me what said King Lisvard when you spoke to him of the Rue Mantou and the Hotel Folquieri?"

"He turned pale."

"Poor King Lisvard! if he was only as prudent as he is handsome and brave! Handsome, brave and generous! But the horizon darkens around us, Angelia, darling; and if the wise fairy Urganda is to protect us, she must hasten."

"When will you speak intelligibly?" murmured the young countess, impatiently.

"Beautiful Orianna," replied the Zingara, "why have you scorned to hear my story? There was, besides those people I have mentioned, a wicked monster, who was called Endriaqua, and who made me think of our venerable Johann Spurzheim. Amadis strangled Endriaqua, but that was right."

"In the name of heaven, Nina!" began Angelia.

The Zingara raised herself suddenly, and threw her arms round the white neck of the young countess, while she sang a pretty little Calabrian song. Her voice faded away, and rousing herself, she took her former place beside the Countess Doria. Her face became serious.

"I am his sister," said she; "he is part of myself. When we were small, he struggled one day to free me from the attacks of a savage Apennine dog. He struggled bravely, and succeeded in killing the fierce brute. Our hearts were roused. Countess, you are more beautiful than I, but your love is not so deep. He does not need me in order to be happy; may he be happy without me! When the day of suffering and death comes, I shall be there to suffer and die with him."

"What do you mean, Nina?" said Angelia, lowering her eyes. Nina laughed.

"I am proud," said she, gaily; "but beautiful Orianna, there is nothing new under the sun! I am as old as the world. My portrait is in a tinder-box. Don Quixote, the cure, his governor knew me three hundred years ago."

She interrupted herself to take the attitude of a story-teller.

"Amadis, son of Perion, king of the Gauls, and Orianna, daughter of Lisvard, that Urganda, the sage, named Esplandian, because he was as beautiful as the sun. There was a beautiful girl called Carmella; see my portrait, Angelia; she was as beautiful as the young tiger of the Indies, graceful and wild. She was like the Australian serpent, which fascinates troops of birds. Esplandian fell asleep under the trees; Carmella found him there. In his sleep he murmured a name, and the beautiful Carmella wept, for it was not her name. Carmella followed Esplandian; Carmella loved him, and asked only to be with him when he died."

"You are unhappy, dear Nina," said Angelia, caressingly.

"No," answered the Zingara, brushing the tears from her bright eyes; "no, for I see him every day. It is enough—I can wait my time."

A long silence followed these words. Suddenly Nina raised her head and said, "I know what you are thinking of, Angelia."

"Really?" asked Angelia, and she trembled.

"You were thinking of the garden of the Pamfili palace, at Palermo, and what he said to you in the waltz."

The young girl lowered her eyes. Nina thought she was weeping.

"O, you love him! you love him!" said Nina, passionately. "It seems sometimes as if I would give every drop of my blood to be you!"

Angelia's face grew very sad.

"There are times," murmured she, "when I would give all I possess if he loved you." Then she added abruptly, "Answer me, Nina, how long have you treated me like a child? Why did my brother tremble when I spoke to him of the Rue Mantou and Hotel Folquieri?"

"Curious!" murmured the Zingara; "it was not Fulvio of whom you were thinking?"

"Answer my question!"

"The Count Loredan Doria trembled when you spoke to him of Rue Mantou and Hotel Folquieri, because true love, deep fervent love, love such as he has never felt before, has found a hole in his cuirass—"

"What is it?" asked Angelia, smiling.
 "It is destiny!" pronounced, very slowly, the Zingara.
 "Do I know the person?"
 "Perhaps yes, perhaps no. You have seen her. You have perhaps forgotten her."
 "Her name?"
 "She has no name to day; but to-morrow she may have one as proud as your own."
 "How long is it since you became a fortune-teller, Nina?" asked Angelia, looking at the serious face of her companion and laughing heartily.
 "Longer than you think, countess. It is enough for you to know that the august Loredan, your brother, the man who thinks that the marriage of his sister with Fulvio Coriolani would be a mesalliance, has fallen in love with a poor young girl, who, with her brother, live in an attic room of the Hotel Folquieri. I always have said lovers were fools."
 "Is she beautiful?" asked Angelia.
 The eyes of Nina scanned the face of her companion.
 "There is no one as beautiful as you, countess," said she; "but this young girl is exquisitely lovely. If I loved, I should be afraid of her."
 "And have you no fear of me?" said Angelia, smilingly.
 Nina was grave.
 "Listen, if I said she, lowering her voice to a whisper, "what Fulvio does not know himself, I know. I can look into his heart better than he. For a long time I was but a reflection of his life. I do not feel afraid of that, young girl, for myself; I fear for you."
 Angelia looked at her friend silently, then repeated the same words she had said to her brother: "Then I shall die, for his love alone can save me!"
 The astonishment of the Zingara was equal to that of Loredan. Like him she demanded, "Save you from what?"
 Before the countess could answer, a shade fell on the pedestal of the statue. Then a man clothed in black, and masked, appeared; he walked slowly and cautiously. The Zingara placed her hand over her companion's lips. The new comer tried to see if there was any one in the grotto; the shade deceived him—he did not see the two young girls. He stopped twenty paces from them, a little to the right. He then drew off his mask to cool his face, and a stifled cry rose to the lips of the Zingara.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONFESSION.

From their seat the two young girls could plainly see the face of the domino; he was a young man, but pale as marble. His attitude clearly showed that he thought himself unobserved.
 "Do you know that man?" asked Angelia.
 Nina placed her finger on her lips, but nodded in the affirmative.
 Just then a noise was heard. The man replaced his mask hurriedly, and at that moment a hand was laid on his shoulder from behind. Angelia distinctly heard these words: "Iron is strong and charcoal is black—"
 The other answered in a low voice, and they both left hurriedly. As they passed, the light beside the statue fell full upon the face of the second man, and Angelia recognized him as the intendant of the royal police, Andrea Visconti Armellino.
 "What do you say to that?" asked she.
 "You will see this night, countess," replied Nina, "many inexplicable things."
 "Was I deceived? Was it not the Signor Armellino?"
 "It was he."
 "And the other?"
 "The other is a man who revenges himself."
 "On whom?"
 "On you, on me, on all who love Prince Fulvio Coriolani."
 "Explain yourself, Nina."
 "Have you hidden nothing, ungrateful girl! I ought to hate you; but I do not, I love you dearly. You are a prisoner and a slave in this, your proud palace. Your destiny, as well as that of others, will be decided this night. You can know nothing, neither attack nor defend yourself. In this strange tragedy, the prologue of which is played far from here, and the last scenes of which will fall upon our eyes like a flash of lightning, you have no part. You are like those princesses in fairy tales, always exposed, but always protected by the good geniuses who watch them."
 "Listen! listen!" cried Angelia.
 A dull noise was heard outside. Nina listened as eagerly.
 "It is not the prince yet," said Nina; "some news from Castel Vecchio."
 "What news? do you know?"
 "The noble crowd which fill your saloons and gardens," said Nina, carelessly, "resemble more than you think the poor, ragged crowd through which I passed to-night. I took a ride after supper upon the Piazza Marinella. There was a great tumult round the Madelini bridge, where a corpse had been found. They said that the dead man was Prince Fulvio. I opened the window of my carriage, and throwing my purse among the crowd, said: See what Prince Fulvio Coriolani gives his faithful people to prove that he is not dead! The joyful cry of those poor men ascended to heaven, and my carriage was surrounded. A hundred voices demanded where he was; at the Doria palace, where he attends his betrothal to the lovely Countess Angelia, I answered."
 The young countess grasped her arm.
 "Did you say that?"
 "Of course," answered Nina, quietly; "and now all Naples believes that the betrothal is going on under the auspices of the king and court. Your haughty brother will have to give in to us! The people are for us, the court is for us; I know not what

jealousy urges him to the struggle—
 little farther from the Madelini bridge another crowd was to be seen. A Two names were in everybody's mouth, Coriolani and Altamonte."
 Even as she spoke, in the far distance there was a cry of "Altamonte! Altamonte!"
 "I begin to think that Fulvio makes it late," murmured she.
 Angelia turned slightly pale, but her voice was steady as she answered: "Leaving me, the prince told me that to-morrow I should know all, and bade me not be uneasy; but if you are afraid—"
 "No no," said Nina, "I have no fear! all will be done well. If there is a battle, so much the better; he will conquer. Why did you say just now, Angelia," abruptly asked Nina, "that he alone could save you?"
 "Did I say that?"
 "Yes, and I ask why, when the doctor is near at hand?"
 "What doctor?"
 "Doctor Pierre Falcone, who has sworn to kill Fulvio."
 "And you speak calmly of such a thing!" exclaimed Angelia, shuddering.
 "There are twenty who have sworn the same oath," replied the Zingara, in a disdainful tone; "twenty who will die. But answer my question, quick!"
 Angelia looked embarrassed; she wished to speak, but dared not. Finally she sobbed out: "Ah, Nina, if you know; yet I cannot, dare not tell you! I have done nothing; I am a fool! She has a brother—"
 "Who has a brother?" asked Nina, smiling.
 "The young girl—the young girl who lives in the Hotel Folquieri. O, Nina, I do not love him! no, I am ready to swear it! How can I love him since he belongs to God? I do not love him—but I am miserable! I do not love him. Fulvio! Fulvio! I love, I know I love him. How can I love the young saint? The waltz you spoke of. Ah, Nina, I heard no words; I saw only a pale, handsome face; a grave, quiet figure. The words that my partner spoke I put into those pale lips. When the waltz was ended, my wicked dream was ended. I awoke; I heard his kind words, and I know I love him."
 "Then if you love him, why do you think and speak of the brother of this young girl?" asked Nina.
 "Because I suffer, Nina—because the absence of Fulvio leaves me defenceless—when he is not by me I begin to doubt myself. How can I explain myself? Have pity on me, Nina, for I suffer. Listen, I will tell you all; "I have seen this young girl—in my opinion she is far more beautiful than I, because there is such an innocent, confiding expression in her face. I saw her at the hospital for the poor; I asked who she was. They told me she was the young saint's sister."
 "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Zingara.
 "Do not laugh!" commanded Angelia; "I will suffer no mockery when he is concerned. When I heard that answer, I wished to see this young saint; he was pointed out, kneeling before the altar. His long wavy brown hair fell over his shoulders, over the threadbare cloak. I could not help comparing him to the brilliant prince, my future husband. They call him the young saint, because early and late he is at his prayers, and nearly every night watches beside the bed of some poor sufferer. I said he was kneeling—his back was turned towards me. I envied him his faith, his sincere devotion. Suddenly the clock struck the hour; he rose and came towards me."
 "He is handsome?" asked Nina.
 Angelia was very pale, and her voice trembled.
 "Seems to me I dream. You ask if he is handsome. I saw a man, younger than Fulvio, and—and more beautiful; Fulvio pure and timid. Listen! my heart beats as I never felt it before. I do not love him, no, Nina, no; it was because he looked like Fulvio, was it not? Julian saw me, for I stood just under the lamp. When our eyes met, he staggered, as if struck by a blow—he stopped—he turned pale; then lowering his eyes, as if fearing to look at me, like a shadow he fled."
 "Is that all?"
 "No. A remembrance was awakened in me. It was not the first time I had seen that glorious face. Last year, in our journey through Calabria, Loredan and I stopped at the inn of Corpo Santo."
 "Was it he who fired upon the assassins?" asked Nina, quietly.
 Angelia opened her eyes wide with astonishment, but she answered, "No, it was his lovely sister. O, Nina, Nina, I must not love him, for he is vowed to God! I am sure I do not love him. I love him—no, I love Fulvio."
 Just then the grotto was filled with a sudden tumult. A hundred detonations were heard at once.
 "The fireworks!" cried Nina; "they were not to go off till the arrival of his majesty; the king is there."
 "And Fulvio?"
 "Fulvio is probably searching for you. Come, let us hasten!"
 They took hold of hands like two school-girls, and left the grotto. Near the entrance was a man. Angelia recognized him as the masked man who had been joined by Visconti Armellino. In passing near him, the Zingara said in a light, sarcastic tone: "Good evening, most learned doctor, Pierre Falcone!"
 The two girls had replaced their masks upon leaving the grotto. The man whom the Zingara saluted as Pierre Falcone remained immovable.
 "He has not moved, Nina; you were mistaken in the person," said Angelia.
 "I will soon make sure," said Nina; and she stepped up to the domino, and taking his hand, according to the rite described by us several times, she said in a whisper: "Iron is strong and charcoal is black!"

She received no answer; only the masked man showed her his sword, which was an iron ring. Nina recoiled. She walked mistaken. But she said, "You were right; I was mistaken? He is the physician of Barbara?"
 "What has happened? He has stolen his ring of Silence!"
 She turned again to look at the masked man, but he had disappeared. The aspect of the garden had changed very much—it was now brilliantly lighted by the splendid fireworks. Angelia trembled, for she noticed the crowd were not much occupied with the brilliant spectacle, but seemed agitated, uneasy; they spoke low. As the two girls passed through the crowd, they heard such remarks as these:
 "Count Doria is sad. The king has not come unless he is incognito. The prince royal has not been seen. Coriolani has not reappeared. The friends of Malatesta are waiting for him. What is going to happen to-night?"
 Suddenly a general rumor circulated through the crowd. At the current name, Nina, the brave, careless Nina, trembled, but only for a moment. This name was Porporato.
 "Porporato has been assassinated," said some one, "yesterday evening. In his prison! In the street! They drew him from his dungeon then? He escaped. Has his corpse been found? Was the Baron Altamonte really Porporato? Who dealt the blow? the police? the Companions of Silence?"
 All these remarks and unanswered questions, Angelia Doria and Nina heard as they sought the ball room.
 The palace was a magnificent building. The exterior was ornamented with richly carved white marble pillars and balustrades. The interior was equally elegant, white marble pillars, frescoed walls richly gilt, rich paintings and exquisite statuary.
 Every one knew that the king of Naples was to be present in disguise; no one had seen him, but he was come, it was sure, as his arrival was to be the signal for the discharge of fireworks. The rooms were crowded. Before the coming of the splendid Prince Fulvio Coriolani, such men as Malatesta, Sampieri, Mereschachi, Vespuccio Pitti, Colonna, Ziani and others had shone, but the prince came, and their light was but secondary. They hated the young prince for that. It was evident that Malatesta was the principal actor in the scene to be played; his companions surrounded and encouraged him. It appeared that the part to be played was difficult, for he said, "I would rather have him here, face to face. I do not like attacking men from behind, Sampieri."
 "You were not fortunate when you attacked him face to face, signor," said young Colonna.
 "Peace, Colonna," said Sampieri; "and you, Malatesta, listen to me; the lot falls to you, and you must give the final stroke. If your heart fails you, say so, and we will place our names in the urn and draw again."
 Malatesta answered, "He among you who deems himself braver than I, has only to come to the little gate, the right of the Capua gate. If he returns from it, he can give you the last news concerning me!"
 "Take care, marquis!" said Gravina and Ziana at once. "Those who boast are often afraid."
 Sampieri interposed again.
 "He means not to boast; all the world can testify to his bravery. All we need is firmness, sang-froid, presence of mind and a light heart. Marquis, have you all that at this present moment?"
 "I have all that," replied Malatesta.
 "Show us your face," said Vespuccio Pitti, of Florence, "for your voice trembles, and you do not stand perfectly steady on your legs."
 Malatesta stepped back and raised his head. Sampieri again stopped him. It was easy to see that these young fools were exciting Malatesta, as the *torridors* do the bulls in the ring. He tore off his mask by a convulsive movement; his face was livid, but his eyes flashed. He was a handsome young man, of twenty-four or five years; but for the lines engraven in his face by dissipation and bad passions, his likeness to his cousin Loredan Doria would have been striking. The goad was no longer necessary, each saw that well; the bull was sufficiently excited. Sampieri smiled under his mask, seeing the foam that rested on the livid lips of his companion, and the dark circles which surrounded his eyes.
 "Well, marquis, well," said he, extending his hand to him, "I know, if the rest don't, that the son of your father cannot tremble."
 "I forbid you to speak of my father here!" murmured Malatesta; and he lowered his eyes, for he thought of his noble, honorable father, whose name he this night would dishonor.
 "But," added he, "if my father had had this man to deal with, he would perhaps have acted like me!"
 "Certainly! certainly!" cried all; "our cause is good, marquis, have no scruples!"
 One o'clock sounded from the tower of the palace.
 "It is time," said Sampieri; "the king may retire."
 Two or three voices demanded, "Marquis, are you ready?"
 "I am ready," replied Malatesta.
 "Have you your lesson perfect?"
 "If my memory does not fail me," said Malatesta, with a bitter smile, "will you not be there to prompt me, my good brothers?"
 There was a slight hesitation in the group. The marquis passed his hand across his face, which was bathed with perspiration.
 "You tremble violently, Malatesta," murmured the Pitti. And another said, "Malatesta, you dare not!"
 He raised himself to his full, proud height.
 "Signors," said he, proudly, and with a certain accent of nobleness in his voice, "you have detested this man longer than I. If he had not robbed me of the love I prize, I know I should have been his friend. It is not only that my blood has reddened the blade of his sword—he has robbed me of my happiness. Let me

pale if I am ashamed—let me tremble if I am afraid. One can strike while trembling; I swear that I will strike!"

All the hands sought the long-prepared battle. A movement along the crowd, and the young men separated, going to different parts of the building. In the farthest salon was the greatest crowd; in the next was the court. The wide doors were flung open, so it seemed like one room. Sampieri, who was to reply to Malatesta when he made his accusation, kept by him and entered the last room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STARTLING ACCUSATION.

ALL the people were speaking of Prince Fulvio Coriolani. Immediately, when Malatesta and his friend entered the salon, he began to speak in a loud tone, as if in the midst of a discussion.

"If you do not believe me," said he, "I will prove it!"

"How can you prove it, marquis?" asked Sampieri, in an equally loud tone.

Some indifferent people turned their heads, but said nothing, because they saw it was two half-drunken young men. The rest of the company went on, regardless of the little quarrel. The curious listened. Suddenly Malatesta cried: "A thousand ounces of gold if you wish!"

"Two thousand, if that pleases you more!" replied Sampieri.

"What is it? what is it?" asked several.

"I tell you that I know it," replied Malatesta, with a look of bitterness.

"Sampieri maintains that he has a right to call himself so," said Colonna, coming to the rescue in his turn; "Malatesta pretends to the contrary."

The attention was at last raised, and some one asked, "Of whom do they speak?"

"Eh!" said Andrea Colonna, "do you not know?"

"They speak," said Vespuccio Pitti, shrugging his shoulders, "of Prince Fulvio Coriolani."

"It is absurd!" said Ziani, contemptuously. And Gravina added sententiously: "Marquis Malatesta will never correct that!"

"Ah, indeed!" cried Malatesta, "is he not here? If he was, you would see the face he would make!"

"Do not insult the absent," said Count Balbi.

"If Signor Balbi wishes to become the defendant of a miserable wretch and a bandit," cried Malatesta, in a loud voice, "he is free to do so; I sustain my remarks."

The attention of the court was awakened; hundreds drew near to listen. The princess of Salerno, like others, demanded the cause of the disturbance.

"If it please your highness," replied Count Mareschalchi, bowing respectfully, "they accuse the Prince Fulvio Coriolani with having stolen his name."

"And who dares advance such a startling accusation?" asked Maria Clementine of Austria, princess of Salerno.

"It is the cousin of Loredan; it is Giulio Doria D'Angri, Marquis Malatesta."

"Does he say that seriously?" asked Baron Castro Giovanni.

"Very seriously, highness; he says other things graver still."

All the faces of the court ladies flashed with indignation. Angolia Doria turned very pale. As to Signora Nina Dolei, whom one would think would be as indignant as any, she appeared perfectly calm. She leaned carelessly on the arm of the couch on which her friend sat, and maintained a smiling, radiant, unconcerned face. Few knew her thoroughly. Under that calm, smiling manner her heart was like a volcano. The fan she held in one hand was in pieces; those delicate jewelled fingers had crushed the wood. Her lips were bright and smiling, but the color in each cheek glowed like a spot of fire. In appearance only was she indifferent. There were three others equally calm, outwardly, if not inwardly. These were Andrea Visconti Armellino, superior intendant of the royal police, the court banker Massimo Dolci, Nina's uncle, and the Chevalier Ercolo Pisani. Behind them stood Colonel San Severo, who, on the contrary, seemed a prey to some violent emotion.

"Where is this brave marquis?" said the princess of Salerno; "this scandal must be stopped."

"If your royal highness desires," began Castro Giovanni, but he did not finish. A hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a voice murmured in his ear, "I am here, signor, and I listen!"

He recognized Loredan Doria, masked and mingled in the court ranks.

Meanwhile, the desultory conversation had dropped, and silence reigned so that the two principal speakers could be heard. The court itself, in spite of its predilection for the handsome Fulvio, listened attentively.

"I am sorry," said Malatesta, sarcastically, "that the thing has gone so far. My intention was not to bring a public accusation—"

"You will not bring it far," said San Severo, between his teeth.

"You have said too much, marquis," said the Venetian Ziana, "not to either retract or give us proofs."

"You speak haughtily, Signor Ziana," said Malatesta. "I speak as I ought."

"Reflect."

"I reflect upon the place I am in. Each one in this palace has united more than once the name of the person you insult, with the cherished name of the Countess Angolia Doria."

"That is true! that is true!" exclaimed several; "Ziana is right!"

"Ziana is wrong!" said others; "why bring the name of the Countess Doria into this rattle-brained quarrel?"

Sampieri said, in an under tone, "Courage, marquis, the princesses listen!" Then he added aloud, "You have talked a good deal, Malatesta, yet you have said nothing!"

"I have accused," replied Malatesta, "the pretended Prince Fulvio Coriolani with having led the same life as the rascal who is to be executed to-morrow."

"O, O," exclaimed many voices, "for shame! Compare Fulvio to the false Baron Altamonte!"

"Were they not friends?" cried Malatesta.

"Corpo di Bacco!" groaned San Severo, behind his three colleagues, "I shall die of rage if you do not let me strangle him!"

"It is the order of the master," said Massimo Dolci, half turning towards him.

The princess of Salerno trembled with rage. That scene, in presence of so many assembled princesses and nobles, was inexplicable. It was not chance. Angolia was very pale, and she whispered hurriedly in the ear of the princess, "Madame, my brother Loredan Doria is the enemy of Prince Fulvio Coriolani!"

The princess understood her, and looked round to find some high dignitary, who could execute her orders. Nina, her favorite lady of honor, who still leaned gracefully upon the arm of the chair, said, "Highness, if you will permit me to advise you, I would tell you to keep silence."

"Can I suffer it in my presence?" began the proud Austrian.

"Highness," interrupted the Zingara, "the prince, your husband, is there; I saw him."

"If the prince of Salerno deems it proper to be silent, the—"

"The prince royal is present also," again interrupted Nina.

"Never mind."

"Highness, look well; the king stands behind the Marquis Malatesta."

The princess fell back in her chair, stupefied. She had recognized the king. It was easy to see that the feelings of the assembly had changed. They listened with a sort of curious interest, no longer mingled with rage.

"When the absent are accused," said Andrea Colonna, "vague allegations are not sufficient."

"Are you the defender of Coriolani, Andrea Colonna?" said Malatesta. "I will answer you. My vague allegations shall become positive facts. But to plead a cause, there must be a tribunal. I hope his royal highness, King Ferdinand, is here. I will speak before the king."

All the world knew the king was present, but etiquette commanded that unless the king chose to reveal himself, no voice could say, "the king is here!"

The king himself, the old man draped in a black velvet domino, who was behind the marquis, touched him on the shoulder, and said in an under tone:

"Marquis, you have judges here. Since you wish to speak before the king, speak!"

It was the part of the marquis to feign surprise; but he had not time to do much of that acting, for the king continued, "Do not turn round, and finish quick; I am in a hurry!"

There was agitation in the king's voice. Malatesta felt it. He turned half round involuntarily, in spite of the king's command. He looked towards Sampieri, his companion, for courage; and having paused a moment, he began:

"Since those around me desire that I explain myself, I will do so, though I am not well prepared, and am a poor speaker. I have only one wish, which is, that Coriolani would appear, that I might condemn and dishonor him before you all. His nocturnal adventure is finished; he is at liberty now. If he has any friends here, let them warn him, that he may come."

"I have said, and I repeat that Fulvio Coriolani has stolen his name. I have said, and I repeat it, that Fulvio Coriolani is a malefactor disguised as a gentleman, the accomplice of Baron Altamonte, a member of that mysterious and sanguinary association—the Companions of Silence!"

A stifled cry was heard from the part of the salon where the ladies of the court sat. It was Angolia Doria, who had nearly fainted. Nina Dolci caught her in her arms and whispered in her ear, "Fear nothing!"

Loredan Doria, who had quitted his place, made a step towards his sister. He had unmasked since the king commanded Malatesta to speak.

The Marquis Malatesta pronounced these words in a clear, assured tone of voice. The assembly listened, astonished, silent. The king listened, immovable.

Opposite to the king stood, perfectly motionless, impassive, Armellino, Ercolo Pisani, and the wealthy Massimo Dolci. Colonel San Severo, on the contrary, murmured, "What next will he say? Corpo di Bacco! I shall have to cut his tongue out. But if he is a police spy you ought to know, Corner!"

Armellino, answering to the name of Corner, commanded him to be silent, in the name of the master. A few steps from him, Doctor Pierre Falcone followed the commands of Johann Spurzheim—he watched. Malatesta looked proudly round the assembly, then went on in a calm, deep tone.

"You were surprised, signors and signoras, to see Fulvio Coriolani leave the fete of which he was the star, the hero. He had no choice but to leave. The brotherhood to which he belongs, punishes the least disobedience with death. He received a message after supper; he from that time belonged to me; I followed him, I know what he did."

"What did he do?" asked the king.

"All the world knows," replied Malatesta, "that a man has been assassinated upon the Marinella wharf, near the Madclini bridge. Report said that this man was Fulvio Coriolani; the improvisatore on the public square said so. Here, even, in this



THE CAREER OF INDUSTRY.

"What of that?" exclaimed Sampieri; "who among us has not shaken hands with him?"

"There is just as much difference between Coriolani and Altamonte, as there is between a white bonnet and a bonnet white."

Just then two persons gained the first rank of listeners. Both were dressed in dominoes and were masked; one was bent with age, the other was erect and tall. A third placed himself near Colonel San Severo. Signora Nina Dolei had no difficulty in recognizing the third person as the one she had accosted as Pierre Falcone.

Malatesta, speaking so as to be heard above the confusion caused by these new arrivals, said, "I am wrong; it is not the same thing. Altamonte is worth more than Coriolani, for Altamonte had a name—the name of a bandit. He called himself Felice Tavola. While Coriolani has no name—not even that of a rascal!"

This new outrage found no echo. Malatesta wiped his face; his task was difficult.

"Courage!" said Sampieri, "you will soon have finished; the king himself hears you."

Malatesta was facing so that he had not seen the new-comers. When Sampieri told him the king listened, he trembled violently.

Doria palace, where he has spread his attentions, they repeated it, and I saw turn pale the beautiful, pure young girl who—

"I forbid you, Marquis Malatesta," proudly interrupted Count Loredan, "to make any allusion to my sister, Angelia Doria."

The princess of Salerno grasped Angelia's hand.

"You judged your brother ill."

"Well spoken, Loredan!" said a voice.

Malatesta knew the voice belonged to the king; a shade passed before his eyes.

"The wretch bewitches all, even the king," murmured he, between his teeth.

"Courage, marquis!" said Sampieri; "I tell you we shall crush him!"

Malatesta summoned all his firmness to go on.

"Why did people say it was the Prince Coriolani who was assassinated on the Madelini bridge? I will tell you. Because Coriolani had been seen on the Marinella wharf talking with the unknown in sailor's dress. No crime yet. But who was the sailor? This sailor, named Sansovina, as the Minister of State can tell you, commanded an armed vessel lying off the wharf, which vessel waited to take a passenger to France. The name of the passenger was Felice Tavola, otherwise the Baron Altamonte."

The man who stood next to the king, unmasked. It was Francis of Bourbon, prince royal.

"Uncover your face, signor," said he to his right hand neighbor.

The mask was removed, disclosing the handsome face of Carlo Piccolomini, Minister of State.

The royal prince added: "Speak, I pray you."

"Highness," replied Piccolomini, "what the Marquis Malatesta has just said is true; the sailor Sansovina has escaped us, but he boarded a vessel destined to aid the flight of Altamonte. Towards eleven o'clock, the vessel being watched, weighed anchor and went to the other side of the city."

"That is strange!" said a voice in a far corner of the hall.

Nina Dolci placed her lips close to Angelia's ear, and whispered earnestly: "Have you faith in me? I swear to you on my hopes of paradise, that whoever attacks Fulvio Coriolani will be broken!"

"God watch and protect him!" murmured Angelia; "the accusation is infamous!"

The words of the State Minister produced a great effect. The intendant of the royal police gave a start, then relapsed into indifference.

Colonel San Severo, bowing his tall head till it was on a level with his colleagues, whispered, in a tone of intense astonishment, "How the deuce does he know all that?"

Pierre Falcone, the observer, watched him more narrowly out of the corner of his eye.

"I am happy," continued Malatesta, with a triumphant air, "that his excellency, Signor Carlo Piccolomini, has deigned to corroborate my words with his honorable testimony. I did not expect to receive this aid, and, if I dare express myself so, I had no need of it. What remains for me to tell, will be publicly known to-morrow. That man, who I am obliged to call Coriolani, through ignorance of his real name, has committed an assassination this night, perhaps two—"

The assembly was agitated. Angelia Doria fainted in the arms of the young Zingara. The king made a sign. The Minister of State commanded silence. One strange thing happened. The princess of Salerno, who was a favorite of the king, crossed the hall, leaning upon the arm of Count Castro Giovanni. She came to the king, and kissing his hand, said, "I know it is you, my father, and I pray you put a stop to this scandal."

The king turned from her coldly, and said to Malatesta: "Go on!"

"An assassination, I said," replied the accuser; "Altamonte is dead. I have seen his corpse; a ball passed through his heart. Two assassinations, I believe; for the man who lay weltering in his blood on the Madelini bridge was a Companion of Silence."

"That is true," said Carlo Piccolomini; "but how did you know it?"

"Yes," involuntarily exclaimed Colonel San Severo, "how did you know it?"

The Minister of State looked at him fixedly. The look embarrassed Massimo Dolci and Ercole Pisani. Then he whispered in the king's ear. Those who were near, thought they heard the name of Johann Spurzheim. This pause gave Malatesta time to recover his self-possession; for the question asked him was unexpected, and he knew not what to answer.

The old Massimo Dolci trod on the colonel's toes.

"Do you wish in ten minutes to be called by your right name of Luca Tristany?" murmured he. "Do you wish at break of day to be swinging from the scaffold erected for Felice Tavola?"

"I was wrong," said San Severo; "but that scoundrel David Heimer has played a false game!"

Sampieri saw the trembling of Malatesta.

"Go on," said he, "you will get through if you do not waver."

And Malatesta went on, blindly.

"How do I know that, signor? I know more than that—some things which will perhaps surprise you, you who watch over the

safety of the kingdom. Until the last moment, the brotherhood of Silence held out to the Baron Altamonte hopes of delivery. A file and cords were placed in his dungeon, and he was to escape by the ancient passage communicating with the caves of Saint John the Greater; and he would have done so had not the governor of Castel Vecchio transferred him suddenly to a dungeon in the highest tower. His accomplices were apprized of that. They agreed that Felice Tavola should be delivered by force, or assassinated in his dungeon. The most hardened sometimes confess at the last hour. It was necessary to avoid that. One of the Masters of Silence was chosen to accomplish the prodigious feat of delivering him. To do that the man must be a demon. They chose Coriolani. The fortress has been sealed!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

Let us so employ our youth, that the very old age which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of the women, shall enable us to replace what we have lost with something better from the ears of the men—Colton.

the aged grandmother, are undoubtedly the carpenter's offspring; and so is the frolicsome child held up in the fond mother's arms to greet the father on his return from his daily labor. Next we have the father, with his eldest son apprenticed to the same calling, eating the lunch his wife has brought him at the door of his shop. The interior of the workshop, neat and orderly, is next delineated. The boy is here represented as old enough to do his share of work. In the last scene he is waiting on a wealthy customer in his library. He has now become a master-builder, and we take leave of him with the assurance that he is on the high road to fortune. Turn we now to the contrasting picture, that illustrating a wasted life. The first scene shows us the idle and dissipated workman drinking at the bar of a liquor shop. A drunken ruffian who has had his fill, is climbing the stairs. Next we have the interior of a pawnbroker's shop; where the wretched wife, in the extremity of her penury and want, pledges her wedding ring for a few sous wherewith to obtain bread. The wine-shop again, with the husband and father stupidly drunk on a bench. Next we have a glimpse of the wretched garret, in which the unfortunate family herd together on the straw. They are roused at midnight—as, bursting the rotten door from its hinges, the brutalized head of the family, its horror, scourge and ruin,

half crazy, half stupefied with drink, staggers in. The next scene is sadder yet, if possible.

The grief-stricken, despairing mother is driven to the agonizing extremity of parting with her youngest-born forever. She is at the door of the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvés,"—the Foundling Hospital. With a beating heart she pulls the bell—a moment more, and she will stagger away heart-stricken and bereft of the helpless innocent she has cherished in her bosom. But the act is one of dire necessity—left with her the infant would perish—the other children are old enough to beg. We are in the street again, in another part of the city. The brutalized father has committed a crime—a robbery—it may be a murder, and he is in the hands of the guard. The guillotine or the gallows will end his career. What becomes of the mother and children we see in the next picture. They are homeless. The mother mutely but eloquently implores charity, as she holds a sick girl in her arms; another daughter tries to earn a few coppers by the sale of some trifling wares. Dark as the picture is, we cannot deny its truth. The two destinies are before us with their example and their warning. On the one hand, the lot of the industrious workman; on the other, that of the debauchee. Here, industry, the sweets of home, the gratification of wages honestly earned; there, the idleness of dram-shops, wife and children devoured by fever and shame, and the prison or the scaffold at the close; the career of industry—the wasted life!—the good spirit of order, the evil spirit of disorder. The man who forgets his duties for outward enjoyments, who through the vices of a course of madness reaches crime at last, is possessed of the same insatiable and unbridled spirit which destroyed the legendary Faust. Sublime geniuses and grosser natures are equally exposed to its fascinations. The man, on the contrary, who has toiled for his family, insensibly finds his labor lightened—the duty which pressed on him as a yoke becomes his crown. The Arabs relate that one of the elect of God was one day met by an angel, who offered to gratify his dearest wish. The elect, whose spirit was twenty cents

the contemplation of the infinite, asked to know the world which enveloped the earth. The angel transported him thither; but, arrived at the furthest limits, the elect saw another world opening which he also wished to visit; then another, and a thousand others, which he traversed on the wings of his angelic guide. Now the deeper he plunged into these abysses of creation, the less he was satisfied; the desire of knowledge swept him on with increased rapidity, as if in spite of himself; his career became every moment more painful, and yet he could not stop! Suddenly he felt this fever cool, and cried out to the angel to go no further. Below him, through the clouds, he had recognized, beneath a cluster of palm trees, the humble roof beneath which he was born. A memory of the heart had calmed the caprices of the mind.

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

It is recorded, that among the persons returned to the Parliament of 1861 (35 Edward III.), were "Marie, Countess de Norff; Alianor, Countess de Ormond; Philippa, Countess de March; Agnes, Countess de Pembroke; and Catharine, Countess de Atholl." In the preceding year also, there had been writs tested at Roynon, on the 5th of April, issued to divers earls, bishops, and to four abbesses, requiring their attendance at Westminster on the morrow of the Trinity, for the purpose of treating of an aid for the making of the king's eldest son a knight, etc. It does not appear, however, that any ladies ever actually took their seats in Parliament by virtue of these summonses; but there are numerous instances on record of both squires and knights having sat in the House of Lords in right of their wives.—*Notes and Queries.*



THE WASTED LIFE.

THE TWO DESTINIES.

The engravings on this and the preceding page belong to the same class as Hogarth's series of the Industrious and Idle Apprentices, which exhibit art in the light of a moral teacher. In George Cruikshank's "Bottle," we have a similar purpose. The French artist who designed the pictures before us, has caught their spirit, and his sketches are true to nature—that is, French nature. The two-fold story he tells us with his pencil is common enough; but interesting, as all truthful records of life are. We relish it none the less because it is very French. Take the first group on the left hand picture to begin with. The hero of the pictorial narrative, a carpenter, leaving home for his day's work, is parting with his young wife, who is going to market to make her purchases for the supply of the family. It is natural that they should kiss at parting—but our young folks in the picture do it in a complicated manner, just as a dancer and danseuse do it on the stage of the opera in a grand *pas de deux*. A little farther on we have a glimpse at the interior of this gallant young carpenter's home. The pretty young wife is at the wash-tub, while the old grandmother is tending the baby; and puss, lazy and contented, sits before the comfortable fire. Following the career of our hero, we find his family increased; for that sturdy boy and girl caressing

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOHAWK CHIEF.

BY "COSMOS."

He stood by the graves of his once proud sires,
Then strode to the spot of their council fires;
And the stern old chief, like a lion at bay,
Awaited his foes that in ambush lay.
From Ontario's waves, where his lodge-smoke rose,
To the fresh green woods where the Mohawk flows.
They had tracked his steps through the long dark night,
And hung like the wolf on his rapid flight.

As he heard the steps of the Huron thieves,
All crackling around on the dry forest leaves;
As stealthily creeping with scarcely a sound,
They gathered about in the lone burial-ground.
Soon the wild war-whoop in the lonely dell,
On the listening ears of the warrior fell:
And with folded arms and a haughty mien,
He watched for his foes, though as yet unseen.

Then his thoughts went back from the lonely green,
To his smiling home on the Wississolene;
By whose flowery banks near the blue lake shore,
The smoke of his wigwam should cheer him no more.
And his brow grew dark as he thought of the night,
And the loss of his tribe in the terrible fight;
For a noble son and a score or more
Of his warriors slept on that bloody shore.

But the foe came on as the day-god slept,
Ere the morning dew from the grasses crept;
And hideous yells on the fresh air rose,
As the dawning light on the chieftain flows.
They bind him with thongs, and dancing in glee,
Contemptuously shout and tell him to flee;
But still he speaks not, nor lowers his eyes,
But moodily smiles at their taunting cries.

Then chanting the song of the Mohawk brave,
As shadows of death o'er the doomed one wave:
The death-song so gay, when with glory elate;
The death-song so fierce, as scowling in hate;
Or sad in its wail, as he thinks of his friends,
As the mystic trall on his vision bends;
But he looks far away to the red man's home,
When in bright hunting-grounds he ever shall roam.

They gathered dry boughs and gums from the wood,
And his funeral pyre before him now stood;
With a firm, slow step he marched to his tomb,
Where the fiery fiend in his redness bloomed.
The war-cry is hushed, the death-song is stilled,
And as his now mark the spot which he filled;
But the Mohawk brave, in the hunting-ground,
His warriors and son in happiness found.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAUD.*

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

THE mellow rays of a summer sunset danced and quivered across the neatly sanded floor of Reuben Brown's humble sitting-room. The good farmer sat at the open window, inhaling the breath of the roses and jasmine, that clambered among the ivy to the very thatch. At intervals his ear was greeted with sweet snatches of song from a robin-red-breast that had made its home in the noble old oak which spread its broad branches over the little homestead for three generations.

There was a smile of contentment and peace in his sun-burnt countenance, as he wiped his ample forehead, and rested in his high-backed chair after the trials of the day, while the scented breeze lifted the locks, "now wearing thin and bare," from his reverend brow. It was with no thoughtless eye that he gazed out upon the fair scene before him. The waving fields that spread their golden treasures to his gaze, were his. The mill beyond, its swift sails now still and motionless, had no other owner than Reuben Brown. A comely matron approaches from the dairy—

"Verily the road, the lightness and grace of youth in her step, though youth itself had long since fled, and his heart receives a new emotion of pleasure, as his eyes follow the form of his dear wife, Alice. And was not their sweet child, Maud, known far and wide, as the 'Beauty of Glenthorn?' Ay, happy indeed, was Reuben Brown.

"Our Maud lingers late this evening," remarked farmer Brown, as he drew near the board to partake of the tempting meal that had been prepared for some time.

The home-brewed ale foamed and frothed in the great tankard that had served his sire and grand-sire before him, and it gave an additional zest to his appetite to look at the ruddy cheese, dainty butter and snow-white bread, all prepared by the hands of his excellent Alice.

"She must have met William, and of course, the young couple take no heed of the flight of time," she returned.

For a moment a shadow darkened the farmer's brow, he shook his head moodily as he replied:

"I fear that heavy hang the hours Maud spends in William's company now, she isn't as she used to be, singing like a lark from morning till night. She ever seems uneasy when William comes to the farm. But you must have noticed this change in her, yourself?"

Alice said that she had observed a coldness between them, a lovers' quarrel, which would end in a mutual reconciliation, and unite their hearts closer than ever.

"The coldness is all on Maud's side," Reuben went on to say; "a half glance might prove to you that William loves the very

* Founded on fact.

ground she stands on. Listen, Alice, I was led to speak of this on account of what I witnessed yesterday. When the people were coming out of church, William hastened to her side, but she, with a cold salute, passed on and joined some of her companions. It grieved me to see the expression of pain that rested on his countenance. Seeing my eyes upon him, he tried to look indifferent, but it was easy to see that the arrow of disappointment had entered his heart. He soon after took his leave without casting a look at—"

"My God, what has happened!" burst simultaneously from the lips of Alice and Reuben, as Maud entered, accompanied by a stranger, while the garments of both bore evidence of having been recently in the water.

Maud hastened to relieve her parents' anxiety by explaining the cause of her present appearance. Returning from old blind Lucy's, and lingering on the banks of the stream, at some distance from the mill, she had reached for a flower, fell in, and would have inevitably been drowned, but for the stranger, who plunged in and saved her.

Reuben grasped the young man by the hand, telling him to consider him as his best friend; and henceforth there was not a more welcome guest at farmer Brown's than Harman Howard. Tall, dark, with eyes of deep blue, which had an expression so full of generous feeling that he instinctively won the confidence of all, while his graceful manners made a most pleasing impression on the grateful hearts of the parents.

"Dame Nature never intended you for a farmer, my boy!"

Reuben Brown had been noticing the white and delicate hands of Harman Howard, as, some evenings subsequently, he was assisting Maud to tie up the broken trellis-work of her arbor.

"I am a painter," he smilingly returned. "My art led me to visit the beautiful scenes of this favored country."

"You admire this part of the country, then?" interrupted Reuben, evidently much pleased at Harman's preference.

Many were the praises that the young painter bestowed on the scenery of Shropshire, but the surrounding neighborhood pleased him most, and with the accuracy of one who had been brought up in the village, he described each charming landscape.

"On my word, you know the place better than I do myself. Have you never been here before?" inquired Reuben.

Harman said that he had been staying in the village for several weeks, taking sketches.

"Didn't you ever see my girl before the evening when you so nobly rescued her?"

It was not without a motive that farmer Brown asked this question; while Maud bent her head over the tangled flowers, and her cheek wore a brighter red than the sweet rose-bud which she was unconsciously picking to pieces.

Harman replied somewhat evasively, that few would visit the neighborhood without the desire of seeing its fairest flower.

Weeks wore on. Harman, who had not yet completed his sketches, was a daily, but not an unwelcome visitant at farmer Brown's, if we except the worthy host himself. He now perceived the cause of Maud's indifference to William Frost, her affianced husband, dating this change in her sentiments, to the first appearance of the young painter in the village. Yet, he would not deny the hospitality of his house to one who had been instrumental in saving the life of his child.

All this time William had not approached the cottage. It piqued the pride of the father that the young lover should appear so unmindful of the charms of his beautiful daughter, while he waited in daily expectation of seeing him coming to make overtures for a reconciliation.

William Frost was his own master, and the richest farmer in Shropshire. There was not a maiden in the parish who would not be beside herself, if he had bestowed on her the love that thrilled no responsive chord in the heart of the village beauty.

Betrothed to William when a mere child, she had mistaken a sisterly affection for that deeper feeling that every woman should bear with her to the altar. With sorrowful anxiety she now felt that she could not reciprocate his attachment. Love—first love dawned upon her soul when in one of her visits to old blind Lucy's, she found her place occupied by a noble looking youth. He arose respectfully when she entered, and bowing to her as if she were "the lady of the land," with a look of silent and intense homage, he took his leave.

Many times did the stranger cross her path after that, yet he never offended her by lifting his eyes to her sweet face. As he moved slowly along, apparently engaged in the study of nature, her eyes involuntarily marked his dignified bearing and graceful carriage, which served as a dangerous contrast to the somewhat awkward air of her rustic lover.

Maud had received an education far superior to persons in her rank of life. She was not only a correct scholar in her own language, but she had made considerable acquirements in French and Latin, and played with taste and skill on the harpsichord.

What a new delight it was for the young girl, to meet with one who could sympathize with her. Every word of Harman's thrilled her to the heart; he opened to her glimpses of worlds which were unknown to her before. No wonder, that when away from him, life seemed to have lost its sweetest charm.

Another week effected a great change in the cottage. William, stung with jealousy, and fearing that he might be supplanted by Harman, conquered his pride and sought an interview with Maud. But she was absent when he called, having gone to visit the nuns, at the convent where she had been educated.

An understanding followed between himself and the farmer, whose highest ambition was to see Maud the wife of the "uppermost farmer in the county," as he was described in his native village. William well knew the effects of addressing himself to the

father's feelings, and he now aroused all his indignation against Harman.

"You are the talk of the village," he said, "people wonder at you for allowing a penniless adventurer to seek the hand of your daughter. Believe me, Reuben, he already thinks this farm securely his own."

Before William left the house, Reuben promised him that in three days more, Maud should be his.

"Next Sunday will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding," he said, turning affectionately towards his dear wife, who, with a troubled look on her face, faintly smiled, but remained silent. "That blessed day's sun will not set without seeing Maud a happy bride."

Maud proceeded on her way. Many times did she cast a "longing, lingering look behind," but Harman, who had never failed to meet her in her rambles, did not make his appearance now. A shade of disappointment rested on her face, and hoping to meet him on her return, she hastened towards the convent.

The good nuns greeted her with their usual kindness, entertaining her hospitably.

"My dear child," said the Lady Abbess, "you will now come to the chapel and see the beautiful painting that was sent us yesterday. We know not who the kind donor is, but we shall pray for him. A note begging its acceptance was written in a bold, vigorous hand. I doubt not but that it is the handwriting of the painter, who, we think, must have sent us this charming present."

Maud blushed, remembering that when speaking of the sisterhood to Harman, he told her he would give them a painting on which he was employed; one that he thought would be acceptable.

"It is the Madonna," said the Lady Abbess approaching the altar, and drawing aside the veil that covered the painting, turned to Maud with an inquiring look.

With an exclamation of surprise, Maud beheld, in the beautiful countenance of the Madonna, her own sweet resemblance. The nuns seemed to enjoy her surprise and confusion.

"We all said that you must have sat for it," said sister Andrea, kissing her white brow, "yet if the painter wishes to preserve his incognito, we shall not ask you to reveal it. The lively nun went on to tell, that William Frost, who was her nephew, had called to see her some two hours previously, when on his way to the village.

"Did he see this painting?"

Maud asked the question unconsciously.

"I showed it to him; he regarded it long but said not a word."

The nuns were anxious that Maud should remain longer, but, excusing herself, she took her departure, with a sad presentiment that some sorrow was about to befall her. She had passed through the wood that was situated between her home and the convent, and where the rustle of every leaf made her heart throb with the hope that the loved one was near. She now stood leaning over the little rustic bridge that spanned the blue stream into whose depths she was gazing, while her thoughts were occupied with one image that was enshrined in her heart.

A step at her side brought the crimson tide to her cheeks, and turning, she beheld William Frost, regarding her with mingled sorrow and love. Surprise instantly gave way to disappointment, while her eyes fell beneath the earnest gaze of him whose happiness she sadly felt she was about to destroy.

"Have you no word of greeting for me, Maud? It is long since we met—to me it has been an age."

Maud would have spoken but she knew not how to reply. He took her hand, this she did not refuse. He asked for a reconciliation, while he besought her to give him back the love which had blessed his existence.

"My own dear girl, you will give me back that love?"

"Love!" she repeated, struggling in vain for resolution to breathe the fatal truth and tell him that she could never be his.

Her hand was still in his, her eyes down-drooped and her cheek whiter than the trembling lily that kissed the wave at her feet.

"Yes, Maud, the love that was unchangeably bright between us until—no, I will not wrong you with the thought. It is not in you to bestow one encouraging look of fondness on a nameless wanderer—" He paused, for Maud lifted her flashing eyes to his face, her cheeks burning with indignation, yet, her tongue refused to speak.

He partly understood her look, though he little imagined the slight hold he had on her heart, and in his jealous excitement he was unsparing in his censures of Harman.

"If you have aught to say against my father's friend, and the preserver of my life, do so to his face," Maud exclaimed, turning away.

"Your father's friend," he repeated, with a look of triumph. "This very day your father forbids him his house, and more, Maud," he added in a deeply tender tone, "he has sworn that on the coming Sabbath we will be united."

His words fell like a death-blow on poor Maud. She well knew the determined spirit of her father, and that moment she would have thrown herself on the generosity of William, acknowledging all, but that she feared the effects of his resentment on Harman. With a breaking heart she hurried towards her home, where she longed to throw herself on her mother's breast, that unfailing fount of love and holy sympathy, for there she would find rest.

William was still at her side, nor did he leave her until he saw her enter the cottage; he then turned away, feeling that he would sooner be her husband, sharing only her divided heart, than the possessor of the sole love of any other woman beside.

A painful scene followed. Sobbing with anguish on her mother's breast, Maud besought her father to release her from her

engagement with William, but he was inexorable. Yet, while he reproached her with harsh words, the first he had ever uttered towards her, his heart sorrowed for her with all a father's fondness.

"Foolish girl!" he sighed, as she retired faint and weary. "She knows not how she would wreck her own and our happiness by wedding a man she knows nothing about. She will yet bless her old father for what she now considers his cruelty."

While Alice's heart was wrung with grief and pity for her child, she felt her husband acted according to the dictates of parental prudence. Maud's love for Harman she deemed a fleeting fancy, and regarding her future welfare of more moment than a short-lived regret, she passively concurred with Reuben in the stand he had taken against his child's inclinations.

Maud remained in her room during the following day. Deprived of her mother's sympathy, which would have been a blessed solace at such an hour, she felt, nevertheless, that love for her alone prompted her dear parents to disregard her sad appeal to their hearts.

Poor Maud, as she sat in her little chamber, she could hear her father making preparations to go to the next market town to obtain some necessities for the approaching wedding. She heard the unwelcome voice of William inquiring tenderly for herself, speaking hopefully of the coming morrow, and with merry laughter, as if he could not restrain his happiness, he departed.

Soon afterwards a knock came to the outside door—her heart seemed to cease its pulsations as the beloved tones of Harman thrilled through her soul. She strained her ears to hear her father replying, that he would talk with him outside. She knew full well that he would never cross the threshold again. Never be more to her than if he was not.

O, burden of first love disappointment! O, glory once fled—life has nothing more beyond. Harman had never given her an assurance of his love, otherwise than the silent homage which his eyes ever expressed. Love has no need of words. Has it not a more potent language of its own? Where is the worshipping heart that cannot interpret that language, when the beloved one returns a like devotion?

The sun descended behind the hills. Maud sat at her open casement watching its trail of splendor fading away in the gloomy west, while she reflected that before another day had ended, her fate would be irrevocably sealed. Her mother entered and silently placed a snow-white dress on the couch, and Maud regarded her bridal dress with a shudder, as if it was her shroud.

Unable to witness the festive preparations that were making for the happy morrow, to all but her, she wandered out into the green fields, where the fresh evening breeze pressed cool kisses on her cheeks, and flung back the neglected tresses from her fevered brow. A lark still lingered amid the clouds, and rained down its liquid melody, then Maud forgot her sorrow as she listened to the heavenly bird. Half unconsciously her steps led her towards a favorite walk, bordered with lofty elm trees. Here she had often wandered with Harman.

Thinking that Harman was no longer in the neighborhood, she did not hesitate to enter the retreat, for in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined that he would yield as implicit obedience to the will of her father, as she did herself.

She proceeded but a few steps, when Harman was at her side, trembling with vague apprehensions. She could not wholly conceal her delight at seeing him once more. Yet, she turned to leave him, whom she loved better than life. Dropping on his knee before her, he supplicated her to hear him, for on that moment depended his life-long happiness. Then, for the first time, Maud heard a love tale, to which every pulse of her heart was but too readily responsive. To her surprise Harman seemed acquainted with all that had transpired since their last meeting. He told her that he had witnessed her interview with William Frost on the bridge, and her father informed him of her immediate union with the young farmer.

"Maud," he continued, "far be it from me to counsel you to act in opposition to your parents, by wedding without their sanction. But, if through sordid motives they would wreck your happiness, then I shall be the first to tell you, that you would be blameless in refusing to submit to their tyranny. You surely would not kneel at God's altar to wed one whom you love not? It was in obedience to your father's wishes that you entered into an engagement with William Frost when a mere child. Your own judgment will absolve you from keeping a promise, which was made before you knew the true state of your heart towards him whom your father forces you to marry."

"Wretch!" cried Reuben Brown rushing forward, "how would you misguide my child!" With the heavy walking stick which he held in his hand, he would have felled Harman to the ground but for the intercession of Maud, who flung her arms around her lover to protect him.

"Maud!" shrieked the old man, almost overpowered with rage, "you deserve my malediction for seeing you in such a situation."

"Stay, my father!" gasped the unhappy Maud, flinging herself at his feet. "Why would you make me miserable forever, by compelling me to wed one whom I can never love? O, bless my union with Harman! You have nothing to object to in him but his want of wealth."

"Cease, girl! I would sooner see you dead at my feet than married to him yonder. Prepare, for to-morrow you will be the bride of William Frost."

A new spirit seemed born within Maud at that moment—kneeling as she was, she called the angels to witness, that she did right in vowing to Heaven that she never would be the wife of William.

Alice, who dreaded that some misfortune was hanging over

them, hastened in search of her beloved ones. She appeared in time to hear Maud's last words.

"Father, I am ever your loving, dutiful child, but I cannot consent to wed against my will. I will part now from Harman to meet him no more, yet, I will never be the bride of another."

Maud had risen from her kneeling posture, and stood before her parents like a beautiful statue.

"Girl, go your way, you are free to act as you please, but remember, when you are left desolate and sorrow-stricken, my doors will be closed upon you, as they are now. Alice, come!" Uttering these cruel words, Reuben Brown caught the fainting form of his poor wife in his arms, and bore her to her now lonely home.

Several minutes elapsed before Harman approached Maud, who appeared unconscious of his presence, as she stood mute and motionless, gazing with bewildered looks after her parents.

"Maud, my own sweet Maud," he said, taking her hand in his, and starting with alarm at its icy coldness.

She seemed as if suddenly awakened from a horrible dream, as she turned on him her despairing eyes.

"Do not look so sadly, my love," he cried, taking her to his heart. "O, my own Maud, this suffering is all for me. Hear me! beloved one—every thought of my life will be to render you happy. All will yet be well. Heaven will prosper our union; your father will before long open loving arms to you, and perhaps he will not reject the husband of his child."

With such words did Harman seek to comfort the distressed girl. He informed her that trusting that she loved him, and anticipating the result, he had obtained the consent of a clergyman to unite them, if her parents placed no prohibition on their union. As her father put no further restraint upon her, he entreated her to become his bride on the morrow. The clergyman to whom he referred, was formally acquainted with Harman's family. "He has spoken to the Lady Abbess of the convent where you were educated, Maud," he went on to say, "and you will find shelter under that sacred roof, until I can offer you a home."

He now accompanied her to the convent where the kind mother superior was waiting to receive her. The next morning they were united in the convent chapel. Strange and sweet, despite the sorrow that afflicted her, were the sensations that thrilled Maud's soul, when Harman, pressing her to his heart, called her by the holy name of wife. Yet he was forced to leave her on the spot. That very morning he had received intelligence which he hoped would be the forerunner of good fortune. In a neighboring county the young Lord of B— was expected home with his beautiful bride. Through the intervention of a friend, Harman received employment at the castle for an indefinite period. As the young Lord of B— was a patron of the arts, he looked with confidence to the dawning of a brighter future, and parting from Maud he hastened thither to prepare a home for her reception.

A week passed before they were again united—O, what a weary time it was to poor Maud. The Lady Abbess had sent to Maud's mother to let her know where her daughter was. The messenger returned with her clothes, but there came not a word to cheer the drooping spirits of the sorrowing bride. She would have gone and begged on bended knees for their forgiveness, had not her husband exacted a promise from her that she would leave it to time to soften her father's heart, for until then, she could not hope to see her mother.

Maud left the convent in the dawn of a lovely morning. The amiable nuns gathered around her, blessing her with tearful eyes, and the Lady Abbess kissing her tenderly, offered up a saintly prayer for the united happiness of the young couple.

Silent tears bedewed Maud's cheek as her native Glenthorn faded in the misty distance—a spot endeared to her by all sweet associations, all hallowed remembrances.

About noon on the following day, their humble conveyance stopped at a private entrance to the castle. Harman told Maud that as the young lord and his bride were not expected to arrive until the afternoon, and for whose reception grand preparations were going on in the village, he would show her through the castle and grounds. She accepted his invitation with pleasure. They entered the demesne; there reposing beneath the shade of stately oaks they saw the finest deer in all England. Long did the delighted Maud linger in the beautiful gardens, where she said she would never tire of walking. At length they entered the castle; more pleased than ever, each moment Maud saw something new to admire in the elegance and luxury that surrounded her. They had now entered the gallery where hung the portraits of by-gone generations.

"Here I shall pass many a pleasant hour," said Harman, "restoring the old family portraits. You see around you, Maud, the works of such masters as Holbein and Vandyke."

She inquired for the portrait of his noble patron, the young Lord of B—. It had been taken down, he said, until that of his lovely bride should hang beside it.

"O, Harman!" Maud exclaimed, "how happy she must be, as the mistress of this delightful place."

"Is happiness dependent on wealth?" Harman asked, kissing the white brow of his young bride.

Maud turned her sweet eyes upon him, eloquent with love, as she replied that she was happier that moment, than if she was the wife of the wealthiest noble in the land.

Harman drew her close to him, and leaving the gallery he led her down the grand staircase. Entering the stately hall, the next moment Maud stood in the midst of a brilliant assembly composed of the beauty and wealth of the surrounding neighborhood. All eyes were upon her. Blushing and confused, in a low voice she entreated her husband to take her from a place where she was regarded as an humble intruder.

"Maud," said he, "this castle is yours. A love of adventure

prompted me to adopt the disguise of a painter. Destiny, or rather my good angel, led me to Glenthorn—Maud, I am the Lord of B—."

He had taken her by the hand to present her to his relatives and friends, but she fainted in his arms, overcome by the suddenness of the disclosure.

When Maud recovered she found herself in a beautiful apartment, her anxious parents hanging over her couch, and her husband regarding them with moistened eyes.

Blest in the presence of her beloved ones, Maud heard from the lips of her mother the sweet explanation of events, which still seemed to her but the illusion of a dream.

On the evening when she had parted from her parents under such sad circumstances, Reuben had scarcely entered the cottage with his insensible Alice in his arms, when William called, elated with the hope of meeting with a fond reception from his bride of the morrow. A glance at the scene before him, a few inarticulate words from the wretched father, revealed all, and grasping the old man's hand sympathetically, he rushed from the house. Two days passed drearily over them. Reuben and Alice sat by their lonely hearthstone, the mother pleading for her child, and while the heart of the father yearned in secret for his absent darling, Harman appeared at the open door. Reuben rose, and Alice sat breathless fearing the result, but tears, sweet refreshing tears, the first she had shed since last, she beheld Maud, gushed from her eyes when the old man extended a welcoming hand to his son-in-law.

The parents were almost as overpowered as Maud was herself, when Harman made known the secret of his rank. That evening they accompanied him to B— to welcome the bride on her arrival.

Three years afterwards William Frost wedded the fair girl who was to have been Maud's bridesmaid, and it was the boast of Mr. and Mrs. Frost, that their eldest darling was named after the brightest ornament of his majesty's court—Maud, the "Beauty of Glenthorn."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

What with the people who get into the wrong places, come on at the wrong time, speak the wrong words, and do the wrong things; with the people who don't know their parts, and who can't act them when they do; with the scenes that won't show on, and that no human exertion can get off after they are on; with the curtain that won't come down until after the tableaux are spoiled by the people running away, and the blue fire that refuses to light till the curtain is down, and then refuses to be put out at any price whatever; with the supernumeraries who die on the very plank selected by the hero for his own private expiring; with the prompter who gives everybody the wrong cues, and then rectifies his mistake by ordering the music to strike up or the curtain to come down in the middle of the refractory scene; with the band who play a dead march when the tarry sailor-man proposes unto himself a hornpipe, and who strike up a particularly lively waltz when the consumptive heroine is doing her last agonies, with the funny men who are dismal, and the tragic men who are funny, with the awkward man who tangles his sword in his legs, who steps on the dignified lady's train, who smutches his India ink moustache all over his mouth, till he looks as if he had been kissing a negro lady whose complexion wasn't fast colors and wouldn't wash; with the houses that fall down when anybody goes into them; the bridges that fall down when anybody goes over them; the trees that fall down when anybody leans against them, and the distant mountains that fall down without anybody doing anything at all to them; with the wigs that won't fit, the cloaks that won't stay on, the stocks that roll down, the plumes that get singed, the laces that get torn, and the coats that get chalked on the back; what with all these, and a hundred other indescribable happenings, an amateur theatrical performance is one of the funniest things the optics of mortal man ever beheld.—*Doesticks in the N. Y. Tribune.*

He whose only care is to be without care, may look to have a double portion of it.—*Bovee.*

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OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT,
RAINY RIVER.

The sketch on this page represents an encampment of Ojibway Indians, at the Falls of Rainy River, near the boundary line of Minnesota, on the British side. The Ojibways of the Lake of the Woods are the most warlike and independent tribe of this once great and powerful nation, which formerly occupied the country between Lake Huron and Red River. They still number some hundreds on the beautiful lake, where their encampments are most frequently to be seen, and from which their name is derived. Among them men of tall stature and faultless form are not uncommon. The engraving represents a part of an encampment at the Falls of Rainy River, where they assemble in the spring to catch and dry sturgeon, and in the early summer months to celebrate their medicine dances and other barbarous ceremonies. Their lodges are constructed of birch bark, supported by poles, as shown in the engraving. On the right a squaw is engaged in suspending strips of sturgeon to dry; and in front is a warrior, holding in his hand a stone pipe, and gazing at the white men who are quietly taking his photograph. The lodges represented in the engraving are about forty feet long and eighteen feet broad at the base. Each will contain several families. Our picture is from a photograph taken on a recent exploring expedition. When an attempt was made to take a photograph of the interior of one of the lodges, several squaws, who were seated with their children round the fires,



OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT AT RAINY RIVER.

instantly rose, and, driving the children before them, hastened off to the neighboring forest, and no arguments or presents could induce them to remain. They said that "the white man wanted to take their pictures and send them far away to the great chief of the white men, who would make evil medicine over them, and when the pictures were sent back the Indians who were drawn would all perish. They knew this was the way the white man wanted to get rid of the Indians and take their land." Many of the men had this impression, and carefully moved out of the reach of the camera. The condition of these Indians is truly deplorable. They are all heathens, and still adhere to the barbarous customs so often described as characteristic of North American aborigines. Their faces are gaudily painted, the colors being chiefly red, black and green. Their contact with civilized men for half a century, does not appear to have had the least influence upon their morality or to have bettered their physical condition. Indeed their present condition and future prospects cannot be better described than in the melancholy but poetical representation which their chief gave of themselves on terminating a council held with Mr. Hind and Mr. Dawson, last August, on Gordon Island, Lake of the Woods, "The white man comes—he looks at our trees and our flowers, and takes away the Indians' land; the white man comes—he brings disease, sorrow, and death; the Indian's home is his own no more. He must go by the old paths. The talk is finished."



FALLS ON THE ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.



LUMBERING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—LUMBERMAN'S CAMP.

FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The romantic cascade on the preceding page, and the landscape on the present one, are designed to illustrate the business of lumbering in New Brunswick. The first named picture represents the Falls of St. John and the lumbermen driving logs, the second a lumberman's camp. The lumbering business is the leading element of wealth in the province; and the sawmills, which are found collected at the mouth of all its rivers, as well as the building of ships, and the business of transportation to the mother country, give employment to a very large proportion of the population. Almost the whole surface of New Brunswick is covered with dense forests of pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock; and for the conveyance of which from the wilderness to the market towns, all the streams are employed as highways. The three principal rivers are the St. John, the Miramichi, and the Restigouche. By the word lumber is implied, not any particular kind of wood staple, but all those articles commonly known as squared timber, boards, deals, staves, shingles, lathwood, spars and masts, and ship-knees. The felling of the trees which are thus transformed for exportation is generally performed by parties of men hired by the merchant or dealer for the purpose. In the autumn they are despatched into the woods with a supply of provisions, axes, and tools, oxen, and every requisite for the enterprise. Their stores are conveyed up the larger streams in tow-boats drawn by horses, or in canoes; and in winter transported over the ice and snow. Fodder is procured from the nearest settlements. The site for operations having been selected, a camp-house is erected and covered with the bark of trees. The floor of the cabin is made of small poles, and a sort of platform is raised for the general bed, which is composed of spruce boughs, straw and blankets. The fireplace is opposite the sleeping floor, and the smoke is carried out by a piece of stove-pipe, or escapes through a hole in the roof. Here all the cooking is per-

formed, and the lumbermen rest at night after the toils of the day. A rude but warm hovel is also erected for the oxen; and, while one man is wholly employed in attending to these, and to keeping the wolves from doing any harm, another office-holder is the cook, who is generally something of a hunter. The party is usually divided into three gangs—one to cut down the trees, one to hew them, and another to drag the timber to the nearest stream. They begin work at sunrise, and seldom return to camp until evening, when their suppers are always enjoyed. They are ever cheerful

and contented, and a more hardy, laborious, and active class of men than the lumbermen of New Brunswick, cannot be found in any part of the world.

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL, RED RIVER.

This is the most imposing building in the settlement on the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine. It possesses no external architectural beauty, but its interior is very prettily decorated. The twin spires of St. Boniface can be seen for a great distance from any part of the boundless level prairies by which it is surrounded. It possesses a very sweet-toned peal of bells; and no sound in Red River is so delightful to the weary voyageur or the stranger on his arrival, as the chimes of St. Boniface breaking the stillness of the morning or evening air. Before and after service on Sunday the open space in front of the main entrance is crowded with French half-breeds, dressed in their gayest attire, and wearing all the outward appearances which belong to rural happiness. The valley of Red river is described as possessing a remarkably deep, rich, and fertile soil. All kinds of vegetables commonly cultivated in Canada succeed well, and the root crops acquire surprising dimensions. The area of fertile soil, where Indian corn and wheat will flourish in the district of Assiniboia, which embraces the settlements of Red River and the Assiniboine, considerably exceeds 1,000,000 acres; the greater portion of the rich and available land in the valley of Red River lies within British territory, while that of the Assiniboine is wholly within it. The present state of society, and the condition of the people in the settlements, is not encouraging. The European and Canadian element have been gradually diminishing for years, and the half-breed population is apparently drawing closer to the habits and tastes of their Indian ancestry. Of the male population, the most enterprising of the young men, seek their fortunes in the United States.



ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL, RED RIVER, BRITISH AMERICA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY POET.—A PARODY.

BY MARGARET VERNS.

She was a lady—my Loulae.—R. R.

I was a lady—I, Louise;
He was a poet, proud and poor;
And of all the many I had to please,
He was the most capricious wooer.

I had jewels to bind my curls,
To flash from bosom, and arms, and hair;
Blood-red rubies and milk-white pearls—
He had scarcely a coat to wear.

Whiter than snow-flakes were my hands—
His were hardened, and rough, and brown;
I had beauty, and rank, and lands—
He had only his poet's crown.

Others sued me with honeyed lies,
Haughtily he would stand apart;
While only the "lightnings in his eyes"
Translated for me his hidden heart.

Was it my blame to have been high-born,
More than his to have been so low?
And if he had cared for my love or scorn,
Ought he not to have told me so?

This is the reason I have not told
Any of those who came to woo:
I will not marry the lowly-bred,
Because—he has never asked me to!

I am a woman—he is proud;
But stars will blossom from thickest night;
And sometimes doubt, like an April cloud,
Will break in a sudden rain of light.

And then he will know that a love like mine
Cared nothing for high or low estate;
And if fortune drew a dividing line,
His pride, not mine, made the barrier great.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EMPEROR'S TREASURE.

BY KATE KEITH.

NOT far from the wooded heights of Thuringia, that are crowned by the romantic Kiphauser, on which stood the favorite castle of the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, lived a young knight named Conrad. Though poor, he was highly esteemed for his bravery, and having been an orphan from his childhood and bred to arms, his heart, bereft of every tender tie, was devoted to chivalric honor. He lived for that alone; and his companions in arms often reproached him playfully, that he had no taste for anything but a good sword, a good horse, and glory; that to him the clang of battle was more pleasing than the softest song. Conrad was inclined to think so himself. In the course of time, however, love found an entrance into his breast. But though the victim of an ardent affection, he dared not acknowledge it, as the mistress of his heart was the richest heiress in the country. Her father was dead, and the sole representative of his immense estates lived under the protection of her mother, who was considered extremely haughty.

Conrad was too timid to offer his love without a suitable fortune as an accompaniment; he was also much too proud to expose himself to the risk of being rejected. But the gentle Hildegard saw in him, not the poor, but the amiable and noble knight. Her mother, the Lady Adelheid, was also attached to him for his virtues, and received him with pleasure at her castle, which he visited more frequently than did any of the maiden's other suitors. One day he approached with a melancholy countenance, and said:

"Noble lady, and you, most lovely and amiable Hildegard, I come to bid you farewell; my cruel fate will not allow me to remain longer in this paradise of all my earthly wishes. The landgrave has called his troops together; therefore to-morrow early I must quit this cherished spot."

Hildegard started, and her cheeks were alternately red and pale; but her mother said:

"Sir knight, I will now inform you what I have long secretly resolved upon; you are brave and true-hearted; my daughter requires a protector—not riches, of which she has already an abundant possession. You love her, and she is not indifferent towards you. I have therefore determined to accept of you for my son-in-law. Let the army assemble, but you remain here, and take charge of your wife's property."

Lady Adelheid had a lofty and generous spirit, and she enjoyed a proud pleasure in preferring the poor youth for his intrinsic merit, to the many rich and powerful suitors that presented themselves. Conrad stood in speechless amazement. He felt a severe struggle between love and honor. The joy which sparkled in his eyes during the first part of Lady Adelheid's speech, soon disappeared, and an expression of deep sorrow succeeded.

"O, most noble lady!" he cried, kneeling before her, "what can equal such rare generosity? You have granted me the wish to which I dared not aspire, yet without which I feel that existence would have been a burden to me. But at the same time, you require of me what I cannot grant. Honor and my country call upon me to take up arms. I have hitherto lived in the service of my country; shall I now, when it is in danger, refuse the assistance of my arm? O, let me depart!" he continued, casting on Hildegard a look of mingled affection and grief; "and should Heaven allow me to return, then let the reward of love be mine."

Had there been time for reflection, Lady Adelheid would have

agreed in the sentiments of Conrad; but at the moment she listened only to the impulse of her pride, which was deeply wounded by the bold refusal of the knight. She therefore turned from him with a haughty air, and exclaimed:

"Well, then, my honor-loving knight, since you suppose me less acquainted with its laws than yourself, we will leave it to fate when and where you may meet my daughter again."

She took Hildegard by the hand to lead her into another apartment; but Conrad held her back in despair, and seized her hand, which he fervently held to his breast, as he said:

"O, must these be the last words I hear at my departure?"

Hildegard gently withdrew her hand, and left the room with her incensed mother; but she cast on him a look full of grief and affection, as though she would say, "Go, my beloved; I will soon reconcile my mother, who is now so unjustly irritated."

This look was the only consolation he received; for, on going to the castle the following day to entreat pardon, and a milder farewell, he was denied admittance. He went to the war, but with a deeply wounded heart. Before his departure, however, he spoke with a friend who was to remain behind, a distant relative of Lady Adelheid, but lately arrived from a foreign country, and now living at the castle.

"Knight Kuno," said he, "be careful that my love is guarded for me till I return."

He promised faithfully, and Conrad departed. But on the last night, as he was riding by the old ruins on the Kiphauser mountains, he fancied that he saw distinctly on the battlements a beautiful blue flower surrounded by a brilliant light, which sparkled like a star in the dark night sky. He felt a secret pleasure at the sight; to his fancy the splendor of this blue flower bore a likeness to the last look from the lovely eyes of Hildegard, which had relieved his heart from a weight of sorrow. He carried with him into the din of battle the sweet remembrance of both.

War raged for a time; Conrad fought bravely, and at the conclusion of peace was loaded with honors. But when he returned to the spot that held his heart's treasure, his friend informed him that he had found it impossible to reconcile the offended mother; that she had taken an oath that Conrad should never see her daughter again until she was wedded to another; and that, finally, the ladies had disappeared from the country, none knew whither. Conrad would instantly have set out to seek Hildegard in every corner of the earth; but the cruel oath of her mother threw him into utter despair. He wandered to the now abandoned spot where his mistress had dwelt, and found some consolation in seeing at least the place again where she had once lived and breathed; but his grief was renewed by the reflection that she was no longer there.

One gloomy night, as he was passing under the Kiphauser on his way home, he saw again the wonderful flower, surrounded by the brilliant light. Again, although unable to account for it, a secret pleasure stole over him. On the following morning he related the circumstance to his friend.

"It is very astonishing," said Kuno. "I have frequently been riding under the Kiphauser at night, without ever observing anything of the kind. It is said that great treasures are buried in the castle; that immense heaps of gold have been seen there."

Now Kuno was not richer than Conrad; and the very thought of the treasure buried there filled him with delight. Conrad stood absorbed in thought.

"Kuno," said he, after a pause, "when I reflect upon it, it would appear that some happiness awaits me at the Kiphauser. I remember so many extraordinary events which happened to me there in my childhood; for, from my earliest years, the venerable old castle of the emperor was my favorite resort. I played there, and stole into it whenever I could escape from those who had the care of me. You know that I was brought up by the Knight Benno, having lost my parents in infancy; his castle lies on the other side of the mountain, close under the Kiphauser. I often crossed the beech forest, which extended as far as Kothenburg, and entered the ancient gates and arches to ramble about the vast courts and halls, and was always delighted to be there.

"All the frightful tales which had been told me of treasures watched by flames of sulphur, and about the ghost of the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, that frequently paid a visit to its favorite abode, but always appeared in a terrific form to the bold adventurer who dared to enter the castle—did not deter me; on the contrary, they occasioned a fascinating awe. I used to see the treasures, when it happened that I lingered there till after nightfall, when the mysteries of the invisible world and its inhabitants commenced; but I saw no terrific flames. I saw, indeed, the spirit of the hero, Frederic, yet I was attracted towards him by an irresistible impulse.

"I always left the gold untouched; but I was never tired of looking at him, and observing his venerable majestic figure, and noble, serious features. Sometimes he stood on the battlements clad in armor; at others, he was sitting at an oaken table in one of the halls. Once I saw him play at chess by himself. I always kept at a distance, and looked at him in silent wonder and respect. As he accidentally let fall one of the chess-men, I sprang forward, took it up, and gave it to the emperor. It seemed to please the noble spirit that I showed no fear, but was happy to serve him. He smiled on me, and said, in a low voice:

"Keep it, and take it home with you; you will in time become a brave warrior."

"Overwhelmed with delight I took it with me, and when I reached home I found it was of pure gold. The profession of arms kept me afterwards at a distance from this my favorite spot. When I returned, my love for the beautiful Hildegard occupied me wholly. But this wonderful flower reminds me of the many happy hours I have spent there in childhood."

Conrad was so lost in the enthusiasm of his ideas at the pleasing recollections which were passing in his mind, that he did not observe the gloomy silence in which Kuno had sunk during the conversation. Thus they separated.

The whole day the Kiphauser stood before the heated imagination of Conrad; and as night approached he hastened thither, when lo! for the third time he perceived the blue flower surrounded by the sparkling light. He mounted the wall, and walked calmly up to it. The nearer he approached, the more brilliant it seemed, and the flower was of such a beautiful, soft, heavenly blue, that he felt himself inspired by a confidence that all would yet be well, and that the love of his dear Hildegard was not entirely lost to him. As, wrapt in this delightful meditation, he was looking down on the illuminated earth, he beheld a golden key lying near the flower. He took it up.

"Alas, this is the key to the treasure!" he sorrowfully exclaimed; "my wishes are not certainly directed towards them!"

However, out of respect to the wonderful power which seemed to reign on the spot, he took the key.

"Kuno," said our hero, when he returned to his friend, "here is the key to the treasure of the Kiphauser. I will not reject the sign which is given me; come with me. You shall share the good fortune which the supernatural powers destine for me."

"Or the subterranean!" said Kuno, in a peculiar tone.

"Come," repeated Conrad, without paying attention to the words of his companion; "come, you shall watch, while I descend into the vault."

Kuno agreed. In the evening they both set out; the air was heavy, the deep red of the setting sun cast a fiery glow through the forest. They reached the narrow wooded valley called the Struth, lying between the Kiphauser and Brandberg. Steep rocks surrounded them on all sides; the old oaks and beech trees shook heavy and terrific; an invisible fiendish power seemed to reign in this lonely valley. Conrad wandered silently onward, his eyes bent to the earth.

"Halt!" cried Kuno, suddenly, standing still. "Here, Conrad, we must fight for life or death!"

Conrad thought he must be dreaming when he heard this summons. He turned round and saw Kuno standing with rage sparkling in his eyes, and his countenance distorted by passion; he almost fancied that he saw a demon before him, so terrific was Kuno's appearance.

"How?" cried Conrad. "Are you mad? This to me, your friend?"

Kuno looked at him with a bitter, disdainful smile.

"I am to watch!" he hissed, "while the favored one is to take possession of the treasure! Who are you, then, wretched favorite of Fortune, that she should shower her gifts upon you, which she denies to those more worthy? That the spirit of the castle should have chosen you as heir to its treasures, I could have forgiven; I could even have been pleased at it. But that Hildegard should love you; that you should be allowed to look at those sparkling eyes, and call them yours—those eyes which have lighted up an unquenchable flame in my breast—that, Conrad, breaks the band which has united us, and converts the friend into a deadly enemy. Up! fight for the key! The treasures of the Kiphauser shall clear the road to her heart!"

"Well, then, fight!" cried the astonished Conrad.

His heart was deeply wounded by those words from one whom he so truly loved; at the same he was justly filled with anger, and without further delay he advanced to meet his enraged rival. Their swords clashed furiously; the birds in the forest were startled at the noise, and flew further from the scene of murderous strife. As each combatant was equally skilful in the use of arms, it was long before either could gain any advantage over the other. At length both their swords broke at the hilt; they then wrestled with each other, and fierce hatred took the place of friendship. The struggle was long before either gave way; their feet seemed rooted to the earth, and their arms were twined powerfully in each other's.

But the false-hearted Kuno took advantage of an opportunity to seize the key, which Conrad had tied to a ribbon and concealed in his breast, and dashed his rival, whom he had thus taken by surprise, backwards into the deep ruins of a subterranean building which he had observed the day before, and had therefore chosen this spot as the theatre of his vengeance. His mind was too much heated and embittered to be brought to reason or repentance by the cruel death of his unfortunate friend; for there was no chance of escape for those who had once fallen over the frightful precipice. He hastened from the spot like a madman, holding fast the dearly-bought key, and repaired to the castle on the Kiphauser, where he arrived at night.

He found the entrance, which was nearly choked up with bushes, made use of the golden key, and entered the vault containing the treasure. But—what happened to him there, no one has ever known. The country people saw him the next morning running with disordered hair, and pale and haggard countenance; since which time he was never seen in the land of Thuringia.

Meanwhile Conrad was less unfortunate than might have been expected; the wild bushes in the interior of the abyss had broken his fall, and he had sunk upon the moist ground only slightly hurt. He lay there sometime, stunned by the fall. When he recovered his senses, it occurred to him how dreadfully he should perish, buried, as it were, alive. He sprang up shuddering, and walked wildly in the dark around the walls of the vault. Unexpectedly he found an opening. It certainly did not lead to daylight, for the rocky passage he entered still continued under ground. However, he pushed forward with restored hope. Nor did the cheering presentiment deceive him; for the vault was connected with the old castle.

Still following the winding passage, he found himself ascending, and at length he stood in one of the halls of the Kiphauser. He felt that he was in the favorite spot of his childhood; but it appeared to him that he was in the innermost part of the castle, which he had never yet penetrated. Here everything seemed well-preserved in all its ancient splendor. The beautiful rooms and vaulted halls were well-lighted. It was about midnight.

Conrad bounded over staircases and corridors till he reached an apartment more brilliantly illuminated than the rest, where he saw the venerable, majestic figure of the noble Frederic Barbarossa. The spirit smiled upon him, and rising from his seat, advanced, saying:

"Welcome, my brave champion; welcome to him who prefers honor and fidelity to fortune! You have chosen well; honor is the first legal bride of the warrior—then follows love. You descend, as I do, from the noble race of the Swabians, and you have verified your lineage. Your ancestors served me truly. The castle of your forefathers lies in ruins on the shores of the Danube. Take from the treasures of this castle, rebuild it, and then conduct your beloved Hildegard home."

"Hildegard!" sighed Conrad; "alas, she is lost to me!"

"How know you that?" demanded the apparition.

"The false friend to whom I confided my cause, told me the terrible tidings on my return from battle."

"And do you rely on the word of the traitor Kuno?" asked the spirit. "Hildegard still loves you; it was as a token of her affection that the blue flower bloomed for you; the high-minded Adelheid could not long remain offended with one who preferred honor to all things. Till your return she has retired with her daughter to a convent, exactly on the spot where the castle of your ancestors lies in ruins. Now follow me."

The knight followed the generous spirit in silence, and obeyed strictly the commands which he received. In a few months the splendid castle was rebuilt on the beautiful shores of the Danube, and the brave Conrad could now offer himself to the rich bride who had remained faithful to the poor youth. He found both the mother and daughter where the ghost had told him, and the joy of the meeting amply repaid all past sufferings on both sides.

The lovers were soon united with all due ceremony, and immediately after made a pilgrimage to the Kiphauser, out of gratitude to the noble spirit of the Hohenstaufens. But this time no apparition greeted their eyes. The spectre having accomplished his mission had doubtless retired to his final resting-place, and the remembrance of the majestic Frederic Barbarossa's ghost was all that was left to Conrad to remind him of his wild adventure on the Kiphauser. But among all the generations of the goodly race which he founded, the legends of the emperor's treasure, and Knight Conrad's bravery, was carefully handed down, and devoutly believed, and even to this day, though the family is now extinct, the gray front, and crumbling battlements of the castle rebuilt with the magic wealth, stands frowning down in deserted grandeur on the banks of the Danube.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HUNCHBACK.

BY WILLIAM C. PROCTOR.

"SEE, Lucy, does she not look like a queen, this little Angela of ours?"

"O, Henry, Henry!" shrieked my mother, as my father's hand slipped—the large, strong hand—letting my little *jump* figure swing first one way and then another.

"Good God, Lucy, have I hurt the child? Angela, darling, have I hurt you?"

O, it was all in vain that my father exclaimed and trembled. All in vain that the large, manly heart weakened down to an infant's strength. His queen was, alas! from thenceforth, a hunchback! It is hard to write the word; hard to recall the times when it was spoken, sometimes in pity, sometimes perhaps in derision; for there are persons who can add to the terrible, terrible burden of the deformed. I have been told that my father would walk the house whole nights in anguish at the fate to which he had condemned his child, and that towards me he ever preserved the fondest and tenderest, yet saddest appearance. As far back as I can remember, he certainly did so.

At eight years I lost my mother. O, more than ever was the poor crippled child to be pitied now!—yet I comforted my father when his heart was breaking with grief, and won him, by my childish prattle, almost to cheerfulness again. What a bond was between us now! Out of his sight I was miserable; lying weeping on my bed during his absence, and mourning for my lost mother; but when I heard my father's step in the hall, I sprang up as well as my lameness would permit, bathed my eyes and put on a smiling face. I could not bear to see him weep over me as he often did, and to hear him say, "O, Angela, my little Angela, can you ever forgive your father for rendering life so terrible to you?"

My father was an extensive mill owner, abundantly rich to supply every want but that of an upright, beautiful figure. He hired servants to attend upon me, and spared no expense to make me happy. I loved him with my whole heart, and never—no, never, thought of blaming him for the misfortune of my life. But an unkind sentence which I overheard respecting my figure when I was about nine years old, roused up my sensitiveness, and for two years I would not leave the house. I moped and pined incessantly, and it may be imagined how much this increased and aggravated my disorder. My father called in a new physician, and his judicious advice saved my life.

"Buy her a pony chaise," said he, "and teach her to drive. She can go round the garden at first; afterwards, when she finds that she can see people without exposing her figure, she will go further."

The next week I looked out of the dining-room one morning, and saw the prettiest little chaise, of a modest, dark green color, and a perfect little Shetland pony with silvered harness. I screamed with delight, and in half an hour was driving through green lanes, with my father walking beside me. Very soon he trusted me alone, and I found my courage increase with every day's experience.

One day—I think it was in the midst of a most smiling June, for I remember well that roses were blooming everywhere—I drove past a pretty cottage over whose windows and doors the honey-suckle, and sweet brier, and graceful hop, and clematis, were wreathing around each other in innumerable involutions. It had long been shut up; but on this day, the windows were all open, and I could see pretty furniture scattered about the two little front rooms as I passed. Soft, white muslin curtains floated from the casements, and I heard the tinkle of a guitar. When I returned, a woman's pale face, made paler by a close black dress, in which neither throat nor arms were visible, looked out at me, and a boy's curly head was lying beneath the grand old chestnut that grew at one side of the cottage. How I wondered who they were—this mother and son, for such I knew they were, by their wonderful resemblance. I was attracted to them, for all I was so generally shy of strangers; and once I stopped Bruno, the pony, and asked the lady for a rose.

From that day, I never passed without receiving from the boy some floral offering or other; and often a present of fruit in addition. Garlands were hung on Bruno's neck, and the little chaise literally bloomed; and Walter Doane's was the hand that brought the sweet and fragrant gifts. Once, the boy tempted me out of the chaise, to see the rabbits that he kept in a hutch at the back of the house; but I saw his involuntary shudder at my figure, and I did not soon repeat the experiment. Our usual way of conversing had been carried on, with the boy leaning into the chaise, looking up into my face. What he saw there, or how far the gaze was prompted by real interest in me, I did not then know. His pale faced mother seemed equally my friend. Walter told me pleasant tales of his dear, dead father, and I returned them with memories of my lost mother.

"Do you study?" asked Walter, one day. I blushed and my lip quivered. I could read a very little, but I had not learned to enjoy it, and I told him so with tears. Then it was that he came out day after day, while my chaise stood in the shadow of the old chestnut, and read to me quaint old tales and ballads, and I syllabled every word in my chamber at home, without a book—only by the power of remembering his words and accents. Thus I learned Shakspeare and Milton and Cowper, when the stock of stories and ballads were exhausted; and thus I fed my soul with the beautiful creations of our best and sweetest writers. I would have listened to the Koran or to the gibberish of the South Sea Islands if they had been given in that voice, and with that accent. My happy dream was all at once dispelled by Walter announcing to me with a boyish triumph that he was going to college.

"What! leave your mother?"

"She will board near me in the winter, and until then, I shall be frequently at home."

That was a little comfort, but O, what I endured when I first passed the house! I would not be persuaded to go that way again, but Mrs. Doane came to see me often with news of Walter.

I now staid almost constantly with my father; driving over to the mills, almost as soon as he had breakfasted and gone. My heart was as sad as a child's could be, who had lost the only playmate she had ever known. But Walter had gone to college. He would return at the end of four years, a scholar and a man. Should he find me still an invalid child, ignorant and stupid? No! I would make myself worthy to be his friend. I would learn—and I did learn. I had masters and teachers, who came at certain hours, and I studied well. I learned music, because I had a natural gift, and Walter loved it. I therefore took lessons on the guitar, but could not bring myself to be exhibited at the harp or piano; and then the guitar was his favorite instrument. God knows I had no thought beyond his approbation. I was too young, too simple, to dream of love.

The fourth year passed rapidly. I had improved. My face was beautiful I knew. I may say that—I who would have given up all its beauty for a straight form! My hair had always hung over the deformity, partially concealing its shape. I dressed always in the richest but plainest clothes, never attracting attention by gaudy colors, and my shoes and gloves were perfection.

"I am going to hear your young friend deliver his poem," said my father, on the last day of the term. "Will you go, Angela?"

The thought struck me that I should not be noticed in such a crowd, and I acceded, much to my father's surprise.

O, how the memory comes back, of a tall, superb form that mounted the platform that day, and spoke thrilling words of farewell to the companions of four years! Spoke them in the voice that had said as kindly ones to me, long ago. How I wept beneath my thick veil!

When all was over, my quick eye saw a beautiful girl in close conversation with Walter. Her face was partially turned from me—but her figure was superb. There lay her charm in my eyes. She seemed on the most familiar terms with him, and he escorted her from the hall; she leaning in graceful dependence on his arm. I heard some one say, "there goes young Doane and Sybil Delano; they say he is engaged to her."

He was another's, then! Not that I expected him to be mine—but O, the unutterable pang of those words!

"Let us go home, father," I said, in the first dreary, sinking emotion of my heart; and seeing me so pale and exhausted, he sped our retreat from so exciting a scene. We passed Walter and Miss Delano on the road. My father would have stopped and spoken to him, but I laid my hand on his arm and exclaimed, "Don't, father!" He looked surprised, but attributed all to the heat and excitement, and hurried on to the hotel, where he drove to a side entrance at my request.

We hurried home. "Father," I said, that evening, "are you rich enough to go to Europe?"

"Well—yes, if necessary," he answered, laughingly. "Why do you ask?"

"Will you go and take me with you?"

"I will consider of it, darling."

And he did consider, and so effectually, that we were on our way in three weeks. Walter Doane had called twice in our absence. Somehow, I shrunk from seeing him. I did not know that he and his mother were going to Liverpool to visit her sister, who resided there.

For weeks after I landed on a foreign soil, I was in ecstasy. My father had taken out with him one of the very easiest and springiest of American vehicles, and we rode every day, until we had visited all the places that had so long lingered on my imagination from description.

We were sitting in the finest picture gallery in Rome, where we had been spending the whole morning, when my gaze was attracted to two figures just entering. I knew them at a glance. They were Walter, and Sybil Delano. I shrunk behind a pillar that rose close to my seat, and eluded their gaze for half an hour. When they entered the next room I went away.

That evening my father brought me some new music, and insisted on my playing. He threw the ribbon over my neck, and commanded me playfully to sing an old and favorite air, if I would not try the new. I threw off my sadness, and sung and played long, and with my best expression. The night was warm, and people were walking on the piazzas. I heard a voice say, "Let me listen! don't speak. I know that voice well."

I too, was thrilling at the sound of the voice I heard. I saw—only in imagination, for the curtains were down—Walter and Miss Delano; and I went up stairs directly, to avoid them. Why did I thus shun my old playmate? A servant came up and said a gentleman wished to see me, and had sent his card. I could not see the name, but I felt it was there. My father took it from me. "Ask him up," said he; and in a moment Walter Doane was beside me.

"Why have you two avoided me?" he asked.

Of course my father answered; and although apparently satisfied, I could see that he felt hurt.

"But I see you once more," he said, "and I must have my mother come to you immediately; she is very busy preparing for a wedding!" And Walter blushed like a girl.

There could be no doubt now, I thought; but I could not speak of it, and changed the subject. It was late, and he soon departed. Next day came Mrs. Doane. She had cast her weeds aside, and looked like a young and blooming woman. The pale cheek was absolutely rosy. She embraced me tenderly, and seemed very happy at seeing me.

Two days afterwards, wedding cards were brought in. I did not even open them. There they lay in their white ribbons; and there too, on the sofa, I lay. The tears I shed that afternoon! But I bathed my face when I thought it was time for my father to come in, and tried to practise the new airs he had brought me. The door was open, and in the twilight I heard some one enter, and supposed he had come. But a hand smaller and softer than his was laid on mine. I looked up, and in the dimness I recognized Walter.

"You will come to the wedding to-morrow morning?" he asked.

"I will try to do so," I said, as coolly as possible; but my brain was whirling, and I was glad that it was so dark.

"Angela, you do not welcome as I thought you would. In fact you seem estranged and distant. I once thought, in my college life, that I should return home to find my happiness and to make yours. You chill and disappoint me."

"Hush! What difference can it make to you now that you are to find it with another so soon?"

"What do you mean? Who do you refer to?"

"To your bride of to-morrow—Miss Delano."

He sat perfectly silent for five minutes. I could not see his face, but he was evidently thinking deeply.

"I see you do not understand, Angela, for you would not wilfully misinterpret—yet your cards, they must have told you all."

"I have not opened them!"

He rang for a light; and taking up the cards from my table, he opened the packet and showed me the names of Frederick Harwood and Mrs. Doane. I was petrified.

"But Miss Delano," I said, "what of her?"

"Only that she has recently become my Cousin Frank's wife. I was mute with surprise."

"Angela, you loved me as a child; will you love me now?"

"What! I? the hunchback?"

"Angela, never speak of that to me again. It is your soul I love. Never did I, never can I love another. I did not tell you so before, because I wished to try myself by seeing others. I am satisfied now."

O, was it not all a dream, this great, overpowering happiness? No longer would my poor father feel that he had destroyed my prospects for life. I rejoiced for him as much as for myself; and when, after Mrs. Doane's wedding, she came to me, and fondly called me her daughter, I was weeping the happiest tears that ever wet human eyes.



PAWNEE CHIEF, SCALLA-NA-SHARO, OR, ONLY CHIEF.

INDIAN WARRIORS.

The portraits on this page are from photographs taken in Washington of two famous Pawnees, who visited the Federal city last winter with others of their tribes on business with the government. The Pawnee chief, Scalla-na-sharo, or "Only Chief," has much of the supercilious air of one born to hereditary command, while the brave Qu-u-ae, or "Buffalo Bull," has the unmistakable lineaments of a desperate fighting-man, the hard, harsh, cruel expression of a genuine blood-thirsty savage. It was understood at Washington that this latter gentleman was in possession of a large number of scalps taken on various occasions, and on which rested his claims to be considered the "bravest of the brave." When these and other Indian warriors and delegates were presented to President Buchanan at the White House, the scene, though not an unusual one, was very striking. We can imagine its effect on a stranger witnessing it for the first time—this contrast between the extremes of civilization and barbarism. On one side stood the painted and plumed and blanketed warriors, as unmoved and calm as if within some forest aisle of the far West, on the other side, the president and members of the cabinet, with ladies sprinkled about among the company. The chiefs of the

red race thus met the one white chief who represented the people who had displaced the dusky warriors, driven them from their hunting-grounds, and obtained possession of the vast territory once the undisputed heritage of the savage. Of the Indians who visited Washington at the time these photographs were taken, sixteen were Pawnees, from whom we selected the two most striking specimens. When officially presented, they were of course decked out with a total disregard of the expense of feathers, buffalo robes, blankets, soot, yellow ochre, vermilion, and indigo blue. Yet they were altogether a fine looking set of men. The same remark is applicable to the Poncas. The Pottawatomies were not so striking in appearance—claiming to be half-civilized, and having the unequal, undecided aspect of the poor copper-colored wretches we see shuffling about our railroad stations selling slippers and bead bags. During their visit Mr. Buchanan established a treaty of peace between the Pawnees and Poncas, but it is extremely doubtful whether it will be lasting. The bad faith of the Indians is as proverbial as the *Punica fides* of the Carthaginians. Indeed, the more we are acquainted with them, the less do we see to admire in them. Experience strips them of the fantastic attributes with which poetry and romance have clothed them, and we behold them as they are, gluttonous, selfish, sensual, fierce, filthy, cruel and cowardly. Yes—after all that has been said of the gallantry of the red man, your Indian is a cowardly foe. He fights in ambush—never risking his person if he can possibly help it. In their warlike expeditions they never, if they can help it, attack a superior or an equal foe. They must have numbers on their side before they rush into battle. Their victories are disgraced by the foulest cruelty—they war with women and infants even. In domestic life their treatment of the women is brutal in the extreme. Inextinguishable laziness is their curse—and all hope of bringing them within the pale of civilization is vain. We are sorry that our faith in Mr. Cooper is shaken—sorry to have our early day-dreams of the "noble savage" dispersed, but we must look the fact steadily in the face. We may mourn that the original occupants of the soil are fading away from it—but we must console ourselves with the Turkish exclamation—"Kismet!"—it is fate. The destiny of the red race is to die out before the advance of the victorious Anglo-Saxon, the master of the world. Yet the aborigines possess many traits which commend them to the artist and literary man; while to the philologist and the ethnologist they offer many interesting problems. As time rolls on, their history and manners, softened and enhanced by distance, will suggest many a theme for the poet and story-teller. When the places that now know them shall know them no more forever, the local traditions of the red men will be carefully sought after and treasured up. Here and there, on the dark record of their career, one or two men will shine forth, such as Philip of Pokanoket, as types of Indian bravery and magnanimity of character, worthy of study and challenging esteem.

MISSION OF ST. LOUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA.

We publish on this page a very fine view of the mission of St. Louis Obispo, on the coast of California, in about latitude 35. The interest attaching to the land of gold, to which we are bound by so many commercial and social ties, which is peopled by representatives of all sections of our country, renders every illustration of its peculiar features acceptable. Especially is this the case with the monuments of the past, the landmarks of another power and another people, now fast passing away. These memorials of the days of the Spanish Jesuits are fast crumbling to ruins, and probably in another quarter of a century the ploughshare will pass where stately churches and cloisters once, rose, or



PAWNEE WARRIOR, QU-U-AEK, OR, BUFFALO BULL.

warehouses and private residences be erected on the site. One of the most noteworthy of these establishments is that of which we present a view. The artist has taken the liberty of depicting it as it appeared in its prime, without marking the ravages which time has impressed upon its crumbling walls. The church is in the heavy and gloomy style of architecture universally adopted in the ecclesiastical edifices of Spanish America. It seems as if the Spanish church builders of the New World had but one type of structure. In Brazil, in Peru, in Mexico, and in California we behold the same heavy bell-towers, the same arched doorways, the same niches. It is only in interior fitting up that they differ from each other, and that not materially. Lower California was discovered by Cortez in 1534, but it was not until 1697 that the Spaniards began to interest themselves seriously in the Californians. It was then that the Jesuits came to preach the gospel to the Indians and to initiate them in civilization. A local tradition aided their efforts greatly. This legend related that a supernatural being, named Quetzalcoatl, had formerly landed in Mexico to make laws and give instruction in the various useful arts of life. Compelled to take his departure at the expiration of a certain period, he had promised to return or to send one of his delegates to complete the work he had commenced. Accordingly, when the monks made their appearance, the Indians did not doubt that their patron saint was Quetzalcoatl himself, and welcomed them with every token of submission and joy. The monks converted them and succeeded in gathering these ignorant but gentle people into twenty-two missions, which embraced the whole territory between San Diego and San Francisco. The Spanish government divided Upper California into four provinces or *presidios*; those of San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barba, and San Diego. Each of these places was a certain field of action for authority, and the governor-general resided at Monterey. But when Mexico separated from the mother country, this whole administrative organization was destroyed, and the country was abandoned to itself without any other government than the half-spiritual and half-temporal authority of the Franciscans. With the history of California, under the American rule, our readers are of course familiar. Splendid cities have arisen there, as if by magic, schools, churches, hospitals, have been founded, commerce fostered, and the civilization of the East suddenly transported to the West.

SPOTS ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN.

The Royal Astronomical Society, G. B., have recently presented their medal to Mr. Heinrich Schwabe, of Dessau, Germany, for his researches, continued for a period of thirty years, on the spots which appear on the surface of the sun. From the address of the president, in presenting the medal, we derive the following information on this topic: The plan adopted by Mr. Schwabe is, to note by a number each spot in the order of its appearance, carrying on his notation from the first to the last spot in each year. He reckons an isolated spot, or a cluster of spots where there is no visible separation between their penumbrae, as one group. Hence, he observes, the number of spots will depend in a great measure on the excellence of the telescope; and it often happens that clusters of many hundred, nay, of many thousand spots, will be designated by one number only, just as a single isolated spot will be. So great, however, is the sun's tendency to present his spots in the form of clusters, that other observers will, in the course of a year, assuredly not find any great difference between their numbers and mine. But he particularly impresses on his readers that he attaches importance not so much on the absolute number of the groups, as on the ratio which obtains between them in different years. The result of his investigations has been to establish with a degree of probability, almost amounting to certainty, that the solar spots pass through the phases of maximum and minimum frequency, and vice versa, in a period not very different from ten years.



MISSION OF SAINT LOUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W.—The greatest living novelists are Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens. Sir Walter Scott was the greatest English novelist.

Mrs. M. C.—Many of the foreign jewellers make these Protean ornaments. A magnificent diadem has been designed in London for the Princess Woronzoff of Russia, so formed as to be convertible at pleasure into a necklace or bracelets. It will contain nine diamonds of enormous size, and the setting will be entirely of silver.

L. F., Chicago, Ill.—We should think the trouble arose from imperfect ventilation. It is stated that a bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead in which people are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning from the impure air generated by their respiration. Small close sleeping-rooms are often as dangerous as the curtained bedsteads.

GAETANO, Newark, N. J.—Nous vous remercions, monsieur, de vos renseignements au sujet du drapeau français, et nous les reproduirons avant peu dans le "Pictorial," au bénéfice de nos lecteurs.

EXPERIMENTER.—Professor Smith, the astronomer royal for Scotland, in his interesting account of a recent scientific expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe, has set at rest the often-discussed question of the heat of moonlight. He says that his thermometrical instruments were sensibly affected by the moon's rays, even at the lowest of two stations occupied by him at different elevations. In tropical climates, meat which is exposed to moonlight rapidly becomes putrid; and in the West Indies, the negroes, who will lie sweltering and uncovered beneath the full glare of a tropical sun, carefully muffle their heads and faces when exposed to the moonbeams, which they believe will cause swelling and distortion of the features, and sometimes even blindness.

J. V., Portland, Me.—Mr. Tobias Gibson was one of the earliest itinerant Methodists. In 1799, having crossed the mountains and traversed a wilderness six hundred miles to the Cumberland, and, with a canoe, having followed the course of that river, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, he landed safely at Natchez, where he commenced his labors in the southern part of the great valley.

INQUIRER, Lowell, Mass.—The table of the Railroad Journal makes 26,210 miles of railroads in operation January 1, 1858, and the cost of the same \$919,990,516. Accidents on railroads in 1857, 126; persons killed, 130; wounded, 530.

J. S., Rockport, Mass.—The lighthouse department of the United States included, in 1858, 579 lighthouse and light-vessel stations, and 627 lights. The number of buoys and beacons is about 5000, besides the necessary duplicates. Estimated expense for the year ending June 30, 1859, \$791,134. The total cost of the lighthouse system from 1789 to 1857, inclusive, was \$27,185,053.

PHILANTHROPIST.—The Indian tribes within the borders of the United States, are officially estimated to be 325,000; annual amount granted them, \$556,238; estimated future appropriations to meet limited annuities, \$11,754,165; annual liabilities likely to be permanent, \$350,654; amount held in trust by the United States for their benefit, and bearing interest, \$7,003,087.

WHAT A NAME.—We see by a court report that a young lady in New York State rejoices in the name of Icebenda. Whence this odd name? Is the young lady one of the "heavy weights," and does she find it impossible to venture on the frozen surface of a pond without making it quake beneath her footsteps? We await further explanation with intense anxiety.

NEW NEIGHBORS.—Messrs. Chase Brothers, dealers in ornamental iron-work of all descriptions, have removed their establishment to No. 15, nearly opposite us. This adds to the attractions of Winter Street, now one of the most active business thoroughfares in the city.

SPLINTERS.

.... News reaches Gibraltar now in two days from England, by means of the electric telegraph through France and Spain.

.... The Cooper Institute at the intersection of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, New York, will be an enduring monument.

.... Beware how you trifle with duty on the ground of inability; for he who bids you labor gives you strength to do it.

.... The height of impudence has been defined to be seeking refuge from a pelting shower in an umbrella shop.

.... It is stated that England is at present making more rolled iron than all other nations united can produce.

.... Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue is its sun; the two are never far apart from each other.

.... Many things are thorns to our hopes till we have reached them, and poisoned arrows to the heart when gained.

.... Experience has been called the most eloquent of preachers; but unfortunately, she never has a large congregation.

.... Loquacious mouths are like badly managed banks—they make large issues, but have no solid capital.

.... No love is so sweet as that which follows ill-humor, as we press sweet oil from the acrid, bitter olive.

.... The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of marriage is of gold, lasting as well as beautiful.

.... Piccolomini lately received a present of a bottle of boot varnish. She had all sorts of presents in New York.

.... Ball Hughes's plaster model of an equestrian statue of Washington has been very much admired in Philadelphia.

.... In Prussia they now give the prince regent an income of £360,000, and the insane king £240,000.

.... The cathedral which the New York Catholics propose to build on Fifth Avenue, will cost \$750,000.

.... A Connecticut doctor has offered to sell Mayor Tiemann a receipt for driving the cholera out of New York for \$1000.

.... John S. Rarey has been teaching the art of taming horses to a large class of pupils in the city of Stockholm.

.... For becoming a Mahomedan a Russian ensign has been sentenced to Siberia for the remainder of his life.

.... At a recent meeting in Hartford, the Connecticut tobacco growers passed resolutions in favor of a warehouse.

The New York city council have voted \$25,000 for a Foundling Hospital—the first one ventured on in this country.

.... A Mr. Johnson of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been fined \$3 for kissing a lady without her consent or invitation.

PRIZE-FIGHTING.

The public mind has of late been surfeited with disgusting details of a brutal contest between two trained bullies, for "the Championship of America." Morrissey and Heenan have had their meeting on the borders of Canada, and have battered and bruised each other to the full extent of their ability—thousands of spectators from all parts of the country thronging to the spot by railroad and steamboat, and looking on the disgusting exhibition with gloating eyes. Hundreds of thousands at home, have sought the newspaper details of the contest, and devoured them with avidity. An absurd attempt is made to throw the charm of romance around such pugilistic contests, by representing the parties as heroes, whose display of prowess and courage is worthy of admiration. But prize-fighters are mere mercenaries of the lowest grade; men who take advantage of their physical organization to set themselves up as butts for the blows of their opponents, in order to make money out of the operation. There is nothing whatever that is noble or elevating in such contests. They minister to the lowest and meanest passions of human nature, and tend to degrade all who partake of them, either as performers or spectators, to a level with beasts. They are of the same nature as, but of a lower grade than, dog-fights, bear-baitings, and bull-fights, and rob the man of all self-respect who countenances them.

Prize-fights are a perverted relic of barbarism, tending directly to encourage and perpetuate the feelings of barbarians. They are entirely without the justification which attended physical encounters in the rude days of human society, and have for their sole motive the contemptible idea of money-making. In the days of barbarism, before society became consolidated and organized, and when there was no law to furnish protection for person and property, each man was obliged to depend upon his own right arm for defence against aggression. Then the art of the pugilist was necessary and justifiable, though it did give play to the worst passions and the lowest instincts of human nature. But that necessity has ceased with the spread of civilization, which makes society assume for itself, through the forms of law, the duty of protecting every individual member thereof in his person and property. And with that necessity falls also the justification for such personal contests, and leaving them open to absolute condemnation, as degrading and brutalizing to human nature. The disgraceful mingling of the passion for gain, with the animal pugnacity of humanity, which characterizes the modern prize-fighting, is a corruption for which civilization is responsible; it was entirely unknown to our barbarous progenitors. Nor does this foul dishonor find any counterpart in the conduct of those whom we are in the habit of looking down upon as immeasurably our inferiors in social advancement. The practice of gambling, which is now a necessary attendant of prize-fighting, whether in fighting for stakes, or in betting upon the head of the successful combatant, while it seems to degrade even a voluntary pugilistic encounter, is one of the chief evils which pugilism inflicts upon society. Betting in any form, is censurable, as encouraging a passion for gain; but when it enlists one to desire the maiming and disabling of a fellow-being, even at the expense of his life, it becomes a terrible destroyer of human feeling, obliterating from the mind all perception of right and wrong, and investing the human soul with the spirit of a hyena. There needs no stronger evidence of the hardening, demoralizing effect of prize-fighting, than the fact stated in the public prints, that the wife of one of the combatants in the recent fight in Canada, bet two thousand dollars upon the head of her husband, and that her father made bets to the amount of eighty thousand! What could that woman care for the husband whom she thus sent forth to be bruised and maimed, and perhaps killed, that she might make two thousand dollars? What could that father care for the husband of his child, who could thus stake a fortune upon the issues of his premeditated brutal fight? Truly the heart must be seared as with a hot iron, when wives and fathers can thus give up those who are dear to them, to coin their blood and muscle into gold!

Prize-fighting also operates as a direct encouragement to rowdiness and personal outrage. The ruffian and the bully are placed upon the same level with those who consider themselves respectable; all meet together around the prize-ring, take a common interest in the fight, bet upon the same issue, and applaud or censure in unison. What other object can this communion with decent people have upon the rowdy, save to confirm him in his habits of lawless violence? He sees around him and mingling with his fellows of the "swell mob," those whom in any other place he would not dare to look in the face; he hears them praising the cunning tricks of pugilism, and the reckless daring which he has idolized all his life; he finds them deferring to his superior knowledge of the bruiser's art, and hetting as he bets; and the result is, that he has a much higher appreciation of himself. He returns from the field strengthened and encouraged in his lawless courses, and all the more eager to resort to force and violence. In this way the abettors of prize-fights weaken respect for the law, promote breaches of the peace, encourage a mob spirit, and undermine the foundations of social order. Let the decent patrons of such low and beastly exhibitions, reflect upon these consequences of their thoughtless conduct; let the conductors of the respectable press consider well their duty in this matter, and above all, let the ministers of the law realize the importance of their preventive office.

LECTURING.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, the trance-lecturer, made six thousand dollars by a recent tour. The result, at least, was entrancing.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Because he's a sap-head, his waist is remarkably slender, his growth is exceedingly rapid, and his top is uncommonly tender.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Pictorial* for the year 1859. Three numbers more will complete the *fifteenth* volume of the work, and with the number for January first, commences volume sixteenth. We shall bring out during the next year some of the best novelettes we have ever published, besides which we have added to our regular corps of contributors, some of the best male and female writers in this country. We shall commence the new volume with a fine *original* romance from the pen of Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE, one of the most graceful lady writers now living, entitled:

THE CHANGELING:

—OR,—

THE FALSE HEIR.

Founded on Incidents of the French and Indian War.

We shall follow this by other equally attractive tales, besides which we shall continue our large amount of entertaining original stories, sketches, adventures, biographies, etc., in connection with a vast number of fine pictures on every conceivable subject. Especially will our *portraits*, alone, be worth more than a year's subscription to our paper. They will be large, finely engraved from original sittings, and the biographies will be written by able and faithful pens, describing eminent cotemporary men, and forming a marked feature of the volume. In this department we shall spare neither labor nor expense.

Altogether we intend to make the *Pictorial* as attractive and intrinsically valuable, as we have done heretofore, and to present such a weekly visitor for the domestic fireside as shall be welcome all over the land. There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "*Ballou's Pictorial*," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the name and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

THE IODINE CURE.

The beneficial medicinal qualities of spring waters impregnated with iodine, have long been known. M. Boinet, a French physician, has improved upon the hint thus given by nature, and investigated the curative properties of this substance with considerable success. Iodine is present in sea water, and largely so in marine vegetation. Indeed, the chief source of the iodine used in commerce, is the kelp produced by burning sea-weed. Dr. Boinet having observed that wens, scrofula, and other affections of that nature, are very rare among people inhabiting regions where iodine is abundantly diffused in the air, and that the energy of the vital functions bear a direct proportion to the quantity of iodine present in the system, shrewdly conjectured that the employment of this agent might be efficacious in the treatment of diseases dependent upon a morbid condition of the animal functions. He therefore resorted to the use of food containing iodine, by mixing with bread, cake, syrups and other edibles, plants containing this substance. After ten years experimenting with scrofulous children in this way, he is confident that not only scrofula, but ulcerous affections, diseases of the skin, ophthalmia, caries of the bones, etc., can be cured by such a diet.

NIAGARA.—We are sorry to see this sturdy cataract giving signs of eaving in. The road to Termination Point has fallen away—mortal being will never visit that "point" again, and a promenade of a yard long only is now left under the falls, says the Hamilton Spectator. We never read of visitors going under this fall, without thinking of what poor Power's Irish guide said to him there. "Luk up at the grate grane say rowling over us! Murder! if it should take a shlope in!"

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON III.—Various rumors having been circulated with regard to the coronation of Napoleon III., the *Moniteur* takes occasion to remark: "The Napoleon dynasty has been long crowned. It was crowned in its origin by an ineffaceable baptism by the generous blood spilled on so many battle-fields. Reposing on the future as on the past, it has no need of seeking a new element of vitality among ancient traditions."

A SPIRITED "LEADER."—We find the following as the leading article in the St. Anthony and Minneapolis "Weekly Advertiser": "We want some wood. We will take wood, in payment for subscriptions to the Advertiser, or anything else good to eat, as the editor down east says."

PUGILISM.—As we feared, the late prize fight has led to pugilistic encounters all over the country; the boys have caught the gladiatorial spirit, and "mills" occur at every street-corner. Down with the combatants!

The Poet's Corner.

LIFE.

A swaying reed, I stand
Close at the marge of time's deep, rapid tide;
Far sweeping o'er the land
Comes many a gale o'erladen, scattering wide
What should but reach my hand.

Verily I strive to gain
Those wasted treasures from the truant air;
Floating beyond the main,
The distant, silent sea receives my share,
Nor yields it back again.

Pass down Time's rapid stream,
Gay barks, and argosies of joy and pride;
Their gorgeous banners gleam
In conscious power; alas, the treacherous tide
Proves all their pomp a dream.

But from their wreck is cast,
Close at my feet, upon the trembling strand,
A waif, whose splendor past
The waves destructive spare to grace my hand—
This, this is mine at last.

And thus I stand;—the storm
That desolates the land and sinks the fleet
Thrills with a new life, warm,
My blooming rod,—for fiercer woes more meet
Maketh my fragile form.

Seldom hath hope her own:
Not the lark's music 'mid the morning dews
Is life's most frequent tone,
Nor from sweet gardens of all beauteous hues
Cometh her breath alone;—

Hers is the silent night,
The storm destructive and the tempest wild;—
O, may I read night
Her darkest page, and, like a little child,
Wait for the morning light!

Bowing before the blast,
With stronger faith and hope of purer aim,
Aside all murmurings cast,
Then, upward look, a higher joy to claim
When the last woe is past!

TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense),
The faint pang stealthiest unperceived away;
How much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!—BOWLES.

HOPE.

Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whence she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, nor swerved otherway.—SPENSER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

"Custom cannot stale" our admiration of some of the wonders that science has achieved, though daily and hourly displayed before our eyes. Steam is still the great magician, not the familiar acquaintance. Individually, we, at least, bow before its spell; and the other day, standing on the Cunard wharf at East Boston when the "America" was coming in from Halifax, it required no great effort to picture and to feel the wonder of the people of Europe when the first American steamship, the pioneer of ocean steam navigation, was seen approaching their shore, gliding swiftly onward without a sail bellying from the slender tracery of her yards and cordage. That was the avatar of a power to be felt through ages, stamping its signet on the century we live in, the greatness of which we do not and cannot fully comprehend. . . . The highest tribunal of this State has decided that lager beer is intoxicating. Oloom sitteth on the visage of our Teutonic friends. It is in vain they point to the proofs of their having swallowed fifty or sixty glasses a day with impunity—the bench frowns upon the bar. But will the *kelner* become a shadowy myth? Will the sound of "Ein lager!" "Zwei lager!" die away from the echoing arches of marble halls? Shall there be no more cakes and ale because we are virtuous? Time will show. . . . A correspondent of the Transcript asks whether the clergymen of this State are particular enough about recording marriages and sending in returns to the town clerks. He says: "We have heard of a case in which a divorce was desired by a lady from a brutal husband, and a fee of a thousand dollars was offered a young lawyer if he could find any legal defect in the marriage ceremony to aid in the suit for divorce. He ascertained that the officiating clergyman, a stranger to both parties, had not complied with the statutes in regard to the marriage, and it was doubtful if its legality could be established. The wife obtained a divorce, and the fee was paid. Where such interests as are involved in the marriage relation are at stake, is it not the duty of clergymen and magistrates to inform themselves in regard to the laws, and to comply with them in every particular?" . . . Every day, at noon, a prayer meeting conducted by females, and attended by them exclusively, is held in the lower lecture-room of the John Street Methodist Church, New York. The Post says it is open to all, is free from sectarian influences, and is attended with deep interest by a portion of the 89,000 female operatives of the city. . . . Every effort to introduce the culture of cotton in Utah territory has proved a failure, because of the lack of water, bad seed, and mineral in the soil. . . . A New York firm has invented a steam fire-engine which is self-propelling. . . . Lately at Northampton, in this State, there was a race between a Mr. Adams and the horse "Hector," owned in North Adams, on the agricultural grounds; the horse to trot one mile and 400 yards, and the man to walk half a mile—beat two in three. The first heat was won by the man, who came in about ten rods ahead; time, 3.16. The second heat was won by the horse, by about the same distance; time, 3.20. The third heat was won by the man, in 3.10, nearly distanclog the horse. . . . A specimen of the fair sex was on exhibition in Cynthiana, Ky., recently, who was seven feet two inches in height, seventeen years of age, and said to be very pretty. . . . A Chicago paper gives an account of the recent explosion of a metallic coffin from the gases generated by the corpse inside, while en route to a neighboring State for interment. . . . A farmer at Cote, St. Paul, near the Lachine Canal, Montreal, perceived a large lynx in his poultry yard, feeding on one of his ducks, and turned out a large and ferocious dog he had upon it, but the dog was

soon put to death. The lynx then climbed up a tree, when the farmer loaded his gun and put a bullet through his head, which brought him to the ground. The lynx was of a large size and in good condition. . . . By artificial respiration an estimable citizen of Cincinnati was prevented from departing this life after he had taken two ounces and a half of laudanum. The physicians pumped the wind into him for nine hours and a half, and he is now quite well. . . . A Dutchman's heart-rending soliloquy is described thus: "She loves Shon Nickle so much pesser as I, because he's cot a koople tollars more as I has!" . . . A judge out west has recently decided that it might be insanity to sign another man's name to a check, in place of your own; but when you draw the money on the check, and spend it, there is a great deal of sanity in the proceeding. . . . A letter has been received from Mr. Anderson, one of the best players in Germany, and the victor at the chess tournament held in London the year of the Great Exhibition, stating that he will pass his Christmas holidays in Paris to contend with Mr. Morphy. He intends arriving at the French capital about the 18th of December, and will remain a fortnight. It is not, however, certain that the young American player can remain in Paris so late in the year. . . . A correspondent of the Raleigh Standard, who has succeeded in the culture of tea in North Carolina, writes that the Paraguay tea, which it is proposed to introduce into the United States, is identical with the "Yopou," which grows wild on the North Carolina coast, and is very generally drunk among the poorer classes in that section. Many of the captains of vessels prefer a supply of it to coffee. It grows wild upon the eastern coast, but when cultivated and trimmed it makes a very beautiful tree. . . . There is a rat-catcher in New York who employs four men regularly in catching these animals, and within a comparatively short period he has obtained about 3000 from the Astor House, 2000 from the St. Nicholas Hotel, and about the same number from the New York, Taylor and other hotels in the city. He drives a great trade in the skins, which he sends to all parts of the United States. Baltimore alone takes some 2000 per month. . . . A gentleman at Brookline has raised this year some *Beurre Diel* pears that surpass those of previous years in size and magnificence. Some of them have weighed twenty-two ounces. . . . It has been truly remarked that satire is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. . . . A New Orleans paper says a gentleman entering the city from Osyka, found himself in company with four youths from Kentucky going to New Orleans to seek their fortune. He endeavored to dissuade them from going, in consequence of the prevailing fever, and advised them to take the return cars for home, or they would soon be the occupants of a graveyard. They refused to return, saying they would die first. They arrived in New Orleans, and, shortly after, three of them were buried, and the fourth was not expected to survive. . . . A new ship has just been launched at Havre, which is intended to be moved by a new motive power—that of vapor and hot air engendered in a close reservoir. She will be propelled by a screw. . . . A correspondent of the New York Herald writes from Hakodadi, Japan: "A Yankee physician has stuck up his shingle near the consul's residence. From appearance I should judge that it did not take him long to make his charges for his morning calls. His name is Bates, and he is from Ashfield, Mass., and very much of a gentleman. No doubt, after these people leave off some of their prejudices, he will have a good practice and reap a rich reward for the privation he has to undergo. He is quite a young man, and in excellent health. . . . A writer in one of the medical magazines urges that the more out-door air and cheery sunshine a man can use the longer he will live. Go along any of the fashionable streets of New York, says the writer, and you will find not less than three, and often six, distinct contrivances to keep out sunshine and gladness. First, the Venetian shutter on the outside; second, the close shutter on the inside; third, the blind which is moved by rollers; then there are the lace curtains, the damask or other material, etc. In the train comes the exclusion of external air by means of double sash, and a variety of patent contrivances to keep any little stray whiff of air from entering from the bottom, sides and tops of doors and windows. At this rate we shall dwindle into Lilliputs, if we do not die off sooner. . . . Somebody in Paris has been writing the memoirs of Talleyrand. He has even attributed to this illustrious statesman the following remark made a few days before his death: "My only occupation is to increase the bills of my creditors. I have worked at it all my life, and I am working at it still." . . . Crinoline is disappearing at Paris, but do husbands rejoice thereat? Alas, no! The substitute is to be voluminous dresses extending into a train behind, and consuming about forty yards of silk. Do the women wish to render marriage impossible to all but millionnaires? Are they aware of the deep immorality of extravagance? . . . Among the 160 lessees of boxes at the Italian opera-house, Paris, there are not thirty natives of Paris. Spaniards, Russians, English and Americans abound among the musical magnates; but is it not strange that in this, the finest theatre of Paris, there are so few Parisians? The smallest box, however, costs several thousand francs, and the French are economical in their pleasures.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WAVESLEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. WOODSTOCK. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 volumes, 12mo

These elegant volumes contain one of the most spirited and popular of Scott's novels, that wherein the contrasted portraiture of Puritan and Cavalier are marked by the greatest artistic vigor and felicity. The first volume is embellished by a fine steel portrait of Oliver Cromwell, the second by an ideal head of Alice Lee, the heroine.

THE MUSICAL A. B. C. By E. IVES, JR. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

An excellent work devoted to the rudiments of music, progressing so gradually that the pupil who follows its instructions will be very far advanced before he is aware of it. The work is very neatly printed, and contains many choice pieces.

BITTER-SWEET. A poem by J. G. HOLLAND, author of the "Boy Path," Titcomb's Letters, etc. New York: Charles Scribner, 1859.

This is a dramatic poem of great power, remarkable for its logical strength. The leading idea is original. The scene is a New England farmhouse, and the time Thanksgiving—the characters, the members of one family, are strongly individualized. They discuss the most momentous questions—the goodness of God, the purpose of evil, and the result is the removal of doubt and the triumph of faith.

THE MUNICIPALIST. In two parts. New York: George Savage. 12mo. pp. 302. 1859.

In the form of a series of familiar letters addressed to his children, Mr. Savage, the author and publisher of this work, presents his views of the federal constitution and the American theory of government. But though he takes broad ground, his efforts are specially directed to a reform of political abuses in New York, based on a revision of the constitution of that State. We have been much impressed by the earnest and honest spirit of the book, and also with the successful manner in which topics, generally considered dry, have been rendered acceptable to the general reader. The "Municipalist" will doubtless make its mark.

THE SONG FESTIVAL. By V. C. TAYLOR. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

This collection consists of psalmody, songs, duets, trios, quartets, glee, sacred and operatic choruses for choirs, conventions, classes, schools, and the home circle. The author is well known for the taste evinced in his numerous successful musical compilations.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published "Our Land," a national ode, words by G. W. Babcock, music by Thomas Cole.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 364. 1859.

The reading public will welcome warmly the publication in a dainty volume, illustrated by Hoppin, of the series of papers which proved so attractive in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, and we are very much mistaken if it does not become a pet book, having an honored place on the same shelf with Lamb's essays, and as often taken down to delight the owner or enchant a circle of hearers. The book contains some of the best prose and verse Oliver Wendell Holmes ever wrote.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

As might have been expected, the French newspapers have resented the arrogant tone of the English press in commenting on the late transactions between France and Portugal, and the tone of feeling between France and England is just now anything but amicable. The London Times is essaying to get up a popular indignation feeling against the Derby cabinet for not interfering to prevent France from humiliating Portugal in the affair of the Charles George. But such interference was not to be thought of. Louis Philippe submitted to such intermeddling in a similar case—but Louis Napoleon is a very different sort of person. Louis Philippe feared a war: a war would be the salvation of Louis Napoleon.—The Hamburg steamship line has been reinforced by the steamers Petropolis and Lantonia—A large body of marines have been sent from France to Canton.—The Empress Eugenie has been enlisted in the war against crinoline, and that monstrosity in female attire has probably received its death-blow.—From India we learn that rebellion still rears its hydra head, though the victory still perches on the British banners.—A subscription is being organized in Hamburg to present to the captains of the French and Norwegian vessels who saved the Austria's passengers an appropriate souvenir each, for their exertions on that occasion.—Austria is said to be negotiating with Turkey for the cession of a port in the Sea of Marmora for the Austrian Lloyds.—The London Daily News declares Portugal entitled to the sympathy of all civilized powers, and that the censure of Europe will deservedly fall on France.—The relaxation of the present severe passport system in France, has been carried out by a circular of instructions, issued by the minister of the interior.—The official connection of Dr. Lyon Playfair with the Department of Science and Art having been severed by his election to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, a distribution of the offices he held in the department has been made. Dr. Edwin Lankester, F. R. S., the well-known lecturer and writer on science and medicine, and editor of the natural history divisions of the "English Cyclopaedia," will succeed him as scientific referee to the department.

Rossini the Composer.

The Paris municipality have offered Rossini a most eligible site, planted with full grown trees, in the delightful suburb of Passy, where he is about to construct an Italian villa. The maestro had found his native Bologna insufferably dreary, dismal, and dull, nor is that to be wondered at while the present nightmare suffocates all human activity in that devoted town. He tried Florence, but that city he found a vast caravanserai of passing strangers without a permanent circle of social enjoyment. Paris has fulfilled all his requirements, and he erects his tent in this metropolis of taste, refinement, and intellectual as well as artistic cultivation.

Sir John Bowring.

The health of Sir John Bowring is reported to be failing. The Bishop of Victoria writes that Sir John is involved in a great deal of trouble just now in the internal administration of the colonial government. It is likely that the matter may be mooted in the House of Commons. His wife is lately gone to England, having never recovered the effect of the Chinese poisoning. The greatest enemy Sir John Bowring ever had would be melted to pity and sympathy, if he could see the slow but certain progress of sickness and infirmity creeping over him.

Chateaubriand.

Jules Janin comes out with a woeful tale about the indignities and neglect of which Chateaubriand is the object. In the recent visit of the court to Brittany her illustrious son was studiously forgotten, and now it appears the old woman, who was the custodian of his tomb on a rock at St. Malo, has died (of the rheumatism), and his grave will be a prey to English tourists, who chip off bits of the Sphinx, mutilate the Parthenon, and commit all sorts of depredations.

Death of Distinguished Chess-Players.

The London Sunday Times announces the death of two famous chess-players. The first, Dr. Lehfeldt, was one of the editors of the Berlin Schachzeitung, which will deeply feel the void left by his early demise. The second is Herr Matschecko, from Vienna, known, years since, as one of the best players and most esteemed members of the Vienna Chess Club. His strength in, and predilections for, the gambits, were proverbial in that capital.

A Flight of Cranes.

Lately an enormous flock of cranes passed over Paris in the evening, moving to the south. The feathered travellers were ranged in two files, in the form of a V, and one of them, placed at the head, served as a guide to the little army. These cranes were of the ash-colored species—the top of the head red, the throat and occiput blackish, and the rest of the body an ashen grey. Their flight is considered a certain indication of severe weather.

Lamartine.

Lamartine writes a letter in the Gaulois, announcing the sale of his estates in Burgundy, and the imminent removal of his lares and penates at the suit of the French John Doe, intimating that if the subscription does not get brisker, he will remove himself bodily from France, adding that she shan't have his bones, "ne ossa quidem!"

The Standard-Bearer of the Malakoff.

The Brussels "Nord" asserted lately that the chasseur who bore the French standard on the summit of the Malakoff had not yet received a decoration. This is a mistake. The banner was upheld by a corporal of Zouaves named Lehaut. He was made a sergeant and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in December, 1857.

A Fortunate Tenor.

Giuglini, the tenor, is now engaged at Trieste, at the rate of 16,000 francs per month. After singing a few nights for this immense sum, he proceeds to Madrid, where he is also to be paid some fabulous price. A successful singer gets more money than a prime minister, and is sure to remain longer in office.

Sickness in the East.

Advises from the East speak of the discovery of a sad malady, which it was hoped had disappeared with the Middle Ages. It is a virulent leprosy brought from Mecca by the pilgrims, and it has compelled the Egyptian authorities to adopt certain precautionary sanitary measures.

Faust.

The new drama of Faust is still having a great run at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, Paris. The splendor of the scenery, the richness of the costume, and the striking character of the tableaux have never been equalled on the stage.

Vincennes.

An enlargement of Vincennes has been decided upon. Land will be immediately secured for the establishment of the new park of artillery, which will be the finest in Europe.

Africa.

Important measures are on foot with the French colony of Senegal. It is proposed to extend the limits of the colony to the frontiers of the kingdom of Timbuctoo.

Snow in the Pyrenees.

The *Courier de Bayonne* announces that heavy snows have fallen on the highest summits of the Pyrenees.

FAIRLY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1.67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

A physician of New Orleans recently tried the experiment of transfusion on a patient who was dying for want of blood nourishment with complete success.—The Charlottesville (Va.) Advocate says there is now at Mr. Dodd's cabinet shop in that place, for repairs, an old bureau that possesses no little interest, as it was undoubtedly the property of Mary, the mother of Washington. It is now the property of Elder James Fife, and its connection with the family of General Washington is fully sustained by unquestionable evidence.—The Countess of Landsfeldt goes to Europe for the purpose of lecturing on "The Institutions and People of the United States."—The Mobile (Ala.) Tribune says: "An editor of a Southern paper was recently married, after an engagement which had lasted twenty-seven years. During all this time the wide Atlantic rolled between the lovers, who, nevertheless, remained faithful to their first vows, and are now, after this long separation, enjoying the reward of their mutual fidelity."—A cheap edition of Halleck's poems has just been issued by the Appletons.—Charles Mackay has been wandering over the Isle of Wight—"among the daisies, and the larks, and the roses, and the honeysuckles." His new book of songs will be ready for publication in the course of a month.—A Hungarian, Mr. Leon Anmar, has, according to a Brussels paper, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert he played, by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjoining room.—Mr. Ira Aldridge, the black tragedian, has again made a success at Prague. It is stated that he will soon appear in New York. Othello is his greatest personation.—A funny widow who was before the Orange county, Va. court recently, as a witness, turned her back upon one of the counsel and refused to answer him, because he was "old and ugly," and turning to the commonwealth's attorney put her arm around his neck and asked for his protection.—Professor P. A. Chadbourne has accepted the Bowdoin Professorship left vacant by the decease of Professor Cleveland.—It is said that M'dlle. Piccolomini is to return to England for the next summer's opera season.—It is understood that the Supreme Court of California will soon give a decision fully sustaining Col. Fremont's claim as the rightful owner of all the gold on his territory. This will make him the possessor of the most valuable property in the world.—Another of the contemporaries of Burns has been gathered to his fathers. James Neil died recently at Hurlford, aged ninety years.—A few nights since in New York, a serenade party, after spending an hour in producing the most dulcet strains, were informed by a polite watchman that "nobody lived there."—Miss Julia Stevens is an unhappy woman. She drew \$3000 from the Bank of America in New York and lost it before she got to her hotel, the Girard House.—The attorney general of the United States has decided that district attorneys, according to the act of 1858, can only receive pay at so much a day—\$5 for each day's service—in examination of persons charged with crime, no matter how many cases are examined in a day.

"ONLY A FIDDLER!"—This is the quaint title of one of Hans Andersen's capital stories. And it was "only a fiddler" who picked up a precarious livelihood by his instrument who lately fell from one of the New York ferry-boats and was drowned. His hat and fiddle came to the surface, but he, poor fellow, never rose again. Perhaps the waters of the fall rolled over a misappreciated son of genius;—perhaps only a caprice of fortune prevented the poor outcast of the world from witching it with the melodies of a Paganini or Ole Bull.

TERPSICHOREAN.—As the season of balls has opened, the following may serve to stimulate some of the many thousand light fantastic toes that trip to the music of the violin. The Dispatch (Ga.) tells a story about a dance between a fellow named Snellings and a Hackensack girl called "Big Sis." They danced seventeen hours and fifty-seven minutes, when "Big Sis" caved, and took a seat in the chimney corner, fanning herself with the bread tray. Snellings was still dancing at the close of the last Dispatch.

MENDICITY.—Begging is not such a bad business after all. Burns, summing up the possibility of his future, once wrote,

"The last o't, the worst o't
Is only just to beg."

And in the greasy, tattered waistcoat of a Philadelphia street-beggar, lately arrested for intoxication, was found a large quantity of gold half eagles. Many of these mendicants are richer than the men they importune for charity.

TOGETHER!—Let our friends remember that we send "Ballou's Pictorial" and "The Flag of our Union," together, for \$3.50 a year. These two journals united form a fund of valuable and entertaining reading and pictorial illustrations unequalled elsewhere.

THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.—Poor fat Pelissier does not, it appears, cut a very brilliant figure in society. He brings much of the camp into the salon, and his dancing is very funny. Think of Falstaff attempting the "schottische," or the *valse en deux temps*!

Wayside Gatherings.

Edson Sexton of Stockbridge has found a carrot in his field which measured four feet and three fourths inches in length.

A Yankee physician named Botts, from Ashfield, Mass., has established himself and is doing a good business in Hakodadi, Japan.

Professor Felton of Harvard College, has recently discovered some fragments of the poetry of Menander in Dr. Abbott's Egyptian museum in New York.

The Lawrence Herald of Freedom says that an immense amount of molasses will be manufactured in Kansas this autumn, from the Chinese sugar cane.

The city of Madison, Indiana, hitherto in good credit, is in default of interest on \$50,000 bonds issued several years ago to the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad Company.

Messrs. Majors, Russell & Waddell, the contractors for transporting supplies to our army in Utah, have despatched 159 trains, embracing 910 wagons, since spring.

Rev. John Sawyer, who died at Bangor, Maine, on the 14th of October, was, perhaps, the oldest minister in the United States—being one hundred and three years of age.

A man who has just died of yellow fever in the hospital at Galveston, confessed on his deathbed to the murder of a man on a Galveston steamboat, for which crime he was tried not long ago and acquitted.

Dr. Wm. P. Floyd, youngest son of the late Gov. Floyd of Virginia, has become a convert of Catholicism. It is said that the number of conversions to the Catholic faith in the Floyd family and its connections amounts to twenty-five.

Utah correspondence states that the leading men sanguinely expect the admission of the territory into the Union as a State during the next session of Congress for 1858-9. They claim a population of one hundred thousand, and that the United States has no right to withhold a State government.

The Comptroller's report of the State of Georgia shows the assessed valuation of the property of that State, exclusive of bank and railroad capital, to be \$539,055,114, which is an increase of \$11,226,151 in one year. The number of slaves is 432,124, valued at \$227,468,927. This is an increase of 5558 since 1857.

The chief engineer of the Reading Railroad declares that investigation shows, that on the 60 pound English rail the wear is from 27 to 47 per cent., while that on the American is 12 to 14 per cent. The breakage on the English bar was one in 40 to 82, while on the American it was one in 127 to one in 343.

An item from Lucknow, India, states that as a funeral party of her majesty's 35th regiment were out burying a comrade, a flash of lightning knocked down the whole party, killing two men and wounding another. The killed looked exactly as if they had been shot through the head, with some portions of skin off the chest, and the bodies discolored.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from New Zealand, under date of July 6, states that from an interesting colony of Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, whom the British government recently put in possession of Norfolk Island, had become dissatisfied with that place, and had returned to their old residence on Pitcairn's Island.

A very singular circumstance happened to a young lady in Cincinnati a few nights since. The evening, or rather all the day previous, she had been complaining of a severe pain in the head and eyes, more particularly the latter. Judge of her astonishment and that of her friends to find, the morning following, that during the night she had become completely cross-eyed.

The free trade principles of Louis Napoleon have prevented a high price of bread in Paris. Through his minister he has requested information about the repeal of the English corn laws, the results of that measure, its effects upon agriculture, etc. France does not commence to grow food enough for her people, and the necessity of the admission of foreign flour free is obvious to all.

John Bray of Indiana arrived at St. Louis a few evenings since with his family, and put up for the night in a ferry wharf boat. During the night one of the children became restless, and Mr. Bray walked out upon the deck with it to quiet it, when he unwittingly walked off into the river, and father and child were both drowned. His wife and three children were by this casualty left without a protector and without money.

"The Empress Eugenie" cloak as described in late "Fashions," must be a "stunning" garment. It is made with two plaits behind, set on a deep yoke. The back and sides have a broad trimming of silk and chenille in diamond and star patterns, finished with tassels. It has a square sleeve, richly fringed, with tassels on each point. The cloak is tied close to the waist; the yoke is fringed, and the collar matches the side trimming.

At Detroit, a young man named Henry Lewis has commenced a suit against a young lady named Mary Ann West, to recover some \$70 worth of wedding "fixings" which he bought for her recently. She don't want to marry him, and he is bound to lose no money by the operation. He alleges they are his, having been obtained by her without consideration. Per contra, she declares that they are all "hers," and has replevined them. And thus the matter stands at present.

The Philadelphia police made a descent on a faro bank in Chestnut Street one night lately, when there happened to be thirty visitors in, who were not a little scared. One gentleman, it is said, crawled into an ash box, several others jumped out through a back window and lacerated their legs by falling into a skylight, while one stout gentleman undertook to conceal his entire person by crawling into a three-peck coal-scuttle, from which he was fished out by the coat-tails, half dead from fright. The officers didn't meddle with the visitors to the place, but arrested the keepers.

From a return just published, containing a comparative statement of pauperism in England and Wales in August, 1857 and 1858, it appears that in the first week of August, 1857, the total number of paupers relieved was 810,306, being 149 less than those relieved in the first week of last month. In the second week of August, 1857, 808,011 were relieved, being 213 more than in the corresponding week this year. In the third week there is a decrease this year of 165; but in the fourth week the numbers are, 1857, 805,509; 1858, 905,955, being an increase this year of 1546.

A double tragedy occurred in Philadelphia recently. Richard Dillon, a young man 22 years of age, being refused admission to her room by a woman of ill-repute who had discarded him, attempted to gain access to her by descending the chimney of the house, but got wedged into the flue and was suffocated ere he could be got out. He was intoxicated at the time, and as he was armed, doubtless intended violence. Another mistress of Dillon, hearing of his death, threw herself into the Delaware, and on Wednesday morning her lifeless body was found floating in the water.

Sands of Gold.

.... The superiority of some men is merely little; they are great because their associates are little.—*Johnson*.

.... I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception.—*Steele*.

.... Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy if I could say how much.—*Shakspeare*.

.... The errors of women spring almost always from her faith in the good or her confidence in the true.—*Balzac*.

.... The defects of women spring from their weakness or their sensibility; the defects of men come from their egotism and harshness.—*Jean Paul*.

.... There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.—*Shenstone*.

.... The ancient world could boast of but seven wonders. In modern times art and science have made wonder one of our most familiar feelings.—*Bovee*.

.... A man alone can witness with complete indifference the love of which he is the object. A woman can never remain insensible to it.—*Jean Paul*.

.... It is with books as with men—much of the consideration we enjoy in the world is due to our acquaintance with those of the better sort.—*Bovee*.

.... Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson*.

.... In general, inquiry ceases when we adopt a theory. After that we overlook whatever makes against it, and see, and think, and talk, and write only in favor of it.—*Bovee*.

.... A woman betrays you, destroys you, but she embalms you and mourns you. There are very few who leave their dead behind them, without at least taking the trouble to bury them.—*P. J. Stahl*.

.... With mothers and women in love there is a patient resignation which surpasses human energy and perhaps reveals the existence of certain chords which God has refused to man.—*Balzac*.

Joker's Budget.

What part in a play do drinking men always like the best. The *fine ale* to be sure.

Why is a man paying his note at the bank like a father going to see his children? Because he meets his *responsibilities*.

A person complaining of the smallness of some chops brought to table, an incorrigible wag observed, "probably the sheep was fed on *short commons*."

A town in New Jersey, of some four thousand inhabitants, being just incorporated, an old darkey was heard to exclaim: "It will be just like *Filadelpy* now, I spect."

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday School that I am playing."

A Lady.—You gaze on this curious concern as it wriggles along the streets, and are reminded of soldiers' tents with streamers waving from the top.

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me." "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

The author of "Tristram Shandy," who knew human nature pretty well, says: "A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober."

A professional beggar boy, some ten years of age, ignorant of the art of reading, bought a card to place on his breast, and appeared in the public streets as a "poor widow, with eight small children."

"Ah, Miss Caroline," said a school teacher to one of his class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, sir," smartly and pertly replied Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

A little book has just been issued by the "Committee of the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Hygienic Knowledge," under the interrogative title, "Why do not Women Swim?" A wretch has answered, "Why, indeed? Women of all creatures ought to be able to swim. Most of them are light enough, and many are empty enough."

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THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, IN LONDON.

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.

The interesting engraving on this page represents the interior of the noblest charitable institution of London—the hospital for sick children. The little creatures are here kindly and generously cared for. The convalescents, as our engraving shows, are furnished with playthings, dolls, puzzles and other toys suitable to their age. In the girls' ward there are at present 19 beds; in the boys', 17. The arrangements here are indicative of the good feeling, good taste, and correct judgment which characterize the entire organization of the institution. There are such toys as are the best adapted to "little men," and a plentiful supply of amusing pictorial books—contributed some by visitors, some by the doctors, and some by their friends. There is also a fever ward, containing eight beds. We may add that out-door patients

are relieved daily to the number of 200. The in-door patients are limited to about 45, through the want of ampler means. There is no other restriction upon their admission. The "open sesame" is simply suffering. Seven years only has the hospital been in existence. It was established in 1852, on a very small scale, making up but five or six beds, but it has grown in usefulness every year, grown unobtrusively, and, indeed, by the great body of the public, quite unnoticed. During the year 1857, 325 in-patients and 9025 out-patients were admitted, making a total of 1483 in-patients and 39,330 out-patients, who have enjoyed the benefits of the hospital since it was first opened. The income for the year 1857 amounted to £2568; the expenditure to £2437. The Samaritan Fund, which provides for the journeys of the children to Hornsey and Tottenham, and the Home at Brighton, shows an income of £88, against an expenditure of £70.

THE HARBOR OF VILLAFRANCA.

The second engraving on this page represents the harbor of Villafranca, on the Mediterranean, recently ceded by Sardinia to Russia, an event which has caused no little stir in the Old World, where every movement of Russia is watched with jealousy by the other powers. The Russian navy required a port at which it could obtain supplies; several of its vessels have been recently obliged to go to Brest to be careened; and it was therefore natural it should endeavor to create in the Mediterranean a depot of provisions. Count Cavour has himself furnished this explanation of the affair. In a circular addressed to the diplomatic agents of Sardinia, the count states that the cession made to Russia is gratuitous and revocable at will. It comprises an old prison, and nothing more; which old prison is to be used merely as a store for coals and provisions. M. Novosielski, the managing director of the Russian Steam Navigation Company, is now at Villafranca, to superintend the installation of the Russian establishment in that port. The company intends, in the first place, to establish a direct service to Smyrna, Alexandria, and Syria, in opposition to the Austrian Lloyd's. A direct communication between Trieste and Odessa will afterwards be organized. Villafranca is situated at the extremity of a bay formed on the east by Mounts Alban and Boron, on the west by the little peninsula of St. Hospice; it is protected on the north by successive ranges of high mountains. The bay is admirably sheltered, and a strong squadron could anchor there in safety. But the port is so near France, and is so difficult to defend, that the concentration there of any important naval *matériel* would have been unwise on the part of the Turin government; consequently, it has been allowed to fall gradually into its present state of decay. The town of Villafranca is built, like all others along the coast, in terraces, which rise one above the other. From the bay the appearance of its white houses rising from the lovely blue of the Mediterranean is striking, and its picturesque character is enhanced by the luxuriance of the olive plantations which

hem it in on all sides. In the time of the Romans, it was celebrated for its olives, which earned for it the name of "Portus Olivulæ," and by that title it was known even in the thirteenth century. In the ninth century, the Saracens, who had invaded the country, were driven into the sea by Gibalin Grimaldi, a noble attached to the fortunes of William the First, Count of Arles and Provence. Charles of Anjou recognized the immense advantages offered by this port, and expended considerable efforts in raising it to importance. He encouraged settlers, and relieved the poor from all fiscal burdens. In the hands of the House of Savoy, Villafranca underwent considerable transformation, and became a State arsenal. It fell into the hands of the French Republican army in the first Italian campaign without any attempt at defence. After having been occupied during the Napoleon epoch by the French, Villafranca returned to the possession of Sardinia.



THE HARBOR OF VILLAFRANCA, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
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FRANKLIN HAVEN, ESQ.

A leading feature of our illustrated journal, from the commencement to the present time, has been contemporaneous biography published in connection with portraits taken from the life, and drawn and engraved by the best artists in the country. Our success in this branch of art and literature, has been such as to commend the Pictorial to the favorable notice of the most distinguished scholars, who have found in the result of our enterprise the means of supplying an important vacuum in the sources of information. This bringing of the prominent representative men of the times face-to-face with the people, as it were, could not have been done satisfactorily at an earlier period than the date of the commencement of our journal. About that time, the art of photography had attained its admirable facility of reproducing likenesses in the manner best adapted to rapid and effective copying by the draughtsman, and we have largely availed ourselves of this advantage. Let our readers compare the newspaper heads of twenty-five years ago with those we are publishing, and they will perceive at a glance what a stride has been taken in popular pictorial art. As we propose to follow up this vein, we ask those of our friends who have followed our course throughout, to glance back at our collected volumes, and see what we have accomplished. They will find that this department alone of our paper has furnished already a gallery of authentic portraits and an encyclopedia of contemporaneous biography. And while, in the selection of our subjects, we have been largely national, we have by no means neglected those European celebrities whose fame has crossed the Atlantic. Thus, our present number contains a portrait and sketch of a distinguished gentleman of this city, and also of one of the leading literary men of Europe. We have endeavored to present types and representatives of classes, as well as individualities, confining our portraiture to no profession, to no sect, to no shade of political opinion. Thus, our gallery embraces warriors, divines, statesmen, mechanics, artists, literary and scientific men, democrats, whigs, republicans and native Americans; and laying aside all personal prejudices and preferences, we have sought to do justice to all alike. The portrait on the present page was drawn and engraved expressly for us from an admirable photograph by Whipple & Black, of this city. It is a reliable likeness of Franklin Haven, Esq., a gentleman intimately known in the business and social circles of this city, as a man of great ability and estimable character, whose fame is by no means confined to this locality; but who, though shunning notoriety, has achieved a wide spread reputation, through those qualities which command universal respect. He has occupied various positions and offices of trust; positions involving great responsibility and requiring consummate ability, and in every case has more than fulfilled his obligations, and more than satisfied those to whom he received his trusts. Franklin Haven was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about the year 1806; though his appearance perhaps is that of a younger man than the date of his birth indicates. Of the events of his early life we know no particulars, excepting that he received a good education, and entered on life well fitted to cope with its trials and difficulties. He has been con-

necting with the Merchant's Bank, the largest in New England, as its chief manager, since it was incorporated; first, as its cashier, and for twenty years its president; a fact which is a sufficient voucher for his financial ability. It was probably owing to Mr. Haven's influence that this bank was selected as a depository of the public moneys, when the deposits were removed from the United States Bank, and that the bank was continued as a fiscal agent of the government until the final separation of the government and banks. On the passage of an important loan bill in 1842, the Secretary of the Treasury invited Mr. Haven to visit Europe for the purpose of negotiating the loan; and the invitation was cordially commended to Mr. Haven's acceptance by President Tyler and the members of his Cabinet. He declined,

however, assigning as his reason, the probable indisposition of foreign capitalists to take the loan until it could be negotiated in part at home; a prediction soon verified by the failure of the gentlemen who subsequently undertook the mission to effect the negotiation. Mr. Haven received from Mr. Van Buren the appointment of United States Pension Agent for Massachusetts, and performed the responsible duties of the office during three or four successive administrations of the government. On the accession of General Taylor to the presidency, he was made Assistant Treasurer at Boston, the nomination being unanimously confirmed by the Senate, without the usual reference to a committee. He resigned his commission in 1852, but at the particular request of President Pierce, continued to discharge the duties of the

office for more than a year. Mr. Haven enjoyed in an eminent degree the friendship of Daniel Webster, who, as a mark of his esteem and confidence, made friendly mention of him in his will, and constituted him one of the trustees to hold the Marshfield estate. Mr. Haven has never been an active political partizan, though he has always voted the ticket of the democratic party for president. In 1851, however, he bore a conspicuous part, with other distinguished gentlemen of New England, in endeavoring to prepare the way for the nomination of Mr. Webster for the presidency. In June of that year, the whig convention was held at Baltimore, and Edward Everett having been unable to attend as a delegate at large from Massachusetts, Mr. Haven was chosen his substitute; and, with Mr. Choate and others, constantly cast his vote for Mr. Webster, until the nomination of Gen. Scott was carried. Mr. Haven received the nomination of the whig party for State Senator, at a time when a regular nomination of that party, in the County of Suffolk, was equivalent to an election, but he declined to accept it, in accordance with a rule of action previously adopted and adhered to. He has, however, within a few months, and at the request of friends, without regard to party, taken a commission as chairman of the board of commissioners on the Back Bay. This commission has charge of an important interest in the Commonwealth of some millions of dollars in value. As we remarked above, Mr. Haven has held many offices of trust and responsibility; among them, railroad enterprises of great magnitude have been placed in his hands for management or adjustment. His appointment as director of the Illinois Central by the Legislature of Illinois, gave character to the stock of this road throughout the United States and England. In the course of his life, Mr. Haven has been mentioned for the highest places of honor; but he has ever been unambitious of political distinction. We have rarely known a person enjoying so wide-spread a reputation, so retiring in his manners, and so averse to notoriety. Faithfully to discharge his various trusts, and to remain within the circle of private life, seems to have fulfilled his ambition. In society, Mr. Haven enjoys the friendship of the most distinguished men, and is indeed a general favorite. Like many eminent financiers, his business avocations have by no means extinguished his love for letters, art and science. He is known to be the possessor of a splendid library, and to have a refined taste for reading and study. Few men have done more for the prosperity of the community.



FRANKLIN HAVEN, ESQ.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: — OR, — THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ACCUSED PRINCE.

WHEN Malatesta made that announcement, Nina turned quietly to the princess of Salerno and said, "What shall be the punishment of that fool?"

There was no answer; all were thinking. The friends of Malatesta, stationed in different parts of the hall, helped him by exclaiming, "Who would have believed that?" And Sampieri encouraged him by look and motion. It was not courage Malatesta wanted.

"The fortress has been scaled," replied he. "Signor Piccolomini knows that also; perhaps, however, he does not know that the bandit found the dungeon of his companion empty."

"Who do you call a bandit?" asked the Minister of State.

"Coriolani," responded, unhesitatingly, Malatesta; "he arrived ten minutes too late. The alarm had been given; two thousand men pursued a single man, and could not seize him. The true king of the bandits is not Porporato; it is Coriolani!"

"Have you finished?" quietly asked Carlo Piccolomini.

"No, signor, I have not finished, because I have not yet told you how Coriolani like a traitor killed his brother and friend, Baron Altamonte."

"Speak then!" commanded the Minister of State.

"The Baron Altamonte," continued the marquis, "left Castel Vecchio at eleven o'clock. As they knew your excellency was at the Doria place, he was led to the house of Signor Johann Spurzheim, in the Piazza del Mercato. Every one knows that the cabinet of the director is reached by a long, narrow alley. The baron entered this alley. Prince Fulvio Coriolani came out of the alley bearing a corpse on his shoulders."

"Do you accuse Signor Johann Spurzheim?" demanded Piccolomini.

"Please God, no," replied Malatesta, quickly; "I accuse Fulvio Coriolani, and I accuse only him! Coriolani has paid the debt he owed the Companions of Silence. It was necessary that this night his friend Baron Altamonte should be free or dead. He could not deliver him, so he assassinated him!"

Malatesta was silent.

"How do you know that?" asked the Minister of State.

Colonel San Severo whispered to his confreres: "I tell you it was that rascal David Heimer!"

In spite of his dullness, Luca Tristany recognized in the whole of the proceedings the hand of David Heimer. The other confederates, Marino Marchese, Policeni Corner, and the old Amato Lorenzo, who now took the parts of the Intendant Armellino, the Chevalier Pisani and royal banker Massimo Dolci also saw the hand of David Heimer in the affair; but it was their part to keep silent. Piccolomini turned to the royal persons who were behind him to receive their orders. They spoke to him in a low voice.

In the part of the salon occupied by the ladies of the court, profound silence reigned. Angelia Doria sat faint and weak, leaning against her young friend Nina Dolci.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"O, why," murmured she, "do they not stop these foul calumnies?"

"Never fear for him, Angelia; he will come! Yes, he will come; I feel it."

Sampieri and Malatesta conversed together. Malatesta answered his friend angrily.

"Can I not tell the truth? Can I not show the anonymous writing I received this night?"

"If you do, you lose all," said Sampieri; "for no one places any faith upon an anonymous letter."

"Nevertheless—"

"I ask you only one question; do you believe it?"

Malatesta seemed to hesitate. Sampieri repeated his question.

"Do you believe that Fulvio Coriolani, friend of the king, betrothed of the Countess Doria, quitted this palace to assassinate Felice Tavola? Do you believe that Fulvio Coriolani is a Companion of Silence? Do you believe that?"

"No, upon my oath!" at last answered Malatesta, in a hoarse voice, "I do not believe it! I would give half my life if it were only so!"

"Who will believe it if you do not?"

"Who?"

They lowered their voices still more.

"You have sworn," said Sampieri, "to dishonor or kill him at the price of your own life and honor. Your life is nothing—your honor is at stake—"

"Explain yourself."

Sampieri whispered something in his ear.

"Never! never!" exclaimed Malatesta, suddenly; "I will not do that!"

"If you do not," said Sampieri, "you are lost!"

"Should I be lost, even were I lost a hundred times, I will not do that!"

"Marquis Malatesta," said the Minister Piccolomini, breaking the deep silence, "whence came these facts which you advance?"

From a reliable source, excellency," answered the marquis, with a ferocious air, while a cold sweat stood on his brow. A terrible struggle was going on within him.

"He cannot answer!" exclaimed Colonel San Severo. And ten voices repeated, "He cannot answer!"

"You are dying, Malatesta!" whispered Sampieri.

"This has lasted too long," said the prince royal.

"Malatesta," again whispered Sampieri, "you have only two seconds in which to choose between life and death!"

Malatesta was as pale as death, and a white foam rested on his quivering lips.

"Answer!" again said Piccolomini; "you hear, every one believes that you cannot answer the question."

The rumor increased. The friends of Malatesta lowered their heads.

"Answer!" pronounced a third time the Minister of State.

"De profundis!" whispered Sampieri.

But at this moment the marquis raised his head.

"Be content," said he, to his accomplice, "I will dishonor my name!"

A dark circle settled round his eyes. A cold perspiration stood on his lips and forehead. He was frightful to look at.

"Majesty," said he, addressing the king himself, in a deep, hoarse voice, "you are the first gentleman in the kingdom; you will understand why a Doria of Angri was slow to answer, when the answer stains the glory of his name—"

"Silence! silence!" exclaimed many voices.

Malatesta placed his hand on his breast.

"You have doubtless remarked that Beatrice Doria D'Angri, my sister, is not at the fête this night?"

The princesses quitted their seats.

"Coward!" exclaimed Nina Dolci, with flashing eyes.

Pierre Falcone stepped forward; not to listen, but to look at tall domino in the face who stood perfectly immovable.

"Go on!" whispered Sampieri.

"Majesty," continued Malatesta, "my sister is the mistress of the bandit Coriolani, who betrayed her!"

An inexpressible tumult filled the salon. Angelia buried her face in her hands. Nina sprang to her feet.

Malatesta staggered as he uttered these awful words, and would have fallen but for his friend Sampieri, if friend he could be called, who urged him on to this infamy. When he raised his eyes, he saw before him Loredan Doria. The latter drew off his glove slowly.

"Malatesta, you lie! Malatesta, you are a coward! Malatesta, since Beatrice Doria has no brother, I, Loredan, Count Doria, chief of the family, become her brother, and revenge for her the infamous and false accusation."

He raised his arm and flung the glove in the face of the marquis. All cried, "Bravo, Loredan!"

But the glove did not touch the face of Malatesta. A hand advanced and stopped it in its passage. This hand belonged to the tall domino whom Pierre Falcone had so earnestly watched. No one else had remarked him till then. He threw aside the velvet domino and appeared in rich court dress. A wild, joyful cry rose at the sight of this young, handsome man, on whose beautiful face rested a calm smile. One name thrilled the vast assembly.

"Coriolani! the Prince Fulvio Coriolani!"

In that vast salon, only three faces underwent no change. They were the faces of the three Knights of the Iron Ring, Masters of Silence—the banker Massimo Dolci, the Intendant Visconti Armellino, and the Chevalier Ercole Pisani. They remained as calm as before.

Pierre Falcone at the sight of Fulvio Coriolani, had shuddered, and murmured, while his eyes glared with bitter hatred, "It is he!" He glided his hand under his mantle and laid it on the hilt of a Sicilian poignard, with a blade like a needle. In that disorderly, tumultuous scene, nothing was more easy than to spring forward and strike. That was his design. He made one step; but before he could execute his intention, a hand of iron was placed on his throat, and another hand equally strong wrenched his poignard from his hand. Falcone stifled a cry of rage.

The hands were San Severo's, who was about to make a finish of the worthy doctor, when he saw upon his finger the ring of Silence. He dragged Pierre Falcone to the other three and showed them the hand. Armellino said, "We know that." San Severo lowered his head and reflected a moment.

"Comrades," said he, "I begin to understand. When I understand all, take care!"

Armellino and Falcone exchanged a sign. Falcone was lost in the crowd. From that moment San Severo had his eyes upon the doctor; henceforth he would watch him.

A perfect tableau was formed. Loredan Doria stood at the right of Marquis Malatesta, who was speechless; at the left stood Coriolani, erect and proud, with his arms folded upon his breast. The king, princes and nobles surrounded the group. The princesses and ladies of the court applauded loudly. Where there is passion, etiquette disappears. Angelia wept for joy, and Nina, our brave young Zingara girl, whispered in her ear, "What did I say? It is an insult to Fulvio to fear for him."

Yet nothing had really happened. There had been no repetition of the accusations of Malatesta. The king had not said a word; the princes and Ministers of State were mute. But there was in the new comer a power so communicative, a charm so winning and conquering, that his cause seemed already gained. Coriolani looked at Malatesta and smiled. Malatesta, with his face fixed and livid, eyes haggard, foam on his lips, made useless efforts to sustain the look. The first word spoken came from the

king. The king threw behind him his mask, and disclosed his handsome face crowned by white hairs, which, in spite of some acts of his public life, always inspired sincere respect in the people of Naples. The king said:

"Loredan Doria, you are a gentleman. Your father would have acted the same; you have done well!"

Loredan bowed lowly. The prince royal, the generous Francis, grasped his hand. Fulvio Coriolani bowed low before the king, who said, "Welcome, prince; you have been accused during your absence, and we hope you can defend yourself."

"I will try, sire," responded Coriolani.

All hearts were enlisted in his cause already.

"Count Doria," said he, "I thank you, and offer my hand."

Loredan bowed, but he did not accept the offered hand, while he said coldly, "Prince, you owe me nothing; I defended the honor of my house."

"The honor of your house is mine, count," said Coriolani, "since I am to be your brother."

Loredan gave him a frigid look.

"The future is in the hands of God. My sister is free, under pleasure of the king, her master and mine."

He bowed again, and turned aside as if to put an end to any further conversation.

Coriolani held silently the glove he had caught. A moment he paused, then addressed the king.

"Sire, saving the respect which I owe your majesty," said he, "the Marquis Malatesta has lied like a coward. Shame upon him who can forget his mother and outrage his own sister!"

"Well said! well said!" cried the people from all parts. And the arch-duchess Marie Clementine, wife of the prince of Salerno, exclaimed: "Prince, in the name of my sister and all the ladies of the court, I thank you, for having so nobly expressed our own thoughts."

Coriolani bowed, with his hand on his heart.

"Are you dead?" whispered the implacable Sampieri, in the ear of the poor marquis.

"Sire," said Malatesta, rousing himself, and speaking in a deep, slow voice, "saving the respect I owe your majesty, this bandit who gives lessons to the gentlemen of your court, and in your august presence, would not like to have Doria D'Angri to awake for his madness. I sustain my accusation, and I accept the challenge of my cousin Loredan Doria, who is at least a gallant gentleman."

Sampieri grasped his hand furtively. Malatesta went on in a more assured tone.

"Since this man has bewitched you, and turned all the heads of the people, men, women and children of Naples, I can hope no longer to draw the veil from before your eyes. It remains to me only to defy him; to answer two simple questions—how has he employed this night? In what country of the moon is situated the principality of Coriolani?"

Uttering these words, Malatesta recovered all his insolence.

"Sire," replied Prince Fulvio, "it is not to that man that I address myself; it is to your majesty, who has testified the kind wish to hear my answers."

"Yes, prince," said the fine old king, "we will not believe you guilty till you are proved so."

Coriolani stepped towards the king, knelt on the floor before him with exquisite grace, and kissed his hand, saying, "I render this homage to the king who loves me. I render it above all to the friend of my noble and loved father!"

Murmurs and questions ran round the hall. "What did he say? what did he say?" Malatesta wished to speak, but Sampieri, fearing that all was lost, placed his hand upon his lips.

"Let him go now, you have done enough."

"Till it is time to kill him with my pistol, Sampieri."

"Yes, you are right."

"Sire," replied Fulvio, and the first word from his lips commanded silence, "I saw deep mourning in your palace for many weeks. I will answer the first question of Marquis Malatesta, who defied me to say how I employed this night. Your majesty had in your palace a young girl Matilda Farnese, whom you held in your arms at the baptismal font, and whom you loved—"

"Have you any tidings of her, Fulvio?" cried the king, eagerly.

"Can I do too much, sire, to repay you for all your kindness to me? Those who said they saw me on the Madelini bridge were not mistaken; I was there. I had been farther; a vessel carried me to the gulf of Naples. On the other side of the islands opposite Foco del Fusara, there was a ship at anchor. I went on board of it and gained tidings of Matilda Farnese. This vessel belonged to the redoubtable chief Porporato!"

"Then Baron Altamonte was not Porporato!" said the king.

"No, sire."

"The prince has declared under oath that he was," said the Minister of State.

"Excellency, if I had not seen this very night Porporato on board his own felucca, I should still say that he was. Altamonte and Porporato resemble each other feature for feature. On that point I have only to regret my fatal error. I think that the court and police were deceived. I now believe Altamonte is innocent."

"That is strange," said the king to the Minister of State. "I have this night received a letter on that subject from Signor Johann Spurzheim, all ill and dying as he is—"

"To-morrow, at an early hour," interrupted the minister, "I have some very important communications to submit to your majesty."

The king looked at him.

"Misfortune to any one who deceives me! I am the oldest sovereign in Europe; but by the Holy Virgin, I have still a sound mind and a long arm!"

CHAPTER XXV.

LABEL, THE GREAT SCORPION.

It would be impossible to make the reader comprehend the line of conduct taken by Johann Spurzheim. In this battle he dealt a fatal blow to Piccolomini, and charged Fulvio Coriolani. He worked only for himself, directing his batteries from the bed, and smiling to see the destruction. Here in the palace of the Dorias he had his agent, who he knew, judging from the strength of human passions, would be faithful to death. The real struggle was between Johann Spurzheim and Fulvio Coriolani. Malatesta had, unknowingly to himself, been the mere tool of the wily director.

"What did you do on board the felucca?" asked the king.

"I spoke to Porporato, sire."

"That is the second time you have spoken to him?"

"The second time."

"And now you will never be mistaken? You would recognize him should you ever meet with him?"

"I should recognize him, sire."

"Why did he approach our shores?"

"He is a strange person, sire. He said, in speaking of the shores of Naples, 'my shores.'"

The king smiled constrainedly.

"There are two for one domain," murmured he; "I am king in the day, and he is king in the night. All that shall change if God aids me. I tore my heritage from Murat, who was a soldier—the bandit's head belongs to me."

Every one saw the black eyebrows of Fulvio knit at mention of the name of Murat.

"Sire," said he, "Porporato had, so he said, two motives for approaching these shores."

"What were the motives of this nocturnal majesty?"

"First, to deliver Baron Altamonte; not because of any friendship, for he declared to the contrary, but for sympathy, Porporato did not wish to be executed."

"Ah, peste!" exclaimed the king, laughing good humoredly.

"Saint Janvier," quietly continued Fulvio, "has given him permission to inter all corpses without a tomb. Porporato has made an oath to deliver all the condemned in the capital."

"This time at least—" began the king.

"If I have permission to answer your majesty," interrupted the prince, "Porporato absolutely foresaw the case. He said to me, to use his own words, 'One of two things; they shall be assassinated or they shall be delivered!'"

The king frowned. A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembly.

"And the second motive of his diabolical majesty?" asked Ferdinand.

"The second motive of Porporato is very different. He loves a young noble lady of your court."

A shudder ran through the circle of ladies.

"He knows our court, then?" said the king, forcing a smile.

"Yes, sire."

"And he does us the honor to come here sometimes?"

"Often."

Ferdinand became pale with rage, in spite of his efforts to control himself.

"By all the gods of the Greeks!" cried he, "was ever a sovereign so insulted before? I will have ministers who will shelter me from such insolence!"

"Sire," said Fulvio, coldly, "I did not accuse your ministers."

A moment's silence fell upon the two. The king regretted having provoked this public conversation. He suddenly and very ungracefully put an end to it.

"Speak of Matilda, our daughter-in-law, prince," said he; "how much does that robber wish us to pay for her liberty?"

"Even for even, sire," replied Fulvio; "Porporato asks her he loves in place of the noble Matilda Farnese."

"Does he dare hope that?" cried the king, indignantly.

"He pronounces the name of your majesty with profound respect. He asks nothing—what he wishes he knows how to take!"

"But my daughter-in-law?"

Coriolani turned towards the vestibule, where stood the Chevalier Ercole Pisani before the Swiss guard. He made a sign. Pisani disappeared among the ranks of the soldiers.

"I give you, sire, the exact words of Porporato. He said, 'I send back to the king his daughter-in-law without ransom. Tomorrow, the being I love will be in my power.'"

Loredan Doria, who stood beside his sister Angelia, made a sudden involuntary movement, as if to protect her. She saw it not, for she looked at Fulvio. The king had no time to answer, for Ercole Pisani appeared, ushering in a beautiful woman, who was followed by several maids of honor. The same veiled lady we saw Beldomonio hand into the carriage.

Fulvio advanced towards her, and taking her by the hand led her to the king, who embraced her tenderly. In a low voice Coriolani spoke.

"Is your majesty satisfied in regard to my employment of to-night?"

The king opened his arms to the elegant, faithful young prince. The whole assembly applauded. Angelia Doria was pale and absent. Nina smiled, but her smile was disdainful. Loredan Doria was stunned. The three chevaliers of Silence had again united, forming an immovable group. The king smiled as he looked at Carlo Piccolomini.

"The sun to-morrow shall shine upon some few new things. I will have a minister who can guard our wives and daughters. Justice must be done. Since you tender me your resignation, Signor Piccolomini, I appoint this night a new Minister of State—Fulvio Coriolani."

The prince bowed.

"Hulloa! Baumgarten!" called the king.

The major of the Swiss guard entered immediately. The king whispered a few words in his ear. Sampieri guessed the words and turned to the door. Falcone stood between them and the door. He spoke.

"My young signors, you have played a bold part; you have lost; I offer you your revenge."

"Signor Mareschalehi," said Baumgarten, at this moment, "I arrest you in the name of the king."

In a like manner he arrested all the young men, accomplices of Malatesta.

"All my blood for revenge," muttered Malatesta.

"Are you determined?" asked Pierre Falcone.

"If the devil offers me aid," replied the vanquished marquis, "I will form a compact with the devil."

Falcone smiled.

"You have only a minute," said Pierre Falcone; "next to the Pitti you come. Remember well that you have an ally at whatever hour, in whatever place you hear whispered in your ear the name of Johann Spurzheim—hold yourself ready!"

"Johann Spurzheim!" exclaimed Sampieri, astonished. And Malatesta added, "I invoked only Satan!"

Baumgarten was before them.

"In the name of the king, Dominico Sampieri and Giulio Doria D'Angri, Marquis Malatesta, I arrest you."

Falcone was lost in the crowd.

While this scene was passing, Fulvio Coriolani went up to Angelia Doria, and kissing her hand respectfully, said hurriedly:

"Countess, I must see you to-morrow, wholly alone, without witnesses. On that interview depends my future happiness and even life."

Angelia appointed a time and place; then, supported upon the arm of the faithful Nina, sought her own apartments. She was weary and worn with the emotions of the evening, and looked as if she needed rest, for she was deadly pale. Nina Dolci took her place beside the head of the bed, while Angelia, nearly fainting, laid down. Three or four hours after the fête, Angelia was seized with a fever. Nina, patient, watchful, sat beside the bed. She thought Angelia was asleep, when a faint voice spoke:

"I am not asleep, Nina, please talk to me; for while I lay so silent, thoughts come which drive me to the verge of madness. I see Fulvio and Julian. I love only Fulvio, yet why in my dreams does Julian always come with his sad earnest eyes?"

"It is because you are feverish, darling."

"I shall go crazy! I feel that! When I close my eyes Julian only comes. Why does Fulvio stand back in the shade?"

Nina looked at the young girl, and read the secret of her heart—a secret she was unwilling to acknowledge to herself.

"Speak to me, Nina!" murmured Angelia; "in the name of heaven speak to me!"

Nina paused, as if searching in her memory for some story, and related some scenes in the life of a Zingara girl? Were they true? Had they a reality for that dark-eyed Nina Dolci, whose cheeks flushed and paled at the recital, and whose dark eyes had a far off, searching look?

"I will relate to you a long history—the story of Porporato," replied Nina.

"Do you know it?" asked Angelia, opening her eyes.

"Better than any one," said Nina, with a smile.

"What do you say? Better than any one, Nina?"

"Yes, because my uncle Massimo Dolci had a chateau at the foot of Mount Lila, where it is said the stronghold of Porporato is, and many stories I gathered from the peasants."

"Why have you never spoken of him before?"

"Because I did not know that the Countess Angelia Doria could be interested in such a person."

"That name always produces an odd effect upon me. I have, to tell the truth, a sort of reverence for that superb bandit. But go on, Nina, I am impatient to know more of him."

"The infancy of Porporato was passed in the tent of Iabel, the Great Scorpion, the chief of a powerful tribe of Zingaras. There also was the childhood of Fiamma, whose name is always connected with that of Porporato, Iabel, the Great Scorpion, Red Tzigane (chief) of Moravia settled with his family in Bari. This race, countess, so long proscribed, will have their place in the great festival of the world, the Judgment Day! The two eldest children of Iabel were sons, named Horeb and Baissa. Horeb could read the stars; Baissa charmed serpents and cured fevers by simply stretching out his hands. Iabel was obeyed by scorpions and tarantulas. His voice charmed and tamed wild beasts. When he looked at dogs fixedly, they whined and went mad. The grandfather of Iabel knew the secret of the red chateau, which was looked upon as a terrestrial paradise. It is situated in the southern Apennines, in an inexcusable spot, hid by impenetrable forests. Many of the older peasants declare, that in passing at the foot of the mountains, they have heard sounds of revelry and mirth from the chateau; but upon endeavoring to follow the sounds, they have been led miles into deep forests, and some have never returned—none have ever seen the mysterious chateau. The seventh grandfather of Iabel knew the secret of the chateau, but he died without disclosing it.

"The tribe of Iabel tried to reach the summits of the Apennines, but were always repulsed; the bandits hate the wandering Zingaras. Iabel grew old and feeble, and his sons grew up into tall, handsome men. In the tent of the oldest son Horeb, was a Christian child, whom they concealed carefully. This child they called Beldomonio, because of his superior agility and daring. In the tent of the second son Baissa, was a girl—the niece of Iabel. Her name was Mani; but the Christians, who loved to see her

dance and hear her sing, called her Fiamma. Fiamma was a beauty; beautiful like all the women of Bohemia—a dashing style of beauty. As for Beldomonio, he was beautiful as an angel; that is all I can say. He was very different with his fair complexion and brown hair, from the swarthy men of the tribe. Fiamma and Beldomonio grew up together; both loved, but neither dared to speak. For Fiamma, Beldomonio would execute every wish; for Beldomonio, Fiamma would bear any pain. When they were fourteen, the day of awakening came. Iabel, the Great Scorpion, old as he was, saw the beautiful young woman, for the Zingara girls are women at fourteen, and determined to have her for his wife. He was the chief and father of the tribe, and none dared contradict him; all bowed to his wishes except Beldomonio. He went to the tent of Iabel and said:

"Master, Mani is too young for you, and I love her."

"The sons of Iabel fell upon him with the Egyptian arm—the *puni*—a sort of slung shot. He broke Pharanu's arm—he was the third son of Iabel—and killed Iabel, the Great Scorpion, with a stone. He did it accidentally. Iabel fell, and dying, said to his sons, who were for killing Beldomonio:

"Let him alone. Take care of him; for it is decreed that he will find the red chateau."

"The wishes of Iabel had always been respected while living; but after his death they were wholly disregarded. The sons of Horeb cast wistful eyes upon Fiamma. Horeb was the eldest, and was chief; but Baissa had more followers. Baissa said, 'Give me Fiamma, and you shall be chief.' Horeb answered, 'I am chief already, and will have her.' Baissa killed Horeb with his *puni*. The next day Fiamma was to become the wife of Baissa. She took her poignard and cut the thongs that bound Beldomonio, and they fled.

"From that day they began an adventurous life. The six sons of Iabel united against young Beldomonio, who, unable to look for help or protection from the Christians, was tracked and hunted like a savage beast. Fiamma and Beldomonio loved each other fondly; and ragged, hungry, and oftentimes weary, they were content to live.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"They were young, strong and loving. Baissa, despairing of rescuing Fiamma himself, declared, in presence of his whole tribe, that any young man who should find the beautiful Mani, should have her for his wife. From that day a relentless chase began. The Zingara men are patient, courageous, venturing.

"Twenty times Beldomonio and Fiamma were on the point of falling into their power. At the end of ten months the indefatigable enemies of Beldomonio had tracked him to a single mountain peak. Fiamma and Beldomonio were three days and three nights without food, hid in two hollow trees. Fiamma awoke in the night delirious with fever, and in her delirium spoke words which she would have died rather than uttered when well. She prayed for food. Beldomonio heard her, and with tears in his eyes, he rushed off in search of food. Fiamma wished to keep him back, but he broke from her. She followed him then.

"The sons of Pharanu slept in their tents, trusting to their faithful dogs. The dogs knew Beldomonio; they came and licked his hands. One human sentinel there was who sprang upon the young man; but he fell, and Beldomonio snatched his gun away and fled, followed by the whole tribe. Fiamma fainted in the thicket where she was hidden. It was an unequal fight, twenty against one. But Beldomonio was possessed of more than human strength. When Fiamma returned to consciousness, she saw before the open tent ten corpses—the first was the giant Baissa. Beldomonio's dress was covered with blood. Beldomonio took possession of the tent of Baissa, and Fiamma became his wife. One day Beldomonio released a poor young man, who was being pricked to death by bayonets. That man is Cuezone, whom all the world knows as a faithful servant of Beldomonio. One day he was out hunting, and when he returned his wife was gone. A nobleman of Naples, while hunting, had discovered the tent of Beldomonio, and carried off his adored wife. Fiamma defended herself with a carbine, and killed two men. Beldomonio discovered by the dress of the corpses who had robbed him of his wife. It was the son of the Intendant. That night Fiamma was delivered, and the marquis carried off. The Intendant set a price on his head. He became a bandit. Fiamma, in the dress of a man, followed him always—everywhere.

"Beldomonio soon became known throughout the south. He wished no army; he had Cuezone and Fiamma. One evening he came across a man badly wounded; his pity was excited, and taking him upon his shoulders, he carried the poor fellow to the nearest inn. The hotel was filled with gend'armes. The doors were closed, and Beldomonio was led in chains to the Chateau Pizzo, that gloomy fortress where Murat breathed his last. This was at the end of the year 1815. Beldomonio was thrown into the dungeon in which Count Mario Monteleone was assassinated.

"They say strange things passed in that dungeon where Mario Monteleone, Grand Master of the Knights of the Iron Ring died. On the walls of the dungeon were written in mysterious characters the last wish of the sainted count. Beldomonio did not leave that dungeon for death; he left it living, and bearing with him the secret of Silence. Beldomonio had divined the enigma written on the walls, and beneath the stones of the prison floor found the last will and testament of the noble Monteleone.

"Some months before that, Beldomonio and Fiamma were sailing in their felucca, on the Gulf of Taranto, not far from the mouth of the Bradano, when they heard cries of distress. The captain of a Sicilian vessel was about to punish a man, a sailor, by the *cale monillee*; which is, to throw the victim from the topmast into the sea, after having attached to his feet a weight of forty-eight pounds; then draw him up and throw him in again.

When Beldomonio neared the vessel, he found that the poor wretch was to be thrown into the water a second time. Fiamma and Beldomonio heard the splash of his second fall. Taking his poignard in his teeth, Beldomonio sprang into the water and cut the cable. When the officer ordered it to be drawn up, the victim was no longer at the end of it; Beldomonio saved the poor man's life. That man is Ruggieri; his life is devoted to Beldomonio."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVEALED DESTINY.

"It was those three, Fiamma, Cucuzone and Ruggieri, who delivered Beldomonio from his prison. Cucuzone scaled the walls and attached a cord to the bars of the window; Ruggieri waited beneath in a vessel. When Beldomonio was wholly free, he said to his companions, 'Hereafter, I have a mission to perform.' For six years Beldomonio struggled to accomplish the last wishes of Monteleone. In 1817 he first took the name of Porporato.

"At the foot of Mount Lila was a large inn, kept by an inn-keeper who was greatly enriched by crime. Few rich travellers were ever seen to return from that inn. One night, a richly-dressed traveller slept at the inn. At midnight, the wicked landlord and his two sons, one a mere child, came into the room to kill and rob the stranger."

"I know that story, Nina; Beldomonio was not in bed, and he killed the wicked inn-keeper."

"You are right; he killed him. The youngest child he spared, and it was that child who discovered for him the red chateau. It

daughters of Pharamu know how to consult the book of the mysterious future. I shall die with him; it is I who will receive his last kiss, his last sigh!"

She paused a moment, her lips open, and her eyes full of tears. Angelia stirred in her sleep, and murmured a name—"Julian!" The Zingara raised herself proudly, and said, like a queen:

"I only love him! I only think of him! God created our souls alike. I, I only love him—in life and death!"

She kissed the beautiful, unconscious girl as if she were a sister.

A moment afterwards, a carriage rolled towards the Rue Capodimonte. It paused before the door of a magnificent building, and Nina glided through a doorway, over which flashed in gold letters, CORIOLANI PALACE. She ascended the staircase, and knocked gently at a door in the first story; receiving no answer, she opened it and went in. On a magnificent bed reclined Prince Fulvio; Nina knelt beside the bed and kissed his hand. As she knelt there, looking with moist eyes at the sleeper, he moved; his lips opened, and he whispered: "So young! so young! yet such a death!"

Nina drew from her pocket a tiny ivory box, on which was painted the stars; then crouching on the floor, beside the bed, she wrote on separate pieces of paper two names—"Fulvio and Angelia." She rose and got a glass of water, into which she threw the names. While they floated apart, then came together. The lips of the Zingara grew pale, and she murmured, "It is destiny." She rested her head on her hands and wept; then she raised her head and re-opened the little ivory casket, and took out of it a tiny pack of cards. She looked towards Fulvio, then shudderingly said: "I dare not; no, I dare not. I dare not question these

a shudder as he saw laying there the body of his wife, rigid in death. The door opened, and Pierre Falcone entered the chamber. The director greeted him cordially.

"In good time, in good time, my worthy fellow! What news at the Doria palace?"

"Good, I think;" and in a few words the doctor related what had happened at the palace.

Johann laughed.

"Two counts, three barons, two knights, a viscountess! Malatesta has behaved like a worthy marquis; he did well not to show the anonymous letters. Prince Fulvio has, you say, come off victorious?"

"Yes, signor, his fame is greater than ever. The interest in him is increased, because he has been falsely accused. The king's faith in him is firmer than ever."

"Bah!" exclaimed Spurzheim, with a scowl of hate, "we shall yet place our feet upon his head. High ride, low fall. You know this glorious man, my dear Falcone?"

"I saw him; it is enough!"

The words were nothing, but the expression of deadly hate was fearful.

"Since you left me, Falcone, I have sustained two losses." And Spurzheim pointed to the door.

The young man turned, and could scarcely repress a start at the sight. The director went on.

"My poor Barbara, I shall miss her sadly; but my little dog I shall always mourn, my faithful little sentinel. Falcone, you can refuse me nothing; if it should ever become known that Barbara died by taking those lozenges, I shall be obliged to confess that

you offered her this night, a box containing them—"

"How!" exclaimed the doctor; "you would not dare—"

"To tell the truth? Always, my friend, always. Take Barbara upon your shoulders and carry her back to the bed she should never have left—you can arrange all as it should be; place a handkerchief stained with blood to her lips; also bring me back the little golden casket. As for the King Charles, you can throw him out of the window. Take him away; the sight of him brings all my sorrow back to me."

Pierre Falcone raised the body of Barbara, which was cold and stiff, on his shoulders. Johann Spurzheim raised his head and murmured:

"I thought it would have affected me more. Farewell, Barbara, farewell my dear friend, good-by, faithful treasure!"

Pierre Falcone disappeared with his double burden, and Spurzheim sank back satisfied upon his pillow. The wily director would have felt less at ease if he could have known the demon he raised in the heart of the young doctor, or if he could have seen the paper which Falcone found lying beside the bed in the lady's chamber. This paper, which the doctor secreted about his person, was written in the characters of Silence. With a

beating heart Pierre Falcone, standing beside the bed where he had carefully laid the murdered woman, read, tearing at each line to run across some words to criminate himself; but there was nothing that implicated him. The words were: Tremble, vile man.—Your last day will come.—Remember the poisoned pastil.—Johann, your hours are numbered.—I will be avenged.—Repent!

"Good!" exclaimed the doctor; "he dare threaten me! Even the moon will turn. Beware! for I am armed!"

When Falcone returned, Spurzheim said to him, "You are a chemist, and must remove the blood stains on my carpet. Just now I have greater need of you. Seat yourself and receive my instructions. You have now been into the world; you know now what place at court Porporato and Fiamma occupy. It is marvellous how they ever reached it. We will strike no longer for the Companions of Silence—we will strike for ourselves. Soon I shall be Count Monteleone, first nobleman in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. I will watch over you, my friend—watch to punish or reward as you deserve."

Wily, cunning, ever watchful Johann Spurzheim, you did wrong to turn your eyes away at that moment. Had you seen the flash of those eyes, the paling of that cheek, you would have been warned. Another false step the director made. He forgot to ask Pierre Falcone for the golden lozenge box. The doctor listened to the instructions given him.

The old woman whom Beldomonio had sent to watch over those two poor young suicides, after picking up the money, followed his directions. She entered the room, and beheld by the light the figure of Celeste lying on the bed. She felt her heart, which still beat.



ANGELIA DORIA AND NINA DOLCI AT THE FETE.

[See page 370.]

was a palace; no human being inhabited the spot. The chateau is on the domains of the Monteleones, who received it by right of descent from the Borgias. The next day Fiamma and the companions of Beldomonio were in the red chateau. Beldomonio became the true king of the Apennines, the terror of bandits and gend'armes, and the benefactor of all poor abandoned wretches. The first time that he appeared in his crimson dress, was when the scaffold was erected for the old smuggler, Isaac Birbante. Isaac was a Jew. He had no priest to pray for him. Alone he stood, with his white hairs floating in the wind. Suddenly the cry was raised that the cardinal was coming. The executioner raised the axe; the cardinal sprang upon the platform and seized in his powerful arm the old Jew. The people cried, 'Bravo, Porporato!' whence the name. Placing the old man behind him, Beldomonio galloped off to the mountains.

"In the chateau he remained many years. Sometimes he visited different countries. France, England and Spain always will remember the handsome young nobleman who sojourned in their cities. He was always accompanied by Fiamma, Cucuzone and Ruggieri. All women adored him; but he remained faithful to his Zingara wife, the beautiful Fiamma. In 1821, Beldomonio went to court. The testament of the sainted Mario Monteleone was unexecuted. Beldomonio came to the shores of Calabria."

The voice of Nina had grown very low; she simply murmured. Angelia Doria slept. Nina rose noiselessly; she bent over her companion.

"It is you, Angelia," murmured the Zingara, "who will break Fiamma's heart."

In the voice there was no bitterness or hatred—only deep sadness. She smiled faintly as she murmured: "I can die. The

cards as to life or death. But I suffer too much; I must know the term of my suffering. Since your death belongs to me, Fulvio, my heart's idol, I wish to know when you will be wholly mine!"

The cards were very different from those used by civilized people; they were covered with cabalistic signs. These, Nina with a trembling hand arranged in a circle; with her finger she counted the cards. She performed a calculation in her head, then looked again at the cards. Her lips grew deadly pale, her eyes were bloodshot, and she shuddered.

"Seven days!" murmured she, between her closed teeth; "it is impossible!"

Again she arranged the cards; but she closed her eyes, fearing to look. After a while she raised her head and opened her eyes.

"Seven days! my God! seven days!"

With feverish haste she placed the cards a third time; the cards repeated their unalterable decree.

"Seven days! seven days! seven days!"

The Zingara remained a long while immovable, with her head on her knees. The idea of such a speedy death to one she loved, though by that death he became her's, filled her heart with deep despair. Soon she raised her head very slowly, and a faint smile curved her white lips. She arranged the cards for the fourth time.

"This time I will search for myself."

Her face brightened while she gazed, and in a low, joyful voice she cried: "God is good—seven days for me also! We shall die together!"

The first waking glance of Johann Spurzheim wandered to the door of his chamber, and hardened as he was, he could not repress

"Ah," muttered she, "if I had only died when sixteen years old. Her heart beats; how many years is it since I lost my heart? I will go to the king. I must speak to the king; I cannot die unless I do."

She sat down in a chair and slept; at the end of five minutes she roused up. She had lost all memory of recent affairs. She muttered to herself: "I asleep in a chair! it is because I have no bed. Soon, soon I shall sleep in the earth."

She turned her head, and as she did so, saw something sparkle on the table. Her face changed; she became cautious, watchful, like a cat. It was the purse left by Beldomionio. She whispered, as she counted the money: "It is not for them, because they wished to kill themselves. They are asleep, so do not know anything about it."

She emptied the purse into her hand. She left one piece only in the purse, which she laid carefully on the table.

"The other," muttered she, "will not come yet; his voice still rings in my ears. O, God, must I always see people who resemble them! Yes, yes, I must speak to the king!"

She sank again into the chair; a deep sleep in two seconds fell upon her. Again she suddenly woke; her eyes fell upon the calm face of the young student. She trembled like a leaf.

"They are on earth; I have seen three, all three, this night. I will speak to the king."

She made her way to the door; on the threshold she turned once more to look at the young sleepers.

"I will speak to the king! I promised the priest—I made a vow to speak to the king!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

retires, perhaps, for the reason that there is no theatre in New York where he can be properly supported. He has wealth in abundance, and has drunk the cup of fame to the dregs. No actor since Shakspeare's day has received more adulation on the one hand, or more abuse on the other, than Mr. Forrest. No hero of the sock and buskin has enjoyed a more uninterrupted series of triumphs than he. For thirty-two years he has been the prime favorite with the play-going public, and, with but a limited repertoire, he has preserved a hold upon their affections equal to that which has been enjoyed by the most brilliant lights in the histrionic world. Garrick, who was especially favored by fortune, and who was a manager as well as an author and actor, retired after thirty-five years of theatrical life. Macklin, who died a centenarian, acted during sixty-four years; Talma was emperor of the Theatre Francais thirty-five years. Edmund Kean died in the harness after a career of twenty years. Macready retired thirty-six years after he made his debut upon the London boards. Booth was thirty years before the public, and Wallack, who is now conducting the affairs of his theatre in this city with all the vigor of middle life, made his first appearance in London fifty-two years ago. Of all the foregoing, only Talma, Forrest, Booth and Kean have pursued their art without intermission for any cause whatsoever. Some of them have been authors or managers, others have retired from the stage for several years, and have been seduced to return by the odor of the lamps, the sweetest perfume for artistic olfactories.

Mr. Forrest is the only survivor of the quartette we have last mentioned, and when he retires there is no one to replace him. The same dearth of tragedians has been experienced in England, and since the days of Rachel people only visit the Theatre Francais—as they went twenty-five years ago—either as a good place for a lounge, or a capital locale for a post prandial nap. We are quite well aware that in London Mr. Charles Kean has revived certain Shakspearian pieces, and that the ensemble is very good; but that is all. The acting is barely mediocre. The attraction of Mr. Kean's Shakspearian revivals is in the work of the tailors and

STIRLING CEMETERY—MONUMENTAL STATUES.

We mentioned some time ago that greater improvements had been made on the grounds immediately behind the ancient ruin called Mar's Work at Stirling, which have, chiefly within the past year, been laid out in walks, and otherwise adorned with plants and shrubbery, for the purpose of an ornamental cemetery. This cemetery is in fact an extension of the ancient churchyard, which, having become overcrowded from the immense number of interments for some hundreds of years, has rendered the laying out of ground for a new graveyard a matter not of mere choice, but of absolute necessity. The magistrates and town council of Stirling, after various negotiations with the Right Hon. the Earl of Mar and other proprietors, succeeded in acquiring the necessary property and grounds marching with the old place of sepulture, and the result is that the new cemetery at Stirling—from the beauty of its situation, being overlooked by the castle, and the view within range from the Lady's Rock, within the cemetery grounds, including a magnificent prospect as far as the eye can reach—is perhaps, so far as regards situation, one of the finest in Britain. With the view of adorning these fine grounds, and at the same time of perpetuating the memory of various martyrs and reformers who have suffered in the cause of, or successfully maintained the principles of religious freedom and religious toleration, a gentleman resident in the neighborhood of the town—Mr. William Drummond of Rockdale—has, at his own expense, caused to be erected a number of elegant statues sculptured in stone.

One of these, to the memory of Guthrie the martyr, was put up some time ago—the inauguration of which was duly noticed at the time in our columns. Very lately, other five statues have been placed on massive pedestals without the grounds. They are representations of Ebenezer Erskine, Renwick, Knox, Melville, and Henderson. The statue of Ebenezer Erskine is placed on the right hand side—looking westwards—of that portion of ground formerly called the Valley, the whole of which, including the Lady's Rock, forms the western space or quadrangle of the cemetery. He is represented with a Bible in the right hand, the folds

of the pulpit-gown, partly thrown back, disclosing the costume of the period in which the great founder of the United Presbyterian Church lived. The sculptor had in his studio two portraits—one from the hall of the Presbyterian Church, and the other from a great grandson of the divine resident in Stirling—and has succeeded in making what is considered an excellent likeness. The figure of Renwick is situated on the sloping base of the Lady's Rock. He is represented as preaching in the wilds of desert fastnesses, having a sword in one hand, and a small Bible, gently raised, in the other. The statue looks towards the westward over the vast level carse, with Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond in the distance, the contour of the whole figure being life-like and full of animation. The three figures—namely, those of Knox, Melville and Henderson—are placed together on separate pedestals on an artificial rising ground in the centre of what was formerly called the Valley, and may be viewed to great advantage from the seats on the slopes from the Lady's Rock. The figure of Knox, it may be stated, is in the centre, with Melville on the left, and Henderson on his right hand, looking to the south. These fine figures are a great ornament to the cemetery. The whole have been erected at the cost of Mr. Drummond, with the exception of that of Ebenezer Erskine, the expense of which was defrayed by subscription, but to which he also contributed liberally. The sculptor of all these statues—Mr. Handyside Ritchie, of Edinburgh—deserves much credit for the able manner in which he has executed his delicate and difficult work. These statues of past

great men are exceedingly valuable in keeping alive in the public mind memorials of times and events that make their impress on the character of the future.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

RECENT PROGRESS IN GEOLOGY.

Of the geological changes still in operation, none are more remarkable than the formation of deltas at the mouths of great rivers, and of alluvial land by their overflow. Of changes of the latter kind, perhaps the most remarkable is the great alluvial deposit formed in the valley of the Nile by the annual inundations of that river; and here it fortunately happens that history comes to the aid of the geologist. These sedimentary deposits have accumulated round the basis of monuments of known age; and we are, therefore, at once furnished with a chronometric scale by which the rate of their formation may be measured. The first of the series of measurements undertaken by Mr. Horner was made, with the co-operation of the Egyptian government, around the obelisk of Heliopolis, a monument built, according to Lepsius, 2300 years B. C. The problems now to be solved in *Palaeontology* are clearly defined in the enunciation of the problem recently proposed by the French Academy of Sciences as one of its prize questions, namely: "to study the laws of distribution of organic beings in the different sedimentary rocks, according to the order of their superposition; to discuss the question of their appearance or disappearance, whether simultaneous or successive; and to determine the nature of the relations which subsist between the existing organic kingdom and its anterior states." The prize was obtained by Prof. Bronn, of Heidelberg; and his memoir, of which I have only seen an outline, appears to be characterized by views at once sound and comprehensive. The leading result seems to be, that the genera and species of plants and animals, which geology proves to have existed successively on our globe, were created in succession, in adaptation to the existing state of their abode, and not transmuted, or modified, as the theory of Lamarck supposes, by the physical influences which surrounded them. The former theory most generally obtains among geologists.—*Address of the President British Association for 1857.*



FLAMIA AND BELDOMONIO.

RETIREMENT OF MR. FORREST.

It is rumored in theatrical circles and freely stated in the public journals, that it is the intention of Mr. Edwin Forrest to retire altogether from the pursuit of the actor's vocation, and that if he shall appear again before the public it will be as a lecturer upon or a professor of elocution. The retirement of an actor who has held so prominent a place before the public as that which Mr. Forrest has filled is an event of no small importance in the art world. Still, it is one which might have been expected. The truth is that the old love for the theatre, and for what is called the legitimate drama has pretty nearly died out, both in the United States and in Europe. Shakspeare, now-a-days, belongs rather to the library than to the stage, and the dramatists who preceded him are rarely heard of before the footlights. At rare intervals some aspiring youth may attempt the elaboration of Sir Giles Overreach for the delectation of a select circle of antiquarians, but the invariable indifference of the paying public, and the inevitable poverty of theatrical heroes, cause these essays to be after the manner of angel's visits, few and far between. The public, in fact, prefer just now to laugh with Thalia rather than to weep with Melpomene. The opera is the fashionable amusement of the day; and next to that, English comedy, farce, burlesque, or the modern style of serio-comic drama, which the English and American play writers have clumsily imitated from the French. As there is no demand for tragedy, there is of course no supply. We do not know of a theatrical company, either here or in England, that is capable of giving a good representation of any work in the British classic drama, which according to Ben Jonson, "did so take Eliza and our James." Where we find one actor like Mr. Forrest or the elder Wallack, we discover "fifty robustious, periwig-pated fellows," who have not the slightest idea *apropos* to the details of their art. The old school of art-actors has vanished. It is not our purpose to discuss the question as to whether or not we should have been benefited had they remained with us, had their places been properly filled by the young men of the present day. The fact that they have disappeared, and that their *remplacants* have not appeared as yet, is quite sufficient. Mr. Forrest himself

the scene painters, rather than in the brains of the actors. In France, since the Italian drama, with Ristori and Salvini, the muse of tragedy wears short petticoats and courts Terpsichore in plays which are called *pieces des femmes*, but which should be termed *pieces des jambes*. The world of the greenroom has just now fallen upon one of those pauses in the history of the stage where some great author or grand artist is needed to awaken the public interest in the classic drama. We have no doubt that Mr. Forrest sees this inanity on the part of the cultivated public, and does not, therefore feel that it is proper for him to prop a declining drama. He might have the largest theatrical career of any of the great actors, as he has barely turned fifty, and has a frame of iron, with nerves of steel. He is essentially an American actor, and as thoroughly one of us as Macready was entirely British. Neither of them ever attained that perfection of art reached by Rachel and Ristori, and became cosmopolitan. Still it cannot be denied to Mr. Forrest that this chronic nationality of his is a grand thing. His style is massive as our mountains, broad as our prairies, grand as the rolling of our mighty waters. Inaccuracies there are, as there must be in every rugged landscape; but some of these which are rejected by the strict canons of art as absurd, are with the masses of the people, the especial beauties of Mr. Forrest's acting. Joined with the greatest physical requisites, he has applied the wealth of an intellect at once vigorous and acute to the investigation of the disputed points of the Shakspearian drama. Mr. Forrest is entirely a self-educated man, isolated in a great degree from society, and, for reasons which hardly need be mentioned, has never received from the whole public that recognition which he deserves. The majority has hailed him for over thirty years as the first of American actors, and previous to his retirement he should have a unanimous and enthusiastic farewell ovation accorded to him by the whole public. Mr. Forrest should not leave the stage without giving a series of representations of the choice plays in his repertory. He is the last of the Titanic school of artists, and in the bold, original individuality of his style, has defied imitation and distanced rivalry. He leaves the tragic boards without a successor to his mantle.—*New York Herald.*

[See page 371]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TELL ME NOT THAT BEAUTY DWELLS.

BY EFF. T. HYATT.

O, tell me not that beauty dwells
Within the city's walls,
Or that the fairest music swells
Amid its festive halls.
Tell me not the gay and fair
Are artless as they seem;
They breathe a foul and fetid air,
And live a fitful dream.

But beauty dwells where nature is,
And fields are green with grass;
And where no fashion mars our bliss,
Nor cares and toils harass.
The maiden's cheek is fresh as morn,
The air is sweet and light,
And music from the hunter's horn
Excites the most delight.

But yet the fairest beauty dwells
Not in the human form,
Nor in the meadows and the dells,
Nor in the passions warm;
'Tis in the heart, where truth and love
Flow sweetly smooth and even:
Such beauty leads to realms above,
Such beauty blooms in heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ZINGALI GIRL
OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"I'm a merry, merry Zingara,
From a golden clime I come,—
My passport is my light guitar
Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam.
I sing of love at castle gate,
And happy fortunes tell,
I read in the stars the coming fate
Of bachelor and belle."

"Then, by Jupiter, come in hither and tell me what the stars hold in store for me!" exclaimed my travelling-friend and quondam college chum, Norman Noble, flinging open the window of the inn where we two sat at supper, after a long day's wandering in the passes of Sierra Morena, and addressing the owner of the sweet, pure voice outside.

"Come in, my child—here, you hand—what shall I call you?" he laughingly queried, assisting a young girl of perhaps twelve summers, over the low window threshold, till she stood in the apartment beside us. "What shall I call you, my merry Zingara?"

"Isidora, senor," came in the sweetest liquid accents from a pair of scarlet lips of tempting beauty, and I turned from the flask of luscious "*Vino Val de Pena*," I was discussing, to gaze upon the rarest vision of loveliness that mine eyes had ever greeted in all my wanderings, save those magnificent creations that almost startle one in the Museo at Madrid—the works of Murillo, Velasquez, and Salvador Rosa.

Before us stood a young Zingali (gipsy) girl, as I have said, of apparently twelve summers, with such wonderful eyes of radiance, that it seemed as though the very sunlight were condensed there, wild flowing hair of purple blackness, a complexion of the richest tint and purity, and hands and feet of small and exquisite proportions. Over her shoulder hung a guitar, and, as she bounded lightly into the room, a smile deepened about her full lips, and again in her sweet liquid voice she trilled—

"I'm a merry, merry, merry Zingara,
From a golden clime I come."

then somewhat archly and coquettishly tossed back her long luxuriant hair.

"Heavens, how beautiful!" said Norman, in English, for he had addressed the maid in her own flowing Spanish tongue. "Dick, this bewitching vision quite repays me for the long day's weariness among the mountains. I have heard of these gipseys, but, for once, description falls short of reality. And what a voice! Thillon herself might envy it, for many's the time I've heard her sing this self-same opera song in accents not a whit smoother or fresher. 'Tis a rare child of nature we have stumbled upon here in this out of the way place." "But come, Isidora," he exclaimed, addressing her again in her native tongue, which he spoke with marked purity, "you were singing of your power to read the stars, though it strikes me the gift has been conferred upon one rather young. Can you tell my fortune—ours—mine and my friend's here?" and he tossed her a piece of gold. "That for thy story, and let it prove a good one. How tellest thou—by the palm?" And he outstretched a hand fair and white as a lady's.

"Nay, generous senor, it is my task but to sing, while Petronella tells of the future," she said softly and hesitatingly.

"And who is Petronella? Yon old crone I see from the window?" looking out into the courtyard where an old gitana woman sat at rest upon her bundle. "Jove, she looks ugly enough to have dealings with the evil one, and, I dare say, deals out plenty of evil with her fortunes. She is not your mother, child?"

"I do not know—I think not; for one night, when she quarrelled with old Josefa—he is our Zingali chief, senor—she threatened to tell me something which caused Josefa to grow very angry, and then he came and looked on me while I lay pretending slumber, for I fear them greatly, senor; thus I do not believe Petronella is my own mother, though they bid me call her so," answered the girl.

"And would you like to leave them, Isidora?" asked Norman, his eyes betraying the interest excited by her story.

"They would never suffer it, senor," answered the girl sadly, "for they have taught me to sing, and they say I am beautiful," and involuntarily she lifted her guitar and placed herself in an enchanting pose. "The zingali girl brings Petronella gold every night, senor."

"The old dragon!" burst forth Norman, indignantly; then adding to me in English, "It is like what we have read, Dick, a perfect romance—at least we have the foundation here, on which we might rear a superstructure."

"And to end, how?" I asked, laughingly. "By creating this little gipsy girl a sleeping princess, and permitting Norman Noble, Esquire, to come all the way from America,

'And over the hills and far away,'

to waken this enchanted beauty with a kiss."

"Nonsense, Dick!" said Norman, with a blush and laugh. "For heaven's sake don't come the poetical so strong; your plots get far ahead of mine. But I say, what a deuced shame it is that this beautiful child should be suffered to grow up amid the wild lawless scenes and associations of these miserable gipseys. Think of her by-and-by, Dick, perhaps a slave to a worse bondage than the thrall of that old hag out there!" And again he pointed to the frightful, witch-like woman, with coarse black hair streaming down her shoulders, and evil eyes gleaming in the direction of our windows.

"See how she watches us! I dare swear she bade the child bring her back gold. They are a miserable set, these gipseys—half thieves. I have heard that the deep gaze of their black eyes will so magnetize a person whose fortune they are telling, that he will unconsciously submit to the pleasant operation of having his pocket picked at the same time."

"Then look out for yours, Norman, for hither comes the sorceress!" I said, as the old woman rose and came forward.

"*Bueno nocte, senors!*" she said, with a hideous grin, pausing near the window and eagerly transferring the gold Isidora handed her to the folds of the mantle over her wrinkled bosom. "Will the senors have their fortunes told?"

"I would rather listen to the recital of the past life of this child?" said Norman, placing his hand on the girl's head.

"Isidora!" screamed the hag harshly, a rapid change coming over her features, and anger, scarcely more hideous than the hateful grin quivering round her thin withered lips, as she uttered rapidly in a curious hard patois, half Spanish, half Bohemian, "Isidora, come here instantly! What have you dared say to that senor? He is some evil man in disguise, I dare say, come to steal you away from us. Come hither! Nay, I will beat you to-night at the camp, and you shall live on bread and water three days for this," and she grasped at the girl's arm.

"Nay, my good woman!" said Norman, drawing the girl from the window through which Petronella had reached her long bony hand, and speaking in Spanish, "you are wrong. Your child has but said that she calls you 'mother,' and carries you at night the gold she earns by singing through the day. You judge her too harshly." And he proffered a small coin by way of amnesty.

The woman clutched eagerly at the gold, but still looked darkly and threateningly toward the child, who stood with trembling limbs and eyes filled with tears. So entire was the change in Isidora's manner, that I could not but gaze with wonder, asking myself, "Is this the bright, beautiful, joyous child of scarce five minutes before?" So true is it that unkindness and fear may strike out even that sense of freedom and ease which constitute the chief charm of children. And now the little gipsy girl stood mute, and pale, and almost awkward, in the presence of her tyrant, while Norman, in whose open, generous face I saw rapid changes of anger, pity and resolve, stood alternately looking from the woman to the child.

At length, whatever resolve he might have formed, he lightly tossed the curls from his forehead, and carelessly said: "But, mother Petronella, I thought you were to tell my fortune. Let it be a good one, and I will pay you well for it!" and he outstretched his hand. The old gitana drew near, and, poring over his open palm, uttered a strange jargon of predictions, in which, of course (with an eye to her fee), the element of good predominated.

"Excellent, I' faith! what could be better?—'riches, happiness, bright eyes, love, a journey across the water, and so forth, *ad libitum!*'" laughed Norman, affecting the utmost faith in her oracular predictions. "Now, Dick, take your turn before the Sybil!"

And while I drew near and delivered over my palm to the scrutiny of the elfin gipsy, I overheard Norman talking rapidly and in an undertone, to the dark-eyed Isidora whom he had drawn from our vicinity, apparently to explain to her some sketches from his portfolio taken that day in our roving among the mountains. The words he uttered did not reach me, but I could not fail to hear the tones, so kind and soothing, and when I saw him softly press a kiss upon the pure brow of the upturned childish face, upon which gratitude and devotion were plainly expressed, I could not help thinking that Nature, in bestowing youth, manly beauty, wealth, and, above all, a generous heart, upon my friend, Norman Noble, had not done amiss.

"And this," said Norman, adding a bright golden coin to that he laid in the old gitana woman's hand as the price for "his fortune," "this is to buy off the threatened punishment and the bread and water from my little Isidora. You understand, and promise me?" he said firmly, eyeing the old gipsy with a gaze keen as her own.

"Si, senor, I will not punish her," answered Petronella, relaxing under his unbounded liberality, and wreathing her lips into a withered smile as she held out her hand to the child.

"And, another thing!—come hither early to-morrow morn, and bring Josefa, for he is your chief, is he not, Petronella?"

"Si, senor!" she said quickly.

"Well, bring him, then; I want to talk with him and you about—about—listen!" and he whispered something in her ears, and drew forth his purse which he jingled before her.

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the gipsy, while a look of surprise, half fear, half delight, ran over her face,— "Is the senor speaking truth? Santa Maria! I will tell Josefa!" And, eagerly clasping the hand of little Isidora, she drew her through the window, and presently the two were lost in the gathering twilight.

"Dick Templeton," exclaimed my friend half an hour later, which interim he had divided between the luscious wine of the *Val de Pena* and his own reveries, "Dick, my boy, I say," and a bright flush sprang into his cheek, "what do you suppose I whispered to that old gipsy hag when she took away that child-angel a little while ago?" and he turned and looked me in the face.

"Can't say," I replied, affecting a carelessness I was far from feeling, for, in truth, I had been watching Norman's countenance ever since the exit of the gipseys. "Can't say, unless you're going to effect a compromise with the old chief and this hag, Petronella, 'the powers that be,' you know, and, buying off their fine merchandise, smuggle a bit of contraband goods home to America in the shape of the dark-eyed Zingara."

"A truce to your idle railery!" said Norman, in a slightly nettled tone, and betraying evident feeling in his manner. "Listen!" and he boldly proceeded in the straightforward, manly fashion, which always characterized his actions, and made Norman Noble, at twenty-two, what others, the petted children of fortune, are often later in becoming—a true and manly man. "Listen, friend Dick! though I have no doubt that you will say, that here, on Spanish soil, I have conceived a Don Quixotic project. But, Dick, dear friend, you know, or ought to know by this time, how, with all my fortune, with all the friends whom it—*it*, I say, mind you—brings about me, and, my dear boy, save you, I don't believe from my soul, that America holds me one true-hearted friend; with all my wealth and position, I am as lonely a man as ever pined for something to love and somebody to love me. I tell you, Dick, there is a void *here*," laying his hand on his heart, while a moisture gathered in his fine blue eyes, "that can only be filled by human affection and sympathy; and, feeling this, to-night I thought and planned, almost in a moment, the wildest scheme. Perhaps it may bring me happiness, perhaps it may not; if it does, Heaven surely inspired me with the thought—if contrariwise, I will still persist that the deed will prove a kindly one, since a fair young life will have been rescued from contamination, poverty, and perhaps the most dreadful heritage of the children of want, *sin*. You understand me now, Dick; I will pay these old gipseys the price for the child, who, I am satisfied, is not theirs by blood or right—I will send her to America, educate, clothe, in short, give her every advantage my idle, unused dollars can procure. You smile, Dick; think of your own fair-haired little sister; and what has made these two children so to differ?"

Norman had struck the right chord. All my seeming carelessness was thrown aside; for before me there uprose a vision of my young golden-haired sister Carrie in my father's elegant home, the child of his and my mother's love, and the worshipped of her student brother in all his wayward wanderings, and, grasping my friend's hand with an enthusiasm equal to his own, I answered, "God bless you, Norman! you have a big, generous heart. This rescued blossom from the rude Zingali camp shall, if you so please, bloom and expand into beauty beside my own hearthstone, beside my own sister, and under the eye of my mother. I know she would gladly do this, for there is nobody on earth outside of her own family whom my mother loves better than her son's friend."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks!" replied Norman, with warm emotion. "This is indeed a most kind offer, and shall be as frankly accepted; for I know of no hearthstone in all America where I would so joyfully carry my prize as that over which presides my friend's mother. But, what if the gipsy fails to keep her promise in the morning? We are arranging everything *ad libitum*, down to the least minutiae," and his old sunny smile overspread his face—"it would prove a sad disappointment if, after preparing the cage, we found no bird to sing within. I tell you, Dick, it will add ten years to my life if I become self-constituted guardian to this little Spanish oriole—my adopted sister she shall be, since Dame Nature denied me one, or ward, since that relation seems more in accordance with legal formula."

But the gipsy, Petronella, did not fail in her promise. The morrow brought her, accompanied by old Josefa, a villanous-looking man, and the bright-eyed Isidora, who, when informed that she was to sail over seas to her new friend's home, for whom she had conceived the most violent attachment, evinced the most exuberant delight; and, in presence of the landlord of the *posada* and Dick Templeton, as "witnesses," for a specified sum of gold the child was delivered over to her new *padre* (father), Norman Noble.

A singular proceeding, indeed, was it; but, so little cared for are these rude, despised Zingali people, that the landlord affirmed that the old gipseys made "a good bargain," and congratulated Norman upon his "handy little servant," for such was the position to which he supposed her destined.

And in another month, sent to America in care of some returning members of the Spanish legation, entrusted to the hands of a faithful hired female servant, with letters addressed to my father and mother at "Templeton Grange, Woodford," sailed away from Spain the beautiful child Isidora.

And away, on our wanderings throughout Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land, we turned our steps—the two firm friends of years, Norman Noble and Richard Templeton.

Five years had passed, when again we set foot in America. Very often during that period had letters come to us in our sojournings—letters from home, from my mother and sister, telling of home affairs and breathing of home affection, and describing the mental and physical growth of the new occupant of their household; and, latterly, to Norman had come missives traced in a delicate girlish chirography from the child of his bounty, bearing evidence of the rare, loving, grateful tropic heart that prompted them. Many the time, gliding down the Nile, under the shade of the eternal pyramids, or walking about the hills that begirt the city of Jerusalem, wandering through the picture galleries of Florence, or pausing on the gay Boulevards of Paris, have I seen Norman draw forth the latest letter that came over the ocean and re-peruse its pages with the deepest intensity of fondness. "She is good and grateful, Dick," he would say, looking up smilingly. "I shall never regret what I have done. Good, grateful, and lovely! There is *heart* in this letter, Dick—the heart of her own warm southland," and then he would place the letter next his heart.

But I often wondered that my friend uttered no wish to bring our journeyings to a terminus, no desire to hasten homeward to behold this child of his bounty, now (as I could not fail to see), this *child of his heart*. And I could not bring myself to express in words what I knew full well, that his love had already gone where, five years earlier, he had given his protection and pity.

At length I think he must have read my thoughts, for, one starry evening when we walked along the beach of the Lido, with the soft Italian night bending above us, he said suddenly, "Dick, the time has come when I must go home. Five long years have I staid away, but now *she* calls me from beyond the waters. I must go home—'home' I can say now, for, Dick, you know the song says,

'Tis home where'er the heart is.'"

and, from the strong pressure of his hand upon my arm, I knew how deep the emotions thrilling the man beside me in that hour.

"Perhaps you will think me foolish, Dick," he said seriously a few moments after, standing in reverie by the sea, "but no words can express the power *she* has over me. I have left her free as air. I have never, by a single word or line in my letters, striven to bind her to me by the slightest chain of gratitude. I have charged your mother always to permit her to see society, where she must have met many who must have bowed before her, but notwithstanding all this, I believe, Dick, if I should go home and find she loved another, I should go mad!"

"Courage, brave heart!" I said, smilingly. "Our eyes discern the future—wealth, happiness, bright eyes, a beautiful lady-love beyond the water." What said the old gipsy, Petronella?—and cannot ordinary mortals, who, forsooth, may not hold communion with 'the stars,' predict the usual *finale* to romance like this? Yes, *mon ami*, like all such, the good fairy who directs your career, deals you out a—*wedding!*"

"Two children, weaving idle cloud castles!" said Norman, with his old blush and smile, taking my arm and walking onward.

"Rather holding in our hands the web of destiny, to add the golden filaments to our own liking," I added. "But the decree hath gone forth. 'The young Lochinvar' shall hastily 'come out of the east.' There is a Mediterranean steamer bound for Marseilles which sails to-morrow: shall I engage passage for two, Sir Norman?"

Well, the "homeward bound" had set us down, two bronzed and bearded men, on the quay in New York city, and then, O, presto! as fast as railway steam could carry us, to dear old Woodford and Templeton Grange.

You would have thought Norman Noble an eager school-boy, released on his first vacation, so impatient was he to get on in his journey. Could a swifter medium than steam have been obtained, I doubt not he would have chartered an express conveyance toward the quiet shades of old Woodford.

"Such fools doth Love make of us."

But at length space and time were annihilated, and our feet trod the gravelled walk leading up to the old mansion, and crossed the threshold. So rapidly had we travelled that no one expected us that day; thus we crossed the hall and gained the library door unseen. It was a cool and shady room—this library—always, of a summer afternoon, and I knew we should find some member of the family there. Pausing a moment in the doorway, we caught sight of a slender, girlish figure standing in a distant window, her waist encircled by a manly arm.

I felt Norman's hand close tightly over mine, and heard his breath come quickly, for his thoughts were of Isidora; but a brother's heart could not be mistaken—I knew the owner of those long curls, though five years had changed them to a darker brown—yet a jealous pang struck through my heart, as it flashed over me that another was henceforth dearer to my Carrie than her brother could ever be. But I gulped this feeling down and sprang forward to clasp her in my arms. Who, that has been parted five long years from the sister of his heart, would not have taken her to that heart and looked upon her sweet young face with happy tears?

And, by a strange intuition, I became conscious that the tall, startlingly beautiful girl, with braids of dusky hair and lustrous Spanish eyes, who sprang into the library but to be met with *her* share (though perhaps more shyly rendered), of embraces, was none other than Isidora, or "Dora Noble," as all called her there.

But what need to prolong this story by recounting the usual progress of a courtship? Suffice it, that ere the winter snows fell, I officiated as groomsman at a double wedding, whereat my father gave away his two daughters, my sister Carrie (Heaven forgive the man who robbed me of her!) and Dora, who in that hour became in truth "Dora Noble."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARGARET MAULTASCH.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

THE year 1335 was marked in Austria, by the death of Henry II. of Carinthia. The investiture of this duchy had passed from Adelaide, who had inherited the Tyrol, to Meinhard her son, who, dying in 1295, had left two sons and a daughter. Of these the latter, Elizabeth, espoused the emperor Albert. Otho, the eldest son, died early, and Carinthia fell to the possession of Henry. He left no sons to inherit it, but he had obtained a decree from Louis which declared the Tyrol and Carinthia feminine fiefs. They had formerly been considered otherwise, both by Louis and the Austrian princes, but Henry procured the decree in favor of his eldest daughter.

Henry's youngest daughter, Adelaide, was a feeble, sickly child, unable to cope with the difficulties and fatigues of public life. While her sister Margaret pressed forward eagerly into her new station, at the age of nineteen, Adelaide lived retired and in private. One unenviable distinction, however, attended Margaret. It was her surname of *Maultasch*, bestowed upon her from the unusual size of her mouth, which was so large as to excite attention and remark from all.

When Margaret was but eleven years of age, her hand was obtained by the king of Bohemia for his son John, three years younger than herself. His object was to gain possession of Carinthia and the Tyrol, thereby to secure a passage into Italy.

Three years after, the marriage between Margaret Maultasch and the young Prince of Bohemia took place. A more ill-assorted union had never been solemnized, and ere many months, the two were at the very height of mutual dissatisfaction and disgust. On some pretence, the prince confined Margaret in prison, but she contrived to escape, and appealed to the emperor for protection. Louis, influenced by selfish views, received her, and by a series of plots, succeeded in forming an alliance between his son Louis and the divorced princess. The unhappy princess, however, received no confirmation from the pope to this marriage, and the various and vexatious circumstances arising from this, irritated and soured still more her naturally wretched temper. A child was born, but it was long before the pope was induced to pronounce it legitimate. When he did so, it was at the price of the reversion of the Tyrol. Rhodolph IV., son of Albert the Lame, obtained her gratitude for this, and he added to her obligations by desiring the hand of her son, Meinhard, for his own sister.

In a few years Margaret Maultasch was a widow and childless, and Rhodolph master of the Tyrol. Louis had died in 1361, and Meinhard in 1363. The wife of the latter, Margaret, the sister of Rhodolph, survived. Enraged by the marriage of his wife to Louis, Prince John sought all the opportunities to mortify and distress her. The deaths of her second husband and child were so many sources of intense satisfaction to him, and nothing could please him more than to increase the unhappiness which already was weighing Margaret Maultasch to the earth. Her son's widow still remained with her in the first months of mourning for Meinhard. The youthful widow, although a sincere mourner for Meinhard, was susceptible of the tenderest passion, and Margaret did not place any bar to prevent a second marriage, if such should be her wish.

A few months after the death of Meinhard, Margaret the Second exhibited a strange desire to walk about the streets of the city. Believing that she did this in order to take her mind from the burden of grief that oppressed her, Margaret Maultasch offered no opposition. Every day she yielded to the necessity imposed on her by her daughter-in-law, who fairly tried her patience to its utmost extremity. It was, however, a bitter pill. The widow of one who, in his lifetime, was presumptive heir to two inheritances like Carinthia and the Tyrol, to be out unattended, day after day, was a sad trial to the Princess Margaret, and excited her ire as well as her contempt. She remonstrated in vain. At last Margaret Maultasch set spies upon her daughter's outgoings. They watched her sometime without learning her design in going out, farther than to enjoy the fresh air and a walk in the public gardens; but one day Zuleika, the young Greek girl whom Margaret had adopted, came home with a face full of importance.

"Have you learned anything, Zuleika?" asked her patroness. "Your face would seem to indicate that you have."

"Nothing save this," was the answer, "that the princess, at a certain corner of one of the public walks, meets, constantly, a man whom I do not know, and who walks with her for several hours, in earnest conversation."

"Do they seem affectionate?"

"Not particularly. I should rather suppose them to be discussing some business."

"Describe this man."

"A tall dark man, with a scar across his eyebrow."

Margaret Maultasch started.

"It cannot be he," she said in a low voice to herself. "How foolish in me to think of *that*! Did you observe anything else, Zuleika?"

"Nothing save that in walking, he leaned slightly to one side."

Margaret mused uneasily for a while, and then sent the girl away with a charge to watch more closely.

It was long before the princess returned, and when she did, her mother-in-law scarcely dared to question her upon a subject which she had the most intense curiosity to investigate. She began to talk of her son Meinhard, and to regret anew that he had left no children to bear his name. Contrary to her usual custom, the

younger Margaret did not join in her lamentations, but remained cool and apparently unmoved by the mention of her husband.

"She loves this man," said the elder lady to herself. "Well I know what fruit love bears! Now to ascertain who he is."

Fresh reports from Zuleika almost confirmed her suspicions. It seemed as if she could no longer doubt that Margaret's companion was the very man to whom she had been sacrificed in her youth, by the ambition of his father, and to whom many still thought her legally bound. There were those still living who believed that no true marriage had ever existed between herself and Louis, and that on the birth of Meinhard there still rested a cloud.

Proud, haughty and deeply sensitive to any suspicion of disgrace, it required the most vivid remembrance of the treatment of Prince John towards her, to make her cease from wishing that she had endured the disgust with which he had inspired her. But when she remembered that miserable imprisonment—those days of lingering torture which he inflicted, and the inexpressible hatred which had characterized their whole married life, she rejoiced that Louis had rescued her from it. One gleam of sunshine had crossed her path, for Louis had truly loved her. Recalling the difference between him and John, who had so often derided her personal deformity, calling her by the most insulting names, on account of the largeness of her mouth, and endeavoring in every possible way, to call the attention, even of her own servants, to its unusual size. Stung even by the recollection, she inwardly vowed, if possible, to save the widow of her son from such a lover. Full of this thought, she ordered the Greek to attend her, and wrapping her face in a thick veil, she set out in the direction which Zuleika indicated. Margaret, the younger, had gone out some hours before. They traversed the winding paths in vain. No one appeared in whom the lady had any interest, and no one seemed to recognize her. Indeed, since the death of Louis, she had kept so closely within doors, that the once distinguished Margaret Maultasch had nearly passed from the memories of those who had once bowed at the shrine of her judgment.

Slowly she now trod the pathway back, leaning on the arm of the little, elastic Greek, whose steps seemed almost, when not so burdened, to tread on air. Turning the sharp corner by the church of St. Mattheu, the gleam of a white dress was just disappearing within the door, and a crowd instantly closed up the entrance. A sudden thought flashed upon the mind of Margaret Maultasch. In vain she tried to pierce through the dense crowd of persons who, attracted by the desire of seeing the ceremony, had been loitering around the church for that purpose, and were not now disposed to relinquish their position to an old woman in a veil, whom no one seemed to recognize, and who came on foot as they did themselves.

So in vain did poor little Zuleika attempt to elbow a place for her patroness. There was no niche into which she could introduce that worn and wasted figure. All at once the crowd parted, nearly throwing the two females upon the broad stone steps on which they stood. It parted, and from its midst came Margaret, in a bridal dress, with a long white veil reaching from head to foot, and clinging to a tall figure, whose arm was thrown about her waist as if to shield her from contact with the rude crowd.

One look told Margaret Maultasch who was the bridegroom. The tall form, the swarthy countenance, the scar across the eyebrow, and the scarce perceptible leaning of the head toward the shoulder, all told her that he who had been her husband stood before her, and the circumstances which surrounded him declared as plainly that he had married the widow of her son. She believed she could support this disgrace, as she felt it to be; but her nature, worn out by repeated shocks, though still retaining its former haughtiness, gave way, and she sank, not fainting, but helpless, on the step directly before the feet of the newly married pair.

John, with all his former brutality of behaviour, called to his attendants to take that woman away, and even spurned her with his foot, although not recognizing her. Zuleika raised her, with the assistance of one of the princess's own servants, who knew Margaret as soon as a slight displacement of her veil, in falling, showed him her face. He had been in her service, and compassionated her even more than her situation required; for, seeing her here, on foot and unattended by a retinue, as she had formerly been, he fancied her poor and destitute.

The two Margarets never met again after this day. Whether from ill treatment or not, is unknown, but the younger survived her married life but three brief years, and in the same year, Margaret Maultasch, weary of a life chequered by such continued mortifications, went also to her rest.

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CHINESE RICE HARVESTING AT HONG KONG.



VIEW OF TETUAN, MOROCCO, AFRICA.

SCENES IN THE OLD WORLD.

CHINESE RICE HARVESTING AT HONG KONG.—The first engraving on the preceding page represents the people of a Chinese village in the interior of Hong Kong, engaged in the labors of the rice-harvest beneath the burning sun. A great variety of Celestials are introduced into the picture, which is a very animated one and will well repay a careful examination. The principal part of the laborers are women, owing probably to the fact of the men being generally engaged in fishing. The paddy rice grows to a height of about two feet six inches. The fields are little patches of about fifty paces, on account of the unevenness of the ground. The rice is thrashed out of doors: first, in a tub with a screen, by a man, who takes a bunch in his two hands to strike the ears against the edge of a tub, and then gives the rice again to be thrashed on a floor made hard with *chunam*, the Chinese asphalt. Ploughing is here done with a very primitive plough and a wonderfully small bullock, as the ground is soft and does not contain a single pebble. This is very well. After being harrowed, it may receive a crop of sweet potatoes, or ground nuts. The women work with children on their backs. No one appears too young to take a part in the work. In the next fields are sugar canes.

VIEW OF TETUAN.—The second engraving on the preceding page is a view of Tetuan, on the river Martil, in Morocco, from a sketch taken on the spot. It is strikingly romantic, the foreground being filled with characteristic figures of Moors, with their camels, and horses, and strange attire and equipments, the city, terraced up the sides of a swelling hill and crowning the eminence, while sweeping mountains roll up in the background like thunder-clouds,

casions that more persons are sent away than are able to gain admission. This was my fate the first time I made the attempt. But one of the members with whom I had the pleasure of an acquaintance, insisted on my going with him, or sending my card to him while he was in the House; then he was so kind as to apply to the speaker for special permission to introduce me upon the floor, where he gave me a seat on the bench reserved for the Lords, when they chose to visit the Commons, and thus, whatever might be the crush in the galleries, I had the most desirable situation both to see and hear. There was better order in the House of Commons than in our House of Representatives—more attention to the business in hand, and less confusion while members are speaking. They sit on long parallel benches with raised backs, with no conveniences whatever for writing. All the notes a man makes, even of a speech directed against himself, and to which he is bound to reply, he must make on a bit of paper in his hand; and even this is rarely done. They all wear their hats while sitting, taking them off when they rise to speak, or to walk across the floor; and it ill comports with our ideas of propriety to see a gentleman put his hat on his head the moment he has ceased speaking. On the Treasury bench, the seat occupied by the members of the government, and running along at the right hand of the Speaker, were sitting the most distinguished men of the present ministry, whose names were mentioned to me by my friend. The members on the seat behind them were taking their ease, with their feet on the back of the Treasury bench, so that between the head of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were the feet of a member of Parliament, and between Russell and Sir

the rigid pleasure of seeing how things are done in Parliament. During the last few sessions what was thought a stern rule of the House as to the admission of officers and soldiers in uniform to the Strangers' Gallery has been exploded.

In the course of the Crimean war a military member of the House raised the question, and the Speaker decided that, although some such custom as the exclusion of persons in red coats had obtained, he knew of no order to that effect; and now it is by no means an uncommon thing to see non-commissioned officers and privates in their regimentals listening with the prescribed gravity of demeanor to the emanations of the collected representative wisdom of the country. A division in the House of Commons is managed with great simplicity and adequate completeness. As soon as the moment arrives when it is the pleasure of the House to try the question before them by this test, the signal is given by the Speaker calling out "Strangers must withdraw." This order is only obeyed by the occupants of seats below the bar and the gallery just over the clock, both of which are actually within the House. The occupants of the Strangers' Gallery proper are now permitted to remain. As soon as the order to withdraw is given, a two minute glass is turned by one of the clerks in order to give time to members dispersed all over the purlieus of the House—the library, refreshment-room, etc.—to come in, and notice is given to them by the ringing of bells all over the building, which is effected simultaneously by means of electricity. As soon as the sand has run out the doors are closed and locked by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and all new comers are excluded. The Speaker then puts the question, and, having declared which side in his opinion has the



THE STRANGER'S GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ENGLAND.

and close the view. The harbor of Tetuan, protected by a fort at the mouth of the river, four miles distant, is adapted only for small vessels; but still Tetuan has a good export trade. It has some very handsome mosques; its streets are peopled by some 16,000 persons, of whom one-fourth are Jews. The place has recently engaged public attention from a report of atrocities committed on the Christian officials resident there, by the natives. At one time it was rumored that both the French and English vice-consuls had fallen victims to the fanatical rage of the Orientals, but this fortunately proved false intelligence.

STRANGERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.—The interest which all Americans take in legislative proceedings, and particularly those of England, from which our own forms of public business are largely borrowed, induces us to think that the view of the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons on this page, cannot fail to prove acceptable. No American who visits London while Parliament is in session, fails to drop into the Gallery and have a glimpse at the political lions of England. The Rev. Mr. Prime, in his interesting book of travels, published in 1855, says:—"My lodgings at Charing Cross were so convenient to the Parliament House, that I often dropped in of an evening to hear the debates, and more to see the men whose names are famous on both sides of the sea. Yet it is not so easy to drop in at the House, as one may think from this remark. Each member of Parliament has the right to give a written order for the introduction of a stranger; and when a debate of interest is coming on, these orders are in great demand. The galleries being very small, and the number of applicants very great, it happens on such oc-

James Graham, were the feet of another learned member, and three or four more were taking their comfort in the same way."

Considering the very limited area of the House of Commons, a fair proportion of accommodation is afforded to spectators of the proceedings of the Third Estate of the realm. In the first place, below the bar, on each side of the principal door leading from the lobby, are three rows of seats, to which Peers have a right of admission, and into which other persons, when it is convenient, are admitted by orders from the Sergeant-at-Arms. Immediately above the bar, and on a level with the Members' Gallery—in fact quite within the precincts of the House proper—is a roomy gallery which is appropriated to members of the Corps Diplomatic, Peers and distinguished strangers. A passage separates this from what is called the "Speaker's Gallery," access to which is gained by orders from the Speaker himself. It has two rows of seats, and will hold about 150 persons. Next to this, but entirely apart from it, access being gained to it by a totally different way, is the Strangers' Gallery, which is depicted in the accompanying illustration. This gallery has three rows of seats, each accommodating about seventy persons, who, in common with all the occupants of the places devoted to the public, are subjected to very stringent rules of behaviour. No one is allowed to rise from his seat, except for the purpose of leaving, and silence as nearly absolute as possible must be observed. The privilege of entering the Strangers' Gallery is one which is very much sought after by enthusiastic constituents, who hunt after the orders of their members with considerable assiduity; and specimens of every class of the British elector and non-electer may be seen at times undergoing

majority of voices, his decision is questioned by some member, and he then gives the direction, "The 'ayes' to the right, the 'noes' to the left," and the former file out of the door at the back of the chair; the latter pass up the gangway on the opposition side, and out at the small door at the lower end of the House, at the left side, under the gallery. The Speaker then orders two "tellers" to each door, and one of them reports to him that the "House is clear." The members thus driven out of the body of the House find themselves in a long corridor, very accurately represented in the accompanying engraving, at the end of which is a railing and a desk, between which is left space sufficient for one person to pass at a time, after the manner of pay-places at the theatres. On one side of these stand two "tellers" (one of each of the parties then voting against each other), and two clerks, both of whom are provided with printed lists of the names of all the members of the House. As each member passes through the teller counts him—he himself usually calls out his name—and the clerks tick it off on the list, that it may be inserted in due course in the Division Lists which are printed every morning with the Orders of the Day. The members then return one by one into the body of the House, the ayes entering at the principal door below the bar, and the noes by the door at the back of the Speaker's chair. When all have passed, the teller makes up the figures, and, all four advancing to the table, one of those on the winning side, in a loud voice, declares the respective numbers. Though in the description this may appear a cumbersome mode of collecting votes, it is in practice remarkably expeditious and very precise; a less tedious operation than any process of counting or registering within the House.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

CURED OF COQUETTING.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Do you want to know what I think of you?"

"I do know already, Charles. You think I am just the sweetest sister—just the dearest, nicest, darlinest little girl in the whole world; and that I have got the handsomest, most agreeable, wittiest, wisest, best brother that ever a young lady of my size, ability and merits was blessed with. Eh, Charlie!"

Bell Wilson gave a little musical trill of laughter, tipped her saucy head on one side with a dainty, bird-like gesture, and opened wide her bright eyes with a sudden sparkle of good-natured irony upon her brother, who was pacing excitedly to and fro before the sofa, in one corner of which the little witch was cosily cuddled down.

"No such thing, miss. I don't say but what your sisterly qualities are of the first order; and as for your brother—why—I fancy he speaks for himself."

Here the young man paused before a mirror, run his fingers through the clustering brown hair that shaded his forehead, pulled up his dicky, arranged his neck-tie, caressed his moustache, and then with a self-satisfied smile, resumed his rapid walk.

"But that isn't what I want to talk about, and you know it, Bell. I think you are the most provoking, unreasonable, fickle, tantalizing, vain, absurd, giddy, incorrigible, tormenting, wild, unmanageable little specimen of coquetry that ever abused the gift of a pretty face, or bewitched a score of silly men out of their wits. *That's* what I think of you, lady-bird."

"O, my! Say that again, Charlie, here are my ears," and putting up her small white hands, each a perfect nest of dimples, Bell pushed away the cloud of silken hair that floated about her cheeks, and bent her head forward in a comical, listening position, displaying a pair of pretty, shell-tinted ears, over which she suddenly showered her curls again, as she saw the palm of her brother's hand descending towards them with a motion highly suggestive of a boxing.

"O, you needn't try to cajole me into laughing by any of your babyish tricks."

A little pause, during which, Bell saw him stuff his white cambric handkerchief into his mouth to stifle a laugh, though he had turned his back to her, and thought she wouldn't see him.

"I'm not in the mood this afternoon, I can tell you. I've had a piece of my mind in reserve for you this long while, and now you've got to hear it. As I said before, I think you—"

"O, yes, dear, I remember. Don't trouble yourself to repeat that terrible tongue-twister of a sentence. Isn't that a beauty of a slipper, eh?"

A delicately-formed foot was thrust from under the folds of Bell's blue muslin skirt. Cinderella might have envied her that tiny organ of locomotion, as it lay there so daringly extended, denting the sofa cushion with the point of its slippered toes. A beauty of a slipper it was, too; a thin, papery little apology for a foot-covering, made for in-door wear—a gay mixture of crimson and green embroidery silk over black cloth, the former running over the toe and around the sides in a profusion of exquisitely wrought leaves and buds. Charlie gave it a sideways glance, indulged in a second application of the white handkerchief, and then growled savagely:

"Bell Wilson, you—"

"Did you ever hear me whistle, Charlie? Just let me have time to fix my mouth properly, and I'll give you Yankee Doodle as you never heard it before."

The ripe cherry of a mouth was puckered up into the daintiest compass imaginable, and out of it came a Yankee Doodle, clear, mellow and sweet as ever a cow-boy whistled it.

"Hush, rattle-brain! you *shall* hear me." Charlie Wilson stepped before the sofa, and caught his sister's arm with a grasp that made her wince. "As true as I live—"

"You will marry Hattie Lane. O, yes, bub, I haven't the least doubt of it. Mortal homely girl, though. Can't see what makes you fancy her. Looks as old as Methusaleh's grandpa. Cross-eyed and cross-tempered. Complexion like a soda cracker—feet like an elephant's—neck like a beer-bottle. Too modest to wear hoops—looks like a collapsed meal-bag all the time. Tra-la-la—"

A hand over Bell's mouth choked her into silence.

"Do you remember the boat-ride I promised to give you one of these days?"

"O-o-o-h!—o-o-o-h!—o-o-o-h! Just the day for a sail! Wait while I run for my hat!"

"Hold! Not quite so fast, miss. Sit still or I'll shake you. I want to tell you that if you don't behave yourself, and listen to me for ten whole consecutive minutes without interruption, you shall never have that sail—never!"

"Ten minutes!—ten whole minutes—horrible! Let me *see*!" And the sunshiny face put on a calculating look. "It's a bargain. Commence. Twenty minutes past three, by the clock. I'm good as cherry pie, and mum as a church mouse until half past. But get me my sewing-work first; I can't be idle such a while. There, don't look as though you wanted to eat me up. I'll stop in a second. You'll find it on the table, I guess."

Charlie sprang to the table, and tumbled its contents in a queer disarray, searching for the five-inch bit of muslin embroidery that he knew had been Miss Bell's pompously talked of "sewing-work" for the previous three months, and which bid fair to keep her in employment for another three months to come, the dainty little lady seldom taking more than two stitches upon it at a time. "She pricked her fingers so shockingly," she said. It wasn't to be found.

"Look behind the curtain, on the window-sill, Charlie."

Charlie looked on the window-sill. It wasn't there.

"Now move the ottoman. No, not that one—the other! Isn't it there? Look carefully."

Charlie *did* look carefully—to no purpose.

"Strange! I'm sure I left it somewhere. I believe it's stolen. I wish you'd buy a watch dog, Charlie. If I've lost that once this week, I have twenty times. O, but you haven't looked in the cupboard, yonder, or on the mantel-shelf. It must be in one of those places, sure."

Cupboard and mantel-shelf were ransacked in vain.

"What's that on the floor, by the table? O, here it is, after all—what a stupid girl I am, to be sure," and Bell fished up the missing needle-work from her pocket, with a wicked light in her eyes, which told as plainly as words could have done, that she knew its whereabouts all the time.

"But I can't work so. I want my needle-book, thread, scissors, bodkin, thimble and emery-ball. Get them for me, bub—that's a dear boy. Where are they?—can't say, for the life of me. On the table, maybe."

Again were the contents of the table turned topsy-turvy, this time with better success. The needle-book, with its covers of green satin, the spool of white cotton, the scissors, the bodkin, the tiny gold thimble, the crimson emery-ball, looking like a plump, ripe, over-grown strawberry,—all were tumbled in a little rattling, jingling shower into the black silk apron held up to catch them.

"Anything more?" called Charlie, gaily, as he stood with both hands extended, ready for another plunge at the confused pile of heterogeneous articles that littered the table.

"No, I thank you; I'm quite ready. Remember, at just half-past three I'm free from the conditions of the contract."

Charlie glanced at the clock. Seven minutes of the ten had already been consumed.

"The deuce! You provoking little minx! But you needn't think to outwit me in that way. You know you deserve a severe scolding, instead of the gentle admonition I intend to administer. The way you carry sail now-a-days is perfectly awful; such another cold-blooded flirt can't be found in all Claremont. Every day you tie some new conquest to your apron-strings. A crowd of moths fluttering round a candle of a summer's night, couldn't be more cruelly bewildered than the sighing swains you gather up in your train. You just singe their wings and send them adrift like so many scorched insects. You've, within the past two weeks, to my certain knowledge, bewitched Ed Charlton, turned the brain of John Goodrich, made a mortal enemy of Fred Sanders, broken the heart of that old widower Crosby, driven Jim Alden to the brink of despair, besides shamefully abusing the best friend I have in the world—Phil Brainard. You know from the commencement of your acquaintance with him, that I had set my heart on your making a match of it, and—"

"Time's up, sir! not another word." Bell's white forefinger pointed to the little French timepiece in the corner. "I'm quite faint with indignation at the whoppers you have told. In the first place I never gave Ed Charlton a bit of encouragement, only by going to one concert and three parties with him, and letting him carry a daguerreotype a few days. As for turning John Goodrich's brains, he never had any to turn, that I could discover. If I've made Fred Sanders hate me, I'm glad of it—the popinjay—with his scented handkerchief and oiled ringlets—I always detested him. The widower Crosby, too! Break *his* heart! After a man has put up his fourth wife's tombstone, I'll risk him. I'll wager the fifth weed will get rusty on his hat before I'm old enough to marry. Jim Alden—the lantern-jawed, long-legged, awkward, ungainly creature! Ugh! It quite gives me the chills to think of him."

"And Phil Brainard—what of him, my most innocent, fastidious sister?"

A blaze of blushes made the young girl's face scarlet. Her saucy eyes hid themselves under the sweeping fringe of their friendly lashes. Her curly head bent low over her work, and her gold-thimble finger flew back and forth with wondrous rapidity. The confusion was but momentary, however. She lifted her rosy face to her brother's view with an audacious smile.

"What of him? I think him the most overbearing, haughty, disagreeable, self-conceited monster I ever saw. He is as proud as Lucifer, as stubborn as a mule, as cold as an iceberg, as stiff as a broomstick—and as grand in his manner as though he were supreme lord of this little earth of ours, and twenty more insignificant planets like it."

"Which all means that you can't wind him round your little finger as you do the rest of your lovers. He is stiff and proud and stubborn and cold and grand, just because he won't put his neck under your heel, but prefers to manage you with your own weapons. And that is the very reason why, in spite of your teeth, you can't help liking him. You'd give every curl on your head this minute if you hadn't quarrelled with him last night."

"Pshaw! you're a dunce, Charles Wilson. I don't care a straw for him. There! if I haven't pricked me again!"

Thimble, thread, embroidery, scissors, flew unceremoniously to the other end of the sofa, and Bell's red mouth commenced a second melodious attack on Yankee Doodle.

"I wasn't aware that Miss Wilson numbered whistling among her accomplishments. Bravo! bravo! I couldn't execute it better myself."

The voice wasn't Charlie's. It seemed to come from the low, vine-covered window at the end of the sofa. Bell gave a start so violent as to send her curls in a flying dance all about her face. Her prettily slippered foot disappeared instantly under her skirts. Her face flushed rosily. The next moment a masculine hand

swept aside the drapery of emerald foliage that curtained the window—a handsome, manly face framed itself for an instant in the green vines, a pair of frank, blue eyes wandered on a single, quick, admiring glance to the further corner of the sofa, and then the face, the hand, and the eyes were withdrawn, but not before a bouquet of white roses and evergreen lay like a messenger of reconciliation in Bell's lap.

"Phil Brainard, as I live! The very boy I most wish to see. I'm after him like chain-lightning," and snatching his cap, Charles Wilson sprang from the room. Ah, he would have given a kingdom to see what Bell was doing after he had gone—holding that fresh, sweet gift of snowy blossoms so tenderly, laying her soft, delicate cheek against them, sweetening them with kisses, and finally with a little sigh that was twin to a blush, fastening them upon her bosom. If he didn't see her, however, the two blue eyes peering cautiously through the vines, did. Unconscious Bell Wilson! Artful Philip Brainard! Who was happiest?

Bell Wilson was a spoiled child—a beauty, an heiress, and an orphan—the pet, plaything and pride of her good-natured, indulgent brother, the envy of half the female population of our goodly village, and the "bright, particular star," which had risen and set in almost every young man's heaven of hope for miles around. You would have thought the last fact no wonder could you have looked in upon her that summer afternoon after her brother had left her. You couldn't have matched the clear olive complexion in a hundred towns, or found a rose-leaf, though you searched a dozen summers, more exquisitely stained with crimson than her oval cheeks. The splendid gray eyes darkened by lashes dark as midnight, the low, white forehead, the scarlet thread of a mouth, the long dark hair, too heavy for the confinement of a comb, sweeping in a glossy, ringletty mass almost to the bottom of her slender waist, the white, beautifully moulded arm and neck—each and all contributed to the list of attractions which made Bell Wilson the Belle of Claremont.

For a long time after Charlie's departure, she sat there curled up on the sofa, thinking any quantity of pretty, pleasant thoughts, if one might judge from the little army of smiles that poured across her face, each one dying away in a faint flush of bashful color, or drowning itself in the eddies of dimples that slept about her lips, to be followed by another and another, all anxious to perish in the same sweet suicidal manner.

At last with a little yawn, she rose up and went out upon the piazza. It had been a hot sultry day, and Bell noticed as she seated herself in the breezy verandah, that a heavy storm was gathering in the southwest. Great banks of black clouds walled the horizon, and wheeled scowlingly up into the sky. There was a sort of fascination in watching them as their rugged, billowy masses deepened and darkened overhead. The low growl of the thunder broke and died along the hills. The wind with a threatening wail, answered the sound. Pioneer flashes of lightning darted through the heavens, announcing the coming tempest. A gloom, like sudden twilight, dropped down upon the village.

The storm grew and threatened slowly; but at last, complete in strength and fury, it broke in a sudden rush of rain upon the earth. The young girl was driven from her post of observation, and obliged to take shelter once more in the cosy sitting-room she had deserted. But the scene had an unusual charm for her, and going to the window—the same that had framed Philip Brainard's handsome face scarcely an hour before—she held back the dripping vines and looked out upon the storm. A more timid nature might have been appalled. The whole south and west was a continued sheet of fire. The reports of the thunder were almost deafening, the long, loud, hissing sweep of the rain and the cry of the wind, had a terrific music. But Bell liked it. Her young eyes kindled, her fresh, girlish face was sobered into an expression of intense but reverent admiration. The sublimity of the spectacle awed her with wonder, thrilled her with a solemn, unutterable, tranced delight.

Suddenly there came a shock so strong, a flash so blinding and close at hand, a reverberation so stunning, that involuntarily she shrank back a few paces from the window, and clasped her hands across her eyes with a stifled cry of terror. It was a long time before she could summon courage to look out again, and when she did so, the fury of the storm seemed almost spent. She saw a number of persons hurrying down the street through the rain, and in the distance, at the foot of a rustic bridge, a little knot of men were collected. Had the lightning struck? Was anybody killed? The thought struck a cold pain to her heart. While she was straining her eyes to make out the mystery, she heard her brother's step in the hall, and sprang out to meet him. But he hurried past her without seeming to notice her hurried query of "What is the matter, Charlie?" Past her, without heeding the little white hand she dropped detainingly upon his arm; past her, into the sitting-room, where, throwing himself down upon the lounge, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

Bell's heart stood still with a great, wild throb of fear.

"What is it, Charlie?" at length she asked in a husky whisper.

"Don't—don't ask me! I cannot, will not, *dare* not tell you O, Bell! Bell!"

"For Heaven's sake, Charlie, what do you mean?"

"My poor, poor sister!" was the only answer, given in a low, unnatural tone.

"Charlie, Charlie, I shall go mad with terror, if you don't speak to me. Do not be afraid to tell me! See, I am calm. Is he—Ph—Ph—ilip hurt?" And Bell tried to pull away the strong hands that concealed her brother's face.

A silence more expressive than words answered her. With a low moan she staggered backward, her face whitening with the mighty anguish that convulsed her heart, her lips pallid, her small

hands locked together and pressed, as with a spasm of sudden pain, upon her heart.

"I am glad you care for him only as a friend, Bell. Otherwise this shock might—"

"Don't, don't, don't mock me, Charlie. Those were idle words I spoke this afternoon. I never thought him haughty or self-conceited. I did like—ay, love him, better than life, better than anything under heaven. O, pity me, Charlie, pity me!"

Just then there was another step at the door—a quick, firm, tread. Bell's eyes dilated, her drooped head was thrown up in an attitude of eager listening, her white lips parted with a cry of joy.

"His step—I cannot be deceived. It is, it must be he! Charlie, you have been misinformed."

The door opened and a young man entered. The pair of inquisitive blue eyes that had looked in on Miss Bell's privacy a few hours before, sought her pale, terrified face now with a look of wondering inquiry. But before he had time to put his surprise into speech, she sprang with a scream of delight into his arms.

"O, Philip, Philip, I thought you were dead! Charlie said so."

Her soft white arms clung about his neck, her head nestled against his shoulder. There was no reserve, no coquetry there. If Philip Brainard was a trifle astonished at the warmth of his reception—so unlike the shy, coquettish manners that usually tormented him—he certainly did not seem displeased by the touch of the clasping arms and the nestling head. Very closely he drew the trembling girl to his heart.

A low smothered laugh came from the end of the sofa where Charlie's face was buried.

"Don't care a straw for him, do you, sis? O, no! Thought I'd fetch you to your senses! But why didn't you give a body a chance to finish his story? I was going to tell you, Bell, that a pair of Squire Snow's oxen were struck by lightning down on the bridge—don't see why you need look so white about it, though. Ha, ha, ha!"

Bell made a frantic attempt to escape from the stout arms which encircled her. A pretty threat of vengeance broke from the lips into which the color was rapidly coming back; a threat broken in two by the sudden application of a bearded mouth above her own. A threat which I can't say whether she ever fulfilled or not, as I left them then. This much I can say. She never coquetted afterward, and in less than six months from that time Charlie called her sister Brainard.

PREMATURE EDUCATION.

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of *keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence.* The mischief perpetuated by a contrary course, in the shape of *bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity,* is incurable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained at a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child, who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement.—*Arthur Helps.*

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DAUGHTERS OF LOCKLEY HOUSE.

BY THEODORE L. WILCOX.

MEMORY'S broken mirror, multiplying all other objects, brings one before me, single and undivided—the picture of my early days at Lockley House. My father was the proprietor of this princely mansion, and my sister, two years older than myself, was the only being who shared his love with me. My mother had died when we were yet infants; and my father, objecting to placing any one over us, had devoted himself to our welfare, and was in himself at once father, mother and instructor.

So strongly did we resemble each other, that we were constantly taken for twins, Helen growing less rapidly than myself. Our affection for each other was proverbial, and no one could ever recollect the slightest disturbance or contradiction between us. Our days of childhood and early youth were passing delightfully away in this beautiful retreat. Every indulgence that wealth or affection could procure was ours, and in the gladness of our own lives we could well afford to make glad the lives of others less highly favored. Helen was the angel of the poor in our neighborhood, and blessings followed her wherever she appeared. In our walks and rides about the village, we were alike greeted by the thanks and blessings which properly belonged to her alone; but as they could not distinguish between us, I was obliged to accept and acknowledge them too, ashamed that I had not earned them.

We were fifteen and seventeen years old, respectively, when my father received a letter from an old friend, who had gone to Pisa for his health, stating that he felt himself about to die, and entreating him to take charge of his only child, a youth of eighteen. He added that he had made my father executor of his will, and guardian of his son, and begged him, to take him for a time at least, under his own roof; with all which requisitions my father promptly complied.

The prospect of such an addition to our family was very distasteful to Helen and myself. Bred up without brothers or any boy friend, we had ideas that they must inevitably be very disagreeable in a house. We pictured Leonard Mowbray as a tall, awkward lad, who would perpetually spoil our enjoyment by his *gaucherie*, and disturb our hitherto uninterrupted freedom. My father gave us several lectures upon our unwonted selfishness, before we could cease to lament the approaching inroad upon our quiet home.

Let me come to the meeting at once. We returned home one evening from shopping at the city, and had strewn the parlor floor and tables with our purchases. We were deep in the mysteries of green, blue and rose color, for our own dresses, and had called in housekeeper, chambermaid and cook to receive the presents we had brought them from town, when my father, who was reported absent on our return, quietly opened the door and ushered in a young man whom he introduced as Mr. Leonard Mowbray. He was tall and rather slight, it is true, but the awkwardness we had anticipated was invisible. His manner in receiving our welcome was exceedingly quiet, but with no perceptible bashfulness; and so far from feeling that he was at all inferior to us, he seemed to regard us with a subdued sort of condescension, which, as it was not pompous or ungraceful, we bore very well.

A few weeks developed our acquaintance. It was a new era in our lives to receive attentions from a young and handsome man; and although my father nearly always accompanied us in our excursions, one of us was left to the sole care of the new comer. All that was good and noble seemed centered in Leonard Mowbray. His countenance was at once commanding and gracious—his voice sweet and powerful. He swayed us by a will so graciously exerted, that we wore his chains without knowing it, and it was only necessary for him to express a wish to make it our own desire also. No thought of rivalry seemed to come between Helen and myself, deeply as we were both interested in our guest, for he invariably treated us exactly alike.

We had thought it delightful to pass the summer as we did with our brother Leonard, as we now called him; but when autumn came, the grand, glorious autumn, with its gorgeous coloring, its clear, bracing air, and magnificent scenery, changing every day to new beauty, I do not think there were ever happier hearts than ours. Our dream, however, was broken up by the necessity imposed upon Leonard and my father to go away for a season. They were to visit Leonard's estate, and my father wished to make some arrangements named in Mr. Mowbray's will, and desired his ward to accompany him. The house was very desolate after they had gone. It was the first time we had been left alone, but we did not rebel, because it was for Leonard. They were detained several weeks, the longest we had ever known in our lives.

How beautiful Helen looked on the night of their arrival! She had taken a fancy to dress herself in a plain black dress that day, with a single rose in her hair. Her beautiful arms and neck were uncovered, and the contrast of her dress was singularly charming. When Leonard entered the room, I saw that he was struck with her appearance. He had never before seen her save in colors. He had a boyish way of telling when he was pleased with any one, and he could not help telling her so now. She said, simply: "I am glad you like me, Leonard."

I do not know how this little, unimportant circumstance could have affected me so much; but I became so silent and dull that my father thought me ill. Could it be that I was jealous of Helen? Alas! it was but the budding of that bitter fruit that was two years ripening into worse than Dead Sea apples. I struggled fiercely against it. I recalled all that Helen had been

to me before he came; I wept, prayed against it; but on my heart and life the deadly influence had fallen, blighting every generous feeling, untwining every cord of sisterly affection. O, Helen, sweet angel of my childhood! how could I think aught of evil against thee?

I was very ill after this, and Helen was my nurse. I knew that when she thought I was sleeping she would steal down for a brief moment to see Leonard. I could not look at her when she returned, for I knew that her cheeks were flushed and rosy from his kiss, that she came from the atmosphere of his love—that love which I lay dying to receive. One night he watched with her, that my father might have rest. I turned my face to the wall, and neither spoke to them nor looked at them for the whole night. They thought me in a stupor; but I heard all they said. It was mostly of me that they talked, and Helen's tones of pity for my sufferings almost turned me from my selfish jealousy. The next moment a term of endearment to Leonard, from her lips, seared me against her.

Leonard entered upon his estate while I lay ill. It had been determined that the same day that put him in possession of it should witness his marriage with Helen; but my state prevented it. I resolved not to recover, and long after the physician pronounced me convalescent, it was my pleasure to lie in silence and darkness, and to refuse food and light. I do not think that any one suspected my state of mind; Helen might have noticed my coldness when she spoke of her marriage. In fact she did so without attributing it to the right cause. She once said, sadly:

"You do not seem to like Leonard, Alice. I thought you once regarded him as a brother."

I turned upon her with flashing eyes, for I thought she was trying to discover my real feelings; but she looked so sincere that I only said, carelessly:

"If you like him, it is enough. I am not bound to like other people's lovers."

Helen went to the altar with the belief that I disliked Leonard. The marriage was no longer delayed, for I refused positively to go. My father and Leonard, as well as Helen, seemed hurt at my refusal, and Helen came to my room after she was dressed, and knelt by my bed, begging me to try to rise and witness the ceremony. She even offered to give up being married in church if I would go down stairs. My haughty refusal might almost have betrayed me, had she not been so persuaded that I disliked Leonard.

"Good-by, then, Alice," she said, less gently than I had ever heard her speak. "You have wounded me more than I ever thought you could do. Sometime you may know what a noble heart Leonard possesses."

Heavens! did I not know? Leonard came and took leave of me kindly but very seriously. Something of Helen's suspicion that I disliked him might have communicated itself to his mind. I soon left my bed after they had gone. My father's loneliness pained me, and for his sake I exerted myself. We went back to our old life now, except that Helen was missing. We heard from them every day; and twice in the two months following the wedding they had surprised us with appearing just as we sat down to dinner. Leonard's home was but a few miles off. The third time they insisted so strongly upon carrying my father and myself home with them that I consented to go. I felt that perhaps the sight of Leonard as a married man, immersed in plain domestic affairs of everyday life might break up my romantic dreams of his perfections.

On the road to their house, while my father and myself were following them in our own carriage, he unconsciously revealed something which I had never suspected. Leonard had loved me first, and only that Helen had seemed to like him best did he fix upon her. At this disclosure I shrieked aloud, and that shriek betrayed my secret to my father.

"Alas, my poor child!" he said, "is it indeed so? And your illness—ah, I see it all now!"

I could not bear his pitying words, nor his self-reproach; but my secret seemed lighter for being divided. I was very gay on this visit, and rattled on in such an unwonted strain that Helen asked my father if he did not fear that my senses were affected by my illness.

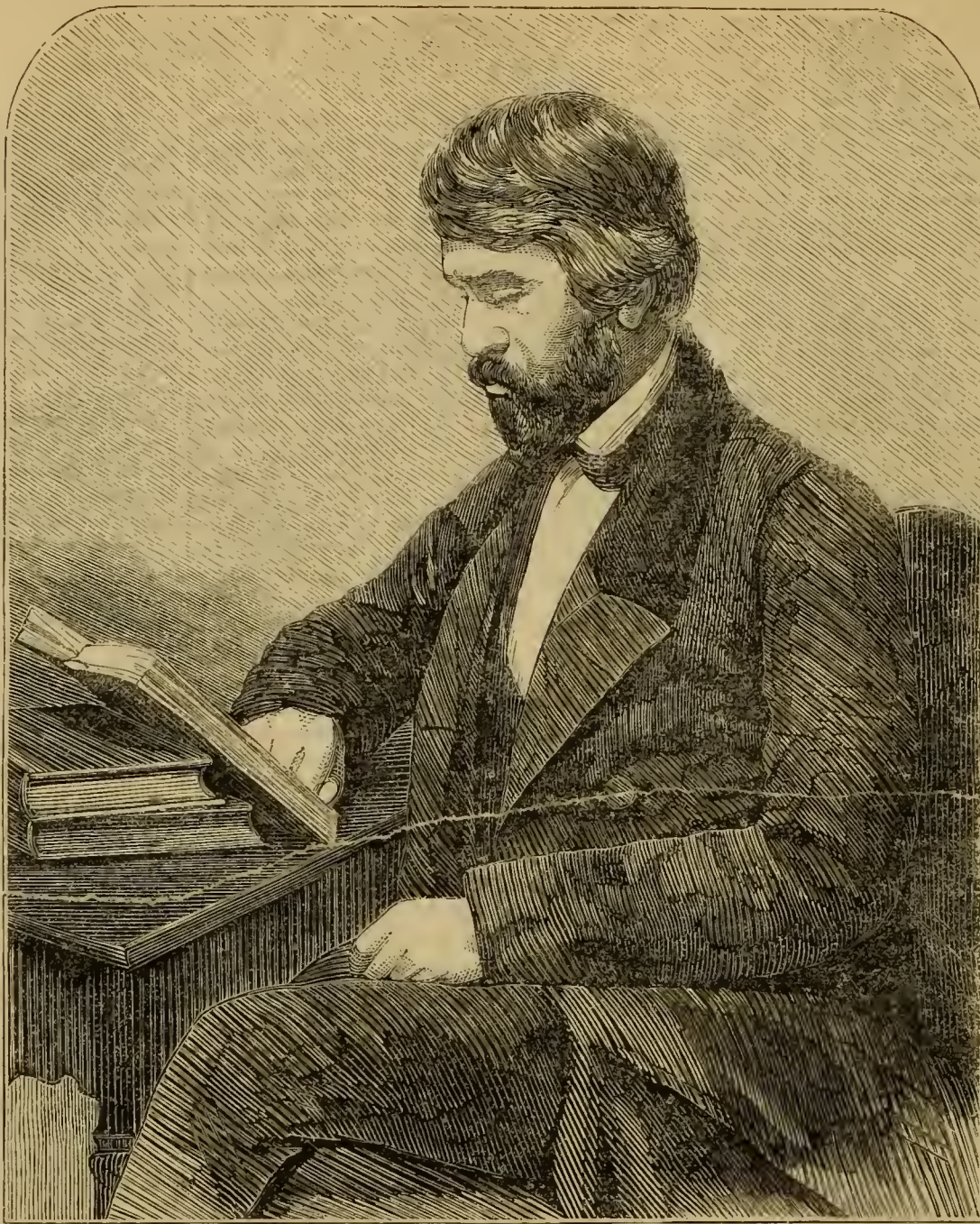
I must hurry over the last few days of my stay. My father and Leonard went away together to stay through the night. I slept with Helen, and it afterwards appeared that in my sleep I divulged what my father had told me, as well as my love for Leonard. So strongly did this affect her, that fever and delirium followed, and when the travellers returned, Helen was apparently dying. Then I realized the full force of my own sinful love for her husband. I besought her forgiveness by every tender argument I could use. She was beyond all that. Already the gates of the Eternal City were opening to receive her, and I could not even catch the hem of her robe as she floated up thither. O, Helen! my sister! If this could have been spared; but no, it was a part of my bitter punishment that she should thus learn my secret and die through the knowledge of it!

Five years have elapsed. My father and myself still live at Lockley House, and Leonard, a lonely and melancholy man, at his own. Latterly he has spoken words to me that make me tremble. Last night he said, looking at my mourning dress, which I have never laid aside, "Poor Alice! it was not your fault, after all!" And this night, again, he said, "Why cannot we threelive together?" I dare not grasp at this and call it hope, for Helen's form seems near me. Yet would Helen grudge me a few years of happiness after that terrible misery? Would she forbid me to make Leonard's life less cheerless? O, Helen, my sister, give me some sign that you are not angry at my thoughts!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The accompanying portrait of one of the most original thinkers and writers that Great Britain ever produced, whose "History of Frederick the Great" is now engaging the attention of the reading world of Europe and America, is from a photographic likeness recently taken, and must therefore be satisfactory in every respect. Thomas Carlyle was born in the parish of Ecclefechan, near the village of Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. His father, a man remarkable for his force of character, was a small farmer in easy circumstances; and his mother, who died only a few years ago at a ripe old age, was a woman of superior intelligence and of earnest piety. The subject of this brief memoir was the eldest son of a numerous family, and as such received an education the best of its kind that Scotland could at the period of his youth afford. He was, at a very early age, sent to the parish school of Ecclefechan, and, when in his thirteenth year, to the grammar school of the neighboring town of Annan. Carlyle began his studies at the Edinburgh University with the purpose of entering the Scotch Church. About the year 1819, however, when he was twenty-three years of age, and when his education was so far advanced that he might have become a preacher, a change of views induced him to abandon the intended profession, and he accepted a situation as teacher of mathematics in a large school at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire. Finding the vocation of schoolmaster an irksome as well as an unprofitable one, after a probation of three years, he abandoned tuition, and devoted himself professionally to literature. His first work was a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," to which he prefixed an original "Essay on Proportion." This was followed, in 1823, by a "Life of Schiller," which appeared in the London Magazine. The "Life" was favorably received, and

our young author forthwith commenced a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." This translation, the first actual introduction of Goethe to the British reading world, attracted no small degree of public attention. His name now speedily became familiar to the public ear, and ere long his circumstances appeared sufficiently promising to warrant his proposing for the hand of a young lady of great personal attractions to whom he was attached. This lady, Miss Welsh, the only daughter of a veterinary surgeon of good fortune, and a lineal descendant of the great reformer, John Knox, brought, with other property to Mr. Carlyle, a farm called Craigenputtock, which is situated about fifteen miles from Dumfries, in one of the most solitary districts of western Scotland. To this secluded residence Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle retired almost immediately after their marriage, and from here he commenced a correspondence with Goethe, which, though too soon interrupted by the death of the great philosopher in 1832, has exercised a permanent influence upon Carlyle's subsequent career. Mr. Carlyle commenced a series of contributions to the Edinburgh Review, which



THOMAS CARLYLE.

have since been repeatedly reprinted under the title of "Miscellanies." The first of them was an essay on Jean Paul Richter, and appeared in 1827; this was succeeded the next year by an eloquent article on German Literature, and a peculiarly beautiful biographical sketch of poor Burns. Other essays, in the same periodical, followed shortly after; at the same period Mr. Carlyle

was a contributor to the Foreign Quarterly Review, established in 1828, and to Brewster's Edinburgh Cyclopædia, then in course of publication. He next produced his "Sartor Resartus" (literally "The Tailor Out-tailored"), or an imaginary history of a certain Herr Teufelsdröckh, an eccentric German professor and philosopher. About the middle of 1834 Mr. Carlyle removed to London, where he has remained ever since. Here, in 1837, he wrote his "French Revolution—A History." In the summer of this year he made his appearance as a public lecturer, and delivered a course of lectures on "German Literature." This was followed, in 1838, by a second course on "The History of Literature: or, the Successive Periods of European Culture." The next year he gave a third series, on "The Revolutions of Modern Europe;" and, finally, in 1840, he delivered a series on "Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History." The last of these courses only was published. These lectures were succeeded, in 1843, by "Past and Present," a work contrasting in a philosophical spirit, English society of the middle ages with that of our own days; and this again, in 1845, by "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," beneath which unpretending title was hidden one of the best histories of the time of the Great Rebellion. Four years subsequently appeared the "Latter-day Pamphlets;" and in another year, 1850, the "Life of John Sterling." Since that period Mr. Carlyle has been incessantly engaged on his "Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia," the first two volumes of which have just appeared, and are to be followed shortly by two more. This is a work of great interest and power.

PIAZZA DI SOLOFRA,

IN SALERNO, NAPLES, ITALY.

The picturesque character of the street scene on this page would alone commend it to notice, if no special interest attached to the view. The square campanile or bell-tower, the massive façade of the church, the monument in the centre of the square, the gloomy piles of Mediaeval buildings, the strange figures in the streets, priests, peasants, towns-people, mules and beggars, convey an impressive idea of an old Italian town. Salerno, situated at the northern extremity of the gulf to which it gives name, is and has been greatly injured by the recent earthquake which has visited the greater part of the kingdom of Naples. On the first night of the catastrophe the shocks were perpetual at Salerno. Here, one account states, a great number of houses, including the Palace of the Intendenza, and the quarters of the gendarmerie, were severely affected; near Salerno a church and belfry fell killing two ladies. The old city is irregularly and badly built; the cathedral alone remains to mark the importance of Salerno in the middle ages; but much of its characteristic architecture has been destroyed. The other churches contain little worthy of observation. Some of the public buildings are, however, remarkable for their architecture.



PIAZZA DI SOLOFRA, SALERNO, NAPLES, ITALY.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOYAGEUR.—In Tunis four different colored turbans are worn, the white by notaries, the green by the lineal descendants of Mohammed, the red by those who have performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the black by the Jews, who are not allowed to wear any other head-dress.

YOUNG POLITICIAN.—The House of Representatives is composed of members from the several States, elected by the people for the term of two years, and apportioned to the population in the following manner: After each decennial census, the secretary of the interior is to add to the whole number of free persons—including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed—three fifths of all other persons. This aggregate is to be divided by 233, and the quotient, rejecting fractions, is to be the ratio of apportionment to the several States. The representative population of each State, ascertained in the same manner and divided by the above-named ratio, will give a quotient which is the apportionment for that State. Any less by fractions is to be made up by assigning to as many States having the largest fractions, as may be necessary to make the whole number of representatives 233, one additional member each. And if, after the apportionment, new States are admitted, representatives are assigned to such States on the above basis in addition to the limited number of 233; but such excess is to continue only till the next apportionment under the succeeding census. Besides the representatives from the States, there is a delegate from each territory, who has a right to speak, but not to vote. The compensation of the members is \$3000 per annum, and that of the speaker \$6000, and \$8 for every twenty miles' travel in going and returning.

MARIA S.—If you have the esteem of the wise and good don't trouble yourself about the rest. And if you have not even that, let the approbation of a well informed conscience make you easy in the meanwhile.

M. R., Woburn, Mass.—We never venture on medical prescriptions; however, in reply to your question, we copy the following statement, without, however, vouching for its accuracy: A cure for the small pox has been communicated to the State Department at Washington, the method of Dr. Landell of Brazil. The doctor dissolves a little vaccine lymph, from four to six drops, in as many ounces of cold water, and gives to the patient a table spoonful every two or three hours. The favorable result of this exhibition is, that it mitigates the symptoms, modifies the species, and cures the small pox.

PUPIL.—Franklin's epitaph on himself was: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and strip of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

EXPERIMENTER.—Oxygen gas is generally prepared from black oxide of manganese. Take an iron bottle having a tube proceeding from the mouth, nearly fill it, introduce the farther end of the tube into the lower aperture of a gas-holder, and surround the bottle with hot coals until it is raised to a bright red heat.

TRANSFUSION.—The practice of saving the life of a patient by the transfer of blood from a healthy person, was lately performed by Dr. Wheatcroft, an English surgeon. We wish some method could be discovered of making mosquitoes return the blood they borrow without leave.

COL. PARAN STEVENS.—This gentleman has taken the splendid new hotel in New York, and will call it the Mt. Vernon House.

RELATIVE IMMORALITY.—In Philadelphia lately a man was fined \$16 for intoxication and \$5 for swearing.

SPLINTERS.

.... Messrs. Cutting & Turner, Tremont Row, now take likenesses on stone, from which copies are printed in fine style.

.... Among the bequests of the late Ebenezer Francis, was one of \$500 to his physician, Dr. Jackson. The heirs added \$5000.

.... Those men talk most who think least; as frogs cease their quacking when a person brings a light to the water-side.

.... Bulwer says that smoking affords the softest consolation to man, next to that which comes from heaven.

.... An association of boarding-house keepers has been formed in this city for the protection of the rights of seamen.

.... Messrs. Ford & Kunkel have raised by subscription the sum of \$50,000 for building a theatre in Washington, D. C.

.... John Vandenhoff, the veteran tragedian, lately took a final farewell of the stage in the city of Liverpool, England.

.... In California recently the masonic order of Knights Templars had a splendid parade, mounted on black horses.

.... Stephen C. Massett, better known as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," gives attractive musical and dramatic entertainments.

.... In Brooklyn, N. Y., the city of churches and good taste, they are building a new opera house, also a church for Beecher.

.... The Board of Council, New York recently appropriated \$300,000 additional to the Central Park.

.... Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoezel is the mother of a fine child. May it have the genius of father and mother!

.... The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Dr. Holmes, published by Phillips & Sampson, meets with a great sale.

.... Messrs. Ticknor & Fields at the "corner," are overwhelmed with orders for their beautiful "Household Waverley."

.... The theatre at Santiago, a magnificent structure, estimated to have cost \$180,000, was lately destroyed by fire.

.... A splendid painting by Rubens, "Magdalen renouncing the Vanities of the World," has been much admired in New York.

.... A Cincinnati paper thinks it would be no harm if certain rowdies in that "ilk" were "respectably killed."

.... We congratulate our fair readers on the latest French fashion for bonnets. They really protect the head.

.... Landlords in Paris are so extortionate, that at the very next revolution they will certainly all be guillotined.

.... Col. Colt was recently reported dead—but he is alive and kicking, unlike his pistols, which never kick.

.... The old Franklin house, at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets, has been utterly demolished. *Sic transit, etc.*

.... Some of the ferry-boats which ply between New York and Brooklyn are lighted by gas. A new idea and a very good one.

COMMERCE WITH ASIA.

The settlement of our Pacific coast with the new States of California, and Oregon, and Washington, soon to be a State, will open up a vast trade with Hindostan, China, Japan, and other Asiatic countries. The favorable proximity of that coast to Asia, its admirable seaports, its vast extent of back country, and the enterprising character of its inhabitants, all bespeak for it a vast commerce, with the nations that lay opposite to it, on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. Puget's Sound, the Bay of Columbia, and San Francisco, are all destined to be great depots for a foreign commerce that will, in process of time, rival that of our Atlantic States. Not only will the products and the wants of the seaboard States minister to commerce, but all the vast interior, embracing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, is destined to swell its flood in the time to come. Nay, more than this. When the railroad routes shall stretch across the continent, from the three principal foci of the Pacific to the Atlantic States, all the commerce of the Union with Asia will seek its outlet in that direction, as well as the Asiatic trade of western Europe. Saving of time and distance, that imperative necessity of modern commerce, will effect this entire change in the traffic of the world, just as soon as our trans-continental railroads shall be built, for the route from England to Asia across this continent will then be her shortest and most direct course; whereas for us on the Atlantic coast, the distance will be shortened one-half, and the time three-quarters.

In view of these important considerations, the recent action of our government in negotiating a commercial treaty with China, upon the basis of the most favored nations, was in the highest degree opportune. It evinced a breadth of statesmanship and comprehensive appreciation of the future wants of our country, which are extremely creditable to Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet. China proper contains a population of an hundred and fifty millions of people, and by that treaty the trade of that vast nation is thrown open to us. It is situated directly opposite to the States of our Pacific coast, and there, if anywhere, must the rising commerce of these States find its most beneficial market. The Chinese nation is open to improvement and the advance of civilization, and when this shall take place, the commerce of that country will be worth greatly more to us than at present. The way is also provided in that treaty, for the advancement of civilization, by the free toleration of Christianity in China, which is secured by express stipulation. The improving and elevating doctrines of the Christian faith will give the needed impulse to China, awake it from its stagnation of centuries, and send it forward on the high-road of civilization. Thus while elevating the people in the scale of humanity, the diffusion of Christianity among them will contribute to make them more valuable and more desirable subjects of commercial intercourse with our own land. Seldom in the affairs of great nations do we see the interests of religion and of material prosperity thus walk hand in hand together, as the result of a peaceful and honorable diplomacy. The spectacle is creditable to our country and its rulers, however much it may provoke the jealous animadversions of the British press.

THE USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL ARTS.

We have in hand a little diamond pamphlet, just published by Silsbee, Case & Co., 299 1-2 Washington Street, entitled "A Glance at the Progress and Position of the Useful and Beautiful Arts." It is principally devoted to the daguerreotype and photographic art, in which Silsbee, Case & Co. are such admirable proficient. This establishment is complete in all its departments, reception rooms, studios and operating rooms, and they take daguerreotypes and photographs of all sizes, plain and colored, in a style of unsurpassed perfection. Some of their photographic heads colored in oil, are the finest specimens we have ever seen. Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co. are very happy in their portraits of ladies and children. During a recent visit to their gallery we were surprised to find how many distinguished statesmen, divines, literary and scientific men, judges, governors and other celebrities, had confided to Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co. the task of handing down their features to posterity. We trust that none of our friends from the country or from other States, on a visit to Boston, will fail to call at 299 1-2 Washington Street.

ROBBERY AND REPENTANCE.—A woman was detected recently, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft, she burst into tears and tendered a \$20 bill in payment. The merchant took but \$5, and gave her \$15 in change, but on counting the cash at night that \$20 bill was found to be a counterfeit. We suppose in this age of brass and gold, of admiration for success no matter how obtained, that this woman must be regarded as a heroine. We ought to have a Legion of Dishonor—we certainly have a legion of dishonorable.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAID.—Shakespeare's *Prospero* tells Caliban that his mother, "the foul witch Sycorax," with age and envy, "was grown into a hoop." It is to be hoped that no such accident as this occurs to the present generation.

PROFANITY.—Profane language is to conversation what ten inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering and defacing it. It is in bad taste, offensive to a majority, and gratifying to none.

A NAUTICAL CATASTROPHE.—The crew of a sailing boat threw out all her ballast. She was consequently upset—destroyed by lightning.

A FINE IDEA.—The past and the future are alike shrouded from us; the one wears the widow's veil—the other the virgin's.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Pictorial* for the year 1859. Two numbers more will complete the *fifteenth* volume of the work, and with the number for January first, commences volume sixteenth. We shall bring out during the next year some of the best novelettes we have ever published, besides which we have added to our regular corps of contributors, some of the best male and female writers in this country. We shall commence the new volume with a fine *original* romance from the pen of Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE, one of the most graceful lady writers now living, entitled:

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—OR,—

THE FALSE HEIR.

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Altogether we intend to make the Pictorial as attractive and intrinsically valuable, as we have done heretofore, and to present such a weekly visitor for the domestic fireside as shall be welcome all over the land. There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the name and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....	\$2 50
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☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together, \$3 50 per annum.	

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

The picture which occupies the whole of the last page of the present number is one of the most striking landscapes we have yet published. The singular mountain crowned with antique buildings rising in the centre, the tide rushing over the shallows, the fishing craft bending before the gale, and the fishermen beaching their boats, form one of those combinations of picturesque features that the eye loves to linger on. St. Michael's Mount is a granite rock in Mount's Bay, about three-quarters of a mile south of Marazion. It rises in a pyramidal form, partially covered with buildings, surmounted by a chapel founded in the fifth century, and surrounded by the sea at high water. It is the Oorium of Ptolemy, and most probably the Iktas whence, in former times, tin was shipped from Cornwall. On it a priory was founded by Edward the Confessor, and it was a fortified port of some considerable importance during the Parliamentary War.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The English are wisely forgetting as fast as they can the little episode of Louis Napoleon's sending war-ships to the Tagus to enforce his demand for the restitution of the Charles George, seized on a charge of slave trading and for the liberation of her captain, etc. England sent two screw-steamers to watch the French, but did nothing else. When Louis Napoleon's bold attitude was crowned by success, the English journals vaped, but they are mute now, and had better remain so. John Bull lives in a glass house and had better not throw stones. We love the old fellow when he appears bluff, jolly, and natural, but we sidle away from him whenever he assumes the hated look of Pecksniff.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT.—"Col. Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," the well-known and popular correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, has achieved quite a triumph in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, in his clever monologue entertainment called "*Song and Chit-Chat of Travel in many Lands.*" He draws crowded houses, and richly deserves the harvest he is reaping.

"JOY HATH TEARS."—At a marriage in Adrian, Michigan, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears of course. Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and on being remonstrated with, roared out: "Lcm'me alone! I feel as bad about it as she doos—you onfeelin' critters!"

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH.—A line of sounding for another telegraph from the banks of Newfoundland to the entrance of the English Channel, via Fayal, Western Islands, has just been made. The depth in one place exceeded 3000 fathoms, which was the extent of the lead line used on board.

The Poet's Corner.

TRUE REST.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou who wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it;
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee—all round?
Only bath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best!
'Tis onward, unswerving;
And that is true rest.

VICE.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains. The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.—BYRON.

GREATNESS.

He died that death which best becomes a man,
Who is with keenest sense of conscious ill
And deep remorse assailed, a wounded spirit,
A death that kills the noble and the brave,
And only them. He had no other wound.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

HOME.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The first snow! What a flutter it causes in young hearts! It is the gage of winter, which he flings upon the earth in token of his speedy coming to claim his sovereignty, and defend it to the uttermost. Sometimes he flings it down in tempestuous fury and then hurries off like a melo-dramatic hero. This year, however, he did his spitting gently. A little noiseless flurry in the night, and then the morning sun showed a fair white covering on roof and street, field and forest, thin and delicate as the frosting to a wedding cake. It was a gentle hint, but sufficient—an avant-courier of winter, and pleasantly suggestive of sleigh-rides and other delectations. . . . We see by some of our late foreign exchanges that the French and English are not quite certain of the fidelity of the Chinese to their recent treaty stipulations. The fact is that the French and English have earned the undying hatred of the Celestials, while Russia and this country are regarded in the light of friends. We can afford to allow the London Times to sneer at our treaty—time will show that it will be more profitable to us than their treaty will be to them. It is one thing to make a treaty of commerce, and another to compel the foreign parties to it to trade with you, when more agreeable customers are in the market. . . . The year 2255 was fixed upon by the astronomers of the last century for the annihilation of this great soap-bubble of a world we live in. The extinguisher was to be a comet; but modern science has renewed our lease. Mr. Babinet has shown that the ethereal substance of comets is incapable of producing the slightest effect on our planetary system, and that one of these long-haired nectars striking the earth would present no more of an obstacle than a cloud of mist to a locomotive under a full head of steam. Good on Mr. Babinet's head! We like him. Now bring on your comet—who's afraid? . . . The success of Mr. Morphy, the young American chess-player, has revived reminiscences of distinguished amateurs, among others, Napoleon the First. He was fond of the game, but an unlucky player. The genius which with such infallible skill directed the human masses launched against each other on the battle-field became confused in attempting to manage the little kings, queens, and pawns on the board, when he found an adversary bold enough to dispute the victory with him. When he lost a game his ill-humor was excessive. . . . The production of opera at the Boston Theatre reminds us, by the rule of contraries, of the manner in which a country manager produced the lyric drama at his establishment. The bills contained the following programme: "Grand representation of Lucrezia Borgia, a celebrated opera in three acts. For the music, which would only embarrass the progress of the action, will be substituted an interesting and lively dialogue." . . . Victor Hugo is writing poetry in exile. Will he return to Paris while Napoleon lives? We hardly think so, for the ruler of France can hardly forget that Hugo wrote of him only a few years since, as follows: "To feign death is his art. He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object until the hour for action comes, when he turns his head, and springs upon his prey. His policy starts out on you abruptly, at some unheeded turning, pistol in hand, like a robber. Up to that point, there is the least possible movement. Louis Napoleon sometimes breaks this silence; but then he does not speak, he lies. This man lies as other men breathe. He announces an honest intention, he on your guard; he affirms, distrust him; he takes an oath, tremble for your life." . . . It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different would-be reformers. One man bawls out "fire!" that he may save the house; another that he may run away with the furniture. . . . The Cereso Crescent states that Mr. George Chamberlain of Amesbury, Mass., has purchased a tract of land in Cereso, Eli Thayer's Virginia settlement, on which he intends to erect a large woolen cloth man-

ufactory. . . . A letter was dropped into the post-office in Greenfield, Mass., recently, directed to "Eggarborcity Nuscherry." After some study, it was sent to Egg Harbor city, New Jersey. . . . Schrling, a German philosopher, has been experimenting as to the amount of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. A man 30 years old, in repose, exhaled 12 grammes per hour, in active exercise, 24 grammes per hour. A tippler threw out but 7 grammes in repose and 11 in exercise. The drunkard's carbon is retained and burns up the vital organs. . . . A vessel which arrived at Baltimore a few days since, with a cargo of rum, has, with her cargo, been confiscated by the collector, because the rum was in casks of only sixty gallons capacity. The revenue law provides that spirituous liquors, with the exception of brandy and arrack, shall not be imported in casks of less than ninety gallons. The vessel and cargo are valued at \$20,000. . . . The mayor of Portsmouth, Va., has determined to put a stop to the habit of swearing on the street, for which indecency he has already fined a great many persons, without respect to rank or condition. . . . A few days ago, says a Munich letter, a female fainted in one of the streets of this city. An elderly gentleman who approached the spot where she was lying requested some of the persons present to go and bring a medical man. They all replied that they knew not where to find one. "Well, then," said he, "I will go myself," and in a few minutes he returned with a doctor, who applied the proper remedies to the poor woman. The kind-hearted old gentleman was King Louis of Bavaria. Is it possible? Then it is true that kings are human beings. . . . I. L. Allen of Albany, N. Y., met with a singular and painful accident recently. He wears, or rather did wear, a most luxuriant pair of whiskers, a foot or less in length. While running a sugar-mill, which was worked by steam, the whiskers on and under the left side of his face and neck were caught in the machinery, and every hair of them torn out by the roots, leaving the skin as bare as the hand. . . . "Podoscaphes" for walking on the water are all the rage on the continent of Europe, and some Yankee firm ought to introduce them here. It would be quite pleasant to take a moonlight stroll on Charles River, or a week's ramble on the Merri-mac or Connecticut. . . . We extract the following from a paper printed and published at Jerusalem: "The windmill built by Mr. Holman of Canterbury, on the land purchased and enclosed by Sir Joseph Montefiore at the foot of Mount Zion, is now in full operation. The Jews were disposed to speak slightly of any benefit likely to accrue to themselves from this mill, whilst it was in the course of erection; but the case is altered now; numbers of persons go to admire the elegance of the structure, and the efficiency of the machinery, whilst it is found that genuine flour is to be procured at much smaller expense for grinding than formerly." . . . A rather novel swimming match recently took place at Fisher-row, Edinburgh, between a barber and a dog, for £5 a side. The distance was three-quarters of a mile. The barber took the lead, but was soon overtaken by the dog, which, after a good struggle, went in winner by about ten yards. . . . The Old South clock was purchased in 1768 of Gaven Brown, at a cost of something over \$300, which was raised by subscriptions from ninety gentlemen, in amounts varying from two guineas to one dollar each. Such has become the celebrity of the clock on the Old South Church, that almost any timepiece which is not "right by the Old South" is deemed a poor time-keeper. At the time of putting up this clock the "Old South" was known as Rev. Dr. Sewall's Meeting House. . . . There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure. . . . At Syracuse, not long since, a man performed the feat of walking across the canal on a rope stretched from a house on one side to a bridge on the other. He faltered in the middle of his performance, and sat down on the rope, but soon arose and walked across. After he had accomplished the undertaking, he performed a number of evolutions, and turned a somersault or two, to show that he was "as good as new." . . . The mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated, according to Lieut. Maury, at about five feet. . . . The editor of the Utica Herald says that he once knew a wild woman who cut out her own daughter in the good graces of her lover, and married him herself. To obtain revenge for this mean, unmotherly trick, the daughter set her cap for the young man's rich father (of whom he was the only heir), and actually married him, and had children, to the infinite annoyance of the other parties. This occurred in Onondaga county. . . . The London correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows: "Rumors are in circulation—though rumor has long since been found guilty of 'lying'—touching the brutality of the Prince of Prussia's son to his wife, our princess royal. The good and loyal citizens of Dover assert that they have some four or five times seen Prince Albert (inoc) cross over for a flying visit to the Prussian capital, so great and so just are the complaints of his daughter. It is even asserted that the queen intends to have her home, and to let her live on her £8000 a year allowed by Parliament. . . . The Evening Courier understands that the spiritualists contemplate petitioning the Legislature of Massachusetts, at its next session, for a grant of money—from three to seven thousand dollars—to enable them to "employ scientific men to inquire into the mysteries of spiritualism." . . . It is said that the old Texan ranger has nearly disappeared. There are no longer such officers in command as Walker, Gillespie, McCulloch and Jack Hays. The place of the genuine ranger is occupied by men who go on Indian expeditions, not to defend their homes and property, but from a desire to plunder from the savages and pocket the liberal pay which the State or general government allows. . . . It may not be out of place, says the Cleveland Plain-dealer, to remind those of our young men who are longing for the emoluments attendant upon a pugilistic victory, that those gentlemen who follow the "manly art" as a profession generally come to a bad end. The father of Mr. T. Iyer, who enjoyed the distinguished honor of participating in the first ring fight in the United States, died of too much liquor; Belcher Kay died of too much fight; William Poole died of too much bullet; Paudeen died of too much stab; Yankee Sullivan died of too much vigilance committee, and they are continually dropping off, coming to a violent and disgraceful end, unhonored and uncared-for. Avoid, therefore, the prize ring, not merely as actors, but as spectators. Black boots, become an itinerant dealer in tin ware, or a woman's rights lecturer, sell peanuts, study law, or become a local editor, but don't for the sake of yourselves or friends become a pugilist. . . . The St. Petersburg Gazette announces that Djemal Edine, the son of Schamyl, who, after being made prisoner, had passed several years of his life in Russia, where he received a European education, and afterwards returned to his native mountains, has lately died of consumption at Zoul Kadi. . . . A slab of marble has been inserted in the wall of the house where Schubert, the musical composer, lived at Vienna. His name, dates of birth and death, and a lyre, are alone seen on the stone. . . . An Alexandrian letter says: "The overflow of the Nile has not been so great this year as there was reason to expect. The waters receded rapidly, and a very large extent of land was not properly watered. The accounts received from the interior on the subject of the cotton crop are most unfavorable. Caterpillars and other insects have appeared in great numbers." . . . A dog was shut in the coal room of the Housatonic Engine Company, Pittsfield, twenty-four days without food of any kind. He was accidentally discovered, at the regular meeting of the company, and came out all right, "alive and kicking," but very much dilapidated, and having lost about thirty pounds of flesh in the interim. . . . Not many miles from Boston, two sisters by the name of Pepper are employed in the same establishment; one of them has red hair and goes by the name of "red pepper," while her sister, with black hair, is known as "black pepper."—A male relative is also employed in the same place, and is called "pepper and salt," his hair fairly representing that noted oyster saloon mixture. Neither of these persons by their temper partakes of the fiery nature of their cognomen. . . . A party of spiritual men and women dug all night near the bar of Charles McQueston, at Londonderry, N. H., and made a large hole, but did not find the gold promised them.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

In England, Mr. Bright's late speeches are still the topic of conversation. Their intense radicalism has alarmed the old conservatives.—At Bradford, England, the wholesale poisoning by accidentally mixing arsenic in lozenges, has resulted in seventeen deaths, and hundreds are suffering from eating them.—The excitement about France and Portugal is fast dying away. The idea of Portugal's addressing a protest to the other European powers is simply absurd.—Lord Eglintown, lord lieutenant of Ireland, was married lately to Lady Adeline Capel.—Rev. George Gills has been appointed to the bishopric of British Columbia.—It is authoritatively stated that the Emperor of France is taking steps to carry out the plan of laying up stores of corn in every large town during the plentiful years in order to provide for years of scarcity.—In the recent Spanish elections, all the Progressist candidates have been chosen.—The press prosecutions are being actively carried out in Madrid.—The Prince of Hohenzollern, who was called by the Prince Regent of Prussia to form a new administration, is father of the Queen of Portugal and a member of the liberal party.—The correspondence between the young American chess hero, Paul Morphy, and Mr. Staunton, the English chess champion, has attracted great attention in England. Public opinion seems to be almost universally in favor of Morphy.—The exhibition of canaries and other choice foreign and British birds in the English Crystal Palace was a complete success. The tropical department was the scene of the show.—The queen's last journey from Edinburgh to London, a distance of 408 miles, was performed by six engines in eleven hours, the average speed of the royal train being forty miles an hour. The mean variation on the journey was only four minutes, and so complete were the arrangements that, when one of the guards observed the door of one of the carriages fly open, while the train was at full speed, he pulled the signal line, and in three minutes the train was stopped.—A late French writer says: "Sooner or later there will be a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each other too much; it is in vain we strive—we must either eat them, or they eat us."

Instantaneous Photography.

An important step in photographic science has lately been taken by T. Skaife, Esq., of London. Several good stereoscopic pictures have been taken by him from steamers in rapid motion, and from open boats, by means of a camera fitted with his patent spring shutters and his patent dart movement, which supersedes the necessity of employing a camera stand in taking a view. In addition to the pictures above named, a stereoscopic photograph has also been taken by Mr. Skaife during the practice-firing of sharpshooters at Plumstead marshes by the royal artillery, in which the shell itself is shown in the act of bursting. These results are of a remarkable character, and appear to open the way to nautical and military experiments of high importance.

Prussia.

A duel was recently fought at Berlin, with pistols, at fifteen paces, between an officer of the Garde Reserve regiment and a young nobleman. The cause of the meeting is not known. The result was not fatal, but the ball from the officer's pistol just grazed the forehead of the young nobleman, who wore a Panama straw hat, which probably saved his life, for being very stout and elastic, it may, perhaps, have offered some slight resistance to the bullet and given it another direction. The hat was whirled from the young man's head by the force of the blow, and, of course, ripped up.

Baron Rothschild.

Quite an adventure happened to Baron Rothschild lately when coming from Metz to Paris. He had eight trunks, but on reaching Paris found only seven. He sent a telegram to Metz, and was informed in reply that the trunk had been kept back on account of its excessive weight, though he had paid a hundred francs for extra baggage. He was asked what it contained, and replied specie—a million of gold in twenty-franc pieces. The trunk was subjected to an increased tax, and the treasure forwarded to the anxious millionaire, who had to pay 625 francs for carriage.

The Empress of the French.

At a recent official dinner at St. Helena, on the fete of St. Napoleon, M. de Rougemont having proposed the health of the chief justice, as the second authority in the island. Sir H. Wilde rose, and, with his eyes fixed on the portrait of the empress of the French, said: "Gentlemen, I propose the health of the most virtuous, the most beautiful, the most amiable, the most religious, and the most charming lady who exists on the earth—Her Majesty the Empress of the French."

A Suggestive Statue.

Among the changes which have just been made in the garden of the Tuilleries is one which has excited much notice on the part of the keen Parisian public. Under the reign of Louis Philippe, Foyatier's fine statue, "Spartacus breaking his chains and looking on his masters with a menacing air," faced the palace of the Tuilleries. Orders were issued by Louis Napoleon to turn the statue, and it now faces the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde.

Prince Alfred at Sea.

Prince Alfred of England is now doing service afloat as a naval cadet on board H. M. steamer "Euryalus." His outfit is no better nor more expensive than that of the other cadets. His chest is the exact and strict "regulation" article, and, if his servant has a cabin allotted him, the prince, his master, slings his hammock on the lower deck, and berths himself therein the same as the others, and with the same chance of rough treatment.

History of Dramatic Literature

M. Jules Janin has just issued the last two volumes of his work with the above title. It is a review of all the dramatic works which have appeared, and the actors and actresses who have figured on the French boards for the last twenty-five years. He passes in review Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Hugo, de Vigny, de Musset, and others.

Improvements in Paris.

They are making so many improvements in Paris that it is nearly uninhabitable. Paving is going on everywhere. Streets, squares and boulevards are turned upside down. The visitor walks along through melted bitumen, benches capsized, and lamp-posts lying prostrate, and everywhere you stumble over pickaxes and laborers.

Lord Derby.

Lord Derby is renewing his youth, and notwithstanding his late attack of the gout, his step is quick and resolute. His numerous guests at Knowsley are full of tales of his buoyancy and love of fun.

The Jew Member.

Baron Rothschild, M. P., in gratitude to his electors, has presented to the city of London School two thousand pounds sterling to found an open scholarship of the value of sixty pounds per annum.

Byron.

A "Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron," by the Countess of Blessington, will shortly be published.

The Opera.

Madame Bosio has been enthusiastically received by the patrons of the opera at St. Petersburg.

Julia Kavanagh.

Miss Julia Kavanagh is engaged in writing a book of travels, entitled, "A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies."

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Miles A. Tuttle of Hartford, lately deceased at Paris, bequeathed \$1000 each to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal church and the Hartford Hospital, and \$500 each to the Retreat for the Insane and Trinity College, at Hartford.—The Santa Fe Gazette says that 115,000 sheep will be driven from two counties in New Mexico to California the present season.—A despatch from Chicago states that the great suit against the American Transportation Company for \$125,000 damages, arising out of the burning of a warehouse and its contents, which took fire from the company's propeller Falcon burning at the dock, has been decided in favor of the company.—It is becoming the custom out West for newly married people to send to newspaper publishers, along with their marriage notice, the amount of a year's subscription. This is a very sensible custom. Next to a good wife or husband, the greatest earthly blessing is a good newspaper.—A grain warehouse has been erected at Milwaukee which is capable of storing nearly half a million bushels of grain. There are six elevators, which in the aggregate are capable of taking in 11,000 bushels of grain in one day, and two ship elevators, which will ship 24,000 bushels an hour.—Edson Sexton of Stockbridge has found a carrot in his field which measured four feet and three-fourths inches in length.—M. Adolphe Reichenheim, a wealthy Jewish merchant at Berlin, being desirous to testify the estimation in which the character and attainments of Alexander von Humboldt are held by him, made, on the occasion of that eminent man's 89th birthday, a donation of 5000 thalers to the society established for the purpose of affording aid to poor students of the Jewish persuasion, the condition being attached to it that the sum so placed at their disposal should be administered as the "Humboldt Fund."—By the failure of a banking house at Washington, it appears that Brigham Young is a loser to the extent of \$10,000. With all his devotion to Mormonism, Brigham thought it as well to provide for a wet day elsewhere.—The Journal of Commerce states that of the eighty-five vessels comprising our navy, ten were built in New York, fifteen in Philadelphia, eight in Washington, fifteen in Norfolk, seventeen in Boston, seven in Portsmouth, N. H., one in Erie, Penn., one in Pittsburg, Penn., one transferred from the War Department, and eight were purchased.—A few evenings ago, at the theatre at Varese, a little town in Lombardy, near the lake of that name, an opera was produced, a couplet in which ended with the words, "Viva l'Italia!" These words electrified the audience, who rose to their feet and cried with the greatest enthusiasm, "Viva l'Italia!"—The mayor of Cincinnati, on the petition of two or three hundred citizens, has stopped the omnibuses from running on Sunday. This act has produced an unusual excitement in that city, and the question of his right to do so is debated pro and con.—Halleck is growing old very gracefully. He lives in the country, and visits New York only now and then, for the gratification of seeing his friends.—There are four thousand two hundred and two masonic grand lodges in the United States, with 183,833 members.

LUCKY FELLOWS.—Brunel, the engineer, once swallowed half a sovereign while playing with his children, and it stuck in his throat. He stood on his head and coughed violently, when the coin flew out. A professor of music at Arundel, J. Parry Cole, has just repeated, perforce, a similar experiment. A fourpenny piece was lodged in his larynx. Even an emetic failed to remove it. In fear of his suffocation, a cushion was placed on the floor, his legs were raised up into the air, and a violent blow given on the back. Immediately Mr. Cole shouted, "Here it is!" And true enough, the fourpenny piece had fallen from his mouth upon the floor.

A GOOD RECIPE.—The best thing in the world for low spirits is to have a clear conscience and a warm heart. Never be guilty of anything that would trouble your mind; keep your heart warm with love for every one, and you will pass through the world as smoothly as over a sea of glass.

A GREAT SHAVE.—A great shaving match against time was performed recently at Keighly, England. A professor, Carrodus, attended by three latherers and five stoppers, engaged to shave seventy men in sixty minutes, and succeeded in performing the task four minutes within the specified time.

PISCATORIAL.—In fishing we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—behind so many scales.

TOGETHER!—Let our friends remember that we send "Ballou's Pictorial" and "The Flag of our Union" together, for \$3 50 a year. These two journals united, form a fund of valuable and entertaining reading and pictorial illustration unequalled elsewhere.

CIVILIZATION.—An emigrant to Oregon, writing home to one of his friends, says, "We are getting on finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a new jail."

Wayside Gatherings.

Steps are being taken in New Orleans for constructing horse railroads within the city limits.

Lewis Levitt, a notorious horse thief, has been hung by the mob at St. Stephen, Nebraska Territory.

A rich gold mine has been discovered in Western Arizona, on the line of the El Paso and Fort Yuma wagon road.

The editor of the New London Star recently shot a wild goose weighing 15 pounds.

Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy passports have been issued since Gen. Cass was appointed Secretary.

The Santa Fe Gazette says that 115,000 sheep will be driven from two counties in New Mexico to California, this present season.

Mr. Surpluss, of Williamsburg, N. Y., gave his little boy a gill of gin to drink, thinking it water, and the child died from its effects.

The official authorities of the new Methodist church, in Newcastle, Ind., have positively prohibited spitting tobacco juice in the church.

The Montreal Gazette states that nearly fifteen million feet of sawed lumber have been shipped from Ottawa City to the American and other markets during the season.

N. P. Willis "hates the build of a trotting sulkey, with a driver looking as if his spine was screwed into an axletree—a man with wheels put to him."

Messrs. Merriek & Sons, of Philadelphia, have received the contract for making a new gasometer for the gas works at Havana, Cuba, to replace the one destroyed by the recent explosion.

M. Nadar, photographer, is about to make a novel experiment in his art—to take a kind of birds eye view of Paris and the neighborhood, with a photographic apparatus placed in the ear of a balloon.

Joseph Blackstone, of Nobleboro, Me., a man about forty years of age, committed suicide in a grave yard, by cutting his throat. His body was found lying between the graves of his father and mother.

Mr. McDermot, of Mifflin Township, Richland county, Ohio, has very good claims to be considered the oldest man in the State. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1749, and is now, at the age of 109, in the enjoyment of fair health.

The Third Avenue Horse Railroad Company in New York, estimate the number of people carried over their road during the year at about eight millions. Nearly four thousand miles per day are run by their sixty-nine cars and twelve stages. The receipts from passengers during the year were \$402,579.

There are rumors of a conspiracy among the noblest and wealthiest of Parisian society to introduce a more moderate style, and less costly toilette for the approaching winter, and of a large reunion in the faubourg St. Germain, at which crinoline, hoops and resorts were abandoned.

About thirty acres of land in Winthrop's Neck, in New London, Conn., has been fenced in by squatters during the past summer. At the time Arnold burned the city, the records were destroyed, and no owners have claimed the land, which has been unoccupied since then.

The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye tells of a lady in that vicinity, who, by marriage, has got herself into the following distressing situation in regard to her own family. She is sister-in-law to her father, aunt to her brothers, sister to her uncle, daughter to her grandfather, and grand aunt to her own children.

Letter boxes have been placed in some of the Philadelphia passenger railway cars, and on the latter reaching their terminus, near the Exchange, the contents of the boxes are deposited by the conductor in the post office. It is found to be so great a convenience to suburbanites that all the numerous cars will probably be supplied in the same way.

The Indianapolis Journal relates how a heartless desertion of an expectant bride took place in that city on Thursday evening.—The supper was prepared, the guests came, the lady—a widow—was waiting in her bridal attire, but the expected bridegroom came not. It was afterwards ascertained that he went that very afternoon to Hartford, Ind., to marry another lady.

New York city pays \$800,000 annually in support of alms houses, or about \$2200 per day; \$250,000 annually for cleaning streets, or about \$680 per day; \$400,000 for lamps and gas, or about \$1100 per day; \$969,000 for police, or \$2600 per day; \$480,000 annually for salaries, or about \$1300 per day; \$1,400,000 for public schools annually, or about \$3800 per day.

In a recent address at the North Carolina State Fair, Hon. T. L. Clingman stated a remarkable fact concerning a locality of the western part of that State. In a district of a few miles in extent on the Tyron mountain, neither dew nor frost is ever known. The district is remarkable for the variety and excellence of its native grapes, and they are often found in fine condition in the open air as late as December.

One of the best "bulls" ever made came from the pen of the Duke of Wellington. He was writing to Dr. Curtis, and recommended that the Catholic question should be buried in oblivion, in order that its difficulty might be fully discussed. Considering that he was Prime Minister, and so great a man, this should be reckoned the first of all bulls. It shows that the Duke was an Irishman.

To-he, a chieftain of the Iowa tribe, in Kansas, recently lost one of his sons by death. The deceased was buried in a sitting posture upon the summit of a high hill, his bow and arrow, a war club and a pipe, deposited near him, and a pony was shot to accompany him to the happy hunting grounds. A mound of earth was thrown over the whole, a white flag raised, and the usual charms placed around to keep away evil spirits.

Some remarkable remains of old Rome have recently been discovered about ten miles from the city, consisting of foundations and fragments of a temple said to have been dedicated to St. Stephen, and a great number of tombs, many of which are in excellent preservation. They are covered with sculptures of great beauty, and the paintings with which their roofs and sides are ornamented are fresh and bright, scarcely injured at all by time or dampness.

The details quoted from the English Parliamentary evidence of the condition of the dress-makers' apprentices are frightful. In ordinary times eighteen hours a day is the allotted time of work, and during the height of the season young girls are sometimes allowed only four hours' repose, when they are roused to resume their toil. Strong coffee is administered to enable them to ply their needle for twenty hours, without relaxation. In Paris, the suffering among this class is less.

Sands of Gold.

.... The best words are those which have the fewest syllables.—*Bovee*.

.... To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.—*Steele*.

.... We are so often weary ourselves that we cannot then be won by what resembles us.—*Madame de Staël*.

.... A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more incorrigible.—*Colton*.

.... I had rather see women praised extraordinarily, than any one of them suffer detraction.—*Dryden*.

.... Old age of the mind, how difficult thou art to reconcile with youth of the heart!—*Madame de Staël*.

Difficulties, by bracing the mind to overcome them, assist cheerfulness, as exercise assists digestion.—*Bovee*.

.... A woman cannot love a man she feels to be her inferior; love without veneration and enthusiasm is only friendship.—*George Sand*.

.... It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how can he love ten thousand men who never loved one?—*Pope*.

.... As the nature of love is divine, that is to say, immortal, when we think we have destroyed it, we have only buried it in our hearts.—*George Sand*.

The woman who has not seen her lover during the day, looks on that day as lost to her; the tenderest man only looks on it as lost to love.—*Princess de Salm*.

.... There is no being eloquent for Atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings,—the clearest proof that it is out of its element.—*Hare*.

.... Love occupies so much space in the heart of a tender woman, it so absorbs her time and faculties, the ideal charm with which it surrounds her is so powerful and so shed over everything, that when she reaches the age at which she must abandon it, she seems to waken after a long dream, and to perceive for the first time the pains and miseries of life.—*Princess de Salm*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is an old chair, that has a new bottom put in it, like a paid bill? Because it is *rescated* (receipted.)

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?" "O, they all think it of 'the first water.'"

Why is an invalid, cured by sea-bathing, like a confined criminal? Because he is *sea-cured* (secured.)

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his *gait* is broken and his *locks* are few.

What Highland sport would a number of young girls conversing remind you of? Dears-talking!

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in the tombs? One can't see to go, the other can't go to sea.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

A farmer out West, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that as he is himself in *clover*, he has no objection to take a lady in *weeds*.

"I think you must allow, madam," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself; not even their age can make them respectable."

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours, may be tolerably quick footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

A poor actor with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who inquired what he was going to do? "Only going to *spout* Shakspeare!" was his reply.

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

The Americans of Victoria asked permission to rear a liberty pole, to which they would put the star spangled banner. The request was immediately declined. "Well," said the crowd, "let's raise a pole and stick the flag of all nations upon it." And so they did what they said they would do, and a *petticoat* waved from the liberty pole!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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☞ It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.

☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.

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☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has seventeen years of editorial experience in Boston.

☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

For description see page 381.]

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ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD BRIDGE, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

The accompanying representation of the famous Rock Island railroad bridge, is from the pencil of Mr. Kilburn, and was drawn by him on the spot expressly for our Pictorial. The view shows Rock Island, with the fort and the famous railroad bridge which spans the Father of Waters, and is the only artificial obstruction in the whole length of the mighty and imperial river. Rock Island is ninety-four miles below Galena, and is three miles long and one and a half mile wide. Fort Armstrong, built in 1816 by Colonel Mason, U. S. A., is embraced within the limits of our view. It stands upon a perpendicular rock which rises twenty feet out of the water, and presents a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. The bridge passes over the main channel of the river, a distance of 1490 feet, in five spans of 250 feet each, and two draws, each 120 feet, thence across the island, which it crosses with three spans of 250 feet each, making the total length of the bridge 2240 feet. The bridge connects the Chicago and Rock Island

railroad with the Mississippi railroad, and, although a great convenience to the railway traveller, is denounced by the "river men" in unmeasured terms, as an unwarrantable obstruction to navigation. Rock Island was the scene, a few years since, of a lamentable tragedy. Colonel Davenport, who resided here on a fine estate, was murdered and robbed by a party of marauders who crossed over from Davenport, Iowa, July 4, 1845. The scene we have selected for illustration, possesses many features of absorbing interest; we have a glimpse of the grandest river in North America, and of three modes of locomotion, the frail Indian canoe, the earliest vehicle of navigation, the steamboat, the greatest triumph of human skill afloat, and the railroad, the most wonderful means of land carriage. Thus we have a practical contrast of the extremes of barbarism and civilization. Yet the Indian canoe is a beautiful fabric, and in the hands of a skilled native, a rapid craft. It is not every one who can even sit, or rather kneel in a canoe. An awkward person is sure to overturn it. Yet an

Indian or a Canadian voyageur is perfectly at home in one. In calm water the Indian will drive a canoe, with a single paddle, swift as an arrow, without deviating a hair's breadth from a right line, without splashing or apparent effort. But more wonderful is it to see two men standing in one of these cockle-shells, never wavering in their equilibrium, and guiding them safely through the foamy turbulence of a rapid. Turning from the canoe in the foreground to the giant steamer whose huge bulk rises in the middle distance, we realize what genius, and science, and mechanic art have done for the century we live in. Here a few men control a mighty fabric which transports, in addition to masses of merchandize, the population of a respectable sized town. The toil of the few secures for the many repose, comfort, luxury, as well as rapid and secure locomotion. Travelling has thus ceased to be a toil—it is only a pleasurable excitement. The number of steamboats navigating the Mississippi is legion, and they are the most striking and curious vessels used anywhere in river navigation.



ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD BRIDGE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING:

—OR,—

THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE AWAKENING.

WHEN the rays of the morning sun streamed into the little attic chamber, Celeste opened her eyes and smiled; but instantly an expression of fear spread over her face, and springing from her couch she bounded to the mattress where her brother lay. "Julian! Julian!" she called, frantically.

No answer.

"He is dead!"

Again she called, and this time the young student awoke from his deep sleep.

"What is it, sister?"

"God is good, Julian. The Holy Virgin would not permit our rash, wicked act. Listen to me—we ought to be punished. I scarcely know how to tell you what seems only like a feverish dream. When the charcoal had burned some time, I felt a dreadful faintness, I tried to reach the window to gain some air—the paper we left on the table seemed multiplied, the floor moved up and down, the bed, everything, whirled round me. I knelt before the chair at the head of my bed. You were immovable—you seemed to sleep calmly. A shuddering mounted from my deathly cold feet to my brain; my arms were like stones, so heavy; my mind was clear, though the rest of me seemed dead. I remember a great light appearing on the terrace, a crowd of men passed the window; they called and shouted. Suddenly I fell, yet I was not insensible. I saw a man enter the room by the window, which he closed carefully behind him; he seemed to hide. At the end of a few minutes the poisonous air of the room affected him; he fell on his hands. He crawled to the door; I heard him. He took the chaffing dish and carried it out of the room."

"It must have burned him," said Julian, "for I remember it glowed red when I closed my eyes."

"He uttered no cry—no, I am sure I did not hear any. He it was that placed me on the bed. I saw his face, for the fresh air revived me. I can't explain it; it is very strange, Julian. His face was like yours—older, but still so like. I tried to murmur 'brother,' but could not. He was not a thief—a thief would not look so exactly like you, dear Julian."

"It must have been a dream, my sister?"

Suddenly Celeste exclaimed: "The purse! the purse! where is the purse?"

Julian looked at her with anxious eyes. Was her mind gone? The impetuous girl sprang to the table and seized the purse, which the old woman, Berta Giudicelli, had put under a book.

"Look, brother! See, it is not all a dream! He left that purse for us! He was no thief, though he took your cloak; he needed it, brother."

Just then a shadow fell on the floor; and looking up, the two young people saw standing in the doorway a tall man. Celeste raised the purse.

"He is handsome and rich. That thief, Berta, has emptied the purse. Ah, here are letters in pearl; I know now the name of our benefactor."

"What is it?" asked Julian.

"FULVIO CORIOLANI."

The name filled the heart of the young student with rage; but the sight of the man standing watching them made the young people turn pale.

Pierre Falcone, for it was he, entered the room and asked to see the purse. He examined it carefully, while the children stood before him.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Turning to Julian he said: "Young man, you must follow me."

"Follow you, and why?"

"Manuelus, your father, is waiting for you. I am to lead you to him."

"My sister goes too?" said Julian.

"Your sister is only a woman," replied Pierre Falcone; "and the burden to be placed on your shoulders you must bear alone."

"What burden? Can you not explain yourself more clearly?"

"Young man," said Falcone, solemnly, "I am not instructed as to the mission. I can only say to you, a great name is a heavy burden. Come!"

Julian hesitated; then taking his sister in his arms and kissing her, he followed his conductor.

In a handsomely furnished apartment in the Coriolani palace, a beautiful, careworn woman sat. She held in her hand a letter addressed to Maria Madalena Amalfi, widow of Count Monteleone. It was the Countess Monteleone, seen once before when the Chevalier Athol was in the ruins at Martorello. She was insane, and a captive there. She it was whom the old Berta searched for among the trees. Here she sat, recovered and happy. She was seated on a rich couch before a window. She looked absently at the paper she held in her hands. She murmured to herself:

"This beautiful cool breeze refreshes me. My poor memory!

Mario! Mario! I thy widow have passed years without saying a prayer for thee. I knew not how to pray—I knew not why I mourned. I must reflect—this letter—the writing is unknown to me—it speaks of my children—my children!"

She re-read the letter.

"An old friend, a relation of the noble Maria Amalfi, wishes to advise her in her present strange and dangerous situation. A vast plot is weaving around her, but open eyes watch for her safety. If Maria Amalfi mourns in her heart as well as dress, if she is prudent, she can bring to justice her husband's murderer. As a mother, let her be watchful; her children are not far from her. In a few hours she will receive other communications."

There was a postscript.

"All will be lost if Maria Amalfi shows this letter to Prince Coriolani."

She trembled violently. Fulvio, accompanied by Nina, came to the door. Before entering, Fulvio said: "Hotel Folquieri, highest story. Bring hither a young girl."

Nina looked sad.

"And Angelia Doria?" murmured she.

"The fate of Angelia Doria is in her own hands," replied Coriolani, and a strange smile spread over the handsome face. "Go now, Fiamma; she must be here."

She disappeared down stairs, and the prince entered the apartments of the Countess Monteleone. Prince Coriolani advanced towards Maria Amalfi, raised her hand respectfully to her lips, then seated himself beside her. The countess burst into tears.

"What has happened to pain you, madame?" asked the young man, astonished. And seeing her weeping still, a doubt, a fear entered his mind that her newly recovered reason was departing.

"I swear to you, prince, that I am sane! I wish to receive you with a calm face; but I cannot—I cannot! Everybody loves you. Doctor Daniel Bach speaks of you with moist eyes. Nina's voice trembles when she pronounces your name, and I weep for joy, for you have given me back life. Why did you do that? Answer me. I dream, I dream that you are my son. Something within me tells me that you are the son of my noble husband Mario Monteleone. I never see you that I do not long to stretch out my arms to you, to hear you say 'mother!'"

During this speech, Fulvio changed color several times. When Maria Amalfi finished, by stretching out her arms, the young prince trembled.

"I beseech you, madame, do not speak in that manner. My courage all forsakes me. Look at me; a terrible struggle is going on within me."

"Why that struggle? Is it very hard to say, 'I am your son, open your arms to me?'"

With tears streaming down her cheeks she went on:

"Why repulse me, my son? for you are my son—that I feel in the depths of my soul. Perhaps you are ashamed of me; you who are a prince, you who are the adoration of the whole court? Ah, well, tell it only to me; I will keep the secret. You shall keep me here in the corner of your mansion; if it is asking too much, I will go away; only let me hear before I go, the blessed words, 'my mother!'"

"I cannot give you that title, though my heart longs to do so!" exclaimed Fulvio.

"I shall go mad! Great God, permit me again to lose my reason, rather than suffer so!"

Fulvio, who was deadly pale, and whose eyes, surrounded by a dark circle, proclaimed how great was the moral struggle within him, murmured: "Madame, you have two other children."

"Ah," cried the countess, "may I be forgiven! I love you so much I forgot them."

The agony of Fulvio was extreme. He had come to declare himself her son; but though his heart warmed to her, he dared not say what he knew was false.

Maria looked up suddenly.

"How is it that you so strongly resemble my Mario, if you are not his son? I recollect when I saw you first, in the ruins of Martorello. In my insanity, I thought you were my sainted husband. Who are you that look so much like him?"

"Madame," said the prince, calmly, "I will tell you who I am. I beg you not to interrupt me, but to hear me out. The vessel which contained myself, and, I suppose, my mother and father, was taken by pirates. I was very small. The pirates sold their cargo in a port of Southern Italy. They gave me to a wandering Zingara tribe. My life from that time to this, has been a varied one. Once I was taken prisoner, and thrown into the dungeon where your sainted husband breathed his last sigh. I know not why, but my eyes filled with tears when I thought of that noble man, for I knew his story from infancy. I am not your son, though I love you like one."

"I know," suddenly exclaimed the countess, "that I would willingly give my best blood to recover my little Julian and Celeste; but I know they will never be nearer than you."

"I beseech you, madame," said Fulvio, with a trembling voice, "not to interrupt me. My task is hard. Time passes, and to day my fate will be decided. My words perhaps surprise you. You may be perhaps indignant or offended. I cannot alter what I tell you. Remember only one thing; you are free—free to accept, and equally free to refuse. In whichever case it may be, I will promise you, upon my oath, which I never broke, to do nothing against you or your children."

Fulvio placed his hand over his eyes, as if to collect his thoughts.

"I am not a prince; I am an orphan, ignorant of the name of my family. In two hours I meet the king. In two hours, if I do not prove by the papers in my hand, by the testament of my father and the testimony of my mother, that I am the oldest son and heir of Mario, Count Monteleone, I am lost!"

The eyes of the countess flashed, and she changed color.

"Either I am becoming mad or I have misunderstood you! Say but one word and your mother's testimony will not be wanting!"

"I cannot say that word, madame," said Coriolani, very quietly, "because that one word would be a falsehood. In my wandering, lawless life, I have never sullied my lips with a lie. To-day I stand face-to-face with the tomb and a mourning woman, and I cannot now lay aside my one unsullied honor, truth. I am a strange bandit, madame, for I only strike the strong."

"A bandit!" exclaimed the countess, paling.

"A soldier, if you like the word better. My history has been like that of all conquerors. I was poor and humble, I am rich and great."

He looked at the poor frail woman, and his looks spoke infinite tenderness and filial love; but he lowered his expressive eyes and went on, partly to himself.

"Yes, yes, it would be paradise! I never felt the kiss of a mother, lonely orphan as I am. I was alone, without support or advice. God gave me the strength of a lion, but no one to teach me how to use that wonderful strength. He gave me a warm heart, but no one to guide my affections. I was entirely alone in the world, minus even friends, who might have advised me. Only one friend, only one being who loved me—a beautiful, affectionate young girl; but she, like myself, was brought up among a lawless, uncivilized set. She is now my wife."

"Paola, my companion?" murmured the countess.

"Paola, Fiamma, Nina," replied Fulvio, rather bitterly; "we have many names, we who have not a name. You are good, generous, and will look upon the lonely, neglected childhood, and pity the one who speaks."

"Be my son! be my son!" said Maria, impetuously.

He fell upon his knees and kissed her hand.

"If I was your son, Maria Monteleone," replied he, "I would take you in my arms and carry you far, very far from Naples and Italy; so far that you would never hear the voices of those who would like to tell you who I am."

"But who are you, then, in the name of heaven!"

"I am," replied Fulvio, with ineffable sadness, "I am the friend of the king of Naples. In two hours I shall be for you the sanguinary bandit and coward who assassinated Mario Monteleone, your husband!"

"By the name of that same Monteleone, upon my eternal safety, I defy any one to make me believe such an infamous calumny!"

Fulvio smiled bitterly. He kissed the hand of the countess tenderly.

"Madame, the calumny is easily made, and you are surrounded by powerful and implacable enemies. I tell you truly, madame, that it is you they wish to strike through my person—you and the heirs of Monteleone. I tell to you, swear to you, that I am not that vile assassin. Chance made me master of a powerful secret at an age when high thoughts and spirits rise to the verge of folly. Perhaps I kept the secret too long. The secret belonged to Mario Monteleone; to you, madame, his heiress and wife. When I discovered the secret I made an oath. Ambition counselled me. I have been years in accomplishing that oath. My aim was to become Prime Minister of the Two Sicilies, but you bar that passage. I vowed before God that I would use my knowledge to discover the widow and children of Mario Monteleone, and in case the eldest son was not found I would usurp his place. The two younger children have been found, but the eldest son cannot be; and to-day I came to you fully determined to take his place; but some angel guardian, perhaps even your sainted husband, warned me not to commit that crime. I have not. I possess the titles confided to me by the testament of Mario Monteleone; the register of Mario's birth, your first-born; the registers also of Julian's and Celeste's. I told the king and other high dignitaries that I was Mario Monteleone; but I have not told you so; if I told you so, you would believe it. To-day I must make good my word by the testimony of my mother. Do you wish to aid me to sustain that falsehood, for falsehood it is? Do not answer before I have finished. I finish by saying, that whatever be your determination, and you do right to refuse my request, I will finish my oath. I will place in your hands all the papers I have; all that I found in the Temple of Pleasure at Martorello."

Fulvio was silent.

The face of Maria Amalfi expressed intense surprise.

"Think you that I will grant or refuse your request?"

"Madame, the idea that a noble woman, a mother, will affirm a falsehood, call one her son who is not, is a thing I do not dream of."

"Have you no ambition?"

"Only one, madame—not to die dishonored."

"My poor head is weak. To-day, the thought of your infinite kindness has filled my heart. I longed to open my arms to you—to call you my son. You have now undeceived me, almost coldly pointed out the prudent path. I weep because you will not be the glory of our restored home. I regret, and yet I love you. I do not blush to say I accept you."

"You accept, you grant my request, madame!" cried Fulvio, astonished.

A faint color rose to the pale cheek. The countess looked at the young man, smiling.

"Why should I blush to call you my son, Fulvio?" said she, "when my dearest wish has been to have you say, 'my mother.' If my daughter were here, I would unite your hands and call you my son."

"You forget, madame," and the smile faded from his face, "that I have a wife, a dear wife."

"True, true," said Maria, sadly, "you cannot be my son."

"I know it, madame, and may God bless you! You are right. I cannot be your son. I must now to court, to the king, there to falsify my own words. You are perfectly right, and I honor you. Your children, your youngest, shall be with you to-morrow. Would to God I could find your son. Farewell."

"Stay, Fulvio!" cried Maria Amalfi, rising; "I love you. You are generous, noble. You have been a son in truth to me. I will say to Ferdinand, King of Naples, freely, willingly, that is the eldest son of Mario, Count Monteleone!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DIRECTOR AND MARIA AMALFI.

JOHANN SPURZHEIM was in his sleeping room with Pierre Falcone. He seemed gay as he exclaimed: "Ah, I gained a hundred per cent last night. I feel young and gay. I shall live a hundred years! Your visit, my dear doctor, was very opportune. The purse with the name of Coriolani in pearls, will make a fine story; it helps us amazingly. We shall be rich and powerful, Falcone! I tell you frankly, Falcone, that if I did not need your services still longer, your life would be short; but never fear, you are useful still, and ever will be so; go on and dream."

Falcone lowered his head. He knew Spurzheim now; and Johann, indiscreet man, had by his idle, exultant words, lost his hold on the young doctor. For once his penetration was at fault. He believed that hatred would carry him any length; hatred and ambition. He was wrong. Spurzheim went on.

"There is the knell for my poor Barbara. If I have lost her, I have gained other things; you also, Falcone. You are not encumbered with a deformed, old wife—you gain a beauty of sixteen years; for Celeste is beautiful, you tell me."

"As beautiful as an angel."

"Yes, yes, I know. And thirdly, you become the son-in-law of Count Monteleone, Prime Minister of his majesty, King Ferdinand, of Naples."

"To reach all that," said Falcone, looking intently at the withered, ghastly man before him, "you must marry the widow of Count Monteleone, signor."

"You have hit it! You consider it impossible for a woman like her to marry such a skeleton as myself?"

"I consider it impossible, signor, for Maria Amalfi to marry David Heimer."

Johann trembled slightly at the words, and at the tone of the young man. Then he smiled grimly, and said: "I play a difficult part. You pronounced that name, which I have almost forgotten, as if you thought that it was in *your* power to crush—not mine. Have a care; even now I am powerful, and in a few days will be more so. You know perhaps all the details of the history of this Monteleone?"

"All, signor," replied Falcone, calmly.

"How gained you that knowledge?" asked Spurzheim, almost fiercely.

"I know it; 'tis no matter as to the rest. Your plan is odious."

"Ha! ha! you are severe. Remember I want not a man with a conscience! I will marry Maria Amalfi."

"Have a care, signor; you rely upon her having recovered her reason not to recognize you. I tell you her mind is not wholly settled yet. She will have her hours of insanity; and then, in those moments she will recognize you. Also, some minds in their lucid intervals, remember the cause of their insanity. Her mind may be such a one."

"Nonsense! I fear nothing on that score. In order to remember what I did the night of the 13th of October, 1815, she must become mad—madmen who speak are not believed, my friend!"

Falcone looked doubtful. Johann went on in another strain.

"Will those bells never stop ringing? Takes a long time to ring that woman into—. Well, well. Those puppets I set dancing the other night at the Doria palace, Malatesta, Sampieri, Colonna and others, they have had half a mind to retract; but when I lay my hand on any one, I lay it heavily. In one hour they will be free. In two hours they will play the second scene in the comedy."

"Their part?"

"Concerns you not. Last night a wounded man was carried to the Coriolani palace—an old man—it is Manuelus Giudicelli. At ten o'clock this morning he had not recovered his speech. His physician is Antonio Doni; do you know him, son-in-law?"

"I am one of his pupils."

"Good! Manuelus must never recover his voice or senses. You are a pupil, you say, of Doni? You can boldly go to the palace—say he sent you. He will not trouble you, for I will send for him. At eleven you must be there. We will think now of pleasanter things; of my marriage. It is necessary to begin to prepare a long while beforehand. To become the happy spouse of Maria Amalfi, for you to become the heir of Monteleone, two things are necessary. First, Manuelus must remain mute—I know of only one sure paralysis—death. Secondly, I must pay my court to the noble Maria. As I cannot go to her, the countess must take the trouble to come to my humble mansion. Those are two delicate precautions. I count upon you to accomplish them."

"Kill the old Manuelus Giudicelli, and carry off the countess?" coldly said Falcone.

"Exactly. You are very penetrating. I like to have things simply, truly stated; I detest equivocation."

The doctor coughed twice. He did so to guard the expression of his face. Johann looked at him with a mocking smile.

"You must watch that cough," he said, coldly, "unless you wish to die young. I have some excellent cough lozenges. My

poor Barbara found them very efficacious. For such a cough as yours they are the only sure cure."

Falcone looked at him with a smile, equal in scorn. It lasted but a minute. He trembled with rage as Johann threw into his lap two lozenges.

"Now," said Falcone, "these two lozenges are in my power."

Johann took a paper from among his letters, and read in a distinct voice: "Report addressed to his excellency, the director of the royal police, by Jacopo Civetta, inspector of the third class, concerning a seizure made in the house of Signor Pierre Falcone, physician of the faculty of Bologna; the seizure consists in two golden boxes containing lozenges, given to Barbara Spurzheim, deceased, wife of the director—"

Falcone trembled, and uttered a cry of rage.

"I am very strong!" said Spurzheim, with a smile; "remember that, my son-in-law!"

Julian followed Pierre Falcone, and was led unsuspectingly into the snare set for him. He was left alone in the parlor, adjoining the director's chamber. Here he waited impatiently for the good, kind Manuelus. Before him stood Barbara Spurzheim's chair, crowned with the arms of Monteleone. A richly gilt book lay on a small table near him; on the cover of that was stamped the Monteleone motto—*Agere non loqui*. Julian opened it. On the white page was traced in delicate female characters, the following words: "Maria from Mario—Saint Maria's days—August 15th, 1808."

Julian was absorbed in contemplation of this book, when the opening of the door aroused him. He saw in the room Pierre Falcone leading a little withered old man. Julian rose, as the director, supported by Pierre Falcone, approached him.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The sight of the old man filled his breast with rage, and he spoke coldly.

"Signor, I wish to see my father Manuelus. I have a sister who is waiting for me; I wish to rejoin her."

The doctor placed the wicked old man in the chair bearing the arms of Monteleone. Spurzheim murmured as he sank back:

"Poor Barbara! She spoke of seven days, but it was only to frighten me. She had considerable duplicity in her character. Ah, I shall live a hundred years. Falcone, I am cold; put something on my head, and wrap a shawl round my feet. Barbara's mantle, hanging on the back of that other chair, will do very well. God knows I bear her no bitterness, though she did speak of seven days. Come here, young man!" he added, raising his voice.

Julian approached, feeling, he knew not why, utter repugnance to the old man before him.

"Manuelus will not come, my child," he said, in a deep voice; "Manuelus is dead!"

"Dead! my father dead!"

"Dead. Your sister, too, does not wait for you—the room is empty—she has been carried off!"

Julian made one bound to the door.

Spurzheim said, coldly: "Stop; you have in me a friend and protector. Go into that closet, the door of which the good doctor holds open. Regard attentively all that passes here. Listen with all your ears. No matter what you hear, do not utter a word, a sigh! You will learn your history—your history is terrible. When you leave this house you will be a man. When you are a man, you will devote yourself to avenging. Go!"

Julian staggered like a drunken man. He almost fell into the closet, before which Pierre Falcone drew a heavy curtain.

An instant afterwards, Maria Amalfi, clothed in deep mourning and veiled, entered Barbara's room. Pierre Falcone remained outside. Julian, hid behind the drapery, pressed his hands tightly upon his heart. The curtains were drawn, and the chamber was so dark that Maria could only distinguish a confused mass in the deep arm-chair. Julian, placed in a darker spot still, could easily distinguish the face of the lady, as entering, she raised her veil. Maria said aloud, when she was a few steps from the door: "Am I before his majesty?"

We must pause to explain the stratagem of Spurzheim. Maria, wholly ignorant of the aspect of the city, had been brought to the director's house under pretence that she was going to the king.

"Approach me nearer, Countess Monteleone," replied the wily man, after a long pause.

Maria Amalfi, obedient to the command, advanced some steps.

"If you are the king," murmured she, "I pray your majesty to hear me and do me justice. I have found the loved son of Mario Monteleone—"

"You lie, woman!" rudely interrupted Spurzheim.

The dignified, refined countess recoiled.

Spurzheim added, in a milder tone; "I beg you to excuse me, madame; when you know all, you will see I had not time to choose my words. You are not at the Villa Floridiani, neither am I the king."

"Has my ignorance been taken advantage of? Do they wish to prevent me from seeing the king?"

"They make use of your ignorance to save you, madame," answered Spurzheim. "You must see the king; but it was necessary first for you to know the name of him who killed Mario Monteleone, your husband, that you might not commit the sacrilege of giving the name of son to one who made your children fatherless, and you a widow!"

Maria, pale and trembling, was obliged to support herself by the table. She understood the insinuation; Fulvio was accused. Her heart defended Fulvio.

"Was it you who sent me that letter?" asked the countess.

"It was, madame."

"Who are you? I do not know you."

This was an important moment for the director.

"Come nearer and look at me."

The countess approached, and eagerly scanned the wasted face turned towards her.

"No, I do not know you."

"Do you not know your cousin David Heimer?"

A cold sweat stood on the director's face as he asked that question. Would she remember?

Maria trembled violently; she passed her hands across her pale brow. An expression of horror for an instant spread over her face, wavered, and was gone. But science did not lie; the remembrance of her madness did not come to her now that she was sane. Johann was saved. The remembrance of the night of October 13, 1815, remained in the shade.

"I remember David Heimer, the faithful friend and companion of Mario Monteleone. Are you then that David Heimer?"

"Many years have passed, my noble cousin and mistress," said Johann, in a respectful tone, "since I was happy in your happiness. Three times the thunder struck your house. But God is good, and has permitted me to live until I could give one last proof of my love for the noble Monteleone. Seat yourself there before me. I hope my weakness will not clog my will. My last words shall be for you; and if you wish, the last act of my miserable life shall be the best and most glorious, since it will save the posterity of Mario, my relation, master and friend. You see well, madame," continued Spurzheim, in a feeble voice, "that my hours are numbered. You cannot doubt that it is a dying man who speaks to you. God grant that my words have all the weight and influence that the words of a dying man should have. I wish to accomplish the only vow I ever made in this world. I will begin, and I pray you, in consideration of my extreme weakness, which increases every moment, not to interrupt me, for fear death may come before I have finished. Your oldest son is dead, assassinated by the man who killed your husband."

The countess uttered a groan.

"The assassin, madame, was a precocious rascal, for he was scarcely sixteen years old. I must refer to your malady; it pains me to do so, but necessity is imperious. My strength is fast failing me. Madame, you have lost three children; two shall be returned to you if the All-Powerful will permit. One night, the 13th of October, 1815—"

Johann paused slowly, and studied the face of the countess. It remained calm, and his last fear vanished. He resumed:

"On the night of the 13th of October, 1815, we were all united to celebrate the restoration of Ferdinand and the return of our master, when a stranger asked to speak with Monteleone. That stranger was Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples. The king came to demand an asylum, which was granted him. One man sat humbly at the foot of the table—that man was he who has invented the name and title of Prince Fulvio Coriolani. Then he was called Athol, and was there by chance. Monteleone was betrayed. The two children of Giacomo Doria are heirs to Monteleone. Athol became a prince that he might marry Angelia Doria, who possesses half of the property of your children."

Maria bowed her head in silence.

"Madame, I must say painful things. You were made the innocent instrument of the infamy. You were insane—insane because of the loss of your children. I shudder as I pronounce the awful words. A man glided into your chamber that night and said, 'The scoundrel who robbed you of your children is in this house; his name is Joachim. Go!' You, poor insane mother, rose, and rushed from the house crying, 'Joachim! Joachim!' They followed you, the soldiers in the valley, where you led. Mario and this Joachim, who was Murat, were made prisoners together. We were all there; but the two Dorias and Chevalier Athol had disappeared."

"This is horrible!" exclaimed the countess. Then added, in a low, frightened tone: "That man, has he dared to come before me?"

"Madame, for years I followed that man, but never found him, for he often changed his name and place. You have aided me to find him."

"Me!"

"Yes, through you. The vile assassin is Fulvio Coriolani, who possesses all the necessary papers, and wants only the testimony of the mother to appear before the world the son of Mario Monteleone!"

"Have pity on me, signor!" stammered Maria.

"He bears another name, more widely known, but less honorable—it is Porporato! This hour, the murderer of your husband will demand your testimony to establish himself the eldest son of Count Monteleone, and you, weak woman, will give it!"

Johann clapped his hands, and Pierre Falcone appeared.

"Conduct the Countess Monteleone to the Villa Floridiani. If any one attempts to attack her, because she is a widow and alone, say that the director of the royal police has chosen her for his wife. Go, Falcone, the king awaits the countess, who will speak according to her conscience!"

She entered the carriage.

Julian, as soon as the door closed, sprang from his hiding-place.

"In the name of heaven, signor, answer me! Is that the man who has carried off my sister?"

"Rouse yourself, Julian Monteleone; this woman in mourning is your mother. The sainted martyr of Pizzo was your father. To bring Fulvio Coriolani to the scaffold, it is only necessary to prove that he entered your room last night. You have the necessary arms."

"Me?"

"Yes, the embroidered purse."

A few rapid strides, and Julian left the house.

Johann remained alone. He closed his eyes and sank back into the chair once used by Barbara.

"The earthworm has killed the lion!" murmured he. "I shall yet be Count Monteleone, and I shall bury them all—all! I shall live a hundred years!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEART PIERCED WITH TWO SWORDS.

THE Prince Coriolani arrived at the royal villa nearly at the same time as the youthful Countess Angelia Doria. The young girl turned pale as she saw the handsome prince, who, with calm face and firm step entered the presence of the king, who welcomed him eagerly. All the gentlemen and ladies of the court were present. A strange scene was enacted outside the villa. The duchess, Nina Dolci, was about to enter the villa, when the sentinels barred her passage.

"Your pardon, miss, but such are our orders; you cannot pass."

Nina turned pale and trembled as she stepped back among the trees. Soon she was hidden from sight. From her hiding-place she saw her uncle refused admittance, and the intendant of the royal police. All this was very strange. Her burning eyes were fixed upon the windows of the pavilion, and she murmured:

"Johann Spurzheim is there! I could swear it! This day there will be a battle! God grant victory to him!"

A few minutes afterwards she appeared with a bunch of flowers. Walking to the other side of the pavilion, she entered by the door leading to the apartments of the princess of Salerno. The galleries she traversed were deserted. She at last reached a little ante-room, where sat a woman in deep mourning. With a glance she recognized the Countess Monteleone.

"You cannot pass here," said a rude voice, and the door was shut in her face.

Nina turned and opened another door. In that room were seven or eight gentlemen, talking earnestly. This time she closed the door herself. She had recognized among them Marquis Malatesta, Sampieri, Vespencio, Doria, Colonna, Ziani, Grannia and others. They were speaking to Carlo Piccolomini. The Zingara girl said half aloud: "Johann Spurzheim can't be far from here."

Nina carefully examined all the rooms, but found not the wily director. She reached at last a small boudoir with a stone balcony, beneath which sat two Savoyard girls with harps. In the pavilion was a sombre scene. The king was seated between his two sons. The chair of the Minister of State was empty. Loredan Doria stood behind his majesty. The princesses and Angelia Doria sat



DOCTOR FALCONE AND THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

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not far from where Fulvio Coriolani stood. The king spoke. He proclaimed to the assembled court that the great and noble house of Monteleone had found an heir; that their name would be again published to the world. His tone was dry, and his words short. Fulvio was the only one who remarked this.

"Count Monteleone," said the king, "approach!"

Fulvio advanced. Loredan Doria, cold, silent and immovable as a statue, did not look at the young prince.

"Count," said the king again, "you promised us the proofs of your birth; we wait for them."

"Sire," replied Fulvio, who had not yet spoken, "I promised you the register of the birth of Mario Monteleone, eldest son of Count Monteleone, who died in the dungeon at Pizzo; behold them. I lay down at the feet of your majesty the birth-acts of my brother and sister, Julian and Celeste Monteleone."

The king took the papers without looking at the new Count Monteleone.

"What more have you?"

"The testament of my respected father," replied Fulvio.

"That is right," said the king; "signor count, you promised us both the testament of your dead father, and the testimony of your living mother."

"Sire," said he, extending a paper, "see halt my promise fulfilled."

Nina, through the glass door behind the princesses, could see all. She was astonished at the calm, or rather impassibility, expressed in the face of Fulvio.

"Count Monteleone," said the king, "you affirm that the testament now held in my hands is that of your father?"

"Sire," replied Fulvio, "I affirm it on my honor!"

The king handed the paper to a man who for the last few seconds had stood between Loredan Doria's chair and the throne. This man stepped to a door opposite Nina, who recognized the man.

"That is Johann Spurzheim."

Fulvio also saw the man, but did not show the least emotion.

"There remains only the testimony of your mother," said the king.

"Sire," replied Fulvio, coldly, "I am astonished that the Countess Monteleone, my mother, is not already in presence of your majesty."

The king said aloud: "We await the Countess Monteleone, your mother."

There was in the voice such bitterness that Nina shuddered, and the princess of Salerno raised her face and whispered to the prince royal, who replied: "Reassure yourself; I know my father."

The king rose and spoke.

"I think I am surrounded by faithful friends. Signors, a vast conspiracy is organized in our States, against our person and government. Do not interrupt me! I believe in your loyalty. This assembly, convened originally to glorify the memory of our cousin and friend, Mario Monteleone, has now another end. Justice shall be done to Monteleone—his legitimate heirs shall recover their property and rank; but justice must be done. Before any one leaves this palace the traitors shall be unveiled and punished!"

Deep silence followed this declaration, made in a firm, clear voice. Prince Fulvio stood like a statue. The princess of Salerno heard a voice in her ear.

"Highness, it is a case of life and death. It this billet does not reach the one to whom it is addressed, you will have to reproach yourself with the death of an innocent man."

The princess, pale with emotion, rose, walked with a firm, proud step across the space be-



JOHANN SPURZHEIM AND HIS VICTIM.

[See page 387.]

tween Fulvio and the throne, and feigning to take his hands, she glided into it the billet. The king frowned, and the princess regained her seat, covered with deep blushes. Poor woman! without knowing it, she had aided the enemies of her favorite.

"Sire," exclaimed Piccolomini, who watched with eager eyes, "they abuse, under your very eyes, the compassion of a noble princess. A billet has been given to the accused."

"To the accused!" repeated a dozen voices.

It was a tribunal, and Fulvio Coriolani stood there accused.

Fulvio held the note carelessly; he had not opened it even. With a gesture full of grace, he laid the letter at the feet of his king. A voice from the side where the princesses sat, said:

"Courage! you are not yet condemned!"

The note contained a sentence in mysterious characters.

The two Bourbon princesses looked astonished. The king exclaimed indignantly: "We have been audaciously deceived!"

Then choosing a paper from among several that lay on the table before him, he gave it to his son, saying: "Decipher the scrawl!"

The paper was the key to the Alphabet of Silence. The prince of Salerno read, after a moment's study: "You are lost; fly!"

"Such advice," said Prince Francis, boldly, "given in a place where flight is absolutely impossible, cannot come from any Chevalier of Silence who is prudent and brave!"

The king turned his back, murmuring: "You are all warned. Have I not been bewitched myself? But God be thanked, my eyes are open, and justice shall be done!"

He made a sign, and Malatesta came forward.

"Sire," said he, kneeling before the king, "yesterday I accused this man before your majesty, with having stolen his name: to-day I declare him to be supreme chief of the Carbonari—under the law of Silence."

"Have you anything to answer?" asked the king.

"Nothing, sire," answered Fulvio, calmly.

"I declare that this man was the one who sealed the walls of Castel Vecchio and delivered his accomplice, Baron Altamonte. Under his gloves are two proofs of what I say."

Fulvio trembled imperceptibly, and he slowly ungloved.

"The ring of the Masters of Silence!" triumphantly exclaimed Malatesta.

"The ring of my father," replied Fulvio, without losing his haughty gravity; "the ring of the sainted Monteleone, who was master of the Knights of the Iron Ring!"

"That is true," said Francis of Bourbon; "I know it to be true."

It was the last effort made in favor of Coriolani.

"You know nothing," replied the king; "be silent and listen." To Fulvio he said, "The other hand."

Fulvio drew off the other glove. His left hand, white and delicate as that of a woman, showed a deep and recent burn.

"Whence came that wound?"

"Sire," replied Fulvio, "two poor children tried to commit suicide. I am not accustomed to boast of my deeds."

This answer was given in a tone so frank and respectful, and so quiet, that all the words carried conviction with them.

The accused was left to himself. The circle around the young man enlarged, and in all his pride and beauty he stood there. Nina Dolci sat as rigid as a statue, with an expression of horror on her face. The king made a sign. The door opened, and the Countess Maria Monteleone entered, followed by her two children so lately found—Julian and Celeste. She looked at Fulvio, made a step towards him. He in his turn held out his arms to her, and his eyes were filled with tears.

At this juncture, when all hearts beat with emotion, when Maria Amalfi was about to rush into the arms of her son, a man glided behind her and whispered in her ear: "Would you reward your husband's assassin?"

The poor woman trembled. She was about to proclaim his guilt, when she raised her eyes to Fulvio's handsome, kind face, the face so like her husband's, and sealed her lips. She would not accuse him, though she dared not call him her son. The voice of the king recalled her wandering thoughts.

"Madame, do you recognize in the man before you the eldest son of Mario, Count Monteleone?"

"No, sire!" And she fainted in the arms of the two children.

Fulvio remained as calm and self-possessed as before. Those who watched him earnestly, saw a rigid compression of his lips, and a deadly paleness for one instant spread over his face. Everybody trembled.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of the story, can be had at our office of publication, and at all the Periodical Depots.]

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality they aid or destroy morals.—Barton.

THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE, FRANCE.

What literary pilgrim who has wandered through the south of Europe, has ever failed to visit Vaucluse—the lovely spot hallowed by the genius and residence of Petrarch—a name the world will never forget to syllable? The scenes that genius has glorified sometimes owe their beauty only to the imagination—not so with Vaucluse, as the unexaggerated picture before us shows. The lofty and stern mountain peaks, the rushing river with its fringes of trees, the houses grouped at the base of the precipitous rocks, form a rare combination of romantic and impressive features. About six leagues from Avignon, in the south of France, a semicircle of rough and pointed rocks, suddenly closing the winding valley of Vaucluse, compels the most indifferent to halt and admire the calmness and freshness of the landscape which surrounds him. In the lower and central part of this wall of rocks, a natural grotto, about a hundred feet broad at the surface, opens in the obscurity. It is no doubt deep, for it is sixty feet high immediately below the irregular arch which forms the entrance. Under this arch, impenetrable to the eye, but where freshness, silence and capricious structure charm the senses, extends a magnificent sheet of water, apparently motionless, here and there black or green like the interior of the grotto and the sombre foliage which adorns it, but everywhere transparent, and at your feet dazzling and pure as

Dante to Homer, and Petrarch to Virgil. The prestige was great within and beyond the mountains, for it was not dissipated in the eighteenth century; not only Rousseau, the other child of the Alps, repeated incessantly and throughout his writings the verses of Petrarch, but Voltaire surprised himself one day by translating the *Canzone* "Chiare, fresche e dolci acque" (sweet, fresh and limpid waves,) into verses which all the world remembers. In the lower part of the valley, far from the smoke and noise of the different manufactories recently established on the Sorgue, and at only a hundred paces from the fountain, you are still shown, on a point of rock, the site of Petrarch's house, the ruins of which the last century beheld. Laura, the angelic and celebrated woman, the mysterious object of a pure and constant affection, who was to the poet what Beatrice had been to Dante, a celestial apparition, whom we might almost believe to have been purely ideal,—Laura, according to those who think she was an inhabitant of earth, lived at no great distance, on another eminence, separated by a smiling valley from Petrarch's villa. It is said that it was at Avignon to which he had come when a youth, with his father, an old fellow exile of Dante, that Petrarch met Laura for the first time. But to understand thoroughly the influence of this meeting on the life of Petrarch, the mystic attachment of the poet to Laura and Vaucluse, the excessive praises he lavished on them, his solemn triumph and the unequalled glory he long enjoyed throughout Europe, it would be necessary to recall what the lover of Beatrice then was for all Italy, the lofty rank which the city and the pontifical court of Avignon then occupied in Europe; and particularly what the Provençal manners and the poetry of the troubadours had been in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

TABLE MANNERS.

One day the Abbe Cosson, who was a celebrated literary member of the Mazarin College, was invited to dine with M. de Radonvilliers. At his table he found himself among gentlemen of the highest rank—*cordonbleus*, marshals of France, etc. The good abbe (who was weak enough to believe himself a perfect miracle of *bon ton*), on leaving the dining-room, rather talkative after his tokay, couldn't forbear asking his friend, M. de Lille, in something of a self-satisfied tone, whether his behaviour during dinner hadn't been something conspicuously correct—worthy, if possible, of the great occasion. "Good gracious!" replied De Lille, in a thrilling whisper, "is it possible that you can be unaware of the awful things you have done?" "What on earth do you mean?" replied the abbe, rather taken aback. "Anyhow, I suppose, I behaved as well as my neighbors." "My poor friend, listen to me, and count up your sins upon your fingers. *Imprimis*—Instead of dropping your napkin unostentatiously across your knees, you displayed it in the most elaborate and barbarous manner; and not content with having done so, stuck the corner into your button-hole. Shocking! *Item*—You ate your soup with a spoon in one hand, and a fork in the other. A fork to soup! Good heavens! *Item*—You asked for fowl instead of saying 'chicken.' Fowls are only talked about in the poultry-yard. *Item*—When the butler came round with the wine, you first blew into your glass and wiped it carefully out with your napkin. Miserable Abbe! where did you fancy you were dining? *Item*—You behaved atrociously ill to the Baron de R— and myself. Why upon earth whenever wine was offered to you, did you insist upon filling our glasses before your own? How did you know that we wished for wine? or for one wine more than another? Suppose our host, as a matter of special favor, had kept some capital bottle for us—of a kind, perhaps, for which he knew we had a particular weakness! You were guilty of a piece of officiousness which would not be tolerated at the most vulgar *table d'hôte* in Paris. *Item*—Instead of managing your bread in the usual way, you chopped it up with your knife. What a thing to do! *Item*

—I saw you put plums in your pocket. *Item*—You made use of your pocket-handkerchief; and then, instead of replacing it at once in your pocket, stuck it in the arm of your chair. That was not mere want of politeness; it was an indecency and an insult to us all. Because your coffee after dinner was inconveniently hot, you drank it out of your sancer. I can imagine few acts more shameless or inexcusable. Finally, to crown your disgrace (*pour comble d'infamie*), on rising from table you folded up that unfortunate napkin in the most offensively careful manner, just as if anybody was likely to use it again! There! Put your ten fingers in your pocket, and pray that you may be spared from ever again sinning so egregiously." The poor abbe stood shocked and confounded, confessing to himself that all his Greek and Latin had failed to make him even presentable at dinner.—*Home Journal*.

A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—Scott.



THE FAMOUS FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE, NEAR AVIGNON, FRANCE.

the light which plays upon it. This is the famous fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, or beautiful miniature lake, is fed by invisible sources, and flows noiselessly through subterranean canals into a lower ravine, where it becomes the Sorgue, a water-course considerable enough to assume the name of a river, and allow boat navigation not far off, where it is increased by the affluence of other sources. It is only at a certain period of the year that the swollen fountain overflows the walls of the rocky basin, boils up in the open air, and falls in cascades into the bed of the Sorgue. The peasants of the environs tell how incomparably pure the water is, and how it flows so softly that it has no time to form rust or moss on the rock through which it rushes. It is soon divided into a thousand different channels, and fertilizes the distant plain with its waves, watering the thirsty earth and imparting life to the fields of one of the most charming regions in the world. But the souvenir linked forever to this lovely spot is the sojourn that Petrarch made here; it is in the life of this great poet and his genius that we must seek the secret of the celebrity and fascination of Vaucluse; in those inspired stanzas which were the joy and pride of Europe in the fourteenth century, when, awaking from the long night of the Middle Ages, dazzled by the first rays of the revival of letters, she felt happy and proud in her ability to respond in song to the songs of antiquity, and to oppose

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY SYDIL PARR.

I am dreaming, vaguely dreaming,
Of the silent vanished years;
I am longing for their brightness,
Sighing over all their tears.
Old-time faces smile upon me,
Old-time voices haunt my brain,
And their kisses on my forehead,
Fall like pure baptismal rain.

As I dream, the quiet moonlight
Shimmers through the fragrant vines,
And I hear a lonely sobbing,
Of the wind among the pines;
For each sad and dirge-like whisper,
Memory bath an answering tone,
Light the heart which keepeth only
Song and gladness for its own.

Every flicker of the moonbeams,
Every murmur of the leaves,
Something of the sweet past bringeth;
And with the gleaming weaves,
Fancies quaint and weird and olden,
That were real long ago,
When our skies were blue and golden,
To the pleasant summer glow.

O the past, our past, which lieth
Close upon that lonely shore,
Where the sad sea waves are chanting
Solemn anthems evermore.
Through the storms and mists and darkness,
Still we turn to that green isle,
Where our own fleet hopes lie buried,
And the blossoms live and smile.

So till life's last dream be over,
And our hands are folded still,
With a cold and pulseless pressure
O'er the heart so dead and chill,
Shall we yearn and strive and linger,
Where the waters seethe and foam,
Whispering softly, "Time's rude billows
Soon may waft us to our home."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADVENTURES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.*

Surprise and Capture of a Slave.—Fernando Po.—The War Canoe.—The African Pilot.—Bonny River.—The Ground Sharks.—The White Man's Grave.

EIGHTEEN years ago I was attached to H. M. sloop-of-war "Superb," then employed on the coast of Africa in the suppression of the slave trade. A year before, I had passed my examination as mate, at Scringapatam, after having served six years as mate, and I was now acting lieutenant of the *Superb*.

We had been three months on the coast without capturing a prize, or even seeing a suspicious vessel, during which period the "Alert," brig-of-war, had captured two slavers. We were, of course, disappointed and jealous, and eager for anything, for it is punishment enough for any mortal sin, to be doomed to serve twelve months on the African coast, and terrible to have to endure the purgatory of disappointment, besides, and to feel that there is no prize-money in prospective, to sweeten the discomforts of the weary station.

We had hailed a brig bound to New York and laden with palm-oil, and had been informed by the captain that a vessel having the appearance of a slaver, had been seen by him, standing in towards Clarence Bay, in the Island of Fernando Po. Of course we proceeded there with all possible despatch, but when we arrived, we discovered that our usual luck was attending us.

A schooner *had* been there, and *had* lain at anchor in the bay a day and a night, but she had left the day before we arrived, and gone—no one knew whither. At least, so the natives explained to us as well as we could understand, and there were no white men at that period at the settlement.

We had not been in port for several weeks, and the lieutenant in command of the sloop-of-war, resolved, since fortune had driven him to Fernando Po, to remain there a few days and water the ship.

On the second day of our sojourn, we were surprised to see a large double-banked, native war-canoe enter the bay, evidently in search of the sloop, for the crew paddled directly toward us, and in a few minutes the chief stood on our decks.

Neither he nor any of his men could speak English intelligibly, but with a mixture of broken English and Spanish interlarded with words of their own language, they at length made us comprehend that a vessel with two masts and forty men—so the chief explained by extending the fingers of both hands four times—was at anchor in one of the mouths of the Bonny River, which empties itself into the sea at a part of the coast not far from the Island of Fernando Po.

They gave us to understand that the two-masted vessel, or schooner, had sailed from Clarence Bay, and it was evident, from their gestures, that she was a slaver; indeed, no mere trading schooner would employ a crew of forty men. We were satisfied

* Mr. Clarence is a well-known contributor to "Dickens's Household Words," and was eleven years in the British navy. In these sketches he describes truthfully the scenes he delineates, being his own experience. We have secured his services for our columns, and our readers will find him a sterling and vivid writer.

that this schooner was the self-same suspicious looking craft of whose proximity we had been advised by the master of the brig we had spoken, and to weigh anchor and proceed in chase, or rather, in search of the marauder, was the work of a very few minutes.

The chief and his immediate subordinates were rewarded with presents of tobacco and rum, and each man of the crew of the war-canoe was treated with a glass of rum and as much sea-biscuit as he could eat. The chief, however, had another object in view. He wished to make something more of the information he had furnished us with, and signified that, for pay—whatever pay the commander chose to give him—he would be happy to serve as pilot to the expedition. His suggestion was one which the commander of the sloop-of-war was very glad to comply with, for we knew that the expedition must be undertaken in boats, since the sloop drew too much water to penetrate far up the river, and as there were several mouths to Bonny River, it was at least an equal chance that if we blockaded one entrance, the schooner would escape by another. At all events, the anxiety of the chief to act as pilot, was a proof that he was not playing us false, and moreover, his assistance would, in all probability, considerably expedite our search.

Dismissing the war-canoe, to return to its rendezvous or to paddle astern of the sloop, as its crew thought fit, we took the chief and his son, a lad of sixteen or thereabouts, on board, and in the course of twenty-four hours—for, although the distance was but short, the wind was light—we sighted one of the entrances of the Bonny. It was sometime, however, before our pilot could decide positively which was the branch of the river wherein the slaver lay, and after compelling us to cruise about for nearly twelve hours longer, and not until the patience of our commander was nearly exhausted, he pointed out the entrance he had been seeking. It was, by this time, near nightfall, and it was resolved to wait until darkness set in, before we entered the river.

The sloop was "hove to," and three boats lowered—the pinnace and the first and second cutters—and a crew of ten men appointed to each, besides the officer in command, for our captain was determined that if it were possible to capture the slaver, the capture should be effected.

The commander, Lieutenant Edwards, himself took command of the pinnace. The first cutter was commanded by the first lieutenant, and I, as acting lieutenant, had command of the second cutter. In case of a surprise or attack, in which cases the officers would of course be picked out, every man, as is customary in such night expeditions, was clad alike, viz., in dark-blue flannel shirt and dark trousers, and each man was armed with cutlass and pistols.

Night shut in, and the boats left the sloop, the bend of the river soon concealing her from our view. For the space of half an hour we pulled together, abreast, maintaining almost perfect silence, the rowlocks having been muffled, and such orders as were necessary being given in whispers. Shortly, however, the river narrowed to such a degree that there was, at times, no longer room for the sweeps of the three boats, and even where it was sufficiently wide, weeds, rushes and decayed branches of trees rendered it difficult of navigation. The banks of the river on both sides were covered with dense vegetation. Forest trees towered to an immense height, and their enormous trunks were hidden in the tangled mass of shrubs, and trees of lesser growth, which composed the jungle. We little wondered at the unhealthiness of the climate, as we labored on our way, for the atmosphere was oppressive in the extreme, and the sickly perfume of decaying vegetable matter with which the night air was laden, was almost suffocating. At times the stream grew, apparently, so narrow, that there was seemingly room for no more than the oars of our boat, and it was arranged to proceed in single file, the pinnace, with our captain in command, taking the lead, and the pilot, who had up to this moment occupied a seat in the bow of the first cutter, stepping on board the pinnace.

"No sign of the slaver yet," said the captain, addressing the first lieutenant and myself, "and yet we must be six miles from the mouth of the river. If this black rascal has deceived us, I'll throw him overboard to the sharks or alligators. There must be a colony of them in this cursed hole. The slaver could scarcely have penetrated so far up as this."

He had glanced sternly at the self-constituted pilot, as he uttered the above-mentioned words, and as the moon was now shining brightly, though its beams scarcely penetrated the dense foliage which encompassed us, there was light enough for the negro chief to notice the glance; besides, he partially understood the words.

"No, senor—no, massa," he said, "no me say lie. So—like small boat-ship, he come," and he made a gesture, signifying that the schooner had been towed through the narrows, and we were well aware that many of the vessels engaged in the slave trade, draw very little water.

"Well, well; better for your own sake if you have told the truth," said the captain. "Jump into the pinnace, man, and look ye, take off that duck frock and show your dusky skin, or you'll give the alarm and betray us all."

Some one of the crew of the sloop had given the chief a duck frock before he had left the vessel, and the poor fellow was so pleased with his novel finery, that he had donned the garment at once, and thus shone conspicuously in white, while all the rest of the boat's crews were clad in sombre attire. Unwillingly, at the command of the captain, he pulled off the frock, and took his seat in the bow of the pinnace.

Still, for another hour, we pulled slowly and silently up the narrow river, and still there was no sign of the slaver. So completely were we hemmed in at times, so entirely separated, in con-

sequence of the sudden and sharp bends of the stream, that it seemed as if nothing could be easier than for a party of natives to attack us unawares, and massacre us all, despite of our vaunted force, and suspicions began to arise in the breasts of some that the chief had deceived us and was decoying us into a snare which would lead to our destruction. Still, what had he to gain by this? The sloop was outside with a hundred men still remaining on board!

At length the dense thicket no longer lined the banks of the river—the stream widened, and on either side a level swamp extended for miles inland, and sure enough, plainly distinguishable in the bright tropic moonlight, and sharply defined against the dark blue sky, rose the black hull and tall, tapering spars of a schooner—a slaver, beyond any doubt—for, for what honest purpose had such a vessel penetrated into such a harbor as this?

The heart of every man leaped with joy. Here was our first, and a sure prize. We were unseen by those on board the slaver. The capture would be easy. It was with difficulty the officers could prevent the boats' crews from betraying themselves by noisy demonstrations of delight. We were almost within pistol-shot of the schooner, and could see any movement on board as plainly as if it had been daylight, had there been any movement, but all was as still and silent as death. The crew must have been so self-satisfied of security, that not even a night-watch had been set, or if it had, the man had fallen asleep.

Our captain rose up in the stern-sheets of the pinnace, and beckoned for the two cutters to pull up abreast, so that all might board the schooner together.

"I will board on the starboard side, and you, Metcalf," addressing the first lieutenant, "will take her on the port side, and while we are boarding, you, Walter, will pull ahead and board at the bows."

Scarcely had he seated himself, after having given these orders, ere we were startled by a sudden flash from the stern of the schooner—another, followed by two sharp reports. We were discovered and the discoverer had saluted us with a brace of pistol shots. Further attempt at concealment was, of course, out of the question.

"Pull, pull—with a will, men. Board the rascal altogether," shouted the captain.

The men replied with a loud cheer. In less than half a minute we were alongside the vessel. A volley was fired from the boats, and cutlass in hand the boats' crews boarded the schooner together.

We found, however, that our powder and ball had been vainly expended. Not a man belonging to the crew of the slaver was to be seen on deck, but proof of the nefarious trade in which she was engaged was afforded by the presence on the main deck of a dozen or more shivering negroes chained and manacled, and trembling with fear. One of the poor creatures had been struck by a pistol ball, which, however, had fortunately only grazed his shoulder.

We could scarcely forbear smiling as we stood upon the schooner's decks, cutlass and pistol in hand, and not a soul, apparently, to give us defiance or bid us welcome. As we stood gazing at each other in the bright moonlight, but for the presence of the negroes, we might have boarded some phantom ship—some vessel whose crew existed in the body no longer.

After standing silently for a few minutes, the captain walked up toward the cabin, and followed by the first lieutenant, was on the point of opening the cabin doors, when a short, stout, dark-visaged man made his appearance, and addressing our captain in Spanish, presented his sword and voluntarily surrendered his vessel.

"Where are the crew of the schooner?" said the captain, speaking in scarcely intelligible Spanish.

"They are all below, senor," was the reply.

"Order them to come on deck," continued the captain. "You are my prisoner. Be on your guard," he added in English and in a low voice, addressing the officers and crews of his own boats.

At the command of their own captain, the crew of the schooner made their appearance from the hold and fore-castle of the vessel. A more hideous set of cut-throats could scarcely have been collected together. One fourth of the entire number—some forty, as the negro chief had correctly informed us—were blacks, and nearly all the rest were evidently Spaniards or Portuguese, though the lighter complexion of three or four betrayed their English or Teutonic nationality. All, however, wore a ferocious look, and their faces were almost covered with their shaggy beards and whiskers.

Again the captain of the schooner began to speak in Spanish.

"Is there no one here who can speak English?" said Lieutenant Edwards.

One of the fairer complexioned of the crew stepped forward, after some hesitation and a glance at his captain.

"What countryman are you?" asked the commander of the sloop-of-war.

"An American."

"I don't believe you. You look and speak like an Irishman, but no matter. Why did you fire into the boats of a man-of-war?"

The man hesitated ere he spoke, and then put the question to his own captain in Spanish.

"We thought we were about to be attacked by the natives," said he, translating his captain's reply. "We surrendered as soon as we discovered our mistake."

"How many slaves have you got on board?"

"Only those you see on deck."

"Where is the rest of your cargo?"

"Some miles up the country; the slaves are to be brought down to-morrow, and would have been shipped on board if you had not discovered us."

"What cargo have you on board for the purchase of slaves?"

"Tobacco, rum, gunpowder and shot, and a variety of trinkets."

"And how much money?"

"No money, señor."

"We shall see. You are my prisoners."

Not the faintest attempt at resistance was made. The crew of the schooner were evidently satisfied that they were in the power of a force they were unable to resist, and that quiet submission was their best course. They retired below at the command of Lieutenant Edwards, and the hatches were fastened down and a strong guard set over them.

The shivering negroes on deck were now interrogated, but no one could understand a word of the few sentences their fright allowed them to utter.

"Where is the pilot?" said our captain. "He'll be able to understand them, and to speak to them in their own language."

We looked around us. The pilot was not to be seen. He had not boarded the schooner with the rest of the boat's crew.

"The fellow was afraid, I suppose," said Lieutenant Edwards, stepping to the vessel's side and looking over into the boat.

"Here, pilot, come up here—come on deck and speak to these woolly-headed countrymen of yours."

The chief sat bolt upright in the bow of the pinnace, but made neither motion nor reply.

"Confound the fellow!" exclaimed the commander of the sloop-of-war. "Hang him, he's sulking—I'll find a plan to make him speak. Here, Davis," turning to a boatswain's mate, "get into the pinnace and stir that fellow up. If he won't come on deck of his own free will, hitch a rope round him and we'll hoist him aboard."

The seaman descended to the boat as he was ordered, and, notwithstanding the chieftainship of the pilot, and heedless of the probability that African blood-royal flowed in his veins, shook him violently by the shoulders, at the same time indulging in expletives more energetic than polite or wise. Suddenly he gave vent to an exclamation of horror and surprise.

"What's the matter, Davis?" cried the commander, who was still looking over the bulwarks of the schooner.

"The poor fellow is dead, sir—shot through the neck," replied the boatswain's mate.

"Dead!" exclaimed Lieutenant Edwards. "Dead; shot through the neck! Is it possible!"

It was so. The poor pilot, after getting on board the pinnace, proud of his recently acquired finery—the old white duck naval frock, with blue collar and trimmings—had again thrown it over his shoulders, as soon as the commander's attention was withdrawn, and when the shots were fired from the slaver, he had been singled out, in consequence of the conspicuousness of his attire, and thus his simple vanity caused his death. The ball had entered the throat just below the mass of muscle commonly termed Adam's apple, and had divided the main arteries. The poor fellow must have died instantaneously; but except a small livid mark at the spot where the ball had struck, no sign of the wound was visible, the hole had almost closed, and the bleeding was internal.

There is little time or care for ceremony on board a man-of-war on such occasions as this. The body of the poor African was roughly sewn up in a hammock, taken from the prize, and, shot-laden, was immediately consigned to the alligators with which the rivers and creeks on the coast of Africa abound. The negroes found on board the slaver were sent with the vessel, in charge of a prize crew, to Sierra Leone; since to have liberated them on the spot, and set them ashore, would, in all probability, have insured their destruction, out of revenge, by the disappointed traders of their own race and color.

The vessel proved a valuable prize. Besides several tons of tobacco, she was laden with vast quantities of ivory, which had been purchased of the natives with old muskets, and powder and ball of inferior quality; and, notwithstanding the denial of the captain, Don Thomas de Loyada, as he styled himself, the cabin lockers were found to contain nearly nine thousand dollars in Spanish doubloons. The Spanish captain and crew stood their trial at Sierra Leone, on the charge of firing into the boats of a ship-of-war and killing one of the crew; but they pleaded ignorance of the fact, and the belief that an attack was contemplated by the natives. Of course this was false, but as no harm had been done except the killing of the pilot, and as the vessel and cargo were confiscated, the plea was accepted, and Don Thomas de Loyada was permitted to quit the court and wander forth wheresoever he listed. However, not many months elapsed before I met Don Thomas again, under even more desperate circumstances. The re-captured slaves were taken care of by the authorities, and the vessel was sold for the benefit of the captors.

After having effected the capture of the "Barracota,"—that was the name of the Spanish schooner—and placing a prize crew on board, we returned to Clarence Bay—Fernando Po—with the sloop, with the object of taking in ballast, which was much needed. We employed the natives of the island to perform this labor, and they paddled off to a reef at the entrance of the bay, loaded their canoes with stones, and brought them on board the sloop-of-war. Very often the canoes were capsized in the surf; but the Fernando Po islanders swim like ducks, and little heeded such mischances. They would right their canoes in the water, and scramble on board again in less than a minute.

The island abounds with limes, bananas, guavas, and other tropical fruits, and when the canoes came off in the morning, the crews were accustomed to bring off fruits and vegetables to sell for a mere trifle. One morning I purchased a large basket of limes of a young islander for an old worn-out jacket, not worth a sixpence. The youth was, however, delighted with his bargain, and left it with me until he should return to the shore, after his day's labor was ended.

The canoes had not been absent at the reef more than half an hour when one of the number capsized. This was so common an occurrence that we took little heed of it; but soon it was evident from the loud clamor and violent gesticulations of those on board the other canoes, plainly heard and seen from the deck of the sloop, that something more serious than usual had occurred. The captain took the eye-glass, and after peering through it for a moment, ordered a boat to the spot to learn what had happened.

Meanwhile, the islanders on board the canoes were shouting to their friends on shore, who began to line the side of the hill, sloping towards the sea, in great numbers. Presently, a large double-banked canoe was launched, and paddled off towards the reef, the crew carrying long, hardwood spears in addition to the customary paddles. The canoe reached the scene of the hubbub and clamor, which was still on the increase, while the throng of natives on the hillside gave vent to loud cries of alarm and lamentation. The sloop's boat had also reached the spot, but had not returned, so that we on board the ship were left to conjecture as to the cause of the distress, since we could not understand a word of the language. Thus half an hour passed away, when a loud shout arose from the cluster of canoes, and the crew of the double canoe, just spoken of, began to paddle toward the sloop-of-war, followed by our own boat and the other canoes. In a few minutes it was alongside. At the moment some duty called me between decks, and I was just returning to the deck, when the surgeon's mate, who was looking over the ship's side, uttered a cry of horror.

"What is the matter, doctor?" said I.

"Come here a moment," he replied.

I ascended to the quarter-deck and looked over the bulwarks. The sight was enough to make one's blood curdle. Extended on the bottom of the large double canoe lay the youth of whom I had purchased the basket of limes but a short hour before. One leg was completely and cleanly taken off at the hip, and the opposite arm had been as cleanly severed at the shoulder joint. The body was laid open like the carcass of a sheep. Still I readily recognized the deeply tattooed head, and, even now, the features appeared placid, as if the poor youth's death, notwithstanding the horrors attending it, had been instantaneous. I looked at the body a moment and then turned away shuddering. In a few minutes the canoe was paddled on shore, a terrific cry of lamentation announcing its arrival. The following day it was buried, amidst all the ceremonies peculiar to the interment of their dead practised by these islanders. Nearly every soul on the island must have been present at the ceremony. The funereal howling and lamentation was kept up throughout the night, and large bonfires were kept burning on the hilltops, while for several days after we observed that the natives omitted to besmear their bodies and anoint their hair with the mixture of red ochre and palm-oil, which, upon ordinary occasions, gives them the appearance of bronze images.

It is almost needless to say that the body of the unfortunate islander had been mutilated by the ground-sharks, which abound in all the creeks and bays on the African coast, and which, although indolent in their nature, grow to a much larger size and are more greedy and ferocious than the common species. The poor fellow must have been struck on the head and rendered senseless by a stone when the canoe capsized, and so have fallen a prey to these monsters; for it is said they will not attack a person swimming or struggling in the water. We caught three or four of them after this sad accident, and it was singular to watch the ferocity with which the islanders plunged their knives and spears into the carcasses, as if eager to revenge their mangled and murdered comrade. Certainly there must be a vast deal of natural affection among these simple people, for each one, individually, seemed to mourn the loss of a friend or relative in the unfortunate youth deceased. They would not, however, return to their labor of procuring ballast for the ship; no bribe could tempt them. So thoroughly were they terrified by the accident that they shuddered at the idea of venturing near the reef. A few days after this unfortunate accident we left the island, and set sail for Sierra Leone.

Fernando Po has several times been settled by Spaniards, and deserted in consequence of the unhealthy climate, which has obtained for it the appellation of "The White Man's Grave." A few years ago an English settlement was also effected near Clarence Bay, which I believe still exists. Still, although the "Superb," with a crew of over one hundred men, lay at anchor in the bay for a fortnight, during which period the crew were mostly employed on shore, watering the ship, not a case of sickness or even of the slightest indisposition occurred on board; while, only three weeks after we sailed, the "Active" brig-of-war and a merchantman called the "Quarrel" lost nearly all their officers and crew in the short space of one week.*

* Next week we shall give the second number of these adventures, which will be found more interesting and attractive as the author advances in his sketches of the African coast.

ARTIFICIAL COAL.

A curious communication by M. Baroulier has been sent into the French Academy of Science, describing a method for obtaining a substance possessing all the properties of coal. It is a fact generally admitted by geologists, that coal is the result of carbonization of vegetable matter by heat, under a strong pressure, and under circumstances calculated to impede the escape of their volatile ingredients. M. Baroulier proceeds in a similar manner; he envelopes vegetable matter in a wet clay, and exposes it for a considerable length of time to a great pressure, and to a heat of between two hundred and three hundred degrees centigrade (or the melting points of tin and bismuth nearly.) Various kinds of sawdust subjected to this treatment, yielded sufficient substances, possessing more or less the resinous lustre and color of coal, and burning with a bright flame.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

MARRIAGES.

Much has been said in England regarding the falling off in the number of marriages. Persons who took this view of the question, based their opinions upon insufficient evidence. They found that in certain classes of marriages there was a falling off, and they concluded rather hastily that there must be a similar falling off in other classes. Recent returns show that the price of provisions influences very greatly the marriages among the lower classes, but that there are no grounds for the assertion that the marriage institution is in reality falling into decay in any class of the population of England. The London Times, in speaking of this subject, holds the following language, which is equally applicable to certain classes in this country:

"The only truth with which the argument was tinged was this: that in a certain class, where the education and habits generally acquired are considerably above the pecuniary competence usually possessed, there does appear a growing difficulty in making matches in sufficient number. The class in question, which would be found in the upper levels of the great middle order of society, is not large enough to effect the returns of the whole nation, but it is one in which there is much activity in tongue and pen, and where any derangement attracts a good deal of attention. The people comprised in it are eminently writing and talking people, and they talk and write of what comes home most forcibly to themselves. They are also people of no small influence, and for this, as well as for general reasons, it is much to be wished that the anomaly could be removed. A young lady of this class has not a fair chance of getting comfortably married, but the fault and the remedy can be both indicated in a moment. Mothers must not expect for their daughters at the age of twenty-one such an establishment as they enjoy themselves after thirty years of matrimony. Neither possessions nor fortunes can be obtained full grown. The mistake lies in the endeavor to reproduce the parent establishment on its full scale in the case of each child at its first settlement, just as if a landholder with £3000 a year were to expect that every one of his daughters should enter by marriage upon exactly such a property. Fathers should remember that their elevation came by degrees, sons that they have naturally the same probation to go through, and mothers that what they have now they had not when they began. To the daughters we say nothing, for the fault is rarely theirs; but the whole evil would vanish at once if it were but openly acknowledged that people might move on the same social level with broad distinctions of living and means."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In the preface to Mr. Peter Cunningham's edition of "Johnson's Lives of the English Poets," the editor tells the following anecdote of his father, "Honest Allan," in connection with the classic work: "When my father was a common stone-mason in the town where Burns died, he made his way on foot to Edinburgh, foreseeing a better outlet for his genius than his native place was likely to afford. With the characteristic prudence of his countrymen, he carried money with him. His hunger and thirst were both for books. When his labors of the day were over (he wrought in Edinburgh as a mason), he would repair to a salesroom kept by old Blackwood, afterwards eminent as a publisher, where books were sold at night by cheaper advances in price than those now in use. For three shillings and eleven pence he bought 'Johnson's Lives of the English Poets,' in four volumes, then comparatively a dear book. As he was carrying off his purchase he was accosted by a gentleman, who, arriving too late for the sale, offered a handsome per-centage to the mason for the acquisition he was carrying delighted away. The offer was politely refused, much, as I have heard my father relate, to the surprise of the gentleman, who looked at his mason's apron and his purchase with mixed and increasing surprise. From this acquisition, gained by the sweat of his brow (in later years honored by a better binding), my father learned much and I have learned something. To my father's cheap but highly-prized acquisition, the public is mainly indebted for a good work ('The Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors and Architects'), and in that edition I first read Johnson, and determined twenty years ago to become his editor."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form forever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our flaunting ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before our vision; to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views; to violate in her favor every duty of society;—this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at loss of fortune; loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star; and if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the bottomless gulf.—*Disraeli.*

THE FOOT OF THE FLY.

And as regards the fly, you need not even quit your study or parlor to have an opportunity of witnessing a strange, and, to the masses, inexplicable phenomenon connected with the insect, namely, the mode in which it walks upon the ceiling with its feet upwards, or progresses upon the smooth vertical pane of glass in your parlor window, setting at defiance a well-known law of gravitation. If you are not able to solve this mystery, ask some friend who possesses a microscope to show you the foot of a fly under the instrument, and you will find that at its extremity it is furnished with a pair of membranous disks, on which there are disposed countless minute suckers that operate upon the inverted ceiling, or smooth glazed surface over which the fly is marching, in the same manner as did the leather sucker with which, as a schoolboy, you were wont to amuse yourself in lifting heavy stones; this is the simple but effective apparatus which enables the little creature to maintain its hold with security in any position.—*The Earthworm and the Housefly.*

Women are happier in the love they inspire than in that they feel; men are very different.—*Beauchêne.*



THE PACHA OF EGYPT'S NEW STEAM YACHT "SAID."

THE PACHA OF EGYPT'S STEAM-YACHT "SAID."

The elegant and saucy-looking craft on this page, dashing along under steam and canvass, with the Ottoman flag floating from the main, and from the mizzen peak, is an iron yacht, lately built for the Pacha of Egypt, by Messrs. Forrester & Co., of Vauxhall foundry, Liverpool. She is a fine specimen of those iron vessels for which the English builders are now so renowned, but which American mechanics will soon equal if not excel. Her length over all is 250 feet; her beam, 28 feet; and her burden 900 tons. Her rig is that of a three-masted schooner. The *Said* has a pair of oscillating condensing-engines, of 250 horse power. The screw is driven by multiplying wheelwork. The details of the

machinery are completed in the highest style of finish, and no expense has been spared to render the whole as efficient as any propelling machinery hitherto made. Her interior arrangements are of the most ample character and beauty.

THE AISSAOUAS OF ALGERIA.

The second engraving on this page is from a photograph representing a group of Aissaouas, a fanatical sect of Mussulmen in Algeria, who assemble from time to time and indulge in singular practices, such as gnawing thorny sticks, playing with scorpions and poisonous serpents, and eating or pretending to eat, poisoned meat, etc., with impunity. They are probably adroit jugglers,

and possess antidotes to poisons, though their insensibility to pain may be explained by excitement, or perhaps they approach a physiological condition, like that produced by magnetism in certain cases. An Arab legend relates that a Sultan of Fez caused a great ditch to be dug, and filled it with venomous reptiles and poisoned meat, and then invited the Aissaouas to publicly prove their power by eating what he had provided for them. They all hesitated, when Lalla Khamsia, the wife of one of them, seized with sudden inspiration, reproached the sectaries and leaped into the ditch. The greater part of the Aissaouas, stimulated by this example, joined Lalla and helped her to consume the Sultan's provisions. The legend is generally believed by the Arabs.



THE AISSAOUAS OF ALGERIA.

LORD BROUGHAM.

The gifted and celebrated, but eccentric Lord Brougham, a faithful likeness of whom from a recent photograph is presented herewith, is the son of Henry Brougham, a distinguished classical scholar and of Eleanor Syme, a niece of Robertson, the Scottish historian. He was born in Edinburgh, and educated in that city in the high school and university. He especially devoted himself to mathematics, in which he became a great proficient. After leaving the university, he travelled on the continent of Europe, and on his return studied law and practised at the Scottish bar until 1807, when he removed to London. In 1810 he was elected to Parliament from Camelford. In the elections of 1812 he was defeated, but re-entered Parliament in 1816. In 1820, on the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick, to claim the crown of England as the wife of George IV., he became her advocate, and defended her on her trial before the House of Lords. The object of the king was defeated and Mr. Brougham became the popular idol. Up to 1830 he was a bold, consistent and energetic defender of the cause of freedom, the rights of conscience, popular education and other liberal measures. When he took his seat in the upper house as a lord and a chancellor, the aristocracy were astounded and alarmed. The measures he introduced for legal reform, he defended with great vigor and earnestness. But he lost popularity by his course on the poor laws, and the defence of the repressive policy pursued towards Ireland. The Melbourne cabinet left him out of office, and since then his parliamentary career has been one of desultory warfare. His power of labor and of production in all the various departments of knowledge and action in which he has been engaged have been immense. As an orator he could speak longer, louder, more energetically, and more vigorously than any man of his time. As a working politician, member of Parliament, and lawyer, he could do more work than three other men put together. He has been known to go without sleep for several nights, and to possess the happy faculty of choosing the fitting time to sleep without a check for as many consecutive hours as were sufficient to restore his strength. As a Judge in the Court of Chancery, by his enduring and protracted sittings, he wore out the best trained and most drudge-like practitioners before him. His faculty for composition has been enormous. There are few



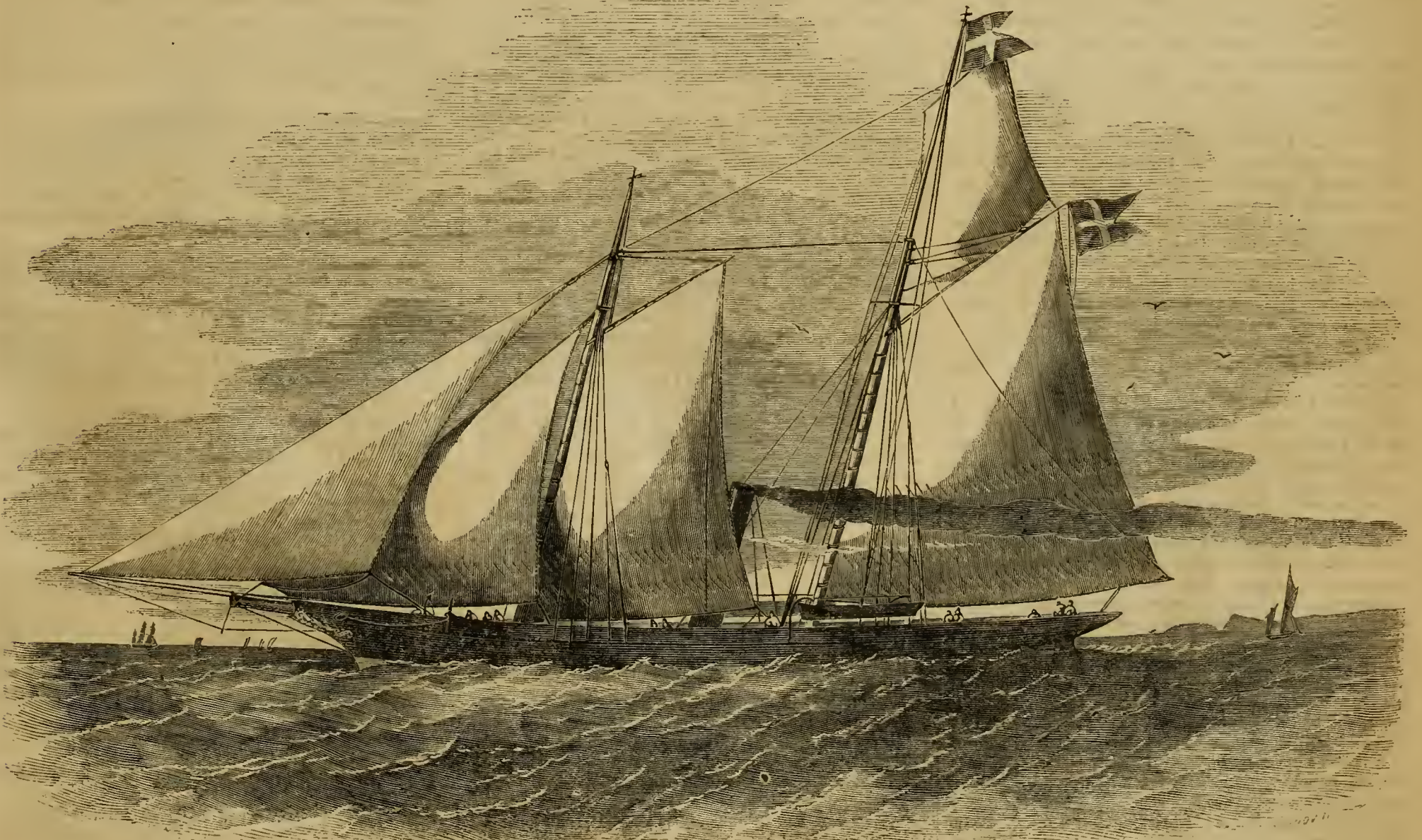
THE RIGHT HON. LORD BROUGHAM.

subjects in ethics, politics, and science on which he has not written. Again, he took a prominent part in the movement originated by Dr. Birbeck for establishing mechanics' institutes; he was the principal founder of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, composed several treatises for the series of works

published by the society, as well as articles in the "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopædia." He edited and expanded Paley's "Natural Theology," has published "The Lives of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.," three or four volumes on political philosophy, besides a volume of "Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate." In short, in attempting to sketch his varied life and multifarious acquirements and character, one is literally bewildered with the abundance of the material. For the present, those who are desirous of studying a complete biography so interesting and suggestive as that of Lord Brougham, must be content to wait for the period, still far remote we hope, when his memoirs—all but the last chapter of which, no doubt, are already written—shall be added to the list of the "Lives of the Chancellors." Although—having been some years childless—no son of his succeeds to his estate, or to his hard won honors, in the imperishable records of fame, few names will be brighter than Henry Brougham's.

STEAM-YACHT "FALKIN."

As a pendant to the Egyptian steam-yacht on the preceding page, we publish on this page, another fine marine picture, representing the "Falkin," the king of Denmark's new steam-yacht, recently built by Mr. Charles Langley, of Deptford-Green Dockyard, England. She is one of the most elegant vessels of her class afloat, and many of our foreign exchanges speak of her in terms of the highest admiration, declaring her to be the perfection of marine architecture. Those who are interested in, or admirers of American shipbuilding, will be pleased to have such a model before their eyes. The following are her dimensions: Length over all, 127 feet; ditto perpendiculars, 107 feet; breadth of beam, 19 feet 6 inches; depth from upper side of the keel, 11 feet six inches. Her tonnage, builders' measure, is 195 tons. The "Falkin" is built of the best Staffordshire plate. She is capacious for her tonnage, and her lines and proportions are of great beauty. She has a 24-horse power engine, and has attained a speed on first trial, of 10 1-2 knots per hour; fully sustaining the reputation of her builder, who designed and built the boats that now carry so successfully the Cape mails. These vessels, though with very small power for their tonnage, have made quicker passages than vessels with a much larger power, that have steamed to the Cape since these vessels have been on the line.



THE KING OF DENMARK'S NEW STEAM YACHT "FALKIN."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LAMB OF THE FOLD.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

A tint of marble, a touch of gold,
On brow and tresses—
A lip whose ruby and matchless mould
Knows few caresses,
The lamb of the fold.

As sweet winds, southern-born, to the rose,
So sixteen summers
Have been, in their dewy dawn and close,
Like angel comers
To the lamb of the fold.

Why that procession, with chanting low?
They bury their pastor.
He is in heaven; he wanted to go
Unto his Master,
Into God's fold.

Where is the maiden with tress of gold?
In the wide city,
Gently her sin and her shame they told,
Gave tears and pity,
Poor lamb of the fold.

He while he listened grew weak and white;
Spoke of her mother.
Said, "thank God, she is gone!" came night,—
Lone watched his brother
In the dark fold.

How they rattle the hearse along!
Hurry heart-chilling;
Now with a whiff, a whistle, a song,
Dreary time killing,
Poor lamb of the fold.

Tint of marble and touch of gold,
On brow and tress;
But one is pale and the other cold,
And white hands clasp in a stoic fold,
And dumb lip never shall curve to hold,
Love that rude kisses have made too bold.
For her, forgotten, no bell has tolled,
And the minister's beautiful child shall mould
In ground unconsecrated, cheaply sold,
For the Magdalen, portionless, early old,
And fatherless,
Lost lamb of the fold!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FAIR CREOLE.

A LEGEND OF CAPE COD.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

IN the early part of the last century, there stood, near the northern shore of the town of Barnstable, a square, solidly-built mansion, known to the country round about as the Young Ladies' School of Madam Belmont. The latter personage, the widow of an officer in the British army, left by his decease with the scantiest means, had, by the good use of her own accomplishments and the powers of an energetic will, placed herself above the danger of want and within reach of a very respectable competency. Few educationists of these days achieve such notability as did Madam Belmont in her prime. She was a stately, dignified-looking woman, swaying with her look not only pupils, but parents also. She carried the military impress in her very step. Her nod was that of awe-inspiring Juno. Her sedate, though not frequent smile, bespoke condescending majesty; but her frown—who, who could withstand that terrible aspect! Not one of her many trembling pupils, unless it might be Alida Verdon, the fair Creole, as she was sometimes termed. On her the lightning of Madam Belmont's eye fell comparatively harmless. Passionate, and somewhat capricious by temperament, a kind word or a look of reproving sadness produced an effect which no amount of threats or indignation could have accomplished; the remonstrance of motherly affection would bring the offending girl at once on her knees, sobbing as though her heart would break, and piteously entreating forgiveness.

Alida had been consigned to the care of Madam Belmont by a West Indian merchant, who stated in his letter that the father of the girl, a master mariner, had desired him to seek for her some place of education at the north; not only on account of the benefit which might accrue to her mind, but also for the better preservation of her health, since she seemed to have inherited, in a great degree, the fragile constitution of her mother.

"It was thought," said the merchant, "that the removal to a northern climate might strengthen and brace the system to a generous power of endurance. More than this, your cool, invigorating climate may in time attemper to more sobriety the tropical excitability which she has imbibed from the region of her birth. Your experience, I scarce need add, will quickly discover the proper management which she should undergo. She is kind and generous at heart; no child more so. Yet she is subject to bursts of passion which would astonish, nay, even shock one who cannot understand her nature, and appreciate the disadvantages which such a one must suffer through being, almost in infancy, deprived of a mother's care. Be a mother to her, my dear madam; train her, and watch her, with a tender regard. I trust that your heart needs no prompting to do so. If indeed you fail her, she is truly unfortunate, and an orphan in all real justice of the term. For to her living parent, the continual absence which his roving life demands, has long denied all influence upon her; a fact which, I

will acknowledge, I do not altogether regret. But let that pass."

We need make no further extracts from Master Turgot's letter, to show the circumstances under which Alida entered Madam Belmont's mansion. The pointed appeal of the merchant was successful in interesting that worthy lady in her young and rather restive pupil. At the time when our main narrative commences, the latter had been four years from home. She had passed her sixteenth birth-day. Her temperament, agreeably to the merchant's prediction, had become far more equalized. Though impulsive still, and easily aroused by the use of injudicious means, not one of all the school was more truly within the power of its mistress's control. She acquired knowledge easily; her attainments, though not of the highest, were sufficiently great to place her near, if not in, the first rank. But in grace of person, and in all bodily accomplishments befitting her sex, she far outstripped her companions.

It appeared as though her excitable nature imperiously demanded some relaxation of the strict rules of Madam Belmont, and Alida was accordingly indulged to more than ordinary extent in horsemanship, a pastime of which she was passionately fond. This extension of privilege was fully justified by the young Creole's rapid improvement in healthful beauty. Her form, now tall and slender, was lithe and active as that of a fawn; her eyes, dark and flashing, were capable of the utmost range of expression. Every feature was mobile with feeling and intelligence. Her raven hair, drawn back from her face in the West Indian fashion, massed itself in glowing contrast to a complexion so rich in transparent color as scarcely to be termed a brunette.

As has already been said, her sixteenth birth-day had sometime been passed, when it became known, much to the satisfaction of the region round about (more especially of course to the youthful portion), that Madam Belmont proposed to open her mansion for an evening reception. The excitement among the favored guests was great. Fine lace, gilt buckles and thin hose were in great request. It was even whispered among the gallants and damsels that the worthy principal was not so puritanic as totally to abjure the practised graces of the dance, and accordingly Master Gibson, the only known professor of that mysterious art, was assailed from morn till night with questions concerning the latest styles and the most approved movements, until he became so puffed up with vanity as to deem himself scarce a less important personage than the mistress herself.

The eventful eve arrived. Not for half a score years had the social enthusiasm of the shire town arisen to so high a pitch. Carriages of every size and description halted before the door of the roomy dwelling, and bevy of lads and lasses tripped up the stone steps and passed into the open doorway. Nor was there wanting a plentiful sprinkling of more matured personages to confer a due degree of sobriety on the occasion. Portly dames, with hoops which might in some degree emulate their modern prototypes, and middle-aged esquires with cocked hats, portentously ruffled shirt fronts, and small-clothes shaming in their elaborate fitness the nether integuments of the present generation.

Many came up on horseback, and among these was Captain John Curtis (so styled by courtesy), the master of a revenue vessel which cruised for the most part, off and on, along the shore of the cape. He was a fine, sun-browned fellow, not yet twenty-four years of age, whose frank countenance readily gained him favor among the fair sex, the more that there was not a particle of coxcombry in his disposition. In truth, John Curtis was a general favorite with young and old; known as a brave and skillful seaman, a kind officer, and a companionable man. Even the smugglers, who at that period were so rife on the coast, bore him no great ill will. "Each to his business," was their common saying; "he does his work and we ours; and, after all, Jack Curtis is not the man to look too sharp for a poor man's single piece of cloth, or his half keg of brandy."

So John Curtis passed on; and, with many bows and some blushing, encountered the assemblage within. There was excellent company indeed. There was the magisterial Squire Davenport, with his massive gold-headed cane. There was Madam Anster, the very managing wife of a physician noted throughout the whole extent of the cape; and a score of others, highly famous in their day and generation, who, I fear, are totally unknown to their heedless successors. And there was such rank and file of beauteous damsels, with cherry lips and sparkling eyes, that the abashed captain at first scarce knew which way to turn. His embarrassment, however, soon disappeared before the smiles of certain fair acquaintances; nor did it even return to any great degree, when, after a space, he found himself by the side of Alida, the Creole. A pleasant recognition, a mutual heightening of color, might have led an observer to suspect, not merely a former acquaintanceship, but also something more than the mutual interest which a common friendship inspires. A moment or two passed in conversation, when the young officer, glancing aside, perceived a man of peculiar mark approaching himself and his companion; the latter at the same moment exclaimed:

"Captain Curtis, my father!"

"Eh?" retorted the new-comer; "Captain Curtis? I then have the honor of greeting a gentleman of my own profession."

The young man bowed, scarce able to find words in the surprise of the moment. His reply, if he was about to make one, was interrupted by the intervention of Madam Belmont, who, accosting the trio, turned toward Captain Verdon with an air of friendly raillery.

"Ah, Captain Verdon!" she exclaimed; "I perceive you are bent on creating an impression on our magnates. You have really shocked our worthy Squire Davenport by your assault on the

prerogatives of royalty. I fear he has already set you down in his heart as a rank anarchist."

"Hum!" ejaculated the captain, with a shrug of the shoulders; "he is not so far from the truth. I had not given the good man credit for so much penetration."

There was a smile both on his own countenance and those of his hearers at these words, and, offering his arm to the hostess, he moved to another portion of the apartment. During the amusements of the evening, Curtis and the Creole were often brought together, and the young officer was more enchanted than ever before by her many accomplishments of mind and person. Whether her form moved with stately grace through the mazes of the minuet, or whether, seated at the harpsichord, her voice accompanied those bygone melodies which now come faintly to our ears as the echoes of another age, still there was to him in her every look and act a supereminence above all her companions; a charm of attraction which, through the greater part of the evening, drew him to silence and a tender quietude of observation. It was from such a mood that he was aroused by a greeting not very unlike in sound to the low growl of some huge mastiff. Greatly to his surprise his eyes encountered the tall, raw-boned figure of his chief officer, a man certainly more genial to the stern duties of the gun-deck, than the gaieties of the ball-room.

"Ha, Gurney!—what in the name of old Neptune brings you here?"

Gurney grinned a ghastly grin, and with a side glance and an uncouth twist of the thumb, pointed in the direction of Captain Verdon who at the moment was amusing with his eccentric sayings a little knot of listeners.

"Speak out, man, speak out!" ejaculated the impatient commander. "Dence take me, if I know what you mean by your jerks and grins."

"Smuggler; schooner; down to Oyster Creek!" gasped the laconic lieutenant, again jerking his thumb in the same direction as before.

At this very instant they chanced to encounter the glance of Verdon. The latter changed color; but, quickly recovering himself, continued his conversation as though unconscious of their regard. Curtis hesitated with regard to the action which he should take, not so much on account of uncertainty as to the intelligence received through Gurney, as from other reasons. Accustomed as he was to the abrupt speeches of the latter, he had no difficulty in filling up the gaps in the communication just received. Neither was he doubtful in any great degree concerning the accuracy of Gurney, who, keen as a trained sleuth-hound in the hunt of his proper objects, was as little liable to open voice on a false scent.

The little inlet of Oyster Creek, which penetrates the southern shore of Barnstable at some five miles distance from the northern water line of the cape, had long been held a very suspicious locality in the eyes of government officers. Circumstances had indicated the landing of large quantities of contraband goods, costly silks and cloths and other valuable merchandize, in that neighborhood during a year or two past. So cunningly had the offenders managed, and so well were they seconded by parties interested on shore, that no satisfactory clue had been got to their secret operations. And it had seemed lately as if the confidence of skill and the impunity experienced had rendered the smugglers venturous to an unwonted degree; so much so, that Curtis and his officers had felt themselves lowered in their own estimation, and in that of the community, by their want of success in arresting these doings. It may be imagined how great was their anxiety to retrieve their credit.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the position in which Captain Verdon was now placed by Gurney's information, yet Curtis felt a natural reluctance to arrest the father of the lovely Creole before her own eyes. But his determination was soon made. Verdon, with a countenance expressive of affability and nonchalance, was already edging toward the door which would afford him means of egress from the house.

"We must detain him!" exclaimed Curtis. "But I desire that it should be done as quietly as possible. I will speak to him as he comes on."

Gurney placed himself so as to bar the doorway, without such show of design as might attract the notice of the company at large. Verdon approached with a careless smile; Curtis accosted him respectfully, at the same time laying his hand gently on the other's arm:

"Captain Verdon, it is my unpleasant duty—"

The sentence remained unfinished; Curtis was hurled aside, and in a second Verdon was encircled by the bony gripe of Gurney. A suppressed execration, the explosion of a pistol, and Gurney was thrown violently into the arms of his commander. Verdon had disappeared.

"He's the devil!" groaned Gurney, for once surprised into the utterance of a complete sentence.

What with cries of affright and some few attempts at fainting, there was now a scene of no little confusion. Curtis waited not to display his gallantry, having turned at once in pursuit of the fugitive. As he and his companion issued from the house, they saw Verdon flying down the road on a horse whose appearance, in the uncertain light, raised an unpleasant presentiment in the mind of Curtis. As they rushed toward the outhouses his expectation was verified.

"The villain has got my Jack under him!" he exclaimed.

"Take another," said Gurney.

"Right," muttered the other, acting instantly on the suggestion; "we'll take the responsibility."

The words were scarce out of his mouth, when the pair were clattering over the gravelled path. Gurney was quickly left behind; to use his own phrase, he was a "lubber aboard this craft,"

and had the mortification of being distanced immediately. Nor was his captain very much more fortunate, finding his borrowed steed by no means a fair competitor with his favorite Jack.

"Confound the fellow for a judge of horseflesh!" grumbled the disappointed youth, as the chase at length vanished from sight.

He heard the sound of hoofs from behind, and lo! fleetlier than the wind, there sped past him on horseback a slight form, clad in white garments floating free, and glimmering ghostlike through the clouded night.

"Alida!" ejaculated Curtis, involuntarily tightening on the bit.

His horse, rearing at the sudden check, had nearly thrown him; anon, the animal was speeding onward with renewed haste. A few minutes brought his rider full in view of the southern shore. The flash of fire-arms was seen here and there; dark forms were hurrying to the water's edge, and out into the stream pushed a boat, among whose occupants his eye detected the flutter of Alida's white garments. Panting with emotion, as well as with the effect of an unwonted exercise, Curtis threw himself from his horse among a crowd of men who were gathered around a confused heap of kegs and bales.

"Well," said a voice near him, "we must be thankful even for a little; and I guess we'll share something decent for prize-money. Shouldn't wonder, though, if Deacon Em'son's pocket had to suffer for some of it."

It was rather more than a year after the occurrence just mentioned, that a small armed vessel might have been seen on the waters of the Vineyard Sound, a few miles to the southward of the elbow of the cape. That is to say, the "Polly and Ann" might have been seen, had the observer been sufficiently near to overcome the obstacle of a thick fog which, driving northward from Nantucket Shoals, had thrown its misty veil over the navigation of the shallow waters of the sound. On the schooner's quarter-deck paced Curtis and his taciturn friend Gurney.

"This is provoking!" exclaimed the former, suddenly pausing in his walk and turning to his subordinate. "That strange brig, bark, or what she may be, should have been here about this time; and now, one might as well hunt a needle in a haystack as to search for her in this confounded fog. Master Silence, what is your opinion that we should do in this case?"

The lieutenant, after a moment's cogitation, replied by a shake of the head.

"The plague take you, Gurney!" cried his commander; "are your words so precious that you need to be thus careful of them? Deliver, man, deliver!"

Thus adjured, the other opened his ponderous jaws with a spasmodic effort. But the effort was vain; and with a very sheepish countenance Gurney fixed his steadfast regard on the planks beneath his feet.

"Incorrigible," muttered his superior. "O, I would gladly give a half year's pay, hardly as it is earned, if I might thereby be enabled to clip the wings of this noted contrabandist who has done the king's revenue so much damage. Our information apparently so accurate, the light winds so favoring our size and speed of sail, I had thought myself almost sure of overhauling the fellow—ha! what is this? Upon my life, I believe that fortune favors us for once! Gurney, look to your men; watch your jib; run across her hause, and toss a shot by way of cautioner."

In a moment the schooner was standing across the fore-foot of the bark, for such was the rig of the stout vessel which now surged in sight, barely visible through the dripping mist. The gunner's sulphurous warning was given; there was a commotion, as of surprise, on board the bark; then the yards slowly swung aback, and she was brought almost stationary.

"We have her, whoever she is," said Curtis. "Gurney, I leave the schooner with you, for I shall board the fellow myself. An uncouth-looking craft, on my word!"

A boat was ordered alongside, and the young officer soon gained the bark's deck, whose rich and even tasteful finishings discovered to his astonished eyes a remarkable contrast with the vessel's rough and weather-stained sides. The lofty bulwarks were here and there inlaid with brass. Several arm-chests stood at different intervals; and the ready observation of the youth detected a number of guns of various sizes insufficiently concealed by heaps of canvass and rigging. His attention was so much arrested by these and other unexpected appearances, that he was for an instant unaware of the approach of a man in faded clothes, wearing on his head a cocked hat of superannuated fashion, but whose air bespoke authority and the consciousness of power. On fairly beholding him, Curtis involuntarily drew back.

"Captain Verdon!" he exclaimed.

"That is one of my names," said the other, with a sinister smile.

"Allow me to congratulate you on being now my prisoner."

"A word on that!" ejaculated Curtis, springing to the rail.

He was too late. Half a dozen men encircled him, and he was pinioned in full sight of his lieutenant, whose surprise and rage may be imagined. A point blank discharge of the schooner's armament drove through the bark's bulwarks and sides.

"Stand your quarters; give them back their own!" shouted Verdon, in a voice half stifled with fury.

A rush of feet between decks; the simultaneous casting off of gun-coverings; the opening of ranges of masked ports, and then, from a dozen black-muzzled cannon there issued a volley which sent the bark reeling on her beam-ends. The dun smoke cleared, and with an agonized bosom young Curtis beheld his schooner a wreck; her masts gone, her decks ploughed fore and aft, and darkly dyed with blood. Sick at heart, he turned from the sight.

"Square away the yards!" cried Verdon. "I fancy, youngster, that one gripe of our bull-dog's teeth will satisfy those lads of yours; what say you?"

The emotion of Curtis was too great for reply.

"What, a sailor, and down-hearted? Turn and turn about is fair play, youngster, and nothing more than we of the false wave should look for. You have spoiled my play before now, and at present I fancy that we are more than even."

"Look you," he continued, as, after one or two turns, he again addressed the revenue officer. "The old score is settled now, and I would not mind doing you a good turn, seeing that you are not an ill-dispositioned fellow of your inches. What say you to striking hand with a set of free and easy fellows who would willingly line your purse in a way that a nabob might envy? Eh, no? So be it then; I'll not press you again with the offer, I'll warrant you. One thing more. The night is coming on thick and dark, thanks to your besotted northern fogs. We want a pilot to Cape Cod Harbor. If you conduct us there safely, we will plaster your hands with good solid doubloons; if you fail us" (here Verdon set his teeth with a frightful oath), "we will trice you up and hew your flesh piecemeal from your bones. It would not have been the first time the thing had been done on board the craft, as methinks you might well believe if you but knew *who* it is that speaks. Pilot us you must and shall; and the quicker you assume the duties, the better for your welfare, I assure you."

Thus peremptorily addressed, Curtis cast the case rapidly in his mind. It was clear that a refusal would place himself in a dangerous position; since he was convinced, not only by the tone and manner of the speaker, but also by circumstances around, that he was in the hands of desperate men who would not make much baulk at desperate measures in case of emergency. If, on the contrary, he should pretend to accede to the proposition, various opportunities might possibly offer, not only of escape for himself, but also of placing the lawless men by whom he was surrounded in such position as to render them into the power of the realm. It seemed that the keen eyes of his captor had penetrated the thoughts that were passing in his mind.

"Young sir," said Verdon, "were I indeed sure of your suspected meditations, and had I not such occasion for your services as to render me unmindful of a treachery against which I am guarded, I would string you at the end of yonder yard-arm without another word of parley. As it is, answer me at once; is it yes or no?"

"I am in your power," replied Curtis, "and must need do as you will."

"Then be it so. And here comes the brig in good time. I had some qualms lest that blundering Bonney might have run his nose into the Handkerchief," said Verdon, referring in his last sentence to a dangerous shoal not far distant and to the southward of what is now called Chatham.

While he was speaking, there occurred to the captive Curtis a fresh surprise. Near the edge of the bark's quarter-deck a slight figure anxiously regarded him; the features, though darker in tinge, bearing resemblance to those of Alida. It was she, he could scarce be mistaken; and all lingering doubt was removed when he watched the meaning glance which she cast towards him.

"You here, minion?" said Verdon, turning around and beholding her near. "Down to your hiding-place, nor show yourself till called for. And you, good sir, be pleased to take the post which now belongs to you."

Curtis took his station near the helm, assuming the charge of the vessel. Meanwhile he revolved various means of escape from his unpleasant situation, but none of them appeared available. It was some half or three quarters of an hour after coming on board, that he noticed a strange want of steadiness in the management of the brig which followed close astern. Verdon, who had been for some time watching her movements, evidently regarded them with increasing vexation. After many a muttered curse, when the night was fast setting in, he called to his side a grim, middle-aged man, whom he addressed with such familiarity as an assured confidence could alone have begotten.

"Randall," he said, "that sottish Bonney is again in his cups, and his crew are without doubt copying his example. See how she yaws and fills, like a reeling drunkard. We shall presently, when it has grown darker, lose him hard and fast on these shoals. Well, we must remedy all this; do you take one of the small boats, and some three or four picked men, and convey our pilot on board the brig and set him in charge; I will then let the brig lead off. But, do you mind, Randall, keep your stand close by this gentleman; let him not escape your eye for a second. If you perceive the least doubling on his part, put a shot through his brains and drop him overboard. You understand my wishes; I need say no more."

The bark was brought to the wind and a boat lowered, into which descended Curtis, closely accompanied by Randall. The boat nearly gained the brig before it was discovered that the counterfeit boy had accompanied them. Randall reprimanded him for his boldness in thus venturing without the permission of his father.

"You need not talk to me," replied the boy, pettishly. "You know that I have my way when I have set my will upon it. Let the blame be mine, as the fault is. I am not to be confined in yonder old hulk month after month, without seizing opportunity to change the scene somewhat."

"You are a spoiled youth," replied the other, sourly. "Bear your own risk, since you will. It were scarce worth while for another of the ship's company to do the like."

No more was said, for the boat had reached the brig. Curtis found her decks in complete confusion. A drunken debauch had done its work on crew and officers. A burly, bloated man was leaning with folded arms and lack-lustre eyes against the main rigging.

"Old Bonney is drunk as Davy's sow!" muttered Randall.

"Am sworn, take the helm; there's none here fit to do the duty. I would that we had a good pot of coffee to ward off this chill night air; but doubtless it would be of little use to ask it now."

"If I can but find Master Cæsar," said the disguised boy, "I do not fear to promise what you wish. Sober or not sober, he was always kind to me."

"That's a lad!" exclaimed Randall, coaxingly. "My throat is as dry as a rasp. I don't doubt you can manage it, if you'll but try."

The night wore on dark and dreary, though the coffee which Alida had at last succeeded in procuring warmed the chilled limbs of Curtis, and inspired in him a comparative ease of mind. Even the grim old quarter-master who stood gnard over him relaxed into a tolerable communicativeness and told strange tales of sea experience, wherein bloody conflicts and scenes of wild revelry bore no inconsiderable part. About an hour before midnight they had reached, according to the estimation of Curtis, the latitude of the northern part of Eastham. Alida brought a fresh supply of hot coffee, offering first to Curtis.

"Do not drink!" she whispered, as he was raising the cup to his lips.

A glance told that he had caught the warning. Detaining the goblet sufficiently long to counterfeit a hearty draught, he gave it again to the hand of Alida, who affected to fill it once more to the brim. Randall drained it at a single pull.

"You've the making of a capital steward, youngster!" exclaimed the quarter-master, lowering it almost with reluctance from his lips. "I've not tasted such a portion since I was in the Indies."

It was not long before there was perceivable an alteration in the conduct of Randall and his companions. The quarter-master, sensible of a certain drowsiness, strove against it strenuously. Planting himself close to Curtis, he put on an air of redoubled watchfulness and sternness. But it soon became beyond his power to maintain the effort. First one eye closed, then the other; he opened them spasmodically; he wavered, reeled, and, staggering to the rail, was presently snoring soundly. The man at the helm stood like a statue, braced against the tiller's head, fast asleep. Alida stole softly up to Curtis.

"The boat is towing astern," she said, in a low tone, "though I do not find the oars. The way of escape is open, whenever you choose to use it."

"The sooner the better," answered the other, in like manner. "A search for the oars would cause too much exposure; the boat-thwarts will answer as paddles, since we are now sufficiently near the shore. But stay!—you mean not that I shall go *alone*? Surely you will not, dare not remain?"

"I will accompany you, if you so will it," replied Alida, timidly.

"Can I will otherwise?"

With noiseless caution the fugitives lowered themselves into the boat, and, cutting loose from the brig, moved in the direction of the mainland, whose bearing was clearly preserved in the mind of the young officer. The latter knew that they must be, at the time, not far from the outer bars which extend from the Wellfleet shore, some dozen miles or more from the northern bend of the cape. For near half an hour the paddles were plied in silence, when the low sound of the surge heaving ashore struck the ear of Curtis. Just then, casting his eyes astern, he was able to perceive the glimmer of sails. His practised vision quickly read their story.

"It is the bark!" he exclaimed; "she has struck the bars. Mark, Alida, the shrill sighing of the wind, and the hollow murmur on the beach; and that ominous sky to windward. Heaven help yonder vessel, if one of our easterly gales should set in before morning!"

"Amen!" exclaimed Alida, in a subdued voice. "But the pirate Bellingham can ill claim that mercy which he has so long abjured."

"What say you?" cried her companion, nearly letting drop the rude paddle with which he labored. "Have I heard you aright?"

"Even so," was the answer. "Captain Verdon and that notorious pirate are one and the same. Be not surprised at my speaking thus. He is not my father, though I had supposed him such, till, some months since, he revealed to me the secret. The child of an old companion, he reared and educated me as his own. Now, when approaching the age of womanhood, his caprice suggested the idea of taking me as his wife. My ill-judged flight with him my still supposed parent, placed me immediately within his control. Had it not been for this night's fortune, my fate would very soon have been decided. Sooner would I have chosen death than union with such a being. The debt of gratitude has long since been expunged. Let him suffer the destiny which is his due!"

Full of the thoughts incited by this strange recital, her companion made no rejoinder. The silence was broken by the report of a gun from the bark.

"There goes the call for help," murmured Curtis, as an advancing wave bore the boat rapidly towards the shore. "Small help shall it bring them, if my prevention can avail."

They reached the sands in safety. Already several of the townspeople were hastening down from the rising. Curtis met them, and, in a few words, explained to them the character of those who now demanded assistance, offering himself as hostage till the correctness of his information should be proved. At his suggestion, parties were despatched to patrol the beach and give warning to those who would otherwise have ventured off; and also to prevent lights and signals which might afford information to the vessels concerning the situation of the shore. Alida, however, declared that no great number of the pirates would be likely to venture from the vessels at present, as the larger portion of both crews had been drinking freely for the last two or three days. There were

times, she declared, when it was scarce in the power even of Bellingham himself to keep them under subordination.

"The boy talks reasonably," said an old, weather-beaten fisherman. "Hark, there! the villains are now at their carousals. Ah, they little think what is before them, if I am any judge of sky and wave. Never, in all my life, have I seen a night more weather-warning. Every minute the sea swells higher on the beach. An hour or two hence will tell the story."

His prophecy was not amiss. Wind and sea arose with a rapidity scarce ever witnessed in our northern climate. Hoarsely the surge poured along the crumbling beach. Heavy foam flakes drove through the air, and the wind fast increased to a furious gale. Yet ever and anon, mingling with the unfrequent gun, there came on the sea the wild revelry of the doomed and demented crew. Forced at length to betake themselves to the uplands, the awe-struck listeners kept watch, till the violence of the storm compelled them to seek some fitting shelter. Even then, amid the tempest's raging height, their excited fancies could distinguish the wild cries of madness and despair. But when morn appeared, no living thing was seen beyond the landward line of waters, though disfigured corpses, spars and timbers, and all the wrecked riches of the two gallantly freighted vessels strewn the beach for miles.

On the second day after the wreck, Curtis started for the southward, accompanied by Alida. He was anxious to escape the curiosity of the villagers, and still more so to ascertain the whereabouts of the schooner. In this seeking he was soon successful, finding her safely harbored in a creek, just inside the eastern opening of the sound.

Gurney was overjoyed at greeting his commander, though he reported a sad account of damages suffered by the "Polly and Ann." The loss of two of his crew killed, and others wounded more or less severely, appeared in his estimation as quite a secondary affair. His unwonted loquacity was soon terminated by hearing from the lips of his young superior the secret of Alida's sex. He immediately returned to his wonted silence, emphasizing the same at various intervals with solemn shakings of the head, indicative of the deepest inward deliberations. A week afterwards, Curtis and Alida were wedded, and on this occasion Gurney is said to have actually uttered six words in approval of the proceeding.

Captain Curtis and his bride soon after their marriage paid a visit to Madam Belmont, and narrowly escaped being "lionized" by her to an uncomfortable degree. From this dispensation they were extricated by skilful management. But for years afterwards, the worthy dame was wont to dilate with great satisfaction on the accomplishments and thrilling adventures of her favorite pupil, the lovely Alida Verdon.

In finishing, we would say that the foregoing narration is founded on one of the various traditions connected with the wreck of the pirate Bellingham, one of the most noted incidents in the early history of the cape. Even to this day, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, old and curiously-formed coins are thrown up by the turmoil of the seething sands, and the beholders are wont to nod their heads meaningly as they point to the fantastic relics of the past.

HOME LIFE IN AMERICA.

The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes, and the life of those homes, than anything—than all things—else. Utility is the god of almost universal worship. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meagre, and most undesirable thing! A child will go forth from such a home as a horse will go forth from a stall—glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life, will be none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities; they crowd into villages; they swarm into all places where life is clothed with higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterates associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves and for your children a home which will never be lightly parted with—a home which shall be to all those whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting and precious spot upon earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, propriety, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowships and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influence flow into neighborhoods and communities. In such a home I would see noble ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come to you through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

SIMS REEVES, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH TENOR.

We should be unfaithful to our task of chronicling the celebrities of the age, if we neglected to notice, at some length, the famous English tenor, Sims Reeves, a faithful portrait of whom accompanies this article. Mr. Sims Reeves was born at Woolwich, in 1821, and found his musical tuition ready to his hand, his father being a professor of the art in both departments, vocal and instrumental. The conscientious discharge of the father's office as teacher, amounted to proverbial severity; but the results were naturally of the most genuine order, and the boy of seven, already attracted to melody and sweet sounds with all the force of a passion, developed extraordinary faculties for further cultivation. While at a grammar school for some two or three years, he continued to pursue his musical education with the unremitting assiduity which, allied with kindred gifts, could not but insure him that mastery which has earned for him his present fame. He was next a pupil of Calcott in the principles of harmony and counterpoint, while practising the piano-forte under the superintendence of the renowned John Cramer—acquiring at the same time a considerable practical

Hobbs, of Cooke, and of Mr. Stansbury, artists and singers of well known celebrity. In 1839 he made his first *début* at Newcastle, passing from thence to the chief towns of Scotland and Ireland, where, in Dublin especially, he created an unprecedented excitement amidst an audience the most ardent and impressionable, perhaps, of any in the world. In the provinces his reputation gathered strength, and his career in the future was clearly indicated to him. Subsequently he joined Mr. Macready's company at Drury-lane, but seldom appeared, for obvious reasons; though he continued to pursue his studies in the histrionic art with his usual industry and perseverance. He next took a trip to Paris, again returned to England, and made a second tour of the provinces with continued and rising *éclat*. His great success was in *Edgar-do*, Bellini's great creation, which he made the most finished and splendid dramatic and operatic impersonation combined, that, perhaps, was ever witnessed. With the true consciousness of an artist who unites the most laborious exertions and the tireless pursuit of his vocation with gifts and innate qualities that are allied to genius, he found that there yet lay wanting certain elements of

finish and completeness it was necessary for him to acquire, and, surrendering some tangible and appreciative advantages he was enjoying in England, he departed for Italy, and placed himself under the tuition of Mazzucato, who was then singing-master at the Conservatorio, and a man of great eminence in his profession. Here it was that the finer qualities of a rich and almost unparalleled voice became more fully developed; and here he acquired that exquisite refinement and finish, without which the most glorious organ man is favored with is but an incomplete gift; and hence, also, may be truly dated the unprecedented course of triumph and ovation which has made him the legitimate possessor of the mantle bequeathed by Incedon and Braham. The part of *Edgardo* became his chief source of attraction, owing as much to the force and vigor of his acting, as to the impassioned grace and the intensity of feeling which were infused into his rendering of the great scenes of the opera. Mr. Sims Reeves is essentially the pride of the English music-loving public; and it argues much for his native modesty, and reflects creditably on his common sense, that he has not been spoiled by over-petting, nor taken those liberties with his many audiences it is the habit of so many smaller celebrities to be guilty of. His voice is a *tenore robusto* of the purest and finest quality, and it is remarked that he rarely makes use of the falsetto in the highest parts of the music he sings; setting the difficulties of Verdi at defiance, by mastering the harmonic altitudes of Handel, his natural tones taking a range from E to B flat, which almost renders a falsetto unnecessary. The freshness of his voice and the almost youthful passion he flings into his utterances, are admitted to be his characteristics as a singer. His acting qualities would do credit to the tragic stage; neither is he deficient in a certain form of humor, which approaches to the vivacious and gay. His appearance is ever the signal of an enthusiastic and demonstrative reception. In height he is five feet nine inches; his personal appearance is very prepossessing; and his face is capable of much play and variety of expression. In private life he is held in deserved estimation; while as an artist he is without question the first English tenor of the day, and, still in his highest prime, he bids well for a long and brilliant career.

RALEIGH'S HOUSE, YOUGHAL.

The house and garden of the above celebrated individual will especially interest the stranger. The house has not undergone much alteration—the interior is in its original state; wainscotted throughout with fine old Irish oak, in excellent preservation. The panels in some of the rooms are richly carved, especially in the drawing-room, the chimney-piece of which presents an exquisite specimen of the elaborate work of the day, being enriched with various grotesque figures and emblems. The roof also of Irish oak has remained untouched, hav-

ing apparently suffered nothing from the hand of time. This interesting place derives its present name of Myrtle Grove, from the many beautiful myrtle trees which still flourish luxuriantly there; some of them having attained a height of nearly twenty feet. The strawberry arbatus also, and many other delicate shrubs, afford abundant evidence of the extreme mildness of the climate. These remind one strongly of the refined taste and feeling exhibited by Raleigh, in the cultivation and adornment of this, for some time, his favorite retreat from the turmoil and storms of court life. In these gardens we are told he first propagated the potato, which he brought from America. Tradition says, that the person to whom he entrusted the care of those first planted, imagining that the apple which grew on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered it, but not liking the taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased; and from those few the country was furnished with seed. From this small beginning has come down to us this excellent, now one of the leading articles of food for the world.—*Hardy's Tourist Guide.*



SIMS REEVES, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH VOCALIST.

knowledge of various musical instruments, which are as requisite for the artist to be familiar with as they are indispensable to the orchestra which aids and assists them. There is generally some eccentricity of a greater or less degree to be remarked in most studious men. While Mr. Reeves was manfully mastering all the elements of a musical education, carried to the utmost limits we can suppose them possible, he was also a close student and ardent admirer of literature; and, while his readings of Shelley and Carlyle gave him a deep sense of the beautiful in poetry, his studies of Shakespeare awakened a taste for the stage, and called forth those latent finer phases of pathos and of power in tragedy which find expression in the hero of that grand and noble story of the Lammermoors. He even studied medicine, with some dim view of making it a profession, while possibly it was only a larger addition to his stock of knowledge and true culture which a mind opulent in itself and thirsting for more food was continually craving. At the age of fourteen he was so far proficient in music that it led to his appointment of organist and director of the choir at the church of North Cray, in Kent. This was the period of his studies under Mr. Cramer. Subsequently he became a pupil of

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANTIA, Albany, N. Y.—There are many different reasons ascribed to the custom of wearing the wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand. Among those which are more poetical than sound, we may mention that of a belief in a nerve from that particular finger to the heart. We should be very glad if experience in all cases could establish this sentiment into a truth.

"FOREST MAID."—The Saurian tribes are creatures of the lizard or crocodile kind. Some of those found in a fossil state are of enormous size. M. M.—How strangely a word sometimes springs up in the language of the ignorant, in speaking of the word *chouse*, not having, he says, any great currency except among schoolboys; yet being no invention of theirs, but a genuine English word, though of somewhat late birth in the language, I mean to "chouse." The word is a Turkish one, and signifies interpreter. Such an interpreter or chouse being attached to the Turkish embassy in England, committed in the year 1609 an enormous fraud on the Turkish and Persian merchants resident in London. From the vast dimensions of the fraud, and the notoriety which attended it, any one who cheated or defrauded was said to "chicous," "chause," or "chouse," to do, that is, as this "chicous" had done.

JULIA R.—Here is the origin of a few of the things concerning which you ask—the rest another time: Paulus Jovius was the first who introduced mottoes; Dorat the first who brought anagrams into fashion. Rabelais was the first who wrote satires in French prose; Etienne Jodelle the first who introduced tragedies into France. The Cardinal of Ferrara, Archbishop of Lyons, was the first person who had a tragedy performed on the stage by Italian comedians. The first sonnet which appeared in French is attributed to Jodelle.

QUERIST.—"Tea-caddy" is a corruption of the Malay name of a Chinese weight, being the hundredth part of a "pikul" or man's load, and reckoned at a pound and a third avoirdupois. The name of this weight is *kati*, usually written by Europeans *cattie* or *catty*.

"OLD FOLKS."—The supposed origin of the puppets Punch and Judy from Pontius Pilate and the Jews is now believed to have no authority from history. Much learning has been bestowed on this subject by Gallani in his vocabulary of the Neapolitan dialect, and he fixes upon Puccio d'Aniello at Acerra, near Naples, as the original Punch, after whose death a Polecenella or young Puccio succeeded him.

"SUMMER STREET."—"Candlemas" is evidently traceable to the ancient custom of lighting up churches and chapels with candles and lamps, and carrying them in procession. This practice of lighting has been discontinued in England since the second year of Edward VI.; in the Romish Church the original name and all its attendant ceremonies, are still retained. Herbert, in his "Country Parson," refers to a relic of this practice in the custom of saying, "when light is brought in, God sends us the light of heaven," and the parson likes this very well. Light is a great blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks; and those that think this superstition, neither know superstition nor themselves.

"THE OUTLAW: or, The Female Bandit!" A Story of the Robbers of the Apennines. By LIEUTENANT MURRAY. We shall commence the new volume of *The Flag of our Union*, week after next, with a vivid and capital story entitled as above, and written expressly for our columns by this favorite and experienced author. No contributor to our paper has ever exceeded Lieutenant Murray in popularity with the reader, in wonderful originality of plot, and the power of captivating the public by the exquisite beauty of his female characters, the bold manliness of his heroes, and the entire completeness of the whole narration. "The Outlaw" is a remarkable story, and is founded on real events in Italian history. It will be illustrated in our best style.

SPLINTERS.

.... The French version of Faust produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, cost the sum of \$12,500.

.... A story, which we don't believe, is circulating in Europe to the effect that Cuba is to be erected into an independent kingdom.

.... More than a hundred years ago the Englishman Wood discovered that electricity could be conducted for miles by wires.

.... The large hotels in the city of New York consume, in the summer season, more than three tons of ice daily, each.

.... Lamartine's world-renowned estate of Milley was lately brought to the hammer and sold for the sum of 675,000 francs.

.... Mr. Bayard Taylor has lecturing engagements which will fully occupy his time throughout the present winter.

.... Signor Ostinelli, the old Tremont orchestra leader, is living in Italy, enjoying a green and healthy old age.

.... Madame Lorini, Miss Virginia Whiting that was, formerly of this city, has been brilliantly successful in opera at Genoa.

.... The Young Folks' calico parties, in the neighboring city of Chelsea, are very agreeable affairs, and well attended.

.... It was the Duke of Wellington who said, "Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out of bed." Sensible advice!

.... Queen Victoria is five feet one inch high. Not the tallest woman in the world, but one of the nicest.

.... In Cincinnati a splendid building for operatic and dramatic performances is erecting. The facade is of freestone.

.... The Evening Gazette speaks very highly of Mr. Leland's "Czarina," lately produced in this and other cities.

.... Fools afford much less amusement to people of intelligence in this world than people of intelligence do to fools.

.... The Duke of Malakoff lately attended church services in London, but scandalized the good people by falling fast asleep.

.... Among the Romans parricides were placed in sacks and thrown into the sea. Everybody has read of the sack of Rome.

.... A new jockey club has been established in New York, under good auspices, with Mr. Anson Livingston as president.

.... Talents and genius, precious as they are, are of very little value when compare to Christian virtues.

.... Mr. John Bigelow, of the New York Evening Post, is now making the tour of Europe with his entire family.

.... It is as foolish to form a judgment of men by their exterior, as to judge of the quality of a tree by its bark.

.... The Germans are unlucky. The Hudson, after one voyage to New York, was burned lately at Bremenhaven.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN BOTANY.

Professor Mitchell has further demonstrated the great truth of philosophy, that nothing in nature is left to chance, by showing that even in an affair so apparently unimportant as the placing of leaves upon the stem of plants, nature works by fixed laws. The distances between the leaves upon a stalk are preserved with a scrupulous nicety that excites at once the admiration and the wonder of the philosopher. Some plants have their leaves in pairs, upon opposite sides of the stem. Others appear to have the leaves scattered over the stem promiscuously; but yet they are found, upon examination, to be arranged in the most regular manner, in a continuous spiral around the stalk. In some plants the second leaf is placed at a distance from the first equal to one-third of the circumference of the stem; the third leaf, one-third of the circumference from the second, and the next one, the same distance from the third, which brings it directly over the first, and makes the commencement of a new turn in the spiral. This arrangement continues throughout the whole length of the stalk, as far as leaves appear. In other plants the succession of leaves in the spiral is measured by two-fifths of the circumference; in others by three-eighths; in others by five-thirteenths; in others by eight twenty-firsts, and so on, in constantly varying ratios of the circumference, to any extent. In this way a series of spirals of different orders, is discovered, which may be designated according to the distances between the leaves, by the fractions, 1-2, 1-3, 2-5, 3-8, 5-13, 8-21, and so on. Thus far these proportions are the result of observation. But a remarkable relation is noticeable between the different members of this series of fractions, showing that the succession is not arbitrary but regular. Thus each numerator is formed by adding together the two numerators which precede it in the series, and each denominator by adding the two preceding denominators. The law of the progression being thus indicated, the series may be continued to any extent; and it has been so continued, and fractions obtained to which plants have subsequently been found to correspond, in the distances of their leaves upon the stem. A fanciful attempt has been made to show that the same law regulates the revolutions of the various planets above the sun, the revolution of the most distant, Neptune, being taken as the starting point. The time of that revolution is about 60,000 days, while that of the next planet, Uranus, is 30,000, or one-half of the former; that of Saturn, 10,000, or one-third of Uranus; that of Jupiter, 4000, or two-fifths of the Saturn. But this comparison does not hold good as we approach nearer to the earth, and this attempt to trace a common law, becomes a mere vagary.

THE WORLD OF MAN.

The number of people on the face of the globe is estimated to be one thousand millions. Of this number one dies in each second of time, and one is born; so that the aggregate is kept up with little variation. One death a minute makes about thirty-three and a third millions a year, or one thirtieth of the whole population. The number of women is about equal to the number of men. The married live longer than the single, and fewer women than men die before the age of fifty, though more after that age. One-quarter of both sexes die before the age of seven, one-half before the age of seventeen, and only one person in a thousand reaches the age of one hundred years. Two in a thousand reach the age of eighty years, and ninety the age of sixty-five. The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy-five to one hundred, and marriages occur more frequently just after the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, than at any other time. Persons born in spring are usually more healthy and robust than others. Tall men live longer than short ones, and are not more apt to get killed in battle. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

WE SHALL SEE!

Look out for an entire change, and vast improvement in *Ballou's Pictorial* for the new year. New head, new style throughout, everything new and bright. We intend to surprise our friends by the beauty and sterling value of our new volume; everybody will want it, and it shall be made so that few will be willing to be without it. We shall print it one week nearer its date, which will make it *just seven days fresher in all its matter*, and enable us to give more attention to the current events of the day, and such interesting topics as every one desires to read and understand. This improvement we are enabled to effect by increased facilities in our press department.

COAST OF AFRICA.—We desire to call particular attention to the series of articles commenced in this number of the *Pictorial*, from the pen of Walter Clarence, Esq., late of "Dickens's Household Words." The author is a polished writer, and has been engaged to contribute to our columns during the ensuing year. As an officer in the British navy, his experience has been large in all parts of the world, and our readers will be delighted with the variety and interest of his contributing.

WELLFLEET.—The Wellfleet fishermen have had hard luck this season, and the winter promises to be a gloomy one to them. We must take care they don't want the necessaries of life.

A NEW PALACE.—They talk of building a new Crystal Palace in London. Hope it will be more lordly than the New York one.

RACHEL'S TOMB.—The tomb of Rachel in Pere la Chaise, Paris, is a small and neat Greek chapel.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Pictorial* for the year 1859. One number more will complete the *fifteenth* volume of the work, and with the number for January first, commences volume sixteenth. We shall bring out during the next year some of the best novelettes we have ever published, besides which we have added to our regular corps of contributors, some of the best male and female writers in this country. We shall commence the new volume with a fine *original* romance from the pen of MRS. CAROLINE ORNE, one of the most graceful lady writers now living, entitled:

THE CHANGELING:

—OR,—

THE FALSE HEIR.

Founded on Incidents of the French and Indian War.

We shall follow this by other equally attractive tales, besides which we shall continue our large amount of entertaining original stories, sketches, adventures, biographies, etc., in connection with a vast number of fine pictures on every conceivable subject. Especially will our *portraits*, alone, be worth more than a year's subscription to our paper. They will be large, finely engraved from original sittings, and the biographies will be written by able and faithful pens, describing eminent cotemporary men, and forming a marked feature of the volume. In this department we shall spare neither labor nor expense.

Altogether, we intend to make the *Pictorial* far more *fresh* and attractive than it has ever been, in fact the people demand a *live* paper now-a-days, and we have made preparations to produce one which shall be not a mere home luxury, but a necessity; such a weekly visitor for the domestic fireside as shall be welcome all over the land. There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis* copy to the person who sends the name and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50
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 One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together, \$3 50 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

THE OLD AND YOUNG.

Medical men generally concur in the opinion that children are injured in their health by being kept in habitual contact with aged persons, as by sleeping with them. A fanciful theory has been started to the effect that there is a "transference of vitality" from the young to the old, in such cases, and that this transfer causes the injury to the young which is observed. If this theory be correct, then the aged would gain by the contact, and life could be prolonged in old persons by surrounding them with children. But there is no evidence that the old are thus benefited by contact with the young, and therefore the theory in question falls to the ground. The more probable supposition is, that the emanations given off from the bodies of very aged people, are deleterious to the young, and operate to clog and repress their vital energies, and thus produce disease and waste. But whatever be the explanation of the manner in which this injury results, the fact is very plain, and those having the charge of young children should guard against their being exposed to such evil physical influences. Dr. James Copeland, a distinguished medical author, narrates a case in which he was consulted, as to a pale, thin, sickly boy, of about four or five years of age. This child did not appear to have any specific ailment, but for a year or two had suffered such a decline of flesh and strength, that he had changed from being a very robust and fleshy child, to a state of entire weakness and emaciation. Upon inquiry, he ascertained that the health of the child was remarkably good until he was three years old, when his aged grandmother took him to sleep with her; and after that, he soon began to lose his good looks, and continued to decline progressively, no medical treatment having any effect to restore him to his former health.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This favorite weekly journal will commence the New Year with an entire new dress, new style, and much beautified. The best miscellaneous weekly in the country.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.—The death of this famous traveller is attributed to the hardships and exposures to which she was subjected in Madagascar.

PAUL MORPHY.—This young king of the chess-board is loaded with honors in New York. He deserves them all.

LITERARY.—We are promised a new book from Hawthorne in the spring. It will be welcome as the blossoms in May.

PERSONAL.—N. P. Willis has been travelling in Virginia with his father-in-law, Hon. Joseph Grinnell.

The Poet's Corner.

THE HOURS.

BY M. O. LEWIS.

Ne'er were the zephyrs known disclosing
More sweets than when in Tempe's shades
They waved the lilies, where reposing
Sat four-and-twenty lovely maids.
Those lovely maids were called "the Hours,"
The charge of Virtue's flock they kept;
And each in turn employed her powers
To guard it while her sisters slept.

False love, how simple souls thou cheatest!
In myrtle bower that traitor near
Long watched an Hour—the softest, sweetest—
The evening Hour, to shepherds dear.
In tones so bland he praised her beauty,
Such melting airs his pipe could play,
The thoughtless Hour forgot her duty,
And fled in Love's embrace away.

Meanwhile the fold was left unguarded;
The wolf broke in, the lambs were slain;
And now from Virtue's train discarded,
With tears her sisters speak their pain.
Time flies, and still they weep; for never
The fugitive can time restore;
An hour once fled, has fled forever,
And all the rest shall smile no more!

INFINITY.

Three spirits infinite before me shone;
The three dread mysteries of all time and place—
Their names were Power, Eternity, and Space;
Each flowed from each, while into one they ran—
Or so said Fancy, though her lips flashed wan
At their own whisper;—then, with earth-love face,
"Seek not," she sighed, "their dazzling depths to trace—
'Tis not for lore, within time's shifting span,
To glass a fixed immeasurable, or mete
The boundless by a line of years!—Vain lore
Which, grasping suns at the Eternal's feet,
Can but, where depths compare, the shoals explore:
An ocean-drop may savor of the sea,
But bears no sign of its immensity!"—FRANCES DAVIS.

VICISSITUDE.

O sad vicissitude
Of earthly things! to what untimely end
Are all the fading glories that attend
Upon the state of greatest monarchs brought!
What safety can by policy be wrought,
Or rest be found in fortune's restless wheel?—MAY.

FALSE RUMORS.

Curse the tongue
Whence slanderous Rumor, like the adder's drop,
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favor.—HILLHOUSE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

What is a *Flaneur*? If you turn to your books, your modern French lexicographer will tell you, "a stroller—a loungier—a saunterer." But that is unsatisfactory and incomplete. Your *flaneur* is not a mere idle loiterer—for he sees and hears everything going on out of doors. Not a brilliant spectacle, not a flash of wit, escapes his observation. What a *flaneur* is, what he sees and hears and says, may be best understood from a file of the Boston Post, with those admirable letters from Paris, over the signature of "Flaneur." Everybody reads them, and everybody is asking why those letters, or the best of them, cannot be collected into a dainty volume—say by Ticknor & Fields—thus making a very agreeable addition to our stock of American comment on European matters? But we had another idea in writing this paragraph—to suggest the institution of the *Flaneur* in Boston—letting Washington Street be the field of observation. Who is disposed to *flaneur* and thoroughly exploit the capabilities of the old Puritan city?.....Christmas is coming! Do you hear that, boys, young and old? Sharpen your ears for the Christ Church chimes—your appetites for the roast beef and plum pudding—your eyes for evergreen decorations converting the interior of churches into the semblance of those forest aisles—"God's first temples," and the models of our Gothic ecclesiastical structures. Christmas comes but once a year, and we can afford it a gay welcome, with roundelay and bell-ringing and good cheer, and a revival of old memories, old sports and old friendships.A gleaming or two—very famine-bitten, it may be feared, are the ears of corn—may be given from the Italian journals, in addition to what correspondents send. From these we learn that Signor Peri is to write a Carnival opera for La Scala, Milan, that the veteran Signor Pacini has just been producing an oratorio, *Il Trionfo della Religione*, at Lucca, and is about yet another opera, to be called *Lidia di Bruxelles*—lastly, that an opera, *Il Matrimonio per Concorso*, which, if the title tells anything, should be a comic opera, by Signor de Ferrari, has had an immense success at Genoa; the composer having been called for twenty times.At a literary festival in Portland, recently, "The True Woman" was toasted as "Filling her sphere, be it circumscribed or enlarged, with graceful ease and cheerful assiduity." The "sphere" which woman now fills can scarcely be spoken of as circumscribed, and whether she fills it or not, it is certain that the "sphere" itself fills our streets, omnibuses, and so forth, assiduously and gracefully, though not much to men's ease and cheerfulness.The authors of the sacred books of the Hindoos were evidently not in favor of woman's rights. "When in the presence of her husband," says one, "a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing besides. When he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend to him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works she can perform, is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, disipated, drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god."The "sere and yellow leaf" does not necessarily extinguish the affections;—witness the following matrimonial advertisement which we clip from a New York paper: "A lady, fifty-three years of age, wishes to correspond with an intelligent gentleman, not over sixty, with a view to marriage. The lady is affectionate and confiding, and accustomed to refined and intelligent society. The gentleman must be refined and of good habits; kind, appreciative, and of sound principles, and possessed of an unembarrassed property. The lady being sincere, requests there may be no trifling."The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication table. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago,

and is yet as good as new.Mr. McDermot of Milford Township, Richland county, Ohio, has very good claims to be considered the oldest man in that State. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1749, and is now, at the age of 109, in the enjoyment of fair health.The late electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company publishes a statement in the English papers to the effect that he believes the cable to be readily recoverable. He asks permission to make the necessary examination, and if that should be satisfactory to his judgment, he offers to re-open communications with Newfoundland at his own risk, and to maintain it open at a moderate percentage upon the receipts.The French have successfully tried the experiment of slicing and drying potatoes for future use. It is done by machinery. If this shall prove successful and economical, it will be a valuable discovery.New York city pays \$800,000 annually in support of almshouses, or about \$2200 per day; \$250,000 annually for clearing streets, or about \$680 per day; \$400,000 for lamps and gas, or about \$1100 per day; \$967,000 for police, or \$2600 per day; \$490,000 annually for salaries, or about \$1300 per day; \$1,400,000 for public schools annually, or about \$3800 per day.In 1839 there were only one hundred and fifty churches and chapels in New York; and now, in 1858, there are upwards of three hundred.The act to restrict the immigration of Chinese into California went into operation on the first of October. The penalty—fine and imprisonment—falls on the masters and owners of vessels disobeying the law.There are two little chess players residing in Fayette county, Ky. They are a boy and girl, aged eleven and thirteen years, respectively, and blindfolded can beat any of the most experienced players in that section.How wonderfully real estate has risen in value in New York! In 1824, St. Thomas's Church bought eight lots at the corner of Broadway and Hudson Streets for \$8800; these lots are now worth \$250,000. In 1843, lots on Fifth Avenue, from Thirtieth to Fortieth Street, could be bought for \$500; now the same lots will bring \$10,000 and upwards. In 1845, John Hunt, a millionaire, purchased, on the corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, a lot for \$2400, which was deemed an act of insanity by his friends. The same lot will now bring \$17,000.In London, there has recently died a woman ninety-two years of age, who was born in the room in which she died, and never slept out of it for a night in her long lifetime.About 7,000,000 bushels of salt have been manufactured at Syracuse the past season, valued at \$1,000,000.Interesting agricultural statistics of Ohio have been published by the State Agricultural Society. There are \$7,000,000 worth of hogs in the State; \$5,000,000 worth of sheep; \$21,000,000 worth of cattle; \$485,000 worth of mules and asses, and 750,000 horses, worth \$45,000,000. The total annual value of agricultural products reaches \$153,000,000.The number of colliery accidents in Great Britain in 1857 was 760; the number of lives lost 1119.Fox Talbot, the London photographer, has discovered a method of transferring the photographic image directly to the copper or steel plate, ready for the tool of the engraver. We believe Southworth & Hawes of this city performed that feat years ago.Not long ago, an album leaf, on which Byron had written a few lines of poetry, was sold at Venice, and a Russian gave \$1000 for it. There were but four lines—four hundred dollars a line.The expenditures for the Utah imbroglio, as far as made by the quartermaster's department, amount to \$5,132,000.Three deputies of English Quakers, on their return from a mission to the courts of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, have published in Germany, "A Word in favor of Liberty of Conscience," which, although the Society of Friends has hardly any professed members in Germany, is received by the more important organs of the secular press with great applause.That is a capital story which is told of a gentleman, "who had seen better days," and whose wardrobe contained three coats, the best of which was in but a sorry condition. These, as he had some knowledge of the Latin language, he named *malus*, *pejor* and *pessimus* (bad, worse, worst). It was his constant custom, before he stirred abroad in the morning, to consult the weather, and dress himself accordingly. One morning, however, having in his hurry neglected this precaution, he sallied forth in the midst of a heavy shower. First looking at his coat, and then at the sky, he exclaimed, somewhat irreverently, "Rain on, and be hanged; you can't hurt *pessimus*."A big spelling match is announced in Covington, Ohio, at the High School, when the lad that stands longest on the floor and spells the biggest words without scratching his head is to receive a fine present.Oliver Maillard, a popular and energetic preacher of the reign of Louis XI., attacked the vices of the court in his sermons, and did not spare even the king himself, who, taking offence at it, sent the priest word that if he did not change his tone he would have him thrown into the Seine. "The king," replied Oliver, "is the master to do what he pleases; but tell him that I shall reach Paradise by water sooner than he will with his post horses." (The establishment of travelling post was instituted by Louis XI.) This bold answer at once amused and intimidated the king, for he let the priest continue to preach as he pleased and what he pleased.A dancing master, named Daniels, is in trouble in St. Louis for stealing. The felicitous pen of the Republican's item man describes him as "sprucely done up with a killing moustache curled up at the ends, a very handsome set of teeth, which he always took care to show, lips of ruby freshness, a complexion as fair as a lady's, whiskers of 'formal cut,' and a fancy shirt bosom, displayed by an open vest," and says he was lodged in the calaboose in company "with a notorious desperado, who, if occasion presents, will take the French airs out of him 'with neatness and despatch.'"The Western Reserve Chronicle adds a new item to the history of George Peabody, the liberal American banker. It says—"Thirty-two years ago the above millionaire was sawing wood for his board in New Haven, Ct."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PINEY WOODS TAVERN: OR, SAM SLICK IN TEXAS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 12mo. pp. 309.

This illustrated work is full of vivid sketches of character and manners in the southwest. It is one of the publishers' series of humorous American works, and is filled to the brim with side-splitting scenes and incidents—an excellent work for holiday presents and holiday reading.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, we have received the "Reading Polka," by I. W. Gonger; "Our Union Polka," by Edwin Barch; the "Swinging Polka," by Thomas Baker; "The Three Calls, or the 11th Hour," and "Leonora Leigh," ballad and chorus.

THE FOUR SISTERS. A Tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden. By FREDERIK BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother. 12mo. pp. 393.

To eulogize Frederika Bremer, the northern light of literature, at this late day, would be a work of supererogation. The present is one of her most charming novels, full of vivid portraiture and graphic delineations of manners, touching the heart and interesting the mind. This edition is authorized by the novelist, and contains her original dedication. It is beautifully got up.

THE WOLF-BOY OF CHINA. By WILLIAM DALTON. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 339. 1859.

Since boys, like men, crave some excitement in the reading furnished them, it is well when an author has the skill to present them with the wild and wonderful in nature, instead of purely imaginative novels. The story before us is exciting enough and interesting enough, while, at the same time, it conveys a vast amount of information respecting the most curious people in the world.

THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK, AS ENCOUNTERED BY Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B. New York: Hudd & Carleton. 1859.

This is an expose of the operations of the numerous fortune-tellers who infest the city of New York, and prey upon the credulous. Though based on fact, it is colored by Doesticks's peculiar style, and is exceedingly readable. This fortune-telling business is a great social evil, and is one of the means by which a yet greater social evil is perpetuated in cities. It is, therefore, a fitting object of a vigorous crusade. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The affair of the Charles George is still furnishing matter for an undercurrent of political gossip in Europe. Louis Napoleon has disarmed those who were alarmed at his bold and triumphant attitude towards the Portuguese by declaring that he only intended to vindicate the honor of the national flag, and that henceforth, if satisfied on certain points, he shall abandon the idea of transporting African laborers to supply the needs of the French colonies, and betake himself to coolies.—Lord Dufferin's amusing and instructive account of his famous yacht voyage continues one of the most saleable books in England.—Gen. Sir John Burgoyne, selected by Queen Victoria to present the funeral car of Napoleon I. to Napoleon III. is a descendant of the General Burgoyne who figured in the American Revolution, and who was a wit and dramatist as well as soldier.—It appears by the details of the Japan treaty that Great Britain is to have a diplomatic agent at Jeddo, and Japan one in London.—At a late banquet in London, Lord Derby made a speech. He spoke of the returning evidence of prosperity in the country; said there was every reason to rely on the continuance of peace, and in India the rebellion was in the main put down. He complimented Lord Elgin for his services in China and Japan. In reference to the future policy of the government, Lord Derby said they preferred to be judged by their actions, and refused to commit themselves to promises. He promised, however, that the reform measures in store should be comprehensive and national in character.—The operations of the French and English against Cochinchina have been completely successful.—Gen. Franklin Pierce was lately in Florence, and received much attention both from Americans there and Italians. The health of Mrs. Pierce is improved after the brief tour and sojourn in Switzerland and Northern Italy. It is their intention to pass the winter in Rome.—Mr. Lever and a deputation from the Galway Steam Company were lately in Paris, with a view of obtaining terms for the transmitting of mails to the French naval station at Newfoundland.—Denmark has abrogated the constitution of Holstein.—Three more deaths have been added to the fatal cases of poisoning at Bradford, England, making in all twenty who have died from eating plaster of Paris lozenges.

A Crinolinomaniac.

A strange case, originating in the wearing of crinoline, was brought before the Liverpool Police Court recently. Two young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, in company with their governess, were proceeding along the Prince's Park, New Road, when a young man, said to be well connected, came up to them, and after a few impertinent observations in reference to their crinoline, seized the ladies' petticoats, cut through their underclothes and a handsome netted crinoline, tearing the latter habiliment completely off. He then ran away, but was afterwards taken into custody, and lodged in Bridewell. It appears that the man labors under a monomania, or a sort of vindictive feeling against crinoline.

Hon. B. F. Butler.

This distinguished American gentleman lately died in Paris on a journey undertaken for the improvement of his health. Mr. Butler was born in Kinderhook on the 15th of December, 1795. He studied law with Mr. Van Buren, the ex-president, and, on being admitted to the bar, became his partner. After serving in the New York Assembly, he was appointed one of three to revise the statutes of the State. His associates were John Duer and John C. Spencer. Under General Jackson, Mr. Butler was made attorney general of the United States, an office which he filled with great ability as well as conscientiousness. He was afterwards for a time United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York.

Jullien.

Jullien is preparing for one of the most remarkable musical undertakings ever dreamed of. He proposes making what he grandiloquently styles "a great universal musical tour through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, and the colonies and civilized towns of Asia and Africa, accompanied by the elite of his orchestra, and other artists, savants and *hommes de lettres*." A complete history will be written of this great tour by the historian that will accompany the errant *maestro*.

Woman's Rights.

Madame Kisseleff, the lady of the Russian ambassador at Paris, in early life was acknowledged to be so remarkably beautiful as to have been called "The Rose of Russia." She is very rich, and still very gay, though well advanced in years, and so noted a stickler for woman's rights that, at her entertainments in Paris, gossip says that her husband must wait for a special written invitation, the same as an ordinary guest, and not unfrequently he waits in vain.

Verdi's Rigoletto.

In spite of the critics, who call it "trash," Verdi's Rigoletto is becoming very popular all over Europe. It is one of the standard attractions at the Italian opera in Paris, and has been recently performed there with De Ruda, Nantier Diddie, Graziani (tenor) and Corsi. The latter artist has a rich baritone voice, resembling that of Amodio.

English Opera.

Opera in English seems to be flourishing. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have leased Covent Garden Theatre for three seasons, from the beginning of the year to the commencement of the Royal Italian Opera. They are to open in January next, with the new opera which Balfe has just written for them.

Alexandre Dumas, Senior.

This gentleman, who is now in Russia, has been sending home bear's meat from animals he professes to have killed on his hunting excursions in the realm of the czar. It is not mentioned with what weapon they were slain, but it is notorious that Alexandre is very expert in drawing the long bow.

Prince Alfred of England.

The young sailor prince Alfred lately visited Corunna, Spain. He was received on landing with the salutes and honors bestowed on an infant of Spain. He visited the spot where the battle of Elvina was fought, and also the tomb of General Moore.

An English Church in Constantinople.

Before Lord Redcliffe left the city of the sultan he laid the foundation of an English church—a monument commemorative of the support afforded by England to the Ottoman Empire. It will contain tablets with the names of the English soldiers killed in the Crimean war.

Giuglini, the Tenor.

Giuglini is, with the exception of Mario, the most prominent tenor in Europe, though he created no sensation in Italy, and was never heard out of his native country till Lumley brought him to England.

The Suez Canal.

M. de Lesseps expects to begin work on the Suez canal in a very short time. He says that in three years it will be opened, and the first ship pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

The Sultan's Son.

A son of the Sultan Abdul Medjid, who is destined for a military career, is expected in Paris to pursue his studies in that city.

Milan.

The government has forbidden the veterans of the army of Napoleon to wear the St. Helena medal.

Editorial Melange.

It is stated that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has postponed his visit to America, in consequence of receiving an order for two statues. One of the orders is for an effigy of Jefferson. The name of the other is not given.—Articles have been going the rounds, asserting that the Bank of England never re-issues a note. Such was the case some twelve years ago; but finding it a useless expense, they have modified their rule. They now only destroy such notes as were redeemed in specie—re-issuing all such as had been received on deposit, or in payment of notes.—The San Joaquin Republican says that there is a dog in Stockton, who, like his human companions, is given to indulging in cocktails whenever he can get somebody to treat him.—Hume, the celebrated spiritualist, served in 1849-50 as apprentice to a tailor in Norwich, Ct., where he first became aware of his powers as a medium while attending a lecture on psychology, being selected as a subject by the lecturer.—The whole number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans during the past season, foot up with in six of five thousand. In Mobile the total thus far is three hundred and fifty-six—a large increase, compared with the yellow fever seasons of 1853 and 1847.—The boiler of a steam mill, in Rich Woods, Arkansas, blew up recently, killing three men, and wounding two others; and fifty yards from the spot a piece of the boiler cut in twain a white oak tree, two feet in diameter.—To darken the hair without injuring the skin, wash the head with spring water, and comb the hair in the sun, having dipped the comb in the oil of tartar. Do this three or four times a day, and in less than a fortnight the hair often becomes as black as the "raven's wing."—Since the 1st of January last, 143,699 bags of coffee have been imported into Philadelphia—an increase of 4924 bags over the same period last year.—Mr. Hawthorne, the writer, has gone to Rome. A book is expected from him next March or April. Hawthorns generally put forth their blossoms in the spring.—Judge Test of Indiana, in giving his opinion in a divorce case recently before him, said: "The advocates of Free Love could not ask the enactment of a statute more favorable to their views than our present divorce laws. Mormon polygamy is better, for that, at least, compels the husband to provide for and protect his numerous wives."—The receipts into the treasury of the State of Alabama, last year, were \$2,399,865, and the expenditures \$2,028,527, leaving a handsome balance to the credit of the State.—General Twiggs had a narrow escape from death at San Antonio, Texas, on the 9th ult. A musket in the hands of a carman was accidentally discharged, and the ball struck Gen. Twiggs in the back, fortunately, however, only inflicting a severe bruise.—The town of Buchanan, Johnson county, Texas, was almost entirely destroyed by a tornado recently. The hotel and jail were the only buildings left standing. At Ranney's Creek settlement some buildings were carried three-fourths of a mile by the force of the tornado.—The L part attached to the New England Pin Company, at Winsted, Conn., in which percussion caps are made, was blown to pieces recently by the detonating cap powder. Two men who were in the building were forced out into the street, but, singular as it may seem, they were not hurt beyond some slight contusions.—A young gentleman of twelve and a young lady of eleven, of Albany, took a notion to elope, for the purpose of getting married, lately. They were overtaken by their anxious friends, who agreed that exactly seven years from that time the marriage should take place.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.—We are bound to believe everything we see in a respectable paper. Such a one is the "Mount Vernon Banner," and that tells us that "in a certain shop there was a mouse that had become a frequent visitor. While on one of his visits a workman took up a musical instrument, technically called a French harp, and struck up a tune. The mouse immediately raised his tail in a perpendicular position and began to dance. It continued to jig for some four or five minutes, and then died."

BURNETT'S KALISTON.—This is one of the best cosmetics it has been our fortune to use, and we do not hesitate to endorse it as embracing more excellencies than any other like preparation in the market. For use after shaving, particularly, it is unequalled, and for chapped hands, or any irritation of the skin, it acts like a charm. Added to these qualities, it is fragrant and serves as a very choice perfume. It is positively indispensable for either a lady's or gentleman's toilet. For sale by all the druggists.

TOGETHER!—Let our friends remember that we send "Ballou's Pictorial" and "The Flag of our Union," together, for \$3 50 a year. These two journals united form a fund of valuable and entertaining reading and pictorial illustrations unequalled elsewhere.

A LARGE YIELD.—Mr. Simeon Higgins of Orleans raised this year, upon his farm in that town, 1000 bushels of potatoes, 1000 bushels of turnips, and 600 bushels of corn. Pretty good crops these, for the "sands of the cape."

UP IN THE WORLD.—A man in New Orleans resting on a powder keg was elevated twenty feet in the air by its sudden explosion, and alighting in the river was somewhat astonished to find himself alive and uninjured.

COMBINING OFFICES.—At Lexington, Minnesota, a jury lately brought in a verdict against a murderer, and then immediately adjourned and hung him—a curious mixture of law and lynching.

Wayside Gatherings.

It is said that bleeding a partly blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight—so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him at the pocket.

A couple of prize-fighters have been hauled up in New Jersey—one of them sent to the State Prison, the other, and the friends of both, heavily fined.

A firm in New Bedford have adopted a method to feed the hungry which is worthy of imitation. They sell tickets to the benevolent at a low price to procure the staff of life.

A married woman in Memphis, Tenn., has sued an old admirer for damages to the amount of \$20,000 for breach of promise. Her present husband joins in the prosecution with a very revengeful spirit.

A professional thief named Julia Smith, was arrested in Cincinnati last week, and under her hoops were found 3 towels, 2 table cloths, 1 looking glass, 3 tumblers, 1 pair of pants and a large bottle of Madeira wine.

Some of the churches in Milwaukee have notified the landlords of the principal hotels that pews will be reserved for the use of strangers in their various houses of worship. An excellent movement.

A fatal disease is raging among the children of the town of Essex. Sixteen children have died of it since the first of September. Four families have lost two each, and one family, that of Mr. Frederic P. Andrews, has lost three.

Private tableaux are in vogue, in New York, in aid of the Mount Vernon Association—admission only \$2. Mrs. Anna Corn Ritchie recently superintended a representation of Moore's Paradise and the Peri, in twelve tableaux, which were beautiful.

John Shaddock of Wheeling, Va., recently afflicted with a paralytic stroke, up to the 2d ult., had gone fifty-three days without taking any nourishment through the medium of swallowing. All the food he has taken has been in a liquid form, passed into his stomach through a small hose.

Miss Tomasin A. Beresford, who died at Hartford last August, left the following charitable bequests: Episcopal Board of Missions, \$1000; Trinity College, \$700; Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, \$500; Missionary purposes in Maine, \$500; Orphan Asylum, \$200; St. Paul's Church, \$200; etc.

A gentleman in Philadelphia advertised \$10 reward for the recovery of an overcoat and a pocket-book containing money and valuable papers. The thief returned the papers through the post-office, but on the outside of the wrapper was pasted the advertisement, and under it was written: "I need the money and the coat."

It is understood that the members of the Conservative Club of Glasgow University have agreed to bring forward the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli as candidate for the office of Lord Rector, as successor to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The Liberal Association have nominated the Earl of Shaftesbury as their candidate.

The Palestine, Texas, Advocate reports a hurricane in that vicinity which lifted a ferryman's house, and after carrying it forty or fifty feet, deposited it in the river. The wind made a clean sweep of timber, houses, cornfields and everything in its track, which embraced an extent of country 25 miles long and half a mile wide.

The New Bedford Standard says the sum of \$12,500 has been paid to the heirs of Capt. Lucas, of South Dartmouth, being the first instalment of a debt due from a company in New York who agreed to pay \$25,000 for the privilege of working a guano island discovered by the late captain, in the Pacific, some twenty-five years ago.

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked; and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

As M. Poccianti of Florence, the oldest and one of the most eminent architects of Italy, was superintending the gymnastic exercises of the firemen, of which corps he is the director, a ladder broke and a man who was on it fell on him, injuring him so much that he died the next day. M. Poccianti was upwards of 80 years of age, but was a robust man for his age.

A French officer lately wagered thirty thousand francs that he could walk, blindfold, from the Bastille to the Madeleine, a distance of four miles. Two o'clock in the morning was chosen, as an hour when the streets would be deserted; he got along well enough till he arrived at the Sebastopol Boulevard, when he blundered off from his track and lost the wager.

The death of Mrs. Hope Scott is announced. She was the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott and the daughter of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart. Like nearly all the descendants of the great Scottish novelist and poet, she has been cut off in the prime of life. She was married a few years since to Mr. Hope Scott, the eminent barrister, who took the latter surname on his acceding to the Abbotsford estate.

A dreadful occurrence, near Bristol, England, is noticed by the English papers. Miss Mary Richmond, aged about eighteen, fell from a cliff, 300 feet high, breaking her lower jaw, several of her ribs, and otherwise mangling and lacerating her person. She died almost instantly. This is the fourth or fifth accident of the kind which has occurred, at the same place, during the last twenty years.

A Mr. Waring, accompanied by a negro boy, on starting for home in a carriage in New Kent county, Va., some days since, discovered that the reins were parting (having been cut by some person unknown) and being on a declivity the horses had their own way, forcing the occupants to jump for their lives. Mr. Waring had his shoulder dislocated but will recover; the negro boy fell on his head and died shortly afterward.

To equalize and rectify dates, several changes have been made in the mode of computing time. For the present, or nineteenth century, twelve days are to be deducted from the date to find the corresponding old style date; for the eighteenth century, eleven days, and for the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, ten days. In 1582, Pope Gregory directed ten days to be omitted; in 1752, the British Parliament enacted that eleven days be omitted; and in 1800 it became necessary to omit another day.

The Utah correspondent of the New York Tribune says the Mormons have left their fields just as they were after the harvest. Not one has been broken up and sowed with wheat for the next year's crop, nor have any preparations been made for that purpose. This is the case so far as he could learn throughout the territory, and is regarded as indicating that the Mormons will be off next spring, to what place or in what direction is an utter mystery.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love is the virtue of woman.—George Sand.
.... The history of love is the history of the human race.—Charles Nodier.
.... A woman knows how to increase her love by all the virtues which her lover acquires for her.—Madame Fée.

.... What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.—Greville.

.... It is from love that women derive their character; thus they always bear the impress of their first lover. He gives them, if I may so express it, fortunes ready made.—Saint Prosper.

.... Can that which is the greatest virtue in philosophy, doubt—(called by Galileo the father of invention)—be in religion what the priests term it, the greatest of sins?—Bovee.

.... The young girl who begins to experience the necessity of loving, seeks to hide it; but the desire of pleasing betrays the secret of her heart, and sometimes reveals her hopes.—Beauchérne.

.... We become conscious of our blessings principally through their loss. Thus let a man lose a limb, and he will at once become sensible as he never was before, of what a benefit it was to him.—Bovee.

.... When I see a man with a sour, rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.—Addison.

.... Three things principally determine the quality of a man—the leading object which he proposes to himself in life, the manner in which he sets about accomplishing it, and the effect which success or failure has upon him.—Bovee.

.... There is in the voice, the look, the whole being of those we love, a magnetic fluid, a sort of aureole, invisible, but sensitive to the touch of the soul, if I may so speak, which acts powerfully on our internal sensations.—George Sand.

.... Beneath a statue of Love, Voltaire wrote these two lines:

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;
He is, or was, or ought to be."

Joker's Budget.

Did you ever dance at a snow ball?

"Which can travel the fastest, heat or cold?" "Why heat, you dunces! Can't anybody catch cold?"

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful," as the poet said, when he kicked his wife and children out of doors.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

Cowper says that "the tear that is wiped by address, may be followed, perhaps, by a smile." If it is a woman's tear, the "perhaps" is unnecessary. You can always dry it with a dress.

The papers are making great talk over the chance of getting a current through the Atlantic cable. A genius remarks that he don't care a fig for their currents, if they'd only give us a few fresh dates.

The following is on a violin-maker's sign-board at Limerick:—"New villins mad here and old ones reppard. Also new heads, ribs, necks, backs, and bellies mad on the shortest notice. Shoes mended, &c. Pat O'Shagnassey Painter."

A modern writer says:—"It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men." The fact is not "strange" at all, for in both cases the fear is proportioned to the danger.

Dr. Spooner, speaking of the limitless nature of human expedients, mentioned that of a tinker who, on one occasion, having mended a tin kitchen, procured six cents from the owner to buy a half pint of rum with, in order to see if it leaked.

An Irish woman appeared in the county court of Lonsville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze yer honor, I don't understand you." "I say, what has she got?" "Chills and faver, plaze yer honor."

A vender of cement, describing its action, said it was peculiarly useful in mending jars. A purchaser inquired if it would mend the jar of a door? "There is no occasion for its use in that case," said the pedler, "for that is sound enough." Another asked if it would mend family jars? "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the pedler, and ramosed.

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WALLACHIAN PEASANTS.

To the photographic art we are indebted for the most minute representations of the architecture, features and costumes of different nations. The engraving on this page, representing a Wallachian peasant and his wife, is from one of these accurate photographs. The costume of the man is half Turkish and half Greek, that of the woman more Greek than Turkish; the dress of both being very striking. Although no Turk is permitted to dwell in Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, without indicating the motive and duration of his visit, yet to see the boots worn by some of the women of the people, or a fez embroidered with gold on the head of the dandy, you might think yourself in the neighborhood of Constantinople. Bucharest is, perhaps, of all the cities in the world, that which offers the greatest resources to coquetry, or at least to all the caprices of toilet. If each successive occupation of the country has added a misery to the miseries of the peasant, all have, as it were, left the graceful tribute of their fashions in the dresses of the Moldo-Wallachian ladies. Unquestionably

1805, where his lady appeared in Frank costume, effected this revolution in fashion. Better informed and more elegant, the Moldo-Wallachian women are still, to some extent, the daughters of the harem. The costume of the peasant woman is not without grace. The author of a very interesting work on the Danubian principalities thus describes the dress of the Roumanian peasant girls:—"They wear a chemise of cloth ornamented on the bosom and at the wrists with embroidery in red or blue wool; a colored belt is attached to the body of the chemise, which is short and joins a long white skirt. Before and behind floats a double apron, with stripes of different colors, called *catrinza*, the lower extremities of which are garnished with long, variegated fringes which wave about them at every movement. They wear sandals of undressed leather. They often add a piece of white cloth round the leg, held in place by straps. Some peasant women of Transylvania have red or yellow boots, in imitation of the Hungarians. When they go to the fairs, they carry their boots under their arms, and put them on when they reach their journey's end. The

tion. By it he loses, with his last para, his reason and his morals. The standard of morals in Wallachia is low enough. A consul reproached a judge in Bucharest for having acquitted a counterfeiter. "What can you expect?" replied the judge; "the man has a wife and several children to support. Having no money, he manufactured it." At Paris, some time since, a gentleman met a young Wallachian, of an honorable family, in company with a Moldavian who had attempted to assassinate Michael Stourdza, the hospodar of Jassy, and reproached him with associating with such a character. "But he did not succeed in killing him," was the apology of the Wallachian. It was a near thing, though—for the balls of the would-be assassin had cut away the hospodar's epaulettes. It is true the hospodar had played a rascally game with the young patriots of Jassy. He sent one of his sons to invite them to his palace, in a friendly way, and surrounded them with his troops as they left his doors. The Moldo-Wallachians are descended from a Trajan colony which the Roman policy installed in Dacia to form a barrier against the perpetual invasions



PICTURE OF WALLACHIAN PEASANTS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

French fashions reign in the drawing-room, but in the privacy of the houndoir appear those combinations which spring from the genius of a coquette having at her disposal the fruits of the fancy of east and west, north and south. The Danubian principalities, peopled partly by Greek Fanariots, neighbors to Russia, the Turkish provinces, Hungary and Transylvania, and neighbors of Paris, because Paris is everywhere, form, as it were, a point of intersection for a multitude of radii. Thus a lady may at once possess a fez from Constantinople, a bonnet from Lucy Hocquet's at Paris, red boots from Hungary, a vest from Greece, furs from St. Petersburg, and a silk chemise from the seraglio. About forty years ago the Moldo-Wallachian ladies were all dressed *a la Turque*. Their manners and toilettes differed very little from those of the harem. They did not know how to read, lived in great seclusion, and passed their time sitting cross legged on divans and chewing gum. At this period, the poor creatures tinged their nails with henna. They were painted like old pagodas, and wore bunches of sequins in their hair like dancing girls. Now, the peasant girls alone fasten their dowries to their tresses. We are assured that the brilliant French marshal, Sebastiani, in his embassy to Constantinople, in

countrymen of Moldo-Wallachia still wear the blouse, the wide trousers, the strapped sandals and the woolen cap of their Dacian ancestors. The tunic, the robe and the cloak appear to be three eternal and universal signs of human clothing. As for the costume of the *Zigane*, it only differs in being poorer.—Our picture represents peasants of the better class, but the lower orders are clad much more wretched. These poor people, who have neither hearth nor home of their own, who do not belong to themselves even, but are sold with the estate, or expelled at the will of the proprietor, still enjoy a gaiety which is a sun-ray to the soul. On festival days the boyards sell them brandy, and they drink and dance. Their dance is very simple; it is called *hora*, and consists of a round of male and female dancers. Lovers of antiquity assert that the *hora* is a faithful image of the classic chorus. During the fete-days, so numerous in the calendar of the Greek Church, the poor Roumanian peasant gets drunk on brandy. The boyard who sells him the poison, has the sole right of making and vending it. Thus he makes a profitable use of grain, which the cost of carriage would not permit him to sell him at a distance, but the poor peasant becomes the victim of this calcula-

of the barbarians. There are yet to be seen on the Danube, the ruins of a bridge of Roman construction, which is called Trajan's Bridge. Near by are the fragments of the tower of Septimus Severus, a monument formerly raised to the glory of Trajan, in commemoration of his victory over Decebalus, king of the Dacians. Proud of this origin, the Moldo-Wallachians assert that they are neither Slaves nor Magyars, but that they evidently belong to the Latin race. They carry on their eagles the four sacramental letters—S. P. Q. R. (*Senatus populusque Romanus*). They proclaim themselves Romans, or Roumanians. They have formed the ideal of a Roumania. The spirit of nationality which stirs so many countries, and which is to a people what the epoch of majority is to a young man impatient to become the arbiter of his own destinies, has seized on the Moldo-Wallachians. They justify this pretension by three capital arguments—race, autonomy, language. There is a Roumanian or Moldo-Wallachian language. According to them, the recognition of a Roumanian nationality would be a benefit to Europe; and could their plans be realized, the Roumanian state would be complete, and would present a total population of nine or ten millions of souls.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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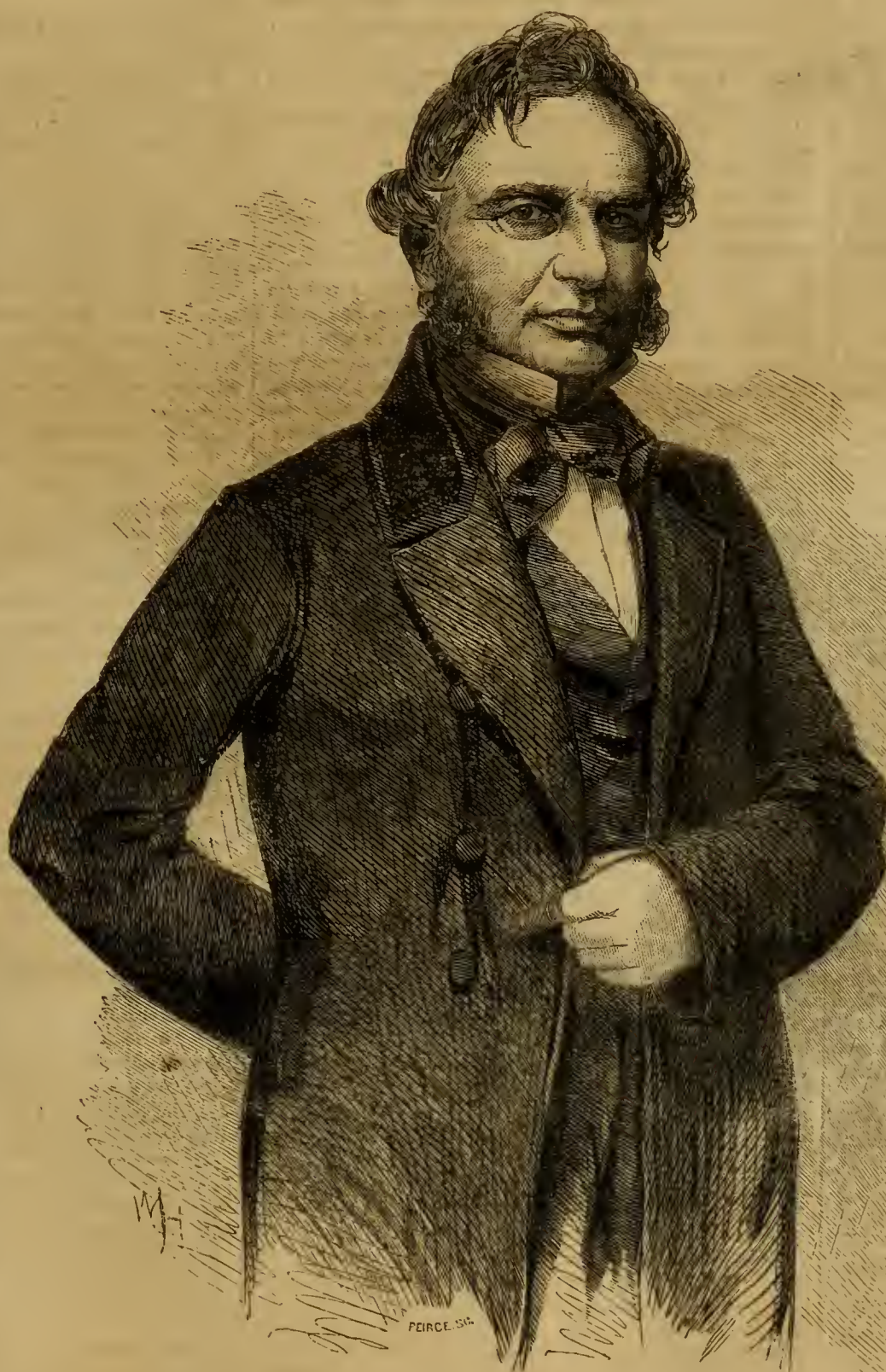
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The portrait on this page, of America's most popular poet, was drawn expressly for us by Homer, from one of those beautiful and artistic photographs for which Messrs. Whipple & Black of this city, are so justly celebrated. The engraving is by Pierce, and in his best style. At this moment, when the poet has just achieved a fresh success in the literary world, when his publishers, Ticknor & Fields, are perplexed to meet the demand for his last poem, and his name and verses are on every tongue, we have deemed the time fitting to lay before our readers an authentic portrait of the author, accompanied by a brief sketch of his career. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and was a classmate of Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was graduated in 1825, and immediately thereafter entered his father's office with a view of making law his profession, but his love of literature soon induced him to take the then somewhat hazardous step of relying upon it for his support. The result has shown that he judged wisely. Having been appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, he visited Europe in 1826, to qualify himself for the post. The three years of his absence were well employed. He travelled and resided in France, Germany, Italy and Spain, bestowing on the languages and literature of those countries the patient labor of a Benedictine, making himself acquainted not only with the language of scholarship and polite society, but with the unwritten *patois* of the German, French, Italian and Spanish peasants and country people. His lectures on modern languages and literature, when he assumed the duties of his professorship, were remarkably successful, and he was equally endeared to the students in private, by his kind and sympathetic nature and by the amenity and grace of his manners. Though a ripe and rare scholar, he was no pedant, and had nothing of the mannerism which literary men are apt to acquire. He had already written a few short poems, distinguished by elegant versification and graceful thought, and, in the days of his professorship, contributed to the North American Review several articles on literary subjects, written in a charming and ornate style, rich in scholarship and elevated in moral tone. We remember with what delight we used to read and re-read his paper on "gentle Sir Philip Sidney," one of the best of its class that ever appeared in an American periodical. His admirable translation of the poem written by Manrique on the death of his father, first appeared in the North American Review, and afterwards in a handsome volume, embracing versions of other Spanish poems. His souvenirs of travel were embodied in "Outre Mer," a prose work, written in a style as pure and graceful as that of Irving. In 1855 Mr. Longfellow was chosen Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, on the resignation of Professor George Ticknor, and again went to Europe, visiting countries in the north not embraced in his former tour. On his return to resume the duties of his chair, he took up his residence in the old Cragie House, near Mount Auburn, Cambridge, renowned as having been the headquarters of Washington when he first assumed the command of the

American army. This noble mansion, a precious relic of the heroic era of our history, with its beautiful elms and lawns, is now the property of Mr. Longfellow, and a fitting residence for an American poet. There is inspiration in its atmosphere, and the airy whispers of its haunted galleries have been echoed in many of the poet's songs. Mr. Longfellow's first collection of original poetry, "Voices of the Night," was published at Cambridge in 1839. It contained, among other pieces, the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," which have ever since been "household words" in America. If the facility with which the words of a poet are remembered, be a true test of merit, as we are inclined to think, then the genius of Longfellow is unquestionable. His exquisite verses haunt the memory and find an echo in the heart. No matter

what be his theme, or what the measure of his song, the impression is equally profound. He is fond of reviving old-world traditions, calling up from the past old minnesingers and bards, of dwelling on old places of historic renown, but he always chooses a character or a scene which appeals to passions and sentiments common to all ages, the heritage of all hearts. The dramatic facility with which he enters into the spirit of distant scenes and ages, is truly remarkable. Of his many translations there is not one that does not faithfully reflect the true spirit of the original. Mr. Longfellow has been a prolific writer. In 1842 he published two volumes of poems. The next year appeared the "Spanish Student," a dramatic poem. The date of the "Belfry of Bruges" is 1846. In 1847, "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," perhaps the finest of his longer poems, appeared, and at once attained universal popularity, notwithstanding the measure in which it is written, the hexameter which, however, is employed as only a master-hand could use it. In 1849, "Kavannah, a Tale," appeared. This, with "Outre Mer," and the romance of "Hyperion," constitute all his prose works. Excellent as they are, they are overshadowed by the splendor of the author's metrical compositions. The "Seaside and Fireside," a volume of poems, published in 1850, was followed, the ensuing year, by the "Golden Legend," an exquisite picture of monastic life in the middle ages. Next followed two volumes of favorite poems from various sources, entitled "The Waif" and "The Estray," edited by Mr. Longfellow. The "Poets and Poetry of Europe," comprised in a large octavo volume which appeared in 1845, is a monument of patient industry, of fine taste and extensive reading. Since then he has given us the "Song of Hiawatha," in which Indian legends, and manners, and American scenery are felicitously employed, and lastly the "Courtship of Miles Standish," of which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have been the poet's publishers for many years, sold twenty-five thousand copies in less than three weeks from the date of its publication. The genius of Longfellow is as heartily recognized in England as in this country, and everything from his pen is eagerly caught up and republished there. A London publisher has found a large sale for an illustrated edition of his works, issued in the most expensive style. For more than a quarter of a century Longfellow has commanded the popular ear, and the increasing demand for his productions shows that he has achieved a name that will not be permitted to die. His posthumous fame is secure, and he has enjoyed what is rare good fortune for a poet, contemporaneous applause. His youth and manhood have been crowned with laurels worthily won and worn. The exquisite finish of his verses is an example for contemporaries. He shows respect for his art and the public, in letting no line go from the press which is susceptible of improvement, and yet his fertility is a proof that his perfection of style must be in a great measure spontaneous. In his mellifluous lines, false rhymes and false quantities never offend the ear. He has shown, too, that scholarship is no restraint upon the free play of the imagination, but adds a grace to its movements. Above all, the courageous moral tone, the spotless purity of his songs, give them a rare and inestimable value.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[Translated and adapted from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING: —OR— THE COMPANIONS OF SILENCE.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF NAPLES AND THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA.

BY MISS ANNA M. CARTER.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

Suddenly that manly head, the centre of all eyes, was bowed, and the haughty prince wept. The emotion was of short duration.

"Sire," said Fulvio, raising his head and turning to the king, and everybody admired the supreme dignity he preserved throughout this trying scene, "I have deceived and I am punished; God is just. If I am the son of Mario Monteleone, as my heart and that poor woman's heart tells me, the future will prove it. I am Porporato, sire; but of the deeds of which he is accused, which I blush with shame at the thought of, I am guiltless. The day when I placed on my finger the iron ring which belonged to the sainted Monteleone, I swore to avenge him. I have not yet done so, but I will. The hand of the law is upon me. I have told you once, that even in your own capital you are king in the day, but Porporato is king in the night!"

"It is yet day," said a voice.

"Night will come, however," replied a deep voice.

"It is day yet, but your precious hours pass, sire, and mine draw near. Thunder will resound in Naples."

"Do you threaten your benefactor?" exclaimed Prince Francis, indignantly.

"God forbid!" replied Fulvio, earnestly and respectfully; "I only warn. But for Porporato, your kingdom would have now been in the hands of the carbonari."

"Baumgarten," exclaimed the king, "arrest this man and take him from our sight."

"Have you no faithful friends in this numerous assembly, powerful king of the night?" asked Prince Francis, mockingly.

"Pity, signor, my lot is heavy," said Fulvio, sadly; "yet in answer to your question I reply—who knows?"

Loredan Doria stepped forward and said: "Sire, I am neither carbonari nor bandit, but I must speak to this man."

He whispered to Fulvio.

"You were once my friend—nearly my brother; would you like an asylum in my palace, or in one of my chateaux?"

"You," murmured Fulvio, with moist eyes, "are a true Roman. Thanks—I do not need your assistance. Only tell Julian that I love him."

A moment afterwards he was a prisoner, surrounded by the Swiss guards.

"To the Castel Vecchio! the secret! such are my orders!"

"I also have my orders," replied the prisoner, with a smile.

"A moment since, you asked if I had no friends in this vast assembly. Listen."

He placed his fingers on his lips and sounded a peculiar cry. Then he seemed to listen, as did all that assembly in spite of themselves. The sound of a harp was heard in the neighboring boudoir, and a sweet voice sang the chant of Fioravante—*Amici, alliegere andiamo alla pena.*

"*Agere non loqui!*" pronounced Coriolani, in the midst of that deep silence. His voice was clear and rich. The harp and voice were silent.

Several of the Swiss guards sprang into the boudoir, but it was empty. They found neither harp nor singer. Those who rushed to the window, saw three gentlemen and a lady on horseback galloping along the road leading from Naples. Fulvio bowed as he passed before the king, and said with perfect respect: "Sire, watch well; night comes and I reign supreme. I wear too the ring of Silence!"

"Away with him!" exclaimed the king.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

TWILIGHT settled over Naples. The city was tranquil, at least in appearance. In the bay of Naples were many boats—vessels of all kinds. One in particular we noticed. A small felucca containing two sailors. They threw in the net. They were false fishers, and their net was only to deceive the war vessels which kept watch in the bay. The youngest sailor or fisherman was small and very handsome, and his dark eyes ever wandered anxiously to the shore.

"To the nets!" exclaimed the other, a powerful man.

The boy made an impatient sign.

"My good Ruggieri, it is not courage but strength that I need. I will help cheerfully. Give me hold of the net."

So saying, the two grasped the net and pulled away lustily.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The oldest fisherman grumbled to himself while the boy, pulling off his cap, allowed a mass of black hair to float over his shoulders. The old sailor smiled; then looking to the shore he said:

"On with your cap, signora, and pull away at the nets. That infernal lieutenant has lowered his glass to look at us. I wish he was only in this net; he should stay long under water."

"They say the sea air is cool," murmured the boy, "but to me the air is like that from a furnace; I stifle."

"What time is it, signora? it seems to me as if it must be seven o'clock."

The boy drew out a tiny jewelled watch.

"Quarter past seven, Ruggieri. This horrid wind may disperse the smoke. What if we should not see the signal?"

Hoisting a sail, they bore away towards Pizzo. As they sailed on, the oldest fisherman murmured: "If a fire blazes on the summit of Mount Palcino, we are to round Cape Vatican. That will be easy; we shall be in face of the promontory. But if we see the smoke on the top of Nari hill, things change; we must then bear to Santa Eufemia, below Pizzo. Wind ahead, bad coast, and past the time."

"See, Ruggieri!" exclaimed the boy, "the smoke and flame already rise from the heights to the left of Pizzo. The signal is on the Nari!"

The night became black; the heavens were starless. Ruggieri steered by the lighted windows of the chateau of Pizzo. Suddenly the old fisherman seized the arm of the signora, who was disguised as a boy.

"Not a word for your life!"

They glided noiselessly past a vessel of war. A short sail, and the anchor was thrown between two rocks. Ruggieri uttered a peculiar cry—the same that Prince Fulvio Coriolani had uttered when arrested.

"Quick!" said an imperious voice from the rock. "Is Fiamma on board?"

"Fiamma waits for you," said a sweet voice.

"Have you the cord, Cucuzone?"

"Yes."

"Fasten a stone on the end and throw it to us," said Ruggieri.

A ladder of ropes, frail and unstable, was thus connected with the boat. A human figure came swiftly down the ladder. It was the handsome, but unfortunate adventurer, Fulvio Coriolani. Another figure followed—it was the saltarello Cucuzone.

"Detach the cord!" said Ruggieri.

As the saltarello did that, Ruggieri exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "Flat! lay flat in the bottom of the boat!" and he seized Fiamma and Fulvio and dragged them down. It was time. A volley of muskets was fired from the rocks, the balls barely missing the little vessel. When a second discharge was given, the little boat was out of reach. Fulvio kissed Fiamma as he took his seat beside her, and said: "Have you any news for me? I have been out of the world a long time."

"News, Fulvio, which I dare not give you, for you will risk your life again."

"Never mind, Fiamma, you shall tell me all and admire my prudence."

"Angelica Doria and her brother are in prison—"

"In prison for what?"

"They are in prison because, I suppose, Johann Spurzheim, that insatiable traitor, wished them to be. All things are possible for that man. I will go on, Fulvio, but you must not interrupt me. Maria Amalfi, that poor woman whose mind is again clouded, is installed in the apartments of Barbara Spurzheim. While the body of the unfortunate Barbara was on its way to the cemetery, men were busy tearing down the badges of mourning in the house of the director, and replacing them by bridal hangings. Johann Spurzheim, the king's favorite, has obtained a royal mandate authorizing him to marry Maria Amalfi, Countess of Monteleone, who is now insane. David Heimer, Fulvio, is Master of Silence. The king knows that, but thinks, believes, that he only joined that mysterious association in order to bring to justice the traitors. The king is the slave of that man."

Fulvio murmured, as if to himself: "Doctor Daniel Bach has told me that the insane person remembers the cause of her insanity. If Maria Amalfi is again insane she will recognize her persecutor."

"David Heimer, who is a fiend incarnate, Fulvio, marries Maria Amalfi, takes the title of Count Monteleone, and becomes the natural guardian of those two children."

"He!" exclaimed Fulvio, "the guardian of my brother and sister!"

"That is not all," said Fiamma; "the title of count cannot belong to Johann, for between that title and the immense fortune belonging to that house are five obstacles."

"Five assassinations!" said Fulvio.

"First yourself, prince; but you count for little; against you is the law. Then Julian and his sister Celeste; then Angelica and her brother Loredan Doria. But you spoke of assassinations; for shame, Fulvio!" said Fiamma, with a bitter smile. "Johann Spurzheim wears a sharp poignard with a poisoned point. The Dorias are heirs of Monteleone, but the Monteleones are not heirs to the Dorias. Julian must die, Angelica and Loredan; but Celeste must live. That man is a wily man. He has laid his plan. Angelica Doria has been carried off from the Villa Floridiana, and Celeste from the Coriolani palace. Julian is suspected of the abduction of Angelica, and Loredan of Celeste. A duel is the consequence. Both will fall, because Johann has so willed it. That is the state of affairs."

"Angelica! Celeste! murmured Fulvio, "I will save her."

Fiamma bowed her head sorrowfully, while she murmured: "Ah, you love her; I am forgotten!"

Fulvio kissed the pensive, sad face, and said earnestly, "Fiamma, I love only you." Then turning to Ruggieri, he said: "At break of day we must be within eight miles of Cape Campanella." And before the sailor could make any reply, he spoke to Fiamma: "Where does that man keep Angelica and Celeste?"

"At the villa of Barbara Monteleone, between Castellamare and Resina."

"Do you hear, Ruggieri?" said Fulvio, "there we must land!"

"It is impossible, master!" answered he.

"Impossible, when I command—"

"Master, the wind obeys only God."

Fulvio stamped his feet impatiently, and the sailor went on quietly: "From the time this vessel makes, it will take twenty-four hours to gain the Gulf of Naples."

"By land," murmured Fiamma, "with good horses, we—"

"Let Ruggieri speak, I am sure he has an idea; is it not so, Ruggieri? you have not said all?"

"One never tells everything," replied the sailor, "there are so many *ifs* and *buts*. Suppose the good God should give us, instead of this slow, black tub we are in, a noble, swift felucca, capable of running in the wind—"

"And in that case how long would it take to double Cape Campanella?"

"Twelve hours."

"You prefer a felucca to a fishing smack?"

"To tell the truth, master, we have not the right of choosing."

Fulvio raised his eyes, and after a moment's pause said calmly: "Behold two; a fishing smack here, a felucca to the left. Your choice is good; let us take passage on board the felucca!"

All this was spoken very quietly, as if a pleasant voyage was before them, and not a desperate struggle. While they had been earnestly talking, a war vessel had been quietly bearing down upon them, and when Ruggieri proposed the exchange of their slow-going vessel for a felucca, it was when he saw before him only victory or death. Cucuzone raised his head when his friend Ruggieri punched him in the sides, saying: "Cheer up, Cucuzone; there is work ahead!"

The saltarello spoke: "To say that I have only been dreaming would be to lie. All day I have thought that if the master was only what he once was; but I dared not follow my thoughts. I said, what the master wishes I will do. I waited his will. Now I ask, what arms have we?"

The prince and Cucuzone each carried two pair of pistols. Ruggieri had one pair. All three had their knives, and in the bottom of the boat lay two axes. Fiamma took one pair of Fulvio's pistols, while Ruggieri murmured between his teeth: "Powder should not be wasted on such a night!"

Fiamma, as the felucca approached, laid her hand on Fulvio's shoulder.

"It is decreed that I shall die with you; if it is to-night, so much the better."

It was the last word spoken. Our adventurers approached now so near to the felucca that they could distinctly hear the orders given, and the rattling of the ropes. Suddenly Ruggieri whispered: "Hold steady! two or three feet to the right or the left, and we are dead!"

A ball whistled past the frail vessel. Then our four adventurers, with their knives between their teeth, boarded the vessel. Fiamma followed, aided by Fulvio; but she was strong and active, and gave little or no trouble. A fierce fight ensued. Suddenly Ruggieri exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while he clove down a sailor: "Thirty good sailors are here from Porporato's vessel. We have powder enough to send you all into the other world. I am Ruggieri. Beldomario is here with us. If you are wise, no misfortune will happen to you. If you make any noise we will pitch you into the sea—we will break your felucca like a nutshell. Porporato makes nothing of such a bark!"

This harangue was followed by a dead silence. The sailors remained dumb with astonishment. They were in the bay to prevent the escape of this same terrible bandit, and here he was in their very midst—their master. A laugh broke the silence. It was Cucuzone, who exclaimed: "Don't you know whom we have here? It is Toniotto, the Tarentais, as timid as a pigeon, but a good sailor." And as he finished speaking, the saltarello sprang upon Toniotto's shoulders, and he fell to the ground at the feet of the prince. Awe-struck by the name, the sudden coming of Porporato, the sailors obeyed to a man.

At daybreak the little vessel passed between the island of Capri and Cape Campanella. An hour afterwards, just as the sun rose, they cast anchor between Castellamare and the Torre dell' Annunziata. The captain and sailors of the felucca kept silence, for their most earnest desire was, that this adventure should not get noised abroad.

"In two hours," said Ruggieri, "all will be finished, and you will be free."

It was broad daylight when our adventurers landed between the islet of Revigliano and the mouth of the River Vaino. They instantly went towards the country, leaving the ruins of Pompeii on their left, and going in the direction of Angri. On a bend of the Sarno, in a beautiful valley shaded by luxuriant trees, they came upon a handsome villa. All the windows were closed. Fiamma, who was foremost, stopped and said: "It is here." Fulvio grasped her hand.

"You have your instructions," said he; "you also, Cucuzone and Ruggieri, have yours. Set out immediately for Naples. Wait for me there!"

He sprang through the chateau hedge. Fiamma looked after him with sad, longing eyes. When he was lost to sight, she joined her companions, who had almost reached the little village of Angri. There they procured horses, and started at full speed for Naples. Before entering the city, they separated. Ruggieri and Cucuzone went towards the water, and Fiamma walked along the Rue Mantou, in the direction of the Hotel Folquieri.

Signor Johann Spurzheim lay in the alcove we know so well. He had not yet left his house in Piazza del Mercato to inhabit the palace of the Minister of State. He knew that he should soon do so, for the king had promised the office to him, and to-morrow his

appointment would be publicly declared before the assembled court. Nothing was changed in the room. The arm-chair used by Barbara was still at the foot of the bed; the signal cord still hung by the bed post. Nothing was changed in the personal appearance of the wily director. He looked just as thin and ghastly, but he was stronger. He lay awake half dreaming, and murmuring to himself half aloud:

"Yes, Barbara, my dear companion," he said, "why did you grasp at so much? why make that doctor your confidant? It was infamous! But you are well punished, Barbara; they have killed you at last; you will never poison any one again."

His mind now wandered; he trembled.

"Leave me, Barbara! leave me!"

Then he added, as if in defiance: "That Maria whom you detested, because she was very beautiful, and took from you your place and happiness, is to be my wife; I marry her to avenge you my first wife!"

He was silent. The vision disappeared, doubtless, for he seemed calmer. Suddenly he raised his head; he thought some one murmured: "Seven days! seven days are nearly passed!"

His agitation returned.

"I know it! I know it!" he said, in a hurried tone. "They are not all gone. I have searched for them; they are hidden under the earth—they menace the king—they threaten me—they are there always, always!"

Three o'clock sounded. The door of Barbara Spurzheim's boudoir opened noiselessly. Two men entered, bearing something large in their arms. They wore black velvet masks and long black cloaks. They stopped and listened to the labored breathing of Johann, who had fallen asleep. Signor Spurzheim was right—they were not all gone! The thing they carried was the portrait of Barbara Spurzheim, which they placed against the wall, where the first waking glance of the false man would rest on it. A smothered laugh, and the chamber was again empty.

At break of day the Signor Johann awoke. He thought he still dreamed, and rubbed his eyes. He trembled. From the dusky wall looked out the grave eyes of his murdered wife. He turned his head away to shut out the sight, but it was there; and by a sort of fascination he looked again. There she was; but this time he groaned aloud, for above her head he saw the burning denunciation written in the mysterious characters of the Companions of Silence; and habituated as he was to these letters of Silence, he read in a trembling voice: "David Heimer, tremble! It is the seventh day!" Then he added half aloud: "I did not dream all this! It is true!"

He gave the signal, and the door above his head opened.

"What news, Beccafico?"

"Only one letter."

The tray descended, and Spurzheim grasped the letter in his trembling hands. The door closed, and the director opened the letter. It contained only these words: "David Heimer, tremble! It is the seventh day!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRAITOR.

THE whole court was assembled. To-day was to be made public the appointment of the new Minister of State, the faithful, energetic, honorable Johann Spurzheim. As in the day when the star of the court, the splendid Prince Fulvio Coriolani, was accused and dishonored, the king sat surrounded by his court. Behind him stood Loredan Doria and Julian Monteleone. Side by side, with deadly hatred burning in their hearts, each looked upon the other as the abductor of his sister. With drooping head and modest manner, the wily director stood before the throne. There were many in that assembly who contrasted his withered, shrunken form and cunning, drooping face, with the form that had stood there but the day before—that form so full of manly grace and pride. The king rose.

"Dearly loved subjects," said he, "after all the danger from which we have so lately escaped, it behooves us to watch well; watch ourselves, and appoint to the office of Prime Minister one who can guard our interests well. Who, but acknowledges that Signor Johann Spurzheim has been a faithful subject; faithful in difficulties, for he has been very ill. In spite of his illness he has watched and worked for us. We this day, in presence of our assembled court, appoint Signor Johann Spurzheim, director of the royal police, as Minister of—"

"Pause, sire!"

A scream filled the room at these words, uttered in a deep, rich voice, and at the sight of the tall, manly form which at this moment walked into the middle of the hall. It was Prince Fulvio Coriolani.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the king, forgetting himself in the astonishment of the moment, "whom have we here? that traitor? Ho, guards! Arrest this man! load him with chains!"

"Hold, sire!" said the prince, kneeling before his sovereign. "Listen to me for the love of heaven. I am here in your midst unarmed, powerless. I come to save you. Yesterday I was confined in your dungeons; but they were not strong enough. In the night I became king; and when the hour of midnight sounded I was far away from Naples, free as the eagle! I could have put your men at defiance; never again would they have laid their hands on me. To-day, of my own free will, I place myself in your power, asking as a reward for doing so, no greater favor than to be heard and believed."

"The word of a bandit has no weight," coldly said the king.

"Sire, for months I lived in Naples an honored member of the court, to whom even you extended your friendship. I was known by many. Is there none here, who in my hour of desperate need

will testify to my truth, which in all my scenes of temptation and strife I have ever kept unsullied?"

"I will!" and Loredan Doria stepped proudly forward. "May it please your majesty, whatever this man has proved to be, in all my intercourse with him, I have found him truthful and honorable."

"Many thanks, Count Loredan; you have proved yourself a friend in need."

"Sire, I too testify to his spotless truth."

It was Prince Francis who spoke.

Fulvio's eyes filled with tears, and his lips trembled; and he murmured in a tone of deep feeling: "You are generous, prince."

Then turning to the king he said, still kneeling: "You hear what they say, sire. Have I your permission to go on?"

"Do not let him speak! do not let him speak! He will deceive, bewitch you!" exclaimed Johann Spurzheim, who had turned deadly pale at the entrance of the prince.

"It is the seventh day, Johann," said Fulvio, in a deep voice; "your day has passed, and mine has come."

"You may speak," replied the king, who seemed bewildered at all that was passing.

"Sire," said Fulvio, gravely and respectfully; but his rich tones were distinctly heard in every corner of that vast hall, "my words will seem like fiction; but I swear to you by the memory of the sainted Monteleone that I will only tell the truth, and will prove what I say. I accuse Johann Spurzheim, whose true name is David Heimer, one of the Six, as a traitor!"

The king sprang to his feet.

"How dare you, you whom your own words have proved to be a false knight and bandit, in our presence accuse of treachery the faithful friend of our kingdom, our most faithful servitor!"

"Sire, I am in your power. All I ask is, that you will hear me out, and permit me to bring forward my proofs. If, when I have finished, you still doubt, you can send me to prison, from which I was freed but six hours ago. Watch well the man I accuse, highness, and perhaps his guilty, conscience-stricken face may carry conviction to your heart."

"Do not listen to him!" exclaimed Spurzheim, in desperation.

"Silence!" exclaimed the king; "he shall speak, and woe be unto him if he deceive us."

Fulvio bowed; then rising, exclaimed in clarion tones: "I accuse David Heimer, known here as Johann Spurzheim, the false friend of Mario Monteleone, false to his master, false to his companions, false to his king, as first the abductor of his master's eldest son, the abductor of the two remaining children, the betrayer and assassin of his master, Count Mario Monteleone, the murderer of Beatrice Giudicelli, the children's nurse, the assassin of Felice Tavola, the poisoner of his wife, Barbara Monteleone, and the abductor of the Countess Angelia Doria and Celeste Monteleone!"

The court was silent; aghast with terror.

Johann Spurzheim exclaimed in terror-stricken tones, "he lies, your highness, he lies! Do not credit his false story!"

"Your proofs!" said the king, coldly.

"One is before you; that trembling, conscience-stricken man. I have others also. The famous Doctor Daniel Bach, who restored to health the Countess Maria Monteleone, told me that if her malady should return, she would remember the cause of her insanity. Will it please your majesty to have her brought here? She is insane; the shock of yesterday has unsettled her mind. There are others also who, with your permission, I should like to have brought here that they may be ready. They are at the Coriolani palace."

"Let them be summoned," said the king.

A few minutes only elapsed, when the door opened, and Maria Amalfi was led in. She came forward with her eyes bent on the ground, and her white hands crossed on her breast. Prince Fulvio went up to her and extended his hand. She raised her eyes. A wild look filled them, and extending both hands she exclaimed in heart-rending tones: "Mario! Mario! husband, why are you so sad? Your wife did not betray you! O, God, no!"

Fulvio spoke in a low tone—all heard the words: "Maria, who is that man?"

She followed the direction of his finger. An expression of horror and loathing spread over her face, and she trembled like a leaf, as did the false man. With the speed of an arrow she sprang towards him, and placing her hands on his shoulder, fairly screamed in her fear and agony:

"David Heimer! traitor! I know you. You deceived me! You led me to betray my noble husband! Where are my children? Give me my children, villain! O, God!" and the poor woman sank fainting on the floor.

"What do you think of that, sire?" asked Fulvio, as he raised the inanimate form in his arms.

"It is only the ravings of a mad woman," said Spurzheim.

"Your other proofs?" said the king, in reply; but many of the court remarked that his eyes flashed and his lips trembled.

Fulvio turned to the trembling wretch and said, "Maria Amalfi remembers the night of the 13th of October, 1815, David Heimer. Others may remember equally well."

Then he turned to the king.

"My other proofs, sire, must be sought for. I accuse him of the assassination of Felice Tavola. In the director's office is a singular chair—made to keep the signor from drafts, as is believed. In a secret chamber in that chair is a deadly weapon—silent as deadly. With an air gun he shot Felice Tavola through the heart; and he tried the same on another, but missed his aim—it was only a wound. Under the table, hid by heavy crimson drapery, on the floor is a dark stain—it is blood. Sire, I attempted the rescue of Felice Tavola, because it was through my testimony that he was

condemned. I should have saved him but for that man. I scaled the walls of Castel Vecchio and entered his dungeon—it was empty. Johann Spurzheim, bound by the oath of Silence, promised his aid. When I found the dungeon empty, I thought that Spurzheim, fearing a failure, had himself come to the rescue. I went to the director's office. Report said that Johann was ill in bed; I found him in his chair. Under the table I found two corpses—that of Felice Tavola, and Manuelus Giudicelli, guardian and father of Julian and Celeste. He told me that, false friend, for he dared not disobey the Master of Silence, he had shot the Baron Altamonte in self-defence; the other also. He showed me the deadly implement. Manuelus was the faithful servitor mentioned in his dying hours by Mario Monteleone. I felt his heart—it was warm. Fearing to leave him in the power of that wretch, I raised the body on my shoulders, bore him to my carriage and to the palace. He was speechless, but not dead. Johann heard of that, and sent his own physician to attend him. A friend who knew the doctor in years gone by, met him, and told the man that Manuelus was dead; died as he had lain for hours—speechless. But," and the young man turned to the culprit, "David Heimer, my friend, he lives, and has recovered his speech. Sire," and he turned to the king again, "if you will send to that office you will find the air gun; and in a secret closet in the chair you will find, I doubt not, important papers."

A whisper from the king, and Loredan Doria was about to leave the room, when Fulvio spoke again.

"In a small black cabinet in the director's bed-chamber, will be found two golden boxes containing lozenges; they are exactly alike; but one contains poisoned pastils! In a tiny silver box, in the boudoir of the late Madame Spurzheim, are important papers."

The king made a sign, and with a bow Loredan Doria left the hall. A dead silence filled the room. Fulvio stood proudly erect; but his head was bent, and his pale lips gave token of the emotion within. Ten minutes passed, and the door was burst open. Loredan Doria, with his face flushing with excitement, came in.

"Sire, sire, it is all true! I found the gun—the blood stain on the floor, and these papers!"

Johann made another effort to save himself.

"Your highness is too hasty. How should that man, Porporato, know of those papers save he put them there? It is a plot to ruin us all!"

"Silence, David Heimer!" said Fulvio; "you forget that I am Grand Master of Silence, and possess all the secrets of the association!"

The king and his two sons glanced over the papers. The three letters taken from Manuelus, proved David Heimer beyond a doubt to be the abductor of the heirs of Monteleone. The papers contained in the silver box belonging to Barbara Monteleone, were even more valuable than Fulvio had dared dream. They were proofs of his assassination of Mario, Count Monteleone; an assassination counselled by the faithless Barbara.

"This infamy is horrible!" exclaimed the king. His manner softened, and he turned nobly to Fulvio. "We believe you; your proofs are overwhelming!"

"Sire, I have others; allow me to produce them, then I have done."

He made a sign, and the old Berta Giudicelli was led in. She advanced, muttering: "I must speak to the king! I promised the priest I would do so. I must speak to the king!"

Fulvio spoke: "The king is before you, Berta. Speak to him, and tell the truth as you hope for God's forgiveness."

The old woman fell on her knees.

"O, your majesty, I did it! He promised me gold. The oldest son I gave to the contrabandists. The two others were sent to Sicily. Ah, I could not prevent my nephew Manuelus from following them. I got gold; yes, yes, I got gold; but I hid it—yes I hid it beneath the floor of my hut. Dark nights I counted it."

As she said that she looked round, and her eyes rested on Fulvio. She sprang up, exclaiming: "Do the dead ever rise! Has the corpse of Count Monteleone, which hangs in his coffin above the open tomb, come to life?"

She passed her hand across her eyes as if to collect her senses. Then she seized Fulvio by the arm and dragged him forward while she peered in his face.

"Too young! too young!" she muttered. "Seven years dead, and come to life! Ah, I have it, it's the son!"

"She is mad!" screamed Spurzheim; "take her away!"

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed the king.

The woman continued, as she looked at the prince: "My mind wanders. This should be the son. If it is, there is on his left arm a mark—I pricked it there with the dark red juice of herbs. They never fade. There should be on his left arm a heart pierced with two swords!"

She was about to bare his arm, when Spurzheim sprang forward and stayed her hands.

"Wretched woman!" he hissed, "do you want to swing from the gallows?"

The voice roused her, and like a tigress she turned, and before she could be prevented had sprung at his throat, exclaiming:

"Swing yourself, David Heimer! Where is my daughter, my beautiful Beatrice? False man! They brought me the body all dripping wet. You held her under the water till she died, David. O, I will kill you!"

The director's hold on life was small, and the bony fingers of the woman clutched his throat with an iron grasp, and he sank to the floor dead. It was an awful scene; but the interest in Fulvio was so intense that the struggle was unheeded.

"Bare your arm, prince!" commanded the king.

For the first time in his life, Fulvio's hands trembled so he could not roll back his sleeve. Loredan Doria came to his aid,

while he whispered: "Courage, Coriolani!" The arm was bared, and there, in faint tracing, was the arms of Monteleone, and beneath, in neat letters, the motto, *Agere, non loqui*. Fulvio saw the marks, and sunk fainting at the foot of the throne. A loud cheer filled that vast hall; every eye in that numerous assembly flashed. A moment Fulvio lay there, then slowly raised himself, and his face looked pale and haggard. In calm, sad tones he spoke, bending before his sovereign.

"Sire, my task is done. I have saved your kingdom, perhaps even your life. I have only one more thing to add, and that is to those young men, Julian Monteleone and Loredan Doria. Shake hands and be friends, brothers. He who lies dead before you was the sole abductor of your sisters, who are confined in the villa of Barbara Monteleone. Now, sire, I await my sentence. It has been proved that I am the eldest son of Mario, Count Monteleone, and in his name, in remembrance of his devoted loyalty, I pray you let me die honorably—the death of a soldier. Cast upon the world in the midst of the very vilest associates, I grew up. Debarred from a mother's caresses and a father's care, I had no guide but my own wild passions. The deeds imputed to me, and which I blush to think of, I never committed. I have led a lawless, roving life; but the spirit of my sainted father has been with me, staying my hand and ennobling my thoughts. May my neglected childhood plead for me, and obtain for me a death that will not dishonor the name of Monteleone."

He ceased, and stood pale as marble, awaiting his sentence.

Ferdinand rose, and his face was covered with tears, and his voice trembled.

"Come here, Count Mario Monteleone!" he said, in an agitated voice. "We think of your lonely childhood, of your sad life, of your past misdeeds; and we here declare that the good

lian Monteleone and Angelia Doria. All the court were present. I might as well say a third marriage; for, standing above his father's tomb, Fulvio, whom we shall call by his right name, Mario, stood up and had performed the rite of marriage; preferring that his marriage with Nina should be solemnized in the church; having only been performed according to the rites of the wandering Zingaras. It was a happy bridal.

The remaining Masters of Silence kept their stations at court; and the king never had reason to complain of the power or treachery of the KNIGHTS OF THE IRON RING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FISHERMAN OF AMALFI.

BY BENTON C. HARWOOD.

LIGHTS streamed from every window of the little church of Santa Catharine in Foro, on the 25th of April, 1641. The moon shone brightly over a wedding train as it entered the church—gleamed on the white dress of the bride, and on her face lighted up with innocent joy, yet half hid by bashfulness.

It was no high-born couple for whom the ceremony was to be performed. He who was to be the bridegroom, was only known as the Fisherman of Amalfi; the bride was a peasant girl, named Berardina Pisa. Their companions too were lowly and simple; and on retiring from the church they went to a poor cottage, by the great market-place in the Vio Rotti, where only the most indigent people lived, and where, fifteen years later, the great pestilence broke out.

The father of the fisherman was Francesco Amiello, who came

"Hallow, Berardina!" shouted the keepers at the gate; "what have you there?"

She affected to lean over her baby, still singing the low lullaby with which she had approached them; but in her confusion, and evident shame at this first attempt of the innocent woman at deception, they detected her secret. Her load was taken from her, and she was carried to prison.

It is impossible to describe the rage and madness that possessed the heart of her husband, during the eight interminable days that witnessed her imprisonment. Almost all his furniture, and, in fact, everything he possessed of any value, went to pay the fine she had incurred. Hatred to the Duke of Medina, and a quarrel which he had had with the servants of the viceroy, who had given him blows instead of money for his fish, aggravated his present state, and the mind of the fisherman needed but a spark to kindle up a flame which should be long in extinguishing; and this was not long wanting.

Returning one night from his now hateful labor, irritated by the events of a day of fruitless imaginings and longings for vengeance, he encountered a man in the garb of an ecclesiastic, who accosted him upon the very subject that was chafing him so severely. The pretended priest artfully questioned him, and Tommaso frankly told him all that troubled him, and his cause of complaint against the existing powers. He was so sincere in his expressions, that his companion did not fear to trust him with his own secret, and accordingly revealed himself as Giulio Gemino, formerly a favorite of the Duke of Ossuna.

When the Duke of Arcos was proclaimed viceroy, this man was condemned as a galley slave. Escaping, after years of toil and humiliation, he had returned home an aged and broken man, with hatred in his heart, and vengeance smothering on his lips.

After a few interviews, this man introduced Masaniello to others; among whom were a lay brother of the Carmine convent, and a former captain of banditti. They gave the fisherman money, and unfolded the plan of their conspiracy.

The feast of the Madonna of Carmel was to occur at the middle of July. A troop of men and boys were collected who were to personate various tribes of people; and the work was to begin.

In July, 1647, one beautiful summer night, the Custom House in the great market-place had suddenly blown up. A new one had been built, and the taxes had increased. On the seventh day of July, all the fruit-sellers' carts and donkeys came from Pozzuoli to market; and the question arose who was to pay the tax. These men said the Neapolitans ought to pay five carlins on a hundred weight. Disturbance and quarrelling ensued, and people went to the viceroy with tidings of evil brewing. He called Andrea Naclerio, the deputy, to restore order. This man was just entering a boat to go to Posilipo, where he was to pass the day with his colleagues—nobles who held office under the Dukes of Maddaloni and Arcos. He

turned back and coasted along the shore of Marinella, and got out by the tanner's gate near the fort that takes its name from the church of the Carmelites.

The sight that met his eye was a strange and exciting one indeed. Masaniello had assembled his troops for a grand review. A castle of wood and canvass was erected in the market-place, close to the church and convent of the Carmelites. Four hundred lads painted black and red; ragged men in Oriental garb; Alarbes (those Arabians who dwell in tents), and a multitude of nondescript beings beside, were assembled together. Masaniello was at their head, grave, quiet and stern—a king at the head of this strange and motley regiment.

Naclerio approached and tried to appease the Pozzuolians and Neapolitans who were quarrelling. At length the fruit-venders had pushed down their baskets, which rolled, with the fruit, upon the ground, and cried to the people, "Take what you can get! This is the last time we will ever come to market!"

The Duke of Arcos recommended a mild course to be taken, and urged forward two men, who were much beloved by the people, to act as peace-makers. These were Tiberio Carafa, Prince of Bisigriano, and Ettore Ravaschieri, Prince of Satriano.

The rioters listened to Tiberio, who promised justice in the viceroy's name. It proved the signal for revolt; for at this moment Masaniello said very quietly: "Now we will march to the palace." The mass followed, and surrounded Tiberio, and compelled him to go to San Lorenzo, where, at the residence of a magistrate, they called upon him for the privileges of Charles V.

The spirit that incited all this was in the person of Giulio Gemino, who, disguised, and wearing a long beard, made one of the strange procession. Tiberio Carafa escaped; crept into a cell, whence he fled by night to Castelunovo, and thence to Rome.



THE TWO FISHERMEN.

[See page 402.]

you have this day done, far overbalances the evil. This day we appoint you Prime Minister!"

Mario fell on his knees.

"My father blesses you, O, noble master and king."

The king raised him, while he turned to Loredan, saying: "Now, Loredan, you must give your sister Angelia to Count Monteleone."

At these words Julian turned deadly pale, and trembled so he could scarcely stand. Fulvio smiled, a bright, glorious smile, and he called his brother to him.

"Sire," said he, "I ask the Countess Angelia Doria for my brother Julian. I am not free. In my roving life, I loved, wooed and won a beautiful Zingara girl. Now, in my prosperity, I turn with a longing heart to the faithful companion of my wandering life. The sainted Monteleone would not bless his son did he prove false to his holy vows."

He stepped to the door, and returned leading a lady richly dressed, whose face was veiled.

"Permit me," he said, "to present to your majesty the Countess Fiamma Monteleone!"

With a sudden, but graceful movement of his hand, he threw back the veil, disclosing the pale, agitated features of Nina Dolci. The king started.

"In time, sire, you will know all. Give us your blessing!" And he knelt before the monarch.

Ferdinand extended his hands above them.

"May God's blessing forever rest upon you, Count and Countess Monteleone!"

A month afterwards, the fine old church of Corpo Santo was illuminated. His majesty deigned to assist at the double marriage of Count Loredan Doria and Celeste Monteleone, and Ju-

lian Monteleone and Angelia Doria. All the court were present. I might as well say a third marriage; for, standing above his father's tomb, Fulvio, whom we shall call by his right name, Mario, stood up and had performed the rite of marriage; preferring that his marriage with Nina should be solemnized in the church; having only been performed according to the rites of the wandering Zingaras. It was a happy bridal.

Such was Tommaso Amiello, called by the people around him, Masaniello. A certain respect seemed to attend him from his neighbors and those with whom he was associated; whether from his superior intelligence, or the fine and manly figure so strong and active, and the grace with which he moved about among them; or it might have been from the fact of his living in a cottage which, though poor and miserable, bore the name and arms of Charles V. on its front. Be that as it may, he was often so poor that he could not even follow his occupation, but merely sold the paper in which the fish was wrapped for sale.

Oppression came to these poor people in the shape of enormous taxes. Everywhere, and upon every article, was stamped heavy and burdensome taxation; draining them of the poor pittance which they earned, and coming with ten-fold weight upon the poor fishermen of Naples, while it aggravated and distressed those who were above them in station.

Berardina went out one morning to purchase a little flour; and in order to evade the requirement, she wrapped it in cloths, giving to the bundle the appearance of an infant beneath her mantle.

Worn out and exhausted by his efforts, he soon after died mad. Meanwhile the mob reigned. Masaniello waved his banner three times before the royal guard, crying: "Long life to the king of Spain! Down with the taxes!" The mob stormed the royal palace, where Andrea Naclerio, the deputy, was concealed in the apartment of the vice-queen. He succeeded in letting himself down by a rope into the garden, from whence he at length reached the fortress. And now began the horrible devastation of the palace. The windows were broken in, the furniture destroyed, balustrades of balconies thrown down, and the beautifully polished sculpture ruined.

The Duke of Arcos had descended the spiral staircase, and found that the portcullis had been let down, and the bridges drawn up. He rushed across the square, hoping to reach the convent of the Minimi, opposite, but was recognized and surrounded. A moment, and it would have been too late for his rescue; but as if heaven-sent, a knight of St. Iago, Don Antonio Taboada, lifted him to his carriage, and drove through the assembled mob. Masaniello tried to thrust his sword through the viceroy; but the blow was parried by Don Emanuel Vaez. Caraccioli jumped upon the carriage box and got the duke into the convent, the populace still screaming and halloing. Out of the back door of the convent the viceroy fled; reaching a house on the slope of Pirofontane. There the nobles got a sedan chair and carried him to the castle of St. Elmo, over a bridge that unites the hills of Pizzofontane and San Martino; and there the poor duke, who was a large, corpulent man, was forced to climb up the hill; while the duchess fled with her train to Castelnuovo.

The night was worthy of such a day. A hundred thousand men marched through the town, Jesuits left the convents, processions were formed, and litanies said to the Madonna and all the saints. Prisoners were set free. Only the vicarial court at the castle of Capuano inspired respect. Perhaps it was the great imperial eagle of Charles V. over the portal, that obtained its immunity. For several days the work of destruction went on. The rebels destroyed trees, fired houses, stabbed horses, and threw lap dogs in the fire; and in the midst of all this, the masked figure of Giulio Gemino was seen skulking in every corner, and directing every movement, as if almost omnipresent. Diomed Carafa appeared once on the field, as if regardless of his safety. In an instant a strong man sprang upon him and bound him. It was the Fisherman of Amalfi. The duke was given in charge of a man who owed him an obligation, and he allowed him to escape; or rather carried him himself to the convent of the Carmelites. Hence he wandered to the heights of Capo di Monte, overlooking Venice and the gulf, where he met a rich physician, Don Giuseppe Carafa, who took him in his carriage to a place of safety.

Antonia and Berardina Amiello, the wife and mother of the Fisherman of Amalfi, were arrayed in the most costly dresses, with jewelry that might have been a queen's dower, so rich and resplendent. Beside them stood Masaniello himself, in a suit of gold brocade.

"You are gay, my queen!" said he. "Go and call on the duchess, and let her see that you too are now of high rank."

"Are we of high rank, Tommaso?" asked Berardina, who could not cease admiring the splendor of her dress.

"Did you not hear me proclaimed king by the viceroy's own people?"

"I have heard so much shouting that I have lost the use of my ears."

"Well, I am king, and you are queen, and mother is—"

"The mother of Tommaso Amiello. That is all I aspire to," said the good and simple-minded woman, laying her hand tenderly on her son's shoulder. She little dreamed of the intense, overpowering madness in the soul of her son, brought on by the strong excitement of the few past days; and in a sort of pleasure surprise she suffered Berardina to lead her to the duchess, who inquired who were her visitors.

"I am the vice-queen of the people," said the fisherman's wife, in such an artless and innocent manner as wholly to disarm all anger in the good duchess; although her attendants were almost furious at the strange woman's assumption. The visit was soon over, and the two came out into the great marketplace. There the viceroy's people had just struck down a man whose dress caught the eye of Berardina. She plunged forward, and beheld her husband's shining attire trampled on the ground. She hastened on, and the noble figure lay headless and bleeding before her. O, God! in the very hour of his triumph, was this the end?

Never had prince or conqueror such burial as the Fisherman of Amalfi. Four thousand priests and forty thousand men and women followed the bier, on which lay Masaniello dressed in a rich garb. On the bier lay too his sword and staff. They marched to the solemn music of muffled drums, and by the light of innumerable torches; while the great cathedral bells kept mournfully tolling as they passed, and many voices chanted the funeral strains. And among them came the imaginary queen of an hour—her bright dreams trailed in the dust like her imperial robes—the wife of MASANIELLO!

SHREWD WRITERS.—The people who write shrewdly are often the most easy to impose upon, or have been so. I almost suspect, without, however, having looked into the matter, that Rochefoucault was a tender lover, a warm friend, and, in general, a dupe (happy for him) to all the impulses and affections which he would have us imagine he saw through and had mastered. The simple write shrewdly, but do not describe what they do. And the hard and worldly would be too wise in their generation, to write about what they practise, even if they perceived it, which they seldom do—lacking delicacy of imagination.—*Arthur Helps.*

KEPLER, THE ASTRONOMER.

The engraving on this page represents a noble design for a colossal statue of John Kepler, one of the great names in the world's annals, and to whom the science of astronomy is largely indebted. John Kepler was the son of Henry Kepler, an officer in the army, and was born at Wül, in Wirtemberg, December 21, 1571. In 1577 he was sent to school; but his father, who was then keeping a tavern, having become reduced to poverty through extravagance, recalled him to assist as a waiter. But he finally received a university education at Tübingen, and took his master's degree in 1591, holding the second place in the examination. While attending the mathematical lectures of Maestlin, a disciple of Copernicus, he adopted the opinions of his teacher, and wrote an essay to prove that the primary motion was produced by the rotation of the earth. In 1594 he was unwillingly made to accept the astronomical class at Gratz, though he knew little of the subject. He was thus forced to study astronomy, and in 1595 he devoted all his leisure time and all his mental energy to study the size and the motions of the planets and their orbits. Finding no regular law

emperor, with a handsome salary, partly from the imperial treasury, and partly from the States of Silesia. In 1606 Kepler published a "Supplement to Vitellio," in which he treats of the optical part of astronomy, and had very nearly stumbled on the law of refraction, afterwards discovered by Snellius. In 1611 he published his "Dioptrics," an admirable work, which laid the foundation of the science of optics. In this work he gives the theory of the telescope,—describes the astronomical one with two convex lenses,—expounds the spherical aberration of the lenses, and the law of total reflection at the second surfaces of bodies. The work, however, on which his fame rests is his "New Astronomy, or Commentaries on the Motions of Mars," published in 1609. In this work he proves that Mars moves in an elliptical orbit, in one of the foci of which the sun is placed, and that the Radius Vector, or the line joining the planet and the sun, describes equal areas in equal times. These two great discoveries, the first made in physical astronomy, he extended to all the planets in the solar system, and it was through them that Newton, Hooke, Halley and Wren independently arrived at the great law of the diminution

of gravity with the square of the distance. In the midst of the studies which led Kepler to these fine discoveries, he was harassed with pecuniary difficulties, which were the bane of his existence. His salary was ever in arrears, and the treasury of Rudolph was ever empty. Upon the death of the emperor, however, in 1612, Kepler's arrears were paid. Matthias, the brother and successor of Rudolph, re-appointed him Imperial Mathematician, and he was permitted to accept of the professorship of mathematics at Linz, in Austria. He had lost his wife and one of his children by small pox in 1611; and his family now consisted of a daughter, born in 1602, and a son born in 1607. He married a second time in 1615, and added to his family three sons and two daughters, who, along with their mother, survived him. About this time Kepler was summoned to the diet at Ratisbon, to give his opinion on the reformation of the calendar, a subject upon which he published a short essay. His pension was again in arrears; and in order to support his family he was obliged to compose what he calls a "vile prophesying almanac," which, he adds, "is scarcely more respectable than begging, unless from its saving the emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger." In 1617 there appeared one of the most interesting of his works, entitled the "Harmonies of the World." It is dedicated to James I., of England, and is remarkable as containing his celebrated law that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are as the cubes of their distances. This law occurred to him on the 8th of March, 1618; but from an error in his calculations he rejected it. Having discovered his mistake on the 15th of May, he recognized with transport the absolute truth of a principle, which for seventeen years had been the object of his pursuit. He was almost frantic with joy; "the die is cast," he exclaimed, "the book is written to be read, either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6000 years for an observer." In the same year Kepler published the first three books of his "Epitome of the Copernican Astronomy," the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh appearing in 1622. In 1620 Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador at Venice, visited Kepler, while passing through Germany. He urged the astronomer to take up his residence in England, assuring him of a welcome and honorable reception; but neither the welcome nor the reception, which is all he would have got, could have released him from his pecuniary difficulties. "If the imperial mathematician, therefore," as Sir David Brewster remarks in his "Martyrs of Science," "had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has stained and dishonored." Notwithstanding his own pecuniary difficulties, the Emperor Ferdinand, in 1622, ordered all Kepler's arrears to be paid, including those due by Rudolph and Matthias; and he supplied also the necessary funds for completing the Rudolphine Tables. The wars of the Reformation, however, interfered with this and with every other peaceful pursuit. Kepler's residence at Linz was blockaded by the Catholic peasantry, and his library sealed up by the Jesuits; and it was not until 1628 that the Rudolphine Tables, founded on the observations of Tycho and his own laws, appeared at Ulm, in a folio volume. The Grand Duke of Tuscany sent him a gold chain in testimony of his approbation of this great work, and Albert Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, munificently invited him to reside at Sagan, in Silesia. With the emperor's permission

he accepted the offer, took his family to Sagan in 1629, and by the duke's influence obtained a professorship in the university of Rostock. Finding it difficult in this remote locality to obtain payment of his imperial pension, the arrears of which were 8000 crowns, he went to the imperial assembly at Ratisbon, to obtain them. The vexation which the failure of this attempt occasioned, and the fatigue of his journey threw him into a catarrhal fever, which was accompanied by an imposthume in his brain, the result of excessive study. Medical skill failed, and he died November 5th (old style), 1631, in the sixtieth year of his age. His remains were interred in St. Peter's Churchyard, at Ratisbon, and on his tombstone was placed an inscription written by himself. His monument was destroyed in the wars which desolated Germany, and it was not till 1803 that the prince bishop at Constance erected a handsome monumental temple near the place of his interment, surmounted by a marble bust of Kepler. Between 1594 and 1630, Kepler published thirty-three separate works, and he left behind twenty-two volumes of manuscripts, four of which contained his correspondence.



STATUE OF JOHN KEPLER.

in the planetary distances, he made numerous attempts of the wildest and most speculative character; but though he ventured to publish them in 1596, in his "Podromus of Cosmographical Dissertation," he obtained no true results, and was satisfied with the little reputation which his ingenuity had procured for him. In 1597 he made a foolish marriage with a young widow; and in addition to pecuniary difficulties in which this involved him, he was obliged to retire into Hungary to escape from the persecution of the Catholics. Though he was soon recalled to his professorship by the States of Styria, he did not occupy it long. Tycho, whom he visited at Prague in 1600, induced him to become his assistant; but he was no sooner settled in this new office than he was attacked by sickness, and involved in a quarrel with Tycho. When Kepler came to Prague in 1601, Tycho presented him to the emperor, who gave him the title of Imperial Mathematician, on the condition of assisting Tycho in his calculations. Their first joint work was the completion of the Rudolphine Tables, the expense of which was defrayed by Rudolph. Upon the death of Tycho, in 1601, Kepler succeeded him as principal mathematician to the

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BY THE SPRING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Tripping softly in the twilight,
A miracle of grace,
The dew brushed from the lilacs
Shining on her holy face,
Came a maiden for sweet water,
To the fragrant woody spring,
Where the peasant dips her pitcher,
And the swallow dips his wing,
And the mystic sybil waters
All the trees were mirroring.

Upon the gray-green lichens
She put her bucket down,
And the moonbeams lay about her
In a peaceful silver crown;
She knelt to catch the glory
Of the pure unearthly shine,
And her face gleamed with a radiance
Born of a faith divine—
And then it seemed a golden thread
Stretched 'tween her heart and mine!

She prayed—so sweet, the violets
To listen opened their ears—
"My Father, up in heaven,
Who sends me joy and tears,
I ask not fame or fortune
To gild my quiet way,
But let me be to some lone heart
A comfort and a stay,
And make me pure, and true, and good,
Through every passing day!"

And while the night wind whispered,
And the stars dropt silver down,
And the moon came up and whitened
The distant sleeping town,
In my soul a little songster
Tuned his mystic harp to ring,
Chords which fore'er round every life
A mist of sweetness fling;
While my heart's love went forth to dwell
With her beside the spring.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY MARTIN E. FOSTER.

WITHOUT prefacing our story with the previous history of our hero, we introduce him immediately to the reader, as he sits in his great easy chair, lamenting the disease to which Providence, or as some said, his appetite had sentenced him.

He was a hypochondriac, afflicted with those horrible fancies which occasionally attack and conquer men's reason. For an account of his peculiar hallucination, let us hear his own description, as he utters his sad complaints, alone in his room.

"Alas," says the poor man, dolefully, "that I am chosen to be a second Job! Nay, more than his trials, if not his patience; for great as were the sufferings of that good man, where do we read of his having a bottle-nose and an elongated leg, which confines him to the same posture day after day? Yet such are my afflictions, as is apparent to every man of good eyesight, notwithstanding my pretended friends would persuade me it is the effect of a 'diseased imagination,' a 'mere mental hallucination.' What, do I not know what I feel and what I see? Here is my afflicted nose, and who, except my dissembling friends, would dare say it were aught but a detestable champagne bottle? Or that this leg were not so disproportioned to the other, that I am doomed to be the laughing-stock of the whole world? Alas, what unhappy fortune! To be deformed and diseased; but even more than this, to be ridiculed by one's trusted acquaintances, and in smoother words, to be called a fool and a crazy man. The doctors, too, that race of men who live on the misfortunes of their fellows, why, even they, ready as they usually are to prescribe their murderous physic, pretend to agree with my friends, and so refuse me a drop of their poison. Well, I suppose they think my sufferings will carry me off quicker than anything they could give. And, more than all this, I cannot eat while I am tormented continually with the contrariety of the cook, who has joined the conspiracy and who complains of insufficient marketing. And, above all, see that falsely-constructed pair of scales, by which it is attempted to prove that I, who scarcely taste a mouthful in a day, and who have fallen away to a mere skeleton, that I weigh two hundred pounds! O, what—but some one knocks at my door. Another, doubtless, of the deceitful doctors whom some one has recommended. Like the others, he will try to convince me that I am crazy and should be immediately, were it not for the leniency of my friends, pent up in a lunatic asylum. Indeed, were it not for my extraordinary patience, some of these impudent prescribers of pills and poison would ere this have fared badly—come in!"

In answer to this summons, spoken in no mild tone of voice, there entered the room a physician well known throughout that region, as a man no less popular in his manners than successful in his cures, but being of recent coming to this place, the hypochondriac had never before availed himself of his skill; for he had imbibed, since his disease, an overpowering prejudice against this class, for what he called their mean perverseness.

"Good morning, my dear Mr. Gouttyman. At the request of several of your friends, I have dared approach you to afford the comforts my knowledge may recommend or my heart may prompt." These words were uttered in the politest manner, with a look of the greatest sympathy for his unfortunate patient.

"My friends, indeed," answered Mr. Gouttyman. "Kind, no doubt. So your knowledge, so extensive and minute, is to be brought in a focus, and to aid my friends in showing that I deserve a lunatic's treatment!"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, apparently much surprised, "I know not how to interpret your words. Could it, sir, have ever been proposed, by the most heartless, that a man in your pitiable condition, should be dragged to an insane hospital!"

"Sir, your words do not betray the heart I had expected," said Mr. Gouttyman, much mollified by the doctor's acquiescence in his notions.

"Who, sir," continued the doctor, "has a heart which the sight of your miseries would not melt? A nose, horrible to tell, by some mysterious power transformed to a bottle—"

"A man of sense, and not devoid of the milk of human kindness," muttered the patient.

"And otherwise affected unlike any of my previous patients, and more horribly. Receive, sir, my heartiest commiseration."

Mr. Gouttyman grasped his hand with a readier heart than he had done to any one for many weeks.

"And so, Doctor Cuticle, you acknowledge it is not a mental hallucination?"

"Mental hallucination!" exclaimed the doctor. "On the other hand, it is a most appalling reality."

"Good, doctor," said the delighted hypochondriac, affectionately. "How your words gratify me. But then," added he, sorrowfully, "though you acknowledge the existence of the evil, you must also confess that its cure surpasses man's skill and the efficacy of medicine."

"No, sir," replied the doctor, "I confess nothing so derogatory to the honor of our profession. Our cures are universal, if our wisdom always leads us aright in their application. Be sure, sir, a good Creator, when he fashioned his creatures, subject to their many ailments, formed at the same time a remedy for every complaint. The difficulty consists in discovering and properly applying them."

"Well, sir, I admire your logic and yield to it; but it is yet to be shown that you have made these beneficial discoveries. Cure me and I will believe anything. This, however, is requiring too much even of your superior skill."

"I think, Mr. Gouttyman, I can safely pronounce you in this, mistaken—"

"Mistaken!" exclaimed the poor man, almost leaping from his chair.

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor, confidently. "I possess a marvellous medicine, which I believe will wholly return you to health."

"Then bring it immediately, and let no obstacle prevent its application."

"I will, my good friend, now. The medicine consists of a salve to be applied to your afflicted parts, and a delicate preparation to be taken internally. I will send them before the sun sets, and you may rise in twenty-four hours, if not cured, at least partially restored to health and comfort."

"Excellent, doctor!" said the overjoyed hypochondriac. "Best friend! and is it you whom I had supposed a dissembling conspirator against my happiness? How careful should we be in indulging the promptings of prejudice and suspicion!"

After a few more mutual expressions of good will, the two separated, with much condolence on the part of the doctor, and hope on that of the patient.

The hypochondriac, so long downcast and peevish under his imagined maladies and the perverse disbelief of his friends, was now elated with the prospect of recovery, and received his acquaintances only to tell them of his good fortune and to laud the merits of his new physician. This very agreeable occupation sped time swiftly, till at length he began to watch anxiously for the promised remedies.

The doctor, in the meantime, immediately leaving his patient, sought his home for the purpose of preparing some medicine, which, harmless in itself, might, by humoring his fancies, soothe the hypochondriac into a cure. He first filled a small box with a powerless salve, and then obtained some delicate confection. Attaching notes to these, explaining how each should be applied or taken, he placed them nicely in a basket and called his servant man to carry them to Mr. Gouttyman.

"Well," said the doctor to himself, while waiting his man's coming, "I have had many curious patients, but never one like this Mr. Gouttyman. I warrant I effect a cure, with no more powerful remedies than this box of salve, which, by the way, is about as efficacious as the majority of our condiments. This will exert amazing force to contract his nose and leg to their proper proportions, and my other prescription will no doubt be equally effectual in restoring his appetite. While I sincerely rejoice in the opportunity of making a miserable man happy, I also confess my spirit in no way depressed at the probable accession to my purse, for Mr. Gouttyman is as generous as he is rich. Indeed, it is said, his revenue hardly keeps pace with his expenditures. Here, Thomas," said he to the man who entered at this moment, "take this basket and carry it immediately to Mr. Gouttyman, who lives in the large house on the hill. Be careful not to delay a moment on the way."

Thomas obeyed his master for a portion of the way, and even the impatience of the hypochondriac would have been satisfied with his speed; but when he approached the tavern of Reuben Stout, it seemed to exert a slackening and attracting force, which finally, after some hesitation caused by the injunction of his master, drew him into the house. His basket he left on the porch, as carelessly as if it contained an ordinary medicine, and he should have felt

thankful, that when he returned he found it still in its place. What attracted him to the place we cannot explain. It was a warm day, so perhaps it was fatigue induced him to stop and rest awhile in the house. His visit was not long, but it appeared to have had a good effect. Instead of the anxious expression which had marked his countenance before, all was now pleasure and self-satisfaction.

The distance to Mr. Gouttyman's dwelling was passed, and the basket delivered into the hands of the hypochondriac, trembling with joy and expectation. A pressing invitation was returned to the doctor to join him as soon as convenient, for a little party of his friends and acquaintances in his honor.

"And now, friends," said he to several who surrounded him in his easy-chair, "you have heard of the doctor's sympathy and honesty; you now see his punctual delivery of the physic, and a few hours, I am confident, will prove to you the success of his application; when, instead of a deformed cripple, you will see in me a sound man. I pride myself on my knowledge of physiognomy, by which I at once perceived written on Doctor Cuticle's countenance, honesty, kindness of heart, and learning." During this time, the elated man had been unclosing the contents of the basket; he eager to display, and the guests eager to behold, what kind of medicine the doctor had prescribed. Carefully he unwrapped the paper surrounding the box, as he said to his friends, "This, I perceive by the touch, is the box of salve that is to reduce my uncouth features." At this instant, the box disclosed itself to view, and was nervously opened by the man; but, as if some sudden and overpowering revulsion had swept through his soul, his face assumed the aspect of intense rage and disappointment. He madly dashed the box to the floor, and had he not recollected his awkward condition, would have sprung from his seat and rushed after the object of his ire. The friends, too, were no less astonished, for in the place of the usual neat doctor's salve, it was a box of "the best blacking," which had excited the delight and the rage of Mr. Gouttyman. After a few minutes, when his anger had somewhat subsided, he ventured to unroll the package which, according to the note, contained a "delicate preparation, to be taken entire that evening." But his rage was only the more inflamed, by the roll of heavy shoe-leather which was there discovered.

"Base hypocrite! malignant deceiver!" cried the poor, disappointed man. "O, I have heard of meanness, and deeds of bitter revenge, but this act of unprovoked malice surpasses them all! I, who had so confidently trusted the man, and believed myself, through his agency, to rise to-morrow a happy, grateful man, have trusted only to know disappointment, bitter, hopeless despair. Let him be driven from the neighborhood, and he of you who applies the more and harder stripes, shall have the more claim to my gratitude and affection. The sight of him would—"

At this moment, to the consternation of all and the indescribable fury of the insulted hypochondriac, Doctor Cuticle entered the room with the politest bow and most pleasant salutation.

"Most happy, my dear Mr. Gouttyman, to accept your kind invitation. I was on my way hither when I met my man returning home, and I—"

"Insolence insupportable; friends, I feel my patience giving way. Remove the man or—"

The hypochondriac was by this time so overcome by his rage that, leaving his sentence unfinished, and forgetting all his cherished sufferings, he bounded from his seat and prostrated the wondering physician to the floor. Without waiting for explanation, this gentleman quickly rose from his undignified position and left the house, pondering on the cause of such extraordinary behaviour.

"Surely," thought he, as he calmly seated himself in his study, this man's friends were right; he is demented. And he must, in addition, be possessed of a malicious disposition, even in madness, to attack one who had acted towards him so kind a part."

This strange incident afforded food for contemplation during the whole evening, and the result of his thoughts was the resolve, that in the future Mr. Gouttyman's house should be avoided by him like the abode of ghosts.

Next morning he found on his table a note. When it was opened, his amazement was but renewed by reading the following words:

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your sagacious *ruse* succeeded admirably, and it is a cured man who desires that you will join him in a jovial celebration this evening, when he may more fully express his gratitude for your exceeding kindness, and commend your equal wisdom. My heart is too full to write more at present, and my hand trembles with delight, but let me again urge upon you not to disappoint by your absence, your
"Truest and most gratefully affectionate friend and debtor,
A. GOUTTYMAN."

"A mysterious business," muttered the perplexed doctor. "'Success of my *ruse*;' what does the man mean? It's beyond my conception, I confess, but I will accept the invitation, even the risk of another such over-cordial reception."

Evening came, and found the doctor approaching the hypochondriac's mansion. When he reached the door of his room, and received the summons to "come in," uttered in tones of uncommon cheerfulness, he timidly entered, half-expecting to meet an enraged lunatic.

"Ha, doctor!" exclaimed Gouttyman, heartily. "Glad so soon to thank you for your happy artifice. It was capital. Hope I did you no serious injury in my savage rencontre. We all agree, doctor, that you did your part admirably."

"Indeed, Mr. Gouttyman," interrupted the doctor, getting more perplexed at each word, "I cannot understand, though perhaps it is all very simple. Please explain what you mean by my

artifice. Did you discover that my miraculous salve was nothing but lard?"

"Lard! I discovered nothing," said Gouttyman.

"Then I am in a perfect maze as to what you insinuate."

"Why your trick, man. Your artifice," answered the now cured hypochondriac, a little testily.

"You must labor under—"

"A mental hallucination?" interrupted Mr. Gouttyman. "Ha, ha, that is all over now."

"No, sir, not at all," said the doctor, becoming uneasy at these evidences of his patient's insanity. "I mean you must be mistaken somewhere in this matter."

"Mistaken, say you! Why, did you not send me a 'dainty' box of blacking, and some 'delicate' shoe-leather, which 'properly applied, should effect my cure?' Did not this very naturally enrage me; and did not your presence at such a moment add fuel to my excitement, so that I forgot my complaints, and madly attacked you? And did not my friends after this convince me that all these ailments must be imaginary, else I could not so have risen from my chair and struck you, without myself falling? Say, and was not all this planned by you to happen precisely as it did? Certainly you did; and I thank you most sincerely for it."

The doctor knew not what to reply. When he had gathered his faculties for a moment, he denied having in any way caused his friend's wrath, or that he had sent him any such insulting articles as he had named. This equally surprised Mr. Gouttyman and his friends, to whom, except as the preconceived plan of Doctor Cuticle, all seemed inexplicable.

"Now, doctor," said Mr. Gouttyman, "you perceive that I am completely restored, why do you persist in such a denial? Come, confess all, receive our thanks and congratulations, and join us in a mutual good health."

The doctor, however, protested his ignorance, and matters seemed approaching such a point that, fearing another fit of madness was brewing, he hastily bade the company good morning and took his leave.

On his way home the doctor stopped at Reuben Stout's inn, to give vent to his suspicions and indignation. But the worthy host, with all his wisdom and experience, could offer no explanation of the affair. While the two were sitting on the porch, deep in giving or hearing the perplexing recital, a man known throughout that region as "Waggish Bill" approached, and when he had listened to the whole story, surprised them by bursting out in a laugh which shook him to the centre.

"Ah, Bill," exclaimed Reuben Stout, after a moment of wondering silence, "I see it now. Confess it. It was one of your tricks, I know. Out with it, man."

"And what will I have for my pains," inquired Bill. "Exculpation and a box of pills," said the doctor, who was eager to hear the man's account.

"Not enough in the first part, but too much in the second," replied the man, laughing provokingly.

"I'll add a dose of powders," said Doctor Cuticle.

"Poh!" now interrupted the inn-keeper, "I will offer something more to Bill's liking—a glass of my best beer to refresh you."

"Well, sir, that is cheap for such a story; but I give it under condition of a glass of beer, and, as the doctor said, exculpation."

"Then be quick, for we are anxious," said the doctor. "And I will add to this a second glass."

"Thank you, doctor, you are a generous man. That has always been my opinion, notwithstanding your profession; for you see—"

"But never mind this flattery now; on with your explanation," exclaimed the physician.

"Well, you see," said Bill, quietly, "your man, Thomas, on his road to Squire Gouttyman's, stopped a minute to see friend Reuben, here; and thinks I when I see the basket so nicely done up, I'll see what's in it. So I took off the cover—"

"Scamp!" muttered the doctor.

"And took the contents for myself, or rather made an honest exchange, for I put something else in their place; I mean the things which so roused the hypocritical chap on the hill; and said to myself, now see who's the best doctor for that kind o' people, Dr. Cuticle or myself. So that's the way of it all; and sure enough, they say the squire is all right again."

The doctor felt inclined to punish the man, notwithstanding his promise, but much relieved at this simple explanation, he concealed his wrath, and started once more for the hypochondriac's house.

Our story, however, is spinning itself longer than it deserves, so we must close it as soon as possible.

Doctor Cuticle found Mr. Gouttyman and his friends still pondering over the affair, as much puzzled as the doctor had been. A few moments sufficed to understand the whole matter, and after a few joyous congratulations and some hearty laughter at the numerous mistakes which had ended so happily for all, Mr. Gouttyman suddenly called out, "And where is your man, doctor? Let us send for him immediately. We must investigate the matter fully, and have it every incident recorded for the benefit of future generations."

Thomas, expecting a severe reprimand for his dilatoriness in delivering the basket, soon appeared before his inquisitors.

"And wherefore, Thomas Tub," asked Mr. Gouttyman, with the air of a judge, "delayed you in Reuben Stout's resting-place for weary travellers, when so particularly enjoined by your master to make all speed?"

"It was a hot day, sir."

"True. And was it to seek shelter from the sun's rays that you turned from your path?"

Thomas was, we rejoice to say, a truthful man, and it was finally, after many questions, discovered that Reuben had a daughter; a fair maid, against whose charms the heart of Thomas had been too weak to resist, and on that memorable day, fraught with so many curious and interesting events, Thomas had gained a tender promise from his dulcinea.

"Then bring the maid," said Mr. Gouttyman again. The blushing Petronella was soon led in, wondering and agitated, but by the kind assurances of those around her, she was easily composed and reassured.

"Now, my friends," said the quondam hypochondriac, "I do not boast of extraordinary charity, but let all bear witness that for once I 'reward unpretending merit.' Waggish Bill, I find, was the direct cause of that happy transposition which effected my cure; but he has had even more than his deserts, for I consider wags degrading nuisances. This good man, Thomas, might claim reward as the secondary cause, for without his fortunate delay, what might now have been my condition?"

"My salve would have cured you!" interposed the doctor; but without answering this, Mr. Gouttyman continued, "I find the primary cause of the whole transaction in the charm of this modest maiden, which attracted and withheld the messenger, Thomas. To these two, then, know you all, that I give a hundred acres of land and a cottage, as a 'badge of merit.' Let these be a marriage portion, my friends, and before another fortnight passes, let me see you snugly domiciled in its cozy quarters."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the clue of that happy evening; happy to all concerned, and which, may I not hope, reader, has caused a sensation of pleasure to others, who, seated by their firesides, have listened to my story?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ARTIST LIFE AND THE WOMAN LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

NESTLED under the Alpine shadows, and surrounded by the wildest scenery in Switzerland, was the home of the painter, Joseph Kaufman. Married at an early age, he had brought the gentle Catherine Shepler to this romantic retreat, over which the loving vines mantled, and around which the bright flowers which are found in this clime, bloomed with tenfold beauty, because of the cultivation bestowed upon them. To a painter's eye, nothing could be more picturesque than the blending of mountain and vale, of the wildest scenery with the softened beauties of a careful training, and above all, the beautiful clearness of the atmosphere, which gives to every object its most perfect hue.

Unlike many followers of his art, Joseph Kaufman cared little for renown. He loved Nature, and he delighted in copying her works; but for the fame or wealth it might bring, he had little thought. Catherine worshipped her husband's genius, which she could well appreciate. She lived almost wholly in the little quiet room where he painted, interesting herself in every detail of his pictures, and lending a charm to his undisturbed and tranquil labors, by her cheerful presence.

One little recessed window, shaded thickly by vines, so as not to interfere with the light from another which was cut high in the wall to facilitate his work, was almost always occupied by the gentle wife and her work-basket, and between herself and her husband there was always a table on which were the flowers they both loved so well. Beyond, from the loop-holes in the vines, she saw the eternal mountains, stretching far away in the blue distance, while their white tops covered with snow, were sometimes lighted with the sunset glow which would make one almost believe them the sapphire gates that lead to paradise. The pair had lived here four or five years, as happily as mortals could be—at least they thought they were so—but it remained for time to develop a new source of bliss.

In the fresh beauty of the flower-month, in the year 1742, a child angel was born to them, whom the world afterwards knew by the name of MARIA ANGELICA KAUFMAN. How beautiful was the life of this little child! Surrounded by the most romantic scenery, on which her eyes dwelt with delight, the idol of her parents, to whom she came as a divine gift from the good Father, her days of childhood passed without a cloud. Her mother taught her music, and her father painting. In both she was a ready scholar, and, in time, surpassing both her teachers. For the first time, ambition was awakened in the minds of these two whose lives had, hitherto, passed so quietly. They felt that it was wrong to hide genius like hers from the world that was so eager to receive all who come with the unmistakable stamp upon their brows.

Is it wise to send out such sensitive natures into that same eager, flattering world which so beckons and praises its favorites; and, after crowning them with flowers, bids them sit down in the dust, with only the withered wreath as their guerdon? "Far out at sea" we send our pure "white butterflies," only that when "night comes with wind and rain," their white wings droop, and they perish before the storm. Then we sit down and comfort ourselves, if we can, with the thought that while here, they have "known, and felt, and seen a larger life and hope, though lost far out at sea."

To this same flattering, beckoning world, Angelica was taken; to Milan, to Naples, and thence to Rome. At the latter place she was eagerly welcomed by the English ambassador and his lady—Lord and Lady Wentworth. With them she travelled a great deal, and eventually accompanied Lady Wentworth to London. Here her artist life rapidly developed itself. With such a patroness, it was not difficult to become distinguished, and Angelica's reputation was here fully and entirely established. She attracted

the notice of royalty, and at the age of twenty-seven, we find her a member of the Royal Academy.

A true child of simplicity, the Swiss maiden retained her unsophisticated manners, in the busy world of London. Guileless herself, she was perfectly unsuspecting of others; and when her destiny came to her, in the person of Albert Von Haller, a German count, who had frequented her studio for some time, and professed an extravagant admiration, not only for her paintings, but for herself, Angelica musing thoughtfully on her unprotected state, listened, loved, married him.

Already her art had brought her wealth. She possessed money and jewels sufficient to meet any emergency—even the entire cessation of her labors, if need be—and, with the affectionate improvidence of a woman, she placed them all in the hands of her husband. They had been married but a few weeks, when she discovered that he had absconded with all her possessions. The arrival of the real count, to whom her worthless husband was only a servant, but whom he had successfully personated to the London tradesmen, as well as to herself, unfolded the deception, and nearly cost the poor victim her life.

Now came the deep regret that she had ever left her Alpine home. Far happier had she been, a simple Swiss girl, dwelling beneath her father's humble roof, or even tending her flocks upon the mountains. With what depth of grief did she look back upon the happy time when she had listened at sunset to the Alpine song of praise, echoed by the shepherds from hill to hill, or walked with her dear old father to the mountain top to catch the grandeur of a Swiss sunrise. In vain were these regrets—but here in England, the scene of her humiliation, she could not stay. To Rome she bent her steps, almost reckless now of professional fame, but unable to give up her labors, both from necessity, and from the desire to occupy her mind with something that should drive away the remembrance of her bitter mortification. With a feeling of relief she heard of the death of him who had so cruelly cast a shadow upon her life.

At Rome she became, necessarily, thrown into the society of artists. The stiff, formal punctilios of English society gave place to a hearty and easy sociality among those of a kindred profession, and is the charm of Italian social life. Angelica grew gradually less sad. Her eyes assumed a new brightness and her cheek an added color. Amidst the beautiful creations of her pencil, she herself was the greatest charm of her studio. She had not outgrown the free, unconscious grace of her mountain step, and her figure and face were yet beautiful as ever, although it must be owned that thirty-four years had passed over them.

So thought Signor Zuechi, a noble Italian artist, who could not behold unmoved, the perfections of his fair neighbor, Mademoiselle Kaufman. She had never borne the name of the man by whom she had been disgraced.

At first Angelica shrunk from hearing the name of love, but the persevering attachment of the grave and dignified Zuechi, to whom she revealed the circumstances of her life, at length won her heart, and she consented to become his wife.

A long and changeless calm followed. Zuechi was the kindest of husbands, the best and worthiest of men. Never, since she had sat by her mother's side at the little vine-mantled window in her Alpine home, had she felt a peace so serene as blest her now.

And so for more than thirty years, the two kept on their quiet way, unheeding the world, yet winning golden opinions from those who could best appreciate their talents, until, at the age of sixty-five, Angelica, still beautiful in her serene old age, and with talents that had not shown a symptom of decay, fell asleep to awake in that land where alone the artist may realize all the beautiful conceptions that mortal powers can never achieve.

THOUGHTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The object of all knowledge is truth. The essence of all moral goodness is love. The spring of all spiritual activity is faith. The foundation of every virtue is humility. The first duty of a sinner is repentance. The fountain of all blessing is Jesus Christ. The source of all grace and peace is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Our own happiness is the best promoted by seeking the welfare of others. The most effectual security against evil is trust in God. The most valuable riches is contentment. The best antidote against melancholy is occupation. The surest remedy against the fear of death is the hope of heaven. The greatest enemy of human happiness is sin. The most effectual means of obtaining good for ourselves and others is prayer. The light to guide every step of our progress is the Bible.—Dr. Alexander.

Everything leads us to believe that woman has more republican a mind and character than man.—S. Dubay.

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ST. MARK'S CHURCH, TOLLINGTON PARK, HOLLOWAY, ENGLAND.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, TOLLINGTON PARK, HOLLOWAY.

The increasing popular taste for elegant architecture in this country, and the avidity with which architectural models are sought for and studied, have induced us to publish the engraving of the fine English church which graces this page. Notwithstanding its size and commanding beauty and purity of style, it was erected at a moderate cost, and hence commends itself to our

favorable attention. This church is situated in Tollington parish, England. In plan the church is cruciform, consisting of nave, north and south transepts, chancel, chancel aisles, small octangular vestry, and stair turrets leading to transept galleries, and there is also a western gallery; the style adopted is the early English of the thirteenth century. It is built with

Kentish rag stone, with Bath stone dressings. The total accommodation is for 1076 persons. The internal arrangement is free from obstruction, and the exterior seems well adapted to an apparently very limited site. The roof timbers are open to the church, and, together with the internal fittings, are stained and varnished. The seats are all open benches, with plainly cut bench ends. The pulpit and desk are of suitable character. The front is a good specimen of the early English style. The chancel windows are filled in with stained glass. On the whole, it may be considered a satisfactory structure for the limited amount of expenditure in its erection—namely, \$25,000.

SWISS SCENERY.

The second engraving on this page and the first upon the next are illustrations of Swiss scenery, and both exhibit charming landscapes. Both views were taken in the Valais, Switzerland. The first is a view of the bridge of the village of St. Maurice, and the second the baths in the neighborhood of St. Maurice. The bridge scene is one of those that never fail to delight the eye of the lover of nature. The bridge itself is a graceful structure, and the continuation of wood and water, valley and mountain, architecture and wilderness, is very striking. There are few sites more picturesque on the road from Besançon to Milan than that of St. Maurice in the Valais. The bridge, of a single arch, boldly thrown over the Rhone, forms the centre of the picture, which is finished on both banks, near which are seen, on the right bank, the first houses of St. Maurice, attached like swallows nests. In the background, the Dent de Morcles, a gigantic mountain of pyramidal form, conceals summits yet more elevated, which are revealed to the traveller as he penetrates the deep valley. In going thither from Paris a road to the left leads to the village of Lavey, which is reached by ascending the right bank of the river, through luxuriant orchards. Here is the establishment of thermal waters, founded a few years since, and enjoying great repute and patronage. The buildings are neat and unostentatious, and the grounds laid out with great taste and in harmony with the grand character of the surrounding scenery. The pure air and the romance of the site, together with the plain and simple food furnished to visitors, have as much to do with the restoration of health as the waters themselves. The whole region hereabout is charming and romantic.

THE NAWAB OF MOORSHEDABAD AT PRAYER.

The large engraving on the next page is from a drawing of an East Indian artist, and is interesting as a faithful representation of a splendor that is rapidly passing away, and will hereafter live only in tradition, or in the pages of such records as our own. Before many years, all of India will be in the possession of Europeans. The scene before us is a striking one, and resembles rather a stage pageant than a picture of actual life. The oriental potentates certainly know how to produce dramatic effect. The nawab is seated on a magnificent throne at prayer, clinging even in the hour of devotion to his cherished pipe. Around him are his guards with banners and arms, while on the steps of the altar sits the venerable officiating priest reading the service. It may be a long while before the religion of the East is changed, but it will be speedily shorn of its splendor as the domination passes into other hands. And what a magnificent empire is that which Britain will soon grasp in its unity. The tract of country generally described as India, or Hindostan, is situated in the northeast quarter of Asia, being comprehended within the latitudes of 8 degrees and 35 degrees north, and the longitudes of 68 degrees and 92 degrees east. It is bounded on the north by the Himalaya Mountains, a lofty range, which, commencing at the Indus and terminating beyond Bootan, separate it from the table land of Thibet, and the Tartarian deserts. Towards the south it is everywhere washed by the ocean, into which it projects in the form of a bold peninsula. The extreme length of Hindostan has been computed to exceed 1900 miles—its extreme breadth 1500; yet such is the irregularity of its form, that the superficial extent cannot be estimated at more than 1,300,000 square miles. Of these nearly 1,000,000 square miles belong to England, and the remainder to native States under her protection. The



BRIDGE OF SAINT MAURICE, IN THE VALAIS, SWITZERLAND.

total native population may be estimated at 160,000,000. The surface of the Indian peninsula varies greatly in level—extending from the sea-level to an altitude of 27,000 feet; and its climate varies with the degrees of elevation. Its vast plains present the double harvest, the luxuriant foliage, and even the burning deserts of the torrid zone. The lower heights are enriched by the fruits and grains of the temperate climates; and the upper steppes are clothed with the vast pine forests of the north; whilst the highest pinnacles are buried beneath the perpetual snows of the arctic zone. All accounts concur in showing that, long before the greatness of the Greek and Roman republics, India was the seat of a highly-cultivated civilization, and that whilst the people of the West were naked savages, "the princes and nobles of India dwelt in splendid palaces, and clothed in the gorgeous products of its looms, glittering with gold and gems, indulged a corresponding luxury in every art and habit of their lives," the trade with the East was then, and for many centuries continued, the principal, almost the only, commercial enterprise in the world. Tyre, Alexandria, Constantinople, and at a later period Venice and Genoa, became the chief emporiums for the rich gauzes, silks, spices, and gems of India, which were eagerly purchased by the princes and nobles of Europe. Although she suffered at distant intervals from partial invasions on her northern frontier by the Persians under Darius Hystaspes, and by the Greeks, at various periods, beginning with Alexander and ending with Antiochus, and afterwards from incursions by the Scythian nomads and the Tartar hordes, India may be said to have enjoyed her national independence under her ancient Hindoo princes down to about the year 1000, when the Mahometans, under Mahmoud of Ghuznee, conquered all the country lying between the Indus and the Ganges, Delhi being made the seat of their government. At the end of the thirteenth century the fierce Affghans became conquerors, and usurped the rule, which, however, they held but for a century. Timour the Tartar, commonly known as Tamerlane, was the next conqueror; but his career was little else than one of plunder, and, when he left the scene of his devastations, the whole country became divided into a number of small independent States, some Mahometan and some Hindoo. In 1552, Baber, a descendant of Timour, reconquered all these States, and re-established the Mogul throne at Delhi. The Mogul Empire, at the period of its greatest splendor, was divided into thirty-seven provinces, which had formerly been so many separate kingdoms; with, in addition, the kingdoms of Visapoor, Golconda, and of the Carnatic, which were tributaries to the Mogul. It must be understood, however, that the dependence of many of these provinces upon the empire was frequently little else than nominal, many of the rajahs asserting their independence, and sometimes even making war upon the emperor. Yet, with all these drawbacks and qualifications, the Great Mogul was considered the most powerful, as he was the richest, sovereign in the universe. His annual revenues were estimated at 387,000,000 rupees (one hundred and ninety millions of dollars); and his wealth in diamonds and precious stones was incalculable. The discovery by Vasco de Gama, in 1498, of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope effected a revolution in the commercial relations of Europe, and from the time the Europeans first visited India, and mixed with



BATHS OF LAVEY, NEAR ST. MAURICE, SWITZERLAND.

their political affairs, the power of the natives began to decay. The history of British India, embracing that of the East India Company, which has now received its death-blow at the hands of the British government, is one of the most interesting records of great events that the world has furnished. It is full of thrilling

tragedies and crimes, in which both of the parties engaged in the great struggle for wealth and dominion have been equally inculpated. But the burthen of guilt of course rests with the more civilized and enlightened of the two. Still, England should be the controlling power in India in the interest of the world.



THE NAWAB OF MOORSHEDABAD AT PRAYER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MYRTA MAY.

I'm very sad to-night, mother,
I'm very sad and lone,
The earth no more looks bright, mother
My fondest hopes have flown,
And I have come with aching brow,
And wildly throbbing heart,
Once more beside your knee to bow,
O bid me not depart!

I left you long ago, mother,
To chase the bubble, fame;
I did not think how false its glow,
How empty was its name.
And ever, as I sought to twine
Its laurels round my brow,
Before ambition's dazzling shrine
With reverence to bow,
I found a thorn with every rose,
And poison with its breath,
And where I thought to find repose
I found the sting of death.

I flung the laurel-wreath aside,
For love my bosom thrilled;
Ah, then methought this aching void
Will evermore be filled.
But I have found that love's pure ray
Is but a meteor's gleam,
'Twill soon in darkness fade away,
"Things are not what they seem."

There breathed from out the shadowy past
A voice that seemed to say,
"There is a love which still will last
When other loves decay."
And to that beacon-star I turned
My eager, earnest gaze,
O, mother, how my heart has yearned
For the love of childhood's days.

I knew you would not chide, mother,
And so I've come again;
Thoughts like a lava-tide, mother,
Rush o'er my burning brain.
I've ceased my weary wanderings now,
With heart oppressed by care;
O, lay your soft hand on my brow,
'Twill cool the fever there!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADVENTURES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—No. 2.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Off St. Paul de Loando—A suspected Spanish Slaver.—An unwelcome consort.—An invitation to come on board.—The Pampero!—The mast and eight men overboard.—Incivility of a friend.—In port to repair damages.—An unexpected visitor.—Tricked out of a twenty-five thousand dollar prize.

THE sea, on the African coast, between the tropics, is usually calm, and the atmosphere dreadfully oppressive. During the day the wind mostly blows from seaward, but, after nightfall, a land breeze sets in, blowing across the great desert in the interior, hot and dry to a painful degree. Violent gusts of wind, however, frequently occur, especially during the months of August and September, rivalling a hurricane in their fury, and accompanied by torrents of rain. Fortunately these high winds mostly blow off the shore, so that a vessel suddenly caught by one of the "white squalls," or, as they are technically styled, "pamperos," can send before them in safety. They are dangerous at any time, but if they blow from seaward, a vessel caught in a squall near the land would have no hope of safety.

A white squall, unless to mariners long accustomed to African coast navigation, gives little warning of its approach. A faint white cloud—from which the squall takes its name—is seen lingering in the horizon, gracefully increasing in size, yet apparently so insignificant, that to the uninitiated it forebodes no danger. In a short time, however, it forms a semi-circle, and "horse-tails" begin to shoot upward from it. As soon as these prognostications of the coming tempest are noted, the experienced mariner clues up and furls his lighter sails, hauls up his mainsail, and stands prepared at a moment's warning to let go his topsail-sheets and halyards, and allow his vessel to scud before the wind. The white cloud rises with astonishing rapidity, and assumes a darker appearance, until the entire canopy of heaven is shrouded in sable clouds; the wind howls fearfully, the thunder roars and the lightning flashes, while the rain is driven in a horizontal direction by the force of the tempest. The duration of the squall is generally from two to four hours, but seldom exceeding two hours, at the expiration of which period, it ceases suddenly as it came, the sky clears, and the sun bursts through the dark canopy, and darts forth its sweltering rays with redoubled intensity.

During the squall the ocean is one mass of white, glistening foam, but the force of the wind beats down the billows, and the water is perfectly smooth; when, however, the gale has subsided, a short cross sea arises, which, for some hours, communicates a very unpleasant motion to the ship; particularly, as after the squall generally comes a calm, as the old adage goes, and there is not a breath of wind to keep the vessel steady.

The ships-of-war employed upon the coast of Africa, are usually small vessels. There may be a frigate on board which is hoisted the flag of the commander-in-chief of the station, and perhaps a sloop-of-war; the remaining vessels of the squadron are generally brigs and schooners; of late years, small steamers are almost uni-

versally employed, which draw little water and are adapted to cruise along-shore, and to penetrate into the narrow, shallow creeks and rivers with which the coast abounds. Slavers captured upon the coast in the act of taking on board their human cargo, are almost invariably captured by the smaller class of cruisers. It sometimes happens that a slaver finding himself hard pressed, shows fight, and it is not invariably the case that the cruiser gets the better of his desperate opponent.

Shortly after the capture of the "Baracoota" by the "Superb," the latter vessel was appointed guard ship at Sierra Leone, and I was transferred to the "Alert" schooner of six guns, four-pound carronades, and one long six-pounder amidships. While cruising one day off St. Paul de Loando, the look-out at the masthead hailed the quarter-deck, and reported a sail in sight.

"Where away?" sang out the lieutenant in command, whom, to avoid confusion, I shall in future designate as the captain.

"Just creeping out from under the land, sir."

"What do you make her out to be?"

"A full-rigged brig, sir."

"Hand me the spy-glass, quartermaster," said the captain.

It was about four o'clock in the morning and not yet daylight, which accounted for our not perceiving the vessel from the deck, as she was in the shadow of a rather lofty headland; but we were not more than two miles from the shore ourselves. With the aid of the spy-glass she was plainly visible.

"Deuced like the 'Active,' she looks!" said the captain, lowering the spy-glass and speaking in a disappointed tone of voice. "Jepson is everywhere at once with that brig of his. He won't give a fellow a chance."

We were all jealous of the "Active," whose commander, Lieutenant Jepson, had taken more prizes, either by good luck, or good management, or both combined, than all the rest of the squadron put together.

"Too bad, by Jove!" continued our captain. "Here have we been cruising these three weeks past, waiting for the Spaniard who is known to be loading in some nook on the Angola coast, and now, when she must be full and about showing herself in blue water, Jepson must poke his brig right under our very noses, and either capture the slaver himself, or share the prize with us. I believe that fellow, if he were off Cape Blanco, could smell out a prize down here at Loando."

"It may not be the 'Active,'" said the first lieutenant. "Perhaps some palm-oil or ivory trader, or perhaps the Spanish slaver herself."

"And perhaps not," said the captain, angrily, determined apparently to believe that the sail in sight was the "Active." "Do you make her out more clearly now?" he shouted to the man aloft. "She has come out from the headland."

"She has very square yards, and two new breadths in her main-topsail, sir."

"To be sure she has," muttered the captain; "I can make them out plain enough myself," again lifting the spy-glass to his eye. "Peters," speaking to a quartermaster, "how many new cloths did we spare the 'Active' for her main-topsail, at St. Thomas?"

"Two, sir."

"I knew it. That vessel's the 'Active,' for half my share of prize-money this cruise. A mighty small wager, too, from the appearance of things!"

Day was rapidly dawning. Other glasses were called into requisition, and from the paint on the hull, as well as from the general model of the vessel, the stepping of the masts, the breadth of the yards and the new canvass in the mainsail, no one on board the Alert doubted that the brig was our lucky and by no means welcome companion on the station.

"She's heading to the southward," continued the captain. (We were laying-to, under easy sail). "I warrant Jepson has some object in steering that course. Turn out all hands and make sail, sir," addressing the first lieutenant; "we'll be in his wake, at all events; the Alert can sail as fast as she can. The confounded fellow shan't have the sport all to himself, if he has smelt out the Spaniard."

The schooner was crowded with sail, aloft and aloft, in less time than it has taken me to write this paragraph, and her course was shaped so as to follow close in the wake of our comrade. The brig was now clear of the land and it was broad daylight. We were about two miles apart at six bells, and at eight bells, when the hands were piped to breakfast, we seemed neither to have gained nor lost a furlong.

"Jepson might have the politeness to heave-to till we come up," said the captain, testily. "Show our private signals, Mr. Lambert."

The flags were run up the main-topgallant-head, and almost immediately answer was made by the brig, which hoisted the private signal of the Active.

"Confound him, he shall heave-to, if he has an ounce of civility in his composition!" cried the captain. "Hoist the signal to request him to come on board to breakfast."

No sooner said than done.

"Dine with me," was the response.

"That's cool, at any rate," said the captain, as he descended the companion ladder to breakfast, in no very pleasant frame of mind.

After breakfast every inch of canvass that could be crowded upon the schooner was set. Still ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came and passed, and still we neither increased nor lessened our distance from the brig. All this time the captain was fuming and fretting. The dinner hour approached and there was no sign of the brig's heaving to.

"How the deuce does he suppose I'm to get on board to din-

ner?" said the captain, in a tone of voice so ludicrously petulant that the first lieutenant and I could not help smiling, although, to tell the truth, we felt annoyed ourselves to find the "lucky Active," as she was called, on what we considered our cruising-ground by right of priority.

"Hoist the signal to heave-to, so that I can get aboard," said the captain, at the dinner hour, eight bells.

"In chase," was the laconic response.

"In chase of Lucifer!" cried the captain. "So are we in chase of the Active; but what object Jepson can have in keeping on this course, I can't conceive. We shall soon be out of the slaver's track. Ask him where he's bound?"

"To the Cape of Good Hope—secret orders," was the response to our interrogatory signal.

"Confound the fellow, he's poking fun at us!" cried the irate captain. "First he signalizes for me to dine with him, then 'in chase,' and now, that he's bound for the Cape, under secret orders! And all this blessed morning we've wasted, running a wild-goose-chase after him, while the Spaniard, ten to one, has taken the opportunity of slipping out of port, and making good his escape!"

However, we were now rapidly approaching the brig. The breeze was now freshening astern, and we had the benefit of it, while it had not yet reached the Active. Had she been a slaver, we were near enough to have crippled her with our "long Tom." For some reason or rather, however—perhaps for fun, and just to annoy us—Lieutenant Jepson seemed to be determined that we should not come up with him. We could see with the aid of our telescopes that the crew of the brig were occupied in wetting the sails, and tautening her sheets, so as to make the most of what wind she had. It was rude, assuredly, when it must have been evident to her commander that we wished to speak him.

"If it had only been the Spaniard," muttered the captain, as he testily strode to and fro the quarter-deck, "we should catch him nicely now. We could send her masts over the side, and rake her fore and aft at this distance."

The wind had died away again, and it was now nearly calm.

"Tack ship, sir!" said the captain, stopping suddenly in his walk. "I'm tired of this folly; we've lost too much time already; perhaps committed a fatal error. If that infernal Spaniard should have dodged us, now!"

"I'm afraid we're going to catch a pampero, sir!" said the first lieutenant. "Do you see that white cloud gathering to leeward?"

"By Jove, so we are, sure enough!" cried the captain. "In stunsails; clew up the royals and topgallant-sails; stand by the topsail-halyards; mind your helm, quartermaster! Jepson doesn't seem to be aware of it. I should be more than half pleased to see him lose his masts!"

It was true; the brig still kept aloft all her crowded sail, and had considerably increased her distance from us, while we had been shortening our canvass. No sooner, however, had we made ready for the anticipated squall, than he did the same so quickly that his upper spars were laid bare as if by magic.

"By jingo, Jepson has his lads well trained!" exclaimed our captain, pleased in spite of his jealousy, at witnessing the smartness and activity of the brig's crew; "he handles the vessel beautifully!—Let run the foretopsail-halyards; let go the sheets; let all fly! Quick, lads, quick! Let her scud before it, quartermaster."

The white squall came up with even unusual fury and rapidity. It struck both vessels at the same moment, and both flew rapidly before it. As it was unusually violent in its character, so was it of more than ordinary length in its duration. Hour after hour passed away, and still there was no cessation to its violence. Unfortunately for the vessels exposed to its fury, the squall had more westing in it than usual, and as both vessels were gradually edging towards the land, and the reefs on the coast were known to stretch out far from the shore, it soon became apparent that it would be absolutely necessary to heave-to, or to haul close to the wind. The gale was too violent to attempt the latter, and even the attempt to heave-to would be attended with danger. However, there was no help for it.

"What's the brig doing, sir?" asked the captain, of the first lieutenant.

"I cannot see her at this moment," was the reply. "The wind has blown the spray up, until the mist has become as thick as a London fog. Ah, there she is, just on our starboard bow; she is still standing on, sir."

"Well, so long as she does not strike the reefs, we shall not; that's one comfort. However, we'll heave-to. Clew up everything, and furl; all but the staysail, and close-reefed mainsail; she'll bear them, I think. Quick, sir, quick! the squall is blowing harder every moment."

The men flew aloft to execute the order, and the foretopsail was quickly bound to the yard.

"Roll up everything; don't leave a rag except the staysail!" shouted the captain. "Cut, if you can't furl. Port your helm, quartermaster—hard a-port. Down off the yards, men; lie down; quick, for your lives!"

The voice of the captain could scarcely be heard; the sea was one sheet of glittering foam, and the wind could be heard rushing along the water with a violence that could not be resisted. The order was, however, given too late; the shock of bringing the vessel to the wind was too great. Probably there had been some overlooked defect in the spurs; but the foretopmast and topsail-yard went overboard with a crash, casting eight helpless seamen who were upon the yard, into the seething ocean.

"Cut, cut away the rigging, and clear the ship of the wreck!" cried the captain. "Poor fellows!" he apostrophized, as he saw the unfortunate seamen struggling amidst the foam to leeward;

"nothing can be done to save them!" And before the words were out of his mouth, their persons and their ineffectual struggles were alike lost to view in the mist and the distance.

Amidst the howling of the gusts was heard the fearful crashing of the thunder, while the atmosphere was livid with the lurid glare of lightning. This, however, was the last expiring force of the pampero. It had expended its violence; the squall swept over the spot, the ordinary sea breeze rushed into its former channel, and in half an hour all was comparative calm and quiet.

"This has been the hardest white squall I ever fell in with," said the captain, as he looked mournfully around, and surveyed the wrecked spars and rigging of the lately trim and trig schooner. "Eight poor fellows gone, too! I always had my suspicions of that spar. How has the brig fared?"

We all cast our eyes in the direction of the brig; she had weathered the squall famously; her masts and spars had stood firm, and her crew were engaged in making sail. The carpenter came aft.

"We haven't a spare spar on board fit for a topmast, sir," said he, touching his cap to the first lieutenant, who reported to the captain the state of affairs.

"That's bad," said the captain; "but most likely Jepson can spare us one. He must have noticed our distress. Signalize him to heave-to, sir; he'll do it now, at any rate."

The signal of distress, and to heave-to and come to our aid, was hoisted; but the only response was the firing of a gun, as if in defiance, and the brig continued on her course.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the angry captain; "that's too bad; I'll report to the admiral; Jepson shall suffer for this. That fellow's success has rendered him unfeeling as well as conceited."

There was no help for us, however. Very soon the brig was out of sight, although before we lost sight of her, we saw that she had hauled upon the wind, and was now steering a more westerly course.

"It's my opinion the fellow's gone crazy with his success," said the captain, laying his spy-glass aside, and devoting all his attention to his disabled command.

We rigged a temporary jury-mast and spar, and then made the best of our way northward towards Cabenda, on the Congo River, where the captain expected to find some merchantmen loading, from whom we could obtain such spars as were needed to put the schooner in proper trim again.

He was right in his conjecture. Two merchant ships were at the mouth of the river, from whose skipper we obtained such spars as we needed. The carpenters and sailmakers were set to work to repair damages, and the crew to receive new rigging. We determined to remain and get the schooner completely refitted, as we learned from one of the masters of the merchantmen that the slaver we had been so sanguine in the anticipation of intercepting had been seen off the Congo River on the morning on which we had fallen in with the Active. Our captain's fears had proved correct. While we had been running a wild-goose chase along the coast, the Spaniard had seized the opportunity to make good his escape. Pursuit was out of the question, for, even if we had been in a condition to attempt it, the slaver had got five days fair start of us. Both loud and deep were the anathemas launched against Lieutenant Jepson, his officers and crew, and the brig that he commanded, not only by the captain of the schooner, but by all on board.

At the expiration of three weeks we were ready for sea again, all trim and afloat, and everything on board the schooner as bright and good as new. At daybreak, just as we were on the point of weighing anchor, a sail was reported in the offing, evidently bound in. Very soon it was seen that the approaching vessel was the Active, just as we had last seen her, her two new breadths in the topsail and all. In an hour's time he passed under our stern, and hailed us:

"Hallo, Murray, who'd have thought of seeing the Alert in here? I'll come aboard as soon as I let go my anchor."

"You had no need unless you choose," muttered the captain. "I don't care if I never see the fellow again," he added. "Yes, he'll come aboard when he chooses, and stay away when he pleases.—Where are you from?" he bawled through his trumpet, after a pause.

"From St. Helena. Been in with a prize."

"A prize again!" snarled the captain. "What prize?" he inquired.

"A Spanish slaver—the Bolivia," was the reply.

"The Bolivia? The slaver we came here purposely to look after!" cried the captain, dashing down his speaking-trumpet in a perfect fury.

In the course of half an hour Lieutenant Jepson came on board.

"You have met with some damage, I see," he said to the officer at the gangway, as stepping on deck, he cast a glance aloft at our now foretopmast, and yard and sail.

"We were dimasted in a pampero, off St. Paul de Loando, about three weeks ago. You must have perceived our condition at the time," said the captain, now coming forward, and speaking in no very friendly tone.

"Why, what the mischief ails you, Murray? You look as grumpy as a nor'wester off the Cape! How the deuce should I have seen you, or known of the disaster? There has been no pampero on this part of the coast since I have been here."

"Jepson," said the captain, making use of a violent expletive which I have no occasion to repeat, "you cannot deny that you were aware of what has befallen the Alert, for you were in company with us, close to us, at the time."

The commander of the Active stood in astonishment. Presently a thought appeared to strike him.

"I see it all, now," he said. "So you were the schooner that the Spaniard cheated so famously? The fellow chuckled when

he told me of it, in spite of his misfortune in losing his vessel and cargo."

"There was no vessel in company with us during the squall but the Active," replied the captain, doggedly. "You're fond of carrying the joke a trifle too far, Jepson. Don't I know the model and rig of the Active, only two miles—ay, at one time not half a mile distant? I could swear to her; the two new breadths in the maintopmast and all."

"The Bolivia, the slaver, was our model in every respect—even to the new canvass in her topsail," replied Jepson, laughing. "Her commander, as sharp a fellow as I ever fell in with, learned that we carried a repaired topsail, and to make the deception perfect, actually caused two new breadths to be inserted in the corresponding sail on board his own vessel. I thought we had fallen in with our double when I first caught sight of her; it looked like enchantment. But we gave chase; though she would have escaped us had she not received so much damage during the tornado, that she could not carry her customary press of sail."

"Is it possible?" cried our captain.

"Possible and true," returned the commander of the Active. "And the fellow showed fight, too; but we soon brought him to terms."

"And at one time I could have captured him with the greatest ease; I could have raked him fore and aft with the long Tom!"

"So he said. He laughed consumedly, as he related the story to me."

"But he hoisted your private signal; he had the whole code of signals on board!"

"To be sure he had; and if you had hailed him with the trumpet, he would have replied in as good English as you speak. He is an accomplished villain!"

"When did you effect the capture?" asked Lieutenant Murray, now completely chop-fallen.

"The very day after the pampero. We saw him, and gave chase; but, as I have said, he could not carry a heavy press of sail, so he brought-to, and showed fight."

"Was he heavily armed?"

"No, he had but two guns; the rest were 'quakers.' But the brute brought his negroes on deck, men, women and children, and placed them in exposed positions about the vessel, and then commenced to fire his long-nines into us. We had no alternative but to sheer off and show our heels, or return his fire with interest, and kill the wretched darkies. However, I could not let him escape. We gave him a full broadside, and brought down his fore and maintopmasts about his ears, and then, seeing that we were in earnest, he surrendered. I fired high on purpose; but the falling spars crushed to death a dozen of the negroes, and wounded and mangled a score more. Only two of the crew were hurt. We took her into St. Helena. She's a famous prize, and worth twenty-five thousand dollars, if she's worth a penny."

"For mercy's sake, say nothing about the way in which I was duped, Jepson!" said Lieutenant Murray, after a pause. "I shall be the laughing-stock of the squadron, if you do. Good gracious! Thunder and fury!" he exclaimed, stamping his feet with smothered rage. "Twenty-five thousand dollars! What an ass I have been!—what a pack of fools we all are on board the Alert! And yet the Spaniard must have deceived any one but you, whose likeness he assumed."

Jepson felt for our disappointment, and promised to say nothing about it; but the story leaked out, and became a constant source of merriment throughout the squadron, and of good-natured banter towards ourselves as long as we remained on the station.

BODY AND BRAIN.

Motion is the exercise of the body; thought is the exercise of the brain. Motion at length exhausts the body; thought at length exhausts the brain. Cessation of motion allows the body to be invigorated; cessation of thought invigorates the brain. The body must have rest; the brain must have sleep. When the body cannot rest, as in convulsive diseases, it dies; when the brain cannot rest, when a man cannot sleep, every hour is a step nearer to the mad-house. Some men work themselves to death; some men think themselves to death. Too little rest for the body, too little sleep for the brain, are false economies of time; and multitudes, unwittingly, bring on wasting and fatal diseases by practising these economies. Omnipotence "rested," and commanded man to do the same. Sleep a plenty, rest a plenty—these are the foundations of all great, safe and efficient activities of body or brain. We once heard a man say that no time should be lost, that a book should be always at hand, so that in waiting for dinner, or a friend, we might read, even if it were but a line. He practised this. His was accounted one of the greatest minds in the nation; his writings will live when the names of presidents will be repeated but once in an age. He lost his mind and died in his prime! The truly wise will, therefore, yield themselves to nature's apportionment.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser, who has been making a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, states that when in the neighborhood of Balmoral he entered a thatched hut on the roadside, one of the most miserable. It consisted of but one apartment, and had no chimney, only an open lum. It was inhabited by an old lone woman; she sat at the fireside on a rude chair, leaning down to blow up the fire, which stood against the wall. We asked the woman if Queen Victoria ever came to see her? She answered, "O yes, sir, she comes to see me often, and she has sat many a time there," pointing to the other side of the fire; "and she is very kind to me always when she comes." That widow's heart was evidently full while she thus spoke. The thought of the Queen of England having sat down and spoken to her, and sympathized with her in her lonely cottage, and provided for her wants, filled her with gratitude, and was to her a subject of pleasing thought till another visit was paid; and as we stood on that earthen floor, under that smoked roof, and looked to the spot on which Victoria had sat, we felt that there was true queenly kindness and condescension in all she had done, and that, however high she stood in our esteem before, she was now much more exalted there.

ELEVATING POWER OF MARRIAGE.

People may think as they please, but the truth is, that till one becomes the head of a family and a father, he can scarcely be called a man. Exceptions there are, honorable, conspicuous. Instances may be pointed out, though far from common, it is believed, where one not advanced to the dignity supposed, and so not subjected to its numerous trials and victories—defeats, too, sometimes, it must be confessed—have had yet had hearts as liberal and expanded as any who have assumed conjugal and parental responsibilities. Nevertheless, in general, those helps are needed to direct what there is unselfish, serious, generous, and sympathizing in the soul. Men, and women, too, grow hard by living for themselves alone. With little or nothing exterior to disturb their emotional natures, their affections are apt to settle quietly around themselves as a centre, and finally crystallize there. Such a person may be a miracle of virtue and propriety, beautiful in its transparent purity, but after all as hard as the diamond, if not as cold.

One needs the claims upon him as a husband and father, to take him out of himself and awaken his solicitudes and cares of others. The wear and tear he is subjected to from these relations, do him good. They are exercise for the heart, as labor is for the muscles. We may not tell exactly why it is so, but of the existence of the fact there is striking evidence in the experience of the mother, who loves that child best, which has given her most anxiety and trouble. For whom is all the tenderness of the father lavished? Is it not upon his wayward boy, his prodigal son? The parent is chastened and made better by having a wife and children dependent on him for pleasure, comfort and support. The little vexations—sometimes great ones, perhaps—which they occasion, do him no harm, but the contrary. His own character is matured while he is laboring and suffering to shape that of others. He who does not suffer, cannot know half the sufferings there are in man.

Not only is the heart of a man made better by assuming the obligations of a husband and father, but his mind is also greatly improved. A new horizon opens to him. Before, he was travelling through the world in a valley; he now ascends to higher ground, and for the first time sees mankind as they are, and begins to comprehend society, its origin, its work, and its destiny. He now awakens to the glorious call of duty, instead of pleasure, to which only he listened before. Not that pleasure is denied him now, but it comes of itself in the train of duty discharged, instead of being solicited, as formerly, for its own sake. This revolution, produced by his change of position, is marked upon his countenance, where it is no less visible than in his changed conduct. The man is stamped upon in every serious, thoughtful lineament, where cheerfulness and sedateness have taken the place of meaningless gaiety, frivolity, and want of sober aim. If any one says he is acquainted with very many single persons of large and sympathetic hearts, and minds full of liberal thoughts, it is granted. Place that man, so admirably endowed by nature, at the head of a family for which he was doubtless intended, and he would be twice a man and his usefulness increased fourfold.—*Newark Sentinel.*

ABOUT NOSES.

The anonymous author of that pleasant and popular Olla-podrida, *Nugæ Venales*, has propounded in its pages several ingenious queries, and, amongst them, Which is the best kind of nose? To this he replies, The large—a conclusion to which, we fear, the celebrated Slawkenbergius would have steadily demurred. Certainly the Roman emperors had monster noses, with the exception of Tarquinius Superbus—the reason, perhaps, his subjects deposed him. Numa's was six inches in length, whence he obtained his surname of *Pompilius*, as being the owner of a superlative nose. Lycurgus and Solon, according to Plutarch, were distinguished in the same manner. A large nose is always, we are told, a sign of wisdom. Had not Homer a nose seven inches in length? Hence, the two proverbs—Prudent men smell dangers afar off, and, A fool has no nose.

"Large noses," says Vigneul Marville, "are honored in every part of the world, except Tartary and China. Pug-noses are highly objectionable, and are ominous of ill-fortune. The Comte de Montmorency was pug-nosed, and the court-wits called him the *Montmorency Pug*—a disagreeable nickname for a *grand seigneur*! The Duke of Guise, son of him who was slain at Blois, in 1588, and after his father's death one of the leaders of the League, was degraded by this mal-feature. I knew a gentleman," continues our author, "who, having a singular veneration for the two families of Guise and Montmorency, could not be consoled because two of their chiefs were pug-nosed, as if that defect diminished their glory."

BRILLIANT NOVELETTES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each; or six copies, post paid, for one dollar.

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**RIGHT REV. WILLIAM KIP, D. D.,
BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA.**

William Ingraham Kip is the eldest son of Leonard Kip, for many years president of the North River Bank, and is connected through his mother's family with Commander Ingraham, the spirited liberator of Martin Kozsta. He was born in New York, October 3d, 1811. He was educated partly at Rutgers College, and partly at Yale. He commenced the study of law, but changing it for that of divinity, graduated from the General Theological University of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was ordained Deacon in 1845. His first parochial charge was at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, where he remained a year. He was next assistant minister of Grace Church, New York; and in 1838 called to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Albany, where he remained, with the exception of a portion of the years 1844 and 1845, passed in Europe, until his consecration as missionary Bishop of California, in October, 1854. He soon afterwards removed to San Francisco, where he now resides, actively engaged in the arduous duties of his important position. Bishop Kip has travelled extensively and profitably in Europe, and has written many excellent and popular works. In 1843 he published "The Lenten Fast," a volume in which the origin, propriety, and advantages of the observance of the season are pointed out. In 1844 the "Double Witness of the Church," an exposition of the "Via Media" between Roman Catholic and Episcopal Protestant doctrines, appeared. It is regarded as one of the most valuable of the many works on the subject, and has already passed through several editions; "The Christmas Holidays in Rome," a volume derived from the author's observations in 1844, appeared in the following year. In 1846 he prepared the "Early Jesuit Missions in North America," an interesting and valuable volume, drawn from the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses Ecrites des Missions Etrangères," the original narratives of the Jesuit missionaries, and other contemporary records. In 1851 he issued in London, and afterwards in America, a work on "The Early Conflicts of Christianity," the conflicts including those of heresies within, as well as opponents without, the early Church. The volume gives an animated picture of the varied scenes of the period. Bishop Kip's latest publication is a volume on



RIGHT REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, D. D., BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA.

"The Catacombs of Rome," published in 1854. It contains a description, drawn from personal inspection, of these venerated resting-places of the fathers and confessors of the Church of the first three centuries, and an account of the inscriptions and symbols which they contain, accompanied with pictorial representations and facsimiles, Arrighi's folio, and other early and rare works. He has also contributed numerous articles to the "New York Review," the "Evergreen," the "American Monthly Magazine," and the "Churchman." He went to California when there were only from three to five infant parishes in the whole State—when it may be said the Church had only a nominal existence on the distant shore of the Pacific; but now there are three flourishing parishes in the city of San Francisco alone, one in Sacramento, and one in almost every considerable town in California, planted and fostered by Bishop Kip. The Bishop is a man of fine personal appearance, of high honor, of manners graced with the highest culture and refinement, an education made up of real and solid scholarship, and of varied accomplishments, and a life devoted to the cause of Christ, and boldly marked by each Christian virtue.

PICCOLOMINI

AS LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

The second engraving on this page represents the fascinating Piccolomini as "Lucia," in the famous scene with Edgardo, where he denounces her violation of her plighted troth. The charming little prima donna has been as completely successful in this country as in Great Britain. It will be remembered that after a triumphant career in Italy, after appearing at Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan and Naples, she went to England in 1856, and roused the phlegmatic Britons to a most unusual degree of enthusiasm. In Paris, where the audiences are "nothing if not critical," and where a singer is never forgiven who does not make her first appeal to them, her success was less marked. She comes to this country with all the freshness of her voice, and all the enthusiasm of her youth. The charm of her acting is at least equal to her singing, and her beauty completes the conquest. Wherever she appears she fills the treasury and turns the heads of the young men. Every gentleman under thirty who sees and hears her, inevitably becomes a Piccolomaniac.



PICCOLOMINI AS LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IDA, Madison, Indiana.—Don Quixotte is pronounced as if written in English "Kay-Ao-tay," with the accent on the second syllable.
 J. L. Milford.—There is a regular line of packets from Boston to Galveston, and you can secure passage by applying to Messrs. Pierce & Bacon, No. 16 Custom House Street.
 ENGINEER.—Speaking of England, Mr. W. Fairbairn says: "We have now 9600 miles of railway, and taking at a rough calculation one locomotive engine with a force of 200 horses power to every three miles of railway, and assuming each to run 120 miles per day, we might thence calculate the distance travelled over by trains to be equal to 380,000 miles per hour, or 138,000,000 miles per annum. To transport these trains is required a force equivalent to 200,000 horses in constant operation throughout the year."
 A LADY READER, Rochester, N. Y.—Gold and silver fish certainly will subsist for a long time without any apparent food but what they can collect from pure river water frequently changed, yet they must draw some support from animalcules and other nourishment supplied by the water. If bread is thrown to them they greedily seize it; but this should be sparingly given, as it is apt to turn sour and corrupt the water. A little fine gravel should be strewn at the bottom of the vessel containing the fish. Filtered water is decidedly bad for them.
 C. C. Natick, Mass.—Prince Albert is the son of Ernest, the first Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and brother of the present duke. His mother was Louisa, daughter of Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. The Duchess of Kent was born August 17, 1786; married December 21, 1803, to Henry Charles, Prince of Leiningen, who died July 4, 1814, leaving two children, Charles Frederick and Anne Feodorowna; was married, secondly, July 11, 1818, to the Duke of Kent, who died January 23, 1820.
 INVALID.—Many eminent medical men have lately put forward the assertion that to prevent or relieve asthmatic attacks nothing is more beneficial than smoking. But it must be understood that it is of no advantage to habitual smokers.
 E. D.—For maps, prints, drawings, etc., use the following varnish: Take equal parts of genuine pale Canada-balsam and rectified oil of turpentine. Mix thoroughly. And for pencil drawings, dissolve three ounces of mastic in one pint of rectified spirit.
 PLAY-GOSSIP.—Charles Matthews made his first appearance on the London stage Dec. 7, 1835, at the Olympic, then under the management of Madame Vestris, in a piece entitled, "The Old and Young Stager."
 C. D.—Sheridan Knowles, who is now a preacher, and whose health is delicate, has gone to Cadiz to avoid the severity of the winter.
 VIATOR, New York.—We know of no published biography of Gen. Paes.
 "MONTFORD, Concord, N. H.—Yes—several iron vessels have been built at this port.
 "PHILANTHROPIST," Camden, N. Y.—We have understood that intemperance was alarmingly rife among the higher classes in Turkey. The lower orders drink rum when they can get it, as the Koran prohibits wine only. Liquor is a modern invention.
 C. V., Philadelphia.—We see nothing in the present condition of the stage to make the theatrical profession tempting to an energetic, well-educated young man. Our advice to you is to avoid so precarious a business.

WE SHALL SEE!

Look out for an entire change, and vast improvement in *Ballou's Pictorial* for the new year. New head, new style throughout, everything new and bright. We intend to surprise our friends by the beauty and sterling value of our new volume; everybody will want it, and it shall be made so that few will be willing to be without it. We shall print it one week nearer its date, which will make it *just seven days fresher in all its matter*, and enable us to give more attention to the current events of the day, and such interesting topics as every one desires to read and understand. This improvement we are enabled to effect by increased facilities in our press department.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Curtis Guild, late of the Boston Traveller, is starting a weekly paper to be devoted to commerce and business matters.
 The preference of the interest of mankind to one's personal interest is the only definition worthy of virtue.
 A courthouse is to be erected at Houlton, Aroostook county, Me., from plans by Mr. G. G. F. Bryant of this city.
 The new steamer Kensington, to ply between Boston and Philadelphia, is a splendid vessel and swift as a swallow.
 Turenne thought that a skilful general might be beaten, but that it was unpardonable for him to be surprised.
 A right whale was recently taken off East Hampton, Long Island, and yielded the hardy captors thirty barrels of oil.
 La Motte was accustomed to say that envy was the awkward homage paid by inferiority to merit.
 The residence of Mrs. Sigourney was lately robbed of several hundred dollars' worth of property.
 It is only those men who have passed through the severe trials of adversity who can know what happiness is.
 That crack corps, the New York Seventh Regiment, have furnished themselves with 800 of the best Minié muskets.
 Sleep is a truce with grief; when the armistice has expired, the cares of life renew the suspended battle.
 The emperor of Japan never wears a suit a second time. His gentleman in waiting must have some pretty pickings.
 The city of Salem is just such a looking place as Boston was years ago, before it was absorbed by warehouses and stores.
 Professor Morse has already been paid \$20,000, being the first installment of the sum voted him by European powers.
 In China divorce is easily obtained—a man can get rid of his better half, if he can prove that she is jealous.
 Mr. Dennis Tanner, who cut his wife's throat and kicked her down stairs, has been pardoned by Gov. King of New York.
 The new sloop-of-war Hartford is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of naval architecture ever seen afloat.
 Several Jews have been appointed to office in Algeria, to show that France is determined to recognize religious equality.
 The battle rages fiercely between the champions of Madame Gazzaniga and pretty piquante Piccolomini.
 The boys will have plenty of skating on the Common if Jack Frost seconds the efforts of the aldermen and the Cochinatue.

PARTICULAR NOTICE!

In order to bring *Ballou's Pictorial* one week nearer its date, and thus make our edition in future *seven days fresher*, we shall not issue our next number until week after next. This will also give us time to perfect all our improvements, and arrange the entire new style of the paper. Look out for number one!

THE MORTARA ABDUCTION CASE.

All Europe, together with a large part of the United States, is extremely interested just at this present time, in the case of a Jewish boy, six years of age, named Edgar Mortara, who was forcibly taken from his parents at Bologna, in the dominions of the Pope, and conveyed to the city of Rome, to be brought up in the Catholic faith. This abduction took place at midnight on the 23d of June last, and was perpetrated by officials of the Holy Inquisition, who are charged by the Pope with the supervision of spiritual matters. The reason alleged therefor was the right acquired by the church over the child, in consequence of the child's nurse, who five years before, had caused it to be baptized into the Catholic faith. The parents are both Jews, though subjects of the Pope, and have made the most strenuous efforts to recover possession of their child; having journeyed to Rome, a distance of an hundred and eighty miles, for that purpose. But the officials of the Inquisition have met their prayers and demands with a stern refusal, and their appeal to the head of the State and Church, Pius IX., has proved equally unsuccessful. In this state of the case, this persistent violation of parental rights has become a subject of public attention throughout a great part of Europe. The Jews have taken the matter up with much zeal, and are urging upon the various governments under which they live, the duty of remonstrating with the Pope upon the subject of this outrage. It is said that the principal Catholic powers have presented the subject at the Papal Court, expressing their opposition to the proceeding, and advising the release of the boy Mortara, and that the Pope has replied that "the boy's return to his parents is impossible."

The members of the Jewish persuasion in the United States, having been appealed to by their brethren in England, have recently moved in the matter, and taken measures to beseech President Buchanan to interpose the good offices of his government with the Court of Rome, for the restoration of the child to his parents. To an application of this kind from the Jews of Philadelphia, the President has caused the Secretary of State to reply, that it is the settled policy of the United States not to interfere in the internal concerns of other countries, and that it is deemed proper to adhere to this established principle for regulating the conduct of our government in its intercourse with other nations. The view taken by the administration, in its reply to the Jews of Philadelphia, is entirely correct; for, as General Cass truly says, this occurrence took place within the dominions of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. It is solely a question of internal administration of the political sovereignty known as the "States of the Church," and if the rights of parents to the custody and education of their children are violated by the religious authorities within that sovereignty, the proper and only public protection of those rights, is the sovereign himself. In this case the sovereign, or political head, is also the religious head of the State; but that does not alter the conditions of the case so as to justify the interference of other nations in the domestic concerns of that kingdom, although it does increase the hardships of the subjects thereof. It is the misfortune of the Papal States that the political and the religious power are both in the same hands; and the still greater misfortune, that both these powers are absolute; but while they continue as a recognized nation among the nations of the world, we see no other remedy against such gross injustice as has been perpetrated in the present case, but the abandonment of that country by all who are likely to suffer from the exercise of its despotic political power.

BINDING.—We are now prepared to bind up the past volume of our illustrated journal, in full gilt, illuminated cover, index, etc., in uniform style with the preceding ones, at a charge of only *one dollar* per volume. Hand in or send to us the numbers to our office, and they will be neatly and strongly bound, and returned in one week. All the serial works of the day are also bound at this office, and at the lowest rates, in a perfection of finish which has never before been given to transient binding.

SPIRITUAL INFIRMITIES.—Judge Edmonds informs the world that some of the spirits with whom he converses, have a hankering after liquor, and tell him that they can drink it through him, the medium. We suppose this taste is to be accounted for by the doctrine of affinity—it would be strange if spirits didn't love spirits.

REALLY AWFUL.—Some prime "mess beef" lately received in San Francisco, turned out to be "pickled kangaroo." This is decidedly in advance of colt steaks, now consumed in Paris with great gusto by epicures.

RATHER ALARMING.—In Vallejo, California, they talk of lions, six feet long "sloshing about." We shouldn't care to have such customers "pirotin' round" in our diggings.

TOGETHER.—*The Flag of our Union* and *Ballou's Pictorial* are sent together for \$3 50 a year. Do not forget this opportunity.

A CENTENARIAN.—Abner Duell died lately, at Wright, Schoharie county, N. Y., at the age of 100 years, 9 months and 23 days.

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

With the number of *Ballou's Pictorial* now in the reader's hands, ends volume fifteenth. Our next number will commence volume *sixteenth* with the new year. It is *all important* that our friends should renew their subscriptions *immediately* (many having already done so), as according to the invariable terms of our paper we discontinue sending it at the expiration of the time paid for, and thus a break will occur in its receipt unless our friends renew without delaying for a single day.

Ballou's Pictorial has kept steadily to its original purpose, catering for a refined taste, and presenting *only* such pictures as fathers and mothers are willing to place on their centre-tables, leaving others to portray horrible and disgusting scenes, and vulgar characters. As such vast numbers of our paper are bound up every six months, we feel *particularly* anxious to give only such matter, both in reading and illustrations, as is worthy of preservation. Let any of our friends, who would be convinced of the great value of the paper we send them every week for \$2 50 a year, turn back and examine consecutively the pages for 1858, and they will be amazed at the value and variety which a year's numbers present. A vast and rich fund for reference.

Do not be deceived by big advertisements, flashy pictures, or new enterprises, but remember that *old and tried friends* are always the best! We might dilate upon the new features and great advancement which the new year will exhibit in our columns, but we prefer to let our readers discover this for themselves. *Suffice it to say, that a vast and important change will appear with number one of the new year.*

There is not a village or town in the country, which is so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "*Ballou's Pictorial*," and the work be thus procured for each at about \$1 67 a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the name and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 23 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

THE FRENCH TRI-COLOR.

A French gentleman sends us from Newark, N. J., the following interesting communication: "On consulting the work entitled '*Annales de l'Empire Français*,' by M. Dampmartin, you will find, in reference to the '*French Tri-color*,' the following fact, which, although the least known, is the truest and most conformable to history, as I heard it discussed by several eminent professors of history a few years ago. I made a note of this fact, as it is often a subject of discussion even among Frenchmen, and the following is the tenor of it: 'The standard offered by the king as a tribute of gratitude for the recovery of the kingdom was *white*; the oriflamme of St. Denis was *red*, and the royal banner *blue*. From the union of these three colors sprang the tri-colored flag which Henry IV. gave the Dutch, on their liberation from Spain, accompanied by the following lines: The bonds of friendship will doubtless be drawn closer while the republicans shall have before their eyes an object which recalls the memory of the essential and numerous succors by means of which France has guaranteed the existence of their liberty.'"

CHURCH, THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.—Church, whose magnificent picture of Niagara and landscape scenery have placed him in the first rank of his profession, is at present engaged on a large landscape representing South American scenery. The background is occupied by a range of scarred old mountains, near the foot of which, nestling in a delicious bit of table land, is seen a little village, with its showy church, and scattered houses. In the foreground is a rushing stream, leaping into a rocky chasm, while other streams are trickling down the mountain side.

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—You may make a friend a most acceptable New Year's present, which shall remind him of the giver every week in the year, by sending a year's subscription to *Ballou's Pictorial*. Forward the name and money to this office, and the paper will be carefully mailed for twelve months to the desired address.

FOREIGN BOOKSTORE.—Just opposite our office (22 Winter Street), Mr. Urbino has for sale or to let all the new Italian, French, German, and Spanish books of the day. There are many rare and curious works upon his shelves.

THE NEW BOSTON POST-OFFICE.—This fine substantial building, corner of Summer and Chauncy Streets, is fast approaching completion. It is very chaste and pure in its style of architecture.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—All that was left of the New York Crystal Palace after the fire was 1500 tons of iron, which was sold at auction.

QUERY.—In the midst of the ebb and flow of human joys and griefs, who of us can hope to enjoy constant happiness?

TRAVELLING AGENTS.—Let it be distinctly understood that we never employ them at all.

LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE!—Our next number of *Ballou's Pictorial* will be a *live paper*!

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

As memory makes her journey back,
With pensive thoughts attended,
And sees upon the well-known track
Sunlight and shadow blended,
Some feeble rays may light the heart,
Yet bitter tears will, all unbidden, start.

Alas! that friends should thus unite,
To be dissevered soon;
Alas! that fate the harp should smite,
While feeling moved the tune;
If e'er there falls a human tear,
Refined from pride and passion's dross, 'tis here.

Though every scene that met my sight
Reflected heavenly hues,
Though in an Eden's peerless light
The world her cares would lose,
Still to thy shades my steps would roam,
Sweet Alderbrook, my early, happy home!

TRUTH AND LOVE.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessings more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.—FROTHINGHAM.

THE CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever it may be.—HOOD.

MEMORY.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.—ROGERS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We must now nerve ourselves, dear reader, for a stern conflict with the elements, of at least two months' duration. With furs, and coal fires, and exercise, we must fight the Frost-King till he flees discomfited. A city residence now presents all its attractions, but yet the country has by no means lost all its charms. During a ramble through the woods the other day we realized fully the truth of a passage in our friend Flagg's charming "Studies in the Field and Forest." "The evergreens," he says, "if not more beautiful, are more conspicuous than at any other season; and there are many beautiful streamlets that ripple through the woods, and often in their depths find protection from the greatest cold. Around these streams the embroidering mosses are as green as the grasses in May. The water-cresses may be seen growing freshly at the bottom of their channels, and the ferns are beautiful among the shelving rocks through which the waters make their gurgling tour. When the sun, at noonday, penetrates into these green and sheltered recesses, before the snow has come upon the earth, when the pines are waving overhead, the laurels clustering with the undergrowth, and the dewberry (evergreen blackberry) trailing at our feet, we can easily imagine ourselves surrounded by the green luxuriance of summer.".....That uncomfortable visitor who makes us a call about once in seventeen or twenty years, and is known by the name of "Hard times," has taken his departure, and has been succeeded by a character who always follows or precedes him, known as "Luxury." The one is dressed in rags, the other in purple or fine linen. Of the two the second is the more dangerous guest. Just now he is beginning again to hold high carnival, and it is quite as well to bear in mind the words of Montesquieu, "The less luxury there is in a republic the more perfect it is—republics end with luxury.".....We are not averse to sporting, and rather like to see a man go out with a gun and return with a few birds hanging from his belt; but what is called "sport" in Europe appears to us little better than wholesale murder. We read that within a few weeks Lord Stamford's preserves at Enville, England, have been attacked by the noble earl and six friends, with the following slaughterous result: In seven days they killed 2367 partridges, 317 rabbits, 80 pheasants, 66 hares, 15 wood pigeons, 2 snipe, 1 teal, and five wild ducks. Two thousand eight hundred and fifty-three head of game altogether. We should fancy such a *battue* could afford the distinguished sportsmen very little real exercise or amusement. It looks too much like firing into an aviary with a six-pounder full of grape.Are our readers aware that Good Friday is called Still Friday by the Germans? There is said to be in Germany a tradition, the truth of which the people, with a sublime superstition, do not venture to question, that on Good Friday the heaven is always clothed with gloomiest clouds, and that toward evening a deathly stillness prevails. Nature puts on her mourning garments in the presentment of woe; and then, when the hour of supreme agony arrives, she is too overcome by terror and by grief to utter the faintest moan—she can only sink into depths, never before visited, of an awful silence.An artesian well lately opened at Bourn, England, sends the water twenty-five feet above the surface, and discharges three hundred and sixty gallons per minute, or twenty-one thousand six hundred gallons in one hour. It feeds three mills, and is said to be the greatest well of the kind in the world, excepting the celebrated one in Paris.A new danseuse has just made her first appearance at the opera, Paris, with complete success, as *La Sylphide*. Her name is Emma Livry, and she belongs to the school of Taglioni, like her disdaining petty effect, and dancing calmly and gravely. She has a prodigious *ballon*—to use the choreographic slang—that is, she rises to a great height without any apparent effort, and descends softly without impressing any

shock on the stage, so that the spectator never has an idea of her weight. Her admirers declare that M^{lle} Emma Livry has all the suppleness and grace of Taglioni in her palmiest days.The master of a vessel arrived at Sunderland, England, from Quebec, reports seeing on the Banks of Newfoundland an iceberg which was half a mile long and 500 feet wide. That will do for a captain's yarn.At an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Troibathe excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them."A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B., not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully culling out all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming: "There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflection.We see that the work on Minot's Ledge Lighthouse has been suspended for the season, as the weather has become too rough to admit of further operations this year. The work will be resumed in the spring. The foundation of the lighthouse has been completed, and six layers of granite laid thereon, so that the structure now stands 11 1/2 feet above low water mark, and at high tide the top is about level with the water. The most difficult part of the work is now finished, and nothing will prevent its speedy completion, as the workmen in another season can proceed with their labors at all stages of the tide.A Cuban correspondent of one of our papers writes: "Our country people believe that locomotives are the work of some devil and only Yankees dare direct them, and that is the reason that many not only do not dare to go in the cars, but that if a train passes in sight they hide themselves until it is gone. Not long ago I heard a man talk about locomotives who said that the noise they made (the whistle) is made by a fireman or a negro with his nose.Frederick the Great, who, we are told, was methodical in everything, had five libraries all exactly alike, and containing the same books ranged in the same order; one at Potsdam, a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make a note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on its arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he chose to read.May, in his "Essay on Deformity," published in 1754, has a passage to this effect: "Corporeal deformity is very rare. Out of the five hundred and eighty gentlemen composing the House of Commons, I am the only one who has to lament over his figure. I thank my worthy constituents for never having alleged anything against my person, and I hope they will never have anything to allege against my conduct."At Stewart's Palace in New York, the value of the stock on hand at all times is from three to five millions of dollars, and yet the firm have not given a note since 1849. A steam engine of about twenty horse power is employed to do the hoisting, while the general work of the establishment is performed by four hundred men and boys, and five hundred women employed outside in doing the sewing of the establishment, in making mantillas, window-curtains, etc. Mr. Stewart is still in his prime, active, healthy, and cheerful, quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, the first man at his store and the last to leave it. As a merchant, we think it will be universally conceded he is a model man.The height of wisdom, it has been said, is to know how little is to be known. In the days of the regency of the Duke of Orleans of France, a lady of the court, visiting the observatory, asked Mairan, "What are the belts of Jupiter?"—"I do not know, madame," replied the secretary of the Academy of Sciences. "Why," said the curious lady, "is Saturn the only planet encircled by a ring?"—"I do not know, madame," again replied Mairan. The impatient lady exclaimed, rather rudely, "What's the use of being an Academician?"—"To be able," was the answer, "to reply 'I don't know.'"A book has been published in Paris with this title: "A History of Crinoline in the Olden Time, by Albert de la Fizeliere, followed by the Chevalier de Nisard's Satire on Hoops, etc., and by the Indignity of the Extravagance of Women, by a Preacher." This attack appears just at the moment when the empress declared war on hoops.It is said that Lamartine, disgusted with the failure of the subscription opened to pay his debts, proposes to end his days in the East. The pension he receives from the sultan would support him comfortably in Constantinople.Chief Justice Hornblower of New Jersey, has been a voter sixty-one years, and during that time has missed voting but twice, and was then prevented by illness.Major Stein, lately from Sonora, expresses the opinion that Sonora is more prolific of gold and silver than California, and, if a territory of the United States, would yield ten million dollars annually. He says he has seen single lumps of gold taken from the mines there worth from \$3000 to \$5000. He likewise says that he has seen a "cord of silver" in bars, and all mined without machinery.The largest reservoir in California is located on a tributary of the Stanislaus, near the region of perpetual snow, and when filled will cover an area of fifteen hundred acres. The object of its construction is to economize the water that flows off during the months of June and July, when the melting snows fill the river to overflowing. The water thus caught will be saved until the months when the river supply fails to furnish enough for the ordinary wants of the miner. The reservoir will then be drawn upon, and by this means there will be a permanent supply for the demands of the mining interest. It is situated in a dense forest of pine and fir, where but little will be lost by evaporation.The telegraph wire from San Francisco has reached the very top of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and is rapidly approaching this side. From private information, we learn that it is expected to reach Salt Lake by January 1st, and to be at St. Louis within a year from that time.There are twenty lotteries in the United States, fifteen of which are in the State of Maryland, and expire by their charter in April next.A French edition of Lord Normanby's "A Year of Revolution," has appeared in Paris. It is said that M. Guizot is preparing a pamphlet in refutation of the calumnies and scandalous gossip, of which he is there made the object.The papers of California, which were formerly urging the expulsion of all the Chinese, are now encouraging their immigration, as furnishing cheap laborers. They do not intend to allow them the rights of suffrage and citizenship.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE. Illustrated. New York: Stanford & Delaper. 8vo. pp. 677. 1859.

The most superficial reader knows how many tales of thrilling interest are bound up in the history of the Bastille, but comparatively few are acquainted with the details of the strange facts which transpired within its gloomy walls. The author of the present volume has gathered them all together, and we are acquainted with no record more thrilling. His book is illustrated with several engravings, and cannot fail to meet with a most extensive sale. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 2 vols., 12mo. 1858.

This story, though but just published, has already found its way into the hands of thousands of readers. The scene is laid on ground hitherto untrodden by romance-writers, and introduces a variety of original, strongly marked and well-drawn characters, exhibiting rare perceptive and descriptive powers in the writer. The truthfulness of its portrayments commends it to every reader of taste.

WAVELEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. FAIR MAID OF PERTH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols., 12mo.

This exquisite edition of the Fair Maid of Perth contains two beautiful engravings, representing the queen maiden Louise, and "Catherine and Rumory at the Dungeon." The publishers have more than fulfilled the expectations of the public, and we know of no more acceptable holiday present than this series, whether the recipient be old or young, male or female. These books are largely purchased for gifts.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

No great events have transpired in Europe since our last, but we glean a good many gossiping items from our English and continental files. Taglioni, the retired danseuse, has been making a visit at Paris, and was very cordially received at the opera, to which she went to see the performances of Emma Livry, the new dancer who is turning the heads of the French as Taglioni used to.—The Duke of Malakoff seems to have made himself popular in England, among the nobility at least. He is very short and fat, rosy-gilled and snub-nosed, and his appearance, mounted on a high horse, his martial figure encased in a red coat, buckskin breeches and tops, at the meet of the Oakley hounds, lately, may be imagined.—The Suisse de Berne announces that the police of Saint Gall have just made a very important capture, in the person of a native of Baden, who had just returned from New York with an American passport. He is charged with forging notes on the Bank of Austria.—Mr. Morphy has decided to pass the winter in Europe. His decision cannot fail of giving a still greater stimulus to European chess.—Mr. Francis Boott of Boston has received the second award of the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence for an elaborate musical composition upon a theme assigned by the institution.—Count Joseph Mastai, brother of the pope, died recently at Rome.—Professor Hughes, whose printing telegraph is extensively used in the United States, and which will also, in the course of a few weeks more, be introduced into Australia to work through the first submarine telegraph of that colony between Tasmania and Melbourne, states himself confident of being able even now to signal through the Atlantic cable, and is anxious to conduct all his experiments upon the wire at his own expense.—The emperor of the French, lately, as some persons were discussing the United States in his hearing, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you seem little to understand the country you are speaking about. Inquire into its immense resources, take into consideration the character of its enterprising population, and you will then better understand the great part that country is to play in the history of nations."

Statue of Bolivar.

An equestrian statue of the South American "Liberator," Simon Bolivar, ordered by the city of Lima, in Peru, has just been cast in bronze at Munich, Bavaria. It was placed on exhibition in Munich about the first of November, preparatory to shipment to its destination. The statue is fifteen German feet in height, and weighs 101 cwt. The model was furnished by the Roman sculptor Tadolini. The horse is in a rearing position, but, unlike other equestrian statues—those of Paris, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Clark Mills's Jackson, etc.—the hind legs and tail are as perfect and symmetrical as any other portion of the animal. The whole is so nicely balanced that the most critical eye can scarcely discover how the statue is fastened upon the pedestal. The metal from which the statue was cast came from Australia; when it reaches Peru it will have nearly completed the circumnavigation of the globe.

English Barbarity in India.

Mr. Charles Buxton, an English member of Parliament, in an address to his constituents, thus spoke of the wholesale executions which have occurred in India: "How many persons do you think we executed in the city of Allahabad? In that city we executed, in cold blood, thirteen hundred persons! In the Punjab, where no outrage whatever was committed, we executed five thousand persons! I read that myself, in a letter from Sir John Lawrence. Is it not awful to think of hanging and shooting five thousand human beings? And if this was done in the Punjab, what must have been done in Bengal, where rebellion really raged? Why, we seem to have put to death without mercy any man who took side against us. For instance, a rajah saved the life of Mr. Mitchell and other Europeans; but, under compulsion, as he said, he aided the rebels. He was caught and hanged."

Pelissier.

The Liverpool Journal asks what was the motive of the London Times in reproducing, lately, a full, true and particular account of one of Colonel Pelissier's proceedings, in burning some Arabs in a cave in Kabylia, some years ago? It thinks "it was an odd courtesy from the first of English journals to an ambassador in England; but we may be sure not one lady's drawing-room has been closed on the marshal in any particular horror. He is such a dear, droll creature, and his Spanish bride is so new that she will have a great run when the season opens."

Thackeray the Novelist.

A young American lady during a recent interview with Thackeray, in London, said, "I have been long afraid to see issuing from your pungent pen a rather severe book upon the United States and the American people." "You need fear no such thing, my dear madam," replied the tall author, "for I promised I would not write such a book, and after the kindness that I received at the hands of all in America, I am sure I could not be so ungrateful as to say ill of the people that made me feel so much at home."

Society of Friends.

A conference of three hundred of the members of this religious society has been held lately at London, at which it was agreed to sanction marriages between individuals of this community (although not in membership) by allowing them to take place within its religious meetings, and that all restrictions in regard to what is called plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel, may also be discontinued, but confirming its ancient testimony in favor of Christian moderation in these respects.

McKean Buchanan.

The Star of Gwent, published in Newport and Cardiff, Great Britain, and favored by the good people of Monmouth, Glamorgan and Brecon, contains a very flattering notice of Mr. McKean Buchanan, the actor. It says his acting in King Lear, Pescara, Rob Roy, Rollo, and Richard the Third, disclosed remarkable skill and power of delineation, and thinks if he would abandon a ponderous method of delivery into which he sometimes falls, he would become one of the greatest actors of the day.

Pure Water in Paris.

As an instance of what is in contemplation for the increased comfort of the Parisians, may be mentioned the idea of the Prefect of the Seine, to turn the course of a river in Champagne, so that its clear and salubrious water may be used for Paris, instead of the Seine water, which is considered very bad. To do this will cost sixty millions of francs, and though the sum is large, the end to be attained is considered of sufficient importance to occasion the outlay.

An Unlucky Dentist.

A tooth drawer of the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, known by the appellation of l'Abbe de Foutenelle, but whose real name appears to be plain Labbe, has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment under the new law against the assumption of false titles and nobiliary particles. He pleaded in vain that there was once an Abbe de Foutenelle who was related to his family, and that there was a village called Foutenelle not far from his birthplace.

New Use of the Telegraph.

A gentleman in Bristol having occasion to consult his physician, who resides in London, did so by electric telegraph. The physician immediately telegraphed back to a firm of chemists in the city a prescription, which was dispensed and delivered—the whole transaction occupying a space of not more than about two hours.

Sands of Gold.

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VIEW OF FONTENAY-VEENDEE,
DEPARTMENT OF LA VENDEE, FRANCE.

We publish the fine engraving of Fontenay-Vendée on this page, both for the striking picturesqueness of the scene, and for the historical associations which render the locality interesting. Fontenay owes its origin to a little Gallo-Roman village, of which a few remains are still visible. Built on the borders of La Vendée, above a narrow ford which permitted an easy passage of the river, this station was an important place, defended by a strong fortress. An abundant fountain issuing from a rock gave it its Latin name—Fontanetum, Fontaniacum. At different times Gallic and Roman medals of gold have been found here, fragments of earthen figures, etc. In 1845 a more important discovery was made in the neighborhood. Some workmen occupied in digging gravel, discovered the remains of a villa ornamented with well executed paintings. A year afterwards accident discovered in the same place, the tomb of a Gallo-Roman woman, in which were buried vases of glass and earth, coffers and all the utensils of an artist, a color-box of silver and bronze, a porphyry palette, an alabaster mortar, and crystal instruments. This admirable collection dates from the third century. The chronicle of Nantes informs us that in 1341 Renaud d'Herbauges and Lambert, Counts of Nantes, combined their armies in this place to march to the relief of Charles the Bald and Louis, attacked by Lothaire. They afterwards repaired to Fontanet, or Fontenay, where the terrible battle of the 25th of June was fought. About the end of the 11th century, the Bishop of Poitiers made Fontenay the seat of the deanery of St. Pierre du Chemin. From this period its name is often found in charters, and its history begins really to be known. The strength of its castle, which served as a refuge against the invasion of the Normans, was doubtless the cause of the importance it then acquired. In the beginning of the 12th century the Counts of Poitou ceded it to the Viscounts of Thouars. It afterwards passed into the hands of the family of Mauléon, from which sprang the famous Savary, the warrior troubadour, one of the most remarkable men of his time. On the 16th of October, 1213, Fontenay made part of the *châtellenies*, which he inherited from his uncle William. At his death, which happened on the 20th of July, Geoffrey de Lusignan, the pretended son of La Mélusine, seized on the chateau, to the detriment of young Raoul de Mauléon, on the pretext that he was heir of the family of Rancon, who had, in fact, possessed a part of the seignory, and that the son of Savary was illegitimate. But this spoliation was of little advantage to Geoffrey, who, having taken a part in the rebellion of the Count de la Marche against Saint Louis, that prince seized on Fontenay in May, 1242, and bestowed it on his brother Alphonse, who had just been made Count of Poitou. It was then that the city became the capital of Lower Poitou, and took the name of Fontenay-le-comte. On the death of Alphonse, the *châtellenie* returned to the crown, from which it was twice separated; in 1311 to be given to Philippe le Long, and in 1316 to make a part of the appenage of Charles le Bel, Count of Marche. The fatal treaty of Brétigny surrendered Fontenay to the English, who entered it at the end of September, 1361, after a long resistance on the part of the inhabitants, and held it till 1372, when Du Guesclin took it from Jehanne de Clisson, wife of Jehanne de Harpedenne, Constable of England. Charles V. rewarded the Breton hero by a gift of his conquest. Du Guesclin sold it in 1377 to Jehan de Berry, Count of Poitou. For the thirty following years, Fontenay increased rapidly and saw its trade of cloth and peltries carried to the highest point of prosperity. The war of the Armagnacs and Bourguignons unfortunately arrested its progress and nearly ruined it. Then, after various changes it would take too long too enumerate, it passed into the

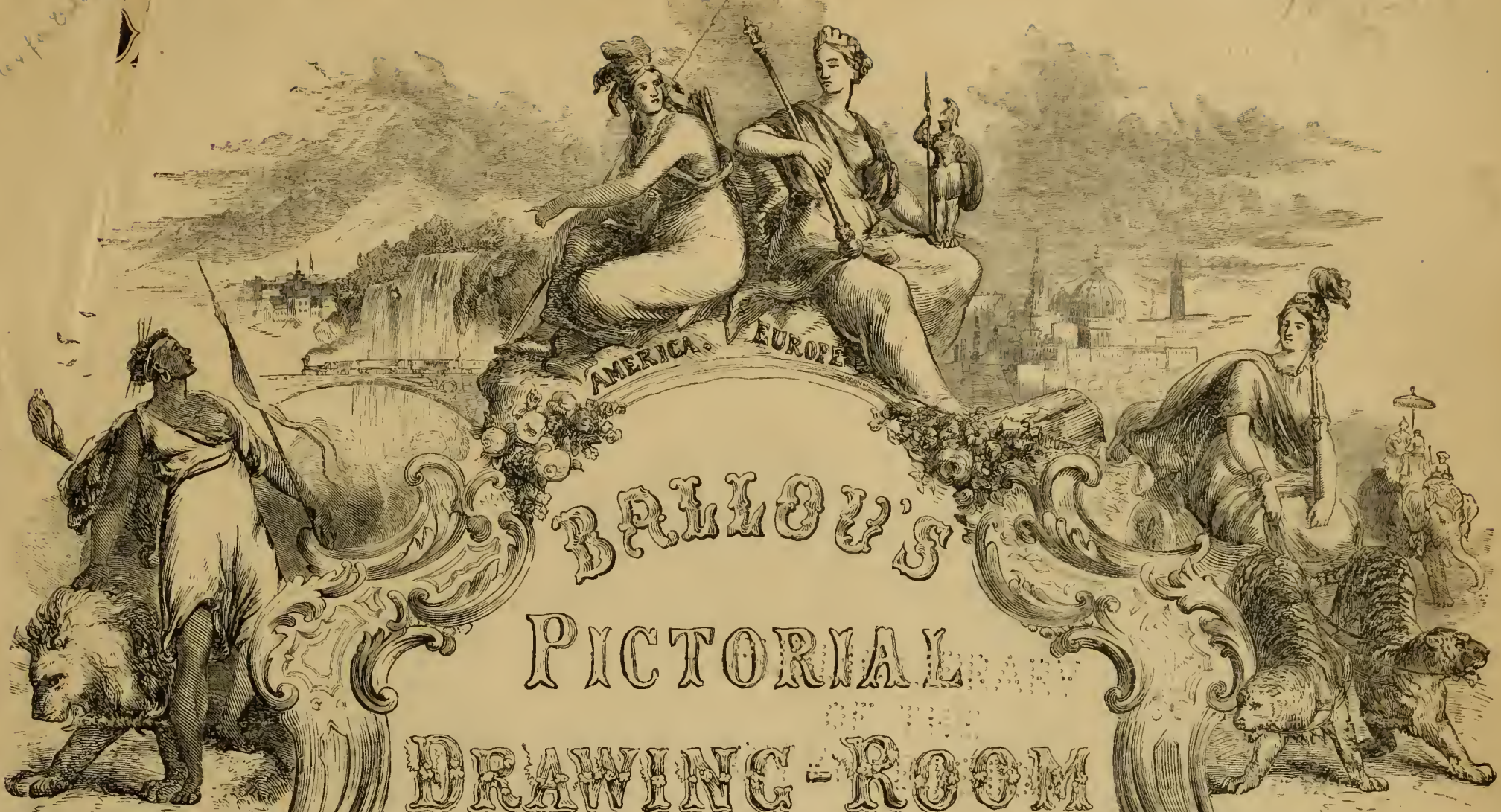


VIEW OF THE TOWN OF FONTENAY-VEENDEE, FRANCE.

hands of Arthur of Richemont, by his marriage with Margaret of Burgundy, the widow of the dauphin Louis, in 1423. The prince did all in his power to repair the losses which past troubles had occasioned. The castle, the walls of the town, and the bridge were repaired, and the church of Notre Dame entirely rebuilt, but death prevented Arthur from witnessing the completion of the beautiful spire which crowns the edifice, and which was not finished till the end of the 15th century. Fontenay then had 12,000 inhabitants. Then an important change occurred in its situation. Louis XI, always disposed to favor the middle classes at the expense of the feudal aristocracy, erected it into a commune, on the occasion of a journey he made into Lower Poitou in 1469, during which he was enabled to estimate the advantage he might derive from a creation of this sort in the midst of the turbulent nobility of the country. Meanwhile, in 1477 he ceded the seignory to Pierre de Rohan, Marshal of Gié, in exchange for Trousare. On

stifle the germs of discord which existed between parties, and it was recovering from the influence of past troubles, when the revocation of the edict of Nantes completely frustrated it. From 1680 to the revolution no remarkable event happened at Fontenay. The National Assembly having made it the capital of La Vendée, it acquired a great importance during the war which desolated the west of France. Bonaparte, on attaining power, thought the best way to prevent the return of insurrection, was to establish a military power in the centre of La Vendée, and to cut roads through the department in every direction. But Napoleon-Vendée was established and the capital transferred to that place by a decree of August 19, 1804, whereby Fontenay lost its last hope of aggrandizement. It is now only a sub-prefecture with 8000 inhabitants, situated in an amphitheatre watered by the Vendée, surrounded by its faubourgs and by immense plains overlooked by the steeples of Notre Dame and Saint Jean.

the 27th of January, 1487, Charles VIII. bought it of its new master, who had reduced it to an agricultural territory. Later yet, Francois d'Escars, Sieur de la Vauguion, received from Francis I. the enjoyment of the revenue and the title of Lord of Fontenay, but this time, at least, the town preserved its privileges, and saw them increased when the royal seat became a county and seneschalship in November, 1544. In the early part of the 16th century, the famous Rabelais entered the convent of the minor brothers of Fontenay, as a novice. He received the priesthood there in 1511. Two distinguished men became his friends, André Tiraqueau lieutenant of the seneschal of Poitou, and Pierre Amy, the learned Hellenist. But the jovial Rabelais got into trouble with the monks, was imprisoned, and afterwards left Fontenay to establish himself elsewhere. The departure of this celebrated writer did not destroy the little scientific and literary circle formed by him at Fontenay. The impulse given by him was felt into the middle of the next century. For a hundred and fifty years the capital of Lower Poitou was an intellectual focus, sending forth a brilliant light and giving to France a crowd of illustrious men, among whom we may cite the physician, Pierre Brissot, the creator of experimental medicine; André Tiraqueau, the learned jurist, Barnabé Brisson, the first president of the parliament of the League, Nicholas Rapin, Francois Viéte, the mathematician, Jehan Besly, author of the "History of the Counts of Poitou," and forty other literary men who have bequeathed to us valuable works. Generals Belliard and Lecomte, and Admiral Grimouard, are the only warriors produced by Fontenay. When the religious wars broke out, Fontenay suffered greatly. It was taken and retaken seven times by the Protestant and Catholic parties. On the first of June, 1587, it was taken from the Catholics by Henry of Navarre and ruined by being placed under the authority of La Boulaye, a man of rare courage and true merit, but stern and thoroughly imbued with feudal ideas. Still Henry IV. gave peace to Lower Poitou, but he was no sooner dead than the nobility resumed their arms, and attempted by force to wrest it from the authority of the sovereign. The Prince of Condé and Soubise recruited numerous partisans, owing to the influence of certain men, among whom the historian, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, governor of Maillezais, played the leading part. It was only when Richelieu had gained possession of la Rochelle that tranquillity began to be restored. The neighborhood of the "boulevard of Protestantism" was destined to be still more fatal to Fontenay, for Louis XIII. had no sooner given it a bishopric, than political considerations induced him to withdraw it and establish it at la Rochelle. This loss did not prevent the trade of the town resuming a little activity. The presence of René Moreau, curate of Notre Dame, the St. Vincent de Paul of the country, contributed also to



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PUBLISHER.

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5 CENTS SINGLE.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL."

Such is the title of the beautiful and expressive design drawn for us by Billings, engraved by Pierce, and executed in the best style of both artists, which forms the initial engraving of this, our first number of the new volume of the "Pictorial." A prominent feature in the picture, in which allegory and fact are happily combined, is a graceful sketch of Boston Common, with the State House and the old elm tree, so dear to every Bostonian. In the foreground a fine two-horse sleigh is dashing along in gay style, boys are snow-balling and sledding, ladies and gentlemen promenading. The shadow in this sunny picture, is the figure of the poor woman with the children crossing the street, typical of the penury which exists in every city, and calls into activity the warm sympathies and kindly charities of the benevolent and beneficent. Surmounting the landscape, is old Time, reclining on a dial which marks the progress of the hours, and bears the warning notes, "Time flies." A beautiful female is inscribing, with a light hand, the figures representing the incoming year. On either hand are allegorical figures representing Agriculture and Labor, with the mottoes, "Prosperity," "Peace," and "Universal Good Will." The

grace and purity of this design stamp it as one of the finest from the pencil of Billings we have ever published. In commencing another twelvemonth, we most cordially wish a "Happy New Year" to our host of old friends, and to the many new ones who have rallied to our support, and given a fresh impulse to the spirit with which we continue our labors for the amusement and instruction of the public. Ours is no new enterprise, it is true, but a permanent institution, placed on an enduring basis by liberal patronage. We have been steadily and surely advancing since we commenced our publication—a result owing to the fact that we have concentrated all our energies and our means upon the paper itself, preferring to make that worthy of support and to speak for itself, instead of telling the public through flaming announcements, what we would do, or have done. In the interest of our patrons, we have preferred to spend our money on our pages, and not outside of them. The present number may be taken as some indication of what our course will be for 1859, though our motto is "Excelsior," and we mean that every fresh achievement shall be a stepping-stone to something higher. As we have elsewhere mentioned, we have secured the services

of some of the best designers and engravers in the country, who will furnish us with excellent pictures throughout the year. We have, moreover, made such arrangements with correspondents, photographers and artists in foreign countries, to supply us with faithful descriptions and views of important cities, striking landscapes, etc., that we shall be enabled to present whatever is most striking in the material world, and most interesting in its social aspects and progress. So much for the illustrated portion of our work. But our readers are well aware that pictures, though a prominent, are not an exclusive feature of our design. The size and type of our journal, enable us to devote a large share to literature. In this branch, we have enlisted the services of some of the best and most popular writers of the day, and are continually adding to our list of contributors. Among our new recruits we refer with pleasure to Walter Clarence, Esq., long connected with "Dickens's Household Words," and one of its favorite writers. His sketches of adventures as a naval officer in various parts of the world, are much in the vein of Sala, the author of a "Journey Due North." Our old favorite writers will continue to co-operate with us, and the favorite feature of a portion

of a stirring novelette in each number, will be kept up. Occasionally these continued romances will be illustrated. Of the editorial portion of the "Pictorial," it does not become us to speak, except to say that we have extended its space, that we may impart more variety to it, and that we shall continue our labors more zealously than ever. This much we have felt compelled to say in justice to ourselves and our generous friends; for the future the "Pictorial" will tell its own story. Again we wish a "Happy New Year to All." There is a strange link which binds the editor to his readers. Of the many thousands we address, there are very few whose hands we ever grasp, with whose faces we can ever become familiar, the tones of whose voices may ever reach our ear. They are bodiless to us—we address them, but it is only indirectly that they echo our thoughts. Yet we know them to be like ourselves, and subject to the vicissitudes of life. Many of them in the past year may have been summoned to strew flowers on the graves of the loved and lost—to them may the future bring consolation! Many of them, on the other hand, have added joys to be grateful for—to them continued prosperity! To each and all may this record of our thoughts and labors, come as a friend.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling: —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRESS-GANG.

A BRIGHT fire diffused warmth and light through the neatly kept apartment of a cottage of the humbler sort, near the southern shore of the Tweed. A woman was sitting in front of the fire, busily employed in weaving a fisherman's net, several of which were suspended against the wall. Now and then she looked towards a cradle, which, with its rich carvings, rose-colored damask lining, and embroidered silk coverlet, seemed strangely out of place when compared with the clumsy chairs, and a few other articles of furniture disposed about the room. A boy a year old, and beautiful as a fabled Cupid, lay wrapped in rosy slumber in this luxurious bed.

It was getting late, and the woman was about to lay aside the unfinished net, when a man, ten or a dozen years younger than she was, entered.

"Hamish Braxton," said she, "this is a late hour to call on such as I, who have to work for a living. In two minutes more the door would have been locked and the fire put out."

"It is rather late. But why do you worry yourself making nets? I don't see any need of it, now you've got the rich Mr. Danbridge's child to take care of. He pays you pretty liberally, I take it?"

"Yes, liberally enough, but I want to earn all I can, that I may lay up a little something. If my son returns safe from sea, I mean that he shall stay at home a year, and get a little learning, so that he needn't be obliged to sail before the mast all his days. How is Mary this evening?"

"Better, I suppose you will say, than she has been. She's dead."

"Yes, I do say she is better; for she's beyond the reach of your neglect and cruel treatment."

"I never pretended, as you do, to be tender-hearted. Yet with all your pretensions, I suppose you will refuse to grant her last request."

"What was it? Yet why need I ask? Don't I know that the dearest care would be for her child? She wished me to take charge of it."

"Yes, that was her wish; but I suppose it would do for the boy of a poor man like me, who earns his bread by performing the drudgery of a domestic tutor, to be warmed by the same fire as Mr. Danbridge's son. I don't see how he came to think of giving him into the care of a poor fisherman's widow."

"What Mr. Danbridge wants, is to have his motherless child well treated, and he knew that I could be trusted."

"Well, what do you say? Will you take my boy or not?"

"Yes, I will take him, and treat him as well as Percy Danbridge. I can't rock him in so fine a cradle; but he shall have the one my own Walter was rocked in, and if he prove to be as good as he is, you can ask nothing better for him."

"It is settled then. I will bring him to-morrow evening, if I can find a boat to cross the river in."

"What is his name? Hamish?"

"No; Robert. I didn't choose to give him such a heathenish sounding name as my parents gave me."

Braxton sat in a musing attitude a number of minutes; and then looking up suddenly, asked Mrs. Cline when she expected her son home.

"I am looking for him every day," was her answer.

"How old is he?"

"Twenty."

This answer, for some reason, appeared to please him. A smile which had something evil in it, passed over his countenance as he rose to go. He had already raised the door latch, when he stopped and looked round.

"What's the name of the ship your son sailed in?" he asked.

"The Cornucopia."

"A merchant ship?"

"Yes."

He then bid her good night, and withdrew.

The following evening, as Mrs. Cline was every moment expecting Braxton with his child, some one knocked at the outer door. On opening it, she found that it was Mr. Danbridge. Ever since the loss of his wife, he had been thinking of emigrating to America, with the view of making that country his home. An opportunity of going thither with several of his acquaintances had unexpectedly presented itself, and he had called for the purpose of speaking with her concerning his child.

"Shall you take him with you?" she inquired. "I think not," he replied, "unless you will consent to go and take charge of him."

This she could not think of doing, on account of her son; and when he left, it was with the understanding that his little son should, for at least a few months, when the weather would be warmer and pleasanter, remain in her care.

In a minute after Mr. Danbridge was gone, Braxton came with his child.

"His mother was my sister," said Mrs. Cline, as she took him into her arms, "and for that reason I have consented to undertake the care of him."

"I had as lief it would be on that account as any other; though I suspect it wouldn't have much weight with you, if you didn't expect to have pay for it. But we won't waste words about it. Mr. Danbridge has been here."

"He has."

"To let you know that he has concluded to go to America?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad he is going."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because he might have objected to your having another child to take care of, lest his should be neglected. Now, he need know nothing about it. If he should call, it will be easy for you to keep your nephew out of the way."

"I shall do no such thing. I shall tell Mr. Danbridge all about it the first opportunity."

"The more fool you. Any news from your son yet?"

"No."

"I'm glad to hear it, as I am not quite ready for him yet," muttered Braxton to himself, as he turned to go.

"Did you speak?" asked Mrs. Cline.

"I only said I should be glad to hear from him," he replied.

Soon after he left the cottage, he was joined by a man who appeared to be waiting for him, and they walked slowly away together.

"You are certain," said Braxton, "that it was the Cornucopia that the Argo spoke with?"

"I am."

"Then, according to what you told me, 'twill be in port some time to-morrow."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied his comrade, whose name was Finchley.

"Luck is on my side, then. What Cline, if he's alive—and there isn't much danger but that he is—will be certain to be here in season."

"I don't see how his being here is to turn to your account."

"Wait till the time comes and you'll see."

They now parted, after having agreed to meet again for a certain purpose, which had been previously discussed between them.

A little after dark, the following evening, a sealed note was handed to Mrs. Cline.

"It is from Mr. Danbridge," said she to herself, looking at the signature.

It appeared to have been written in great haste, and it was with considerable difficulty that she read as follows:

"I have been prevented from calling to-day, by being obliged to be absent on business. I am now aboard the 'Enterprise,' in which I have taken passage for Virginia. Fortunately, I have found among the passengers, a woman who is willing, and in every respect competent, to take charge of my little son during the voyage, and having from the first, felt a great reluctance to leaving him behind, I have concluded to commit him to her care. I did not expect that the 'Enterprise' would sail so soon, and certain instructions to be forwarded to my London agent are yet to prepare. This, much to my regret, will prevent me from accompanying the woman, who will call for the child in a carriage I shall cause to be provided for the purpose, in something like an hour, or perhaps a little less, after you receive this. In the meantime you will make the necessary preparation. I was obliged to send for him to-night, as the captain tells me they shall weigh anchor at early dawn."

For a few minutes Mrs. Cline was too much surprised and agitated to set about the task which had been enjoined. She could do nothing but walk the floor; for she had become so much

attached to the beautiful and intelligent boy, that the thought of parting with him was extremely painful; the more so, from having been led to expect that he was to remain with her. After a while she succeeded in composing herself so far as to gather together his rich clothing, which was soon packed ready for removal. She had barely time to finish, when she heard a carriage stop. The next minute a man put his head inside the door and asked if all was ready. The night was bitter cold, and having carefully folded a costly India shawl, which had belonged to the child's mother, around his other wrappings, fortunately without waking him, she inquired if the woman was in the carriage who was to take charge of him.

"To be sure she is," replied the man, who stood waiting. "Here, let me have the little fellow, and I'll hand him to her."

"No, I shall carry him myself," she replied.

It had grown cloudy, and was so excessively dark that she in vain tried to obtain a sight of the woman's face, underneath her deep hood. She withdrew her hands and arms from under the folds of a capacious cloak, and without saying a word, reached forward for the child. The man then closed the carriage door, and took his seat beside the driver.

Mrs. Cline, as she turned away, experienced a strange foreboding of evil, for which she could not account. She did not speak, neither did she move a step from the spot when the carriage drove from the door, till the last faint sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

"There seems to be something strange about this, now that the child is gone," she said, half aloud to herself, as she turned and slowly went into the house. "Why did the woman sent for him appear as if she did not wish for me to see her, and why didn't she speak? My mind mis-gives me."

She passed a restless night; but the joy of beholding her son, who arrived early in the morning, for a time dissipated the doubt and gloom which had filled her mind.

He had improved in personal appearance since she saw him; the rich crimson glowing through the brown, which the sea air and sunnier climes had planted on his cheeks, as well as his clear, bright eyes, speaking eloquently of cheerfulness and health. The day glided swiftly away; for the sailor boy had much to say of what he had seen in other lands. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the mother and son were sitting by the fire, when the door was abruptly opened, and Hamish Braxton entered.

"Walter Cline," said he, hurriedly, "come with me. The press-gang are in pursuit of you, and will shortly be here. I fell in with them and put them on a wrong beat, or you would already be in their power."

The young man started up, alarmed and bewildered, hardly comprehending the import of what Braxton had said. Mrs. Cline was more quickly alive to the impending danger, and urged her son to hasten his departure.

"It is so dark," said Braxton, "that we can easily elude them, and I will conduct you to a hiding place near at hand, where you will be perfectly secure."

Walter, who by this time was fully alive to the nature of the fate which threatened him, delayed only long enough to exhort his mother to keep up good courage till he could with safety return, and then followed Braxton, who stood waiting for him just outside the door. After an absence of about fifteen minutes, the latter returned.

"You are back soon," said Mrs. Cline. "Are you certain that Walter is safe?"

"That depends on you."

"How can that be?"

"I have certain conditions to propose, which you must accede to, or I will deliver him up to the press-gang. From that hour he will, in all probability, be the same to you as if he were dead."

"I know it. I had a brother once who was fourteen years on the sea, without ever once setting his foot on his native shore."

"A fate, which in your son's case, you have the power to avert."

"How? In what way? Tell me."

"That's what I intend to do. You sent Mr. Danbridge's child away last night?"

"I did. It was in compliance with his written orders."

"You did right; but remember that the world must believe that Mr. Danbridge's son is here still."

"How can the world believe it?"

"Won't it be as easy to call the child now lying asleep in this cradle, Percy Danbridge as Robert Braxton?"

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"Simply this. No one knows that my child is here except we two and your son. No one knows that Percy Danbridge was sent away last night but you and me, and two others, whose silence has been bought. It was I who sent for the child, in Mr. Danbridge's name. He knows nothing about it."

"But he will know it, if my life is spared long enough."

"You have got to take that back again, or I will point out to those in pursuit of him, your son's hiding place. By consenting to what I require, you will do no harm to the son of Mr. Danbridge, and will save to more than one a world of sorrow and trouble. Among others, Mr. Danbridge himself."

"What you say is to me incomprehensible."

"It shall be made plain to you hereafter. There is no time for explanations now. The press-gang is almost at the door."

This was true. The trampling of their feet was plainly to be heard.

"What can I do?" said she, wringing her hands in an agony of doubt and terror.

"As I have told you."

"Have pity on me."

"Words are useless. Things have already gone too far to suffer me to recede, even if I wished it. Give me the required promise, or you have seen your son for the last time."

"I must not. Do not ask me."

"Be it so, then, and reap the reward of your obstinacy. Do you hear them? They are already at the door. Ten minutes from this time, and the son you are so proud of will be delivered into their power."

At that moment the latch of the outer door was lifted, but it was suffered to fall again. They probably wished to confer longer among themselves.

"Have it all your own way, Hamish Braxton," said the unhappy mother; "only save him."

"You give the promise?"

"Yes—yes."

"That is well. Now sit down and appear calm. If they ask you if your son has come home from sea, tell them the truth."

The door was thrown open ere the words had left his lips, and a number of hard, resolute looking men, headed by a lieutenant, rushed into the room. A glance would have sufficed to show that no suffering, no entreaty, could cause them to swerve from what an arbitrary law had made their duty.

"You are the man, I believe," said the lieutenant, addressing Braxton, with a look and tone of severity, "who sent us on a fool's errand."

"I directed you to where I was told his sweet-heart lives, naturally supposing that as soon as supper was over, he would be attracted thither. You thought the same, I suspect, or you would have come here in the first place."

The man, without making any reply, turned to Mrs. Cline.

"Is Walter Cline your son?" he asked.

"He is," she replied.

"He came home early this morning, I'm informed."

"He did."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Let me tell you that quibbling and equivocating won't pass current with us. We are on the king's business, and mean to perform it faithfully."

He made a sign to his men, and they commenced to search the house. It was a task easily accomplished. The attic and two or three closets, to all of which there was ready access, were, as was soon apparent, the only places which could afford even temporary concealment.

"He isn't far off, that is certain, according to the information we've received, and we shall take measures to guard against his escape from the neighborhood. So you see, ma'am," pursued the lieutenant, again turning to Mrs. Cline, "it's no use to try to throw dust in our eyes. The longer he's kept out of the way, the more trouble there'll be for you and him, and all of us; but we shall be sure to find him at last."

"I have already told you," said Mrs. Cline, "that I don't know where my son is. That is the truth, and I can say nothing more."

Braxton, who had seated himself by the fire, to all appearance, regarded the whole affair with

indifference. When the men were about to withdraw, he spoke to the lieutenant.

"Going to Scoresby's?" he said.

"Yes, we shall take up our quarters there to-night."

"I'll go over with you."

"Is this fellow we are in pursuit of your nephew?"

"No, he's nothing to me. As far as I am concerned, I am as willing his next voyage should be in a ship-of-war as a merchantman."

"I will look to you for advice, then, as to the best means of preventing him from giving us the slip."

"Nothing can be easier, if you will follow my directions, which I will explain to you, on our way to Scoresby's."

We will now leave the unsuspecting lieutenant to listen to such directions as will best suit Braxton's purpose; while the poor sailor boy in his uncomfortable hiding place trembles at every noise, and his mother, quite as much to be pitied, passes a wretched and sleepless night.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOLITARY HUT.

NORTH of the Tweed, some thirty or forty miles, were a group of miserable, uninhabited huts, some of them without chimneys, all without the luxury of glass windows, and with their sloping roofs reaching within two or three feet of the ground. They stood in a solitary place, half a mile from the high road, and were formerly occupied by a band of gipsies, whenever their vagrant habits led them to that part of the country.

At an earlier period, these huts could be approached by a bridle-path, which, now, in many places, was so obstructed by bushes and briars, as to seriously impede the progress of a foot-person.

The same evening that the incidents took place related in the latter part of the foregoing chapter, a woman of thirty, large and masculine, and with strong, harsh features, was sitting by a fire in the least dilapidated of the huts. The fire had burnt so low that the coals were nearly concealed by the ashes which had crept over them, though occasionally there was a slight scintillation, which gave a glimpse of the damp and squalor of the wretched apartment.

"He should have been here by this time," she muttered to herself, after sitting silent and motionless for half an hour.

In a few minutes footsteps were heard without. She gave the coals a stir, threw upon them a few dry sticks, and after fanning them into a blaze, lit a lamp. The interior of the hut was now plainly to be seen. In one corner was a pile of dry leaves covered with a coarse blanket, and on this lay a sleeping child.

"So you've come, at last," said she. "I've been expecting you this hour."

"I lost my way. Is he asleep?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I dare you to touch a finger to him."

As she said this, she rose from the low, three-legged stool on which she was sitting, and with her large black eyes glittering like coals of fire, placed herself directly in front of the rude couch on which the child was lying.

"Why, what's come over you, Sib? You look like a Fury."

"There's murder in your heart, Bart Finchley. Didn't I hear what Hamish Braxton said to you? And didn't I hear you promise to do his bidding?"

"I needed the gold, Sib, though it wa'n't much that he could give me. But making a bargain and sticking to it are two things. Step a little aside, I want to look at the child. I haven't seen him yet."

"Stand back—I've no faith in you."

"Do you think I'm a fiend in human shape, Sib? I've no more wish to harm the little fellow than you have. Much as I needed the money, when he put it into my hand and whispered in my ear what he wished me to do, I felt like dashing it to the ground, and trampling it under my feet."

"If you had as good reason as I have to hate Hamish Braxton, and to almost worship Hugh Danbridge, the child's father, I might believe you."

"I bear Braxton no good will—that you may be certain of. But what's to be done with the little fellow?"

"That's my affair."

"I am glad to hear you say so. All I ask of you is to be cautious."

"I don't need to be asked anything of the kind. I should be a simpleton to be otherwise than cautious."

"You may well say that. If Braxton should find that I'd broke faith with him, he'd be on my track like a sleuth hound, and you wouldn't fare much better. He has gipsy blood in his veins, though few suspect it, and he never forgives. But I'll be off, since you choose to manage the matter yourself."

"You've a long tramp before you, and better eat and drink first," said she, removing a clean cloth which was spread over the remains of a loaf of brown bread, some dried salmon, and a flask of ale.

"It wou't be amiss," he replied; "but I should like something a little better than two-penny ale. In the meantime, pick out a few of the meanest of the little Danbridge's clothes, and let me have the rest."

"What are you going to do with 'em?"

"Deliver 'em up to Braxton, according to orders. He was obliged to have 'em sent, you know, for fear of exciting the woman's suspicion."

"So he is going to keep the best for his own bantling?"

"Of course, seeing he's going to pass him off for Mr. Danbridge's son."

"I should rather that they would be burnt than that Hamish Braxton's child should have the wearing of 'em. I'm glad you got Tony to bring 'em here, at any rate," she muttered, below her breath, as she busied herself in looking over the clothing, and selecting such as she chose to keep.

When she had finished, there were two piles of a size nearly equal. One she returned to the trunk in which they had been packed; the other, containing among other things a coral necklace, and the India shawl which had belonged to the child's mother, and which Mrs. Cline had wrapped round him to shield him from the cold night air.

"Well, Sib," said Finchley, "you've helped yourself pretty liberally, I should say. When you're dressed up in that shawl and some of the other finery, I shall have to call you Miss Finchley, I suppose."

"If I've helped myself liberally, 'twill make your load the lighter," she replied.

"If Braxton don't miss 'em and find fault, I'm sure I don't care."

"Let him find fault if he chooses; but he won't dare to when he finds that I overheard what he scarce ventured to say to you, bad as you are. Were it not that you're my brother, Bart Finchley, Mr. Danbridge should know all before I'm a year older, if I was obliged to cross the sea for it."

"It's well for me that I am your brother then."

He now rose from the rude table and took up the trunk, which was so light that he could easily carry it.

"I shall ask you no questions, Sib," said he. "You can, as best suits your purpose, be bold, wary or cunning, and I shouldn't wonder if you have need of all three of these qualities by the time you get through with what you've undertaken."

The child still slept, and as soon as he was gone she resumed her seat by the fire. After a while she went to the door and looked out. The air was clear and frosty, and though there was no moon, she knew by the position of the stars that it was not far from eleven o'clock.

"There will be none too much time," said she, taking the coral necklace and examining the plain gold clasp. "Grace Danbridge learnt me the trick of it herself, the first time she ever put it round her child's neck," she added, unconsciously continuing to soliloquize to herself. Pressing the edge of the clasp as she spoke, the upper part of it flew back, and disclosed a lock of bright, silky hair, through which gleamed the letters P. D., enamelled in gold on a blue ground. She then took from a capacious pocket, such as was worn in those days, a sheet of paper soiled and crumpled, and a brass inkstand, with its pyramidal top tightly screwed on, and answering the double purpose of a pen-holder, and of preventing the escape of the ink. Not being deeply versed in the art of committing her thoughts to paper, it was not without many blots and erasures that she succeeded in writing as follows:

"Though the nurturing of the child, with whom these lines are found, will make present trouble, it will bring good fortune in the end to the person whose hands he may fall into, who

has the heart to use him well. The good fortune must be waited for patiently; it may be ten, fifteen or even twenty years. This do not forget. Remember, too, that dismal will the weird be of whomsoever, be it man or woman, that refuses him a home, or giving him one, should dare to treat him ill. Guard the coral necklace round the child's neck as you would the apple of your eye; for the golden thread which must brighten his destiny and yours, will be wanting if that be lost. Above all, treat not what is here written as idle words."

Folding the paper, she carefully sewed it to the inside of the child's night dress. Then clasping the string of coral beads around his neck, and warmly wrapping him in flannel blankets, she took him in her arms and left the hut. It was now past midnight. She struck into the path which led to the highway, and though burdened with the weight of the child, she walked rapidly, for she wished to reach the road in season to intercept a certain carrier on his way to the first post-town. She was just in time, having, as she intended, emerged from the gloomy and broken path before the carrier came in sight, though she could plainly hear the distant rumbling of his cart-wheels. She waited for him to come up. The child showed signs of waking, but she succeeded in quieting him. The carrier, seeing that some one appeared to be waiting for him, checked his horses when he arrived opposite to where she stood.

"Which road do you go to night?" she asked.

"The one that passes by Holwell's."

"Have you any passengers?"

"Not a single individual."

"I wish to go as far as Holwell's," said she, handing him the fare.

"Right," said he; "I handle too many bits like this to need light to determine their value. Pass along your bundle, ma'am, and then you'll have no trouble in climbing into the vehicle."

"I shall have none with it," was her answer; and the next minute she had taken her seat beneath the canvass covering of the cart.

"When does the Liverpool coach start from here?" she inquired of the carrier, when they arrived at Holwell's.

"In about fifteen minutes."

It wanted half an hour of daybreak, and entering the room where several passengers were waiting for the coach, she took a seat in the most obscure corner, and scanned the countenance of each, with looks of keen inquiry.

"There's not one here 'twill do to trust him with," was the thought she entertained.

The time was fast slipping away, when a gentleman and his wife entered whose appearance pleased her. She soon found that they were going to Liverpool. The next minute the word came that the coach was ready. She waited till two or three of the passengers had taken their seats, then boldly going up to the coach door she held out the child to a good-natured looking young man, who had taken his place on the forward seat.

"Will you please take him?" said she; "his mother and nurse will be here in a minute."

The young man mechanically held out his arms to receive him.

"I suppose," said he "that the child belongs to the family who are going to Liverpool?"

"Yes," she replied, and turned quickly away.

Faint glimmerings of day were already visible in the east by the time the other passengers had taken their places. The young man who had so obligingly taken charge of the child, so unceremoniously thrust upon him, remained quiet for some time after the coach had started, expecting every moment to be relieved of his task.

Nothing was said, however, by the lady he supposed to be the child's mother, or by a good-looking woman, apparently a little older, whom he took to be the nurse. He noticed that they often spoke to each other, in tones inaudible except to themselves, at the same time casting quick, furtive glances towards himself.

The constrained position, imposed by what to him was so new and awkward a task, began at last to be almost unendurable. It was not long before the child began to grow restless, and was soon decidedly awake. His hopes revived. The nurse would certainly offer to take him now; but he was not long in ascertaining that she had no such intention. His patience was thoroughly exhausted, and he determined, in a delicate way, to hint at her delinquency.

"As the child has finished his nap—a pretty long one, I think—I may as well give him up to you now," said he, directing his speech to the supposed nurse. "He may be afraid of me, as I'm a stranger."

"You can't be more of a stranger to him than I am," was her reply.

"Aren't you his nurse?"

"Certainly not."

"But you are his mother?" he said, addressing the lady who sat next her.

"So far from it," she replied, "that this is the first time I ever saw him; but let him belong to whom he will, he is a beautiful child—don't you think so, Mr. Anvers?" she asked, looking at her husband.

"I don't know how he could well be more so. Yet, beautiful as he is, there appears to be no one to claim him. Permit me to inquire how he came to be in your care?" said he, addressing the young man.

The story was soon told, and the narrator, who gave his name as George Heath, was found to be the son of a merchant well known to Mr. Anvers; a circumstance which freed him from the suspicion which began to be entertained that he might be an impostor.

"I don't know," said the young man, after a few minutes of silence and perplexity, "but that I had better hire some conveyance at the first stopping place and take the child back to Holwell's, if I can find a woman who will go with me and take care of him."

"At any rate," said Mr. Anvers, "it is nothing more than right that you should in the meantime be relieved from your onerous task."

"It certainly is not," said Mrs. Anvers, "and if you please, Mr. Heath, I will take my turn first."

"As respects what you said about returning to Holwell's," remarked Mr. Anvers, "I am persuaded that it will be of no avail. The people there are undoubtedly as ignorant of the mother as we are; and as to the woman, she wouldn't have ventured on so bold a project to get rid of the child, if her plans had not been laid so as to make it nearly certain that she could escape detection."

"When we reach Liverpool you can get him into some orphan asylum," said the woman Heath had taken for the child's nurse.

"Yes, I can do that," he replied; and for the present the subject was dropped.

Yet, though nothing was said, the remarkable beauty and good humor of little Percy Danbridge was doing its silent work in his favor, and by the time they arrived at Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Anvers had decided to give him their name and a home.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHIPWRECK.

MERELY glancing at Mrs. Cline and her son, to say that in a few days they were relieved from the terrors of the press-gang, we will follow Mr. Danbridge across the Atlantic.

The Cornucopia, bound to Boston, arrived in due season. Here Mr. Danbridge concluded to remain in company with several of his fellow-passengers, while maturing certain arrangements for a pretty extensive exploration of Virginia, where it was his intention to purchase a large tract of land should an opportunity offer.

About ten days subsequent to his arrival, having, previous to leaving his native land, engaged to transact some business for a friend with a person residing near the sea-coast, some twenty or thirty miles from Boston, he embarked aboard a fishing boat, as the easiest mode of conveyance; the master having, for "a consideration," engaged to land him at the place designated.

There had been several days of fine weather; but the morning the Sea Gull was to sail was the most beautiful there had been for the season. The sky was without a cloud, and a silver brilliance pervaded the air. Those, however, skilled in signs denoting atmospherical changes, looked grave, and predicted that rough weather was near at hand. The friends of Mr. Danbridge advised him to defer his proposed excursion to a season which promised to be more auspicious.

"What is your opinion, Korper? Is this a weather breeder?" he inquired of the master of the little craft, who, at that moment, made his appearance on the wharf.

"Well," replied Korper, "there'll be a change of weather sometime between this and sundown—that's a pint not to be disputed; but there'll be plenty of time, and to spare, to reach where you wish to go first; and where, if the weather looks threatening, I shall find a snug little haven for my boat, if I think best not to venture further."

"But if the change should be sudden?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"There isn't much fear of that. A northeaster is what we're to look out for, and I shouldn't wonder if it should prove to be a tough one."

"I'll go," said Mr. Danbridge. "I shall be as well there as here."

"Don't let what I say influence you too much," said Korper. "I can give you another chance in a few days."

"I hardly know why," said Mr. Danbridge, "but though I'm not straitened for time, and can as well wait for your next trip, I feel an almost irresistible inclination to go to-day. I will yield to it."

The breeze was fresh and fair when the boat left the wharf. After a while it died away, so that they made but little headway, and it was almost sunset when they put into the cove, where a short distance from the shore was a small hamlet, whose proprietors were mostly fishermen, and where, a little farther inland, was the more pretentious dwelling of the person Mr. Danbridge wished to see. On inquiry, he found that he was absent from home, and consequently had recourse to the one small inn of the place for shelter and refreshment.

Although the western sky was still bright, the silvery brilliance which had all day filled the atmosphere, began to give place to a cold, gray look in the north and east, as if a thin, gauzy vapor was spread over that portion of the heavens. Mr. Danbridge stood on a slight elevation near the shore, to watch the most gorgeous sunset he had ever witnessed. A pile of purple and crimson clouds, glowing here and there with dashes of golden splendor, formed a vivid contrast with the clear azure of the upper sky. Nor was the sea scarce less resplendent than the western heavens, long lines of sparkling radiance being thrown upon the waves by the sinking sun. But the dim haze darkening the north and east, was now rapidly approaching the zenith, and at intervals there was a heavy gust of wind, which, having spent its fury, died away into low and hollow moans.

"I knew 'twould be a northeaster," said Korper, approaching the spot where Mr. Danbridge stood, "and if signs don't fail, 'twill be more'n equal to anything we've had of late."

"The sea-fowl are on the wing, seeking shelter," said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, and they're never out in their reckoning."

Several fishing-boats being expected to arrive, as the crews were principally made up of men belonging to the hamlet, their friends had assembled on the beach, anxiously watching for their appearance. The night shadows were deepening. The pile of clouds, which in their magnificence had resembled a jewelled palace, had now turned to a black, sullen mass, except that here and there, through some rift, shone a light, red and fiery, which shed a lurid glare upon the darkening scene. One of the fishing boats could now be seen in the offing, and in a short time two more.

"They are all that are expected, I believe," said Korper, "and always excepting the Sea-Gull, are among the swiftest and safest craft that are afloat. If they were not, the men, women and children you see yonder, so earnestly watching them, would stand little chance of ever again meeting those aboard of 'em."

At this moment a furious gust swept by, whirling aloft the loose dry sand, and nearly blinding them.

"Look," said Korper, when the gust had spent itself.

Mr. Danbridge looked in the direction indicated, and saw, at a considerable distance from the shore, a long, narrow sheet of foam.

"A reef?" said Mr. Danbridge, interrogatively. "Yes, the same I pointed out to you," replied Korper. "Many a good ship has gone to pieces on it, and all on board perished."

"There will be no danger of the fishing-boats."

"No, 'twould take a harder gale than this to drive one of them upon it; but it's different with a heavily laden merchantman."

The lurid line of light, occasionally breaking

through the inky cloud in the west, had now faded, and the darkness of night had fallen on the troubled waters. Many of those who had neither friends nor relations aboard the boats, which, wild and gloomy as was the weather, were now considered in little or no danger, left the beach and sought their homes. Mr. Danbridge, accompanied by Korper, who first swept the horizon with his night-glass, returned to the inn.

A thick, heavy mist had commenced falling; which made the fire burning in the wide-mouthed fire-place of the apartment which served the double purpose of bar-room and parlor, look peculiarly pleasant and cheerful. Soon after their arrival, there was a lull in the gale, and Mr. Danbridge remarked that he thought the worst of the storm was over.

said Korper. "A northeaster is a wind that isn't easy to get rid of, any more than the old man of the sea, that fastened himself to the back of Sinbad the sailor."

Mr. Danbridge placed his light on the table, and resumed his seat by the fire. The wind continued to blow with little cessation.

"Well," said the landlord, who had been a sailor himself, "I'm glad our neighbors have had time to reach the shore; for even the fishing-boats, light and buoyant as they are, could have hardly weathered this. Do you remember the merchantman, Brailer, that struck on the reef and went to pieces, just two years ago this very night?"

"I shan't forget it soon," replied the old seaman, who was the person addressed. "Joe Lory perished that night. We were the same as

The report of another minute gun at that moment came booming along, mingling sadly with the shrieking of the blast, which, as it drove by, shook the house to its foundation.

"I am more of a sailor than you imagine me to be," said Mr. Danbridge, in reply to Korper. "I always loved the water, and from a boy have known how to manage a boat. Who knows but that I may aid in saving some one, who might otherwise perish?"

The landlord now made his appearance, furnished with boathooks, and such other articles as might prove useful in such an emergency. He was followed closely by his wife, with a large roll of blankets, wrapped in a piece of canvas to shield them from the storm.

"Some one must take these," said she, "for I shall never forget the poor man who perished with the cold after being rescued from the water, because everybody was so thoughtless."

The distance to the beach was short, and they were among the first to arrive. The white foam cresting the waves could be seen through the gloom, and the flash of the minute gun served to show that a vessel was stranded on the dangerous shoal which has been alluded to. The vessel itself, now that the precise spot where it struck was ascertained, could be dimly descried.

"The ship that Joe Lory was in went to pieces in less than ten minutes after she struck," said Brailer; "and the quicker a boat is launched for to go to the rescue the better."

"In my opinion 'twill be tempting Providence to try to reach the wreck," said a man who stood near. "There's no boat here that can do it in such a storm as this. It would be swamped before it could go twice its own length."

"Any common boat would, I grant," said Korper, "but the Sea-Gull isn't a common one. It will skim over the tops of the waves almost as well as the bird she's named for. Come, lend a hand, my boys," speaking to the men composing his crew, "and you too, Brailer. We'll soon have her alongside of the wreck."

It may be doubted whether the little craft of which Korper was so proud, would have made good the praise he bestowed upon it, had not the wind, after raging several minutes with a violence more terrific than ever, suddenly dropped down to an almost breathless silence.

"Now's our time," said Korper; and in a few seconds they were ready to push off from shore.

At the moment they were about to do so, Mr. Danbridge sprang aboard. The last signal gun had been fired half a minute perhaps previous to the lull of the tempest; and Mr. Danbridge, though he did not mention it, imagined, deafening as was the roar of the wind, and the noise of the boiling surf, that almost at the same instant he heard a piercing shriek, which sounded like a woman's voice.

"There should have been another minute gun before now," said Brailer.

"That's what I think," said Korper.

A few moments' silence succeeded, while each listened for the hoped-for sound. Korper, then, still without speaking, looked through his glass.

"'Tis as I feared," said he. "The ship is no longer in sight."

"She has gone to pieces,"

said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, that last heavy gust was too much for her; but some of the unfortunate crew may yet be saved."

The clouds were already breaking, and objects which had been shrouded in impenetrable gloom began to be discernible. As they drew near the shoal, bales and boxes, and pieces of the wrecked ship were seen driving towards the shore, or caught by some adverse current, went shooting by with the speed of the wind.

Brailer was at the helm, and knew how to take advantage of the eddies and conflicting currents. The boat was soon brought close to the lee side of the shoal in a shallow and comparatively smooth expanse of water, just outside of which different tides hurrying to meet and oppose each other, formed a dangerous eddy. Just



STREET SCENE IN LAHORE, INDIA.

"Not much hope of that," said an old, weather-beaten seaman, who entered in time to hear the remark. "What do you say, Cap'n Korper?"

"That it's gathering its forces, and before long will burst upon us with redoubled fury."

"At any rate," said the seaman, "'twill give the boats a chance to arrive and be safely sheltered."

Nearly half an hour had passed, and still nothing was heard of the wind, except now and then a low, wailing sound, like the voice of some troubled spirit. Mr. Danbridge rose, and calling for a light, said that he would retire to his room. He was about to withdraw, when a gust of terrific violence struck against the house, and forced open the outer door.

"I thought I wasn't wrong in my reckoning,"

brothers to each other. I never met with another like him, and never expect to."

He and the landlord went on speaking of the shipwreck, when the deep voice of a cannon was plainly heard mingling with the roar of the storm.

"A signal of distress," said Korper, starting to his feet, and snatching his hat from the peg where he had hung it.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with you," said Mr. Danbridge; and he hastened to put on his overcoat, which he buttoned to the chin.

Brailer had risen without saying a word, and stood with his hand on the door-latch.

"Take my advice, Mr. Danbridge," said Korper, "and remain where you are. You ain't hardened to such rough weather, and can't stand it as Brailer and I can. The wind is strong enough to take a person off of his feet."

the boat was entering this comparatively safe and sheltered spot, Mr. Danbridge caught sight of some dark object floating towards the outlet. It was so near the boat, that bending quickly over the side, he succeeded in arresting its progress. It proved to be a woman lashed to a spar, with a child clasped in her arms. They were soon taken aboard the boat and wrapped in some of the blankets, with which, by the thoughtful care of the landlady, they were well supplied; Mr. Danbridge having first succeeded in disengaging the child from the rigid and tenacious clasp of the arms in which it was enfolded.

While attempting its release, as for a moment he placed his hand on the heart of her who lay so still and death-like, he imagined he detected a slight tremor. Signs of life he found to be still more apparent in the child, which he held in his arms, after seeing that the mother was placed in a position to be sheltered from the wind and waves.

Such search as they were able to make for others, who they thought might be near the place where the vessel went to pieces proved unavailing; while the loud calls made from time to time by those in the boat remained unanswered.

"It's of no use to make further search," said Korper. "Besides, if we remain much longer, aid for the two we've rescued may come too late."

"Isn't that a piece of the wreck yonder, cap'n?" said Brailier.

"Yes, I should say so, and a pretty large one too. It has been whirled to the northward by some of the eddies which are so plenty about here, and now seems to be drifting towards shore."

"If my eyes don't deceive me, said Mr. Danbridge, "it carries a living freight."

"Yes, that is what it does," was the eager response of more than one.

This time, though the wind was in a direction to carry the sound from them, they found that their hail was answered, and the course of the boat was so laid as to give it the best chance of intercepting the insecure float, every moment in danger of being submerged, in season to save it from being dashed to pieces against the rocks, piled along that part of the coast towards which they were drifting. It was not without imminent hazard to themselves that they succeeded in their endeavor. Five men were found clinging to the fragment of the wreck—the captain, three of the crew, and a passenger, who proved to be the husband of the lady who had been so fortunately rescued.

A part of the crew, when it was found that the ship must go to pieces, had succeeded in lowering a boat; but intent only on their own safety, pushed off without paying any attention to the command of the captain to take the passengers aboard. It was fortunate for the latter that they were so selfish; for the boat, after struggling a few moments amid the wild vortex of the waves, disappeared, and was seen no more.

Accommodations for the gentleman and his wife, and their child, were procured at one of the best of the private houses, still nearer the sea-side than the inn. The mother and child were at once conveyed to a comfortable apartment, where those were in attendance who had learned by experience how to best take advantage of those signs of returning animation already apparent.

Mr. Danbridge, who had delivered the child up to a woman who met him at the outer door, returned to the inn, where he learned that the wrecked vessel was from Liverpool, and that the name of the passengers who were saved was Anvers. Thna, without being aware of it, he had been the means of saving his own child from perishing in the waves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMILITY.—You lie nearest the river of life when you bend to it; you cannot drink, but as you stoop. The grain of the field, as it ripens, bows its head; so the Christian, as he ripens for heaven, bends in this lowly grace. Christ speaks of his people as "lilies"—they are "lilies of the valley," they can only grow in the shade. "With this man will I dwell, even with him that is humble."

STREET SCENES IN LAHORE, INDIA.

The accompanying street scenes in the famed city of Lahore, were drawn upon the spot, and literally rendered without exaggeration. We may therefore abandon ourselves without hesitation to the guidance of the artist, and be wafted in imagination into the very heart of the East. These street scenes are like scenes at a theatre, so singular are they in character, and so do the houses jut forward on either side like the side-wings of the stage. Then the curious people pausing at the bazaars, or stalking solemnly along, the odd-looking children queerly muffled up, the pet animals roaming about the streets, the idlers in the projecting balcony of the caravanserai, all make up a living picture, seeming like a histrionic pageant. Few cities have undergone the vicissitudes to which the capital of

row, and the houses lofty; the quarter for the shops or bazaars being separate from that inhabited by the rich, whose houses, within gates, resemble French hotels, having enclosures at the top, with lattice work made of tiles for the accommodation of the women, that they may enjoy the cool breeze in the evening without the danger of being overlooked.

Almost all the lucrative trade is in the hands of Hindoos. There is a very large trade in corn and silk; but it is inferior, both in wealth and population, to Umritsir. When the whole of the Punjab was annexed, a large military station was formed in a suburb called Anarkulle, from a large tomb which was occupied as the centre of the civil administration, and still remains so; but the troops were removed to Meernee, four miles off, where magnificent barracks have been

travestie of human form, rattling unceasing forms of speech in their vitrified throats. These hang about your feet like reptiles, or crawl around you like loathsome vermin, and in a demoniac whine beg charity from you. One can bear the men; ferocious and repulsive as they are, a penny and a threat will send them cowering and cursing to their noisome holes again. One cannot bear the women without a shudder, and a feeling of infinite sorrow and humiliation. They are so horrible to look upon, so thoroughly unsexed, shameless. Heaven abandoned and forlorn, with their bare liver-colored feet beating the devil's tattoo on the pavement, their lean shoulders shrugged up to their sallow cheeks, over which falls hair either wildly dishevelled or filthily matted, and their gaunt hands clutching at the tattered remnant of a shawl, which but sordidly veils

the lamentable fact that they have no gown—that a ragged petticoat and a more ragged under garment are all they have to cover themselves withal. With sternness and determination one can bear these sights; but heavens and earth! the little children! who swarm, pullulate—who seem to be evoked from the gutter, and called up from the kennel, who clamber about your knees, who lie so thickly in your path that you are near tumbling over one of them every moment, who, ten times raggeder, dirtier, and more wretched looking than their elders, with their baby faces rendered wolfish by privations, and looking a hundred years old, rather than ten times that number of days, fight and scream, whimper and fondle, crawl and leap like the phantoms a man sees during the access of delirium tremens. I declare that there are babies among these miserable ones—babies with the preternaturally wise faces of grown up men; babies who, I doubt little, can lie, and steal and beg, and who, in a year or so, will be able to fight and swear, and be sent to jail for six months' hard labor. Plenty of the children are big enough to be "whipped and discharged." Yes; that is the pleasant totum; "six months' hard labor," "whipped and discharged," the merry prologue to Portland and the hulks, the humorous apprenticeship to the penal settlement and the gallows. See the children coming out of the gin shops and the pawnbrokers'. Ask the policeman whether every court in the vicinity is not full of thieves, and worse. Look at the lanes themselves, with the filthy rags flaunting from poles in the windows in bitter mockery of being hung out to dry after washing; with its belching doorways, and thresholds littered with wallowing infants, and revealing beyond a Dantean perspective of infective backyard and cloacan staircase. Peep, as well as you may for the dirt-obscured window panes, and see the dens of wretchedness where the people whose existence you ignore dwell—the sick and infirm, often the dying, sometimes the dead, lying on the bare floor, or, at best, covered with some tattered scraps of blanketing or matting; the shivering aged crouching over fireless grates, and drunken husbands bursting through the rotten doors to seize their gaunt wives by the hair, and bruise their already swollen faces, because they have pawned what few rags remain to buy gin.

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something; tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one anywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*



STREET SCENE IN LAHORE, INDIA.

the Punjab has been subjected. It is on the high road from Central Asia to the rich plains of India, which have been the desire of every Moslem conqueror, and has seen the tide of conquest sweep backwards and forwards for ages, never itself, but for a brief period, a sovereign city. Its brightest time was perhaps, that when Jehangir made it his winter quarters on returning from Cashmere; and almost the only buildings of importance now remaining date from that period.

But its present aspect was given to it during the sovereignty of Runjeet Singh, who built the walls and ditch (about four miles round), together with the fortified palace; and here he and his sirdars spent the intervals between their campaigns in the grossest debauchery. It is constructed almost entirely of brick, the streets nar-

row, and a fine military station formed, but not before the great mortality among them had rendered it absolutely necessary.

PICTURE OF ST. GILES'S LONDON.

From a hundred foul lanes and alleys have debouched, on to the spick and span new promenade, unheard-of human horrors. Gibbering forms of men and women, in filthy rags, with fiery heads of shock hair, the roots beginning an inch from the eye-brows, with the eyes themselves bleared and gummy, with gashes filled with yellow fangs for teeth, with rough holes punched in the nasal cartilage for nostrils, with sprawling hands and splay feet, tessellated with dirt—awful deformities, with horridifying malformations of the limbs and running sores ostentatiously displayed; Ghoules and Afrites in a

serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one anywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SONG FOR THE DAY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Mingie light and shadow—
Joy and grief combine;
A tear for Fifty-Eight!
A smile for Fifty-Nine!
Lay the poor old fellow
In his grave with care—
Strike up pipe and taber
For the jolly heir!

Slowly, sexton, slowly,
Toll the funeral keel!
Quick! a merry volley
From the marriage bell.
Mourners in the churchyard—
Fiddlers in the hall—
That's the queer succession
On this rolling ball.

How we vowed allegiance
Unto Fifty-Eight!
How we scoffed the baldness
Of his fallen state!
Fifty-Nine, the victor!
He's the king to-day—
As for that old pagan
Take his bones away!

Thus, across the water,
When a sovereign dies,
Not a courtier lingers
Where his corpus lies.
All at once they scatter—
Birds upon the wing—
Loyal oaths to proffer
To another king.

We of course must follow
Polished Europeans,
In their mourning hollow,
In their *Jo paans*!
Who'd be out of fashion?
Raise the merry shout!
Fifty-Nine is in;
Fifty-Eight is out!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 3.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A dead calm at sea—A negress and her infant child—Discovery of a water-logged vessel—An unlucky shot—A rescue—A capture—Discovery of Spanish doubloons—Trial and execution at Sierra Leone of the slavers.

CAPE PALMAS looming in the distance, not through a fog, but through the haze rising from the water, occasioned by the intense heat of the sun. Dead calm! Not a breath of wind to rattle the surface of the ocean! The sea smooth and glassy, reflecting the schooner, in an inverted position, hull, masts, spars and rigging, even to the most slender cordage, as if a vessel, modelled after the Alert, were attached to our keel, the slender, tapering mast-heads pointing downward into the unfathomable deep. The rudder is lashed amidships, the helmsman and quarter-master are at their posts—discipline requires that; but they are lounging idly about, or looking listlessly over the taffrail into the deep blue water.

The vessel's head is swaying around to every point of the compass, as she listeth. The death-like silence in air and sea is painfully oppressive. Not a sound is heard, save the dull, weary, monotonous flapping of the sails against the masts, as the schooner lazily rises and falls with the long, smooth swell, setting in from the northeast—a proof that the trade-wind is blowing strongly a few degrees further north. O, that we had a small portion of the breeze, if it were ever so little. Anything at all to occupy our minds, for three days and nights have passed away, and we have not changed our position a hundred yards. Now and then the black fin of a huge shark is seen above the surface of the water. A number of these voracious monsters are swimming about the vessel unmolested, notwithstanding jack shark is termed "the sailor's natural enemy." We can't afford to waste any more fat salt pork, for the sake of capturing the ugly brutes. The men are clinging in the shrouds, or lounging about the decks, making believe to work, but nobody can, really, work with such a sweltering sun overhead. The monkeys—we have at least a dozen pet monkeys on board, are the only active, restless creatures on deck, and they are tormenting the cat and a brood of young pigs out of their lives. Puss, overpowered with the heat, is endeavoring to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, in the shelter of the hammock-nettings, but Jocko has espied her, and has mounted the rigging above

her, whence he makes frequent descents, in order to pull her tail. Puss mews, and spits, and darts forth her claws, but to no purpose. Jocko, in a moment, is half a dozen ratlines above her, only waiting till she twists herself round, and, coiling herself up, composes herself to sleep, to perform the trick over again.

Three or four of Jacko's companions are making similar demonstrations against the juvenile porkine brood, hanging on to their tails or hind legs, and wholly regardless of the squeals and struggles of the pigs, and the remonstrative grunts of the old sow, who is looking on from the pig-house with motherly solicitude, evidently disapproving of the torment to which her young family is subjected, while the monkeys themselves maintain an aspect of solemn gravity while performing these antics—as if they considered themselves to be most laudably engaged—which materially enhances the ludicrousness of the scene. Pongo, the ourang-outang, which we obtained from the Guinea coast—or, the chimpanzee, I should say—ourang-outangs are only to be obtained from Borneo. Pongo, I say, is seated with a handkerchief bound over his head in front of the dog kennel where he sleeps, looking at the gambols of the inferior monkeys with an undisturbed gravity of visage, as if he regarded them with contempt. Pongo is not of a playful disposition, and he holds himself aloof from the common monkey tribe. However, there is now cause for his solemnity. I regret to say that Pongo is addicted to strong drink, and his master, the doctor (not the cook), is prone, for the fun of the thing, to indulge him in this bad habit. Pongo has swallowed two glasses of rum since breakfast time, and is now—after the example of the human beings of whom he is so ridiculous a caricature—assuming, in his cups, a ludicrous endeavor to appear sober, for he really is ashamed of himself on these occasions; but it is of no avail, for his glassy eyes and unsteady seat too clearly betray his weakness. There are plenty of books in the cabin, but our captain is not much addicted to reading. He is sitting on the cabin skylight, weariness and dejection in his eye, engaged, for the sake of fixing his mind on something—in what? Actually in the unofficer-like, unmanly occupation of knitting a pair of worsted muffatees for his wrists!—an art he learned when a boy, under the care of a maiden aunt. The first lieutenant is gazing mournfully upon a flute which he has held in his hand all the morning, but has not life enough left in him to play. The remaining officers and crew of the watch, with the exception of the man on the lookout aloft—who seems himself to have fallen asleep at his post—are looking at the gambols of the monkeys, and generally employed doing—nothing.

At length the man at the masthead stirs himself, and raising a spyglass to his eye, peers long and earnestly to seaward. Presently he hails the quarter-deck.

"Hilloa, what is it?" cries the captain, starting suddenly to his feet, and dropping the muffatees and a "stitch," at the same time, while the first lieutenant, equally eager for the man's reply, disposes of his flute by putting it into his coat-pocket.

"There is some black object out to seaward, sir, just visible. I can't well make out what it is."

"A boat, perhaps."

"No, sir; it's not a boat. It's only a mere speck on the water."

"Pooh! One of those cursed shark's fins, you simpleton," says the disappointed captain, turning on his heel.

"No, sir, it's more like a man's head. There are two black specks visible now."

"Bring me my spyglass, steward; quick, man," says the captain.

Long and anxiously he scans the horizon before he can discover the object of which he is in search. At length he perceives it.

"I don't know what to make of it," he says.

"Take the glass, Mr. Murray, and see what you think of it," addressing the first lieutenant.

"It does appear like the head of a man—yes, now I can see two objects."

"Perhaps a spar that's got sodden by being long in the water," continued the captain. However, we'll see. It'll be a tough pull for the men. Confound this calm! But we'll send a boat after it."

A quarter-boat was lowered and the crew, comprising six hands, was despatched under the command of the boatswain. The weather was so hot, and everybody so lazy, that no superior

officer disputed the command. Probably it would turn out nothing but a sodden spar, or an empty barrel, after all.

The object might have been any distance between one and two miles from the schooner. The exact distance of so small an object seen through the thin haze on the water, could not be calculated.

The officers watched the boat's progress with the aid of their spyglasses. She reached the mysterious object, and they saw two of the men lift it carefully into the boat. Still they could not make it out. It appeared to have two heads, like to the heads of human beings, but the bulk of the body was out of all proportion, and there was only one pair of legs. However, the boat was pulled back to the schooner, and then the mystery was solved. The men returned with two human beings, a negro woman and her babe. The infant was tightly bound with a handkerchief to the body of its mother, and a life-preserver encircled both mother and child. Both were living, but so utterly exhausted that a few hours—perhaps a single hour's longer exposure of the heads and the upper portions of the body to the intense heat of the sun, while the lower limbs were in the water, would have terminated their sufferings. Both were unconscious when lifted to the deck of the schooner, but under the doctor's care they soon revived. The infant instinctively and greedily sought sustenance from its mother's breast, but in vain. Nature was exhausted. The woman made signs for water, and when it was brought to her shedrank so greedily that the tin pannikin had to be forcibly taken from her. Fortunately we had a she goat on board, and the first lieutenant, taking upon himself the duties of a nurse, administered a sufficient quantity of goat's milk to the child, by dipping a piece of sponge into the milk, and then placing the saturated sponge in the infant's mouth.

Under almost any other circumstances, the sight of the burly, black-whiskered lieutenant, thus employed, would have been irresistibly ludicrous; but no one was inclined to laugh—not even young Halsey, the ever mischievous midshipman. The woman and child were worn to skeletons. One might have counted every bone in their bodies, and the shoulder blades and ribs of the woman seemed ready to pierce through the skin. They must have been a long while without sufficient food, for it was hunger alone that had reduced them to this frightful condition. Otherwise, they were in perfect health. How long they had been in the water, or how they came to be so cruelly exposed, it was impossible to discover; for, although we had two Kroomen and a Fishman from the coast, among our crew, none of these men could understand the peculiar dialect of the woman, nor could she understand the Kroo dialect. However, but little conjecture was needed to explain the mystery to our own satisfaction. Mother and child had, doubtless, been thrown overboard by some slaver closely pressed, in hopes that the pursuer would, for humanity's sake, arrest her course and pick up the wretched victim. This thought, and the sight of the poor helpless creatures, touched the hearts of the rudest and most hardened among the sailors.

A berth was provided for the sufferers; they were supplied with food and clothing, and both quickly fell into a sound slumber.

Another long day and night of calm weather and smooth sea. Another dawn with the like prospect before us. We began to fancy the waters of the ocean were becoming putrid in consequence of this long stagnation. The surface of the sea assumed a slimy appearance, and hideous greenish-colored masses of jelly like substance floated around the vessel or clung to her sides. The atmosphere seemed tainted as with the smell of carrion!

But when the sun rose again, to our great joy, a light air of wind sprang up from the eastward, diffusing fresh life and imparting renewed activity to all on board. It was very faint at first, but as the day grew older it freshened, and before noon we were bowling along before a six knot breeze.

"Sail ho!" from the masthead.

"Where away!" was the response from the quarter-deck. "Perhaps," added the captain, "it may be the slaver whose brutal crew threw those poor wretches overboard."

"Right ahead, sir. Right in the sunlight."

Spyglasses were brought into requisition, and soon we could make out the upper sails from the deck.

"Set all the studding-sails, aloft and aloft, Mr. Murray," said the captain. "We are carrying the breeze with us. We'll overhaul her if possible."

"Can you make out what she looks like, my lord?" hailing the man aloft.

"I can just see the line of her hull," replied the man. "She's 'hove to' I think, sir. From the cut of her sails, I should say she was the Active."

"Confound the Active!" cried the captain. "She is always thwarting our hawse, when I was in hopes it was that infernal slaver, too!"

He dashed his speaking-trumpet to the deck, and, after a habit he had when he was annoyed, passed his fingers through his hair, till it stood on end, like pig's bristles.

"Blast them 'ere new cloths," muttered the old gentleman, *sotto voce*, calling to mind the trick played upon the Alert by the Spanish slaver.

"Mr. Higgins," said the captain, sharply, glad to find an opportunity to give vent to his ill temper, caused by the disappointment. "How often have I insisted that there shall be no swearing aboard the schooner. You're a petty officer, and ought to set an example to the men. Duty, sir, can be carried on quite as well, and better, without swearing than with it. Don't let me hear any more oaths, or by the —."

The captain quite forgot that he was apt to give expression to his feelings by swearing himself when he was vexed, and he was about to conclude his remonstrance with an oath, when the humbled quarter-master saved the "recording angel" some trouble, by interrupting his superior, ere the profane word fell from his lips.

"I beg your honor's pardon," said he, respectfully touching his cap. "Hopes you'll excuse me, sir, but I thought as how that 'ere Active—"

"Well, well, Higgins. Don't swear again, my man. As you say, that Active. Always crossing our path. It is excusable, by—thunder."

"It may be another trick," the first lieutenant ventured to say.

"Hardly probable, Murray," said the captain, smiling somewhat savagely. "At any rate a shrewd bird will not be caught a second time with chaff. However, we'll make sure."

Again the man aloft hailed the deck.

"It is the brig-o-war, sir. She's laid her main-yard aback and hoisted signals."

The captain raised the spyglass to his eye.

"Have you seen any suspicious looking vessel," he read off.

"It is the brig," said he. "Mr. Halsey, hoist our colors and the negative signal."

"I will lie to till you come up," was the response.

In a short time we were within speaking distance.

"Have you seen anything lately?" inquired our captain, after the customary salutations had passed between the rival commanders.

"Ay, I chased a full-rigged barque four days since and came up with her. She was well armed and manned, and, by George! the fellow showed fight—"

"And got clear off," said our captain, chuckling to himself, half pleased to think that the Active had lost a prize.

"Not exactly. We lost one man—killed—and the scoundrel wounded two others; but I have reason to believe that we punished him severely. If I don't greatly mistake, the barque is water-logged. It fell nearly calm toward dark, but I heard the chain-pumps going for hours."

"How was it that you did not succeed in effecting a capture?"

"The rascal crippled us. Shot away both our topsail yards. We had to lie to all night and get up fresh spars, and at daylight nothing was to be seen of the vessel."

"It's been calm with us for five days," said our captain. "Never had such a weary time. By-the-by, I picked up a negro woman and child the day before yesterday."

"Ha! They came from the barque, doubtless. The fellow threw half a dozen negroes overboard while we were in chase. Two we picked up, and I saw three sink. What became of the other I don't know."

"Do you think there are any hopes of coming up with the slaver?"

"Can't say. As I told you, I believe we struck her below her water-line. I know she was leaking fearfully. She may have foundered before now."

The breeze was freshening rapidly. The brig squared her main-yard, and waving their trumpets in token of farewell, the two commanders proceeded on their respective courses. We still hoped to be fortunate enough to overtake the slaver, although we could not be very sanguine after the report of the Active. However, two days passed away. We had stretched out a long distance from the land, and, believing the slaver had either foundered or made good her escape, the captain resolved to haul the schooner to the wind, and return to his accustomed cruising ground.

The orders were actually given to brace forward the yards, when a hail from the topmast-head announced a sail in sight to leeward.

"Square away the yards again. Up stan'sails. Hoist every rag she'll carry," shouted the captain, and in a few minutes we were again standing on our former course, with a staggering breeze astern.

The captain looked anxiously around him, scanning the horizon carefully, fearful lest the Active might be in sight, and might also have espied the stranger. But the brig had hauled to the wind several hours before we had done so, and was no longer visible.

"The stranger may prove a merchantman," said he, when satisfied with his scrutiny; "but, please Jupiter she prove the slaver. We've got her all to ourselves."

"Aloft there!"

"Sir!"

"What do you make of her now, my man?"

"I can see her hull, sir. She's deep in the water, and yawning about strangely."

"The slaver, by Jove!" cried the captain. "Hand me the glass, Halsey."

He took a long look at the vessel, now visible from the hammock-nettings, with the aid of the spyglass. His scrutiny was satisfactory, and springing to the deck, he gave orders to the gunner to load and point the bow guns.

The vessel was lying helplessly upon the water, and we neared her rapidly. Very soon we were within gunshot. The hull was deep in the water and she was rolling heavily, her yards untrimmed and her topsail-shoets flying loose. Her topgallant-sails, as well as her courses, were furled.

"She's abandoned by the crew," observed the first lieutenant.

"No. I can see men on her deck. What does the impudent rascal mean by not hoisting his colors? Give him a shot, gunner, to teach him manners."

"Shall I point the gun athwart her bows, sir?" said the gunner.

"No; the infamous scoundrel deserves no mercy. Give it him point blank. Fire into his stern."

Another moment and the sharp crack of the gun and the crash of timber were simultaneously heard. Then came a shriek, and a horrid yell of mingled pain and fright such as chills the blood to hear.

"He got that full and sharp," said the gunner, proud of his aim, and forgetful of humanity and every other feeling in the pride of his profession.

He was about to apply the match, anticipating the order, when the captain, who had raised his spyglass to mark the mischief done, cried, "No, no. Hold, man, hold, for mercy's sake. By heavens! I believe we've hit some of the poor, wretched negroes. The cowardly hounds have abandoned the ship, and left the poor creatures on board to go down with her. She's settling fast. Lay the main yard aback, Mr. Murray, and out boats. We'll not approach any nearer with the schooner. But she'll float for some time yet. Please God we'll save the poor slaves."

Three boats were manned, the captain, first lieutenant and boatswain respectively taking command, the second lieutenant remaining in charge of the schooner.

A shocking sight presented itself to the boats' crews when they boarded the barque. The shot fired from the schooner had passed through the quarter-railing and had struck two negroes, who lay weltering in their blood, one quite dead, the other fast breathing his life away. A swarm of negroes of all ages and both sexes, all entirely destitute of clothing, lined the decks, manacled and fastened by the feet to the chain cable, which had been ranged, apparently for this cruel purpose, fore and aft, on both sides of the vessel.

With a refinement of demoniacal cruelty, the brutal commander of the barque, before abandoning his vessel, with his crew, had caused the

negroes to be brought up from the hold, and had then secured them in such a manner, that when she sunk, as she was certain to do, they must all go down with her.

Descending to the slave deck, they found forty or fifty others, mostly women and children, who were too sick and too weak to stand. These lay as they had been packed, closely wedged together, their heads towards the ship's sides. The stench was horrible, and the heat suffocating, for the slave-deck, on which, at night, some four hundred negroes must have been packed, was barely four feet high, and the only means of ventilation was through the hatchway. The famished condition of all the negroes showed conclusively, that they must have been a long time waiting in the slave-pens on shore, very sparingly fed—nay, more than half starved. Subjected to the brutal usage of men of their own race and color.

A cursory examination of the cabin showed that the crew had carried with them all portable articles of value; but there was an abundance of rice and other provisions for the slaves, in the hold. However, we had no time to remove it to the schooner. The vessel was settling so fast that it was even doubtful if we could save the poor victims of cupidity and hellish cruelty. But this was happily effected. The wounded negro was not dead when the boats left the barque, but he was dying, and to remove him would have been useless. He was reluctantly left to his fate. The schooner was crowded to suffocation with the rescued negroes. It was anything but agreeable to the senses, besides we had but a few days' provisions for so many. Our only plan was to get to Sierra Leone with our dusky freight, as quickly as possible. Half an hour after we left the barque, she foundered.

The wind was light and baffling, and ten days elapsed before we made the land. Ten of the most unpleasant days man ever passed on board ship.

We kept a sharp look out for the boats belonging to the barque, for we knew that they too must, necessarily, make for the nearest land; but we fell in with nothing until we arrived off Geelard's Bay, toward the close of the ninth day. A large sail-boat was reported in sight, close under the land.

The cutter, in command of the first lieutenant, was immediately despatched in chase. The capture of the boat was easily effected, for she was crowded with men, and so deep in the water that her gunwales were scarcely six inches above its surface. The captain of the slaver and fourteen of his crew were on board. They offered no resistance, indeed resistance was out of their power. It required every effort they could make to bale out the water and keep the boat afloat. The captain, who had exhibited so much desperation in showing fight to the brig-of-war, and such fiendish cruelty in his conduct toward the helpless negroes, was naturally an object of intense curiosity to the inhabitants of Sierra Leone.

He was a young Frenchman, of good family, belonging to Lyons, and, strange to say, he was exceedingly handsome in form and feature, with an expression of gentleness in his countenance, approaching toward effeminacy. He was, also, evidently a man of cultivated mind. What could have induced such a man to engage in the slave-dealer's nefarious profession, or what could have led him to exhibit such wanton and altogether useless cruelty towards the negroes, all who saw him were at an utter loss to conceive. The most strenuous efforts were made by his counsel to save his life, but in vain. He was tried on the joint charges of piracy and murder, and the evidence against him was so conclusive, that, as a matter of course, he was found guilty and condemned to be hanged, together with ten of the boat's crew captured with him. The sentence was carried into execution the Monday after the trial, which took place on Thursday. Two other boats laden with the remainder of the slaver's crew had put off from the barque, but what became of them was never known.

We secured a fair prize, for, although the greedy ocean had swallowed up the barque, we received the head money for the rescued negroes, and what was better still, shared nearly two thousand Spanish doubloons, which the captain of the slaver had secured before he abandoned the vessel, and which were snatched from him at the moment when, desperate to the last, he was about to throw overboard the bag which contained the treasure, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of his captors.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

A pleasant picture! Well do I remember,
When, proud career'g o'er a wind-swept sky,
The autumn sun, begirt with glowing splendor,
Turned on the rain-washed earth his golden eye.

Within a sacred shrine, that morn. assembled
The glad faces of a waiting throng,
While on the air soft organ-music trembled,
Or in full tide of sweetness rolled along.

Here, in this temple holy-consecrated
By incense rising from devotion's flame,
Where every heart in hushed expectancy waited,
In festal garb approached a bridal train.

Along they passed, on to the flower-decked altar;
There, a fond father the loved bride receives,
And though his accents from emotion falter,
With trembling hand the marriage tie he weaves.

By quivering lips the binding words are spoken
That yield his treasure to another's claim;
With golden circlet sealed—love's mystic token—
Two hearts, long joined in thought, are one in name!

Then on that fair young head, his hand caressing,
The reverend sire in yearning fondness lays,
And o'er the twain from God implores a blessing
For each experience of their coming days.

A touching scene. That pair now reverent kneeling,
The bride, arrayed in robes of stainless white,
While morn's bright rays around the chancel stealing,
Baptize each bended form with saintly light.

Then, 'neath triumphal strains of music pealing,
The noble bridegroom and the gentle bride
Pass forth to a new morn, new life revealing,
Henceforth to tread its pathway side by side.

O, wondrous source of truest earth affection!
Grant that whate'er betide, Thy gentle dove
In these linked hearts may find a sweet protection,
A peaceful atmosphere of changeless love!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RUINING A BANKER.

BY THE "OLD 'UN."

IN the troubled days of Ireland, towards the close of the last century, a daring fellow, one Teddy Mulrooney, was at the head of a band of his desperate and starving countrymen, who scourged the district in which they belonged, waging merciless war on the oppressors of their country, and visiting with the direst outrages those who had the reputation of grinding the faces of the poor.

One of the most obnoxious men in the county where their operations were conducted, was one Sir Lawrence Wood, a rich man who had a bank of his own, and was supposed to have amassed an immense fortune by his financial speculations. In the course of their predatory career, Mulrooney's band seized, at various points, a large amount of Sir Lawrence's notes—some thirty thousand pounds' worth, all of which they placed in the hands of their leader to dispose of as his wisdom thought best.

One dark night a shout like that of a thousand demons announced to Sir Lawrence that the rebels had broken into the park that surrounded his elegant country seat, while, at the same time, a glare of light gave him to understand that the incendiary torch had been applied to his dwelling. He was mistaken in that, however, for when he had hurried on his clothes and presented himself at the hall door to beg that the lives of himself and family might be spared, he saw that the invaders had merely kindled a fire of brushwood on the lawn. But the spectacle was alarming enough, as the light fell on a wild group of fierce men, ragged and yet armed with every species of strange weapon—pikes, pistols, reaping-hooks and scythes.

"For Heaven's sake," said the terrified banker, "spare my life!"

"Whist! ye murderin' thafe of the world!" said Teddy. "It's not yer life we're afther desthroyin'; but it's what ye live for we'll desthroy before yer eyes, ye omadhann. Look there, ye ould divil! and there! and there! what's thim?" And Teddy thrust an immense heap of bank-notes under the nose and eyes of the banker, and then, elevating his torch, took Sir Lawrence by the nape of his neck, and bent his head forward so that he could scan the paper.

"They're notes on my bank," said he. "Do you want to present them?"

"To make yer a prisint of thim?" cried the rebel. "Do ye think we're afther makin' fools of ourselves, whin we've had the throuble of col-

lectin' yer dirthy paper? No, ye spalpeen! we'll desthroy ivery scrap of 'em—burn 'em up before the eyes of yez."

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the banker, secretly delighted at the intelligence; "you wouldn't beggar myself and family!"

"In coorse we wouldn't!" said Mulrooney, ironically. "No, we come here to fill yer pockets, av coorse. Look here, there goes a thousand pounds!" And he threw a handful of notes into the blaze. "And there's another thousand! and another and another! Ocl, there's lashin's of 'em! And there goes the last; and now ye're as poor as the poorest man among us."

The banker affected to be in the greatest agony; he tore his hair, wrung his hands, beat his breast, groaned and even pumped up a few tears. Teddy watched him with ferocious satisfaction, and when the sacrifice was completed, exclaimed:

"There, boys, we've ruined him, intirely. And now, ye ould thafe of the world, go to bed and say yer prayers, and plisant drames to yez."

With a cheer, the midnight marauders, after dancing round the expiring bonfire, retired in high glee, completely satisfied with their exploit in "ruining a banker." Sir Lawrence Wood waited till the last man had disappeared, then he burst into a horse-laugh and went up to bed, in the happy consciousness of being thirty thousand pounds richer than he was five minutes before. We know not whether Mr. Mulrooney ever discovered his mistake, but the banker had provided against such a contingency and his consequent vengeance, by securing the presence of a strong detachment of troops till the troubles of the day were over.

AN ABSURD FASHION.

IN the year 1713, one hundred and forty-five years ago, the Duke of Shrewsbury was English ambassador at the court of France. The Duchess of Shrewsbury was on the wrong side of forty-five, and having been a beauty in her youth, she was unwilling to believe that time had made any change. She spoke bad French fluently, was eccentric, gave magnificent balls and suppers, and all the nobility of Paris felt honored by her invitations. The duchess disliked the head-dresses in fashion. They were made of wire, ribbons, gauze, and other millinery materials; intermingled with the hair of the head, and were more than two feet high, so that the face of the wearer, if a short woman, appeared in the middle of the body. Old women wore them made of gauze, from which we infer that gay colors were worn by the young. The slightest motion of the head caused the edifice to tremble, and the fatigue of carrying it was excessive. Louis XIV., so absolute in little as well as great things, disapproved exceedingly these head-dresses, and although they had been the fashion for ten years, he was unable to change it. What the Grand Monarch could not accomplish was brought about by the will of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, in a surprisingly short time. She gave out that no lady wearing a high head-dress should be permitted to appear in her rooms, and from the extreme of elevation to the extreme of depression the change was then made, and with slight modifications the fashion has remained the same as ever.—*Home Journal*.

A WATER LOCOMOTIVE.

The very name excites a smile, just as did the first steamboat and the first telegraph. But a New York mechanic, determined not to be outdone by either, has been sometime engaged in building a water locomotive, which a Lockport editor says was tried successfully, in a small way, sometime ago. Its principle is that of a floating locomotive, to move upon the water after the manner of an ordinary locomotive on a railroad track. The engine and wheels are built so as to float, but the latter enter the water sufficiently to propel the boat forward. The inventor does not describe his machine with sufficient distinctness; but he claims that by his plan a boat can be propelled with greater ease and faster than a railroad engine, while it is peculiarly adapted to canal navigation, as in going at the high speed which he asserts it can maintain, it would not raise as much swell as an ordinary propeller would in going five miles an hour. If all is realized from this invention which its projector claims for it, it will revolutionize the whole business of canal navigation, and liberate from a most laborious bondage a vast army of abused and shoulder-galled horses.—*Scientific American*.

THE HORSE.

Laing, in his horses in that of taking their selves with a pair, doubt from the fe then overgorging they have a bucket allowance of hay. relish they take a si of the other alternat mouthful only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.



A NIGHT SERENADE BY THE GERMANIA BAND, BOSTON.

OAK HILL, SEAT OF PRES. MUNROE.

(From our own correspondent.)

Leesburg, Virginia, Nov. 25, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—Herewith I send you a sketch of Oak Hill, the seat of the late James Munroe, President of the United States, from a photograph taken expressly for your Pictorial by Mr. Charles W. Morgan, of

Leesburg, Virginia. Oak Hill is about ten miles south of Leesburg, on a commanding eminence, in a beautiful grove of oaks, locusts and poplars. It commands a view over a wide lawn, of a grand, romantic and almost boundless panorama. The sketch is a south view, and shows a part of the garden. It was built by Mr. Munroe while president. It has a Grecian front, is of brick,

and in dimensions, architecture and ornaments, such as became the fortune of the owner.

Yours truly, ARTIST.

GERMANIA SERENADE, BOSTON.

The beautiful accompanying picture was drawn expressly for us by Waud, and is a fine and effective composition. It represents our un-

rivalled Germania Serenade Band, performing under the window of some lady fair at the West End, of a moonlight evening—one of those brilliant nights when music, suddenly and unexpectedly bursting forth, most charms the listening ear. The contrasted effect of the moon and the lamplight, together with the spirited figures and the architecture, make this a pleasing picture.



OAK HILL, NEAR LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, THE SEAT OF PRESIDENT MUNROE.



FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, ONE YEAR SINCE.

FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

We publish on this page two accurate and pleasing views, drawn and engraved expressly for our Pictorial, illustrating in a striking manner, the rapid progress of our city, and the transformations it is undergoing, at the command of capital, to meet the exigencies of business. The first picture shows us Franklin Street as it appeared one year ago, when it was almost exclusively occupied, except at the extremities, by private residences which were considered as palatial

at the date of their erection, in the early part of the present century. The change then wrought in the appearance of the locality was scarcely greater than that which the past year has effected. How extensive this has been, the details of the second picture show. Only the *alignment* of the former houses, with its crescent sweep, has been preserved. Granite has usurped the place of brick, and towering stores and warehouses have arisen on the site of the private dwellings. There yet remains as a landmark, the Catholic

Cathedral, with its many associations, but which has been for many years insufficient in its accommodations. The new buildings are in a bold and commanding style of architecture, in accordance with that improved taste which does not seek to exclude grace and ornament for structures devoted to business, and which is so fast revolutionizing and improving the aspect of our city. Though Sentiment may drop a tear at the desecration of household altars and displacement of household gods, yet Common Sense rejoices

at the evidences of prosperity and wealth. In the southern part of the city, room is provided for the establishment of new settlements on a scale commensurate with the increase of wealth and style of living. Franklin street has succumbed to a necessity which presses on the whole central part of Boston. In the two pictures on this page, we have brought home to our readers the contrast between the past and present and we shall continue, from time to time, to present such changes as the features of the city produce.



FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year \$2 50
One copy, two years 4 00
Five copies, one year 9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) 20 00
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. B. M., Freeport, O.—Your favor came to hand too late to receive attention in our last. Time is later as we travel westward, because the common reckoning of time is based on the apparent motion of the sun, which, from the rotation of the earth on its axis, appears to rise first in the east and to move gradually westward. Thus, when it is noon at London, it will be midnight at a point 180 degrees west, or half the circumference of the globe. In other words, time travels westward with the apparent motion of the sun.

PERPLEX, Covington, Ky.—1. The price of a single volume is \$2 50. 2. We have no means of ascertaining the mechanical arrangements of panoramas.

M. DE S., Worcester, Mass.—We know nothing, and can learn nothing of any such contemplated expedition from this port.

P. V., Wilton, N. H.—Unless you have some capital, we would not advise your going West at present.

L. F., Portland, Me.—L. C. is at Washington, D. C., where he proposes to spend the winter.

R. F., St. Pauls, Minnesota.—The work you inquire for can be obtained in this city for one dollar a volume. We have found a copy.

C. D., New Utrecht, Long Island.—The Gray Dorkings and Black Spanish are best, but both kinds are difficult to procure.

THESPIA.—The Miss Placide you refer to died many years ago in Mississippi.

R. M.—We do not know the whereabouts of Bayne, the artist. He was in Boston last summer.

JULIA C.—The conduct you describe stamps its author as destitute of the characteristics of a gentleman, and, if known, should exclude him from society.

M. M.—We do not believe in the ability of any writer to render a novel acceptable in which supernatural incidents are introduced. The age of superstition has passed away—it is only the truthful and beautiful which can now command success.

AMATUA.—Trees may be transplanted in winter, but the process is a very expensive one.

ARTIST.—1. You will find in Hogarth's works accurate delineations of the costume of that day. 2. The Athenæum exhibition of this year far surpassed any preceding one, and was peculiarly profitable.

R. V.—The sense of smelling in man is so exquisitely sensitive, that air containing a 200,000th part of bromine vapor will instantly be detected by it. It will recognize the 1,300,000th part of a grain of otto of roses, or the 13,000th part of a grain of musk.

THE DUTCH IN JAPAN.

From the time of their first establishment in the country in the seventeenth century, up to the present time, the Dutch have occupied a most humiliating position in the empire of Japan. For the sake of the extensive trade between Europe and that country, they have submitted to the most debasing and shameful conditions; ignoring the Christian religion, undergoing perpetual imprisonment, and patiently bearing the abuses and insults of that people. By the regulations of the empire, they are confined to a narrow islet called Desima, upon which their trading establishment is located. This islet is joined to the town of Nangasaki, on the island of Kionsion, by a small stone bridge, at the end of which is a strong Japanese guard-house, with soldiers constantly on duty, to see that none pass without license. This little island is of artificial construction, and measures 600 feet in length, by 240 in breadth; and to this narrow prison-house do the Dutch submit to be confined, for the sake of the limited trade which is accorded to them. The whole islet is fenced in by a strong paling of high boards, with a narrow coping, on the top of which is a double row of iron spikes. The Dutch houses within this enclosure, are low and mean, and built of fir-wood and bamboos, the strangers being forbid to build of stone. The place is subject, at all hours, to the intrusions of the prying police of Nangasaki, and a most rigid surveillance is kept up, by special guards, agents, and spies of the government. The Dutch are all doomed to celibacy while at Desima, no female being allowed to live among them, whether European or Japanese.

At the north side of the islet are two strong gates, opening through the pickets to the water; but these are kept constantly closed, except when a Dutch ship arrives or departs. They are then opened, and always in the presence of a government commissioner, supported by an armed guard. When a ship arrives, the first thing done is to remove the ammunition. The Japanese officials then search every part of the vessel, and take lists of the goods, and everything else on board. The ship's company are then allowed to go on shore and enjoy their liberty in the cramped up and noisome prison of Desima. There they remain for two or three months, while the ship is getting ready to depart, and are never allowed to pass the bridge, or to take a boat for the town. In the harbor, near to the factory, are thirteen very high posts, at regular distances from each other, with small wooden tablets affixed to them, upon which are

painted the government order, forbidding all boats to pass the said posts, or to approach the Dutch quarters, under very severe penalties. Such are the degrading conditions upon which the Dutch have enjoyed the monopoly of trade with Japan, for about two centuries; and as their obsequious servility has thoroughly disgusted the Japanese with them, there is little prospect that the nation will profit much by the favorable commercial arrangements which our country and England have recently made with Japan.

CHEAP POSTAGES.

We have heretofore discussed this subject, and do not intend to trouble the readers of the Pictorial with any extended remarks upon it at the present time. The annual report of the Postmaster General has just been sent to Congress by the President, and in that report is a recommendation to abandon the cheap postage system, and to go back to the old rate of five cent postage. This step backward is proposed as remedy for the deficiency of the receipts to meet the expenses of the post-office establishment. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1858, the total expenses were about twelve and three quarter millions of dollars, and the total receipts about eight millions and one quarter, leaving a deficiency of four millions and a half to be provided for out of the public treasury. For the year ending June 30th, 1859, the expenditures will exceed the receipts by the sum of five millions and a half. It is to provide for this annual deficiency of four or five millions in the receipts, that the Postmaster General proposes, among other changes, to raise the postage rate from three to five cents, and to abolish the discount on printed matter paid in advance. This, he thinks, will give about three millions and a half of dollars more revenue. He also proposes to save a half million by restricting the abuses of the franking privilege, and a million more by doing away with four-horse coach service in carrying the mails, when not necessary. All these changes will require the action of Congress, to modify existing laws, before they can be carried out. We have no sort of objection to those affecting the coach transportation, and the use of the franking privilege; and should be very glad to see a million and a half of dollars saved by these means. But to raising the rate of postage we decidedly object; for we see not why the private correspondence of the country should be burdened with the cost of ocean mail routes to Europe and the Pacific, or of overland mail routes through the continent, to the extreme borders of the Union. The truth is, that these are public enterprises, for the promotion of commerce and the settlement of the country; and whatever deficiency of postal revenue arises from the cost of these enterprises, over and above their receipts, should be defrayed by the public treasury, and not by the letter writers and newspaper publishers. We sincerely hope that Congress will adhere to the cheap postage system, and insist upon the national treasury's paying all expenses not necessarily incurred in the receipt, carriage, and delivery of printed matter and private correspondence of individuals.

COD FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

The marine picture which occupies the whole of the last page, will be appreciated by our friends for the remarkable spirit of the drawing, for its bold effectiveness and dramatic character. The fishing craft and the boat are admirably delineated; and the figures of the hardy fishermen pulling up their prey, are instinct with life and muscular action. We have given heretofore representations of cod fishing on the banks; but this is our first sketch of the European cod fishery. The life of professional fishermen is very laborious, and their existence hangs by a feeble thread. The storms that sweep along the coast of Norway

"Round the shores where loud Luffoden
Hurls to death the roaring whale,
Round the shores where Runio Odin
Howls her war-song to the gale,"

often wreck whole fleets of fishing-boats, carrying desolation to hundreds of humble homes. If the ocean is bountiful in its supplies, it is also terrible in its wrath.

AMERICAN NOBILITY.—Four knights have been created in Canada by the British sovereign, viz., one Englishman, one Scotchman, and two Frenchmen. We shall probably hear of the Earl of Toronto, the Marquis of Quebec, and the Duke of Montreal, before long.

OUR ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

With the present number of *Ballou's Pictorial* we commence the sixteenth volume of the work, with a new heading and in a new and improved style. The change we have made enables us to give a much larger amount of reading matter, and by printing the paper one week nearer its date, the contents will be found to be just seven days fresher than it has been heretofore. It will be seen that we shall give more attention to all current matters of interest, and discuss, for the benefit of our patrons, all that is noteworthy, and which it is desirable to understand in the doings of the world about us.

The new heading of our paper was designed and drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, and is a chaste and appropriate work of art. The central figure represents the Muse of History engaged in recording passing events. She is surrounded by articles emblematic of the fine and mechanic arts which conduce to civilization, and represent painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. There are the palette, the chisel, the pen and the printing-press, with other significant accessories. In the distance is seen the new dome of the capitol at Washington. On the right is a view of Boston, with a part of Charlestown, including the Bunker Hill Monument, and a steamship in the foreground showing one mode of locomotion. On the left are factories, suggestive of industrial pursuits, and a train of cars in motion, the whole being framed in a civic wreath of oak leaves, and forming a characteristic heading indicative of the purposes and aims of our illustrated journal.

We have made arrangements in the illustrated department to give more engravings each week, and shall show a gratifying improvement in the pictorial character of our journal, having secured accomplished draughtsmen and engravers, in addition to the regular corps attached to the paper for the last year. In short, we shall strive to make the Boston Pictorial a credit to our city, and a valuable and welcome visitor to the firesides of our patrons all over the country.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Hume has placed on record his opinion that the liberties of the press and the liberties of the people must stand or fall together, a truth which has been so fully recognized in modern times, that in free countries, such as England and the United States, even the license of the press is permitted to go unheeded, so sacred is this engine of civilization, enlightenment and truth held by legislators. Free institutions must rest on free discussion in the forum and the press. The existence of despotism, on the contrary, depends upon the suppression of both. Absolute governments wage a continual warfare on the press, fearing the light and courting the darkness as their shield.

To appreciate the advantages we enjoy, we have only to contrast the almost boundless liberty of the American people, with the trammels which surround it in France, and which have recently been brought into strong relief by the late prosecution of Count Montalembert, for what we should consider a harmless article on English politics, published in an able review called the "Correspondant." It is true that Count de Montalembert wrote strongly, as he felt deeply. He said, among other things, "When my ears ring, now with the buzzing of antichamber gossips, now with the noise of fanatics who think us their dupes; when I am stifling with the weight of an atmosphere loaded with servile and corrupting exhalations, I hasten to breathe a pure air, and take a vital bath in free England!" He divides France into two classes: "Honest men whom misconceptions and defects have never abused, and cowards." There was altogether too much truth in the article to be palatable to the emperor, and the aggravation of the offence was, that the police were only able to seize four copies out of the whole edition of the review, the remainder having been scattered broadcast and eagerly read. As the whole world is now interested directly in the trial of this bold French writer, we subjoin a sketch of his career.

Charles Forbes, Comte de Montalembert, was born in London, on the 10th of March, 1810. He is the representative of an old family of Poitou, and his father was a peer of France, and ambassador at Stockholm from the court of Charles X. His mother was an Englishwoman. At the outset of his career he was an advocate of the union of Catholicism and democracy, of which Lamennais was the apostle, and was one of the editors of a journal founded to advocate that union, called *L'Avenir*. He opened in

April, 1831, in conjunction with MM. de Conx and Lacordaire, a school called the *Ecole Libre*. His opposition to the existing government brought him at last before the "Police Correctionnelle;" but during the process his father died, and as M. Montalembert then became a Peer of France, he claimed the right of being tried by the Upper Chamber, by which he was condemned to a fine of 100f. His defence pronounced before the Chamber may be considered as the beginning of his political career, but he was prevented, by his not having attained the legal age of 30, from taking his seat until 1840. The condemnation of Lamennais by the Pope greatly increased the severity of M. de Montalembert's orthodoxy, and, both by writing and speaking, he made himself thenceforward known as the great champion of Catholicism. He published his famous *Life of Elizabeth of Hungary* in 1836. In 1843 he strongly opposed the Educational measure of M. Villemain, and in 1843 he published his *Catholic Manifesto*. He married in 1843 the daughter of a Belgian Minister, Mademoiselle de Merode, and after a short absence from France, he returned to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three celebrated speeches on the liberty of the Church, the liberty of education, and the liberty of the monastic orders. In 1847 he established a religious association to work in favor of the *Sonderbund*. He also made himself notorious for the active part he took on behalf of oppressed nationalities, and on the 10th of February, 1848, he had a solemn funeral service celebrated at Notre Dame to the memory of O'Connell.

After the establishment of the Republic, M. de Montalembert was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and there acted sometimes with one and sometimes with another of the parties that divided the Assembly. He was opposed to the measure for again requiring journals to furnish security, to the continuance of the state of the siege, and to the admission of Louis Bonaparte. But at the end of the session he supported M. Dufaure in a bill for the restriction of the press, and was loud in his approval of the French expedition to Rome. He was re-elected by the department of Doubs for the Legislative Assembly. He there distinguished himself principally by the part he took in preparing the law to restrain the suffrage within narrower limits, by his frequent encounters with M. Victor Hugo, his only rival in oratory, and by his defence of the President.

When the *coup d'état* came he protested strongly against the imprisonment of the Deputies; but he nevertheless was named a member of the Consultative Commission, a distinction he declined, and was elected, in 1852, into the Corps Legislatif. As a French biographer laconically, but happily expresses it, "he stood almost alone as a representative of the opposition." At the last election, in 1857, he was defeated in the Department of the Doubs by the government candidate, and had since retired from public life until this article in the *Correspondant* brought him again before the world. Of course M. de Montalembert is not a Liberal after an English fashion. But we cannot doubt that years and experience have taught him something. And especially as regards England, no one can now be a more zealous, discriminating and firm friend to everything that is English than M. de Montalembert. No one, also, can doubt that he is one of the first men in Europe, both as a writer and as a speaker; and both by his eminence and his great interest in literature and education, he is among the leaders of the French Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1852.

MARIE TAGLIONI.

The question is often asked, "what becomes of old opera-dancers?" Nobody knows. Somehow or other, they manage to disappear from the theatrical firmament, like those meteors which flash for a moment and then vanish from the summer sky. Now and then you hear of one turning up, not as a street-sweeper or box-opener, but in good condition, a landed proprietress and possessing any amount of bank stock. This is the case with the lady whose name heads this article, and who not very many years ago set all Europe a-fire, and "turned fops' heads while turning pirouettes." Marie Taglioni (she is a countess, by the way,) lately visited Paris, went to the opera, applauded *Livry*, the new Terpsichorean star, and had a jolly time with the Parisian ballet-girls at the *Trois Freres Provençaux*, where, not to have dined, is not to know what elegant epicureanism is. Taglioni is rich—her

feet having brought her a *leg-itimate* fortune. She never danced for less than eight hundred dollars a night, and at the zenith of her fame she was loaded with presents. She lives in a magnificent villa on the Lake of Como, and has two or three palaces in Venice. She is by marriage the Countess Gilbert des Voisins. In private life she is described as a sensible, well-bred, good-humored and simple, but far from brilliant, woman. But on the stage, she was indeed a sylphide—a creature all airiness and grace. She waved her arms like garlands, she smiled and seemed happy; she was a child, moving in perfect time, not thinking there was any difficulty in the world, executing sportively the most surprising feats, marvels of buoyancy and grace. In three bounds she crossed the largest stage; she flew—she spurned the boards; her breathing did not grow thick, her feet never failed her, and when her prodigious efforts ceased, she resumed her habitual attitude, easy and unconstrained. All other dancers give you a look as much as to say, "I hope you are satisfied—I have labored to please you, and accomplished impossibilities." But Taglioni seemed so unconcerned and happy, that the audience felt as if she had been dancing for her own amusement. She exhibited no more exhaustion than a bird, when, after wheeling for hours in the air, she folds her wings and settles on some nodding flower. Taglioni possessed, above all other dancers, the great art of concealing art. Her old admirers declare that they shall never look upon her like again.

SILK MANUFACTURING.

According to the Philadelphia American, the manufacture of sewing silk and various fabrics from the raw silk of China, is carried on in that city to a considerable extent. There are several factories in operation for this purpose, and the only limit to the extension of the business appears to be the want of a sufficient supply of raw material. The raising of silk-worms will not pay in this country, owing to the great amount of labor it requires for the rearing and culture of them, and for the preparation of the cocoons. The cost of labor is too great, as compared with that of Asia, to enable us to compete with the countries of the old world in this production. But the new treaty with China, by which that country is opened to foreign commerce, will add greatly to the supply of the raw silk which our manufacturers need; and in return we can send the Chinese our cotton fabrics, which being made by our machinery, can be afforded at rates far cheaper than they can make them for themselves. No skill of man has yet been able to apply machinery to the raising and preparing of raw silk; it is a work which must be done by hand, and therefore, while they can give up the making of their cotton goods to us, and devote a larger share of their labor to raising silk, we can buy their raw silk with the products of our cotton mills, and weave it into fabrics for our own use. In this way a legitimate, extensive, and mutually beneficial trade between the United States and China will be apt to spring up, as one of the good fruits of the new treaty just made by our minister, Mr. Reed. The annual value of raw silk imported from China is at present not much over half a million of dollars, and by far the greater part of this is manufactured in this country. This manufacture has been developed within the last fifteen years. There is every prospect that in future the importations will be greatly larger than they have been, and that there will be consequently a much larger employment for domestic labor and capital in the manufacture of silk fabrics for our own use.

HUGH MILLER ON TEMPERANCE.

When the celebrated Scotch geologist was a young man, and first entered upon the active pursuits of a life of toil, he was strongly tempted by the intoxicating cup, and was driven to make his election whether to yield or to resist. The drinking usages of Scotland at that time were of the broadest character, and the exhilarating draft was commended to the lips of the young men in respectable society, both by precept and example. Young Miller's situation among acquaintances and companions of daily labor, was no exception to the general circumstances attending the condition of life in which he was placed, and before he was aware of it, he was led on by the custom of drinking, to the very brink of a perilous precipice. His early love for learning was the Mentor that warned and saved him. At the tender age of eighteen, while an apprentice at stone-quarrying, he encountered the enemy and

achieved a decisive and enduring victory. In his own account of the crisis he informs us, that, when overwrought with labor and depressed in mind, he had come to regard the ardent spirit of the dram-shop as a high luxury; that gave lightness and energy both to body and mind, and substituted exhilaration and enjoyment, for dullness and gloom. On going home one evening, after having assisted at drinking "a royal founding pint," Miller found, on opening the pages of a favorite author, that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he was unable to master the sense. Disgusted with himself after this indulgence, he resolved upon the spot, never again to sacrifice his capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and he informs us that through God's help, he was enabled through life to hold by the determination. This little scrap of Hugh Miller's personal history conveys an invaluable lesson to the young. How many are there that are led on from step to step in the path of social indulgence, to their certain ruin, merely because it is easier to comply with an absurd custom than to refuse! Whereas, if, like Miller, they would turn their own minds inward, and be a law unto themselves, they might triumph over the temptation, and thus make their lives an honor and a blessing, rather than a shame and a curse.

HEAVENLY DISTANCES.

The sun being ninety-six millions of miles from the earth, a ray of light is estimated to travel from that body to the earth in eight and one-third minutes. This does not appear to be a very long time, but then we must recollect that light travels at the rate of 192,500 miles a second. A body travelling with the velocity of sound, which is only 1125 feet per second, would require over fourteen years to reach the sun, and even a cannon-ball which is sent from a gun with a velocity of 1600 feet per second, if it should continue at the same uniform speed, would be ten years in performing the journey. The planet Neptune, the most distant one of the solar system is, however, thirty times as far from the sun as the earth is, and consequently the light of the sun occupies over four hours in travelling to that body, and a cannon-ball from thence would take three hundred years to reach the sun. Yet even these distances shrink into insignificance when we come to consider the fixed stars, the nearest of which is at least thirty-five billions of miles distant, or nearly three hundred and sixty-five thousand times as far from the earth as the sun is. The light from that star takes five years and three-quarters to reach the earth, and our imaginary cannon-ball would be more than three millions and a half of years in making the journey!

ROW IN UTAH.—Quite a civil row has sprung up in Utah territory, between the legislature and Mr. Buchanan's governor, Cummings. The former say the seat of government shall continue at Salt Lake City, the latter that it shall be restored to Fillmore City, where it was first located. Cummings holds the purse-strings, and the Saints will have to succumb.

MINING IN STATE PRISON.—A bed of iron ore has been discovered in the yard of the New York State Prison at Clinton, and the prisoners have been set to work upon it. Heretofore the State has worked mines in the vicinity of the prison.

POLICE LIBRARIES.—A movement has been started in New York City, for providing libraries at the several stations, for the use of policemen when off duty. Not a bad idea; though schools for adults would better meet the case of some of the M. P.'s of that queer city.

THE MORTARA BOY.—The parents of the Jewish boy Mortara have been permitted to visit him at Rome, and the lad was very glad to see his mother. He is six years old, and can say his prayers in Hebrew.

POWERS THE SCULPTOR.—This distinguished artist has received orders for statues of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, which will detain him in Italy for some time longer. Price \$10,000 each.

VOLUME NINE.—We will give two dollars a volume for a few volumes of *Ballou's Pictorial*, volume nine. Please send or hand in at our office as soon as possible.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

On page 12, we give a fine view of this place, and our own correspondent there furnishes the following account: "I send you herewith a reliable sketch of the town of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, away here on the northwest coast, and up in a tolerably high latitude. The drawing gives you the appearance of the town as seen from the water. It is not unlike many, or a majority of our western towns, the architecture being quite Yankeeified. The government buildings occupy the centre. The shipping in the foreground will give you an idea of the present activity of the place, to which recent events have given an extraordinary development. Vancouver's Island, though extending from latitude 48 to nearly 51 (if I remember rightly), possesses by no means a severe climate, and the fertility of much of the soil well adapts it to agricultural pursuits, which will prove eventually a great source of wealth. In the interior there are mountains, forests and prairies. The island is 278 miles long. The coal mines are quite profitable, and this will be a great coaling station for steamers. It is about the foggiest place I ever pitched my tent in, a circumstance which interferes sadly with my outdoor photographic operations. After getting all ready to take a landscape, a dense fog shuts down, swallowing it up instantly, making a 'dissolving view' of it. The winters are remarkable for their severe storms. April and May are very pleasant months. The heat of summer, however, is excessive. Farming is principally confined, at present, to the neighborhood of Victoria, and enormous crops frequently reward the labors of the tillers of the soil. There are plenty of beaver, raccoon, land and sea otters here, and the furs bring high prices. There are between nine and ten thousand Indians here, very docile and peaceable, and very unlike the fierce tribes of the northwest. They are willing to work, and perhaps as susceptible of civilization as any of the aborigines. The whole island was ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1849. You will remember that the island was thought to be a part of the mainland till 1789, when an American sea captain proved the contrary, by actual navigation. It was brought into public notice by the Oregon question, and many American statesmen strenuously contended for it as a part of our territory. It was, however, yielded entire to the British government, by the Boundary Treaty. It is only recently that successful attempts have been made to colonize it."

UNITED STATES NAVY.—The proposed increase in the American Navy will meet with the approbation of every American who is observant of national affairs and national events. Prevention is worth more than cure; and the visible evidence that we have the power to sustain our rights, will make other nations more cautious when they meditate infringement. We hope the concentration of the American vessels of war in the Gulf will be as large as is possible.

MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.—The action of Congress in regard to Mexico and Central America, will be watched with deep interest by the whole civilized world. It is time that the representatives of this nation shall take a bold, concerted, determined and dignified stand in matters regarding our foreign relations and let some of the overwrought domestic questions subside into wholesome slumber for a while.

COAL IN LONDON.—Coals are sold in London in sacks containing one hundred pounds each. The carts which convey these sacks to the houses of consumers are provided with scales, so that each consumer has the opportunity of testing the honesty of the dealer. This is an Anglo-Saxon method.

THANKSGIVING LUXURY.—It has been estimated that the extra feasts, on Thanksgiving day, in the twenty-three States which observed it, cost from eighteen to twenty-five million dollars. Who says the Americans are not a merry people?

RUNNING TO FIRES.—Those who wonder at the tireless interest which a portion of our citizens manifest in running to fires, consider that it may be a mild form of pyromania.

PAYING DEARLY.—A man in New Orleans was recently fined \$43 for enclosing and sending by mail a letter inside of a newspaper.

M'LE. PICCOLOMINI.

After an interval sufficiently long to intensify the appetites of lovers of the lyric drama, the opera was re-inaugurated at the Boston Theatre by Mr. Ullman's magnificent troupe; the most prominent attraction being the new prima donna Piccolomini, a young and beautiful artiste, freshly crowned with European laurels. Her first appearance was in *La Traviata*, which she followed up by several other characters, such as Maria, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," *La Serva Padrona*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, etc. Here, as elsewhere, Piccolomini has achieved a brilliant success, to which her youth, beauty, archness and admirable qualities as an actress largely contributed. As a singer, she is good, if not great. Her voice is of pleasing quality and considerable compass, exhibiting the most careful training, and managed with consummate art. She never sings out of tune, and has a very happy faculty of gliding over dangerous difficulties. Comic opera is decidedly her field of battle; she is too *petite*, too *piquante*, too much of a *soubrette*, to shine as the representative of imperious tragic passions, such as *Norma* and *Lucrezia Borgia* exact. But those who go to the opera to be pleased, soothed and fascinated, to be amused and bewitched, will never criticize the fresh and youthful Piccolomini. She storms the citadel of the heart, and the applause she elicits is spontaneous and universal. She is one of the most attractive performers that ever appeared on the lyric stage.

PERSONAL NEATNESS.—The advantages of a tidy personal appearance were lately shown, in the case of a member of Congress from Iowa, who entered a railroad car, having in his possession "a pass for a year." He was very slovenly in his dress, and the conductor, looking at the pass with contemptuous suspicion, told him he was a "sucker!" Unwilling to argue the point, the luckless Congressman paid his fare; but the conductor was even then in doubt whether to let him stay in the car, or put him out. Wanderers should take heed, and recognize the existence of soap and water, and the tailor.

THE NEW POLICE UNIFORM.—Most of the Boston police are now pleased with their new uniform, though some still object. Some are undecided. One of them remarked the other day, "Spes'n I should git into a row, and some other policeman should hit a fellow a crack on the head. The man that was hit might mistake me for the one that hit him, and hit me a crack on the head. But then, agin, if I had a hit him, he might mistake some other policeman, and give him the crack on the head that belonged to me! So I s'pose it don't make much difference."

FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.—We call our readers' attention to the view of Franklin Street as it is, on page 9 of the present number. Among those to whom especial credit is due, for the style in which the street has been remodelled, is Mr. J. G. F. Bryant, of this city, whose suggestions with regard to the improvements have been carried into effect, and who designed some of the finest structures that now adorn it.

"THE OUTLAW: or, The Female Bandit." This remarkable story, by Lieutenant Murray, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, is a thrillingly interesting tale, founded upon a vivid period in Italian history.

GOOD NEWS.—General Paez, the Venezuelan hero, who dislocated his great toe by a bad fall in New York, has recovered the use of it entirely, that is, *in toto*.

JAPAN.—Recent knowledge of the good qualities and civilization of the polite people of Japan, prove that there is not much *gum* in Japan varnish, after all.

ECONOMY.—The man who puts flannel rags in the middle of his sausages, says he is determined to make both ends meat.

QUERY.—Have you seen *The Flag of our Union*, in its new and brilliant dress for the new year? Price four cents per copy, everywhere.

MALIGNANT CRITICS.—wish the talents of others to be so *fine* as to be—invisible.

JOSEPH AMES.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Kilburn, after a fine photograph by Whipple & Black, of this city. Mr. Ames, though yet young, ranks among the first of our artists, having achieved his position no less by the force of his genius, than by his conscientious and laborious study of art. During his residence in Europe, he made the very best use of his advantages, and, especially won the key to the mystery of that splendor of color which forms the glory of the Venetian school. Mr. Ames is particularly successful in his treatment of female heads, though his portraits of men have breath and vigor. In historical painting, his most successful effort, is his "Last Days of Daniel Webster at Marshfield," of which a fine engraving has been made, which time will render as popular as the "Death of Chatham." In that clever book, "Ernest Carroll," lately published by Ticknor & Fields, there is an interesting account, purporting to be given by the artist, of his painting a portrait of the present Pope: "I received an order from a church in New Orleans, to go to Rome and paint a full-length portrait of Pío Nono. I had a letter from the archbishop, introducing me, and requesting His Holiness to give me the necessary sittings. I was most cordially received, and the Pope ordered an apartment in the Quirinal to be made ready for me. On the day appointed I was at my post. A Swiss guard came several times to request me to be in readiness, as his Holiness was soon coming—at last he made his appearance, accompanied by two cardinals. He was dressed in a short scarlet cloak and white under-robe. Wishing me a lively good morning, he gayly mounted the platform on which I had placed his chair, and the two cardinals stood while he was seated. You may imagine that, to an American, the etiquette of the Roman court was interesting, if not amusing. The two cardinals, in waiting, stood like respectful statues—never venturing to speak unless addressed. The Vicegerent of God sat, tapping the lid of his gold snuff-box in



JOSEPH AMES, THE AMERICAN ARTIST.

time to the airs of an opera which he would occasionally hum. Whenever he rose they would fall upon their knees, and remain in that position until he took his seat again. At first, I was a little puzzled to know what to do on these occasions; but, as my business was to paint his portrait, I stuck to my work, and at last got so used to hear the rustling of his robes, when rising, followed by the sound of the marrow-bones of the attendants, rattling on the pavements, that I paid little or no attention, excepting to my picture. On the second or third day, while I was busily engaged in getting up the effect of my picture—thrashing in color right and left—as I was stepping back to examine the effect, I came very near knocking over the Pope, who had descended from his throne, and stood behind me, totally unconscious of his vicinity. "Bravo! benissimo!" said he, approvingly. "I see you paint after the manner of the English school!"—turning to one of the cardinals, "How does it strike you as a likeness?" asked he. "As true as the reflection from a mirror, Santità." "Ci ho gusto," said he, with a pinch of snuff. I finished my study of his head in a little more than a week, and told him I should require no more sittings, if I could have the use of the robes, jewelry, etc., necessary to represent him in the act of giving benediction at high mass. He immediately gave orders to have them brought to me, with the key of the apartment. It was my first whole-length of life-size, and I was obliged to proceed with great caution. I selected one of the academy models, who was of about the size and figure of the Pope, intending to use him not only as a model for the action, but as a lay figure for the costume. He was so elated at the idea of having been rigged out in all that papal finery, that he got as drunk as a fiddler on the money I paid him for his first pose, and I was obliged to dismiss him, and employed another model, who proved better suited to my purposes. When the picture was finished, the Pope was pleased with it, and paid me a very flattering compliment."



VIEW OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND, BRITISH AMERICA.

[From our own Correspondent.]

FRIGATE EURYALUS.

We publish the accompanying engraving of the British steam frigate *Euryalus*, as a spirited marine picture of a ship under a peculiar aspect. It derives additional interest from the fact that it is the vessel on board of which young Prince Alfred has just shipped as a naval cadet, to learn the profession to which he is destined. The *Euryalus* is one of the finest of her class—a taut and trim steam-frigate, carrying 51 heavy guns. Her length (over all) is 245 feet; breadth of beam 50 feet, 9 inches; tonnage, 2371; horses power, 400. She carries on her main-deck, twenty-two 32-pounders of 56 cwt., and eight six-inch guns of 65 cwt. On her upper-deck she carries eighteen 32-pounders of 45 cwt., and one ten-foot pivot-gun of 95 cwt. Her commander is the distinguished officer, Captain Tarleton, C. B.

ARTISTS' FESTIVAL.

The spirited engraving below represents the regatta of the German artists on the Starnberger See, at Munich, Bavaria, on the evening succeeding the three days' festival, Sept. 20—23, on which occasion the picturesque sheet of water was covered with splendidly decorated barges, galleys, gondolas and steamers, bearing the artists and their guests, with bands of music, and every holiday accessory. Great taste was exhibited in the decoration of many of the boats, and the scene which the lake presented during the evening was brilliant in the extreme. The water was dotted over with boats carrying torches, while fires were lit upon the surrounding hills.



BRITISH STEAMSHIP EURYALUS, IN WHICH PRINCE ALFRED IS AT SEA.



THE LATE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL, AT MUNICH, BAVARIA.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE MET AND PARTED.

BY WILLIE E. PAJOR.

We met and parted; neither heart
Conscious that in the coming years
Our hands would join and never part
Until the messenger appears.

We met and parted; she, a child,
I, in the pride that comes with age;
She, in her young years gay and wild,
I, sobered by time's forward stage.

We met and parted. Years rolled by,
And then it chanced we met once more;
We gave the welcome and reply,
And proudly she her station bore.

We met, and have not parted. Now,
Her life henceforth will blend with mine;
We at love's shrine together bow,
And drink affection's priceless wine.

Her white hand lies within my own,
Her white heart holds a love as pure
As that which centres round the Throne,
And like that love will her's endure.

Her young life and my older years
(Like April airs 'neath August's sun)
Are blest by ties that mock at fears,
And ever in joy's channel run.

WINTER RENOVATES NATURE.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire, and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

THOMSON.

HOME.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crown the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world even these abide, and we
Above the world, our calling boast;
Once again the mountain-top, and thou art free;
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to look, are
lost.

KEBLE.

AVARICE.

Avarice o'ershoots
Its destined mark; and with abundance cursed,
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.—BALLY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

And is it indeed a year, reader dear, since we were wishing you happiness and all sorts of good things at the beginning of a twelve-month? How time flies, to be sure!—as fast as Prioreess, the last time Ten Brock tried her on the English turf. Well, then, here we are ready for another heat. We have just taken a breath, a sip of water, and are now in "condition to run for a man's life." We intend to "make play" this time. Elsewhere we have explained our "points" and our purposes—you shall judge of our performance, and we will only say at the start that, if pluck, perseverance and industry can command success, you shall say "well done," when we come in at the "fourth quarter."..... "And what do you think of Piccolomini?" is the question asked on every hand. Think! why, that she is a pretty, piquante, fascinating, bewildering creature, not "voice and nothing else," like some *prime dames*, but acting manner with sufficient vocal ability added to make her interesting but not wondrous—a very attractive little person, and quite worthy of dollars, bouquets, puffs and serenade. How we improve upon our "forbears." Once the little Frog Pond alone gave us scope for the flashing steel and the furious "hockey," but now a broad field of ice expands its dull mirror on the Common at the bidding of the City Fathers, large enough for the manoeuvres of a regiment of those Northern warriors who go to battle on skates, and "cut the figure 8" before cutting up their enemies with the broadsword. Skating is all the fashion this winter. By the way, wouldn't it be a good idea for the Jamaica Pond people to get up a carnival on the ice, admitting none but fancy dresses. Russian, Polish, Norwegian and Dutch costumes would show to advantage, and a Pulcinello or a few bears on skates would furnish a haven of fun. The late Rev. John T. Reddan, of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, who died last month, was a man of varied learning and powerful mind, pious, worthy and beloved. The funeral solemnities at the cathedral in Franklin Street were very imposing and largely attended. A young Italian, fresh from Sicily as his own oranges, a well-educated, talented person, who has labored hard to get familiar with English letters, and has read the best authors, from Chaucer downward, dilated thus on the poets: "Po-pe is very mosh like Horace; I like him very mosh; but I tink Byron was very sorry poet." "What! Byron a sorry bard?" I thought he was a favorite with Italians? "O, yes, I adore him very mosh; I almost do admire him; but he was very sorry poet." "How so? Byron a sorry bard?" "O yes, very sorry; don't you tink so? *molto triste*—very mel-an-choly; don't you find him so? I always feel very sorry when I read him. I tink he's far more sorry than Petrarcha; don't you?" This will remind the reader of the very strong term used by a Frenchman, who, on being asked what was the cause

of his evident sadness, replied: "I av just hear my fader he die. I am very mosh *dissatisfied*!"..... Three Moorish gentlemen and their Moorish servant have arrived in England, to purchase guns for the emperor of Morocco. The three Moorish gentlemen are great guns in their own country. Never was the French better translated into plain Saxon than in the story which is told of an old-fashioned couple, who received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French,—"Respondez s'il vous p'ait" (answer, if you please). The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awaked by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out. R. S. V. P. It means—remember six very punctual. The Salem Register remarks: "With all that is said of the 'masterly inactivity' of Salem, and the croakings in regard to its future as a place of business, each census shows an increase in its population, and each year shows a respectable addition of new buildings."..... The Ottoman Porte is getting decidedly economical. Sumptuary laws are in favor. Pipes encircled with precious stones are forbidden. In the public offices neither coffee, pipes nor sherbert are henceforward to be served. No one, says Dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of Dean's is rarely violated in society. Tiger Tail, with a band of over one hundred Seminoles, is still loose on the eastern coast of Florida. It is to be hoped that this band of marauders will be got rid of at less expense to the government than it cost to get rid of Billy Bowlegs. Mr. Ridsdale, who died in England lately, was a sporting man of some notoriety. It is said that years ago he had a hundred horses, and was worth thousands; he died with only 3d. in his pocket, and a subscription saved him from a pauper's funeral. That's a lesson to fast men—will they heed it?..... The New York Saturday Press says: "A Western publisher announces a new edition of 'Tupper's Per-verb-ial Philosophy'; the price of the book per verb is not stated—an occurrence which, considering the verbose tendency of the author, is rather serious."..... Somebody says: Words are but the bannerets of an army, a few bits of waving color here and there; thoughts are the main body of the footmen that march unseen below. You can buy almost everything in London. Snakes and adders are sold for their skins. Hedgehogs, which are found principally in Essex, are sold for a shilling apiece, their speciality being the destruction of black beetles. Lizards, for which it seems there are many chance customers in the streets, sell for twopenny apiece, and are generally caught in the neighborhood of Hampstead and Highgate. Frogs fetch sixpence and a shilling a dozen, and it is gravely asserted are regularly and constantly purchased by Frenchmen for culinary purposes; and one itinerant vender of these *quasi* comestibles is said to have supplied the keeper of a French hotel in Leicester Square regularly with three dozen a week during the season. Snails, which are used for feeding birds principally, but which rumor assigns also to foreigners, for the purpose of making soup, are sold for half a crown a pailful. The grand duke of Tuscany has recently raised the duty on cigars, and to punish him, a league has been formed pledged to pipe-smoking exclusively. The opposition, of course, will end in smoke. The new-fashioned handkerchiefs in Paris are very pretty, and remarkable for neatness and simplicity. They are small and square, and are ornamented by narrow plaits on which is a light embroidery; between the plaits the cambric is also embroidered, and has the appearance of a muslin insertion. Louis Napoleon is certainly a shrewd man, and his recent coup is a great one in a small way. Wearied and disgusted at the reproaches which had been heaped against his government, in consequence of the high rate of rent in the capital, which had driven all small fortunes beyond the barriers, he had requested a research to be made after the remedy. None had been found, even by the clearest heads in that department of administration, when his majesty himself came to the rescue by suggesting the imposition of a heavy tax upon all empty apartments. This is forthwith to be done, and the terror of the proprietors is visible in the sudden depression of rent, which has lowered one-quarter since the last term. Dr. Adolph Hirsch, a young Israelite, has so distinguished himself as an astronomer, that the imperial academy of Vienna has published several of his treatises in its memoirs. He was also appointed assistant in the imperial observatory of Paris, under Leverrier, and has now been called as director, of the new observatory at Neufchatel. Some people are curious in their selection of presents. A Texan paper mentions having received a letter from a friend accompanied with the scalp of a Comanche Indian. Rat-tail soup is the new dish in the Paris restaurants since the China treaty. A fine mince of bamboo sticks, and electric eel stew are also favorably mentioned. We should think the last-mentioned dish would be "shocking." Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" our old nursery rhyme told us was a "dainty dish to set before a king;" but Zimmerman tells us that Frederick the Great required something more substantial. He says: "To-day the king had taken a great quantity of soup, made as usual of the strongest gravy drawn from the most healing things. With his portion he mixed a large table-spoonful of pounded mace and pounded ginger. He then cut a large slice of beef stewed in brandy. This he followed up by a copious allowance of an Italian dish, composed half of minze flour and half of Parmesan cheese; to this is added the juice of garlic, and the whole is fried in butter till it acquires a crust as thick as one's finger. This favorite dish is called *polenta*. At length the king, praising the excellent appetite which the dandelion had given him, concluded the scene with a large plate of eel pie, exceedingly hot and highly seasoned. While at table the king fell asleep, and was seized with convulsions." If he had escaped the convulsions he would have had the digestion of an ostrich, which rather prefers gravel-stones and ten-penny nails to any thing lighter

for a diet. The last dog story we have met is as follows: Some time ago a resident of Marlborough, Mass., sold a large dog. The purchaser took the dog to New York. The dog followed him about the city until he was suddenly found to be missing. At two o'clock the next afternoon the dog arrived at his old home in Marlborough, having, in twenty-one hours, travelled about 160 miles. A good anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press in this city. The professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and thoughts. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society was ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz. "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."..... Cholera was carrying off a great number of people in Japan, at last advices. Its first appearance was said to have been after the arrival of an American man-of-war, on board of which a case had occurred. The circumstance had prejudiced the Japanese against foreigners. They supposed their walls had been poisoned. The Central Park in New York is to be flooded for a public skating ground, and some public-spirited citizens of Buffalo have hired some unoccupied land for the same purpose. The Manchester Mirror says that the ladies of that city have petitioned the Amoskeag Company for the privilege of skating upon their enclosed reservoir. Pippis is an extraordinary joker. He will go any length to make a pun. The other day he called on "ye taylor man" to order a pair of ob-no-we-never-mention-ems. He wanted them done in a hurry. After giving the necessary directions, he informed the knight of the needle that they should be done by Monday. "They'll be done, I'll promise you," was the reply. "All right," said Pippis. "Don't disappoint; now that I have a promise of breeches, don't let me have any breaches of promise." The tailor has been raving ever since.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The last arrivals from Europe have brought us no news of very startling importance. The English press continue to publish bitter articles on the prosecution and condemnation of Count Montalembert to an imprisonment of six months and a fine of 3000 francs. The publisher of the "Correspondant," in which the obnoxious article appeared, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 francs. The speeches of Mems, Berryer and Dufaure, counsel for the defendants, were magnificent specimens of eloquence, logic and independence, and have raised the French bar in the opinion of the world. The prosecution by the government was what Talleyrand would have styled "worse than a crime—a blunder."—The Galway line has concluded a contract with Palmer Bros. & Co. of Newcastle-on-Tyne for the construction of three first class side-wheel steamers, to be ready for sea respectively in June, July and August next. They are to be of large capacity, and it is said that a guaranty has been given that they shall be equal to the performance of 20 miles per hour, minimum speed, with a consumption of only 70 tons of coal per day.—The "Great Eastern" steamship, which has occupied so large a share of the attention of the world since the laying of her keel, will most certainly be ready for sea early in the summer, and will make her first voyage to Portland. Her safe arrival in the United States will create as much of a sensation as the successful laying of the Atlantic cable.—The London Times still continues to berate Mr. Reed, United States commissioner to China, and to sneer at our treaty.—Mr. Lemon Oliver, the London stock broker, who was found guilty of forgery, and applying to his own use securities and property entrusted to his care, has been sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude.—The Queen of England regrets the impossibility of her paying a visit to her loyal Canadians, but one of the princes will be sent over and may come in the "Great Eastern."—There have been recently some gales in the Mediterranean, doing great damage to the shipping.—The King of Naples is said to have decided that all foreigners who are employed in his States must be naturalized.

Magnetism of Iron Ships.

Mr. Archibald Smith, an English mathematician of much ability, has published a paper on the principles which affect the development, destruction, and changes in the magnetism of iron ships. According to Mr. Smith, the magnetism of iron ships in its action on the compass may be represented by a vertical and a horizontal iron or magnetic bar swinging round a compass; that the changes take place in a ship's magnetism by change of magnetic latitude; that there are influences in a ship derived from the varieties of form and position, relatively to the compass, of particular masses of iron, which may act as natural correctives; that the plan of correcting the duration of iron ships by fixed magnets—unless in places or limited voyages—is unsafe, and in going to southern regions aggravates the error; that the twisting of the iron materials of a ship will tend, especially in ships recently launched, to alter the magnetic action on the compass; that it requires time to effect the changes in a ship's magnetic distribution, which ultimately may, in regions distant from the place of building, be effected.

Air as a Locomotive Power.

Experiments have been made by Messrs. Andrand and Julien, of Paris, on so large a scale as to place beyond doubt the feasibility of using compressed air as a means of locomotion. By their experiments it is ascertained that with one cubic metre of air at eight atmospheres—that is, eight cubic metres reduced to one—the power is obtained of transporting on rails a charge of fifteen tons to a distance of one kilometre. A train of cars will then require—say of 200 tons—13.3 cubic metres of air at eight atmospheres to run over one kilometre of road, and 625 cubic metres to pass the length of the tunnel.

These 625 cubic metres of compressed air will carry into the tunnel 5000 cubic metres of air of the normal pressure, so that ten trains of the night will conduct in 50,000 cubic metres. The dry trains, less heavy but more rapid, will conduct in about the same amount of air.

French Opera.

Louis Napoleon has refused to authorize the erection of a new opera house in Paris, and so his subjects must be content with the present one in the Rue Lepelletier. One would think the emperor would hardly care to visit a place where he came so near being annihilated by Orsini's bombshells. His majesty cares very little for music, but is passionately fond of the ballet, which is a prominent feature in the attractions of the French opera.

Chinese Priests.

The foreign papers are full of details of Chinese life, many of which are quite interesting. It appears that the fanaticism of the Chinese honzes, or priests, is purely external. To move the compassion of the multitude some of them fasten heavy chains thirty feet long to their neck, and drag this vast weight, saying:—"You see what it costs us to expiate your sins—can't you let us have a little money?"

A French Quack.

A carpenter has been hauled up before the police court in Paris for practising on the credulity of the public. He had invented an infallible remedy for curing diseases of the skin. If you were troubled with a cutaneous eruption, he applied a plaster which took away the skin. No skin, no disease of the skin—a very logical theory.

Monaco.

The Prince of Monaco, they say, is willing to sell out his little ten-mile-square kingdom on the Mediterranean to the Emperor of Russia or anybody who will pay a pretty fair sum for it. The prince himself lives in Paris, and as he is rather "fast" is hard up for money, and very likely the Czar may get Monaco at a bargain.

French Luxury.

A dinner was lately given at the Trois Freres Provençaux, Paris, at which the dessert alone cost 3000 dollars, though there were only six guests. This is easily explained when we know that at Chevat's in the Palais Royal, they often get sixty francs for a single pair.

Sarawak.

The London Times, faithful to the idea which impels England to attack by turns all nations when its interest requires it, defends the pretensions of Sir James Brooke, rajah of Sarawak in Borneo, who wishes the British government to annex his territory.

Madame Rossi.

This distinguished French singer has abandoned the stage for the frying-pan—not being deterred by the hissing so odious to the ears of a performer. In other words, she is keeping an ion somewhere on the coast of Normandy.

Switzerland.

It is reported from Berne that the federal council has informed the Swiss chambers that the Clock-makers' Union of Chaux de Fonds was preparing an expedition direct for Persia, China and Japan—the chambers of commerce were invited to take part in it.

Oriental Pilgrims.

One hundred and twenty Arab pilgrims, returning from Mecca lately landed at Marseilles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MUSTEE; OR, LOVE AND LIBERTY. By B. F. PARRY. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 12mo. 1853.

The scene of this story is laid in this country. It contains some interesting adventures, and evinces a good deal of power.

ARABIAN DAVS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated from the German by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 434. 1853.

These stories, if not quite equal to the Arabian Nights, are in the same vein, and are delightful and entertaining. The true spirit of the Orient breathes through them, and the illustrations aid in the understanding of the text.

THE SOCIABLE; OR, ONE THOUSAND AND ONE HOME AMUSEMENTS. By the author of the "Magician's Own Book." New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 377.

There is an endless fund of rational amusement for home circles in this work—acting, proverbs, charades, tableaux vivants, parlor magic, puzzles, a perfect encyclopaedia in fact of all that the wit of man has devised for social entertainment. A better book for a holiday present we know not. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 231. 1850.

Beautifully printed and liberally illustrated, this complete essay on one of the most charming characters in history comes to us in a fitting garbure. The life of Sir Philip Sidney has been touched upon by able pens, among others that of the poet Longfellow, but no complete biography has hitherto appeared. The work has been well done by our author, and we trust it will be found in the hands of every thoughtful reader.

A YACHT VOYAGE. LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES, etc. By LORD DUFFERIN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 387. 1850.

In 1856 Lord Dufferin made an adventurous voyage to Iceland, Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen in the schooner yacht "Foam," and he has given the fruits of his observation in a book as readable as "Bubbles from the Brunens," or a "Journey Due North." One of the best things we ever read, is his lordship's after-dinner speech in Latin in response to the proposition of his health by the Bishop of Scotland. But the book is brimful of good things, and must be a universal favorite. In England it has already gone through many editions.

THORNDALE; OR, THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS. By WILLIAM SMITH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 554. 1850.

This work, which will command the attention of every thoughtful reader, is written in a style so charming as to make its metaphysics attractive, while its theories are ingenious and its thoughts original.

CHRISTMAS HOURS. By the author of the "Homestead Path." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This little work considers Christmas Day under its moral and religious aspect, and is well calculated to exert a happy influence.

Editorial Melange.

Augustus XI., a king of Poland, could roll up a silver plate, like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder.—The actual outlay upon the English navy for the year ending March 31, 1857, was nearly two millions of pounds less than the money voted by Parliament; but the army and militia exceeded several thousands the money voted, the difference being covered by drawing upon the vote for the extraordinary expenses of the Russian war.—In Baltimore, Thomas Connery shot his brother who tried to persuade him to go home when he was drunk.—A "floating-derrick," the second ever made in England to raise sunken ships, was lately launched at Blackwall. It consists of a strong hull plated with iron, built on the cell principle, of light draught, flat bottomed, and propelled by steam power. A gigantic crane capable of hoisting one thousand tons is fixed in the hull.—It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights only, in the autumn of 2147.—There is now living in Norfolk, Va., on Queen Street, a negro woman who is in her one hundred and twentieth year. Her name is Sarah Mallory, and she retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. Her youngest son is now living, and is between seventy and eighty; his youngest is thirty-four, who is himself the father of an interesting family.—The first steamboat launched on Western waters was built at Pittsburg in 1811, seven years before the first lake steamer. More than a thousand steamboats are now employed on the Mississippi and its tributaries.—Mr. Ellett, the engineer, is engaged in a grand scheme for improving the navigation of the Kanawha River, by forming a vast reservoir or mountain lake to feed that stream during low water. The cost of the land and damages it is supposed will exceed \$1,500,000, while \$200,000 will be required for the dam.—On searching the house of an old gentleman who died in a town near New Bedford, a short time since, a bag was found containing about \$1000 in Mexican dollars and half dollars, and \$1200 in bills of one of the New Bedford banks, being among its earliest issues, and dating back nearly thirty years.—Gen. Niel, of the French Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." He states that during the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shells from mortars, and 8000 rockets; during the war the French infantry fired 25,000,000 cartridges.—Quebec has become a dangerous place to live in. The Mercury says:—"The City Council, which often sits under a guard of fifty police, was again besieged last night, and the flour stores have been threatened by riotous assemblies of the people. These are the circumstances under which the navigation closes and the winter commences in this city."—A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, carrying a weight of 600 pounds.—The people of Brooklyn, N. Y., are agitating the subject of a grand public park for that city. The locality proposed to be devoted to this purpose is Ridgewood Heights, where the water reservoir is situated.—The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for 200 years. They actually wear the same style of dress that their grandmothers wore.—In the Church of All Souls, Langham Place, London, was a very fine picture of great value, "Jesus Crowned with Thorns." Some person secreted himself in the church, and during the night cut up into shreds and completely destroyed the picture.—It is told as a fact, that there is not an unmarried man on Cape Cod.—Seventy-five thousand three hundred and ten emigrants have arrived at Castle Garden during the past year to Nov. 24, which is a decrease of one thousand six hundred and five as compared with the number of arrivals to same date the previous year.—At the Indian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the venerable Bishop Early ordained twelve Indians, principally chiefs of their tribes, to the gospel ministry.—A. C. Johnson, a young man living at Mount Vernon, Illinois, is said to be a master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Russian languages. At the age of ten years he commenced the study of Latin, and he continued his studies as rapidly as his means would allow him to purchase books.—The Board of Education of Marietta

School District, Marshall County, Iowa, have declared that no girls who wear hoops shall be admitted into the school of that district.—The application of American citizens for permission to run a submarine cable from Havana to Key West, has been granted by her Catholic majesty, solely upon condition that both ends of the cable are to be under Spanish control; and if otherwise the application is to be considered as rejected.—Queen Victoria has presented to the Emperor Napoleon the funeral car on which the remains of the great Napoleon were conveyed to his tomb in St. Helena. This *biere* will prevent any war from brewing at present.—The total value of steamers afloat on the Mississippi and its tributaries is more than \$60,000,000. They number as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all other parts of the world.—Since the discovery of the Lake Superior copper mines, in 1845, thirteen vessels, mostly steamers, engaged in the trade, have been lost. The value of the vessels was \$366,500, and of their cargoes \$125,500. Ninety-five persons lost their lives.

GREAT TOP-SPINNING.

Mr. Harris, U. S. Consul General at Japan, gives an account of a juggler's performance in the way of top-spinning, witnessed by him, which is truly wonderful. In the first place, the performer took an ordinary peg-top and set it to spinning in the air. He then caught it on his hand and transferred it to the keen edge of a sword-blade, making it traverse from hilt to point and back again, by inclining the sword, the top spinning all the time. Another feat performed, was to set the top spinning in the air, and then to throw the end of the string towards it, and cause it to wind itself with the string, the other end being retained in the hand; so that the top returned to the hand properly wound and ready to be spun again. A sub-variety of this performance consisted in making the top spin up an upright pole, knock at the door of a little wooden house on the summit, and disappear within. In this case the hand end of the string was fastened near the door of the small house, and the top was made to climb the pole by the self-winding process. The Japanese jugglers perform many other curious feats, such as making paper butterflies fly in the air and alight where they please, by means of a common fan.

REFORM IN TURKEY.—A set of regulations has been issued by the sultan, in order to check the luxury of government officials and employees. Pipes set with precious stones are forbidden. In the public offices, pipes, coffee and tobacco are forbidden. Only officers of the highest grade are allowed two horses to their carriages, and the lower officials are limited to one-horse teams and caiques with two pairs of oars. The Turkish functionaries are requested to put this in their pipes and smoke it, and will find when they wish to make a show on the water, that all their caique is dough. We fancy that some of the swells will say, "Abdul Medjid is not the boss for us!" (Bosphorus).

THE BEARDED LOVER.—A gay young gentleman engaged to be married to a young lady in Lyons, was advised to shave off his magnificent beard and be married in a smooth chin. When the bride came to see him she fainted, on discovering a striking resemblance to a criminal who had been guillotined. So the poor bridegroom, finding it impossible to overcome the repugnance of the lady, consented to a postponement of the match, and, with maledictions on barbers, razors and officious friends, is furiously cultivating another beard, on the growth of which all his hopes of happiness depend.

FRENCH RESTAURANTS.—At the French eating-houses they have recently introduced several new dishes borrowed from the Chinese, such as bird's nests, shark's fins, grasshoppers, ants, lizards and water-snakes. These, in addition to the old standard dish of fricasseed frogs, and the more recent colt steaks, crown the delight of Gallic epicures.

FEMALE MODESTY.—Fontenelle says that with women modesty has great advantages: it increases beauty and serves as a veil to homeliness—rather a pretty thought.

THE CITY OF PALACES.—At the rate we are building up Boston, it will soon be as renowned for its architecture as for its crooked streets.

Wayside Gatherings.

Heenan hats and Piccolomini cigars are among the latest novelties in Cincinnati.

Judge Pruden has decided in favor of omnibuses running in Cincinnati on Sunday.

Mayor Swan, of Baltimore, has vetoed the bill for procuring steam fire engines for that city.

The Middlesex Company, at Lowell, Mass., are making heavy woolen Balmoral skirts for the girls to skate in this winter.

Advices from Japan state that a prince of that country was about to visit the United States, attended by a suite of fourteen persons.

The Cape Ann Advertiser estimates the loss to the Gloucester fishing fleet by accident the past year at \$10,000.

The assessed valuation of property in Philadelphia for 1859 is \$155,697,669, which is an increase over 1853 of about \$3,000,000.

Letter writers from Washington declare that women make the most successful lobby agents for managing members of Congress.

There are seventy-two papers published in Louisiana, of which forty-four are in English, eighteen in English and French, eight in French, two in German, and one in Spanish.

The Mississippian states that the experiment of excluding all paper money of a denomination less than five dollars has succeeded perfectly in the State of Mississippi.

A company of New York capitalists have bought a water power and two hundred acres of land at Moline, Wisconsin, and intend to erect several large manufacturing establishments.

The courts in Canada have decided that persons travelling on a railway with a free pass can claim no damages for an accident. Our courts have maintained the contrary doctrine.

Robert Dale Owen died at the Bear's Head Hotel, Newton, and what is strange, there is not a single inhabitant now alive in the place who was there when he left it, a child ten years of age.

It is reported that Commodore Stewart has been granted leave of absence by the Navy Department, for his intended visit to Europe. He will remain, it is said, in the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

There are some nice girls "down east." In South Penobscot some of them hauled a barrel of flour on a hand sled two miles to Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of Penobscot, and delivered it to him as a Thanksgiving present.

That young lady called the "Higbland Maid," whose feats of pedestrianism at New York have attracted attention, performed the extraordinary operation of "walking" out of Poughkeepsie without paying her bills one night recently.

Col. Fremont's steam quartz mill at Bear Valley, Mariposa County, Cal., is said to be paying handsomely. Seldom or never less than \$1500 has been taken out after a steady week's run, and as high as \$3000 has been obtained.

Mr. Robert Staepel has finished his music to Longfellow's Hiawatha, and it will be produced during the present winter, Mrs. Staepel (Matilda Heron) reciting portions of the poem between the musical parts.

A foolish young man, recently from California, visited a gambling resort in Albany, and staking several hundred dollars and a gold watch at a faro bank, lost all. He was advised not to risk his property, but, like a fool, did not heed the advice.

Julia Smith, a professional thief, was arrested in Cincinnati, Ohio, a short time since, and under her hoops were found carefully stowed three towels, two table-cloths, one looking-glass, three tumblers, one pair of pants, and a quart bottle of Madeira.

Porter's Spirit of the Times states that more American racers are to be shipped to England. Robert Harlan, of Cincinnati, has just purchased a fine three-year-old and two-year-old, with the view of running them the next season on the English turf.

Mrs. Mary S. Edwards, wife of Alpheus S. Edwards, of the first comptroller's office, Washington, was so badly frightened a few days since by the attempt of a ferocious dog to spring upon her, that her nervous system was completely prostrated, and she died shortly after.

John Brobst, an old man, living in Cumberland County, Md., has just been discovered to be the rightful owner of a large tract of mineral land in the heart of the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, worth \$8,000,000. He has sold out all his right and title for \$2,600,000.

"Doesticks," or somebody like him, furnishes the New York Times with a sketch of the places of amusement in New York. He says the Germans have the most rational idea of recreation. They incline to good moral drama and eschew unhealthy clap-trap.

The Third Avenue Horse Railroad Company, in New York, estimate the number of people carried over their road during the year at about 8,000,000. Nearly 4000 miles per day are run by their 69 cars and 12 stages. The receipts for passengers during the year was \$402,597.

An aged lady from Springfield, Ill., reached Detroit, a few days since, on her way to some friends in Vermont, but could go no further for the lack of money, when the Sons of Malta, being convinced of her worthiness, made up a purse of \$50 for her, and sent her on her way rejoicing.

Sands of Gold.

.... Man loves little and often, woman much and rarely.—*Basta*.

.... Hatred is keener than friendship, less keen than love.—*L'auventargis*.

.... The more generally persons are pleasing, the less profoundly do they please.—*Stendhal*.

.... They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—*Sheridan*.

.... Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and delectation.—*Bacon*.

.... Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of silence.—*Fuller*.

.... Heroism is the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men.—*Carlyle*.

.... A woman often thinks she is regretting the lover, when she is only regretting the love.—*Madame d'Arconville*.

.... The best reputation is that which is established within the immediate sphere of one's duties.—*Bovee*.

.... If we did not take great pains, and were not at a great expense to corrupt our natures, our natures would not corrupt us.—*Clarendon*.

.... Women like better to inspire love than esteem; perhaps they have a secret aversion to those who only esteem them.—*Beauchene*.

.... A loud voice commands attention; a low voice entreats it; and both receive it according to the natures they address.—*Bovee*.

.... Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle, who has done much less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.—*Sheridan*.

.... However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.—*Madame Fée*.

.... Most commonly the enthusiasm for study which distinguishes our morning of life, degenerates ere its noontime into an enthusiasm to live genteelly.—*Bovee*.

.... Compassion joined to friendship produces so ardent a sentiment in certain women that it makes them commit the same faults as the most decided passion.—*Madame d'Arconville*.

.... Woman is rather made to be loved than to love, like the flowers which feel nothing of their perfume, but yield it to be felt by others. Women are the true flowers of love.—*Alphonse Esquiro*.

.... Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer a laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

We often hear of a widow mending her condition by re-pairing.

The lady who knit her brows, has commenced a pair of socks.

A couple wishing to get married, used a "bee line" to tie the knot.

Why are chicken's necks like door-bells? Because they are often rung for company.

Why are a young lady's affections always doubted? Because they are misgivings.

Although one swallow will not make a summer, still a pin maliciously inverted in a chair will make one spring.

There is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss aint always round his shop, interfering with his own business."

A woman abandons her opinion the moment her husband adopts it. Even in church the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in anything.

Jorum was told of a supper at which goblets of ice, formed by evaporation, were used, from which to drink champagne. Jorum heard the story through, and then exclaimed—"Well, ice ware!"

Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor-oil, with orange juice in it." Doctor—"Now don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me." Tommy (who has tasted it before)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor!"

A witty man who lived in constant fear of bailiffs, having absconded, one of his acquaintances asked what was the reason of his absence, to which he replied, "Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended, and so left to avoid apprehension!"

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

A man in Vermont, who has run for office for the last ten years, and been defeated every time, declines being a candidate any longer, and gives as a reason, "that the people have got so in the habit of voting against him that it is all nonsense to try and break them of it."



COD FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

[For description, see page 10.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from one of the beautiful lithographic likenesses of the Illinois Senator published by Mr. C. H. Brainard of this city, who has made it his speciality to produce heads of all the prominent men of the times, in a style of perfection hitherto known only to European art. The engraving of Mr. Homer's drawing was made by Mr. Damoreau, and is done in admirable style. Though comparatively a young man, the subject of our present sketch has been prominently before the public for many years. His career is an interesting one, not only in its political aspect, but as an example of a resolute struggle for honor and distinction, maintained with true Anglo-Saxon pluck, and crowned with various successes. Stephen A. Douglas was born in Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont, April 23, 1813. In July of the same year, his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a physician of eminence, died suddenly, leaving two children, the subject of our sketch, and a daughter not two years of age. When about fifteen years of age, the circumstances of his mother induced young Douglas to relinquish, or at least postpone, his plan of completing his common school education by an academical course, and to learn a trade. He selected cabinet-making, and for nearly two years was engaged in that business. The severity of the labor, however, proved too much for a delicate constitution, and he was compelled to abandon it. After studying a year at Brandon Academy, he went with his mother, who had married a Mr. Grainger, to New York, and became a student at Canandaigua Academy. At the same time he commenced the study of law. In 1813 he removed to the West, which has ever since been his home. We find him at one time engaged in the law office of Mr. S. J. Andrews of Cleveland, Ohio, with a prospect of becoming associated with that gentleman in business, but his hopes were prostrated by a long illness. On the restoration of his health he left Cleveland and visited various cities of the West in search of employment. We find him entering the town of Winchester, Illinois, in the winter of 1833, with thirty-seven and a half cents in his pocket, and no immediate prospect of adding to that enormous capital. However, he happened to arrive just in time to act as clerk to a large auction sale of a merchant's property, which lasted three days. This made him known, and enabled him to obtain a school with forty scholars, at three dollars a quarter each. He began his labors as a pedagogue on the first Monday of December, 1833. His evenings he devoted to the study of law, having borrowed a few books of a legal friend. In March, 1834, he obtained a license, and commenced his career as a lawyer. How well he succeeded may be inferred from the fact that in less than a year he was elected by a joint vote of the two houses of the legislature, State's Attorney, over Col. John J. Hardin. The position was a trying one, as it brought the youthful advocate as prosecutor in criminal cases, in collision with the first lawyers of the State. But he held his own, and triumphed by the force of energy, industry and genius. He resigned his office in 1836 for a seat in the legislature, as a representative for his county, which he carried at the close of an animated, fierce and exciting canvass, his opponent being the distinguished and gallant Colonel John J. Hardin, afterwards killed at Buena Vista, at the head of his regiment. We should have stated that Mr. Douglas had taken a warm interest in politics from his boyhood, and was one of the earliest and

most zealous supporters of General Jackson. In the legislature, he was a leader of the minority which opposed the increase of the capital of the local banks and the connecting of the State with its moneyed institutions, and also distinguished himself by his advocacy of internal improvements, and especially of the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal and of the Illinois railroad system. In 1837 he was nominated by a democratic convention, candidate for Congress, at the election to be held on the first Monday in August, 1838. He accepted the honor, without expecting to succeed, but hoping to strengthen and consolidate his party. He entered the canvass with spirit, "stumping" the State, and making speeches nearly every week day for five months. The contest was so close that Mr. Stuart, the whig candidate, was elected only by five votes, Mr. Douglas's friends contending that had some of the votes for him which had been rejected from an error in spelling his name, been counted in, he would have been elected. In the

Presidential campaign of 1840, Mr. Douglas traversed the State for seven months, delivering more than two hundred speeches. Though his health suffered severely from this extraordinary labor, he kept the field to the last day of the election. Our political readers will remember that Illinois, which had been confidently reckoned for Harrison, gave the Van Buren ticket a handsome majority. On the meeting of the Legislature, Mr. Douglas received the appointment of Secretary of State, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his official duties. In 1841 he was elected by both branches, Judge of the Supreme Court. The arduous duties of this office he discharged with fidelity and ability, again seriously injuring his health by attention to business. In 1843 he was induced to accept the democratic nomination for Congress, and, as custom compelled him to "stump" his district, he resigned the Judgeship, from his conviction of the impropriety of running for a political office while holding a judicial one. The severity of the

canvass, which lasted for forty days, may be inferred from the fact that, at its expiration, both candidates were prostrated by bilious fever which lasted for a month. Mr. Douglas was elected by about 400 majority, and the next year re-elected by about 1900 votes; and a third time, 1846, by nearly 3000 majority. Under the last election he did not take his seat, however, having been elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March, 1847—the congressional elections being held by law one year in advance. In April, 1847, Judge Douglas married Miss Martin, only daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina. Both as a member of the national House of Representatives, and of the Senate, Judge Douglas made his mark from his first appearance at Washington. In the 29th Congress he took a bold and decided stand on the Oregon question, as one of the advocates of "54° 40'." He introduced a bill to extend the maritime jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States to the lakes, which is now a law. He was among the prominent supporters of the bill to refund the fine imposed by Judge Hale on General Jackson for declaring martial law at New Orleans, and made a brilliant speech in its defence, afterwards gratefully acknowledged by the old hero. Every prominent democratic measure brought before Congress since his participation in the national legislation, has found a vigorous and eloquent advocate in Senator Douglas. He sustained the measures which led to the war with Mexico, and supported the government throughout the struggle. The famous Wilmot proviso found in him an energetic opponent. The recent political course of Judge Douglas is too familiar to our readers to require repetition, even if our space permitted. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in which he took the initiative, his Kansas and Nebraska bill, his doctrine of "popular sovereignty," all linked together, are questions of the day, into which we have neither the room nor inclination to enter. Our readers are aware how he has been sustained by the people of his State in one of the bitterest contests ever waged in Illinois. In 1857, Judge Douglas married a second time, his wife being a beautiful and accomplished lady, the daughter of Mr. Cuts, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Douglas resides at Chicago, Illinois, during the intervals of the sessions of Congress. He is understood to have amassed a handsome fortune, chiefly from successful land speculations in the West. At the close of the recent canvass in Illinois, he visited New Orleans, Havana and New York, meeting with a warm reception in these cities. Our engraving is correct with regard to the features of Mr. Douglas, and shows him as he appears at the present time. He is short, but strongly built; and his stature taken in connection with his intellectual powers, has given rise to the popular sobriquet of the "Little Giant," by which he is familiarly known. He is a ready and vigorous debater, and owes his ability of commanding the attention of the Senate to his long training in his western campaigns. A western stump orator has need of perfect self-possession to satisfy his rough but intelligent auditors. Carefully prepared addresses would meet with no favor, and be of no use on the stump. A man must have his statistics in his head, his facts at his tongue's end, and be as prompt to attack and defend, as a gladiator in the arena. These qualities Mr. Douglas possesses, and when he rises in the Senate, the most careless members compose themselves to attention. We make no comment on Mr. Douglas's political views, as it would be out of place.



HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling:

—OR—

THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

BURNING OF A HOUSE BY THE INDIANS.

SHORTLY after the incidents of the foregoing chapter, Mr. Danbridge succeeded in purchasing an extensive tract of land in Virginia, under partial cultivation. It is now five years since, and the grounds surrounding the plain, substantial buildings erected by the former owner, are embellished with trees, shrubbery and flowers; while the buildings themselves, with the addition of broad verandahs, shaded with flowering vines and clustering roses, would not have been recognized as the uncouth looking edifice of former years.

The proprietor had also changed in appearance. He had always been a handsome man; but his was a style of countenance which time makes more noble and expressive, and perhaps a little more haughty.

Day was drawing to a close, and he was standing in a verandah which commanded a view of the high road, some forty or fifty rods distant. From time to time he exchanged a few words with a lady, who sat by an open window near where he stood. Without being beautiful, there was something genial and attractive about her, which seldom failed to win confidence. Three years since she had crossed the threshold as the bride of Mr. Danbridge, and had brought light and joy to his hearthstone; none the less, that his thoughts would sometimes wander beyond the sea to the spot where the wife of two years was now sleeping.

"I can't see where Juba is," said Mr. Danbridge.

"Where has he gone?" asked his wife.

"Over to Stimpson's for the letters. He should have been here before now."

"It's a long ride over to Stimpson's. I think I can hardly be expected before sunset."

"Perhaps not, but I'm expecting letters from England, which, I suppose, makes the time seem long."

"There he is now," said Mrs. Danbridge; and as she spoke, a colored lad, mounted on a superb though untrained horse, dashed around the corner of the broad avenue that led to the house.

"You had better mind, Juba, or Fleetfoot will throw you some day," said Mr. Danbridge, as the boy reined up his wild and fiery steed so suddenly, close to the verandah, that he narrowly escaped being thrown over the animal's head.

"I isn't any more afeared of him dan I be of an ole sheep," said Juba, with a broad grin.

"Any letters?"

"Yis, Massa Danbridge, a whole heap," replied the boy, taking a small letter-bag from the pocket of his blue and white striped doublet.

Mr. Danbridge's anxiety to hear from his old home made him a little nervous, and in attempting to untie the letter bag, he drew the strings into a knot.

"It is equal to the Gordian knot, I believe," said he, after vainly attempting to untie it; handing it to his wife that she might cut it with her scissors.

"This is from Braxon, and will tell us all about little Percy," said he, eagerly breaking the seal of a letter marked, "by ship."

As he ran his eye rapidly over its contents, his wife noticed that something like a frown gathered on his brow, and that his lips were slightly compressed.

"No unpleasant news, I hope," said his wife, when he had finished reading it.

"In some respects the reverse of that, for my son is in good health."

"The letter is from Braxon?"

"Yes, and he tells me that it is some time—he didn't say exactly how long—since Mrs. Cline, on account of failing health, was obliged to give up the care of the child."

"Did he mention who has the care of him now? Is it any one you know?"

"He only says that it is a young woman my mother used sometimes to employ, and that, thus far, she has taken the best of care of him. But

I should have preferred to have him remain with Mrs. Cline. If her health is poor she might have some one to assist her. This Braxon,—I hardly know whether my confidence in him is misplaced or not."

"Why so?"

"Before I answer your question, let me first ask you what you think of the allowance, which I have instructed my agent to pay quarterly for the child's support?"

"I am not much of a judge myself, but you know what Mrs. Selby said the other day, when you mentioned the amount in her presence."

"No, I don't recollect. What did she say?"

"That half the amount would be ample, judging from what was required for the maintenance of herself and brother for the last six years they remained in England, after the decease of their parents."

"And yet Braxon writes me that the sum hitherto paid is totally insufficient. That a third more, at least, is necessary, if I would have him maintained as a gentleman's son should be."

Mrs. Danbridge was about to reply to this remark, when her attention was diverted by seeing some one, half hidden from view, among some bushes on the brow of a steep, broken ledge of rocks, which formed a wild and picturesque contrast to the field of waving grain that swept round its base.

"Who can it be?" said she, pointing towards the spot with looks of alarm; for it was said that Indians had been recently seen lurking in a piece of woods at no great distance.

"It is impossible to tell so far off," Mr. Danbridge replied; "but it is a woman, I think, so don't be alarmed."

"Yes, it is a woman, as I can now see by her dress."

As they continued to regard her with a good deal of curiosity, and with some alarm on the part of Mrs. Danbridge, she crept to the verge of the rocky ledge and prepared to descend. They watched her with intense interest, for it was an undertaking involving imminent peril. But she did not hesitate. Grasping the bushes, she threw herself boldly over the edge of the dizzy height. Availing herself of here and there some inequality of the steep descent as a foothold, though to do so she was often obliged to let herself down by means of the tangled and matted vines, which found root in some deep fissure, she accomplished the descent with astonishing celerity.

Just as her feet touched the ground, a deep, fierce yell, more like the baying of a pack of blood-hounds than anything human, broke the stillness of the sunset hour. It was a sound that Mrs. Danbridge, many years previous, had once heard, and it now thrilled every nerve with horror.

"The savages—they are close at hand," said she, with white lips.

"No, not very near, I think," replied Mr. Danbridge, affecting a calmness he did not feel.

The person, whoever it was, whose hazardous descent from the summit of the precipice they had been watching, the moment the terrific cry was heard, crouched so closely to the ground that she could not be seen.

The sound died away, and all was silent again for a few minutes, when there was another cry, wild and fierce as the first, and as it seemed to those listening, full of exultation. It was, however, evidently at a greater distance, and Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge breathed more freely, and in a measure succeeded in soothing the servants who had gathered round them, some of whom were almost wild with terror. Readily influenced, they soon forgot their alarm, and chatted gaily among themselves, their attention, in the meantime, being more or less directed towards her who had let herself down from the rugged height, with a bold recklessness which must have been inspired by desperation.

She had risen to her feet, and after a moment's hesitation, as if deliberating whether to cross the field of grain, or take a foot-path which skirted one side, she decided on the path, rightly imagining that the facilities it afforded would more than make up for the shorter distance, obstructed as it was by the rich luxuriance of the grain.

"She appears as if she was afraid of being pursued," said Mrs. Danbridge, in a low voice to her husband. "I am expecting every minute to see Indians appear in sight."

"If they do we're not unprepared for them," he replied.

"I can't imagine who it can be," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Juba, can you tell who it is?"

"Dat be Minda, de gal dat live wid de widder Pemberton, ober by de woods," replied Juba.

"Minda? She was here last winter to help Flora sew."

"Dat she was, and dat was when Pelus found out how powerful bright her eyes is."

The latter part of this speech was ostensibly addressed to his fellow-servants; though he took good care to speak so loud that all might hear. Pelus, a handsome mulatto, did not condescend to do anything more than to cast on Juba a look of ineffable disdain; who, on his part, wholly unmindful of this silent token of disapprobation, saw with secret elation that Mr. Danbridge turned away to conceal a smile.

By this time Minda, who was a pretty mulatto girl, had arrived within speaking distance. Her long black hair was streaming over her shoulders in wild disarray, her eyes were dilated and sparkling with excitement, and the red blood glowed like fire through the brown which slightly tinged her cheeks. She stopped, panting for breath.

"The Indians! the Indians!" she exclaimed, the moment she had recovered her breath, so as to be able to speak.

"We were aware that they could not be far distant," replied Mr. Danbridge, calmly. "In what direction are they from here?"

"They are on their way to Mrs. Pemberton's, if not already there, and they will either murder her and little Myra, or carry them off."

"At any rate," replied Mr. Danbridge, "I will see what can be done to prevent it."

He knew that he was the only one in that vicinity who could be looked up to at such a time, and naturally resolute, energetic and self-possessed, he felt himself equal to the emergency. It was the work of only a few minutes for him, and such of the men belonging to the plantation as could be of service, to arm themselves with rifles and bayonets, which he always made a point of having kept in good order, that they might be ready at a moment's warning. Others who lived near, he knew would join them. Meanwhile, Minda, who had now arrived close to the house, proceeded with great volubility to tell why she had come.

She had, she said, at Mrs. Pemberton's request, gone to gather some berries, which grew in great plenty near the woods, about half a mile from the house. A boy, the only servant except herself, set out to go with her, but she prevailed on him to go back, because her mistress and the child were alone.

She filled her basket, and entered the edge of the woods to rest herself in the shade. In a minute or two she heard voices. They came nearer, and she soon ascertained that there were two persons, and that they were Indians. Fortunately, a dense thicket intervened between herself and them, and ignorant of her proximity, they seated themselves so near the opposite side, that she could overhear what they said.

Though she did not perfectly understand their language, she knew enough to make out that they had ventured near the margin of the woods for the purpose of reconnoitering; a party of their companions being secreted at some little distance, awaiting the result. They decided that it would be best for their first onslaught to be made on the dwelling of Mrs. Pemberton, who, as they appeared to know, was a widow; and that their farther depredations should be regulated by their good or ill success.

They counted on little resistance, the inhabitants, as they supposed, having from long being unmolested, neglected to furnish themselves with the means of defence. As they were about to return to their comrades, one of them caught sight of the basket of berries, and darted forward to secure it. Minda knew that if she remained where she was, the moment he turned he must inevitably see her. She dared not attempt to reach the house through the open fields and pastures, or to conceal herself in the woods. There was only one alternative, and that a nearly hopeless one.

A ledge of rocks, high and steep, was before her, screened from view by the embowering foliage of vines and trees. She had ascended it many times in search of violets and columbines for little Myra Pemberton, and knew how to take advantage of every foothold afforded by the broken, and to the unpractised eye, nearly imperceptible path, by which the summit could alone be gained.

The Indian, after obtaining the basket, did not turn in season to see her plunge in among the bushes, though the flutter and rustle of leaves, or the swaying aside of branch or spray, impeded

ing her progress, indicated the course she had taken. They both started in pursuit of her, but when they arrived at the foot of the precipitous height she was beyond their reach, and they at once saw that her strength and agility were equal to maintaining the advantage she had gained.

She dared not waste even the single second of time it would have required to look back, and when, after regarding her a few moments in silence, one of them uttered a deep, guttural sound, expressive of anger and disappointment, and then turning on his heel, was followed by his comrade, she supposed them to be pressing closely upon her steps. To her surprise, when she had gained the shelter of some bushes on the opposite verge of the ledge, where she was obliged to stop for a moment to take breath, she could neither see nor hear them; yet imagining that one of them, at least, might be near, she dared not for a single instant forego her vigilance and caution.

Before she had half finished her narration, Mr. Danbridge and his men, who seemed to be endowed with a portion of his own courage and resolution, were on their way. As Mrs. Danbridge, Minda, and the female servants, together with those whose age unfitted them to join in the expedition, were watching their receding forms, they saw a faint, lurid light gleam through the trees surrounding Mrs. Pemberton's dwelling. It grew brighter every moment.

"They've set fire to the house," said Minda, wringing her hands. "O, if Mr. Danbridge had only been five minutes sooner."

Scarcely a minute had passed, when simultaneous with a yell, which imagination might have likened to the cry of demons, spires of vivid flame shot upwards, revealing through an opening among the trees, the dusky forms of the Indians running hither and thither, or dancing round the fire in a manner expressive of wild and fierce exultation.

Their savage and tumultuous joy was at its height, when suddenly a shower of rifle balls, sped by unseen hands, fell amongst them. A number, including their leader, fell to rise no more, and others were wounded. So intent had they been on their work of destruction, and at the same time so little fearful of being interrupted, that Mr. Danbridge and those with him, by the help of bushes and trees, or whatever else would cover their approach, had thus fortunately turned their exultation into dismay and confusion. On their way they had been joined by a few stout, determined men, tillers of the soil, who by the labor of their own hands had gained the humble though comfortable homes, which could be seen here and there.

The wild tumult into which the Indians were thrown, was, as Mr. Danbridge thought, sufficient proof that not only their leader had fallen, but that there was no other party near from whom they could expect aid.

There were a number of random shots by the Indians, and a few hatchets thrown in the direction of their assailants, and then, without any attempt to carry off any of the valuable articles they had removed from the house, previous to setting it on fire, they fled, carrying with them their wounded.

"Save my mistress and little Myra," had been whispered by Minda to Pelus, as he passed her with his polished rifle on his shoulder, and his plume of red feathers in his cap, looking, as she thought, very brave and handsome.

"If it can be done I will, or I'll give you leave to call me coward," was his answer.

His first care now was to redeem his promise, but nothing was to be seen of Mrs. Pemberton and her little daughter, or of Tilly. Mr. Danbridge had not forgotten them; and with much anxiety as to their fate, he joined in the search.

"It's my opinion that they made their escape when the savages first came in sight," said one of the men.

"Or they might have hid away somewhere in the house, and perished in the flames," remarked another.

"Which, after all, horrible as even the thought of it is, would be better than to be carried off captive, and be tortured to death, as some of the prisoners are," said the first speaker.

At that moment, some one, just discernible through the cloud of smoke wafted in that direction, from the still burning timbers of the house, seemed in a hesitating manner to be moving towards them.

"It's one of the red-skins lurking round and watching us," said one, and he raised his rifle to fire.

"No no," exclaimed Juba, "it be Tilly. My eyes is sharp enough to see his great white teef troo de smoke, which be a sign that Missus Pemberton, and 'specially de lectlo one he sot sech great store by, is come to no harm; 'cause he wouldn't grin so ef de sabages had killed 'em."

Juba was right. By this time Tilly had arrived so near that there could no longer be any doubt as to his identity.

In answer to the inquiries of Mr. Danbridge, the others ceasing their clamorous questions when they heard him speak, Tilly said that half an hour after he left Minda, he saw an Indian near the edge of the woods, and thinking there must be more, run home with all possible speed. He arrived in season for Mrs. Pemberton to reach a place of safety, carrying the child in his arms, before the Indians came in sight.

An hour later, Mrs. Pemberton and Myra, a lovely child between three and four years old, were welcomed to the home-circle at the Danbridge Plantation.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL OF TWO GUESTS.

PASSING over an interval of fourteen years, brings us to the period made memorable by the French and Indian war. As far as Mr. Danbridge was concerned, or the members of his household, this intermediate time was marked with but few changes. One of these few was the decease of Mrs. Pemberton; who, after the burning of her dwelling, had, with her daughter, at the earnest invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, continued to reside with them. Myra was ten years old when her mother died; Mr. Danbridge having long before that event been appointed the child's guardian by Mrs. Pemberton's request.

It was the last of June, and the heat had been oppressive during the day; but now the sun was low in the west, and a cool, refreshing breeze had sprung up, and drifted in at the doors and windows of the apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge were sitting.

"It is now more than nineteen years since I left England," said Mr. Danbridge, laying aside a book he had been reading.

"Your son at that time was a year old," remarked his wife.

"Yes, and I sometimes regret, poor as the opportunities for education are in this country compared with those in England, that I hadn't sent or gone for him myself, when I had fully made up my mind to reside here."

"I wish you had. I have always had some misgivings about that Braxon, and have sometimes doubted whether he was exactly the person to be the tutor of a boy who was beyond the reach of parental control."

"And there was a time, you know, when I distrusted him."

"You mean when he wrote to you relative to the allowance for Percy's expenses?"

"Yes, but subsequently he made the matter all fair and plain. He has always been a punctual correspondent, and has never failed to enter into all those minute details, which, as he rightly judged, would be so satisfactory to me."

"And Percy has never failed to write regularly."

"Never. Well, if I have done wrong in placing too much confidence in Braxon, it may not yet be too late to remedy the evil. Let me see; if my last letter was received at the time it should have been, we may begin to look for them in about a week."

"You expect Braxon to accompany your son?"

"Yes; Percy wrote that he should like to have him, as you may recollect, and so, I suppose, it was arranged accordingly."

He turned his head towards a window as he spoke, and the grave, almost troubled look, which, unconsciously to himself, had overspread his countenance while speaking of his son, at once vanished, giving place to a bright, luminous smile.

"Look, Emily," said he, to his wife. "Can you imagine anything more spirited and beautiful?"

Her eyes followed the direction of his.

"I knew that it must be Myra you saw, returning from her ride," said she; "for I have often thought that, although her features are not regularly beautiful, she was the most lovely girl I ever saw. There is something about her—I hardly know what—absolutely enchanting."

"The charm is heightened, no doubt," said Mr. Danbridge, "by her being perfectly unconscious of the attractions so lavishly bestowed."

"And then she is so good," remarked his wife, with animation.

No one, who at this moment could have seen Myra Pemberton, would have thought that their admiration, at least as far as external attractions went, was exaggerated. She was riding towards the house with that abandon and careless grace which showed that she was an accomplished horse-woman. Her habit of a dark, lively green, was well fitted to her form of exquisite symmetry, and swept down in graceful folds over the slight-limbed, spirited animal she rode. Her riding-cap with its wavy plumes were of the same color as her habit, and made brighter by contrast the rich vermilion of her cheeks, which glowed through the brown curls, that the fresh breeze was doing its best to blow into tangles.

As she approached nearer it could be seen that the red, moist lips were just full enough to admit of being moulded into that form which gives to the countenance a peculiar sweetness, and in which, perhaps, more than in any other feature, the witchery lay, which Mrs. Danbridge a few minutes previously had declared herself unable to describe. In short, she realized the perfection of sweet, careless girlhood, though careless only as respected herself; for in her heart there was a deep fountain of tenderness and sensibility, whose waters were readily stirred by another's sorrow.

"She is already a daughter to us by the ties of affection," said Mr. Danbridge; "and if Percy should prove worthy of her, I cannot but hope she may some day be really so."

"There can be no fear on that score," replied his wife, "if the son resembles the father. It is no longer ago than yesterday, that as Candace Atherly was bantering her about young Belford, she turned to me and said she never intended to marry, unless she should be so fortunate as to meet with some one as good and noble-hearted as I did. I could not help thinking that when she made this remark, Percy was in her mind."

By this time Myra had arrived near the house, and without waiting for the assistance of Juba, her chosen attendant whenever she rode, and who was hastening to dismount for the purpose of rendering it, she slid from her horse, at the same moment, with a graceful adroitness, gathering up the long skirt of her habit.

An hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, with Myra and Candace Atherly, a young lady who was often their guest for several weeks at a time, were about to seat themselves at the table spread ready for supper. They were prevented by the entrance of Juba, who had been deputed by his master, as was not uncommon at that period among the generous and hospitable proprietors of extensive landed estates in the Old Dominion, to look out for travellers as day was drawing to a close, and invite them to pass the night, and partake of the liberal entertainment at all times provided.

"Well, Juba?" inquired Mr. Danbridge.

"Two young men dat look like ossifers, be waitin' in de road," was the boy's answer.

"Waiting in the road? Why didn't they come to the house? I suspect you forgot to do as I told you," said Mr. Danbridge, with a good deal of warmth.

"No, Massa Danbridge, I didn't forget. I tell 'em how you didn't like to hab de gentlefolks pass by an' not call, when night was comin on, 'specially when dar might be Indians about, and no tavern near."

"And what did they say then?"

"Dey speak two t'ree words 'tween 'emselves, and den dey 'quire where Cap'n Mercer live. I tell 'em I didn't know, but would go an' ask you, 'cause you know'd eb'rybody."

"You should have said this in the first place," said Mr. Danbridge, putting on his hat. "They couldn't reach Captain Mercer's till after midnight, let them do their best. I shall be back in a few minutes and bring the gentlemen with me," he added, as he left the room.

"I hope he will be as good as his word," said Myra Pemberton; "it is so long since anybody has been here."

"Two whole days," said Candace Atherly, who was amusing herself by offering a magpie a piece of bread through the bars of its cage, and then withdrawing it the moment the bird attempted to seize it. "Your lonely life certainly renders you an object of compassion."

"Two whole weeks you mean, Candace," said Myra, earnestly.

"I stand corrected. I forgot when I spoke, that my brother, who left here two days since, is unworthy Miss Pemberton's notice."

"How can you say so, Candace? You know that I think no one beneath my notice. Your brother is here so often that he seems like one of the family."

"If he does seem so, you dislike him—you can't deny that you do."

"I always treat him well."

Candace was about to make some angry response, when Mrs. Danbridge interfered.

"Come, girls," said she, "all this is very foolish, to say the least. Nothing is a greater enemy to peace of mind than petty jealousies. Myra, as she says, always treats your brother well. Let him be content to be considered merely in the light of a friend, and cease teasing her to accept him as a lover, and I dare say you will find nothing to complain of."

Candace bit her lips till the blood almost started beneath the pressure of teeth glitteringly white; while her eyes, intensely black, appeared to be literally glowing with a fiery heat. And yet her answer to Mrs. Danbridge was soft and smooth.

"You are right, my dear madam," said she. "I shall think of what you have said, and endeavor to profit by it."

Mrs. Danbridge had no time to note the wide contrast between her looks and the humility which she succeeded in throwing into her voice, as she replied in phrase at once so hypocritical, for the steps of Mr. Danbridge and the two travellers, whom he had persuaded to accept his hospitality, were even then at the door.

The anger of Candace, for the time being, was lost in curiosity, largely mingled with surprise, at their entrance. This last feeling was fully shared by Mrs. Danbridge and Myra, for the younger of the two travellers bore so marked a resemblance to Mr. Danbridge, that it could not have escaped the eye of the most casual observer.

His figure, finely developed, resembled in all respects that of Mr. Danbridge, except that there was still a lack of that compactness, which a greater number of years than he had yet seen could alone give. Nor did the resemblance end here. His finely cut features wore the same frank and open expression, and indicated a similar firmness and decision of character. His hair, black and glossy, fell in the same rich, wavy masses round his broad, white forehead, and his skin, through which glowed the free and healthful currents, coursing through his veins, was the same dark, almost olive hue.

"It must be Percy," said Mrs. Danbridge to Myra, who stood close by her side.

"Yes, it must be," replied Myra, in the same low voice, while her heightened color showed her agitation.

So completely had their attention been absorbed by the younger traveller, that they had scarce noticed his companion, who was a fine, soldierly looking man, who could not have been less than a dozen years his senior.

Mr. Danbridge now presented the last named gentleman to his wife and the two young ladies, as Ensign Clayton, and then, in the same quiet manner, which showed his utter unconsciousness of the striking resemblance he bore to himself, he introduced the other as Mr. Anvers, a young gentleman from New England, who, by the influence of Captain Mercer, a friend of his father, had been appointed lieutenant in an expedition then in contemplation against the Indians.

Mrs. Danbridge was disconcerted by an announcement so different from what she had anticipated, and welcomed their young guest with evident embarrassment. She, however, soon succeeded in getting the better of this feeling, and so well seconded her husband's genial hospitality, as to make the two strangers feel quite at home.

Though Anvers was not bashful, he was, as became his youth, modest and unassuming; so much so, that it required some skill and tact on the part of his entertainers "to draw him out." When they had succeeded in this, it soon became apparent that his mental as well as physical training had been carefully attended to. Young as he was, it was found in the course of conversation that he had already had some military experience; while, as was afterwards attested by Mr. Clayton, his quick eye, unerring rifle, and power of endurance, showed that it had been to some purpose.

When, at a late hour, they separated for the night, it was with sentiments of mutual esteem

and good will, which subsequently required little fostering to ripen into a regard, which, without exaggeration, might have been termed parental on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, and on his, an affection which stopped but little short of the filial love he had ever bestowed on his reputed parents, and who were really so, for aught he knew to the contrary.

Nor can it be supposed that so lovely a being as Myra Pemberton, and one like Anvers, rich in personal attractions, and in all good and noble qualities, to say nothing of those, which in accordance with the exigences of the times, took a strong hold on popular favor, could be thrown together for even a few brief hours, without regarding each other with sentiments far removed from indifference.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Danbridge, involuntarily giving voice to what was passing in her mind, after the young ladies and the guests had withdrawn.

"What is strange?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

"I was thinking of the almost perfect resemblance which this young Anvers bears to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. Were you not conscious of it?"

"Well, I did once or twice think that his face was not unlike the one I sometimes see in the looking-glass."

"Not only his face, but his form is like yours. Your voices are alike too. Before you introduced him I thought it was your son. I was never more disappointed in my life than when I found I was mistaken."

"Any person would have reason to be proud of a son like him. I can ask nothing better for Percy than that he may be like him."

"Neither can I. Didn't I hear him promise you that he would remain with us a few days?"

"Yes,—when I found it wasn't necessary for him to join his regiment for a week or ten days, I succeeded in persuading him into the belief, that it would be as well for him to pass the intermediate time here as elsewhere."

"Percy may come before he leaves."

"Yes, he may. I regret more and more that when I left England I suffered him to remain."

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

the

THE splendor which a golden sunset had spread over the western sky, was fast yielding to the gloom of night, when two travellers drew up their weary horses in front of a log house. It was of the better class, and stood near the margin of a sparkling stream, tributary to one of the larger rivers emptying into Chesapeake Bay. They were Englishmen, and had recently come to America in one of the vessels employed by the British for the transportation of troops to aid the colonies in their war with the French and their Indian allies.

One of the travellers had passed the meridian of life by half a score of years. His face, of that firm texture which gives depth and decision to the furrows stamped by time, care or passion, was longer, less massive, and with none of the ruddiness common to the genuine Saxon type. So far from it, that when seen in profile, there was even what might have been called a gipsy cast to his physiognomy. The extremely light color of his eyes, however, as they gleamed from beneath their thick, overhanging brows, conflicted with the impression thus produced, and at the same time excited surprise, that orbs so colorless should emit such keen and fiery glances.

But his mouth, more than any other feature, was the true exponent of his character. It was expressive of sagacity, determination and courage, such as when joined to energy and perseverance, seldom fail to accomplish a favorite purpose. As to the means employed, one permitted to share his confidence would have found that he was not over-scrupulous. That he was crafty, might have been seen in various ways; even by the manner his head was set on his shoulders.

His fellow-traveller was much younger than he was, being, apparently, not more than twenty. There was little in his appearance to attract attention. Taking it all in all, it was decidedly commonplace. With little or no manifestation of the shrewdness, energy and other qualities which gave character to the countenance of his associate, there was yet a certain general resemblance between the two, though of a nature so vague and shadowy, as hardly to admit of description. In short, he was one of those, who,

with cautious and skillful management, could for the most part be held in complete, not to say abject control, by a will strong and energetic as that possessed by his companion. Not that in certain cases, he was destitute of a full measure of obstinacy; but weak, indolent and supine, he was willing not only to have some one to lean on, but to point out the course he was to pursue. Joseph Price and his wife were well pleased with the opportunity afforded by the arrival of the travellers, to exercise their hospitality, and to indulge in those social qualities, which, owing to their lonely and secluded situation, they could seldom gratify.

This was made apparent by the warmth and heartiness with which they were welcomed. Even the servant, on whom devolved the duty of stabling the horses, evinced an alacrity in the performance of his task, which showed that any incident which broke the monotony of the daily routine, was hailed with delight.

Mrs. Price was a little disappointed, when, on their entrance, she obtained a distinct view of the elder stranger, for she felt that he possessed few of those genial qualities, by means of which the true gentleman, without compromising his dignity, diffuses light and warmth through the social circle. She availed herself of the first opportunity to communicate this impression to her husband.

"He is one of those upstart gentry," said she, "that delight in putting down those they think beneath them still lower than they are. The evening's enjoyment I promised myself when I saw him and the other one ride up to the door will turn out to be a poor affair after all, I'm afraid."

"Never mind, Margaret," he replied; "he nor the youngster will hardly be so uncivil as to be rude to us beneath our own roof."

"At any rate he'll be close-mouthed," said she. "I don't believe he will tell us a single word of what is going on in the world."

To her surprise, she found that she was mistaken. The moment her husband re-entered the room, he commenced making various remarks and inquiries relative to the country and the war in which the colonies were engaged, and finally asked if a gentleman by the name of Danbridge lived near.

"The only gentleman I ever heard of by that name," replied Price, "lives over fifty miles from here."

"So far as that? Does he you refer to own a large plantation?"

"Yes, he's one of the greatest landholders in Virginia; and what is better than that, for it has gained him the respect and good will of everybody, far and near, he is one of the most upright, noble-hearted gentlemen in the country."

"What kind of a road is there between here and where he lives?"

"Nothing but a horse-path part of the way, and not very good at that."

"Is there any danger to be apprehended from the Indians?"

"There's reason to fear that there is; but if you have an idea of going there, and they should molest you, the best thing I can think of for you to say to them is, that you are on your way to the plantation of Mr. Danbridge, and—as I take it for granted you are—that you are his friend."

"Certainly, certainly; of course I am his friend; while this young gentleman is something more. He is Mr. Danbridge's son."

"His son? It must be the one, Margaret," said Price, turning to his wife, "that I've heard you say was in England to be educated."

"The same," said the stranger, speaking so quickly that she had no time to answer. "I was his tutor."

"Then your name must be Braxon," said Mrs. Price. "Before I was married I used to live near Mr. Danbridge's plantation, and often heard you mentioned."

"Yes, Braxon is my name. Mr. Danbridge has a second wife I believe—a lady he found in this country."

"He has. It is now more than a dozen years since he was married."

"But this young gentleman still continues to be an only son, does he not?"

"Yes, an only child."

"He has an adopted daughter, however."

"No."

"I've been told so since I arrived in America. It's a mistake. Miss Myra Pemberton, the rich heiress, must be the young lady referred to. Mr. Danbridge is her guardian. She has been in his family ever since she was a little child."

"A rich heiress, did you say?"

"Yes, a fortune fell to her mother very unexpectedly a few years before she died."

Braxon's face on hearing this lighted up, and he cast a sidelong glance at his companion, whom, for the sake of convenience, it will for the present be necessary to designate by the

name of Percy Danbridge. Braxon was about to inquire farther respecting her, when a large, tall woman glided in at the door, which had been left ajar, and without speaking, took a seat among the shadows which had gathered in a remote corner of the room, and which the light of the one dim candle burning on the table could not penetrate. Mrs. Price invited her to lay aside her cloak, but she declined, and appeared to be careful to keep it so arranged as to muffle the lower part of her face. In half an hour supper was ready, and Mrs. Price invited her to take a seat at the table, which was spread in an adjoining apartment.

"No," she replied; "I dined late, and have no need of food—only of rest."

"You are a stranger in these parts?"

"I am. Can I remain here to-night?"

of whom they saw nothing more after supper, had been gone full three hours.

It was near mid-day, and the heat was beginning to be oppressive, when they alighted from their horses, and seated themselves in the shade of a wide-spreading oak which grew by the wayside. They had turned their horses loose that they might crop the grass, of which there was an abundance, and were partaking of some refreshment, with which they had provided themselves, when they were startled by a voice behind them.

"I'm here before you, Hamish Braxon, if I did have to come afoot."

Had Braxon been stung by a poisonous reptile he could not have recoiled more suddenly. The next moment he had risen to his feet, and stood face to face with the person who had spoken. It was the same woman who had en-

"You might have spared yourself the trouble."

"And you are of the same mind?" said she, turning to Danbridge.

"I think you might as well have staid where you were; but it is all one with me," was his answer.

"You may be mistaken about that. Were I so minded, I could whisper a few words in your ear that would rouse you from your indifference."

"Why don't you then? I am willing to hear whatever you have to say."

"When it suits my purpose you shall know."

Here Braxon interposed.

"Do you know what you're saying?" said he, sharply.

"I never speak without knowing, and I know when to stop without your checking me. The time is past, Hamish Braxon, for—"

"Please remember that my name is Robert."

"Hamish is the name your father gave you, and I shall call you by it when it suits me. As I was saying, the time is past for me to tremble and cringe, when I see the red fire-spark in your eye. Your ascendancy over me has long been at an end. I've got the weather-gage of you, and shall either take him into confidence, or be paid for my silence."

"You have lost your senses I believe."

"No, I think not."

"Step this way."

As he spoke, he seized her by the arm so suddenly that involuntarily she yielded to the impulse of his hand. It was only for a moment. She freed herself from his grasp with a look of mingled scorn and loathing, and she rapidly proceeded to a spot, at such a distance from the oak that what they said could not be overheard.

"Danbridge," said Braxon, looking back to where the young man stood, regarding them with a look such as showed that he was somewhat roused from his almost habitual apathy; "Danbridge," said he, "remain where you are and be patient. All this shall be explained to you at a proper time."

"Which means," said Danbridge, muttering to himself, "that you intend to mystify me still more deeply. No matter,—he has my true interest at heart, or rather his own, which is the same thing to me, if I am right in thinking that his and mine are so woven together that the welfare or ruin of one, will involve the same to the other."

"Well, Hamish," said Sybil Finchley, "what are you going to deal out now—promises or threats?"

"I simply wish you to listen to reason."

"Better listen to it yourself."

"I believe that I'm not in the habit of letting passion or caprice influence me. I can boast of having a cool head, at any rate."

"Yes, and a colder heart. For all that, your perceptions are less keen and clear sometimes than you may imagine. Now that lad who stands yonder, hides a good deal of curiosity under an appearance of indifference—so much, that it may some day prove troublesome to you."

"Yes, I know he has curiosity, when you are by to excite it."

"It was excited without my interference—how, I don't know—long before you left England. Now take my advice; let him know all. It will bind him to your interests more strongly than anything else."

"I will have nothing to do with your advice. I've been disturbed and perplexed enough by you. I wasn't such a fool, even twenty years ago, not to foresee the trouble it would bring upon me by your getting possession of a secret, which, if it so pleased you, you could turn to my harm."

"'Twas none of my seeking. You should have made yourself certain that no one was within ear-shot, when you undertook to tempt my brother to crime."

"Undertook and succeeded."

"Don't be too certain. But go your own gait, Hamish Braxon, and I will go mine. I will, however, warn you that I've a secret that will prove worth your while to pay for, and that at a high rate."

"Do you think I'm made of gold?"

She threw out her hand towards Danbridge, who was reclining in a lounging attitude under the oak.

"Do you suppose me such a simpleton as to think I don't know that you mean to make him your banker?" said she.

"He will have nothing, only what Mr. Danbridge pleases to give him."

"And that will be no niggardly allowance."

"It remains to be proved."

"Yes, and I shall take good care to know the result. So don't attempt to deceive me. If you do, you may repent when it is too late." Saying thus, she turned to leave him.



THE CASTLE OF SEGOVIA, SPAIN.

"Certainly, if you can put up with our accommodations, which will be poor, for the two gentlemen mean to stay, I expect."

"Fatigue will make sleep sweeter than a soft bed. In the morning I shall rise with the lark, and be off."

"Does that woman live anywhere near?" asked Braxon, when Mrs. Price entered the room where supper was served.

"No, she is a stranger."

"If I didn't know that it couldn't be so, I would say that I had heard that voice before to-night," said Braxon.

"So would I," said Percy; "and I know where I heard it too."

"One like it, you mean," said Braxon, with a look evidently meant to put a stop to the subject.

It was somewhat later in the morning than Braxon intended it should be, when he and Danbridge resumed their journey, and the woman,

tered the domicile of Price, and who had carefully kept in the obscure corner to prevent being recognized.

"You don't seem glad to see me," said she, before Braxon had so far got the better of his astonishment as to be capable of speaking.

"I wasn't expecting to see you," he replied.

"I supposed you safe in Old England."

"I would have laid a wager of a hundred guineas last night, when we were at Price's, that that was Sib Finchley's voice," said Percy.

"You thought to slip through my fingers," said she, without paying any attention to the young man's remark. "You are cunning, but I'm a match for you any day. The vessel I came in was a better sailer than yours, and I arrived three days before you. I saw you when you landed, watched your movements, and finding that you were going to set out for the rich planter's, thought I would travel the same road."

"Stay," said he. "That secret you value at so high a rate—what is it?"

"It is one that I can keep."

"As you please; but I shan't pay for your silence, unless I know it can benefit me."

"The real Percy Danbridge is not dead."

"You are certain of it?"

"As certain as I am that he who for nineteen years has been called by his name, is at this moment sitting under yonder tree."

"Your brother dared to deceive me, then?"

"He did. He was bad enough, and hard-hearted enough; but thank heaven, he wasn't like his cold-blooded tempter. He had a few drops of humanity in his heart."

"Where is he now?"

"My brother?"

"No, young Danbridge."

"I don't know."

"You can, at least, tell me whether he is in this country or Old England."

"If I pleased I could; but I shall answer no questions concerning him. If you find him, it will be without my aid."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CASTLE OF SEGOVIA.

There is not probably in the world a more picturesque structure than the Alcazar, or Castle of Segovia, Spain, so faithfully delineated on the preceding page. The projecting turrets, the recesses and archways, catching light and flinging shadows, the bold height and massive dimensions of the fortress, combine to fill the eye of the spectator, and thrill his bosom with delight. It rises from the summit of an immense rock near the aqueduct, and looks down into a deep ravine, at the foot of which flows the narrow and winding river Eresma. Its history is deeply interesting. It was first founded by Alphonse the Wise, who lived within its walls, and to whom by far the greater part is attributed, though it underwent many changes during the turbulent reign of Juan II. Later still it passed through the hands of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, who, though undoubtedly a man of great genius, still had, like Michael Angelo, a profound disdain for the works of his predecessors, and never troubled himself to preserve the original idea of any buildings with whose restoration he was entrusted. This unfortunate egotism shows itself particularly in the courtyard, the balconies, and, above all, in the grand staircase; but, fortunately, the beautiful spiral staircase which leads to the donjon remained uninjured, and under the first few steps was discovered a heap of broken, but very curious, arms of great antiquity. The Alcazar was put into splendid repair between the years 1452 and 1458, by Henrique the Fourth, who lived in it and kept his treasures there. At his death, André de Cabrera, the governor, and who had proved himself, at a very early period, a friend to Isabella, possessed the fortress, and was in consequence most influential in contributing to her accession. The latter issued from it in state on the 1st of December, 1474, and was then proclaimed Queen of Castile. In 1476, the population of Segovia rose up against Cabrera, when the queen rode out dauntlessly into the midst of the insurgents, and immediately reduced them, by her presence of mind and her majestic bearing, to silence and submission. Charles was pleased with the resistance made by the Alcazar against the *Comuneros*, in 1520, kept it up in a befitting manner, and his son, Philip II., had the saloons redecored. The Alcazar was given up to the crown, in 1764, by the hereditary Alcaide, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had given Charles the First of England so hospitable a welcome in it.

The interior of the Castle of Segovia is in perfect accordance with the magnificence of its exterior. Many apartments are decorated with delicate traceries and pendant ornaments, in the style of the Alhambra, and, like those of the Alcazar of Seville, were executed by Arabian workmen during the Christian dominion of the fourteenth century, for in many places the crowns of the kings of Castile may be seen, surrounded by Latin mottoes and extracts from the Koran. The most remarkable apartments are the chamber of Alphonso XI., and the portrait gallery, so called from a series of figures carved in wood and painted, representing the kings and heroes of Castile and Leon, from the time of the Goths to Juanna the Mad. These figures are fifty-two in number. In the first story a small room is shown, perhaps less richly decorated, but not less elegant, than the others, where a tragic circum-

stance is said to have taken place in 1326. As the story goes, a lady of the court of Henry III., having approached the balcony with the infant Don Pedro in her arms, accidentally let him fall, and he was dashed to pieces, many hundred feet below, on the rocks of the river Eresma. According to some historians, the unfortunate lady precipitated herself from the same window; others state that Henry III. ordered her to be executed. However this may have been, a monument in the chapel records the unfortunate accident, and represents the child holding a naked sword in his hand—certainly a singular kind of plaything for an infant, if it does not refer to the fate of the unhappy cause of his death. The chapel also contains an "Adoration," executed in a masterly style by Bartolomeo Carducho.

It is only a few years since that the Castle of Segovia has been used as a military school. After having served for a long time as a royal residence, it became, under the house of Austria, a state prison, and was used for that purpose up to the convention of Bergara. The side which

servant, and after turning Catholic, then Protestant, and afterwards again Catholic, he embraced the Mohammedan creed, and became a pasha and generalissimo of the Emperor of Morocco's troops. He found it impossible, however, unscrupulous and skilled in every wile and artifice as he was, to preserve his dignities and good fortune to the end, for at Tangiers a miserable hovel is shown, where he is said to have died in almost positive want, at a great age, having devoted his last years to the cultivation of plants and flowers.

On the 7th of June, —, General Frere entered Segovia, and, though he met with no resistance whatever, ordered it to be sacked. Its prosperity was then entirely dependent on its wool, but the flocks were soon consumed by a ravenous French soldiery; and at present it only possesses a few poor cloth manufactories in the suburb of San Lorenzo. An attempt was made in 1829, to introduce some improved machinery, but it was destroyed by the hand-loom weavers. The manufactures of Segovia are used by the

to discover a comfortable conveyance across the snows of Guadarrama, which separate it from Madrid, would be quite fruitless. During three months of the year, it seems, like many Alpine animals, to exist in a lethargic sleep. Segovia lives within itself among its mountains, perfectly indifferent to the political and social convulsions which agitate the rest of the peninsula. Far different is it in summer, when the town is all life and brilliancy. That is the time to study the remains of antiquity which Segovia jealously preserves within itself against the attacks of men, who are more destructive than even time.

Generally speaking, Segovia is very cold, as it is above three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The population which, at one time, exceeded thirty thousand, does not now amount to nine thousand. It was the favorite town of the Romans, who built the noble aqueduct which the Spaniards have now strangely called the "Bridge of Segovia." It is an almost Cyclopean work, constructed of enormous masses of dark gray granite, joined together without any cement, and is at the present time about thirty feet in height at *Azoquejo*.

We say at the present time, as the sand which has accumulated at its base takes much from its real elevation. Not a blade of grass has sprung from the interstices of the stones, and their sombre color adds much to the grandeur of the structure. It has always been a vexed and disputed point among antiquaries whether it was Adrian or Vespasian who constructed this aqueduct; and no inscription has ever been found which could throw the smallest light on this very obscure subject. We will not enter into the merits of the two hypotheses; it would be neither an interesting nor a profitable investigation; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning that through it a small river, the Rio Erio, flows to Segovia, and near the convent of San Gabriel, over that portion of the structure which is called the "Bridge," consisting of 320 arches, of which 35 were restored during the reign of Isabella the Catholic. It is only at deep valleys, as at the *Azoquejo*, that these arches are found, since on the hill side the water flows through a simple channel of stone. This structure has the advantage over many other antiquities of being now as useful as it was the first day it was finished; and will probably endure for ages to come if it is able to resist the pernicious influence of the adjoining houses, many of which are of the period of Henry III., and much admired for their Gothic fronts. At the back of these houses, the piers supporting the aqueduct have been undermined to form cellars and store-rooms, and in other places the water has been conducted over the side by small canals to the gardens and fields on either hand, at the risk of seriously injuring the foundations by the continued dripping and moisture of the water. But in Spain such trifles are never considered worthy of a thought. The streets of Segovia are filled with fragments of antique sculpture, probably dating from the time of the Lower Empire.

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

The charming picture on this page has been accurately reduced from a large engraving, after a celebrated painting by Sir Edward Landseer. The three figures, the little girl, the pet fawn, and the pet kitten, are very happily rendered, and the whole composition is graceful and masterly.

The fawn is at perfect liberty, dragging the ribbon which adorns rather than fetters him, and smells at the cake offered by the child, with a sort of disdainful air, as if it was rather a favor to his mistress to eat it. The cat, with the playfulness of her age, sports with the animal's ribbon. We cannot give too great an encouragement to the relations of children with domestic animals, those "humble inferiors," as a distinguished writer styles them. It affords a sort of apprenticeship of protection and fraternity, an exercise of benevolence which creates good habits. Gentleness to animals whose lives depend on ours, which have a place in our household, animating its daily routine, is at once just, kind and generous. We thus learn patience, affection, gratitude; entrusted with the happiness of living beings we are initiated into the great responsibility which will press on a more advanced age, when we are entrusted with the happiness of our fellows. Domestic animals are the last link in the family chain by which we ascend to domestic duties and joys, which in turn conduct to the public joys and duties that fill up existence.



HOUSEHOLD PETS.

overlooks the town is pierced with narrow-grated loopholes, which give but little light and air, and no view but that of a small portion of the sky. In the donjon several built-up cells are shown, and the dark mouths of many dungeons, which have never been fully explored.

Although this was a prison, it occasionally happened that those who were so unfortunate as to be placed within its walls were treated more as princes than prisoners; as in the case of the Duke de Ripperda, the descendant of a Dutch family, but a naturalized Spaniard, and the prime minister of Philip V., who having by his intrigues fallen into disgrace with his royal master, had the most sumptuous apartments of the Alcazar assigned to him as his prison, with a monthly allowance of three hundred doubloons, at that time considered an enormous sum. Notwithstanding all this, such is the love of liberty in the human heart, that, dissatisfied with this undeserved generosity towards him, the wily minister succeeded in effecting his escape from one of the balconies of the Alcazar with the aid of a young woman of Segovia, and his French

poor only, for the rich import their stuffs of good quality from abroad. And yet this is a city of that Spain which boasts of possessing the order of the Golden Fleece! She seems, however, to forget that this order was instituted by the Duke of Burgundy, as a mark of his preference for his substantial, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over a feudal nobility that represented naught but ignorance, pride, poverty, and idleness.

The city of Segovia, of which the castle is the grand feature, is built in a most delightful situation among the mountains, and as ancient as Burgos, Salamanca, or Valladolid, which have the poetic assurance of having been founded by Hercules. It has suffered less from foreign invasions or civil war than either of its Castilian sisters. Although warlike when occasion offered, it has never striven to rival its neighbors either in power or dominion. Even at the present day, little attention is directed towards it, although merited on more than one account. Though connected with the Spanish capital by two roads, it makes no attempt to extend the circle of its external relations; and in the winter any attempt

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

On starry wings, hope's angel-herald flying,
Proclaims the advent of the glad New Year,
And from afar, the Old Year, pale and dying,
Hugs his white shroud and totters to his bier.
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the glad New Year,
Who springs to his throne with a shout and a cheer;
Whose brow is bright
With a rosy light,
Whose sceptre is a talisman,
With joy irradiate;
Crowned with a wreath of purple vine,
With faith divine,
And health elate!
Bells are ringing, hope upspringing,
Flasheth fast and free,
Gladness flinging, hearts are singing
New Year's jubilee!
Behold the broad river in joyous display,
Like shadows the skaters whirr wildly away!
Bright faces uplifted
Bloom everywhere,
As angels had sifted
The sunshine there
And amid their hair,
All light and music and all life and motion!
Enchanting spell of beauty and of bliss
Oo life's charmed ocean.
And old earth sends up from her happy heart
A prayer of praise,
And a shout of joy,
From the laughing boy at the bonfire's blaze,
And even old age,
With his face so sage,
Writ over with lines like an ancient page,
Grows red, as in youth, with the bonny rays;
And the voices in the sky
Now are low and now are high,
But, high or low, are happy as the day is long.
Little tongues in music lift,
With a glad "my New Year's gift!"
And "A happy, happy New Year!" is the burden of the song.
May this year, so bright in youth,
Still unfold in peace and truth;
And that right vanquish might let us over preach and pray.
God be with thee, reader dear,
May you find the glad New Year
Ever bright and always happy as her first auspicious day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Tragedy of Rachel Gove's Life.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Is it possible you have never heard of Rachel Gove, Maggie?"

"Not only possible, but quite true. Tell me about her."

"Well. The story is not a long one. Sit down here beside me on the turf, and I will tell it."

We were off on an afternoon ramble—my sweet blue-eyed friend, Annie Chester, and myself. It was one of the loveliest days of the Indian summer—soft, golden and bland. We had wandered miles away from the village, and were standing in the heart of a picturesque wooded valley, which, gaudy with its autumn drapery of scarlet and gold, sloped away on either side of a quiet stream, that glided along, dividing the vale into halves, like a winding blade of blue steel. It was a desolate, lonely spot, in spite of the gay verdure, the dimpling water, and the mellow October sunshine which sifted down through the rainbow-like foliage, like a mist of rarefied gold. A low brown cottage, half fallen into ruins, stood by the brook—so near that one side of its dilapidated roof leaned over and scowled at its mirrored counterpart in the water. Before its stained and battered door, a mountain-ash tree lifted its boughs, heavy with clusters of scarlet berries. The autumn wind had heaped up mounds of decaying leaves in the narrow doorway, and the autumn sun crimsoned the few straggling vines of ivy which festooned the broken window, till they looked like climbing tongues of flame. It was a strange place to choose for a human habitation, albeit a singularly beautiful one; and looking about me, I was disturbed by a curious fancy, a feeling as if only a world-weary, perhaps a world-hating and misanthropic spirit could have selected such a place for its home; as if these blood-red ladders of ivy curtained rooms in which a human heart had bled and broken, a human spirit wailed itself to death. I mentioned my involuntary thought to my companion, telling her that the wild mournfulness of the spot was turning my brain, and urging her laughingly to return home with me.

She answered my gayety with a smile, and an exclamation which led to the conversation recorded above; and then, drawing me down to

a seat beside her on the soft turf, pushing her gipsy hat back from her forehead, till its broad blue ribbons mingled with the brown of her floating hair, while the sunlight drifted over her reclining figure, and mottled with specks of gold the white arms she had crossed upon my knee, she told me the sad story of Rachel Gove.

"She was a hard, cruel, bitter woman, Maggie, as I first remember her; hard, and cruel, and bitter, as women seldom are. Her neighbors shunned her with an instinctive dread, and little children fled from her presence with white faces and trembling hearts. People named her 'crazy Rachel,' and this was her home. I can call back very distinctly, her singular face—pale, cold and inexpressibly haughty. Her thin, almost colorless lips had a frozen look, as if no genial human smile had ever rippled across their rigid outlines, no tender human kiss ever warmed them into redness. Her large, dark gray eyes were brilliant with a restless fire—a wrathful, vindictive, passionate light—such a glance of fierce anguish as you might imagine would flash up into the strong, undazzled orbs of a soaring eagle, when the sportsman's arrow has struck, quivering, into its inmost heart. She was very beautiful in her girlhood. I have seen many handsome women in my life, but never one more dazzlingly lovely than Rachel Gove, in her youth."

"But how could you, Annie, who never saw her till she was middle-aged, judge so positively of her appearance before you were born?" I interrupted, with the impatience of a skeptical listener.

"From her portrait. It happened in this way: One spring she was prostrated by a low, nervous fever. Living so far from the village, and dreaded even by the few who resided nearest her, she actually suffered from neglect, receiving none of those little attentions and delicate kindnesses which, as a general thing, neighbors are so ready and willing to bestow upon each other, in times of sickness and distress. My mother, who was a thoroughly kind-hearted woman, entirely incapable of allowing any natural feeling of dislike or prejudice to affect her at such a time, heard of her situation, and many were the quieting cordials, the simple, soothing, medicinal drinks, the cups of amber and crimson jelly that found their way from her store-room to the bedside of the sick woman. These were always accompanied by offers of assistance, which were quietly and sometimes almost disdainfully declined. My brothers had always been chosen for these errands, but one morning when they were both absent, my mother prepared a pitcher of warm, spiced gruel, and tying my little white sun-bonnet upon my head, bade me carry it. How well I remember that delicious May morning. These trees, so flamingly colored now, were green then, and the birds were just beginning to nest among them. All this long meadow was purple with young violets; the dew glittered among them like chains of linked pearls, and over all arched a sky intensely blue. I was too young to feel any of those fears with which the other children of the valley regarded 'crazy Rachel,' but when I unlatched the rickety door, and tiptoed through the narrow, dark, silent hall to the threshold of the invalid's chamber, a feeling of childish terror stole over me. I found her asleep, and with a sensation of relief, set my pitcher down upon the table by her side, and turned to leave the room. But my eyes, which had been riving with all a child's instinctive curiosity, about the dim, shaded apartment, were suddenly caught by a picture upon the wall—a picture which I know now, must have been her portrait. I stopped still and looked at it in delighted wonder. I had seen but few faces then—beside those in my own simple home, and that superbly beautiful countenance was a new and strange revelation to my infant eyes. Had an angel suddenly winged his flight down from the white battlements of heaven and stood transfigured before me, I could not have regarded him with a more admiring surprise. Never shall I forget that pictured face, or the strange contrast between it and the thin, ghastly one lying so white and deathly-looking among the pillows. The full, ripe curve of the scarlet lips; the low white brow, so like the broad, rounded petal of a lily; the cheeks, rose-red and dimpled; the eyes, with that depth of color which you sometimes see in a gray cloud at twilight; the languishing, half-lifted lids, fringed as heavily as those of Oriental women; the luxuriant hair, half braids, half curls, the former wound like a crown of braided gold about her head, and the latter falling through it, and

clinging all about her ivory throat and shoulders, like tendrils and sunshine; the soft, exquisitely moulded—"

"There, that will do in the descriptive line, Annie, dear!" I interrupted again. "Pardon my interruption, but the sun is getting low, and I am anxious to hear your story through before we go. I will believe her everything beautiful. Go on."

"Well, then, Impertinence." My companion pouted with a pretty show of displeasure. "You shall have the dry details and nothing more. As you have doubtless surmised before this time, there is a lover in the story. Her rare beauty won her many admirers, but, strange to say, she was not what most any woman in her circumstances would have been—a coquette. She encouraged no attentions from mere vanity or impulse. Among all her lovers, there was only one whose coming flushed her cheeks and lighted up her glorious eyes. To him she was betrothed, and that she loved him as few natures are capable of loving, with a passion well nigh amounting to idolatry, her blighted life bears witness. And he loved her. Fascinated at first by her exceeding loveliness, and thoroughly won afterwards by the simple purity of her life and character, it was a source of no small exultation to him to carry off the palm of victory before the anxious eyes of all his rivals. Perhaps the pride occasioned by his success, and the unquestioning faith with which she lavished the treasures of her young heart upon him, lessened the prize in his sight, for certain it is he did not value it as a true man should. He was worldly, scheming and ambitious to an extent scarcely dreamed of by himself, and in this fact lay the secret which crushed out every pulse of tenderness and joy from the heart of Rachel Gove."

"It is a story that I need not lengthen out. Rachel's only dowry was her beauty, and for a wealthy bride her lover broke his plighted vows, bartered his manliness, sacrificed his love and his hopes, and wronged as tender a heart as ever beat in a woman's bosom. At first, Rachel would not believe the whispered reports about him; but when at last the fatal truth forced itself upon her, the wild intensity of her anguish was pitiful to behold. She did not pine and fade as gentler women might have done, or rally proudly and recompense her lover's falsity with the womanly disdain it merited. Like one suddenly smitten blind, she groped about, helpless and bewildered, in the night of her unexpected grief. As her love had been intense, so was her sorrow and despair bitter and ungovernable."

"The marriage of her false lover took place on the same week and in the same little church which had been appointed for his wedding with Rachel. The bridal festivities were on a magnificent scale. Night after night the mansion of the bride's father was a scene of splendor and gayety, but many who were present say that Rachel Gove was always there among the guests—the only unbidden and unwelcome one. Sometimes when the dance was at its height, a burst of mocking laughter would ring out above the music, or an invisible hand sweep back the silken folds from the draped windows, and a white, wild-looking face, pressed close against the panes, peer in upon the startled dancers. Every chord of the poor girl's heart had been shattered by the cruel blow, and the sharp agony which followed had unsettled her reason."

"Among the wedding gifts which loaded the bride's table, she found one morning a beautiful floral basket. It looked like a perfect nest of blooms, as it lay there among the costlier offerings, a dainty mixture of wild roses, and moss. The handle was of white satin ribbon knotted in with evergreen, and the cover, starred with crimson and snowy blossoms, was tied down at the corners with streamers of the same. With an exclamation of delight and admiration, and wondering who could have originated a gift at once so novel and so delicate in its design, the bride lifted the beautiful toy, and commenced untying the ribbons which held the cover in place. But the silken knots defied the skill of her eager fingers, and swinging the basket coquettishly upon her braceletted wrist, she held it up to her husband and bade him help her. Bending gallantly on one knee before her, he undid the slender fastenings, and together they took a curious peep inside. With a sudden cry of disgust and fear, the bride tried to shake it from her arm, but it clung to her paralyzed fingers defiantly. It was full of serpents, wriggling and twisting in a loathsome, compact mass. As the young wife recoiled, shuddering, one of them, loosened from

its confinement, glided up her bare white arm and over her shuddering shoulders. She fainted from excess of terror, and not before her husband had read on an enamelled card pinned to the bottom of the basket, these words: 'Rachel Gove curses you both. Her hatred shall breed serpents in your path, so long as you live.'

"She was indeed crazed. None but an insane mind could have planned and executed so singular and so terrible a revenge. And that curse followed them. They moved away from the village, and the next that was heard from them, he had failed in business and was a poor man. He never was himself afterward. Some strange fatality seemed to blight all his plans, and follow on his path with unserving malevolence. He had children born to him, but they all died in infancy. His wife, soured in temper by their misfortune, embittered his life with reproaches and recriminations. Driven by desperation to the wine-cup and the gaming-table, he gradually outgrew, by a life of low debauchery, all sense of shame, all ambition, and all manliness. Finally, impoverished and degraded, broken down in health and spirits, with the first shadows of old age upon him—a city almshouse became his home, and under its roof of charity his wife died, in giving birth to a son—the only one of their children whom an inscrutable Providence saw fit to spare."

"And she—the woman he had wronged—although years restored to her the blessed gift of reason, never outgrew the name of 'crazy Rachel.' Better for her, had she died in her madness, for her returning sanity brought with it only a hardened heart and a bitter hatred toward her race. All tenderness, all joy, all human sympathies seemed dead within her. She had staked everything on that one idolatrous love, and when that failed her, life held nothing more for her. Existence was a dreary blank—a dull, dead, monotonous waste, permeated only by the wretched ambition to revenge her individual suffering by a miserable spite against all the world. For this her neighbors disliked and feared her. For this she isolated herself from all companionship, and brought into this lonely spot the burden of her misanthropic life."

"One night a feeble old man came to her door and asked for admittance. It was a dreary, piercingly cold December evening, following a stormy day. The wind was wailing like a frantic demon, and drifting the white snow in blinding clouds through the air. The old man looked travel-spent and weary, and sunk down seemingly exhausted upon the doorstep, after knocking feebly on the door with his benumbed hands."

"'Who's there, and what do you want?' called Rachel Gove, sourly, in answer to his rap."

"'In Heaven's name, let me in. I am freezing!' was the reply."

"'Not though all the angels in heaven stood by your side,' she responded fiercely. 'I would not lift a finger to save the whole world from freezing.'"

"'But I have travelled all day in the storm without food or rest. I am poor, and old, and faint with weariness. The village is miles away, and I can never reach it to night alive. You will not turn me from your door to perish!'"

"The old man's voice sounded like a tremulous wail, but Rachel Gove's heart was hard and stony. That bitter cry of distress only hardened it the more. In vain he pleaded, expostulated and prayed. She only laughed derisively, and piled wood upon her blazing fire, till the ruddy light from the hearth shot out through the uncurtained windows, and flickering redly upon the snow, mocked the agony of the poor old man who was starving and freezing within sight of its cozy warmth."

"At last when all his prayers proved unavailing, he rose up and tried to move away toward the village; but faint with famine, cold and exhaustion, he could only totter forward a few steps, and then with a long, low, despairing groan, he fell forward helpless upon the snow. And so he crawled back to the inhospitable door, reaching up his bony hands in a pitiful, childish attempt to warm them by the tantalizing light that danced and wavered through the windows. All night long he crouched there, his head drooped forward upon his breast in abject helplessness; and when Rachel Gove opened her door the next morning, a stiff, stark body fell forward at her feet. Even her fierce, hard nature was shocked, and she drew back with an instinctive shudder, but when her glance fell upon the ghastly visage of the dead man, a sudden and terrible pallor

overswept her features. For a moment she stood like one paralyzed, and then with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets, she sprang forward and knelt by his side. A long, wild, sobbing shriek broke from her lips:

"Richard! Richard! O, my God!"

"Then, with frantic haste and supernatural strength, she lifted the attenuated form of the old man in her arms, and carrying it in, laid it upon her bed. She chafed the pallid temples and the icy hands, and strove with delirious caresses to bring back warmth to the frozen lips. She tore open the ragged vest, and laid her hand upon his heart. No faint throb of remaining life pulsated against her palm. But as she withdrew her hand, there clung to it a long, soft tress of fair hair. She held it up to the light, and again that terrible cry of anguish floated out on the clear morning air. How well she remembered the day her lover cut it from among her curls, as a keepsake. All those weary years it had been lying next his heart, and she knew that in spite of change and desertion, the tenderest hours of his life had been true to her. It was a blessed thought even then and there, and for an instant, a smile of ineffable tenderness flashed over the wrinkled face that years of malice and evil passions had robbed of its beauty. O, it was pitiful to see her the next moment, covering those rigid lips with kisses, drawing the stiff arms up about her neck, and shrieking deliriously, as if her heart were forcibly rent in twain by the remorseful cry.

"Dead! O, my God! my God!—and I have murdered him!"

"It was a strange Providence that sent the false lover back to perish at the threshold of the woman he had wronged. The neighbors found her the next day lying insensible by his side, her head pillowed upon his frozen breast, her withered arms wound in a passionate clasp about his neck, her long, gray hair loosened and floating around her like a veil. They thought her dead at first, but God had not so ordered the ending of her sad life. He had work even for her hands to do.

"She lived, but her heart was softened. The Angel of Repentance stole into it, and fanned away with his white wings the fever of hatred and malice that had burned there so many years. She lived, but it was to become the benefactress of the poor, the friend of the needy, the counselor of the erring. She lived, but her life flowed thenceforward in a softer channel. Over the grave of the man she had cursed, Penitence clasped hands with Peace."

"And the boy—the old man's son—what became of him?" I inquired eagerly, as my companion ceased her narrative.

"She took him from the almshouse and toiled night and day to give him an education and a home. She was a mother to him, and by that sweet name he learned to call her, before she died."

"And his name, Annie? Tell it to me."

"He bears the same that his father did before him—Richard Ainslie."

"Richard Ainslie!" I gave a great start of surprise. It was the name of Annie's betrothed lover.

She met my astonished glance with a quiet smile.

"Yes, Maggie, the man whose name I am soon to bear, was the son of a city pauper, and the protegee of a crazy woman. But love overlooks with disdain the accidents of birth and adverse fortune. There is not a better or a truer man on the broad earth, and though the blood of princes flowed in his veins, I could not become his wife with a purer joy or a sincerer pride—my own dear, brave, true-hearted Richard!"

She rose up as she spoke, and looking up into her face so luminous with womanly tenderness, I saw that her violet eyes were full of tears.

TWO LONDON LANDMARKS.

Two old London coffee-houses have lately come under the hammer. The first of these was the Rainbow Tavern, Fleet Street, mentioned by Aubrey, in his *Lives*, as a coffee-house, in the days when coffee-houses first came up. In 1657, its keeper, James Farre, was presented "for selling a liquor called coffee," as a nuisance. It is also referred to in number 16 of the *Spectator*. No buyer was found and it was withdrawn. The same fate attended the offer of "Tom's coffee-house," Cornhill, advertised by Mr. Haines. This place is almost coeval with the Rainbow. A hundred years ago the young merchants of London resorted thither; and Garrick made it his headquarters. The poet Chatterton, in 1776, dated from the house a letter to his sister, stating that his then profession obliged him to frequent places of the best resort.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VESPERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Like the low, sad sound of the wintry sea,
As it booms and breaks on the desert strand,
In the dreary wall on the autumn lea,
When across it sweeps the storm-king's band,
O'er the weary waste of my saddened soul
The mournful tones of an echo roll.
A song which I hear, as I heard of yore,
In the wailing cadence, "no more, no more!"

When the day is done, and the shadows lie
Like ghostly hands on the joyless earth,
When my heart's sole music is a sigh,
And a stranger to that heart is mirth,
O, then do I hear that self-same strain,
Which rises to my breast again;
And, wafted up from memory's shore,
I hear the echo, "no more, no more!"

Alas and alas, O lips of mine,
That ever from you such words should fall!
And alas, that instead of the ruby wine,
I should hold to you a goblet of gall!
Cry "sorrow," poor soul—O heart, be not glad,
O cheerful eyes, look never so sad,
For I count my lost hopes o'er and o'er,
With the saddened prelude, "no more, no more!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A DAY IN THE CARS.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF MR. MUFF.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"Art, Muff, how are you?" said I to an old acquaintance the other day, a gentleman on the shady side of the hill of life, very quiet in his tastes and habits, and a man who never is visible on public occasions, but courts the background of existence, and dwells there in religious reverence of the past.

"Miserably, my dear sir," said he; and indeed he did look pale and woe-begone, as if he had just been shaken up, for once in his life.

"What's the matter?"

"I have passed a day in the cars, since I saw you, and haven't got over it yet."

His expression of sickening horror, as he said this, and tried to draw his head in between his shoulders, like a cold man, or a misanthropic turtle, induced me to ask him to relate his adventures, and thus he was delivered:

"You see I was telegraphed by this deuced blind lightning of the present age, that my niece, Maria, was on the point of marrying a scapegrace, and I must come on at once in the cars, or I would be too late to prevent. I have great influence over the dear girl, and you may be sure I hopped into the cars in a hurry, just in time, as they were starting. Never was in the cars before in my life.

"Must have been full of novelty," said I.

"More novel than interesting," sneered he.

"Every bone in my body aches with the jolting I got. For the first forty miles or so, I felt sure I was a sacrifice; expected to go off the track every minute, and at the first stopping-place I was on the point of getting out and walking back, and I'm sorry I didn't. After that, I took courage, and began to admire my stoic fearlessness in trusting myself behind such a rickety-racketty steam machine, whirling through the country, perhaps into eternity, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But I soon began to bless the horse that was thus to save Maria."

"That must have been a consolation to you."

"It was my only one. A fat woman with a baby, sat on the seat with me. I hate babies."

"Will you have the kindness to hold this baby?" said she, bundling it into my arms, before I had a chance to refuse. "I wish to see some friends in the next car a moment."

"Certainly ma'am," said I, when I couldn't help myself; and off went the mother. Her minute lasted half an hour. O, the agony I endured. As I expected, the little junk of fat woke up, and began to squawl. What could I do? Everybody thought I was the father, and looked daggers at me. Said one:

"Fool—to bring a baby without a nurse!"

"Pitch it out of the window," etc., etc., were the impatient suggestions of others, and I—I, who never had chick of my own, and don't know the feelings of a father—I had to endure the responsibility for a whole hour. When the mother came back, she did not even thank me, but looked mad, as she seized the torment, and said she was "sorry I had woke the baby up!"

"I changed seats as soon as I could, conscious

that I was already the most unpopular person in the car. But I went further and fared worse.

"This time I sat *vis-a-vis* to a talkative man. His boots were on my seat, and his body on the opposite. His mouth was full of tobacco and his mind full of nonsense. He persecuted me, in a loud voice, upon every imaginable topic, and every eye in the car was on me, as the baby had given me a thorough introduction.

"Well," thought I, as the chatterer bored away at me, 'somebody will be punching my head, if the cars don't go off the track, for my opinions. One way or another, this ride will be the death of me.' But I thought of Maria and took comfort. By-and-by I felt hungry. We reached a station.

"Cars stop five minutes for lunch!" cried the conductor, and I followed the rest into a saloon, where they charged me fifty cents for some cold muddy coffee and some hard-hearted doughnuts. While I was waiting for my change, 'All aboard!' was the cry, and the cars started! And I started, without my change, and ran a race with the train for about ten rods, before I could catch up. The brakeman waved me back, but I thought he was holding out his hand to help me in. I reached for his hand, missed it, and tumbled headlong. He thought I was run over and the train was stopped, when up I popped, hands bloody and dirty, and got into my car, everybody looking ill-naturedly at me.

"Try that again and break your neck!" said the conductor, very wrathly.

"I took my seat very meekly, but with great presence of mind, I avoided the talkative man. This time I chose a very quiet-looking man for my neighbor, and sat down opposite him. I soon found he was fast asleep, for he snored.

"Snore away!" thought I, 'so long as you don't talk, we can get along like two kings.'

"I now noticed that he had on a dirty shirt, and his hat bore significant vestiges of a late shower, and was bent in.

"Some hard working man," thought I, 'resting from his honest labors.'

"While I was inwardly reverencing the sons of toil, the man woke up, from a fierce jerk of the cars, which had just given an admonitory death-blow to a cow on the track. The man woke up, and fixing a malignant eye upon me, accused me of stealing his handkerchief.

"At this moment I discovered that he was drunk, for his foul accusation was made fouler by the strong *whiff* of breath which conveyed it.

"I will brand you as a thief!" said he.

"You are too much brandied yourself," said I.

"You can't come any odds on me," replied the fellow, in a louder tone; 'just give me my handkerchief.'

At this moment the conductor came along and gave me a hard look.

"What's the trouble?" demanded he. 'Pears to me you make a deal of trouble in this car.'

"This remark rather nettled me, a quiet gentleman as I hope I am; and so I arose in my boots, with a dangerous amount of indignation and ill blood in me.

"This miserable lonfer," said I to the conductor, charges me with having stolen his handkerchief; though I very much doubt that he was ever clean enough to own one.'

"My anger seemed to have a salutary effect on my accuser, who, muttering that 'he did have a red handkerchief with him, some-eres,' now felt again, and found it where he had stuffed it, inside the bosom of his dirty shirt.

"The conductor went away smiling, and I moved to another seat, wondering what next.

"Pity that your friend is so intoxicated," said a gentleman, very charitably; which expression of sympathy was entirely lost on me.

"I now felt so ashamed, that I turned my face away from everybody, opened a window, and looked out to survey the face of Nature, when a cinder got into my eye. I bore it as long as I could, and nearly rubbed my eye out, with no effect upon the cinder, when I appealed to a fellow-traveller to see if he could see anything in my eye. He very amiably undertook the task of investigation, with the encouraging opening remark that 'his eyes wasn't none of the best.'

"Roll your eye round," said he, bending over and seizing my eyelid with a thumb and finger, like a pair of tongs.

"I rolled my eye round," and he made several dabs into it with his big bandanna, when a severe jolt of the car nearly caused him to put my eye out.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed I, 'you don't

think you can get the whole handkerchief in, do you?"

"When I said this, a general roar of laughter from my barbarous fellow-passengers showed how much they sympathized with my distress.

"I won't try any more!" said the man, exasperated at my supposed ingratitude. 'I'll let your old eye go!' And he regarded me with a look of mortal enmity, as he restored his handkerchief to its scabbard.

"As he called my suffering optic 'an old eye,' I refrained from apologizing; for I considered it as good an eye as I ever had. O, how I wished Maria was there, with a corner of her delicate pocket handkerchief! As I thought of Maria, I shed a few tears, and the cinder came out with them. 'Some gentle spirit that knows Maria, has done this,' I thought.

"At this stage of my miseries, a boy passed through the car with all sorts of newspapers, pictorials and pamphlets, distributing them very freely, and not waiting for any pay. I considered this gratuitous, and took half a dozen of the best, supposing the arrangement was 'one of the improvements on the road.' But by-and-by the boy came back, and waited at my side.

"Well, mister!" said he, 'when you've got through reading, I'd like to have my papers, if you haint going to pay me for em!'

"This took me all aback. I didn't want the papers, but I bought them, on Maria's account. Disgusted with such a series of troublesome mishaps and mistakes, I shut my eyes upon the world and finally fell asleep, dreaming of my dearly beloved niece, Maria, for whose sake alone I had undertaken this melancholy journey. The vision of Maria passed before me. I seemed to see her on the point of taking the hand of the man with the bent hat, in marriage, and I had just shouted 'Stop thief!' when a horrible roar startled me, and I awoke in pitch darkness, the roar continuing, and not a gleam of light in the cars.

"We're all lost!" I shrieked in terror, holding on to the seat, for I thought to be sure we had run off the track, and the next instant would be in eternity; and wherever we might land, I wanted to land firm. Another moment undeceived me, for we had only entered a thundering tunnel, while I was asleep, and now emerged with no bones broken. The relief I now experienced made the rest of the journey seem short; though I felt very much faded out and wilted away. At last, thank fortune, we arrived.

"I was on the point of leaving that hateful car, when I bethought myself of a bandbox, containing a love of a bonnet which I had bought for Maria, and which I had left under the seat occupied by the talkative man. I hastened to recover the neglected bandbox, and I found it—but O, chaos! what a find! That rascally magpie, that chattering bore had used it for a stool, and when I tore off the battered cover, and lifted out the bonnet—such a smash!

"I re-buried that ruined article of millinery in the box, and took it with me, and I was just about entering a carriage, to drive to Maria's with all speed, when I ran full tilt against the loafer of the lost handkerchief. He said I had insulted him in the cars, and he wanted to fight me.

"Come out here!" said he, pulling off his coat and showing his dirty shirt.

"Go in there!" I exclaimed, instantly dashing the bandbox over his head, and entering the carriage, I was soon out of sight and hearing of the hateful railroad. O dear!"

"That was an eventful day in the cars," I said to Muff, as he drew a long sigh over his railroad experiences. "I hope, however, that the speed made up for the inconvenience. You arrived in time, I hope, to prevent the unhappy marriage."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Muff. "What could I expect, but ill-luck, of those confounded cars? I arrived at the house just in time to be received at the door by Maria and her husband. They had been married in church an hour before. I kissed the bride, as in duty bound—poor lost Maria!—took cake and wine and went to bed."

"And I suppose next day you took the first train for home."

"First train?" said Muff, indignantly. "No, indeed. I came home by water. I've seen enough of cars! Good morning. When I get strength enough, I'll tell you more."

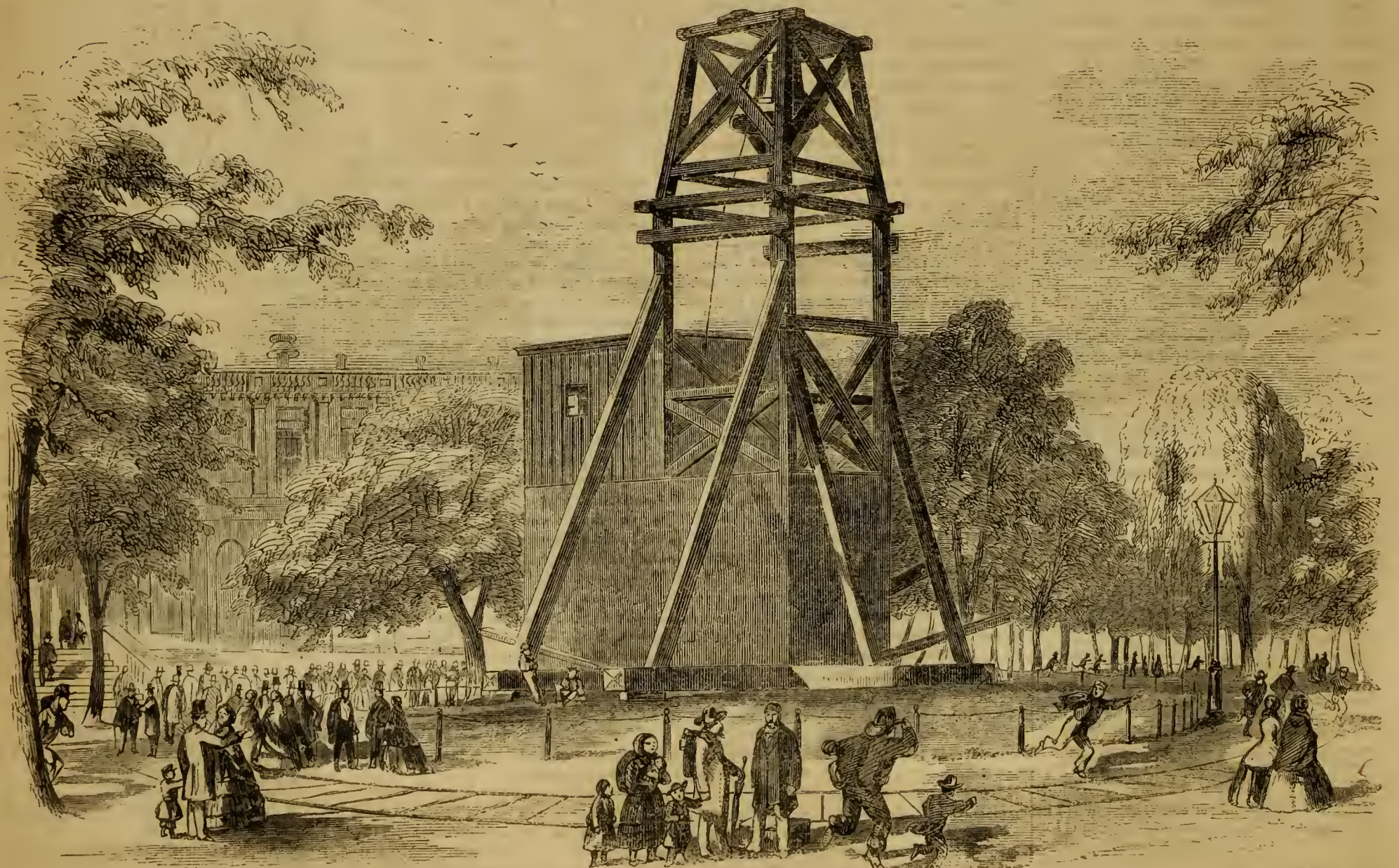
"Good morning, Mr. Muff."

A moment afterwards I heard him calling after me. I looked back.

"I forgot to tell you," he shouted, "that I left my umbrella in the cars."



CHELSEA FERRY, BOSTON HARBOR.



THE ALARM BELL IN THE PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

HEROISM AMONG THE POOR.

At the close of a chapter entitled *Children of the Poor*, in his very interesting volume, "*Humanity in the City*," the Rev. Mr. Chapin gives the following affecting incidents. They are given in illustration of his arguments for their relief and welfare. He says:

Take, for instance, the account of a writer who tells us that in the street he "met a little girl, very poor, but with such a sweet sad expression," adds he, "that I involuntarily stopped and spoke to her. She answered my questions very clearly, but the heavy, sad look never left her eyes a moment. She had no father or mother. She took care of the children herself; she was only thirteen; she sewed on check shirts, and made a living for them." He went to see her. "It is a low damp basement, her home. She lives there with the three little children, whom she supports, and the elder sick brother, who sometimes picks up a trifle. She had been washing for herself and little ones. 'She almost thought that she could take in washing now,' and the little ones with their knees to their mouths crouched up before the stove, looked as if there could not be a doubt of sister's doing anything she tried. 'Well, Annie, how do you make a living now?' 'I sew on the

a rough plank bench near the door." He worked in a glass-factory, earning a bare subsistence. "He is a little old man at twelve," says the narrator, "the paleness of his sunken cheeks was relieved by the hectic flush; his hollow dry eye was moistened by an occasional tear; and his thin white lip quivered as he told me his simple story; how he was braving hunger and death—for he cannot live long—to help his mother pay the rent and buy her bread. 'Half-past ten at night is early for him to return,' said the mother; 'sometimes it is half-past eleven and I am sitting up for him.' Sometimes, in the morning, she finds him awake, 'but he don't want to get up, and he puts his hands on his sides and says, 'Mother, it hurts me here when I breathe.' 'I can work, and I do work,' adds she, 'all the time—but I can't make as much as my little boy.'"

One more account. It is of a beggar-girl who "lives," as the narrative goes on to say, "in a rear building where full daylight never shines—in a cellar-room where pure dry air is never breathed. A quick gentle girl of twelve years, she speaks to the visitor as he enters—'Mother does not see you, sir, because she's blind.' The mother was an old woman of sixty-five or seventy years, with six or seven others seated around. 'But you told me you and your mother and little sister

next day. And then I fast, because, you know, mother is sick and weakly, and can't be able to fast like me.'"

CHELSEA FERRY.

The spirited sketch on the preceding page, representing the Chelsea ferry-boat, "*Trimountain*," coming in to her dock, full freighted with passengers and vehicles, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill. We know nothing more interesting to a *flâneur* than to watch the tide of human beings pouring out of one of these fine boats in the busy hours of the day. It is quite a New Yorkish affair. The boats on this line are admirable—of great size and capacity, with excellent accommodations, staunch and strong, as they need be, for however much "mariners of the long voyage" may laugh, the winter passages between the two great cities of Boston and Chelsea are sometimes trying. Those who prefer a land-route are now accommodated by the horse railroad. Winnisimmet Ferry, by the way, is probably the oldest establishment of the kind in this country, the first grant to Thomas Williams bearing date in 1631. There were no accommodations for teams in those "antiento dayes," and carts and carriages had to perform a circuit of more than twenty miles to reach

structed, or replaced by a new one. The City Hall was for a long while one of the architectural lions of New York, though for many years past its splendors have been eclipsed by hundreds of edifices raised by private capital. Dr. Francis, in his interesting reminiscences, notes the fact that at the time of its erection in the early part of the century, the back part of the hall was built of brick because it was no consequence what aspect it presented on that side, which was then unsettled and likely to remain so. What a change has taken place since then! A city of palaces, not dreamed of by the prophets of fifty years since, has arisen to the north of it. And within a few years even change has wrought many transformations about the City Hall. Its old neighbors, the Park Theatre and the old brick church, have gone to the tomb of the Capulets—St. Paul's has been eclipsed by the prouder spire of Trinity, and marble palaces have risen in the place of unsightly buildings. Endless is the crash and whirl and rush of life about the Park. It sees scarcely an hour of perfect silence and repose out of the four-and-twenty. The throbbing pulses of the great city cease not till long after midnight, and re-commence long before daybreak. Only the holiday hours of other cities are like the habitual bustle of New York.



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK OPERA HOUSE.

check shirts, sir, and the flannel shirts; I get five cents for the checks, and nine cents for the others; but just now they won't let me have the flannel, because I can't deposit two dollars.' 'It must be very hard work?' 'O, I don't mind, sir; but to-day the visitors came, and said we'd better go to the poor-house, and I said I couldn't like to leave these little ones yet; and I thought if I only had candles, I could sit up till ten or eleven, and make the shirts.' She had learned everything she knew at the Industrial School. . . . She never went to church, for she had no clothes, but she could read and write. . . . 'It was very damp there,' she said, 'and then it was so cold nights.'"

I will, in the next place, introduce you to a garret-room, six feet by ten. The occupants are a poor mother and her son. The mother works at making shirts with collars and stitched bosoms, at six shillings and sixpence per dozen, for a man who pays half in merchandise, and who, when she is starving for bread, puts her off with calico at a shilling a yard that is not worth more than fourpence! But he is not the martyr in the case. When the visitor entered, her son George, about twelve years old, "was just coming in for dinner, pale and apparently exhausted by the effort of climbing the stairs, and sank down upon

lived by yourselves.' 'Yes, sir, here it is;'" and at the end of the passage the visitor discovers a narrow place, about five feet by three. The bed was rolled up in one corner, and nearly filled the room. "'But where is your stove?' 'We have none, sir. The people in the next room are very kind to mother, and let her come in there to warm—because, you know, I get half the coal.' 'But where do you cook your food?' 'We never cook any, sir; it is already cooked. I go early in the morning to get coal and chips for the fire, and I must have two baskets of coal and wood to kindle with by noon. That's mother's halt. Then when the people have eaten dinner, I go round to get the bits they leave. I can get two baskets of coal every day now; but when it gets cold, and we must have a great deal, it is hard for me to find any, there's so many poor chaps to pick it. Sometimes the ladies speak cross to me, and shut the door hard at me, and sometimes the gentlemen slap me in the face, and kick my basket, and then I come home, and mother says not to cry, for may be I'll do better to-morrow. Sometimes I get my basket almost full, and then put it by for to-morrow; and then, if next day we have enough, I take this to a poor woman next door. Sometimes I get only a few bits in my basket for all day, and may be the

Boston, of which it formed a part, though the distance across the water is less than a mile and a half. With the facilities of intercommunication, the village took a start, and the establishment of a steam ferry gave an impetus to the town which has resulted in a remarkable development. Few places enjoy more advantages in situation, or a territory more agreeably diversified. Chelsea is liberally laid out and contains a vast number of handsome buildings. The view from the top of Powder Hill is very extensive and full of interest. The popular phrase of "dead as Chelsea" originated in the old time when it was twenty miles distant by the road, but any one who would dispute now that it is a live place, would be considered a fit candidate for a residence in the "institution" at Somerville.

ALARM BELL IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

The second engraving on the preceding page is from a drawing made for us on the spot by Mr. Hill. The alarm bell forms a striking feature in the midst of that busy portion of New York of which the Park forms the centre. It was put up after the catastrophe which marked the famous Atlantic cable celebration—the destruction of a portion of the City Hall by fire, and will do duty until that building is re-con-

ENTRANCE TO THE OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.

In a former number we published two views representing the exterior and interior of the splendid Academy of Music at the corner of 14th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, and we now add the very characteristic original picture on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud. It exhibits a brilliant phase of social life as presented in the vestibule of the Academy on an opera night. The opera is the showiest booth in Vanity Fair—a little world within a world. We know no more brilliant spectacle on this side of the water than the interior that the opera-house presents when such stars as Piccolomini and La Grange are the attractions. We question whether the Italian theatres of London or Paris present such an array of beauty. And the audience is not composed alone of the rich and fashionable—the million always has its representatives within the walls. The company which built the Academy was chartered in the winter of 1852, with authority to raise a capital of \$200,000 and power to extend it to \$300,000. The building cost \$350,000. It opened October 1, 1854, the leading stars being Madame Grisi, and Signor Mario, that most imperturbable and gentlemanly of all cool and polished tenors.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SUSCRIBING CORRESPONDENT," Fayetteville, N. C.—We are unable to answer your question positively, but we should think the experiment worth trying. If you will favor us with your name and address, by letter, we will send you a treatise on the culture of the fruit.

S. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Very few, if any, pure-blooded Arabs ever find their way to this country.

INVALID.—The causes of *tic douloureux* are unknown, and the disease often baffles the skill of the physician. The meaning of the term is painful spasm.

"C SHARP"—The invention of the "tibia" or flute of the ancients was ascribed to Minerva. It was a popular instrument, used on all occasions where music was employed, and was even considered as a means of curing diseases.

R. C., Hanover, Mass.—T. B. Read, the artist, is now in New York.

SERGEANT S.—The word "soldier," in German, Swedish and French, *soldat*, comes from the middle Latin term *solidarius*, one who receives *sold*, the German for military pay, in which sense it is also used by old English writers.

REPORTER, N. Y.—The Greeks and Romans used a sort of stenography, though the art with them was an imperfect one and consisted of arbitrary signs.

M. R., Lowell, Mass.—George Sand's sketch of Talleyrand is bitterly prejudiced. The Duke of Wellington said of him: "No man's public and private character has ever been so belied;" and Lord Holland remarked that no man's private character had been more shamefully traduced, and no man's public character more mistaken and misrepresented.

M. C.—We are sorry to shake your historic faith, yet the story of Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head is doubted by the most learned pundits, who say that incident is borrowed from a Danish legend. However, that Tell was a hero and the instrument of freeing his countryman from the Austrian yoke are unquestionable facts.

"RONSAICK"—The most effeminate men have frequently, when the occasion presented itself, proved themselves the most brave. The English Admiral Rodney was an instance of this fact, as he was physically of a very slight figure, and mentally declared himself most easily influenced by fear, which he surmounted entirely by considerations of honor and public duty. Marlborough used to say of himself on the eve of a battle, "see how this little body trembles at what this great soul is about to achieve."

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The enormous prices paid by fashionable people for India Cashmere goods, is a subject of wonder to many persons, who can see nothing very attractive in their appearance. But a close inspection of a real Cashmere shawl will satisfy any one that this description of goods possesses some virtues over every other kind. Such a shawl is of very soft texture; it is also of very brilliant color, and the material and color are both so durable, that the article can be used a great while without its wearing out or fading. The border also possesses the same quality of durability of material and colors, and is a work of immense labor, it being entirely embroidered with the needle and by the hand. A genuine Cashmere shawl or scarf surpasses any other in clearness and strength of color, and it can be kept in constant use for ten years, and will still look bright and fresh. No other material, either worsted or silk, will stand such a test as this; and therefore, though the first cost of the Cashmere article may be very great, its durability should be taken into account, in estimating the question of value. These goods are imitated by the English and French; but there is a failure in brilliancy and durability of color, and in softness of material also, if the European varieties of wool be used. The borders of the European imitations are also woven in the loom, instead of being worked by hand. This renders the figures flat and tame, and makes them appear widely different from the real.

In India the possession of Cashmere shawls is the evidence of wealth. They are used by both men and women, for turbans, waist-ties and skirts, as well as to wear upon the shoulders. Some of them are exceedingly fine and costly, and are handed down from generation to generation, as heir-looms in ancient families. In European cities they are worn by the ladies of noble families, and by those of the wealthy classes, and as high as five thousand dollars is not uncommonly paid for a single shawl. In this country they are not in general use, but are more common in Boston than in any other city. New York ranks next in the realm of Cashmeredom, and as we go south from that city, they become more and more rare. In fact, the blooming belles of the South disclaim all allegiance to their power, and seem to live in blissful ignorance of the fact that female beauty is nothing, without a thousand dollar shawl, or a hundred dollar scarf at least. These wonderful fabrics are made from the fine wool which grows beneath the hair of the Thibet goat. The yarn is spun by hand, and by a pecu-

liar knack is made loose and soft. The weaving is done by hand-looms, and the embroidery is wrought by hand, with fine thread of the same material, dyed of different colors. The dyeing process is peculiar to the Hindoos; and in brilliancy and strength, stands without rivalry by any civilized nation. All the material used is dyed three times; before carding, and before and after spinning. The borders require an infinite deal of labor for their embroidery, and the completion of a single shawl is sometimes the work of years. Who can wonder, then, that these unique articles of Oriental production command such great prices, and are so bewitching to the fair sex?

ABOUT ALBUMS.

Few people have escaped the dire effects of the rage for albums which in our day has, we believe, made the circuit of the globe, and yet perhaps few know the origin of these afflictions of literary men and women. Among the Romans all the acts of the civil authority, and in general all important facts which it was necessary to communicate to the public, were inscribed on tables of stone, or on walls whitewashed for the purpose. These tables were called *alba* (white), and the Greeks employed the word *leucoma*, which has the same signification, to designate the same object. Some of their official inscriptions, traced in red ink, have been found on the walls of Pompeii. Afterwards the name of *album* was given to every register, whether public or private.

In the sixteenth century, learned men introduced the custom of carrying blank books on their journeys, in which they noted down their thoughts or the remarks of the brethren they visited. About this time certain female writers adopted the habit of making annotations on the margins of their books. Certain learned men attached a great value to these copies, and added fresh notes, either from their own hands or those of their brethren and friends.

The famous "Julia's Garland," presented by the Duke of Montauzier to the beautiful Lucille d'Angennes, and of which each leaf contained, under the designation of a symbolic flower, a complimentary verse to the praise of the "fayre ladye," would be, beyond question, the most gallant of albums, if the donor had not unluckily conceived the idea of having the verses copied by a penman, instead of being written and signed by the authors themselves. What a price this manuscript, which was sold for \$3000, at the sale of La Valliere's effects, would bring now, if, instead of being merely a marvel of penmanship and binding, it was also a collection of autographs! It is proper to remark, in honor of Montauzier, that "Julia's Garland" was not the production of a contribution levied on poetical talent; the noble marquis did not think himself freed from the obligation to pay his writers, because he had paid for the illuminations, the velvet and the binding of his album. This is an example which amateurs in our day have rather neglected.

The most extraordinary and most voluminous of known albums, is certainly that of Baron Barkana, a traveller and humorist, born at Aleppo in Syria, who died at Vienna in 1776, after having rambled over the whole world. This singular character had collected in his album 3522 testimonials, thoughts, sentences, epigrams, etc., signed by all the princes, savans, and other distinguished persons of Europe and the world. Beside Voltaire and Montesquieu, figured the *chevaliere* d'Eon, the poet Metastasio, the prince de Ligne, Dr. Van Swieten, Spanish marchionesses, German canonesses, librarians, literati, etc., etc. This album contained 1895 pages. It last belonged to Goethe; but nobody knows what became of it after the death of the great poet of Weimar.

After 1815 the rage for albums became intense. A few years ago we saw a caricature of that period representing a horn of plenty from which escaped a deluge of albums, while a crowd of men were flying from them at a 240 pace, sheltered by umbrellas. There are now very few young ladies who do not possess an album. Distinguished literary men are persecuted for contributions, and some of them have adopted a phrase, or typical sentence, which they repeat invariably in every album presented to them. Generally, however, they copy some apothegm from their printed works. Now this is the death of albums, which have no value or interest unless they contain unpublished thoughts. But this stratagem of authors is jus-

tified not only by the importunity to which they are subjected, but also by the bad faith of certain amateurs, who have turned the celebrity of artists and poets into money, by selling the albums enriched with the contributions of their pens and pencils. Still a few indefatigable album-owners succeed in obtaining collections which will be invaluable in years to come.

At the great London exhibition an album was shown which contained contributions from the most distinguished writers in prose and verse, from artists, painters, designers, musicians, etc. This album made two huge volumes, and was purchased by a banker for two thousand dollars. A century hence it will doubtless be valued at five times that sum.

THE BELL-BIRD.

In the forests of Guiana at day break, and at sunset, may be heard mingling with the morning and evening tributes of the birds, a loud, clear note, like the sound of a distant bell; and at noon when all animated nature in forest and grove seems hushed in tropic silence and repose, this tolling sound steals through the air at regular intervals, and rouses the drowsy hearer from his mid-day reverie. This peculiar music is made by the bell-bird, a native of those climes, called by the Indians, *Dara*, and by the Spaniards *Campanero*. This bird is described by Waterton, an English naturalist, as being about as large as a jay, with plumage of dazzling whiteness, and form much resembling a dove. The peculiarity which distinguishes the bell-bird from all others, in appearance, is a rounded and tapering muscular excrescence, of a jet-black color, and covered with short feathers, which proceeds from the forehead. This caruncle is flexible, and usually hangs down upon one side of the head; but when the bird would give forth its peculiar note, it is raised by muscular contraction, and protrudes above the head a distance of two inches or more, forming a hollow, spiral tube of small diameter. The cavity of this tube connects with the throat, and it is supposed by naturalists that the bell-like tones of the bird are produced by the quick vibration of the air through this singular crest. The bird's note is full and rich, like a silver-toned bell, and may be heard in the stillness of the forest, for a distance of three miles. It seeks not the companionship of other birds; but alone in the midst of those extensive wilds, perched upon the high and withered top of an aged mora tree, it gives forth this strange and solemn strain. First a single toll, and then a pause for a minute, while the sound floats away into silence; then another toll, and then again a pause of longer duration; after which the former succession is resumed.

FRANCE.—The sentence of fine and imprisonment pronounced against Count de Montalembert, for a severe but high-toned article on politics, has damaged Louis Napoleon more than anything he has done recently. Well does the Boston Courier remark, "What must be the end of a power that thus dreads criticism and suppresses discussion, and muzzles every muttering lip, and will have nothing less than slavish, silent obedience—the prostration of an oriental mute that obeys without protest? All history must be false—all experience must be wrong—if such a system can stand."

COMPLIMENT TO EDWARD EVERETT.—An English-Greek lexicon lately published in Greece, has been dedicated to Edward Everett. The author says, among other things, "The sympathy you exhibited, in your political station, in favor of my struggling country, is ever before me, and I embrace with delight this opportunity of making some sign of grateful remembrance."

PICCOLOMINI.—One night lately, when this little lady was "out of the bills," she went to the horse-opera and enjoyed it amazingly, clapping her hands and laughing like a child. Catch her to patronize the Italian opera when there's a circus in town. She's been there!

PROSPERITY.—Prosperity has been likened to a fond mother who spoils her children. But almost everybody would like to try a little of that sort of spoiling.

LIFE.—To be born, to grow up, to remain stationary, and then to decay—that is life. As Shakspeare says:

"Life's a brief candle! then play out the play,
Ye villains!"

THE LYRIC POETRY OF EUROPE.

All poetry is from God. It is the highest form of revealed truth. It is the emanation of Divinity in man;—that subtle and mysterious power which invests every object on which it rests with the golden sunshine of beauty and love. It was undoubtedly the earliest form of revelation to man. What is there of higher poetic sublimity than the scene upon Mount Sinai, when in the midst of clouds and thunders the Almighty revealed himself to Moses? So is it the highest and most impressive medium for the communication of ideas which man can employ. There is no loftier aspiration of the heart, and no wider reach of the intellect, than that which the true poet feels and enjoys. To him the world is full of a divine beauty, as it appears to the eye of the Creator. The diversities of human life, its inequalities and its hard conditions, are but so many musical notes in the scale of existence, which under the magic power of his genius become united in a grand and beautiful harmony. Poetry is one of the requirements of every-day life, as it is the almost necessary food of every cultivated and refined intellect. What were the world without the rich legacy which the mighty spirits of the past have left us! How much harder were our condition, were it not for the inexhaustible stores of encouragement and consolation which it contains!

That poetry has exerted an influence of the most happy and enduring kind no one will deny. Its labor has been, and is, to purify and exalt. In its application to domestic life, it has invested the lowliest condition and the humblest character with the highest charm of the picturesque and the beautiful. It has reconciled the downtrodden spirit of the rudest peasant to a patient endurance of the severities of his lot. Through the impassioned melody of the sacred lyric it has warmed into vigorous life the early bud of religious feeling, and fed and nourished it by the timely ministrations of Heaven. It has filled armies with the delirium and glory of ambition, and led them to rush recklessly into the mid-horrors of the ensanguined field. There is no land and no sea which it has not celebrated, and no people, savage or civilized, which has not received the benefactions of its divine office.

"All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreaths the poet's name."

The lyric stands pre-eminent among the most impulsive forms of poetry. It is the most natural, direct and inspiring. It has preserved the traditions and kept alive the scanty civilization of the dark ages. As a national and historic muse, its power has affected widely the condition and destinies of nations and peoples. Nor is it necessary, for instances and illustrations, to go behind the earliest poetic literature of modern Europe; for the golden periods of Grecian and Roman history, which mark the appearance and the successes of the great masters of the ancient classic schools,—Homer, Pindar and Theocritus, Virgil and Horace,—can furnish no better examples of the effective lyric than may be found in the ruder structures of the northern nations of the modern world;—the poetry of the "ale-poets" or gleemen, and the sceops of ancient Britain, the skalds or minstrels of Norway and Iceland, or, coming down to the romantic periods, in the songs of the Trouveres and troubadours of France, the Minnesingers of Germany, or in the modern classic poetry of England, France, Italy and Spain.

The term lyric, as applied to the kind of poetry of which we are writing, is derived from the ancients. The custom of accompanying their songs with musical instruments, among which the *lyre* was an especial favorite, was the origin of the name; and under it are embraced all the varieties, whether in respect of subject or versification, of these kind of composition. The lyric poem, when accompanied by music, is better defined by the common English appellation of song; and when not so accompanied, rests upon the implication that it is to be chanted or sung.

"Thus sang the uncouth swains to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray."

The lyric poetry of Europe includes so wide a range of subjects and form—of rhythm, as scarcely to admit of any arbitrary distinctions. Viewed historically, however, we observe three grand and important eras which mark the distinctions sufficiently for our present purpose. The first is that of the ballad, or descriptive poem. This form was employed in the rudest

periods of society, in nearly all the European nations, before writing was known; and it was either sung or recited, with musical accompaniments, by the wandering minstrels of those days.

"The minstrels came at festive call;
"Trooping they came from far and near,
"The jovial guests of mirth and war."

SLEEPING CARS.

The Great Western Railway Company have recently equipped their road with improved and very commodious sleeping cars, for the accommodation of the night travel between Suspension Bridge and Windsor in Canada West, on the great line of travel from Albany to Chicago. These cars contain a double row of beds, three tiers high, running along the centre, and numbering in all thirty-six. On either side of the cars is a row of seats, one to each bed. The bed is a hair mattress, on wire springs, and is covered with Brussels carpeting. It is equipped with pillow and quilt, and screened by silk damask curtains. The cars can be divided into separate apartments by means of curtains, for the accommodation of family parties, or ladies travelling alone; so that three or more persons can be entirely shut out from the rest of the company, and occupy their beds in privacy. At one end of the car there is a double washstand, and mirror, for the use of passengers; and these accommodations are set off with very handsome cabinet-work. Those who have used these improved cars for night travel, speak in the highest terms of their convenience and comfort, and say that the vibratory motion is much less, in consequence of the greater weight being along the centre instead of the sides, as in the ordinary cars.

A HORSE ANECDOTE.

A Canadian friend of ours was telling us the other day how he managed to break a favorite horse of his of one trick—that of breaking his halter whenever he was fastened in the stable. Our friend placed the animal in question in a stable that stood exactly on the edge of a high bluff some thirty feet above the St. Lawrence. As usual, so soon as he was left alone, our pony broke his halter, backed out of the stable-door, and, as a necessary consequence, tumbled, heels over head into the river, disappearing below the surface with the impetus and gravitation of his fall. He was next seen swimming for dear life and heading in shore. He landed in a dripping condition, and was easily secured. Doubtless he pondered gravely over the lesson, for ever afterwards he never made the slightest attempt to break his halter. The philosophy of dealing with horses, and perhaps with nobler animals, is to fight them with their own weapons; to let them be punished by their own vices. If your pony has a trick of backing, back him a quarter of a mile—if he stops, tie him fast to the place for from twelve to twenty-four hours, without food or water, and he will be glad to obey you when you next call on him. At least, so says our Canadian authority.

THE CUCKOO.

The peculiarity of this bird, which has rendered the name thereof a disagreeable by-word, is its propensity to appropriate the care and labor of other birds to the rearing of its offspring. Shakspeare, the great extent of whose knowledge is to his reader a subject of constant surprise, has shown, by frequent allusions to the cuckoo, that he well understood the habits and natural history of the bird. In the reprehensive address of the Earl of Worcester to the king, in the first scene of the fifth act of King Henry IV., part first, Shakspeare likens the conduct of the usurping monarch to the cuckoo, in the following passage:

"And, being fed by us, you used us so
"As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
"Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
"Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
"That even our love durst not come near your sight,
"For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
"We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
"Out of your sight, and raise this present head."

The cuckoo is in fact a regular impostor, and gulls other birds into hatching its eggs and rearing its young, to the destruction of their own actual offspring. Making no nest of its own, it lays its eggs and then prowls about the hedge until it finds the hedge-sparrow absent from its charge, when it pops one of its own eggs in among those of the sparrow, and thus gets rid of the cares of incubation, and the nutrition of the young. There can be little doubt that the egg is carried by the cuckoo in its beak and deposited in the nest of the smaller bird, for these

nests are sometimes built in crevices too small for the female cuckoo to enter, and it is also certain that she does not press her body upon the frail nest of the hedge-sparrow, which would be too small to receive her, and would be greatly deranged by such an attempt. Le Vaillant, the naturalist, shot cuckoos in Africa, which were carrying the egg in the throat, ready to be transferred to the nest of the bird's dupe upon the first favorable opportunity. The young cuckoo ill repays the kindly care of its foster parents, but, as it grows larger, crowds the rightful children of the household out of the nest, and monopolizes the entire accommodations to itself—the deluded parents feeding it and cherishing it until its strength and superior size enable it to turn upon its protectors, and requite their fostering attention by making savage war upon them. Such a bird was aptly chosen by the great dramatist to typify an ungrateful, tyrannical usurper; and its pitiful dopes equally well represent the man who cannot take care of his own household.

A BETTER CABLE.

An improvement on the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been made by a Baltimore manufacturer, which bids fair to work satisfactorily. The new cable consists of a single conducting wire of copper, covered with gutta percha and then overlaid with a woven coat of hemp, which last is saturated with a gummy solution. There are several advantages attending this improvement. In the first place, the cable is less than half the diameter of the old one, and therefore one vessel can stow away enough of it to reach across the ocean. In the second place, it is more flexible, and therefore can be handled and laid with more ease. In the third place, the iron wires which encircled the old cable, are dispensed with, and the danger of losing electric power by induction, is thus avoided. The presence of a conducting substance on the outside of the old cable, was a serious objection to it from the first, and led many electricians to predict what afterwards proved to be the fact, that the conducting power of the interior wire would be destroyed thereby. This new cable is sufficiently heavy to sink as fast as paid out, and when once the hemp covering is filled with salt-water, it will become so heavy that it will rest quietly on the bottom of the ocean. Owing to the smaller bulk of the new cable, its superior flexibility, and the use of a single vessel, it can be laid in any ordinary weather, and as fast as a vessel can run.

"SHOOTIN' BULLETS."—It costs a pretty round sum for powder and shot to play the deadly game of war with. General Niel, of the Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." During the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shell from mortars, and 8000 rockets. During the war, moreover, the infantry fired 28,000,000 cartridges.

FASHION.—It wont do for gentlemen to be railing at crinoline any longer, for they have just adopted a fashion as ridiculous—leg-of-mutton sleeves. The ladies used to encase their pretty arms in these balloons some thirty years ago, but the absurdity did not last a great while—and now the men must fall into the paganism of leg-of-mutton sleeves and peg-top, cossack trowsers. Well, well—it's no use to philosophize on fashion. To dress up to the fashion, is to submit to perpetual self-burlesques.

CHINESE COOKING AT SINGAPORE.—The filth they eat in the eating-houses consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cookshops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-a-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made from large caterpillars, boiled in thin gravy with onions.

PRINCELY BANKERS.—The house of Rothschild have established a branch at St. Petersburg. The Rothschilds are the arbiters of peace or war.

GAMBLING.—The vice of gambling is the fruit of avarice and ennui, and its prey is always an empty head or empty heart.

OPERATIC.—Felicien Davi's "Last Days of Herculaneum," has been brought out with great splendor at the French opera.

INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT.

Some years since a project was started in the city of Philadelphia, for the erection of a national monument in Independence Square, in that city, to commemorate the Declaration of Independence. The proposition was made that the thirteen original States unite in this great and patriotic enterprise, and thus blend in union for the accomplishment of a work to signalize that far greater work from which our national union sprang. Of the thirteen, ten have responded favorably, through their legislatures, viz., New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Georgia. Virginia has not yet taken action. The North Carolina legislature now has the subject before it. South Carolina has just considered the proposition, upon the recommendation of the Governor of the State, and one branch of the legislature has indefinitely postponed it. But it is thought that wiser councils will prevail, and this hasty and somewhat petulant decision will be re-considered. There can be no doubt but Virginia and the Old North State will unite in the movement; and it would look very bad indeed, for South Carolina, —a State that did so much to help on the American Revolution,—to be the only one of the Old Thirteen not represented in the building of the Independence Monument. It would be a sight for the world to admire, to behold thirteen sovereign and independent States, uniting to build a noble monument to American Liberty. Such a patriotic union of independent powers for the structure of a national work, would be unprecedented in the annals of the world; and the thrilling story should not be marred by the sad narrative, that one of this band of sisters stood aloof in sullen discontent,—her golden crown dimmed by envy and malevolence.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Every one knows that in the northern countries of Europe, the days in summer are very long. Towards the frontiers of Lapland, for instance, at St. John, the sun does not set for several nights. A great number of tourists repair to Mount Ava Sasea, situated near Tornea, to enjoy the curious spectacle.

Among these tourists, a few years ago, was a rich Englishman. He reached the summit of the mountain on the last day on which the phenomenon was visible, at ten o'clock in the evening. He was followed by a servant bending under the weight of an enormous basket of provisions. Sitting down on the grass, he ate and drank copiously, and about half-past eleven fell down asleep. But when he felt his eyelids closing, our Britisher had called his servant and ordered him to awake him exactly at midnight.

At the appointed hour, the faithful John shook his master, exclaiming—

"Wake up, sir—quick, or you'll lose it—it's twelve o'clock."

"Let me alone, John—I never slept so sound before."

"But it's the last day, sir; and you know—"

"O, hang it!" said the Englishman; "let me be, I tell you. I'll come back next year!"

And he was fast asleep. The legend does not inform us whether he really came back the next year to enjoy the spectacle he had missed for the sake of a nap.

A HINT!—When you are purchasing the much-puffed weekly papers, buy a copy of the *Flag of our Union*, and when you get home, quietly compare it with others, then judge for yourself. The price is FOUR CENTS. It is fresh and original from headline to imprint, and, in spite of the immense exertions of its rivals, has never yet been beaten in a single issue!

A GENEROUS POTATO.—Mr. John Phinney, of Machiasport, Me., raised this year from one potato, three pecks of good ones. We respect such a potato; there's nothing small about it, and it must have had as many eyes as Argus.

NOW AND THEN.—Montalembert has been sentenced to prison for saying that Great Britain was more powerful than France. Some two hundred years ago, Galileo was condemned for saying that the earth moved round the sun.

A QUEER IDEA.—Horace Mann says that an annual cock-fight in Boston would be less detrimental than the competition for medals at the public schools.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

We have been much gratified by an examination of the recently-published catalogue of that portion of the Public Library which is designed for circulation. It enumerates about fifteen thousand volumes, comprising a choice collection of works on all subjects, scientific and literary. Fourteen thousand of these are in English, the remainder in the modern languages. Many of the books are not to be found in old established libraries. The books are kept on the lower floor to be accessible to the public. The reference library, as it may be termed, none of the volumes of which will leave the building, contains about fifty thousand volumes, to which accessions of valuable works are constantly making. Mr. Bates of London, to whose munificence the citizens are indebted for this portion of their library, not content with what he has already done, is constantly adding gifts of valuable works, judiciously selected in Europe. Many of them are rare and costly.

Of what priceless value is this library to the people of Boston? Who can measure the results which will flow from this treasury of knowledge, thrown freely open to all? As the information thus spread before the public becomes diffused and digested, the city will more than ever merit its title of the Modern Athens. One thing more remains to be done,—and that is, to establish a free gallery of painting and sculpture, a free school of art. This would be a costly undertaking, but there is wealth enough and generosity enough to accomplish it. The taste for works of art is rapidly becoming universal, and their happy influence, even on the mechanic trades, is pretty generally estimated. Who will be the first to move in this matter?

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Mr. Appleboy, a rather susceptible single gentleman, has for a fortnight past been delighted by the singing and playing of a pianist in a room directly beneath his chamber. He lodges in the house of the lady's mother. Fancying that her continual concerts were intended especially for his ear and approbation, his heart was touched with gratitude, and he resolved to step down and thank her. And so he did, as gallantly as possible, at the door, with his hand upon the left side of his best waistcoat; and wound up with the hope that the acquaintance, so gracefully and significantly commenced, might be continued as pleasantly. "The jade slammed the door in my face!" says Mr. Appleboy; "and as I went up stairs again, I heard her and some young upstart of a fellow laughing themselves into fits." Mr. Appleboy is looking out for new lodgings.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.—Andrew Chénier says that lovers are fond of the country because Love was born in the fields. "The daughter of a shepherd, a rustic maid, found him one spring morning, newly-born, and lying in the heart of a rose. His lips were half open in a tranquil sleep. She seized him by the tips of his gilded wings, took him from his cradle with a timid hand, all dripping with dew as he was, and warmed him in her bosom." Rather a pretty conceit—isn't it?

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.—It cannot be denied that England is kind to the memory of her heroes. The number of subscribers to the Raglan Testimonial is 1550, and the total amount of subscriptions, £13,060. This sum has been expended in the purchase of a house and land in the neighborhood of Raglan Castle, as a residence for the son and heir of the late lamented Field-Marshal.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This popular weekly journal commenced the new year in an entire new dress, on heavier and finer paper, being otherwise vastly improved, and introducing some new and charming writers to the public. The best novelette ever issued by the publisher is commenced in number one, entitled *The Outlaw; or, The Female Bandit*, by LIEUTENANT MURRAY. No literary weekly in the country has a stronger editorial corps, or list of contributors than the *Flag of our Union*, presenting an immense variety of original reading of the most attractive character.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal*.

GETTING INTO BUSINESS.—Louis Napoleon has concluded to take a hack at the Fillibusters in Central America, not having much to do in Europe just at present.

TRUE.—If it is useful to make true friends, it is no less so to avoid making inveterate enemies.

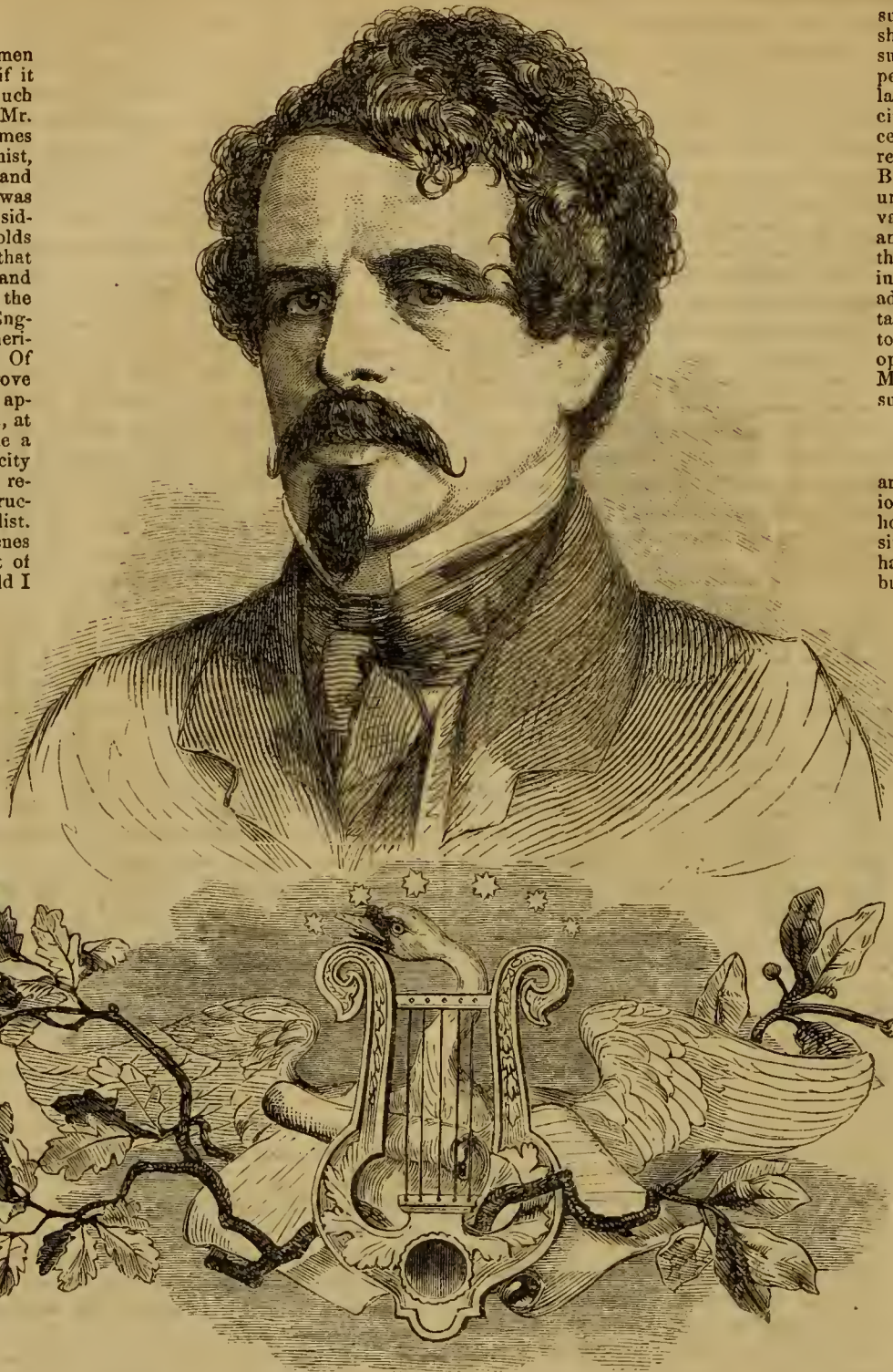
HUMAN LIFE.—We are born amidst tears, live amidst complaints, and die amidst regrets.

STEPHEN MASSETT, ESQ.

("JEEMES PIPES OF PIPESVILLE.")

A portrait-gallery purporting to embrace the "men of the times," would be singularly incomplete, if it failed to contain a record of an individual so much talked of, so adventurous and accomplished, as Mr. Stephen Massett, more endearingly known as Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville, vocalist, composer, elocutionist, lecturer, rhymist, editor, traveller, man of letters and good fellow to boot. The accompanying head was prepared and engraved for us by Pierce, and is considered a good likeness of Mr. Massett when he "holds still," for such is the Protean facility of expression that we dare say he could sit for a gallery of portraits, and they would all differ as much from each other as the likeness of General Taylor. Mr. Massett is an Englishman by birth, but has become thoroughly Americanized by a long residence in the United States. Of his earlier years there is no record that would prove interesting to our readers. We believe that he first appeared as a vocalist in 1842, at Charleston, S. C., at one of the Seguin's concerts, and at once became a favorite with the public. He also sang in the same city at the concerts given by Mr. John Sinclair, so well remembered here, whose praises and judicious instructions stimulated and improved our youthful vocalist. His favorite songs were, "As I view now these scenes so charming," from the *Sonnambula*, the "Light of other days," "Black-eyed Susan," and "O, would I were a boy again," in which he was invariably encored. At Charleston he composed his famous song, "When the Moon on the Lake is beaming," of which fifty thousand copies have been sold without exhausting its popularity or the demand for it at the music stores. From Charleston Mr. Massett came to New York and appeared on the stage as the Count in Rooké's opera of "Amilie," which had a run of sixty nights. He was received with the highest favor by the public and the press. Then as now, he charmed his audiences by the beauty of his voice and the power of expression which characterized his songs. We next find him travelling through New England with "Yankee Hill," whom he assisted in his popular entertainments. In 1843 "a truant disposition" led him to visit the East, and his letters describing the Greek and Turkish cities he visited, were published in the New York "Spirit of the Times," over the since famous signature of "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville." In 1844 he appeared as the "Wizard," in James G. Maeder's opera of the "Peri," produced at the Melodeon in this city. It will be remembered that his success was complete. Signor de Begnis, at whose concerts he also sung with success, urged him to go to Italy and study music, assuring him that he possessed a fortune in his voice. But about this time he turned his attention to another career, and commenced the study of law in the office of James T. Brady of New York. The gold fever of 1849, however, found him swept away by the tide that set to California, and, in April, 1849, he landed in San Francisco. He was soon afterwards appointed a notary public by the acting governor of the territory, and also administered justice as an "alcalde." In June,

1849, he gave his first concert in California, in San Francisco, without any assistance, filling the old school-house in Portsmouth Square, and putting five hundred dollars into his purse by the operation. We next find him engaged in business in Sacramento, but when Herz, the pianist, visited California, he accepted of an offer of \$200 a night to sing at his concerts. We next find him one of the editors and proprietors of the *Marysville Herald*. He left California in 1852, for New York, and thence sailed for Europe, in 1853, making an extensive tour through Great Britain and the continent. His observations and



STEPHEN MASSETT, ESQ.

experiences were related in a series of brilliant and entertaining letters in the "Spirit of the Times." "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville's" name attached to an article, was sure to give it currency. In 1853 he revisited California, where he remained till 1856, when he departed for Australia, where, as in Tasmania, he gave his charming entertainments, consisting of songs, recitations, imitations, narratives of adventures, etc., reaping a golden harvest, and establishing an enviable reputation in public and in private. Mr. Massett next appears, giving concerts and readings in Bombay and Calcutta with great

success. But his projected tour through India was cut short by the mutiny, some thrilling scenes of which, such as the blowing of rebel Sepoys from the guns, he personally witnessed. From Calcutta he went to England by the overland route, and in London and other cities of Great Britain, met with the most brilliant success with his "Reminiscences of Travel." Since his return to this country, his entertainments in New York, Boston and other cities, have proved a series of triumphs. The high character of his performances, the varied accomplishments of the performer, his humor and pathos, the strangeness of the adventures he relates, the blending of wit and sentiment, music and elocution, in his entertainments, the absence of all theatrical adjuncts, combine to give them an attraction for all tastes, while the most rigid moralist can find nothing to censure. In the broad field which this country opens to a man of talent, a universal favorite like Mr. Massett, is sure of the most complete and honorable success.

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TANK AND TEMPLE OF THE SIKHS.

The brilliant oriental picture below, is striking in architectural and natural beauty. Umritsir, the religious capital of the Sikh people, was first constituted a holy city by Arjoon, fourth Gooroo, at the end of the sixteenth century; but it was not till the Sikh power had reached its zenith under Runjeet Singh that the buildings which surround its sacred tank were completed in their present state; before that time, however, it was a place of great resort for the Surbut Khalsa, or whole Sikh people, after they had risen to political importance by their conquests, and where, before they were united in submission to a single chief, they used to meet for consultation at least once a year, at the festival of Rama, when the cessation of the rains made military operations practicable; for, though every Sikh was free, and each was a substantive member of their commonwealth, yet it was soon found that all could not lead, and it was hoped that the performance of religious duties and the awe inspired by so holy a place might cause selfishness to yield to a regard for the general welfare; and the assembly of chiefs was called a "Gooroomutta," to denote that, in conformity with Govindo injunction, they sought wisdom and unanimity of counsel from their teacher and the book of his word. During the contests with the Mohammedans for supremacy in the Panjaub, Umritsir was several times taken, and its holy places defiled; but Runjeet Singh took ample revenge, when he undertook the rebuilding of the temple, by carrying off the white marble pinnacles from the Padshahi Masjid at Lahore, and also rifling the tomb of Jehangheesi, at the same place, of all its beautiful inlaid work. It now adorns the lower part of this brilliant temple, the upper story of which is of copper gilt: the causeway leading to it is also of inlaid white marble from the same sources. With the crowds of worshippers, the gay dresses of the women, the groups of the bathers, devotees and other singular attendants, altogether it forms one of the most striking and picturesque scenes in the whole of the British Indian empire.



TANK AND TEMPLE OF THE SIKHS, AT UMRITSIR.



COSTUMES OF PEASANTS AND PORTERS, CAGLIARI, SARDINIA.

COSTUMES OF PEASANTS AND PORTERS, CAGLIARI, ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

To a majority of people nothing is so interesting in the pictorial line as representations of national costumes. Sir Walter Scott well understood this popular trait, and a large portion of his descriptions refer to the dresses of his characters; and we all know how sadly the effect of a stage-play is marred when the characters are not properly costumed. The accompanying engraving introduces us to a group of peasants and porters in Cagliari, Sardinia.

Cagliari (the Roman Caralis or Carales) is the principal town of the island of Sardinia, and is situated in the Gulf of Cagliari, near the mouth

of the River Merlurgia. Since the establishment of the telegraph at this place, it has become of increased importance. Its streets are miserably paved, and are only twenty feet wide. Here are twenty-three monasteries and nunneries, thirty-eight churches, a handsome theatre, a spacious and secure harbor, with a roadstead. The inhabitants, above 35,000 in number, carry on a traffic in oil, wine, and, above all, in salt, prepared in the neighborhood. The houses and streets remind one much of a Spanish town, and this may be accounted for by the long period which the Moors had possession of both Spain and Sardinia. The costumes of the natives are very peculiar. The centre figures in our sketch

represent a peasant and his wife from the interior. The man's dress consists of a brown coat; a tight-fitting, thick red waistcoat, buttoning at the side; a black leather girdle, a short petticoat of coarse black cloth, very thick; and very loose white calico trousers, which, at a little distance, look like a white petticoat. A large black hat, with a red handkerchief falling from under one side, completes his costume. The other figures are porters.

LANDING PIER, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

The spirited engraving on this page represents a detachment of British troops, on the way to India, debarking on the pier at Alexandria.

The European officers and soldiers, in their fatigue dresses, contrast strikingly with the natives in their oriental costumes, as the steamer with her bows on does with the lateen-sailed craft of the modern Egyptians. The troops for India sail from Southampton to Suez, and such are the facilities prepared by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, that they have declared their readiness to undertake to forward 2000 troops a month through the pasha's land-steppes. The British government provides the men with clothing, allowing them only to carry their great-coat, bread-bag, and replenished water-bottles; more than this would unfit men to stand sudden changes of climate in these low latitudes.



THE LANDING PIER AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

Poet's Corner.

MORNING.

BY JOHN STEALING.

Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odors moist ascend,
And, 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From the green arbors eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exultant sings.

Ou lands and seas, on fields and woods,
And cottage roofs and ancient spires,
O morn! thy gaze creative broods,
While night retires.

Aloft, the mountain ridges beam
Above their quiet steepes of gray;
The eastern clouds with glory stream,
And vital day.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN.

In a fair garden grew a purple rose,
Shedding abroad an odor fresh and rare;
A nymph beholding, with sweet transport glows,
And at the winsome sight exclaims "How fair!"
Her gentle hand to pluck it she extends,
But envious thorns are hid beneath its leaves;
As o'er it with a trustful joy she bends,
A sudden wound her ardent grasp deceives.
"Alas!" she murmurs, "now the truth I feel,
That beauty ever is allied to pain,
Life's richest music discord will reveal,
And every blessing hath its kindred bane."
"Yes," I replied, "thyself doth prove it true;
For thou art lovely and yet cruel too."—TUCKERMAN.

NIGHT.

Meanwhile, without,
A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
Whispered among the melancholy hills.
The night's dark limits widened: far above
The crystal sky lay open; and the star
Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
Grew large and bright, and in the silver moats,
Between the accumulated terraces,
Tangled a trail of fire: and all was still.
MEREDITH.

SOLITUDE.

O, solitude! first state of human kind!
Which blessed, remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company;
As soon as two, alas! together joined,
The serpent made up three.—COWPER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Less than two months to spring, and days getting longer! These are hopeful facts for those who crouch and cower beneath the icy sceptre of winter, invalids confined to their chambers, people who have outgrown skating, and who think, with Dr. Franklin, that sleighing is no better fun than sitting with your feet in a pail of ice-water and ringing a hand-bell. We pity the invalids—but for healthy men and women there is no excuse for rebellion against the invigorating discipline of winter. Body and brain are better for its keen blast—it is only the Sybarite, who cannot endure a crumpled rose-leaf on his couch, who rails at it. . . . Mr. Bryant's letters from Spain, which appeared during his absence in the Evening Post, are about to be collected and published in a volume. . . . The Pittsburgh Gazette shows a blunder by Thackeray, in "The Virginians," in getting his troops on the wrong side of the Monongahela River. In the last number Thackeray speaks of the hunter's getting sugar from the maples late in the autumn. . . . The venerable Humboldt, notwithstanding his well-known intimacy with the King of Prussia, appeared at the polls at the late election in Berlin, and cast his vote for the candidates of the liberal party, who have always claimed him as one of their number. . . . The New Yorkers don't starve their spiritual teachers. Clergymen's salaries range there from fifteen hundred to six thousand dollars a year. Henry Ward Beecher has five thousand dollars and a parsonage rent free, and makes about six thousand more by lecturing and writing. Liberality was always a leading characteristic of New York. . . . Commander Maury, who is now lecturing in the West, states that the chain of our great northern lakes contain 11,000 cubic miles of fresh water, being nearly one-third of all on the globe. It is his intention to pursue upon these great inland seas the same system of meteorological surveys and observations which he has so successfully prosecuted upon the ocean, and with such signal benefit to the maritime world. . . . There is a Sit-Still Association in Newport, R. I., the members of which do not believe in any locomotion whatever. . . . Capt. J. D. Smith recently requested the planters living along the banks of the Arkansas River not to water their cattle in the stream between Blue Bluff and Napoleon, as every drop was needed to keep his steamboat afloat. He should have adopted the motto of the good old lady, that "every little helps." . . . What queer titles they gave to books in the olden times! Take the following for instance: "A Foot-path to Felicity," "Guide to Godliness," "Swarm of Bees," "Plante of Pleasure and Grove of Graces,"—1586. These were most rife in the days of Cromwell;—there were many bordering closely on the ludicrous, such as the one styled, "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;" and a Quaker, whose outward man the powers thought proper to imprison, published, "A Sigh of Sorrows for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out

of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." . . . Daguerre commenced his explorations in the field of art as long ago as 1814, and continued his experiments in spite of poverty and the want of success, till 1839, when he triumphed. His name is now immortalized. . . . James Carroll, a young man belonging in Bangor, Mo., was one of the lucky miners at Frazer River, and has brought home from the mines a fortune sufficient for himself and his esteemed father and family. . . . The oldest gristmill in Pennsylvania is at Germantown. It is still in operation. It is of stone, and was erected in 1683. . . . Recent legal decisions in Pennsylvania have established the following points as governing passengers on railroads in that State: No passenger is entitled to more seats than he pays for, and any passenger vacating a seat temporarily is entitled to the same on his return, provided he leaves any article thereon during his absence, to mark his ownership. Violating a rule of the company subjects a passenger to the penalty of being put off the cars. Passengers who lose their tickets may be put off the train unless they purchase new ones. Conductors are not obliged to make change, but passengers must offer the exact amount of fare, and all tickets are good until they are used, any rule of the company that they are "good for this day only," to the contrary notwithstanding. These seem to us to be all just and proper. . . . The veteran Wallack has lately been playing in New York with undiminished ability and success. Fanny Kemble thought his Alessandro Massaroni the most picturesque performance she had ever seen. . . . The colored race are no less fond of "horrid war" than their white "broddren." News has been received at Paris that the Emperor Theodore I., of Ambr, has declared war against a neighboring Abyssinian prince and has marched an army of 30,000 men into his territory. They are commanded by a French cavalry officer recently serving in Algeria. . . . Lord Clyde's share of the prize money paid to the military serving in India is said to exceed £80,000. The amount paid to subordinates is correspondingly great. Lord Clyde is not, therefore, a "soldier who lives on his pay, and spends half a crown out of sixpence a day." . . . The leaf of an album on which Lord Byron had written four lines of poetry was recently sold to a Russian nobleman at Venice, Italy, for \$1600. From this it appears that poetry has "riz." . . . Nice weather they're having in Paris about these times—fog, rain, snow, mud, slush. The state of the streets is a sad drawback to a winter in that gay capital, otherwise so attractive. The grand staple is mud. When snow falls, it is carted off and "dumped" into the Seine. About carnival time the walking is always miserable. Many of our Boston friends sojourning there regret the bracing atmosphere of our northern Athens. . . . In Louisbourg, Wurtemberg, they lately had a curious exhibition—a dog-race. The dogs were drawn up in line and started at the sound of a trumpet, like the horses on the Corso in the carnival. The servants of their masters were allowed to stimulate them, but tin kettles were strictly forbidden. The Wurtemberg ladies rewarded the best runners by gifts of embroidered collars, ribbons, etc. The dogs themselves would doubtless have preferred beef-bones. . . . In his "History of Dramatic Literature" just out, Jules Janin does not speak very highly of Bulwer. He speaks of the prologue of one of his dramas as a "little masterpiece of vanity, aristocracy and pathos;" and afterwards apostrophizes him as follows: "Ah, amiable idiot! what language and what ideas! At Charenton (the lunatic asylum) we have poets of equal genius; they would write and think more wisely!" Jules Janin himself is one of the vainest men living, and much of what he writes is execrable twaddle. . . . Bayard Taylor's lectures are brilliant and successful. He describes the north of Europe graphically and poetically, and holds his audiences enchained from the first word to the last. He has engagements enough for the present season, and at prices to give him a little fortune. . . . Beavers, which were once so much valued for their furs, and were hunted almost to extermination, are increasing in Canada, and are quite plenty within ten miles of Toronto. . . . Mr. Joseph Salas of Charlestown, an old Spaniard, who was familiarly known as "Uncle Joe," and who was an old soldier, and had fought against Napoleon Bonaparte, died recently, at the age of 97 years. He had held death at arms' length for almost a century. . . . The sixteenth of last month was the anniversary of the greatest tea-party ever given in the world—when the old-school Bostonians steeped ship loads of the Chinese leaf in the waters of the bay, and made enough of the beverage to satisfy old Father Neptune even if he had the love of Dr. Johnson for the cup that "soothes but not inebriates." . . . The question of how long a man can live without sleep has been decided by the following case: A Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being deprived of sleep. This painful mode of death was carried into execution under the following circumstances: The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the police-guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so intense that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, garroted, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give a slight idea of the horrors of death from want of sleep. . . . A Paris correspondent says, in a late letter: The elite have lately been getting up charity fairs, and some nice little incidents happen from time to time at these reunions of the wit, fashion, and elegance of Paris. The other evening, at the Countess de Lamballe's, a young lady was going round with a bag in her hand, soliciting for charitable purposes. A gentleman near whom the lady was passing laid in the bag a hundred franc bill. "It is for love of you!" said he, as he did so. The lady paused an instant, and then holding out the bag again, said: "And now for love of the poor, if you please!" Her ready wit was rewarded by another hundred francs. . . . A French-

man carries France about with him everywhere. In Leicester Square or America, at sea or outside an omnibus, you can always tell that he is a Frenchman. When travelling, his great idea is, in thinking about how to get back to France. He never should travel out of his own country. He would give the grandest view in the world to catch a glimpse of his beloved Paris. To him the universe is comprised in the four corners of the Boulevards. Everywhere else are only so many realms of ennui. . . . Speaking of the trade between the United States and Brazil, the Washington Star says: "That of the entire coffee crop of Brazil, about two-thirds, or from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth, are sent to this country, and admitted free. Flour is our chief export to that country, and the high tariff of Brazil has prevented its importation so far, that, we are told, the amount sent thither from this country, for the few years past, has barely exceeded \$250,000 or \$300,000. It is believed the recent reduction of the tariff by Brazil will operate very favorably on the trade of this country. . . . A correspondent of the Religious Telegraph, having sent to that paper a communication put up in bad orthography and grammar, with a request that the editor would make necessary corrections, the editor asks: "Does he wish us to grow blind and bald, and nervous as a valetudinarian, over manuscripts, which, if carefully panned, might at once be handed to the printer?" . . . In England the national debt is equal to \$143 for each inhabitant; in France, \$12; in Austria, \$33; in Prussia, \$11; and in Russia, \$7.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters and Things in General.

Late arrivals do not bring us a record of very startling events, though quidnuncs blurt mysteriously at "coming events casting their shadows before."—The London papers still claim the pardon of Count Montalembert as a triumph of their own, and boast of having bullied or reasoned the emperor into granting it. But the fact is that Louis Napoleon was sensible he had committed a blunder the moment he had ordered the prosecution. Some imagine that, after this, he will be more lenient to the French press, but we doubt it. The "Napoleonic idea" is adverse to freedom of the press. The first Napoleon hated, and feared, and hampered it, and the "nephew of my uncle" is only pursuing the traditional line of policy.—The piercing of the Isthmus of Suez engages a great deal of attention. The project will undoubtedly be carried through, and will be one of the greatest scientific triumphs of the 19th century.—The rebels are still in strong force in India, and are giving plenty of work to the British troops, who are cutting them up in detail with great energy.—Louis Napoleon came near breaking his neck lately by falling with his horse. He is a splendid rider, but his "star" does not exempt him from accidents.—The work on the Great Eastern steamer is rapidly pushed forward.—The patriotic feeling in Italy is at blood heat, and causes a good deal of trouble to the crowned heads that hold that unhappy country in subjection.—The Atlantic telegraph cable seems to be defunct, though now and then a spasmodic indication of vitality, an "encouraging current," raises the hopes of the most sanguine of the shareholders.—Lamartine is still pleading poverty, and complaining because the people of France won't pay his debts. One of the English papers calls him a "splendid beggar." It is a hard matter for the old poet to reconcile the figure of his debts—half a million of dollars—with his denial of the charges of extravagance brought against him. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith. Probably he has handled more money than any literary man ever did before. At one time he was the idol of France, now "none so poor as to do him reverence."

Lord Derby and the Church.

It is said that Lord Derby's nomination of the Rev. Harvey Goodwin to the deanery of Ely has been received with great disfavor by the great Evangelical party in the Church of England. Mr. Goodwin is stated to belong to the school of divinity which is known in the establishment as "the Broad Church." A correspondent of a metropolitan contemporary says: "The appointments of Mr. Duncombe to the deanery of York, and Mr. Goodwin to the deanery of Ely have impressed all parties in the church with the belief that in the case of all the ecclesiastical dignities which fall to the gift of Lord Derby he will appoint men of no distinctive religious views, and that neither the Evangelicals on the one hand nor the Tractarians on the other will have any chance of promotion from him."

Consumption of Tobacco in France.

In an article published by the Presse against the use of tobacco in France, the following statistical information is given: The consumption of tobacco increases in France most rapidly. The sale brought, on an average, a net revenue to the treasury, in the last years of the empire, of 26,000,000 francs a year. In 1820, the produce was 42,000,000 pounds, in 1841, 72,000,000; and in 1856, 121,000,000. Each inhabitant in 1820 consumed in the year, on an average, 352 grammes (600 to the pound); in 1841, 460; and in 1856, 706.

Cochin China.

The people of Annam treat the few prisoners that fall into their hands from the French and Spanish ranks quite severely. Recently they got possession of two French soldiers. One of them had his head cut off after having been subjected to protracted tortures, and the other was forced to walk the streets for several days with his comrade's head in his hands.

A noble Saddler.

An English contemporary says that a rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterward bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

Alexandre Dumas, Senior.

This popular author has already travelled 1500 leagues in Russia, and is resolved to journey there 1700 more, after which he will return and to be sure settle down in his little house in the Rue d'Amsterdam. He announces his intention of writing to Schamyl and craving his hospitality for two or three days. "If he refuses," adds Dumas, "I will approach him as near as the outposts will permit." Perhaps M. Dumas may give way to his ordinary impetuosity, and capture Schamyl for the benefit of Russia.

The Drama in Turkey.

A French paper says the Turks of Constantinople are acquiring a taste for the modern drama. Recently a comedy written in the Turkish language was performed at the Naoum Theatre by a company of Armenians. The piece is a literal translation of a comedy by Goldoni. In consequence of the success of this representation, an idea has been formed of translating into Turkish some of the dramas and comedies of Scribe and other French authors.

Narrow Escape of the Pacific.

The Galway steamer Pacific narrowly escaped on a late passage from being caught on the iron-bound Cliffs of Clare, and totally wrecked. She ran by mistake into Lisconnon in the night instead of Galway Bay, and but for the timely warning of the fishermen, would have run ashore upon Lahinch. She was six miles out of her track. The only light at the entrance of Galway is on the Arran Islands.

Music in London.

The "Vocal Association" announce twelve concerts at St. James' Hall, commencing in January and ending in June. Among the novelties will be compositions by Otto Goldschmidt, and it is rumored that Jenny Lind may appear, and three marches for wind instruments by Mendelssohn, performed for the first time.

The Opera in Genoa.

At the Carlo Felice Opera House, a Miss Jackson, called by some of the English papers an English woman, and by others "an American from Boston," has been singing to applauding audiences. She is described as decidedly homely, but fine in a musical way.

A Bishop murdered.

The Paris Univers states that the Roman Catholic Bishop Melchior, the news of whose arrest in Cochin China was received some time since, has been executed by the authorities at Hue.

Italy.

The pretended Austro-Italian Alliance, a league of Italian States formed against Sardinia, under the patronage of Austria is a fiction. The Viennese journals treat it as an absurdity.

Music in Paris.

Belart, a new tenor, is engaged at the Italian Opera. Choral societies are forming all over France. One recently organized numbers one hundred and sixty singers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

This pretty volume is the second collection of poems which the young author has presented to the public, and exhibits a decided improvement upon the first, which was full of promise, published three or four years since. The leading poem in the volume before us is a graceful composition, and the shorter pieces exhibit a delicate fancy and a command of the rules of versification. In Mr. Winter's verses there is no spasmodic attempt at effect—they clothe pure thoughts and appropriate images, and flow on in a smooth and peaceful current. His book deserves success and will command it.

TRYING TO BE USEFUL. By MRS. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

An elegantly printed and illustrated work, containing a number of moral sketches, and adapted to the comprehension of young readers, and written in an agreeable style.

HOWARD AND HIS TEACHER, THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By MRS. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 1859.

A series of juvenile stories, written in a charming style, and illustrating moral truths with great effect. The book is elegantly printed and handsomely illustrated.

THE YULE LOG. A series of stories for the young. New York: Stanford & Delisier.

The stories in this pretty juvenile are well written and interesting and cannot fail to please the class of readers for whom they are designed. The title of the book is suggested by the old English custom of saving the remains of the Yule or Christmas log to light that of the next year, thus continuing the light of the hearthstone from generation to generation. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

OUR CHARLEY, AND WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. By MRS. H. B. STOWE. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A very pleasantly written juvenile work, which has already made a sensation. It cannot fail to be a great favorite with the little people.

THE BALLAD OF LADIE DELL, AND OTHER POEMS. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New York: Rudd & Cartletou.

Aldrich belongs to the modern school of poets, and has the faults of that school. But he has also its merits in a high degree. His imagery is gorgeous, his fancy oriental, and his verses very musical. On a very slender thread he hangs an affluence of pearls, and his pages sparkle with gems of language. His volume contains a large number of poems, all of them highly wrought, and many of them really beautiful. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

DONATI'S COMET. A. Williams & Co. have published "an account of Donati's Comet of 1858," in a 4to pamphlet, beautifully illustrated. It is from the pen of George P. Bond. The steel engravings are the finest we ever saw.

ALMANACS FOR 1859. Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase have published the Boston Almanac for 1859 in a style of surpassing beauty. Among the attractions, in addition to the usual matter, are views of the new college buildings in Cambridge, with an account of the institution by the president, and the new improvements in Franklin Street.

Shepard, Clark & Brown have issued a beautiful "Lady's Almanac," illustrated by Billings, like the preceding, and a very pretty illustrated "Juvenile Almanac."

Editorial Melange.

A dread of the effects of chloroform, in consequence of the fatality that has repeatedly followed its administration of late, may finally induce the dentists to fall back on ether, which was never known to do any harm.—A Japan letter says: The females of Nagasaki are of the ordinary height, and some of them are very handsome, and would create quite a stir in New York if they should happen that way. The married ladies are known from the single by painting their lips either green or bright red, and their teeth a jet black. They are frequently married as young as ten.—There is a letter addressed to "Modesty," lying in the Baltimore post-office, and there being no claimant for it in that city, the postmaster has advertised it.—Mr. George Flagg, a New England artist, for some years a resident in South Carolina, has painted for Mr. James Brewster of New Haven a large picture representing the "Landing of the Atlantic Cable," which is now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York.—Across the face of the Prussian bank notes is printed some fifty times, in very small type, the penalty for counterfeiting, which is from five to fifteen years' imprisonment. Convicted counterfeiters cannot plead ignorance of the law.—The English "bloomer" differs from the American female who is designated by this term. At a recent trial in London, a young Jewess described herself as a "bloomer," her occupation consisting in getting up elderly ladies in "blooming style" for balls and parties. Her charge for blooming a countess, she said, was twenty-five dollars, and her earnings never less than \$100 per week.—The San Antonio, Texas, Herald states that Mr. Robinson, of Boston, who intends to go into the business of sheep-raising on a large scale, on the Gaudalupe, has received recently his first drove of sheep from Mexico, some 1500 head.—The application of American citizens for permission to run the submarine cable from Havana to Key West, has been granted by her Catholic majesty, solely upon condition that both ends of the cable are to be under Spanish control; and if otherwise, the application is to be considered rejected.—Volk, a sculptor in cameo, in Chicago, has received an order from an English traveller for a portrait cameo bracelet to include likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Webster, Clay and Scott.—A young lady in Hartford was seen wearing dry goods of a pattern similar to some that had been stolen in September last from an establishment in that city. This led to a search of the house, and a large variety of other property, supposed to be stolen, was found. The girl and her mother state that the goods were purchased of a Jew pedler.—At Athens, Me., a teacher in one of the schools undertook to correct a scholar, when another scholar interfered to prevent the punishment. The master thereupon drew a knife and stabbed the boy in the neck. The wound was considered a dangerous one by the physician. The name of the teacher and also the name of the boy stabbed is John Rhines.—Yeddo, the capital of Japan, is said to be one of the finest cities in the world. The castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, is built on a slight eminence, around which there are three walls or enclosures, within the inner of which the Tycoon Emperor and heir apparent live.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce intimates that the frequent attacks of illness on the part of Mr. Harrwitz, during his chess contest with Morphy, were devised for the purpose of protracting the strife, in order to subserve the pecuniary interests of the Cafe de la Regence, where the match was played.—In Cincinnati, recently, a Wisconsin cranberry dealer who wished to get a check cashed, but had no one to vouch for his identity, exhibited his name inscribed upon that classic garment, his shirt, whereupon the banker was satisfied and paid over the money, and Wisconsin went on his way rejoicing.—One of the leading attractions of the London book season will be the forthcoming life of Douglas Jerrold, by his son and literary executor, Blanchard Jerrold. Among the many attractions of the life will be found two letters from Mr. Dickens, describing, in his customary graphic style, his first interview and his last interview with Mr. Jerrold.—The design of Lord Murray to erect in Edinburgh a monument to the poet Allan Ramsay is now approaching its full realization. It is to be executed in marble, of quality similar to that of Sir Walter Scott's statue

in the Edinburgh monument.—Rev. S. W. Cogshall of Chatham, in a communication to the Zion's Herald, on "reading sermons," says it is "simply ludicrous for men to stand up, on the conference floor and elsewhere, to declaim against the practice of writing and reading sermons, who never wrote a sermon in their lives, and could not even if they should try. What is their opinion worth in the case? Why, simply, nothing at all. It is mere prejudice, nothing more."—Col. Fremont's steam quartz mill at Bear Valley, in Mariposa county, is said to be paying handsomely. Seldom or never has less than \$1500 been taken out after a steady week's run, and as high as \$3000 have been obtained.—An incorrigible book-worm, turning over some old manuscripts recently, at the Imperial Library in Paris, fumbled out a strange musty piece of paper which proved to be a pawn ticket of Torquato Tasso—a real curiosity of literature. It shows that the author of "Jerusalem Delivered" had pledged his father's waistcoat with "Signor Abraham Levi" for "venti cinque lire" on the second of March, 1570.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, has sent a hundred guineas, to be distributed among the students in prizes, the subjects of competition to be fixed by the faculty.—The queen has appointed Dr. Henry Barth, the famous African traveller, to be a Companion of the Order of the Bath. So he is now Ba(r)th of the Bath, a sort of human Baden-Baden.

LAW AND LAWYERS EVERYWHERE.

Nearly ten years ago, a gentleman named Harley died, and bequeathed, by will, upwards of £100,000 to the corporation of Southampton, England, to be expended in measures to promote the intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of that town. The will was disputed by distant and dubious relatives of the testator, and litigation has been going on up to the present time in the Court of Chancery. It has ended in a compromise, at the recommendation of the counsel engaged on both sides, and the litigants have withdrawn their claims for £22,500, thus leaving about £78,000 for the corporation; out of that sum, however, the law costs have to be deducted, amounting to nearly £35,000, and the legacy duty, amounting to nearly £4500, so that all that remains to carry out the dying wish of the testator is £39,780. Much indignation is felt in Southampton, that after the reform of the court of chancery, litigation can last so long there, and its expenses be so enormous. The cost of taxing, that is reducing, the law charges was nearly £1000.

A FAST YOUTH.—A young declaimer at one of our public schools went upon the platform and began the recitation of a familiar poem in this wise:

"There is a ripper whose name is Death!"

"Reaper, John," said the teacher, correcting him. John explained that he thought it was ripper, "because Death had such a ripper of a knife in his hand,"—and then "continued on."

SAN FRANCISCO.—The population of San Francisco is estimated to be 75,000 or 80,000 at the present time. The city has been filling up very rapidly of late; the hotels are full to overflowing, houses for family residence are all taken up, those in course of construction are engaged, there is great activity in the building line, and real estate has risen twenty per cent.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you wish to avoid a quarrel, be select in your choice of language. If a rude fellow addresses you in the worst imaginable epithets, remain unruffled, and meekly reply: "Your remarks do not agree with my views." This lamb-like behaviour may induce him to take you for a sheep, and spare your wool.

LARGE SAUSAGE.—Mr. S. made in a single piece 75 feet, or 25 yards of sausage, using the trimmings or sausage meat of two porkers weighing 460 pounds. This, we should say, is a great extension of the pork business.

NEWSPAPORIAL.—The State of Louisiana has 73 newspapers, 44 of which are printed in English, 18 in French and English, eight in French, two in German, and one in Spanish.

THEOLOGICAL.—What matter if the forms of churches do differ, so long as they all point in the right direction?

Wayside Gatherings.

In Wisconsin they call a bribe a "pecuniary compliment."

The London Times, in a recent editorial, speaks of the city of Portland, Me., as a Canadian town.

The amount of fishing bounties claimed in Plymouth collection district, for the season just closed, is \$16,287 04.

Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a graduating class: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults, and a small one for fees."

A reporter of the Albany Knickerbocker says that he lately saw a man shovelling snow from a roof, and that he had on a life-preserver.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford Abbott, who was last season a member of the Boston Theatre Company, lately died at Chester, Orange County, New York.

A Skating Club is organized at Buffalo; gentlemen's tickets five dollars, the ladies free; and a skating pond is prepared, to be used under certain regulations.

The Yarmouth Port Register says it is estimated that \$30,000 worth of mackerel have been taken by means of nets, in the lower part of the county, during the fall and present winter.

The Mayor of Cincinnati recently ordered a census of the inmates of houses of prostitution in the city to be taken. The returns show that the total number within the city limits is 900.

The manufacturers of printing cloths, in Providence, have entered into an agreement by which they fix upon 36 inches as the measure of a yard instead of 37 inches as has been the custom heretofore.

The value of furs exported from St. Paul, Minnesota, this year, is \$161,022. In 1857 it was \$182,491; in 1856 it was \$96,759. The apparent decrease this year is not in quantity, but is occasioned by the decreased value of the furs.

The notorious negro convict, Dade, lately escaped from the prison at Jackson, Michigan, by cutting through a plank six inches in thickness. He had chains on weighing 25 pounds when he escaped.

Recently, the wife of a farmer residing near Shippensburg, Pa., hearing the dogs barking violently, went out, and found them worrying a large buck. She took a knife, and seizing the buck by the antlers, cut his throat.

In Buffalo, some gentlemen have hired the vacant lots on the corner of Virginia Street, which have an area of fifty-two thousand square feet, which they are to fence in and floor with ice.

The English government, says the Sydney Herald, has granted the sum of £1000 for the publication of an Australian "Flora," and the work has been undertaken by Mr. Bentham, a distinguished botanist.

Postmaster Fowler, of New York, had his pocket picked at a political meeting one evening lately. The thief made a good haul—money and checks amounting to three thousand dollars. Rather high admission fee, that.

A number of concrete houses have been erected in California, giving entire satisfaction to the owners. They are said to be superior to brick houses, and can be erected at a cost not exceeding the price of the brick necessary to erect a building of equal size.

The total value of steamers afloat on the Mississippi and its tributaries, is more than \$60,000,000, and number as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all the other parts of the world.

Miles Standish's pipe and pistol were sold at auction in Albany lately. The pipe was the veritable one which came over with him in the Mayflower, and was smoked by him until his death, and was made of iron. It brought \$15. The pistol brought a like sum.

The telegraph to Cuba is to be commenced at Savannah immediately. It runs to Key West, thence by submarine cable to Cuba. It is intended to complete the line to Key West by next summer, when it will be connected with Cuba as soon as the cable can be laid.

A wild buffalo has been on exhibition in Toronto. It was captured by a Mr. Beeres, near Fort Kearney, in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. Though only eighteen months old, it weighs over 1000 pounds, and is a fine specimen of the species.

The price of land near the National Metropolis may be judged from the fact that Dr. Jewell, of Washington, has just purchased the farm and stock of Lieut. Bohrer, known as the Cottage Farm, for \$5000. The farm contains 180 acres, and is but six miles distant from the White House.

Moses Bailey, an employee at the Washington Foundry, Baltimore, Md., was roasted alive at the furnace of that establishment one afternoon lately. He had been sent into the cupola to attend to something and fell into the furnace, overcame it is supposed by the fumes of the charcoal.

Russia sheet iron is, in the first instance, a very pure article, rendered exceedingly tough and flexible by refining and annealing. Its bright, glossy surface is partially a silicate, and partially oxyd of iron, and is produced by passing the hot sheet, moistened with a solution of wood ashes, through polished steel rollers.

Sands of Gold.

.... To love is everything; love is God.—*Leon Gorlan.*

.... Paradise is always where love dwells.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... Love is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—*Balzac.*

.... Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.—*Byron.*

.... Slight small injuries, and they will become none at all.—*Fuller.*

.... Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Johnson.*

.... Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

.... Life is a sleep, love is a dream; and you have lived if you have loved.—*Alfred de Musset.*

.... It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled.—*Longfellow.*

.... The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom: to serve all and love but one.—*Balzac.*

.... I am firmly persuaded that the man who has not a sort of affection for all women cannot love one as he ought.—*Sterne.*

.... Pleasure and pain spring not so much from the nature of things, as from our manner of considering them.—*Bovee.*

.... True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

.... A single falsehood forever destroys that confidence which, with certain minds, is the very foundation of love.—*Balzac.*

.... In matters of love and appetite beware of surfeits. Nothing contributes so much to the duration of either as moderation in their gratification.—*Bovee.*

.... That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stand in need of it, is music.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

.... It is ever the invisible that is the object of our profoundest worship. With the lover it is not the seen but the unseen, that he muses upon.—*Bovee.*

.... What is the difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing difficult objects; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—*Warren.*

.... Love is a flame which burns in heaven and whose soft reflections radiate to us. Two worlds are opened, two lives given to it. It is by love that we double our being; it is by love that we approach God.—*Aime Martin.*

Joker's Budget.

"How sharp your toe nails is," as the man said ven he cotebed the hornet.

"Let's clinch the bargain," as the bear said ven he patted the man on the shoulder.

"None of your sauce," as the boy said to the crab apple.

"Anything in my line?" as the hangman said to the judge.

Which of the three cast into the fiery furnace reminds one of the gridiron? *Shad-rack.*

"Where there's a will, there's a way"—of getting it into chancery!

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

To make a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redder those of an impudent man, slap them.

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "You tell the man, and I'll lick you and the lasses, too."

In the days when rogues and thieves were branded with the letters R. and T., lettered men were more common than they are now.

A man was walking quickly down the street the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a thought, and knocked over into the gutter.

"If you are lost in a fog, Brown, what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," said Brown, and vanished.

The following motto is over the door of a recruiting rendezvous in Boston:

"List, List—O! List.—*Shakespeare.*"

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble, nor sniffer much more comfort."

"High heeled boots, a moustache, and a strut," says the major, "are the plainest signboards in the world, hung out in capitals, 'Chambers in the attic to let'—inquire at the tailor's."

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

"Can you read smoke, ma?" "What do you mean, child?" "Why, I've heard some men talk about a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read anything in a volume."

Some Texas paper having complained that their best editorials are extensively copied without the proper credit, the Victoria Advocate replies that it is often served worse than that, for some of its best editorials are not copied at all.



CANAL OF MAHMOUDIEH, EGYPT.

CANAL OF MAHMOUDIEH, EGYPT.

The accompanying view was sketched on the Canal of Mahmoudieh, which connects Alexandria with Cairo, Egypt. M. Lessep's project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, thus multiplying its relations with the rest of the world, gives great importance to this canal. It commences at Fouah, about a mile from the Frank quarter of Alexandria, and connects its waters with those on the western branch of the Nile. Formerly known as Cleopatra's canal, it had been abandoned for ages, when Mehemet Ali undertook its restoration in 1819. Making use of the resources which despotism placed at his command, he ordered the sheiks of the different provinces to furnish him with laborers. The Fellahs, men, women and children, were forced into the service, and 313,000 farmers, torn from their homes, worked under the superintendence of the viceroy's soldiers. Bad treatment, fatigue and hard-

ship decimated their ranks, but at the end of six months the canal was dug. It is broad, deep, and protected by high levees or embankments, in places where it might be injured by the periodical overflow of the Nile. Huts of earth, like bee-hives, square houses, ancient tombs, groups of palms and date trees are the remarkable objects which the traveller beholds on its banks. In the environs of Atfeh, where the canal abuts on the Nile, there are fine plantations of acacia trees. Travellers from Alexandria to Cairo make the passage in eight hours. Our engraving gives a good idea of the scenery. It will be noticed that one of the passage boats spreads a huge lateen sail to aid its machinery.

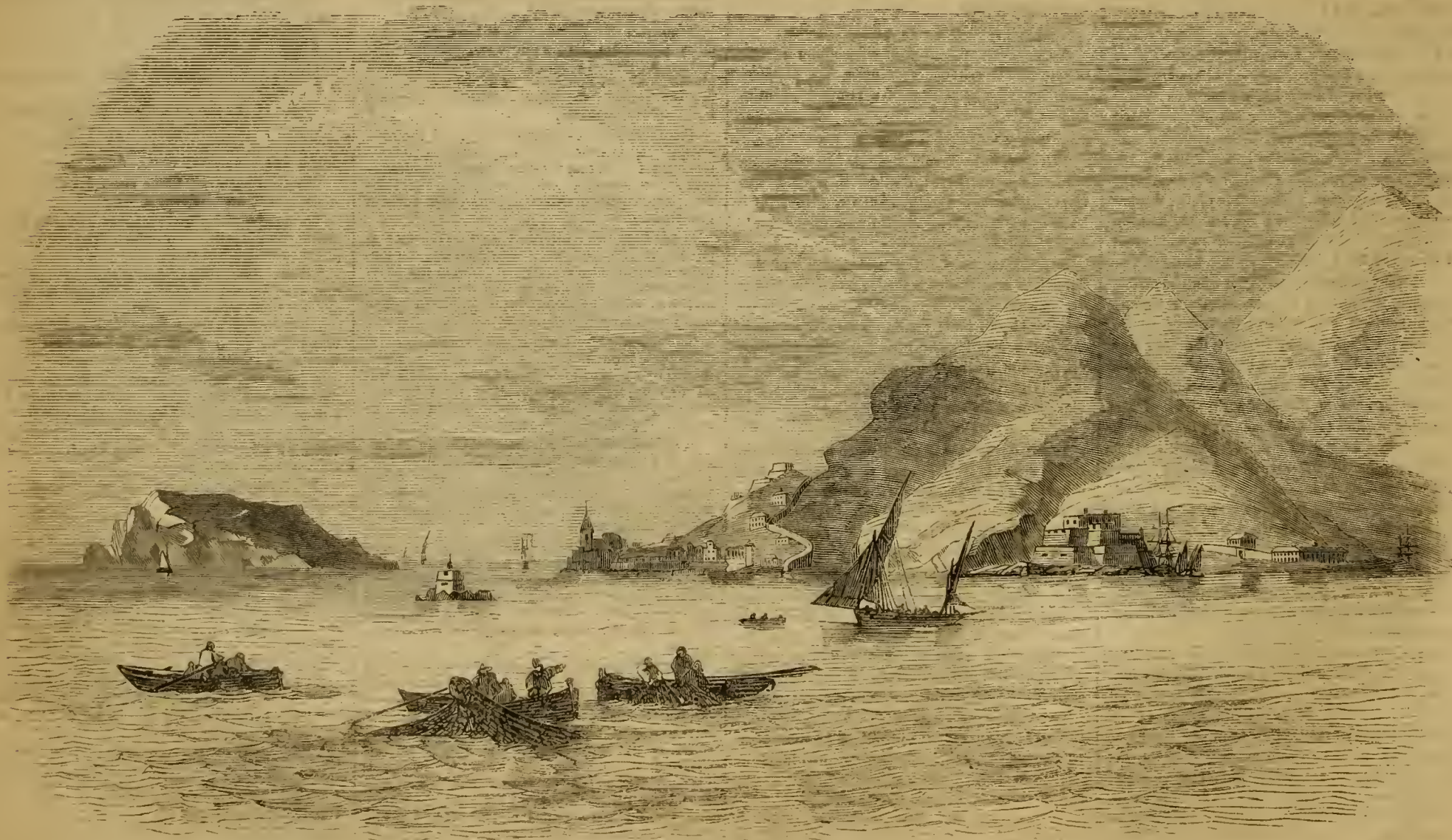
THE PORT OF SPEZIA, ITALY.

The second engraving on this page is a faithful representation of the entrance to the Gulf of Spezia, the well known rendezvous of American

naval vessels in the Mediterranean. On the left of the picture is the island of Palmaria; next, over the central fishing-boat, is a ruined fort; Porto Veneise is on the point of land, Varignana more to the right, and the Napoleon fort on the extreme right. The sharp cones of the mountains impart a bold and romantic aspect to the scene.

The port of Spezia has recently been selected by the Piedmontese government to be converted into a naval arsenal and rendezvous, a measure somewhat to the distaste of certain continental powers. This port, situated about forty-five miles southeast from Genoa, had formerly attracted the notice of Napoleon, who proposed to build a fort to be called after him, and wished to form of the whole gulf a harbor that should be equal to the most important in Europe. The gulf is of a long oval figure, running about seven miles inland, with an entrance two miles

wide. It is exposed only to the south-southwest wind, and encloses four bays, which may all be converted into important docks or inner harbors. The depth of water varies from thirty to seventy feet, so that ships of all sizes may lie along the quays it is proposed to erect. The scenery on either side the gulf is very picturesque; as many as eight or ten villages flank the roadstead, at the end of which stands the town of Spezia, which is finely situated, well built, and has a population of from 8000 to 10,000 inhabitants. About two miles from the town is a spring of soft water, which gushes forth with such violence, and so copiously, that the strongest wind fails to interrupt its course. It is of excellent quality. The most prominent objects seen from the gulf are the Citadel of Spezia, an old castle of the Visconti, and the islands of Palmaria and Tino. We may mention that Spezia is the quarantine station for passengers and ships arriving at Genoa.



THE PORT OF SPEZIA, ITALY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

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VIEW OF HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARBOR OF HONOLULU,
Saturday, Oct. 9, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR, — I can scarcely realize that only a few weeks since I was seated in your office, in the old Trimountain City, little dreaming that I should so soon be inditing you an epistle from the far Pacific. But you know the circumstances which induced me to set forth on my wanderings, unknowing, like poor Philip Slingsby, when I might set foot on my native soil. Yet, even an occasional fit of homesickness is unpardonable, for, with perfectly restored health, general good spirits, and fair prospects, I have every reason to be thankful, and am so. As you were kind enough to intimate that an occasional contribution from my pen and pencil might be acceptable to yourself and readers, I submit this letter and the accompanying sketch for your judgment, to accept or reject, as you see fit. I rather distrust my artistic powers, but of one thing I can assure you, that my sketch of Honolulu, as seen from the harbor, is accurate, and I presume your artist will find no difficulty in transferring it to the wood. Prominent in the view is the trim-built craft that brought us safely hither from San Francisco, and I have sketched an American whaler, and other characteristic shipping, which gives animation to the port. You, of course, are aware that Honolulu is a great rendezvous for American whalers, of which there are sometimes eighty in port. Jolly times the skippers, New Bedford and Nantucket men, have when they meet together; and as for the crews, you know well enough what "Jack ashore" is. I have been round with some

of them, and seen, among other things, the "hula-hula" danced by native women. This is one of the proscribed national dances, much talked of, and the character of it much exaggerated. The native women are very graceful, and their movements have, many of them, the true spirit of poetry. But on the whole, the "hula-hula" is rather a monotonous affair. The music, on the occasion I refer to, was a beating on a kind of rude drum, and a clapping of hands, aided by a sort of musical chant from some of the assistants. Many of the native women are very attractive; the figures of some I have seen are exquisite. The teachings of the missionaries have been attended with the happiest results, and, having a large influence in the government, most of the grosser offences against morality have been checked. But the ingrained proclivities of the aboriginal population, fostered by intercourse with some of the worst of the foreigners or transient visitors, often defies control. The father of the present king would frequently rebel against the control of his spiritual advisers and official counsellors, and break out of bounds, and many stories are told of his queer capers when under *spirit* influence. When Cook discovered this group of islands, each of them had a separate king or chief, but they were long since merged into one sovereignty. Honolulu is a mean looking place, but a very busy one, and increasing constantly in commercial importance. The business is almost wholly in the hands of the Americans and English. I send you by this mail a file of papers. You will agree with me that the Sandwich Islands press would make a good figure anywhere. The fact is, we have here all the elements of civilization—news-

papers, bookstores, emporiums of fashion, lectures, balls, refined society, and, once in awhile, the "horse opera." The climate in these islands is delightful. Agriculture flourishes, and the fertile valleys produce coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, yams, sweet potatoes, etc. Charles Lamb would have relished the pork raised here, and, as for the poultry, better is never served up at Parker's, in your city. The best yams are produced on the island of Nihau, or Oneehow. Capt. Cook did a good thing when he discovered these islands in 1778. By the way, I have visited the spot where the gallant discoverer was killed, on the 14th of February, 1779. It was on the shore of Hawaii, or Owhyhee. You will recall the circumstances. One of the islanders had stolen a boat, and, as it was necessary to check the thieving propensities of the natives, and teach them a lesson, Capt. Cook went on shore for the purpose of seizing the king of the island, determined to detain him as a hostage until his property was restored. Perhaps the measure was an ill-judged one; at any rate, its results were fatal. The natives exhibited great anger, and collected round the captain's party in formidable numbers, with insulting and threatening gestures. Familiarity with their white visitors, had overcome the awe of them in which they stood at their first arrival. One warrior particularly distinguished himself in his hostile bearing, and Capt. Cook seized a musket, loaded with shot, and discharged it at him. Had the savage been killed, it would have ended the difficulty—but his thick war-mat received the shot, and he remained unharmed, a circumstance which encouraged his comrades, and they commenced a furious discharge of stones. The English re-

plied by a volley of musketry, and the fight became general. Capt. Cook turned his back on his foes for a moment, to command a cessation of the firing, and this act of humanity cost him his life. He was instantly stabbed in the back, and as he fell, with his face in the water, he was literally riddled with stabs, and shockingly mutilated. One of my earliest boyish treasures was a picture of this scene, engraved by Bartolozzi, the father of Madame Vestris. Little did I dream that I should one day stand on the spot where the tragedy was enacted. From the shore I climbed to the rude monument of stones erected to mark the event, and gazed forth upon a wide expanse of water, rock, and headland, and over these to the dark blue rim of the Pacific ocean. At the time of Capt. Cook's discovery, if I remember rightly, the population of these islands was computed at 400,000—but their numbers have gradually wasted away. They are generally tall, and of an olive complexion. Capt. Cook found them a gentle and intelligent race, a character which they still sustain. Yet, when in a state of idolatry, they waged bloody wars, and offered up human sacrifices to their barbarous gods. Their traditional customs and costumes have about wholly disappeared. I have seen many a Sandwich Island belle promenading under a full press of hoops, stately and proud as a peacock. Some of the "old fogies" still tattoo their persons, and all have a pretty fashion of using shells and flowers as ornaments. Both sexes are amateurs of horse-flesh, and great riders. But perhaps you have had enough, for the present, of a traveller's gossip, and so I subscribe myself, Yours truly,
VOYAGEUR.



VIEW OF HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[From our own Correspondent.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling:

— OR, —

THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. DANBRIDGE
AND ANVERS.

YOUNG Anvers and his friend Clayton had been at the Danbridge mansion over a week. On the morrow, early in the morning, they were to start for Captain Mercer's, who, in a few days, expected to join Colonel Armstrong, who was preparing for an expedition against an Indian town on the Alleghany. Yet, although their departure had been postponed to the latest day—almost hour they could with safety remain, and still be in season for their journey, Anvers felt a reluctance to going, which he did not care to account for, even to himself.

The day was drawing to a close, and he had wandered into a wood-path, deliciously cool, when compared with the open, unshaded fields, exposed to the ardent sun of an August day. The path, dim with the umbrage of interlacing boughs of the grand old forest trees, opened on a slope of velvet green, reaching to the strip of shining sand which margined the river.

The air was still full of a warm, rosy light, though the sun had so far declined, that his level beams pierced the foliage here and there, and fell like golden arrows across the path. He started a little at the moment he emerged from the forest, for he came near running against some person, who had been hidden from view by the intervening trees.

"My young friend," said the pleasant and cheerful voice of Mr. Danbridge, "I am glad to meet you here, for the walk home is something of a long one, and I shall enjoy it with you much better than if alone."

Anvers having assured him that the meeting was equally agreeable to him, fell into a mood so abstracted, that it seemed to contradict the assertion. Mr. Danbridge observed it, and did not interrupt him. After remaining silent several minutes, Anvers awoke from his reverie.

"Mrs. Danbridge informed me last evening," said he, "that you are daily expecting your son to arrive from England."

"I am. I thought it likely he might be here before you left."

"He may come to-night."

"Yes, he may. I wish he would. I should like to see you together."

Though Anvers longed to know the reason for such a wish, he forbore to ask. Mr. Danbridge did not need to be questioned.

"I have been indulging in a favorite plan," said he, "for the last six or eight months."

Anvers still remained silent. He appeared to have an intuitive perception of what this plan was.

"I have been thinking," Mr. Danbridge went on to say, "that if my son prove to be what I may reasonably expect from the care and expense which has been bestowed on his education, that it would be very pleasant to have a mutual regard spring up between him and my ward, Myra Pemberton. I have reason to believe, however, that my long cherished scheme will come to nought."

"Why so, sir?"

"Simply because her love, without her being exactly conscious of it, is, as I think, already bestowed on another. You may possibly have some suspicion of this yourself."

"I?"

"Yes, for how can it be otherwise, when you are the object of her regard?"

"Pardon me, sir, but you must be mistaken. For myself, never for a moment have I had the presumption to suspect that Myra Pemberton, who, of all the fair and beautiful specimens of girlhood I have ever seen, or imagination has pictured, is the sweetest and loveliest—ever gave me a thought, which could be construed into anything beyond what might be termed a friendly regard."

"We shall see. If your life is spared during the dangers of the contemplated expedition, return to us, if possible, and give us every mo-

ment you have to spare. Percy will be here ere then, and Myra will be free to choose between you and him."

"Can there be a doubt that he will be her choice? Not on account of the wealth, and other advantages conferred by fortune, for I don't believe that she would give them a thought, unless joined with those superior mental and moral qualities which make the man who is so endowed with them the noblest work of God. And when all these advantages meet in the same individual—But there is no need of my pursuing the subject—I am persuaded that there is no chance for me."

"Return, and, as I've said, we shall see."

"If I'm alive you may be certain that I shall be here once more, sooner or later. It may be several months first—possibly, only a few weeks—or it may be years."

"At any rate, be certain to come the very earliest opportunity."

"I will, and if years should first intervene, it may be to find Myra Pemberton your son's wife. Well, it may be better for her and for me, as glory—so it is said—should be the soldier's bride."

"If Myra, as you say, should at some future day be married to Percy Danbridge, remember that it will be of her own free will. I shall use no authority, or even persuasion to bring it about. So far from this, if he prove unworthy of her, and she, as sometimes happens, is blind to his imperfections, then I shall feel it to be a duty to use my influence to prevent, what to her would only be productive of misery and wretchedness. You may possibly think it strange why I have said this to you. I have been prompted by an impulse which I cannot account for myself. It must, I think, be referred to a misgiving, or, if you will, a kind of presentiment, founded on the improbability of finding in my son, to the same extent I have found in you, a realization of all I have wished or hoped for."

"I feel honored by your good opinion, and will do my best not to forfeit it. As for your son, most sincerely do I hope that he will prove to be all that you can desire; nor can I think that you will be disappointed."

Just as Anvers said this, a turn in the path brought them face to face with Candace Atherly. She was naturally pale, but the exercise of walking had imparted a brilliance to her complexion, that was in vivid contrast with her coal black hair, which fell over her neck and shoulders in heavy and slightly curling masses. For some reason she must have been considerably excited, judging by the burning red of her lips, and the keen sparkle of her eye, which, if possible, were still more intensely black than her hair.

"You had better walk back with us, Candace," said Mr. Danbridge. "Who knows but that some red son of the forest may pounce upon you, and carry you off to his wigwam?"

"I'm not afraid," replied Candace, coldly.

"For all that, I don't think it safe for you to walk alone in these dim forest paths at any time of the day, much less so near night. There's many a red hunter who would be proud to lay his spoils at the feet of so pretty a white squaw as you are. You see that Anvers and I don't venture beyond sight of the house without our rifles."

"If you will accept of so poor an escort, Miss Atherly," said Anvers, "it will give me pleasure to accompany you."

There was a sudden lighting up of her countenance, indicative of the secret satisfaction which his offer gave her, though otherwise she remained impassive as ever.

"I thank you, Mr. Anvers," said she, "but I cannot think of monopolizing the time, which you may wish to devote to another."

"Nonsense—nonsense," said Mr. Danbridge, impatiently. "Either accept the offer of Anvers, or turn back with us; for though there might be some romance in your being carried off by the Indians, it won't halt pay for the trouble it will cost to get you back again. Myra never thinks of such a thing as walking or riding alone."

"Indeed, Miss Atherly," said Anvers, again interposing, "I agree with Mr. Danbridge in thinking it quite unsafe for you to walk alone; and as the evening is fine, and you undoubtedly need air and exercise, I must insist that you will permit me to go with you."

She made no further objections, and he turned and walked by her side. For some little time neither of them spoke. Candace was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Danbridge," she said, "is deceived in Myra Pemberton—grossly deceived."

"Why so?" he inquired, raising his eyes to hers, with a look of unfeigned astonishment.

"You remember what he said relative to her never walking or riding alone?"

"I do."

"And he thinks as he said; yet no longer ago than last night, she stole from the house at midnight, and didn't return for nearly an hour."

"Do you know why she left the house at such an unreasonable time?"

"For the purpose of meeting some person."

"A man or a woman?"

"It is hardly likely that a woman would request an out door private meeting at such an hour. It is only lovers who dare not meet openly, that appoint midnight meetings."

"She has a lover, then, whom Mr. Danbridge does not approve of?"

"I won't say positively that she has."

"But that is what you have reason to suspect?"

"Yes."

"And you know who it is?"

"I think I do, though for the present I choose not to name the person. Whoever it was, stood waiting for her in the deep shadow of those large hickories on the lawn."

"'Twas there they met?"

"It was, though the darkness was such that I could only distinguish that the person was much taller and larger than herself. One thing I am certain of. She received a billet from some one about sunset. I saw Minda, the mulatto woman, who is her favorite attendant and chosen confidant, hand it to her."

There was a scornful inflection of voice in pronouncing the words, "chosen confidant," which made him involuntarily repeat them after her.

"Yes, chosen confidant," she repeated, with emphasis. "Quite significant, I should think, of an exalted mind and a refined taste."

"Minda, the mulatto woman, you say?"

"Yes, and her boldness and impudence are beyond endurance. If I speak to her, I don't even expect to receive a civil answer."

"I know whom you mean now. Mrs. Danbridge related to me some interesting facts the other day, which would, I think, naturally create a strong attachment between Miss Pemberton and her."

Candace, without making any reply, remarked that it was time for them to return.

"Yes, the woods are getting to be rather dark," said Anvers.

As they turned, they caught a glimpse of some one who quickly glided in among the trees.

"It is Myra Pemberton's lover—I know it is," said Candace. "There will be another meeting to-night under the hickories."

"It appeared to me to be a woman."

"A very tall one, then. The trees I spoke of on the lawn, can be seen from your chamber window, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, as you seem to have so much faith in the frank, open-hearted Myra Pemberton, I don't think it unreasonable, after what I have said, if I require you to keep an eye on the spot they shelter, till after midnight. If you see no one, why then think me mean enough to be suspicious without a cause."

"Excuse me, Miss Atherly, I cannot promise to be a spy on any lady's proceedings. As to Miss Pemberton, it is to her guardian, not to me, that she is accountable for what she does. At the same time, if it will be any satisfaction to you, I am willing to confess that your suspicion is not unnatural, though I believe it to be undeserved."

"You refuse my request?"

"I do. I've no right to watch her. Were I her accepted lover it might be different; but I am not, neither do I expect to be."

This last sentence sent a secret thrill of joy through her heart, though her manner lost none of its coldness.

"Then," said she, "I have been misinformed—deceived—and I had too much regard for you—I mean it was not in my nature to look calmly on and see you trifled with—made a dupe of, even by Myra Pemberton, rich, handsome and fascinating as she is."

"At any rate," said Anvers, the asperity of his feelings towards her a little softened—"at any rate, my thanks are due you for your kind intentions towards me."

By this time they had arrived near the western

verandah of the mansion house, and the sweet face which Anvers saw peeping out from amid the vines and roses, at once banished the feeling of distrust which Candace, in spite of himself, had succeeded in awakening.

At a little distance, where the ground was smooth and verdant, were Juba, tambourine in hand, and nine or ten others, some older and some younger than himself, and all in high spirits, engaged in dancing. Juba, whose mirthfulness and hilarious propensities had not diminished with added years, much to the admiration of a group of juveniles, who were spectators of the scene, suddenly commenced performing a series of antics, which, to say the least, gave wonderful scope to his really remarkable agility. Managing so as to catch the eye of Anvers, he approached near him, and, unperceived by Candace or his comrades, slipped something into his hand. Impatient to know what had been given him, with a caution and dexterity which seemed to enjoy secrecy, instead of entering the apartment where the family and Clayton were assembled, he repaired to his chamber. He found that it was a coarse and somewhat soiled piece of paper, folded into a small compass, and tied with a bit of twine. He found there were a few lines written on the inside, which there was barely light enough remaining to enable him to read. They were as follows:

"If you would listen to what one has to say to you, who has the will, and who believes she has the power to serve you, you will find her near the clump of large trees on the west side of the lawn, as soon as she sees that the last light is put out."

"The large trees on the west side of the lawn," said he, to himself, after reading the missive a second time. "It must be the hickories, where, according to Candace Atherly, Myra Pemberton held tryst last night."

Musing on the contents of the strange epistle from the unknown woman, and at the same time conscious of an unwonted buoyancy of spirits, as the thought struck him, that in all probability it was the same person whom Myra had met, he descended to the drawing-room. The eye of Candace Atherly he knew was fixed upon him as he took a seat by Myra and entered into conversation with her, in a manner which showed neither jealousy nor distrust.

"After all, he doesn't care for her," thought Candace. "If he did, it is not in human nature, however strong the will, to appear so perfectly unembarrassed after what I have told him."

Time flew unheeded, and the clock struck eleven before any one thought it was so late by more than an hour. Anvers and Clayton took leave of Mrs. Danbridge and the two younger ladies before separating for the night, as on account of the warmth of the weather, they thought it best to start on their journey by day-break, Mr. Danbridge had made arrangements to accompany them a few miles.

Juba, either by accident or design, was loitering in the corridor Anvers was obliged to cross to reach his room.

"In about half an hour, Juba," said he, "it will be necessary for me to go out for a short time. Will you fasten the door after me, and let me in when I return?"

"Yis, massa, I is al'ays proud to 'bleege a true gemman. De back door, dat open on to de edge of de lawn, will be de best to go out at, 'cause I grease de hinges last night, and take all de creaky out of 'em."

"What made you think of doing that?"

Juba shook his head.

"Ef I is one of dem sort," said he, "dat don't know when to speak, and when to hold my tongue, what 'pendence can you put in me? Afore to-morrow noon, eberybody on de plantation would know dat de handsome young ossifer went out arter all de peoples of de house were abed and asleep, to hold a private confab'lation wid de tall woman dat is come to live in de house away yonder. No no—Jube couldn't be trusted ef he'd no more discretionment dan dat."

"What you say is true, and I am glad to find that you know when to speak and when to be silent. I won't keep you waiting longer than I can help."

"Neber mind how long. I'll set close to de door, and sleep all de time wid one eye open, like de hunter."

Anvers, who knew that Candace was watching at her window, with the expectation that Myra Pemberton would hold a second nocturnal meeting under the hickories, instead of crossing the lawn, availed himself of trees and shrubbery

which grew on one side, to screen himself from her prying eyes.

He found the writer of the mysterious communication waiting for him. Though the stars shone bright and clear, their light could not penetrate the leafy canopy formed by the interlacing boughs of the trees, so that it was impossible for him to do more than to see that she exceeded the ordinary height.

"Is your name Anvers?" said she, "for it is too dark for me to distinguish your features."

"Yes, Anvers is my name," he replied.

"A single sound of your voice is enough to tell me that you don't deceive me. There is only one more voice like it."

"And that?"

"No matter, since you have failed to mark the resemblance. It is an unseasonable hour to request a meeting, but I had watched all day in vain to speak to you, when no one else was present, and to-morrow you leave here."

"I do."

"Last night, later than it is now, one, the bare glimpse of whose sweet face is enough to gladden the heart, had the courage to meet me here."

"You mean Myra Pemberton?"

"Whom else can I mean? The eyes of the other one, bright and brilliant as they are, have something evil in them. 'Twas but little I had to say to her—Myra Pemberton, I mean—but that little I could not leave unsaid. Mr. Danbridge has told you that he is expecting his son, and a man by the name of Braxon?"

"He has."

"They should have been here twenty-four hours ago. Something has detained them. You may meet them on the road. If you do, avoid them as much as you can."

"Why should I?"

"Braxon may recognize you."

"How can he? We are entire strangers to each other."

"For all that, he will see something in your face which will cause him to suspect who you are."

"And if he should?"

"It will make him your enemy, and a troublesome one."

"What you say needs explanation. I don't understand it."

"The time for explanation has not yet come; but it won't be long first. You believe your father to be dead?"

"I know he is. He died nearly three years since."

"'Tis as I thought—they never told him," she murmured to herself, in a voice so low as not to be understood. "Your mother still lives."

"Yes."

"When you were a little child you used to wear a coral necklace. You may have seen it since your remembrance."

"I have, many times."

"Where is it now?"

"My mother has it, and if it were a diamond necklace she could not treasure it with greater care."

"She never hinted to you why she set so high a value on it?"

"Never."

"I believe she did right. One the whole 'twas better not; but this much I can tell you, that one day it may be of more consequence to you, than if every coral bead had by some magic power been converted into a diamond of the first water. I was afraid that it might have been estimated at its intrinsic value, and that, at a time when poverty pressed hard, it was parted with. I must see your mother. Where does she live?"

Anvers described the New England village where she resided.

"You have said that you leave here to-morrow. You are bound on a dangerous expedition."

"That is true; but I am young and strong, and have no right to remain idle at such a time as this. If I fall, it will only be sharing the fate of others, who may be better and braver than I am."

"No harm will come to you," said she, with energy. "He who has already preserved you when exposed to the most deadly peril, will watch over you still. And I shall live to see the day when your destiny and Myra Pemberton's will be united."

"Mr. Danbridge has long wished her to be the wife of his son."

"He will have his wish, and so will you."

"That is a paradox."

"So it appears to you, but if you, Mr. Dan-

bridge and Myra Pemberton are alive two years from now, it will seem so no longer. Farewell, and remember that if you and Braxon meet, to beware of him. He will prove himself to be your enemy."

"Why should he?" asked Anvers; but without answering him she turned away, and the next minute was lost to view in the gloom of the adjacent shrubbery.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

THE morning star was shining brightly in the east, when Anvers and Clayton, accompanied by Mr. Danbridge, according to the arrangement of the preceding evening, took the road leading in the direction of Captain Mercer's. Juba followed at a little distance, as well mounted as either of the others, and who, unless expressly desired not to, always made a point of attending his master in his excursions on horseback.

The sun was just rising when they arrived at a spot where several faintly defined paths branched from the main road.

"Here I must leave you, my friends," said Mr. Danbridge, as they all, by mutual consent, drew up their horses. "The left hand path, will, after fifteen minutes ride, bring you to a rough cart-road, which will take you to a little shanty or tavern time enough for a late breakfast."

A few expressions, such as are wont to be interchanged by those, at the moment of parting, who entertain for one another feelings of mutual friendship and esteem, were spoken by each, and then Mr. Danbridge and his faithful attendant turned back, leaving the two young soldiers to pursue their way.

Thus did the father, who rescued from the waves his infant son, without knowing him to be such, after a lapse of nineteen years, again meet and part with him, as ignorant as then of the tie of consanguinity existing between them.

Anvers and Clayton, without incident or accident, arrived at the house of entertainment mentioned by Mr. Danbridge. On their arrival they found the only apartment, except one devoted to culinary purposes, already occupied by two travellers.

"Young Danbridge and his tutor," said Clayton, as he was about to enter, in a voice inaudible except to Anvers.

"Without doubt," was the reply.

At the same time Anvers recalled to mind the caution of the woman he had met the night previous. His first impulse was to call Clayton aside, and mention to him what she had said respecting Braxon, and consult with him as to the expediency of remaining long enough to partake of some refreshment, or to pursue their journey. A minute's reflection showed him that it would be better to remain, for at the instant he stepped on the door-sill, he had met the full, keen and searching gaze of the elder inmate of the apartment. If, therefore, as he had been warned, there was indeed something in his face which would cause Braxon to recognize him, and at the same time make him his enemy, who had the power and will to work him harm, the mischief must already be done, and would in no wise be remedied, but rather increased by his hurrying away, without being able to assign any plausible reason for his abrupt departure.

Having come to this decision—a point much more rapidly arrived at in his mind, than can be made known through the medium of words—he at once got the better of the slight agitation into which he had been thrown.

Though a careless bow was the only salutation by which either of the four travellers noticed the others, this indifference, as may well be supposed, was simulated, unless Braxon's companion was an exception.

Braxon himself took every opportunity to cast towards Anvers a quick, decided glance, by which he mastered in detail, each peculiar trait of his countenance; while Anvers, on his part, endeavored to impress on his mind the strong, though to him, repulsive physiognomy of Braxon, so as to be sure that he would recognize him, should they meet again. He whom he supposed to be Percy Danbridge, excited in him a different and much greater degree of interest.

As he scanned each feature, with a view as to what Myra Pemberton would think of him, it must be confessed that he did not think he would prove a very dangerous rival. He must, in truth, have been exceedingly humble, and totally unable to appreciate his own pre-eminent personal advantages, had he failed to see that, in all that

pleases the eye, or gratifies the imagination, he was incomparably his superior. Farther than this, as he preserved a strict silence, he could not judge.

To Clayton also, on account of his supposed relation-ship to Mr. Danbridge, the younger traveller was an object of far greater interest than Braxon.

Half an hour after the arrival of Anvers and Clayton, breakfast was announced, and when Braxon rose to seat himself at the table, they saw that he was lame.

"You have met with some accident," said Clayton.

"Yes, I was thrown from my horse day before yesterday, by which my foot was badly injured; but it is now much better, and I shall be able to resume my journey after breakfast. Shall we have the pleasure of your company, or does your route lie in a direction different from ours?"

"Different, I suspect," answered Clayton.

"I regret to hear you say thus."

By this time they had taken their places at the table, and the seal of silence having been removed, Braxon seemed desirous to continue the conversation.

"Your military dress indicates," said he, "that you intend joining the English against the French and the Indians."

"Yes, that is our intention," was Clayton's answer.

"You and your friend, I take it, came over with the troops recently sent by the British government."

"No, I was born in this country, and have never been out of it."

"America is his native place, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, I believe so."

Braxon looked towards Anvers, as if he expected he would either confirm or contradict what Clayton had said respecting his birthplace, but he remained silent. He was not altogether unmoved, however, for there was an unwonted fire in his dark eyes, as could be seen, though his attention appeared to be exclusively directed to the discussion of the eggs, bacon and bread, which constituted their breakfast.

"He is too inquisitive," thought Anvers. "His curiosity gets the better of his good manners; but it will remain ungratified as to whether I was born in this country or in England, unless he sees fit to put the question to me point blank."

Braxon would have done this, for he never suffered delicacy to interfere with expediency, had not the sudden kindling, already adverted to, of the young soldier's eyes warned him to desist, and at the same time roused him to his habitual wariness. He even tormented himself by the suspicion that Anvers had some grave reason for rebuking his curiosity by silence.

"Can it be," he thought, "that Sib Finchley, my evil genius, has sought him out, and given him a watchword concerning me? No, her greed of gain would not suffer her to do that," was the consolatory answer which presented itself to his mind.

Yet after all he felt ill at ease, and with bitter imprecations on himself, deplored what he termed his folly at not putting it out of her power to thwart him, the day she so suddenly and unexpectedly made her appearance under the oak that grew by the wayside, so far from any human habitation that there would have been little chance of his being detected.

"That is still to do—it cannot be left undone," whispered the busy fiend in his ear, "and his turn will come next."

As he seemed to hear the words, he involuntarily looked at Anvers. Their eyes met, and bold and self-possessed as he was, they drooped beneath the young man's clear, steady gaze, as if he imagined they mirrored the evil thoughts passing in his mind.

But Braxon was not one to be long thrown off his guard. The next instant his equanimity was so far restored, as to enable him to appear perfectly calm and collected; while, at the same time, he adroitly turned the conversation upon such topics as necessarily elicited information relative to the future course marked out by Anvers, which he doubted not, by skillful management, might be made to subserve his base design.

When they rose from the table, and Anvers and Clayton spoke of resuming their journey, Braxon again expressed his regret that they should be obliged to part company.

"It will be with the hope, however," said he, "that we shall soon meet again."

"We may," replied Clayton.

"There can be little doubt of it, if you and

your friend, Mr.—I don't recollect by what name you called him—"

"Anvers."

"Yes,—strange that I should forget. As I was saying, there can be but little doubt but that we shall again meet, if you should, as you intimated, be at Mr. Danbridge's in the course of a few weeks."

"The dangers," replied Clayton, "necessarily attendant on a soldier's career, prevent our counting on it with any certainty."

"All are exposed to dangers," remarked Braxon—"sometimes the most so when we think ourselves safest."

During the foregoing colloquy, a few words were interchanged between Anvers and him, who, without any fault of his own, had usurped his rights.

"It is nothing to me, and I don't often take the trouble to be inquisitive," said the young man, "but for a certain reason I should really like to know if you were ever in England."

"And I, for a certain reason," replied Anvers, who recalled the warning of the unknown woman, "decline satisfying your curiosity."

"As you will; but that you may see that my curiosity is harmless, I will give you my reason for wishing to know."

"I don't ask of you more than I am willing to give."

"I will tell you without your asking. To cut the matter short, I am certain that I have seen you before, and that it must have been in England where I saw you."

"And I am certain you never did see me there."

"But it could not be in this country, as this is my first visit here."

He remained silent a minute, as if striving to recall something to mind.

"Ah, I have it," said he, suddenly. "It is my father's portrait you so much resemble. It must have been painted when he was about your age."

It may be that Braxon caught enough of what was said to enable him to make out its drift, for he suddenly broke off his conversation with Clayton.

"Come, Danbridge," said he, "as the gentlemen are in a hurry, we mustn't detain them any longer."

Without answering him, or even looking up, Danbridge stood for a few moments as if lost in thought. Then, abruptly turning to Anvers, he gave him his hand.

"I believe," said he, "that the day is not far distant when we shall be good friends. You may now think that such an event is not desirable. When you come to know me better, you may alter your mind."

Though in a voice scarce above his breath, this was uttered in a manner so earnest, as to be in striking contrast with the apathy previously evinced.

"Did you hear what I said?" said Braxon, in tones which carried rebuke with them, and advancing hastily towards him and Anvers.

"Yes, but I supposed a minute was nothing, here nor there," he replied, relapsing into his usual indifference and indolence of manner.

"It is indeed time that we were on our way," said Clayton.

"Yes," replied Anvers, for though, after hearing the remarks relative to his resemblance to Mr. Danbridge's portrait, he would have gladly prolonged the conversation, he saw that the young man did not choose that Braxon should be a listener.

"Danbridge," said Braxon, the moment Anvers and Clayton were beyond ear-shot, "let me caution you against being over-communicative, when you fall in with strangers."

"'Twill only be following my natural bent to mind what you say, for I don't like the trouble of talking to anybody, though were I to imitate your example, rather than attend to your caution, I should do very differently."

"Remember that I know what to say, and when to say it."

"A kind of knowledge, I suppose, which cannot be acquired by young brains."

"Nor dull ones."

"Young or dull, it is all one to me, if I'm not made to overwork them."

"There will be little danger of your being required to do that. For the present, I shall think for you."

"That is what I like, and always did; but then sometimes I speak before I think."

"Yes, the same as you did just now to that Anvers, about your father's portrait."



THE MOORUK, A NEW SPECIMEN OF BIRD.

"The resemblance was so striking, any one could see it with half an eye, as the saying is."

"But you are not to say anything about it to Mr. Danbridge—I mean your father—or to any other person."

"If I looked as much like Mr. Danbridge as this Lieutenant Anvers does, I should be better favored than I am."

"It is of little consequence whether you look like him or not, if you only please the fancy of the rich and pretty heiress."

"What if she don't please mine?"

"She must—that is a settled point."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is all one to me. I shall have plenty to eat, drink and wear, and nothing to do—not even to think, if you are only by to do it for me."

A few hours later they were on their way to the plantation of Mr. Danbridge. Few words were interchanged between them, each being busy with his own thoughts. Those of Braxon were not very pleasant. He fully realized that it was but "a tangled web" he had been weaving the last nineteen years of his life, but this only spurred him on to greater desperation.

"I must take the game into my own hands. I must be courageous and daring, though not reckless. It hasn't come to that yet. And I must keep my own counsel—trust nothing to the performance of another which I can do myself. It would be well for me had I done this sooner."

The thoughts of his companion were on something very different, as was evident by the soft, dreamy light in his eyes, and the half-smile which parted his lips, banishing the cold, almost stolid expression of his countenance.

A young girl with large, lustrous eyes, dark as midnight, lips bright as the red coral fresh from the wave, and a rich crimson breaking through the olive of her softly rounded cheeks, was so vividly depicted in his imagination, that it seemed almost as if she was standing before him.

"Come," said Braxon, at length, "the sun is getting low, and we must quicken our pace if we would avoid being out after dark."

As he spoke, he put spurs to his horse, while his companion, a little vexed at being roused from his pleasant reveries, followed his example.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]

A GENTLEMAN.—What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought not a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?—*Thackeray.*

THE MOORUK.

Our natural history illustrations have proved so popular, particularly in family circles, where they aid in developing the spirit of inquiry among the young, that we shall continue from time to time to publish pictures of rare animals and birds, whenever we can obtain authentic drawings of them. For young persons we know of no branch of science so instructive and elevating in its tendencies as the study of natural history in all its branches. This study not only stores the mind with varied and useful information, but, if properly pursued, improves the taste, elevates the affections, and brings the

whole nature in contact with healthful influences, which prove a safeguard amidst the many temptations incident to youth. The only specimen of the "Mooruk," of which a correct representation is herewith published, to be found in Europe, has recently been added to the collection of birds in the famous Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. About nine months ago a small schooner, commanded by Captain Devlin, who makes annual trips to New Britain from Sydney, brought into that port a bird of the ostrich family, which created a sensation there, and was ultimately purchased by Dr. Bennett, well known for his scientific attainments, and the liberal assistance which he has always afforded towards the progress of natural science

in Australia. The natives of New Britain distinguish this bird by the name of "mooruk," derived, as native names frequently are, from its note. The "mooruk" had been known to Captain Devlin as an inhabitant of New Britain for three or four years, and he has made two previous attempts to bring a living specimen of it to Sydney without success. Dr. Bennett, having become the possessor of this bird, and well knowing the attention it would excite in England, determined to present it to the Zoological Society, with which he has long been connected as a corresponding member. His desire to transfer the bird to their menagerie, was ably seconded by Dr. Planly, of Sydney, who came home as a passenger in the British Merchant, and by Captain Duthie and his officers, by whose united care the "mooruk" has now made its appearance between the ostriches and the apteryx, and added one more unique object to the treasures of the society. Hundreds of persons now visit the park daily to get a sight of this rare bird.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.

The accompanying illustration was drawn from two fine living specimens of the Great Australian Goat-Suckers, among the most curious of the strange birds which are natives of Australia. Cuvier's *Podargus* is an inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, which, says Mr. Gould, in his great work on the birds of Australia, "if not its exclusive habitat, is certainly its great stronghold, it being there very numerous, as evidenced by the frequency with which I encountered it during my rambles in the woods; and its distribution over the island is so general that to particularize localities in which it may be found is quite unnecessary, it being equally abundant near the coast as well as in the interior. I observed it both among the thick branches of the Casuarina and on the dead limbs of the Eucalypti: it appeared, however, to evince a greater partiality for the latter, which it closely resembles in color, and, from the position in which it rests, looks so like a part of the branch itself as frequently to elude detection: it is generally seen in pairs sitting near each other, and frequently on the same branch. Like the other members of the genus, this bird feeds almost exclusively on insects, of which Coleoptera form a great part. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits; and, although not so active as the true *Caprimulgi*, displays considerable alertness in the capture of its food, presenting a striking contrast to its inertness in the daytime, when it is so drowsy that it can scarcely be aroused from its slumbers, that portion of its existence being passed in a sitting posture across a dead branch, perfectly motionless, and with the bill pointing upwards; it never flies by day unless roused from the branch on which it is sitting, and this is not easily effected, as neither the discharge of a gun nor any other noise will cause it to take wing. It is frequently captured, and kept in captivity, where it excites attention more from the sluggishness of its nature and the singular position it assumes than from any other cause. Raw meat forms a suitable substitute for its natural food. In captivity it will pass the entire day in sleep on the back of a chair, or any other piece of furniture on which it can perch. Like the owl, it is considered by some a bird of ill omen, principally from the extraordinary sound of its hoarse, un-

earthly cry, which resembles the words 'more pork.' It not only approaches the immediate vicinity of the houses, but emits the sound while perched in their verandahs and on the buildings themselves, and it is often to be seen perched on the tombstones of the churchyard."

THE ASSASSINATION OF RIZZIO.

The conspirators, who numbered five hundred, easily engaged Darnley in a plot to assassinate Rizzio, and appointed the evening of Saturday, the ninth of March, 1566, for the perpetration of the crime. One of their number, Patrick Lord Ruthven, a coward, a bigot, and a broken-down invalid, undertook to head the enterprise. Mary, totally unconscious of the plot now so near its consummation, sat down to supper in a cabinet communicating with her bedroom, at seven in the evening. Some half a dozen persons, friends or attendants, were with her, and among them was Rizzio. At eight, Darnley entered, sat down beside her, and threw his arms familiarly around her waist. Finding Rizzio there, he remained—the signal to the conspirators that everything was ready for the attempt. Ruthven rushed into the room, equipped in complete armor. He had lately risen from a sick bed; his eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow; his face was ashy pale, and his whole appearance haggard and frightful. Exhausted by the effort, his knees shook, and his armor rattled and clanked loosely upon his limbs. He threw himself into a chair, and gazed fiercely upon Rizzio. The queen indignantly bade him begone; but she had scarcely uttered the words, before torches gleamed in the passage-way, and the room was filled with armed and resolute assassins. Ruthven drew his dagger, and, exclaiming that his business was with Rizzio, endeavored to seize him; the wretched secretary, seeing that his time was come, and losing all presence of mind, pressed into the recess of a window, clasping the folds of Mary's gown, and exclaiming in his native tongue, "*Giustizia! Giustizia!*" Mary, though thus placed between the conspirators and their victim, retained her self-possession. She ordered Ruthven to withdraw, threatening him with an accusation of high treason. She called upon Darnley to protect her; but the recreant husband chose to remain a passive spectator of the scene. In the confusion, the lights were thrown down and extinguished; with hideous oaths, the assassins demanded the life of the trembling Piedmontese. The first blow struck was dealt by the bastard George Douglas; he seized Darnley's dagger from his belt, stabbed Rizzio with it over Mary's shoulder, and left it sticking in the wound. Rizzio was dragged to the door of the presence-chamber and despatched; fifty-six wounds were found upon his body. The alarm-bell was rung, and the civic authorities of Edinburgh hastened to Holyrood palace. They called on the queen to show herself at the window, and assure them of her safety. But, closely confined in her cabinet, and told, "that if she spoke to the towns-people they would cut her in eollops, and cast her over the walls," she was not permitted to comply with their request. Darnley, however, assured the crowd that the queen was well and required no assistance. Ruthven, returning imbrued in Rizzio's blood, called for a cup of wine, and seating himself in the presence of Mary, drained it at one draught while she was standing before him.—*F. B. Goodrich.*



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.



M'LE ARTOT, OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

[From our Special Paris Correspondent.]

THE FRENCH OPERA.

PARIS, HOTEL DES PRINCES,
December 15th, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR,—My unfulfilled promise of writing you, from time to time, commencing with the week of my arrival in Paris, has haunted my conscience in the midst of pleasures and occupations without number. The difficulty of fulfilling such an agreement under such circumstances, is a warning against rash vows. However, now that I am somewhat domesticated, I will endeavor to redeem my character. I send you enclosed, for publication in the Pictorial, if you see fit, a very accurate likeness, by no means flattered, of M'le Artot, of the Imperial Theatre of the opera, or the Imperial Academy of Music, as it is otherwise called. Isn't she pretty?—almost as pretty as Piccolomini, so great a favorite with "perfidious Albion?" M'le Artot has a charming voice, of great compass, and excellent method, acquired under the best of masters. Madame Viardot has given her valuable lessons by which she has profited. She is so highly prized by the management, that when a prima donna is indisposed—and you know how subject to illness these people are—M'le Artot is called on as a substitute, and always acquits herself brilliantly. I would not advise these ladies to give M'le Artot too many opportunities. You may depend upon it, she will yet rise to a European reputation, and then, of course, will visit the United States, for that has come to be a part of the travelling programme of every distinguished artiste. By the way, there was a talk here of building a new opera house, but, contrary to expectation, the project was vetoed by the emperor. It was thought the associations connected with the Orsini attempt at assassination would induce him readily to consent to the removal of the establishment from the Rue Lepelletier. When, on the 13th of February, 1820, the Duke de Berry was assassinated on leaving the old opera house, Rue Richelieu, opposite the library, the government determined at once to pull it down. The present house was only erected to serve temporarily for the opera. Scarcely a year passes but the municipality of Paris decides on some spot for the erection of a permanent building; but time passes on, and you hear no more of it. The present opera house is not a very large one—there are about 1800 seats, I believe—but it is admirably adapted for music. The opera-nights are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; occasionally an extra representation is given on Sunday. The spectacular portion of the operas presented here, is admirable; Auber's *Muet de Portici*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and the *Huguenots*, Halévy's *Juive*, may be mentioned for the splendor and perfection of the style in which they were produced. The ballet attracts crowds of persons who care nothing for music. How many celebrities have established their fame on these boards. This was the scene of triumph for Fanny Elssler, and for a far greater dancer, Marie Taglioni, who, on her recent visit to Paris,

came here to encourage and applaud M'le Livry, on whose shoulders her mantle, say some Parisians, has fallen. The opera cannot boast now of so great an artiste as Taglioni in the ballet, or of Madame Damoreau, or Nourrit, or Duprez in opera, but yet it has excellent singers and dancers, a splendid orchestra, and the best scene artists and machinists in the world. Among the singers you have heard, and late favorites here, are Poinso and Laborde, now with Ulman—among the dancers, Robert, who played an engagement with the Ravels in New York, and, I think, in Boston. It is a pity that Cerito, Plunkett, and Rosati could never be induced to cross the Atlantic. The government allows the opera 620,000 francs a year. The yearly receipts are about a million (francs). Here, 16,000 or 17,000 francs are enough to cover the expenses, but not to allow much margin, for a great tenor will command 80,000 francs a year. Among the writers of librettos for the opera, the most popular is M. Scribe; after him come St. Georges, Alphonse Royer, Gustave Vaez, etc. The author's rights, which are shared between the musicians and the librettiste, are regulated in the following manner: For an opera of five acts, for the first forty performances, 500 francs (\$100) a right. After the forty-first performance, the right is only 200 francs. For an opera in three acts, the right is 340 francs for the first forty performances, and 170 francs for all others. For a ballet in three acts, it is 170 francs at first, and 50 francs afterward. For a ballet in one act, it is 100 francs at first, and 30 francs afterward. To this right is sometimes added premiums, which are a matter of bargain between the author and manager. M. Scribe rarely presents an opera in five acts without receiving a premium of 5000 francs, which is almost always payable before the first performances; but then his name is such a "card" in theatrical parlance, that he controls his market. I trust that these details of how we do things at the French opera, may not prove uninteresting on your side of the water. They struck me as rather curious. I suppose you don't care to have me write about politics, so I will only say that the Montalembert trial is quietly talked about in confidential coteries a good deal. It is difficult to keep a Frenchman's tongue still, even if an involuntary voyage to Cayenne is the penalty of volubility. And here let me say, also, that the emperor cannot keep out of France all the English papers that censure his course. They are smuggled into Paris, passed from hand to hand, and read with the zest that renders forbidden fruit so luscious. With many wishes for the continued success of your various literary enterprises, and particularly of my favorite Pictorial, I remain, very truly, your friend and

ARTIST.

GEN. JULIAN CASTRO,
President (ad interim) of the Republic of
Venezuela, South America.

The portrait on this page is characterized by strong individuality, and is marked by traits of intellect, energy, and resolution. He is one of those vigorous men to whom a strong revolutionary era gives birth. The policy of the Spanish government towards the several nations of the New World which have since constituted themselves into independent States, was to keep them deprived of all knowledge which might develop their energies, so as to hold them the more securely under its dominion. To carry out this policy of darkness, all communication with foreigners was forbidden them, as well as the sources of instruction which might have led them to the acquirement of their political rights. We may thence understand what difficulties they had to overcome to effectuate their emancipation, and what a wonderful natural capacity must have been possessed by the men who, without any other teaching than the consciousness of duty and the impulse of patriotism, directed their forces with such skill as to succeed finally in overcoming whole armies trained to European discipline, and commanded by generals of no small reputation. Among the great generals of South America, Bolivar is well known as the most prominent, either on the battle-field or in the statesman's cabinet; and from his school have come forth many other generals who have kept up the honor of his country, which now bears the name of the Republic of Venezuela. Gen. Julian Castro, its actual President, and whose portrait we now give to our readers, is one of them. From his very birth he seems to have been predestined for a military career; for in the year 1810, when it took place in the city of Caracaz, (birth-place, also, of Bolivar,) was first set up in those countries the war-cry of independence. And accordingly he embraced the military profession as soon as he had terminated his first studies. His conduct as a military man, and his success in the fulfilment of his duty, are best illustrated by the fact that he has passed by every degree of the ladder of promotion to arrive at the rank of Commander-in-Chief, which has been conferred upon him this year by the grateful voice of the population of Venezuela, as a reward for a most distinguished patriotic service. For the last ten years, the power of the State has become the monopoly of a few men, whose only serious policy was their own enrichment, and under their tyranny the republic found its external credit perfectly abandoned, and suffered all the evils consequent upon a reckless and dishonest administration. This contrasted so glaringly with the conduct of its previous government, headed by the Generals Paez and Soublette, who were so well known, even in Europe, for their

honorable equity, and from the scrupulous regularity with which the interest of the public debt of Venezuela was then paid, that such a change from their system was too violent to insure a willing acceptance. This occasioned, during the whole period which the late arbitrary government lasted, repeated attempts to put an end to so scandalous a state of public rule. But they all proved ineffectual, being in every case overborne by the brutal violence of the men in power, who only acquired therefrom the more audacity, while the despair of the population increased with the belief in their unconquerable position. It was under such disheartening impressions that a mere handful of true patriots, with a firm faith in their success, based on the thorough discredit of these rulers, undertook the task of restoring the common weal, and chose for their chief, General Castro. Braving all hazards against the prevalent despotism, they proclaimed the regeneration of their country on the 5th of March, 1858, in the city of Valencia, where the general resided, and where he began the achievement which has made his name so well known. Placed, as he was already, in so high a military position, and flattered by a power which lavished its favors on those who could contribute to its maintenance, he preferred the disinterested glory of being the liberator of his country to any selfish advantage, and directed the political movement which, in the space of ten days only, resulted in recovering for the nation its lost liberties, without bloodshed or disaster of any kind, which certainly was a most unforeseen occurrence. He has thus earned the heartfelt gratitude of the honest majority of his fellow-citizens, who have at last the satisfaction of seeing the re-establishment of public order and morality. His firm decision under such critical circumstances—his spontaneous promise to the National Assembly to resign his power as soon as the State is in safety—the readiness with which he has called together the representatives of the nation to pass the new fundamental law—the liberty of the press, and the pardon for all political offences which he has proclaimed, and his scrupulous respect for the civil authorities—all concur to mark General Castro as the worthy depositary of the trust of his nation, and is in every way fitted to consolidate the supremacy of the law. Means will not be wanting to him to give strength to his administration, for the recollection of the sufferings inflicted by his predecessors will induce all honorable citizens to continue the support which they have hitherto given him. The republic, moreover, can now reckon on the concurrent services of its former Presidents, the veteran Generals Paez, (who recently left New York for Venezuela), and Soublette, along with those of many others, who will contribute to found in this important State a firm and honorable government, no longer exposed, as heretofore, to the contests of claimants for power; for the most influential men of the conservative party, of which Gen. Castro is the representative, are generals and statesmen who have passed through the career of political honors, and have acquired the honest fame which is the ambition of noble hearts.



GEN. CASTRO, PRESIDENT, AD INTERIM, OF VENEZUELA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INTO THE LIGHT.

BY MRS. F. E. BARBOUR.

I cry for peace, O God!
My soul is dark as night,
I feel the chastening rod,
But cannot see the light
I know Thou art not far
From every child of earth,
But sinful passions war
Against the spirit's birth.

To calmer, holier life,
O, lend me of Thy strength,
That out of all this strife
Peace may arise at length.
I fain would look to Thee,
With never faltering trust,
But Thou, O God, canst see
How weak is this poor dust.

Thou knowest all my sin—
Low at Thy feet I lie;
Help me to enter in
To rest, before I die.
To cast this veil away,
That I Thy love may see;
In deep distress I pray,
O, Father, pity me!

I am Thy child; through all
This fearful, deepening night
I bend to hear Thy call—
I wait to greet the light.
The morn will come; 'e'en now
The midnight shadows flee;
With new-born hope I bow—
My God, I trust in thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 4.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A visit to the village of Zamba in the interior.—The slave-pens.—Conversation with a retired slave merchant.—Blame attached to American and English cruisers.—General remarks upon the negro race.—Orders for Ichaboe.

In these later days, the country in the interior of Africa, from Sierra Leone, has been pretty generally explored; but such was not the case, even fifteen years ago, and it was with no trifling anticipations of pleasure, that I agreed to form one of a party, bound on an excursion some distance into the interior, from this colony, in order to while away the time during which the *Alert* was being thoroughly overhauled.

Our course was to the southward, it being our purpose, if possible, to visit a noted slave-station which then existed, at a village called Zamba, about forty miles from Freetown, as the capital of Sierra Leone is called.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when we commenced our journey, on horseback. The atmosphere was cool and pleasant, and the party, six in number, beside the Kroo guide, in high spirits. It was our intention to be absent a week, and our guide led a horse laden with materials to erect a tent, under which to repose during the heat of the day, and at nightfall, until a couple of hours before daybreak, at which time we always recommenced our journey.

The country immediately surrounding Freetown, is pretty well denuded of trees; at least no dense forests have been allowed to remain, it being considered, and not without reason, founded on experience as well as theory, that the luxuriant vegetable growth of tropical climates is the chief cause of their unhealthiness. Consequently, the land in the vicinity of the seacoast, being generally level, the scenery, to travellers whose eyes have become accustomed to the novelty of tropical vegetation, is uninteresting and commonplace; but, as we advanced, dense forests and wide marshes of vast extent began to make their appearance. Monkeys of numerous varieties chattered from amidst the boughs of the trees, and grinned down upon us, their curiosity having, apparently, got the better of their timidity; and parrots, and other birds of gorgeous plumage, hovered around us in immense flights, filling the air with their discordant screams. Very often we were compelled to dismount, and leading our horses, to force our way over marshy ground, in which our feet sunk up to our ankles, and over which our steeds had serious difficulty in travelling through the dense and tangled undergrowth which covered the narrow paths; but we were delighted at the novelty of thus penetrating the savage wilderness, and sometimes, after ascending a toilsome eminence, we were rewarded with a magnificent prospect.

As daylight approached, when we had trav-

elled a few miles beyond Freetown, we met groups of the natives of the interior villages, bringing in their scanty produce to market, and occasionally individuals of more distant tribes—Mandingoes and Fellahs—laden with ivory, which they were carrying to Freetown in order to dispose of it for European goods. They returned our salutations with civility, and generally with a good-humored smile, and were always eager to dispose of their wares; but they were cautious and shrewd fellows at making a bargain, and always demanded a full price.

We could not help remarking the strong Jewish cast of countenance, peculiar to some of these natives of the distant interior. Their hair was certainly woolly, but not so knotted as is the case with that of the generality of negroes, and their faces were oval, their eyes deep-set and piercing, their noses aquiline, with their delicate nostrils, while their lips were thin and their chins prominent, bearing no resemblance to the generally received contour of an African countenance. What more strongly impressed this fancy upon our minds, was the dress of these people, which consisted of a sort of skull-cap, and a long cloak or gaberdine, of some light blue material, which extended from the shoulders to the feet, while upon their breasts, suspended from the neck, hung charms and amulets, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the decorations described in Leviticus, as having been commanded to be worn by the Jewish priesthood. These charms, we were subsequently informed, were revered as religious emblems quite as much as they were cherished as ornaments, and many of their religious forms and ceremonies partook of a Jewish character, mixed up with heathenish idolatry. I know that a theory has been started which fixes the whereabouts of the descendants of the "ten lost tribes of Israel," in the interior of Africa. Certainly the existence of tribes of Africans, having adopted among them emblems bearing a resemblance to those of the Hebrew faith, and having Jewish features, and even clothing themselves after a fashion, somewhat, however faintly, after the fashion of the ancient people of Judea, would bear out this theory—if any of the descendants of these dispersed tribes do exist—in preference to any other that has been advanced.

We pitched our tent on an eminence, which we reached before sunset, having rested for three hours during the heat of the day, set our Kroo guide—a handy fellow, and a capital cook, after his country fashion—to light a fire and prepare supper, and far from human habitation, deep in the African wilderness, made a glorious meal. After supper we talked and sang, where song had never before broke the silence of night, until one by one, sleep seized hold on us, and we slumbered profoundly until the hour appointed for starting in the morning. Care, however, was taken to set a regular watch—one relieving the other—and to keep the fire burning during the night. We slept soundly, for we were overpowered with fatigue; but I spoke of the *silence* of the night. A tropical night is never silent, and the howling of wild animals, and the loud buzzing of the insect tribes, would have kept any one awake, under ordinary circumstances.

Towards the close of the second day's travel, we reached the village, to which it was said slaves were brought from the interior until opportunity occurred to ship them on board a slaver. It was a village consisting of some twenty conical mud huts, about eight feet high, and from ten to twenty feet in diameter, with a small aperture to serve for ingress and egress. A negro and his wife, and, on an average, four *picaninies*, slept in each during the night, and lounged during the heat of the day. They welcomed us, but did not appear to be too well pleased with our visit, and, as it was dark, we at once erected our tent, prepared supper, and passed the night as we had passed the previous one. The tent and its occupants were objects of intense curiosity to the dusky villagers, who crowded upon us somewhat too closely for comfort, consumed greedily the remnants of our meal, and made earnest appeals for a taste of our liquors.

In the morning we learnt, with much difficulty, and after much equivocation on the part of the headman of the village, that there was a slave-pen a mile or two distant, where, at this time, were confined over two hundred slaves, waiting till opportunity arrived to convey them to the coast, and to this spot we proceeded, after breakfast.

We found it to consist of a dozen huts of much larger dimensions, but constructed of the like

material as the huts in the village. The wretched slaves, men, women and children, were assembling out of doors to partake of breakfast, at the moment when we arrived, under the surveillance of four stout, athletic Africans, armed with long thonged whips, which they appeared to use unsparingly, and, apparently, without any cause. At this period, these dens of misery were beyond the jurisdiction of the civil, military, or naval forces in the settlements, or on the coast, and the very fact of the coast being so narrowly watched by the cruisers led to an inconceivable amount of misery.

The headman of these proprietors, or overseers, we could not rightly tell which to designate them, could speak a little broken English, eked out with Spanish and Portuguese, and knowing that we had no legal right to interfere with him or his subordinates, and learning that such was not our intention—that we had merely been led to visit the slave-pen to gratify our curiosity—he, after a while, became quite communicative, and did not fail to jeer and taunt us upon the subject.

"It was massa's fault," he said. "Queen of England's fault, that the slaves were starved to death, or died of disease in the pens. Formerly they could be carried to the coast at once, and put on board the slavers in good condition. Now they were often kept for months till the pens became crowded, and the rice gave out, and they contracted fevers, or died of starvation. They had to save the rice, and when it run short, none could be afforded to the aged and sickly, and all because the queen's ships guarded the coast."

"And do you allow them to perish slowly with hunger?" we asked.

"What can do? No rice come, no rice makee. Too old, too sick for sell to slave-massa! He no habbec. No wont eatee!" was the reply.

"And when the poor wretches die, where do you bury them?"

"No bury. See, much water dere. Ribber run em into sea. Carry um dere. Water take um off. Alligator eat um!"

We looked in the direction of a sluggish stream, at which our informant pointed, which flowed at the foot of a hill about half a mile distant, and then at some dozens of aged and sickly men, women and children, among the half famished throng, and thought how soon they would become food for alligators; perhaps before life had departed from their feeble frames. The keepers would not acknowledge to this latter atrocity; but we could gather from their glances at each other when the question was put, that such atrocities had been committed; perhaps were habitually committed, and, after all, this was no worse than to perish by slow starvation.

Half famished wretches we might well call them. Some had, we were informed, been confined for months in these miserable pens, scarcely ever getting a full meal, without a particle of clothing, no distinction of age or sex, and crowded at night, or in the rainy season, into these mud hovels, to such a degree that they could scarcely breathe; the thermometer in the open air standing at 100°!

For their breakfast on this occasion, a poor handful of "paddy," or rice with the husk on, of miserable quality and half mouldy, was served out to each. This was cooked, in this state, by one of the keepers, and greedily swallowed in a few mouthfuls, after which a tin pannikin of half stagnant water was given to each, and the meal was finished.

When food was abundant, double this portion was served out thrice a day; when scarce, as it was now, the half ration was only given twice. A child could have eaten five times as much at a single meal, if hungry enough to eat such filthy stuff at all. No wonder that the poor creatures before us were reduced to walking skeletons. Filthy sores had broken out among many of them; others were afflicted with a disease resembling leprosy, caused, said the keepers, by damp and overcrowding. These latter were covered from head to foot with a whitish scurf, and the hair had fallen from their heads until they were completely bald. They were confined in a pen by themselves, but we were told that they seldom recovered from the disease. Again, others were blind, and suffering under a complication of diseases.

It needed not the words of the negro keepers to satisfy us that out of the hundreds collected in the slave pens, scarcely half would ever be consigned to a slave-ship's hold; the rest would be-

come food for the alligators which swarmed in that dark, turbid river. Of the half remaining, if they were not recaptured by the cruisers, how many would survive the horrors of the "middle passage?" It would not be asserting too much to say, that not one third would ever reach their destination on the Cuban or Brazilian coast.

We were informed that in the palmy days of the slave trade, when it was the practice to carry the captured negroes directly to the coast, where they had comfortable accommodations afforded them, and abundance of food, and when only a few days, sometimes only a few hours, elapsed between their arrival and their embarkation, they danced and sung as cheerfully as if they were the happiest people in the world, and were altogether devoid of care. They actually seemed to be delighted at the idea of going on board ship.

"Then," said our informant, who had once been an extensive slave merchant, but who, having made a fortune, had quitted the trade many years ago, 'the middle passage' was not what it now is. Then, it was not necessary to overcrowd small vessels—necessarily small, that they may be enabled to creep up the narrow rivers on the coast, so as to hide from the cruisers—but large, roomy vessels were employed in the trade, and no more negroes taken on board than there was accommodation for. It is you English and Americans, with your cursed cruisers, that are answerable for this horrid cruelty on shore, and for this frightful mortality at sea. Do you suppose that the slave-dealers are such fools, as not to take all the care they can of the slaves they have purchased, to sell for gain? It is *you* who force them to cram and confine the negroes, and thus lose half of what would otherwise be to them a valuable cargo!"

I noticed that the recently captured negroes did not, as a body, display much sensibility, but I must make an exception. The feelings of maternity are strongly developed. A mother who has been torn from her children, mourns their loss inconsolably. Often such have been known to commit suicide, and rarely do they survive the loss, generally dying of grief before they are shipped from the coast. Seated apart from the swarm of male and female negroes who surrounded us, we perceived a young woman squatting on the ground, with her head buried in her hands, her elbows resting upon her knees.

"What is the matter with that woman? is she sick?" asked one of our party.

"She sorry, massa; no sick," said the negro driver, to whom the question was put. "Um loss um picaninny. Dem boff gone."

"Did they die since she was brought here?"

"No, massa, dem die up countree. Um picaninny sick. Moder sick, no walkee, no carry. Frow dem away in de reed-brake. No good for bring dem here. S'pose dem dead. Moder too p'raps die. No good; no eatee rice, no noting drinkee."

The brute was about to apply his heavy whip to the poor creature's back, as he bade her, in his native dialect, to get up from the ground; but we prevented the threatened lash. For a moment the woman looked up. She was worn to skin and bone, and such an expression of helpless, heart-broken grief, I never saw in the features of any human being. The days of that poor, childless negro mother were evidently numbered. *She* too, would find her grave, before many days, in that dark, turbid pool.

We had seen enough. We remained in the village that day, and early the following morning commenced our return to Freetown.

We reached Freetown toward the close of the sixth day from our departure, and on going on board the schooner, learnt that she had received orders from the commander-in-chief on the station, to proceed at once to the island of Ichaboe, on the Freetown coast, to serve as a sort of guard-ship to protect the guano-trade then flourishing at that island.

A BAILIE ON THE BENCH.

The following acute specimen of legal decision occurred in a Scottish town not a great many miles from the Clyde, where a batch of municipal authorities was elected lately, and one of the new bailies presided the other day, for the first time, on the bench. One of the earliest cases brought before him was that of a servant girl who sued her mistress for her wages, which were refused on the ground that she had allowed a favorite squirrel to escape from its cage. The worthy magistrate, after hearing the parties, said, "that although the lass may be to blame for leaving the cage door open, yet the mistress was mair to blame than her, for she sud hae clipped the beast's wings, sae that it cudna flee awa!" *London Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

BY SYDIL PARK.

Onward and upward, the path lies before thee,
Seek to attain what thy spirit would win;
Fame's mystic portals are wide to enfold thee,
Only be brave, thou shalt enter within.

Onward forever, O, why art thou staying,
When such a goal there is to be won!
Listen, nor pause, should the tempter be saying,
"Fold up thine hands, for all labor is done."

Onward and upward; in life's early morning
Moments are precious, youth has none to spare;
See how the sunbeams thy sky is adorning,—
Then wouldst thou sit down in quiet despair?

No; be thou strong like the oak, which hath breasted
Storms that have bowed the tall pine in his pride;
Firm as a rock by the ocean wave crested,
Pure as the light which no darkness can hide.

Onward and upward, whatever betide thee,
Brave as the eagle which soars to the sun,
Leave the cool waters that murmur beside thee,
Then shall thy labor of life seem begun.

Never look downward though clouds loom above thee,
Still let the spirit be proud in its might;
Heed not the world, when its phantoms allure thee,
Manfully battle for God and the right.

Then shall thy glory-dreams all meet fruition,
Then will the world in her cold homage bow,
And 'twill be sweet to know life hath a mission,
When the green laurel-wreath rests on thy brow.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MUTINEERS.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

OUR scene is the wide expanse of waters—a solitary ship ploughing her way from gently rolling billow to billow. It is nearing twilight. The blush of the parting sun is touching the tops of the waves for the last time; the blush lingers yet in the mid-sky, and crimson the swelling sails. To the east, the ocean in the distance changes from blue to a rich sea-green—from that to a chill gray, and thence melts into the sky which, on that side of the horizon, cannot be distinguished from the far waves. Two men stand on the quarter-deck, looking intently at the distant clouds, one of them the youthful commander, the other a passenger, an old and somewhat weather-beaten man who came on board just as the vessel was getting under way. The western sky presents a series of magnificent pictures; the grand masses of vapor are rolling up in their floating veils, the choicest splendors of the day. The one on which they gaze is matchless in beauty, a feast which may linger in the vision years after it has faded.

As if to give the mariner one glimpse of the land upon the wide waste of waters, this scene discloses hills, rivers and winding roads, so substantial in appearance, so frail in reality! Another is a bleak and mountainous region—but a plain spreads in front, and one white tent gleams there with a shadow like a maiden standing in the opening.

"It is well worth an ocean voyage to see sights like that, sir," said the younger man, raising his straw hat as he spoke, and allowing the breeze to lift the brown curls from his temples.

"Ah! indeed it is; I have seen many such on these same waters," replied the elder man; "but for the finest sunsets in the world, give me America and the coast of Australia. It is wonderful, the variety of shapes the clouds assume in the land I have but just left. The brazen lustre of the sun tinges the whole heavens and covers the whole earth, and sometimes seems descending in showers on the hills and fields below. You have never been to Australia, yet?"

"Never; my calling has taken me hitherto only as far as England. If, however, I should keep the command of this vessel for the next six years, I shall see more of the world, yet."

"Pardon me—how old are you, sir?" asked the elder gentleman, as he seated himself.

"Twenty four in December next."

"At your age, young man, I took command of my first vessel, sir," replied the other; "but I was one of the unfortunate kind. Providence saw fit that I should meet with shock after shock—disappointment after disappointment. Till within a year I have hardly known what it was to have a dollar in my pocket."

The younger man looked in surprise at this.

"Yes, sir; wrecked the last time near the

shores of Australia, I was the only person out of the nineteen that survived starvation, and was saved by a passing vessel. They landed me on that barren country, friendless and penniless. Then I said to myself, 'I will not follow the sea again;' so I wandered into the wilds, wretched beyond description. For many weeks I lived upon berries and the game I could contrive to snare, and at last I fell in with a company of herdsmen, all of the worst possible stamp of character. For nearly twelve years I worked with those men, and near the place where I first fixed my lot as a wanderer, is a flourishing colony with two churches, three school houses, and an orderly and Christian population of nearly seventeen hundred men, women and children."

"You astonish me, sir," said the younger man.

"I have witnessed great scenes in that land, I can assure you, sir. Many of my colonists, now respectable men, were convicts from England. One of them is as wealthy as I shall ever wish to be. He has built him a palace of a house for that country, and has married a fine young woman, a native. His daughter went back to England with me."

"His daughter?"

"Ay, as beautiful and accomplished a young lady as I should ever wish to see. Her father was sent to Australia for an extensive forgery—some ten thousand pounds, I think. His daughter, though she felt the disgrace keenly, resolved to accompany him, leaving her mother in good hands. Ten years has she been the wonder and pride and queen of the place from which I came. Three years ago her mother died, leaving two daughters, and it is to be a mother to them, that she returns."

"She would not, of course, marry any of the population in Australia?"

"O, yes, sir; she is engaged to a splendid fellow who has made his fortune mining. But she will not settle either in Australia or England. She will marry and go to America."

"Shall you return to Australia?" asked the young captain.

"I have a daughter in the United States," said the passenger, with much emotion. "If on my return I find her yet living and in the same good hands to which I entrusted her, I shall leave with her that which will render her independent. But ah! what hopes and fears shake me by turns when I think of the chances of meeting with my child!"

For some moments the stranger was plunged in deep reverie, then he said, abruptly:

"You, of course, have heard of the gold discovery in Australia?"

The young captain, whose name was Lowrie, signified that he had.

"I was one of the first to find the rich veins cropping out here and there in the valleys and along the river side. I have with me now some splendid specimens of gold, weighing—"

"Be cautious, if you please, how you speak of money," said the youthful captain, in a low voice; "we came near having a mutiny on our passage out, in consequence of the quantity of gold carried by the passengers."

"Ah! I heard of that affair," replied the elder stranger, with a look of admiration toward the young captain; "are the mutineers on board?"

"No; I sent them by a homeward-bound brig, and, as directed by the owners, took charge of the ship. You must know that the captain died when we were but fourteen days out, so I assumed the responsibility of the station, having once before gone out in the capacity of master."

"So you had a sick captain on your hands, with the rest of your troubles; how in the world did you manage?"

"Among the crew," returned the young captain, "was an old Portuguese, a long resident, if you might call him so, of this part of the world. He has sailed in this ship seven years. You see him, sir; that gray-headed man, busy aft."

The passenger peered through the gathering twilight, and saw an old figure with a conical woolen cap on his head, and attired in a blue shirt and leathery white trowsers.

"That man was attached to the ship, sir, attached to its officers; so much so that the crew, a set of desperate fellows, saw that he was not fit for a tool, and determined not to take him into their councils. The old man declares that God told him of their conspiracy in a dream. I don't know but he did. When he became convinced of the horrible plot, he devised several methods by which to make me aware of the ship's danger. Sometimes—he is very cunning at carving—he

would drop a chip in my way on which was cut a rude representation of an assassination. This, of course, stimulated my curiosity, and, seeing that he watched me with expressive glances, I began to feel anxious. He frequently fixed his eyes steadily upon my face, then turned to the crew, giving a mournful shake of the head. The man was watched so constantly, that he was in fear of his life, and dared scarcely ever to venture into the cabin, thinking that perhaps one or more of the officers might be implicated in the affair. I saw that he was watched, and acted with the utmost circumspection, that I might the more readily fathom their designs. It was an awful situation, sir. There were only two mates and myself against a crew of eleven men, all of them doubtless ready for any deed of horror. I soon took the mates into my confidence, and we saw that what was to be done must be done quickly. The captain's mortal sickness was, perhaps, under the circumstances, the best thing for us; it made the crew more careless; we had some chance to see the working of their plot.

"One day, sir, the captain was very bad. Evidently he could not live till night. It was my sad duty to inform him of the fact of his approaching decease, and I asked him if he would not like to bid his men farewell. He signified that he would, and I laid my plans. I ordered the mates to be in readiness, one to station himself at the door, the other near me, and left the strongest and stoutest for action. We were all well armed. Then I called the men together and made them a short speech. I had assembled all but two in the after cabin: Antonio was at the helm, and a young boy, who I knew was with the mutineers because influenced by fear, was in the steward's cook-room, cleaning the silver."

"Men," said I, "I have brought you here in order to inform you that our captain is very low. To-morrow, perhaps, we may call upon you to bury him at sea. I should like you to be as quiet as possible for the remainder of the day, and in order to impress this fact upon you, I want you to go, one by one, and take the last look at your captain. You will be obliged to go one by one."

"The first man went out with me. He was a heavy-browed Englishman, who looked as if it would be sport for him to draw blood. He had no suspicion; indeed, I don't think any of them had, of the plot I was laying for them, although two or three, I imagined, appeared a little uneasy. He looked in upon the captain—our poor commander was speechless—senseless. As the man came out, I quietly drew a pistol. His brow grew dark."

"One word," I whispered, "one movement, and a ball goes through your head. 'Saunders'—to the mate who was armed to the teeth—you and Holmes put this villain below; and if he resists, shoot him down!"

"In that way, sir, every mutineer was secured; a watch was set, the hatches fastened down, and my mates, myself, the Portuguese, boy and steward, were all that were left to work the ship. The captain died that day, just after the work was accomplished. There was no noise—no resistance; the men, completely stunned by the suddenness of the action, did not in the least attempt to defend themselves."

"There were eleven of them down there, sir, and we soon learned how deep, how demonic had been their designs. Every man of us was doomed—three mates, six passengers, who saw the imprisonment of the men with astonishment not unmixed with fear,—myself, the captain (if he had not died that night), and the old Portuguese. We were to be murdered in cold blood, and the ship was to be turned out of her course and converted into a pirating craft. My resolve was not put in action a moment too soon. I often tremble to think how near we were to so terrible a fate."

"Give me your hand, sir," said the elder passenger, with much emotion. "Were you my son, I should be proud of you."

They went together into the cabin.

Antonio, the old Portuguese, followed them, cap in hand.

"Well, Antonio, what is it?" asked the young captain.

"If you please," said Antonio, "I speak with he," nodding to the stranger.

"Certainly; say on."

"You no remember me?" asked Antonio, going closer to the elder gentleman.

"I can't say I do," was the reply.

"You no remember de boy fall from de yard-arm—I catch him? You was Captain Gray, then. I no forget you."

"Antonio!" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old sailor's hand, "why, yes, Antonio! I remember you. Yes, you saved the life of my darling nephew; I do remember you, my brave fellow;" and he shook the tawny hand heartily.

"Did I hear him call you Gray?" asked the young commander.

"That's my name, my friend," said the captain; "though I have gone of late years by my given name, Henry Wakefield."

"Ah! he was de fine captain!" exclaimed Antonio, his black eye sparkling.

"And your child—your daughter—may I ask if her name is Edna?"

"Yes, Edna Gray; a dear girl she was. God grant I may meet her soon."

"Sir," said the young commander, "I have been married but six months. My wife's name was Edna Gray. Her father was a sea-captain, who was thought to be lost at sea."

The stranger looked at his young friend in speechless emotion. Grasping his hand, when he had recovered himself, he exclaimed:

"Tell me, tell me how she looks—what is the color of her eyes—what is her stature? O! if it should be!"

"Come with me, sir," said the captain, smiling; "come into my state room, if you please." He opened a drawer, took from thence a miniature, and gave it to Captain Gray.

"Is this my little Edna? my baby-girl?" exclaimed the old man, tears falling from his eyes. "O, sir, I know it! I know it by the mother in her face. Then, thank God! you are my son."

"I am your son, father," said the young man, reverently.

O! it was a blessed welcome that the captain's beautiful wife gave to her husband, saved from deadly peril, and her father, restored as it were from the grave.

A MOTHER'S MAGIC.

The following illustration of the power of a mother's influence, was given by Wendell Phillips, recently, in a public speech which he made in New York: "I was told a story to-day, so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is a story of a mother on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And said he—for he told me the story—I gave her the promise, and went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the north pole and the south—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hills of Vermont, did not rise up before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No. 'Well,' said he, 'I was brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and am come to ask you to call and see me.' How far that little candle threw its beams! That mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! O, God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word."

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

WALKING.

It is well understood that the general health of cities is due to the custom of constant walking, which prevails among the residents of crowded towns. This compensates for the want of fresh and free air. It is certain that city ladies walk much more than their country friends. The latter, when they can command a horse, think a mile's walk a great undertaking. Ladies in the country hesitate about venturing abroad on foot; and they remain within doors, or in quiet inaction, while the city dames, who are presumed to be "delicate," and unable to endure fatigue, walk miles over the pavements, without thinking of the exertion. Visitors to the city from the country, are worn out by a day's "shopping," while their city guides are apparently as fresh at the close as in the beginning of the day's work. Walking is the most natural, useful, and thorough exercise that can be taken. Infantry, in an army, can outmarch the mounted men. A proof of the superiority of the biped over the quadruped, is given in the result of a recent wager. A man undertook to walk from New York to Cincinnati in eighteen days, and accomplished the task, with nine hours to spare. The person with whom the bet was made accompanied him, in a carriage, and the pedestrian, at the end of the journey, was in a better condition than the horse or his driver. This accords with all experience. The human frame becomes inured to wholesome and proper exertion, and the biped gains strength under it, in a greater degree than any quadruped. We have no objection to dumb bells, and other paraphernalia of the gymnasium. But none of these contrivances are half so beneficial as the use of our natural means of locomotion. The people of this republic have the largest continent in the world to travel over, and are, as a nation, the greatest travellers. But while the rail, the river, and the horse-carriage, are all used to the utmost, we walk less than any civilized people under the sun. A man, no matter how much his leisure, or how great his need of economy, would be thought very poor, or next to insane, who should use his feet for a journey. He would, at the very least, be set

down as eccentric or a humorist. Where time is valuable, or strength is to be husbanded for active employment, it is well to take advantage of public conveyances. But if Americans would prescribe to themselves what John Bull calls his "constitutional walk," we should gain in strength of muscle, and banish or diminish the common complaint, dyspepsia. Athletic games are well in their way, but one cannot always get up a cricket or rowing match. The consent of others is required, whereas, to walk briskly and habitually, it needs only that we overcome our own inertia, and rid ourselves of the notion that a horse's legs are better than a man's. No motion calls more of the muscles into healthy play than walking—not gliding like a ghost, with arms motionless, but pushing along, with a hearty, springy swing. Nothing more exhilarates the whole man than a current of air created by his own brisk movements. If this exercise, so conducive to health, were more in fashion and in favor, we might meet the doctors with an independent air; and as to the nostrum mongers, starve them into taking up a more useful avocation.—*Phila. Gaz.*



THE NEW APPLETON CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

APPLETON CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The first engraving (made expressly for our paper) on this page, is a view of one of the new buildings attached to Harvard College. It is to be used exclusively for daily prayers, and for services on the Sabbath. The chapel was designed by Mr. Paul Schulze, a German architect established in this city. It is quite a conspicuous feature in the group of university buildings which occupy the level tract, diversified with noble trees, comprising the territory of the college. Erected at different times, some of them quaint and antiquated, others fresh and modern, the entire group, viewed from a little distance, produces a striking picturesque effect from its very irregularity and variety. This institution is now nearly two centuries and a quarter old, and is the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1636. The first president was Henry Dunster, who, with his successor, was educated in England. Rev. James Walker, D. D., LL. D., is now at the head of the institution, and the numerous professorships are filled by men of the very highest ability and attainments as scholars.

SKATING & FISHING,
BACK BAY, BOSTON.

The second picture on this page, is a lively sketch of winter sports on the ice that at this inclement season covers the broad expanse of water to the south of our city. The central figure in the group, is a professional smelt-fisher, with his establishment of tent, camp-stools, hooks, lines and bait. Few amateurs are willing to endure the intense uncomfortable-ness of such a pursuit of fishing under difficulties. Yet, in by-gone days, we have "been there," and deemed a dozen or so fish an ample reward for hours of excruciating suffering. But the professional smelt-fisher seems perfectly impervious to cold. The most successful one we ever knew, was a colored man who invariably met with good luck. The secret of his success was supposed to lie in a certain "killing bait," the mystery of which he would never disclose, even to his nearest friend, and it is currently reported on the ice that he carried it with him to the grave. Certain it is that he could at any and all times get his basket full, and that he made a good thing of it. The scene before us is enlivened by

the presence of skaters, flying over the ice on the shining steel—skating being now a popular "institution." A few days since, Back Bay was the scene of quite an adventure. Notwithstanding it was the Sabbath, a large number of men and boys were engaged in skating on the ice, and, not content with this, made large bonfires in the vicinity of Marion and Fayette Sts., endangering some of the houses, as their occupants thought. They accordingly sallied forth and remonstrated, but were roughly handled by the skaters, and compelled to retreat. Information being given to the chief of police, the force was rallied by telegraph, and about fifty men appeared upon the scene of action; but as the officers had no artificial means of locomotion, the skaters had a decided advantage over them, and for a long time baffled them by their rapid manœuvres. Finally, however, the police, by extending their line, and driving the skaters towards the open water, compelled them to retreat, and the victory remained on the side of law and order. Such an occurrence is unusual, but against its possible repetition, skates might form one police equipment.



SKATING AND FISHING ON THE BACK BAY, BOSTON.



SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

SOUND STEAMERS IN A BLOW.

The marine picture on this page, is from the pencil of Hill, who has drawn so many of our sea-pieces, and was both drawn and engraved expressly for the "Pictorial." It is no fancy-piece, but a reminiscence of one of those nights which sometimes occur to try the courage of landmen on their passage to and from New York during the winter season. But though our artist was tempest-tossed, he did not, like many of his fellow-passengers, lose the command of his faculties. He has faithfully reproduced all the features of a wild winter night—the heavy clouds driving before the wind, the moon wading through the rifts, and marking with a weird light the edges of the masses of vapor, and the crests of the tumbling billows, rushing on, like plumed warriors, to battle. Yet, through this wild commotion of the elements, the staunch steamers hold their own, buffeting and buffeted by the weltering waves, and triumphing over them at last. It is due to the companies which control the various lines of Sound steamers, to say the boats never leave either terminus in a dangerous storm, but they are sometimes caught in rough weather, and then their staunchness carries them through. But few calamities have occurred in the Sound navigation, considering the number of passages made on this route. Ordinarily the voyage to and from New York is very agreeable.

SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The first engraving on this page, is made from an original sketch from a correspondent who signs himself "An American in Mexico," so that we know not to whom we are indebted for the favor. We have had it carefully drawn and engraved, and it makes a spirited picture. The subject is the recent dash made by the Liberals to obtain possession of the city of Mexico, after securing and holding many important points in the neighborhood. In the background is seen the famous cathedral, the most costly and splendid ecclesiastical edifice in the western hemisphere, and which, with its heaven-aspiring crosses, has looked down on many a scene of broil and battle. The foreground is crowded with combatants, engaged in deadly fray, and affords a striking idea of a hand-to-hand battle. Our readers will remember that the Liberals surprised, and came near capturing the citadel. The government forces were terribly alarmed, and, as rats fight well in a corner, made a desperate resistance, and the revolutionists retired to Tacubaya, and afterwards fell back still farther. The government troops marched out of the city, but did not meet the enemy, and it is shrewdly conjectured, did not care to meet them. But they met a party of peaceful villagers, making a bonfire of some of the gun-carriages which the Liberals had left behind them. The government

troops, either mistaking them for foes, or willing to shed blood when they could do it without danger, opened a heavy fire on them from their light artillery pieces, slaughtering many and mutilating others. And thus ended this bloody skirmish.

A NEAPOLITAN DUNGEON.

Englishmen will not have forgotten the name of Baron Nicotera, who took possession of the Cagliari, and landed with a handful of men at Sapri, and was a fellow-prisoner with our countrymen, Watt and Park. The following letter gives more details of his fate: "The king spared the life of Nicotera (says the writer) for no other purpose than to make him die by degrees a terrible death. The executioner would have taken him from suffering in a moment, but he would have rescued him too rapidly from his ferocious talons; he wished to feed upon his agonies, and appointed him as the victim of a slow and fearful death. At first, instead of imprisoning him in the Ergastolo of San Stefano, whither the law consigned him, he shut him up in the worst dungeon of the Vicarial at Naples; afterwards he threw him into the Abyss of the fearful Columbaja of Trapani; and lately—that is to say, at the beginning of October—he shut him up in the sepulchral caverns of Favignana. But in describing that den, my hand becomes paralyzed, and terror takes complete possession of

me; yet, to the best of my power, I will describe it. In past times, the fort was reserved as a place of confinement for prisoners of state, but out of respect for advancing civilization, it was closed. Now again it has been opened, and there is buried a noble living being, capable of every self-sacrifice, every self-denial, whose only fault is that of having loved his country, and having offered himself up for its redemption. In one part of the fort, called the Fossa, just over the gate, may be read this legend: '*Si entra vivo, a si esce morto.*' 'One enters it living, and leaves it dead.' Four hundred steps lead from the top of the mountain down below the level of the sea—to the infernal cavern where lives the unfortunate Nicotera, guarded at sight by two sentinels, without being able to see the sky, and scarcely to breathe the scanty air which passes in by the holes through which struggles in a dim light. That it is damp, cannot be doubted from its being in the very bowels of the earth, and from the fact that the very clothes of the prisoner become almost rotten in a few days. Imagine how he grieves over his existence. Such is a paternal trait of a religious and clement 'government,' which visits continually the sanctuary, and which deludes this superstitious and ignorant people with its bigotry, making use of the most holy religion of Christ as an instrument of unbridled tyranny." —*Times Correspondent.*



STEAMERS IN A GALE, ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY SWEETHEART.

BY EFF. T. HYATT.

I'm weary! I'm weary of that fickle love of thine;
For other eyes and other climes my heart does sadly pine.
The bee may gather honey from the native flower he sips,
And the lover revel in the bliss of his fair lady's lips,
But the eye that gaily glitters in deceit upon us all,
Can never hold a faithful heart in any constant thrall.

Thou art young, and thou art lovely, but the tempter
gave you pride;
Thou art rich alone, and joined you would be a wealthy
bride.

Yet the frost of fifty winters you prefer to early spring,
And would throw away a truthful heart to wear a jew-
elled ring.

All the diamonds that lie hidden in affection's secret
mine,
I have offered, but I cast them like "pearls before the
swine."

There is one, though not so lovely, but of finer mould
than thou,

With violet eyes of azure hue, and fair, unsullied brow.
And as riches are her portion, the poor alone can tell
The peace that wealth around her throws with all its
magic spell.

To her my heart is given, and my faith is pledged to thee,
Then, sweet heart, give my promise back, for I would
now be free.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STORY OF A PARASOL.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

We are in a saloon of the Faubourg St. Honoré. The most exquisite taste, French taste, reigns there. One thing only seems to be wanting: air, that vital element. It has been forgotten that breath is more necessary than food. Now, how can one breathe here? How many hangings, carpets, how much drapery on the tables, over the fire-places? Even the fire is curtailed. Count those at this window: large and small, silk and muslin, there are nine. Add the weight of these rich ornaments, the incumbrances of masterpieces of art, and you will see that one is here literally stifled. Ask these poor pale flowers in the sumptuous *jardinières*, how much better would a breath of air and sunshine please them than all the cameos and gildings with which their cage is ornamented?

In company with these imprisoned flowers, how many young girls stifle thus pleasantly in the charming confinement of their boudoirs. These flowers, at least, are frequently renewed; but human life, if it have not its allowance of oxygen, by degrees becomes extinct.

Two ladies, mother and daughter, are seated in this saloon; the one holds a book which she is not reading, the other looks at embroidery which she is not embroidering. The eyes of the young mother, radiant with tenderness, are fixed on the fair girl. This maternal look seems to say: "How charming she is!" And this look tells the truth.

The young girl is seventeen; her large black eyes are brilliant and soft; her hair, black as the raven's wing, forms a superb crown on her small head; her teeth seem a necklace of pearls which has mistaken its place; her figure, to elegance of form, adds the attraction of ease. Emeline is the grand daughter of a Creole beauty, and everything about her betokens a futile and capricious nature.

A servant appears at the door of the saloon. He bears a delicious rosewood box, incrustated with shell and mother-of-pearl. This box contains the wedding presents offered to Emeline by her betrothed, Armand Varnes, who, scarcely thirty years, is already distinguished as an engineer.

The richest stuffs, shawls, jewels, and even a purse full of gold, nothing is wanting to the treasure. Nevertheless, Emeline seems to be looking for something more.

Armand appears; he comes, already an egotist, to enjoy the pleasure he has given. But his pretty fiancée has resumed her embroidery, and her needle seems very active. Armand thinks he reads, on this brow of seventeen, a regret. He hoped for joy,—great joy; he is uneasy, interrogates, insists.

"Have I omitted anything? If the colors, the materials are not to your taste, they shall be changed."

"No, sir; all is well, but—"

"Well?"

"Well, I hoped to have found here a parasol." Armand breathes, he rises and takes his hat.

"It is only a slight omission," said he, "which shall be repaired immediately."

"Sir, I would inform you that I desire a parasol of Alençon lace."

"Alençon it shall be, then," said Armand, repeating the word that he might not forget it.

"Sir, I would also inform you that I do not like imitations, and that I would prefer one of carved ivory, green."

Armand, already at the door, stops; and, distrusting his memory, draws out a memorandum book, and writes: "Alençon lace; no imitation; carved ivory—green."

Then he disappears. He enters the store of a celebrated manufacturer of canes and umbrellas; he takes out his memorandum book, repeats the directions, and adds:

"I wish, in fine, a very pretty parasol."

"That is easy, sir," said the manufacturer; "you shall have it."

"When?" said Armand; "I am very urgent."

"It will take at least a week to manufacture an article of so much value."

"Of so much value!" repeated Armand, who, with his hand already on the door-knob, bethought himself at last to ask the price of this parasol.

"Three thousand francs, sir."

"Three thousand francs!" exclaims the engineer; "it is a price for an empress."

"No, sir; the parasol of the empress cost six thousand francs."

Become thoughtful, Armand paused, re-entered the warehouse, and said to the manufacturer:

"I desire you to wait; I will consult the person who wishes the parasol, and will return."

He traverses the Boulevard, slowly twirling his moustache, and, in a fit of absence, runs against a friend who happens to be in his way.

"What a figure for a lover! What is the matter, Armand?"

It is a friend of his childhood, a college friend. Armand relates to him the history of the parasol.

"Do not marry that young girl," says his friend; "you will not be happy! This parasol is worth as much as the interest of her dowry."

How will you satisfy her with your ten thousand pounds, if you are obliged to give three thousand francs to shield her from an August sun? Retreat, while it is yet time, and thank the sunshine."

The advice was followed; Armand requested a release from his engagement. Emeline returned the corbeille; and such is the blindness with which the love of luxury strikes young hearts, she experienced only the vexation of a child.

Perhaps she afterwards regretted Armand Varnes. Accursed luxury! how many woes may a parasol shade! How many stitches grow from one of Alençon lace!

Armand went to Germany. At the expiration of three months he became consoled, and married. He returned, bringing with him two beautiful blue eyes, which seemed made to look at the sky without the thousand crown lace. These eyes express a serenity of soul which still adorns Anna, the portionless German, whom Armand has made his happy wife.

He has given her the magnificent corbeille of the Creole; it surpasses all the simple child of the Rhine has ever dreamed.

One day, on the arm of her husband, she found herself in the presence of Emeline, on the Boulevard.

"What a pretty girl!" said Anna, raising her parasol of five hundred francs to look at her.

Do not think this a fiction. It is a true story, to which I have not added a word; a story of yesterday, which will be one of to-morrow, not for my young readers, if they have understood its moral.

ROUSSEAU ON FAME.

"You see," said he, with the bitter misanthropy which his later misfortunes had produced in him, "Jean-Jacques cannot even hide himself; he is an object of curiosity to some, or malignity to others, and to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. It would signify less if he had only to submit to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make himself a name, he becomes public property. Every one rakes into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes those walls which every passer-by may deface with some abusive writing. Perhaps you will say that I have encouraged this curiosity by publishing my *Memoirs*. But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house through the blinds, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should at least know me such as I am. Adieu, sir; whenever you wish to know the worth of fame, remember that you have seen Rousseau."

—*Westminster Review*.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C. Bedford, Mass.—Capt. Marryatt, the novelist, died in 1848. His earliest nautical story was *Frank Mildmay*.

"WATER COLOR."—The color of the sky depends on the quantity of opaque vapor in the air. The less vapor, the darker the color of the sky, the particles of which, reflecting chiefly the blue rays, give this lovely color to the canopy of heaven.

M. F., Chicago, Illinois.—Your questions remain unanswered for the simple reason that a reply would occupy several columns, whereas justice to our correspondents compels us to devote but a few lines to each.

REBECCA, Concord, N. H.—Those who have studied the subject, consider that among the ancient Jews the art of playing on musical instruments was almost exclusively confined to the daughters of Israel, no mention being made of men using the timbrels or any other instrument, but frequently "that all the women went out with timbrels," etc.

STUDENT, Brunswick, Me.—The dying words by which Queen Elizabeth was supposed to infer her desire that James of Scotland should be her successor, were as follows: "I told you my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?" And when Cecil asked her what she meant by the expression "no rascal should succeed her," she replied, that "her meaning was, that a king should succeed; and who should that be but our cousin of Scotland?"

MRS. R. C., Hanover, Mass.—Hall's reputation was first made by "The Croakers," a series of humorous poems on current topics, written in conjunction with his friend Drake, and published in the New York Evening Post.

D. H. W.—Iturbide was proclaimed emperor of Mexico by a *coup d'état* May 18, 1822, but finding it impossible to sustain himself in power, abdicated in the following March and went to Italy. In 1824 he returned, but the popular feeling was not in his favor, the government proclaimed him an outlaw, and he was defeated, captured and shot about a month after his landing.

MARIA S.—It is conjectured that *gauze* is so named because a light fabric, composed of thread, or silk, or of thread and silk combined, was originally brought from Gaza, a town in Syria.

"BULLER."—The localities of granite in England are Cumberland, Cornwall, and Devon. In Scotland, the highlands and the Isle of Arran; and in Ireland, the Mourne Mountains.

HUMANITY IN BRITAIN.

There is as yet no such state of degraded humanity in this country as in Great Britain. The superabundance of public land, the prevalence of common schools, the general exercise of political rights, all contribute to save our country from that debased class of population which is the shame and disgrace of enlightened and powerful England. How long this advantage may be preserved to the United States, it is impossible to say. There are indications in our large cities, that an ignorant and brutalized humanity is springing up among us, with a rank growth; and if the most stringent preventive measures be not resorted to, we shall in process of time have little to boast of, over Great Britain, in this respect. Too many of the young in our great cities are suffered by the public to grow up in idleness, ignorance, and crime. We say *suffered* by the public, and we use the phrase advisedly; for we hold it to be the clear duty of the body-politic to protect itself against the threatened danger, by taking absolute control and charge of the youth whose early education is neglected or perverted by their natural guardians, and placing them under reforming and improving influences. This fundamental measure of self-preservation must be taken as a security for the future; and for present relief and protection, the haunts of vice and crime must be broken up, their secret coverts thrown open and exposed, and the swarming votaries of sin scattered and dispersed. Constant vigilance and unrelenting, resolute action, on the part of the municipal authorities of our cities and large towns, is the absolute necessity of the case. The garden of humanity must be weeded daily, and with a faithful hand. It will not do to let the tares grow up with the wheat, in municipal culture; otherwise there will be no harvest except of weeds and brambles.

England is moving in this matter, and is already taking active measures for eradicating the evil from its social system. National associations for the promotion of social science have been formed in the principal cities, the object of which is to discover and expose the debased condition of humanity, and to point out the causes and the cure. These associations do not assume to usurp the functions of municipal government; but to act in co-operation therewith; and where the conditions and circumstances are beyond the reach of civil power, to exert those influences of moral suasion which, after all, must be the mainstay of every effort for social improvement, as well as the strongest support of the legal author-

ity. The subject of compulsory education has been considered and discussed by the Liverpool association, in its application to the misguided and neglected children of the vicious and depraved. But school education alone will not do the work. There must be a complete withdrawal of these neglected shoots of humanity from the demoralizing influence of the parent stem, and a submission of them to those kindly and elevating appliances of moral and spiritual culture, personal neatness, correct habits, industry, proper deportment, and mental training, which make up the grand total of that most important duty which society owes to the young, called education. That the enlightened mind and benevolent heart of Great Britain has entered upon this important work, is a subject of sincere gratulation to the friends of humanity; and our own country would do well to take a timely lesson from what is being done there.

FUNERAL INCIDENTS.

The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors: "The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relatives to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady, who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears."

At the funeral of a little babe, in New Sharon, a few days since, says the Gospel Banner, a circumstance occurred, remarkably cheering and suggestive. The little one, all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its little hand a small bouquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral services performed. When after the lapse of not more than two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered round to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full blown rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death. It seemed as though a voice came up from those beautifully sealed lips, saying, "Weep not for me; though broken from the parent stem, I am blooming in the Paradise of God. Millions of infant souls compose the family above."

AN ART EXHIBITION.

A writer in the Transcript suggests a very plausible plan for getting up an art exhibition of great interest and value in this city. He says that "very few persons, comparatively speaking, are aware of the vast number of antique paintings, medals, engravings, busts, and other pieces of sculpture, and articles of vertu and curiosity, that are to be found scattered here and there among different private families, and most carefully preserved by them, in Boston, Cambridge, Roxbury, Charlestown, Dorchester, Chelsea, Salem, Worcester, New Bedford, and all the other principal towns and cities in Massachusetts, and the other States of New England. Some of these may be ranked among the most beautiful and rarest productions of industry and genius; some of them are, in fact, masterpieces; some are remarkable for their high cost, intrinsic worth, or the associations connected with them; and most if not all are deemed precious, if not invaluable on numerous accounts by the parties to whom they belong. Were one-quarter of them gathered together, and properly arranged and displayed in a suitable place for examination, they would constitute one of the most novel, magnificent, and attractive exhibitions of the kind ever seen in the United States." Thereupon he suggests "that suitable measures be taken at the present time, by some of our most public-spirited, enterprising, and energetic fellow-citizens, for the erection of an extensive iron building in this city, upon a central site, and every way suitable, where such an exhibition might be made. The expense would not be anything like what an unreflecting person might at first suppose, while the immediate gains and

collateral benefits might be very large. The third and fourth stories of such a structure would probably answer for the purpose. The other portions of the edifice might be rented for other uses; and as in a fire proof building such a collection would be perfectly safe, there are many families who, it is presumed, would readily lend their pictures and statues for a term of time; so that it would not be necessary to purchase them for the exhibition. The receipts, after defraying all costs, might be appropriated to some charitable or patriotic object."

HARVARD COLLEGE.

Much has been said as to the indebtedness of Harvard College to the State of Massachusetts, for its establishment and maintenance, and the propriety of continuing the control of the State in the direction of the institution. But the present wealth of the college is due in a very small degree to the bounty of the State, when compared with the donations of individuals; and by far the greater part of the present extensive establishment, which constitutes it a University, has sprung up entirely independent of public aid. Harvard was founded in 1636, and chartered by the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1638. During the two centuries and over, which have elapsed since that time, the public benefactions to the College have amounted to only \$216,000; while the private donations from individuals, during the same time, have been nearly two million dollars. The annual expense to the college, incident to its connection with the State, is quite large, and serves materially to diminish the value of the public benefaction, without any corresponding benefit to the cause of education. The Divinity School, the Medical School, the Law School, and the Scientific School connected with the College, have grown up entirely independent of gifts from the State, and are the creations of private munificence. So far as State aid has been extended, it has far less than a moiety of the present establishment to show for it; and there is, therefore, no reason founded in justice, for continuing the government control over the College. Nor does any practical good result therefrom, equal or at all comparable to the annual expense thus entailed by the visit of the government, and the examination of the Board of Overseers. It were better for all parties that the connection were dissolved, and Harvard left free to manage for herself, without the interference of Governor, Council or Senate. It is unnecessary to speak of the literary qualifications of the gentlemen usually chosen to fill these offices, in reference to their fitness to supervise the management of the highest American institution of learning; for every one knows full well that candidates for public office are seldom selected with any regard to their literary attainments or abilities.

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.—Captain William L. Hudson, U. S. N., whose name is familiar to the public, from his connection with the laying of the Atlantic Cable, as commander of the Niagara, has received a highly complimentary letter from Lord Napier, on behalf of Queen Victoria, transmitting to him a gold box and a medal, the latter bearing the effigy of the queen. By the laws of the United States and the regulations of the service, Captain Hudson cannot accept these kindly testimonials until authorized to do so by an act of Congress, which will of course be immediately passed.

HORSES FOR THE BRITISH TURF.—Robert Harland, a colored man, an excellent judge of horses, and a first rate trainer, has purchased two of the best going horses in Kentucky, at high prices, and will take them to England in the spring, to contend for the honors of the turf. The names of the horses are "Des Chiles" and "Cincinnati."

SKATERS.—The usual number of accidents come heralded to us in our exchanges, this freezing weather. Jamaica Pond, in this neighborhood, has been the scene of several very narrow escapes from drowning. Be careful, boys!

LECTURES.—Boston has had, thus far this winter, a most brilliant lecture season. We doubt if any city in this country can equal us in this respect.

ORIGINAL.—A thieves' ball lately came off in New York city, the proceeds being devoted to one of the fraternity who was in trouble!

A DESERTER.

We find quite a romantic story in the *Echo du Nord*, published at Lille, France. A few days ago a man whose motions were rendered almost impossible by the cords which bound him, was brought to the barracks of St. Maurice, where the 39th regiment of the line is quartered. Two gendarmes held his arms, and behind him came a picket of soldiers under arms and commanded by a sergeant.

This man, Goffe, was a soldier of the class of 1851, and had been incorporated in the 39th, and was in the Crimea with his regiment in 1855. He was changed to the grenadiers and, in a quarrel with a comrade, stabbed him several times with a knife. The wounded man recovered and was killed a few days afterwards in battle. Goffe, to avoid the consequences of his offence, went over to the enemy and gave them information which enabled them to spring mines under the feet of his old companions in arms. From this time nothing was heard of the traitor and deserter.

Recently a Russian steam-packet anchored at Marseilles, on board of which was a Frenchman in the capacity of fireman, who asked eight days' leave of the captain to go and see his family. Not making his appearance on the ninth day, the captain gave information and a description of the deserter to the French authorities, and he was arrested on his return to Marseilles, two days afterwards. The fireman was no other than Goffe, the grenadier who had deserted from the 39th regiment of the line. After having identified him, and heard his confession, the authorities delivered him to the gendarmerie, by whom he was forwarded to Lille, the quarters of the regiment he had left. By this time he has expiated by death a crime, the greatest recognized by the military code.

WRITING AND FIGHTING.

In Paris now-a-days, it seems that a writing man must be a fighting man, and an editor must know how to manage a steel sword as well as a pen. He must not only be able to indite a bulletin, but to lodge a bullet in an adversary. M. de Pene, of that sweet little journal, the "Figaro," has just recovered from a couple of sword-thrusts received in a desperate duel, and now Mr. de Villemessant, director of the same paper, and Mr. Lucas, one of the editors, have had to "go out" at the call of Mr. Gustave Naquet and Mr. Plunkett, managers of the Palais Royal Theatre, these gentlemen feeling aggrieved at articles in the "Figaro."

But this affair was not a very terrible one. The two duels were fought with swords and on the same ground. At the first thrust, Mr. Lucas tore his adversary's shirt-sleeve, and then fell himself, his foot slipping on the wet grass. The combat was soon resumed, and Mr. Lucas received his adversary's sword in his arm, while the other got a touch from the cold steel in the left breast. The other duel also resulted in two wounds. Mr. de Villemessant was struck in the breast near the right shoulder, Mr. Naquet was slightly pinked just above the left eyebrow. Neither of these wounds was as "deep as a well or as wide as a church door," and the parties returned to Paris. Wonder if they use "Russia Salve" or "Mustang Liniment?" Wonder if this system will ever be adopted in Boston? Shall we ever have to record a rencontre between Col. Greene and Col. Schouler? What a sensation such an affair would create! Can't we have at least a brace of fighting editors to make things lively in Boston? We "pause for a reply."

THE EMPEROR'S CLEMENCY.—Talking of Louis Napoleon's pardoning Count de Montalembert, Jones remarked to Brown that Montalembert was a great gun. "Yes," said Brown, "and you see that Louis Napoleon has let him off."

HISTORY OF CUBA.—A work on Cuba is now in course of publication in Paris, the seventh volume of which has just been issued. We suppose that the author has not time to make it shorter.

Without pandering to any of the isms of the day, *Balloy's Dollar Monthly* comes to us characterized by an independence and manliness of tone quite refreshing. It is unquestionably the cheapest magazine published on either side of the Atlantic, and is destined to reach an immense circulation, having already an edition of one hundred and thirteen thousand regular issue.—*Virginia Advocate.*

A MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.—Four Presidents of the United States were educated at William and Mary College, in Virginia,—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Taylor.

RUSSIAN MAIL SERVICE.

The extent of mail service in the empire of Russia rivals even that of our own country. There is a regular semi-weekly mail from St. Petersburg, the capital, to Kyachta, in the easterly part of Asiatic Russia, on the borders of the Chinese empire. This mail route is four thousand miles long, and is traversed by railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of four hundred miles, and the rest of the way by carriages drawn by horses. There are two hundred and twenty stations on the road, for changing horses, and the trip is performed in about thirty days. The annual cost of this mail route, to the government, is about \$300,000. Kyachta, the easterly terminus, is the great emporium of trade between Russia and China. It is inhabited by Russian officials and merchants. A great annual fair is held there in December, to which the Chinese resort, and there is a very extensive trade between them and the Russians; the latter bartering cloth, furs, cattle, and other national products, for teas, silks, porcelain, etc. During the year 1843, this traffic amounted to over \$10,000,000; but it was greatly augmented at about that period, in consequence of the war which had prevailed between Great Britain and China, for several years previous. The Russian government appears to have preserved a very good understanding with the Celestials; for it is allowed to run a regular mail from Kyachta to Peking. This distance, estimated to be about a thousand miles, is traversed by a horse-post.

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

John Sullivan, father of General John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, soldier and patriot, and James Sullivan, judge, legislator, historian, patriot, and Governor of Massachusetts, was a native of Ireland, and to revenge himself on his mother, who thought a certain young woman not a suitable match for the noble Sullivan, ran away from his mother and also from his true love, and soon found himself in the Berwick forests in the Province of Maine. It is said that John never got over this, but consoled himself in a manner by befriending and educating and marrying a little, friendless Irish maid, a waif in the ship which brought them both hither. Mrs. Sullivan never more heard of her son John, and oblivion shuts down upon the after history of the early love.

He made good way in life. He knew Latin, became the most famous *dominie* in all that region, wrote deeds, settled disputes, and was a perfect *factotum*. At last he is pictured to us as an "ancient man, with a tall, slender frame, and fine old features, reading the Bible in his lonely dwelling," and so he died in May, 1796, in his hundred and fifth year, an extraordinary age for a man who had endured so much hardship.

"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."—The new volume of this excellent agricultural publication, issued in Albany, N. Y., by Luther Tucker & Son, editors and proprietors, assisted in the editorial department by J. J. Thomas, and other distinguished writers, opens brilliantly, with evidences of increased energy and liberality on the part of the publishers. It was always a favorite journal with us, as a perfect gem of typography, filled with valuable original matter, and thoroughly reliable in every respect. The editors are fully up to the times, yet cautious in all the opinions and statements they put forth, and uncompromisingly hostile to quackery and puffery. They deserve well of the agricultural public, and we are glad to know that they receive a liberal patronage.

COAL MINES IN GREECE.—The French geologists, who wander over the whole earth, picking up fossils and specimens, on which to found new theories and fresh hypotheses, wherewith to astonish the world, have discovered coal in Greece, and a company is now working them. They are situated about a mile from Comna, and are expected to be very profitable.

GOING TO COVENTRY.—Charles Dickens was lately presented with a gold watch by his friends in Coventry, England. So that being "sent to Coventry" is no longer a disgrace.

LUMBERING.—The lumber business near St. Croix River has revived much this season. There have been sent into the woods, with every prospect of success, 500 teams and 3000 men.

IMPERIAL FLATTERERS.—Napoleon courted s bedaub him with fulsome compliment. We suppose they use "plaster of Paris."

COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

The race of misers is not extinct. A specimen exists at this moment in New York, a "poor rich man," with a fabulous income—no end of money, in short. His only daughter, a beautiful and accomplished woman, was married a few months ago to a gentleman almost as rich as himself. Since her marriage, however, the daughter has launched out into all sort of extravagances, diamonds, cashmeres, carriages, horses, etc., to indemnify herself for the Lenten fare and austerities of the paternal mansion. Her brownstone house, on Fifth Avenue, is the scene of a succession of dinners, balls, soirees, concerts, private theatricals, etc. But, as she is a really exemplary woman, she always invites her father, old Hunx, to her prodigal entertainments. This token of filial respect is the more praiseworthy, since it is dangerous, for the old gentleman's style of dress is not exactly suited to a fashionable party.

Last Thursday, Madame gave a grand dinner-party. Her father always has a good appetite, and for a very good reason. He arrived an hour before the table was set—but with such a shocking bad coat—greasy, thread-bare, patched! in a word, an impossible coat!

"Really, my dear sir," said the daughter, "you can't think of sitting down to table in such a dress as that. For heaven's sake, put on a better coat—there's plenty of time."

"You're a wise child, I don't think," replied Hunx. "Shows how much you know about money-matters. How do you suppose I can afford to buy new coats when I have to pay sixty thousand dollars a year in taxes?"

And he sat down to dinner in the old coat. Of course he was flattered and caressed, for who cares for a man's coat when his pocket is known to be well lined. It is only your rich men who can afford to dress shabbily—a thread-bare suit ruins a poor man.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—The work on this mammoth enterprise is now pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Three thousand laborers are employed. The drives, which wind very pleasantly around the park, are in an advanced state of grading, and the greater part of the force is now employed in macadamizing. A part of the soil is taken off from where it is rich and deep, and piled up to be used in covering the barren ledges which abound over the broken surface of the grounds. The land is pulverized and fertilized, and several large nurseries are already growing trees, to be hereafter transplanted. The parade ground and cricket ground are got up on a grand scale, and there is a skating pond, containing sixteen acres. The progress of the work is certainly encouraging.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.—The quantity of public lands sold by the United States government during the three quarters ending September 30, was 4,804,919 acres, for which was received \$2,534,192. The military land warrants located amounted to 6,983,110 acres. Over ten millions of acres of land have been sold under the graduation act of 1854, at the price of 12 1-2 cents per acre. Over 15,000,000 acres of land have been surveyed and are ready for market in Kansas and Nebraska.

OUR ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.—The flattering opinions, both of the press and individual expression, touching our late improvements in *Balloy's Pictorial*, are very agreeable to us. Our edition has increased rapidly, and we are determined to give our patrons a brilliant paper through the year just commenced. We can still supply the numbers complete from the commencement of the year.

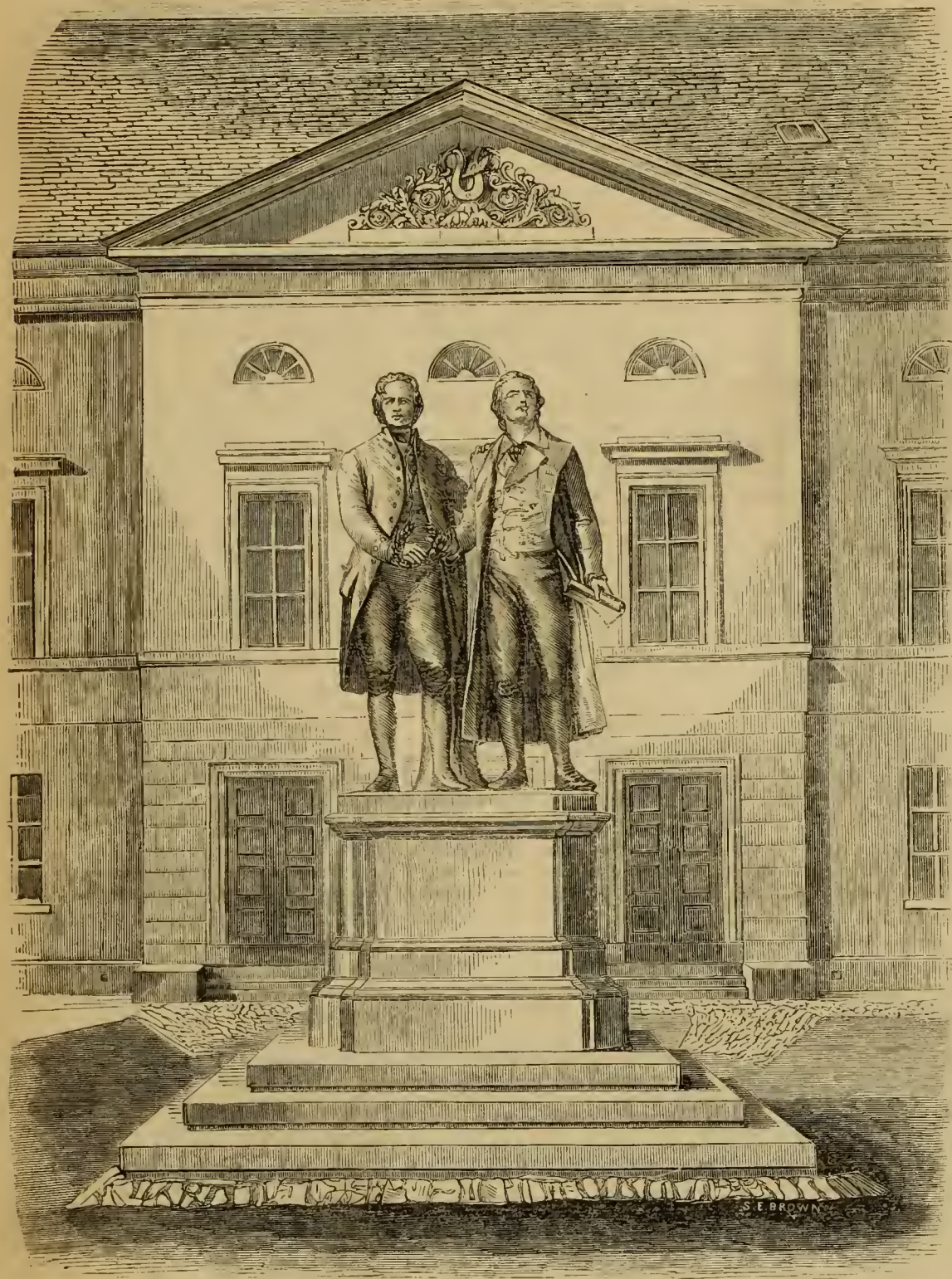
A TARTAR.—A woman in Kentucky, who has recently been divorced, called upon her former husband, and flogged him with a cow-hide, after throwing cayenne pepper in his face.

MUSCLE.—Somebody says: "Cabbage contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever." Yet we never knew that tailors were particularly muscular.

JUST SO.—Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

RATHER DEEP.—Some of the lakes of Switzerland are one thousand feet deep.

TRUE.—Short reckonings make long friendships.



STATUES OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER, AT WEIMAR, GERMANY.

MARKET SCENE, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

The accompanying picture was sketched from life, and faithfully represents some of the peculiar dresses of the Chilean, male and female. The distinguishing feature of their apparel is the *poncho*, or short cloak. It is common to men and women of all classes. The two men in our picture both wear the poncho. The word in Spanish signifies "idle." The poncho is square, three ells long and two ells wide, with a hole in the centre large enough to put the head through. It is all of a piece, and has neither sleeves nor button holes. Designed to come over the shoulders and the upper part of the body, it serves as a cloak during the day, and a coverlet at night. The Araucanian poncho are considered the best. The women make them, the wool of the guanaco furnishing the material. The manufacture of a stylish poncho occupies a woman two years, and it will bring a hundred dollars. One of the Chileans in our engraving holds a lasso in his right hand. On his head he wears, like his comrade, a kerchief, negligently tied, and both have hats in which the form of the Spanish sombrero is blended with that of an Araucanian sugar-loaf. The other parts of their costume exhibit the same mixture; short breeches, or rather drawers (*calzoneras*), of white stuff, gaiters, or leggings of serge, hide sandals (*ajotes*), and a spur with an enormous rowel on the right heel. The man with the long stick in his right hand, is undoubtedly a Peon. Descended from the old Spanish shepherds, the peons have charge of numberless flocks in the desert plains of Chili, Tucuman and Paraguay. They sleep on an ox hide, feed only on half raw beef, and drink out of a horse's skull, or a bull's horn. They serve also as guides to travellers crossing the Andes. Nothing is more curious than to see them descend from the mountains. Seated on an ox hide, of which they grasp the lower extremity, they slide with the speed of arrows down the snowy slopes of the Cordilleras, and have no other means of steering but their long canes. The scene of our engraving is of a pacific character—a market scene. Of the three seated women, two sell shoes; the third is listening to the gossip

of the two Chilean men opposite to her, and leaning against the wall for their support; and she does not despair to see them interrupt their chat to make acquaintance with certain bottles, the long necks of which seem to invite the hand of the toper. The Chilean wines are generally sugared, and leave a roughness in the palate. The best is that which is made from the vines grown along the Itala River. A great quantity of this is exported to Peru. In the middle distance are two young girls, whose costumes, at once simple and elegant, scarcely remind you of the little ponchos, the black hats adorned with feathers, and the close fitting skirts worn by women in other parts of Chili.

brow,—tense and intense,—his irregular features lined by thoughts and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one looks, the other looks out.



MARKET SCENE AT VALPARAISO, CHILI.

THE STATUES
OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER AT
WEIMAR, GERMANY.

Rarely is the sculptor's art more worthily employed than in perpetuating the features and forms of those great men who stand like sentinels along the line of ages, passing the torch of genius from hand to hand. And a grateful tribute to true greatness is to set these statues cast in bronze, in the places they have hallowed by their living presence. Thus Weimar, the Athens of Germany, has honored herself in the erection of the two statues of Schiller and Goethe, which form the subject of one of the illustrations on this page. The friendship of these two great men is expressed in the attitude. Their right hands are joined, and together both elasp the laurel which belonged to both. The attitude of Goethe is calm and characteristic—his dress neat, his eyes not raised above the horizon; while Schiller's careless dress and upward, intense glance, well become the representative of Idealism, as he stands beside the representative of Realism. For these two men, Germany would be remembered long after all else had perished, as the name of Shakspeare would survive the name of England. And of what a brilliant galaxy were they, the planetary stars in the earliest part of the present century; even the lesser lights were such men as Herder, Wieland and Kotzebue. Altogether, they lit up this little German duchy-capital, quaint, antique, and nestling on the banks of the Ilm, ninety-four miles west of Dresden, with a splendor that, seen from afar, attracted visitors from all parts of Europe. In speaking of the friendship of Schiller and Goethe, Lewes points out their dissimilarity as follows:—"Goethe's beautiful head had the calm, victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the Future. The massive brow and large-pupil eyes,—like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto,—the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thoughts and suffering, yet showing that thoughts and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished, the strong man,—a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin, and an indescribable something which shines out from the face, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow

Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing; he seems much taller than he really is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller 'walks like a camel.' Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung. A similar difference is traceable in details. 'An air that was beneficial to Schiller, acted on me like poison,' Goethe said to Eckermann. * * *

As another, and not unimportant detail, characterizing the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of the morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne. In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of Realism, the other of Idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them; Schiller was animated with the idea of Freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of Nature. This distinction runs through their works, Schiller always pining for something greater than Nature, wishing to make men Demigods. Goethe always striving to let Nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of Humanity. The Fall of Man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure instinct into conscious freedom, and with this sense of freedom came the possibility of Morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for Morality which was higher than Morality was worth; he had the idea of a condition wherein Morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed." The death of Schiller, severing a brief but intimate association, was a severe blow to Goethe at the time, and perhaps exerted an insensible influence on the remainder of his life. Both these men are immortal, and their intimate associates have all joined them in the other world. But the better portion of their nature—their thoughts, impressed with the signet of immortality, remain, a precious legacy, to kindle enthusiasm, to stimulate effort, to give birth to other creative lives. Honored be their memory! forever green be their laurels!

DICKENS AT HAWTHORNDEN.

During his recent visit to Edinburg, Dickens visited the beautiful and classic scenery of Hawthornden. A correspondent of the Dumfries Courier gives the following amusing account of the visit:—"Mr. Dickens went out with an order for admission. When he got to the gate with his party, the old wrinkled woman who acts as Cerberus, refused most decidedly to let them in. Mr. Dickens was so astonished at the insolence of the old Scotch beldame in refusing admittance to such a respectable party as his, and such a handsome put-on man as himself in particular, that he was driven to the desperate resource of appealing to his fame, 'My good woman, my name's Dickens, and I can't come here every day.' 'I neither ken nor care what your name is, but ye canna get in except on regular days,' responded Cerberus. 'And then,' went on the great man, astounded at the old woman's ignorant contempt for his great name, 'I have an order, if you will look at it,' producing the document to the bearded lady, who ejaculates angrily, 'What's the use of lettin' me see an order when I canna read?' Utterly foiled in his attempts upon this female, the illustrious novelist was compelled to wait for about an hour until a messenger returned from the house of Hawthornden to allow him to enter." An interesting piece of wisdom perhaps.



WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE, LA VENDEE, FRANCE.

WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE, LA VENDEE.

In our researches after curious costumes, we have alighted on this graphic sketch which we have had engraved on this page. It represents the women of the town of Sables d'Olonne, a seaport in the department of La Vendée, France. The surrounding country is fertile and inhabited by one of the healthiest and most robust populations in all France. The men are almost all sailors; and the women pursue the avocations of fishing and farming. Their costume has a general character, differing only in the head-dress, which changes with every commune, the most elegant being the *coiffe frisée* or *cabriole*. During the working hours the women of Sables go barefooted. In very cold weather they wear sabots, wooden shoes and pattens, with footless stockings, locally called *viroles*. When they go for water, they carry their jars suspended from a yoke. In winter they wear short cloaks of plush or fur, which give them a very singular appearance. Our engraving represents both the summer and winter costumes of these hardy and healthy women.

WATER TANK

IN ST. GILES'S-IN-THE-FIELD, LONDON.

The accompanying engraving takes us into the heart of one of those squalid quarters of the great metropolis, which, we trust, will soon be entirely renovated and improved, which present so much to interest the artist and the student of character, so much to sadden the heart of every well-meaning visitor. Here in a new bright world we can scarcely conceive of the abject wretchedness which exists in the ancient cities of the old world, the growth of many ages of suffering and poverty. There are certain portions of London where the buildings are dilapidated and most of the inhabitants squalid, in which at times such picturesque scenes are found that an artist might enjoy the material with as much effect as some of the sketches procured by long travel in continental cities. In such neighborhoods as that shown in the engraving, which are occupied by numerous costermongers, in the spring and summer, the narrow roading is gay with roses, geraniums, musk-plants, wall-flowers, fruit, vegetables, etc., in their season, which are bought in large quantities from Covent Garden and other markets, for the purpose of being trimmed up and arranged for general sale. In those back slums, hidden from the public view, market bunches of flowers, watereresses, cabbages, turnips, etc., are carefully divided into smaller parcels, and arranged with a degree of taste which is in some cases remarkable. As well as taste, there are also evidences of prosperity among those itinerant dealers. Reared, as most of this class have been, under very unfortunate circumstances, we can scarcely be surprised at their roughness of manner and other imperfections. It should, however, be noticed that many of those men and women, by great exertions from early morning till late at night, contrive to keep from the prison and the workhouse; and it is difficult for those who are differently situated to form an idea of the amount of firmness which is required to preserve their limited capital, tempted as they often are by much poverty and privation. Generally speaking, the population of such neighborhoods as this are difficult to deal with in a sanitary point of view; and, although in the Model Buildings in Portpool-lane a spacious apartment at the basement of the premises was provided for the use of costermongers, so that they might in separate compartments, at a cost of from 2d. to 3d. a week, keep in safety and with the advantage of good ventilation unsold fish and other perishable matters, we believe that not a single offer was made to occupy this place, although the evil of keeping donkeys, vegetables, and other perishable goods in confined dwellings is evident. Owing to this indifference, it is necessary, for the benefit of those who are either so destitute of knowledge, or so young that they are not able or likely to help themselves, that both persuasion and force should be employed to remedy those ill conditions which amongst the poorer classes of London society have caused so

much remark and been attended with such bad consequences. The large tank in the background of the engraving was erected at a time when water in this dense population was almost as scarce and precious as in the desert, and has proved a great benefit to the neighborhood. A recent examination of this district, is said to have shown great improvement. In the lodging-houses the sanitary police watch with care and much judgment the condition of the drainage,

metropolis. They will be looked at with curiosity then, when, although there is no hope that the "poor will cease in the land," we trust that their condition will be much bettered. The very greatest men of the English metropolis, men who are the glories of English literature, are now devoting their talents to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and all that can be done for them will be done.

MATRIMONIAL.

On the 23d of April, 1845, a Mr. R—, residing in the ancient town of Vienne, in the south of France, married a young lady, Mlle. T—. The husband was in business, but his private fortune and that of his wife secured the young couple an independent income of £1600 a year. Mr. R— was twenty-three, his wife one year younger. The honeymoon was hardly over when Mrs. R— evinced a strong disposition to wear that part of her husband's habiliments which is generally considered as conferring the privilege of undivided sway on its fair usurper. To please his wife, R— sold the good will of his business, and removed to Lyons in obedience to her wishes. This compliance did not soften the heart of madame, who lost no time in showing strong symptoms of insubordination. Without going into the details of the tribulations of this henpecked husband, suffice it to say that his wife persuaded him to borrow a large sum from her brother, then contrived to have a *separation de biens* pronounced, so as to secure her personal fortune, and, as a climax, caused her brother to arrest him for debt. When in jail he received a visit from his tormentor, and was deluded into signing a paper, making over to her the whole of his property by a promise of liberty. The promise was duly performed, and, on being released, he naturally went home. At the door of his abode, however, he encountered his wife, who, in the coolest way in the world, asked him what he wanted. His reply is not recorded, but the upshot of the conversation was, that he only obtained admission on signing an undertaking that—1. He would take his meals in the kitchen. 2. He would sleep in a garret. 3. He would be satisfied with a common camp-bed. 4. He would only require a clean shirt every fortnight. 5. He would be content to wear second-hand clothes, shoes, etc.; and, finally, never to venture to ask for pocket-money. Madame, in the meanwhile, was in the most extravagant expenses, while their two children were allowed to wander about the house deprived of the necessities of life. R— mildly expostulated, but was forthwith punished by being locked up for two days in a dark room, and kept on bread and water. At length he plucked up sufficient courage to bring an action against his unnatural wife, to compel her to leave the administration of the fortune in his hands, and to acknowledge his authority; but the court, thinking so weak an individual was unfit to have any large sum entrusted to him, merely sentenced Madame R— to pay her husband alimony to the amount of £120 a year.



WATER TANK IN-THE-FIELD, IN ST. GILES'S, LONDON.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PAJOR.

The old has gone, the new has come,
We herald it with singing;
We hail it gladly to each home,
For all the joy it's bringing.
Upon the air the advent chime
Its way is sweetly winging,
The bridal of the Year with Time
Is worthy of the ringing.

The hopes that faded with the old
Have with the new upstarted,
The weak and timid heart grows bold,
The feeble one strong-hearted.
Along the grooves of promise now,
New plans and schemes have darted,
And where a cloud once wreathed a brow
The sun that cloud hath parted.

O, merry go the flying hours,
Above a plain of roses,
And hope lies hid among the flowers
Where love and faith repose.
And as old Time with visage stern
The year's book now discloses,
We give our promise we will learn
True lessons ere it closes.

THOUGHT IS FREE.

Thought is free!
Chainless as the unfathomed sea,
Buoyant as the breath of heaven,
Rapid as the gleaming levin:
It was born before the light,
And will last beyond the night.

Thought is free!
"Free as all men's thoughts should be,"
So English Alfred said;
So did preach the martyred dead
In the land in times of old,
Where truth bravely yet is told.

DEEDS AND WORDS.

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!—LONGFELLOW.

TIME.

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unrelenting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—BLAIR.

Editor's Easy Chair.

II THE READER.

I learn that Albert Pike of Arkansas, a politician and lawyer, has not yet been hanged. Some of our contemporaries are of him, when the first rumor comes from the East, and the colonel will have the same sort of gratification in reading them that his townsman, Timothy Dexter, did in seeing his own funeral. For our part, we can only wish he may live a thousand years. . . . If it be true that music once heard, forever lingers in the memory, what a legacy of delicious souvenirs will the Italian opera leave! We think it is Bulwer who says: "It is noticeable, that to those who are much alive to the effects of music, airs and tunes often come back, in the commonest pursuits of life, to vex, as it were, and haunt them. The music once admitted to the soul, becomes also a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living, as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air." . . . An advertisement in the Dublin papers states that the correspondence of the late Duke of Wellington, from September, 1805, to April, 1807, is missing. His grace was of opinion that he had deposited these papers somewhere in Dublin, on assuming, in 1807, the office of chief-secretary for Ireland. They are supposed to be in boxes in some public store, or bank, or in some private house in Dublin. . . . The Philadelphia Press does not publish a very flattering obituary of Madame Ida Pfeiffer. It says: "If ever a woman merited the appellation of Queen of the Dead-heads, it was Madame Pfeiffer. She expected to travel free of expense, and if she carried a letter of introduction to any one, without being immediately invited to make his house her home, and his purse her bank, she was sure to chronicle his want of hospitality in her next book." . . . One of our Canadian exchanges says that General Eyre has offered a prize to the Montreal Snow Club, to be awarded to that member who shall fire the greatest number of snow balls in a given time. The general will never be called on to pay the prize—no man living can fire a snow-ball. . . . Dubufe's portrait of Rosa Bonheur is well spoken of in the London Athenaeum. The face, so firm and masculine, with almost stern eyes, close, sagacious mouth, and sprightly, elevated eyebrows, is beautifully engraved, with a truth and breadth worthy of all praise. The velvet jacket, natty and Amazonian; the handkerchief, skirt, and usual cloudy background are, of course, shirked for economy, as pure line engraving is much too slow, expensive, and genuine for an age that strives at quick profits and quick effects. The attendant short-horned bull, on whose curled forelock this fair Europa rests her white hand, no whit dismayed, is excellently

wrought in, with its full, tranquil eye, short, stubby horns, and clotted, close, hairy hide. It reminds us of the old Grecian story, intended, if not actually true, we suppose, to illustrate the force of habit, of the old woman of Ephesus, who, from carrying a calf daily home upon her neck, acquired the power of carrying the same calf when it became a bull. But we believe this quiet-looking runt, with the chestnut hair and brown lake of an eye, is a pet of the painter's, and even follows her in country walks. It was a happy idea of so expressing her domination over the animal world, and the little French lady looks quite queenly or high-priestish as she plants her dominating hand (the colored palette just off her thumb) upon the frontlet of this bull, that seems standing beside some Grecian turf altar, doomed for sacrifice. If this were a painting we should look to see its gilded crescent horns hung with garlands of sacred ver-vain. . . . The Farmington, Me., Patriot states that not less than one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds of dried apples have been purchased in that village, of the farmers in that vicinity, the present season. . . . The most valuable span of horses in the United States are said to be owned by Commodore Vanderbilt, of New York. They are matched horses. They cost him \$7000, and he has been offered \$9000 for them. . . . The total gold coinage of the United States, including bars, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to about \$52,889,800 28. The silver coinage for the same period amounted to \$8,533,286 77. The number of cents coined was 23,400,000. . . . The New Yorkers enjoy themselves finely on the skating pond in the new Central Park. It is estimated that at one time lately there were twelve thousand skaters and spectators. . . . The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, speaking of an eccentric old woman there, says: "The old lady invariably takes notes of the weather on each of the twelve days that follow Christmas day, and carefully records whether it has been cold, mild, fair, rainy or changeable. According to her, these twelve days typify the twelve months of the new year, each of which reproduces the weather of its corresponding day. The lady does what she says her father and grandfather did before her, and during the course of three-quarters of a century over which her personal observations have extended, she has never known her criterion to prove deceptive." We don't believe in the old lady's system. . . . Mr. Palmer is to prepare for the family of the late Gov. Marcy a portrait bust of that distinguished statesman, says the New York Courier. . . . A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 22d ult., says: "As far as depends on the emperor himself, the question of emancipation makes rapid progress. His majesty lately ordered that the serfs belonging to the mines placed under the minister of finance should be emancipated within the delay of six months. Three commissions have been appointed to carry this order into effect: one, for the workshops and peasants of the government of Moscow; the second, for those of the circumspection of Orenburg; and the third for the Oural." . . . "Awful Gardner," the ex-prize-fighter, continues his shoe business in Portchester, N. Y. He related his experience recently in the Methodist Church at Tarrytown, on the occasion of a union religious meeting, held there by the Flying Artillery of New York city. This "Flying Artillery," by the way, is a religious not a military corps. . . . Edwin Forest recently received an offer from a reliable source to act at the Academy of Music, New York, for a limited number of nights, the parties proposing to give him a larger sum of money than was ever given to any actor in this or any other country. The offer was refused. This certainly does not indicate a great love of money on the part of Mr. Forest. He is wise, however, to rest awhile from his arduous labors. . . . Two young men, James and William Mason, aged eighteen and twenty, have arrived at St. Louis, after being rescued from Wilson's Island, in the Mississippi, where they remained five days without food. They were raftsmen, but a passing steamer scattered their raft, and they clung to a single timber till they were cast upon the island, where they endured terrible sufferings, and whence they finally escaped by swimming to the land on a stray log. . . . There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1859, viz., a partial eclipse on the 2d of February, invisible here; a partial one the 4th of March, invisible here; another on the 28th of July, partial, and very small; it will end at 41 minutes past 6 in the evening; another one, August 27th, visible only in the Great Southern Ocean. . . . The greatest instance of impudence on record is that of a Yankee who in an Italian city, stopped a religious procession, in order to light his cigar from one of the holy candles. Ere the procession recovered from its astonishment, the audacious smoker had calmly disappeared. . . . A shrewd scion of the Emerald Isle, observing, recently, a poultry dealer in the vicinity of the market busily engaged in chopping off the spurs from the legs of the turkeys he had on sale, accosted him with—"Mither, are yer sure that poultry came over the railroad?" "What do you want to know for?" asked the dealer. "I am afther thinking, if it did," replied our Irishman friend, "you might have saved a considerable freight, if you had cut off the spurs before the poultry left Rhode Island." . . . The Hartford Times, reviewing a recent lecture of Mr. Emerson in that city, says: "Emerson is the best type of a clear, crystallized intellect, unlogged by interfering physical conditions, of any American author. In those unflinching interior researches into the hidden law and nature of man's own essential self—the ever eluding Ego of the human soul—Emerson, to use a vulgar western figure of speech, 'dives deeper, stays down longer, and comes up drier,' than any other such explorer of modern times." . . . A remarkably sudden death occurred at the Parisian Italian Opera House. Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" was in course of performance. Towards the close of the opera, the tenor, Viscardo, stabs the prima donna, Elvira. At the moment when this event took place, on Saturday night, a slight scream was heard from a lady in one of the grand tier boxes. Her friends around her supposed she had simply entered the cry in a moment of temporary excitement on witnessing the dramatic events of the stage; but her head was seen to droop, and she was instantly removed. Medical assist-

ance soon arrived; and then, to the surprise of all around, the lady was declared to have expired. She was a person of no ordinary beauty, about thirty years of age. Her name was Saverio. . . . It is absurd in men to be constantly ridiculing and denouncing crinolines. What use is it to tell how a lady in Detroit who was warning herself in church at the register, came near burning to death by the accidental ignition of her plentiful crinoline? . . . The brigands in Italy are quite abundant just now. At Bologna, both within and without the walls, robberies, attended very often with violence, are frequent. The Marquis Pepoli, a nephew of Prince Murat, had a narrow escape recently. He had already taken his place in the diligence for Turin, but an incident preventing his departure, the diligence which should have conveyed him was stopped within a mile of the city and rifled. Why the police do not interfere is perhaps explained by the following answer made some time ago by a chief brigand, who, being questioned how it happened that he was left unmolested in his vocation, answered very simply and ingenuously, "I don't meddle with politics." . . . A vessel has arrived at London bearing for the British Museum 100 cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British vice-consul at Mytilene; also about 50 cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Among those from Cnidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons. . . . In the British House of Commons, half an hour's speech is considered a long one, and few men would venture on taking more of the time of that body. Suppose our Congressmen try the same plan? . . . The Troy Times states that a lady fell on River Street recently, and on going down stuck her foot through one of those cross-barred, wire-fenced affairs that the fair sex employ for some purpose, and—fainted. She was taken to an adjacent milliner's shop, and on having her foot taken "out of chancery," and aided by restoratives, she returned to consciousness and her business. . . . The governor of Jamaica has recommended to the legislature of that island measures for the promotion of more regular and frequent intercourse with the United States.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Without containing the record of any one event of startling importance, our foreign files, British and continental, contain many detached items of interest.—Brilliant successes continue to attend the operations of the English in India. Among these we note the storming of Birwa by Brigadier Burtur. Near Sultanpore, a body of rebels, the old Nusserabad Brigade, which had the audacity to approach the lines, were beaten by Brigadier Horsford, with a loss of eighty killed, and four guns, on their part. Other minor engagements have illustrated the British arms. The rebels are generally retiring to the mountain districts. The queen's proclamation is producing an effect.—The electors of Rochdale, England, are taking steps to ensure the return of Mr. Cobden for that borough at the general elections anticipated next spring.—A war is at present raging between the university students and the police at Cambridge. The undergraduates have been assaulting the officers and resisting them in the discharge of their duties. Five of them were taken before the magistrates and fined £5.—The citizens of Edinburgh have lately given a dinner to Lord Brougham.—The foundation stone of the new monument to Hugh Miller has been laid at Cromarty, the birth place of the eminent geologist and author. The monument will consist of a pillar fifty feet high, surmounted by a statue of Mr. Miller.—They have had excessively cold weather in Italy.—The Independent press of Madrid expresses unanimously the opinion that the honor of Spain has been too much injured to admit of the government still employing negotiations either with Mexico or Morocco.—Advices from Naples state that Mount Vesuvius is again in full eruption, and presents a most magnificent spectacle each night. The effect is enhanced by the deep snows that cover the mountains.—The sovereignty of the queen over India has at last been proclaimed at the three presidencies, and in all the great cities.—The spread of secret societies in Ireland has attracted the attention of the government, and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation, warning the people against the illegality of those bodies, and offering rewards for the detection of those engaged in them.—A semi-official paragraph in the French papers may be regarded as an imperial warning to the journals of that country to abstain from the insertion of articles that would provoke an ill feeling against Austria.

A Veteran gone.

Mr. John Burton, who died recently at East Barkwith, Lincolnshire, England, was born on the 25th of June, 1760, and thus lived in the reigns of George II., III., IV., William IV., and Victoria. For seventy-five years he was tenant of the glebe farm under six successive rectors of East Barkwith. He was a man of remarkable strength and industry, being known, even after he was an old man, to work in the fields all day and remain up nearly all night threshing corn for the market. When more than ninety-six years of age he would walk to church and back, a distance of nearly three miles, and less than two years ago he took the plough and ploughed for about two hours. His hair was still black at the time of his decease, and his eyesight was so good that he could read small print, in church always following the service and joining in the responses with great precision. He was married, and leaves three children, born at an interval of ten years between each.

Potato Crop of Ireland.

The Northern Whig, speaking of the yield of the potato crop of 1858, says that, as a whole, it has been one of the finest raised in Ireland since 1840, that is five years before the fatal pestilence developed itself. It adds: "The quality of this season's growth is excellent, and there can be no ground of complaint from the

grower as to price. Whatever fluctuations may have taken place in the rate of breadstuffs, transactions in potatoes have been unquestionably remunerative; and even granting that one-fourth of the gross produce were unfit for food, growers will still pocket fifty per cent. above the amount realized in days previous to the existence of what the croakers call the 'destructive malady.'"

A Relic of the Past.

The death at Versailles of a mysterious personage who for years had been known by the name of M'dlle. de Lavalette de Lange, who turned out to be a man, was announced about six months ago. Among the effects left by this person was a magnificent counterpane, in old guipure, bearing the arms of France, the initials of Louis XIV. and Queen Marie Therese, and the arms of princes and princesses of the blood. As this object was known to have belonged to the palace at Versailles, and to have disappeared in the great revolution, it was taken possession of by the director-general of the museums, and is, by order of the minister of state, to be exhibited in the Museum of sovereigns in the Louvre.

France.

The emperor's position toward Montalembert is completely compromised, and as destitute of good sense as of dignity. He attempted to play with Montalembert as if he had been one of the ordinary "reds" he despatches with so little ceremony to Cayenne. But he soon found he had fallen upon a different kind of man. He was going to let Montalembert feel his power and then magnanimously pardon him. But Montalembert also is a power in France, for he is not only the emperor's equal in intelligence, but he represents a great principle which has been outraged in this prosecution, and of which he is the defender.

War on Crinolines.

At the Liverpool sessions lately, William Huntingdon, a baker and flour dealer, was charged with having assaulted two young ladies in Prince's Park, Liverpool, and cut off the crinoline of the elder one, at the same time exclaiming, "These hoops, these hoops, I cannot tolerate them," or words of similar import. Shortly after the prisoner's examination before the police magistrate, when he attempted to prove an alibi, his friends declared that the real perpetrator of the outrage, an Irish lunatic, who had escaped from Newry, had been captured in Liverpool and immured in a local lunatic asylum.

British Museum.

A new room has been opened to the public in the British Museum, containing an extremely interesting collection of foreign plants and seeds—sections of the trunks of trees, showing their structure, and specimens of woods, British and foreign, polished and unpolished. These objects represent, principally, the vegetation of southern climates.

Victor Emmanuel.

The Paris Journal des Debats affirms positively that King Victor Emmanuel did declare to his army that it must hold itself ready to march into Lombardy in the spring. The discontent in Lombardy is profound, and a medal is in secret circulation bearing the inscription, "Emmanuel, King of Italy."

Madame Barrot.

Madame Barrot, the mother of M. Odillon Barrot, and MM. Ferdinand and Adolphe Barrot, died lately in Paris at the age of 93 years. She was the widow of the M. Barrot who voted in the convention banishing Louis XVI, instead of beheading him.

Valuable Bequest.

The late daughter of Madame Roland, the famous revolutionary heroine, bequeathed the manuscripts of her mother's memoirs to the Imperial Library. They have been deposited there.

Mazzini.

Mazzini has written a long letter, the object of which appears to be to convince his followers that the Piedmontese monarchy can never give to them the unity they demand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WILD SPORTS IN THE FAR WEST. By FREDERICK GERTACKER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo. pp. 396. 1859.

This work is by a German, and is really a most vivid and exciting picture of our western sports, and must prove particularly interesting to our young people. It is issued in elegant style, and illustrated by eight full paged engravings, colored in oil, from designs by Harrison Weir.

HESPER, THE HOME-SPIRIT. A simple Story of Household Labor and Love. By ELIZABETH DOTEN. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 38 and 40 Cornhill.

The name of the lady authoress of this pleasant little volume is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence, while a glance at its clear and well-printed pages shows us a story of exceeding beauty, and life-like truthfulness, simple, impressive and natural. It forms a volume peculiarly adapted to Sunday School libraries.

POEMS. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 312. 1859.

Our Boston publishers have clothed the productions of Mrs. Kemble's muse in an exquisite garb, which greatly enhances the pleasure of reading them. In these poems a vast range of subjects is treated with versatility, power and the fire of true genius. The singer writes powerfully, because she has felt deeply, while her warm sympathies with the beautiful and true impart a grace to every line. The versification shows her a mistress of art.

THE MODERN COOK. By CHARLES ELME FRANKATELL. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 585. 1859.

This fine volume, written by a pupil of the famous Carême, and late chief cook to Queen Victoria, is a perfect encyclopedia of French cookery, minute in its details, and illustrated by sixty-two engravings. It has gone through nine editions in London, where the demand outruns the supply. Every housekeeper should have it. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

MUSIC.—"100 Comic Songs, Music and Words." Such is the attractive title of a publication by Oliver Ditson & Co., of this city. The selections are excellent, and comprise many valuable copyright pieces, the whole affording an endless fund of amusement for social circles.

Editorial Melange.

The pleasing Life of Sir Philip Sidney, just issued by Ticknor & Fields, was written by Mrs. Sarah M. Davis of Syracuse.—At Oshkosh, Wis., as Charles Martin and his son, a bright lad of six years, were looking at the operations of a steamboat engine, the boy had his head caught by a crank, that severed it instantly from the body. He fell back in the arms of his father, whose anguish may be better imagined than described.—The descendants of General Israel Putnam have presented to the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, a fine banner, bearing a portrait of the old hero.—A negro in Virginia last week came near being suffocated to death by having, while asleep, a lot of tobacco, which was being heaped up, thrown upon him, amounting in weight to about a thousand pounds. When discovered he had lost the entire use of his limbs and was supposed to be dead.—Deputy Marshal Tyler has been held at Detroit to answer a charge of murder, for killing Captain Jones, of the brig Concord.—The wife of Hon. Freeman H. Morse, member of Congress from Bath, Me., fell upon an icy sidewalk a day or two since and one of her legs was broken badly by the fall.—The author of Earnest Carroll, is stated by the Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune to be Mr. Henry Greenough of Cambridge.—The village school district of Dedham, in the Spring, will erect a new school house, at the cost of nearly \$17,000.—The Albany Knickerbocker says that, in consequence of the good sleighing in that city, the demand for buffalo robes and red-checked girls will increase wonderfully.—At the last session of the Recorder's Court in Chicago, twenty-eight men received passports to the state prison.—Berangor's library is about to be sold by auction. His library was very extensive, for all modern authors of repute sent him presentation copies of their works. Thiers, Lamartine, Lamennais, George Sand, Alexander Dumas, Michelet, Augustin Thierry, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo and many others, signed their names in their title page to complimentary lines dedicated to the great lyric poet of France.—The highest honors would appear too dearly bought to our honest men, if purchased by business.—A farmer on the Wabash has made four hundred gallons of molasses from the sugar cane grown on a single acre of ground the past season. The molasses selling readily at fifty cents per gallon, gives him two hundred dollars as the return of his crop on a single acre.—An attempt to poison Ristori, the Italian actress, in a glass of water, was lately made at Reggio, Modena.—Those nations whose moderation induces them to love peace, are most formidable when they make war.—The Sunday evening services at the New York theatres attract crowds. Those services are free to all.—It is said that, throughout the world, three thousand persons are born and die every hour.—A steam plough is now used on Prince Albert's farm near Windsor, and is said to work very well.—The terrible and inexorable hardship of the rich, is the source of almost all human misery.—Madame Anna Bishop is giving concerts in London. She retains her good looks and sings as well as ever.—When once the crop of beneficence has been tasted, it appears so sweet that we always cling to it.—A woman eighty years old was picked up in the streets of Providence lately, so much intoxicated that she could not help herself. In her pocket was found an empty rum bottle, and by her side was a basket of cold victuals, which she had begged.—Sooora is said to have one of the richest mineral regions in the known world.—It has been held in England, that if a railroad company take charge of a dog, and agree to deliver him at a certain place, they are answerable for his safety, even though he break the chain by which his master has secured him; further, that their ticket to the owner requiring that the dog should be securely fastened, is not such a special contract as would save them, as it is their duty to see that the fastening is secure.—The census of Oregon shows that there are 42,000 inhabitants and 9900 voters.—The State of Arkansas will have nothing to do with banks or bank notes. Gold and silver are her currency. During the two last years the increase in her taxable property has been \$29,115,203; she owes but one debt, \$616,000, and that is not due before 1868; she is building railroads; is establishing good schools; makes nearly two hundred thousand bales of cotton, and has taxable property to the amount of

\$90,873,248.—The females in Greenland, a quaint writer asserts, wear necklaces made of links of sausages!—A private letter from a citizen of Bath, Me., now in England, says: "The ship owners near New Castle are trying to induce government to prohibit foreign vessels from engaging in the English coasting trade, and the carrying between England and her colonies because the United States will not allow English vessels to compete in their coasting trade."—A large quarry of slate has been discovered in Leeds, Lower Canada.—In a recent case in England, on the subject of the auction purchase of a horse, Lord Campbell said, that "if an owner bid at an auction, a real bidder, to whom the lot was knocked down, might avoid the contract, on the ground that he had been imposed upon, and his bid forced up to an improper mark."—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press suggests that the \$125,000 wanting to complete the purchase, for the nation, of Mount Vernon, should be supplied out of the public revenue.—Col. Albert Pike hunts wild grouse in the Indian country west of Arkansas with a piece of artillery, a six pounder, which he hauls into the prairie, loads with a pound of powder and a quarter of a bag of turkey and swan shot, and lets drive into the flocks at 200 yards, and never misses. In one shot he killed 38, and crippled any number more.—As an illustration of the rapidly growing demand for business facilities in this city, it may be mentioned that the houses on Bussey place, recently sold to make way for warehouses, were erected less than fifteen years ago, and it is a little singular that Mr. Bryant, the architect who then drew a plan of the houses, is now making plans of structures that are to take their place.

GRAPE GROWING IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Andrew Reisinger, a vine-dresser of forty years' experience, settled some years ago in the town of Pulteney, Steuben county, N. Y., and in 1854 procured from Ohio six thousand cuttings of the Catawba grape, which he planted, four feet apart, on land well trenched and subsoiled, and in 1857, from an area of less than an acre, pressed three hundred gallons of juice. Last spring he increased his area of grape culture by an acre and a half, and from an acre of older vines (one-eighth only two years planted) pressed six hundred gallons of juice, beside keeping four hundred pounds of grapes to show to buyers of cuttings the quality of the fruit.

WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.

In answer to the question "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint calculates as follows: The weight of one million of dollars of United States currency in gold, is 53,750 troy ounces. This makes 4479 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 pounds only to each ton. As weighty as this is, we have no doubt that if the amount were offered to anybody who would lift it, there would be enough persons found ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

MUNIFICENT LIBERALITY.—At the late meeting of the Alabama Baptist Convention at Gainsville, it was announced that Jeremiah H. Brown, Esq., of Sumpter county, Alabama, would support as many as fifty one theological students at Howard College, allowing to each \$250. This would make \$12,750 a year given by this liberal gentleman. Howard College is a Baptist Seminary at Marion.

VERY OBLIGING.—When the Khan of Tartary has finished his horse-steaks, a herald proclaims that all the other princes of the earth can go to dinner; when he becomes a little more civilized, we suppose the herald will be instructed to cry out, *before* dinner—"Gentlemen, don't wait for me!"

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVING.—Mr. Fox Talbot, the inventor of the well known "paper process" of photography, has just been inventing a new process of engraving by light on plates of copper, steel, or zinc.

GOLD CANALS.—There have been built 4405 miles of canals for gold-washing, in the State of California, during the last five years. These artificial Pactoluses pay well.

JUST SO.—If a young lady has a purse with two ends—silver in one end, and gold in the other—she is sure to open the gold end first.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Memoirs of Philip II., by Prescott, will, it is believed, extend to at least five volumes.

The Cochiti Chinese are said to have concentrated 100,000 men round the capital against the French and Spanish.

The sum of \$300 has been appropriated by the city of Hartford for the support of the orphans in charge of the Sisters of Mercy on Church Street.

The island of Jamaica has been lately visited by several severe tempests, by which considerable property has been injured and crops destroyed.

There are now thirty-six coast survey parties in the field and aloft—on the Atlantic coast, eighteen; on the Gulf coast, twelve; and on the Pacific coast, six.

The monument which the State of Louisiana is erecting on the New Orleans battle ground, has now reached the height of 60 feet. It is of white marble, and will be 150 feet high when completed.

A lady in Danbury, Conn., recently claimed \$6000 damages from a gentleman for having kissed her. The gentleman, however, concluded it would be cheaper to be married at once, and healed the breach without the aid of the lawyers.

At a recent meeting of the corporation of Yale College, Gov. Buckingham, who is ex-officio a member of the corporation, tendered to the treasurer a draft on the State treasury for his salary as governor, \$1100, during this year.

Mr. A. Barrett, of Henderson, Ky., has shipped at Ireland for America almost all the prize stock he could get from the late royal shows in England and France. The entire stock is valued at £5000. The freight alone will cost £1000.

In the case tried at Jersey City, when the question was raised whether the wardrobe of the wife could be sold to satisfy a claim against the husband, the jury disagreed. It is understood that ten were against the legality of such a claim and two for it.

Charles Lamb has always been highly appreciated in this country. At a sale of autographs in New York, the first leaf of a letter, addressed by him to Mrs. Shelley, sold for six dollars, and the purchaser had made up his mind to give twelve rather than be disappointed.

The New York Albion says: "The 'gems' of American engraving are to be found on those little dirty foul-smelling bits of paper, some of which you must part with when you purchase your holiday gifts." There's a compliment for Isaac Cary, Esq.

In Sacramento and San Francisco indictments were being found against professional gamblers, and they were generally fleeing to escape arrest. Many of the worst of the tribe had made good their escape to the South and to New York by the latest steamer.

There is said to be a man in Fairhaven, Mass., who employs several hundred hens, for their "board and clothes," to lay eggs for him, from the proceeds of whose labor he derives a handsome support, and is enabled to lay off and play the gentleman.

A heavy load of freight was received recently at the Lynchburg depot of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, from the west, comprising six cars of wheat, 1302 bushels; thirteen cars of hogs, 182,000 pounds; one car of flour, 64 barrels; nine cars of miscellaneous, 120,000 pounds.

Three children of Joshua Jackson, of Brown county, Texas, were lately captured by the Indians. The two youngest, a boy of eleven and a girl of nine, succeeded in escaping; but the third, a girl of fourteen years of age, was killed and scalped by her captors.

It is said that a locomotive in Cincinnati, coming in violent contact with another engine, was started along with such force and velocity that it bounded through an eighteen inch brick wall, timbers and all, leaped across the road tracks, and brought up in a huge pile of coal in a yard adjoining.

In Detroit, Michigan, two German emigrants, brothers-in-law, named Miller and Choener, quarrelled about the influence exerted by one over the other in bringing him to this country, and the disastrous results. Exasperated at last beyond endurance, Miller seized a gun, fired it, and killed Choener instantly.

The Atlantic cable, says the New York Times, seems fairly to have given up the ghost. We have no news whatever about it now either from De Sauty or Seward. The offices at Valentia Bay, which appear to have been the headquarters, are closed for the present; and all attempts at carrying on the working seems to be suspended.

S. J. Staunwood, who has but one leg and uses a crutch, teaching school at Bungernuck, a district in Brunswick, Me., was assaulted by a pupil about 18 years old whom he attempted to keep after school as long as he had absented himself over time at recess. The assailant seized the teacher's crutch, knocked him down with it and beat him severely over the head.

In East Corinth, Me., just as the people were going to church, the alarm was given that a bear was making free with a neighbor's sheepfold. Leaving the women in care of the deacons, the males of the three denominations of churches went in pursuit of Bruin, and after a long chase and hard struggle succeeded in despatching him. The "varmint" weighed over two hundred pounds.

Sands of Gold.

... Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

... No accusation should be advanced except upon proof probably sufficient to sustain it. Bovee.

... The only real thing on earth, I have always felt, was love; love, under all its forms. Lamartine.

... The world is the best book of women; when they read ill in it, it is their fault or some passion blinds them.—Rousseau.

... Folly bears more commentators than wisdom perhaps because her works are more numerous.—Bovee.

... Women are indebted to us for the greater part of their faults; we are indebted to them for most of our good qualities.—Charles Lemcke.

... The merit of women is never more conspicuous than after the honeymoon. We must marry them to know what they are worth.—Jean Paul.

... That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music. Bishop Beveridge.

... With women immorality almost always springs from the direct necessity, whereas with men it always comes from a vicious inclination.—Marat.

... There is a corporeal lightness which all men have experienced at the moment when first love has transferred their life to another being. Balzac.

... We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so.—Locke.

... Ask a man for protection or assistance, that instant you make out his indictment, unless 'twas impossible for him to have discovered that you stood in need of either.—Zimmermann.

... Love is like what is called the Milky Way in heaven, a brilliant mass formed by thousands of little stars, of which each perhaps is nebulous.—Byron Stendhal.

... Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power, for the time being, are always the destroyers of it, too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it.—Chesterfield.

... There exists in the consolation given by a woman, a delicacy which has always something motherly, far-sighted and complete; but when, to these words of peace and hope are joined the grace of gesture, that eloquence of love which goes to the heart, and particularly when the benefactress is beautiful, it is impossible to resist.—Balzac.

Joker's Budget.

An advertisement in a provincial paper begins thus: "To let for ever, or longer, if required."

A correspondent wants to know whether considering the great utility of the pen, it is not wrong to call it "a waste of time."

The man who undertook to blow up the laborer's prospects, used too soon to be blown up himself.

Curiosities wanted.—1. A hair from the head of grass. 2. A letter written with a cow pen. 3. A feather from the wing of a hospital.

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride, and has not since been heard of.

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

A wag once remarked with a very grave countenance, that, however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a widow-crr.

A Hottentot got up a painting of heaven. It was inclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the counter was occupied with a fountain that sent forth pot-pie.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

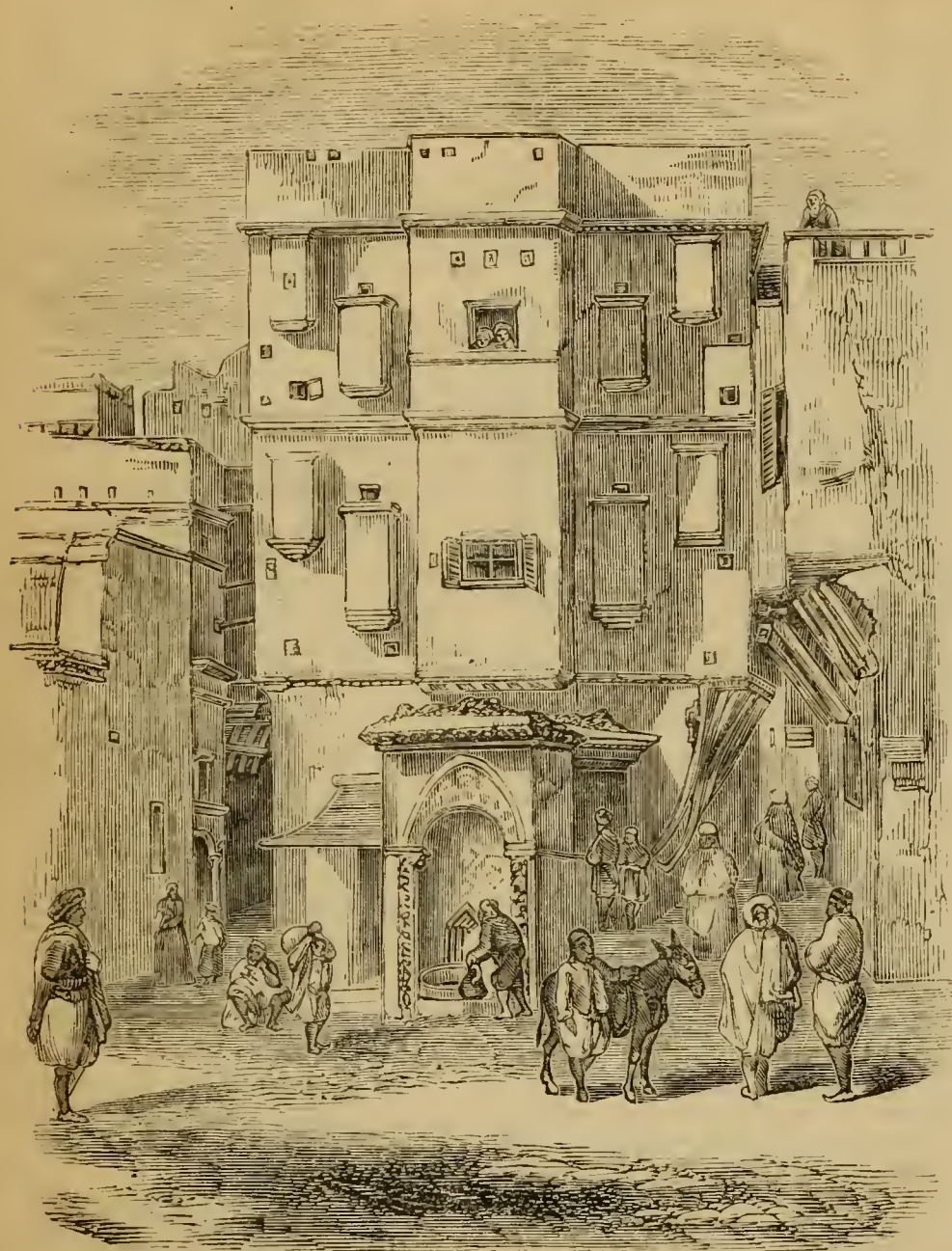
A theological writer concludes that Noah's Ark, as none of the ancient paintings of it exhibit any paddle-wheels, must have been a screw propeller.

A young clergyman who found it impossible to provide for himself and family with his very slender income, wrote to his friend, "Dear Frank, I must part with my living to save my life."

In a convention of females, we have no doubt but whatever is voted upon is always passed by a *landsmore* majority. Upon the question of matrimony, there is no fear of its ever being pronounced a tie.

Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these pumpers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning, I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

A druggist sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar; soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening and called out, "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! divil an eye," roared Pat, "but it's my nose that's skinned entirely."



STREET FOUNTAIN IN ALGIERS.

FOUNTAINS IN ALGIERS.

We present herewith sketches of two fountains in Algiers, as interesting specimens of Moorish architecture. The most ornamental fountain of the two is in the Court of the Treasury—formerly the Barracks of the Janissaries. It is almost the only one of its kind now remaining in Algiers. It consists of a stone tank, with a mar-

ble basin in the centre, and has a conduit round it, and is covered with a kind of canopy, consisting of a dome supported by four columns, and round the dome a sloping tiled roof projects, which is upheld at each corner by a column. The tiles are painted green, the woodwork a bright yellow, and the columns red and green. Algiers has heretofore been without good water.



FOUNTAIN IN THE SMALL SQUARE, ALGIERS.

MONASTERY OF CETINJE, MONTENEGRO.

The spirited scene below represents a group of Montenegrins engaged in making cartridges in a cloister of the old monastery at Cetinje, or Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro. The incursions of the Turks into their little independent country, the bloody struggles that ensued, and the stir the affair created in European cabinets,

must be fresh in the minds of our readers. Montenegro (literally "Black Mountain"), is an independent country of European Turkey, under the protection of Russia, bounded east by Herzegovina and Austrian Albania, and on the other sides by Turkish Albania. Its ruler, the Vladika, is high priest, civil governor, and commander-in-chief of the army, which is well organized.



A CLOISTER IN THE MONASTERY OF CETINJE.....MONTENEGRINS MAKING CARTRIDGES.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

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HON. CHARLES HALE,

Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Homer from a photograph recently taken by Mr. S. Masury, 289 Washington Street, and has been engraved by Pierce. The subject of our sketch was born in Boston, June 7, 1831, and is consequently in his 28th year. He is the youngest son of Hon. Nathan Hale (son of Rev. Enoch Hale of Westhampton, Massachusetts, and nephew of Nathan Hale, the "patriot spy" of the Revolution) and Sarah Preston Everett, sister of Edward Everett. After receiving the usual course of instruction at several excellent private schools, he entered the Winthrop Public School, and afterwards the Public Latin, where he distinguished himself by his diligence and ability, and where he received the Franklin medal in 1846. He forthwith joined the Freshman class in Harvard College, and graduated in regular course in 1850. We next find him engaged as usher in the Public Latin School, and while thus occupied he established a weekly literary paper, entitled "To-day," which was well conducted and respectably successful. It contained many spirited and valuable papers from the pen of the editor and other writers, chiefly young men like himself just commencing their career. This publication was discontinued, however, at the expiration of the first year, 1852, and Charles joined his father, Hon. Nathan Hale, in the conduct of the Boston Daily Advertiser, the oldest daily paper in the city, having been in the hands of the senior editor since 1814. Several other establishments have been from time to time merged in the Advertiser, such as the Patriot, Chronicle, Gazette and Centinel. The paper has always maintained a high character as a first-class commercial journal, distinguished moreover by the excellence of its editorial articles and the accuracy of its information. In the latter respect we know of no sheet that for so great a length of time has exhibited more scrupulous care in the collation and statement of news. It has never published flying rumors one day, to be followed by retractions or explanations the next, and has thus become standard authority, and acquired an historical value as a faithful record of the times. The same caution has been exercised in treating of new enterprises and projects, yet notwithstanding its conservative character, no one can fairly charge it with having been in the rear of the great movements of the age who remembers that it was the pioneer of the railroads of this country, and that the learned and elaborate articles dedicated to that enterprise in its columns would fill volumes. Since the youthful energy and activity of the junior editor have been added to the learning and experience of the senior, it has fully kept pace with the ever-advancing standard of journalism and the growing wants of the public. We consider Mr. Charles Hale as one of the most hard-working of that proverbially hard-working class of men, the daily editors. He is thoroughly versed in all the details of newspaperdom, editorial, business and mechanical. He can even set type upon occasion, having when a school boy learned to do so as an amusement. There are occasions when the art of Faust does an editor yeoman's service. It has recently been announced that Mr. Charles Hale has completed, at an expense of \$40,000, the repurchase of half of the property, which had previously passed out of the hands of the family, but is now reclaimed. The various departments of the paper are now in able hands; and it has an excellent corps of correspondents, foreign

and domestic. The political life of Mr. Hale began in 1855, when he was elected a member of the legislature of 1856, as one of the representatives of the city of Boston. He has been three times re-elected, and is accordingly now entering on his fourth legislative term. In these days of "rotation," four years is a tolerably long service, and when we consider that he has been regularly employed as a reporter of legislative debates for a portion of every year, with two exceptions, from 1846 until the time he entered the House as a member, we need not be surprised that, although young in years, he has been regarded as possessed of sufficient experience to induce the House to elect him as their speaker, by a strong vote, nearly one half of the opposition uniting with all the members of his own party in giving him their suffrages. He received 185 against 17 for all others. He is the youngest speaker which the House has ever had, being only about 28 years of age. We have no doubt that Mr. Hale will fill the eminent position to

which he has been elected with honor and success. He is thoroughly versed in parliamentary rules, prompt, cautious and impartial, and is well posted on all the subjects which will be likely to engage the attention of the House. As a member, his legislative career has been marked by indefatigable industry, by business ability, and by great and varied political knowledge. He is a fluent and forcible speaker, and a fearless and ready debater. Among the public objects in the promotion of which Mr. Hale has felt a deep interest is the improvement in the Back Bay. He has recently been appointed one of the three Back Bay Commissioners, the other two being Franklin Haven, and E. C. Purdy. The "Back Bay," so called, lies in the bend which Charles River makes in the peninsula on which Boston is built, before its waters pass to the north and east of the city. The mill-dam, for the purpose of forming a water-power and a roadway, was built about fifty years since. In 1814 the legislature granted the mill corporation

the perpetual right of flowage over the flats enclosed by the mill-dam, the State retaining the fee simple of such flats as were below low-water mark, or 1650 feet below high-water mark. "In 1852," as we learn from a published statement of Mr. Hale, "the State took the first steps towards the improvement of its property in flats, for its own benefit, by the passage of resolves (May 20, 1852), for the appointment of three commissioners, with full power to determine and adjust the rights of the State, and of all other parties and claimants in the lands and flats of the Back Bay, and to devise a plan for improving the territory, changing its uses from mill purposes to land purposes, for filling it up, laying it out in proper squares, etc. No money at that time, or at any subsequent time, has been placed by the legislature at the disposal of the commissioners for carrying on the improvement. They have been confined to such arrangements as they could make by giving a part of the property itself in exchange for such valuable inter-

ests as it was necessary to give, or for such improvements as have been made. All that has been done, accordingly, has been done without the expenditure of a single cent from the State treasury, except for the compensation of the commissioners during the first five years, which amounted, altogether, to less than one thousand dollars per annum for that brief period. Even the small sums required on this account are now paid from the fund derived from the proceeds of sales, so that the prosecution of the improvement, while bringing substantial results to the State, entails no burden whatever upon its resources." In 1856 (the first year of his legislative service), Mr. Hale was appointed upon a special committee which sat during the recess to prosecute the enterprise in behalf of the State. The resolve for the appointment of this committee met with great opposition, so skeptical was the legislature of the feasibility of the undertaking. As late as May, 1857, a prominent member of the House declared in a debate upon a bill granting necessary powers, that he did not believe the whole territory belonging to the State in the Back Bay would sell for enough to pay the salaries of the commissioners. Mr. Hale was appointed one of the commissioners in September, 1858, and has since labored indefatigably in the discharge of the duties devolved on him. The sales already made, mostly since the last mentioned date, have netted \$187,000, of which more than one-quarter has been deposited in the State treasury in cash and the balance in good notes, besides paying for \$305,000 worth of filling. The whole quantity of earth and gravel filled in, according to exact measurements and computations, amounted, on the first day of November, 1858, to nearly one hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards. The material used is brought from gravel beds in Needham, a distance of nine miles, first by the Charles River Branch Railroad to Brookline, and thence by a special track built for this service parallel with the Brookline branch, Worcester and Providence Railroad. The contractors have provided an ample equipment, and their cars run night and day, Sundays excepted. It is now conceded that the clear profit to the State from sales in the Back Bay will be somewhere between two and five millions of dollars. This enormous pecuniary gain resulting from property which Mr. Hale and others found it difficult to persuade the legislature was not absolutely worthless, will enlarge the contracted area of Boston to a great extent, and tend to reduce the excessive burden of house rents by increasing the number of houses.



HON. CHARLES HALE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling:

—OR—

THE FALSE HEIR.**A Story of the French and Indian War.**

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

ANVERS WOUNDED.

By a reference to history, it will be seen that the expedition against the principal Indian town on the Alleghany proved successful. The town was destroyed, the chiefs slain, and a number of prisoners released, taken by the savages during their predatory excursions against the unprotected inhabitants of the border, to which they were incited by the French.

The Indians, who fought with great bravery, refused quarter when it was offered them; while their irregular mode of warfare compelled the English and provincials, in a measure, to depart from those more orderly methods resulting from military discipline.

Anvers, with an ardor that showed that he was either ignorant or forgetful that "discretion is the better part of valor," threw himself into the thickest of the fight. There he soon met in a hand-to-hand encounter with one of the Indian braves. Though not equal in strength to his savage foe, he proved, in other respects, to be more than his match.

At the moment, however, he had so disabled him as to put it out of his power to do him further harm, a hatchet came whizzing through the air, which had been thrown with an aim so true, that it must have buried its glittering edge in his brain, had it not been turned aside by a blow from a quick and friendly hand. Yet, timely as was the aid, it was rendered at such disadvantage, as not to be entirely successful, the deadly missile not having been so entirely diverted from its course, as to prevent a dangerous, though, as there was reason to hope, not a mortal wound.

Fortunately, the attention of those Indians near had been diverted to a different point, so as to give the friendly soldier a chance to bandage the wound, which was a little above his temple and bleeding profusely, with his handkerchief. He then, though Anvers was dizzy from the effects of the blow, and faint from the loss of blood, succeeded in supporting him to a spot of comparative safety, and in placing him in a half recumbent position so that he could lean against a tree.

"I must leave you now," said the soldier, "but will return the moment I can, and with the means, if possible, to convey you to my home, or any other place which you may prefer."

"Yes, go," replied Anvers. "Your duty calls you elsewhere."

"I shan't be gone long, I think. Already the savages are beginning to fly."

"You are right. I hear their cries of rage and despair."

As the soldier turned to go, several horsemen came dashing along at a hard gallop. One of them, when he saw Anvers, checked his horse, and turned towards the spot where he was reclining.

"Is this you, Anvers?" said he, throwing himself from his horse.

"Yes, Clayton. How goes the battle—for, or against us?"

"For us; or rather I may say, it is already won, and what is best of all, eleven prisoners are set at liberty, who in a few days were to be burnt, after first being subjected to the most horrible torture. You are wounded?"

"Yes," he replied, "and came near being killed. I owe my life to him," he added, indicating the man who had saved him, and who, when he found that the enemy were defeated, was in no hurry to go.

"Your wound is not dangerous, I trust," said Clayton.

"Not incurable, I think," said the soldier, speaking for the first time, since Clayton joined them; "but it will be best for him to be under shelter before night comes on."

"Do you know of any place near here, where he can be accommodated?"

"None nearer than my own house, which is seven miles distant. Though rough, it is comfortable, and since there is no place nearer and

better than he can go to, I claim the privilege of his being conveyed thither, where my wife and mother will take excellent care of him."

"I can ask for nothing better, I am sure," said Anvers.

"It is the best thing that can be done, certainly," remarked Clayton, "since your home and friends are so distant."

No time was lost, therefore, in looking about for some means of conveyance—for he was not in a situation to attempt riding horseback—and after some little delay a place was found for him in a baggage cart, which would pass near the place where he wished to go.

"Will you bear us company?" said the soldier to Clayton. "My name is Walter Cline—a name that was known to be an honest one in old England. Though I've nothing but the shelter of a thatched roof to offer you, it is a better covering than the blue sky, when the heavy dews are falling, and there are few of the three hundred men belonging to our party who will find any other to night."

"I should like to go," he replied, "so that I may know how my friend finds himself in the morning. But first, I wish to speak to one of my superior officers. In a few minutes I shall overtake you."

The heat of the weather, and the jolting of the baggage cart over the rough road, had not proved very propitious in their effect, and when a little after sundown they arrived within sight of a log house, Anvers was found to be feverish, and a little wandering.

"I'm glad we've got no farther to go," said Cline, as with the help of Clayton, he lifted Anvers from the cart.

Two women, the wife and mother of Cline, came forward to meet them, showing by their looks, rather than their words, how glad and thankful they were, that he, who went forth in the morning to volunteer his services, had returned unharmed.

"Who have you here, Walter?" inquired his mother, in an agitated voice, and at the same time, turning pale.

"Lieutenant Anvers, I think you called him," said he to Clayton.

"Yes."

"You are certain that that is his name?" said Mrs. Cline.

"I am—we were schoolboys together."

She said nothing more, and as soon as Anvers was placed on the bed, assisted by her son's wife, she proceeded to dress his wound, the border wars having given her no little practical experience and skill in the art of surgery. She then, though he appeared quiet and comfortable, continued to hover near him, as if attracted by some secret influence, which she did not care to make known. Watching an opportunity she spoke to her son aside.

"I will sit by the patient's bedside to-night," said she, "but if you are not too tired, I should like to have a little conversation with you, after the others have retired."

An hour later, the mother and son were alone with Anvers.

"He is asleep," said Mrs. Cline, "and if we sit in this remote corner of the room, and speak low, we shan't disturb him."

"You of course often recall the time when you so narrowly escaped being taken by the press-gang," said she.

"I cannot forget it, even for a single day, as long as I remember anything," he replied.

"But you never knew that it was Hamish Braxon who pointed you out to their notice?"

"On the contrary, I thought I owed my escape to him."

"And so you did, contradictory as what I have told you may seem."

"If he was the informer, why should he take the trouble he did, to prevent me from being taken?"

"He had a purpose of his own to serve. He put them on your track, and then to buy my silence relative to another matter, promised me that he would save you from them."

"It must have been some powerful motive, which urged him to take so much trouble."

"It was, and has proved to be a bitter drop in my cup, ever since."

"Surely, my mother, it cannot be that you, who have always been so good, could do aught that should embitter your life."

"I was to blame for giving him the promise that I did. And yet—may Heaven forgive me—were it to do again, I am afraid that I couldn't withstand the temptation, for it was

neither silver nor gold that was at stake, but the liberty of you, my son—my only child. I refused till the press-gang was at the door, and then, when fixing upon me his fierce, glittering eyes, he said, 'Give me the promise I demand, or you have seen your son for the last time,' the words, 'I will—have it all your own way,' broke from my lips. The next instant, the men were in the room. It was too late to recall my promise."

"But what was this dreadful promise, mother? You haven't told me yet."

"You know Mr. Danbridge, after the death of his wife, engaged me to take care of his child."

"Yes, and I, myself, can testify that the few years he was suffered to remain with you, you faithfully performed your duty."

"Walter, it wasn't Mr. Danbridge's son I had the care of."

"While with you, and afterward, he was called Percy Danbridge."

"But should have been called Robert Braxon, which was his true name."

"Can it be possible?"

"It is even so. The child of Hamish Braxon has been made to pass for Mr. Danbridge's son."

"And what became of his own son?"

"After I sent him away, as I then believed by Mr. Danbridge's order, I lost sight of him, such cautious inquiries as, from time to time, I ventured to make concerning him being unsuccessful. Braxon told me that he was dead. I have no doubt but that he took measures to have him put out of the way, and supposed that those he had employed for that purpose had made thorough work of it; but, somehow, I could never bring myself to believe that he wasn't still alive. Now I know that he is."

"Know?"

"Yes; the real Percy Danbridge lies there, on that bed."

"I would give every penny I'm worth in the world, to be certain of it," said Walter Cline, much excited.

"You may be as certain of it as you are of your own existence."

"But what proof is there that it is he?"

"He carries the proof in his own person. It is written in every feature of his face. What his father was at his age, he is now."

"For all that, I'm afraid that other proof of his identity besides his resemblance to Mr. Danbridge will be required, should he attempt to claim his rights."

"And it will be found. Braxon has dug a pit, and will fall into it."

"Do you think it would have been wrong if you had broken the promise extorted from you, and given Mr. Danbridge a hint respecting the fraud that had been practised?"

"There were times when I thought it wouldn't be, and during one of these, I wrote to him a full account, as far as I knew, of what Braxon had done."

"And what was the result?"

"He took no notice of it."

"I don't believe the letter ever reached him."

"It might not."

"We may safely conclude that it never did. The bare possibility of such a fraud would have carried him back to England. It was easy for Braxon to keep an eye on your movements. One so wary as he is, would hardly neglect it. Depend on it, that the letter fell into his hands."

"I have more than once thought that it might, and yet, after the means I had taken to prevent it, I couldn't see how it was possible."

"If Mr. Danbridge did receive it, it will exonerate you from blame, should he, hereafter, become satisfied of the imposition which has been practised upon him."

"He has been imposed upon in more ways than one."

"How?"

"The large sums remitted for his supposed son's education, were mostly spent by Braxon. The boy used a great part of the time to lead an idle, vagabond life."

"Yes, I remember well seeing him with a band of gipseys, several times, where he appeared quite at home, and happy."

"And was, no doubt. But we will dismiss the subject for to-night. You need rest."

"One word more. Shall you say anything to him about it? Anvers, I mean, as he calls himself."

"In his present feverish state, certainly not. The excitement caused by such a disclosure, might endanger his life."

"Which, I most devoutly wish, may be preserved."

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL OF BRAXON AND HIS PUPIL AT THE PLANTATION.

When arrived within sight of the Danbridge plantation, Braxon realized that to meet its owner, needed all the audacity and cool impudence he was master of, or he would fail to preserve the perfect self-possession which would enable him to neither over act his part, or fall short of what would be just and proper.

If he was uneasy on his own account, his anxiety was still greater as regarded his companion. He was conscious that he was neither in person nor manners what would be likely to come up to the expectations of a father who had expended lavish sums that he might enjoy the best educational advantages.

"It must have been the foul fiend that sent him there," he muttered half aloud, as he thought of the meeting which had already taken place between Mr. Danbridge and his real son, who was, as he bitterly confessed to himself, all that a father could desire.

From time to time, he glanced uneasily towards the young man by his side, who presented that careless, nonchalant air natural to one whose sensibilities have lain dormant for want of an object to exercise them on, and who was too indolent to wish to take any responsibility on himself, while the pair of broad shoulders were at hand, which hitherto had been so ready, and even eager, to assume the burden.

"Percy," said Braxon, when the first glimpse of the mansion appeared through the trees.

"Well."

"I wish when you and Mr. Danbridge meet, that you would try to appear as a son should, who sees his father for the first time since his remembrance."

"How is that?"

"Your heart should teach you."

"Well, if it *should* teach me, perhaps it will. If it doesn't, I can't help it."

"How incorrigibly stupid."

"If you'll tell me what I must say and do, I'll try to remember."

"Which are you, a fool or a knave?" said Braxon, impatiently, and regarding him with one of his keen, searching looks.

"May be I'm a little of both. If I'm a fool, I suppose it is for lack of brains, and nobody is to blame. If I'm a knave, why, everybody that knows me, knows who has been my tutor."

"Well, there's no time now for idle talk. All I ask of you is to try not to disgrace yourself and me. Much depends on first impressions. It will be a feather in your cap, if you make a favorable one."

"Well, I take it, whether the impression be favorable or otherwise, I shall be sure of enough to eat, drink and wear."

"And *that* is the limit of your ambition?" said Braxon, with a sneer.

"Maybe it is, and maybe not."

"You need a few lessons on the subject. Hist!"

This last word was to prevent an answer from his pupil, for just at that moment, Juba, who had been sent by Mr. Danbridge to watch their hoped-for arrival, rose from under a hedge, where he had been indolently reclining, and stepped towards them.

"I 'spects this be young Massa Danbridge, and Massa Braxon," said he, raising his hat, and politely bowing first to one, then the other.

The young man carelessly nodded, while Braxon, with his usual sagacity, detecting by his air and dress that he was a favorite servant, bowed still lower than he did, and took care to give him a polite answer.

"I've found out that it's best to ingratiate one's self into the favor of the underlings, if we would be on good terms with the master," were the thoughts that passed through his mind.

"I is powerful glad you is come," said Juba, "for Massa Danbridge was beginning to be in a heap of trouble cause you stay away so long. Turn right round dis corner, and you'll soon be to the end of your journey."

Obedying his directions, they saw several persons grouped together on the lawn. One of them, whom Braxon recognized as Mr. Danbridge, came quickly forward to meet them. Juba, in the meantime, eyed the younger traveler rather critically.

"I is willing to bet my bran new jacket dat Sylvia like so well, dat Massa Danbridge will be disp'inted when he comes to see him, for he can't hold a candle to de young ossifer Anvers dat has

been here," were the thoughts elicited by this critical though surreptitious survey.

"He is a noble looking gentleman," thought Percy Danbridge (for so, for the present, it is most convenient to call him), and if, as regards myself, there is anything wrong, as more than once I have been warned that there is, it was without my concurrence, and I'm willing that it should be made right, so I don't know why I should shrink from meeting him."

This honest purpose inspired him with self-respect, and his eye kindled with unwonted animation as Mr. Danbridge drew near. When arrived within a short distance of him, urged by a sudden impulse, he jumped from his horse, threw the reins to Juba, and went forward to meet him. The next moment, both of his hands were held in the warm, nervous grasp of Mr. Danbridge.

"Welcome to America, my son, and welcome to the home from which you have been too long absent," were his words.

"Yes, too long perhaps. All things considered, I think it might have been better for me to have been here sooner."

As he said this, he felt, rather than saw, for his eyes were bent to the ground, that Mr. Danbridge was regarding him with deep scrutiny.

"I don't resemble you, sir, in the least," said he, in answer to this silent inquiry. "That I found out long ago, by comparing myself with your portrait."

"Never mind, never mind, and excuse me for what might be considered rude, under different circumstances."

"Whatever may happen hereafter," said the young man, "there is something that tells me that I may count on your being my friend."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Danbridge, the lack of anything like warmth of emotion on the part of his supposed son, joined to surprise at what seemed the singularity of this remark, acting as a check on his own feelings.

Mr. Danbridge now turned to Braxon, who had also dismounted from his horse, and had with a sharp eye regarded what passed between the two, though from fear of being deemed intrusive had kept so far aloof as to hear only imperfectly what was said. On the whole, he thought that his pupil had acquitted himself creditably, better than he expected.

"You are welcome, Mr. Braxon," said he, with a constrained and distant civility, very different from his usual frank and high-bred courtesy.

He did not intend this, nor was he exactly conscious of it; but, somehow, there was something repellant in the man's looks and demeanor. He had merely known him by sight, when in England, as a domestic tutor in the family of a gentleman who lived near him; a circumstance which he had deemed a sufficient recommendation for engaging him in the same capacity for his son.

The reserve and constraint of Mr. Danbridge's manner did not escape the vigilance of Braxon. His thoughts again reverted to Sybil Finchley. "Has she proved false, and turned informer?" was the thought which for an instant thrilled him like an electric shock. But his iron nerves soon regained their tone, and without descending to servility, he had the address to demean himself with a deference and respect which told in his favor. This was apparent by Mr. Danbridge's slightly altered mien, and Braxon, who for the moment experienced a sensation not unlike one whose footing was giving way from under him, felt himself on comparatively firm ground.

"Only find time and opportunity to make sure of Sib. Finchley's silence—and there is but one way to do it—and you will bring the game to a triumphant close," seemed so distinctly whispered in his ear that he gave an involuntary start, thinking that the others must hear it.

"Come, Percy, and you, Mr. Braxon," said Mr. Danbridge; "the ladies are eager to welcome you, and we mustn't test their patience too severely."

When Mr. Danbridge presented the younger traveller to his wife, Myra Pemberton and Candace Atherly, as his son, the latter had no thought as to which was the heiress. If he experienced anything like a preference for either, it was, as far as looks were concerned, in favor of Candace, whose ebony tresses, and night black eyes—though there the resemblance ended—reminded him of the only being who had ever possessed the power to stir the deeper currents of his heart till they leaped up and caught the warmth and sparkle of the sunshine.

Braxon, on the contrary, had no eyes except for Myra Pemberton, the wealthy heiress. Her form, full of airy grace, her brilliant complexion, rendered almost dazzling by the excitement of the moment, and the contrast of the soft, dark eyes, and hair of sunny brown, abundant almost to profusion, were taken in at a glance. Not that beauty, in any of its different phases, had power to weave their spells for him. It was only in reference to his pupil that he made this silent and rapid inventory of her personal loveliness, which otherwise would have been to him a matter of total indifference. He knew that her wealth would be no attraction to him, but there was something so winning and so fascinating in her appearance that he imagined it would not fail to rouse him from his apathy. Vigilant as Braxon was, and had ever been, he did not know that it was too late—that the chords of his heart had already thrilled to that music, sweeter than the song of the bluebird in spring.

Mrs. Danbridge received the young man with less cordiality than she intended. His looks and appearance, in every respect, utterly failed to meet her expectations, and ere she was aware of it, she found herself drawing a comparison between him and Anvers, much to the advantage of the latter.

"Percy Danbridge, he cannot be," Candace said to herself; and something like a smile hovered on her lips, as she traced the lineaments of the two newly arrived travellers as they stood side by side, and drew a comparison between them. "No, no—it cannot be," was her reiterated thought. "But I shall keep my own counsel."

As for Myra, the confusion into which she had been thrown at first clouded her perceptions. She knew, though he had never said it to her in so many words, that it had long been her guardian's wish to see her, at some future day, the wife of his son. Though a knowledge of this, previous to her meeting with Anvers, had been far from distasteful, since then it had been the source of pain and anxiety. When she had in part recovered from her embarrassment, like Mrs. Danbridge and Candace, she could not fail to notice the great disparity between him and the young lieutenant, while at the same time she experienced a degree of sadness as she thought the high-wrought expectations of Mr. Danbridge could not be realized.

Even as the six stood thus grouped together, two of their number, Braxon and Candace Atherly, by that magnetism by which kindred spirits recognize each other, were conscious of a mutual sympathy. Not only this: there seemed to be a clairvoyance established between them, by which Candace—vaguely, it is true—penetrated the wishes and villainous designs of Braxon, and on his part, caused him to understand that he could safely look to her for aid.

CHAPTER XI.

MYRA PEMBERTON IN DANGER.

MORE than a week after the incidents of the foregoing chapter, as Myra Pemberton was sitting by herself reading, a girl, whose features were an exaggerated type of the African race, glided into the room.

"Well, Dilly," said Myra, looking up from her book.

"A woman out there wishes to see you," she replied.

"Out where?"

"There." And the girl pointed to the clump of hickories, where she had met Sybil Finchley at midnight.

"Did she tell you so?"

The girl hesitated, and Myra repeated the question.

"No, miss, but she say so to Miss Candace."

"And Miss Candace sent you to tell me?"

"Yes, miss."

Myra, as she looked towards the spot designated, caught a glimpse of some one through the trees.

"She hab a whole heap to say to you, and is powerful airnest to hab you come, Miss Candace say."

"I will go," said Myra.

The sun was full three hours high, and the distance was trifling. Thus, though she was cautious about venturing out alone, even in the day time, since the Indians had assumed a more hostile attitude—many a dwelling within a short distance having been made the scene of rapine and death—she concluded there could be no

danger in complying with the request, as she could, if she chose, keep sight of the house.

Mr. Danbridge had left home early in the morning, having some business to transact with a friend who resided a few miles distant, and his wife had accompanied him.

Myra intended to take Minda with her, but she was nowhere to be seen, neither did she answer her call, which was several times repeated. Arranging a silken mantle, so as to screen her from the sun, she started for the hickories. Had she been less intent on the object she had in view, she might have noticed that the domestic servants were not, as was their wont at this season of the day, when their tasks within doors were suspended, loitering in the park, or on the lawn, either singly or in little groups, gaily chatting.

When she reached the trees, she stopped and looked round, but no one was in sight.

"She you wish to see, is here," said she, raising her voice.

All remained silent. She stepped towards a thick coppice, a short distance from the hickories. As she did so, she saw some one through a small opening among the foliage, though so imperfectly, as to be unable to determine the sex of the person thus beheld. She did not long remain in doubt, the branches of the small, low trees being thrust aside, while the next instant she was lifted from the ground by the strong, sinewy arms of an Indian.

A single, piercing shriek thrilled on the air, but a threat of instant death, and the gleam of a sharp knife, which her captor drew from his belt, prevented her from repeating it. Her only hope was, that her cry had been heard, and her voice recognized.

Had she been a child of a year old, the tall, broad-chested Indian, seemingly, could not have carried her with greater ease. He directed his steps towards a piece of woods, which were within a stone's throw. Swiftly threading his way, in and out, between the huge trunks of the trees, for no undergrowth obstructed his course, they soon arrived at the entrance of a glade, in which were three Indians awaiting them, one of whom was holding a horse by the bridle. He who carried her in his arms placed her upon the saddle.

"Come," said he, speaking in good English, "we must lose no time, or the dog of a pale face, that shot my brother fourteen years ago, will soon return, and with a swarm of his blackimps at his heels, will be upon us."

"Stay one minute," said Myra, "I have gold—plenty of it—enough to buy you the hand-somest rifles, the costliest jewels; and, in short, everything you can desire. Go, and leave me here, and it shall be yours."

"Who would be so simple as to listen to the words of a white squaw?"

"I never say one thing, and mean another."

"Nahatun loves to carry a good rifle over his shoulder, and to see Winneroo braid her long black hair with beads and jewels, but he loves still more to gratify his revenge. Hugh Danbridge shot my brother, who was a mighty warrior, when I was not higher than this sapling I hold in my hand. I loved him, but my arm was too weak to bend the bow, or give to the rifle a true and steady aim. Many times, since I grew older and stronger, I might have killed him, but my thirst for revenge had grown stronger too; so I let him live, that I might steal the beautiful singing-bird from its nest, that, ever since I looked on my dead brother's face, has gladdened his home. I have her at last, and she shall be the slave of Winneroo. It will be to him, as long as he lives, like the barb of an arrow buried in his heart. When Nahatun thinks of it, he will laugh."

"I never did you harm. Surely you will accept a ransom for me?"

"Never. You shall do Winneroo's bidding, if it be to dig the earth, and plant the corn."

One of the Indians made an impatient movement.

"Yes," said Nahatun, in reply; "we must go."

He took the bridle from the hand of the Indian who held it.

"Revenge is sweet," said he, "and I shall guard the prize myself. She is a bold rider. I have seen her dash down the hills, and gallop across the plain swift as the wind. She must be well watched, or she will escape."

The woods were narrow at the point they crossed them, and they were soon free of them. At their margin, Nahatun and his comrades halted. Three paths were before them, diverging from the point where they stood, though so grad-

ually, that their course could be traced by the eye till the view was obstructed by the inequalities of the ground.

"Which shall we take?" said Nahatun.

"Choose for us," said one.

"Let it be this, then;" and he struck into a path which, after traversing nearly in a straight line, the open tract lying before them, took a devious course; sometimes accommodating itself to the windings of a rapid through shallow streams, and then threading its way among deep hollows and gloomy dells, overhung by dense and tangled thickets, which were impervious to the rays of the sun, except at noonday. Having arrived at the extreme verge of the open space, Nahatun again halted, the others following his example. A short consultation was held in their own language, by which Myra, though she understood what they said but imperfectly, found that if they were pursued, and were in danger of being overtaken, her life was to be sacrificed, rather than she should be restored to her friends, and thus balk Nahatun of the revenge for which he had long and fiercely thirsted.

An icy chill crept through her veins, and the color fled from lip and cheek, as she became aware of the fate that menaced her, though it returned on the instant; hope, in one of her buoyant and cheerful temperaments, being still stronger than fear, though the very circumstance in which she had most trusted for rescue, was thus converted into a source of the most imminent peril to herself.

This point decided, they resumed their march, going on steadily, though without hurry, and never in the least deviating from the path, though soon, in many places, it began to be so indistinctly traced, as to be undistinguishable to any save the practised eye of one familiar with those wild and savage solitudes. Thus, by husbanding their energies, though their progress was less rapid at first, they would, ere they arrived at the distant spot, where they intended to encamp for the night, be gainers.

Hour after hour they continued to go on, their steady, monotonous tramp alone breaking the silence; for after the brief consultation, above alluded to, not a word was spoken. The sun went down, but while the rosy twilight yet lingered in the west, the moon, a little past its full, rose in the opposite heavens, brightening with its silvery radiance the balmy night-air.

Leaving them to pursue their way, we will go back a few hours, to the time when Myra went to the clump of hickory trees, with the expectation of meeting the woman to whom, a short time previous, she had already granted an interview. What she then learned, had, without gratifying her curiosity, excited a warm, almost painful interest, relative to the fortunes of Anvers, independent of the preference, disguise it to herself as she would, with which he had inspired her during his short sojourn at the plantation.

The woman had promised her, ere they parted, that she would meet her again at the same place, as soon as the time arrived when she could speak plainly and confidently of what was then, in some respects, dark to herself. It is no wonder, therefore, that Myra was easily enticed to the spot.

Early in the morning, Candace Atherly had seen an Indian lurking in the woods, whom she soon recognized as Nahatun. They knew each other, and she fearlessly sought him.

"What seek you?" she demanded.

"Hist," said he. "Listen."

A sweet gush of song came floating from the window of Myra's room.

"It is the voice of the singing-bird, that has nested under the roof of that dog of a pale face, ever since he killed my brother!" said Nahatun.

"It is the voice of Myra Pemberton," Candace replied.

"She shall cheer the heart of my enemy with her music no longer. She must go with me, and be Winneroo's slave."

"She will hardly consent to that," said Candace, for the purpose of inciting him to say more, a dusky fire kindling in her black, dilating eyes.

"You will help me."

"How dare you say that?"

"I see it in your eyes."

Candace smiled.

"That smile says so too."

"How can I help you?"

"The white woman is cunning. Why should she ask?"

Candace remained silent a minute, communing with her own heart.

"Anvers," thought she, "will soon be here again, and when she is present, he has neither eye, ear, nor thought, except for her; and as for this other one—this pretended Percy Danbridge—she neither cares for him, nor he for her—while my brother, she regards him with bitter scorn. Were it otherwise, I should not be driven to this—but now—" and she raised her eyes to Nabatun.

"You have thought of a sure and safe way," said he.

"I have."

"Let me hear it."

In a few words she made known to him her plan.

"But she will be seen by some of the black imps swarming yonder," said he.

"I will take care of that. The field hands won't be in sight, and as for the others, it will be strange if I can't find some amusement for them, at such a distance from the house, that there will be no danger to apprehend from them."

"Good," said Nabatun. "Didn't I say that the white woman was cunning?"

"Be at the place I told you, when the sun is three hours high."

"I shall not fail."

Candace succeeded in arranging everything as she wished; and when, at last, she had sent the message to Myra by her faithful attendant, screened from view by the curtain, she seated herself at her chamber window, and saw her as she crossed the park. Soon she disappeared among the trees.

Candace rose from her chair, and with lips apart, stood bending forward at the open window, that even a murmur, floating on the air, might not escape her. She quailed a little when Myra uttered that piercing shriek, at the moment she felt herself imprisoned in the brawny arms of Nabatun, and, grasping the window-sill with both hands, stood with suspended breath, expecting to hear it repeated. A sigh of relief escaped her when the silence remained unbroken, and turning to leave the room, she saw her sable attendant standing in the doorway.

"You here, Dill?" said she. "I told you to go down to the beach-grove, and amuse yourself with the others."

"I don't disremember what you told me, but—"

The girl hesitated, and nervously threaded her apron-strings through her fingers.

"Speak, and tell me what you were going to."

"I is in no humor to amuse myself."

"Why?"

"'Cause, jes as I set out to go to the grove, dat orful screech go right through my head, sharp as a knife."

"You are not to speak of that. It is none of your concern."

"Is 'pose it aint, Miss Candace; but it sounded a powerful sight like Miss Myra's voice."

"And what of that?"

"I'se afear'd dat it be a bad woman dat sent for her, and dat she kill her."

"Well, your fears are groundless, and mind that you say nothing about what you have heard to any one."

"Yis, Miss Candace."

"Remember, if you forget to obey me, you will be sorry for it."

"I al'ays obeys ye, Miss Candace; but I does wish dat screech wouldn't ring, ring, ring in my head all ob de time."

"No more of that," said Candace, sternly, her eyes kindling with the old, dusky fire.

"I has al'ays 'deavored to please ye, Miss Candace," said the girl, humbly, turning away from the door. "Yis, I has 'deavored to please her," she muttered to herself, when she was distant enough not to be overheard; "but what does I git for't 'cept sharp words, and looks dat be like de lightning' from de black cloud. Missus Danbridge be greater lady dan Miss Candace is, and when Sylvia do her best to please her, she praise her, and speak pleasant to her; and as for Miss Myra, she treat Minda so dat de ole gal lub her as she do de eyes in her head."

CHAPTER XII.

DILLARD, THE OLD HUNTER.

A little before sunset, Mr. Danbridge and his wife returned. "Where's Myra?" said Mrs. Danbridge to Minda, who stood on the lawn, looking anxiously in the direction her young mistress most frequently took when she returned from her evening ride.

"I believe she has gone to ride."

"No, that can't be, for there's Juba, and he always goes with her."

"I can't think where she is, then," and Minda looked more anxious than before.

At this moment Candace made her appearance.

"I was just inquiring for Myra," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Can you tell me where she is?"

"In her own room, I suspect," replied Candace.

"No, she isn't there," said Minda; "I've been to see, and have hunted all round for her."

"It is impossible for me to tell where she is," said Candace. "About three hours ago, I saw her cross the park, and that was the last I saw of her. It is not strange, however, for I've been very busy this afternoon, and she might have returned a dozen times without my seeing her."

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

as little fatigue to themselves as they can possibly avoid.

As he drew near, it could be seen that his face was flushed, and that his blue eyes sparkled with excitement. He came straight up to an open window, near which Mr. Danbridge was standing, and, resting his folded arms on the sill, having first leaned his rifle against the side of the house, cast an eager glance into the apartment.

"I don't see Miss Myra's bright face," said he.

"Where is she?"

"That is what we can't tell you," replied Mr. Danbridge. "My wife and I have been absent all day, and when we returned she was missing."

"I was afraid to."

"What made you?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

of her sweet voice. Now the sight of the black-eyed lady, that stands back there, operates right contrary—makes me feel down in the mouth—but it's no fault of hers, I s'pose."

"And what discoveries have you made?" said Mr. Danbridge, unable any longer to control his impatience, though he was sensible that it was best to allow the old hunter to tell his story according to his own fashion.

"Well, you see, arter I'd satisfied myself that Siah was right, I thought it best to take a short cut, for, thinks I, the sooner the Squire knows the red heathen is prowlin' about, the better. I didn't see a sign of 'em till I come close to the thicket, the furdur side of the park, and then I seed tracks that I knew were never made by a white man's foot. I soon found that they led in among them hickory trees, and, there I seed another foot-print, which, in the first place, made my heart give a sudding jump, and then, stand stock still."

"'Twas the print of Myra's foot?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, and I could tell it, if I seed it a hundred miles from here."

"Aro you willing to go in pursuit of them?"

"Mat Dillard is al'ays willin' and ready, in sich a case, Squire Danbridge—ready at a minute's warnin'. My huntin knife is in my belt, and my shoulder is ready for the rifle that never yet missed its mark."

"I will go with you, and any one else that you will name," said Mr. Danbridge.

"It's my 'pinion, that you'd better not go, Squire. You aint so used to the ways of the Indian thieves, as this old hunter is, and don't know how to dodge 'em so well. Ten chances to one, you'd be picked off, and then, who would there be to step into your shoes, and take keer of your airtly consarns, as you can? I don't speak to undervally the young squire, your son, that's jest come to these parts, but, as yet, he wears a young heap on his shoulders."

"What our friend Dillard says is true," interposed Mrs. Danbridge.

"Who is there to go, if I don't," said Mr. Danbridge. "Percy is off on some excursion, and even if he was here, I doubt if he would be of much use."

"No more than that," said Dillard, snapping his fingers. "Not, as I said afore, that I would undervally the young Squire, but he doesn't know how to deal with the red varmints, any more'n a child three weeks old."

"Well, Dillard, choose for yourself," said Mr. Danbridge.

"I shan't have fur to go. He's my choice, for I larnt him the use of the rifle myself," and he pointed to Juba, who, having just learned that Myra was missing, with great earnestness, was communicating the sad and alarming intelligence to a group of his fellow-servants, who had gathered round him.

"You see, Squire," said Dillard, "that though I know what is best in sich cases, I should feel kind o' shy like about givin' orders to you, but with 'em, 'twill be another thing."

"I think you'd better take two or three more with you," said Mr. Danbridge. "There may be a large party of the Indians."

"No, on'y five at the most. I counted four different moassin tracks by the thicket, and the print of a horse's feet, jest the same as Siah did."

Juba, who manifested great eagerness to accompany Dillard, was soon ready.

"There are plenty of good horses in the stable," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Select those that will suit you best."

"Horses will on'y be a bother," replied Dillard. "The right way is to steal upon the thieving dogs unawares."

"Yis, dat be de way," said Juba.

"Then follow my lead, quick time," said Dillard, "till we have reason to b'lieve that we've got a good gain on 'em. Arter that, cool and cautious will be the watch-

word."

In a few minutes, they reached the spot where the three paths met.

"They little thought," said the old hunter, "that Mat Dillard would be on their trail so soon, so they didn't think it worth while to go to work with any of their cummin' tricks to hide it." There were five of them, as I thought."

"But de print of Miss Myra's delicate little foot, is nowhere to be seen," said Juba.

"The print of a horse's foot is though. They let her ride, 'cause she couldn't keep with 'em, and not 'cause they keered whether she was tired or not. Nyther would it worry 'em a bit, if he cut and tore her feet with the sharp flints and briars till they bled. I tell you, Juba, that them that tries to make folks b'lieve the



AKALIS TOWER, AT UMRITSIR, INDIA.

[See page 59.]

"To make of what?" said Mr. Danbridge, who entered in season to hear this last remark.

"Myra is gone, no one knows where."

"I trust that nothing unpleasant has happened to her," said Mr. Danbridge, with ill-disguised alarm.

"Mat Dillard, the old hunter, is coming this way," said Minda.

Candace bit her lips as, looking from the window, she saw that he had just emerged from the clump of hickory trees, and had then stooped down, as if examining something on the ground. This was repeated several times, when, seemingly satisfied with the examination he had made, he approached the house with a rapid, swinging gait, such as is acquired by those whose object is to get over the ground as speedily, and with

Mrs. Danbridge and Minda came eagerly forward to listen to his answer, while Candace, though she did not move from the place where she stood, regarded him with a look of apprehension.

"Why, you see," replied Dillard, "that Siah Wells, that lives up our way, as he was out with his rifle to-day, came across an Indian trail, and traced it up, till he found that it led in the direction of the woods close on the west side of your plantation. Well, as soon as he told me, I begun to feel uneasy, and couldn't rest a minute. So I was determined to see into the matter, for you've al'ays been a friend to me, and so has Miss Danbridge. As for Miss Myra, old Mat Dillard, when he's a leetle low-sperited, never wants nothin' better to cheer him up than the sight of her bright, harnsome face, and the sound

red varmints are as perlit to a white woman as a French daucin' master or an English lord, don't know anything about the matter. It's all moonshine, as may be known by the way they make their squaws dig and delve, and supply the places of so many pack horses, whenever they change their quarters."

"I should like to catch 'em makin' Miss Myra dig and delve," said Juba, in tones which attested the deep indignation with which the bare thought inspired him.

"I calc'late they wont get a chance to do it, this time," said Dillard.

They now proceeded in silence, till they arrived where all traces of a path would have been lost to an eye less quick and keen than Dillard's. To him, it caused not a moment's hesitation. The blinder the path, the lonelier and wilder the aspect of nature, the more he appeared to feel at home. His step was more free and elastic, his bearing loftier and more resolute.

The moon had attained its meridian, flooding with its soft and mellow light a broad, undulating plain which lay before them. On one side, it was skirted by a path, whose sinuous course, for the most part, was in the deep shadow of gigantic forest trees. Suddenly Dillard stopped and seized Juba by the arm.

"Look!" said he, pointing to the opposite side of the plain.

"De Indians," said Juba.

"Yes," replied Dillard. "Step behind this tree, for they have the same chance to see us, as we have them."

There was nothing to obstruct the view, and though distant, their forms were defined with sufficient distinctness against the dark azure of the clear, midnight sky, as to enable them to readily distinguish Myra on horseback from the rest.

"We can soon come up wid 'em," said Juba, "if we cut right across dis plain."

"Not so soon as you think we shall," replied Dillard. "A deep river is between us, which there is no means of fording. We must be content to take the same path they did, though it's a long and rough one. They've almost reached a spot where they'll be sartin to stop and rest, if they don't camp for the rest of the night. I know every inch of the ground, as well as I do the way to my own cabin door. We will wait awhile here. A little more rest wont hurt us, more'n 'twill them."

"I is of your mind, for trampin' over de rough, rocky ground, isn't like dancin' on de lawn."

"Sleep as sound as yer a mind to," said Dillard, throwing himself on the ground. "I shall be sure to wake at the time I want to."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]



GEN. URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

GENERAL URQUIZA.

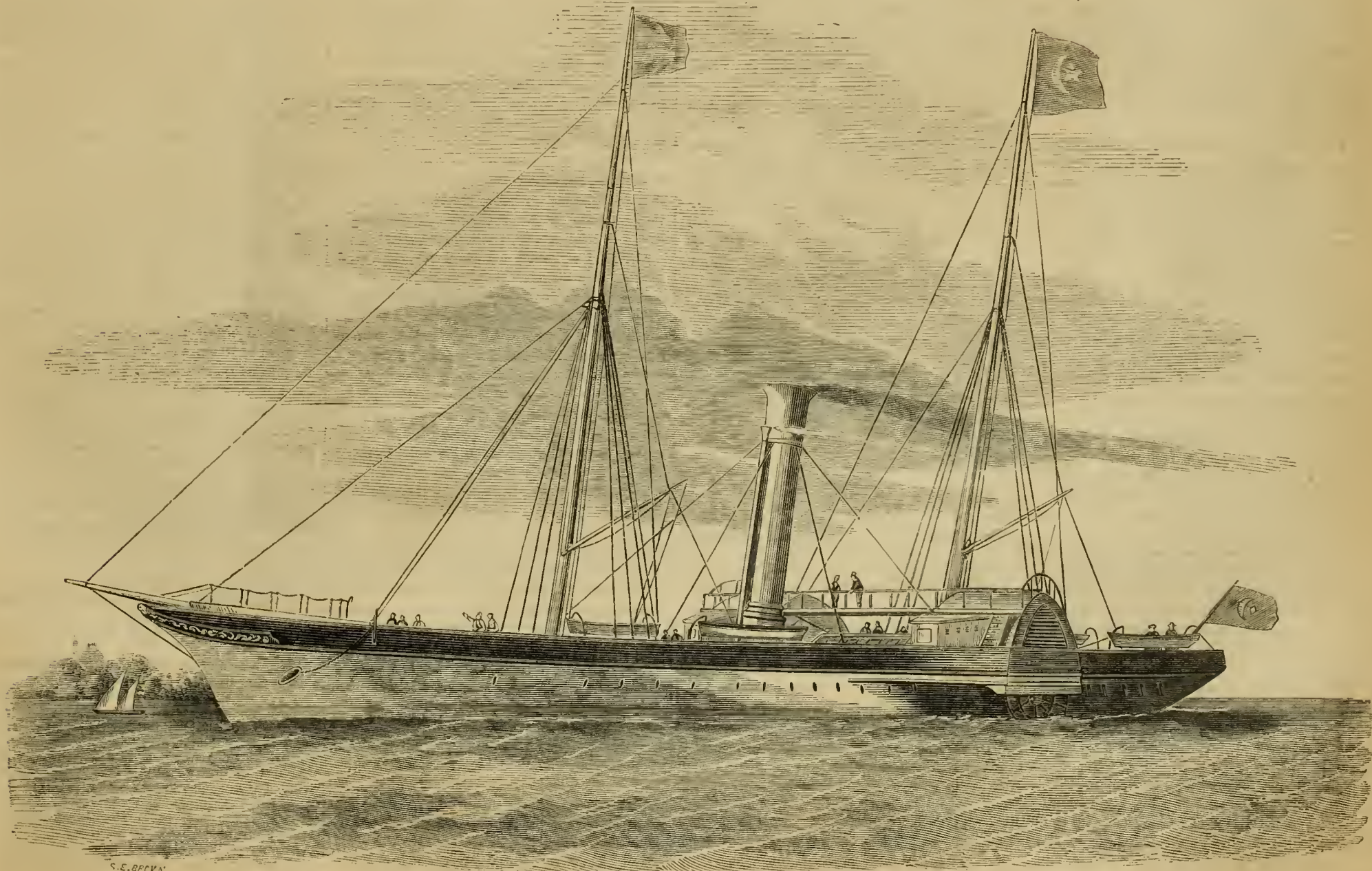
The accompanying portrait of General Urquiza, actual president of the Argentine Republic, South America, shows a fine looking man, of a candid and firm expression, but remarkable for the absence of the distinctive traits of the Spanish race. He looks rather like an English noble than a native South American. The general is one of the few distinguished men worthy

of being remembered among the mass of politicians and soldiers who have moved amidst the chaos of events in the southern portion of our hemisphere. He has moved as a conspicuously leading spirit in all the stirring questions which have agitated the republic, and his influence has effected many salutary changes and reforms. He risked all to establish a constitutional government. He brought together in Congress the

Argentine populations and promulgated the constitution, which they adopted, by which the first change was effected in the fundamental laws of Spanish America. The legislation so promulgated is devised to attract the attention of Europe to these provinces, and to people their fertile solitudes with its superabundant population. For this purpose he allowed free access to the inland ports of the Argentine territory, by proclaiming the free navigation of its rivers for ships of all nations, a principle of policy which has this very year been adopted by nearly the whole of South America. He has, moreover, given to foreigners the civil rights of citizenship, with complete exemption from all military service. These principles are now embodied, by his means, into international treaties with the greatest powers of the world. General Urquiza has assisted strenuously to raise the religion of his country from the state of ruin into which it had fallen with the destruction of the Spanish rule in 1810. At the same time he has proclaimed freedom of education, and granted freedom of worship for all religions. He is on the eve of relinquishing the power he has used with such beneficial results, and that in virtue of the constitution he has himself promulgated, giving thus another striking lesson to the rest of South America. But his influence will still be felt. He is as yet comparatively young, and has fairly earned such a glory as will remain a permanent moral power in his hands.

NEW STEAM-YACHT "CLEOPATRA."

In pursuance of our plan of giving representations of vessels of note, whether launched in the old or new world, thus recording the features of life on the wave, as well as on land, we publish a fine representation of the elegant steam-yacht Cleopatra, built in England for Il Hami Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt—the prince on the occasion of whose recent marriage with the Sultan's daughter, such prodigious sums were expended in fêtes, processions and jewelry. The prince is a man of hereditary resources, and greatly encourages the commerce of Turkey, for which he has bought and built a considerable fleet of steamships. This beautiful vessel is wholly built of iron; and her extreme length over all is 202 feet, her breadth 21, and 10 1-2 feet deep. Her appearance on the water is singularly graceful. Her engines are very powerful, and have driven her at a speed of 17 miles an hour. The saloons for the accommodation of the Pacha and his suite are fitted up with exquisite taste. It really seems as if the leading men of the East were waking up from their lethargy, and remembering that they live in the 19th century. From the spirit of improvement now abroad in the East, we look for a large patronage of British and American mechanics and manufacturers in the future.



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT CLEOPATRA, BUILT FOR IL HAMI PACHA, OF EGYPT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BALL SONG FOR THE 17TH JANUARY.

Written for the Celebration of Franklin's birthday. Born in Boston, January 6th, 1706, old style.

TUNE—"Star Spangled Banner."

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

There's a beauty and grace in the well-lighted hall,
Where the chandelier-lamp in the gas-flame is gleaming;
There's delight to the heart in the opening ball,
With a partner whose eyes are with brilliancy beaming
But increased is the joy
Of pleasure's employ,
As succeeding industry, it gives no alloy;
And enhauced 'tis to us on this proud day of birth
Of the man who drew "lightning" from heaven to earth.

The man of research, who never sullied a page,
Nor omitted one duty of justice and honor;
In peace, in the useful 'twas his to engage—
In war, for his country when peril was on her,
Patriotic he stood
To stem the wild flood
Of oppression, as rolling in darkness and blood.
On our proud "Declaration," that scroll of the sun,
With Hancock and Jefferson—FRANKLIN was one.

While America stands the great pride of the earth,
An empire whose bounds are on each side an ocean,
Her freemen will never forget she gave birth
To a FRANKLIN! as each heart breathes with emotion.
At the sacred home-hearth,
In the gay hall of mirth,
Where the floor is alive with sweet beauty and worth,
All will hail each return of the "seventeenth," dear,
And think that the spirit of FRANKLIN is near.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO SCENES

In the Life of a Beautiful Woman.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

DISTINGUISHED above every other woman of her age for the rarest gifts of personal beauty, was one whose blandishments had ensnared the naval hero, Lord Nelson,—whose accomplishments were not inferior to her beauty—who was skilled in music and painting, who possessed most exquisite taste, and whose features would express every emotion by turns, who reigned the Queen of Fashion, as well as Queen of Beauty and Love—the celebrated Lady Hamilton.

There had been a period when the dregs of poverty, the humblest birth, and the badge of disgrace, clung to a beautiful girl—when her life ran on the same level with the lowest London life—but those wondrous gifts of personal loveliness which had been her only dowry, surprising all who looked upon her, lifted her from out the slough of obscurity into a position where her ambitious nature soon found a foothold; and men forgot, in the exceeding grace and fascinations of the wife of Lord Hamilton, whence or how she had risen.

I do not know a more potent wand to unlock men's hearts than rare personal beauty. So it has been from the days when the Trojan king became enamored of Helen, and Cleopatra of Egypt led an Antony captive in her toils; so swayed men's hearts, senses and wills, this beautiful English girl.

In Italy—the land of song, story and passion—where she presided over banquets of surpassing magnificence, or delicately wielded the tools of political power, at a banquet given the greatest naval warrior of the age, the hero of Trafalgar and Lord High Admiral of the seas, Lady Hamilton first met Lord Nelson.

Though bound to another, her whole soul immediately went out in an intense, but guilty love for this silent, grave man, who sat at the table of the English minister—who refrained from the sparkling wines of Italy, but to become more intoxicated by the fatal allurements of her whose white hand proffered the cup.

Then followed many meetings—at first, in the presence of guests and that court of wit, beauty, and gay life, over which this woman ruled as queen; then she stole out to meet him in the flowering gardens and by the gliding waters of the Mediterranean, till at length her foot entered the boat beside the shore, her eyes were turned to the white sails of the fleet riding out on the waters, and she trod the deck of the admiral's ship, and sailed away, the admiral's mistress.

Years went by, and no link of the powerful chain Lady Hamilton had thrown about Lord Nelson's neck, leading him her captive at her will, was broken. On the seas where England's banner floated, he might be conqueror, but in her presence he was slave. A cabin in the admiral's ship was fitted up with more than Oriental magnificence, and there, amid velvet cushions, tapes-

tries from Eastern looms, viands of costliest luxury, and gifts of gems and diamonds, his sultana reigned. By day, when Lord Nelson found leisure from the duties of his fleet, he lay on silken cushions at her feet, while she read to him in a dulcet voice—by night, when the stars walked the deep skies above, and their ships glided over the blue waves of the tideless Mediterranean, past the frowning Rock of Gibraltar, or out into the wild Biscayan Bay, he trode the deck with the fair enslaver on his arm, and her blandishments thrilling all his being. He, who had not quailed when the grape-shot rattled among the rigging or ploughed his deck, when death and slaughter met him on the seas, who had, thus far, lived above men's common weakness, and smiled gravely at woman's lures, that turned to serve his country and his kieg, at last was conquered.

And thus, in the very zenith of her triumphal sway and woman's beauty, in the height of Nelson's glory and fame, when the admiral's fleet lay in the harbor, and he, with his fascinating mistress, were received into, and caressed by, the gayest circles of London where, years before, a young girl had lived with her humble mother and performed the menial task of a washerwoman—the splendid mansion of Beckford of Fonthill Abbey was thrown open to welcome Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton as guests.

It was like a wizard's creation or an opium dream, that gorgeous festive scene. All that the wealth of the princely proprietor could furnish, was contributed to add splendor to the occasion; all that Parisian eaters and *maitres de cuisine* could provide, was secured for the feasting.

The grounds of that princely seat were illuminated by colored lamps and torches, bands of musicians were stationed in leafy coverts and paved courts, statues gleamed whitely from embowered trees, white swans slept on sparkling lakes and ponds, grottoes were erected on tiny islands, airy bridges spanned the waters, and in the walks crowds of people moved to and fro.

Within, a blaze of jewelry, gold and silver lighted up the luxurious apartments with startling splendor. Pictures, marbles, *bijoux*, Etruscan vases, carpets of Tyrian dye—what need to describe them all? It was all magnificence and stately grandeur, of which the eye wearied, and the mind gladly turns to simpler and refreshing scenes.

Attired in a rich costume, her brow sparkling with jewels and her white hands bearing a golden urn, Lady Hamilton, the envied of how many in that gay company, entered, and recited a poem which she had written for that festive hour. The most rapturous applause followed. The verses were hailed as an emanation from the Castalian fount; their bewitching author as a modern muse. Some, indeed, might have remembered *who and what* was the woman who stood before them, the companion and caressed of nobles, poets and civilians; but they knew, too, what influence she possessed over the hero of the hour, and politic feeling prevailed.

None were there to whisper in her ear that all this was deception; that sin, the gilded morsel, surely carries its own punishment along with it; and that the pleasure she was pursuing was a Dead Sea apple, fair without, but hollow at the core, and bitter as ashes. So the festival went on, and the Lord High Admiral was *feted*; and side by side, hand in hand with England's pure mothers and daughters—resplendent in jewels, and enchaining all by the fascinations of her wit and beauty—was Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's mistress!

Thirteen years after the banquet of Fonthill, a lady stood at a butcher's stall in the marketplace of Calais, buying some meat for her pet dog.

"Ah, madame!" said the butcher's wife, a fair-faced, pleasant-favored *bourgeoise*, "you seem a benevolent lady, and up stairs there is a poor English woman, ill and starving, who would be glad of the smallest piece of meat which you are buying for your dog. If madame would but step up a moment."

"I will see her," said the lady. "Show me the way, my good woman."

Up several flights of dilapidated, dirty stairs in a gloomy, wretched lodging-room, on a bed of illness, with the hollow cough of consumption racking her emaciated frame, and its fitful damask on her sunken cheek, lay the form of a once beautiful woman.

There were few threads of silver in the still luxuriant hair, though deep wrinkles were

ploughed in the once marble smooth forehead, and the eyes, now blazing with unnatural brilliancy, looked eagerly and hungrily toward the opened door when her kind visitor entered.

"Bread! do you bring me bread?" she asked, starting up; then greedily grasping the slices of raw, bleeding meat from the lady's hand, she ate voraciously, like one half famished.

The lady turned away, sick at heart. This wretched room, this starving, dying woman, with the death-hunger plainly written in her brilliant, craving eyes; this story of want and woe! O, it was sickening! And here, underneath the very window where the sun streamed across the unfinished wall and bare floor, had the gay revelry of French life gone on—the sounds of business in the crowded mart, and the festive pageant.

"Who and what are you?" she said, approaching the bed and lifting one of the thin, transparent hands which lay upon the faded coverlid. "Does no one take care of you, now that you are ill?"

"The *maitresse* used to come up and bring me food when I could pay her," was the reply, in a faint, hollow voice, "but when my money failed she did not come nigh me. Then I used to creep down and beg a little piece of meat of the kind-hearted butcher's wife, of whom I had bought in other days—" but a sudden fit of coughing interrupted her.

"But have you no friends, no relatives, that I may send for? Where is your home?" asked the lady, compassionately.

"Home! friends!" and the wretched woman raised herself on her elbow, pushing back her tangled hair, and speaking in a hollow voice, then, closing her eyes with a shudder, while a few crushed tears silently trickled down her transparent cheeks, she waved off her visitor with feeble hands, moaning, "Go, leave me! I shall die unknown—alone!"

The kind lady stood by, filled with generous pity. Perhaps this wretched creature had known affluence, home, and sheltering care! It seemed evident that some might still be living on whom she had a claim, for she muttered moaningly, "I will not tell them—they have deserted me—I will die alone!"

"At least I will go out and procure some things to make you comfortable," said the lady, leaving the chamber.

"Poor woman, she seems in a bad way!" said the butcher's wife in the stall below, as the lady passed. "It is over a week now, since she came down here. She will never come down again, madame! My heart opened to the poor English stranger when she first came here, and took lodgings above. How did you find her, madame?"

"She is indeed very ill, and cannot linger many days. Do you know anything about her?—whether she has friends one might apply to?" asked the lady.

"No, madame, she never spoke of herself, but I think she has seen better days, for I used to see rings and jewels on her thin white fingers, but they've gone to the pawnbroker's long ago. She's an English lady, I think, madame."

"Well, I will make her comfortable and send my servant with some wine and other things. I will order a bottle of wine myself from the nearest vintner," said the kind lady.

"And I will run up and sit with her, so soon as Jean comes in," said the butcher's wife. "I cannot leave the stall alone. What will Monsieur have?—a capon, or this nice golden pheasant, fresh and delicate enough for *L'Empereur's* table?" briskly asked the lively Frenchwoman of her new customer, while the lady hastened away.

But, small need was there for the generous, life-inspiring vintage which the lady brought, or the care of the lively, kind-hearted *bourgeoise* who, half an hour after, tripped lightly up the tumble-down stairs into the wretched chamber; for, white, cold and still, with the garish sunbeams streaming in through the little uncurtained window on her face, her long, thin fingers locked tightly about a miniature painted on ivory and set in brilliants, the only relief with which she had not parted in the fierce struggle with want and starvation—there, alone, in that bare, desolate lodging room, had that poor woman met the mighty Angel of Death.

So they found her—the butcher's wife starting back to meet the returning lady, with a "Mon Dieu! she has gone!" on her lips; and when they went to the bed and looked upon the miniature which her fingers clasped, the *bourgeoise* said with sudden sobs, "Ah, madame, she was an officer's wife! See, the stars and golden

epaulets!—and I had a brother who went to the wars, and never came back. I would give my last son to a soldier's wife or mother. Mon Dieu! why did she not tell me, and I would have taken her into the country and nursed and tended her."

"Don't blame yourself, my good woman," said the lady. "I do not think you, or any other, could have saved her, though perhaps her days might have been lengthened. Sorrow, rather than want, wrote those lines, there," and the lady touched the wrinkled marble forehead. "There is a box yonder," pointing to the only article in the chamber, excepting a few miserable chairs and a table of similar description, "perhaps there are papers. Will your husband summon the *prefet de police*? and cannot the mistress of this lodging-house be made to come up and minister the last earthly rites to this poor being whom she has so evidently neglected? Take my purse, good woman, the sight of money may affect her hard heart, if pity did not."

The police came, accompanied by a coroner. An inquest was held, then the box was opened. Nothing was found but a few pawnbroker's tickets—the sad evidences of a better fortune.

The *prefet* looked upon the miniature. "It must be that of an English officer. She was undoubtedly his wife," he said. "Had seen better days."

"It is like an engraving my wife has hanging up in her salon—my wife is Anglice, you see," ventured the coroner, taking his turn in looking at the picture, "but her's is the great admiral's, Lord Nelson!"

"And here is a letter—a fragment of a letter," said the lady, turning over the papers in the box upon the table, "but illegible and faded—but that signature! Surely, monsieur *prefet*, does it not read, 'Adieu, dearest Horatia, till the chances of the sea send back to your arms your Nelson?' And this dead woman, then, is one whose story we all know—you surely have heard, messieurs, of *Lady Hamilton*?"

There was a sudden silence there in that wretched chamber; then the *prefet* said, in a business air, "It may be, it may be, madame! I will see that the body has Christian burial. Let us go now, while the women robe her."

The kind-hearted lady went away, followed shortly by the *bourgeoise* who had assisted the landlady in their few preparations for the arrayal of the dead.

Next day, the coroner's inquest was read in the morning papers; but the name of the dead had long passed from every lip in her own clime—for the idols of an hour are soon forgotten—much less was she known there in France; and that day, without other audience than the friends of her death-bed—"her body laid in a common deal-box without any inscription—over the praised of statesmen, warriors poets and artists, the funeral service was read by an officer on half-pay."

Why, in her dying hours, the children, born of her love with the hero who died before her, and to whose glorious memory as a naval conqueror a proud monument now rises in Trafalgar Square, were not these beside their mother, we know not; why England, out of pure gratitude, if from no higher motive, should leave to die, deserted by those who had fawned upon her in her prosperity, at a wretched lodging in Calais, the woman whom Admiral Nelson bequeathed, "with their children, as a legacy to his country," and thus stain her fair escutcheon with the foul stigma of ingratitude, we cannot say; yet, as we have written, alone in a foreign land, the object of a poor stall-keeper's wife's charity, died the once beautiful English woman, the admired and courted of gay fashionables, the companion of nobles, and loved of Lord Nelson—Lady Horatia Hamilton.

Reader, had not her career of sin brought its own punishment in this life? Of a truth, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

CONSUMPTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The consumption of gold and silver at the present day for household purposes is enormous, its application having increased rapidly since the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The amount of gold and silver actually taken from the mines of Europe, is valued at twenty-five millions of dollars. In America, the yield is computed to be one hundred and forty-six millions, and Asia produces twenty-five millions. Africa has no silver mines, but produces gold to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars. Australia is also without silver, but produces gold to the large amount of two hundred millions.—*New York Times*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IN ABSENCE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Yes, darling, in the realm of dreams
I'll come to thee,
When deep, mysterious midnight gleams
O'er land and sea.

For night is holy—all the air
With life unseen
Is filled, while silent guardians there
Keep watch serene.

Soft-treading sleep, with stealthy hand
Opens wide the door,
Beyond which glides a shadowy hand
Forevermore.

Dim forms are flitting to and fro,
In her vast hall,
Like phantoms vague, which come and go
At word of call.

These are the known of "long ago,"
When I was young,
Ere yet my "psalm of life" was so
Divinely sung.

But nearer yet a halo gleams,
Of wondrous light,
And there, within its lambent beams
Revealed to sight,

My hope and joy embodied are;
Thou smilest on me,
And life's glad song swells out afar
In harmony.

Thou canst not go from me, nor I
From thee am far,
While love so gilds our darkest sky,
Our guiding star.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EARL ATHELWOLD.

A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

DURING the reign of Edgar, one of the most illustrious and powerful of the ancient English kings, occurs an incident worthy of repetition. There is perhaps no period in history more favorable to the development of romance, than that of a semi-barbarous age; and England in the tenth century, in spite of the predominating influence of monkish superstition, was by no means deficient in this respect.

Edgar, although he was praised by the monks as a consummate statesman (which every one will admit), and a man of virtue, and a *saint* (which, of course, no one in this age will allow), is now represented by impartial historians as a prince of the most unscrupulous licentiousness. It is even recorded of him that, becoming violently enamored of Editha, a beautiful nun, he broke into the convent and carried her off by force, and even gratified his base desires by violence, for which act of sacrilege, it is said he was simply reprimanded by the saintly Dunstan; but that he might more effectually reconcile himself to the church which he had desecrated, not in fact, but in pretence, it is still further stated that he was obliged to retain her as his mistress, and to abstain from wearing that vain ornament, the crown, for a period of seven years. But that was an age in which the very semblance of virtue was subservient to worldly policy, and the very divinity they proclaimed, was degraded to the basest of political and secular purposes. There are many other incidents of a similar nature recorded of this same prince; but one in particular, though we shall not trouble the reader by repeating it,* in which ancient as well as modern historians agree, shows conclusively, in spite of the pretended piety and goodness which contemporary priests have awarded him, the unscrupulous and lascivious character of the monarch. But the authenticity of the *one* incident upon which we have founded our story, has been admitted as a faithful chronicle by no less than eight reliable historians, and therefore we have been induced to make use of it as the basis of that which is to follow.

Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was reputed to be the handsomest lady in England at that period, and the wealth and power of the earl rendered her a suitable match even for a prince of the blood. The Lady Elfrida, who was then in the first bloom of womanhood, had not yet been presented at court; and, though the prince had not yet seen her, his imagination had already been inflamed to the highest pitch,

* William Malmesbury, lib. ii. cap. 8. Higden, p. 268. Hume, vol. i. p. 95—6.

by the praises which had fallen from the lips of others concerning her, and he secretly determined to learn the truth of the rumor from some one upon whom he could safely rely, and if he found that the charms of the lady had not been overrated, he resolved to propose to the earl for her hand in marriage.

Matters of this nature were usually settled in those days by proxy—at least among the nobility—and Edgar employed one of his favorite courtiers, Lord Athelwold, to visit the family on some pretence or another, and bring back to him an accurate description of her personal appearance, before any overtures were made to the earl. Agreeably to this plan, Lord Athelwold started on a visit to Devonshire, where he was received with the highest marks of favor, for his intimacy with Edgar was well known to the earl, as indeed it was to all those turbulent barons, who hated him no less than they dreaded him, in consequence of the powerful influence which he exercised over their king. The earl was by no means blind to the political advantages which might accrue to himself in case that an alliance could be brought about between that nobleman and his daughter. It is true that the earl was in receipt of an almost princely revenue, while Athelwold, on the contrary, was dependent in a measure upon the royal bounty; but his high position at court was sufficient to counterbalance mere wealth, even in the opinion of the earl, who introduced him to his daughter without reserve, who in turn received him with all those winning smiles of favor which, with her great beauty, had already rendered her so famous throughout the realm. But what was his surprise on beholding her, to learn that the reports they had heard, instead of being exaggerated, as such descriptions usually are, had fallen far short of the truth.

Indeed, a more beautiful creature than the Lady Elfrida, it would be difficult for the imagination even of a courtier to conjure up. In an instant she inspired Athelwold, whose susceptible heart was wholly unprepared for such an extraordinary revelation of female loveliness, with the most ungovernable passion.

So completely enthralled did he become, that he forgot even his duty to the king, and resolved, in the frenzy of the moment, to win the hand of the lady himself. A little cool reflection at the time might have taught him the utter folly of the step, but when, I would ask, was an impetuous lover over known to reflect? If he had stopped to consider, he would have seen the impossibility of carrying out the deception, surrounded as he was by envious courtiers; and he must have known that Edgar would, sooner or later, even had this not been the case, have discovered and punished this unexampled breach of confidence and trust; but, as we have shown, he was completely blinded by his vehement passion; and the seeming love which the Lady Elfrida bore him, which was no doubt genuine at the time, for the handsome favorite was young, impulsive, and of the highest fashion, only tended to strengthen it; and after basking for a few hours in the smiles of this incorrigible beauty, as she afterward proved to be, he determined to effect his purpose by employing deceit and falsehood. Accordingly on his return to court, he informed Edgar "that the riches alone, and high quality of Elfrida, had been the ground of the admiration paid her, and that her charms, far from being anywise extraordinary, would have been overlooked in a woman of inferior station."

This explanation was received in good faith by the king, who had every reason, as he imagined, to believe in the fidelity of Athelwold; and after that nobleman, by his deceit and cunning, had succeeded in diverting his attention, he took the opportunity, after a considerable interval of time, to turn the conversation once more upon the beautiful heiress of the Earl of Devonshire. He informed Edgar "that though the parentage and fortune of the lady had not produced on him, as on others, any illusion with regard to her beauty, he could not forbear reflecting that she would, on the whole, be an advantageous match for him, and might, by her birth and riches, make him sufficient compensation for the plainness of her person. If the king, therefore, gave his approbation, he was determined to make proposals in his own behalf to the earl, and doubted not to obtain his as well as the young lady's consent to the alliance." There were many afterwards who believed that he had already obtained it in secret, and was only awaiting a sufficient time to elapse to obtain the sanction of the king without exciting his suspicion, which was known

to be extremely violent when aroused. But Edgar was one of those persons who scorned to question the integrity of those he trusted, till after he had received the most ample proof of their treachery; and seeing so favorable an opportunity open for promoting the fortunes of his favorite, he graciously gave his consent, and even encouraged his suit by forwarding the most flattering recommendations to the Earl of Devonshire.

Under these favorable auspices, we may readily suppose that Athelwold met with but very little opposition, even if he had not already obtained their full consent and approval, for very shortly after he was rendered unspeakably happy in the possession of the most beautiful lady in England for his wife. But from that moment he began to dread the consequences of this covert act of treachery to the king, and employed every device he could think of to retain Elfrida in the country, and out of sight of Edgar; but in spite of all his precautions, his enemies found means in his absence, to acquaint the king with the deception which had been practised upon him, and with their frequent panegyrics upon the bride's beauty, at length succeeded in inflaming his desires and exciting all his former curiosity; but he determined to satisfy himself from personal observation of the treachery of his favorite, before he would allow himself to exercise vengeance on the culprit.

Accordingly one day he informed him of his intention of paying him a visit in his castle, and making the acquaintance of Lady Athelwold, who, being a plain lady, would of course excite no jealousies between them. This proposition from the king produced a visible shock upon the guilty Athelwold, who could by no means refuse the honor, and with a tremulous voice he begged leave to precede him a few hours, that he might have everything in readiness at the castle to receive him. He accordingly mounted his horse, and with a couple of attendants drove into Devonshire with all possible despatch. The moment he entered the courtyard, he sprang from his reeking steed, and flew instantly to his wife's chamber. He found her with no one present but her waiting maids, and she being curious as to the cause of her lord's excitement, ordered them to retire, that she might learn the motive which had brought him thus so unexpectedly from London.

With quivering lips Earl Athelwold revealed everything to his wife, and begged her, if she regarded either her own honor or his life, to conceal from the king, by the general disorder of her dress and appearance, those fatal charms which had been chiefly instrumental in seducing him from his fidelity to his friend and master, and which had unfortunately betrayed him into so many subsequent falsehoods. Elfrida had always professed the warmest love and attachment for her husband, and when she had soothed him with the tenderest embraces, and promised the strictest compliance with his desires, his overwhelming dread of the consequences of his treachery was sensibly abated, and he awaited the arrival of his kingly guest with considerable composure. But nothing was farther from the intention of the beautiful but deceitful wife than the fulfilment of her promise. In the language of the historian, she considered herself little indebted to Athelwold for a passion which had deprived her of a crown; and understanding the full force and power of her charms, she did not despair even yet of reaching to that enviable dignity. Contrary, therefore, to the expectations of her husband, she appeared before the king in the most seductive attire, and what with her engaging airs, and her natural loveliness of person, at once excited in his bosom the most vehement love toward herself, and the most furious desire of revenge against her husband.

Being himself a master in the art of dissimulation, he contrived to impress his victim that his wife's charms had failed to produce any decided effect upon him, and under cover of this subterfuge, he managed to entice Athelwold into a wood on the pretence of hunting, and there treacherously stabbed him with his own hand. But murder in those days was not a capital offence. A king's life was valued at three hundred pounds, and athane or gentleman's at one hundred sixty. But what is more strange, the Lady Elfrida, although she was aware that the king had assassinated her husband, received his caresses and favors without manifesting the slightest show of repugnance, and was soon after publicly espoused by him—her husband's death paving her way to a throne.

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

I saw Great Heart once in a railroad train. He was well dressed, and appeared to be reading, through his spectacles, the morning paper. A poor woman sat opposite, with six little children, the eldest scarcely a dozen years old. The husband was a stupid, hard-hearted wretch, and administered blows unsparingly to a wearied little thing, who expressed its discomfort by crying and fretting as the hot dusty air swept over his flushed face. The mother's countenance wore a look of patient despair and continual anxiety, as the little restless company sat crowded together in a loaded car. Not one of them looked shabby or untidy, though very plainly dressed. When the engine stopped for fuel, the poor woman took out from a basket some bread and cheese, which she distributed sparingly among the little group. Great Heart had watched their movements all the morning, and as a boy approached the carriage with a basket of berries, he bought up boxes enough to go around, and gave them to the hungry children, whose eyes glistened as they saw such a rare dessert spread before them. One little girl, perhaps five years old, was nearly sick, and tried to rest in her mother's lap; but the tired infant disputed vigorously her right, and she was obliged to yield the claim. Great Heart had been gravely considering the company, and he did not hesitate to take the poor child tenderly in his arms, lay her carefully down in the seat beside him, with her head in his lap, and then gently fan her with his paper until she sunk into a deep, peaceful slumber. When we stopped for our dinner, we saw them all seated by a beautiful table, loaded with luxuries to which they seemed almost strangers, yet which they knew very well how to appreciate. We knew it was Great Heart's, and we mentally blessed the kind, generous nature that had thus shed sunshine on the hard pathway of the humble strangers.—*Christian Watchman*.

A RUSSIAN BABY.

Russian babies are always swaddled and rolled up in bandages, so that they may conveniently be put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their homes, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf, another hung on the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why that is a child!" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad, which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat dampened by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it was washed. "Washed?" shrieks the horrified mother; "washed! what, wash a child! You'd kill it!"

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EMIGRANT TRAIN ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

[Special Correspondence of the Pictorial.]
CALIFORNIA OVERLAND ROUTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
Nov. 5, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR,—After a pretty extensive tour in California, I am at length established for the winter here, with the intention of resuming my westward line of travel next spring, visiting the Sandwich Islands, and probably Japan and China, before returning home. All the time I can spare from the special business that brought me to the land of gold, I shall devote to working up finished drawings from the photographs and rough sketches with which my portfolio is filled. Many of them are not of general interest, and only valuable to myself as memoirs of travel, memoranda of personal adventures, likenesses of personal friends and acquaintances, but it will not be difficult to select some which the great world of your patrons may find acceptable. The enclosed drawings will, I hope, meet your views, and prove available. They are reminiscences of our toilsome overland journey last spring, the excitement and strangeness of which overbalanced the fatigue and danger incurred—for I, too, like other travellers, can tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes."—I was going to say of *hair-breadth scalps*, though no one of our party actually left his "ambrosial locks" in the hands of the copper-colored gentlemen whom we met on the war-path. One of my drawings represents this little incident of travel, latterly rather an unusual one. Yet no emigrant party should go, and none does go, without preparation for such contingencies. The best arm, whether for Indian-fighting or for killing buffalo, is Colt's large revolver—the small sized one is very handy for a close thing. With plenty of these tools, and a few western rifles in the hands of men accustomed to bring down prairie chickens or squirrels with a single ball, we easily succeeded in beating off the red-skins, leaving some of them on the ground as trophies of our valor. I have, reluctantly, come to regard the Indians much in the light in which they are viewed by the frontiersmen, that is about on a par with wild beasts. They are dirty, sneaking, thievish beings, degraded and sensual, when not brought into contact with whites, and by such contact acquiring only the worst vices of the whites without any of their higher qualities. It has been the fashion to ascribe nearly all the vices of the Indians to white influence, but they are bad enough in their natural state. Poets and story-tellers henceforth may fill volumes in praise of the "noble savage," but I shall no more listen to their siren song. In my youthful days Cooper's Indian stories was my favorite reading, but I have learned to know that Dr. Bird, in the "Jibbeninosay, or Nick of the Woods," was far more truthful in his portrayures. Yet, after all, they have some good traits. If you throw yourself on their hospitality, they will not injure you, and will share all they have with you: though, probably they will not hesitate to rob you of such trinkets and knick-knacks as they

covet, though you may sleep on the same blanket and beneath the same skin tent. Neither has their stoicism been exaggerated. Last spring I came across an Indian brave whose left hand had just been shattered by the bursting of his gun. He uttered no complaint—not a muscle of his face quivered, and he sat smoking his pipe unconcernedly, as if nothing had happened. I should think such accidents must be frequent, from the worthlessness of many of the guns they use, and from the utter reckless manner in which they load and handle fire-arms. I have said that the Indians rarely attack trains now-a-days—past experience has taught them that it is rather unwholesome to meddle with live Yankees, as their betters have found out in many a bloody encounter on sea and land. It is hoped that the increasing travel, and the posts established by the overland mail, will finally put a stop to encounters with Indians. What a triumph of Yankee pluck and perseverance that same overland mail is, by the way. Now give us a Pacific Railroad, and San Francisco and Boston will be near neighbors. Another of my sketches is of a more pacific character, and represents our party pursuing its peaceful but tired march across the plains. The slow progress of a train, and the monotonous character of much of the scenery on the route, tries the patience of a nervous man extremely. It is almost as bad as a calm on the Atlantic. Another of the enclosed drawings is an accurate representation of the party fording the river Platte. In the spring, when the melted

snow swells the descending torrents, the river is not fordable, and at all seasons of the year crossing is an arduous and critical task. It is interesting to see how horses and oxen used to western travel accommodate themselves to its exigencies. With mud up to their necks, the patient animals wallow along, stopping now and then to rest and get breath, and then pushing on again, using their muscular strength to the very best advantage. Cattle unused to the trial would be ruined by their frantic exertions.

Among the drawings I send you, is one of the famous "Devil's Gate," of which you of course have heard. It is a rocky chasm through which the "Sweet Water" flows. The precipitous elevation on the left affords a view of the section of the twisted range of rocky cliffs and mountains which extend for miles along the course of the Sweet Water river. The bold bluff on the right which compresses the river into a narrow channel, presents a perpendicular wall of granite from four to five hundred feet high, and half a mile long, and gradually slopes into the elevated plains. For some distance above the mouth of the yawning gap, the river is broad and tranquil, but here it rushes down through the canon, foaming and bounding over the huge boulders that have fallen from the cliff above. The "Devil's Gate" is certainly a striking and noteworthy place, and is a short distance from Independence Rock, on the other side of the South Pass. I will write again soon.

Yours truly,

T. G. F.

WOUNDS OF THE BRAIN.

Nothing in nature seems more capricious as to the effects she causes to ensue than in wounds of the brain. Sometimes a slight fall, or a trifling blow that does not break the skin, proves fatal in a short time; and at other times not only may the skull be pierced or fractured, but large pieces of the skull-bone be removed, as by trepanning, and a considerable portion of the cerebrum or upper portion of the brain itself be lost, and yet the functions of life be carried on for years. If, however, the cerebellum, that is the lower and back part of the brain, be injured, it is a different matter. A slight wound there produces immediate death. But a man may, in certain circumstances, lose a teacup full of brain without death or the loss of reason even for an instant. Perhaps this may go far to show that the brain is the organ through which the mind acts, but nothing more. The mind is a whole and entire thing, independent of its organs of operation.

A few years ago a man, in blasting, exploded his charge too soon by ramming it down with an iron bar or drill. The drill was driven up through the roof of his mouth, through the brain, of course, and through the top of his skull, high up into the air. The man got into a wagon standing near, and drove some distance home. No one supposed he could live; but he actually did survive for some months, with his senses perfect, and we have not yet heard of his death.

Another case was that of a well-digger, who, while in a well, had his skull broken in by the fall of a heavy timber on his head. He was taken out insensible, and remained so for ten days, his death so momentarily expected that trepanning was not even tried until the end of that time. By degrees he recovered his mind perfectly, and even his strength, so far as to be able to walk about the room, after losing a considerable portion of the brain itself. Although near sixty, a new bone began to grow; and this, at the end of about eighteen months, proved his death, owing to a small spike of the new bone, not half an inch long, growing down into the brain, producing irritation, pressure and death.

It is, then, not the loss of the substance of the brain that is so much to be feared, as the irritation and inflammation which ensue. Congestion of the brain may stupify, or hemorrhage through the rupture of the blood vessel, cause death. But, as we have said, quite a considerable quantity of the upper portion of the brain itself may be abstracted without necessarily occasioning death, and, in some instances, without sensibly impairing the senses or mental powers. There is, however, we suppose, no doubt, a loss of nervous forces, especially of the power of endurance, in all such cases. Still it is worth while to bear in mind the distinction between the effects of the loss of the brain and the least pressure on it. Whether this pressure is produced by an external wound, or by an internal determination of blood, whenever it prevents a supply of pure and healthy blood flowing freely and continually through all the vessels, the mental action instantly assumes a disordered character. Remove the pressure, and sometimes the restoration will be as sudden. The removal of a portion of the skull that has been fractured and indented three years previously, was known, in the case of a sailor, at once to restore him to a state of sanity, although with a perfect oblivion of the whole intermediate time. Whether congestion of particular portions of the brain is not the true mode of accounting for the occasional idiosyncracies of many men, and beyond what is ordinarily supposed, who shall say?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



EMIGRANTS ON THE ROAD, CROSSING THE PLAINS.

THE INDIGO PLANT.

The indigo plant is a beautiful, bright green grass, or shrub, and is called a biennial, because it passes through all the phases of its existence in two years. Its leaves consist generally of a collection of leaflets arranged, alternately, one above the other upon each side of the petiole or leaf stalk. At the base of the leaf stalk, but separated from it, are two leaflets called upon, which are distinguishable from the others by having no vein down the middle. The seed-vessel of the indigo plant is like that of the common pea. Once sown in a loose and dark soil, the indigo plant requires no further care, until the time comes for cutting it. As the rainy season approaches, and the red blossoms begin to appear, the planter hastens to have it cut, for fear of the dye being washed away or spoiled by the inundations. In the month of July, parties of Hindoos may be seen in the indigo plantations in the upper provinces, clipping the bright green leaves and twigs to the level of the ground, followed by others who, picking up the plants as they are cut, bind them together and load them upon carts.

From the fields the indigo is taken into a building called a vat, which is about thirty feet broad and forty feet long. There are steps outside, leading to a platform within the building, from which a sort of immense bath is seen filled with the plant. Water being then let in from a reservoir, the indigo is allowed to ferment for about fourteen or sixteen hours. At the end of that time, the plant becoming entirely decomposed, and the water turning quite green, it is allowed to run into another building called a beating vat. A dozen natives, with scarcely any covering upon their bodies, and with their skins dyed blue, may be seen here, striking the liquid with long sticks, and making a sound like the splashing of oars in a river. When at work they shout and scream, as indeed they always do when trying to exert their strength. After having been beaten for about three or four hours, and the green liquor having become blue, just as our black blood becomes red from contact with oxygen of the air, it is left alone, to allow the sediment to settle at the bottom. The water is then gradually drawn off by taps fixed at equal distances in the sides of the vat, leaving a beautiful, soft, blue, pulpy matter, like very thick cream, on the floor. This blue cream is next boiled, until no froth or scum rises to the surface, and the blue cream looks as smooth as liquid glass. It is then poured into huge sieves, made by stretching coarse cloth over wooden frames, through which the water strains off gradually, leaving the indigo of the consistency of cream cheese. It is still, however, unfit for travelling to Calcutta, and from thence to all parts of the world. It must, therefore, be put into boxes with perforated bottoms, where every drop of moisture is finally squeezed out by mechanical pressure. The pressed indigo is then cut into cakes about three inches square, and is put into a drying-house, where it remains for three months.

The indigo is now fit for packing and travelling. It is truly astonishing to see the quantities of this paste which are annually sent from Bengal for the use of the painters and dyers distributed all over the globe. Indigo, however, is not only employed in dyeing blue, but it is necessary for the production of almost every other color. The indigo plant in itself is perfectly harmless, while the indigo paste prepared from it is a rank poison. When rubbed with the finger nail, the paste assumes a color. The smell of an indigo factory is very disagreeable;



THE DEVIL'S GATE.

and the Hindoos who work in it, besides having their bodies dyed of a dreadful color, are very meagre; yet they are contented with the work, and do it well.

An European indigo planter in the interior of India leads an isolated life, which, however, is not without its enjoyments. His business, though it has its anxieties, is not irksome. He often lives twenty or forty miles from any other European; but this does not prevent him from making and constantly receiving visits. One of the annoyances of a planter's life is the plague of flies. All over India they are a great nuisance during the rainy season, but nowhere to such a degree as in the vicinity of an indigo factory, where they are attracted by the smell. When the servants are preparing the table for a meal, they put a white muslin cloth over the plates, cups and saucers, and in an instant it is covered with black flies. Before taking off the muslin cloth, the bearer begins pulling the large heavy punkah or fan, which has generally a deep fringe at the edge of it; the waiters whisk about small fans in every direction to keep the flies from off the table; and as soon as the tea is poured out a silver cover is put over the cup. The cultivation of the indigo plant is carried on at present in India, Egypt and America; but the best indigo is manufactured in the Bengal presidency. French, Germans, Italians, and the Arabs have all in turn tried to cultivate the indigo bearer in their own countries, and have always failed.—*Scientific Journal.*

INCIDENT IN DOUGLAS JERROLD'S LIFE.

About seven o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the year 1816, the Chatham boat arrived in London. A sharp, damp, and foggy dawn very appropriately ushered in to Mr. Samuel Jerrold the three or four sad years he was destined to spend within the sound of Bow bell. His son Douglas, whose coat had been stolen from the cabin, and who, therefore, trudged, for the first time, along London streets hardly prepared for the fog or the cold, probably felt neither the sharpness of the wind nor the suffocating tendency of the fog. The scene was new to him, and all that is new is welcome to the young. Holding his sister by the hand, he walked the streets for some minutes on his own responsibility, while his father stepped aside to comfort himself with a draught of purl. The young middy might well try thus early, even for a few minutes, the effects of walking alone in London.

A house in Broad Court, Bow Street, received the family—a humble lodging enough; but the general peace, and the confiscation of the land upon which the theatre stood, had ruined them utterly. Fortune, food, had to be sought. Let me not lightly pass over this time. It is the key to the after character of him whose life I have to set before the reader. This Broad Court, with its dingy houses, its troops of noisy, ragged boys, its brawls and cries, was my father's first impression of the great city. Here, too, for the first time, he came to hob-and-nob with the stern realities of the world. As yet he had passed a

youth not remarkable for its vicissitudes, and he had been two years in his majesty's navy; in the position, and with the prospects of a gentleman.

When a home is broken up it is the position of the children that oppresses your heart. You see their neat clothes give way to something coarse and wretched—they tease with questions that cut to the soul. They want to have a child's party when there is not a crust for them. They ask for playthings when the cupboard is empty. Yet, in the new and humbler house, you will find them happily, because insensibly, adapting themselves to a poorer station. They will occasionally wonder why they have few treats now, and why the little companions of their prosperity never come. Knowing nothing of that dogged sternness with which the world follows success—not seeing that father and mother are of less account to their neighbors than they were when the board was bright with plentiful cheer—they still wonder that the old playmates avoid them. Till the truth flashes suddenly upon them—whereupon they cease to be children.

Broad Court was not then, I will fondly hope, so dreary a place to the children of Mr. Samuel Jerrold as it must have been to their parents. Indeed, I have proof that the young midshipman, still sporting his naval uniform, looked manfully about him at once, and was eager to see the wonders of the great city. He had only just entered upon his fourteenth year; yet had he begun to burn with a desire to do something—to be somebody.

He appears to have moved about freely, as one preparing to hold his own place shortly. Naturally, his curiosity was first directed to the London theatres; of the glories of which he had heard from the London actors, who had, from time to time, joined his father's Sheerness company. I have traced him to the Adelphi, or Scott's, as it was then called, only a few days after his arrival in town. On this occasion he was the victim of a clever thief. A very authoritative person stopped the midshipman as he walked up the passage from the street to the boxes, saying: "Pay here, sir!" The unsuspecting midshipman, anxious to reach a view of the stage, paid his money, and went rapidly forward. Presently a head protruded from a pigeon-hole, and again a voice said: "Pay here, sir!" The midshipman stopped, and told the face framed in the pigeon-hole that he had already paid. At this moment a gentleman came up. The midshipman's statement proved that the first man who had demanded payment was a very expert swindler. The boy had no more money, and he was about to turn in bitter disappointment away, when the gentleman, who had heard his story, took him by the hand, paid for him, and conducted him to the boxes. That was a kind gentleman, be it remembered; and on many evenings, when the conversation has wandered back so far as 1816, have unknown friends wished him God-speed on his way through life.—*Ticknor & Fields's edition of the memoirs of Douglas Jerrold.*



FORDING THE PLATTE AT HIGH WATER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MORNING.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Gathering up the star-gems
That fell from the brow of night,
Morning over the hilltops
Scatters her golden light.

All over the dewy valleys,
Laughingly up and down,
Are playing the shimmering sunbeams
Shook from her shining crown.

And all through the deep, deep forest,
Silent and chill and gray.
They glide like a band of spectres,
Weaving the web of day.

The blue-bell down in the meadow
Timidly looketh up,
And showers of quivering light-drops
Dance in its purple cup.

The tall pine tree on the upland
Raiseth its bristling spires,
And light like a crown of glory
Each slender fibre fires.

But onward the morning bieth,
With dew on her twinkling feet,
And the noon comes lazily creeping
Along in the hazy heat.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REUBEN JAMES.

AN OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

BY LT. GEORGE H. PREBLE, U.S.N.

"Died at the Naval Hospital, Washington, December 8, 1838, Reuben James, seaman."

Looking over a file of old newspapers, the above simple announcement of this humble individual caught my eye and arrested my attention. I was both grieved and surprised that one short sentence was considered a sufficient memorial of the man who saved the life of Decatur, and who braved the battle and the breeze for more than thirty years in the service of his country. Inspired with these feelings, I sat down and wrote out the following sketch of his services as a little monument to his memory.

Reuben James was born in the county of Sussex, State of Delaware, in the year 1777, and when quite young went to sea in a merchantman. In 1797, when but twenty years of age, he found more congenial employment on board a privateer. Soon after joining her, she fell in with a French privateer, of superior force, off Guadaloupe, and was captured. On his return to the United States, he shipped in the naval service, and sailed for the first time in the frigate Constellation, Commodore Thomas Truxton.

During this cruise he had a part in capturing the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, and stood to his quarters during her action with *L'Vengeance*, a vessel of superior size and force to the Constellation, which resulted in her sheering off under cover of the night, after an obstinate engagement, the Constellation being unable to pursue her from having lost her mainmast.

His next service was on board the frigate President, when she sailed, in 1801, under Commodore Dale, for the Mediterranean. His term of service expiring while at sea, he re-entered on board the frigate Chesapeake for service in the same sea. In the harbor of Gibraltar he volunteered on board the schooner *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Isaac Hull. While he was on board they gave chase to a Tripolitan sloop-of-war, which, after some sharp shooting, blew up, whether from accident or by design is not known.

In 1803, he was one of the sixty men selected by Decatur to destroy the frigate *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli. The success of that bold project is too well known to need repetition. It is enough to say it was pronounced by Lord Nelson "the most bold and daring act of the age." He continued in the squadron, and in 1804, in the attack upon the batteries, was on board the gunboat commanded by Decatur, the commander also of the first division. It was there and then that he showed a devotedness and attachment to his commander which has never been surpassed. Captain Decatur was at the time engaged with the commander of a Tripolitan gunboat he had boarded, for having treacherously shot his brother, and while fiercely contending, James observed another Turk aiming a blow at his head. Unable to contend with this treacherous assassin on his beloved commander, from having both his hands disabled by wounds, he sprung between

him and the sabre, and received the blow on his own head, whereby he was severely wounded. A small pension was allowed him for this service, a particular account of which is narrated in the "Naval Temple," though the name of this humble hero is not there recorded.

Soon after this event, Captain Robinson purchased four gunboats in the Gulf of Venice, and there being a scarcity of officers, James was assigned the command of one of them. Getting separated from the others at sea, he was picked up by a merchantman and taken to Messina and placed under charge of the American consul. He was next transferred to the brig *Syren*, Captain Smith, and received an appointment as acting gunner, in which capacity he continued to serve until a peace with Tripoli was concluded, when he returned to the United States in gunboat No. 6, Captain Lawrence.

During the embargo he was on board the frigate Chesapeake, and afterwards on board the frigate United States, under the command of his old favorite Decatur. The United States remained at Norfolk, as guard-ship, until the declaration of war, when she went to sea.

During the second cruise, James continuing still on board, they fell in with, engaged, and captured the fine frigate *Macedonian*, in the language of the English themselves—"the finest frigate in the English service." After this memorable action the United States put into New York, refitted, and sailed—was pursued by the British squadron, and escaped by running into the harbor of New London. There the crew and officers, including of course our hero, were transferred to the frigate President, which ship it is well known was captured by the British squadron, after having silenced the *Endymion*, a frigate of her own force. It is disgraceful to England that she has given medals to the captain and officers of the *Endymion* for the capture of the President, and perhaps not less disgraceful to the officers that they received such lying testimonials. In this action James received three wounds. Another "old salt," who was living a few years since, and had been a participator in several of the actions of the last war, told me that this was by far the bloodiest of any of them.

When war was declared against Algiers, we find James, discontented with the hard knocks he had already received, again shipped in the service on board the frigate *Guerriere*, Commodore Decatur—still following the fortunes of his favorite captain. While on board the *Guerriere*, he assisted in the capture of an Algerine frigate, bearing an admiral's flag, and proceeded to Algiers, where a treaty was completed highly honorable to the Americans.

His next service was in the Independence ship-of-the-line, Commodore Bainbridge, and succeeding that again on board the *Guerriere*, Commodore McDonough, in the Mediterranean.

His next reshipment, for three years, was served under Commodore David Porter, on the West India station, in breaking up those nests of buccaneers that at that time swarmed around the keys and coves of the island. After this service he sailed for the Pacific, on board his old ship the *Guerriere*, Commodore Thompson, where he remained another three years.

His next term of service was passed on board the receiving ship at Norfolk. He then re-entered for another three years, and sailed for the Pacific in the frigate *Brandywine*, but was obliged to return on account of ill health, and was received at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk, in 1835. His health having become partially restored, he proceeded to Washington in October of the same year, for the purpose of obtaining a pension, he being at that time sixty years of age, thirty-three of which had been passed by him in the naval service of the United States—having continued in it through all the wars, and participated in the most brilliant of our naval actions.

It has been and still is the custom in the navy to give the sailors on certain anniversaries an extra glass of grog, something more than the usual daily allowance, or as it is technically called, "allowing them to splice the mainbrace"—Jack being in one sense the main brace of the ship. Our veteran, like most old-time sailors, was an ardent admirer of strong waters, and left it a duty to celebrate an unusual number of these anniversaries, and thus contrived for himself many merry-makings. Besides our national anniversaries, he always celebrated his own birthday, which somehow came oftener than once a year, the birthday of his favorite commander Decatur, the anniversaries of his "ten fights

and as many skirmishes," the officers seldom refusing him the extra "tot" whenever he pleaded the occasion.

He was acquainted with all of the older officers of the service, and had sailed with most of them. He considered all the officers, old and young, as his particular friends, and was their champion, and would never allow any one wearing "the button" to be spoken of disrespectfully in his hearing.

Soon after his arrival in Washington, his right leg, which had been injured by a musket ball, became extensively diseased, and he was ordered by the faculty of the navy to the hospital. It was found on examination that the only means of saving his life was by a speedy amputation of the limb. This he bore without a murmur, carefully scrutinizing every step of the operation, remarking, however, he "thought it hard that he should be put under jury-masts now that he was laid up."

He lost a good deal of blood in consequence of the diseased state of the blood-vessels, and violent symptoms of lockjaw followed. When the spasms were most severe, and he had given up all hope of recovery, he requested the surgeon to "ease him off handsomely," retaining his courage and coolness to the last. He and grim death had jostled together for many years, and at length old dry bones had come up with him, as he thought, and it would be no more than fair to let him have his own way. Unexpectedly, he rallied, and when it became necessary to use stimulants to strengthen his battered old hulk, he was asked which he would prefer, brown stout or brandy toddy. His reply was characteristic of an old salt of the olden time—"Suppose you give us both, doctor."

His visit to Washington was so far successful that a pension of a hundred dollars a year was granted, and he was permitted to remain at the hospital up to the time of his death. But for his devotedness Decatur would not have lived to have captured the *Macedonian*, or been so gloriously captured in the President.

It must have been observed from our account of this old salt and his services, that he became a great favorite with the officers of the navy, and was allowed that privilege of tongue only granted to sailors who from long service are seldom found fault with, and never punished, and are thence styled "officers' chickens." James, however, knew his place well, never took advantage of the esteem in which he was held, or was disrespectfully familiar. He could not, however, endure to hear his service disparaged.

During his service on board the receiving-ship at Norfolk, an English officer visited the ship, and in excessive bad taste, spoke to the officer who was attending him rather disparagingly of our service, while at the same time he extolled his own. James, who was quarter master on the poop deck, heard him for some time in silence, but at last could stand it no longer when the Englishman began to talk of their superior despatch in stripping ship, remarking that he had seen one of their frigates stripped to a girtline in half a day. At this James, who had for some time been itching to say a word, advanced, and touching his forelock respectfully, said:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I have known one of your frigates stripped in less time than that, sir."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer, "have you, indeed. It was smart work then. What one, pray?"

"Why, sir, it was the *Guerriere*, sir; Commodore Hull, sir, stripped her, masts and all, in less than thirty minutes!"

James was of course reproved by his officer, but no doubt with an inward chuckle at his wit, which completely silenced the Englishman.

Such is a sketch of the life of "Reuben James, seaman," whose death has been simply announced in the newspapers. I regret that I had not the data for a nobler and more complete monument to his memory.

HONOR TO LABOR.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—*Carlyle*.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS C. B., Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.—Edmund Waller was born at Colehill, England, in 1603. His mother was a sister of the famous Hampden, his father a gentleman of good fortune. The poet's love for the Lady Dorothea Sidney, whom he celebrates in elegant verse as "Sacharissa," is one of the romances of literature. Waller was a Roundhead under Cromwell, and a loyalist under Charles II., and was, indeed, as destitute of fixed principles as his genius was of sublimity. His songs are elegant, and will alone preserve his name. He died at Beaconsfield, 21st October, 1687.

CONSTANT READER.—John the Blind, King of Bohemia, fell in the fight at Crecy, in 1346. Being informed that the battle was lost, he bade his knights conduct him into the thickest of the fray. "And," says quaint old Froissart, "he rushed so bravely on the enemy, that at each sweep of his sword went down a foe, and those who attended him fought in like manner, and fell where they fought, so that on the morrow their bodies were found piled around their lord, and their horses all close together."

F. C.—Leigh Hunt the poet is 74 years of age, and resides in a pretty cottage at Hammersmith, England.

ART-STUDENT.—A large eye is not only consistent with beauty, but essential to it. The eye of the eagle, even of the ox, is familiar in the smiles of the poets. Thus we have the "ox-eyed Juno." The Arab expresses his idea of a woman's beauty by saying that she has the eye of the gazelle.

J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Enamel is the art of variegating colors, laid upon or into another body. It is also made of painting with vitrified colors, on gold, silver, copper, etc., and of melting it by heat. Gorgonian specimens of enamel upon gold was a speciality of Byzantine workmanship.

H. P.—Powers the sculptor has resided in Italy about eighteen years.

"ONE OF US."—The pleasure boats on the Neva, at St. Petersburg are far gayer than the Venetian gondolas, which latter are universally painted black. Formerly they were splendidly decorated, and so much expense was incurred in the rivalry of fashion, that the senate, by one of its sumptuary laws, decreed the color which has ever since distinguished them.

V. M.—The population of Smyrna is about 150,000, divided as follows: 80,000 Turks, 40,000 Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5000 Franks.

CANTER.—Daniel O'Connell died in Italy, May 15, 1847.

THE OLD EGYPTIANS.

Thales, a Phœnician philosopher, though born in Miletus, journeyed into Egypt about six hundred years before Christ, for the purpose of studying geometry, astronomy, and philosophy. He however found very poor schoolmasters among the priesthood of Memphis, with whom he studied; for they were unable to measure even the height of their own pyramids. He taught them a very simple process by which to accomplish this object, and excited their astonishment and admiration by his performance. The shadow cast by the pyramids upon the surface of the earth, was made use of by him to determine the height of the edifice. Erecting a perpendicular staff of a given length, he noted the length of the shadow which it cast upon the ground, and the proportion which it bore to the length of the staff. Then, measuring the shadow of the pyramid from the centre of its base to the farthest point, he applied the proportion between the length of the object and its shadow, which the staff had given him, and thus determined the true height of the edifice. It seems strange that a people of such high repute for learning as the priesthood of Egypt, should not have been able to solve so simple a proposition by the rules of trigonometry; and still more strange that the off-hand expedient of Thales should never have occurred to them.

The knowledge of measurement was familiar to the ancient Egyptians, as is clearly demonstrated by the regularity of structure of the mighty and enduring pyramids which they have left behind them. Some years ago, Mohammed Ali, the Turkish Pasha of Egypt, having occasion to construct a fort, ordered one of these monuments to be blown up, for the purpose of using the stone in his new work. During the process of destruction, a workman's measure, bedded in mortar, was brought to light. It was a wooden rule, two cubits, or forty-two inches in length, and was regularly divided off into fingers, palms, and spans. This implement probably belonged to one of the masons employed in building the pyramid, thirty-five hundred years ago, and was dropped from his hands among the stones, where it had rested and been preserved in the mortar for that enormous period of time. This memorial of ancient art was applied to many of the entrances and chambers of the pyramids, and proved to be the measure by which they were erected. Some French savans secured this invaluable prize, and it is probably now preserved in the national collection of antiquities at Paris. The entrance ways to these pyramids

measure just two cubits; and it may be mentioned, as a remarkable fact, that the doors of the famous round towers of Ireland are of exactly the same width, showing that the ancient Phœnician colonists, by whom Ireland was first civilized, and who built these towers, employed the same measure in building as the early Egyptians.

A DROLL AFFAIR.

Our readers are aware that the French court has been recently sojourning at Compeigne, for the enjoyment of hunting and other rural sports. The priest of the neighboring village of B. is well known as a man of wit and the world, a "good fellow," in short, and quite a favorite with the imperial officers.

One day a caravan of a dozen persons, ladies, officers, and chamberlains, lost their way in the woods, and finally came out in the village of B. Just then the worthy curé was reading his breviary at his door. He rose to meet the party, and gave them a warm welcome. They had been wandering in the woods for hours, dying of hunger and thirst, and the captain asked the priest if they could not get something to eat in the village.

"My dear sir," said the hospitable priest, "isn't the parsonage here? Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. Catherine (his servant), be alive there. Fly to the cellar, the poultry-yard, and dove cote. Bring a table cloth, napkins, and plates here."

At the same time the curate opened a wardrobe, took out a surplice, and put it on, saying:

"Excuse me, if I absent myself for a moment—only while dinner is getting ready. I am obliged to attend to a matter which admits of no delay."

"But where are you going, sir?"

"O, don't be uneasy—a parochial duty."

"But, sir?"

"Are you curious to know my business?"

"Very much so."

"I didn't wish to sadden you. But I must call on a poor dying girl, I confess, this morning."

"What is her sickness?"

"Ah, poor child—the small pox!"

With these words he vanished. The guests looked at each other in dismay, and then scattered, and for many days they gave the parsonage a wide berth. It was no trick of the good priest, for he was really hospitable; but they could not make up their minds to patronize his table after such an avowal.

A VERY FRENCH STORY.

Among the frequenters of the French opera, a very beautiful Italian woman has lately been the "observed of all observers," particularly from her resemblance to Titian's *Violante*. Her name is Metella Sarti, and about her the following true or false story is related: A young Frenchman, Count Max Something, left Paris, on account of the slanderous stories of a certain viper-tongued woman, which caused him to conceive a horror of all feminine tongues. He was a constant attendant at the Neapolitan opera-house, and never missed a ballet in which the beautiful Metalla—for she was an opera-dancer—figured. The Marquis Salvinti, observing the interest the young Frenchman seemed to take in his fair countrywoman, offered to introduce him.

"The immortal gods forbid!" cried the count. "I love her as she is—the ideal of my fancy. She is charming on the stage and—mute. If I should hear her speak, the charm would cease."

Shortly afterwards, all Naples was excited by the rumor of a strange adventure. The lovely Neapolitan's carriage was run away with, and her frightened horses came near dashing her down a precipice. She was uninjured, but her terror deprived her of speech. The best physicians were consulted, but all their skill was unable to restore her voice.

On learning this, the young Frenchman consented to an introduction, and was very much charmed with the modest and lady-like manner of the unfortunate danseuse. One morning, when he was paying her a visit, overcome by the warmth of the weather, and the fatigues of the preceding night, she fell asleep in spite of her utmost exertions to keep awake. Suddenly the beautiful dreamer murmured: "Dearest Max!" Astounded at the incident, the young man gently awoke her; but the young girl looked at him with astonishment, and remained mute. Max could not understand this phenomenon till he realized what he had said, long ago, to the Marquis Salvinti—"If I should hear her speak, my illusions would vanish."

Kneeling at his feet, he took her hand and murmured: "Metalla, soul of my life, I have guessed your secret! I restored your speech—I desire you to speak!"

Metalla burst into tears, and replied: "Dear Max, do not cease to love me—I will be dumb again when you wish!"

The count offered his hand, was accepted, and they are to be married as soon as the dancer has achieved a reputation in Paris. If the story is not true—at least, it is a very ingenious puff of a very charming woman.

ABOUT DOGS.

The great naturalist, Cuvier, says: "The dog is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has made from wild nature." Scores of distinguished men—among others, Sir Walter Scott—might be cited as "friends to dogs, for they are honest creatures." Napoleon I., notwithstanding the trouble Josephine's pet dogs caused him, and particularly the famous *Fortuné*, whose body was embalmed, preserved through life a regard for the canine race. One day, at Longwood, Madame de Montholon was driving a dog away.

"Ah, madame," said Napoleon, "would you banish the dog? Then you do not like fidelity?"

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon their city in the time of Themistocles, makes a digression to describe the lamentable moaning of the dogs they left behind in Athens. One of these dogs swam to his master at Salamis, where he died of fatigue, and the Athenians honored him by a tomb, and gave the name of the "Dog's Tomb" to that part of the island on which he was buried.

The son of the great Condé fancied he was metamorphosed into a hunting-dog, and ran barking about his house; but in the apartments of Louis XIV., out of respect for the monarch, he contented himself with whining in a low tone.

Voltaire says: "It appears that nature has bestowed the dog on man for his defence and pleasure. He is, of all animals, the most faithful, and the best friend man can have." And Rivarol, in his "Essay on Friendship," defines the bond between man and the dog, as "the most perfect union which exists in this world." We think that "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," owe us a card of thanks for this gratuitous puff.

CORRESPONDENTS.—During the last few months we have taken much pains to interest competent individuals, travelling abroad, and especially those sailing to distant parts of the world, to send us sketches of the interesting localities they visit, carefully prepared, so that we can engrave them for our Pictorial. We have already commenced to receive these sketches, and have given three or four in our columns. This enterprise will be of great value and interest to our patrons, and these fine original scenes will be multiplied in our pages, with care and accuracy. These pictures will be interspersed by numerous American scenes, and especially all notable matters of a local interest, such as choice portraits, fine new buildings, new ships, etc. We are determined that *Ballou's Pictorial* shall be the best illustrated paper in this country.

MR. GEO. VANDENHOFF.—This accomplished gentleman is giving a series of readings before the second Unitarian Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in their new and elegant church. Milton's "Comus" was one of the poems selected. Mr. V. has just returned from a successful reading tour to Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburg.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We received, in one day, last week, *four hundred and seven* subscribers to our Dollar Monthly! One Dollar a year, fully illustrated, and each number containing one hundred pages of original reading matter. Twelve hundred pages a year for one dollar!

DESIGNS.—We shall feel obliged to our friends in any part of the country, who will send us sketches of notable scenes, public buildings, etc., for our columns. Such sketches should be accompanied by a brief but careful description.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—We are making arrangements to send able and experienced artists into various parts of the country, for fine original drawings of interesting subjects, for our pages.

THE AKALIS TOWER, UMRITZIR, INDIA.

We know of no more beautiful specimen of oriental architecture, than the lofty and elaborate structure of which we publish an accurate representation on page 52. It stands in a charming grove, by the borders of a beautiful tank, whose still waters reflect the rich ornaments that decorate the stately and symmetrical pile. The main building is octagonal in form, and so is the cupola. Both the latter and the projecting vestibule are ornamented by rich and stately domes. The windows are sheltered by projecting canopies richly carved, and, notwithstanding this gorgeousness and luxury of detail, the effect of the whole, nevertheless, or, perhaps we should say in consequence of its irregularity and eccentricity, is pleasing. The origin of this tower is unknown, or for what purpose it was erected, but it has acquired historical celebrity. In the famous Sikh war, a band of Akalis, fierce and fanatic, held possession of this tower, having constituted themselves guardians of the tank and temple. These men were distinguished by a uniform of blue cloth, ornamented and defended by bands and chains of steel. Armed to the teeth, they swore vengeance on the invaders, and long after the city had been stormed by the victorious troops, this Spartan band maintained their post. The British forced an entrance into the lower story of the temple, and then ensued a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, the Akalis retreating, fighting desperately, from story to story, until they reached the summit. To repeated calls to surrender, they only replied by yells of defiance, and, finally, when all hope was lost, they flung themselves from the parapet, and were either dashed to atoms or drowned in the waters of the tank. So heroic a resistance would have honored a better cause.

TENNYSON'S "ADELINE."—Another exquisite photograph, by S. Masury, from a crayon drawing, by C. A. Barry, of this city, is for sale at our various print-shops. It is an ideal head of surpassing loveliness, and charming in expression, realizing the vision of the English poet. Those who possess the "Motherless," by the same artist, need only be told that it is equally pleasing and perfect as a work of art, and that it is executed in the same style of photography—in a light neutral tint. As a crayon artist, Mr. Barry has raised himself to the front rank.

D'AVIGNON, THE ARTIST.—We are pleased to learn that this artist, whose drawing of portraits on stone has never been equalled in this country, is now established in our city. He is engaged in drawing lithographed heads for Mr. Chas. H. Brainard, who has made it his speciality to publish portraits of the prominent men and women of the times. Many of those he has already published are from the crayon of D'Avignon, who unites to exquisite finish a grasp of character which gives his productions a rare value.

THE BOSTON SATURDAY GAZETTE.—This favorite miscellaneous weekly has just entered upon its *forty-fifth* volume, but though so well and long established, it gives no evidence of age, except the advantage gained by experience. It is fully up to the times, and richly merits the large patronage it enjoys. As an advertising medium, it is unrivalled; this we know from personal experiment in our own business behalf. The editorial corps of the Gazette is a strong and able one, besides which, it employs a host of the best correspondents and contributors.

IS SURELY COMING.—That wonder of maritime construction, the Great Eastern, is progressing in her preparations to cross the Atlantic. We shall certainly make a pilgrimage to Portland, when she arrives.

ZOOLOGY.—One Mr. Freoilian has recently put forth a handsome octavo of 580 pages, to prove that Louis Napoleon is the Beast of the Apocalypse.

POPULATION.—New York State contains over 3,000,000 inhabitants. Pennsylvania comes next, in point of population, containing 2,300,000. Our own State has just about 1,000,000.

BANKS.—We have thirty nine banks in this city, and two more are contemplated. There are also five excellent savings institutions.

THE NEW YORK PARK.

The citizens of New York are quite proud of their new Central Park in the upper part of the city, the work upon which has made good progress during the past year. The grounds have been partially graded, and the roads so far laid out as to give a very good idea of what the general effect will be when the entire work is completed. The natural surface presents a great variety of elevation and depression, and is well adapted to admit of the most beautiful landscape effects. The grounds embrace the highest land on the island of Manhattan, and are quite remarkable for their diversified and picturesque scenery. There are natural depressions for ponds, ample levels for gardens, parades, and play grounds, sloping hillsides for romantic walks, and excellent facilities for broad and level carriage drives. In some parts of the grounds the rocky ledge crops out into bold crags, which present superior opportunities for the production of striking scenic effects. It is anticipated that a large portion of the park will be completed, so as to be thrown open to the public during the next summer; and for diversion during the present winter, the commissioners have flooded an ample tract for a skating pond.

SOMETHING ABOUT REBUSES.

The history of the rebus has never been written—a very great omission. The rebus, though the name is Latin, must have originated in Egypt. The obelisk of Luxor is a proof, and what are the hieroglyphics but pictorial riddles. Mythology corroborates this assertion. Apollo communicated his oracles in the form of rebuses; witness his answer to Philip, King of Macedonia: "Thou shalt be slain by a chariot." In fact, the sword which Pausanias made to slay the father of Alexander the Great, had a chariot embossed on the handle. Unluckily, Philip was a very poor guesser of riddles, and contented himself with sending all the chariots he could find out of his kingdom.

Under the empire, an Austrian general having been beaten both in Germany and Italy, the people drew a drum upon the door of his house, with the following words as an explanation of the rebus: "I am beaten on both sides." Alphonse Karr once sent a letter to a friend which contained only a note of interrogation—?. The answer was—0. The meaning of these notes was—"what is there new?" and "nothing." The brevity of wit could not be pushed much further.

AN UNLUCKY ACTOR.—At one of our theatres, while an "eminent" was lately doing up, in the usual butcher-block style, the character of "Macbeth," one of his favorite "points" was knocked into a three-cornered hat. When he had struggled, like a fish out of water, through to the passage, "We will proceed no further in this business," a tall, lanky countryman arose in the parquette, and, placing his "kowsheet" on his head, exclaimed: "I'm blamed glad of it; for sich bad actin' I never did see!"

ONLY A DOLLAR.—We pronounce "Ballou's Magazine" the best publication in the United States, for the price. It is an octavo of one hundred pages, printed and published monthly, on clean white paper. It is elegantly illustrated, free from politics and all sectarian subjects—and, indeed, all "trashy" nonsense, which occupies a considerable portion of the magazine literature of the day. Ballou is second only to Harper. The January number is excellent. Price, \$1 a year. M. M. Ballou, Boston, Mass., editor and proprietor.—*Weekly Star, Morgantown, Virginia.*

ANNUAL MORTALITY OF BOSTON.—The number of deaths in Boston during the year 1858 was a little rising thirty-eight hundred—a decrease over 1857 of about one hundred and twenty-five. As usual, consumption was the leading disorder.

GROWING.—About three hundred new dwelling-houses have been erected in the southern section of our city during the year just past. All in ward eleven.

THEATRICAL.—There are twenty-one regularly conducted theatres in London at the present time, and they are generally successful.

WHO CAN TELL?—Our "devil" wants to know if Christmas was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

EDUCATIONAL.—Boston paid last year for the support of her public schools, \$345,294.



THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND, GERMAN OCEAN.

[Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]

ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

AT SEA, OFF HELIGOLAND,
NOVEMBER 5, 1858.

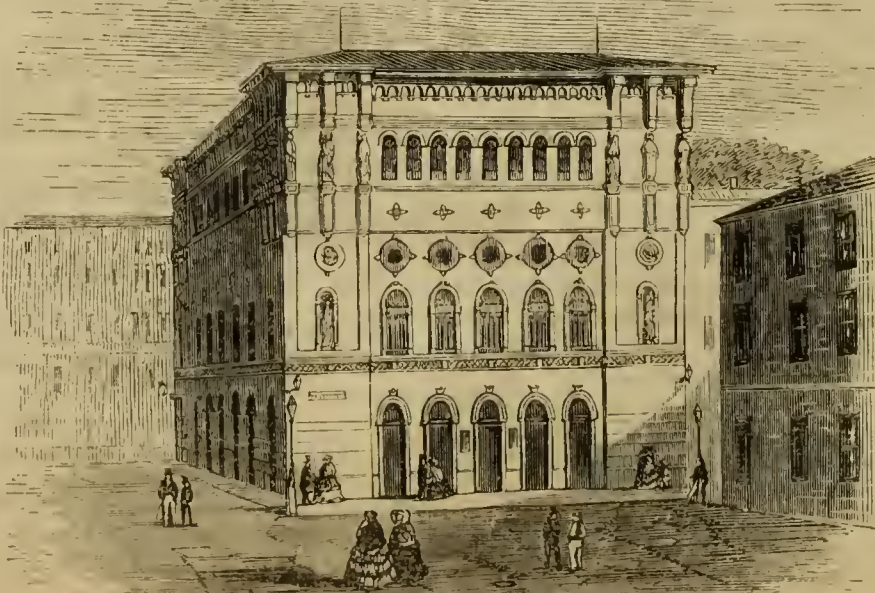
M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR, — Our good bark is lying at anchor under the lee of Heligoland, and having visited the place and made a sketch of it, to while away the time, perhaps I cannot do better than to add a few descriptive items in case you should find the drawing worth engraving and publication. The sketch is a correct one, though made in a biting wind, and the island looked gloomy enough as it rose against the leaden sky, with the angry waves dashing against its base. Of course, in summer, with the warm sunlight glancing over it and lighting up the buildings, it would appear a very different place. Heligoland is a small island, not more than a mile and a half in length, I should judge, and lying about thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. It is composed of sand-banks and rocky, but it is yet one of the many important points on which Great Britain has succeeded in planting the "meteor flag" all over the face of the globe. The name signifies, I have read, in German, "sacred place," and here stood in former ages, the temple of some Saxon god or goddess. It was also the residence of the chief of the North Frieslanders. Denmark acquired it by the process of annexation in 1714. In 1807, when Great Britain made unholy war on Denmark, she sent a small squadron against Heligoland, and easily obtained possession of the island. Her object in holding it was to make it a smuggling station from which to throw into the continent those goods excluded by Bonaparte's continental system. In 1814 England retained it for its excellent harbors, and as a strong military station. The sketch indicates the division of the town into two parts—an upper and a lower one. The official buildings, all of which are plain and unpretending, are in the former part, while the lower town consists of fishermen's huts, mere cabins for shelter, scattered about irregularly, and a hotel. Fishing and the pilotage of vessels supply employment to the men, while the women, besides the care of their households, and assisting in curing fish, till the ungrateful soil, and tend the few sheep that feed upon the upland pastures. They are honest and industrious, but the hard life they lead destroys their good looks at an early age. Nothing, I should think, could be more discouraging than farming here—worse than tilling the most stony patch in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. In my rambles about the island I have not seen anything that could be dignified by the name of tree—though the inhabitants are very proud of a few distorted and stunted shrubs which have braved the sea blasts, and which they persist in calling trees. They raise some barley and oats, but their vegetables, as well as their fuel, have to be imported from the mainland. A little life is given to the island in summer, by visitors who come hither to enjoy sea-bathing; and in whose wake there always come a few sharp Hamburg traders who understand how to make hay while the sun shines. For this brief season an unusual bustle and animation pervade the

little island, and a good deal of money is parted with by the strangers, who submit with a good grace, to being charged about 100 per cent. advance on everything they buy, in consideration of the difficulty of making money here. During the Crimean war Heligoland, however, exhibited a little spasmodic agitation, for it was made a recruiting rendezvous by the British government, and here foreigners were mustered into service in the grand crusade against the czar. But with the conclusion of peace, the island has lapsed into its nominal, stagnating condition. Yet even a halt at such a place varies the monotony of a long sea voyage. Hoping to write you next from some gayer port, I remain,
Yours truly, R. C. M.

VIEWS IN TRIESTE, AUSTRIA.

In a former number of the Pictorial, we published several views taken in Trieste, the only seaport in the Illyrian provinces, the duchy of Austria and the greater part of Hungary, but its great commercial importance, and its recent rapid development under the more enlightened policy of the present emperor of Austria, induces us to lay before our friends some fresh and authentic pictures of the place, which strike us as being both artistic and interesting. Trieste has lately been the place of meeting of representatives from the different railways which now traverse Germany. The line from Laybach to Trieste, which is now finished, is one of the greatest importance to Austria, and to Germany in general,

since a direct communication is opened between the Adriatic and the Baltic. A further line is now proposed, and will open up the rich corn countries of Croatia and Hungary, and be a source of enormous wealth. Hitherto the riches of these countries have been completely locked up from the difficulties of conveyance, and the expense attending it, there being really no roads deserving the name in either of these parts of the Austrian dominions. In many parts, at a distance from the Danube, the crops of two or three years have been hoarded, without the possibility of the proprietors disposing of them, as also the exquisite wines of the country, which are almost unknown out of it, from the damage they receive by the carriage over the traets which cut up the country, and which tend rather to impede than promote exportation. A species of infatuation seems to have possessed the Austrian government, until the accession of the present emperor, with regard to these countries. The encouragement which the emperor now gives to everything which tends to improve the trade of Austria will, eventually, render her one of the richest countries in Europe, and the port of Trieste will far outshine the glories of ancient Venice. The situation of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, and few places can vie with it for cleanliness. The whole town is paved with flag-stones, and the greatest attention is paid to keeping the streets clean. There are several excellent hotels; of late years great improvements have been made, several magnificent buildings having sprung up. The bathing is very good, and the new baths afford every convenience for sea bathing. The first of our illustrations is the "Armonia" theatre, a building devoted chiefly to operatic performances, as its name indicates. It is in the Venetian style of architecture, and would not look out of place if located in the Piazza of St. Mark. The new sea baths are in a very pretty style of architecture, and are admirably conducted and liberally patronized by residents and strangers. The "Ferdinandum" is a beautiful palace lately erected, a fine structure, and commanding a most extensive and romantic view. These elegant structures show what improvements are making in the modern part of the ancient city. Trieste is a very old place. It was of importance under the Romans, by whom it was called *Tergeste*, and has the remains of an amphitheatre and some arches. In the middle ages it was the capital of an independent Republic. It was taken by the French in 1797 and 1805. Trieste is finely situated on the Gulf of Trieste, at the northeast extremity of the Adriatic Sea, and 73 miles north-northeast of Venice. The old town is built on the declivity of a steep hill, crowned by a fortress in a ruinous condition, and enclosed by old walls, and the new town Theresienstadt, Josephstadt, and the Franzen-Vorstadt, bordering the sea on a plain at its foot. It has altogether a very thriving appearance, and its streets are crowded with men of all nations. The new town is very well built, and few cities on the continent can vie with it in the solidity and comfort of its private dwellings, while its public edifices are, many of them, models of taste and elegance that would do honor to the architecture of any city.



THE ARMONIA THEATRE, TRIESTE.

A WESTERN LINGUIST.

A. C. Johnson, in the State of Illinois, at the age of ten, took a fancy for the study of Latin. He soon found, and it was all he could find, Andrews' and Stoddard's very small grammar, which he borrowed, and kept long enough to master most of its brief lessons. He then had to return this, and he resolved to have one of his own.—He had ninety cents. He had found in the roads at different times, a dime and half-dime, and a relative had given him a Mexican bit; a neighbor, knowing his ambition and lack of means, showed him a side of old bacon, very rusty, and worn-eaten on the edges, of which he made him a present. A. C. took it, trimmed, scoured, and sunned it, and sold it for 62 1-2 cents. This just enabled him to buy Anthon's Latin Lessons, and he was rich enough. At every leisure moment, by day or night, he was poring over his treasure, until he had almost committed the whole to memory. A friend then allowed him the use of Andrew's Latin Reader; and, after he had finished this, an elder brother presented him the *Epit. Sac. Hist.* and *Viri Romæ*. After this he had little difficulty in procuring and reading Cæsar, Ovid, Cicero, Sallust, Horace, and "Quidam Tractatus Logicæ—London, 1659."—In the meantime he had commenced the study of Greek. His father owned Wesley's works, and among them was a Greek Grammar. This was A. C.'s starting point, and few boys will consider it a pleasant one. But better luck awaited him. He found and borrowed a much larger work by J. Smith, S. T. D., print. Boston, 1809. Before he had finished this he borrowed Valpey, and there completed his knowledge of Greek grammar. After borrowing and reading Anthon's *Jacob's Reader*, he happened to meet an opportunity to buy for a few cents—learned works do not sell well in the West—a Greek Dialectus, Greek Exercises, Græca Minora, Greek Testament, Xenophon, Homer, and a Lexicon. Long before he had finished these, he had undertaken the Hebrew. His father owned a Hebrew Grammar, by the Rev. Martin Ruter, which it was no difficult task to commit to memory, and a larger work entitled *Wilson's Introduction*. These employed him for nearly a year, after which he bought a Hebrew Bible, and was "in all his glory." Spanish came next. He found among his father's old papers a large bundle of Congressional Documents, containing the correspondence of the Secretary of State with the Mexican and Spanish Ministers. The letters of the Ministers were in the original Spanish, accompanied by a literal translation. A—C—studied these until he could read the Spanish alone with ease, or else had the whole by heart—

he scarcely knew which. But he now had the good fortune to borrow a Spanish Grammar, and eagerly did he devour it. He then got a Testament, which a soldier had pocketed in Mexico; also a prayer-book and Ortega's Poems, all of which he read; but as he had no dictionary, he had to note down the words whose meaning he could not decipher until he should find them in a construction that would throw light upon them.

Then came the French. For this A. C. had a pretty good beginning in Wanostrocht, which he studied and re-studied carefully. Then, without a dictionary, he began to read *Telemaque*, a book he had borrowed as usual. He noted the difficult words as in the Spanish, till he could render literally every sentence in the volume. He then bought for fifty-five cents a French Testament, French Arithmetic, "French Guide," and Perrin's Tables, which he read with infinite gusto; also Racine and the *Juif Errant*. He had already turned his attention to the German. His only accessible text books were Jayne's *Medizinischer Kalendar* for a reader, and Jayne's *Medical Almanac* for a dictionary. They contain nearly 60 pages of matter not the most interesting, but A. C. pondered over them day after day, week after week, till he could translate literally every sentence in the Calendar. He then happened to find a copy of Ollendorf, which he immediately borrowed. At last he succeeded in purchasing a German Bible, Dutch Reform Hymn Book, etc., which he read with the utmost satisfaction. But I grow tedious. I have said enough to convey an idea of his zeal, industry,

patience, and perseverance. By means like those I have noticed, he has become acquainted with a dozen languages—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, besides storing in a splendid memory the choice gems from 500 volumes of miscellaneous reading. He is quiet, retiring, taciturn, solemn; but writes a great deal, and many of his writings are humorous. If Elihu Burritt deserves praise for acquiring languages in Massachusetts surrounded with books, and having access to a town library, ought not a young farmer's boy, in the half-subdued wilderness of the far West, to enjoy a like reward for similar if not equal labors?

—N. Y. Tribune.

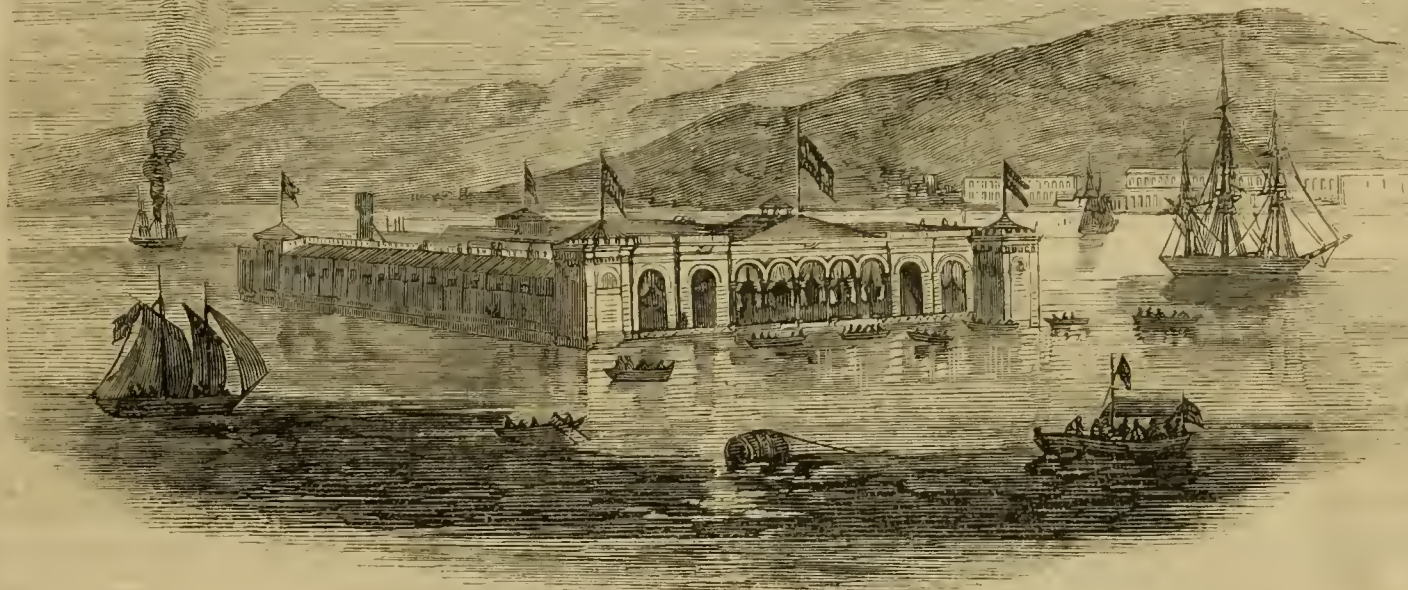
BARTON SMITH.

WINTER ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

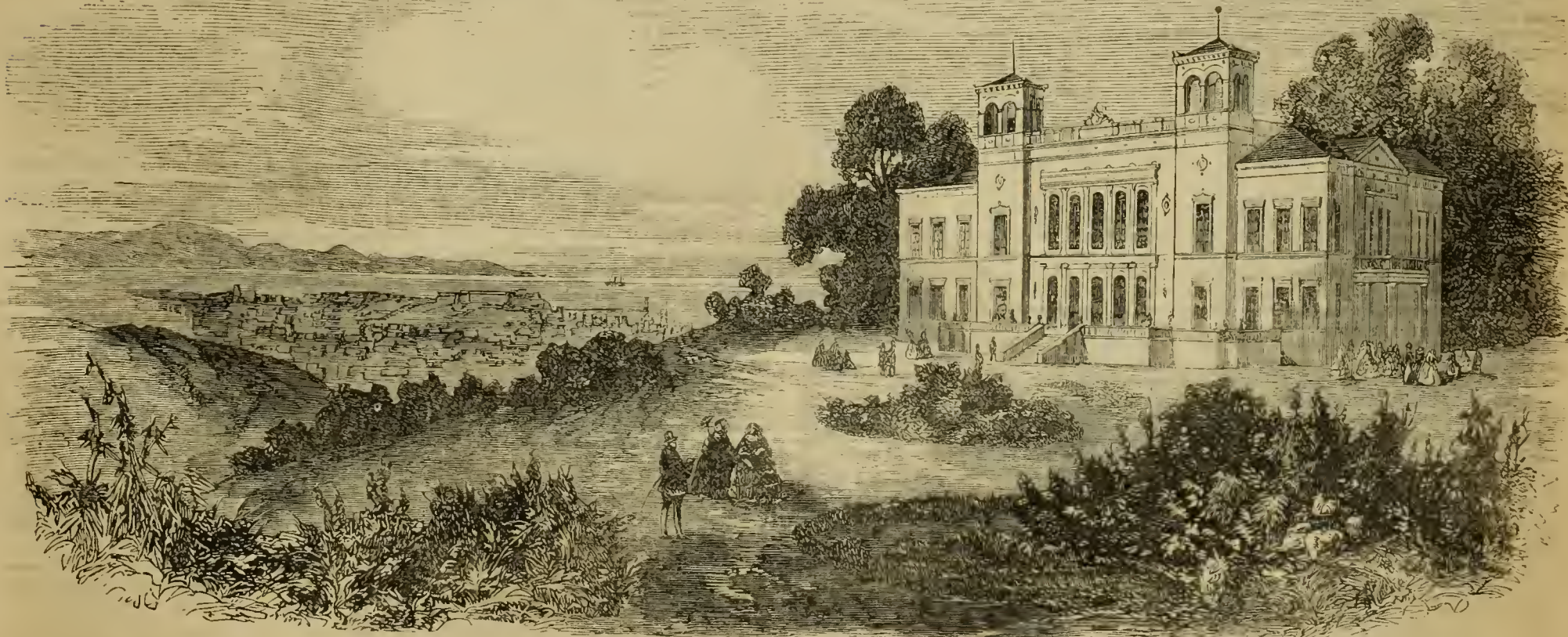
The Coos Republican narrates the successful termination of an enterprise several times attempted, but never before accomplished, viz., the ascent of Mount Washington in winter. Later than the early part of September, the ascent of any of the White Mountain range is attended with danger, and several who have made the attempt have lost their lives. On the 7th of December, however, two individuals surmounted all the perils of the ascent, and entered the Tip Top and Summit Houses. The title to these buildings has been for some time in litigation, and recently Samuel F. Spaulding, of Lancaster, obtained an execution, which he was anxious to levy immediately. Securing the services of Deputy Sheriff Lucius Hartshorn, and B. F. Os-

snow, was a labor of time. Unable to obtain ingress at the doors, they forced their way in through the windows, on which the frost had formed a foot and a half in thickness. The walls and all the furniture were draped with some four inches of frost, and the air was biting in the extreme. It was like a tomb, and a lamp was necessary in the snow cavern to enable the party to distinguish the surrounding objects. As delay was dangerous in the extreme, and having perfected their legal duty, the two prepared to return. Upon emerging from the houses, they beheld to the southwest a cloud rapidly increasing in volume, and rolling on toward them. When first seen, it was small in magnitude, but it increased in size with alarming velocity, soon spreading over the entire south. They knew it was a frost cloud, and to be caught in its folds would probably be fatal, and they hastened to avoid it. They had just entered the woods at the base of the ledge when it came upon them. So icy and penetrating was its breath, that to have encountered its blinding, freezing power on the unprotected height, would have been to have perished with it as a pall to cover them. The party reached the Glen in safety, and were heartily welcomed by their friends, who, well knowing the danger attending this never before accomplished feat, awaited them with much anxiety."

"Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions," and the contrary is produced by easy conversations, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion.



THE NEW SEA BATHS AT TRIESTE.



THE FERDINANDEUM, AT TRIESTE.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IN AN UNKNOWN ALBUM.

BY EFF. T. HYATT.

I know not now to whom may be
This short memorial here from me,
Nor can the lady fair divine
Who wrote this simple verse of mine.
But then my mood is like the flower,
Which blooms and dies within an hour;
I catch the perfumes which it gives,
And breathe it while the flower lives.

This little book before me lay—
I chanced to pick it up to-day.
"To Julia," ah, that name can tell
A tale of blighted love too well!
I saw the inscription written here,
I felt to me 'twas strangely dear;
My pen I caught to write the name,
And fanned to life a dying flame.

Forgive me then—I add a flower
Perchance to die within this bower;
'Tis but a withered bud of pain,
Its petals ne'er will open again.
But if in some succeeding year
You chance to cast your glances here,
Remember 'twas the poet's prayer
That he might die by one so fair.

TO THE BAT.

Little bat, whose airy flight
Fills the evening with delight,
Flit, and flit, and frisk along,
Subject of my youthful song.
When in dappled twilight gray
Through the sombre grove I stray,
Whilst fair Philomela's throat
Warbles forth its sacred note,
Thwart my dusky footsteps fly,
Adding dance to minstrelsy.
Now along the glittering stream,
Now beneath pale Cynthia's beam,
Now amid the vista's shade
Thou thy giddy circles lead;
Joyous elf, thy fairy play
Glads the gloom of parting day.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CEREMONY.

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way into a duchess
As to a hated dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their way
Hard of themselves.—TOURNEUR.

SLANDER.

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house overturned,
Whispered he had a mistress; some said two,
But for domestic quarrels one will do.—BYRON.

CHEERFULNESS.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.—SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Mr. Willis, in a late number of the "Home Journal," tells us whose son Lord Dufferin (whose admirable "Yacht Voyage" we noticed in the Pictorial) is. It appears that his mother was one of the three Sheridan sisters—Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty at Lord Eglington's famous Tournament, being the others. Willis says she has been better known, perhaps, as the "Hon. Mrs. Blackwood;" her husband (Hon. Captain Blackwood, of the Royal Navy,) having passed most of his life as the expectant of a title, and becoming Lord Dufferin but a few years since. Hon. Mrs. Blackwood has composed poetry and music, and was a celebrated beauty. . . . Mrs. Kirkland, in speaking of Washington, alludes to an attempt at an acrostic he made, when a young man, on a lady by the name of Frances Alexander. It was wretched stuff, and he gave it up after he got to the X. She then remarks:—"We must congratulate ourselves upon the failure, for who knows where we might have been now, if Washington had turned out a poet?" . . . The Chinese lately poisoned a French officer who had gained the medal in the Crimea, and had established himself in business in Canton. It is said that poison is the favorite arm of the Chinese. One of their proverbs is—"A little powder produces more effect in a cup than in a gun barrel." . . . It appears that in Russia luxury and the desire of making a show are carried to a greater extent than in any other country. It seems the czar, wishing to repay a great service rendered by a petty official, invited him to come to Peterhoff with his wife. The latter, forced to sustain a rank which did not belong to her, mortgaged her husband's income for three years, and was thus enabled to put on a new dress every morning, noon and night. The empress learned the fact, and, to give her a lesson, said to her, on the day of her departure, "Do you know, my dear, that you are much to be pitied for having such a wretched milliner? She can't have given you a single dress that fits you, you change them so often!" . . . The first masked ball at the French opera, Paris, took place on the fifteenth of last month. Strauss led the orchestra, and the multitude passed a night of frenzied enjoyment. . . . A short time since, a clergyman of the reformed religion, settled over a German church, delivered an eloquent and powerful discourse over the body of one of his parishioners. "His purse," he said, among other things, "was always open to all his brethren. I myself experienced his generosity—I borrowed forty crowns of him, and he never asked me

to pay him." Carried away by his improvisation, the orator never suspected what effect his eloquence would produce. But the funeral over, the heirs put their heads together, and made a pressing demand on the minister to repay the borrowed money with interest. He was obliged to do so, regretting the eloquence in which he had indulged. . . . The Christys originated the *flash* expression, now so much in vogue, of "He's a very nice man, but he can't keep a hotel," which "brings down the house," at Laura Keane's, New York, and at which everybody is laughing, without exactly knowing the reason why. . . . Mrs. Fanny Kemble has intimated that she will this winter read in Philadelphia, next winter in New York, and the winter following in Boston, after which it is her intention to take a final leave of the public. . . . A safe has been invented which locks on the inside, and leaves no key-hole, or other opening. A clock-work within opens it in an hour, regulated by being set before the door is shut. . . . George C. Thorburn, the florist, will take charge of the grounds of the Mount Vernon estate, when it shall be purchased by the ladies. . . . It was a bright thought, that of Smithsonian, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithsonian had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said:—"My friends, after I die, make a post mortem examination, and find out what ails me; for really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself." . . . Some stupid says he thinks that if a fee was charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up at day-break. . . . A person has just been discharged from jail, in Cincinnati, who has been in prison since September, on a charge of passing a counterfeit \$10 on the Bank of Louisville. When the prisoner was arraigned, the note was pronounced genuine. If this is not a hard case, we know not what is. . . . The last arrivals from England inform us that the British government have under consideration a proposition to advance the necessary funds to lay a new cable. . . . Two card-playing friends, while passing through a pine forest, one asked the other this audacious conundrum, "Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber?"—"Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal." . . . What an industrious man can accomplish has been exemplified by the life of the German dramatic writer, Blum, who died in Berlin, in the year 1844, at the age of sixty. His works for the stage amount to the incredible number of 589, including, however, many translations. But this is not all, nor nearly all. Blum was also a composer—his vocal and instrumental works of that description amounting to 162, including some comic operas; and his sprightly part songs are sure to be heard, whenever a party of young Liedertafel singers meet together. Then he executed many of the scenic decorations of the Berlin theatres; was first comic actor at the National Theatre of that city, from 1820 to 1831, and was its chief manager from 1833 to his death. . . . John H. Prentice, of New York, whose house suspended last fall, with liabilities of nearly one million of dollars, has given notice that he was ready to pay in full all demands whether compromised or otherwise. . . . A sprig of divinity, preaching on the fall and repentance of Peter, referred to the crowing personage as "the feathered individual." . . . P. S. Gilmore, the popular musician, has dissolved his connection with the Salem Brass Band, and is about organizing a band in this city. . . . A man who has no bills against him, belongs to an order of no-bill-ity in more than one sense. . . . An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasing. . . . Mr. Eliphnet Stubbs, a real live Yankee from Connecticut, in exhibiting his "Patent Back Action Spanker," thus scientifically describes it:—"One being attached to a baby of any age, it (the spanker) watches over it like a mother—makes it hush when it becomes naughty, obliges it to desist from swallowing thimbles, marbles, three-cent pieces, pins, or any other feed unsuited to its stomach; compels it to go to sleep when it doesn't want to, and, if somewhat older, it sees that it keeps its hands off the sugar-bowl and jam-pots; besides making it keep its face clean—and all by the power of its back action." . . . The noted Mrs. Bloomer is secretary of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, away off at Council Bluffs. . . . The first cargo of ice ever sent to the Sandwich Islands reached there on the 14th of November. It arrived out in excellent order; and to avoid waste, was unloaded by steam—a government pile-driving engine being employed for the purpose. . . . When *Æschylus*, the great poet, was condemned to death, his brother, an orator and hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the defence of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved. The dumb eloquence of that maimed limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn." . . . Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," who, so far as we can judge from his biography, looked very sharp after his own interests, especially when circumstances forced him to become a hack-writer in London, once made the following business-like computation upon a great man's death:—"Lost, by not being able to dedicate to him, ten guineas. Gained, by writing his life, £12. Am glad he is dead by thirty shillings." . . . Madame Persiani, so long the ornament of the Italian opera, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in music. . . . The late Rev. Dr. —, of a neighboring town, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues—and having a short time previous bought a load of wood of one of the officers of his church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plain on the subject:—"Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat." . . . Mr. Ruskin, recently addressing an audience in England, said:—"Some of my hearers, this evening, may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to

contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygonal is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly, till I have contradicted myself three times." . . . For many years a German apothecary, named John Killingling, has resided at Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio. The Cincinnati Commercial says he was known to be rich and penurious, but there were few who guessed at a tithe of his riches. He died lately, and on opening his will, it was found that he left property in this country, and in Germany, worth \$750,000—the whole of which is to be deposited in a bank, the principal never to be touched, but the interest to be devoted to the education of the Protestant Germans in this country. . . . Rachel confessed her "first impulse," on receiving a present from Queen Victoria, "was to feel the weight of the bracelet, and thus estimate its metallic value." . . . Dr. Binus, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," recommends the following means of procuring sleep:—"Let the person turn on his left side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line from the head to the shoulder should form; and then, slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The patient should then depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and he sleeps."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Our advices from Paris state that the influence of the Montalembert affair on the minds of the French people has been much exaggerated by foreign journals. In Paris it is almost forgotten already. The Parisians of wealth and fair circumstances amuse themselves with balls, operas and drives; the mechanica have plenty of work, food and drink, and plenty of cheap amusements furnished them, property is secure, and so long as this is the state of things, the government is heartily supported. It is true that certain details of Louis Napoleon's administration are unpalatable, but, on the whole, it is acceptable, and he is fixed upon his throne firmer than ever.—The effect of the annuity promised by the queen's proclamation in India will soon be known. It is supposed that the British abandonment of proselytism will have vast weight.—The name of the formidable rebellious society in Ireland, is said by the English papers to be the Phoenix, and it is suggested that the members are offshoots of the Ribbon Society.—The English ship-owners lately had a large meeting in London. The Gazette says, "the ship-owners demand reciprocity as not only a measure of simple justice, but as the completion of the commercial system which England has adopted finally. They want free trade, but they will not have the shipping of foreign States protected at their expense. They ask no legislative enactment to place them in a favored position, but they claim to be defended by the provisions of an enactment which was framed with a view to meet the contingency that has arisen, and which threatens us with nothing short of national disaster if it be not challenged in time."—In China it would seem that the Chinese rebels are again making head against the imperial government. It is reported that the insurgents have lately issued from Naukin, and have taken several cities from the imperialists.—A proclamation has been issued in Canton which shows that the Chinese authorities are sincerely desirous of acting fairly by foreigners. It informs the people "that the Middle Kingdom and the two kingdoms (Great Britain and France), having concluded negotiations at Tien-sin, are now actually at peace; that the high mandarins of the Fuyuen committee had bowed reverentially to the imperial will, and, peace being happily established with the outside countries, there is no more occasion for fighting; that the braves are prohibited from again appearing at Canton; and any one wounding a foreigner will be liable to severe punishment."—A singular restoration to life recently occurred to a girl named Amelia Hinks, at Nuneaton, England. She had been gradually drooping from some unknown cause, and finally died, as was supposed. Everything had been prepared for her burial, when her grandfather arrived, who noticed some warmth remaining in the body. Gradually animation was restored, when she related all that had occurred in relation to her funeral, and what some persons had said who came to see her. A singular desire took possession of her to kill her father and mother, and for this purpose she set fire to their bed-curtains secretly, when they thought her unable to leave her bed. The case has excited much interest.

Workwomen in London.

An advertisement in a London weekly paper for fifty dressmakers brought 7000 applicants, many of them from long distances, to the "establishment" of the advertiser. The poor girls, after waiting several hours, got enraged, and went to the Mansion House for redress, under the impression that they had been hoaxed. Mr. Alderman Copeland listened to their complaint and sent an officer to the warehouse, who returned with a person to make the explanations.

A Yankee in Paris.

A few days since an American traveller sat down to the public table in the great Hotel du Louvre, Paris. Immediately calling a waiter, he informed him of his earnest desire to at once eat his breakfast. The waiter gave him a seat at a nicely dressed table, and then handed the usual card whereupon to write the order for his breakfast.

This was handed back to the waiter, having as the leading article of consumption, written in a bold hand, buckwheat cakes. The waiter informed the gentleman that nothing of the kind could be procured at the hotel. "What!" exclaimed the American, all the lineaments of his countenance portraying the most intense disgust, "no buckwheat cakes! Why, what sort of a country do you call this?"

Armenian College.

We learn in a letter from St. Petersburg that Russia has devised a grand plan for securing the adhesion all through the Levant of the great Armenian community, the wealthiest, most honest and intelligent of all the religionists in Asia Minor. An immense college is in process of establishment at Theodosia, on the Black Sea, and all the Armenian youths are invited to get gratuitous education at the hands of the Czar. Paris and Venice were hitherto the only schools they frequented; but by this new scheme that ancient Christian body, widely diffused all over Turkey, will become as steadfast allies of Muscovy as the orthodox Greeks all over Europe.

France and Austria.

A Vienna letter in the Prussian Gazette says: "The French government has demanded no indemnity for the care bestowed on indigent Austrians who had fallen ill in France, and had been received into the hospitals. As there has existed for more than ten years a treaty between France and Austria, in virtue of which necessitous French invalids were to be treated gratuitously in Austria, and Austrians the same in France, this demand made suddenly by France has caused some surprise, and it is regarded as a step towards the speedy revocation of the treaty in question."

Queer Doings in Milan.

A Milan letter says there is much talk of the discovery of extraordinary waste and fraud in the management of the archduke's household. Five of his servants turn out to have been old thieves, and have been arrested. An author named Salari, having received from the archduke a diamond pin in return for a presentation copy of a book, found that the diamond was false. He returned the pin, thinking the archduke had been cheated by his jeweller. The intendant of the palace has sent no answer. Another similar case is cited.

The French Homeopaths.

The Paris *Union Medicale* some time since stigmatized homeopathy as a pretended science, and its professors as charlatans. Upon this twenty-four homeopaths of Paris brought an action for libel. M. Emile Ollivier did his best for them, but the court, after a hearing of several days, dismissed their action with costs.

The Press in Russia.

It is said that the Council of State is now engaged in examining a proposition for giving more liberty to the press in Russia—allowing it, for example, to speak on internal affairs, which is at present interdicted. The Prussian laws on the press are stated to form the basis of the measures submitted to the Council of State.

Mount Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is cracking and opening at all parts from the base to the summit. Small craters vomit lava in all directions, without ceasing. It is feared that at the most unexpected moment an eruption will take place from the great crater, in which case the catastrophe would be terrible for Resina and Portici.

Hindoo Generosity.

Two wealthy Hindoos generously liberated all the debtors incarcerated in Bombay jail, on the day when the queen's proclamation was read, by paying their debts for them. By this act of benevolence about thirty individuals were set free, and the cost to the donors was about 4000 rupees (£400).

The French Tariff.

The Constitutionnel announces that the inquiry into the removal of prohibitions from the French tariff will be held this year. All the interests will have a hearing, and the industrial interests may be sure that there will be no reforms not compatible with the existence and development of national industry.

John Bright.

Mr. Bright continues to be the target at which the British aristocracy are bending their bows. His offence is, that in advocating an extension of suffrage, and an equality of representation, he had the temerity to refer to the institutions of America as a model in these respects worthy of being copied.

Statue of Napoleon.

The French sculptor, M. Leval, who has executed the statue of Napoleon the First for the city of Cherbourg, has now received orders from the emperor to execute a second statue of Napoleon the First, which is to find its place at Longwood, St. Helena.

The Nobles of Moscow.

The nobles of Moscow hold secret meetings, and do not attempt to conceal their disinclination to the emancipation of the serfs. To the west of Moscow, however, no one dares openly to express disapproval of the projects of the czar.

The King of Prussia.

The king of Prussia's health has not improved, and the air of Florence does not seem to agree with him. He never goes out, and the queen is seldom seen in public.

A Ladies' Reading-Room.

Some gentlewomen of the school of reform have established, in close neighborhood to Regent Street, London, a Ladies' Reading-Room, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock.

The Coast of Africa.

The command of the French squadron on the coast of Africa is to be given to a vice-admiral, in consequence of the importance of that station to French interests.

Madame Anna Bishop.

This distinguished vocalist has returned to London, after many years' absence, and has been received with great favor.

Honolulu Jumble.

The sum of \$643 has recently been received from various parties, by the trustees of the hospital in Channing Street, Boston, which has been instituted for the benefit of poor women.—The London Times has a satirical article on the proposition, alleged to be in contemplation at Washington, to place a tax on tea, drawing attention to the manner in which a like proposition was treated at Boston in 1783. Doubtless it does not occur to the satirical Times that people have a right to tax themselves, but not to be taxed by others. We may put a duty of a dollar a pound on tea if we please, but could not think of submitting to three pence imposed by you.—The old Dutch proverb saith, "Stealing never makes a man rich; alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business."—Of fourteen vessels which sailed from New York and Boston for California during June and July last, those which sailed in the latter month made the quickest passages. The average for the former was 153 days, and the latter only 127 days. The average for the whole fleet was 143 4-7 days.—Among the cases of insanity mentioned in the report of the Southern Lunatic Asylum, is one where the inmate declares persistently that he is about to marry the President's daughter.—Persons possessed of beauty of person are found to have the fine sensibilities of humanity in proportion, and genius marks them for her favorites; we may instance Alcibiades, Cleopatra, Milton, Creighton, Raffaele, Mrs. Inchbald, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Mowatt, and others.—The Schenectady Advertiser is printed on an Adams' press, driven by an Ericsson calorific engine. The cost of fuel is said to be 66 per cent. less than that of a steam engine.—It is a somewhat notable fact that Mr. Gillett, the district attorney for Hampden and Berkshire counties, who now closes two years of official services as public prosecutor, has not in all that time lost a case in which he prepared the indictment, nor a disagreement of a jury, or had an indictment broken.—After four months of patient investigation, the committee of the New York City Council appointed to inquire into the cause of the burning of the cupola of the City Hall, have reported that it was burned because it was on fire.—An intemperate man, being homeless, was allowed to lodge in a packing house in Chicago, and was accustomed to sleep upon the brick platform sustaining the boiler. One night last week he was picked up drunk in the street and carried to his usual resting place. During the night it is probable that he rolled against the boiler, and was too much stupified to get away, as he was found dead in the morning, burned to a crisp on one side.—Andrew Garrett, the naturalist, is at Honolulu, engaged in collecting specimens of all the fish in the waters around the Sandwich Islands for Professor Agassiz. He has already collected 200 different varieties, and has prepared colored drawings.—Some German "ladies" in New Orleans didn't like their pastor, Rev. Mr. Pressler. They accordingly assembled, at the hour of service, and forbade his preaching. He gently forced his way past them, into the church, when they descended upon him like an avalanche, with cowhides and pepper and salt, and flour and gypsum, lathering him mercilessly with the former articles, and powdering him all over with the latter. Their husbands stood by unconcernedly, ready to take their part, if necessary.—The post-office department at Washington, it is said, intends to resort to the most stringent measures to stop the practice so prevalent at the seat of government of using borrowed franks to cover private correspondence.—Mrs. Elizabeth Sinclair has sued before the Supreme Court, in New York, to recover the custody of her husband, John S. Sinclair, taken from her by his father, four days after marriage, and shut up at home. The imprisoned husband is nineteen years old, but the wife confesses to years of greater discretion.—The celebration of the event of introducing water into Brooklyn, has been postponed till May next.—The Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer says that at a Christmas Eve party, given at Mr. Stam's, a few miles in the country, an old lady ninety-seven years of age took the floor and waltzed around the room until her partner, a young man of twenty-five, was completely exhausted, and had to sit down.—Kissing is rather high-priced at Vinegar Hill, Illinois. A justice there charged John Watson \$20 for kissing a lady twice.—Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., denies in the Boston Journal,

Mrs. Cunningham is in easy circumstances, but says she is poor, and would be glad to keep a boarding-house or do anything honorable for a living, and that Augusta has not married a southern planter, but a young man in New York who depends on his daily earnings.—John Whitman died suddenly at Brooklyn, N. Y., from the effects of a dose of tartar emetic, administered by a physician who was attending him, in a case of typhus fever.—A lady in Ohio began to lose her hearing, and used every remedy that could be heard of with the view of restoring it. All proved unavailing. A few days since she consented to have a physician examine the ear, and, to her astonishment, a bug, about half or three quarters of an inch in length, was taken out. It had remained there six years. In all probability, it found its way there while the lady was asleep.—The statistics of the criminal calendar of the city of New York, for the year now closed, disclose the startling fact, that there were upwards of sixty murders in the city during that period, and in all that time, only one murderer (Rogers) was hanged.—There is a company of five Americans engaged in gold mining in Siam, about thirty-five miles from Bangkok. The mines are located in an elevated basin, oval in shape, thirty miles long by eighteen broad, surrounded by craggy walls of rock, with only seven gaps or means of entrance in the whole circumference. Nearly the whole basin is covered with forests. The gold is found in ravines. The mines are very rich, but jungle fevers, heavy rains, and other circumstances interfere with operations.

A SWINDLE.

Some of the papers call the following operation "pretty good," but we call it "pretty bad." A small keg of brass filings, worth perhaps two dollars, was sold recently to parties in Newark, N. J., as gold dust, for five hundred dollars, the parties selling representing themselves as in pressing need of money and willing to sell at a great sacrifice. When the "dust" was taken to New York, the old adage was found true, that all is not gold that glitters. One of the swindlers was arrested, but indignantly repudiated any intention of swindling. He said there had been a mistake in the keg taken, that he would make it all right, and, as an evidence of his sincerity, insisted that the "diddled" individuals should "keep a bar of gold" till he should rectify the error. This was accepted, and he went off to correct the mistake. It is needless to say that he never returned, or that the bar of gold turned out to be a bar of galvanized iron.

NEW YORK TAXATION.—The tax levy of New York for 1859, is \$7,840,174, apportioned as follows: For the police, \$1,043,198; schools, \$1,246,000; about a million for water; eight hundred thousand for the poor; a million and a half for streets; half a million for light; thirteen hundred thousand for the State, and six hundred thousand for salaries. The tax last year was \$8,620,926; so there appears to be a saving of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

UTAH.—There may be trouble in Utah yet. The rascal Young has been at his old trick, persecuting Gentiles, and could only be made to obey a writ issued against him by the employment of military force. It remains to be seen whether the saints will resent the marching of their bogus prophet into court, with United States bayonets in unpleasant proximity to his sacred person.

BALD NEGROES.—A new tribe of negroes has been discovered in Australia. They are all of the tribe of "Uncle Ned," that is, they "hab no wool on de top ob de head, where de wool had ought to grow."

GOLD, GOLD!—The weekly arrivals at London, from Australia, bring over a million of dollars each, in gold, to the great English metropolis.

LITERARY.—The book business was never better than at present. The holiday sales in this city were enormous.

THE PRESIDENT.—Mr. Buchanan, it is said, will make an extensive tour next summer.

NEW YORK QUARANTINE.—The buildings for the new quarantine will cost \$135,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Arkansas, it is said, is getting to be a great apple-growing State.

About 35,000 persons live in cellars and in basement stories, in New York city.

G. W. Thorburn, the florist, has been selected to take charge of the grounds of the Mount Vernon estate.

During the past year, twenty-two young men received gratuitous instruction in the University of South Carolina.

The Amazon River falls but a foot in fifty miles; the Rhine one foot in a quarter of a mile; the Loire a foot in one and a half miles.

A fir tree, completely petrified and entire, is said to have been discovered near Olympia, W. T.; 120 feet below the surface of the ground.

There were 424,000 hides imported into Salem last year, and about 180,000 were received by railroad from Boston.

Brazil has sixty-two vessels of war, thirty of which are steamers. Her standing army numbers 25,000 men and her national guard counts up 400,000.

At a late festival in Bath, Maine, there was a very entertaining side show of a mouse trained to turn machinery. He earned about nine dollars in one evening.

Professor J. G. Hoyt of Exeter Academy has been invited to be Chancellor of Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo., with a salary of \$3000 per annum.

Skunk skins are worth fifty cents apiece in New York, and the oil, equal to Mustang Liniment for horses, sells for \$1 a quart. Here's a chance to make money, boys!

Milwaukie, next to Chicago, is the largest grain port in the country. The shipments of wheat this season have been 5,020,680 bushels, and with other grain added, 9,709,179 bushels.

Two Mexican women were shot in Honttas, some time since, by a robber, who was firing at a sheriff in pursuit of him. One of the women has since died; the other has recovered.

Advices from Liberia, Africa, state that another French emigrant vessel had been attempting to secure a cargo of apprentices, but had been warned off by the authorities.

Jonathan S. Owen, a former church member and a citizen of respectable standing, has been committed to jail at Detroit, Michigan, charged with poisoning his wife. He was arrested, after a long search, in Indiana.

One of the prisoners who lately broke from the jail at Rochester, has returned. He says it took them three hours to saw off the bars of the window through which they escaped. They also had outside help.

Some sound beams, formed from the wood of the mulberry tree, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, where they are supposed to have been placed at least 700 years before the birth of Christ.

The arrest of John Newman at Milwaukie, some time since, for selling stolen railroad tickets, bids fair, it is said, to unravel a number of enormous frauds on the part of numerous young men connected with roads in the West.

Game is so plenty in the western cities this season, that it has ceased to be counted as a luxury. The daily receipts of quail, duck, etc., are so great that the prices range but a shade higher than ordinary meats.

The Bridgeton Reporter says the girls in that village recently turned out to sweep the snow from the ice, that they might continue their pleasant skating exercises. Gallant young gentlemen they must have up there.

Mrs. Clark of Pulaski, Va., while on her way to the Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, some days since, committed suicide by cutting her arm open with a razor, which she had concealed in her stocking—bleeding to death while her friends were in an adjoining room.

A St. Lawrence county, N. Y., paper says that recently a Board of Trustees of one of the neighboring towns checked a walking match between two men, because of its immoral tendencies, and a few days after, licensed the same parties to give a sparring match!

The presence of the army in Utah, and the Gentiles who have followed in its rear, is producing its natural effect among the Saints of both sexes, especially the weaker one. According to the news last received, Brother Brigham had found it necessary to excommunicate no less than 360 at once.

A workman in a paper-mill near Cincinnati, met with a painful death lately. He attempted to cross a vat of hot rags, in process of manufacture into pulp, when the covering upon which he was walking broke, and let him into the boiling mass up to his neck, scalding him so severely that he lived but a short time.

A gas generating fluid lamp on the mantelpiece of a house in New Bedford, Mass., some nights since, suddenly lighted, without, it is positively asserted, the aid of human agency. If this statement be true, it is certainly, as claimed by a cotemporary, the most valuable labor-saving lamp in existence.

The ladies of Dixon, Illinois, undertook to buy out a saloon-keeper for the purpose of destroying the liquor, but the fellow cheated them, selling them colored water instead. In trying to get the liquor, water we mean, down stairs, a Mrs. Sanborn had her skull fractured in a frightful manner.

Sands of Gold.

.... Every war occasions a greater or less relapse into barbarism.—Bovee.

.... All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—Voltaire.

.... The value of a possession is in the use that is made of it.—Bovee.

.... The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.—Shakespeare.

.... In France all women are witty except the blue-stockings.—Madame de Girardin.

.... Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.—Milton.

.... Small have continual plodders ever won, save base authority from others' books.—Shakespeare.

.... Without belief in its perpetuity, love would be nothing; constancy magnifies it. Balzac.

.... Great talkers use their minds as spend-thrifts their cash, bestowing it equally upon objects worthy and unworthy.—Bovee.

.... The least coquettish of women knows when a man is in love with her sooner than he does himself.—Florian.

.... A woman who is a belle in France, would be homely elsewhere; a woman who is witty in France, would be so everywhere.—Chevalier de Bruix.

.... Love has its instinct. It knows how to find the way to the heart, as the feeblest insect moves to its flower with an irresistible will which nothing daunts.—Balzac.

.... Women fill up the intervals of conversation and life, like the cotton-wool placed in cases of china; the cotton-wool is reckoned for nothing, but everything would be broken without it.—Bovee.

.... A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!—Bulwer Lytton.

Joker's Budget.

Family Ties—A marriage certificate and eight children.

"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said ven he saw the cat watching him.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them hear.

"This augers well," as the musquito said when he settled on a fat man's toes.

Why is the letter H like the cure for deafness? Because it makes the ear hear.

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he wont sit down to eat his meals.

He is a bold man who knocks at a dentist's as he would at any other door, unless he's going to dine there.

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she isn't what she paints herself."

What is the difference between a goose and a fashionable lady? One faces the wind and the other powders the face.

An alderman having grown enormous while in office, a wag wrote on his "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

A man much addicted to snoring, ran his bed-fellow in the morning, that he a top. "I know it," said the other, humming-top.

"I say, Cuffee, what ribber am I like a critter?" Cuffee declined, for the reasons, to reply. "Yah, yah!" Sambo; "why him Am a son, you stupid!"

Query for Drawing-Rooms.—We we servants find fault with their masters and tresses as much as masters and mistresses the habit of finding fault with their servants.

"Law, ma, here's a heagle." Mamma (proachfully), "A heagle! O, you hignorant gal. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully), "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awk!"

A man was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered as he went to sleep again, "Ah! how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

There is a man "out West" who says he don't covet wealth by any means, but thinks he should like to be a second "Rothschild" for a few moments, if only to show his contempt for riches.

"Piccolomini kisses?" inquired a waiter of a fashionable hotel lately of a crusty Benedict who was about to serve with dessert. "Of course she does," was the answer, "if she's like other women."

An Irish girl recently rang at the door of the residence of the Postmaster General at Washington, and demanded of the colored waiter to see the Postmaster General, for she wanted a letter that she expected from her brother over the seas.

A LAMA OF THIBET.

The large engraving on this page is an accurate portrait of a lama of the Dalai sect. The lamas of the Buddhist religion in Thibet are divided into two sects, distinguished by the color of their vestments—the Dukpa sect wearing red and the Dalai yellow; and mostly, as in the instance before us, of brocaded satin. They also wear peculiar conical caps with long lappets. The prayer-cylinder, or manichoskhor (the precious religious wheel), which this individual carries in his right hand, is a very singular instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetans. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder about three inches in height, and from two to two and a half inches in diameter—the axis is prolonged below to form a handle. Every lama carries a chhos-khor, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain on the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the chhos-khor is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying their number without fatiguing the devotee. These instruments are found of all sizes and in all positions. Cylinders about one foot in height are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near the villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving, day and night. The earliest mention of the prayer-cylinders is by the Chinese pilgrim, Fa-Hian, A. D. 400, who saw it in Ladak. It was also in use in North-western India, introduced there by the Indo-Scythic princes about the beginning of the Christian era. Lama (in the Tangutianese dialect, “mother of souls,” “pastor of souls”) is, among the Mongols, the appellation of all the members of the priestly order; but among the Calmucs, it signifies only the more distinguished. Hence the religion of the Mongols and Calmucs is called *Lamaism*. In this religion the Shigemooni is honored as the highest god, and the Dalai-lama (that is, the great lama), as his representative. He is at the head of both ecclesiastical and secular affairs in Thibet, and is considered not as a mere visible representative of the deity on earth, but as a voyageur himself, dwelling in his mother. The belief of Mrs Norton's existence is confirmed by the doctrine of Willis's migration of souls. “Non-shipppers believe that Blackwood, as soon as it his life as a body of the Dalai-Dufferin immediately takes possession of some other body in beauty. . . . al way, so that he alludes to ages his exterior young man, not his actual existence. It was written the usual residence the X. S. Dalai-lama is in two ourselves lies in the vicinity of might he, which he lives al- poet. . . . y, surrounded by a who ha- number of priests. He lished es the throngs of pil- as who visit him, seated on a splendid altar, with his legs crossed. The Tartars, next to the inhabitants of Thibet, pay him the greatest reverence. He salutes no one, never uncovers his head, never rises, and only lays his hand on the head of his worshipper, who believes that he has thereby obtained pardon of his sins. He sometimes distributes, it is said, little balls of consecrated dough, which the Tartars use in many superstitious practices. His power was once greater than it is now, for he appointed and deposed the khans. When the Dalai-lama dies, it is then necessary to discover where his spirit has chosen to be born anew. In this case, all must submit to the opinion of some of the lamas, who alone are acquainted with the



A LAMA OF THE DALAI SECT, THIBET, WITH HIS PRAYING WHEEL AND TRIDENT.

signs by which he may be known, or rather, who know what child he has appointed for his successor. The religion of the lama sprung up in Thibet, and knows no eternal self-existent being. Their idols number 108. Shigemooni, the chief object of worship, appeared in the world for the last time 1000 B. C., and instituted Lamaism, and now rules the world. The earth is inhabited by degenerate spirits from the upper world. The human soul, after it has been subjected to a state of trial, and has passed a good or bad life, enters upon a higher or lower condition. Such is the creed of the lama-worshippers.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

At last the problem of what is to be the ultimate fate and destination of the great ship seems in a fair way of being solved successfully. A new company has arisen which, as an earnest of their intention to make her pay at last, have begun matters with a most successful bargain—getting the noble ship, as she lies at present at Deptford, for a sum almost nominal, when compared to what she cost. The amount it will now take, to finish her and get her ready for sea is about \$500,000. The work on her has commenced. In all probability she will be filling up with coal and stores, and ready for her first great trial trips by next summer. The only alteration which has been made in her original design is in fitting her with a poop deck. It will be between eight and nine feet high—the same height as the fore-castle forward—and this is the only change of note which will be carried out. The six masts are already nearly made. There are to be one fore, two main, and three mizzen masts; the first five of iron, the last of wood, in order not to influence the compasses. The foremast and three mizzens will be rigged with fore and aft sails, the mainmasts only being permanently square-rigged. The first mizzen is, however, of the same size as the last mainmast, and it is intended that when the weather may make it necessary that this also shall be square-rigged. All the masts, of course, are of iron, as wooden spars of such size, and required to do such work, could scarcely be depended on. Each is built of boiler-plate, with wrought iron discs, strengthened with angle iron, bolted inside the tube to give it additional rigidity. Constructed in this manner, each must cost less than half the price of wooden ones, while, of course, the metal has the advantage of being nearly double the strength. By this plan, also, what would otherwise have been an almost insuperable difficulty—namely, stepping wooden masts into a ship of such a height—is entirely got rid of. The foremast is 2 feet 9 inches diameter, and 172 feet high from keel to truck. The first mainmast is 3 feet 6 inches diameter, and 216 feet high; the second is of the same girth, but 225 feet high. The first mizzen is of the same size as the first main; the second is 188 feet high and 2 feet 9 inches diameter; while the third and last is of wood of the same dimensions round as the iron, and 164 feet high. The lower yards of the square-rigged masts are likewise of iron. Each is 125 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches diameter in the centre. The upper top-sail and top-gallant yards are of wood, and of proportionately large dimensions. As the fittings progress, the ship's boats, with the two small auxiliary steamers, will be built. The latter are to be of 160 tons each of 60 horse-power. These will be decked and fitted as sea boats, and will be hoisted in and out by the aid of auxiliary engines, with which each set of engines on board is fitted.—*London Times*.

DALLU'S PICTORIAL



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M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

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SKATING ON JAMAICA POND.

session of a graceful picture below was drawn ex-
a supernatary for us by Mr. Homer, and faithfully
only char form, and sends the favorite winter sport on Jamaica
tence. II. The larger figures in the foreground
of the Co sketched from life, as their spirited and
monasteri, rural action indicates, and are likenesses of in-
Lassa, terna individuals which will be readily recognized by
vast n heir friends. The topography of the distant
receiving shore of the pond is accurately sketched, as any
grin resident of the locality will testify, and the whole
is an expressive record of winter amusements at
one of the most popular and fashionable places
in the vicinity of Boston. The companionship
of ladies on the skating-field, and their earnest
participation in the sport, is a pleasing novelty.
We derive our skill from the English, with
whom for centuries it has been a favorite sport,
while the Knickerbockers have a legitimate right
to their dexterity in virtue of their descent from
the worthy Dutchmen, who are supposed to live
half the year on skates. Upwards of six centu-
ries ago we are told that the young men of Lon-
don were accustomed to fasten the leg-bones of
animals under the soles of their feet, by tying
them round their ankles, and then, by the aid of
iron-shod poles, impelling themselves along. Of
course, with such a clumsy equipment, they could
hardly have made much progress, yet the old
chronicler who records their sports, says that they
moved "as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or
an arrow out of a crosse-bow." Olaus Magnus,
a Swedish writer of the sixteenth century,
describes the skates as being at that time made
of polished iron; they were also rudely fashioned
of the shank bone of a sheep or stag; at the same
period, also, were used wooden shoes, which were

armed with iron points, flexible circles, sharpened every way into teeth, and triangular points of iron. The wooden skates shod with steel, such as are now used, bound about the feet and ankles like the *talares* of the Greeks and Romans, are generally supposed to have been invented in the Low Countries, and were certainly introduced into England from Holland. At the present time the Dutch, men and women, are admitted to be the best skaters in Europe. On the frozen canals the peasant girl skates to market with provisions on her head, the senator sweeps along majestically to a meeting of the assembly, the clergyman buckles on his skates to repair his church. The Friesland skaters frequently keep up a speed of fifteen miles an hour for a great length of time. In a skating race at Groningen in 1801, two young women won the prize, having performed a distance of thirty miles in two hours. In England some very skillful skaters have figured from time to time, one of the most surprising feats on record being that of a Lincolnshire man who, in the year 1821, for a wager of one hundred guineas, skated a mile in 2 minutes 58 seconds. There are skating clubs at London and Edinburg, and such is the passion for skating in the former city, that artificial ice-ponds within doors have been invented, so that the sport may be comfortably enjoyed at all seasons. To skate well three things are requisite, courage, strong ankles, and persevering practice. Beginners should try to learn on smooth runners, grooved runners being only suited to very light weights. We recommend them to ladies, however, who wish to acquire a certain degree of skill in the shortest possible space of time. A beginner should be content to advance gradually.

When he can hardly stand, it would be scarcely justifiable in him to attempt to cut the "figure," or the "Dutch maze." And moreover a skater should rely on himself, and reject all assistance. You can no more learn to skate by being towed along by a friend, than you can learn to swim by the help of corks. When left alone you are enabled to learn, and you can forget the humiliation of being towed. I have seen a skater who had taken to

[illegible]

state, with the assistance knew rather less about skates than a ———. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet. 'Now then, sir,' said Sam, in an encouraging tone, 'off vith you and show 'em how to do it.' 'Stop, Sam, stop!' said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. 'How slippery it is, Sam!' 'Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'Hold up, sir!' This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice. 'These—these—are very awkward skates, aint they, Sam?' inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering. 'I'm afeered there's an orkard gen'lin'n in 'em sir,' replied Sam. 'Now, Winkle,' cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that

there were ladies are all Mr. Winkle, with a good 'goin' to begin,' said Sam, trying to disengage himself. 'Now, sir, start,' said Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. 'I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam.' 'Thankee,' replied Mr. Weller.—'Just hold me, at' said Mr. Winkle. 'There,

... said Mr. ...

me go, sir,' said Sam. 'Don't you be a-callerin'?' Let me go, sir.' With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have ensured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down." Then it was, it will be remembered, that Mr. Pickwick, after insisting that the skates should be removed from the feet of his luckless follower, took him aside and denounced him privately as "humbug!" Let none of our readers try more than they can perform



SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling:

— OR, —

THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

DILLARD AND JUBA ON THE TRAIL.

At the first faint blush of morning, Dillard sprang to his feet. Juba had so faithfully followed his advice, and was so sound asleep, that Dillard was obliged to shake him pretty roughly by the shoulder more than once before he could rouse him. The moment, however, that he fairly realized where he was, and for what purpose, he was eager to resume the pursuit.

Two or three minutes sufficed for them to partake of some slight refreshment, with which Dillard, habituated as he was to the exigencies of a hunter's life, seldom failed to provide himself. They then went on rapidly, till they arrived at the place where, as a few hours previous they stood on the opposite side of the plain, they had seen pictured against the midnight sky those dark, moving forms, which they knew must be the party they were in pursuit of.

Short as the distance had then appeared, they had been obliged to traverse a space of full three miles to arrive at it. It was now broad daylight, though the sun had not risen. Stepping aside from the path to some bushes which grew at a little distance, Dillard, after looking through a slight opening, made a sign for Juba to join him.

"Look," said he, drawing back and pointing to the opening.

Juba obeyed, and saw five Indians, four of them still lying on the ground, apparently asleep, while the other, reclining against a tree, kept watch. At a short distance from him, Myra Pemberton was seated on a rock; not in a hopeless, drooping attitude, but evidently with eye and ear on the alert, as if to catch some glimpse or hear some sound of those, who, she felt, were already near at hand to attempt her rescue.

The spot was one of wild and picturesque beauty. A smooth, level piece of ground, which in its widest extent could not have exceeded one hundred feet, was covered with moss and herbage of vivid green, and hemmed in on all sides, except that which looked towards the east, by huge rocks irregularly piled together, as if by some convulsion of nature; while outside of these rose many a noble forest tree, their massive trunks rising so high ere they threw out their branches, that they appeared not unlike the pillars of a sylvan temple. The soil, clothed with verdure so soft and fresh, was terminated on the east by a tabular rock, which projected a sheer descent of some seventy or eighty feet.

As Juba stood looking at Myra and her captors, and with difficulty suppressing an audible demonstration of the anger and disgust he felt at the presumption of the red rascals, as he called them, in carrying off the beautiful girl, she arose and approached the very verge of the rock which overhung the wild and gloomy ravine. At the same instant that she paused on its brink, the sun appeared above the horizon, flashing his golden beams over her long, bright hair, which in graceful disarray fell far below her waist, and bathing her whole person in his glory.

"She be an angel," said Juba, in a whisper, "ef dar was eber one suffered to walk de face of de airth."

"I'll jine ye in that," said Dillard; "but there is no time to talk about sich things. What we've got to do is, to get her out of their red clutches the best and easiest way we can. How do you feel?—does your courage begin to fail you?"

"No, Massa Dillard; I is as bold as a thousand lions."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now come this way, and mind what I say to you."

"Yis, I is all 'tention."

"In the first place we've got to creep round this hill, till we come to the path, with as little noise as ef we were two snails, for the crackin' of a dry twig would be enough to give the alarm."

"Yis, I knows; but arter all, if dey does hear quick, dey haven't sich powerful big ears as I should s'pose dey would have."

"Well, foller me, but not too close. Mind

and keep me in yer eye, and that's all. And remember that *cautious and cool* is the word."

"I is sure not to forget."

There was little or no danger of their being seen, as long as they kept close to the base of the hill, which they were, indeed, obliged to do, it being on that side so closely circled by a coil of the sparkling and impetuous rivulet, which from having no means to ford it, had prevented them from crossing the plain, as to leave only a broken and rocky margin, in many places less than a foot wide.

So difficult was the narrow way, being often over sharp and slippery rocks, that it required the utmost care to prevent it being precipitated into the river. It was not strange, therefore, their attention being thus concentrated, a false step being nearly certain to betray their proximity to the Indians, that Dillard and his companion failed to notice two horsemen issue from one of the wild glades of a forest about half a mile distant, on their right.

For a single instant the horsemen paused, after emerging from the forest, and then took their way straight across the intervening space, sometimes crashing through the thick tangles of a copse, or leaping now and then one of the many deep gullies ploughed by some torrent during the heavy spring rains.

It was not till the dissonance of the sharp and ringing clatter of their horses' iron-shod hoofs, as leaving the swarded plain they struck upon the hard, gravelly shore of the river, broke harshly upon the clear, mellow bird-chorus floating on the air, that Dillard and Juba raised their eyes and beheld two men on horseback rapidly approaching. The old hunter was not a little nettled at permitting himself to be thus taken by surprise, while Juba, who on the instant had recognized in one of them Lieutenant Anvers, was so wild with delight that he came near uttering a shout of joy.

The Indian who was on the look-out, though apprehending no danger from that quarter, had discovered them a few minutes sooner, and roused his comrades. Nahatan, with his stout bow-string drawn to his ear—for though he loved the rifle, the arrow sent by his hand was surer of its mark than the bullet—stood ready to let go the deadly missile the instant he deemed the one he had selected for his victim had arrived near enough for it to do its work.

This was Anvers, who from wearing the dress of an American officer, he supposed to be a personage of more importance than his companion, who was habited as a common soldier. He was also a little in advance of the other, which favored Nahatan's purpose. Soon he had arrived within the desired distance, when with so true and steady an aim did the arrow speed in its oblique and downward course, that as it hurtled by—the next breath nearly burying itself in the ground—the feather brushed the side of the young man's face.

Almost at the same instant Anvers had reached the side of the hill at a point where the river with a sharp bend swept towards the north, and where, like a glittering serpent unfolding its coils, it for miles could be seen winding its tortuous course through valley and glen. Dillard, laying his finger on his lip in token for him and his comrade to remain silent, was soon by their side.

"The brushwood—'tis high and thick—hide yourselves and your horses behind it," said he, in a hurried whisper, "or you're both dead men. Here's the only path, and a poor one at that—but as long as these don't fail me," and he glanced at his long, sinewy arms, "I shall find a way to climb they don't think of, and shall be upon 'em unawares."

They had barely time to follow his directions, he and Juba meanwhile keeping close to the base of the hill, when two of the Indians came forward and stood on the verge of the precipitous height. They looked carefully round in every direction, in the expectation, perhaps, that they were attempting to climb it. A cry of rage broke from them when they found themselves mistaken, and that they were unable to detect their place of concealment, though they knew it must be hard by. Nor did they by attempting to descend the flinty, zigzag path near which neither shrub nor sapling found root which the hand might grasp if the rocks loosely imbedded in the soil gave beneath their feet, dare expose themselves to the rifles of their unseen enemies.

At the moment Anvers and his companions came in sight, the cry of warning uttered by the sentinel made Myra aware that those he considered enemies, and as she hoped, were her friends,

were near at hand. Quickly turning from the platform which hung over the abyss, she was hastening to a spot where the view in the direction where he and the others were looking was unobstructed by the trees, when Nahatan sternly commanded her to remain where she was. Thus she did not even know whether there were few or many, though more persuaded than ever that whoever they were, she might safely count on their friendly aid, were they in a situation to render it.

Slowly and reluctantly the two Indians turned away from the sharp brow of the hill, and asked counsel of Nahatan.

"We are safe here," he replied, "and can wait longer than they can. We have dried venison, and a spring bubbles up at the foot of yonder tree."

As he spoke, he stood with his back against a beech tree. Scarce had the words left his lips, when a bullet, which would have been for him had he not been sheltered by the tree, whistled by close to his ear and lodged in the forehead of an Indian who stood opposite to him. Myra, who saw that it was sent by her old friend Dillard, at sight of him uttered an exclamation of joy. Quick as thought, Juba, who had pressed closely on his footsteps, handed him his own loaded rifle, when Nahatan, who caught a glimpse of the old hunter and knew him, cried out to the Indian who stood nearest to Myra, supposing they were surrounded by foes.

"Seize her," he said, "and hurl her over the precipice. If we fall, she shall not escape. Gratiified revenge will make death sweet."

The Indian to whom the command was given had likewise caught sight of Dillard. He did not hesitate to obey, but knowing him to be a dead shot, cunningly interposed Myra as a shield between himself and the old hunter. Dillard, who at the moment he took the rifle from the hand of Juba saw Nahatan bend his bow, though he knew it would be certain death to him to show himself even for the single second of time it would take to discharge the leaden messenger, determined to sacrifice his own life to save Myra's. Fate had not thus decreed. At the moment he came to this resolution, his foothold gave way, precipitating him such a distance as might have caused him serious injury, though fortunately he escaped with a few slight bruises.

In a minute more, Myra Pemberton would have been a crushed and bleeding mass on the sharp rocks below, had not her long and silky hair, falling like a lustrous veil over the Indian's brawny arm, presented to his savage instincts a temptation to possess himself of the scalp from which it depended which he could not resist. Still shielding himself by her struggling form so that the ball from the hunter's rifle could reach his life only through hers, he drew his knife from its sheath and circled it above the head of his intended victim preparatory to the consummation of his cruel purpose. Her eyes met the flash of the sharp and shining blade, and then they were veiled in darkness. Powerless to resist the mortal terror which assailed her, she had fainted. But even at the instant of its descent, the hand that grasped it fell nerveless. A bullet from an unseen hand had pierced the Indian's brain, and with a single wild cry he fell, with his hand clutching the thick and shining tresses of the helpless girl, who had already sunk to the ground.

Anvers, who the moment the two Indians had turned from the brow of the hill had sprung from his place of concealment with an energy and nerve which could only be inspired by desperation, though encumbered by his rifle, had succeeded by overleaping the zigzag turns of the path and the other hindrances to his progress, in scaling the steep acclivity in season to save a life dear to him.

With a single bound he reached her side, and freeing the rich masses of the bright and tangled hair from the unhallowed contact of the savage hand, he gently raised her and removed her from a proximity which he felt to be a desecration. This was done without a single thought of his own exposure, but a cry of warning from his companion, who was no other than Walter Cline, and who had followed him up the ascent, caused him to start aside and recalled him to himself.

Nahatan having in vain waited a few seconds with the expectation of seeing the head of Dillard appear above the edge of the precipitous height, turned to Anvers, and with a cool, apathetic courage which his race in moments of the most imminent danger know so well how to summon to their aid, sent his arrow from the bow

at the warning cry, saved him. The deadly shaft, sent with such force and aimed with such accuracy that otherwise it must have passed through his brain, merely grazed the side of his head, causing a momentary giddiness and confusion.

Though Nahatan saw that he had failed in his fell intent, his desire to rush upon him and in a hand-to-hand encounter, by his superior strength make sure of him, yielded to his deep and long cherished passion for revenge against the slayer of his brother. With a cry fierce and wild as that of a hunted panther, at the same time snatching his hatchet from his belt, he dashed towards the spot where Myra, still without any sign of life, lay near the verge of the platform impending over the dark and yawning abyss.

"The bird wont sing," he muttered, half audibly, "when the murderer of my brother comes hither to carry her back to her nest."

He reached the place where she lay, thrust aside the thick and clustering curls preparatory to sinking his hatchet in her temple, when his arm was stayed by an iron grasp. It was the hand of the hunter, who, having recovered from his fall, returned to the place whence he had been precipitated.

The reeling form of Anvers, Myra apparently lying prostrate in death, and Nahatan rushing towards her, intending as he believed, to tear the scalp from the beauteous head, which when she was a little child had often as she slept been nestled against the broad, manly breast now agitated with grief, fear, and an uncontrollable desire to avenge her—was taken in at a single glance of his keen, quick eye.

A sudden attempt to free himself from the vice-like clutch of the hand that held him, in which every nerve was tasked to the utmost, showed Nahatan that to repeat it would be utterly futile. Superstition likewise lent its aid in causing him, when once in the hands of Dillard, to submit in sullen silence; for it had long been a received opinion among the Indians of that region, and even many of the backwoodsmen, that it was by the influence of some charm which the hunter carried about him, that he was enabled, from time to time, to perform feats of prowess and daring which no other human being had the hardihood to attempt. Having on more than one occasion found advantage to himself in this prevalent and absurd belief, Dillard did not contradict it; and even on certain occasions contrived to display, as if by accident, a curiously wrought toy, which was preserved from harm in the same receptacle containing a supply of the fascinating weed so precious to the lone hunter when in the vast solitudes of the wilderness.

The other Indian, when he saw that Nahatan was captured, passively yielded himself to a similar fate.

The moment that the Indians were secured, Anvers, with all the skill and energy he was master of, addressed himself to the task of recovering Myra from her deathlike swoon.

"It can't avail nothing—she is dead," said he, as after chafing her hands and temples, his fingers sought in vain for a faint pulsation at the wrist.

"Don't be down-hearted—there may be life left yet," said Dillard, who was busy in securing his captive so as to put it out of his power to do further harm. "There's a spring at the foot of yonder tree. Bring some water, Juba. You'll find a gourd by the side of the spring, which I left there the last time I was this way huntin'."

Cool water was now sprinkled on the young girl's face, and it was not long before the efforts to recover her began to promise success. There was a feeble play of the pulses, and a slight quivering of the eyelids veiling the large, soft eyes of darkest velvet, which even Dillard, more experienced in such matters than the others, began to fear would never more open upon the light of day.

"She be alive, she be alive!" exclaimed Juba; and he gave a sudden bound, and clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"Yes, she is alive, and let the Great Ruler of all be praised," said the old hunter, reverently raising his eyes to heaven. "It's been my lot to have many a hard hit—so many that I've got kind o' used to 'em; but to 'ave seen her bright head laid in the dust, would 'ave been harder than any one I've ever 'perienced." And he furtively brushed away a tear which had slowly gathered and hung upon his eyelash.

"More water, Juba," said Anvers.

A faint color stole to Myra's cheek, at the sound of his voice, which deepened to crimson as she opened her eyes and raised them to the face of him against whom she was leaning. This sudden quickening of life's cold and sluggish currents did more than aught else had done to bring her back to life.

"Am I at home?" said she, faintly; Anvers and home, the only place where she had ever seen him, being associated together to her still half-clouded mind.

But the Indian lying near, on whom her eyes the next moment rested, and whose features, now fixed in the cold rigidity of death, wore the same fierce and savage expression as when she saw him raise the glittering knife above her head, recalled the horrors of the scene which fortunately for her had produced insensibility.

"I know now," said she, with a shudder, and withdrawing her eyes from the stern, harsh features on which they had been resting.

One half minute she yielded to the languor, both mental and physical, caused by the terror and violence to which she had been subjected; when roused by a sudden realization of the present, she started, and made an effort to free herself from the encircling arm which supported her. She found herself unable to rise, and sank heavily back.

"I didn't know that I was so weak," said she, with heightened color, partly the effect of her exertion to rise, but far more from what she saw in the deep, earnest eyes which at the moment she raised hers were bent upon her; she read in them—for to him it was a moment of abandon in which he had never before indulged—the secret which he had sacredly guarded ever since the promise made to Mr. Danbridge, the evening previous to his departure from the plantation.

Anvers saw that she was agitated, and in its accelerated beatings, he might have recognized the whispers of a heart answering to his, had he not shrunk from surrendering himself to what he feared would prove to be only a bright and beautiful illusion.

Awakened to a new life, which until then had shed round her only the light of a faint, uncertain dawn, her thoughts, by being diverted from the horrors through which she passed, and turned into a different and absorbing subject, made her recovery rapid, and in the course of half an hour she was so far restored that she declared herself to be perfectly able to commence her homeward journey.

The horse which Myra had been compelled to ride, was found tethered and feeding not far distant, and proved to be one which the Indians had stolen from the plantation of Mr. Danbridge. Such preliminary preparations as circumstances permitted, had already been made by Dillard, assisted by Juba.

Myra, whom habit had made adventurous and almost as sure-footed as the young roe of the hills, at any other time would scarce have needed help in descending the hill, steep as it was. Now, the still lingering weakness and tremor consequent on the late terrible shock she had sustained, made her glad to accept the proffered aid of Anvers.

"One mile from here," said Dillard, when everything was in readiness to start, "is a cabin where we are sure to get venison steaks, good enough to set afore a king."

"That is good news," said Cline, "after the long ride Lieutenant Anvers and I have had."

"On the whole, it was well that your route was in this direction," said Dillard, "for if you hadn't happened along just when you did, I raly b'lieve the red varmints would 'ave had the best end o' the bargain."

"Our coming this way was not chance," said Anvers.

"Well, now, I cal'clated it was. What was it then?"

"We stopped to inquire the way to Mr. Danbridge's, of a young man we met, who told us what had happened to Miss Pemberton, and that you had taken some one with you, and gone in pursuit of her."

"That was 'Siah Wells. He knew the exact route I meant to take."

"Yes, 'Siah Wells, was his name, and at my earnest request he guided us to the edge of the woods, from whence I could see some one I knew must be Miss Pemberton, standing near the verge of the precipice. The Indians I couldn't see—they were hidden by the trees. The rest you know."

"Yes, and I know, too, that everything turned

out just right. I felt sartain, when I sot out arter her, that the Great Ruler, whose voice I've seemed to hear many and many a time when I was alone in the wilderness and the stars were looking on me from the sky, would never suffer one so innocent and good, to remain in the power of the savages."

Dillard, who acted as guide, soon directed their attention to a wreath of blue smoke circling above the distant trees.

"There stands the cabin I told you about," said he.

In a few moments they had arrived at the rude dwelling and were cordially welcomed by its inmates.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE same afternoon of Myra's abduction, Braxon was returning to the plantation, from which he had been absent the last two days. He was in no very genial mood, for he had been making an unsuccessful attempt to find the whereabouts of Sybil Finchley, who, he believed, was not many miles distant.

He had arrived within half a mile of the mansion of Mr. Danbridge, when just as he entered the path, which crossed a piece of woods, he thought he heard footsteps behind him. The next minute some one was at his side. His hand instinctively sought one of the defensive weapons he always carried about him, but when he saw that he who had overtaken him was a ragged, barefooted boy, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, his alarm subsided. He, however, quickened his pace, as an intimation that he did not wish for company. But the boy showed that he was not to be easily shaken off, by carefully accommodating his gait to Braxon's, while, from time to time, he stealthily glanced at his face.

"Your name is Braxon?" he said, at last, apparently satisfied with the result of his silent examination.

"I don't know why it should concern you, whether it is, or is not," replied Braxon.

"Well, I reckon it does consarn me, and you, too, if your name is Braxon."

"Why?" he demanded, with a startled look; for he was incessantly haunted by the fear that Sybil Finchley, by some means, would ensnare or betray him.

"I aint to tell till I know sartain whether you're the right man or not."

"My name is Braxon. Will that satisfy you?"

"I reckon this is for you, then," said the boy, taking a piece of soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket, and handing it to him.

"Have you read it?" demanded Braxon, sharply, and turning pale the moment he saw what the paper contained.

The boy shook his head.

"That wont do for an answer. Have you read what is written in this paper?"

"I is no scholar—I never learnt to read writin'."

"Have you let any one see it?"

"No, I promised not to."

"'Twas a man that gave it to you?"

"Yes."

"Did you know his name?"

"No, he didn't tell me, and I never seed him before. He said that you would know who the paper come from, by the two letters at the bottom of the writin'."

"Did you ever see me before now?"

"No."

"How came you to know me then?"

An expression, half sheepish, half comie, stole to the boy's eyes and lurked round the corners of his mouth, but he did not speak.

"I asked you, sirrah, how you came to know me?" repeated Braxon, angrily.

He bent his eyes to the ground and still remained silent.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I should be powerful hard o' hearin', if I didn't."

"Answer me then."

"I rayther not."

"You must, and shall answer me."

"I reckon I shan't," replied the boy, coolly.

Braxon bit his lips, and muttering to himself, "I shall get nothing out of him so," changed his tone for one more conciliatory. He took half a crown from his pocket.

"Do you see this?" said he.

"Yes, I sees it."

"Tell me what I asked you, and it shall be yours," said Braxon, who every moment grew

stronger and stronger in the belief, that the reason he would be obliged to assign would convey some important information to himself.

There was evidently something extremely fascinating to the boy's eyes in the bright gleam of the silver, yet still he hesitated.

"Are you going to tell me?"

"Give me the money and I will."

"Come und take it," said Braxon, placing himself in such a manner that the boy could not, as he imagined, escape without breaking through a thicket of briar-bushes.

"I am to tell you how I came to know you," said the boy, taking the half crown and quickly thrusting it into his pocket.

"Yes."

"Well, then, arter the man told me that I must be sartain to give it into Braxon's own hand, says he, 'if you see anybody that calls himself Braxon eversomuch, you needn't believe him, if he don't look like a knave, and a double-and-twisted villain.' So I promised, and the minute I sot eyes on you, I knew by your looks that you was the one I was arter."

While the last words were still on his lips, at a single bound he cleared the briery thicket, and the next instant was out of sight.

As Braxon's eye caught the last flutter of his tattered garments, he tore in pieces the bit of paper he held in his hand, and scattered them to the winds.

"So the brother as well as the sister is on my track, and his cry too, is money! money! Well, he must have it, or—"

He did not finish the sentence, but the look of horror which darkened his countenance, showed that the alternative was a bitter one.

With hurried steps, as if rapidly of locomotion would dissipate the unwelcome thoughts, which, like so many spectres, came thronging to his mind, he resumed his walk in the direction of the plantation. When arrived there, he found all in commotion on account of the disappearance of Myra Pemberton, Dillard and Juba having just gone in pursuit of her. His pupil too was absent, a circumstance, as he wished to confer with him, that in no wise tended to soothe his high-wrought excitement. Candace Atherly was standing by herself, listening eagerly to what was said relative to the chances of Dillard's success in recovering Myra. Braxon approached her.

"Do you know where Percy is?" said he.

"No, I haven't seen him to-day."

"Not at breakfast?"

"No."

"He was here yesterday?"

"Not till the evening."

"He passed the evening here?"

"No, he came in at ten o'clock, and without stopping to speak to any one, went directly to his room."

"There is something wrong about this. When I am absent he takes too much liberty."

"When you and his father are both absent, you might say."

"Mr. Danbridge has been gone, then?"

"Yes, all day."

"He doesn't often leave home, since the Indians have caused so much alarm. Urgent business must have called him away. I heard him remark not long since that he was expecting a large sum of money by the first arrival from England."

"Important business, at any rate," replied Candace. "As to its being urgent, he might, probably, without any inconvenience to himself, do without the five thousand pounds a few weeks longer."

Braxon turned away to conceal his satisfaction.

"He has little use for money—he can afford to be generous to his son—I have nothing to fear," he mentally soliloquized.

As these thoughts passed through his mind—and he accepted it as an auspicious omen—he saw Percy emerge from the woods, and walk hurriedly towards the house.

"What I heard is true then," said he to Braxon, who went to meet him. "Miss Pemberton has been carried away by the Indians?"

"Yes."

"I am sincerely sorry for her."

"I began to be afraid that you were equally unfortunate, my dear Percy," said Braxon, assuming a bland, insinuating air. "You shouldn't wander away in such a manner, when you are liable to be pounced upon by the savages at any moment. Mr. Danbridge's only son and heir is of some consequence in the world."

"And yet, with all my consequence, I'll venture to say that he hasn't even inquired for me."

"I have just returned myself, and cannot, therefore, confirm or deny a suspicion, which, to say the least, is unfilial. You cannot deny that since your arrival he has always treated you as a father should treat a son."

"He isn't a man to neglect what he considers a duty. In reality, he has no affection for me; neither have I for him. I haven't fulfilled his expectations. He sees my many deficiencies, and his pride is wounded. I should much rather be a poor man's son, for then I could follow my own bent, and might be happy. Now I am miserable."

"I don't understand your drift."

"You may hereafter."

"It is my pleasure to know now. Explain yourself."

"I prefer not to."

"Dare you say thus to me?"

"I do."

Braxon could not comprehend how one, whom he considered completely subject to his control, was able suddenly to assume so independent an air. The young man hardly comprehended it himself.

"It will avail you nothing," Braxon at last said. "I shall find means to penetrate the wonderful mystery which causes a youth just out of his teens to be unhappy because he is the son and heir of one who in wealth and position ranks with the first gentlemen in Virginia. Not only that, there is a rich and beautiful heiress—for no doubt she will soon return in safety—to be had for the wooing."

"The wooer doesn't always win. She wouldn't marry me if I were the heir apparent to the throne of England; while on the other hand, I wouldn't marry her if I were the lowest peasant that ever labored for his daily bread."

"Let me remind you that your language and bearing would be more seemly in a youth of your age, if not so decided, and if it savored less of arrogance."

"You would have me cringe to you, the same as I have ever done."

"You have, as in duty bound, been the docile pupil of a faithful master. Continue to be so—you will find it for your interest."

"Your authority over me is at an end."

"Percy Danbridge, in one thing more you must obey me. Then I will voluntarily relinquish my control over you."

"In what must I obey you once more? Let me hear."

"To-morrow is the day for you to receive your monthly allowance."

"Yes."

"Exactly in season for my purpose."

"You want it?"

"That, and as much more."

"My usual allowance you are welcome to, the same as you have been heretofore. For more than that I will not ask."

"You must."

"Not unless I see good reason why."

"I must have it to save myself from ruin—a ruin which will involve yours."

"We are, at least, on equal ground then, and you can't blame me for not doing on your account what I will not do on my own. It would be mean and ungrateful to ask to have my generous allowance doubled."

"To save my life then, if I must speak in plain terms—will you ask it to save that?"

"Make it appear plain to me that a hundred pounds, more or less, will save it, and I shall know better what to say to you."

"I can make no explanations. You must take my word for it."

"That I will never do. I have been the dupe of craft and cunning long enough. Henceforth, if you lead me, it shall be with my eyes open?"

"Nonsense, my dear Percy,—you don't mean all that you say. You have it in your power to help me—save me, I may say. Do so, and in return I will do my best to insure the accomplishment of whatever wild and romantic scheme you may have in your head, the failure of which you foolishly imagine will make your life wretched."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I was never more so."

The young man remained silent a few moments, while, judging by the soft, brilliant light which illumined his features, some very pleasant picture was presented to his mental vision. Suddenly his countenance fell.

"If I am ever so happy as to enter my Eden," said he, "it shall not be over the trail of the serpent."

"Highly complimentary, to say the least. I may consider myself answered."

"You may."

Braxton smiled.

"My dear Percy," said he, in a soft, wheedling tone, "you'll think better of what you've said between this and to-morrow morning. Something has occurred to fret you, and I am willing to make allowance for you. This spirit of opposition which has got hold of you will be cured by a night's sleep."

"Don't flatter yourself with anything of the kind. I am not actuated by caprice. A corner of the curtain has been raised, and I've had a glimpse of what is behind the scenes."

As he said this, there was a determination in his voice and manner which made Braxton fully aware of what he had already apprehended. He knew, that for the future, he would not be a mere puppet in his hands. Even in looks he had undergone a transformation. His countenance no longer wore its former impassive, inane expression. It was thoughtful, earnest and resolute.

For a single moment Braxton regarded him with a fixed look. As he did so, his features assumed a repulsive, hard look, and the fiery gleam which sometimes visited them, kindled in his pale, almost colorless eyes.

"So you have had a look behind the scenes?" he muttered, between his teeth.

"I have."

Without saying another word Braxton turned away, and joining one of the groups on the lawn, with his usual quiet self-possession, entered into conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

ZORAYNE.

A RANGE of lofty hills, in some places broken by sharp, ledgy rocks and dark ravines, in others descending with an easy declivity, half circled a broad, open space, covered with the softest and liveliest green.

On one hand, the hills sunk abruptly down, and were lost in the deep verdure of the solemn and mighty woods which bounded the eastern horizon; while the western view was enlivened by a mountain stream, which, after rushing in a sheet of foam over a barrier of half-sunken rocks wedged in between high and precipitous shores, gradually expanded, and flowed with a deep and even current.

Near the centre of the area thus formed, was what had once been a hunter's cabin. It had long been abandoned by its original occupant, and with the green moss adhering to its sides, and the wild grape vine which had crept over its roof, and hung from the eaves in festoons, heavy with purple clusters of fruit, it was in perfect keeping with the wild and picturesque beauty of its surroundings.

A girl of seventeen was standing in the doorway of this little vine-embowered hut. Her figure was of faultless symmetry and fairy lightness, and her dress such as would hardly have been looked for in such a place, resembling as it did the costume of the gipsy girl rather than of a daughter of the American wilderness. It consisted of a dark blue skirt with a deep embroidery in imitation of natural flowers, and a scarlet jacket ornamented with an edging and bands of gold lace. Nor were the bright colors of her dress in the least trying to her complexion. The play of "the rich and eloquent blood," shining through the olive of her cheeks, suggestive of a sunnier clime, gave that living freshness to their bloom which must ever remain unrivalled by art.

As she stood, bending forward a little, with her red lips slightly parted, her large brown eyes fixed earnestly on a distant reach of the river, and her black hair, the softest and silkiest that ever adorned the head of woman, falling on either side of her bright and beautiful face like a veil, her portrait would have heightened the splendor of one of Titian's most gorgeous pictures.

The sun, near his setting, lit up with a golden glory the craggy peaks and rocky pinnacles of the hills, and lay in long lines of radiance by the side of the deep and lengthening shadows, thrown from here and there, by the giant oaks across the open space.

The young girl now and then watched for an instant the shadow of the tallest of these oaks, as it silently crept towards the strip of smooth, shining sand which margined the river. She then, with a look more earnest and eager than before, would again throw her eyes to the spot

where she had first directed her attention. When she once more looked at the shadow of the tree it had reached the sands.

"The boat should have been in sight by this time," she murmured to herself.

The next moment a joyful exclamation escaped her. The boat she had been watching for with so much eagerness, darted like a bird round the corner of a little islet, which, with its pine trees, rose like a tuft of dark plumes midway of the river, and made directly for a little creek where it could be safely moored, and at the same time be concealed from prying eyes.

A few light, bounding steps, and she had gained the summit of an elevation, that she might see the boat when it reached the shore. She was disappointed.

"If it had only landed a little farther this way," thought she, "I could see if Sybil was alone; but there the bushes are so high and so thick, and grow so close to the water's edge, that all is concealed from view."

She remained where she was for a little time, and then went forward in a slow, hesitating manner. Very soon she stopped.

"No," said she, "I won't go. If he has come, he mustn't think I'm so impatient to see him. But it will seem so long to wait."

To beguile the fifteen minutes which must elapse ere her suspense could be terminated, she took a guitar, which, with some wreaths of partly woven flowers, was lying under a tree, and commenced dancing with a light, airy motion, indescribably graceful, and at the same time accompanying her voice with the guitar as she sung:

THE SONG OF THE SEA-NYPH.

O, go with me—go with me where
My sister nymphs reside,
No earth-born maid is half so fair—
No home so sweet beside.

'Tis where the bright and cool green wave
Rolls silently and slow,
And though above wild tempests rave,
Still tranquil is its flow.

And when on high fierce sunbeams play,
And heat the sultry air,
None but some mild and silvery ray
Can find admittance there.

Our jasper halls bright rubies pave,
And many a gleaming pearl;
And where the snowy foot we lave,
O'er gold the waters curl.

And oft the cool waves' sparkling spray
Lights on our golden hair.
As o'er our shelly roof they play,
Glandug like diamonds there.

And when we tune the choral shell,
Each soul-entrancing strain,
As dies away its flowing swell,
Echo repeats again.

Then go with me—go with me where
My sister nymphs reside,
No earth-born maid is half so fair—
No home so sweet beside.

The last notes of the fresh, young voice, sweet, clear and delicious as the song of the mocking-bird, were floating away in the distance, when Sybil Finchley, the person she was expecting, entered the enclosure.

"Alone—alone," said she, sadly, the earnest, hopeful look which had lit up her countenance giving place to one of extreme sadness.

The next minute, happening to direct her eyes towards the river, she saw the boat Sybil came in returning. The mist of gathering tears dimmed her eyes, and then hung in bright drops on her eyelashes. But she dashed them away, and while an angry crimson flashed across her cheek, with a passionate exclamation she sprang forward to meet Sybil.

"He's gone—he's gone," she cried, "without even seeing me."

"Who is gone, my bird?"

"Don't mock me by asking. You know that there's only one in the wide world I wish to see."

"Yes, I do know, I suppose; but it wasn't he who came with me."

"Not Percy?"

"No, 'twas the boy Tony."

"And you didn't see him. I had rather you wouldn't have gone."

"I did see him, but only for half a minute."

"What did he say?"

"Not much of anything. In the first place there wasn't time to say much—in the next place that hateful Braxton was lurking round, and I didn't choose that he should get sight of me."

"Did he say anything about me?" But why do I ask? Don't I know that he did?"

"How should you know it, my bird?"

"Don't I know that if I only had time to say three words to one I knew had lately seen him, Percy would be one of them?"

"He said twice that number to me."

"And yet didn't mention me."

"I haven't said that he didn't."

"You are unkind—cruel; you who know how friendless I am. No one—"

Here she threw her arms round Sybil's neck, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

"Come, my bird, cheer up," said Sybil; "I did wrong to tease you so. Percy did speak of you. He said in a whisper, but not so low that I could hear, 'Tell Zorayne I shall see her before I sleep.'"

"Those were his very words?"

"Yes."

"Tony came with you to take back the boat?"

"To be sure he did. If he hadn't, there would have been no way for Percy to get here."

"Dear Aunt Sybil, you never forget anything. I'll never again call you unkind;" and hurrying to the tree where the half-woven wreaths were lying, she finished one that was starred with rich crimson flowers, and so arranged it as to prevent her hair from falling over her forehead.

"Where are the bright coins to braid with it?" said Sybil.

"O, I'll have none of them," she replied, as she commenced winding her long, shining tresses round her fingers, in such a manner as to cause them to fall over her shoulders in rich abundance.

She then stole down to a place near the water's edge where there was a little pool, clear and smooth as glass. It was her mirror, and as she bent over it and saw the deep, dark eyes looking up to hers, and the lips, fresher and more beautiful than any she had ever seen besides, return her smile, she had greater faith in the power of her own loveliness than she had ever felt before. Then she thought of a fair girl she had heard described, and wondered if she was like her.

"You have seen Myra Pemberton," said she, when she again joined Sybil, who was sitting just outside the door of the hut.

"Yes."

"You think her very beautiful?"

"I have seen few more so."

"Her eyes—are they like mine?"

Sybil shook her head.

"They are handsomer."

"They are very pretty."

"Are they black?"

"No, the color of violets."

"I'm glad of that. Percy likes dark eyes best."

"And her hair?"

"As little like yours as her eyes."

"It isn't black then?"

"No, it's a soft, rich brown, and so bright and glossy, that in the sunshine it looks as if gold dust was sifted over it."

"O, if mine were only like it."

"Foolish child. You say this because you think Percy might be better pleased with bright, sunny hair."

"And don't you think so?"

"No, he wouldn't give a single tress of this black hair of yours, for all the curls that ever grew on Myra Pemberton's head. He cares nothing for her, nor she for him."

Zorayne answered only by a smile, and a look which brightened her countenance, as if a sunbeam had passed over it.

"I mustn't forget the song he taught me last night," said she; and taking her guitar she commenced singing:

"O, tell me not, there is no bliss,
Beneath the starry skies,
While one bright, beaming hour like this,
Sheds rapture, as it flies."

After singing the first two lines, a deep, mellow voice, softened by the distance, chimed in with hers, and half obscured by the purple gloom which now rested on the river, she could see the looked-for boat gliding towards its place of shelter. A moment's silence, and the strings of the guitar again thrilled beneath her fingers, and mingled its notes with her voice. But ere she had finished the first line of the second stanza, with a passionate gesture she cast the instrument aside.

"Why don't you sing the rest?" said Sybil.

"I can think only of him. I can remember neither music nor words. They are floating in my mind like something bright and beautiful, but all tangled together."

"I can think only of him—only of him. Just the words I've heard her mother say so many times," said Sybil to herself.

As Zorayne stood watching for the appearance of her lover, Sybil's thoughts were busy with the time when she first saw her. Prior to that time she had led the wandering life of a gipsy among the hills of Spain. Why her mother, who possessed all the wondrous and fascinating beauty with which the young Spanish gitana is often endowed, came to leave her own bright clime for England, no one knew except Sybil Finchley. When one stormy night the beautiful gipsy, and her no less lovely child, came to her door to beg a few hours' shelter, she not only granted the request, but gave them a home.

She subsequently learned that she left her native land to seek beneath the dull skies of Britain, one, who, in accordance with the simple ritual prescribed by her people, was her husband. To her it had been a solemn and sacred rite; to him, a chain to be severed and cast aside whenever the flowers which wreathed it began to lose their freshness. Her search proved a vain one, for she had never known him except by an assumed name; and a year had not passed, when the grass was green on her grave.

Sybil Finchley, unworthy as she was, and in many things deserving of censure, accepted the daughter of the dying mother as a sacred trust, which thus far, to the best of her ability, she had faithfully fulfilled. Her dream of the past was broken by the voice of Percy, who, with a joyous exclamation, sprang forward to meet Zorayne. The clouds of sunset had not yet lost all their brightness, and he and the young girl for a while stood silently watching them.

Love is certainly a beautifier. As they thus stood together, his countenance, which used to be so dull and apathetic, was full of light and enthusiasm. But they soon faded, giving place to a look of sadness. The cloud could not escape the eye of Zorayne. Its gloom fell on her heart.

"You're not happy—half as happy as when you were here last," said she.

"What makes you think so, dear Zorayne?"

"Can a shadow fall on you without hiding the sunshine from me? Tell me, Percy, what has happened?"

He took both of her little hands, and looked into the large, soft eyes raised to his.

"Before answering your question," said he, "let me ask you if you are happy in this little nest?"

"Sometimes."

"But at others, you think you would be happier in some stately mansion—some magnificent palace?"

"No, I don't care for palaces."

"What is it then?"

"I am lonely. A bird, even a star, or a flower used to be a companion—a friend. Now I only think of the hour which will bring you."

"Yes, Zorayne tells the truth," said Sybil. "She has had her home in the forest and among the hills too long to care for grand houses. But what made your thoughts run on that subject?"

"There was good reason why they should."

"You have been told something you didn't suspect—something concerning yourself and Mr. Danbridge. Am I right?"

"I don't know but that I may say I didn't suspect it, yet many a time long ago, and many a time since, something very similar to what I have this day learned has passed through my mind, like the memory of a dream."

"It makes the old saying good, that 'little pitchers have great ears.' 'Twas no dream. I remember the time as well as if it were only yesterday. When Mrs. Cline had the care of you, I called to see her one evening. You were about six years old then. Her son was absent, and she persuaded me to stay all night with her. We sat late, talking of old times, and the bad man who had so deceived her about Mr. Danbridge's son."

"Who was the man?"

"Have you no suspicion who it was?"

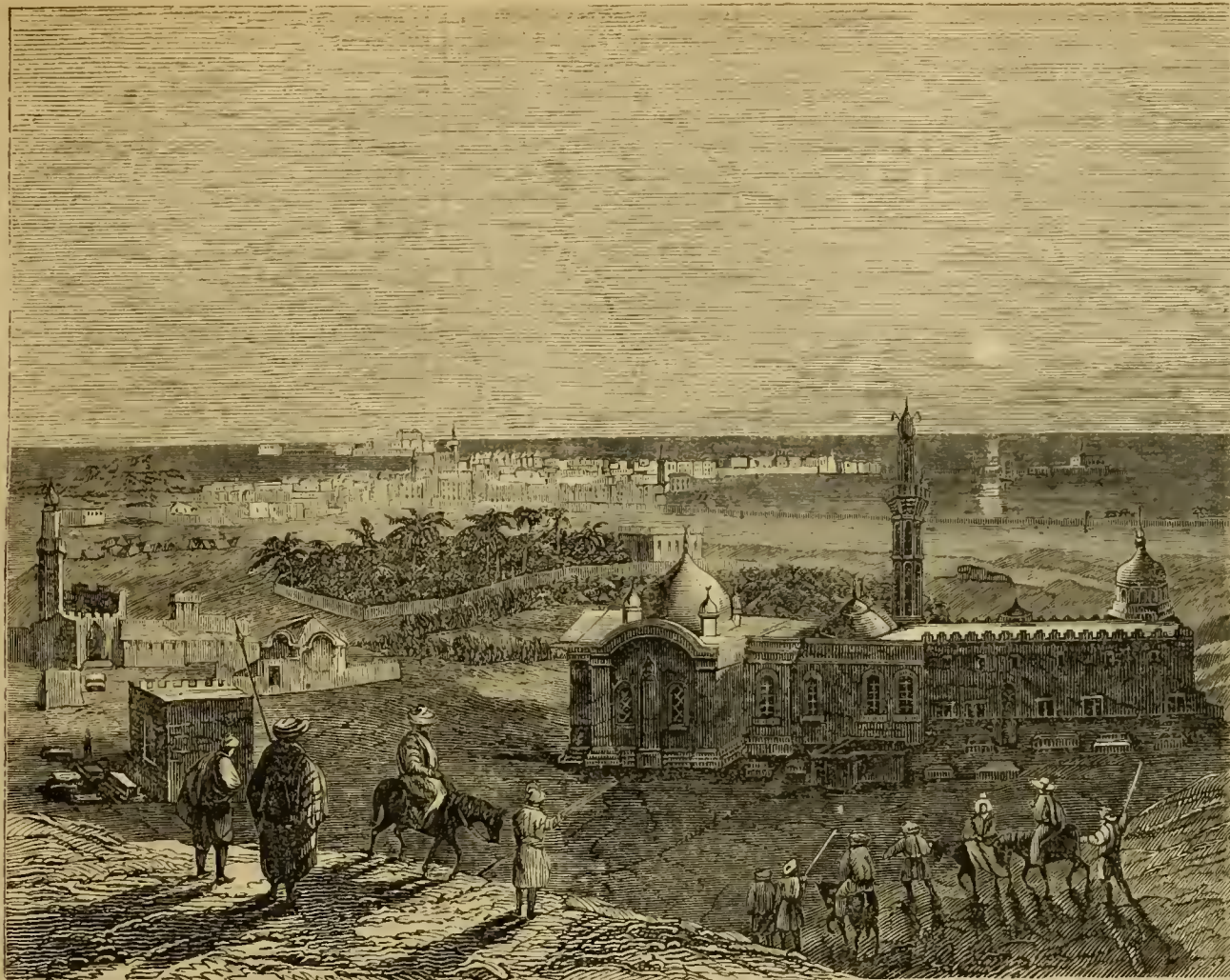
"None."

"It must have been my brother who told you about this affair."

"It was."

"He had some reason for not telling you his name, but it won't be hidden from you long. As I was saying, Mrs. Cline and I spoke about you, and between us both we told over pretty much the whole story, when all at once, happening to look around to your crib, I saw that you were awake. After all, I wish my brother had not told you quite yet."

"I wish he had told me sooner. I have too long been the usurper of another's rights, though, thank Heaven, innocently."



THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

"What does all this mean?" said Zorayne.
 "Nothing, only that I'm not Mr. Danbridge's son."
 "Not his son?"
 "Even so."
 "Mr. Danbridge knows nothing about it as yet," said Sybil.
 "Not a word."
 "Why need he know it then?"
 "Would you tempt me to hide it from him?"
 "The moment you tell him, you throw away a fortune which would enable you to live in ease and splendor."
 "Better to have a light purse than a heavy heart."
 "To see *her* surrounded with luxury—wouldn't that tempt you?"
 "That, if anything. Zorayne, does the thought that I am not a rich man's son trouble you?"
 "Thinking you to be a rich man's son, has caused me more unhappiness than aught else."
 "And to confess the truth, ever since I first saw you, the thought hasn't been a pleasant one to me."
 "Even this evening," said Zorayne, "while watching to catch the first glimpse of your boat on the river, I was haunted with the feeling that you might never dare venture to come again. I knew that the poor gipsy girl was no mate for Mr. Danbridge's son."
 "Your goodness, innocence and beauty make you a mate for any one, and raise you far above me."
 "Your love spoke then, dear Percy. It would have been different with Mr. Danbridge. He would have thought of me only as an outcast, and spurned me."
 "No one, dearest, with any heart, could spurn you. Least of all, such a noble-hearted man as Mr. Danbridge."
 "And yet," said Sybil, "he would hardly have consented to receive her as a daughter."
 "I know it. I have found so well what he thinks relative to such matters, as to be certain he wouldn't."
 "And what did you intend to do in that case?"
 "Give up my inheritance, for I would not break my promise to Zorayne. For her sake I should be glad of a small portion of the wealth I expected; for myself, I am content to remain poor, the same I always have been. All that Mr. Danbridge ever gave me, as you know, went into Braxon's hands."
 "For all that you're not penniless."
 "No, for I've five shillings and threepence in my pocket. This morning, unfortunately, before I knew what I do now, Mr. Danbridge paid me my monthly allowance."
 "You have that then?"
 "No, it has gone the same way as all the rest."
 "You gave it to Braxon?"
 "Yes, in less than ten minutes after I received it."
 "And yet I repeat that you're not penniless."
 "Explain—I don't understand."
 "For a long time—no matter why—it has been for Braxon's interest to buy my silence, and I've expected liberal pay. Can you guess why I exacted it?"
 "You had a use for money, I suppose."
 "So far from it, that I never have spent a farthing of it. I kept it for you, for I foresaw that the day would come when you would have need of it."
 "All? Did you say that you kept it all?"
 "Every penny of it."
 "That is well. I shall have it in my power to return to Mr. Danbridge a small portion of what has been obtained from him by false pretences."
 "Do as you like. There may be more worldly wisdom in such a step than you think for."
 "I shall return it because it don't belong to me. I was taught the difference between right and wrong by my good nurse, and shall never forget it. As to worldly wisdom, I believe I haven't as much as some people have."
 "No, your tutor took good care not to enlighten you on that subject. If he had taught you the value of money, you would have learned to love it, and then he knew that you wouldn't be so ready to give up all you had to him. For the future, necessity will teach you to prize it as you ought. Now let us speak of other matters. In the first place, you mustn't say a word of what has been told you to any person whatever. Above all, be careful that Braxon don't suspect anything of the kind."

"I must tell Mr. Danbridge."
 "Not even him at present. There are those whose lives, even, may be endangered by a premature disclosure."
 "I hope it won't be long before I can tell him. I am not so crafty as Braxon, and may say or do something which will betray me."
 "It may be weeks first, or it may be only a few days."
 Nothing more was said on the subject, and an hour afterwards the young man bid them farewell, after promising to visit them again the evening following.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

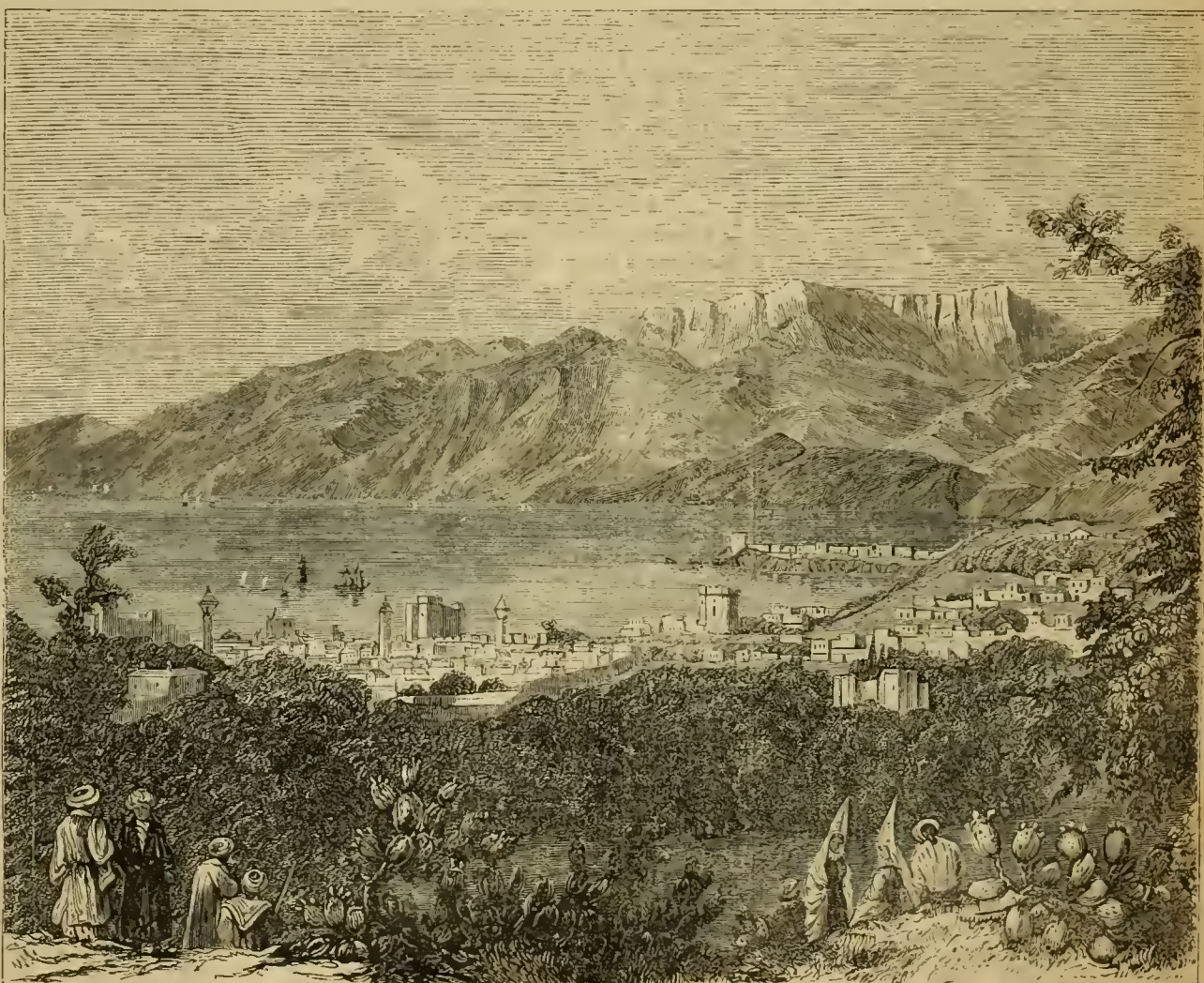
VIEW OF BEYROUT, IN SYRIA.

The view herewith published of Beyrout, Bairut, Beyronth, or Bayruth, as it is indifferently spelled, is the best we have seen of that celebrated city of Turkey in Asia. It is seen stretched along the water, with its white houses and minarets, the distance being crowned by precipitous hills, which give a singularly romantic character to the landscape. In the foreground are specimens of the high caps and curious costume of a portion of the people. Beyrout, anciently Berytus, is in the pachalie of Acre, Syria, twenty-five leagues from that place, and twenty-four from Damascus. Its history is lost in the night of time. Fable assigns Saturn as its founder. Strabo speaks of it with praise, and it is mentioned by Pliny, Ptolemy and Dionysius. Berytus was the

country of Sanconiathon, the celebrated historian of Phœnicia, who is said to have lived in the time of Semiramis, or, according to others, in the days of Gideon, judge of Israel, about 1245 B. C. Glass is said to have been invented at Berytus. The Emperor Augustus made it a Roman colony, and called it Felix Julia, after his daughter. The epithet of Felix (happy—fortunate), was attributed to it on account of the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and the magnificence of its situation. Agrippa conducted two legions of the Roman army thither. Berytus, becoming the most beautiful city of Phœnicia, had a school of civil law which was celebrated throughout the East. Completely overthrown by an earthquake in 566, it soon rose again from its ruins. Still later it sustained two memorable sieges, one against Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, in the year 1109 of the Christian era, when he took it from the Saracens, and the other against Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1187. Saladin finally reconquered it, after a long resistance, and was then crowned sultan of Jerusalem, Damascus and Cairo. In 1197, the Crusaders and the troops of Malek Adel met between Tyre and Sidon, on the borders of Nahr-el-Kasimieh. Victory having perched upon the Christian banners, the inhabitants of Beyrout fled at their approach. The victors of Kasimieh, according to the chronicles, found in the abandoned city provisions enough for three years, and a sufficient quantity of bows, arrows and slings to load two large ships. Since the period of the crusades, it has almost always remained under the rule of the emirs of the Druses, princes of Lebanon. One of the most celebrated of them, the emir Fakhr-Eddin, made it his capital and habitual residence. He had brought back from his Italian travels, and a sojourn of nine years at the court of the Medici, in Florence, a taste for architecture and the fine arts. All the buildings ordered by him were in the Roman style. The sultan Marad IV., jealous of his power and renown, ordered Kutehuk Ahmed Pacha to depose him. Vanquished and carried prisoner to Constantinople, Fakhr-Eddin was decapitated, and his head exposed at the seraglio gate. Still his sons succeeded to his authority. About a century since, his race having become extinct, the authority was vested in an Arabic family. Beyrout is situated on a tongue of land which protrudes into the transparent waters of the Syrian sea. On the right and left are a few rocks crowned with Turkish fortifications, and producing a highly picturesque effect. It has three gates, and a khan (*entrepot* of merchandise). Open on the seaside, the three other sides are surrounded by walls constructed by the emirs, and flanked by Saracenic towers. The houses, shops and bazaars are generally well built of stone, and loftier than those usually found in Syria; the roofs are terraced. The streets are paved with flag-stones, and are narrow and tortuous, and the water is so bad that the women are obliged to procure it from the surrounding country. The ancient ruins scattered about Beyrout do not allow us to doubt that the modern city occupies a portion of the site of the ancient Berytus. On the west side are a cistern, and the remains of an aqueduct and ancient baths; towards the sea are the ruins of a semi-circular monument, supposed to have been the theatre of Agrippa. The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics and Mussulman Arabs. Consuls of various Christian powers reside here. All religions are tolerated—and Christianity is represented here by American missionaries.

CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, LOWER EGYPT.

The accompanying engraving is an excellent general view of the famous city of Alexandria (Iskanderyeh), Lower Egypt, with its minarets, fortifications, its pier, lighthouse and shipping illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. It communicates with Cairo by the Nile, and the Mahmoudieh canal, of which we recently published an engraving. Our readers need not be told that it derives its name from its founder, Alexander the Great. The modern town is built on a peninsula, anciently the island of Pharos. The ruins of the ancient city cover a vast extent of the mainland. The present population is about 60,000, including 8000 troops and the workmen of the arsenal. Some of the wooden buildings, such as the pacha's palace, the naval and military hospitals and the schools, are really fine structures. Indeed the traveller, in some parts of Alexandria, might fancy himself in a European city. The Turkish quarter is, however, irregular and dirty. Alexandria is still the great commercial emporium of Egypt, and a large share of business is transacted here. The trade is increasing.



VIEW OF BEYROUT, SYRIA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONSTANCE.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

When first we met, the blushing rose
Was on her modest cheek,
Her heart was trembling at the close
Of words I dared to speak;
I held her passive hand in mine,
And felt the ardent glow
Betray its secret "I am thine,"
As though she told me so.

When next we met the vintage blest
Another lip than mine,
The purple clusters had been pressed
Of all their liberal wine;
The lily had displaced the rose
Upon her pallid cheek,
An angel plagiarized the close
Of words I heard her speak.

O, dwell those kisses on my lips
Of which I ravished hers!
O, thrill me to my finger tips,
The love which in me stirs!
For I am chilly all the day,
By thinking of her shroud,
And chiding every hour's delay
From dreams by her endowed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 5.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

The Guano island of Ichaboe.—Method of loading guano.—Singular discovery on the island.—Stupidity of the penguins.—A visit from the Namaqua Hottentots.—Sad shipwreck.—Departure from Ichaboe.

THE island of Ichaboe is situated on the coast of Anger Penguin, about the 30th degree of south latitude, and not more than a mile from the mainland. Thither was the Alert bound. We set sail from Sierra Leone, and after a tedious passage of four weeks, found ourselves in the latitude of Orange River. Somewhere near the mouth of the river we knew the island of Ichaboe to be, but it had not hitherto been laid down in the charts of the African coast, and its whereabouts, even its existence, had been, until lately, unknown, save to a few coasting skippers. The sudden mania to employ guano as a fertilizing agent, which had taken possession of the agricultural world, and the discovery of a vast quantity of the manure on this insignificant sand-bank on the southern coast of Africa, had raised the island into a place of fleeing, but, for the time being, considerable commercial importance.

Sailing to the extreme south of the coast of Anger Penguin, we pointed the schooner's head northward, and coasted along close in shore, until we made the island of which we were in search. Our first intimation that we had reached our destination, was the sudden appearance of a forest of masts towering above the summit of a low hillock, so near the mainland that at first sight it did not appear to be detached from it; but the hulls and lower spars of the vessels were concealed from view by the land, showing that they were lying sheltered between the hillock and the mainland. Long reefs stretched out to seaward, over which the swell constantly rolling in from the Atlantic, broke with a monotonous, melancholy roar, while the white foam dashed far up the sandy beach. The atmosphere was almost darkened with immense flights of sea-fowl which hovered over the land, filling the air with their discordant, shrieking voices; the atmosphere, though the latitude was low, was damp and chilly, and the coast as far as the eye could reach, sterile and dreary to look upon.

We sailed round a low point and entered a spacious bay resembling a semi-circle, and formed by the island and the mainland; and now a wonderful scene presented itself. We seemed, as if by magic, to have come upon a vast mart of commerce. At least two hundred vessels of all sizes and rigs, lay at anchor in the spacious harbor; and boats innumerable were passing to and fro, from the vessels to the land. The flags of the ships were hoisted to do honor to the appearance of a vessel-of-war, and half a dozen of the more ambitious captains fired a salute with the ship's guns. The shore was lined with white tents, as if an army had encamped there.

In the course of another half hour we lay at anchor with sails furled, in the midst of the fleet of traders. Several of the captains came on board to afford us such information as we might require. I have observed that we came to do duty as a guard ship; very soon the number of

complaints made, satisfied our captain that he would have enough to do in his new magisterial occupation. There were, as I have said, two hundred ships in the harbor, and on shore, we now learnt, there were five hundred laborers, Irishmen and Kroomen, hired by the owners of the vessels, from Liverpool and from Sierra Leone. These men lived in tents, and were provided with food by the captains of the vessels to which the several gangs belonged, and as each captain chose his own especial field of labor on shore, subject only to a code of regulations drawn up by one of the number, with the approbation of the rest, and, as a matter of course, frequently broken, the quarrels between the captains and the gangs of laborers on shore, were frequent and sometimes serious. Several men had been badly maimed, some had come within an ace of losing their lives. It was to arbitrate in the disputes which led to these disturbances, that we had been despatched to the field of operations. Our captain's duty was no sinecure, and by no means a pleasant one.

We were eager to go on shore and survey the island and witness the method of loading the guano; the schooner's boats were therefore speedily lowered, and we rowed away toward the landing place. We had not, however, calculated the difficulties which were to be surmounted before our object was achieved. I have mentioned the fact that the island was surrounded with reefs. There was no landing place that could with propriety be designated by that appellation. Only when the tide was very low—once, perhaps in three or four days—could any one, by any possibility, land on the beach from a ship's boat. The first comers had taken advantage of one of these low tides, and then, at the risk of their lives, effected a landing. It was imperatively necessary, if the project of loading the vessels with the precious manure was not to be abandoned, to devise some method by which boats could be loaded at all hours of the day. To effect this, long wharves, stretching out beyond the reefs, had been rudely constructed with planks and timbers brought from Liverpool for the purpose. To support the planks, cross-pieces of timber were placed between huge masses of rock and securely fastened. On these the planks rested, and thus the wharves were stretched out, planks resting upon the end of planks, until the necessary length of the extemporaneous wharf was obtained. Chain cables attached to kedge anchors, were fastened both to the outer and inner terminations of the wharves. When the boats from the vessels neared the shore, they watched an opportunity until a swell of the sea lifted the boat high above the reefs, and sent it with great velocity toward the beach. As it reached the end of the wharf, the chain cable was seized by half a dozen hands, and the boat's progress arrested, and then the sailors clambered back-handed up the cable, till they reached the planks above. When all who desired had effected a landing by these means, the boat was shoved off and lay near by, waiting until it was necessary for the men still on board to go through a similar manœuvre, in order to receive the crew on board again. The boats which received the cargo lay in the like manner, fast by a rope to the cable, and when the laborers appeared at the end of the wharf with a heavy bag of guano on their backs, they were pulled in, as opportunity offered, beneath the staging, and the bag tumbled into the boat, which again was allowed to swing off, and again pulled in when necessary, until its loading was completed. As may readily be imagined, this was both a laborious and hazardous task, and in rougher weather than usual, many an accident occurred. Several boats were staved in, and not a few lives lost.

Guano, as it may be necessary to inform some of my readers, is the excrement of sea-fowl and seals, and not the excrement alone, but also the decayed bodies. It is of a dark chocolate color when fresh from the land, resembling pulverized, dark, clayey soil. It is extremely heavy, with an almost insupportably pungent and aromatic odor, and abounding in ammonia. It is, of course, the accumulation of centuries, during which the seals and sea fowl have rested in their drear and desolate abodes, and lived and died undisturbed by man. The method of obtaining it was by digging on both sides and in the rear, to the depth of six or eight feet, until a square mass of the like dimensions each way was exposed, when a rope was passed round it, and the combined force of a dozen or twenty men was exerted in pulling the rope, until the mass fell with a crash, scattering several tons of guano

over the beach at the base, where it was shovelled into bags, borne on men's shoulders to the boats, carried on board the ships, and emptied in bulk into the hold, being subsequently properly trimmed by the crew. It was dirty and extremely unpleasant labor. The seals had left the island—scared away by the approach of man; but the sea fowl continued to make it their resort until not a ship's load of manure remained. Of these birds, the penguins were the most numerous, and so stupid were they, that they would often sit gazing upon the operations of undermining that were going forward, until it was loosened and they actually came tumbling down with the mass. A body of seamen could at any time march boldly into the midst of a flock and knock them down with sticks, killing a dozen before the rest were active or sensible enough to attempt to make their escape. Yet once in the water, and their nature seemed to have undergone a complete change. No sea bird is there more crafty or more active. It was their habit at night, when returning to their nests, or rather, holes in the guano, after a day's busy fishing, to assemble in line, an old patriarch of the tribe taking the lead, the grown male birds leading the van and bringing up the rear, and the females and the young birds occupying the centre of the column. As they stand erect on their legs to the height of full three feet, all with similar plumage, and all moving their flippers like arms, they bear a close resemblance, at a short distance, to a body of Lilliputian soldiers on a march. Their flesh is a mass of blubber, quite uneatable, but the sailors killed them in great numbers for the sake of the down, and for the coarse feathered but singularly mottled skins.

That seals of enormous size had not only latterly, but for ages past, made the island their abode, was evident from the large skins that were found—as large as those of a moderately sized ox—tough and entire near the surface of the guano, and almost rotten far beneath. We saw none living of this size while there, but very often individuals of a smaller species made their appearance in the harbor, but they were too wary to allow us to approach them, or even to come within reach of gunshot.

In digging for the guano, which (I may observe in parenthesis) was so exceedingly pungent and irritating to the eyes and nostrils and lungs of the laborers that they could not remain longer than a minute in the trenches without the blood pouring from their noses and mouths, and the eyeballs becoming of a fiery red color, the men found evidence of the landing of mariners at a distant period. Knives, half eaten with rust, and pewter platters and drinking-cups of ancient fashion, were frequently found at the depth of twenty feet below the surface. On one occasion a quantity of dried herring-bones—the herring is a fish unknown in these waters—were disinterred, and other evidence was discovered, that some unfortunate mariners—perhaps a century ago—had landed and eaten a meal on this island; perhaps these relics were the only vestiges of some unfortunate, shipwrecked seaman, who had died in this desolate region, and whose flesh and bones had gone to add to the accumulation of guano! On one occasion a discovery was made which led to a general stampede from the ships to the shore of all who could quit the vessels, so great was the curiosity manifested. A rudely constructed deal coffin was disinterred from the depth of full forty feet, the following inscription still legible on the lid:

"Pete— —andertrom.
Timbermann,
Skip Van Der—
O— 17— 16— 4
Ae— — 4—."

Many of the letters were entirely obliterated, but enough remained to inform us that the Timbermann, or carpenter, whose name was Peter—something, had died on board a Dutch vessel sometime during the seventeenth century, and had been buried in the guano when the accumulation was much less than it was at the time when the discovery was made of its value as a fertilizing agent.

Sometimes, to diversify the scene, and while away the weary time, parties would go ashore on the mainland, though the landing was accompanied with danger, and more than one boat's crew perished in the attempt, while we lay in the harbor. Once landed, a sterile prospect met the view. Nothing but sand, sand, stretching for weary miles in every direction from seaward. It was said that green and fertile oases were to be found scattered far apart, some miles in the interior—the site of krails of the Hottentots, who

roamed from one oasis to another, as the means of existence were consumed—what a miserable existence; and yet, doubtless, these miserable specimens of humanity were patriotically attached to their native soil, and considered it the happiest spot in the world.

One day a party of these Hottentots, consisting of males, females and children, visited the coast, and were easily persuaded to come on board the ships. They had, doubtless, heard by some means, in their distant abodes, of the advent of the white men to their coast, and curiosity, and perhaps the hope of gain, though they had nothing to dispose of, had tempted them to visit the strangers. They were a contented, docile, timid race, meaning no harm and anticipating none. Thus they were readily induced to visit the vessels, though, perchance, not one among them had seen a ship before. A single individual might have trusted himself, unarmed, amongst them. I have always found that harmless savages will fearlessly trust themselves among strangers, while fear and distrust are always manifested by cruel and treacherous races.

Our visitors were very small specimens of humanity, and the queerest looking objects to be found upon the earth's surface. The tallest among them did not exceed five feet in height. Their natural color appeared to be a dark olive, but their bodies were so completely incrustated with dirt that they were actually many shades darker; their heads small and conical in shape, with receding foreheads and a crown that approached to a peak; their necks were remarkably small and scraggy, even for their small heads, and their arms and legs were skinny and slender, while their bodies were large in proportion. A few scanty, undressed fox-skins comprised their sole attire. The hair on their heads—if hair it could be termed—stood in little woolly tufts, tightly rolled up, and, apparently, if it had been unrolled, not exceeding half an inch in length. Their features were small, with the exception of a large mouth—but not remarkably thick lips—well furnished with black teeth. The expression of their countenances was like that of a grinning baboon's, and their language the oddest jargon ever uttered by human organs of speech; resembling the clacking of a barn-yard fowl with a bad cold and afflicted with hoarseness, calling her chickens together, more than anything else I can think of.

They gladly and gratefully accepted of anything we offered them. Articles of clothing worn to rags were received with manifestations of delight, and immediately donned. Scraps of fat pork were greedily eaten, almost bolted, without undergoing the process of mastication, rum was gulped down with manifest avidity, without dilution with water; but there was no attempt made by any one, as is too often the practice of savages, to appropriate to himself even the slightest article which was not given to him, however much its possession was coveted. We made one among them, who appeared to exercise the authority of a chief, superlatively happy in the possession of a cast-off marine uniform, with worsted epaulets. The poor fellow danced and screamed in the excess of his delight, and after all had partaken of a feast of biscuit, meat and rum, such as, perhaps, they had never before enjoyed, we put them ashore, some of us going with them to look at the temporary accommodations they had provided for themselves. These consisted of nothing more than a hole scooped out in the sand—the sand thus procured being banked up to windward, so as to protect them from the chill blasts—and a fire of dried seaweed kindled in front. There they laid at night on the bare sand, only covered from the weather with the scanty skins which composed their attire during the day. They remained a week on the coast, during which period we became excellent friends, and they left us loaded with, to them, valuable presents, though to us they were articles that were perfectly useless.

We remained at this dreary place six weary weeks, during which period our captain settled many differences, his word being unchangeable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and he also framed a code of regulations for the future government of the community, to which all subsequent traders were bound to conform. The authority was vested in five captains, who met at a council board. Those were elected by their peers, and another election made when the departure of any one of the board rendered such a proceeding necessary.

A few days before we left the island an awful shipwreck occurred, though not a breath of wind

was blowing at the time. A large ship of seven hundred tons set sail with a full cargo of guano. The wind, such as it was, died away just as she reached the reef which served as a breakwater to the continuous swell of the Atlantic, and rendered the harbor comparatively smooth, or a landing would have been impossible at any time. The unfortunate vessel drifted with the swell on to a reef on the mainland, exposed to the full sweep of the vast Atlantic ocean. The crew got out the boats and attempted to tow the ship out of danger, but without the slightest avail. As soon as her perilous position was noted by the vessels in the harbor, a score of well manned boats were despatched to the rescue, but she was fast on the reef, on her broadside, with the sea breaking over her mastsheads, before the foremost boat reached the spot. To save the crew was hopeless. Every man on board perished, and before night not a vestige of the gallant ship, except a few broken spars and timbers, was to be seen. The boats sent to the rescue were exposed to imminent danger. The crews, who pulled with all their might, could scarcely keep clear of the reefs, so heavy was the swell of the sea. Two boats—one belonging to an English barque, the other to an American ship, the only one in the harbor—whose crews, actuated by feelings of humanity, had approached too near the doomed ship, in the hope of saving some of the crew, were driven on to the reef, and the unfortunate though gallant men on board were lost in their vain efforts to help their fellow-creatures in distress. It was a sad, heart-rending sight to watch the vessel go to pieces; to know that, one by one, the crew were perishing, after having overcome the perils of the loading, and but an hour ago flushed with hope at the idea of soon being at home once more, without being able to afford them the slightest assistance. It taught a lesson, never to put to sea from the harbor unless a breeze were blowing of force sufficient to allow the vessel to be kept under proper guidance.

Although the island of Ichaboe lies but very few degrees to the southward of the tropic of Capricorn, the climate, during the early morning and after sunset, is chilly and disagreeable, and it is never warm, even during the day, when the sun is shining brightly. Days and days occur when the swell sets in from seaward with such violence as to render communication between the ships and the shore impossible. On such occasions the laborers on shore, each gang having a foreman appointed from among themselves, and a mate from the ships by which they are hired, to act as a chief, pursue their labors as usual, provisions enough being kept on shore, in anticipation of such occurrences, and when again the boats are enabled to load, the accumulated bags are tumbled on board quickly. The harbor is a place of dangerous anchorage on these occasions. Ships are constantly drifting and getting athwart-hawse of each other, and the watch and the labor of the ship's crews is incessant, night and day.

When we stood out to sea and obtained a fair view of the island, we were astonished at the vast difference in its appearance since we first sighted it, so great had been the quantity of guano removed during the six weeks. In less than four months afterward, we heard it was reduced to a level sand-bank—not a particle of the manure to be seen on its surface.

Three weeks of fine weather, with a tolerably fine breeze, bore us back to our old cruising ground, greatly to our delight, much and sorely as we had grumbled in former days, at the discomforts of the station.

MARSHFIELD.

Daniel Webster's late residence lies about twelve miles up the coast, next to Boston from Plymouth. As all men know, it is called Marshfield. It was formerly called Thomas' Farm, containing some thousands of acres. The mansion house is a plain, what is called gambrelled building, and in many of its details remains as its great master left it. Here is his fine library, with his books and pictures as he had them arranged when he died. Here also is his hunting-room, with his fishing tackle and his sea clothes, old slouched hat, and his sailors' boots and jacket. It is told how he delighted to go alone on the great deep and hold converse with wind and wave, and talk with the thunders as if they were his elder brothers. At Dartmouth College, failing to obtain some coveted prize, he took the ordinary diploma, and tore it to pieces, saying to the students around him, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot." This was the text of which his whole life was the sermon—*Correspondence of the Presbyterian*.

He who knows nothing, doubts nothing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Forgotten Bride of Charles II.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

A wide, rambling old house, at the Hague, is an object of architecture often found there; but must be studied well to be appreciated. Its broad, bare staircases, its halls with all sorts of hide-and-seek corners; its snug, low-browed room, full of massive old furniture,—large and airy, and well lighted, but somehow exceedingly dull, especially after the dinner hour had passed; all suggestive of the past, but weaving links with the present, all belong to Glenmore.

A broad plat of ground, laid out Dutch fashion, with its old-world plants and flowers, arranged in trim parterres, just as they had been arranged fifty years before, and planted round the wall with dwarf trees, was in the height of its blossoming, and filled with birds of every hue.

A rare old place indeed: and when a wandering stranger came to its depth of shade, what wonder that, having no home nor abiding place, and driven from the inheritance to which people denied his right, he was fain to turn aside from the weary path he had been travelling, and find rest in its summer shelter!

Glenmore was its fanciful name, and fair Lucy Walters its reigning queen. A queen she might well be; for the wanderer was Charles Stuart, and ere he had been at Glenmore a single month, there were love passages between the two, that told how dear were the twain to each other.

Lucy Walters was of Welsh descent—beautiful and attractive, but uneducated. She dwelt at Glenmore with a relative of her mother; and Mrs. Ashburne, a woman of little understanding, encouraged the intimacy she should have forbidden.

The prince, madly in love, and with the inconsiderateness of a youth barely twenty, was foolish enough to go through with the form of a marriage with pretty Lucy Walters. Foolish! because no combination of circumstances could ever make her a suitable wife for Charles Stuart; and the mad passion which had prompted the ceremony was for an object utterly incapable of fixing his wandering mind.

Lucy was a wife and a mother, but the husband and father was away, learning new lessons in love from the fair daughters of France, while she sat, lonely and abandoned by him she loved and trusted, in the solitude of Glenmore.

The first months of the Restoration had passed. Charles II., seated on his throne, was the same easy, careless being, as he had been while a wanderer on the continent. Among the most highly-favored inmates of the court, was a boy who had been trained in regal splendor—who had, says Macaulay, "been invited to put on his hat in the presence chamber, while Howards and Seymours stood uncovered; and who, when foreign princes died, had mourned for them in the long purple cloak which only royalty was permitted to wear."

The boy's name was James Crofts; but this name was early merged in the title of Duke of Buccleuch, which he received on his marriage to Anne Scott, the heiress of that noble house. From this time, the youth went on, gathering honors thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Titles and dignities were poured out in regal profusion upon him, and he was not, at least, to be blamed, under all the circumstances that surrounded him, if he deemed himself a truly royal prince.

Others took up the tale, and people believed it; and the young Duke of Monmouth (his English title) was praised, caressed, almost worshipped. Not as his father had been,—by mountain cottagers and serving men, the poor, the unlearned and the simple, who bowed in reverence before the wanderer.

Monmouth's popularity was among different people—courtiers who loved the glittering show in which he dwelt, and sought to catch some portion of his reflected greatness. These were his satellites; and to them the question of his royal birth was rarely thought of—never doubted—and in connection with this undoubting conviction, was no thought of the maternal relation of one like Lucy Walters.

But in that far-off land, where no tender mis- sive ever came to remind her of the wealth of youthful love which she had wasted upon one who was careless of the boon, Lucy Walters pinned away the weary, weary days. Time was, when the wandering prince had promised she should share the throne which then seemed afar

off and distant. Time was, when the only throne she coveted was his loving heart; and when Mrs. Ashburne begged her to demand her rights, she would meekly declare that she had no will but his whom she loved. Her love would have been like the Italian girl's—

"The same
In hushed despair, to open shame,
She would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him.
This world had power to give beside!"

Still when a dim whisper came to her from the court of Charles II., and she heard of the gay daring of the son—the king's son—her son, a wild longing to present herself to their eyes would come stealing over her, and she would resolve to dare all for love.

One treasure she had preserved like her life. It was the contract of her marriage with Charles Stuart. An ebony box that held it, was her companion by night and day. Clapsed to her bosom while she slept, she woke to gaze upon the treasured words, as if to assure herself that it was not all a dream; as if to bring back those blissful days, when, clinging fondly to his side, she walked with Charles through the old-fashioned garden, or sat by him in the long, wide gallery, unwitting of the future, and caring nothing for the queenly dignity with which the boy prince was promising to invest her. Now, that a faint murmur came to her ear of another love, another queen, all the disappointed and long desolated heart rose up in arms against the bitter wrong. Life was growing weary, and the woman's heart was waxing desperate.

One night when the Duke of Monmouth, in the plenitude of his popularity, had arrived in London at the hour of midnight, the city was ringing with the event. Bonfires and illuminations, and the peal of bells, were only a part of the demonstrations, and Monmouth received them as his due—as due to his royalty—to the rightful heir to the British throne.

Among the crowd, whose sea of eager and upturned faces expressed all that the most devoted loyalty could speak, was a woman's earnest face; its gaze fixed upon one object, apparently regardless of all others. When the crowd swayed from side to side, in their noisy adulation, she alone stood firm and immovable. The glance of those eager eyes, clear, piercing and deeply searching, never wavered; and yet, had one been quite near her, he might have seen that they were full of crushed tears. She caught hold of a railing to keep herself from falling, when she was quite near the object of all this adulation; and then her eyes again scanned him deeply. It was too much for her strength, apparently, for she fell heavily to the ground. Monmouth, with that attention to the poor and unfortunate which was the secret of his popularity, stepped towards her, and, with his sword, kept back the populace from trampling on her.

He raised her in his own arms, and bore her to a door-step near. His breath was on her cheek, his voice in her ear, tenderly inquiring if she was hurt. His tones were soft and respectful, and penetrated the heart of the listener.

She revived under the gentle touch, and suddenly threw her arms about his neck.

"My Jamie! my own Jamie!" burst from her lips, "my darling! look at me! I am the mother of Jamie Crofts."

And as if that name woke up all the lingering tenderness of a mother's fondest love, she kissed the proud cheek over and over again.

"Hush! my good woman. Let me take you away from this excitement. You are confused by the crowd."

"No, no! You are my son, and I will never again leave you."

Monmouth pitied the poor insane woman, as he thought her; but he had no time to lose with a maniac, when the populace were loudly calling for him to appear; and he committed her to the care of a person whom he instructed to treat her tenderly. In a moment she drew out the little ebony box from her bosom, and placed it in his hand.

"Read it!" she said, in a tone such as one would use in pleading for a life. "Read it, and then you will not cast me off so lightly."

Monmouth opened it and read. It was the marriage certificate of Charles Edward Stuart and Lucy Walters.

"And you are —"

He was not answered, for the woman had fallen down in a fainting fit, that, for hours, seemed like death itself.

When she awoke, it was far past dawn. She lay on a couch in a superb room, surrounded by

all the appliances of luxury; but what were these to that yearning heart? Monmouth himself watched her alone. He drew near the couch when he saw that she had recovered, and pressing into her hand the ebony box, he told her, gently and tenderly, all that had happened since this poor, insufficient contract had been lying in her bosom. The sweet temper and benevolent heart of Monmouth would not permit him to treat her otherwise, although his pride rebelled against owning her publicly as his mother.

"I will go back, my son," she said, weeping—and those tears alone saved her life and reason; "I will go back to the solitary house at the Hague, and bury all my hopes and all my sorrows there, if I can. I am a poor, weak, simple woman—unable to comprehend why this contract should be broken. But one thing I know: if Charles Stuart was not my husband, you are my son—my own beautiful, and they tell me you are the beautiful and well beloved. Answer me. Am I not your mother?"

"Before God, I believe you are, but —"

"I see, I see! There can be no true bond, you would say, between us! O, that your father had been but a poor goatherd on my native Welsh mountains! Then I could have owned my son, and he would not have been ashamed of me."

"Mother, dear mother! —"

"O, that sound! How my soul has been thirsting for years to hear it!"

"And you shall hear it! But think, dearest mother, this is not the place for you, who have lived so quietly. Return, as you proposed, and remember, I will do all that a son may do, in my case. I will visit you always, when possible, and ever think of you with love and sympathy."

"Kiss me, James. Let me be near you for one day more, and then I go to await the fulfillment of your promise."

"Mother, I swear to fulfil it!" And he did.

A few days afterwards, a lady, richly clad, was borne on board a ship, and attended by the Duke of Monmouth and his wife, the heiress of the noble house of Buccleuch, whose relative and friend she was said to be. There was an affectionate parting; the lady bestowing weeping caresses, that were warmly returned.

For years, the old house at the Hague was the scene of the promised visits, but English ground never again was trodden by the footsteps of Lucy Walters.

SAVING.

The origin of wealth is in a moral feeling—self-denial. "Here is something I will consume or throw away—I will take care of it, store it up for the future use of myself or others." The man who first said and acted thus laid the foundation of a virtue upon earth. The savings of each man are a diffusive blessing to all, and therefore, so far, frugality is a thing which all may and ought to applaud.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal*.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

The Cheapest Magazine in the World.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



SLEIGHING IN HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

SLEIGHING IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

The staidest and soberest people in creation have their moments of excitement; the gravest men will perpetrate jokes on an occasion, and the moodiest of poets sometimes write the funniest of verses. Our good people are proverbial for long faces. We have been gibed at by foreigners for our excessive gravity. They say we go through a contra dance as if we were doing penance; and that a wedding with us is so much like a funeral, that there is no fun in it. Something of truth there is in these assertions. If we have survived the Puritan's horror of all sorts of merry-making, if we have balls, theatres, operas, pic-nics, and various junketing festivities, the forefathers have stamped their stern expression on many of the countenances of their descendants. But that this rigidity never thaws is untrue; and at no season is it more completely relaxed than in our great northern Carnival—sleighbing-time. No matter what the weather may be—even if, as lately, the mercury tumbles down to eighteen degrees below zero, there will always be plenty of people to man and woman

the cutters, pungs, big sleighs, stage sleighs, and every craft that goes on runners. A fall of snow sends the blood of Bostonians dancing through every vein, and breeds a fever in the blood of age. Old and young participate in the genial excitement which defies the blasts of winter, and extorts enjoyment out of the very severity of the climate. The last fall of snow set everybody in and about Boston wild. The croakers had begun to predict that the winter would pass without the usual sports of the road; but their prophecies were set at naught quite as early as we had a right to expect. Our artist, Mr. Homer, has faithfully executed the commission we gave him to furnish us with two original pictures representing scenes in sleighbing time, and the result is before us. The first sketch, and a very spirited one it is, was made in Haymarket Square, and shows us life on the snow in that busy locality. The teamsters have caught the infection, and are crowding their big horses as close up to 2.40 as that style of horse-flesh permits. Seated on the extremity of the stout plank braced in the bars of their sleds, they are absolutely racing, in

violation of the ordinances of the city fathers. The jolly fellow with a pung load of pigs is coming through the square at a terrific rate, the betting of the outsiders being in his favor, while the drivers of the wood sleds are making them fairly fly over the icy surface, to the horror of the policeman on the side, who, as he witnesses the illegal sport, vainly seeks to arrest the arrowy flight of the offenders, and is quite unable to "spot" or identify them. The second picture is no less exciting, though it gives us a different style of merry-makers. The locality will be readily recognized as the square in front of the great Cattle Fair Hotel in Brighton, which, with its extensive outbuildings, is delineated in the distance. The horses in the sleighs in front are making the snow fly at a tremendous rate, being good ones to go and well handled. We can almost hear the "tintinnabulation of the bells—bells—bells," as Poe sings, and the merry laughter ringing a musical accompaniment of the sleighers. The Cattle Fair Hotel is a grand rendezvous in sleighbing time. The extensive sheds and stables, and the square, are sometimes

completely filled with sleighs, while the owners and lessees are within, enjoying those suppers for which the hotel is so far-famed. The road, either over the Milldam, or through Roxbury and Brookline, is always a favorite drive when the ground is in good condition. The scene, even in winter, is varied and pleasing, and the distance about right to traverse with a fast horse, without getting absolutely congealed in performing. From Brighton home to Boston, the route is usually through Cambridge, with another halt at Porter's, known to every one who ever drew a rein over a horse, and quite as famous as Lef Snedeker on Long Island. The entire route we have sketched, on a pleasant afternoon is alive with sleighs, keeping up a perpetual jingle, with frequent dashes for the lead. The rush down the hill into the square is like the struggle at the "finish" on the Long Island course. It is all wild but good humored excitement, and a defeat in a brush is borne with perfect equanimity. It seems to be an established law of the road there, barring the occurrence of foul driving, that no one shall lose his temper in sleighbing time.



SLEIGHING ON THE ROAD, BRIGHTON, NEAR BOSTON.

MASSACHUSETTS HOSPITAL.

The accompanying view of the Massachusetts General Hospital, M'Lean St., Boston, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud and engraved by Marsh, from a photograph by Whipple & Black. It stands on a lot of four acres on the borders of the Charles River, at the west part of the city. It was incorporated in 1811. It is one of the noblest, best-endowed and best-furnished institutions of the kind in the United States. This magnificent structure is built of Chelmsford granite, and is 274 feet in length by 54 in breadth, with a portico in front of eight Ionic columns. Unlike many of our beautiful public buildings, which are so crowded by others as present no satisfactory point of view, the hospital may be seen from a great many points, and always appears to advantage. Connected with the building in the rear is a kitchen and laundry of the most approved construction. The whole interior is arranged according to the most perfect system, and nothing can exceed the perfect neatness and cleanliness visible throughout. Wealthy invalids frequently resort to it, paying for the accommodations appropriated to such patients, because they can be better cared for here than in their own homes. The grounds are decorated with ornamental trees and shrubs, and laid out in gravel walks for those patients who are able to take outdoor exercise. The medical staff embraces the first surgeons and physicians of the city. This institution has found many munificent friends and patrons in Massachusetts, and has a very large and increasing capital, which has established it on the firmest basis.

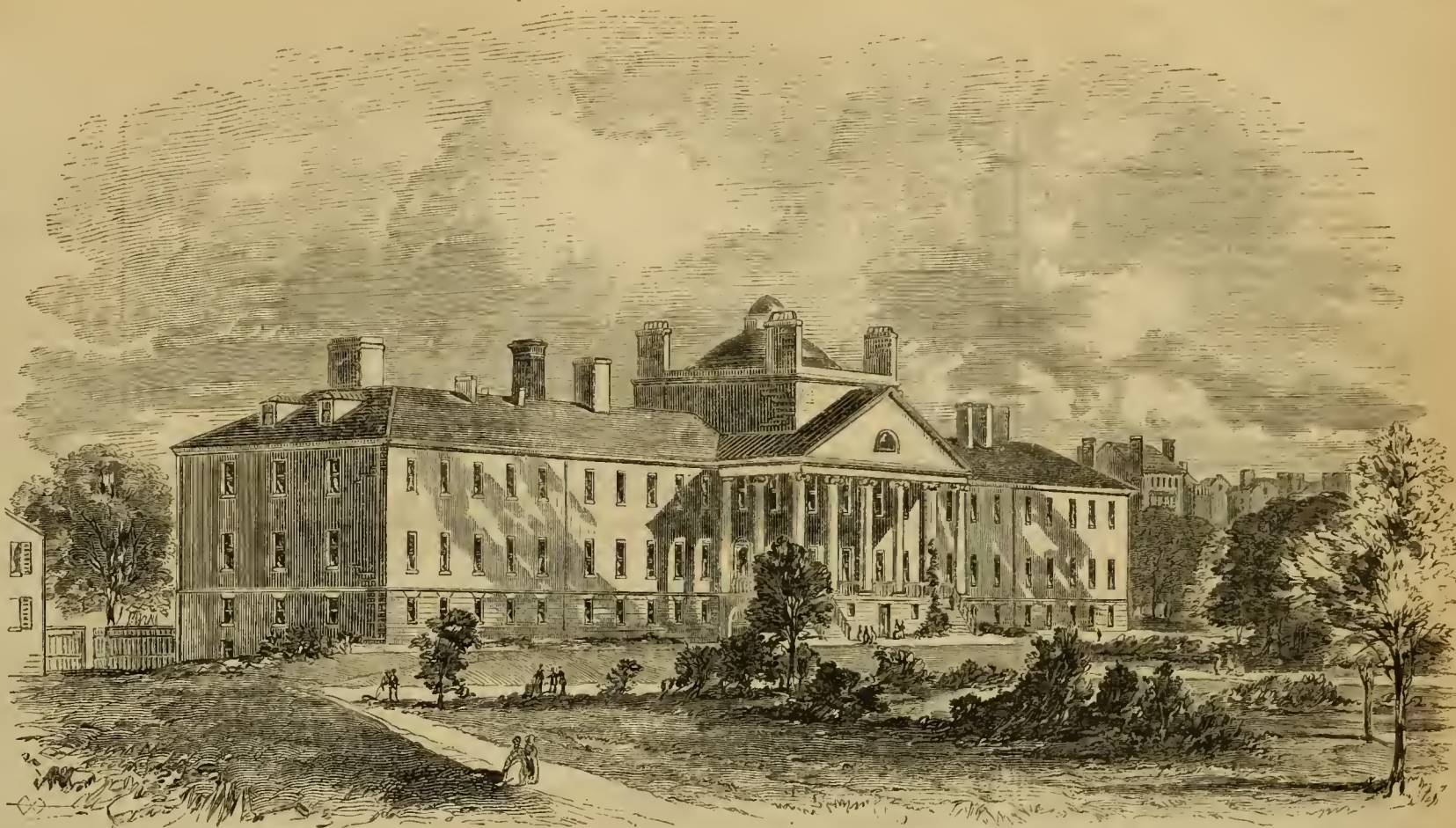
SCENE IN THE "CORSIKAN BROTHERS."

The dramatic tableau on this page was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, and represents the famous duel scene in the last act of the "Corsican Brothers," as performed at the Boston Theatre. The twin brothers, Fabien and Oscar dei Franchi, are admirably presented by Mr. E. L. Davenport, and the Chevalier de Chateau-Renaud by Mr. E. Adams. Between these two a fatal duel with small swords forms the catastrophe of the drama. At the Boston Theatre this combat is one of the most exciting passages in the piece, Mr. Davenport and his antagonist exhibiting such splendid swordsmanship that the spectators are affected, and sit breathless as if witnesses of an actual duel *a l'outrance*. Mr. Barry has brought out the play in the most splendid and complete manner, the unrivalled capacities of his stage affording the amplest opportunity for the

display of scenery and decorations. The Hall in the Corsican Chateau, the interior of the Opera House, Paris, during a masquerade ball in Carnival time, the Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau, are marvels of scenic art, and the tableaux grouped in connection with them, are remarkably effective. The play is founded on one of the most ingenious stories of that most ingenious of story-tellers, Alex. Dumas, senior. Nothing exhibits his skill more strikingly than the success with which he has employed supernatural machinery in the development of a story of modern times. Nearly all such attempts on the part of writers so eminent even as Sir Walter Scott, have proved failures, but Dumas has succeeded in making us accept the impossible as probable. The leading characters are two twin brothers, Corsicans, who are born connected in the same manner as the Siamese twins. The ligature which unites them is separated by excision, but the most complete moral sympathy continues to unite them. So intimate is this strange sympathy that, though a thousand leagues sepa-

rate them, one is always conscious of every important event that is occurring to the other. This is made manifest to the audience by the opening of the "flat" at the extremity of the stage, and the presentation of a series of dramatic tableaux. Both of the brothers fall in love with a lady who visits Corsica, but Fabien dei Franchi suppresses his passion in favor of his brother Oscar, and the latter leaves Corsica for Paris, ostensibly to pursue his studies, but really to follow up his suit. In Paris he is involved in a series of adventures, and drawn into a quarrel with the Chevalier de Chateau-Renaud, the villain of the piece, who fights him and kills him in the forest of Fontainebleau. All this is distinctly pictured to the vision of the other brother, Fabien, in Corsica, and he instantly repairs to France, with all possible speed, to avenge his brother's death. He encounters Chateau-Renaud on the very spot where Oscar has fallen, and forces him to a duel—the encounter alluded to above. After fighting a long while, the combatants being pretty well matched, Chateau-Re-

naud's sword breaks, and De Morny, one of the seconds, rushes forward, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this duel cannot proceed. The sword of Monsieur de Chateau-Renaud is broken—the arms are no longer equal." Fabien replies, "You are mistaken, sir," and breaks his own sword across his knee. "Now," he continues, "they are equal. Take up your weapon, sir, and continue." "What!" exclaims De Morny, "implacable?" "As destiny—as death," replies Fabien dei Franchi. The seconds then bind the broken blades to the combatant's hands, during which Chateau-Renaud says, "De Morny, I shall be killed. In a week's time write to my mother—tell her I had a fall from a horse. In a fortnight after write to her that I am dead. Were she to learn the fatal news suddenly, it would kill her." "There is yet hope," said De Morny. "None—none," replies Chateau-Renaud. "Destiny is with this man. Now, sir," he adds, turning to Fabien, "when you are ready." "I am always ready," is the reply. The combat renewed, Fabien slays his brother's murderer.



MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, M'LEAN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



DE MORNAY (M. V. LINGHAM).

CHATEAU-RENAUD (E. ADAMS).

FABIEN (E. L. DAVENPORT).

DE MEYNARD (F. J. HORTON).

SCENE FROM "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MUSINGS.

BY BEATRICE BURNETT.

One burning none of sapphire light
Can lure my thoughts astray;
One star that decks the brow of night
Can wake my wild harp's play.

One strain, one gentle low-breathed strain,
Can bear my charmed thoughts hence,
One glance more than the lengthened chain
Of godlike eloquence.

One stream that wantons on its way,
Midst grass, and brake, and fen,
Hath oft inspired my rustic lay,
And filled with forms the glen.

And sun, and stars, and burning strain,
And eyes of deathless light,
And streams' sweet melody, have all
A pure fadeless delight.

Words oft may seem a mockery,
When passion hath control;
But nature's silent voices speak
Unto the secret soul.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INDIAN REVENGE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"O, I do dote so on Indians!"

So said a musical little voice, as Miss Margery Tracy looked over a book of beautiful engravings.

"So what!" exclaimed a silvery-headed old man who sat in an easy-chair by the winter's fire.

"Dote on Indians, dear grandpa; they look so noble here in their richly colored robes, their furs and their feathers."

"Noble! the blood-thirsty rebels!" said the old man, holding out one arm as he spoke and striking it with the other, "that and this and every part of my body, in fact, is scarred by those infernal dogs. Why, look here, child," and he drew the white locks from his ample forehead, "see the marks of their scalping-knives; they left me for dead once, and came near having these hairs hanging at their accursed girdles."

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Margery, drawing up to the old man, "is it possible that great white mark was made by an Indian brave?"

"An Indian coward!" cried the veteran, contemptuously. "Talk about their bravery, the stubborn inborn devils, they don't know what it means. The courage of a beast is all they have. My patience, girl, if you had seen as much of the Indians as I have, you'd never take those creatures of the painter's imagination to be the simon-pure savage. No, no, there's a difference. My child, I'll tell you a story that will cure you of doting on Indians. When I was a young man I had many a bout with the 'children of the forest,' as your poets call them. Now there was never any poetry in your old grandfather, Maggie, little one. I never could see anything beautiful in their hideous, painted faces, and to tell the truth, they killed my only brother, and I hated the whole race.

"We had had a long spell of peace and had become tired of our cabins upon Boone's station. It was too easy a life for young fellows, simply gunning, fishing, sleeping and eating. We weren't like the mustachioed gentry of the present day—even like the one who came to see you last night, little child, though he is a better specimen than some. We couldn't dress up in those days and take little bits of paper in our hands and go call upon the pretty ladies and show off our teeth and our broadcloth the best part of the day. We were rough men in our hunting-frocks, who thought a good-sized deer none too heavy to throw over our shoulders after we had run him down, and to whom other dears were as fabulous as myths.

"But, as I tell you, we—there were four of us—had become tired of idleness, and wanted another bout with the Indians. So, knowing that a party had stolen some horses, and that they had taken their way to Chillicothe, we set out after them to try and regain the booty they had taken. We reached Chillicothe a few days afterward, and fell in with a drove of horses feeding in the rich prairie. Of these we secured six and started on our return. Before we reached the Ohio a storm came up. The heavens grew black with clouds and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. What to do with the horses we could hardly tell. They had become unmanageable and were difficult to control. The river was so

swollen—its waves lashed into fury—that we dared not venture to cross, and we were fearful of being pursued. It was nearing evening, and we could just find our way back to the hills, where, after hobbling our animals, we remained during the night. It was an awful night. The rain poured in torrents, the lightning blazed from point to point, and the thunder seemed to crash and break against the sides of the hills. We were all exposed to the fury of the tempest. In the morning our clothes were wet and we had only saved our powder by sleeping on it. The wind, however, had subsided, and we tried again to get our horses over the other side. It was in vain—the creatures resisted every attempt, and we were driven to the alternative of losing our lives or losing our horses. Of course we chose the latter, and selecting each of us one of the best, we made for the falls.

"There was a handsome young fellow with us, a Kentuckian by birth, who thought we had scarcely had adventure enough, so he proposed to me to let the rest go on, while he and I captured two splendid bays. We turned back, accordingly, and came the first thing on a trail of revengeful Indians, who had undoubtedly been seeking us from the first. My dear child, if you had seen them as they really were, their faces streaked with black and yellow, their untanned blankets, rough leggings, and demoniac faces, you never would have doted on them. Willis, the Kentuckian, was some ways ahead of me, and by some unsuccessful manoeuvre fell immediately into their hands. It was a direful sight to see them each drive with his heavy club at the head of the poor fellow. He fell instantly, and they scalped him, throwing the fresh, bleeding skin over their weapons and waving it in my sight.

"I was on a splendid horse. They, too, were mounted and had fleet animals, so they pursued me at the top of their speed. For a time I escaped, only to fall into their barbarous hands, however. Deceived by a voice I thought familiar, and the pronunciation of a word in English, I followed a trail, and lured on by the supposition that I was on the track of the friends from whom we had separated, and who might have come back to the rescue, I went cautiously forward, but suddenly found myself among a party of Indians, who were so engaged that, I suppose, if I had had presence of mind, I might have escaped, for I think they did not see me. However, thinking the boldest course would be the best, I immediately fired at the foremost, and in another moment they were after me like a pack of hounds. I took advantage of some fallen timber, I tried to dodge them, and to hide among the underbrush, but their cunning defeated my purposes. They divided into two parties and rode along on either side of the timber, beating it up, driving me out at the opposite end, where stood an enormous savage with a lifted tomahawk. Just as he was about to strike me to the earth, however, another Indian equally powerful, lifted me as if I had been a feather, out of the way of the descending tomahawk. I was a prisoner, and obliged to make the best of it—you may imagine what that best was."

"O, grandfather!" cried Margery, "how did you feel?"

"How did I feel? fush, how could you feel with ten jabbering savages about you, each one looking as if he could eat you without pepper or salt!"

"It must have been a trying moment," said Margery.

"Not half as trying as what followed," replied the old man, shaking his white locks. "They muttered their outlandish gibberish in my face, making up hideous mouths expressive of their intense disgust of me and my race. They shook the scalp of poor Willis against my very eyes, and I don't doubt wanted to serve mine in the same way. Then, leaving me helplessly tied, they went out to catch the horses. The difficulty with which this feat was accomplished, made them wilder than ever in their rage against me. I saw them deliberate, and knew by their gestures, they were reserving me for some fearful doom. At last a tall Indian went without the circle and succeeded in leading in one of the horses, a fiery, vicious animal who had given me great trouble, and who, in his looks and movements, seemed almost demoniac. Close to me they led him. I felt his hot breath against my face, and more than once his hoof seemed about to crush my foot to atoms. I thought that in some way they intended my death by that monstrous gray horse, and so they did,

but I had not calculated for the extreme cruelty of which they are capable. What was my horror when I found that they were going to bind me on the animal, torture him, and set him free."

"O, grandfather! you are a second Mazeppa," cried Margery, listening meanwhile with intense interest.

"A distinction for which I paid cruelly," said the old man, folding his arms and gazing into the fire.

"They then lifted me upon the horse, he all the while rearing, backing, snorting, and seating me with my face towards the tail, they tied my feet under him. This made them great trouble, for the horse was almost unmanageable, but for every annoyance he gave them they paid me in blows, or slight wounds with their knives. They then drew a rope about my arms, drawing and lashing me back on the animal, another round my neck, tying that to the neck of the horse, from whence it was carried to his tail, making it use the purpose of a crupper. In this way they secured me to the frantic beast, and all the while the demons incarnate danced yelping and screaming about me, testifying their infernal delight in the anticipated suffering that was to overtake me. They lashed the horse, not sparing me, shouted in his ears, thrust their knives into him, and with shouts that sounded like thunder, turned him loose. The poor animal and the poor wretch upon him were dashed into the thickest of the woods. The horse, feeling his unusual burden, and frantic to get rid of it, took his way among the tangled undergrowth, bruising me at every step, throwing me against projecting branches, rearing, plunging, uttering the wildest cries of terror. I longed and prayed for death, I raved and sent up my cries of anguish with his. Sometimes I laid insensible, and then a dreadful blow would bring me to agonizing consciousness. I knew death would come at last, but O, the awful uncertainty, the suffering that permeated every bone, nerve, sinew. I can describe nothing like it. It is too dreadful to recall, too frightful to portray."

The old man shuddered as he held his hand before his eyes as if to shut out a fearful spectacle. The young girl shuddered too, and tenderly took his free hand in her own.

"Well, the horse became at last exhausted. What prevented him from rolling on, and crushing me, Heaven only knows. One morning, the next but one after my capture, the animal emerged into a broad prairie. I was dying with hunger, sore in every inch of my body, longing only that death might put an end to my sufferings. I was only partly conscious, just alive and that was all. I seemed to know that my breath was almost gone, and wished to make no effort to retain it. Then there came a long silence—a great blank—and how many hours after I do not know, but I found myself lying on a made bed in a log hut, and an angel-faced girl bending over me.

"He has opened his eyes, mother," were the first words I heard, and then all was a blank again. It seems the sagacity of the horse had led him to the first dwelling-place after he was thoroughly subdued. It proved to be the habitation of an American family. They treated me with the greatest care, the tenderest consideration. It was months before I was well and completely cured of a longing to encounter the Indians. I preferred after that a home of my own, and the blooming Margaret for my wife, who had taken such care of me."

"So dear grandmother was that Margaret?" said Margery.

"No, darling," and the voice took a tenderer tone, "my first Margaret sleeps in a grave made out in the wild prairies. She only lived a year."

WELL WORSHIP.

In Asia, Africa, and North America, watersheds and sources of streams, in elevated situations, have at all times been revered as sacred spots, and the native tribes are wont to assemble at them for their religious festivals. Thus also the Romans, and the original inhabitants of Switzerland before them, worshipped at the high springs of the Alps, on the Lockmauer, perhaps on the Benardine, and undoubtedly on the St. Gothard, and on the Great St. Bernard, where pillars and remains of temples may still be found. Two rude pillars, whose origin is as yet unexplained, standing at a height of 7000 feet, on the water-shed of the Julian Pass, seem to point to a yet earlier worship of the Deity. Christian chapels and hospices have been erected on the site of these ancient temples; and the modern inhabitants of the mountains not seldom celebrate their religious festivals on the very same spot where their Pagan forefathers worshipped. —Sketches of Nature in the Alps.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S., Bangor, Me.—The creatures you refer to are now on exhibition at Boston, but no scientific examination of, or report on them has been made. We have no authentic account of them. An intelligent gentleman who has lived in the East Indies, and avers having seen similar monstrosities in Calcutta, told a friend of ours that he believed them to be semi-human.

READER.—There were at one time a million volumes in the Alexandrian library.

M. M.—The Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was a statue of brass 150 feet high, each finger larger than a man. It only stood fifty years, and was thrown down by an earthquake. It lay prostrate for 800 years, when the brass was sold to a Jew, who carried it off on nine hundred camels.

AMATEUR.—A thorough knowledge of the rules of art, and a skillful handling of the pencil, require many years of laborious practice. Michael Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, and it was his thorough knowledge of every bone and muscle that gave him such mastery in the art.

G. DE L., New Orleans, Louisiana.—Do not despair of teaching your left hand to perform the work which the injury to your right has suspended. Rugendas, whose battle-pieces are alive with vigor, was originally an engraver, but was compelled to abandon that profession through the weakness of his right hand, which, however, was strong enough to hold the brush, and, therefore, Rugendas became a painter. But after while his hand became totally unserviceable, and he would have sunk into destitution, had he not persevered in making his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. Jouvett, in like manner, made use of his left hand, and Mazzola, director of the Imperial Gallery at Milan, who had been compelled to submit to the amputation of his right hand. Cornelius Ketel, a Dutch painter, painted his own portrait, and several others, with his feet! Holbein used his left hand with singular facility.

SOPHIA S., Worcester, Mass.—The plan of your little association for studying German this winter is an excellent one. We decidedly recommend Olendorf's system.

Mrs. F. P., Medford, Mass.—You can remove the varnish from your work-table by scraping the surface with the edge of a piece of window glass. You must apply the India licker warm.

M. S., Yarmouth.—We should prefer Bayard Taylor to the other lecturers you have named.

THE NEWS FROM WATERLOO.

Years have passed since the terrible battle of Waterloo, on which the destinies of Europe for many years depended, was fought and won, yet the name of Waterloo is still a spell to thrill our hearts even on this side of the Atlantic. Think what must have been the anxiety of the government and the people of England, when, in the pleasant month of June, 1815, they were awaiting intelligence from that war in which the bravest of her sons poured out their blood like water.

As a matter of course, it was well understood by the Government that the despatch, whenever it arrived, would be taken in the first instance to the War Secretary, Earl Bathurst, and therefore several members of the Cabinet felt great pleasure, on the 21st of June, in accepting the noble earl's invitation to dinner, in order that they might be on the spot when the despatch arrived. The dinner—they sat. No despatch came. At length, when the night was far advanced, they broke up. Yet, delayed by a lingering hope that the expected messenger might appear, they stood awhile in a knot, conversing on the pavement, when suddenly was heard a faint and distant shout. It was the shout of victory! Hurrah! Escorted by a running and vociferous multitude, Major Percy drove up. He was taken into the house, and the despatch was opened. The despatch contained not only the Duke's narrative of the "action," as he termed it, as Waterloo, but a brief account of the campaign from its commencement, including Quatre Bras and Ligny. On a first and hasty perusal the impression received was somewhat indefinite; the great fact of the final triumph stood not forth in sufficient relief, and the Cabinet were at fault. It was now certain that an important victory had been gained on the 18th; but they could not exactly gather from a first reading of the despatch on what scale the allied armies had been triumphant, or how far the success was final and complete. They turned for information to Major Percy, but the gallant major was dead beat,—much more disposed to go off into a doze than answer questions. In fact, he was still feeling the effects, as it afterwards transpired, of hard fighting as well as hard travelling; for in the interval between the two he had found no leisure for repose, having been occupied in attending upon his wounded friends and brother officers up to the moment when the duke started him with the despatch. "What number of prisoners taken?" they asked. "I saw a column of 10,000." "How many of the enemy's cannon?" "All." Thus enlight-

ened, the assembled ministers read on. Presently another question. No answer! The major was asleep! The above particulars of the scene at Earl Bathurst's were related to the Hon. and Rev. R. L. Melville by a distinguished member of the cabinet, who was present on the occasion—no other than the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Bexley, and have just been made public. Relating to an historical event of much importance, they possess a thrilling interest.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

Perhaps some of our young lady readers, as they have gazed on the sweet face of Eugenie, as truthfully delineated by the pencil of the court painter, Winterhalter—no need of flattery in her case,—in that picture where he represents her surrounded by her ladies, brilliant satellites worthy of such a beautiful planet, may have thought it a very fine thing to be Empress of France. Is it so very fine to dwell on the surface of a volcano that you know has scattered ruin and death around it, and which will do so again? Is it pleasant to listen to the subterranean mutterings that presage the fiery ruin? If so, envy the imperial lady in her grand historical palace of the Tuileries.

It is well known that the empress has a great dislike to residing in Paris, owing to the repeated attempts that have been made in it to take her imperial husband's life. "It is only in Paris," is her exclamation, "that the assassin's hand is raised, and I hate Paris!" In consequence of this sentiment, her majesty tried to postpone as long as she could the departure of the court from Compiegne, and by her influence with the emperor she obtained postponement after postponement. At last, a certain Thursday was fixed for the return; the empress begged for another delay, but was told that it could not possibly be accorded. Whereupon her majesty, with her own fair hand, drew up a petition to the emperor, humbly supplicating for an additional delay of a week, or at the very least till Sunday, and she based her prayer on three grounds: First, that the chamber of the prince imperial at the palace of the Tuileries, having undergone repairs, was somewhat damp; second, that a new study made for the emperor himself, was unwholesome; third, that she herself and the ladies of her suite had not dresses "fit to be seen in," and must consequently get new ones made. This petition her majesty signed, and all her ladies of honor, by her direction, signed it likewise. And when the emperor was about to sit down to dinner, in swept a troop of chamberlains and lackeys, carrying a gigantic silver salver, on which was a document bearing an enormous seal. "What is that?" said the emperor, greatly surprised. The empress looked astonished, but demurely suggested that perhaps it was "a petition from some poor people." The emperor broke the seal—read—smiled; and, amidst a pleasant peal of laughter from the empress and her ladies, graciously decided on remaining at Compiegne to Sunday.

PRINTING.

Laurenz John Costor was the first European printer. He printed a book of images and letters, with wooden blocks, in the year 1438. The leaves were printed upon one side only, and the backs were pasted together when the book was bound. John Faust established a printing-office at Mentz, and printed a Latin book in 1442. John Gutenberg of Mentz invented cast metal types, and made use of them in printing the earliest edition of the Bible, which was commenced in 1444, and finished in 1460. Peter Schaeffer cast the first metal types in 1452, and thus merited the thanks of mankind for giving a vital impulse to the "art preservative of arts." The city of Mentz, situated upon the east bank of the Rhine, was captured and plundered about the year 1460; and this sad disaster served to disseminate the new art more rapidly through Europe than it would otherwise have spread. This is one instance of good resulting from evil, and shows that the horrors of war are not always unproductive of benefit. The first type were uniformly Gothic or old German, similar to what is now known as old English or Black Letter. But the Roman characters were made at Rome, as early as 1467. The Greek and Hebrew characters were cast and used within fifteen years of that time.

The present printing establishment of the French government is probably one of the most complete and effective in the whole world. It

possesses the type of all the known characters of the Asiatic languages, ancient or modern, and the type of sixteen European languages, the characters of which differ from the ordinary Roman letters. Of the usual French character there are in this establishment forty six different forms and sizes. Five hundred hands are constantly employed in this printing-office; and such is the number of presses, that over nine thousand octavo volumes of 400 pages each, can be struck off in a single day. A comparison of this magic celerity of the imperial printing-office with the moderate progress of Gutenberg's Bible in 1444, which occupied sixteen years in printing, will best illustrate the advance which the art of printing has made in a period of four centuries.

PAVING-STONES AND ORANGES.

A French painter, who, notwithstanding his youth, has already attained a well-merited reputation, has just been married under circumstances well worth relating. On a tour through Italy, he had completely exhausted his finances, and was what the showmen call "hard up." He was "frozen in" at a hotel in Naples, living on the proceeds of his wardrobe, which he disposed of to accommodating Jews, one day dining on a waistcoat, the next feeding on a pair of pantaloons. One morning the landlord, who had watched his operations, came to him like a good Samaritan, and said:

"Here are a hundred francs. Return to France, and send me the money from Marseilles or Paris."

The young man thanked his host for his unexpected liberality, but resolved to reimburse him on the spot. So he painted his host and hostess, and threw in a couple of cooks as a make-weight to the bargain. This duty discharged, he repaired to the steamboat. On board he met a beautiful young woman, with whom he was much fascinated, but whom he hardly dared to address, as her costume and manners showed that she belonged to the highest aristocracy. Still he gathered courage, like a true Frenchman, and in order to make a favorable impression on the lofty beauty, intimated vaguely that he was a gentleman travelling for instruction, and that he had lost his tutor somewhere in some jolly hotel, or down the crater of Vesuvius.

Everything went on swimmingly till they reached Marseilles, when the custom house officers insisted on examining the baggage. Our hero attempted to fly, but his conduct appeared suspicious, and he was forcibly detained by the vigilant officials, who insisted on opening his trunk in his presence. He was forced to give up the key, and the stylish trunk was opened and found to contain three paving-stones. General *petrification*! The beautiful young lady's trunk was also opened. It contained no splendid jewels or dresses—only oranges! So the great lady was only a little lady after all. Both were overjoyed with the discovery; they sat on the same seat in the rail-cars, and as soon as they reached Paris were united in the holy bands of matrimony. We call this quite an amusing affair.

FLOWERY.—In speaking of a play called the "Knights of the Mist," the critic of the N. Y. Albion says:—"The style of the dialogue has a flavor of Bulwer. In listening to it, as in reading 'Zanoni,' or 'Eugene Aram,' one is pleasantly reminded of a death's-head wreathed with mignonette and convolvulus."

GREAT WALKING.—A famous pedestrian at Allentown, Pa., has just completed the feat of walking one hundred and fourteen consecutive hours, topping off by walking out of town so fast, that his creditors could not overtake him.

A MONSTER CITY.—If London increases during the second half of the present century at her present rate, the population in 1901 will be 5,816,000.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.—The Red Sea cable is in progress, and within a twelvemonth, says the London Times of the 16th ult., England will probably be in daily communication with India.

BINDING.—Every description of binding is done at this office. Works bound and returned in one week, in the best possible manner.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Barry Sullivan, the young Irish actor, made quite a hit in Boston.

A RELIC OF THE CRUSADES.

Very few jovial blades, as they shout "*Hip, Hip, Hurra*" over their cups, in response to some favorite toast, are aware that they are involuntarily commemorating the pious zeal of Peter the Hermit, a French enthusiast, who in 1094, stirred up all Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Peter Gantier was a French soldier, but left the profession and turned pilgrim. Upon his return from Jerusalem, he sought Pope Urban II., and besought him to set on foot an expedition for the capture of that city from the infidel. The pope listened favorably to the prayer of the devotee, and convened a council of 310 bishops of various Christian nations, at Clermont in France. The council authorized Peter to preach his crusade (*Fr. croix aide*, help to the cross,) throughout Europe, and an army of 300,000 men was raised for Palestine. Upon his missionary expeditions, Peter bore a banner inscribed with the three initials, H. E. P., meaning in Latin *Hierosolyma est perdit*—or Jerusalem is lost. The populace of some of the countries which he visited, not understanding the Latin, read the three initials as one word—Hep; and when they hunted down a Jew, in their fanatical zeal, they raised the cry, "Hep, hep, hurra," to manifest their adhesion to the cause of Peter the Hermit, and their purpose to immolate a Jew for the glory of that cause.

HE WANTS TO BE BEATEN.

That extraordinary colored person, Solouque or Faustin I., who presides over the destinies of Hayti, seems anxious to obtain another tremendous thrashing. It may be remembered that three years ago Solouque suddenly invaded the territory of the Dominican republic. He was beaten, and a short time afterwards an armistice was concluded between him and Santana, under the guarantee of France and England. That armistice expires on the 15th of February next, and Solouque has already denounced it to the government at St. Domingo. War is therefore considered probable, and Santana is said to be very actively preparing for it. It will be remembered that the Haytiens, in the former campaign, far outnumbered the forces of Santana, but, after a few shots, ignominiously turned their backs on the enemy and took to their heels, the emperor himself setting the example, and giving a memorable specimen of tall running.

PERSONAL.—Lord Brougham, the venerable orator, lawyer, philanthropist, scholar and writer, is now in Paris. He is eighty years of age, but a correspondent writes us that he is hale, hearty and cheerful, though all his contemporaries—Moore, Searlett, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Canning, Peel, Melbourne, Romilly—are in their graves. He had by his marriage with Miss Spalding but one child, and that a daughter now dead, so he is childless.

SINGULAR FACT.—The British government has allowed the sum of five hundred pounds sterling to the daughters of Peter Shackerley, who was killed on board the U. S. frigate Chesapeake, by a shot from H. M. ship Leopard, in 1807.

THE NEW CENT.—The plumed Indian head on the new cent, is quite an improvement on the turkey buzzard on the old one, which was an unconstitutional and gratuitous insult to the much-abused American eagle. Such a success should be an incentive to our die-cutters.

JUDGE STORY.—The late Chief Justice Story is to be honored in Chicago by the removal there of his statue from Boston. It is to be placed in the library of the Chicago Law Institute.

BRICK UNDERPINNINGS.—A western paper says two ladies nearly lost their lives the other day, by fire caused by hot bricks they had wrapped in flannel to "toast their toes" with.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—If success is the criterion of excellence, then *The Flag of our Union* is the best literary weekly published in this country.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—We have a superb portrait of this distinguished literary man engraving for our next number of *Ballou's Pictorial*.

THE COURRIER DES ETATS-UNIS.—This brilliant French daily, published in New York, has donned an entire new dress.

SNOW-SLIDES.

We are warned by death to adopt the means for protecting life. The recent death in Boston, of a daughter of one of our most esteemed fellow-citizens, caused by the fall of a heavy mass of snow from a lofty roof upon a thick glass skylight beneath which she was standing, has called forth the strongest expressions of sympathy for her untimely death. This mournful occurrence should not fail to impress a useful lesson upon the public mind. It should bespeak attention to the danger which continually besets us in the winter time, from the accumulation of large bodies of snow and ice upon the sloping roofs and eaves of buildings. This danger is much increased of late, in our large cities, by the greater height to which houses and stores are now carried; as the force of the falling mass is thereby greatly augmented. And yet, no adequate provision is made to remove this peril to life and limb, by the erection of sufficient guards upon the eaves, or by the prompt removal of the accumulating snow. In many cases access to these lofty roofs, for the removal of snow, is attended with great danger to the operator; but they should in all cases be so constructed as to afford a secure footing to workmen while engaged in clearing them. Strong and substantial guards should also be put up, to prevent the avalanche. This subject demands the attention of the city authorities, and they should require every owner of a building to erect and maintain such a barrier upon the eaves, and also to see to it that the roof is kept free from snow. Public action of this character is demanded in all our large cities, by the safety of those who walk the streets, and Boston would do well to lead off in the good work.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SKATES.—We subjoin, as of some interest to the sex, the annexed description of a pair of skates just completed for Queen Victoria:

"In lieu of straps across the instep, each skate is provided with a patent-leather boot. These boots are firmly attached by a strip of plated silver to the clogs, which are of satin wood, highly polished. The skate irons terminate in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a swan, and both sides are elegantly chased. The cup that forms the receptacle for the heels is silver plated, and chased with the design of a rose, shamrock and thistle. The same design is embroidered in white silk upon the black patent leather, to which it forms a pleasing contrast. The size gracefully corresponds to the small foot of her majesty, and when mounted on them, 'tis said she looks elegantly."

WILD SPORT IN THE WEST.—We learn from one of our Minnesota exchanges, that a party of hunters out in the Red River Valley lately, in three weeks' time, killed six hundred buffaloes and sent the meat into Selkirk for fall use. Another party of eight, in the same length of time, killed two thousand two hundred, the meat being dried for future use, and the skins selling for two dollars each. This is hunting to some purpose.

A LADY'S PHYSICIAN.—An M. D. of this city is very successful in treating female complaints. He ignores the use of nauseous drugs entirely, and prescribes a new bonnet, a pair of gaiter boots, or a cashmere shawl, or a set of diamonds, according to the severity of the case. He is far more popular with the ladies than with their husbands.

"THE SMUGGLER."—We have just issued this famous sea story (written expressly for us by SYLVANUS CORB, JR.) in bound style, and elegantly illustrated with large original engravings. Any person enclosing us twenty cents, in letter stamps, or otherwise, shall receive a copy, *post paid*, by return of mail.

CALIFORNIA DUST.—A million and a half of dollars in gold came by the last California steamer, and this is about the average by each arrival. What becomes of all the precious metal? Wont it get to be a drug by and by?

A GOOD IDEA.—Manager Mellus of the Louisville Theatre, proposes that all the theatres throughout the Union set apart the 22d of February for a Mount Vernon Benefit.

A HEATHEN.—Some person entirely destitute of moral perception, has recently stolen a reporter's overcoat at Washington. This is only one degree better than robbing a printer.



CHINESE OPIUM-EATERS, CANTON.

CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS.

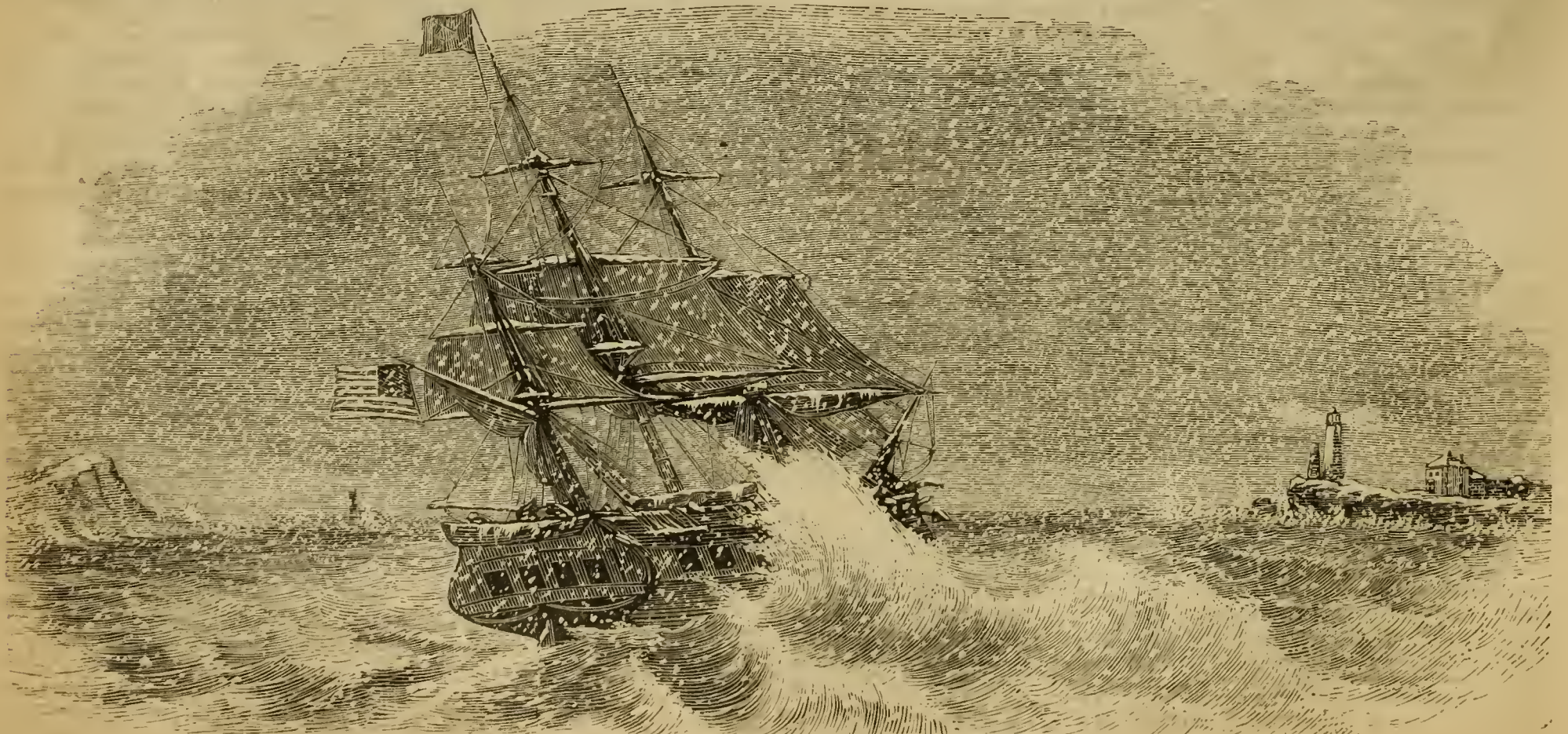
In the accompanying sketch, drawn from the life, we have a glimpse of the interior of one of the opium-smoking dens in Canton, to which Celestial debauchees resort with as much pertinacity as rum-drinkers in this country to the low grogshops. Reclining at their ease, torpid, languid, with idiotic smiles upon their faces, the votaries of the fatal drug are abandoning themselves to its excitement, surrounded by all the appliances of their strange habit. By them sits a Chinese woman, an *attachée* of the establishment, perfectly indifferent to what is going on about. She is probably placed there as a model to aid the dreamy visions of the opium-smokers in forming those pictures of celestial beauty which accompany the fatal intoxication to which they abandon themselves. The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke opium are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with a kind of in-

cense, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be applied to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipes, there is generally a soporific odor in the atmosphere, which soon lulls the smoker into unconsciousness of passing events, and fast merges him into the wished-for consummation. The last scene of this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of *morgue*, or dead house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying. Death does not rapidly follow the habit of opium-smoking or eating, but life is a prolonged torture. The frame becomes enervated, the nerves shattered, and the intervals of reaction bring a terrible punishment in bodily and mental pangs.

COMING ON THE COAST IN WINTER.

The splendid marine picture on this page represents an American ship homeward bound, making Boston Light in the midst of a hard snow storm. Yet the anxieties of the latter part of her voyage are now happily terminated, the welcome beacon throws its cheerful blaze over the angry waves, its rays piercing the white mantle of the driving storm, and in a few moments the good ship will be lying at anchor, in a safe and quiet land-locked haven. The danger of a winter voyage lies in approaching the coast, not on the broad Atlantic. We landmen are apt to pity the poor mariner *at sea*, when the gale sweeps over our roof-tree, and rends the branches of the trees around our dwellings; but the sailor reckes little of the storm so long as he has plenty of sea room. He is very apt to thank Providence, like the man in Dibdin's song, that he has a staunch deck under him and a plenty of water all around him, and to exclaim, "Lord help 'em! how I pity all unhappy folks ashore now." But the nearer he draws to the coast in heavy weather, the greater is his danger, the severer his hardships. The air grows suddenly cold; the decks

and bulwarks become sheeted with ice; the shrouds and rigging are covered with frozen spray; feet and hands are frost-bitten; and he has to grope his way through the gathering storm. It is then that all the appliances that science and liberality can supply, are necessary on our inhospitable, rock-bound coast—light-houses and light-ships to mark out the perilous pathway or the perilous reef, life-boats and hardy crews to give assistance and rescue from death, when the good ship is, after every precaution and every brave exertion, wrecked. Not a winter passes without tales of disaster that curdle the blood, and deeds of heroism that warm it to life again, springing from the vicissitudes of a sea-faring life. It is encouraging to know, however, that the perils of the sea have within a few years greatly diminished. Science has asserted her empire upon the ocean, as well as upon the land; the geography of the former is almost as well understood as the geography of the latter, and the navigator of to-day treads his deck with far more security than the navigator of the past century. Still there are seasons that baffle all human skill, and mock at all human appliances.



COMING ON THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN A SNOW STORM.

LORD MAYOR'S MANSION, LONDON.

We make no question that the inhabitants of our plain republican cities will be interested to see how a lord mayor of London is lodged by his constituents, and we accordingly publish a fine view of the house in which the chief magistrate of the great English metropolis resides. It is a very large, and well proportioned building, with a lofty and imposing portico, and has, on the whole, quite an imposing appearance. It stands on the site of the "Stocks Market," and was built from the designs of George Dance, the city architect, the same who superintended the erection of the Guildhall. The structure as it was originally erected cost \$335,000, and was at first disfigured by an upper story for the servants, familiarly known, east of Temple-bar, as "The Mare's Nest;" but has since been done away with. The principal room in the mansion-house is called the Egyptian Hall, on account of its once containing some traces of Egyptian architecture, which, however, are not now visible in any part of the proportions or decorations. In this hall, on every Easter Monday, the lord mayor gives a great private banquet and ball. The office of lord mayor was formerly for life, but for a great number of years it has been elective, and for a term of a year only, so as to allow

LITERARY LONGEVITY.

An opinion has been expressed, says the author of "Past Meridian," that literary labors, or habitual excursions into the regions of imagination, are adverse to the continuance of health, or even the integrity of intellect. Grave charges, truly, and examples to the contrary may easily be adduced.

Premature death and mental declension are confined to no profession or condition of life. Too early, or undue stress laid on the organs of the brain, is doubtless fraught with disastrous consequences. Still, their constant, and even severe exercise may comport both with physical welfare and longevity.

It is, indeed, true, that Swift "expired a driveller and a show," but not until he had passed seven years beyond the span allotted to human life; and the amiable author of the "Task" closed his pilgrimage in a rayless cloud at sixty-nine; and Walter Scott sank at sixty-one, under toils too ambitiously pursued for the safe union of flesh with spirit; and Southey, whose reckless industry precluded needful rest, subsided, ere sixty-eight, into syncope and the shadow of darkness; and Henry Kirk White faded at twenty-one, in the fresh blossom of his young renown; and Byron, at thirty-six, rent

world the mournful memories of "Lost Paradise," with living strains of heroic and sublime counsel. Mason was seventy-two ere the "holy earth," where his "dead Maria" slumbered, admitted him to share her repose; and the tender Petrarch, and the brave old John Dryden, told out fully their seventy years; and the ingenious La Fontaine, seventy-four; while Fontenelle, whose powers of sight and hearing extended their ministrations to the unusual term of ninety-six years, lacked only the revolution of a few moons to complete his entire century.

Those masters of the Grecian lyre, Anacreon, the sweet Sophocles, and the fiery-souled Pindar, felt no frost of intellect, but were transplanted as evergreens in the winter of fourscore; at the same advanced period Wordsworth, in our own times, continued to mingle the music of his lay with the murmurs of Rydal's falling water; and Joanna Baillie, to fold around her the robe of tragic power, enjoying until her ninetieth year the friendship of the good, and the fruits of a fair renown; Montgomery, the religious poet, so long a cherished guest among the romantic scenery of Sheffield, died at the age of eighty-two; and Rogers, who gave us in early life the "Pleasures of Memory," lived to the good old age of ninety-three years.

a stand still by catching hold of the wonderful coat tail, to examine and admire the cloth. For cleanliness, they cannot be surpassed—everything is just as if new. The women are (or at least a few of them) pretty, but they consider it a great mark of beauty to black the teeth, with a preparation of iron, which makes them disgusting. You will frequently see a pretty rosy-faced girl, be admiring her to a friend, but when she smiles you are immediately disgusted, for there are the teeth as black as ink. You confound the luck, and determine never to look at another. What an exceedingly ingenious way the ladies of Japan have introduced, in order to keep parents and husbands from knowing what they may write; for the men and women write with entirely different letters or characters, and hence cannot read each others' letters. The reason for this was, that women could not thus know anything of the business matters of their husbands. This gives the women the advantage, which would not answer for all parts of the world.

A few days since, we witnessed one of the many singular jollifications of these strange people. It was the Grand Feast of Lanterns. Never was such ridiculous nonsense dreamed of before. Thousands of people joined in procession, all decked out in the most gaudy and fan-



MANSION HOUSE, THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE, LONDON.

as large a number of citizens as possible to participate by turns in its honors. The lord mayor always receives the honor of knighthood from the sovereign on his accession to the municipal office. The day of his inauguration is a civic holiday—there is a great public dinner and ball, a regatta on the Thames, and a procession in which the citizens masquerade in a variety of old-world costumes. We believe, however, that this last feature of "Lord Mayor's Day" has been discontinued. Aristocratic wits are in the habit of sneering at the head of the city government, but the success with which the municipal affairs of such a world as London is administered ought to silence their gibes.

"TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."

Paley, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself; "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad—take care of thy money;' as if I myself were of no consequence!"

the fiery armor of genius and of passion, and fled from the conflict of life.

Yet Goethe, unimpaired by a strong excitement of imagination, saw his eighty-second winter; and the sententious architect of the "Night Thoughts" reached fourscore-and-four; and Voltaire, at the same period, was still in love with the vanity of fame; and Corneille continued to enjoy his laurels till seventy-eight; and Crabbe, at an equal age, resigned the pen which had sketched, with daguerreotype minuteness, the passing scene. Joseph Warton, until his seventy-ninth year, made his mental riches and cheerful piety sources of delight to all around; Charles Wesley, on the verge of eighty, called his wife to his dying pillow, and with an inexpressible smile, dictated his last metrical effusion; and Klopstock, the bard of the "Messiah," continued until the same period to cheer and delight his friends. Watts laid down his consecrated harp at seventy-four; and our own Trumbull, the author of "McFingal," preserved till eighty-two the bright, clear intellect, whose strains had animated both the camp and the cottage. The illustrious Metastasio detained the admiring ear of Italy until eighty-four; and Milton, at sixty-six, opened his long-eclipsed eyes on "cloudless light serene," leaving to the

JAPAN.

A letter from an officer on board the United States frigate Mississippi, at Hakodadi, Japan, says: We have been in the northern parts of Japan, trying to recuperate the officers and crew after considerable sickness. In this we have succeeded, and I am now happy to say, almost all are up and well once more. The cruise would have been a delightful one, had we been able to meet, occasionally at least, with a white person, or one speaking our language. Beautiful country, weather, and everything else; but the idea of spending four months without meeting a soul is far from pleasant, and in fact, puts a cloud over the season. When I say a soul, I mean one with a white face. Quite contrary to our expectations, but few restrictions were put upon us. We roamed over the country, went just where and when we chose, thus acquiring considerable knowledge of Japanese life and customs. As we would walk through the towns, vast crowds would follow us; but, bless me, those ahead that caught sight of one of us, would break and run like a lot of well scared sheep, close the doors until we had passed, and then join the crowd behind. In fact, when there, they became quite intimate—helping themselves to the buttons on our coat tails, or bringing us to

tastic manner, each carrying a Japan lantern with some inscription. Large cars drawn by men and filled with women on the first floor, and children above—some playing on an instrument like a banjo, but most of them beating drums and shouting, passed us in review, throwing cakes and candies at us and invitingly holding up bottles containing the liquor of the country. All this appeared to give them the greatest fun. Hideous representations of their different gods were about in abundance; rice, and everything else to eat and drink was offered them, but being made of wood and paper they required but little. Determined, however, that the gods should not want, the articles were poured down the throat. Some of these images stood full twenty feet high. All this continued for two days and nights, during which time you can imagine we did our best to enjoy it. But a few years more of such a life is before these happy people. Civilization is creeping among them rapidly, and all will change.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

SELF-LOVE.—O villainous! I have lived upon the world four times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew not how to love himself.—*Shakespeare.*

Poet's Corner.

TO MY OLD CLOCK.

BY R. WEIR.

My ancient clock no longer ticks
Or taketh note of time;
Its hands are still, its voice is mute,
The voice that once so resolute
Sent forth its hourly chime.
And stillness now is felt to be
Like distant surges of the sea.

My ancient monitor of worth,
Thy silence makes me sad;
That measured tick no more I hear,
But pulses beating in the air,
And weariness run mad;
The skeleton of time, sans breath,
The prelude, as it were, to death.

Come, ancient friend, no longer thus
In moody silence stand;
Cheer up, and let your wheels go round,
And gladden with your silver sound
Once more our little band.
Speak to our hearts, and to us say,
Thus, thus life's moments pass away.

JANUARY.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
EDGAR A. POE.

TRAVELLING THROUGH THE SNOW.

Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostrils wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated seen
Upon their jutting chests.—COWPER.

TIME.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise);
"Tis folly a blank, and wisdom's highest prize."
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

A grand intellectual treat is in prospect for the lovers of the drama in this country. Mr. Manager Ullman—the Napoleon of impresarios—has promised to bring over Ristori, the great Italian actress, whose star rose to the zenith at Paris just as that of Rachel was beginning to decline. By the way, the story of a recent attempt to poison Ristori was true. It was at Reggio, in the duchy of Parma. During a performance, Ristori had sent for a glass of lemonade and drank part of it, when she was called on the stage. When she returned to her room, she was about to finish the glass, when a strange odor and a film floating on the surface arrested her attention. The lemonade was found to have been poisoned with phosphorus during her brief absence. No clue has yet been obtained to the authorship of this criminal and dastardly act. . . . We have received a file of the Cape Monitor, published at the Cape of Good Hope. We learn from it, among other things, that agriculture is in a flourishing condition, and that the farmers are beginning to use American ploughs and reaping machines. But we also find that there are some drawbacks to farming "away down there." For instance, such an item as this occurs: "There have been two fine ostriches among the corn at Koeberg, for the last few days, on the farms of Dr. Gird and Messrs. Piekard and Du Plessis. Some of the youngsters have tried to ride up to them, but have no more chance than a dray horse against a racer. They are magnificent birds, and the farmers say they can manage to devour and destroy a shepel of wheat a day each." . . . Two hundred thousand bees were received and slaughtered in New York last year for the benefit of the city; on an average of \$60, they cost twelve millions. It went do to talk about "beef-eating Englishmen" any more. . . . The shipments of gold from California received in New York during 1857 were \$33,179,344; for 1857 they were \$34,222,903; but in 1857 nearly two millions were lost in the Central America, so that the amounts that left California during the two years vary very little. . . . The Staten Islanders have witnessed the withdrawal of the troops from Staten Island. The "Seppys" remain, but the "pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war" is gone. Somebody will have a rather heavy bill to foot. . . . The First Congregational Church, Hartford, Connecticut, has given over seven thousand dollars to charitable objects the present season. . . . Louis Napoleon does not like the idea of our acquiring Cuba even by purchase. We are very sorry for it, because we shall never consent to forego an important acquisition, even if it displace a dozen crowned heads. . . . Louis Napoleon had much better attend to his own affairs, and confine his attention to his side of the water. . . . A gentleman by the name of Paul may occasionally be seen in Paris, near which he resides, driving a pair of beautiful American trotters. An invitation to dine with him at his country seat is eagerly accepted, for he has a cook

worthy of a man of fortune. How did he make it? By brushing clothes. He came to Paris some years ago, a poor country boy, with only a few francs in his pocket. Standing outside the Cafe de Paris, he noticed that the rich customers who came thither covered with dust refused to allow the men who waited there for a job to touch their costly garments with their rough and dirty brushes. Our adventurer instantly invested half his funds in a soft, handsome brush, which he applied with so dexterous a hand that the delighted dandies paid him liberally. From that day his fortune was made. He continued to ply his humble craft at the principal cafes, and investing his earnings judiciously, his money soon accumulated, and he is now a gentleman of leisure and fortune. . . . In Haymarket Square the other day, we saw a manuscript notice posted up, which commenced as follows: "Lost,—somewhere between the Mane and lowill *dippo* a silver watch," etc. That *dippo* was rich, phonographic and funnygraphic. . . . A cockney sportsman went out to shoot partridges, and blazed away at one. But though two or three feathers dropped, the bird flew over a hedge. Cockney followed and found a rustic ploughing but no bird. The following colloquy ensued. "I say, my fine fellow, didn't you see a partridge drop here?" "Ne'er a drop." "But didn't you see feathers fly?" "Zartain—and they seemed to fly away with the meat too." The cockney was silent, and the boor addressed himself to his horses. . . . A country gawky was gazing in at Bush & Bent's window at a hat which had a small piece of looking-glass in the inside of the crown. "What's that 'ere for, mister?" he asked of a bystander. "My dear sir, how can a man of your intelligent appearance ask. The looking-glass is to let the person who tries the hat on see how it becomes him. Fact." Valuable information! . . . It is very interesting to open hundreds of exchange papers from a great distance, expecting to find something very fresh, plenty of sparkling items, etc., and to see them all filled with the president's message and the reports of the secretaries. . . . The losses by fire in the United States in 1858, excluding all losses less than \$10,000, make an aggregate of \$12,000,000. . . . The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks: "What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and the disappearance of others, are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus residing, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling upon the mansoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation." . . . In Portland, Oregon, recently, a bridegroom, Mortimer Stump, was killed by his father-in-law, Danforth Balch, a farmer. The young gentleman eloped with Balch's daughter, and married her. The old man laid in wait for him and shot him. . . . The number of deaths in Philadelphia for the year 1858, was 10,932, showing a decrease of forty-eight from the mortality of the previous year. . . . Jack Dibble, a colored man, died in the poor-house at Brookfield, Connecticut, recently, at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. Jack was brought from Africa to this country as a slave, and for many years was owned by Col. Dibble of Danbury. . . . A recent letter from Paris says: "A rather new and ingenious method of pushing one's fortune is the subject of conversation here. Attending funerals is so arranged in Paris that an opportunity of scraping acquaintance with influential people, either at Pere-la-Chaise, or in the mortuary apartment, or at the service in church, is too good a chance to be thrown away. A lately deceased gentleman, who had been made a 'prefet de department,' to the wonder of his friends, actually obtained that post by assiduous attendance on the obsequies of folks where he was likely to meet statesmen, the minister who appointed him taking it for granted that he belonged to a very high class of society from constantly seeing him at these grand gatherings." . . . Strakosch's opera troupe is broken up, and Madame Strakosch, Parodi, De Wilhorst and Amodio have gone south on a grand concert tour. . . . Signora Ferrari, an accomplished Italian prima donna, died recently of typhus fever at Panama. She was on her way to fulfil engagements in South America. . . . In the window of the library, No. 212 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, there has lately been exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, with a beard *a la imperiale*, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day and told the proprietor in very angry terms to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. Dickens's portrait for a caricature of the emperor. . . . The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin records the last bull. It says: "We were talking with the editor of a certain foolhardy feat of his at the Falls of Niagara. 'Yes, sir,' exclaimed he, 'it was an absurd risk; and I confess, that if my foot had slipped, and I had been drowned, I should have deserved to be laughed at for my folly during the remainder of my days!'" . . . William Cobbett, alias "Peter Porcupine," during his sojourn in the United States, was often facetious as well as malignant, as one may see by an elaborate *jeu d'esprit* entitled, "Peter Porcupine's Will," in which he ridicules his enemies in a very amusing manner. Here are some of the items: "Item. To F. A. Mohlenburg, Esq., late speaker of the United States House of Representatives, I leave a most superbly finished statue of *Janus*." "Item. To the editors of the Boston Chronicle, the New York Argus, and the Philadelphia Merchants' Advertiser, I will bequeath one ounce of modesty and love of truth, to be equally divided among them. I should have been more liberal in this bequest were I not well assured that one ounce is more than they will ever make use of." . . . It is estimated that one thousand deck hands and deck passengers have been lost overboard from the Mississippi steamers during the past year, independent of three hundred and fifty-

nine lost by accident to the boats themselves. . . . The dentists of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their zeal will be molar, with the motto "we pull together." . . . Nicholas Longworth, the vine-grower of Cincinnati, pays thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety dollars and twelve cents annual taxes. . . . The Albany Standard states that a certain railroad company lately employed a female to watch a suspected conductor, and she pretended to be crazy, and would stick to the train. She put a pin in her dress for every passenger, and soon showed the conductor short in his cash account. . . . The whole of the queen's British regiments now serving in India are armed with the Enfield rifle. . . . By railroad accidents in the United States in 1858, 103 persons were killed and 229 were injured. By steamboat accidents, in the lakes and rivers in 1858, there was occasioned a loss of 334 lives. . . . Mr. H. K. Brown, who designed the bronze statue of Washington in Union Square, New York, has just finished a life-size bust of General Scott. He will pass his winter in Washington, where he is now engaged on a bust of Mr. Breckenridge. . . . Bierstadt, the artist, intends to start shortly for one or two years' ramble through the Rocky Mountains, sketching the scenery, and studying the manners and customs of the Indians. . . . Miss Mary Brawley of Hartford won a gold bracelet at a ball in that city, recently, for waiting without cessation for fifty-one minutes, having distanced all the other Terpsichorean competitors. Her partner, Mr. Gardiner E. Green, was presented at the same time with a silver cup. . . . Gov. Banks, in his address, says that steps have already been taken for the purchase of the old Hancock House, in Beacon Street, as an executive mansion, and the subject is commended as a proper one for the consideration of the legislature on the birthday of the "Father of his Country."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The London Times seems to think it useless to keep up a squadron on the coast of Africa.—The English press does not like the honors paid to Prince Alfred on the continent, and thinks he ought to be treated as a simple midshipman.—Barnum has been lecturing in London on "Money-Making" with great success.—The emperor of France has remitted the mitigated penalty of the court of appeals in Montalembert's case and pardoned his publisher unconditionally.—France has agreed to support England in case of difficulty with the United States.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess champion has been again victorious in Paris.—President Buchanan's remarks about Cuba are still the subject of indignant comment in Spain.—The French garrison will probably be removed from Rome to Civita Vecchia.—Serious disturbances between the soldiers and the people have occurred at Milan lately.—The arch-duchess Marie Anne lately died at Vienna.—The Russian government is about to establish a naval station in China.—The Americans threaten to bombard Jaffa if atonement for the murder of an American family is not made.—A reconciliation of Afghanistan with Persia has taken place.

Siam.

Accounts have been received from Bangkok, the capital of Siam, which mention the arrival there of M. de Castelnuau, the French Consul. After the official reception, the king invited the consul to a grand banquet, which was served in a hall having on one side a large aviary, containing the most magnificent birds, and on the other a large courtyard, in which were a number of elephants, some of them almost in a wild state. Military music played during the entertainment. When the consul left the palace, the king gave orders that he should be conducted to the grand pagoda of the palace, which contains innumerable ornaments and gigantic idols in gold and glittering with precious stones.

Statue of Napoleon.

The French government has determined to erect a statue of Napoleon I. in the island of St. Helena on an elevated site commanding a view of the sea. A captain of engineers is entrusted with the execution of the work. The houses occupied by the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty, or by those who accompanied him into captivity, are also to be rebuilt. Our readers are aware that they and the ground on which they stand have been purchased by the French government. An old officer of the French army has been sent to St. Helena with the title and functions of "guardian-conservator" of the emperor's tomb.

Malta.

The Malta Observer says:—"We feel great pleasure in being able to state that our proposal to publish a journal in Maltese has been approved by the several gentlemen who desire to see that language more generally read by the inhabitants of this island. Some of them have, in fact, kindly offered to assist in the preparation of instructive matter for publication; and we trust that we shall be able ere long to convince those who are still wavering of the possibility of writing a language which is spoken by about 130,000 inhabitants."

Russian Amateurs.

The St. Petersburg public is at this time divided into two camps—that of the amateurs of dancing, and that of the amateurs of music. The former inscribe upon their standard the name of Rosati, and the latter rally under the flag of Madame Bosio. The singing party is most numerous, and has had a rich banquet in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and other operas in which the French artists always enchant her hearers.

A Moon Hoax.

A letter from Florence says that an Italian astronomer has just constructed a telescope of such extraordinary power that he has been enabled to photograph the celestial constellations and obtain a proof that the moon is inhabited. He has seen a certain number of animals and men. This seems to be a re-hash of the American moon-hoax.

Homeopathy.

They tell a pretty good story of a rich old fellow who had a bad cold and sent for a homeopathic doctor, who ordered him every day to smell of a phial, the scent of which was scarcely perceptible. Getting no better, the millionaire ordered the doctor to present his bill. The doctor asked 500 francs. The patient in a rage, pulled out a bank note, passed it under the doctor's nose, and then put it back in his pocket-book, saying: "There! I pay you as you physicked me. You ought to be as well satisfied as I am well cured!"

Parisian Cuteness.

A new trade has sprung up in Paris, where a store for the sale of second hand gloves, cleansed, is driving an excellent business. Agents are employed to travel and purchase from the servants of the gentry and nobility the cast-off gloves of their masters and mistresses, which are procured at the rate of five cents a pair, and are sold after being cleansed to folks of economical but genteel tendencies for twenty cents.

The Grand Duke Constantine.

The visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to Paris was incognito. He went about as a citizen, and had a good time generally. He dined quietly with the emperor at the Tuileries, was driven by Louis to the Castle of Vincennes, went to see the Hugonots at the opera, and to *Bouffes Parisiens* to laugh at "Orpheus," eat a capital dinner at the *Trois Freres*, and so departed.

New Projects.

A number of individuals in the city of London have petitioned Parliament to pass a law authorizing them to construct a commodious carriage-way under some of the principal streets, and others ask that they may be allowed to lay down subterranean pipes through which, by atmospheric pressure, they may transmit letters and parcels to different portions of that metropolis.

Naples.

The king of Naples has given fresh proof of the terrors he experiences, in forbidding Ristori the actress to enter his dominions. The applause bestowed on certain patriotic sentiments in some of her parts at Parma and Florence inspired King Ferdinand with the fear that she might bring a revolution concealed in the folds of her tragic robe.

Padua, Italy.

Quite recently a veterinary professor of the University of Padua was stabbed in the open street by an unknown hand, instead of the Counsellor Rossi, the director of the police, whose doom had been announced by inscriptions on the walls in charcoal. The man which executed this sentence mistook its victim, and an innocent person fell.

The Emperor of Russia.

The *Journal de Cherbourg* says that Napoleon III. will visit that city in the month of May next, to inspect the imperial yacht "L'Aigle," which will be then ready, and that he will be accompanied by the Czar Alexander. From France, the czar will go to England, so as not to excite the jealousy of the little queen.

General Pelet.

General Pelet of the French army was lately buried under arms. He was a gallant and intelligent officer, but noted for his blunders and absent-mindedness. One day seeing two brothers who served under him passing his window, he said to his aid-de-camp, "How much alike those two young fellows are—particularly the youngest!"

The Papal States.

In the Papal States, the pontifical governor has had some trouble in collecting the taxes, and is said to have been on the point of asking the aid of the French troops. But General Guyon declared that he should detail none of his men for such a purpose. It might do for Roman or Austrian soldiers.

The African Pirates.

France and Spain have united for the purpose of exterminating the pirates of the northern coast of Africa. When Italy is free, and the Isthmus of Suez cut, France, Spain and Italy will be the undisputed mistresses of the Mediterranean.

Russian Bible Society.

The Russian Bible Society was utterly checked and suspended by the Czar Nicholas. His son Alexander has not only restored it, but has given it about \$15,000, and promised it a yearly gift of \$2500.

Madame Anna Bishop.

Madame Anna Bishop, the celebrated vocalist, is fulfilling an engagement in England with M. Jullien.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SECRET THOUGHTS. By HENRY M. DEXTER, Pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo. pp. 216. 1859.

The author of these very well written sketches, takes his theme from outdoor life, the sights and scenes of the city suggesting ideas and comments. Much useful instruction is conveyed in this pleasant way. The book is illustrated by Billings.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have just published "Maggie of Nantucket," a song, music by J. B. Packard; "O, ask not my heart if I love thee," words by Mrs. L. B. Deming; "No, I cannot forget thee," words and music by James K. Phelps; and "Threads of Gold," a ballad, by M. W. Balfie.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Though not ranking with the most popular of Scott's romances, "Anne of Geierstein" is, or the Maiden of the Mist, is not without many gleams of that sunset splendor which illumined the close of the great novelist's literary career. It is remarkable as illustrating that species of clairvoyance which is one of the attributes of genius, and which enables its possessor to describe distant scenes that he never witnessed as if actually moving before his eyes. The volumes before us have two fine engravings, one representing the "Maid of the Mist" in her picturesque costume, the other the "Death of Queen Margaret," from the pencil of the celebrated Gilbert.

Editorial Melange.

A lady in New Orleans named Owens, whose first husband squandered her fortune of \$30,000 in a year, and whose second husband was in straitened circumstances, lately committed suicide by taking laudanum.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald says, "in military circles there is a predominant faith that the emperor intends to find something for the army to do. It is impossible to enter any society where the 'services' congregate, without finding that one subject absorbs every other—the possibility of measuring swords with England. The presence of an Englishman, as far as I have been able to judge, does not deter them.—A young man has been victimizing the clergymen of Rochester, N. Y., by representing himself as a converted Romanist from Montreal, desirous of preparing himself at Beloit College for the Protestant ministry.—Commander Maury, in one of his lectures on the "Highways and Byways of the Ocean," states that animal matter, at the bottom of the deep sea, owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat, and the saline properties of the water, cannot decompose, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited, for ages and ages.—Major Samuel Barnes, connected with the press of Baltimore for a number of years, died lately, aged 72.—We understand that John R. Thompson, Esq., editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, has prepared four popular lectures to be delivered before public bodies, upon the following subjects, viz., "Virginia in the Olden Time," "Paris in its Eternal Aspects," "The Ocean and the Mountains as Sources of Inspiration," and one other. Mr. Thompson is an accomplished writer and popular speaker.—What are called by the natives "Singing Shells," are quite common at Ceylon; and the Corfu snail, if irritated by a touch, emits a distinctly audible sound, in a querulous tone.—A petition is being prepared and signed by many citizens of Boston, engaged in the livery stable, express, and jobbing business, and others who are obliged to use horses and vehicles in their business, praying that the Metropolitan Railroad Company shall be prohibited from removing the snow, by using their snow-ploughs, or by any other means, at any time there is a fall of snow sufficient to make sleighing.—We hear that the eminent house of Barings will form a more intimate connection with the American trade during the coming year, a nephew of Mr. Bates and a nephew of Mr. Baring going in as partners of a Wall Street house already established.—From the annual report of the "Mayor's Squad of Police," New York, it appears that the arrests of lottery dealers, gamblers and mock-auction swindlers, numbering 632, have not resulted in a single conviction. The raid against bogus gift enterprises resulted in the breaking up of 185, and the amount of money intercepted at the post-office between \$20,000 and \$30,000. It is estimated that the support of gambling, swindling, low drinking establishments, etc., absorbs about \$13,000,000, to be distributed among some 20,000 persons, or \$650 per head.—A story is told, by a Canadian paper, of a Mr. Gaston, who was standing beneath a trap-door, when a sack of wheat fell from an upper story directly upon his head, dislocating his neck. He immediately raised up his hands and pulled it back into place, as the workmen who "heard the bones snap again into their sockets" will swear. Mr. Gaston is supposed to be as well as ever.—The income of the Profile and Flume Houses, at Franconia, N. H., the past season, was \$28,643 62; expenses of carrying them on, \$16,041 50; giving for net earnings \$13,601 12. This has been spent in repairs, new furniture, paying old debts, and a dividend of 18 per cent. on \$80,000 preferred stock.—The Journal of Commerce says the total imports entered at New York from foreign ports during the year 1858 were \$77,751,062 less than for the year 1857, \$60,689,532 less than for 1856, and \$4,993,171 less than for 1855. The year 1857 still stands as by far the heaviest year on record—the total imports for that year being larger than the gross receipts of the whole country only a few years ago.—The Woodstock (Ct.) Standard is responsible for the statement that a hen killed in Hartland last week, after a knife was put through her throat and her feathers picked off, effected her escape, and ran to her nest in the barn, and laid an egg.—Two old men, named Briggs, who led a kind of hermit life in an old house in Burrillville, R. I., were recently burnt to death.

Their bodies were so badly consumed, that nothing was left of them but the stomachs and viscera. The fire originated from the inside of the building, the basement of which was used as a hog-yard, and had gained such headway before it was discovered, that it was impossible to rescue the unfortunate occupants.—In Philadelphia the lawyers have raised the question whether a child who has one parent living is an orphan. The directors of the Girard College, it appears, have been refusing to admit children into the College whose mothers are living, the city solicitor sustaining them in that position, but Judge Lowrie has recently decided that they have no right to make the refusal in question.—About a hundred men are regularly employed upon the bridge over the Mississippi at St. Pauls, but notwithstanding every effort of the engineer, it is doubtful if it will be finished before May. It will cost when completed, \$150,000.—Mrs. Rebecca Cartright died in Upshur county, Va., on the 5th ult., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and six years. She was the first white woman who settled in the valley of the Buckhannon River, coming to Western Virginia when quite young, and living with her husband in a hollow tree, at the mouth of Turkey Run, in what is now Upshur county. She retained her faculties to the last, and leaves over four hundred descendants.

RAILROAD CAR SEATS AND CHURCHES.

Several different forms of car seats, constructed with special reference to night travel, have been introduced on various railroads, particularly in the Western States. Among the patents issued in the week ending December 21, 1858, was one for an invention of this character, which is thus described: "The nature of this invention and improvement consists in so constructing the car seats as to enable them to answer all the requirements of the ordinary reversible car seats, and at the same time allow them to be swung round or turned on a pivot at one end, in such a manner as to assume an angle of about 45°, with the passage-way through the car, and almost entirely occupy the space between them, and increase the space or passage-way between their ends to such a degree as to leave room in the passage-way for an elongation of the seats when converted into sleeping-couches or berths, to accommodate the length of the passengers by turning up or inverting the backs and extending the slides from their ends."

A NOISY OPERA.—Verdi's new opera "Simon Bocca Negra," appears to be worthy of M. Jullien and Herr Von Joel. All sorts of noises, bells, cannon, anvils, and hammers, monks roaring vespers, and finally, a chorus of Newfoundland dogs barking, diversify the operatic score, and give emphasis to the instrumentation.

FORGERY IN ENGLAND.—Bank of England notes circulated for sixty years before they were first forged, by a Staffordshire linen-draper named Vaughan, who got his intended wife to utter his counterfeits. Vaughan was condemned and executed, the first of hundreds for the like offence.

FOR LADIES ONLY.—Messrs. Douglass & Sherwood, the great skirt manufacturers of New York, have introduced a mysteriously combined corset and bustle, and skirt supporter, all in one piece, the invention of an ingenious Frenchman in this country.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that a horse-race, with 4000 horses, was given by a Russian nobleman in honor of Alexander Dumas. It is said if he had waited a few days longer he could have brought 12,000 horses together.

THE POPE'S RAIL-CARS.—The railway carriages constructed for the Pope are so arranged as to form a sort of terrace, an ante-chamber, a throne-room, and a bed-room.

THE KELLER TROUPE.—The Keller troupe will appear at the Boston Museum in July next, and fill up the intermission between the present dramatic season and its successor.

NEW HOTEL.—The Fifty Associates have decided to erect a splendid first class hotel on the site of the Cornhill Coffee House.

COMFORTABLE.—The Pope's private income is \$6,000,000. Very comfortable for him.

Wayside Gatherings

The capital invested in manufactures in Lowell, Mass., is \$14,900,000.

Gum camphor is said to be a perfect antidote to strychnine.

The property holders of St. Louis are opposed to the introduction of horse railroads.

A couple in Hartford are the happy parents of twenty-seven children.

The number of Catholic churches in the United States is 2334; number of priests 2108.

The total distance between St. Louis and San Francisco, by the new overland route, is 2765 miles.

The wife of the late Commodore Perry has just received from China a magnificent silver candelabrum.

The richest man in Louisville, Ky., is the Hon. James Guthrie. His property is assessed at \$1,382,686.

The population of Washington is estimated at 62,000, which is an increase of fifty per cent. since 1850.

Organ grinders are ordered by the Mayor of Richmond to quit the city, when found playing in the streets.

A young man of Butler county, Ohio, has been suddenly stricken entirely dumb, without any apparent previous ailment.

A man named Enderline has been convicted of robbing the Indianapolis post-office, and sent to the State Prison for three years.

The town agent at Hartford, Conn., sold 3338 gallons of liquor, last year, to citizens, under a law which forbids all sales except to the sick.

A recent hurricane at Swatow, China, destroyed 200 junks, and killed and drowned about 3000 of the inhabitants.

The city of New York consumes annually 1,130,000,000 cubic feet of gas, at \$2.50 per 1000 feet, amounting to no less than \$2,825,000.

James Lenox, of New York, has presented to the New York Historical Society thirteen of the sculptured marbles from Nineveh, cost \$3000.

The highest railway in the world is in Chili—an extension of the Copiapo. It now ascends over four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

There are thirty-six United States Coast Survey parties in the field and afloat, 18 of which are on the Atlantic, 12 on the Gulf, and 6 on the Pacific coast.

A man named Rabum, upwards of 40 years of age, up to the period of a recent visit to Atlanta, Ga., had never seen a town, a railroad, or a steam-engine, although he had been both a school-teacher and a preacher.

The Horicon Argus says that a prize dance came off in a saloon at Beaver Dam, Wis., between an Irishman and a mulatto girl. The girl danced seven hours and the Irishman eight, winning the prize—\$10.

The Erie Canal contains more water and floats more vessels than any canal in Europe, and has 5568 vessels on its register, of which 1446 are larger than the one in which Columbus discovered America.

The New York Observer and Independent are discussing a very important subject—the kind of churches needed in cities. They both, in common with all of us, lament the evil of high rents; both agree that free churches will not do.

An immense quantity of counterfeit \$20 bills on the State Bank of Troy, has been circulated recently in the western cities, deceiving by their skillful execution the most expert detectives. The bank has issued a circular calling in all their twenties, for the purpose of destroying them.

F. M. Eaton, while chopping wood near Indianapolis, one day lately, cut his foot severely. A physician was called, and found him sitting in his chair dead, his foot in a basin filled with blood. If he had been placed in a horizontal position, the application of a single bandage would have saved his life—but no one present knew it.

A young married lady, named Sarah M. Morgan, living in Philadelphia, came to her death by an overdose of morphine, the properties of which she was ignorant. She had been indisposed, and being restless, took one grain of morphine to produce sleep. Unhappily, the too potent poison brought upon her "that sleep that knows no waking."

A queer blunder was committed at Chicago, some time since, in yoking together at the House of Correction two men, one of whom had been sentenced for two and the other for ninety days, the short term man being compelled to serve out that of his long term yoke-fellow, for which grievance he has brought suit against the city authorities, laying his damages at \$10,000.

In Canada, about five miles from Cape Rouge, on raising, lately, a piece of rock loosened by blasting, there was found between the strata and embedded in the upper layer the form of a large fish, six feet in length, and possessing a head somewhat like that of a porpoise. It was found at a depth of fifty feet below the surface of the rock.

One of the New York Harbor Policemen, Mr. Gibson, has suddenly been promoted from the position of commander of a row-boat to that of commander in the Navy. He was one of the officers who were "dropped" by the Naval Retiring Board, and finding himself poor and without employment, gladly accepted an appointment in the Metropolitan police force. He has now been restored to his former rank in the Navy.

Sands of Gold.

.... There are felicities which are incredible; 'tis the lightning! they consume.—*Balzac*.

.... Honest men love women; those who deceive them, adore them.—*Beaumarchais*.

.... Our happiness has often as much to fear from the fruition of our hopes as from their disappointment.—*Bovee*.

.... God has placed the genius of woman in the heart, because all works of genius are works of love.—*Lamartine*.

.... It is not decided that women love more than men, but it is indisputable that they love better.—*S. Dubay*.

.... We are more learned in the principles of duty, than skilled in the performance of it. *Bovee*.

The friend gives in charity from his superfluity—woman gives when she has not enough for herself.—*Duclos*.

.... Woman is the natural friend of man, and all other friendship is feeble or suspicious compared with it.—*De Bonald*.

.... True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself. It is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations: it is seen with white hairs and is always young in the heart.—*Balzac*.

.... After friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate. It is well known that this is particularly the share of women. Everything disposes them to tenderness and pity.—*Thomas*.

.... When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek. *Hare*.

.... Without woman, man would be rude, gross and solitary, and ignorant of grace, which is only the smile of love. Woman hangs about him the flowers of life, like those woodland parasites which decorate the trunks of the oaks with their balmy garlands.—*Chateaubriand*.

.... Men alone are capable of laborious researches, solid reasoning, strength and profundity. For native elegance, for a fine and piquante simplicity, for a delicate sense of propriety, for a certain mental grace, we must have men polished by female society.—*Fontenelle*.

.... If we glance over countries and centuries, we shall almost everywhere find women adored and oppressed. Man who has never missed an opportunity of abusing his strength, in rendering homage to their beauty, has almost always prevailed over their weakness. He has been at once their tyrant and their slave.—*Thomas*.

Joker's Budget.

For views on the Rhine, look into the pork barrel.

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of the tailor.

"I'm getting fat," as the loafer said when he was stealing lard.

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Type-us-fever.

If a journeyman dyer can earn two dollars a day by dyeing, what would it cost him to live?

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

Why is the Delaware River like a bottle of ink? Because Penn (pen) was the first who put it in use.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness, when so many hoops are used."

An absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake until he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, our Daniel exclaimed, "Well, I donno 'bout that. I've give my nose many blows, and I've never broke it yet."

"Ike," said a rusty old heathen of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, "they calculate one-fourth of the distance, and then multiply by four."

A model young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so conjurious to their institutions."

"Sarah," said a young man, the other day, to a lady of that name, "why don't you wear earrings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "I thank you, sir; you have done that enough."

A California paper tells of a hunter who killed nine thousand snipes at four shots, and the air was full of falling birds for several days—not to speak of the great number of cripples hobbling about the ground!

There is a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg sixteen times in vain, and then retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street, they run home, crying for bread.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE POTOMAC.

The very spirited engraving on this page represents a scene well calculated to gladden the eye of every man who ever handled a gun, and there are few, even in this country, who at some period of their lives have not aspired to the exploits of Nimrod. The artist takes us into the heart of a reedy bed, literally swarming with wild fowl, and shows us the adventurous sportsman, just at the moment of an accurate shot. From October through the winter, all along the coast from north to south, there is more or less of this sport, but especially it is pursued in Chesapeake Bay and the waters of the Potomac, the favorite haunts of that most delicious of wild fowl, the canvass-back duck. "This celebrated American species," says Wilson, "as far as can be judged from the best figures and descriptions of foreign birds, is altogether unknown in Europe. It approaches nearest to the pochard of England—*anas ferina*—but differs from that bird in being superior in size and weight, in the greater magnitude of its bill, and the general whiteness of its plumage. A short comparison of the two will elucidate this point. The canvass-back measures two feet in length by three feet in extent, and when in the best order, weighs three pounds and over. The pochard, according to Latham and Bewick, measures nineteen inches in length, and thirty in extent, and weighs one pound twelve or thirteen ounces. The latter writer says of the pochard: 'The plumage,

valisneria, grows on fresh-water shoals of from seven to nine feet (but never where these are occasionally dry), in long, narrow, grass-like blades of four or five feet in length; the root is white, and has some resemblance to small celery. This grass is in many places so thick that a boat can with difficulty be rowed through it, it so impedes the oars. The shores are lined with large quantities of it, torn up by the ducks and drifted by the winds, lying like hay in winrows. Wherever this root grows in abundance, the canvass-backs may be expected either to pay it occasional visits, or to make it their regular residence during the winter. It occurs in some parts of the Hudson, in the Delaware, near Gloucester, a few miles below Philadelphia, and in most of the rivers that fall into the Chesapeake, to each of which particular places the ducks resort, while in waters unfavored with this nutritive plant they are altogether unknown. On the first arrival of these birds in the Susquehanna, near Havre-de-Grace, they are generally lean, but such is the abundance of their favorite food, that towards the beginning of November, they are in pretty good order. They are excellent divers, and swim with great speed and agility. They sometimes assemble in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the river, and when they rise suddenly, produce a noise resembling thunder. They float about these shoals, diving and tearing up the grass by the roots, which is the only part they eat. They are extremely shy, and can

but of all the modes pursued, none intimidates them so much as shooting them by night, and they soon abandon the place where they have been repeatedly shot at. During the day they are dispersed about, but towards evening collect in large flocks, to come into the mouths of the creeks, where they often ride as at anchor, with head under their wing, asleep, there being always sentinels awake, ready to raise an alarm on the least appearance of danger. Even when feeding or diving in small parties, the whole never go down at a time, but some are left above on the look-out. When winter sets in early, and the river is frosty, the canvass-back retreats to its confluence with the bay, occasionally frequenting air-holes in the ice, which are sometimes made for the purpose immediately above their favorite grass, to entice them within gun-shot of the hut or bark which is usually fixed at a proper distance, and where the gunner lies concealed, ready to take advantage of their distress. A Mr. Hill, who lives near James River, at a place called Herring Creek, informs me that one severe winter he and another person broke a hole in the ice about twenty or forty feet immediately over a shoal of grass, and took their stand on the shore, in a hut of brush, each having three guns well loaded with large shot. The ducks, which were flying up and down the river in great extremity, soon crowded to the place, so that the whole open space was not only covered with them, but vast numbers stood on the ice around it. They had

grain, especially wheat, and may be decoyed to particular places by bating them with that grain for several successive days. Some few years since, a vessel loaded with wheat was wrecked near the entrance of Great Egg Harbor, in the autumn, and went to pieces. The wheat floated out in vast quantities, and the whole surface of the bay was, in a few days, covered with ducks, of a kind altogether new to the people in that quarter. The gunners of the neighborhood collected in boats, shooting them, and so successful were they, that, as Mr. Beasley informs me, two hundred and forty were killed in one day, and sold among the neighbors at twelve and a half cents apiece, without the feathers. The wounded ones were generally abandoned, as being too difficult to come up with. They continued about for three weeks, and during a greater part of the time, a continual cannonading was heard from every quarter. The gunners called them sea-ducks. They were canvass-backs, and at that time on their way to the north, when this floating feast attracted their attention, and for a while arrested them in their course. A pair of these very ducks I myself bought in the Philadelphia market at the time, from an Egg Harbor gunner, and never met with their superior either in excellence or weight of flesh. When it was known among those people the loss they had sustained in selling for twenty-five cents what would have brought them from a dollar to a dollar and a half per pair, it excited universal regret."



SHOOTING WILD DUCK ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, VIRGINIA.

above and below, is wholly covered with prettily freckled, slender, dusky threads, disposed transversely in close-set, zigzag lines, on a pale ground, more or less shaded off with ash," a description much more applicable to the bird figured beside it, the red-head, and which very probably is the species meant. In the figure of the pochard given by Mr. Bewick, who is generally correct, the bill agrees very well with that of our red-head, but scarcely half the size and thickness of that of the canvass-back, and the figure in the *planches enluminées*, corresponds in that respect with Bewick's. In short, both of these writers are egregiously erroneous in their figures and descriptions, or the present duck was unknown to them. Considering the latter supposition the more probable of the two, I have designated this as a new species, and shall proceed to give some particulars of its history. The canvass-back duck arrives in the United States from the north, about the middle of October; a few descend to the Hudson or Delaware, but the great body of these birds resort to the numerous rivers belonging to and in the neighborhood of Chesapeake Bay, particularly the Susquehanna, the Patuxent, Potomac and James Rivers, which appear to be their general winter rendezvous. Beyond, to the south, I can find no certain accounts of them. At the Susquehanna they are called canvass-backs, on the Potomac, white-backs, and on the James River, shell-drakes. They are seldom found at a great distance up any of these rivers, or even in the salt water bay, but in that particular part of tide water where a certain plant, which is said to be a species of

rarely be approached except by stratagem. When wounded in the wing, they dive to such prodigious distances, and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly, and with such cunning and active vigor, as almost always to render the pursuit hopeless. From the great demand for these ducks, and the high price they uniformly bring in the market, various modes are practised to get within gun-shot of them. The most successful way is said to be decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dogs, if properly trained, play backwards and forwards along the margin of the water, and the ducks, observing their manoeuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, from which he rakes them, first on the water and then as they rise. This method is called *toling them in*. If the ducks seem difficult to decoy, any glaring object, such as a red handkerchief, is fixed round the dog's middle, or to his tail, and this rarely fails to attract them. Sometimes by moonlight, the sportsman directs his skill towards a flock whose position he had previously ascertained, keeping them within the projecting shadow of some wood-bank or headland, and paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often to approach within twenty yards of a flock of many thousands, among which he generally makes a great slaughter. Many other stratagems are practised, and indeed every plan that the ingenuity of the experienced sportsman can suggest, to approach within gun-shot of these birds;

three firings, both at once, and picked up eighty-eight canvass-backs, and might have collected more, had they been able to get to the extremity of the ice after the wounded ones. In the severe winter of 1779-80, the grass, on the roots of which these birds feed, was almost wholly destroyed in James River. In the month of January, the wind continued to blow from west-northwest for twenty-nine days, which caused such low tides in the river, that the grass froze to the ice everywhere, and a thaw coming on suddenly, the whole was raised by the roots and carried off by the freshet. The next winter a few of these ducks were seen, but they soon went away again, and for many years after, they continued to be scarce, and even to the present day, in the opinion of my informer, have never been so plenty as before. The canvass-back, in the rich, juicy tenderness of its flesh, and its delicacy of flavor, stands unrivalled by the whole of its tribe in this or perhaps any quarter of the world. Those killed in the waters of the Chesapeake are generally esteemed superior to all others, doubtless from the great abundance of their favorite food which these rivers produce. At all our public dinners, hotels, and particular entertainments, the canvass-backs are universal favorites. They not only grace but dignify the table, and the very name conveys to the imagination of the eager epicure the most comfortable and exhilarating ideas. Hence, on such occasions, it has not been uncommon to pay from one to three dollars a pair for these ducks, and, indeed, at such, if they can, they must be had, whatever the price. The canvass-backs will feed readily on

HUNTING IN ABYSSINIA.

What was the spiral thing that coiled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent, some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black ribbon on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves? I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest, and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless something must be done. Making myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over fallen trunks, whose cavities seemed alive with snakes, I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from our tent.—Edwards

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

We take pleasure in placing on this page of the Pictorial an accurate likeness of the philosopher, poet and essayist whose name heads this article, drawn expressly for us by Homer, and engraved by Pierce in his best style. Our authority for the portrait is the large and magnificent lithographic head just issued by Mr. Charles H. Brainard of this city in his usual style of excellence. Mr. Emerson is one of the few purely literary men among us, having long since devoted himself exclusively to letters. The son of a Unitarian clergyman, he was born in the year 1803, and was educated for the pulpit. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1821, and after completing his theological studies was settled as a colleague of Henry Ware, Jr., over the Second Church in this city. An impatience of the control of forms, however, influenced him to abandon the pulpit, and to retire to Concord, where he has resided since the year 1835. Here he has written those poems, essays, lectures and contributions to the press which have given him an American and transatlantic reputation, and which, admired with enthusiasm by many, are recognized by all as bearing the impress of the signet of true Genius, notwithstanding its manifestations are often irregular and spasmodic. Some of his earlier college orations attracted attention by their eloquence. In 1839 he produced a work called "Nature," treating of freedom, beauty, and intellectual culture as influenced by natural objects. When the famous "Dial," a literary, philosophical and religious magazine, was established in 1840, Mr. Emerson first donned the editorial harness, and contributed to that strange melange many papers of striking originality and eloquence. The transcendental character of the work kept its circulation within narrow limits. Four volumes of the "Dial" were published, but before its close the editorship had passed into the hands of the brilliant and accomplished Margaret Fuller, between whom and the subject of this sketch a warm friendship and intellectual sympathy existed. The development of the lecture system opened a field to Mr. Emerson in which he was especially qualified to succeed. The variety of his style and topics, the impressiveness of his manner, the originality of his views, gave him a strong hold upon his audiences, and to this day there is no lecturer who more fully enchains and interests his auditors. In his discourses we find a mixture of metaphysical mysticism and practical sagacity, of melodious and poetical passages and terse aphorisms, the whole forming a brilliant mosaic. As a poet, he is at times obscure and almost unintelligible, at times candid, simple and affecting. His later writings and lectures are far less enigmatical than his earlier ones, and in style his "English Traits," compared to some of his earlier essays, are what Carlyle's life of Schiller is to his Frederick the Great. A first collection of Emerson's "Essays and Lectures," in 1841, was followed by a second series in 1844. A volume of poems was published in 1847. The following year he visited England, where he was well received, and whither his reputation had preceded him, and delivered a course of lectures, which were received with great favor. His "Representative Men," published in 1850, embraced sketches of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon and Goethe. We have called here and there from Mr. Emerson's works, a few passages, interesting in themselves, as specimens of our author's style of expression and thought. In the essay on Beauty, occurs the follow-

ing: "The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influence of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the *silent clock by which time tells the summer hours*, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pond-lily or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in

the shallow parts of our present river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in perpetual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament. But this beauty of nature, which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel; it will not please us when its light shines upon our necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone; it is only a mirage as you look from the windows of a diligence. * * * All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess that,

not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art. The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For, although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty '*il piu nell' uno*.' Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the

world to one point, and each in his several work, to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus in art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus, in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works. The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature." In the essay on "Love," we find the following beautiful passage: "I have been told that my philosophy is unsocial, and that, in public discourses, my reverence for the intellectual makes me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the young soul wandering here in nature to the power of love, without being tempted to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passage wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft surpassing the deep attraction of our truth, to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward, they may find several things which wear not the charm, have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man can ever forget the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; that mighty and mysterious power which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, and the morning and the night varied enchantments."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling: —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

PLOTTING.

BRAXON, as was mentioned in a preceding chapter, joined one of the groups on the lawn, many of those composing them being from a distance, who had been attracted by the startling intelligence that Myra Pemberton had been carried off by the Indians.

Between Braxon and one of the group was interchanged a significant glance, though so quick as to be unnoticed by the others. After this, their bearing towards each other was that of perfect strangers.

The person referred to was one whose appearance would be likely to attract attention. He might have been twenty-five or a little over, was of medium height and well formed. His skin was dark to swarthy, his hair coal black, and lay in close, wiry curls round his forehead, which, though high, was so narrow as to give it a look decidedly sinister. His eyes, black as his hair, were remarkable for a singular shine, or rather gloss, and at times seemed to throw off a red, dusky light, anything but pleasant. But this was not noticed by the casual observer, and he had the reputation—as indeed he deserved, as far as the mere moulding of features was concerned—of being a remarkably handsome man.

He himself by no means thought lightly of his personal advantages, and did what he could to improve and heighten them by a scrupulous attention to his dress, not only as regarded quality, but in all its minor details.

It was not long before Candace Atherly took occasion to pass that way, and by a look gave the young man, who was her brother, to understand she wished to speak with him. She entered the house, which was entirely deserted, where she was soon joined by her brother.

"What success, Wellford?" said she; "have you found out where Anvers is?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"Where?"

"On his way hither."

"Just as I expected. I knew the attraction was irresistible. How soon will he be here?"

"Sometime to-morrow, I should think. But the attraction, if you mean Myra Pemberton, is withdrawn, it seems. Candace, you had something to do with this affair—Myra's sudden disappearance."

"If I did, it was not without due deliberation."

"I don't see that any good can result from it, either to you or me."

"I intend that there shall to both of us. At least evil will be prevented by it."

"How?"

"Had she been suffered to remain here, in less than six months from now she would have been the wife of Anvers."

"Do you mean Myra Pemberton?" said Braxon, who had entered the room so softly that they were not aware of his presence.

"Yes."

"You are mistaken."

"So I think," said Wellford Atherly.

"Mr. Danbridge told me the very next day after I arrived here," said Braxon, "that he intended that the rich heiress should be his daughter-in-law."

"But since then he has given it up," remarked Candace.

"Have you heard him say so?"

"Not in so many words."

"How do you know then?" demanded her brother.

"Because neither the so-called Percy Danbridge nor Myra Pemberton would have consented to the match."

"But I have a way of compelling the young man to obey me," said Braxon.

"You have had, you might say," replied Candace, "but the time has gone by for him to be a mere automaton in your hands. Yet admitting that you could compel him to obey you, you hold no such control over Myra Pemberton."

"No, but stratagem is sometimes better than compulsion."

"It would have failed you. Before we go any further, however, allow me to ask whether it was the young lady herself or her wealth you were so anxious to secure?"

"Her wealth, to be sure. She is a necessary incumbrance. I never take the trouble to wear a mask when I know that I am in the presence of those who know what's behind it."

"Be content then, for I've taken the best possible method to secure it to Percy Danbridge."

"How so?"

"Mrs. Pemberton, Myra's mother, a short time previous to her decease, in the overflowings of her gratitude for the kindness and protection of Mr. Danbridge, gave the whole of her property to him in case of her daughter's decease, whose delicate health at that time gave token of an early death, to be held in trust for his son till he became of age."

"Is this so?"

"It is."

"Candace you are mistaken," said Wellford. "If anything of the kind had taken place, I should have been as likely to know it as you."

"It was known only to Mr. Danbridge and me. The secret never transpired."

"He took you into his confidence then?" said Wellford.

"There was no need of that."

"How then?"

"I came across the will and read it."

"I hope you broke no locks," said Wellford, laughing.

"This puts a new aspect on the whole affair," said Braxon.

"You think now that it isn't so hard, after all, to be rid of the heiress," said Candace.

"It will save trouble certainly."

"That is if she doesn't get back again, which she is nearly certain to do now that Mat. Dillard has gone in pursuit of her."

"That would be bad," said Braxon. "In one month more Percy will be of age, when, if he obtain possession of the fortune, I may look upon it the same as my own. I can at least control him in all that relates to money matters."

"What of this Anvers?" said Candace.

"He must be taken care of," replied Braxon. "Till he is, he will always be a rock ahead, which at any moment may ruin all."

"He ought not to have been allowed to come here again," said Candace. "Everybody sees the likeness between him and Mr. Danbridge."

"You must help me in this, Wellford," said Braxon.

"In what way?"

"By your wit."

"It may fail me."

"I have proved you to be fertile in expedients."

"It is the way I get my living."

"True, and once let me feel certain that I've nothing to fear from him, and you shall have no reason to accuse me of a lack of liberality. You may think that I may not have the means to be generous should the girl come back, but life is uncertain you know."

"I understand."

"May I depend on you?"

"I'll do what I can, but,

"Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft, And wit depends on dilatory time."

"Let his anticipated visit here be his last. That is all I ask of you."

"I've already thought of a plan."

"What is it?"

"When I've matured it you shall know."

"I'll meet you at the old place. When shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at three o'clock."

"At three. I'll be punctual. I see Mr. Danbridge coming this way—I will go and meet him," said Braxon.

"So much," thought he, as he withdrew, "for the resolution I formed not long since to keep my own counsel. But it's of no use. The business grows upon my hands. I must have help."

"I don't understand you, Candace," said Wellford Atherly, as soon as Braxon was gone.

"Why?"

"I thought you liked this Anvers—loved him, if you will."

"You are mistaken, though there has been a time when even I might have loved him."

"And yet you stood by and coolly listened to what passed between Braxon and me."

"I have heard of Satan's rebuking sin. As I said, I might have loved him if—"

"There was an if in the way then?"

"Yes, I might if he had been the acknowledged son of Mr. Danbridge."

"And you're no doubt but that he is his son?"

"None."

"Then why didn't you go to work and hunt up evidence to prove it, instead of trying to help Braxon in his work of fraud?"

"Even had I wished it I soon became convinced that there was no evidence to hunt up which would bear the test of legal investigation. Another thing I became convinced of too."

"What is it?"

"That which I can never forgive."

"Speak plainly. I've neither the patience nor skill to find out riddles."

"It was not long before I saw that, compared with Myra Pemberton, I had no attractions for him. That I could have borne, almost forgiven, had I not found that his indifference gradually grew to dislike, which in its turn soon amounted to something which was not far from loathing. From that moment I was heart and hand with Braxon."

"Nor do I blame you. Myra Pemberton is well enough, and with wealth sufficient to endow a princess, would, I own, have made a very acceptable wife for one like me, who has been made a foot-ball of by fortune. But as to personal charms, she is not to be named in the same breath with the superb Candace Atherly. Anvers has no taste—no discrimination."

"Rather say too much of the last-named quality."

"Why so?"

"There is something wrong here—something repellant," and as she spoke, with a quick motion she passed her hand across her eyes.

"Repellant? Fascinating, you should say. Why, Candace, you have the most splendid eyes that ever gave brilliance to the face of woman."

"The splendor and brilliance are lost on Anvers. He sees only the malign expression which I cannot hide."

"You must hide it—others may see it."

"I've tried, but cannot succeed. Neither can you. When you were talking with Braxon I watched you, and could see in your eyes the evil lurking in your heart."

"I shall take better care for the future."

"It will avail you nothing," and she turned to leave the room.

"Stay one minute. I've something more to say to you."

"Be quick then—the people are dispersing."

"I must have a specimen of Anvers's handwriting, and you must get it for me."

"That is easier said than done."

"It can and must be done, or the plan I have thought of will fall to the ground."

"You shall have it."

"I know you will not fail me. I consider it the same as if already in my hand."

"What is all this stir about?" said Candace, looking out of the window.

It was soon ascertained. Mr. Danbridge and six or eight hardy, resolute men had concluded that Dillard was too venturesome in not taking more with him, and that it was best to follow him and Juba, and be ready to assist them should it prove necessary.

"All hope of her not returning is now gone," said Wellford.

"Not quite."

"You think perhaps that the Indians will be joined by others before they can be overtaken."

"No, I think that Nahatan will do as he said he would."

"How is that?"

"Take her life rather than she should be restored to her friends."

CHAPTER XVII.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

WHEN towards night the following day, those who went in pursuit of Myra, including Anvers and Walter Cline, arrived at the plantation, bringing her with them unharmed, the heart of Candace sunk within her.

"Courage!" said Wellford, who had walked over to see if Anvers had arrived. "Courage! Life, so Braxon said yesterday, is uncertain."

"And his words in her case I doubt not will soon prove true. For all that I don't care to be foiled."

"That's past remedy now. Come, I'm going to hunt up a few smiles to welcome her with, and advise you to do the same."

"Braxon has got the better of you."

"Yes, see the fawning hypocrite. It is enough to make one tear off his mask and cast it aside forever."

"If one could afford to," said Candace, quietly.

"Who is that man," Walter Cline inquired of Dillard, and indicating Braxon, "who appears to be so overjoyed at Miss Pemberton's return?"

"His name is Braxon."

"I thought so."

"You've seen him before now, I take it?"

"Yes, something like a dozen years ago. But long as it is, I don't see that he has altered much."

"He's a chap that I don't want to have much to do with," said Dillard.

"Nor I. I wish there was some way by which I could avoid him."

"Go home with me then," said Dillard, "if you think you can put up with the rough fare of a hunter. I want to say a few words to Mr. Danbridge, and then I shall be ready to start. In the meantime you had better keep out of Braxon's way."

Cline sought Anvers and informed him of the arrangement he had made with Dillard. Anvers, like him, for certain reasons known to themselves, thought he had better for the present avoid meeting him.

After the departure of Cline, Mrs. Danbridge approached Anvers and expressed a hope that he would remain with them several weeks.

"I should only be too happy to remain," he replied, "but my stay here must necessarily be limited to two or three days at least."

"He tells me," said Mr. Danbridge, who was standing near, "that he is to join the troops under Colonel Monekton."

Wellford Atherly, who had purposely put himself in the way, now requested of Mr. Danbridge the honor of an introduction to Lieutenant Anvers.

Though the advances of Atherly were received by Anvers rather coldly at first, partly perhaps on account of his strong resemblance to Candace, his reserve gradually yielded to the deep interest he manifested for the success of the English and Provincials in the enterprise they were about to engage in.

In the course of the conversation between them, Wellford succeeded in adroitly gathering many particulars relative to the future intentions of Anvers, which he hoped to turn to good account in what he had promised to undertake at the instigation of Braxon. * * *

Though the midnight hour was past, a light was still burning in the chamber of Wellford Atherly. The door was locked, and he sat at a table writing. Almost every half minute he carefully compared what he had written with the hand-writing on a piece of paper lying near. When what appeared to be a letter was at last finished, it was subjected to a still severer scrutiny; the peculiar form of each letter being individually compared with some corresponding one in the writing he had been endeavoring to imitate. He smiled when the examination was completed.

"Anvers himself couldn't tell it from his own hand-writing," he said, half aloud.

Having folded and superscribed it, he read with care several other letters he had previously written. He appeared to be satisfied with what they severally contained, and prepared them ready for delivery to the persons to whom they were addressed, except that for the present he was obliged to omit the dates. He then placed them in a drawer of his writing-desk, which, after looking round, as if he imagined some prying eye was upon him, he locked. As he removed the key from the lock and put it into his pocket, he thought he heard some one close to his chamber door call his name. His first impulse was to put out the light and remain silent. On second thought, however, he desisted, as he knew the light must shine through the key-hole. Some one perhaps had been watching him. He stood still and listened, when he heard his name called so distinctly that he could no longer attribute it to imagination.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"I," was the answer.

"And who is I?"

"Hepsy."

"Yes, yes—I know your voice now. What are you here at my door for this time of night?"

"Luke Jemison the pedler wants to see you. He came and rapped at my window, and frightened me so that I'm all out of breath."

"Well, did you let him in?"

"No, I thought I must ask you first."

"How stupid you are. You know that Jem-mison is always welcome. Go and unfasten the door."

"Shall I ask him to come up here?"

"Yes."

"There, he's banging away at the door now. It wasn't enough for him to rap at my window."

"Hurry, hurry. He mustn't be kept waiting all night."

"No, he mustn't be kept waiting," the girl muttered to herself, as she turned slowly away. "I should like to know what mighty great man Luke Jemmison is, that I should have to be turned out of my bed at midnight for him, and then have to run and hurry to let him in, the same as if he was some lord or prince."

Atherly opened his chamber door and held the lamp at the head of the stairs, that the pedler might see his way, who, burthened with his heavy pack, shortly ascended.

"What brought you here this time of night, Luke Jemmison?" inquired Atherly, when they had entered the chamber and the door was secured.

"Business," he replied. "What else should bring me here?"

"Let what would do it, I'm glad you've come. You are the very man I had in my mind."

"What's turned up now?"

"Something in which you can serve me better than any other man I know of. Hist!"

"What now?"

"Didn't you hear a noise outside the door?"

"No."

"I am certain that I did. That girl Hopsy is listening, I suspect."

As he spoke, he sprang quickly to the door and opened it, but no one was there.

"I knew it was only imagination," said Jem-mison. "My ear is as quick as anybody's, and I didn't hear anything."

"Well, it is better to be too apprehensive than not enough so. The affair I wish to talk over mustn't be listened to by any one but yourself."

"Of some importance I suppose?"

"It will turn out to be if rightly managed."

"Well, what is it?"

"In the first place there's a certain Lieutenant Anvers that must be taken care of."

"Put out of the way?"

"Yes, but it must be gingerly managed, so as to be consummated by those who fill high places, without even the shadow of suspicion falling on the secret movers."

"I don't see how that is to be done."

"Nothing can be easier if due precaution be exercised."

"Well, just tell me what you expect of me, and I can judge if it will do for me to undertake it."

Atherly unlocked the drawer of his writing-desk and took thence the letters he had deposited there a short time previous.

"What I wish you to do," said he, "is to deliver these to the persons they are addressed to."

"That will be no easy matter," said Jem-mison, looking them over.

"It will require care and discretion, but you can do it."

"And it will require time too."

"Never fear—you shall be well paid for your time."

"Where is this Anvers now?"

"At Mr. Danbridge's. He expects to leave in a day or two. I suppose you know that Colonel Monckton with three thousand troops is going against the French settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy?"

"Yes, I've heard something about it."

"Well, Anvers is to join the expedition, and you must follow so as not to lose sight of him, and when the proper time comes see that he has this letter," said Atherly, selecting one addressed to him.

"But there is more than one with his name on it. How shall I know which he is to have first?"

"Look at the left hand corner of the one I handed you. The lower corner I mean."

"Well, I see nothing but an ink spot."

"Which will do as well as anything to distinguish it by. You have only to bear in mind that the one with the blotted corner is to be given him first."

"What about the others? One I see is directed to a French officer."

"With respect to that and the rest I will give you directions in the morning. The night is far spent."

"Yes, and after my long tramp I feel the need of rest."

"It was lucky anyhow that you concluded to come here. Why didn't you stop at the little inn back here a few miles?"

"I don't know why. I called and got some supper, and was tired enough to stay all night; but somehow the thought struck me that I would keep on end see if you had any scheme in your head. Some fiend tempted me to do it I am inclined to think."

"Nonsense. Come, follow me, and I will show you a room where you will find a good bed. Sleep and rest will put such foolish notions out of your head."

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN ANVERS AND MYRA.

THE same river which formed the boundary on one side of the little sylvan nook, where for the present dwelt the beautiful Zorayne with Sybil Finchley, could be seen from the Danbridge Mansion House winding in and out around the hills.

There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Indians, those who were hostile to the inhabitants of that region having been drawn off to aid the French. Myra was therefore encouraged by Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge to resume such of her customary rambles, as did not take her any great distance from the house.

"You have been so used to exercise in the open air," Mr. Danbridge said to her, the evening after her return, "that you droop like a bird that is deprived of its liberty."

Myra needed no second hint, for she was haunted with a feeling of unrest which made her long to be abroad, where she could listen to the voice of the winds and the rushing of the waters. There was a range of green hills, girt at the base by a belt of grand old forest trees, so that they could not be seen from the house. Towards these, with steps which every moment seemed to grow freer and more buoyant, she directed her course. They were smooth and of easy acclivity, except that the one at the commencement of the range dropped abruptly down within half a rod of the water's edge, and was broken by sharp crags and shelving rocks, piled one above the other in wild, picturesque confusion.

One of these, not more than four feet from the ground, overhung an opening into the hill side high enough to permit a man of ordinary stature to stand upright. Its width was irregular, and it extended, as Myra well knew, for she had in childhood often explored it, some sixty or seventy feet.

It was not thither, however, that she now directed her steps. She pressed onward to gain some eminence, where her eye at a single glance could take in the fields and woods, the placid river and the rushing torrent. It was not till she stood on the loftiest summit she could find, that the feeling of unrest which had urged her on suddenly changed to one of utter loneliness. She had looked to nature for sympathy, and her appeal had remained unanswered. And yet it was with reluctance that she confessed to herself that it was communion with the human heart for which her spirit thirsted. Her thoughts turned to Anvers.

"I wish I had remained at home," she said, hardly aware that she gave voice to what was passing in her mind. "I think I had better tell Lieutenant Anvers what that strange woman said to me the night we met under the hickory trees. Though she warned me against telling any other person, she did not prohibit my mentioning it to him."

"Why not tell me now then?" said a voice close by her side.

She did not start, though the soft, yielding green sward had so muffled his footsteps that she had not heard his approach. Somehow it seemed natural that he should be there, and yet she had not expected him.

"Why not tell me now then?" he repeated, for though a smile like a glance of sun-bine brightened her countenance, she had not answered his question.

"It may be only what you know already," said she. "The woman has had an interview with you too."

"You mean her you met under the hickory trees?"

"Yes, and no doubt she has told you the same that she did me."

"When I saw her, it appeared to be her object

to gain information rather than give it, so there is little chance of your repeating what I already know."

"Anvers is not your real name," she said.

"What is it then?"

"She refused to tell."

"This throws some light on a remark inadvertently made one day by the woman who took care of me when I was suffering from the effects of my wound. She admitted that she knew there was a secret respecting my parentage, which she was not then at liberty to reveal, though she hoped and expected that ere long the seal of silence would be removed. Till then, I cannot avail myself of the privilege which fifteen minutes since was so generously accorded me by your guardian. When I tell you that it was the one coveted above all others withheld when I was here before, but now freely and cordially given, you may judge what it costs me to relinquish it. And yet—but why should I enter into an explanation? It is enough to say that I long to be freed from the tortures of suspense."

"I think I am entitled to know why you forbear to avail yourself of what might terminate it."

"It is because I am perplexed with doubts as to my parentage. The late Mr. Anvers, whose son I supposed myself to be, though from a sudden reverse of fortune he became poor in this world's goods, was rich in all those generous and noble qualities which adorn humanity. The best idea I can give you of him, is to say that in all respects he was worthy to be accounted the peer of Mr. Danbridge."

"No higher praise could be awarded him."

"It was the thought that I was not unworthy to be the son of such a man, which inspired me with confidence to ask a boon dearer and more highly prized than all others."

"You say that he you supposed to be your father was the equal of Mr. Danbridge. Is not the promise fair that his reputed son will one day be also his equal?"

"He can only say that it will be his endeavor to equal him."

"And I have been taught, that what we earnestly strive to be, we shall be. Look at Percy Danbridge, and ask yourself if he can ever be raised to a level with his father."

"I am afraid not. He has formed habits of indolence which it will be hard for him to overcome."

"I recently heard Mrs. Danbridge remark, that instead of covering his defects, his position makes them the more palpable, and like her, I begin to think that it is a misfortune for a young man to have a rich father."

"It takes away the motive for exertion certainly."

"Why then should you care even if your origin should prove to be humble?"

"It is not the question of wealth or of poverty which in my case I am anxious to have settled. It is one of moral worth opposed to baseness."

"That is settled already."

"As regards myself, I am proud to be able to say that it is. But are there not crimes so dark, so fearful, that when committed by a parent, they must forever cleave as a curse to his children?"

"Take courage—I am confident that such a curse can never cleave to you."

"What if I prove to be the son of Braxton?"

"How could such a thought enter your mind?"

"It is not a mere suggestion of the imagination."

"It cannot be. What reason have you to think so?"

"One night when my wound was so painful as to prevent me from sleeping, I heard Mrs. Cline, who with her son were sitting in a remote corner of the room, mention the name of Braxton, and soon afterward some one she called his son, who was yet living, though he was generally supposed to be dead. They spoke so low I could hear only a part of what was said, and as I imagined it didn't concern me, I cared little about it. When, however, you mentioned that the woman you met said that Anvers was not my real name, the thought flashed into my mind that I might be the son they were speaking of."

"That cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Your looks, your voice—even the turn of your head contradicts it."

"What resemblance is there between Mr. Danbridge and his son?"

"None, I must confess."

"That shows you that your criterion is not a

true one. No, she who is worthy of the highest and the best in the land, must not marry the son of the hypocritical Braxton. It would be a desecration."

"Were it her choice, would it be?"

"It can never be her choice."

"Anvers," said she, after remaining silent and thoughtful a short time. "I will not pretend to misunderstand you as regards her you have just alluded to. The eloquence of silence is sometimes more expressive and significant than language can ever be. When by accident,—or as I should rather say, when we were by Providence lately thrown together, under such circumstances, that we were often as much isolated from all human companionship, as if we had been alone in the wilderness, though not a word passed between us which went beyond the expression of friendly regard, it could not be otherwise than that we should interpret those sentiments which were weaving their silent spells around the heart, and which were mutually though unintentionally manifested."

"What you say is true, and yet on my part fear ever overbalanced hope. Not to such an extent, however, that had I not been restrained by the promise given to Mr. Danbridge the evening before we parted, I might have said what under the present circumstances I should deeply regret."

"Believe me, Anvers, that this thought of a disreputable origin which you suffer to haunt you, is only a phantom."

"I hope it will prove so."

"It will—it will."

"While I hope, you believe."

"I too am haunted, and if it prove a phantom, it comes in blessed guise to cheer and encourage. And not to be outdone by you in the generosity, which causes you to reject what you have termed the privilege granted you by my guardian, now, while the mystery of your parentage is yet unrevealed, I promise never to accept the offer of any hand but yours."

"If not to you, think not it will ever be offered to another. A little longer, and all I trust will be made known, for anything is better than suspense."

"To-morrow you leave?"

"Yes, early in the morning."

"But you will return?"

"If I live you will see me again; but if the fates so will that I fall, believe that I met death as a soldier should meet it."

"I shall know you did."

"I shall carry these words with me. They will inspire me with hope and courage. Now, Myra, farewell, and when we do meet, may it be under better auspices."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"My first kiss," said he, "and the last, if I find the name I can give you proves, as I fear it will, to be dishonored not only by hypocrisy and all the mean vices in its train, but stained by crimes, such as should consign the perpetrator to a felon's cell, or even doom him to the scaffold. No—no—the shadow that falls on me shall never extend its blighting influence to you."

"When there is as much reason to hope as to fear, why should you persist in this morbid foreboding of evil?"

"There is not as much reason to hope as to fear. The more I recall to mind certain incidents scarce noticed at the time, such as half-uttered sentences and looks of compassion, when I was at Mrs. Cline's, the more I am convinced that I am the son of the man for whom I had conceived a bitter hatred, and a loathing too deep for words."

"You mean Braxton?"

"Yes."

"Why should you regard him thus—you who have seen so little of him?"

"Because I know him to have been guilty, if not of crime, of all those low vices I spoke of but now. And you—will you not confess it? in a measure share the opinion and feelings I have expressed concerning him."

"I cannot deny it."

"I knew it must be so. It could not be otherwise. It is the realization of the natural antipathy existing between virtue and vice. I have said that I would see you again."

"And did you not say as you meant?"

"Yes, but on second thought the promise better be made on certain conditions. What these are needs no explanation."

"No, none is needed. Yet I am certain that if you live you will come again."

"You have some reason for thinking so."

"If I have, the time will come when you will know it."

"Even that brings with it a little comfort. Once more, farewell, for though I shall say the word to you the same as I do to others at our final parting, I would have it consecrated by the beauty of this twilight hour, and the weird music which floats up to us from the solemn woods, and the river flowing so placidly, and reflecting the lingering brightness of the west. Sometimes you will seek this spot, and then you will remember me."

"I will. Can you for a moment doubt it?"

She prevented his reply.

"Look there," said she, in a whisper, "just where that tall pine rises above the surrounding trees."

He obeyed, and through an opening saw some one moving cautiously along in the direction of the river.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Candace."

"Do you think she has seen us?"

"Without doubt—she could not well avoid it, but she evidently does not wish to be seen by us."

"Where can she be going?"

"I think she expects her brother."

"He lives on the opposite side of the river?"

"Yes, and often crosses in a boat."

They soon lost sight of Candace, but they knew that she must have reached the precipitous side of the hill.

"I can see no boat," said Anvers.

"I suspect he went come."

Myra crept close to the edge of the hill and looked down. She could see Candace, who was busily employed in fastening a red handkerchief to a slender sapling which had found root in the scanty soil, just above the mouth of the cave alluded to at the commencement of this chapter. Myra went back softly and told Anvers what she had seen.

"It must be intended for a signal," said he, "which may not be answered if we are seen. Let us step behind these trees."

"I can see a man coming towards the shore," said Myra.

"Where?"

"He has this moment descended into a hollow. He will soon be in sight again."

"Yes, I see him now. Can you make out who it is?"

"No. It cannot be Wellford Atherly. He isn't tall enough for him."

By this time the man had reached the shore of the river. He stooped down, but the distance was too great for them to see what he was doing.

"I will go and see if Candace remains where she was," said Myra.

She found that she was standing near the place where the red handkerchief was waving in the fresh breeze which blew from the river. She had barely time to note this, when the man rose from his stooping posture, and the next moment a brilliant spire of flame shot upwards. Candace immediately removed the handkerchief, and then cautiously, though with much celerity, commenced threading her way back among the trees and bushes the same way that she came.

"I should like to know the meaning of those signals," said Anvers.

"So should I," Myra answered absently, for she was intent on watching the man on the opposite side of the river. "It must be Luke Jemmison, the pedler," she at last said.

"That is strange. What can it be that he and Candace wished to communicate to each other?"

"I cannot imagine."

"She may wish to buy a ribbon or something of the kind."

"No, I think not."

"He sometimes calls at the Mansion House to sell his wares, I suppose?"

"Often. He is very obliging, and has the reputation of being very honest; so much so that he is often called Honest Luke."

"And does he deserve the cognomen?"

"I used to think he did, but the few last times he has been this way he and Wellford Atherly have been such good friends that I begin to distrust him."

"Candace seems to have taken him into her confidence, as well as her brother."

"And of the three, if there was any mischief afoot, I believe that I should fear her the most."

"If I don't fear her I dislike her. Last night, you know, she begged of me a copy of the song you gave me, for a friend as she said. I never complied with a request of the kind so unwillingly in my life. I cannot account for the reluctance I felt in giving it to her."

"And that other one, which you said was in Ensign Clayton's hand-writing. She took that and very deliberately put it in her pocket."

"Which I was almost tempted to insist on her returning."

Much, however, as they disliked and distrusted her, little did they suspect the use she was going to make of the two songs thus obtained. Quite as little did they imagine that the signal of the red handkerchief was to let Luke Jemmison know which of two different routes Anvers had decided to take; one of a different color having been agreed on had he concluded on taking the other. To know this, was of no little importance, as it would enable him to take advantage of any opportunity or incident which would go towards bringing to a successful issue the plan concerted by Wellford Atherly at the suggestion of Braxon.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ANVERS.

It was the day subsequent to that on which the French surrendered Fort Beausejour. Anvers, having made such personal preparation as was necessary for the contemplated march to Green Bay, for the purpose of investing Fort Gaspereau, sat chatting with a few of his brother officers, when Luke Jemmison, the pedler, with his huge pack strapped to his shoulders, made his appearance at the open door.

"Here's Honest Luke," said one of them, whose name was Ellis.

"Come in and rest yourself," said another.

"Don't care if I do, for I've been on the tramp all day," and entering, he placed his pack on the floor, and took the seat which was offered him.

"What have you for sale?" asked Ellis.

"A little of everything. If either of you wishes to make a present to his sweetheart for a keepsake, here are ribbons of all colors, laces and gauzes, and plenty of jewelry. Better buy something. The fate of a soldier is uncertain, and the girl he leaves behind him will like to have something to remember him by."

Most of those present gathered round him and commenced examining the articles he had named, together with others, all of which he had displayed in tempting array.

"And here are some verses," said he, "enough to bring tears into the eyes of a person, if his heart was of stone."

"What are they about?" said one.

"A young lady that was carried off by the Indians. They go to the tune of 'Madam Molly,' and everybody knows how to sing that. Would you like to look at them, sir?" and he reached a copy towards Anvers, who had held himself aloof from the circle that the pedler had gathered round him.

Anvers thought of Myra's late adventure and took it.

"Lily-white hand, cherry lips, and cheeks like the rose—you'll find them all set forth to the life, as I can bear witness for I've seen the lady myself," said Jemmison.

"Who is she?" asked Ellis.

"She's called Flora in the verses," said Jemmison, evasively.

"Let me look at them."

"Who is that young gentleman?" said he, looking at Anvers, as he complied with Ellis's request.

"That is Lieutenant Anvers."

"The identical person I wish to see. He rose and approached him. "Pardon me for interrupting you, Lieutenant Anvers," said he. "Here's a letter for you."

"From my friend Clayton," remarked Anvers, "judging by the hand-writing."

"Ensign Clayton, do you mean?" inquired Ellis.

"Yes."

"I thought he was in New England."

"He has returned, and is so unwell as to be confined to the house. For some reason of great moment, which he does not give, he is very anxious to see me. I must try and obtain leave of absence for twenty-four hours."

Pocketing the verses, and handing the pedler a piece of silver, he hastily left the apartment. Jemmison followed him with his eyes, in which was a look of malicious satisfaction.

"A fine looking fellow," said he, "and I am sorry that there should be rumors afloat to his disadvantage."

"Rumors afloat to his disadvantage, did you say?" asked Ellis.

"Yes."

"Then depend on it they are false. There isn't a better young man, nor one more honorable among us all."

"It's nothing that will affect me whether they prove to be false or true, though it does seem to be a pity that he should be tempted to place himself in such a ticklish situation."

"What do you refer to?"

"Why, it is hinted that he has received more than one communication from the enemy, to which he has returned answers."

"If an angel from heaven should tell me so," said Ellis, warmly, "I wouldn't believe him."

"Neither would I believe such a thing of a friend without proof. If the rumors be true, proof will be forthcoming before long. If false, they will soon die a natural death, the same as slanders generally do. But we will let that matter go now, if you please. I've a living to earn, and it's my aim to earn it honestly, so you'll excuse me, gentlemen, for calling your attention to the different articles of use and luxury here displayed."

Thus reminded, most of the young men made purchases of more or less value, according to their means. As Jemmison was returning what remained to his pack, Anvers passed the window, and in a few minutes more they saw him mount his horse and start off at a gallop.

"Accept my thanks, gentlemen—you have been liberal in your purchases," said Jemmison, resuming his pack.

"Do you think of going much farther to-day?" inquired Ellis.

"Not much. I shall find the house of some customer within a few miles from here, where I can be accommodated for the night."

At first Jemmison pursued his way leisurely along the high road, which after a short distance led through the woods. When, by a gradual curve, he was at last hidden from the view of those in the fort, he struck into a faintly traced foot-path, which soon brought him to a log house. He entered with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Is Spanker in good travelling trim, Jock?" said he to a boy, who was idly lounging on a bench at the back part of the room.

"I expect he is," was the reply.

"Saddle and bridle him then, and let no grass grow under your feet while you're doing it."

"How are you, Jemmison?" said a man, who entered as the boy left the room. "Do things go to suit you these days?"

"I've no fault to find just now. Take good care of my pack till I return, and mind and keep it out of sight. Where's the portmanteau I left here?"

"About somewhere, I suppose."

"Here it is," said a woman, entering from an adjoining apartment with a portmanteau in her hand, which she handed to the pedler.

"You keep your bettermost clothes in that, I take it," said the man, as they left the house together.

"What I keep in it," replied the pedler, "would make such a different looking man of you, that you wouldn't know yourself."

"I think that is more than can be said of you. At any rate, it must be a powerful strong disguise that would do it."

"It is such as would prevent you from knowing me."

"I should like to have you try it—that's all I've to say."

"Maybe I shall if it comes handy."

"When do you reckon on being here again?" said the man, as the pedler mounted his horse.

"Can't tell."

"It won't be long first?"

"No, I think you may look for me somewhere about twelve or one to-morrow night."

Anvers, meanwhile, was pursuing his way according to the directions contained in the letter, received as he supposed from his friend Clayton. The house where he said that he would find him, was described as being about three hours' brisk ride from the fort. There were several roads, or cart-paths, which branched off either to the right or left of the principal road—so said the letter,—but he must be careful to avoid them till he arrived at one crossed by a narrow stream, which would readily catch the eye, and was bridged over by logs. Half a mile beyond this bridge was the house where he would find Clayton.

If nothing happened to retard his progress,

Anvers concluded that he should be able to reach there before daylight was gone. The sun was getting low, and he began to think that he must have nearly arrived at the road designated, when he heard the ring of horse-hoofs on the hard, stony ground, which every moment drew nearer. The sound was not a very welcome one, all things considered, in a place so lonely, though as he had a pair of well-loaded pistols ready to his hand, when he found that instead of two travellers, as he at first imagined, there was only one, he did not feel particularly uneasy. He was going at a moderate speed, which he made no attempt to increase, so that the man soon came up with him.

A civil greeting passed between them, after which for a minute or two, though the traveller kept close by the side of Anvers, neither of them spoke.

The man's dress was such as was commonly worn by sober, respectable citizens of that period, and in no way likely to attract particular attention. He was above the medium height, and, without any tendency to corpulency, was robust and muscular. His face was much sunburnt, his features coarse and harsh as far as could be seen, the mouth being almost entirely concealed by a pair of heavy moustaches of a dull brown, and like his bushy hair, somewhat grizzled. He was the first to break the silence.

"You are courageous to travel this lonely road without company," said he.

"May I not say the same of you?" said Anvers, taking the opportunity to look at his self-constituted companion more critically than he had heretofore.

"Were I as much a stranger in these parts as I presume you are, and consequently did not know how to avoid danger; and furthermore, if like you I wore a military dress, which would insure my being taken prisoner by any straggling party of the French, or their savage allies, you certainly might."

"At any rate I have escaped being molested thus far, and I think that by this time I must be near the end of my journey."

"If you have any doubts as to whether you are or not, perhaps I can relieve you of them."

Anvers mentioned the situation of the house, as described in the letter.

"I know where it is very well," replied the man, "but you are wide of the mark. By some means you must have taken the wrong road ten or twelve miles back."

"Impossible."

"Not at all. One not thoroughly acquainted with the way might very easily do it, when what is called the main road is in many places little better than a cart path."

"Well, all I have to do now is to go back and see if I can find the right road."

"Which you most assuredly would not without a guide. The sky is already overcast, and before you can go one half of the distance it will be too dark to see your hand before you. I would offer to conduct you, but I have important business to attend to, which must not be neglected."

"I don't know what to do," said Anvers, checking his horse.

"Will you permit me to advise you?"

"Certainly. I shall be glad to hear what you have to propose."

"The best thing you can do is to keep on. About a mile ahead there's an inn, where I intend stopping for the night. Do the same. You will find excellent accommodations, much better than such an out-of-the-way place would seem to promise. Of late, a good many travellers have passed that way, and the landlord finds it for his interest to treat them well."

"If my time were not so limited," said Anvers, hesitatingly. "I have leave of absence for only twenty-four hours."

"The method I propose will enable you to make the most of what time you have. You can start in the morning early as you please, which will give you several hours with the friend you mentioned."

"I will follow your advice."

"Let us push on then as fast as possible. We shall hardly escape a wetting if we do our best. First, however, for the sake of convenience when we arrive, we may as well know what to call each other."

"My name is Anvers."

"I've heard that name, if I mistake not, with a prefix to it. Honorable mention of one Lieutenant Anvers has been made in my presence, who, as was represented, has shown himself too

brave to permit his name to rest in obscurity. My name, for want of a better, is Simon Gregg."

In a few minutes they arrived in sight of a large, rough-looking wooden building.

"If there was a little more daylight left," said Gregg, "you could see the sign over the door, painted by some rustic artist, representing a tankard filled with ale, so foaming as to rise an inch above the brim. If you have yet to learn what good ale is, such as is brewed in Merry England, you will have the opportunity. For my part, I prefer it to the best wine that was ever brought over the sea."

"I don't profess to be a judge of either," said Anvers.

"Just in time," said Gregg, as they drew rein in front of the inn, at the moment the rain in large and heavy drops began to descend.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]

SAVING LIFE IN SHIPWRECK.

In our last number, in connection with a marine picture, we took occasion to allude, in general terms, to the provisions made by commercial nations for saving life in cases of shipwreck. The present page is devoted to a series of illustrations, showing the manner of employing Dennett's rocket in these emergencies. This rocket is used extensively on the coasts of Great Britain, the character of which in many parts renders every means that ingenuity can invent for the safety of life imperative. Great Britain is surrounded by stormy seas, and at certain seasons of the year shipwrecks are unfortunately frequent. Within a few weeks, our English papers have recorded many wrecks, attended with loss of life, and from the comments made upon these occurrences, we learn that carelessness, so frequently and often so unjustly charged against the management of our own mercantile marine, is likewise not unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. But the English press has done its work well in fully discussing these matters. Attention is at length greatly directed to the means by which these disasters may be mitigated on the British coasts. We find, on referring to



DENNETT'S ROCKETS FOR FIRING THE ROCKET LOFTY LINES.



FLIGHT OF THE ROCKET LINE.

the Wreck Registers presented annually to Parliament, that by far the greater number of shipwrecks arise from preventable causes, such as "bad lookout," "neglect of the lead," "insufficient manning," "rotten gear," "inattention to lights and bearings," "full speed in thick weather," etc., etc. It is also evident that in very many cases whole crews are lost for want of a life-boat, and the means of placing her in the water safely and expeditiously. And last, though not least, is another cause, viz., the great facilities which exist for insuring rotten and unsensworthy ships. This is a most serious consideration; for until masters and owners can be brought to understand that it is for their interests individually and collectively, and for the interests of the country at large, that ships should be properly found, navigated and manned, what has been done, and is still doing by philanthropic institutions, must very inadequately meet the case. It is true that life boats on the most approved models, manned by brave and skilful men, are ready to render assistance to wrecked and stranded vessels. It is true that Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are placed on the coasts wherever they are thought necessary, in charge of men experienced in their use. It is true that thousands of pounds are spent annually by the Board of Trade, in rewarding individual cases of meritorious exertion, and in maintaining the life-boats and mortars and rockets above referred to; but it is equally true that hundreds of lives are still thrown away, and will continue to be thrown away, until steps have been taken to prevent rather than to cure.

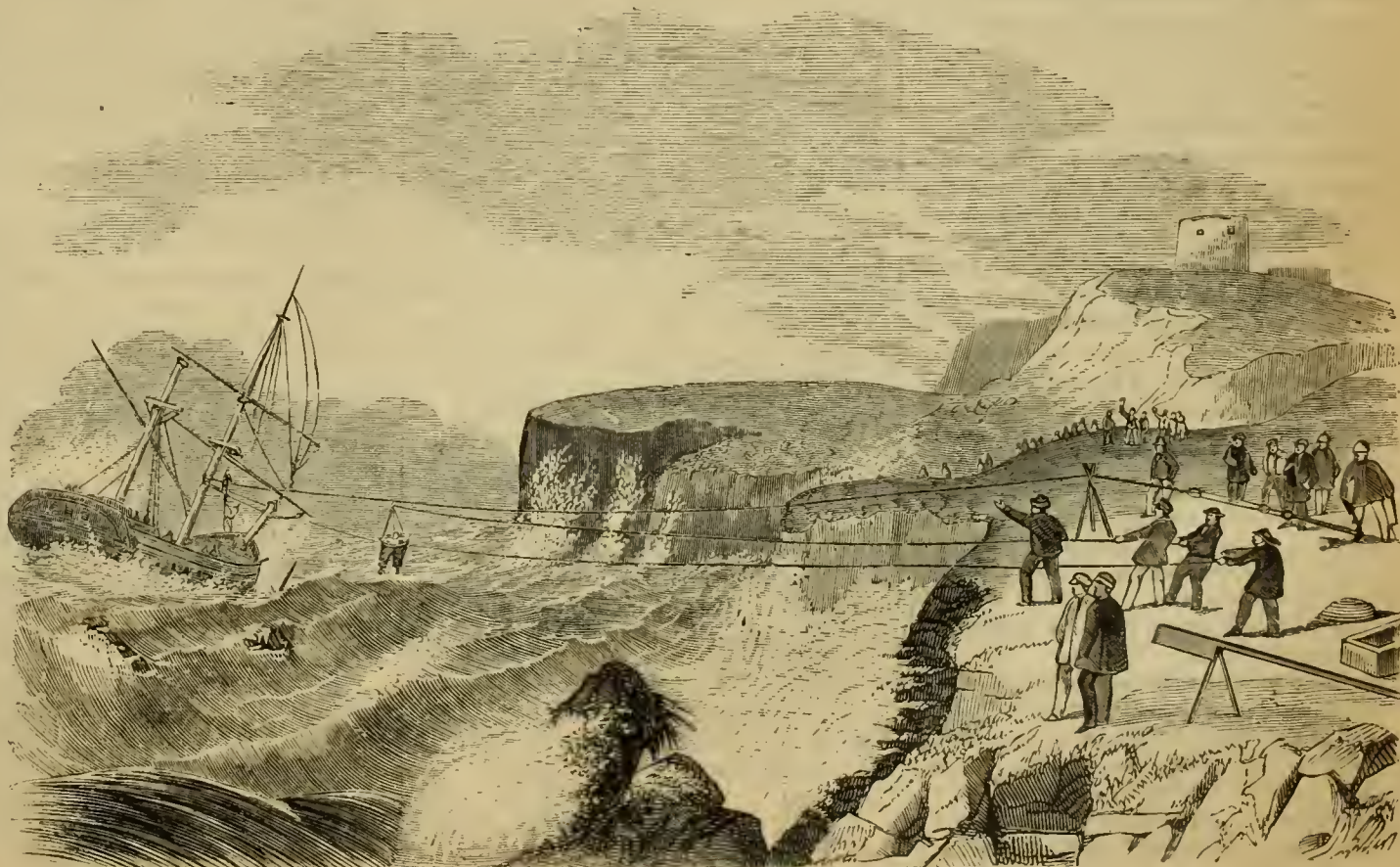
The government have now earnestly taken in hand the question of harbors of refuge; and such harbors will no doubt tend to abridge the catalogue of wrecks; but still it seems to us that if no ships were allowed clearance at the Customs, unless certified by a British government surveyor as sound, well found, properly manned, and provided with life-boat and gear, more good would be done, and less expense would be incurred, than in afterwards endeavoring to remedy what might have been so easily prevented. This, of course has no reference to steam vessels carrying passengers, as all such vessels are at present thoroughly examined and certified, both as re-

gards hull and machinery, in the same manner as provided by law in this country.

But to return to the subject of our illustrations. There are at present on the coasts of the United Kingdom about 150 life-boats, well found and fully manned; and 200 coast-guard stations, at which Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are maintained by the Board of Trade, at an annual expense, altogether, of between £4000 and £5000. The number of lives saved from shipwreck in 1857 by these means, and by coast-guard boats, luggers and small craft, was 1668; and the number lost in the same time, 532, making a total number of 2200 lives imperilled on the British coasts alone, in one year.

In the rocket apparatus, an ordinary 9-pounder Dennett's rocket, having a thin, light, but strong line attached to it, is fired over the ship in distress. Great care is required in letting out this line; and to prevent its "kinking," it is kept "faked" on pins in a box. When wanted for use, it is either fired out of the box, or off the ground. On the rocket-line being fired over the ship, and secured by the crew, they signal the people on shore that they have done so. A "whip," which is a rope having the ends spliced together (like a jack-towel on a large scale), and rove through a tailed block, is now hauled on board by means of the rocket-line, and the tail of the block is made fast to some part of the ship, as high up as possible. By means of the "whip," or endless rope, the people on shore haul off another and a thicker rope, which is made fast on board the ship above the tailed block, and is stretched taut between the ship and the shore above the "whip." There is therefore a double communication with the ship, one by means of the thick rope stretched taut, and the other by means of the endless rope or "whip." The thick rope serves for a block carrying a sling to travel in, and the whip serves to pull the "sling" backwards and forwards. The sling is a circular cork life-buoy, fitted with a pair of short trousers or drawers. These machines were invented by Commander Kisbee, of the Royal Navy, and from him are known as "Kisbee's Breaches." They have saved many lives.

Our illustrations show the arrangement of the rocket apparatus, the flight of the rocket-line, and the manner of bringing a shipwrecked crew on shore.



SLINGING A SHIPWRECKED CREW ASHORE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE MET BUT ONCE.

BY ANNIE L. HAYZ.

We met but once—'twas in an hour
When festive mirth and glee
Resounded through the spacious halls
And all might joyous be;
But my sad heart no joy could know,
For dark and dim and drear
Seemed earth's vain pleasures, and my soul
Was filled with many a fear.

Yet in that scene of gladsome mirth
I smiled and was not gay,
My eyes were bright through glittering tears
I could not chide away,
Until thy voice in kindest words
Of friendship's genial tone,
Spoke soothingly, and then I felt
I was no more alone.

And now, when musing of the past,
That calm hour's peace with thee,
Thy brother love and kind regard,
Are pleasant dreams to me;
And I can muse without a sigh
Of sadness or regret,
Upon thy converse, calm and deep,
When first and last we met.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

Do you know what an "Old Field School" is, dear reader? If you are a southern reader, probably yes; if you are a northern reader, probably no. But even southern readers, in some localities, know of these antiquated affairs rather by tradition than by actual personal observation. Yes, this once prominent "southern institution" is now fast taking its place by the side of sickles, flails, treading-floors, spinning wheels, tinder-boxes, United States banks, economy, frugality, political honesty, and such like exploded by-gones. In Virginia, for instance, where they used to be as common as democrats in the "tenth legion," they are now dying out every day, and will, perhaps, have become objects of antiquarian research before the end of the present century.

It is perhaps not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that there are few if any States in this Union in which there has been a greater change for the better in educational matters, within the last ten or fifteen years, than in Virginia. And this change is chiefly owing to the multiplication of good native teachers. Formerly, a teacher born and bred in the State was truly a *rara avis*. Now, they are trained up in every neighborhood. Formerly, too, the University of Virginia, where so many of this valuable class have been educated, was struggling hard for a bare existence; but now it is overflowing with students—more than its spacious halls can possibly accommodate.

There is a cause, too, for this cause, but it is one which it would be out of place to meddle with here. We deal in facts, not in reasons, motives and such like; and the fact which we have now to present, is simply a reminiscence, though not a very ancient one, of an old field school. It was a warm day, not long before harvest, and not many years ago. I was on a visit to an old college friend and chum, in one of the interior counties of eastern Virginia, and on this occasion was returning, along from a fishing excursion. Wishing to take a "near cut," I had lost my way entirely, and became entangled in a dense labyrinth of pine trees. At length I emerged from the woods, and saw before me a genuine "old field," such as the Old Dominion furnishes in such rare perfection. It contained two hundred acres or more, and bore a crop of broom-sedge of the most admirably ash-colored arid luxuriance. This field was divided from the wood by a picturesque looking "branch" (*anglice* rivulet), on the wooded sides of which was a steep rocky precipice. Coming unexpectedly to the edge of this, I saw directly beneath my feet, a small, dilapidated log structure, in short, an old field school-house.

It was built directly against the precipice, so that I could have stepped on the roof from the spot where I stood, at the top of the bank. There were a number of crevices in the wall, near the top, and through these I could hear all that was going on inside. A class was spelling "off the book," and the "noise and confusion" generally, was incessant, and constantly on the increase. The articulate portion of it, which I amused my-

self for some time in listening to, reached my ear somewhat as follows:

"B, a, ba, k, e, r, ker—inkstand. Mr. Wiggles; ho, Mr. Wiggles! Jim Brown done struck me right on the—g, i, b, gib, l, e, t, s, lets, giblets. Mr. Wiggles, Pete Dawson wont let me spell—c, a, ca, p, e, r, per—jack-knife. Mr. Wiggles; ho, Mr. Wiggles! Sam Grimes done put his mouth in Sally Thompson's dinner-basket, and hugged her too, right on the nose. S, m, a, e, k, spells—Victoria and Jeems K. Polk—queen of—the United States. Mr. Wiggles, please make Ned Spooner quit sneezing—my head off—right over my dinner. Now, you Jake, ef you do that agin, I'll hit you with this—p, i, g, pig, p, e, n, pen, pig-pen. Joe Smudge, ef you don't let them gals—carry me back to ole Virginny to—G, o, Go, s, h, e, n, shen, Goshen. I'll tickle your back for you, with this—p, l, a, n, plan, e, t, et, planet. Bill Stiggers, you done tramped on my sore—copy-book, ruled with—peach and honey, and so he got drunk on—ice-cream, and sugar almonds, and hoarhound candy—top-knots, all combed with a—hay-rake, and last harvest, when the—ice broke—Tom Swivel's head and knocked his straw-hat—on the other side o' Jordan; O, pull off your coat and roll up your—whiskers as black as—snow afore Christmas, and—then Aunt Sally's bonnet was—cut all up 'ceptin' the tail, and so Dick he eat—Joe Turnip's nigger at a corn-shuckin', and he bit a piece out o'—Uncle Jerry's barn, where they all got drunk as—Parson Hooter when he married—daddy's gray mare—etc., etc., etc."

I do not attempt to give a verbatim report of what I heard, but merely offer the above as a specimen of old field school-talk, as its disjointed fragments, from time to time, reached my ears. Both the sayings and doings inside, were pitched upon a low key, yet it was evident that the hubbub was every moment increasing. Curious to see how the teacher bore it all, I took a seat on the bank, so as to bring my eyes on a level with a large crevice between two logs of the wall.

What I now saw soon explained what I had just heard. The teacher was leaning back in an arm-chair, fast asleep, and the pupils "were doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances;" as the doctors say of their patients. That is to say, they were enacting all the deviltry possible, within a certain degree of noise, beyond which they dare not go.

I had never seen Mr. Wiggles before, though I had often heard of him. Though notoriously ignorant, he had been a pedagogue all his life, and he was now on the shady side of fifty. To establish the fact that he knew what saving meant, nothing more is necessary than to say that he had laid up money—quite a respectable sum—from his regular salary as the teacher of an old field school.

The name, *in extenso*, of this frugal individual, was Patrick Henry Washington Wiggles. He was still a bachelor, though it would seem to have been no fault of his, at least in the way of trying, for his courtships had made him quite famous for many miles round. The chief difficulty in the way, seems to have been Mr. Wiggles's persistent determination to get a rich wife. For this he had been planning, and scheming, and working, ever since he had been of nubile age. Wealthy widows and maidens almost innumerable, had been the objects of his pursuit; but they all, somehow or other, seem to have been insensible to his merits. To tell the whole truth, indeed, most of his declarations had been heartlessly laughed at; though he was fortunately possessed of a moral cuticle as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros—ono from which the shafts of ridicule rebounded as from a wall of iron.

Wiggles, too, was indomitable. He bore upon his shield the motto, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit*." He had grown gray, and even bald, under the banner of Cupid, but he still continued to proclaim that he was in the market, and at the disposal of any responsible bidder.

It had lately been reported that Wiggles's hopes were just now higher than they had ever been before; and the best informed of the gossips, too, maintained that it was not without reason. The object of his aspirations at that moment, was a Miss Polly Velvet, a maiden lady, of some property, who had just moved into that particular neighborhood. She was not averse to matrimony, it was said, and she had reached an age when her hopes, unless very sturdy indeed, must have become exceedingly attenuated.

To tell the truth and shame the devil, this lady was homely to an unusual degree. She was as

tall as a grenadier, as thin as a thread-paper, and with a physiognomy, a nose and chin particularly, of the genuine Nuremberg nut-cracker pattern. I have seen a portrait of the worthy Mrs. Hubbard, who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, which was a striking likeness of her.

With all this masculine ugliness, and a voice like an old sea-dog hailing the weather yard arm in a gale of wind, Miss Polly affected an extreme degree of prudery, tenderness and softness. Wiggles had taken great pains to humor and flatter her, and she was supposed to look upon him with quite a favorable eye.

But our business at present is with the gentleman himself, and not with the lady. As I have already stated, he was leaning back in his arm-chair, fast asleep, while the "young ideas" around him were teaching themselves "how to shoot," after a fashion of their own. One enterprising urchin was doing the thing quite literally, and without a metaphor. He had provided himself with a little quill pop-gun, and was shooting potato pellets, at a mark, the mark being (the graceless seamp!) the open mouth of his respectable master. One of the little fragments entered that spacious cavernous receptacle—a "potato-trap" and no joke—but Wiggles did not wako; he quietly chewed and swallowed the raw potato, without opening his eyes, much to the amusement of the decency-forsaken little wretches.

Another curly-pated imp of mischief had stolen the teacher's hat and spectacles, and fixed them on the head of an uncommonly ugly dog, who had been seated on a chair directly opposite the seat of authority, as if he might have been an assistant professor. At that moment the canine dignitary was unquestionably the wiser looking of the two.

Like many men famous for non intellectuality, Mr. Wiggles was a most profound and self-concentrated sleeper. In this instance, too, his hypnotic faculties were strengthened by having sat up the whole of the previous night, at a rustic merry-making. Morpheus had captured him in the midst of the recitation of the spelling-class, the members of which were still standing around him.

These young disciples were now variously engaged in pursuits of which orthography certainly formed no component part. One was standing in front of him, making mouths at him, shaking his fist in his face, and performing sundry other valiant acts, of a similar nature. Another had borrowed a needle and thread from one of the girls, and was busily engaged in sewing his baggy pantaloons to the cushion which formed the seat of the chair; and the job, it not very artistically, was certainly very securely and effectually performed. A third had captured his switch, and cut it almost but not quite in two, in some twenty or thirty places, so that it would fall to pieces the moment he attempted to use it. A fourth had tied his feet together, so that when starting up to walk he would inevitably tumble over; etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*.

While all this was going on, I observed two larger boys stealing up behind the teacher, and performing some sort of an operation, I could not see what, about his head. It was not long, however, before I was fully enlightened, by seeing the teacher's fine head of hair suddenly fly up to the ceiling, and disappear among the joists, leaving a bare, bald pate, which glistened like a rain-washed pumpkin.

The boys, of course, had been engaged in facilitating the disengagement and ascent of the wig. The direct agent in the business, however, was a fish hook and line, manipulated by a recently expelled pupil, who had ensconced himself somewhere among the rafters, just above the teacher's head, and, from that "coign of vantage," operating through one of the many crevices in the ceiling, had brought about the terrible catastrophe.

Though I was far from having a favorable opinion of the stupid and tyrannical pedagogue, I had, nevertheless, been on the point of interfering in his behalf; but this ludicrous finale took me by surprise, and finding that it was too late, I quietly looked on, without any one being aware of my presence.

What a picture it would have made, the indescribably ridiculous combination of anger and half incredulous amazement portrayed in the countenance of the suddenly awakened Wiggles! He was evidently upon the point of bursting forth into a torrent of fierce oburgation, when a noise at the door attracted my attention, and the next

moment in walked—Miss Polly Velvet!

The depilation of the wigless Wiggles did not seem to strike Miss Polly just at first, nor in fact did he, in his excitement, notice her for a minute or two. As for the lady, she was apparently so much occupied with the idea of making a becoming appearance herself, that she did not observe the singularly unbecoming appearance of her admirer. The strange uproar of the school, too, was distracting her attention, and it was only when a little niece, who was with her, uttered a loud cry of astonishment, that she appeared to look particularly at Wiggles.

The kennel containing the moral sensibilities of the old field school teacher, as we have already intimated, was surrounded by so tough and thick a husk, that it was popularly believed that he had never known what embarrassment was in his life. One would think he had cause enough for it in this case, but if he felt anything of this sort he certainly did not show it, and I was still in doubt whether he had or had not noticed the apparition of Miss Polly.

His first impulse was to seize his favorite weapon, the switch; but he had hardly touched it, when it crumbled to pieces in his hand. This added new fuel to the fire of his wrath, and he sprang furiously from his seat. A terrible rending, ripping, and tearing of breeches, etc., etc., accompanied the movement, but he was apparently so much excited as to be unconscious of it. Hearing a great burst of laughter behind him, he wheeled about suddenly, and O, what a scene of wreck and ruin was there exposed!

Shout on shout of uncontrollable merriment now burst forth in every quarter. The laughter of one bright eyed urchin in particular, seemed to sting Mr. Wiggles to the quick, and he prepared to reach him at a single stride, but his boots being tied together, the centre of gravity was quickly lost, and the luckless pedagogue was thrown violently forward, and would certainly have been precipitated upon his nose, if he had not fallen across a bench which lay in the way. While this was an advantage in breaking his fall, it was unfortunate upon the whole, for, while his head and shoulders sought the floor, the "wreck and ruin" aforesaid, was so elevated by the bench as to make it by far the most prominent object in this very curious but particularly undignified exhibition.

The whole affair had been the work of a moment. Miss Polly, having but an indistinct view of what was going on, thought it necessary to have recourse to her spectacles, and when I turned my eye from the teacher, I saw her peering through them most intently. She then stepped suddenly backwards, threw her hands into the air, and exclaimed, still gazing intently towards the bench, "Good gracious, Mr. Wiggles, what have you done with your hair!"

The scene beggars description, and we must now do what Miss Polly Velvet also eventually did with her virgin visage—draw a veil over it. The wig, I believe, was never found. The little wretch who abstracted it, and who had invited Miss Velvet to the school-house, in Mr. Wiggles's name, was no longer a pupil, and therefore beyond the teacher's reach.

What impression the affair left upon the mind of Miss Polly, I am not exactly prepared to say. All I know is that she still remains a singly blessed lady, while Wiggles is still the celibatarian autocrat of one of the last of the old field schools.

INFANT MORTALITY IN AUSTRALIA.

Last April, I walked through the Melbourne Cemetery, and read on the headstones names of little children by the hundred. The day was one of the few in the month of April when the hot wind blows with clouds of dust. Finding a grave with reclining slab conveniently placed under the shelter of a tree, I shrank from the heat of the sun, and rested there. Presently a woman approached, whose sad face and dust-whitened mourning dress told me that she came hither not for curiosity, but from her great love to some among the dead. Without observing me, she hastened to a grave not far from where I sat: it was one of those which had arrested my attention, because, at the head, upon a simple tombstone, the deaths of four young children were recorded. I have witnessed many forms of grief over the dead, on land and far away upon the sea. But never before or since have I looked upon such agonizing grief and hopeless sorrow as was in the face of this poor woman beside the grave, which had four times opened and closed over the objects of her love. She bowed her head, and believing the solitude unbroken, poured her tears over the tomb of her children. —*Dickens's Household Words.*

The curious are not over wise.—*Massinger.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Serenading the Captain's Daughter.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT owned the finest building in Wrightville, and that is saying something for the captain, when one takes into consideration the number of pretty edifices which adorned that redoubtable country village.

But Captain Wright had another advantage over common people, in the form of his daughter Jenny, one of the loveliest maidens the sun ever showered his rays (and freckles at the same time) upon.

Consequently, the captain was a man of power in the village, and his opinion was asked; and young men dropped in of an evening to talk politics with him, and profit by his superior knowledge and experience, they said. Strange, though, that said "knowledge and experience" should lie so nearly in the direction of Miss Jenny! But that such was the case was fully substantiated by the fact that these young gentlemen's visual organs were resting all the time upon the slender, white fingers which plied the needle so industriously out there in the corner.

Dozens of these same young men brought Jenny peppermints and striped candy, in the hope of winning her favor, but Jenny invariably gave the confectionary to her little sister Nancy, and turned the donors over to her father for entertainment. So it came about that the young men of Wrightville came to regard Jenny as beyond their reach, and wondered who would be the fortunate proprietor of herself and the broad acres which the captain would undoubtedly present to her on her marriage.

This question was speedily answered. Deacon Griggs took it into his head that a large dry goods store in the village wouldn't be a bad thing, and forthwith he commenced preparations for the erection of such a building. He brought the architect from Albany, and as it is only with this gentleman that we have to do, we must leave it to the reader's imagination to decide whether the deacon made a profitable thing of his enterprise.

John Woodward—that was the name of the architect—became acquainted with the captain, got invited to his home, saw Jenny, and was done for. He walked with her, rode with her, held her skeins of cotton to wind; perfectly coincided with the captain's views of the tariff question; petted Nancy, and praised Mrs. Wright's tansy-spotted cheese to the skies.

It all ended just as everybody had expected from the very beginning—Woodward in love, Jenny in love, the captain and his wife propitious; and finally, after three months' assiduous courtship, there was a wedding. All the good folks for miles around were bidden to the feast, and once there, they were regaled with the best of the housewife's skill. (Captain Wright's partner was celebrated for her culinary successes in no very small degree.)

The young men who had paid their devoirs to the pretty bride, pocketed their disappointment; professed their willingness to "wait for" Nancy Wright, the captain's youngest daughter; pronounced John Woodward the prince of good fellows; and then concluded among themselves that it was necessary to serenade the newly-wedded couple, to show that they entertained no hard feelings towards Jenny for "snubbing" them so unmercifully.

They met in conclave after the festivities were over, and fixed upon that day week for the performance of their grand musical sortie against the peace of Captain Wright, and that of the neighborhood generally.

There were about twenty in all of the embryo serenaders, and as the vicinity was not particularly noted for its harmonizing attainments, it was necessary to itinerate the country round about in search of harps long since hung upon the willows. The result of two days' efforts was, briefly—One broken-bridged fiddle, *minus* the bow; one banjo; one bass drum with the side stove in; two tin trumpets; four cow-bells; three dinner-bells; five strings of sleigh-bells; one asthmatic accordion, and the rest in tin pans and coffee-pots half filled with dry beans, for the sake of producing variation on the clangor of the other instruments.

A formidable appearance they presented; and dubious were the sounds which issued from Jim Gray's big barn when all met to practise. Old Aunt Kitty Clark described the effect as "on-

arthly! Jest like the cymbals and tinklers they used to have in the time of David!" Aunt Kitty was an old maid—but not out of the market—and it was a little singular that she should own that her remembrance extended back to the days of the prophets.

The point of a joke of a serenade in the country, consists mainly in keeping the news of the intended entertainment (?) from those more immediately concerned; and it is usual upon such occasions for the serenaders to be regaled by those whom they have favored, with confections, apples, cider, etc. (This is the point of the joke to the "treated" party.)

Our friends, therefore, guarded their secret with the most jealous care, and as far as they knew, the eventful time arrived and the captain's folks were none the wiser.

The night was clear and cool—in fact, rather more than cool, for it was the month of January, and a deep snow upon the ground, and no little amount of frost in the air. Muffled up in cloaks, at the hour of midnight, the serenaders stole cautiously up the path leading to the captain's residence, and stationing themselves beneath the front windows, at a sign from their leader, the grand orchestra struck up.

Well, no doubt the music was excellent, but it failed to produce any visible effect on the inmates of the house. The unappreciated musicians blew, and rung, and ground, each on his particular instrument, but no friendly doors were thrown open to invite the half-frozen fellows to enter and partake of the good cheer for which the good captain's *menage* was proverbial. At length, from sheer exhaustion, the music ceased, and the performers rested on their implements.

"What in time's the matter in there, I wonder?" said John Smith wiping his moustache (John wore that appendage) with his purple cashmere gloves (bought on purpose), and glancing dubiously up at the closed front of the house as he spoke.

"Got a wonderful knack of sleeping, anyhow!" said Jerry Brown, "an earthquake would not shake their eyes open! No wonder they made a captain out of Wright, for he'd sleep as well in the mouth of a roaring cannon as anywhere! Small prospect of apples and cider to-night."

"Don't be impatient, my lads," said Tom Stickles, the leader of the band; "it takes time to do everything, even to waking up folks! You jest foller me round to the back side of the house. Mrs. Wright is nation particular, and taint at all likely she'd have her fore-room chambers slept in every night! I'll bet if we go round there we'll bring 'em up in short order!"

Softly and noiselessly, one by one, they followed Stickles to the back of the house, almost holding their breaths, lest the captain should discover them before the proper time.

"Easy, boys, easy!" called Tom, under his breath; "Don't wake 'em afore we get ready for 'em! And now let's station ourselves right under the winder; I'll be —"

The sentence never was finished, for instantaneously the valiant Tom disappeared, as his companions thought, in a huge snow-drift. Bravely they rushed forward to the rescue, and each and all met the fate of their leader. They were gone from the face of the earth; nothing but a hole in the snow left to mark the spot where the brave men had fallen!

"Zounds!" yelled Tom Stickles, "where am I?"

"Yes! and where is all of us?" called out John Smith, from afar; "and where is Brown, and Jones and Robinson, and White, and Gray, and the rest of 'em?"

"Deuced if we know!" cried the voices of these worthies, in chorus.

"Well, if this aint a pretty kittle of fish!" said Tom, at length; "it's plain the serenade has fell through, and we with it! I wonder who planned this? Boys, have you any idea where we are?"

"Nary one, 'cept that we are in a tremendous dark hole somewhere! I'd like to know if it's anywhere in the neighborhood of the captain's cider barrels?"

"Can't say, Jerry; but it's sartain we're down. Spose'n we get up and feel round carefully; there must be a *let-out* somewhere, I should think!"

Then followed quite a lengthy period of scratching round the prison walls; and the result of the survey proved beyond dispute that our party were immured in a circular hole, some twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, with sides of rough gravel and sharp stones.

The depth of the place they had no means of determining, for the deep snow around the bottom had broken the force of the fall, and the slippery sides of their prison-house refused them foothold. A luminous idea penetrated John Smith's brain. It came out in words.

"Darned if I don't believe we've got into Captain Wright's well! The one he began to dig last fall, and left off because the water didn't come."

"True! I—didn't—think of—that," quoth Tom Stickles, thoughtfully, while his teeth chattered with the cold, "but I shouldn't wonder if you are right, John."

Here was a fix. Captain Wright's well was known all around the country as quite an extensive excavation, in the rear of his house, commenced at the urgent complaints of the women of the captain's family against water being so far from the kitchen. The scheme had not proved a very successful one; water did not appear so soon as the captain had anticipated, winter had set in before the necessary depth had been attained, and after the first few snows had fallen, the old gentleman decided that it was useless to prosecute the work farther at present, and had partly covered the aperture with boards. Through some opening in the uncertain platform our friends had fallen, and the accumulation of snow upon the bottom of the well alone saved them from injury, if not death.

Thinking it all over, they fully realized their disadvantageous predicament. The well was by no means a comfortable abiding place; the cold was intense, the darkness palpable, and the entire situation of things disheartening. Very plainly there was no method of escape except through the use of a ladder, and unfortunately this little article could not be obtained without the friendly co-operation of some one out of the party, as well as out of the hole.

It would be exceedingly humiliating to be obliged to call on the captain for assistance, and thus reveal the secret of the honor they had intended to do him; and it would be mortifying in the first degree for the fair Jenny to behold them in such a plight! But, humiliation was better than freezing; and the captives held a consultation touching the course to be adopted, and decided that it was best to hallo for help. Tom Stickles was appointed to make the trial.

"Halloo-oo-oo ooo!" called out Tom, straining his lungs to their utmost, and bursting off a half-dozen vest buttons at the same time.

There was no answer, and Tom tried again and again, till he fairly gave out, and the others took up the strain. Such a Babel that old well had never dreamed of, and its dim corners echoed and re-echoed back the uncanny sounds. Still no reply, and the unfortunate serenaders sat down for a little rest, and to "compare notes."

Tom Stickles had a bad pain in his left shoulder; "guessed he'd hit against the rocks somewhere." Sam Jones wondered what made his nose feel so queer; Bill Johnson had torn the greater part of his inexpressibles off against a flint-stone; and John Smith, finding his moustache safe, did not think it worth while to tell his friends that the most of the skin on his right leg had "peeled off."

After a brief respite from labor, they halloed again, with the same effect. No one heard, it was to be presumed, for no one came to the rescue. Worn out, and despairing, the unlucky young men cursed the captain, his well, his daughter and her husband, the whole world, including themselves, and their musical instruments. After this natural ebullition of feeling, they felt better, and getting drowsy over their ill luck they crept up close together for mutual warmth and protection, and fell asleep.

It was morning when they woke—at least, so they judged by the faint light which stole in from afar up in the roof of their dungeon. Immediately they renewed their shouts, for they hoped that the captain had opened his eyes by this time, and they sadly felt the need of a little breakfast.

In vain they shouted, the echoes only announced the cry—no human voice from the world they had left called out after them, bidding them take comfort, for help was nigh. They exerted themselves to be heard, until strength and courage failed together; and hoarse, weak and exhausted, they one after another sank upon the snow, completely (to use John Smith's expression), "used up."

Poor fellows! they were most devoutly to be pitied, for, but for some special interposition of Providence, they seemed doomed to die a most unro-

mantie and inglorious death, in the captain's old well. The day wore slowly on, and brought no change in their condition. Many and fruitless were their attempts to climb out by the sides, for the loose gravel gave way under their feet like egg shells, and only subjected them to suffering from another fall on each successive trial. Another night passed, and still no relief.

In the meantime the neighborhood was alive with alarm. The friends of the twenty young men, unable to account for their absence, were plunged in fear and apprehension. Foul play was imagined, and there was a great commotion in the usually quiet village of Wrightville.

"The oldest inhabitant" declared that such a thing had never happened in the course of all his observation; the minister lifted up his hands in horror; the young and pretty girls wept and tore their hair, and there was a "fuss" generally; but nobody thought to go near the old well.

The search for the missing ones was prosecuted with vigor. Duck ponds were cut open and dragged, thickets examined, out-buildings ransacked, fortune tellers consulted, and prayers offered.

In the midst of the confusion, Captain Wright appeared upon the scene, and as he was a man of undoubted sagacity, his opinion and advice were asked. The captain didn't know what to think. He had been out of town with his whole family for three days past, he said; "guessed he'd go home and talk it over with mother, perhaps she could advise 'em something about it."

So the captain went home, to find his house a scene of fright and consternation. His wife was hid in the China closet, and his daughter Jenny had put down all the window curtains and crept under the bed. On prolonged inquiry, the captain learned that they had been frightened by the dreadful sounds they had heard proceeding from the old well, at the back of the house—groans, shrieks and yells, terrible enough, Mrs. Wright said, to come from the tongue of Satan himself! The captain waited to hear no more, but rushed out, amid the frenzied entreaties of his wife and daughter, and without ado, tore off the boards which covered the well.

"Hallo!" he cried, "who's down there?"

"All of us!" returned a faint, far-away voice, and the captain knew that he need not talk the matter over with "mother," for the lost sheep were found.

The captain hastened down to the village, and called up some of his neighbors; and by the assistance of ladders and ropes, the hungry, jaded, crest-fallen musicians were drawn up. They left their harps behind them, for they needed no other reminder of the past two nights' exploits than was afforded by a glimpse into the little oval looking-glass over the captain's mantel.

Tom Stickles was a sight to behold; dirt, ice, blood, and blue ink (Tom was a poet, and always carried a bottle of blue ink in his pocket to write sonnets), struggled for the mastery over his complexion. Sam Jones's nose had evidently received a hard bump in going down, for it was swollen and discolored until it resembled nothing else on earth but a good-sized Ruta Baga turnip. Bill Johnson's inexpressibles were ruined; and Mrs. Wright gave him her long blue apron while he ate his supper, because the rest of the boys laughed at his yellow flannel drawers.

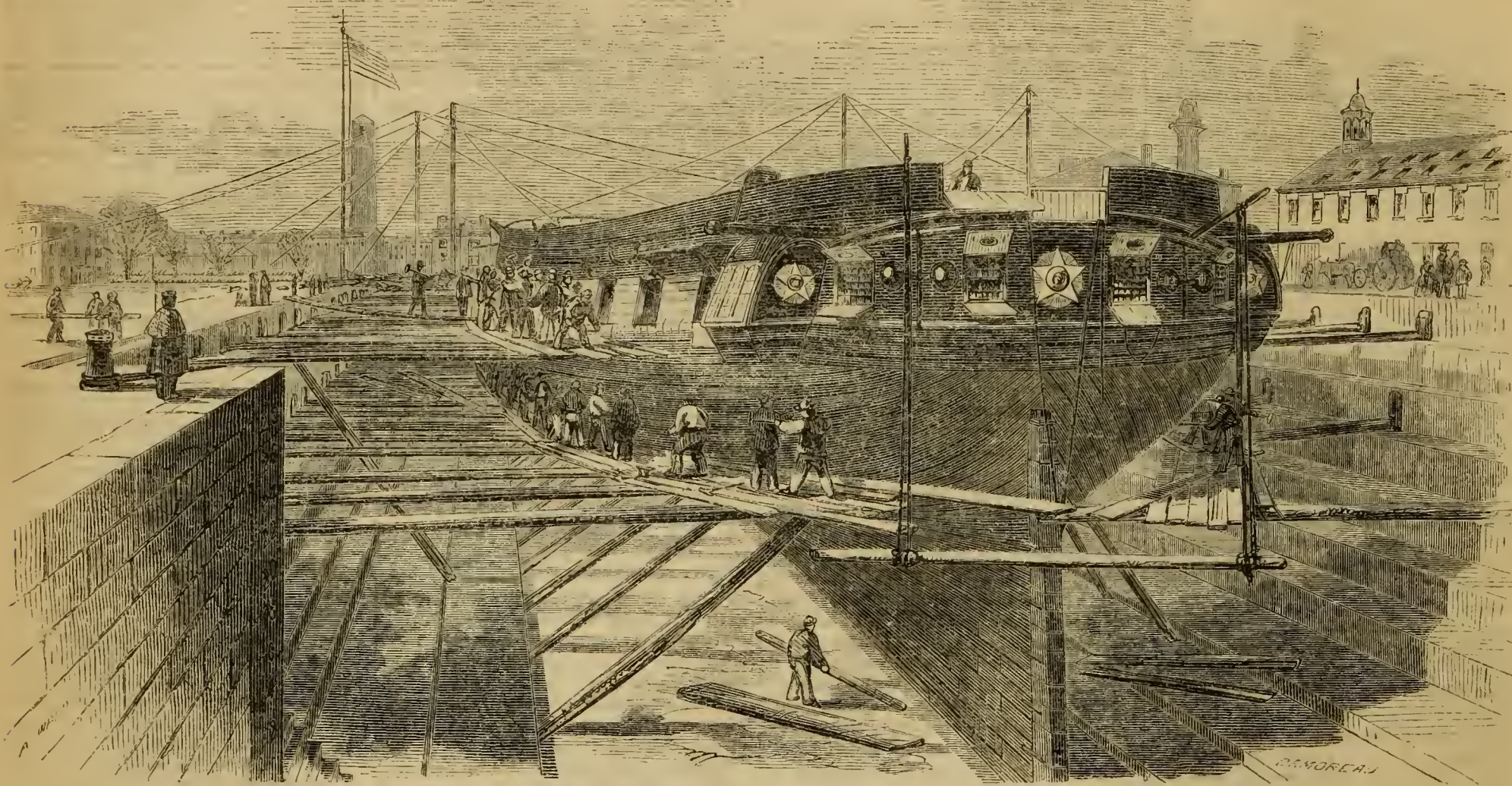
The captain made the whole company stop to tea; and afterwards harnessed up his three stout horses into the big wood-sled, and carried each of the serenaders to his home.

There was great rejoicing in Wrightville over the return of the lost young gentlemen; and some people pretend to say that the tall liberty-pole, which looks down on the village from the little eminence on the Common, was erected in commemoration of the event. We don't pretend to know about that.

There was never another serenade attempted in Wrightville; and in the spring the captain filled up the well, leaving the musical instruments at the bottom, by the express wish of their owners.

A PRINCELY MONK.

A curious book has been forwarded from Munich to Dr. C. C. Cailliez, in Paris. The book is the work of Prince Charles, of Darmstadt, compelled by his father to enter a monastery in order to secure the paternal estates to the eldest son. Prince Charles lived in the greatest solitude, even for a monk—scarcely ever leaving his cell, and always occupied in the severest study; the object of that study is revealed at his death. He has left behind him a complete theory of the doctrine of chances, which he calls the "Affinities of Numbers," and which he proves that numbers have their sympathies as well as plants and animals.—*Home Journal*.



THE U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR CONSTELLATION, IN THE DRY DOCK, CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR CONSTELLATION.

The accompanying engraving representing the United States sloop-of-war Constellation, as she appeared in the dry-dock, Charlestown navy-yard, is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, the marine draughtsman and painter. The drawing of the vessel and her surroundings, is accurate—every particular and detail. The Constellation is associated with the story of our naval triumphs, and has borne the stars and stripes triumphantly in battle and breeze for many a long year. Yet, in point of fact, she is changed in everything but name, for probably very few, if any, of her original timbers remain. A ship that remains long in the service has to submit to these inevitable changes, just as a man in his life-time goes through a series of physical transformations. Yet her good name remains, and that to a ship as well as to a man, is all-in-all. The Constellation was rebuilt in

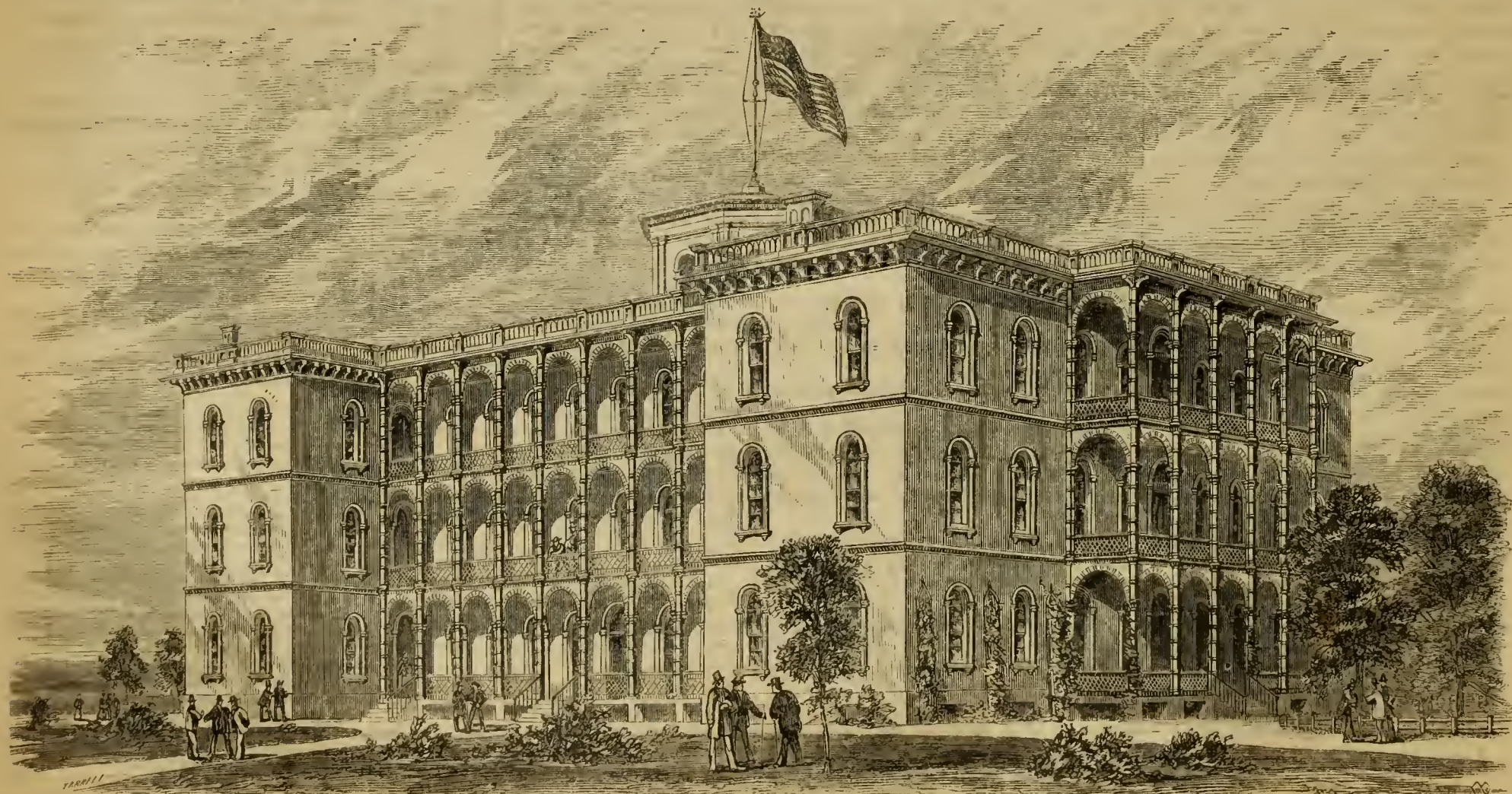
Norfolk in 1854, and the same year sailed for the Mediterranean, where she attracted much attention in all the ports she visited. She has just been thoroughly repaired at Charlestown, and will soon be again at sea. Her actual measurement is 1492 tons. Her armament, at present, consists of two ten-inch pivot-guns, sixteen eight-inch shell-guns, and four 32-pounders, enough to make her heard and felt, if she is again called on to speak. The sight of this vessel carries us back to 1812, when, it may be said, without exaggeration, that we improvised a navy, and that, too, to cope with a power claiming the empery of the seas. The manner in which our navy was then built, equipped, officered, manned, sailed and fought, has become a matter of historical record. It is in no vaunting spirit that we refer to these achievements, but as a subject of honorable pride and of encouragement to patriotic hearts. The war of 1812 gave this country the crowning war-

link that she lacked, in a succession of victories upon the ocean, as splendid and brilliant as were ever achieved on land; and if for a series of years our flag has floated unchallenged, and our navy enjoyed but few opportunities of winning new laurels, it is to be attributed to the wholesome terror itself has created.

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASS.

We present on this page a fine view of the United States Marine Hospital at Chelsea, Mass., drawn and engraved expressly for us from a photograph by Messrs. Whipple & Black of this city. It is a fine building, and perfectly well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. The architect was Mr. Ammi B. Young of this city. It was built in 1857, at an expense of \$200,000, which is nearly if not fully covered by the proceeds of the sales of land on which the former hospital stood, in the heart of

the city of Chelsea. The old hospital had been for years incommodious, and insufficient for the accommodation of American sailors, who, be it remembered, are not quarantine patients, but have deducted from their wages twenty cents a month each, to entitle them to be received, when needing medical attendance. Moreover, the site of the old hospital, as a dense population had sprang up around it, had become an improper one, while the land had risen in value, and the space was demanded by the growth of Chelsea. The new edifice at the present time contains 140 patients. The annual expense is about \$20,000, and the hospital money collected from seamen at this port, amounts to about \$18,000 a year. The officers are a surgeon, who is also superintendent, a house physician, apothecary, attendants, nurses, etc. Dr. C. A. Davis, a thoroughly educated and excellent man, has filled the office of surgeon and superintendent since 1853.



THE NEW UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA, MASS.

THE "CATARACT OF THE GANGES."

Mr. Barry's bold experiment of bringing out a spectacle at the Boston Theatre, developing the entire resources of this splendid establishment, with its vast stage, extensive machinery, and excellent company, has been crowned with complete success. The public of Boston and its vicinity has responded generously to his liberality and enterprise, and the result is to be seen in overflowing houses and an overflowing treasury. We might almost say that the spectacle in front of the curtain is as brilliant as the spectacle on the stage. As the vehicle of his splendid scenery and displays, Mr. Barry wisely selected the "Cataract of the Ganges," a piece first produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and written by Moncrieff, a dramatist of great tact, versatility and originality, one of the few British playwrights of his day who did not live on the brains of French authors. Generally speaking, the libretto of these show-pieces is the sorriest trash, fit only for the mental pabulum of "feeble-minded and idiotic youth." But the play under consideration is not without merit. The plot is interesting, and skillfully wrought out, and the various striking and contrasted scenes are naturally linked together. The play has ever been a favorite, though, as hitherto produced, horses have been considered the principal attraction. It was first brought out in this city at the old Washington Garden Amphitheatre, at the corner of West and Tremont Streets, on a stage of moderate capacity, and with ordinary scenery and dresses.

the engraving below, from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Champney, at the theatre. In this scene there are thirty or forty horses (the whole of Mr. Nixon's stud), on the stage at once, covered with splendid trappings, and carolling under the spur and bit. The horses which draw the chariot are fiery and spirited, and come dashing down towards the parquet at a furious rate, but are checked and wheeled in a short space, with the most admirable dexterity, being driven by Mr. Edward Backenstose. The effect of this whole scene is truly wonderful. It is completely illusory, so much so, that the spectator forgets where he is seated, and seems wafted away to the enchanted East. The splendid costumes are all correct as well as magnificent, and were prepared expressly for this piece by Mr. Howell. Other striking scenes are the "Exterior of the Temple of Juggernaut," and the "Sanctuary of Brahma" in the interior of the Temple.

The piece closes with a magnificent tableau—a cataract of real water pouring down over precipitous rocks. Up this cataract Zamine, to escape a fearful doom, dashes at the full speed of her horse in the midst of a battle of horse and foot, crowned by the victory of her friends. The most complete effect is afforded to these various tableaux, by the great size and height of the stage, and the perfect working of the machinery by J. A. Johnson. Nor must we omit to mention, in connection with the complete mounting of the drama, the properties furnished by Mr. Dasey. In a word, the play has been brought

then offers her the alternative of becoming his, or of being burned alive in the sacred wood. She again spurns the false priest, and he gives the signal for lighting the funeral pile. But at this moment, Iran, a young warrior (Mr. Lingham), a lover of Zamine, followed by his troops, appears and obtains possession of the lady. But their enemies appear in overwhelming numbers, apparently cutting off all retreat. Iran then abandons his horse and engages in combat with the Brahmin and imperial troops, while Zamine springs on the horse and escapes up the cataract, the only path open. Poetical justice decrees the defeat of the emperor, the death of the Brahmin, and the reunion of the lovers, and the curtain falls on a perfectly satisfactory denouement. Such is the brief sketch of a play which must be seen by every one who admires splendid scenery, superb dresses, fine horses, exciting action, and vivid pictures of the gorgeous East.

VIRTUES OF CRINOLINE.

The Philadelphia Bulletin points out the following advantages resulting from the use of crinoline:—"It frees woman from a needless weight of skirts, strengthens the system by exposure to cold, and aids manufactures; stimulates the whale fishery, improves figures, displays ankles to a delirious extent, and gives editors subjects for articles. All things considered, we see no great reason to grieve over the institution. It is not every fashion which develops so much or such varied industry as crinoline."

AN OPEN POLAR SEA.

We believe, says the Providence Post, in an open Polar Sea almost as confidently as we believe in a North Pole. It was just this Polar Sea and nothing else which was discovered by one of the companions of Dr. Kane in his last Arctic voyage; and this single fact, if no other testimony could be brought to support the idea, would be sufficient for our faith. That open water, covering a space beyond the reach of human vision, was found far north of the solid ice in which Kane's vessel lay embedded for two whole years, is undeniable. It is also true that the explorers at this point found all the indications of a milder climate than was experienced farther south, and heavy north winds, blowing for days and probably weeks together, brought no ice to the shores which they explored. These facts are enough for us. They convince us that the Polar Sea is open, constantly open, and that it may be, and probably will be explored. Indeed we are not over-confident that Kane would not have reached it with his little brig, if he had been a few weeks earlier in Smith's Sound. Undoubtedly the passage to it, by way of this strait, is occasionally open.

Dr. Hayes, who accompanied Dr. Kane, and who is probably the only survivor of that expedition competent to the task, proposes to reach and explore this Polar Sea, and is now lecturing in our large cities in aid of his enterprise. Very recently his project has received favor from a source which cannot fail to procure for it the



SCENE FROM "THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

That was before the days of Cochuute, and consequently the "Cataract of the Ganges" was only "a rill from a town pump." It has been "done" elsewhere in various styles, but never with the liberal outlay and splendid effects now lavished on it at the Boston. We look upon its production by Mr. Barry as a *coup d'état*, and forming quite an era in the theatrical annals. The scenery by Messrs. Hayes and Selwin is not only brilliant and effective, but correct—authentic paintings and drawings have been procured as the basis of the actual scenes represented, as, for instance, the "Hindoo Temple and sacred Mount of Cambay." The whole piece is a succession of splendid tableaux. It opens with a most striking one—a field of battle by moonlight, after an engagement, covered with dead and dying, Mahomedan and Hindoo soldiers and horses, with the ruins of the city of Amedabad burning in the distance. The grand display of the first act is the procession of Sepoy troops, Jahrejahs and Jallahs, with magnificent and characteristic costumes, arms and banners, the emperor of Delhi and grandees of his court, Brahmin priests, slaves bearing nuptial presents, the princess of Delhi in a palanquin borne by slaves, a full military band and escort of cavalry. Finally, Mokarra, the grand Brahmin of the Jahrejah tribe (E. L. Davenport), and Zamine, daughter of the Rajah (Mrs. E. L. Davenport), appear in a splendid chariot drawn by eight blooded horses, dashing up a steep ascent at full gallop. It is this feature of the piece which is represented in

out in a style, we hesitate not to say, never equalled on this side of the Atlantic, and only paralleled by the spectacles of the great theatres of Paris. The interest of the piece hinges on the fortunes of Zamine, the child of Jam Sahab, Rajah of Guzerat (Mr. F. J. Horton). Zamine is the daughter of the Rajah, but to save her from the consequences of a law dooming the female children of the sovereign to death, has been brought up as a prince, dressed in male habiliments and educated as a boy. The offer of the emperor of Delhi to bestow the hand of his daughter, the princess Dessa, on the child of the Rajah, produces the discovery of Zamine's sex. The emperor, on this, renews the war with the Rajah, while Mokarra, the high priest, bears Zamine off to the temple. Meanwhile the schemes of this villain are foiled by Jack Robinson (Setchell), the comic character of the piece. Jack is a humorist, his principal hobby being a passion for Robinson Crusoe. Defoe's immortal novel is his text book, which he produces and consults on every occasion of difficulty. He dresses, like his prototype, in goat skins, carries an umbrella, a couple of guns, has a dog, cat and parrot, and only one great grief, that he has never been shipwrecked. Robinson conceals himself in the temple, where he overhears the plots of Mokarra, and is a witness to his attempt to win her love. He then makes an effort to release Zamine, but is foiled by Mokarra and the Brahmins, and barely escapes with his life. With Zamine completely in his power, Mokarra

WOMAN.

Woman, woman! truly thou art a miracle. Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wings, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the fires of her heart—and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her, as in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing—her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but united in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

consideration of scientific men. Professor Agassiz speaks in favor of it, and offers an almost irresistible argument in support of the theory upon which it is based. In a letter written to a prominent gentleman in Philadelphia he says:

"I beg to add a word with regard to Dr. Hayes's expedition. I consider it as highly important, not only in a scientific point of view, but particularly so for the interest of the whale fisheries. The organization of these huge inhabitants of the ocean seems to me to furnish the most direct proof that there is an open sea in the Arctic. The whales being warm-blooded air-breathing animals, must come to the surface to breathe. They cannot live without it. Now it is well known that during the winter they are not found outside—that is, to the south of the ice belt of the Arctic seas. They retreat northward during the cold season, and if the whole expanse of that Arctic sea was covered with ice, they would necessarily perish during the long winter. I do not know a more direct evidence of the presence of extensive open water in the northernmost regions of the globe, than the mode of life of the whales. * * * The argument may not strike forcibly one who is not acquainted with the structure of the whale, but to a physiologist it must be irresistible."

He that is proud, eats himself up; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.—Shakespeare.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Peasant-Soldier of La Garde.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE long summer afternoon was beginning to lengthen its shadows in the day's decline, and the steeple of the little church and the tall trees caught the radiance of the sun-bright west, and gave back the golden coloring in a flood of sunset beauty. The little village of La Garde, sloping down to the southwest, was bathed in the yellow glow; and the rural portion of the inhabitants had come out of doors to enjoy the coolness of the coming twilight.

Around the door of one of the cottages a troop of bright-eyed children were playing soldiers. The eldest, a boy of about seven years of age, was enlisting his brother of five, a sister of three, the baby of perhaps eighteen months, and lastly, a little dog which he had taught to stand on his hind legs. These he had ranged up against the wall, and was teaching them the exercises which he had witnessed that morning by the soldiers on parade. The baby crowed and laughed, and the dog gave an occasional howl not at all favorable to military dignity; but the quiet self-possession of the others was a rare thing to see. Not a smile disturbed the quiet importance of their little faces; and the eldest gave his word of command with the precision of a trained officer.

After going through the evolutions for some time, during which he frequently descended from his dignity to blow a penny whistle, or to beat a miniature drum, the company was dismissed, greatly to the satisfaction of its weaker members. The military banquet of milk and a species of biseuit was then held in the little porch, and the father and mother patted their little cheeks, and called them brave and heroic, and chanted together a stave or two of a battle song. Little, however, did they imagine how its notes thrilled through the little heart of their son. Even then the germ of his future was formed. Who can tell whence drop the seeds from which we grow into what we are!

Over and over again, in the course of that bright summer, the same scene was acted. The uncommon beauty of the child-leader attracted the attention of all who passed the little cabin; and certainly a king might have gloried in such a son. Already his manner was invested with a peculiar grace, that seemed to have had its origin in courts, while his face was one that once seen, would not be forgotten. Not for the rosy freshness of childhood, for little Paulin Iscalin was pale; but for the high brow and deeply flashing eyes, the firm mouth and the strange beauty of features and expression combined. Tall of his age, and straight as an arrow, with an air that seemed born to command, the boy would have been distinguished amidst a thousand of his own age and size.

Peasant as he was, unlearned and unskilled in human nature, Pierre Iscalin could not but look with pride upon the beautiful boy; and, insensibly, ambition grew up in his breast, that Paulin might achieve something great and wonderful for the family name. He, surely, was not born with all this beauty and this inexplicable superiority to those around him, to spend his days in the low cabin which had not even the common charm of picturesqueness. No! Paulin was born for greater destiny, for larger life—and the boy's talents, whatever might be their tendency, were obvious enough even to the untaught father.

On one of those evenings of sun-bright beauty, when the child was in the full flush of his military exploits, a stranger was looking on with wondering eyes upon the remarkable beauty and the strange bearing of the little peasant. He drew near to the delighted peasant and his wife, who were watching, with glistening eyes, the movements of Paulin, and made inquiries about the boy, that gained their attention at once.

"A brave boy, indeed!" said the stranger, who was dressed in the garb of a soldier; "he should be trained for a soldier's life, *mon ami*. You will do the boy grievous wrong to set him down here among your neighbors' sons, to tend vines or become a laborer of any sort. Look, how bold and manly is every movement. Give him to me. I will adopt him, and some day you shall see him what he ought to be."

"Thanks, friend," answered Pierre; "but you little know a father's feelings, or you would not ask him for his child. Besides, even if I

could bear to part with little Paulin, here is Suzette, who would fight like a lioness if I but ventured to hint such a thing. Would you not, Suzette?" he continued, turning to the young and pretty mother of the boy.

She smiled, as if the subject was impossible to be discussed at all; and then, running up to the boy, she threw her arms around him and bore him off to the cabin, as if suddenly feeling that he might be stolen from her.

The child innocently questioned her meaning, and she told him what had been said. He struggled from her, and ran out to inspect the stranger, whom in the excitement of his sport he had not noticed.

The dress he wore, and the glittering weapons he carried, seized upon the boy's fancy; and he urged his father with all the unstudied eloquence of childhood, and with many tears, to allow him to accompany his new friend.

"What! leave me and your mother, and the children too, Paulin?" asked Pierre, unable to take in such an improbable fact.

The stranger whispered to the child, and he then ran into his father's arms, saying:

"Would you not like to see your little Paulin come back a grand general? Look, *mon pere*, when I am a man I will come in clothes like this gentleman's, and with a sword by my side like this."

And with a confiding look at the stranger, he drew from his side the heavy sword and showed it to Pierre, who was almost sick from contending emotions. The stranger stepped forward and laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder. "Look, *mon ami*! It is no idle offer that I make you. The boy pleases me. I am an independent man in many things. I have no children of my own. My profession has hitherto been wife, children, *all* to me. I am a corporal in his majesty's guard; and I hope I may say, without vanity, I am a brave and well-approved soldier. I will take your boy, place him at once at the military school, provide for all his expenses, and you shall see him as often as you choose. I will furnish you with the means to visit him, and once a year he shall spend a few days with you. You can find the proof of my statements in regard to myself, very easily, by applying to any military man in his majesty's service. Now do you hesitate? Remember you make or mar the child's fortune by this hour's decision."

Pierre went in to talk to Suzette, who, after all, was less hard to persuade to the parting than her husband. She was dazzled at the prospect of her son's destiny; and then, how much he could do for the others! So she suffered her maternal ambition to prevail, and went out to have another look at the man who was to take charge of such a treasure.

There was a manly, heartsome look in Corporal Massot's clear and calm eye, that re-assured the mother's heart; and in a few moments all was arranged—the child showing no rude or noisy joy, but a manly regret at leaving his parents and the children, mingled with his evident pleasure at going with his new friend.

The next day he was taken away by Massot, who brought a full equipment of mimic war weapons for the younger members of Paulin's little regiment. But the ruling spirit was absent; and no more warlike displays were beheld around the cabin door. The children fell back upon the more common-place amusements of their age, and military ardor was only remembered in connection with Paulin.

Meantime, the noble little fellow showed himself worthy of the love and care of the good Massot. He went from the military school to active service, in which he distinguished himself so successfully, that, while young, he was advanced to the grade of captain. His courage and bravery were almost unexampled; and in his highest moments of success he never forgot his humble origin, nor what he owed to his early patron. After he became a captain of infantry, his extraordinary nerve and capacity became known to the king (Francis I.), and he was selected by him to perform a mission which required all Paulin Iscalin's skill and courage.

The crooked policy of Francis towards the Turkish Sultan, Solyman, in regard to the Venetians, had made it necessary for him to allay the suspicions of the latter by sending Cæsar Fregora, a knight of the order of Saint Michael, and Antoine Rincon, a gentleman of his bed chamber, as ambassadors to the sultan. Both were murdered by order of that cruel, arch-fiend, the Marquis Del Guasto; and the dangerous and fearful post of successor to the murdered Rincon

was entrusted to the youthful captain, Paulin Iscalin.

Zeal, caution and skill enabled him to perform this mission successfully. He broke down all Solyman's prejudices against the king's departure from good faith—exerted all his power of flattery to which the sultan was so susceptible; and induced him to send Barbarossa—his high admiral and king of Algiers—to the coast of Italy, with injunctions to obey the counsels of Francis.

With all the full blown honors of his enterprise fresh upon him, the youthful captain returned from his embassy to receive from the hands of the grateful monarch the signet of nobility.

With that graceful turn at compliment which distinguished Francis, he created him Baron de La Garde, after his birth-place; and the peasant boy of that humble village went forth from the royal presence with a new brilliancy upon his life, which, though it might enhance his value among men, could not add one gem to the native nobility of the man.

In the little cabin of the Iscalins time had brought little or no change, except in the growth of the children. These had prospered, in a humble way it is true, but in one which brought contentment and peace. The parents, too, were quietly declining into the downhill of life. From afar, many almost fabulous accounts of the beloved Paulin had, from time to time, reached their ears; but it was now long since they had heard from him. The Turkish mission had left him no time for the amenities of kindred intercourse.

On the little grass plot that bordered the cabin door way, and beneath the great tree that Paulin had planted when he went away, in accordance with a wish of his mother, who held the then slender twig while his little hands filled in the earth around it, the old couple were seated in their wicker arm-chairs.

It was just such an evening as that of which they were thinking—that one of long, long ago, and the image of Paulin in his mimic regimentals was uppermost in their thoughts.

In the distance horses' hoofs rang upon the rough road beyond, growing less and less faint. They approached nearer and nearer, and while Pierre and Luzette were watching to see the show, whatever it might be, as it should pass the turn of the road, they saw the horsemen ride directly up to the door. The noble animals pranced and curvetted, and their old eyes were growing dim; and it was not until one of the riders had dismounted, thrown himself at their feet, and uttered the magic words "*Mon Pere! Ma Mere!*" that they recognized the beloved Paulin. Tears stood in the eyes of Massot, who had accompanied him, as he witnessed the scene—the noblest one perhaps in the career of Paulin Iscalin.

LOCOMOTIVES.

In 1830 there was only one scientific man in all England who believed that a locomotive "would work"—had a sufficient hold on the rails to move a train. That man was Mr. Stephenson, the father of English railroads. Some people recommended working the cars, along the line, by water power. Some proposed hydrogen, others carbonic acid, others atmospheric pressure. One urged a plan for a greased road with cog rails; various kinds of steam power were suggested; and the directors were wholly unable to choose between the conflicting schemes. At length the subject was referred to a select committee of engineers, who reported in favor of fixed engines in preference to locomotive power. Here was the result of all George Stephenson's labors? The two best practical engineers of the day concurred in reporting against the employment of the locomotive. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found to coincide with him in his preference for locomotive over fixed engine power. Stephenson, however, was a man of back bone, and would not be "poo-pooed" out of court. He fought for the locomotive against the world. He went in for a free fight, and came out victor. He built the "Rocket," an engine that not only "went," but which did fifteen miles an hour with a train of "eight wagons" to it. Think of this, and don't allow yourself to be "coughed down" when you know you are right. Perseverance and resolution will overcome the most powerful opposition.

SYMPATHY.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honors of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those too are Alexanders."—*Sonnet*.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C.—As we have often said, if you can write a good hand you can learn to draw, the principles being the same. But it is one thing to draw correctly, and another to draw artistically.

E. L.—A solution of nice white gum arabic dissolved in water makes an excellent map-varnish. You can buy the powdered gum arabic at any apothecary's.

H. H.—The word *di-a-mond* has three syllables, the pronunciation is therefore plain.

JUVENIS.—The "fish and ink" trick is a very amusing one, and Signor Blitz showed us how to perform it. You bring before the spectators a glass vase, full of ink. Dip a ladle into it, and pour out some of the ink upon a plate, in order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with pure water, in which a couple of gold-fish are swimming. This apparent impossibility is performed as follows: To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle, with an opening into the bowl. In the handle is a spoonful or so of ink, which runs into the bowl when it is held downwards during the act of dipping it into the vase.

THESPIA.—Wood, the vocalist, was hissed off the stage in New York. It would occupy too much space to relate all the particulars.

READER. Bangor, Me.—The disastrous battle of Pavia was fought in 1525, between Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and Francis I. of France. The latter was taken prisoner. Robertson's History of Charles V. is written with great facility and elegance of style, but Robertson was incapable of research, and his details are often inaccurate.

SOUTH STREET.—The late Mrs. G. H. Barrett was first married to Drummond, an actor at the Federal Street Theatre.

AMATEUR.—The opera of "Keolanthe" was written by Balfe.

"CITIZEN-SOLDIER," Albany, N. Y.—During excessive severe weather the sentries at the citadel, Quebec, are relieved every fifteen minutes.

BOOKKEEPER.—In writing a receipt for money, you should say received from a person, not of him.

A WORD ABOUT GIANTS.

It is very common, in the works of early writers, to find accounts of giants of the most extraordinary description. A natural tendency to the marvellous is manifested by the human mind, in every situation and condition of life. This tendency gives full sway to the imagination, in the absence of accurate knowledge, and carries away both writer and reader. Hence all early travellers see wonders in new countries, which become no wonders at all, when carefully examined and described by those who follow them. The first European visitors to America saw many things with which to astonish the world; but their successors found the dimensions of these wonderful curiosities to be greatly reduced. Thus Garcillaso de Vega, in his history of Peru, tells us of a company of giants who came there in a boat, who were so tall that the natives could only reach to their knees; that their eyes were as large as common-sized plates, and their whole frame proportionately large. Another, who measured several of the corpses, says he found them to be from fourteen to fifteen feet high. This was, of course, mere exaggeration; yet extravagant as it seems, it is in reality, very moderate when compared with the narratives of more ancient writers, such as Homer, Pliny, and the Jewish Rabbies. Jonathan ben Uzziel, for instance, in his Targum concerning Og, the king of Bashan, spoken of in Numbers 21:34, represents that personage as tearing up a mountain six miles at its base, and carrying the same on his head, to bury up the camp of the Israelites. The same writer describes Moses as being ten cubits, or seventeen and a half feet in height, as swinging an axe ten cubits long, and as leaping ten cubits high.

But there can be no question that giants have existed in almost every country, though the accounts of these early writers be regarded as fabulous. The fact appears to be, that there never was any race of giants, but single instances of extraordinarily large men, never, according to any authentic account, exceeding ten feet in height, however. These persons of great size were individual rarities among their own people; and there are records of such, both among ancient and modern nations. Goliath of Gath was nine feet high, as was also one of the Roman emperors. A human skeleton was dug up near St. Albans, in England, from beside an urn marked Marcus Antoninus, which measured eight feet in length. Dr. Adam Clarke measured a skeleton found in Ireland, which was eight feet six inches; and a human thigh-bone was taken out of a stone coffin in Devonshire, which indicated

a height of eight feet nine inches. In the vicinity of Winchester, in the eastern part of Indiana, skeletons ten feet in height have recently been discovered beneath one of the mysterious earth-mounds which exist there; and other remains of gigantic men have occasionally been dug up in the western country. Some tribes of the present race of Patagonia, in South America, present the tallest specimens of the human family of a character not exceptional. Capt. Bourne describes the men of one tribe which he saw, as averaging six and a half feet in height, and having broad shoulders, full and well developed chests, and muscular and well proportioned frames. The tallest among them measured seven feet. These are probably the giants of the early Spanish writers.

A CORONER'S VERDICT.

In an old Boston paper called the Evening Post, published November 14th, 1774, we find an account of a suicide committed by a sailor named Richard Cuitt. A coroner's jury was summoned to investigate the case, and brought in the following verdict, which we copy verbatim, to show the formal manner in which such things were set forth by the state's coroners of the olden time, as compared with the flippant findings of our modern "crowners' quests." Quite a neat speculation is carried on in our days by these officials, and some of them scent out a dead body with the acuteness of a carrion crow, rolling up the fees for themselves and their familiars, with an adroitness perfectly astonishing. Let all such be rebuked by their predecessor of the last century, who made the modest charge of only five shillings for the following precise verdict:

"That the said Cuitt was a Mariner on board the Thomas & Richard Transport Ship, commanded by Cuthbert Park, lying at Hancock's Wharf, and did on the 10th Day of November, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock in the Morning, cut through his Windpipe with a Razor, and then and there voluntarily and feloniously, as a Felon of himself, did kill and murder himself, against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity."

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASS.—The brief space allowed us for description on page 88, did not permit us to mention the fact that the erection of the new hospital at Chelsea was one of the measures successfully carried through by Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, when collector of this port. His personal influence and representations made at Washington, which he visited expressly for the purpose, procured the passage of the bill by Congress making the necessary appropriations and legal provisions for selling the old hospital and land, and erecting the new and commodious edifice depicted in our engraving.

THE FUTURE OF MT. VERNON.—According to the North American Review, the Mount Vernon estate will be made a magnificent place. Everything in horticulture and in garden architecture will be availed of, it intimates, to adorn the precinct, the climate allowing full scope to art and nature—to make it as Washington himself would have delighted in, "whether at rising morn, his favorite hour, sweet with song of birds, or walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day."

OYSTERS.—The New Orleans Delta states that the disastrous crevasse which occurred near that city last year, has entirely destroyed the oyster beds in the bay and bayou of Barrataria. The enormous body of water forced through these outlets into the Gulf, left a heavy deposit of sediment which has proved fatal to the bivalves.

FISH TRADE.—There are some thirty houses in Boston engaged in the fish trade, and the business amounts to upwards of six millions per annum. This is the principal fish market in the United States.

THE USE OF HOOPS.—A dishonest servant girl in Chicago was detected the other day, with a small grocery store concealed under her crinoline extensions.

PRIZE FIGHTER.—Tom Paddock, a famous English pugilist, is about to visit this country, a fact we are very sorry to learn from Bell's Life in London.

THE SECRETS OF VINCENNES.

Strange stories are floating about France respecting the interior of the castle of Vincennes, where, it is said, workmen employed in the construction of certain arms for the government are prisoners for life. It is a very unlucky thing for a man to invent a new and destructive weapon. He is pounced upon and kept in seclusion, a sort of perpetual prisoner, for fear some other power should get hold of the secret. It is well known, that during the last Kabyle war, which has just come to an end, the chief weapon used in pursuit of the retreating Kabyles was a certain long-range rifle, of such immense range indeed that the unfortunate natives denominated it "God's doom," in consequence of the wound from the ball being felt before the enemy had even come in sight. Without this weapon, even the oldest idolaters of French glory declare that the Kabyle war would still be giving the country much trouble to this day. The workman who invented this rifle is, at this moment, sole possessor of the secret, every single weapon sent out to the army having to pass through his hands before it is completed. He is reported to be held in the strictest privacy at Vincennes, the emperor being in the greatest fear lest the English should buy the secret, an inestimable one, for carrying on the war in India.

"It would long ago have rendered the flight of the Sepoys impossible," said an officer, speaking of it to a friend. "Its use is only possible with such a well-mounted, nimble enemy as your Hindoo or Arab warrior, but the necessity of some invention to cut the wings of the Kabyles was so strongly felt, that a high reward was offered amongst the workmen of the different arsenals for the discovery of any new weapon which would answer the purposes."

"The discovery was made by a young man who had long worked in the factory at Liege, and who was then employed as burnisher at Toulon. He has had, hitherto, but little cause to rejoice in his ingenuity, for he was forthwith transferred to Vincennes, out of which place he has not since been permitted to stir." The great pursuit of the emperor's life is now said to be the discovery of some small and portable battering-ram, and numberless are the designs that are daily being sent into the Tuileries. Two of the most approved, hitherto, are by Englishmen. The difficulty of getting the British "Circumlocution Office" to notice any novel invention which gives prospect of the smallest trouble to the officials, has driven many Englishmen to go to Paris in search of that protection which they cannot find in their own country.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.—This man is one of the vainest creatures living. Taking up by chance the last number of his periodical, "Monte Christo," we saw these three lines in one of his letters from Russia, where he now is, and, astonished, went no further: "I was asked to allow myself to be presented to the Emperor Alexander on his return from Archangel. I refused!"

HAPPY COMPLIMENT.—M. de Maupertius, when prisoner in Austria, was presented to the empress-queen, who said to him, "Do you know the queen of Sweden, sister of the king of Prussia?" "Yes, madame." "She is said to be the handsomest princess in the world. "I thought so, madam, till now."

OUR PORTRAIT OF EMERSON.—The original crayon of the beautiful lithograph published by Charles H. Brainard, from which our head of Emerson on the first page was copied, was drawn by Mr. T. M. Johnson, one of the most promising young artists of this city.

A NEW COURT HOUSE.—The United States authorities have taken possession of the late Masonic Temple, and are refitting it for the purpose of a Court House. It is a beautiful site for the purpose and within an arrow's flight of our office.

OYSTER TRADE.—This trade last year employed 750 persons in the city of Baltimore. Over 3,000,000 bushels were received, and the amount realized was upwards of \$1,000,000.

HEAVY BUSINESS.—In the town of Milford, in this State, there were \$3,000,000 worth of boots manufactured during the year just ended.

A MODEL NAVY YARD,—that at Charlestown.

AN ENGLISH ADVENTURER.

A man named Wellington Greville Guernsey, alias Wellington Hudson Guernsey, is now waiting his trial in England for stealing from the library of the Colonial Office a copy of the Indian despatch. He is by no means an ordinary individual. He began life as a shop-boy to Rogier, the well-known Dublin music-seller. He afterwards commenced and failed in business on his own account. Coming to London, he took up his residence in the classic regions of Solio, supporting himself by contributions to the press, and the management of concerts. He composed, too, some of the most popular of the "Nigger" songs. He then became manager of the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, and continued in that capacity until he was gazetted a quartermaster in the Crimean Transport Corps. Having speedily mastered the Turkish language, he was transferred to the Turkish Contingent, being appointed deputy assistant quartermaster-general, and afterwards provost marshal. He tried a rencontre in the churchyard of Kertch, when he displayed some excellent revolver practice upon some Turks who were pillaging. His next public appearance was in a rifle match at Paris, when he thoroughly beat the first marksmen of the whole French army. He, thereupon, challenged the world at a rifle shot, but was left "all alone in his glory." He now undertook to hand over to one of the South American Republics a thousand of the desperadoes of the foreign legions. After performing this dangerous service, he was commissioned to build some forts in South America. He is now in England to purchase gunboats and coals for the Brazilian government. The self-taught master of seven or eight different languages, the composer of our most popular negro melodies, one of the first marksmen of Europe, is, we regret to say, supposed to be the cause of the mysterious publication of the Ionian despatch. "The more's the pity" that one of so much natural and varied ability should be in gaol on the charge of theft.

THINKING ALOUD.

A strolling player once remarked: "The only instance I recollect to have heard of a person speaking his thoughts on the stage, in the same manner as I had unwittingly done, much to the amusement of my audience, took place in this very theatre. The play was 'Hamlet,' also, and great amusement was afforded by a little bit of eccentricity in the principal performer, an amateur from a Glasgow dramatic club. This gentleman had acquired a great habit of quoting Shakspeare, and, invariably after a recitation, out came the customary 'Shakspeare.' He became so forgetful of being in the middle of 'Hamlet,' that, after one of his best soliloquies, as the quotation must be given, and in a moment, to the astonishment of both audience and brother actors, there rolled from his mouth the sonorous mark indicative of his author—"Shakspeare." The effect of such a thing cannot be given on paper, but it was excessively ludicrous."

YOUTH ADMONISHED.—"If it should ever fall to the lot of a youth," said Sir Walter Scott in his autobiography, "to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth." If such a man as Scott thought he had neglected his opportunities, what must the feelings of a really ignorant man be!

OUR PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.—The enrolled militia in Massachusetts numbers 147,682; the number in actual service is 5771. The cost of the militia system in the State was \$65,185 last year, being \$7000 less than in the previous year.

NEW QUARRY.—A granite quarry is being opened near Groton, which is equal to any in the United States for fineness and beauty. Its color is some lighter than the Quincy granite, and a much finer stone.

JUVENILE HAPPINESS.—One of the editors of the Boston Post says:—"We have enjoyed the world as much as others, but have never been happier than when, as a boy, we found a part-ridge's nest with eleven eggs in it."

FRENCH REFORM.—The Empress Eugenie has introduced sparring, fencing, and other manly sports, among the ladies of the French court, and is now seeking for a professor of leap-frog.

FETE DAY IN VENICE.

The large picture which occupies the last page of our present number, is the most striking representation of the most interesting portion of Venice we have yet seen effected by the process of wood engraving. Happy are they who have visited *Venezia la bella*, beautiful Venice, the crowned queen of the Adriatic! To those who seek fresh breezes in the heat of summer; to learned archeologists who sound the depths of history; to those who dwell with delight on the masterpieces of the fine arts, Venice is an exceptional city—a treasury of glory and delight. Venice is as unique in its history as in its situation. In the 5th century, Italians, driven from the continent by civil disorders, fled for shelter to the islets in the Lagunes. By degrees a city was formed; a chief elected with the title of doge. The nation devoted itself to commerce, increased, grew rich, extended its empire in the East, and attained a splendor and prosperity which lasted for many centuries.

Though fallen, Venice is still without a rival. Where else will you find a city composed of seventy islands, intersected by a hundred and forty-nine canals, spanned by three hundred and six bridges? Where else will you find a city where architects, sculptors, painters and workers in mosaic have labored incessantly to decorate sumptuous palaces? When, on festal days, during the carnival and regattas, innumerable gondolas circulate before the ducal palace; when a population, which may certainly be called a *floating* population, is thus displayed, the appearance of Venice is incomparable.

No city is richer in splendid churches. The palaces are no less numerous, and all are decorated with a magnificence which excites wonder and admiration in the most cultivated stranger. The palace of the doges, built about 1350, from the designs of Basegio and Philip Candelario, is of imposing architecture, and adorned with magnificent arabesques. Ascending by the giants' staircase, or by the golden stairway, between two rows of statues and precious marbles, we enter a hall embellished by famous compositions of L. Bassano, Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Bonifacio, and others.

The stranger must also visit the Academy of Fine Arts, the library of St. Mark, the Venice Theatre, the prisons communicating with the palace by the Bridge of Sighs (*ponte dei Sospiri*), and when he has seen all these marvels, let him rest under the majestic arcades of the square of St. Mark, or the foliage of the public gardens. Those of our readers who will never "swim in a gondola," will yet thank us for the general view of this marvellous city on our last page. They will find the foreground animated with the swarming competitors of a regatta; they will admire the elaborate architecture of the palace which occupies the centre of the picture, next to which, on the right, are the Bridge of Sighs and the Prisons, the square of St. Mark, the columns surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, once an emblem of power and terror, now a monument of fallen greatness. In the distance are domes of churches and façades of palaces.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.—Our readers will perhaps be surprised to know that there are 200 German newspapers published in the United States. We have a large German population in this city, but it bears no comparison to that of the western cities.

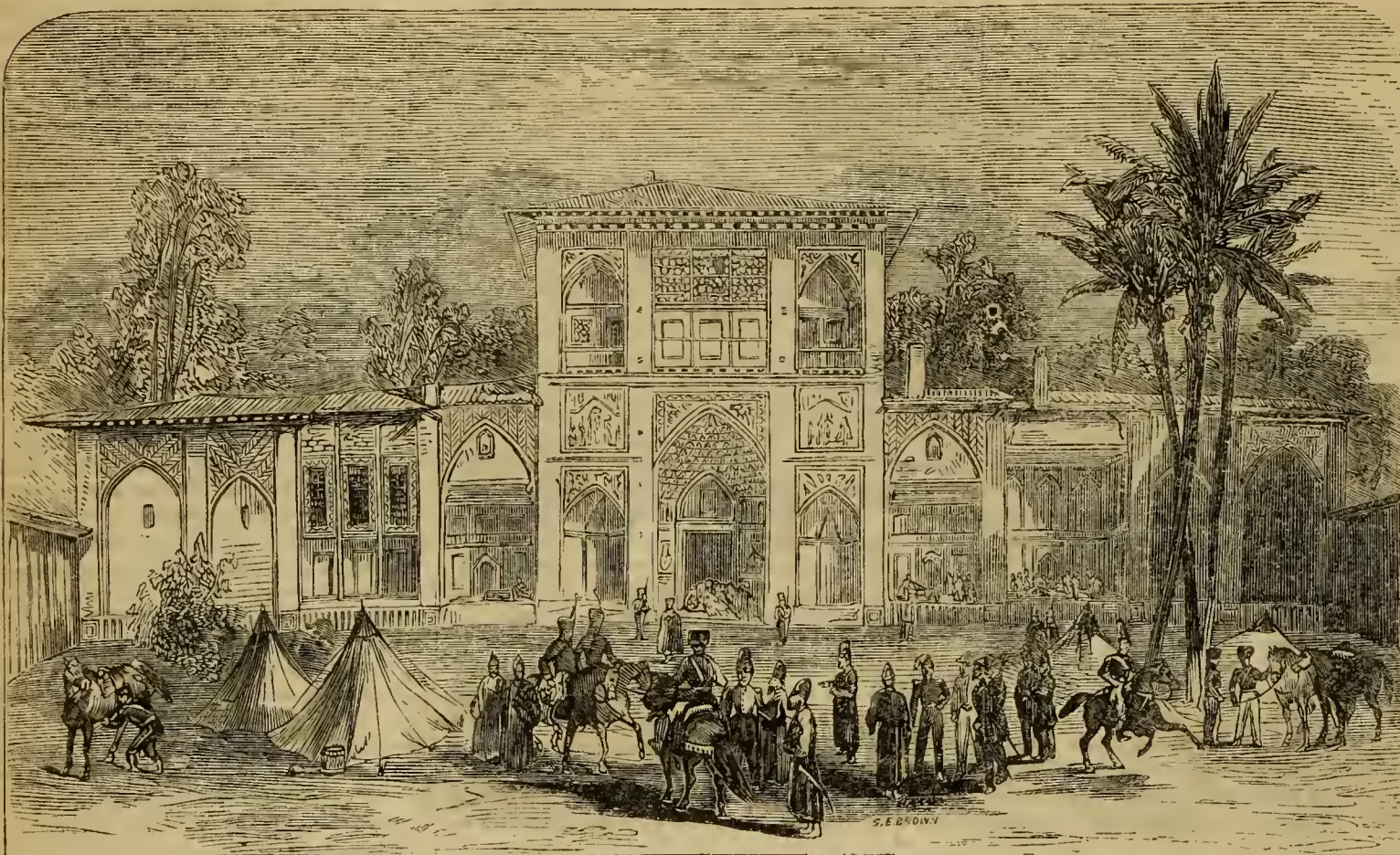
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The national capital seems to be gaining rapidly in point of population, and now contains 62,000 inhabitants. It has doubled within the last ten years. During 1858 there were 300 dwelling-houses erected.

A MODERN JESSICA.—The daughter of a Jew pawn-broker in Cincinnati lately ran away with a Gentile; and the twin were made one flesh in jail. Not so romantic that last.

A BARBEROUS DEED.—Queen Victoria's royal barber, at Windsor Castle, recently ended his days with a pistol—probably a hair-trigger.

YANKEE REMEDY.—A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

RISTORI.—This great Italian actress, second only to Rachel, is coming to America. She will create a furor.



PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, AT ASTRABAD.

PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

ASTRABAD AND THE CASPIAN SEA.

The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the private palace of the reigning sovereign of Persia, in the city of Astrabad. The airy and rich architecture of the exterior gives promise of internal splendors, while the trees that rise above the range of buildings in oriental luxuriance, tell us that within the court, by the lips of plashing fountains, is a garden where the blushing pomegranate glows beside the golden orange, and where, all the livelong night, the bulbul tells his story to the rose. The picturesque military groups in the foreground indicate the pomp of Persian royalty. The geographical position of the scene is as follows: On the southeast coast of the Caspian Sea lies the small, but important province of Astrabad—anciently Hyrcania. On the river Astor, which traverses it, stands the city of Astrabad, whence the far-sighted Oriental gazes on Khorassan, or the province of the sun. It is governed by a member of the Shah's family, and rumor says that its palaces contain vast treasures of gold and jewelry. The fortifications, though not extensive, are of considerable importance. Astrabad contains about forty-five thousand inhabitants, according to the loosely-calculated census of the empire. The river upon which it is situated, falls into the southeast point of the Caspian Sea, which here has for its boundaries Persia and Independent Tartary, while, on the north and west, it is encompassed by Russia. Along the eastern border there are several deep indentations; though, round the remainder of the coast the outline is almost unbroken, except where a ridge of the Caucasus projects forty miles from the western shore. At this point some glimpses of the picturesque are afforded; but, for the most part, there is little attraction in these level coasts, which, occupied chiefly by marshy plains or desert steppes, present a peculiarly desolate appearance. The depth of the water is, for some distance, very small—often not exceeding twelve feet, while the middle parts vary from one hundred to three hundred feet; and a celebrated authority states that no bottom could be found with a line of four hundred and eighty fathoms. It presents a great variety of climate. The northern portions, unsheltered from the fierce blasts of the steppes, are frozen during four months of the winter as far south as the mouth of the Terek. Beyond this the effect of the high chain of mountains is to diminish the cold, by giving moisture to the air, deflecting the cold currents, and affording shelter. But on the east side, bordering the low steppes, the ice often appears as far south as the parallel of forty degrees, and the Turcomans pass on horseback across the Balkhan bay, and the channel of Krosnoodsk, to the island of Scheleken, though the waters are in the parallel of the Bay of Naples. The heat of summer, even on the northern shores, is very great, and on the bare steppes, without the shade of rock or tree, is sometimes intolerable. Notwithstanding the coldness of the northern and middle portions, where ice is largely formed, so dry is the air, that all the water which the Caspian receives, is carried off by evaporation. It is even maintained

by some, in deference to the researches of Murchison, M. de Verneuil and others, that its waters are continually shrinking, and that it once extended over an area many times larger than it now occupies. Saline springs issue in many places from beds of salt, and in others the waters are impregnated with naphtha and bitter salts which exist in such quantity that few animals can live in it. The fishes in the Caspian Sea number but few species, belonging chiefly to the fresh water genera, while its fauna, which is supposed to be limited, remains altogether unexplored. Owing to the shallowness of the sea in some parts, and the savage character of the tribes on the eastern shore, navigation is difficult and there are few inducements to trading. Only a few ill-built vessels have been engaged in its waters until recently, when steamers were employed by the Russian government. The length of the Caspian is about seven hundred miles, and its greatest breadth about four hundred and twenty. Formerly, as we have hinted, it is supposed to have been much more extensive, some geographers believing that it was connected by a winding channel with the Black Sea. By the Tartars, indeed, it is called the "White Sea the pride of the Black." Nothing could be more remarkable than the circumstance of its dwindling away, because it receives the waters of at least eighty rivers, besides the Volga. It has no tides, but the wind occasionally blows with amazing power from north to south, raising the surface three or four feet. When these gales cease, the sea sinks to its natural level, but a pro-

digions swell remains, hazardous to small craft. Notwithstanding its dangerous character, the Caspian has been navigated from an early period. Patrochus sailed over it. Peter the Great launched a fleet upon its waves. Its commerce is estimated at three millions of roubles. The sturgeon caught in the Russian fisheries are worth three millions of roubles. These fish proceed in shoals a considerable way up the rivers, without any apparent diminution of their numbers. The Caspian salmon are remarkably fine, while its herrings are so abundant that, after a tempest, the shore of Ghilan and Mezanderan are literally covered with them.

THE CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS.

The castle of Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, on the Rhine, Germany, depicted in the second engraving on this page, may be considered the entrance of that magnificent series of landscapes which has for years associated the name of the Rhine with all that is grand and lovely in nature, and which now annually makes it the resort of thousands and tens of thousands of delighted tourists from all parts of the world. This wonderful chain of pictures continues for many leagues, passing by Coblenz, and its hill and fortress, Ehrenbreitstein, bursting through the steep and rugged precipices of the Goar, stretching on to the wooded heights behind the romantic Bingen, and finally opening out into that magnificent reach of the river which here lies like a lake at the foot of the vine-clad hills of Johannisberg. From this point the Rhine les-

sens in interest until it approaches the confines of Switzerland, where its turbulence gives it a commanding character, and we stand awe-struck on the banks of the roaring torrent. To arrive at Drachenfels, the tourist first passes through Cologne, famous for its dirt and its cathedral. Then he may take the boat, but it is preferable to go by railroad to Bonn, which saves a tedious voyage against the stream, along a flat and uninteresting country. No sooner, however, does he come in sight of that whitish blue line, which is scarcely distinguishable from a wall of cloud, than all his interest and attention become awakened. That long line of hills is the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, which spring up behind Konigswinter. The nearest, and the one that overhangs the river, and upon whose abrupt brow may still be seen the ruins of a castle, is Drachenfels, the steepest and loftiest of this sisterhood of hills. The islands in the river are Nonnenwerth and Grafenwerth, and that hill far away in the distance is the hill of Roland or Rolandseck. Many a pretty legend is told in connection with these islands, but none prettier than that which gave rise to Nonnenwerth or the Nun's Island. Many years ago, in the days of the Crusades, a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of those proud barons who inhabited the castle on the Dragon's Rock, was beloved by a young warrior, the graceful Roland. But he had not yet won his spurs, and in the eyes of the old baronial sire, he was nothing worth. Determined, therefore, to win laurels in Palestine, and come home and claim the hand of the beautiful girl, he set out on his pilgrimage. Years passed, and no tidings were received of him. At length a hoary pilgrim brought the news that the valiant and noble Roland had been killed in a battle with the Saracens, and had been buried beneath the hills of Jaffa. This sad intelligence broke the heart of the patient and longing affiancée of Roland, and she

drooped in spirit. But what was still worse, many other knights and warriors persecuted her with their attentions, and jealousies and battles arose between them, and blood was shed, and life taken. To avoid similar catastrophes for the future, the maid of Drachenfels begged of her father to give her the island in the river on which they looked down from the heights of their castle. Her request was complied with, and no sooner was the little spot her own, than she began to erect a nunnery upon it, and when the building was completed and the houses inhabited, she signified to the Bishop of Cologne her intention of becoming a nun herself, and taking the management of the establishment she had been instrumental in raising. Here she thought she might live apart from the world, and dwell on the memory of her faithful Roland. It was a long ceremony, that of taking the veil, and two or three years elapsed before she was admitted into the house as a *religieuse*.

We cannot conceive now the many obstacles that stood in her way—the entreaties of friends, the appeals of lovers, the misgivings even of her own heart. However, she felt she was doing her duty. Her Roland was dead. He had died to win her hand; she would, therefore, dedicate her life to heaven, and pray for the repose of the soul of her beloved one. The final day came; and with all the ceremonial and the mocking pomp of the occasion, her beautiful tresses were cut off, her white and splendid garments were laid aside, she covered her head with the fatal black veil, and made the irrevocable vow which bound her



CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS, ON THE RIVER RHINE, GERMANY.



THE CITY OF PEKIN, CHINA.

forever to the service of the altar. That same night at sunset (so the story runs), a warrior was seen to lead his jaded steed to the water's edge. The lights still flickered in the windows of the island nunnery. The warrior inquired what that building was, and why those lights were in it. He was told simply that it had been built by the beautiful daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels, who was now its abbess. He stayed to ask no more, but remounted his steed and rode away. He returned, however, in a few days, and then learned the full circumstances of her broken heart, of her refusal to accept the hand of any noble, and of her pious intention of devoting herself to religion, that she might pray for the soul of her Roland. Within a week from this time masons were employed in erecting a tower—the ruins still remain—on a knoll not far distant from the river, and from which the nunnery could be distinctly seen. "Since I can no longer see my beloved," exclaimed Roland—for it was Roland, the rumor of his death being unfounded—"I will live for the rest of my life within view of the house in which she lives. We can thus commune in spirit. She will know my tower, and, as she looks upon it, think of me." That was all the consolation the warrior knight could obtain. At length the abbess of Nonnenworth died, and, from that time, Rolandseck was also deserted. The bereaved warrior sought oblivion of his grief in the wars with the Saracens of Spain, and died, according to an ancient chronicler, fighting knightly, under shield, in the field of battle. Such is the legend of Drachenfels. The island of Nonnenworth and the tower of Rolandseck are all visible from the same spot.

PEKIN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

The general view of the city of Peking, with its walls and towers, and mountain background, is certainly very striking. The city is situated on an extensive plain in the province of Petcheli, between Peheio and Holupo. It is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and about twenty feet thick, and, including the suburbs, it encloses a circuit of twenty miles. It is divided into two distinct portions—the north, or city of the court, called Mei-ching, and the south, called Wai-chang, a suburb. The northern department has three separate enclosures, within the innermost of which are the imperial palace and the most splendid buildings. The well-known gate of Peking consists of a handsome arch of stone, imposing in effect. In many parts of the city, the streets are one hundred feet wide, but so badly paved as to detract considerably from their splendor. A large and magnificent Lama temple is conspicuous among the objects of interest which arrest the eye. Among these are a noble conservatory, and a variety of mosques, temples, churches, convents and colleges, with the celebrated imperial academy of Han-lin. Peking can also boast of a journal, which, being subject to rigorous official inspection, may vie in this respect with those of Paris. Its manufactures are porcelain, colored glass, precious stones, the trade in which is carried on chiefly by fairs, some of which are held monthly, and some annually. The population of this remarkable city is estimated at two millions.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF PEKIN.

The interest attached to China, from the fact that its long sealed gates have just been opened to the civilized world, heralding the dawn of a new era to that mysterious realm, has governed our selection of the engravings for this page. The imperial palace at Peking is a fine specimen of oriental architecture. Vast and ponderous, it is at the same time minutely ornamental and blazes with variegated colors. Two bold wings project from the extremities of a lofty central building, the facade of which is relieved by a deep gallery overhung by a richly decorated roof. The palace is divided into an immense number of apartments—the Chinese say, a thousand—and is fitted up throughout in the highest style of "celestial" luxury. The chambers are described as spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, and deliciously cool and fresh; the furniture glitters with gilding in an infinite variety of patterns; the hangings are of superb red or yellow silk; the carpets are wove of bamboo peeling, and painted in the liveliest tints. In the state rooms, as in the main halls and corridors, are antique bronzes, prodigious porcelain urns, vases of the most elegant shape, belonging to different epochs; and broad, shallow receptacles of half transparent China ware, in which flowers and shrubs, dwarfed and cultivated in the most whimsical manner, flourish and delight the fancy of the emperor and his household, addicted by nature and by custom to the quaintest forms of art. Behind the palace is a garden, or rather, park, where little pavilions, terraces, galleries, lakes, rills, and groves of

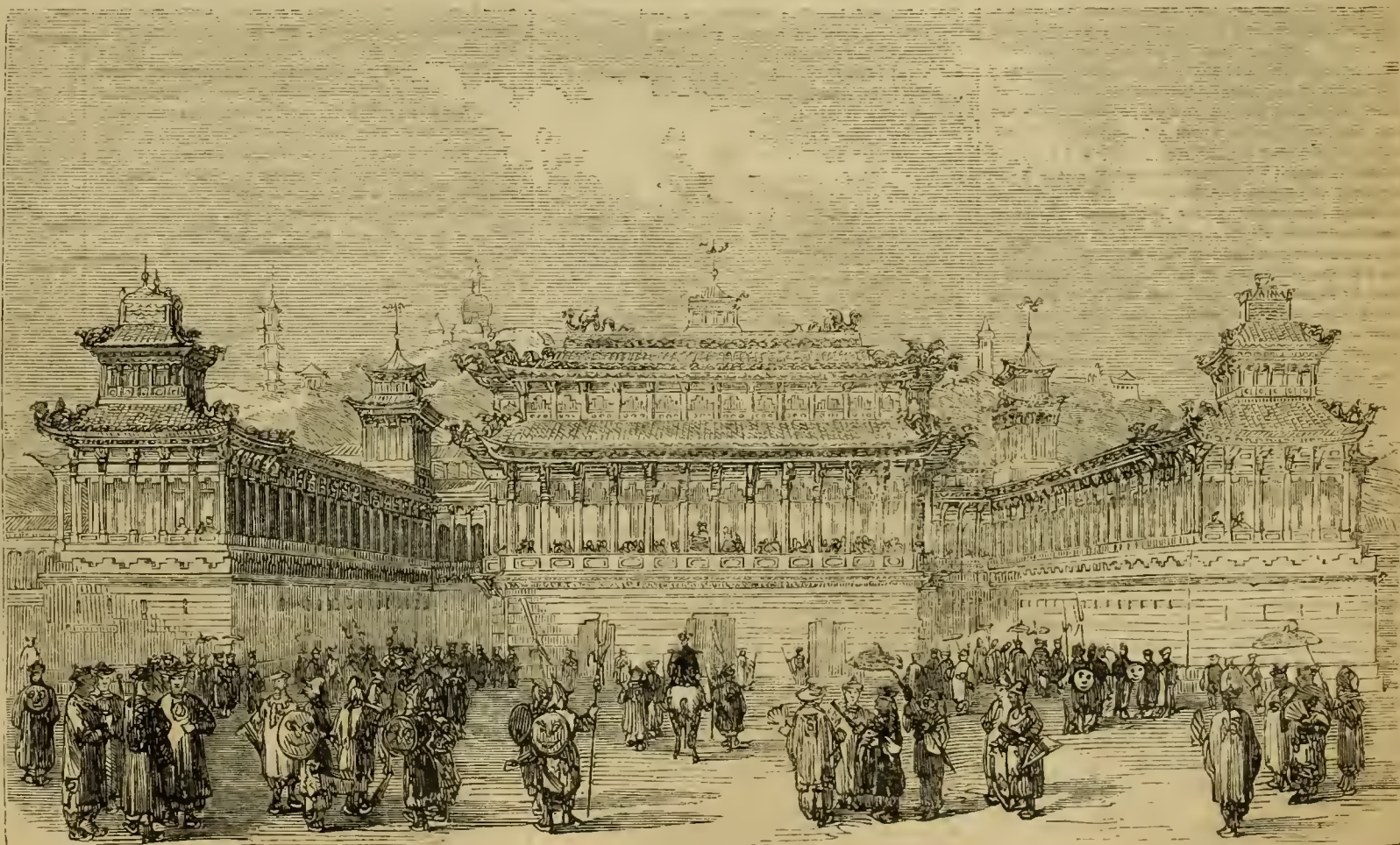
ruit trees, with aviaries full of song birds and artificial caverns, affording shelter from the noon-day sun, constitute a sort of earthly paradise—eccentric, indeed, but beautiful, and extremely characteristic of the race. The government of the emperor's palace is confided to the direction of a special council, which comprises seven departments, charged with provisioning the stores, repairing the buildings, paying the salaries of the servants, distributing rewards and punishments, receiving the rents of the imperial farms, and superintending the flocks and herds from which the imperial table is supplied. So numerous a household renders necessary a rigorous system of discipline. On this account, the male and female attendants of the palace are subjected to a weekly course of examination concerning their personal conduct; after which those who have offended, are handed over to certain officials, men and women, who administer to them a modicum of chastisement with the correctional rattan. Eight hundred guards are attached to the palace of the emperor, in addition to a body of executioners, clothed in red, and their satellites, in long crimson robes with hideous peaked hats of black felt stretched on frames of iron wire, surmounted by bunches of pheasant's feathers. These wild-looking functionaries carry huge swords, chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture of strong and terrible forms. It must not be supposed, however, that simplicity is altogether absent from the palace of the Chinese emperor. Some of the rooms are remarkably plain, being merely papered with blue, and furnished

with a small bright-cushioned divan, with a flower-stand and a few vases. The "Book of Grand Study" indeed, recommends to all, princes and subjects alike, to cultivate frugality, abstinence and severity of living, or, as it is figuratively expressed, "to make a lunch of steel blades and skins of wild beasts." In other parts of the palace, the apartments flame with gilded representations of birds and beasts, of monsters and warriors, palaces and garden pavilions. The outside of the palace wall is covered with varnished tiles, with an occasional block of white marble.

PAINTING.

Every farmer may be his own painter. Many inexperienced persons, and indeed professional painters, think that paint mixed in the same way as for outside work, will answer for the inside of a house; but experience demonstrates in the most conclusive manner, to the reasonable and observing mind, that, necessarily such cannot be the fact. Simple white lead and linseed oil, mixed in that same manner as for outside work, will, it is true, harden, and act as a powerful and highly economical preservative of wood to which it is applied; but in a few weeks the paint will become discolored and of a dusky yellow hue, in consequence of the absorption of carbon which is supplied by the smoke from the chimney, lamps and other sources. Why the same result is not remarkable on the outside, is to be found in the fact that the paint is not exposed to the same influences; but on the contrary, is constantly bleached by the impinging rays of the sun, which operates precisely as they do upon cotton and linen fabrics when similarly exposed. When a coating is required for inside work, very little oil should be used, except that contained in the lead. Spirits of turpentine should be the principal fluid introduced to thin the paint, Japan, in small quantities, being added to accelerate the drying process.

The priming, or first coat, however, should in all cases be mixed with oil alone, and when hard, smoothed by rubbing down with sand paper. After this, two coats should be put on with turpentine alone, no oil being used, the final one being somewhat the thickest. If a good gloss is desirable, a small quantity of varnish may be added. To secure a very nice white finish for a suite of rooms, after putting on the paint very carefully, gum demar varnish should be applied. This makes a most splendid and durable gloss, and preserves unsullied, the pure white of the most delicate paint. Should the paint become sullied, the stains may be easily removed from the surface, simply by washing it with warm water; no soap should be introduced into the fluid, as its action destroys the gloss of the coating, and is injurious to the paint. This varnish, introduced into the last coat, gives a most superb finish; but most painters prefer applying it after the work is finished and partially dry. In painting kitchens and other apartments in common use, the best article is pure white lead, although some persons prefer to add a little lamp-black, or chrome yellow; but owing to the perpetual presence of carbonaceous substances, it soon becomes sullied, and presents a dirty and unpleasant appearance. Graining, in imitation of maple, birch, or some other light wood, is probably the best coating that can be given to the wood-work of a kitchen. When well done this kind of painting has a very neat appearance, and when defaced by age, may be restored almost to its original brilliancy by a coat of varnish.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN, CHINA.

Poet's Corner.

DIRGE.

BY CHARLES O. EASTMAN.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing dim
Within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has passed!

A SNAIL.

Seest thou that poor despised snail?
Slowly it moves along the vale,
Yet finds its way through night till morn,
With little eye and feeling horn.
Though slow, 'tis sure its race to run,
And gain a shelter from the sun.
So will the Christian feel his way,
Though rough his road and dark his day,
And with the remnant of the flock
Will find repose beneath the rock;
And like the snail, though weak and blind,
Will leave a shining track behind.—FURNES.

DAWN.

Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,
And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes;
And, with her orbs dissolved in dew,
Bends like an angel softly through
The blue-pavilioned skies.—MRS. WELBY.

PRAYERS.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.—SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We look on it as something of a marvel that we are sitting here by a cozy fire engaged in dressing up our weekly dish of gossip, now jotting down a passing thought, now recording a *bon mot*, and now cutting a scrap of news from an American or foreign paper. We say it is a marvel, because we have passed through such vicissitudes of weather, now breathing an air that seems charged with frozen splinters from the North Pole, now gasping for breath in the brief and strange sultriness of a thaw, then dodging a snow-slide, and again narrowly escaping a fall on a slippery sidewalk. A New England winter is certainly severe discipline. But the days are growing longer, the sunset glow lingers more lovingly on the bleak hills and frozen streams, and spring, says the almanac, is close at hand. Courage, then, and let us fight out the winter bravely. . . . What a blessed invention the stereoscope is, to be sure! Here have we, in midwinter, been visiting the shores of the Hudson, dressed in the gay garniture of early summer, by the help of this magic instrument. We have been peeping into the rustic porch at Sunnyside, and seen Washington Irving sitting there in a noonday reverie; we have seen the mowers whetting their scythes on Mr. Grinnell's lawn; and we have stood at the threshold of "Idlewild" without fear of intruding on the privacy of its charmed circle. How different the memory of such spectacles from the recollection of a picture—that is a dream, this is a reality. A man may be paralyzed, yet if his optic nerves are sound, the stereoscope enables him to range the world at will—to visit London, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, Moscow—the galleries of statues, the museums of paintings, all the treasures of art and nature. No wonder that a stereoscopic *furor* now rages. . . . Who has seen the "Catact of the Ganges" at the Boston Theatre? or rather who hasn't seen it? It is a picture of oriental magnificence, such as only the vast stage of the Boston and the resources of that establishment could present. There are gorgeous temples, splendid processions, with banners and music; Brahmins, Rajahs, Sepoys, Mahrattas, a cataract of real Cochituate, and a lady riding a horse at full speed up to the top of the stage amidst blue lights and gunpowder. It takes immensely, and the very people who talk about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and like the bear-leader in "She Stoops to Conquer," set their faces against "everything that's law," may be seen in the parquet, sniffing the sawdust with a relish, and watching the equestrian spectacle with all their eyes. Mr. Barry is not to blame for catering to all tastes. In these days the stage must be an echo and a mirror. . . . We always had a *penchant* for a residence by the seashore, but unfortunately could not reconcile it with another and stronger taste, a love for farming and rural affairs, for with us the seashore is generally barren. But it seems there are favored spots which unite the charms of sea and land. A Paris correspondent of the Country Gentleman says of Normandy, France, "We saw often the most fertile country reaching down to the very brink of the sea, so that I remember our room in the little house where we were had one window on the bare sea beach, and the other on the richest wheat and best fields that I had in a long time seen." . . . Rev. C. W. Howard recently related a very interesting anecdote of the author of "Home, Sweet

Home." Payne, then on a visit to Middle Georgia, was very desirous of witnessing the games of the Cherokees before they were removed to the West. It was at a time when affairs in that section were in a critical position. It became necessary to establish a force, called the Georgia Guard, both to protect the Indians, and overawe designing white men, who were interfering with the operation of the State laws. As is the case always in such circumstances, some of the guard were rude men, enforcing their authority with violence. Mr. Payne was warned that his visit would be attended with danger to himself, but he persisted, went to Cherokee, Georgia, was seen by the guard and taken prisoner. On the night of his arrest, all the guard and himself were lying around the camp-fire, when one of the men began to sing "Home, Sweet Home." When he had finished, Payne told him that he was the author of that song. The effect was electric. The men started to their feet, unloosened his bonds and grasped his hands, declaring that a man who wrote Sweet Home, could not be a traitor and should not be a prisoner, and the next morning dismissed him with deeds of kindness. . . . Executions in Mexico are conducted with an eye to dramatic effect. Before a prisoner is executed, he is put in the "Capilla"—that is, he is cloistered for about forty-eight hours with spiritual advisers, who, by a well regulated system of relays, keep at him, urging him to implore forgiveness, and to give himself up to God. In order to inspire the doomed with the liveliest sensations of fear, a death bell is kept tolling in the same apartment with him. In this way he is kept in the duty of preparing for death, until a short time before the fatal hour. He is then allowed some refreshment, and again forced to resume his preparations, until blindfolded and marched forth to the place of execution, to which last point the ceaseless noise of the muffled bell and the exhortations of the padre confessor pursue him. . . . A Paris letter states that the project of a transatlantic telegraph, to connect the American coast (probably Boston) with the coast of France, has not been abandoned. Some English capitalists have recently had an interview with the French emperor, who expressed his confidence and support of the scheme. The company is being formed. . . . An "Old Bachelors' Convention" is announced to be held in New Haven the latter part of this month. The precise object of the convention has not yet transpired. . . . An old lady hearing a gentleman speak of the usefulness of the "Spirit of the Times," broke out—"O, yes, *Spericks of Turkenine* are mighty useful!" . . . A French patriot lamenting over the state of the country, wound up thus: "They say Providence protects drunken men; that is my only hope for France." . . . General Cushing has been suggested as a fit man for the American mission to Persia. . . . The New York military oppose the formation of a Highland regiment in that city. . . . Bishop Latimer, in the reign of Queen Mary, denounced hoops in one of his sermons, so that some people begin to fancy that he was burned at the stake, not for his religious views, but for his opposition to the fashion. If all who denounce hoops now were subjected to the same punishment, there would be a general barbecue. . . . According to late Utah news there was no foundation for the report that Brigham Young was about being tried for falsely imprisoning Gentiles. . . . M. Berryer, who lately defended, in France, Montalembert, for publishing what the emperor considered a seditious libel against the government, also defended Louis Napoleon when tried for his "failure at Bologne." . . . There is great talk in every Parisian circle about a new ballet, the action of which is composed by the empress and her sister, the Duchess d'Albe. The subject is taken from a poem, by the Spanish poet, Gorrilla—an episode of the Moorish occupation of Spain, and is said to be most effective, both in decoration and sentiment. Auber is to compose the music. . . . In the month of November, a letter purporting to be from Madame Lagrange, the noted prima donna, was translated from the Gazette de Paris, and sent the rounds of the American press. It was dated at Rio Janeiro, and gave a highly interesting narrative of her journey from Paris to the Brazilian capital, including a graphic description of her reception at the imperial court, and anecdotes of Rio society. Madame Lagrange is still at Rio, and this letter returns and is translated in all the local papers. The result is anything but gratifying to the songstress. The Rio population is indignant, and the day following the appearance of the letter, Madame Lagrange and M. Stanikowitch find it necessary to come out over their several signatures, and repudiate the correspondence in the Gazette de Paris as a squib concocted in the office of that journal, for the amusement of its readers. . . . Mr. E. L. Davenport had a splendid benefit at the Boston Theatre lately. . . . Mr. Barry Sullivan, during his engagement at the Museum, fully established his reputation as an excellent actor. . . . Mr. Stephen Massett (Jeunes Pipes of Pipesville) was very successful at the South. . . . At the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, an apology was made for the tenor Meillet, who on account of his illness would be obliged to omit one or two songs. The audience had their choice, to remain or have their money returned. One half of those present, including some who had entered with free passes, took their money back, and the other half remained, and insisted on the whole performance. The tenor was carried to his home, and was sick with the brain fever for three weeks. Charming public. . . . M. T. Winans of Baltimore is out in a card, which completely disposes of the story that an error of eighty-eight versts had been discovered in the official measurement of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, whereby certain American contractors had largely robbed the Russian government. Its foundation was the accidental discovery of an error of eighty-eight sageses (616 feet) in the distance between a couple of verst poles on the Peterhoff Railway. . . . Early in December, a Wisconsin paper announced the coming of a mild and open winter. The prediction was founded upon this circumstance. The muskrats, the Wisconsin editor said, had been observed to build their habitations very high in the marshes during the present season. This they never did when the season was to be severe. On the contrary, they build them as low down in the mud and water as they can reach. Up to the last "cold snap"

the muskrat theory was in high favor, but latterly these little animals are set down as little better than so many geese. . . . "Sigma" lately published in the Boston Transcript a good article on begging impostors. He says "the documents they bring in support of their claims are often printed, and almost always unaccountably greasy, and not infrequently in the French, Italian, Spanish, or German language. A few years ago, a fellow called upon us, an Italian, with one of these nasty papers. He could speak a little broken English, and was perfumed with the composite odor of garlic, brandy, and tobacco. His document was in Italian, and imported that Signor Giovanni Carracelli had been blown up, during an eruption of Mount Etna, and was in great and immediate need of assistance. He was a bloated mass, and had every appearance of having been blown up somewhere. We told him we had resolved not to give a farthing to any man who had been blown up by one mountain only; but, if he would go back, and be blown up by Vesuvius, we might possibly give him a trifle." The same fellow called on us, and we referred him to the "Etna Fire Insurance Company," as bound to make up his losses, advising him to call by the way on Dr. Brown and procure a "cure for eruptions." . . . It is said that the hogs in Iowa have such long noses that the settlers employ them to plough the fields. The practice is to bury a corn-cob on one side of the lot and place the hog opposite to it on the other side, when the porker scenting it, immediately digs his snout into the soil and pressing forward turns a furrow equal to that made by the best plough right up to the cob. If a stump should lie in the direct road, the Iowa hog does not hesitate, or work around it, but splits it open with his snout and goes on. This is following the nose to some purpose. . . . The emperor of Japan being dead, the question arises, what will be court mourning? We suppose a suit (soot?) of Japan blacking. . . . Thomas Galbraith died in Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, in December last. He was born in the same vicinity four months before the poet Burns. . . . A railroad man at Columbus, returning from a wedding excursion recently, was received by his friends with a salute. Fifteen or twenty locomotives were brought up standing on a switch at the depot; and as the train bearing the happy pair passed by, the whistle on each locomotive was made to give a simultaneous blast.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

It is now asserted in strong terms that France and Austria will soon be engaged on the battle-field. If so, it will show with what tenacity the emperor of France has clung to his "Napoleonic ideas," and how closely he is disposed to follow in the footsteps of his uncle. In Spain the feeling against the United States in court circles is strong. Queen Isabella has been much pleased with the address from the ladies of Havana, in which they "desire to die under the glorious flag which they saluted at their birth; and that the island of Cuba, the first American land discovered by Christopher Columbus, shall remain to the last united to the crown of Spain, since her sons are Spanish by birth and feeling."—From India we have the same old story,—the English arms victorious, but rebels swarming yet. A large army of rebels had been defeated by the commander-in-chief. The amnesty was slowly but surely thinning the ranks of the rebels, giving promise of early peace. Gen. John Jacob had died of brain fever.—The very words used by Napoleon III. to the Austrian ambassador at the reception on New Year's Day, ought to be recorded, for they will be historical. He said: "I regret our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to tell the emperor my personal feelings for him have not changed." The emphatic tone of the emperor, and his animated gestures, attracted the attention of the assembled diplomatic corps.—The London Times, in an editorial upon the recent correspondence which has been published, in regard to the affairs of Central America, the Steamer Washington, etc., thinks that the American government and its officers are pushing matters very far indeed, and by no means responding to the frank and friendly manner in which the practice of visitation was entirely surrendered by the British government, and says that it "really seems to come to this—that no English naval officer can go on board an American ship, however conciliatory his conduct, however unassuming his demeanor, however unable or unwilling he may be to apply compulsion, without giving to the United States a *casus belli* against this country."

Old Custom revived.

A revival of the Norman curfew has been in operation in Paris for a short time all over Paris, and, strange to add, there has been no noise made about it, save the sound of the drum by which it has been proclaimed in the more refractory streets of the Pays Latin, and other unruly localities. At the hour of eleven, P. M., all cafes, billiard-rooms, public-houses, and similar establishments, are punctually closed, having been previously evacuated by their habitual or casual frequenters. The intense cold just now prevalent has come in aid of the new regulation.

Louis Napoleon.

The emperor is full of projects. He desires to revive a plan of the first emperor, who, in his turn, wished to go back to the example of the Pharaohs. He proposes to have stores of grain laid up in the chief towns of France, as a provision for seasons of scarcity, and also to enlarge the capital, by making the fortifications its boundary, and placing the Octroi at those limits. The payment of the tax might be a benefit, but we are doubtful whether Paris would gain in anything but size, should this plan be carried out.

Prince Alfred, the Midshipman.

The sailors of the Euryalus have an anecdote amongst them, to the effect that two of the midshipmen during the voyage blackened Prince Alfred's face while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious. The prince made

no complaint, but was up like a skylark before gunfire next morning, and cut away the hammock strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.

Rev. John Hickling.

The death of the Rev. John Hickling, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world, and the last survivor of the "helpers" of John Wesley, is reported. Mr. Hickling was nearly ninety-three years of age. A fortnight before his death he lectured in Birmingham on "Early Methodism;" and at the time of his death was announced to conduct other services. He died at Audley, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Austria and France.

The quarrel between Austria and France grows out of Italy. Louis Napoleon is desirous of political reforms there; the Austrian government has been urged to use its influence with the pope and the king of Naples for that purpose; and the Emperor Napoleon has agreed to the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, on condition that the Austrians should also vacate the places they hold.

England and France.

A pamphlet has just appeared at Dent's, in the Palais Royal, with the title "L'Angleterre et la Guerre" (England and War) in which it is conclusively established by A plus B, that England has neither men nor money, and must inevitably fall an easy prey whenever it may suit the convenience of her powerful neighbor to attack her.

Cape Town, C. G. H.

The small pox and fever are raging in Cape Town. Persons taken with either die in a few hours. The Cape Town Commercial Advertiser says that if proper remedial measures had been adopted one thousand lives would have been saved in the brief time the epidemics have been raging.

Powers the Sculptor.

Hiram Powers was assaulted recently in Florence, by a young American painter, who, while deranged, attacked him with a knife, first inflicting a blow on his face with his fist. Mr. Powers, however, succeeded in disarming him, and was not seriously injured.

An Escaped Prisoner.

M. Fargin-Fayolle, the political prisoner who lately escaped from a hospital, has safely got out of France, and has written a letter to thank the governor of the prison for his kindness, and to assure him that no officer of the prison or hospital is to blame for his escape.

Charles Dickens.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been reading the trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the first time to a London audience. St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every corner. Lord Campbell and many of the leading barristers were among the audience.

The Governor of Jeddah.

The Independence Belge states now that the whole story of the arrest of Namik Pacha, the governor of Jeddah, his forcible embarkation in the Caradoc, and his being brought to trial, are circumstances ascertained to be utterly false.

A French Stratagem.

Count Montalembert's much spoken of pamphlet has lately been sold at Paris with the title printed reversed, "Edni'L Rus Tated Nu, par Ed Trebmelnatnom." Masses of the pamphlet were disposed of before the police got aware of the trick.

The Order of St. Bernard.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, being in the priesthood, is now devoting all his time, strength, and energies to the task of re-establishing the Order of St. Bernard in France.

Lamartine.

The poet's house, that well-beloved Milly, is not, it appears, to be placed under the hammer, and yet its master comes to England a voluntary exile.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 313. 1859.

This work, which treats of topics interesting to all the single sisterhood, and indeed to humanity generally, has met with a deserved success in London, as one of the most thoughtful and suggestive works of the day. The American publishers present it in beautiful form. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THEOLOGICAL VIEWS, comprising the substance of teachings during a ministry of thirty-four years in New Orleans. By THEODORE CLAPP. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 35 and 40 Cornhill. 1 vol. pp. 345.

Rev. Mr. Clapp has given us herein a most excellent and profitable work, liberal, bold, clear in diction and full of admirable doctrine. The author is known as one of the most popular ministers ever settled in the Crescent City, where he earned a lasting and enviable fame, as a great philanthropist, a true Christian, and a ripe scholar. We heartily recommend this book to the reading public.

THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY AND GENERAL REVIEW. Boston: A. Tompkins.

The January number of this long established review is filled with excellent articles, and well sustains the reputation of the publication.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HOUSE: OR, The long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 324. 1859.

When we say that this clever sketch of English life, seen under peculiar circumstances, is by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," we feel that we have done enough to set all our readers agog to peruse it. It is the most readable book that has fallen into our hands since the publication of Lord Dufferin's yacht voyage.

BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 441. 1859.

This volume consists of Arago's autobiography, and of biographies of Bailly, the famous mayor of Paris during the stormy days of the French revolution, and known as such only by most readers, Herschel, Laplace and Fourier. There are all brilliant essays, and have been faithfully and gracefully "done into English" by those "eminent hands," Admiral Smyth, Rev. Baden Powell, and Robert Grant, Esq. The publishers announce a second series in press.

Editorial Melange.

There has been a decrease in the number of marriages for the past eight years in Boston. The number last year was 2318, a thousand less than in 1854.—A new kind of inflammable material, called "illuminating clay," has been discovered at Rio Janeiro, and applied to the manufacture of gas, it giving seven cubic feet of gas to the pound, while coal gives only three and a half feet. It is the color of clay, and will burn like wax when held in the flame of a match or candle.—A swaggering Hollander drank three pints of gin in a New York grocery, and was then carried home, where he died in a few hours.—The Baltimore Clipper says that a few evenings since, a police officer of that city saw two boys carrying a heavy trunk, and that on seeing him they dropped it and ran away. Supposing it to contain stolen property, he shouldered it and lugged it to the police office. The mysterious box was then opened, and found to contain the corpse of a large dog.—The mahogany press on which General Green, in the war of the Revolution, printed his despatches, has been lately exhumed from a cellar in Pendleton, South Carolina.—The Bee says that Rev. Theodore Parker's Society has not disbanded, but will probably give up the use of the Music Hall during their pastor's temporary absence.—A breach of promise case is now on trial at Worcester, Mass., in which the plaintiff, Miss Mary Ann Hoyt, alleges that \$5000 will not more than cure the fracture her heart has sustained by not marrying the defendant, one Peter Morris. Peter replies that he never promised to marry the fair Mary, and if he did, is justified in not fulfilling his promise, because Mary gets very drunk.—According to a published statement, the number of arrests by the police in New York, for the year recently ended, is 60,865—about one every eight minutes.—The prisoners in Taunton jail almost escaped lately. With a jack-knife and a small saw they had cut into the bars, but the keeper soon detected and stopped their efforts.—It turns out that the person claiming to be a relative of Mr. Charles Dickens, and calling himself Edwin James Dickens, who committed suicide in New York a few months ago, was not of kith or kin to the great English novelist.

A PLEASANT SPECIFIC.—Many persons will suffer rather than take nauseous medicines, nor do we wonder that it should be so, but those who are afflicted with a cough, or irritation of the bronchial tubes, or realize any of the usual consumptive tendencies so liable in the American climate, need not fear to use that remarkable and long tried specific, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a remedy as agreeable to the palate as it is efficacious in removing disease. Having tested this article years since, in our family, we have unhesitatingly recommended it verbally, and in our paper frequently, and many of our subscribers have addressed us letters upon the subject. Of course it is impossible for us to return individual answers to them, but when we say this is an *unsolicited* recommendation of the excellent Balsam, all our readers will understand that we mean what we say. It is a remarkable and never-failing remedy for consumptive symptoms, when taken in season. The great success of this popular medicine has led to many imitations being thrown before the public, but the genuine article may be known by its always having "I. Batts" written upon the wrapper, which covers each package. For sale by all druggists.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A friend writes us that it is very gay at the national seat of government this winter, the city being thronged with beautiful ladies, ambitious politicians, office-seekers, contractors, pick-pockets, etc. The hotels are crowded to repletion.

RATHER FAST.—Three hundred and forty-six lives were lost by accidents on our western rivers during the year just ended. We find the loss of property set down at \$1,414,000. Twenty-seven boats were destroyed by fire.

EDUCATIONAL.—Our State expended last year \$1,474,468 for educational purposes. This is the true policy—multiply your school-houses, and prisons and alms-houses will decrease in ratio.

RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—Let it be built, at any cost; the whole nation demands it.

Wayside Gatherings.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

The cost of each letter sent to San Francisco by the overland route, is *sixty-five dollars*.

The physician of the prison at Chicago cures delirium tremens with doses of *ipccac*.

A Philadelphia paper publishes a list of over 11,000 delinquent tax-payers in that city.

The largest number of whale ships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The French theatre in New York will be opened under the new auspices and with a new company on the 11th of February.

The superintendent of the public printing states that the printing of the Pacific Railroad Report will cost over one million of dollars!

The Florida legislature has repealed the law providing for the incarceration of free negro sailors while their vessels are in port.

The latest use made of the telegraph was to carry on a courtship. A match was thus made, a few days ago, in less than five minutes.

A man named Whaley, confined in the jail at Keansville, N. C., for shooting one of the patrol of the county, hung himself with his suspenders on the 30th ult.

Messrs. Mignot and Rossiter have been for some time past engaged in painting a picture of "Lafayette at Mount Vernon, with the Washington family grouped on the piazza."

Lieut. W. B. Hunter has sold ten acres of land in Alexandria county, Virginia, for \$85 per acre, which but a few years ago he purchased at \$25 per acre.

The Cutting patent for improvement in photography has been established by a recent decision in the U. S. Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York.

The Humboldt (Cal.) Times states that, in addition to nine thousand snipes killed at four shots by a citizen of Union, "the air was full of falling birds for several days."

Colley Grattan, formerly British consul in Boston, has written a work on America, which is said to be quite original, entertaining and spicy.

A Galveston paper says the camels there carry 1400 and 1600 pounds with ease. They are very tractable; one of them belonging to a lady, always kisses her whenever she comes near enough.

In a fight in a German dance house in New York, Miss Vent threw a coffee pot at Miss Riddle, the latter retaliated with a flat iron, whereupon Miss Vent ventilated the Riddle's left side with a carving knife.

The London bankers state that there would be paid in London, during the month of January, thirty millions of dollars, for interest on foreign loans. In fact England keeps the world at work earning profits on her capital.

Mr. H. K. Brown, who designed the bronze statue of Washington in Union Square, has just finished a life-size bust of General Scott. He will pass his winter in Washington, where he is engaged on a bust of Mr. Breckinridge.

A man who was banished to Van Diemen's Land in 1837 for being concerned in the action of the Canadian patriots, has returned home at the age of 64, twenty years of the best portion of his life having been passed in exile.

The people of Grant County, Wisconsin, have repudiated their taxes, and refuse utterly to pay the State or County taxes for this year, "and may be, none hereafter." They deem the legislature's appropriations extravagant and useless.

Colona is the name for a new territory that is made, or to be made, out of portions of several other territories, including the auriferous regions of Kansas and Nebraska. The name is taken from the Spanish appellation of Columbus.

Two scions of "upper tendom," in Baltimore, one aged 16 and the other 14, ran away last week and committed matrimony, much to the surprise and indignation of their respective parents, who talk of prosecuting the clergyman who solemnized the precocious union.

A man named Murray, a machinist in Cincinnati, was returning home after having spent New Year's day with his sister, when he was attacked by five men, and stripped of everything he had on to his shirt. The perpetrators of the outrage escaped.

In a speech in New York the other evening, Rev. Mr. Sender, the Hindostan missionary said that the home of American Pantheists was in Boston. Pantheism is the belief of the Hindoo, and he could point to the original Sanscrit stanzas from which those celebrated ones, entitled "Brahma," by Emerson, were taken.

Wisconsin has set apart the avails of swamp land as a fund for normal instruction. The income of this fund is over \$18,000. It will soon reach \$25,000, and is to be expended under the direction of Hon. Henry Barnard, recently of Connecticut, and now Chancellor of the Wisconsin State University.

At the last Spiritual Conference a believer informed the audience that a woman in New York was recently putting down a carpet, and having temporarily left her hammer and tacks on the floor near the hall, behind an open door, she soon after discovered that the spirits had driven several tacks into the wall, in such a manner as to form the initial letters of her name.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love is an admiration which never wearies.—*Balzac*.

.... This is a shameful thing for a man to lie.—*Tennyson*.

.... 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—*Campbell*.

.... The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl.—*Bourdon*.

.... Women are extreme; they are better or worse than men.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Surely that preaching which comes from the soul, most works on the soul.—*Fuller*.

.... We derive this good from the perfidy of women—it cures jealousy.—*La Bruyere*.

.... While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—*Shakspeare*.

.... A court without ladies is a year without spring, a spring without flowers.—*Francis I.*

Certain books are remarkable for the ability they display; others for what they imply.—*Bovee*.

.... Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—*Macaulay*.

.... There are no two things so different as the mao of the world and the man of love.—*Balzac*.

.... Our wants expand with our means of gratifying them, but seldom contract as those means fail us.—*Bovee*.

.... There is no knowledge so thorough as that which is gained at last, after years of baffled and wondering inquiry.—*Colton*.

.... The thing which an active mind most needs, is a purpose and a direction worthy of its activity.—*Bovee*.

.... One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.—*James*.

.... Even in the harem where they are captives, women busy themselves constantly with that beauty which alone keeps them in slavery.—*Bourdon*.

.... Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—*Bulwer*.

.... Praise was originally a pension paid by the world, but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately brought out the fee simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly to ourselves.—*Swift*.

Joker's Budget.

The man who was in ship-shape must have seemed a little out of proportion.

When is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it is muggy!

The hen never jokes when she lays her egg. She is always in her nest (in earnest).

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

Why is the star-spangled banner like the Atlantic ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

The world should have the docket called, and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor had exalted.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm in fee, and made that farm his client.

The Bath Times speaks of men who "worship the rising sun." True enough, prosperous sin always finds worshippers.

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates, yet?" "An' sure I have, mem,—everything but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

An ark is now being built by a man out West, in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it just now.

"Jim, is the quality of the soup which you get at these free lunches in proportion to its cheapness?" "O, no; I must say it is good—for nothing."

"My schoolmaster," says Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much, that it had a faculty called memory which might be reached through the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."

"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to de prosperity of de souf?" "Key to de prosperity of de souf; big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eating massa's dickshunary. Golly, I an't larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chile; 'tis the dar-key."

Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So, you don't believe it!" With a shrewd nod Pat answered, "I believe in the crame, but not in the saucers."

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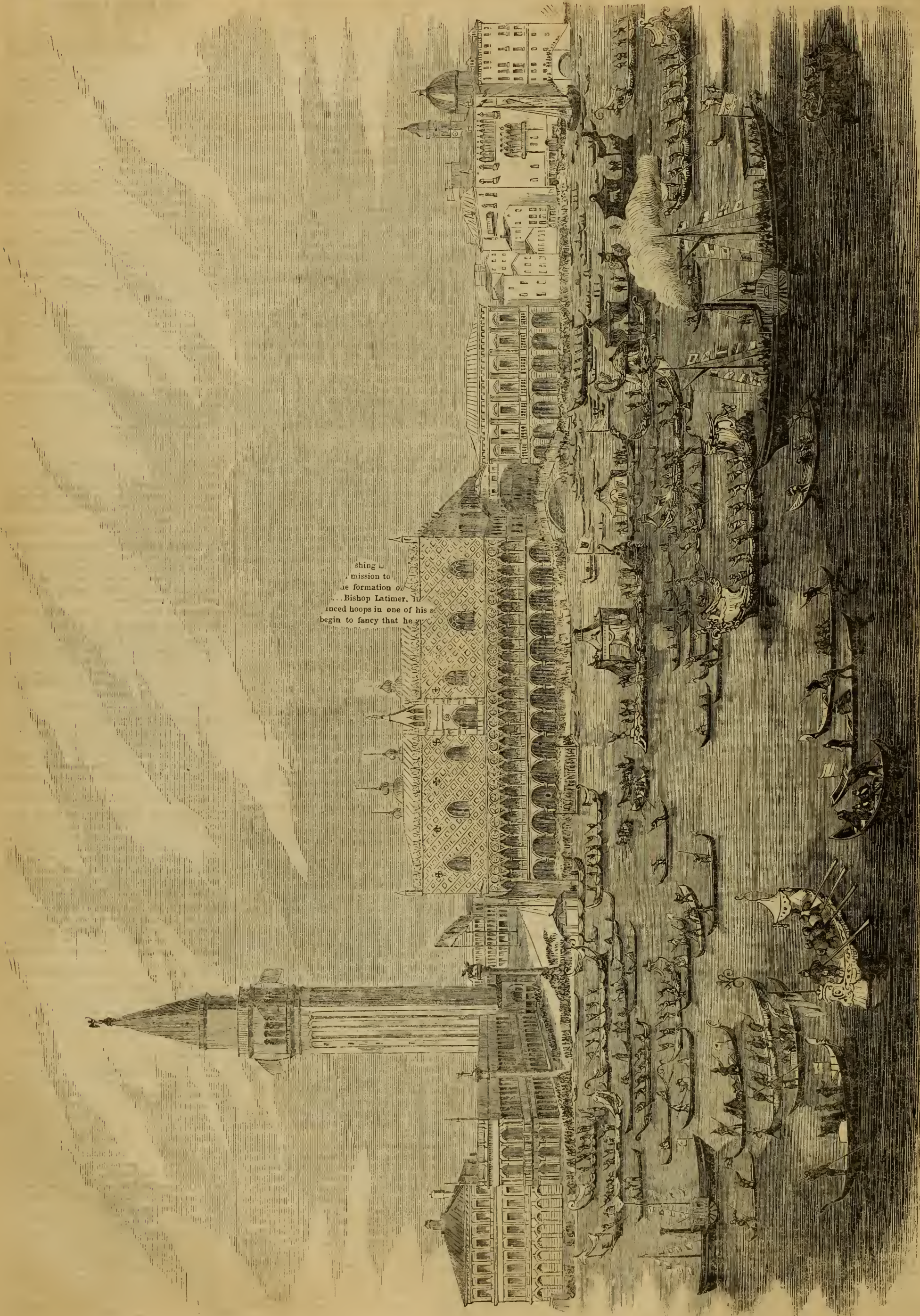
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...shing a
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GRAND FETE DAY AT VENICE.

[For description, see page 91.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

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5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVI., No. 7...WHOLE No. 399.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"All Valentines are not foolish," says Charles Lamb, and we are sure Charles Lamb himself would have approved of the dainty design with which the free fancy and hand of Billings have enriched this page. Drawn specially for us was this clever sketch, with its typical Cupids, the one jovial, the other sentimental, with its illustrations of love-making in every-day and in refined life. The engraving will well repay study. Look at the poor "foolish fat cook," who reminds us of Sterno's, contemplating a likeness of herself which some mischievous errand-boy has sent her. Look at those other busy groups, all intent on the business of St. Valentine's day. "This is the day," says Charles Lamb, "on which those charming little missives, yecept Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent two-penny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on int his loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations,

no emblem is so common as the heart—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories than an opera-hat. * * Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at this door. It gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated. But its issues seldom answer to the oracle within. It is so seldom just the person we wanted to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and besitting one that bringeth good tidings." A blessing on St. Valentine, the patron of a day fraught with so many heart-flutterings and heart-enjoyments! By some ecclesiastical writers, St. Valentine is called a bishop, but, according to others, he was only a presbyter, the latter version being the most correct, we believe. The legend runs, that he was beheaded at Rome during the reign of the emperor Claudius II., and

was early canonized. History speaks of St. Valentine as a good, pious man, distinguished so particularly for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines, or especial loving friends, on his day, February 14, is supposed by some to have thence originated. As to the truth or the propriety of ascribing the origin of the custom to prove that fact, we cannot decide, but it is undeniable that the notion is a very old one. And the custom of choosing Valentines is of great antiquity in England (from which we borrow it), as well as in France, where, however, it has long fallen into desuetude. One writer explains the term Valentine to mean, "the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by a woman" on that day; but where that idea originated is not known, though in many places it is a general one. This idea is illustrated in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." The Irish hold to the custom, and deem peculiarly happy or fortunate the man or woman whose Valentine has red hair. Herrick mentions the notion and the custom:

"Oft have I heard both youths and maidens say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day."

In our "green and salad days" we sent and re-

ceived many scores of Valentines, and we recall, with a sigh for the past, feelings then untouched by the world's rough hand, that were roused by the sight of a pink or blue-edged envelope containing a sheet of paper ornamented with embossed Cupids, hearts, darts and all proper devices, bearing perhaps but a few lines. Great was the puzzling to discover who was the author of the precious epistle, and happy were we, indeed, when some pet Valentine was proved to have come from a favorite friend or companion. Walking to our office, and noticing the many little boys and girls, furtively dropping some tender missives into the letter-boxes, it carried us back (and not so very far, we protest,) to days when Valentines were events, and the day itself was a red-letter one. Do we grow really wiser as we grow older? Are the prizes of manhood dearer when won, than the light triumphs of youth? Believe it who will. At any rate, there are many thousands in this country, grown men and women, as well as youths of tender age, who keep up St. Valentine's day with spirit. In New York the most costly Valentines are sent as presents, some of them costing hundreds of dollars.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Changeling: — OR, — THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

The damp and chill easterly wind which had been blowing for the last half hour, made the blazing logs in the ample fireplace of the bar-room no unwelcome sight. Half a dozen travellers, rough men for the most part, judging by their appearance, were in the room when they entered. One of them Anvers observed eyed him rather keenly, who after speaking a few words to a lad seated in a dark corner, whom he had not noticed till his attention was thus attracted towards him, slipped quietly from the room.

Almost at the same moment, the door of an apartment on the opposite side of the entry, and exactly in range of the place where Anvers was seated, was opened by a man inside who looked out, as if expecting the arrival of some one. Though the door remained open only a few seconds, he had time to see that there were several persons in the room, and that one of them wore the dress of a French officer. This was a discovery which startled him a little, though he succeeded in preserving his usual appearance of composure.

"What has become of the boy I saw sitting in that dark corner of the room when I first came in?" said Gregg, addressing the landlord.

"I don't know, but he's about somewhere, I reckon," was the landlord's answer.

"Do you know who he is?"

"O, a harmless sort of a chap, not overbright as I should judge."

"Don't you know his name?"

"I've heard him called Tony. I don't know whether he has any other name or not."

"If I'm not much mistaken," said Gregg, "I have seen him lurking round in the woods in different places."

"Like enough," replied the landlord, "for he's a mere vagabond, and as often finds a lodging in the woods as anywhere, according to his own account."

"He may be underwitted for aught I know," said Gregg, "but if he is, he has a sharp, keen look."

"It's a look that all such vagabonds have," said the landlord, "whether they have common sense or not."

While listening to what was said, Anvers at the same time had opportunity to bestow some attention on those seated near, particularly Gregg, his travelling companion for the last few miles. He had from the first strongly suspected that the coarse, grizzled hair, which in tangled masses hung down his neck and round his face, was worn for the purpose of disguise, and a stray lock of that lank, oily quality, which delights to lie in thin flakes on the damp, fallow forehead, showed that in the first of these conjectures he at least was not mistaken.

In about an hour supper was announced. During that time there had been several fresh arrivals, and all who wished to partake of the meal passed into an adjoining apartment, where on a large round table were venison and plenty of wild fowl and other meats, prepared in various ways, the appearance of which promised to make good the assertion of Gregg, as to the excellence of the fare, compared with what might have been expected.

Though nothing better than wooden trenchers were usually found in so obscure a place, the plates were of a kind of counterfeit China, known by the name of queen's ware, while a large pitcher filled with ale, and a number of drinking cups were of pewter, polished so brightly as to look like silver.

As soon as all were well seated at the table, Gregg filled several of the cups with ale, one of which he passed to Anvers. Then reserving one for himself, he distributed the others among those who sat nearest him.

As Anvers was in the act of raising the one handed to him to his lips, the man whom he had noticed as regarding him so keenly at the time of his arrival, and who now sat opposite to him,

gave him a significant look, which unfortunately he did not observe.

"What say you, Lieutenant Anvers," said Gregg, "did I recommend the ale too highly?"

"No, it merits all the pride you bestowed on it," replied Anvers, setting down the empty cup.

"Allow me to help you to some more then."

As he passed the cup to Gregg, the boy who has been referred to entered the room, and gliding up behind the man who by a look had unsuccessfully attempted to warn Anvers against drinking the ale, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Well, Tony, what now?" said the man.

"Somebody wants you."

"Is that all you can tell?"

"He's a gentleman I reckon."

"Well, the gentleman can wait. I suppose till I've finished my supper," was the answer, given with assumed carelessness.

His attention was thus diverted from Gregg, whose movements he had, without appearing to do so, been sedulously watching, or he would have seen that with a sleight of hand which would have done no discredit to a juggler in the performance of his tricks, previous to filling the cup which Anvers had handed him, emptied into it something from a paper.

In a few minutes the man Tony had called rose from the table and left the room. He found the boy waiting for him just outside the door,

"The man that wants to see you is in the bar-room," said he.

"Well, keep round somewhere within call. I may have need of you by-and-by."

He found only one person in the bar-room, and he was a stranger to him.

"I understand you wish to see me," said he, entering and closing the door behind him.

"If you are the man I heard some one call Finchley, I do."

"That is my name."

"And mine is Chaffer. You've heard Sybil Finchley speak of Joe Chaffer?"

"I have."

"Well, I got word from her this morning that she wished me to go over to Fort Beausejour quick as I could, and see if Lieutenant Anvers was there."

"And it you found him there, what then?"

"I was to tell him that he must get leave to start for the Danbridge Plantation without delay, or more than one might have reason to repent it."

"You didn't find him."

"He had been gone about fifteen minutes when I arrived, and that wasn't the worst of it."

"Why so?"

"You see that I knew something out of the common way had happened the minute I was fairly in sight of the fort. Quite a number, mostly officers, were gathered together, and were talking in a manner which showed that they were much excited. When I arrived near enough, I found they were examining the outside of a letter that some one had found close to the stable door, which was directed to a well known French officer under General Montcalm. It was the hand-writing of Anvers they all said, and it was supposed that by some means he dropped it when he went to the stable for his horse."

"Was the letter sealed?"

"Yes, but they weren't long in deciding to break it open."

"And was the writing inside his?"

"Yes, and with his name signed to it. I didn't hear it read, but I found out that something was said in it which showed he had already sent a letter to the same French officer, informing him, as far as he could ascertain, of the intentions of Colonel Monckton, and offering to join the French if they would guarantee him a captain's commission. The letter which he lost, as it seemed by some allusion made in it, was to have been given to some one who was to meet him at a certain place, and had hitherto taken charge of such written messages as had passed between Anvers and him to whom it was addressed."

"By this time they are in pursuit of him?"

"Yes, they were making the necessary preparations when I left the fort."

"If it could be found where he is, should you be disposed to assist him to escape?"

"I don't know as to that. 'Twould be a dangerous business."

"If he's taken 'twill go hard with him."

"Yes, he'll be shot for a dead certainty."

"He mustn't be taken."

"He's guilty, that's plain, for he's told the story himself in black and white. Though like some others I could name, I've not always done as I ought to, I'm no friend to traitors."

"Anvers is no traitor, and 'twill turn out so if the truth can be known. Cunning people are busy who wish him out of the way, and this will prove to be their work, though I am afraid the proof will come too late to save him. Sybil has been working diligently for him, but things have gone slow. Are you going to stop here to-night?"

"If it continues to rain as it does now I shall. If it hadn't been for the rain I shouldn't have called. I meant to go as far as Turnbolt's, where your sister, in the message she sent me, thought I should find you."

"That's where I intended to go, and should if it hadn't been for a hint from the boy Tony, who by some means seems to know everything that's going on, let it be where 'twill."

CHAPTER XX.

ANVERS RETURNS TO THE FORT A PRISONER.

SOON after rising from the table, Anvers requested of the landlord to be shown to the place where he should lodge, adding that his ride in the cold, damp wind caused him already to feel the need of sleep.

"You will choose to have a room by yourself, I suppose," said the host.

"Yes, I should prefer it."

"Follow me then."

The room to which the landlord conducted him was at the back part of the house, and near the shed used for the stabling of the horses.

"I wish to start very early in the morning—by daybreak if I can," said Anvers.

"Shall I give you a call if you don't wake?"

"I'll be obliged to you if you will."

"Well, a good night and sound sleep to you," and placing the candle on a large chest, which served the double purpose of chair and table, he withdrew, closing the door behind him.

Had Anvers listened, he might have heard the sliding of a bolt outside. Scarce a minute had passed after his head had touched the pillow, before he was in a deep sleep. It was near midnight when Finchley made an attempt to rouse him by tapping against the window.

"It's of no use," said he to Tony, whom he had taken with him. "The cursed drugs that fellow put into his drink will keep him sound till to-morrow noon. Tony, you must climb in at the window and see if you can't wake him."

"I reckon it 'twouldn't be any easy matter to get in," replied Tony, "if I hadn't slipped into the room and unfastened it, when I found out where the landlord was going to put him."

"Here, let me help you," said Finchley, after he had raised the sash, but Tony, before the words were well out of his mouth, had vaulted over the window-sill, and stood by the side of the bed. Finchley held a dark lantern, so as to throw its light upon Anvers. The efforts of Tony to wake him, in which he was by no means sparing, proved to be utterly useless. The rough and vigorous shakings bestowed on him, did nothing more towards rousing him, than to produce a few inarticulate murmurings.

"There, I'll give him one more shake," said Tony, "and if that don't wake him, I'll give up beat."

"I don't know but that 'twill prove to be his last nap," said Finchley.

At that moment the clatter of horses' feet was heard. Tony sprang from the window, and Finchley quickly let down the sash. Then stealing round the corner of the house, they crouched behind a pile of wood to await the arrival of the horsemen. Very soon they drew up in front of the inn.

"As I expected," whispered Finchley, when the door was opened, and he heard one of the new comers inquire for Lieutenant Anvers.

"It's the officers," said Tony.

"Yes, and I would 'ave saved him with your and Chaffer's assistance, if it hadn't been for that Gregg; but it's too late now."

There were still a number in the bar-room, among whom was Gregg, who had not yet thought of retiring to rest.

"Your drugs were too strong, Gregg," the landlord found opportunity to whisper.

"Well, I'd no thought they'd be after him so soon," was the reply. "I only gave him what I thought would keep him quiet a few hours after sunrise. But never mind, all there'll be to do is to give 'em to understand that his head wasn't as strong as his appetite for strong drink."

Twelve hours later, Anvers had returned to Fort Beausejour, accused of a crime the punishment of which he knew was death.

Myra Pemberton had not heard a word from Anvers after he left the plantation. This caused her much uneasiness, for though she did not expect that he would write to her, she knew that he had promised a letter to Mr. Danbridge. There was scarce a day that she did not visit the summit of the steep hill which overlooked the river, generally taking Minda with her.

The two had one day gone out for their usual excursion, but finding the heat more oppressive than they had anticipated, instead of ascending the hill they sheltered themselves in the shadow of the overhanging rock, where finding some fine mosses, they busied themselves in gathering them.

Time slipped away imperceptibly, and they did not notice that masses of black, wild-looking clouds were surging up from the west till warned by the hoarse voice of distant thunder. Almost the same instant the wind began to blow furiously. Gust after gust swept down the river, lashing it into foam, and at the same time swaying the saplings which grew between them and the shore, so that their tops almost touched the ground. The clouds rose rapidly towards the zenith, darkening the sun. So heavy was the gloom, it seemed as if night had already set in.

"Let us go home—let us go home," said the frightened Minda.

"It would be impossible to reach home against this wind were we to attempt it," was Myra's reply.

A vivid flash of lightning a crash of thunder, and the rain began to descend.

"We must go into the cave," said Minda.

They were crouching close to the ground to escape the fury of the wind, and as they rose for the purpose of seeking the shelter of the cave, Myra caught sight of some dark object on the river, which was white with the boiling foam. The wind had lulled a little, and thrusting aside the branches of the small, low trees, through the opening thus made, she saw it was a boat. Judging from the size it was the same in which Wellford Atherly was in the habit of crossing the river.

There was one man in the boat, but with the foaming waves dashing around him, it was impossible to tell who it was, though Myra supposed it to be Atherly. Her old dislike of him had of late been accompanied with a vague fear, not the less unpleasant from her being unable to ascribe it to any particular cause.

A few more strokes of the oar and the boat would reach the shore. The cave which at first was thought of as a place of shelter from the storm, was now eagerly sought as a hiding-place. Minda, as was natural, shared the dislike and fear entertained by Myra for Atherly.

Though the entrance was low, when once within it was more than sufficiently high to enable them to stand upright. Heavy footsteps, plainly distinguishable amid the roar of the tempest, soon drew near.

"It is Luke Jemison," whispered Minda, venturing to look out, "and he's coming right straight to the cave."

They hastened to grope their way further into the interior of the cave, where trembling with fear, for if possible, they had a greater dread of him than of Atherly, they crouched close together upon the ground. They had only time for this, when he entered and seated himself on a rock partly imbedded in the soil, just inside the mouth of the cave. Producing a tinder box he struck fire, and lighting a pipe beguiled the time by smoking.

He finished his pipe, and the shower had nearly subsided, yet he showed no signs of quitting his station. The sun soon broke forth, and the air was filled with fragrance, and the joyful singing of birds. The water-fowl which had been whirling and darting in confusion during the tempest, uttering their wild, harsh screams, were now calmly and silently whirling their circles high in the air, or skimming along close to the surface of the river. Jemison began to grow impatient.

"Why in the fiend's name that he serves," he muttered to himself, "doesn't he come?"

On the instant, as if in answer to this question, there came from a distance a shrill, prolonged whistle, which he responded to in like manner. Then with a laugh of that doubtful kind, which made it difficult to determine whether it proceeded from satisfaction, or was only an effort to stifle some painful recollection, he whispered, "He's coming at last."

Nearly five minutes elapsed before the person expected arrived. Jemison had left his seat and was standing outside of the cave.

"How are you, Luke? I expected to find Atherly here instead of you," said a voice, which Myra and her attendant knew to be Braxon's.

"Why didn't you come sooner? I've been here this half hour," said Jemmison.

"The shower detained me. You got caught in it I see, by the looks of your clothes."

"Yes, I was crossing the river, and when the wind first struck, it fairly lifted the boat from the water. I almost gave up all thought of ever setting my foot on the land again."

"That would have been unlucky for the whole concern as well as yourself. How have you prospered?"

"All has gone right. The youngster has been tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot."

"At what time?"

"In three days. It's all over by this time."

"There's no certainty as to that. Much may happen within three days. I thought military law was more prompt."

"The execution was to have taken place twenty-four hours after sentence was passed; but by some means a mean, meddling fellow by the name of Ellis succeeded in getting him reprieved for two days."

"I don't like that. A reprieve often proves a stepping-stone to a pardon."

"It would be better if the matter had been finished and done with, though as near as I could find out, everything this Ellis undertook in his favor seemed likely to turn against him. That Atherly has a long head. He can weave a plot without getting a single tangle into it."

"Where is Atherly? He ought to be here."

"He meant to come, but was obliged to go in a different direction; so he told me the signal agreed on between you and him, and said that would fetch you. He said I must come, for you would want to know how matters stood."

"Will he be back to-night?"

"He expects to be."

"Well, he is to satisfy you for the trouble you've been at, I suppose you know, and he and I can settle the affair between ourselves."

"Yes, I understand. Wont you cross the river with me?"

"No, I think I had better go and carry the news to Mr. Danbridge and the others. I should like to see how it affects them. There's a moon to night?"

"Yes, it rises about eleven," replied Jemmison.

"You and Atherly better come over about that time, or an hour later would do as well, and meet me here. This reprieve makes me uneasy. Likely as not the next news we hear will be that he is pardoned. At any rate we shall do well to provide ways and means to meet such an emergency."

"We will be here at the time you mention."

Jemmison stood a little distance from the cave and watched his late companion as he walked rapidly towards the Mansion House, till he was lost to sight amid the intervening forest trees. During the foregoing colloquy, he and Braxon supposing there was no danger that any person was within ear-shot, had spoken so loud much of what they said could be heard by Myra Pemberton and Minda. But as the name of him whom it principally concerned was not mentioned, it did not even occur to them that Anvers was the person referred to, who had been tried and found guilty of a crime worthy of death.

They supposed that Jemmison as well as Braxon had gone, and having waited till they imagined there had been time for him to reach the boat, they had already approached the mouth of the cave within a short distance, when the sound of his heavy footsteps caused them to hurry back to their former place of concealment. They barely had time to do so, when he re-entered. The horrible thought that he might intend to remain there for the night—for they had not heard what he said to Braxon about returning—presented itself to their minds. Their terror increased, when again producing his tinder-box, he struck fire, and lit a small lamp instead of his pipe.

As the light streamed along the cave there was a nervous, involuntary movement made by one of the prisoners. The noise thus made, slight as it was, did not escape Jemmison's ear, for holding the lamp close to the ground, he alternately passed it along on each side of him as he cautiously advanced. He did not proceed to the extremity of the cave, however, and the feeble light of the lamp piercing but a short distance into

the profound gloom, they escaped his eye, though if only a single ray had fallen on the white garments of Myra, he must unavoidably have seen her.

Retracing his steps to about midway of the cave, he placed the lamp on the ground, and with an old spade, which he probably brought with him for the purpose, he commenced digging in the sandy soil. The sinister aspect of the person before them, his employment, the sound of his gruff voice, uttering in low, monotonous tones what might have passed for the tune of some dismal ballad, the flickering light which from the dampness of the air, seemed every moment to burn dimmer and dimmer, all combined to deepen the impression of terror and dread which had seized them.

"For what purpose could he be disturbing the damp earth of that lonely place?" was the question which Myra asked herself.

The grave, the bloody corpse of some murdered victim, for the present concealed in some dark recess, to be dragged forth from its unhalloved sepulture, were the images which crowded to her imagination. Minda with difficulty suppressed an audible expression of her terror, which, if possible, was even greater than that of her young mistress. They were much relieved, when after making a comparatively slight excavation, they saw him lay aside his spade, and from a knapsack, which they had not before observed, take a small box.

He opened it and slightly examined its contents, muttering as he did so: "After all, Atherly isn't as cunning as he thinks he is, or he never would have consented to give me these written instructions as to how I must proceed to entrap the young officer, and much more sign his name to it. I shall have him and Braxon too under my thumb as long as these remain safe."

Replacing the papers, he hastened to put the box in the cavity he had made, and after covering it with the earth, to obliterate the traces of what he had been doing. He then, to the great joy of Myra Pemberton and Minda, left the cave. Venturing forward, they saw him enter the boat and commence rowing for the opposite side of the river.

"Supposing I should dig up the box, so that you can see what the papers are about?" said Minda.

"Not now," was Myra's reply. "I will first speak to Mr. Danbridge about it."

CHAPTER XXI.

SYBIL FINCHLEY BRINGS BAD NEWS.

"Too late! too late!"

Such was the exclamation of a tall, dark-complexioned woman, who in a hurried, agitated manner approached Mr. Danbridge as he was slowly riding up the avenue that led to his house.

"Who are you, and what is the meaning of what you say?" he demanded, imagining her to be some one suffering from mental aberration.

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"You have seen me many a time in Old England. My name is Sybil Finchley."

"I recollect the name."

"Well you may. I watched by the bedside of Grace Danbridge, your young and lovely wife, and the mother of your fair boy many a long day and night before she died."

"I know it. I was grateful to you then, and have often thought of it since. But what did you mean by saying it was too late?"

"That you shall know by-and-by. First tell me if you have heard the news?"

"No. It is bad news, I suspect."

"Yes, such as will throw a shadow over all your future life."

"What is it?" Tell me at once."

"It has reference to the young man you know as Lieutenant Anvers."

"He has met the soldier's fate—death on the battle-field?"

"No, the traitor's doom."

"There is one over whom this will cast a darker shadow than over me. But it cannot be. The open-hearted, noble-minded Anvers could never have been a traitor."

"That is true. He was the victim of the foulest conspiracy which it ever entered into the hearts of wicked, evil-minded men to contrive. Could I have reached here a few days sooner, I might, by enlisting the sympathies of those who could trace and lay bare the dark and hidden windings of the plot, have been in season to save

his life, and restore to you a son worthy to bear your name."

"I don't understand you. Not an hour since I saw my son, who was alive and well."

"You saw him you call your son?"

"And is he not my son?"

"No. Anvers is, or rather was your son."

"What she says is true," said he who had so long borne the name of Percy Danbridge, who, unperceived by either, had approached near enough to hear what was said; "Lieutenant Anvers was your son—I a changeling."

"And an impostor."

"No, that vile name doesn't belong to me. It is only a few weeks since the fraud was made known to me, when I would have revealed it to you had I not been warned by one wiser than I am, that the disclosure would be premature."

"It was I that prevented him," said Sybil, "for I wished first to obtain such proof as would make it clear that Anvers was your son. They were too quick and too crafty for me. They have accomplished their purpose. The proof is obtained, but too late. Did you ever see that before?" said she, handing him a coral necklace with a plain gold clasp.

"Hundreds of times. It was my first present to my son. He was in his mother's arms when I clasped it round his neck. How came you by it?"

Suppressing her brother's name, she briefly and rapidly recapitulated the incidents of the scene enacted in the deserted hut, and those which followed, up to the moment when she left the child in the care of the young man in the stage-coach.

"If so interested in the child's welfare," said Mr. Danbridge, when she had finished her narrative, "why didn't you divulge the affair at once?"

"How could I, when the only person in the wide world with whom I could claim kindred, and who, with all his wrong doing was dear to me, had by the gold offered as a reward been tempted to become the agent in the base affair? 'Twas well that he did. Had some other one been employed, he might not, like him, have spared the child's life. He would perhaps have fulfilled the directions given him to the letter. I did, at a subsequent period, intend to let you know, but when I found that Mrs. Cline had written to you, giving you an account of some other circumstances connected with the child, and that you took no notice of her letter, I concluded you considered it a fabrication unworthy your notice, and would look on whatever I might tell you in the same light."

"I never received a letter from Mrs. Cline."

"I have since found that you did not. The vessel was wrecked by which she sent it."

While this conversation was passing between Mr. Danbridge and Sybil Finchley, Braxon with the intention, as he had told Jemmison, of carrying the news concerning Anvers to the Mansion House, emerged from the woods. The distance was not so great as to prevent his recognizing Sybil, and alarmed at seeing Mr. Danbridge apparently in conversation with her, he retreated a little, and remained hovering just within the edge of the woods.

Myra Pemberton and Minda, when they left the cave, avoided approaching the house by the more direct path, lest, should he chance to see them, the suspicion of Braxon might be excited. The more circuitous way which they selected, screened them from the view of those in and near the house, and led directly to that part of the avenue where Mr. Danbridge and the two with him still remained.

At sight of Myra, Mr. Danbridge could no longer control his emotion. It caused her thoughts to revert to Anvers. He might be wounded—perhaps dead.

"You have heard bad news," said she.

"I have. Tell her—I cannot," said he, turning to Sybil.

Before she had time to comply with his request, some one bounded over an adjoining hedge, and ran to the place where they stood.

"Tony," said Sybil, "where did you come?"

"From the hut 't'other side of the river. Bart is there, and sent me. He said you'd want to hear the news."

She attempted to draw him aside, for she was afraid that he was going to enter into the details of the execution of Anvers. By a sudden and dexterous movement he eluded her.

"That gentleman," said he, designating Mr. Danbridge, "and this young lady will like to hear it as well as you, I reckon."

"We should. Keep us no longer in suspense," cried Myra, with white and quivering lips.

"Well, it isn't bad news I've come to bring, so the lady needn't turn so white."

"Why don't you tell what it is, then?" said Sybil.

"Lieutenant Anvers is reprieved."

"Reprieved!" exclaimed both Mr. Danbridge and Sybil.

"Yes—that's the truth."

"How came it about?" said Sybil.

"Why, you see a friend of his didn't believe he was guilty, and begged so hard for him to be reprieved long enough to give a chance to look into things, that they who had the management of such affairs concluded they'd put off the execution four days longer."

"Only four days?" exclaimed Sybil.

"Wait and hear me through. Well, this friend of his worked night and day for him, but somehow everything seemed to turn against him. At last, Anvers, who'd been examining the letter the pedler brought him pretty narrowly, told Ellis, the friend of his I mentioned, that he didn't think the writing looked so much like Ensign Clayton's as he thought it did at first. When he heard that, Ellis didn't wait a single minute, but started right off after the ensign, for you see 'twas dark then, and the reprieve would be out next morning at sunrise."

"And did he find him?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

"That's what he did," replied Tony, warming with his subject, and getting the better of the slight shyness which he at first felt on account of the presence of Mr. Danbridge and Myra, when he found what interested and eager listeners they were.

"And then?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"He brought him right back with him, and just in time to save the prisoner's life. In ten minutes more they would 'ave been too late."

"And what about the letter? Did Clayton write it?"

"No, nor never thought of such a thing. He had never been sick, nor never had been at any such place as the letter said Anvers must go to."

"That satisfied them, I should think," said Sybil.

"Not quite, for though all gave up that the writing inside of the letter was very different from some Ensign Clayton had with him, a letter which was directed to a French officer with Anvers's name signed to it, he owned looked exactly as if he had wrote it himself."

"And will they dare do otherwise than let him go free, now that one of the letters has proved to be a forgery?" said Sybil, with elevated voice, and her eyes sparkling with angry excitement.

"I don't know about it myself, but Bart said he would be dealt fairly by."

Myra Pemberton had meanwhile stood by a silent listener, and in comparing what Tony had told them, with what she had heard pass between Braxon and Jemmison when she and Minda were secreted in the cave, she felt satisfied that the person who formed the subject of their conversation was Anvers. If so, the papers contained in the box which the pedler concealed with so much care, judging by what he muttered to himself while thus engaged, might afford the means of proving the innocence of Anvers, and of exposing those, who for the accomplishment of some purpose to her unknown, evidently wished him to be out of the way. She took Mr. Danbridge aside and related to him the adventure of the cave.

"Anvers was the person alluded to, without doubt," he said, in reply to what she had told him. "The papers must be secured without a moment's loss of time. I'll go for them myself."

"Either I or Minda must go with you and point out the spot where the box is buried, or you might look for it in vain."

"I will take Minda with me, and leave you to explain to Sybil Finchley the reason of my abrupt departure, and if you can, prevail on her to remain here till I return."

CHAPTER XXII.

WARNED BY CANDACE, BRAXON AND HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES ESCAPE BEING ARRESTED.

AFTER a while Braxon ventured to mingle with some of the people belonging to the plantation. Juba, who for some purpose had been sent by Mr. Danbridge to the nearest hamlet, had just returned, and brought with him the report that Lieutenant Anvers had been tried and exe-

cuted for some crime, the nature of which he had not been able to fully make out. The fears and misgivings which had nearly overwhelmed Braxon at the sight of Sybil, were relieved while he simulated the appearance of mingled grief and indignation at what he termed the baseness and turpitude of one so young as Anvers.

"It may possibly be a false report," said he, anxious to elicit something which would substantiate what Juba had heard.

"I wish it was false," said Juba, "for nobody can ever make me believe he deserved to die; but a man right from here said that four musket-balls struck him right in the heart."

"Enough to kill almost any one I should think," said Braxon, while for a moment losing the control of his countenance, it lighted up with a glow of satisfaction.

During this time, Candace Atherly, though with an anxious and throbbing heart, had to all appearance been very calm and quiet as she moved round from place to place. She had managed to hear a few words of what Tony had said, and though they were so disjointed that she could not clearly make out their meaning, she was satisfied in her own mind that the news Juba had brought could not be depended on. When she saw Myra Pemberton go into the house, and

and taking advantage of the slight noise Myra made in leaving the room, she placed herself in an easier and more convenient position for looking and listening.

When Myra returned, both Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge were with her. Mrs. Danbridge, who in a few words had been informed of what took place, and of her husband's going thither, had brought with her a large bunch of keys. The box was placed on a table, and all the smaller keys were successively applied to the lock, but none would fit it.

"This will open it," said Mr. Danbridge, taking a strong, short-bladed knife from his pocket.

Unfolding the first paper which presented itself, and glancing his eyes over it, he saw that it contained instructions relative to the time and manner of delivering several letters, according to the superscription of each. It was written in a style so clear and brief as to almost preclude the possibility of being misunderstood, and laid bare the whole iniquitous plot for the entrapping of Anvers from beginning to end. It was without signature, and had it not been for a note directed to Jemmison and signed "Wellford Atherly," which appeared to have been written in great haste, it might have been difficult to determine who the disguised author was.

"Braxon. It appears by this that he was the instigator of the whole. His reign, however, is over I think, as well as that of his accomplices."

"Perhaps not," said Candace to herself, as she softly left the closet.

In a few minutes she had reached the spot where, according to appointment, Braxon was awaiting her.

"All is discovered!" were the words with which she greeted him.

He started and turned pale.

"Jemmison must have betrayed us," he then said, calmly.

"No, some papers have been found which disclosed the whole."

"Where were they found?"

"I don't know, but they implicate you, my brother and Jemmison. Preparations are making for the arrest of all three of you. Make the best of the short time which remains."

"Are you sure that I am implicated?"

"Mr. Danbridge mentioned you as the ringleader."

"If I only had the means of crossing the river, all three of us could escape together. Your brother and Jemmison were to meet me in the cave to-night at eleven o'clock. It won't do to wait till then."

"Stop," said she. "It is no time now to ask questions. Think only of how you can escape. A single minute's delay may be fatal."

Braxon by this time had joined them.

"Where can we go?" he asked.

"Jemmison," said Atherly, "that must be left to you. You know every nook and corner between here and the seashore which will answer for a hiding place."

"Yes, but it won't do to go far in pursuit of one," said Jemmison.

"No, it must be some one we can reach between this and daylight."

"Moonlight, you'd better say. I can think of only one near enough for that," replied Jemmison, "and the way to it is dangerous; but once there, I defy any living thing but a bloodhound to find us."

"Why is the way dangerous?" inquired Braxon.

"Because of the rapids."

"Rapids? Can they be crossed?"

"Yes, for I crossed 'em myself once. The boat when it struck 'em skipped about as if it had been nothing more'n a dry leaf for a spell, —and then the plunge downward—I'll say nothing about that, except that it made me feel rather dizzy."



KNUCKLE DOWN.

[See page 109.]

take Sybil Finchley with her, she determined to know what passed between them. Having first succeeded in intimating to Braxon that she wished to meet him about an hour from that time, at a place she mentioned, and where they had more than once already met, she entered the house by a back door.

She had previously, through an open window, seen that Myra and Sybil were in an apartment little frequented by the family, and what still more favored her purpose, one that communicated with a closet of which she had the key, and which looked on the inside. There, secure from the danger of discovery, she could remain as long as she pleased, and by means of a slight flaw in the partition, act the double part of spy and eaves-dropper.

Something like half an hour had passed, and Candace had ascertained nothing which she deemed of sufficient importance to reward her for her trouble, when Myra, who sat watching by a window, told Sybil that Mr. Danbridge was coming.

"He won't know where to find us," she added. "I must go and tell him."

Candace saw that both she and her companion were much excited.

"I shall be paid for waiting now," she thought,

"I was so stupid," it said, "that I forgot previous to your leaving this quarter to charge you to burn the paper containing the directions relative to the distribution of those letters the moment you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with its contents. I shall be on thorns till my messenger returns, lest he should fail to find you."

That Myra and the others might not be held in suspense, Mr. Danbridge read aloud both the note and the paper containing the directions.

"These two of themselves will be sufficient to invalidate the evidence which condemned—"

"Percy Danbridge, you should say," said Sybil, seeing that he hesitated. "I have the means of confirming this by evidence still stronger than what has yet been made known to you."

"The young man carries the confirmation in his own person," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Myra and I remarked the strong resemblance he bore to Mr. Danbridge the first time we saw him. Strange we didn't think more of it."

"Who could have thought, that with his smooth, oily tongue he was such a thorough-going hypocrite?" exclaimed Mr. Danbridge, who had been looking at another of the papers.

"Who is a hypocrite?" inquired Mrs. Danbridge.

"Conceal yourself there, and I will bring him here in less than half an hour. A signal has been agreed on between us, by which I am to let him know whenever his presence is needed."

In less than ten minutes afterwards a slender spire of flame shot upwards from the brow of the precipice, which overhung the entrance of the cave, the light being screened from the view of those at the Mansion House by a dense thicket. Candace stood watching the opposite shore for five minutes, when she saw through the fast gathering gloom what appeared like two moving shadows. Then some object, darker than the calm surface of the river, commenced gliding across it. It was not long before the dip of oars could plainly be heard. Descending the steep hill, she hastened to the spot where she knew the boat would touch the shore.

"What's happened?" were the words of Wellford Atherly, as he sprang from the boat.

"Nothing," she replied, in a cold, calm voice, "only you and your confederates are betrayed."

"Betrayed? How?"

"By means of some papers which have been found."

"Jemmison, did you dare disobey?" commenced Atherly, assuming a threatening air; but he was silenced by Candace.

"Must they be crossed to reach the only safe place you know of?" said Candace.

"Yes, the only one, as I've already said, that can be reached in time to save us; and when we get there, we must stay till the heat of the search after us is over."

"We must venture," said Atherly—"that's plain. You've crossed 'em you say, and what's been done once, may be done again."

"And you know the old proverb," said the pedler, "He that's born to be—"

"There's no time for proverbs now,—we must be off," said Atherly, interrupting him with angry impatience, and he jumped into the boat.

The two others followed, when a few rapid and vigorous strokes of the oars placed them midway of the stream. Assisted by the current they moved on with much velocity.

The question, "How far from here?" and the answer, "Six miles," were the only words which were spoken till they could hear the dull, hoarse murmur of rushing water. Soon the murmur grew to a heavy, booming sound, which broke sullenly on the still night air, and warned them that they would soon reach the rapids. Jemmison, without speaking, went forward with an oar in his hand and stood in the bow of the boat. Recent rains had increased the volume of the

stream, which, as he well knew, rendered the danger far more imminent than when he passed the rapids several years previous.

About midway, between where the stream began to feel the accelerated speed and force of the current and its final downward rush, there was a large rock, which, when the river was not swollen, rose several feet above the water. It decreased greatly in size as it approached the surface of the river, that part which commonly rose above it being called the Demon's Head. Now there was reason to fear that it was quite or nearly submerged. Still there were certain landmarks which Jemmison believed would so accurately indicate its location as to enable him to prevent the boat from being dashed against it. Still the risk was great. He considered the chances ten to one against him.

"Shall we wait here till the moon rises?" he asked.

The question had barely left his lips, when they heard a faint and distant halloo.

"You are answered," said Braxon. "That is the voice of our pursuers."

A sudden lift of the boat, as if strong yet quivering hands had raised it, warned them that it had already touched the furious and impetuous currents, which would irresistibly urge it on-

"Or what?" Braxon repeated.

"Death! death! That is what. The demon will get his prey!" he shrieked, as he felt the oar slip from the treacherous rock, precipitating him headlong into the midst of the tumultuous, hissing waves, where he sunk to rise no more.

A single breath, and then came a shock which stove the boat to pieces. A wild, frantic cry was borne to the ears of their pursuers. At the same moment the moon showed its disc above the eastern horizon, and a few who were in advance of the rest, caught a glimpse of two struggling forms.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord," were the words, which in accents clear, solemn and impressive rose from the lips of a venerable, gray-haired man, as they disappeared from view amid the boiling waves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

MR. DANBRIDGE had just despatched a trusty messenger with a letter to Colonel Monckton, stating that papers had been found which would fully exonerate Lieutenant Anvers from the

not cause me to cast aside all thought of him who for so many years was innocently made the instrument of the fraud practised against me, for the poor boy is most wofully deficient in worldly wisdom. Where is he?" said he, turning to Sybil. "I saw him on the lawn only a few minutes ago."

"He is waiting for me by the river, and I must go," she replied. "We shall return tomorrow. Before I go, let me remind you that those who sought the life of Percy Danbridge are still at large."

"One higher than man has dealt with them," said Dillard, who had been one of those sent in pursuit of them, and who had entered the room in season to hear Sybil's remark. "They tried to escape by passing over the rapids, and all three were lost. I arrived just in season to see the boat dashed against the Demon's Head."

As Sybil Finchley had promised, she and the c-devant Percy Danbridge returned the following morning. They were not alone; Zorayne was with them.

"She is my promised bride, and dearer to me than all beside, which this earth holds," said the young man, leading her towards Mr. Danbridge. "Will you not sanction our betrothal, give us

"He does not."

"You do?"

"Yes," and she whispered the name of Robert Braxon.

"Has he manifested any anxiety to know?"

"He has asked no questions, though I think that he has some suspicion of the truth."

"If he is content, let it remain a suspicion."

"That is what I say. The name of Braxon would cause him to be looked upon with dislike. It would be like a curse cleaving to him."

"Still he must have a name."

"Let it be Percy Wilmot—Wilmot was his mother's name before she was married to this miserable Braxon."

This proposition, when mentioned to the young man, was readily acceded to, and ever afterwards he was known by that name.

As time advanced, he proved that he possessed many good and noble qualities. He never fell back into his old apathetic and indolent habits. The same bright being who had stirred the deeper fountains of his heart, still continued by her influence to sustain its best and healthiest energies.

Never was there a goodlier feast, or a more plentiful, spread in the old baronial halls of Merrie England, than that which was prepared



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

[See page 109.]

wards. With white and compressed lips Braxon and Atherly abandoned their oars and held fast by the edge of the boat. Jemmison, bracing himself still more firmly, kept his eyes fixed on the spot where he knew by the white foam tossed high into the air from the seething waves was the dangerous rock. As they neared it, the Demon's Head, just discernible in the starlight, looked through the mist and foam as if wrenched with serpent locks.

His object was to bring the long yet sturdy oar, which he now grasped with both hands, to bear so quickly and firmly against the rock as to give the boat an outward impulse, and thus give it a chance to shoot by before again brought within the control of those rushing, whirling currents, which otherwise would insure its destruction.

"Now, comrades," said he, "life for all three of us, or—"

"Or what?" cried Braxon, finding that he did not finish the sentence.

Without heeding the question he bent forward, and with his whole strength concentrated as it were in his muscular arms, struck the end of the oar against the rock, a few feet below where the Demon's Head could be seen darkling through wreaths of feathery foam.

charges which had been brought against him, when a chaise drove up to the front entrance of the Mansion House. A lady alighted and inquired for Mr. Danbridge.

"You have come in good time," said Sybil Finchley, going to the door. "I was expecting you, but was afraid you wouldn't come. This is Mrs. Anvers, Mr. Danbridge," who having heard himself inquired for, had come forward.

"Your presence here is most opportune," said he, after a few words of cordial welcome. "I have many things to say to her who has so long been a mother to him I have reason to believe is my son."

During the long conversation which ensued, many incidents were brought to light, which, trifling of themselves, were such as to corroborate what had been made known to him by Sybil Finchley. Among other things, she produced the piece of paper which she had found pinned to the child's dress.

Without entering more minutely into details, it will be enough to say that at the close of the interview, Mr. Danbridge did not entertain a doubt that he whom he had loved and esteemed as Lieutenant Anvers, was Percy Danbridge, his son.

"But being assured of this," said he, "must

your blessing, and leave to live in the little cottage, which Zorayne has made a fit dwelling for a fairy queen? If you will, we shall be happy. We shall wish for nothing more."

A vivid blush, such as glows in the heart of the red rose, broke through the olive of her cheek, a soft smile hovering on her coral lips, and the light which beamed in her large, dark eyes was half veiled by their long, silky lashes, as Zorayne stood by her lover's side.

"I cannot doubt the truth of what you say," replied Mr. Danbridge. "Such a bright young creature as this would make the humblest home a paradise. All you ask I grant cheerfully, gladly. What more I intend to bestow on you shall be made known hereafter."

"Pardon me, sir," said Zorayne,—"I too have a boon to ask," and she cast a shy glance towards her lover.

"Before hearing your request, my sweet child, I think I can promise that it shall be granted. Let me hear what it is."

"To let him retain the name of Percy. I have learned to love it so well."

"Willingly. It would be hard and ungenerous to prohibit what can injure no one. Does he know the name he is entitled to?" said Mr. Danbridge, speaking aside to Sybil.

Christmas day at the Mansion House of Danbridge Plantation.

Juba, Pelus and Minda fully realized their own importance, and it must be confessed that they displayed much tact and skill in carrying out certain tasteful arrangements, the accomplishment of which had been especially confided to them.

"I don't believe," said Minda, "that there was ever so grand and beautiful a wedding as this will be, and I know that the sun never shone on so handsome and noble looking a bridegroom as Captain Percy Danbridge."

"What do you call him captain for, when he's nothing but a lieutenant?" said some one standing by.

"Nothing but a lieutenant? I can tell you better than that. I heard Mr. Danbridge tell all about how he was promoted for his military skill and bravery at the taking of Fort Gaspereau, on Green Bay."

"What a head you hab, Minda," said Juba. "You know how to speak de big words equal to Miss Myra."

"What should hinder me from knowing," said she, tossing her head a little proudly, "when I have the benefit of her example every day of my [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 109.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

An angel whispered me last eve,
And this was the glad tale he told,
That some bright Christmas he would weave
A splendid chain of green and gold.

The spirit's pure, unfading youth
Would still be shadowed in the green,
While the immortal rays of truth
Would mingle with the gold's rich sheen.

"Will it be mine?" I asked of him—
The angel drooped his wing and sighed.
"Ah, no! for thee the gold is dim—
The evergreen hath lost its pride.

"For two kind hearts that melt in one,
I bind my blessed, lasting chain,
And when around them it is thrown
No time its links can part again."

I knelt—but lo! no shape was there,
No angel form my eyes to bless,
But on my wall was written fair,
"Rejoice in others' happiness!"

And by the moon's soft tracery,
I saw the chain of green and gold—
And what the angel told to me,
Dear friend, to you again I've told.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 6.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Midnight in the tropics.—Massacre of the crew of a Portuguese brig.

THERE is something romantically beautiful in a tropic night, at sea, especially if a gentle breeze is blowing. The air feels refreshingly cool, after the intense heat of the day. It fans the hot cheek and fevered brow, and imparts a delicious coolness to the head, as it gently stirs the moist hair. You inhale its freshness through the swelling nostrils and the parched and parted lips, and feel its revivifying power in the quicker circulation of the languid blood, and the suddenly invigorated frame. If it be near the full moon, the wide circle of the horizon seems to be indefinitely extended, and if the vessel be near land, every point and promontory is plainly and sharply defined against the clear blue-gray sky. Over your head floats the round moon—a lambent ball of pale yellow yet brilliant light—midway between the wide, lofty arch of the heavens, and the smooth, translucent sea, sparkling with phosphorescent flames. Stars, innumerable, infinitely more numerous than in the temperate zones, glimmer and glisten in the cloudless sky. It is *only* in the tropics that one can readily realize their immeasurable distance from the earth—the full, round moon seems almost within attainable distance, in comparison, while all the fantastic figures, by means of which astronomers have marked the positions of the constellations on the celestial globe, can be traced in the mind's eye. If you be blessed with fair eyesight, the smallest print can be traced at midnight as plainly as in broad day; the white deck of the vessel glows in the mellow brightness of the moon's rays, and the subtle light penetrates into every dark crevice, imparting a ghostly aspect to each conspicuous object, while in the smooth, transparent water, is seen an inverted reflection of the bold headlands; the ship, with its masts and spars, and broad white sails, and all the minute and delicate network of the rigging and cordage, and, far, far beneath, like a silver bowl studded with diamonds, quivering and glittering through the water, may be seen the reflection of the star-spangled heavens above, the moon seeming to float midway between the surface of the sea and the immeasurable deep—this last, the most beautiful sight of all.

It was on one of those lovely tropic nights, the glories of which I have feebly endeavored to paint—pen and ink, the colors and brush of the artist, even the inspired verse of the poet, are all unequal to the task—I was lounging idly over the bulwarks, peering down into the ocean deep, and, fancifully, peopling its vast expanse; its mountains and valleys, and gloomy caverns, and dark forests of jungles and seaweed, and grottoes of coral and shells, with the gnome and fairy population which the rich and fantastic flow of oriental imagination has assigned to the submarine world, and, occasionally, withdrawing my thoughts from the realms of fancy and fairy land,

and permitting them to dwell on my distant home and absent friends, thoughts that the midnight hours on the lonely ocean is very apt to conjure up, when I was startled out of my fanciful reverie by the boom of a distant gun, which strangely and mournfully broke the solemn stillness of the night.

"Eh! hilloa! I say, Stimson, what's that?" exclaimed the first lieutenant, who was lolling over the opposite bulwark, half wakeful, half dreaming, and, to use a vulgar adage, "killing two birds with one stone," chewing the narcotic leaf and the cud of reflection, at one and the same time. "Didn't you hear it, Stimson?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the quartermaster, thus addressed. "The sound came from seaward, leastwise, so it seemed to my ears. It were a ship's gun, I expect, sir."

"Yes: but a ship's gun fired at midnight and in such weather as this! I don't understand it."

"Send a hand aloft to see if there's any sail in sight, Mr. Lanyard (to the boatswain). We should see a vessel a long distance off this clear bright night. Stay—my spyglass, boy—I'll go aloft myself and reconnoitre."

Telescope in hand, the lieutenant ran rapidly up the main-rigging, and from the "top," peered keenly through the spyglass, in every direction.

"Can you make out anything?" he sung out to the seaman who had been ordered aloft, and who was now on the foretopsail yard.

"No, sir," replied the man. "I thought I did, just this moment, but it must have been a grampus' fin, or mayhap a shark. It jist 'peared and was gone—"

"Boom," came the sound of a gun a second time, causing both officer and seaman to start, so totally unexpected was the report, and so strangely distinct and solemn was the sound, heard in the stillness of midnight.

"That report came from seaward," exclaimed the lieutenant, "and the wind, what there is of it, is blowing from the land. The vessel from which the gun is fired, can't be far off, or we shouldn't hear the report so distinctly, and yet there's not a sign of a sail within five miles of us."

"Eight bells" (the hour of midnight) were struck at this moment. The watch was relieved, and the lieutenant awoke the captain, who had retired early to his cabin, and informed him that he had heard the boom of two guns, fired from leeward; as he spoke, the sound of a third gun was heard.

"It can be no engagement between a cruiser and a slaver," said the captain, as he ascended to the deck with the officer. "It must be a vessel in distress, and yet, it is singular, off the coast, amid the fine weather always met with at this season."

"Shall I give orders to bear down in the direction of the sound?" asked the officer.

"Certainly; let us discover whence it proceeds, if possible."

We had been "lying to," off and on from the land, but, in a few minutes, the yards were trimmed, and we were bearing down toward the supposed ship in distress. However, we heard no more guns, and an hour passed away without our perceiving anything.

The captain, who had remained on deck, was about to retire, believing that we had been deceived in the direction of the sound, and that it might have proceeded from a fort on the coast, a few miles to the northward, when his descent was arrested by the hail from the foretop.

"On deck, there!"

"Hilloa!"

"A sail in sight, on the lee bow."

"Good! What does she look like?"

"A full-rigged brig, sir. I can see her quite plain since the moon shone out from yon cloud."

A heavy black cloud had passed over our heads since midnight, completely obscuring the brilliant moonlight, and we had approached the vessel quite close, without perceiving her, as she lay concealed in the deep shadow the massive clouds had cast upon the water; but now, our attention being directed toward her, we could make her out, even from the deck, to be, as the sailor said, a full-rigged brig.

Her sails were all set, and she was running before the wind, though steering very unsteadily, sometimes flying up in the wind, until her sails were nearly taken aback, and then yawning off as widely in the opposite direction.

This was very strange, for the wind was steady, though light, and a boy might have been entrusted to steer such a vessel in such weather.

In consequence of her pursuing this unsteady course, we came up with her more rapidly than we should otherwise have done, as she was sailing on the same course with ourselves. We were soon within hail.

"What ship's that?" hailed the captain, through his speaking trumpet.

There came no response. The captain hailed again—still no reply. We could now perceive that the hull was very low on the water.

"There is no one on board," said the captain. "She is abandoned by the crew, though for why I can't understand. She seems to be water-logged. She must have sprung a leak, but it can't be from stress of weather."

We were now as close to the vessel as it was safe to be. There was no sign of a living creature on board; the captain held a brief consultation with the first lieutenant, and then issued orders to lower one of the quarter-boats.

"I will board the brig myself," said he, "and see what is the matter."

It was evident, from her build, that the brig was no slaver. She was a heavy, lumbering craft, such as is sometimes to be found engaged in the palm-oil trade. The moon was now shining quite brightly again, and as the boat pulled under her stern, we could read her name, in gilt letters.

"Antonia, Lisbon."*

"A Portuguese brig, from Lisbon," said the captain. "I can't speak Portuguese, but that is apparently a matter of little consequence, for there is nobody to discourse with."

"I can see some one looking over the bulwarks on the starboard bow, sir," said one of the boat's crew.

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain, "I'll make the fellow find his tongue, then." He was about to hail the supposed individual, when the head was withdrawn, and a moment after, the black muzzle of a large Newfoundland dog was seen peering over the quarter. The fore paws of the animal were resting on the bulwarks, and as he gazed earnestly at the boat, he gave vent to a long and piteous howl.

There was no doubt now, that the brig was abandoned by her crew, and the poor dog was asking our assistance to release him from his solitary prison, in the best manner he could. He did not, however, wait for us to get alongside, but as the boat, after rounding the stern, was pulled in towards the gangway, he sprang overboard and swam to the boat, resting his paws on the gunwale as soon as he reached it. A rope, a few inches in length, which appeared to have been broken by the animal's exertions in endeavoring to get loose from confinement, was fast round his neck. The captain patted him encouragingly on the head, but, with an exclamation of horror, he quickly drew back his hand. It was stained with blood which was oozing from a wound in the animal's neck.

"There has been some foul play on board that vessel," said the captain. "This dog has been fastened up and has broken loose, and received this wound, probably, in defence of his master."

The boat was soon alongside the brig, and having made her fast to the main chains, the captain and crew clambered up the sides.

There is always something solemn in boarding a vessel which has been abandoned by her crew. It causes a sensation something similar to that which might be felt on entering a deserted city, which, but a short time previous, had teemed with life. I have heard aged naval officers, who lived and served at the period when the great navies of the world were engaged in deadly strife, say that they would sooner board an enemy's ship, amid the excitement such an adventure creates, than board a deserted ship on the lonely ocean. How much more solemn, even fearful, is the sensation one experiences, when about to board a vessel which has lately been the theatre of lawless violence!

The moon was shining brightly on the deck when we leaped from the bulwarks, but, to our horror, we noticed that they were stained with dark pools of blood, still freshly spilt. That a desperate struggle had taken place upon the deck, was likewise apparent from the confusion which was everywhere to be seen. The ropes had been cast loose from the belaying-pins, and lay in tangled coils, stretched over the deck; buckets and tubs had been capsized; a tar-barrel had been overthrown, and the tar had escaped from the bung-hole in a wide, black stream; the cooking utensils from the galley, were scattered

*Lisbon is the Portuguese method of spelling the name Lisbon.

around, and near the gangway lay the broken stock of a musket, the barrel a few feet from it. With ready instinct, as if in him it had recognized the commander of the party, the dog, as soon as he had set foot on deck, caught hold of the leg of the captain's trousers, and dragged him toward the cabin, at the same time looking up piteously into his face, and giving utterance to a low growl as he looked around watchfully, which afterward subsided into a low whine.

The captain allowed his four-footed guide to conduct him toward the cabin door, one of the boat's crew following. On the way, the man stooped, and picking up some small object from the deck, handed it to the captain. It was a child's shoe—a tiny little shoe, of white satin, which must have been worn by an infant not more than two years old; but the captain shuddered as he received it. It was stained with blood! He and the sailor descended into the cabin, but in less than half a minute, the latter re-appeared on deck, his face as white as a sheet, and his features distorted with fear and horror.

"Go down into the cabin sir, please," said he to an officer who stood near, his voice trembling as he uttered the words. "There's been dreadful work aboard the brig."

The officer, accompanied by a couple of seamen, descended. The captain was kneeling on the floor, supporting the head of an aged man, whose appearance was that of a gentleman, although his clothing was partly torn from his back, and his shirt front, hands and face, as well as the long white hair which streamed in matted locks over his shoulders, were covered with blood. He had been stabbed in several places, but the blow which had rendered him senseless, and which had, in all probability been fatal, had been inflicted, seemingly, by a blunt hatchet, which had laid open his forehead. He made some faint motions with his hands, and moaned feebly, but we could not distinguish a word he said, except once, when he said in French, "*Mon enfant, ma Madeline, ma pauvre petite fille!*" He then relapsed into a state of utter insensibility, and dropping his head, as if the muscles of his neck were relaxed and unable to support its weight, lay as if he were dead.

"Poor old man! He cannot live," said the captain, and placing a cushion, which one of the sailors handed to him, beneath the old man's head, he stretched him gently on the deck of the cabin, and rising to his feet, proceeded to search the brig and endeavor to discover some evidence of the nature of the outrage that had been committed. "There has been sad work," said he to the lieutenant; "but whether the brig has been plundered by pirates and the crew and passengers massacred, or whether mutineers have done the horrid work, I cannot say. I wonder if that poor old gentleman below is the captain, or a passenger? The latter, I suspect; but how about the gun we heard, Mr. Murray?"

"There are two guns on board, and one of them has been recently fired. All the boats are gone."

"It looks like mutiny," said the captain, "but who could have fired the guns?"

The cabins were thoroughly searched. It was evident that there had been a female on board, but whether one or two, we could not ascertain, but two of the state-rooms were strewn with articles of female apparel, which, from their make and texture, led us to the conclusion that they were ladies of wealth. There had been a large quantity of gold-dust and ivory on board, for we found small quantities of both scattered around, and several boxes, which had contained gold-dust, had been broken open and their contents rifled. This treasure had been, probably, the incentive to the robbery and murder. The bulk of the cargo was palm-oil, which had been left undisturbed in the hold. The vessel had been scuttled, and the water was several feet deep in the hold. From the nature of the cargo, it was probable that, being so near the land, we could carry her into port before she sunk. If so, she would prove a valuable prize, as we should demand and receive "salvage." At all events, we resolved to try. A gang of men were sent on board from the schooner, and set at work at the pumps, while half a dozen men, under the command of the gunner, were to navigate the brig into the nearest port—Elmina, near Cape Coast Castle. Before the captain returned to the schooner, he visited the brig's cabin again and looked at the wounded man. He had breathed his last! A sheet was thrown over him, and he was left lying on the cabin deck. We tried to coax the Newfoundland dog to go back with

us. He was a noble specimen of his breed, but the faithful animal had stretched himself near the body of his dead master, his head resting on the old man's breast. He looked up into our faces with almost human intelligence in his dark eyes, and wagged his tail in token of thankfulness and gratitude, but no inducements could tempt him to forsake his sacred charge. Food was offered him, but he refused to eat.

We left the brig under the impression that the crew had mutinied and murdered the officers, and perhaps some of the passengers, and then made their escape in one of the boats with their plunder, intending to make the land—not more than ten or twelve miles distant—near Cape Coast Castle, where there are numerous creeks and bays, where they could land, dispose of their booty, and travel round to some shipping port. But that some of the crew or passengers had been spared, was evident, as it must have been they who had fired the signal gun which had alarmed us on board the schooner. They had, probably, become fearful that the brig would founder, or be carried far out to sea, and knowing that land was near by, they had taken to the remaining boat, leaving on board the old man, whom they had believed to be dead. It was, by this time, broad daylight. The wind had changed and a light breeze was blowing from seaward. Before noon, both brig and schooner were at anchor off Cape Coast Castle.

Inquiry was made whether any boats had been seen off the coast, or whether any persons had landed in the vicinity, but nothing of the kind had been seen. Measures were then taken to ascertain the ownership of the vessel. The cargo was discharged and sold for the benefit of the underwriters, and the brig taken into dock to undergo a thorough examination. She needed but little repair; she had been scuttled in three places, but the holes were easily stopped up, and then she was as seaworthy as ever.

Three months passed away, and at the expiration of that period, we heard from Lisbon, that the Portuguese brig *Antonia*, Andrea de Paulo, master, had sailed from Lisbon eight months previous, for the ivory and gold coasts, having on board as supercargo, Senor Don Vincent de Ferrara and his wife, and child and niece. Dom Vincent was, also, one of the owners of the vessel. His wife was a French lady. The brig was to load with palm-oil, and to procure as much ivory and gold-dust as the supercargo could purchase. She was two months overdue, and nothing had been heard of her since she left Lisbon.

So far satisfactory. The old gentleman we had found in the cabin was, no doubt, Dom Vincent de Ferrara, and the shoe that had been picked up stained with blood, was doubtless one of the child's; but the anxiety in every European port and settlement on the coast, became intense to know whether the child, or either of the unfortunate females was still living.

Another six weeks passed away. We received a handsome salvage, and a liberal reward was tendered to the crew of the schooner for the services they had rendered. A gentleman was sent from the firm in Lisbon to Cape Coast Castle, to take charge of the brig. A new captain and crew were engaged, and the vessel left Cape Coast Castle to proceed for a fresh cargo.

THE NEGRO AND THE NEEDLE.

It is not generally known that in the early progress of the needle manufacture we are indebted to the negro. The earliest record of needlemaking in this country is in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Cheap-side and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needlemaker's coat of arms being the head of a negro.—*History of Needlemaking.*

KEEP BUSY.

Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse, or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ELEANORA OF AUSTRIA.

BY ETHAN A. CRAWFORD.

THIS illustrious woman was the unfortunate successor of the "good Queen Claude" of France, and with as little chance of happiness. Married only from motives of policy on the part of Francis, whose finances had received a terrible check in the preceding war, his welcome to her was brief and unaccompanied with any of the circumstances of pomp or magnificence usual to the royal weddings of France.

After the queen's coronation, there was some show of festive splendor; yet this could not blind her eyes to the past, that the king's coldness and indifference was real. No touch even of the gallantry for which he was celebrated, characterized his conduct towards her, even in the first days of their marriage; and, at the queen's opening reception, he did not even give her the support of his presence, but stood at a distant window with Mademoiselle de Heilly, the reigning favorite, whom Francis had created Duchess d'Etampes.

Eleanora had her momentary revenge. When the favorite was announced to be presented to her, the queen turned suddenly away as she knelt before her, and did not present her hand. A murmur, loud enough to reach the ear of the sovereign, conveyed a threat of vengeance against her, through the preference of the king for herself. From that moment, Eleanora was completely desolated. In a retirement not less irksome because surrounded by the trappings of state and royalty, she had no witness to her grief, and no alleviation of her solitude, save the young sons of her predecessor, Claude.

To those she gave the full warmth of an affection so sorely disappointed elsewhere; and the princes returned her attachment with interest. Cheered by their love, she bore the indifference of their father with uncomplaining sweetness; and only sighed as she saw the azure-draped litter of her rival carried through the royal gates, for a morning airing to the favorite.

The neglect of the king arose certainly not for the want of beauty in the queen; for if painters have represented them aright, that of Eleanora must have far exceeded that of her rival. Young, beautiful and accomplished, her perfections would have chained almost any other heart than that of her profligate husband.

And indeed there was one heart that beat with warm though erring affection for the unhappy queen. Ignorant of the passion she had created, she looked upon the Mareschal de Montmorenci only as a friend—one who had known her in happier days in Spain, and who took an interest now in her altered fortunes.

Thus she ever welcomed his visits, since he alone seemed to feel her desolation; and, unconsciously her warm reception and kindly greeting gave him hopes that she returned his love. Hitherto the stern but upright soldier had been insensible to the love of woman; but now pity was succeeded by a sentiment as fond as was ever breathed from man to woman.

The queen sat at the window of her own apartment, alone. On that morning the whole court, as she supposed, were out hunting. She had watched the king as he went forth to the woods of Chambord, followed by Marguerite of Navarre, Catherine de Medici, and the everlasting blue litter of Madame d'Etampes; by the train of gay cavaliers and ladies who were ever ready to join any party of pleasure; and still she sat, looking out upon the Loire, her cheek resting upon her hand, and her whole countenance expressing the deepest and most intense suffering. Some one entering, broke the current of her melancholy thoughts; and looking up she saw the Mareschal de Montmorenci. She had not even heard the attendant announce him, so deeply had thought been busy in her heart. It was the face of a friend, and there were few that looked on her in these days of bitter desolation.

"Not at Chambord, M. le Mareschal!" she exclaimed, as she gave him her hand. "I thought the whole court was at Chambord."

"Your majesty is not there," he answered.

"No; it is seldom that I join in courtly pleasures. But wherefore are you absent?"

"Because," said the mareschal, in a voice that perhaps never trembled before, "because I am dying in your misery; because I see your unhappiness and the ill usage you receive, and—nay, kill me if you will, but let me say this once,

if never again, how I would have loved you. Let me say that I would even now die at your feet than suffer longer in silence."

Calm, serene and haughty, the queen rose from her seat.

"And you, too? Have you forgotten the respect due to your sovereign?"

She touched the small steel rattle which lay on the table beside her, as the mareschal fell on his knees at her feet.

"Shall I call my attendants to witness your position, sir?" she asked. "Shall I bring witnesses to the dishonorable situation in which you have placed yourself towards me?"

"God forbid, madame. I love you—that is a misfortune. I will not seek to make it a sin. My heart is still yours, but this shall be the last time I will say so. Only say that I may pronounce a simple good morrow, madame, when I approach you, and that when you hear those words you will think of me as your lover."

The queen smiled and promised. "I shall rely on your good faith, M. le Mareschal," she added.

"You may, madame; and remember if you should ever want one to avenge your deep wrongs, to summon me for that post of honor—it may be of danger—but danger incurred in your service would be dear to Montmorenci."

He had gone—but no one saw the bitter tears which fell from those beautiful eyes, in the inexpressible agony of that hour. And he who should have protected her from the mortification and wounded pride of that scene, was leading on his brilliant train in the woods of Chambord!

Yet so simple was the mareschal's humble request, so self-sacrificing his devotion, and so religiously did he keep the voluntary compact, that Eleanora's womanly feelings were all enlisted in his defence, and she again received him to her friendship and gracious demeanor.

When the quarrel was finally made up between the king and the brother of Eleanora, Charles V. of Spain, the reconciliation was brought about by the efforts of Montmorenci. The joy which the queen felt at this, found vent in grateful words to him for his success. Her warmth of manner apparently induced the mareschal to hope for another sentiment, for he gradually assumed a manner that reminded her of that hour of mortification at Amboise, on the day of the royal hunt. The queen instantly resumed the chilling coldness which she had then shown, and the interview was broken up.

But when freed from his presence, she smiled at her own fears of her eccentric admirer; and in token of her gratitude, she resolved to present him with some testimonial. Many things were suggested to her mind, but she ended by the choice of a magnificent chain of amber and gold, of Florentine workmanship and great value.

Ere she had fully determined to send it by one of her pages, instead of any other mode of presentation, she had commenced the evening reception. Strangely enough, the king, for the first time, came up to her apartments by a private staircase, on which he met the boy whom she had just despatched with the chain.

The page had adorned his own neck with the trinket; and it caught the eye of Francis in passing, and was instantly recognized as the queen's. The boy, in answer to his inquiries, told its destination, and the king possessed himself of the costly ornament, flung it around his own neck, and entered the queen's room.

The sight of the chain in its present situation, could not fail to arouse her fears, and the king's cold and suspicious manner, as the mareschal approached to say his "good morrow," convinced her that he was thoroughly awakened to a new thought, and that it was one alike derogatory to her and to Montmorenci.

The storm was already brewing. It was on the occasion of the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter of Marguerite de Valois—a marriage brought about by Francis, in opposition to Charles V., who had desired the bride's hand for Philip—that the tempest burst upon the mareschal's devoted head.

This marriage of the little princess with the Duke of Cleves, had been wept over with many tears. In vain had Marguerite pleaded, and Henri de Navarre expostulated. Francis was impenetrable alike to remonstrance or weeping. As the child-bride could not walk under the weight of her heavy jewels, it was necessary to carry her to the altar; and the Mareschal de Montmorenci was commanded by the king to perform that office; a command implying a positive affront to his high rank.

When the ceremony was over, Francis signified that the mareschal was at liberty to retire to one of his estates; and the following morning saw the brave and insulted old soldier, whose services should have deserved a better fate, on the road to Chantilly.

The moment arrived, however, in which he, who had asserted such power over the minds and hearts of human beings, was to pass through the furnace of death. Francis was mortal, although perhaps that thought never found place within him. "The lady-killer is going," was the exclamation of Count d'Anmale; and no less disrespectful were the words of many others. But where was his forsaken and injured queen? No summons brought her to his dying bed. No sound of repentance for her wrongs reached her ears; but when the splendid pageant of his funeral was over, and the vaults of Saint Denis had received all that remained of Francis d'Valois, the queen was removed to the court of Charles V., with full leisure to look back upon the strange life she had passed as sovereign of France.

Perhaps a thrill of joy at her freedom might have been hers, at the thought of meeting Montmorenci again. But the proud old soldier had regained his position at the court of the new monarch; and the Duchess d'Etampes was an exile. Once more Eleanora was in her own sunny Spain, and under the protection of her imperial brother. In that bright clime was there some Lethe which could drown the remembrance of the wrongs she suffered under the jewelled lilies of the crown of France?

LIFE IN GERMANY.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal gives the following among other items of his experience in Germany:—A German is nothing without his beer. A verse from one of the student songs expresses this idea,

"So stand we, by accordant band
Forever bounden here,
Aglow for Right, for Fatherland,
For Freedom and for Beer!"

The German farmer sticks to his old wooden plow, ark-fashion, I believe, if not altogether antediluvian, to his enormous hoe and spade, as religiously as if he had received the patterns from the very heavens. He disdains leather or chain traces, preferring ropes, tied to the whiffletree in a running knot, and as a general thing never presumes to bring wagon and team within two lengths of each other. The harness is never contrived for holding back, and the brake (a huge beam worked by crank and screw) must be applied, or the wheel chained, whenever the down grade exceeds five feet to the mile. If a loaded wagon is to be backed, the teamster must put his own shoulder to the wheel and call in the aid of any passing Hercules, if it proves too weighty for him alone. For a single horse team but one long rein is commonly used, divided into two short ones at the animal's neck, and the teamster guides him by the *slap* he is thus able to give him by jerking the rein one way or the other. The horses are often noble animals, and trained to obey this clumsy indication of the driver's will with docility and quickness.

Once or twice I ventured to enter a peasant's domicile, for the sake of seeing how the people really live at home. There I saw nothing special to relate, except that in one house I found a poor little baby tied to a chair, and "all alone by itself." The mother, who just then returned, had been away all day at work in the field, leaving the little creature of one year to amuse itself as best it could. It hadn't a single plaything, not even a stick to bite, and sat in its hard chair as solemnly as a little Dutch Solomon, its arms folded, mouth open, and eyes staring wide at me with baby questionings, but not with baby sprightliness. I half fancied that the day-long silence of the house had passed into the baby spirit, and made it dull and torpid. It wanted only to hear the word from the true magician, however; for the minute the mother's voice and step were heard in the entry, the little Solomon squeezed his eyes tight together, and gave shrill evidence of life and spirit. I made the mother grin with pleasure by praising the squalid little lump of flesh, and having bought a few bunches of magnificent grapes, took my departure from the house and village, revolving in my mind the question, how far German stupidity and dullness in general may be probably attributed to the practice of leaving babies alone all day, while the mothers are doing unwomanly work in the fields.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

During the past year, eighteen Revolutionary soldiers have died: David Chapin, Gideon Bentley, John Titus, William Matteson, Robert Gallup, Zachariah Greene and David Davis, of New York; Zaccheus Robinson and Abraham Rising, of Massachusetts; William Turkey and Rev. John Sawyer, of Maine; Thomas Kerowltin and Elisha Mason, of Connecticut; Geo. Wells and Charles Garman, of Tennessee; James Bushnell of Vermont; Henry Straight and John Frazer, of Ohio. The Secretary of the Interior, in his last annual report, says there are yet two hundred of the patriots of the Revolution living and receiving their pensions.—*Washington Union.*



THE HARBOR OF PAPENOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

[From our own Correspondent.]
PAPENOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

PAPENOO, SOCIETY ISLANDS,
 JULY 10th, 1858.

MR. BALLOU,— * * * Please find enclosed, a drawing in Indian ink and pencil just completed, and representing the harbor where our good ship is lying at anchor. I have followed carefully, in my delineation, the gracefully undulating shores of the bay, and sought to preserve the character of the rich tropic vegetation that delights the eye whichever way it turns, making bowers of the low huts of the natives. By way of contrast to the huge bulk and symmetry of the ship, I have drawn you a native canoe. They make very graceful ones and handle them with wonderful dexterity. I

tell you that the breath of this summer morning, wafted through perfumed groves, and dashed with a salt sea flavor, is paradisiacal; and lovely is the scene of peaceful nature before my eyes, after the tossings and tumblings of so many months past. If you are curious to learn just how far "your own" has ramblled, just take your map and you will find a group of islands lying in the South Pacific Ocean, between latitude 16° and 18° south, and longitude 149° and 152° west, which Captain Cook was so kind as to discover in 1769. The harbor in which we are lying is that of Papenoo, Otaheite, or rather Tahiti, the largest of the six islands. Tahiti is indeed "some punkins," as they say in your latitudes, being about one hundred miles in circumference. Before the island nature had been

brought into contact with European civilization, the island supported perhaps 200,000 natives, but they have dwindled away to less than a twentieth of that number. Yet let us not fall into the mistake of some, who have ascribed to the savage state "all the virtues under heaven." Long before they acquired any of the vices of civilization, they practised infanticide. They were also addicted to cruel rites, and placed no restraint on their passions. But the "mikonaree" came, and things were changed for the better. At first, however, the missionaries made little impression on the natives. Quite a number arrived here from England in 1797. Yet in 1814, there were in all Tahiti, only fifty natives who had renounced idolatry. But that number secured, conversions rapidly followed, and the whole

group of islands has embraced Christianity. There are schools, where the native children, who are bright and intelligent, receive a good education, there are shops where men learn European handicrafts, agriculture is improved, and, in short, a complete revolution has been effected by missionary labors. The inhabitants are tall and well made, of an olive hue, with a dash of red in it. They are mild and intelligent. Their language is not unmusical. The principal port of Otaheite is Papeta, which looks very like Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, at first view. The harbor is land-locked, circular, and presents a vast, smooth sheet of water, looking almost artificial in its regularity. A good deal of business is transacted, and many whalers make this port, though not so many as resort to Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands. The exports of Papeta are pearl-shells, sugar, cocoa nut oil, and arrow-root, which are exchanged for European or American manufactures, chiefly cloth and hardware. The land in these islands is, except here and there, richer than even our western prairies, producing an abundance of the bread-plant, cocoa, banana, yams, plantains, sugar-cane. What do you think of their being annexed to Uncle Sam's farm? I am not jesting—the natives are anxious for it, and the "gentleman from Tahiti" may yet make a sensation in Washington. I am perfectly enchanted with this quarter of the globe—such sunrises and sunsets, such spontaneity and luxuriance of vegetation, such delicious breezes, such bathing, and boating! Well, it is enough to make the most prosaic man poetical. Fortunately for you, however, and probably for myself, there is a plenty of "ready made" poetry on these themes. I need not refer you to the "Island," by Byron. A copy of that poem, and one of Hermann Melville's "Typee," have been my companions since I have been in these latitudes. One describes what he imagined, the other what he saw; and yet it is wonderful how true to the spirit of the scene Byron's descriptions are. But I must bid you adieu for the present. G.



THE NEW COURT HOUSE AT KEENE, N. H.

[See page 109.]



TROTTING ON THE MILLDAM, BOSTON.

TROTTING ON THE MILLDAM.

Having, in our last number but two, given sketches of trotting in sleighing-time, we now present an original design, drawn and engraved expressly for us, delineating trotting on the Milldam, the grand locale for this sport. We believe the turnout that occupies the centre of the sketch, is unexceptionable in the nattiness of its style, and that the action of the horse is a credit to that style of animal. As for the background, that is a faithful representation of the view from the Milldam. This avenue is almost the only one on which the gentlemen of Boston can exercise their bits of blood, not having as yet been paternally adopted by any horse railroad. Its course is nearly straight, with an occasional deflection, and it is thoroughly built and kept in excellent order. It is very sparsely built upon until you get a long distance out of town, and its general breadth affords ample scope for three vehicles abreast. Here then, of an afternoon, may you find owners and trainers of fast horses, in sulkies, skeleton wagons and light buggies. Here and there you see a man creeping along at a snail's pace, almost crawling like a shadow on a wall. He is waiting for a "customer." Nor waits he long. The tacit challenge is soon accepted; the nags begin to move, faster, faster, till each horse seems to have half a dozen

legs, and the wheels look like circular cobwebs, the body and springs showing through the whirling cloud. As the two gentlemen thus contend for victory, and each fancies that he has got the fastest nag upon the road, very likely a third customer will appear; possibly in an old "jumper" with rope-traces; not unlikely, the equine candidate for fame has but one eye, limps a little, flourishes a tail like a brush handle, guiltless of hairs, and has a coat as rough as a two-year-old calf after wintering out of doors. The gentlemen smile to each other, as they behold this spectre of a horse wallowing along behind them. Fatal smile! It has touched the quick the quizzical-looking driver of the jumper, who sits, out at elbows, in an old fur cap, smoking, "with short pipe, ruminant." "A yell! a crack of a leather thong! and the old horse in the jumper 'strikes his gait,' and a terrible one it is. Aged and battered he may be, but there is blood of high renown in his veins, and 'blood will tell.' He will overtake the gentlemen jockies as infallibly 'as destiny—as death.' A few more strides and he laps them. It now looks like an 'even thing' for a few minutes, while the three horses make play, straining every nerve for the mastery. But the dandies' horses are doing their very best, while the old horse-frame in the jumper is just warming up to his work. "Kin-

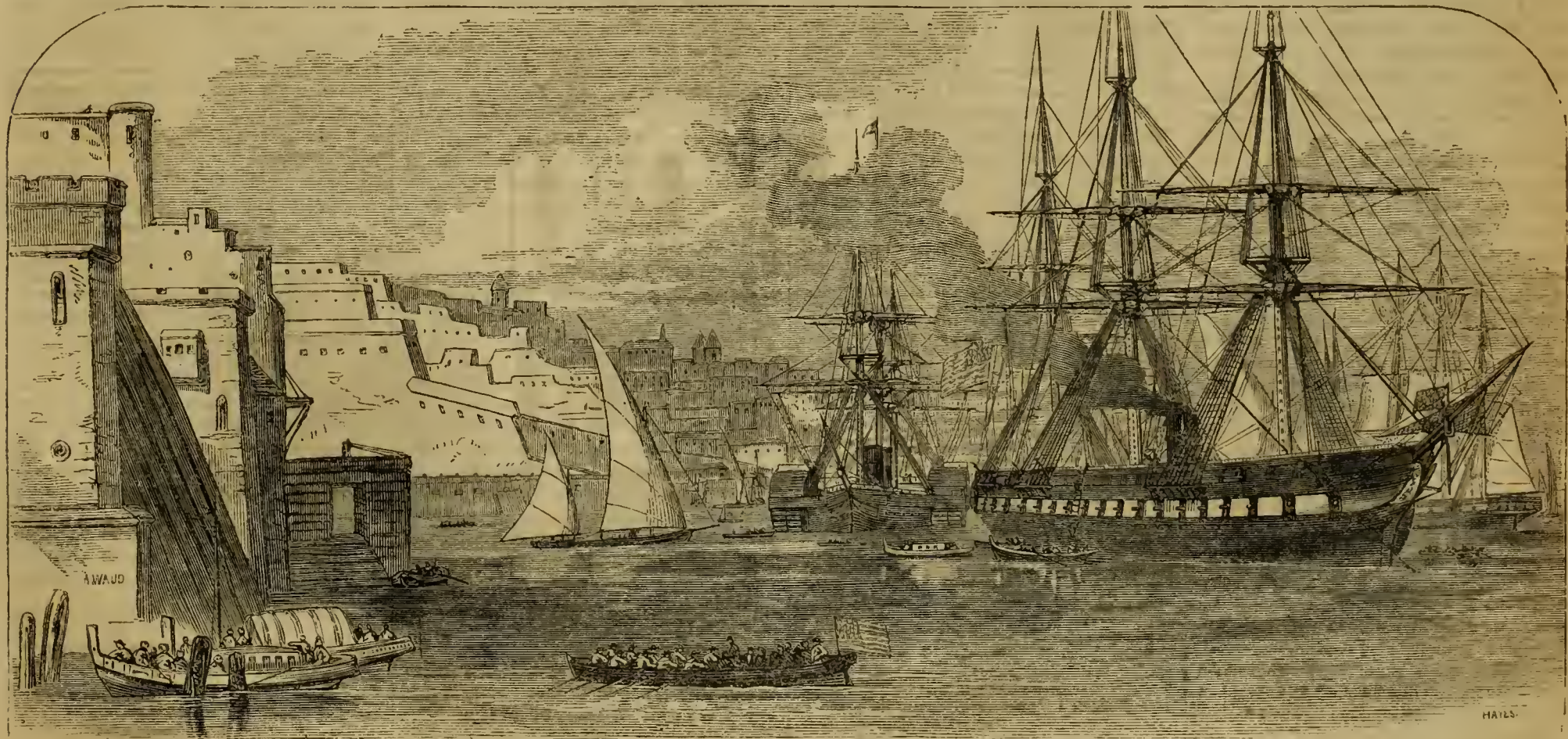
der ilin' his joints-like," as his highly-cultivated driver would observe. Now our Antomedon lets him out, striking for victory or death. We know not what visions of glory gleam on the single eye of the old horse, what hopes of a place in the "Spirit of the Times," that Valhalla of quadripeds, but he shoots ahead without a "break," and victory perches on the fur cap of his driver. Pardon his yells—for he is rude and uncultured—pardon that grimy thumb applied to his nose; pardon his vulgar exultation—for he has really won a great victory. He has beaten a pair of thousand-dollar horses handsomely, and what is better, vindicated the superior claim of blood—for his old horse has the blood of a long line of ancestry in his veins.

[Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON BOARD THE WABASH,
Valetta, Dec. 24, 1858.

FRIEND BALLOU,—Riding snugly at anchor, off the quaint old city of Valetta, I may as well spend a portion of my Christmas eve in spinning you a short yarn, to accompany a sketch I have prepared of the noble Wabash, which I assure you has won praises in all quarters during her Mediterranean cruise. I trust that the drawing will prove acceptable and available, on more accounts than one, though I fear a score of such

will not cancel the obligations under which your liberality has laid me. The fortifications here are superb structures, and "got up with a total disregard of expense." Forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli, which guard what is called the "grand harbor," are perfect models. Forts St. Angelo, Tigrie and Mannel are also excellent works. Valetta is well built, but is a curious place from the inequality of the ground on which it is built, so that to rise from the lower to the upper part of the town you have to climb up flights of steps. "Such a getting up stairs!" The Strada Reale, the principal street, is very wide, and paved, like the other streets, with lava. In the Marina, the lower part of the town, are superb quays and ranges of buildings, unequalled in any port I have ever visited. Churches meet the eye wherever you gaze. The most interesting is their mossy old cathedral built about the end of the 16th century. It contains the tombs of Knights of Malta, with marble effigies of the Christian warriors beautifully carved. In one of the chapels are some valuable relics of the past, in the shape of the keys of Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes. It would fill a volume to describe all the sights in this unique place, and the pen of a Dickens would find employment enough in portraying the peculiarities of the motley inhabitants. * * * REEFPOINT.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER WARASH, AT VALETTA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

In history's mine what galleries fair expand
Full of bright pictures for the artist's hand!
What woven threads of mingled joy and woe
Gloom in the darkness, in the sunlight glow!
Here pious Eliot stands in bold relief,
His Bible offering to some Indian chief;
Here Williams treads cold winter's icy path,
An exile from the fierce fanatic's wrath;
Here Endicott, who fears no test to meet,
Cuts England's red cross from her standard sheet;
Here, where a brighter, fairer shore appears,
Sir Walter Raleigh leads his cavaliers.
Behold you river with its brimming wave,
At once De Soto's glory and his grave—
The mightiest of the arteries that pour
Their life and wealth along the teeming shore.
Through castellated barriers, from the north,
A fairer river rolls its treasures forth,
Glides like a fairy bride to meet the main,
And tells us Hudson's story o'er again.
Our treasures swell with magical increase,
As hither flow the arts of war and peace;
Hamlets arise and cities grace the land,
And forests fall, and cultured fields expand.
How many legends can colonial life
To art supply—how many tales of strife—
Of sweet domestic love—of manly toil—
Few are the reapers, fertile is the soil.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In the year 1587, Queen Elizabeth bestowed an honor upon one of the sons of Erin as unusual as it was unappreciated by the brave men whom, just at that period, she sought to conciliate. This was the act of creating Hugh O'Neill—the representative and chief of the powerful family of that name—Earl of Tir-owen, or Tyrone.

In itself a royal name, the O'Neill needed no new dignity; and the acceptance of the patent was, in the eyes of his kindred, a tacit acknowledgment of the queen's authority, and therefore of positive degradation.

Seven years after this event, he suddenly called an assembly of his chiefs, renounced the title he had accepted, and resumed his own kingly appellation—The O'Neill.

Among the superstitious the report was then current, and tradition has preserved it, that in castle of Dungannon, where the Earl of Tyrone resided, the Banshee had appeared and led him to the defence of Ireland. Be this as might, something had occurred to make the brave prince of Tyrone tear the Saxon star from a breast which it had never honored. From this time he was called Red Hand, or Hugh of the Bloody Hand, and was solemnly invested with the honors and dignities of the Prince of Ulster, in the sacred stone chair so celebrated in the annals of the O'Neills. Close to his side had pressed Hugh O'Donnell, the very flower of Irish chivalry, who was distinguished throughout the length and breadth of the green isle for his beauty, courage and intelligence.

Perhaps the sad story of Hugh O'Donnell's death, brought on by treachery, had something to do with O'Neill's resignation of his patent of earldom. This young chief, known as Red Hugh O'Donnell, was basely decoyed on board a ship which was fitted up as a Spanish merchantman, and laden with wines. Under the walls of O'Donnell's castle the ship anchored, and was hailed by the generous chieftain with an invitation to come on shore and partake of his hospitality.

The answer came quickly that they could not stay, but entreated him to come on board with his friends and taste the rich Spanish wines they had brought. Unsuspecting and frank, the young prince, accompanied by two of the O'Neills, accepted the invitation. They descended to the cabin, and in a moment the hatches were closed. They were then put in irons and brought to Dublin Castle. This was done through means of Sir John Perrot, Lord Justice of Ireland, under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth.

From the prison where they bore their confinement for three weary years, they were fortunate enough, on one stormy winter's night, to escape. In making their way to the Wicklow mountains, one of the O'Neills, exhausted by fatigue and the blinding snow, laid down and died. Chilled and frost-bitten, O'Donnell and the bereaved brother watched all night by the dead, and were found thus by kind men, the O'Byrnes of Glen-

malure, in the morning, and conveyed to the castle of Dungannon, the residence of the Earl of Tyrone. It was then that the chiefs formed a league of deadly hatred against the English. The King of Spain had promised an army to aid them, and O'Donnell set out to see the king at Valladolid. He had reached Simanca, but could go no further. He died of a broken heart, on the 21st of September, 1602—a victim to Saxon treachery.

After the accession of James I., the northern chiefs, Tyrone and Tyrconnel, were accused of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The accusation was contained in a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, clerk of the council, which was dropped in the council chamber. Immediate flight was their only alternative from imprisonment and the death awarded to traitors; and they accomplished it by means of two or three staunch friends, who sailed in a ship to Ireland and took the princes and their kindred on board. Several of the Ulster nobles accompanied them, and many of the intimate friends of the two chieftains.

The O'Neill took with him his wife, Catharina Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh, John and Brian O'Donnell, his motherless child, scarcely a year old, and was accompanied by his brother and sister. It was a bright sunny morning in autumn—the festival of the Holy Cross—when the party embarked for the coast of Normandy; a morning, it would seem, too bright and beautiful for human hearts to be so pained. Still they knew whom they were following. In this, his dark hour, he was to them,

"Tir-owen's pride and Ulster's flower,
A prince, a hero, the O'Neill!"

As the chief stood on the deck of that vessel which was to bear him away from the beloved land of his birth, all the emotions of his kingly heart were aroused. He dwelt on the one act of his life which had degraded him; the moment when he bent the knee to Elizabeth of England, and thereby gave a suspicion of his faith. No more should the war cry of "The Red Hand forever!" thrill through that mighty heart from the lips of his followers. No more that cry should echo through the Pass of Plumes—the field where the pompous Earl of Essex left his plumed thousands upon the ground, vanquished by the prowess of the O'Moore, the McHugh and O'Neill; and last, but not least, was the thought that the name of O'Neill would thenceforth be written on the page whereon those of traitors were alone inscribed.* Hours after Catharina and her sons were sleeping, would he give up the moments to passionate grief. Hours would he watch the long line of foamy light which the ship left in the moon's cold rays, and resolve to cast himself beneath the waves.

"If it were not for my Kathleen!" he would exclaim, "how easy would be the plunge; but how—O, how can I leave her to the fate that would await Tir-owen's hapless widow!"

Thus sad and despondent, the lion-hearted chief arrived at the port of his destination. This was at Normandy; and from thence the party proceeded through France to Brussels. There the news, not unexpected, of the confiscation of six Ulster counties, by James I., reached them.

The warning of the Banshee was not in vain. The chief went from Brussels to Rome, to die! The same grave held him and Tyrconnel. They were buried on Saint Peter's hill, the mount where the martyr saint was crucified, and the shadow of the mighty pile rests on the earth where sleeps "Hugh, high prince and lord of Aileach's lands."

"High race of O'Neill! thy splendor has faded,
And the star of thy line sits all altered and shaded;
From Dungannon no more thy proud chieftains sail,
And burst on the plain from each mountain and valley.
The horn of thy hunters have no lip to sound it,
And the hearth of thy halls hath no joy twined around it.
The Saxons have conquered—thy glories are over—
And darkness descends on the house of Ceannover!
Yet, yet, though this Fate-Stone be loosed on Shane tower,
It totters, 'twill fall soon—O woe for the hour!
Some chief may arise with a soul to inherit
The fame of his sires, with their freedom and spirit.
What though the old tree may be worn out and drooping,
And each time-honored branch all leafless and stonping,
There are saplings abroad, by mountain and river,
And Tir-owen shall yet shout—The Red Hand forever!"

* Posterity has done more justice to the erring but still noble chief, than those of his own times seemed disposed to render. It is now generally disbelieved that the northern chiefs had originated the plot ascribed to them.

† The Fate Stone—a head carved in stone on the wall of Shane's Castle. There is a tradition that when it falls the O'Neills will be extinct.

I am fully persuaded that I shall love my friends in heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally binds them to me on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, nor love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things.—Baxter.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year \$2 50
One copy, two years 4 00
Five copies, one year 9 00
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One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Hon. Isaac Toucey, secretary of the navy.
LEX.—We believe the best scholars are now agreed that the date is four years before the commencement of the Christian era.
J. V., Galveston, Texas.—Unless you can tell us about the date of the paper, it will be impossible for us to hunt up the paragraph.
HOUSEKEEPER, Medford, Mass.—Stains and spots may be taken out of mahogany furniture by the use of a little aquafortis or oxalic acid and water, by rubbing the part with the liquid, by means of a cork, till the color is restored; observing afterwards to well wash the wood with water, and to dry and polish as usual.
STUDENT, Providence, R. I.—The tidings of peace with the United States were brought to England on Christmas Day, 1814.
SPORTSMAN, Baltimore, Md.—The canvass-back duck is not found in Europe.
W. C., Burlington, Vt.—If you had been longer a subscriber to our papers, you would know that we never discuss political questions either in the "Pictorial," "Flag of our Union," "Weekly Novelties," or "Dollar Monthly." Whatever our private opinions are on these topics, we never intrude them on our readers. There are plenty of political papers where you will find it discussed *pro* and *con* to your heart's content.
V. L., Rockport.—One more issue will complete Ticknor & Fields Household Edition of the Waverley Novels.
"LYCEUM," Rochester, N. Y.—We consider Bayard Taylor entitled to rank A No 1. among attractive lecturers.
"HERMANN," St. Pauls, Minnesota.—Rev. Edward E. Hale is the successor of Dr. Huntingdon.
A. M., Portland, Me.—In all the passages of the Cunard steamers from Liverpool to this city and New York not a life has been lost.
R. de L., Newburyport.—A French company has been organized in New York, but has not commenced its regular performances.
W. S., Manchester.—We have been promised the documents from Senator D.
YOUNG READER.—The violin is the most difficult instrument we know of, and, unless you possess an excellent ear we would not advise your attempt to learn. Nothing can be more excruciating than to listen to a violin ill-played; while in the hands of a master, it is a soul-entrancing instrument.
"TYRO."—The richest treasury of pure Saxon is the book of books—the Bible.

THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

Our friends in Paris have been having a remarkably jolly time at the masquerade balls of the opera, of which there are about fourteen during the Carnival season. Mr. Brooks, of the New York Express, in one of his letters from Paris, after describing one of these orgies, says the government have serious thoughts of suppressing them. Though we are writing in Boston, and Mr. Brooks in Paris, we must be excused for saying the government will do no such thing. The masquerade balls are as dear to Paris as beer to Bavaria, and the suppression of either would be a signal for revolution. Popular Paris would fight for the mask, and popular Munich for its lager. Besides keeping the Parisians amused, the activity given to trade during its continuance would alone forbid their suppression. Let us show by some curious statistics how much money they put in circulation.

The management of the opera balls, directed by Messrs. Strauss and Phillippe, employ a fixed personnel of 890 persons, ushers, ticket-sellers and ticket-takers, machinists, florists, box-openers, lamp-lighters, etc., etc. There are twenty-four lamp-lighters, because the lighting of the opera on a ball-night requires 1850 candles, 210 lamps and 5600 gas-jets. The management of the opera balls disposes, outside of the grand interior, the lobbies and the green-room, of 56 amphitheatre stalls and 86 boxes. Of this number of boxes, 41 are let for the season at an average of 1260 francs. The 45 others, as well as the amphitheatre stalls, on ball-nights, are at the disposition of the public at the box-office.

Now let us look at what an opera ball costs, exclusive of the admission fees, which are 10 francs for gentlemen and 6 francs for ladies, which makes a mean of 8 francs a head. All women who appear at the ball must be masked! 2400 masks give a total of 7200 francs. The 2400 costumes, at 10 francs each, produce 24,000 francs; 2400 pairs of shoes or boots, at 10 francs, also make 24,000. It will be admitted that 2400 women will spend 2400 francs in hair-dresses; and in gloves, at 2 francs 50 centimes a pair, 6000 francs. Afterwards come bouquets and fans, which will make a total of about 4000 francs.

For the 2600 men who figure at each ball, the same expenses will be somewhat lessened. We will say for false noses, etc., 1000 francs; costumes, 10,000 francs; gloves, 6500 francs; beards and head dresses, 1600 francs; shoes, 5000 francs; hats, 1000 francs. The dressing-rooms, at 50 centimes a head, will yield 2500

francs. At the first opera ball of the season, 1790 carriages drove up to the vestibule. Adding those taken on returning, calculating that many vehicles are hired by the hour, and that almost all come under the night tariff of prices, we estimate this item of expenditure at 8000 francs. The eatables and drinkables inside the house, with the waiters' fees, will amount to 13,250 francs. Then there are minor expenses, fees to porters, to the man who opens the carriage doors, etc., 500 francs. Since the rule has been adopted compelling gentlemen to appear either in costume or full evening dress, black suit, drab vest and white kids, a new business has sprung up in the neighborhood of the opera. At the hour of opening the box offices, young men in overcoats, frocks and blouses, are seen to glide mysteriously into the shops of the clothes-dealers of this quarter, where they hire the imperative coats, pantaloons, etc. This trade brings the clothes dealers from 1200 to 1500 francs an evening. The total of all these sums amounts to 133,850 francs, which multiplied by 14, the number of balls given during the season, makes an expense of 1,955,560 francs, or \$391,112.

So much for what the ball itself costs—now for expenses to which it leads outside, in the way of suppers. We may divide the 5000 persons who leave the ball among the twenty-five or thirty restaurants which receive them, and assign their expenditures as follows: about 1000 will sup at 4 francs a head; 1000 at 6 francs; 2000 at 10 francs; 500 at 20 francs; and 500 at 40 francs; which gives a total of 59,000 francs, or \$11,800. But the circulation of money occasioned by the balls extends far beyond these figures—but here it is only guess-work. We may suppose, however, that presents to ladies cost 140,000 francs. It is easy from these data to judge of what importance these balls are to the trade of Paris, and to perceive that these sums of money spent are not all reaped by the speculators of a private enterprise.

A CHURCH CONFLAGRATION.

On Tuesday, Jan. 2d, the St. James Catholic Church, at Montreal, was burned, in the night time, producing a grand illumination which lighted the whole city, and was seen for miles around. A very large quantity of tamarac wood, said to be nearly an hundred cords, which had been stored in the basement for fuel, gave great intensity to the flames. When the roof was fairly on fire, the upward current of air caused by the flames rushed through the pipes of the great organ, and caused it to play a most sonorous dirge over its own destruction. This singular effect was perfectly audible to the crowd of spectators, and excited strong superstitious feelings in the minds of many of those present. At length the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, forming a billowy sea of fire, and sending showers of burning cinders aloft, that rivalled in grandeur the most elaborate pyrotechnic displays. The tongues of flame then ascended the lofty belfry, and converted it into a pillar of fire. Finally the supports of the great bell were consumed, and the ponderous mass, loosened from its bearings, fell to the ground, ringing its own knell as it plunged into the gulf of fire. Three distinct and ominous strokes of the bell were heard above the roar of the flames, as it descended to the earth and mingled with the common ruin.

A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE.

A gentleman of Geneva, Switzerland, Mr. De G., met with quite an adventure last autumn, which has just come to light. He was going from Bauch to Laybach, and took a guide and a pony among the mountains. At night he halted at a low inn, which consisted of one room only, filled with sinister-looking charcoal burners. They eyed him as he entered, sullenly made way for him, and then began to talk together in a sort of *patois*, of which he could not understand a word. All at once a stout man, who sat opposite our stranger, caught his eye and said, without appearing to address him, and in excellent German:

"Your life is in danger. Blow out the lamp, and get under the table. Then crawl on your hands and knees to the door—leave the rest to me."

Mr. De G. obeyed. He put out the lamp, and crept under the table, and directly afterwards heard a violent altercation and struggle going on. But the way to the door was free, and he crawled out of the room. Peeping in at the door, however, he saw by the fire-light the athletic figure of his unknown friend, as he adminis-

tered a sound thrashing to the charcoal-burners by means of what he afterwards learned was a raw hide loaded with lead.

The traveller made the best of his way off, and was soon joined by the stranger leading his pony.

"You were fortunate," he said. "That was a nest of cutthroats and robbers."

"But my poor guide?"

"The worst of all—he was a decoy."

The traveller thanked his benefactor, and desired to know his name.

"No matter," said the other, gloomily.

"But I wish to send you some token of my gratitude, in addition to my heart-felt thanks."

"I require neither. I have but done my duty. Farewell! Your path lies in that direction, mine in this—I have work to do. Again farewell!"

Weeks passed on; and one day as our friend was wandering in the streets of Laybach, he found himself in the midst of a vast crowd, from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He was whirled along by the tide of human beings, till it paused and eddied round a gallows erected in a public square. The gentleman raised his eyes to the platform, and there, leaning carelessly against one of the uprights, he beheld the grim and giant figure of the public executioner. It was the man who had saved his life in the charcoal-burners' hut!

A VIPER-HUNTER.

In the department of La Vendee, in the west of France, the venomous viper is hunted, for the purpose of making an electuary, composed chiefly of pounded vipers, which is called the Royal Remedy, and is considered by the ignorant people as an infallible specific for many diseases. The business of hunting these noxious reptiles is rather a dangerous employment, their bite being fatal, and their haunts so secluded as to be with difficulty approached. A recent traveller in that country describes one of the persons engaged in this singular pursuit, whom he chanced to encounter in the woods, while equipped for his task and busily engaged therein. In a narrow defile, between rocks overhung with lichens, he saw a raised platform of stone, upon which stood a man dressed in a complete suit of thick leather armor, with nothing but the upper part of his face exposed. Beside him was a large kettle filled with milk, boiling over a large fire, and there was fresh spilt milk scattered around. The man was stooping and looking about him with an air of anxiety. Presently he put forth his leather-covered hand and seized a viper which was making towards him, attracted by the odor of the milk. This he quickly threw into the boiling cauldron. At the sound of the reptile's agonized hiss, the tall grass around the rocks was agitated, and several of the same species glided out, and these were successively crushed on the head by the hunter's heel. He picked them up one by one and put them into a cask, stopped with a bung. These manœuvres were repeated several times, until the cask was nearly filled, when he poured out the milk upon the ground, and having exhausted his viper-covey, packed up his traps and proceeded to the village to sell his game to the apothecary.

THREE-PENNY THEATRES.

In London they have theatres to which the admission fee is only three-pence. A late English writer undertakes the defence of these establishments. He says:—Come with me, and sit on the coarse deal benches in the coarsely and tawdrily-decorated cheap theatre, and listen to the sordidly-dressed actors and actresses—periwigged fellows and wenches, if you like—tearing their passion to tatters, mouthing and ranting, and splitting the ears of the groundlings. But in what description of pieces? In dramas, I declare and maintain, in which for all the jargon, silliness and buffoonery, the immutable principles of right and justice are asserted; in which virtue, in the end, is always triumphant, and vice punished; in which cowardice and falsehood are hissed, and bravery and integrity vehemently applauded; in which, were we to sift away the bad grammar, and the extravagant action, we should find the dictates of the purest and highest morality. These poor people can't help misplacing their h's, and fighting combats of six with tin broadswords. They haven't been to the University of Cambridge; they can't compete for the middle-class examinations; they don't subscribe to the "Saturday Review;" they have never taken dancing lessons from Madame Michen; they have never read Lord Chester-

field's Letters; they can't afford even to purchase a "Shilling-Handbook of Etiquette." Which is the best? That they should gamble in low coffee-shops, break each other's heads with pewter pots in public houses, fight, wrangle at street corners, or lie in wait in door-ways and blind alleys to rob and murder, or that they should pay their threepence for admission into the gallery of the "Vic."—witness the triumph of a single British sailor over twelve armed ruffians, who are about to carry off the Lady Maud; see the discomfiture of the dissolute young nobleman, and the restitution of the family estates (through the timely intervention of a ghost in a table-cloth) to the oppressed orphan. And of this nature are the vast mass of transpontine melodramas. The very "blood-and-murder" pieces, as they are termed, always end with the detection of the assassin and his condign punishment. George Cruikshank's admirable moral story of "The Bottle," was dramatized at the "Vic.," and had an immense run.

PERSONAL.

It is stated that the King of Wurtemberg has sent to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, the large gold medal for science and art, marked "*Dem Verdienste*."...Mad'le Victoire Balfe, daughter of the celebrated composer, is the *prima donna* at the San Carlos, at Naples....Charles Lever, the novelist, has been appointed British Vice-Consul at Spezzia....George H. Moore, the popular librarian of the Historical Society, has accepted the professorship of Legal History in the New York University....George Linhardt, the musician, died recently in Baltimore....Benson J. Lossing is preparing for the press the memoirs and writings of the late George Washington Park Custis....Lt. Andrew Jackson, of Petersburg, Va., has been appointed assistant tutor of Spanish at West Point....The Countess Dowager of Lindsey is dead. Her ladyship was an aunt of Layard, the author of "Nineveh and its Remains."...Mrs. Sallie Mattingly, a grand-daughter of Patrick Henry, died lately in Kentucky.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

History records nothing more truly in the spirit of Christian chivalry than the conduct of Sidney when mortally wounded in the field of Zutphen. Faint, pallid, and parched with the thirst that attends excessive loss of blood, Sidney asked for water. It was obtained, doubtless with difficulty, and in scant supply. With trembling hand he raised the cup to his lips, when his eye was arrested by the gaze of a dying soldier, longingly fixed upon the precious draught. Without tasting it, he instantly handed it to the sufferer, with the memorable words, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The artists of Brooklyn have taken the initiative steps toward forming a free gallery of pictures in that city. The directors of the Mercantile Library Association generously offered them the use of one of their rooms for the purpose, free of charge. One of the main objects of the enterprise is to give artists an opportunity to bring works for sale directly before the public.

ASTHMA.—It is useless to describe the tortures of Spasmodic Asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know full well what it is. JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Tremont Street, Boston, has seldom failed to afford immediate relief, even in the most severe cases, and frequently it has effected a permanent cure.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS.—The editor of the Boston Post calls Florence, Italy, "that miserable shire town, the hot-bed of petty scandal, the city of small-beer dissipation and twopenny-halfpenny Britishers." That will do.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—This charming illustrated journal has been vastly improved since the new year, and besides giving fifty columns of original reading matter, is splendidly illustrated. How such a paper can be sent to subscribers for \$2 50 a year, or sold at the periodical depots for five cents per copy, is to us an unsolved riddle. —*Trumpet, Boston.*

NAVAL.—There are but twenty-four chaplains in our navy. The number attached to the English service is nearly three hundred.

READ Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s announcement on our last inside page of this number.

ANCIENT AUCTIONS.

The custom of sale by auction is very ancient, and probably coeval with the earliest system of civilized commerce. The word auction comes from the Latin *augeo*, to increase, to augment, whence *auctio*, an increasing, an enlarging, a public sale. This derivation of the word also illustrates the mode of sale, which is by an advance or augmentation of the price, each bidder raising above the one before him. There is abundant evidence that the ancient Greeks held public auctions, and they doubtless learned the practice from their ancient schoolmasters, the Phenicians, who were eminently a trading people long before the Greek nation took its rise. The etymology of the word carries the practice back to still more remote periods; for we find the Latin foundation of the word has its origin in the still older Sanscrit root *auj*, to grow.

The Romans took the auction, like many other customs, from the Greeks; and with those conquerors of the world this mode of sale was in common use, and regulated by law. The practice adopted by them was in many respects strikingly like that of the present day. Yet in others it differed. With them the auctioneer was the magistrate of the district; and his duty was to preside over the sale, and adjudge the lot to the proper party, while the bidding was invariably done by a public crier, who acted as a mouth-piece to all the purchasers present. The business of this crier was to name a price, and the bidders who were willing to buy at that price held up their fingers in token of assent. He then cried a higher price, and so kept augmenting the sum as long as two or more bidders' fingers were up. When all were down but one, the crier ceased, and the auctioneer, who had kept his eye upon the proceedings, decreed the bargain to the owner of the persevering finger. A licensed broker was also present, who took note of the price and claimed the money from the purchaser, giving in exchange a written order for the property purchased by him.

THE VERY LAST.—We have just one complete set of *Ballou's Pictorial* from its commencement, now on hand. It forms fifteen superb volumes, a complete illustrative record of the times, bound uniformly and in a handsome, substantial manner, and in full gilt, illuminated covers, title-pages and indexes. Being entirely out of the market, and as it is impossible ever to reprint them, this is the last set we shall be able to offer at any price. The person who sends first will get them. Price \$30 for the complete set. They will be carefully packed, and sent by express as ordered.

JEWS IN CITIES.—The number of Hebrews in the great cities is stated to be as follows: New York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2500; Baltimore, 1800; Charleston, 1500; London, 20,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9000; Berlin, 5000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 20,000; Rome, 6000; Leghorn, 10,000; Jerusalem, 6000; Smyrna, 9000; Hebron, 8000. How many unacknowledged Jews are in the same cities, calling themselves Christians, but admitted to be Jews by common consent?

MISS JANE COOMBS.—This young lady has lately played a very successful engagement at the Boston Museum, and certainly gives promise of a remarkable actress. In many of her points and characteristics we are forcibly reminded of Mrs. Mowatt. She has a fine stage-figure, an expressive and handsome face, and a rich musical voice; her modulation, however, requires careful training. We shall look with interest to her future career in her profession.

PROSPERITY.—We are in the almost hourly receipt of letters from all parts of the South, West and East, covering subscriptions to our publications, and our correspondents universally speak of the returning and increased business prosperity realized in their various sections.

BOSTON.—We learn from the report of Mr. Turner, superintendent of streets, that there are open to travel one hundred and two miles in length of streets, and nine miles and one-half in courts and places. Pretty good sized city this!

BEAUTIFUL.—The Dioramic Views of India, now exhibiting in this city, are a rich work of art, interesting in the extreme, and highly instructive. They are well worth seeing.

ANECDOTE OF BULWER.

The following anecdote of Bulwer is both fresh and interesting:—It so happened that, upon the night rendered memorable in dramatic history by the first appearance of the "Lady of Lyons" (anonymously), Bulwer was detained in the House of Commons by a discussion on the ballot, a debate in which he himself took part that evening, by the delivery of one of the most effective speeches through which he had, as yet, won the applause of Parliament. Hurrying from the house while there are yet ringing in his ears the cordial cheers which greeted the peroration of that successful harangue, he encounters in the doorway of St. Stephen's—sauntering in, fresh from the playhouse, whither Bulwer himself is wending his way, in search of tidings as to the fate of the new play—another member, also a dramatist. Question and answer exchanged—(the latter eminently satisfactory as to the prospective triumph of the piece, upon the last scene of which the curtain has not yet fallen) the friendly M. P., who was also a playwright, addressing himself to the unsuspected and unrevealing author of "The Lady of Lyons," and speaking of the new drama with a constitutionally flushed visage and a genial air of supercilious patronage—"Hm! Yes; it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing." On to the theatre goes the orator-dramatist, arriving immediately before the completion of his second triumph that evening, precisely at the same moment when Claudio makes his appearance upon the stage as one of the heroic colonels in the army of Napoleon. The fifth act terminates triumphantly, and the curtain descends amidst a general storm of acclamation. The author is called for vociferously; but no author presents himself to the eager audience to receive the ovation and bow his acknowledgments. "Hm!" says Bulwer, probably shrugging his shoulders at the moment, with a pleasant recollection enough of his House of Commons acquaintance, "Yes; it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing." Said the Countess of Blessington—from whose box he had just hurried, in the hope of being (as the division list showed him to have been the next morning) in time for the division—"It is the first time I have ever seen him jealous." A fortnight later, and the authorship of the "Lady of Lyons" was formally acknowledged upon the handbills.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—Notwithstanding the crowded population of France, but a comparatively small number of its inhabitants, as compared with other European countries, leave their native soil. During the past ten years, 2,750,000 persons emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, and 1,000,000 from Germany, while, in the same period, only 200,000 left France.

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.—The trustees of Dudley Observatory, at Albany, have taken possession of the building, heretofore forcibly held against them by the late Scientific Council, and the officers appointed by the Board of Trustees are now in peaceful possession of the building.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.—In Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, may be found two very readable papers, giving accounts of personal recollections of Lord Byron, one by George Ticknor, of this city, who met him in London in 1815, and the other by Edward Everett, who enjoyed his society at two separate periods.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Singers, public speakers and others, who have unusual efforts to make with the voice, or persons suffering from bronchial affections, or troublesome coughs from whatever cause, will do well to read Dr. Brown's advertisement in another column.

PERSONAL.—Captain Rouell, who has been commander of the fine steamer Nantasket for a number of years, has been re-appointed to the command for the next season. The captain is very popular with travellers.

"CURLING" IN NEW YORK.—The Scottish game of curling has been introduced to the Central Park, where it has been vigorously played for the past few days.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—A Hungarian asserts that he has discovered the quadrature of the circle. He is not the first man who has thought so, and is not likely to be the last.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH,
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of the subject, a gentleman well known in the history of American politics. John Wentworth was born in the town of Sandwich, New Hampshire, March 5, 1815. His early life was passed in the rude labors of his native mountain district, a sort of discipline which well fitted him for the rude conflicts and trials of life. He evinced an early inclination for agricultural life, but his father was anxious to afford him a good education, and we find him, at different periods, at Gilmanton Academy, at Wolfboro' Academy, and at New Hampshire Academy. In the winter of 1831-'32, when but sixteen years of age, he taught school at New Hampton, several of his pupils being legal voters. In the summer of 1832 he was a student at the famous academy of South Berwick, Maine, and during this, the height of the National Bank question, he contributed anti-bank articles to the democratic papers which were extensively read, copied and approved by the supporters of that policy. On the 3d of October, 1836, just after graduating at Dartmouth College, he turned his face West to "seek his fortune," his capital amounting at that time to just 100 dollars. During this western tour, he saw and travelled in a railroad car and steamboat for the first time in his life. After "prospecting" some little time, he found himself in Detroit. Thence he went to Chicago, commenced the study of law, and soon became (in 1836) the editor and proprietor of the "Chicago Democrat." In an old number of the "Democratic Review" we find the following mention of this enterprise: "In less than three years the entire establishment, costing \$2800, was his, without a copper's aid from any quarter. He had earned it by continuous daily and nightly toil, by denying himself everything that the most pressing necessity did not demand, and by abstaining from all intercourse with his fellow-citizens, save what occurred at his own office upon the business of the office. Whilst he struggled hard to redeem his press, the history of the times shows that he met every question with boldness. We mention these things as showing the responsibilities that devolved upon a young man fresh from the walls of college, transferred to a land of strangers over a thousand miles from home, and the manner in which he met them. Just of age, without means, without experience, and without friends, and at an unexampled crisis in both the monetary and political affairs of the nation, he was placed upon a theatre demanding the greatest degree of moral courage, independence, labor, care and caution. He had his profession to acquire, his press to pay for, and his party to protect." Wheeler, in his history, says:—"Early in the spring of 1841 Mr. Wentworth left the State to attend the law lectures at Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, and with the intention of remaining a year; but having been apprised that he would, in all probability, receive the first nomination for Congress under the new apportionment, he returned late in the fall, and was soon after admitted to the bar. Up to that time he had declined every office. With the exception of the honorary appointment of aide-de-camp to Gov. Carlin, in 1838, he had neither sought nor accepted any office or position other than that which he now holds. Owing to the failure of the Legislature to district the State, the election, which should have taken place in 1842, did not take place till 1843, when Mr. Wentworth was nominated over the heads of many older men and citizens, by a majority of more than five to one, and was elected at the age of twenty-eight, by upwards of fifteen hundred majority, a member of the House of Representatives of the twenty-eighth Congress. In 1844 he was re-nominated unanimously, and re-elected by more than three thousand majority. In 1846 he was again unanimously re-nominated, and re-elected by over six thousand majority. In 1848, being



HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

re-nominated, he was elected in the face of a strong influence brought to bear against him, by a majority of three thousand five hundred and fifty-five votes. Mr. Polk's majority in the same district was three thousand and eight votes. Mr. Wentworth's majority was greater than that of any other person in the State whose election was contested. On the 13th of November, 1844, Col. Wentworth was married to Maria Loomis, daughter of Riley Loomis, a wealthy citizen of Troy, New York. On first entering Congress he was the youngest member of the House of Representatives. He had never before seen a legislative body in session. Prior to his election, there had not only never been a member of Congress residing upon the Lake, but there had not been one north of the centre of the State. Until the admission of Wisconsin into the Union he continued to be the only member from any State who resided upon the shores of Lake Michigan. His district embraces the counties of Boone, Bureau, Cook, Champagne, De Kalb, Du Page, Grundy, Iroquois, Kane, Kendall, Lake, La Salle, Livingston, McHenry, McLean, Vermilion, and Will, being seventeen in all, and extending from the Wisconsin State line on the north, to a distance of one hundred miles below the line of the termination of the Illinois and Michigan canal on the south, and from the Indiana State line on the east, to counties touching Rock River on the west. It is two hundred and fifty

miles long, and one hundred miles wide, being the most wealthy and populous portion of the State of Illinois." Mr. Wentworth peremptorily declined a re-nomination to Congress, in 1849, and Hon. R. S. Molony, a particular friend of his, and room-mate at Dartmouth College, was elected to succeed him. Col. Wentworth retired from Congress, March 4, 1851. In 1852 he was again elected to Congress, from a new district formed under the census of 1850, comprising the counties of Cook, Du Page, Kane, Lee, Whiteside, and Rock Island. His term expired March 4, 1855, so that he served in all ten years in Congress. Declining a re-election, he devoted himself to the improvement of a large tract of land which he had purchased near Chicago. Of his congressional career, a cotemporary publication remarked:—"Col. Wentworth's political career has been marked by untiring industry and perseverance; by independence of thought, expression and action; by a thorough knowledge of human nature; by a manly courage equal to any crisis; by a self-possession that enabled him to avail himself of any chance of success, when on the very threshold of defeat; and by a steady devotion to what he believes the wishes and interests of those whose representative he is. But, though uncompromising in his opinions, he has ever yielded his individual preferences to the regular conventions of his party; and no one has invariably worked harder in support of all the nominees of the democracy. Few men of his age, under so many adverse circumstances, have attained to equal success; and still fewer are less indebted to accidental circumstances. So many obstacles have already been overcome by him, he is never daunted by the hopelessness of any enterprise that it may seem desirable to undertake." In 1857, however, Col. Wentworth abandoned the old-line democracy, with which he had acted for so many years, and was taken up by the newly-formed Republican party. In the spring of that year he was the republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago. In his speech accepting the nomination, he announced "that if elected at all, he wished it understood that he was elected to enforce all the laws of the city. He was opposed to all dead letter laws; he believed that they should be repealed or enforced; he declared that he had no pledges to make to individuals, other than those which he considered his public ones; and that any person who voted for him with the mere expectation of getting office, ought to be, and he hoped would be, disappointed. He thought there were others better entitled to the office than he, and also could receive it with less personal sacrifice. But if elected he would do his duty." He was elected by over eleven hundred majority. We believe that, in pursuance of a previous determination, he held the office for one year only. Col. Wentworth is a man of striking personal appearance, measuring about six feet and a half in height, a circumstance to which he owes the familiar sobriquet of "Long John." His weight, about 230 pounds, corresponds to his height.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS EXERCISING IN A MONASTERY.

The figure-piece on this page is peculiarly Italian. It represents a group of monks playing for exercise, at ball, in the garden of the Augustines, or barefooted Carmelites, at Rome. These severe or gentle faces, these angular or macerated features, these forms, athletic or fragile which the folds of the frock permit us to guess at, this sort of Bedouin costume thrown over the shoulders of the children of Catholic Rome, must certainly prove tempting to the artist, who has studied the pictures of Dominechino or Lesueur. The simple sketch tells its own story. Let the reader study its details, and increase its proportions, let his imagination invest it with color and atmospheric effect, and lo! he is at Rome the Eternal, Rome the seven-hilled city of the wolf-nursed Romulus and of the Papal Cross, great even in its ruins.



CATHOLIC PRIESTS EXERCISING IN A ROMAN MONASTERY.

THE CHANGELING.

[Concluded from page 101.]

life? And if the captain be the handsomest bridegroom that ever set foot on the soil of Virginia, I am sure that she will be the most beautiful bride that was ever seen."

When a few hours afterwards, the bridal party returned from the gray stone church, there were many who were of Minda's opinion. Among those composing it were Clayton and Ellis, who in the hour of adversity had shown themselves to be such true and earnest friends to the young lieutenant, little imagining that he was the son of one of the wealthiest and most respected gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Mrs. Cline and her son and Sybil Finchley were there as welcome guests; nor were Percy Wilmot and the dark-eyed Zorayne, now his wife, forgotten.

The presence of no one, however, was so grateful to Percy Danbridge, or added so much to the fullness of his content, as that of Mrs. Anvers, who had supplied to him the place of the kindest and best of mothers.

Then, at somewhat of a late hour, the bridal festivities were brought to a close, Percy Wilmot and Zorayne, with the other guests, prepared for their departure.

"No, Percy," said young Danbridge, "we cannot spare you yet; you must remain with us a few days. You have not forgot the agreement

to be held in Athens, in the ancient Stadium, which is still in a very perfect state of preservation, and requires very little more than a good cleaning out, and are to take place on the first three Sundays in October, every fourth year, commencing in 1859. The games are to include horse-racing, wrestling, throwing quoits, and other athletic sports, singing, music and dancing, besides which there is to be an exhibition of flowers, fruit, cattle, and other articles of Greek produce or manufactures. This eccentric idea was formed by a wealthy Poloponnesian named Evangelos Zappas, who resides at Jassy, in Moldavia, and who has liberally endowed the games by placing at the disposal of the Hellenic government four hundred shares in the Greek Steam Navigation Company, besides the sum of 3000 Dutch ducats *in natura*. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee appointed each Olympiad by the Greek government, and will consist of gold and silver medals, and wreaths of silver leaves and flowers. The former will contain an effigy of the king, while on the reverse will be engraved the name of the founder, "Zappas," and the date, or rather the number, of the Olympiad. The winners of the prize-medals will be entitled to wear them at the buttonhole, suspended by a blue and white watered silk ribbon. Of the "Romaika," the subject of our engraving, we submit the following particulars:—There are

action of the arms and figure directed by his own choice, conducts the lover in a winding and roundabout course, each of them constantly varying their movements—partly in obedience to the music, which is either slow and measured or more lively and impetuous; partly from the spirit of the movement and the suggestion of their own taste. This rapid and frequent change of figure, together with the power of giving expression and creating novelty, renders the Romaika a very pleasing dance, and perhaps among the best of those which have become national, as the plan of its movements allows full scope to the educated as well as the unlearned in the art. In Arcadia, Messinia, and Korinthia, in the spring, when the whole country is glowing with beauty, groups of youth of both sexes are assembled amidst their habitations, whirling round in the mazes of this dance. It is impossible to look upon the Romaikos without the suggestion of antiquity, as well in the representations we have upon marbles and vases, as in the description of similar movements by Homer. The reader may recollect that poet's beautiful description of the dance on the Shield of Achilles, which corresponds in some very minute particulars with the modern Romaika. The Greeks, male and female, certainly inherit the beauty of their ancestors. A large proportion of the men and women you meet would serve as models for painters.

NEW COURT-HOUSE AT KEENE, N. H.

The Legislature of New Hampshire, during the session of 1856, authorized the erection of a Court-House for Cheshire County, at Keene, and the representatives of said county, in convention, appointed his excellency, William Hale, the governor, Hon. Thomas U. Edwards, Col. Nelson Converse, Samuel Isham, Esq., and David Parsons, Esq., a building committee to carry into effect the views of their constituents. These gentlemen, after due deliberation, adopted a plan for the building presented by Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., of this city, and appointed Col. Converse as their building agent. The imposing structure represented on page 104 of this number, was engraved expressly for us from the architect's perspective drawings, and accurately depicts this fine edifice. The building is located at the junction of Court and Winter Streets, in the beautiful village of Keene, and faces the Common or Public Square. It is constructed of brick and stone, and is a parallelogram in outline of ground plan, measuring 76 by 55 feet. The interior is subdivided into two principal stories, besides a large basement or cellar. The first story contains the county offices of Registry of Deeds and Probate Court, and Grand Jury and Clerk of Courts. The court-room occupies the centre portion of the second story, and various other offices the others.



GREEK FISHERMEN DANCING THE ROMAICA.

we made, to be the same to each other as brothers?"

"I can never forget it," was the reply.

"And you, dear Zorayne," said Myra, "must be my sister."

Myra read her answer in the smile, which like a burst of sunshine illumined her countenance. Then bright tears, such as well up from a happy, grateful heart, filled her eyes, and bending forward she pressed her lips to the white hand of the young bride.

"Not so, dearest Zorayne," said Myra, half reprovingly, and twining her arms round her neck, she left a warm, heart-felt kiss on the sweet lips of her adopted sister.

"And remember," said Mr. Danbridge, approaching them, "that all four of you are my children."

GREEK FISHERMEN DANCING.

The spirited picture on this page represents a group of Greek fishermen dancing the famous "Romaika," surrounded by a group of admiring comrades. It is well known that the present King of Greece is doing all in his power to preserve the national amusements and costumes, as well as to revive the games of the olden days. The young dandies of Athens wear the graceful Albanian costume that Lord Byron was so fond of. A royal decree has been signed for the re-establishment of the Olympic Games, after being discontinued for nearly 1500 years. They are

two national Greek dances at the present time which owe their origin to the classical period of Greek history; one is called the *Romaika*, and the other *Arvanitikos*, the latter being most popular in Albania. There is a great difference between the two dances, the *Arvanitikos* being of a wild and spirited character, abounding in change and variety of gesture. The *Romaika*, though lively, is extremely graceful, and well adapted to the display of the human figure. Both are supposed to have been derived, with more or less change, from the ancient times of Greece; and the claims of the *Romaika* in particular to a classical origin, appears to have some reality. Its history has been connected with the dance invented at Delos, when Theseus came thither from Crete to commemorate the adventures of Ariadne and the Cretan Labyrinth, and the character of its movements very much corresponds with those described by Plutarch in his "Life of Theseus." The Ariadne of the dance is selected either in rotation or from some habitual deference to youth and beauty. He or she holds in the right hand a white handkerchief, giving the left to a second, and so on. The alternation of the two sexes, hand-in-hand, or arm-in-arm, goes on to any number. The chief action of the dance devolves upon the two leaders, the others merely following their movements, generally in a sort of circular outline, and with a step alternately advancing and receding to the time of the music. The leading youth, with an

"KNUCKLE DOWN!"

The engraving on page 100 represents a group of juveniles whose whole hearts are intent on their game of marbles, that game of "ring-taw." The kneeling boy in our engraving is watched closely by his antagonists and the bystanders, who hold him strictly to the "knuckle down," a rule which requires the middle joint of the forefinger to touch the ground in shooting the marble, and the hand to remain there after the shot has been made, so as to prevent the player unfairly pushing his marble towards the ring. We have almost forgotten the rules of the ring, and "increase pound," "snops and spans," the "pyramid," "nine-holes," and "bounce-eye," are only remembered fragments of a strange jargon that once had deep significance. But how many generations in turn will be pleased with these toys, till they forsake them for those more brilliant baubles that delight "children of a larger growth." For we much doubt whether the successful speculator, whose bank-account exhibits a brilliant array of figures marshalled in columns and represents the sums to his credit, enjoys more the contemplation of his total, than the school-boy, who after a day of victorious struggle counts up the "agates" and the "alleys" that have fallen to his share. The successes of the men are not always the result of fair play—while the school-boy who is convicted of "cheating" is shunned by his comrades, and loses caste inevitably by his want of honor.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The fine engraving on page 101 is an illustration of an interesting legend. The picture represents a peasant, removing his wife and child and household goods by means of the humble animal which has aided him in his labors. The story runs, that in the 16th century a peasant named Sanchez, who had a freehold on the domains of the lord of Coaraze, in Navarre, granted for the warlike services of his family, became an object of persecution to his seigneur, who wished to rob him of his lovely wife. The peasant fled in the manner shown in the picture, pursued by the troops of the lord of the manor, headed by the squire. Two days afterwards, the baron of Coaraze entered the church of Nay to attend mass. His squire approached him and whispered in his ear, "They are shut up in the donjon." The baron controlled his emotions, and listened to the services, which affected him deeply. In the choir was a fresco representing the "flight into Egypt." As his eyes were riveted on the painting, in his imagination the three characters disappeared, and were transformed into the three victims of his persecution. The longer he looked, the clearer he beheld the features of the peasant Sanchez, his wife Rita, and their child. The curate of Nay preached, taking his text from the second chapter of Matthew. He spoke of Herod and the abuses of temporal power. The baron was so conscience-stricken that he freed his captives immediately.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

BY REV. CADMUS HALL.

Forth, child of art, when Winter mounts his throne,
And claims the field and forest for his own;
Fear not in his charmed circle to intrude,
And view his palace in the leafless wood.
Did ever wealth of Orient sunshine smile
On such a fairy realm or gorgeous pile?
Columns of silver rear their shafts on high,
And diamond arches meet the dazzled eye;
The flexible aspen in these magic bowers,
Like some bright fountain, rains its jeweled showers,
And decked in emerald wealth the hemlock green,
Pours from its plumes a radiant light serene.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

A monument to me leave I among my people,
Not built by human hands, not overgrown by grass,
But rising up more proud than that which does relate
Napoleon's great deeds of glory.
No, I shall not perish; that may ever fall to ashes
Which is destruction's prey—the body they later;
My spirit in my song shall be alive as long as
On earth a single poet lives.—PUSKIN.

ABSTRACTION OF SORROW.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done.

ADVERSITY.

How ruthless men are to adversity!
My acquaintance scarce will know me; when we meet
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them.—COOKE.

MAGNIFICENCE.

A prince is never so magnificent,
As when he's sparing to enrich a few
With the injuries of many.—MASSINGRA.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Unless all signs fail, war "detested by mothers" will ravage the fields of Europe before many moons have waxed and waned. Louis Napoleon must feed the four hundred thousand tigers of his military menagerie or they will feed on him. He will most probably give them Austrian blood to lap, and will loose them in the field in the cause of down-trodden Italy. Not a blush will mantle his brazen cheek as he appeals to arms in that cause—he whose Gallic legions crushed the Italian patriots on the eve of their permanent success. But a war on behalf of Italy is his only hope of turning aside the poignant of the carbonari; employment for the army the only hope of retaining a throne that rests on bayonets; a war the only means of uniting all France in strong sympathy and ending, for a season, the struggle for liberty which is secretly going on even amidst the fetters and manacles of Paris. Wild work in Europe, be sure of it, is close at hand. . . . We have lately been looking at a work by Mr. Gilly, an English writer, entitled "Shipwrecks in the Royal Navy," and honestly confess that it reveals a list of casualties that we were by no means prepared for. Between 1793 and 1857 no less than 424 ships of the royal navy were lost at sea. Mr. Gilly gives a table of these events, showing the size of the ships and the number of men lost. Some of them were awful catastrophes, as, for example, the burning of the Queen Charlotte, of 100 guns, off Leghorn, when 673 men out of 859 were lost—the wreck of the St. George, of 98, and the Defence of 74 guns, on the coast of Ireland, in December, 1811, out of whose crews, consisting together of 1331 persons, 13 only were saved—and more appalling than all, the destruction by lightning of the *Hecla*, of 41 guns, which was blown up in an instant, in the Straits of Banca, four men only surviving to tell the tale. . . . The loss of the *Saldanha* frigate, on the 3d of December, 1811, is perhaps even more striking. On that day a tremendous storm broke on the east coast of Ireland. The *Saldanha* had been sent from Cork to relieve the *Endymion* at Lough Swilly. "About ten at night, through the darkness and storm, a light was seen from the signal towers passing rapidly up the lough, the gale at the time blowing heavily right into the harbor. Next morning the *Saldanha* was discovered a complete wreck at a place called Ballyna Stokerbay. Every soul on board had perished. In the August of the following year a gentleman's servant shot a parrot in a tree near Byrt. It had round its neck a gold ring, with the inscription, "Capt. Packenham, H. M. S. *Saldanha*." Isn't that a bit of romance? . . . Since our last, Mr. Barry of the Boston Theatre has been coining money, and the season promises to close with an overflowing treasury. For the next we have the promise of a series of brilliant entertainments and a continuance of managerial success. . . . In Grant county, Wisconsin, the people utterly refuse to pay their State and county taxes for this year. They claim as ground for this refusal, that the appropriations made by the legislature are extravagant and entirely useless. . . . Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati offers to give a silver goblet of the value of one hundred dollars, or that sum of money if preferred, for grapes that will be superior to Catawba for the purposes of wine—the decision of the question to be left to the Ohio "Vine Growers' Association." . . . A correspondent of the *Historical Magazine* says: In summer in the Dutch times in New York, the court began their session occasionally at six o'clock in the morning. . . . Juvenile suicides, not uncommon in France, are beginning to be known in England. Lately one Elizabeth Butler, aged fifteen, a pupil teacher at Trinity School, Derby,

committed suicide by throwing herself into the river Derwent. In her copy-book was found an entry bidding all her friends good-by, and stating that she had made up her mind to do away with herself, as she had had a quarrel with Miss —, and that the latter was always doing her injury. She asked the forgiveness of her friends, and hoped God would also forgive her. . . . The rage for crinoline and bulky dresses seems to justify the supposition that the ladies of Christendom have some respect for the tastes of the king of Ashantee, since the motto of that magnificent monarch with regard to the relative loveliness of the ladies of his court is, "Muchee fat—muchee puttee." If not corpulent, they are determined to seem so, and "assume a virtue if they have it not." . . . What may be done by intelligent labor has been shown in the neighborhood of Sharon, in Donegal, Ireland, by Mr. William McCormick, the railway contractor. From the Inch sea has been driven out, and a plain of the richest land, at present loaded with a luxuriant crop, now spreads itself over the former bed of the waters. Upwards of 6000 acres have thus been reclaimed from the sea. . . . The lands of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are said to be exceedingly fertile, producing sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, maize, oranges, lemons, bananas, and almost every other tropical fruit and vegetable, in advance, and only await the arrival of a new race of men and a new order of things. . . . A prominent politician of this place once wrote a series of letters to prove that "Shakespeare had no genius," but William is still remembered and Benjamin is not. . . . The St. Paul Minnesota learns that the Fort Snelling speculators have failed to pay the second installment of \$30,000 due the government on the purchase of Fort Snelling and the reserve, and that instructions have been received to foreclose on their obligations and resume governmental possession of the premises. This looks as though the speculators had made a bad bargain with Uncle Sam. . . . A Lynn paper, under the general heading of "Waxed Ends," mentions among other things that "a large number of children had their ears and fingers frozen while going to and from school." We should call those frosted ends. . . . The citizens of Georgia have been seized with a fever of emigration to Texas. Hancock and other counties are suffering depletion from this cause. . . . A movement is attempted in Buffalo to reduce the salaries of teachers in the public schools, both male and female. Poor economy! . . . Mr. Alexis Yvonnet, one of our oldest French residents, died recently, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He had lived in Boston about half a century. . . . The estate in New London, Ct., known as the Foundry and Machine Company, has been purchased by Thomas Fitch, Esq., for \$40,000. It cost originally \$80,000, and embraces all the tools and appurtenances necessary to carry on an extensive business. . . . The fair lately held in Mobile for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum netted \$4152 29. . . . There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure. . . . Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun; but being of a rather economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in; and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch, "Touch it aisy, Tommy!" . . . It is said that an English pulpit is ordinarily so small that only one man can stand or sit in it. . . . The number of convicts in the several New York State Prisons on the 30th of September, 1858, was as follows: Auburn, 747; Sing Sing, 1110; Clinton, 358; total, 2215. Of which are insane, Auburn, 13; Sing Sing, 21; Clinton, 3. The expenses thereof for the year ending 30th September, 1858, were, Auburn, \$77,674, earnings, \$59,840; Sing Sing, \$119,900, earnings, \$65,916; Clinton, \$55,781, earnings, \$21,420. . . . A letter from Madrid says: "We have received news here of a terrible catastrophe. The rich lead mines of Linares, belonging to the State, have fallen in, and it is said, buried in their ruins more than seventy miners, of whom upwards of thirty have been taken out dead. The falling in of the earth is attributed to the excessive rain for some months past." . . . Chinese fathers sometimes deal with uncomfortable sons in a way which, in this country, would consign them to the gallows, or a residence in the State prison until "pardoned out for exemplary behaviour." It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point: "A government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver* another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours." . . . We like fables; don't you, reader? Here is a good one: A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundreds of your kind there dying in it before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you." . . . What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches high, and eleven feet four inches in circumference, passing along the aisle just as divine worship commences? . . . An editor says, "on our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves. . . . A man the other day declared he had in

his time eaten so much veal he was ashamed to look a calf in the face! We suppose he never made use of a looking-glass. . . . A wit assigned as a reason why so few borrowed books were returned, that it was much easier to retain the books than their contents. . . . Queen Victoria's income is about £384,000 a year; Prince Albert receives £40,000 per annum from the British government. On this aggregate of \$2,120,000 they manage to keep out of the almshouse. . . . The following truism from the *Ohio Cultivator*, particularly the first five words, ought to be adopted as a motto by every agricultural paper in the country, and the words should be played "upon like a harp of a thousand strings;" "Farmers own too much land, as a general thing, in the western prairie country, and cannot or do not more than half fence or cultivate it. Weeds in abundance; only half crops all the time—an up-hill business, which could be greatly remedied by complying with an old saying about 'a little farm well tilled,'" etc. It is always an up-hill business with everybody who owns "too much land." . . . There are in Massachusetts two hundred and ninety-four factories, with a capital of thirty millions of dollars, and one and a half millions of spindles; which put into the market, manufactures the worth of thirty-four millions of dollars yearly; more than half of the cotton factories in this hemisphere are within the limits of this State, and more than two-thirds of the invested capital belongs to it. . . . A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small demands neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend. . . . No less than three women were arrested in New York, a few evenings since, for appearing in the streets dressed by boy's clothing. Two of them stated that they were on their way to a fancy dress ball, and the third was found walking in company with the well known John Smith, and followed by a crowd of unruly boys.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The foreign papers, those at least that are not muzzled, are discussing the chances of a war in Europe, which, wherever commenced, would be a general war, drawing all the principal sovereignties into its vortex. Russia is regarded as the firm friend and ally of France; but it is difficult to perceive how Russia could venture to wage an expensive foreign war while the emancipation scheme is yet unconsummated. With France, the affair is different—and sensible people seem to conclude that the emperor must fight somebody or other. He is said to be afraid of Italian assassins, and to brood constantly over the last words of Orsini—"We are few in numbers, but resolute in mind. Each man has sworn to sacrifice his own life if needs be; and every year will the same attempt be made until one of us succeeds."—Italy is in a ferment, and rows between Italian citizens and Austrian troops have taken place in different cities. According to English official despatches, there are 100,000 armed men determined to oppose Turkish rule in Servia.—It is stated that at Milan lately, when the people raised the cry of "Long live Italy!" the Austrian soldiers responded.—Letters from India say that a fourth presidency is talked of, to be made up out of the Punjab.—The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has resented the tone in which Mr. Buchanan spoke of Spain in his message. The members have been indulging in very gasconading language with regard to the United States of North America.—It is said that an American inventor has offered a submarine fire-boat to the French and English governments. He claims that a crew can live in it under water, rise or sink to any height, and attach torpedoes to an enemy's vessel in perfect safety.—In the event of a war between Austria and France or Russia, England would not be likely to interfere. She has had enough of fighting for continental despots in times past.

War in Europe.

Some people think that war in Europe is not inevitable, and the correspondent of the *London Times* gives his reasons for that view. He says: "Bad as affairs seem, a strong opinion may be expressed that there is no immediate danger of actual war. The possibility of the words of the Emperor Napoleon being accepted in Lombardy in their true sense, as an invitation to insurrection, constitutes the chief ground of anxiety. In other respects there are several reasons for supposing that the hour for general hostilities in Europe has not yet arrived. Russia wants a loan of about \$40,000,000 from London, and will insist upon the French emperor, who would not move but in concert with her, keeping quiet till she has got it. Sardinia, likewise, would like a little preliminary cash, and, moreover, French troops always prefer a summer to a winter promenade."

Oriental Weapons.

The Bombay Standard informs us that the late disarming of the Gozerat and Southern Mahratta country has filled the Grand Arsenal with an amount and variety of weapons such as never were assembled in that presidency before. 50,000 tulwars, and no end of daggers, swords, knives, spears, lances, battleaxes, matchlocks, flintlocks, jingals, blunderbuses, and pistols.

A French Assassin.

A tailor of Dijon, not satisfied with his daughter's conduct, fractured her skull with his pressing iron as she slept, and then stabbed himself three times in the breast with a large pair of scissors. He was taken to the hospital to be cured and then tried for his unparental conduct.

Gambling at Spa.

The company which farms out the gambling-rooms at Spa, in Belgium, and whose lease expires at the end of 1861, has just obtained a prolongation of it from the municipality for nineteen years—that is, to the 31st of December, 1880.

Africa.

Dr. Livingstone, writing from the Zambesi, Africa, mentions a fact of great importance to the future of African commerce, that there is "an immense coal field" at Tete, on the Zambesi, where many of the seams crop out, and remarks that "with coal and the best iron ore in abundance, surely Africa will not always be the trodden down nation it has been."

Entertainments in India.

Public readings are becoming popular in India. Mr. Edward Macready, the son of the great tragedian, read certain passages of "Hamlet" to the inhabitants of Bombay last month. He is to read not only other scenes from Shakespeare, but to trench of Mr. Dickens's new calling, and read "The Chimes," and "The Christmas Carol."

A new Garden in Paris.

The city of Paris has resolved that the Champs Elysees shall be converted into a large public garden, interspersed with trees and fountains, and other *agremens*. These plantations, on the side facing the quay, have already been completed; the works of the remaining portions will commence at once.

Presents for Japan.

Louis Napoleon has been preparing a large number of presents for the emperor of Japan. They consist mostly of improved fire-arms. There are a hundred muskets for the Japanese imperial guard, two cannon, and some splendid Gobelin tapestries.

Nantes.

Incendiary placards were lately discovered posted up all over the city, and immediately pulled down by the police. They were all in the same handwriting, though variously worded. The author has not been detected.

Cheap Opera.

A letter from Florence in the *Providence Journal*, says that during the carnival in that city, "in the opera house, 'Il Trovatore,' by decent performers, may be heard for a month for less than three cents per night."

French War Department.

The estimates of the French war department for 1860 amount to 354,000,000 francs. That of the present year 346,000,000 francs, or about \$69,000,000. France keeps about 400,000 men under arms.

Mr. Bright, M. P.

The debating clubs of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have both decided by overwhelming majorities that "it is not likely that Mr. Bright will ever become a statesman."

The Pope's Railway Carriage.

The pope's railway carriage, lately exhibited in Paris, is a splendid affair. The interior comprises an ante-chamber, a throne room and a private apartment, all sumptuously fitted up.

The Prince's Pony.

Crowds of people flock to the garden of the Tuileries to see the little pony sent by Queen Victoria to the prince imperial. He is exquisitely shaped, being a perfect horse in miniature.

The Czar of Russia.

It is said that the czar of Russia is anxious to secure another coaling station on the Mediterranean. The Russian eagle means to flap his wings pretty extensively.

The Galway Line.

A Paris letter speaks of the probability of an imperial subsidy being given to the Galway Atlantic Line for the conveyance of French mails to America.

The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales is travelling on the continent, with a small suite and plenty of money. He will pass several weeks in Rome.

Baptized in the Jordan.

A young lady from Albemarle, Virginia, was baptized recently in the River Jordan by Dr. James T. Barclay, missionary in Jerusalem.

Scotch Cab-horses.

A Glasgow paper says that one thousand cab and omnibus horses are annually driven to death in the city of Glasgow.

Quadruple Marriage.

The Belgian journals record the marriage of four brothers to four sisters, celebrated at the same time, at Mons.

Milan, Italy.

The Austrians are prepared to defend Milan, and have introduced three thousand bombs into the fortress, says an English paper.

Mazzini.

This indefatigable revolutionist is in London, editing a paper devoted to the interests of Italy, as he views them.

Ledru Rollin.

Ledru Rollin has met with an accident; riding out on an omnibus he slipped down and dislocated his knee-pan.

Japan.

The Japanese officials have undertaken to learn English in five years.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF BURNS. Mostly by THOMAS CARLYLE. New York: Delisser & Procter. 18mo. pp. 203. 1859.

The publication of this little memoir is seasonable, and now that the universal celebration of the Burns centenary has given a fresh interest to the memory of the bard, every one will be anxious to secure a sketch of his life. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE for 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The American Almanac is one of the most valuable annual works issued from the press of the United States. The present number embraces a vast amount of matter, astronomical, historical, biographical and statistical. It is not saying too much to say that no American family ought to be without this book.

Sands of Gold.

.... Woman is the master-piece of the universe.—*Lessing*.

.... It improves us as thinkers to become, to a certain extent, actors.—*Bovee*.

.... Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*Penn*.

.... He who keeps a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.—*Selden*.

.... An ugly and good woman is an angel who deserves beatification.—*Stahl*.

.... Endowed with an insinuating charm, woman by her presence alone, is beautiful.—*Daniel Stern*.

.... Like the body, the mind wears more from the want of action than excess of it. Fatigued by trifles, we find relief in graver thoughts.—*Bovee*.

.... Homeliness has this advantage over its enemy, beauty. It is that it is as difficult for an ugly woman to be calumniated as for a pretty woman not to be.—*Stahl*.

.... There are women who are powerful by the tone of their voices alone. They touch and move the heart, and we love them before even thinking of looking at them.—*Saint Prosper*.

.... Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life,—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—*Swift*.

.... What intoxication for a young man to see the woman he loves to have the handsomest of all, become the object of passionate looks, and to know that he alone receives the light of those chastely reserved eyes; to know so well the different shades of her voice as to be able to discover in her words, apparently light or sportive, the proofs of a constant thought.—*Balzac*.

Joker's Budget.

A good advertisement for a lawyer—impudence to the court.

The fellow who got over the bay could not retrace his steps.

(Wanted)—A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.

Why is high living like twelve dozen? Because it makes one gross.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

The reason why people go round the Horn instead of through, is because they are afraid of "coming out at the little end."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it a "waste of water?"

We frequently see it stated that a scheme is on foot. Wouldn't a scheme be advanced faster if it could be got on horseback?

An ignorant man from the country inquires whether mock turtle soup is made out of tortoise shell cats?

It is said some babies are so small they can creep into quart measures. But the way some adults can walk into such a measure is astonishing.

A boarder at a hotel in Chicago missed \$50. A servant named Abraham was arrested on suspicion. The money was found in Abraham's bosom.

A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are!"

"See, nurse, see!" exclaimed a delighted papa, as something like a smile irradiated the face of his infant, "an angel is whispering to it!" "No, sir," replied the mere matter-of-fact nurse, "it is only the wind in its stomach."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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We shall commence the publication of the above new novel in THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, on Tuesday, February 8. Those who wish to secure the first part of this extremely interesting novel, should send on their subscriptions immediately. The SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is printed every Tuesday and Friday, on an Imperial sheet of eight pages, and contains all the important foreign and domestic news of the day, our varied and copious correspondence—home and abroad—reports of the proceedings of Congress, legislative doings, important agricultural information, full reports of the cattle, horse and general markets, etc. We shall, as hitherto, make THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE a literary as well as a political and news paper, and we are determined that it shall remain in the front rank of family papers.

The following extracts from the leading literary journals of London will give the reader an idea of what is thought of this new novel in Europe:

[From the Illustrated News of the World]

"We can say of 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter,' what few fictions would justify us in saying, that we believe no one can read it without becoming wiser and better, or without a feeling of gratitude to the writer who can present to us such varied aspects of our common nature, in so pliant and interesting a style, without one word or one idea to shock or displease the most sensitive moral feeling. We know of no work superior in the idiomatic vigor of its style, or in the delicacy and truth of its feeling. It is evidently the result of profound observation and careful study, and could have been written only by a person of great analytic powers, and an intimate acquaintance with the springs and motives of human conduct in almost every station of life."

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

"This is a really good novel. * * * The tone is healthy and natural, the social lessons inculcated useful and important, and the language exceedingly happy and well-chosen."

[From the London Athenæum.]

"'Sylvan Holt's Daughter' is a fascinating young woman, with whom we recommend our readers to make acquaintance for themselves. It is well and solidly written. There is nothing slight or superficial. The author has evidently wished to do her best, and she has succeeded in writing a novel that is well worth reading, and which possesses the cardinal virtue of being extremely interesting."

[From the Saturday Review.]

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HENRI WIENIAWSKI,
THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

The accompanying portrait is an authentic likeness of a violinist who is now exciting the greatest enthusiasm in Europe at Jullien's concerts, and whose fame has already reached our shores, whither himself may follow. Henri Wieniawski was born at Lublin in Poland. At the age of eight, having given the most marked evidence of a musical organization, he was sent, by command and at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas, to commence a course of musical study at the Conservatoire of Paris. The violin was the instrument to which he devoted himself with all the intensity of his energetic nature, and with such astonishing eagerness did he devour and profit by the lessons of his instructor, the celebrated Massart, that at the age of eleven he was awarded the first prize of the Conservatoire—the highest distinction which, in the eyes of Europe, can be conferred on the successful musical student. This brilliant honor, however, was attended with as deep a shadow which, in the eyes of the earnest and enthusiastic little virtuoso, robbed the triumph of almost all its satisfaction. By the rules of the Conservatoire, when a pupil has attained this final token of the highest proficiency in the studies for which it affords such unrivalled opportunities, he is dismissed to employ the advantages thus gained in the struggle of life, and to commence his career with his "blushing honors thick upon him." Doubtless the regulation is framed in the spirit of the fairest justice to the existing and future pupils of the institution, and operates beneficially in the majority of cases; nor should it be expected that the authors of the law should foresee that one day the triumphant owner which they had placed at the goal of the academic curriculum would be grasped by such tender hands, and that the *alma mater* of European musical students would ruthlessly close her doors on almost an infant. Such was the inexorable rule, however; and Henri Wieniawski, in spite of his passionate tears and poignant regret to be so soon deprived of all the means and appliances of the study he loved so deeply, had to abide by it, and turn away from the Conservatoire. His obligations to the munificence of the emperor of Russia rendered it incumbent that he should now wend his way northward, and present himself at the imperial court of St. Petersburg, and give his protector an opportunity of judging how well bestowed had been his paternal care and solicitude on his little Polish subject. At the age of sixteen Wieniawski visited Berlin, where he found the great violinist Vieuxtemps reigning supreme, who, on hearing his youthful rival, pronounced the highest encomium on his marvellous mastery of all the difficulties of his instrument, and foretold that he would one day obtain the most brilliant success in the artistic world. Never was prophecy so rapidly accomplished; for ere the little "Northern Star" had left the horizon of Berlin, he had during that single season given sixteen concerts, all of which were brilliantly attended; while the great Vieuxtemps only commanded patronage for four. On the occasion of his visit to this capital, he was presented by the king of Prussia with the grand medal, "Des Beaux Arts" (of the Fine Arts)—a distinction only ac-

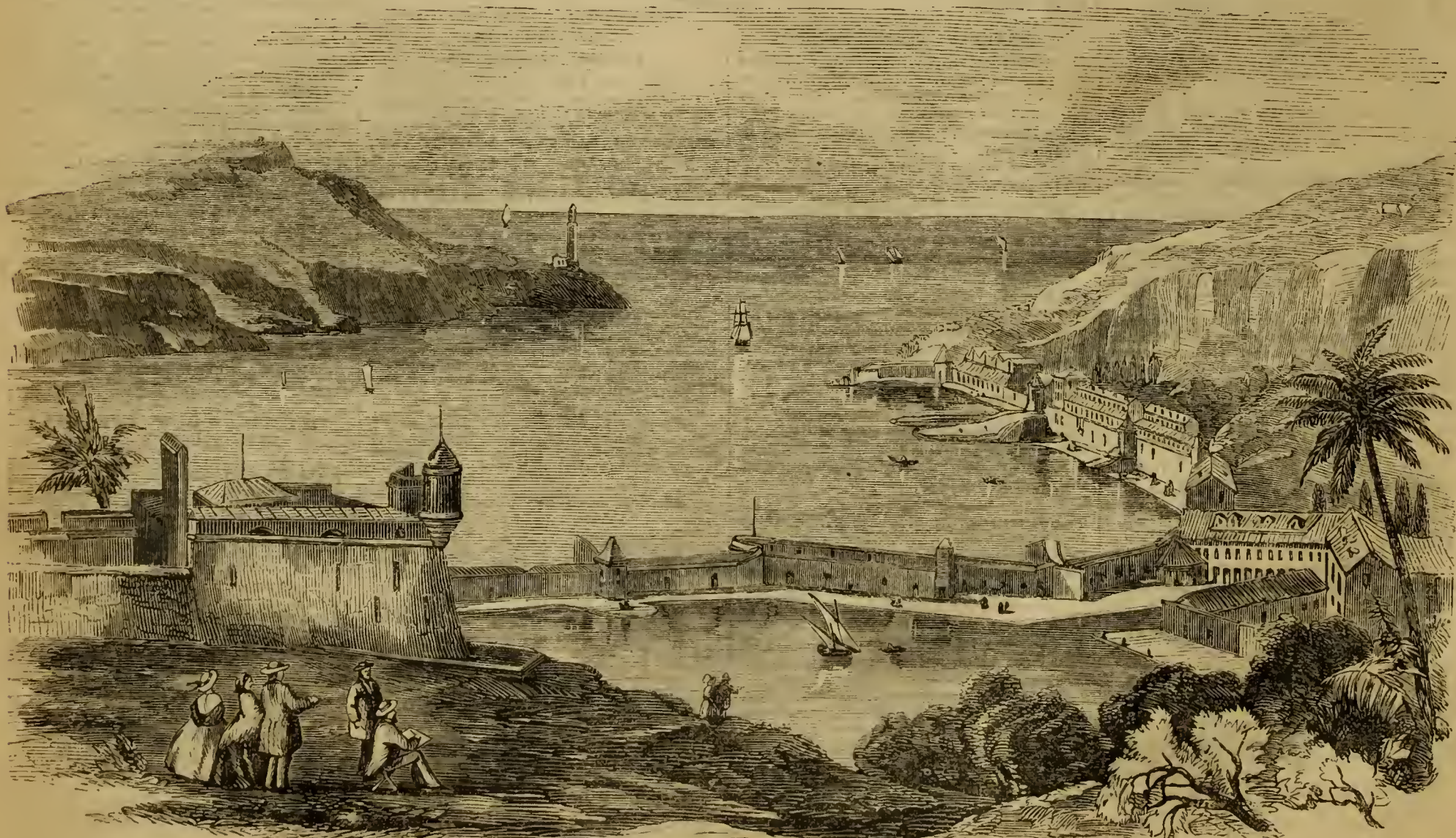


HENRY WIENIAWSKI, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, JULLIEN'S ORCHESTRA, LONDON.

corded to the most eminent merit. During a subsequent tour through Saxony, where he continued to win the most signal proofs of admiration, he received the decoration of the Ernestine Haus Order. Pursuing his triumphant career with undiminished brilliancy through the country of the De Beriot, the Vieuxtemps, the Sivo-ri, he proceeded to Holland, where he gave in succession one hundred and forty concerts, and once more received from royal hands a badge of honorable distinction in the Order of the Couronne de Chene, shortly afterwards exchanged for the commandership of that order. Although so early the object of such enthusiastic admiration, and overwhelmed ere he had reached maturity with the most dazzling honors, Wieniawski is remarkable in private for his modest and retiring demeanor. Our portrait is from a photograph recently taken in Europe.

VIEW OF VILLA FRANCA.

The cession of the seaport of Villafranca, in the Mediterranean, to Russia by the Sardinian government, has created much commotion in Europe, and is still so much discussed in political circles, that we have thought it proper to transfer to our columns the most accurate representation of it yet published, engraved from a sketch just made by a travelling landscape-painter, and received by the last steamer. The town of Villafranca, which is situated at a short distance east-north-east from Nice, rises from a small bay in the form of an amphitheatre, and is defended by a fort. It has three churches, a commodious hospital, an old convent, a public school, and an excellent harbor, with a wet dock. It possesses a productive tunny fishery, and a trade in oil, fruit, silk, wine, corn, and hemp, which affords occupation to its population, amounting to about 2580 souls. The arsenal is composed—firstly, of the Lazaret, a large building divided into three parts, with storehouses, pavilion, chapel, and courtyard. These are to the right of the sketch which is engraved on this page. Secondly, of an old slip, with timber-yard, for building purposes; and of a mole, hitherto unfinished, inclosed by a wall. Thirdly, of a careening dock, with ropewalks, forges, workshops, barracks, etc. It will be thus seen that it affords considerable facilities for any purposes to which the Russians may be inclined to appropriate it in connection with a naval station, mercantile or warlike, as the case may be, in the Mediterranean. The Sardinian government has handed over to the Russians the prison for the convicts who are condemned to hard labor, the magazines of the building facing the basin, and the magazines of the caserne, or barracks, and a part of the basin. We see by recent advices from Europe, that the czar is not satisfied with the acquisition of Villafranca, but that he is negotiating for the cession of some other maritime port on the Mediterranean. The advances of Russia in this quarter may be slow, but they are sure. On Turkey and the East, the eagle eye of Russia is steadily fixed. Her power has advanced with marvellous rapidity, and now, if France is her firm ally, it will be difficult to check her strides. The policy of the czar in the abolition of serfdom, may lead to greater liberty to his people in other respects.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF VILLA FRANCA, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

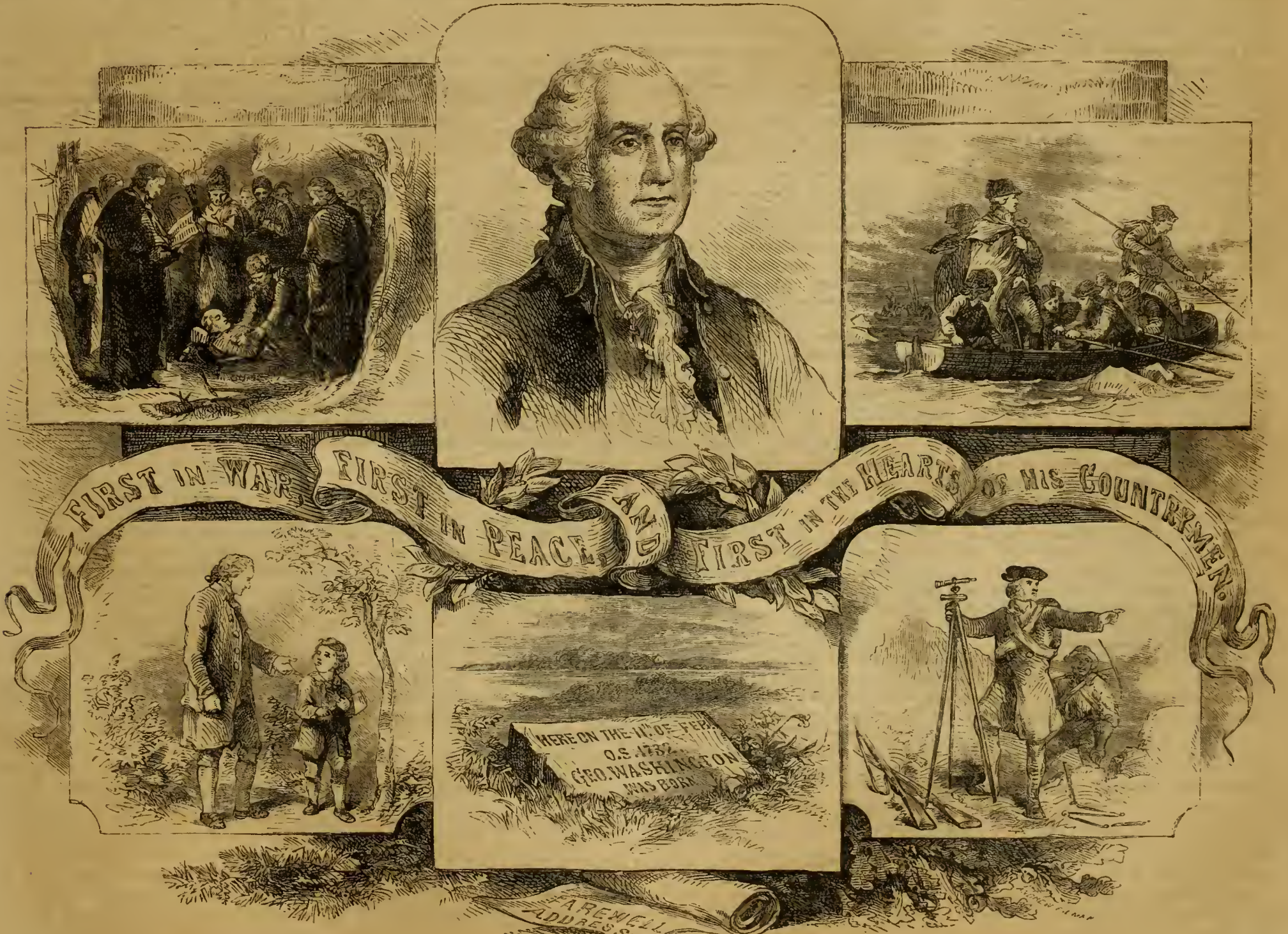
Before another number of our paper is issued, the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of his Country will have come and gone, and will have been celebrated with various expressions of respect throughout the length and breadth of our land. The celebration of this day is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It is not that the memory of Washington needs or requires legal enactments to revive it—it is not that the pomp of oratory and the glory of poetry are required to brighten a fading image; but it is well to set a day apart, hallowing it by repose, whereon the toiling masses (and, in this busy country of ours, the term includes all classes) may associate the name of Washington with rational social enjoyment, and be led to dwell exclusively on the story of his life, and to ponder on the inspired lesson which he left as a precious legacy to his country. We would have the day celebrated not only by the music of bells and the thrilling chorus of cannon, by the pomp of rustling banners, and the splendor of military array, by glittering gatherings on the ball-room floor, by eloquent words uttered at the festive

board, but also in the sacred privacy of home, by meditation on the words he uttered when he took his final farewell of private life. As our contribution to the observances of the anniversary, we place before our readers an original design from the pencil of Billings, engraved for us by J. Andrew. The principal feature is a head of Washington, with the accompanying legend, "First in War, first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." This is supported by spirited vignette sketches, illustrating memorable scenes in the career of the hero. Beneath the portrait is a sketch of the stone placed by George W. Custis on the site of the old homestead on Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22d (11th, old style), 1732. The house, Irving tells us, "commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac, and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased with the property, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep, and sloped down into projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed

fig-trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower grown wild, serves 'to mark where a garden has been.'"

Another sketch illustrates the pleasing incident of the fruit tree, with little George confessing to his father the mischief he had committed. Another vignette represents Washington the youthful surveyor, and yet another, a striking scene in his first military campaign, where he officiated at the funeral of the rash but gallant Braddock in the wilderness. Braddock, as every one knows, had haughtily rejected the advice of the young Virginia officer, but it is said apologized for his error in his last moments, and bequeathed to him his favorite charger. "The chaplain having been wounded," says Irving, "Washington read the funeral service. All was done in sadness, and without parade, so as not to attract the attention of lurking savages, who might discover and outrage his grave. It is doubtful whether even a volley was fired over it, that last military honor which he had recently paid to the remains of an Indian warrior. The place of his sepulchre, however, is still known and pointed out." The remaining illustration rep-

resents the famous crossing of the Delaware, effected in the dead of a winter night through masses of floating ice, a scene which forms the subject of one of Leutze's best paintings. On the approaching anniversary of Washington's birthday, we advise every one of our readers to peruse his "farewell address," the most carefully considered, the most precious document that ever emanated from his heart, mind and pen. In it we read in letters of light his title to be called the "Father of his Country." Its leading idea is the necessity of a perfect Union of all parts of our common country. "There will be always reason," he says, "to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bands. In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western, whence designing men may excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views." His noble appeal for the preservation of the Union closes the political services of Washington.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VULTURE

At the Heart of Harry Earnwald.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

At the present day there are few exotic animals better known in the city of Paris than the American. He abounds upon the Boulevards and in the Garden of the Tuileries, makes vocal with Yankee French the shops of the Palais Royal, and is as common at every street corner as Savoyard chestnut-roasters in the month of November. The Parisian has learned to distinguish him from his cousin, John Bull, and to look upon him, *a la mode des Chinois*, as a sort of "second chop Englishman,"—a fact not very flattering to our pride, but a "fixed fact" for all that, my patriotic reader.

It was not yet so in the far-away time when I ate my first *paté de foie gras* at the Rocher de Cancale, and witnessed the last courtesy of Mademoiselle Mars at the Théâtre Français. The Yankee was then comparatively a rare bird in Gallie "diggins," and not unfrequently had a cubit added to the stature of his self-esteem by being addressed as "*Milor Anglaia*," particularly about the time his bills were to be footed. Even in England, at that time, I found that most persons took me for an Englishman. But since travelling Americans have so greatly multiplied, Europeans have become more observant. Professor Silliman used to tell us that he betrayed his nationality by balancing himself on the hinder legs of his chair; and N. P. Willis maintains that our countrymen—and perhaps countrywomen too—are recognized abroad by our unnecessary display of finery on ordinary occasions. But I am wandering from my story.

It was on a clear, beautiful evening, late in October, that I found myself tumbled out of a *fiacre*, at Maurice's hotel, a well known establishment in the very heart of the fun, fashion and frivolity of the funniest, most fashionable, and most frivolous city in Christendom, or out of it—the French metropolis. A young American, George Winton by name, a relative of my only travelling companion, who had crossed the Atlantic some months before, was on the spot to receive us, and as he "knew the ropes" much better than we did, he kindly took charge of all business arrangements, and without any further trouble we were soon comfortably and even luxuriously established in a style which was neither French nor English, but rather like the guests, a mixture of the two.

"Well, Cousin Harry," said my friend's friend, as soon as he had rejoined us, "I have, as I promised, secured permanent lodgings for yourself and Mr.—Mr.—. I beg your pardon, sir; I have forgotten your name."

"Campana—G. S. Campana," replied I. "Native American in spite of the name; but not Anglo Saxon."

I had been introduced to the speaker, Mr. Owen Winton, but we had met only once, more than a year before.

"Supposing," continued he, "that you would prefer quiet quarters, I selected apartments on the other side of the river, in the immediate vicinity of the Luxembourg Garden. It is a most desirable location, and you will be pleased with it I am sure. I don't think you could find more agreeable lodgings anywhere south of the Seine."

The next day we took possession of the rooms which Mr. Winton had so kindly provided. We had two bed-rooms, and a sitting-room which we occupied in common. The situation really was all that it was described to be, and we had every reason to be satisfied with the selection which Harry's cousin had made for us.

This was not the first time that Harry Earnwald and I had been "chums." We had sustained that relationship to each other at college, where we were class-mates and intimate friends. Though never of so lively a disposition as his companion, and the reader's humble servant, he was always cheerful and good-humored, and "a gentleman and a scholar," every inch of him. His father and mother both died before he was ten years old, and Owen Winton, also an orphan, was his nearest surviving relative. On attaining his majority, Harry came into full and uncontrolled possession of a large, unencumbered estate; and with his ample income, cultivated mind, handsome person and attractive manners, he had certainly as fair a prospect of happiness, humanly speaking, as any one within the sphere of my observation.

During the two years which had elapsed since we left college, we continued to correspond regularly, and when I communicated to him my project of a trip to Europe, I was equally surprised and delighted by his proposing to accompany me. His health, he said, was slightly impaired, and I had noticed in his letters for some time a tendency to depression of spirits. I had thought but little of this, however, and when we met in New York, I was shocked at the change produced in so short a time in his person and manners. The roseate glow for which he had been remarkable, had utterly vanished from his cheeks, which had become sunken and sallow to a degree that was painful to behold; and though he denied emphatically that anything was the matter with him, I could not avoid feeling a good deal of anxiety and even alarm on his account. His cousin Winton had strenuously insisted upon the propriety of a tour in Europe, and had offered to accompany him, but could never obtain his consent to the measure until my intentions in this respect were made known to him. Winton, as I before remarked, had preceded us, proposing to meet his cousin and myself in Paris, where he had undertaken to make every preparation for our residence during the winter.

On the voyage from New York to Liverpool, I had an opportunity of observing Harry very closely, and with all my scrutiny I could detect no symptom of actual disease, though he was so much changed for the worse both mentally and physically. The only conclusion I could arrive at was that the seat of the disorder, whatever it was, must be in the mind rather than in the body. That something was preying upon his spirits, and turning his young blood to gall, was but too evident; and that something, I felt assured, must be a matter of serious import, for Harry's mind was too well balanced to be thus thrown off its centre by a trifle. He was by no means deficient in imagination, but his judgment was abundantly adequate to the task of keeping it in due subordination. He evidently had a dislike to being questioned about himself, and he attributed the change in his appearance and conduct entirely to the state of his health, though he admitted that he was unable to specify any particular disease from which he was suffering. Harry Earnwald was the only human being whom I could really call a friend, and the reader may imagine what anxiety I felt on his account, and how that anxiety was heightened by the perplexed and puzzled state of mind in which my earnest investigations had terminated. There was evidently something which he was unwilling to confide to me, and this reserve in one of his frank and open-hearted disposition, added new gloom to the distressing mystery.

As soon as we were settled in our comfortable apartments on the south bank of the Seine, we took our guide-books and a sharp, shrewd *valet de place*, and commenced a systematic tour of observation among the sights of Paris. Harry made many efforts to excuse himself from accompanying me, and evidently thought me a good deal of a "bore," but I was determined if possible to keep his mind and body both actively employed, and by constant exertion and watchfulness I accomplished my purpose, and left him but few moments for solitary thought, which had never failed to deepen the gloom in which his once joyous spirit had become so mysteriously enshrouded.

By slow degrees Harry began to recover a degree of cheerfulness, and to improve in his appearance and manner, so that I entertained a sanguine and not unreasonable hope of his restoration, at no distant period, to his accustomed health and spirits.

An apparently trifling incident, however, soon renewed all my fears, and rendered this strange case still stranger and more inexplicable. The following conversation will explain the nature of the incident to which I refer.

"Harry," said I, as I entered our sitting-room after a short absence, "is it living near a palace that has made you so aristocratic that you will not take any notice of your friends when they speak to you?"

"I never was guilty of such a thing here or elsewhere," rejoined Harry.

"Then you have become exceedingly absent-minded all of a sudden—so much so that your eyes and ears are no longer of any use to you."

"What on earth do you mean, Cam.?" (abbreviation of Campana). "I cannot imagine what you are driving at."

"Bah! Harry; you can't certainly have become so oblivious as not to have noticed it."

"Noticed what? What do you mean?"

"Come, now, don't be ridiculous. You can't really expect me to believe that you could sit within a dozen feet of me and not hear a word I said, though you were wide awake, and your eyes wide open?"

"When? Where?"

"In that room, not twenty minutes ago, when I called you to come and see the queer dresses in the Luxembourg Garden."

Never in all my life did I see such a change so suddenly produced in any human countenance as that which I now observed in that of Harry Earnwald. It was not astonishment, merely; it was the very incarnation of terror, deepening into horror, and thence into the utter darkness of despair. He stood for a few moments shaking like an aspen leaf, the cold dews of agony settling on his brow, and evidently battling with all his might against some overmastering fantasy. He fought it bravely, but it gained the victory, and with a groan of anguish that seemed wrested from him by some demoniac power, he fell to the floor insensible.

My astonishment may be imagined. Though speaking in a light and bantering manner, if my senses were to be credited, I had said nothing but what was true. I had regarded the occurrence as one of no possible importance, though I deeply regretted now that I had said anything about it. But whence his emotion, even supposing that the playful accusation I had made had been destitute of any foundation whatever? It was impossible to tell. He made no further allusion to the subject, and I was afraid to do so. It was not long before he revived from the swoon into which it had thrown him, but it was a long time before his system recovered from the effects of so fearful a shock. As soon as he was strong enough to travel, he begged me to take him home again, and we had actually fixed a day for our departure for America, when another incident occurred which changed our plans, and prolonged our stay in Paris.

We were in the cathedral of *Notre Dame*; strolling about in that architectural wilderness, striving to kill the time until the day set for our departure. Earnwald seemed to see nothing but what was directly before his eyes. He wandered about with the listless air of a somnambulist, but with an expression that might have befitted Prometheus with the never-dying vulture gnawing at his vitals. I was looking at a curious bit of mosaic in one of the chapels, when I heard a smothered shriek, followed by the exclamation, "O, Harry!" Emerging from the chapel I saw Earnwald supporting in his arms a young lady, whose face, though extremely pale, was also extremely beautiful. Considering myself *de trop*, I withdrew into the chapel recess again, just as the beautiful face was beginning to regain a life-like appearance. In about half an hour Harry rejoined me, and I was not a little gratified to perceive that there was a decided improvement in his appearance. This improvement extended to, or more properly perhaps resulted from, a corresponding improvement in his spirits. Nor was it a mere temporary, ephemeral change; for from that day, with occasional short relapses, he appeared to throw off his dejection and become more like his former self than he had been since our meeting in New York.

Effie Minden had been one of Earnwald's playmates and companions almost from infancy; and from what I had seen and heard I had supposed that their intimacy had assumed a still warmer character in their maturer years. However, as my friend had never hinted to me anything of the kind, I had come to the conclusion that I must be mistaken in this respect. Whatever the past history of the affair might have been, there could be no doubt that Harry and Effie were lovers now, and that she was exerting a most salutary influence upon the morbid melancholy which had threatened to become the bane of poor Earnwald's existence. Effie was one of those pretty, blue-eyed creatures who live but in their affections; tender plants, which bud and blossom in the summer of love, and perish prematurely in the winter of neglect. When her father first brought her to Paris she was pale, thin and feeble, but in a few weeks she became as plump and rosy as a full-blown Hebe.

This pleasant state of affairs lasted so long that I was beginning to regard my friend as quite cured of his melancholy humors, and I often complimented Miss Minden upon her success in effecting that which my utmost skill had failed to accomplish. Unfortunately, however, my con-

gratulations were premature. On New Year's eve there was a ball at the house of an American resident, and Effie and Harry were among the guests. Having a severe cold at the time, I did not accompany them. I saw the lovers when they started, and a more cheerful couple, to all appearance, could hardly have been found in all that throng of gay Parisians.

Long before I expected him, Harry returned, and in the short space of time that had elapsed since his departure, the seemingly light-hearted, laughing youth had been transformed into a woe-begone, miserable-looking creature, the very picture of hopeless, abject wretchedness. It made me sick at heart to behold him, and I tried my best to induce him to tell me what had happened, but all to no purpose. When I became importunate in my entreaties for an explanation, he stared wildly in my face, wrung his hands in anguish, and then darted away. I saw no more of him until the following afternoon. He was then calm, but with a countenance so sad that it was most painful to look at him.

Poor Effie! It was a sad New Year's day to her. Of the cause of Harry's sudden relapse into melancholy she knew nothing, and of the occurrences of the evening she had but little to tell. He had left her for a moment to the care of her father, and gone into another room. Less than ten minutes elapsed before his return, but in that brief space of time the mischief had been done. When he rejoined her, he seemed horror-struck—almost paralyzed. What form of terror, what hideous spectre could his "mind's eye" have conjured up in that short time to shake the balance of his soul so fearfully? No one but himself could tell—and he *would* not.

In speaking with Effie on the subject, she told me of the first shock of this kind which he had received; or at least the first of which she had any knowledge. The circumstances were not unlike the present. They were at a party together, and he was in exuberant spirits. Happening to stop by a window and look out into the moonlight, he suddenly, and without any apparent cause, turned as pale as death, and staggered as if about to fall. He made every possible effort to control his emotion, but it was abundantly visible to all who saw him, and its effects remained for months. By slow degrees he recovered his ordinary cheerfulness, but a second occurrence of the same nature (and she suspected that there might have been others of which she was not cognizant) destroyed his health and spirits, and left him the pitiable wreck he was at the time of his departure from America. She had once, and only once, begged him to tell her what it was that had so affected him, but the expression of his countenance shocked and frightened her so that she had never dared to renew the question.

As before, the effects of this paroxysm, or whatever else it might be called, gradually wore off, and after a time Harry Earnwald became almost himself again. Often and often did I ponder on this strange phenomenon, and puzzle my brain in seeking for some clue that might lead to a discovery; but all in vain. It remained an unfathomable mystery. I sometimes thought that these spells which seemed to be cast upon him must be temporary fits of insanity, but further reflection forced me to abandon the idea, for at no time could I, by the most careful scrutiny, detect any symptom of mental aberration in anything that he said or did. From himself alone could the truth be ascertained; but the least allusion to the subject produced such a terrible effect upon him, that I was absolutely frightened into silence. My efforts were chiefly directed towards the one object of hastening the consummation of the engagement which was well-known to exist between him and Effie. That he loved her with his whole soul there could be no doubt; but strange to say, he nevertheless required urging, and a good deal of it, to induce him to fix a day for his marriage. At last, however, the thing was done, and I entertained a sanguine hope that these nuptials would be the inauguration of a happier era in my friend's existence.

It so happened that there was no American clergyman in Paris at the time, and it was decided that the ceremony should be performed in a French Protestant chapel, with the minister of which both Mr. Minden and Earnwald were well acquainted. The important day arrived, and everything promised an auspicious bridal. Effie looked a very queen of beauty, and Earnwald, though not gay, was cheerful, and apparently free from any melancholy foreboding. The marriage ceremony commenced, and my friend was

about to pronounce the irrevocable vow, when he suddenly faltered, and with corpse-like lips and trembling with some nameless horror, uttered or rather shrieked the words:

"Gracious God! it is impossible!—I cannot wed her!"

And with a cry of anguish such as I had never heard from human lips before, he fled from the altar and from the church. I followed, but could not overtake him, and he was soon lost in the throng of passengers outside. Poor Effie was borne away insensible, and finally had her senses restored, only to have them merged in a sort of melancholy stupor, from which nothing could rouse her. Her sorrowing father took her away to Italy, and strove by a change of scene and a succession of new objects to dissipate the deadly lethargy in which both body and soul were plunged.

And Earnwald? For two days and nights I saw nothing of him. At last, however, he made his appearance, tottering up the stairs with feeble steps, looking more like a spectre than a man. At the door of his chamber he fell, utterly helpless. I bore him to his bed, and it was more than three weeks before he left it, and nearly two months before he could walk abroad. During that period I seldom stirred from his bed-side. His cousin Winton, too, was indefatigable in his attentions. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to sit up, he requested me to write in his name to Mr. Minden, and inform him that it was impossible for him to fulfil the engagement made with his daughter. No reason was assigned for this inability, but he begged me to assure Effie's father that it was for her sake and not for his own that the step was taken.

"Harry," said I, looking him steadfastly in the face, "it is but a short time ago that I saw a man make a ghastly wound in the shoulder of his dearest friend, cutting down pitilessly to the bone. The moral pain which this man felt, was but little, if at all inferior, as I well know, to the physical pain endured by his friend; but he shrank neither from the suffering he felt nor from that which he inflicted, but went on steadily to the end of his undertaking. Like this surgeon, dear Harry, I have an operation to perform, and I should be recreant to my duty were I to falter in any of its details. I must know your secret, and so must Effie and her father. You owe it to them, to me, to yourself, to explain your conduct, whatever it may cost you; and I feel assured that your mind will be relieved by telling the truth, whatever it may be. You know that you have my tenderest sympathies, nor can I doubt that you have theirs. But at all hazards you must, dear Harry, you must positively tell me all."

Earnwald covered his face with his hands, and remained in that position, silent and motionless for a long time. At last he looked up, and as if making an effort which required the utmost exertion of his weakened powers, both of mind and body, he faltered out:

"I will tell you all. I have been trying for years to muster courage enough to do so. When you have heard what I have to say, you will readily perceive the reason of my excessive repugnance to speaking upon the subject. To do so, is to proclaim myself either a fool or a madman—and yet I know that I am neither. What I am about to say is true—every word of it. But you will not believe it, nor any one else. Sometimes I think that I am mad; but it is impossible for me to entertain such a belief for any length of time, since my own consciousness and my whole experience prove the contrary. I would have a natural solution of the mystery in which I am enveloped, and would not be left as I am now, to the alternative of believing that I have been singled out from among mankind to become the sport of supernatural horrors, a prey for torturing fiends, a laughing-stock for mocking demons. You will most probably believe me to be a monomaniac. O, that you could convince me that such is really the case! But you cannot. I know that on this subject, as well as upon all others, I am as perfectly sane as I ever was in my life. But notwithstanding this, the veriest madman that ever shrieked in bedlam would be as fit as I to wed with Effie Minden."

"But I am expending my strength needlessly. I must reserve it for the confession which I have promised to make. You know my history up to the period of our leaving college. You know that my prospects in all those things which the world most values, were fairer than those of most young men. You know too, probably, that I loved Effie almost from her babyhood, and that

this love grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength until I became a man, and indeed until the present moment. She has always been dearer to me than aught else on earth, and was never more so than she is now. I claim to love her better than myself; and the proof is that I do not marry her, though I crave her gentle companionship as the lost traveller in the desert craves the cooling stream. I had never made a formal declaration of love to her, but it was perfectly well understood that we would be married as soon as she had reached a proper age. Her seventeenth birthday was at hand, and on that day I had resolved to tell her in words what her heart had already learned without them.

"She, it seems, has already told you of the first instance in which the strangeness of my conduct attracted her attention. That was not by any means the first of my awful experiences. It was but one among a number of a similar character. When you shall have heard my mournful story, you will be in a condition to understand as much of this incident and its attendant circumstances as I do. I shall therefore not refer to it again."

"It was court-day, and I had gone to the county-town on business. Having been detained till after sunset, I was riding homeward on horseback. The night was clear, but there was no moon. When about half way home, I heard the tramp of a horse behind me. It grew more and more distinct, and presently came near enough to enable me to see a shadowy outline of a horse and his rider. The horse, like my own, was a black one; so that both objects were but dimly visible, even after they had come alongside of me. I addressed the man with a friendly salutation, but he did not appear to notice it, and did not even turn his head. I thought this rather churlish, but paid no attention to it, and was soon absorbed in my own reflections. I was thinking of Effie, and of the morrow, which was her birthday."

"As my unsocial companion had been riding at a much brisker pace than myself, and seemed in no mood for society, I expected that he would pass on and leave me to my own thoughts. But after some length of time I was a little surprised to find him still by my side. When some further time had elapsed, I spoke to him again. There was no answer—no movement to indicate that he had heard me. Thus we rode for a mile or more in perfect silence. You know that I am not more superstitious than other people, but in spite of my better judgment, this dark rider and his coal-black steed began to produce in my mind a vague feeling of uneasiness. I had already remarked that his horse and mine were of the same color, and I now began to notice that they were alike in other respects; in fact, that they were alike in every respect. Gradually too there stole over me a consciousness that the rider was wonderfully like myself. I could only see an indistinct profile of his face and person, but as far as I could see, the resemblance was most striking. I did not think, however, of looking upon this as anything more than a curious coincidence. Still it troubled me."

"There was something weird and ghost-like in the strange immobility of this dark figure, something which caused me to rejoice that I would soon reach my own gate and be rid of him. Within a little more than a mile of home there was a blacksmith's shop directly on the road. As we were passing it, a bright light from the forge flashed upon us through the open door, giving me a momentary but perfectly distinct view of the black horse and his rider. That rider was myself; the very Harry Earnwald I have seen in the looking-glass a thousand times!

"You may say what you will of optical illusion, or mental hallucination, or visual derangement, but if I did not see the exact counterpart of myself riding by my side that night, then every object I ever beheld from my birth to this present moment, is a delusion and a lie. Apart from the excitement produced by the apparition itself, I was as calm, as cool, as perfectly competent to form a just estimate of the value of my own perceptions and the testimony of my own senses as I have ever been. I am fully aware of the incredibility of what I am telling you, and fully prepared for the skepticism with which you will receive it; but it is the solemn truth nevertheless. I not only believe that I saw what I tell you, but I know that I saw it; that is if I am a sane man, and of that you can judge as well as I."

"What became of the dark horse and rider (the other ones I mean), I do not know. They appeared to me to vanish in the darkness which

succeeded the bright flash from the forge. But I confess that I was greatly agitated, and I will not undertake to guarantee the reliability of my nervous system after the thing occurred. At all events I saw no more of the fetch, wraith, double, or whatever it may have been, and rode quietly home. The adventure, however, made a deep impression on my mind, as I feel persuaded it would have done on that of any man. It is needless for me to say to you that I am not given to the indulgence of morbid or superstitious fancies. But just imagine for one moment what your feelings would be if you had had ocular demonstration of the existence of a second self, another being in your own likeness, going about the world, and liable to cross your path at any moment. The poet of the "*Inferno*" never imagined a more horrible torture for the spirits of the damned."

"This terrific notion greatly disturbed me for a time, but the feeling gradually wore off, and firm as were my convictions of the reality of what I had seen, I nevertheless began to persuade myself that I might have been in error. A casual resemblance might, by an uncertain, momentary glance, have been converted into the horrid apparition which had so unmanned me. I thus endeavored to persuade myself that I had been self-deceived, and in a measure I succeeded."

"Some three or four months afterwards, and when I was beginning to debate with myself the propriety of carrying out my design of making a formal proposal to Effie, I was persuaded into an engagement to deliver a Fourth of July oration. I gave my consent in the very face of my own inclination, solely to please some of my associates, and to get rid of their importunities. I had had some experience in public speaking while in college, and some little since I left it. Having thoroughly prepared myself, I mounted the rostrum, and was in the act of uttering my first sentence, when full before me, with his eyes intently fixed upon mine, I saw again my other self, the rider of the black horse. Summoning to my aid all the self-possession I was master of, I made a powerful effort to overcome my agitation and go on with the address. I looked again, but the apparition was no longer there! I had seen it almost in the centre of the crowd but a few seconds before, and in that brief space of time it had vanished. Nor had there been the slightest movement in the audience. They had all been sitting in silent expectation, perfectly quiet and motionless. I looked in every direction, but it was certainly and unequivocally gone. Its origin must have been a supernatural one. How could I think otherwise? A mist gathered about my eyes, and my heart was ceasing to beat. I stammered out a few incoherent words and then stopped. My agitation was visible to all, but they attributed it to embarrassment. Hastily muttering something about sudden indisposition, I staggered from the platform and fainted."

"But, my dear Harry," said I, interrupting him, "does not the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the thing, instead of proving its supernatural origin, prove rather that it had no origin at all, except in your own imagination? If it had really been there, it must have been seen and noticed by others as well as by yourself. There would surely have been some evidence of its existence besides your own observation, and some astonishment excited by its strange disappearance."

"It would be impossible," continued Earnwald, "for you to bring forward any objection to detect any loop-hole of doubt, which I have not already noticed, and scrutinized, and analyzed hundreds and hundreds of times. That same idea occurred to me, and suggested a faint hope that I might after all have been the victim of some optical illusion. But all such hopes, alas, have proved as unsubstantial as the soap-bubbles of an idle child!"

"I had seen the spectre several times—once in Effie's company—yet I led an active life, exerted myself without intermission, and fought against the demon's influence with all the energy of which I am capable. I was hunting in the far west, more than three hundred miles beyond the Mississippi River. I had shot a rare bird, and in falling it had lodged upon the brow of a frightful precipice. Recklessly, perhaps foolishly, I descended and secured it. As I was climbing up again my feet slipped, and having slid downwards some ten or twelve feet, I grasped a bush and clung to it, hanging over a yawning abyss, and a torrent foaming at the bottom. While I was gazing upon the jagged rocks far below,

among which I must inevitably fall, I heard a mocking, fiend-like laugh directly over my head. I looked up, and there, in the bright sunlight, was my own face peering over the precipice!

"Death, like his half-brother sleep, seems specially to avoid those who are disposed to court him. I believed that destruction was inevitable, and the idea was certainly but little, if at all disagreeable to me. I would not have taken my own life, but it was so utterly valueless to me that my efforts to preserve it would certainly have been extremely lukewarm. The muscles of my arms had been gradually giving way, and the sight of my own face apparently triumphing in my own death completed their relaxation. I let go, and fell down, down, down, into the jaws of the fearful chasm."

"I saw two pointed rocks just below me, on one or the other of which I felt sure of falling. Have you never dreamed of being hurled into some horrid abyss, where you expected to be dashed to atoms instantaneously, and at the very moment of anticipated destruction found yourself at the bottom, coming in contact with some yielding substance as soft as down? Such were very nearly my sensations in this instance. Passing between the rocks, which were much wider apart than they had looked to be, I alighted with whole bones, and almost without a bruise, in the midst of a deep quicksand, in which I was buried nearly to the neck."

"The shocks of these repeated apparitions told fearfully upon my health; and becoming unable to travel without difficulty, I returned home. This last appearance satisfied me that I could not have been deceived by any accidental resemblance; for it would have been the height of absurdity to suppose that any human being, granting the possibility of the likeness, would have followed me hundreds of miles beyond the borders of civilization merely for the purpose of frightening me. It followed then of necessity, either that I was self-deceived, or that the apparition was a supernatural one. In spite of all my convictions I still clung to the former idea, even striving to believe myself to be a monomaniac, rather than to admit the existence of my own ghost haunting me while yet alive. Anything but that."

"But even the poor remnant of this miserable consolation was soon to be taken from me. Some two weeks after I had returned to my own house, after wandering restlessly through the fields the greater part of the day, I reached home a little after sunset. Passing one of the windows of my study, I was a good deal surprised to see a light in the room, and I was still more astonished to see a man sitting in my study chair, and writing at my desk. My cousin Winton was living with me at the time, but I knew that he had been away for two days past, and did not intend to return before the following morning. With a sinking heart I drew near to the window. The back of the figure was towards me, but I could see that it had on a dressing-gown and cap the exact counterpart of my own. The next minute the profile was turned towards me, and there, as I had but too truly anticipated, were my own features again, distinctly visible in the lamp-light. I scanned them well, and noticed that the long beard which I had worn on the prairies was no longer there, but instead of it, a pair of close trimmed whiskers—the exact appearance which my face now presented. The thing seemed unconscious of my presence, while I gazed upon it as if spell-bound or fascinated. Having finished its writing, it yawned, looked out of the opposite window, and then took up the lamp and stalked into my bed room. It left the door ajar, so that I could hear the noises it made, though I could no longer see it. I heard the rustling sounds of a man undressing, then the light was put out, then came from the bed the creaking noise of one lying down upon it, and then all was still. The silence seemed to break the spell which bound me, and I rushed into the house, and through the study into the bed room. There was no one there, nor was there any sign of the bed having been disturbed. I looked in vain under the bed, into the closets, into the chimney—everywhere. The only door leading out of the room was locked, and the key was in the lock, on the inside. As to the door through which I had passed, no one could have escaped that way, of course, without meeting me. I examined the window-sash. It was down, and the shutters closed and fastened, also on the inside. The lamp was on my dressing-table. I lit it and went back to the study. I should remark that it was not yet quite dark. I had left an unfinished

letter lying open on the desk. It was now finished—in my own hand-writing—signed with my own name, and the signature not yet quite dry! The servants were all closely questioned, but no one had been seen to enter the house or quit it.

"That fatal evening consummated the ruin of my peace of mind forever. Henceforth all theories of optical illusion, or monomania, or self-deception, were at an end. The letter thus miraculously finished in my own hand-writing, gave the lie to them all, and remained an ever-present proof of their falsity. Here it is. You can examine it for yourself.

"It is hardly necessary for me now to inform you that you have seen the wraith yourself, and been deceived by it. I refer of course to the time when you saw me (as you supposed) in my bed-room, and called me to look at something in the garden of the Luxembourg. I was then in a jeweller's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. You remember my emotion when you spoke to me of it. I had dared to hope that I had left my spectral tormentor behind me in America, and this first realization of my grievous disappointment agitated me most fearfully.

"The fact is, that since that terrible evening when I saw the apparition in my own study, I have never had one truly happy moment. When the horrid thing has delayed its visits longer than usual, Effie's society or your friendly efforts have sometimes caused a few faint rays of hope to dawn upon my darkened soul, and I have presented an external appearance of cheerfulness; but the Promethean vulture was still gnawing at my heart, and the first reappearance of the fearful shape would rend asunder the thin veil with which I had been striving to conceal it. I am unfit for friendship, and as for aspiring to love and matrimony, the very thought is madness, if not something worse. For meditating such an act of folly—of crime, perhaps I should call it—I have been most sorely punished, and in the dismal future I can see but one ray of hope, and that is shining on the grave."

Having finished his narrative, Earnwald fell back as if utterly overcome and exhausted, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time in that position. There was a protracted silence, and in fact I hardly knew what to say. What I had heard was so utterly unexpected and extraordinary, that it absolutely stunned me. I knew not what to think of it. Finally, however, I told him that though I had full confidence in everything he said, and had not the slightest doubt of his perfect sanity, I nevertheless felt assured that he had in some way deceived himself. I could not tell how, but I was determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, and I felt that all would eventually be explained. In saying this much, it must be confessed that I spoke more boldly than I felt, and that I strained a point in order to keep up the spirits of my friend as far as possible. The truth is, I was thoroughly perplexed and bewildered. Sometimes I felt disposed to think that Harry must in some way be deceived; but when I thought over the whole affair, and reflected upon what I had seen myself, I was fearfully staggered. I was fully resolved, however, to do what I had said, and to leave no possible means unemployed to pluck out the heart of the mystery—if it had one. I urged my poor friend in the meantime to have faith in the future, and in my solemn vow never to relax my exertions for a moment until the truth was discovered. He pressed my hand, but shook his head mournfully, and without any attempt to rise from his despondent posture.

As Harry had not exacted anything like a promise of secrecy, my first movement was to write to Effie and her father, and make them acquainted with his story, and my determination to ferret out the mystery if possible. I then sat down and reflected upon the affair long and seriously. I was determined to treat it as a problem to be solved, as one to which there was a solution; but with all my thoughts and all my efforts, I could not find the slightest clue to it.

These cogitations I repeated many times, and with no better prospect of success. I had in fact despaired of ever finding anything like an entering-wedge to the mystery, when a new incident inspired me with some faint hope of eventually getting more light upon the subject. Earnwald informed me that he had twice, within a few weeks, seen the spectre in his bed-room; and he himself suggested that I should have my bed moved into his chamber, so that I might also get a sight of it. With great alacrity I acted upon the suggestion, and installed myself in my friend's apartment. Week after week elapsed,

however, and nothing was seen. At last I removed my bed into my own chamber again, and at night retired to it as I had formerly done; but after the lights were removed, Harry and I secretly and silently changed places.

The second night after entering into this arrangement, I was lying in his bed about one o'clock, still awake, but very drowsy. Earnwald always had a small bed-room lamp burning, and on this occasion I had raised the wick a little higher than was customary. I suddenly became aware that some one was in the room, and the idea soon roused me thoroughly. A tall figure was passing noiselessly by the foot of my bed, distinctly visible in the lamp-light. Forewarned as I was, I nevertheless actually took it for Earnwald himself, and was upon the point of calling out, when I fortunately recollected the importance of not discovering myself, and lay quietly observing the apparition.

Now, for the first time, I properly realized what my poor friend had seen, felt and suffered. Harry Earnwald himself stood before me. I could detect no discrepancy in form or feature, and if I had not heard my friend's story, I would not have had one particle of hesitation in swearing to the identity of this figure with himself. It was clad in the night gear which he ordinarily wore. The more I gazed, the more perfect did the resemblance appear, and at length I became so utterly bewildered that I imagined that I had deceived myself after all, and that it really was Harry arisen from his bed, and no wraith, nor anything else remarkable. While I was coming to this conclusion it suddenly disappeared, and I saw it no more.

It was a part of my plan not to discover myself on any account; but I could not resist the desire to steal out of the room to the other bed, and ascertain whether Harry was there or not. He was there, sound asleep; and I must confess that I was surprised to find it so. I returned to the bed I had left, but not being disturbed again I fell asleep. I have the faculty, however, of awaking at any hour I may have previously fixed upon, or very near it, and in this instance I was on my feet before day-break. Harry and I then quietly resumed our respective couches, and I did not leave mine till after nine o'clock. Being anxious to conceal my investigations, I had previously resolved to make no disturbance during the night. In the course of the forenoon, however, I made a thorough examination of Harry's chamber, and particularly of the spot where the thing had disappeared. I could not tell the place precisely, but it appeared to me to be somewhere near a door, which was the only one in the room besides that which opened into our common sitting-room. Through that door no one could pass either quickly or quietly, for it was locked, and the lock was rusty from long disuse. There was in fact abundant evidence to prove that it had not been opened for a very long time; and yet it was the only possible means of egress from the chamber for a being of flesh and blood. By applying to a locksmith I succeeded in finding a key to fit the lock, but it required the exertion of all my strength to move the rusty bolt, and the noise it made was abundantly sufficient to have waked me if I had been sound asleep. I therefore put it down as a "fixed fact," that the wraith did not leave the room in that direction. As to the outside door of our apartments it was both locked and bolted, and the key kept constantly under my pillow.

The room beyond Harry's chamber, into which the disused door opened, was occupied by young Winton, and besides that door, the only way of getting into it was by means of a door opening on the staircase outside. By the closest and most careful scrutiny I was unable to discover any means by which the figure that I saw could possibly have disappeared either in this direction or in any other. I thought and thought, and reflected, and turned the thing over in my mind in every direction, and the result of it all was only to leave it a more profoundly inscrutable mystery than ever.

In spite of every discouragement, however, I determined to persevere in my apparently fruitless inquiries. It was several weeks before our extraordinary visitor made his appearance again. The circumstances were much the same as before. I had a better opportunity for deliberation, however, and I could hardly restrain myself from sallying out and attempting to seize the thing; but fearing that such an attempt, if unsuccessful, would at once put an end to my investigations, I managed to resist the temptation, and to content myself with making the best possible use of my

eyes and ears, and with marking the exact spot of its disappearance. It seemed to me to go into the wall. At all events, the place where I lost sight of it was indubitably just opposite the disused door—just as if it had gone through it. It also seemed to me that I heard a faint noise, but so faint that I could not possibly say what it was like. These observations induced me to make a new examination of the door, and of the partition wall around it. It was as fruitless as before. I was, however, very strongly impressed with the idea that this door was really a new one, though the lock, hinges, etc., appeared so old and rusty.

The end and upshot of my investigations and cogitations was a determination to visit the room beyond, and take a look at the wall and door on the other side. I did so. Winton was just going out, and could not stay as long as I wished. This circumstance induced me to gaze at the disused door on that side less guardedly perhaps than I would otherwise have done. I saw nothing there worth seeing, but I saw something elsewhere which interested me considerably. It was merely a look of Winton's—a short, rapid glance; but there was a volume in it to my suspicious eye. He saw me looking curiously at the door, and for one single instant his countenance betrayed an intense interest in what I was doing. In a fraction of a second he had resumed his ordinary nonchalant demeanor, but that instant was enough to give me a clue by which I hoped eventually to unravel this tangled web of mystery—and of wickedness, as I now believed. True, I might be in error, and sometimes I feared that I was; but I resolved, nevertheless, to go ahead, and act upon my suspicion as if it was an established reality. The innocent could not be harmed by it, and the guilty—if there were such—I was resolved not to spare. A small picture hung against the disused door, and I succeeded by my manner in convincing Winton that it was that alone which had interested me.

In the meantime poor Earnwald was to all appearance hastening to a premature grave. He was a confirmed invalid, and without any recognizable disease, grew weaker and weaker every day. He took but little interest in my investigations, and I found it impossible to inspire him with any hope of their success. Without informing him of my suspicions with regard to his cousin, I managed to get from him some facts which greatly strengthened them. Winton was still absent, and I considered myself justified, under the circumstances, in visiting his room alone. I therefore went to the porter and procured the key, giving him at the same time a five-franc-piece to say nothing about it. Considering the familiar terms on which we all lived, there was nothing extraordinary in such a procedure on my part. He thought some practical joke, or something like it, was intended.

When I reached the room I went to work and examined the condemned door with great care; but I could see nothing peculiar about it, except its evident newness, which certainly did look singular. I next made an attempt to remove the picture which I have already mentioned, but found the frame fastened to the door by tacks. I drew these out, took down the picture, and found behind it a very small and delicately fashioned hinge. Below the picture was a small, low bureau, or chest of drawers. This was also fastened in its place. Having removed it, I saw, as I had expected, another hinge, the counterpart of the one above. Searching farther, I discovered a very minute metallic knob, painted white, like the rest of the door. Pressing upon this with my thumb-nail, a narrow door flew open, disclosing an aperture in the larger door just wide enough to admit the ready passage of a man's body. Its edge all round was lined with satin, so as to secure its opening and shutting without noise. The line of juncture between this edge and the body of the larger door was so contrived as to represent the outline of one of the panels of the latter; so that though I had seen the whole outline of the little door on the other side, I took it for a panel of the large door, and never thought of its being anything else. The closest scrutiny, in fact, could not detect that it was anything else, unless by the hinges, which were concealed as I have stated, and which were so minute that no casual observation would have brought them to view, even if they had been left uncovered.

Greatly elated by the discovery I had made, I carried the key back to the porter, and then told Harry what I had seen. He was very loth to believe anything to his cousin's disadvantage, but the facts I had now to offer were irresistible.

How the thing was managed I could not pretend to say, but that there was deception and guilt on Winton's part would hardly admit of a doubt. I now told Harry that he must conceal me in his room, and at the same time help to spread the report that I had left Paris and gone to London, to be absent a month or more.

The thing was done in accordance to my suggestions. There was a pretty large closet in the bed-chamber, close to the disused door so often mentioned. In this I ensconced myself as soon as any one entered the outer room. The ruse was successful. It was universally believed that I was absent, and I felt very sure that if the wraith thought so it would soon recommence its pranks. Sure enough, on the third night of my supposed absence it paid us a visit—greatly to my satisfaction, for life in a closet was not at all to my taste. I was on the lookout for the intruder, but the little satin-lined door opened so noiselessly that I was not aware of his presence till he had passed on to the side of Harry's bed. The faintest possible rustling only accompanied his movements. Stopping a moment opposite to the bed, he advanced slowly to the window and stopped there a few seconds, with his back towards me. I now slipped quietly out of the closet, and placing myself close to the little door, like a dog before the den of a wild animal, awaited the ghost's return.

I had not long to wait. In about a minute he came gliding back again. He saw me and started back. At that instant I made a spring at him and brought him to the floor. He struggled violently in my grasp, and with no small exertion of strength; but I was more than a match for him. Finding that he could not get away from me, he drew a stiletto from his bosom; but I managed to take it from him before he could use it, and throw it away. By this time the noise had wakened Harry, who sprang out of bed and lit a couple of candles. Ever since I had been in the closet I had kept a strong rope coiled round my shoulders, in anticipation of what had now happened. With it I soon bound his ghostship hard and fast, Harry giving me his assistance. Up to this moment, my friend's faith in the supernatural nature of his visitant had hardly been shaken. I now gave him an ocular demonstration of the truth, which even he could not resist; and in all my experience of faces I never saw such a burst of joy—if I may call it so—overspread any human countenance as that which covered his at the sight.

Seeing that our struggle had disarranged a false moustache which my prisoner wore, I pulled it off. The effect was magical. It had been cut and fashioned precisely like one which Harry always wore, and the moment it was removed, the extraordinary resemblance which had worked so much mischief totally disappeared along with it. The fellow had a hideous hare-lip, which disfigured and altered the whole expression of his face. When it was covered by the moustache, the face was Harry's in every line and lineament, but when it was uncovered, the deformed, distorted visage showed hardly any trace of a likeness. These observations having been made in much less time than it has taken to record them, I made a speech to my captive.

"Now," said I, "you infamous, sneaking, dastardly scoundrel, you are altogether in my power, and as sure as there is a God in heaven I will choke you to death if you do not instantly tell us all about your villainous plot and your rascally accomplices;" and suiting the action to the words, I seized his cravat and twisted it till his face became as black almost as the neckcloth itself. I then relaxed my hold and gave him an opportunity to speak. This operation had to be repeated several times, and it was only when his eyes were almost starting from their sockets that his obstinacy gave way, and he promised to discover all. He redeemed his promise faithfully, I believe, with the exception of some few reservations of the truth when it bore very hard upon himself individually, which were all eventually made known to us. The facts discovered were very briefly as follows:

George Winton, as I had surmised, was at the bottom of it all. He was a black-hearted scoundrel, and a most accomplished hypocrite. At an early period he conceived such a passion as his selfish heart could feel for the lovely Effie, and without the knowledge of his cousin Earnwald, he strove to gain her; but he was unsuccessful in his suit, and he believed Harry to be the cause of his failure. From that moment he swore that he would be revenged; and he soon found the means, as he hoped, to glut his hatred and his



THE CATHEDRAL OF STAVROPOL, RUSSIA.

[See page 125.]

avarice both at once. Having squandered in every species of dissipation his own slender patrimony, he cast a covetous eye upon that of his cousin. This property was to be his, by law, in case of Earnwald's death without issue; and that death he resolved to bring about before he should marry, and if possible, in such a manner that no suspicion should rest upon the murderer. The knowledge of this peculiar disposition to be made of Earnwald's property, in the contingency specified, was the first thing that confirmed my suspicion of Winton's connection with my friend's difficulties.

An individual calling himself by the ubiquitous name of Smith, a native of France, but of English extraction, happened to come in contact with Winton in the city of New York, while he was revolving in his mind the best means of effecting his object. The sight of this man set-

tled the thing in his mind at once. He wore a luxuriant moustache, and with its assistance his resemblance to Earnwald was perfect. This remarkable likeness suggested the fiendish idea of haunting poor Harry to death with his own double. Though not superstitious or credulous, Winton knew that he was highly imaginative and sensitive in the extreme; and with the extraordinary power now at his command, he had high hopes of success. A small sum in advance, his expenses borne, and a contingent fee of five thousand dollars to be paid on the day of poor Earnwald's death, soon removed all scruples on the part of Monsieur Smith. They set to work at once, and Harry's equestrian adventure was the result. They gave the poison time to work, and then followed with the Fourth of July apparition. On this occasion, as soon as Smith observed that Harry had had a fair look at him, he

held down his head and snatched off his moustache, which was now a false one made in exact imitation of the one his victim wore. In an instant the resemblance was gone, and when Harry looked again, the place of the wraith was occupied by a strange face with a hare lip. His own likeness was nowhere to be seen. By this artifice, the fellow could at any time become visible and vanish at pleasure, as far as Earnwald was concerned.

And thus these devils incarnate pursued their wicked work. Smith, as we have seen, followed his prey to the far West, dogging his footsteps wherever he went. After their return, Winton invited himself to reside with his cousin, choosing for himself a room next to his. Smith, who was a skillful forger and counterfeiter, was then taught to imitate the poor fellow's hand-writing, and was thus prepared for the part which he was

to play in the study and bed-room scene. The door leading from this bed-room into Winton's apartment was carefully set open and ready for him to escape through the moment he had made the noises necessary to represent undressing and lying down. He was watching Harry as he stood at the window, being all the time prepared to rush out the moment he should at empt to enter. Before he could get round to the front door from the window, there would be ample time for Smith to escape. As they had anticipated, however, their victim was so paralyzed by what he saw, as to give Winton's tool full leisure to play out the drama. Having carefully produced a creaking noise from the bed without tumbling it, he deliberately walked through the door, shut it, and then locked it from the outside through the key-hole, by means of a pair of burglar's nippers.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 124.]



THE FAMOUS NEW IRON BRIDGE AT VENICE.

[See page 121.]

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

A REVOLUTIONARY PICTURE.

BY ALICE C. FREMONT.

On Cambridge Common peals the rattling drum—
Crowds are collected there, and still they come.
The child in arms, maid, wife, and grandsire old,
And stalwart youth—what come they to behold?
Beside the green, hard by the house of God,
An elm tree throws its shadows o'er the sod.
Beneath that tree a noble form behold,
Of truest manhood, the heroic mould.
To his high mission not unknown he came;
To rustic ears familiar was his name,
Soon to be linked to higher glories won,
The people's champion, hero, Washington.
He came to peril fortune, fame and life,
All man holds dearest, in his country's strife.
Needs native art a higher, holier theme
To light the canvass with its deathless beam?
That lofty figure Art may well pursue,
Where'er it moves in gloom and glory through—
In camp and council, in the battle's gorge,
The winter cantonments of Valley Forge,
Retiring from the foe in forced retreat,
Or sweeping back the battle's front to meet,
Calm in reverse, in triumph still serene.
Unchanged, unchanging, through each varied scene.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 7.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Discovery and capture of the pirates.—Rescue of the captives.—Capture of a prize-schooner.

At the same time at which closed the narrative of our last sketch, we sighted a large schooner, which, on account of her suspicious movements and her general appearance, we suspected to be a slaver. We chased her, but she outstripped us in speed, and at night, off Mayumba, on the Loango coast, she took advantage of the darkness to run into some one of the narrow creeks or rivers that abound on that coast—which from her light draught of water she was calculated to do—and we lost her.

We still recollected the shocking sight on board the brig, and had not yet given up all hope of discovering the perpetrators of the horrible massacre. We might catch the wretches on board some slaver, and this hope, united with our anxiety to capture a prize, rendered us more than usually eager. The schooner drew too much water to follow a vessel into a shallow river, even if we had seen her enter its mouth; but we were satisfied that the "chase" was somewhere near by, and we resolved to blockade that portion of the coast; to get the boats out and examine the creeks, bays and rivers, and if we discovered any sign of the schooner's having entered any one of these, to follow with boats and a strong, well-armed force, and cut her out. It was rather a desperate task to undertake, for we knew not the force of the vessel of which we were in search; but all on board were eager to be foremost. Anything that promises excitement is eagerly seized hold of, to vary the languid monotony of existence on the weary African coast station.

For two days the boats pulled and sailed up and down the Loango coast, within a distance of fourteen miles, closely examining the mouth of every river, and every creek and bay—the schooner, meanwhile, keeping close in shore, to cover them in case of necessity, or to render any needful assistance.

Toward the close of the second day, the officer in charge of the first cutter came alongside the schooner and reported that he had seen several buoys laid down near the entrance, and a mile or two up a narrow river, about six miles southward of the small port of Calhongo. He had no doubt they had been placed there by the slaver, and that she was concealed somewhere in the river, as the buoys in question had evidently been recently and hastily laid down. Signals were immediately made for the return of all the boats, the schooner run closer in shore, and was hove to opposite the mouth of the river, and four boats, containing forty-five well-armed officers and men, were sent up the river.

All was ready before nightfall, and we were full of hope that the return of daylight would find us in possession of a prize, and mingled with that hope was the earnest wish that we might learn something of the ill-fated Antonia's passengers, or discover and bring to justice the mutineers. Jokes and jibes passed freely from boat to boat. Soldiers and sailors are never more ready for such amusement than when on the eve of some

desperate adventure, and the men were permitted free scope for their noisy and somewhat rude wit-ticisms, until we had rowed some distance up the river, when silence was peremptorily enjoined. In a former sketch, I described the scenery of an African river shores. It is unnecessary to repeat it, as all are alike in their general features—the same alternate banks of marsh and forest, and jungle; and tangled weed, and sudden bends. About four miles from the mouth of the river we espied a faint light on shore, glimmering at a distance amidst a mass of jungle, interspersed with forest trees.

We laid on our oars while a consultation was held, and it was resolved that a party should land and reconnoitre, the captain leading it. The landing was not easily effected, for the ground was marshy and covered with prickly shrubs. The men sunk up to their ankles, sometimes falling and pricking themselves severely, and they had scarcely reached the shore when the light disappeared. However, they forced their way on in the direction whence it had proceeded, looking well to the priming of their pistols, in case of a sudden attack, while the men in the boats held themselves in readiness to fly to the assistance of their comrades at a preconcerted signal. The party consisted of ten men besides the captain. They proceeded half a mile amidst the darkness, rendered more profound in consequence of the deep shadow cast by the dense jungle, which often impeded their progress. The only sound that broke the solemn silence was the incessant buzzing and croaking of insects and reptiles, disturbed in their slimy haunts by their unwonted nocturnal visitors, and the occasional melancholy howl of some beast of prey prowling in the forest in search of food. Fearful of getting too far distant from their comrades in the boats, they were on the point of returning, when the light again glimmered for a moment, seemingly not more than two hundred yards distant.

"Halt, there, men!" whispered the captain. "Keep still as death, and be ready to come to my assistance if I whistle—you, Stevens and Jenkins, come with me."

The men obeyed, and the seamen designated quitted the party. For some distance they marched on in silence, and neither seeing nor hearing anything, were thinking of turning back and rejoining their comrades, when a dark figure was seen advancing toward them amidst the gloom.

"Who comes there?" cried the captain, cocking his pistol and standing still, prepared for any emergency.

"Sono Portoguesa," answered a youthful voice.

"I can't understand Portuguese," said the captain, as a youthful stripling advanced until he stood close to him.

"Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?" asked the lad, in perfectly good French.

"Un peu. Que voulez vous? Comment vous appelez vous?" said the captain.

"Je suis garçon, de la brigue Antonia. Nos camarades ont été massacrés, par les scelerats. Tenez, M. le Capitaine. Ma cousine est ici, dans cette chaumière," pointing to a mud hut now faintly distinguishable amid the darkness. (I will continue the conversation in English.) The youth had informed the captain that he belonged to the brig Antonia; that his comrades had been massacred by the sailors, and that a female cousin was concealed in the mud hut. The captain was, naturally enough, startled with surprise. At length, after a moment's silence, he said, "Are you a relative of Dom Vincent, the late supercargo of the Antonia?"

"Alas, monsieur," said the lad, "I was his nephew. They murdered my poor uncle and aunt, and nearly all the crew, and carried off in a boat me and my cousin, and the little child of my uncle, and all the money and gold-dust they could find. They carried us on shore some where. I know not where we landed, but a schooner was at anchor near the shore, and they put us on board of her. The schooner is up the river, lying in the bend above yonder point, taking on board a cargo of slaves. O, monsieur, the good God has sent you to our rescue. My cousin and the child are in the hut. I saw your boats pulling up the river, and I knew you belonged to the schooner of war which chased us two days ago. I lit a torch, but I was afraid to show it too plainly, lest the brigands on board the slaver should see the light. Monsieur, they would kill us. Every day they threaten to take our lives. Take us on board your vessel, monsieur; for God's sake, take us on board. The pirates think they are in security; that they have eluded

your vigilance. They will not see us embark. Monsieur, for mercy's sake, save my cousin. She will weep herself to death."

This explanation and appeal was delivered with impassioned gestures. The lad became so excited that the captain found great difficulty in composing him, but, after a while, he followed him into the hut. There, seated on the floor, with an untasted meal on a tray, by her side, he saw a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, weeping bitterly. She looked up as he entered, her large black eyes swollen with incessant weeping, and, in Portuguese and French mingled, implored him to save her life—more than life—her honor. This he swore to do at the risk of his own. He whistled softly, and the rest of the party appeared.

"Five of you remain here with this lady," said he. "At the cost of your own lives, protect her and the child, and this youth. The rest of you will return with me to the boats."

As soon as the captain had again embarked, orders were given to pull away, and ten minutes more brought the force in sight of the schooner lying at anchor, as the boy had said, in the next bend of the river. A desperate conflict ensued. The pirates knew that they were fighting for their lives. Seventeen of our men were wounded, six of them mortally, before the scoundrels surrendered, and when they did surrender, not a man on board the slaver was unseathed—fourteen of her crew lay dead and dying on her deck; the captain and eight others—all that remained—were severely wounded.

They were secured in the cabin, the dead and the wounded, too, of the pirates (to tell the truth), were ruthlessly thrown overboard to become food for alligators, and a sufficient number of men left on board to carry the schooner into Freetown, with the hundred and fifty negroes we found below on the slave-deck. The niece of the supercargo, and the child, with the lad who had spoken to the captain, were placed on board one of the boats, carried to the cruiser and taken to Freetown, whence, after having been carefully nursed by the ladies of the town, and provided with everything necessary to their comfort, they were sent to Lisbon on board the first ship that sailed for that port.

It appeared, from their account, that four men had been shipped on board the Antonia at Elmina, on the gold coast, in lieu of four of the original crew of the brig, who had died, and that these men belonged to a slaver, as they subsequently discovered. They had shipped with the intention of capturing the brig, and of plundering her of the large amount of gold-dust known to be on board. One night they had so managed as to secure the opportunity of murdering the whole crew, with the exception of the young woman and the child. The latter they would have killed, but the young woman clasped the infant in her arms, and said they should kill her, as well as the babe. The boy stunned, but not otherwise injured, had jumped into the water, after partially recovering from the effects of the blow he had received, and had swam to the boat which contained his cousin. Some of the savages had attempted to beat him off with the oars, but one, more compassionate than the rest, had taken him on board at the intercession of the young lady, perhaps by so doing, hoping to gain her favor. They had been put on board the schooner, which had then put to sea, and for two months had kept away from the land, fearful that the news of the massacre, if the brig were discovered before she foundered, would increase the vigilance of the cruisers. At length, hoping that the excitement created by the affair had, in some measure subsided, they had ventured in shore, and had immediately been chased by the Alert. They had put into the narrow river where we had surprised and captured them, believing its existence only known to themselves, as it was not laid down on the charts of the coast, and that there they were in perfect security, and had placed their captives in the hut amidst the jungle, while they made their landing. The result I have stated; it is almost needless to add that the schooner became our lawful prize, and the captain and crew—only two of whom recovered from the wounds they had received in the desperate conflict with the man-of-war's boats' crews—met their deserts beneath the gallows.

A long time elapsed before the mystery of the firing of the brig's gun was explained. Some sailors shipped on board a merchantman bound to New York, from the coast of Benin, who had only just recovered from some dangerous wounds received, they said, on board a Portu-

guese brig, a portion of whose crew had risen in mutiny and murdered, as they supposed, all the rest on board. They (the sailors) had only been stunned, and when the mutineers had left, after settling the brig, they had risen to their feet, and notwithstanding their wounded condition, had managed to fire the ship's gun several times, in hopes of attracting the attention of some vessel, which might come to their rescue; but receiving no response, and knowing that they were near the shore, at the same time being fearful that the brig might founder at sea, they had launched the only remaining boat and succeeded in making the land.

Their story was disbelieved, and they were thrown into jail in New York, on suspicion of having been engaged in piracy. They were kept prisoners until the whole matter was explained in the New York papers. The account agreed with their own, and they were then set at liberty.

The faithful Newfoundland dog mourned long for his dead master, but he forgot him at last, and was taken on board the schooner, where he remained during the remainder of the cruise.

PRIMITIVE MEANINGS.

It is frequently very interesting and highly useful to trace the primitive significance of words. However far the conventional acceptation may be removed from the original idea, a return to that idea seldom fails to impress us with the full meaning of the word, and to assist in defining its just application. In some instances, the primary sense refers to a fact or circumstance, which, when known, gives a wondrous force to the word, that the signification sanctioned by general use cannot convey. Take a few examples:

TEMPLE.—A place of contemplation. The religious roofless structures of the heathens were so named, from their having exposed the heavens to view.

SINCERE.—Without wax. The quality of the mind is here compared with that of honey, of which the purest sort is the least mixed with wax.

BARBARIAN.—A savage unshaved man. CLERGY.—The whole body of faithful believers. From a Greek word, which is used in this sense, in the plural, by St. Peter.

FUTILE.—Empty. This word designated an ancient sacrificial vessel, of such a form that if set on the ground it spilled its contents.

FRIVOLOUS.—Not worth an obolus—Anglice, five farthings.

INIQUITY.—Inequality. Wanting the even rectitude of the balance.

DEXTERITY.—Right-handedness.

HASTE.—The flight of a spear or javelin cast at an enemy.

MUTILATED.—Having the horns broken off. The idea appears to be taken from the fierce contests of horned cattle.—Trench.

CARD-TABLE SIGNALS.

Theodore Hook's Code of Card-Table Signals, in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gurney," might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs; and, if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smismag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he; 'by words. If Mrs. Smismag is to lead, Smismag says, 'Dear begin.' Dear begins with D—so does diamond; and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, 'S., my love!' she wants a spade. Smismag and spade begins with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. 'Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!' Mrs. Smismag stumps down a heart; and a gentle 'Come, my love!' on either side, produces a club."

PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and also (though this is generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to age to see the beauty of the world; or what comes to the same thing, this beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty is developing itself in us. Only reflect what regions, lovely as Paradise, there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the conscious creature. The men who are now living there, do not see the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that, the mind of man once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments he has lost. For one "Paradise Lost," he will sing of a thousand that he has gained. —William Smith's *Thorndale*.

Though conversation, in its better part, May be esteemed a gift, and not an art. Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil, On culture and the sowing of the soil. —Cowper.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PALPABLE PARODY.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my darling wife?
Whose heart within him ne'er hath glowed
As turned his steps to his abode
From all the ills of busy strife?
If such there be, go mark him well;
For him no children's voices swell;
Firm though his step and proud his heart,
Since he is free of Cupid's dart,
Despise his honors or his pelf,
The bachelor, all wrapped in self,
Living, shall forfeit the esteem
Of those who sail Love's golden stream;
And, singly dying, shall go hence
Without life's truest recompense;
Blending with dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unbonored and unsung.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALICE THIGHBUN.

An Incident in the Reign of Charles II.

BY MAURICE SILLINGSBY, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "LOCKSDEN," "EIGHT YEARS ABROAD," ETC., ETC.

DURING the reign of Henry II., which was one of the most prosperous administrations that England had enjoyed since the days of Alfred the Wise, there resided in that part of London which has since been known as Holborn Hill, a respectable money-lender named Richmud Thighbun. It was unfortunately at that period of the world when the rights of the citizen were very little regarded, even by those who, instead of preying upon their property as was but too frequently the case, should have been looked upon as their protectors and defenders. Henry, by his wise administration and his firmness in enforcing the laws, not only modified, but very sensibly diminished the prevailing abuses of the times. Since the days of William the Conqueror, and the introduction of the arrogant Normans into all places of trust and emolument, a detailed history of the individual wrongs of this, at that time, most wretched and abject country, would be too horrible, too monstrous, almost for the belief of men and women in our own comparatively tranquil times. Murder and robbery, and every variety of sexual crime and outrage; intrigues of church and state; devices of the strong to rob the weak and defenceless; arts and contrivances of unprincipled gallants to divest the fair daughters of honest and humble citizens of the only birthright they dared to claim—virtue; incendiarism; brutal debaucheries of the marriage-bed; mysterious disappearances and midnight assassinations—were as common in those times, and as little regarded by the masses not immediately injured by the transaction—excepting in cases where a fear or panic for personal safety became general—as the petty police records of our own day. But crime was by no means limited to one class more than to another, only that numbers, or in other words a combination, of the meaner elements would in turn prey upon the superior, so that in reality the virtuous and well-meaning of all classes were mostly destined to become the sufferers.

Historians relate that in those early and disorderly times it was a custom in London for great numbers, sometimes amounting to hundreds or more, sons and relations in some instances of considerable citizens, to form themselves into a licentious confederacy to break into the houses of the wealthy or noble in pursuit of plunder, to rob and murder and debauch, and to commit with impunity every species of criminal irregularity. To such a height were these crimes carried, that it became so dangerous to walk the streets at night that unprotected citizens, or people of rank, durst no more venture abroad after dark than if they had been exposed to the outrages of a foreign army. Such were the times when Richmud Thighbun, in a small way, followed the professed calling of money-lender in London.

Richmud had an only child, a daughter about seventeen years of age, who bore the Christian name of Alice. She was very beautiful, and her father often trembled and regretted that Heaven should have endowed her with so undesirable a quality, and took good care to conceal her as much as possible from the public eye. But female loveliness is a difficult quality for any one to possess and keep long hidden. There are always means open to render it more or less known to the public; and there will always be

those who shall admire, or envy, or covet its possession, however virtuous or near unto perfection this anomaly called human nature may become.

Roger De Lucy, a young fellow of good family, but of extravagant and licentious habits, called upon Thighbun one afternoon to procure a small loan to meet some present pressing demand upon his purse. Alice was in the room with her father when this young gallant entered, and although she immediately retreated, and endeavored with her pretty white hands to conceal her beautiful face, as well as her modest blushes, the visitor had seen enough to arouse in an instant all the fiery passion of his soul, and he determined, before quitting the house, to possess the beautiful girl for a mistress before another night rolled over his gay and profligate head. De Lucy was a handsome young man, possessed of all the captivating ease and grace of a Norman courtier, and among ladies of good fashion he was regarded as one of the most irresistible young gentlemen of the day. He was so captivated by the fair girl's appearance, that for the moment he forgot the errand which had brought him, and as the door closed on the lovely apparition, he abruptly demanded of the old man who she was.

The money-lender, while an expression of pain shot through his features, explained to him with much humility of look (though a secret terror seized on his heart in an instant, associated suddenly with the most painful forebodings,) that the young woman was his daughter.

"By Jupiter!" cried De Lucy, "she is the fairest wench in London—a Juno and a Venus equally blended! Stately as a queen, and beautiful as Hebe!"

As the young gallant wended his way back into the fashionable thoroughfares, he was endeavoring to arrive at some feasible plan by which the lovely creature who now occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of all others, might be secretly conveyed to some favored locality where full scope might be found for the enjoyment of his licentious dreams. At length a happy thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed aloud: "May Vulcan seize me, but I will hunt up John Senex, for he with his gang of villains, there is no better man to aid me."

Arriving at this important conclusion, De Lucy immediately turned his steps in an opposite direction, and soon after entered one of those public houses of questionable repute which have always existed in London so far back as we have any history or account, and where we may suppose he met with the person of whom he was in search. We will now turn our attention to the poor money-lender, whom we left a moment ago to digest in silence the daring compliment which had been paid him in behalf of his child, and which in a moment had rendered him the most wretched of fathers. For a long time he sat with his head bowed down, striving if possible to divest the words of De Lucy of any invidious meaning. But that was impossible. He had observed with a parent's watchful eye, the bold and admiring glance of the young gallant, and he knew but too well the determined character of the gentlemen of that age in their unprincipled pursuit of pleasure. He sat till Alice called him to supper, mentally cursing his unhappy fate in having been born to be the father of so beautiful a daughter. "God bless her sweet face!" cried the old man, bursting into tears; "but I am afraid it will yet be the means of rendering both our lives miserable. Had she been born plainer she might have been happy as the wife of some honest tradesman, without attracting a passing glance from the gay and licentious gentry."

At an early hour that evening he closed and barricaded all his doors, as though for the first time he had been aroused by a vivid sense or premonition of some indefinite evil. He then knelt before a crucifix, and prayed to the holy virgin to protect his daughter from all danger and dishonor. Scarcely had he concluded his devotions, when there came a loud rap at the street-door. He made no reply to the unseasonable demand, but bidding Alice to conceal herself, he caught up his sabre and stood instantly on the offensive. In a few minutes the villains succeeded in forcing an entrance, but honest Richmud, meeting them at the door, contrived with a well-directed blow, to chop off the hand of the foremost robber before he was overpowered. The brave old man fought with the strength and desperation of a giant, contesting the ground inch by inch against his cowardly assailants, till

he was finally prostrated by a heavy blow, and the villains passed into the house over his insensible body. When he came to, the daylight was shining into the room, and he found himself surrounded by friendly citizens, who had discovered him stunned and bleeding in the doorway of his dwelling some half an hour before.

"Where is Alice?" inquired the old man the moment he could command his speech.

"She was nowhere to be found!" was the answer. "The doors were thrown open, and you were the only occupant of the house when we entered. Such outrages as these are too dreadful to think of."

"O, Alice! O, my daughter!" moaned the old man. "Citizens!" he at length cried, "in the name of Heaven and the holy saints, I charge Roger De Lucy with this villainy of which you are now witnesses."

The surgeon here remarked that he was called in the night to take up the arteries in a fellow's wrist, who had had his hand chopped off in some drunken broil.

"Beshrew me!" cried Richmud, starting, "but it must be the very hand I chopped off myself. Who is the villain? Where is he to be found?"

"This is a strange coincidence," returned the surgeon, "if there were two hands amputated by violence on the same night. But the villain I allude to is where he may be safely found any time these four days, for he is much too weak from loss of blood to be removed."

"But what is to be done?" cried one of the bystanders. "Are such grievances to be tamely borne?"

"No!" replied the surgeon, resolutely. "I will lay this case before the king in person. He owes me an obligation, and he will listen to me. Besides, I know it is his determination to quell these disorders by publicly hanging the ringleaders. The barbarous murder of Earl Ferrars's brother has fully aroused him to the danger of suffering such things to continue. I will instantly to the king; and you, citizens, I delegate to visit the abode of Roger De Lucy and demand of him to surrender up this old man's daughter!"

The surgeon hurried away intent on his friendly mission, while three of the most influential citizens were selected to make the demand upon De Lucy; but that gallant resolutely denied all knowledge of the transaction, and if any one doubted his innocence, they were at full liberty to search his house from cellar to garret. The delegation returned, but their report by no means satisfied the broken-hearted old man. He still maintained his belief in De Lucy's guilt, and sent him a challenge to meet him in single combat, which that gallant disdainfully refused, ascribing as a reason, that no gentleman was obliged by the code of honor to accept a challenge from a citizen or villain. But the surgeon was more successful in interesting the king, who instantly ordered the arrest of the person with the missing hand. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he was brought before the tribunal of Henry, and there confessed in order to save himself, that his superiors in the late outrage were Roger De Lucy and Master John Senex, cit.* The two culprits were immediately seized by order of Henry, and their guilt being clearly shown, they were sentenced to be publicly executed. Senex was one of the wealthiest commons in London, and finding that the king was really in earnest, he offered twelve hundred marks for his own and his friend's life; but Henry, unlike many other rulers of that day, was above such bribery, and he indignantly refused a pardon.

But De Lucy, villain though he was in all save birth, was more fortunate than Senex, for by his gallantries and professions of undying love, he had so won upon the simple-hearted Alice, who had been suffered to return to her father the moment he found himself in custody, that, with the permission of her father, whose repugnance and antipathy to De Lucy she had finally succeeded in conquering, she appeared before the king in person and begged for the life of him who had dishonored her. Henry was struck by the novelty of the application, and noticing the tears of the beautiful girl, he abruptly demanded if she loved him. Her answer was a simple and unaffected confession of the fact. "Then by my beard!" cried Henry, "I will pardon him on condition that he marries you, and gives security in a thousand marks, to honor and cherish you above all other women,

* Senex was publicly hanged near the close of the twelfth century, for breaking into a citizen's house by force of arms.

which is no more than such love and forbearance deserve."

De Lucy accepted the conditions of the king joyfully, and it is believed he never forfeited his bonds; but Senex, less fortunate—having no beautiful mistress for an advocate—suffered the full penalty of the decree.

MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The monument erected in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, by order of Parliament, in memory of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions who sailed in the Erebus and Terror in search of a northwest passage, consists of a centre tablet, on which are inscribed the names of the enterprising and unfortunate officers and crews engaged in the expedition. This is surmounted by a pediment, with which are two crowns of oak and olive entwined. The subject is illustrated by sculpture. On the right of the tablet (the spectator's left) is a statue of a naval officer—not a portrait—studying in an open folio, with compasses in hand, the route of the ships. This figure is standing. Near him are a globe, books, and papers referring to Arctic researches, and inscribed with the names of Franklin, Parry and Ross. In the background are seen, in low relief, the tall masts of the ships, with sails set, as if departing. A space is then left; and the next object that takes the attention is a group of large, splintered icebergs, shooting up irregularly into the sky. Over these is a star, denoting the North or Polar Star. In the fissure of an iceberg is seen a crushed or broken spar, with loose tackle. Below this scene of desolation is the statue of a sailor sitting on a fragment of rock. He is habited in the dress worn in the inclement northern regions; one of his feet, wounded, is bandaged. The expression given to this figure is intended for that of deep despondency. Lying near him are a broken ice-pole with its tackle, such as was used in those expeditions, and the peculiar floe-anchor employed for holding and grappling on to the ice. The work is in marble, and occupies a space of about eighteen feet high by between nine and ten wide.—*London paper.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

After the campaign of Italy, in the year 1799, when Souvaroff returned to St. Petersburg, Paul did not display much feeling of propriety in sending Koutaisoff to compliment the illustrious general upon his safe arrival. The witty and sharp warrior said to him, "Excuse, my dear count, an old man whose memory slackens. I can recollect nothing about the origin of your illustrious family, or perhaps you got your title of count from some grand victory?" "I never was a soldier, prince," replied the ex-valet. "O, then you have no doubt been an ambassador?" "No!" "Minister." "What important post, then, did you occupy?" "I had the honor to serve his majesty in the capacity of butler." "Well, that is very honorable, my dear count." In this instant he rang the bell for his own butler, and addressed him in the following strain: "I say, Troshka, I have told you repeatedly every day that you must give up drinking and thieving; and you don't listen to me. Now, look at that gentleman: he has been a butler like yourself, but being neither a drunkard nor a thief, you see him now a great equerry in waiting to his majesty, a knight of all the Russian orders, and count of the empire! You must follow his example."—*Prince Dolgorouky's Handbook of Russia.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up and said "Roxbury." "No, sir!" was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No, sir!" returned the colored soldier. "Charlestown," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you what, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge." Washington said Cambridge and went by, and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that branch of military duty.—*Boston Journal.*

HINTS TO CRANIOPHILERS.

Dr. J. Aitken Meigs, of Philadelphia, who devotes himself to ethnological researches, has published, under this title, a loud call upon the profession for human skulls, for the collection of which he has a passion. Catalogues of crania in public or private collections will be highly acceptable, and more so if with a description of the source and history of each. The museums of the several medical colleges in Philadelphia contain 450 skulls, and the Morton collection in the same city is the largest in the world, belongs to the Academy of Sciences, and contains 1100 crania, and represents 170 different races and tribes of the human family.—*American Medical Gazette.*

A PERFECT HUSBAND.

Faithful as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome;
Sweet as to shipwrecked seaman life and home.
—*Euripides.*

MRS. VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM.

The portrait on this page, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Homer, is a good likeness of the lady whose name heads this article, and who is well known and highly appreciated as the leading actress at the Boston Museum. To youth and beauty she adds the attractions of a rich and melodious voice, a graceful and refined manner, and above all, a cultivated mind. With these qualifications, she has won her way to popular favor, and legitimately earned an enviable position on the stage. During the recent engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan at the Museum, Mrs. Cunningham greatly added to her popularity by the effective manner in which, by her performance of the important characters assigned her, she seconded the efforts of the tragedian. Mrs. Cunningham was born in the city of Philadelphia, November 22, 1834, and is the daughter of the late Lewis A. Juhan. She received an excellent education, but the sudden death of her father induced her to turn her attention to the stage as affording her support and an honorable career. She made her first appearance as "Florinda," in Shiel's tragedy of the "Apostate," at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in February, 1851, and her complete success may be inferred from the fact that she was immediately engaged by the manager of the Holiday Street Theatre, to play what is technically termed "juvenile tragedy." Her next engagement was at the Arch Street, where she made her first appearance as "Pauline," in the "Lady of Lyons," to the "Claude" of William R. Goodall, who remarked at the fall of the curtain, that during his whole stage career, he had never seen the part of "Pauline" better acted—it was the author's Pauline. Commendation like this, to which was added the cordial approbation of the manager, Mr. E. S. Conner, and the hearty applause of the public, might well stimulate the ambition of an actress so young as Miss Howard—the name by which she was known on the stage. On a weaker understanding it might have produced an injurious effect, but the subject of our sketch entertained so high a conception of the requirements of her art, that each step she took in advance, only showed a perspective of greater requirements and greater toils. Modest, yet self-reliant, she resolved to deserve success, whether she won it or not. In the season of 1852-53 she played juvenile tragedy with great success at the Arch Street Theatre. During this season she entered into another engagement—a matrimonial one—with Mr. P. C. Cunningham, a prominent member of the profession, whose speciality is the delineation of old men, eccentric Scotch characters, such as "Baillie Nicol Jarvie," and dialect parts generally. In private life, Mr. Cunningham is universally popular as a well-bred and highly cultivated gentleman. Mrs. Cunningham's next theatrical engagement was in the city of Washington, where she became at once a favorite. After this she was engaged at the Chestnut Street Theatre in her native city, then visited several other American cities professionally, concluding a brilliant tour in Montreal, where she first made her appearance as "Julia," in the "Hunchback," and was warmly received by the public and the press. She was twice called before the curtain, and the Montreal Gazette pronounced the performance "the most successful that had been witnessed for years." Mrs. Cunningham's next engagement was at the National, in this city, where she rapidly gained the favor of the public, though the range of the pieces performed did not afford her a fair scope for the display of her abilities. During her present engagement at the



MRS. CUNNINGHAM, BOSTON MUSEUM.

Boston Museum she has had many opportunities for the exhibition of her talents, and has shown how carefully and conscientiously she has studied an art in which success requires a rare combination of qualities. During the brief period of her professional career, she has essayed many of the most difficult characters the English drama presents, and her uniform success warrants our predicting for her a brilliant, unclouded future.

PIKE'S NEW OPERA HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

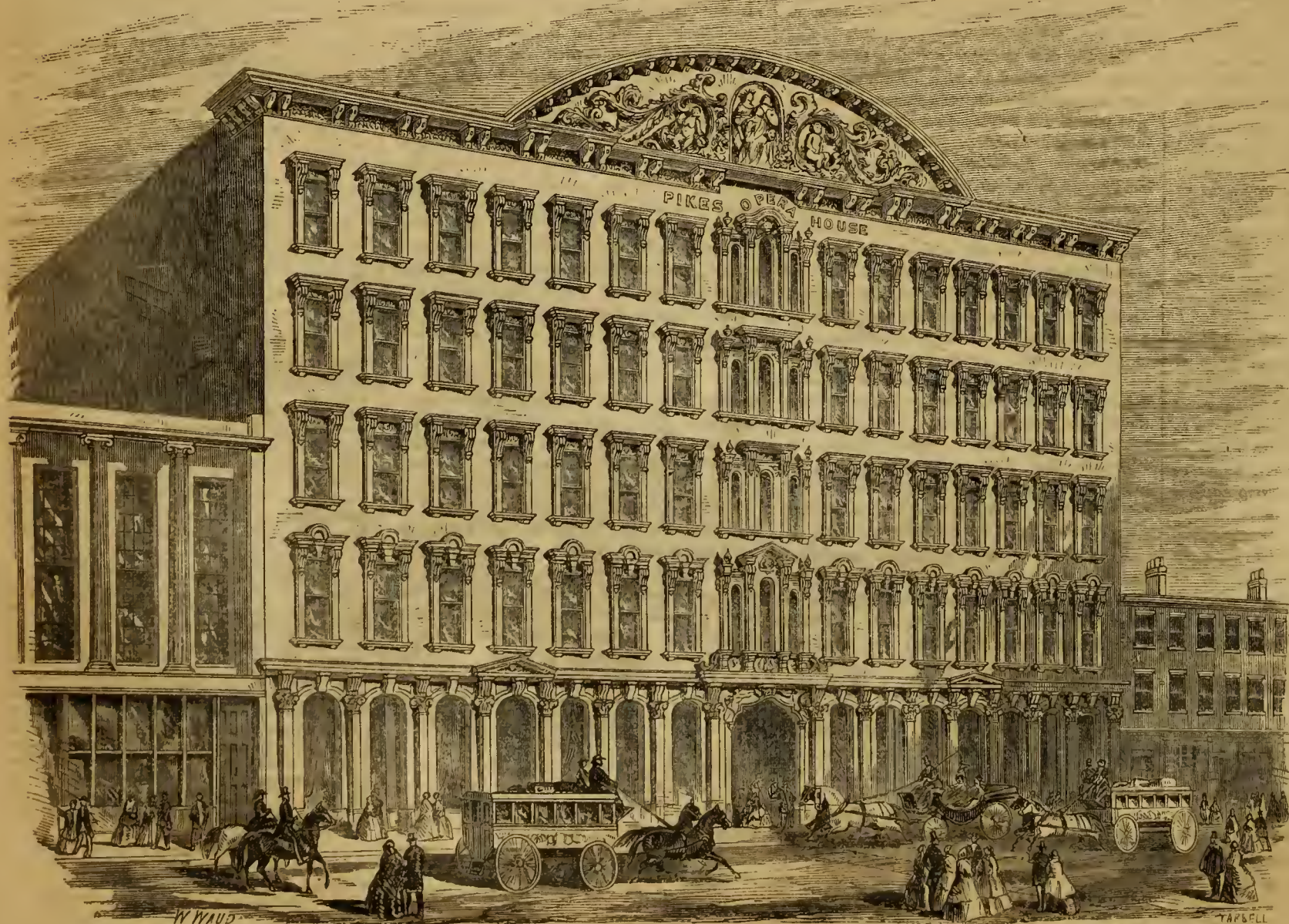
We present on this page a view of Mr. Pike's new Opera Hall, or Academy of Music, the progress of which we have noticed from time to time, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, to show our friends on the Atlantic seaboard that the course of the star of taste, as well as empire, is westward. This splendid building reflects the highest credit on the enterprise of Mr. Pike, the proprietor, and on the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. J. M. Trimble. It would be an ornament to any city in the world. The architecture is rich and ornate, without being tawdry, and the vast extent and height of the façade, give it a truly imposing as-

pect. We are indebted to the kindness of R. Delavan Mussey, Esq., of the Cincinnati Gazette, for some interesting details respecting the interior of the opera house, which will be inaugurated by a splendid ball on Washington's birthday. The hall proper is only one of several spacious rooms in the building. There are four very large stores on the first floor, two fine dancing, concert or lecture rooms, and a profusion of offices. The opera hall is situated in the second story back. In front of it are corridors, approached from the street by three stair-ways. The auditorium of the hall is divided into parquette, parquette slips in the rear of the parquette; above these slips the balcony, and above the balcony the upper boxes or amphitheatre. The auditorium is about twenty feet less in depth than that of the New York Academy of Music, and about fifteen feet wider. The result of this proportion is to bring the audience nearer the stage. The auditorium is so constructed that all the seats in Pike's Hall have good views of the stage. The stage is very broad and deep; the proscenium opening being 54 feet high by 50 feet wide, and the stage deep in proportion to the width. There are three proscenium boxes on either side, the proscenium being 22 feet deep. There will be ample room upon the stage for grand scenic effects, and liberal accommodations for machinists, carpenters and painters. The proscenium boxes are also on a magnificent scale. They will hold about twenty persons each. The hall is lighted by a row of gas lights about the dome, and below the windows above the amphitheatre, thus avoiding the distressing glare that comes from chandeliers and box lights, in ordinary theatres. The ceiling is painted in fresco, by Signor Guidochini, an Italian artist, whose fancy has revelled in the delineation of allegorical figures, and graceful devices. As we have before remarked, the opera house will be inaugurated by a ball on the 22d, on which occasion the parquette will be entirely boarded over, making, with the stage, a grand dancing floor like that of the Parisian opera during the carnival. Next month Strakosch's Italian opera company will take possession of the hall, and in June the Ravel troupe will probably perform there. We congratulate our Cincinnati friends on the consummation of this brilliant enterprise, for we are perfectly cosmopolitan in our feelings, and feel the sincerest pleasure in recording every triumphant step in the progress of the arts and of civilization. In these respects the West is moving on as surprisingly as she has done in all the avenues of business and commerce.

FESTIVAL OF THE JUVENALIA.

Nero himself was the hero of this solemnity. Arrived at the age of manhood, his beard was clipped, and the first tender down of his cheek and chin enclosed in a golden casket, and dedicated to Jupiter and in the capitol. This ceremony was followed by music and acting: men of all ranks and in great numbers were admitted as spectators; illustrious Romans were bribed to exhibit themselves as dancers and singers; grave senators and stately matrons capered in the wanton measures of mercenary buffoons and posture-makers. The degradation to which Nero thus constrained his noblest subjects seems, in the view of the philosophic Tacitus, to deepen the shades which hung over the fame of the matricide. The historian proceeds to describe, as an enhancement of his enormities, the establishment of what we should call a public garden round the basin of Augustus beyond the Tiber, where drinks and viands were distributed to the populace, and all comers, gentle and simple, received a 'ticket for refreshments,' which good men exchanged for these vile commodities because they were compelled, the profligate from depraved inclination. Henceforth vice, he says, walks abroad more heinous and more shameless than ever. These promiscuous assemblages of men and women of all ranks together, corrupted the manners of the age more than any cause that could be named. Last of all, to crown the universal degeneracy, when his people had been sufficiently corrupted, Nero descended himself upon the stage with the lyre in his hand, which he was seen to tune with nervous solicitude before commencing his performance. His voice was husky, his breath was short, and all the appliances of his art were unavailing to correct their defects. But of this he was much too vain to be conscious. Nevertheless, to silence envious detractors, a troop of soldiers was kept always in attendance, and at their head stood Burrus himself, disguising the sob of shame with ejaculations of applause. A band of young nobles, entitled Augustani, was enrolled to applaud the performance, to praise the divine beauty of the priape, and the divine excellence of his singing. Doubtless the verses already quoted from Seneca were frequently in their mouths. Nero himself was a verse-maker also. His claims to poetical merit were, as might be expected, meagre, and he so far distrusted himself in this art that he entertained many rhymers about him, whose business it was to catch each pretty turn of phrase or thought that fell from him, and weave it into verse as best they might, but his own verses have little unity of style or meaning.

—Merivale's History of the Romans.



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO



THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

A BOSTON POLICE-STATION.

The illustrations on this page were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Alfred Waud, and represent the interior of the Fifth District Station House in East Dedham Street. The company attached to the station is composed of thirty-three police officers—a fine body of men. They are officered as follows: George M. King, captain; Silas Small and William Chadbourne, lieutenants. The district is very large in proportion to the strength of the company, as the number of stores is quite small in proportion to the number of houses to be guarded. The station-house we have selected for representation is considered a model one, in every respect. It was built expressly for the purpose, and is well arranged and convenient. The basement is devoted to the cells, of which there are twelve, distributed among four rooms, well-warmed and ventilated, and with two berths, after the fashion of a ship's state-rooms, in each, provided with bedding. One of our engravings represents this department. The basement also contains a room where the men dry their clothes, and keep boots, overcoats, etc. The street entrance to the cells is in the basement. On the first story is the captain's private office, shown in our engraving. Attached to this is a bath-room. The guard-room, represented in our large engraving, is a spacious apartment where the roll is called, and where the men sit and pass the time while off duty. It is furnished with a range of wardrobes, one to two men, a rack to hang billies, handcuffs and rattles on, ranges of boxes, and a post-office in which the communications for the members of the force are placed. The roll is called at 8 o'clock, A. M., and 2 and 6, P. M., and at 1, A. M. In our illustration this ceremony is represented, the men standing in a circle, the captain at his desk, supported by a lieutenant on

each side, the officers being distinguished from the men by wearing hats instead of the regulation cap. The dog in the chair is "Tige," an animal of superior natural gifts developed by education, who dances on his hind legs, and performs various other feats almost entitling him to rank with "Sir Isaac," the canine wonder of Bulwer's last novel. The officers are very much attached to this animal, and he is as high in favor as if he were the "dog of the regiment." The second story contains the dormitories and sleeping apartments of the men and officers, while the third is devoted to poor lodgers, for whose use there are eleven beds on iron bedsteads, occupying four rooms, well-warmed and ventilated. This is a most humane arrangement, and worthy of imitation in all cities. Sometimes twenty-five houseless wanderers have slept in the house in one night. The whole building is a model of cleanliness, of military precision and order, and has been visited and examined by officials from all parts of the Union as the model police establishment. It was first opened December 25th, 1857, the occasion being celebrated by a collation, at which the city corporation and other distinguished guests were present. Boston has every reason to be proud of her police department. The vigilance, courage, good conduct and good manners of the officers, are proverbial, and they are certainly a fine-looking body of men. We cannot claim for our city an exemption from the universal rule that assigns crime to all large aggregations of humanity, but we do claim that every effort is made to check its progress, and to bring it to punishment, and no one can deny that our police system is effective.

NEW IRON-BRIDGE AT VENICE.

The engraving of the new Iron Bridge at Venice, on page 117, is from a beautiful photograph. Venice, in consequence of its unique construction, is one of the few cities which have persistently resisted modern innovations; her squares and canals, her streets and palaces, have the same aspect as in the days when her doges espoused the Adriatic. The railroad which links the lagunes to the main land, has scarcely altered the picturesque city, so proud of its memories and venerable monuments. Our readers are aware that the Grand Canal, the windings of which form an S, divides Venice into two nearly equal parts. For centuries these two parts had no other bridge than the Rialto—they would have no other. If the inhabitants of St. Mark's Square wished to visit the opposite quarter, they embarked in the classic gondolas. In 1847 the engineer Galateo built an iron bridge at Padua, the first that had been seen in Italy; but it was only in 1853 that Venice adopted the project of having a bridge over the Grand Canal. This bridge has now been finished by Mr. Neville. It is of cast-iron, is 167 feet long, and supported by four conical pilasters. The platform is 18 feet broad, and reached by two elegant staircases. The ornamentation of this structure belongs to the florid Gothic style. The *Ponte di ferro* (iron bridge, connects the Campo de San Stefano with the piazzetta delle Belle Arti. A little further on is the

the completion of the bridge. In our engraving, the Ripa dei Schiavoni, and the quarter of San Marco, are on the left. On the right is the Squaro of Fine Arts (*delle Belle Arti*). In the distance are the domes of the Church of Maria delle Salute, constructed by the architect Balthazar Longheno in 1630. It was erected in memory of the cessation of the plague. It is adorned with twenty statues of white marble, and pictures by Titian, Tintoretto and Salviati.

TAMING SPIDERS.

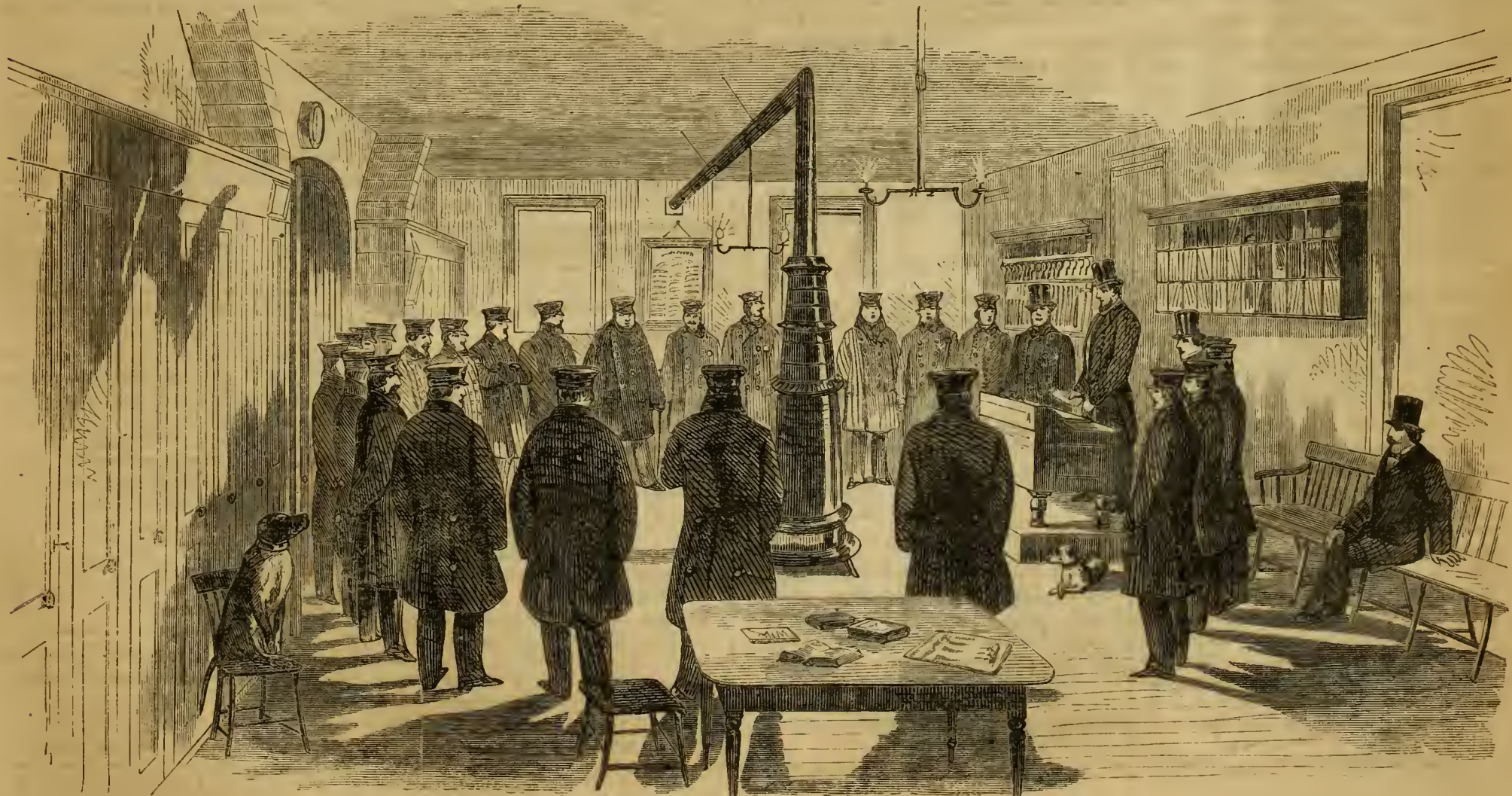
How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their master is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale. When the great and brilliant Lauzun was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider. She came at his call; she took her food from his fingers, and well understood his word of command. In vain did jailors and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion. She would not obey their voices, and rejected the tempting bait from their hand. So it was with the friend of the patriot, Quatremere d'Ionville, who paid, with captivity, for the too ardent love of his country. He also had tamed spiders, and taught them to come at his call. But the little creatures were not only useful to him, but to the nation to which he belonged. For, when the French invaded Holland, the prisoner managed to send a message that the inundated and now impassable country would soon be frozen over, so that they would be able to march over the ice-bridged swamps and lakes; for spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read, in their queer habits, the signs of approaching winter. The frost came, and with it the



THE CELLS.

promenade of Zartori, where, during the summer, you breathe the fresh air from the distant mountains. This promenade, formerly deserted, has attracted the elite of Venetian society since

French; Holland was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders were forgotten, but the lesson is an interesting one.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*



ROLL CALL IN THE GUARD ROOM.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOYAGEUR.—John Murray of London has published "handbooks" for travellers in almost every part of the world. You will ascertain this if you meet any Englishmen in your travels. If you find an Englishman on the continent without his "Murray," or "Galignani's Messenger," let us know—that's all.

BEGINNER.—You should begin at once to draw from plaster casts, heads, hands and feet, then entire figures. Drawing from prints is a very bad practice. After drawing from casts awhile, if your progress warrants it, draw from life. One satisfactory drawing from a plaster model or from nature is worth twenty from engravings. Still you ought to consult engravings, to learn the mysteries of light and shade, etc.

H. H., Concord, N. H. The gentleman you inquire for left for Washington last week.

SHIP-MASTER.—The first merchant ship that ever appeared on the Neva, was a Dutch vessel that arrived at St. Petersburg in 1703, the year of its foundation. The czar was so delighted, that he treated the captain and crew with the greatest liberality and loaded them with presents.

R. M.—Paper was introduced into Europe by the Arabians or Moors.

SENEX.—The "Daily Courant," the first of the daily newspapers published in Great Britain, made its appearance in London in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne.

THE SPIAN.—You were misinformed. Instead of Wycherley's altering a play of Garrick's, it was Garrick who altered Wycherley's "Country Wife" to the "Country Girl." Wycherley flourished long before Garrick.

PUPIL.—The ancients were unacquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

C. C., Portland, Me.—We know of no other biography than Moore's "Life of Sheridan." Though unworthy of the author and the subject, it is interesting.

"ROMANCE."—The "historical novel" was created by Sir Walter Scott; the nautical novel by Fenimore Cooper.

M. S., Williamstown, Mass.—We think there is no doubt that funds will be raised readily by public subscription to build the Natural History Museum which Mr. Agassiz is so anxious to have established at Cambridge.

G. S., Galveston, Texas.—Procuring stock is entirely out of our line. Better write to the New York "Spirit of the Times," or to the editor of the "Country Gentleman," Albany, New York.

BONA FIDE.—The name of our contributor "Walter Clarence," is not a *nom de plume*, but his true name. When Hawthorne first began to write many persons thought that an assumed name. So with "William Winter," our young Boston poet.

ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

Italy, to all appearance, is the spot where next the festering humors of Europe are coming to a head. Relief from Austrian oppression has long been a paramount desire with the restless spirits of that country; and this desire has been played upon from time to time, by scheming diplomatists in European politics, for the purpose of advancing their favorite ends, but with the most heartless disregard to the interests of the Italians. Just now, this sort of policy has given some encouragement to the friends of Italian independence, and threatened outbreaks against the Austrian rule are the consequence. One lately took place at Milan, the capital of the Austrian provinces of Italy, and the seat of the vice-regal power. The enemies of the Emperor Francis Joseph met and adopted resolutions of a decidedly national character, boldly asserting their rights, and denouncing the oppressive acts of the imperial power. The Austrian commandant at Milan, upon that, issued an order prohibiting such assemblies, and distributed his armed patrols throughout the city to prevent the people from holding public meetings. Austria maintains a large force in Milan, as well as at Modena, Venice, and the other principal cities of her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. In fact, her whole Italian possessions are a chain of garrisons, and it is by the bayonet alone that she preserves her authority over the people. The Italians hate the imperial government, and execrate their Austrian masters; but the country is rich, and the Austrians can well afford to spend a part of the large revenue which she extorts from them, in the support of armies to keep them in subjection. In consequence of the recent outbreaks, strong reinforcements have been made to the Austrian garrisons, and the heavy hand of tyranny has been exerted to crush out every remnant of individual freedom.

The States of the Church are quiet, as compared with the Austrian possessions, yet the people are by no means satisfied with the papal government, which is an absolute despotism, as fully illustrated by the recent Mortara outrage. The taxes imposed upon the people are unequal and oppressive, and they have as little voice in the government as the donkeys that drag their shrieking wagons. A very large amount of revenue is thus extorted, which is wasted in supporting hordes of mercenary troops, whose only duty is to enforce the taxes and keep the people

in subjection. As for resisting an invading enemy, these troops would be as powerless as men of straw. They are but scarecrow warriors, and are not always able to vindicate their authority over the unarmed peasantry. In these cases, Austrian or French troops are called in to their assistance. In fact, the Pope's Guard is the laughing-stock of all Europe. At Ancona, on the Adriatic, there is an Austrian garrison, and this force was employed by the papal government on a recent occasion, to arrest some of its subjects who had protested against the oppression under which they suffered—the papal troops proving inadequate to the duty. France still keeps up its garrison at Rome, never having withdrawn it since Louis Napoleon, with the aid of the king of Naples, put down the Italian republic set up by Mazzini in 1849. This garrison has recently been strengthened. The aid of these troops was recently sought by the papal authorities in Rome, to enforce the collection of taxes, but the French commander refused to employ his troops in the degrading service. That there is a strong revolutionary spirit pervading the pope's subjects, is very evident; and there is but little chance of keeping it down, without the intervention of foreign troops.

But France has a different game to play now, from what she had in 1849. Then Louis Napoleon was new in power, and desired to strengthen himself by appearing as the champion of the pope. Now he is strong in his position, and in pursuit of his present scheme for overthrowing Austrian influence in Italy, he can afford to deport himself towards the papal government with that degree of freedom necessary to win the co-operation of the Italian patriots. Hence it was that the aid of the French troops in Rome to enforce the exactions of the local government, was refused. The French government have also spoken with considerable plainness to the papal authorities, as to the necessity for relaxing the severity of their rule, if they count upon the support of France. All this shows that Louis Napoleon is now playing a game in which the interests of the pope have a very subordinate consideration. A fatal blow to the truck at Austria, through its Italian possessions, revolution is to be encouraged there under French auspices, and while French occupation of Rome neutralizes all apprehension that the papal government will side actively with Austria, Napoleon can safely afford to give a few puffs to the bubble of Italian independence, for the purpose of making his schemes effective. Many sagacious persons read in the present conduct of the French emperor towards the liberals of Italy, a purpose of pacifying the deadly hate of the Italian Carbonari towards himself, for his perjured treachery to their cause in 1848-9. This secret fraternity have sworn to take his life and exterminate his line. He has already had repeated proofs of their devotion to their oath, in the attempts of Orsini and others to assassinate him, and he may well seek to disarm their vengeance, by befriending the cause of Italian independence. But he will cheat them again, as he did before; and when Austrian power shall be overthrown in Italy by his aid, they will find that the only result will be a substitution of French tyranny for that under which the country now grows. There will be no liberty for Italy but such liberty as France now enjoys; no independence, but a change of masters. How will the fiery Carbonari fret and fume when they see this dark result! How will they curse Napoleon for this new treason to their cause, and again attempt his life with dagger, bomb, and poison!

As for the rest of Italy, the petty duchies are mainly in the interest of Austria, while the kingdom of Naples, under the sway of Ferdinand II., is given over to the most absolute tyranny. Swords, bayonets and artillery, are the law of the land, and prisons are the constitution. The revolution of 1848-9 met a hearty response in Naples, the land of Massaniello, but it was smothered in blood, and succeeded by a consolidated, systematic and exacting tyranny. The taxes raised by the government amount to some eighteen million dollars a year, the principal portion of which is an enormous charge upon the land, equal to one quarter of the annual rent. This petty kingdom maintains a standing army of over one hundred thousand men, and a navy of upwards of forty vessels of all classes. In striking contrast to Naples and all the rest of Italy, is the kingdom of Sardinia, where, under the constitutional rule of King Charles Albert, a remarkable degree of liberty prevails. Agriculture and commerce flourish there, and are not

overburdened with taxes; religious toleration prevails, popular education is cared for by the state, and equal laws are enacted by two legislative chambers. In any earnest movement for the regeneration of Italy, Sardinia will be found on the liberal side; and it is supposed that the king is now about to enter into new combinations against Austria, with a view to promote such a movement.

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

The city of Florence, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, though its latitude is nearly a degree and a half north of that of Boston, is yet a most desirable place of winter residence, on account of its fine climate. Living is cheap there, society varied and abundant, and the objects of interest and amusement are almost innumerable. The population numbers about one hundred thousand, but the great attractions of the city call together a large number of strangers from almost every country of Europe, and from America. There are many magnificent palaces, which are superbly fitted up, and provided with extensive libraries and galleries of fine arts. The residence of the grand duke, known as the Pitti palace, contains the choicest collection of paintings in the world. The proudest boast of Florence, however, is the imperial gallery, which contains specimens of statuary and painting by the greatest masters in these arts. The celebrated statue of Venus de Medici, an original which is known by its copies throughout the world, is to be found in this collection; also, the groupe of Niobe and her Children; and among the paintings are works by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and other great masters. The museums and gardens of Florence are of free access and objects of superior interest. The opera flourishes in perfection, and may be enjoyed at a very trifling cost. Flowers are almost idolized by the Florentines, and it is said that more money is expended upon them here, than in any other place in the world. The beautiful river Arno, which divides the city into two parts, is improved with great assiduity, for purposes of enjoyment, while the banks on either side, which are lined with marble quays, afford a delightful lounge and promenade. With these, and a thousand other attractions, life glides on, at Florence, like one long summer day, and the visitor from the bustling marts of Europe or our own country, finds himself, under its soothing influence, forgetful of the cares and turmoil of the world, and enjoying existence to an extent never dreamed of before.

THE "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

Mr. Charles A. Barry has just finished an exquisite crayon head representing the "Schoolmistress," so gracefully described in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a half-length, and is a charming type of New England beauty, a bright intellectual face, with large luminous eyes, and an expression of ineffable purity and sweetness, with a slight girlish figure, simple in attire and natural in grace. It has been on exhibition at Messrs. Phillips & Sampson's, and has been universally applauded as a true pictorial translation of the autocrat's conceptions; a great triumph for the artist, for it is rarely that a painter succeeds in embodying a popular ideal. Photographic copies of this work of art, executed by Silsbee, Case & Co., have been published by Mr. Charles H. Brainard of this city, and met with a large sale. They are admirably done, and resemble fine mezzotints, or rather beautiful Indian ink drawings.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The friends of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, have received intelligence from him of as late a date as the middle of last September. He has made fine progress with his little iron steamer, having reached a place called Tete, on the Zambesi River, some four or five hundred miles from its mouth. He is of opinion that this river is navigable its entire length, for steamers of small draft; contrary to the representations of the Portuguese, who occupy the lower part of the country. The Portuguese have extensive possessions in that part of Africa, and are now waging war against the natives. The doctor's English passport was, however, respected by both parties. He found coal at a place called Lupata, where an immense coal-field is situated, the seams cropping out in many places. He procured upwards of a ton for his own use—the first ever dug in the country. Iron ore of the best quality also abounds in that region, and fine cotton

grows wild. One kind of cotton which he found, is the long staple; there is also another variety, which he describes as having a short and strong fibre, which clings to the seed, and feels to the touch more like wool than cotton. He will pursue his explorations still further, and if his expectations as to the navigation of the Zambesi shall prove correct, he will be able to reach the very heart of southern Africa, by means of that stream and its branches.

WINDOW PICTURES.

Quite a large share of attention is devoted by city traders, to the arrangement of goods for display in their shop windows. The enormous windows which constitute the chief feature of modern retail stores, afford great advantages for this mode of exhibition, and their enterprising occupants often manifest great taste in the combinations which are presented to the public eye. In some cases these show-windows appear like a magnificent picture, in which harmony of color, effective contrast, depth, and foreground, are consulted with as much success as in some of the great paintings which attract the admiration of the world. We can call to mind many a splendid window-picture which we have gazed upon with interest, as we have walked the business streets of our large cities, and have often commended the good taste with which they were arranged. Such constantly recurring exhibitions must have a good effect in educating the popular taste. The French people understand this branch of decorative art better than any other, and it is said by the Paris retailers, that they find a great advantage to their business, in making these well-arranged and magnificent displays. They can produce a difference of ten per cent. in the income of their shops, by employing a good arranger to superintend the windows; and when the clerks are not *au fait* at the business, artists and decorative painters are employed to get up the magnificent window pictures which please the public eye so much.

JAMES CHALLEN & SON'S PUBLICATIONS.

We have frequently called attention, in the pages of the Pictorial, to the publications of James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, and in now referring to a list of the principal works combined in their advertisement in another column, we would again express our admiration of their character and of the splendor of their typography and illustrations. "Palestine, Past and Present," by Rev. Henry S. Osborn, and "The City of the Great King," by Dr. Barclay, embrace a complete history of the Holy Land, with all that the literary, biblical, or scientific student can desire, while the illustrations are unrivalled in beauty. We have just examined the proof-sheets of Judge Wilson's "Conquest of Mexico," published in uniform style with the above, and are certain that its publication will prove an era in literary annals. The author boldly controverts many received opinions with regard to the early history of Mexico, and produces a startling array of facts in support of his theories. A long residence in Mexico gave him an invaluable position for the pursuit of his historical researches. This work is most liberally illustrated.

BALANCE OF TRADE.—A few years since Chili was the great grain market of the whole Pacific coast. Now the current is changed and the young giant of California is already shipping cargoes of flour and beans to that country.

SAN FRANCISCO.—It is a little funny that where gold is so plenty, money should be so scarce, but this is the case at the present time in San Francisco.

PRETTY GOOD.—An Iowa farmer being asked if he had done much farming before, replied, "No; but last year I farmed considerably behind!"

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOLS.—Pennsylvania has 11,000 public schools, costing the treasury, during the last year, \$2,500,000.

A TALL TREE.—An English pear-tree last year produced two tons, or about 100 bushels of pears. Profitable investment.

EXCERPT.—Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.—What a fool I've been.

THE WALLS OF PARIS.

The city of Paris has recently been surrounded with a line of new fortifications, which is twenty-two miles in circuit. This line of works consists of a wall thirty-three feet in height, which extends completely around the city, taking in both banks of the river Seine. The wall is finished with bastions and terraces, and lined with a fosse about twenty feet deep. Its defences are also strengthened by outworks, there being fourteen detached forts upon different sides of the city, without the limits of the wall. This extensive circuit, of course, includes a large part of the suburbs of Paris, besides the city proper, and within its limits are many fields and gardens. The limits of the city proper are traced by an interior wall, erected at a much earlier date, for fiscal as well as defensive purposes. In this second wall there are fifty gates, or barriers, where duties are collected on goods entering the city, and passports are examined. Some of these barriers have magnificent structures, which are devoted to municipal purposes, and are capable of a strong defence. It will thus be seen that Louis Napoleon is pretty well hedged in against approaching enemies, should any future allied armies attempt to march on Paris. But his trouble is full as likely to spring up within the walls, and to assume the shape of infernal machines and hand-bombs.

AN INCIDENT OF 1812.

In a speech delivered at Newark, Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against General Scott, produced a document, which was sworn to several years since, as part evidence on a pension claim. This was the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affirmation that General Scott, after he was wounded, rode to the line where the soldier was stationed, "his neck, breast and arm in a gore of blood, which ran down his leg and trickled from his foot upon the ground, and said to the commander of the line, 'I am wounded, and very weak. I want one of your young men to get up behind me and hold me on my horse.' A young man threw down a musket, and at once spring leaped upon the horse, and they slowly galloped away to the main body of the army." The excitement produced by reading this document was thrilling in the extreme. The hundreds present rose to their feet and gave most vehement cheers, so that it was some minutes before the speaker could proceed.

SEWING MACHINES.—We have examined with much interest the establishment of Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co., 17 Summer Street, where is displayed a choice collection of their patent and unrivalled sewing machines. The extraordinary capacity, speed, neatness, and perfection of their instruments amazed us. All the objections we have ever heard adduced against the sewing machine, seem in these to be obviated. It would require a column of our paper to properly describe them, therefore we confidently recommend our readers to call and see for themselves.

COST OF A SEAT IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.—The election expenses attending a contest for a seat in Parliament are said to be enormous. One gentleman who stood twice in succession, losing the first and winning the second contest, spent more than £12,000, or about \$64,000. That costs more than buying a seat in Congress.

NEW LIGHT IN PENSACOLA HARBOR.—A light was placed in the new tower at the entrance of Pensacola harbor, on the 1st ultimo. It is said to show well for twenty miles at sea, and over every part of the bay, which is now marked out so plainly with buoys, lights, etc., that pilots will seldom be required.

PROGRESS.—Wheat was raised this last season, for the first time, on the island of Hawaii. Between 3000 and 4000 barrels of flour are now ground at Honolulu, all of which is produced from native wheat.

THE BOSTON DAILY LEDGER.—This is one of the very best penny papers in the country; fresh, independent, energetic, spicy, and faultless in typography.

SKATING.—Those persons fond of this healthful exercise, have had a fine period of enjoyment in this city and vicinity during the present season.

SCENE IN A FRENCH LECTURE-ROOM.

A pleasant incident recently calvened the usually grave and serious course of Doctor C. When the lecture was finished, the doctor, instead of making his usual bow, and retiring, was heard to call out in a loud voice, "Let all whose hearts are free stop and listen." In an instant there was a check to the rush which was making towards the door, and amid the general astonishment, the doctor, drawing a letter from his pocket, proceeded to read it with the greatest gravity. It was from a patient in the provinces, requesting him to look out amongst his band of medical students for a husband for his daughter—"a beautiful girl, with a handsome dowry." Of course, one general cry of deprecation rose from the assembly, which Doctor C., who has dissected the human heart with even more minuteness than the human body, suffered to subside; then, resuming his discourse, he added, that the particulars of the dowry would be confided to any gentleman applying for them at his house on the morrow. The old satirist needed not to be told the next day that more than two hundred applications had been received by his secretary, in spite of the cry of indignation with which his proposition had been received.

BALLOU'S PUBLICATIONS.—The enterprise of Mr. M. M. Ballou, as a popular publisher in this city, is very well understood. Mr. Ballou has several publications on his hands, each and all of which he pushes forward with characteristic energy. Like a few other men of sagacity, he *advertises*. See his announcement for the "Flag of our Union" in this morning's Ledger. The "Flag" is a paper that rests on a solid basis, having years to add to its character, and a circulation that secures any disaster can impair. It goes all over the Union, from the snow-beat homes in farther Maine to the golden sands of California. The orders received weekly for it from the leading news dealers of New York and the southern and western cities, are truly immense. The papers go away from his extensive publishing house in cart-loads. The "Flag of our Union" is carefully edited, and combines just such literary elements as make it a desirable periodical in the domestic circle. With entirely original matter, both in prose and verse, filled with tales, and romances, and essays, and kept constantly under the trained eye and mind of its accomplished editor, it could not fail to be greeted with just the wide and permanent popularity it so well deserves.—*Boston Ledger*.

A MISPLACED HEART.—When Moliere's "mock doctor," after having asserted that the heart was on the right side, was told that its place was on the left, he replied, "it used to be; but we have changed all that." Now it appears that a man recently died in a Cincinnati hospital whose heart had been forced by internal disease from its natural position over the right side of his body, where it had performed its functions for several years; the man himself having been prevented from his daily labor only for the last few months.

A HINT TO OUR LADY FRIENDS.—The most delicate white cambric handkerchief, or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simple soaking in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that if held in the flame of a candle they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses so prepared might be burnt by accident without the other garments worn by the lady being injured.

INDIAN MINTS.—In British India there are three extensive mints—those of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. That at Bombay is identical in size with the royal mint of England; that of Madras somewhat smaller; while that of the giant money manufactory of Calcutta already half as large again, is about to be made three times its size.

PROSPERITY.—Somebody says, "there is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless prosperity." Pshaw! show us the man who is not ready to exclaim, "Bring on your prosperity! who's afraid?" Even Lydia Languish was "persuaded to endure a little comfort."

RIDICULOUS.—The postmaster-general deliberately proposes to return to high letter-postage again. This is advancing backwards. It can't be done. Stop all franking privileges, if you will, but let the people have cheap postage.

A HERO'S SON.—Lieut. Havelock, second son of the late Sir Henry Havelock, was married at Stoke Damerill, Devon, lately.

NEW JOURNAL.—A religious monthly, called the "National Recorder," has been started at Washington, D. C.

BY A GARDENER.—The white thorn is called "quick," because the black thorn is *sloe*.

Upside Gatherings.

Baltimore, with an estimated population of 235,000, contains 150 churches.

Grace Greenwood lately delivered a temperance lecture at Coldwater, Mich.

The receipts of the American Colonization Society last year were \$62,000.

The number of persons committed to prison in Philadelphia, for all offences in 1858, was 14,913.

Green turtle soup is manufactured at Key West, Fla., one firm last year making 200,000 pounds.

A monument, to cost \$2000, is to be erected at Hebron, over the grave of John S. Peters, formerly a Governor of Connecticut.

Serious fears of a forthcoming famine in Mexico are entertained. For over a year very little corn has been planted or gathered.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to prevent boys going to the theatre without their guardians.

When railways and electric telegraphs shall have abolished time and space, what will become of watehes and aldermen?

Prof. Forrest Shepherd, of New Haven, has lately invented and patented a slate globe, for the use of schools and academies.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune who has just returned from the Kansas gold diggings, says they equal those of California.

There is a woman in Albany who claims to be the spirit of the murdered Bill Poole, and says she haunts the earth to avenge his death.

Since 1842, fifteen murderers have been sentenced to the Massachusetts State Prison for life, of whom four have died, while not one has been pardoned.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein.

The police of New Orleans have entered into a mutual agreement not to drink in a coffee house nor in a public bar-room during the present year. A very sensible agreement.

A Grecian drachm of silver, of the value of about 17 cents, coined in the days of Alexander the Great, 335 years B. C., has been presented to the Tennessee Historical Society.

There is much excitement in the towns of Easton, Bridgewater, Halifax and Middleboro', in regard to mad dogs. Several persons have been bitten by dogs supposed to be rabid.

There are 722 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary—seventeen more than there are cells. This extraordinary large number the warden regards as an evidence of his popularity.

The net earned premiums of the Great Western Marine Insurance Company, at New York, for the past year, was \$1,893,040; losses paid, \$1,099,027; reinsurance, etc., \$293,081.

The Bath Tribune is informed a substantial propeller of about 100 tons, now in Boston, is nearly ready to be put upon the route between Bath and this city.

Joseph Smith, a deaf and dumb man, of Hillsboro', N. H., was killed on the Contoocook Railroad, while walking on the track, as deaf and dumb men always will do.

It will be interesting to the members of the Masonic fraternity to learn that the union of the two grand lodges of Canada has been recognized by the grand lodge of England.

Dr. Matthews, Deputy U. S. Marshal at Chicago, who recently absconded with \$8000, has returned from his hiding place and given himself up to the officers of the law, having become weary of his vagabond life.

Some of the farmers in northern Ohio and on the borders of Indiana have commenced the breeding and raising of deer, the same as they do sheep, and they bring them to market in the same manner;—hence, the abundance of venison.

The Journal of Commerce, speaking of the largely expanded loans of the New York banks, says the majority seemingly go on in disregard of all the teachings of experience, to sow the seeds of future mischief, closing their eyes to the probable harvest.

Charles Wood, of Milledgeville, Ill., has invented a method of raising water at railroad stations by the weight of the locomotive acting on a yielding portion of the track, a deflection of half an inch in the rails operating mechanism, which pumps up the requisite quantity.

It is said that the wild ducks have almost entirely disappeared from the Chesapeake and its tributaries, except a few kinds that are not worth the trouble of shooting. It is expected they will return early in the Spring in their migration to the northern lakes.

The number of vessels employed in the Baltimore oyster trade is 250, giving employment to 750 persons, exclusive of the shuckers, tin-men and carpenters. The Northern Central Railroad frequently takes away 25 tons per day, which are distributed over the entire West, from Pittsburg to Nebraska Territory.

The New York Board of Aldermen have passed a resolution forbidding the salting of the streets after a snow fall. Alderman Adams reported the case of a butcher whose cart was upset in the salted snow, and who found his meat completely corned before he could place it again in the cart.

Sands of Gold.

.... The silliest woman who is not in love, has more sense than the man who is.—*P. J. Stahl*.

.... He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*Lord Herbert*.

.... The intellect of women is like the garden of Eden, which produced delicious fruit without requiring cultivation.—*S. Dubay*.

.... Principles we apprehend readily enough, but the consequences depending upon their adoption or rejection not so easily.—*Bovee*.

.... Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... The glory of the conqueror is the shame of humanity—the tribute of its deepest abasement to the realization of its highest form of evil.—*Bovee*.

.... Who is it that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses which in his youth he learned, and even to old age serve him for hourly lessons?—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he is not kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil.—*Moore*.

.... A handsome man or handsome woman is not improved by a shabby or slatternly attire; so the best abilities are shown to a disadvantage through a style marked by illiteracies.—*Parry Gwynne*.

.... All women speak well without teachers of elocution or eloquence. Privileged to enchain attention, or command silence, a glance is their exordium, a smile their peroration.—*Isidore Bourdon*.

.... The power of love consists mainly in the privilege that potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.—*Colton*.

.... The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two things: first, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond-fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planned aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Joker's Budget.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

Why is a sheriff's officer like a new and useful invention? Because he is a *sue-ing* machine.

Why is a handsome girl like an excellent mirror? Because she is a good looking-glass.

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they *correspond* but never meet.

Metaphysics are the Godfrey's Cordial of the mind, with which old women talk young children to sleep.—*Punch*.

Why would a sparrow feel offended if you called him a pheasant? Because, he'd think you were making *game* of him.

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large *comb* in her head."

A sick Laplander in a foreign land once said, "Give me but a pillow of snow to lay my head on, and I shall die happy."

A rustic who pronounces French words as they are spelt, says that the Mortara case is that of a *Jeu d'esprit*! (Jew Desperate!)

A steamboat fireman's knowledge of the art of punctuation, is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the *coal-on* to prevent a *full stop*.

At the Worcestershire session, in one case the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything about me."

Grace Greenwood, in a lecture on children, says: "We know by babies crying for the moon, that heaven is nearer to them than to us." Mothers should bear this in mind, and not spank the little dears when they cry with such angelic longings.

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers went.

A Rochester man was kicked out of a New York hotel, a short time since, because he couldn't or wouldn't pay his bill. When asked if he didn't feel bad and sore over it, with true Rochester sang froid, he replied: "O, no, I only felt a little put out about it."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONE YEAR TO-NIGHT.

BY EMILY A. PAGE.

Across my heart a sunbeam lay
In drifts of trembling light,
That brightened all my future way—
One little year to-night.

The weary darkness that had shut
The sweet heaven from my sight,
Was lifted by a wondrous smile—
One little year to-night.

No more my longing spirit plumed
Its restless wings for flight,
But nestled on the breast of love,
Content—one year to-night.

One little year! O mock me not!
Weird memory, with the blight
That since has fallen on the hopes
So bright—one year to night.

Across my heart a shadow lies
That darkens down and down,
To where the fitful dreams of life
In death's oblivion drown.

And hands are locked with tightening clasp,
Between me and the light,
Of that sweet smile that beamed for me,
One little year to-night.

My spirit droops its weary wings
And homeward turns its flight,
For chill the resting-place it won
One little year to-night.

All dark and loveless looks the way
That once was broad and bright—
Ah! what will be the path I tread
Another year to-night?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EXILE OF SARZANA.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In the year 1300, the republic of Pistoia, which lies about twenty miles northwest from Florence, at the foot of the Apennines, was thrown into a state of excitement hitherto unknown, even in that almost savage community. The quarrel originated in a tavern. The actors were both of the noble and wealthy family of Cancellieri, who were of the Guelph party, and these young men were descended from one of the Cancellieri who had been married twice. The children of the first marriage were called, from their mother, Bianci (white) Cancellieri, and of the second, for the sake of distinction from the others, Neri (black) Cancellieri.

On the evening when the feud commenced, Carlino and Dore Cancellieri were under the influence of wine, the company having assembled for the purpose of social festivity. Among the nobles of Pistoia, the vengeance due for an insult was decreed to fall upon the most distinguished of the family, whether he was an offender not, and even if he were perfectly ignorant of the quarrel. In that case Carlino (the white) was considered an offender against Dore (the black), and agreeably to Pistoian principle, the latter took no notice of the offender, but turned away to find a more conspicuous mark for his vengeance.

On the same evening in which the young men met at the tavern, another of the same family, Cesario Cancellieri, one of the white branch, was at the house of one of the most distinguished nobles, Gianettino Durazzi. He had been invited to join the festive party; but his attraction lay in another direction.

For months he had been wooing the beautiful Ippolita Durazzi, and within a week had been accepted as her acknowledged lover. It was no wonder that he refused to join the excitable and wine-loving revellers, although they shared the same ancestry.

The father of Ippolita Durazzi had indeed but one objection to her declared lover; and that was, in fact, the multitude of his relatives. It was said that there were one hundred of the Cancellieri who bore arms; and the old noble affirmed that, out of such a vast number of the name, some of them must be undesirable as connexions. Ippolita cared for none of these things. Like all romantic girls, she believed Cesario would be as much beloved by her if he was poor and friendless; and the thought of his relatives never troubled her at all. She watched his coming with a beating heart, and welcomed him with all the ardor of youthful affection. Yet, even as the sound of his voice fell like rich music on her ear, a shadow came over her. She

knew not whence it came, but it fell like a dark curtain between herself and her lover, and its presence dimmed the light of her beautiful eyes, and closed the lips which had spoken only the words of gladness and joy since their betrothal. Cesario strove to hush the fears which he deemed so groundless; but as her white hand lay passively in his own, her face grew pale with that inexplicable nervous excitement which sometimes comes upon us when we are happiest, and turns our joy to dread and anxiety.

As the time had already arrived when Cesario usually made his adieu for the night, he arose to leave her. She trembled within his loving clasp, and seemed loth to let him depart.

"Love, I will be with you early," he said, gaily, "earlier perhaps than you wish; but you know we go to Florence to-morrow with your father."

To-morrow! O that to-morrow were come and past, she thought, that her foolish fears might be rebuked. She tried to answer him lightly; but the shadow did not pass away.

A few steps from the Durazzi palace Cesario met some of the evening revellers. He passed them with words of friendly and cheerful greeting, until he met Dore Cancellieri. The latter rushed upon him, severely wounding him in the hand and on the face. Ignorant of the quarrel which had occurred, he could make no excuse for the conduct of the young man, save that he had imbibed too freely. He had strength enough to put aside the weapon of Dore, and to stop a passing carriage, in which he was conveyed to his father's house, uncertain what might be the result of the attack.

Towards midnight, when everything had been done for his wounds, and he was trying to sleep, it flashed upon his mind that he was selected as the object of vengeance for some unknown injury or insult to his relative. Before noon the next day all Pistoia was ringing with the Cancellieri quarrel, to which a thousand different and conflicting explanations were given. The father of Cesario was in a high state of excitement at the unprovoked injuries of his son, who was confined to his bed, and vainly chafing at the thought of Ippolita's anxiety.

Before noon Guilio Cancellieri had delivered his offending son Dore into the hands of Cesario's father, hoping that the surrender of his liberty might restore peace. The vindictive old man, unable to control his revengeful temper, inflicted a terrible punishment upon him. He sent him home to his father with the loss of his right hand, and the message that such wounds might be cured with iron, but not with words.

War, grim and bloody, followed these dreadful acts. The undying feud of Guelphs and Ghibelines was brought to bear upon the excitement, and the nobles of Pistoia and its territories were all involved in the general warfare.

Slowly Cesario recovered; but he bore the marks of that evening to his dying hour. When at length the two factions were forced into a peace by the government, and the chiefs were exiled to Florence, the broken-hearted man, worn down by sorrow, anxiety and sickness, with the splendor of his beauty defaced and darkened, came once more to the Durazzi palace, to discover if yet the young heart there was beating at the sound of his name. She—the sovereign of that broken heart—had been true to him. She welcomed him with all the warmth of the times of old; assured him that the scar he deplored only made him dearer to her heart. In vain; the iron had entered into his soul, and he would not offer her a hand which he deemed tarnished. With a few words, in which seemed compressed the agony of a lifetime, he gave her his farewell, and in a few hours he was in Florence.

Subjected for three years to that city, the white Cancellieri were received as allies and friends by the Cherchi, a family which had grown rich by commerce, without any claim to nobility, while the "black" portion were thrown on the hospitality of the Donati.

Again the imperishable enmity of the Guelphs and Ghibelines appeared to spread the feud transferred to Florentine ground, and the chiefs were again exiled. This time the party to which Cesario unwillingly belonged, was destined to Sarzana, on the frontier of the Genoese.

There came a day before the departure of the exiles, when the sky of Florence was dark and tearful. All day the band of the white Cancellieri had moaned and wearied over the approaching banishment, save only a few brave hearts that were too proud to spend their sorrow in unavailing words.

Apart from all others Cesario Cancellieri was biding his scarred face from the gaze of the curious eyes that came to peer into the very souls of the exiles. Near him, reclining against a pillar, with folded arms, stood the slight figure of a boy, whose attitude expressed the full abandonment of grief. Unwilling to call attention to his situation, Cesario, though deeply moved at his mute suffering, forbore to speak to him, but silently motioned the boy to a seat beside him, which was screened from observation by the shadow of the pillar.

The boy eagerly came forward, and then Cesario noticed his extreme youth, almost childishness of face and figure, and the half-feminine arrangements of his dress. He wore a black velvet tunic and a cap of the same, with a long, drooping feather that overshadowed a face as fair and delicate as a girl's. The tiny feet seemed scarce large enough to support the slight frame; and the glove which he had unconsciously taken off, had covered a hand white and beautiful, and sparkling with a diamond.

Cesario's eye became rivetted on this hand. He recognized the strong resemblance of the diamond ring to one which he had himself given to Ippolita. The thought electrified him. He leaned nearer to the boy, until he felt his warm breath upon his cheek. Suddenly a tear fell upon the little hand, and the whole frame of the child seemed convulsed, and trembled so that Cesario had to support him against his shoulder. He laid back the pure and innocent face where he could look into the tearful eyes, and his heart told him that under this disguise was the being he most loved on earth.

"My own Ippolita!" he said, mournfully, "and you have indeed dared all this for me!"

Her sobs prevented her answer; but when he had soothed her into comparative calmness, she related the persecutions she had undergone from father and brother to induce her to give up all thoughts of one whom they deemed ruined and disgraced. Knowing the falseness of the accusation which had represented him as a leader in the midnight brawl of Dore and Carlino Cancellieri, and the author of the troubles that followed, she fled from them to find Cesario and concert with him some plan to put down the base falsehood. Still, when actually in his presence, she dared not discover herself. Maidenly modesty whispered that she might suffer in his estimation, and she began to think of retiring without a recognition.

"And can you—will you share the fate of the exile, my Ippolita?" he asked. "Can you look upon my scarred and disfigured face, and own me as yours?"

There was no reply save a closer pressure from the little hand that lay trembling in his own.

"Once, Ippolita, you told me that should trouble or poverty, or suffering of any nature come upon me, you would leave father and brothers, and spend your life by my side. Do you remember this?"

"I do!" she answered, her voice growing strong and clear as she spoke. "I remember it well. It was no idle profession of a vain tongue, but the sincere expression of a woman's loving heart."

"And you will still be mine, Ippolita?"

"Forever!" was the sweet, low response.

Ere two years had elapsed, the Durazzi castle shared the fate of so many of the Florentine possessions. Under the encroachments of Charles of Valois and his army of eight hundred foreign soldiers, the ravage and devastation were frightful. Durazzi, with other nobles, was routed from his palace, and became poor and despised; while the Exile of Sarzana, after a few years, returned to Pistoia, and in 1309 recovered his former wealth and independence.

THE ANÆSTHESIMETER.

This is an instrument invented by M. Duroy, of France, to be used in the application of chloroform. It is a circular stand of wood, bearing a close cylindrical vase, into which descends a tapering stem from a bottle-like reservoir fixed above it. This reservoir is graduated with a scale, each division corresponding to one gramme of chloroform, so that the quantity of chloroform poured in can be accurately measured. Then, by turning a tap, according to the indications of another scale, the chloroform descends through the tapering stem at the rate of four, ten, twenty-five, or more drops a minute, into the vase beneath, from whence it is breathed, mingled with air, by a flexible tube leading to the patient's mouth. Thus, the quantity to be inspired can be accurately determined beforehand. —*Scientific American.*

THE VULTURE

At the Heart of Harry Earnwald.

[Concluded from page 117.]

Winton, though professing to be absent, was close at hand, and all the servants were in his pay. It is unnecessary to follow these nefarious plotters through all their schemes. The reader will readily understand how the deception was carried on. Besides those already mentioned, and those hinted at by Effie, there were several other tricks of a similar character, and managed in the same way, played off upon my unsuspecting friend, and all tending to the same abominable end.

I believe I have already stated that Winton himself was the first person to suggest to Harry the propriety of a visit to Europe. His object was to get him out of the way of his friends and associates, and also to separate him from Effie. When he discovered that I was to accompany him, it was too late to undo what had been done, and he determined, in spite of my presence, to prosecute his design with increased energy. What followed, the reader has already been told, or has guessed at for himself. The room so officiously secured for us, had been prepared to an extent of which we had little idea. In this way the "double" had access to his victim's chamber at pleasure, and would inevitably have haunted him to death, if he had not had the assistance of a mind uninfluenced by the arts which had inflamed his own imagination and impaired his once vigorous judgment. The death of a cousin in France had very unexpectedly brought Effie's father and Effie herself upon the scene; but the wily conspirators soon found means to separate them effectually from Earnwald, and break off the projected marriage at the same time.

We have little more to add. Smith was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hard labor for life at the *bagnes* of Toulon. Winton fled to Russia, where he afterwards received the punishment of the *knout*, and was eventually executed for murder, under an assumed name, in California. Earnwald soon recovered his health and spirits, he and Effie were married, made the tour of Europe, went home, and like a hero and heroine of fairy literature, "lived happy ever afterwards."

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

If a lodger in a hotel misses anything, and informs the police of his loss, they will make him pay for laying his complaint before them; they will make the hotel-keeper pay for suffering it to be stolen from his hotel; and if they know the thief, they may at the same time receive money from him in consideration of not taking him into custody. A person of my acquaintance had a book stolen from him, and having traced it to a book-stall, was foolish enough to give the suspected thief into custody. Gladly did the policeman take the thief, gladly did the thief go with the policeman. The loser of the book in the meanwhile had to appear time after time at the police, and give money on each occasion, until at last he was allowed to withdraw the charge on payment of two roubles. A Frenchman, who lived in the principal commercial street of Moscow, assured me that if he caught any one stealing from his shop (which sometimes happened), he never thought of handing him over to the police. He had done so, he said, too often; for once mixed up with the police there was no getting rid of them, and to obtain justice was out of the question. "What then do you do with a detected shoplifter?" I asked. "We take him into the room at the back, thrash him, and then kick him out into the street," was the reply. "We know, at all events, that we shall not see him again. He is glad to get off so easily—and so are we." This horror of the police is so great, that a Russian will avoid the body of a dead or dying man, lest the *alguzails* should see him and accuse him of the murder, with a view to extortion. A friend of mine was in the *Troitz* restaurant at Moscow one day, when a merchant suddenly fell dead from apoplexy. There was no one to untie the expiring man's neckerchief. The first thought of every one near him was how to escape the police, who would have required the daily attendance of all present for an indefinite period, even if they had not imprisoned them, and affected to regard them as the apoplectic gentleman's assassins. —*London National Magazine.*

ROBBERS AT LIMA.

An old gentleman, a Mr. Phiefer, one of the oldest foreign residents in Lima, tells the following story:—"He was riding along the road one night, and suddenly, when least expected, was attacked by half a dozen robbers, some of whom, seizing his horse by the head, forced him to dismount, and finding he had no money on his person, were about proceeding to extremities, when he exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, I am Don Frederico Phiefer; you doubtless all know me; now I promise, if you will unhand me and set me on my horse, that I will lead you to my house, where, after giving you a good supper, I will dismiss you with a golden ounce apiece, and say nothing of the affair.' The robbers knew their man, and setting him on his horse, accompanied him home. Arriving at his house, he invited the gentlemen to dismount, and entering the house, begged them to be seated, telling his wife to order supper immediately; without at all understanding what it meant, madam presided with good grace, and this repast being concluded, each guest receiving his ounce, took his departure; of course Don Frederico never divulged the names of these scamps, otherwise his life would have paid the forfeit." —*Adventures in the Pacific.*



A BORNESE BELLE.

BORNEO AND ITS PEOPLE.

The native name of Borneo is Pulo-Kalamantin. The area of the island is estimated at 300,000 square miles, and it is divided by the equator into two nearly equal parts. The outline of the coast is not very irregular. It is not very thickly populated in proportion to its vast size. The shores are generally low and marshy. Two nearly parallel chains of mountains intersect the island, running from southwest to northeast, and inclosing extensive and well-watered plains. The westerly of these chains rises in the territory of Sarawak, so much talked of from the exploits of Sir James Brooke, an Englishman, who figured for years as its rajah, and who has recently been endeavoring to induce the British government to annex this portion of Borneo to the British crown. Mount Kini Balu, the highest of the westerly chain, attains an elevation of 13,698 feet. The chief rivers are, on the north and west coast, the Borneo or Brunai, on which is situated the capital of the island, and which opens into a bay of the same name in latitude 5° north. The Seriboe falls into the China Sea in latitude 2° 10' north. The Batang-Copar is a magnificent river with a mouth four miles in width. Thirty-five miles from its mouth stands the town of Patusen, which was strongly fortified and held by a band of pirates, but was destroyed by Sir James Brooke in his famous expedition of 1846. Other important rivers are the Morotaba or Sarawak, the Pontianak, the Majak, the Kootai, Great and Little Dyaks, etc. The climate is tropical in the interior, but temperate on the northern coast. The mineral riches comprise gold, silver, diamonds, antimony, tin, iron and coal. The chief diamond mines are those of Landak, in the Chinese territory, fifty miles northeast of Pontianak, on a river of that name, where, three centuries ago, one of the largest diamonds, weighing 367 carats, was found. The gold of Sambas yields two and a half millions a year. Excellent coal is worked in several places, particularly in Borneo proper and Banjermassin, and rich iron mines were discovered in the southeast angle of the island ten years since. The soil is the most fertile in the world. The forests furnish valuable timber, and, in common with many other islands in the eastern archipelago, the gutta percha tree, the concrete juice of which is now so extensively used in manufactures. Among the vegetable productions are rice, Indian corn, yams, bananas, cocoa-nuts, betel, tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, pepper, and other spices and tropical fruits. The animals comprise the elephant, rhinoceros and leopard, the ox, wild hog, deer and horses. Numerous specimens of monkeys inhabit every part of the island, among which the orang-outang is conspicuous. The Dyaks are the aborigines of Borneo, and are divided into numerous distinct tribes, the chief being those of the interior, or hill Dyaks, and the Dyaks of the coast, many of whom are daring pirates, and cannibalism exists among many of the tribes. The Dyaks of the north coast have been conquered by the Malays, and are treated by them

with great cruelty. Those of the interior of the province of Banjermassin are an independent race who maintain themselves by the cultivation of rice, by the collection of gold dust, and by traffic. They have no towns, but dwell in small *hampons* of from four to ten huts. They have no written language nor religious ceremonies, but are extremely superstitious and offer human sacrifices at their festivals. The Malay inhabitants have adopted some European customs, and, in the opinion of Sir James Brooke, are capable of a greater degree of civilization. The Chinese on the west and south coasts, are industrious and active, and the Dutch, who claim a large interest in the soil of Borneo, carry on an active trade with China and Singapore. Borneo is divided into many separate States. Sarawak, on the north coast, was a flourishing district under the management of Sir James Brooke, who established an English church and schools. The authority of the Dutch extends over a great portion of the island, which they divide politically into the residency of the west coast, (capital, Pontianak) and the residency of the south and west coasts (capital, Banjermassin). By a decree of the governor-general of the Netherlands, East Indies, dated February 28, 1846, these possessions are thenceforth to form a special government, styled Banjermassin-Pontianak. Borneo was discovered by the Portuguese in 1521. The English and Portuguese several times attempted to form establishments on its coasts without success. The Dutch had extensive commercial relations with the west coast, where they had factories at Sockadana and Pontianak, at the commencement of the 17th century. Part of the west coast was ceded to them by the king of Bantam in 1780, and they formed the establishment of Pontianak in 1823. The sovereignty of the south coast was ceded to the Dutch by the sultan of Banjermassin in 1787. But the most important event in the recent history of Borneo, was the enterprise of Sir James Brooke, who first visited the island in 1839, and for a series of years was engaged in suppressing the pirates and introducing religion, civilization, agriculture and manufactures. It seems,



NATIVE OF KENOWIT, IN KAYAN WAR-DRESS.



A TATTOOED DYAK OF KENOWIT.

however, that he has despaired of success, standing alone and unsupported, and also that he has failed in his attempt to induce the English government to take his colony into its hands. This rapid sketch of Borneo will serve to add an interest to the illustrative engravings published on this page. The first of them represents a Borneo belle, whose appearance would be quite prepossessing, but for the enormous ear-rings she wears, the weight of which has stretched the lobes of her ears to a foot in length, a deformity of which the dusky beauties of the island are as proud as Washington Street belles of the diameter of their hoops. The native of Kenowit in his Kayan war-dress, does not differ materially, either in feature or costume, from some of our western Indians—the plumes in the head gear indicating a "brave." A full length sketch of a Dyak conveys a yet better idea of these fierce warriors. This belligerent gentleman is liberally illustrated with tattooed designs, and moreover, rejoices in a pair of prodigious pendulous earlobes. A "native soldier of Borneo" is a good specimen of his class—his uniform being certainly economical. Finally, we have grouped together a collection of Borneo arms—swords with ornamented scabbards and plumed hilts, formidable daggers, a very uncomfortable war-club, and a slender spear. The warrior tribes of the wilder parts of Borneo are exceedingly fierce and brave.

CATHEDRAL OF STAVROPOL, RUSSIAN CAUCASUS.

On page 117 we have placed an excellent engraving of a very peculiar building—the cathedral of Stavropol. The town of Stavropol, the capital of that part of the Caucasus which belongs to Russia, is situated on the left bank of the river Tashla, a branch of the Kalaus, in a very fertile country, north of the mountain. It has a population of about 7000 inhabitants, of whom, however, nearly one third are troops. Very little is known about the trade, commerce, and manners and customs generally, of the inhabitants of the place, for this far off country is seldom visited—or, we might say, more accurately, seldom allowed to be visited—by curious travellers. One of the last of these, Herr Moritz

Wagner, who was permitted to travel in the Russian Caucasus about ten years ago, and who then published a work on the country, in German, describes the town in the following manner: "Stavropol is a cleanly, pleasant, and rather lively town, distinguished chiefly by uncommonly large streets, which are, indeed, of such a width that races might take place in the middle of them, without in the least inconveniencing the ordinary traffic of the inhabitants. This superfluity of space, it is true, is frequently to be met with in the newly founded towns of southern Russia, but seldom to such an extent as in Stavropol. There is something cheering in those large thoroughfares, straight as an arrow; but yet they remind the traveller too much of the military government, of barrack organization, and of the stick of the corporal. And this is much more the case in this town than in any other, as it is the seat of the commander-in-chief of the Russian troops in the Caucasus, and, as such, ever swarming with men in uniform." The cathedral of Stavropol, as will be seen from our engraving, is a half oriental structure, being built by the Armenian Christians, before the town fell under the sway of the Russian government. These Armenians, together with Tartars, Persians, and sundry Asiatic tribes, still constitute the chief civic population of the place, and are among the most active of its inhabitants. Many of them are merchants, and a few have established soap manufactories and tanneries; and, owing to their industry, the exports of leather and soap to the ports of the Black Sea have lately become rather important. The commerce with the warlike mountaineers of the neighborhood, the inveterate enemies of the czar, is mainly carried on by means of two annual fairs, to which peddlers of the whole of Circassia resort, and which are even frequented by dealers from Novo-Tcherkask, Mozdok, and other distant towns in the southern part of Russia.

THE HAYTIEN BASTILLE.

The revolutionary committee of Hayti have issued orders for the destruction of the terrible dungeons of fort Labouc. The fort is situated upon an island, and its dungeons, which are mostly used for the incarceration of political prisoners, are below the level of the tide at high water. They were closed up a number of years ago, but have within a year or two been re-opened by the emperor. When prisoners were received at this fort they were conducted to the dungeons, and were there chained by the head to the floor, with their feet at an angle of forty degrees, and in this situation, exposed to visits of legions of ferocious rats, scorpions, etc., they were left, to death from the approaching waves. Of late, it is said that the guards at the fort, with a glimmering of humanity, finished their prisoners with a blow from the butt end of a musket before placing them in the dungeon.



WAR WEAPONS OF THE BORNESE.



A BORNESE NATIVE SOLDIER.

Poet's Corner.

WINTER.

BY JAMES SMITH.

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with holly;
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy;
Feicles elink in the milkmaid's pail,
Yonkers skate on the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
And hark, how the cold winds blow.

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
Here runs Dick to fetch a log;
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe,
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine,
Old and young cough as they go;
The round red sun forgets to shine,
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

NOT ALONE.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

LONOFELLOW.

THE GOOD MAN'S DEPARTURE.

Why weep ye then for him who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set.

BRYANT.

TALENT.

Hast thou a talent? hide it not,
Nor let it idle be;
But let occasion e'er be sought
To use it worthily.—ANON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The Washington Street "flavour" never neglects dropping into William Everett's, where he always finds some attractive novelty in the line of Fine Arts—some landscape gem, some interesting portrait, or some striking ideal painting. The other day we were gratified to find the latest and best picture from the easel of T. Buchanan Read, our young American painter-poet. It represents a sheet of water pouring over a ledge of massive bronzed rocks, and, descending with the stream, the figure of a water nymph, clad only in the raiment of her own beauty, and a filmy veil woven from the spray. Two other sportive nymphs are floating down the cataract in graceful attitudes. The design exhibits the delicate fancy of the poet and the skill of the practised artist. The drawing is admirable, and the coloring of rare excellence. We envy the possessor of this gem. . . . In speaking of European affairs, the London Telegraph, a radical paper, remarks: "Italy is in the condition of an untamed horse, ready to bear away its rider in whatever direction caprice or desperation may indicate. Of this disposition Louis Napoleon is the man to take advantage, should his calculations induce in his mind a preference of the war alternative to that of peace. We have here one main element of danger, but the worst peril lies in the fact we have already indicated—the personal character and antecedents of the French emperor. From all that he has been during the successive epochs of his life, would any rational man conclude him incapable of convulsing Europe by a war, did his interest appear to be identified with such a policy? . . . The French medical faculty has always been renowned for its manliness and independence, disregarding rank and fortune and treating all sufferers alike. When Marie Antoinette charged Dr. Anthony Petit with neglecting the dauphin, he replied: "Madame, if I came not yesterday to Versailles, it was because I was attending a peasant woman who was in the greatest danger. Your majesty, however, errs in supposing that I neglect the dauphin for the poor; I have hitherto treated the young child with as much attention and care as if he had been the son of one of your groans." And the illustrious Larrey said to his friend Tanchon, when wounded at the battle of Montmirail: "Your wound is slight, sir; we have only room and straw in this ambulance for serious wounds. They will take you into a stable." . . . Mr. Spurgeon recently preached in Exeter Hall, and in the course of his discourse alluded to crinoline, saying that he did not go in for the "broadbrim," but he would rather dress himself that way than wear the things some men did; and he would rather see his sisters in Christ habited as the Quakers, than they should magnify, enlarge and increase as they now did. . . . Mrs. Prewett, the editor of the Yazoo Banner, is said to be descended in the seventh generation from the first white child born in New England—the daughter of Peregrine White, one of the Mayflower Pilgrims. . . . A pretended letter of Mohammed Pacha published in the New York Evening Post, thus speaks of the interior of one of the Gothic churches of Gotham: "My attention was first attracted by the unique decorations of the walls and ceilings. The principal colors used in the work of adorning were light blue, bright yellow, and deep red, each endeavoring to display itself to the best advantage. Their effect, when combined with all the other tints of the rainbow shed through the stained glass windows, was somewhat remarkable; and I observed that a portly lady just behind me had, as a result of the play of light, a green forehead, blue nose, yellow lips, purple chin, orange hair, and a

patch of deep violet over the left eye. Indeed, I had observed no such startling style of ornamentation anywhere else, except in the brilliant restaurant of Mr. Taylor, in Broadway. Wonderful, O my Lybian lion! is the power of association—for such was the influence of this paint upon my imagination that I came near asking the usher, who was promenading the aisle, to bring me a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, and a vase of iced sherbet." . . . It would seem that abuse of our government and people is as popular in France as it once was in England. The pamphlet attributed to Mr. Felix Belly, in which he calls us a nation of pirates, swindlers and cutthroats, and urges the emperor to blockade us and cut us off from all the rest of the world, has attracted much attention, and met with a large sale. The vindictiveness and arrogance of Mr. Belly are equalled only by his profound ignorance of what he is talking of. It is a luxury to see a man who abuses you write himself down such a complete ass. . . . The Quebec Mercury says: "White partridges of a different species from those belonging to this region, have become plentiful since the extremely cold weather. Many years ago the first one then known was presented to Lord Aylmer. In 1844 also they made their appearance, and now again we meet with them on all sides. They were seen, and one or two bagged, on the Richmond Railroad yesterday, and one brought to market this morning, and was purchased for presentation to the museum of the Historical Society. Their bill differs in shape from that of the brown partridge, and they are also very thickly feathered down the talons like "bantams." The Indians say they are plentiful at the Saguenay this winter, but never before." . . . A paragraph from the Montreal Pilot has been going the rounds stating that the tubes of the Victoria Bridge were bent or had settled. A gentleman of mechanical experience spent several hours on the bridge recently, and examined the entire structure, making many inquiries relating to it, and he says there is not the slightest foundation for the report. . . . The Boston Transcript says that "Still Waters Run Deep," which has been generally supposed to be an original English play, is taken, almost *verbatim et literatim*, from Charles De Bernard's story of "Le Gendreau," (the son-in-law). The French story is far superior to the play, and every clever point in the latter is taken from the former. De Bernard, one of the most meritorious of modern French novelists, died a few years since in Paris. He was an editor and a literateur. . . . A man who was asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita*. . . . The Rev. Joseph W. Blakesley, in his recently published account of a visit to Algeria, states that almost everywhere in North Africa there is fair shooting. He says: "A man told me that in the vicinity of Lake Aloulia, near the tomb of the Christian Queen, he had killed 1700 woodcocks in three weeks. At Guelma, my landlord came in one day, after about three hours' walk in the immediate neighborhood, and his bag consisted of a woodcock, two poules de Carthage, a bird about as big as a pheasant, and nine quails." . . . The hod-carrier who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle-field. . . . The Central Park skating pond, New York, is still the centre of attraction for ambitious skaters of all classes. The Tribune says that the other day a Boston lady won well deserved admiration by her artistic manoeuvres. She was decidedly the best skater on the ice. . . . Mr. Bentley, the noted London publisher, proposes to commence in March the publication of a Quarterly Review, which he promises shall not be a mere vehicle for displaying the literary acquisitions of individual writers, but which shall represent some definite policy and be a channel for serious and responsible counsel with the thoughtful and intelligent portion of the community. . . . A woman in Philadelphia, on being struck by her husband, stabbed him in the neck with a knife she happened to have in her hand, inflicting a fatal wound. We hope this will serve as a caution to wife-beaters. . . . An Englishman was recently detected in the act of smuggling by the New York Custom House officers; his boot-legs were stuffed with watches. . . . Some names are prolific of authors. Mr. Allibone enumerates twenty-one family names that have an aggregate of 1586 authors. The Joneses are the most numerous of the list, numbering 189 authors; next come the Browns and Brownes, with 175 writers; the Clarks and Clarkes come next, numbering 153; others succeed as follows: Davies and Davis, 116; Johnsons, 110; Hall, 92; Hamilton, 86; Green and Greene, 83; Jackson, 81; Hill, 67; Howard, 53; Johnston and Johnstone, 52; Harris, 52; Harrison, 52; James, 48; Ellis, 47; Grant, 47; Gibson, 42; Holmes, 21; Irving, 17. . . . A young man died in Washington lately by a painful accident. Returning home at a late hour, he attempted to climb over the palings of a yard, but slipped and was caught by the neck in such a manner that he was strangled to death. His dog, in the endeavor to pull his master from his dangerous position, tore the clothes entirely from his body. . . . The train of cars from Waterville for Bangor the other evening, started a fine deer near Pittsfield, which took the track and ran ahead of the locomotive for about a mile, and then sped away in another direction. . . . We find from Sir William Napier's life of his brother that Sir Charles had very sensible ideas with regard to the education of girls. After the death of his wife, he removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution. . . . The New Orleans Picayune expresses its satisfaction that a recent attempt to get up a prize ring exhibition in that city quite failed of success. The principal parties interested were Aaron Jones and the "Benecia Boy." In a short homily upon the demoralizing effects of the prize ring, the Picayune utters the truism that "the popularity of 'muscle' is only acquired by the degradation of mind." . . . School Commissioner Pettingill, of Steuben county, Ohio, re-

cently refused to license a young lady as teacher because she wouldn't promise not to dance during the term of her school. Whereupon she publishes a caustic letter, insisting upon dancing as one of her "reserved rights," and saucily intimates that the commissioner is an old fogey, and does not understand his business. . . . One of the best toasts elicited by the Burns celebration, was the following from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table:" "The Memory of the Monarch Minstrel—Who made the dialect of a province the language of the universal heart throughout a mighty empire and the realms which its arms and arts have won; his melodies are the life winged thistle-down that sows the emblem of Scottish truth, and manhood, and sentiment, as far as it can fly upon the winds of heaven." . . . A sharp piece of swindling speculation in New Jersey waste land was developed in a New York court recently. Two men had an elegant map prepared, showing a populous country village called Cedarville, in the centre of their property, where unsold lots and farms waited disposal, and by its means induced a New York merchant to part with \$2500 worth of goods in a bogus sale. They were properly looked after. . . . The Swedish authors, Mrs. Emile Carlen and Miss Frederika Bremer, after a long intermission, have each finished a new work. Miss Bremer's is entitled "Father and Daughter."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

War talk is still the talk in Europe, in spite of the hopes of the conservatives. Austria is pouring reinforcements of troops into that portion of Italy which groans and heaves under her sway. Every morning the police have to efface from the walls of the houses of Milan such inscriptions as "Death to the Germans."—The news of the alliance of Prince Napoleon with the Sardinian princess has produced great excitement among the Italians, who regard it as a pledge of the united action of France and Sardinia in the affairs of Italy.—The Paris Presse, the organ of Prince Napoleon, continues to indulge in warlike articles.—The sentence of transportation on the ex-king of Delhi has been carried into effect, and he is now at the Cape of Good Hope which is to be his destination.—The Porte having acknowledged the new state of things in Servia, there is no question now of Austrian occupation in that quarter, and the treaty of Paris is not likely to be broken by the intervention of that power.—Madrid journals are again agitating the question of immigration of the Chinese Coolies into Cuba, owing to the continued diminution of the black population.—It is rumored that the British government intend to augment the channel squadron by twelve sail of the line.—The Turkish Telegraph Cable has been successfully laid to Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and is to be extended to Canada and Egypt in the spring.—Le Nord says that Prussia and Germany will remain merely spectators so long as Austria shall have only the Italians against her, and by that neutrality expect to force France to remain neutral also, and the more so that England will adopt a similar policy. As to Russia she will take part neither for nor against Austria.

Memoirs of Madame Roland.

The Moniteur states that the Imperial Library has received a valuable legacy. Madame Champagneux, the worthy daughter of Madame Roland, desired in her will that the manuscript of her mother's memoirs should be committed to the Imperial Library. Her family obeyed with alacrity a wish in conformity with her own intentions. Deposited in the Imperial Library, the memoirs of the illustrious lady, the friend of the Girardine, are now in the place which she would doubtless have herself chosen, inasmuch as she drew them up in order that they might be placed before the eyes of the public at all times, and be, as she expressed it, "an appeal to posterity."

What will he do with him?

The grand question of the day in Paris seems to be what will the emperor do with his cousin, Prince Napoleon, alias "Pon-pon," equivalent to "Bang bang!" in English. The prince has ability and looks terribly like Napoleon I. Louis has made several attempts to get him out of Paris. He sent him to the Crimea, but the bullets spared him; he sent him to Iceland, but the icebergs failed to crush his corvette; and then he appointed him to the government of Algeria, but it seems he is to govern Algeria as a minister resident in Paris. As a last stroke of vengeance, the emperor has given him a wife, but "Pon-pon" may survive even that calamity.

Anderssen on Morphy.

Anderssen, in bearing generous testimony to Morphy's powers, says he is too strong for any living player to hope to win more than a game here and there. He never makes a mistake, but as soon as his adversary makes the slightest blunder, his game is gone. If a player makes a move "approximativement" correct, but not "exactment" the right move, Morphy is dead certain to win. Anderssen has also given his opinion that Morphy would have beaten all the three great triumvirate—Philidor, La Bourdonnais, and McDonnell.

Russia.

Letters from St. Petersburg make known a very grave incident which has occurred in connection with the emancipation of the peasantry. "The committee of the government of St. Petersburg, after having terminated their labors, have drawn up a respectful address to the emperor, praying him, after regulating the condition of the peasants, to convoke a states general for Russia." It is added that the committees of other provinces will join in this demand.

Accident in Liverpool.

In Liverpool, as business was going on in an extensive drapery and hosiery establishment in Great George Street, a portion of the premises fell in, burying customers, shopmen and laborers in the ruins. Three ladies, a young man clerk, and a laborer were killed, and several others were more or less injured. The catastrophe was caused by the giving way of a wall in the rear, which some laborers were about to pull down.

A Curious Paper.

A traveller in Norway gives an account of the northernmost paper in the world, the Tromsøe Times. It is printed at Tromsøe, a little island village of about 4000 inhabitants on the coast of Norway, at three degrees within the polar circle. The summer sun kindly looks at the office windows at midnight to see that the forms are properly set up. The Times is a four-paged semi-weekly sheet, with only two columns on a page, and is about the size of a quarto book form.

Austria.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times, in mentioning that the speech of the king of Sardinia had been received in that capital with considerable indifference, regards this as a proof that Austria is prepared for the worst. She will not flinch from a French army; and knows that one defeat of the French would probably lose the Emperor Napoleon a crown.

Burns's Birth-Day.

Some Americans in Paris celebrated the anniversary of the natal day of Scotia's bard in fine style. They had a supper, and what purported to be a Scotch "haggis," but the recipe for this dish so bewildered the French cook that it was irrecoizable when it came on the table. However, the whiskey was genuine "Glenlivet," and smacked of the land of mountain and moss.

The Prince Imperial.

This little sprig of despotism has quite a stable of his own—a pair of matched goats, a donkey, and three ponies, one of them, "Balmoral," a present from Queen Victoria, and the prettiest creature in the world. When this young gentleman takes an airing, his carriage is surrounded by a detachment of life-guards, and an officer with a drawn sword rides beside the door.

The German Press.

The German press, leaving the Austrian journals out of the question, are mainly in favor of peace, but they do not wish to see Austria abandoned. Many Prussian journals wish their government to support Austria if she is attacked. The Rhine, they say, must be defended on the Po and the Mincio.

Despotism.

Nothing shows more forcibly the dangers of despotic governments than the fact that the peace of Europe now hangs on the breath of two individuals—the emperor of Austria and the emperor of France. Millions of treasure and hundreds of lives may be sacrificed by a word from these two men.

England.

Democratic doctrines are making rapid progress in England. The liberal newspapers teem with attacks on the aristocratic system, and the people watch this country earnestly for evidences of progress which result from extended suffrage and free discussion.

George Sand.

Madame George Sand lately caused M. Breuillard, a provincial schoolmaster, to be prosecuted before the tribunal of Correctional Police of Auxerre, for libel, in a speech delivered to his pupils in a distribution of prizes in August last. She gained her ease.

Austrian Italy.

The garrisons of Verona, Mantua, and Milan have been reinforced, and orders have been given to victual the fortress completely. The Austrian army in Italy will be increased to 140,000 men.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.

The British Standard says an offer has been made Mr. Spurgeon of \$10,000 to preach four discourses in the splendid and spacious Music Hall of New York.

Royal Compliments.

The Independence states that Queen Victoria has offered felicitations to the imperial family of France on the occasion of Prince Napoleon's marriage.

The Empress Dowager of Russia.

It is expected that the empress dowager of Russia will accompany the Emperor Alexander in his proposed visit to London and Paris.

Albert Smith.

This gentleman is actually coining money in London by his new exhibition, showing up the Chinese in song, story and picture.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ETHEL'S LOVE-LIFE. By MARGARET J. M. SWEAT. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. 1859.

A heart-story in the old epistolary form of novels, carries us back, in spite of the modern style, to by-gone literary days. This work is the outpouring of a passionate heart, and its attraction lies in its natural eloquence and energy. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, we have received "Do you really think he did?" a ballad, by Francis Woodcott; "I lo'e na laddie but ane," Scotch song arranged by Finlay Dun; "Lenore Schottische," by J. Dayton; "Let me whisper in thine ear," ballad, by M. W. Balfe.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Portraiture from the Life. Translated from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer, by MARY HOWITT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 318.

This fresh story from the pen of Miss Bremer will bear comparison with any of its predecessors, and the translation is worthy of Mary Howitt. The American publishers performed the extraordinary feat of getting a portion of their handsome edition—bound volumes—in the market forty-eight hours after receiving the advance sheets from London. The work is for sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

FIRST PRIMARY READER. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Co. An excellent work by an experienced teacher, illustrated liberally with the best of wood cuts.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo.

If Count Robert of Paris exhibits evidence of the decadence of the author, it yet exhibits the splendors of a setting sun. The scenery is brilliant, the pageants imposing, the characters varied and striking. We should miss the picture from the splendid gallery to which it belongs. No other hand could have painted it. The volumes before us have two fine steel engravings—the "Procession to the Hall of Judgment," and the "Ruined Walls of Constantinople."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial, as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

We can think of no landscape more appropriate to the season than the pretty rural scene which occupies this page. Far remote from the noise and bustle of the city lies the quiet farm depicted by the artist. The trees, shorn of their summer glory, lie dormant beneath the gray sky, with the snow feathering their branches and twigs. Along one side of the valley extends a range of farm-buildings facing to the south. Through the centre flows, hidden from view by its frozen surface, the winding stream that fertilizes the plain. The cattle, driven to its brink, are waiting patiently until the farmer has broken the ice to enable them to quench their thirst. The

even those stern battles with the elements which give a vigor and tone to the physical system and an energy to the mind. Who that has known it does not recall with pleasure the exhilaration of a walk of a winter evening through the snow-drifts, with the storm beating in your face and vainly attempting to arrest your progress? Who has not felt a thrill of joy in approaching the welcome, if ever so humble home, where the love-lighted lamp is set in the window to guide his footsteps?

"How far a little candle throws its ray!
So shines a good deed on this naughty world!"

A good supper, a cosy chat and a good bed are never so pleasant as when fairly earned by such

ing horses, and cherry lips and furs, and country dances at old-fashioned taverns, and famous suppers in old-fashioned halls, with music of merry laughter sweeter than the silvery chime rung out from the horses' necks. And if the snow fail, is there not skating—that sport sung by the poets, loved by old and young, which gives us the wings of Mercury, and the fleetness of deer? Those who have never passed a winter in the country, know not half the healthy enjoyment it affords. Let us add that those who are so fortunate as to pass a life alternating between city and country, which railroad facilities now render easy, enjoy both phases of existence. The stimulus of town life is varied by the repose of the country.

very laborious. His assiduity attracted attention, and gained him the good will of the Archbishop of Paris, of several bishops, and many other eminent persons, as well as that of M. Robert, the keeper of the library, who permitted him to attend on fete-days and holidays, on the plea that these interruptions hindered his labors. Advancing by degrees into the confidence of M. Robert, he obtained permission to take books away with him, and finally he was entrusted with a key of the library, to which he could thus gain admission at all hours. M. Robert, who was then very old and infirm, is since dead. At the death of M. de Chavin his effects were sold, and amongst them the books, prints and medals



A WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

whole scene is one which a true lover of rural affairs and of nature loves to contemplate. To such a one, every season presents a charm. It is not alone in the blossoms of spring, the verdure and glory of summer, and the golden wealth of autumn, that he finds delight. In the repose or strife that alternately characterizes the winter months, he finds enough to engage his admiration and occupy his thoughts. To one born and trained in a high latitude, the endless summer of the tropics would be monotonous. He would miss the excitement, the stimulus, the varied atmospheric phenomena incidental to the vicissitudes of a northern climate. Amidst the Capuan delights of a perpetual sunshine, he would sigh for

a stern battle with the elements. But there are other winter pleasures more universally acceptable. It is pleasant to watch the progress of what is called a "good old-fashioned snow-storm," which commences when the wind, and not too much of it, is in the right quarter, when it makes a good beginning with a fall of fine particles, gradually thickening into a white smothering deluge, and you go to bed at last with the assurance that you shall wake up and see the snow lying twelve inches on a level. Then the strange transformation of the country on the morrow; the loaded eaves, the plumed trees, the far-stretching fields with their spotless garment of ermine—so suggestive of sleigh-bells and prancing

A LITERARY ROBBER.

A recent trial in France has revealed strange thefts from the Parisian Libraries. The trial arose on an action brought by the Minister of Public Instruction against Monsieur Demichells and Messieurs Firmin, Didot, and Solar, all well-known booksellers, for the restitution of books, prints, and autographs, which had been abstracted from the library of St. Genevieve and the Imperial library. It appears that about 1840 a young man named Chavin de Melan attended the library of St. Genevieve, and entered into scientific researches with great ardor. He was the first to come in the morning, and the last to leave at night. He appeared well educated and

which are the subjects of the law-suit. The parties against whom the action is brought were the purchasers. It seems that some, if not all of the parties, are willing to restore the property into which they have thus innocently, though, as it turns out, wrongfully come into possession, on being paid the sums which the purchase has cost them. It is urged, and it would seem with justice, on their behalf, that it was the custodians of the library who were in fault, and that if these were so careless as to allow these valuables to be abstracted, the loss ought not to fall on the unconscious purchasers, who had no reason to doubt that the deceased collector had come honestly by them. The result of the trial we have not heard.



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVI., No. 9...WHOLE No. 401.
5 CENTS SINGLE.

MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

The Italian Opera is an exotic which has been taught to bloom in every latitude and in every climate. It is a costly exotic—but it is fashionable, and when you have said that, you have ensured and explained its vitality. For modern Italy no Roman conquests are in store; she no longer sends forth fierce legions to plant her eagles east, west, north and south; but she sends forth her legions of singers to conquer hearts and pockets, and to return laden with as rich spoils as ever swelled the fortunes of Caesar and his followers. The dark-eyed children of the South are become the most adventurous of travellers. In Europe their little colonies are established in all the great cities—on the Danube, the Thames, the Neva. The minarets of Stamboul beckon the children of song, and the ladies of the harem are familiar with Verdi, Donizetti and Rossini. Abdul-Medjid hums "*La donna mobile*" as he sips his champagne and hears the Kishlar-Aga's report of the last escapade of his favorite sultana; and the Czar strokes his grim moustache, and purs complacently like a reclaimed wildcat, as he beats time with his foot to the "anvil chorus." Climates the most dissimilar have yielded entrance to the insinuating Italians. Sturdy John Bull growled when Ausonia claimed his hospitality; he had barely recovered from his love of bear-baiting, when he was asked to recognize a refined species of entertainment. He was very profane and national on the subject of the invasion; he had yielded the sceptre in politics to foreigners, but grumbled a little at conceding to them the task of amusing him. But he yielded—yielded his consent and his guineas, and in spite of the wits, in spite of Pope and Gay, in spite of Hogarth, the Italian opera was triumphantly installed in foggy London, and now the most brilliant sight that a traveller can see within the "wooden walls" and chalky cliffs, is the interior of the Italian opera-house on a play night, filled with the finest representatives of England's aristocracy, wealth, fashion and intellect. It is but a little more than a hundred years since the Italian opera established itself in the great capitals of Europe. In 1752 the first troupe of Italian singers made its appearance in Paris, and first performed in *La Serva Padrona*, the very *opera buffa* in which Mlle. Piccolomini has lately been so successful. *La Serva Padrona*, and Pergolesi's *Maestro di Capella*, attracted crowds, though Rousseau says they were badly rendered. The success, however, was transitory, and it was only after a severe and protracted struggle that Italian opera was finally established in Paris. In due process of time the exotic was transplanted to these shores, and has finally become acclimated, the taste for Italian music being now thoroughly diffused among us. We of the present generation scout the music that entranced our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers. The old English operas, with their bald simplicity and sing-song airs, who can endure them? They are as bad as Chinese music, or a tin-pan Charivari. Our taste has been formed by listening to the finest voices and the most cultivated styles that modern Italy has produced. Henceforth we shall not retrograde; for henceforth the United States, with its wealthy cities and magnificent opera-houses, will offer attractions that no European singer can resist. Fame and fortune woo the daintiest singing-birds to our shore, as it has just wooed the most piquante little creature that ever chirruped at the foot-lights, Maria Piccolomini, the subject of our present sketch. Our portrait was drawn by Homer, from a pho-

tograph from the life, taken expressly for us by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co. of this city. Piccolomini, under the banner of Ulman, has been completely successful, owing her triumph as much to personal fascination as to musical ability. Youth, beauty and manner go a great way to ensure the success of a prima donna, though many have conquered by the voice alone. Maria Piccolomini was born at Siena, in the duchy of Tuscany, in 1836. The public has been carefully informed that her family was noble, and that there have been counts Piccolomini, but we make no account of that, as counts are very cheap and prevalent in Italy. Then we are told that her uncle wears the scarlet stockings and scarlet hat of a Cardinal, and that if he had been chosen to succeed Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair, the niece would never have sung for Mr. Ulman, but would have become the superior of a convent, and devoted herself to the reform of conventual abuses in her native land. Now be it understood that we don't dispute these stories—

the scarlet hat and stockings are very pretty managerial properties—they look well in an announcement, and draw snobs to the theatre who would be insensible to the charms of music; but for ourselves we should think just as much of Piccolomini if she had been the niece of a pawnbroker, or even that mythic pork-batcher whom the Paris Figaro invested with her paternity in an access of humorous spleen. When Costigan told Pendennis that his daughter's ancestors had been "Kings in Munster," he knew with whom he was dealing, and so did Mr. Manager Ulman when he paraded the noble and cardinal virtues of his prima donna's family. But the true nobility of Piccolomini lies in herself. At an early age she was remarked for the richness of her voice, and at thirteen commenced her musical studies at Florence, preparatory to an operatic career. It was at Florence that she made her debut in the arduous role of Lucrezia Borgia, in the year 1852, when she was but sixteen years old. The ordeal was a severe one, but it resulted in a tri-

umph for the youthful and beautiful *artiste*. The opera was played twenty nights in succession, and the *furor* in her favor rose to the greatest height. This success was the herald of triumphs in other Italian cities, where she remained for four years, receiving ovations which, instead of bewildering, only stimulated her to more assiduous study of her art. In 1856 she accepted a London engagement, and awakened the warmest enthusiasm. She certainly had no reason to complain of insular coolness. In Ireland she met with the most warm-hearted reception, and in Dublin the popular feeling rose to fever heat. In Paris she was subjected to the ordeal of a sterner criticism, but was not unsuccessful. In 1858, in the freshness of her fame and beauty, she came to this country, and made her debut at the Academy of Music. Her New York engagement was a most brilliant and indisputable success. Young America was completely carried away by her fine soprano voice, her beauty, her admirable acting, and her bewitching, coquettish ways. Her career at the Boston Theatre is fresh in the memory of all our readers, and we trust soon again to hear her voice and witness her admirable personations. In Philadelphia and in Washington she has reaped laurels, the figurative expression for pyramids of bouquets and piles of prosaic dollars. America has opened heart and purse to her, and yielded unstinted homage to her gifts. Her qualities are undeniable. She has a fine soprano voice, developed by conscientious culture. She is also exceedingly adroit in the management of her organ, and knows how to evade difficulties that she cannot surmount. If she does not quite satisfy the requirements of the severest criticism, she certainly holds in thrall the popular heart. Her histrionic merit is indisputable. Her *forte* is evidently comedy, and she never appears to so much advantage as in *opera-buffa*; her *serva padrona*, for instance, is inimitable. Yet she acceptably represents the tragic characters of the lyric drama. Though lacking the *physique* for "*Lucrezia Borgia*," her impersonation of the dread heroine is far from being unsatisfactory; while as *La Violetta* in *La Traviata*, the lyric version of *La Dame aux Camélias*, her success is signal. She portrays the passion and despair, the agonies, the struggles and the death of the vile heroine with fearful fidelity. We can say no more in her praise as an actress, for the character is one foreign to her nature, one, fortunately, that she could only appreciate by the intuitive perception of the *artiste*, unless, indeed, she had studied it in the terrible picture drawn by Madame Doche, which, we believe, she never witnessed. We may regret that this character was ever assigned to her, but since the opera is on the stage, we can but applaud the artistic rendition of the character. Such successes as those achieved by Piccolomini will render the Italian opera a permanent institution in this country. The lavish expenditure caused by the Italian opera has been a source of regret to many thoughtful persons, who have looked on it as so much money lavished on foreigners and drained from the country; but it has already borne fruit in the development of musical taste throughout the country, furnishing new sources of intellectual and pecuniary fortunes to ourselves. Already we have given American prima donnas to the lyric stage of Europe, and in time, the highest ornaments of our own lyric stage will be of American birth. If music is worth cultivating, we must import the best models. Art is cosmopolitan. The only care we need take is, that merit alone shall receive our support, and no charlatany meet with encouragement.



MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH WARRANT.

An Incident in the Life of Frederick the Great.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

In the little town of Colberg, a small seaport of Prussia, situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea, there resides an ancient and wealthy family, bearing the surname of Zieter. The family name figures largely in the records of the town, and the province in which it is situated. These records show that the Zieterms held important offices in the magistracy and judiciary, as long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the present head of the family held the honorable post of burgomaster, or chief magistrate of Colberg, in the year 1850.

That, however, which renders the name familiar to every traveller who chances to visit this rather out-of-the-way post of the Prussian monarchy, is the Zieter Hospital and Lunatic Asylum, one of the largest and best endowed institutions of the kind in Prussia—a country remarkable in continental Europe for the number and the excellent management of its public institutions—and what renders the Zieter Hospital unusually interesting to strangers, is the fact that it was founded and liberally endowed by Madame Cornelia Richter—*née* Zieter—a daughter of the family, who was herself for several years a lunatic, and who only recovered her reason a few years before her death.

In the great hall of the institution, there are two portraits of the foundress and benefactress, one representing her as Mademoiselle Zieter, in the eighteenth year of her age, the other as Madame Richter, a middle-aged lady of matronly and benign countenance, the expression of whose features, however, betoken one who has passed through much suffering, mentally and bodily, and who has only acquired the calmness and resignation which characterizes the portrait, by having learnt to trust firmly in the beneficence of Providence, and to look forward to that rest and happiness hereafter, which shall recompense her for all the trouble she has suffered in this mortal stage of existence.

The exceeding loveliness of form and feature which are remarkable in the youthful portrait, attracts the attention of every beholder, and serves to give double interest to her melancholy story. She is represented as a fair, blue-eyed maiden, with a full and exquisitely rounded form, and an abundance of golden hair, which, according to the fashion of the day among the maidens of northern Germany, floats free and unconfined over the white dimpled shoulders. The features are regular and intellectual, and at the same time expressive of vivacity and tenderness. The portrait is one that fixes itself on the memory, one that men are wont to dream of, after having once beheld it.

In the year 1753, Mademoiselle Zieter, who until then had resided with her parents in Colberg, the town wherein she was born, visited Berlin, the Prussian capital, to remain during the winter months with a maiden aunt, a sister of her father's. Madame Zieter was a lady of great wealth, whose mansion was the resort of the military, the *literati*, and the most fashionable and distinguished personages in the city.

It was only natural that a young lady possessing the beauty and accomplishments of Mademoiselle Zieter, known to belong to an old and honorable family, and generally believed to be the heiress of her aunt's large fortune, should draw many admirers. Men of all ranks and conditions, from the youthful aspirant to fame and fortune, to the broken down *roué*, who, after having run his career of coxcombry, pleasure and debauchery, until his shattered constitution warned him that he could no longer pursue his vicious course of life with impunity, was anxious to settle down and become a sober Benedict for the rest of his days, if he could secure so splendid a prize in the matrimonial lottery, were earnest suitors for the young lady's heart and hand, and fortune.

Cornelia, however, was in no hurry to change her maiden condition, "fancy, free;" but her heart at length surrendered to one Paul Richter, an officer of the king's guards—young, handsome, and accomplished, who had every prospect of rising in his profession.

Notwithstanding the envy created amongst the host of rejected suitors, in consequence of the choice of the youthful and lovely heiress, no one could deny that the young man was in every

respect worthy of her. There was but one drawback—he was poor! This, however, did not in the least trouble Mademoiselle Cornelia. Her father was wealthy, and she was an only child, and, as we have already observed, she had great expectations from her aunt. She would, under any circumstances, possess sufficient wealth for both. Neither did her relatives, as is too often the case in the like circumstances, oppose the proposed union. The family of the young ensign was, in point of fact, more ancient and of higher rank than the family of the Zieterms, and ancient genealogy and noble birth carry great influence in all parts of Germany.

One stipulation only was made by Herr Zieter, when, at the expiration of a short and happy courtship, Ensign Richter visited Colberg, candidly told his circumstances, and expressed his determination to attain rank and distinction in his profession, if strict attention to his duties could secure these honors, referred to several distinguished and respected individuals in relation to his family and his own personal character, and finally stated that, having gained the maiden's consent, he had come expressly to ask her hand of her father.

The condition was that the young couple should wait until Paul Richter should become a captain, so that, in case of any great reverse of fortune on the part of his bride, however improbable it might be, he should be able to support her, at least, in moderate competence.

The gallant and youthful lover, notwithstanding his desire to hasten the consummation of his happiness, was well content that no other obstacle stood in the way of his union with the fair object of his love.

Frederick the Second—the Great—the most ambitious monarch in Europe at that period, sat on the Prussian throne. Every schoolboy is familiar with his rare military abilities, his incessant activity, his love of war, his strange eccentricities, and his infatuation for tall soldiers, to procure whom he would send to any distance and incur any expense, though in all other respects his economy bordered on meanness.

Speedy promotion in the army, under such a monarch, was a matter of certainty to a young man of good character, good family and courage, and intelligence, all of which qualifications Paul Richter possessed. He bade adieu to his young mistress, when he went to join his regiment, which was to take part in a campaign against France, in full hope and expectation that the close of the campaign would witness his promotion to the command of a company, and enable him to claim her hand, according to her father's promise.

Cornelia, shortly after her lover quitted Berlin, returned home to Colberg, and there remained until the termination of the campaign, which was successful on the part of Frederick, and which did make Paul a captain, as he had anticipated. He was, however, severely, though not dangerously wounded, and when he wrote to Colberg by the hand of a comrade, speaking lightly of his wound, but regretting it, because for a time it would incapacitate him from claiming his bride, at the same time playfully observing that he hoped his fair mistress would not reject her wounded knight, who had received his wound in consequence of his resolve to bear himself in the battle in a manner that should show that he was worthy of her love—the young lady was so much affected that she insisted upon setting out by post to Berlin, to nurse the wounded soldier herself, saying that he had already the right to claim the service as well as the love of a wife from her, since they had long been wedded in heart if not in hand, and that the only obstacle that had stood in the way was now removed.

Herr Zieter, however, like a wise and prudent father, said if Cornelia must nurse her wounded knight, it were more advisable that she did so in her father's house, than in a distant city. The old gentleman, therefore, posted himself to Berlin, and had Captain Richter carefully removed by slow stages, under his own guidance, from the capital to Colberg.

Six months elapsed before Paul Richter was completely recovered. They had been to him six of the happiest months he had ever spent, notwithstanding the pain and fever attending his wound, which was long in healing, for Cornelia was ever near him, ready to anticipate his slightest wishes, to read to him, to sing, to play, to do everything she could think of to afford him solace, and to cause the weary hours in the sick chamber to pass lightly away. And, as he grew

better and was able to take short walks abroad, she was her constant companion. They wandered in his father's garden, or sat in the summer-house, while she read aloud, and, by-and-by, their walks extended into the fields and woods, or to the seashore, where they would sit for hours listening to the musical murmur of the waves as they broke on the beach, and talking of the happy future which both believed to be in store for them.

At length the day arrived when the wedding was to take place. Great preparations were made. No expense was spared by the parents of Cornelia, who, by this time had learnt to look upon the handsome young officer as if he were their own son.

It came off, and was the talk of the small town for weeks. Never had been seen such magnificence before. Never had the clergyman of the parish united such a handsome couple. Never was such munificence, such generosity, as Herr Zieter displayed. Not a poor person in Colberg or its vicinity, had gone that day without an abundant meal and a small present in money besides. A thousand cheerful, grateful voices prayed that happiness might attend the wedded pair through life, and after death to eternity.

In Paul Richter's case, the Shaksperian adage, "the course of true love never does run smooth," was, as we believe it has often been before and since, completely falsified. Paul remained at home with his bride, at a house in the outskirts of the town, which his father-in-law had purchased and presented to him, for six months after his marriage, in the enjoyment of every happiness it is in the power of mortal to possess. At the expiration of this brief period of wedded bliss, he received orders from his general again to make his appearance at Berlin and rejoin his regiment.

Frederick the Great had been at peace with his brother monarchs long enough, and he was thinking of another campaign against Bavaria, Saxony, Italy or France, he did not much care which, so that he found employment for his tall grenadiers.

"Dear Paul," said Cornelia, when she heard the news, "I wish you would leave the army. I shall be so miserable, so anxious while you are away, dreading lest every mail that arrives at Colberg, should bring intelligence of some dreadful battle, and that you have been wounded or perhaps killed. I would not care to live afterward. Surely there is no need for you to obey the mandate of the general. We are rich enough."

"You are rich enough, dear Cornelia," replied Paul, "and I love you enough to be willing to share with you whatever is yours; but it is not that, my love. It shall never be said that Paul Richter refused his services when his country called for them, because he had wedded a young and pretty, and wealthy bride. I must go, dear Cornelia, but let us hope the campaign will not be a long one, and, one thing I will promise you. As soon as I am promoted to colonelcy, I will quit the army as soon as peace is declared. But on no account would I do so on the eve of a war. Think, Cornelia, you yourself would despise me if I were to act in such a cowardly manner. But be not afraid, darling, you are my guardian angel. Your prayers shall turn the bullets aside and blunt the enemy's steel. Very soon you will welcome me safe home again."

Thus, half jestingly, half soothingly, the young officer endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of his young wife, and at length partially succeeded in subduing her anxiety. They promised to exchange letters by every possible opportunity, and in the course of a few days, Captain Richter set out for Berlin.

The campaign turned out to be the commencement of what is known in European continental history, as the Seven Year's War, when Frederick found arrayed against him, incited by his insatiable ambition, all the other great powers of Europe. He met the shock manfully, for the Prussian army of Frederick the Second's day was much the most numerous and the best drilled on the whole continent, but severe battles were fought, and the campaign which Paul had endeavored to persuade his wife would be soon ended, threatened to be prolonged till the combatants were exhausted.

Still Paul wrote cheerful letters to Cornelia, and bade her keep up her courage, and she replied in as cheerful a tone as she could, endeavoring to conceal from him the fears and anxieties she could not help experiencing.

At length, about six months after Paul had

left Colberg, there came a letter which afforded him the most extatic delight, while, at the same time, it increased his anxiety, to see his wife again. This letter announced the birth of a son, and the happy convalescence of the mother, who, proud of the new pleasures of maternity, wrote respecting the beauty of her infant, as only a mother can write, and expressed an earnest wish that her husband could see his child, if only for one moment.

Paul replied to this letter immediately. The letter was brief, for the army was on the eve of an engagement, and his every moment was greatly occupied. He knew not but the next minute he might hear the trumpet sound, calling upon all to fall into battle array.

The letter, written on a drum-head in a tent, has been preserved, and its contents are engraved upon the pedestal of a monument erected to his memory of the enclosure of which the hospital stands. It runs as follows:

"THE CAMP BEFORE PARMAR, AUGUST 10, 1756.

"MY OWN DEAREST CORNELIA:—I received your letter this morning, and have carried it in my bosom all day, taking every opportunity to peruse it over and over again. We are expecting every moment to be summoned into action, and I have been so completely occupied in my military duties that I could not, until this moment, find time to write a line in reply.

"You must excuse the brevity of the letter I am now writing, for I am infringing a military order just issued by the king, even in so doing, and you well know that the slightest disobedience of orders is visited by Frederick with the utmost severity, even if the offender be his principal general. He is no respecter of persons, and when resolved to punish, nothing can incline him to mercy.

"I cannot express the pleasure your letter afforded me. It is too much happiness. My infant boy and his mother both well! How I wish I could see you for one little moment, even if I had to leave you again immediately. I think it would endow me with greater spirit and courage in the forthcoming battle.

"Think of me, dear wife, and believe that you are never out of my mind for one moment. Have no fears for me. I feel assured that I shall not fall in battle, and I hope this engagement will be so far decisive that I can honorably ask for leave of absence, so that I may fly to Colberg and embrace you and the child.

"Take the greatest care of your health for my, as well as for your own and our boy's sake.

"You will be glad to hear that I have been promoted, on the field, to the rank of major. There remains now but one step more—promotion to a lieutenant colonelcy—and then, peace once restored, I quit the army, and spend the rest of my days in the society of my beloved wife.

"I must close, for I dare not keep my lamp alight any longer.

Believe me, my darling,

Your most loving husband,
PAUL RICHTER."

"P. S. Kiss our boy for me.

"P. P. S. It is now a quarter past eight o'clock, P. M. Tomorrow morning at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man! P. R."

The letter was despatched and duly received by Cornelia, who read it through eagerly until she reached the end. When she read the last line, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the floor.

Fortunately her mother and the nurse were in the room. They raised her from the floor and carried her to a sofa, and then applied restoratives, until the unhappy wife was awakened to consciousness. She looked wildly around her. "Am I asleep?" she cried. "Have I been dreaming? O, what a horrid dream. I thought—No, no; it is true! The letter, the letter!" Shrieking forth the latter words, she again fainted. A physician was sent for, and again the mother and nurse applied restoratives, and after much effort, succeeded again in restoring her to consciousness.

Meanwhile the letter had been picked up from the floor by Madame Zieter, and read. She could not understand it. She showed it to her husband, to the medical man—none of them could make anything of it. Paul had written in the body of the letter, that he had a presentiment that he should not fall on the field of battle, and had evidently written under the influence of hope and cheerfulness, and yet, at the close, in a second postscript, without giving any explanation, he had written, "Tomorrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!"

"Had he suddenly lost his senses? Had the tension of his faculties, caused by anxiety, hard duty and want of sleep, coupled with the shock of pleasure he had felt when he received intelligence of the birth of his child, been too much for his brain? What could be the meaning of that strange and dreadful line?"

These, and such as these, were the questions asked of each other by the shocked and puzzled

family, but no one could give any satisfactory answer. In vain they endeavored to soothe and console the unhappy wife. Alas! they knew not what words to employ in order to relieve her mind. Their own feelings were sufficiently harrowed by the terrible line. Still they resolved to try to believe that it meant nothing, until they heard from the camp.

A letter was immediately written and despatched to Paul, and another to the colonel of the regiment in which he served, informing both of the fright which the inexplicable postscript had caused, and of the ill effect it must have upon Cornelia if the mystery were not immediately and satisfactorily explained.

They had not to wait for a reply to the letters to learn that Paul had written the truth, though still they were at a loss to understand what had caused the shocking catastrophe. The next gazette from Berlin contained this simple, but terrible paragraph, under the caption of "intelligence from the army before Parma":

"We regret to learn that at four o'clock A. M., on the 11th inst., Major Paul Richter, of the 7th dragoon guard, was shot dead, in pursuance of a special sentence from the commander-in-chief."

Then followed a few lines eulogistic of the character and courage of the deceased officer, and a few remarks expressing wonder as to the nature of the special direction of duty, which had led to such a shocking result. Nearly a month of terrible overwhelming misery elapsed before the full particulars were known. At length all was explained.

Frederick the Second, of Prussia, carried eccentricity to the verge of madness. His people were taxed terribly to maintain his army, both in money and in person. The entire population of Prussia during his reign, amounted to only five millions, all counted, men, women and children, and yet the soldiers exceeded in number those of France and Spain united. It is computed that out of the able-bodied men of the kingdom, one in every seven was drafted into the military service. His rule over the civilians of the kingdom, who held no office under the government, was mild and paternal, but his behaviour to his wife and children was brutal in the extreme. They were flogged with his cane, half starved and miserably clad. His eldest son, while still a mere youth, was immured for some venial offence, in a filthy and unhealthy dungeon, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded not to issue a warrant for the lad's execution.

He was in the habit of striking his officers and kicking his judges out of court, if they decided points of law against his wishes. His officers and soldiers were drilled like automata, and the slightest offence was visited with the most prompt and frightful severity of punishment. His present position, at war with nearly all combined Europe, had exasperated his irascible temper almost, if not quite, to madness.

During the afternoon of the 10th of August, 1756, intending during the night to make an important movement in the camp, which was in sight of the enemy, he had issued an order that, by eight o'clock, all the lamps in the camps should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the hour was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a lamp burning in the tent of Captain Richter. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter; the captain knew him, and, instantly falling on his knees, entreated his mercy.

"To whom have you been writing?" asked the king.

"To my wife," replied the young officer. "I received a letter from her to-day. I had not time all day to reply to it, scarcely to read it, without neglecting my duty. The courier leaves the camp for Berlin at ten o'clock. I commenced the reply at my first moment of leisure, but not having quite completed it when the clock struck, I kept the lamp burning a few moments later. We go into action to night or to-morrow. I may never have the opportunity of writing again."

"Let me see the letter," said Frederick sternly.

The officer handed it to him, and he read it to the end.

"'Tis well," he said, handing it back. "Now write one more line which I shall dictate. Write, 'To-morrow morning at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!'"

The sentence was written with a trembling hand, for well the officer knew that the king showed no mercy, listened to no excuses!

"Have you written the line?" asked the king.

"I have, your majesty!"

"Then seal the letter and go to sleep, if you choose. I will deliver it to the carrier."

"Will not your majesty permit me to explain?"

"Not a word, sir," thundered the king.

"You have disobeyed my orders. You, an officer, who ought to have set an example. You must die."

Placing the letter in his pocket, he walked out of the tent. At four o'clock on the following morning, the sharp rattle of a volley of musketry awakened many of the officers and soldiers, who were still sleeping soundly, in ignorance of the tragedy that was enacting in their midst, for the anticipated nocturnal announcement had not been made and the camp was not disturbed from slumber.

They started to their feet and rushed out into the fresh morning air, to ascertain the cause of the sudden report of fire-arms, some of them believing that the enemy had recently stolen a march against them. Alas! They were transfixed with astonishment and dismay, when they were informed that a military execution had taken place, and that Major Richter, one of the bravest, the most respected and the most beloved officers in the army, was a dead man.

When Madame Richter heard the full particulars of the savage murder which had been committed by the orders of the king, the victim of his monstrous brutality, one of the most gallant and devoted of his officers, she shed no tears, but pressing her hands upon her bosom, as if she feared her heart would break, she sat silent, not opening her lips for weeks, caring nothing for her infant, who, until now, had been almost an object of idolatry, and refused all nourishment until her attendants were obliged to force food upon her.

When again she spoke, her wits had flown. She was insane. The physicians feared, hopelessly insane. Happily for the poor infant, deprived of the nourishment it had subsisted upon—for the fond mother had insisted upon nursing it herself—it died.

The widowed mother made no inquiry after the babe nor her husband. She seemed to have forgotten that either had existed. Her's was a harmless, gentle, melancholy madness. Like Ophelia, she wandered about singing wild ditties, which had no sense or meaning, yet, which were sometimes suggestive of the dreadful loss she had sustained.

"White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers."

"And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come back again."

In this sad condition she remained for several years. Her father and mother, as well as her Aunt Zietern, had died during this dismal period, and all their large, united wealth had been left to her—in trust of a guardian—if she recovered her senses. If not, it was to be expended in founding a hospital and lunatic asylum.

She did awaken to her senses and to the recollection of her woes, and she herself employed a large portion of her wealth in erecting an hospital and an asylum for lunatics, which she liberally endowed and named the Zietern Hospital, in memory of her parents and her aunt.

She sat for her portrait after her recovery, and ordered it, together with a portrait painted shortly before her marriage, to be hung in the large hall of the building, and caused a splendid monument to be erected in the hospital yard, to the memory of her much loved, murdered husband. On the pedestal of this monument was inscribed:

"IN MEMORIAM.

"Paul Richter, major in the guards of King Frederick the Second, of Prussia, was cruelly shot by order of his sovereign, August 11, 1756."

Beneath the above inscription was inscribed the fatal letter, the whole supported by the arms of the joint families of Richter and Zietern, and by a scroll.

This is the history of the Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Colberg, in Prussia.

It is a general observation that the best informed women are those who have the best informed friends of the other sex. La Rochefoucauld gave lessons to Madame de la Fayette; Voiture, then Boileau, to Ninon; Scarron to his wife; Bussy and de Retz to Madame de Sévigné; Fénelon to Madame Guyon; Benjamin Constant to Madame de Staël; Bosc to Madame Roland, and Voltaire to Madame du Châtelet.—*Bourdon.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASSURANCE.

BY SYDIL PARK.

Yes, you love me, Agnes Lane,
And that forehead white as snow
Need not crimson so with shame
That I dare to tell thee so
Very quick your young heart throbs,
Full of beauty, joy and light,
Underneath, sleep broken sobs,
For the love you scorn to-night.

Wreath your lips with coldness now,
Such a look of proud disdain
Well becomes your haughty brow,
Though it bring a moment's pain.
Yes, you love me—every tone
Of your voice was sweet and low
When you wandered here alone,
At the early twilight glow.

I can read within your eyes,
All the words I breathe are true,
For each great thought mirrored lies
In their depths of liquid blue.
And the white rose in your hair,
Twined among the diamonds bright,
Is the one I bade you wear,
When we parted yesternight.

Yester eve, O, strange to say!
Those small jewelled hands of thine,
Sparkling, trembling, trusting lay
Willing captives clasped in mine.
With its wealth of tresses brown,
(There you need not sigh and start)
That young head drooped humbly down,
Nestling close against my heart.

Ah, the crimson blushes sweep
Over cheek and neck of snow,
What! can those proud eyelids weep,
Lady, have I grieved you so?
Come to me, poor wounded bird,
Fold your white wings here again;
Now its icy depths are stirred,
How your bosom throbs with pain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DOLLY'S HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was strange, at least so all the people in Elton said, that pretty little Dolly Hoyt was going to throw herself away by marrying Joel Prescott, when there wasn't a young man in town but what would be proud and happy to make her his wife; strange that she could for a moment think of leaving her nice, comfortable, handsome home, where she had never known a wish ungratified, and had been so kindly and tenderly treated, to be the wife of a poor man, who could not, however much he might love her, spread out before her any but a hard lot—one of poverty and privations, such as she knew little how to meet. Joel, to be sure, was a good fellow enough; one that took readily to his book, steady and persevering about his work, but then Squire Hoyt was a wealthy man, and all of his daughters had married into rich, influential families, and it was preposterous for him to aspire to a height so far above him. Everybody said he was insane to think of such a thing—everybody but Dolly.

The squire plead and reasoned with his daughter upon the subject, Mrs. Hoyt talked, cried and scolded, while Dolly's sisters and their husbands came to Elton for the especial purpose of turning her thoughts in a different direction. Every alternative was resorted to, but still the pretty Dolly remained firm in her resolution.

"She did not care," she said, "if Joel was poor. Father wasn't worth fifty dollars when mother married him, but now he had a handsome property; mother had helped him get it, too. She could work with Joel; she was sure a little work wouldn't harm her, and she loved him well enough to toil a life time for him. It was all nonsense; she didn't care if her sisters were married to rich men, and had great, grand homes in the city; she should be contented in the little cottage with Joel, if it hadn't but four rooms, and if the bare boards of each one of those never saw a nice carpet. She knew that Joel's farm wasn't paid for—she knew all about it, and she was just the one to help and encourage him, as he had never been helped or encouraged by any one."

And so Dolly continued to avow her intentions until her father, mother, and sisters grew to look upon her marriage with Joel as a settled thing, as a sort of far-off danger which something might yet prevent, for in all her protestations she had never spoken of becoming his wife immediately. It was always a vague "sometime" with

her. But one morning, after spending an evening with Joel, Dolly, with many blushes upon her bright face, told her mother that she had consented to be married in a few weeks; that Joel had already made many purchases for his little home; that his crops were turning out remarkably well—he was very lonesome, and if she was going to marry him, it might as well be one time as another.

The good old lady burst into tears at the information, and ran, as fast as her clumsy, rheumatic feet would carry her, into the parlor to communicate the delightful intelligence to her husband.

"What, what! the child doesn't talk of marrying him at once, does she?" exclaimed the squire, dropping his paper and snatching his spectacles from his forehead.

"Yes, she does mean it; she said the very same thing to me not more than two minutes ago. O, dear, dear!" and good Mrs. Hoyt went off into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Why, she—she's going crazy," blustered out the squire, rising from his chair. "She can't mean it. Where is she?"

"I left her in the kitchen," sobbed Mrs. Hoyt. "But it's no use. She is earnest. Dear, dear! what can I say to her? Dolly, Dolly!" And calling out at the top of her voice, she sank back into the arm-chair from which her husband had risen.

In a moment Dolly made her appearance, her face radiant with smiles and blushes.

"Tell it to your father, child!" said Mrs. Hoyt, in a quivering voice. "Tell him what you told me."

Dolly was an obedient daughter, and as such had always proved herself to be, save in this one affair, and so, as her mother bade her, she commenced with a pretty, stammering speech, which was quite appropriate to the theme and season.

"Father, I—that is—Joel—you know—we—that is—we think if we—if we—are ever going to marry, we might as well marry this fall as any time; and so I told mother."

The good squire dropped his face upon his hands without replying, and Dolly stole softly up to him and put both her arms about his neck, with a "don't, please don't, father."

"You are in a great hurry to leave your old father. You care more for that fortune-hunter than you do for us, and we shall be so lost and desolate without you!"

"You wrong him, wrong him, father," was the answer; "sometime you will know how much." A look of pride shot out from Dolly's brown eyes as she said this, and she straightened up in a way which at once told plainly of her parentage. The old gentleman looked at her sorrowfully. She was the pride of his heart.

"If I wrong him, it is because of my great love and care for you. But Dolly, let me tell you this, that he reckons illy when he builds up his hopes on my purse, for not one farthing of my property shall ever slip into his hands. Mark me!"

"Very well, father," was the steadily given answer. "We do not ask your money, we only ask your love. I do not expect to be treated as my sisters have been. I do not want a rich outfit. I could not take it from you under present circumstances. My home will be a lowly and simple one, yet it will be all I ask—free, independent and happy. Don't mourn about it."

"Your sisters—" but Mr. Hoyt broke down, and actually wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, while Dolly stole quietly from the room.

During the few weeks that she remained at the old homestead, she made no allusion to her approaching marriage. Her every-day duties were performed as readily and punctually as ever, and her pleasant, happy voice rang out as cheerily as though she were never to leave her old home nest.

In due time her sisters made their appearance from the city, each with a word of sympathy upon her lips for the mis-used and wronged parents. "Dolly would have to suffer for her disobedience yet," they said. "Such sins as her's never went unpunished. She'd see the time when she would wish she had acted differently. She was placing herself in a hard spot, and she would have to suffer all alone for her imprudence—they should never help her, not they! They pitied father and mother. It was a shame they should be so afflicted by Dolly's unwomanly course; but they would never forsake them. They would always be faithful to them so long as they lived, and strive to make them forget as much as possible their thankless child."

Dolly would see her mistake sometime, but it would be when it was too late to retrace her steps—the foolish thing!

But Dolly paid little heed to their croakings, vouchsafing them, occasionally, a quiet, confident smile, in which they might have read volumes, had they not been so blinded by prejudice. In the midst of this little war of words, she became the wife of Joel Prescott, and went contentedly and happily to live in his four-roomed cottage.

It was a plain little place at first, but under the young wife's care it soon grew bright and cheery. The windows were shaded with long, white curtains, the bare floors dotted over with rugs and mats, and the uncouth looking chairs which Joel had inherited from his grandfather (the poor fellow's only inheritance), grew as good as new in their bright, patch coverings, while upon the white walls hung a few nice engravings, which, in their simple frames of varnished hemlock-burs, did not look out of place with their plain surroundings.

For a while Dolly went every week regularly, to see her father and mother. She tried to appear lively and merry in their presence, as though she had never been away from them, and as though the old mansion was always to be her home. But somehow it grew to be a useless task; all the while she felt a cold, dead weight at her heart. Her father never asked for Joel, never asked how they were getting along, and when he sent an invitation for Dolly to dine with him, it was to Dolly alone. So at last the young wife, jealous for her husband, concluded not to go up to the old place at all. She did not wish to be welcomed where Joel could not be. Happiness which he could not share with her, grew to be anything but happiness. She cried long and bitterly over her decision, but for worlds she would not have revoked it.

In this way the winter came and went, bringing little change to the young people. Everybody remarked how well they were getting along, how finely the old house looked since Dolly had come to live in it, and how bountifully the land was giving up its riches to Joel's steady, earnest hand. The year was a good one for him, and with the produce he carted off to market, he paid a good round sum of money towards his little property.

"One year more, Dolly," he would say, "one year more, and we shall have paid for the privilege of walking upon this sixty-acre patch of land during our lives. One year more and we won't be plastered down by a detestable mortgage. After that you may be as extravagant as you please, and we'll think of living, eh, Dolly?"

"Extravagant, Joel! I don't want to be extravagant. After the farm is paid for we have a great deal to do. This house —"

"This house! not a word, it's a palace, a heaven! Own that it is, dear."

"Yes, yes, certainly it is, but we might want a bigger heaven sometime, you know. We—you know."

Dolly blushed, while Joel, with a smile upon his lips, drew back the curtain, so that he might see plainer, in the dying daylight, the bright, girlish face of his young wife.

"Yes, Dolly, we will certainly have a bigger house," he said, after a pause. "Never mind covering up my mouth, dear. I'm going for the book. You may sew—I'll read it to you."

But the next year did not prove a golden one to the young people, and the harvest in the ensuing autumn was poor and meagre. The corn crop was ruined in the summer by heavy hail-storms, and the large field of wheat spoiled by rust, while the potatoes, from which Joel had hoped to realize so much, were diseased and worthless. The poor fellow did not know which way to turn. A heavy payment, which he was unable to meet, was staring him in the face. The man of whom he had purchased his property was not a merciful one. If he did not forward him the money at the specified time, all was lost, everything he had paid, all his hard labor. The man was anxious to get the place back into his own hands again. He would not fail to do so if an opportunity presented itself. From him there was nothing to hope. A sort of despair settled upon the young farmer, which in vain Dolly strove to arouse him from.

"We are young, yet, Joel," she would say. "If we lose this home, we'll work and get another. Surely you are not poor with me, or I with you. Do look on the bright side, dear."

But Joel could not see a "bright side." All

was dark. "He could bear it all without a murmur; but to think that he had taken Dolly from her nice, comfortable home, to share his wretchedness and poverty, it drove him almost mad. And then, too, when of all times she would most need to be surrounded by little luxuries and comforts, to have this stroke come upon him, the thought was agonizing."

The night before the dreaded payment fell due was a cold and cheerless one everywhere, but in the home of Joel Prescott it was cheerless beyond description. All the evening he sat with his arms folded and his head dropped moodily upon his breast, while Dolly, busy with her sewing, tried vainly to coax him away from his troubles, till her own heart sunk within her like lead, and the warm tears choked her utterance. What could she do? She asked the question inwardly, but it was no less a passionate cry of despair. The wind was roaring frantically about the house, driving the withered leaves against the windows, and drifting with its angry breath, backward and forward, the faded rose-vines that still clung to the old eaves, looking, as they dropped their scraggy shadows upon the white curtains, like ghostly forms at play. Everything was desolate, desolate; but still if Joel would only be himself, ruin, desolation, or anything, could hold little terror for her, she thought.

"Joel, Joel; dear, dear Joel, for my sake forget this trouble for one little moment!" she cried hysterically, pressing her fingers closely over her eyes.

"For your sake, Dolly," he replied, slowly lifting his head, "I would do anything. It is for you that I care, for you that I am troubled."

"Am I then such a trouble to you?" she asked. "Haven't you more faith than this in me? Do you think this paltry loss will kill me? You are all I care for, Joel," and she went up to him and put both her arms about his neck, and pressed her wet, tearful cheek against his.

"Am I killing you by my selfishness?" he asked, looking searchingly in her face, and taking her hands tenderly in his.

"No, no, —"

A loud rap upon the outer door interrupted Dolly's reply, and in a moment Joel sprang to answer the summons.

"A letter," he said, glancing curiously over the superscription. "A letter for Mr. and Mrs. Joel Prescott—see, Dolly!"

"That is father's handwriting, what can it mean?" exclaimed Dolly, grasping nervously hold of the envelope. "Open it quickly, I cannot understand it."

For a full moment after they had perused the letter, they sat and gazed into each other's faces in blank wonder and astonishment.

"Homeless, property lost, nowhere to go—my poor, poor old father!" cried Dolly. "I must go to him at once!"

"But wait, be calm," said Joel, turning again to the letter. "I cannot understand it. How—his property lost—your father a poor man, a poor man?"

"Yes, poor and old, Joel; we are poor and young. He asks a home with us; only think how humbled his pride must be to do that! You will not refuse him the little we have, surely?"

Ah, then it was that the gold of Joel Prescott's nature shone out purely and brightly.

"Refuse him, Dolly? No, a thousand times no!" he answered, while his face grew bright with enthusiasm.

"Bless you, O bless you, my noble husband!" she exclaimed joyfully; and then, while an honest pride shone on her pretty face, she stepped back from him and said, "I poor with such a man! O, Joel, Joel!"

"But I cannot allow you to go into ecstasies over me now," he interrupted playfully. "Something must be done at once. What shall it be?"

"Let us go up to the old place, then. Don't shake your head. It won't harm me to walk—it isn't far."

And so they set out together, beating their way against the wind, through the darkness, forgetting their own sorrows, and setting them aside as trifles, that they might offer their sympathy to hearts that in days past had been hard and unyielding to them. I may not say there was no lingering spirit of pride and anger within Joel Prescott's breast that evening. I may not say that remembrances of old slights and neglects, cold frowns and harsh words, did not send a sharp pang through his heart as he entered the

old familiar mansion; but this I do know, that in his frank, cordial manner, in his tender, respectful allusions to the old people's misfortunes and his own delicate offer of assistance, there was only visible the workings of a pure, true, manly heart.

"God be praised that I know you as you are!" exclaimed Squire Hoyt, grasping Joel's hand warmly, and drawing him to a seat by his side. "I cannot keep it back from you any longer. I must tell you at once. It was all a ruse. I have not lost my property, I am not poor. I did it to try you all. I wrote just such a letter as I sent you, to each one of my sons-in-law. What do you think they sent me back for answers? Look here, my children—look here!" and the old gentleman turned to his writing desk with a glowing face. "Mr. Wilbur, the wealthy merchant, sympathizes with me. Is afraid I've been reckless, careless of my money—me, an old fellow that knows three times as much as he ever knew! Says he is having a tight time for money, just now; can't do much for me; hopes I'll accept the enclosed three dollar note. Mr. Herrick is very sorry for me. Hopes I'll get out of my trouble whole-coated, and learn a useful lesson! Thinks I'd better go back a little. Thinks I've lived too fast. I mustn't depend upon him. He's sorry to say it, but I mustn't. Money's hard with him, too. The Rev. Mr. Brown is more generous than the rest. He sends me \$10, and advises me to go to Dolly. He would like to help me, but has his own father and mother to care for. Hopes that my sorrows will be sanctified to my eternal good. I have faith to believe they will. You, Joel, you who are upon the eve of ruin yourself, you who have made no pretensions, given no promises, you whom I have wronged and grossly misused, come forward and offer to share with me all you have to share, a home that you have worked like a very slave to gain. I have known for a long time how affairs were turning with you this year. I've watched you closely, have wanted to help you, but could not do so conscientiously, until I understood you better. I know you now, thank God!" and the old man wiped his eyes as he finished speaking.

"Yes, thank God!" echoed Mrs. Hoyt, pressing her motherly lips to Dolly's forehead.

"Dolly was wiser than we in her choice."

Ah, that was a happy evening for them all, why need I dwell longer upon it? Do you wish me to say that Joel met his payment, or have you anticipated that? Shall I assure you that the three son-in-laws were terribly chagrined when they learned that the old squire had so successfully played it upon them?—that Dolly is now one of the happiest of mothers, Joel the proudest of fathers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt the most dotting of grandparents? It is so.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OLD WELLS.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

WALKING in autumn when the Indian summer's sun steeped in sleepy goldenness the painted woods, the still waters, all possessed of purple and crimson, and yellow dreams with pale blue gaps of waking thought between, the fields and far blue hills that shouldered up the sky, I came upon a clearing where the mouldy stones of a broken-up house lay about among the grass, where orchard trees, long out of the habit of bearing, stood in fields just shadowed with the old furrows, and where the forgotten well, covered in with mossy planks, waited for the water-drawer who never came.

Tearing up the covering, I looked curiously in upon the handful of black water that blinked in a dull way at me, like eyes long unaccustomed to daylight, and sitting down beside it, I dreamed of what it might have seen and known, until the wistful sunshine waned slowly off the grass at my feet, rippled over the meadows and climbed the woods and far hillsides to wrap itself in clouds and sleep.

How long it must have been since the sun had shone in there, or stars looked wondrously down to question the sparkling shadows below, or any falling drops wrinkled the dark surface. In the years rolled up into eternity, who had drawn water there? What voices, long quenched, had rung round this mouldy fountain when the curb was new, and the dropping bucket promised coolness and comfort in the sultry day? Some poor woman, careful wife, or mother, or sister, coming to draw, had no doubt paused to see the

anxious face looking up from below, or smiled to find a smile there. Many a flaxen head, with round, wondering eyes, had pushed itself over the curb to look at that child below, and the father had daily scattered the drops from his eager lips towards the face in the water that grew older and more weary as the curb grew gray and the stones mossy. Who and where are they?

I sat there and thought as the soft day crept on towards twilight. Wasn't the world full of old wells dug in young hearts long ago, when the waters would gush up anywhere, now covered out of sight, carefully hidden, denied, despised? Do not our footsteps ring hollow above them sometimes, in places where no one could suspect a fountain to be, far out of the way, where nobody now needs or cares to drink? waters where once the stars shone all through youth's clear noonday, but where now no stars may shine at all, where perhaps no ray will ever come? waters where proud faces were mirrored, and dear hands scattered drops as they drew to slake their thirst, and pleasant echoes of laughter and tender words rung above? wells that were needed and used in days long gone by, but now deserted and covered darkly in?

Wells dug with high hopes that a multitude should drink there and bless the digger, where perhaps they might, if it had been nearer the highway, but where chance footsteps only, like mine here, disturb the perfect solitude. Wells begun for love, and a home, but left unfinished because the waters failed as the workman wrought. Wells dug for pelf or for fame, where no fountain was, and left dry and uncovered, a derision to the passer-by. Wells dug in the careless poetry of a youthful fancy, for the flowers to cluster round, and the birds to drink at, or because the fountain's head was high and the waters must have an outlet. Old, mouldy, mossy, useless wells! The world is full of them. In the mysterious hereafter, will any hand draw water from them?

"CURLING."

Curling is a game of great Caledonian popularity, the number of known clubs in Scotland being over one hundred and forty—every moderately sized town, indeed, having one or more associations. Prince Albert himself is president of the parent club, and the most respectable members of the aristocracy, give their countenance and personal support to the exhilarating exercise. The manner of playing "curling" is in this wise: On a smooth surface of ice, about fifty feet long by ten or twelve wide, a space is kept clear for the players. At either end of this course, which is denominated a "rink," a piece of wood, called a "tee," is stuck in the ice, and around the "tee" an outer and inner circle, called "broughs," are drawn. A line called the "hogscore" is drawn across the "rink" about eight or nine feet from the "tee," and every stone that fails to go across the line is called a "hog," and the throw counts for nothing. The curling stone is a block of smooth granite twelve inches square and highly polished on the lower side, with a handle on the top to enable the player to give it the necessary impetus to propel it along the ice. In playing, the great object is to get near the "tee." Any person's stone that is thus got into a good position is carefully nursed by the players on the same side, whilst the opposite party, of course, endeavor to displace it and secure the advantageous place for themselves. On either side is a man with a broom, whose business it is to keep the track clean for his own party, carefully sweeping away the slightest obstacle that may appear to prevent the stones gliding easily along. After all have thrown, one is counted for the stone nearest the "tee," and each player on the same side, unless beaten in distance by an antagonist, also counts one—thirty-one being the general limit of a game, where the usual number of sixteen "curlers" are engaged. For several days past the Scottish residents of New York have been practising their favorite amusement with great indefatigability on the pond in the Central Park. —Porter's Spirit of the Times.

VIEW OF CALLAO, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

The engraving on page 141 is from a very spirited drawing recently made for us in the roadstead of Callao, the port of Lima, and about six miles distant from that celebrated city. The town and fortifications, with the rising hills beyond, form the background of the picture, while nearer to the spectator is seen a fine large ship under canvass, a boat's crew pulling off to their vessel, and other craft, indicating the life and activity of the port. Callao is not very well built, but it is quite strongly fortified, and the castle is the key to Lima. It has a convenient quay and an excellent carriage road to Lima, along which a line of American-built omnibuses is constantly flying. The principal exports are bullion, specie, cotton, copper, bark and hides. In 1746 the old town of Callao was destroyed by an earthquake. In 1820 it was the scene of a gallant achievement of the Earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane) who cut out the Esmeralda, a large Spanish ship-of-war, from under the guns of the fort delineated in our picture.

PRINCE DANIELLO,
VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

The large space which the affairs of Montenegro have occupied of late in the public mind, the peculiar position of this little state, its recent conflict with the Turks, warrant us in the supposition that the accompanying authentic portrait of its ruler will prove interesting to our readers. Prince Daniello has risen to be an important character on the stage of Europe. Between the Austrian and Turkish dominions, on the coast of the Adriatic, lies a narrow slip of mountainous country, inhabited by an independent people of the Slavonic race, and of warlike and predatory habits. They have nothing in common with the inhabitants of the surrounding countries, greatly resembling the Highlanders of the Caucasus, with the exception that they are as inimical to the Turks as the Caucasians are friendly. Montenegro is about sixty miles in length, and is in no place more than thirty-five in breadth. The whole surface is piled with huge rocky mountains, heaped in disordered masses on all sides; and so numerous, that a jocular remark is rife amongst the inhabitants to the effect, that when the gods were sowing stones over the world, the bag which held them burst as it passed above Montenegro. There are no cities in the country, nor even anything that may be graced with the name of a town; the largest villages, of which there are somewhat more than a hundred, containing at the most a thousand souls. As to the extent of the entire population, it cannot be calculated with certainty, though judging from the number of men they can bring into the field, it would probably amount to about 100,000.

Cettigne, the chief residence of the Vladika, of which an engraving was lately published in the Pictorial, is the only place in Montenegro that has any pretensions to a fortress. The walls that surround it are pierced with loop-holes, and mounted by a few cannon, under the safeguard of which the national diet assembles. The Montenegrin government is purely republican. Each village selects its chief, who is termed Kniaz (prince). The national affairs are argued and decided by the diet, or assembly of these elected chiefs; who, in their turn, elect the metropolitan and other great dignitaries. The metropolitan, or Vladika, possesses both the spiritual and temporal authority; but, after all, the power he holds is only a moral one, and none of the inhabitants are bound to show him obedience. The notion of equality and independence is so strongly rooted in the bosoms of this mountain people, that the poorest may say to the richest, "I am as good as yourself."

Montenegro formed part of the Slavonic empire of Servia, which, having attained during the fourteenth century a momentary grandeur under the reign of Tzar Dushan, was overthrown by the Turks, in 1389, when the Servian monarch, Lazar, was defeated and perished at the battle of Kopovopole. From that time, Montenegro, with a part of the adjacent country, was ruled by princes of the family Chernoyevich, descendants of a son-in-law of the unfortunate Servian monarch whose tragical end we have noticed. The inhabitants of Montenegro lived alternately in hostility and temporary submission to the Turks; their history, contained in tradition and popular songs, is full of romance, by which the truth is somewhat obscured. In 1515, the sovereign prince of Montenegro, who was married to a Venetian lady, and who had no children, was persuaded by his wife to leave his native country, in order to spend their remaining days amongst the sweets of civilization which Venice presented. The prince abdicated, and with the consent of the nation left the supreme authority in the hands of the Vladika, or metropolitan, whose successors continue to enjoy it at the present day. From



PRINCE DANIELLO, VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

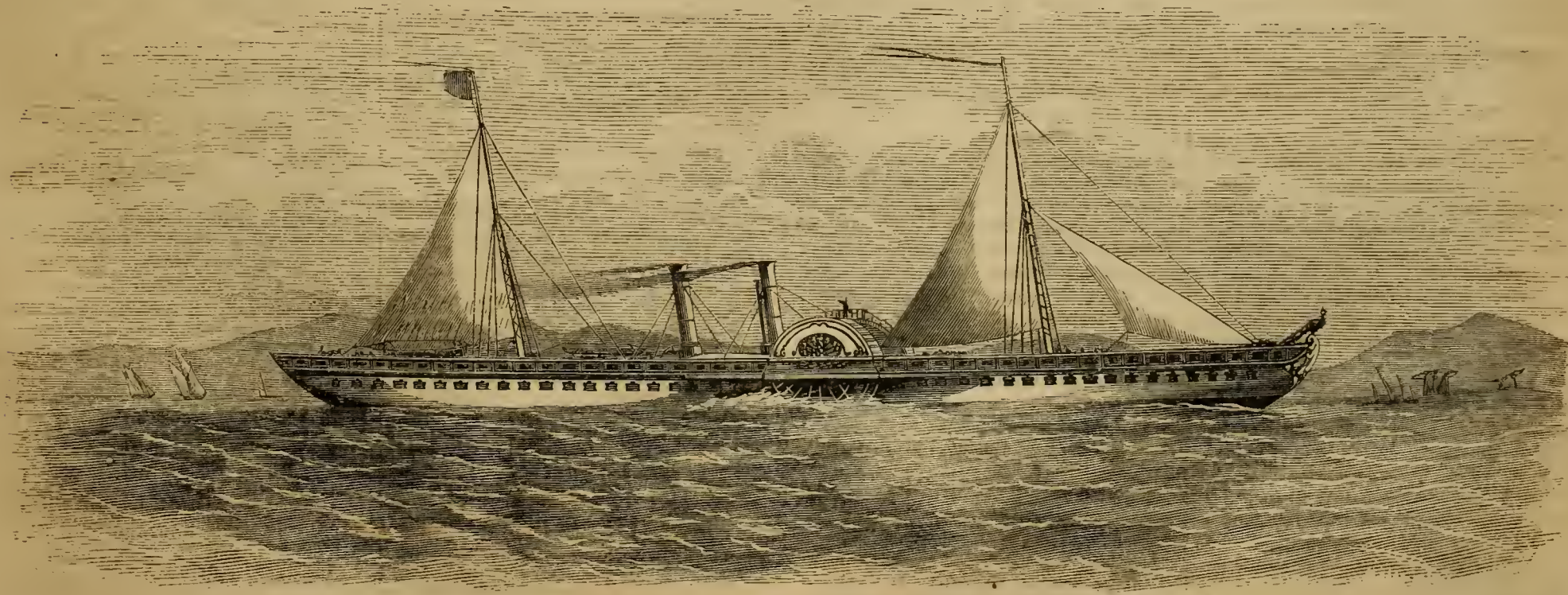
that time the history of Montenegro is one of continual struggle against the Turks. This eternal hostility made them naturally seek the alliance of every power that was at war with the Ottoman Porte. Thus they took an active part in all the wars of the Venetian republic against the Moslem. It was in order to obtain the protection of Russia that the Montenegrins, in 1712, declared themselves the subjects of Peter the Great, who received their oath of allegiance, and promised to defend them against their constant enemies. The protection remained, however, entirely nominal, and the Turks invaded Montenegro during the same year with a large force, but were repelled with considerable loss. Hostilities went on between the two nations up to 1718,

when for nearly half a century a comparative quiet existed—a thing almost unheard of in the history of Montenegro. It was in the beginning of the present century that Montenegro attracted the attention of Europe, although not in a degree commensurate to its importance, by the prominent part it took in the war between France and Russia, and the extraordinary devotion it showed to the last named power in a quarrel entirely foreign to its own interests. After the peace in 1814, the Montenegrins remained in undisturbed quiet until the invasion of the country by the Vizier of Bosnia in 1820, who was completely defeated, and forced to retire with heavy loss. With in the last few years Montenegro has been the scene of various changes in her social condition.

THE KING OF AVA'S STEAM-YACHT.

In fulfilment of our promise to publish from time to time, sketches of the most curious and interesting specimens of naval architecture in all parts of the world, we give on this page of the Pictorial an engraving of the beautiful little steam-yacht lately built for the king of Ava, by R. Napier & Son, Glasgow, Scotland. The dimensions of the yacht are—length, 190 feet; breadth, 18 feet; and depth, 8 feet; with spoon shaped bow and stern to suit the peculiar navigation of the river Irawaddy, and she is fitted with a pair of oscillating engines of 100 nominal horse power. Externally the hull is elegantly decorated, the cabin windows being surrounded with ornamental mouldings cast in white metal; the stern and paddle-boxes are also chastely ornamented with carved work, and a peacock in full plumage (the Burmese emblem of royalty) is perched upon the stern for a figure-head. The saloon fittings are of rich bird's-eye maple, with tulip-wood mouldings and plate-glass panels. These latter, to accord with the Eastern ideas of magnificence, are highly ornamented with paintings in the richest style of coloring, interspersed with ornate gilding, the gold being of various tints and alternating with imitation diamonds and other gems, so as greatly to enhance the general brilliancy. We find the following description of the royal proprietor of the yacht in a work recently published in London, entitled "A Narrative of the Mission sent by the governor-general of India to the court of Ava in 1855." The author (Captain Yule) is describing a reception given to the British embassy in the hall of audience at Amarapooora:—"At last the king's approach was announced by music, sounding, as it appeared, from some hidden court of the palace. As the last man entered the golden lattice-doors behind, the throne rolled back into the wall, and the king was seen mounting a stair leading from a chamber behind to the summit of the throne. He ascended slowly, and as if oppressed by weight, using his golden-sheathed sword as a staff to assist his steps. Mr. Camaretta asserted that the jewelled coat worn by his majesty, actually weighed nearly a hundred pounds. From the distance at which we viewed the king he seemed a somewhat portly man, having features of a much more refined character than are common among his subjects, exhibiting indeed the national physiognomy, but much subdued. His expression was good and intelligent; his hands delicately and finely formed. His dress was a sort of long tunic, or surcoat, of a light-colored silk apparently; but so thickly set with jewels that the material was scarcely discernible. His cap or crown was a round tiara of similar material, in shape like an Indian morion, rising to a peak crowned with a spirelike ornament several inches high, and having flaps or wings rising over each ear. Over the forehead was a gold plate or frontlet." Some private interviews which Major Phayre subsequently had with the king enabled the envoy to inform himself of the royal views and character.

His majesty took great interest in the siege of Sebastopol. He seemed desirous to impress the envoy with the moral sciences and public spirit of the Burmese rulers, and to exhibit his own stock of knowledge on a variety of subjects. He discussed the resources and history of his dominions, also the origin of gunpowder, and of the steam-engine, photography, and the electric telegraph; and, with apparently keener interest, the relative strength and alliances of European powers. We are too apt to underrate the intellect and acquirements of many of these eastern potentates, regarding them as the Chinese do all excluded from the limits of the celestial empire, as mere outside barbarians. But the light of knowledge will penetrate even to the remotest parts of the world, however walled in.



THE NEW STEAM PLEASURE YACHT, BUILT FOR THE KING OF AVA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

BY JOHN C. BRUCE.*

I've travelled north, I've travelled south,
Through climates cold and warm;
And braved alike the whirlwind's blast,
The midnight's piercing storm.
I've been among the Arab hordes,
Upon the desert's sand,
And turned from thence to India's shores,
And China's distant land.

I've roved beneath Italia's bowers,
And through time-honored Rome;
But though I loved that land of flowers,
'Twas not my early home.
For though amid far distant isles
I've loved so well to roam,
I dearer love my native wilds,
My own New England home.

* Mate of the clipper ship *Cl. de*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TWO COUNTS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

SCENE—a watering place on Grapnel Beach. The lights from the great "Governor House" stream down even into the water that comes swelling up, swelling up with a short, musical rhythm. All back of the white-capped waves that are rolling in is one dark gleam; but the moon lifts her silver horn—a white line streaks the water—the brilliant galaxy of stars—but hold! I should speak of other stars—the living beauties at the "Governor House" on Grapnel Beach.

The hotel was illuminated from top to base. Inside all was festivity and joyful hum. Nursery maids in platoons were marching up the wide stairs with babies' faces laying over their shoulders. Babes and maids were almost tired out. Musical instruments were being tuned, furiously. Now a natural G would hop out, anon a guttural flat somewhere down in the vicinity of a trombone's deepest bass, and then would come squeaking a row of fine fiddle tones, the whole being suggestive of spirited hops and small flirtations. The "dear, delightful" men stood about in groups, some pursuing the dignified employment of sucking their cane tops, others admiring the respective neck ties of their neighbors and their own, and all of them looking with eager eyes over to the place where their beauties were expected to meet them.

The dancing had fairly begun—all was fun and frolic. The young baboons—I beg pardon, I meant men—slipped out between the dances to imbibe their brandies and flavor their precious breaths with odoriferous tobacco, and the young nimshies—pardon again, I mean ladies—flirted with the sentimental Augustus's and the moon-struck Toms, to their heart's content.

Out upon the balcony, with their arms lovingly about each other's waists, stood two young girls, or rather two clouds of muslin, gauze and laces, with wax-like faces and flax-like hair on top.

"Where is John, Lettie?" asked one of them, playing with the long ringlets of her friend.

"Don't know, dear; haven't seen him for an hour or more. O, Minnie! do you think there is really a live count coming to Grapnel? Do you think so?"

"They say it is true," replied the other; "all the girls are dying to see him. You know that plain little thing?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Well! don't you think she affected to care nothing about the rumor; positive 'she shouldn't care for all the counts,' she said—'would think no more of a count than a good Yankee farmer, unless he behaved as well.' Did you ever hear such nonsense, dear?"

"Never; I'm sure I should die contented if I could once promenade with a *real* count, and as to waltzing with him, O, Lettie dear! wouldn't it be heavenly?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lettie. "For my part I am determined he shall notice me. I do hope that forlorn John Gordon won't follow me everywhere."

"John Gordon is rich, remember dear, and everybody is jealous of his attention to you. Besides, he's handsome, and I do believe he loves you."

"O, yes! there's no doubt but what he loves me—but mercy! what is John Gordon by the side of a count? O, Minnie! I have such feel-

ings sometimes. I do believe I was born to be a great personage, somewhere. I don't like this dull American life where one has to notice *everybody*. How delightful it would be now to say on every side "my lord;" O, isn't it noble? isn't it grand?"

"Yes, dear, but isn't the dew falling? Hadn't we better go in?"

So they went in. And the trombones groaned, the fiddles squeaked, the flutes made charming music, and there was a sound as if the great hotel was keeping time in a periodical shake, and even the ocean was dancing.

"Well, Hallet, wasn't that talk delightful, now?"

"Wasn't it rich, by George! the little swells! Is there a count coming?"

"Coming! there's one here, been here this two days, but the girls don't know it. He's a gentleman, too, and no mistake,—that plain, grave man in a black suit—looks like an American citizen more than anything else. He's incog; wants to study manners here at our great feeding places."

"Ah! so that is a count? Well, I must say he's a fine, sensible-looking fellow. He's paid considerable attention to that Miss Jennie Phillips whom Lettie Grovellen called that plain little thing. I presume she meant by that plain dressing, as she has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw."

"Hallet, did you see those two foreign fellows seated on the bench by one of the lower doors, this evening?" asked John Gordon.

"Yes; they are organ grinders. They are going to stay here to-night, so one of them told me, quite an intelligent fellow."

"Will it pay, think you, to have some sport with them?" asked John Gordon.

"I think I take," cried Hallet, with a hearty laugh. "I'll put an X in, and a V on that, for the sake of the fun."

"Come on, then; we shall find them somewhere!"

The organ-grinders were in company. They were Italians, brothers, men with fine eyes and full beards, long noses and ragged clothes. They could talk just a little English, and understood more. When found they were closing a bargain with one of the servants to play for them in the great kitchen, but when John Gordon called them aside and made them a tempting offer, they with many grimaces and shrugs pleaded an engagement to the people below stairs.

"If you manage it well I'll give you fifteen dollars apiece, and you shall have our tickets for the grand supper to-night."

"Ya-as!" said the delighted foreigners, their eyes sparkling.

Hallet laid down the programme. John Gordon went to secure their organs, in case they should take a rover's fancy to their new broad-cloth, and to prepare their wardrobes.

The fellows dressed quickly—they looked like gentlemen. As to the use of lorgnettes, finger-rings and perfumed handkerchiefs, they needed no instruction. An intuitive grace made them very conspicuous. John Gordon walked towards Hallet with an air that said, "they beat us at our own game; they are really handsome fellows."

"Let the lions loose," said Hallet, "they have their cue;" and accordingly the lions walked down stairs with an exceedingly great swell. John Gordon and Hallet watched them, and said to each other "it was capitally done."

Their incoming caused a sensation. Decidedly, they were the most distinguished-looking men in the room.

Here and there, carelessly, Gordon and Hallet let drop a hint. It made a ripple—the ripple spread and broke into a thousand lines. A whisper surged from one end of the room to the other—two counts! Two counts!—live ones, handsome, with an air *distingue*. Some of the ladies did all but faint. Some of them smiled quietly, quietly elevated their glasses, and—wished the counts would *only* smile on them. The counts did smile—first here, and then there. Presently John Gordon and Hallet appeared. Ah, they were immensely delighted! What shaking of hands!

"They know them," whispered Lettie Grovellen, with a smile of ecstasy. "Now we shall be introduced."

So they were—so were others—but the two friends, Lettie and Minnie, evidently made an impression. Actually, they were promenading around the hall—each leaning on the arm of a count! How modest and quiet they tried to appear! how their hearts beat, and

the blood surged to their silly brains with triumph! The poor little muslin clouds with waxen faces atop.

"Will you walk on ze balcone, miss?" asked the elder, in worse English than we can write.

"O, with pleasure! with delight!" exclaimed Lettie. She would have given exactly the same answer if he had asked her to go to Kamschatka.

They walked out there to the supreme envy of every lady but a very few who had happened to be born with common sense, an endowment more rare than genius.

"I likes you very much," said Lettie's count. "I so rich in my own countrie! Tesc diamonds coome from my estate—zey's very bootiful diamonds. I have so large houzes and so large gold! all so large as you never ze in zis countrie."

Lettie's heart beat almost to suffocation—the little fool!

"Efe I could only get one wife, so hansoom az you, I should be perfectly zublime!"

Lettie hung heavily upon his arm. Meantime the other count was going through the same farce, in a perfect agony of mutilated Saxon.

"Zspose I did ask you to be my one lectle wife—you zay no?"

"I think I should not," replied Lettie, in a voice as soft as a zephyr; "If papa is willing, and I know he would be."

"Ah! I now be charming, zublme!"

"How delicate!" thought Lettie. "He does not even attempt to kiss me, though he might as well as not."

Didn't her eyes shine brighter than the count's diamonds, when they re-entered the hall? Wasn't the bloom on her face most brilliant? Couldn't everybody see that she was as good as married to the count? The same remarks will apply to Miss Minnie.

They leaned so closely against the splendid coat-sleeves of their foreign attaches! They looked up into their faces with such bewitching confidence!

"Isn't it most time?" asked John Gordon, with an appalling wink.

"I should think so," replied Hallet, as he felt for his watch—but the count had it.

John Gordon and Hallet disappeared with elongated faces, that shortened as they found themselves alone. Presently they entered the hall again, followed by two stout servants each bearing a hand-organ. Up they marched, to the consternation of the company, directly towards the two counts. Confusion!

"Here's a shilling for you," said John Gordon, roughly, to Lettie's escort, "give us 'Still so gently.' Do your best, now!"

With a bow and a grin, the count loosened a white arm from his own, and doffing the green baize, he took the shilling, buckled on the hand-organ, and set up a squeak.

For a moment, as the two fellows ground away, bobbing and grinning, there was a strange silence. The company "took," and such a yell (not fashionable by any means) went up as was never heard from such a polite assembly before.

Lettie stood a moment, red, mortified, confounded! so did Minnie. But presently one muslin cloud fainted away, and the other made her exit by some more desirable means. The real count enjoyed the lesson as well as the rest; but let it be remarked, *en passant*, that Lettie and Minnie were types of more than two thirds of the fashionable belles at Grapnel, and that the pretended counts were perhaps more honest, and certainly more industrious, than the fops who laughed at them.

SYMPATHY OF THE NERVES.

When the nerves from long habit have been accustomed to transmit their messages from distinct parts, and are suddenly cut off from them, they still retain along their tracks the sympathetic actions. Thus a man who has had a leg amputated will feel distinctly along the course of the trunk of the nerve, sensations which no longer exist. The mind also is influenced by this; and frequently this peculiar direct nervous action can only be allayed by that which is negative and reflex. A curious incident occurred within my own experience. An old sailor suffered much from this; he retained his diseased foot too long, but at last consented to amputation. When he had his nervous pains, he always called for hot water, into which he put his wooden stump. If told of his folly in supposing that such a proceeding could do any good, he would become enraged, and his paroxysm of pain would increase; but if gratified he took things easy, and the process actually appeared to do him good, though all must know there could be no real benefit. Still here is the effect of mind over matter.—*Ridge on Health and Disease.*

GONE A LONG TIME FOR FRUIT.

Young Jerrold "had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig. While the captain was absent two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good-natured officer assented, adding—"By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears." "All right, sir," said the men, and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eyes may wander over this page, will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—"I say, my friend, don't you think you have been rather a long time about that fruit?" The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—"Lor! is that you, sir?" The midshipman went on his way laughing.—*Life of Jerrold by his son.*

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.

Mankind has been wonderfully ingenious from its infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee, and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are certain culinary fashions still extant, which must be marvellously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos' tails in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations—twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil—or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa-constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies in Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bears' grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephants' paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton?—for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpacha, mermaids' tails, bustard and anaconda.—*Athenaeum.*

A NEW KIND OF APE.

Prof. Owen, the celebrated naturalist, delivered a lecture, with diagrams, on man-like apes, and described a new species recently discovered on the western coast of Africa, named the Gorilla species, the adults of which attain the height of five feet five inches, and are three feet across the chest. Its head is double the size of a man's, and its extremities are enormously developed. They exist in some numbers in the interminable forests of the Gambia river. The negroes of the country, in their excursions into the forest in search of ivory, exhibit little fear of the lion, as it slunk away from man, but they dreaded the gorilla, for when he saw men advancing, he came down out of the trees to attack, and could strangle a man with the greatest ease. The strength of this man ape is enormous; his jaw is as powerful as that of a lion, and his canine teeth equally formidable.—*N. E. Farmer.*

READING.

Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the government of the human mind, it is on this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

It is only the calm waters that reflect heaven in their breast.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

A lonely forest rises on the view—
Devious the pathway that meanders through,
Silent on either side the leafy screen—
A breathless noontide wilderness of green.
Hark! 'tis a drumbeat echoing through the glen,
Timing the steady march of armed men.
The red cross flutters in the forest shade,
The bayonet glistens in the gloomy glade.
In war's proud panoply and haughty state,
The leader rides triumphant and elate.
Hold, daring chief, no further shalt thou go!
List to the warwhoop of the stealthy foe!
Swift on its path the hissing arrow sings,
Sharp through the cloven air the bullet rings.
Ah! dire the carnage, wild the havoc made,
And vain the valor by that hand displayed.
The leader falls—who now will take his place,
And o'er the ambushed trail the path retrace?
A youthful hero to the rescue springs,
O'er the wild din of war his calm voice rings;
Firm amidst the faltering, with the timid brave,
He, and he only can the remnant save.
Yet not unmarked, that high heroic form
Rose like a tower amid the battle's storm.
Round him like hail the Indian bullets flew,
His bright locks grazed, and pierced his garments through,
His charger falls—he drops the useless rein
And mounts once more—another horse is slain;
Yet all unharmed amidst the desperate strife,
The young Virginian bears a charmed life;
Around him every stricken comrade bleeds,
But Washington is spared for loftier deeds.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TIMOLEON BREEZE,

—THE—

FOE OF THE OPPRESSOR.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

If the power to *construct* equalled the power to *destroy* in the human mind, perhaps the world would be better off than it is—though man is but a bad builder at the best. Unfortunately those who possess great destructive faculties are not often blessed with constructive capacities in proportion. You might as well expect a common scold to produce peace in her neighborhood, as to hope from one whose life is spent in reviling existing institutions, a plan to excel them when they were levelled to his liking.

But man is always a discontented animal; and those who consider themselves the most oppressed—the laborious poor—are apt to listen with favor to every professed social reformer.

Any man who tells them that "society is founded upon a false basis," finds an echo in their hearts; and they look, but look in vain, for him to prepare some new system which will work better than the existing one.

Timoleon Breeze was one of those fault-finding fellows, who mistake their natural gall for genius, and think because they can point out faults in the condition of things, they have great perception and can see farther than their fellows. Thinking that men were too slavish, because they did not grumble as much as he did, it was his custom, wherever he went, to arouse in them what he called "the original spirit of liberty," and make a row about it. No place, no people, no time were exempt from his discord-breeding propensity. He would awaken his fellow-creatures to "a sense of their rights," or would die in the attempt.

Timoleon once arrived in a happy town, and put up at the Blue Boar inn, the public house of the central village; and having refreshed his bilious nature with copious draughts of hot coffee one morning, he looked around the green and smiling village and thought the people seemed happy.

They *seem* happy—but this is not real happiness. They are miserable and don't know it. I must arouse them from this lethargy. This is the stillness of moral death. 'Order reigns in Warsaw,' as the fellow said. But none of these people, who are minding their own business, are content. And why don't they have souls enough, then, to rebel against those who keep them down? Mr. Mink!"

Mr. Mink was the landlord, and he came.
"Mr. Mink, what rent do you pay the squire?"
The latter stated.

"Don't you think that's too much, Mr. Mink?"

"Of course I do. Fifty dollars per annum too much, I reckon."

"A hundred dollars too much, Mr. Mink. I wouldn't submit to it. Men who know their

rights, should rise in their might and strike down the purse-proud rich, who dare, sir, to oppress them! Grinding the faces of the poor in this way."

"Grindin' their noses off, sir," said the landlord, rubbing his hands with delight to find somebody to sympathize with him on the subject that most haunted his mind—his rent. (Tomorrow would be quarter-day, and he lacked twenty dollars of the amount due.)

"Tell the squire you won't stand it, Mr. Mink. Allow me to ask you one question, sir? Has the blood of Lexington flowed in vain?"

"Eh?"

"Can you tell me the price of liberty?"

He looked at Mink with such a glowing eye, that the man had a momentary suspicion that he was a little "loony," and drew back.

"Eternal vigilance, sir," said Timoleon. "It becomes us to resist every attempt upon our rights, if we would be free and enjoy the fruits of our hard labor."

"That's a fact," said Mink, beginning to understand him. "It takes just five gallons and a half of liquor more'n I sell in a quarter to pay a quarter's rent. I figgered it up on the slate last night. What's the use of having a bar, to have the squire swaller it all?"

"What's the use of anything," said Timoleon, "if we are slaves, and won't be free?"

"Them's my sentiments, exactly," said the landlord, "and the squire and I will have a row to-morrow, or else he can't get his rent."

Mr. Breeze now went out into the yard, where he found a strong, able-bodied Irishman busily sawing wood, and singing as he sawed.

"Good morning, my friend," said Breeze.

"Good day to yer honor," said Pat, resting from his labor.

"Hard at work, I see."

"I wuz that, afore yer honor spoked to me; but I'm afther resting a bit jest now."

"What do you get for sawing that wood?"

"Faith, it's me pay I'll get, I hope, God help me, when the job's done."

"And how much may that be?"

"Shure it might be a dale more than it will be, I know. Four cints a cut, sir, and I pile it at that."

"That's altogether too little. Four cints a cut only! O dear!"

"Maybe yer honor has a load to saw?" said Pat, becoming suddenly interested in Breeze. "I'll charge ye sixpence a cut, if ye like, and do it nately. But it's Mr. Mink I'm working for the day."

"Mr. Mink, eh?" said Mr. Breeze, with a frown. "And does he pay you so little, with so much money as he has! This is the way the rich oppress the poor."

"That's thrue for you, sir. But what can a poor man do, wid a wife and childher?"

"Demand more pay, my friend. Don't be so mean-spirited as to work for nothing."

"D'ye think I'd get more?" said Pat, putting on his jacket.

"I'm sure of it. He'll refuse at first, perhaps, but you hold out, and leave the wood lying where it is, and he'll yield to you. This is a land of freedom, my friend, and men must insist upon their rights."

"Begorra, ye spake like a man, anyhow. Aither owld Mink'll pay me six cints a cut, or divil a ha'p'orth more work I'll do the day."

And Pat, resolved to have his rights, left saw and horse idle where they were, and went into the tavern; failing to get what he asked, he commenced drinking deeply to keep his resolution.

"Society is founded on a false basis!" muttered Breeze; and at that moment he saw a woman hanging clothes on a line. She did all the washing for the house. So Breeze wuffed himself towards her.

"Did you wash all those clothes to day, ma'am?"

"Yes sir," said Susan, a bouncing young woman of twenty, blushing, the very picture of robust health.

"I suppose you get ten or fifteen dollars a week besides your board, miss, don't you?"

"O law, no sir!" replied Susan, her great blue unsophisticated eyes widening with surprise.

"Only two dollars and board."

"And none of the cold victuals?" asked Breeze.

Susan shook her head.

"Only two dollars and board, and no cold victuals! That is what I should call uncommonly small in Mr. Mink, seeing that he keeps a hotel."

"I didn't want any of the cold victuals," said Susan, confidently, feeling that she was speaking with a practical sort of man, "because—because I've no family, sir; but it does seem to me as if I worked very hard for a very little."

"You're right, miss. You ought to be able to save up at least from six to eight dollars a week out of your wages, against the time you get married, working so hard as you do, if you do this immense washing. People must have money if they expect ever to be married. But women will allow themselves to be oppressed by the men, and if they don't choose to speak for themselves, there no hope for them. Why, bless me, child, your hands are all parboiled!"

Susan was touched by the kind tone, and as she observed the effect of the suds, tears of indignation filled her bonny blue eyes.

"Have you no friends in the world?" said Timoleon, sympathetically.

"That I have!" quickly replied Susan; "and I'll go home to my mother to-morrow, if I don't get five dollars a week, I vow! sure's my name's Susan!"

"Say ten, Susan," said Timoleon, as he walked away. "I wouldn't be crowded down in a wash-tub for nothing."

"Nothing but tyrants and slaves in the world," murmured Breeze. "We'll have to wade knee-deep in blood, yet, I'm convinced. Now there's a fellow carrying a horse. He is miserably off, I'll warrant. I'll ask him."

"Good morning, mister. That's a fine horse of yours. How much would you take for him?"

The hostler felt flattered at being mistaken for the owner of such an animal.

"He's not mine, sir. He belongs to a gentleman in the house."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I suppose he's no better flesh and blood than you are, even if you don't own the horse. He'd better carry his own horse."

"I don't mind the work, if I got anything for it worth speaking of. But here I have five horses to look after every week, and only get my six dollars and found."

"If you do that another day you ought to be hung," said Breeze. "A man like you ought to keep a hotel yourself, instead of looking after horses. And you would be able to do it in time if you asked your proper wages."

"And I'll be hanged if I don't, sir, after this. One thing is sure. I don't do any more work to-day, horse or no horse." And inspired by the words of Breeze, he flung away his currycomb and left the animal half-cleaned, as he went into the tavern to drink to his future prospects, and come to a more enlarged understanding with his employer.

"I'm determined to do what good I can in the world, while life lasts!" reflected Breeze, on entering the house and going to his apartment. "Society must be re-organized, and the sooner we begin the better."

In his room he found Betsy, the chambermaid, and he seized the opportunity to inform her that if she didn't resist oppression in the shape of nine shillings a week and twelve beds to make, etc., it wouldn't be long before the sexton would be called on to make a bed for her, where the wicked cease from troubling and chambermaids are at rest.

He made a great impression on the chambermaid; and then left her, to go down and take a glass of wine with the landlord and be introduced to his wife.

While Mink was gone to resist the demands of his refractory help, who were striking for liberty in the bar and the kitchen, the friend of human rights succeeded in raising an obstinate rebellion in the heart of Mrs. Mink, who had three children to look after, of the tender ages of two, four and six.

"How fortunate it is for children that a mother's heart is large enough for all her cares. Too large, alas, Mrs. Mink, for her, sometimes! Do you ever think so?"

Mrs. Mink was rather a coarse specimen of her sex, and answered that "she didn't think nothing else. I sometimes feel so flustered like, looking after these young ones, that I feel like going and jumping into the horse-pond."

"No wonder, ma'am. I would, if I was a mother! I know what women must feel. No liberty; confined in the house most of the time; the right of public speech denied them; slaves to their husband's children; can't vote, fight battles, go to sea, nor do many things they would like to, and what for, Mrs. Mink? What for? Because they allow their tyrants to have their

own way, keep all the money, rule the roast, and have all the fun. O, O, Mrs. Mink, I wish I was a woman! I'd have my own way if I hung myself."

"And I mean to," exclaimed Mrs. Mink, "for the futur'. Here! Jane, you saucy brat—and you, Polly, you—and you, you little jade—take that—and that—and that! I'll see if you dare to play when I'm talking to this gentleman. And I'll give Mr. Mink a piece of my mind when he comes up, I guess. I won't be trampled on any more, I know."

Amid the fearful domestic squawling that now ensued, Mr. Breeze retired, complimenting his hostess upon the revolutionary spirit she possessed, and confident that he had planted the seeds of reform not only in the bosom of that family, but in the bosoms of all whom he had addressed that day. That night he went complacently to bed and dreamed of Wilberforce, Tom Paine, and the friends of human rights in general.

But if Timoleon Breeze felt satisfied with himself for that day's work, he had not so well succeeded with other people.

The unfortunate landlord had not only to encounter the several demands of those in his employ, and resist their hostility and threats in a series of domestic fights, but when he went to bed, these aggravating matters still unsettled, he met with the most formidable adversary of all, in the shape of the awakened Mrs. Mink, who commenced the fight of freedom that night and never left off till daybreak.

By the time she sank exhausted to sleep, he was obliged to rise, pale, worried and haggard—and it was quarter-day.

But though the squire was coming for his rent, Mink was a man of some pluck, and he determined to fight against the rent as his human-rights adviser told him to; he did so to the best of his ability, quoting Timoleon, talked largely about the blood of patriots, the price of liberty, human rights, and chains and slavery, etc.; but the squire was inexorable, his ultimatum being the rent—or move. And the squire went home.

This seemed to cap the climax of misery; and in the deepest rage, when the servants again preferred their claims to him, Mink told them all to leave at once and never come back, or the threshold of the Blue Boar would be reddened with the blood of martyrs. And greatly disappointed, the malcontents departed, lamenting their pertinacity, and feeling anything but pleasant towards the individual who gave them such unlucky advice.

When they got home they found things anything but satisfactory there; nothing but scolding and reproaches greeted the announcement of their efforts in the cause of human rights and high wages; and becoming now thoroughly exasperated and ugly towards the ill-omened stranger, that breeder of so much trouble in so little time, they all went back to the Blue Boar with mingled feelings of repentance and revenge.

It was at this juncture that Mink, dating all his troubles from the hour of the stranger's arrival, suspected him to be the cause; and Mrs. Mink, tired of quarrelling, admitted that it was so, so far as she was concerned.

This opened the eyes of Mink; and opening his arms to the repentant ones, he at once proposed that they should all go in for liberty and union. Upon which they united in procuring a rail, and seizing the mischief-making Timoleon Breeze, took the liberty of riding him out of town with great roughness and rapidity.

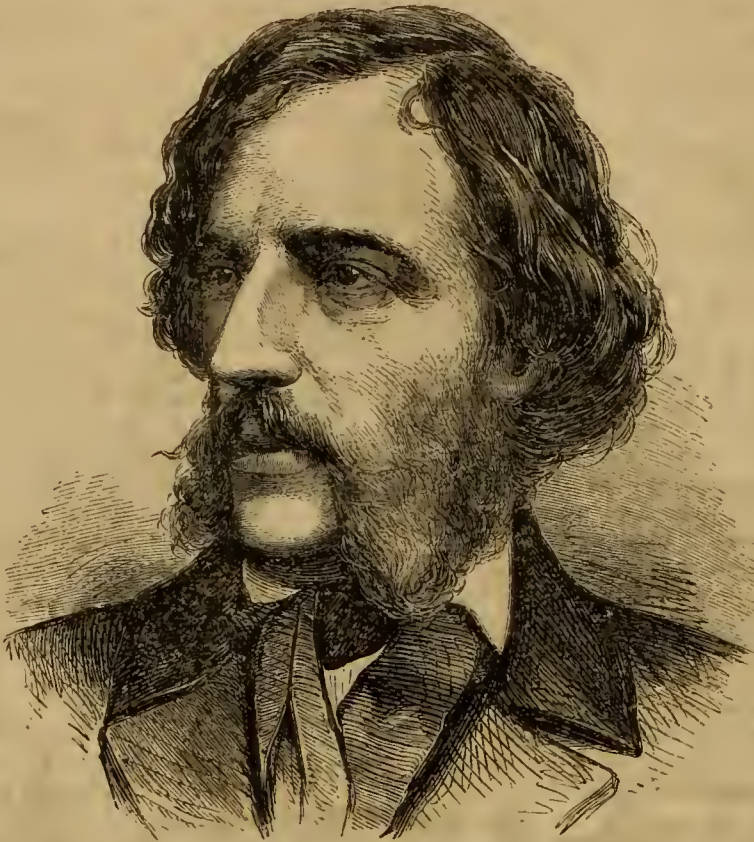
LONDON WRITERS.

A day or two before Christmas the London Times employed the owner of a graphic pen to visit one of the Refuges for the Homeless Poor of the British metropolis, and to write a vivid sketch of the interior of that institution. The establishment is situated in Field Lane, a narrow thoroughfare at the foot of Holborn Hill, a locality which has been "ventilated" by city improvements, and is by no means so bad as it was when Mr. Jonathan Wild carried on a nefarious trade in its vicinity. The pen-and-ink sketches were truly appalling; but the delineation, besides shocking the delicate sensibilities of a few superlative "ladies and gents," answered a very useful purpose. Charitable men and women were thankful for having the miseries of the outcast population made known, and their practical benevolence sought to mitigate that wretchedness it could scarcely hope to remove. The sum of £5500 has been contributed to the Field Lane Refuge alone, and to various cognate charities a further sum exceeding £2400 was subscribed in consequence of the discussion provoked.

In youth, life seems to have no limits, to be, in short, an inexhaustible treasure.

CHARLES A. BARRY, ARTIST.

We publish on this page a finely executed portrait, drawn and engraved expressly for us from a photograph by Mr. Masury, of Charles A. Barry, the celebrated crayon artist, of this city. And we feel sure that to the public in general, as well as to those especially interested in art, this number of our paper will be acceptable upon this account. Among the great living artists of our time, there are but few persons whose rank can be said to rival or excel that of Mr. Barry in his speciality of crayon portraiture and drawing, and none, taking into account youth and other circumstances proper to be considered, of whom so much is to be expected in the future. Born in Boston, on the 30th of July, 1830, Mr. Barry has barely arrived at that first verge of early manhood—that pregnant prime of life—when under ordinary circumstances, ordinary men are engaged in creating and combining the first elements of a future success; and yet, with the characteristic *coup de main* of true genius, he has established a reputation, and acquired a niche in the temple of Art, such as can justly be accorded to few living men. Nor has this been done, as it were, by nature working out within him her own volition merely, without effort upon his part; but labor and privation, and sometimes suffering have been undergone, patiently and heroically, in the spirit of a religious faith in God, and in the spirit of a conscious appreciation of his own attributes as a man, that the result might be what it is, not less honorable to the world of art than to his native country and himself. Mr. Barry is principally engaged at the present time in crayon portraiture, and that, we believe, he considers his professional speciality. Of his more recent works in this branch of his art, the portraits of the poet Whittier, of his brother artist, Ames, and of Hon. Edward Everett, have attracted the most public attention, and are, perhaps, true criteria of his artistic merits in this regard. But after all, in our opinion, Mr. Barry is pre-eminent in another and a higher, and indeed the highest field of art, namely, that of ideal creation. The very mention of the "Motherless" suggests the truth of this remark, as all who have seen it will acknowledge. No ideal picture has ever before been produced in this country which has been so much applauded and admired; and indeed, we have seen no picture of the kind in our experience so well conceived and well executed, as the one to which we refer. Sorrow was never before so truthfully delineated by human hand as in this picture; the sentiment of the face of the elder sister is inexpressible; it touches the feelings as if it were a living thing, and its grief a reality; it brings tears into the eyes of those who have felt by experience the bereavement which it represents; in a word, it is the most thoroughly natural, and so the most thoroughly artistic ideal picture which we have ever seen. In the same category with the "Motherless," the more recent productions of Mr. Barry's pencil, "Adeline" and the "Schoolmistress," are to be mentioned, both of which have been highly appreciated and admired. We have nothing but praise to bestow upon Mr. Barry as an artist—not a word of fault to find. If he has faults, we feel so sanguine that they are trivial, and that they will disappear in time, that they do not occasion us a single moment's regret; while we glory in the genius, which, born and bred in this rugged soil of ours, where the flowers of the fine arts are by no means indigenous, has done so much already, and look to the future with confident pride and gratification in the thought that Massachusetts is, at no distant day, to have the honor of being the birthplace of the greatest living crayonist, in the person of the subject of our sketch, who, by his unremitting devotion to his art, for the love of art itself, shown in every trial and vicissitude, deserves all the success, all the honor, all the rewards that crown high merit, and which our people are ever ready to bestow.



CHARLES A. BARRY, ARTIST.

DECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP ARABIA, AT SEA.

The accompanying original illustration, drawn expressly for us by Mr. A. Ward, on the deck of the Cunard steamship Arabia, at sea, will vividly awaken the reminiscences of those of our readers who are familiar with the voyage. In others it will revive that vague longing for adventure, that desire for wings wherewith to sweep the universe at will, which the steamship seems to realize. The steamer on whose deck the spectator is now looking, is one of the vessels of the favorite Cunard line, and has for commander Captain Stone, an excellent and experienced officer. The regularity with which the Cunard vessels have made their trips from Liverpool to Halifax, Boston and New York and back, the staunchness of the ships, the seamanship of the officers, the fine accommodations and table, and above all, the fact that in the many passages, winter and summer, encountering all the vicissitudes of weather, the life of not a single passenger has been lost, have given this line a prestige which is in itself a fortune. Many other and excellent lines of steamers now run from New York and Philadelphia to other European ports, and command a fair share of patronage, but the business of the Cunard ships is certain. It is a sight to see the gallant ship under notice on the eve of her departure from East Boston to Halifax and Liverpool. Steam is got up at an early hour of the morning, and though the huge black monster yet lies in her dock motionless, and from her bulk, to an

inexperienced eye seems immovable, yet an occasional strong snort, and the dash of a paddle show that there is an element of impatient life compressed within that ponderous frame. It is the snort and stir of the generous steed in his stall, just before he is taken out to the race course. Meanwhile, officers, stewards, waiters, seamen, engineers, firemen are all busy, and swarming about, and there is a hum like a beehive on board. Careful passengers begin to arrive, with families and friends to see them off. The crowd on the pier thickens. Voices are loud and many. The mails arrive, and are taken on board under the eye of the gentleman in navy blue, with the gold hat-band. Hacks loaded with baggage, and containing tardy travellers, are driven upon the wharf at headlong speed, the horses smoking from nose to tail. General hubbub and uproar—more snorts from the engine, the iron monster becoming very impatient, orders from stentorian lungs echoed by equally stentorian "aye ayes,"—very pathetic leave-takings—female friends kissing each other in a very tantalizing way—men biting cigars to control their emotions, hands wrung—fervent blessings uttered and reciprocated—romance and the poetry of life coming to the aid of its prose. At length the fasts are cast off, and the strong revolutions of the wheels back the huge fabric out of her dock. Away goes the leviathan, swimming backward towards the Boston shore and drifting Charlestown-wards. You watch her from the pier-head, and perceive in a little while that her retrograde motion ceases, and there she remains stationary. The line of her foremast coincides with some chimney on shore by which you can measure her progress. By-and-by she moves. At that instant a puff of smoke on her starboard bow is followed by one on her port bow, and instantly after the boom of her guns reaches the ear. It is an exciting moment to those on ship and shore. Every moment now her speed increases till it reaches its maximum. She tramples the waters in scorn—she cleaves them with her sharp bow—she dashes them aside with her broad floats, she leaves a boiling, bubbling, seething, scaming wake behind. Away down the bay she rushes, past headland and island, and ships at anchor, heading for the open sea, resistless and imperial in her career. The passengers are all exultant at the fortunate commencement of their voyage. We have now fairly got our noble steamer out of the harbor, with the broad blue Atlantic before her, and may take our stand with our artist on her deck and watch the animated picture that he presents to us. On either side are the boats hanging to their davits, and the huge wheel-houses, on one of which stand the captain and the chief officer. The tall masts and chimney rise before us. In the foreground the passengers, ladies and gentlemen, are grouped on the upper deck, the fresh breeze rustling their dresses—in the distance are the seamen on the forecastle. Sails are drifting along on either bow, and the whole scene smacks of the excitement of ocean travel. The first hours of the voyage usually find all the passengers on deck, and they are generally well represented at the first dinner-table. But the roll of the sea begins to blanch cheeks unused to the salutations of the element, and at supper many have lost the number of their mess. The next morning the few who come on deck are wo begone enough, only old travellers exhibiting fresh color and spirits. The brief pause at Halifax rallies the company again, but when the land once more disappears, numbers slink away to their state-rooms, only to appear at intervals, the pale spectres of their former selves, victims of old Neptune's rough and pitiless handling. Those who escape the demon of sea-sickness are very apt to triumph ungenerously in their exemption. Certainly this same sea-sickness is the most uncomfortable malady which human flesh is heir to. Life seems worthless, if saddled with it, and the prospect of a wreck under such circumstances, is rather agreeable.



DECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMER ARABIA, AT SEA.



CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE

AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made on the spot expressly for us, by Mr. Kilburn, during his tour to obtain fresh and authentic sketches for the Pictorial. As you enter Charleston from the sea, almost the first object you behold is the fanciful and antique building shown in our picture. Built in early colonial times, successive changes have rendered its architecture varied and peculiar. The lower story was formerly an open arcade and exchange, but it has been partially enclosed, and is now used for a post-office. The customs department occupies the remainder of the structure. Our view shows a portion of the side and the west front

on the east end of Broad Street. The cupola, which does not exactly harmonize with the remainder of the structure, was added many years after the erection of the original building, to serve the purpose of a marine observatory, but the view of the sea has been intercepted by the erection of warehouses nearer the water. The building has many historical associations which render it interesting. In the basement Moultrie walled up 100,000 pounds of powder, to keep it from the British when the town was about to fall into their hands, and it remained undiscovered for the whole term of their occupancy of the place. The vaults were used by the enemy as a prison for captured patriots. On the right of our view is seen a picturesque palmetto tree, and to the

left some equally picturesque old buildings which date back to the old colonial days. A new custom-house of fine architectural proportions is rapidly approaching completion, and will be a great ornament to the city. We hope the old building will remain as a memorial of the romantic days of American history.

WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

This animated and interesting picture was sketched expressly for us on the spot, by Mr. A. Waud. It represents the dock, in the neighborhood of Washington Market, where cargoes of fruit and produce for the consumption of the New Yorkers are landed. The steeple in the back ground is that of St. Paul's—and the large

building delineated, Stewart's sugar-refinery. The cupola belongs to Washington Markethouse. Our artist has not exaggerated the hurry and bustle and crowd that characterize the locality at the early hour of the day—all the business transacted here being done as soon as New York awakes from her brief slumbers. The reader will find amusement in studying the various groups of figures, all of which are drawn with accuracy and care. Those who have themselves visited the dock, will at once recognize the fidelity of the representation; those who have not, may rest assured that it is true to the life in every particular. We know of no scene more calculated to startle and astonish the visitor coming from some small and quiet town to the great metropolis.



SCENE NEAR THE WASHINGTON MARKET, WEST STREET, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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One copy, one year \$2 50
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOUTH EXP."—All the omnibus lines of Paris are owned and managed by one company, called the "General Company of Omnibuses." There are twenty-five lines, and each corresponds with the other. The prices are thirty cents inside with the right of correspondence, and fifteen cents outside, without correspondence. Children above four years pay full price; under that age they are not charged for, but the parents or friends are obliged to hold them on their laps.

R. S.—The famous "Star Chamber" of England was so called from the circumstance of its roof being garished.

INQUIRER.—*Childe* is an old-fashioned word for *Knight*. *Childe Harold*, therefore, is merely *Knight Harold*.

J. S., Williamsburg, N. Y.—The necessity of the establishment of an Inebriate Asylum is obvious. We saw in a paper the other day that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a lecture at Brooklyn, stated that since the project was first put forth to found an inebriate asylum, there had been over twenty-eight hundred applications made to the officers for places, by respectable and wealthy persons of New York alone, for inebriate friends.

M. M., Rockport, Mass.—The comet of 1811 as seen by Herschel, was deemed by him self-luminous.

READER.—The press of Canada now numbers twenty daily newspapers, one hundred and fifty-six weekly, and thirty-three issued tri-weekly and semi-weekly, making a total of 209. The newspapers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, not included in the above, number from forty to fifty, and are chiefly weekly publications.

M. D., Rockport.—We must refer you to spiritual papers for such discussions. The total number of Spiritualists in the United States is given as 1,284,000, and the number in the whole world is estimated at 1,940,000. Maine is credited with 40,000; New Hampshire, 20,000; Vermont, 25,000; Massachusetts, 100,000; Rhode Island, 50,000; Connecticut, 20,000; and New York, 350,000. The *Spiritual Register* gives the names of 349 public speakers and 235 professional mediums. The literature of the profession comprises 500 books and pamphlets, six weeklies, three semi-weeklies, and four monthlies.

H. H., Saco, Me.—Address Mr. Burnham, Antique Bookstore, Cornhill, Boston.

R. C., Groton, Ct.—The last we heard of John Travis, the great pistol-shot, he was at Huntsville, Ala.

JULIA C., West Cambridge.—Before steel was used in the manufacture of skates, bone was employed.

THE ENGLISH QUAKERS.

Among the remarkable changes of the day may be mentioned the abandonment by the Quakers in England of their long cherished peculiarities of speech and dress, by which they have heretofore distinguished themselves from all other people. The sad-colored and plain-cut vestments, the covered head, and the *thee* and *thou* of address, are to give place to the general usage of society in garb or speech. It seems singular, that after a persistence of two hundred years in these peculiarities, the sect should at length abandon them. But the explanation may possibly be found in the change which society itself has made during those two centuries, whereby it has conformed itself by gradual and slow approaches, more and more to the customs adopted by the Quakers in the time of George Fox, the founder of the order. Certainly the dress of to-day is a nearer approach to the standard of Fox, than it is to the elaborate and finical style of the sixteenth century, with its slashed doublet, plumed hat, and portentous ruffles; while the ordinary mode of address is Quakerism itself, when compared with the titular distinctions and high-sounding superlatives which characterized polite conversation in those days. The world does indeed move; but it has brought society towards the plain customs of the Quaker, quite as much as it has changed him into one of the world's people, in dress, demeanor and address.

We can never think of the early Quakers without commending them for their charity and toleration, so broadly contrasted with the bigotry and persecution of their enemies. Quakers were flogged, banished and hung in New England by the Puritans of the colonial times; and they met with equally severe treatment in Old England. But there is no instance on record where they, having the power, visited such outrages upon those who dissented from them. They deserve to be praised also for their firmness and devotion to principle, and for their well ordered lives, their honesty and frugality; but above all, for that kindness of heart which never permitted a human being to suffer, whose distresses they had the power to relieve. The name of Quakers is without significance as applied to the tenets or practices of the sect, and was attached to them in the days of Fox, by their enemies in England. They caught up the nickname from one Justice Bennet, of Derby, who called the sect in derision, Quakers, because Fox admonished him and those associated with him, to quake at the word of the Lord. Parrot-like,

they repeated the silly epithet of the pompous official, and the word thus became in process of time the distinctive name of the sect. They first called themselves Seekers, from their seeking after the truth; and subsequently, Friends, as designating the bonds of Christian friendship in which they proposed to live. Of late years the sect has diminished in numbers, both in this country and in Great Britain; and the abolition of the distinctions in dress, manners and language, which is now going on among this interesting people, will serve to merge them completely, ere many generations, in the great mass of society. But whatever be the outward forms of the professors of the Quaker tenets, let us hope that their noble principles of justice, love and mercy may still distinguish them, and command the respect and admiration of their fellow-men.

THE BACK BAY LANDS.

Quite a large and valuable addition will be made to the building territory of the city of Boston, by the action of the State in assuming its property over the flats lying between Boston and Roxbury, and filling them up. The plan adopted by the State Commissioners in laying out and disposing of these new lands, is designed to secure the erection of first class residences for the accommodation of the wealthy portion of the citizens, and thus make it the court end of the city. Full one quarter of the territory thus created is to be devoted to wide avenues and public squares, for the purpose of securing health and comfort to the occupants of the proposed houses, and presenting inducements for the erection of spacious edifices of beautiful architectural proportions. The main avenue, extending from the centre of the Public Garden to Brookline, is to be two hundred feet wide, with a central enclosure the whole length, to be planted with trees and shrubbery, and the houses on either side are to be set back twenty feet from the street. There are to be two other avenues, parallel to this, each one hundred and four feet wide between the houses, and Boylston Street is to be continued to Brookline, of a width of one hundred and twenty feet. The cross streets to intersect these principal avenues are to be sixty and eighty feet wide, and the passage-ways in the rear of the house yards, sixteen feet. Here is a most bountiful provision for light and air; and with the grass plats and shrubbery beds in front of the houses, and green enclosures in the rear, the place must become almost a paradise. The State has already made several advantageous sales of building lots to wealthy parties, and realized a handsome sum therefor. With the money thus received, the process of filling up and grading new lots is carried on, so that the operation is no charge whatever upon the public treasury. But eventually it will be a source of great revenue to the Commonwealth; probably to the amount of several millions of dollars. The benefit to the city of Boston, by building up such a wealthy quarter, and developing so large an amount of taxable property, will also be very great; and the citizens, so far as we know, are disposed to co-operate most cordially with the State authorities, in carrying out the plan which has been adopted. The unobstructed condition of the Public Garden is an essential element of this plan; and for that every true Bostonian will hold up both hands. This garden is to be enlarged by a strip of land on the westerly side, which the State has given for that purpose.

A BETTERMENT LAW.

A proposition is now before the legislature of Massachusetts for the enactment of a Betterment Law for the city of Boston. And what, pray tell us, is a betterment law? exclaims some one of our readers who is not conversant with the black-letter learning of the courts. Betterment means improvement; and a betterment law is one requiring owners of real estate to contribute towards the expense by which their property is improved. As the practice now is, in Boston, the city government makes public improvements by straightening, widening or discontinuing streets, and the owners of real estate immediately and essentially benefited by these improvements, instead of being obliged to pay for the benefit which is thus conferred upon their property, receive the advantage for nothing; and in cases where a portion of their land is taken to make the improvement, actually get a great price from the city in payment for the same. To remedy this alleged inequality, it is proposed to enact a law providing that a proportional part of

the expense so incurred by the city, shall be assessed upon the estates within fifteen hundred feet of the improvement which may be benefited thereby; said proportional part in no case to exceed one half of the estimated value of the benefit, and the aggregate of all the assessments thus made, not to exceed the original estimate for the cost of the improvement. A provision is to be made authorizing the city authorities to abate the assessment in certain cases, where by reason of age, infirmity, or limited means, it would be a hardship for the owner to pay. Other clauses will provide that tenants under long leases shall contribute in proportion to the benefit which they may receive from such improvements. The subject is a new one for our legislators to act upon, and the propositions now submitted may perhaps be essentially changed before the law is passed. A similar law to the one suggested, though extending the principle further, now prevails in New York.

A BORDER CONFLICT.

Some time since a United States Deputy Marshal, by the name of Tyler, had a process to serve upon a vessel at Detroit, in an action growing out of a collision with another vessel. The captain of the vessel, for the purpose of eluding the service, took her across the stream into British waters, and the marshal followed him, and got on board the vessel. The captain appeared at the hatchway with fire-arms, and threatened to shoot the officer if he did not leave the vessel, whereupon the latter, either by accident, or to save his own life, shot the captain and killed him. In this state of the case, Governor-General Head, of Canada, has made a requisition upon the President of the United States for the extradition of Deputy Marshal Tyler, in order that he may be tried for the homicide. The president has called upon the United States District Attorney at Detroit, for information as to the facts in the case, and the testimony taken at the time of the occurrence has been transmitted to Washington. The opinion prevails in Detroit, that the demand of the Canadian authorities will not be granted. Should it be refused, the peace and harmony of the border will probably be interrupted by acts of retaliation, and conflicts resulting therefrom.

NAPOLEON AND CATALINI.

During the reign of the first emperor, he undertook to subject the famous singer Catalini to his power, for the purpose of retaining her in Paris, to amuse and occupy the public mind. Learning that she purposed leaving the city, he sent her an order to wait upon him at the Tuileries. Trembling at the mandate, she appeared before "the man of destiny." "Where do you want to go?" inquired the emperor. "To London, sire." "You will stop in Paris; you must do so; I will see that you are well paid. Besides, you are better appreciated in Paris. You will have 100,000 francs a year, and two months leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, madame." Thus did the conqueror of Europe regulate the affairs of the opera-house, with the same imperious spirit that he gave away crowns. But the battle is not always to the strong, though the race is sometimes to the swift; and in this case the adroitness of a simple woman defeated the mighty warrior. Madame Catalini left Paris secretly, and in disguise, made her way to the coast, procured a passage for England on board a vessel that was taking some prisoners of war to exchange, paying a thousand francs for her trip, and repaired to London in spite of Napoleon the Great.

THE NEW ORLEANS MONUMENT.

The State of Louisiana merits great praise for its liberal and patriotic determination to erect a noble monument upon the battle-ground at New Orleans. The battle of New Orleans was preeminently a national contest, both in its significance and its results, and the whole nation cherishes the memory of that great event. Well might the general government have assumed the grateful duty of building a monument to the brave men who there resisted the chosen troops of the British army, and repulsed them from New Orleans. But the State of Louisiana, within whose limits the battle-field is situated, has generously come forward and undertaken at her own charge, a work for which every true American throughout the Union will thank her. She has chosen to erect a pillar of marble to perpetuate the memory of Andrew Jackson, and the men of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and

Kentucky, whom he commanded, when the proud army of General Packenham was met and driven back from its attempt to invade the valley of the Mississippi. All honor to that patriotic State for this fitting commemoration of the 8th of January, 1815!

The monument is to be an elegant and imposing structure of white marble, one hundred and fifty feet in height, sixteen feet and eight inches in diameter at the base, and twelve feet six inches at the top. The interior is to be hollow, with a winding staircase to the summit. The shaft has already been raised to the height of sixty feet, and it is expected that the entire structure will be finished in the course of a year from this time. The design of the monument is said to be very chaste and appropriate, and the work upon the interior is much admired. The location of this beautiful structure is upon the plain of Chalmette, near where the battle was fought, and directly facing the river. Within sight is the mansion house where General Jackson made his headquarters, and the prominent features of the battle-field are visible, in much the same outline that was presented to the eye forty-four years ago. The grounds around the monument are to be cleared of all unsightly obstacles, and laid out in a neat and tasteful manner, so that they will afford an attractive place of resort to citizens and strangers visiting the city. In addition to this costly undertaking, the State has also erected in the centre of the city, an equestrian statue of bronze, in honor of General Jackson.

"HIGHLAND MARY."

William Anderson, a nephew of Burns's "Highland Mary," resides at Caledonia, Canada West. He is, perhaps, the nearest blood relation to her whose memory is so intimately blended with the poet's history. Mr. Anderson is a respectable farmer, now past the meridian of life, enjoying good health, and is the head of a numerous family. His eldest daughter, Mary, now emerging from her teens, is generally known as "Highland Mary." When Mr. Anderson came to this country, twenty-five years ago, he had in his possession the Bible which Burns presented to Mary, and several other relics of interest, but these have been sent to the safe-keeping of a society in Scotland.

A LOVE OF A HUSBAND.—Among the presents made by Louis Napoleon to the empress on New Year's Day, was the discovery to her majesty that her chamber opened into an apartment—a boudoir—undreamed of in sleep and unimagined in previous waking. A door, which the night before was no door, stood wide open. The new apartment, the wondering empress at length observed, was real; Saracenic in splendor; a "toador," imitated from the famous toilet chamber of Arab Sultanas in the Alhambra; equipped with every conceivable and inconceivable toy and trinket of modern toilet device.

MACHINE POETRY.—The "poetry of spectacle pieces is not generally of the highest order. Barrymore used to tell us of a horse play at the Surrey, where a Hindoo says to an Amazonian princess:

"O, lady fair
Dismount your charger,
And I'll conduct you
To the Rajah."

TOO CHEAP.—For breaking a legislator's head the other day in Indiana, an official was fined only thirty-six dollars—rather a light poll tax, and an insult, we should think, to the owner of the caput. At that rate it would cost only a few hundred to brain a whole house of representatives.

GAMBLING.—From the small hollow of a dice-box, arise fear, rage, convulsions, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

AN UNINTENTIONAL INSULT.—A countryman was dragging a calf by a rope in a cruel manner, when an Irishman asked him "if that was the way he treated his fellow-creatures."

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Home Journal says: that Rosa Bonheur is the "queen of the brute creation."

PORK AND BEANS.—Mr. James Hogg was recently married to Miss Ellen Beane.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

During a flying visit which he paid to Boston a short time since, we had the pleasure of meeting our old friend Read, the young poet painter, for the first time in many years. We had just been passing a rapt half hour before his exquisite creation, the "Spirit of the Waterfall, and the unexpected meeting with the artist himself was most gratifying. The picture shows what eight years passed in an atmosphere of Italian art has done for a gifted and ambitious student, and charming as it is, is yet, we trust, but a golden promise of a brilliant future. Young as he is, Read has already grasped the two fold laurel of painter and poet. He has cultivated the twin arts with equal success in both. He has both written poems and painted pictures which will live after him. As a poet he is warmly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic—yet more warmly on the other. Some of the weightiest critical authorities in England assign him the highest place among the descriptive poets of America. His poetical fame must be the more gratifying to him, since it was not the growth of years of painful toil and aspiration. On the contrary, some of his very earliest essays instantly made their way to the popular heart. Read is now established in New York—the central home of American art—is highly appreciated there, and may look forward to a golden perspective of fame and fortune.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.—This medicine, advertised in another column of this paper, has made wonderful strides in the confidence of the people of New England since its introduction four years since. We know of none now before the public which is so honorably endorsed. It is used regularly at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and prescribed by many of our first physicians. Its principles are simple, but scientific, and without a particle of clap trap—too often resorted to—it has obtained an enviable position, and commands entire confidence. We know its virtues and have used it extensively.

TRADE IN HUMAN HAIR.—An immense trade is carried on in many of the southern provinces of France in this article. The peasants in that part of the kingdom are said to be celebrated for the length and beauty of their hair, and many of them, also, either from choice or necessity, are willing to part with their tresses for a trifle.

BURGLAR SHOT.—A fellow was dangerously wounded while attempting to open a shutter, in St. Louis, by a bullet from a pistol which was so arranged as to be discharged, should any one attempt to break in. We rather think if all shutters were arranged on the "certain death" principle, burglary would soon rank among the "lost arts."

"THE SMUGGLER: or, The Secrets of the Coast."—This famous novelette, by SYLVANUS CONN, JR., written expressly for us, is the greatest of all his works. We have sold an edition of 14,000 copies in four weeks! It is illustrated with large original engravings, and sent *post paid* on the receipt of *twenty cents* in postage stamps.

POOR TAGLIONI.—We thought that Taglioni, the ex-danseuse was immensely rich, and that she owned cords of palaces in Venice and on the lake of Como, but it now seems that she is quite poor, and has opened a dancing school in Paris. What vicissitudes these children of the stage are subject to!

A GRAND ENDORSEMENT.—One of the cavalry horses in the last scene of the grand spectacle lately produced by Mr. Barry at the Boston Theatre, volunteered his evidence that the fall was real, by drinking up the cataract after Zamine had ascended!

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—Next week we shall give a large and brilliant representation of the splendid ball of the Boston Light Infantry at the Boston Theatre. Everybody will want to keep a copy of *Ballou's Pictorial* containing this scene.

A QUEER TRADE.—The John Chinamen in San Francisco collect and pack in casks broken glassware of every description, for shipment to China. It pays them two hundred per cent profit.

STEPHEN MASSETT.—"Jeemes Pipes, of Pipesville," has been very successful with his entertainments on his southern tour.

TOBACCO-LOVING PROFESSORS.

The editor of the Utica Herald, now in Heidelberg, in a letter to his paper, says of two of the most eminent professors in Germany:—"Professor Pitt, who is lecturing on the Gospels, commences by taking his snuff-box out of his pocket, opening it, placing it on the desk directly before him, cramming both nostrils full with the nauseating stuff, taking a second pinch between his thumb and forefinger, and then bawling out, 'Meine Herren.' As he warms with his subject, his thumb and finger make a series of dives into the snuff-box, and up to the nose, until the lecturer becomes enveloped in a cloud of dust. Bunsen, the distinguished chemist, comes into the lecture-room with the stump of a cigar in his mouth, which he jerks out as he commences to speak, and puts back again the moment he has finished. While he is speaking, he walks rapidly up and down the platform, like a Polar bear in a menagerie."

WEBSTER'S APPEARANCE.—No one who ever saw Daniel Webster can forget his grand and stately face and figure. N. P. Willis, in a late number of the Home Journal, says: "One of the strongest impressions we ever received, of personal superiority, was from a view of Webster, as he stood among the picked gentlemen of Europe, at the Eglinton Tournament. He was the marked 'eyefore' of all eyes—the best man on the field, by Nature's indisputable ticket. All alike, knights and ladies, commented on the wonderful majesty of presence of the 'great American.'"

A NICE JURYMAN.—In a slander case in a Madison, Wis., court a few days since, proceedings were suspended in consequence of one of the jury turning up very drunk. The court adjourned after directing the sheriff to walk the inebriate about and sober him, and the process proving salutary, in an hour or so the court again met and proceeded with its business. Only think of a juryman undertaking to weigh evidence with a brick in his hat.

BINDING.—Every description of binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, the London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Peterson's, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, etc., etc. Bound and returned in one week.

DECIDEDLY WRONG.—It is stated that a school-mistress in Lancaster punished a female pupil recently by lifting her from the floor by her ears. This is all wrong. The ears were made for hearing, not for sustaining the weight of the body. Moreover, there are so many long-eared individuals in the world, that there is no necessity for artificially elongating their auricular appendages.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.—For pocket money Louis Napoleon, it is alleged, gives fat Prince Napoleon a million of francs (\$200,000) upon his marriage with Clotilde, a miss of sixteen, daughter of the King of Sardinia. It is said that the prince doesn't exactly relish this marriage, which is the result of state policy. We are afraid the "happy couple" will lead but a cat and dog life of it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We are gratified to learn that this admirable magazine, published by our neighbors, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., is rapidly increasing in circulation. It is agreeable to know that so high toned and brilliant a work is so thoroughly appreciated.

THE VERY BEST.—It was a prime joke of Canning's, who, when told by an eminent doctor that poverty was a virtue, remarked that he had never known what making a virtue of necessity meant till then.

REMEMBER THIS.—After an event is irretrievable, nothing is more absurd than the discussion of what might have been done.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

YANKEE STAPLE.—The ice crop for the coming season promises to be one of the largest ever procured in the vicinity of Boston.

Wayside Gatherings.

The number of children in San Francisco, Cal., is 12,602.

The legislative sessions of New York cost the people \$2500 per day.

In Cincinnati, last year, there were 24 affrays which terminated fatally.

During the year 1858, thirty-five persons of one hundred years and upwards died within the United States.

The cost of the Frazer excitement to citizens of California is estimated at \$13,650,000 against a return of about \$100,000 in gold dust.

The long-vexed Anti-Rent controversy comes before the New York Court of Appeals at this session and will be settled.

The series of ten paintings by Sully, illustrative of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, is on exhibition in Philadelphia.

A widower, named Squires, married in Hartford, Conn., a widow, named Cromac, commencing their matrimonial alliance with twenty-seven children.

At Dubuque, Iowa, lately, an old woman kicked a boy at whom she became angry, with such force that she ruptured a blood-vessel, and died in a short time.

The American Institute propose erecting a large building on the site of the late Crystal Palace, in New York, to be built of brick and iron, at a cost of \$150,000.

There is now in progress at the Crystal Palace, London, an extensive poultry exhibition, the coops containing the fowls being a mile in extent.

General Cass has been attacked twice lately with apoplectic symptoms, and the other night had the doctor with him all night and till late in the morning.

The Superintendent of the Public Printing states that the printing of the Pacific Railroad Report now in progress will cost over one million of dollars!

Poor Mexico now has five presidents, or at least five men backed by military power, each of whom thinks he alone can rescue her from the gulf of ruin to which she is hastening.

The monument to Ethan Allen, at Burlington, Vermont, is completed. It is forty feet high. A colossal statue of the Green Mountain hero is yet to be placed on the summit.

In Whately, Mass., last year, there was raised 170 acres of tobacco, averaging 1600 lbs. per acre, which, at 15 cents per pound, would amount in the whole to \$40,800.

The tonnage of the commercial marine of the United States is 5,158,773, having increased 108,965 during the past year, a smaller increase than in any year since 1815.

A lad twelve years of age slipped from the ice into Niagara River lately, and was carried over the American fall. His mishap was not discovered till he was in the rapids, beyond the reach of human aid.

A teacher at Newport, R. I., was lately fined \$20 and costs for inflicting excessive corporeal punishment on one of his pupils with a cowhide, which cut through his clothes as clearly as if done with a knife.

As Mr. and Mrs. Justus Francis, of Hartford, were about retiring for the night, Mrs. Francis said that she believed she should faint away, as everything looked dark; she lay down upon the bed and died instantly.

The Calais Advertiser reports that Mrs. Jemima Noble, aged 96, died in Calais, January 14th. A year or two before she died, an entire new set of teeth had grown in her mouth, and she could see and hear as well as when young.

Crime is increasing so rapidly throughout France that the government has forbidden the newspapers publishing the docket of the criminal courts, on the ground that the publication needlessly alarms public opinion as to the true state of the country.

Rev. Mr. Sullivan, a Catholic priest of Charleston, S. C., paid over to a lady of that city the sum of \$500 received through the confessional. He received it from a person who said it was to satisfy an indebtedness rightfully due the heir of the lady's father.

The number of American inventions which have recently been adopted by several of the European governments is justly gratifying to our national pride. An instance of this is the adoption of Francis' life-boats and military wagons for the army and navy of France.

Through Collector Schell, of New York, and in behalf of the British government, Lord Napier has presented Captain Ellis, of the bark France, with a valuable telescope, for rescuing from shipwreck the officers and crew of British bark Magistrate, between Havana and Bristol, recently.

The actor, Henry Placide, lives the life of a farmer on Long Island, New York. He enters into no permanent engagements, but his home is at such a convenient distance from New York as to enable him, whenever it suits him, to go up to the city and play a few nights, without inconvenience or loss of time.

In the Maine Legislature, a bill has been introduced to require insurance companies from other States, etc., to publish the condition of their affairs wherever they have agents. In several places in Maine, gross wrong has at times been extensively practised by some irresponsible foreign companies.

Sands of Gold.

.... The greatest abuse of the faculties is disuse.—Bovee.

.... The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government.—Burton.

.... With the rogue, the greater the gains, the less the profits.—Bovee.

.... Take up all duties in a point of performance, and lay them down in a point of dependence.—Mason.

.... Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its kind.—Channing.

.... It so happens that the most tedious persons are precisely those who complain most of tedium.—Bovee.

.... A Christian should never plead spiritually for being an idler or a sloven. If he be but a shoeblack, he should be the best in the parish.—Newton.

.... Spent and exhausted by toil at the close of each day, we are still taught, by the nightly mystery of sleep, the recuperative energies of nature.—Bovee.

PROCRASTINATE is the thief of time; Year after year it steals, till all are fled, And to the mercies of a moment leaves The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—Young.

.... Age and love associate not; if they are ever allied, the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination; and an old man, like a spider, can never make love, without beating his own deathwatch.—Colton.

.... Nothing in seasons of affliction, or at the painful evening of life, can afford so much comfort to the soul as a steady belief of its future existence in a happier state; it alleviates the keenest of human woes, and illumines the "valley of the shadow of death."—Payson.

.... Having a distinct purse for the Lord is one of the most effectual means for making one rich. I have sometimes disposed of more this way than it could be thought I was capable of, and yet I never found myself poorer against the year's end.—Brown.

.... After all, the language will shape itself by larger forces than phonography and dictionary-making. You may spade up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterwards, if you can,—but the moon will still lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface.—O. W. Holmes.

.... I take goodness in this sense—the seeking the real welfare of men; which is what the Greeks call philanthropia. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.—Lord Bacon.

Joker's Budget.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

Poverty sticks to a man after all his friends and the rest of mankind have deserted him.

When are women fathers? When they are sighers (sires), which is not unfrequently the case.

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

What great phrenologist has a name highly expressive of his profession as a researcher in heads? Combe.

The "Sugar Stiek" is the name of a new vessel just launched at Baltimore. The ocean is now, of course, a punch-bowl.

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Because, when taken out, you find it in creases.

It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

"Father," said an ambitious youngster, about the size of a pepper-box, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for a bosom pin."

"What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a heavy coat of flesh on him?" "By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him."

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "O, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe, I have got my foot upon it!"

John Day, a distinguished printer between 1546 and 1584, took for his motto, "Arise, for it is day." Those of his apprentices who were not up betimes were aroused by the double application of the motto and the rod.

Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about town in such nights as this and getting into bed for folks.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, "—von Beethoven, land owner." The immortal composer retorted by signing his, "Ludwig von Beethoven, brain-owner."

A young Tennessee clergyman compressed the whole body of his sermon on "deceit" in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stillest of all rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Wooing of Harry Dinwiddie.

BY WILLIAM A. WINTER.

It rained all night, and a company of travelers were almost suffocated in the closely buttoned up stage-coach, in which we were moving at a tedious rate over roads which were simply beds of clinging red clay. There was more lateral than onward motion, for we went down into a deep rut on one side, and then, with a sudden jerk, out of that and into one deeper, on the other side. In one of these hasty transitions, snap went a spring of the clumsy old vehicle, and the united force of the company was put in requisition to substitute a rail, which, by the light of a lantern, we abstracted from a zigzag Virginia fence. This change gave an undue elevation to one side of the coach, making our seats a kind of inclined plane, and giving a bumping emphasis to our slides from side to side. Since the blessed advent of railroads, few such experiences in life are now to be encountered; but if any one survives, whose fate it was to traverse through its weary length the upper or middle stage route through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and onwards, he dreams of it yet. There were sudden halts for consultation, gullies to be crossed, where our driver chose to consider that our satisfaction and our safety, and the well-being of his horses were all to be promoted by our walking half a mile or more, ankle or knee-deep in mud. There were creeks to be forded, swollen from mere "drinks" into formidable rivers by the rain of a night. There were weariness, and hunger, and exasperation, for our promised supper that night was *immovable* feast, which receded in our slow progress, and looked most inviting and tantalizing in the distance. How our weary bones ached for the two or three hours of sleep, which was the promised appendix of the supper. How cross we were, especially one man, who could bear the crowded inside no longer, but insisted on having a place on the top of the coach, amongst the baggage, where he stretched himself out to sleep, and was buckled down under the cover to take his chance in oversets.

It was under these circumstances that I heard the tale of *Dinwiddie's Wooing*, from the lips of the hero, who was our fellow-traveller. To appreciate it, you should have seen the man. He was a broad-shouldered, portly Virginian, with a countenance perfectly florid with health, and absolutely beaming with good humor, but with features deviating far from the lines of the beautiful. His keen black eye twinkled with merriment, and to make his appearance more comical, he had received a fanciful decoration from a pellet of mud, which had settled upon his shirt front like a breast pin. He alone was good-natured. Every fresh disaster was food for his merriment, even to the broken tire and huge gap in the wheel, threatening to break down at every revolution, for which there was no remedy but to push on till it did break.

"Never mind if it should break," said the imperturbable man, "we shall come down lightly at the pace we are going. I have been concerned in more hopeless enterprises than this. Let me tell you a story of what patience did for me in my difficulties. Ahem!

"A frog he would a wooing go,"

And so once upon a time, would I, though I was in no haste; for I waited till I was no longer a young man, before it occurred to me that I wanted a wife. This was because I had never seen a woman whom I fancied enough to make her my wife. One day, however, as I was walking the streets of the little town of B—— with a friend, we met a young lady, who, though I only got a glance from her modest eyes, changed my mind as to being a bachelor all my life. Turning to my friend, I said:

"Tell me who that young lady is, and I will marry her."

"At this my friend burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed:

"Yes, I would like to see you marry her. She belongs to the Moravian school, and all of them are as saintly as nuns, and as grave and decorous as if the world were a great chapel, made to sing psalms in. You are crazy."

"Tell me who she is."

"She is Miss Lucy Clifton, of C——, South Carolina."

"Well, I will marry her, notwithstanding all this."

"I saw no more of Miss Clifton, but hastened home to my business; for this was in the spring, and the crop was to be started. Every true Virginia planter is his own overseer. The corn was up, and ploughed for the first time; the tobacco fields set with thrifty young plants. Everything on the plantation was in good order, and matters put in such a train that nothing would suffer in my absence, and then I set out on my expedition."

"To B—— I went; but there I learnt that Miss Clifton had left the school, and gone to her home in C——. To C——, therefore, I went; and one fine morning I stood at the door of a stately mansion in the latter town, and inquired if Miss Clifton was at home. She soon came to me, and looked at me with grave astonishment when I told her that I had come there to marry her, and then said:

"I do not understand you, sir. My mother is from home, and will be absent for several days. I am not accustomed to form any acquaintance without her sanction, and must beg you to excuse me."

"Nothing could be more reasonable, and the staid and self-possessed manner of the young lady, and the absence of all confusion and petty coquetry charmed me. How I love you already, thought I; how I shall worship you when you are my wife."

"I settled myself comfortably in lodgings, and made my arrangements for a long campaign. Four days after, when I had ascertained the arrival of Mrs. Clifton, I again ascended the stone steps, and rang at the door. I felt no flutter or agitation; though what I had heard of the lady-mother was calculated to lessen my courage. She was a widow, of ample fortune, and of ancient and honorable descent. She was a lady of great dignity, stately and formal with her friends, and distant and chilling to slight acquaintances. Had I brought letters of introduction from her best friends, and earnest recommendations to her favor and hospitality, she might have unbent to something like graciousness. As I had not provided myself with these, I made no attempt to ingratiate myself. When I had told her my name, and she had remarked that I was a stranger, I assented with a polite bow. When she begged to be favored with my business, I politely informed her that *I had come to marry her daughter*. Probably no human countenance was ever expressive of more amazement than the one before me. She sat a moment, speechless; then rising, said:

"You are evidently under some great mistake, sir. Excuse me if I close this interview."

"The next morning, at the same hour, I again presented myself, and met with the same reception from Mrs. Clifton, met with a blank refusal to my request for a few minutes conversation with her daughter. I politely wished her a good morning, and withdrew."

"On the third morning I called, and was refused admittance. The ladies were engaged. Say to Mrs. Clifton, said I, that I will do myself the honor to await her convenience; and I seated myself in the vestibule. The open door commanded a pleasant view, and a fine breeze entered from the garden, fragrant with orange blossoms and cape-jessamine. The matted floor, the shaded light, and comfortable arm-chair, and a book which I produced from my pocket, made the morning pass quite agreeably, and at the late dinner hour to which I was accustomed, I left with regret."

"The next morning I again rang for admittance, but no answer was accorded to my summons. The inhospitable door was deaf to my appeals, and I sat down upon the steps. The heat of the sun was intense, the day was without a cloud, and it seemed as if the heart within was broiling. But I persisted in remaining at my post till the sun had passed its meridian, and commenced its descent."

"The next day, equipped with a thin linen coat, and armed with an umbrella, I repeated my attempt to gain admittance, and to my surprise the door was opened. In reply to my inquiries for the ladies, I learned that Mrs. and Miss Clifton had left town. I could get no clue to their retreat, and accordingly leaving a polite message of regret that I had not the opportunity to pay my farewell respects, I left town myself. In a few days I returned, and learned that the ladies were again at home. The next day I called as usual, and was admitted to an audience with the lady mother."

"Why do you persist, sir, in this foolish and ungenerous conduct?"

"Pardon me, madam, but it is you who are

ungenerous. I have come to this place with an object which I frankly acknowledge to you. I have come to make honorable proposals for the hand of your daughter. I am not accustomed to lightly surrender my well matured plans. This purpose nothing on earth will induce me to surrender, till I have tried every means of success. But you are unjust to me. You will not even examine and consider my claims. You will not give me an opportunity of making a fair presentation of them. You do not allow me to see Miss Clifton, and to endeavor to gain her favor. I will cheerfully submit to any terms you may propose, to any probation you may designate."

"I have no terms to propose to you. I insist upon your absolute withdrawal."

"Madam, this is prejudice. You must give me an opportunity to overcome it."

"I insist, sir, that you shall abandon this wild pursuit of my daughter; that you leave my house, and make no further attempt to enter it."

"Madam, I cannot abandon my hopes of winning your daughter. My life's best hopes are staked upon my success. I will leave you, at your request, but must hope to find you more favorably disposed towards me at another time."

"Understand me, sir," said Mrs. Clifton, "this departure must be final. I warn you that you will find my doors closed against you should you attempt to repeat this intrusion."

"The consequences be upon your head then, madam, for I will die upon your door-steps. I will use no dishonorable means to see and influence Miss Clifton, but I will persevere as I have begun, and surrender my object only with my life."

"True enough, the next morning saw me debarred access, even to the vestibule. I sat down upon the door-steps, choosing the side upon which a partial shadow was thrown by a magnificent live oak. As I vacantly gazed at the grand old tree, I was struck with the long streamers of gray moss pendant from its branches, and wondered I had not observed them before. Waving in the lightest breeze, and forming a beautiful contrast with the glossy leaves of vivid green, these tresses of parasitic growth are highly picturesque; but they are always indicative of moisture, and suggestive of the dreaded fever of the low country."

"All that day, all the next, all the third day I sat on those unrelenting steps. Visitors came to the house. I rose, bowed deferentially, and stood smilingly polite, while I saw them admitted to privileges from which I was debarred. I rose, bowed again, and stood as smiling and polite to see them depart, assisting the ladies to their carriages, like the true Virginia gentleman, which I knew myself to be, even while sitting on those door-steps, which refused to recognize my quality."

"I know that there were compassion and relenting felt for me, from slight indications within the citadel. More than once a sorrowful and sympathizing glance had fallen on me from some comely, dark face, surmounted by a hasty sun-beam; more than once the green latticed shades of the window above me rustled, as if somebody was an interested spectator of my sufferings; and once I detected near me the flutter of a muslin curtain, and caught the faintest imaginable sigh."

"The fourth day began its course like its predecessors. I was at my post betimes; but I remember that my thoughts were much on the delights of my hill-country home, and that I longed for a breath of its cool mountain air. I watched the gathering of a light, fleecy cloud, hoping that it might come to such a size and position as to screen me from 'the round, red sun,' which seemed to burn into my throbbing brain. My spirits were unusually depressed. I grew less sanguine of ultimate success. The mocking-birds on the trees seemed to jeer me. The glare of the sunshine on the well-swept walks and trim trellises of the garden seemed to sicken me. A sudden dimness came over my sight; there was a surging, as of waves in my ears, and I sank back unconscious."

"There was an interval of many weeks before I knew anything of what then befell me. I found myself at last a sick man, but most comfortably cared for. My own particular servant, and indeed my foster brother, of a darker hue, was my quiet and attentive nurse. Around me were many familiar objects—my personal effects. The light food and cooling drinks which were brought me, were prepared as I had always been accustomed to have them, and savored of home. I asked no questions, though as my dim recollections of the past took form, I began to be somewhat curious. Where could I be? Could

it be that I was at home once more? How could I have been carried unconsciously so far?

"At last I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, supported by my pillow. I begged for air, and my good *Scipio* stepped forward and raised the curtain. The clear blue sky, with what languid delight I gazed into it. But suddenly I started from my pillow and sat upright. *That tree with the waving streamers of gray moss!* I had seen it till I knew every leaf of it. My heart bounded. There could be no mistake. I was within the citadel I had besieged. That was enough. I lay quietly back and asked no questions, waiting patiently for further developments. One day I broke out:

"Now, Scipio, I want a plain, straightforward story from you. How came you here?"

"Well done, Massa Harry! who eber hear de like of dat? What Scip here for, eh? Why, to take care of you sick, for true; and mighty nigh dead you was, when Scip come down to you. Better go to sleep now, and try to get well; you might get crotch' yet."

"No, Scip, I shall not go to sleep. I wish to hear the whole story."

"Well, then, Massa Harry, here goes. You done stay from home a long time. Who knows whar you was? All the word we get 'send my letters to C——'; 'send my letters to C——'; 'send my letters to C——.' Mighty hot weather. I know right well that missus fret about you. Miss Winny look troubled, oneasy-like about her brother. I know they think you get sick. One day missus say to me, 'Scipio,' she say, 'whar is your Massa Harry?' Gracious know, missus, not Scip; but I gib one 'pinion—*Scip better go and see*. Whatever Massa Harry are doin' of, it's plain he are doin' of it easy, and it ar' my 'pinion dat Scip better go and help him. 'Very well, Scip, you can go,' says missus, 'and if he doesn't like it, you can tell him I sent you about Mr. Sanborn's offer to buy the crop.' So I done come; and true for me, I done find Massa Harry want help mighty bad. White folks has not berry good sense."

"Well, no matter for the small particulars. You found me sick. What did you do?"

"Do? Why, I done pick you up and fotch you into the nearest house."

"You don't mean to say that you brought me into this house without permission?"

"Massa Harry," said Scipio, erecting himself to his full height, and throwing his right foot and arm into an elocutionary attitude, 'you know I can make a speech all the same as Saptrick Henry. "Madam," says I, "come to Old Virginy will we ask you whar you come from, who you are? No, madam, we know too well what belong to *de stranger*. Our hospitable doors stand eber open. Old Virginy often called de land ob hospitality, and she deserve her own title. Come among my master's kin. See if you be turned from de door of de Dinwiddies or de Leightons." "Ha! what! Leightons and Dinwiddies," says the lady, "here has been a great mistake." I don't know rightly how it was, Massa Harry, but you done seem all on a sudden to become kin to her. Ahem! you mought, may be, get to be nigh kin one day; mought, you know, Massa Harry, and den again you moughtn't. White folks is mighty oncertain."

"The truth was, that Mrs. Clifton had wished an excuse for relenting in the severity of her purpose towards me, and she had unexpectedly found it in the remembrance of an old school friendship with my mother—Winifred Leighton. Had she been less prejudiced, she might have recognized my claim sooner, for the name of Harry Dinwiddie had been iterated in her reluctant ears."

"I have forgiven her all that, however, since she has made suitable reparation for the wrongs she did me. She has permitted a renewal of the old family intimacy. She has even carried it so far, as to insist that I shall annually accompany my beloved wife, Mrs. Lucy Dinwiddie, with a flock of rosy-checked Virginia children, to pass the Christmas holidays with her. I am now on my way to meet this requisition, and to-morrow I hope to meet at C—— the precious company, which I sent by the lower and less fatiguing route, under the guardianship of Scipio. Scipio would be deeply mortified if any of the annual pilgrimages should be undertaken without him on the carriage box. His great delight is to boast of his own exploits; and he is particularly at home in a story he tells of his Master Harry once taking a fancy to go deer hunting, and scaring up a *right smart* chance of game, but not being able to bring it down, till 'dat black dog Scip come on and help him powerful!'"



VIEW OF THE PORT OF CALLAO, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

[See page 132.]

ALL-HALLOW EVE, KILKENNY, IRELAND.

The animated and characteristic interior scene on this page, is such as only an Irish artist could have depicted, and we are indebted for the sketch to the observant eye and graphic hand of Mr. Edmund Fitzgerald, one who has drawn his inspiration from his native soil. All-Hallow Eve (1st of November), being between All-Souls and All-Saints day, is the night of all others in which the Irish peasantry believe that ghosts,

witches and fairies, but especially the redoubtable phoca, are so industrious in playing pranks on unwary travellers, and that supernatural events narrated by such adventurers form themes for gossip at many a cottage fireside for many a long night afterwards. On All-Hallow Eve a number of the younger peasantry from the adjacent neighborhood assemble at the house of some old farmer, who in his youth had been the gay leader of every merry-making throughout the

county, and still took delight in seeing others enjoy the sports he was no longer capable of partaking. A collection being made, the merry party are soon supplied with plenty of eatables and drinkables; the sealtheen or cross-stick, being then suspended from the roof, and decorated with apples and lighted candles placed alternately on its points, and, being kept twirling round, invites many a candidate to compete for the ruddy prize. As a cooler to this amusement,

diving for money in a tub of water is next resorted to; and many a fair mountain nymph forsakes her native element for awhile and bears from beneath the pellucid water the shining silver between her teeth, which rival it in whiteness. Burning nuts, fortune-telling, and stories are next engaged in, all of which are wound up with a dance, until the time arrives (one o'clock) when the enchantment of the night is broken, and all return, unmolested by fay or phoca, to their homes.



ALL-HALLOW EVE, IN KILKENNY, IRELAND.

Poet's Corner.

LOVE'S QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I send a question to my dear
Each morning by the lark,
And every night the nightingale
Brings answer ere the dark.
The question needs no other words,
And this is the reply—
"I'll love thee, dearest, while I live,
And bless thee if I die."

I send a message by the rose;
It says, "Thou breathing grace,
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,
Spreads fragrance round thy place."
The lily brings the answer meet:
"O, thou whom I adore,
My heart is spotless as these leaves
And loves thee evermore."

LOVE.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.—LONGFELLOW.

THE PASPOR.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.
GOLDSMITH.

HOME.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's smile,
The lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
BUCHANAN.

SLANDER.

Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue a scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!—POPE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Among the events which will ever render the present winter memorable is the sudden death of William H. Prescott, the historian. The universality and spontaneity of the mourning for this loss shows how high and true a fame the deceased had achieved. Nor is it America alone who will mourn her honored son. In Europe, as well as here, the name of Prescott is a "household word," and from the further shore of the Atlantic will come back to us the echoes of our grief and eulogy. William H. Prescott was not only a great writer but an excellent man. There was a daily beauty in his life as well as a glory in his works; and, just as the sentences flowed from his pen, harmonious, well-ordered and symmetrical, so were the movements of his private life regular, beautiful and systematic in harmony with a pure and lofty manhood. Other writers will rise in the future of America, but on all who follow, the glorious example of Prescott, both as an historian and a man, cannot fail to exercise a powerful and felicitous influence. . . . One of the most amusing accounts of our city ever written by a foreigner was that of Padre Ruffale Capobianco, the chaplain of a Neapolitan frigate, who visited this country in 1845, and published his narrative on his return to Naples. He says: "Boston is a city fortified by nature and by art. It rises upon three most pleasant hills, one of which is Bunker Hill, upon the summit of which towers the famous monument named Bunker Hill, erected to commemorate the victory gained by the Americans over the English in 1776. It was commenced by the Engineer O'Donnell Webster in 1827, under the presidency of the celebrated Lafayette, and finished in 1843." . . . Mr. Galt, the American sculptor, is at Florence, and will soon commence his statue of Thomas Jefferson. In consequence of the unusual amount of snow on the mountains this winter, he may have some difficulty in obtaining a suitable block of marble at present. By the contract the work must be finished by January 1st, 1861. . . . The Ravel troupe will shortly perform at the Boston Theatre. Gabriel is as active and amusing as ever. He has tried retirement; but the attractions of the stage have proved irresistible. . . . The Boston Artists' Reception at Mercantile Hall are among the most agreeable features of social life in Boston this winter. Their guests are men of letters and taste, ladies of intelligence and beautiful, and in examining works of art, listening to fine music, and discussing art-questions, the hours glide by like minutes. . . . Among the prominent benevolent objects of the day, we perceive the call for the formation of a society for the amelioration of the condition of women with snoring husbands. . . . There is nothing like a lucid charge from a judge, and so we feel obliged to put the following on record, though we must say it seems to be pretty well mixed up. . . . If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted "not breechy," and the warranty was broken by reason of the breechiness of the cow, and the plaintiff drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defend-

ant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, and the cow in attempting to jump the fence, by reason of the yoke or poke broke her neck and died; but if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was not worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, or for 'green hide,' then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case—for the court, if she understands herself, and she thinks she does, don't know how such a case should be decided." . . . A divorce case is now on the legal tapis in Cincinnati between two parties, both young and married but three years, whose disagreement arises out of a night-cap which the wife insisted upon wearing, in spite of her husband's wishes, tears, threats, oaths and commands. . . . About the time the first cameloopards arrived in America, a lady was asked by a friend, "Have you seen the giraffes?" "No," said she, "I don't know them at all; they are a French family, I believe!" . . . Capt. Travis is supposed to be the most expert pistol shooter in the country. A southern paper says that the other day he performed the feat of shooting an object of the size of a half dollar from each of the hands of a man, placed at ten paces from him, at two consecutive shots. The most surprising part of the performance was that a man could have been found to hold this small object. . . . The names of the betrothed of his imperial highness Prince Napoleon, are as follows: Clotilde Marie Therese Louise. She is the daughter of the king of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel II. and the Archduchess Adele of Austria. . . . A person named John Hartman, just from the mountain gold mines in Kansas, says in a letter to the *Leavenworth Times*, that he dug \$3000 worth of gold in twenty-five days. . . . A car has been running on the night train between this city and New York, for some time past, illuminated with gas. During the nine hours occupied in the trip, only ten cents' worth of gas was consumed, and the car was lighted up as brilliantly as a parlor. It was deemed by the passengers to be a luxurious improvement, altogether worthy of general adoption. The gas metre is placed underneath the car, from which pipes supply a jet at either end of the interior. . . . The other night a large cat, belonging to a station master on the Western Railroad, attempted to cross the line as an engine was passing at good speed. The cat was caught between the spokes of one of the driving wheels, and whirled round while the wheel traversed thirty yards, when it was thrown out. Its owner went to look for it, but the cat stared so wildly that he dared not approach it. Two hours afterwards it was heard mewling at the front door, and when it came in it was found to be uninjured. Its breast and face were covered with grease and dirt, but the only harm that puss had experienced was such a combined shock and fright that it seemed stupid and had lost its appetite, nor would it clean itself. . . . The Jews of New York propose to erect a temple that will rival in extent and magnificence the Catholic Cathedral now being built in that city. . . . The St. Louis Democrat publishes an extract from a private letter written by Lady Havelock, in which, after referring to the consolation afforded her in her bereavement by the warm sympathy of her queen and country, she remarks: "But, greatly as I have been blessed and comforted under my affliction, I never can sufficiently express how great a balm it has been to my wounded heart—how very great an honor—the mark of attention paid to the memory of my beloved husband by the great nation across the Atlantic! If I knew what body of sympathizers to address, I would gladly and proudly offer them the grateful thanks of a sad and lonely heart—and I could tell them with honest truth that not one word too much has been said in praise of him who has now received the crown which will never perish." . . . A man died of apoplexy recently, in Michigan. The next morning the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation from one beefsteak, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie." Sensible jury, that. . . . A grandson of William Penn has just expired at a very advanced age, in the hospital of the benevolent Colston, at Bristol, England. . . . Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half-a-dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines, and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose. . . . A noted character called the "Fakir of Siva," has entered the ministry, and gets a salary of \$1000 a year in Iowa, having bestowed on himself the degree of Doctor of Divinity. . . . On New Year's Day, Senator Houston, in a familiar conversation with a friend, announced his determination to go to work for Texas, in the way of raising improved breeds of sheep. Said the old soldier: "I can thus enrich and do more for my State, in the few remaining years of my earthly pilgrimage, than by all the governing or office holding that exist." . . . A large darning needle was recently extracted from the tongue of a colt in Maine. The needle had been lost among some hay in the barn a few days previous to its discovery in the animal's tongue. . . . The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is expected in New York for the May anniversaries. . . . Mr. Merriam says that persons having limbs frozen by cold, should immerse the frozen limb in cold water, and retain it in that position until the ache has ceased, and no unpleasant consequence will result to the limb from the frost. Persons chilled with cold should drink freely of cold water, and take a cold water bath, if practicable. Soft snow will extract frost if applied as a poultice to frosted flesh, while the frost is still stopping. The same remedy to a person struck by lightning is required as when prostrated by cold. . . . A new edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" is about to be issued by his son in monthly parts, at half the original price. . . . V. L.

Vodez, of London, has obtained a patent for placing a disk of fine iron wire gauze on the upper part of a chimney or glass of a lamp. The edge of this disk of gauze is raised at its edge so as to sit on the chimney, and is capable of being put on and taken off freely. It is stated that this improvement tends to prevent the lamp from smoking, and at the same time improve the brightness of the flame. . . . The bust of Jackson was placed on its pedestal in Court Square, Memphis, Tenn., on the 8th of January, with imposing ceremonies; the military, firemen, Masons and Odd-Fellows, and citizens in profession. Address by Andrew Ewing of Nashville. . . . A youngster in Portland, Me., wishing to take a ride gratis, stole a horse and wagon which he found standing in the street, but, unfortunately, the horse being in the daily habit of visiting the jail, made a straight wake for that institution, and before the youngster realized his situation the horse landed him in the jail yard, where the keeper provided the horse with quarters, and appropriated a spare cell for the use of the boy. His career was a brief one. . . . A medical impostor in Buffalo has been doing a thriving business lately, by pretending to be the "city vaccinator," going from house to house representing that the small pox was dangerously prevalent, and persuading people to be vaccinated at his hands, his fee for each operation being one dollar. . . . Bauvard, the panorama man, says the *Home Journal*, can trace his pedigree to Bonaparte, who was imprisoned in Chillon Castle, on Lake Geneva, and whose sufferings suggested to Byron his poem, the "Prisoner of Chillon." . . . The governor of New York recommends the immediate passage of a bill creating a new commission to settle the boundary line between New York and Connecticut.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Our recent advices from Europe still breathe a warlike spirit, though continental letter-writers yet hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed. The Paris Constitutionnel is pacific in its tone, but the movements of capitalists indicate that the worst is feared.—The amnesty granted by the king of Naples to certain political offenders is not so generous as was at first believed. It excludes them from Europe and transfers them to America. European despots are not afraid of agitators when three thousand miles of salt water lies between them.—There is little that is interesting in the India news, but the accounts are encouraging. The British arms are everywhere successful, and the suppression of the rebellion was proceeding as rapid as the vast extent of country over which it has spread, and the numbers engaged in it would permit.—The steam engines at Vincennes are busily engaged in making rifled cannon. This and other warlike preparations in France does not look much like peace.—The French garrison at Rome has been strengthened by two additional regiments.—The Italian patriots in the various cities of Northern Italy have kept quiet of late awaiting events.—Austria has sent about as many men into Italy as she can spare at present, and a vast quantity of the munitions of war.—Nana Sahib, the human tiger, has taken to the jungle. It would be an appropriate fate for him to be eaten by wild beasts.—The Swiss are looking ahead for possible trouble in the event of a general European war. They have converted all their muskets to percussion arms.

Warlike Rumors.

It is said that the French emperor has ordered seventy-five batteries of cannon to be constructed; the arms of the foot chasseurs are to be perfected; the battalions of chasseurs are to be raised from 400 men to 700, and the regiments of the line from 900 to 1350 men. At Toulon they are collecting all the munitions necessary for a campaign, and a squadron is gathering at Brest to hold England in necessary check. A camp of embarkation is organizing in Algeria, and at the ministry of war they are examining plans for two camps on the frontiers of the Alps and Switzerland. There is talk also of special orders to the artillery to hold themselves in readiness, and of the Mediterranean steamship companies to be ready to furnish all their vessels for transports at a moment's warning.

Music in London.

The London papers state that Lunley will open Her Majesty's Theatre at the usual time. The manager of Drury Lane is also occupied in forming an Italian company; and Mr. Gye commences a campaign in April, so that during the approaching season there will be three Italian operas in full blast in the metropolis. At St. James Theatre—transformed now into the Opera Comique—Auber's gay and brilliant opera, "The Crown Diamonds," has been successful in both its production and attraction. A new tenor, M. Berger, as the hero, is pronounced a "handsome, gentlemanly-looking man, and good actor," but no singer. Mlle. Celine Mathien and Madame Faure, the latter as the disguised queen, are said to possess fine acting and singing qualities.

New Works in London.

The following forthcoming books are announced in London: Liberty, by John Stuart Mill, which is looked for with intense interest by the disciples of Bentham; Extracts from the Works of Jean Paul Richter, selected and translated by Lady Chatterton; and a work of Dr. Vaughan, to be entitled *Revolutions in English History*, the first volume of which will be "Revolutions of Race." Another work by Harriet Martineau, entitled *The Endowed Schools of Ireland*; a book of travels, *From Hong Kong to Manila*; and on the same subject, *Indian Scenes and Characters*, sketched "from life," by Prince Alexis Lotyloff.

Going to Court.

A number of American ladies have lately been presented to the emperor and empress of France, and we are pleased to learn that they are much admired for their beauty, bearing and grace. But this going to court is a somewhat expensive amusement, for a lady's court dress cannot be purchased short of 700 dollars.

Cavaignac's Widow.

The widow of General Cavaignac has just given a proof of delicacy which is worthy of herself and of the man whose name she bears so nobly. She has returned her dowry of \$100,000 to her father, Mr. James Odier, who was threatened with bankruptcy. By a strange vicissitude the lady whose pecuniary position seemed to enrich her husband, now lives wholly on the patrimony left by the latter, who a short time before his death had inherited 6000 dollars a year.

A grand Project.

A Frenchman has suggested to the Czar Alexander the idea of uniting the rivers Don and Volga by a canal a few leagues in length, which would allow ships sailing from the Black Sea to go directly into the Caspian Sea and into the Gulf of Metroy, whence a railroad might lead to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, thence by the Persian Gulf to India, without being obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope.

Attempt at Suicide.

A boy only seven years of age, residing in Paris, having been threatened with a whipping by his mother, ascended to the sixth story of her house, and after some hesitation, threw himself out head foremost. He fell on his feet, and only fractured his ankles. "Pretty vicious that for a boy of seven!" as old Squeers says, but then French boys mustn't be judged by the general standard.

Death of an American.

Bayard Van Rensselaer, second son of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer of Albany, and son-in-law of the great lawyer, Marcus T. Reynolds, died recently at Pau, in the south of France, whither he had gone, with his family, for the benefit of his health. His disease was rapid consumption. He was at one time in Col. Train's counting-room in Boston.

The "Scouring of the White Horse."

The London journals speak in terms of high praise of the hearty life about the new volume called "Scouring of the White Horse." The *Saturday Review* says: "The execution is excellent. Like 'Tom Brown's School Days,' the 'White Horse' gives the reader a feeling of gratitude and personal esteem toward the author."

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

This famous painter of animals was lately present at a ministerial reception in Paris in her capacity of directress of the free drawing-school for young persons. She did not render herself conspicuous by her dress. Crinoline is unknown to her, and it is hard to say how she keeps her bonnet on her close-cut hair.

Byron's Works.

Mr. John Murray, the publisher, who holds the copyright of the works of Lord Byron, is about to publish a complete people's edition. The first part will soon be out, and will contain "Childe Harold" complete, with notes, biographical and critical, and choice steel engravings.

Suez Canal.

The first name on the list of subscribers to this vast project is that of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and next comes Mohammed Saib, vice-roy of Egypt. The Count de Chambord and the Duke de Montpensier are also on the list.

Naples.

The king of Naples used the occasion of the marriage of his son with a Bavarian princess to commute to exile the penalties of sixty-one political prisoners, among whom are the celebrated patriots Poerio and Settembrini.

The Tomb of Napoleon I.

It has been decided to translate the ashes of Napoleon I., now at the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, to a vault under the Cathedral of St. Denis, on the 5th of May, the next anniversary of the death of the great French emperor.

Madame Ristori.

The prohibition against this famous actress's playing in Naples has been withdrawn. It is said Ristori is worth nearly two millions. When her property has reached this sum exactly, she will retire from the stage.

Madame Persiani.

The celebrated Madame Persiani is understood to have withdrawn from public life, and intends establishing herself in Paris, there to train pupils.

Oil from Raisin Stones.

Excellent oil has been made in Europe lately from the stones of raisins. It burns well in almost any kind of lamp.

Austria.

Austria has thrown 150,000 armed men into Lombardy to bow her unfortunate inhabitants under the iron yoke.

The Roman Railroad.

The entrance of the first locomotive into Rome in the month of January excited universal enthusiasm.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOWE'S DRAWING-ROOM DANCES. Boston: Hubbard W. Swett, 128 Washington Street.

This is the best work of the kind we have yet seen. It is a quarto illustrated publication, containing all the popular and fashionable quadrilles, cotillions, fancy dances, etc., with the music arranged for the piano forte, and the figures and calls for the different changes. The work appears to be specially adapted for social evening parties. The price is only one dollar.

ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

We noticed the other day the first series of these interesting biographies by Francis Arago of the French Institute. The great men of science sketched in the volume before us are Carnot, Malus, Fresnel, Thomas Young and James Watt.

LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERARD. By his son BLANCHARD JERARD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 450. 1859.

This biography possesses intense interest, and is admirably executed. All the literary men of London who knew and loved Jerard have aided his son in the preparation of the work, and the result is the most readable book of the season.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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BOSTON, JULY 19, 1857.

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THE YAK, OR THIBET OX.

THE YAK, OR THIBET OX.

The favor with which our Natural History illustrations have been received, has induced us to devote this page to delineations of animals not generally known in this country. The Yak, or Thibet ox, a wild-looking animal, is wonderfully adapted to the country in which he is found, and adds greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants of those inhospitable regions. The yak is used chiefly for carrying loads, as he is too intractable for the plough; but he is sometimes mounted,

and carries his rider, slowly but surely, over the terrific passes, strewn with huge masses of rock, sometimes rising as high as 20,000 feet, which connect the various provinces in this barren and frightful country. The cow is kept only for milk. Hybrids with the common species are much used for the plough, and also for carrying loads, as they are much more tractable than the yak, and quite as strong. The cow of this variety yields much more milk than the yak cow, and of a much richer quality. The milk is used

chiefly for butter, of which almost every Ladaki consumes a certain quantity daily in his tea, in the same way as milk is used in our land. The hair of both the yak and the hybrid, called the dso, is cut annually and made into cloth.—The Guzerat oxen represented below, are animals that enjoy a high reputation over the continent of India for strength and speed, and are much used by the wealthy natives for the stately cars which convey their families, concealed from every eye by the jealous purdah. The carriages are ex-

ceedingly tasteful in their decorations, with their canopies of red cloth, surmounted by a silver spike, the curtains fancifully ornamented, and little lattices cut for the fair occupants to look from without being seen. The pole which terminates in a cross bar or yoke, is of brass wire, forming a long cage something like an eel-pot in shape, the body of the vehicle is ornamented with brass and ivory, and the wheels have crescent-shaped pieces of wood fixed over the axle. These oxen travel 25 or 30 miles in a night.



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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

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NAHUM CAPEN, ESQ.,

POSTMASTER OF BOSTON.

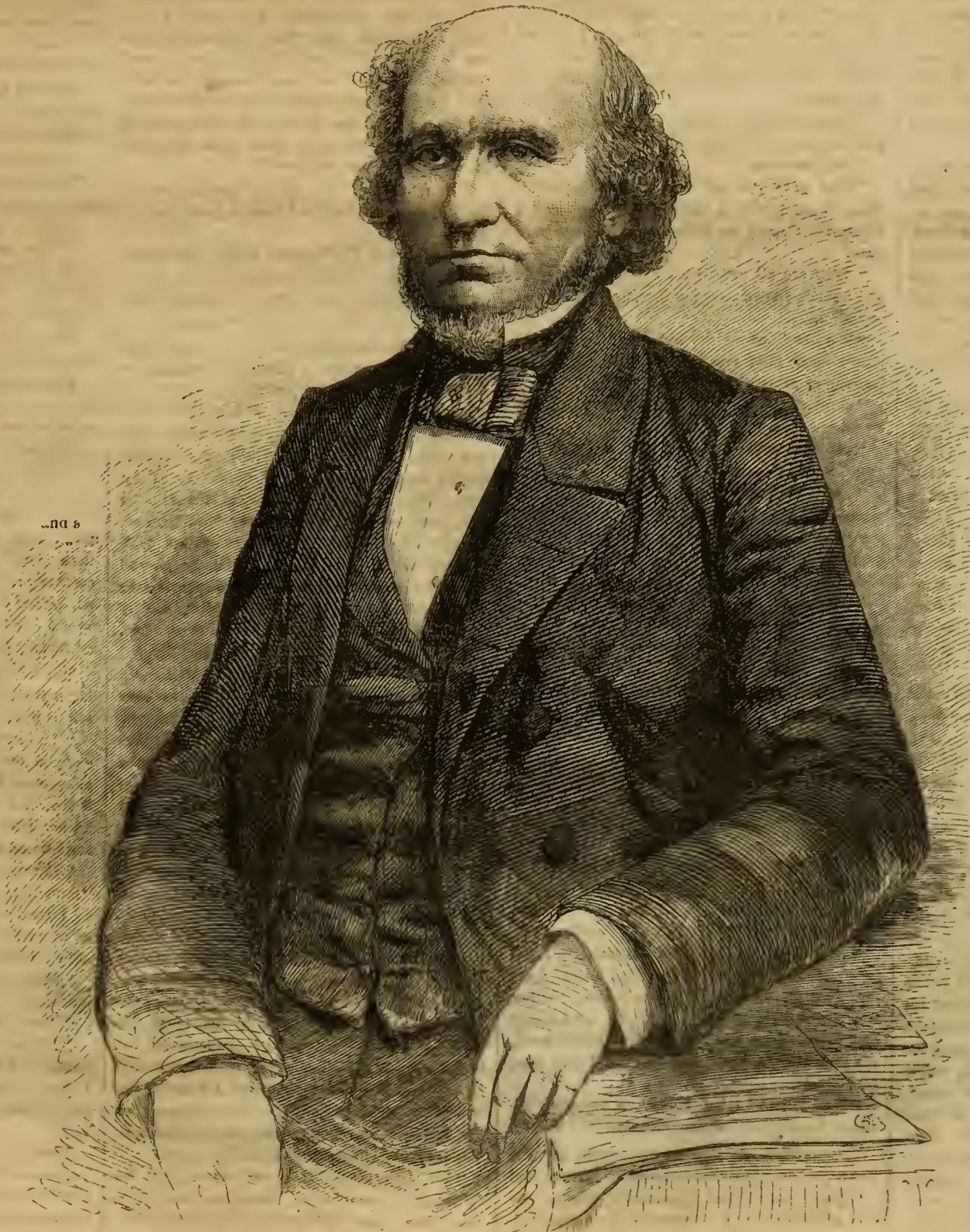
The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Homer, from a photograph by Masury, has been tastefully engraved by Pierce, and is submitted as an excellent likeness of the Postmaster of Boston. Nahum Capen belongs to a good old New England family, and was born in Canton, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, April 1, 1804. He was the son of Andrew Capen and of Hannah Richards, the former of whom died in 1846, at the age of 89, and the latter in 1843, at the age of 73. One of the oldest grave-stones in New England is that in the Dorchester Cemetery which marks the grave of Bernard Capen, the progenitor of all the Capens in New England, and who died November 8, 1638, aged 76. The subject of our sketch manifested at an early period of his life a fondness for study, and at a time when most youths devote much of their time to the amusements so attractive to their season of life, we find a more powerful magnetism attracting young Capen to his books. Nor was this attachment spasmodic and temporary; he read systematically and conscientiously. Following the example of Franklin, he devoted much time to scientific experiments and investigations, and when only nineteen, had already rewritten Plutarch's Lives, with original annotations, illustrating the text. About this period the advantages for a thoroughly scientific education combined with physical training presented by the National Academy at West Point, induced him to prepare for entering that institution; but the project was thwarted by ill health. The same cause prevented his commencing the study of medicine, for which he had a decided taste, and commanded his adoption of some active business. Meanwhile his serious studies were steadily pursued. Science, theology, metaphysics, political economy and education were successively or simultaneously studied. In 1828 we find him engaged in writing voluminously for public journals on these and other topics. He was among the earliest supporters of Andrew Jackson for the presidency. The advice of Southey to young authors was to "write much and publish little." Mr. Capen followed the spirit if not the letter of this advice, by writing much and publishing anonymously; for with all his acquirements and ability, he possessed the rare merit of modesty. Thus, though one of his works, published anonymously in 1827, obtained the warm approbation of such men as William Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, and of Rev. Henry Ware, of Cambridge, the young author refused to claim the honor he had so fairly won, and his eulogists died without knowing him. Mr. Capen became a member of the honorable fraternity of Masons in 1827, and was corresponding secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts from 1833 to 1840. Previous to the date first mentioned, Mr. Capen had engaged in business as a publisher and bookseller, so that his literary labors were performed during those hours which business men usually devote to rest and recreation. Among his works we may mention a biography of his friend Spurzheim, the phrenologist, warmly praised in foreign reviews. A biography of Gall, from his pen, was prefixed to his edition of Gall's works in six volumes. Mr. Capen's articles on Free Trade, published anonymously, were extensively circulated, especially by the southern press, and were received with great favor. In 1830, Mr. Capen married Miss Eliza Ann Moore, an accomplished and excellent lady. In 1835, in pursuance of a long-cherished scheme, he visited Europe, and travelled extensively in England and on the

continent, visiting the most noteworthy and praiseworthy institutions, universities, schools, hospitals, almshouses, prisons, etc., studying their plan and arrangement from a philosophic and philanthropic stand-point, and with a view of rendering the information thus acquired available and applicable in his country. Mr. Capen made the acquaintance of the most distinguished literary and scientific celebrities of that brilliant period, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Charles Bell, Bulwer, Cobden, Prof. Wilson (Christopher North), Arago, Voisin, Robertson and others, by whom he was treated with great attention. During this visit he was made corresponding member of several scientific societies. On his return to the United States, with a mind enriched by intercourse with the leading men of the age, and by the fruits of careful observation, he devoted his pen to the cause of education, and published a plan for a preliminary school and a university, which was highly approved by competent authorities. The firm of which Mr. Capen was a mem-

ber was selected, solely on account of the interest he had manifested in the great cause of popular education, as publishers of the School Library, a great and important, but ruinously costly undertaking. Thirty-seven volumes were issued. But though this enterprise was necessarily abandoned, Mr. Capen's zeal in the cause of education was unabated, and he zealously and gratuitously labored in its support. It was a sufficient reward to him to see the efforts of himself and others who pursued the same course crowned with success, in the establishment of the Board of Education and the Normal School system in his native State. In 1844 Mr. Capen retired from the publishing business, in which he had sacrificed a large amount of money. In 1841 he purchased the beautiful estate of Rev. Dr. Harris, in Dorchester, where he still resides. His literary labors were here pursued with renewed energy, now that he was enabled to devote his whole time to them. From 1847 to 1851 he edited the Massachusetts State Record, an annual

publication of great value. In 1848 he published his work entitled the "Republic of the United States," an exposition of the principles and vindication of the policy of the Democratic party, dedicated to Hon. James Buchanan. During the campaign of 1848 he wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "One Hundred Reasons" in favor of the election of Hon. Lewis Cass to the presidency, which was circulated broadcast throughout the State, and republished in the columns of all the leading party journals. In 1849 Mr. Capen commenced his "History of Democracy," a work of the highest importance, and involving an incalculable amount of labor, on which he is still engaged. The first idea of the author was to make a serial publication of this work, and the earlier portion was issued in numbers; but in order to render it more complete and harmonious, he finally decided to suspend the publication until the whole was finished. The portions already issued have been received with great favor, eliciting spontaneous expressions of

approval from all the leading men of the democratic party, from the party journals, and also from leading members and presses of the opposition. When we reflect how much time is required, how many authorities must be studied and collated, how many thoughts must be devoted by the author who undertakes the history of a single State, or a single reign, we can appreciate the Herculean character of a task which essays to trace the history of democratic principles from the earliest records of the human race, all along the line of centuries and over the crowded areas of foreign States, amidst the complex phases of society, down to the actual moment. Yet we are confident that the energy, the zeal and industry of Mr. Capen will carry him through this task triumphantly. Notwithstanding the labor demanded by this great work, Mr. Capen has found time to study passing events, and to contribute to the political movements of the day. In 1851 he edited the writings of the late Judge Woodbury. In 1852 he published a pamphlet in favor of the election of Franklin Pierce, and in 1856 another entitled "Plain Facts, etc.," strenuously advocating the election of James Buchanan for president, and John C. Breckenridge for vice-president. These essays were circulated by hundreds of thousands. Mr. Buchanan, soon after his election to the presidency, tendered Mr. Capen the office of Postmaster of Boston, in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to his party for more than a quarter of a century, and as a mark of personal regard and esteem. As Mr. Capen had never been an office seeker, and had always declined personal preferment, the appointment was peculiarly gratifying, and was gratefully accepted. It was rendered also pleasing from the fact that those who knew him best—his immediate neighbors, without distinction of party, proceeded in a body to his house, with a band of music, to congratulate him on the honor. From the press of Boston he also received many flattering notices. Mr. Capen entered on his official duties October 1, 1857. His systematic habits, his varied information, his sound judgment and indefatigable industry, qualified him to discharge his duties acceptably to the government and the public. He has inaugurated many reforms and improvements in the details of the administration of the office. Instead of relying solely on his own judgment, he has invited suggestions from the people, and pledged himself to carry into effect all practicable views. His administration has proved eminently satisfactory to the mass of our citizens, and many of them, and also the press, have expressed their commendations.



NAHUM CAPEN, ESQ., POSTMASTER OF BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE PONT NEUF.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

"Roses! roses! please buy my spring roses!" cried a clear, musical voice, as passing from the *quai de la Mégisserie* to the *quai Conti* I entered upon the Pont Neuf.

I had stopped at one of those little booths which nestle themselves in the semi-circular arches of this singular bridge, and amid the barking of dogs, the shouting of bird-fanciers, the cries of the cat-venders, accompanied by the not musical complaints of their feline charges, was quietly looking over some articles of *vertu* which were displayed on the shelves of the temporary shop. The place where I had stopped was nearly opposite the statue of Henry IV., and the voice of the flower-girl, which had followed me up the bridge, clear as the warble of a bird, above the din of traffic, now sounded so near me that I raised my eyes from a bronze cup from *Herculeanum*, which the booth-keeper was pressing upon me, and encountered those of the little *marchande des fleurs* close by my side. She was slightly formed, with clear, blue eyes, and an English cast of face that instantly attracted my attention; on her head was balanced one of those oval-shaped straw mats or trays used by the flower-venders of Paris, and loaded with bunches of vari-colored roses, knots of violets, and tufts of the fragrant *mignonette*—that favorite of Parisian taste—and edged with a graceful border of grape-leaves, that concealed the rim of coarse straw, and flecked with capricious light and shade the beautiful face beneath.

The owner of the stall, who had been vociferously urging the sale of the article I was examining, nodded with a friendly smile to the young girl, that quite determined me to purchase the bronze, though I was quite conscious that the Englishman (as he thought me) was being most mercilessly Jewed, but he had said "Ma Petite! thou art fresher than thy roses!" and the girl, laughing with a light-hearted gaiety, had stopped to rest herself against his stall.

She had not noticed me at first, but when she perceived that a stranger was near her, who was evidently regarding her with curiosity if not interest, she lowered the basket from her head, and selecting a bunch of violets, placed them in the button-hole of my coat. As she performed this novel movement, with a graceful ease that had all the vivacity of innocent freedom without its boldness, she said, modestly, and with an accent that betrayed her island birth, "You are an Englishman, sir!"

"An American, Ma Petite!" I answered, for I could not refrain from repeating the old trinket-vender's expression, that in its foreign idiom seems to express, without familiarity or disrespect, all the tenderness of a father towards a child.

"Graces! Mon Pere!" she said, with a fantastic little curtsy, and dropping the piece of money she received into a coquettish, mischievous looking little pocket, her voice was soon heard down the bridge crying her roses, as the old shopkeeper said, "like one of God's angels!"

I had become interested in the child: her English face and tongue; her simple manners, sparkling with all the freshness, the *naïveté* of French vivacity, and rendered more touching and attractive by a modesty so truly English; her delicate beauty; her fragile form, and her cheerful spirit, that circumstances had yet no power to break, all conspired to give her a fascination, an interest in my imagination, that I found it impossible to dispel.

Days passed, and the remembrance of the flower-girl began to fade from my mind, though the withered bunch of violets still on my dressing-table brought her sweet face occasionally before me, when one morning as I was taking my accustomed walk along the Boulevards, before the crowded thoroughfare became too thronged for a pedestrian's comfort, a sweet, warbling voice, with something strangely familiar in its sound, attracted my attention. It was one of those sumptuous mansions built by some wealthy *bourgeois* that adorned that part of the city, and looking up, to my astonishment I saw between the muslin curtains the beautiful face of the flower-girl! She was busily engaged in arranging the contents of a large flower-stand, placing here and there among the pots bouquets of fresh-cut

flowers in long, slender glasses, and as she hung above them, her face glowed with delight, her lips opened involuntarily in song, and she seemed to hover like a bird above her dewy treasures, and revel in the sunshine that streamed in through the broad, high window, in the perfume of her flowers and the incessant vivacity of her joyous heart. I could not refrain from pausing, the girl seemed so a part of the beauty around her, so delicate and fragile, and fitted for the accompaniments of wealth and love, that a rude wind from the casement, a shadow falling upon her from the sky, or a word spoken otherwise than in admiration and respect, would have seemed an unallowable wrong done to a being so lovely and good.

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I was again attracted to the apartment by the sound of an opening door, and to my astonishment and mirth I recognized in the figure that made its way into the room an old and respected acquaintance, in whose house I had often been a visitor—in fact, no other than my old banker, M. Vipeur—an honest, friendly old bachelor, with an open heart and hand, and whose well-known house I should have recognized, had not my whole attention been on the young girl at the window. I have said that M. Vipeur was a bachelor—and yet he had the kindest heart in the world, and it was a general wonder that no fair one as yet graced his princely mansion, and what was quite as provoking, no one could guess why. He was a portly man, with a round, florid face, and a fatherly expression which showed itself in his genial smile and honest, manly voice, but as he advanced to the young girl, she retreated farther into the alcove of the window, so that they both almost immediately stood near the balcony close to my side. I would have retreated at once, but luckily I remembered a promise I had made to M. Vipeur to breakfast with him that week, and, half in sport, wishing to have a joke upon the old gentleman on his gallantry to the fair sex, I delayed for a few moments behind the heavy pillar of the portico, before I should advance and make myself known.

"Ma petite fille," said the old gentleman, "are you busy at your flowers?"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"And have you not one of them for me?" This he said with a semi-tender look, that I thought not quite so fatherly as it might have been.

"They are all monsieur's!" replied the girl; and a shade passed over her face, half mirth, half vexation.

"But one," urged the old man—"one little flower—one little rose-bud—one little spray of jasmine or myrtle for—for—"

"For le grand pere?" cried the young girl, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Ah, mon Dieu," cried the old man, "not pere at all, but—"

"But—my good old friend—that is it, isn't it, monsieur?" and twisting a little bouquet, she gave it into the old man's hands, with a look so pure, so childlike, that it left him in an ecstasy of despair and love.

"And now, monsieur," continued this lovely child—for child she was—"I have finished your flowers, and you have your bouquet, so I must even bid you good morning!" And with a low curtsy she would have passed out of the room. The old man however detained her.

"Petite!" he said, seriously, "I have something to say to you!"

"And I, monsieur, have a great deal to do!"

"And what, mignone, what is it so important that you cannot listen to a few words from your old friend?"

The last words, and perhaps the tone of his voice, re-assured her, and she returned to listen to what he had to say.

"Ma mignone, my sweet little Estelle, I am indeed an old man, but I believe that my years have not altered the kindness of my heart. I say that I am an old man and a lonely one. Neither wife nor child have I, and my house was a lonely one without the sound of song or laugh, until, my little Estelle, you came into it. I love you, Estelle—"

"Mon Dieu!" cried I, with a vexation for which I could not account, "the man's a fool!"

The sudden interruption of a voice upon a scene that was doubtless considered private, and my angry and excited appearance, startled the old gentleman and frightened the young girl, so that with a hasty movement she snatched the hand of M. Vipeur, kissed it, and seizing her

flower-tray sprang from the low window and hurried down the street.

I started to follow. M. Vipeur and the breakfast were alike forgotten; and only the desire to speak to the young girl once more, to apologize to her for my rudeness and apparent espionage, and to learn something more definite about one whom I now found that I could not forget, and whom I believed to be truly good and pure, actuated with a force I could not control, and I followed, without thinking that I might thus alarm and injure one whom I wished to soothe and comfort.

Down the *Boulevard* she hurried, and into the *Rue Verteuse*, and then turning into the *Rue Blan' coeur* and down the *Rue Vandoin*, paused, panting with fear and haste.

"Mademoiselle!" I cried.

She covered her face with her hands and threw herself upon the steps of a cafe.

"Mademoiselle! I am your friend—do not fear me—look at me, I beg, and then you will remember me!"

She uncovered her face and looked at me. "Ah, sir!" she cried in English, as soon as she had recognized me, "you have frightened me very much!"

"I know I'm a brute and a fool!" I said, distressed as her tears began to flow.

"Ah no, monsieur! only a little frightened."

"Monsieur Vipeur is an old friend of mine," I began to explain, but the young girl colored deeply, and seeing that the passers-by were regarding her with curiosity, rose from the steps of the cafe, and taking up her tray prepared to bid me good morning.

"Mademoiselle," I said, seriously, "I cannot let you go without some further explanation. I confess that your English tongue and innocent goodness interest me. I am a stranger, but I feel that you can trust me, and besides Monsieur Vipeur—"(here we both of us burst into a laugh), "I was going to breakfast with him," I said, when I overheard your conversation this morning,—this I confess was a white fib, but then—I couldn't help it—and—and—and, mademoiselle Estelle, I had much rather breakfast here at this cafe, if you will do me the honor of presiding at my breakfast table, than dine with M. Vipeur a thousand times!"

"O, monsieur!" she cried, "you do me too much honor, and besides I have a great deal to do."

"As you told M. Vipeur," I said; and taking her tray from her hand, escorted her with a serious courtesy that I saw won her confidence, to one of the little tables, and ordered breakfast.

It was then that this child, this young flower-girl, showed a *naïveté*, a charming struggle between past agitation and present enjoyment that was irresistibly delightful. I had bidden the mistress of the shop bring us a tray with coffee and rolls, and insisted playfully that Estelle should do the honors of the table. Laughing with infinite delight, while her eyes still glittered with tears, she prepared to do my bidding, and, straightening up her little figure, with a droll mixture of dignity and *espiglerie*, she poured the coffee into the porcelain cups, dispensing the vials with sparkling grace, and holding daintily her cup to lips beaming with smiles and pleasure. I myself partook but little, for my heart was full of a sweeter nourishment than food, and I could but watch the child, who now seemed to have entirely forgotten her fright. I saw too that she was by no means averse to the fresh pure coffee or steaming rolls, as she had evidently gone forth to her morning duties before partaking of any food at home—if, indeed, she had one—and though unaccustomed, as of course she must be, to the elegance of the service or the delicacy of the food before her, yet it seemed to be natural to her to be at ease with them, and to enjoy all the more the unaccustomed pleasure.

In the meantime I endeavored to obtain some knowledge of her previous history and present occupation, for I could not quite understand why she, a simple flower-girl, could have obtained the *entree* of so superb a mansion as that of M. Vipeur's, even in the capacity of an attendant; but here again her native sense and modesty prevailed over her French vivacity, and I found it impossible to obtain any distinct idea either of her life, her circumstances, or her place of residence. Yet evidently she seemed to confide in me.

"Sir!" she said, "it is not always that we flower-girls have a home; sometimes here, sometimes there—just where our success in business" (she said this with a little air of importance, at which I could not help smiling,) "will allow

us to go. Sometimes we are quite rich with a room that has a bed, a table and a chair; then again the arches of the *Pont Neuf* shield us at night, and we get our breakfast where we can—you know one cannot always command trade!"

"No?"

"Ah no, monsieur! I have had often six bunches of roses fade completely at night before I could sell them, and that, you see, left me nothing for my day's labor."

"But your other flowers—you certainly must sell some of them during the day!"

"O, they pay for those we purchase in the gardens in the morning. We are obliged to settle with the gardeners every night, monsieur, or else there will be none for us the next morning."

"Then your flowers are not always without a thorn?" I said, sadly.

The tears came into the girl's eyes, and she rose without replying, and curtsying, passed from the shop down the long street, and was soon hidden by the intervening crowd.

A marvellously short time found me at the *Pont Neuf*. I was determined to solve the mystery of this young girl's life, in whom I had become now thoroughly interested; not that I stopped to analyze particularly the feelings that were leading me this wild-goose chase, or merely said to myself that interest in any human creature exposed to the wiles of the unprincipled, as this beautiful girl must evidently be, called for the course of action I was adopting, or—in fact, I do not know that I stopped to think at all, unless it were the nearest way to the *Pont Neuf*. I found the trinket vender at his stand.

"You remember," I said, scarce heeding his morning salutation, "you remember that I purchased of you a bronze, antique cup some month or more ago?"

"Oui, monsieur, certainement!"

I saw the old man lied without much compunction of conscience, or else his customers must have been very scarce indeed.

"And you remember a young flower-girl who placed a bunch of violets in my button-hole?"

The old man looked at me keenly. "There are so many flower-girls, I do not know as I remember the one of whom monsieur speaks!"

"But you do know her," I cried, eagerly. "You called her 'petite'—you seemed to know her very well!"

"Well," said the old man, "what then?"

"What then?" I cried, out of all patience with the irritating *sang froid* that guarded his manners. "I am her friend, her true friend, and I want to know—"

Just then a customer jogged my elbow, and a dark, sinister face scowled into mine.

The old man made me a rapid sign, and turned to attend to his customer, whom I had time now to observe more attentively. He was a young man, elegantly dressed, with a dark, handsome face, that would have been eminently prepossessing had there not been a reckless, sensual look that marred its beauty. He toyed carelessly with some of the trinkets on the shelf, then stooping, seemed to urge some request earnestly on the booth vender; suddenly he turned, looked at me with angry eyes, as one who would fain keep me well in mind, and then passed rapidly down the bridge.

The trinket-merchant sighed heavily, and calling a young lad to watch his stall, he bade me follow him.

"Tell me," I cried, catching hold of his sleeve—"you say you know her—where does she live—what does she do—who is she and what is she, and what right have you or any man to let her live in the streets to starve, or do a thousand times worse—I say!"

"Monsieur," cried the astonished dealer; "mon-sieur is in a grand passion!"

I was, and saw it. "Well," I said, with more moderation, "tell me something about the child; I want to know—I must know!"

"Many have asked me the same question, monsieur!"

"True! but not for the same reason."

"It may be!" said the old man, shaking his head. "There seems to be truth in you, or else I should scarce have bidden you come with me; but if I may be so bold, what may that reason be?"

I told him what I knew, and detailed the adventure of the morning; to my satisfaction the old tradesman grew as excited as myself, begged my pardon for the suspicions he had at first entertained of me, and hurried me on as fast as he could hobble through several narrow streets, till

we reached the house, or rather room, he called his home.

It was a narrow, mean apartment in the top-most story in one of those wretched buildings in the vicinity of the *Rue St. Pleur*, and was lighted by a few panes of dingy glass set into the roof. Poverty reigned supreme; yet it needed but a single glance to see that it was poverty without squalor, and that the neatness of that frugal apartment owned the touch of a female hand.

"Yes!" said the old man, noticing the glance as I entered his abode, "it is her work, monsieur, all her's—the old body's home would hardly be comfortable were it not for 'petite's' busy fingers."

He bent over the brazier—the Frenchman's hearth—where steamed and crackled a pan of fragrant coffee: "I have been expecting her this half-hour," he said, "but if she does not find me at the stall, she will come here at once, she'll hardly leave her old man to drink his coffee alone."

"She'll hardly be here this morning," I said.

"Why not?" he demanded, sharply.

"She has already breakfasted, and will now be at the gardens getting her flowers for the day."

Again he regarded me closely, as if he wondered how I came to know so intimately the movements of his pet, and I heard him mutter over the flames that his darling would hardly desert him for any stranger, however finely dressed. Yet as he cooked his fragrant meal—without which the business of the day could not have proceeded—he evidently expected her to come, and the coffee had been prepared and was nearly cold before he could persuade himself to partake of it. In the meanwhile he had acquainted me with her previous history, which I will relate as concisely as possible. She had been the child of an English lady, who had fled from her native land with a French adventurer; the match had proved an unhappy one; her friends had refused to receive her again, and soon after the birth of their child, the father, seeing no prospect of wealth through reconciliation with his wife's family, fled, leaving his wife and child in utter destitution. The mother lived,—the strong instinct of maternal love keeping life where otherwise it would have long since faded out—she brought up her child by the products of her needle, and seemed to have inculcated in her the high principles of her native race, her religion, and her own dear island speech. The child had acquired both languages with facility, and at an early age sold among the English residents of the city the little manufactures of her mother's art, and thus acquired a decision and energy of character wonderful for her years, joined as it was to a modesty and frankness that won the hearts of all who saw her: truly God takes care of the unprotected.

It was about this time that the old shopkeeper first met with her, and rendered her some assistance in a trifling difficulty; he became interested in the child, whom he saw to be truly good, and at her mother's death wished to take her to his own home; she was then twelve years of age, and her active employment had developed her frame, and given health and beauty to her cheek, therefore she felt herself able to be mistress of her own actions, and though tenderly attached to the old man, did not accept his offer, but continued her traffic in the street, though now it was flowers instead of the graceful manufactures of her mother. She had pursued this calling about four years, depending on her friend in any emergency, but generally surmounting her little difficulties with a courage that was heroic.

The old man had wiped his eyes many times during this recital, and I confess I had more than once followed his example, but as he had said nothing in regard to Monsieur Vipeur, I ventured to ask him what he thought of my morning's adventure, and if it really could be true that an old man esteemed so respectable as M. Vipeur could possibly be in love with Estelle, or could harbor any dishonorable designs.

"O no, monsieur!" cried the old man, with a lugubrious smile, "you do monsieur injustice—he has been very kind to Estelle; he had been so before to her mother, and the child is really attached to him; but you see that he has a nephew whom he thinks everything that is good, but who is in fact everything that's bad, and it is the old man's darling project to adopt my *petite* and marry her to this nephew!"

"And Estelle," said I, "what says she to this project?"

"Estelle! do you think she would marry him?"

"Why not?" said I, feigning an indifference. I was far from feeling; "I have never seen him—how could I judge?"

"Never have seen him, monsieur! but monsieur has seen him!"

"Where?" I cried; "I never heard of him till this moment, I never even knew he was in existence. When and where have I seen him?"

"This very morning!" said the old man. "Do you not remember the man who pushed against you at the booth?"

"What, that young fellow with the dark, handsome face?"

"The same, monsieur; and he is ten times more wicked than he is handsome. What you told me about the request of Vipeur for a flower startled me, I confess, more than would naturally seem necessary, but the old gentleman has told Estelle that when she would give him a bouquet of flowers to bestow them where he pleased, he should consider that it was a tacit consent to the match, and when you said she had given them, I was very much alarmed, I own."

"But," said I, "there was no consent given to bestow them on any person—the gift was to M. Vipeur alone!"

"You are certain?"

"Quite certain!"

"Yes, truly, I am inclined to think so myself," said the trinket-vender, "from what the young man said to me this morning."

I looked the question that I dared not ask.

"You see," continued the old man, "he has offered me from time to time large sums of money to help him in his plans, and by pretending to listen to them I have hitherto been always able to frustrate them, but from what he told me but an hour ago, I think that to-night he means to put them into execution, and if you are the friend I think you are, you will help me heart and hand, I know!"

"Help!" I cried, "of course I will—but tell me, pray, what are these plans. I will be about them now, this very minute!"

"Not quite so fast," said my companion, laughing; "they cannot be put into execution till to-night, so that nothing can be done till then; but I will tell you what I purpose doing."

At this moment a light step was heard on the landing outside the door, and the young girl made her appearance. She came in cheerfully, laying down her tray of flowers, and laughing that the coffee had not been willing to wait and keep itself warm until she came, while her old friend, delighted and tender, stroked the heavy folds of her hair as she proceeded to arrange her flowers for the day. She told us in her artless way that there was to be a grand *fete* at M. Vipeur's that night, and that she was to have the decorations of the rooms and tables, and for that purpose she had been longer at the gardens than usual, having to order more flowers than she had ever yet ordered in her life—an event that seemed to give her vast delight. She said, moreover, that M. Vipeur had asked her to preside over the sherbets and coffee, which were to be served in the green house, and that she had promised to do so if her dear old papa, as she called the booth-keeper, would be willing to come for her late in the evening to take her home.

"And what said he to that, Estelle?"

"He said, mon pere, that Monsieur Vidoc, his nephew, would be glad to save you the trouble."

"And you, Estelle?"

"Refused, monsieur, because papa here wished me to!"

"Good, darling!" said the old man, "your 'papa' shall indeed be there."

By this time Estelle had finished tying her flowers into bouquets and knots for her market, and having told her 'papa' of the breakfast she had already taken with me, and gaily begged me to come some time and taste coffee of her own making, balanced her tray on her head and went singing down the stairs.

Being once more alone, we proceeded to form our plans for the night. It would be easy for the booth-keeper to gain admittance through Estelle into the lower rooms of the banker's house, and he begged me to accompany him, for he told me that it was probably Vidoc's intention to carry off Estelle from the house before the gentlemen should come down from the upper-room, and that if we concealed ourselves amid the shrubs of the greenhouse, we could prevent any mischief that might be intended, and protect Estelle from violence or alarm. I readily agreed; the moon would favor us, as it did not rise till towards one o'clock, and a heavy mist also that was settling down on the city, would vastly favor our designs.

The clock of St. Pierre struck nine as we entered the *Boulevard de St. Martin*, and approached the house of Bourgeois Vipeur. The house was brilliantly lighted, and the carriages at the door, the crowded pavement, and the attendant *gens de armes*, all gave evidence of the *fete* within. I had thought best that we should disguise ourselves as servants, for I doubted much our gaining admittance into the mansion, and in that case we had determined to pass ourselves off as belonging to a neighboring cafe, waiters from which would probably be engaged for the *fete*. This, however, would be as circumstances might direct, and we could only for the present content ourselves by watching the first gleam of light that should betray itself through the roof of the conservatory, which yet was too dimly illuminated to show that it was occupied.

But it was in vain that we waited; ten, eleven, twelve rang out from the steeples of St. Pierre, and still the conservatory remained in partial obscurity, and the patience of the old man began to give way to anxiety and fatigue—we determined to wait no longer, but to enter the house at once, for we knew that the *hotel* had no exit from its rear, and that if Estelle had passed out we must certainly have seen her, and as we saw no chance of gaining admittance through her aid, we must proceed as best we could. Softly then we descended the area-steps, down which bevy of servants from the neighboring cafe were, as we had anticipated, occasionally passing, and we had chosen one of these occasions as the mode least liable to attract attention to ourselves, hoping to be mistaken for some of the servants, many of whom would be unknown to the household. Fortunately there was no one in the apartment we entered; it was a large, low room arranged with those old presses and rows of shelves or dressers generally found in the chateau kitchens of the past century, and odd enough to be remarkable in a modern city house; yet so great was the agitation of my mind at the moment, that I scarce seemed to notice this at all, but now, singularly enough, it comes to me so distinctly that I even remember looking under one of the tables and, espying two baskets with covers, appropriating them, one to the old man and the other to myself, in order to facilitate our disguise should we be obliged to pass too near the scrutiny of the master of the mansion. Leaving the kitchen as quietly as possible, we first entered a long, narrow passage ending in a flight of stairs; these we mounted, and traversing another gallery we entered a suite of chambers scantily furnished and evidently but little used. We were now, as we thought, directly under the supper-room, for the sound of voices, the tramping of feet, the clash of plates and glass could be distinctly heard, and opening the doors at random, we at length found one that admitted us into the garden on a level with the street, at the further end of which the conservatory still dimly lighted could be seen.

It was of vast extent, and as we entered it, its shady walks, faintly illuminated with colored lamps, were as yet free from guests; its obscurity surprised me, and a sudden thought flashed into my mind! Usually on the fetes of the wealthier bourgeoisie, the conservatory, loaded with the products of nature and art, was the most brilliant point of the festival, and throughout the whole mansion no spot was decorated with so much care, none so brilliantly illuminated as this delicious retreat; now the walks were wholly in shade, here and there a dim lamp hardly dispelling the dusky gloom of the verdure, and at the further end alone a single cluster of globes gave a pale, moonlight radiance, lighting a thicket of orange trees, whose white, motionless blossoms seemed set in stone, and whose fragrance, combined with the dreary light, held a power at once indescribably soft and bewitching. To this spot I hastened, and dragging the old man, half bewildered with his situation, after me, we hid ourselves in the dense shrubbery, the trinket-vender yielding quietly to my guidance, and I certain in my heart that for some fiendish purpose this scene of magic beauty was prepared. We had hardly secreted ourselves, when a servant entered bearing a tray loaded with refreshments.

"Place them here, Antoine!" cried a light voice following him, "here where the light falls from this cluster of lamps."

"Ah no, mademoiselle!" answered the servant, respectfully, "my master ordered me to lay your supper further down within the alcove; he thought that perhaps you might be annoyed by the guests!"

"For me?" replied the voice, which was that

of Estelle, "it cannot be for me—and as for the guests, M. Vipeur has engaged me to serve them here with coffee and refreshments, so that I do not know how I can be annoyed by their coming."

"Yes! but mademoiselle, monsieur has altered his mind!"

"Monsieur Vipeur?"

"No! Monsieur Vidoc, mademoiselle, and he wished me to be very particular!"

"Good Antoine!" said the girl in an altered tone. "M. Vidoc's orders or wishes can have very little to do with me, and so if M. Vipeur has altered his mind, as you say, about the conservatory, there is nothing more for me to do except to hasten home, for I have already been delayed beyond my time."

"But," stammered the servant, "M. Vidoc—I mean M. Vipeur—wished me to say that he wished to see you very particularly to night."

"I am sorry to disappoint monsieur," said Estelle, coldly, "but it is already late, and the guests have not yet gone: I must indeed return home!"

"But he has not yet paid for your services," persisted the man; "and I assure you, for your own good, you had better see him now—he always gives more when he is in good humor, and it is well to be obliging with him."

"Is it, indeed!" replied the girl, with a mixture of irony and mirth that bespoke the innocent fearlessness of her heart; "and pray, good Antoine, who is your master to-night? You seem to have two—Monsieur Vipeur and Monsieur Vidoc—which, pray, have I the honor of awaiting?"

"O, mademoiselle! I did not mean indeed to give offence. I should be very sorry to have angered mademoiselle, but I thought perhaps mademoiselle would like to be paid—and—and—"

"And—and—mademoiselle this—mademoiselle that," cried the girl with comic mimicry. "Good Antoine, I have the honor to wish you good night, for, in fact, I am one of those who can wait till to-morrow—so Antoine, good night, good night!"

"And why 'good night,' ma chere," cried a voice from the alcove, and parting the boughs of a large shrub, the form of Monsieur Vidoc advanced towards the astonished girl!

A cry of alarm escaped her lips, and she involuntarily turned towards the servant, but he had disappeared. For a moment there was a pause; the young girl, as if a fearful thought had flashed upon her, stood drawn to her utmost height, breathing quickly with full, deep respirations, that were evident in the rise and fall of her bosom, her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes; the peril of the moment, the excitement and peculiarity of her position, all fired her with natural spirit, and roused the burning indignation of her virtuous soul—she seemed capable of withering him with the scorn of her superb eyes, and to have detected and held up before him the mean and contemptible baseness of his designs. For one moment she held the advantage, but Vidoc struggled to recover himself.

"You seem to distrust me, Estelle," he said, in a sullen tone.

"Why should I distrust monsieur?" she answered, coldly.

"That, sure, is more than I can tell!" he replied, assuming a gaiety that was ill at ease. "I don't know how I have offended you, Estelle; if I have I beg you a thousand pardons. My good uncle bade me come here to see that you were well served—but, indeed, you receive me like a tragedy queen!"

She gave him a look of utter scorn and unbelief, and turned to depart.

"No, no, do not depart!" he cried, eagerly; "do not go, Estelle! Why are you angry? why do you avoid me? You know that I love—I adore you?—tell me how I can prove it!"

"You can prove it, monsieur, by letting me pass. It is late, and I wish to be at home."

"Prove my love, Estelle, by letting you escape from me, when I have so seldom the chance of seeing you?—that would be strange proof indeed!"

"Prove it, then, by leaving me to my own affairs—my own path in life, which too widely differs from yours, monsieur, for them ever to meet!"

"O, cruel Estelle! it is only your own will, your own determination, that prevents them from meeting—ay, and of their running smoothly together through a long, long life. Have I not said a thousand times that I love you?"

"Love me, monsieur? No! you have never offered me love—that is pure, and great, and true; love can sacrifice itself for the object loved; can think only of another, and not of itself. Love I could respect, even when I could not sympathize—but, monsieur, you have never offered me love!"

"Estelle, Estelle! I believe you are the most unreasonable being in the world. Not offered you love? Have I not for months and months been trying to prove how passionately I loved you?"

"Too passionately, monsieur!" she said, coldly.

"Too passionately, Estelle! How can love for you, the loveliest of God's creatures, be too passionate? Have I not done everything that I could dream you wished? Have I not searched Paris for baubles to please you? Have I not even squandered half my uncle's allowance on the poor and wretched, because I thought you smiled on me when I did so?"

"And, monsieur, for that I thank you!" said the girl, in a softened tone.

"And," continued the young man, encouraged by this momentary relenting—"have I not offered you wealth and pleasure? Would you not have the handsomest hotel in Paris, with servants and money and jewels at command? And what is this but love!"

"No, Monsieur Vidoc, it is not love!"

"Then, mon Dieu, what is it?"

"Passion, monsieur—the mockery of love!—that which is a disgrace for me to listen, to a degradation for you to utter!"

His dark face assumed a white and ghastly rage; a bitter oath burst from his lips, and he advanced rapidly towards her, but, grasping the knife from her girdle that she used in cutting flowers, she held him at bay, while her eyes gleamed like a tiger's, and we could hear her breathing where we lay concealed. The old man at my side, trembling with passion, would have sprung at him where he stood, but fascinated and spell-bound, I held him with a grasp of iron. It was not yet time for us to act—a decisive movement on the young man's part would place him in our power, and for that I waited.

Vidoc's passions were now thoroughly aroused; the proud bearing, the regal beauty of the girl fairly maddened him; he gasped for breath, and held against the alcove for support, and the beauty of his face grew horrible in nervous paroxysms; he was frightful to look at—his eyes glistened, foam sprang from his lips, he strove to speak, but uttered only a hoarse gurgling from his throat, the veins of which were frightfully distended. I shivered with horror. They stood there in the lamplight like an angel and a fiend—the girl still keeping him at bay with her knife, as she would a madman, while Vidoc trembled in every limb, and the big drops stood on his forehead.

"Heavens!" he cried, hoarsely, "I shall go mad! Estelle, hear me, O hear me!—if you have any mercy, hear me!" He staggered against the wall—his features grew contorted and purple, and in her terror, forgetting all else, she sprang to support him. It was too late; hurrying from our concealment, we took him from the arms of the sobbing girl and bore him to a seat near by; a stream of blood poured from his lips, he gasped in frightful convulsions, and before the cries of Estelle had gathered the household, the wretched man had breathed his last.

The confusion, the horror, that followed this scene, I need not describe. To Monsieur Vipeur, who recognized me among the crowd, I explained all. I sincerely pitied this kind-hearted old man, who had warmly loved and trusted his nephew. Estelle had been carried fainting to the housekeeper's room, and the old banker insisted that she should remain with him for the present, that he might make some amends for all she had suffered from his nephew. The trinket-vender would have objected, but I persuaded him, with some difficulty, that for Estelle's sake it would best be so—in fact she was dangerously ill, and for weeks her life hung on a thread, and when she recovered, she found that her heart clung to the good old man who had watched her with a father's tenderness through her weary sickness, and she consented, with happy tears, to become his child.

I have but few words more to say that will interest my readers. A year elapsed, and still I remained in Paris; Estelle had become, under the best of teachers, all that our hearts could wish; the old booth-man was comfortable in a shop on the Boulevards; M. Vipeur as happy as the day was long, and I—when I sought my na-

tive country, did not come alone; for though the wintry wind is howling at my window, and the snow of our northern clime beats fast against the pane, yet I hear a step behind me, and looking up I see peering over my shoulder the sweet face of my little wife—the flower-girl of Pont Neuf!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Prisoner of Castle del Uovo.

BY REV. WILLIAM CHASE.

"NEVER! I will never consent to be thus hawked about from one to another—to have husbands *bought* for me. Think you, petty sovereigns—mean and contemptible I might have said—think you a woman has no heart, no soul, no feeling, that you force her to say things that do not become her?"

"Fair lady, you wrong us. We do but desire a marriage between you and Count John of Gravina, who we believe will make you happy."

"Your majesty would confer far more happiness upon the widow of Louis of Burgundy, if you permitted her to keep only within the bounds of her own principality, and surrounded only by her own trusty followers."

"Remember, madame," said King Robert of Naples, "that you are but a life tenant in the principality to which you refer; and that when you forfeit it by refusing our advice and counsel, it is no longer yours."

"And who can do this? Who can deprive the grandchild of William Villehardin of the inheritance which he bequeathed to her mother?"

"You jest, princess! You do not believe that we mean wrong against you? Still you must be reasonable. The principality of Achaia cannot be yours unless you accept such offers as the Duke of Burgundy and Philip of Tarentum, with myself, may please to advise."

"And you expect me to marry John of Gravina?"

"Such is our wish and will."

"Know then that Maud of Hainault inherits her father's bravery and her mother's firmness. I will never marry John of Gravina!"

On the very next day after this scene the widow of Louis of Burgundy was ordered to appear before Pope John. She obeyed the summons—going to the pontifical palace alone in a carriage, and with as much state as she could conveniently assume.

The princess Maud was the daughter of Isabella Villehardin and Florenz of Hainault. She succeeded to the principality of Achaia when only eighteen; and, even at that early age, she was already the widow of Guy of Athens.

In 1313, two years after her succession, she married Louis of Burgundy. By the united machinations of the king of France, the Duke of Burgundy and Philip of Tarentum, the young and inexperienced Maud was forced into the act of ceding her principality to her husband, who was brother to the duke, and his collateral heir. This of course gave Achaia to the dukes of that house forever, and effectually excluded any children Maud might have by another marriage, should Louis die and leave her childless.

To this shameful traffic of the rights of a young girl who stood alone in this world, as did Maud, even Pope Clement V., as well as the royal houses of France and Naples, lent his influence.

In 1316, Louis led out his army against Fernand, son of Don Jayme I., king of Majorca. Fernand had advanced a claim upon the principality of Achaia, because he had married the daughter of William and Margaret Villehardin. In a petty skirmish, in which Fernand had no business to become involved, he was killed. Louis of Burgundy survived him but two months. Dark rumors were abroad that Louis was poisoned by the count of Cephalonia, a family in which poisoning was too common a thing to inspire any surprise at the report.

Not long after the death of Louis, and before her persecutors had thought fit to urge a marriage upon her to suit their own views, Maud had seen and recognized a face which had haunted her almost from childhood. It was that of the French knight, Hugh de la Palisse. Long before she had married Guy of Athens, she had seen this gallant cavalier at the court of Majorca, where she had once visited her aunt, Margaret, the wife of Don Fernand. His graceful attentions to the child, who was shy and timid and overpowered by the stately dignity of Don

Jayme and his son, inspired her with the most grateful emotions.

She returned home to dream of the brave knight, until the dream was broken by a proposal of marriage. Wax in the hands of her father, Maud Villehardin did not resist, and she became the wife of Guy. A calm, sober friendship for her husband replaced her wild dream; and the loneliness of her state when her father and husband were both dead, induced her to accept the hand of Louis of Burgundy, without stopping to analyze the selfish policy which had brought them together.

Now she was wholly at the mercy of those who were plotting for the possession of her rights. By her own act she had surrendered the principality to Louis, leaving her only a life rent in that which should have been her own, irrespective of any other. She felt herself in the toils of the enemy, but she knew not how to glude them. A whisper that came to her by some attendant of her household, had given her some light into the plot that was forming of a marriage between her and John of Gravina; and sick at heart with the prospect of persecutions yet to undergo, she awaited the first symptoms of its unfolding.

It was while in this state that she chanced to meet Hugh de la Palisse. He had passed the first flush of his youth, but was all the fitter for a guide and protector to the youthful widow. On his part, he had often thought of the timid and retiring little maiden, but the news of her two successive marriages had effectually prevented his thought from growing into romance. Now they met, and she was free. Not a single charm had faded. The rosy blush came as easily into her cheek as it did when he saw her just emerging from her childhood. If not as shy, she was as modest; and the hours which he passed with her now were the happiest of his life. The soldier who had never been conquered by war, laid down his arms and heart at the feet of a woman; and in the moments of confidence that followed she betrayed her anxiety respecting the count of Gravina. Her lover gravely heard her through the narration of what she had heard.

"There is but one way, then, sweet lady, to put a stop to his advances."

"And what is that?"

"Only by giving me a right to resist them, by making me your husband."

Maud glanced at her mourning; Hugh's quick eye caught the application, and he succeeded in making her think it was better to be prepared against exigencies.

They were married secretly. Unfortunately the knight was obliged to leave her at the call of his king, but he felt comforted in believing that no wrong could really touch her who was now his own. Scarcely had he departed, when the trial she had dreaded came. She was summoned to a conference with the three whom she most feared, and her countenance betrayed to them only too well that their specious offers were seen through and appreciated by one whom they had deemed would be so pliant in their hands.

Astonished at the presumption of her who now seemed suddenly grown from a child to a woman, and dared speak for herself in opposition to their high will, they passed from entreaty to command; and finally ended by calling in an authority she could not gainsay—that of the pope.

Robert of Naples forced her to appear before his holiness, Pope John; and when threats and entreaties seemed only to be made in vain, and her obstinacy had exasperated them to madness, she electrified them by saying, "I am the wife of Hugh de la Palisse!"

The audience was broken up, and Maud suffered to return to her castle unmolested. But scarcely a week passed before it was formally announced to her that her marriage with Hugh was declared by the pope to be annulled, and that she must prepare herself to become the wife of Count John of Gravina. Dragged to the altar by those whose power she could no longer resist, Maud heard the dreadful words that bound her to one she hated, and felt that the ties that held her to her true husband were dissolved. She had a little time, however, for grief. The carriage which took her from the church where the unholy rite was performed, deposited her, not at her own palace, but at the gloomy portal of the Castle del Uovo, a prisoner of state, and subject to perpetual confinement.

Here the curtain was let down between the unhappy woman and the visible world. The only source of comfort in her darkness was that John of Gravina did not intrude his hateful presence

upon her. Indeed he had no desire to see her. The grand object was accomplished of securing the principality, and it mattered little to the house of Burgundy how many bleeding hearts attested to their success.

Years came and went; and the beauty of Maud was consuming in the dreary prison in which she was secretly kept confined. Only one circumstance varied the dull monotony of her life and crushed out the hope of being rescued. This was the death of Hugh de la Palisse. Her jailors thought they were refining upon their cruelty by allowing her to read the French journal that contained this intelligence, and triumphed in adding a crowning grief to the burden of her who had once defied their power to take away her inheritance.

The voyager in the Mediterranean might have seen at midnight the light that always streamed, as from a watch-tower, from the high windows of Castle del Uovo; but little he recked that the lonely watcher who lighted the beacon at twilight, was a young and lovely woman. Much less could he have dreamed that she was the beautiful princess of Achaia, whose inheritance was at that moment crowning the disgraceful triumphs of the house of Burgundy. Had the fact of her imprisonment been public, and the place of her confinement revealed, there were a thousand swords that would have leaped from their sheaths to avenge her and restore her rights; but church and state policy had combined for her destruction.

Fate did its work early. In 1324, when Maud was only thirty-nine years of age, they whose tongues did not dare utter the fact, knew that she had died in that remorseless martyrdom of soul and body which they had imposed upon her.

A CAMBODIAN KING.

The Univers prints an amusing account of a visit to a barbaric potentate by Monseigneur Mische, Vicar Apostolic of Cambodia. "Four days after our arrival the king of Battambang expressed a wish to see us, and we paid him a visit. The only present we could give him was a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, a penknife and a pair of scissors. These were, doubtless, very paltry presents to make a king, but he was, nevertheless, delighted at possessing such rare objects, and gave us a friendly reception. He shook us by hand, a salutation which inspired me with fear, as his nails were about an inch in length, and crooked at the points. As all his clothing consisted of a loose shirt, and as he was afraid of the coolness of the night, he asked me for a pair of shoes and stockings. I also gave his majesty my waistcoat, which he requested through one of the mandarins. When the king entered the reception-room, or rather into the shed which was used for that purpose, every one threw himself flat on the ground. For our parts, we saluted him in the French fashion. In order to give us a high proof of his esteem, he made us sit down in a line with him, and declared that all he possessed was at our service. Some days after, finding that we were not very eager in soliciting his royal favors, he reproached us for our backwardness, and sent us some rice cake."

SCHILLER'S MIDNIGHT STUDIES.

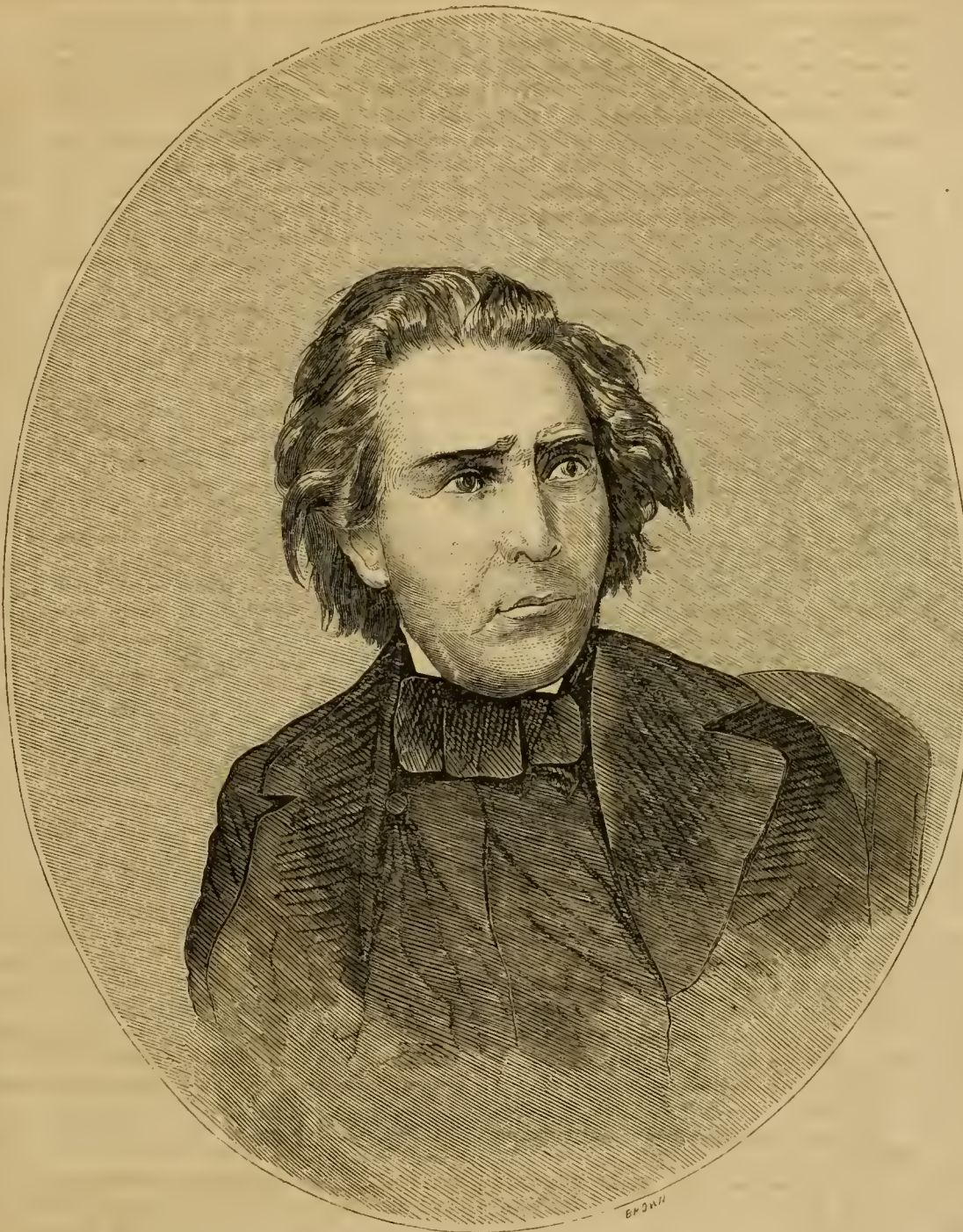
On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite to his little garden-house, on the other side of the dale—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself into his chair, and writing, and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

FEEDING CARROTS TO HORSES.

A correspondent of the Working Farmer writes that his attention has lately been called to the best mode of feeding carrots to horses, and after many experiments he has arrived at the following conclusions: The carrots should be sliced by an ordinary cutter, and fed at the time the animal gets his regular feed. If the animal has been fed with four quarts of oats at a time, give him two quarts of oats and two quarts of sliced carrots; by such practice the nitrogenous part of the oats has no chance to pass off in a fluid state, but combines with the pectin of the carrot and forms a gelatinous substance that is retained to supply the wants of the body, and give muscular strength to the animal. Carrots alone are not as good as oats for a working horse, but carrots and oats fed according to the above directions, are better than oats.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The accompanying portrait is considered the best likeness extant of the late lamented Douglas Jerrold, one of the most powerful, pungent and popular of modern English writers, and just now vividly brought before the world by the publication in England of his life by his son, Blanchard Jerrold, and its republication here by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Until this work appeared, the received conception of Jerrold's character was a very false one. He was regarded as a soured, ill-natured man, prowling through life like a bravo, using his keen wit as a weapon to stab to the heart all who crossed his path. But his son asserts and proves by indisputable evidence, that he was the reverse of all this; that he was gentle, kind, sympathizing, beloved by his family and friends, generous and confiding to a fault, and warring only against tyranny and corruption. The clouds that obscured the true character of Jerrold have been swept away like mist from the face of a fair landscape. William Douglas Jerrold was the son of Samuel Jerrold, an actor and theatrical manager, and was born in London, where his mother was temporarily residing, January 3, 1803. Much of his early life was passed at Sheerness, an English seaport and naval depot, where his father had a theatre, and where he received all the education for which he was indebted to schools and teachers, and this was but little. At Sheerness he acquired a fondness for the sea and a thirst for naval glory, and served a short time as a midshipman on board the gun-brig "Ernest." One of the services which the brig performed, was to bring over a shipload of the wounded from Waterloo, whose raw stumps and festering wounds gave him that lively sense of the horror of war which lasted through his life. Short as his service in the navy was, his keen observation and retentive memory furnished him with a treasury of material which yielded him golden fruits when he became, a few years afterwards, a writer for the stage and press. His popular drama of "Black-Eyed Susan," and his popular story of "Jack Runnymede," were the results of his naval experience. In 1816 he came to London with his family, and passed through a trying period of toil and privation. He learned the trade of printing in Mr. Sidney's office, and began when a mere boy to write for the London journals. "For twelve hours daily he was in Mr. Sidney's printing-office; but this long service was broken by hours of rest and food, and in these intervals reading and writing could be done. Both were accomplished." In 1821, in the author's eighteenth year, a farce from his pen, entitled "More Frightened than Hurt," was produced with success at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. It had merit enough in it to be translated and acted on the French stage. This was the precursor of a great number of plays from his pen, all original, dramas, farces and comedies, all, with a single exception, successful, and many of them still acted in England and this country.



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

His comedies are witty to a fault, and blaze with gems of original thought. Jerrold was one of the original writers of the London Punch, and his contributions, the "Q. Letters," raised the

journal to the rank of a political power. In Punch also, was published the "Story of a Feather," one of his best productions. In almost every thing Jerrold wrote, even in his most sportive ar-

ticles, there was an earnest purpose. An ardent liberal and reformer, he attacked political and social abuses with unflagging vigor, with the heavy artillery of logic and the small arms of sarcasm and wit. Among Jerrold's most popular contributions to Punch were the world-renowned "Candle Lectures," of which he thought little himself, but which became universal favorites. In 1843 he edited "The Illustrated Magazine," published by the proprietors of the "London Illustrated News." It was a capital work, but lived only two years. In 1845 he started "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine," with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, then as now, the publishers of Punch. It was a powerful advocate of the Liberal cause. In the summer of 1846 he embarked in another undertaking, "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper." This journal was very successful for a time. In 1852 he was engaged as editor of Mr. Lloyd's "Weekly Newspaper," at a salary of \$5000 a year. At the same time he was writing for Punch and for the Magazine. His literary labors were incessant and various, and his engagements were often fulfilled under the pressure of ill health. He generally lived in the neighborhood of London, for he was passionately fond of the country, and never contented unless surrounded by trees and flowers. His style of housekeeping was plain, though liberal, and his home was always the resort of the most brilliant men of the day. Among his most intimate friends in later years, were Dickens, and Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London Times. He died June 8, 1857, at Kilburn Priory, whither he had removed in the autumn of 1856. His personal appearance is thus described by Ludwig Kalisch, a German author who visited him in 1855: "Douglas Jerrold is small, with stooping shoulders, but the head placed upon those shoulders is truly magnificent. He has the head of a Jupiter on the body of a Thersites. A high, broad, cheerful arched forehead, a very fine mouth, a well-shaped nose, clear, heaven-blue eyes, make the face of Jerrold one of the handsomest." In the death of Jerrold, English journalism and English liberalism met with an irreparable loss. He was a fearless champion of the popular cause, and a dangerous enemy of corruption and toryism, because every line he wrote was readable. His political essays were not dull, droning affairs, such as partisans read as a matter of duty, but which leave no durable impression on the mind; they bristled with salient points; their arguments were connected together by the diamond cement of wit, and enforced by brilliant illustrations that could not be forgotten—they were remembered, quoted and applied. They reached a class of people whom even Fonblanque could not impress. As a story-writer, too, Jerrold ever aimed at something more than mere amusement; and in his plays he was not contented simply to amuse an audience. As a playwright, however, poor pay compelled him to write too much.



THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

[See page 153]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FAITH.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

Who gazes on the brow of night,
Majestic on her brilliant throne,
Not finding some one star, more bright
Than all the rest, to call their own?

Alas, the stars are sought in vain
When clouds o'ercast their field of light,
And desolation sweeps the plain
When sorrow broods a starless night!

Who stops to pluck a wayside rose,
Regardless of a choice to make?
However rare, each flower that grows
Is dearer for another's sake.

Alas, the rose tree withers when
Old winter walks the woods forlorn;
Of bud and bloom bereft, we then
Would fain forego the wayside thorn.

Be mine the promise faith extends
Beyond this transitory world—
The covenant, that gleams and beads
Where storms their trailing clouds have furled.

Though every star be veiled from sight,
And every earthly flower dies,
My faith beholds auroral light
And Eden bloom beyond the skies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 8.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Shipping Kroomen—A visit to a native village on the island of Fernando Po.—St Helena, sailor's horsemanship, visit to the tomb of Napoleon.—Removal of the remains from St. Helena to France.—Death of Captain Owen.

In a preceding sketch, I gave a brief description of the coast of the island of Fernando Po. Notwithstanding the reported unhealthiness of its climate, it is a frequent rendezvous for cruisers, on account of its good harbor and its proximity to the Guinea coast, the great haunt of slavers. The natives are reported to be of a treacherous disposition, and it is true, that many years ago they rose in a body and massacred all the inhabitants of a Spanish settlement, which had been recently established on the island, and it is said that, on account of the treachery and the untamable nature of the inhabitants, the Spanish government renounced the idea of colonizing the island. Be this as it may, we always found them ignorant and indolent certainly, but kindly and well-disposed, if treated with kindness.

On one occasion we shipped from the Clarence Bay settlement on this island, a number of Kroomen who had been discharged from some merchant vessel, and whom we were anxious to engage, in place of the sailors we had lost by accident or by death.

I have briefly alluded to the Kroomen heretofore. They inhabit a long strip of the coast between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas, where the new colony of Liberia has been formed, and are one of the finest of the African tribes. They are generally tall, stout, athletic, and well-formed, with negro features, but far from repulsive, and small hands and feet. They are eager for gain, and consequently, always anxious to work for pay; but they have a perfect horror of slavery, and instances are numerous of individuals having committed suicide rather than become slaves. They make excellent sailors—fishing in their slender canoes, in the open ocean, being the chief employment of the males. The wages earned by making a few voyages on board a merchantman, or by a cruise on board a man-of-war, are sufficient to establish them as moneyed and leading men in their tribes, and to enable them to purchase a wife, and it is with these laudable objects in view that they usually engage themselves to join a ship. They are very fond of taking to themselves an English name, in addition to that bestowed upon them by their parents, and the more absurd and ludicrous this adopted nomenclature, the more it is to their satisfaction. They came up, one after the other, to the capstan-head—erect and confident, in the primeval garb of the garden of Eden—to have their names entered on the ship's books by the first lieutenant, when the following colloquy ensued:

"You wish to ship for the remainder of the cruise on board the Alert, schooner-of-war?"

Krooman.—"Yes, sar."

Lieutenant.—"What is your name?"

Krooman.—"Frying Pan, sar."

Lieutenant.—"What do you mean, you black

scoundrel? I ask you what is your name. Answer me at once and correctly?"

Krooman.—"Me Frying Pan, sar," drawing himself up proudly.

The lieutenant, somewhat ruffled in temper and ready to explode, was informed of the peculiarity I have mentioned.

Lieutenant, recovering his composure.—"Well then, Frying Pan, you join the Alert and do duty on board as ordinary seaman till the termination of the cruise, then to be set on shore at Freetown, Sierra Leone, there to receive such amount of wages as may be due to you?"

Krooman.—"Yes, massa, me berry glad."

Lieutenant, writing the singular name.—"Now, Frying Pan, touch this pen," and the Krooman walks away, regularly enrolled as one of the crew of the schooner.

Second Krooman advances. "Well, what is your name?"

"Bottle o' Beer, sar." A similar ceremony, and Bottle o' Beer walks forward.

Third Krooman gives his name, "Two Bottle o' Beer."

"What! Bottle of Beer again?"

"Yes, massa. Him fus Bottle o' Beer, my brudder."

The next candidate for enrolment on the ship's books, gives his name as "Bread and Cheese," the next as "Beef-teak," "Sussage Puddin'," "Massa," etc.

Most of these men understood the peculiar phrases in which the necessary orders on board ship are given, but little English beyond that. One day when the Alert was lying idly in the bay, a party was formed to make a journey into the interior of the island. The natives of the island spoke no English, but one of the Kroomen lately shipped, professed to be a linguist. We knew that he could converse fluently with the islanders in their own language, because we had often observed him thus engaged; but he professed also, to be an adept in the English language. If this were the case, he was just the man to take with us, to act the part of an interpreter. He was ordered aft, and asked if he could converse in English.

"Yes, sar."

"Give us an example. Say what you can in English."

"Yes, massa, me berry glad. How do? —Berry well, tank you—yes—no—glass o' grog—good by."

This was rattled off quite rapidly, as if the speaker was proud of his attainments. The man's knowledge of the English language did not quite equal our expectations; but if, as some philosopher has said, "the true knowledge of a language consists in an acquaintance with its familiar idioms and common or vulgar phrases," the Krooman was an apt scholar. At all events he could converse with the islanders, so he was ordered into the boat.

We set forth from the settlement, six in number, viz., the first lieutenant, myself, the Kroo interpreter, a midshipman, the carpenter, and the boatswain. The settlement consists of some dozen houses built of wood, with wide verandahs running round them. These residences are tenanted by agents from mercantile houses, who purchase cargoes of logwood, palm-oil, etc., from the coast traders, and ship them to Europe on account of the firms by whom they are employed. Several roomy warehouses, for the purpose of containing these articles of commerce until they are required to be shipped off, line the beach below the eminence upon which the houses are built. The sun was intensely hot when we started, but, at a very short distance from the settlement, we entered a forest, through which we travelled for hours, and which was so perfectly shaded by the trees, that the temperature was comparatively cool. We were, of course, lightly clad, and most of us carried pistols, in case they might be needed, though we anticipated no difficulty with the natives.

The wood through which we passed was so densely covered with "undergrowth," that in many places it was difficult to force a passage. There was no road, except a sort of "cow-path," as it may be termed, which had been trodden by the natives, and which was so narrow that we usually had to advance in Indian file. Many of the trees were of gigantic size, and must have been the growth of centuries. We turned aside to examine more closely one monarch of the forest. It rose to the height of full forty feet before a single branch began to spread. The bark was comparatively smooth and of a dark cinnamon color—we believed it to be a mahogany tree,

though none of us possessed any accurate knowledge of botany. The carpenter measured it at about six feet from the ground. It was forty-two feet in circumference. The roots had grown out of the ground and formed a tripod arch, beneath which, by slightly stooping, we could easily pass. If it was a mahogany tree, it must have been of immense value.

After we had penetrated about three miles into the forest, we met with a small lake of fresh water in a natural clearing, where we seated ourselves on the turf and ate our lunch. We then proceeded on our way. As yet, we had not met with a single islander; but we had not gone far from the lake before we saw three persons approaching. They stopped when they perceived our party, and seemed inclined to avoid a meeting, but we made friendly signals, and the Krooman calling them in their own language, they advanced until we came together. They proved to be a man and two women—his wives. The man was bound on a fishing excursion, but—a lord of the creation—he was walking in advance of the females, unencumbered with any of his fishing apparatus. The two women carried between them a light bark canoe, and his nets, hooks and spears, all of native manufacture. The net was made very neatly of fibrous roots, and the hooks of sharp thorns, curiously twisted, while the spears, of lancewood, were very sharp at the point and hardened by fire. The man was very communicative, and partly through the Krooman and partly by signs, made us understand the uses of the several articles he showed us. We must have presented a ludicrous appearance to the females, for we excited their risibility to a wondrous degree. They stood in the background chatting together, and laughing till their sides shook. All three were in a state of nudity. It is rarely that the Fernando Po islanders wear any clothing, but both sexes anoint their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and red ochre, which gives their black skin the appearance of bronze. Their woolly hair is also anointed with this filthy mixture, but the heads of the men are crowned with a flattened palm leaf hat, profusely ornamented with shark's teeth, shells, fish-bones, and the skeletons of small animals and reptiles. A tramp of three miles further brought us to a native village, if such a collection of hollow logs, suspended to the branches of the trees which surrounded a clearing, could be called. In these logs they sleep at night, squatting and lying on the ground to eat their meals, or to rest during the day. The females fled on our approach, but the males came to meet us, headed by a venerable old man, who appeared to exercise the authority of chief. We were unable to hold much communication with them, but we exchanged mutual good wishes through the Krooman, received from them an abundant supply of a grateful beverage obtained from the juice of the tapped palm-tree, and allowed to ferment for one day—the second day it becomes sour—and gave them in return, a few pounds of tobacco and a handkerchief or two, with which they were highly delighted. After resting for some time, we bade farewell to these primitive savages and returned to the schooner.

It is known to everybody that the remains of the emperor Napoleon were given up to the French people by the government of Great Britain in 1840. This occurred shortly after my arrival upon the African coast. We were off the coast of Loango at the time, and were naturally anxious to witness the solemn ceremonials of the removal, so the commander of the Alert made an excuse to run into the harbor of Jamestown to water the schooner. We had but a short distance to run, and when we reached St. Helena, the French squadron had not arrived, though the vessels were daily expected. We had, therefore, an opportunity of seeing the tomb before it was disturbed. I was a midshipman at the time, but acting lieutenant of the cruiser. The day after our arrival I obtained leave to go ashore, and, of course, proceeded to the stables to hire a horse and a guide to the tomb. I found the tradespeople extremely distressed at the idea of the removal of the emperor's remains. St. Helena is the resort of almost every vessel homeward bound from the East Indies, and the officers and passengers almost invariably formed parties to visit the tomb of the dead hero. They were alarmed at the prospect of the profits derived from this pilgrimage to the tomb of Napoleon being sadly reduced when his bones no longer rested beneath, but, as it proved, with little reason, since travellers now go to visit the spot where *once* they were laid.

"I want a horse to ride to Napoleon's tomb," said I to a pert looking youth who was in the stable.

"Yes, sir; and a guide?"

"A guide, of course."

"This way, sir," he continued, "leading me to a stable in the rear, where some dozen or so of wretched Rozinantes, compared with which the steed of Don Quixote was a magnificent charger, were stabled."

"You don't intend that I shall bestride one of these wretched brutes?" said I, indignantly.

"Please, sir, we keeps them for the navy officers," said he, glancing at my uniform.

I felt the dignity of the "buttocks" insulted. "What do you mean, sirrah?" I said. "What is the reason I cannot hire one of the horses I passed in the other stable?"

"O, you can, if you please, sir," he replied, touching his cap, "by payin' the worth o' the hanimal"—he was a genuine cockney, who, like the deceased Napoleon, had become an exile from home on this solitary island.

"The worth of the animal?" said I.

"Yes, sir; you see how they're werry frisky, them 'osses—on'y last month, one on 'em lept over the cliff with a young so'ger officer, clean into the sea. Neider on 'em wer heerd on arterwards. The paths is terrible dangerous, sir. Now these here hanimals goes along as steady as vinkin. The navy officers and sailor mostways clings on to the 'osses' manes with both hands, leanin' forrard, and then they travels fustrate."

"But," said I, dubiously, "the creatures are nothing but skin and bone! They don't look as if they could travel at all."

O yes, sir," was the reply, "they does very well. Navy officers clings on to the mane with both hands and digs his knees into the 'osses' sides. Can't throw them navy officers no how, and then the boy vich you hires for a guide, catches hold of the hanimal's tail and pounds him behind with a cudgel."

"Not a very dignified method of proceeding," I was thinking to myself, when the lad, noticing my abstraction, and perhaps thinking I might be able to ride better than, according to his opinion, the majority of the profession, or, as I rather suspect was the case, slyly amusing himself at my expense, added:

"But you can ride this here 'oss if you like, sir. A rale spirited hanimal—own brother to the mare as lept over the cliff with the soger officer. Shall I saddle him, sir?"

"No, thank you," said I. "Upon second thought, I think I'll hire one of these." I knew that the roads were narrow and the cliffs precipitous, and I had no desire to accompany the own brother of the unlucky mare on a possible visit to the watery grave of his own sister.

The horse was speedily saddled and I mounted. Now I wish to inform the reader that I can ride tolerably well, but I soon found that it was absolutely necessary to hold on to the brute on whose back I was mounted, after the fashion the stable boy had described. The animal was so lean that the saddle would not set to his back, and seemed to be slipping off at every step, and he held his head so low that I found it impossible to sit upright on his back. I was compelled to seize his mane with both hands, and in this ludicrous position, with an urchin of twelve years holding on to the scraggy tail of the horse and belaboring him heartily with a cudgel, I sallied forth through the long streets of Jamestown, to visit the tomb of the deceased conqueror of continental Europe.

The spot has been so often described that I shall be very brief in my notice of it. It is about two miles from Jamestown, the road, for the most part, being over a range of precipitous cliffs, a mere path on the edge of the precipices, at the base of which the Atlantic ocean rolls and dashes against the rocks with a roar like thunder. In some places a single false step would prove fatal to both horse and rider. The tomb is near a spring, a short distance from Longwood, the cottage in which the exile lived and died, and which is now in a dilapidated condition, or at least, was then. Hubert, the ancient sergeant of the imperial guard, who remained a voluntary guardian of the remains of his beloved master, occupied a room in it. The other apartments were untenanted. It was a wretched place, and at no time could have been an agreeable residence; but I passed through the rooms, thinking, meanwhile, of the glories and the sad vicissitudes in the life of the wonderful man whose bones laid beneath the shade of the group of willows in sight of the window of Sergeant Hubert's room. The grove

is situated in a small circular enclosure, surrounded by naked and precipitous rocks, rising to the height of hundreds of yards on all sides; between these rocky mountains, in one direction, there is a view of the south Atlantic ocean, far beneath and stretching, unbroken by any object, to the distant horizon. A plain marble slab, without any inscription, surrounded by five weeping willows, covered the spot beneath which laid the remains of one for whose ambitious aspirations the world was once too limited.

I procured a slip from the most thrifty of the willows, which I carried safely home. It is now a fair sized tree on Clapham Common, near London, and I here reassure the venerable old lady who prides herself in the possession of it, that it is a scion of the veritable Bonaparte willow. These willows are now no more. So great was the demand for slips, that the trees were ruined; but willows are still cultivated by the shrewd inhabitants of the island, and slips sold to credulous passengers who touch at St. Helena, as the genuine article. It is by no means an easy task to cultivate a thrifty willow in the shallow soil of the rocky island, but those who manage to do this, enjoy a pretty income, derived from the sale of slips from spurious Bonaparte willows.

Two days after I had made this pilgrimage, two frigates from France east anchor in the harbor of Jamestown. It was on the 4th of October, 1840. One of the frigates was the *Belle Poule*, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, second son of Louis Philippe, then the reigning monarch of the French. The prince, who was high admiral of the French navy, had the command of the expedition. On the 25th of the same month, twenty-five years from the day when the illustrious exile landed on the island, the coffins containing the remains were disinterred. A procession was formed at midnight, comprising the Prince de Joinville and his officers, the ecclesiastics who had come from France in the frigates, the French and English commissioners, the governor of the island, and by express permission, the officers of the British men-of-war then in the harbor, and the numerous assemblage proceeded to the tomb.

The rain poured down in torrents, yet scarcely one person who had permission to join the procession, absented himself. Minute guns were fired throughout the night, and the bells of the ships in the harbor and those of the church at Jamestown, were tolled incessantly. Several hours were occupied in removing the earth, and it was daylight ere the coffins, three in number, were raised. They were placed under shelter and opened, and the procession marched slowly round and gazed upon the remains. Thus for one moment, nineteen years after his decease, I saw the form of him whose name once carried terror throughout Europe. The corpse was clothed in the uniform he had been accustomed to wear at the head of his army, and, strange to say, neither the body nor the clothing appeared to be decayed. I had but a momentary glance at the face of the corpse, but as I passed the foot of the coffin, I noticed that one of the great toes protruded from the toe of the boot, which had rotted away. Meanwhile General Bertrand and Count la Casas, quite aged men, with others who had been the companions of the emperor during the six weary years of his exile, among them the faithful Sergeant Hubert, stood uncovered beside the coffin, gazing intently upon the corpse, apparently absorbed in grief. The coffin was then immediately closed up, and the procession reformed, and, amidst bursts of mournful music from numerous bands, the remains were conveyed to the town and carried on board the *Belle Poule*.

The inhabitants of the town all displayed emblems of mourning. Business was suspended. The yards of the British and French ships were manned. Still the minute guns were fired, until the car containing the coffins was lowered into the hold of the frigate. It was, perhaps, the most singular, the most solemn, the most imposing spectacle ever beheld.

Three days after the body was received on board the *Belle Poule*, the French frigates sailed for France, and on the day following the *Alert* also sailed from the island, bound for St. Thomas. Here we were called upon to attend the obsequies of one of our own countrymen. Captain Owen, of the *Active* brig-of-war, died after three days illness of coast fever, contracted while the vessel he commanded was lying in the harbor of St. Thomas' island.

This officer had been six years on the coast, and had been the greatest scourge to the slavers

that they had ever known. He had taken, during that period, no less than sixty-four prizes, many of them of great value, and had greatly enriched himself in consequence. Up to the hour when he was taken down with the fever, he had enjoyed uninterrupted and excellent health, and he believed himself to be perfectly acclimated. Three years is the utmost period during which the crew of a vessel of war are allowed to remain on the African station. Generally they are relieved in two years, on account of the danger of a long exposure to the pernicious influences of the climate.

Twice Lieutenant Owen had been relieved, but on both occasions he offered to take the place of the officer sent out to relieve him, and as the prospects of prize money are seldom sufficiently tempting to cause a naval officer to choose the African station, in both instances his offers had been gladly accepted. He had asserted that he would only return home when the admiralty sent him out his commander's commission. It came out to Sierra Leone a week after he was laid beneath the sod in the burying ground at Freetown, where the corpse of the deceased officer was carried for interment.

His remains were followed to the grave by the officers of the ships-of-war in the harbor of Freetown, the captains of the merchantmen, and the white inhabitants of the colony. The day after the interment, news was received of the arrival off the Guinea coast of three suspected slavers, and we immediately made sail on board the *Alert*, and proceeded in pursuit.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DAUGHTER OF ST. MARK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

NEARLY three centuries ago, there stood in one of the narrow streets of Venice the Florentine Bank of Salvata. To this wealthy institution young men of good birth were often attached as clerks; and the number of gentlemen, and even noble assistants employed here, was an evidence that those of reduced means did not disdain this mode of mending their fallen fortunes. Among the numerous clerks who held responsible situations in the bank, with no loss of self-respect or of popular favor, was Piero Buonaventuri, a young gentleman of handsome person and attractive manners. His constant presence at the bank during all hours of the day, would seem to imply that he had some extraordinary interest in its operations, and he was frequently addressed by those who came to do business as if he were one of the partners of the institution.

But the secret of his constant stay, even when the other clerks had departed, and the banking-room itself was closed for the day, was easily accounted for by the opportunities which he possessed of seeing the young and beautiful girl who lived opposite the bank, and from the narrowness of the streets, was accessible to signs, and even words, from her handsome neighbor.

The residence of the young girl was none other than the palace of Bartolommeo Capello, one of the most illustrious of the Venetian nobility; and she herself was his only daughter, reared in all the luxury and magnificence of Venice at that time. Young, beautiful and fascinating, with a face that expressed every feeling of her heart, and a figure whose grace was perfectly indescribable, she had already wearied of flattery, and of the tiresome attentions of her father's guests, and was glad to exchange it for the more timid, yet welcome admiration, so quietly expressed by the handsome countenance opposite.

A few months passed, in which the love between the two thoughtless young creatures progressed; and in compliance with Piero's urgent solicitations, Bianca Capello consented to become the bride of the handsome clerk. No one knew aught of the matter save Bianca's old nurse. Yielding to the prayers and tears of her darling, she promised her assistance in the affair, and the whole of the ensuing summer saw the husband and wife alternately visiting each other, whenever Catherine could manage a meeting apart from the eyes of others, and keeping the vigil which their devotion to each other sometimes rendered too long for her old eyes to resist the temptation of closing. All this time Bianca firmly believed that her young husband was one of the principal partners at the bank; and that if the marriage was discovered by her father, his

indignation would neither be very strong nor lasting; and Piero, supposing that she knew his situation, made no allusion to it whatever.

A warm summer evening had succeeded a most beautiful day, through which Bianca had been impatiently longing to visit Piero. Already her father had retired, worn out with the heat, and Catherine, unable to overcome the approach of sleep, had yielded herself to its influence, and lay, with the freedom of a privileged attendant, on a couch in her young mistress's room.

"Wake, Catherine," said Bianca, who had been watching the last lingering footstep as it left the bank, and saw Piero's ingenious signal for her coming. "Wake now, lazy one, and watch for me when I come."

"O, holy virgin!" muttered Catherine in her sleep, "the darling will never think of going out to-night."

Bianca playfully shook her, and succeeded in making her sit bolt upright—brought her a quantity of fruit and cakes, which she insisted would keep her awake, and tripped lightly off to her trysting place, leaving the door open. A few moments after, a tradesman who came for family orders left the house, and as he went out, he closed the door. Catherine's head already lay back upon the couch, and she was again in the land of dreams.

When the young wife returned to her father's house, just as the gray light of dawn appeared, she found herself shut out. She could not wake her nurse, and as detection must now necessarily follow, she went back to Piero, who hastily collected all that he possessed, and long before the sun was up, they were on the bosom of the Adriatic, bound to Florence.

"Dark ills might betide them,
But fate could not guide them
Where foes were more bitter, or friends were less kind."

Nothing could have been more astounding, or in fact more unpleasant, to the father of Piero, than the advent of such an inmate to his poverty-stricken mansion, from which every luxury, and almost necessity, had long been excluded. His wife, the victim of sickness and helplessness, had required a servant, and this charge had swallowed up almost the whole income which the small salary of Piero had enabled him to bestow upon his parents. This servant they were now compelled to part with; and the delicate and refined Bianca, to whom life had hitherto seemed like a fairy tale, was absolutely obliged to perform the lowest and most menial services for the household.

Meantime, all Venice was shocked and indignant. The Capelli were grand in their terrible indignation, and all Italy were loud in sympathy—partly with the young couple, and partly with the noble family, whose pride had received an irrecoverable blow from this unfortunate event. A price of two thousand ducats was set upon the head of Piero. His father's brother was arrested, thrown into a Venetian prison, and died there.

Still, through all, the young husband and his wife remained close prisoners, cheerfully submitting to all the privations and terrors of their situation for the sake of each other. And so might it still have been—the old, but ever renewing tale of poverty, sweetened by love—had not the beautiful wife attracted the notice of Francesco, the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The duke was then unmarried. He had heard the story of the marriage, and was curious to see the bride. Chance favored him as he was driving across the Place of Saint Mark. Looking up at the windows of the Buonaventuri mansion, now fast going to ruin and desolation, he saw a form at the window, which from its beauty and grace, he could not doubt was that of the much talked of daughter of the Capelli. From that time the poverty ceased; but it was with the loss of honor to the erring and unfortunate pair. Piero and Bianca accepted magnificent lodgings near the palace; and the former, as if to pay him for the sacrifice of all that was dear to him, plunged himself into every species of dissipation. During this time, the grand duke had married Giovanna of Austria, but with little affection between them.

Not long after, Piero was met by some ruffians at the corner of Via Maggio, not far from his own door, and after bravely resisting his assailants, he was overpowered and murdered. The Grand Duchess Giovanna died in 1578, hastened to her death, doubtless, by the neglect and infidelity of her husband, leaving four children to the care and training of such a father! Only two months elapsed, ere the grand duke, after twice perjuring himself, once to the church, and

once to the beautiful but frail Bianca, at length braved the ridicule of his peers by a marriage, which, for a time, was kept secret; Bianca removing to the palace as governess to the children of the good queen Giovanna. A year of mourning elapsed—not without suspicion of the marriage. At the expiration of the year it was publicly announced.

Bianca Capello, in marrying the poor clerk of the Florentine bank, had disgraced her family! For this she was disowned, trampled on and despised. For becoming the bride of shame in the person of Francesco, she was exalted by her kindred and the whole aristocracy in the most extravagant terms. Now she became, in the words of Napier, "the pride of her family, the glory of her order, the hope of her country; and was immediately adopted by a public decree as the true and particular daughter of the republic, in consequence of those most singular and most excellent qualities which rendered her worthy of the most splendid fortune!"

The bells of Saint Mark responded to this decree; the churches took up the note, and illuminations and rejoicings followed. The Capelli, father and son, were proclaimed "most illustrious," the order of knighthood being conferred upon them, they taking the precedence of all the Venetian aristocracy. In the palmiest days of Venice, nothing was more splendid than the ceremonies connected with this marriage. "The Venetian 'Privilegio' of adoption was taken," says Napier, "to Florence by Santa Ziore, followed by two ambassadors, charged to invest Bianca with the prerogatives of her new rank, and assist at her nuptials."

The twelfth of October, 1579, saw the grand conclusion of the ceremonies, at the hall of the old republican palace. Bianca was again declared the true and legitimate daughter of the republic, her uncle, the Patriarch of Aquileia, pronounced a discourse on the utility of this marriage, and the dignity of being adopted by Saint Mark. The coronation took place, and was followed by high mass at the cathedral, whither the whole assembly proceeded.

Bianca's father and brother remained at court with high honors—perfectly satisfied that the daughter and sister had not disgraced herself by this connexion!

The end had not yet come, but was fast approaching. The grand duke had been taking violent exercise, and while yet heated he sat down by the water-side to rest. Cold and fever ensued, which, with his usual obstinacy, he insisted on managing himself; and on the nineteenth of October, eight years after the grand ceremonies of Bianca's coronation, he expired. Eleven hours after the grand duke was taken ill, Bianca was seized with similar symptoms. Rumor attributed both attacks to poison; but probably there were other influences of air and the life which both led in imprudently eating and drinking.

From the moment Bianca was taken, she seemed assured that they should both die, and that only a few hours would intervene between her husband's death and her own. When he had passed away, the attendants strove to conceal it from her; but she was convinced that all was over.

"And I, too, must die with my lord!" was the one calm sentence with which she turned her face to the wall; and exactly eleven hours after her husband's death, the graceful, beautiful, frail, erring Bianca Capello, the bride of Tuscany and Daughter of Saint Mark, was no more.

Her remains were denied the right of burial with that of the grand duke, and his successor caused her armorial bearings to be erased from the escutcheon of the Medici and replaced with those of Austria, in honor of the lamented Giovanna of Austria. Nor would he allow Bianca to be ever spoken of as the grand duchess, but always as "La Pessima Bianca."

THE RICHEST MAN IN PROVIDENCE.

The Hartford Post, in speaking of Cyrus Butler of Providence, says he was worth, when he died, some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness it is said that he upbraided those who had the care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him, assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor, and a snuff taker. His snuff he kept in a large box and bought it by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.



PORT JACKSON, PERU, CLINTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

[From our own Correspondent.]

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA,
Jan. 12, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. BALLOU,—It is now more than a year ago that I left Boston, in a sad and serious frame of mind, a lonely traveller, leaving all my friends behind me, on that most trying of expeditions, a voyage in pursuit of health. Leave-taking is always a serious business, but when you never expect again to see the faces of dear friends from whom you are parting, it has almost the bitterness of death. Weak and feeble then, I embarked on my lonely voyage, never expecting to return. But under what a different aspect does the new year open! With what feelings of gratitude to a kind Providence does my heart swell, as with renovated frame and buoyant mind, I inhale the pure and balmy air of these islands—which to breathe is joy enough. My existence is dream-like, and day succeeds day, like one glorious vision following another. In spite of the trying scenes I witness in my daily rides and walks, the grim poverty which darkens my Eden, my days and nights are days

and nights of joy. I have resumed all my old occupations—I can enjoy my favorite books—music has charms for me once more—I can walk and ride and sketch and write without painful effort—and it is with some hope of being useful to you that I am now dallying with pen and pencil to-day. Enclosed, please find a sketch of Funchal, which, as you know, is the capital of Madeira, the principal island of this group. A striking feature in the scene are the tall volcanic mountains, which descend sharply and precipitously into the water. The gleaming houses are nestled on the ledges like eagle-nests. Conspicuous among the shipping in the foreground, I have represented the fine steam-frigate *Fulton*, with the glorious stars and stripes she so gallantly upholds waving in the breeze. A little farther on are a British gun-boat, the French ship-of-the-line *Penelope*, and close at hand a pleasure-yacht. Let me mention a gratifying fact—the name of American is a passport to the hospitalities of the island. The people are very kind to all strangers; but most particularly so to our countrymen, as I

have often had occasion to acknowledge. Ex-President Pierce and his lady were great favorites here, and left and carried away agreeable impressions. There are not many American visitors to the island, on account of the want of direct communication; but still they are always to be met with. The streets of Funchal are steeper than any at the west end of Boston. When they made wine—and that manufacture is almost extinct now from the fatality attending the vines—the casks were transported on wooden drags drawn by two oxen each—wheeling is out of the question. All your rides are on horseback and muleback. I am the fortunate possessor of a nice, easy-going Andalusian horse, which, though somewhat aged, is as sure-footed as a mountain-goat, a *sine qua non* in this rough country. A favorite ride of mine is hence to a *Camera de Lobos*, an interesting village five or six miles west of Funchal. When the land is cultivated it has to be terraced, and strengthened by walls and buttresses of stone to keep the soil from sliding down into the valleys. In this region the best wine used to be raised. Within a

few years, in addition to the failure of the wine-crop, the potato rot has been almost universal, creating the greatest distress, for the inhabitants depend almost as much on the potato crop as the Irish. It is hoped that the disease will be eradicated. The fertility of the soil is such that almost any kind of crop can be raised, though the character of the surface imposes labors on the tillers of the soil elsewhere unknown. Should my hasty sketches prove available, I may again address you before leaving Madeira. R.

PORT JACKSON, CLINTON COUNTY, N. Y.

The picturesque rural scene presented in our engraving, was drawn for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn. Port Jackson is located on the western side of Lake Champlain, and is the outlet to the interior towns of the county. The mineral and agricultural products of this part of the State are shipped hence to Albany and New York, in exchange for the various necessities and luxuries of life. It is a landing place for steamboats, and though small, is an enterprising and lively place. The Green Mountains are seen in the distance.



PORT OF FUNCHAL, ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

[From our own Correspondent.]

**BALL OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY,
AT THE BOSTON THEATRE, FEB. 23, 1859.**

The annual ball of the "Tigers" came off, according to programme, on the evening of Monday last, and inaugurated the conversion of the Boston Theatre into a magnificent ball-room, by the most brilliant festival of the season, indeed, we may add, the most brilliant affair of the kind which ever took place in Boston. The engraving on this page, drawn on the spot for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney, shows the principal decorations of this fairy scene, which were designed and executed by Messrs. Hayes and Selwyn, the artists of the establishment. The floor, making a continuation of the stage as far front as the parquette entrance, formed a spacious and elastic area, which was crowded throughout the evening by "fair women and brave men." The spectacle of so many figures moving in the mazes of the dance, to the music of a band of eighty pieces under the leadership of P. S. Gilmore, the brilliant uniforms of general, staff and company officers, and privates, many of them representing the military of other States, the almost daylight effulgence of the illumination, the splendid attire and blazing jewels, and yet

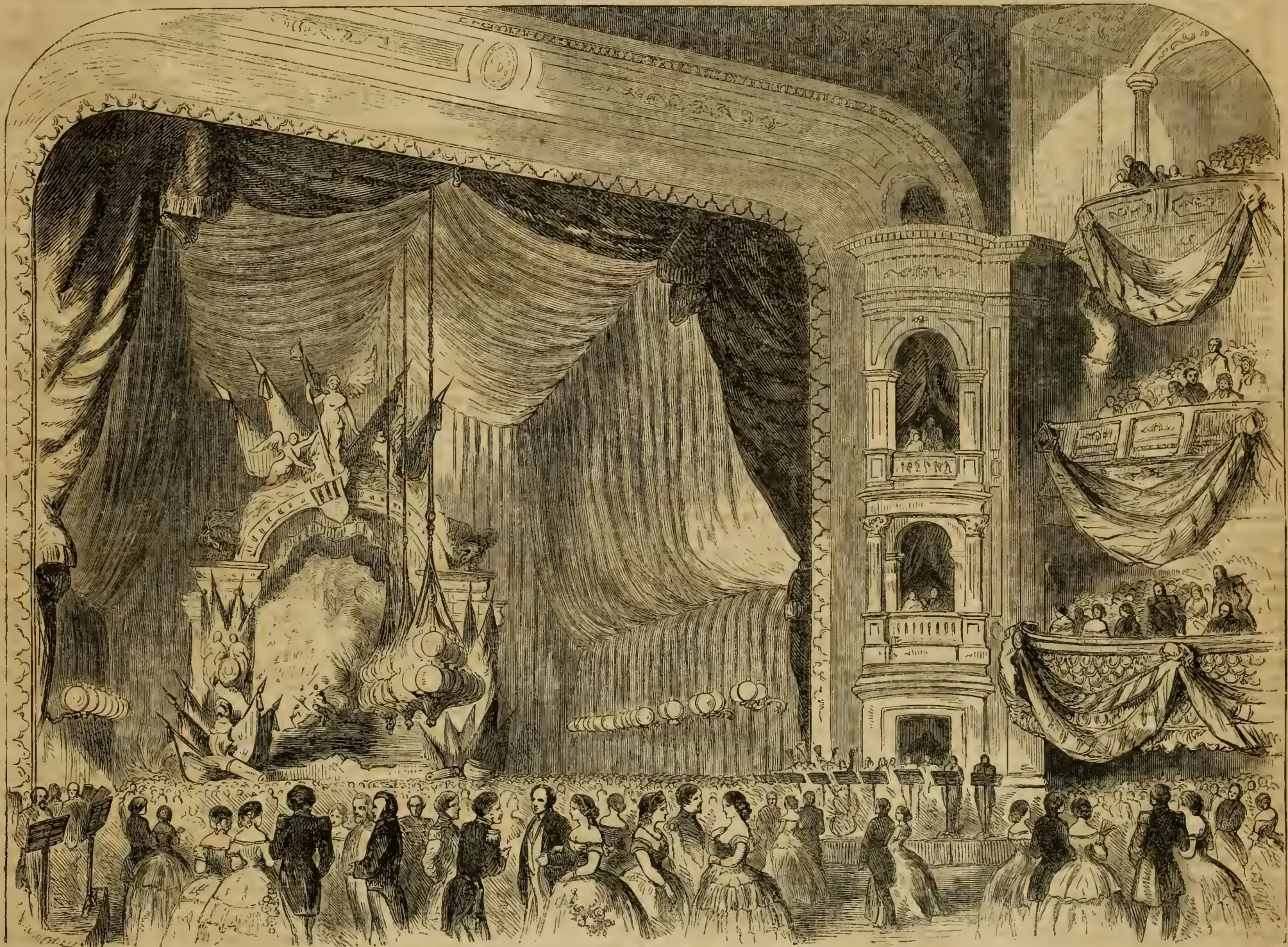
TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU.

On page 149 we give a view of the town of Corfu, anciently Coreyra, the capital of the island of the same name, and the seat of government of the Ionian Islands, which occupy a peculiar position as a republic, under British protection. This place presents many features of interest. The Ionian Islands have recently engaged much of the public attention, and a special envoy has recently been sent thither by the British government to confer with the authorities on the questions now engaging the attention of the people. In 1818 a university was established at Corfu, under the auspices of the British government, by the Earl of Guilford, who was appointed chancellor, and nominated Greeks of the first abilities to the different chairs. The annexed view was taken from the height on the left of the One-Gun Battery-road. At the left of the engraving is represented the country-house, built by Sir F. Adam, when Lord High Commissioner, in the years 1826-27. Unfortunately, it proved to be unhealthy, from the marshy land around it. Of late years, however, a great improvement in this respect has taken place, by the drainage of some of the land, and by the formation of a road which

THE MODERN REBECCA.

The populations of Algeria are more various, perhaps, than in any other region of the earth; and, at the same time, they are very distinct. Thus it is that the modern Rebecca draws water for admiring Spaniards, for Italians, for Germans, Swiss, Portuguese, French, Anglo-Maltese. After the French, of whom there are eighty thousand in Algeria (but then the army counts) the most numerous population is the Spanish. There are between thirty and forty thousand of them—from the Balearic isles chiefly, with eight or nine thousand Italians, seven or eight thousand Germans, about two thousand Swiss, eight thousand Maltese, and a sprinkling of emigrants from Portugal. The native population numbers about 2,500,000, half Kabyles, half Moors and Arabs. As a consequence, nowhere in the world, be it Malta, Gibraltar, Venice, Athens, Corfu, Constantinople, is the contrast so frequent between European manners and primitive and Eastern life as in Algiers. Here are mosques and theatres, palm-groves and billiard-rooms, mementoes of the Palais Royal, and monuments of the Jugurthine war; old colonnades, old temples, and modern gas; Arab camel

Abraham goes forth, pitcher on head, to fetch water; she saunters quietly along, under the shade of palm and olive trees, until she arrives at the well. She mounts the steps, and takes the pitcher from her head and fills it. In the meantime a couple of Spaniards are seen trotting along the dusty road; they dismount, and approach the well. One, with a natural gallantry, removes his hat, and asks Rebecca for a drink from her pitcher, and some sharp talking and laughing evidently take place. First she will not give him a drink; then she will. Balancing the pitcher on her arm in the most graceful manner, she dexterously pours the water into the mouth of the thirsty Spaniard; but, alas! he is not to come off so easily, for to finish the mischief, she pours a considerable quantity down his neck. Apart from the attractive face, Rebecca is rather an object of interest, her dress is extremely elegant and picturesque, and, no doubt, still retains some of the characteristics of her great ancestor's costume; indeed many of them are distinctly traceable. The very water-jug is venerable. Some of the Algerian Jewesses are extremely handsome, having fine regular classic features and limbs beautifully modelled. For



BALL OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

more dazzling beauty of the ladies, the flowers, the decorations, the streamers, flags and picturesquely grouped arms, was almost bewildering in its effect. Among the invited guests present were the three Major Generals and their staffs, officers of the New York Seventh Regiment, New York Light Guard, New York City Guard, and many of the general officers in the State. The army and navy of the United States were also represented. It was admitted universally, that the display far surpassed that of the last "Tigers' ball in the Music Hall, also delieated in a former number of the Pictorial. We have, in former times, attended balls given on the same plan, in the old Park Theatre, New York, but we have witnessed none equalling in splendor this of the "Tigers." This splendid company is so well known that its history has become a part of that of Boston. Its officers are as follows: Captain, Charles O. Rogers; 1st Lieut., John Jordau; 2d Lieut., Andrew G. Smith; 3d Lieut., Charles H. Allen; 4th Lieut., Wm. G. Train. The corps justly pride themselves on the perfection of their military discipline, and the zeal and *esprit du corps* of the members. The ball at the Boston shows that they are as much in their sphere in the elegant pleasures of society, as in the sterner duties of the tented field. The decorations of the theatre will remain throughout this month, and a series of balls will take place there.

passes by the entrance of these grounds, on the One-Gun Battery-road. Towards the centre of the sketch is that portion of the town of Corfu which looks on the military parade-ground between it and the citadel, at the end of which is situated the palace of St. Michael and St. George, the residence of the Lord High Commissioner. Here, also, the Senate holds its meetings, and during the session the Legislative Assembly, or House of Commons, sits. This edifice was built by General Sir George Whitmore, of the royal British engineers. It is formed of Maltesestone, and is one of the prettiest buildings of the kind in existence. Adjoining it is the military library, of similar construction. The steeple, so conspicuous in the view, is that of the church of St. Spiridione, the patron saint of the island—one of the richest and most beautiful churches in Corfu. Here the body of the saint reposes, and at stated periods in the year it is carried in grand procession around the town, attended by all the Greek ecclesiastical functionaries of the Island. The body of this saint is the property of the Bulgari family, having been confirmed to them by Venetian ordinances in the years 1669 and 1775. The rock on which the citadel stands is of imposing appearance, and is strongly fortified. A wide ditch, over which is a large drawbridge, separates it from the town. On its top is a lighthouse, to guide vessels on their way through the channel.

drivers and French postillions, Moorish maidens and Parisian milliners, Roman conduits and Zouave cantonments, the old Mahometan native and the Spanish immigrant—all these things and persons jostling one another without limit and without confusion. The Moors are, of course, the characteristic race. They left the mark of refinement and luxury on the shores of Spain; and here, also, are they first in arts and manufactures, revelling, as they always did, in the forms of beauty and the luxuries of art. It is difficult to speak of their origin. We know that they descended from Greeks, Spaniards, Italians, French, and even Germans, who have intermarried with Moors, so that except in a few families whose genealogical tree is very long and very correct, the true type of the Moorish race is hardly ever seen. In his occupation as a merchant, the Moor is rivalled by the Jew, with whom, as trading is everything, in his traffic nothing comes amiss, and so he wriggles about in all sorts of gain, making hay while the sun shines.

The striking picture occupying the whole of our last page, is a scene in modern Algeria, but the oriental female costume, which has changed very little in the course of centuries, carries us back to the scriptural days, the manners of which the picture, to a certain extent, reproduces. The subject of our engraving illustrates an every-day occurrence in Algiers. A dark-eyed daughter of

the good looks of the Spaniards not much can be said. Though their costume is picturesque, they (at least such as emigrate to Africa) are a hard-featured race, stern externally, but mild and polite in their manners. In the towns they find plenty of employment as masons, builders, and, what comes more natural to them, muleteers. They may be seen sauntering leisurely along the seaside, with a drove of beasts laden with fish, or up in the narrow steep streets of the Moorish towns. Always calm, nothing seems to disturb them, and everything is done with a regard to dignity of manner. If his donkey slips, he is sure to come upon his feet in a dignified position, and will rebuke the animal with a dignified voice. If he asks you for a light for his cigarette, you feel that he is doing you a favor, and this though they are seldom rich; yet if you wish to purchase anything of a Spaniard, your question as to the price of the article will be met with a quiet removal of the cigarette from his mouth, or a condescending wave of the hand, as much as to say, "Now buy these things at once, and go away and don't bother me any more." With the Moors, their ancient enemies, they may be seen on the Grand Place at night; side by side they walk, forgetting or appearing to forget their ancient hatred. The old Moor is scarcely less dignified in his manner than the Spaniard; but one has more sympathy with him.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OREGON." Baltimore.—There is no United States law prescribing a certain number of inhabitants as a prerequisite to admission into the Union. Congress may admit a territory no matter what its population may be. Last year an attempt was made to enact that no territory should be admitted until it had population sufficient to entitle it to one representative, but it failed. INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—We shall probably comply with your request.

"WILFORD." Portland, Me.—A proper answer to your question would involve an essay instead of a newspaper paragraph.

M. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The parties referred to have removed from this vicinity.

"A SUFFERER."—There is no specific remedy for the toothache because there are so many varieties of the torture. The most common kinds of toothache proceed from the following causes: 1. From hollow teeth; 2. From inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth and spreads into the gums; 3. From a cold catarrhal humor that settles upon the nerves of the teeth; 4. From a general acrimony of the juices, either scorbutic or of some other kind; 5. From a gouty or rheumatic affection; 6. From dentition in children.

"ONE OF US." Milford, Mass.—You are quite right. There are very few men that know how to converse. Women, on the contrary, are always both ready and willing to speak. Women have a most graceful way of talking about nothing, which men, in their wisdom, esteem beneath their powers.

"BEGINNER." Rochester, N. Y.—No life is more unhappy than a homeless one. You propose to undertake too many things. Fix your attention on one art, avoid the allurements of others, and you will find your interest in the work before you and your powers increase daily.

R. M., Schenectady, N. Y.—The case you mention is not an uncommon one. It is related in an English paper that a soldier in the army in India, having been confined in the "black hole" for intoxication, felt something crawling over him. Knowing it to be a serpent, and fearing its deadly bite, he kept perfectly still, while the reptile crawled inside of his jacket and coiled himself up for a nap. When the guard came to release him several hours after, the snake, which was a cobra, quickly glided away. The guard noticed, with surprise, that the prisoner's hair had turned white; and he died a few hours after telling his horrid story.

READER.—The existence of angels, and their purity, are absolutely required to be believed in the Koran; and he is reckoned an infidel who denies that there are such beings, or bates any of them, or asserts any distinction of sexes amongst them. They believe them to have pure and subtle bodies, created of fire.

RIVER MAKING.

The work of making great rivers, like the Mississippi and Missouri, is in most countries considered the appropriate task of nature; and not in all countries does she condescend to do such work with the same lavish hand that she has employed in these United States. But the immense extent and rapid growth of our nation, and the beneficial experience which our people have had in turning small streams to account, for gold washings, have inspired the enterprising Yankee spirit with the magnificent idea of making a river which shall almost rival the great Missouri. The Kansas River, which, with its two parallel branches, the Smoky Hill Fork and the Republican Fork, is a thousand miles long, and drains the central and northern part of Kansas Territory, is a comparatively shallow stream, at present only navigable for boats of a light draught once or twice a year. But the south fork of the Platte River, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and pours a vast body of water eastward, and parallel to the northern branch of the Kansas, is separated from the latter by a table of land only thirty miles wide, and in some places only eight miles. It is proposed to cut a sluice through this dividing ridge, which is not high, and is of a formation easily worked, and thus pour the waters of the South Platte into the northern branch of the Kansas. This addition of water would be very great, as the South Platte, at the proposed point of diversion, is about one hundred and forty yards wide, four feet in depth, and has a current of great force.

Again; to the south of the south branch of the Kansas, called the Smoky Hill Fork, and almost parallel with it, runs for several hundred miles the Upper Arkansas, one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River. This tributary also takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and brings down to the plains a volume of water three hundred yards in breadth, and four feet in depth, with a current so strong that a man can scarcely stem its force. The dividing ridge which separates the Upper Arkansas from the Smoky Hill Fork, is a mountain spur which soon subsides to the eastward in a plain. This plain is not more than forty miles from stream to stream, and in some places only fifteen. A sluice across the plain is proposed, for the purpose of diverting the waters of the Upper Arkansas into the southern branch of the Kansas. The addition of

these two mountain torrents to the north and south branches of the Kansas, would increase the latter river by an immense body of water, for each of these discharges a quantity of water greater than ordinary rivers of twice their magnitude, owing to their proximity to the lofty Rocky Mountain range. The result of their combination with the Kansas, would be to make the latter a broad and deep stream, almost another Missouri, and navigable for large steamers, far up towards the mountains.

We have found this stupendous scheme detailed with considerable minuteness in a recent number of the St. Louis Democrat, and have condensed it into a small compass, for the information of our readers. A glance at the latest and most accurate maps of that region of country, will convince any one that a wonderful opportunity is here presented by nature, for the genius of man to make the most gigantic improvements which the world ever saw—a work compared with which, the turning of the Euphrates from Babylon by Cyrus, in ancient times, and the proposed canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in our own day, appear like children's play. The same paper presents another consideration in favor of the execution of this startling enterprise, besides the vast internal improvement which it would accomplish. The Upper Arkansas and the South Platte are both gold bearing streams, that have been washing down the glittering particles and depositing them in their lower beds for ages; and it is probable that the laying bare of those beds, which the diversion of the upper waters would effect, would disclose a vast extent of the richest gold-bearing placers than any that are now known.

A SINGULAR SUICIDE.

An English ship-carpenter, by the name of Sylvester Rupert, recently committed suicide in New Orleans, under the most distressing and mournful circumstances. Last October he and his wife lost a favorite child by the name of Liz-zie, and the death of the little girl so preyed upon the father's mind that he could think of nothing else. He built a tomb for the departed one with his own hands, and then removed the body there, from the grave where it had been buried. After this it was his habit to make frequent visits to the cemetery, open the tomb, and gaze upon the remains of his child. This practice was persisted in for nearly three months, until at length his morbid grief so deranged his mind, that he became utterly discouraged as to his worldly prospects and wished for death. Having planted two shrubs at the door of the tomb, he retired within the structure, fastening the door upon the inside, and lying down beside the coffin, poisoned himself with laudanum. His wife became alarmed at his absence from home, and upon visiting the cemetery, discovered appearances about the tomb which led her to remove the covering from the top. Upon doing so, she saw the dead body of her husband within, and fainted at the sight.

THE SHAW CASE.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just disposed for the sixth time of the claim of Mrs. Sarah E. Shaw against the Worcester Railroad Company. Mrs. Shaw is the widow of George W. Shaw, who was killed in January, 1852, by being run over by a train on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, at a crossing in Newton. At the time of the accident she was riding in a sleigh with her husband, and received great bodily injury by the collision, losing one arm, and being deprived of the use of the other, besides receiving a severe wound on the head, from the effects of which she still suffers. By reason of these injuries she is entirely and permanently helpless, and is subjected to frequent and severe illness. The death of her husband left her poor, and devolved upon her the care and support of four young children; and it was under these circumstances that she made a claim upon the railroad company for damages. After much delay the company offered her the insufficient and paltry sum of \$2000, an amount too small to pay even the necessary expenses attendant upon her surgical attendance and nursing. In the fall of 1852 she commenced a suit against the company, which was protracted until 1854, when it came to trial, and resulted in a verdict of \$15,037.50 in her favor.

Notwithstanding the president of the company had agreed to submit the case to a jury, and abide the verdict, whatever it might be, it was resisted by the company on a question of law,

and after argument before the full court, involving increased expense to Mrs. Shaw, it was set aside. This was trial number two. The case was again tried before a jury in the year 1857, and resulted in a verdict of \$18,000 for the plaintiff. This was trial number three; and one would think that its result might have taught the company not to subject this poor widow to further expense, but to pay the damages to which she was fairly entitled. But no, the company relied upon its wealth and influence to bring about a different result, and so resisted this second verdict on the plea that the damages were excessive. Upon this plea trial number four took place, before the full court, still at additional expense to Mrs. Shaw, and the court again set the verdict aside. A third jury trial followed, making trial number five of this protracted case; and this time eleven of the jury agreed upon a verdict of \$20,000 for the plaintiff. But there was one who could see no reason why a rich corporation should pay a poor widow for mutilating her body and destroying her health; and because he could not bring the eleven obstinate fellows over to his views, he held out against them, and the case was taken from the jury. Trial number six took place in January last, and this time the jury did agree, rendering a verdict for \$22,250 in favor of Mrs. Shaw. This is a strictly righteous judgment upon the company, for their selfish and unmanly course in resisting the just claims of the widow, and interposing obstacles to the prompt and upright administration of justice. The amount of this last verdict just about covers the fifteen thousand dollars award of 1854, with the addition of interest and trial expenses up to the present time. But the company have not yet learned wisdom, and are determined to procrastinate still further the day of settlement. For this purpose their counsel have moved for a new trial, on the ground of legal technicalities and excessive damages. Will the Supreme Court of Massachusetts countenance such conduct?

COLONEL FREMONT'S GOLD WORKS.

Colonel Fremont has erected very extensive works in Bear Valley, Mariposa County, California, for extracting quartz-rock gold. The principal mining operations carried on are at the Josephine and Pine-Tree veins, near the head of the valley. From these to the river, a road is in course of construction, which is five miles in length, and for at least one half the distance blasted out of the solid rock. This road is necessary to convey the gold-quartz to the river, where a mill is erected for crushing it. This mill contains one hundred stamps, of ordinary weight. One hundred and fifty men are constantly employed upon the road, dam and mill, and when completed, these works will be the most extensive and most costly of any for a similar purpose in the State. In addition to this magnificent enterprise, which will soon be finished and in full operation, the colonel has another quartz mill at the head of Bear Valley, which is worked by steam. This is in active operation, and employs forty men. The mill runs day and night, and the weekly product averages over \$2000. From these details it will be seen that the gallant colonel does not mean to let the grass grow under his feet, but will be a rich man if there is any virtue in energy and enterprise.

EASTER DAY.

This religious festival, which commemorates the anniversary of the resurrection, is observed with great fidelity by Christians of the Catholic and Episcopalian churches throughout the world. It would be well that all Christian sects should celebrate the anniversary of that momentous event, which is the corner-stone of their creeds. But religious animosity has in this case, as in some others, proved stronger than religious sentiment, and hence we find many sects of dissenting Christians who do not celebrate the annual return of this day, merely because it is a popish or episcopal rite. The day is called Easter from a Saxon word, signifying *rising*, and alluding to the resurrection of the Saviour. The event which it commemorates took place upon the first day of the week, after the Jewish Passover, which fell that year on Friday. Hence arose the weekly observance of the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath. By the Mosiac law, establishing the feast of the Passover, the time of the crucifixion and of the resurrection is ascertained; and since the time of Constantine, a rule has been observed for determining the Sunday upon which Easter falls, which promotes uniformity throughout the Christian world. This rule is,

that Easter day shall always be considered the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March, the time of the vernal equinox; and if the full moon happen on Sunday, Easter is the next Sunday following. The reason for this rule is found in the directions given by Moses, for the celebration of the Passover upon the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, being the lunar month of which the 14th day either falls on, or next follows, the vernal equinox. There is consequently a wide range for the day of the month upon which Easter Sunday may fall in various years—reaching from March 22d, the earliest day on which it can occur, to April 25th, the latest. This year the first full moon after the vernal equinox happens on the 17th of April, which is Sunday, and consequently Easter falls upon the next Sunday after, or April 24th. It will not occur again at that date until the year 2011.

A POET'S RELATIVE.—In a private soiree, lately given at Paris, in honor of the musician, Stephen Heller, a young lady, by the name of Rouget de Lisle, played his "Saltarello." She is a near relative of the poet of the "Marseillaise." Her performance was as beautiful as the expression of her face. Yet this bearer of a great name and of beauty and decided talents, has to give lessons for about fifty cents each. Alas! her fate is not worse than that of the poem of her uncle—the "Marseillaise." The singing of the Marseillaise is prohibited wherever the French flag waves. Yet the French soldiers insisted on singing it when they stormed the Malakoff.

PORTRAIT OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.—A beautiful steel engraving from the burin of H. Wright Smith, from Mr. Wight's admirable portrait of Everett, has just been published. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Wight's is the best of the very many portraits of Mr. Everett, and must henceforth be regarded as the standard likeness, occupying in painting the position which Powers's bust holds in sculpture. The expression is animated, the face is lighted up with the inspiration of genius, and the pose of the figure is natural and graceful. Agents are now engaged in selling the engraving, and meet with great success.

THE COMMERCIAL BULLETIN.—This new weekly journal is now fairly launched and under full sail. The eighth number is before us, and presents the unmistakable evidences of a firm foundation and complete success. Curtis Guild, Esq., the editor and proprietor, is a gentleman of experience, good taste and unsurpassed industry. The paper has an *individuality*, and a field of its own, being as its name indicates, a commercial journal.

WE ARE PROGRESSIVE.—One of the simplest, yet most admirable and convenient inventions of the day, is Edson's Patent Self-Adjusting Spiral Brush Carpet Sweeper. No house-keeper should be without this handy little aid to cleanliness and comfort. You need no longer have dust arise in your parlors when you sweep. Call on H. S. Chapman & Co., 95 1-2 Water Street, and judge for yourself.

WHALING.—A merchant in New Bedford estimates that the losses incurred by merchants and others in this business, during the past year, will amount to nearly one million of dollars. This is attributed to various causes, among which are ill success of the fleet—fall in the price of oil, extravagance and bad management in fitting and refitting, especially at the Sandwich Islands.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.—A traveller tells of a Moorish lady in Algiers, caught out in a storm, who was so shocked because her *yash mak* was washed off her face, exposing her features to public gaze, that she rushed through a crowded street, and plunged into the Mediterranean!

LAMARTINE.—Hachette, the publisher, has already paid Lamartine three hundred and fifty thousand francs for his last year's monthly course of literature. Still the poor poet keeps sending round his hat.

A HINT.—As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Ill nature renders the prettiest face disagreeable.

QUERY.—What domestic vessels does a circus rider resemble? A pitcher and tumbler.

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

According to a writer in the North American Review, the quantity of rain diminishes as we advance from the equator to the poles, and decreases in ascending to high table-lands. It increases from the coasts to the interior of continents, the western coasts being generally more rainy than the eastern ones. At the equator the quantity of rain which falls annually is ninety-five inches, and at Petersburg only seventeen. The heaviest rain falls between the tropics; and in Europe the rainy districts are in the Alps, the middle of Portugal, the coast of Norway, the coast of Ireland, and the northwest coast of Scotland. At Cape Horn no less than one hundred and fifty-four inches fall, while in several parts of the world there is no rain at all; these parts are called the rainless districts. In the old world there are two such districts, the largest including the desert of Sahara and Egypt in Africa, and in Asia, part of Arabia, Syria and Persia; the other district, of nearly the same superficial extent, lies between north latitude thirty degrees and fifty degrees, and between seventy-five and one hundred and eighteen degrees of east longitude, including Thibet, Zobi and Shama, and Mongolia. In the new world the rainless districts are of much less magnitude, occupying two narrow strips on the shores of Peru and Bolivia, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama, on the coast of Venezuela.

THE SKETCH CLUB OF CINCINNATI.

The artists comprising this club are in the habit of holding stated meetings, at which sketches are shown, made upon subjects given out previously. For instance, the subject is "Broke," and the ingenuity of the artist is shown in illustrating this word. The different ideas suggested, were of a creditor leaving the door of a broken bank—a fast horse, who has broken his gait and everything else connected with him—a boy with a broken knife—a fat old gentleman in a broken down swing. One of the most elaborate and affecting sketches was one in which the large centre-piece represented a scene on a river. One or two trees are tumbled over and broken, and there are ugly jagged splinters of ice round a hole in the frozen sheet in the foreground. Underneath are the words, "It Broke." The rest of the story is told in some little vignettes at the corners. In one the mother bids her boy be careful; in another the boy is skating; in the third the father seeks with a setting pole for the body, through the ice, and in the fourth the mother stands at the bed on which is stretched her son's lifeless corpse. Another vignette at the top, of a weeping woman, adds to the pathos.

A PIQUANT BOOK.—The authoress of the forthcoming "Memoirs of my Boudoir" intends to publish her book at Brussels early in the coming month. The lady whose life is thus gratuitously exposed to public view was the most celebrated beauty of her day, during the occupation of Paris by the allies. The Emperor Alexander, the late Duke of Wellington, Blucher, and Talleyrand, all were wont to assemble in her boudoir.

THE FORENSIC "WE."—Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the western circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house, in a state of intoxication."

GUESSING BY THE SOUND.—There lately resided in Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Bailey, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

TEN CENTS.—Step into the nearest periodical depot and procure a copy of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, the cheapest magazine in the world. \$1 a year, or 10 cents per number. Fully illustrated. Present circulation 114,000!

ANTIQUARIAN.—A copy of "Auld Lang Syne," in the handwriting of its author was exhibited at Albany on the occasion of the celebration of the 100th birthday of Robert Burns.

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.

Mrs. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, the Regent of the Ladies Mount Vernon Association, has just published an address to the public, setting forth the degree of progress already made in raising funds, and imploring further contributions. The association now embraces twenty-six States of the Union, with a lady vice regent in each State. Through their indefatigable exertions, aided very largely by the generous labors of Edward Everett, sufficient money has been collected to make the payments thus far, as they have become due. The sum of \$100,000, with interest, has already been paid to Mr. Washington, the speculator in his illustrious relative's bones and fame; and there is yet due him another hundred thousand, with accruing interest. The association also propose to raise the further sum of \$300,000, for the necessary repairs, improvement, and preservation of the estate. The collections now on hand amount to upwards of \$15,000, leaving about eighty thousand dollars yet to be secured in order to complete the purchase, and get a title to the property. The prospects of entire success in carrying out the plan of the Ladies Association are very good, but the public should act promptly, and finish up the good work at once. As the regent's address very pertinently says, a contribution of three cents each from the ten millions of adults which are numbered among our people would bestow the requisite amount for improving and preserving the estate. And what, we would ask, are three cents, or even three dollars, to any live American, compared to the proud reflection that the home and grave of Washington have been rescued from venal speculation and criminal neglect?

JAPAN.

The London Examiner says in religious matters it is plain that the Japanese are not intolerant, for they have three different religions divided into upwards of thirty sects, the votaries of all of which live peaceably together. The persecution of the Christians in the seventeenth century was a political and not a theological one. Before it commenced, the Bonzes, or priests of Buddhism, a form of religion introduced from India, were the most importunate in their complaints against the Christians. They petitioned the emperor against them, who demanded how many forms of religion existed in the empire, and the reply was, thirty-five. "Well," rejoined his majesty, "where thirty-five can be tolerated, we can easily bear thirty-six. Leave the strangers in peace."

CHARLES DICKENS.—Charles Dickens is becoming, in one way, a rival to Albert Smith. The great charm of his entertainments consists in the admirable mimicry and power of rapidly changing his tone and look without degenerating into buffoonery or extravagance. We shall soon have a chance of judging for ourselves.

"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."—Enclose us twenty cents, in postage stamps or silver, and receive this remarkable story, fully illustrated, by return of mail, and post-paid. This story was written expressly for us by an officer of the navy, and is unrivalled in interest. Over 30,000 copies have been sold.

FOOLISH.—A jealous pated fool in Wheeling, Va., recently laid himself liable to the penalty of imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$500, for intercepting and opening letters addressed to his lady-love.

TO PLEASURE-SEEKERS AND TRAVELLERS.—Parties travelling to Europe should not fail to procure their passports in season. John E. M. Gilley, No. 8 Old State House, obtains them promptly.

HALLECK'S BURNS.—Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Burns" has been quoted, entire or in part, in every city and hamlet of America, where the Scottish poet's centenary anniversary was celebrated.

A CHILDLESS MAN.—Marshal Vaillant, the French Minister of War, says, in a letter giving a sketch of his career, "I have no child; and this is the greatest sorrow God has given me."

USEFUL RECIPE.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Susan Walden and family, of Buffalo, have given \$1000 in money to the Buffalo General Hospital.

The Howard Association, of New Orleans, spent upwards of \$44,000 the past year, in relief of the sick and destitute.

M. Jullien has been giving farewell concerts with brilliant success, in the inland cities of England and Scotland.

The expenses incurred for maintaining the military on Staten Island to protect the quarantine hospital, amounted to \$53,000.

Chief Justice Taney abstains from all society. Lord Napier was recently denied an interview with him, in consequence of age and infirmities.

The Rev. R. H. Clarkson, D. D. of Chicago, came very near his death lately, by taking opium by mistake for another medicine. He laid insensible for two or three days.

The Penobscot Indians are trying to raise a salary of twenty-five dollars a year for their governor, by the aid of the Maine Legislature. The sum certainly seems reasonable.

According to the Christian Advocate, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has 8939 travelling preachers, 12,436 local preachers, and 1,664,387 members.

John H. Davis, a heavy packer, of Cincinnati, died suddenly, recently. A local paper says: "He was highly esteemed as a man of benevolence and enterprise, and was a good judge of pork!"

General Concha, governor general of Cuba, has taken measures for the establishment of a series of meteorological observations along the seacoast, as also in the interior of that island.

England pays the Pacific steam navigation company \$100,000 annually for carrying the mails between Valparaiso and Panama, and Chili and Peru add enough more to make the subsidiary \$201,000.

A large number of petitions from ladies desirous of a change of name, are before the New York legislature. As next year is "leap year," they can then exercise the privilege of their sex, and petition in another quarter.

The gross amount of disbursements at the Brooklyn navy yard for the year ending on the 31st of December, 1858, was \$1,086,607. The largest number of hands employed at any one time was 2300, and the smallest 1600.

Freight cars, constructed like refrigerators, are now run on the railroads from Norfolk to Lynchburg, with oysters, fish, crabs and West India fruit. The temperature in the car is only three degrees above freezing point.

The new army Register gives the total of militia at 2,724,426. The regular army consists of 19 regiments; 10 of infantry, 4 of artillery, 1 of mounted riflemen, and 2 each of cavalry and dragoons. The total force is about 16,000 men.

Public drinking fountains, the gift of Mr. Gurney, are to be erected at the Regent Circus, in the Edgeware Road, the Marylebone Road, and at the Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, London. The water will be filtered through a bed of charcoal, and the supply constant.

The New York Tribune comes out strongly in favor of a railroad in Broadway, with five-cent cars every five minutes from each of the principal ferries, to Central Park, and three-cent cars every minute, from the Astor House to Union Square.

The Avalanche office, at Memphis, Tenn., has been set on fire twelve times within a short period, but fortunately the fire was discovered before any damage was done. The incendiary proves to be a negro boy, who acts as fireman in the press room where the paper is printed.

The mother of John G. Saxe, the poet, who resides in Troy, went to Bennington recently, for the purpose of hearing her son read his poem on "Love." Though he has lectured four hundred and fifty times, this was the first time the old lady ever had an opportunity of hearing him.

A sculling machine, of novel construction, has been invented at Greenock by a Mr. Buchanan. It is wrought by two levers, but instead of the paddle being placed in the stern, it is fixed in the middle of the keel, thereby obtaining great speed. The paddle is completely hid from sight.

The fish of North and South America differ very materially in appearance. All the southern and tropical fish are highly colored, like the colors of the dying dolphin, while those at the north are of a dark color. Their flesh, however, is more solid and healthy.

During the year 1858 there were built in the Portland revenue district, three ships, four barks, one brig, four schooners, and one boat, thirteen in all, amounting to 5216 tons. The ships were all built in Freeport, the barks in Yarmouth and Harpswell, and not one of them in Portland.

Within the limits of the United States have been found and defined 40 botanical species of the native grape, including upwards of 100 varieties, more than half of which are susceptible of being converted into wine; and some 10 or 12 varieties are sufficiently palatable for table use.

The Vera Cruz correspondent of the New Orleans True Delta says that nothing but 3000 Yankee soldiers will give the country of Mexico quiet and rest, and keep any legitimate president in power. Not one of the Mexican officers can be depended upon—every one in his turn will be a traitor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtue.—Nelson.

.... Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest to his feet.—Selden.

.... Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.—Shakspeare.

.... Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.—Mason.

.... The life of a just man is a series of petty frauds; that of a knave a series of greater ones.—Bovee.

.... As surfeit is the father of much fast, so every scope, by the immoderate use, turns to restraint.—Shakspeare.

.... The talents by which most politicians acquire offices, are the reverse of those which best qualify them for filling them.—Bovee.

.... Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.—Richter.

.... When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.—Burke.

.... In reading the life of any great man, you will always in the course of his history, chance upon some obscure individual, who on some particular occasions, was greater than he whose life you are reading.—Lacon.

.... The conclusion to which I have arrived, after years of observation and experience, is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue no order; without religion no happiness; and that the sum of our being is, to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.—McDonough.

.... There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage.—Colton.

.... When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy.—Spurgeon.

Joker's Budget.

When is a lady's cheek not a cheek? When it is a little pale (pail).

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Type-us fever.

"Why is your thumb, when putting on a glove, like eternity?" "Because it is ever last in (everlasting)!"

Why is the electric telegraph like a prosy story-teller? Because they are long wiredrawn communications.

When is a beggar like one of our most faithful Indian tribes? When he's a Sikh in arms. (Seeking alms).

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

At Quarter Sessions one of the magistrates slept and snored, a young barrister sent up this note to the senior counsel: "Q.—Why is Sir Tunbilly like the first ship on record. A.—Because he snores, hark!"

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," said the crazy chap in reply.

Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law—your questions are without point or epigram.'"

Sambo bought a patriarchal turkey. "I took him home," says he, "my wife bile him tree hours and den him crow! My wife den pop him into de pot wid six pound o' taters, and he kick em all out;—he mus a been as old as dat Kefooselum."

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great merit in that—"for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

As two country lads were passing a druggist's establishment where a sign was exhibited which had on it the words, "Congress Water," or, asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why, you fool," replied his companion, "that's what they spout at Congress."

"Any sleighing out your way, Bob?" "Heaps of it, and plenty more lying against the fence." "Fond of it?" "Nothing shorter. Killed five horses last week. If that don't show I'm fond of slaying, I don't know what would."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ONE AFFLICTED.

BY EMMA C. VERNON.

The seabird's wing is never wet,
Though high the spray be drifting;
The stout ship that the tempest met
Speeds bravely o'er the crowned waves yet,
E'en now the gale is shifting:
Hope whispers, "Forward and forget!"
For lo! the clouds are lifting.

The stars forever in the sky,
Are brighter for the storm gone by;
O, long-tried spirit, look on high,
And cast away thy sorrow.
Though more than midnight round thee close,
Let trusting faith bring calm repose,
The sun will shine to-morrow.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GERMAN SETTLERS.

BY ETHAN A. GRAFTON.

THE year 1742 was witness to the settlement of an immense number of people of all nations, drawn together by the marvellous stories of wealth and comfort in the new world. Mostly upon the banks of streams and rivers were their dwellings erected, or in some broad champaign, where a chain of lofty hills protected them from the cold north wind, and where, as soon as the trees were felled, the corn began to grow. Here the axe of the hardy backwoodsman would resound, and the mighty kings of the forest would stoop, to furnish logs for his dwelling and fuel for his hearth; bowls and plates for his table, and tables and stools for his furnishing; and last, but certainly not least, the mortar in which he pounded corn for the coarse bread and coarser hominy, which, with milk, formed his children's food, and often was his own meal.

Many a miserable dyspeptic, haunted by the ghosts of innumerable hot suppers, or the last aldermanic turtle-soup, might have envied the healthful and robust backwoodsman his simple and wholesome fare. Coming from that hard but invigorating labor, sitting down at the open door of his log hut, with the rudely scooped bowl of corn bread and milk, eaten with a wooden spoon, he could look forth into his little clearing, and exult that if the trees had stood for ages, his arm had at least "let the daylight in" where it never shone before.

So perhaps thought Conrad Weitsel, as he sat in the porch which his own hands had built, and over which the hop-vines had already climbed, hanging their pea-green flowers like a thick curtain over the door. Beside him stood two children; a boy, whose stout, sturdy figure and round, good-humored face were the counterparts of his father's, and a fair, soft-eyed girl, whose relationship to him might be disputed. Leaning from the loophole which they called a window, but which was merely an aperture in the wall, sometimes covered by a wooden shutter pierced with holes, but now thrown back on its leather hinges to admit the air, was the settler's wife, a pleasant looking woman, rather young and pretty, and with a smile of decided satisfaction at the extension the forenoon's work had made in her prospect. Her husband and his neighbors had removed an enormous tree, and the huge trunk lay like a prostrate giant before her eyes.

"Come to your dinner, mother," said the hearty voice of Conrad, as he watched her longing gaze. "You have thought of fatherland quite enough for a week past. Now wait a month, and we will let you see the sweet waters of the river, and it will make you believe yourself beside the Weser at once."

She turned from her dreamy mood towards her husband, and said pleasantly, "what care I for the Weser, so long as I have you and the children?" Yet the sigh which came up from her inmost heart betrayed the homesickness which she could not conquer nor hide.

All the little comforts which Conrad could procure for his good Lizetta, he spared no pains in getting. A better sort of cloth than the coarse wool and flax worn by the other women, was made up by her skillful hands, and while others went, for the most part, entirely barefoot, Lizetta always wore shoes and stockings, the latter spun and knit by herself, the former made by her husband, of deer-skin like his own clothes. The little girl too, who was no child of theirs, but a daughter of Conrad's brother, who was drowned on his first coming to America, and

whose wife sickened and died of grief, leaving little Alma to their care, was clothed in the remains of the garments which the two women had brought from their home. The child was beautiful enough, even in the linsey-woolsey cloak and coarse hat of plaited grass which she wore in the woods, but when she put on the neat blue dresses, so becoming to her fair skin and light hair, there was not another little damsel in the settlement that was half so fair as Alma.

So thought her adopted brother Karl, and so too thought Theodore Alstein, a lad of fourteen, the son of a neighbor who had taken the little girl under his special protection ever since the terrible event which deprived her of her father. For her he had fashioned the prettiest spoons from the horns of the deer, the softest of shoes from its skin, and for her too, were the most beautiful shells bargained for with the Indians, in exchange perhaps for a bit of iron hoop or a few nails.

Unfriendly as some of the savages were to the settlers, they would do anything or sacrifice anything for the little Snow Feather, as they called little Alma; and it was perhaps wholly on account of her gentle ways, and the utter fearlessness she displayed towards them when they approached too near the settlement, that the families were indebted for the forbearance of the Indians to molest them.

But in 1774 the Delawares and Shawanoes became disaffected toward all parties, so that it was difficult to say which they disliked most, the French or the Anglo-Americans. Subsequently the fair speeches of the provincial commissioners and a few judicious bribes prevailed on them to sell seven million acres of land, including the hunting grounds of several of the tribes, and the villages of others, without consulting the owners. The tribes on the Susquehanna formed a league to resist this oppressive act of injustice, and Tadenkund, the famous border chieftain, was placed at its head. This was the seed from which grew the fatal fruit of Braddock's expedition, perhaps the seed which ripened into the glorious harvest on the fourth of July, 1776.

It was now the commencement of the spring of 1755, and Theodore Alstein, now grown to man's estate, had joined the army which was so disastrously defeated not many weeks after. Karl Weitsel remained at home. Though strong and robust, capable of hard work, and delighting in wood sports, in which he excelled, Karl had not that brave courage that impels men to the tented field. He would defend his home against a legion, but he could not march against a distant foe. Sometimes he felt that this disinclination to fight lowered him in Alma's opinion. He saw, with jealous pain, how eagerly every flying report from the army was sought by her, and he knew that, in her eyes, Theodore Alstein was a hero. Sometimes the boy's wild eyes would light up almost as if with a destroying fire, as he whispered to himself the half formed wish that Theodore might never return from the battle-field. He too watched the infrequent and unreliable reports, but he watched them with a remorseless rancor against him who held a place higher than his own in the heart of his cousin.

Late in the summer came the news of the fatal termination of the march to Fort Du Quesne, and the terrible destruction of the army. The elder Weitsel heard it, and coming home, he repeated it to his wife, charging her not to tell Alma. She, poor girl, had gone out into the forest, unable to bear the suspense that had been wearing upon her heart and brain. Theodore was indeed her affianced lover, although it was a secret to all, if indeed it could be a secret, which Karl's jealous mind had so well guessed. It was but the night before the young soldier joined the army that the two had broken a ring in proof of their betrothal. Her uncle and aunt, plain and gentle souls, never suspected that their son cherished such bitter feelings, and they unwittingly added fuel to the flame which was already consuming him, by playfully remarking upon Theodore's superior claims to distinction, in the eyes of the young women in their neighborhood.

If Karl had been left to himself in this state of excitement, and Theodore had been near him, triumphing in his love for Alma, and hers for him, he would have inevitably committed some rash act, which would have brought a life-long grief to all concerned. As it was, he had learned that Theodore had fallen, and he was impatient to carry the tidings to Alma's ears.

Returning through the forest from the centre

of the village to which their little settlement, increased in numbers and cultivation, now aspired to be called, Karl met an Indian woman who had some pretension to the gift of prophecy. With her he had often talked of the event of the battle, and, readily guessing from his eagerness that he would gladly hear of the death of his rival, she conched her prophecy in such mystic words as would give him a hope that it would come to pass, yet cunningly reserving herself an escape from his wrath should it prove otherwise. But Karl caught only the impression that he was dead already, and his exultation was brutal and insane in its expression.

While he was thus rejoicing a crashing of the branches, as of a deer in the thicket, and then the fall of something on the ground, startled him. He involuntarily grasped his rifle, forgetting that it was not loaded, and that he had left his powder and shot behind him. It was well that he had done so, for on parting the brushwood he found that it was no animal that startled him. Alma Weitsel lay on the ground at his feet, with a stream of blood flowing from her lips. Dim as was the light in the forest at this hour, he and the Indian woman both saw the dark flow. The latter took a small package of cloth from the belt that secured her garments, and taking something from it, she applied it to the girl's mouth; then motioning to Karl, who seemed stupefied with amazement, and the recollection of what Alma must have heard, they raised her together and bore her towards home. As they approached the house (the same log cabin, only improved by windows and other necessary arrangements), the woman hesitated.

"Can you carry her yourself?" she asked in broken English, and at the same time intimated that she did not want to see his father.

Neither did Karl desire it, and he took Alma in his arms as he would a little child, and carried her into the house. The bleeding had entirely disappeared from the moment of the application to her lips by the woman, and as he entered the door, she awoke from her long stupor. She shuddered when she saw who held her, and Karl remembered, for the first time since he found her, how much reason she had to hate him for the part he had taken in the conversation which she must have overheard.

The exclamations of his mother at seeing Alma in that state, made him ashamed of himself, and he longed to get away from the sight of those who must think him a brute, when they were told of his league with the Indian. He need not have feared, however, for Alma would have scorned to tell his father and mother what he had said.

For two or three days the girl's life seemed hovering and uncertain, and Karl grew almost distracted with the thought that he had killed her. He dared not go into her sight, and he missed the Indian, who was unaccountably absent, just as he wanted her to prescribe for his cousin.

Late one night Alma was lying sleepless upon her bed. Karl had gone to watch with a young man who was ill, and Mrs. Weitsel, overcome with want of sleep, and uneasiness about her niece, had fallen into a heavy slumber in the next room. Neither herself nor her husband had any suspicion that the poor girl had received an intimation of her lover's death, and the secret wore upon both like a heavy burden. Anxiety and dread, added to the fearful exhibition of passion and revengeful feeling in Karl which she had witnessed in the forest that night, while he was exulting over Theodore's death, had wasted the poor girl to a skeleton, but her uncle and aunt attributed it to her disease, although they must have known her attachment to the young soldier.

Night waned, and the red coals upon the kitchen hearth which had lighted up Alma's bedroom adjoining, were beginning to grow fainter, when a shadow loomed high on the ceiling. The girl's first impulse was to shriek, but remembering the danger of again bleeding, she repressed it. How any one had entered she could not divine, for she had lain perfectly still, and had heard no opening of a door and no footstep. A moment's observation showed her that a woman was stealing with stealthy pace towards her bed. She called up all her courage and waited her approach. She came so near that she could hear her hurried breathing as if she had travelled far or fast. She bent her head down to the pillow and whispered, "Your young brave not dead."

Alma caught the sound, and began to implore her to tell her all, but her visitor laid her hand

gently on her lips, thus enjoining silence upon her.

"Poor young squaw!" she said, "not speak now. Me tell you all. Your brave got shot; arm break—no more."

"Where is he?" asked Alma, trembling in every limb.

"Indian hunting-lodge. Me cure him, cure you, too. One here want him to die."

The Indian had understood that, then, Alma thought; and in fact she had prophesied his death to Karl. What could be her object in deceiving him? She asked her, and the woman made her understand with difficulty that she had done so merely to ascertain how he felt towards Theodore, and then to warn her of his treachery.

"But why did you take such an interest in me?" asked Alma.

"Don't you remember a little sick girl that fainted by the door one day?" said the woman, in her broken language.

"I do."

Well, this was the Indian's child, and Alma had carried her into the house, laid her on her own bed and given her wine to restore her—a few choice drops of a small quantity sent her from the German vintage.

"But tell me of Theodore."

The woman said he was ill in a fort, with two men attending him. She had gone away purposely to find him and bring news from him; had seen him and given him tidings from home. He would be here soon; and with this grateful report to Alma's ear, she glided out of the room like a spirit, just as as Mrs. Weitsel began to stir, if awaking.

At dawn Karl came home, inquired for Alma, and his mother had the satisfaction of reporting her in a sweet sleep, almost the first she had known during her sickness. Karl was comforted in thinking that, after all, she could not have heard what he was saying, and that her fall was only accidental. He did not meet with the Indian again. She took care to keep out of the way, but she watched every opportunity to bring a word of comfort to her whom she called Snow Feather.

Alma recovered rapidly. Soon she could take short walks in the woods, but she only walked there when Karl was at the village. When he was at home she confined herself to her bed and seemed to sleep. She could not bear to meet him lest she should betray her dislike and horror of him before his parents.

Her Indian friend beckoned her to rise one day, as she was looking into her bedroom window, unseen by any one except Alma. She rose and followed her footsteps, but started when she found that the woman went straight towards Mr. Alstein's. She drew back and said simply, "I cannot go there." But a strong hand was laid on her shoulder, and she felt herself impelled, almost carried forward into the house. There, on a little bed, his wounded arm bandaged and his face pale as death, lay her soldier. Forgetting everything but the pale shadow lying there, she sprang forward and bent down to receive his embrace.

There was much that was touching and mournful in that mute embrace, for no word was spoken by the lips. There had been suffering and anxiety with both, and their spirits were too subdued by chastening for speech. Even the stolid Indian wiped away the drops she was ashamed of shedding.

Theodore had been at home many days, but she had thought it best for both not to meet, and Mr. Alstein had been glad that her sagacity had preserved the secret of his son's arrival from every one, for he feared the effect of company and excitement upon his wound. To-day, however, he had pleaded piteously for Alma's presence, and the Indian had promised to fetch her, if she could find her alone.

Soon he was able to return her visits, and with one arm in a sling, he was married to Alma Weitsel, and took her to one of the prettiest little homes in the settlement. Karl Weitsel went to sea the next morning and was never heard of afterwards, feeling, probably, that he could not bear to witness the happiness of the man he hated.

Alma regretted that she was the cause, though undesigned, of alienating him from his home, but his parents never blamed her. On the contrary, they fully agreed upon encouraging her marriage. Mr. Alstein was now a rich man, and Theodore need not trouble himself to work for a living, so he and his good little wife devoted themselves to the beautiful children who gathered around them like olive plants.

ABYSSINIA.

In our search for striking and curious scenes where-with to illustrate our Pictorial, we have halted at Abyssinia, in the far east of Africa, a country interesting to the antiquarian and to the student of manners. Abyssinia forms an elevated table-land, and contains many fertile valleys, watered by numerous rivers, the chief of which are the Abai (Bahr-el-Azrek or "Blue Nile"), the Tacazze and the Hawash. Many of the rivers are lost in the sands, or only reach the sea during the rainy season. Lake Dembea or Tzana, about fifty miles in length, is the largest in the country. The highest mountain range is in the southwest table-land, where the peak of Abba Yaret rises 15,000 feet, and Mt. Bua-hat 14,364 feet. The upper part of these mountains is covered with snow, while their sides are clothed with trees and fine grass. The temperature of Abyssinia is much lower than that of Nubia or Egypt, owing to the elevation of the soil, the numerous rivers, and the copious rains of summer. The mineral products of the country are iron-ore, rock-salt, and a small quantity of gold. The cultivated grains are wheat, barley, oats, maize, rice and millet. All the wild animals indigenous



ABYSSINIANS FEASTING ON RAW MEAT.

low table. The plates used are not of wood, metal, or earthenware, but are made of cakes of corn, dourah or barley. The entertainment is usually commenced with prayer. Every one makes the sign of the cross and says *Amen*, after which the servants begin to serve the dishes. Then is brought on the *brondou*, the favorite food of the Abyssinians, raw, in fact almost live flesh. It is warm, and is eaten while smoking and palpitating. An ox

is knocked down and slaughtered before the eyes of the guests. An immense mass is first served to the host, who cuts off two or three pound, and then passes it to the most honored guests. Servants bring huge masses of the smoking beef to the others. Travellers describe such a feast as a terrible ordeal to their nerves. The guests appear to be naked to one sitting at the table, for Abyssinian etiquette requires them to let their drapery fall from their black shoulders, and it remains attached to the waist. The guests look like so many demons as they tear the beef to pieces with ferocious eagerness. The blood flows from their lips and stains their hands, while their eyes sparkle with a savage delight. The stranger might easily fancy himself the guest of a band of cannibals. Some slice their meat into strips, others fix their teeth in a huge piece, dexterously severing huge morsels with their keen knives. The soldiers on guard at table are also served with meat, but with them the sabre serves instead of a knife. Fancy these

manners of the Abyssinians are certainly strange enough to satisfy the most eager lover of novelty. Few travellers have penetrated into the country, and the first accounts received from adventurous explorers were regarded as fabulous. In modern days, however, the spirit of research, which carries men everywhere, has made us acquainted with all we care to know about the country and the people.

in large pitchers. They drink deep as they eat gluttonously. *Tech* and *bouza* flow in rivers. As soon as a can is empty, it is filled and drained again. The result of this sharp practice may easily be guessed. All talk and gesticulation at once, and the confusion is terrible. Our second engraving shows an Abyssinian lady in walking costume. The dress is white with scarlet borders. The nails are tinged with *henna*, and the hair plentifully smeared with butter. She carries a parasol of palm leaf. The other figures in this scene are a female water-carrier, and an Abyssinian of the lower class. The women of the lower classes work very hard. Our third sketch shows one of them engaged in grinding corn by hand, by means of a heavy stone—a laborious task. The



ABYSSINIAN WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN.

to Africa, as lions, elephants, buffaloes, leopards, etc., are found in Abyssinia; and domestic animals, horses, asses, cattle, sheep and goats, are reared in great abundance. The industry and commerce of the Abyssinians have made some progress. They manufacture tanned hides for tents, shields of hide, agricultural implements, coarse cotton and woolen cloths, glass and tobacco. The imports include raw cotton, pepper, blue and red cotton cloth, glass and tobacco. Abyssinia was comprised in the ancient Ethiopia, and appears to have been the cradle of African civilization, but the early history of the people is merely traditional. They were converted to Christianity in the time of Constantine, and their first rulers seem to have possessed great influence. In the sixth century they conquered part of Yemen in Arabia. The present inhabitants have preserved nothing of their former power, the Turks on one side, and the ferocious Gallas on the other, have almost entirely separated them from the other nations. For more than a century the princes of the ancient dynasty have been deprived of their authority, and the empire has been divided into several petty states, the chief of which are Shoa, Tigre and Amhara. Ankobar, capital of the kingdom of Shoa, is the only place deserving the name of a town in Abyssinia. The first engraving of our series, representing life in Abyssinia, shows us the interior of an Abyssinian house, built of stone, and belonging to a chief. On the walls are suspended arms, lances and shields, while guards are posted to secure the privacy of the host and his guests, who are seated at a long,

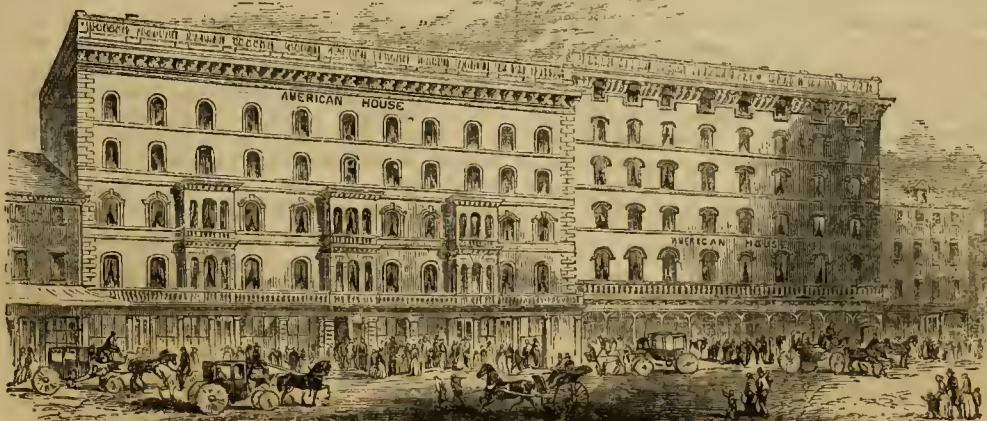
sabres carried like sickles and flashing constantly in unpleasant proximity to the faces of the guests! When the *brondou* has circulated sufficiently, the table is covered with large dishes filled with meat variously prepared, some containing minced beef, others legs of mutton loaded with red pepper. The Abyssinians do not drink at their meals; they eat first and drink afterwards. As there is a prodigality in eating, so there is a profusion in drinkables. They serve hydromel (*tech*), and a sort of beer called *bouza*,



ABYSSINIAN WOMAN AND WATER-CARRIER.

AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Hotel life is one of the most striking characteristics of American society, and our countrymen have certainly reached the acme of luxury and comfort in the vast public houses every large city and town can boast. One of the most renowned of these monster establishments is the American House, in Hanover Street, Boston, of which we present an accurate representation, showing the extent of its frontage. This hotel is one of the largest in the world, but, though large, it is always full, as its reputation has extended east, west, north and south. The proprietor, Mr. Lewis Rice, has spared neither pains nor expense in rendering it worthy of public patronage. In the heart of the business quarter of the city, the vast area it covers permits ample accommodations to its guests. The rooms are large and lofty, well ventilated, warm in winter and cool in summer, and furnished with great taste and liberality. Every department is well arranged. The table is an excellent one, and the attendants are numerous and courteous, and a stranger always finds himself at once at home within its walls. Many of our citizens, with their families, are permanently established at this hotel, finding there all the comforts of a home separated from the inconveniences of housekeeping. The American House is one of the features of Boston, as the hotel system is one of the features of this country. It is a little curious to compare the style of living at these fine hotels with the barbarism delineated in the preceding sketch. We have brought the extremes of life in contrast on the same page.



AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED MAN.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Where are the red men now? Passing away,
Waning and fading, dying day by day.
No more they gather, plumed for battle fierce,
No more their light canoes our waters pierce;
In the green wood no more the council fire
Lifts in the sunny air its ruddy spire.
Farther and farther west the dusky tide
Melts into night, its channel scarce descried;
A few brief years of struggle and no more
Will living forms produce the forms of yore.
The poet, painter's hand alone can save
The red man's image from oblivion's grave,
But many a story lives whose magic grace
The pen or pencil in bright hues may trace.

CONSCIENCE.

There is a little voice that often speaks,
Not loudly, but in accents soft and low,
In each one's ear; like as the gentle breeze
Comes softly whispering throughout the woods,
So conscience glides an unexpected guest,
To banquet on the secrets of the heart;
Sometimes to chide for deeds ill-done, for time
Misspent, or duties long neglected; or
How oft to warn the weak and wayward heart
From some deep crime or grievous wrong, perchance
Upon the threshold of commission. Mark,
If in thine ear that voice should chance to speak,
Heed well its counsel; for, to age and youth,
The voice of conscience always speaks the truth.
J. E. CHALMERS.

PARADISE.

Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Gloves in the fruits, and mantles on the stream;
No storm deforms the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatters in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees:
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,
Whose virgin bloom, beneath the ruddy fruit,
Reflects its tint and flushes into love.—SHELLEY.

THINK OF ME.

Farewell—and never think of me
In lighted hall or lady's bower!
Farewell—and never think of me
In spring sunshine or summer hour.
But when you see a lonely grave,
Just where a broken heart might be,
With not one mourner by its side,
Then, and only then, think of me!

PRAYER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.—SIGOURNEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—“The stormy March has come at last,” a wild, gusty, turbulent, rowdy visitor. How he swaggers about the streets o' nights—ripping off awnings, wrenching off sign-boards, rattling blinds, and shaking casements. Now he knocks off a fat old gentleman's hat and sends him puffing after it, as it skurries along the sidewalk, rolls over and over in the gutter, or rushes suicidally under the wheels of a horse-car. Now he catches a fair damsel as she turns Park Street corner and waltzes away with her till her Balmoral blushes scarlet. Off he goes uproariously to the water side and rocks the vessels at the wharf while their dog-vanes flutter in the breeze he raises. Yes, March is a rough, rollicking blade, but he holds by the hand a tender, graceful, ever-welcome attendant—the gentle maiden Spring. Welcome, thrice welcome, to his rough breath. It has its mission. It will dry up the soaked fields, it will prepare the earth for the birth of the crocus, the snow-drop, the violet, the springing grass, the budding hedgerow, all the glory and life of nature awaking from her long, lethargic sleep.....Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature was evinced by his making his grave digger a jester at his business. Henry Clapp, Jr., editor of the New York “Saturday Press,” a monstrously clever paper, in speaking of the cholera in Paris, says: Even the undertakers grew merry at the influx of business. “Halloo, coach!” shouted out two vaudevillistes to an undertaker who was coming back empty by the Champs Elysees, “have you any room?” “All right,” replied the man in black. “Do not be in such a hurry, your turn will come; I have buried people in better health than you are!” These undertakers are so wrapped up in their business that they even grow jealous of losing a party. It happened one day that a patient was removed in a state of collapse. The cool air and the motion of the vehicle reviving him, he disengaged himself from the others, and jumped down into the street. “Stop, there! stop my dead man!” shouted out the undertaker. “He is running away!”.....Plutarch says, in his Life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. A contemporary remarks that in these days men sleep on skins filled with bad rum.....We admire pluck however exhibited. A man obtained a decree of divorce in the Cincinnati Common Pleas Court, recently, and in less than an hour afterward had procured in the Probate Court a license to marry again. Courageous man!.....Quiz says that some editors are more cutting than sarcastic. We should judge so by the way they use their scissors. Steel scissors do more execution than steel pens.....So the Ravens can't keep off. We thought as much. When Gabriel told us of the quiet life he was going to lead for the remainder of his days in Toulouse, we thought he would miss the footlights, and the laughing and applauding

thousands, and all the excitements of a successful stage career. His home is on the stage, and we do not believe he will quit it again till he is unable to throw a summer-set or dance on the tight-rope.....Will the city of Paris never be finished? It seems that the government has resolved to pull down every building in the Garden of Plants, to pull down the Halle aux Vins (which cost \$6,000,000), and to pull down all the houses between the Garden of Plants and the Horse Market, and transform the whole space so cleared into a new Garden of Plants. A large and splendid building will be erected in the centre of the new garden, to contain the offices and museums of natural history, comparative anatomy, geology, botany, and mineralogy, while one wing will contain the Medical School (the old one being pulled down) and the Pharmacy School (the present one being pulled down). This monstrous scheme will probably sink \$20,000,000, half of which will be paid by the city of Paris.....A Mr. Gardner fired a pistol at his sweetheart recently, in Minnesota, and she has since married him. Who ever dreamed that gunpowder was a love-powder!.....Every taste may be corrupted by habit. Perhaps a man may get so accustomed to an offensive atmosphere that he will stop his nose in passing a garden of jessamines and violets.....General William Walker, the filibuster, has been admitted as a member of the Catholic church. The ceremony took place in the cathedral at Mobile.....An English paper contains a letter from India, giving a thrilling account of a recent tiger hunt. There were one Englishman and six Sepoys engaged in the affair. The tiger was wounded, and finally roaring furiously, charged right down on the Sepoys, who gave him a volley, which, however, did not stop him. He rushed on a coolie Sepoy, who, with the utmost coolness and courage, received him with the bayonet, inflicting a severe wound on the head. But the tiger bore down the Sepoy's defence, and taking the end of the musket in his jaws, so immense was his strength that the musket and bayonet were bent to a right angle; then seizing on the Sepoy, he clawed him fearfully. The others drew their swords and slashed the animal so that he left the man, when a ball was sent through his heart. They took the tiger and wounded Sepoy, and arriving at the nearest station the Sepoy was sent into the hospital, as he was fearfully lacerated. He asked for four hairs from the tiger's whiskers, which he said were a charm to cure him if tied round his wrist. But the charm was powerless, as he soon began to sink, and finally died.....Walter Harper of Detroit has conveyed in trust property worth nearly \$100,000 to a number of citizens of that place, for the purpose of establishing a hospital for the sick and aged poor in and about Detroit. The institution must be under the direction of a physician of the old school, and of Protestant management. Mr. Harper is to receive for his own use only an annuity of \$1000.....Professor Katchenovsky, of the University of Kharkoff, in Russia, has written and published a “Biographical Sketch of the Life and Works of Daniel Webster,” in the Russian language. We hope the sketch will be more readable than his name.....Major Culbertson, who has just come from the Rocky Mountains, says that the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia are so near together that he at one time drank from the Missouri, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and a half hour afterwards from the Columbia River on the Pacific slope.....Col. T. B. Thorpe, author of the “Bee Hunter,” is now connected with the New York Spirit of the Times as associate publisher and editor. The other editor is Mr. E. Jones, for a long time connected with the Spirit.....A writer in one of the London scientific journals has some peculiar notions in regard to the effect upon railway travelling of the earth's rotation. It is well known that as the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, from west to east, the velocity of any point on its surface is greater nearer the equator and less further from it, in the ratio of the cosine of the latitude. Thus, according to this ratio, the difference between the relative velocity of the earth in surface motion at London and at Liverpool is about twenty-eight miles per hour; and this amount of lateral movement is to be gained or lost as respects the locomotive, in each journey, according to the direction travelled in from one place to the other,—and in proportion to the speed will be the pressure against the sides of the rails, which, at a high velocity, will give the engine a tendency to climb the right hand rail in each direction.....They are getting up a mammoth prize dance in Liverpool, Onondaga county, N. Y., to come off early in April. There are to be 1000 tickets at \$2 each, and the dancing is to occur at two hotels, ticket holders having the privilege of attending both dances, which will go on simultaneously. The prize is the new canal boat “Major Holt,” and four horses. During the evening there will be a “drawing,” and the holder of the lucky ticket will receive the boat and horses.....The cost of the New York quarantine war was \$53,269 58. For twenty-four thousand dollars of this amount, for the pay of the troops, Gov. King became personally liable, by giving his note, which was discounted in one of the banks of the State, and becomes due some time in the spring.....It is stated that Prescott's History of Philip the Second, of which three volumes have appeared, is to be completed by Mr. Kirk, his amanuensis.....We see that Michigan proposes to build a new Capitol for herself at Lansing. It is proposed to be fireproof, modern Doric in style, 265 feet in its northern front, and 205 on its southern; estimated cost \$500,000; material, brick, faced with Grand Rapids marble, provided the latter material shall appear durable enough.....Some policemen in New York, desiring to enter a rowdy saloon to arrest an offender taken from them by his friends, were deterred by the very uninviting appearance presented, upon looking through a glass door, of a line of villains armed with revolvers, waiting for their entrance, to shoot them dead. The officers concluded to seek reinforcements!.....The whole city of London is to be woven over with a net work of wires, with stations at very short distances, especially for the transmission of metropolitan intelligence. Delivery is to be prompt, and the rate of transmission for ten words is expected to be reduced to four pence (seven and a half cents), or at most to sixpence (eleven cents).....The several firms of De Rothschild have a capital or sum

at their instantaneous command amounting to nearly \$200,000,000.....The Philadelphians are rejoicing in the prospect of a mammoth hotel in their right-angled city, which will cost \$750,000, to be ready for occupancy about one year from this time. Paron Stevens has taken a lease of it at an annual rent of \$40,000. The colonel is just the man to ensure success to a hotel.....Bulwer and Moore were once dining with Theodore Hook. Says Bulwer to Moore, “We're going to get so gloriously drunk that we won't know ourselves.” “You wouldn't know much if you did,” retorted Hook.....The Marquis de Martenville, head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Normandy, has just died in Paris, aged forty-five. He was possessed of a large and very valuable collection of manuscripts, which he has bequeathed to Rouen, his native place.....Hon. John A. Dix has consented to edit a life of Silas Wright, and correspondence, etc., have been furnished him for the work.....It is a familiar story that a philosophic wag once paused in the square beneath St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and gazing intently upwards at the dome, uttered, and continued meditatively to utter, these two words, “It leans!” The consequence was presently an immense concourse of people, all gazing intently at the vast dome above them, and all contending eagerly to determine whether it leaned or no. Such is the strange susceptibility of human nature to the influence of little things—a characteristic which is fraught with consequences the most various and singular.....Kissing is rather high priced at Vinegar Hill, Illinois. A justice there charged John Watson \$20 for kissing a lady twice.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Warlike preparations are still going on in France and Austria on a great scale, though the general belief is that war, for the present at least, will be averted.—The emperor of Austria recently declared he could count with certainty, in case of need, upon the strenuous support of the entire population of Germany, but assured the deputation of his complete confidence that an amicable arrangement of the present difficulty will be effected.—It is stated that considerable agitation prevails in Austria, Poland and Hungary.—The Globe's Paris correspondent says: “Fermentation in Galicia is such that 80,000 troops have been concentrated along that frontier and Lemberg.”—It is alleged that the English government has completed contracts with three large iron companies for the supply of sixty eight-pounders, as fast as they can be cast. An important contract for gunpowder was also concluded.—The Opinions of Turin, referring to a late article in the Monitor upon the Franco-Sardinian marriage, says the alliance between France and Sardinia is quite distinct from marriage; the latter strengthens the bond of amity, and has, moreover, the advantage of perfectly suiting the interests of France and Piedmont. If France is to intervene for the independence of the Italian peninsula, it is because her interests induce her to do so independently of the alliance just concluded.—A letter in the Opinions of Turin says that the grand duke of Tuscany has refused to accede to Austria's request regarding the exchange of Tuscan for Austrian troops.—It is officially announced to the court of Turin that the Prince of Wales will pay a visit to the king of Sardinia in the spring.—It is reported that Austria and Russia appear to be on better terms, and it is related that a letter from Alexander to the Emperor Francis Joseph had been received, which letter is considered extremely satisfactory.

A Shakspearian of the Bench.

A new illustrator of Shakspeare has entered the field in the person of the lord chief justice of the queen's bench, Lord Campbell. During a recent vacation in Scotland, he turned his attention again to the great dramatic poet; and reading over his plays consecutively, he was struck by the vast number of legal phrases and allusions they contain, and by the extreme appropriateness and accuracy of their application. He began by noting and remarking upon them, giving them such explanations and elucidations as his vast experience and knowledge of the law enabled him readily to furnish. He has since put them into more regular form and order, and is printing them in the shape of a familiar letter to Mr. Payne Collier—who in his recent biography of Shakspeare states that there are more indications in Shakspeare that he had in some way, early in life, been connected with the legal profession than are to be met with in all the works of contemporary dramatists put together.

Alexandre Dumas.

The Paris “Charivari” is publishing a capital burlesque upon Dumas Sr's travels in Russia. The illustrious romancer is represented in a variety of ludicrous and fantastic positions. Wanting to correspond with the Circassian chief, he shoots a crow and a rat; then, employing the spoils of this undignified quarry as his writing materials, despatches an epistle to Schamyl, “written in lion's blood with an eagle's feather.” Further, he discovers a relative in the person of a descendant of the Crusaders, whose wife addresses the travellers in the old French of the Middle Age romances, and asks him “if he has read Fanny?” Dumas is so busy writing his own books that he has no time to read those of others. This travesty is still going on, and getting better as it continues.

Great Forgeries in London.

A case has occurred in London of forged bills of exchange having been successfully put into circulation to a large amount. They purported to be drawn by the Barbadoes Branch of the Colonial Bank on the parent establishment in London, and are supposed to have been manufactured and negotiated in New York, where, after having passed into good hands, they were remitted to London to several respectable firms for collection. Those already presented at the Colonial Bank amount to about £9000, and from the manner in which they are numbered it is inferred that at least a total of £15,000 has been put forth.

Valuable Documents.

Mr. George Robinson, the celebrated and universally respected auctioneer, of Old Bond Street, London, has just purchased, from the executors of a deceased relative of Colonel Hartley, some of the most valuable and most interesting documents associated with the history of the United States. The manuscripts in question consist of autograph letters of Franklin, the French and English ministers of the period, and other celebrities, with a map of America in Franklin's own hand, defining the boundaries; also the English ambassador's passport, signed by the unfortunate Louis XVI.

Hungary.

The occurrences in Italy have made a deep impression in Hungary. From Pesth we learn that there is a feeling of general discontent, and that even those who had opposed the defenders of the national cause in 1848, are now the first to manifest their aversion to an odious power which knew not how to employ its victory, but has redoubled its inhumanity to the Hungarians. We may be sure that the first signal of hostilities will find the Hungarians in arms in numbers great enough to defy the power of Austria.

Toulon.

Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war transports are ready. The supplemental surgeons in the military hospitals of Paris and Marseilles are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active service. In the artillery there are companies in which five-sixths of the men are excused from regular duty because they are making cartridges. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops and the formation of a Corps d'Armee on the Alps.

From Germany.

The Press of Vienna asserts that during his sojourn in Paris, the Grand Duke Constantine expressed himself to the emperor in these terms: “The present rule of Poland is more liberal than that of Lombardy; there would be nothing extraordinary in Russia favoring Italian nationality, while reconstructing Polish nationality by durable institutions which are worth more than an ephemeral government.”

Grandmother Victoria.

The news of the birth of the son of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia reached Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in six minutes after its occurrence in Berlin. Demonstrations of rejoicing took place at Windsor and at Berlin. The regent and his consort appeared on the balcony of the palace and amid vociferous cheering thanked the populace for their sympathy.

Death of Rudio.

Intelligence has been received in London of the death of Rudio, who, it will be remembered, was a party in the attempt against the life of the French emperor in January, 1858. He is said to have shown in his last moments the strongest marks of repentance.

The Queen of Oude.

This lady has replied to the Queen of England's proclamation in India, by a counter-proclamation, in which she denies the good faith of the English, and says they never pardon offenders. This is referring to the promised amnesty to the rebels.

Heavy Fine.

The court of appeals at Paris has confirmed the sentence of punishment for three years and a fine of four thousand francs, passed on Proudhon, the socialist, for sentiments contained in a recent work by him.

Immigrants from Africa.

The Moniteur de Colonization contains a ministerial decree of Prince Napoleon, by which all recruiting of immigrants at the eastern coast of Africa and Madagascar is prohibited.

England.

There are reports that it is on the political attitude of England that war is in reality dependent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ERIC OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE. A Tale of Roslyn School. By FRED. W. FARRAR. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 366. 1859.

The enterprising New York publishers deserve the thanks of the reading world for this elegant edition of a charming story of school life, at once eloquent, pathetic and interesting, which has elicited the warmest approbation of the London critics. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

SOUTHWOLD. A Novel. By MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 257. 1859.

This work is a novel of society written by one who evidently understands it, and has moved in refined and intellectual as well as fashionable circles. The plot—that indispensable feature of a successful story—is very well managed, and the denouement is startling and unexpected. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

HEADLONG CAREER OF PRECOCIOUS PIGGY.

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CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, M. A. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 423. 1859.

The enterprising New York publishers have done well in putting forth this beautiful reprint from the fourth London edition of Buckland's agreeable and instructive work. It is written in a popular style, and eminently calculated to awaken an interest in the study of natural history. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 8vo. pp. 639. 1859.

We have already alluded to this work, which has now made its appearance in the splendid style which characterizes the important publications of James Challen & Son. The work is properly styled a new history of the conquest, for it contemplates that brilliant episode from an entirely novel point of view, and exhibits it in a new light altogether. The author has sought by a careful analysis of authorities to separate fact from fiction in the received accounts, and supports his positions by proofs derived from local investigation. Whatever conclusion may be drawn by the student of history, no one will venture to deny to Judge Wilson the merits of candor, discrimination and patient research, and all will admit that this volume is a valuable addition to our historical treasures. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

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Extract of a letter from Thomas R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sidney, New South Wales, dated Jan 12, 1858.

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AN EASTERN SCENE.—DOMESTIC LIFE IN ALGIERS.



THE MODERN REBECCA.

[For description, see page 153.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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A GLOUCESTER FISHING SCHOONER.

The animated scene depicted on this page by Mr. Waud is no fancy sketch; it is one which the artist, when looking up subjects for the Pictorial, sketched upon the spot with his characteristic spirit and fidelity. How familiar to us is that Gloucester smack; and how, though moored to the wharf, does she carry us back to Cape Ann, with its glorious marine scenery, its hardy sons, its "ancient and fish-like" atmosphere. On the

wharf, here in our picture, is a busy and motley group of buyers and sellers, amphibious beings and landmen in characteristic costumes, and with the fresh fish piled up in glittering, tempting heaps—the bounteous tributes of old Neptune. Turning to the report of the Boston Board of Trade, we find the following statistics: The city of Boston is the principal market of the United States for the sale of fish. It early took the lead in this business, exporting codfish

as early as 1633. There are at the present time some thirty houses in the trade, with an aggregate capital of \$1,100,000, and their sales (in 1857), amounted to near \$6,000,000. A great proportion of the entire catch of fish in the State comes to this market; or, if not actually shipped from Boston, is sold here to be shipped direct from the outports to various southern ports. The different kinds of fish sold here are codfish, haddock, hake, halibut, pollock, mackerel, salmon, salmon trout and lake trout, herrings pickled and smoked, alewives, shad, bass, white fish, blue fish, sword fish, tongues and sounds, halibut napes and fins and halibut heads. The sale of codfish and halibut, fresh, may be estimated at \$300,000. They are shipped in a frozen state to all the adjoining States during the winter. The port of Gloucester, whence the fishing craft in our picture hails, is thirty miles distant from Boston, on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. It is the largest seat of the domestic fisheries in the United States, if not in the world; and the products of her industry and toil, in the shape of barrels of mackerel, codfish and halibut, are distributed to all parts of this country, and are shipped to many foreign ports. The cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia are the great distributing ports for the products of the Gloucester fisheries. The merchants of these cities send their orders to be filled to the dealers

and operators in Gloucester, and but few fish are sent to market for account of the owners of the vessels that landed them. There are 304 schooners averaging 70 tons, employed in the fisheries, making an aggregate of 21,000 tons. 72,000 barrels of mackerel may be estimated at \$500,000; 98,000 quintals of codfish are worth \$300,000. Over three thousand men are employed in these and the halibut fishery. There are now published statements of the products of boat and shore fishing. The port of Gloucester now ranks as the third in New England in amount of foreign commerce. Its trade is principally with Surinam (Dutch Guiana), and various ports in the British Provinces. The former business was commenced in Gloucester as early as 1791, and now employs 14 ships, barks and brigs. The provincial trade was commenced ten or twelve years ago, and has grown to its present importance. Gloucester now has upwards of two hundred arrivals annually from that quarter. Among the imports at Gloucester in 1857 were 5000 hogsheads molasses, 3000 hhd. sugar, 5000 cords firewood, and large quantities of salt from Liverpool and Cadiz, and fish, lumber, coal, etc., from British America. The fishermen of Gloucester are a hardy set of men, and trained by their calling into excellent seamen. Amateur fishing for a few hours may be fine sport, but fishing for a living is a very different affair.



A GLOUCESTER, MASS., FISHING SCHOONER DISCHARGING AT COMMERCIAL WHARF, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIZARD OF BARCELONA.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

THE city of Barcelona, one of the principal and handsomest cities in all Spain, is built in the shape of a half-moon, facing the sea. It is the handsomest city in all Catalonia, which is the fairest as well as the richest province in Spain, abounding in wooded mountain slopes and Eden-like valleys, watered by silvery streams, which, in many places come rushing and foaming down some mountain side, sparkling among the purple porphyritic rocks; it is rich with precious stones, such as topazes, garnets, rubies and jaspers, as well as rich mines of lead, zinc and iron. The city itself is a quaint yet elegant place, strongly fortified. On the east side is a strong citadel, built in 1715, and connected by a secret passage with the fort San Carlos, near the sea. On the west side of the city lies the hill of Montjoui, with a fort which protects the harbor.

Close to the citadel—so close that the shadow of its heavy walls rested upon the garden like a cloud—stood a tall, stone house, built very much after the fashion of Corsican houses—tall and narrow, with loopholes like windows, and a deep doorway. In front of this house was a spacious garden, thickly set with wide-spreading trees, which, together with the shadow from the frowning walls of the citadel, always shed an air of gloom over the place. Add to this a high lattice and a heavy, arched gateway, and you will have an idea of the place occupied by Paola Estaban, the reputed wizard of Barcelona.

All passers-by looked askance at the black, forbidding gateway; and it was not until they were out of ear-shot that they dared even to speak. Children—rash little mortals—sometimes peered through the interstices of the lattice, hardly daring to breathe, then ran fearfully home, with the speed of a deer, scarcely daring to look behind them.

The cause of all this distrust and fear was because the house was inhabited by one poor old man, whom all called the wizard of Barcelona. Look at him, now quietly walking among the trees, with his head bent down and his hands drooping by his side, and say if there is anything so very fearful or suspicious in his aspect. Surely not! You see before you only a small, well-shaped old man, whose quick, flashing black eyes and clear complexion are in strange contrast with his snow-white hair and flowing beard.

In 1790 the people of Barcelona were more superstitious than they are now, and readily believed any story of witch or wizard they might hear. None knew when Paola Estaban came, or where from. He came, it was reported, one fearfully stormy night. Thus the story runs: The house which he now occupied was then empty, under the ban of being haunted. One wild, stormy night in November, when the rain fell in torrents, the thunders rolled and the lightnings blazed, and the waves rolled mountains high and angrily broke upon the shore, the haunted house had suddenly been brilliantly illuminated; there had been a wild cry heard on the night air, and in the morning, lying on the steps of the house, was the old man now called Paola Estaban. A passer-by paused at the closed gateway, and gazed curiously in, and was about to enter, when the crouching figure rose and in a second disappeared within the house, the door of which was shut with a slam, and there was a sound of wild laughter heard for a moment.

From that time the lonely old man was called a wizard, and shunned like a pestilence, save by a few more curious and fearless than the rest, who penetrated into the house to learn their future. Those few never spoke of what they had seen or heard within the haunted house, but looked grave when questioned on the subject, and in reply said that the old man's name was Paola Estaban, and that he would tell fortunes if any were desirous of looking into the future.

I do wrong to say that the house of Estaban was shunned altogether—it was not. A report had of late spread through the city, that in the dark, stone hall was confined a beautiful maiden, beautiful as an angel, and the young nobles of Barcelona, a wild, reckless set, were constantly upon the watch for a sight of the lovely maiden. Watch as they might, no sight of the unknown damsel had as yet been obtained, and the young man who had spread the report was beginning to be accused of inventing the story, or else of having been bewitched.

In a brilliantly-lighted dining saloon, in the

central part of the city, sat five young, fashionably as well as richly dressed men. The viands had been removed, and they were now leaning back in their chairs sipping the sparkling wine. Their spirits were high, and all was merry good nature among them, till one spoke, young Carlo Martaro.

"Give an account of yourself, Lorenzo. Tell us why you spread the report concerning old Estaban you did?"

"What report?" asked Lorenzo, raising his proud head with a haughty air.

"What report?" Why that concerning a young and beautiful girl living, imprisoned, in the wizard's house."

"I said I saw a beautiful female face at one of the manor windows."

"Yes, I know you said so; but what did you invent such a story for?"

"Invent? I did not invent any tale."

"O, Lorenzo!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I lie?" exclaimed Lorenzo, springing to his feet flushed and excited.

At this fiery exclamation, a young, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, sitting at a table placed near that occupied by the young nobles, raised his eyes, and from that moment watched carefully the movements of the young rufflers, though the paper he held before his face served him for a screen.

Lorenzo, receiving no answer to his question, again inquired, and in a still more haughty tone, "Who among you dare insinuate that I lie?"

Another young man, evidently heated with wine, deliberately pushed his chair back from the table and confronted Lorenzo, while he said, quietly, "I, Don Carlo Martaro, dare say it!"

"Then take that!" And suiting the action to the word, the fiery Almeida seized a silver goblet partly filled with wine, and dashed the whole contents full in the face of his companion.

In an instant young Martaro's sword was freed from the scabbard, and blood would have flowed on the spot had not the other young men interfered and separated them. Many and various were the exclamations given utterance to.

"Apologize, Carlo! For shame! Put up your sword! Yes, apologize, Carlo!" exclaimed one; "you had no right to accuse Lorenzo of lying."

"Apologize!" exclaimed all voices.

"By San Diego, I won't! Let Lorenzo make good his word!" sulkily returned Carlo. "He said old Estaban had in his den a beautiful young girl."

"I repeat it!" haughtily answered young Almeida.

"What did you say, Lorenzo?" asked Don Segovia.

"I'll tell you what he said," interrupted Martaro. "He said he had seen looking from one of the windows of the old wizard's house a beautiful female face, more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. Did you not say that, Lorenzo?"

"I said it once, and I say it again!" answered Lorenzo, calmly resting his hand upon the back of his chair; "and what have you to say against that?"

"Simply," replied Don Martaro, doggedly, "that it is not so!"

Lorenzo sprang forward, but his friends seized him, and one among them tried to reason with Carlo.

"How can you say that Lorenzo has spoken falsely, when you have no proof that the lady isn't there?"

"But I have proofs."

"Bring them forward."

"Have I not watched from sunrise till sunset, and seen no such angel face, nor indeed any sign or sound that might betoken the existence even of a such a being? Do you think that for anything else I would have spent so many hours in a mean, close room over the baker's shop? Bah! the smell of vile cookery is in my nostrils still!" And that young exquisite applied to his delicate nose an exquisitely carved golden vinaigrette, with an affectation of supreme disgust.

Lorenzo, whose momentary excitement had faded away, smiled contemptuously, while he said, in a clear, quiet voice,—"Friends, I have no desire to quarrel with you. All know that I am neither a coward nor liar, and that I will not brook an insult. Don Carlo Martaro has grossly and wantonly insulted me, and nothing will serve save the most humble public apology or crossed swords. An Almeida scorns a lie. What I told you I saw was the truth, and I will strive

to make good my words, for your own satisfaction and mine. This very night I will penetrate into the old wizard's castle, be it haunted or not, and discover whether there is a lady there, and if there is she shall ere to-morrow's sun rise be at my own house, installed in the finest room, and at dinner you shall be presented to the beautiful unknown. Wait me here, for I will return before midnight. Carlo, I wait your message." And with a haughty, graceful bow the young, reckless Don Almeida left the hall.

While this discussion had been going on, the stranger had been entirely disregarded though not disregarding. When the quarrel began he had watched the young men simply through curiosity, but at the mention of a lady and the name of Estaban, the brow of the young man had darkened, his cheeks paled and flushed, and he had seemed about to spring forward, but by a giant effort had remained in his chair. When Lorenzo left the hall, the stranger rising carelessly, had followed. The young men resumed their seats, and the wine being removed, card tables were called for, and they prepared to spend the remaining hours till midnight in playing games.

Down the long flight of steps leading from the dining hall, Lorenzo tripped, followed closely but silently by the young stranger. Through the long, broad streets went Lorenzo, so intent on his object that he turned not to see the dark figure following so silently in his track. As they neared the wizard's abode Lorenzo slackened his pace, and his pursuer found it hard work to walk slow enough. At last the gate was gained. Awhile Lorenzo paused; then, as if moved by a sudden, desperate resolve, he laid his hand on the latch. Nothing resisted; the gate swung noiselessly upon its hinges, and the young man was within the haunted precincts. Never pausing, Lorenzo stepped forward and placed his hand on the door. There was no bolt or bar to prevent his free entrance, and in a moment he found himself within a dimly-lighted hall. Moving cautiously, the young man, still followed by the stranger, entered first one room and then another, finding them, though lighted, warmed and handsomely furnished, entirely deserted. Gaining courage by the silence pervading the house, Lorenzo ascended to the second story. Two rooms he entered; they also were lighted, and more brilliantly than the others, and displayed a greater degree of luxury, while here and there laid little articles clearly denoting the presence of a lady. On a sofa near the door, in the second story, lay a tiny pair of gloves and a rich gold bracelet. The gloves Lorenzo transferred to his pocket, while the stranger raised the bracelet and examined it carefully. Upon the inside, engraved in tiny characters, were these words: "Nina from Henri."

As the young stranger read these words, he turned pale, and was obliged to lean against the door. A third room was searched, without effect. Lorenzo paused before the door of the fourth. A second only he paused—then the portal was flung wide open, and the young stranger, looking over the shoulder of his companion, saw a brilliantly-lighted room, in the centre of which was a lovely woman, who stood mute with astonishment at the sudden intrusion. Placing his hand upon his sword, the young stranger murmured, "It is Nina! Nina found at last! Now be ready to protect her."

Lorenzo seemed slightly abashed as he met the young girl's inquiring eyes fixed upon him. There was no fear expressed in the dark, bright eyes. Lorenzo bowed and entered the room, while the stranger slunk into the shadow of the doorway.

"What means this insolent intrusion, signor?" calmly asked the young girl, stepping back as Lorenzo advanced.

"It means, fair lady, that I have found what I sought for."

The lips of the young girl paled slightly as she heard these words, and the stranger watching outside the door grasped the handle of his dagger with a firmer grip.

"There must be some mistake, signor, and I beg you will leave immediately, and not force me to summon assistance."

So spoke the dauntless young girl, though she knew she was as good as alone in the house, for the old deaf waiting-woman in the hall below would never hear the summons, and, should the house fall about his ears, old Paola Estaban would never heed, for he was deep in some abstruse calculation.

"Nay, lady, I care not to put you to that

trouble. I will state my errand, and have no doubt but that you will gladly free me from my embarrassment."

"I will hear nothing. I request you as a gentleman to free me from your presence. I hope I am not mistaken in applying the word gentleman to you?"

This was said so haughtily, that Lorenzo Almeida, reckless as he was, paused, feeling actually ashamed to go on. Throwing aside the feeling, he said:

"Your presence, lady, is requested—nay, demanded—at the Almeida palace."

"How!"

"I repeat it. I am come to escort you to the Almeida palace, which I will do in all honor, but—" and he paused—"if you accompany me not willingly, I shall be obliged to carry you there forcibly."

Returning no answer, Nina Estaban sprang to the side of the room and violently pulled the bell rope, saying:

"Take my warning, and fly before it is too late. Should my people find you here, your life will not be worth a farthing."

The spirit and daring of the girl only delighted the young man, who was now determined to have her, come what might.

"Ah, lady, place not too much faith in the legion of spirits attendant upon your sage father, for they will not interfere between you and me. You are mine," and Lorenzo took a step forward.

"Stand back! I fear you not. God will not let harm come to me. There is one ever watching over me."

"Dare you mention that holy name in this enchanted abode? Are you not afraid that your father, at the mention of the name of God, will turn into a black cat and vanish up the chimney?"

"The insult is needless, vile wretch! Unprotected as I seem, I fear you not. Your hour is come!" And so saying, Nina pulled the bell-rope, and with folded hands waited, to all appearance perfectly calm, though there was despair in her heart. Two seconds elapsed, and a deep voice from the darkness said:

"What wish you, lady? We are here."

At the unexpected sound of a voice, a deadly faintness overspread Nina, and Lorenzo visibly trembled, for he was not wholly free from the superstitions of the age, and as he had heard no steps, no sound, he readily believed the summons had been answered by beings from another world. Summoning all her presence of mind, which was fast leaving her, Nina exclaimed:

"Seize me this man—beat him severely—cut off all his hair, and—"

Nina paused, for she knew not what else to say, yet wished to frighten the audacious young nobleman. A moment's thought, and her native mischievousness came to her aid, and she went on:

"Yes, slaves of the bell, cut off his hair; beat him and bend him, that he may never more stand erect; stain his face brown that his friends may never more know him; strip from him his velvet cloak and jewelled sword, and leave him on the sidewalk to live or die, as may be. Haste!"

From the hall the same voice replied—"Lady, queen of the bell, we obey. Kneel and close your eyes, for even you may not gaze upon us."

Nina obeyed; and Lorenzo, who by this time was quaking with fear, felt himself grasped from behind, raised in two powerful arms and borne swiftly down stairs, out of the door into the garden. There he was beaten, and—but here his senses failed him. He fainted from sheer fright.

Nina, as she knelt with her eyes closed, heard the sound of footsteps, and until they died away in the distance, dared not raise her head. When all was silent she rose and looked about her. No one was there. Had she dreamed it all? No! for there lay a plumed hat upon the floor. She stooped and raised it, to try and discover to whom it belonged, when she heard a swift step upon the stairs, and ere she could cry out, the young stranger sprang into the room.

"Nina!"

"Henri!"

And the two were clasped in each other's arms in fond embrace. A moment, and Henri raised his head.

"Why did you fly from me, Nina?"

"Fly! Ah, Henri, my poor father was suspected of sorcery, as you know, and he left Madrid thinking here at least to find peace. They would have burned him alive could they have caught him in Madrid; so in the dead of night

we left. I cannot tell you how we got here. Father's reputation as a wizard travelled as fast as he, how, I know not, and we found all doors closed against us. Worn and weary we came to this house, reported to be haunted, and in despair took possession of it, hoping by entire seclusion to escape all insult and trouble. Alas! it was not to be; for this very night I have been subjected to open insult in this very room, and freed from perhaps greater wrong in some strange manner—so strange that I am almost inclined to believe in the intervention of spirits. Sometime I will tell you all about it, but now, dear Henri, I am anxious to know how you found me out. Did my letters reach you?"

"No, dear Nina," answered Henri Estalez, kissing the upturned face of the young girl, "for as you left so abruptly at night, I left with the coming sunrise, resolved to search through the world for you, and—"

"Ah! you should have known, Henri, that if in my hurry I could not warn you, I would have done so as soon as we reached any place of safety."

"I was beside myself—incapable of thinking."

"But how did you find me?"

"I will tell you, Nina." And in rapid words Henri related the scene in the dining hall, and his following young Almeida to the house. "At the doorway I listened, dear Nina, and when the moment came, I obeyed the queen of the bell, and acted."

Nina laughed merrily.

"Outside the garden gate lies Don Lorenzo Almeida, punished sufficiently by the loss of his beautiful hair and a pretty severe pounding. He fainted from fright, firmly believing himself in the hands of the spirits of darkness. His friends will learn his plight and be warned. You nor your father need fear no more intrusions, for a time at least. To-morrow we will return to Madrid, where the wife and father-in-law of Prince Henri Estalez will be respected."

The clock in the dining hall struck ten, eleven, and at last twelve, but still Don Lorenzo de Almeida returned not to his waiting, watching friends. One o'clock sounded, and still he came not.

"Some evil has befallen him," exclaimed one of the number, and with one accord, they rose, donned their cloaks and hats, and sallied out to seek their missing friend. Direct they went to the wizard's house. There, on the walk outside the wicket, they found the don, perfectly bewildered. They bore him to the palace. As they entered his brilliantly-lighted rooms what a sight met their view; the elegant Lorenzo, robbed of his doublet and cloak, shorn of his waving locks, and bearing on his person marks of ill-usage. Tied to his back were his missing garments, and to the sleeve of his mantle was pinned a paper, on which were written these words:

"The wizard of Barcelona sends his compliments by the valiant Don Lorenzo Almeida, to all who may wish to explore his mansion, and possess themselves of his lovely daughter. A second intruder will not be treated as kindly as the first."

For years afterwards it was a remembered story: that of the brave Don Lorenzo Almeida, who had sought to outwit the famous WIZARD OF BARCELONA.

THE BLACK ART IN PRUSSIA.

A pleasant incident lately took place at the court of Berlin, indeed in the very hands of the Prince Regent himself. One evening, Bosco, the magician, having been invited to give a *soirée* at the Prince Regent's, he put into the hands of his royal highness a miniature globe representing the four quarters of the world. No sooner had he directed the attention of the prince to the comparatively small space occupied by Prussia on the globe, than the frontiers of the kingdom, in the very hands of its present ruler, expanded visibly before his eyes, and in a moment embraced the whole of Germany in all its length and breadth. The prince smiled the smile of a reserved diplomatist, but some of the other members of the royal family are said to have clapped their hands, and bestowed rather a lively bravo on the hero of political legerdemain.—*Paris Presse*.

MOHAMMEDAN PASSPORT TO PARADISE.

When a devout Mohammedan on his death-bed gives to his spirit-guide the requisite amount of money, he is furnished with a passport to Paradise, which is carefully placed near his head in the coffin. The following is a free translation of one of these passports:

"Angel Gabriel: Dear sir,—In consideration of the sum of Rs. —, paid by Sheikh Abdul Karim into our common treasury, you will please deliver to him, on his arrival at your place, three pomegranate trees, two date do., one tamarind, and other trees in proportion. Also seventeen hours, and seven palaces, and cattle in abundance, and oblige, yours, &c., —."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Autobiography of a Newspaper.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"I say, Joe; why are you like the famous help mate of the celebrated Jack Sprat? You don't know? Then I'll tell you. It's because you love all *fat* and no lean. That's so, isn't it?"

These were the first words I ever heard. I was about two minutes and a half old, and I could hear as well then as I have ever done since; and as for seeing—but how could I help seeing, since I had five times as many *i's* as ever Argus had, and all of them as bright as they will ever be. I had just been hung out to dry, like a newly washed dickey, after having life typographical squeezed into me under a patent *platen*, which did me flatten upon a most extraordinary kind of bed, where they use about a hundred thousand *sheets* to a single *blanket*.

The individual who had the honor of first giving me a specimen of the sounds of my native tongue, was of the genus printer and species compositor, and he used the term *fat* in its technical typographical sense, signifying easy work, or something thereunto equivalent. I had but little time to speculate upon the many novelties by which I was surrounded. I was soon seized and carried to the post-office, and there poked away into a gloomy mail-bag, along with a whole host of fellow-sufferers. The unpleasantness of my situation was much increased by the sort of company I was thus forced to keep.

"Wat's your politics?" squeaked one of my nearest neighbors—a little whitey-brown dailly—almost before we were settled in our places.

My (not codfish) aristocratic Boston blood tingled at this impertinent audacity, from one end of my form to the other. "Sir," said I, "my vocation is literary and artistic. I never dabble in filth."

The fellow seemed inclined to be restive, and even belligerent. Most of my own eyes were folded up, but I managed to give him a look through a pair of Rev. Theodore Parker's, which happened to be on my first page. The cut was too much for him; it silenced him at once.

It was a sore trial for a journal of my respectability to be mixed up with such political ruff-raff. The *Daily Democratic Dough-Face*, and the *Ebony Republican Rip-Snorter and Woolly-Head*, raised a tremendous hubbub. They shook their fists in each other's faces, and brandished their daggers furiously.

"I'll smash your italie *i's*!" shouted *Dough-Face*.

"I'll batter your roman *o's*!" roared *Woolly-Head*.

"Come, come, gentlemen," cried the *London Punch*, who happened to be present, "do mind your *p's* and *q's*. This is not a printing-office. You can't make *pi* of each other now. There are no *shooting-sticks* here. 'Do let us have some *e's*,' as the empty case said to the full one."

And so we jogged on till I came to my journey's end. It was at an out-of-the-way post-office in the heart of the "Old Dominion." I was liberated from my confinement and laid upon a shelf, when I afterwards listened to the following conversation:

"Miss 'Neely done tote me to ax you for her Blue."

"Her what?"

"Her Blue."

"And what the deuce is a *Blue*?"

"Dunno, sir. 'Spect it's de little bag o' stuff what de 'oomens puts in de wash-tub, long o' de closes."

"I don't keep blue-bags, you fool. Your mistress must have told you to go to the store."

"No she didn't, master. Indeed and 'deed, and double 'deed, she done tole me to go to de pos'-office and tell Mars' Jenkins to give me her *Blue*. And de reason why she done tole me so 'ticlelar, is dat I nebber was sent to de pos'-office for nuffin afore. Dey alluz done sent Joe Sephus; but Joe Sephus he's done got de *molera-chorbus*; and little Duky Wellington, he comes sometimes, but Duky Wellington done got toxicated for de small pox, so he couldn't come, nyther; and dat's how it comes dey out me, and tole me not to forgit de *Blue*."

"Blue, Blue! What can the fellow mean? Tell Miss Cornelia I have no—but stay, perhaps—yes, it must be Ballou—B'tou—*Ballou's Pictorial*. There, boy, here's your B'tou."

"Dis? Dis Blue? Why, bless your soul,

Mars' Jenkins, dis aint no Blue—dis yer's white."

"That's it, I tell you. That's what Miss Cornelia wants. There—put it in your basket, and off with you. Don't you lose it, now—do you hear?"

"Nebber fear, marster; dis chile's all safe."

And thus it was that I was transferred to the custody of a great, lazy, lubberly, careless, hobbdehoy of a darkey, who spilled me in the middle of the road before he was half way home. Fortunately, it was a dry spot where I fell, so that my outside wrapper even was not soiled. I lay in this inglorious position for ten minutes, perhaps, when I was picked up by another negro, with a companion.

"What's dat ar?" cried Pompey, when he first saw me. "Dat's somebody's letter."

"Shoh! You is a fool, Pomp," replied Gusty Caesar; "dat ar aint no letter. What blunderbushes you onlarnt niggers does make of yourselves! Dat's a newspaper, I tell you."

"I know better. Dat ar aint no newspaper. Don't you see 'taint got no printin' on it."

"Shoh! It actilly makes me sick to hear onlarnt niggers like you a talkin'. Dat's de antelope of de paper, what you see. De paper's on de inside. Stop—don't tar' it off. Let me read de subscription on de back of it, fust, and den I'll tell you who's de owner of it. Dat fust letter is a M, or else a W; and de nex one is a E, or a T, or a I, or else a J, or a—but dat don't make no difference; it's de las' name what we wants to know, and dat is—le' me see; its S, n, e—S, n, doublee, Sneez, z, e, r, zer, Sneez—yes, Sneez; da's de ticket."

"O, go 'long, Gus; dat can't be it."

"But it is, I tell you. Dat's de bery identity-kill subscription. 'Taint nuffin else."

"Why, Gusty, you must be a fool. Sneez? Dat aint nobody's name, 'les it's Gusty Sneez, some kin to you."

"It mayn't be nobody's name nowhars 'bout here, but dat ar newspaper b'longs to Mr. Sneez, and nobody else, and ef you can't find Mr. Sneez, you aint obligated to gin it to nobody."

"Well, you ort to know, and I don't."

"I does know, ole boss. I's dist de boy what does—I is. Now let's take de antelope off'n it, and see what de paper's like."

"Golly, mighty! sakes alive! What pictures! Geeminy, crymeny! What a newspaper! Who's dat ar feller on de outside, wid de gray beard?"

"Let's see. Dar's de name, right under him. T, h, e, o, d, o, r, e, P, a—shoh! I knows him. I knows him like a book. It's *Theodore the Packer*. He libs ober de river, yander; and he packs 'bacca. I's seen him, many a many a time. He's a great fightin' man. He's de one what whipped big Ike Barber at de camp-meetin' las' summer. He's 'some' now, I tell you. Dia see what a wicked eye he's got."

"I done heerd Mars' Billy Underwood readin' in a newspaper 'bout a great big fightin' man—two of 'em, dere was. Dey done had a big battle 'way off yonder, in New York or Canada, or some udder o' dem ar seaports. Maybe dis is one of 'em."

"It were dis bery Theodore de Packer, sir, you may depend upon it. He done come from Canada, or Boston, or some udder one o' dem free States whar de niggers runs to. But I mus' bid you far'well, Pompey; I turns off here. What you gwine to do wid dat ar newspaper?"

"I's gwine to carry it home and gib it to little Miss Katie for to read."

"She's done got her ankle broke, haint she?"

"Yes. She's mighty fond o' readin', and lookin' at picturs, too. Marster he's away most all de time, and she's turrible lonesome, pore little gal, layin' dar all by her own self. I done heerd her say, dis berry mornin', how she would give anyting in de world it she on'y had a new book, or a magazine, or sumfin to read."

"Well, I mus' go. Far'well, Pompey."

"Good by, Gusty Caesar."

Pompey plodded on till we came to a long, low farm-house, rather out of repair. As we entered the kitchen, I heard a feeble, childlike voice, from an adjoining room, saying, "Is that you, papa?"

"No, taint your pa, Miss Katie; but he'll be here now, 'fore long, I 'speak."

"O, Pompey, I'm so tired lying here on my back the whole day, from morning to night, and not seeing a soul but Juno and Minerva, and old Aunt Millicent. I've read every book I have, through and through again; and now

I'm reading the old almanac backwards, and to-morrow I'll have to do the spelling-book the same way, I reckon. I think I shall die before long, out of pure weariness and being tired to death. O dear, it's mighty hard to bear!"

"You shill hab some'n better dan ole almanacs to read to-morrow, Miss Katie."

"Why, what can I get, Pompey?"

"May-be you mought get a newspaper, miss."

"The *Jeffersonian Republican*, you mean. But that don't come till Saturday, and then it's worth so little when it does come—all about Kansas, and Buchanan, and John Letcher, and the Resolutions of ninety something or oth'r. I would rather read the advertisements than that stuff, if I didn't know them by heart already."

"But I doesn't mean de *Republikin Jeffersonian*, Miss Katie. What I means is a sorter book-newspaper, and eber so many leaves in it, and Theodore de Packer, de great fightin' man, and a whole heap o' picturs."

"Why, what can you mean, Pompey! Have you found the old Fourth of July Brother Jonathan that Cousin Willie lost?"

"No, miss; 'taint no ole Brudder Johnson, nor ole nuffin. It's a brau new, and ha'n't nebber been all opened."

Poor little Katie was so much excited that she made an involuntary effort to rise, and gave her broken limb such a wrench that she was forced to utter a little shriek of pain; but it was all forgotten the next minute, when Pompey unfolded to her delighted gaze a fresh number of *Ballou's Pictorial*, No. 335, November 6, 1853.

Ye dwellers in labyrinths of brick and mortar, who breathe an atmosphere vibrating with the cries of news-boys, and have a vender of periodicals for your next door neighbor, faint and imperfect must be your appreciation of this poor ennuiridden little country girl, in her illiterate insulation and newspaperless obscurity. To the imminent danger of her fractured limb, she clapped her hands and shouted aloud for joy, as column after column of happiness unalloyed unrolled itself to her enraptured gaze.

"O, Pompey, Pompey! Whar did you get such a magnificent treasure? What a beautiful paper! What splendid pictures! Rev. Theodore Parker—it looks as if he was alive. He's an abolitionist, I think."

"O, no, Miss Katie—he's a fightin' man. Gusty Caesar knows him well."

"O, there's Oliver Goldsmith! I know who he is. He wrote that beautiful book about the minister and his daughters, and Moses and all them. I remember it well."

"Bress your heart, Miss Katie, you must be mistakened, sartainly. Oliver Goldsmith ean't writo, nor read nyther. Uncle Oliver drives wagon for Captain Bowyer, down at de ole Spring Mills, whar—"

"Pooh, pooh! Pompey; you don't know what you are talking about. O, look what a funny man that is sitting on the top of a pole, and knitting a stocking, isn't he? And what queer-looking sticks he has tied to his legs? Did you ever see the like before, Pompey?"

"O, yes, Miss Katie; I done seed dem ar afore, on'y dey wa'n't tied on to de legs dat ar way. Dem's what dey calls stilts."

"Well, they are mighty funny, whatever they are. And what a splendid palace that is?"

"What's a pallas, Miss Katie, please?"

"It is a king's house, Pompey."

"Yah, yah, yah! I knowa four Kings, and de pallas what dey lives in is about as big as our smoke-house. Dere's ole Jake King and his ole 'ooman, Molly King, and de two boys, Sam King and Bob King, and a good-sized shote, what lives in de pallas long o' de Kings! Yah, yah!"

"This is a Prussian palace, and it is called Babelsburg. I wonder if it was named after the tower of Babel, where the tongues were confused."

"Golly, Miss Katie, I wish my ole ooman had a been dar, and done got her tongue 'fused. Den a pore feller mought a had some peace, may-be."

"And those men on the last page are Thugs."

"Why Miss Katie, dem's niggers, shore's you're born; and mighty ondecet ones, too, 'cays dey's mor'n half naked. Golly, ef I was dar oberseer, how I would lather dem naked bides! Yah, yah!"

"All these pictures, and then full of stories and things, besides. There's the 'Knights of the Iron Ring'—that's splendid, I know it is. But it is chapter 5. What a pity that is! But

never mind. I mean to read what's there, and guess at the beginning and the end of it. The 'Flower-Girl of New Orleans.' I know that's pretty. 'Widow Muggs and her Daughter.' That is something funny; I'm sure of it. And there's 'The Nun and the C, u, i, r, a, s, s, i, e, r,—O, what a hard word! But the story doesn't look hard. No, indeed; I can read it easy enough. O, Pompey, what a good fellow you are to bring me such a treat. Where did you get it? Did you get it from Uncle Gusty? or where did you get it? I've asked two or three times, but I'm such a chatterbox that I don't give you time to answer."

"I done foun' it in de road, Miss Katie."

"O, Pompey! Then it's not ours, after all, and we'll have to find the owner and give it to him."

The little girl was sorely disappointed, and began to cry, very quietly, but very bitterly.

"No, no, miss," maintained Pompey, with great confidence, "it don't b'long to nobody at all 'bout here. Gusty Cæsar done read de subscription on de outside o' de antelope. It b'longs to Mr. Sneezer, and he don't live in dese parts."

"Sneezer! O, no, Pompey; it's a mistake. That can't have been the name, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed, it were, Miss Katie. Gusty kin read writin', and readin' too, like a book."

"Well, it is not ours, Pompey, and you must find out the owner if you possibly can."

Pompey did not relish this order, by any means, and it is not likely that he took much trouble to execute it. He wouldn't have the little girl's bright eyes dimmed with tears for all the Sneezers in the world. He brought her a candle, and she went to work at once to devour my pages, fearing lest they should be taken from her very soon. But her father soon returned, and he made her put me away till the next morning. He seemed to be kind enough, but he had evidently but little sympathy with her in such matters.

Next morning Katie had me out as soon as she could see, and I was glad to be permitted to stay with her all day. Neither Mr. Sneezer nor any other claimant was found to trouble us. The poor child had been confined for weeks to her bed, and to one posture, and it was a great pleasure to me to have procured her one day's happiness, after such a weary waste of intolerably tiresome monotony.

When the doctor came, in the evening, he was honest enough to say that the "Ballou" had done her more good than all the medicine he had ever given her, and he strongly advised her father to subscribe for it at once, on her account. What the result was, I do not know, certainly, but I am afraid he did not, for he did not look as if he intended to do it, and as the doctor went out, I heard him say something about "Yankee catch-penny."

By the afternoon of the second day after my arrival, Katie had read every word of me, and much of it more than once; and as for the pictures, she had engraved them upon the tablet of her memory almost as deeply as the artist had cut them on the surface of the plates.

"Pompey," said she, that afternoon, "you have done me a very great kindness. I think I would have worried myself sick again if it had not been for this blessed paper. And now it is a great pleasure to me to lie here and think over all I have read. But I am done with the paper now, and I want it to do good to somebody else. You must take it over to Cousin Willie. He will be as much pleased with it as I was. And you must be sure to tell him how you got it, Pompey, and ask him to give it to the owner, if he can find him."

I was sorry to part with Katie. She was a very pretty and a very intelligent little girl—a lonely, motherless child, with much better behaviour than could reasonably have been expected under the circumstances. But I was now to leave her. She wrapped me up well, and made Pompey stow me away carefully in his safest pocket. In this manner I was carried off to Cousin Willie. Cousin Willie's mother was a poor widow, who lived in a very small white house, situated in a lonely little valley and by the side of a winding stream, shaded by numerous willows.

Though Willie was not confined to his bed, as Katie was, he was yet, perhaps, quite as extravagantly rejoiced to see me. This admiration, however, was principally directed to the pictures, and before I had been in his possession five min-

utes, he was wholly absorbed in an attempt to copy the engraving of the French peasant of the Landes, and his stilts and his dog. The boy's mind had evidently a strong natural artistic bias, and cuts of this sort were novelties which he was anxious to make the most of. After dark he worked away by the light of a miserable little tallow candle, till it was all gone.

"O, mother," sighed the little artist, "George Marston has a candle to burn every night, if he wants it. What a glorious thing it must be to have big tallow candles to burn whenever you choose! Do you think I will ever be that rich, mother?"

The poor widow smiled at her son's notions of wealth and glory, but it was a very sad smile. She was one who had "seen better days." Willie was quite as ravenous after pictures as Katie had been after reading. As soon as he could see the next morning, he was at his drawing again, and worked away all day so diligently that he hardly took time to eat. Late in the afternoon it began to grow cold (for there was no fire in the house), and Willie took me out of doors and seated himself upon a sunny bank, at some distance from the house, where he was much more comfortable.

"Hillo! What's all this?" said a deep-toned, manly voice, close to Willie's ear.

He started in great confusion, and attempted to rise, but a strong hand on his shoulder pressed him down into his seat again. A tall gentleman, with gold spectacles and a heavy black beard somewhat streaked with gray, had walked up behind him, and he was so entirely absorbed in his occupation as not to be aware of his approach till he felt the pressure on his shoulder.

"You don't seem to have your senses about you, youngster," continued he, somewhat roughly, still keeping Willie down with one hand, while he took hold of his drawing with the other and raised it to his eyes. Having scrutinized it attentively for some time, he turned to Willie and perused his face so intently that the boy at length hung down his head and blushed.

"Humph!" grunted the stranger, and made another examination of the drawing, followed by another stare into Willie's eyes, and another "Humph!"

"How old are you?" he said at length.

"I will be ten years old in December," replied Willie, with a rather unsteady voice.

"Do you go to school?"

"No, sir."

"And why not?"

"Because mother can't afford to send me to a good school, and she can teach me herself more than I could learn at Mr. Sykes's."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whose palace that is you are drawing?"

"Yes, sir; it is the Prince of Prussia's."

"Do you mean the king's?"

"No, sir; he is the king's brother. But he may be king before long, for the king himself is very sickly."

"Yes, the brother is governing already, as regent. Do you know whom his son married?"

"Yes, sir. He married Queen Victoria's daughter."

"Do you have *Ballou's Pictorial* every week?"

"No, indeed, sir; I never saw such pictures before."

"And what would you give to have such a number as that, regularly, every week in the year?"

"O, sir, if I could have such a one every week, and learn to make such pictures as that, I would give—I would give—I, I have nothing to give, sir, but I would be willing to be painted black and sold for a slave, if I could learn to make such pictures as that, and that, and that!"

"Paint yourself black? That would be charcoal sketching with a vengeance. But we'll talk about that some other time. I want to see your mother."

In a state of great excitement, Willie took the stranger to his mother's cottage.

"How do you do, madam?" said he to a very ladylike person, of some thirty-five years of age. "Did you ever hear of a kind of a crazy fellow, called Compton, lately come to this neighborhood?"

"I have heard that a gentleman of that name has purchased the old Elmwood estate."

"Yes, and you have heard that he was crazy, too, only you are too polite to say so, for you have a strong suspicion that I am the very man.

And so I am; and if I have any claims to sanity, buying that old 'Rockrent Castle' is not one of 'em."

"Indeed, sir, I never thought that the buyer of Elmwood was—"

"Poh, poh! Madam, you know he's a fool, and so do I. You heard about changing the name and calling it Kansas, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't know but that there was a very good reason for the change of name."

"No reason at all but my whims. I've been a slave to 'em all my life. To be sure, the place hadn't an 'elm on it; and so, forsooth, I must go and call it Kansas. And why? Well, there's that purse-proud ninecompoop that lives on the hill yonder; he told me at the court-house, that as his name was Webster, he was going to call his place Marshfield—Marshfield, and it on a mountain as dry as a chip. Well, you see, that provoked me to make a still bigger fool of myself, and so I tells him that his idea was not original, for I had christened my domain Kansas, because my name is Leo Compton, and that I had a young bloodhound called Border Ruffian, and an old horse named Buchanan, and that I made him sweat every day for the sake of the Leo Compton constitution. The fellow stared at me with eyes like two full moons, and he tells everybody that it's dangerous to let me run at large. He told me yesterday that he was afraid of me, but I assured him that there was no danger, since I had it from the best authority that madmen never injured idiots. Do you know what my business is?"

"I have heard that you were a painter, sir, and that you had made a fortune at it."

"Yes, I'm a painter—not of houses; I never was anything half so useful; but of pictures and that sort of foolery. Now, madam, this son of yours is a genius. You may depend upon the fact, for I never flatter anybody—not even myself. I can teach the boy some things that will be useful to him. But he must go to school two or three years, at least. Do you rig him out and send him to Briar Hill Academy. It's only three quarters of a mile to walk, and they shan't charge him anything for tuition. I'll fix all that and lend him something to start with. He'll pay me when he gets to painting. He's bound to go through."

The painter threw a corpulent *porte-monnaie* upon the table, and walked away with colossal strides, whistling Yankee Doodle.

Nothing with an ink and paper heart could have been happier than I was at that moment, and I was not a little proud, too, for I felt very sure that nothing of all this would have happened if it had not been for the "B'l'ou."

On the Monday morning following, Willie started to school, taking me with him. Just as we reached the foot of the hill on which the Briar Hill Academy is situated, we were overtaken by a handsome young man on horseback, who reined up beside us, and said: "Can you tell me, my little man, if any one of your schoolfellows has found a number of a newspaper called *Ballou's Pictorial*. It is number 385, and dated November 6th. I will give any of you half a dollar for it."

"I have it here, sir," said Willie, eagerly; "but I don't want any money for it. It has done me more good already than a hundred half dollars could have done."

With this, Willie produced me from his coat-pocket, and was about to tell what I had been the means of doing for him, but the young man was too impatient or in too great a hurry to listen. He seemed greatly rejoiced, however, at the sight of me, and forced Willie to accept a gold pen, which was certainly worth more than fifty cents. He then rode quickly away, carrying me in his hand.

A rapid ride of twenty minutes or so brought us in sight of a large, fine-looking house, to which we obtained access by a gate opening into a beautiful grassy lawn, studded with fine old trees and a profusion of shrubbery. A glimpse of something white among the bushes caught the young gentleman's eye, and in a minute or two he was beside it, having in the meantime transferred me to his coat-pocket. What the white object was, may be gathered from the words spoken by the young horseman after he had dismounted.

"Dear Cornelia, I thank my stars that I have found you here, and alone."

"You are thankful to your stars for a very small favor, I think," said pretty Miss Nellie, laughingly.

"O, do not say so, dearest. You know very well what I mean. I have twice asked you a question, upon the reply to which the happiness of my whole future life depends, and twice have you avoided giving me a direct answer. Now, Cornelia, I must hear my doom. There is no possible excuse for putting me off any longer."

"You are very unfortunate in the choice of your time, Charley, in spite of your stars; for I am just as cross and crabbed as ever I can be. The mail failed altogether, Saturday night, and I haven't a single thing to read. And that makes me grieve more than ever about the loss of my *Ballou*. I have actually made myself sick thinking about it. I was so much interested in the 'Knights of the Iron Ring;' and now the whole story is spoiled, and the whole volume, in fact. It will hardly be worth binding at all."

"Well, 'Nellie, I mean to find that *Ballou*, if it is above ground. And what will you give me if I do? Will you answer my question?"

"Yes, indeed, I will, Charley."

"And will you answer *yes*?"

The roses in Cornelia's cheeks became full-blown peonies, and her bright eyes sought the ground, while a soft, low, faltering, but undeniable and unmistakable "yes," blessed Charley's anxious ears.

I had been able to make out what was going on, all the time, for one of my eyes (one of the capital ones in the *PICTORIAL*) had been peeping out of Charley's pocket; but now, my whole person was liberated and held before the eyes of the delighted girl. And what do you think she did? She pressed me to her ripe, red, ruby lips, and covered me with kisses. Fact—on the honor of a Boston Pictorial. And what do you think Charley did? Why, the graceless scamp contrived to get into my place, lip foremost, so that she gave him three or four ardent kisses—mistaking him for me, of course. And then he clasped her in his arms, and then—why then, I heard a darkey, who was passing through the shrubbery, cry out, "Who dat ar a crackin' a whip in dem bushes dar?" And then—I said 'amen,' and thus endeth this strictly veracious autobiography.

A LESSON ON TRUST IN GOD.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night—which was very stormy—while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

ON THE TABLE.

A funeral in Norway is a very simple affair. The creed of the country is Lutheran; and the mysterious and lugubrious pomps and ceremonies called into action by the rites of the Roman Catholic or the Greek Church are dispensed with. On the night following the decease, the corpse is "watched," in the principal room of the house inhabited by the deceased. The coffin is placed on the table (a custom common in the north of Europe; in Russia, to say a man is "on the table," is equivalent to saying that he is dead). Lighted sconces are placed upon it, and prayers are recited by a minister retained for the purpose; the sorrowing relatives and friends gathering round. A moderate repast of milk, soup, porridge, and trout from a neighboring fiord, is served in the course of the evening; but no attempt is made towards the "wakes" and funeral feasts—or rather orgies—that disgrace the funeral rites in some countries. On the following day, the coffin is borne to the church, the relatives following in procession, and is thence carried to the grave, and sprinkled with flowers; the clerk remaining to chant over the lonely couch.

BATHS.

Cleanliness is a virtue not sufficiently appreciated. It conduces to health, comfort and happiness,—whoever neglects it is not only careless of his own personal comfort, but is wickedly negligent of his bodily health, and trifles with the good gifts of nature. The American people are generally too much engrossed in business cares—too intent upon money-getting, to "lose time" in attending to the demands of their health, or comfort.—*Journal of Health*.



THE CITY OF CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

THE CITY OF CANTERBURY, KENT, ENG.

Our general view of the historical city of Canterbury, England, is taken from the Scotland hills, between Canterbury and the little town of Fordwich. The most conspicuous building in sight is the far-famed Cathedral. This structure carries us back to the days when kings entered the cell, and royalty dignified the cloisters—the times of Ethelbert, and of St. Augustine, of Anselm, Lanfranc of the “Agitator,” Archbishop Thomas A’Becket, and of the humiliated and scourged Henry. Originating in a palace, this, with the adjoining buildings of St. Augustine, was converted into a cathedral and monastery, dedicated to the honor of our Saviour, whence came the cathedral name of Christ Church. For three hundred years little else was done, but its donations and gifts were numerous. It suffered from Danish plunderers, and also from fire, so that at the time of the conquest Lanfranc found it almost a ruin. This energetic prelate restored and rebuilt it, using therein fine Caen stone, and thus introducing stone in cathedral buildings as a substitute for timber, until his time the only material used. In the reigns of Henry I. and II. it again suffered from fires, and on its being repaired, a magnificent new choir was determined upon, which elaborate work occupied eight years, the carved and arched stone-work and exquisite pillars being the theme of high laudation by the antiquarians of the time. In 1220 a new shrine was erected in honor of the martyr St. Thomas A’Becket, murdered in December, 1170. Subsequently the cathedral was repaired, extended, enlarged and improved, numerous noble chapels being added thereto. The pilgrimages filled the roads with devotees, and the convent revenues derived an almost incredible source of gain from this pious practice. A jubilee was held every half-century, and persons of all classes, to the number of 100,000, made the place a second Mecca, and a centre of attraction to the whole world of the faithful. The last occurred in 1520 (time of Archbishop Warham), since when the advent of the Reformation destroyed all faith in the martyr. The interior of the noble cathedral yet contains numerous relics of its ancient splendor; the tombs of kings, prelates, martyrs, monks, divines and other illustrious personages, are gathered in ornate profusion within its walls, and pointed out to the curious. Among the relics and chapels left are Arundel’s Tower; St. Dunstan’s, or Chicheley Steeple; the Virgin Mary’s (now the Dean’s) Chapel; the great Middle Tower; the Bell Harry Tower, so called from a small bell of that name brought from France by Henry VIII. and presented to the Angel Steeple, which is 235 feet in height, and forms a most commanding object. The Puritans, in their iconoclastic zeal, destroyed many of the carved and ornamental beauties of the cathedral. Inscriptions were defaced, brasses removed, figures broken, and, in fact, though much has been restored and replaced, the evidences of their spoliation are yet

legible and clear. The north cross aisle is the scene of A’Becket’s murder; here also Edward I. was wedded to Queen Margaret. The great south window is described as a “patchwork of ancient glass,” but rich with religious light, and strikingly beautiful in its occasional quaint deformity. In the Chapel of the Holy Trinity are the tombs of the kings. In its centre stood the once glorious shrine, enclosing the martyr’s golden coffin. The chapel, called “A’Becket’s Crown,” is an elegant edifice, containing the throne of gray marble on which the Lord Primate is enthroned. In St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s is the shrine of St. Anselm; while St. Andrew’s Chapel contains the ancient charters, some of which date prior to the Conquest. In the north-aisle will be seen two finely painted windows, while the crypt or undercroft is appropriated to the worship of the Walloon emigrants, the race of which is now nearly extinct. The city is situated in the eastern part of Kent, fifty-six miles from London, sixteen from Dover, and seven miles from the sea. It is built in a valley famous for its fertility, partly girdled by wooded hills and verdant undulations, rich in every form of the picturesque, and from which spring several streams of water, chiefest of which is the river Stour, running in two distinct channels through the slumberous city. Its antiquity is undoubtedly great. It was called by the Britons *Durnhern*, or *Durovernum*; by the Saxons *Cant-warabyrig*; and finally rendered into the old English Canterbury, a name which will be perpetuated by the pages of Chaucer, in his “Can-

terbury Pilgrims,” to the end of time. Its origin is anterior to that of Rome. When the Romans possessed themselves of Britain, Canterbury became with them an important locality, and numerous fragments of Roman brickwork, mosaics, besides curious earthenware, and the like, testify to their labors in its enlargement and decoration. It was the metropolis of Kent at the time of the Saxons, and continued so until about the beginning of the sixth century, when Ethelbert gave St. Augustine a palace as a place of residence, which descended to his successors, the Archbishops of Canterbury. At the time when Stowe wrote his chronicles, it “exceeded London in buildings.”

THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

The city of Dublin, a pleasing general view of which we herewith present, is situated in the province of Leinster, and county of Dublin, on both sides of the river Liffey, on its entrance into Dublin Bay. It is the metropolis of Ireland, and one of the handsomest cities in the world. The city has been known by various names. The native Irish called it *Drom Choll-Coil*—that is, hrow of hazel wood, from a grove of those trees growing in the neighborhood. But this name must have prevailed before it merited the character of a city. The other names since appropriated to it are all founded on the same reason. To this day the Irish call it *Ath Cliath*—that is, the ford of the hurdles; and Bally Ath Cliath—that is, a town on the ford of the hurdles; for before the river Liffey was embank-

ed by quays, people had access to it by means of hurdles laid on the low and marshy parts of the town adjoining the water. Ptolemy called it *Eblana*. On this a very plausible conjecture has been founded, to the effect that the word *Eblana* is a corruption of *Deblana*, which is very nearly a compound of two British or Celtic words—namely, *dhu*, black; and *clun*, water, or a channel of the water. Thus, Dublin would signify *black water*, or, by a very natural metonym, *black channel*—the bed of the Liffey in this place having been boggy, and the water black. Richard I. of England, the “Lion-Heart,” built a castle here in 1204, and made it the seat of his principal courts of law, and the residence of his vice-governor. The ancient capital of Ireland was Tara. This capital is of English making. Dublin has the aspect of an English city. The private houses of the wealthy, as in England, are small, neat and plain; and the public buildings equally rich in pillars and ornaments, in rotundas, colonnades and portals. The quays, lighthouses, docks and patent slips, remind one of Liverpool. But we must place the reader, at once, near to the centre of Dublin, upon Carlisle Bridge. Perhaps from no single spot in the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north, and looks along a noble street, Sackville Street; midway is Nelson’s Pillar, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero. Directly

opposite this is the Post Office, a modern structure, built in excellent taste. Beyond this is the Lying-in Hospital and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares with which Dublin is adorned. To the south, he sees within view the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University. To the west are the Four Courts, the Courts of Law, and the several bridges. To the east is the Custom House, a splendid though a “lonesome” building. Towering above all, and in view wherever the eye is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. All tourists have borne testimony to the beauty of Dublin City. There is hardly a street in the old part of the city that is not rich in historic lore. In Upper Merrion Street stands the house in which the Duke of Wellington first saw the light. Hid in a narrow part of Grafton Street (Johnson’s Court), is the school in which the illustrious vanquisher of Napoleon received the early rudiments of education. The old desk and benches still exist as relics of the boyhood of the victor of Assaye and Waterloo. In Rutland Square is Charlemont House, the scene of many an important event in Irish politics. The ancient palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is now a police barrack. Moira House, on the quay, is now a Mendicity Institution. It was, also, in Johnson Court that Moore’s father resided; and many neglected and now decayed lanes and courts, as well as more fashionable streets, are rich in traditions of Wellington, Lord Mornington, Moore, Swift, Sheridan, and many others.



THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HEARTS TO LET.

BY WILLIE E. FABER.

All o'er the world are hearts to let,
And we can see the sign hang out
From eyes whose light has never yet
Shone through the shadow of their doubt.

Yes, hearts to let, and years pass on,
And still they watch and still they wait
The tardy coming of the one
That le, of all the world, their mate.

Hearts, hearts to let. O, see the sign
Hang out of eyes that never rest;
That have not felt the glow divine,
Or bliss that lies in being blest.

And there are hearts upon this earth
Already tenanted, and yet
Beneath their gossamer of joy or mirth
We know they still are hearts to let.

For tenanted although they be,
In error came the tenant in;
And they their sorrow vainly flee,
Or seek to put away their sin.

But there are hearts in this wide world,
Where the true tenant crowns the life,
Where doubt's dark flag is never unfurled
In token of the inner strife.

And all the hours of all the years,
That come with joy they ne'er forget,
Are tokens that to them appears
In proof they have no hearts to let.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 9.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Outwitting the Portuguese.—A frightful massacre. Capture of the prizes.—Return to Sierra Leone. Orders for home.—A terrible gale.—Safe arrival at Torbay.

GABOON is the name of a large native city, about forty miles south of the equinoctial line, claimed by the Portuguese government, and the residence of several Portuguese agents, who are generally, but secretly engaged in the slave trade, though their ostensible business is the purchase of native articles of commercial value, on behalf of their employers. The coast to the northward and southward of the city is densely populated, covered with native villages—and indented by numerous creeks and river-mouths—well known haunts of slavers. It is about two hundred miles distant from the harbor of St. Thomas's Island. Thither we proceeded with the *Alert*, and on the evening of the second day came to an anchor in Gaboon Bay.

A Portuguese semi-official custom house boat put off to the schooner, containing three swarthy, heavy-whiskered and moustached, beetle-browed fellows, each attired in a mongrel uniform, which appeared as if it had been carelessly selected from a heap of the cast-off habiliments of the naval and military uniforms of all nations. They were challenged by the sentry at the schooner's gangway.

"Who comes there?" cried he, bringing his musket to a semi-charge.

"Portuguese. Vat ship dat? Me go come aboard," was the response.

"Keep your distance," shouted the sentry, in a tone which caused the four naked darkies who pulled the oars to back water involuntarily. "A shore boat alongside," said he, touching his cap to the officer of the deck.

"Let them come aboard, sentry," and by permission of the marine, the three men who had been seated in the stern-sheets stepped on the schooner's deck.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the officer, "what corn-field have these scarecrows escaped from?" as he cast his eyes towards the gangway, where stood, *chapeau bas*, three diminutive individuals, who looked like Brobdignagian monkeys, dressed up to follow the fortunes of an Italian organ-grinder.

These individuals were bowing, and gesticulating, and jabbering in Portuguese.

"No parley francais me," said the gunner, who happened to have charge of the deck at that moment. "Me speake capitano," addressing the Portuguese, and falling into the vulgar error of Mrs. Phornish—that foreigners can understand broken English, who possess no knowledge of the correct language.

The captain came on deck, and was addressed by the leader of the party in Portuguese.

"Don't understand a word of that lingo," said the captain. "Parlez vous Francais?"

"No, senhor."

"Neither do I," said the captain, "so we're even, my lads. But what do you want?"

The chief of the party now spoke in tolerably comprehensible, though exceedingly cracked English.

"Me commandante of dat man-of-war under deland," pointing towards a dilapidated-looking, small topsail schooner, which we had imagined to be a coast-trader, but which we now perceived had hoisted to her gaff end the "stately ensign of Braganza."

"Do you call that cock-boat a man-of-war?" said the captain. "Well?"

"I come for make inquire what for you visite de bay of Gaboon?"

"Dence take your impudence!" muttered the captain, laughing. Then addressing the *soi-disant* naval commander, he said: "Can't you see this is a British vessel-of-war? We enter what harbor on the coast we please, without choosing to give our reasons."

"Senhor, nobilissimo, no have salute de fort," said the Portuguese.

"Salute a fiddlestick!" said the captain. "Do you suppose I am going to waste her majesty's gunpowder by firing a salute to that heap of cracked mud that you call a fort?"

Our visitors were evidently much troubled at our visit; but finding that nothing was to be gained by pomposity, they moderated their tone, and strove to explain that they had come on board the schooner led by mere civility, and asked of what service they could be. Did senhor capitano want wood, water? Anything they could supply him with? They would be very glad indeed to expedite the departure of such a senhor grandissimo.

"No donbt of that, my lads," muttered the captain, "but senhor capitano is in no hurry. He will remain here for a few days and rest his crew."

Somewhat maliciously, he explained this to the Portuguese, who, he could perceive, had some reasons of their own—reasons, the purport of which he could readily conjecture—to get rid of the schooner's presence in the harbor as soon as possible.

The visitors looked somewhat crestfallen, but dared make no remonstrance; so accepting an invitation to take a glass of wine and some bread and cheese in the cabin, they returned to the deck, grinned and bowed, and took their departure, having gained nothing by their visit.

In bad faith, and in total disregard of a treaty, the Portuguese and Spanish governments were in the habit of illegally hoisting their flags on any portion of the coast not occupied by Europeans, and there, in an underhanded manner, allowing their subjects to carry on a slave traffic to any extent, unmolested by them, although they had partially agreed with other European powers to do their utmost to suppress the traffic, so long as the governments were liberally bribed to wink at anything of the kind that was going forward. By such means, no inconsiderable revenue accrued to the crowns of Spain and Portugal.

We had received information that at least three vessels, supposed to be engaged in the slave trade, were somewhere off this portion of the coast, and we had no doubt that our Portuguese visitors knew more about these vessels than they chose to explain.

We lay in the Bay of Gaboon for five days, keeping our boats well manned, and cruising up and down, within a distance of twenty miles north and south of Gaboon, in a manner blockading every creek, and the mouth of every river within that distance on the line of coast, greatly to the annoyance of the Portuguese semi-officials of Gaboon, who evidently grew more uneasy every day, proving this uneasiness by the awkward attempts they made to conceal it.

On the fifth day we were joined by the *Active*, and the *Wasp*, brig, both from St. Thomas, and then we proceeded to more extended operations. We were almost certain that we had the three slavers under our thumbs; that all three lay concealed in some of the creeks or rivers, perfectly blockaded, and unable to attempt their escape.

Various were the measures taken to throw us off the scent. Information that we knew to be false was brought by native chiefs, sent by the Portuguese, to the effect that slavers abounded in every harbor north and south; but always beyond our line of blockade.

Our Portuguese friends expressed their aston-

ishment at the senhors capitano Inglesas lying supinely in port, or cruising off that narrow line of coast, while the prospect of such rich booty awaited them elsewhere. The senhors Inglesas were usually so eager to effect captures. We laughed in our sleeves at all such remarks, and maintained a strict watch on board the vessels, until we had our plans fully arranged.

We then extended our line of blockade, the *Active* sailing to the northward of Gaboon twenty miles, and the *Wasp* to the like distance southward; so that we kept close watch over forty miles of coast. Each vessel kept four boats well manned and armed sailing along the line, close in shore, guarding the entrance of every creek and river, while the vessels cruised in the offing, at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land. It was impossible for the smallest canoe to make its appearance without being seen and intercepted, as a constant communication was maintained by the boats between each cruiser.

We were afraid to despatch a large force up any one of the rivers, as we must have thereby weakened our line of blockade, and we knew not whereabouts the slavers lay, or whether they were altogether or separate. Still days and weeks passed by, and not a canoe was to be seen. It was wearisome; but all we could do, unless we possessed more decisive information, was to starve out the slavers. They could not by any possibility lay more than five or six weeks thus blockaded without running short of provisions, and thus being unable to take on board the slaves that were waiting to be shipped, in the calaboeses on shore.

At length we despatched a cutter, under the command of one of the lieutenants of the *Wasp*, to Mayumba, where we had a native chief in our pay, who was supposed by the traders to be bound to them heart and soul. We thought he might possibly know something respecting the movements of the suspected vessels.

At the end of four days the cutter returned; the lieutenant had seen the chief, who had informed him that three large slave schooners were on the coast, somewhere in the vicinity of Gaboon, but he knew not where; but there was a large collection of slaves in confinement in a range of calaboeses, some distance up a river, about two leagues north of Gaboon. The African chief had described the landmarks at the entrance of the river so minutely, that we thought we should have no difficulty in fixing upon the spot. Indeed the lieutenant thought he recognized it immediately from the description. The chief did not know whether any of the slavers were there, but he thought they were not; the river was shallow, and it would be necessary for them to lay off the river's mouth, and send boats up to bring the negroes on board.

A council was held on board the *Active*, and we came to the determination to break up the slave market at all events, without relaxing the strictness of our blockade.

The *Alert* left Gaboon Bay, and "lay to" off the mouth of the river in question, while four of the largest boats, under the command of the captain of the *Wasp*, and the three first lieutenants of the squadron, each boat containing thirty men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, and each boat also carrying a four pound brass carronade, was despatched up the river to the calaboeses, the other vessels and the remaining eight boats keeping watch on the line of coast as before.

The boats sailed up the river—a distance of eight miles—when they discovered a native village, wherein were, as the commander of the expedition expected, the calaboeses, or slave prisons, he was in search of. It was night when the boats reached the spot, as the captain believed, without having been noticed by the natives, or by the slavers. The boats were made secure for the night at a short distance from the main stream, up a creek, where they and the crews were effectually screened from observation by a forest of rushes, and three men from each boat went on shore to reconnoitre, taking a circuitous route to the village, that they might reach it unperceived.

Towards midnight the men who remained behind in the boats saw the glare from several huge fires reflected in the sky, and the shouts of the natives, and the sound of native flutes and tom-toms, though the village was four miles distant, were distinctly heard. It was evident that some great negro festivity was being held in the village.

Midnight passed; the clamor of the natives and the brilliancy of the reflection of the fires increased, still their companions had not returned.

However, at the expiration of another hour, footsteps were heard rapidly approaching, and the captain of the *Wasp* appeared, followed by six of his party. He called to the other officers to come on shore.

"Could we manage to carry one of the carronades to the village?" he asked. "I should like to have two of them there."

"They are very heavy," said one of the lieutenants. "We could not carry two; but it is possible, perhaps, to carry one, by taking a large force from the boats, so that the men may relieve each other."

"Take everybody from the boats, except one man in each to remain as boat-keepers," said the captain, hurriedly and excitedly. "By all the saints, I never could have credited such diabolicalism as is going forward, unless I had witnessed it. Let all the men but four leave the boats, and bring with them their arms and all the ammunition we have. Make haste, gentlemen, we have a long way to go. We may, perhaps, save some of the poor devils. At all events we'll wreak revenge upon their tormentors."

Six men shouldered the heavy four-pound carronade, and the entire force, a hundred in number, each man armed with pistol and cutlass, formed in line, and following the captain, started on their march to the village.

The march was an arduous one, over the marshy level, through thicket and forest, over hillocks covered with prickly shrubs; but the captain urged and encouraged them on. Every few minutes the men who carried the carronade were relieved by their companions. As they approached the village, the glare of the fires reflected a light brighter than that of day. Whole trees were being consumed, and the flames leaped up high in the air, as if they would reach to the sky above. The roar of the crazy multitude, drunk with quass, created a din loud as the shout of a triumphant army, and confused as the voices of the multitude at the tower of Babel—when God commanded that each should address his neighbor in an unknown tongue.

The captain, in an excited manner, had related to the lieutenants during the march the particulars of the scene he had witnessed, which had induced him to marshal his powerful force of seamen and lead them against the savages. The villagers, he said, were dancing, naked, round the huge fires; some more desperate than others rushing through the flames, in the madness of intoxication. Men and women, joined hand in hand, were singing and yelling at the top of their voices; then separating and brandishing knives dripping with blood, and urging forward aged and sickly slaves of both sexes, whose limbs were pinioned together, into the flames, tossing young children after them, or carrying them in procession transfixed on the points of spears, writhing in agony in mid air. Some were fastened to trees, and were burning to death in the midst of a slow fire kindled at their feet. Others were flying as fast as they could—coupled by the wrists in pairs—before male and female furies, who, daubed with paint, and looking like demons from the infernal regions, were pursuing the fugitives, inflicting cruel blows, and cutting deep gashes upon their bodies, till wild and giddy with pain they stumbled and fell, when they were carried to the nearest fire and cast alive into the flames!

Now the party of sailors drew near. The work of devilish cruelty was still progressing. There seemed to be no limit to the number of the victims of this terrible massacre; but most of them were old men and women, or infant children; though occasionally, as if to give zest to the fiend-like entertainment, a younger and more athletic person was brought to the torment. The blood of the seamen boiled in their veins. Right or wrong, just or unjust, they thought only of vengeance. Their breath came short and thick; they were choking with excitement.

"Plant the carronade here, on this mound," said the captain, in a low voice, smothered with rage. "Load it quick! To the muzzle, my lads! to the muzzle! Grape and cannister. Ram it down well. So—well done. Now point it right at that group. We shall hit the victims as well as their tormentors; but heed not that. The poor creatures had better die by grapeshot than by fire. Now, is all ready? Wait a moment till the mass closes. Now—let them have it point blank."

A fizz from the touchhole of the carronade—a jet of red flame from the muzzle—a loud, sharp report, above which was heard the rush of metal flying through the air with resistless force; and

then a yell of agony, compared with which, the shouts of the savages, and the din of their uncouth music, was as the sighing of a gentle breeze to the rush and roar of a hurricane. Hundreds of naked savages had been standing crowded together in the space of a few yards; the leaden rain from the cannonade had swept through their midst, spreading wide as it flew through the air, and killing or wounding nearly every one of them.

"Now, men, draw your cutlasses. Rush in upon them in a body and fire your pistols. We'll not spare one of the devils to see the morning light."

Filled with fury, the men obeyed the order, cutting down ruthlessly every one whom they came across, and snapping their pistols right and left at each group that congregated in the course of their flight. The savages knew not who were their assailants, and believed that their gods were wreaking vengeance upon them. Two or three hundred were lying dead or mortally wounded on the blood-stained and scorched sward, when the fury of the assailants was in some degree sated, and they stopped the pursuit and sought to investigate the cause of the horrid cruelties, which they had avenged in a manner scarcely less cruel.

It was as the captain had surmised. The cruisers had kept so strict a blockade on the coast that it had been found impossible for the slavers to take on board the negroes—some fourteen hundred in number—that were cooped up in the slave pens ready for embarkation. Food had been short, until almost a famine had ensued. The head men of the village, which contained several hundreds of inhabitants, had taken the rice and grain of the villagers, until they and their families felt the pangs of hunger, to keep alive the slaves, reduced by starvation to skeletons. Still the slave-dealers came not to purchase them, and at length all the sickly, the feeble, the aged, and the very youthful were given over to the infuriated villagers to be massacred, and thus placed beyond the necessity of earthly provision. Rendered mad with native fermented drinks, and by the sight of blood, the scene of fiendish cruelty that had maddened the officers and seamen of the cruisers was thus brought about.

The villagers who had escaped the bullets from cannonade and pistols, and the gashes from the cutlasses of the sailors, threw themselves on the ground before their conquerors and cried for mercy. Only fifty-four out of nearly five hundred had escaped unscathed from the sudden and merciless attack. One hundred and fifty had departed this life, their spirits gone to join the spirits of the victims whom they had but a short hour before tortured to death. It was a fearful scene of retribution. It was no more than they deserved; but had the captain of the Wasp any right to be the avenger? It is a question difficult to answer.

The boat's crews visited the slave pens. Upwards of three hundred of the slaves had perished by fire and torture. Eleven hundred still remained. These were left in the pens in charge of a strong party of seamen, and the visitors returned to the boats and sailed down the river to their several ships.

A few days after this exciting event, the three slavers, unable longer to remain in their hiding-places for want of provisions, endeavored to force the blockade. They appeared all together one morning beneath a lofty headland, a few miles to the northward of the river on whose banks the massacre had taken place. The first cutter of the Active was the first to sight them. The previously arranged signals ran through the line. The boats' crews were ordered on board, and the three cruisers gave chase. The Wasp, which was at a distance of several leagues from the land, to windward, bore down upon the slavers, and compelled them to change their course and run into the very mouths of their pursuers, or fight their way through. They determined on the latter course, hoping to disable the Wasp before her consorts came up to her assistance. The contest was severe. The Wasp was partially dismasted, for the slavers aimed at the spars and rigging, and two of the schooners were disabled. They surrendered on the approach of the Alert and Active; but one of the slavers, whose masts and rigging were still intact, managed by crowding all sail to effect her escape. The two vessels were confiscated and sold for the benefit of their joint captors.

The slaves we had left in the pens up the river were so numerous, that it was found necessary to charter a coast-trader to carry them to

Sierra Leone—an officer from the Active having been put on board the trader as supercargo and government agent. The squadron conveyed the trader to Sierra Leone, where the slaves were landed.

On the arrival of the Alert in the harbor, we found, to the great joy of most of the officers and crew, that an order had arrived from the admiralty for the return of the vessel to England; and in a fortnight from the day of our arrival we had taken leave of our comrades on the station, and of our friends in Freetown, and were sailing out of the harbor—homeward bound.

We had been a little more than two years on the station; had lost forty-seven men out of our original crew of one hundred and thirty; had captured and assisted in the capture of thirty-four prizes; and each man on board had made a fair share of prize money. But we had seen on the whole quite enough of the coast of Africa, and were eager to get home again.

Our passage home was unmarked by any incident worth recording, until we arrived off Cape Finisterre, when we were overtaken by one of the most terrific gales of wind I ever witnessed. For three days we "hove to" under bare poles, it being impossible to show a rag of canvass. A merchant brig in company, and not more than a mile distant from us at the commencement of the gale, could only be seen when she mounted high above us on the summit of a wave. We saw her thus as darkness closed in on the second night of the tempest. In the morning she was not to be seen. She had foundered during the night, with all on board!

We hourly expected to share her fate. Both topmasts, with the yards and sails, went overboard during the first night of the gale. During the day we unlashed the guns and threw them out of the port-holes. The weather bulwarks were washed away by the sea, which made a clean breach over the schooner from stem to stern. Everything movable was washed into the sea. The decks were bare as a barn floor. We had not a boat of any description remaining.

Towards daylight on the morning of the third day, a heavy sea threw us on our beam-ends. We thought we were lost, for we had no means of righting the vessel. The men were lashed for security to the iron stanchions of the quarter-deck, which still stood. Eighteen hands had already been washed overboard. Our only safety consisted in cutting away the stumps of the fore and mainmasts; and to attempt this was almost certain death to those who cast themselves loose from the lashings to accomplish the purpose. The first lieutenant seized an axe, and the carpenter and two of the crew loosened the ropes which bound them to the railing, and crept along outside the weather beam. Each moment we expected to see them swept away, but they reached the fore and main rigging in safety. Half a dozen blows against the shrouds, stretched to their utmost tension, and the task was accomplished. The shrouds parted with a report like that of a cannon, the masts creaked once, twice, and snapped short off, "by the board." To our great joy the vessel slowly righted, and we breathed freely again.

Darkness set in on the third night. No one spoke, but every one thought—so they afterwards acknowledged—that the schooner could not live through the night. No one expected to see the day break again. But Providence spared us to see our homes once more. The sun rose on the morning of the fourth day bright and clear. The clouds had rolled away, the wind had changed to the westward, but it blew as fiercely as ever. Still the sea was more regular, and the swell was longer. The ship was so much steadier that with great difficulty we succeeded in rigging jury masts and spars, and ventured to put the vessel before the wind. We had drifted during the southerly gale to the northward of Cape Ortegal, and had the wide bosom of the Bay of Biscay before us. We had abundance of sea-room.

The schooner behaved tolerably well under her jury masts, but she rolled tremendously, dipping the rail under water at each lurch; and as the starboard bulwarks were entirely carried away, the sea had free play, and swept over the deck with resistless force. In less than half an hour our larboard railing began to give way. In half an hour more not a vestige of it remained. Our only safety now, to guard ourselves from being washed overboard, was in clinging to the ropes passed round the iron stanchions of the quarter-deck railing. All hands were ordered aft, and each man secured himself the best way he could.

For four days it had been impossible to light a fire. We had lived upon biscuit and raw ham. Now it was a matter of the utmost difficulty and danger to procure even this. Many preferred to endure the pangs of the sharpest hunger and thirst, sooner than loose their hold, and risk the chance of being swept into the sea, without hope of regaining again the shattered schooner.

Four days' rapid run before the wind across the Bay of Biscay, in a northeasterly direction, must, we were well aware, have carried us near the mouth of St. George's Channel. The gale still continued; indeed, had rather increased in force. We were afraid to hear the cry, "Land ho!" every moment, and of being cast ashore upon the French coast, or on some one of the rocky islands in the chops of the channel. Eight days had elapsed since the sun had appeared, save for a few moments on the fourth morning. It was impossible to take an observation, and ascertain exactly our position. We were obliged to trust to dead reckoning, and by our dead reckoning we had already entered the channel. However, at the hour of sunset on the eighth day of the gale, the storm moderated, and we hove the schooner to the wind till daylight. We had been afraid to attempt this during the tempest, as she had strained so much that we feared she would spring a leak, beyond the power of the pumps to keep under control.

The ninth day, Sunday, was delightful throughout. It was indeed to us, in our wet and weary condition, a Sabbath of rest. At noon the captain and others took observations of the sun. We had indeed entered the chops of the channel during the gale, and it seemed almost miraculous that we had not struck a rock or run ashore on the French coast, which we found we were dangerously near. We "wore ship," and stood across the channel, and at midnight saw the Lizard light. Soon after we were boarded by a pilot. He expressed astonishment at our having weathered the gale in our crippled condition. The gale had blown furiously along the coast, and already there were reports of the total wreck of one hundred and forty-three vessels! At eight o'clock the following morning we cast anchor in the roads, off Torbay. During the day the schooner was ordered into the dock for examination and repair. The ship's crew received their pay, and an order upon the admiralty for their prize-money, and I bade farewell to the shipmates who had been my only companions for more than two years, went ashore, took passage in the stage for Southampton, and in the course of a few hours found once more a welcome from my relatives and friends at home.

AN ARCTIC VOYAGER.

A charming young lady was kind enough to give me the particulars of her pet dove, who is a great Arctic voyager. This tender bird has been twice to the North Pole, and spent the summers of 1853-54 there on board Captain Inglefield's ship the "Prenix." She then remained with Captain Inglefield in the "Sidon," in the Black Sea. Not only is this dove a great traveller, but she is a fighting dove as well, for she was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and her cage was knocked to pieces by a shot. Her only other adventure was making herself ill by eating some strange berries, but she recovered after the administration of an emetic. This bird has picked up wisdom in her travels, and now considers herself a veteran bird, and entitled to take liberties. When a stranger comes into the room, she flies, as often as she can get out of her cage, on to his head, or on to the nearest corner of the table or floor; then she stands at his feet, and commences the funniest succession of jerks and bows, cooing loudly and hoarsely all the time. A few weeks after she came home from the North Pole, an officer of the ship happening to call upon her mistress, she manifested the utmost impatience to get out of the cage even when she only heard his voice, but the moment she saw him she flew direct into the breast of his coat, where she had been accustomed to nestle in the homeward voyage. She was scarcely ever in her cage on board ship, as she was too tame to fly away. Captain Inglefield took a large quantity of wheat and canary-seed and gravel with him on each voyage, as the dove's provision.—*Buckland.*

EFFECTS OF PEDESTRIAN EXERCISE.

A celebrated English physician says that pedestrian exercise particularly exhausts the spine and the brain, and is, therefore, the kind of exercise less suited to intellectually hard-working men. And it is on this account that horseback exercise is the medicine it is—the horse having the fatigue and the rider the exercise. To sufficiently jar the liver and other internal organs, for some convalescents, the legs and loins must be overworked. The thorough shake-up which is got in the saddle is without effort, or with the effort of only such muscles as can best afford it; and the student rider comes back with physical forces all refreshed, besides the exhilaration of movement for the spirits and the change of mind.

THE WONDERS OF THE GULF STREAM.

The general characteristic of the Gulf Stream, apart from any question as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the northeast, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself, by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay on the British shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow,—the only change being that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates.

The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemini, which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about four miles an hour; off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks it is further reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still twenty-five or thirty degrees above that of the ocean through which it flows.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A NOBLE WOMAN.

After reading so much about woman's silly fondness for dress, her heartlessness and infidelity to the marriage vow, it does us good to relate a case wherein the true-hearted, noble-minded woman appears with all the beauty of youth and fragrance of nobility hanging about her:

A short time ago, as a train of cars was approaching the suspension bridge, near Niagara, the conductor found a young man who could not pay his fare. The poor fellow was evidently in the last stage of consumption, and emaciated to skeleton proportions. He sat by himself, and his eyes were red as though he had been weeping; but the laws of the company could not be transgressed, and he must leave the train. Not a person moved or spoke as the conductor led him from his seat, all shivering with the cold; but just as he reached the door, a beautiful girl arose from her seat, and with bright, sparkling eyes demanded the amount charged for the poor invalid. The conductor said eight dollars, whereupon the young and noble girl took that from her purse, and kindly led the sick youth back to his seat. The action put to shame several men who had witnessed it, and they offered to "pay half," but the whole-souled woman indignantly refused their assistance. When the train arrived at Albany, the young protectress gave the invalid enough money to keep him over night in that city, and sent him to his friends the next morning. Two-thirds of the women of the world would suffer by a comparison with her. The man who gets that noble girl for a wife will be a subject of admissible envy.—*New York Tribune.*

AN UNHAPPY FAMILY.

Conversing with the proprietor of the "Happy Family," which stands on Waterloo Bridge, I was informed that this exhibition has been in his family upwards of thirty years, and that his mode of socializing the animals was simply by placing young ones in the cage in lieu of those who died. The magpie was the patriarch of the cage; he had had this bird five years hopping about and chattering. The next to the magpie was the starling; he had been in the cage two years. He left all the creatures in the cage together regularly every night—owls, rats, rabbits, jackdaws, dogs, etc.—but he was obliged always to take the monkey out, and put him in a different place; he was so very mischievous, and kept all the other animals awake, teasing them when they were asleep.—*Buckland.*

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**LA PETITE ANGELINA
AND MISS C. THOMPSON,
AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.**

The accompanying picture representing those pretty and graceful children, La Petite Angelina and Miss C. Thompson, at the Boston Museum, dancing a double hornpipe, one of their pleasing performances, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer. With the frequenters of the Museum these little girls are great favorites. They are the best juvenile dancers we have seen for many a day, and have a graceful style peculiarly their own. There are many things which children are taught to do for the amusement of the public that we dislike to witness. We abhor juvenile delineations of Shakspeare—we hate to see infants tottling along a tight rope, or carried at full speed on the head of an equestrian as he rushes round the ring standing on two horses. We know what must be the fluttering of those poor little hearts beneath their spangled tunics, and we wish them at home and in bed. But dancing seems so natural, so fitting an expression of the exuberant spirits and activity of children, that such a performance as those of the children depicted on this page, is entirely unobjectionable. In presenting these young artists, Mr. Kimball has evinced that unerring tact which always hits exactly the popular taste, and which has given the command of complete success in all that he has undertaken for the amusement of the public. It is our impression that the annals of no similar establishment can exhibit so long a period of uninterrupted success as the Boston Museum. Its doors are always thronged, and the exhibition-room is often overflowing. There is no ebb to the tide of Mr. Kimball's success.

EVENING SCENE, SKATING PARK.

The accompanying highly effective picture was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and represents a scene, the fidelity of which thousands of our readers will attest, for skating in the park on the agricultural fair grounds, has been one of the most popular amusements of the present season. The scene, at all times animated, becomes particularly so at night, when the blaze of the tall light throws a glare over the whole field of ice, and brings into strong bold relief the hundreds of swift-moving figures on the polished area. The enthusiasm for skating this year has amounted to a mania. No age has been exempt from the contagion. We have heard of old



LA PETITE ANGELINA AND MISS C. THOMPSON, AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

ladies who, to illustrate the truth of the maxim, 'tis never too late to learn," have commenced skating at the age of sixty-five. As for the number of old gentlemen of that age who have been seen flying over the ice at a two-forty gait, it is too great to mention. Who knows but in these sports the old have found that fountain of youth which poor Ponce de Leon died without discovering? Who knows but, with the help of skates, jolly old boys of eighty may be able to snap their fingers at parish registers? Exercise may set at defiance rheumatism and podagra, and "put a fever (a healthy one) in the blood of age." Of course when young Hopeful, the spendthrift, presented his miserly old Uncle Skinfint, whose heir he is, with a pair of Dutch rockers the other day, the gift was a purely disinterested one, the intention being to provide a means of exercise which might prolong the old gentleman's life to the patriarchal age of a hundred. Of course, no one who knows the parties will accuse young Hopeful of entertaining any idea of his uncle's breaking his neck. But whatever were his expectations, they were disappointed, for Skinfint sold the skates and pocketed the money. Talking of skating, the Transcript tells a story of a little girl who was crying her eyes out because her old grandmother had borrowed her skates!

DOUGLAS JERROLD AT HOME.

It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from his master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk, some toast, bacon, water cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of

If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf and go nibbling it and thinking down the sidewalks. In again and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine, are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is cast aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree. —*Life of Douglas Jerrold.*



EVENING SCENE AT THE SKATING PARK, BOSTON.



SAMBRO' LIGHT, HALIFAX HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

SAMBRO' LIGHT, HALIFAX HARBOR.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn. The city of Halifax is one of the most important of Canadian cities, the capital of Nova Scotia, and occupies a commanding position on Chebucto Bay. The harbor is one of the best in America—the whole navy of Great Britain might ride in it in safety. It is in latitude $44^{\circ} 40'$ N., and longitude $63^{\circ} 40'$ West from Greenwich. Its length from north to south is about 16 miles, and it terminates in a beautiful sheet of water, called Bedford Basin, within which there are ten miles of good anchorage. The harbor is well fortified, and has an excellent dock-yard. This has a high wall on the side towards the town, and contains very commodious buildings, for the residence of the officers and their servants, besides, stores, warehouses and workshops. The harbor opposite the town is more than a mile wide. About a mile above the upper end of the town it narrows to one fourth of a mile, and then expands into Bedford Basin, before mentioned, which is completely land-locked. On an island about two miles in circumference, and about half a mile from the city, stand a fort and Martello Tower, which protect the entrance to the harbor. Our view represents Sambro' Light as seen from an outside point, with one of the Cunard steamships under full headway. The summit of the hill on which Halifax stands is 256 feet above the level of the sea. Halifax was first settled by a colony, under the command of Hon. Edward Cornwallis, in 1749. In 1790 it contained 4000 inhabitants; the present population is 30,000. The province building is an elegant edifice, and many other public buildings are substantial structures, though the city cannot be said to be distinguished by its architecture. Yet, seen from the sea, the general effect of the mass of buildings is fine. Halifax is the principal naval station for the North American colonies. It has extensive steam communication with various parts of North America and the West Indies, and, as the port at which the Cunard mail steamers touch on their voyages to and from Europe, and as the terminus of the great railway from Quebec to the Atlantic, it bids fair some day to become a place of great commercial importance. The streets of Halifax are spacious, and cross each other at right angles. Many of the houses are of wood, plastered and stuccoed, and many also are handsomely built of stone.

MASONIC TEMPLE, TREMONT STREET.

The accompanying view of the Masonic Temple, on Tremont Street, one of the landmarks of Boston, was drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, and is a faithful representation. This building was completed in 1832. It is 90 1-3 feet in length, 60 feet in width, and 52 feet in height. The towers upon the front corners are 90 feet in height from the ground. This building having been sold to the federal government, will henceforth be a U. S. court-house, and mechanics are now busily at work remodeling the whole interior. The exterior alone will remain as it was when built. Prior to the erection of the Masonic Temple, the space between St. Paul's Church and the corner of West Street was a large garden set out with elm trees, lilac hedges, tulips, trees, catalpas, etc. This was the site of a public house, and of the Washington Garden Amphitheatre, long a favorite place of resort. Here was established the first gymnasium opened in Boston, under the auspices of the learned and accomplished Dr. Follen. It was a very complete establishment. In the centre rose a tall mast for climbing, with stays reaching to the corners of the garden—and there were wooden horses, parallel bars, swings, horizontal masts, and all the appliances of the best gymnastic schools.

At that time, about thirty-two years ago, there was as great a mania for gymnastics as there is now for skating. Old and young entered with spirit into these athletic exercises. Gray-bearded seniors might be seen climbing the slippery mast, and doctors of divinity swinging head down from the parallel bars. But the fever, which furnished plenty of material for the wags of the day, for the sharp hits of Buckingham and Johnston, subsided, the ground was sold for building lots, the trees and the apparatus disappeared, and the scene was totally changed from its rural and suburban character, and became a compact block of residences.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS ORTHODOXY.

The biographers of the immortal bard have been numerous, but very few of them have said anything of his religious character; and many, perhaps, may feel surprised that one of our brethren in Maine has proposed to deliver a lecture on the passages of Scripture illustrated by Shakspeare. The poet is usually thought of as being entirely careless of religion, or as simply resting for eternal happiness on his morality in the latter years of his life. But there are two or three facts which may tend to raise our estimation of the bard on this matter. We lay here

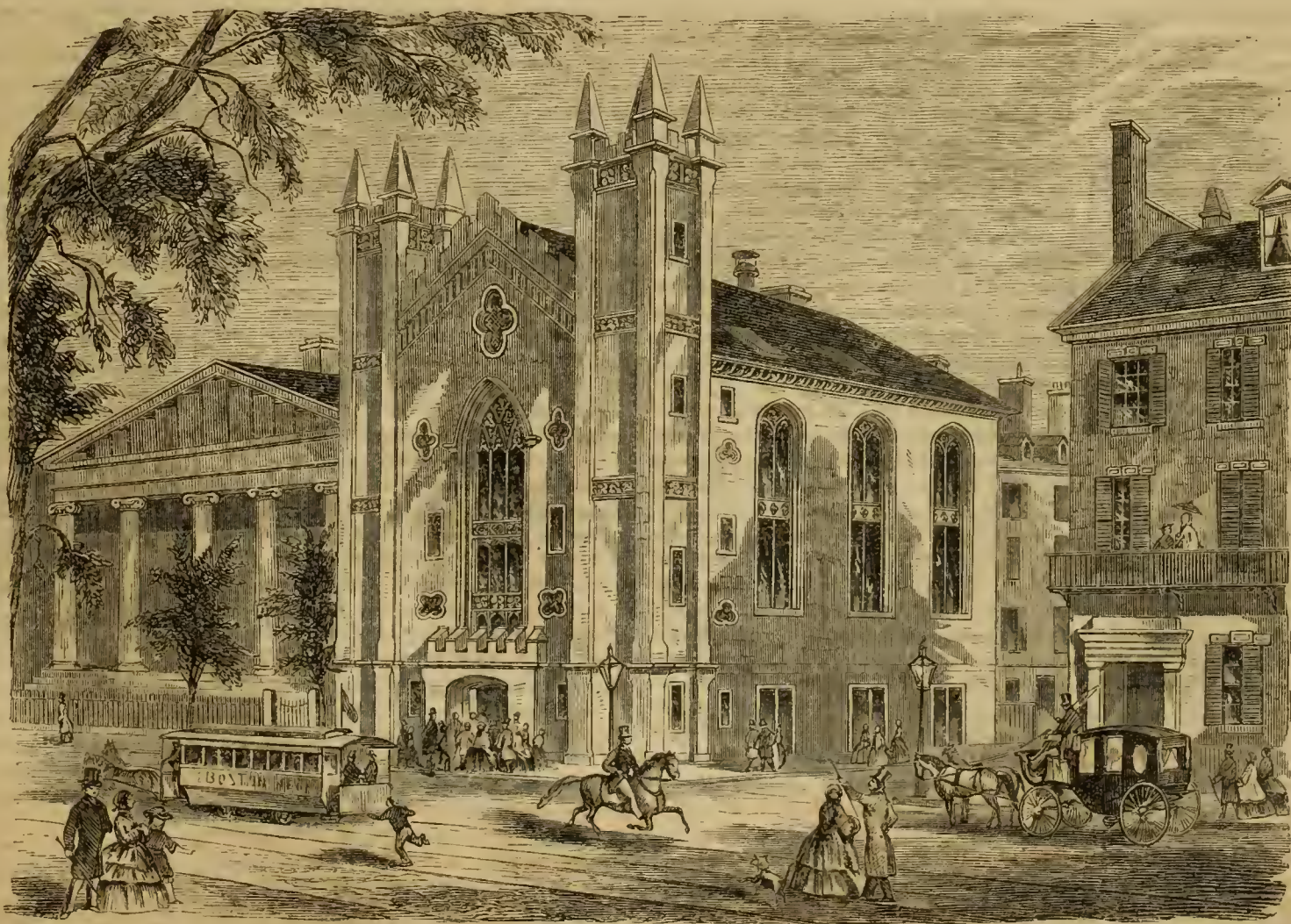
but little stress on his beautiful reference to Palestine in his tragedy of Henry IV.

“Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

But there are two facts which go far to encourage our hope as to his real Christianity.

It will be remembered that he entirely abandoned the stage, and left London in 1610, and retired to Stratford-on-Avon, his native place, where he died in 1616. During this period it would seem that he and his family attended his parish church, where the Rev. Richard Byfield, an eminent puritan minister, and father of the distinguished commentator on the Epistle to the Colossians, commenced his lengthened ministry in 1596. Richard Byfield was a faithful and energetic minister of Christ, and we hope, both from his character, and from the fact of Shakspeare being his constant hearer, that some degree of Christian sympathy existed between them.

But there is another still more hopeful circumstance. Shakspeare's will was written some two months before his decease, in April, 1615, and is remarkable for its Protestant and evangelical character. He says, “First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.” I am disposed, now that the pen is in my hand, to refer to a tradition in reference to the funeral sermon delivered for Shakspeare by the minister of the church he attended; and I do this the more readily as I am not sure it has been printed. A very old lady, who was a native of that neighborhood, told me fifty years ago that she learned from her grandmother, who heard the sermon, that the congregation in attendance on that occasion was very large and very serious in their feelings; that the preacher was very animated and eloquent, and that after describing the intellectual character of Shakspeare at great length, and having avowed his opinion that no man since the days of the apostle Paul had possessed so profound an acquaintance with all the diversified forms of human nature, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, “Would to God he had been a divine!” A wish in which he will yet have the sympathy of many.—*Christian Watchman and Reflector.*



MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON, JUST PURCHASED FOR A U. S. COURT HOUSE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—It is of the utmost importance to classify, if possible, the mental labors of the day, so that the most severe studies, and those which require the most thought and attention, should be limited to the earliest part of it, leaving the evening for lighter and more refreshing occupations. We strongly recommend the trial of this plan.

Mrs. F. M., New Orleans, La.—Mary Russell Mitford, the English authoress, was born in 1787.

M. C.—We are afraid you will have to wait until Mr. Charles Lannan has accomplished the gigantic task he has undertaken. This gentleman proposes to compile a Dictionary of Congress, from the earliest times until the present. It is to contain sketches of the successive sessions of Congress, of the different administrations, and of the presidential elections, all of which will be described more in biographical than in historical form. There will be not less than between four and five thousand names thus noticed.

R. D.—Of the 15,449,000 European subjects of the sultan of Turkey, 10,435,709 are Christians, and 6,004,921 Mahometans.

ARTIST.—Christian Rauch, the sculptor, died at Dresden, Dec. 3, 1857, at the age of eighty. His most noted works are his monument to Albert Durer at Nuremberg, and the monument to Frederick the Great at Berlin. He has been called the "Prussian Phidias."

"AMARICUS."—The governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, treasurer, and attorney general of Minnesota are elected by the people for two years, the auditor for three years.

STATISTICIAN.—The Russian mission, now at Peking has made known the result of the last census taken by the order of the emperor of China. The present population is said, by this document, to amount to four hundred and fifteen million, (that of Peking being about one million nine hundred and forty-eight thousand one hundred and fifteen).

J. H. Y.—Please send the twenty-six numbers of volume nine Pictorial by mail. The pay will be forwarded to you on their receipt.

M. S.—There was a hussar company in this city many years ago, before our time. The uniform was emerald green trimmed with gold. We believe each member was required to own his horse.

JULIA S.—Make a confidant of your mother—the best adviser in all such delicate affairs. We respectfully decline giving advice.

"MAKE HASTE SLOWLY."

This golden precept, which was first enunciated centuries ago, is as sound to-day as when it was first uttered, and its application is as needful and important to ourselves as to the people to whom it was addressed. Frantic haste is the besetting evil of Americans and of the present generation. We make haste to be rich; we make haste to arrive at a journey's end; we make haste to acquire knowledge; in all the avenues of trade, commerce, manufactures, travel, study, in everything we do, we hurry along at a headlong rate. Yet the gardener knows that those trees which grow most rapidly are the soonest to decay; that the brilliant flower which blooms a few weeks from seed-time perishes at the first breath of autumn; while the sturdy oak, slow in growth and development, defies the storms of centuries. Even sporting men have a maxim, "it is not the distance that kills, it's the pace." Would this truth were recognized in the management of the human race, as well as in the training of animals.

Admirable as are our provisions for education, it must be admitted that the forcing system is far too generally adopted. We undertake to teach the young too much—we overwork their brains. Physicians conscientiously tell us this, but their eloquent warnings uttered from time to time fall on heedless ears. The public at large admires the brilliant precocities of schools and universities, without counting what they cost or come to. How many of the distinguished graduates of our colleges, the recipients of academic laurels, live to fulfil the expectations inspired by their early career? It is almost proverbial that they are either short-lived, or, in mature life, are outstripped by men who made no figure at all in their college career. It is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. But do not let our readers understand by these remarks that we undervalue education or scholarship. By no means. Only, we would not crowd into a few years the studies which should be expanded over many. We understand by education the gradual development of the mind, a never-ending course of intellectual training, and that, too, parallel with thorough physical training.

The most prolific authors are those who make but moderate calls upon their minds. Sir Walter Scott thought that five or six hours a day was the limit to which literary labor could be extended without injury to the brain. In the after part of his life, under the pressure of pecuniary necessity, he far exceeded this limit, and the consequence was that his fine mind and his health

suddenly gave way. Hugh Miller also overworked himself. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who is the author of sixty volumes, tells us that he never worked more than three hours a day, and these included his study as well as his writing. Washington Irving, the Nestor of American literature, is able to delight the world by his pen, though he has passed the allotted limit of man's life, because he is an "easy-goer," labors a limited number of hours daily, and never continues his toil after he perceives symptoms of fatigue. Steady, continuous labor, pursued day after day and year after year, produces extraordinary results. Let us allow thirty years of literary productiveness to an author, and three hundred working days in a year. A man can easily write, without over-working himself, five printed pages a day. For a term of thirty years this would yield a product of 45,000 pages, or more than one hundred volumes of 400 pages each.

We have spoken of authorship—only one form of intellectual labor; but the same truths apply to other pursuits. We work with a ferocious energy in hope of enjoying rest at some future time. But even if total repose were desirable or attainable in this world of unrest, where employment seems to be the condition of content, the capacity of enjoyment is gone when the over-worked toiler reaches the limit he has set to labor. The remainder of his existence must be devoted to patching up his invalid frame, and prolonging an existence from which the sunlight has departed. On the other hand, the man who has but moderately taxed his brain, finds a pleasure in the well-balanced exercise of his intellectual and physical faculties to the last day of a prolonged existence. Let us then be as moderate in our labors as in our pleasures, sure that to "make haste slowly" is the safest way of accomplishing a long and profitable journey.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

It may not be uninteresting at the present moment to give an outline of the life of Napoleon, now united to the Princess Clotilda of the house of Savoy. Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte was born on the 9th of September, 1822, at Trieste, and is the second son of the ex-king Jerome and of the Princess Frederick of Wurtemberg. He was residing at Rome with his grandmother Mdme. Letitia Bonaparte when the insurrection of the Romagna, in which two of his cousins were compromised, obliged him in 1831 to emigrate to Florence; in 1835 he left for Switzerland, remained for two years in a school at Geneva, and in 1837 entered the military school of Louisbourg (Wurtemberg). His education being completed (1840), he refused to bear arms for any country except France, and the late Louis Philippe allowed him to return temporarily to France with his father (1847).

On the day of the fall of the dynasty of July, Prince Napoleon hastened to the Hotel de Ville (24th of February), and two days after he wrote a letter, which has since been published, in which he offered his services to the provisional government, declaring that the "duty of all good citizens was to rally round the republic." He united himself in a more explicit manner to the republican principle in his profession of faith to the electors of Corsica, as candidate for the assembly. Being elected by 39,229 votes, he at first sided in the constituent assembly with the moderate republicans, and generally voted with the right for the proportional tax, two chambers, the institution of the presidency, the Italian expedition, the proposition for the maintenance of capital punishment, etc., and voted with the minority against the banishment of the Orleans family. On the 10th of February, 1849, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, but was recalled a short time after for having quitted his post without authorization, and was replaced by M. de Bourgoing. This act of severity made him a stronger partisan in the democratic opposition, and during the sitting of the legislative assembly, where he still represented Corsica, he sat on the benches of the left, and supported several of their propositions until the year 1851. At that period he more frequently abstained from joining in the stormy discussions which took place at the close of the assembly, and soon after the *coup d'etat* withdrew into private life. This retirement, however, was not of long duration.

At the end of the year 1852, at the restoration of the empire, Prince Napoleon was eventually called forward as an hereditary descendant (18th Dec.), and in virtue of the senatorial consultum of the 23d, he assumed the title of French Prince

and had by right a place in the senate and in the council of state. At the same period he received the insignia of grand cross of the legion of honor, and, although he had not yet served in the army, the rank of general of division. When war was declared against Russia, he requested permission to share the perils of the army. He embarked at Marseilles on the 10th of April, and commanded a division of infantry of reserve at the battles of Alma and Inkerman. A short time after, the weakness of his health, and perhaps also the publication of the pamphlet printed at Brussels, and containing too free an opinion of the plan of campaign adopted in the Crimea, caused him to be recalled to France, where a mission more in conformity with his enlightened tastes awaited him. Being named president of the imperial commission of the universal exhibition of 1855, he fulfilled this post with an active zeal and a firm will, which were duly appreciated by the foreign juries and all the exhibitors. Since the birth of a direct heir to the imperial crown, he has remained more aloof from public affairs. In 1857 he undertook a long voyage of discovery in the North Seas, an account of which was published by M. Charles Edmond.

Prince Napoleon has lately been placed at the head of the newly-formed ministry for Algeria and the colonies (24th of June, 1858). He is now dedicating his attention to the material welfare of the colony. Its agriculture, its railways, its industrial interests, are all under consideration; and there is every reason to believe that Algeria will lose the military character of its colonization, and become a source of great wealth to the French nation.

RUSSIA.—A students' riot at Moscow has created some excitement there and at St. Petersburg. Some young men were arrested for hissing a professor; three hundred of their friends left the university in consequence; the emperor interfered in the matter and his minister recommended the students to return to the college, giving them eight days for reflection. They accepted the proposition, and the affair was soon hushed up as only a schoolboy's riot and not an affair of state.

A COUSIN OF HIGHLAND MARY.—A correspondent of the Ayr Express says that there is now living in Stewarton a matron named Shields, who is a cousin of Burns's Highland Mary, whom she characterizes as having been "an unco' bonnie lass," and the poet as having "a great deal o' rough an' ready sense. Mrs. Shields has attained her 101st year. Her mother died a centenarian, and neither of them was ever three miles from Stewarton!

VERY LIKELY.—An English paper says that if the Great Eastern steamship is successful in point of speed the government will buy her and order more. "A few more left of the same sort!" Yes—but John Bull must be richer than he is to buy Great Easterns by the gross.

"COME, COME WITH THE GIPSEY BRIDE!"—The Cleveland Plaindealer tells of a youth who went gipsying in a gipsy encampment in Ohio, and carried away a beautiful Bohemian maiden about sixteen years old. The zingari are tracking him.

A CUBAN NOVELIST.—Don Teodoro Guerrero, of Havana, is about to publish a novel under the curious title "Personal History of Six Beautiful Women." It will be introduced to the public by the Spanish Minister at Washington.

THE MORMONS.—It is said now that these rascals are not subdued, and that they succeed in preventing the execution of the laws. We really wish they had shown fight, and given Uncle Sam's boys an opportunity of wiping them out.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The new Academy of Music for Brooklyn, N. Y., for which \$95,000 have already been subscribed, is to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the City Hall, probably on Montague Street.

IMITATING NATURE.—We are often told to imitate nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

QUITE A NEW ONE.—Why is a chimney-sweep like a lucky player at whist?—Because he has the *suit* (soot?) in his own hands.

THE OVERFLOWS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

At the recent agricultural convention, held at Washington, the subject of applying meteorological observations to avert the disasters caused by the overflow of the Lower Mississippi, was discussed at some length. It is already known that the heavy rains and spring thaws which cause the mighty freshets on that river, occur at the headwaters of the river some six weeks before the freshets take place below. Now, if these changes could be promptly noted at the time, by means of rain-gauges and water measurements, and the news thereof transmitted by telegraph to the prominent places on the lower part of the river, the time when the freshet would occur below might be known twenty, thirty, or even forty days in advance. This foreknowledge would enable the persons interested to adopt suitable measures to guard against the damages caused by these freshets; such as removing property from exposed situations, building, strengthening and repairing dykes and levees, and performing other effective work which requires many days of hard labor. By these timely precautions, millions of valuable property might be preserved from the ravages of the flood. A very little experience would enable observers at Memphis, New Orleans, or any other point on the river, to calculate with precision the height of the water on any given day, when possessed of the facts as to the condition of the headwaters of the tributaries at a specified previous period. In this way, with sufficient data as to the quantity of rain and the rapidity of the thaw upon the upper streams, and the height of the river at intermediate points, all of the same day, the exact day, and almost the hour could be ascertained, when a flood would take place below. There are already some three hundred stations on this continent, mostly in the United States, where meteorological observations are regularly made, and the results transmitted to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; and many of these may be made available at once for the important purpose suggested. Already, therefore, much good may be done; but greatly more, when the extension of the telegraphic wires throughout the interior of the continent shall render it practicable largely to multiply these stations for observation.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND ITALY.—The Turin correspondent of the London Times says: In discussing the Italian question as it now stands, it were folly to lose sight of the fact that for the Emperor Napoleon it is quite as much a personal as a political one. This is admitted by his own friends and adherents. Unless something can be done to content in some degree the Italians, and especially the Romans—something to alleviate their present condition and give them hopes of further improvement on some future day, he lives in constant apprehension of assassination by an Italian hand.

GENERAL HOUSTON.—The old hero of San Jacinto has announced that he shall never engage in public life again after this or from this date. His whole life has been a perfect romance and crowned with adventure. If he wishes occupation for his leisure, we would advise him to write out his autobiography. We heard him deliver an address in this city a dozen years ago, and were much impressed with his elegant oratory.

MRS. JOHN WOOD.—This favorite of the Bostonians has been coining money by her engagements in California, and has now taken the management of American Theatre, San Francisco. What a mania actors and actresses have for managing!—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a fatal mania.

A MERE TRIFLE.—The direct tax for 1859, as adopted by the New York Board of Aldermen, amounts to \$10,652,745 40. Why didn't some benevolent alderman make an amendment to strike out the forty cents? It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—The British man-of-war, on board of which Francis Key, then a prisoner, wrote this patriotic song, is now permanently moored in the harbor of Hong Kong, as a receiving vessel.

MISS AVONIA JONES.—This talented young American tragedienne has gone to California, accompanied by her mother. May she reap a golden harvest there!

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Every now and then a story starts on the rounds, to the effect that the shrewd and unscrupulous emperor of France is insane, or on his last legs. One of the latest French gossipers writes: "One thing is evident, the Emperor Napoleon III. is, historically speaking, DEAD; his moral power, his prestige of influence, is gone. The galvanized corpse which now gibbers and croons at the Tuileries may be convulsed for a moment, and suddenly stretch out its poor paralyzed arms to grasp that which is beyond its reach, creating a momentary alarm by upsetting everything between them and the object which it covets; but the power to have or hold, to make or destroy, is gone; and Emile Girardin is right when he exclaims, as he stands upon his own hearth before the fire in the saloon of his hotel in Champs Elysées,—'Look no longer to the Tuileries; the Emperor is not there. The real Emperor of France is Prince Napoleon—and the Palais Royal is the real imperial palace,' and the listeners, who catch his words and repeat them abroad, are right also, when they answer not the speech, but look at each other with significant approval, and not together as they disperse in groups to canvass the matter with coolness, and provide against the surprise which must assail the rest of the world when the changes anticipated by that long head and predicted by that sharp tongue, shall have occurred."

BURNS AT THE PLOUGH.

On the last page of the present number we have placed a bold and spirited engraving, representing the peasant-poet Burns, seated by his plough, writing down in a fit of inspiration his address to the daisy. The likeness of the bard is made up from the most authentic portraits, and is therefore worthy of being carefully preserved by all admirers of his genius. What a fame is his! Wherever the sweet lowland tongue in which his strains are written is understood, every human heart beats responsive to his. Many poets, since Burns, have been the idols of the day, whose names are now utterly forgotten, but his songs will live with the race to which he belonged. His immortality is a conclusive proof of the old saying, that the poet is born, not made. Schools and academies and universities may make polished writers, but they cannot impart the Promethean fire which alone confers immortality. And we learn from Burns the lesson, that genius itself must derive its inspirations from its immediate surroundings and experiences. Burns was intensely national, and Scotland is now as often spoken of as the land of Burns as by any other qualification. What brighter fame can a man win than to be associated forever with "his own, his native land?"

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!"—The new uniform of the marines is rather loud and stunning. The coat is a dark blue frock, double-breasted, trimmed with scarlet, and ornamented with gold lace; the pants are light blue, with a scarlet cord; the cap of the new style, of silk, with a leather top; and the sword is of the army pattern.

RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.—Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, lately visited St. Petersburg at the invitation of the czar. Mr. Rarey wins the good opinion of society just as he does the affections of horses, by those nicely softened attributes which constitute the gentleman of nature.

LOOK IN AND SEE.—Mayo & Cox, at No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block, nearly opposite the Revere House, have one of the handsomest confectionary and ice cream saloons in this or any other city. It is a curiosity worth seeing to look in upon their elegant establishment.

ARTISTS' RECEPTIONS.—The artists' receptions in this city and New York are aiding the cause of art immensely. This bringing society into contact with pictures and sculptures and their authors is a grand idea, and worthy of the fullest development.

WAR IN EUROPE.—Paris and London gossipers say that the European war will break out on the 1st of April. People always make fools of themselves on that day. Look out for the 1st of April!

CURRAN'S NEPHEW.—Mr. William Curran, son of Laurence, the brother of John Philpot Curran, the great Irish orator, is now an inmate in a poorhouse in Kanturk.

THE VILLAS OF FLORENCE.

Artistes and literary men have a great passion for locating themselves in and about Florence. Mario, the singer, has a splendid villa on the slope of Fiesole. Taglioni, the great poetess of motion, also owns, or *did* own, a Florentine villa, where, in earlier days, her "light fantastic toe" found rest at intervals among poetic hills. And there are villas all about here sacred each to some genius of ancient or modern times. Old Landor—Savage in temper as in name—is now sheltering his gray hairs from the just retribution of his late calumnies, in the villa long occupied by his family on the hillside of Fiesole. Aforetime he was driven from this nest for contempt of court, having, on entering before the seat of justice, shaking a bag of Tuscan dollars, exclaimed in very intelligible Italian, "These will secure my case, as I understand that opinions are bought here." The whole bench immediately withdrew, and the next day he received his walking papers, and has not since been seen in Florence till now. It was from a window of his villa here that he threw out an offending servant—crashing in the act of violence his favorite plant, which consequence (not the bruised servant) called forth the exclamation, "There—I knew I should do it some day!" "What! killed the servant at last?" screamed his wife. "No, no! not that, but killed my *camilia* with his fall!"

PLAYING WITH WILD BEASTS.

A few weeks ago, a Miss Noble, while attempting to pat a tiger in a cage behind the scenes of the circus at Philadelphia, was shockingly mutilated by him. This is not the first accident of the kind which has happened upon the same spot. Several years ago, when a menagerie was located in this building, says the Bulletin, a huge elephant became enraged and he killed one man and injured others before he could be subdued. The fury of the animal was such that it was feared that he would tear down the building and make his way into the street where the consequences might have been frightful. So great was the alarm that a field-piece was brought to the front of the building in readiness to fire upon the animal in case of his escaping. Dr. E. K. Kane was among those who brought the elephant to terms finally.

FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITÆ.—Consumptives, and those troubled with Coughs, Colds, etc., will consult their own interest by trying the virtues of this medicine. Being extremely volatile in its nature, it acts, in the true way of treating the above complaints, by infusing its vapors directly upon the lungs and air passages. Within a few weeks several cases of great benefit derived from its use have come to our knowledge, and we commend it to the suffering. The Pabulum Vitæ is advertised at length in our columns, to which the reader is referred.

A NEW REASON FOR DIVORCE.—An elderly woman went to a Cincinnati Justice recently to inquire the best method of divorcing her daughter from a man to whom the parents objected as an unfitting person. The reason of the mother's desire to have the twain divided was that the husband had promised her a new dress when he married the daughter, and, on the consummation of the event, had withheld the gift.

THE GERMAN PRESS.—The leading journals of Germany are exceedingly violent in attacks on the French government, urging the necessity of a perfect understanding between Prussia, Austria, and the German States.

A STRIKING FACT.—The number of applicants for admission to the Asylum for Inebriates, at Binghamton, N. Y., is 2800, and of these 400 are women. The asylum can only accommodate 300 patients.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.—This queer dress is still worn by some of the strong-minded in remote rural districts. In the great cities you can't find a solitary bloomer.

A COINCIDENCE.—Henry Hallam, the eminent English historian and critic, died on the 22d of January—six days before the death of Prescott.

Piccolomini ought to send BALLOU'S PICTORIAL a check for \$500.—*Boston Post.*

We shouldn't object, not we.

Upside Gatherings.

The planters of Alabama are turning their attention to raising pork.

The city of Louisville has purchased another steam fire engine for \$9500.

Five thousand of the seven thousand teachers in Massachusetts are females.

The paid fire department of Baltimore went into operation a few days since.

During the present century 250,000 patents for inventions have been granted in England.

A New York letter says there are on deposit, in the Savings Banks of that city, nearly thirty-seven millions of dollars.

There is said to be splendid skating on Lake Erie at Buffalo. There are miles upon miles of clear, pellucid ice, smooth as glass.

Robert Comperry, at one time the wealthiest merchant in Nashville, Tenn., died in Memphis lately, in the lock-up, from intemperance.

At the quarterly examination at West Point Academy, fourteen of the new cadets failed to stand the fire of the examination, and were sent home.

Dr. Thomas Johnson, a distinguished physician of Richmond, Va., who was considered one of the first anatomists of the age, died there lately.

The Baltimore papers are talking of a new opera-house for that city. The Holiday Street Theatre and adjoining property will probably be used for that purpose.

Tuscany, with a population not much greater than that of Virginia, has a standing army as large as that of the United States, or something like eighteen thousand men.

The Chinese pretend to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch. When it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one.

A correspondent of the Honolulu Advertiser says it is believed that the Hawaiian nation is fast diminishing in numbers, and tending, as far as the natives are concerned, to extinction.

The Kansas City Journal of Commerce says that both bituminous and cannel coal have been discovered in large quantities within eight miles of that city, in the bluffs of the Kansas River.

The New York Tribune says that a new firearm—Colt's pistol fitted to a stock so as to be used as a carbine on foot, in case of necessity—has been adopted for mounted regiments of the U. S. Army.

Peal's famous painting, the "Court of Death," has been purchased by a western speculator for \$20,000. He intends to have it engraved, and the engravings colored, and one hundred thousand copies sold at one dollar each.

A western paper speaking of a person who is lecturing in order to get means to obtain an education, an exchange says there are other professional lecturers who should devote the proceeds of their lectures to a similar purpose.

The Washington States publishes a letter from a German, now 84 years old, who, it says, is perhaps "the only individual living in either hemisphere who enjoyed the pleasure of the table, seated on the right hand of Washington."

The Maedonough property in the First District of New Orleans, belonging to that city, was recently sold at auction for \$290,000, or \$60,000 more than its estimated value when the property was divided between New Orleans and Baltimore.

The Baltimore Price Current furnishes a table of the cotton factories in Maryland, showing the daily consumption of raw cotton to be nearly fifty thousand pounds, of the value of over six thousand dollars—operating 67,500 spindles and 1731 looms.

The Steuben Courier says that a school commissioner recently required a class of young gentlemen to pledge themselves "not to attend evening parties, nor go home with the girls after dark," before he would grant them the requisite certificates as teachers.

Mrs. Gaskell, in "Lady Ludlow," describes Rev. Mr. Mountford, an Episcopal minister, as "a clergyman who had such a dread of damp, close air, that he left directions to the executors of his will to have the family vault well aired before his coffin was placed in it."

The notorious Marchioness de Brinvilliers, when she was ascending the scaffold, turned to her friend, and said that she was afraid she had forgotten to mention in her confession that she had poisoned her father. It was a trifling omission which she wished to have rectified!

John Percy sued the Albany Evening Journal for the moderate sum of \$1,300,000, for alleged libels; the jury failed to see the point of the joke, and told Mr. Percy he must not only do without the dimes, but pay the costs of prosecution. A good lesson for litigious individuals.

The number of distinct species of insects already known and described, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue, most of which may be seen in the collection of the British Museum.

The number of Indians within the limits of the United States is three hundred and fifty thousand. More than three hundred and ninety treaties have been ratified with the Indians since the adoption of the constitution, by which the government has acquired five hundred and eighty-one million one hundred and sixty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight acres of land.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is better to look round on prosperity than back on glory.—*Lewis Cass.*

.... Against ill-chances men are ever merry, but heaviness foreruns the good event.—*Shakspeare.*

.... It is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.—*Rousseau.*

.... The true empire of genius, its sovereign sway, must be at home and over the hearts of kindred men.—*Edward Everett.*

.... Let none of us cherish or invoke the spirit of religious fanaticism: the ally would be quite as pestilent as the enemy.—*Robert Walsh.*

.... In the effort to please, there is involved a subtle flattery that is all the more acceptable from its sincerity never being suspected.—*Bovee.*

.... Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear within us.—*Berne.*

.... We pay our friends a high compliment, and one that is seldom unappreciated, when we exert ourselves beyond common to please them.—*Bovee.*

.... There is nothing, however good in itself, which may not be converted into "stuff" by making a jumble of it, and interpolating trash.—*Robert Walsh.*

.... Some men envelop themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are foolish, but foolish if they are wise.—*Colton.*

.... How good and beautiful would it be, if our tastes, impulses and inclinations were so pure that we might live freely and naturally, as the birds or the flowers, trusting without misgiving to our spontaneous sympathies and movements!—*Gerrish.*

.... There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory—and this is the pursuit of virtue.—*Lacon.*

.... Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Joker's Budget.

A boot-jack, like a sore finger, has to be healed. The man who shot time on the wing has renewed his age.

Can knocking a man down with a loaf of bread strictly be called smiting him with the "staff of life?"

A man complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

The man who heard a call from the "voice of glory," waited for the echo. It was "gory," so he resolved to stay at home.

Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to see (sea) sickness.

A New Orleans editor speaks of the pen of the editor of another paper, as racy and trenchant, and nibbed with well-digested thought.

Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because their lips are disposed to meet yours half-way.

An eccentric genius of Mississippi, in view of the failure of the Atlantic cable, suggests that the company make a trout line of it, and go into the fishing business.

A writer on etiquette observes: "When you are seated next to a lady, you should be only polite during the first course; gallant in the second; but you must not be tender till the dessert."

A man came very near dying in California, in consequence of drinking a glass of cold water and putting on a clean pair of stockings—an experiment which he had not tried for a number of years before.

We should really like to know how far off some of the newspapers will finally get. Every little while they announce in capitals, "Further from California," "Further from Europe," and so on. Where will they bring up?

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" Och doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" O, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FLOATING TOMB.*

A LEAF FROM A SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It was the morning after the wreck of the good ship *Queen Anne*, and of all her crew and passengers, more than one hundred and fifty, all told, we three desolate, forlorn, miserable men were all that remained. I well remember the scene, as well as the time. It was somewhere on the western coast of Africa, near the latitude of Ascension Island, and a more bare, sandy and dreary spot, I have never in all my wanderings placed my eyes upon. The country must have been uninhabited for many miles inland, for as far as the eye could reach, no sign of human life or habitation could be seen; nothing but the flat, dead level of sand, diversified here and there by a straggling clump of parched vegetation, or a stunted tree, which seemed trying in vain to flourish in the hostile soil and climate.

"There's the old *Queen Anne*, or all that's left of her," Watson remarked. We looked in the direction which his finger indicated, and our eyes rested upon the broken skeleton of the wreck, as it rested upon a rocky ledge, half a mile away. The beach upon which we stood was strewn with timbers and spars, while scarcely twenty feet from us lay the bodies of two of our late companions, which, with the fragments of the wreck, had been driven hither by the waves.

The story of our fearful position is briefly told. We were seamen of the *Queen Anne*, and twenty-four hours before, that vessel was steadily ploughing her way toward the Cape of Good Hope. Just at night a terrible gale had overtaken us, and driven helpless before it, the ship soon struck upon the ledge where her timbers were now parting. By some chance we three had been cast ashore with little injury, while all those who had lately been our companions, had met almost instantly with a watery grave.

"Well, here we are," Flanders muttered, after he had taken a careful survey of the prospect, "and we may be sure there's nothing very consoling in our situation. What d'ye think, Watson?"

"That it's an amazing sight better than that of the rest of the old ship's family."

"I'm not sure of that. What do you think, you Bill Sampson?"

"That we are a great deal better off than we might be," I replied.

"Humph! I imagine you've never been wrecked as many times as I have. Now, my lads, let me tell you my view of our affairs. You see that we're in a desperate fix, or if you don't I do, and very clearly. Well, then, what's to be done? Speak out, and let me hear your minds."

"Strike through the country, and try to find some native village," Watson suggested.

"Yes, that's about as sensible advice as I expected from you," Flanders retorted, with a sneer. "Do you know, my lad, what part of the world you're in? Do you know that so far as our saving ourselves by the mainland is concerned, we might as well have been cast upon the shores of the Great Desert? We might travel eastward for twenty leagues, ay, and fifty, for that matter, and our bones would bleach in the sand before we could find enough to sustain our miserable lives with, even for one day. I tell you, I've been wrecked in these regions before, and I know just what our situation is. And besides, should we happen to meet any of the natives, what kind of a reception do you think they would give us? I shouldn't blame them if they ate us alive, for I don't believe there's anything else in the whole country that they can eat."

Flanders laughed long and loud at his wit, and almost for the first time, I saw him lose the harsh bitterness of speech and manner which had become a part of his nature. He was a strange man, and none knew his disposition better than myself. He was an able seaman, and had been the best man on board our ship; but among our whole crew, he had never had a friend. Some disappointment in life had ruined his spirit and turned all the human kindness he may have ever possessed, to bitter gall.

"What do you propose?" Watson asked.

"The matter stands in about this way," Flanders replied. "If we stay here, we shall starve

to death; if we try to penetrate into the country, we shall just as surely lie down on the sand and die before the end of forty-eight hours; and if we build some kind of a craft out of these loose timbers, and put to sea again, we shall probably be swallowed up by the waves, although there's perhaps one chance in ten that we will reach Ascension Island, or be picked up by some outward bound Indianman."

I knew that this view of the matter was the only correct one which could be taken, but Watson and myself both shrank from exposing ourselves to the fury of the boisterous ocean. The chance offered by it was indeed a fearfully frail one. It seemed like committing ourselves to the jaws of some rapacious monster, and expecting to escape from his power unharmed. But, on the other hand, we painfully realized that the security offered by the land was still more precarious, and more certain to end in our destruction.

"Well, do as you like," Flanders said, as he saw our hesitation. "I intend to make a raft, and trust myself to the ocean; you may join me, or not, as you choose. And I tell you, my lads, our chances are not so desperate, as they might be, after all. Let us but once get a dozen leagues from the shore in safety, and we are right in the track of the trading-ships. Let us fall to with a will, and leave this shore before night."

Our objections were overcome, if we were not persuaded, and under the direction of Flanders, we commenced to collect the spars and timbers which lined the shore, and to shape them into a rude raft. This work was pursued unremittingly through the day, and, meanwhile, the hot African sun had risen, and was pouring down upon us its terrible heat. We would have paused, but the stern voice of Flanders forbade us.

"Work, work, for your lives!" he repeated, as often as we would have thrown ourselves down upon the beach in exhaustion and despair. "Our only safety lies in finishing this raft and embarking before we grow too weak to continue the work."

We knew this was the truth, and again and again we roused our flagging spirits, and toiled beneath the fervid rays of the sun. But at last the raft was completed. It was as large and strong as it lay in our power to make it, notwithstanding which, it was but a frail dependence. It was perhaps six feet square, and in the centre was a small house or hatch, barely capable of holding three persons.

"Get aboard, now," Flanders said, "and be ready to push off when I follow you. But hold; Sampson, in heaven's name, what ails you?"

Ay, what was it? In truth, I knew not myself. All the day my blood had coursed through my veins as hotly as though it had been charged with molten fire, and now, as I lay helpless upon the raft, my brain seemed bursting, and my eyes grew dim and bloodshot. I tried to speak and answer the question, but a fearful spasm just then convulsed my frame, and my hands were involuntarily clutched together like a vice.

"Speak, William, what is it?" Watson anxiously asked. "My God, he doesn't answer me; there are great yellow circles round his eyes, and his face is almost black. Flanders, what—"

"Peace, peace!" the latter sternly interrupted. As he spoke, he sprang upon the raft; and before I was well aware of his intentions, he had raised me bodily in his arms and deposited me upon the beach.

In an instant I was upon my feet, and when I saw that Flanders had regained the raft, a horrible suspicion shot through my brain. "Flanders, Watson, hold—stay!" I frantically shouted, plunging up to my knees in water in my mad endeavors to gain the raft, and in which I was thwarted by Flanders. "In God's name, stay!" I almost yelled, as I saw the attempts which the latter made to shove off. "You can't leave me here to die!"

"You'll die soon enough, at all events!" Flanders replied. "Don't you know, Bill Sampson, that you've got the *coast-fever*. It's a fact, and all the doctors in Europe, if you had 'em here now, couldn't help you! You're a doomed man; you haven't six hours to live!"

"But you can't mean to leave him here to perish!" Watson exclaimed, arresting Flanders's attempts to shove off the raft. "You may be mistaken about his having the fever; and even if you are not, it is our duty to stay with him to the last."

"Yes—and bring the plague on ourselves, would you? No, my lad; you don't delude me in that way. I tell you he has the fever, and no

power on earth can save him. I've seen hundreds of natives die with it on the Madagascar coast, and I'd rather you'd put a bullet through my heart than compel me to stay with him half an hour! Off—push off, idiot that you are, or we're both lost men!"

He seized the pole as he spoke, and with one mighty effort, sent the raft a dozen feet from the land. There was little or no surf to overcome, and he continued his efforts until he had given impetus enough to the raft to prevent its return to the shore. This being done, it slowly drifted away towards the west, rising and falling upon the high waves until I could see it no longer. But it did not disappear from my sight until I had heard the voice of Watson frantically imploring and beseeching his companion to return and take me on board, nor until each angry and peremptory denial of the hard-hearted Flanders was borne across the water to my ears.

The raft lessened to my view, and dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon. I stood upon the beach like a statue, and watched it until I could see it no longer. The fever still burned in my veins, and seemed to drink my very blood, but while I realized the horrors of my fearful position, I paid no heed to it. I sat down upon the beach, covered my face with my hands, and wept. I am not ashamed to confess it—I wept like a child. Until now, a faint hope of escape from the desert-prison had existed in my mind, but the heartlessness of Flanders had deprived me of this, and I was left alone to die. In those few moments of keen agony, I recalled the faces of all the friends I had ever known. I pictured to myself the English home which I should nevermore behold, and recalled to mind almost every eventful occurrence of my life.

This state of mind lasted for a few moments, and then I became conscious of the fearful gripe of the fever-fiend. I have a confused remembrance of what followed; I know that I became mad and delirious. I shouted, I sang, I called upon Flanders to come back and succor me, threatening that my ghost should haunt him if he did not. Then I ran up and down the beach, stopping now and then to tear up great handfuls of the wet sand, which I hurled into the sea with boisterous merriment. I laughed, prayed, and sang alternately, until at last I had exhausted all my powers in my strange madness, and I sank down upon the beach insensible. It was at first only a partial stupor, for I was conscious that the dashing of the waves upon me had in a measure abated the intensity of the fever; but this perception soon departed, and I became totally unconscious.

Of the time that had elapsed during my insensibility, I had upon waking, no definite idea. My senses came to me as suddenly as to one who wakes from a sleep of a few hours. I attempted to rise, but I found myself unable. I was weak in every limb. Still, my mind was clear; I recalled distinctly every late occurrence, tracing them step by step from the departure of the *Queen Anne* from Southampton until the heartless desertion of Flanders had left me alone upon the coast. Here, of course, I was compelled to stop; and so I turned my attention to the place where the return of my senses had found me.

The place where I was lying was, I quickly discovered, a ship's berth; and this discovery, coupled with the rocking motion which influenced all the surrounding objects, and a certain rippling noise which struck faintly on my ear, soon led me to conjecture that I was in the cabin of a ship. I had hardly arrived at this determination before the curtains of the berth were drawn back, and a manly, sailor-like man stood beside me.

"Well, shipmate, how goes it?" he exclaimed, in a cheerful voice.

"I expect I've fallen into such good Christian hands," I replied, "that it's only a matter of course that I'm in a fair way. But I must confess, I have a lively curiosity to know where I am, and how I came here."

"Yes, I suppose so. What is the last thing you can remember?"

"I know of nothing since I laid myself down to die on the beach," I replied.

"That was four weeks since," the man said.

"Four weeks? Is it possible?"

"It is just so, and we are on the opposite side of Africa now; we doubled the cape almost two weeks ago. But the story is only a short one, and as you will of course wish to hear it all, let me commence at the beginning."

I assented, and he began as follows:

"You are now in the cabin of the ship *Mameluke*, from New York, and I am the first mate. Several hours after passing Ascension Island, the captain detected with his glass, a speck upon the water far off to the southeast; and afterwards examining it for some time, he pronounced it a boat. I looked through the glass, and was of the same opinion, and the ship's course was at once changed in direction of the supposed boat.

"In rather less than an hour we were alongside of it; and we then made the discovery that it was a raft, with a small, raised covering in the centre. Upon boarding the raft, and entering this house, a deplorable sight met my eyes. The body of a man was lying near the entrance, extended at full length. He must have been dead several hours, for the hands were perfectly cold and stiff. But the appearance of his face instantly arrested my attention. It was black—and from this I know that he had died of the terrible coast-fever, and not from starvation or exhaustion, as I was at first naturally led to suppose."

"Did you ascertain his name?" I eagerly asked.

"Yes; upon his left wrist there was the name *Robert Flanders*, marked with India ink."

"It was a terrible retribution!" I said, in a low voice. "But there was another, was there not?"

"I was just on the point of telling you of him. Another man was sitting near by, with his back propped up against the side of the hatch; and this one was almost in the last agonies of death, for the fever had seized upon him, also!"

"Poor Watson!" I murmured, and my eyes filled with tears. "I was just beginning to hope that he had escaped."

"Yes, his name was Watson, as he told us; but he did not live an hour, although long enough to save your life. He was almost gone when we found him; and he had only strength to give us his story in as few words as possible, and with a weak voice, before he breathed his last. But he besought us, with his last words, to lose no time in repairing to the place on the coast which he described, and rescuing you. According to his story they had been afloat upon the raft for a day and a night, and the fever had attacked them before they lost sight of the coast.

"Our captain was at first disposed to disbelieve that part of Watson's story which related to you, but I was firmly impressed with the truth of all he said, and yielding to my representations, he ordered the ship's head to be directed shoreward. I was instantly struck with Watson's description of the place where he had left you, for I recognized the ledge upon which the *Queen Anne* had gone to pieces, as one upon which I myself had once been wrecked.

"We easily found the place, and anchored just outside the dangerous obstruction. I immediately repaired to the beach with a boat's crew, and there, sure enough, we found you, just as you had lain for almost twenty-four hours. You seemed to be dead, and your appearance was almost exactly like that of Flanders. We brought you aboard, however, and as we happened to have a doctor among our passengers, you were immediately put into his hands."

"And have I been very sick?"

"Enough so, I should say, to last you through the rest of your life! During the two weeks which followed, you raved incessantly, and more than once we thought you would need nothing more from us than a sheet and a fifty pound weight! But you have recovered, and it seems almost like a miracle!"

"While poor Watson sleeps his last sleep!" I sorrowfully whispered. "Heaven rest his soul! He was a true and faithful friend. His voyages are ended, and may the billows roll lightly over his head! But I forgot—did you bury him in the sea?"

"Yes—both of them. There were many spars and timbers in the make-up of the raft that our captain intended to transfer to his vessel, but he yielded to a superstitious notion of the crew, and forbore to do so. The fact of the raft coming to us with such a strange and fearful burden, impressed the sailors with profound awe; they became possessed with the idea that the ghosts of the two dead men would not fail to haunt any ship which might appropriate any part of the raft—their property! Accordingly the two bodies were permitted to remain within the hatch; and after our carpenter had water-logged it, it sank slowly from our sight, bearing its strange freight with it. Never before, I imagine, was a sailor buried in a coffin made by his own hands!"

* The story is given substantially as narrated by a disabled inmate of Greenwich Hospital, England. The style of narration is, of course, somewhat altered.

PICTURES OF BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

Everybody has heard of Boulogne, on the coast of Picardy, France, and within two or three hours' sail of the English coast. Everybody knows how it is divided into the upper and lower town, and how the latter, which is called Boulogne-Sur-Mer, or Boulogne on the sea, is a very interesting place, with many handsome streets and houses, and many queer nooks and corners, and many queer people, the fishermen, women and girls most attracting the attention of strangers. The harbor of Boulogne is too shallow for large vessels of war, but merchant ships of the heaviest tonnage can go in and out at high tide. From this spot it was that Napoleon I. prepared to invade England, and accordingly ordered the harbor to be deepened, vessels to be built and forts erected for the protection of the place. Here he formed a camp and collected a vast army, but on the breaking out of hostilities with Austria, in 1805, they were despatched elsewhere. Boulogne is a bishopric and contains six churches, a hospital, an exchange, a maritime court, a society for the promotion of agriculture, commerce and the arts, a school for instruction in navigation, sea-baths, manufactories of soap, earthen-ware, linen and woolen cloths. Herring and mackerel, large quantities of which are caught off the coast, Champagne and Burgundy wines, coal, corn, butter, linen and woolen stuffs, are the articles of export. The cheapness of living induces many English people of limited incomes to establish themselves at Boulogne, and you see as many English as French faces in strolling about the town. Our illustrative sketches will be confined to the fishermen of Boulogne. The first engraving represents a group of these people—sturdy, hardy and honest, big-booted, red-shirted, woolen-capped men, old and young women with curt petticoats, chunky boys and children. These fishermen and their families live in a quarter by themselves, and we give a sketch of one of the streets in this part of the town, with the steep steps that descend into it, the windows of the lower stories secured by stout slutters, and shrimp-girls, bare-legged and loaded with baskets and nets, paddling up and down. Boulogne is more than a mere watering-place like Margate, Ramsgate, etc.—it is really a fine old town, the permanent residence of many hundreds of English families, and moreover, now it is the great highway to Paris, Switzerland, and the East. This town say the guide books, is very ancient, was a town in the days of Julius Cæsar, has many ancient Roman remains, and has been the scene of numerous battles; all of which we need not dwell upon, for what town in Europe does not make these boasts? Julius Cæsar went everywhere. And as to battles, we can well believe all that is said on this point. The inhabitants of the earth have been quarrelling and fighting ever since Cain slew Abel, and it is easy therefore to imagine that Boulogne has had its battles and sieges



BOULOGNE FISHERMEN.

with silent contempt. A late English traveller, in a very amusing sketch of Boulogne, denies that it is the cheap place which it has been generally represented to be. He says: "To all who are 'about to go to Boulogne to live very cheaply,' we say—don't. The cheapness of Boulogne is a fiction. It is not a dear place compared with England, but certainly it is not remarkable for cheapness. Lodging, bread, meat, fish, vegetables, grocery, are nearly as dear as they are in English towns. Wines and spirits are cheap, but nothing else that I can find. Poultry is low-priced, but not cheap. You may get a fowl for a franc and a half; but what a fowl! I have seen pigeons larger. Let me, however, do justice to the donkeys. They are really good and cheap. You may get a donkey, and 'one what will go,' for half a franc per hour. Nor are carriages dear. The legal charge is two francs and a half an hour, but by bargaining beforehand you may get them much cheaper. My first care on the morning after my arrival at Boulogne was to hunt for lodgings. Living at an hotel did not suit my book. It is too expensive, and is, moreover, too unhomelike for my English habits. 'May I not do as I will at mine own inn?' is a question which I have found by experience can seldom be answered in the affirmative. You cannot make an English home at an hotel; and wherever I am, a home I must have—not only a bed-room, but a parlor of my own, on which I can turn my key—a castle into which no one has a right to intrude. So before breakfast I set out upon my search for this *sine qua non*, and scarcely had I begun when I met an old acquaintance—an Irishman—who eagerly proffered his help. 'Ah, sure,' said he, 'and what is it that's brought ye to Boulogne, all the way from London? And what is it ye're looking for?' 'Well,' said I, after returning his greeting, 'I'm looking for lodgings.' 'Is it lodgings ye're looking for?—then it's I that can help you. There's a widow woman just here who has rooms to let—a particular friend of mine. Come with me.' And so away we went till we got to the shore, and to a small house thereon. 'Hallo,' said my friend, knocking at the door with his stick. 'Mrs. What's-her-name, have ye any lodgings to let?' 'Yes, sir,' said a comely looking dame; 'three chambers and a sitting-room.' 'By the powers, it's just the thing; let's look at them.' Whereupon we went up stairs, and surveyed the apartments—a small sitting-room, two reasonably large bedrooms, and a small closet. 'And what's your charge?' said I. 'Sixteen guineas per month.' 'And, by the powers, very reasonable too,' said my friend. 'Reasonable, do you call it!' I replied, 'I think them monstrously dear.' 'Do ye think, madam, that we'll come over here to be robbed, when all that sort of thing can be done so much better at

home? Bon jour—which manes the top of the morning to you, madam; we'll go further and fare worse.' And so we left to seek lodgings elsewhere. After sundry long sallies through lanes and blind alleys, I at last found what I wanted at less than half the figure that my friend's friend had demanded." The two remain-



STREET IN THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.

like all other places. That the town is ancient, there are certain signs. That it is handsome and picturesque, every one may see. And it is evident that of late years, owing to its popularity as a summer resort, it has vastly increased in size. The fishermen, we have remarked, are a peculiar people, and live as much apart from the rest of Boulogne as if they lived a hundred miles away. Some of the peculiarities of these people are very singular. In the first place, we learn that they are proud and exclusive; for whilst they all work hard—the men on the sea and the women at home at net-mending and selling the produce of their husbands' labors—they entertain such a sense of their own superiority to the bourgeois below, that if any one of their class, man or woman, were to marry a shop-keeper, he or she would lose caste, and it is said would be driven from the community. And this has always been their character. Formerly, nearly the whole of the town was in their hands, and the shop-keepers were considered to be a lower race, tolerated as necessary to minister to their wants. And though this has changed, and the greater part of Boulogne is occupied by the people they look down upon, they still entertain the same feelings. It is amusing to see these tall, sturdy fellows tramping down the stairs from their heights, dressed in their rough woolen shirts, huge boots reaching to their hips, and red worsted caps. These sturdy men, whilst they refuse to stoop to those whom they fancy are beneath them, will not on the other hand, flunkey to those above them. In the Fishermen's Quarter, a duchess might pass through without notice, and a millionaire draper would be looked upon



BOULOGNE SHRIMP WOMAN.

ing sketches represents the shrimp-girls of Boulogne. One of these is starting for her daily toil with her heavy basket on her back, and her net with its long handle folded up on her shoulder. The manner of collecting the shrimps is shown in the last engraving. The girl wades knee-deep in the shallows, pushing the net before her steadily and quietly. These shrimps are in great demand and bring a high price in the Boulogne fish-market.



GATHERING SHRIMPS NEAR BOULOGNE.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OCEAN TREASURES.

BY MISS M. T. W.

Ocean! yield us up thy treasures
From thy waters cold—
Give us back the ones we love,
We ask not for thy gold,
But the ones so dear that sleep
In the ocean's roaring deep.

Gentle hearts that loved
Are calmly sleeping there,
And beating hearts are still
The beautiful and fair;
And the deep and dark blue wave
Breaks gently o'er the good and brave.

Still is the beating heart
That was once so gay,
And the rippling waters dark
O'er the loved ones play,
Calm and joy, cold and still,
Without a single stir or thrill.

Alas! the loved are gone,
Their happy lives are o'er—
Give back those spirits dear,
We ask for nothing more.
Those who joined in harmless pleasure,
Ocean, yield thy dearest treasure.

SATAN.

He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form not yet had lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In him eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs; darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel.—MILTON.

MORNING.

On his shoulders night,
Flinging his ebony mantle, rent with storms,
Grinily retired, as up the ethereal steep
The heavenly coursers mounted of the sun,
And bade the stars withdraw.—PENNIE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Boston is getting to be decidedly gay, very New Yorkish, if not Parisian. A review of the past winter shows a campaign brilliant enough to make the bones of the old Puritans rattle in their graves. Skating, sleighing, operas, balls, concerts, public and private theatricals, artists' receptions, parties—what more could even a mercenary Frenchman desire, to give wings to Time? As we looked lately on the floor of the Boston Theatre, covered with whirling waltzers, we almost expected to see a train of grim spectres of the past stalking in to forbid the revelry and denounce the revellers. But the ball went on, and no sterner phantom rose to interrupt the universal joy. The star of empire that rose in Hayti a few years since has set in a cloud. Faustin I. abdicated at Port au Prince as Napoleon I. abdicated at Fontainebleau; but he leaves no friends behind him to permit him to hope for a restoration. He will never see his "hundred days" or his Waterloo. We fancy that he cares little now—for he finds his consolation in the possession of nearly three millions of dollars safely invested during his brief reign. General Geffard ought to have held him in duration till he had disgorged his stealings, and made his life dependent on the completeness of his restitution. Does the fate of Souleuvre shadow forth that of his white imitator, Louis Napoleon? The Kingston (Jamaica) Standard says of Souleuvre, "The hurried glance that we had of his majesty as he passed our office, presented to us a very fine looking sable gentleman, rather corpulent, and in stature much in appearance to one of our late governors. He appeared in excellent health, and was attired in a genteel and gentlemanly suit. His suite appeared to be gentlemen of intelligence. Miss Judson, the white girl who eloped from the vicinity of Detroit, Michigan, with a negro, and was married to him at Windsor, C. W., has availed herself of the laws of Indiana, and has procured a divorce in that State. She was just in time, as the Indiana statutes have been amended, and divorce is not quite so facile as heretofore. The Mendota Press says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutation in the streets, instead of "How do you do, sir," has become, "Is your wife safe this morning?" Paris journals announce the death of general, the Duke de Plaisance, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, aged 84. He entered the French army after the 18th Brumaire. As aide-de-camp to Dessaix he was named colonel of the 34 Hussars at Marengo; general of brigade at Eylau, in 1807; and general of division, with the title of count, at the commencement of the campaign in Russia, in 1812. His name figures on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. The Traveller tells the following marvel story: "Two fashionably attired ladies met on the sidewalk recently where the deep snow had only been shovelled wide enough for one to get along. It was a humiliating thought for either to back out, and after enduring each other's indignant gaze for a moment, they decided not to do it. As 'Greek meets Greek,' so they met. There was a clash of steel, a cloud of snow—then two collapsed quantities of dry goods and hardware went sailing along the streets in opposite directions with the majesty of a seventy four gun ship with sails shattered. At the

Burns dinner in Liverpool, the chairman—a Scotchman, too—thought that if Burns had lived as long and possessed the education of Scott, he might have made quite as great a poet. He evidently is no believer in the doctrine *Poeta nascitur non fit*. Late foreign intelligence disappoints the hope that the king of Naples—that ferocious tyrant and enemy of liberty—was near his end. "Whom the gods love die young,"—not so with villains like Bomba. At a late meeting of the officers of the railroad companies controlling the land route between New York and Boston, via Springfield, it was decided to provide comfortable smoking cars, to be attached to the through express trains. It is also in contemplation to place tables in the smoking car for the accommodation of those who desire to read. This must be sad news to anti-tobacco societies. The value of the military stores in possession of the French war department, is estimated at 631,000,000 francs. The city of London covers 63 acres of ground, and contains 98 parishes for the relief of the poor. The number of paupers is about 2730. No franking privilege exists in England. Even the queen is obliged to pay her penny postage. A short time since a gentleman got into a Washington Street coach in which were ten pretty girls. Upon ascending the steps, he paused for a moment, dazzled with the beauty before him. "There is room, sir; sit down," said one of the ladies. "I thank you," said the gentleman, getting in; "I thought of getting into an omnibus, but I have entered Paradise!" An exchange says that a party at a country town was lately visited by the following persons: Two Miss Understandings, three Miss Takes, Miss Management, Miss Conduct, Miss D. Meanor, Miss B. Haviour, Miss Fortune, and Mr. Philip Buster. It must have been a happy gathering. The Indians of the West give occasional evidences of becoming civilized. The St. Paul Times says that a young Indian girl committed suicide by hanging herself to a tree, near Belle Plain, recently. Cause, disappointment of an affair of the heart. A long report in one of the London papers was lately telegraphed from Manchester by young girls, at the rate of 29 words a minute. A correspondent of the Easton (Pa.) Daily Times, and who signs himself "Inventor," proposes to keep the Pacific Railroad out of the way of Indians, buffaloes, and other inconveniences, by suspending it from balloons, and holding it in its place by large magnets buried in the earth at regular intervals. A telegraphic wire could be, he thinks, passed over the tops of the gas-bags, and the expense of the whole be less than the common plan by about \$1,000,000,000. A sanguine inventor, this. The Society of Arts in London have been handsomely hoaxed. A carriage with but one wheel, and to be used without horses, was advertised to be exhibited at a certain place, and the members of the society and the public in general were invited to come and see it. The ardor of their expectation was somewhat dampened when they were shown a wheelbarrow. The Troy Whig announces that Mr. Charles H. Weeks, otherwise Wentworth, a gentleman for many years connected with the stage, but who was among the converts of the New York revival, last winter, and who has been preaching in different parts of the country since that time, has returned to the stage. A Parisian correspondent of a daily paper says that the fair empress of the French is bent upon other subjects of interest than those which occupy her husband's lieges without. Her majesty is anxious to introduce private theatricals as part of the imperial gaieties of the season, and not content with the important part fate has allotted her in the real drama of life, she pines to enact, in propria persona, its poetic shadow before the foot-lights. M. Feuilleton has received her majesty's instructions to write a piece, in which an empress, without loss of dignity, might fitly participate. They are actually going to have an Academy of Music in Brooklyn. An act of incorporation has been granted to the shareholders, and \$90,000 has already been subscribed towards the fund for its erection. Mr. Hurlbut's comedy, "Americans in Paris," has been produced at the Varieties, New Orleans. The Senate of Missouri has appropriated \$2000 to the Mount Vernon Fund. The vote was unanimous. Certain kill-jays about Leo X. lit up for his instruction a bonfire of thorns, and as the brambles blazed, and cracked, and went out, a deep bass moralist was set to shout, "Sic transit gloria mundi." The merry pope, bending over the embers, and rubbing his hands, replied, "But while it is passing, give us leave to warm our hands at it." It is a trite anecdote, but not without its moral. Bayard Taylor says, the hot houses of the east, in latitude 60 north, contain the finest collection of tropical plants in Europe. Palm trees are sixty feet in height, and there are banks of splendid orchards. The hot houses are about a mile and a half in length. The private secretary of the governor of New York is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebricated, walked into the Executive Chamber and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebricate, and he vanished. Since the issue of the first patent for the sewing machine, in 1842, 285 patents have been granted for improvements on it. The story about a man named Tucker, his wife and two children, being frozen to death in a barn in the town of New Castle, N. Y., which went the rounds of the press and excited so much sympathy, turns out to be untrue. The "frozen to death" are alive and well. There is a large emigration from Salt Lake into the southern section of California. The papers state that the towns are crowded with mourners or fugitives from Utah. The Chelsea Horse Railway is about to be extended from Carryville to North Chelsea and Chelsea Beach. Leigh Hunt is writing a series of papers called "The Occasional," in the London Spectator. A printer of the Fond du Lac Press office recently skated from Fond du Lac across Lake Winnebago, and up the Fox River to Berlin, a distance of seventy-two miles, performing the feat in just five hours and fifteen minutes, or at the rate of fourteen miles per hour.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

That the demon of war may be exorcised is still the hope of the leading conservative men of Europe; still many cool politicians yet anticipate war.—In all the arsenals of the Austrian empire work goes on day and night, and the Austrian army is now ready to take the field. It is said that the troops eagerly desire to meet a foe worthy of their steel, and that, in the event of hostilities, the emperor would head them in person.—The present crisis in Italy is the result of two struggling forces—the national will of Italy and the foreign usurpation of Austria. One necessarily increases as the other decreases, and the issue of this final and inevitable combat cannot be doubtful.—A London paper has this bit of gossip: "Piercolomini is said to have received an offer of marriage from a fashionable and very young New Yorker, since her arrival in America.—The French government are examining plans and taking steps for defending the harbor of Marseilles. It is said that these defences will cost 152,000,000 francs.—It is proposed to shorten the voyage from Calcutta to China 2000 miles, by uniting the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Siam by a navigable canal.—The monster concert in Paris, of which we have already spoken, will take place in April.—The city of Paris has just purchased, for 2468 francs, a copy of the plan of Paris made in 1560 by Jacques Andraes and Ducerceau, celebrated architects of the period. There are only two copies in existence.

Warlike Preparations.

An American correspondent writes: "The fact that France is preparing for war, is perhaps, after all, the circumstance which most alarms the public, for that she is preparing there can be no doubt. But the state of affairs in Italy is such that she is obliged by her position to maintain a constant state of preparation, without the necessary inference that she is going to war. At the maritime ports the greatest activity prevails, and the transportation of war material toward these points is immense. I saw a few days ago at the Val-de-Grace, four hundred cases of amputating instruments, a most unheard-of number, which had been sent in to sharpen. They are pressing actively the termination of the railway from Marseilles to Toulon, and from Toulon into the Sardinian territory at Nice."

A Funny Adventure.

A Parisian dramatic author lately called on a manager to read him a new piece. The writer was very near-sighted, and, sitting close to a lamp, and holding his manuscript to his nose, began to read. In the meanwhile the manager substituted a boy in his place, escaped and went to dinner. In two hours he returned and took his place without having been missed. The author was in the last scene. "Bravo!" cried the managerial critic. "Excellent! but I advise you to carry it to the Odion." The chronicle does not mention the impression made upon the errand-boy who had supplied his master's place during the reading.

Prince "Plon-Plon's" Bride.

The Princess Clotilde, now married to Prince Napoleon, is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which we are assured is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather petite and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin.

The Huguenots.

The famous "septuor" of the opera of the Huguenots is shortly to be sung in Paris, not by seven voices, but by seven thousand! Three hundred choral societies are now rehearsing with a hundred trumpets and two hundred drums. The Palace of Industry will be the scene of this extraordinary musical display.

Vincennes, France.

The casting of cannon at this great military depot goes on with rapidity and secrecy. Louis Napoleon is said to have purchased the secret of some terribly destructive guns, and should he take the field, will display some extraordinary advantages over any enemy that may oppose him.

Money in France.

It is affirmed that the people of France are having recourse anew to that system of boarding which the confidence inspired by the earlier years of the administration of the present emperor had persuaded her to lay aside, and the time cannot be far distant when she also will be a borrower.

Weather in Paris.

Spring has opened already in Paris. The Champs Elysees and the wood of Boulogne are crowded with carriages, with horsemen and with ladies on horseback. The flower markets overflow with white lilies, roses and other floral gems.

M. de Montalembert.

M. de Montalembert has had two silver statues made, representing Demosthenes and Cleero, intending to present them to the two counsel who conducted his defence in the late trial.

The French Army.

The Paris Constitutionnel says that the French army will on the first of June number 682,000 men, of whom 497,000 will be ready for active service.

India.

The rebels have been fighting desperately at different points, but have been signally defeated by the British.

China.

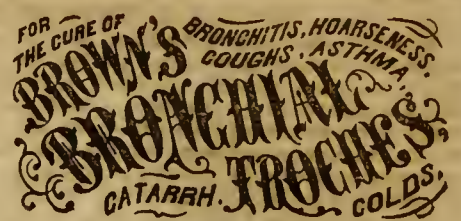
The pope is about to divide China into a number of new dioceses, and send out several new missionary bishops.

Algeria.

We learn from Algeria that the revolted tribes of Aures have been completely beaten by General Desvaux.

The Debt of Austria.

The Times says the income of Austria is £28,000,000; her debt is £200,000,000.



Coughs.

Coughs.—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a Lozenge, is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a Cough Remedy. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces Coughing, having a direct influence to the affected parts.

Colds.

Colds.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary Irritation.

Asthma.

ASTHMA OR PHTHISIC.—A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tenacious phlegm—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will in some cases give immediate relief. If of long standing, persevere with them—they will alleviate in time.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma with no benefit, found great relief from the Troches."—REV. D. LITTS, Frankfort, Ill.

Catarrh.

CATARRH.—A form of Chronic Throat Disease, consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up into the nose. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved very efficacious in this troublesome complaint. No sufferer from Catarrh should be without them.

Influenza.

INFLUENZA.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Lozenges, let the Influenza, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

Bronchitis.

BRONCHITIS, Clergymen's Sore Throat.—A Chronic Inflammation of the small Mucous Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucous, and a sense of weariness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

Hoarseness.

HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT.—This unpleasant and painful result of "Catching Cold," or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be removed by allowing one or two of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Hence, Singers and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

"We have found them of great service in allaying Bronchial Irritation, and in subduing hoarseness produced by Colds."—REV. DANIEL WISE, late Editor of Zion's Herald.

Whooping Cough.

WHOOPING COUGH.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, are efficacious with children laboring from this disorder, Hoarseness or other affections of the Chest, having a soothing influence, assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm, which often causes a sense of suffocation so common with this cough.

Consumption.

IN CONSUMPTION Brown's Bronchial Troches will afford great relief. They promote Expectoration, and allay the hacking Cough. For Asthmatic, Consumptive and Chronic Coughs, which are more or less troublesome at night, great relief will be experienced by taking at bedtime one or two of the Troches, which will ensure ease and comfortable rest.

Public Speakers and Singers.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice; they have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat and Larynx, restoring their healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation.

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Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.
JOSEPH BURNETT, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and during that time there were but few months in which I did not suffer with a paroxysm that entirely prostrated me for two or three days, and sometimes longer. I will say, that from the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the torment. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me that I shall endeavor to introduce the Remedy whenever opportunity occurs. With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. H. BRADGON.

Asthma. Asthma.

LEWISTON, ME., April 22 1858.

MISSRS. BURNETT & Co.—Gentlemen: For the last seven years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and first of the winter I was so sick that I was unable to work for four months. Three months ago I was induced to buy a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy. It has done me much good. I have had but one slight attack of it for six weeks, which was checked by one dose of the Remedy.

Yours with respect, HOSEA B. RIPLEY.

Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

WADSWORTH, VT., May 12, 1857.
MR. BURNETT:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma" on my wife. She has suffered for years, more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise, to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy." It acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand; and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

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BURNS AT THE PLOUGH.

[For description, see page 171.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVI., No. 12...WHOLE No. 404.
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. }

FLETCHER WEBSTER, ESQ.

SURVEYOR OF BOSTON.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer from a fine photograph recently taken by Mr. S. Masury of this city. Fletcher Webster, the only surviving child of Daniel Webster, was born in Portsmouth, N. H. July 23, 1813. His father having removed to this city when the subject of our sketch was but four years of age, his education was commenced in Boston and its vicinity. He was fitted for college at the Public Latin School, and graduated at Harvard University in 1833. Among his classmates were Professors Bowen and Lovering, Rev. Doctor Ellis, Dr. Wyman, distinguished as an anatomist, and Charles A. Welch and Wm. Dehon, Esqrs., eminent lawyers. Mr. Webster's popularity and position may be inferred from the fact that he was chosen to deliver the class valedictory oration. He commenced the study of law at Hopkinton with the late S. B. Walcott, and afterwards studied a year in the office of C. B. Curtis, Esq., and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In that year he married Miss Caroline S., daughter of the late Hon. Stephen White, and at once removed to Detroit. After passing a year here, he removed to La Salle County, Illinois, in consequence of having large interests in land in that State. Here he resided four years, entering fully into the spirit of western life, and snatching time from his business engagements, to engage in field-sports, for which he had inherited a taste from his father, with the keenest zest. He was an active and popular member of a sporting club formed for the purpose of deer and wolf hunting, and distinguished himself as a bold rider and crack shot. Bidding farewell to the west, where he had become very popular, he went to Washington in 1841, and was appointed chief clerk of the State Department, an office which he filled with ability for two years. His father, in dedicating the fourth volume of his works to him, as "his only surviving child, and the object of his affections and hopes," states that several important State papers issued in the name of the elder Webster, were written by his son. General Cushing, at the recent Webster celebration in this city, took occasion to compliment Mr. Fletcher Webster, as the author of the first published essays on the abolition of the Sound Dues, a subject which he treated with marked ability and influence. Mr. Webster accompanied Mr. Cushing to China, as secretary of the mission, and, on his return to this country, embodied the knowledge he had acquired of the Celestial Empire and its people in a series of lectures, which he delivered with great success in New York city, Albany, Boston, and the principal towns of New York and the New England States. In 1847, two years after his return from China, he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, as a representative from Boston. During the session, Mr. Webster made a very able and eloquent speech in support of the resolution appropriating \$20,000 in aid of the Massachusetts regiment raised for service in the Mexican war, he, with two other gentlemen, being the only members of his party who sustained the measure. In reply to the objection of a member that the proposed grant was unconstitutional, Mr Webster said:—"To grant this aid can only be unconstitutional upon the ground that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not part of the United States. If, to defend the United States, be not to defend Massachusetts—if this Commonwealth be not interested in that defence, and her safety and security the same with that of the Union, then I admit it is unconstitutional to give this

twenty thousand dollars to these volunteers about to fight the battles of the Union. But if Massachusetts is a part of the Union, if to defend the whole be to defend every part, if to defend the Union be to defend Massachusetts, if when the one is at war the other is at war, and necessarily so, then, sir, it is not unconstitutional. The gentleman further tells us that when needy persons come to us as applicants, we have a right to look to the object for which the charity is asked, that need itself furnished us no ground for relief—that if that were so, he could bring out here a thousand men worse off than these volunteers. The passage which he quotes from the constitution in support of this sentiment, tells us, if it tells us anything in connection with this matter, to give this relief—it tells us that public charity, humanity and generous sentiment, should be encouraged among mankind. Sir, we do not ask who or what are those who come to us in distress—our asylums, and alms-houses, and hospitals, which cover the summits of the hills all over the

State, are open equally to all, citizens, strangers and foreigners. The law has ever recognized this claim. The Creator enacted the law when first he set our beating hearts in motion; every nation, civilized and savage, has re-enacted it—our statute books are full of it. And when we give thus liberally to all of whatever condition, freely, and without consideration or return, shall we shut down the flood-gates of our charity when our own fellow citizens, about to fight in a foreign war, and in behalf of the country, when Massachusetts freemen, our neighbors and friends, come before us and ask us for some small supplies, some scanty clothing, to eke out what they have, enough to save them from the certain death which awaits them if they go to fight in a strange country and a deadly climate, insufficiently provided as they are? Sir, I was pained by, while I admired, the able and brilliant speech of the gentleman. I felt, sir, as he was endeavoring to prove that these men were not militia of the State, and therefore not entitled to our aid,

that he was arguing the clothes off the backs of a thousand poor fellows. Sir, with one nice distinction, I saw them lose a blanket, a second robbed them of a coat, and a third left them barefoot." The sentiments, the reasoning and language of this speech are worthy the son of Daniel Webster. We must make room for the closing sentences of this stirring address:—"The gentleman from Salem tells us that if we pass this resolve, we must unwrite our history, tear down our monuments. Well, sir, tear them down—who cares for a pile of stones? Monuments are nothing. Sink Concord and Lexington to the centre of the earth, will these places be forgotten? * * * Sir, great deeds, heroic actions, noble virtues, live in better monuments than those of granite or marble—the hearts of men, those living, beating hearts, which to all time, without interruption or cessation, shall perpetuate the fame and the renown of the great and good. Massachusetts needs no monuments. Her history, and her fame, and her glory need none.

Let us do nothing to cloud or obscure it. Let us never perform an act which shall need argument or rhetoric to justify it, but which shall at once, at first, forever, everywhere, commend itself to the best feelings of the heart, to every impulse of generosity and humanity, to all noble and patriotic sentiments." The previous year, Mr. Webster had delivered the 4th of July oration before the municipal authorities of Boston at the city celebration. It is an eloquent and patriotic production. On the death of General McNeil, Surveyor of the port of Boston in 1850, General Taylor conferred the vacant office on Mr. Webster, and on the expiration of his commission, he was re-appointed by President Pierce, and is now serving a third term by appointment of President Buchanan. On each occasion his appointment has been unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference. In connection with this office, we should mention an incident highly creditable to and characteristic of Mr. Webster. Under the administration of General Taylor, Gen. McNeil's commission was about to expire, it was rumored that Mr. Webster was an applicant for the office, and designed to supplant the old veteran. So soon as this report came to Mr. Webster's knowledge, he waited on General McNeil, and assured him that there was not the slightest foundation for the story. "I had rather," said Mr. Webster, "get my living as a day laborer than owe it to the removal of an old soldier who had shed his blood in his country's service." He moreover assured the General that his father's and his own influence should be used to obtain a re-appointment, in case General Taylor entertained any idea of making a change in the office. With these assurances, General McNeil started for Washington, but died a few days after his arrival. General Taylor had, we believe, re-appointed him on the very day of his death. The President immediately appointed Mr. Webster to the vacancy thus occurring. In 1855 Mr. Webster edited an edition of his father's Correspondence, a valuable and interesting work. With a turn also for lighter literature, he has written and published, anonymously, however, a number of humorous poems. Mr Webster is an influential member of the democratic party, and during the last presidential campaign canvassed Pennsylvania and New Hampshire for Mr. Buchanan. He has all the qualities of a popular campaign speaker. The features of Mr. Webster strongly remind one of his father. In stature, however, he is of the medium height, though strongly built. He is now in the prime of manhood, and inherits a vigorous constitution.



FLETCHER WEBSTER, ESQ., SURVEYOR OF BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Three Nights with the Wreckers.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

TWILIGHT was fast settling on a remote and unfrequented sea-beach, where the strong arm of the law was seldom known to reach. Human eye has seldom looked upon a more desolate scene. Its only redeeming point was a certain degree of sublimity, resulting from the very excessiveness of its dreary monotony. With the exception of a few scattered sand-hills, as far as the eye could reach extended a low, sandy shore, without a single object to break the dismal sameness of the view.

Even on the landward side the same flat, sandy plain stretched away to the horizon's utmost verge, while a few stunted pines here and there alone disturbed the unvarying level. It was the ocean's vast expanse, without any of the ever-changing phases which give interest to its far-reaching uniformity.

On this wild sea-beach stood two human beings, of an aspect by no means out of keeping with the scene. One was a tall, stalwart, middle-aged man, with a strongly-marked, weather-beaten face, on which many a stormy passion had left its impress. He was conversing with a female, wrapped in a large crimson shawl, whose face was almost as dark and fierce as his own, though it exhibited traces of what must once have been beauty of no ordinary character. Her language and manner were both superior to her dress and general appearance, and denoted that good-breeding and refinement had not always been strangers to her.

"Mark Hazel," said she, while her dark eyes glared fiercely upon her companion, "I have suffered cold, and hunger, and sickness, and every ill that human tigers can inflict upon the dear brothers and sisters of the race who happen to have no money wherewith to purchase their forbearance. But all these evils, ten times told and ten times doubled, would be but a drop to an ocean compared with the deadly injuries which you have inflicted upon me."

At these words the man raised a heavily-loaded club, which he habitually carried, and advanced towards the speaker with dark, lowering brows and threatening gestures.

"Ay," continued the woman, with a bitter laugh, "strike, kick, cuff, abuse and torment me. Women were made for nothing else. Such little attentions from the hands of their lords and masters are nothing more than what they have to expect, and well have you taught me to know it."

Hazel would undoubtedly have followed up his threats by just such acts as those she had ironically invoked, but at that moment there ran up to them a beautiful child, a boy, between two and three years of age, the wrecker's only offspring, and the one thing on earth which he dearly loved; and he who feared not man, nor God, nor devil, was afraid to act out his brutish purpose in the presence of this little child.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the reckless woman, "can it be possible that you think it too early for him to commence his apprenticeship to the devil? Never mind; he'll soon make up for lost time when he does begin. He will have such an admirable example set him. Satan has no such schoolmaster as Mark Hazel. All pandemonium could not furnish his equal in the delightful occupation of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot' murderous fire arms, and training up a boy for the gallows. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mark Hazel scowled like an angry demon, and with all his force hurled at the woman's head the deadly bludgeon with which he had before threatened her. She stooped nimbly to avoid it, or it would probably have killed her.

Again she broke forth with that bitter, sarcastic laugh, a miserable mockery of mirth. Then drawing herself up to her full height, and shaking her long, honey forefinger at the wrecker, she said, solemnly and impressively:

"On that woful day when I first had the misfortune to know you, I was as innocent as that little child. I was the pride of my fond parents' hearts—a beloved and loving daughter, in a cheerful, happy home. You crossed my path, your foul touch polluted me—and my father drove me forth, with his heavy curse upon me, on the very day that I broke my mother's heart. Instead of receiving and protecting me, as you had sworn before high heaven to do, you spurned me with bitter taunts and foul-mouthed impreca-

tions, and I became a disgrace to my sex and an outcast from humanity. And yet, at the very moment that you were meditating this awful deed, this infamous soul-murder, you swore upon your bended knees that you loved me better than life itself! And so now you pretend to love that child. But if he does not prove himself a fiend before he is old enough to be a man, it will not be his father's precept or example that will prevent him.

"Now hear me, Mark Hazel. I have little cause to love that boy, whose mother usurped the place that should have been mine, but there is still enough of the woman in my heart to make me pity the son of such a father. I know—God help me!—that I am half crazed with sin, and sorrow, and suffering, but I utter only the solemn truth when I say to you that a voice beyond the grave, to which I am fast hastening, declares to me this night that if you dare to attempt to make that poor boy as wicked as yourself, a retribution will overtake you, so terrible that it will freeze even your guilt-hardened soul with horror from which the very torments of despair would seem a desirable refuge.

"I know I have not long to live, and they say that when death is near, a corner of that dark veil which covers the future is sometimes lifted. Hold my warning then, Mark Hazel, or the bitterest curse of the soul you have ruined shall cleave to your sin-burdened heart until it shall have ceased to beat forever."

The tall, striking form, with the fierce, dark, gipsy-like face and bearing, and its wild, weird look in the fast thickening twilight, was one by which many a stout spirit would have been appalled. But fear was a stranger to the wrecker's soul, and humble as was his station now—the reward of guilt and virtual outlawry—his education and intelligence made him impervious to the superstitious misgivings which haunted most of his companions. It was anger alone which distorted his features and gave token of the demoniacal fury that raged within his breast.

With two or three tiger-like bounds he regained his club, whirled it round his head, and as the woman turned to flee, struck her fairly on the temple with the full force of his gigantic strength. Blood and brains stained the club as he withdrew it, and his hapless victim fell to the earth without a struggle. With a smile of savage triumph the murderer seized the warm corpse and bearing it to the water's edge hurled it far out into the boiling surf, where the ebbing tide soon bore it away into the thick darkness which fell like a vast pall over the sea. All external traces of the deed were thus speedily effaced, but there was already a record made above which all the oceans on earth could never wash away. As Mark turned from the water, he felt his very heart shrink within him from the clear blue eyes of his beautiful boy. And then it was that the iron first entered his soul, and he felt what it was to be a murderer.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

Some fourteen years had passed away, and night was again falling upon that desolate coast. It had been a wild, stormy evening, and as it grew darker the gale still increased, and the sea bird's shriek as he strove in vain to stem the fury of the blast, the meaning of the wind, the thunders of the surf, all fell more and more dismally upon the ear.

Mark Hazel, the wrecker, with six or eight of his lawless companions, stood upon a sand-hill, at the extreme seaward verge of a low-lying headland. They were watching a heavily laden barque in the offing, which was evidently in distress. She was laboring terribly in a raging sea, and had fired several signal guns, which, on that God-forsaken coast, could only bring down the vultures which were waiting eagerly for their prey.

The object of these men was plainly indicated by a huge lantern, furnished with large reflectors, all ready to be hoisted to the top of a mast planted on the hillock, with the view of decoying the vessel upon a sunken reef, where she must inevitably go to pieces.

The savage-looking group seemed to be waiting for some one, and their lowering brows and frequent oaths showed that they were anything but patient waiters. At length there appeared in the distance, in the direction in which the men were gazing, a slender figure advancing along the beach. It was an unusually handsome boy, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, the only child of Mark Hazel, whom he loved in his own

way with all the fervor of his impassioned nature. All the kindly feelings of which he was capable were concentrated upon the lad, and he displayed from time to time a sort of fierce tenderness, such as a tiger might entertain for his savage offspring. And yet this parental love had in no wise changed the wrecker's nature. He remained, as he had long been, more reckless and cruel as he was more firm and courageous than any of his wild and lawless companions.

"So, my young gentleman," cried Hazel, with an oath, "it has pleased you to come at last, has it? We ought to be very thankful though, I suppose, that you have kept us waiting only half an hour or thereabouts. What have you been about all this time, sir?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the boy, "I came as soon as ever I got your message. I was not at home when John first came."

"And where were you, pray?"

"I was at Mr. Ross's. I promised him last Sunday that I would go to-day."

"May the deuce take Mr. Ross and all his tribe, and that infernal Sunday-school into the bargain! That's what has made such a puling, whining, psalm-singing milk-sop of you. Before you went to that cursed school you had some spirit in you; but now you have not got pluck enough to drown a kitten. You ought to have petticoats on. I don't know what ever induced me to make such an egregious ass of myself as to permit you to go there at first. But I have always been idiot enough to let you do as you pleased. Now, however, I am determined that you shall do as I please. It is high time that you were beginning to do something towards earning your own living. I am resolved to see you make a beginning this very night, and on this very spot."

"Father, you know that I have often begged you to allow me to go and do something for myself, but you never would give your consent. If there was anything for me to do here, I am sure nothing would please me better than to do it."

"Very well, sir, I'll take you at your word. I'll give you something to do here on the spot, and very easy work too—a job you can finish in three minutes. It is merely to hoist that lantern."

Walter stood aghast. He could hardly believe that he had heard aright. His father had never before asked him to take any part in any of his lawless proceedings, and it had never once occurred to him to imagine that such a proposition could be made to him. Though rude, and rough, and wilful, passionate in the extreme, he had generally been kind to him, and had never positively ill-treated him. Walter felt that he loved him, and he could not conceive of the possibility of his desiring to make a villain of him. The truth is, Mark had expected objections on the boy's part, and being loth to encounter them, had put the thing off from time to time, and had only come to the determination of forcing it upon him this evening in consequence of the jeers and sneers of his companions. Though greatly superior to them in mental qualifications, and particularly in early education, he nevertheless dreaded their ridicule, at the same time that he heartily despised them.

Another thing that induced Hazel to press the matter at once, was his dread of Mr. Ross and the Sunday-school. He knew that the boy was imbibing principles from these sources which might interfere with his plans if he allowed them to remain much longer uncounteracted. An outlaw himself, he must either make his son one too or be wholly separated from him; and he was too selfish, too careless of the boy's real interests, to hesitate a moment which alternative to choose. For these reasons he was resolved to force upon Walter his first lesson in iniquity that very night.

"Well, boy," he continued, "what are you staring at? Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, father, I heard you. But surely you cannot be serious. O, father, you are not in earnest, I am sure you are not!"

"You are sure of an infernal lie, then. You will find out before all's over whether I am in earnest or not, I'll promise you."

"O, father, I cannot, you know I cannot do what you ask me. It is impossible!"

"And why, pray? Are you not strong enough to haul up a few pounds weight? Or are you afraid of soiling your dainty fingers?"

"Father, I beseech you do not require me to do this thing. Do not—O, do not do it!"

"And why not, pray?"

"You know the reason very well, father. You know that I believe it to be wrong, wicked, criminal to do what you ask; and you will not force

me to do what I believe to be a crime; what I abhor from my inmost soul. You will not be so cruel, father."

"We'll soon see that, my unfledged moralist. A pretty pass we have come to, when children sit in judgment upon their parents, say what they ought or ought not to do, and pronounce upon the morality of their actions. Is that the way the Sunday-school hypocrites teach you to practise the fifth commandment? Didn't Ross tell me that you should be taught to obey your father? Didn't he say that it was one of the very first lessons the scholars learned?"

"And so it is, sir. Mr. Ross told the truth."

"Mr. Ross is an infernal liar, and I'll break his head for him the very first time I catch him sneaking around this beach. I more than half suspect him to be a spy, and if I can prove it on him, he'll wish the evil one had him rather than Mark Hazel. They are all alike, though; they teach you to *dis-obey* your parents, to set yourselves up for judges of their conduct, and to stigmatize their actions as crimes, though they make their bread by them."

These last words produced an effect upon the boy which Mark could not understand. He recoiled as if he had received a blow, and it was some minutes before he recovered his ordinary self-possession. At that moment, it had struck him for the first time that he himself was subsisting upon that "bread" of which his father spoke, and which he knew to be, in part, at least, the "wages of sin." He resolved that instant that no such bread should ever pass his lips again. He was roused from his reflections by the voice of the wrecker, asking rudely what he was studying about.

"Father," said Walter, "you cannot deceive yourself in this thing. No one knows better than you do that no father has the right to force his child to do that which is contrary to the laws of both God and man, and which equally—"

"Silence, sir!" roared the wrecker. "I'll have no preaching here. Take hold of that rope and hoist the lantern this instant!"

"Father, I am ready to obey any lawful command of yours at the peril of my life; but I cannot and will not commit this great sin."

"You'll do it, sir, sin or no sin. Who made you a judge? And suppose it is a sin—suppose it is the worst of crimes, it is my affair, not yours. And you may be sure it won't trouble my conscience, so long as there is nobody but our own fellows here to see it."

"God is here to see it, father."

"Haven't I told you already that I'll have no preaching here? Hoist that lantern! Hoist it, I say, or by—"

Passion choked the wrecker's utterance. His face grew dark as midnight, and even the most hardened of his wicked companions shuddered at the sight. The most unmoved among them, apparently, was the boy. His resolution was taken, his course decided, and nothing now could move him. Calmly and solemnly he said:

"Father, I would not do it if you were to beat me till I could not stand—not if I knew that you would strike me dead at your feet the next minute with that murderous club, and throw my dead body into the sea."

All eyes were turned upon the wrecker, for they all expected some horrible deed to follow; but to the amazement of every one, the words had hardly left Walter's mouth, when his father's face grew suddenly so pale as to be almost livid, the loaded club fell from his hand, and he glared wildly upon the dark bosom of the ocean, as if he saw some hideous spectre rising there. This extraordinary emotion, however, was but momentary. In a minute or two he regained his self-possession in a great measure, and with a powerful effort, steadying his nerves and voice, said:

"Walter Hazel, I ask you for the last time if you will hoist that lantern?"

The boy shook his head.

"Then you are no longer a son of mine. Begone, and never let me see your face again!"

"Farewell then, father," said Walter, stretching out his hand.

The wrecker folded his arms, and turned angrily from him. Walter sighed heavily, and then slowly walked away.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

Several more years had elapsed, and again it was night upon that desolate coast. The moon was almost full, but heavy clouds were driving across her disk, and giving her the appearance of

wading and struggling in a vapory ocean, which was really flying landward, impelled by a furious eastern gale. It was a terrible storm, long afterwards remembered on that coast, for the fearful havoc it made of life and property.

The fatal lantern, "the devil's own light-house," as it had not inappropriately been termed, was burning brightly in its place, and its baleful glare had already lured to destruction a heavily-laden brig. But greatly to the disappointment of the lantern-lighters, the captain and crew had managed to get safely ashore, in a condition to claim what might be cast up from the wreck. They were thoroughly drenched, however, and almost frozen, and several of the wreckers had volunteered to convey them to a small village some miles inland, where their wants could be supplied, and where they would be out of the way, at least for the present.

In the meantime, the majority of these amphibious plunderers were busily at work, and many a valuable article had been transferred to hiding-places where the eyes of the owners could never penetrate, and which no police officer or magistrate had ever heard of.

Wild beasts snarling and fighting over their prey, would fitly illustrate the conduct of these men as they wrangled for the spoils which fraud and crime had assisted to place within their reach. Whenever an article of value was seen approaching the shore, two, three or four men would instantly plunge in after it, and then almost invariably a fight would follow, the combatants being often up to their necks in water.

While this sort of work was going on, Mark Hazel and two others returned from the village, to which they had been conveying the crew of the brig. All had been anxious to get these men out of the way, and Mark and the others had undertaken to remove them only upon condition that they should not thereby be deprived of an equal chance at the goods from the wreck. They soon saw that they had been deceived in this respect, and their anger thereat may be imagined. Brandishing his deadly bludgeon, Mark Hazel ran in among those who were tugging at the spoils, and murder might have been the result, if a new incident had not attracted their attention.

Led on by the false beacon light, another vessel, a large ship, had doubled a neighboring headland, and had just become visible in the moonlight. At the same instant that the wreckers caught sight of the vessel, those aboard of her became aware of their danger, and began to struggle for their lives with all the energy of that feeling which is almost but not quite despair.

The wreckers looked on with an interest so intense, that it induced them to forget their quarrel and fix their whole attention upon the struggle before them, which was to terminate either in the safety of the vessel and their disappointment, or in its destruction and their criminal aggrandizement. Such was the state of things ashore.

On board the ship, all that stout hearts and skillful hands could do with sails, and ropes and helm, was done with lightning-like rapidity, but all to no purpose. That terrible lee shore no human power or skill could now avoid. Onward they were driven by the pitiless blast—the doomed ship and her hapless crew—deadly breakers roaring in front, and mountain billows thundering astern, while the storm-lashed ocean howled on every side, like some mighty ogre hungering for its prey.

Thus impelled by the united fury of winds and waves, the ship was hurled upon the sunken reef. Like an animated being she shudders with the mighty concussion, and groans and shrieks as her great timbers are rent asunder; and at the same instant a sharp, shrill cry of mortal agony, the death-cry of the wretched crew, rose clear and distinct above the turmoil of the elements. And there was only time for that single cry, for the next minute ship and crew and cargo, in one indistinguishable mass, were engulfed in the watery abyss.

Calmly, pitilessly, approvingly, the stony-hearted wreckers gazed at the terrible scene, and awaited the booty, which the waves were sure to bring them. Among the first things cast ashore was a large water-tight trunk, which was seized and appropriated by Mark Hazel and one of his companions, an especial crony of his. Other articles soon followed, and all became as busy as bees in the spring. Eager to examine their prize, Mark and his partner speedily forced open the trunk, and gratified cupidity sparkled in their eyes as they tore open numerous packages of the richest laces and of the most costly jewelry.

While they were gloating over this valuable

booty, and settling in a summary manner the laws pertaining to "flotsam and jetsam," the body of a man was thrown up upon the sand, almost at their feet; but they went on with their eager examination, hardly deigning to glance at the body, and no more moved by its proximity than if it had been the carcass of a dog.

Presently Hazel's companion said: "Mark, I believe that fellow is alive. I have seen him move two or three times. There—he moves now!"

"Well," replied Mark, with a tremendous oath, "what the deuce is that to me? You don't expect me to help keep him alive, do you?"

"I would a good deal rather help keep him dead," rejoined the other, with a brutal laugh. "But I say, Mark, that fellow looks like a passenger. Suppose he should turn out to be the man that owns this trunk—how then?"

"What's that you say?"

"I say, suppose that chap should be the owner of this here trunk? It is not at all unlikely."

"No, by Beelzebub, it is not!" cried Mark, and he scowled fearfully upon the shipwrecked man, who seemed to be recovering, and struggling to turn his face towards them.

"He hears us," whispered the other. "He will give us trouble, Mark, you may depend upon it."

"No, that he'll never do!" shouted Mark, as he brought down his loaded club upon the stranger's skull. The blow was a tremendous one. It crushed the bone to splinters, and a mixture of blood and brains and hair was sticking to the club as he raised it again. With another fearful oath, and a fiendish chuckle, he spurned the now lifeless carcass with his foot, and turned it over.

The moon was then shining brightly, and as the body rolled over, its rays fell full upon the upturned features of the dead. Mark saw them, and the next instant a wild, blood-curdling shriek awoke the echoes among the sand-hills, for more than a mile along the shore.

It was his boy—his Walter—the only thing he had ever loved! A single glance at that pallid face had hurled reason from her throne forever, and left him a helpless, hopeless, gibbering maniac.

The murdered woman's curse had struck home, and her prediction and her vengeance were alike accomplished.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SECOND CHOICE.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

"ESTHER! beware how you throw from you a true heart. It may never happen a second time that you will have the opportunity to reject it."

"And what if I do not?"

"You will go through life bearing the remembrance of your sin."

"My sin?"

"Of your sin, Esther. If there is any sin, it is that of falsehood. False you have been to one who would have died for you."

As Arthur Hammond turned away from Mr. Maywood's door that afternoon, Esther looked long after his retreating figure. When at length it was lost to her sight, she sighed deeply, and the tears fell in large drops from her eyes.

"He says truly," she repeated, passionately. "I shall bear the remembrance of my sin."

But a gay voice sounded from the hall, and a quick step came to the door, and the tears dried and the smile succeeded to the sigh.

"Have you done it?" asked the voice. "Is that canting hypocrite gone, Esther?"

For a moment every feeling in Esther Maywood's soul revolted from the being before her. But she had carved out her own future. Arthur Hammond had been peremptorily dismissed, his letters and gifts sent back, and she had promised to love a man who was not worthy to unloose his shoe latchet, and whose only advantage was that he was handsome. The marriage took place in a month; show and style and all the pomps and vanities which Arnold Cavendish did not fail to introduce, supplying the place of trust and affection. A splendid establishment was provided, and for a while gaiety and pleasure ruled the day, and drowned the voice of conscience in the car of the bride.

Arthur Hammond was not the man to die of a broken heart because a woman had foolishly refused, or rather deceived him. He did not put himself in her way, but neither did he avoid her;

and in consequence they often met. Esther could not fail to observe that while Arnold Cavendish was often only tolerated in the best circles, Arthur was admired and sought for his intellectual endowments and superior intelligence. She saw how the men of intellect deferred to the youthful lawyer who had made his own distinction by his talent; and how eagerly they listened to his opinion upon debated subjects, while her husband was unnoticed, save by the gay and volatile of the circle.

It was in the midst of one of her own splendid parties that the crash, so long foreseen by others, came suddenly upon the unhappy bride. The rooms were blazing with light, the tables loaded with refreshments, the song and dance and gay laughter went round. Never was Esther more brilliant; never was her husband more smooth and bland in his vapid nothings. One of the clerks belonging to his counting-room called him from the room, and one of the visitors, a man high in commercial reputation, obeyed the beckoning glance of the clerk's eye, and followed him also. Esther was at the piano, with a crowd of admiring listeners about her. Mingling with the very tones of her voice, as it rose clear and distinct upon the highest notes, a sound burst upon the startled ear that struck consternation to every heart. It was the sound of a pistol just overhead, in Mr. Cavendish's own chamber. The clerk had announced to him the exposure of a transaction in which he had been engaged, too dishonorable for him to bear the imputation, and he had rushed, uncalled, into a higher presence than that from which he, coward-like, shrunk.

From the long trance of horror which succeeded this night, Esther awoke to a sense of her condition. A widow, poor, friendless—for the butterfly friends deserted her now—she had no resource but in herself. One there was, indeed, who would have gladly assisted her, but dared not. Arthur Hammond stood aloof in her hour of tribulation—not because he would not have rejoiced to come nearer, but because he would fain see how she bore the test of affliction and adversity. Every vestige of her splendid establishment disappeared under the rapacious grasp of creditors, who could not pardon her for her share of the extravagance that had been committed. Not one of her summer friends opened a door for her relief. Only one person came forward to offer her a temporary shelter, and that was a woman who had sewed for her since her marriage, and who had but the poor pittance which she received for her work.

For several weeks after accepting this shelter, Esther shut herself in the small chamber, which was all that her humble friend could assign her, and gave way to sullen and obstinate grief. Miss Graves, her hostess, was an elderly, unmarried Scotch woman, to whom life had presented but few delights, and but little prosperity. Alone in the world, with no ties, she had passed a lonely and a weary life. She could not understand the listless, inactive way of taking trouble, that Esther was exhibiting, and she resolved to expostulate with her. One touch of sympathy would have confirmed Esther in her despair; but the matter of fact way of treating it which Miss Graves adopted, was that alone that could reach the disorder. She was lying, bathed in tears, upon the bed, when the straightforward woman, anxious to do good to her guest, entered the chamber.

"It's nae use to lie here greeting," said she, as she bustled about the room, removing the candlesticks, with their bits of melted tallow, and wiping away the dust from the little table. "The Lord never gies afflictions without some purpose; and gin we dinna receive them weel, we are sure to get mair. Now, Mrs. Cavendish, just get up frae your bed, like a sensible leddy as ye are, and come awa' with me for a walk. It will do ye muckle good, I am thinking. Nae be persuaded."

"O, Miss Graves, I am so miserable!"

"Nae doubt, nae doubt; but fight against it, my woman, and ye will hae the victory."

After long urging, Esther consented to go down stairs, but no solicitation could induce her to go out. From her state of listlessness, she aroused only enough to offer assistance in the sewing which Miss Graves was obliged to perform; but it was a great effort, and the work often shone with the tears that fell upon it.

After she had been with Miss Graves a few weeks, she could not but perceive a great change in the quality of the food upon her table. From the simple and sometimes scanty cookery which the limited means of her hostess could supply, there was a marked change to the best and most

substantial; while a number of comforts mysteriously found their way to her, which she was quite sure Miss Graves's means could not have afforded. Her attention was reused, when a beautiful work-table, precisely like one that was her own, was placed in the corner of Miss Graves's little parlor. A mark which she had once made inside the drawer, betrayed that it was really the same.

She looked inquiringly at the old lady, but her stolid countenance gave no intelligence, and Esther had become too indifferent to externals, in her late abasement, to pursue the inquiry. One morning, soon after, her own harp and guitar were found by her when she rose, and then she conceived the idea of making them subservient to her maintenance. She languidly asked Miss Graves if she could get her some pupils.

"Gang awa' and get some yoursel'," was the short and emphatic response. "Mair gude it will do ye, than for a pair seam-sewer than me." And Esther, quickened by the abrupt answer, did actually put on the deep mourning bonnet and veil, although its hue struck a chill to her heart, and went out to leave her written cards at the bookstores and other places likely to receive applications.

But where—in what room could she give her lessons? Miss Graves's little parlor of eleven feet square, with that lady's sewing baskets and patterns, and the little screen behind which she measured her customers for their linen, was no place. Her own bedroom was but a mere closet. But the harp so mysteriously brought, had disappeared as mysteriously while she was gone after pupils, and Miss Graves beckoned her triumphantly into a large room in which a door had been cut from the parlor; a large back room, just papered and painted, and fitted with music stands and music stools, and the harp itself standing beside a piano.

"Who does all these things for me, Miss Graves?"

"I couldna tell if I would, and I wouldna if I could," was the unsatisfactory answer.

Miss Graves lived in quite another part of the town from that once occupied by Mrs. Cavendish. Esther's pupils were therefore strangers, and she thought no one knew of her present abode who had known her in other days. Who then could be her friend in this quarter? Her father having died soon after her marriage, she had broken off all intercourse with any relations of her own—so that she could not attribute anything to that source.

Wearied with conjecture, she abandoned all thought of finding out, after collecting quite a number of pupils, among whom she recognized two little girls belonging to her former neighborhood. With the proceeds of her labor she found pleasure in bestowing every comfort upon the poor little Scotch woman, who was now better off by far than before she had received her. "Casting her bread upon the waters," she found had brought a reward she had not anticipated.

Occupation had brought back the roses to Esther's cheek and the light to her eye, and a year had done more for her mental and physical health than she could have believed; and greatly to the delight and astonishment of Miss Graves, she began to show signs of a growing interest in life and its pursuits.

The little woman had gone out one pleasant summer evening, and had left her guest sitting in the little parlor by the window in the bright moonlight. If Esther had looked in the tell-tale face of Miss Graves, she would have read there that some secret was beneath those twinkling little eyes; but on moonlight evenings Esther was always more than usually abstracted and self-contained, and she saw nothing, thought nothing, but to sit there alone and dream of the strange past.

Suddenly a voice was in her ear, and a breath upon her cheek that she had heard and felt before; and amidst the tumult and confusion of her thoughts, she heard herself called by the long unused name of Esther. And he who spoke it was Arthur Hammond himself!

After a long, long explanation, Esther said, playfully: "So you have been trying me this year's probation?"

"Trying you is hardly the word, Esther; but I will not find fault with you, call it what you may, since you have come out so nobly."

There was peace shining into the hearts of both, and when the little Scotch woman returned, she burst into mingled weeping and congratulation at the success of the little scheme in which she had so ably assisted.

EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

The beautiful engravings on the two pages now opened before our readers are from the pencil of Billings, and were engraved expressly for us. The design is the most graceful in conception and execution that ever emanated from the fancy and hand of the distinguished artist, and we have republished them in consequence of an urgent and pressing demand which we can supply in no other way, as every copy of the paper which originally contained it was exhausted months ago. Since then we have been constantly receiving letters from subscribers begging duplicates for their friends, and have been urged on all hands to reprint this gem of art. This pres-

group sits Europe, personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. She occupies the most prominent position in the picture, as of right. In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head the crown of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her in token of her sovereignty. At the foot of the picture is a sketch illustrating the recent condition of a part of the old world—a state of war. On a plateau of land a group of allied officers are watching the issue of a military movement in the Crimea. On the right is an emblematical figure of Asia, beautiful as a favorite sultana, attired in rich barbaric finery, and seated in a car drawn by a lion and a tiger. Below this group

it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race,—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands—hoary with antiquity—the graves of so many nations—the battle-fields of so many races—the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesmanship,—the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse myste-

back enriched with many new ideas, with brighter conceptions of the characteristic features of the Eastern hemisphere; but still the necessary rapidity of travel, allowing but an imperfect acquaintance with the lands we visit, leaves our early impressions but slightly disturbed. At home again, as the flesh daguerreotypes of men and things in the mind's gallery become dim and dusky, we again look upon the Eastern hemisphere as another world, and this in spite of the multiplied and continuous relations established of late between the great East and the great West. And even when the thought communication is perfected, and we can send, in a few hours, our order to Meen Fun, in China, for a



THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

sure has finally overcome our reluctance, and we now lay before our readers the two pictures which, in England and France, are pronounced the best ever issued by the American press, and referred to as showing the surprising advance of the arts of design in America. They are allegorical and emblematical representations of the hemispheres. In the centre of the first picture (the Eastern Hemisphere) we behold a group strongly characteristic of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship"—the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornamental appointments. The human figures in this group are effective. The Arab is the true type of his race; the mounted Circassian warrior is also a characteristic figure. Above the central

is a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghilleh,—a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character. On the left side of the engraving a characteristic figure typifies Africa, while the huge ostrich and the character of the foliage serve further to localize the sketch. Below the Chinese figures, the pagoda, and the snake charmer, with his pet cobra, sufficiently indicate one of the most curious countries of the world. With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Separated from its nearest point by a thousand leagues of ocean, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends

rious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are hurried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay. From these wanderings we come

chest of Oolong, and on the same day receive the assurance of our correspondent that the article is on its way per Great Western Railroad freight train, which runs at fifty miles an hour including stoppages, and, reaching the western confines of Europe, plunges into a submarine railway tunnel under the Atlantic, delivering goods in Boston direct from China, we shall still look upon the East as a sort of huge castle in the air. From the storied legendary East we turn to our own hemisphere, which Mr. Billings has illustrated in a design equally beautiful and characteristic. The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with the shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbol of independence—on her lance. At her feet crouches an Indian, the type of that gallant but

fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are sinking before the march of civilization, and predestined, it is feared, to total extinction before many years. Below the figure of Liberty, we have a sketch of the prairie, and a group of red men, as they appear when isolated from civilization, and devoted to war and the chase. In the lower right hand corner is a keel-boat loaded with produce and rowed by blacks. Higher up, a party of emigrants are unloading their household goods. Above them, hardy pioneers are engaged in their war with the giants of the forest; while, crowning these different groups, we behold a large and flourishing city, with steamboats ploughing the waters it overlooks, amidst

vellous growth of a republic the greatest the world ever knew—the problems suggested by the condition and the monuments of its early aboriginal inhabitants—its dazzling future, all these combine to render the history and fortunes of this hemisphere a study of the deepest interest. That the centre of civilization is destined to change from the east to the west is scarcely disputed. Civilization, starting from the extreme east, has moved westward with the march of time. The mightiest monarchies the old world ever knew have been numbered with the past. Of their gigantic monuments, the crumbling foundations are scarcely discernible. In Egypt alone the records of the past yet hint at the

downfall of the short-lived Roman republic, the failure of the constitutionalists in the German states, the treasonable overthrow of the French republic, the indigence that is eating into the heart of England herself, the practical rottenness of her governmental system,—as we view all these things, we are forced to admit that despotism is too strong for liberalism in the old world. It is then that we turn our eyes to the West—to our own hemisphere, and thank Heaven that we have a heritage so goodly. Were the whole population of the Eastern hemisphere to be transferred to the Western, it would support them. Here are millions on millions of unpopulated acres in both North and South America, on

South America will no longer be the battleground for contending factions—when governments, established on sound principles, will no longer be administered by successful soldiers, and when the means of education and improvement will be scattered broadcast. If the Spanish race does not accomplish or reap the fruits of this new order of things, it will be because it has its retributions as well as its crimes. The lust of gold and blood which characterized the Spaniard in the days of his country's greatness, is the hereditary legacy of his descendants in whatever quarter of the globe they may be placed; and if the unhallowed fires of avarice and cruelty burn less feebly in them, it is because they are degen-



THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

all the tokens of civilization and prosperity. On the other side of the figure of Liberty we behold the volcanoes which are so striking a feature in Mexico, a group of Mexicans, dashing *caballeros* in their picturesque costume, and a mule train; while an Esquimaux scene completes the illustrative details of the spirited design. The Western Hemisphere—the “newest birth of time”—is now engaging, more fully, perhaps, than ever, the attention of the whole world. The long period during which it remained lost and unknown to the civilized world—its vast extent and boundless natural wealth—the gigantic scale of its rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts and forests—the romantic adventures attending its discovery and colonization—the rapid progress of civilization within its borders—the foundation and mar-

splendor and greatness which is forever banished from the banks of the Nile. And why is the East now deluged with blood and wasted with fire? Because the frozen North again menaced to send forth its hordes over southern and western Europe, as the Visigoths and Huns had done before them in ages past, and hasten the decay of the decrepid states of Europe. When we look at the financial condition of the different Christian states of the old world, at the debts of their governments, at the misery and degradation of the masses, we are constrained to take a dark view of their future. We know that the spirit of liberty is there; we witness its convulsive throes, but as we note the successive failures of the nations to achieve their independence—as we contemplate such events as the fall of Hungary, the

which the rank vegetation of nature might be replaced by the fruits and vegetables which support life in man and animals. When we look at the extent and resources of this hemisphere, we shall find that much as has been done in certain localities, yet, on the whole, their development has just commenced. This remark applies more particularly to South America, which is a noble field for the action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The whole of this part of the Western Hemisphere remains comparatively unproductive in the hands of the feeble races who now partially occupy it. With its broad rivers, its magnificent forests, its almost exhaustless soil, and its mineral wealth, it is destined to become one of the most productive and wealthy quarters of the globe. The time will come when the states of

erate in every respect, and have no more force in vice than in virtue. To the Anglo-Saxon alone, we believe, is reserved the triumph of civilizing and commanding the Western Hemisphere. Then will be seen on this shore of the Atlantic a civilization more complete and brilliant than the records of the old world ever delineated. We are not of those philosophers who believe in the growing degeneracy of the human race. We believe in the progress of humanity—slow in the past centuries, moving with dazzling rapidity in present. We believe, too, in the westward movement of empire, since we witness with our own eyes in our daily observations, the onward tendency in that direction. As civilization moves westward it will not be arrested by the Pacific, but change the destiny of the islands of that ocean.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY JENNIE LINDSEY.

AMONG the many pleasant memories which sometimes come crowding upon my mind, is the image of one still very dear, though she has long since closed her eyes in that dreamless sleep that knows no waking. Yet she still lives among the pure—for such she was, even here. If sorrows prepare the heart to more fully sympathize with others' woes, then Aunt Mary's must have been the heart to do so, for most thoroughly was her's schooled in the stern lessons of misfortune and suffering, yet how thoroughly I never knew until a few weeks after my marriage and my first attempt at housekeeping.

It was but the second week of my married life that I received a letter from her, warm with congratulations and wishes for my future happiness, and in which she informed me that it would afford her pleasure to comply with my request to spend a few weeks with me, and assist in my new household arrangements. In the course of her letter, she repeated her well wishes many times, but in such a manner that it cast a gloom over my mind, for I clearly discovered that she feared there might be a dark cloud hovering over me, that might burst and crush all my present happiness and bright anticipations of the future.

She alluded to the time when she, as full of hope as I, had given her heart and hand to one as dear to her as my own loved Frank was to me; but in one short month death snatched from her the noble and almost idolized being, with whom she asked for nothing more than to share his joys and sorrows many, many years; and her most fervent prayers were, that I might never meet a fate like hers; and, above all, she conjured me to never wilfully, by word or deed, cause my husband pain, for we might be separated, and the act I had committed, might rankle in my torn heart like fire which cannot be quenched.

Many of the words were blotted, and nearly obliterated by tears which had fallen upon them, and mine rained upon it too, as I pressed it to my heart, and implored Heaven to grant me a happier lot than had been bequeathed to that good, gentle creature who had penned those lines. But why did she guard me concerning my conduct, lest in the future I might weep over the past? Surely experience could have taught her how much the human heart might suffer for one wrong word or deed, for she could never have done wrong, I sincerely believed; but I suppose she gave me this good advice because she was so well acquainted with my impulsive, wayward temper, and I hoped that I might profit by it.

In a few days Aunt Mary, as I have called her, arrived, and thus every one called her who could claim the least relationship with her; but she was only my mother's cousin, and being her most intimate friend, she had always spent much time at my father's house, and, next to my mother, did I love my Aunt Mary; perhaps one thing which made her the dearer to me—I was her namesake—but never shall I make such an Aunt Mary as she was. How easily can I now recall her sweet, sad face, for even her smiles seemed to wear a veil of melancholy, but which never made any one else feel sad, for her serene temper and gentle words, her kind sympathy and charity which she bestowed upon all who needed it, served to cast a halo of purity around her, making all kinder and better who approached her.

But as I recall that sweet face, and those pure elements of character, which I believe compose the person of an angel now, for she long since passed away from earthly sufferings, to be again united with him she so devotedly loved, I cannot feel otherwise than that she is near me still, but radiant with perfect happiness, all her tears of sorrow wiped away, all her earth-crushed hopes fulfilled in heaven. Yes, I often feel that she is near me still, and, although my mortal eyes cannot behold her in her angelic purity, she approaches and communes with my spirit, still giving her gentle admonitions, pointing out truer paths to happiness than my blind spirit could ever discern while encumbered with frail humanity. Am I right or wrong? Who shall say that such convictions have not been a safeguard against many follies and errors which otherwise I might look back upon as strewed in my pathway, making it, if possible, more dark than it now is. But upon this subject no more.

When Aunt Mary arrived at my new house, I was, if possible, happier than before, though I could not have believed that anything could have been added to my already overflowing cup of happiness. What more could I ask than what was already mine? Had not Frank purchased just such a house as I desired, situated just where I desired it, in the quiet village of —, about ten miles from the city where I had always lived? Yes, my good, generous Frank had done all this to please me, and more, he had many things around it remodelled just to my taste, erected arbors of an oriental style, purchased the most costly exotics; the portico, which only run around the front of the house, he had extended around on either side, that I might have vines trained over it to shadow my room; all this and many other things were done, to suit my taste out of doors, and what inside? Every piece of furniture, useful and ornamental, from the finest picture on the wall, down to the cooking-range, had been selected by me, and, although a very poor judge of the latter mentioned article, but being fully acquainted with Frank's domestic habits, I wished to impress him with the idea that he possessed a housekeeper who was the compeer of any in the land. I may confess there was a little assuming there. I do not want it understood that my husband wished his wife to go to the kitchen as a drudge—far from that. But I knew that he considered it even more essential for a woman to be instructed in household affairs, than to possess the superficial accomplishments of muttering French, dancing like a second Fanny Ellsler, or singing like a second Jenny Lind.

He thought it much better for a woman to be capable of instructing her servants, than to be obliged to submit to their system. We were both of one mind, for of course such a noble, talented man as Frank could not make any mistakes in his judgment. Many were the misgivings I felt when I entered my new home, that I was not fully competent to take the charge of my household affairs upon myself, and for that reason I sent for Aunt Mary to spend a few weeks with me, for I knew she had a thorough knowledge of such things, and I ought to do so, I would say to myself, before the task fell upon me for trial.

Haven't I seen Biddy stuff chickens and turkeys twenty times, and although my hands did not help in the operation, could I not perform it after seeing it done so many times? I think I must be a dull scholar if I can't,—was what I said to myself very often, still fearing I might prove thus dull.

But one thing, said I to myself, I will not have my fowl stuffed till after Aunt Mary comes, for quite likely Maggy knows nothing about compounding a stuffing for pig, turkey or chicken; but Maggy can make good bread, cake and pastry, and our meats shall be merely fried, broiled and stewed at present, unless Frank requests something different; but what if he should? I should be in a stew, most certainly. But fortune favored me, and he did not, and all things went on more smoothly than I expected, until Aunt Mary arrived, and then, with her for an instructress, I labored hard to learn housekeeping, cooking, starching, and everything else that is required in a well-ordered house, and I succeeded, at least thus I pride myself, and so Frank has always thought, so what care I for what others may think? But one thing Frank does not know till this day, and I believe it is nearly the only secret I have kept from him—the most of my own sex will believe me here, for no doubt we can all sympathize with one another in the trial we have to keep secrets from our husbands; but this is the secret I have kept from mine so long—he does not know till this day how ignorant I was when I was married. Another thing in confidence to my sex. Don't we like to have our husbands think we know a good deal? You and I can answer that, if we please.

It was early spring when I went to housekeeping, surrounded with so much to make me happy, and as I said before, I was happy, O, very happy, in my village home. Whenever it pleased me, I could step into the cars, and in twenty minutes be in the city, visit my kind, loving parents, then leave the noise and bustle behind, and return to our cool, vine-covered arbors, where Frank would read to me, or we would converse upon the past and present which had dealt gently with us, or lay plans for the future, which we hoped might be as pleasant and prosperous as the years which had rolled away.

It had been an unusually sultry day in Sep-

tember, when Aunt Mary and myself had been to visit my mother, and returned just in time to take tea at home; but when we arrived, no tea was being prepared, for no servant was to be found. Maggy had left for some place unknown, without leave or license. I was fatigued, but tea must be made ready by some one. I must take Maggy's place over a hot fire, while the heat was intense even at the coolest work which could be found.

I am not and never was very amiable in very hot weather. It does not require much time for heat to carry a reaction in my temper. As soon as I learned how affairs stood in the house, a reaction was caused almost instantaneously. But when I know I must do a thing, I can do it, under almost any circumstances. I knew tea was to be got ready, and I got it ready quicker, probably, than I could have done had the weather and myself been cooler. There is a great force in heat; but different kinds affect the human system differently. When I arrived home, I was so prostrated with the sultriness of the atmosphere that I could hardly stand; but as soon as the reaction was caused in my temper, I felt sufficiently strong and willing to choke Maggy, although she was twice as heavy as myself, for leaving the house during my absence, and for not returning to prepare tea for the family. But without any assistance, it was in readiness quicker than she could have got it. Aunt Mary wished to assist me, or rather to do it alone. But I would not permit her, for she was suffering extremely with a headache. I do not know whether I am unlike every one else or not, but when my temper is irritated, I wish to have everything my own way.

No sooner was the table spread than I wanted Frank to enter the room and take his place at the table. A few times, but very few, he had been detained at his office, and tea had been kept waiting for him. Never before had I thought of complaining, but on such occasions was very sorry that he should be obliged to spend so many hours at his business. At that time I had a ready reprimand for every one. I did not believe that there was any need of Frank's keeping tea waiting every night almost, I exclaimed, though had I used reason and memory properly, I could not have recalled more than two or three times such a thing had happened; but I did not stop to use them then, but used my tongue as the handiest weapon I could wield, and did so for some time, declaring that when Frank arrived, I would let him know that the table was not going to stand two or three hours for him. Tongue instead of reason again, for tea had never waited over thirty minutes; but the unruly member pursued its course with such great speed that my respiration was in great danger of being entirely pushed aside, as if of little consequence; and, not until I had declared many times that I would censure Frank very hard for his tardiness, did my respiration again resume its usual routine. My threats, of course, were made to Aunt Mary, as she was the only person I had to make them to.

As soon as I paused so that she could speak, she exclaimed with apparent emotion, "O, Mary, Mary! don't speak so. It is scarcely time for your husband to arrive yet; but if it were, even far past the time, never permit yourself to upbraid your husband, lest you have cause to upbraid yourself many long years after praying for the past to be blotted from your memory, as I have done. Could you know what my broken heart has suffered as a penalty for uttering a few rash words, never would you permit your lips to utter one. O, the upbraidings of conscience, when it constantly holds before you the image of some dearly loved one you have wronged, is suffering which my tongue can never express, but which my heart for long years has felt and must feel, till it is still in death."

Here Aunt Mary paused, for gathering tears choked her utterance. I spoke not a word; I knew not what to say, for the meaning of her words was still shrouded in mystery. As soon as she had far enough recovered from her emotion to speak again, she continued:

"Mary, I am well aware that you are entirely ignorant of what my words have had reference to as concerning myself; but if you will come here, child, where you can listen to me without my having to speak so loud, I will relate to you a small incident in my past life which, small as it might have appeared, had it not been owing to circumstances which followed it, was large enough to lay upon my conscience with such heavy weight, that I have sometimes prayed for

death to free me from heart sufferings. What I shall now relate to you has been a secret between me and my Maker for twenty long years, how long, how wretched, He alone knows, my tongue can never express it. I should not now try to relate to you, my poor child," she said, taking one of my hands tenderly in her's, "what has been so long locked, rankling in my breast, did I not hope it might prove a lesson for you, and keep you from committing the same indiscretions which have caused me, and might cause you, if you give way to your impulses, sorrow, deep, ah! too deep for human imagination to conceive.

"Just twenty years ago last December," she continued, after a short pause, "I became the happy bride of Charles Warner. I loved him as a heart like mine and yours alone can love. I say this because I know that in many respects, we are much alike, capable of feeling the most intense suffering or the highest degree of happiness; but sometimes wilful even towards those we love best, and that defect in our character often causes us much unhappiness. I point you out these things for your good, hoping that you may overcome that fault.

"I have said that twenty years ago I was a happy bride; but how soon my happiness was dashed from me. I was the bride of but one short month. During that month of bliss in which my dearly loved Charles and I formed so many plans for the future, around which we drew nothing but the golden mantle of undisturbed happiness, nothing transpired which would interest you.

"Four days before I was robbed of him who was dearer to me than life, we were to attend a social party at the house of one of my most intimate friends. Early in the evening I prepared myself for the occasion, expecting my husband to return home early and do the same, but amid business cares the appointment slipped from his mind until quite late. With his own lips he stated to me, that as soon as it returned to his mind, he hastened home to accompany me, and make apologies for his forgetfulness. But when he did so, I was in no fit mood to listen to his words, nor did I in the least excuse his conduct. I had sat long at the window watching for his return, every moment growing longer. At first I thought I would put on my hood and slip round to his store to see what detained him. This I might have easily done, but 'No,' said I to myself, 'I am not going to commence running for him, for he knows the proper hour to return, and if he has not a mind to do so, let him act his own pleasure.' And so I waited, growing more and more vexed over my disappointment, and, what I considered neglect from him, converting minutes into hours, and was preparing to retire for the night, when he entered the room, although it was not near the usual hour that I retired. But gladly would I have turned the wheel of time, had it been in my power, and had it thus late, that I might have had more cause to censure him. The truth is, it was not a very unseasonable hour to attend the party when he returned home; but I wished to go early, had prepared to do so, and wished to go as soon as prepared. When my husband entered the room he stepped very hurriedly, and coming directly to me, exclaimed, embracing me with one arm, 'Ah, Mary, all ready and waiting for this careless fellow, are you? But you must pardon me this time for my forgetfulness. I have been very busy, and it is a wonder that I thought of my engagement at all; but come, Mary dear, slip on some good warm clothes, and we will be with our friends in a very few moments.'

"In a few moments," I repeated, without casting a glance towards him; 'what do you call a few moments; the hours I have been waiting for you?' Then I commenced my censure, but before I closed I said many harsh and cruel things. How I could have done it to one so dear to me, for so slight a provocation, I have often wondered; but I did. I refused to go to the party at first, but I had so strong a desire to go, that I finally put on my things to do so.

"To the harsh and undeserved censure which I poured upon my husband, he listened with an expression upon his countenance which told that my words went home to his heart. To all I said he made no other reply than to cast his clear full blue eyes upon me in a reproving manner, and say, 'Mary, we have been very happy for one short month; shall the future ones be less happy?' I knew these calm words, uttered in a slight reproving, but the same tender tone, with which he addressed me, contained much meaning. Had I followed my own impulse at that

moment, I should have knelt before him and implored forgiveness; but I was too proud. O, that I had once more laid clasped in those arms from which I, but a few moments before, disengaged myself without heeding his apologies and request of pardon. I knew he did forgive me; I knew that in his heart he did not feel angry with me, but only grieved, for grief was plainly depicted upon his noble countenance. My words sent the cruel arrow there, but it returned back into my own heart, and there it has pierced me every hour since that night.

"After he uttered the words I have repeated to you, neither again spoke, but passed out of the house in silence, I repentant, and he as miserable as he possibly could have been. In passing down the stone steps which led from our door to the sidewalk, somehow his feet slipped and he fell backwards, his head striking upon the sharp edge of one of the steps. He groaned heavily, but did not speak or move. I shrieked for help, but at the same time raised his head in my arms, and saw his face was pale as death, and also discerned by the pale street lamp, that blood was flowing from his head. O, the agony of that moment; can death obliterate it from my memory? I called upon his name wildly, prayed wildly that his consciousness might return, that he might not die; but he answered not to my calls, neither did heaven answer my prayers.

"I placed my hand beneath his head and pressed my lips to his, which were nearly cold, while his warm life-blood trickled from his rich auburn hair, over my arm and hand. A crowd soon gathered around me, and that was the last I remembered for hours; but my domestics told me afterwards, that when we were separated, we were both alike unconscious. But when my consciousness returned, the past swept through my mind like a burning torrent. I asked my attendant for my husband. She told me that he was very sick. 'O, let me go to him!' I exclaimed in agony; but she said I must not, and that I could not, for I myself was sick; but in spite of her remonstrances, I went to his chamber, and in that darkened room beheld my Charles—my idolized husband, whom I had so wronged, how changed!

"The hair had been shaved from his head, his wounds bandaged and his hands were bound, to keep him in his frenzy—for he was delirious—from tearing them off; his face was swollen and nearly crimson, and with his parched lips he was muttering incoherently. They told me not to approach him, for he recognized no one, and that the physician ordered perfect quiet. But I did not, could not heed them. I felt that I must speak to him or die. I was sure he would recognize me and pronounce the words of pardon my heart was burning for. I bent over him and pronounced his name. He stared wildly and exclaimed, 'Go away; I don't want you; go away, and send Mary here. Tell her that I am not to blame—that I meant to have got home earlier.' In vain I tried to make him understand that I was his cruel Mary. He would mutter again indistinctly, then call loudly upon my name; then, as if he thought I was with him, he would beg pardon for his carelessness, and entreat me not to censure him, exclaiming I should kill him. The last words I heard him utter, for I again became unconscious in his room, were, 'Come, Mary, come quick, dearest, we will go now.'

"For weeks after that I was as delirious as he. I knew not when his sufferings were ended, and they laid him in the cold grave; for they were watching over me then, expecting that I should soon follow him; and O, how often since then have I wished that that had been the will of Him who separated us; but at length I recovered to find myself companionless.

"I have often wondered that the human heart can suffer as much as mine did at that time, and has since, and still beat on. When I was sufficiently strong they led me forth and showed me where they had laid him. It seems to me almost cruel in my Maker, that he did not permit me to be laid by his side, where the cold sod could press upon my broken heart. When I left the mound which covered my lost one from my sight, they forced me from it, for I entreated to be left there until death might liberate me, and I might be united to him in the spirit land. Not from that time till this, has there been one moment that my idolized husband has not been before my mental vision, either lying as I last saw him, delirious, entreating me not to censure him, that it would kill him, or, with his clear full eye turned reprovingly yet tenderly upon me as he said, 'Mary, we have been very happy for one

short month, shall the future ones be less happy?'"

When my good, kind friend ceased speaking, we both sobbed for some time. Hearing a slight noise in the room, I turned around and saw my own husband wiping a tear from his eye. He had entered the room unobserved, but seeing us converging, and thinking that perhaps it was a time when he ought not to intrude, he took a seat in the farther corner of the room; but all was so still, he overheard every word that was said, and perhaps it was well, for such a lesson as Aunt Mary's might benefit many.

All that she added to her painful narrative was, "My dear Mary, never censure your husband, lest you be called upon to pay the bitter penalty, as I have done. If he errs, his own conscience will give him sufficient reprimand; at least never let your lips give it, lest they do so when it is unmerited, and the words they utter sink like a burning fire into your heart."

I have struggled hard to profit by the lesson she taught me, and in many instances I think I have succeeded. It is quite natural for me to give way to impulses not very amiable, and often when about to do so, Aunt Mary's lesson and bitter sufferings have risen up before me as a restraint, and may all who need to profit find it so.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Strakosch and the Blind Pianist.

BY WILLIAM B. REDFIELD.

It was Christmas week in Augusta. Dreary, chilly, rainy, disagreeable weather. Even Broad Street (which, during the annual holiday season, is crowded with the merry sons and daughters of Africa) was deserted and still. At the "Planters" several of us from Yankee-land were seated around a blazing wood fire, talking of our friends "far away," and reviving the incidents of early days. It was a wild, stormy night—such a night as would lead to social companionship and good cheer. Some one has said "desolation without makes cheerfulness within," and surely in this case it proved a trite remark.

We were seated in the reception room of the "Planters"—a cheerful coal fire emitted its pleasant, warm rays, and although the storm raged without, we were gay and joyous within. Robbins, *le maitre d'hotel*, sent us at ten o'clock a steaming bowl of egg-nogg, to which we paid our respects, accordingly. Egg-nogg being one of the "peculiar institutions" of the South, all classes, high or low, rich or poor, must be provided with a bowl of this customary Christmas beverage. As the Georgia field negro says:

"Egg-nogg an' 'shimmon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year."

Two hours passed away, and the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of midnight. One by one our party separated, till only George S— and myself were left in the room. We sat down by the grate, finished our cigars, and were about to go to our rooms, when a soft, sweet strain of music came floating through the long hall, apparently from the ladies' parlor. It was a minor measure from one of Beethoven's symphonies. Mournfully sweet, mingling with the suppressed wailings of the storm without, so beautiful yet so touching, that it seemed unearthly. Again we listened, and a simple air, a home melody, was delicately played, followed by brilliant variations, savoring of the touch of a master-spirit. Who could this musician be? There were no lady performers upon the piano in the hotel. There had been no fresh arrivals by the cars or boats. Strakosch and his troupe were not expected to arrive till the morrow. Who was this brilliant performer? Another burst of sweet music came softly through the hall. We rose and hurried to the ladies' parlor. The gas was turned off, and by the flickering light of the dying embers we observed the piano open, but the hand which touched its chords so skillfully had gone. We made inquiries from the proprietor, servants and guests of the house, but to no purpose. The only clue we could get to the mystery was, that a young blind boy had arrived about nine o'clock by the southern train, bringing with him a violin, but as he had desired to be shown to his room, that he might get some rest, it could not have been he. Here was a mystery. For another hour we remained musing upon the strange performance, but there being no return of the sweet sounds we retired to our rooms for the night.

The next morning was bright and clear. In the daily papers were notices of the Strakosch troupe, who were to appear that night in opera.

The well known musical ability of these *artistes* caused a great *furor*, and in a few hours every ticket was taken. The noon-train brought the musicians, and considerable excitement reigned in the dining hall of the "Planters" that day. At the head of the table sat Strakosch the pianist, with his cheerful smile and good-natured face, while at his left sat Mesdames Putti and Parodi. On the right was the jolly Amodio, quaffing a goblet of beer, and conversing in Italian with Madame Cora DeWilhorst and Squires the tenor. The door opening, I looked around, and beheld a servant leading a young man of about twenty two years of age, plainly dressed and perfectly blind. His was a quizzical face, and it only wanted the eye to give it a proper expression. He appeared to be of nervous temperament. Pleasant spoken, though singularly odd, his remarks elicited much amusement. He confined his conversation chiefly to the servant who was in attendance upon him, but occasionally would stop and listen as Strakosch was conversing. I felt an interest in the blind boy I could not account for, and I determined to make his acquaintance when opportunity offered.

Having finished dinner, I strolled up Broad Street and crossed the river to Hamburg, a decayed Carolina town. I was absent about two hours, and returned to the hotel at five o'clock, thinking I would go to the concert, which was to commence at 7 o'clock precisely. As I entered the office George S—met me, and wished me to go with him to the ladies' parlor, as he had a surprise for me. Thinking it was to meet some lady, I declined, but upon his assurance that there were no ladies in the case, I assented to his proposal. As we ascended the stairs leading to the hall, we heard the same sweet, spirit like music that we had listened to the previous night, and upon entering the room found the blind boy at the piano. Seating ourselves on the sofa, we listened with delighted ears. On a lounge opposite the instrument were a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was Mr. B—g—n, the former leader of the Germania Musical Society (as I was told), and the lady was his wife. The blind performer, unaware that we were in the room, kept at the piano, and played some of the most sparkling selections from the operas of Donizetti and Verdi, interspersing them with airs from Von Weber, Beethoven and Schubert, or playing with still greater effect the Glorias and chorusses from Haydn's and Mozart's Masses. Such rapidity of action, such electric touches, such chords and trills, I have never before seen or heard—even B—g—n was astonished, and involuntarily drew near the piano. He played a few simple, Scotch airs, such as "Annie Laurie," "Coming through the Rye," and "Jamie's on the stormy Sea," and his renderings of these pieces with the improvised variations, were wonderful, startling, thrilling. For more than an hour we sat there, though we did not, could not note any time, save instrumental time, until the striking of the gong dispersed us unwillingly.

We conversed with this rare musical genius. His name was M'Carthy. He had formerly been a scholar at the "Perkins Institute for the Blind" in Boston. He had displayed a taste for music, and learned it by raised notes, but became tired of confining himself to instructions, and consequently followed his genius and his imagination. He had been a wanderer—had been in Germany and Prussia. From his own story, he had heard all the celebrated vocal and instrumental performers of the age, except the Strakosch troupe, and he was bound to hear them. This was all of his history we could glean, save that he had no parents. He was an orphan, and his ostensible business was tuning pianos. He had no home; his exertions and the kind sympathy of the public gave him a living. Our feelings were strongly enlisted for him, and though plain and unobtrusive, he became a general favorite in the house.

Seven o'clock came, and my friend and myself went to the concert. Though we went early, we found the house filled with the beauty and fashion of Augusta, every seat being taken. On one of the front seats we saw Mr. B—g—n and his friend the blind boy, and our hearts felt grateful to him for this kind compliment to the unfortunate one, in bringing him to enjoy his favorite pursuit. Pleasantly bowing to the audience, Strakosch came forward, seated himself at the piano, and commenced that beautiful air, "Home, sweet Home," with variations. Executed finely, it drew forth loud applause. The blind boy was in ecstasies. Though the rich voice of Parodi, the sweet tones of the petite De Wilhorst, and the ludicrous basso of Amodio, were loudly ap-

plauded and encored, they had but little effect with him, but the moment Strakosch touched the notes of the piano, the blind boy was all attention, and you could see the animated gesticulation express itself, and the flush of pleasure light up that vacant face. The concert was a success. We all returned to the hotel delighted—none more so than our blind friend.

It was ten o'clock. The concert had been over about an hour, and hearing the piano, we repaired to the parlor, where we found Mr. B—g—n and the blind boy. The Strakosch troupe were to leave that night for Savannah in the midnight train of cars. We entered the room softly, and making a sign to Mr. B—g—n not to notify the blind boy of our presence, seated ourselves upon a lounge. The boy was playing an air from "Stradella." Strakosch, Mesdames Strakosch and Parodi, joined by Cora De Wilhorst and Squires, were walking up and down the hall, awaiting their supper which was not quite ready. All at once M'Carthy struck up "Sounds from Home," improvising variations. Such execution, such sweet sounds, I never before heard. Strakosch and DeWilhorst came and stood by the doorway. It was pleasing to watch the beautiful expression which flitted across the great musician's face. Gradually he drew nearer the piano, while we made signs for him to keep still and not speak, lest the blind boy should suspect, and stop playing. From "Sounds from Home" followed choice selections from "Zampa," introducing airs from "Herz's" and "Listz's" most difficult productions. Stopping for a moment, and hardly giving his hearers time to recover their surprise, he commenced the concerted piece of "Home, sweet Home," adding his own with Strakosch's variations, playing with such perfect accuracy that Strakosch was surprised and astonished. One after another, Mesdames Strakosch, De Wilhorst, Parodi, Signor Amodio and Squires, came into the room and quietly seated themselves around, but the blind boy was the star of the musical constellation. Strakosch alone, sat by the performer, watching his playing with interest, and in his anxiety to get nearer the instrument, broke down the chair in which he was sitting, thus unwillingly disturbing the delicious musical reverie. The blind boy stopped and said:

"Mr. B—g—n, who is in the room? It seems as if the room was full of people."

Mr. B—g—n did not answer, but Strakosch did. Grasping M'Carthy by the hand, while a tear of sympathy trickled down his cheek, he said, in his broken English:

"My dear sir, you be von genius. Your music be ver sweet. It givs me pleasure to hear. You play better as I. You be von great genius. My name is Strakosch, and me and my frens be very mooch pleas—we tanks you, sir."

The announcement staggered the blind boy, while it amused us to see his evident confusion. That he had played before Strakosch and received praise from him, was a surprise he was not prepared for. He arose from the piano apparently pleased with having won such praise, but we could get him to play no more that evening, although the whole troupe repeatedly urged him. Strakosch seated himself at the piano, while Miss B—n, a fair daughter of Carolina, sung an aria from "Linda," accompanied by the great pianist. A song from Madame De Wilhorst, sweetly rendered in her soft and musical voice, followed, and the evening's entertainment closed. With a pleasant good evening to all, and a special farewell of thanks to the blind boy, Strakosch departed, we having enjoyed a pleasant and quiet musical treat, far more heartfelt than in the crowded concert hall, where the influence of fashion was more fully developed than the influence of music.

Early the next morning the blind boy was missing. He had gone to spend Christmas with a hospitable planter of South Carolina. The best wishes of our heart went with him.

I have listened to the glorious music of Haydn and Mozart—I have heard the three greatest of living pianists, Thalberg, Herz and Gottschalk—I have heard the most celebrated prima-donnas of Italy, France and Germany, and have listened with rapt attention to the solos of the most celebrated performers in the world, but I never have heard such soul-stirring music, such wild, improvised melody, as came from the rich and delicate touch and execution of M'Carthy, the blind pianist, as he played unknowingly before Strakosch at the "Planters Hotel," on the evening of Wednesday, the twenty-second day of December, 1858.



CONVICT IN PRISON DRESS.

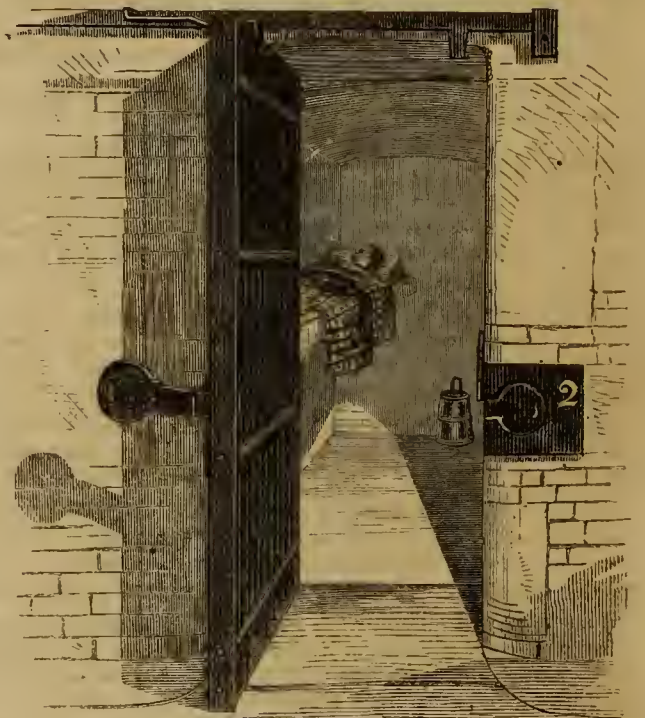
MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The series of pictures on this and the next page, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. A. Waud, and embraces, besides a general view of the State Prison at Charlestown, other scenes which will render our letter-press intelligible. The first of these sketches represents a convict in his prison dress. This dress, in which all the prisoners are clothed, is half red and half blue, so that on one side they appear red and on the other blue. The second view represents the cells, and is an accurate and faithful drawing. The third engraving shows a general view of the prison. The kitchen is delineated in another engraving, and the last of the series shows the prisoners in the yard in marching order under command of the officers. The original structure was erected in 1804 and 1805, and consisted of a central building and two wings. The central building combined the warden's office, officers' quarters, guard-room and kitchen. The wings contained the cells, now remodelled into modern size and properly ventilated, as well as hospital apartments. The centre building is now discontinued as the warden's office and guard-room, these being located in portions of the structure since erected. In 1826, under the administration of Governor Lincoln, the present North Wing, so called, was built on the Auburn system, but though

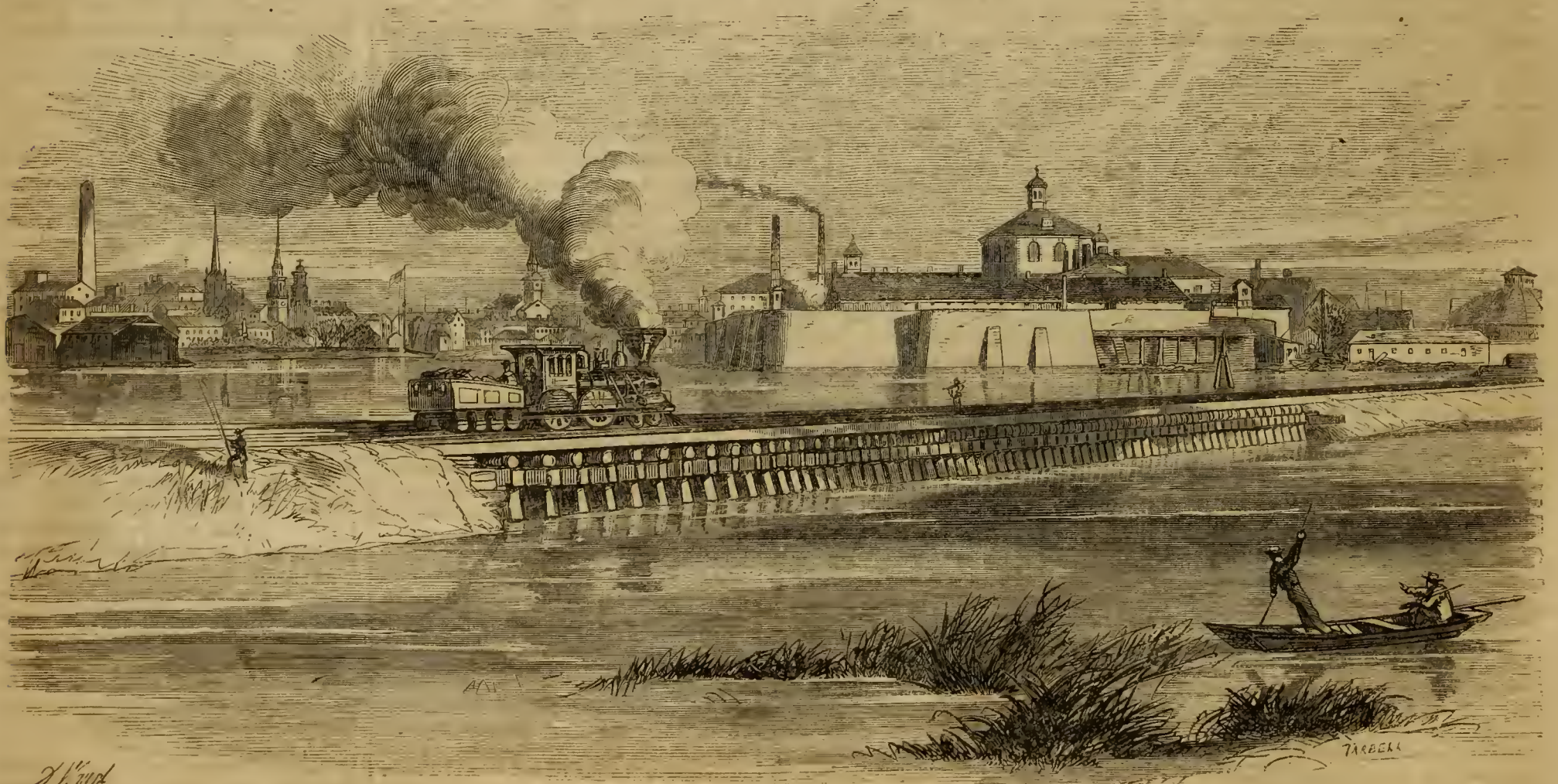
at that early day it was considered a model of humanity and propriety, yet at the present day, with the increased knowledge of prisoners, and prison discipline, it is looked upon as barbarous, from the coffin like size of its cells, its narrow areas and its gloomy port-hole windows, in the exterior walls. We are glad to notice in the report of the committee on prisons to the present legislature, a bill for improving the light and air in this wing, by the substitution of eighteen windows of uniform size with the windows of the remodelled portions of the old wings before mentioned. In 1850 the legislature passed an act for an enlargement of the State Prison, and appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose. The plans of this enlargement were the joint production of the late Rev. Louis Dwight (a name familiar to all acquainted with the history of prison discipline during the last third of a century) and Gridley J. F. Bryant, architect, of this city, who, for the last fifteen years, has made the erection of State Prisons, Jails, Houses of Correction, and other reformatory institutions his peculiar study. A description of this most extensive and important improvement to our State Penitentiary, is given in House document 140 of the legislature of 1850. Our limited space will not permit us to make more than a brief extract of what was accomplished by the erection of these additions. The enlargement consisted mainly of a central octagonal building, so placed as to be joined to and connected with the East Wing of 1804 and the North Wing of 1826, and by the erection of a new wing on the south side of this octagon building, as a part of the enlargement, the whole structure assumed the form of a centre, and three wings radiating from three of the sides, leaving a fourth side for the reception of a fourth wing, at such time as the legislature in its wisdom might deem it necessary to erect a new house for the warden and officers' quarters, which was done in 1854, thus completing the fourth arm of the "cross," which form the prison buildings have assumed since the erection of the house and officers' quarters. It is due to Mr. Dwight's memory to state that the improvement now proposed to the wing of 1826, by introducing the large windows, was recommended and urged to Governor Lincoln at the time of the erection of this part of the institution, and was further urged and made part of the plan of Messrs. Dwight and Bryant, adopted and erected in 1850, but for want of funds was deferred. In the annual report of the Board of Inspectors of the prison, dated October 1, 1858, and accompanying the reports of the officers of the institution, we find much valuable information respecting its condition for the past year. The inspectors, Messrs. P. J. Stone and John A. Goodwin, say:—"The prisoners, as an almost universal thing, have been prompt, orderly and respectful, appearing to be governed by a high degree of good feeling towards their officers. Many of them have shown an unusual and most encouraging desire to form fixed habits of industry and behaviour, so that on regaining their liberty, they may be prepared to lead virtuous lives. We doubt if in these respects so good a state of things ever before existed in the prison. We attribute the improvement mainly to the mild, even, discriminating, yet impartial and decided discipline maintained; to the fact that for nearly two years no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the prison, and in no small degree to the law of 1857, which virtually secures a small monthly commutation of sentence for continued

good conduct. This wise provision has been observed by us to have a very salutary influence over some convicts from whom trouble would ordinarily have been expected, the keeping in their almanacs (which are given to all) a record of the days thus gained, and expressing a determination so to conduct as to secure the full benefit of the statute in question. The last few months of a prisoner's term, like the closing weeks of a long voyage, hang much the most heavily; when, therefore, a convict can thus shorten a one year's term twelve days, a three years' term seventy two days, a five years' term one hundred and twenty days, or a ten years' term six hundred days, he has a very strong incentive to good behaviour. A few months' perseverance in the decorum thus induced, does much toward forming in the convict permanent habits of obedience and self-control, and developing in him a more hopeful and therefore more kindly and teachable disposition. We therefore consider this law as a very valuable addition to the legislation concerning the prison. During the year, as will be shown by the warden's statistical tables, there has been a remarkable uniformity in the number of prisoners. There are now five hundred and fifty-four cells and but four hundred and eighty-three prisoners, a surplus that we trust may never be reduced. The health of the convicts has been excellent; indeed, no better testimony can be desired, than that afforded by the hospital records in favor of the faithfulness of the officers in attending to the matters of diet, cleanliness, clothing, warming, ventilation, etc. Down to the last fortnight of the year, no death had occurred among the six hundred and thirty-eight different prisoners that have been under their charge. Of the two deaths during that fortnight, one was the result of an injury produced by the carelessness of the victim, and the other was that of a convict free from all apparent disease, who was cut off without a moment's warning by a derangement of the heart. The inmates of the hospital for the year have averaged four, and for the last six months only three and a half. Very few villages of the same population can show so satisfactory sanitary statistics." Of the labor of the convicts the inspectors say:—"For the last three years the entire labor of the convicts, excepting those employed in the cooking, clothing, laundry and repair departments, etc., has been let to contractors, a system pursued in part for several years previously. We are satisfied that this is incomparably the best plan for the State, and that it is no less advantageous to the contractors. That the bids for the labor are all low at the best, is no fault of the system. We doubt if any other legitimate method of employing the convicts could have been devised by which they would have earned to the State anything like the sum which during the past year has been received by the prompt payments of the contractors. It is often asked why our institution cannot become self-support-

ing, like the prisons of some of our neighboring States. In several, if not all, the cases thus cited to our apparent disadvantage, we are informed that an important part of the prison expenses is paid direct from the State treasury, instead of, as with us, coming from the prison revenues. Thus, the prison of one of these States last year paid to the State treasury about \$2000 as the excess of its earnings over its expenses; but a fact that does not appear in the annual report of that prison and that was unknown to the highly esteemed official gentleman who called our attention to the result, is that the salaries of the warden and his deputy, of the clerk and chaplain, and some similar items, are paid direct from the State treasury, thus absorbing the surplus earnings and considerable more. It would give us great gratification to be able to render our prison a source of revenue to the State; no pains have been spared, nor will be, to bring it as near this point as possible. We do not, however, think it reasonable to expect that at present a moderate amount will not be required from the State treasury to meet the excess of ordinary expenditures above the ordinary receipts. The appropriation of \$15,000 made by the present legislature for the current year, will doubtless prove sufficient for the purpose." The financial condition of the institution at the close of 1858 is certainly satisfactory as briefly stated, viz:—Liabilities, nothing; assets, \$6,062.69. The inspectors urge an appropriation for the accomplishment of two alterations in the prison. "The most extensive portion of the main building, known as the North Wing or 'New Prison,' was completed about thirty years ago. The outer windows are little more than slits or loop-



CELLS IN STATE PRISON.



VIEW OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON, FROM PRISON POINT BRIDGE.



KITCHEN DEPARTMENT IN THE STATE PRISON.

holes through the massive walls, admitting little air and less light. The cells, in themselves narrow and with very clumsy entrances, have doors mostly solid, which give the inmates but a small share of the scanty allowance of light and air admitted with the outer windows. The other wings are provided throughout with doors of open grating, set deep back in the wide doorways, and with broad arched windows extending uninterrupted from the basement of the wings to the eaves. Thus is admitted a perfect flood of the light and air essential to cheerfulness and health. The modern doors, too, from their open construction and sunken position, are much safer, offering vastly greater facilities to the watchmen who, during the night, in felt slippers, make their silent tours of inspection along the numerous corridors and galleries in turn. Our predecessors in 1853, in their annual report, recommended that the north wing be altered to conform to the others. We heartily concur in the opinion by them expressed, and beg leave to call attention to the suggestions and estimate of the warden in connection with the matter, as made in his report. The subject of a classification of the inmates of this prison, has attracted much attention in former years, but no substantial progress has been made towards its accomplishment. The inspectors in 1852, and again in 1853, strongly urged the adoption of a system of rigid classification, giving many forcible reasons therefor. We have carefully considered the subject, yet we have no plan to propose, nor are our minds fully made up as to the extent to which a system should be carried to secure the greatest good to the convicts, and the highest degree of efficiency to the prison in its combined character of a penal and a reformatory institution. Our reasonably well enforced system of silent labor and separate cells for eating as well as sleeping, destroys the force of some of the strongest arguments in favor of any close degree of classification, while our system of large contracts would be in direct collision with any such gradation. Applied to a prison with three or four times our number of convicts, a somewhat thorough classification according to character, could doubtless be made to the advantage of all concerned.—What we do propose and recommend, is the immediate carrying out of some plan like that approved by the legislative committee on prisons, in 1857, and conditionally authorized by the legislature. This plan was, that the two stories under the hospital, known as the "upper arch" and "lower arch," be completely cleared out and be extended so far as to allow of the construction therein of twenty cells, each about nine and a half feet by twelve, at the height of both "arches;" also, that two secluded yards, eighteen feet by twenty, be constructed adjacent thereto. In these cells the twelve or fifteen convicts considered as "dangerous," with others whose daily habits were pernicious to their shop-mates, might be confined at solitary labor; the yards would allow of solitary exercise in the open air. At present, a convict who cannot be safely intrusted with tools and set to work among his fellows under the usual supervision, must be locked up in idleness in a cell unfit for continued occupation. The cost of this important alteration, estimated by the committee of 1857 at not more than \$20,000, would probably now be within \$16,000. The act of 1857 authorized this work to be done, the cost thereof to be taken from the proceeds of the sale of a part of the outer yard, of which the warden and inspectors were authorized to dispose. Owing to the depression of business this

land has never been put in the market, nor is there any probability that any reasonable sale can be made of it for a long time to come. We, however, believe the proposed work to be of such importance as to make it our duty to recommend an appropriation from the State treasury to allow of its performance as soon as possible. During the last few months the prison yard and the arrangement of the shops have been much improved. The unsightly structure known as the "old chapel," has been taken down and the range of shops with which it interfered, lengthened twenty feet. A new laundry, invalid-room and repair shop have been fitted up, and many other changes made for the promotion of economy, order or neatness, and health.—The various improvements made have cost but little, as the materials were nearly all on hand, and most of the labor was done by convicts not wanted at the time in any of the shops. In this matter were displayed the taste, skill and prudence of Hon. Gideon Haynes, who on April 1st, succeeded J. L. Porter, Esq., the recent faithful and estimable warden of the establishment. Mr. Haynes at an early day won our confidence and respect, and a longer experience has fully justified the high expectations then formed. Just before the accession of Mr. Haynes to office, the vacant post of deputy-warden was filled by the appointment of Mr. Benjamin L. Mayhew, for some time connected with the house of correction in Middlesex county. Mr. Mayhew is a worthy associate of his superior, and by his energy and straightforwardness and due regard for those under his charge, warrants us in expressing our entire satisfaction with his department. William Pierce, Esq., continues to perform with highly commendable fidelity and earnestness the numerous and widely diverging duties attached to the office of clerk; his long experience and consequent familiarity with the affairs of the prison under five different wardens, giving his services an especial value. In April Dr. W. B. Morris ended his term of service as physician, and was succeeded by Dr. A. B. Baneroff; and Rev. H. E. Hempstead having resigned as chaplain, Rev. Joseph Ricker of Woburn, was ap-

pointed in his stead." We have reason to believe that the commendation bestowed on the officers of the prison is justly their due. Hon. Gideon Haynes has proved himself a thoroughly efficient warden, firm, humane and energetic. We approve highly of his views of the discipline and treatment of prisoners as expressed in his efficient report to the governor, from which we make the following extract:—"Not a stripe has been inflicted during the entire year; the cat has been laid aside, I trust, forever; solitary confinement has been substituted, and with the very best result. I am aware that not only many of my predecessors, but others whose philanthropy and kindheartedness cannot be questioned, have doubted the expediency or success of this experiment; but nearly two years' experience has satisfied the most skeptical upon this point. The argument heretofore used in favor of the lash has been, that by this mode of punishment the State was not deprived of the labor of the convict, as would be the case were they shut up. That they should be required to work is very true, and that the institution should pay its expenses is certainly desirable, but not the first or most important consideration. Dollars and cents should not weigh against discipline and reformation; excessive severity always tends to harden the heart. The stoutest man that ever breathed will succumb beneath the lash; he may be conquered but not subdued, and he returns to his work neither a wiser nor a better man, but too often with feelings of hatred and revenge ranking in his bosom. Upon the other hand, there is not, probably, any degree of personal severity which produces so powerful an impression upon the human mind, as solitary confinement. Thus condemned to his own thoughts, he has an opportunity of reviewing his past misconduct. In fact he must reflect, and he knows that the length of his punishment rests with himself; for the course I have universally pursued, has been to release a man the moment he expressed a willingness to return to his work, and promised to obey the rules. Nothing humiliating is ever required of him; he understands that the past will be forgotten if his future conduct deserves it. A day or two will hardly elapse ere a change is visible, and the proudest spirit will solicit enlargement, with promises of the utmost industry and quietness; and instead of the State suffering from this system, an examination of the records will show fewer days lost from this cause, considering the number of

convicts, than many of the preceding years. Instances could be cited where all other methods had failed, and the subjects given up as incorrigible and hopeless; yet, under this treatment they have become changed, and are now among the most industrious and best behaved men in the prison. The old theory that prisons ought to be, not merely places of restraint, but of restraint coupled with deep and intense misery, and that so much evil is repaired by so much misery inflicted, has become obsolete." As the prison is now conducted, the unfortunate inmates are assigned no unreasonable tasks, the food is good and sufficient, their quarters well warmed and ventilated, and no punishments are inflicted calculated to harden and irrevocably degrade them. A wholesome seclusion from the world, coupled with constant occupation, form the extent of their punishment.

THE FRIEND AND THE FUSTIAN.

Immediately after fustians commenced to be manufactured in England, in 1784, Pitt, the premier of the country, inflicted a tax on that branch of industry. An association had to be formed for the purpose of removing that grievance, and the following year, so great had been the clamor raised in Manchester and Lancashire—so indicative of riot and confusion was the intelligence communicated to the premier, that he reluctantly withdrew the tax that had been imposed on fustians. The late Mr. Hall, of Manchester, a member of the society of Friends, was exceedingly active in promoting the repeal of that tax, and there was a memorable reply made by him to Pitt on the successful termination of the claim for the repeal of the duty on fustians. Pitt said to him—"Mr. Hall, you appear to be a very sagacious gentleman, and seem to be very well informed. As the public treasury can ill afford to spare the tax now repealed upon fustians, will you have the kindness to suggest some substitute for that which is now repealed." Mr. Hall replied—"Friend William Pitt, that is thy business, not mine. Fare thee well!"



THE PRISONERS IN MARCHING ORDER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, Scottsville.—There are a great variety of such books as "A Handbook of Oil Painting," etc. You can order anything of the sort from M. J. Whipple, Cornhill, Boston.

R. C., Medford, Mass.—Dominica is a republic, and the president's name is Santana.

THEPIS.—There is a society in France for the mutual aid of old, indigent or retired players. All actors in France can become members on paying a monthly tribute of six francs, and when incompetent to perform, have a right to a certain life pension. The seat of the society is at Paris.

A. M.—It is noted as a remarkable fact that the original charter of William and Mary College was dated on the 8th of February, 1692. The destruction of this venerable pile and seat of learning—the Alma Mater of presidents—occurred on the 8th of February, 1859, the 167th anniversary of its charter.

SERGEANT S.—We are quite sure that the Albany Burgess corps has visited this city—we can't say in what year.

L. T.—Thomas Buchanan Read is permanently established in New York.

VOYAGEUR, Troy, N. Y.—We should advise you and your family to take passage in a Cunard steamer from this city. The Cunard boats are staunch, swift and safe, and the table and attendance on board excellent.

R. D., Lowell, Mass.—For a hard-working literary man like yourself horse exercise is the best. It is violent without being fatiguing, and pulls upon the spine less than walking.

LOUISE.—There is in the English language no feminine for the name of Peter. In the Russian there is Petrova.

W. M., Natick.—The fourth finger on the left hand is for the engaged ring of a lady; but it is not usual for gentlemen to wear such rings.

JUARS.—During the time of the republican government of Rome, it was customary for the consul or other magistrate of the order of senator, on presenting a bill to the consideration of the people, to give it three readings on three several days. The present practice of giving a bill three readings is doubtless borrowed from Rome.

SPORTSMAN.—The first sporting paper was published in England in 1683, and called the Jockey's Intelligence, and the first medical paper came out in 1686. The first illustrated paper was published in 1643, embellished with a few rude wood-cuts.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Every great city of the American Union contains thousands of fashionable people, and other thousands who are striving to become fashionable; that is, to dazzle the eyes of men and women outside of their circle (they call it beneath their circle), by show, extravagance, pride, pomposity and fast living. In this country there is no aristocracy of birth or rank—only the aristocracy of worth and talent. But there is false aristocracy of money—a false aristocracy of fashion, which works out many evils in American society. "Our best society," as Curtis ironically terms it, is like a band of wreckers that hoist false lights on a lee shore, and dazzled by their glare, multitudes of unfortunate beings rush on their destruction. It is bad enough for people with ample fortunes to lead a life of frivolity—to dress like milliners' lay figures, to load themselves with jewelry, to parade ostentatious equipages, to deck themselves for church as for a ball-room, to turn night into day, going to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and breakfasting in the afternoon,—this is bad enough for those who can afford it,—but the trouble is that the example sweeps into its vortex those who cannot afford it, and who, in attempting a career of imitation, must do either one of two things—run in debt to a number of creditors; or, doing business wholesale, commit one of those stupendous financial crimes, which every now and then startle the whole community with its exposure.

But fashionable men and women certainly deserve our pity as much as our condemnation. Their mode of life is, in the first place, incompatible with health; a feeble youth and a sickly age inevitably follow. Then their existence is mined by a thousand petty, carking cares and jealousies, the aggregate of which is a formidable sum of suffering. If Mrs. Potiphar has imported a particular dress from Paris on purpose "to astonish the Browns," and if, on appearing at a *soirée*, and in that stunning attire, she beholds all the feminine Browns attired in the same pattern, making it "so common," she is ready to tear her eyes out with vexation. If Mrs. Leo hunter succeeds in luring to her party one more distinguished lion, one more genuine English lord, than Mrs. Potiphar entrapped for hers, is not the bosom of the latter again rent with the most poignant anguish? All is not "cakes and ale," in the existence of these fashionable people—there is many a crumpled leaf in their beds of roses—nay, they may be figuratively said to sleep on acanthus, and sit on cushion

ions stuffed with "Whitechapel needles with their sharp points up."

And fancy not, good rustic youth, who may perchance, on a visit to New York, we will say, have strayed into the penetralia of one of those enchanted palaces of Fifth Avenue, fancy not that you behold in the splendors unfolded to your dazzled and inexperienced vision only a specimen of the everyday life of your entertainers. You have seen at the theatre a stage covered with princes and princesses dressed in glittering attire, radiant with plumes and shining in satin and gold. Perhaps they "pass the rosy," as Mr. Swiveller says, in golden goblets, and it is all very fine, and magnificent and "highfalutin'." But follow these nobles of the stage to their homes, and you find a little diminution of their theatric splendor—the prince of Salerno drinking beer out of a cracked teapot; Pauline frying potatoes in a sauce-pan. So with our fashionable friends. If you are an intimate friend of the family and have the entree at all hours, you will sometimes find them huddled into an underground basement; while the drawing-rooms are darkened, the chairs hidden in bags, the fauteuils in dressing-gowns, and the chandeliers in curl-papers. There are state bedrooms for guests that an emperor might sleep in, but there are dark, airless closets where the fashionable folks themselves lodge about as comfortably as if they were in a Spanish posada.

But reserve your special pity for the cashier of this splendid establishment—the plodding man of business, who has to toil late and early at his desk to acquire the means for the prodigality of show, the extravagance of living, the sole object of which is to "astonish the Browns." If he is present at his wife's parties, he is placed under heavy bonds for his good behaviour—the honors are done by some flourishing gentleman who is his wife's friend, who has lived in Paris, and is untinctured by vulgarity. The host is merely the butt of insolent Young America—dancing Young America, flirting Young America, wine-bibbing, cigar-smoking Young America—Young America that sometimes forgets himself so far as to be carried to bed helpless, happy if he has not been belligerent as well as bacchanalian.

And this is one phase of life. This is Fashion. But hard by the halls where she holds high carnival, famine cowers and shivers in her fireless garret—or maddened and despairing rushes forth to grasp the means of life at the cost of crime. Are you fond of the Drama? Here are the Comedy and Tragedy of city life.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE.

Now that the Boston Post-Office is removed to the very accessible, light, and remarkably convenient building, especially erected for it in Summer Street, the nearly universal opinion seems to be one of great satisfaction as to the wisdom and good taste which has brought about this long-needed change. The surprise seems now to be that the public should have so long submitted to the insufficient accommodations of the dark and inaccessible position which has heretofore been occupied for the purpose.

The new locality is vastly more central, and far more available in every respect than the old one. Ladies will no longer be obliged to thread their way through the motley crowd, and a long, dark, vault-like alley way to procure their letters; the clerks of the department will not be required to work by dim and trying gas-light both day and night; mail carriers will no longer be obliged to reach the office through a narrow back lane, or to carry the heavy mail bags through a long, dark passage way, but can deposit their loads at the very door of the post-office, in a broad, accessible street. Three-quarters of even the down-town merchants can pass its very doors on their way from their residences to their place of business, and aside from any possible personal predilection on our part for the present site, it is our honest conviction that the locality is one of the very best that could possibly be selected in Boston.

Of course there is a diversity of opinion upon the point, and so there would be had the post-office been removed but one hundred feet from the old spot, where it has been rather secreted than located for years. Though our own establishment despatches and receives more mailable matter, both in form of newspapers and letters, than any other in this city, yet our opinion is that of an individual only; but we do, all things considered, and after carefully weighing the matter in all its bearings, endorse and commend the new locality as being admirable in all respects,

and calculated for the benefit and convenience of the largest portion of our citizens.

In point of facilities for the transaction of business, the receiving, assorting, delivering and despatching of mails, the internal arrangements of the new office are wonderfully perfect; we have never before reached such a degree of excellence in this respect in Boston, nor are they equalled by any other government establishment within our experience, and we have visited nearly all the large offices in the Eastern and Southern States.

We have spoken upon this subject at length, and earnestly, though *honestly*, because the opposition to the removal has been so active and determined on the part of some no doubt conscientious parties.

THE KANSAS GOLD DIGGINGS.

The rich gold deposits of Kansas are situated in the northwest part of that territory, on the south fork of the Platte River. Though called Pike's Peak Diggings, they are really far to the north of that peak, say from eighty to a hundred and twenty miles, instead of at its immediate base. Consequently the best route for an eastern man to take, in order to reach these diggings, is up the Platte River instead of the Kansas. Starting from Boston, he should make Chicago, Ill., as his first point; thence across that State by railroad to Hannibal, Missouri; thence by railroad across that State to St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, and by steamboat up that river to the mouth of the Platte. The route from that point, via Fort Kearney, up the south fork to the gold regions, is by a smooth, solid, well-beaten road, with forage and water in abundance, and without obstructions; over this road a span of horses can easily haul a weight of thirty hundred. This road leads directly into the mountainous region known as Cherry Creek, where the best diggings are found.

At this point the village of Auzaria has been started, and at the last advices from there, over three hundred houses were built, and two hundred more were in progress. Trains of emigrants continued to arrive at the new settlement from the towns of Kansas and Nebraska, and from other points to the eastward, notwithstanding the winter season. Arrapahoe County has been organized there by the legislature of Kansas, and General Larimer, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., has been appointed treasurer. Indications of gold deposits are found along the whole western range of Kansas, bordering on the Rocky Mountains; and the territorial authorities have laid out five counties in all, in this gold region. The supplies of pine timber are abundant, and of excellent quality; also marble, suitable for building, and plaster of Paris. Extensive preparations are making in the Western States for immediate emigration to this country, and there is now every indication that a second California will spring up there.

THE PRINCESS'S DIAMONDS.

There is quite a romantic story connected with the diamonds worn by the Princess Clotilda, the bride of Prince Napoleon. The diamonds once belonged to the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, and during the imperial regime of the First Napoleon, were considered the finest in Europe in point of brilliancy and what the French jewellers denominate "series," being wholly of one size, shape and water.

These diamonds, which were stolen in 1815, remained for a long time lost to the family. After the departure of the Bonaparte family from Paris at that time, in consequence of the publicity given to the theft of the diamonds in the hurried arrangement of parting, an anonymous letter was received by the custodian of the Garde Meuble of the Crown, in which the writer declared his reasons for believing the diamonds to have been thrown over the Pont Royal by one of the servants belonging to the household of the princess, who had secreted them in greediness of gain, but who had failed in his endeavor to hide them among his own luggage. In consequence of this communication, the river was dragged in every sense, new inventions for accomplishing the work being largely paid for by Louis Dix-huit, who would have dearly loved to have recovered the diamonds, which had been collected from almost every princely house in Europe, and where shine those which were once so celebrated in the north as having formed the clasps to the *aigrette* which adorned the cap worn by Queen Christina of Sweden; but, after the most persevering efforts, the task was abandoned as hope-

less, and it began to be imagined that the letter had been written with a view of hoaxing the authorities, and of arresting pursuit until the thieves had got clear out of the country. Such must have been the case in a great measure, for many of the jewels were brought back by the family at Venice, and some at Genoa, at long intervals of time; and it was only when dredging the river for the construction of the works on the Seine, a few years ago, that the ornament worn at the back of the head was in reality fished up, amongst other things which had been stolen from the Tuileries at the same time. This last discovery completed the set, which is now entire, save the waist buckle, still missing, but which Prince Napoleon has never given up as wholly lost, and which Prince Soltikoff declares to have been twice offered to him for sale, once at Moscow and once at Florence, but which he had declined to purchase.

MISCHIEF FROM SORGHUM.

The refuse of Chinese sugar-cane or sorghum, is said to be very destructive to cattle, when given to them for food. The outer coating of the cane is very hard, and of a vitreous character, being composed of silex or flint; and when this is broken up by grinding in the mill, and afterwards taken into the animal's stomach, it operates like broken glass—cutting, and in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, and producing violent inflammation. The Independence Guardian, of Iowa, gives an account of seven head of cattle, who were destroyed by eating this refuse sugar cane, after the juice was extracted. A *post-mortem* examination of the stomach revealed this as the cause of their death. It is highly important that the farmers who raise sorghum for making sugar, as well as those who grow it merely for fodder, should give attention to this subject, and see whether any facts within their own experience warrant the assertion that the Chinese cane is thus deleterious to live stock. If it be so, the information should be circulated as widely as possible, in order to prevent a serious destruction of property.

A WONDERFUL DOG.—We like good dog stories, even if untrue, for we are a friend to dogs, and care not if they are a little flattered. We have thumbed over dog's tales till they were dog's-cared, and have often thought of making a collection of canine anecdotes. The New York Post relates a remarkable case of canine instinct. A small dog was run over by a drayman in Centre Street, near Chambers. His head was badly crushed, and the wound speedily ended his existence. With his remaining strength, however, as if conscious of approaching dissolution, he ran across the street and laid down directly in front of the coroner's office, and there died.

THE MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.—The pursuit of knowledge tends to cultivate and to form the mind; but the most important business is to form the heart; that is, to become an honest man. As such, one will abhor injustice, lies, pride and avarice. If a person, though possessed of the finest understanding and greatest knowledge, should be a liar, cruel, proud and covetous, he will be hated and detested by every human creature, and shunned like a wild beast.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—A cotemporary talks about a powerful country (France) trying to bully into submission another European power (Austria). We guess the real bully is at Vienna, not Paris. Austria has at least three or four millions more people than France.

JOHNNY CRAPEAU.—France is apparently very peaceable, but keeps the peace at a war cost of 700,000 soldiers and sailors. The present amusement of the crowned heads is diplomacy, but bloodshed will be the next resort.

QUEEN VIC.—The loyal Canadians are trying to get the queen to come over and open the first parliament at Ottawa, the new capital. It is of no use, gentlemen—she won't come.

LEGAL FEEDING AND DRINKING.—The bill at the Astor House for feed and other refreshments for the judges and jurors, in the Cancemi case, amounted to \$750.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion.

THE MODERN PONCE DE LEON.

There are some men who cannot accept old age gracefully. "Give me back my youth!" was the despairing cry of Peter Pindar. Old Ponce de Leon wore out his life in seeking for the fabled fountain of youth in the wilds of Florida. The alchemists of old toiled not alone after the secret of gold, but of perpetual youth; and Paracelsus pretended that he had found the water of immortality, though his followers were undecieved by his death. Those waters of immortality are only reached through the portals of the grave. Why cannot we learn to accept the inevitable winter of life, after its blossoms, its fruit-time and its harvests? Yet we see veterans tottering on the verge of the grave, ashamed of their venerable locks, ashamed of their best titles to respect, seeking to ape the appearance, dress and manners of youth. Those who have fulfilled their mission are unwilling to retire from the stage and leave younger actors to assume their place.

There are never wanting dupes for the charlatans who profess to have the power of annulling the course of nature. Cagliostro, that arch-impostor, coined money out of such ninnies; and now we see it stated that a really great man is not above such puerilities. It appears that Bulwer, the English author, is cherishing the delusions of Ponce de Leon as to the renewal of youth. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican vouches for the following interesting personal statement: Bulwer lately sent for Hume, the great medium, and talked with him, and the whole drift of his inquiries was to see if there could be no possible way devised in which he could renew and rejuvenate himself, his feelings and his powers into their early vigor. We can scarcely credit the statement that Bulwer is chasing such a shadow. Youth, vigor—they are gone from him forever. No power can renew the glories of the golden age that has passed from his grasp. He must be content to take his place with the seniors, and solace himself with the pleasures and pursuits of that old age which is now deepening about him.

A WESTERN STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.—The captain of the Ohio steamboat Wenona shrewdly dodged the U. S. Marshal a few days since. The marshal had seized the vessel for debt, and, in order to keep her within call, removed the cylinder-head and throttle-valve and concealed them. The captain proceeded to construct of hard-wood a throttle-valve and cylinder-head, and while the authorities were confident of having the boat all secure, she cut out for Cincinnati. At White's Rifle, twelve miles below Pittsburg, she ran aground, and the odds were strongly in favor of her being overtaken by the deputy marshal, who had started with a steam-tug in pursuit. Fortune again favored the adventurous captain, however, and the boat was got off.

SLEEP.—It has been found that a strong man, deprived of sleep, will die in nineteen days. The experiment was not long since tried in China, where a noted robber was condemned to be killed by constant wakefulness. He was kept awake constantly, and died at the end of nineteen days, his suffering for the last few days being excruciating beyond description.

CULTURE OF BEES.—This subject is engaging considerable attention in New England. In old times twenty-five pounds of honey to a hive was thought a very good yield, and now a well-managed swarm produce from one hundred to two hundred pounds of delicious honey.

STILL THEY COME!—*Ballou's Dollar Monthly* has now reached the extraordinary circulation of 114,000, and scores of subscribers' names are received by mail every day. *One Dollar a year.* The cheapest magazine in the world!

TWO-FORRY.—There is said to be in and about this city a larger number of fleet horses and choice ones, than any other locality can boast in this country.

POWERFUL.—A Detroit military company recently responded to a sentiment by "three cheers, big injun, elephant and shanghai."

AN AXIOM.—Riches have made many good men worse, but never made any bad men better.

DARK DEEDS IN HAYTI.

A dungeon was lately discovered in Fort Labouc, Hayti, containing 1500 skeletons of the victims of Soulouque's tyranny. The Haytian Monitor says, in the fort was immolated the unfortunate Decimus Grevier. The story is that the Duke de la Bande du Noir, having beaten Madame Nicholas Grevier and her daughter with a riding-whip, was called to account by Decimus Grevier for the outrage committed on his mother and sister. A duel, with swords, followed, in which the baron fell. Decimus was arrested, and through the intervention of the minister sent to Fort Labouc, where he was assassinated immediately after his arrival. Here also was murdered a brave man named Patrice, who was arrested at Aux Cayes, imprisoned and put in irons at Port au Prince without trial of any sort. He was then condemned to seven years in irons in the dungeon of Mole St. Nicholas, and to bury forever the true causes of his wrongs, and conceal them eternally from history. Fort Labouc secretly put an end to his sufferings. The prison of this fort is a subterranean dungeon, damp and infected—a tomb, in short, in which, even with the mildest treatment, those who are interred there cannot live more than fifteen days. But the commandant of the place, a man named Richard, was in the habit of abridging the sufferings of those who were sent to him without a formal order of extermination, by causing hundreds of blows to be administered to them with a stick twice a day. He was, it is said, the direct heir of all his inmates. As soon as he received a prisoner, he had him stripped and cast naked into the dungeon. He retained for his own benefit the provisions which the relatives of the condemned, as well as the charitably disposed of Fort Liberty, sent to the unfortunates. When the frigate with its Faustin freight sailed from Port au Prince to Kingston, the crowd thus apostrophised their oppressors:

A pleasant voyage,
Delva, Lubia;
Leave us and go to regions dark!
A pleasant voyage,
Delva, Lubia;
We vote you the belly of a shark!

Gen. Geffard has issued several decrees, among them one that all the property belonging to the ex-emperor, his wife, and his daughters, Olive and Celia, are, and remain provisionally sequestered.

TRICKS WITH FLOWERS.—There is one very curious trick that can be played with flowers. In one-quarter of a minute a dahlia that is all purple can be changed, so that every petal shall be tipped yellow. This is simply done by burning some brimstone, and holding the flowers a few seconds in the fumes. The change is instantaneous; and when there was no fancy-tipped dahlia, it astonished everybody who did not know it and saw the metamorphosis. Other flowers are subject to change by the fumes of brimstone, which discharges the color wherever it reaches. The experiment is easily tried by lighting a few lucifer matches.

"RODERICK THE ROVER."—This captivating sea story, elegantly illustrated, written by Lieutenant Murray, will be sent *post paid* to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps. Five editions of this remarkable romance have been issued, and the demand is as great as at first!

CONFECTIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.—We wish particularly to call attention to the advertisement in another column of J. Johnson's new and elegant confectionary store, at No. 4 Tremont Row. It has not its equal in Boston, and the able proprietor has actually elevated his business to one of the fine arts!

AMAZING.—It is wonderful that anybody should "shuffle off this mortal coil" now-a-days. You have only to look into the advertising pages of the daily press to see a *specific* "for every ill that flesh is heir to."

AMHERST COLLEGE.—According to the annual catalogue, the number of students in this institution is 235, of whom 47 are seniors, 53 juniors, 61 sophomores, and 74 freshmen.

POPULAR.—In two hours twenty-two applications were made at the public Library in Boston, for bound volumes of *Ballou's Pictorial*.

MOUNT VERNON.—C. H. Marshall of New York has given \$1050 to the Mount Vernon fund.

Mayside Gatherings.

The population of New Orleans is about 140,000.

In California there are 118 Masonic Lodges and 4474 members. There are six in Kansas and three in Nebraska.

Mrs. John Wood is about to open the American Theatre in San Francisco, with a large and talented company.

The Hampshire County East Association of Congregational ministers have passed a resolve that "the raising of tobacco is an immorality."

They are getting very particular down in Gloucester, Mass., having voted to exclude all theatrical shows and exhibitions for the current year.

The Triennial Assessment of Philadelphia for 1859, shows a total of \$155,967,669, on one hundred and three thousand eight hundred and fifty taxables.

Santa Anna devotes his leisure time in St. Thomas to fighting game-cocks. It is pretended that Miramon has invited him to take the government of Mexico.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph, Missouri, Railroad has just been completed. It runs across the State of Missouri—its length is about 207 miles, and its cost is about \$10,000,000.

The Portsmouth Journal says that large quantities of smelts have been caught in Great Bay during the winter. As many as a thousand dozen have been caught in a single day.

The strong feeling which exists in California against the Chinese, has again found vent in violence, some of them having recently been forcibly expelled from Diamond Springs by the miners.

The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well known in the time of Claudius Caesar, A. D. 43. It is certain that insurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45 A. D.

A Washington correspondent says that it is currently reported in well-informed circles, that Lord Lyons will remain in this country for a few months only, when he will be succeeded by Sir William Gore Ouseley.

The mayor of Columbus, Ga., has issued orders for the stationing of a policeman at each of the churches, whose business it is to arrest any person chewing tobacco, or smoking and spitting upon the steps of the church.

The Minnesota papers say that the Indians in that part of the country are rapidly becoming civilized, all those in the neighborhood of the settlements drinking whiskey, chewing tobacco, lying, stealing and swearing equal to white men.

The Methodists of Delaware have refused the aid which the legislature has granted them, of \$4000 towards the building of a church, because the money is to be raised by lottery. They refuse to be parties in any such gambling operations.

The wife of Gen. Miramon, who has lately become President of Mexico, is said to be a regular trump card. She notified her husband—a young man of twenty-seven years—that he must fight his way into the Presidential chair, or she would not live with him.

The Spanish squadron in the waters of Cuba comprises one ship-of-the-line, six frigates, six brigs, three schooners and twelve steamers, carrying altogether 402 guns. It is to be reinforced by a ship-of-the-line, a screw steamer, and a side-wheel steam frigate.

The death of three very aged women are recorded in late New Jersey papers. Two of them were colored, and died at the age of 103 and 108 years respectively. The third was Mrs. Hannah Phillips, the widow of a revolutionary hero, who died in her 108th year, in the possession of all her faculties.

It is stated that Charles Weed, of Milledgeville, Ill., has invented a method of raising water at railway stations, by the weight of the locomotive bearing on a yielding portion of the track. A deflection of half an inch in the rails operates mechanism which pumps up the required quantity for supplying the engine.

The Illinois House of Representatives has a curious custom. Near the close of the session the roll of the members is called through once or twice, and, as his name is called, each member has a right to call for the consideration of one bill, and to have it put on its passage. Many private bills are thus reached and passed.

A house, 125 feet long by 25 wide, has been erected at Washington for the propagation of the tea plants, which have been, or are to be, imported from China. The plants are to be started and sent to different parts of the country for experiment. Mr. Hovey, of the Magazine of Horticulture, deems the experiment quixotic.

The Associated Press is about to establish a News Agency at Cape Race, and all European steamers will be boarded off that point, and news only seven days old from Europe will be transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the United States. This has already been done on several occasions, but the intention is to make it a permanent plan.

They told hard stories about the pawnbrokers at a meeting recently held in Boston, to establish a public institution similar to the Mont de Piete in Paris. It was stated that an actress who returned to Boston minus a cent, pawned her wardrobe for ten dollars, for which sum only one dollar a week was charged.

Sands of Gold.

.... Conversation is the ventilation of the mind.—Parker.

.... National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.—H. T. Tuckerman.

.... Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion.—Channing.

.... What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.—Mann.

.... Our ambition is a part of our selfishness. None but the selfish are ambitious.—Bovee.

.... Men of wit have not always the clearest judgment or the deepest reason.—Robert Walsh.

.... The true Fortunatus's purse is the richness of the generous and tender affections.—Robert Walsh.

.... Propriety of conduct is more the result of a feeling of what is proper than of a perception of it.—Bovee.

.... A prudent man ought to be guided by a demonstrated probability not less than by a demonstrated certainty.—Robert Walsh.

.... Sometimes we are devils ourselves, when we will tempt the frailty of our powers, presuming on their changeable potency.—Shakespeare.

.... He that gives for gain, profit, or any by-end, destroys the very intent of bounty; for it falls only upon those who do not want.—Seneca.

.... He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—Charnock.

.... Beauty, wit, high birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, love, friendship, charity, are subjects all to envious and calumniating time.—Shakespeare.

.... No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the slaves of vehement passion, like him who is rising into the light and liberty of virtue.—Channing.

.... Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—H. T. Tuckerman.

.... Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue.—Lacon.

.... In morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers, but the morality of the Gospel doth so exceed them all, that to give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament.—Locke.

Joker's Budget.

In Maine when you ask a man to drink, you must say, "Will you make the landlord violate?"

Down east they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious chap dried snow and sold it for salt.

An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien, afterwards Mayor of Dublin.

The man who thinks he can talk a girl out of love, has gone south to dam the Mississippi with a chip. He can do one about as soon as the other.

An emigrant to Missouri from New Hampshire writes that the people die so fast there that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow.

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time, and killed him. An Irishman observed, "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

A country editor perpetrates the following upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

"The case is the strongest we have known in our life, The husband's a husband, and so is the wife."

A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any of it left?"

A bachelor friend of ours, returning the other evening from a ball, in a crowded coach, declared, with a groan, that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal objection to "belles on his toes."

An Irishwoman appeared in court in Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze yer honor, I don't understand you!" "I say what has she got?" "Chills and faver, plaze yer honor!"

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at the theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was respectfully requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out: "Let him alone, honey, he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!" He immediately squatted.

A Dutchman, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Chon," said he, "go and call de circus preacher to come, and if he can't, den get de locust preacher, and if he can't come, why den get de extortioner" (exhorter).

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY WORLD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I know not why I fill the air
 With strange creations of my brain,
 With objects grand, grotesque and fair,
 And then destroy to make again.
 I only know that hopes of good,
 By worldlings little understood,
 That lofty feelings, grand desires,
 The kindling of Promethean fires,
 Have worked and labored in my breast,
 Untill at last their earnest quest
 Has found a world, unformed, ideal,
 But which to me seems truly real.
 It is a world of strange device,
 Where I my vagrant thoughts entice,
 And build me castles, rich and rare,
 Although, albeit, sustained in air.
 Or rather 'tis my heart's fair home,
 Where, weary of your world, I come,
 To live awhile, devoid of sin,
 Retired my better self within.
 My loved Penates guard me there
 From every earthly grief and care;
 And this in truth, I well believe,
 That from these fancies which I weave,
 A glimpse of heaven I oft receive!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TEMPTED, BUT NOT LOST.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"She was a woman, less than child,
 And thought whatever he said was true."

"HOMELESS, friendless, penniless! Heaven help me, for I know not what to do!"

The words were half a wail, half a prayer, and as they fell from her lips, Lucy Harmon looked long and wearily about her comfortless little room, and her frame thrilled with a visible shudder. The four walls, bare, and white, and cold—the naked floor—the narrow windows with their curtains of coarse muslin, seemed, in truth, desolate enough. To her heart they struck a sudden and terrible chill.

It was a fearful winter for the poor. Thousands in the great throbbing heart of New York died daily of want. Business was dull—work cheap—bread dear! Hunger and cold slew more than sickness! But through it all Lucy Harmon had kept up a brave heart and cheerful spirit. Hard times made little difference with her. For three years—ever since she was fifteen—she had lived in the noisy, crowded city, her humble, contented, solitary and laborious life. It had grown to be quite a home to her. She had made friends of the wide, bustling streets, the crowded buildings, the changing sea of faces perpetually pouring past her window. She did not envy the rich. She had sweet pity in her heart for all who were needier or less happy than herself. While she had health and youth, and a pair of able hands, she would not repine—God was good, and the world kind.

But even to her elastic and hopeful spirits there came at last a sudden and awful paralysis of terror. Her employer had failed! The last piece of sewing came back upon her hands unpaid for. At first she was not dismayed; she doubted not she should find work elsewhere! To doubt would have been to despair. But weeks went by, and her little store of earnings had dwindled down to a paltry sum, scarcely enough to satisfy the demands of her grim landlady for the rent of her one poor room. In vain she had traversed the city from end to end, asking everywhere for employment. The shops were crowded with seamstresses, working for almost nothing. No one wanted her—gruff refusals met her everywhere, sometimes insults—now and then a sly hint about her pretty face, and a leering remark that such as she might make ladies of themselves, and be above work.

And this was why she sat in her cold, silent room, that dreary December day, facing her future with a faint, despairing heart;—sat there until the twilight fell about her, gray and cheerless, and from her window she could see the street lamps lighted, like so many fiery eyes kindled to glare upon her misery.

Her little purse was empty. There was no fire in the cheap stove, and no fuel to build one. Food had not passed her lips for two days. Is it to be wondered at that she cried out despairingly, "Heaven help me, for I know not what to do!"

She rose up at last and put on her bonnet and shawl. It was madness to stay there alone with her thoughts. It had been snowing all the day, but she did not care for that—anything to escape

from her fears—anything, so she might but fly from the remembrance of her situation—her blank, vacant, terrible future.

She went into the street—the stormy, noisy, dimly-lighted street. The snow drifted in white clouds through the air, and piled itself in soft, spotless billows on the pavements. She moved on listlessly, regardless how mockingly the wild, sharp wind fluttered the folds of her coarse shawl, and beat the white storm into her face. The chill at her heart deadened her nerves to outward cold.

"An inclement night for one like you to be abroad. May I not walk beside you, and shield you with my umbrella?"

The voice sounded close beside her—strong, musical, manly. She turned quickly, a little startled, a little pleased. She had heard that voice before. The dark, handsome face into which she looked was no strange one, it had been daguerreotyped in the holiest chamber of her heart for weeks. Her acquaintance with Leonard Barclay was purely accidental; in fact, it could hardly be called an acquaintance, yet every chord of her simple, girlish nature gave out sweet music under its influence. She scarcely knew how their friendship commenced—it was brought about in some way or other. She knew little of him beyond the fact that he was kind to her, and seemed much interested in all that concerned her. Poor, simple child! If she had only known him as he was, a rich, proud, polished man of the world, seeking the friendship of a poor shop-girl! But she was pretty, pure, artless, and the fowler's snare was set. Good angels guard her!

She took his proffered arm with a happy, fluttering heart. While that handsome face bent above her she forgot care, weariness and fear—the weight seemed suddenly lifted from her heart, her future gleamed before her, dim and rosy, with a new, delicious hope.

He seemed a little surprised when he knew that she came out merely for a walk—even chided her for her carelessness, but so tenderly, that she blessed him for his approach, it was so sweet, so novel to have any one in the wide world who cared whether she did one thing or another. But since she had shown herself such a naughty girl, he said, he didn't see but what he should be compelled to furnish her with his company. He would walk till she was tired of walking, and then he would wait upon her home, might he not? For the first time Lucy blushed, thinking of her humble lodgings. Would he care less for her when he knew how poor, how very poor she was?

They came at last to a part of the city where the streets were broader, and more brilliantly lighted. A burst of orchestral music, a sound of rapturous applause, told Lucy where she was.

"Would she go with him into the theatre?" her companion asked.

She glanced at her plain shawl and cotton gloves, murmuring something about her clothes not being suitable, and wondering all the while if he would not despise her if he knew she had no better ones.

"Well, at least, she would go in and take some refreshments," he said, as he came opposite a fashionable saloon.

She thought of her two days' fasting, and smiled bitterly. Mr. Barclay would take no denial this time, but drew her along with a kind of authoritative gentleness. She was obliged to put her hands to her eyes, the first strong, brilliant glare of light dazzled them so, as she entered the saloon. There were groups of elegantly dressed men and women scattered about by the marble tables, eating, drinking, sipping wine, laughing and talking. How happy they all looked, to her unsophisticated eyes!

But she had no appetite to taste the delicacies which Mr. Barclay insisted upon ordering for her. She preferred to look about her and watch the smiling, happy faces, the rich dresses, and the busy servants flitting here and there. It was a new scene to her, and she enjoyed it eagerly.

Wine was brought, though she had no recollection of hearing Mr. Barclay call for it. How the red waves foamed, and danced and sparkled in the crystal goblets! She noticed, as her companion pushed one towards her, that the reflection of the crimson glass fell over his white, jewelled hand, staining it with a tinge like blood. It seemed to her an evil omen. A feeling of insecurity came over her, a vague presentiment of some danger not far away, but it was dissipated by Mr. Barclay's voice asking her if she would not drink with him.

"No, no! Not for worlds would I touch a drop of wine to my lips!"

He laughed merrily at her simple earnestness of refusal,—so unlike a fashionable refusal—called her a sweet little prude, and then lifted his own glass to his lips, whispering her name as a pledge, with an endearing epithet prefixed to it, which brought an instantaneous color to her cheek, richer and redder than the wine.

"Mr. Barclay, if you wouldn't think me presuming,—I—" She faltered, in confusion. Mr. Barclay lowered his glass, and waited patiently for her to proceed.

"I—I—wish you wouldn't drink it, sir!"

"And why?"

Lucy hesitated. She could have painted for him that moment a sad, dark picture—a father degraded by intemperance—a mother dying broken-hearted—her own childhood heavy with the shadow of a parent's disgrace. But she realized instinctively how little such an argument would affect him, how ill-timed it would seem at that time and in such a place, so she answered simply, "Because it would please me not to have you."

An amused smile crossed the proud, dark face.

"You couldn't have given a sweeter reason, or one that would influence me more. But I am exacting. You must render favor for favor. Call me Leonard once, not Mr. Barclay, it is too formal."

If there was a trifle of imperiousness in the words, Lucy did not notice it. Her heart was fluttering in her throat like a frightened bird. Mr. Barclay still held the wine in his hand, reading her flushed face with his handsome, steady, tender hazel eyes.

She looked up timidly. "Please don't drink it, Leonard!" The glass was transferred to the table instantly. He did not lift it again.

That night Lucy Harmon laid her head upon her humble pillow with tears of happiness wetting her silken lashes. Leonard Barclay had told her that he loved her. To be sure he did not know her circumstances—not for the world would she have told him of her destitution. Pride revolted. But something would happen on the morrow, she was sure—something must happen. She would look again for work—some one would certainly employ her, and then all would go well. Leonard Barclay loved her! How like a sudden, golden sunrise, that knowledge broke through the darkness, coloring everything with a flush of rosy light. She went to sleep murmuring his name in her prayers. Poor Lucy!

"No, no—in God's name leave me, Leonard Barclay!"

She stood erect, white and tearless, the color dying from her face, the hope from her heart. A quiver of deathly pain troubled the sweet mouth, the beautiful eyes were dark with an unutterable anguish. For weeks she had been walking blindfolded in a path of flowers; but the scales had fallen at last, and she shuddered to see what a frightful, yawning abyss was spanned by that frail bridge of roses.

Face to face they stood together—Leonard Barclay and his intended victim—face to face in Lucy's little cheerless attic room, with the thin, wintry sunshine lying on the bare walls, flooding the unpainted floor. They made a strange picture, that haughty man, pleading with passionate, bewildering eloquence, Lucy confronting him with her pallid, surprised, horror-stricken countenance.

"O, how blind, how blind I have been!" she murmured with a dreary sigh, passing her hand wearily across her eyes, like one suddenly afflicted by loss of sight. "And this is the end of it all—all my dreaming, all my loving, all my sweet hopes and beautiful plans! O, Leonard, Leonard! God forgive you your cruelty!"

Her voice died away in a husky sob. She essayed to speak again, but language dissolved in bitter tears. The anguish of her white, convulsed face might have struck remorse to the heart of a fiend. For an instant the worldly man stood abashed and silent before the simple majesty of her great grief. It was for an instant only. "Lucy!"

The tempter was by her side again—his passionate voice in her ear, his bold, bad, eager face close to hers, his arms about her, drawing her to him tenderly, closely, gently, soothing her with caressing words, and pacifying her with kisses.

"Lucy, my darling, my love, my life! my poor, foolish, frightened little girl! Look up and tell me that you love me. These terrible sobs pierce to my heart like swords."

She struck down his circling arms with quick disdain, and stepped back a few paces, her face glowing, her wet eyes all ablaze, the royal blood of insulted womanhood flaming up in scarlet torrents to neck, cheek and brow. But she did not speak. Her queenly attitude, the expression of her burning face, was enough without the aid of words. Leonard Barclay quailed before them in dire confusion. But once more he rallied. With a meaning glance he looked about the poor apartment. Lucy's eyes followed his. She understood the glance, the sarcastic smile, the sneer, the pitying, tender look which displaced them all, and lighted up her lover's face so gloriously, till it seemed the countenance of a fallen god, before the light of heaven had vanished from it. Never had the low, dingy walls looked so mean to her before. She contrasted them silently with the home he had painted for her—grand, gorgeous, fit for a queen. She saw the long, disheartening struggles with poverty ended forever, the poor, shop-girl's cotton gown exchanged for costly silks and flashing jewels. But her pure heart wavered not a single instant.

"You are rich—I am poor. That is what you would say. But are you less a man, I less a woman, on that account?" she said in a slow, pains-taking way, as though every word cost her a pang. "You cannot buy me with gold. The white face of my dead father and mother would rise up between me and peace, if I should bring such a shame upon their memories. Go away from me! Double, treble your wealth, multiply it by millions, and then the worth of a poor girl's honor will surpass it all. Go!"

"You never loved me, Lucy. True love will make sacrifices for the beloved's sake."

Like a lioness at bay she turned upon him.

"Dare you say that to me? What sacrifice would your love make for my sake? Is it a sacrifice for you to seek my degradation, to make my name a by-word and a scoff to all who know me? Never loved you! I would have spilled my heart's best blood to save you a sorrow, and this is my return. Never loved you! Had I been in your place and you in mine, I never would have wronged you so. O, Leonard, Leonard! God forgive me, I have worshipped you!"

Something in her words touched a new chord in Leonard Barclay's heart. From his inmost soul he revered her womanly strength and innocence. There rose before him in fancy, the face of the haughty heiress to whom his hand was pledged. Would she have passed unscathed through that fiery ordeal of temptation? But for the ties which bound him to her, he would that moment have laid his wealth and rank where his heart already knelt in homage—at the feet of Lucy Harmon.

"God forbid that I should urge you longer, Lucy," he said with respectful earnestness. "Let me kiss you once and I will go—no, do not shrink from me. Not for worlds would I harm you now. I would take away the impress of your lips as I would an angel's benediction. I believe its memory will keep me pure, when nothing else could. There! Good-by, and God bless you!"

The next moment he was gone. Lucy listened eagerly, till the last sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, and then, with a long, low, shuddering wail, the spasmodic utterance of a crushed heart, she fell fainting to the floor.

"Stand back, my friends. Don't you see she is dead?"

The speaker's mouth is very pale, and he pushes the crowd aside with imperious haste. One arm supports the figure of a senseless woman, to the other a little boy clings weeping. A few moments since a span of frightened horses came dashing down Broadway. A little boy, trundling his hoop across the street, ran directly before them. The horrified crowd shouted to him in vain. Hundreds witnessing his danger felt their hearts stand still with terror. He would be trampled to death. But no! A brave, heroic young girl sprang forward and saved his life at the peril of her own. The child was unharmed, but his deliverer was struck down bleeding, bruised, and possibly dead upon the pavement. Her white, still face was very like death. The woman is Lucy Harmon, the boy is Leonard Barclay's son!

She came back to consciousness slowly. For a moment she thinks herself dreaming, and closes her eyes wearily. They open upon a picture of luxury rarer than any she ever dreamed of. Her hands lie on a velvet counterpane,



CHURCH AT LERY, FRANCE.

heavy with silver fringe. Magnificent lounges, superb curtains, mirrors, pictures, statuary, flowers, blushing in costly vases—she takes in all at a single admiring glance. But it is none of these that sends such a shock of white surprise over her features. A dark, alas! a too familiar face bends over her pillow—a musical voice whispers, "God bless you, Lucy! I owe you my child's life!"

That voice! It is five long years since she heard it, and all this while she has been trying to banish the melody from her heart. She turns upon her pillow with a feeble moan. Why should that face of all others rise up to haunt her?

"Do not turn away from me in that way, as though you utterly loathed the sight of my face. If you only knew how dear, how surpassingly precious your memory has been to me through all these years, you would give me a kinder greeting, I am sure."

"Have you no gratitude, no mercy?" she whispered in reply, "that you torture me thus? O, Leonard, Mr. Barclay, as you value my happiness, my peace, leave me!"

"Never, never till I know the meaning of these words. Your peace—your happiness, did you say? Is it possible—dare I hope, may I interpret your language to please myself? May I believe that you still care for me?"

A flush of scorn, of indignation, of outraged womanly feeling, darkens Lucy Harmon's beautiful face as she listens. She tries to rise, but falls back faint and dizzy.

"You do well—you honor your manhood by insulting a woman whom you would hardly dare look in the face but for her helplessness. Go, go, or I shall be tempted to curse you!—shall be tempted to call in your wife as a witness to your private theatricals."

"My wife!" He repeated the words after her wonderingly. "I have no wife, as I supposed you knew. She has been dead for three long years—ever since the birth of my little Harry whose life you have this day saved. I swear to you, by my hopes of heaven, that I meant no insult. I have loved you as I never loved any other woman on earth, not even the one whom I have called my wife. Accident has thrown us together again, though I had never dared hope to see you more on earth! Something in your manner tells me that I have been remembered kindly, that my former wrong has been forgiven. May I atone for that wrong in the only way which lies in my power? You are in my house as a guest. Will you make it your home? Will you be my wife?"

There is a long silence, then a low, hurried, inarticulate whisper, which only the nice ear of a lover could understand. It satisfies Leonard Barclay, however, if one may judge from the passionate kisses which fall from his lips upon Lucy's, or by the unspeakable quiver of tenderness and joy which runs through his voice as he murmurs, "God bless you, my darling, God bless you!"

CHURCH OF LERY, DEPARTMENT OF EURE, FRANCE.

The church of Lery, delineated on this page, is a beautiful example of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, taken as a whole, though open to criticism in many of its details. The general effect is certainly picturesque and striking, and the edifice will have many admirers. The church seems to have been constructed or at least founded about the 11th century. The plain and rather monotonous ornaments of its portal are not very elaborately executed. Yet the whole building is not inharmonious. The three conjoined windows which surmount the entrance have an agreeable effect. The caps of these windows are ornamented with acanthus leaves, which are carved delicately, and turn gracefully in volutes over the angles. At the summit of the gable is the figure of a man seated, and appearing to look upon the passers-by. The tower, delicate and graceful, has a heavy cornice supported by modillions with heads of men and animals. The cross of the cemetery, seen on the left, is in exquisite taste; but time has changed the delicacy of its outlines, destroyed the expression of life in the faces, and effaced the beauty of the chaste draperies. On one side is seen the figure of Christ in his agony; on the other the Virgin, crowned, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and

veiled as much by her long, flowing tresses as by the ample mantle folded and falling in graceful undulations. Below, three draped figures of saints, separated by heads of winged cherubim, are supported by three consoles; three angels sustain a shield on which are carved the instruments of the Passion. The river Eure runs at a short distance behind the church. The riparian inhabitants, without regard to dictionaries and geographical maps, called it the *Dure* (hard), on account of its inequality, its caprices, and the rapidity of its course. Beyond, extends the rich valley of the river Seine, which receives the waters of the Eure, a short distance from the Lery.

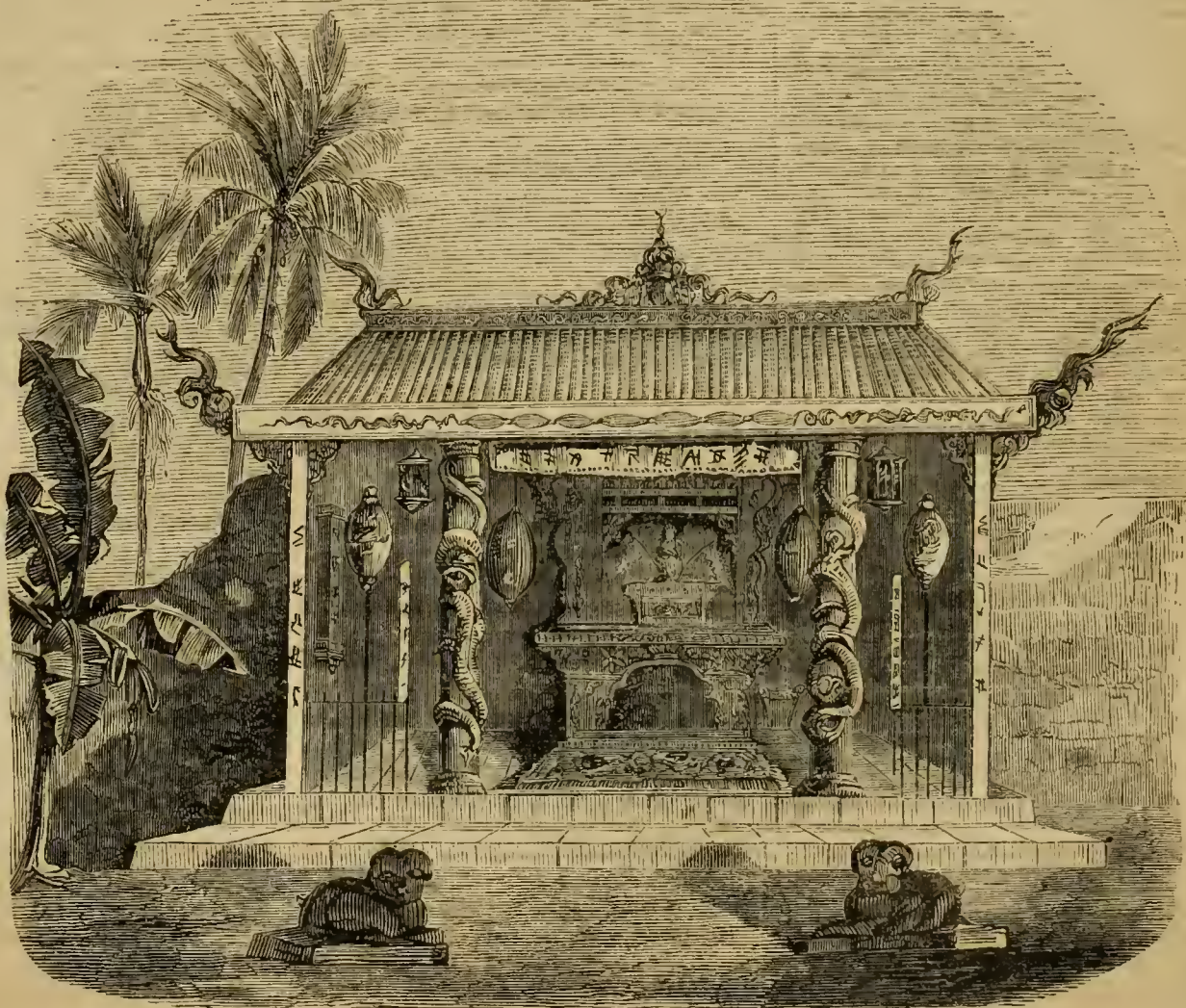
CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR, CELEBES.

At the southern extremity of the peninsula which forms the southern part of the island of Celebes, formerly rose the great city of Mangkasara (vulgarly called Macassar), the capital of a pow-

erful kingdom. A great part of the population of Celebes has preserved the name of *Mangkasaras*, and the Malays often designate the entire island by the name of *Tana-Mangkasara*, (Mangkasara land.) Some petty principalities have been formed from the ruins of this empire; the Dutch have taken possession of the rest. On the site of the great city are three villages, inhabited respectively by the Baroos, the Boughis and the Malays, and a little Dutch town of 1200 or 1500 inhabitants, named Vlaardingen, defended by Fort Rotterdam, the residence of the Dutch authorities. Here, as in all the principal maritime places of Oceania, a notable fraction of the population is Chinese. The Chinese are very numerous in Malaysia. At Batavia, at Manila, and in many other cities, they occupy separate quarters. The west coast of Borneo is covered by their colonies. Patient and indefatigable laborers, they play the same part in these countries that the Jews did in ancient Europe; they have all the lucrative pursuits, the gold-washing and diamond mining, banking and commission business, keep gambling houses, farm taxes and hold monopolies. At the courts of the native princes, their position is like that of the children of Judea with the Turkish pachas; they have the same means of increasing their fortunes, and take the same pains to conceal their money; often punished, always necessary, and always employed; incessantly complaining of their poverty, although the richest merchants of the countries they inhabit. A persistent preservation of national manners, customs and religion, is as remarkable in the Chinese as in the Jew. Beside their homes, there rises, as in their native land, the altar of the gods, the *miao* or pagoda, a temple more or less rich, more or less ornamented, according to the means of the votaries. Our engraving represents one of their queer and fantastic temples at Macassar. Chinese temples are generally pretty much like each other. Their ordinary decorations consist of columns with spiral carvings, pictures, inscriptions, lamps and tables, on which are placed some of the numerous gods of Chinese polytheism, more multiplied than those that Greek and Roman imaginations created: Pan-kou, who introduced order into the universe by separating heaven from earth; Ien-nan, who tries the dead, and presides over the transmigration of souls; Ien-nam, who presides over the infernal regions; Tien-kouen, master of heaven; Loui-xen, god of thunder and lightning; Lao-chuin, chief arbiter of battles; Koung-fon-tseu, god of wisdom, and other representative divinities. Besides these, each family has its particular idols.

GRAND SQUARE OF RUMELIJEH, CAIRO.

The view presented on page 192, of the great Square of Rumelijeh, Cairo, affords a vivid idea of the architecture and life of the East. The stern towers, the glittering minarets, the varied figures and dresses which animate this scene, transport us to that region of which we read so much in our youth, and to which we most of us long to make a pilgrimage in our manhood. The scenery around Cairo is quite unique. To the left are seen the bare sand-hills of the Arabian desert, and the city, with its hundreds of minarets, its palm trees and mulberry plantations; on the right is the long, level waste of the Lybian desert, whose horizon is only broken by the Pyramids. Cairo has become a place of much traffic during late years, from being on the high road from London to India, and consequently it has undergone many changes as far as appearances within are concerned. There are hotels kept by Europeans, with European attendants, in which every comfort and luxury may be obtained; shops with English goods; consulates, whose officers wear frock coats and kid gloves, and ladies in latest Parisian fashions promenade on the Esbekijeh. Within the citadel, which opens upon the square of El Rumelijeh, is a new mosque, which covers the remains of the late Mehemet Ali. The citadel is a place of considerable strength, and celebrated in modern times as the locality in which Mehemet Ali had the janissaries slaughtered, thereby ridding himself of a set of guards in whose hands the pachas of Egypt were mere puppets; imitating, in some measure, the Emperor Diocletian, who got rid of the Pretorian Guard under somewhat similar circumstances. There are many places in the neighborhood, of great interest—the pyramids, the ruins of Heliopolis and of ancient Memphis, etc.



CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR, CELEBES.

Poet's Corner.

SNOW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Light, and still, and soft,
Flake after flake comes down,
Dimming the air aloft,
Flecking the oak-boles brown;
Light as the fall of years
On a head grown white in peace;
Light as the breath of the angel death
When he whispereth of release.

White, and calm, and cold,
Under a sunset sky
Glowing with red, aerial gold,
The unstained snow-drifts lie.
Calm as the pulseless dead
In the grave-niche, cold and white,
With a kindling glow on each marble brow—
A glory of love and light.

Pure, and soft, and still,
Drifting down to the sea,
Melt the snows of the pearl-white hill
Into sunshine, silently.
Blue are the depths above,
Deep is the blue below,
White from the bay glides a sail away—
And a soul passed, white as snow.

THOUGHTS.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense,
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Frightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.—ROGERS.

HONOR.

By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.—SHAKESPEARE.

GLORY.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light.
WEBSTER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The tranquillity of Europe depends on the breath of Louis Napoleon. What an idea that is to reflect upon! A few words from his lips can make or mar a thousand fortunes, create a panic on the Bourse of Paris, shake the Exchange of London, and reverberate in dismal echoes through all the money-marts of Europe. And this man but a few years ago was kicking about New York and London a penniless adventurer, and aspiring to the crown of France by teaching a bald eagle to descend upon his crown. If we professional story-tellers should assign such a career to an imaginary hero wouldn't the critics make a precious row about it? Of course they would, and I would prove such a career to be impossible. But Louis Napoleon is like Marie Antoinette's minister, who answered to a request of hers, "Madame, if it is impossible, it shall certainly be done". The New Yorkers are on the *qui vive* with respect to the "Fifth Avenue Hotel," to be opened by Col. Paron Stevens, who deserves to be breveted lieutenant-general for his enterprises and his victories. The architect of this marble palace is William Washburn of this city. Not only does this hotel have a beautiful site opposite to the shrubbery of Madison Square; it stretches its façades of white marble down Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth Streets. Mr. Ullman is expected to open the Boston Theatre as the "Academy of Music" in September next. Mr. Barry's re-lease of the Theatre extends to June next. The Berkshire people got ahead of us this winter decidedly. They had ninety-nine successive days of good sleighing—while we did not enjoy more than four or five. The London Athenæum. In an excellent obituary of Hallam, the historian, remarks as an admirable feature in him, that he was ready to amend errors and repair omissions; and his last editions are annotated and improved with "a most curious and conscientious skill." Hence these editions are the best. "In Hallam," says the Athenæum, "we possessed a scholar who loved truth better than fame." The Hartford Press relates that the other evening as a young clergyman was skating down the Connecticut at great speed, he came so unexpectedly upon a group of young ladies that he could not turn to avoid them, and therefore to prevent accident caught one by the waist and took her with him. As soon as the astonished female could recover her speech he was saluted with, "Who's dat huggin' me so?" and looking upon his frail burden's face, the young clergyman found that it was black as night. He did not carry her far, and doesn't enjoy compliments for his politeness. General Scott lately appeared on the turf at New Orleans. Long may it be before the old hero is under the turf! Josiah Bradlee, Esq., learning that the trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor were in a dilemma respecting the means that should be adopted to secure funds for erecting a much needed barn on the premises at Germantown (Quincy), immediately directed that the barn be built, and that the bill of expense be forwarded to him. Its estimated cost is \$2500. Mr. Bradlee had previously contributed thousands towards the building already erected. In the memoirs of the Empress Catherine the Second, written by herself, she gives an account of a masked ball at Moscow, where all the gentlemen came dressed as women, in enormous hoops, and all the women

wore masculine attire. The empress was the only one who looked really natural as a man. A school commissioner recently required a class of young gentlemen to pledge themselves "not to attend evening parties nor go home with the girls after dark!" before he would grant them the required certificates as teachers. It is said that the copper lands in Minnesota, bordering on the north shore of Lake Superior, will be sold to the highest bidder during the present year. These lands are not considered adapted for agricultural purposes, but contain rich copper mines. Croakers are beginning to start stories of canker worm, caterpillars, cold summer, frozen sap blight, etc., and to predict a failure of the fruit crop. "We shall see," as old Mr. Ritchie used to say. It seems that our custom of pelting a popular actress or singer with bouquets is almost unknown in England. Some enthusiastic young gentlemen were recently expelled from the Strand Theatre in London for throwing wreaths of flowers upon the stage, in honor of a popular actress, Miss Selby. An effort is going to be made by a company of American gentlemen, residing in Paris, to purchase a certain journal, which can be had for perhaps a sum of \$50,000, to be devoted to the protection of American interests. The journal will not publicly avow its policy, but will seize every occasion to put the French public right on America and American questions. Mr. Jefferson never franked letters for any members of his family, and correspondents frequently enclosed in those directed to him, letters for some of his family, but Mr. Jefferson invariably gave notice of the fact to the postmaster of the place, and had the postage of all such letters charged to him. We dare say little Piccolomini can patter Italian as fast as a Morgan horse can trot, but her command of the English language is not surprising. Her reply to a band of serenaders at Troy, N. Y., was: "Sheentlemen, I am veer mooch obligee for dis complements. I am veer poore speak Anglish, unt I feels shleepy." Almost every day some queer way of committing suicide is noted. A lady in St. Paul, Minnesota, who had become unsettled in her mind from anxiety in matters of religion, attempted self-destruction by drinking boiling water from a tea-kettle. She was at last accounts recovering. Lord Miltoun, a gentleman whom nature failed to provide with legs, wished to be presented to Louis Napoleon with his wife and daughter. The morning of the day on which the presentation was to take place, the emperor sent word to Lord Cowley that he could not receive Lord Miltoun, as he heard he had no legs, and that he must sit while the emperor stood. The author of "Childe Harold," while in Italy, had a hemlet made for his own use in the battle-field of Greece. That identical article, never worn as originally intended, but which must have covered the brain of the great poet "many a time and oft," is now the ornament of a house in South Boston. It is so small that nine heads out of ten trying it on would more than fill it. Mr. Charles Phillips recently died suddenly at London, in the 73d year of his age. He was an Irish forensic orator, whose early speeches attracted a good deal of attention in their day, and are now de-claimed in the schoolhouses in the United States. A recent letter from La Rochelle, France, says that the yield of the grape has been more abundant than drinkable water. Coopers were employed night and day, but being unable to supply the demand for casks the wine had to be converted into brandy. The equestrian circus at Warsaw has been destroyed by fire; in a few hours the whole building was reduced to ashes. A number of stags and "learned" dogs perished in the flames. The howls of these poor animals were frightful, but it was impossible to get at them. The horses were all saved. Hall's Journal of Health affirms that diseases come and go as do the fashions. Once, everybody had the dyspepsia, then clergyman's sore throat was the rage, and now, don't every third person have some form of neuralgia?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POETS AND POETRY OF VERMONT. Edited by Miss Abby MARIA HEMENWAY. Published by George A. Tuttle & Co., Rutland, Vt. pp. 400.
This is an exceedingly neat edition of poems by natives of the Green Mountain State, embracing many sweet specimens of verse, and touching upon all themes, from lively to severe. We observe, appropriately set among the rest, that familiar and widely known poem, "The Old Canoe," written by Miss Emily R. Page of Bradford, Vermont.
SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL: or, *Civilization in New York*. By A. D. MAYO. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 368. 1859.
Taking the State of New York as the representative of the characteristic tendencies of American society, the author expresses his views of city and country life, labor, inventions, money, education, the arts, crime, women, religion, etc. While dissenting from many of his views, we admit the ability with which the author handles his themes. For sale by A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston.
THE MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER FOR 1859. By Adams, Sampson & Co., 91 Washington Street.
An invaluable book of reference for State statistics, which should be on every man's table. It is admirably arranged, and contains a vast amount of information.
New Music—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published, "She who sleeps upon my heart," a love song, written by Anson G. Chester. music by T. H. Hinton; "The Power of Love," a ballad, from Balfe's new opera of *Satanella*; "Tell me, ye softly breathing gales," music and words by Louise A. Denton; and "Mother Bailey," song and chorus by Carl Lorenz.
ANECDOTES OF LOVE. By LOLA MONTEZ. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 292. 1859.
These anecdotes of love, or what is termed love by the Countess of Lansfeldt, though curious, are not new to well-read persons. They are amusing reading, though not arranged systematically or even narrated very felicitously.
MAJOR THORPE'S SCENES IN ARKANSAW. Illustrated by Darley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 200.
A collection of side-splitting stories, originally published in the "Spirit of the Times," New York, and written by popular American authors. The volume has sixteen the engravings from original designs by Darley in his best style. It contains some of the best comic stories ever written. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The speech of the emperor of the French is still a subject of discussion in political circles all over England and Europe, its ambiguities furnishing the text for various comments. "Peace or war?" is still the all-absorbing question. People say that the manner of the emperor exhibits irresolution and even fear—and the slightest gesture of this inscrutable man is narrowly watched and commented. It is certain that in France he has lost a great deal of popularity. Capitalists, merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturalists are irritated at the fluctuations of property; the troops, those four hundred thousand tigers, are angry at having the sight of blood so often exhibited to them, and so often withdrawn. As for the courtiers, they have exhibited the grossest ingratitude towards their master. Whenever the throne appeared in danger, they have pressed him for foreign appointments, anxious to get out of the way themselves and let him face the crisis. This it was that drew from him the exclamation—*Le vide se fait autour moi*—(I am left entirely alone). Our private letters from Paris express the opinion that war is inevitable—that Napoleon could not avoid it if he would, and that the opening of hostilities is only a question of time. Perhaps while these lines are going through the press, the tocsin may have sounded—perhaps months may elapse before the crash of arms is heard. But if war occurs, it will certainly be a bloody and extended one, involving all Europe in its vortex. What will be the final result, no one can venture to predict. Yet Louis Napoleon is so able and so fortunate that even out of the seething cauldron of war he may pluck laurels and safety. The London Times, always confident, though not always reliable, emphatically supports another view of the question. The Thunderer says: "The emperor of the French has duly weighed this side and that, and the conclusion probably is, that, without renouncing a sentiment or recalling a word, without loving Austria more, or less appreciating the glory of an Italian appanage or ally, the emperor of the French is not at present prepared to do battle with half Europe, even with the aid of the remaining half."

Count de Morny's Speech.

The passage in Count de Morny's speech which raised the hopes of the friends of peace so high is quoted as follows: "Have confidence when the emperor tells us, 'Resume tranquilly your labors—peace, I hope, will not be disturbed. I will remain firm in the path of law, justice, and national honor.' And when, recollecting those celebrated words, 'the empire is peace,' he adds that 'peace cannot be disturbed except for the defence of great national interests,' so many other considerations are added to dispel our uneasiness. Religion, philosophy, civilization, credit, industry, have all made of peace the first benefit of modern society. The blood of the people is no longer lightly shed; war is the last resource of rights disregarded, and of honor offended. The greater number of difficulties are removed by diplomacy or solved by pacific arbitrament. Rapid international communication and publicity have created a new European power, with which all governments are forced to account; that power is public opinion. It may for a moment be undecided or mistaken, but it always ends by siding with justice, with right, and with humanity."

Prince Napoleon.

Some people have seized upon the Sardinian marriage as an opportunity of paying respect to Prince Napoleon, by presenting themselves at the Palais Royal, when they would not for their lives be seen at the Tuilleries. But this the emperor laughs to scorn. Prince Napoleon may have conquered to himself the men of the pen and palette—he may have a considerable party among the *viveurs* of Paris; and, in case of internal commotion, these are not to be despised; but the army, upon whose allegiance the emperor builds his most ambitious hopes, hates and despises the prince for his lack of courage in the Crimea.

Campagna Museum.

The Campagna Museum at Rome, which is, in fact, a resurrection of all that relates to the civil, religious, and military life of the classic countries of antiquity, will soon be lost to the country where it was formed. The unfortunate circumstances in which the Marquis Campana is placed, and the claims which the papal government have upon the Museum, will necessitate the sale of its contents at no distant period.

St. Petersburg.

The first number of a new military journal has just been published at St. Petersburg. Its editors propose to examine into the abuses which exist in Russian military organization, and to seek out the means of reforming them.

Resignation of Liszt.

Liszt has resigned his post, which he has long held, of director of the opera at Weimar. He has done this, it is said, from disgust at the failure of an opera called "The Barber of Bagdad," composed by a M. Coruelius, one of his pupils.

British India.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart, has determined on allotting a sum of 75,000 rupees (£7500) for the foundation of a hospital, to be styled the "Victoria Charitable Dispensary," in the town of Nowsaree, near Surat.

New Dramatist.

A new dramatic author, Mr. Sidney French, a young gentleman quite unknown to literary fame, is soon to produce his first work at the Lyceum, London, supported by Madame Celeste and other celebrities.

The Austrian Troops.

Those English officers who have had opportunities of examining the Austrian troops speak in very flattering terms of their "setting up," and say that they have never cast eyes on more serviceable looking troops.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
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WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.

A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY

For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.

A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE

For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.

A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM

For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.

IT EFFECTS

A PERMANENT CURE.
A PERMANENT CURE.
A PERMANENT CURE.
A PERMANENT CURE.
A PERMANENT CURE.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only genuine has the written signature of "I. BURTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, SETH W. FOWLE, & Co, Boston, on the outside wrapper, therefore be not deceived.

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AND IN

ALL OTHER PLACES.
ALL OTHER PLACES.
ALL OTHER PLACES.
ALL OTHER PLACES.

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TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

NOTICE.

THE POST OFFICE is removed to the corner of Summer and Chaucer Streets. Iron boxes, for the reception of letters for the mails, are placed on the first floor of the Exchange, on the corner of the Old State House, State Street, on the corner of Commercial and State Streets (opposite the Custom House), and at the west end of Quincy Market.

Post Office, Boston. NAHUM CAPEN, P. M. 2w 12

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NO. 66 HANOVER STREET, TO BUY

Silks, Shawls, Capes, Mantillas, Talmas, Scarfs, And every description of Foreign and Domestic

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The richest and latest styles of silks, and the newest patterns of every kind of OUTSIDE GARMENT, suited to the season, are received at this establishment by every

STEAMER FROM EUROPE.

Immediately upon arrival at this port or at New York. Ladies are particularly invited to examine this immense stock of

NEW SPRING GOODS,

Which will be sold at such prices as will suit every customer

No. 66 Hanover Street, BOSTON. Under the American House, A. J. GRIFFIN, Proprietor. 12

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WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in supplies for Artists and Painters, including Winsor & Newton's superior Tube Oil Colors, Cammuss, Moist and Water Colors, Powder Colors, and all other materials of the finest quality, for the use of artists, either in oil or water colors. M. J. W. & Co. give their particular attention to the sale of Artists' Materials especially, and their stock of the best quality in this respect, is the largest and most comprehensive to be found in this city, and is not surpassed by that of any other stock in this country.

A liberal discount to the Trade and others buying in quantities. 12

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Italic and Roman Letters,

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Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brands, made to order. Brass Alphabets and Figures, INDELIBLE INK, thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for Clothing cut in a few minutes at any time. 12

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SHELL DRESS COMBS of the latest French styles; also a large assortment of patterns of our own manufacture, at

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WE have received 100 Cartons New Styles SPRING BONNET RIBBONS.

An Invoice of RUCHES, all styles.
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An Invoice of LINING SILKS.
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Best FRENCH KID GLOVES, 63 cents a pair.
LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, at prices to suit all.
COLLARS, SLEEVES, SETTS, LACES, EDGINGS, HOSE, GLOVES, CAMBRICS, MUSLINS, etc., at prices which we warrant to give entire satisfaction. 12

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PIPES and TUBES of every variety of style and finish. Also, TRIMMINGS and FRENCH WOOD PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice. F. BROWN, Apothecary, No. 68 Washington Street. 4w 12

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THE subscriber would inform the public of Boston and vicinity that he has just fitted up, at great expense, with every convenience, a new and elegant RESTAURANT and ICE CREAM SALOON, and is prepared to supply the trade generally with

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Having put in machinery for manufacturing by steam power, he flatters himself that with his "unequalled facilities" he cannot be surpassed in "price or quality." Every description of Confectionery on hand. Families supplied with Meats, Pastry, Jellies, Ice Creams, Table Ornaments, Frozen Pudding, etc., etc., at the lowest prices. Stores supplied. Goods packed and delivered anywhere within the city free of charge.

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A NEW PORTABLE GAS APPARATUS.

THE attention of the public and especially all persons who reside in the country, is respectfully called to an excellent and simple gas machine, invented and patented by Mr. O. P. Drake of this city. There are many people who live in the country and out of the reach of coal-gas mains, who have fine residences and all the comforts that money can procure, and yet are obliged to use oil and fluid for artificial light, and who would be glad to introduce gas into their establishments, if they could procure what they want. This want can be supplied by using Mr. Drake's Portable Gas Machines, which are manufactured and for sale by the Benzole Gas Works, and can be seen at their office, No. 15 Winter Street, Boston. BENZOLINE—A new article for removing grease or oil stains from silk, satin, velvet, carpets, kid gloves, books, paper, and all kinds of garments. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics. Try it. For sale, wholesale and retail, at office of the Benzole Gas Works, No. 15 Winter Street, Boston. 12 O. P. DRAKE, Agent.

A Valuable Remedy.

"THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, prepared by the well known druggists, Messrs. Reed, Cutler & Co., of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. It has stood the test of all tests—time, and has sustained its reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS.

"Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine."—Boston Journal.

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME, "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents. 11w3m 12

REMOVAL AND OPENING

OF a new and much needed Institute for the successful treatment of SPINAL CURVATURE, CHEST AND ABDOMINAL WEAKNESS, and like diseases. This principle will restore the lost balance of power and cure without medicine! The subscriber's new invention sustains the weakened organs, supplies rest and exercise without the fatigue of exertion, and restores the most perfect "freedom of motion," relief being immediate, however young or feeble the patient may be. Ladies attended by Miss ANNA J. WILSON. Consultation free. No. 64 Essex Street. 4w 11 DR. N. WILSON.

MAYO & COX,

CONFECTIONERS,

No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,

(Near the Revere House), BOSTON.

Plain and Fancy Cake, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert, Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionary, of superior quality constantly on hand.

PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and with punctuality. 4w 11

BUSINESS EDUCATION,

And aid in obtaining EMPLOYMENT when qualified. At the New Rooms of French's Commercial Institute, 289 Washington Street.

Superior advantages are afforded students in PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, etc. Upwards of five thousand students have graduated at this Institute, hundreds of whom are now filling situations of trust and profit. Students receive separate instruction, and can commence at any time. 2w 11 CHAS. FRENCH, A. M., Principal.

Consumption of the Blood, or Anæmia.

IN this common and dangerous disease, the blood loses its vitality, ceases to nourish the system, and to stimulate the organs to health activity. The Protoxide of Iron, in the PERUVIAN SYRUP, supplies the deficient element, and the blood receives new life, with a consequent restoration of the bodily vigor, the return of appetite, and the hue of health.

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KILBURN & MALLORY,

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REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. 3m 12

\$30. GRAY'S \$30.

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HOMOEOPATHIC BOOKS AND MEDICINES, wholesale and retail. Phonographic and Phonotypic works. Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Theological and Philosophical. For sale, wholesale and retail, by No. 3 Beacon Street. 2w 12 ORIS CLAPP.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever. An infant may take it with perfect safety.

The following certificates, from gentlemen of high respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this remedy:

Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

JOSEPH BURNETT, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and during that time there were but few months in which I did not suffer with a paroxysm that entirely prostrated me for two or three days, and sometimes longer. I will say, that from the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the tormentor. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me that I shall endeavor to introduce the Remedy whenever opportunity occurs. With great respect, your obedient servant, J. H. BRAGDON.

Asthma. Asthma.

LAWISTON, ME., April 22, 1858.

MESSRS. BURNETT & Co.—Gentlemen: For the last seven years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and first of the winter I was so sick that I was unable to work for four months. Three months ago I was induced to buy a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy. It has done me much good. I have had but one slight attack of it for six weeks, which was checked by one dose of the Remedy.

Yours with respect, HOSEA B. RIPLEY.

Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

WADSWORTH Vt., May 12, 1857.

MR. BURNETT:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma" on my wife. She has suffered for years, more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise, to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy." It acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand; and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., No. 27 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON, and sold by all druggists.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma is prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, one of the most respectable firms in the United States. The complete success which has attended its use is fairly shown by the great number of reliable certificates which accompany each parcel. Many distinguished medical gentlemen have used it in the treatment of the above-named complaint, and have given it their unqualified approbation.—Boston Post. 2w 11

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Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

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THE SPRING TERM

OF the FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE opens March 17th. Board, and Tuition in common English, 14 weeks, for \$32 50 in advance. Superior brick buildings, with separate departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Students thoroughly prepared for College, for the Counting-Room, for Teaching, and for all the active duties of life. For Circulars, or for Rooms, apply to the Principal. REV. JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, New York. 2w 11

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(Warranted), \$2 75.

English Lasting Thick Sole Congress,

(Warranted), \$1 00.

2w 11 At TITCOMB'S, 399 Washington St., Boston.

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AT NORTON, MASS.

THE summer term of this institution will commence April 7th, and continue fourteen weeks. Applications for admission may be addressed, in term time, to the principal, MRS. C. C. METCALF, and in vacation (from 16th March to 7th of April) to the subscriber. 2w* 11 Z. KELLY, Secretary.

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Continue to instruct Ladies and Misses in WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, ENGLISH BRANCHES, MUSIC, etc. Most of the Lady Book-keepers in this city and vicinity received their instruction from Miss McIntire. Students aided in obtaining employment. 3w 11

FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE.

A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts, requiring only to be known and used to become the first resort in cases of

Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease.

Unlike other preparations offered to the public, it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs or minerals, calculated only to soothe and lull the unsuspecting patient into security while the insidious disease still marches on its destroying way. Neither is it administered in large and nauseous doses.

It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.

Price \$2 per bottle, trial bottles \$1. Sent by mail to any part of the country, free from postage.

F. J. LAFORET, Sole Agent, at Weeks & Potter's, 164 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.

Below is another testimonial, from a well known source, as to its remarkable efficacy, being an extract from a letter received by the agent from Mr. Charles Barr, formerly of the Boston Theatre.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST, Jan. 26, 1850.

"While laboring under a violent affection of the lungs, with my bronchial organs almost entirely closed, and attended by a most distressing perpetual cough, I derived incalculable benefit from the use of that medicine (Fousel's Pabulum Vite). Though so severely afflicted, by three days' use of this medicine I was greatly relieved, and less than one bottle effected a perfect cure. I feel under the deepest gratitude to my excellent physician, of your city, for recommending it to my notice.

"One of my children being troubled with an affection of the lungs, I beg you to forward me two bottles immediately, by express, for my family use." 12

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only GENUINE is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 3m.

PIONEER CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

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HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,

In all their varieties of Material, Fabric, Style and Prices, to suit the taste and means of every class of purchasers.

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I. M. SINGER & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public generally, that they have leased the Store No. 69 Hanover Street, corner of Elm, directly under their former office, where they are now prepared to exhibit their numerous Machines to all who favor us with a call. We call the attention of all who are in search of Machines for family use, to call and examine our letter A machine, which is of an entire new construction throughout; for neatness, durability and speed it cannot be surpassed; in short, it takes the palm off all others in the world. The great centre of attraction now is our new saleroom, the public will come where they are received with attention. Don't forget the number, 69 Hanover Street, corner of Elm, directly opposite the American House.

I. M. SINGER & CO.

4w 9 B. TROTT, Agent.

\$2.50. EDSON'S IMPROVED Self-Adjustable Noiseless

CARPET SWEEPER,

with the Patent Wheel, which will not wear out the Carpet. For sale at all the Carpet and House Furnishing Stores in Boston, and by

H. S. CHAPMAN & Co.,

Manufacturers,

No. 95 1-2 Water Street. 1m 9

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IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public. 8 eow3m. LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

WANTED,—Agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell by subscription the very best books published. A small capital only is required, and large profits can be made. For full particulars address LEARY & GETZ, Publishers, 224 North Second Street, Philadelphia. 6w 9

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PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Traveling Passports by applying to JOHN E. M. GILLEY, No. 8 Old State House, Boston. 8w. 10

BEWARE OF BASE IMITATIONS! Use WATTS & CO.'S genuine article for the cure of PILES. F. BROWN, Apothecary, Agent, No. 68 Washington Street, corner State. 4w 10

SEWING MACHINES.

PRATT'S Tight Stitch Machines. Price \$25 to \$35. Also PRATT'S Improved Carpet Sweepers. Price \$25. Agents wanted. Apply at 54 Elm Street. 8w 11



THE NEW WELLINGTON COLLEGE, SANDHURST, ENGLAND.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, ENGLAND.

We present on this page a fine specimen of modern English architecture, Wellington College, the corner stone of which was laid in 1856, by the queen in person, who recently attended the ceremonies of its dedication and opening. It is designed as a free college, and has been erected and endowed by subscription. The project was set on foot soon after the death of the grand duke, as the most fitting memorial to his memo-

ry. Subscriptions speedily poured in, and the committee soon found themselves in a position to commence operations. Ornamental grounds and roadways have been laid out, and a lake of about twenty acres in extent is intended to be formed on the north side of the building. The main tower is 120 feet high, and from it the view is said to be one of the most pleasing that can be conceived. On one side Windsor Castle can be seen with great distinctness, and on the other

the view of the counties of Surrey and Hants is grand and extensive. The arrangements in the interior of the college are quite in character with the building. The warming and ventilation will be carried on upon the best conceivable principles. Above the principal entrances on the north and south appear the arms of England; below these is the inscription "Wellington," and in the quadrangle are again to be seen, beautifully carved in stone, the English arms, with the initials

"A. W." (Arthur Wellington), and the motto "*Virtutis fortuna comes*," (Fortune the companion of courage and virtue). Messrs. Holland, the contractors, have carried out the designs of Mr. Shaw, the architect, in a most satisfactory manner. The building is capable of accommodating 240 students, but this number can only be received by the maintenance of the establishment being considerably augmented. There is no doubt, however, that the institution will be liberally endowed.



GRAND SQUARE OF RUMELIJE, CAIRO, EGYPT.

[See page 199]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVI., No. 13.. WHOLE No. 405.
5 CENTS SINGLE.

BOSTON MUSEUM BY GASLIGHT.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Wm. Waud, and represents the exterior of the Boston Museum seen in its most striking phase, by gaslight, in the evening. The elegant building, with its long lines of light, its glittering windows, its tiers of flags waving in the night-breeze, its broad portals thronged with people hurrying in to secure seats, presents a spectacle interesting even to the familiar citizen, and attractive to the eye of the stranger, as one of the most marked and agreeable features of Boston. The Museum stands in the neighborhood of the old Columbian Museum, which, if it were now in operation, would be a mere "side-show." It occupies a large area, measuring upon Tremont Street 103 feet, on Court Square 117 feet. The building was designed by Mr. Billings the artist, and his brother. It is arranged in two main portions, with an area between them for light and air, one communicating with the other at either end of the area by a wide passage. The building on Tremont Street contains, on the first story, five commodious stores, and the entrance to the Museum. Above this story the whole front building to the eaves is occupied by the hall which contains the Museum collections, and which extends upwards of three stories in height. This immense hall has a range of twenty stately columns, ten on each side, voluted and sustaining Corinthian capitals elaborately wrought, and, like the richly fretted and ornamented ceiling and walls, paint-

ed of a dazzling white, relieved by three rows of gilded gas-branches. Over this hall are work-rooms in the roof, connected with the Museum. The front, upon Tremont Street, is of Quincy granite, and the style of architecture is a modification of the Venetian. Above the stores it is pierced with three rows of semi-circular-headed windows, with impost and archhold mouldings, the latter resting, at the spring of the arch, on moulded brackets. Each row of windows communicates with a balcony running the whole length of the front. The facade is crowned with a bold bracketed cornice, proportioned to the height of the building. The Museum Hall is decorated, as we said before, with two rows of Corinthian columns standing upon high plinths, and, with their entablature, occupying the whole height of the building to the cornice outside—these columns supporting two galleries which run round three sides of the room. The spaces between the windows are fitted with cabinet cases, containing a large and valuable collection of Natural History specimens and curiosities. The fronts of the galleries and the ends of the cases are hung with pictures, many of which are rare and valuable specimens of art. The collection contains a complete set of portraits of the Presidents of the United States and of the Governors of Massachusetts. Mr. Kimball is constantly adding to his collections, and, since the opening of his establishment, has enriched it with the entire contents of another valuable museum purchased at a heavy outlay. At the end of the hall, opposite

the entrance, is the grand stairway to the Exhibition Room. Among the works in this room is a marble Venus by Canova. In an upper room is a rare collection of wax statuary. The exhibition room, with its galleries, will seat more than 1500 persons, and is nightly crowded, so successful has Mr. Kimball been in catering for the public taste. His last card, Tom Taylor's "American Cousin," has filled the house to overflowing. The seats are so arranged that every one can see and hear—and of very few public halls can this be asserted. The stage is 50 feet deep, with 30 feet opening, affording ample room and range for the performance of any line of dramatic entertainment. The dressing-rooms are under the stage. The stage machinery is so perfect, that the scenes always move on and retire in good order, and all unhappy divorcees between halves of "flats" that belong to each other, and all ill-assorted unions between pieces of woodland and segments of domestic architecture, are happily avoided. The cost of the building and land was \$225,000, and this represents but a portion of the capital invested in this giant undertaking. Some idea of the size of the building may be formed from the fact that, though a large portion of it is of stone, two and a half millions of brick were employed in the structure of the works. From the opening of the Museum in 1846, its career has been prosperous, fully realizing, we will not say the hopes, but the calculations of Mr. Kimball, the proprietor; for his enterprise was no gambling specu-

tion, but predicated on his experience of the tastes and wants of the public of Boston and its vicinity. From the outset he was sustained and encouraged by the best men in the community, whose confidence he had won by his exertions in the cause of temperance and morality. In his earlier undertaking he had shown his capability of presenting popular amusements, not only divested of indecorum and immorality, but teaching great moral lessons in the most attractive and fascinating form. The great moral play of "The Drunkard," which had such an extraordinary run at the old Museum, enlisted the moral and religious world in Mr. Kimball's favor, and tended to confirm his purposes and shape his plans. In his present establishment he has on hand all the appliances for carrying out his views of public amusements on a grand scale. His *corps dramatique* has always embraced performers of eminent talent, while the admirable tact of Mr. W. H. Smith, the stage-manager, has secured absolute perfection in all that depends on the thorough working of the details of his department. In the series of "spectacles," so popular with young and old, produced at the Museum, he has exhibited a wise liberality. In all these pieces, such as "Aladdin," "Sinbad," etc., the dresses are really magnificent, made of the finest material, and sustaining the closest scrutiny. Indeed Mr. Kimball is an enemy of all shams, and whatever he undertakes to do he does in the best manner. In the various pieces produced no effort has been spared to make them effective.



EXTERIOR OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM, BY GASLIGHT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEIRESS OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS XI.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

A GALLANT cavalcade rode out of the city of Ghent on a June day in 1477. There were dames of high degree, brave knights and trusty squires; falcons for the hawking, and well trained hounds for those who desired to essay the more manly chase. Margaret of Burgundy, on that day, chose to escape from the bewildering cares of her state, forgetting amidst the diversions of the field, that she herself, in her orphaned condition, embroiled amidst faction and intrigue, her hand and heart scarce within her own disposal, offered no faint comparison to the intended victims of the skilled hunter. Of such reflections there now appeared no trace upon her beautiful and spirited features. Her dark eyes were merry with witty essay, her arching brows and the curve of her ripe lips, were tokens of a heart at ease and joyous with youthful life. In striking contrast to her demeanor, there rode by her side a saturnine, middle-aged cavalier, whose gravity well befitted the trust reposed in him by the young princess. In matters of state, Himbercourt (such was his name) had but one equal in Margaret's confidence, namely, the wary and learned Hugonet, the senior of Himbercourt by some ten years. And it was thought that the latter councillor was in some degree more favored than his elder, being of a temperament more energetic, and having the power easily to adapt himself to the moods of his young mistress. In her gayer moments she was wont to treat him more like a sedate elder brother than as a minister of government. Nor was there danger of such freedom being abused by him. On the contrary, he had given repeated proof that he was ready to venture all risk for her honor and welfare, satisfied if these were advanced, and discovering no desire for reward save what was conferred without the asking. Even in the contour of his swarthy features, the stranger might read a noble character, interpreting their lineaments after some such fashion as we have spoken.

But while we have been passing our comments, the reader may imagine the princess and her companions to have reached the open country, a narrow and verdant plain, beyond which rose the grand old forests, noted in many a huntsman's story.

"Fair dames and gentlemen," said Himbercourt, lifting his cap with stately courtesy, "will it please you to try the mettle of your steeds before our sovereign? I am commanded to say that a trial of your horsemanship will give her pleasure."

This request was received with genuine holiday spirit, and the level sword in front was quickly indented by the fast flying feet of the Burgundian horses. Margaret could scarce refrain from clapping her hands with glee at the motley appearance of the troop.

"Truly," she said, laughingly, "if I cannot ride as well as the best of them, I am not willing to equal myself with their worst. Prithce, my good Himbercourt, let me dare you to a match of speed."

And with that, loosing rein, she sped forward at a pace, the swiftness of which not many would have rightly measured, so graceful was her management. Himbercourt, tortured courtier that he was, took care to be second in the contest; yet not so much so as to make his art too glaring. He was expecting to see his mistress rein up, and greet him in her usual style of playful badinage, when a sudden fright caused the animal she rode to spring forward wildly, dashing at full speed into the forest. Himbercourt, deeply alarmed, spurred onward, followed by other knights of the court. Their mistress, in the meantime, borne instantly far beyond their reach, experienced a feeling of exhilaration rather than fear at the danger which threatened her; a danger possibly not so great in the reality as in the seeming. The huge oaks of which the forest was composed, standing well apart from each other, towered in air branches for many feet from their foundations. The earth below, gently undulating in surface, was for the most part unobstructed by undergrowth. As her horse, recovering from his fright, slackened his pace, Margaret even animated him forward with girlish daring, nor did she pause, until, far into the depth of the forest, she reached a small opening near the centre of which bubbled forth a silver

spring, its rustic bowl encircled by vividly green mosses. Charmed with the rustic fountain, she dismounted, and, kneeling by its side, dipped her hand in its waters. Having so done she rose, and, patting the neck of her steed who neighed gratefully at her caresses, she said, "My good Amador, dost thou also long for the pure waters? Indeed thou shalt be served as well as thy mistress."

"But not without payment!" interrupted a rough voice.

Margaret started with sudden fear at the appearance of a man dressed in half-tanned skins, with hair and beard bristling over coarse, ill-conditioned features. But recovering herself, "You are rude, master woodsman," she replied. "Know you whom it is that you address?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "But an outlaw like myself meets you here on equal ground. Your dainty knights are not around you now. Ah, my pretty mistress, it is I who bear rule here."

"Release me," answered Margaret, trembling and pale. "Do me no harm, and you shall have golden ducats and rich jewels for my ransom."

A hideous grin overspread the outlaw's features. "The promises of the great are soon forgotten. I am not wont to trust mere words. But, pretty mistress, those red lips of yours might possibly tempt me to be gracious. A kiss, a kiss!"

"Remember that we are sharers, Gaspard," cried a voice as of one hastily approaching.

But Margaret had fallen in a swoon. When consciousness returned, she found herself supported in the arms of a youth, at whom, in her extreme fear, she at first scarcely dared to look.

"You are safe, madam," he said respectfully. "As soon as you are able, I will guide you to your attendants, who are much alarmed at your absence."

"Who are you, and whence?" inquired Margaret, as she essayed to rise. But she shuddered with renewed tremor as she saw drops of blood on her dress, and caught sight of two prostrate forms lying near at hand on the grass.

"You need apprehend no further danger," said the youth. "As for my name, I am called De Sault, and am at present esquire to one of the knights of your retinue."

"You bear the tokens of knightly breeding in your countenance," replied the princess, with a glance which caused the color to mount to the brow of the young esquire. "And to your knightly prowess, the chance of this morn bears full witness. Sir esquire, I thank you."

"The meed of your thanks is enough to spur any one of your followers to the death," answered the youth fervently, at the same time assisting the princess to the saddle of her faithful Amador. Then, uttering a peculiar cry, the sound brought his own horse bounding to his side.

"Indeed, a well trained animal," exclaimed Margaret, smiling. "You and he might counterfeited the parts of the famous Knight Roland and his trusty Belisart, going to the relief of distressed princesses."

"The rescue of one is honor enough for me," replied De Sault, in a low voice.

His manner caused the cheek of Margaret, in turn, to be tinged with a heightened rose. Of the thoughts which hurried through her mind, she herself would scarce have been able to frame coherent sequence. But like most other well-born damsels of her day, she was not unlearned in the old romances wherein figured knights, squires and princesses, in various happenings of love and war, whose catastrophes the ways of a chivalric age did not render altogether impossible. Whatever crude fancies, however, Margaret might for a moment have entertained, she quickly roused herself from their influence.

"Fie!" she exclaimed within herself. "Am I not Margaret of Burgundy, and shall I, even for one moment, entertain such idle dreams as are only fit for the bosom of a foolish country girl?"

"Come, sir squire," she said aloud, "methinks it were well to hurry the pace of our return, seeing that our friends must be experiencing much anxiety on our account."

"On your account, madam," rejoined De Sault, in a low tone, as though involuntarily correcting her words.

Margaret affected no notice of his rejoinder, but, as far as she could do so without being observed, took special regard of the youth's person and demeanor. Her conclusion was sufficiently favorable, as well it might be from the premises afforded. De Sault was tall, broad chested, and

of a manly, upright carriage. A profusion of fair hair fell to his shoulders, and beneath his ample forehead shone eyes of dark blue glowing with frank vivacity. His mouth, though somewhat too heavy perhaps for classic taste, might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo. In fine, his whole countenance bespoke courage and firmness, united to a sweet and generous disposition. To these excellencies, Margaret was not insensible.

"Truly," she said to herself, "had Clarence of England, or any other of my suitors, but possessed as much attractiveness as this brave esquire, I should scarce have held out as long as I have done."

"Ah, my good councillor," she exclaimed, as a sudden turn brought her close upon Himbercourt, who was anxiously conferring with two or three courtiers, "I am happy in being able to greet you again, thanks to the chance which brought this brave youth to my aid."

De Sault, as became his rank, now withdrew himself from beside the princess, who proceeded to inform Himbercourt of the danger which she had incurred and of the opportune interference of the squire. Himbercourt's countenance, at the close, showed no great signs of pleasure.

"It is no very wonderful feat after all," he said; "an armed man mastering by surprise two base rustics unprovided with weapons."

"You are in the wrong," replied the princess warmly, "there lay by their side a huge club and an iron bar or mace. Nor were they to be despised in regard of strength or stature."

Himbercourt returned no reply, but cast a vexed glance at the young esquire who rode at some distance apart. As the company, in obedience to the expressed wish of the princess, turned their horses' heads in order to gain the more extended champagne or open country, Himbercourt seized opportunity to withdraw himself to the side of Margaret's late companion. The councillor, after joining the youth, for a moment continued silent. Then, turning upon him abruptly, though with a respectful air, he said: "How long has it been since Maximilian of Austria commenced the trade of esquire errant?"

The other started with surprise at the question.

"My lord," he replied, "you appear to be singularly mistaken in my character. My name is De Sault, and I am the squire of Count Lannes, who, being necessarily absent, has nevertheless graciously given me permission to join the field."

"Your highness will not so easily deceive me," replied the councillor, bowing gravely. "You may not know, or may not remember, that I was some years since an envoy, during a few weeks, at your father's court. The features of your family are printed on my memory, and I should not easily mistake them. More than this, rumor, some time since, reported your intended visit hither, though I had forgotten that report until sight of your countenance recalled it to mind."

His young companion cast on him a glance of uncertainty and embarrassment. But, quickly changing his bearing, he drew himself up with a haughty air.

"Enough," he said, "I acknowledge my disguise. All that I will ask of you, is that you will spare me the awkwardness of divulging my secret to-day. To-morrow I will assume my proper character."

"There is no reason for disobeying such a command," answered Himbercourt. "And I would freely further all projects of your highness, saving such as might be found to conflict with my own duty."

"Many thanks for your good will, my lord," replied Maximilian with a winning smile. "And why should you deem any of my projects to be opposite to your duty? Mark me, I will confide in you; for you are a man of honor, as averse to treacherous arts as I am myself. I came hither in disguise, in order that I might observe unnoticed the Princess Margaret, of whom I had already heard so great report. Know you not that many years since, when we were yet infants, the late Duke of Burgundy and my father exchanged promise of marriage between us? You may deem such a compact of little force in these changed times. But, since I would fain offer suit to your mistress, why may I not secure your good offices in my behalf? In your desire for Burgundy's prosperity, you would almost put to sale the hand of your princess, so that you might attain the desirable object. I would not blame the efforts of so faithful a minister; but are not those efforts really misdirected? Will you place

the fate of your mistress in the hands of the perfidious Louis, suffering him to bestow her upon some brutish slave of his lustful ambition? And this English Clarence; would you wed your mistress to that stupid clod? Do you not perceive that the island kingdom is harassed with dissensions which are like to break out afresh in civil war, thereby dashing down at one blow, the schemes which you would build on such an alliance? Of others I will not now speak. Why, I would ask, do you consider the claims of Austria so undeserving of your favor? True, our unfortunate country has, of late, been distracted by unruly factions. But time and perseverance will, ere long, surmount these evils. And when Austria is once more knitted together, who can expect a brighter future than she, or a more enduring power?"

Himbercourt had listened attentively. But when Maximilian finished, he shook his head ominously.

"Youth is ever sanguine," he said, "and prone to interpret the possibilities of fortune according to its own desires. Your argument appears plausible to yourself, but it will not satisfy the requirements of a cooler and more experienced judgment. I would speak plainly, and with the same frankness which your highness has used towards myself. Through reasons of state I cannot willingly promote a marriage between yourself and the Princess Margaret. Your realm is, at least, precariously balanced between safety and ruin. Burgundy, meanwhile, requires the support of a stable and powerful protector. Such may be found in Louis, who, by the laws of our empire, is constituted the rightful guardian of an orphaned princess of the realm. If circumstances and policy render him well disposed towards us, shall we rashly manage in such a fashion as to change a most able friend into the bitterest of enemies? And even should such alliance as he proposes appear too open to objection, there are other alternatives which will be worthy our consideration. Methinks your criticisms on the proposals of the Prince Clarence are too strongly influenced by personal considerations to be entirely just."

"You have indeed spoken plainly," replied Maximilian, with a disappointment which he scarce endeavored to conceal. "Yet, notwithstanding your disfavor, I shall not despair. And now, my lord, allow me to question the completeness of that wisdom which you affect. If youth is prone to be too sanguine, is not its elder as wont to overreach itself by its own worldliness? Beware, sir, lest all these deep laid schemes of your ends at last in the outpouring of your own blood. Think you that the subjects of your mistress will tamely be turned over to the immediate dominion of a king whom they heartily hate? If your path lies that way, my lord, let me assure you that you are treading on dangerous ground."

"I do not work for my own advantage, merely," replied Himbercourt, with a manner serious, almost sad. "The perils which I must undergo will be incurred for the good of my sovereign and my country. I am no chicken in years and experience, that I should be frightened from well considered purposes, by a few puffs of popular breath. But your highness will perceive that our prolonged conference will draw upon us more notice than may be desirable. Let us then separate, forgetting, for the time being, all troublesome topics. The sports of the day demand our attention."

"Farewell then for the present, my good lord," answered the Austrian. "If we must need be antagonists henceforth, we will at least be honorable ones. Adieu."

It may now be necessary, before proceeding further, that we should recapitulate certain matters of history which we have, heretofore, had barely opportunity to touch upon. To be brief then as possible. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was, according to the construction of the empire, a feudal vassal of Louis XI., king of France. But, while nominally subject to the king, Charles was in reality and in conduct, an independent sovereign. True, he underwent certain forms of no great value; forms, however, which in their lightest significance, sorely fretted the spirit of the wealthiest, proudest, rashest prince of all Europe. More than once, he had meditated open rebellion against all allegiance to his nominal sovereign; a course which (had it been undertaken with persevering resolution) might have resulted in the dethronement of the king and the total dismemberment of France.

But the warlike Charles was too much under the dominion of caprice and passion to afford long time, a fairly equal match to the cunning and remorseless Louis, who, during a series of changeable years, cajoled, yielded, intrigued and diplomatized, till he was at last relieved from his apprehensions by the destruction of the rash and too trustful Charles. The latter, when on the point of open outbreak against the king, became embroiled with the Swiss. Having at an unfit time, and contrary to the sense of his wisest generals, given battle to these hurdy mountaineers, he was miserably defeated. From that moment he rushed headlong to ruin, till he met an inglorious death at the siege of the city of Nancy. It was more than suspected that Louis had afforded aid to the enemies of the duke; though, if that were the case, the former had so managed that no proof could be brought to substantiate the supposition.

Charles was now dead, and his power and wealth, weakened by disaster, had passed into the hands of his only child and heiress, the youthful Margaret. To this princess, by right of feudal law, Louis now became guardian. The authority thus conferred, could not, however, be exercised without consent of Burgundy. At the moment then, when our story takes commencement, the border country of the French empire, and the disposal of its sovereigns had afforded matter of the deepest interest to various European powers. Louis labored assiduously to attach Burgundy more firmly to himself, with or without the exercise of his nominal right. England sought to gain foothold by effecting a union between Margaret and a scion of its own royal blood. And lastly, not to mention others who shall leave unnamed, Prince Maximilian of Austria preferred suit, entering into the contest in a fashion savoring more of romantic sentiment than of political interest. His ardent regards, joined to his accomplishments of person, awakened in the breast of Margaret an attachment which the watchful Humbercourt was not slow to discover. Therefore it was that he commenced a more decided correspondence with the French monarch. And therefore it was that he seized every eligible opportunity to impress upon the mind of his mistress the great danger which the realm would incur by any measures which would detach it still more widely from the interests of the French kingdom. He spoke with due caution of the presence of Maximilian and his probable aims. He represented Austria as being in a state of anarchy (as was truly the case), and declared her scarce able to maintain her own existence, still less able to strengthen the hands of Burgundy. Any alliance with the house of Austria he strongly deprecated. Finally, at the close of one of his interviews with the princess, he laid before her a proposition of Louis, who asked her hand in marriage for his son, the dauphin, then a mere boy not more than nine years of age. Margaret was indignant.

"What," she exclaimed, "do you demand that I shall marry myself to a mere boy?"

"He will have the more time to accommodate himself to your wishes," replied Humbercourt, half abashed at the unseemliness of the contemplated match. However, he soon regained his usual calm self-possession, unshaken by the cold disdain of his astonished mistress. "Madam," he deliberately commenced, though as he proceeded, his earnest and deepening voice showed how truly he felt the sentiments he uttered, "Madam, the hearts of princes and rulers should not be directed by their own inclinations, but by the welfare of those whom they govern. Their high estate is given them, not for their own pleasure, but for the good of their subjects. Their crowns are not wreaths of myrtle, neither are their couches beds of roses. Ah, my dear mistress, deeply will you hereafter rue a decision made without reference to prudence and the best management of our unhappy country."

Margaret gazed at him for a moment with a fixed sorrow. Then, wringing her hands, she turned away in tears.

"Alas, alas!" she exclaimed, "am I then become more a slave than the meanest peasant in my dominions? Are neither my wishes, my heart, nor my hand, to be indeed mine own? Take from me my crown, good Humbercourt; it is not worth the wearing. I would have spurned it ere it had found a place upon my head, had I known the conditions which would accompany its possession."

Humbercourt listened calmly, his eyes bent upon the floor.

"My sovereign," he said, "this mood will

quickly pass away. The daughter of the Great Duke can never forget herself, however much her words may be swayed by a temporary impulse. I cannot believe that she will refuse due weight to the counsel of those who, by reason of age, sincerity and experience, can best advise her. Nor can my noble mistress deem that any course opposed to those duties which her station enjoins upon her, can, in the end, afford her the satisfaction which she would desire."

Margaret was soothed by the arguments of her trusted councillor. She extended to him her hand; thanked him for the care which he had ever had of her interests, and desired to be left awhile to herself. After his departure she remained long in reflection. She was unable to reconcile herself to Humbercourt's unpalatable doctrines, yet was equally unable to penetrate the hollowness of the reasoning by which he had partially succeeded in deceiving himself. Her painful reveries were interrupted by the entrance of an equerry of the household. His face was pallid and his manner hurried.

"I entreat that your highness will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but it is my duty to inform you that the populace have seized the Lords Humbercourt and Hugonet, and have conveyed them to the town-hall, where they are held captive. The people clamor that the councillors have conspired with King Louis against the liberties of Ghent and Burgundy. There is even a report current that they have delivered Arras into the hands of Louis. Doubtless this last rumor will be quickly proved false. Yet I fear for the safety of your ministers unless the fury of the citizens be in some degree allayed."

"Deliver Arras to the king!" exclaimed the princess. "Such a tale must be false indeed. Yet stay!" she added in a lower voice and pressing her hand to her brow. "Can it be possible that the report is indeed true? Go," she continued, again turning to the equerry, "throw open the palace gates. I will myself meet the citizens, and warn them against their blind resentment. Nay, sir, why stand you in such blank amazement? Need I fear to meet my subjects face to face?"

"Your highness's commands must be obeyed," stammered forth the astounded officer. "But your highness will at least delay till a sufficient guard be obtained?"

"My guard shall be the hearts of my people," said Margaret proudly, her eyes flashing with hereditary daring. "If such a defence fail me, I will trust to no other. I go on foot and alone, unless you, sir, desire to follow me."

Despite the consternation which the news of her determination spread throughout the palace, Margaret, for the first time in her life, on foot, and almost unattended, confronted a popular assemblage; an assemblage too, which was inflamed with tumult and passion. As she entered the market-place she was rudely jostled by those who were hastening forward to the hall, a huge Gothic building, now surrounded by a vast multitude which swayed hither and thither with a hoarse resounding murmur like the waves of the sea. Margaret for a moment recoiled from her purpose. But she soon overcame the tremors natural to her sex.

"Am I not Burgundy's daughter," she said, "and shall I be so easily daunted?"

She threw from her head the slight covering which it had borne, discovering her features to the gaze of the mixed crowds, among whom she and her attendant now sought way. Soon the words passed from mouth to mouth.

"The princess, the princess! Room for our sovereign of Burgundy!"

The awe-struck citizens fell back on either hand, affording path to Margaret, who acknowledged their dutiful courtesy with the sweetest dignity of manner. Loud acclamations echoed through the square, bringing tears of pleasure to Margaret's eyes. She moved forward with renewed hopefulness, and entered the portal of the town hall. Still onward through the dense mass, which, as by magic, parted at her approach, she proceeded toward the further extremity of the lofty apartment, till she gained the spot where her captive councillors stood encircled by a guard of sturdy burghers.

"My good citizens of Ghent," she said, addressing the multitude around with a clear voice, "why is it that ye have thus removed the ministration of your sovereign? Has she already proved so faithless to her trust?"

A deep silence ensued. But presently a stout burgher stepped forth in answer.

"It is not that we of Ghent are wanting in

attachment to our sovereign," he replied. "We only aim to remove the traitors who conspire both against her welfare and our own."

This speech was received with mingled murmurs of applause and dissent, when a new impulse was given to the popular feeling by the announced arrival of a messenger from Arras. A man grimed with dust and sweat passed through the throng, holding aloft a roll of parchment which all within sight of him fancied to be fraught with matter of the deepest interest. Nor were their expectations found to be mistaken when the writing which it contained was declared. The message was from the hands of the magistrates of Arras, and was to the effect that, having received from the Lords Humbercourt and Hugonet, privy councillors of the Princess Margaret, instructions to deliver the keys of their town into the safe keeping of Louis of France, her highness's good friend and guardian, they had with much grief obeyed these requirements of the princess and her ministers, as in duty bound. The magistrates of Arras besought their brethren of Ghent not to impute to them the desire of loosening those bonds which had formerly bound them so closely together.

At this, a cry of execration burst at once from all parts of the hall. Many denounced immediate death to those who had basely betrayed so important a place into the hands of the crafty and duplicitous king.

"The outer bulwarks are being thrown down," exclaimed the burgher who had shortly before addressed the princess. "Men of Ghent, your own liberties will soon be also destroyed."

The princess, after several efforts, succeeded in attracting the attention of the multitude.

"Sirs," she said with an undismayed though pallid countenance, "be it known that nothing has been done by my councillors, Hugonet and Humbercourt, without my own consent having first been obtained. I am responsible for what has been done, not they. I will answer for such mishaps as may unfortunately have occurred."

The storm was not to be thus allayed. On the contrary, her words were fresh fuel to the fire. She was answered with a fierce displeasure.

"Do you also consent to our ruin?" was asked. "And are you indeed daughter to that Duke Charles who would sooner have torn his heart from his body than lend himself to so base an act? Can you, without shame, and to our faces, acknowledge so great degeneracy?"

The princess could scarce maintain her fortitude at sight of the angry countenances which pressed around her. Large drops stood upon her forehead; her lips were compressed with anguish, yet still she kept her erect and determined attitude. In one bosom, to say the least, her evident suffering was witnessed with uncontrollable indignation. It was that of Maximilian, who, in commoner's apparel, attempted to reach the spot where Margaret stood.

"Base curs!" he exclaimed, "there is yet one arm which shall be lifted in defence of her against whom you vent your cowardly insults!"

As he spoke, a grasp like that of a vice was thrown about him. His arms were bound to his body with a force which held him utterly immovable.

"Unhand me, villain!" he exclaimed, turning his head upon his shoulder in order to gain a view of his assailant.

"No, my prince," was the reply. "I am to you a better friend than your own passions. What help can you at this instant offer to Margaret of Burgundy? Bethink yourself. She incurs no small danger in reality. Certainly you will not lessen it by a foolish and ill-timed interference."

"Who is it that thus addresses me?" exclaimed Maximilian.

His captor vented a chuckling laugh.

"I have good reason to remember you," he said, "however blind your memory may have become. Say, dost recollect the spring in the forest, and the tall, ill-faced fellow whom you levelled so adroitly? Yes, I am he."

"Hound!" ejaculated Maximilian, again endeavoring by a sudden effort to free himself.

"Come, come, my prince," rejoined his unwelcome companion. "You will not so easily shake off Robber Rudolf's grasp. I don't bear malice, neither; not I. You only gave me my due, and I like you the better that our acquaintance has been got by hard knocks. Now promise that you will be quiet and follow a rough fellow's advice, and I'll unhand you. I can manage your luck better than you can, among these wild men of Ghent. Prince, for once hark to

the counsel of a boor who at least knows how to do the little that can be done."

His tone had insensibly assumed such an authoritative persuasion that Maximilian was impelled to yield himself to this uncouth adviser.

"You are a strange counsellor," the prince exclaimed. "I will trust you, nevertheless. If you can accomplish aught of good, the favor will not be forgotten, I warrant you."

"Hugonet and Humbercourt will scarce save their skins," said the other, now releasing his prisoner. "Yet to please you and the princess, I will even make an effort to do something for them. But remember the bargain, prince. You are to be quiet. When there's a chance for you to do, be sure that you will not be forgotten. Hilloa, here, my good fellows; lend me the vantage of your shoulders for a moment or two, if you would like to hear a speech from Robber Rudolf."

So saying, he raised himself quickly above the heads of the surrounding throng, and with a dissonant shout demanded the attention of the assemblage. Engaged by his singular aspect, every tongue in the vast hall was hushed, and every eye was centered on the uncouth visaged orator. Looking around with a grim satisfaction at the effect thus suddenly produced, the latter began: "Men of Ghent," he said, "let us take care that we give no occasion to these rich nobles and these oppressive princes to prate of us as cruel, revengeful and unjust. Why should we put ourselves on a level with them? Look you, now. Has not Rudolf the outlaw and outcast as many bitter wrongs to revenge as any of you? Have I forgotten that my home was burned to ashes, that my little family was ruined, that my back was scourged in the market-place, my forehead stamped with the hot iron's mark, and the name and form of Rudolf the smith disgraced forever? No, I have not forgotten it. Yet I, I, outlaw and thief, stand here and entreat you to judge these two men justly, one of whom knows how great was the share which he bore in my ruin. Judge them justly I say, only let me not take part in their judgment. Even will I ask that you dismiss them, in body unharmed. My own revenge shall be reached in my own fashion?"

There was a murmur of applause at the conclusion of his words. A hurried consultation seemed to agitate the multitude. At length a square-shouldered, heavy-browed man, in the dress of a mechanic, stepped upon the edge of the raised platform, a narrow opening being made around him by the backward pressure of his nearer companions.

"Our brother," he said "has spoken rightly. Let these men be judged justly. We of Ghent ask no more. But it is because these nobles have managed on all occasions to prevent justice being done, that we are now aroused so fully. We complain not of our princess. She is indeed noble of heart and name. We will care for her, and fight for her, and die for her, if need be. But we are not to be trampled on by those who insist on placing themselves as enemies to her interests and our own. Sirs Hugonet and Humbercourt, I accuse you, before your natural peers, the citizens of Ghent, as hypocritical traitors to your country and your sovereign. What answer have you to make to this assembly?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none who then inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MIRIAM'S REVENGE.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

RING, ring, at Mrs. Dunlap's door—a quick, sharp ring, as if the person waiting outside were shivering with the cold. Mrs. Dunlap had nearly fallen asleep in her luxurious chair, whilst her soft, white knitting-work had dropped upon the floor; she aroused herself with a start, as the sound rang through the house. Even her son Paul, the only other occupant of the easy, comfortable parlor, lifted up his handsome, dark face from the book he had been perusing, and waited for the opening of the door.

"I wonder if it is anybody of consequence," murmured Mrs. Dunlap from out the depths of her luxurious chair. "I do wish, Paul, people had more consideration for my nerves, than to ring the bell in that unaccountable manner."

The young man smiled a little, as if his mother's vagaries amused him, and then suddenly relapsed into gravity again.

"Well, who is it?" said Mrs. Dunlap languidly, as the domestic opened the parlor door.

"Please, ma'am, it is a girl, ma'am, who says as how, ma'am, she must see you immediate."

"Well, tell her to come in here. I only hope she will spare my nerves, but such people are seldom thoughtful."

The girl, who had shivered in the cold outside, the veritable offender at the door-bell, stood with the air of a princess within the warm, cosy parlor. Paul Dunlap involuntarily rose to offer her a chair, surprised out of his aristocratic ways by the startling beauty of the person before him.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Dunlap, as she complacently viewed the fire, too indolent to look round at her visitor, "what did you want of me?"

"Nothing that need trouble you much. I have brought some work home and want the pay for it."

"What work is it? I don't remember," and Mrs. Dunlap for the first time glanced around. Instead of a simple, frightened, ragged child, such as Mrs. Dunlap fancied all poor children were, she saw a face of such rare beauty, such an exquisite form, that she half fancied she had made a mistake. But the poor clothes, neat and tasteful, but not half sufficient for the cold outside, and the bundle the girl held in her hand, convinced Mrs. Dunlap that she was merely a poor child. "Ah, I recollect now," said Mrs. Dunlap, "it was Mrs. Barstow who recommended the woman as a good seamstress, and you, perhaps, are her daughter."

"My name is Miriam Wallace, and I was her daughter."

Mrs. Dunlap, heedless of her remark, was busily turning over the work. "I must say that I am disappointed with these garments—they are not done so neatly as I expected. I cannot pay your mother the full price for them, neither can I furnish her with any more work at present."

Miriam stood listening to her with compressed lips and with a haughty, defiant expression of face. Twice Mrs. Dunlap counted the money to be sure that she did not give her too much, then she placed it upon the table with the remark, "There, child, there's the money—I always like to settle up these little bills as soon as possible."

With a sudden motion of her hand, Miriam swept the little pile of money, doled out with such a careful hand, upon the floor and stamped upon it vehemently.

"How dare you offer me such mean compensation in return for a life? Did you know, woman, that you have killed my mother—you and such as you? She was killed that you might have your work to-day—a little rest, a little kindness might have saved her. I would not touch your money if I was furnishing—I despise it, I despise you, and I hope that the pleasant thought that you are a murderess, will haunt you for years to come. I hope and pray that the day may come when I shall take a sweet revenge upon you."

The girl had rushed from the parlor and was letting herself out of the front door, when a hand was laid upon her's. It was Paul's.

"Don't go till you have taken the money due to you," said he, gently. She flung off the detaining hand and ran into the street and was soon lost to the sight of him who watched at the door.

Not one of those who are laid reverently away

in quiet, country churchyards, was the mother of Miriam—no little train of humble friends and neighbors followed her to her last resting-place. In the great city where she had lived, and toiled, and died, there was she buried. Quietly, like the host of kindred paupers who had preceded her, was she too deposited in her appropriate corner. People make little moan over such, but walk calmly away and leave them to their eternal rest.

If Miriam, as she looked at the rough grave for the last time for many a long year, had known that that same solitary path would be trodden long afterwards by the feet of those who worshipped at her shrine—if she had known that many a tribute in years to come would be laid upon the lonely grave for her sake, she might have turned away with less bitterness in her heart, she might have begun her struggle for greatness with a less determined hostility against those who came in her path.

If she had known!—but she did not. Born in poverty, schooled in poverty, daily, hourly learning its shifts and expedients, this had somewhat tainted her childhood with bitterness. With the memory of a dead father, with the counsels of a living mother ever in her heart, there was still something wanting, some higher craving to be satisfied. She had had an educated mother and had consequently received such an education as few poor children receive, but out of this had sprang the chief unhappiness of her life. If she had been ignorant, she might have been content to lead the life that thousands live, of daily drudgery, with nothing better or brighter to look forward to. But education brought eager longings, glimpses of a more glorious destiny to Miriam.

Miriam's mother was dead. The lamp of life flickered and went out suddenly. People with such strong natures as Miriam's, do not mourn outwardly, but the wound inflicted is more lasting. So when she had turned away from her mother's grave, she bore within her heart a grief that lasted forever, and which was more real because it was not ostentatious.

The sun rose and set behind the brick walls of the city times uncounted, and the few poor people who had been in the habit of seeing Miriam and her mother pass and repass, saw them no more.

People crowded into the theatre by scores and scores, for it was the first night of a new tragedy. Everybody talked of it, and everybody wondered who the author was. Two young men who occupied a private box, carried on a conversation in a low tone.

"This new literary light would be something of a curiosity to see—they say she is of no common genius," said the elder of the two.

"Perhaps your curiosity may be satisfied some time," said the younger and merrier, with a laugh.

"Hush," said the first speaker, as the curtain rose and all eyes were turned toward the stage. Scene after scene and act after act succeeded each other. People sat breathless with attention, and not a sound was to be heard except on the stage. Then came the last sublime scene, where all things else are forgotten in the presence of that mighty mystery—Death. As the curtain fell there was a momentary silence, as if people were endeavoring to bring themselves back to the real, and then suddenly there burst forth long, loud, deafening shouts of applause. It was the most magnificent tragedy that had been played in the theatre for many a year. The manager said so, everybody said so. But the authoress was a mystery to the people in general, though not so to all.

She sat at a table covered with books and papers in a quiet room, vainly endeavoring to read. Few but herself realized how much depended upon the success of the new play. She had persuaded herself that if she failed in this, she failed forever—she was too proud to risk failure a second time. But if successful, a vast field was opened to her, from which she could choose the most brilliant career which she had ever dreamed of in her wildest dreams.

There was a sound of steps, and in a moment more the door flew open and a fairy-like, girlish figure threw herself into an arm-chair with the exclamation, "O, Cousin Miriam! you can't think how well your play took. Everybody is in ecstasies and I especially. George says that everybody is wondering who the author is."

A smile, a happy, satisfied smile for one moment flitted over Miriam's grandly beautiful face, the next she was as grave as usual.

"Well, have you told all the news, Fairy? It is very nice about the play, but is there anything more?"

"O, yes! I forgot to say that George's friend, Paul Dunlap, was there. I haven't seen him since he returned from Europe. He never used to even notice me before that, and I was quite afraid of him. I wonder if he is as dignified now."

Miriam was lost in thought—that familiar name had carried her back a long space and introduced her again into Mrs. Dunlap's comfortable parlor. She fancied herself again the poor, shivering, tormented child, and the woman seemed again before her, dealing out with a careful hand the scanty, miserable pay. The thought was hateful to her—it was associated with the bitterest portion of her childhood. "I wish I could help hating her," said Miriam half aloud, "but I can't—it is in my nature—and this son of hers. I know I shall hate him, too—everything that belongs to her."

"Ah! what did you say?" said Fairy, opening her eyes with a jerk. "I was listening, but I lost a part of it."

"Ah, Fairy dear, I am going to repay your aunt soon for all the kindness she has bestowed upon me. When I had that fever and consequently lost the situation as teacher, I don't know what I should have done if I had not had such a good friend."

"What should I have done without my Cousin Miriam?—I never can be prouder of you than I always have been, even if you win countless honors. I think—"

"Think what?" asked Miriam, amused at Fairy's little air of mystery.

"I think you are the wisest woman in the world, and Paul Dunlap the wisest man."

Miriam's smile had assumed a little bitterness, but Fairy saw nothing and heard nothing, for she had escaped to her own room, leaving Miriam's door wide open.

"Mr. Dunlap, let me introduce to you my Cousin Miriam!"—It was the latter part of the introduction which Miriam caught, standing at the window and gazing out upon the autumn leaves, as they whirled along the street. Miriam bowed haughtily to him who was possessed at least of one chapter of her life. As for Paul, the face he had dreamed of, the face which he had hunted for long years, was before him. It was even a more beautiful face than that which he had lost, and certainly more haughty and more defiant than that which once repelled his offered kindness. He drew back and engaged in conversation with Fairy, and secretly watching Miriam even as she watched him.

"Now, Mr. Dunlap," said Fairy, as she drew him away from Miriam's vicinity, "do give me your opinion of the new play—George says your opinion is worth more than that of everybody else put together. Was it not magnificent, perfect?"

"Magnificent certainly, but it does not seem exactly perfect to me—there is too little care, too little attention paid to minute points, and then again I have fancied that a certain vindictiveness ran through the whole of it, as if the author had received wrongs and magnified them until they had unconsciously embittered life a little."

He paused, looked up, and met Miriam's eyes fastened upon him. Unconsciously she betrayed herself, and from that moment Paul Dunlap knew that Miriam was no common genius—and he knew, too, that it would exalt itself yet more.

"Don't you like him?—I'm sure I do," said Fairy, as they two were alone for a few moments that night.

"No," said Miriam, "I do not like him, and as I have no intermediate steps between liking and hating, of course I hate him."

"Well, I am not capable of hating, and I hope nobody will take it into their heads to hate me."

The authoress of the play became known, and still more widely known when she startled the world with a new work, which bore the impress of her brilliant mind. The eccentricity of her genius, which developed itself in her lofty characters and their sublime grouping, in the fire and energy of the plot, fascinated the literary world. Yet even the most ardent admirers admitted her want of sweetness—the cold, hard, inflexible character of the book was acknowledged on every hand.

Yet Miriam was satisfied—she had not faltered in the path she had chosen for herself, and

even now name and fame were her's. People who would have scorned her if she had been poorer or less noted than she was, showered attentions upon her. But coldly, haughtily, all such attentions were refused, and out of the mass a few valuable and lasting friends were secured.

Paul Dunlap, who had delayed to return to his native city, in order that he might complete some scientific labor in which he was engaged, met Miriam frequently. Fairy declared that the "hate" was mutual, for neither ever took the same side of a subject—not the most trifling argument was ever raised in the household, but what Paul and Miriam were at once fierce opponents. And yet it was observable that while Miriam bestowed the most scathing wit, the keenest sarcasm upon Paul, from him she received the most unwholesome truths quietly; and she did what none knew—remembered his words, and secretly tried to make herself better. And though Paul Dunlap knew Miriam's faults and did not spare her, yet he knew likewise that without her love the whole earth would be desolate to him forevermore.

A whole year had passed—silently and unostentatiously—it seemed hardly a week from the time when the birds first began to sing, to the period when "the sound of dropping nuts is heard." Yet Miriam within that time had once more electrified the world. People held their breaths when they read, or were unable to prevent themselves from following the humors of the authoress—laughing or crying as the case might be; yet still a vague pity followed her, for she who wrote was evidently unhappy. What were all her fame and riches to Miriam when she thought of the lonely grave in a distant city? Nothing and less than nothing. Like all other people who tread a lonely path, she occasionally grew weary, and longed to drink forgetfulness in the river of Lethe. Yet these were only rare moments, for to all outward view Miriam was as brave as woman need to be.

Paul Dunlap had long ago returned to his native city. His mother's health had required his presence, and obliged him to leave the work in which he was interested. And during the year also, Miriam had quietly received and as quietly answered a letter from him—as quietly as if she had not herself determined her destiny for life.

It was from no silly caprice that she refused him—him of all the world whose words she held in reverence—him whom she could have died for, because it would have been dying in a good cause. But it was from the convictions of her judgment, which satisfied her that two such strong wills could not help clashing. Moreover, she had prepared herself to tread one solitary path, and she would tread it unshrinkingly. And yet none knew or could know the great agony, the wrestling and conquering of self, which such a decision involved.

"Such bad news," said Fairy, entering Miriam's room one day in the latter part of the year—"such bad news about the Dunlaps."

"What is it?" asked Miriam, in a clear, distinct voice, though every trace of color had fled from her face.

"Paul has been attacked with incurable blindness, brought on, they say, by too close application to the studies he has been pursuing. And Mrs. Dunlap is also suffering from some nervous disease; and there is something else not quite so bad as Paul's blindness, but still a misfortune. The house they occupy is to be sold to supply money for some sudden emergency, and George says they will be very poor after that. There has been some mismanagement which I do not understand, but at any rate they have lost their property. How sorry I am for them."

Miriam sat long with her face covered with her hands; and Fairy, at last tired of waiting in silence, ran away.

"I told her it would be a sweet revenge," said Miriam to herself, "and all the sweeter for having waited these long years. I never thought it could be so sweet before. But poor Paul! I cannot certainly hesitate now;" and the next moment Miriam was busily writing some business letters.

It was New Year's Day—a cold, sunless day, and Paul Dunlap sat for the last time in his old home, for the place had been sold to a stranger. He had not yet learned to sit patiently in darkness, but prayed in his heart the self same words which the blind man who lay at the gates of Jericho prayed—"Jesus, pity me!" But none could restore his sight; it was gone, gone forever, and the thought was madness.

Mrs. Dunlap walked the room nervously, and

only paused when the domestic came in to place two letters upon the table.

"Letters," said Mrs. Dunlap, hastily snatching them up, and then throwing them down again. "I declare, Paul, the sight of them is hateful."

"Will you read them, mother?" asked Paul, in a patient tone.

His will was enough—so she opened one addressed to herself and read it quietly. It was simple and concise, merely saying that a stranger wished to convey to Mrs. Dunlap a new year's gift of the estate she had just sold. There was no signature, but the copy of a deed accompanied it. She read it to her son in a glad tone.

"The other, mother," Paul cried, in a quick, excited voice.

She read his name outside, then opened it and read the contents. The writer offered herself in marriage to Paul Dunlap as a new year's gift—her fortune likewise to be at his disposal. It was a little simple note like the other, and signed Miriam Wallace.

Paul sank back with a look of quiet happiness, making his sightless face beautiful. Mrs. Dunlap was repeating to herself the name over and over again, as if she had heard it before. "That is the name of the authoress, Paul; but this cannot be the same one."

"The same, mother; and the same girl who rushed from this room on a cold night years ago, whose last words to you were that she would have sweet revenge in years to come, and she has had it."

"I recollect her—and she has revenged herself nobly by giving me back my home. I can never thank her enough. But you—has she made you happy?"

"Happier than I ever could have been had I retained my sight."

"Then I am content," said his mother.

She who as a girl had been scorned, and as a woman had scorned others, married the blind man. Henceforth all her joys and sorrows were his—nevermore need she tread wearily the solitary path. There were kind hands to help her through, and kind words to cheer. It was a beautiful trait in Miriam to bend the strong will, to be loving, gentle and devoted to Paul, though to all the rest of the world she was unchanged.

Under sunny Italian skies, in still, hallowed places, in quiet, home-like towns—even in the Holy Land itself, with its thousand sacred spots, travellers have met Miriam and Paul, the latter reading all things, seeing all things through her who is his constant companion.

Do we not know that from the river Nile, that out from the tombs of kings and heroes, dead thousands of years ago, has emanated the sweetest volume of poems that Miriam ever wrote. But the knowledge that she has written her name in enduring characters upon the world's page, is nothing to her when compared with the thought that to one at least of the world's denizens she is all in all.



A MONTENEGRIN CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

THE PEOPLE OF MONTENEGRO.

Before noticing the costumes of the Montenegrins, delineated on this page, from a series of photographs taken from life, let us recall a few of the late incidents which have made Montenegro famous all over the world. On the 4th of May, 1858, our readers will remember a Turkish army of 7000 men, well provided with artillery, and well organized, though badly commanded, invaded the contested territory of Grahovo. Nine days afterwards they stupidly descended into a gorge of the mountains, where a large portion of them perished; the general in chief galloping off at the very first volley, followed by six men. The victorious Montenegrins, without burning a cartridge, might have reached the frontier of Bosnia and seized upon Herzegovina as a pledge; the oppressed Christians would have risen and flocked to their standard. The Turkish army were so demoralized by the blow at Grahovo, that the battalions which landed at Ragusa dared not venture on the Ottoman territory without the escort of Austrian columns. Mr. Delarue, the French secretary of Prince Danilo, urged an advance. Mirko, general of the Montenegrin army, and brother of the prince, had received instructions to this effect when marching for the frontier, but in the interval, Danilo, yielding to the counsels of Mr. Hecquard, the French consul, had recalled his troops and sacrificed his advantages, the price of victory to European diplomacy. In return, the great powers which signed the treaty of Paris gave him a diplomatic guarantee compelling the Porte to consent to a definition of boundaries of those parts of his territory in dispute between Turkey and Montenegro, under the arbitration of a European commission. The little state of Montenegro gained a great moral victory in the official recognition of its political existence up to that time denied by the Porte. Our engravings represent a Montenegrin captain and his wife in full costume, an armed Pandour, and an Uscoque Chief, all wild and peculiar-looking characters. The Montenegrins wear, in the first place, a shirt of coarse stuff manufactured in the mountains—their half-Turkish pantaloons, very much like those of the French Zouaves, are of blue cloth, and gathered to the waist by a scarlet sash. A vest without collar, of bright crimson, buttons at the side, and is embroidered with gold in front. A sort of frock, generally of white cloth, but sometimes green, with black edgings and without embroidery, leaves the neck free. Over this is worn a loose vest, without buttons, of crimson cloth, richly embroidered with gold or black silk. The edges of this jacket in front are loaded with silver or copper buttons, shaped like olives. Among the grandees these buttons are always of silver, and cover the front of the jacket in close rows, giving it the appearance of a silver cuirass, and producing a fine effect. The legs are guarded by very thick woolen stockings or gaiters, fastening behind. The feet are shod with sandals of pliable leather, secured by leather straps or thongs. The chiefs wear buskins of white cloth, bordered with crimson filets. The costume is completed by a crimson cap embroidered with gold on the top—surrounded by a silken band,

and by a silken or woolen sash girt round the waist. Besides this sash, they wear a leather belt in which they thrust their pistols, cangiaris and ramrods—as well as handkerchiefs, papers and money—it is a universal pocket. Arms are the first luxury of this warlike people. A long Albanian gun inlaid with silver or brass, two pistols, the handles enriched with silver and jewels, a cangiar or hanger with a grip of ivory incrustated with coral or mother of pearl—such is the equipment of every Montenegrin. The campaign baggage consists of a coverlet of very thick woolen which serves as a bed, tent, etc.; add a pipe and umbrella, five or six little bags for powder, balls, oil, etc., and you have a Montenegrin complete. The dress of the women is very simple—an embroidered chemise, a colored petticoat, a robe of blue cloth for working-days, white for holidays, covered with patterns made of a great number of little bits of cloth of various colors. They wear a very broad leather belt, as thick as your hand, covered with medals, coral, etc., and consequently very heavy. They wear the same cap as the men, and their long tresses hang down on their shoulders, braided with strings of coins. In a country which has been constantly at war for centuries, as the men have to busy themselves with the defence of the territory, the women have had a large share of labor imposed on them. Their rough occupations have injured their graceful forms which they inherit from a noble race. One of our engravings presents us with the figure of an Uscoque chief. The Uscoques live in the wildest part of the mountains—and the name they bear signifies "refugee." Whoever has bared powder against the Turkish authority, or simply against a tyrannical bey, the oppressor of his village, whoever prefers liberty in the mountain to rest and abundance in the valley, becomes an Uscoque of the frontier. A type of these wild people is the brave Novitza Tzerovitch, who last year sacked Kolasehin without the permission of Prince Danilo. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and all his uncles had been beleaguered by the Turks. Novitza had to balance this account of heads. There was a rivalry between him and a bey of Herzegovina, named Ismael, a terror to the frontier. The game between Ismael and Novitza was finally lost by the former in 1841, in an engagement which turned out most disastrously for the Mussulmans. An enormous load of heads was sent to Cettingue, and the "Tower of the Turks" received the most capital decoration it had seen since the defeat of Kara Mahmoud. Novitza won the title of senator. This anecdote will show how little hope there is of a permanent pacification of Montenegro. These men, fierce as the ancient Highlanders of Scotland, live with arms in their hands, and the

warlike career which was a necessity, has become a habit, and unfitted them for the occupations of peace. They remind us, in many characteristics, of our own North American Indians—leaving labor to the women, and believing that war and hunting only are worthy of men. The specimens given on this page are faithful representations of these remarkable people, and exhibit their characteristics very accurately and in striking style.



A PANDOUR.



AN USCOQUE CHIEF.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"MY FAVORITE."

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY "SPERANZA."

The noble lord of Oakland Hall
Has lost his highborn lady wife,
Who was beloved by one and all
Through all her charitable life.
The lovely daughter seeks to cheer
The old man in his widowed woe,
And as she grows from year to year
His dark hair turns as white as snow.

Sweet Rosalie with quiet grace
Moves round in her domestic sphere,
And seems to take her mother's place,
By keeping order there and here.
Two weighty keys hang by her side,
And quite important is her air;
It pleases her the house to guide,
And none to disobey will dare.

Behold her now with happy ease,
As in the early morning hour
She wanders out among the trees
And gathers many a lovely flower;
And mark with what coquettish style
The kerchief on her head she ties,
And see the merry little smile,
And see the love-light in her eyes.

Her pretty feet in tiny shoe
Descend the marble steps so light;
Her lover knows not what to do,
His heart is in a woeful plight
She plucks a rose, shakes off the dew
That on its blushing petals rest,
And says, "My favorite are you,"
And lays its sweetness on her breast.

But she is the one blushing Rose
Within her father's lonely bower;
Yet young Lord Arthur thinks he knows
Whose love adds beauty to the flower.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FIRESIDE STORY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I was just eighteen at the time I am going to tell you of," said Miss Hetty; "just eighteen—"

She paused for the space of half a minute, leaning forward to the light to pick up a drop-stitch, and then slowly drawing a fresh length of yarn from her pocket. And I, sitting at her feet, where I had placed myself to listen to the story she was about to relate to me, thought, as the cheerful evening firelight shone over her fair and comely face, and glistened in her pleasant blue eyes, that it could not be so very long since she was eighteen. For Miss Hetty was one of those who "keep their age well," and if she was forty-three, as people said, I didn't believe it. She looked at least ten years younger than that—dear Miss Hetty!

"And it was that summer," she continued, going on with her knitting, and resuming the thread of her story, "that I went up to my Uncle Harding's, in the country, with a cousin of mine—a pretty cousin named Kate Caverly, to spend the next two or three months. She was a beautiful girl, Susy, beautiful as the sunshine itself. You could not have fancied anything prettier than she was. I cannot describe her for you as people describe heroines in a book, but I know she had a bright, sweet face, and full, splendid gray eyes, with thick curling lashes that were dark, like her hair—it was magnificent hair—and a soft, rosy color that used to come and go like flashes of sunset drifting over her face when anything pleased or agitated her. And she was a dear girl—warm-hearted, and affectionate, and generous—but for all that," and here Miss Hetty shook her head, with a sigh, "for all that she was a sad coquette; yes, just the most desperate little coquette that ever breathed.

"Her father was a wealthy man," continued Miss Hetty, "and Kate had plenty of admirers, both of herself and her money; but she never cared for any one of them, and only encouraged them in the beginning, for the sake of laughing at them in the end. She loved a flirtation dearly, and I was not a little surprised when she declared that summer that she was going to run away, for a time, from all the beaux and parties, and go with me up to Uncle Harding's. For though my uncle had a very fine farm, where there was plenty of amusement for one who liked country life as I did; yet they were alone there—he and my aunt—they had no children, and I thought it could hardly be otherwise than dull there for one so fond of society as Kate. But she had not been up there since she was a child, and she was resolved upon going.

"Well, we went, Katy and I; we arrived safely, and Uncle Harding met us at the depot to take us up to the house. He was as glad to receive us as we were to see him. I remember, as if it was only yesterday, how his eyes sparkled as he welcomed us; and then, on the way up, told all they had been doing, he and Aunt Sarah, since they received our letter; what preparations Aunt Sarah had been making; how they had got the south chamber ready for us, and how he had bought another new horse the day before—a handsome bay, that would look splendidly alongside of White Billy, when Kate and I wanted to ride together; and how he had had the old side saddle fixed up, and got a new one on purpose for Kate. How, in short, they had both done their very best; but if there was better that could be done, how they were both of them ready and willing to do it, they were so glad to have us come. And, after all the rest, he bethought himself to tell us that he and Aunt Sarah were not alone now on the old place, that they had some one staying with them.

That was as far as he got; for by that time we had reached the house, and he had drawn up before the door, where my aunt herself stood ready to welcome us; and in the greetings that followed everything else was forgotten.

"It was near evening when we arrived; tea was awaiting us, and my aunt gave us ten minutes in which to change our travelling dresses, and remove the dust of our day's journey. But it was a relief, after riding all day, to rest in that cool, pleasant chamber of ours, and so we extended the ten minutes to fifteen, and the fifteen to twenty, before we finished dressing. And Katy, while she stood before the glass brushing out her hair, found time to wonder who it could be that was staying at the farm with Uncle Harding and Aunt Sarah—whether it were a gentleman or a lady, and whether it would prove to be a person whom she would like. I had thought of the same thing myself a moment before; but we both wandered off directly to some other matter, and forgot all about that till we went down stairs again.

"I had never seen my cousin look prettier than when, that afternoon, we went down to tea together. Her toilet had freshened and revived her, and I know my uncle and aunt thought they had never seen any one half so beautiful as she was.

"The new inmate of the family had arrived by the time we got down stairs. I suppose I may as well tell you that in certain little flights of imagination in which I had been indulging while dressing in the chamber up stairs, I had carelessly drawn the possible portrait of the person. I do not think you need smile, Susy," (I was smiling, dear reader), "it was only natural, when you remember that there was a prospect of our being inmates of the same house with this person for an indefinite period. One would naturally wish the person to be agreeable.

"Well, the portrait was by no means an indifferent one. But it was not at all like the original. There arose before us as we entered the parlor a gentleman of some twenty six or twenty-seven years of age, tall, plain-featured, somewhat stiff and reserved in manner, and—having red hair. My uncle introduced him as Mr. Morton. He bowed with formal courtesy to each of us, as first I and then my cousin was presented—a courtesy slightly mingled I thought with embarrassment. Yes, his color certainly did rise a little, and he only just glanced at my cousin's face, as she, looking beautiful as a picture, held out her little white hand to him, and lifted her bright gray eyes to his with one of the prettiest smiles in the world. The bright gray eyes lingered stealthily in his countenance for an instant, with an arch and curious glance, and in that glance I read poor Mr. Morton's sentence. 'Plain, red-haired and bashful,' was what my mischief-loving Cousin Kate was saying to herself; and I knew very well what was coming after that, for did not everybody fall in love with Kate? and was she not equally merciless to all?

"Well, we went to tea, and Kate's gray eyes sparkled, and she chattered like a child with Uncle Harding and Aunt Sarah at tea-time, and they looked at her, and listened to her, and seemed so delighted with her—she was so pretty, and bright, and lovable. I listened, too—I liked to listen rather than to talk; and as for Mr. Morton, he sat solemn and erect, and spoke hardly ten words I think all the time.

"After tea we went out, Katy and I, with Uncle Harding to go over the farm, leaving Aunt Sarah busied about some household matter, and

Mr. Morton on his way up stairs to his room. On our way, Uncle Harding told us that Mr. Morton was a teacher in the neighboring academy, that he had graduated from —University, and had prepared to study law, but that he had altered his intention, and would now probably continue to teach.

"And then Uncle Harding was called away by some one on some business or other, and Kate and I hardly cared about going round without him, so we went back to the house. Kate was tired with riding; she wanted to curl herself up on the sofa in Aunt Harding's parlor, she said, and go to sleep, and I might read or sing to her, she didn't care which. I laughed at her for beginning her country life by doing precisely what she would do in the city; but she laughed too, and said that she was not beginning it now—she should do that to-morrow, when she was rested.

"Well, I said, as we went in at the front door, 'what will you do?'

"She should begin by getting up by four o'clock in the morning,' she said; 'she should have famous rides on the new bay horse before breakfast; she should pay after breakfast visits to the barn yard and see all the beautiful red cows, and all the great quacking white geese, and all the fierce gobbling turkeys, and all the dear little yellow ducks and chickens, and goslings; she should make houses in the hay, and work in the garden, and learn of Aunt Sarah how to make the very best bread that anybody ever ate in the whole world; and above all, make it her duty and delight to tease that grave, formal, awkward Mr. Morton into being something like other people.' And then she laughed, and the old sparkle beamed in her gray eyes again. 'O, Hetty,' she said, 'did you mind how solemn he was? and how bashful? And did you see how he colored?—up to the very roots of his hair. And such hair!'

"That instant we both stood still, and Katy—poor Katy!—absolutely turned pale. We had entered the parlor and advanced, I to an arm-chair, she to the sofa, talking and laughing as she went; when something—to this day I cannot tell what it was—made us aware that we were not alone; made us turn to that side of the room by which we had entered. There, just rising from his seat by the open leaf of a secretary where he had been writing, was Mr. Morton himself, whom we had neither of us noticed as we came in.

He had heard all of my cousin's remarks as she entered. He was not coloring now—he was quite pale; and there was in the expression of his face, and in his manner, a quiet, native dignity, that, frightened as I was, struck me with secret, involuntary pleasure and admiration. At that moment he looked, and I knew Katy thought it too—worth twenty thousand of the fopling lovers who had ever paid their empty flatteries to her. He gathered up his papers, just said in a low voice something about being sorry to interrupt Miss Caverly's remarks, and then, almost before we knew it, he was gone.

"For one moment Kate stood perfectly still, just where he had left her; perfectly still, and as pale as any ghost. Then slowly the color began to come into her face; and it grew deeper and deeper, till not the deepest shade of the last sunset-flush that was shining in at the open windows could have equalled it.

"O, Hetty! she said, 'Hetty! I would give anything rather than he should have heard that!'

"She looked at me in perfect consternation, and at the same time, I believe, in perfect contrition. I think she was heartily and sincerely ashamed of herself—she looked so. I believe that in that moment if Kate could have made her own beautiful hair as red as Mr. Morton's, she would joyfully have done it, as a poor compensation for the rudeness of which she had been guilty—a rudeness whose sting he could not have felt so deeply as she regretted it. The color of his hair and the plainness and formality of his manner were no longer a matter of merriment to her. We both remembered the simple and natural dignity that had sat upon his countenance, rebuking her light speech; and both, I think felt that there was something in Mr. Morton that we had not before thought to find; something that made him a man and a gentleman despite all personal defects; something that evoked, in both Kate's breast and mine, a feeling of involuntary respect for Mr. Morton.

"Poor Katy! I believe she had never been so chagrined in her life. She went to bed really unhappy that night, without having seen Mr. Morton again, and I pitied her, thinking of their

next meeting. It was at the breakfast table next morning. And Mr. Morton was calm, and grave, and courteous, and Kate's cheeks were crimson. They never spoke to or looked at each other after the morning salutation, but both took their breakfast in silence, while I knew that my aunt and uncle were wondering what had come over them. Well, when breakfast was over, Mr. Morton went directly away to his room, and we did not meet him again till afternoon, when he returned from school.

"He was very much altered to-day from his yesterday's self. It is true there was the same slight formality of manner, but nothing of the bashfulness of yesterday. There was in its place a calm and quiet air of self-respect and of self-possession that I liked, and that became him exceedingly. He treated Kate with courtesy, such as nobody could have found fault with; indeed, such as he could not but have paid to a lady, even had she been twice as rude as Kate; but he was reserved, too, and it was impossible to tell exactly what he thought of her; but he only spoke to her when politeness or necessity required it, and hardly ever looked in her face."

"Well, Miss Hetty," said I, "how did he treat you all this time? He didn't blame you for what your cousin had said, did he?"

Miss Hetty smiled thoughtfully.

"Why, no, I suppose not, my dear; no, of course he didn't. He treated me politely, very politely, of course, and was, perhaps, just a shadow less reserved with me than with her; a little kinder when he spoke to me, and a little more open; but he was generally occupied when he was in the house in reading, and so I was hardly less a stranger to him than Kate. But I'm not my own heroine, my dear," and Miss Hetty smiled; "I must go on telling you about Kate. Where was I?—the day after Kate made that unlucky speech. Well, as I was saying, he was perfectly courteous towards my cousin, but at the same time very grave, and distant and reserved; and poor Katy was more uncomfortable, I think, than she had ever been in her life before. She was a dear, excellent, warm-hearted girl, although she was so merry and thoughtless; and no one could have been more sorry for anything than she was for what she had done.

"But I don't think Mr. Morton had any idea how much she regretted it. I suppose he thought that she would be ashamed, but not that she would be so really sorry for it. And so, at first, when he would come into the old-fashioned parlor of an evening, and Katy was very still and silent, and colored like a rose when Uncle Harding asked her what was the matter that she was growing so mute lately—then Mr. Morton never looked towards her; he only read his book quietly, or looked out of the window, and did not seem to hear or see anything beyond. But it did not continue so a very great while; it could not, you see, my dear; and by-and-by I saw that Mr. Morton began, in his quiet way, to notice Katy more than he had done; to listen to the way she answered when he chanced to speak to her, and to remark, without seeming to do so, the expression of her face; and while he seemed to be reading so earnestly and attentively, I knew that he was thinking a great deal more than he read.

"You see, my dear, that I used to mind him sometimes when he was sitting there; and you remember, don't you, that when Katy and I first saw him, we thought him a very plain man indeed? Well, it was with Mr. Morton as I dare say it is with a good many others—he changed very much on acquaintance; and somehow, when one came to observe him, one suddenly found that he was not, after all, so plain as one had thought. Looking at him then, as he sat there, I said to myself that Mr. Morton, after all, was a much finer-looking man than he had at first seemed, despite the color of his hair. His nose was somewhat large, perhaps, and so was his mouth; but then he had a fine forehead, and very full, clear gray eyes, and the finest and soundest set of teeth I ever saw in my life. So, sitting there, I learned to like Mr. Morton's face, and so I know did Kate, and respect him every day, too, more and more. My uncle felt to talking of him to us one evening while he was absent. 'You would not find,' said he, 'many better men in the world than Ralph Morton; many men of better heart, sounder intellect, or purer character. He was honorable, truthful, upright. Integer!' said my uncle, suddenly and heartily striking his open palm upon the table. 'Integer! that's the word that describes him.'

"And very gentle, and warm-hearted, and

kindly, too, was Ralph Morton under that reserved and formal exterior—a man of deep and earnest feeling; but not many knew it apart from those who had known his charity, and those who were near his heart. We learned by degrees, Katy and I, how to estimate him, and that Uncle Harding had never spoken too strongly about him.

"Little Katy was very sober after my uncle had spoken so, and she said more than once to me that she wished she had not ridiculed Mr. Morton as she had done. And I wished so, too, with all my heart. At this time it was drawing very near the commencement of the summer vacation, and Mr. Morton mentioned to my uncle that he had received news from a friend who was ill at the West, and that he should probably proceed thither as soon as the term closed, to remain until the commencement of the next one. Poor Katy acknowledged to being a good deal troubled on hearing this. 'I wish he were not going so soon,' she said to me, 'or that I dared to say something before he goes, to make it right again. If it could be made right again, that is. What do you suppose he thinks of me, Hetty? I should like just to shake hands with him before he leaves here, and know that he was willing to forget how silly I have been.' And the nearer the time came for Mr. Morton's departure the more restless and earnest poor little Katy became.

"At last, one evening, just two days before Mr. Morton was to leave, we were all of us, except Aunt Sarah, sitting in the parlor. Uncle Harding had his newspapers, Mr. Morton was standing with folded arms before an open window, looking out; he had stood there some ten minutes, dreaming, I suppose; little Katy sat in a corner with an open book in her lap, which she seemed to be reading in a sort of inattentive way, applying herself to it by fits and starts, and I was knitting, just as I am at this moment. We were all silent, and had been for the last fifteen minutes, when I suppose my uncle thought the silence had lasted long enough. He looked towards Katy.

"'Little Katy, what are you reading there?' he said.

"Katy told him. It was some Italian author; Dante, I think; and then Uncle Harding asked her to read a page to him. So Katy commenced reading, and continued for a few moments. Then she stopped. Uncle Harding raised his head, asking why she didn't go on? it was very fine—very fine indeed. Katy said she had come to a difficult passage. But she was careful to say it in so low a voice that Mr. Morton could not hear.

"'A difficult passage?' Uncle Harding echoed, unwittingly; 'why, that's easily got over; Ralph will help you out. Ralph?' and he turned about in his chair.

"Mr. Morton had turned at the sound of his name, and came forward now. My uncle had just taken the book from Kate's hand, and was glancing over the page.

"'Only a little difficulty that Katy has got into with her reading here, Ralph,' said he. 'You'll help her out in a minute, I dare say. I want to hear a little more of that. Where's the passage, Kate?' he continued, running his finger along the page. 'Show it to him, my dear.'

"Well, Katy was blushing redder than any rose, and neither she nor Mr. Morton looked at each other. He was looking somewhat embarrassed, too, but he took the book my uncle gave him, and as Katy slowly rose from her seat, murmured something about 'being happy to assist Miss Caverly.' At that moment the door-bell rang—somebody wanted to see Mr. Harding, and my uncle vanished. And there they stood, Mr. Morton and Kate, just where he had left them. It was rather an awkward thing. But in a moment, with sudden and frank courage, Katy took the awkwardness out of it.

"'I should like to have the passage translated too,' she said, in a low voice, that was very sweet, and gentle, and earnest; 'and I shall be very glad if you will help me.'

"She was looking down, coloring deeply, and a little tremulous.

"'I shall be very glad to tell you what you wish to know,' said Mr. Morton, gently, 'if you will show me the passage.'

"So Katy pointed it out; and Mr. Morton cleared a place on a small table near and placed two chairs before it, and then they sat down, Katy and he, with the book before them.

"Sitting apart from them, with my work, I

heard them discussing the lesson in low voices, their eyes fixed straight upon the page, never looking at each other. Even a stranger might have seen that they were not quite at ease; and yet I knew that they were both really glad to be there, and talking with each other, even in this half reserved, half embarrassed way at last. And when the reading was got through, they both sat silent for a moment, and Katy played nervously with the leaves of the book, and all the time her color kept growing deeper; then she rose from her seat and Mr. Morton rose too, and yet they would not look at each other; and still she lingered—hesitated. But it was only for an instant. Then she began to speak to Mr. Morton—to say something to him in a subdued voice, and with eyes cast down, and still with her little tremulous fingers moving in that nervous way over the leaves of her book, showing how agitated she was.

At first while she spoke, Mr. Morton's face slightly flushed, and he looked a little discomposed; but then he grew directly calm again, and when he answered her, Katy began to look a good deal more at her ease. Then, in a moment more, they were talking together in a quiet kind of way, not in the least like strangers now. I think they stood there five or ten minutes, talking to each other in that way, and then they separated, and Katy came and sat down by my side, and Mr. Morton left the room and went up stairs; and she leaned her head on her hand, saying with a sigh of relief, 'I am so glad, Hetty!'

"Well, it was all right at last. Poor little Katy had not exactly asked Mr. Morton to forgive her for ridiculing him; but she had said something—in the agitation of the moment she could not very definitely tell what—and Mr. Morton had comprehended its meaning; and although he was not a little embarrassed himself, had contrived in a moment to put the awkwardness of the affair aside; and then Kate said such a pleased and kindly glance was in his eyes, and they talked together—had not said much, but they had seemed like old friends who had had a misunderstanding, and were glad to be reconciled. And Katy believed that he *was* glad, and that he liked her; she was sure she liked him. Well, the next day but one he went away, and Katy was the last one he shook hands with, and better friends, I believe, never parted in the world."

"But, Miss Hetty," said I, "is that all?"

Miss Hetty smiled. "No, my dear, that is not all, quite. Mr. Morton was gone four weeks, and came back some time before we went away. We had not expected him so soon; and when Katy and he met, and her eyes sparkled so, and she looked so glad and surprised, and there was such a look of pleasure and satisfaction in his eyes, you would have thought they were very sincere friends indeed, as they were. Well, they were only friends then. But the next year Katy went with me to my uncle's again, and we stayed a long time, and she used to study with Mr. Morton every day; and though so many people would have thought it very singular, they grew to liking each other better and better. And then a near and wealthy relative of Mr. Morton's died, and left him a very handsome fortune; and shortly after he became principal of the Oakdale Academy."

"And then, Miss Hetty?" said Miss Hetty's listener.

"And then, my dear, it happened that Mr. Morton and Katy were married. And now, Mrs. Morton is a very handsome and graceful woman of middle age, and the happiest wife in the world; and Mr. Morton is a fine-looking, stately old gentleman, whom everybody admires—and his wife more than all. But the fire is going out, my dear, and—patience! it's really past eleven o'clock."

And so, reader, that was Miss Hetty's story; and I hope you like it, for I did very much.

A RAT-SKIN SUIT.

An ingenious individual of Liskeard, Cornwall, has for some time past been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself: it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately round the tails of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing six hundred tails.—*Buckland.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GLASS-PAINTER OF SOUCY.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

AT the little French town of Soucy, near Sens, a hitherto lonely household was one day thrown into the most extraordinary panic of delight by the advent of a little child. The parents, Annas and Lisette Cousin, had been married several years, and this event was as unexpected as it was delightful. The child, so inexpressibly welcome, was destined to immortalize the name of Cousin; and the germ of unmistakable genius was discoverable almost in his infancy.

To Lisette Cousin the birth of this boy opened up a new world. Hitherto she had been a quiet, dreamy woman, loving the solitude of her home, and never thinking she would at all like to have the immaculate neatness of her little establishment disturbed by the incursions of childhood.

But Lisette's maternal element now swallowed up all lesser things; and she saw her floor littered with playthings for little Jean, and her hitherto spotless dresses occasionally tumbled or soiled, without a sigh, so long as the tiny creature she had borne was well and happy. Like most children born of parents no longer young, Jean had a face that told of premature wisdom; and his little sayings, though easily accounted for in the act of his living only with grown people, were the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood. Active alike in mind and body, nothing escaped his curious observation—nothing was so perfect as to dampen his attempts at imitation.

As he grew older, and began to walk through the streets with his mother, who delighted to deck his little form with tasteful elegance, he was principally enraptured with the casts and pictures in the windows of the little French shops of Soucy. The mother's purse was generally emptied to supply her son's rapacious demands; and the child frequently tottered under the weight of his purchases, not choosing to entrust them to any one else. For these he was obliged, after awhile, to occupy a separate room, so large was the amount of his treasures; and here he brought every curiosity that was given him, every pet animal which he could induce to follow him home, and all the flowers which he could gather.

Soon, he began to arrange this room with artistic taste, and the parents called in all their neighbors to inspect Jean's museum—and many were charmed at the singular and picturesque arrangement of his "curiosity shop." A friend had one day given him a box with a really fine painting upon the cover. This box contained, among other treasures, a case of pencils and painting materials; and from that moment the boy's destiny was fixed. Glass was procured, and the painting imitated, and after a hundred attempts, a tolerable picture was presented by the infant artist to the enraptured mother.

Like our own West, the mother's kiss made him a painter. Growing more and more enthusiastic each year, the youthful artist became, by turns, painter, sculptor, architect and engraver; but he adhered more closely to his glass-painting than either. The first oil-painting, however, executed by a French artist, was his work. This was the "Last Judgment," by which he acquired the title of the Michael Angelo of France. The windows of Vincennes—costly and delicately executed, so admired—were his work.

The sensitive heart of the painter did not long await the coming of that sentiment which affects men of genius as powerfully as any. Susceptible in the highest degree to the influence of beauty, and of human beauty particularly, it was no matter of wonder when, at the very first sight of Victorine Farel, he laid his heart at her feet. Born in a sphere that might be considered superior to that of Jean Cousin, she possessed none of the haughty pride that lingers over the difference of grade, and immolates the heart at the shrine of rank.

Victorine was as good as she was beautiful, and that was indeed high praise. Her father, although not of the nobility, was allied to it by marriage, and at heart was really and truly a nobleman. His wealth enabled him to keep closely on the borders of that mystic boundary established in France, and he had sense and dignity enough never to overleap it. Still it troubled him that his daughter's love should be sought by an artist. He had educated her for a different sphere; hardly daring to own, even to himself, that he expected her to enter the magic circle closed to himself. He felt that she would adorn it most brilliantly, not only by her beauty, but

by her wit and sense, and listened coldly to him. Victorine's face showed the struggle between love and duty which was at her heart. She loved her father with the deepest filial affection; but another sentiment had outgrown the first, and she could not stifle her preference for the young artist, whose fame, she felt assured, would one day reflect honor upon any rank. She was therefore troubled, and even agonized, by the announcement of her father that he had promised her hand to one of her mother's connexions, a young nobleman who had seen his fair relative at the country seat of his uncle. This uncle possessed a daughter who was Victorine's companion at the school where she was educated; and on this occasion she was visiting her friend at her father's summer retreat. Here the young Count Fleury saw and admired her, and with the noble ardor of youth, despising the mere accident of rank, he wrote to his father, and received an answer that met his highest wishes.

Tearfully she imparted her grief to the young artist, who was even then in the neighborhood where she was staying, having been employed in the difficult task of executing the delicate gray and white windows at Castle Anet, the residence of Louis de Breze. Chance brought her to his presence. A small party had agreed to spend the morning in exploring the neighborhood, and as the castle was open, the gay young people thronged in at the inviting portals, and wandered at will about the beautiful apartments, interesting as the home of one of whom they had heard so much—the fair Diana de Poitiers, the wife of the noble owner.

Victorine had become accidentally separated from her companions, and in seeking them she pushed open a door that stood ajar. Its dim light made her start back; but in that brief moment she was seen and recognized. A few whispered words, a renewed promise, and she was gone; but the gray and white windows received no more touches that day—sentiment had overpowered genius for that time, at least.

Victorine trembled as she remembered his words. He had solemnly declared, in that one passionate instant of communion, that he would not live without her, and from his grave and determined character, she believed that it was no idle declaration. She was thankful that some chance separated her from the count, as they wound down the path from the castle, conscious as she was that the sight would have deeply irritated her lover.

Meantime the preparations were actually going on for Victorine's marriage with the count. Farel, good and noble as he really was, had one failing which dimmed his character, and this was an overweening desire to ennoble his daughter. The young count, though deeply sensible of her indifference, could not relinquish the hope that his love might yet touch her heart, and although he saw how it grieved her, he had not strength to be generous in resigning her.

The day was indeed fixed; the guests—noble ones, too, to gratify the pride of the father—were invited. The morning came, and the household were all astir. The bride had retired the evening before with a weeping and anxious face; and as yet she had not returned.

"Let her sleep," said the good mother of Farel, whose affection for her grandchild rebelled against all this. "Let her sleep. I will awaken her when it is time."

Had one had time to examine the countenance of the good old grandmother, when, half an hour later, she came to say that Victorine was missing, it might have been thought to exhibit more satisfaction than anxiety. But no one had time. There was "mounting in hot haste," but the lady had gone, and could not be found.

But, half a league off, in the little church of San Andrea, a marriage ceremony was at that moment going on. When it was over, the artist-bridegroom carried off his blushing bride to the old home at Soucy, where she was welcomed as warmly as she would have been at the halls of de Fleury. Victorine's father, finding that his schemes were in vain, extended the desired pardon to the young couple, and harmony was soon restored to the household of the Farel family.

From one branch to another Jean Cousin turned with avidity, and with more than the ordinary success of versatile geniuses; for, unlike them, he did everything well that he undertook. To his pen artists are indebted for much useful anatomical information, as well as his example in the various arts in which he excelled. Dying in 1589, he left a name to posterity of which it might well be proud.



HALL AND STAIRCASE, HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.

THE HANCOCK HOUSE, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

We publish on this page a series of views of the famous old Hancock House, on Beacon Street, Boston, to which the recent death of its venerable owner, the suggestion of Gov. Banks of its purchase by the State, and Col. E. G. Parker's interesting report on the subject, have given a fresh interest, directing universal attention to one of the most perfect of our old historic landmarks. The sketches to which we invite the attention of our readers, were drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Alfred Waud, and are correct in every particular. The exterior of the mansion, the hall and staircase, the room honored by Washington as the guest of Governor Hancock, are delineated with the fidelity of the daguerreotype. No Bostonian needs a description of the Hancock House, yet all will be glad to preserve a picture of it, and our countrymen in other States and cities will welcome all that we can publish in reference to the homestead of the man whose bold and graceful signature was the first affixed to the immortal Declaration of Independence. The mansion occupies nearly the most commanding site in Boston, and its stately, old-fashioned architecture attracts the eye amidst the crowd of buildings extending from the State House to Charles Street. It commands a view over the tree-tops of the upper Mall, across the broad Common and the forest of chimneys and of masts, of those distant heights where Washington planted his cannon when the town was in possession of the British. Formerly it had an ex-

tensive view on every side, for, at the date of its erection, the west end of Boston was a kind of rural wilderness. The house is more than a century old, having been erected in 1737, by Thomas Hancock, Esq., an uncle of the signer of the Declaration. It must have been regarded at that time as a marvel of sumptuous architecture. It was surrounded by green pastures filled with browsing cattle. The hill, which derived its name from the beacon which crowned the summit, and stood on the site of the State House, was then of much greater elevation than at present. When Governor Hancock came into possession of it, the estate was quite a little farm, for it comprised five acres. There was some pasturage for horses, and an orchard filled with choice fruit-trees, extended in the rear of the mansion. Long ago the shears of improvement, like Hotspur's river, "clipped a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out" of the territory. Some other changes, too, have occurred in the lapse of time, a large dining hall and the stables have disappeared, but substantially the building is the same as when the heroes of the Revolution were welcome guests within its hospitable walls. On the outside of the house may still be seen the irons which supported large lanterns that lighted up the grounds when the governor gave one of his sumptuous evening entertainments. The knocker on the old front door is a relic of the past, when bells were un-

known. This door opens on a spacious hall, 15 feet wide and extending about 40 feet to the rear of the house. This portion of the building, with the quaint, old-fashioned staircase, is the subject of our first illustration. On the right is the parlor in which Washington and Lafayette were received. The walls of this room are adorned with family portraits, including a fine head of Governor Hancock, from the pencil of Copley. Over this room is the guest-chamber, at one time occupied by Lafayette. On the other side is the chamber in which Governor Hancock died. The whole interior is in excellent preservation, and the house is so thoroughly built, that it will probably remain in its present condition for another hundred years. The architects of the past century had an eye to posterity. Here, then, lived and died one of the most prominent actors in the great revolutionary drama, the "flagitious rebel" who, with Samuel Adams, had the honor of being excluded by General Gage from the benefits of the general pardon he proffered after the battle of Lexington, president of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, successor of Peyton Randolph as president of the National Congress, president of the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and for many years governor of Massachusetts. Here was the home of the man who was present at the coronation of George III., and who lived to be an active agent in the events that deprived that monarch of the brightest jewel of his crown. No man staked more on the fortunes of the Revolution than John Hancock, for his property was located in the very focus of the "rebellion." And who can forget how, with a patriotic devotion worthy of Publicola, he bade Gen. Washington "cannonade Boston, though it should make John Hancock a beggar?" In front of this old mansion he walked and talked with Samuel Adams, discussing the gravest questions on which man can be called to deliberate, and, when he had given in his adhesion to the popular cause, within that house he gathered the bold spirits of the Revolution to "plot most precious mischief." A sad scene the windows of the old house looked down upon when British troops were encamped on Boston Common, and



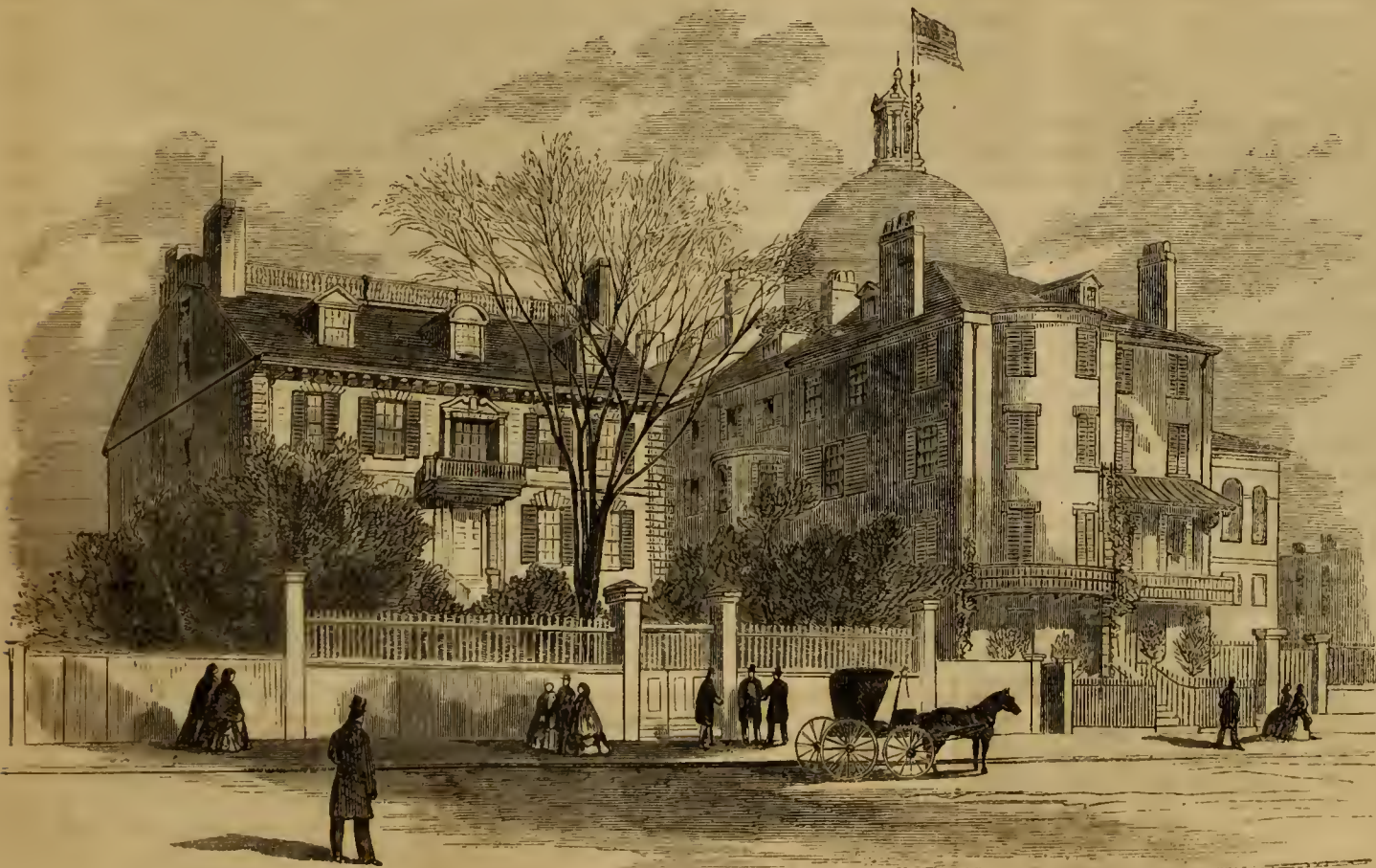
WASHINGTON'S ROOM, HANCOCK HOUSE.

scarlet uniforms blazed among the white walls of their canvass city. That old pile many a time and oft gave back the roll of the British drums and the bray of the British trumpet, and it shook with the heavy cannonading on that day of days, when the flower of the British army withered before the freemen on the sacred hill of sacrifice in Charlestown. But the day of tribulation passed, the old mansion blazed forth with a festal glory it had never before known, and its portals were thrown wide open by the hospitable owner and his lady, when the American defenders of our soil, and their courtly allies of the French army and navy, had sheathed their swords and mingled in joyous celebration of their victories. What august and brilliant forms have trod the floors of the Hancock House! What beauties long ago mounded in the grave, pattered up and down those old stairs on their high heels, filling the hall with the rustle of their silks and brocades, and the low, sweet music of their laughter! Magistrates, legislators, soldiers and civilians, divines, and wits, and men of learning, the rich and poor, have passed in and out of those portals. They are all gone now—and yet the house is haunted by their presence, and graced by a thousand charming associations.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

California is "going ahead like a steamboat." The increase in horses during a period of two years is 43,000, and in cattle 120,000. The exports of hides during the past year amounted to \$516,712. The quantity of land cultivated in 1856 was 511,963 acres; in 1858, 755,734; being an increase of 244,771 acres. This is exclusive of land fenced in for grazing purposes. The crop of wheat for the year 1858 is set down at 3,568,669 bushels; and that of barley at 6,382,717.—In the cultivation of the grape and the manufacturing of wine, the Golden State of the Pacific already stands foremost in the confederacy. The increase in this interest has been one hundred and fifty per cent. in two years. The number of vines in 1858 was nearly 4,000,000, and of this large number one-third is found in a single county—Los Angeles—while the average yield of each vine is estimated at 14 pounds. During the year 1858 there was manufactured in California, of wine 385,000 gallons, and of brandy 10,000 gallons, making a total of nearly 400,000 gallons. It is estimated that in 1860, 1,000,000 gallons of these liquors will be manufactured in California.

A considerable share of attention has been devoted to the rearing of sheep, for which experience has demonstrated that the soil and climate of California is admirably adapted. During the year 1858 there was exported 1,351,671 pounds of wool, at a home valuation of \$189,634, while the number of sheep in the State at the present time is estimated at 650,000, being more than double the number estimated for 1856.—So far as the mining interests are concerned, it is shown that this department of State and National wealth is increasing in importance in almost every section of the State. At the present time there are 5726 miles of artificial water-courses constructed for mining purposes, at an expense of \$13,500,000, while the number of mills for quartz mining on the first of November, 1858, was 279, costing \$3,275,000.—*Boston Post.*



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.



TESTING UNITED STATES CANNON AT THE CASTLE.

CASTING AND PROVING GUNS.

Two engravings on this page, from drawings made for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, exhibit the process of casting ten-inch shell guns for the United States navy, at Alger's foundry, South Boston, and the manner of testing the guns after they are completed. The iron for these guns is carefully selected, and, to obtain the necessary strength, hardness and other qualities, Greenwood from West Point, N. Y., American from Connecticut, and Gartsherrie or some other soft imported iron, of which but a small quantity is used. The metal is kept in the furnace about five hours, and small quantities are dipped out from time to time to test it, until the proper moment arrives for the casting. The molten iron is then run directly from the furnace into the moulds, a process which occupies about three minutes. The gun mould is sunk in a pit which is carefully covered at the top for the purpose of

retaining the heat and allowing the gun to cool slowly, which takes about ten days. 28,000 pounds of metal are required to form a gun, which, when finished, weighs only 16,000 pounds, 12,000 pounds having been lost in turning and boring, as the guns are cast solid. All the minutiae of manufacture are carefully noted by the government officer, and must be inspected and approved by him. The ten-inch is the largest sized gun used by the United States navy, and is on the most approved model. The boring and finishing of a gun requires about a month's labor. The casting, especially when performed at night, is a very picturesque operation; the glowing metal and brilliant steel-colored sparks lighting the dim arches and misty gloom of the foundry, while the stalwart workmen appear in the ruddy glare like the demons of a sorcerer engaged in some cabalistic experiment. Our larger picture gives a complete representation of this

striking spectacle. The gun having been completed, must then be subject to proof, and this is represented in the first engraving. The powder proof consists in firing from a gun selected from a lot, a thousand rounds, which it must sustain, and the rest, each a limited number of times with a small excess of powder. The gun is fired with shell of 134 pounds' weight, either filled or empty, as occasion may require. It has a range of about two miles with 15 pounds of powder. The shells are discharged into a butt filled with earth to receive them, the gun being placed upon a platform, and fired by a lanyard from a protection built behind it, into which the men retire when it is fired. The shell buries itself in the butt, and throws up a cloud of dust and smoke mixed with stones, producing the effect shown in our picture. The importance of the most careful experiments with ship, field and siege guns, is obvious from the fact that the fortune of war now

weight to be cast at Paris, Tours, Amiens and Orleans. He also ordered iron bullets to be cast at the foundries of Criel, though stone bullets were still in use. Brass cannon appear to have been first cast in England by John Owen in 1535. Mortars were made under the reign of Henry VIII., and cast-iron cannon under that of Edward VI. Until within a few years, iron cannon were cast with a cylindrical cavity nearly of the dimensions of the calibre of the piece, but experience pointed out many inconveniences from casting guns hollow, and widening the calibres by boring bars, all guns cast hollow becoming more or less spongy where they ought to have been the most compact, and numberless cavities being also created round the cores, from stagnated air generated in them, which were too deep to be cut out by the boring. Iron and brass cannon are now cast solid to remedy these defects, and thus, the grain is more compressed.



CASTING GUNS AT ALGER'S FOUNDRY, SOUTH BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year \$2 50
 One copy, two years 4 00
 Five copies, one year 9 00
 Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) 20 00
 One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER, Roxbury.—You can purchase prepared French mustard at the grocery stores, but if you are willing to take a little trouble you can make it by the following receipt: One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglass full of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

M. M., Dorchester, Mass.—Tea was introduced into Europe about 1640, and was sometimes sold at fifty dollars a pound.

AMATEUR.—The strawberry plant is found all over the globe. Even the Swiss mountains have a variety. A nautical friend of ours professes to have eaten them in South America as large as cup-plates.

INQUIRER.—You will find some vivid sketches of Malta in "Scampavias," a very clever book, written by Lieut. Henry A. Wise.

BROOKINGS.—The cannon ball in the tower of Brattle Street Church probably came from Fort Washington, Cambridgeport.

"ONE OF MANY."—You will find some notices of Prince Napoleon in Lord Dufferin's "Yacht Voyage of 6000 Miles," published by Ticknor & Fields. The prince went to Iceland in the reign of Hortense.

READER.—There are some ancient relics from the tomb of Mausolus in the British Museum. This famous monument, one of the seven wonders of the world, was erected by Queen Artemisia, wife of Mausolus, 353 years before the Christian era. It was called Mausoleum, and all other magnificent tombs and sepulchres have ever since received the same name.

BEGINNER.—Madame de Staël could never enter into an intellectual combat without something to occupy her hands. It was her custom always to have a twig of poplar with two or three leaves on it, which she invariably twirled about, as a sort of accompaniment to her words. She used to declare that she should be dumb without it, and even when she went to parties some substitute was always provided.

SEAGRAM S.—Commissions are still bought and sold in the British army. A lieutenantcy in the line costs \$3500. Candidates must pass an examination, but it is a very superficial one. Owing to this practice the English army is very poorly officered. In France, as in this country, no man can hold a commission in the regular army who is not properly educated for the position.

MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE.

The speech of Napoleon III., at the opening of the French Chambers, though cast in a mould of peace, is filled with warlike ingredients. He avows that it is still his purpose "to restore France to her rank among the nations;" that France and Russia, in reference to European affairs, "are agreed upon all points in dispute;" that France and Austria "have disagreed upon important questions, and it required a most conciliatory spirit to succeed in arranging them;" that "the interest of France is everywhere, where there is a just cause, and where civilization ought to be made to prevail;" that "in this state of things it is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Piedmont;" that "the state of Italy, and her abnormal position, where order cannot be obtained except by foreign troops, gives just cause of anxiety to diplomacy." These strong declarations are mixed up with a due proportion of hollow intimations of deference towards England, and of qualified assurances that there is no sufficient motive for belief in war; but viewed in connection with what France is doing at the present time, they show very significantly that the emperor's plans are such as will be very likely to provoke hostilities; and that he is determined to pursue them, war or no war. What can be meant by the purpose "to restore France to her place among the nations?" What but the re-establishment of the French power in Europe, as it was in the palmy days of Napoleon I., when almost every nation upon the continent, except Russia, was subject to the imperial eagles? Since the restoration of Louis XVIII., in 1814, France has lost no position in Europe; and if she is to be restored now, it must mean to a state antecedent to that.

As to what France is doing at the present time, it all shows a warlike purpose. The army has been increased for sometime past, and is still increasing; so that by the first of July next it will amount to 650,000 men. Troops of all arms are being assembled in great numbers, within a day's march of the confines of Savoy, and the arsenals of France are ringing with the constant din of warlike preparation. The French navy is being increased with great rapidity, and with the most formidable and effective improvements of modern art. There are at the present moment two hundred ships-of-war in commission in French ports, and floating batteries of great power are in process of construction. Sardinia, too, the *protege* of France, is expending millions of francs in military preparations, to second the

movements of the emperor whenever he shall "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." All this looks as though Napoleon III. had made up his mind to regulate the affairs of Europe to suit himself; and gives a very significant meaning to the arrogant declarations of his late speech, which we have quoted above.

SEEDS FROM CHINA.

The Agricultural Bureau of the Department of the Interior has charge of the business of importing new varieties of seeds and plants into the country for the improvement of agriculture; and through its instrumentality many important benefits have been secured to the farming interest. Mr. Robert Fortune, an English gentleman of superior botanical attainments, is now engaged in China, in behalf of the patent office, in procuring seeds of new and valuable plants for shipment to this country for the purposes of experiment, and has recently sent an invoice containing large quantities of seeds of various kinds. Among these are seeds and plants of the Yang-mae tree, the fruit of which is greatly esteemed in China. There are also seeds of the Tung oil tree, which produces a valuable oil suitable for the use of carpenters and varnishers of wood; and of the *Oo-dang*, which is a highly ornamental tree. Seeds of the camphor tree are also comprised in the agent's invoice; and it is thought that this highly valuable tree may be cultivated with good success and profit in Florida, and other of the southern States. In addition to these varieties, there is also a large quantity of the seed of the tea-plant, packed in earth to preserve its vitality; and it is proposed to institute new experiments as to the practicability of cultivating this shrub in the United States. For the proper germination of these various seeds, a propagating house has been established at Washington, with a view to starting the plants under the most favorable auspices, and then distributing them to the localities best fitted for the experiments of acclimating and cultivating them.

HEYN, THE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

During the maritime wars of the seventeenth century, Peter Heyn, an admiral of the Dutch navy, distinguished himself by deeds of prowess, which won for him the highest honors of his country. In 1627 he conquered Saint Salvador from the Spanish, and destroyed twenty-six of the enemy's fleet. Shortly after this he sailed in pursuit of the Spanish "Silver Fleet," on its annual voyage from the West Indies to Spain, and captured nineteen vessels, carrying all his prizes but two to Holland. The booty of this capture was immense, including one hundred and forty thousand pounds, or about sixty-two and a half tons of pure silver. Heyn was a man of honorable origin, and as modest as he was brave. He refused to receive any portion for himself of the vast treasure he had won, and when exalted by the States General to the high and honorable post of lieutenant admiral, he would have declined it, on the plea that it was too high a dignity for one of his mean birth and unpolished manners. The next year Heyn died gloriously, on the deck of his ship, which he had laid between two Dunkirk pirates, and was fighting with the utmost bravery. His death was publicly mourned by his country, with the most honorable testimonials to his worth. His body was interred in princely state in the royal mausoleum at Delft, and a magnificent marble monument was erected to his memory.

A STORY OF LAFAYETTE.

Lady Morgan relates, in her interesting memoirs, some particulars of a visit to Lafayette at Lagrange. She says:—As I thought the general limped a little, although Morgan gave him his arm, I proposed as we reached the extremity of the great lawn, that commands such a beautiful view of the chateau and its five towers, that we should sit down to enjoy the scene on one of the many wooden benches with which the grounds abound. The shade of two fine trees offered us repose and shelter from the sun, and, above all, one of those charming chats with the general, to which he unsuspectingly lent himself. In those low, slow, modulated tones, which gave to everything he said such emphasis, he answered our questions by replies, that might almost be called historical. "Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a masked ball at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?" "I am afraid so,"

said he, "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, le Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was, that when I pointed out Madame du Barri to her—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me accost her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the queen would not have objected to it; such was the spirit of adventure at that time in the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "Ah, general, you were their Cromwell Grandison." "Not then," replied he, smiling, "that *sobriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he. "The world said at least," I added, with some hesitation, "that she favored its young champion, the hero of two worlds." "A drawing-room scandal!" he replied, and the subject was dropped.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of this long established and remarkably successful paper. With a larger circulation than any journal of its class in this city, it wields a most potent and extensive influence, and is conducted on a scale of liberality and enterprise which is unsurpassed by any daily paper in the country. As a news paper, we do not believe it can be excelled, and its several editions are most complete and perfect issues. Especially as an advertising medium we know the Journal to be most valuable, from personal experience in our own business behalf. Captain Rogers, the proprietor, though a young man, has large experience, and holds a high position as an influential and worthy citizen.

A FRENCH IDEA.—A French engineer seriously proposes a scheme for turning the sands of the great African Desert into solid arched blocks for the construction of a tunnel extending the whole length of the sandy waste. The method proposed is to mould the sand by moisture into blocks of the proper shape, and fuse them by the heat of the sun's concentrated rays by means of a huge Archimedean burning mirror. The object of this tunnel is stated to be the protection of travellers from the desert simoons and sand storms, and to make Algeria the entrepot of the commerce of the Mediterranean with Africa.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE FEJEEANS.—The British government is said to have purchased 200,000 acres of land from the Fijee Islanders, for the sum of \$45,000, to be paid to satisfy the American claims against the Fijee government. In addition to this grant of 200,000, there will be grants of such other lands as may be needed for governmental purposes.

"RODERICK THE ROVER."—This captivating sea story, elegantly illustrated, written by Lieutenant Murray, will be sent *post paid* to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps. Five editions of this remarkable romance have been issued, and the demand is as great as at first!

A CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—A structure to cost \$50,000, for this purpose, is about to be erected at Fort Wayne, Indiana, we observe by the State paper.

"MIRALDI: or the Justice of Tacon."—This drama, from the pen of the editor of the Pictorial, is playing with large success in various parts of the country.

COTTON.—Alabama has reason to rejoice over her cotton crop for the last year. Its value is officially ascertained to exceed \$2,000,000.

\$3.50.—Ballou's Pictorial and The Flag of our Union are sent together for three dollars and fifty cents a year.

OHIO.—This State, we learn from the official journal, has now a population of 2,300,000.

THE INDIAN RACE.—There are now less than 360,000 Indians in the United States!

A WONDERFUL SUCCESS.—The recent Mount Vernon Ball at the Boston Theatre.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

The place where Washington's ancestors first settled in 1677, is situated in Westmoreland County, Va., upon an elevated plateau on Pope's Creek, near the junction of that stream with the Potomac River. Here the father of his country was born in the year 1732. The cellar of the house is still visible, and some fruit-trees and other remnants of the garden still remain to interest the eye of the patriotic pilgrim. The site of the house is surrounded by an iron fence, to protect it from invasion. This fence was erected by the State of Virginia, to which Colonel Lewis W. Washington presented the hallowed spot. The situation is represented to be very romantic, and the scenery around as beautiful. Standing upon an elevated bank upon the borders of the creek, the visitor sees around him the outline of bill and vale, the noble stream of the Potomac, and the graceful outline of the Maryland shore beyond, just as the eyes of that youthful hero dwelt upon them more than a century ago; for the band of improvement has not been here, and the wild solitude of nature is as little disturbed there now, as it was before the breaking out of the American Revolution. Of late years it has become somewhat common for citizens of other States to make a pilgrimage to this interesting locality when they visit Mount Vernon.

VERY QUEER.—A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper at Jackson, Ohio, gives an account of a subterranean vault discovered there, in which the air was so impure that it was impossible for any one to go down into it. By means of a rake, human bones of gigantic size have been raised, and a small chain of silver, with coins attached to each end. The coins, though much defaced by time, have the appearance of those in use among the Romans in the days of Scipio Africanus, though there were evident traces of hieroglyphic devices that cannot be deciphered. It strikes us this story appeared rather prematurely. It should have been dated April 1st.

A GHOST.—The people of Rahway, N. Y., have got a ghost "in their midst." One man saw it expand from a little thing a foot long to the size of a man and fired at it, placed a ballet, according to his own account, about where the heart ought to lie; the smoke blinded the marksman, and when it blew away the ghost had disappeared. An Irish family had lived in the house, and left it suddenly without saying a word. But the strongest proof is that a German, with his family moved in afterward, and in a few weeks made an unceremonious exit, leaving a barrel of sour crout in the cellar, which he is afraid to go back and get.

THE TAME PIGEON.—The following pleasing story is vouched for as a fact. In Leedsville, N. Y., a tame pigeon accompanies two little children to school regularly, flying after them along the street, alighting on the fences, trees, and in the road before them. If it flies too far ahead, you may see it turn round, and, looking at the children, wait patiently for their arrival, and then fly a stretch further on; and so it keeps doing until they reach the school. Then it perches itself upon the window sill, where it remains until school is out, when it observes the same manner in going home.

PAY OF THE BRITISH CABINET.—Against \$56,000 paid away in annual salaries to the Cabinet of the United States, there is \$287,000 per annum, received by the members of the present Derby Ministry in England.

TRUE.—Henry Ward Beecher says: "Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt, if one were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, the invectives, the insinuations, the aspersions, etc., which are uttered against him."

KISSING.—A story is going the rounds about a young man kissing Piccolomini in the entry of a hotel by mistake instead of his sister. Some people doubt the story—we doubt the mistake.

THE RIDICULOUS *versus* THE SUNLINE.—Little Colley Grafton, ex-British consul at Boston, criticising Daniel Webster. "Ye gods and little fishes!"

GOING WEST.—The emigration to the West will be very large this spring. A large proportion will go to the new gold mines.

THE BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES.

Within the last ten years the naval forces of Great Britain and France have been very much increased; the latter, though, in a greater degree than the former, so that the actual strength of the two is now very nearly equal. The British navy contains some sixty more large vessels than the French; but this preponderance is made up of the old style, heavy sailing craft; while the great majority of the French ships-of-war are of modern build, and a large proportion of them are navigated by steam. Of present, actual, available force, Great Britain has 667 vessels, including two hundred gun-boats, and France has 605, of which about two hundred are gun-boats. Of ships-of-the-line and frigates, the English have seventy-one steam to one hundred and thirty-five sailing, and the French fifty-one steam to seventy-seven sailing. Great Britain has in commission, and doing duty on various foreign stations, 125 vessels, large and small, and a home force of 61, including the channel squadron. There is also a powerful steam reserve of 36 vessels, large and small, at Chatham and Sheerness, which could be equipped for sea at the shortest notice, upon any sudden emergency. The French navy is more concentrated than the British, there being at the present time 200 vessels in commission in the ports of France. There is less difficulty in procuring sailors for the French navy than formerly, owing to the introduction of steam navigation in place of sailing. On the other hand, the British government find it extremely difficult to man its fleets by voluntary enlistment, and the system of impressment is no longer in force. Thus, one thing with another being taken into consideration, the French navy is just about equal to the English at the present day; and in a war between the two powers, the old naval supremacy of England could scarcely be maintained.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The raiment of her majesty, the ex-empress of Hayti, when she landed in Jamaica, consisted, first, of a Madras handkerchief about her head; second, "no gloves on her hands;" third, a profusion of rings and chains; fourth, a magnificent silk shawl; fifth, a satin dress. Madame Eline Manminile, the mother of Solouque, wore "a simple handkerchief about her neck, and no gloves." The Princess Olive, "an Italian straw hat;" the Princess Celia, "a Balaklava hat." Solouque himself wore a bottle green dress—his favorite color—embroidered with gold upon all the seams.

BINDING.—Every description of binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, The London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Peterson's, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, etc., etc., bound and returned in one week.

MISSSES MCINTIRE & KIDDER.—An advertisement may be found in another column of interest to young ladies and misses who wish to possess themselves of the means of earning a respectable and comfortable livelihood. The establishment of the ladies whose name heads this paragraph, at 34 School Street, is a complete success, and calculated to benefit all who improve its advantages.

ENGLISH YACHTING.—100 yacht matches were sailed in the English waters last year. The prizes amounted in cash to about £3396, of which sum the Royal Clubs contributed £2515. The principal winners were the Mosquito, Vigilant, Lulworth, and Ursuline; the four received upwards of £1225 between them.

A STARTLING FACT.—A New York paper states that while the people of that city are taxed more than a million of dollars a year for the support of public schools, more than one-third of the children of the city are growing up without attendance upon any school!

SIR HENRY RIVERS.—Soon after this gentleman took orders, he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop. "Indeed!" said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the sea."

AN IRISHMAN ON THE WEBSTER STATUE.—"By the Powers, is it? Thin the powers is mighty wake."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

The picture which occupies the last page represents the interior of a village blacksmith's shop, and is a fair transcript of rural life. The figures are all natural and spirited. Prominent in the grouping is the smith, with the forefoot of a large white horse in his lap, plying his vocation to the delight of a little knot of juvenile spectators, fresh from school, and peering in at the open door of the smithy. The farmer, whose horse is shoeing, is gossiping with one of the matrons of the village, while the journeyman who is striking on the anvil has a word to say to the rustic who is lifting a heavy hammer. A goat and her kid have strayed into the shop, and adds to the picturesqueness of the sketch. In spite of its dingy rafters, and the clank of hammer and anvil, the blacksmith's shop is a favorite resort with all sorts of people. There is something attractive in the glare of the forge, and somehow or rather the village Vulcan is always a rare gossip, and the realm over which he presides the headquarters of news. It is one of the pleasantest features of a settlement, and many a time has the weary wayfarer been glad to step out of a cold winter storm and pass a moment by the glowing fire, to thaw his chilled fingers, and listen to the smith's pleasant gossip.

FAUSTIN I. AND LAST.

The ex-emperor Faustin didn't have a very good time of it at the Date-Tree Tavern, Kingston, Jamaica, which he has been gracing with his presence. Exiled Haytiens persisted in coming under his windows at night and singing satirical songs not at all pleasing to the ears of fallen majesty. One negro song in particular the emperor has never been able to endure—Boucaner Jean Louis. When he was in power the wretch who dared intone this popular Haytien air was sure of imprisonment. The refugees in Kingston, whom he had exiled, would nightly surround his rooms at the Date-Tree, and avenge themselves by chanting in chorus this hated song. On hearing its notes the ex-emperor raged up and down his apartments like a tiger. His landlord humanely applied to the authorities for a guard of honor to watch the environs of the hotel. The request was peremptorily refused.

TANTIA TOPEE.—Who is Tantia Topee? Some say he is no other than that fiend incarnate, Nana Sahib, figuring under a new name. A letter from Culeutta of a recent date says: "Tantia Topee is still knocking about, and it is almost miraculous how he has managed to elude the activity and vigilance of the British soldiers. A short time ago he had no less than four columns hemming him in, and when they rapidly advanced to secure or crush him, to their surprise they found that the bird had flown, and the four English columns met face to face."

ASTRONOMY AND SCRIPTURE.—Professor Mitchell, in a late lecture on astronomy, explained the astronomical inquiries in the book of Job; and said he had been amazed as he studied God's word to see how accurately its language accorded in every particular with the later revelations of science.

ANOTHER MORPHY.—They have a German Morphy in the University city of Bonn, in Prussia. His name is Berthold Stuhle, and his age is twenty-one years. He recently played eight games at once, blindfolded, without losing a single game.

PETER CHASTEL.—was one of the most learned divines of the 16th century. He was bishop of Orleans, and great almoner of France. Francis I. asked him, "whether he was born a gentleman?" Chastel answered, "that he was not quite certain from which of Noah's three sons he descended."

NEW REVIEW.—The French government has founded a review, to appear twice a month, intended to convince the French that the climax of earthly bliss is a despotic government with a foreign adventurer for master, and an army to keep down loud thinking.

OLD TIME TOILET.—It appears, from the eighth satire of Horace, that the Roman ladies, like the American, were not unacquainted with the use of false teeth and false hair.

COPPER.—From the Upper Michigan mines the past season, 6000 tons of copper have been shipped. Value nearly \$3,000,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

An iron ship of large size is being built in Wilmington, Del., for Commodore Vanderbilt.

The Ohio Legislature has repealed the ten per cent. interest law, restoring the rate again to six per cent.

Lydia Bosley, the colored woman who was so badly chopped up by her daughter in New York, has nearly recovered.

It is stated that in Newark there are more than 1500 operatives in the hating business, and nearly \$1,000,000 invested.

A "Bearded Ball" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face.

The common school fund of Oregon, according to the report of the commissioners presented to the Legislature, is \$32,376.

Ulman has divided his company, part of which, including Poinset, Laborde and Formes, is concentrating in the southern cities.

The St. Paul (Min.) Times says that a German in that city, who has recently been divorced from a former wife, married his own niece a day or two ago. His age is 50, hers 21.

Rembrandt Peale, now in his eighty-first year, intends to sell in Philadelphia the entire collection of paintings and studies in his studio, and has thrown his rooms open for public inspection.

The eldest active clergyman in Massachusetts is probably Rev. Charles Cleveland of Boston, who, though he has arrived at the age of eighty-eight, is still laboring efficiently as an independent city missionary.

In Worcester, lately, Derouth R. Goshon, the Arabian giant, who is twenty-one years of age and weighs 417 pounds, was married to Miss Celestia N. Townes of Montreal, who is 24 years of age and weighs 115 pounds.

Mrs. Abraham Caswell of Taunton, on awaking a few mornings since, found her husband dead by her side. He had passed away so quietly as not to disturb her repose. He was sixty-eight years old, and highly respected.

Mr. Michael Kelley of New York, came home intoxicated, beat his wife Ann with a shovel, and as she lay senseless on the floor piled hot coals upon her. She was saved from death by a policeman, who took charge of Michael.

Some persons withhold apples from cows, because the eating of them sometimes occasions a drying up of their milk. An immoderate gorging of fruit by half-starved animals will undoubtedly produce this result, but a rational and systematic feeding of them will not.

Said a Cuban, "What would they do in New York if 10,000 Spanish soldiers should land there?" "If the soldiers behaved themselves they would not be troubled, but if they made any disturbance they would be put in the station-house," replied a Yankee captain.

Mr. G. J. F. Bryant has made the specifications and plans for the additional stories on the Probate building, which will give ample accommodations in a fire-proof building for the offices of the City Engineer, Water Board, etc. The cost of the necessary improvements will be about seventeen thousand dollars.

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati Croesus, and richest man in the Mississippi Valley, was knocked down by a dog while walking in the street, a few days ago, and so strained the tendons of one of his legs that he has not been able to leave the house since, nor will he be, from present appearance, for some time to come.

The loss of fruit-trees within the last three years, in Illinois, is estimated at about three millions of dollars. The retentive, clayey loam subsoil, which characterizes the prairie lands, is supposed to be the cause, and farmers have adopted the plan of ridging their orchards by repeated ploughings, commencing at the same ridges and ending at the same furrows, to remedy the evil.

The Portland Advertiser says that a horse fell from a wharf in that city, one day lately, and on his recovery from the watery element, the driver drew a large clasp-knife, and cut out one of the eyes of the poor beast. The Advertiser was unable to learn the name of the inhuman wretch, but it is hoped he will be ferreted out and visited with the punishment he so richly deserves.

Early in the season considerable cackination was indulged in by some people who regarded themselves very wise, because some had augured a mild winter from the fact that the musquashes had built their homes high up on the bank instead of burrowing deeply, as they do when the seasons are cold. The prophecy of the mute philosophers has proved correct.

Two Albany school children, a little gentleman aged 15 years, and a little lady aged 14, eloped to Utica with connubial intentions. The father of the little gentleman arrived in time to prevent this consummation, and took the little couple home, where the little lady was shut up in a dark closet, and the little gentleman soundly whipped, and their ardent love thus brought to a sudden and unhappy termination.

The Courier de Lyons says that a few days ago people crowded to the railroad station to see two enormous wagons belonging to Mr. Lees Wilson of New York, and containing a complete assortment of ancient and modern instruments of execution which this American has taken it into his head to collect in his travels, and among the rest the first guillotine that operated in Paris in the year 1793.

Sands of Gold.

... The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.—Lord Brougham.

... Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and always a temptation to others.—Lacon.

... Of many it may be said that it is their habits that are vicious, not themselves.—Bovee.

... Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings.—H. T. Tuckerman.

... It would be well to allow some things to remain, as the poet says, "behind eternity;—hid in the secret treasure of the past."—Robert Walsh.

... The method of the enterprising is to plan with audacity and execute with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities, and then to treat them as probabilities.—Bovee.

... There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, the other very rough.—Robert Walsh.

... Physicians must discover the weaknesses of the human mind, and even condescend to humor them, or they will never be called in to cure the infirmities of the body.—Lacon.

... It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.—Colton.

... A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.—Channing.

... Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvass displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts?—H. T. Tuckerman.

... Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—Burton.

... Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—Lord Bacon.

... God designed men to grow as trees grow in open pastures, full boughed around; but men in society grow like trees in a forest, tall and spindling, the lower ones overshadowed by the higher, with only a little branching, and that at the top. They borrow of each other the power to stand; and if the forest be cleared, and one be left alone, the first wind that comes uproots it.—Beecher.

Joker's Budget.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

Why is a haunch of venison like a dandy? Because it's a bit of a buck.

An affecting sight—to see a young man swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

A man may be so mean as to prevent him from venturing upon perfectly safe enterprises.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he sees his master coming? Because he has got one to wag.

Miss Debois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

There is a man in Louisville so knowing, that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the little boy when he found it hidden in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

Miss Fantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman that.

"Father, do folks make clothes out of peas?" "No, foolish boy. Why do you ask that question, Simon?" "Why, I heard a sailor talking about his pea-jacket."

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

A fellow seven feet high passed through Charleston on his way to California. On being asked why he ventured upon so hazardous a journey, he replied "that they didn't want him any longer down in Maine."

"Mary, my love," said a not very attentive husband to his wife at the dinner-table, "shall I help you to a piece of the heart?" "I believe," said she, "that a piece of a heart was all that I ever got." There was a commotion among the dishes.

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said the friend. "O," said he, "father and mother were so saucy that I couldn't stand it—so I quit 'em."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GAME OF CARDS.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

"Young man, what would you do?"

These words startled me as I was about to take my seat at a rouge et noir table, in one of the most elegant gaming halls in beautiful Cordova. I was then twenty-three years of age, handsome, fascinating and rich. My father, Don Reynaldo Montallano, was one of the richest noblemen of Grenada. The winter of 1837 I came to spend in Cordova, with an uncle, who had two dissipated, unprincipled sons. My cousins led me into the haunts of dissipation; night after night I followed them to the gambling house, but to my credit be it said, that until the night in question I had steadily resisted all their endeavors to make me join in the games, and had merely stood a looker-on. This night I had yielded, and was about to take my seat, when I was startled at hearing a voice, a deep, peculiarly rich voice, at my elbow, say:

"Young man, what would you do?"

I turned, and beheld standing behind me a very handsome old man. I knew him not, and supposed the remark must have been meant for somebody else, and turned to resume my seat, when the stranger laid his hand on my shoulder, and spoke in a low voice, heard only by myself:

"Forbear! This table will bring you only misery. I have watched you night after night, and my heart has warmed for you because you have stood seemingly a perfectly indifferent looker-on, and I hoped that you came only because led here by others. To-night I was pained to see that indifference replaced by a certain restless excitement, for I know what was your determination. I cannot explain why I should interest myself in the movements of a stranger—but I have done so, and cannot resist the attempt to save you. 'Tis a strange request, but still I make it: Will you rise from this table, and go with me to my own home?"

The request was a singular one, and its very singularity made me grant it. Without another word I rose and followed the stranger. Outside the building he turned, and drawing my arm within his walked silently forward. I was very curious, but politeness bade me forbear to question him. Many thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, and the one which gained ground as we walked on was, that I had fallen into the fire from the frying-pan. I thought that my conductor would prove one of those sharpers, who, seeing me inexperienced and about to begin my life of gambling, had chosen to pluck the pigeon himself. Glancing sideways at the noble, open face, my conscience smote me for my unworthy thoughts—but for all that I could not drive them away. Meanwhile we had been walking towards the most aristocratic part of the city, and, as I was about making up my mind to speak to my silent companion, he dropped my arm, and mounting the stone steps leading to a very elegant mansion, opened the door, turned and said:

"Senor Hector Montallano, I, Don Ricardo Almadova, bid you welcome."

I started at hearing my own name, and filled with astonishment, I silently followed him into a magnificently furnished room, where he introduced me to his wife, Donna Agatha, a very elegant woman, bearing strong marks of Moorish origin. Don Almadova introduced me as an old friend. Everything I heard and saw bewildered me. It was all very strange—that richly furnished room and graceful woman. I began to think I was dreaming. Don Almadova bade me be seated, and conversed very pleasantly. After a few minutes Donna Agatha left the room. As soon as she did so, Don Almadova rose, saying:

"I see that you are at a loss to account for my behaviour. I will soon explain myself."

Passing round the table at which I sat, he went to a closet, and taking a richly wrought golden box from it, he came and laid it on the table, then drawing his chair beside it he calmly seated himself. The box, or casket, was one of the most elegant articles I ever saw. The shape was a sort of oval, and the material gold, thickly set with precious stones, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. I waited, bewildered. When the don had seated himself, he slowly opened the box and produced—a pack of cards!

At this sight I sprang from my seat. All my suspicions were true. This man, this vile wretch, under the garb of friendship, had led me away from the gambling saloon only that he might rob

me himself. Fool that I was to trust an entire stranger. I was about to open my lips and utter bitter reproaches, when my host himself spoke.

"Be seated, senor. I read your thoughts, and they do me great wrong. I do but produce these cards as an illustration to a story, which, if you will be so kind as to listen, I will relate to you."

I felt ashamed of my suspicions, and at having them so easily read, and with a faint blush resumed my seat, saying:

"Your pardon, senor. I will listen to you with pleasure."

"These cards are invaluable to me. Through them I have been able to turn many from a wicked, reckless life. They were the talisman which led me to a virtuous and happy life, as my story will prove. I lived a few miles from Cordova, and was riding along the beautiful banks of the Guadalquivir, when I thought I heard cries for help. Riding in the direction of the sound, I soon came in sight of a man kneeling beside a fallen horse. Hastily dismounting, I hastened to offer any assistance in my power. I was then just twenty. As I neared the stranger, I found him to be a man of about forty-five years. Leading my own horse by the bridle, I came close to him, and shuddered as I saw stretched upon the grass beside him a huge viper. His horse had been bitten in the fore leg by the reptile, and even as he spoke the noble animal expired. I looked at the owner of the animal, and was struck with his face. He seemed, as I said before, about forty-five or fifty years of age, and was very handsome, but his face was not wholly pleasing either. The cheeks were bloodless, but they betrayed rather the pallid hue of mental than of bodily disease. Out from his pale face gleamed an eye full of brilliancy and passion. His dress was plain but very rich, and I noticed that his watch-chain was ornamented here and there with diamonds, which flashed like little stars. The loss of his horse did not seem to affect him in the least. Seating himself on the grass, he drew from his pocket a little golden box, from which he took a small pill and swallowed it with perfect nonchalance. I ventured to offer him some condolence upon the loss of his horse.

"'Bah!' said he, with a smile, 'that is nothing. You have got just as good a horse—you will yield him to me—you seem to me like a very good young man.'

"This proposition, made with so much perfect coolness, alarmed me. I looked at my horse, which was a very fine animal, a gift from my ever-indulgent father, and I felt not the slightest inclination to give him up at the bidding of a stranger. A sort of superstitious feeling glided into my mind as I looked at the stranger before me—I felt that he was either a sorcerer, or the devil in *propria persona*. The stranger, marking my perplexity, spoke again:

"'Young man, your horse is handsome and strong, will you sell him to me? I will pay you whatever you wish—your price?'

"This proposition gave another aspect to the affair. I had another horse in the stable at home, and I had rather a turn for trade. I thought of the best course to pursue, and said:

"'You like my horse, then?'

"'Yes; and will pay you whatever price you choose to ask.'

"'You may have my horse for ten doubloons,' I said.

"'That is too little,' he answered, 'I will give you fifteen for him'—and the stranger drew from his pocket a purse and counted out fifteen doubloons.

"I thought to myself, a rascal would not have such elegant manners, such a well-filled purse, or such valuable jewels.

"The stranger looked at me attentively.

"'Have you ever at any one time had so much money?'

"I answered him frankly that I had not, but earnestly entreated him to take back the five extra doubloons, as my conscience would not allow me to accept them.

"'Your horse has, then, some great defect—is unsound?'

"'No!' I exclaimed; 'upon my honor I believe him to be perfectly sound.'

"'Then all is right,' he said; 'in a moment I will make you easy,' and so speaking he drew from his pocket a little morocco case, from which he took a pack of cards.

"I had never played, though often had longed to do so. The stranger gave me a few lessons at rouge et noir, then proposed that we should

play for the five doubloons too much which I thought I had received. I was perfectly willing to do that, feeling sure that he would gain his own. I played, and—I gained!

"'I double the stake!' cried the terrible man, and he laid ten doubloons upon the body of the dead horse, which served as the table, and his eyes fixed upon me piercing me through and through. Whether I would or not, I felt obliged to play. I gained this time also—I always won. Fortune followed me pitilessly. I was really frightened, and trembled violently. My adversary, on the contrary, was perfectly calm. He emptied his purse upon the horse, and exclaimed, as he handed me the cards:

"'Play!'

"Again fortune favored me.

"'You are truly the child of good fortune, Ricardo Almadova. See, I throw in my purse and chain and two drafts, for I have no more money. Play!'

"I wished to refuse, but dared not. I seemed under the influence of a demon. Again I was the winner. He had nothing more to play, and I thought I was free, and had thrown the cards upon the ground, when the stranger exclaimed in a hoarse voice:

"'At home I have a magnificent diamond ring and pin, worth one hundred doubloons, we will play for them, and I will give you my word of honor that if you win the diamonds they shall be yours,' and he drew a piece of paper from his pocket, on which he wrote:

"'Good for a diamond ring and brooch in the form of a cross, worth one hundred doubloons.'

"The signature was simply two initials, P. V. As I read the note I asked myself if the man was not insane, and I felt sure of my suspicions when he continued:

"'The diamonds are staked to you on one condition. If you win them you win a wife also!'

"I could not repress a smile, for now I felt sure that the man before me was insane.

"'Do not laugh, for I am perfectly serious. You are unmarried. The lady I offer you is as beautiful as an angel, and as good as she is beautiful. Have no fears. Her name is Agatha. Play!'

"He picked up the cards, shuffled and passed them to me. I trembled from head to foot—the blood seemed frozen in my veins. That the man was mad I felt perfectly sure, and I dared not refuse to play, fearing by so doing to excite some fearful outbreak of passion. I played and won—won the diamonds and—Agatha! A deadly faintness passed over me, but I struggled and kept my self-possession. The stranger spoke:

"'Well done, Ricardo. You are one for whom I have long sought. Lend me your horse, that I may go to Isnallos and bring you your bride.'

"'My horse is at your service, senor, as well as all the money I have gained. I have resolved not to keep a single real more than the price I asked for the horse. My conscience does not permit me to keep money gained at cards.'

"'You are a fool!' he said, putting the cards into his pocket. 'I will borrow your horse and five doubloons.'

"He stooped and took up some money, and I turned away my head, that I might not seem to take any notice of his movements. A few seconds and I heard him gallop off. I looked round, expecting it would all prove a dream, but no—there lay the dead horse, and upon his black side the money, purse and chain I had won.

"I returned home, and related to my father the sale of the horse, but I was silent upon the subject of the rest of the money and the bride I had won—indeed, I tried to banish the whole affair from my own mind. Night brought with it some degree of peace; and the next morning I was standing by the window, gazing idly into the garden and settling in my mind that yesterday's adventure was nothing, merely the vagaries of an insane person, when I was startled by seeing ride into the courtyard the stranger of yesterday. He was mounted upon my own horse, and by his side trotted a little white palfrey, backed by—yes, by a lady closely veiled. I had barely time to calm my agitation when the servant announced Senor Pablo Vincenza, and as he entered I introduced him to my father as the purchaser of my horse, and he in turn introduced the lady as Senora Agatha Monteleone, his ward. As the lady was introduced, she threw aside her veil and discovered one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw.

"Senor Pablo Vincenza spent the day and the

following night. The next morning he begged permission to leave his ward under my father's protection while he went to Cordova to transact some business. To this my father consented, though he afterwards enlarged upon the singularity of the proceeding—a stranger to leave his ward, a young lady, with a family until the day before unknown to him, and that family consisting of only a father, son, and the old housekeeper. It was strange; but I knew that the young girl was left that we might possibly learn to love each other. It was possible. The fortnight he had given himself passed, and so did three more weeks, and during that time Agatha and I learned to love each other very dearly. At the end of five weeks Signor Vincenza returned, looking haggard and ill. He seemed pleased with the way affairs had progressed, and to his urgent request and my earnest wishes my father consented, and Agatha and I were married immediately. We were married in the morning, and in the afternoon Senor Vincenza took leave of us. Agatha clung to his neck with all the affection of a daughter, and fainted when at last he tore himself away. To me he whispered:

"'I go never to return! I have some things to say to you which none other must hear. Meet me directly where we first met on the banks of the Guadalquivir.'

"A moment more and he was gone. I waited only till my beautiful, loved Agatha recovered from her swoon, then followed Senor Vincenza. I found him seated in almost precisely the spot he had occupied when we played. He smiled sadly as I seated myself beside him, and after a few moments' silence began:

"'I wish you to listen to me without interrupting me, for my time is short. Promise me first never, never to play at games of chance.'

"'I promise you upon my soul—upon my hopes of eternal salvation!' I answered.

"'Good! Listen now. I began life with good aspirations and a princely fortune. I left home at eighteen years of age, and fell into bad company. My only and my ruling passion became cards—for them I sacrificed honor, love, everything. I ruined myself, then I ruined, body and soul, my dearest friend; yes, I led him away from his duty and his home. He was young, wealthy, and newly married. With me he gambled, and when all his money was gone he killed himself. A few years before my friend died, his wife, a beautiful woman, died in giving birth to a little daughter, Agatha Monteleone. Henrico Monteleone poisoned himself. Before he died he gave me his little daughter, charging me, in memory of the wrongs I had done the father, to spare the child and bring her up a good, noble woman. I have done so. She has been the companion of my varying fortunes, yet spared pain and misery. I have at last found her a good, noble husband—and if my manner of doing so was singular, you must forgive me. To you, I give this pack of cards—keep them as a warning, and never, O never be led to play! One other request and I have done. Agatha has never known what was my occupation, and by the love you bear her, let her still cherish the memory of her guardian. Yet another thing—never let the pure woman, your loving wife, know what has passed between us. Farewell! Do not follow me. We shall never meet again.' So saying, Senor Vincenza embraced me and walked rapidly away. Awhile I remained seated, and then an irresistible impulse urged me to follow the man. I was too late—I reached the river bank just in time to see him throw himself headlong into the waters of the Guadalquivir."

Don Ricardo Almadova here rose, and replaced the casket in the closet. On his return to the table, he said:

"You have heard my story. I hope it will deter you from the course you were about entering upon. You are now at liberty to go, or welcome to stay and be introduced to the rest of my family, and hereafter be my friend."

He held out his hand, which I grasped.

"Many thanks to you, senor; you have saved me. I will remain."

Two years afterwards, when I became the husband of the beautiful Lucia Almadova, I blessed the day when I had listened to the story of the GAME OF CARDS.

MY LOVE.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively and gay,
The graces play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there's no living without her.—Prior.

SAMUEL MASURY,

DAGUERREOTYPIST AND PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

We feel great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Mr. Samuel Masury, to whose skill we have frequently been indebted for the fine photographic likenesses which have served our artists as authority in drawing many of the large heads of public characters published in the Pictorial. The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and engraved by Pierce in his best manner. Samuel Masury was born in Salem, Mass., in the year 1820, and received an excellent education at the public schools of that city. On the completion of his studies, at the age of seventeen, he entered a store, but often neglected his duties, from a bias for mechanical pursuits. He finally concluded to learn the business of carriage-making, and followed it steadily until he attained his majority. About this time Daguerre's great discovery was promulgated by the French government, and the whole civilized world rang with the new marvel. Mr. Masury took the deepest interest in the new art, and in 1842 connected himself with Mr. John Plumbe of this city, to learn the process, and has been engaged in the profession of daguerreotypist and photographer for seventeen years, being one of the oldest operators living. During this period he has practised his art in most of the principal cities in New England, and has made many important discoveries and improvements in photography. His zeal and perseverance in this progressive art are invincible. Many of our readers will doubtless remember the serious accident which took place at Mr. Masury's establishment four or five years since, an accident which came near being fatal to him, and from the effects of which he will never entirely recover. We have not space to recount the particulars of this affair; suffice it to say that while engaged with a chemical experiment with the oxyhydrogen, or Drummond light, fire was communicated in some way never satisfactorily explained, to a bag which contained sixty or seventy gallons of oxygen gas, causing a terrific explosion, while Mr. Masury was standing on the bag. That every person in the room was not instantly killed was regarded at the time as almost miraculous. Mr. Masury has always been a diligent student and practical manipulator, and by close application to his business, has fairly earned the reputation of being one of the best photographers in this country, if not in the world, for in no country has the art of photography, at least in its application to portraiture, been carried to so high a degree as in America. In 1855 Mr. Masury went to France in quest of photographic knowledge, and became a pupil of the celebrated Bisson Brothers, whose views of public buildings and places of interest in France have been so eagerly sought after by English and American visitors to Paris. Much information was gained by him while abroad by visiting the various manufactories of chemicals, paper, plates, philosophical and optical instruments, which were freely shown him by their proprietors, who evinced the greatest interest in the American artist. Mr. Masury has recently fitted up a new suite of apartments at 289 Washington Street, over the music store of Messrs. Russell & Tolman, and has furnished his operating departments with several of the best instruments manufactured expressly for him in Europe. The arrangement of his sky-light gallery is on the most approved plan. The walls of his reception-room are adorned with portraits of many of our best known citizens, all executed in a high style of art, both plain and colored. Among the new styles introduced by Mr. M., are portraits on ivory of exquisite delicacy and finish. He is also very skillful in copying engravings, one of the most valuable applications of the art. Mr. Masury unites artistic to mechanical and technical skill. It is an error to suppose that a photographer is a master of his profession who understands only the chemical



SAMUEL MASURY, DAGUERREOTYPIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

processes and manipulations. He must have a good eye for effect, must understand placing his sitters, arranging draperies, and know how to produce good pictures as well as mere likenesses. No one who has examined Mr. Masury's productions critically; can hesitate to admit the justice of the praise we have accorded him.

COMBERMERE ABBEY, NANTWICH, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

We have selected the lovely landscape which forms the second illustration on this page, as one of the best specimens we have ever seen of that peculiarly rich and luxuriant scenery, enshrining time-honored architecture, for which England is so renowned, and which has inspired so many of her painters and poets. Our engraving is from a water-colored sketch by Lady Combermere, the third wife of the noted English peer who possesses this magnificent domain. In the foreground stretches a lovely expanse of water, mirroring the Gothic pinnacles of the old abbey, the white swans and boats gliding over the tranquil surface, and the noble old ancestral trees that stand like sentinels along the bank. The view is closed by a ridge of undulating hills. The Right Hon. Stapleton Cotton, Viscount and Baron Combermere, G. C. B., etc., etc., Field Marshal, Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, Constable of the Tower of London, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, etc., but more to be envied as the possessor of this lovely domain, was the second son of Sir Robert Salisbury Cot-

ton, and born in 1773. He entered the military service in 1790 as 2d lieutenant in the 23d Welsh Fusiliers, and was afterwards promoted captain of the 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1793 he served in the Flanders campaign. In 1796 he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1798 he served in India against Tippoo Saib with great distinction. In 1807 he was in Portugal commanding the cavalry brigade, composed of the 14th and 16th Light Dragoons, and took part afterwards in the battle of Talavera, Spain. He was frequently mentioned in despatches by Wellington, and complimented in parliament. In 1810, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, he commanded all the allied cavalry, and was under fire constantly during the bloody campaign of 1814. His knighthood dates back to 1811. In 1814 he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Combermere, of Combermere Abbey, Cheshire. In 1817 he was governor of Barbadoes, and in 1822 commander-in-chief in Ireland. All his honors were fairly carved out by the sword. He derives his lineage from Sir George Cotton, knight and esquire to the body to King Henry VIII, who settled at the time of the Reformation at Combermere Abbey, formerly a convent of Benedictine monks, founded A. D. 1133. Our sketch of the abbey will be probably rendered more interesting by this rapid review of the career of the owner of the beautiful domain.

MILTON AT THREE-AND-TWENTY.

"In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. 'In stature,' he says himself at a later period, when driven to speak on the subject, 'I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than to little; and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war—though why should that be called little which is great enough for virtue?' This is precise enough; but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. 'He was scarce so tall as I am,' says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note:—'Q. Quot feet I am high? Resp. of middle stature.'—i. e. Milton was a little under middle height. 'He had light brown hair,' continues Aubrey, putting the word 'abrown' ('auburn') in the margin by way of synonym for 'light brown';—'his complexion exceeding fair; oval face; his eye a dark gray.'

As Milton himself says that his complexion, even in later life, was so much 'the reverse of bloodless or pallid,' that, on this ground alone, he was generally taken for ten years younger than he really was, Aubrey's 'exceeding fair' must mean a very delicate white and red. Then, he was called 'the lady' in his college—an epithet which implies that, with this unusually delicate complexion, the light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form, there was a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look. The feminine, however, was of that peculiar sort,—let connoisseurs determine what it is,—which could consist with clear eyes of a dark gray and with a 'delicate and tunable voice,' that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, lady-like as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanor. 'His deportment,' says Wood, 'was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness.' Here Wood apparently follows Milton's own account, where he tells us that in his youth he did not neglect 'daily practice' with his sword, and that he was not so 'very slight,' but that 'armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that any man could offer him, man to man.'—*Masson's Life of Milton.*



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[For description, see page 203.]

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GENERAL JOSEPH LANE,

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The accompanying head, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, is an authentic likeness of General Joseph Lane, a senator from the newly-admitted State of Oregon, the thirty-third of the confederacy. Joseph Lane is a native of North Carolina, and was born December 14, 1801. In 1804, his father took his family to Kentucky, and in 1816 the subject of our sketch began life as clerk in a store in Warwick county, Indiana. He was thus occupied for a series of years. At a quite early age he married, and settled in Vanderberg county, which he was chosen to represent in the Indiana legislature of 1822. He was then just of age, and being slight and delicate, appeared some years younger. He, however, soon gave proof of spirit and maturity of judgment, and rendered himself so acceptable to the voters of Vanderberg and Warwick, that he was chosen to represent them, at intervals, either in the house or senate, for a period extending to 1846. His legislative career was highly honorable to his talents and principles. The best interests of his State were ever kept in view, and it is gratefully remembered of him that he saved his State from the dishonor of repudiation, when she was overburdened with debt, and this desperate remedy presented itself to some minds, sanctioned by the example of some other sovereignties. In the legislature General Lane showed himself a man of action rather than words; his remarks were always brief and pointed, and he ever preferred expediting business to making a personal display. The length of his legislative service is conclusive proof of his fidelity to the interests of his constituency. He was an ardent supporter of General Jackson, as he has been of each succeeding democratic president. In the Mexican war he was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers by enlisting as a private in the 2d Indiana regiment, of which he was subsequently elected colonel. He, however, took the field with the rank of brigadier general, having been commissioned by President Polk, at the solicitation of the Indiana congressional delegation. His subsequent conduct fully justified this honor. Soon after reaching Mexico, he was appointed by General Butler civil and military governor of Saltillo, but after the battle of Monterey, received orders to join General Taylor with his brigade. He was first under fire at the terrible battle of Buena Vista, on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847, and particularly distinguished himself in the furious encounters of the second day. With a command reduced to 400 men by details sent to check a flank movement of Santa Anna, General Lane maintained the position he occupied against an attack of six thousand Mexicans. It appears almost incredible that he was enabled to roll back such an overwhelming force. When Santa Anna made his last desperate attack on the Illinois and Kentucky regiments, General Lane, at a critical moment, hastened to their support, and his timely aid enabled the column to reform and return to the contest, and thus contributed largely to the victory that crowned the American arms. In September, 1847, General Lane was transferred to Scott's line. On the 20th of September he took up his line of march for the capital at the head of a column of volunteers, including some horse, and two pieces of artillery, and amounting in all to about 2500 men. On the way, Major Lally joined him with a thousand men, and at Jalapa his force was further augmented by a company of mounted riflemen, two companies of infantry (volunteers), and two pieces of artillery. At this

time the gallant Colonel Childs, U. S. A., was holding out Puebla, against a siege conducted by Santa Anna in person. Foiled in this effort, the Mexican general moved towards Huamantla, with the purpose of attacking General Lane's column in the rear, simultaneously with another attack from the direction of Puebla. But General Lane, who throughout the campaign exhibited the highest military qualities, penetrated the design of the enemy, and leaving a detachment to guard the wagon trains, diverged from the main road and marched on to Huamantla, which he reached on the 9th of October. The Mexicans, dismayed at his unexpected appearance, hung out white flags, and the Americans began to enter the city. The treacherous Mexicans, however, opened a fire on his advanced guard, under Captain Walker, and a terrible contest took place in the plaza. General Lane, in the meanwhile, was engaged with the reinforcement brought up under Santa Anna; but after a furious battle the Americans were victorious, and the stars and

stripes waved in triumph over Huamantla. The remains of the Mexican force fell back on Atlxio, where they were rallied and reinforced by General Rea. General Lane, coming up after a long and fatiguing march, found the enemy strongly posted on a hill-side about a mile and a half from the town, and immediately gave them battle. After a desperate conflict the Mexicans gave way, and threw themselves into Atlxio. At nightfall General Lane established his batteries on a commanding eminence, and opened his fire on the town; but the Mexican troops having retreated, the civil authorities immediately surrendered the place, and the Americans took possession of it. Throughout the remainder of the campaign General Lane was in active service, and contributed greatly to its fortunate issue. His operations exhibited a striking combination of intelligence and daring. With a Napoleonic celerity of movement, he appeared almost ubiquitous. Wherever and whenever his presence was most needed, then and there did the "Marion

of the Mexican war" make his appearance. The long marches executed by his command excited the admiration of military men as much as their chivalric daring in the field. General Lane succeeded in infusing into his troops his own spirit of patient toil and brilliant valor. After marching many leagues under a broiling sun, reflected from arid plains and rocks, through rugged defiles and lonely valleys, the presence of the enemy always found them ready to rush into battle, resistless and undaunted. Far away from the scenes of strife, we read of General Lane's exploits with mingled admiration and astonishment, and the barbarous names of Tlascala, Matamoros, Galaxa, Tulaucingo, became "familiar in our mouths as household words," when illustrated by the valor of the American general. The story of his deeds read like a romance, and there was that in the character of the gallant volunteer which enlisted the warmest sympathy. He was the true type of the American citizen soldier, abandoning the tranquil delights of home, and

the honors of a civic career, for the toils and dangers of war, at the call of his country, and learning the military art by its exercise. To the fiery and impetuous valor which distinguishes the French soldier, General Lane united the stern resolution which characterized the old Roman warrior, but he repudiated the Roman military maxim, "Wo to the Vanquished!" as unworthy of an American officer. The wounded enemy received as much attention at his hands as a wounded comrade, and as he had communicated to his men his spirit of endurance and valor, so he impressed them by his example of humanity and moderation in victory. In July, 1848, General Lane returned to the United States, and was appointed by President Polk, Territorial Governor of Oregon. After a perilous journey, he reached his post in March, 1849, and immediately organized the government. After being superseded by Governor Gaines, under Taylor's administration, he was elected by the people of Oregon, with whom he was universally popular, as delegate to congress. In 1853, the outrages of the Indians in the southern part of Oregon, called him once more to the field at the head of a small force of volunteers and regular troops, and after a desperate battle near Table Rock, in which he was severely wounded, he succeeded in forcing them into submission and peace. As delegate from Oregon, General Lane was unremitting in his advocacy of the interests of the territory, and untiring in his efforts to bring her within the circle of the Union. This great measure was carried at the recent session of Congress, and General Lane worthily represents the new State as one of her senators. The career of the subject of our sketch exhibits in a striking light the practical working of our political institutions, through the operation of which genius and patriotism, however humbly placed, are sure of recognition and of the opportunity of finding a certain path to the highest honors and distinction. So true is this, that in reading the muster-roll of American statesmen, we find very few indeed, comparatively, who are indebted to the circumstance of birth or the possession of fortune for an advantageous start on the pathway of fame. Our annals are crowded with the names of men, who, in politics and arms, have risen to greatness in spite of, or rather, to speak more philosophically, in consequence of what some might term the frowns of fortune. The effect of freedom of action and absence of hereditary distinction is inevitably to develop those qualities of a high manhood which shape individual and national destinies. The man who creates his career does what he attempts well.



GEN. JOSEPH LANE, U. S. SENATOR FROM OREGON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEIRESS OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS XI.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

[CONCLUDED.]

The last speaker's face, inflamed with anger, was turned towards the counsellors. His hands were extended in the vehemence of his gesticulation, and the looks of the multitude followed him with earnest though silent assent. The abrupt address was received with far other sentiments by the two captive ministers. There was an indignity in being thus confronted by an ignoble commoner which touched the pride of rank that even in turbulent Burgundy was a sacred thing.

"Caitiffs!" exclaimed Himbercourt. "Not to you do we answer for our actions."

There was no reply to this scornful speech. The feeling of those who heard it had passed the point of wordy retort. Certain of the graver citizens approached the princess and adjured her to depart from the hall.

"There is not a man in all Ghent who would not peril life in your majesty's defence," they said. "But your presence here can be of no further avail, and may even irritate passions which ought to be restrained. We would, therefore, pray that your majesty return to the palace with a fitting guard."

The woman in Margaret conquered, and in tears the princess retired, convinced of the truth of the admonition she had received, and alarmed at the scene she had witnessed.

"Ah, my worthy councillors! Am I then powerless to save you, even though it be from the effects of your own imprudent use of power? Yet I will hope for the best."

Her hope was in vain. Two days afterward, Hugonet and Himbercourt, having been condemned to death, were beheaded in front of the town hall, and Margaret had the inexpressible anguish of being forced to sign a full and complete amnesty and pardon of all who had been concerned in these extra-judicial proceedings. During these days of danger, while her rule and personal safety was jeopardized, Maximilian was assiduous in tendering his services, advancing her interests by such means as was in his power. He was not forgetful of the ill-fated Rudolf who had evinced such unforeseen and favorable disposition. Such scanty supplies of money as Maximilian could command, were disposed with a discrimination which owed much to Rudolf's suggestions. To his own personal interests Maximilian had secured a valuable auxiliary in the Count Orel, to whose arguments in behalf of the handsome German the princess listened with an ear readily disposed toward conviction. Could fortune have given more favorable promise? And were not the joyous hopes of Maximilian well founded? Nevertheless, all these fond hopes were suddenly overthrown.

On an early day in August, Count Orel presented himself at the palace entrance, expecting, as usual, an unobstructed admission. But the sentinel placed his halberd across the entrance.

"I am ordered," he said, "to forbid the entrance of yourself and the Prince Maximilian."

The count was astounded. But the soldier was impenetrable. Neither bribe nor persuasion could extract aught from him, and the count departed to convey to Maximilian the mortifying intelligence. The latter could scarce credit his ears, nor the oft repeated asseverations of his friend. He was, however, soon forced to conviction.

"Perfidious and deceitful princess," exclaimed Maximilian. Is your favor at the option of the English gold and French cunning? Hereafter, who shall trust to the smiles and the flattering words of women?"

"Hush, noble sir!" interrupted the count. "Forget not that walls have ears. I much suspect, with yourself, that the movements of King Louis, or the English Edward, have some concern in this. But surely, on such ground, the princess would not have thus summarily excluded us from her presence. Something must have aroused her feelings most deeply, ere she would have done thus discourteously. But observe you, here approaches Rudolf the smith, or Robber Rudolf, as he is sometimes termed. Princely sir, incur you not discredit in having about your person so discreditable a retainer?"

The well meant reproof jarred on the already irritated mind of the young Austrian, and a pet-

ulant retort arose to his lips, the utterance of which was luckily prevented by the instant appearance of the personage discussed.

"Noble prince," exclaimed the rude-featured smith, "doubtless I may speak freely, since the Count Orel can scarce be ignorant of those affairs which my words concern. I would inform you that the French Count Montana has accused you of compassing the ruin of the councillors Hugonet and Himbercourt. He is said to have proved to our princess that you were known to have uttered threats, and what not, against their authority and safety. Something has been said concerning certain letters passing from your hand. Know, prince, at all events, that our mistress has openly and most bitterly declared against you."

"So be it then!" exclaimed Maximilian; and in his anger the steel cap which he held in hand was dashed violently to the stone pavement on which he stood. "To-morrow for Austria! It shall never be said that Maximilian of Germany submits to be flouted like a cast-off shoe! Accusations, prithee! How would such arrant knaveries have been tolerated, unless the princess were already disposed by interest to entertain and favor them?"

Expostulation was unavailing, and he departed, pale with contending passions.

"He has reason," said the smith, deferentially, to his sole remaining companion. "'Sdeath, were she not my mistress, I could find it in my heart to speak as ill of her myself."

"Silence, minion!" retorted the count.

"Hard words harm not," muttered the other, moving away. "But as for this snarl, Rudolf the Robber-Smith will find a way through it if any one can."

"Whither go you?" cried a citizen, hastening toward a group of acquaintances who were hurrying past with eager faces.

"To the palace, to the palace!" was the answer. "Do you not know that the princess to-day gives public audience, and that she will answer the offers of marriage made by the French king? And those of the Englishman, I daresay, also. Come on, come on, laggard."

"I am always the last to get the news," replied the first speaker, pettishly. "Wait but a second while I bar up my shop, and I'll go with you."

"Well said!" exclaimed his hearers, with a loud laugh, still pressing onward. "Wait, and find ourselves on the wrong side of the gate. Not we, master Gaspard."

The latter, a lithe-formed and mercurial personage, did not waste breath in objurgation, but betook himself instantly to closing shop. A moment sufficed for this, when, darting forward through back lanes and by-passages, he had the satisfaction of distancing his charlish friends, and of placing himself within the great audience hall in a position that enabled him clearly to hear and discern all which passed. The princess had already seated herself in the chair of state at the upper end of the hall. Never had she looked more beautiful than at that moment, when a shade of anxiety and care rested on her spirited and finely chiselled features, claiming the sympathy and love of her admiring subjects.

"Saint Anthony!" exclaimed the impressive Gaspard. "Had ever a people more gracious and lovely queen to reign over them than we of Ghent and Burgundy? But hold; what high and mighty man is this who is now about to speak?"

A tall, haughty looking, and richly dressed nobleman, moving a step forward and slightly bending knee, thus addressed the princess: "Most noble and princely lady, I bear in my hand missives from my illustrious master, Louis of France, wherein are proposed articles of marriage contract between yourself and his son, the dauphin. By your ministers I have been given to understand that you are prepared to accept these proposals, the tenor of which has been already laid before you. And, most noble princess, as you have been pleased under your own hand to signify your approval of the contemplated union, I trust and hope that you will now graciously complete, by your public signature, those forms which you may deem necessary to bind forever this so much desired union."

The princess listened attentively, with her pale brow leaned upon her hand. The low murmur which agitated the assemblage at the close of the Count Montana's speech did not appear to move her. Yet her answer, brief as it was, was

given with the most evident emotion and interest.

"I am ready, sir count," she said in a low voice. "The parchment!"

The count was in the act of advancing, when two men pressed before him to the very foot of the throne. One of these was the English Earl of Chester. The other was Rudolf the smith. In his eager haste the latter had even placed one foot on the lower step of the ascent. Margaret, excited at sight of the bold intruder, rose from her seat.

"What means this outrage," she cried, with a quivering voice. "Hither, guards!"

"Hear me, noble princess," exclaimed the smith, clasping his hands with an impassioned gesture. "Hear me for your life's sake!"

"Stay!" murmured Margaret, again seating herself with a countenance expressive of mingled scorn and wonder. "Let us then hear what this madman has to say."

"I am no madman, most noble mistress," exclaimed the smith. "I stand here to accuse the Count Montana of foul treachery and murder. His hired minions have maligned the fair fame of Prince Maximilian in your royal ears, and his hired assassins have struck their daggers in the breast of as noble a youth as ever breathed."

The princess sank back pallid with inward agitation. But the blood again returned to her lips as she turned an inquiring look at the smith.

"The Prince Maximilian—?"

"Still lives!" replied Rudolf, in answer to her half-finished question. "Thanks to an aim not entirely sure, and to my own careful physick. Yes, he has been most foully belied, ever far beyond what we had at the time supposed. The proofs are in my master's possession. The murderous deed, also, I will engage to bring home to this false knight who now holds his head so proudly before you."

"What answer do you make to these words?" inquired Margaret, turning on Montana a piercing look.

"What answer can I give to such consummate foolery, but the most utter denial?" replied Montana. "The Prince Maximilian departed for Germany near a month since. This fellow is simply mad."

"Again I answer, royal madam, I am not mad. This Count Montana, as he knows full well, suborned false witnesses and produced false letters to convince yourself and your courtiers that my master, Prince Maximilian, was guilty of plotting the ruin of the Lords Hugonet and Himbercourt. My master was as guiltless of the deed, royal madam, as you yourself. Near a month since (as this Count Montana truly says) a party of assassins attacked the prince while journeying through the Black Forest. They assailed him unawares, and left him for dead. They would have made but too sure, had it not been for my poor aid. One of the assassins was struck down and divulged the whole story. The prince, as soon as he was able to be removed, turned himself hither by slow stages, purposing, with your permission, to vindicate himself fully in your hearing. Even now he waits permission to enter."

For an instant Margaret was silent, though deep emotion was plainly visible in her countenance.

"We will receive the Prince Maximilian," she said, "at such time as may suit his pleasure."

The crowd pressed gradually back on each side of the entrance at the lower end of the hall. Maximilian, ghastly with loss of blood, came slowly forward, leaning on the arm of his faithful Orel. Arrived opposite the throne, he bent his head with courteous deference.

"Madam," he said, speaking not without difficulty, "I have understanding of the words just uttered by Rudolf the smith. What he has said is no more than true; and had it not been for him I should not now be living. As for this man Montana, his foul form is not worthy to soil the glove which I wear, or I might choose to fling it in his face. Count Montana, my gage of battle lies on the cleaner floor at your feet."

His glove of steel mail clanged at the feet of Montana. The latter, appalled at the accensing appearance of his victim, for a second vainly essayed to answer. Instinctively he glanced around. Lowering and wrathful faces met his gaze. He felt that the eyes of the princess, though partially veiled, were regarding him with deep indignation. His bold bad courage was staggered, but he struggled hard to regain composure.

"Let my squire lift the glove," he said, "since

the prince wills to offer battle. Were it not for his mortal and most unjust accusations, I should not presume to peril his person with my unworthy hand."

"Count Montana," exclaimed the Earl of Chester, with a sudden and characteristic bluntness, "Count Montana, methinks the less that you say the better. We can plainly see the villain written in that face of yours."

Montana was silent. His esquire was about to lift the glove, when he was interrupted by the voice of the princess.

"My lords," she said, "I forbid this combat on pain of my utmost displeasure. Prince Maximilian, we are truly grieved at your sad misadventure. Furthermore, most unwillingly deceived, we have heretofore done you much injustice, and would now publicly request your pardon."

At this generous avowal, the prince, had he possessed the needed strength, would have thrown himself at the feet of Margaret. But the eyes of the latter met his own, and that glance bore between their hearts a full communication. The Count Orel, detaching himself from the side of Maximilian, now advanced to the throne.

"Beloved princess," he said, "permit me, a servant of your late honored father, to plead before you the pretensions of this wounded prince, who lacks, if not the courage, at least the strength to prefer, in person, his own suit to your royal self. The Prince of Austria presumes not, like this Count Montana, to ensnare your word by old papers and half-way engagements. He presents himself to you as a suitor, in past time not unknown to you, but most fully wronged and belied in your ears. By no base deeds has he sought to accomplish his aims. His state and condition you already know. Willing that you should consult the dictates of a proper prudence, he would entreat you to decide from the just dictates of the heart. The Prince Maximilian of Austria asks in marriage our royal mistress, the Princess Margaret of Burgundy."

Maximilian stood in pale suspense as a criminal about to receive sentence. But Margaret, rising in tears, descended the steps of the throne and extended to him her hand.

"Margaret of Burgundy accepts the offered alliance of Prince Maximilian!"

A burst of glad applause shook the groined rafters of the time-worn hall. Maximilian's voice faltered as, pressing the fair hand to his lips, he exclaimed, "I here solemnly promise during life to respect the rights, and to labor for the good of the Princess and people of Burgundy!"

A thousand voices again found utterance in one resounding cry: "Long live Maximilian and Margaret of Burgundy!"

"A hard battle," muttered the stout Earl of Chester, as he strode away. "A hard battle, and a field fairly won!"

CHILDREN AND STUDY.

The Philadelphia North American and Gazette makes the following judicious comments on the present system of study in the public schools: "We like to see an orderly school, and we can admire the proficiency of young females who run up their term averages to ninety-nine and a fraction. But we have not lost our relish for the rosy cheeks and buoyant step and generous mirth of childhood. We cannot bear to see girls who are just opening into womanhood, with pale, anxious faces, and precarious steps, hurrying by from six mortal hours of study at school to four or five more mortal hours of study at home. We do not believe that a beneficent Creator ever designed that these patient, conscientious, dutiful children, should have all the joy of life crushed out in this style—that their youth should be spent upon the dreary tread-mill of incessant study—and that when the real work of life is to be commenced, they should come to it with a disordered spine and shattered nerves, which turn to naught their lauded scholarship, and make the boasted education which was to have sustained and cheered them, a miserable drag-chain for the rest of their days."

THE HUMAN EYE.

The eye is a daguerrotype-plate. It is set to receive pictures, not compose or paint them. The art of seeing well is not to think about seeing. Let your eye alone. Let it go as clouds go, floating hither and thither at their will. Things will come to you if you are patient and receptive. No man knows what he sees, but only what he has seen. One looks at a great many things, but sees only a few; and those things which come back to him spontaneously, which rise up as pictures, afterwards, are the things which he really saw.—Henry Ward Beecher.

If pride were an art, there would be many teachers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NOVEL READER.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

THERE is a certain friend of mine, by name Marianne Hallet, who is a handsome, merry, kind-hearted creature, the best girl of my acquaintance, and, withal, a confirmed novel reader. I have known her for some years, and just as I heard her say, in her earnest manner, the first time I saw her, "I do like a good novel!" so I hear her say it now.

I know it is not considered good for a girl of eighteen to cherish a propensity for novel reading, especially when she finds that it constitutes one of her greatest enjoyments; indeed, I am aware that that propensity is reckoned, by many, an extremely pernicious one; still, I must confess that Marianne loved a well written romance as well as a hungry child loves bread and butter, and it is for you to judge of the effects of this penchant, that I commence these pages. For myself, speaking of novel reading in general, I have merely to say, that I think its effects depend entirely and altogether upon the degree of mental strength, of soundness of judgment, and nicety of discrimination, possessed by the reader; in short, upon the amount of good sense with which he or she may be endowed.

Marianne had lost her mother some years previous to the time of which I am about to write. She had neither brother nor sister; at eighteen she was her father's housekeeper, and they occupied a pretty, quiet country residence, some half-dozen miles from town. And there never was a more neatly-kept house than Marianne's. The prettily furnished rooms were always in the nicest order, guiltless of a speck of dust, with good taste and habits of perfect neatness rendered everywhere visible in the arrangement of their contents. The garden, which was not too large for Marianne to assist in taking care of, was always nicely weeded and duly watered by her own hands, the moist earth kept beautifully clean, and each plant, with every withered leaf and straggling shoot carefully trimmed off, springing fresh, strong and blooming, from the bosom of the brown, rich soil. In Marianne's wardrobe, and in her father's, the same thrift and niceness prevailed; none could set a handsomer table than she, and she could make the lightest and sweetest bread, the best pastry and preserves, and roast meat to perfection. Certainly, it was not possible to find a fault in her housekeeping, and as to herself, even in the midst of her many duties, she was always a model of neatness, always the light-hearted, cheerful Marianne. And every one of these duties was strictly and fully performed, but somehow, they were very quickly performed also, and Marianne found a great deal of time to herself.

The moment that these daily requirements were fulfilled found her with a book in her hand. This book was not always a novel. Marianne was well educated, and possessed an active mind, therefore the works which engaged her were no less healthy and instructive than amusing; but it is not to be denied that, if the volume of history or researches which she laid down was interesting, the romance she took up afterward was not one whit the less so.

And thus she passed away many a delightful hour, ensconced in the luxurious depths of a favorite arm chair by the open window, abandoning herself, with the pleasant consciousness of every task fulfilled, to the perfect, the unmingled happiness of these welcome seasons of recreation, and entering with the most honest, sincere and heart-felt interest, into the lives of her hero and heroine, and their fictitious joys and sorrows.

Fictitious, I said. I claim the right to recall that word, my reader. It has no business where I placed it. I do not choose to yield a point to those enemies of romance, who base their arguments against novel reading upon the assertion that "novels are composed merely of relations of the most improbable and impossible incidents in the world; things that do not happen in real life." How can these relations be false or improbable, of incidents which are happening around us every day? For that they do happen thus, is indisputable, since the novelist, the delineator of human passions, must draw his models from the living, breathing multitude about him. I never hear any one sneering at, or condemning novels, but I think, as I regard that man or woman, "if the story of your life were written out faithfully and truly, and placed before you, you would be

silent, you would be no longer a skeptic. For you too have human passions, terrible human passions; you too have loved and hated, and hoped and feared—you know it. You would not read the novel, but you have lived it!" Let us return.

Marianne, as I have said, read her favorite novels day after day, and found a dear delight in them, and often, in the evenings, sitting by her father's table, she read occasional chapters from them to him. I do not think she inherited her taste for novel reading from him; I think it was rather from her mother, but Mr. Hallet very much liked these things now and then, nevertheless, and so he listened with the same pleasure that his daughter experienced in reading to him. And so the days and months and years went by, and Marianne never grew weary of her favorite pursuit.

It was when she was just past her eighteenth year, that an aunt and uncle of Marianne's, with their only child, a girl of about our heroine's age (neither of whom Marianne had seen since she was a child), left the distant State where they had been hitherto residing, and came to take up their residence near the Hallets. And now, for a time, the usual quiet routine of Marianne's existence was a little altered and disturbed. The interchange of courtesies, the constant going and coming from one house to the other, consequent upon this arrival, occupied all Marianne's leisure moments. At present, she found little time to spend in reading. As I have said, she had not seen her father's brother and his family since her early childhood. She had, meanwhile, almost forgotten them, and meeting them at this late day, was nearly like meeting new acquaintances.

She found her Uncle James a good-humored and kind-hearted but extremely matter-of-fact person indeed; her aunt, Mrs. Hallet, a lady who, although sufficiently agreeable, was somewhat strict and formal in her appearance and manners, and in both of them, Marianne remarked from the first, a peculiarity which she, of all others, was likely to be the first to discover, namely, that they both condemned the practice of novel reading. Her uncle, the first time he beheld her with one of her favorite books in her hand, slightly shook his head, with a little reproving smile.

"What, reading a novel, my dear?—and such a bright, active girl as you are, too? Don't you know that it will injure your mind, Marianne? You shouldn't peruse such books as these—they are very bad for you indeed. Never open a novel, niece, never!"

Mrs. Hallet, on her part, seemed to be even more seriously moved than her husband, when she first became aware of this dangerous propensity of Marianne's.

"Marianne, you are not in the habit of reading these things, I hope?" she said, with some consternation and sincerity, touching with the extreme tips of her fingers the volume which lay upon her niece's work-basket.

"Yes, Aunt Helen," said Marianne, smiling, "I read them very often indeed. I dare say you think it wrong, but—"

"Wrong?—it is extremely wrong," interrupted Mrs. Hallet. "The most serious evils invariably result from such a practice. Your mind will become utterly frivolous in a little while, if you pursue it."

"I have read novels ever since I was a little girl," said Marianne, smiling still.

"You have! I wonder your mind is good for anything, truly. And your father allows you to do this?"

"Yes; but he does not look at the matter as you do, aunt."

Mrs. Hallet resolved to remonstrate with Marianne's father upon the subject, and she did so, convinced that she was doing her duty. But Mr. Hallet, listening quietly, said, in his pleasant manner, "Why, Helen! I don't see that Marianne's reading has ever done her any harm. She is a very sensible girl; she knows how to discriminate between right and wrong. I think I have no reason to be alarmed on her account."

"I am sorry," was all Mrs. Hallet said in return; "it is a great pity that Marianne should be unfitting herself for the duties of life as she is. Well, I have reason to rejoice that my Amanda never read a novel in her life, nor ever even expressed the wish to do so."

This was perfectly true, as Marianne found reason to believe. For Amanda Hallet, a pretty, lively, but very shallow-minded girl, cared very little about reading anything. The educational advantages which her father's wealth had afford-

ed her, she had taken no serious trouble to improve. Her mother had taken care that she should study all the more important and solid branches, as well as the lighter and less requisite ones, but the young lady received little real benefit from them. True, on leaving school, she possessed sufficient knowledge to give a good idea of her attainments, and her parents were well satisfied. The knowledge, however, had no depth, and it did not take her long to forget what she had learned.

On her leaving school, her mother had determined also to instruct her thoroughly in the mystery of housekeeping. Amanda was willing; it would be something new, and anything new pleased her. So, for an hour or two every day, she went into the kitchen with her mother, and beat eggs, and sifted sugar and flour, and measured spices, and for another hour looked over linen-presses and worked with her needle, and afterwards sat in the parlor, played on the piano and worked ottoman-covers, like an obedient girl, and very much to her parents' satisfaction. And Amanda thought it all very pretty, for a time, but by-and-by she grew terribly tired of it.

Meanwhile, Marianne went on her quiet way, as usual. One day her aunt came in and found her reading a letter, written in unmistakably masculine handwriting, which letter Marianne, with a slight blush, folded up and placed in her pocket. This circumstance attracted the attention of her aunt. She regarded this confusion, this secrecy, as ominous, but she said nothing touching the matter. She thought a great deal, however.

It was not long afterwards that one day, entering the room where Marianne was accustomed to sit, she beheld a similar letter lying open in the work-basket, and half concealed by the work with which Marianne had been engaged. As Mrs. Hallet thus glanced at the letter, she read distinctly the words at the commencement, "My beloved Marianne."

At this moment Marianne herself came in, and going to the work-stand, quietly removed the letter which she had thoughtlessly left there, and disposed of it as on the former occasion.

Mrs. Hallet said quietly, "I did not know you had a gentleman correspondent, Marianne."

"How do you know it is a gentleman?" asked Marianne, blushing.

"I have seen the chirography of these letters, which, even at this distance, could not be mistaken for that of a lady," replied her aunt, suspiciously. "I hope the correspondence is not clandestine?" And her tone seemed almost severe.

"I hope you will not speak to my father about it," said Marianne, turning away with a blush. Mrs. Hallet did not see that it was with a smile also.

She stood, struck with amazement. It was a clandestine correspondence, then! "This comes of novel reading," she said to herself. And she returned home in the most distracted frame of mind possible to conceive. It seemed as if a weight rested on her conscience. Now that she knew of this clandestine correspondence, was she not in a measure responsible for its results, if she concealed it? What should she do—disclose the affair at once? She felt that it was her duty to tell her husband, at least.

He was as much astonished and concerned as she herself, and for at least an hour, they discussed the matter together. Mrs. Hallet, in her excitement, thought that Marianne's father should know of it at once, but her husband, after hesitating awhile, thought it best to keep it still for the present, and so they agreed.

Meanwhile, Amanda was down stairs in the parlor, practising music, under the direction of a new teacher whom she had coaxed her father to engage for her. Amanda was in raptures with this new teacher. Visiting her cousin the following day, she gave her an enthusiastic description of him.

"He is so handsome, Marianne," she said, "O, so handsome, and with such an elegant figure, such a distinguished air!"

"A foreigner?" asked Marianne, quietly.

"Yes—an Italian. I wish you could hear him speak—his accent is charming, and he plays so delightfully, and sings some little Italian songs (of his own composition) so sweetly, Marianne. I positively watch the clock every day, for the hour when he comes. It is such a relief, after that horrid housekeeping, that I have got so tired of. We sing together—the signor and I, and I make such progress in my music! He assures mama that I am the most promising

pupil he possesses; and mama is so gratified, you can't think."

Marianne shook her head at her cousin. "Yes, I can see that you are a very promising pupil!" she said. "I can see that you are probably making the greatest progress! In something besides music!"

But Amanda neither saw the gesture nor heard the words. Her head—yes, and her heart too, were filled with nothing but her Italian teacher now. The interest she took in her music was really wonderful. The housekeeping was neglected; she cared for nothing but practising now. It is true that her mother did not quite approve of this sudden neglect of her household occupations, "but," she allowed, "since she is making such wonderful musical progress, and takes so deep an interest in it, it would be a pity to cross her. I can very well indulge her a little, since she is generally so industrious."

And so, week after week, for three months, the musical development of Amanda's talents went on. During this time, Mrs. Hallet had seen no more of Marianne's letters. The fact was, that Marianne diligently kept them out of her way. But the good lady visited very frequently at her brother's, and kept her niece in sight from day to day, giving her, now and then, some pieces of quiet advice respecting the conduct which was expected of her. Still she felt very uneasy at this mystery of the letters.

"I don't know," she said confidently to her husband, "I don't know what *would* become of Marianne's father if anything were to happen. And I am afraid something is wrong there. Suppose she were to run away with this correspondent of hers! Her father would wish he had never seen the day when he allowed her to take one of those pernicious novels in her hand. I cannot be too thankful that Amanda does not possess this fatal inclination which I am sure will yet bring sorrow to Marianne Hallet."

His wife's complaints rendered Mr. Hallet more uneasy for Marianne than he had been before. But he scarcely liked to confess it.

"It hardly seems as if Marianne *could* do anything wrong," he said, "she seems so sensible; and yet, I don't know as I should be surprised if she should disappoint us, when she reads so many novels. They are enough to turn anybody's brain."

Meanwhile, poor Marianne read as many novels as ever, and, truth to say, her brain seemed to be in no danger of turning, nor, I will venture, did she once take it into her little head to commit any romantic escape whatever; but somebody else did.

One fine morning Marianne sat alone in the parlor; her father was in town, and was not expected to return until nine o'clock. Feeling rather lonely, and hearing that her cousin Amanda was also alone at home, suffering from a slight headache, her parents being at the time away from home for the evening, Marianne put on her bonnet and went over to sit with her for an hour or two.

On reaching the house she entered the parlor, expecting to find her cousin, but Amanda was not there. "She is up in her room," thought Marianne, and she went up stairs, proceeding directly to her cousin's chamber. Opening the door, she beheld Amanda standing at her bureau, removing the contents of a small private drawer where she kept her jewelry, and transferring them to her pocket. The room was in the greatest disorder. Amanda started violently on seeing her cousin enter, and blushed deeply, seeming like one very much confused, but not like the victim of a headache.

"What in the world is the matter? and what are you about, Amanda, that you look so frightened?" said Marianne, banteringly; "positively, I should think, by your confusion, that you were committing a robbery, if you were not appropriating your own treasures."

"I—I—that is—" stammered Amanda.

"What?" smiled Marianne. "I thought you had a headache, and have come to keep you in company; but I am afraid I intrude!"

Amanda was silent—hesitated, looked at her earnestly, and then, seeming to be driven into a corner, glanced at her watch and advanced towards her cousin.

"Hush!" she said in a low voice and with an important air. "Marianne, since you're here, and if you'll promise to help me, I'll tell you something, for the truth is, you are just the one I needed. Only when you first came in, I was so startled. But you'll be discreet, I know. I'm going to clope, Marianne!"

She said it with a little air of consequential importance. Marianne was as one thunderstruck.

"Going to elope?—with whom?"

"With the signor, my handsome music teacher. Don't you envy me?"

"When were you going?"

"At eight—it only wants ten minutes of it now. I must hurry."

"You are going to elope with your music-teacher?"

"Yes!" Amanda began to look frightened.

"And at eight o'clock this evening?"

"Ye-es!"

"Begging your pardon, Cousin Amanda, you won't do any such thing!" said Marianne, with quiet resolution, advancing and taking her hand. "Come with me!"

"I will not! What do you mean, Marianne?" whimpered Amanda, beginning to cry.

"You will. And I mean precisely what I say; so come along, Amanda!"

"O, dear, dear! I wish I hadn't told you! Francisco told me not tell a soul!" sobbed Amanda. "O, what shall I do! Let me go, Marianne."

"Amanda Hallet, if you don't come with me this instant, I'll call the servants from the kitchen, and send for your father."

This threat, and even more, the stern voice of Marianne, frightened Amanda into obedience. She suffered her cousin to lead her down stairs.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked tremulously. Leading her up to a large china-closet, the entrance of which was near the foot of the stairs, Marianne unlocked the door.

"I am going to put you in there," she said, suiting the action to the word, "and now, Amanda, I charge you not to make the slightest noise, or try to get out till I come for you. I do not wish to let the servants know of this affair, for your sake. You'll repent it if they do. Be quiet now, and make the best of it, for I tell you you will not elope to-night."

"But you're not going to shut me up here? I shall smother—go into fits!"

"At your peril. There's a window up over the door, not wide enough to let you out, but sufficiently so to let in air and light from the hall when the door is open and the lamp is lit. I shall come back in ten minutes. Mind what I have told you." And she went, locking the door upon her sobbing prisoner and taking the key with her. She knew Amanda would be safe there.

It took her just five minutes to go to the minister's house, where her uncle and aunt were, and to let them know that their presence was required at home. The alarm they felt at this sudden summons was only equalled by that with which they learned the story of Amanda's attempted elopement from Marianne's lips. Consternation and astonishment held the minds of both. *Could* such a thing be? Their Amanda, who had never read a novel in her life.

Hurrying down the moonlit road, they espied the figure of a man standing half-concealed in the shadow of a tree, at an angle which approached to the Hallets' house, and near him a horse and chaise. Mr. Hallet half stopped. "It is he—that rascally Italian. I could tell him half a mile away. Helen and you Marianne," he continued, "leave the road here, and run home across the fields; I'm going to see him. But stay—I'll go on with you a step, that he mayn't suspect me and get off."

And they entered the field together, when, after proceeding a little further, Mr. Hallet left them, and skirting the road, under the shadow of the trees that separated it from the field, approached the signor's lurking-place, where he was awaiting the appearance of the rich Mr. Hallet's daughter, who was going to elope with him and make his fortune.

Meanwhile the pale and indignant Mrs. Hallet proceeded homeward with her niece in a state utterly indescribable. Her Amanda about to elope with a music-teacher! The idea was overwhelming. How had this state of things ever come about without her knowledge? and how had she failed to see that something was going wrong? "To think," she said to herself, bitterly, "to think that all the while I have been distressing myself about Marianne, this very plot should be maturing in my own house—that instead of Marianne, it should be my daughter." It was too much. Her anger, shame and mortification were unspeakable.

But, after all, Amanda was safe, and with this consoling thought, Mrs. Hallet felt how deeply

she was indebted to her niece. "You have done me a great service," she said, "a great service, Marianne; I cannot thank you as I ought, to-night, I am so bewildered, so—"

Marianne answered that she wanted no thanks; and now, reaching the house, they were silent, and passed unnoticed in. In two minutes the closet door was opened, and the imprisoned Amanda, sobbing, frightened (in anticipation of the scolding that was coming), and, withal, a little sulky at having her romance so summarily put an end to, was liberated, and stood before her mother.

And now Marianne, having seen her prisoner safely delivered up to the proper authorities, quietly withdrew and left the house, allowing her long-repressed excitement to escape, now that the danger was over, in one long-drawn sigh.

"So!" she soliloquized, "this is what the music-lessons came to!"

She ran lightly home, where she was shortly joined by her father, who was no less astonished on learning of the evening's occurrence, than Marianne had been in taking part in them.

Meanwhile, down the quiet moonlit road, under the trees, a scene was enacting which, although without spectators, was sufficiently animated and exciting. There were but two actors in it, the one a miserable, moustached, cowardly dandy, shrinking in pitying fear, the other the indignant Mr. Hallet, who administered to the signor what he afterwards described to his wife as "a sound horsewhipping, given with the fellow's own whip-lash," and then, after seeing the smarting, crest-fallen exquisite jump alone into the vehicle which had been destined also to convey away his bride, and drive furiously away, took his own way homeward.

The following morning Marianne's uncle made them an early visit, and a little later Mrs. Hallet also made her appearance, both to speak of the last night's affair, and to render their acknowledgements to Marianne of the service she had performed.

Mrs. Hallet, entering the apartment where the father and daughter were seated, surprised her niece reading another of those mysterious letters, and not seeming to be at all in fear of her father, it appeared, but immediately on her aunt's appearance, she smiled and blushed as before on a similar occasion, and laid the epistle at once aside.

"Don't let me disturb you, I beg," said Mrs. Hallet, half pausing, "if you are occupied."

"O, no—no, aunt," said Marianne, and Mr. Hallet rose to place a chair for the guest, echoing his daughter's words.

"No, no! Come in, Helen!" he said, "we're not so busy but we can talk to you. Marianne was reading to me some portions of Mr. Grafton's last letter, that is all. Sit down, Helen."

"Mr. Grafton's last letter!" silently echoed Mrs. Hallet's thoughts. Then this correspondence was *not* clandestine, after all? Mr. Hallet knew, and not only knew, but approved of it. But making no comment either on it, or on Marianne's deeper blush and more roguish smile, she took the proffered seat, and shortly opened upon the subject that had previously occupied her.

She had spent the morning in talking to Amanda, and Amanda had sobbingly confessed how the signor and she had fallen in love with one another, and how they had at length agreed to elope, both feeling sure that her parents would never consent to their marriage, and the signor strenuously urging her to preserve their mutual regard a secret from her father and mother.

The affair was discussed somewhat at length between Mrs. Hallet, her brother-in-law and niece, and the lady thanked Marianne sincerely for the part she had taken.

"You behaved very bravely indeed about it, Marianne," she said. "I could not have stopped the matter better myself. It was certainly remarkable in you. I cannot, I confess, help wondering at it; a display of resolution and good sense like that in so young a girl, and especially—" she hesitated.

"And especially, aunt," supplied the niece, laughing, "in one so fond of romance herself—such a devourer of novels, in short!"

Mrs. Hallet slightly laughed also, but in rather an embarrassed way. This was exactly what she had thought. This matter dismissed, the other, the subject of Mrs. Hallet's curiosity, was gradually brought up. And now she found, for the first time, that Marianne had been for six months engaged to be married to the Mr. Grafton spoken of, the writer of these mysterious

letters. He had been for some five months now, absent on business in Europe, during which period the lovers had constantly corresponded. He was daily expected home now, and soon after his return, they were to be married. So there was no romance in the matter, after all; it proved to be a very commonplace affair indeed. Mrs. Hallet's illusions were dispelled.

Three days afterwards Mr. Grafton returned, and Mrs. Hallet was made acquainted with him, and now she found her conjectures still further in the wrong. It was to be supposed, at least, that Marianne's lover was young and handsome, and Mrs. Hallet wondered whether he was a poet, or an artist, a physician, a clergyman, or a lawyer.

He proved to be neither the one nor the other. Mr. Grafton was some fifteen or twenty years older than Marianne; he had simply a fine countenance, lighted by a warm heart, and he was a merchant in the city.

"Is this your intended husband?" Mrs. Hallet could not help saying to Marianne, when she was alone with her.

Marianne, smiling, assured her that it was.

"You are not at all romantic, I must say, Marianne, after all!"

"No," said Marianne, "I am quite content with reading romances. I do not care to make them."

A month afterwards, Marianne was married, and was so little sentimental on the occasion, as to assist, as usual, with her own hands, in preparing breakfast.

"I think, Helen," said Mr. James Hallet to his wife, "I think our anxiety concerning Marianne was quite uncalled for. She has proved that she has good sense sufficient not only for her own welfare, but that of other people too, for it was her sensible conduct that saved Amanda from that miserable Italian. It is plain that novel reading has not injured her, and moreover, I don't believe it ever will."

And Marianne loves romance reading as well as ever, reader, but it does not prevent her from being as wise and exemplary a wife and mother as any to be found.

Amanda also is married now; as to the signor, he was never heard of in that neighborhood again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

FEMALE HEROISM.

BY H. CRANE DALBERG.

It was in the dark days of the American Revolution, when the sun of liberty was waning, and an impenetrable gloom seemed to shroud the struggling efforts of the patriots, and darken the horizon of our country, when the hirelings of George III. were overrunning the Carolinas in concert with hordes of native loyalists, when none but the gallant Marion with his noble volunteers were able to resist the shock of war, and they only by stratagem; we repeat, that it was in those days that the American women appeared as if by magic, heroic, devoted, self-sacrificing beings.

Such was Kate Herbert, the daughter of a loyalist, the sister of a patriot brother. Her father ranked high in wealth, and enjoyed an enviable social position, until the war cry of the Britons aroused the land, and fearing the confiscation of his estates, he openly denounced the popular cause and renewed his allegiance to the British sovereign. The soldiery of Europe had met the rugged New Englander on Bunker's height, and felt the strength of his arm, and tested the courage of his heart. And now the war-cloud had rolled from the far North, devastating the Middle States in its onward march to the South. But the chivalrous Southron too was trained in arms to receive them, and bloody were the skirmishes that followed them there.

Frantic with joy was old Herbert when the British directed their efforts to the speedy subjugation of the South. He immediately sent his agents far and wide to convene the Tories, wishing to hail the advent of the army by a brilliant exploit that would redound to his glory, and possibly cause his name to be mentioned with favor to his most gracious sovereign. Kate was on the tip-toe of expectation to learn the scheme which had taken possession of her father's brain. So upon the day of the gathering, she disguised herself in a complete suit of her brother's clothes, and mingled with the company without attracting more than ordinary attention. The plot was discovered to those present by Mr. Herbert, who

enjoined the utmost secrecy. The plan appeared feasible to all present except Kate, who was determined to thwart it.

Reader, the old gentleman intended to capture "Marion and his men"—but we shall see. At the first convenient moment, the disguised girl stole unperceived away to her home, where donning her proper dress, which was this night a riding habit buttoned closely about her sylph-like form, and without waiting for a minute to elapse, she saddled and bridled a favorite horse, preferring to do the work herself rather than trust it to a servant, who would be likely to expose her absence. To mount was the work of a moment, when the high-spirited animal bounded away with the speed of the wind. Five, ten, fifteen miles were left behind, and only five more miles separated her from Marion's camp on "Snow Island."

But hark! the clatter of hoofs behind attracts her attention. She is pursued by a squad of horsemen. Seated upon a coal-black charger, whose fiery eyes and flowing mane indicate Arabian blood, and whose speed is only equalled by the wind, is a fair young girl, with blooming cheeks and head proudly erect, as she urges her steed to greater exertions. Now she partially raises herself in the saddle, with her face turned to the pursuers, she vainly endeavors to pierce the darkness. On, on, flew the pursued and the pursuers—the white foam covering the beasts as they sped in this wild, headlong race. Ye gods, propitiate fortune's favor now! Ah! she has gained the point, and evaded the chase by plunging recklessly into a swamp, where she encountered a sentinel who guided her to Marion's hiding place, and she saw for the first time the partizan chief. She briefly recounted to him her information. Marion expressed his gratitude with warmth; he also offered her an escort, which she promptly accepted. Marion stationed a dozen men to intercept the horsemen when they should give up the chase, and with eighty more tried and true men, well mounted, and in excellent spirits, set forth to punish the tory clan.

After a sharp ride of two hours they reached their destination, surprised and took the whole number prisoners without the loss of a single man. Kate's father was released on parole at her intercession. The horsemen were captured after a struggle, and proved to be a small detachment of Tarleton's cavalry, who in a frolicsome spirit undertook to ride down the American girl. Such was one of the many exploits which distinguished the women of the Revolution.

THE HOUSE OF RIENZI, AT ROME.

The story of Rienzi known to students of Roman history, has been rendered equally familiar to the play-goer and the reader of romance, by Miss Mitford's fine tragedy, and by Bulwer's popular novels. The house of the "friend of Petrarch," hope of Italy—Rienzi, last of Romans," stands at the end of the Vicolo della Fontenella at Rome. It is, as our engraving shows, a strange structure of brick, with two stories, its halls covered with fragments of columns and antique ornaments, exhibiting a pitiful want of uniformity and taste. Over an arch, once supposed to be a doorway, is a long Latin inscription enlogistic of the great tribune. Nicolas, or, as abbreviated by the Italians, Cola di Rienzi, was born in Rome in 1310. His birth, however, was not without the singular charm of a distinguished lineage, for though his mother was simply a Roman woman of humble condition, his father was the son of an emperor of Germany, Henry VII., born out of wedlock. To this circumstance he probably owed the liberal culture accorded to his youthful intellect which was well adapted to train it for the accomplishment of no ordinary deeds. From his youth, says his Italian biographer, he was nourished with the milk of eloquence; he became a good grammarian, a better rhetorician, and was well versed in the works of the best writers. From their pages his powerful imagination derived an extraordinary aliment. In the glowing records of Livy and Suetonius, Sallust and Tacitus, he found a magnificent picture of Olden Rome as she was under the Consulate, as she was under the Cæsars, when her legions shook Europe with her triumphal tread, and her eagles flew victorious from the Indus to the remote islands of the Britons. Naturally of a quick and searching intellect, he compared this gorgeous picture of pomp and imperial sway with the Rome around him—the city of ruined temples, and shattered palaces, which vividly imaged its past splendor and present desolation. He saw his fellow-citizens oppressed by the patricians, the Colonnas and Orsinis, and despoiled by hordes of robbers, and even deprived of that protection which the presence of the papal court had formerly afforded; Clement V., a Frenchman, preferring the luxurious indolence of Avignon to the stormy magnificence of Rome.

A younger brother of the aspiring scholar was slain in a street brawl, but in vain he asked for the punishment of the murderer. His private sorrow, therefore, came to aid and inflame his indignation at the misfortune of his fellows, and

to deepen his respect for the glorious days of old. He longed to avenge his brother's blood; he longed to restore the imperial glories of Rome. He felt something of the old Roman spirit throbbing at his heart. Perhaps, with the intuition of genius, he perceived that his country's fate was linked with his own. He saw before him the purple and the sceptre, but he did not see the abyss beyond; for though genius discerns in the future the throne to which it is pressing forward, it cannot pierce the clouds lowering around it in all the ominous blackness of the night. The career of Rienzi, then, commenced when he had attained his ripe manhood. His face and person at this epoch have been graphically portrayed by Bulwer Lytton in a romance which has all the authenticity, and more than the vigor of history. His features were naturally of a grave and majestic cast. Thick and auburn hair, the color of which, not common to the Romans, was ascribed to his descent from the Teuton emperor, clustered in large curls above a high and expansive forehead; and even the thoughtful compression of the brow could not mar the aspect of latent power which it derived from that great breadth between the eyes, in which the Grecian sculptors of old so admirably conveyed the expression of authority and the silent energy of command. But his features were not cast in the Grecian, still less in the Teuton mould. The iron jaw, the aquiline nose, the somewhat sunken chest, strikingly recalled the character of the hard Roman race, and might not inaptly have suggested to a painter a model for the younger Brutus. The marked outline of the face, and the short, firm upper lip indicated in him, as in Napoleon, Cæsar, and other men of power, a surprising energy of intellect and fixity of will. His stature exceeded the ordinary height, and his figure had a majesty about it, not uncommon to those who are born to sway and subdue mankind.

Partly through some indirect support afforded by the papal officials, who were desirous of re-establishing order in the benighted city,—partly through the influence which a reputation for genius, eloquence, and love of freedom had procured him among the lower classes, Rienzi succeeded in raising a revolt which overthrew the authority of the Roman nobles. He gathered around him a band of devoted adherents; he convoked a kind of representative parliament; he instituted courts of justice, and organized a system of military police, which drove brigandage and rapine out of the Roman States. Elected Tribune of Rome, he assumed a more than regal pomp, knowing well the influence of the paraphernalia of power upon the impressionable children of the south. Then, he compelled the nobles of Rome, and the patricians living in its vicinity, to swear they would uphold the new order of things—the *Buono Stato*, or "good state" of Rome, as he was pleased to designate the liberal despotism which he had established. This remarkable scene took place May 30th, 1347.



THE HOUSE OF RIENZI, IN ROME.

Rienzi had passed the previous night in solemn religious observance; at midnight trumpets rang through the streets, which were soon thronged by multitudes, summoned to meet him unarmed before the church of St. Angelo, at dawn of day the next morning, to provide for the good State of Rome. This was the beginning of the revolution. A wonderful change was speedily effected by the stern, impartial rule of this remarkable man, who blenched not through fear of patrician anger or plebeian fickleness. Never, perhaps, was the influence of one energetic mind more vividly exhibited. "A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. 'In this time,' says the historian, 'did the woods begin to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets, and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highways!'" But the possession of uncontrolled power intoxicates like the fumes of ardent wines. The glowing intellect of Rienzi, his natural enthusiasm, his easily stimulated imagination, led him into excesses, in which not even a despot born to power would have dared to indulge. There is still preserved in the baptistry of the church of St. John Lateran, a vase, or bath, fashioned from green basalt, in which, it is said, the great Constantine received the rite of baptism, on his profession of Christianity. On the night of the 1st of August, in this sacred vase, an object of peculiar sanctity

in the eyes of the vulgar, Rienzi bathed previous to receiving the order of knighthood. And on the next day, before a vast multitude, he delivered an extraordinary harangue, pronouncing every city, state and people in Italy free, proclaiming Rome the capital of the world, and citing Clement VI. and the princes of Germany to appear before him. And then he was crowned with the Seven Crowns of the Holy Spirit, symbolical, as he represented, of the precious gifts he had received from heaven. But he had kindled fire and flames (*fuoco e la fiamma*) which he was unable to extinguish. He had incensed the patricians against him, he had disgusted the populace, he had excited the jealousy of the church; the pope excommunicated him, his soldiers betrayed him, and towards the close of December, after a seven months' dream of power, he fled from Rome, was overtaken by the papal soldiers, and carried to Avignon, where he was kept a prisoner for several years. Innocent VI., who had established the papal throne at Avignon, released him from prison, gave him the title of "Senator of Rome," and sent him in 1353, in conjunction with Cardinal Gil de Albornoz, against the insurgent patricians of Rome. He was welcomed by the Romans and received in triumph, and succeeded in establishing law and order. But the severe repressive measures he inaugurated, and the heavy taxes he imposed, produced a revulsion of popular feeling, fomented by the agents of the patricians, a revolt took place, the capital was besieged and Rienzi was put to death by the people—a sad end to a strange career.

VIEW OF PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

The accompanying engraving will convey a correct idea of Portsmouth, the chief naval arsenal of Great Britain. It is from a spirited and faithful drawing, and the marine portions of the picture are particularly animated and artistic. The town consists of two parts, joining each other, but each surrounded on the land side by separate lines of fortification—Portsmouth and Portsea—on the last of which is the dockyard. On the west side of the harbor is Gosport, where the victualling-yard, reservoirs, etc.; and opposite its mouth, between it and the Isle of Wight, expands the famous roadstead of Spithead. The fortifications of Portsmouth and Portsea have been stated to be the most complete in Europe. The ramparts and batteries connected with them command some charming views. On the land side the ramparts are planted with trees, and form an agreeable terrace walk. From the Platform Battery, near the harbor, one of the best views of Portsmouth, with the harbor and Spithead, is to be obtained. The dockyard of Portsmouth, the largest in the kingdom, is in fact a town in itself, occupying over one hundred and twenty acres. It is situated in the east side of the harbor, and is supplied with all the necessary means for building, repairing, and fitting out ships of war. Besides being a great naval station, Portsmouth is a large garrison, always occupied by troops, and is the head quarters of the western military district. The island of Portsea lies between two inlets of the sea, Portsmouth harbor west and Langston harbor east.



PORTSMOUTH HARBOR, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SOUL'S SANCTUARY.

BY A. P. C.

Within the soul's deep sanctuary, thought,
Are shadow forms, dim present to my view,
Nor wholly spectral, yet embodied not,
And yet they speak to me with voices true.

From out its cloistered windows do I see
Far forth into the future, and the past,
In its dim twilight is revealed to me
Its sunset hues by shadows half o'ercast.

And now I turn me to the altar-place—
A book lies open there, wherein I read
Of hopes and fears and aspirations high,
Great effort, high endeavor, mighty deed.

Illumined by a light unearthly sure,
Its pages blazon forth in strange relief,
Pictures which in my mind bring visions pure,
More of the heavenly than the earth beneath.

But hark! the organ sendeth forth a peal,
An anthem of thanksgiving loud and grand;
And their sweet voices on my ear do steal,
Chanting these mighty words of high command.

Mortal!—who art immortal—knowest thou
The powers that are within thy inner soul?
Powers that will not fail as on ye go,
If ye but learn their wise and sure control.

That bid godspeed to lofty high endeavor,
And urge thee on to dare and do the right;
To deeds immortal that endure forever,
With hopes of recompense beyond thy sight.

Thou finite being! by them thou art brought
Nigh to the Infinite, Eternal Mind;
When upward soaring on the wings of thought
Thou leav'st thine earthly longings far behind.

Then make the most of thy brief sojourn here,
Of all God's gifts unto this wondrous soul,
These mighty powers that help thee on to near,
When thou hast run life's race, the heavenly goal.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR CABIN BOY.

BY CAPTAIN J. F. ALCORN.

"It's no use, Frank! They may preach as much as they please about wedded happiness, loving wives, and all that sort of thing, but hang me if they'll ever convert me to that faith; at least so far as to cause me to exchange my comfortable quarters under this quarter-deck, with the attendance of that black rascal Pomp, for the most luxurious mansion that graces terra-firma, with the cringing homage of its troops of servile attendants, and the companionship for life of the fairest and most amiable of Mother Eve's daughters. Do you know I actually dread to place my foot on the threshold of my father's house? Four years is long enough to be absent, and one might think a sufficient period to enable a giddy girl—who, by the way, is only a giddy girl still—to forget my silly jests; yet my mother's last letter adjures me to hasten home and claim the prize awaiting me. And then the pert minx's epistles are half Greek to me." Hang me if I can understand them. Only think of it! Six weeks of semi-torture; bored on one hand by the silly sentimentality of a love sick miss of seventeen, and on the other by the humdrum solicitude of my over-anxious progenitors, who would doubtless rejoice to behold me securely pinioned with the galling shackles of wedlock. It's provoking, confounded annoying!" And the speaker lapsed into moody silence, tapping his heel lightly against one of the stanchions supporting the main-fife-rail, against which he leaned, and biting his lips, with various other evidences of his vexation.

But a word in explanation. The speaker was my friend—my first, oldest and most highly valued friend. As boys we ran away to sea together, and embarking in a new career, owned and used but one chest and purse during the whole period of our apprenticeship. At its close we were separated for a brief period, which separation tended to an increase of our friendship, rendering us inseparable companions from the hour of our reunion. He had been prevailed upon by his parents, whose only son he was, to remain at home when I entered upon my career as able seaman for the first time; but on my return from my first voyage, he severed the ties which bound him to home, and we again paced the same deck as messmates.

Hal Burton had been a fearless boy, and as a man proved as brave a sailor as ever trod a plank. What wonder, then, that his promotion was rapid, and his prospects bright? In three short

years he attained the highest rank in our chosen profession; and when he obtained his first command I went with him, his chosen mate, and still, as in boyhood, his friend. A year had passed over our heads, during which we had doubled both capes, making a singularly successful voyage round the world, its last day, the eve of the anniversary of our departure from New York, dawning upon us in Boston Bay, and disclosing to our eager gaze the highlands of Marshfield, Hingham and Dorchester, with the less distinct, but no less welcome beacons, Chelsea Beach, Boston Light, and Point Alderton.

'Twas at noon of that day, and while our ship was lying to with her maintopsail to the mast, awaiting a pilot, within three miles of the last-named and time-honored beacon, that Captain Burton addressed me, in reply to my jocular assertion that he and a certain young lady—to be hereinafter introduced to our readers—would seize upon the opportunity presented by his presence at home, to assume the yoke matrimonial, placing an insurmountable barrier in the way of our future unreserved interchange of thought and friendship, to which assertion I had added a threat, that I would commit matrimony out of pure revenge if he suffered the influence of friends or love to effect our separation in any such manner.

"Dreadfully provoking, Hal, I must confess, to have a pretty girl, and rich at that, over head and ears in love with you. I vow, I can't say what I would do in such a plight, but I'm afraid I would be strongly tempted to—"

"What?"

"Marry her, of course!"

"Nonsense, Frank! O, you may laugh, but I know better. You prize your liberty as highly as I do, and would as soon go hang yourself as be saddled with a wife!"

"An ugly one. Add the adjective, and I admit the truth of your assertion. But one of the angelic kind—such as your honored mother represents your bride-elect to be—no, sir, I should capitulate upon receiving the first summons to surrender. Indeed, I am not certain that I would not throw open the gates, lower the drawbridge, and meeting her half way, politely invite her to enter and take possession of the citadel of my heart."

"Your fiddlestick! What nonsense!"

"Nonsense it may be, friend Hal; but if it is, it bears a strange similarity to language I have heard on several occasions from the lips of a certain youth whom you and I were well acquainted with about four years ago; but who, owing to the effect of time and absence, is now, perchance, ashamed of the love which was then his greatest glory."

"I was but a boy then."

"And she whose name you were forever ringing in my ears was but a girl! Tell me, Harry, and speak frankly. Of the two, who deserves the most praise, she whose vows are as fresh in her remembrance as when uttered, over four years ago, and whose love has outlived absence; or he whose love hath proved but an ephemeral passion of youth, and dying, left him to shrink abashed, in the presence of its only too worthy but forgotten object?"

"Avast, mentor! You are resolved I shall not forget them while you are at my elbow. She should be informed of your devotion to her cause. Who knows but she might reward it with her hand—"

"In the clasp of friendship, yes, but in matrimony, never! She loves you all too dearly, Harry, and is by far too true a woman! No, no. Mark me, Harry Burton. The heart of Emily Hardinge cannot be so lightly won; therefore it should be more highly prized."

"You've formed a high opinion of her."

"And from those very epistles, so lightly prized by you as to be exposed to the prying gaze of all who might wish to read them. Ah, Hal, 'twas careless of you; but they are safe—safe in the possession of one who honors her, and loves you too well to permit your mutual secret to become the jest of any."

"Ah, I missed those letters, and am pleased to learn they fell into your possession. They can now be returned to the writer, and the non-existence of any in future will prevent the betrayal of this alleged secret which you would fain convert into a hobby. But here comes a pilot at last. How confounded dilatory those fellows are. Have a line all ready for him, Mr. A., and when he comes on board stand by to execute his orders." And turning on his heel, my superior sought his state-room to change his apparel.

Captain Burton's parents were residents of Concord, Mass., and thither I accompanied him, at his request, on the afternoon of Saturday, the third day succeeding our arrival, and the period by him chosen for his first visit to his home.

I then saw Miss Emily Hardinge for the first time, and was highly delighted to learn from observation how correct had been my conception of her character; while I was at the same time deeply pained by my friend's evident insensibility to her countless charms and unswerving devotion. Nor was that insensibility without its effect upon her. From the first hour of their reunion, on the evening of our arrival at his father's house, she struggled to conceal her emotions, and succeeding nobly, bade him a laughing adieu and a pleasant voyage; adding that as she would not see him again ere he sailed, being about to set out for a distant part of New Hampshire, she had availed herself of this opportunity to bid him adieu.

All who heard her, save him to whom it was addressed, betrayed amazement at the intimation of her intended journey; but evidently divining the cause, forbore remark while we were present.

"You've lost a treasure, Hal!" said I, when we had secured seats in the train which was to convey us to Boston.

"You think so?"

"I know so! You've trampled on a heart and despised a love, which, had you not been foolishly blind, would have made you rich indeed. Well as I love you, Hal Burton, I must pronounce your conduct shameful, ungenerous, and unworthy of a man!"

"Proceed, Frank! Ha, ha! I like that! Unworthy of a man! But go on! I can afford to hear and bear it all. I am only too happy to get off so easily. The absence of Miss Hardinge, who, by the way, I must acknowledge to possess a degree of common sense I did not give her credit for, will relieve me of my parents' solicitations in her behalf."

"With her consent they would solicit nothing. No, no, she knows you now, Hal, and if I understand her aright, would not wed you for the wealth of India."

"Humph! I don't believe her love was ever more than imaginary!" said he, betraying some vexation.

"Such as that you professed for her some years since, for instance," rejoined I, sarcastically; when perceiving he had quite enough of the subject, I lapsed into silence, leaving him to commune with his own thoughts.

From that time, for the space of three weeks, the name of Emily or Miss Hardinge remained unmentioned by either of us; but at the close of that period, while perusing an evening paper in our room at P—Hotel, just before retiring, a paragraph therein riveted my attention, eliciting from me an exclamation of profound amazement.

"What's the matter, Frank?" demanded my companion, who was leisurely divesting himself of his coat and vest.

"Listen!" was my brief response, when I read as follows:

"Married.—In Colebrook, N. H., by Elder Mason, Mr. Henry Simpson, of C., to Miss Emily Hardinge, formerly of Concord, Mass."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Captain Burton. "There must be some mistake there, Frank!" And approaching me pale and trembling, he took the paper from my hand, and slowly and distinctly read the paragraph for himself.

Nearly a minute he stood motionless, the workings of his countenance betraying his emotion; when, as the paper dropped from his nerveless grasp, he ejaculated: "Married! She is indeed avenged!"

"Ah, Hal! And have you learned when too late that—"

"I loved her? Yes," said he, interrupting me earnestly and sadly, "yes, I have indeed learned it too late. But that she would have married another so soon I could not believe."

"Nor I. I dreamed of no such event in connection with her; but woman is a riddle—hardest to read by those who admire her most. However, you can only blame yourself, Hal."

"I know it, Frank. But now to forget her. Heigh ho! 'twill prove a hard task, I fear!" And turning away, he laid aside the remainder of his apparel hurriedly and betook himself to his couch, on which I heard him sighing and groaning at short intervals, until slumber sealed my senses.

Two weeks later he informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had arrived in Concord, and were domiciled at his father's, who had written to ap-

prise him of the fact, as also of their intention to visit Boston, and call upon him on board the ship.

"You must receive them, Frank. I dare not meet her! My father will be their escort to the city, which he visits to perfect arrangements by which he and mother may be enabled to accompany us to Trieste. Make any excuse you choose for me. I shall certainly avoid them."

They came the third day after, when I was formally introduced to the bride, in whom I perceived a change which amazed me. She was no longer the buoyant, happy being I had been introduced to six short weeks previously; but a sad, though lovely woman, whom hidden grief was rendering prematurely old. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and the brilliancy from her liquid black eyes, in which a sad expression lingered, which one might well believe an evidence of the torture she endured.

I was glad that Hal was absent during their visit, which she evidently wished to prolong to the utmost extent; and it was with a sense of relief that I witnessed their departure.

"Has she been on board, Frank?" demanded Captain Burton, as he joined me on the wharf, when I was on my way to tea.

"She has."

"How did she appear?"

"Sad, Hal! Sad as an accusing angel might when weeping over his assigned task. 'Twas well you did not meet her."

"I could not! But no more. O, I've half engaged a boy. What do you think of it?"

"That my duties are onerous and numerous enough at present, without undertaking that of dry nurse to an embryo sailor."

"Ha! ha! I supposed you would have that objection. But the affair remains subject to your decision. I told him to call down at the ship to-morrow and see you. Do as you like, Frank, but I kind o' liked the lad's appearance. You know we were boys once ourselves, and sailors must be taught by some one. I think 'tis but fair we should aid in the education of those who must succeed us. But here we are," he continued, pausing on the front steps of the hotel, adding, "You will have the care of him, as you say, therefore you must decide."

The subject was then dropped; nor did he again revert to it, while I, influenced by his evident inclination, resolved to receive the youth should he apply for the berth.

He came down the next day at ten, A. M., when his engaging exterior impressed me so deeply in his favor that I shipped him at once, informing him he might join when convenient; and even carrying my new-born kindness so far as to offer him his choice between the duties of boy before-the-mast, and those of cabin-boy. He chose the latter, which was most suited to his strength and years, and avowing his readiness to join the next day, took his departure.

One week later we were at sea, out of sight of all land, and with all on board well, and—except Captain Burton—in excellent spirits, and were running merrily off before a fresh breeze, which bade fair to continue steady for some time. Dinner had been announced ere Captain Burton and I retired from the quarter-deck after the noon observation, and on entering the cabin his father rallied him playfully upon what he termed his thoughtlessness in remaining so long absent from table, when the dinner was so liable to spoil by delay, adding:

"I hope the marriage of Miss Hardinge has not affected you seriously, Hal? And now I think of it, where were you that day when Mr. and Mrs. Simpson honored your ship with a visit? Your absence savored strongly of a dread to confront the lady. How was it, Mr. A? I remember you stumbled through a very lame apology for his absence, in a manner sufficient of itself to engender such suspicion."

"Excuse me, if you please, Mr. Burton; I must refer you to the captain for particulars," said I, archly, as I assumed a chair at the table on the left of Mrs. Burton, preparing for a display of my gastrofomic ability.

"Yes, I'll warrant he betrayed me by some egregious blunder—"

"Ah, then there was some secret reason for your absence, Hal? Ah, boy, I'm not surprised that you were ashamed to appear in her presence after the part you enacted."

"Father, say no more, I beg!" exclaimed my superior earnestly, his pallid cheek and quivering lip betraying an intensity of emotion, of which I had not deemed him capable.

"Why? Why should I be silent, boy? But how is this? Speak, Harry, are you ill?"

"Ill? Yes, at heart. In Heaven's name, father, do not speak of the past again. I cannot bear to hear it."

"What," exclaimed the old man, starting, "is it possible that you loved her despite the cold indifference of your manner towards her? If so, you are indeed punished in believing her lost to you for life," and the speaker exchanged a significant glance with his wife; while the boy Edwin, who was passing my plate at the moment, reeled, and fell fainting against the bulkhead.

With an agility surprising in one of her years, the old lady sprang to aid the fainting youth, whom she bore to her own state-room; rejecting aid from any of us, she prevailed on us to return to the table while she applied herself to the lad's resuscitation.

From that time forth the elder Burton was silent regarding his son's unfortunate attachment, which the latter endeavored to conquer, struggling in vain to conceal the anguish which betrayed itself in his rapidly failing health, until triumphing over his weakened physical powers, it laid him, raving in delirium, on a sick bed, from which I feared he might never rise. But he was the object of the tenderest care, his mother watching over him with all a parent's fond solicitude, while Edwin was rarely absent from his side by night or day, until the abatement of his fever rendered such unceasing vigilance unnecessary. Throughout the period of his delirium, that name—so oft and fondly uttered by him during our first voyage—was frequently on his lips, and frequently uttered with such melting tenderness and touching earnestness, as to bedim with moisture the eyes of all who heard him.

But youth and an unimpaired constitution triumphed over the fever, and so rapidly that he was pronounced strong enough to bear removal on our arrival in port, when he was conveyed to comfortable quarters in one of the best hotels in Trieste, to which his father and mother accompanied him, taking with them the boy Edwin.

I made a daily call upon him during the first fortnight, at the end of which he had so far recovered as to leave his room; when having occasion for the boy's services on board the ship, I demanded if he could be spared. I had addressed the demand to my superior when about to take my leave on my fifteenth visit, when with a comical expression of countenance he replied:

"O, that boy. Would you believe it, Frank, the young scamp disappeared a day or two after we disembarked, and I have not had so much as a glimpse of his blue jacket since."

"Ran away!" ejaculated I, with a start, as I recalled the fact that I had never met him during any of my visits.

"Something of that sort. Yet I can't say that I am sorry, he was such an awkward scamp, and so subject to fainting fits. You'd been puzzled to have made a sailor of him."

"No, sir, I think he was just the right kind of material; but I vow I'm sorry he has ran away. Shall I try to recover him?"

"'Twould be useless, Frank. In fact, I let him go at his own request. You know I could not be hard with him, he watched me so attentively on shipboard."

"But how are you to get along without him? If he had never had him we should not miss him now."

"O, he provided me with a substitute, Frank. Mother, be so kind as to summon Edwin's successor. I must have Mr. A.'s opinion of our future shipmate." And the incorrigible scamp laughed in a manner which accorded but ill with heart rending grief.

I was regarding him earnestly, wondering whence he derived the happiness which beamed in his eyes and sat enthroned on his expressive features; and so deeply intent was I on the solution of the problem, that I failed to note his mother's return with the object of her errand, until he accosted me, saying:

"Come, Frank, what do you think of Edwin's substitute?"

Turning slowly on my chair I glanced towards the door, when I bounded from my seat, electrified by the arch and winning smile of no less a personage than Emily Hardinge.

"Where in Heaven's name did you come from, and how did you get here, Miss or Mrs.?"

"No, no, the former if you please, Mr. A.," said she, advancing as she interrupted me, and placing her hand in mine, continued: "I still bear the name you were about to mention. I came hither from America, and—incredible as you may deem the assertion—with you."

"With us!" I ejaculated. "The boy Edwin!"

'Twas all plain in a moment, while I recalled to mind a score of instances during the passage, when the slightest exercise of ordinary observation might have taught me the secret now betrayed.

During the brief explanation which followed, I learned that Mrs. Simpson was her cousin, and bearing a slight resemblance to her, had suggested the idea of testing the indifference manifested by her lover. The approaching marriage of the former afforded the means of doing so; when Hal's parents being advised of the scheme, suffered him to labor under the false impression engendered by the construction of the hymeneal notice.

That test proving unsatisfactory, the fond girl, yearning for some proof which might annihilate the suspense she labored under, resolved to brave, in disguise, the dangers peculiar to old ocean, which design her fond, indulgent guardian not only countenanced but encouraged, by becoming the guest of his son at sea; in which guise both he and his wife were enabled to watch over and aid her with their counsel.

And this transformation, then, was the secret of my friend's happiness, in which I shared, even while heetoring him by quoting:

"'It's provoking, confoundedly annoying, eh, Hal?' 'What nonsense!' 'She should be informed of that devotion.' Shall I undertake the execution of that task now, Hal?' demanded I, enjoying his evident confusion, but withholding the explanation for which the beauteous Emily was provokingly solicitous.

But enough has been told. Hal Burton had become a "convert to the faith," even so far as to submit to the yoke matrimonial. In fact, I am not aware that I ever beheld a more eager candidate for the "galling shackles of wedlock," than was my worthy captain, who was made supremely happy by transformation into a benedict ere we sailed for home.

He still follows his chosen profession, but less willingly than when we sailed together, having found the sweet "companionship" he enjoys when on "terra-firma" so necessary to his happiness, that he oft entices her to whom he owes it, to confer it upon him at sea; a favor she has never yet refused, inasmuch as she loves him still as well, if not more fondly, than when she resorted to a ruse to win back to his allegiance her recreant lover.

STATE AID FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.

The Providence Journal, in referring to the report of the Committee of Education of this State, in favor of a grant of \$100,000 to aid in the erection of a Museum of Natural History, on the plan proposed by Professor Agassiz, remarks:

"We do not know what are the sentiments of the legislature upon this very important report. One of its recommendations has an interest for all Americans, and all lovers of science. The establishment of a Zoological Museum, which might justly be expected to rival the famous collections of England and France, in the course of twenty years, if it should be begun and guided by the hand of Agassiz the first man of his age in his department, would do more to give an impulse to natural science in this country, than any single event in our history. Those were not the vain words of a rhetorical flourish, which the celebrated professor used in presenting this matter to the committee, that we might live to see Europeans coming here to complete their education, if this enterprise were carried out. Sir Charles Lyell, the renowned geologist, has confirmed this statement, and every scientific scholar sees that it must be true. Not Massachusetts alone, but we, and the whole nation, and the whole civilized world, would reap the beneficent results of this magnificent undertaking."

MONUMENT TO COOPER.

Soon after the death of James Fenimore Cooper the novelist, a project was set on foot to erect a monument to his memory in this city. A great meeting was held in the Metropolitan Hall, at which Mr. Webster presided. A eulogy was delivered, speeches were made by some eminent men, and a contribution for the purpose was taken on the spot. Here the undertaking stopped short. John A. Stevens, Esq., of this city, was constituted the treasurer of the fund so collected; but no additions were ever made to it, nor are likely to be at present. At some future day this neglect will perhaps be repaired, and Cooper's countrymen in this metropolis of the State which prides herself as having been at one time the place of his residence, will

"To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

In the mean time some friends of Mr. Cooper's memory are successfully engaged in raising funds to erect a monument to him in Cooperstown, the place in which he passed his early youth, and which he made the abode of his middle age and later years.—N. Y. Post.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BREWER'S WIDOW:

—OR—

THE MOTHER OF QUEENS.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

IN a small parish, a few leagues distant from London, a young and beautiful girl of sixteen summers was sobbing as though her heart would break. And she had good reason, poor child; for in the same room her mother had just breathed her last. In this room stood the undertaker and one of the parish officials. They heeded not the sobs and lamentations of the girl, for they were used to such scenes. They had been summoned hither by some friendly neighbor, and were considering with characteristic sagacity the causes which had led to the present state of increased pauperism. Mrs. Forsyth, the deceased, was cited as an example in point, though the poor woman had managed up to the last moment of her life to keep off the parish.

Jack Forsyth (that was the girl's father) they said had been left with three hundred pounds fortune; but he had squandered it all before he died, and left his wife and child to come on the parish. And such was one of the promoting causes, they assured each other, of the present increase of pauperism—and pauperism, they still further affirmed, could never be checked nor subdued so long as people were allowed to do just as they pleased, and throw away the money kind Providence had given them.

Ellen Forsyth, despite the frantic nature of her grief, could not well avoid listening to the remarks of these interesting worthies, and she secretly resolved that, come what might, she never would become a burden to the parish. No sooner, therefore, was the form of her dearly-beloved mother committed to the dust, than she disposed of what articles of furniture the house afforded, settled with the parish beadle, who had defrayed the funeral expenses in the first instance in behalf of the parish, as a parish beadle should, and turned her face resolutely in the direction of London. She had heard a great deal of London, though she had never been there. After a journey of four or five hours, weary and foot-sore, she reached a low inn in the suburbs of the town. It was during the troublous times of the first Charles; and coming with no recommendation, she found it impossible to obtain a situation as a servant girl. The little money she possessed being at length exhausted, and no other opportunity presenting itself, she engaged her services to a wealthy brewer to carry out beer from a brew-house—becoming, in consequence, one of those persons who are denominated tub-women.

Mr. Peasley, the brewer, who happened to be a single gentleman, observing a good-looking girl in this most menial and degrading of occupations, took her instantly into his employ as a servant.

If Ellen was attractive in the mean attire of a tub-woman, she became positively irresistible to the brewer in the neat garb of a servant-girl. She was sprightly and intelligent—modest likewise, yet open and unreserved; and the brewer, whose heart was susceptible, found himself day by day becoming insensibly entangled in the meshes of love. Of course he could not fail to perceive that a wide difference existed, in a social sense, between himself, one of the richest commoners in England, and a poor servant-girl who had neither money nor friends, and perhaps not even respectable antecedents to recommend her. But she was superior to all the seductive arts and blandishments of that dissolute period, and finding it impossible by presents and promises to tempt her from the paths of virtue, the enamored brewer, no longer able to restrain his passion, prostrated himself before the incorrigible Ellen, and offered her his hand and fortune, which she, considering the love and generosity of the proposal, kindly accepted.

Ellen Forsyth, now the wife of a wealthy citizen, and possessed of charms that the loveliest lady in the land might have coveted, soon became courted, petted and flattered by many, and hated in the same proportion by the remainder, who had jealously regarded her progress from the low calling of a tub-woman to a coach-and-four, and the arms and exhaustless purse of the prince of the brewers of London. Peasley, who was more than double the age of his wife, died while she was as yet a young woman of twenty-five, leaving her undisputed heir to the bulk of

his property, which rendered her more than ever the object of flattery, and fortune-hunting persecutions.

The business of the brewery was of course dropped, and no one but those far beneath her in social dignity and maliciously inclined at that, presumed to question her antecedents, or to recollect aught of that period when she had first appeared in the real life scenes of London low life as a tub-woman. Of course the lords, dukes and earls to whom she nodded through her carriage window, had no disposition to know aught of so scandalous a matter, so long as the rich and beautiful widow was willing to receive their attentions, and to encourage them with her seductive smiles to hope for still greater triumphs.

On the death of Mr. Peasley, an eminent young lawyer named Hyde was recommended to the blooming and dashing widow as a suitable person to arrange her husband's affairs. Now novelists do not work without a precedent—and the lady falls in love with the page, or the father's secretary, which is all the same; and the miss with the music master, or the messieurs who gives twelve lessons in French; the bachelor uncle with the housekeeper, though he has riches and poor relations in abundance; or the hostler with the bar-maid, who treats him to gin and water on the sly;—and pray, why should it be out of place for the widow of a wealthy brewer to fall in love with the handsome and ambitious attorney she employs? It is all the work of association, I tell you, if the affinities be right—in proof of which let me add that the widow of the brewer did fall in love with Hyde the attorney, which was all proper and business-like, and to work up the usual, or rather unusual climax, Hyde, who regarded the widow's fortune as too substantial an affair to be trifled with, readily followed suit—loved, proposed, and was accepted.

"Hold!" says the reader. "This transaction is no romance! It smacks too much of the world, and—Wall Street!"

True, it is difficult to rid ourselves of the old impression of love in a cottage, princely troubadours, and similar moonshine—at least when compared to the present matter-of-fact narration. But the world of the real is not less stereotyped in representation than the world of the ideal—it is all the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Circumstances may modify passion, refine intellect, purify thought; but in reality human nature remains the same in Botany Bay or China, or the antipodes. Twenty years ago we remember to have seen Miss McCrea murdered in statuary, and the other day we saw her again, a little faded it is true, as naturally might be expected after constantly undergoing the process of being murdered for so long a period, by a malicious savage in red daub and feathers; and as you look, are you not morally satisfied she is the same unfortunate lady, of the same identical plaster and wax that your grandfather saw, and that your grandson is positively certain to see, and to regard with the same admiration and awe that you yourself once regarded it? Suffice it to say, or rather let it be sufficient to add, that the lawyer and the brewer's widow were married, and that Hyde, afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, by issue of this marriage became father-in-law of James II., so that the poor tub-woman was mother to the queen-mother of Mary and Anne.

A VOLUNTARY VICTIM.

Professor Jacob Grimm relates the following anecdote: "Not long ago a little girl of about eight years of age, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the 'Herr Professor.' Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant shows her into the study of the professor, who receives her kindly, and asks after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes and says, 'Is it thou who hast written those fine Marchen?' (fairy tales.) 'Yes, my dear,' answered Dr. Grimm, 'my brother and I have written the Haus Marchen.' 'Then thou hast also written that tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a thaler?' 'Yes, I have written that too.' 'Well, then, I do not believe it, and I suppose I shall have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a gorschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-bye.' The *savant*, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her house safely."

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

I was born high. I did not spring from mire,
Like the foul fungus; but, from airy heights,
Descended with my branches, and let men
Gather my golden fruits to comfort them.

—Barry Cornwall.



THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINE ECLIPSE.

THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINES.

We give on this page two fine engravings from admirable drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Wm. Waud, representing the two new fire engines "Eclipse" and "Lawrence," owned by the city, and first used at the recent great fire in Federal Street, where their efficiency fully sustained the promises and expectations of the builders and of our own citizens. The picture represents one of the engines in operation, the other as seen going to a fire. These two engines were added to the fire department on the first of January, of this year, in place of Melville Engine No. 6, situated in Wall Street, and Tiger Engine No. 7, situated in High Street, whose companies were discharged from service on that day. The engine named the Lawrence took the place of Tiger No. 7, and is placed in its house in Purchase Street. It was built by Messrs. Scott & Bean of Lawrence, has a steam cylinder of nine inches in diameter, and the whole engine, with 570 pounds of water, which is always carried ready for operation, weighs 7870 pounds. It is managed by seven men, whose business is to be on duty at the engine-house night and day. Attached to the machine are two horses, which are

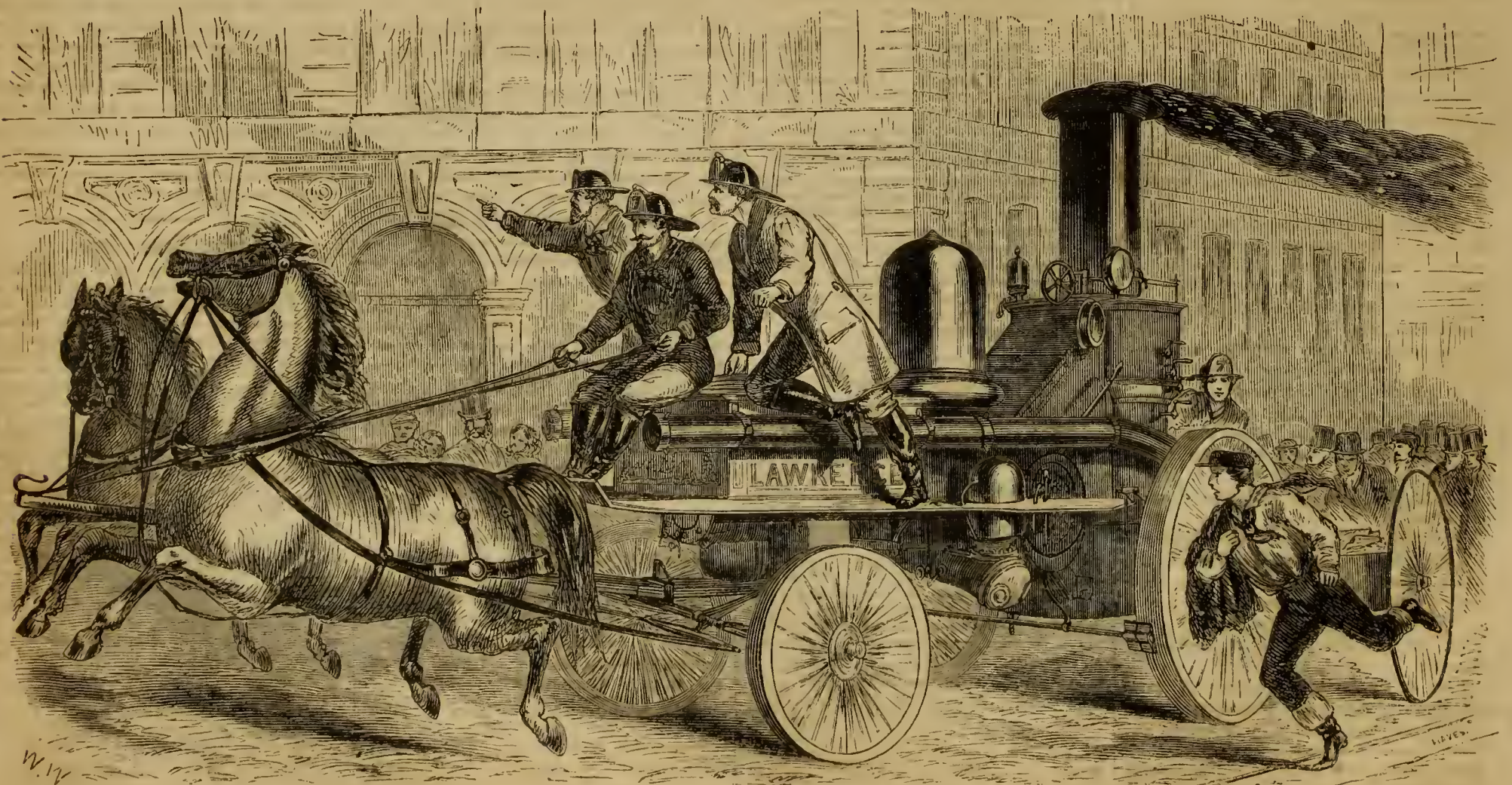
kept in the engine-house, and are ready for duty at all times. Thomas Scott is the engineer. The cost of this machine was \$3500. The builders have agreed to run the engine for one year for \$4000, and to deliver it over to the city at the expiration of that time in perfect order. The sum mentioned includes all expenses except the horses' grain and the house, which are supplied by the city. The Eclipse is a rotary engine, built at the Island Works, Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Silsby, Mynderse & Co. It was first exhibited and tried on Boston Common, Oct. 6, 1858, and the following notice of it appeared in the Boston Herald on the following day:

"A public exhibition of the steam fire engine 'Eclipse,' from Seneca Falls, N. Y., was made upon the Common yesterday afternoon. It will be remembered that this machine was to have been present at the recent trial of steam fire engines in this city, but as it was in an unfinished state at that time, its visit was deferred. It is constructed somewhat differently from other machines. It is provided with Holly's Patent Elliptical Rotary Pump and Engine, and the advantages claimed for it over all other fire engines, by its manufacturers, Messrs. Silsby, Mynderse

& Co., are lightness, simplicity, durability and efficiency. The 'Eclipse' was under the direction of Mr. M. K. Clapp, engineer and superintendent of the machine-shop at Seneca Falls. The following is an accurate description of the machine: The weight of the engine is 7100 pounds; the weight of water, when filled, 250 pounds; total weight, 7350. Each revolution of the piston delivers nine-tenths of a gallon of water; the boiler is a square horizontal one, measuring outside five feet four inches in length, two feet and two inches in height, and two feet ten inches in width; the fire box is five feet in length, one foot four inches in height, two feet seven inches in width, with a fire surface of 180 square feet; the number of tubes, each one and one-fourth inch in diameter, is 299—these are placed vertically in the fire box, the water being on the inside of the tubes, and the fire on the outside, which is the reverse of the usual tubular boilers; the area of the steam room is nineteen cubic feet. It has a rotary steam engine of the same general construction as the pump; the interior capacity is 864 cubic inches; the motion is communicated by means of a counter shaft; there are no valves attached to either the steam

or hydraulic engine; the size of the hose with which it is furnished is three inches in diameter. Quite a large crowd were attracted to the Common by the trial. The engine was kept at work about an hour and a half, during which time it was tested in various ways, and the result was highly satisfactory. It played a steady constant stream, and in this respect it has a decided advantage over some of the piston engines, the hose being less liable to burst, and a single man being able to hold the pipe. Boyd's hose was used during the trial. When the playing first commenced quite a number of persons who had collected too near one of the pipes were thoroughly wet, and later, an old gentleman who was walking near the Frog Pond, was struck by the stream and fell into the pond. The 'Eclipse' plays two streams, but no account was taken of the height or distance accomplished while both were in operation yesterday. About five o'clock the 'Eclipse' was hauled into State Street and again got up steam. She played there for an hour or more in presence of a large crowd of spectators."

This engine is located in Wall Street where Melville No. 6 was stationed. It cost, like the



THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINE LAWRENCE.

"Lawrence," \$3500, and employs the same number of men. Moses B. Bell is the engineer. Both these engines are kept in perfect order and are on duty at every alarm. They are easily moved by the powerful horses attached to them, and steam is got up while they are on the way to a fire. With regard to the value of steam fire engines, George W. Bird, chief engineer of the Boston fire department, says: "there is no question now of their great superiority over all hand machines." The steam fire engine, like almost all great inventions, was at first received with derision, but at last it has established its claim to be regarded as one of the most important inventions of the age. The firemen in our great cities perceive its advantages and appreciate its services. With their co-operation and approval, it has become a permanent "institution."

BOSTON PILOT BOATS.

The marine picture given on this page is from the pencil of Mr. Alfred Waud, and was drawn expressly for us. It is a scene in the offing and represents the Boston pilot boats, from No. 1 to 6 inclusive, with the exception of No. 4, the "Bouquet," a new boat which had not joined the fleet at the time our drawing was made. These boats are all well-built, of exquisite model and crack sailers, and are manned by as fine a set of men as ever trod a deck or handled a sheet. They ride the waves like sea-ducks, and with their hardy crews are constantly exposed to the roughest weather. In the late severe gales of the stormy month just elapsed, these slight but seaworthy craft were cruising on their stations, braving the utmost fury of the gale. We sub-

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PARENTS.

All the nobility of Daniel Webster's parents was that proudest of all nobility, that of nature. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was born at East Kingston, N. H. From the poverty of his parents, as we suppose, he was adopted by an influential and wealthy man, Major Ebenezer Stevens. Mr. Stevens owned a large tract of unsettled land in New Hampshire, in a place then called Stevenstown, from himself, since incorporated as Salisbury. A portion of this he gave to young Webster, who went there and settled down at the age of twenty-two. He built him a log cabin, in which he lived for seven years. Mr. Webster thus speaks of his father's early condition—"A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first arose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

All his life he remained poor, and, as is well known, was obliged to mortgage his little farm to raise the money to educate his children. Yet though poor, he was honored, useful and respected. He was always one of the most prominent citizens of his town, discharging its most responsible offices year after year. He served often in the legislature of his State, as representative and senator. He was a member of the convention called to form a State Constitution, and also of the one called to consider the proposed United

Judge Webster's personal appearance was very fine, to which his son often alluded in terms of pride. He was tall, stout, very dark, with keen black eyes, and powerful voice—all well known characteristics of Daniel. He died in 1806, when his son, but for whom his own memory would have become dimmed, was still a young man unknown to fame.

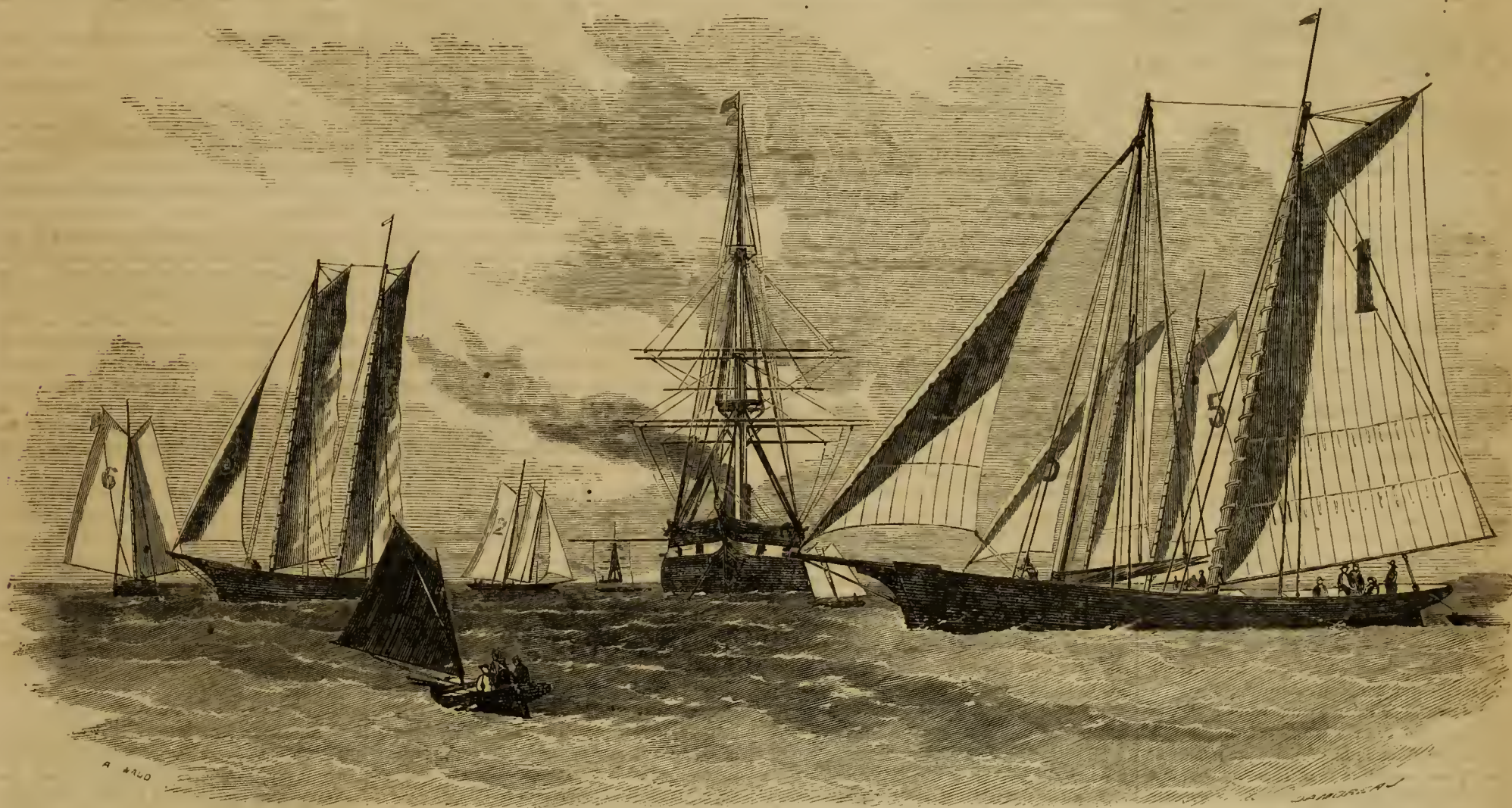
Judge Webster's second wife, the mother of Daniel, was Abigail Eastman, born in Salisbury, just opposite Newburyport. She was a tailoress by trade, going round from house to house, as her services were required. Her father was the owner of a small farm. The family came from Wales, and first settled in Salisbury. She had two brothers, Ezekiel and Daniel, from whom she named two of her children.

The story of the courtship is thus told. Soon after Mr. Webster became a widower, which was in March, 1774, he came to East Kingston, his old home, on a visit. A lady friend said to him, "Why do you not get married again?" "I would," he replied, "if I knew the right one." "I can tell you," she said, "one who will just suit you—Abigail Eastman, of Salisbury, about as black as you are." He mounted his horse and went to Salisbury. Reaching the house, a young woman came to the door, whom he asked if Abigail Eastman lived there. She told him she was the one, when he handed her the letter of introduction he had brought. She invited him in, and before he left, the bargain was made. They were married October 13th, 1774. Both Mr. Webster's parents were persons of fine physical development, inured to toil, and belonging to the common ranks of life—*Newburyport Herald*.

estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$1,300,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that had hitherto been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height.

Impatient of delay, night was not allowed to impose obstacles to the progress of the work. Torchlight was employed; fresh bands of laborers relieving at evening those who worked by day. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated portion of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world around. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in



PILOT BOATS, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

join a list of the boats as follows; they are all schooner-rigged and carry their number on the mainsail, as shown in the engraving:—The Syren, 81 tons; Wm. Starkey, 77; Friend, 68; Bouquet, 57; Phantom, 76; the Coquette, formerly a famous pleasure-yacht, 76. They are generally manned by crews of six men each. Each boat is owned by the pilots who sail her, who bear the expenses and divide the profits equally. The following is a correct list of all the Boston pilots: William G. Bailey, Jonathan Bruce, Jr., William Burrows, Stephen Burrows, P. H. Chandler, Samuel Colby, W. N. Crispin, John R. Cummings, Charles Dolliver, James M. Dolliver, James M. Eaton, Wm. C. Fowler, John T. Gardner, Henry Gurney, Henry L. Gurney, A. T. Hayden, Jared Hunt, Reuben S. Hunt, Henry O. Hunt, Matthew Hunt, Asa H. Josselyn, R. Kelly, Wm. R. Lampee, John Low, Jacob K. Lunt, Elbridge G. Martin, Samuel C. Martin, J. A. G. McField, W. W. McField, Alfred Nash, Norton W. Phillips, Maxwell Reed, David T. Robinson, Horace A. Tewksbury, Wm. F. Tewksbury, B. B. Tremere, George W. Williamson, James Wilson and John Wilson. Several of the pilots, notwithstanding their hard and adventurous service, have attained a great age; thus Mr. John Wilson is eighty, and there are other veterans in the ranks, well known to our mercantile community. As we have before remarked, the pilot boats are the trimmest craft in our waters, and they are handled with a dexterity which only long professional experience can give. They are decked over, and in a heavy seaway their decks are constantly wet. In good hands they are perfect life boats, and are capable of making a voyage round the world. The skill of the best builders has been taxed to render them perfect in every respect.

States Constitution. He was appointed, in 1791, judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough County, which office he held till his death. He was a Christian, too, active in all the affairs of his church.

His revolutionary services were very important, extending through the whole war. At first a captain, he was promoted in 1784 to the rank of colonel. He was a brave, trusty and reliable officer, and engaged in many situations of great responsibility. He was in the army when the news came of the birth of his son Daniel. Calling to his brother-in-law, Stephen Robinson, he said, "Here, Stephen, I have another boy at home; get a gallon of rum, and we will be merry." This, of course, was before temperance days, when even good Christians thought it no harm to use a little stimulant to help keep the heart cheerful.

It is said on one occasion, Captain Webster was encamped with General Stark, near the British, a little stream alone dividing them, the British, however, in much greater force. A storm of great length and severity arising, the Americans found shelter in a large barn. When fair weather came, it appeared the British had disappeared. This seeming like an interposition of Providence, some one proposed prayers.

"Let those pray who want to," said a soldier standing near, with a terrible oath. General Stark was so much incensed at the language, that he struck him over the shoulder severely with his sword, saying the name of God should not be profaned in his army. They all went into the barn, where he called on Captain Webster to lead in prayer, who, mounted on a hay-stack, prayed with so much fluency, that, as Stephen Bohannon said, "there never was so much blubbing at a camp meeting."

THE SPENDTHRIFT MILLIONNAIRE.

William Beckford was born towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a West Indian proprietor, who, dying when his child was ten years of age, left an income of more than \$500,000 a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the eminent Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal, he visited, under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual. "Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow. The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery, was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

Returning at the commencement of the present century, Beckford again abandoned himself to the enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his

the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give to produce effect, was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks around at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments which decorate the room, we almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. A sudden depreciation of West India property, however, took place; some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, and embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch, were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasure was scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the scattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place—there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point to the oft-told moral of the vanity of human pursuits. He tell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost, fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

Thus melted away, like frost-work before the sun, the extravagant productions of the man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L., Lowell, Mass.—Napoleon's son was proclaimed emperor under the title of Napoleon II. after the abdication of his father by Marshal Grouchy—but of course this was a mere farce. We believe the marshal came to this country directly after the disastrous campaign of 1815.

O. B., Cincinatti, Ohio.—The military genius of the present emperor of France has been asserted by some and denied by others. There is no doubt that he is ambitious of commanding an army in the field, and that he is well versed in all that appertains to artillery, the great forte of his uncle.

C. C., Baltimore.—The four philosophical schools which sprang from Socrates were: the Cyrenaic, founded by Aristippus of Cyrene; the Megaric, Elian and Eretrian, under Euclid, Phadon and Menedemus; the Academic, founded by Plato; and the Cynic, founded by Antisthenes.

"RUMESTER."—Among the ancient odes were sung to the accompaniment of the lyre. The term ode is derived from the Greek word signifying song.

PARENT.—Dr. Isaac Ray, superintendent and physician of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Rhode Island, affirms that much of the prevalent mental infirmity may be fairly traced to the popular modes of education. "To say," he adds, "that the amount of lessons and task work imposed upon the young while at school is always or generally determined by a careful consideration of the laws of physiology, and a scrupulous regard to the results of experience, would be to utter the broadest possible irony."

A. P., Washington, D. C.—Consult the "Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," by Horace Twiss.

J. C.—Lord Bacon was opposed to usurious interest, and advocated a universal rate of interest.

"CLERK."—In 1784 there were 4377 colored persons to 354,133 whites in Massachusetts.

READER.—The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached Boston May 16, 1766, and was celebrated by a general holiday on the 19th of that month. Gov. Hancock on that occasion contributed a pipe of Madeira wine to the refreshments provided for the public.

M. D.—Egyptian mummies were formerly imported into England for medicinal purposes. Ground mummy now forms a color used by artists in painting.

TAKE A PAPER.

Our friend, if you want to know what is going on in the world, take a paper. You need not spend your time in gossiping and prying round to find out what your neighbors are doing, and what they think, if you will only take a paper. All that they are doing which is worth knowing about; all that they are thinking of which is of any sort of importance, either to you or to them, you can get at with little trouble and without waste of time, if you will just take a paper. There is a great deal of art at the present day, and science is ever at work, contriving something new in this industrious age; and you ought, for your own interest, as well as for your information and entertainment, to keep posted up in all the inventions which art and science are continually bringing forth. This you can do easily and surely, if you will take a paper.

The nations of the earth are all in a state of activity. Old ties are being severed, and new connections formed; all of which are matters of the highest moment to you. There are wars and rumors of wars in every direction. Countries are being settled and built up; old nations aroused from the lethargy of centuries, and started on the march of human progress; and the depths of the earth are yielding up treasures of untold value. All these things bear directly upon your prosperity and welfare, and a knowledge of these momentous events is of the greatest importance, to enable you so to shape your course, that you may profit by what is turning up on every hand. Would you obtain this knowledge with regularity and precision, and thus "put money in your purse," then we say to you again, and still more emphatically, *take a paper*.

The paper will become to you a constant source of pleasing and profitable interest. It will cheer many a dull and lonely hour, after the toils and fatigues of the day, give a pleasant relish to your frugal meal, and a happy zest to your hours of relaxation. You will look forward with pleasant anticipation to the time when its contents are spread before you, in well-ordered and inviting columns; you will hail with joy the hour of its coming; and during the period of daily labor, your active mind, well stored with its contents, will reflect upon what you have read, and build thereon the fair fabric of thought. You will thus have facts and opinions with which to promote quiet reflection, and to enrich your conversation. The members of your family, old and young, will profit in like manner, each according to his or her degree; and all, sons, daughters, wife, parents, will be made wiser and

happier. The paper will be a constant and valuable friend of the family, an ever-welcome visitor, and a counsellor, instructor and guide. Books are a good thing in a household, and should ever find place there. But would you know what books are good to read, what discoveries in the arts they develop, what histories of nations and countries they present, what entertaining narratives and improving treatises they contain; in short, would you know what books are fit to buy and read? then take a paper, and you will learn all this with very little trouble, and at less expense than the cost of one poor book.

AFFAIRS IN THE CANADAS.

Since the decision of Queen Victoria that the future seat of government of Upper and Lower Canada shall be the city of Ottawa, both houses of the Canadian Parliament have adopted that city as the capital, by a small majority in each branch. That much vexed question is therefore definitely settled, and probably with a wise judgment as to the future growth and development of the provinces, though not so wise as to the immediate desires of the majority of the Canadian people. While the city of Ottawa is making the necessary arrangements for the reception and proper accommodation of the government, by the erection of the requisite public buildings, the sessions of parliament will be removed from Toronto, the present capital, and held at Quebec. It is contemplated to have everything in readiness at Ottawa at the end of two years, and the final change will then be made. The opponents of removal, however, still cherish a hope that the scheme may eventually be defeated, by postponing the expenditures at Ottawa to an indefinite period, and that Quebec may thus remain the permanent location of the provincial government.

The rage for economy has possessed the Canadian legislators of late, very much as it has afflicted our national congress, and apparently with as few beneficial results. The majority of the House of Assembly, so far from yielding to the "sweet madness" of retrenchment for political effect, have recently passed a vote, by a very decided majority, to raise the pay of members from four to six dollars per day. The "vote yourself a farm" gentry of Lower Canada, have had a little favor shown them recently by the parliament; a bill having been read a second time, compelling owners of wild lands to make compensation to squatters for their buildings and improvements, when they remove them from the lands of which these squatters have taken illegal possession. As the proprietors are non-residents, we presume the squatters have some votes to give, in return for this very remarkable favor. The fact is, that mankind in general, and legislators in particular, are very much the same all the world over; and our neighbors at the north are by no means exceptional instances of the potency of that remarkable law of reciprocity known as—"you tickle me, and I'll scratch you."

AN EMPEROR "HARD UP."

When he was in Paris, Napoleon I., accompanied by Duroc, was often in the habit of rambling about the city in the evening, dressed, like his attendant, in a blue overcoat, without any decoration or ornament. Like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, he often met with curious adventures. Sometimes the emperor hurried Duroc off, scarcely giving him time to dress, and often causing him to forget to take any money with him. As for Napoleon, he never had any about him.

One day Napoleon and Duroc took a long tramp, and the emperor, being very hungry, went into a cafe at the corner of the boulevard—and ordered a chop and an omelette—his favorite dishes. When they had breakfasted, the bill was presented. The grand marshal rummaged his pockets and found that he had left his purse at home, and that they were in a sad "fix." The waiter, who saw their annoyance, politely told them that if they had no money, they might pay the next time they came that way. The woman who kept the shop, scolded the waiter for his verbiage, and said, "there's eight francs dead loss."

"No, ma'am," said the waiter, "I'll pay you myself. I'm sure these men are honest, and won't let me suffer."

The woman took the money, all the time scolding her guests for ordering a breakfast before they found out that they could pay for it. The marshal then took out his watch and offered the waiter to leave it in pawn, but the honest fellow refused to receive it, and the guests took their departure, after thanking him warmly.

But both of them forgot all about the breakfast and the debt, and for some days the coffee-house woman's tongue rang like the clapper of a bell at the expense of the poor waiter's gullibility, as she called it. At last, on the fifth day, the emperor happened to think of the breakfast, and the confidence of the waiter. He immediately despatched one of his footmen, who on reaching the cafe, asked if two gentlemen had not breakfasted there and run up a bill of eight francs which the waiter had paid, and added that he was sent to return the money.

The young man was called, and after the servant had ascertained that he was really the person in question, he said:

"Here are twenty-five napoleons which the emperor sends you, with his thanks for your paying his bill and becoming answerable for him."

The waiter was overwhelmed with this honor, and as long as he wore the apron, and carried the napkin, was a lion among his fellows.

CLOTILDE AND EUGENIE.

Rumor says that the little bride of Prince "Plon-plon" and the lovely empress of France do not agree quite as imperial cousins should do, and that as the prince ventures to quarrel with the emperor, so does the little Sardinian dare to pout at the empress. And this difference first manifested itself on the subject of a bonnet! The empress, who on inquiring what could be the color of the dress to be worn by the Princess Clotilde at a certain state ball, being told that it was pink, as well as the bonnet, expressed a somewhat exaggerated degree of repugnance to this sameness, and presumed to despatch three bonnets of different hue to the Palais Royal. These were returned, with a haughtiness which the Empress Eugenie is but little accustomed to meet, and the pink bonnet being adhered to, the consequence was much mortification on the part of the empress, and an additional wound bestowed by the coldness with which both ladies were received on that memorable day. The absence of the princess at the ball on the morrow, a ball given expressly to do her honor, is said to have widened the breach between the two ladies, and augmented the host of small annoyances which, in courtly life, help to form the sum of those envious rivalries and vindictive hates, whence have arisen more catastrophes than were ever occasioned by the greatest political questions or the most important national measure. The greatest wars have owed their origin to trifles quite as light as the pink or blue bonnet of the Princess Clotilde.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.—Mr. Dickens is said to have realized more than £5000 last year, from reading his own works. He is now said to be engaged on a work especially for his own public reading. Mr. Thackeray must have put aside twice as much, at least, from his lectures, since he began to read as well as write. What notions of personal dignity can resist the temptation of such earnings as these, especially with authors having families to provide for?

RAPID VEGETATION.—The gardener of the Agri-horticultural Society of India gives an instance of the extraordinary growth of the bamboo. The shoot was planted in July last, and in four months attained the height of forty-five feet, and a width of twenty-two inches. The plant must have grown the sixth of an inch an hour, a speed nearly, if not quite, visible to a careful watcher.

NEW INVENTION.—A new type case has been invented by an Ohio gentleman. The improvement consists in substituting a zinc bottom, perforated with small holes, through which filters all the dust so annoying and injurious to the health of the craft.

RUM AND CRIME.—Hall's Journal of Health states a somewhat significant fact, if it be, indeed, a fact, viz., that of the 5000 persons tried last year, before the New York Court of Sessions, only 94 were sober when arrested.

THE EXTREME OF IGNORANCE.—It is said Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

GLORY.—Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History" is a charming book, and written throughout in a very pleasant vein, which seems to be hereditary, for his father, the distinguished geologist, was also a quiet humorist. We have laughed heartily over a good story that is told of him. One day he gave a dinner after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day. "Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat." The doctor shook his head. "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another—"not unpleasant, but peculiar!" "All alligators have," replied Buckland, "the cayman peculiarly so—the fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating!" There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination is," said Buckland; "if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or birds' nest soup, salt water ammonia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse—such is prejudice!" "But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet!" answered Buckland.

"THE MAN FOR GALWAY."—During the recent canvass in Galway, Ireland, which resulted in the unanimous choice of John Orrell Lever, Esq., as a member of Parliament, and the withdrawal of Sir Thomas Redington from the contest, our friend, Pliny Miles, Esq., ("Communipaw"), made a rousing speech to the electors, which was received with wild enthusiasm. A stump speech from a Yankee in Ireland, strikes us a novelty, at least; but Pliny is the man to do it up in good shape.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION.—Senor Givin, a tobacco planter of Cuba, believes that a crucifix which he possesses has bestowed upon him the power of restoring the blind to sight, to heal the lame and cure the halt, and what is still more singular, his friends and neighbors share in the delusion, declaring that he cured a man who had been lame for many years, by laying his hands upon him.

"RODERICK THE ROVER: or, The Spirit of the Wave."—This is the best nautical novelette ever written by LIEUTENANT MURRAY, and has already been republished in London. It is beautifully illustrated by large original engravings, done for us in Champney's best style. We will pay the postage and send it to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

HOW TO BECOME M. D. IN MELBOURNE.—We extract this advertisement from a Melbourne paper:—"To be disposed of, on moderate terms, the first-class Dublin diploma of the late Dr. T—r. Apply to his disconsolate widow, at the old surgery in the tent next the European National Restaurant, Clarendon, St. Emerald Hill."

ALLITERATION.—The following specimen of alliteration was lately picked out of an old paper:

Waxed weary with watchlog, wet night wanes away,
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day,
The travelling tinker to town trips along,
Still solemnly singin' some singular song.

JUDICIOUS.—The wives along the Mississippi never blow up their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it, sooner or later.

DISTANCE MEASURED.—A recent traveller by the Sound route says Boston is exactly 24 cigars and 6 brandy cocktails from New York.

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

A STEAM REGULATOR.

Few of our readers who have observed a steam engine in operation, can have failed to notice two iron balls suspended by diverging arms from a common centre. The balls revolve in a circle while the engine is in motion, and by the power of centrifugal force, regulate the quantity of steam, and consequently the rate of motion. As the speed of the engine increases, these balls fly apart more widely, by virtue of the centrifugal force; and the expanding of the suspending arms thus caused, acts upon the supply valve and shuts off a part of the steam. So when the speed diminishes, the balls fall nearer together by the action of gravity, and a contrary motion is thus communicated to the arms, which causes the valve to open wider and let on more steam. This is a very ingenious contrivance, and has long been in use—but practically it is found that the movement is not quite quick enough to shut off or let on steam as soon as is desirable, in some cases. To remedy this objection, a more complete regulator has recently been invented, perfected and patented, by a young man named Sargent, of Columbus, Ohio. The action of opening or shutting the supply valve is effected by means of two circular metallic plates revolving in the same direction, and with their faces in contact with each other. These faces have inclined or wedge-shaped surfaces, so arranged that the least variation in the position of either towards the other, opens and shuts the valve. They are made to revolve by independent motions; one being directly connected with the engine, by means of a belt from the shaft, and the other moved by a small oscillating cylinder. When the engine is working at a regular speed, both plates revolve with the same velocity; and moving in the same direction, their inclined surfaces of course preserve the same relation to each other. The motion of the plate which is driven by the oscillating cylinder, is kept regular by a uniform supply of steam; but that of the other plate, which is driven by the shaft-belt, depends upon the speed of the engine. The moment, therefore, that this speed varies, the surfaces of the two plates act upon each other, and produce an instantaneous motion which acts upon the valve. By this ingenious invention the valve is opened or closed to the desired extent, in one-fifteenth of a second of time; and as it is applicable to any engine, marine or other, for which the ball-governor can be used, it must prove of great value in the operation of steam machinery.

A JEWISH COLONY IN CHINA.—The Jewish Chronicle states that the remnant of a Jewish colony has been found at Kai-fung-foo, China. A communication is about to be opened with these sons of Israel by their British co-religionists, and they will be requested to send two youths to England to receive a European education. They have been separated from all intercourse with the remainder of their race for a period of six centuries.

RISTORI AT NAPLES.—A Naples letter in a French journal says that the representations by Ristori are thinly attended. The celebrated tragedienne has against her the party of Sadowski, her rival, who, living at Naples under the patronage of a duke, is supported out of local pride. Ristori had better cut Italy and come over here. We want a new lioness to lionize.

A LONG JOURNEY.—A German recently arrived at St. Louis, en route for Pike's Peak, having travelled thus far from his house in Pennsylvania on foot. In reply to some inquiries about his undertaking a pedestrian journey of such length, he said he had not much money, and "didn't think it was so far."

U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We are indebted to Major B. Perley Poore for a copy of the Transactions of the Society for 1859, full of valuable information.

OPERATIC.—Ulman, it is said, expects to reopen the New Academy in April, with an opera troupe. Piceolomini is re-engaged. Strakosch and Maretzek are expected at about the same time.

STREET BEGGARS.—The police are taking up all the street beggars, and sending them to the workhouse.

A FELICITOUS DEFINITION.—Mrs. Child says the flowers are "the illuminated scripture of the prairies."

THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

This wonderful work of human art stands forth on the plains of the Nile a monument of the past, that fills the beholder with awe. A huge form, rising 60 feet from the ground, and 140 feet long, with a head presenting human features more than an hundred feet in circumference, it stands there amidst the waste of sands like the colossal representation of some pagan divinity. When this enormous figure was cleared from the banks of sands which surrounded it, it revealed the body of a lion in a couchant position, between the fore legs of which appeared a miniature temple, with a platform and flight of steps approaching it. The whole figure, except the fore legs, is cut out of solid rock; and the head, which presents a face of mild and placid female beauty, was formerly adorned with a cap, with long pendants at the sides, portions of which still remain. The excavations revealed numerous inscriptions at the base of the monument, which had been placed there by Grecian and Roman travellers who visited it centuries ago; and it was even then regarded as a wonder of great antiquity. The names of various Egyptian monarchs are also inscribed upon the base; and they are represented in a sculptured scene as offering sacrifice to a smaller figure of the sphynx. Pliny saw this wonderful object during his visit to the pyramids of Ghizeh; and his authority is relied upon for the opinion that the monument was designed to commemorate the annual floods of the Nile, which took place regularly under the zodiacal signs of the lion and the virgin.

MURPHY, THE CHESS-PLAYER.

After lavishing encomiums on the head of this wonder of the age, some of the papers are calling upon him, now that he has conquered the whole world at chess, to engage in some avocation more worthy of his great cerebral development. Such a man, it is insisted, is claimed by science, and his life is not to be trifled away by always moving little pieces of ivory on a board. Chess is a noble amusement, but as the business of a lifetime it can hardly command respect. There is no quality of the mind that enters into the composition of a good chess-player, which cannot be employed in business—law, politics, state craft, and many humbler occupations; consequently, Mr. Paul Murphy, who has won for himself imperishable renown in the annals of chess, is informed that he has "played out," and he is invited to turn his attention to something else of more benefit to mankind.

A NEW IDEA.—The Providence Journal states that the American artists in Florence are desirous of making for New York a monument, a park entrance, and an Atlantic cable commemoration, all combined in a design for a noble arch, sixty feet high, surmounted by a bust of Franklin twenty-five feet high, to be called the Franklin Gate, and used for the Central Park. If they carry out the design, they had better leave out any reference to the cable, for the only appropriate emblem would be a *gamin* with his thumb applied to his nose, and that wouldn't be artistic.

THE MANIA FOR SUICIDE.—The mania of self-destruction seems to rage latterly. Jarvis Bailey, a farmer in good circumstances, residing at Tyrone, Steuben county, N. Y., a highly respectable man and a member of the Baptist church, having settled his worldly affairs to his satisfaction, deliberately hung himself in his barn. A neighbor of Bailey's, named Williams, bearing of the circumstance, went through a similar operation, and was found the next day suspended by the neck in his own barn.

AMERICAN MARBLE.—Statuary marble is now quarried in Vermont, in any quantity, which is in all respects equal to the best found in the world. The quarries at Waterford and Shelburn yield the purest white marble, which is worked with as great facility, and which polishes as handsomely, as any that was ever chiselled upon the soil of Italy.

A FIERY LOVER.—A young lady in Pittsburgh discarded her lover for his small size. In his resentment he burned her father's house. "Lo (says Prentice) what a big fire a little spark kindleth!"

A WOMAN TO BE HUNG.—Mrs. Hartung, convicted of poisoning her husband, at Albany, N. Y., has been sentenced to be hung on the 27th of April.

Wayside Gatherings.

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 259,000.

Two printing-presses are about to be started to the gold region at Pike's Peak.

Not less than thirteen thousand lots in Chicago are advertised for non-payment of last year's taxes.

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines, except cube root and the bark of a dog.

The Queen's Theatre in London is about to be transformed into a large hotel, on the American plan.

Jonathan Burr has given \$10,000 to the Chicago Home for the Friendless, on condition that its managers erect a building of equal value.

Masonic baptism, a French rite, was performed at a lodge in New Orleans recently, when sixteen lads were consecrated by water and by fire.

The Indiana Senate, by a vote of 30 to 9, have refused to pass a law prohibiting members of that body from carrying deadly weapons while in attendance on its sessions.

Mary Callan, a little Irish girl 9 years of age, died in Bangor lately, from the effects of drinking rum, given her by the neighbors on the occasion of a birth rejoicing.

The French Minister of War has given orders that no further experiments shall be made with fulminating cotton, to be used in place of gunpowder, according to an improved plan.

Brignoli is so pleased with this country, that he has no idea of returning to Europe. He gets with Strakosch, \$1500 a month, a vast deal more than is ever got on the other side of the water.

The annual report of the Oregon Penitentiary shows that on the commencement of the present year thirty-two prisoners were in confinement. These are supported at a cost of \$200 each per annum.

The emperor of Cocbin China was so alarmed at the comet, that he fastened himself in a tower, with poison and a cord, in order to put an end to his existence in the event of its causing any disaster.

Two new verbs have been coined in Paris, the *babiner*, meaning to talk charmingly, derived from the name of a famous talker, M. Babinet; and the other *tautiner*, to dance well, from Mlle Tautin, a great dancer.

A few days ago a lawyer gave an insult to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, at Logansport, Ohio, while on the bench, whereupon the judge at once got off the bench, and, going into the bar, gave the lawyer a severe drubbing.

Harry Meiggs, who, it will be remembered, swindled the citizens of San Francisco out of half a million of dollars, in 1855, is said to be the most successful American financier in Chili. He lives at Santiago, and is reported to be worth \$2,000,000.

A newly appointed constable at Rochester, Michigan, a few days ago undertook to turn a man out of court, who he thought was interrupting the proceedings. The gentleman quietly withdrew, and the constable soon after was informed that he had turned out the sheriff.

Preparations are making in Baltimore for a hospital for foundlings, where this class of children may be reared, educated, and otherwise provided for; also for the infants of destitute persons, who are prevented by poverty from supplying their wants.

The New Orleans Picayune says the sad experience of the past year has already caused the whole line of the river levees to be strengthened; and we are doubtless better able to withstand a flood now, than at the beginning of the present year.

A Mobile paper announces the death, at the age of 100 years, at a Major Austin's, in Clark County, Ala., of Nancy, a slave raised in Delaware, by the father-in-law of Mr. Custis, step-son of Gen. Washington, who waited upon her young mistress when married.

A woman named Susan Davis, ninety years of age, was recently turned out of doors by her own son, in New York. She was utterly destitute, and applied to an acquaintance, who provided her with food and gave her the use of a basement room. About a week after she was found dead in her bed.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says that the republican party there are much amused and rejoiced at the downfall of Souloque. They maintain that the Emperor Napoleon is his disciple and imitator, having followed him in all his steps towards the imperial sceptre; and they argue that his downfall will be the same, and must soon follow.

The editor of the Medium Gazette tells of a skunk being captured in a house by a dog, with the usual result of disgust of the victors. The terrible scent was neutralized by burning tar upon live coals of fire, by which the air was purified as if by magic. If this kind of fumigation is a sure specific, it deserves to be known and put upon record.

All the governments of Europe are wanting to borrow money. Austria wants to borrow \$30,000,000; England, \$35,000,000; Sardinia, \$10,000,000. France wants a large sum, and Russia, it is expected, will also be trying its credit to large extent. About \$100,000,000 is the aggregate wanted by these different governments to put themselves in a position to prevent one being eaten up by the other.

Sands of Gold.

.... He that loses hope may part with anything.—*Congreve*.

.... It is the glorious doom of literature that the evil perishes and the good remains.—*Bulwer*.

.... A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—*Bovee*.

.... A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it.—*Gay*.

.... The unprincipled constantly mistake the impulses of the ingenuous for the prompting of policy.—*Bovee*.

.... It is with treasures of the mind as with other riches; we become more covetous of them the richer we grow.—*De Boufflers*.

.... Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God.—*Emerson*.

.... Uncertainty and expectation are joys of life. Security is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase.—*Congreve*.

.... A landscape looks best on Sunday. With the repose of man nature sympathizes, and in the inward stillness imparted unconsciously to every spirit by the general calm, outward beauty is more faithfully imaged.—*George Henry Colver*.

.... Candor is always to be admired, and equivocation to be shunned; but there is such a thing as supererogation, and very bold and ingenuous avowals may do much more harm than good.—*Robert Walsh*.

.... The value of time varies with individuals; and, in the same hour glass which marks the flight of time to every eye, it is less than lost sand to the idler, but more than gold to the studious man.—*De Boufflers*.

.... The effusions of genius, or rather the manifestations of what is called talent, are often the effects of disordered nerves and complexional spleen, as pearls are morbid secretions.—*Robert Walsh*.

.... Every contingency to every man and every creature doth preach our own funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or our sorrows.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

.... There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Novalis*.

Joker's Budget.

What is next to an oyster? The shell. A hard case that.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

Everybody's pants are too short, because their legs stick through two feet.

There is a Quaker in Philadelphia so upright that he won't sit down to his meals.

Those who take off their gloves to shake hands should take off their boots when they kick a man.

Spriggles says that the man who invented the camphene lamp had better hide his light under a bushel.

Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A judge, suspected of bribery, chided his clerk for having a dirty face. The clerk replied, "I plead guilty, but, judge, my hands are clean!"

An alderman, having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back: "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

Natural History of Consumption.—Two thin shoes make one cold—two colds an attack of the bronchitis—two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

The best way to succeed in the grocery business is to sell cheap and give light weight. The former will bring you customers, and the latter will enable you to skin them.

One day a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it is a sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Although the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob which pelts a poor fellow with eggs can properly be said to give him an ovation.

"You are at the very bottom of the bill," said the physician to a sick patient, "but I shall endeavor to get you up again." "I fear I shall be out of breath before I reach the top," was the reply.

A boy in the country writes to another in the city to come and visit him. He proposes to him to get his father's consent, and says it might be done in this way: "Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come."

"It would seem, my friend," observed one dandy to another at a party, "that they give no supper to-night," to which the other replied nonchalantly, "Then I stop my expenses," and coolly took off his new pair of gloves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HAPPY DAYS.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I think how swift the years go by,
Since sober manhood crowned my brow;
Like clouds that flit through April's sky,
So swift they pass before me now.

In childhood, when among the flowers,
There was no day that seemed too long;
And now, in manhood's riper hours,
I sing their fleetness as my song.

So happy then, so happy now,
I fain would bid the seasons stay,
And at the feet of Time I bow
And ask him why he hastes away.

Love crowned my years in childhood's time,
Such love but once comes to a child;
And now love fills my measured rhyme,
And has my later years beguiled.

This love is one we never feel
Saves when the heart some kindred heart
Has met, and said, for woe or weal,
Through life we go till death shall part.

And as the years thus hurry by,
In manhood's ripening bloom I stand,
Beneath the warm and sunny sky
That crowns affection's happy land.

So do you wonder that I fain
Would have the seasons slower go?
Of pleasure much, with little pain,
Who happier days can ever know?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MISS MARTIN'S HUSBAND.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

FIVE years since I went to board in a little tenement owned and occupied by Miss Judith Martin, spinster, No. 36 — Street, Boston, recommended thereto by a friend who had known Miss Martin for years, and thought the woman and the place just the thing for my reduced circumstances and quiet habits. It was one of those small wooden houses fast being crowded out by brick and stone, with the lower story fitted up and rented as a shop, and only one flight and the attic above that. The front room had always been Miss Martin's parlor, but she was willing to yield it to me, and use the other large one as dining and sitting-room.

Here, after a day's bustle of hanging up, arranging furniture, and getting generally settled, I was domesticated, with a broad grate for coal on one side, and on the other two wide windows that looked out on a row of narrow, dingy brick houses opposite, one of which held a small army of boarders, another a dressmaker's shop, another a school that emptied itself out of an alleyway, and another a quaint old lady in cambric cap, who seemed to have no other occupation than to knit an interminable blue stocking and watch my movements.

My hostess was one of the kindest and simplest specimens of an old maid that it has ever been my lot to meet with. I should think she was about forty, there were a few silver streaks in her light brown hair, and rather a perceptible "crow's foot" at the corners of her pleasant eyes. But she had fine teeth, and a straight, neat built form, and no matter what her occupation, she had a wonderful faculty of looking neat and "dressy." She was soft-footed, too, and pleasant-voiced, and went about with a perpetual murmur of a song between her lips, like a bird thinking aloud. She loved to study the psalms of a Sunday afternoon, or an evening, and read pensive poetry that was not too profound, and books of novel and pious memoirs; and she wrote rhymes too, simple, pleasant things about her daily life and thoughts, with something of an effort for the measure and rhyme, and plenty of moral axioms to make up the number of the lines. But the quaintest side of her was her firm belief in signs and omens. It was painful but amusing to see her dread of various inadvertences that she considered omens of death or misfortune, and the care with which she avoided them. "O, Mrs. B., don't do that, it's a certain sign of death"—or, "you'll certainly hear bad news from some of your friends," greeted me often in the course of the day; and the smile with which I often received her warnings, was considered terribly skeptical and dangerous.

There were but few visitors to the house—a circumstance which I liked exceedingly; but a person who came regularly every Sabbath afternoon to tea, and sat until nine in the evening, half the

time in complete silence, interested me greatly. He was a gaunt, dark, sadly awkward man of from forty to fifty years, with iron-gray hair, iron-gray eyes, and scant whiskers of the same color, with a stoop in his shoulders, a slight hesitation in his speech, and a suit of rusty black that seemed to have been in wear ever since its owner obtained the full size of man. Mr. Crosset was a small grocer down town, an old friend and schoolmate of my hostess, and, as I found in time, a man of the highest integrity, of a tender spirit that would not harm the meanest thing, and a mind of no inferior order. But how singular he would be! I never knew him to come in without stumbling over something, although Miss Martin took pains to have a clear passage to the large chair in the corner where he always sat. He was always asking you questions, which he never seemed to expect an answer to, and beginning remarks whose last end never came. Often he would sit an entire evening without speaking, while he dreamily gazed into the fire, or wrote with his fore finger upon the knee of his rusty black pants; and he has stared at me or Miss Martin for half an hour together, no doubt entirely unconscious of the rudeness. But when you could get his ideas started, and his tongue really unloosed, his conversation was very interesting—he seemed to have mused and written symbolically to some purpose, and I sat astonished often at the beauty of the thoughts and words that dropped from his great ungainly mouth.

I was not many months in discovering that my hostess had much more than a friendly interest in her strange visitor. The dishes he loved were cooked with the greatest care, and put on the table with as much taste as though a king was to sit down; the fire was always left with a crust of old coal about it, so that he might have the pleasure of punching and poking it into liveliness; a becoming cap, worn at no other time, was always donned immediately after church, and especial pains taken with the collar and cuffs and the prim-setting black silk gown. Then, too, when the visitor happened to be a little late, there was such a fluttering up stairs to look out of the window, such a nervous arranging of the books upon the old-fashioned card table, such a pleased blush when the clumsy steps at length sounded upon the stairs, that even a stupid person might have seen the state of Miss Martin's simple heart. How long she had been loving the man in this silent way—whether it was for the ten years that he had regularly made her these Sabbath visits, or ever since their school days; whether he was at all conscious of it, and had any tenderness for her, or whether it would live and die alone, was a problem I longed to solve.

I used to ask her about him and his early days; and once, when I commented upon his strange habit of absence, she remarked timidly that he was once very much in love with a pretty girl, who jilted him, and that people said was why he was so peculiar. I laughed outright.

"Do you think a person of his strength of mind has any remembrance of such folly, or rather that he cares for it at all now?" I asked.

"Don't you think he does remember it, and pines over it, Mrs. B.?" she asked quickly, with such a bright, eager look as I had never seen on her face before.

"Certainly not, dear!" I said. "No doubt a man of his good sense and integrity would cast such a woman out of his heart, and despise her as she deserved. I think better of Mr. Crosset than to believe that he would pine twenty or thirty years for a jilt."

I don't know whether it was for that speech that Miss Martin went out and bought some expensive grapes for dinner, and insisted upon making up all my fine collars, but certainly I thought I never should eat enough to satisfy her, or allow her to do quite enough for my comfort.

But the very next Sabbath Mr. Crosset seemed to have changed his line of conduct. He was very silent, but very uneasy, and broke off his finger-writing several times to get up and look out of the window into the court; to handle over the books and walk abstractedly about the room. He looked uneasily at Miss Martin, and then at me, so many times, and opened his mouth to say something that wouldn't come out, so often, that soon after tea as was proper I excused myself and went into my room, thinking that I must be in the way.

I watched Miss Martin all the week, and was certain nothing new had been said, especially when the visitor came again another Sabbath and behaved in the same manner. Miss Martin

herself spoke of it the next day, and conjectured that her friend must be troubled in his business, for he had several times asked her about her affairs, but never seemed able to go any further.

We were both astonished, when the next Sabbath after tea Mr. Crosset rose with me and asked for a few minutes' private conversation. Poor Miss Martin rose, with a pale face, and bidding us good night, in spite of all we could say went up to her chamber. When she had gone, I seated myself and waited for him to begin, but he had fallen into one of his silent fits, and I was obliged to remind him that he had something particular to say to me before he came to himself. Then all the trouble came out. Miss Martin had, by his advice and with his assistance, placed her whole little patrimony in a corporation that proved to be entirely rotten, and she was now penniless, except a small interest in this house. He had been trying to break this news to her these three Sabbaths, but could not have the heart to do it, especially as she was so independent that he knew she wouldn't accept the restitution he thought it but justice to make to her. The man's eyes were actually moist as he spoke of her.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he said, "she was not able or fit to go out into the world and support herself, and he had promised her dying mother long ago that he would have some care of her. If we could only devise some means to make her take as much from him as she had lost, to make her comfortable and happy, and have things go on just as they had done," and he looked helplessly at me.

"You stupid thing!" I thought. "Hasn't it ever come into your head that you might marry her, and make all right? A woman would have found that way out long ago."

But did I dare say as much? Perhaps Mr. Crosset would be eternally offended, and it might not be any kindness to my tender little hostess either; but after looking into the fire a moment, I resolved to venture it. He'd come there to tea fifty years before he'd think that it would be better to install her into the office of perpetual tea-maker for him.

"Mr. Crosset, if you won't be offended, I'd like to make one suggestion," I said.

He nodded to me to go on.

"It's none of my business, and only a lonely woman's whim," I added, "and you must never let Miss Martin know that I said such a thing; but did it never occur to you that you are both lonely people, with only an apology for a home, either of you, with no one to nurse you in sickness, and that all these advantages might be gained if you should live together?"

He stared at me as if I had been crazy.

"Miss Martin is a model for a wife," I persisted—"gentle, affectionate, orderly. You could not do better, Mr. Crosset. You have no idea how much happier you would be, to find one kind face and heart always waiting for you. I think this is the only way in which you can provide for her. She has no home now—you had better offer her a part of yours."

He was looking into the fire with all his might.

"You are not offended at the liberty?" I asked.

He started, and I repeated the question.

Ah, no! he was not in the least offended—he would think it over and make up his mind; and he took his hat down and stumbled down stairs, without bidding me good night.

Poor Miss Martin! There was but one way in which a loving woman could interpret the interview, and I never before had such a respect for her Christian character. She had never done so much for me, nor seemed so humble, as she did all through the week, and I knew she was struggling to overcome the jealousy and dislike that was inevitable in such a case. How many tears she shed as she thought in secret that week; how many hours she sat in her chamber, when she thought me asleep, reading and praying for resignation, no doubt. "If that man don't offer himself to her next Sunday," I thought, "I'll choke him."

When Sabbath noon came, I announced, much to her surprise, that I should take tea and spend the evening with a friend. I did not return until late, and there Miss Martin was sitting alone, with her hands in her lap, looking steadfastly into the fire, and weeping softly. I took no notice of it all, but bidding her a cheerful good night, went into my room, and blowing out the light lay down. Presently she came to the door, and timidly asked me if I was in bed. I told her to come in, and when she sat down by the

bedside, took her hand in mine and stroked it affectionately. She laid down her head and cried outright.

"Don't think me silly, Mrs. B., will you?" she said; "but I'm so happy!"

"Are you, my dear?" I said, with a great load of pity off my heart. "I'm sincerely glad, for I don't know of anybody who deserves more to be."

"Ah no, no! she did not—she had been so wicked that week—had had so many wretched thoughts." And then she went on to say that Mr. Crosset had told her that she was penniless, and while she was trying to think of what she should do, he had offered to marry her if she would overlook all his queer ways, and thought she could be happy with him.

"Be happy with him, my dear! I'm afraid I should forget that there was such a place as heaven!" she said, fervently.

A little encouragement brought out the whole story. She had loved him ever since her childhood, in this silent, hopeless way, thinking him perfect, far too good for her, never seeing that he was awkward, or strange, or homely-looking. What a fragrance her faithful, simple love breathed around her! How beautiful it seemed, blooming amidst the poor realities of her daily life! It was like coming upon a bunch of violets in November.

They were married in a month from that time, and moved into a pleasant house that I assisted in fixing up. It is wonderful how both are changed—so cheerful, so companionable, so happy together. And more than all that, they have a baby, with just its father's absent ways, and its mother's gentle temper. If any single man or woman, of an uncertain age, fail to find the moral of this, I would advise them to step into Mr. Crosset's of a Sabbath evening. If they don't go and do likewise, I am no prophet.

MOORE'S BALLAD SINGING.

Moore, more than any other modern, united the characteristics of the bards of old. He made his own poetry, composed his own music, and sang his own lays in the presence of the great and the fair. All the world is acquainted with his poetry, and many of his melodies have become popular; but his qualities as a singer, known to comparatively few, were perhaps not less remarkable than his genius as a poet and a musician. We had once the opportunity of hearing him, and it was a pleasure we never can forget. With a mere thread of a voice, just sufficient to "fill" an ordinary drawing-room, and accompanying himself with a few chords on the piano, he chanted (rather than sang) his own ballads with such exquisite grace and finish, such sweetness, tenderness and fire, that he produced effects on his hearers unequalled by the greatest professors of the vocal art. Pasta, who once heard him, expressed her delight with Italian fervor. Moore modestly disclaimed such high praise, saying that what he did could not be called singing. "No, Mr. Moore," said the lady, "it is not exactly singing, but it is something a great deal better." It was, in truth, the perfection of ballad-singing; and its charm lay in its delicacy, simplicity, and that earnestness of utterance and manner which showed that every word, every note, came from the heart. Why do not our fashionable and popular ballad-singers endeavor to charm in a similar manner, instead of loading simple melodies with unmeaning flourishes miscalled ornaments?—*Blackwood's*

GRADUAL DEATH.—We do not die wholly at our deaths: we have moldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear: we are torn from ourselves while living, year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



MAKING PALM OIL AT WHYDA, GUINEA, GOLD COAST, AFRICA.

MAKING PALM OIL.

Beyond Cape Verde the appearance of the African shore suddenly changes. To low, sandy tracks, almost always bare, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, succeed shores sometimes abrupt, but generally rising in gentle and gradual slopes from the seaside. The eye thus wanders over an amphitheatre of delicious verdure, losing itself amidst infinite shades; and the vigor of the vegetation surprises even those who are accustomed to the splendors of tropical regions. Among the valuable plants which grow in the superb forests, or near the habitations of man, may be noted the *Elais Guiniensis*, a beautiful palm tree, the head of which rises more than thirty feet into the air, and which is called by the negroes their "friend." The *Elais* justifies this pleasant name by the varied resources it affords the poor inhabitants who take care of it. This tree supplies the native of the African shores not only with wine, but with oil, fishing-lines, hats, baskets, enormous nuts full of succulent juice, building materials, etc. Up to this time the oil is the only one of these products which enters extensively into commerce; it is of a buttery consistency, an orange color, and strongly odorous. England first employed the oil of the palm trees, improperly called palm oil, in the manufacture of soap, but we know not the date of its first importation into England. In 1818 from 100 to 200 tons were annually imported; in 1841 the importation reached the amount of 200,000 quintals. Ten-twelfths of the oil is used at Liverpool, where, in 1831, a single establishment turned out 120,000 pounds of soap a week. The United States soon imitated the example of England. France entered into the business much later, but is giving serious attention to it, for English and American soaps have prevented the increase of the exportation of French soaps. Both the Americans and English produce with palm oil a coarser soap than that of Marseilles, but which has some qualities wanting to the French article, such as that of dissolving in salt water, which ensures its use on ship-board. They sell it cheap, and consequently it obtains a preference in the market. In consequence of the production of oleaginous grains and olive oil in France, palm oil has met with a rivalry which injured its sale. Manufacturers necessarily gave the preference to articles of the same price, the use of which required no change in the processes of soap-making and the habits of the consumer. Consequently the use of palm oil in France is somewhat limited. But as the color of the oil, which was an obstacle to its success, has yielded to chemical discoveries, it will, probably, in future be largely employed in France. The great source of supply is that part of northern Guinea called the Gold Coast. It comes from Sierra Leone, Senegal and Gambia, but in less quantities. It is collected in the following way: At the period when the *Elais* palm produces its grains, they are gathered and thrown into troughs the sides of which are made of earth. A reference to our engraving will show the form of these structures. The grains, which are pretty hard, are easily crushed by means of the wooden sandals worn by the blacks employed in this process. As soon as the troughs are sufficiently full, the oil is received into earthen pots, and subject to a primary purification by boiling. It is then placed in casks and sent to the nearest entrepot. Various establishments have been formed in places where the *Elais* palm grows most abundantly.

A BRAVE BRIGADIER.

When General Franks took command of the 10th regiment, some things did not come up to his idea of efficiency and discipline, and he set to work to correct what he thought wrong in a determined manner; and, as is usually the case when people head back our little irregularities, he got proportionally abused, and a report got about that some of his men intended to shoot him the first time they went into action. Soon after we had the struggle in the Punjab, and just before going into action he addressed his men, saying, "I hear some of you mean to shoot me; all I can say is, if you fire in the direction I go, you will do no harm;" and so bravely did he lead them up to the enemy, that ever since no regiment has been more proud of its colonel than the gallant 10th are of the undaunted Franks.—*India Campaign.*

HABITATION OF AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH.

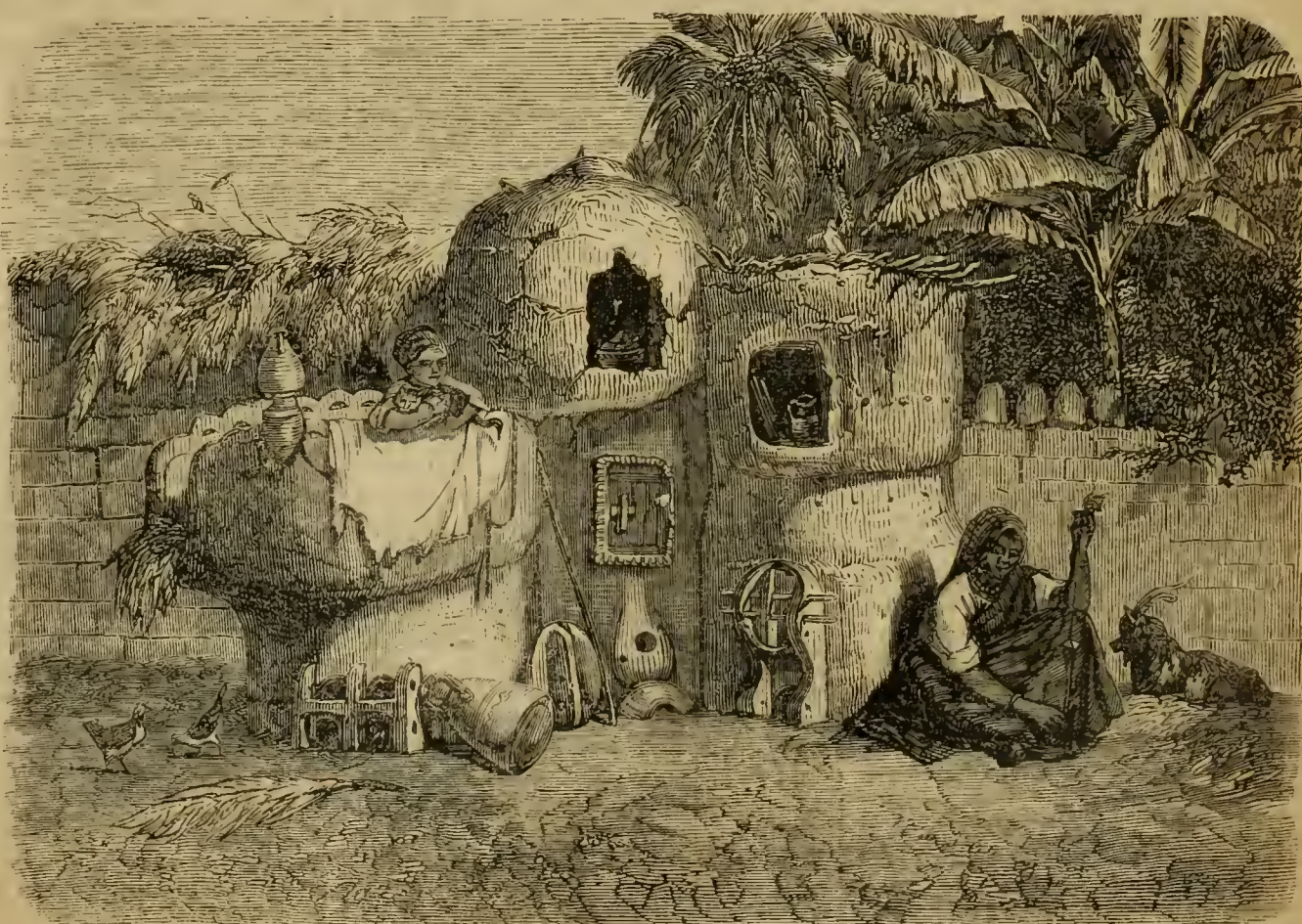
The accompanying engraving exhibits the curious sort of hive in which an Egyptian fellah's family lodges. It is a far quainter domicile than a Hottentot's hut. The houses of the richest inhabitants in Egypt are dirty and wretched abodes. During the year 1838, when the plague raged with fury, the viceroy caused the filthiest houses to be torn down. The fellahs were compelled to rebuild, and there was an excellent opportunity to improve their construction, as it was all-important to render their dwelling healthy; but their new dwellings were in the same style as the old, and the plague soon committed the same ravages as before. At the same period Mehemet Ali ordered all the houses of the villages to be white-washed, hoping by that means to induce the peasants to make some domestic arrangement less favorable to the propagation of the terrible scourge. The order was executed only in the villages along the Nile, and here only the fronts of the houses which looked upon the river were white-washed. In this way the pacha was deceived into the belief that his plan had been accomplished, and thus a vain parade of a hygienic improvement of the utmost importance was made. In a few days the women plastered even these fronts with the balls of manure which they dry for fuel. It is true that lately the pacha, terrified at the food which the accumulated filth of the villages offers to the plague, has undertaken to build entire villages himself. But the poor fellahs cannot afford to purchase the government buildings, for even the lash cannot extort money from paupers. The condition of many Egyptian villages is most unfavorable to health. As only earth is used for material, they must dig to build, and there is commonly a ditch about a settlement, in which the waters of the overflow of

the Nile lodge, and finally send up the most nauseous exhalations and most pernicious miasmas. To this focus of the plague we must add the cemeteries, located in the midst of dwellings. The tombs are badly constructed—they are not deep enough, too many bodies are heaped up, and they are but imperfectly closed by blocks of stone. Hence morbid emanations rise incessantly from this fatal place, and the odor of carrion abandoned on the highway, load the atmosphere with the most deleterious principles. The fellahs do not seem to suspect the unhealthy influence of putrefaction. They wash, water their cattle, and sometimes drink themselves in these pools of dirty and ill-smelling water. It is thus in all Egypt, even in Said (Upper Egypt), where a hotter climate renders cleanliness more important. The villages there are perhaps even more neglected; but the excessive intensity of the heat, completely drying up the canals and reservoirs, prevents the waters shedding their miasmata on the atmosphere, and in this respect renders the houses more salubrious. Nothing better shows the abject state to which the cultivator is reduced in this country, than the absence of all hygienic care. The ordinary dwelling of the fellah is a wretched hut, constructed of mud and *doura* straw cut in pieces. The trunk of a date tree furnishes the frame, and the roof is made of the branches and leaves of the same tree. The mother, father, children, cattle and fowls, are crowded together in the same space with the provisions and the dung-heap. These damp and infected huts receive a little light and air from holes in the wall, which have neither glass nor shutters. During the summer the air circulates freely, but in the winter the dwelling is hermetically sealed. As may well be imagined, the furniture of these wretched huts is neither costly nor complicated. The man and his wife have each a bed. The hand-mill with which they grind their grain, consists of a stone hollowed out in a circular form, with a small circular stone playing within it. These are commonly made of fragments of fallen columns. But this is not the only use which the Egyptian peasant makes of the precious ruins scattered so profusely over the land; he takes an entablature, perhaps covered with the most curious carvings for his door-sill. Ignorance and idleness acting in concert, he destroys daily, without absolute necessity, the riches of which science is so jealous, and does not even know how to use them to have a handsomer, healthier and more durable house than the shapeless cabin which is often carried away by the great overflow of the Nile. With the exception of vessels of porous earthen which contain water for drinking, almost all the objects which the fellah profanes are products of the date tree. The mat on which he sleeps, and his great baskets, are made of date leaves. The ends of the branches furnish brooms; the flower produces a matter something like the wool of a negro, and used as a sponge—the leaves supply ropes, and after having fed the master, the kernel of the fruit feeds the camel. The date tree often clothes, warms, shelters and feeds a man, and leave a surplus for trading.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY ON THE PARANA.

On approaching the entrance of Bahia Negra, we were astonished at the number of fish, apparently myriads. We anchored at the confluence of the two waters, to give the officers and men a little sport, and an opportunity to obtain food and specimens. I have caught the Red Snapper and Grooper on the coasts of Florida and Mexico, where one might haul in the sluggish, inactive fish as lazily as an 'old soldier of a tar' would take in the 'slack of a rope,' but I never witnessed fishing such as this, at the confluence of Bahia Negra and Paraguay. In an incredible short time, hooks baited with pork were floating by dozens astern; and scarcely had they touched the water when hundreds of fish would spring eagerly at each bait. Dorado, Parn and Palometa (all delicious for the table) were among the varieties caught. The Dorado, so called from its golden color, is from two to three feet in length, and weighs from eighteen to twenty-four pounds; its flesh is white and solid. The strength of this fish is wonderful. When hauled in it would spring into the air some fifteen or twenty feet, not unfrequently detaching itself, or severing the hook from the line, and looking, as it darted upward, like a huge golden vessel incrustated with gems. The Parn is of a dark, grayish color. The Palometa is more formidable to swimmers than any other inhabitant of the La Plata waters. Each of its jaws is armed with a row of triangular teeth, which cut like the sharpest knife.—*Page's La Plata and Paraguay.*

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride, and for this reason humility often displeases us as much.



EXTERIOR OF AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH'S HOUSE.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"THEY ARE GONE, ALL GONE!"

BY LENA LYLE.

I am standing alone,
Near the old hearthstone,
And shadows around me are falling;
But the voices low,
Of long, long ago,
Are unto me gently calling;
But from deep in my heart comes a weary moan,
They are gone, they are gone, they are all, all gone!

'Neath the sod they are laid,
In the apple-tree shade,
With the brook at their feet babbling wild;
And the sweet blossoms fall,
For their funeral pall,
As they fell when I was but a child;
Still my heart wails out, I'm alone, I'm alone!
They are gone, they are gone, they are all, all gone!

All sunk in decay,
It is passing away,
Is the home of my childhood's hours;
And gone, gone from here,
Are the loved and the dear,
They sleep 'neath the wildwood's flowers.
As I stand 'neath the apple-tree boughs alone,
I look on their graves, They are gone, all gone!

They're gone on before me—
They're hovering o'er me,
Whilst I o'er the past and my visions am weeping;
When age has crept on,
My work is all done,
And I in death's chamber am silently sleeping.
Men will say as they lay me beneath the damp stone,
He's the last of his race. They are gone, all gone!

PERSONIFICATION OF MORNING.

Blush roses under them; and swiftly came
Through the pearled grass a daisel, beautiful
With youth, and on her face a virgin shame;
With gold hair scattered to the west wind cool
She ran before the steeds. The minstrel dropped
His pipe, and upward sprang he as they stopped,

And leaped upon the beam; then all around,
Hiding the splendid vision from his sight,
A snow-white mist went upward from the ground;
And when it passed there blazed a rosy light
O'er half the sky—the lawn and woods were flushed,
And all unveiled the awakened Morning blushed.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

FRIENDSHIP.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—April again! How time flies, to be sure! If this life were the "be-all and the end-all" it would be indeed too brief, even with its heavy sorrows and severe trials. But this is no time to speak of sorrow, with the breath of spring in our nostrils, the birds singing in the lilac hedge, the fields showing a decided green, and our loved violets opening timidly their blue eyes to the blue heaven above. There is a song of gladness in the emancipated brook that leaps down the willow glen like a boisterous urchin just let out of school. Brave and cheery and trumpet-toned is the crow of chanticleer as he struts to and fro like a highland piper; and confused but melodious the blended song of robin and bluebird and blackbird, the music as varied as the plumage. There is a stir in the human blood, corresponding to the movement of life in the trees and shrubs; dreams of youth, at least, come back to age itself. The dim eye brightens, the faint heart beats with a stronger pulsation. All may drink awhile, beneath this vernal sky, of the *fontaine de jeunesse*. . . . What news will the swift-racing steamships, those iron messengers with lightning in their veins, bring us from over the sea, we wonder? "Shadows, clouds and darkness" rest upon the other hemisphere. Night and day in Germany, in France, in Piedmont, the furnaces glow in the foundries, molten metal glares in moulds, gigantic machines shape the terrible artillery; the earth quakes with the marching to and fro of heavy bodies of armed men, and gentle hearts thrill at the presages of coming strife. Will Europe again be ploughed by the sword, or will crowned heads listen to reason and forbear to waste and ravage the loveliest spot of earth? Yet, if war would loose the bonds of Italy, we would welcome it with all its horrors. If, by one more desperate struggle, despotism could be bound over to keep the peace and respect the rights of humanity for ages to come, then we would hail the intelligence that armies were once more contending on the plains of Lombardy. The coming months are pregnant with great events, the progress of which we shall watch with the deepest interest. . . . George Sand has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a novel called *Elle et Lui* (She and He), in which she paints the brilliant and unfortunate but reckless and lost Alfred de Musset in odious colors. Bearing in mind that De Musset was a former lover of George Sand, and that he went to an untimely grave, nothing can be more disgusting than to see this gray-headed woman raking over his ashes and coining money by exposing the dead. We are utterly sick of French romance. When the light literature of a nation is as corrupt as that of France, we need not wonder at its political degradation. Depravation of morals and political servitude go hand in hand. . . . An additional attraction has been

added to the many fascinations of New York. Two enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Widdows and Sage, have fitted up a pretty little theatre, 585 Broadway, and opened with a small and select troupe of French performers. Light vaudevilles and comedies appear to be the speciality of this establishment, and report speaks very favorably of the manner in which they are presented. There is no reason why a French theatre should not be a complete success in New York, where there is not only a large French population, but where thousands of Americans cultivate the French language and literature. There is no surer or more agreeable way of catching the French accent than attending French plays, and the lessons come cheaper than those of a master. We trust that the French theatre is a permanent institution in New York. . . . The navy department used 136,500 tons of coal last year. As the steam vessels multiply the consumption of coal increases. Soon it will cost as much to coal as to man the navy. . . . "Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman one day last summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakeman, "Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "No, not at all," replied the contented lady; "for if he is killed, I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got \$40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since." . . . It is remarked with truth, that public taste is ruined. Formerly we gave a quarter to see a tiger and a lion, but now, to be attractive, the tiger must have two heads. . . . A lady, when told that Mr. Beecher was about to deliver a lecture on *Burns*, suggested the equal necessity of a lecture on *scalds*. "Vel, vot of it?" The *Scalds* were the poets of the Northmen. . . . The patients of the Insane Asylum at Utica publish a journal called the "Opal." The two following "good" things are in the last number: "De Santy telegraphs that currents have been received by the Atlantic cable. We are of the opinion that *raisins* (raisings) ought to be had soon." "For more than two months the snow has fallen in just sufficient quantity to make up for wear and tear of showers, sunshine and sleigh runners. The Whitesboro roan, running across our wide domain, (ours to look at—query: is this the reason we are called *visionary*?) has been really mad with the clicking of hoofs and the clashing of bells." . . . A provincial mayor in one of the departments in France has come out with an epigram in the shape of a notification: "All beggars found in this district will be fined fifteen francs for the use of the poor." . . . The London Times says that a single message over the cable when first opened, by which the embarkation of the Canadian regiment for India was countermanded, saved the government at least \$250,000. We are glad somebody has a good word for the inert coil. . . . Mrs. Jane Ermion Locke died lately in Ashburnham, Mass. She wrote a good deal of pleasing poetry, and was a contributor to the press for many years. . . . A young gentleman, mistaken for Smith O'Brien at a great ball in New York was, much to his astonishment, the lion of an hour. After discovering why he was so extensively flattered, he corrected the mistake, and subsided gracefully into his normal rank among "people who are not talked about."—Luckily for them. . . . An able jurist writes to the Washington Union that the income of the post-office establishment may undoubtedly be lawfully applied to sustain that establishment, even without a formal appropriation by Congress. Such being the case, he thinks an extra session will not be necessary. . . . Our American minister to China, Mr. Reed, is expected home in the course of a few months. He will halt at Paris and London, where, it is thought, he will, with his vigorous pen, take some notice of the attacks made upon him in the London Times.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SWAMP DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTHWEST. With Sketches of Squatter Life. By "MADISON TENNIS" and "SOLITAIRE" (J. S. Robb). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These racy pictures of life in the West and Southwest, though occasionally a little exaggerated, are exceedingly humorous and spirited, while Darley's illustrations, fourteen in number, are inimitable. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

READINGS FOR YOUNG MEN, MERCHANTS, AND MEN OF BUSINESS. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 172. 1859.

A few pages of this work, from the London copy, which fell into our hands some weeks since, impressed us with a strong desire to read the entire work, and we were surprised and pleased to find it so speedily reprinted by a Boston house. The work comprises a series of moral and practical essays, well calculated to aid and guide a young man in the formation of character and habit, and the conduct of life, all of them brief, pointed, and agreeably written. We are sure that the work will become, as it deserves, highly popular.

THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS, AND OTHER SKETCHES. Edited by William T. Porter. Stay Subjects, etc., by the "OLD UN" and the "YOUNG UN." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A collection of humorous sketches, illustrative of American life, originally published in the New York Spirit of the Times, and now collected in a large volume with Darley's inimitable illustrations. A large number of the comic stories in this volume are from the pen of our associate, Mr. Durrig. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

The same publishers have issued, in pamphlet form, "Sybil Grey," a novel, "The Lady of Albarone," one of George Lippard's romances, and Scott's "Ivanhoe," to be followed by the remainder of the Waverley novels, at 25 cents each.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS. By a Reporter of the New York Times. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson, 523 Broadway. 12mo. pp. 555. 1859.

This work reveals a startling current of life in New York, and shows up the tricks of unprincipled adventurers in a striking light. All the narratives are authentic, and many of the characters introduced are among the notabilities of Gotham. The book is making an immense sensation in New York. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE—THE UGLY DUCKLING. By HANS ANDERSEN. These two inimitable juveniles are full of pictures by the best artists. Published and for sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The great European question of peace or war remains undecided at our last advices, though, as our edition is passing through the press, the solution may have been arrived at. Meanwhile every one is anxiously watching the fluctuations of the Paris Bourse, for no dependence can be placed on French newspapers, controlled as they are by the will of one man, who hesitates not to deceive the public whenever his supposed interests demand a mask. It is superfluous to say that if a war breaks out it will be a bloody one, and that before it ends, all the powers that desire neutrality may be swept into the vortex. One thing is certain, however matters may turn out, the French people, excluding the army, are emphatically in favor of peace. The reports of the prefects and sub-prefects of the 86 departments into which France is divided prove this beyond a question.—It would seem that England is convinced of one thing—that Napoleon III. has no views of conquest in a war on the Italian question. It would also seem that his determination to settle this vexed question is of long date. When England refused to expel foreign refugees indiscriminately from the soil of Great Britain, the French emperor saw that the only means of guarding his life and throne from conspiracies was to sustain the independence of Italy, against Austria, and against England herself, if necessary.—It is now scarcely denied that M. de la Guéronniere's pamphlet, "Napoleon III. and Italy," was inspired by the emperor himself. It reflects his views faithfully.—The English papers speak of the progress made in fitting out the Great Eastern steamship, and are pointing out the advantages such a vessel would present if owned by the government. It would be able to transport an army—that is, 10,000 men, with horses, artillery, baggage and provision.—The season in Paris closed with several splendid balls given by Americans. The French guests expressed themselves delighted at the beauty of our ladies, the splendor of their attire, the grace of their manners, and the courtesy of the American gentlemen.—The concerts of Christy's Minstrels in Paris were a failure so far as the French were concerned. They could not understand them, and fancied they were sold, because the singers simply blacked their faces instead of being genuine negroes.—Mr. Millard has sold *La Presse*, Louis Napoleon's organ, which received "warning" for a political article lately, to Mr. Felix Solar, for 100,000 francs less than he gave Mr. Emile de Girardin for it.

The Duchess of Orleans.

The memory of the Orleans family is kept up by the memoirs of M. Guizot, of which the second volume has just appeared. In one of her letters dated from the Tuileries, the duchess says that she never forgets, in educating her son, that she is bringing up a man destined to reign. The poor mother was so full of the lofty part her son was called upon to fill, that one day, when the boy who was six years old, and on a visit to a public establishment, fell down and began to cry, the duchess hastened to console him and dry his tears, and then said to the master of the establishment, "I beg you will tell me one that you saw the boy cry!"

The Princess Clotilde.

It is said that when this lady was received on board the "Reine Hortense," Rear-admiral Jurien de La Graviere having expressed a fear that the salvos of artillery would be disagreeable to her, she replied: "Do not be uneasy, sir; as a Piedmontese I cannot fear the firing, and as a Frenchwoman, I must love it."

Gallery of the Louvre.

The Museum of the Louvre has purchased another Murillo from the Spanish gallery of the late Marshal Sout, at 300,000 francs. It is a "Birth of the Holy Virgin," to which connoisseurs give the preference over Murillo's "Ascension of the Virgin," which had been bought by government for 600,000 francs.

Evacuation of Rome.

It is explained that the ground for supposing the French and Austrians will evacuate the Papal States is because the pope has invited them to do so. Nothing had transpired to indicate how either power will proceed, but rumors from Paris say the French will withdraw.

Horticultural Fair.

At the recent horticultural fair at Dijon, Burgundy, Mr. Malnouy exhibited seven hundred varieties of grapes, either for wine or table, all classed and ticketed in perfect order, and other exhibitors rivalled him in the production of beautiful and perfect fruit.

English Reform Bill.

Disraeli's reform bill confers the franchise upon all members of the learned professions, and upon parties having small investments in the Funds and Savings Banks;—the representation of 15 small boroughs is reduced from two to one member each.

Victor Emmanuel.

It is now asserted that this sovereign is to marry the daughter of Prince de Leuchtenberg's widow. In this way Sardinia will be closely connected with Russia and France.

Charles Dickens.

It is now asserted that this great novelist and reader is not coming to America. It is said that he fears that the indignation caused by his "American Notes" will be revived.

Crinoline.

It was remarked at the last imperial ball that crinolines had lost much of their amplitude. Women of fashion are beginning to abandon their use.

Macready.

The veteran Macready, though retired from the stage, has lately been giving readings for the benefit of a praiseworthy institution.

Russia.

Russia is certainly arming. It was denied recently that she was preparing for the eventualities of war.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THIS incomparable Cosmetic is the result of many years of research, observation and thorough scientific investigation, not only of the peculiar properties of many specimens of the Vegetable Kingdom, but of their effects singly, and in various combinations, upon the human skin.

It acts powerfully upon the cuticle, eradicating from its surface all blemishes and discolorations, and at the same time allaying all irritation and inflammation, and rendering the skin fair and healthy.

In the year 1853, a few bottles of the KALLISTON were gratuitously distributed for trial. Thus a demand was created, which has constantly increased beyond precedent. Many letters have been written, and statements made to the proprietors, by persons of the highest respectability, in various parts of the United States and Europe, testifying to its wonderful efficacy. Many of these are so laudatory, that if published, they would seem almost fabulous.

It has been found to accomplish the following results:

- It cleanses the skin perfectly.
- It allays heat.
- It allays smarting.
- It allays itching.
- It allays inflammation.
- It removes tan.
- It removes freckles.
- It removes sunburn.
- It removes redness.
- It removes roughness.
- It removes dandruff.
- It cures chapped hands.
- It renders the skin fair.
- It renders the skin smooth and moist.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly by a medium which does not irritate (all soaps contain more or less irritating power), and stimulate it to a healthy action, and when that is accomplished, the pores are opened and the skin becomes a vehicle to carry off diseases, instead of a trap to catch and hold them.

KALLISTON cures chapped hands caused by extreme cold; it also removes sunburn caused by the burning rays of the sun; both are irritations produced by opposite extremes—one remedy applies with equal effect.

The following extracts from notices are selected from a few of the leading newspapers:

From the Boston Transcript.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the compounds we have yet seen prepared as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or one that is so popular with the ladies, as the far-famed Kalliston. It is scientifically prepared, and is a perfume as well as toilet wash. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all cutaneous eruptions. It is extensively used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from rough or irritated skin. Joseph Burnett & Co are the proprietors.

From Leslie's Family Magazine.

As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses Burnett's celebrated Kalliston may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every sense.

From the Boston Saturday Gazette.

A NEW PLEASURE.—BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—We yield it the palm; the effect is salutary and the perfume is exquisite; after the application we feel as bland and balmy as a May morning.

From the Boston Journal.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—Gentlemen who have once used it as a wash after shaving know and appreciate its value. To those who suffer from smarting and tenderness of the face, and have not used it, we recommend it on account of its healing properties. To persons troubled with roughness of the skin during the cold of winter, and the east winds of our northern spring, its emollient qualities will commend it, as it will be found a complete remedy for the above-named physical annoyance.

From the New York Times.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON imparts to the skin a peculiar softness of texture, so desirable during the prevalence of harsh winds or a hot sun.

TESTIMONIALS.

The proprietors are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter written by a lady, from Vienna.

"We have been constantly on the move now for many weeks, and hope to reach Paris in time for the baptismal fête. At any rate, I look forward to our arrival there, as a period of rest. As old travelers we bear the annoyances and privations incident to journeying with composure, but I have suffered more from the exhaustion of my supply of Kalliston than from any other cause. If any good friend should be coming out here, do pray send me enough to last until I get home again. You can have no idea of the relief and comfort it brings when one is suffering from exposure. I have tried other 'appliances,' but have found nothing that will compare with it for efficacy or agreeableness."

From Mr. Boyd, of the firm of Messrs. J. M. Boyd & Co., extensive manufacturers and merchants.

MARLBORO', MASS., July 11, 1856.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., GENTS.—The package of Kalliston came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they cannot do without it.

A single application has repeatedly removed freckles from the face of my little boy, leaving his skin smooth and fair. And in all cases of sunburn or irritation of the skin, from whatever cause, it has thus far proved itself a perfect and very pleasant remedy.

I can, if you desire it, refer you to several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the Kalliston has had a wonderfully good effect; one in particular, the daughter of Mr. P—, one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years, from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin (probably the effect of bad vaccine virus), leaving it in several places puckered and quite red. A few weeks ago I recommended to him your Kalliston; he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared. This is an important case, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

I owe it to you to state that I did not believe in the efficacy of any cosmetic until I tried your Kalliston, and I cheerfully give my testimony in its favor.

Yours, respectfully, J. M. BOYD.

Letter from a distinguished Physician in Massachusetts.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., ROSTON.—Gents.—Agreeably to your request, I have carefully examined the formula which you employ in the manufacture of the article to which you have given the name of Burnett's Kalliston, and I am happy to say that I find the ingredients comprising it to be such as medical men would approve of, for ameliorating the condition of the skin in cutaneous affections. The combination is entirely judicious and compatible, and well calculated to promote a healthy condition of the skin. Respectfully yours, * * *

The KALLISTON is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., No. 27 Central Street, Boston, and sold by dealers everywhere for Fifty Cents a bottle.

OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE. HOUGHTON'S OLD STAND. GREAT SENSATION.

BEST French Kid Gloves, 63 cents a pair.
5000 Cambric Banded Collars, from 25 cents to \$1.
Cambric Flouncings from 12 1-2 cents a strip to 50 cts
10,000 dozen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, selling by
the dozen from 75 cents to \$1 62.
4000 French Veils, round and square, from 50 cents to
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2000 Cambric Muslin Embroidered sets, just received,
from \$1 25 to \$4 50, the best for the price in the city.
Cambric Edgings and Insertions. Fresh invoice just
received. Cheap!
4000 Dainty Bands, from 6 cents to 25 cents.
Wide French Trimming Laces. Cheap!
Joined Blond Laces. Cheap!
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100 Cartons Velvet Ribbons. Warranted cheaper than
at any other house in Boston.
French Flowers, Ruches, Bonnets, Ribbons, and all
Millinery articles, at prices which will suit the closest
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Our stock is now all fresh and new.

OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS. 14

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HOW many diseases of debility, incurable by ordi-
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All of them agree in one thing, their fatal tendency; and
most of them, in their primary and even secondary
stages, may be arrested by purifying the springs of life
through the renovating agency of the PERUVIAN
SYRUP. 14

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Corner of Summer and Chantry Streets,

CONTAINS THE LARGEST AND RICHEST STOCK IN THE

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Velvet Early Spring Mantillas,

Handsome Black Silk Circulars,

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Guipure, Chantilly, and Pusher Lace

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Being exclusively confined to this department, advan-
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Inspection and comparison respectfully solicited.

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W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM
CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BACON, COCOA PASTE,
COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC AND DIETET-
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Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufac-
tured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted
superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the
United States. As nourishment for children, invalids,
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Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable
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For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York;
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HOSIERY,

GLOVES, WHITE GOODS, etc.,

Together with a full and very desirable assortment of

Infants' Dresses, Skirts, Wrappers, Blau-
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Price 50 cents.

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Something New.—Agents Wanted.

BUSINESS honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from
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4w 13 A. B. MARTIN, Plaistow, N. H.

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tained in their efforts to establish

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at our command, the LEDGER will continue, as before, to
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interests, shall receive our hearty co-operation and sup-
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ablest statesmen, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, setting his face
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ing and the Evening Editions; and as the paper is print-
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Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and
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Dealers and teachers supplied. 8 cow3m.

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Coughs! Colds!! Consumption!!! Cured!!!!

By the timely use of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian
Balm of Liverwort, the best and most effectually reme-
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For sale everywhere. 3w 14

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Family Sewing Machines.

NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

18 Summer Street..... Boston.
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TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN USE.

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased
from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and
finishing each seam by their own operation, without re-
course to the hand-needle as is required by other ma-
chines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease
of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family
sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with
equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestionable superiority of their
machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COM-
PANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS.

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's machines in my
family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in
commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for
which it is designed—family sewing."—Mrs. Joshua Leavitt,
wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Ma-
chine, which has been in my family for many months.
It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjust-
ment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family
sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—
Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland,
editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several different good machines, I pre-
ferred yours, on account of its simplicity and the perfect
ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength
and durability of the seam. After long experience I
feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confident-
ly recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—
Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for
two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of fam-
ily sewing, from cambric to broadcloth. Garments have
been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The
machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs.
A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your sewing machine has been in use in my family
the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you
their testimonials to its perfect adaptableness, as well as
labor-saving qualities in the performance of family and
household sewing."—Robert Doorman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's
Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that
every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly
done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these
reliable and indefatigable 'iron-needle women,' whose
combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity are
invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. George P.
Morris, editor of the Home Journal.

Extract of a letter from Thomas R. Leavitt, Esq., an
American gentleman, now resident in Sidney, New South
Wales, dated Jan 12, 1858.

"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which
there were over three thousand yards of sewing done
with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single
seam of that has stood all the double seams sewed by
sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky haunts,
he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more
benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy.
He would denounce midnight shirt-making as 'the direful
spring of woes unnumbered.'"—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker
Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expecta-
tion. After trying and returning others, I have three of
them in operation in my different places, and, after four
years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond,
Senator from South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family
Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is
one of the best labor-saving machines that has been in-
vented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to
the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing and puts everybody into an
excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should
instruct upon Saints Grover & Baker having an eternal
holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for hu-
manity."—Cassius M. Clay.

"This is not a puff following the gift of a machine.
We went and purchased the article of Grover & Baker.
And we have accomplished the sewing of a fortnight in
a little more than two days! If there is such a thing as
being 'prudent and prudent foolish,' where can this
character be better illustrated than in the case of a hus-
band and father, who yearly pays more for doctor's bills
for his feeble wife than it would cost to buy a sewing
machine which would last for years, and which very
probably is all that his wife requires to restore her
health. I think there is something in the muscular
effort required by the sewing machine which is positively
healthful. Don Quixote says, 'blessed be the man who
invented sleep.' I say, blessed be the man who, through
the sewing machine, invented the opportunity for sleeping."
—Rev. Mrs. Parsons Cooke, in the Puritan Recorder.

"A lady, with a good machine, can easily accomplish
in a day an amount of sewing which it would require a
week to do by the common mode, and so she gains time
for other occupations. We have had a machine in our
family for some months—of Grover & Baker's make—
and everybody who sees it in operation, including the
ladies, who know so much more about 'gisset, and band
and seam,' than we ever dreamed of, states it to be one
of the most valuable inventions of the age."—Watch-
man and Reflector.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. 10—14

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THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the
most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable effica-
cy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate
and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE
THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOP-
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instances has succumbed to its influence when all other
known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, to-
gether with the great good it has performed for the last
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Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY
DISEASES.—Extensively used, tested and approved
in New England, Canada, and the British provinces dur-
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cians, Clergymen, Professors of Colleges, Theological Sem-
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fact by all classes in the community. See certificates in
pamphlets and wrapper to bottles.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS!

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists,
33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries
and country merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1;
small size, 50 cents. 114w3m. 10

A BORN,

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14 NEW SPRING STYLES OF HATS NOW READY. 4w

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No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,

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Plain and Fancy Cake, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert,
Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionary, of
superior quality constantly on hand.

PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and
with punctuality. 4w 11

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States and Canadas to sell by subscription the very
best books published. A small capital only is required,
and large profits can be made. For full particulars ad-
dress
LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
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N. S. DEARBORN,

CARD ENGRAVER,

24 SCHOOL STREET,

Just opened, a new and beautiful assortment of Plain
and Fancy Tinted NOTE PAPERS, comprising the latest
Parisian styles, with ENVELOPES to match. Ladies are
particularly invited to examine this assortment, as the
patterns are the most elegant ever seen in the city.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of CAKE
BOXES, and the best quality of WEDDING STATION-
ERY. 4w 13

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"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY person (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States,
possessing a small capital of from \$3 to \$7, can en-
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PIPES AND TUBES of every variety of style and
finish. Also, TRIMMINGS and FRENCH WOOD
PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.
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IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

INDIAN EMMENAGOGUE. A new and safe medicine
designed expressly for females, and warranted to cor-
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that arise, and money refunded in case of failure. No
quack medicine, but sold by a regularly educated phy-
sician of nineteen years' successful practice, who furnishes
a large number of eminent physicians and clergymen
as testimonials of character. Sold only at Remedial
Institute, No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, and No. 28 Union
Street, Providence. Pamphlet on disease of women sent
free on receipt of stamp, to
4w 13 Dr. H. N. MATTISON, as above.

COSTUMES OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

The engraving on this page embraces representations of the striking and picturesque costumes of the island of Corfu, carefully copied from photographs taken on the spot. Corfu, anciently Coreyra, is the seat of government of the Ionian Islands, whose relations with Great Britain are now the subject of diplomatic negotiation. The island is separated from Cephalonia by a narrow channel, and is next to it in size. It is long and irregular in shape, and comprises an area of 227 square miles. The surface is hilly and very picturesque; the soil fertile; the climate hot, very changeable, and unhealthy on the coasts. The principal products are corn, sufficient for a four months' supply, with a good deal of inferior wine and oil, more than half the island being covered with olive groves. It also produces oranges, lemons, salt, honey and wax. It is parcelled out into seven subdivisions, each sending one member to the legislative assembly. Besides the city of Corfu there are only a few scattered villages. Corfu is a fortified seaport in the centre of the east coast, with a population of nearly 25,000. It is beautifully situated on an eminence, has been greatly improved of late, and is defended by a detached citadel and several strong forts. The principal objects of interest to the visitor are the Cathedral, and numerous other richly-decorated Greek

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This tree is altogether one of the most remarkable that has been discovered in Madagascar, and the extent to which it prevails may be inferred from the native name, *ravinala*, by which it was designated by Sonnerat, its discoverer. *Ravinala* is literally leaf of the forest, as if it was the leaf by which the forest was characterized, which is the fact where it abounds, though in many parts it is not met with at all. The tree rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem like that of the plantain, or the larger species of *strelitzia*, to both of which it bears a strong resemblance. It sends out from the centre of the stem long, broad leaves, like those of the plantain, only less fragile, and rising, not around the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end, or extend horizontally, the tree presenting the appearance of a large open fan. When the stem rises ten or twelve feet high, the lower part of the outer covering becomes hard and dry, like the bark of the cocoa-nut tree. Many of the trees in this region were at least thirty feet from the ground to the lower leaves. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more.

The whole of these twenty-four bright green

formerly been somewhat skeptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees; and during my journey this morning we stepped near a clump of the trees. One of my bearers stuck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick, firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its junction with the trunk, and on drawing it back, a stream of pure, clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet. On further examination, I found that there was no filtration of the water through any part of the plant, as I had been led to suppose when I had seen water drawn by Sir William Hooker from one of the specimens in the palm house at Kew. There was a kind of natural cavity or cistern at the base of the stalk of each of the leaves, above its union with the stem, and the water which had been collected on the broad and ribbed surface of the leaf, had flowed down a groove or spout on the upper side of the stalk into this natural reservoir, whence it supplied nutriment to the tree, and refreshment to the traveller or the laborer.

But in Madagascar this tree might, with propriety, be called the *builder's tree* rather than the traveller's tree. Its leaves form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island. The stems of its leaves form the partitions and often sides of the houses; and the hard outside bark

Revolution, the college consisted of a School of Divinity, of Philosophy and Mathematics. From 1700 to 1776, eight to ten Indians were annually educated and maintained. For about seventy years previous to the Revolution the average number of students was seventy. Many of the distinguished gentlemen of Virginia, conspicuous in the measures that led to the Revolution, and for active co-operation with the patriots during the struggle for independence, were *alumni* of William and Mary College. Towards the close of the war, three of the professors, and more than thirty students, joined the army. Among the latter were James Munroe and John Marshall. In 1778, George Washington was made chancellor of the college. The preliminary efforts to establish a college dated back to 1619, when the treasurer of the 'Virginia Company' received from an unknown hand five hundred pounds sterling to educate Indian youth. Other subscriptions were made, and a site on the James River, near where Richmond now stands, was selected. But the project was extinguished in 1662, by the Indian massacre of the emigrants who were to occupy the college lands. Subsequently, attempts were made to set the college on its feet, but Governor Berkeley's famous letter, thanking God that Virginia had no free schools nor printing-presses—nor would have these hundred years—again quashed the project.

SKETCHES FROM CORFU.



SUNDAY DRESS.

HOLIDAY COSTUME.

SUNDAY DRESS.

ORDINARY COSTUME.

GREEK PRIEST.

and Roman Catholic Churches, the Arsenal, Military Hospital, residence of the lord high commissioner in the citadel, lunatic and orphan asylums, the light-house and aqueduct. On the esplanade is a fine statue of Count Schulenberg, who successfully defended the city for the Venetians against the Turks, in 1716. Corfu is the seat of the parliament, senate, and high judicial court of the Ionian Islands, and of a university and college. It has abundant supplies, a safe and convenient harbor, and constant steam communication with Trieste, Athens, Gibraltar and England. The dresses worn by the inhabitants of Corfu are singularly picturesque, and are minutely delineated in our engraving. On the left is a woman in her Sunday dress, a gay-colored skirt, a velvet jacket richly embroidered, shoes with brilliant buckles, and a peculiar head-dress. On holidays a yet more striking dress is worn, of rich material, and heavily embroidered with gold. The Sunday costume of the men is exceedingly rich, and worn with a jaunty air. It glitters with embroidery on every seam. The every day dress is similar in pattern, but has no ornament. In contrast with this gay attire is the severe and sombre suit of the Greek priest, whose ample robes almost entirely conceal his figure. The people of the Ionian Islands, and of the East generally, cling to their ancient costumes with a tenacity for which they deserve the thanks of artists. In Athens the king and court have set the fashion of wearing the rich Albanian dress.

gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a spectacle as impressive as it was to me rare and beautiful; and in this part of the country they were the most conspicuous objects for miles together, and were it not that these vast bright-green, shining leaves are slit on each side by the wind, and so flutter in smaller portions with the passing breeze, the prevalence of this tree would impart a degree of almost inconceivable magnificence to the vegetation of the country. In the fan-like head of the traveller's tree there were generally three or four branches of seed pods. The parts of fructification seemed to be enclosed in a tough, firm spathe, like those of the cocoa-nut; but the subsequent development was more like that of the fruit of the plantain. When the pods, or seed vessels, of which there were forty or fifty on each bunch, were ripe, they burst open, and each pod was seen to enclose thirty or more seeds, in shape like a small bean, but enveloped in a fine, silky fibre of the most brilliant blue or purple color.

But this tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. Whenever I inquired of the natives they always affirmed that such was the fact, and that so abundant and pure was the water, that when the men were at work near the trees, they did not take the trouble to go to the stream for water, but drew off and drank the water from the tree. Having

is stripped from the inner and soft part, and having been beaten out flat, is laid for flooring; and I have seen the entire floor of a long, well-built house covered with its bark, each piece being at least eighteen inches wide and twenty or thirty feet long. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages, and keeps out the rain. Large quantities are also sold every morning in the markets, as it serves the purpose of tablecloth, dishes and plates, at meals; and folded into certain forms, is used instead of spoons and drinking vessels.—*Three Visits to Madagascar.*

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

The following facts in regard to this college, recently destroyed by fire, are gathered from various sources:—"Arrangements were being made to celebrate the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of its existence, on the 19th February, in grand style. George Tucker had been engaged to write a poem, and ex-president Tyler to pronounce an oration. The most exuberant pride and joy was felt in anticipation of the event. It was expected that many *Alumni* would come together within the walls of the *Alma Mater*, when many a pleasant friendship would be renewed, and those now grown gray in the service of their country could congratulate each other on there still being a future before them, in which to win new laurels. General Scott, and Messrs. Rives, Crittenden, and many others, were expected to be present. Before the

Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who died in 1691, left nearly the whole of his estate to aid the institution, and to educate Indian boys. For this latter purpose a building was erected, bearing date 1723, and it stood until the recent fire. The charter of the college was dated on the 8th of February, 1692, so that it was burned on the anniversary of its charter, one hundred and sixty-seven years from that date. William and Mary was formerly allowed a representative in the General Assembly. Wythe, Nelson, George and Beverly Tucker have been professors in the Law Department, and four presidents of the United States, viz: Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Tyler, were educated there. Hon. John Marshall, Chief Justice United States Supreme Court, Patrick Henry, Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, Hon. John J. Crittenden, and Hon. Wm. C. Rives, were students there. The Secret Society of the 'Phi Beta Kappa' originated at William and Mary, about 1775, but it was interrupted by the Revolutionary War. Since its organization the college has had seventeen presidents."—*Home Journal.*

How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a "second fall!" What angel purposes did they woo—and what hag realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!—*Jerrold.*

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TIGRE ISLAND, BAY OF FONSECA.

The fine engraving below is from a drawing made expressly for us on the spot, and delineates accurately Tigre Island, in the Bay of Fonseca, Honduras, the destined port of the Pacific mail-steamships connecting with the railway. The water-view in the foreground of the picture is enlivened by a steamship under steam and canvass, and by other characteristic craft, while the bold eminence that rises against the sky is a striking and peculiar object in the landscape. The Bay of Fonseca is more than fifty miles long by thirty at its greatest breadth. It owes its origin to volcanic causes. The three States of San Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua touch upon this bay. Honduras has the free port of Amapala on the island of Tigre, which occupies a commanding position nearly in the centre of the bay, which is sometimes called also Golfo de Amapala, or Conchagua. The other islands in the bay belonging to Honduras are Sacate Grande, Guegensí and Esposescion. Punta Sacate, Martin Perez, Conchaguita and Mianguera belong to San Salvador. There are other islands in the bay, but these are the principal. The island delineated in our engraving is about twenty miles in circumference, of conical form, and rising to the height of 2500 feet. The slope descending to the water is fertile and productive. On the south and east rugged ridges of lava resist the fury of the waves, but on the northeast there are many beautiful coves or small bays with smooth sand-beaches. In the port of

Amapala, which faces one of these *playas* or cove, the water permits vessels of the heaviest tonnage to lie close in shore. When Sir Francis Drake made this his principal depot, there were several Indian settlements on the island, but the ferocity of the pirates, and the scarcely less piratical followers of Drake drove the Indians from their homes. In 1828 some enterprising merchants established the free port of Amapala which has rapidly increased in population, and bids fair to become the most important port in the Pacific between San Francisco and Valparaiso. The rapidity with which it has developed itself is truly remarkable. Not only does it now contain several large mercantile establishments, stores and warehouses, but many of the private dwellings are neat and well-built. The accessibility of the markets of three States, and the depth of water and security of the bay are elements of prosperity which will work out for it a brilliant future. Hon. E. G. Squier has given us the best description of this island and the bay in which it is situated that has yet been published. He says:—"A direct trade is carried on between Amapala and Bremen, Liverpool, Marseilles, Genoa, New York and Valparaiso. No data exist for determining its extent or value. The exports are indigo, hides, tobacco, bullion, silver and copper ores, and Brazil wood, together with maize to ports on the coast. The cultivation of sugar has been introduced on the mainland, with a view of supplying the California market. Lying in front of the port of Amapala, to the

northwest of the island of Tigre, is the island of Esposescion. It is high, with a huge 'playa' (cove) on its southern side, but is deficient in water. This, however, might be supplied to every necessary extent by wells of the requisite capacity. The same remarks hold good in respect to the considerable island of Punta Sacate. The little island of Martin Perez is comparatively low and level, and has a rich, productive soil. It retains its verdure during most of the year, and is green when the other islands are sere and yellow from drought. The remaining islands, of which there are many, may be described as volcanic domes, supporting only enough soil to nourish the grasses which disguise the rough and blistered rocks of which they are composed. The bay abounds in fish, and its shores swarm with every variety of water-fowl,—cranes, herons, pelicans, ibises, spoonbills, ducks, curlews, darters, etc., etc. Large beds of oysters are found in the shallow waters in the dependent bays of La Union and Chismuyo. Their quantity seems to be inexhaustible. Huge piles of their shells are scattered along the shores of the islands and mainland, showing how extensively they were used by the aborigines. They are about the size of the ordinary oysters found around New York, and of excellent flavor. Crabs and cray fish are also abundant. The whole region around this bay is eminently productive, and capable of furnishing supplies of every kind to every desirable extent. The lands on the banks of the Choluteca, Nacaome and Goaseoran are of the highest

fertility and adapted to the production of every tropical commodity. The savannahs back of these comparatively low grounds are peculiarly fitted for grazing, while wheat, potatoes, and other products of the temperate zone may be cultivated on the slopes of the mountains and the plateaus of the interior. Wood of value for purposes of export or for the construction of dwellings and ships, including pines, exist in exhaustless quantities on the very slopes of the bay or may be rafted down the rivers from the interior. The rivers also afford facilities for navigation by small boats for considerable distances inland, to points near the metal-bearing spurs or outlines of the Cordilleras. The silver and gold mining district of Tabasco, in the department of San Miguel (San Salvador), the silver mines of Aramacina and San Martyn, and the famous mine of Corpus, all lie within from ten to twenty miles of this bay. Limestone is found in large beds on the navigable waters of the estero of Cubulero, and a fine rose-colored sandstone abounds in the vicinity of Nacaome, on the banks of the river of the same name. As affording admirable ports, abundant means for shipbuilding and repairs, with supplies of every kind, not less than for its value in respect to local and existing commerce with San Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua, the Bay of Fonseca has a singular value and commercial importance." This is a glowing description, but subsequent surveys have fully established the truth of all that Mr. Squier advances in his account.



TIGRE ISLAND, BAY OF FONSECA, HONDURAS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CAPTAIN COURTENAY:

—OR,—

A CRUISE IN THE MOLUCCAS.

BY J. L. WILLIAMS.

Who that has been fortunate enough to entertain among his reminiscences of bygone pleasures the memorabilia of a cruise in the Elysian latitudes of the Australasian Spice Islands—the Moluccas, or the smiling and island-gemmed seas of Celebes and Mindoro; who, I ask, that has obtained this enviable experience, can ever forget the attractive beauties of this paradise of mariners? The fabled delights of Fairy-land seem to be here reduced to practical reality, and the gorgeous scenery of the "Arabian Nights," or the experiences of the voracious circumnavigator Sinbad, could scarcely astonish the mind familiar with the scenes of these "Isles of Paradise." Milton's spicy gales of "Araby the Blest," are here no myth, and when under the lee of the rich spice gardens of Amboyna, Banda, or Gilolo (the very names musically suggestive of oriental voluptuousness), we can easily fancy that

"Pleased with the grateful smell, Old Ocean smiles."

Old Commodore Anson's description of what the island of Tinian, in the Ladrones, was in his day (though it is sadly changed now), will give a sort of rudimentary idea of the Moluccas and Philippines, just as a description of Tempe or Arcadia will enable us to form a conception of Eden.

On a glorious afternoon in May, 18—, the good ship "Morpheus," an opium clipper of seven hundred tons, well manned, found and furnished, was lazily rolling over the blue waters of the sunny sea of Mindoro. Far to the westward an irregular line of misty blue horizon indicated where the long and mountainous island of Palawan lay, and from the maintop could be seen the peninsula of Salonda, stretching far out from Palawan on the port-bow. The weather had been for some days intensely hot, and the winds light and baffling, being about the change of the monsoon; but this afternoon we were favored with a cool and pleasant breeze from the southwest veering to south, and I, Frank Fathom, Esq., seated myself comfortably on the hammock nettings, with my back against the quarter-boat's davit, seriously premeditating an unbridged "kief," and a particularly exquisite Manilla cheroot. Captain Courtenay, our commander, was sole owner of the Morpheus. He had seen service in the navy, had made a large fortune in the opium trade, and had the Morpheus built for him, fitted up as neat as a yacht, with a pretty little armament of ten carronades and one long swivel gun on the fore-castle. He cruised about in these latitudes for the mere love of adventure, and the influence of old habits, occasionally running into the Moluccas for a cargo of spices, sapan-wood, etc., or to the Bay of Bengal for opium, to vary the monotony of sea life. He was a noble fellow—gentlemanly and kind-hearted, with a shade of quiet melancholy in his nature, which disposed him to taciturnity, brave as a lion, handsome, powerful in frame, and active as a panther. His crew loved him, for he was kind and indulgent to them, and thirty finer seamen never trod a plank. Our discipline was perfect, and we were all like brothers on board the Morpheus.

While I was thus tranquilly enjoying my cigar, the venerable old quartermaster of the watch touched me on the shoulder to attract my attention. "That's her, sir," said he, pointing, as he spoke, to a vessel just visible in the horizon. "That's the hooker that the skipper has been trying to overhaul since we left Mindanao." The speaker was a hardy, weatherbeaten old tar, hailing from Cape Cod. Captain Courtenay had picked him up from a wreck in the Straits of Sunda ten years previously; he was the sole survivor of the crew, the others having been murdered by the Malay pirates, who plundered and set fire to the ship. Bob stowed himself in an empty cask and was not found by the Malays. Captain Courtenay found him the next day astride of a plank on which he had paddled away from the burning ship, miraculously escaping the numerous sharks which infest those seas. Our captain was not slow to appreciate the fidelity, valor, seamanship, and long experience of the gallant old mariner; a strong attachment grew between them, and although occupying the humble birth of a quartermaster (for he was no navi-

gator), Bob was the particular favorite, confidant, and often adviser of Captain Courtenay. Having lost an eye by a splinter on board the "Constitution," in the engagement with the "Guerriere," our classical skipper christened him "Horatius Cocles;" but "Cocles," according to all sound maritime grammar, is isomeric with Cockles, and Bob is more nautical, conventional, and convenient than Horatius, and so, in brief, the sturdy old seaman was dubbed Bob Cockles by all hands.

"Do you think so, Bob?" said I, fetching as deep a sigh of regret for the rude interruption of my "kief" (see Parkyn's "Abyssinia"). "Help me up" (one feels frightfully lazy in these latitudes), "and give me the glass." Bob was right. Off the entrance of the deep bay of Salonda, and just appearing from behind the cape as we slowly forged ahead, I could make out the same polacca-rigged barque that we had followed from Luan Bay in Mindanao, and which we had lost sight of some days since. Speculation had been rife among us for a time as to the cause of our pursuit of this barque, and of her flight; no one knew anything about it except the captain and Bob Cockles, and I, Frank Fathom, Esq., Captain Courtenay's first lieutenant and *quondam* chum at college, was, if I must confess it, too lazy to ask him.

"That's the barque," cried I, as soon as I had satisfied myself of the fact; "jump down, Bob, and call the captain."

"I see her," said the sonorous, manly voice of Captain Edward Courtenay himself, behind me. "Square the yards, Mr. Fathom, if you please, and—" the captain finished the sentence by pointing to the chase.

"Yes, sir."

"Forward there! square the yards, set lower studding-sails, and haul down the jib. Bob, keep her away a couple of points."

"Ay, ay, sir."

After the bustle of the necessary *matœuvres* had subsided, Captain Courtenay seated himself on the hammock nettings and motioned me to a seat beside him.

"Frank," said he, "we have now been shipmates for more than two years, and I have never yet told you a story." I nodded assent. "I'll tell you one now," he added with unusual vivacity. "You would like to know why I left the ship so long in your charge in Amboyna, when you sailed to Ceram without me; how I received the injury which laid me in the sick list there in Luan Bay; what I want with that crocodile's skeleton that Bob has anatomized, and why I am pursuing that barque." I nodded again, and he continued. "The breeze is very light, and I see that the chase is becalmed under the land there; we shall not probably come up with her before night, and as you are just indolent enough to make a good patient listener, if you will promise me not to go to sleep until I have done, I will satisfy your curiosity. When we visited Lindores Bay in Amboyna, three months since, in my rambles about the country, I penetrated some distance into the interior by the banks of the Ayondo River, and found a beautiful plantation owned by a wealthy Spanish exile, Don Carlos d'Alvarez, who had

"One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

"Ha! I thought that would waken you, Frank, now do keep your eyes open. His plantation and villa he had called, after some place in Spain, Aguascalientes. It was on the river's side, and embosomed in as dense and wild a tropical forest as ever you saw. While rambling listlessly through the thick woods by the margin of the stream, picking carelessly the fragrant clove buds that perfumed the air around, I was astonished at seeing, within six feet of me, as I stepped aside to pass round a gigantic dryobalanops or camphor tree, which stood in my path, the most beautiful girl that I ever saw; and yet my astonishment at the unexpected appearance of a young lady of superior grace and beauty, and elegant presence, in this wilderness, was not equal to my horror at the sight of another actor in the scene, of whose presence, as well as of mine, she was totally unconscious.

"She was standing under the shade of the camphor tree, looking at some beautiful scarlet flamingoes that were quietly feeding on the further shore of the stream, and her attention was so engrossed by those rare and magnificent birds that she had not perceived my approach, while, right over her head, depending from a branch of the camphor tree, hung the lithe, slimy body of a deadly "*kotoya*," a snake of the most venom-

ous description. I had seen them in Celebes, where their bite is considered to be more rapidly and certainly fatal than even that of the cobra-di-capella. There he hung, Frank, swaying his speckled body to and fro in easy curves, raising and lowering his hideous flat head as he played with his forked tongue among the luxuriant tresses of her dark glossy hair. One motion, even the slightest, and the fangs of the horrid reptile would be buried in her throat, and its deadly venom coursing through her life blood, for the *kotoya*, unlike its sluggish congeners among venomous serpents, strikes as quick as lightning when irritated. There was no time for reflection, therefore, for though the animal evinced no present signs of anger, a breath, a gesture, a cough, might provoke the venomous stroke. I raised my rifle and fired, and with a shriek the lady fell. Springing to her assistance, I was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness, when I was surrounded by a number of the Coolies and Malays employed on the plantation, who were alarmed at the report and her cry. Sending one of them to the stream for some water, I sprinkled it plentifully upon her, when with a deep sigh she opened such a pair of heavenly eyes; ay, you may laugh, Mr. Frank, but if I am not a false prophet, you will, ere you are many days older, be brought penitently upon your marrow bones by the power of these same optics of which I speak, and," continued the captain, looking anxiously towards the chase, which we were perceptibly overhauling, "Mr. Francis Fathom, I speak advisedly." I coughed gently, and with a glance of mild reproach at me, he went on.

"Nay, Frank, I need not be ashamed to confess, that then, for the first time in my life, I experienced the humiliation of a total and irremediable defeat; I struck my flag at the first broadside, and gave up the ship. Those eyes, which you sneer at, were the most magnificent ones I ever saw—large, lustrous, earnest and expressive—I felt as though I could have gazed into them forever, when my ideas were suddenly recalled by a voice close behind me, asking me in a calm and collected tone, 'What is the matter?'

"The speaker used the Spanish language, and his clear, sharp, distinct utterance and penetrating voice arrested my attention. I looked round and saw, standing behind me, a noble looking old gentleman of remarkable and venerable aspect. He was, perhaps, sixty years of age, and his thick, grizzled hair, in which the time-bleached silver strongly predominated over the streaks of raven black that yet withstood the effects of age and the influence of waning years, overhung his broad forehead and temples in dense profusion; his eyes, rather small, black and piercing, were set deeply beneath projecting brows, and absolutely glittered with concentrated nervous, restless energy. His face was thin and sallow, lips sharply defined and compressed, evincing determination of purpose, and a will before whose iron force all obstacles must bend. A short pointed beard covered his square, prominent chin, and he wore a light *poncho*, of the finest wool of Thibet, richly embroidered, thrown loosely over his still powerful frame.

"The butts of a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and the handle of a dirk, richly jewelled, projected from a crimson sash worn round his waist. Looking round with a quick, observant glance, he saw the reptile writhing upon the ground in the agonies of death, the discharged rifle, his daughter (for he was Don Carlos d'Alvarez himself) prostrate upon the earth in a swoon, and me leaning over her, sprinkling her face and chafing her hands; he comprehended it all in a second, and springing to her side he cried:

"'Isabella, darling, are you hurt? Is she hurt, sir? Is she bitten?' and he shudderingly glanced at the snake.

"'Neither, señor.'

"'The virgin be praised,' ejaculated the old man fervently, and with an emphasis that showed how fully he was alive to the fearful danger his daughter had just escaped. 'Come, sir,' he continued, 'you must not refuse our hospitality.'

"I bowed my acknowledgements, and the young lady, now somewhat recovered, with our assistance reached the house, which was at no great distance, though concealed from our view by the trees.

"I must now condense the narrative a little, Frank, and inform you that I enjoyed the don's hospitality for a fortnight or so, without anything remarkable occurring; you will recollect, it was at that time I sent you with the ship to Ceram, drafting Bob Cockles ashore for land service with

me, in case I should get into a scrape, knowing as I do, that his sensible old head, brave heart and ready hand, would be of invaluable assistance to get me out of it, as he has often proved before."

Captain Courtenay spoke earnestly, and the gallant old tar who stood near enough to hear the captain's remark, looked down with conscious, honest pride at the little constellation of stars and stripes, the miniature flag of his darling country, which the worthy veteran had with his own hands embroidered on the broad collar and bosom of his frock; for Bob used to say he had fought and bled in defence of the stars and stripes, and would never sail under any other colors. The captain went on as follows:

"I of course fell in love with Donna Isabella, and she, as in duty bound, according to the rules of romance and all established precedents in such cases, reciprocated. I should not jest on this matter, perhaps, or speak flippantly. I found her all that my anticipations and her appearance promised—simple-minded, truthful, most amiable, affectionate and confiding. Her father loved, in fact, idolized her, for she was his only child, and he was a widower; every wish of hers was to him as law, but—ah, Frank, but for that but, I would not have this story to tell you—Don Carlos d'Alvarez was an old Castilian nobleman; the best blood of Spain flowed in his veins, and although an exile, his spirit was as high, and his stern, aristocratic will as unconquerable, as though he still trod the halls of Aranjuez, with the high privilege of standing bonneted in the presence of royalty itself—his daughter should never wed with any of a lineage inferior to his own. This tenet he considered as sacred and infallible as any dogma of his religious faith; and here was another obstacle, for I was a heretic.

"Nevertheless, we loved each other dearly in despite of difficulties, and with a secrecy that was easy to preserve, for the proud old man was of too noble a spirit to be suspicious, and besides, never dreamt that his daughter could think otherwise than he did himself on the subject of birth, lineage, and such nonsense. It was well for me that it was so, for fifteen years of adventurous and almost lawless life among the islands, occasional encounters with the Sooloo pirates, the exercise of arbitrary authority among his dependents, both by land and sea, on board his vessels and on his plantations, all these had insensibly made the fierce old man a perfect despot, and I verily believe he would have shot me down like a wolf, if he thought I attempted to inspire in his daughter's bosom any stronger sentiment than that of gratitude for an accidental service rendered.

"After about a fortnight had passed in this manner, I was struck down with a violent fever; every care and attention that my case demanded was freely bestowed, and after the crisis was past, returning consciousness enabled me to realize the happiness of being sick, to be nursed and attended with affectionate solicitude by the best, sweetest, dearest girl in the Moluccas. When convalescent, though still feeble, one unlucky day found us seated on a lounge in the verandah, in close proximity. The old gentleman, as we supposed, was enjoying his 'siesta' in his hammock in the garden; the occasion was auspicious—ardent avowal, earnest appeal and special pleading, blushes, tears, whispered confessions, a kiss, a long rapturous embrace, in which

"Heart met heart in ecstasy of bliss,"

rapidly and unpremeditatedly succeeded each other.

"From this happiness I was suddenly recalled by a sight most unwelcome. Right before me stood Don Carlos d'Alvarez, his face deadly pale, the thin lips compressed closer than ever, while those piercing eyes scintillated like living fire from under his contracted brows. His hand, involuntarily, as it were, with a trembling, convulsive motion, sought the pistols which he always carried in his sash. I could not help comparing him, under the circumstances, to old Lambro, in Don Juan; but a second glance at the dilated nostrils and corrugated brow of the implacable old aristocrat, and his pallid face, convulsed with ill suppressed fury, and I was inclined to allow that the Greek pirate had rather the advantage in the comparison.

"Isabella shrieked and swooned. I expected nothing but the contents of the old man's pistol, but his chivalry at length prevailed over the suggestions of his rage—he would not kill a defenceless sick man, and moreover, a guest. He

placed his pistol, and taking up the insensible Isabella gently in his arms, he sneeringly said, 'I am truly rejoiced to find you improving so rapidly, senior; such strong emotions as those you indulge in, however, are very dangerous to a man in your condition, and as a friend, I warn you that they may produce consequences that might prove fatal.'

"With a meaning emphasis on these words, and a scowl worthy of Rugantino, the old man departed through the door by which he had approached. I attempted to rise and follow him, but the excitement of the scene was too much for my enfeebled condition, and I fell prostrate on the floor.

"When I recovered from the relapse into which this event threw me, I found myself in bed, and Bob playing the part of nurse, and well and tenderly he did it too. As soon as I was well enough to hear information, he told me that Don Carlos had gone to the Philippines with his daughter and his whole household, having sold the plantation. By diligent inquiry I found that he had for some time contemplated this step, as the climate of the Philippines agreed with him better than that of Amboyna, and I also had found out from Isabella's conversation, that he had a large plantation in Mindanao. Thither, then, I concluded he had gone. He had not forgotten his obligations to me, however, having left a letter for me, in which he favored me with a homily on the sin of my ingratitude for his hospitable kindness, a dissertation on the antiquity of his family, their dignity and nobility, and a promise, that if I felt disposed to pay him a visit at any future time, that he would receive me as he would a wild beast, and shoot me without mercy. A few promiscuous compliments, with reference to the presumption of beggarly adventurers, heretical English dogs, etc., together with a gratuitous eulogy on his own forbearance and clemency, closed the interesting correspondence.

"As soon as I was sufficiently recuperated, Bob succeeded in obtaining, at a cheap rate, a good-sized kora kora, or native boat, and with a supply of necessaries, and two Malays whom I hired for the trip, we started to cross the Sea of Celebes to Luan Bay in Mindanao, whither I suspected he had gone. Entering that beautiful bay in the night, we dismissed our Malays with their little craft, to return to Lindores with a letter for you, and Bob and I, committing our fortunes, with a few little present necessities, to the fragile hold of a bark canoe, boldly pushed forward on our voyage of discovery. There was a polacca rigged barque anchored in the bay near the mouth of the Luan River; we cautiously avoided her, and paddling silently past, glided up the river beneath the shadow of the apparently interminable forests that lined its shores.

"Our search was by no means free from difficulties; the river, though wide and deep, was tortuous, and its banks thickly clothed with mangrove trees which grew far out into the water; but at length Bob descried a rude landing place and wharf on our left, after we had paddled about three miles from the mouth of the stream. This indicated the proximity of a plantation, and accordingly, a little farther up stream we were challenged by the hoarse baying of the great watchdogs. Proceeding more cautiously, we found two little creeks in the shore on our left; the lower one terminated in a nearly circular basin, where a handsome yacht of some twelve tons burthen lay moored; a boat and two canoes were fastened to a convenient landing-place from which a path led up to the house of which we were in search. The other creek was farther up the river and at a greater distance from the house; it was a rather long inlet, formed by a low, swampy tongue of land which set off from the shore, and tended upward nearly parallel with it; the upper end of this tongue, which was densely covered with mangrove trees, shelved gradually down into the water, forming a low, narrow point on which the mangroves grew luxuriantly, pushing out their long branches that struck downwards and rooted again in the mud, even as far out as where the water was twelve feet deep, thus constituting subsidiary trunks not unfrequently larger than the parent stock, much in the same manner as the banyan tree.

"The inlet, thus separated from the river by a marshy jungle, was admirably adapted for our purpose of concealment; the entrance, which looked up stream, was quite narrow, not more than a few yards across; the bank on the right was rocky and precipitous, being nearly thirty feet high at the entrance of the inlet, and sloping

gently downwards towards the end, where the creek expanded into quite a spacious cove, its shores on all sides being a perfect labyrinth of vegetation, the tangled foliage overhanging the water in all directions. In this cove we secreted our canoe and went ashore to reconnoitre. The house, we found, was situated on the slope of a hill about three hundred yards from the water, and nearly opposite the lower creek, being a quarter of a mile from our place of concealment. The huts of the plantation hands were all near the wharf lower down the river.

Thus far, all was propitious. While on our way up the river, I thought I perceived occasionally the peculiar, heavy, musky odor that the cayman emits, and my impressions were presently verified by Bob striking one of them with his paddle. We soon after saw several more, huge fellows, with an armament of teeth that might deter the most zealous disciple of Priessnitz from a bath in the Luan River; and the following morning, on a sandy point a little above and opposite the mouth of the inlet, I saw the largest of the crocodile species I ever beheld; he lay basking in the sun, his horrible, cat-like eyes staring coldly at us as we glided past. He was not in the least intimidated by our presence, and although a most disagreeable neighbor, we dared not shoot him lest we should betray our propinquity by the report.

Having concealed our canoe in the mangroves, we watched an opportunity to communicate with Isabella. We could easily approach the house undiscovered, as the space between it and the water was thickly wooded; but we were in continual apprehension lest the great bloodhounds should discover our retreat, whilst prowling abroad. The don had two, whose power and ferocity, he prided himself, were unequalled. After watching patiently for three days, I at length had the inexpressible joy of meeting her alone. Explanations passed, I referred to the utter hopelessness of trusting that either time or persuasion would ever change her father's desperate will, and urged her to elope with me. Showing her my plans, how I intended to take possession of her father's yacht for a while, to convey her and her maid to Manila, where we could be united according to the ritual of her own church, my eloquence at length induced her, after some preliminary tears, fears, hesitations and regrets, to consent.

"Everything was arranged with the indefatigable Bob Cockles's assistance; the appointed day arrived, her waiting-maid taken into the plot; this we did not do until the very afternoon before our departure, lest she might accidentally discover all, for Isabella had more faith in her fidelity than in her discretion; and I had parted, as I hoped, for the last time from Isabella, and slowly walked through the thick tropical forest down toward the boat.

"The evening was calm and the atmosphere seemed pervaded by that sense of dreamy languor, that feeling of infinite rest and tranquillity that so often accompanies a calm sunset in these latitudes. The firmament was more like heaven than I ever saw it before; the varying tints of vermilion, crimson, purple and burnished gold, vied with each other in the splendor of their mingling hues and gorgeous profusion, until the vast dome looked like a transparent canopy, through which, with mellowed radiance, might be seen the glories of paradise. The tree-tops blushed in the rosy light, and the swarms of tiny insects that hovered above them, enjoying the last rays of the setting sun, looked like wreaths of golden mist. Below all was sombre; the dense foliage shut out the fading rays, and as the darkness momentarily increased, the green arcades of the silent forest, columned by the massy trunks, seemed to stretch away far into the gloom like the pillared aisles of some great cathedral. The stillness of the atmosphere seemed to invite even the creatures of the forest to silence; the restless lizards and busy crickets chirped in subdued whispers to each other, and the sluggish stream, overshadowed by the giant trees, showed like a pool of ink. The very silence and perfect stillness that reigned around, seemed to oppress me, an indefinite sadness stole over my spirits, until my wandering thoughts insensibly converted themselves through the medium of my sober mood, into vague foreshadowings of evil that weighed upon my heart like an incubus.

"It might be from anxiety and mental exhaustion, and mere excited imagination, or it might be anything you please to call it, Frank, but I found myself, almost without knowing how, standing as if frozen into a statue, my hair

erect and flesh creeping with horror, gazing as though fascinated by a gorgon—at what? A pair of eyes that, from their fiendish malignity and phosphorescent glare, might have belonged, for aught I knew, to Satan himself, were staring from beneath the broad leaves of a banana within arm's-length, full into mine; the increasing gloom rendered everything indistinct, and I could distinguish nothing but those horrible eyes which glimmered with a light unearthly. Another moment and they had vanished, and I instantly plunged through the foliage to where they had been, but if the fiend or beast, or phantom, or whatever it was that they belonged to, had dissolved like vapor in the atmosphere, it could not more effectually have disappeared.

"This singular and inexplicable affair by no means improved my state of mind, and it was with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings of ill in prospective that I commenced preparations for our midnight vigils on my return to the boat. Leaving Bob in charge of the yacht, which I had appropriated for the conveyance of our precious freight, long before the appointed time I was waiting at the rendezvous agreed upon. Anxious, excited and impatient as I was, the minutes seemed to crawl by, so slowly and tediously did they pass. The minutes grew to hours, and the hours themselves crept away through the long, weary watches of that interminable night, and still no Isabella. I could hear the deep baying of the great watch-dogs, the ominous cry of the owl, the rustling of the vampire's wing as he flitted, ghostlike, by my ear, and the sounds seemed to warn me of evil and danger. I dared not stir from the spot, lest she should come in my absence, and not finding me, return; thus marring our plans, and rendering success hopeless. Thus passed that longest night I ever spent, and at length, when returning daylight made it dangerous to linger so near the house, I sadly turned and walked down towards the creek.

"The approach of day is so sudden in these latitudes, that it was broad daylight as I arrived in sight of the cove, when suddenly my foot caught in a projecting root, I was hurled violently to the earth, and almost at the same instant I heard the sharp report of a rifle and the whiz of the bullet as it perforated my hat. I looked over my shoulder as I hastily sprang to my feet, and saw Don Carlos, with his rifle rested upon a stump, whence he had just taken deliberate aim at me. An attendant stood beside him holding another rifle, which the inveterate old Spaniard instantly snatched from him to try another shot at me, but before he could fire, I had dashed through the thicket out of his sight, and fled towards the cove.

"Reaching the place where I left Bob, you may imagine my feelings at finding him gone, and the yacht, which we had brought up late on the previous evening from the lower creek, and our canoe, both taken away. I turned and ran up the high bank toward the mouth of the cove, but had scarcely ran a dozen yards when I encountered a powerful negro armed with a cutlass; I had just time to draw my sword and parry a tremendous blow which the fellow aimed at my devoted head. His weapon was shattered by the violence of the stroke, and a fragment struck me on the neck, inflicting a wound which, though slight, bled freely. Without stopping, I struck him in the throat with my clenched fist as I passed him, and away he went over the bank, tumbling down the rocks until I heard him plunge into the water of the cove.

"On reaching the highest and most precipitous part of the bank at the mouth of the inlet, and where the end of the low point above mentioned was opposite and almost between me and the further bank of the river, I was brought to a sudden stand by the sight of several of the Malay plantation hands, armed with muskets, right ahead of me, and I was further cheered by the voice of Don Carlos himself, as affectionately mindful of my health as he was in Amboyna, calling out to his satellites to take care of me. I was thus completely surrounded, entrapped, a pleasant substitute for love, elopement and matrimony, to be thus hunted down and shot in cold blood like a mad dog. Ah, yes! the river—I could swim and dive like a penguin, and if I could only keep my head under the surface long enough to gain the other shore, there was yet a chance for me, and so, as quick as the thought, accoutred as I was, I plunged in and struck boldly out for the opposite bank, though somewhat stunned by the fall, keeping well beneath the surface. But there was something that I

had forgotten, and when I remembered it, the thought chilled me to the very marrow. I had forgotten the cayman—the horrible man-eating reptile!

"Before I had well cleared the entrance of the cove and the mangrove point on my right, looking ahead, I saw that which extinguished even hope itself, and made me regret that the bullet of the implacable Spaniard had not anticipated the more terrible form in which Death presented himself. Right before me, within a few short feet, I saw the gaping jaws and glittering teeth of the enormous reptile into whose very mouth I was hastening, all unconscious of my fearful peril. I caught one glance of the horrid jaws, scaly armor and voluminous length of the gigantic saurian, visible with fearful distinctness through the limpid element in which his vast bulk floated; one glance and no more, for I turned short, and with the energy of despair dashed among the submerged roots and trunks of the mangroves that grew out from the point on my right. Another moment and I was among them, and none too soon, for I had scarcely gained the shelter of their dense growth, when the whole labyrinth of roots, trunks and branches, was shaken as if by the charge of an elephant, from the furious, but ineffectual rush of the disappointed monster.

"Seizing one of the large roots which had intercepted his progress, in his teeth, he tore it as though it were but a reed, and then drew back and lay watching me. Breathless and exhausted, I rose to the surface for air, for I was well nigh suffocated from remaining under water so long, but my head had scarcely reached the surface when a bullet whistled through the leaves close by it. A platoon would have had no terrors for me just then; taking a long breath, I quietly drew my head again below the surface, and rose more silently and cautiously at a little distance, where the denser foliage afforded better concealment, and there, holding on to a branch with my head above water, I had an opportunity to reflect on the peculiarities of my situation. Through an opening in my leafy screen I could see my dear father-in-law that is to be, quietly seated on the high bank from which I had leaped, his finger on the trigger of his rifle, and his eyes and ears attentive to the slightest sound or motion that might betray my position. The visage of my affectionate kinsman was as calm and tranquil as if he were but waiting his turn to sign a charity subscription list, and about as much compunction was visible in it as in that of a cat lying in ambush for a linnet. On the other side the cayman mounted guard like a faithful sentinel, and I could hear some of Don Carlos's attendants moving through the undergrowth on the point close by, watching to intercept me in case I should try to land there.

"Thus surrounded, I could do nothing better than to follow the illustrious example of Mr. Micawber, and wait patiently for 'something to turn up.' I had now opportunity to observe the don's Malay attendant, of whom I have spoken previously; he was, certainly, as repulsive a specimen of humanity as I ever saw—a hunchback, whose immense breadth of chest, massive shoulders, long sinewy arms, and great bony hands, indicated tremendous physical power. His stature was so short that his long arms reached down to his ankles, the lower limbs being disproportionately and ridiculously small for his herculean frame. His large head was set low between his shoulders, and the features, from the extreme width of the cheek and jaw-bones, broad nostrils, and low protuberant forehead, conveyed the impression that the head had been forced down into its present position by pressure from above, which had caused the features to expand laterally, thus giving a peculiarly malignant and treacherous expression of countenance. His villainously low forehead projected like a sharp ledge over the deep cavernous recesses in which shone those infernal eyes. I knew them at a glance—those huge, phosphorescent, devilish orbs, whose demoniacal glare had chilled my soul on the evening previous. I felt as though their glance were clairvoyant and could penetrate my concealment, and I involuntarily shuddered. It was this cursed Malay who had been my stumbling block, who had met me in the forest and frustrated all my well laid plans by giving the alarm.

"Slowly the minutes passed while I remained thus, scarcely daring to breathe, and the cruel old sinner and his attendant Mephistophiles, still waited, watching me with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and on the other side, the cay-

man, with equal patience and equally amiable intentions, kept his glaucous, cat-like optics levelled at my hiding-place. This compulsory silence and stillness became wearisome and painful; the little yellow sprats and crimson striped shiners came round me and nibbled at my coat-buttons and sword-hilt; occasionally a fierce gar-fish would dart by like a ghost, and watch me from a distance; great water snakes, their brilliant scales tinted with the most beautiful and variegated colors, swam slowly past me with graceful, sinuous motion, hissing at me as they went by, and glided up the branches overhead; the monkeys chattered at me from the higher trees, ventured down occasionally to grin and gibber in my face, and again precipitately retreating, screaming and jabbering; and a solitary hoopoe, alighting near me unawares, on perceiving me, flew terrified across the river, making the woods echo with his vociferations.

"All this time the sun rose higher and higher, and the air grew hot and oppressive, and although from time to time I drew my head gently under water to relieve the congestion and apopleptic symptoms induced by the continued pressure of the water on my body and limbs, forcing the blood upward to the brain, I could not prevent it aching horribly. Throbbing violently, my swollen temples felt as though they would burst at each pulsation. I became conscious of a disagreeable ringing sound in my ears growing momentarily louder, until at length I felt as one might be supposed to feel if suddenly awakened from an incubus-ridden sleep by the violent ringing of a gong, and I felt I was losing consciousness. Again and again I drew my head under water noiselessly, but the sound might betray my position, but the momentary relief only served to intensify my sufferings on their recurrence, and the motion of the limbs necessary to restore and equalize the circulation, I dared not attempt, as the shaking of a leaf might direct the don's fire.

"As if all this were not enough of misery, I now became conscious of a sharp prickling sensation, resembling innumerable needles running into my flesh, and looking down I found I was beset by myriads of a species of shrimp; the water was alive with them, the blood trickling from the wound in my neck, no doubt having attracted them; the little intruders insinuated themselves under my garments, and pinched and bit me mercilessly. In spite of my fortitude, the torture these little pests inflicted was too much for me—in twenty minutes they would have eaten me alive. I determined to show myself and let the rifle of the Spaniard put an end to this ill-starred adventure, and I was just about to do so when I heard the old man say, in his usual calm, collected manner, 'Loose the dogs, Mahali, and bring round the canoe.'

"The Malay obeyed with alacrity, and in a few minutes returned from the other cove with a canoe, which he fastened to a branch, and scrambling up the bank, rejoined his master, who gave him his rifle and directed him to remain there and watch me. Loosening his pistols in his sash, and whistling for the dogs, the don descended the bank. I heard the hoarse baying of the great bloodhounds as they came crashing through the bushes; the don stepped into the canoe, and with a few strokes of the paddle impelled it across the cove, the dogs swimming after. As he advanced, I drew my entlass, which I had fortunately returned to its sheath before I plunged into the water, and awaited their attack. He came to the border of the mangroves some distance farther from the mouth of the cove than where I was concealed, and immediately sent in the dogs to beat up my hiding place. They were not long in finding me; one of them caught my scent, and turning, discovered and advanced upon me, growling fiercely. Although I regretted the necessity of destroying such a noble animal, there was no alternative—he would have torn me to pieces, for he was of immense size and strength. When he was nigh enough for me to feel his breath, I suddenly drove the blade down his throat, between the jaws which he had just opened to seize me, until the hilt struck against his teeth. His jaws closed convulsively upon it, crushing the ivory of the hilt into splinters, while he hot blood spirted from his mouth and nostrils in my face. The death spasm lasted but a few seconds, and as his jaws relaxed, I withdrew the weapon, and the body slowly sank to the bottom, leaving the water around discolored with blood.

"The other dog most unaccountably turned and retreated to his master, with his nose elevated, and giving utterance to the most dismal howls; he had, perhaps, scented the blood of his

companion. The same cause seemed to excite the cayman to the utmost fury; he darted unceasingly hither and thither, disturbing the water as if a whale were moving in it, and finally rushed up stream by the outer edge of the mangroves, as if to get round on the inside, where I could now hear the don endeavoring to penetrate my leafy defences to get sight of me. Thoroughly enraged at the old man's vindictiveness, and my patience and forbearance exhausted by my suffering, I made towards him, intending if he missed me to grapple with him; as I neared the open water of the cove, the basilisk eye of Mahali detected me; he raised his weapon to fire, but at that instant it was wrenched from his grasp, and himself hurled violently down the rocky bank, by the muscular arm of my brave old Bob Cockles, who had stolen upon him unperceived from his hiding-place, for Bob himself had been discovered and pursued in the night by Mahali and a party, but escaped in the darkness and concealed himself. The Malay, bruised and half stunned, rolled down the rocks with a yell of mingled rage and pain. Just as I emerged from the mangroves I heard a sudden plunge, and the next instant the great cayman dashed past me, and I saw how completely and fearfully I was avenged. The don had, in trying to force his way through the branches, lost his balance and fallen overboard, and in an instant the man-eater had seized him—the crocodile's tremendous jaws had closed on his leg. I saw the agonized face of the old man, his eyeballs starting, as it were, from their sockets with anguish and horror, as with one hand waving wildly in the air as if imploring help, and the other clenched with a frenzied grip upon the gunwale of the canoe, he was dragged out towards the deep water of the river by the scaly monster. I witnessed the sight with a sickening feeling of horror, but rallying my energies for a desperate effort, I threw my arm across the old man's waist as he was rapidly dragged past me, and plunged my blade with all my strength beneath his body deep into the mail-clad side of the reptile, just behind the shoulder, where the scales, comparatively soft and penetrable, least resisted the trusty steel. In an instant the blade was torn from my hand, the water tossed and uplifted around as if by the heavings of an earthquake, and I found myself whirled about on the surface like a bubble by a stroke of the reptile's foot. One confused glance while in this position, showed the water seething like a cauldron from the throes and struggles of the saurian, and for a moment I saw the cayman's tremendous weapon of defence, the tail, thicker than my body, quivering in the air like a huge serpent; it descended, crashing, full upon me, and all consciousness was extinguished as though I had been smitten by a thunderbolt.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OVER THE ALPS.

BY REV. WILLARD CHASE.

WHERE is now the mighty highway of the Simplon, the monument of Napoleon's genius and perseverance, the French army of that great general once painfully toiled on with bleeding feet and fainting hearts. That terrible passage of the Alps at St. Bernard led to the creation of thirty-eight miles of carriage road, extending from Valais to Domo d'Ossola, at an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet. It is said that, at some periods of its construction, there were thirty thousand men employed upon it. Before this stupendous work was conceived, the labor of making these mountain passes was indescribably toilsome and painful, requiring careful and efficient guides, whose time was entirely devoted to this purpose, and who won, at best, but a scanty maintenance. Such an one was young Cammillo Maretti. From his boyhood, he had threaded the different mountain passes as easily as one could the plainest road; had vied with the chamois in leaping from crag to crag, and at the highest elevations walked as serenely and securely as in the lowest valley.

This simple and innocent life of Cammillo had, in its very loneliness, brought a thoughtful and reflective turn of mind. He gathered stores of valuable information from those whom he guided over the mountains, and he did not fail to make a good use of all he learned. But it brought him no money. All that he received, was barely sufficient to sustain himself and his mother in the little cot at the foot of the Alps.

The mother of Cammillo was a good and energetic woman. She helped her son in every way—encouraged him when despondent, and sustained him when hopeful. From her he had learned patience and submission under trials, and that cheerfulness which is the best and truest sign of a grateful spirit. Poverty was their portion. The old woman wove with her own hands the coarse garments which she and her son wore, and which she fashioned with far more regard to comfort and convenience than to taste and elegance. The young man, however, was indebted to nature for a figure which neither bad taste nor inelegant attire could spoil. He wore his black locks free and flowing; left his magnificent beard as it grew, and walked over the rude mountain paths with as free and even graceful air as if he trod "the marble courts of kings."

With all his poverty, Cammillo had the indiscretion to fall in love, and the truth, sincerity and uprightness of his character, as well as his personal beauty, were passports to the heart of the fair damsel whom he honored with his affection. For the true love of the honest peasant was an honor. He loved a beautiful girl in his own rank, and even poorer than himself, the daughter of a laborer in the fields, who earned scarce enough to buy the black bread required by his young and growing family. This man had built strong hopes upon the remarkable beauty of his eldest daughter. He imagined that some wealthy noble would be smitten with it, and that the whole family would be enriched and aggrandized through Stella. She—sweet, unconscious girl, was ignorant of her father's plans, and had she known them, they would have availed little with her. Her heart was wholly Cammillo's.

For her lover's sake, she had devoted an hour of the time allotted her for rest in the fields, whither she accompanied her father, to reading the books he furnished her. They were few indeed, and well worn from constant use. Most of them were small pocket volumes, given him by tourists to whom he acted as guide, and Stella read them with the delightful consciousness that they were making her a fitter companion for her future companion.

But a cloud was hovering around her, for Cammillo had asked her of her father, and he had refused him with almost savage treatment, forbidding him ever to speak to her again. Added to this, he ordered her to receive the addresses of a rich young landholder, who was, nevertheless, a boor in manners and an atheist in principle.

Shocked and terrified at the fate which threatened her, Stella had fled to the cottage of Cammillo, entreating him to devise some plan to delay her destiny with young Volpi. Her father, discovering her retreat, followed her to the cottage and forced her to return, while Cammillo, suppressing his wrath lest he should thereby injure Stella still more, by provoking her father, even advised her to go home. But while the old man was volubly exclaiming to the mother of Cammillo, upon the undutifulness of children, her son contrived to whisper in Stella's ear, that he would find some way to free her from the hateful match she dreaded.

It was the memorable year in which Napoleon Bonaparte conceived and executed the daring scheme of crossing the Alps and falling upon the Austrians, who, "flushed with victory, were thundering at the very gates of Nice." On those mountain passes, sixty-five thousand men wound through the narrow paths where a single false step would have precipitated one into the gulf beneath. With what breathless awe must these brave men have threaded the mighty pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and heard the terrible crashes of those vast avalanches which sometimes fell almost in their very pathway. No wonder, if sometimes on the blood-stained fields of Italy, the memory of those weary hours of toilsome climbing would come back with terror.

The peasants at the foot of the mountains were inspired with emotions of admiration as they beheld the brave soldiers toiling up these apparently inaccessible solitudes. Many of them who owned mules were hired to help in transporting the fragments of gun-carriages and baggage-wagons which could not be drawn over whole. The weather was worthy of that sunny clime. The sky was serene and cloudless, the air balmy and soft as that which blows from p'ce-scent'd shores.

On one of those faultless mornings, the very next one after Cammillo had left the weeping Stella, with the assurance of freeing her from her troubles, he was meditating upon her escape

from trial and persecution. On this morning he had risen early and was wandering along the brookside in a thoughtful mood, striving to unravel this tangled thread of destiny that had so puzzled and annoyed him. A low whistle startled him from his thoughts, and, turning, he saw a man dressed in gray, who, accosting him pleasantly, asked him to recommend a guide for the mountains. At that moment the father of Stella passed them, with lowering looks at the young man, as he went to his daily labor. A thought crossed Cammillo's mind that he should have time to speak to her a moment alone.

"Give me but a moment, sir, to speak to a friend, and I will attend you myself."

He blushed as he spoke, and the stranger seemed at once to divine that the "friend" was no common acquaintance. Already his noble presence had impressed Cammillo with a feeling of respect and admiration, and despite the ordinary gray coat, the youth could not but fancy that he saw one of the French generals of the army that had just disappeared up the rugged and fir-clad sides of the mountain above.

"Go, my friend," the stranger said, "but do not stay too long. War first—afterward love!"

Cammillo soon returned, leading a mule for the stranger's use. Strapping on his own shoulders a wallet and a small wine-bladder, and throwing another across the saddle of the mule, he waited respectfully for the stranger to mount, and in a short time they were treading the path which wound like a slender thread around the mountain. Never before had Cammillo been so fascinated as with this man. Notwithstanding his evident superiority, the young peasant still felt perfectly at his ease with his companion, who gradually drew from him the heart history that so oppressed him. Won by his sympathy, Cammillo unfolded to him the selfish cruelty of Stella's father, and the dislike of the young girl to the husband with whom she was threatened. As he proceeded, his fine eyes were lighted up with indignation, and the stranger looked upon him with an evidently increasing interest.

"What is your name, my good fellow?" he asked.

"Cammillo Martelli."

The stranger took a pencil and some paper from his pocket, and bending over the saddle, he wrote a few lines which he gave to the peasant at parting, bidding him carry it to the administrator of the army on his return. Short as had been the time in which Cammillo had attended the stranger, the latter had attained a mesmeric power over him that made it difficult to tear himself away from that noble and commanding presence. He lingered until he bade him depart, telling him that he should see him again when the war was over. And when Cammillo at length led back the tired mule, he turned again and again, to watch the gray coat, until it disappeared in the distance. The note which had been given him, he kept sacredly. He never once thought of opening it, although there was no seal to prevent him from so doing. At his arrival at the foot of the mountain once more, he stopped only for refreshment at his mother's cottage, and then sending by her a message to the beloved Stella, he hastened off to deliver his missive to the administrator, from whom he asked a private audience. The officer read and re-read, glanced with interest at the bearer, and at length remarked: "You are a lucky fellow! The emperor makes you generous compensation for your service. Be grateful and happy in your new possessions."

"Sir, I do not understand you," answered Cammillo.

"The writer of this note says you guided him over the pass of Saint Bernard. Do you know who he is?"

"Surely, no. I did not ask his name."

"It was the emperor himself."

"The emperor!" exclaimed Cammillo, his cheeks glowing with crimson, when he remembered all he had told him.

"It was indeed; and this note bids me give you money to purchase a house and land, that you may marry and be happy."

Cammillo was speechless with joy. The ambassador congratulated him on his good fortune, and presented him the money, adding a trifle of his own, to buy the wedding dress. Stella's father made no objection, when he found her lover was so rich, and the house was soon built in the midst of a pleasant neighborhood, and behind it were several acres of productive land, which yielded all the support necessary for the new married couple and the good old mother of Cammillo.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Raphael and Luther were both born in the year 1483. The former died in 1520, the same year with Da Vinci.—Spenser was born in 1553, the year in which Latimer died.—Sir Walter Raleigh and Hooker were also born within a few months of Spenser.—Shakspeare and Galileo were both born in 1564, the year in which Luther and Calvin and Roger Ascham died.—Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Newton was born.—Newton made one of his first experiments at the age of sixteen, on September 3d, 1658, the day of the great storm when Cromwell died.—Cromwell was born in 1599, the year in which Spenser died. Izaak Walton, Newton, and Tasso, all died in 1593.—Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the artists, were born in 1600, the year in which Hooker died.—Claude and Murillo died in the year 1682.—Milton, Clarendon, and Fuller, were all born in 1608. The two former died in the same year, 1674, and the year in which Watts was born.—Shakspeare and Pocahontas died in the same year, 1616.—Raleigh died in 1618, the year in which the famous Synod of Dort was formed.—Bunyan was born in 1628, the year in which Decker died, and died in 1668, the year Pope was born.—Dryden was born in 1631, the year in which Donne died, and died in 1700, the year when Thomson and Blair were born.—Galileo, Guido, and Boyle, all died in 1642.—Burnet, the historian, was born in 1643, the year in which Hampden died.—Rollin and Fuller died the year Defoe was born, 1661.—Swift was born in 1667, the year Jeremy Taylor died.—Locke and Sir Christopher Wren were both born in 1632.—Bolinbroke and Addison were both born in 1672, two years before Milton died.—Defoe died in 1713, the year Sterne was born.—Burnet died in 1714, the year Whitefield and Shenstone were born.—Leibnitz died in 1716, the year Garrick and Gray were born.—Penn died in 1718, the year Putnam and Brainard were born.—Sir C. Wren died in 1723, the year in which Blackstone and Reynolds were born.—Cowper was born in 1731.—Goldsmith was born in 1729, the year in which Steele died.—Gibbon, Smollett, Collins and Akenside, were all born in 1721.—Gibbon and Akenside both died in 1794, the same year Witherspoon died.—Watts and Thomson died in 1748.—Voltaire and Pitt in 1778.—Christopher Wren, in 1773, the year Priestly and Coleridge were born.—George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Howe, all died in 1799.—Cromwell and Hampden, who were cousins, both took passage in a vessel that lay in the Thames bound for North America, in 1637. They were actually on board when an order of council appeared by which the ship was prohibited from sailing.—Goethe was at one time, also, on the brink of crossing the ocean for America.—So was Robert Burns.—A scheme of Pautisocracy in 1795, came near bringing Southey, Coleridge, Lovell and Burnet to America.—Chancer was the first of that long array of poets buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1400.—The body of Dryden was deposited in the grave of Chancer, just three centuries after his burial, in the year 1700.—Goldsmith died two thousand pounds in debt.—As proof of the wonderful memory of Thomas Fuller, it is said that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal street of London, after once passing through it and back again.—Locke was banished as a traitor, and wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding," sheltering himself in a Dutch garret.—Homer sang his own ballads.—Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a boxful in his pocket.—Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived, was awkwardly stupid in conversation.—Handel was such a miser that he was frequently known to wear a shirt a month to save the expense of washing.—It is said that Dryden was always cupped and

physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy. He was a firm believer in astrology.—It is said that Pitt required a great deal of sleep, seldom being able to do with less than ten or eleven hours.—Butler did not become an author until he was fifty years old.—Richardson, author of "Pamela," etc., did not begin to write till he was almost fifty years of age.—Robert Ferguson died

was a butcher, as was also that of Cardinal Wolsey and the poet Akenside.—White was apprenticed to a stocking weaver.—Montgomery, at the age of fourteen, was a shopkeeper.—Crabbe was the son of a collector of salt duties.—Coleridge was the son of a vicar.—Samuel Rodgers was a banker by profession.—The father of Charles Lamb was servant and friend to one of the bach-

Robert Dudley, who was the projector of the "Annual Register" in which Barke was engaged, and who was the first to collect and republish the "Old English Plays" which formed the foundation of the "National Drama," raised himself from the low condition of a livery servant, to be one of the most respectable and influential men of his time.—Canova was the son of an old quarryman, and originally a laborer.—Thorwaldsen, of a carver of ship heads.—Samuel Rodgers was fixed in his determination to become a poet by the perusal of "Beattie's Minstrel," when only nine years of age.—The Rev. William Lisle Bowles enjoys the distinction of having delighted and inspired the genius of Coleridge.—The study of "Percy's Reliques of English Poetry" gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott.—He has also stated that the rich, human, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of Miss Edgeworth's "Irish Portraits," led him first to think that something could be done, or attempted, for his own country of the same kind, as she had so fortunately achieved for Ireland. During the last six years of the life of Chalmers, his daily modicum of original composition was completed before breakfast, written in short hand, and all done in bed.—Milton frequently composed lying in bed in the mornings; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number.—*Home Journal.*

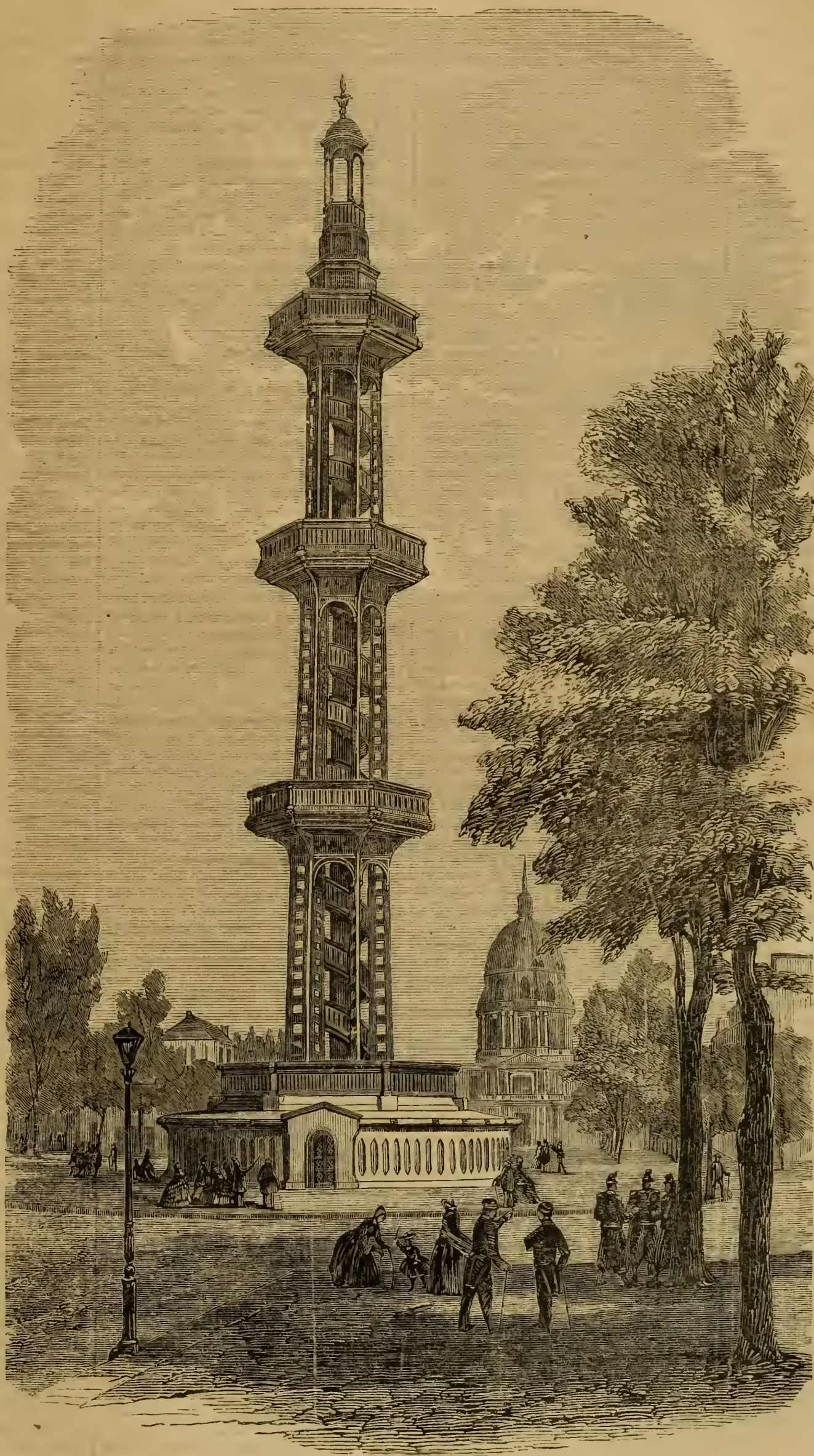
TOWER OF GRENELLE.

The artesian well bored in the enclosure of the slaughter-house of Grenelle, France, and whose waters feed the upper reservoirs of l'Estrapade, has led to the erection of a cast-iron tower to take the place of the wooden frame temporarily built to support the ascensional tube above the ground. This tower, whose construction in the axis of the bore would have rendered repairs to the well in case of accident, difficult, rises in the neighborhood of the slaughter-house, in the centre of Breteuil square. The ascension tube raises the water more than 100 feet above the soil. Around this tube is a spiral staircase. The sort of tower or spire comprising the tube and the staircase with its supports, is about ten feet in diameter at the base, and seven at the summit. A light belfry surmounts the whole. The tower is about 138 feet high. It rests on a base of concrete twelve feet in diameter. The waters are carried to the summit by two tubes, and descend by one service pipe and one discharge pipe, designed to carry them into a well when repairs are going on. These two tubes are enclosed in the central cylinder, and still leave room for a man to move up and down easily, making any repairs which may be necessary. 22,000 pounds of iron were employed in this colossal work. Almost as tall as the column of the Place Vendome, at Paris, the tower of the artesian well of Grenelle is a most curious structure, and shows what use can be made of cast-iron on a large scale. On days of public rejoicing it will be hung with colored lamps, and will produce those splendid effects of which the French are so fond.

TURKEY.

Several circumstances are mentioned in recent accounts from Turkey which show an encouraging progress of Christian tendencies among the Mohammedan population. One of the accounts says:—"The private secretary of the Sultan, and his historian, has attacked the Koran and defended the Gospel in a large circle of men of the highest standing. He has been deposed from his office, but nothing farther has been done to him. His brother, one of the richest men in the city among the Turks, speaks publicly against the Koran and for the Gospel in steamers and everywhere."

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.



THE TOWER OF THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE, FRANCE.

in an insane asylum.—The wife of Beattie the poet became insane and was confined in an asylum for some years.—The first wife of Southey died insane.—Chatterton put a period to his own life at the age of eighteen.—Coleridge was for many years addicted to the use of opium.—Sir William Jones was the master of twenty-eight languages.—The father of Henry Kirke White

elors of the Inner Temple.—Campbell was born in the sixty-seventh year of his father's age, and was the youngest of ten children.—Keats was born in a livery stable, and was apprenticed at fifteen to a surgeon.—Alexander Wilson, the distinguished naturalist, was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterward preferred that of a pedler, and after that was a schoolmaster.—

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SMUGGLER OF "MAN."

A TALE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

"Do you see that ledge, Frank? hereaway, stretching to the south'ard," demanded an old white haired seaman, as he came to anchor at my side, in the larboard waist of the ill fated Ocean Monarch, one fine evening in June, 1848, a few months previous to her destruction by fire. We were on the starboard tack at the time, standing to the southward, with the wind east by south, and the isle of Man looming up in the wind's eye, bearing about east-northeast from the line of breakers indicated by the old man as he spoke.

I assented by a nod, when he resumed.

"More ships and lives have been lost on that ledge, Frank, than in any other spot in this Channel. It's picked up a sight o' vessels in its day, that ledge has; but none that became the coffin of a braver commander than John Christian, the Smuggler of Man, or so reckless a crew as the brave lads who manned the Arrow-Smuggler, when she went down, after a fruitless attempt to plough her way through it, one misty December night, nearly fifty years ago."

"What was she doing in its vicinity, Ben?" demanded I, betraying but little interest in the old man's communication, which evidently accorded but ill with his ideas of courtesy, as he responded gruffly:

"Humph! Be you the youngster as is forever teasing old Ben for a yarn? 'Cause if you be, you mustn't ax sich questions; they betray an ignorance I don't fancy in you. What was she doing? What do you think a smuggler might be doing hereaway in such weather?"

"Trying to run a cargo, I suppose. But out with it. You've a good yarn coiled away behind that question, Ben, and I'm all ready to haul in and stow away, as soon as you see fit to pay it out."

"Ah, you've come to your sense, have ye?" demanded the old man, whose memory, by the way, was the repository of some of the most interesting tales of life on the wave I ever heard related, and whose yarn on that occasion I will give you without further preface, in substance, if not in his own words.

"I belonged to Cutter Harbinger in 1800, when Lieutenant John Benbow, youngest son to old Rear Admiral Benbow, was appointed to the command, when we were ordered to this station to watch, and if possible, capture the Smuggler of Man. For years the revenue had been on the alert, but in vain; the Arrow and her commander had defied them, conveying into her majesty's dominions countless ankers of Bordeaux brandy, and packages of Brussels lace, which added but little to the government funds, and less to the profits of licensed dram-sellers, and haberdashers of Great Britain.

"Making the island early in June, Mr. Benbow remained at sea, cruising in the vicinity, and maintaining strict espionage on the movements of every vessel of a suspicious rig which appeared in the neighborhood. But all our vigilance was in vain. No smuggler proved complaisant enough to place himself in our clutches, and we were obliged to run into port in the island to obtain fresh stores and water. On entering the harbor, the first thing which attracted our attention was the vessel of the famous free-trader lying within a few hundred yards of the beach, with which she was actually in communication at the moment. Nearer approach convinced us that a contraband cargo was actually in course of transfer from her hold to the possession of her agents on the island. But the wind being right in our teeth, we were unable to reach the scene in time to make a seizure.

"We signaled the coast-guard station, however, from which a well-manned boat instantly shoved off and pulled towards the scene, but too late to be of any service. Our signal had been read by the smuggler, who hastened to profit thereby, suspending operations and hoisting in his own boat, when he shipped his cable and running up his broad sheets of canvass, dashed into the bay, with the guard cutter in hot pursuit.

"Unfortunately for our design, we had made a long board to the northward, with a view to reach him on our next tack as he lay at anchor; but a glance at his fleet vessel as she dashed the foam aside in her rapid progress seaward, convinced us of the ill-advised policy of our movement. Could we have doubled our speed the smuggler might have defied us still, having to ac-

complish less than half the distance which divided us, ere he would gain the open sea and become master of his movements.

"An hour later the Arrow was out of sight behind the headland, and the Harbinger hauled on a wind once more, having picked up the guard-boat, the crew of which affected much chagrin at the escape of our intended prize. But Lieutenant Benbow was resolved that she should be attended to the French coast, and dogged thence on her return passage until within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, when he could capture her at pleasure.

"Obtaining apparently reliable information concerning her intended movements, Lieutenant Benbow hurried the stores on board the cutter, when we hove up with the first of ebb that evening, and at daylight next morning had sunk the isle of Man in the northward, while the Snowdon mountains reared their snow-capped summits to the clouds a point or two on our larboard, as we dashed down the Channel merrily in pursuit.

"For three days we continued the chase, favored by a leading wind, when making Scilly dead ahead, we hauled to, running between the 'Lands End' and the islands, and standing across the Channel made the French land in the vicinity of Brest, when we tacked, looking well up for the isle of Wight, in which our commander had resolved to anchor and await the reappearance of the Arrow, which could scarcely run the gauntlet of the Channel undetected, while we occupied such a commanding position.

"To the numerous vessels on service in the lower channel we communicated intelligence of the smuggler's movements, and running into harbor in the isle of Wight, awaited patiently a week, when we again got under weigh, and standing up the Channel, remained dodging about in the Straits of Dover some days, overhauling every craft passing down; but failing to gain the slightest intelligence of the Arrow.

"That fellow has given us the slip this time, Ben," said Mr. Benbow, as I stood at the tiller conning the cutter on the evening of the fourth day. 'Let her go off southwest-by-west! We'll try our luck on our old cruising ground, from which he wont entice me again in a hurry.' And turning away, he issued orders to let fly the sheets, when the vessel fell off, and was soon dashing down the Channel at full speed.

"Ten days later we anchored in Douglass harbor, where we learned the Arrow had made a successful trip, landed her cargo, and again sailed in defiance of all our vigilance. As we had no reason to expect her return in less than two weeks, Lieutenant Benbow seized upon that opportunity to make some advisable alteration in the Harbinger's rig, adding one cloth to each of her sails, and strengthening her masts with an additional stay, with a view to increase her speed by carrying canvass longer, when by a wind. These alterations and additions being completed, we sailed on a cruise, making the circuit of the island at least once each day, invariably looking into Douglass harbor each time we passed, but without obtaining the slightest glimpse of the Arrow.

"This vigilance on our part continued unabated for nearly a month, when the weather became so inclement that we were obliged to seek shelter in the harbor, in which we had scarce anchored, when the saucy Arrow appeared in the offing, and steering boldly in, anchored within five hundred yards of us, a proceeding on her part which indicated an entire freedom from any apprehension. Our boat was down in an instant, and Lieutenant Benbow, hastening a crew on board, pulled off to the daring contrabandist, whom he boarded without ceremony, demanding his papers. They were produced, when the lieutenant pronounced them false, and declared the vessel a prize, against which the supposed smuggler protested loudly, asserting his ability to prove his innocence of even the slightest transgression of the English revenue laws. But his vehement assertions did not mend his position. He and all his crew were placed in irons and confined below, when Lieutenant Benbow communicated the capture to the commandant of the coast-guard station by signal, sending the boat back to the cutter for a midshipman and six men to act as prize-master and crew.

"An increase of the gale prevented the intended communication with the shore by boat that evening, so that we were obliged to defer the transfer of the prisoners until the next day, when the guard-boat boarded the Harbinger, and Mr. Benbow accompanied the commandant to the prize, to deliver up his prisoners in due form.

I accompanied them, and on reaching the Arrow, was amazed upon hearing the coast guard express serious doubts concerning her identity with the smuggler.

"She is like the Arrow in every respect, I admit, sir," said he, in reply to Benbow's remonstrance; 'but that she is the redoubtable smuggler I am far from certain. However, a glimpse of her commander will suffice to either transform my doubts into certainty, or remove them. I have seen John Christian repeatedly, and can identify him, so lead on; but I warn you, don't be too sanguine about this same prize.'

"Thus admonished, Benbow led the way to the cabin, which the coast-guard had scarce entered, when he exclaimed, indicating the prisoners:

"My doubts were well founded. These men are no smugglers, but honest coasters. Why, I know them all by sight! And addressing the ex-master of the vessel, he demanded: 'Where have you been this season? and where did you light on this craft, captain?'

"I lost the smack* in Morecambe Bay last spring, syne which I ha laid on my oars, till I got command o' this barkie, which was built and formerly owned in Bristol.'

"Who owns her now?"

"My auld mistress, Lady Jane Lonsdale.'

"From whom did she obtain her?"

"I dinna ken, sir; but I trow fra ane o' the Bristol merchants.'

"Well, I advise you to counsel her to sell again as soon as possible, or his majesty's revenue will capture you some day by mistake, believing you to be the famous Smuggler of Man. This officer has already done so. Had he met and taken you at sea, you would have seen the inside of a prison on the main before you were a moon older, for every member of his crew would have unhesitatingly sworn to the identity of this vessel as that of the famous contrabandist.'

"And I must now release them and undergo a reprimand for my hasty action, I suppose?" queried the crest-fallen lieutenant.

"Of course this man must go free, with his vessel and crew; but I think you will escape reprimand. If people will model and name vessels after the most notorious smuggler in the Channel, they must expect some inconvenience. No, no, you were not to blame, lieutenant, so give yourself no more uneasiness on that head.'

"A boat from the shore, sir," said one of the men at the cabin door at this instant.

"Where?" demanded Benbow.

"Alongside, sir, with a message to Captain Duncombe.'

"To me? Let them come on board!" rejoined the coast-guard, adding, 'What can it mean? Something important, or I would not be troubled with communications while on duty.'

"And it was important. The messenger brought intelligence of the smuggler's success in landing a cargo during the night, in a small bay some twenty miles distant, and also that he was lying at anchor therein, awaiting the entire moderation of the gale ere he ventured to sea again. In an instant all was commotion, and in less than twenty minutes the Harbinger was under weigh and standing to sea; while Captain Duncombe and his boat's crew were urging their light boat towards the guard station at her utmost speed.

"We found a heavy sea outside, which rendered our progress so uncertain and slow, that night had closed in ere we reached the bay in which the smuggler was alleged to have run his cargo. As the night proved quite as dark as its predecessor, Lieutenant Benbow resolved to capture the contrabandist by surprise, if possible; when, heaving the cutter to, he left her in charge of a midshipman and four men, and manning the boat with the remainder of the crew, armed to the teeth, pulled into the bay with muffled oars, in quest of the Arrow.

"We spent the greater part of the night in exploring the bay, but in vain. No prize rewarded our exertions, and almost worn out thereby, we returned to the cutter, convinced that we were again outwitted. Daylight confirmed this conviction. The bay was unoccupied by vessels of any description, and we were obliged to bear up for Douglass harbor to report our ill-success. On coming to in our former anchorage, we were visited by Captain Duncombe, who informed us that we had been most successfully duped by the smuggler; who having, as it were, placed his vessel in our possession, imposed on our credulity

* A sloop-rigged or one-masted vessel, peculiar to the Channel trade.

by a false message, freeing his saucy craft, and his honest-looking allies, and sending every soul attached to the revenue on a Tom Fool's errand; when he availed himself of our absence to land the richest cargo ever run in Man. Captain D. stated that he reached the bay—designated as the smuggler's retreat—at a late hour the preceding day, but early enough to discover the trick played upon us, when he hastened to retrace his steps, reaching Douglass at midnight, when he found the smuggler had made sail, and was once more at sea, in the prosecution of his lawless trade.

"He deserves to escape!" said Benbow, smiling, despite the vexation engendered by the intelligence just received. 'Another such lesson as this last, and if I fail to capture him, I'll resign my command.'

"Such a fellow would prove a valuable requisition to the service," remarked Captain Duncombe.

"Yes; on the principle that the most successful thieves make the most successful detectives. Well, if he escapes capture the next time I obtain a glimpse of the Arrow, I'll present him my commission, when he may relinquish his present nefarious employment for a more honorable, in which his fidelity to the service may be ample amende for his past transgressions.'

"You never saw him, lieutenant?"

"Never! At least, that I am aware of.'

"I wish you had. I have seen him repeatedly. He is a noble-looking fellow; far too noble to be commander of a smuggler. I never heard him speak, but judging by his noble mien, and the natural dignity of his carriage, I should pronounce him a scion of our nobility, rather than a humble Man man as he claims to be. Indeed, Benbow, he bears no slight resemblance to you in facial outline; so much, in fact, that I sometimes find myself indulging in absurd conjectures regarding an imaginary relationship.'

"You flatter me, captain. Ha, ha, ha! Related to a smuggler; ho, ho, ho! Don't mention it, or I shall be obliged to quarrel with you, just to vindicate the untarnished name of so many of England's admirals.'

"No danger, my boy! But come, I'm thirsty, and will thank you for a glass of wine, over which we can decide upon the best measures to be adopted for this Christian's capture, when he appears in this vicinity.'

"'Tis at your service, captain. Champagne and glasses here, steward. You never drank such wine as I have, Duncombe. Pure Epernay, of the vintage of 1738. I owe the possession of some four dozen bottles to the kindness of Taylor, my father's head butler, who sent them on board the cutter a few hours before I sailed, with a written request that I would do him the honor to soak my commission in the generous juice. Here it is; and now for a bumper in which to drink, 'Confusion and capture to the Smuggler of Man.'"

"Being nominally a quarter-master, but in reality mate of the cutter, I had been present in the cabin during the foregoing dialogue; but deeming my presence no longer necessary, was about to leave when the wine was produced. But Lieutenant Benbow, perceiving my intention, exclaimed:

"Avast, there! If wine is good for the master, it must be for the mate; so no skulking, Ben! Besides, we must have your opinion to aid us in deciding upon the proper measures to adopt for the capture of this rogue; so fill up, and join us in our praiseworthy toast.'

"I obeyed him, nothing loath to taste the exhilarating liquor, when we entered into consultation, during which the wine circulated freely, until all were more or less under its exciting influence. When the consultation ended, Benbow, whose senses were slightly confused, reverting to his alleged resemblance to the smuggler, said:

"About this Christian whom I resemble. Is he known to be a native of Man?"

"I believe so," replied Captain Duncombe, adding, "He is claimed as such by the islanders, who make no secret of their pleasure at his successful career. But, as I have stated, his personal appearance strangely contradicts their claim. One thing is certain. He makes the island his home, for his wife and child reside here, though I fear the poor woman sees but few happy hours, as she is among strangers here, rumor naming Derby as her native place.'

"Ah, what part of Derby?"

"Of that I am ignorant. I heard the county only named.'

"Well, I'm glad this smuggler proves to be

a Man man. Your remark concerning a resemblance startled me. Why I will explain. As you are probably aware, Rear Admiral Benbow was the father of seven sons, all of whom entered the navy when mere lads, three of them falling in action, and the remaining four winning their grades as lieutenants; I, as the youngest, being the last promoted. My brother Frank was the third son, and the first who wore an epaulet, an event of which I have but a faint remembrance, as he was my senior in age some fourteen years, and winning his grade in his nineteenth year, was a lieutenant ere I escaped from the nursery.

"He was my father's favorite, and through his influence attained the rank of commander when closing his twenty sixth year, at which period an incident transpired which changed the current of his fortunes, and eventually led to his ruin. He had unfortunately formed an attachment to a young lady in humble life, whom he desired to marry as soon as he received his commander's commission; but when waiting upon his father to solicit his consent to the union, he was astounded by the paternal command—expressed in the form of a wish—to pay court to the beautiful and accomplished Lady Adelia Leslie, ward of the Earl of Derby, and orphan daughter of General Lord Leslie, Earl of Stirling by purchase. The lady was young, rich and beautiful, and had conceived a fond affection for my brother, whom she had often met; which fact coming to our parents' knowledge, gratified them highly.

"My brother bluntly refused, and in consequence was forbidden his father's presence until he repented and was prepared to obey. He hastened to join his ship, which was ordered on foreign service, hoping thereby to escape the kingdom until the storm of his father's wrath had passed. But the influence of the latter was sufficient to have his ship thrown out of commission when on the eve of sailing; while a courteous intimation from the admiralty gave him to understand his name was no longer on the list of commanders "on service."

"A commander on half-pay, with no other means of subsistence, is rather a forlorn individual; and such being my brother's situation, I am not surprised that he had recourse to the bottle to drown recollection of the past. Aware of his father's unbending will, which was hereditary as concerned himself, he knew that he had nothing to hope for in the future from his influence, therefore he repaired to London in person to petition the first lord for that employment on which he must now depend for subsistence.

"While awaiting an answer to his petition, he formed one of a party to a supper given by a recently appointed post captain, and during the conviviality which pervaded the party, was called upon for an explanation of the unusual proceeding which had dispossessed him of command. Heated by wine he gave it, naming even the primary cause of the existing estrangement between himself and parent, and commenting rather freely upon the part unconsciously enacted by the lady.

"Unfortunately, a discarded suitor of Lady Leslie's was present; who, smarting under her refusal, and burning with jealous rage against his unfortunate but more successful rival, now sought to win the lady's favor by an open espousal of her cause. To my brother he gave the lie direct, declaring his whole tale to be a fabrication, and plainly intimating that cowardice was the real cause of his removal from command. My brother's reply was a glass of wine, followed by the glass, when rising, he would have left the apartment, had not Captain Mareham barred his passage, demanding instant satisfaction.

"There, you have it then!" exclaimed my unfortunate brother, as half unconscious of his act, he plunged his sword to the hilt in the body of his insulter, killing him on the spot; when urged by the ill-advised entreaties of his friends, he fled to avoid the consequences.

"From that hour we have never heard of or from him, though I trust he still lives and is happy, which I am inclined to believe, inasmuch as the sudden departure of the young lady—his betrothed—to parts unknown, furnished ample belief that she had joined him in exile.

"Thus, you see I had some cause for apprehension when you mentioned a resemblance between myself and this smuggler; but that the assurance of his Man nativity has destroyed. Come, captain, the wine stands with you! Fill up and pledge me in the wish, that discover my beloved brother when and where I may, I may have no cause to blush for his avocation."

"With all my heart, lieutenant!" And

filling his goblet to the brim, Captain Daneombe passed the bottle, from which we filled our glasses, drinking to the happy fulfilment of the aforesaid wish, when the captain took his leave for the shore, and Lieutenant Benbow, charging me with the standing order, dismissed me.

"The weather continued very unsettled for the next three weeks, at the close of which we ventured out on a cruise, touching at Dundrum, looking into Belfast Lough as we passed, and crossing the Channel touched at Port Patrick, from which we went to Wigtown, in Luce Bay, from thence into the Solway Frith, and so down the coast of Cumberland to Morecambe Bay; from which we shaped a course for the mouth of the Boyne on the Irish coast, in this manner making a complete circuit of Man. Making the entrance of Drogheda Harbor, we crawled along the Irish land, northerly, until we reached Carlingford, when taking the wind from the westward, we eased off our sheets and kept away for Man, intending to re-enter Douglass Harbor that night.

"The previous night had been foggy; but as we hauled off the land, the mist settled on the surface of the water so that we could see over it from our mastheads, when the lookout reported the heads of a schooner's sails appearing above the mist, some distance seaward, and standing across our course, evidently towards the Scotch land. Hauling up so as to close with her, we held on, going about five and a half till noon, when the fog lifted momentarily, and showed us the fleet vessel of the smuggler about half a mile distant. That they observed and recognized the Harbinger was evident from the speed evinced in setting her square foresail, which was about half hoisted, when the mist settling, shut her out from view.

"Hurrah! we have him at last, Ben! Let him escape now, if he can!" exclaimed Benbow, as the mist closed around us, adding, "We're in his wake, and you are old sea-dog enough to keep the vessel so. If we can hold way enough to trace it by the foam he leaves, this mist may last a month, and at its close he'll find us in his track."

"Ay, ay, sir! Show me the fresh bubbles in his wake, with as swift a boat under my heel as his saucy craft, and trust me, I'll con her through every tack he may make in any fog that ever fell on a day-lighted sea!" And taking my station on the cutter's fore-castle, I commenced the task of conning the vessel in such a manner as to keep within the faintly traced line marked by the smuggler on the scarce broken surface. The breeze still continued fresh aloft, with scarce a breath upon the water, and urged us along at a rate which rendered recourse to boats inadvisable, therefore we were obliged to continue the chase at a disadvantage, which enabled the smuggler to hold his own until night set in, when the breeze suddenly freshened, and the mist became more dense, rendering further pursuit out of the question. Consulting the reckoning, we found that we were well up with the west coast of 'Man,' when Lieutenant Benbow ordered the helm down, hauling the cutter too on the star-board tack. While we were trimming aft the fore-sheet, the mist was lighted up momentarily by a flash, and in an instant after the deafening report of brass ordnance filled the space around us, lingering in distant echoes through the hills of the island.

"Ha! What does that mean? Not defiance, certainly! Stations to wear ship!" were the hurried exclamation, demand and order uttered by my superior; when the latter was instantly executed, and the schooner wearing round, dashed through the water at a brisk rate towards the point from which the report had reached us.

"Twenty minutes elapsed, when we made that ledge, and almost at the same instant ran foul of a mass of wreck, consisting of bales, boxes and kegs, evidently the cargo of the smuggler, of which no other trace remained. 'Twas evident she had hauled her wind in advance of us, and striking the hidden rocks while running at full speed had been instantly stove, freeing a portion of her cargo as she sank in deep water. Our boats were launched instantly, but all search for any survivors proved in vain; two mangled and disfigured bodies being the only vestiges discovered of her crew, from the appearance of which some were inclined to believe she had blown up on striking the ledge. We lay to in the vicinity all night, and next morning bore away for Douglass, where we reported the loss of the smuggler, which created great excitement. Hundreds flocked to the cutter to learn the particulars, and among them came the wife of the contrabandist,

whose grief gained her access to Lieutenant Benbow, when an affecting scene ensued, which I will not attempt to portray. Suffice it, that when we sailed from the island, the widow was our passenger, and on our arrival at Plymouth, set out for 'Benbow Hall,' Derby, in the care of her grief-stricken brother-in-law, who conveyed her to his parents, as the only relic of their erring and long-mourned son, whose fate is to this day a secret, strictly guarded; and few are aware that the son of one of England's greatest admirals was the lawless and unfortunate 'Smuggler of Man.'"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PSEUDO PRINCE:

—OR—

The Scullion of the Royal Kitchen.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

"By my faith, Margaret, but he is a comely youth—a fair child to look upon; and thou dost assure me by thy own free will that he is ours—our boy, and not the offspring of Simuel."

"Ay, good father Richard, it is even as I have confessed, though the secret has never before escaped my lips. Simuel has not the faintest suspicion of the imposition we have practised upon him. He little dreamed when we parted in the chapel that morning of your departure from Rainsford, that he was indebted to another for the child of whom he is so strangely fond and proud. I often think, could he but read my thoughts, how quickly he would spurn forever from the shelter of his roof the beautiful offspring of our guilty passion—and his guilty mother too, perhaps; and God knows, Richard Simon, he would be justified in the act."

"It is well, Margaret dear, that he, your foolish husband, the baker,—whom I have favored in more ways than one, in reparation—has never been wise enough, nor suspicious enough to divine our secret. While wandering in Italy, I was constantly on thorns lest some revelation of the past should be brought to light to disgrace me in the eyes of the laity. But I find, Margaret, that thou art a woman of sense, one in whom I may safely repose trust—and again I absolve thee from all sin in this connection, so that whatever may be the nature of our intercourse in the future, thou shalt go before thy husband as pure from all sexual taint, in the sight of heaven, as the virgin Mary, the holy mother of God."

"God grant it may be so!" fervently ejaculated the woman, lowering her eyes confusedly before the steady and admiring gaze of her father confessor, her sanctified seducer, who had but recently returned to Rainsford, after a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, which had occupied him nearly two years.

"But didst thou not send for me, father, to make some proposal for the future advancement of the child?"

"True, Margaret! and now let us at once to business. My object is to educate him, and then palm him off upon the world as the young Duke of York; and in God's good time, Margaret, ye shall behold your son the King of England—Richard IV. Is't not a bold thought? and does it not make thee vain, Margaret, of our boy?"

And with this enticing appeal to the dormant ambition of a fond mother's heart, the priest, Richard Simon, saluted the glowing lips of the blushing young mother, and their criminal intercourse, interrupted for a season by the religious zeal and veneration of the saintly sinner, went on again, hidden from man, it is true, but not from the omniscient eye.

The foregoing scene occurred in a small chapel in a part of Oxford then known as Rainsford, sometime near the close of the fifteenth century, and not long after the foul murder of the young princes in the tower.

The sagacious priest, though he placed not the slightest credence in the rumor of the young Duke of York's escape from the hands of so accomplished an assassin as Sir James Tyrrel, was ready, nevertheless, to take advantage of the story to develop one of the most audacious impostures that is to be found recorded in English history. The mother of young Simuel was easily induced to enter into a plot with her priestly paramour, to bring forward this beautiful offspring of their guilty love as the direct and legal heir to the throne. But it is supposed that he was hardly prepared to play his part at the time the Duke of Gloucester fell by the hand of Richard, and was therefore kept in the background

till the popular prejudices were roused against Henry VII., by his inveterate persecution of the young Earl of Warwick, and his rigid and ungallant treatment of Elizabeth of the house of York, who, in spite of her being the direct heir-in-line to the throne, still remained uncrowned, though his legal consort.

In the meantime Richard Simon, the priest, was busily employed in educating young Simuel to play the leading part in the great drama he was so assiduously preparing. The elder Simuel was of course let into the secret, so far as the shrewd principals of the plot considered it advisable; and the simple baker was as ambitious to become the father of a line of kings, as was ever the celebrated Col. Blood to become the possessor of a crown and a royal regalia.* So that when the rumor became prevalent among the people throughout the kingdom, that the young Earl of Warwick had made his escape from the Tower, Simon conceived the idea of palming him off as the escaped earl, instead of the young Duke of York, as he at first intended—but this move, as will be seen, proved the ruin of his enterprise. He went in person to the queen dowager, and obtaining an audience, he solicited her countenance and assistance in the proposed enterprise. She, hating her son-in-law in consequence of his stern and rigid treatment of her daughter, eagerly entered into the plot against him, and supplied Richard Simon with a considerable sum of money; it has even been surmised by historians that she, or some one intimately acquainted with the house of York, must have acquainted young Lambert Simuel of the particular secrets of the family, which the Oxford priest, having no means of knowing, never could have told him himself. And of all such facts the youthful pretender seems to have been thoroughly apprised by somebody—and who more likely to give this information than the queen-dowager herself? And this seems to have been the subsequent assumption of Henry; for shortly afterwards he took the liberty to confine her in the nunnery of Bermondsey, where her life was unhappily terminated sometime after.

Aware that after the pains he had taken in fostering and preparing the mind of the youthful Simuel for the great part he was expected to play in the forthcoming history of the nation, there might be many chances of detection, the priest-father resolved to lay the opening scene of the unparalleled drama in Ireland; for there the late Duke of Clarence, the father of Warwick, was remembered with the utmost affection, on account of his excellent administration while governor of the island. Many public officers now held their situations who had done so under the young duke's father; and under circumstances thus favorable, Simon could not have chosen a better field for the work of insurrection. The king, on receiving the news from Dublin, instantly confined the dowager, whom he suspected of aiding and abetting the insurrectionary movement in Ireland, and then gave his discontented subjects the most convincing proof of the fraudulency of the report, by producing the young Earl of Warwick from the Tower, he having himself caused the report of his flight to be circulated in order to avoid the frequent importunities of his friends, who were wearying him with constant petitions for his release.

But this satisfactory demonstration to the English mind on the part of the king, was regarded as a mere subterfuge by his subjects across the Channel, and with some timely assistance from the dowager-duchess of Burgundy in the shape of two thousand veteran Germans, aided by a large host of Irish adventurers, and headed by Simon, Simuel, and a veteran general named Schwartz, they effected a successful landing in Lancashire; but meeting with no encouragement from the people, they pushed on to meet the king, having previously resolved to put the fate of this cause on the issue of a general action. The hostile forces met at Stoke, and after a desperate battle, victory was at length declared in favor of the king. Simon and Simuel were among the prisoners taken. The earls of Lincoln and Broughton, and many others, fell in the cause of the youthful pretender, and Simon himself owed his life to his clerical character, though he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. As for the boy Simuel, the king exhibited his mercy and contempt equally, by making him a scullion in the royal kitchen, which character seemed much better suited to his disposition.

* Thomas Blood, an Irish adventurer and desperado to the reign of Charles II., stole the crown and regalia from the Tower, was arrested, and subsequently pardoned by the "Merrle Monarch."

U. S. SHIP VERMONT.

The very spirited marine sketch by Waud, drawn expressly for us, shows the ship-of-the-line Vermont, as she appears lying off the Charlestown navy yard, where she was built, having been launched Sept. 14, 1848. She is about 3000 tons burthen and pierced for 122 guns. She was originally detailed for service on the Japan expedition, and was then fully rigged, but the orders were countermanded, and she was stripped and laid up in ordinary. Of late years, these monster ships-of-the-line have not been favorites with naval authorities—smaller vessels are more easily handled and the immense size and range of the modern guns makes a smaller vessel equal in effectiveness to a large one, with large batteries of smaller calibre. In time, we suppose, steam will almost supersede the use of sailing vessels in the navy. The steam navy of England and France is now enormous, and it behooves our government to build up a steam navy as rapidly as possible.

THE "ISLA DE CUBA."

We present on this page a fine marine view, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, and representing the alleged slave bark *Isla de Cuba*, as she appeared when lying off the north end. The vessel is now lying at New York, and attracts great curiosity from the circumstances attached to her. The bark is not apparently a fast sailer, nor is there anything peculiar about her hull. She is square-sterned and rather broad in the beam, with nothing of the clipper look about her, but her masts are very tall in proportion to her hull, and she spreads a great quantity of canvass. She was built in New York in the year 1849, and is of 215 tons burthen. She sailed from New York August 12th, 1858, bound for Loango, coast of Africa, under command of Captain Jonathan Dobson, taking out as passengers three

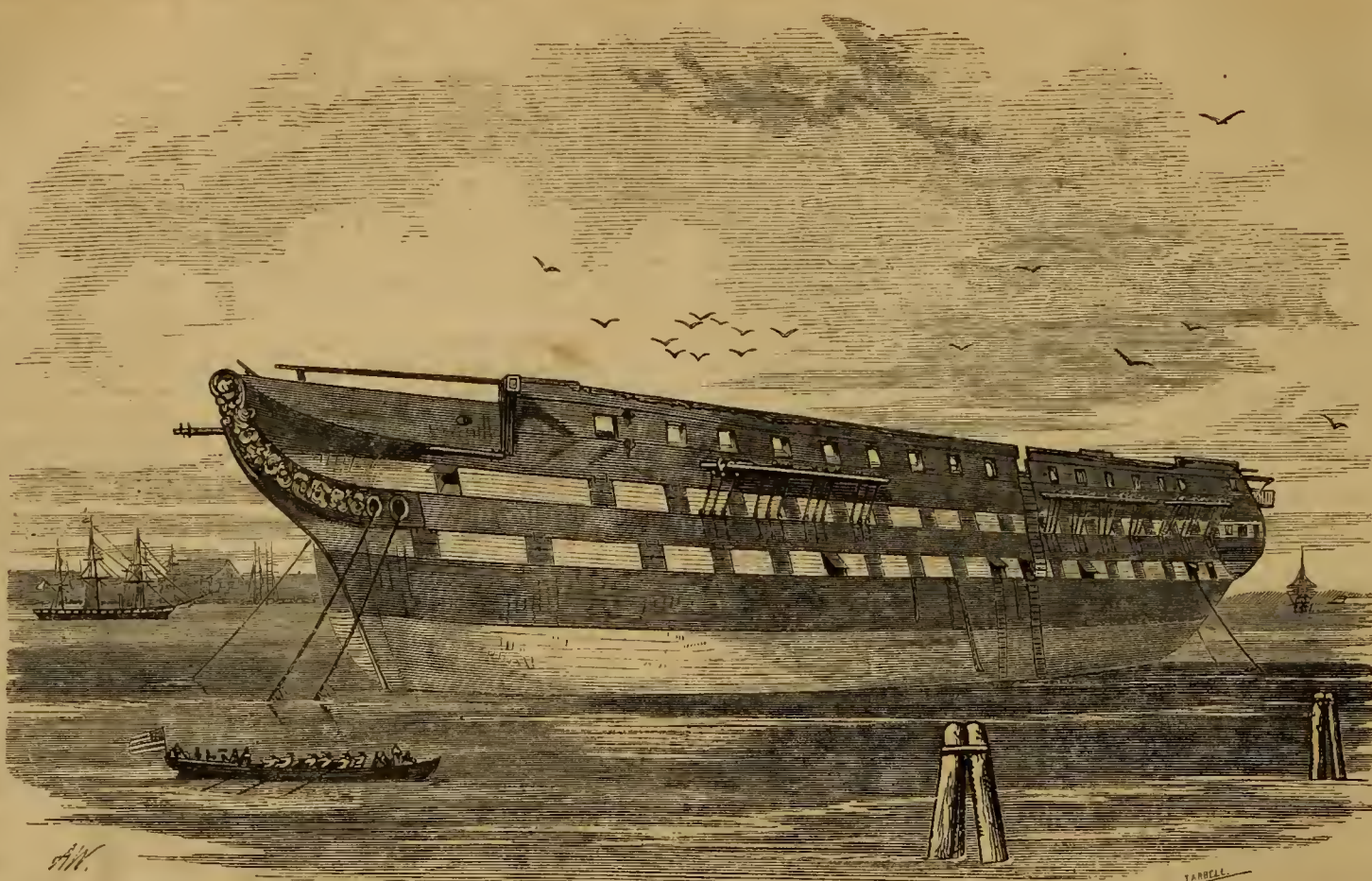
Portuguese and one Spaniard, who were destined, it is said, for different trading posts on the coast of Africa. Her cargo consisted of blue drills, sheetings, handkerchiefs, ticking, crockery, etc. She had on board 70 or 80 barrels of rice, 90 oil casks, 1500 feet of box-boards, etc. The captain put in to St. Michael's and there, according to the statement of Mr. Levi W. Turner, first mate, told him that he suspected that the vessel was bound on an unlawful voyage, and that he wished him to take her back to New York. After some weeks at St. Michael's and Fayal, the captain having given up the vessel to his charge, the mate set sail for the United States, and the passengers above referred to, left the

bark when she was about 120 miles from Flores, in a boat. Arriving on our coast and the wind being fair for Boston, the mate put into this port Oct. 21, 1858, and the vessel was taken possession of by the U. S. Marshal. The suit which is to determine the character of the vessel is still pending in the United States Court. Meanwhile, by consent of parties interested, the vessel was sold by the marshal and purchased by a gentleman of New York who had a mortgage on her, the money being held by the United States authorities until it is legally decided whether or not the famous *Isla de Cuba* is a slaver. It is contended by the defendants, we believe, that she was bound on a legitimate voyage, and that her

cargo was not necessarily a slave cargo. The ninety casks on board were, it is said, destined to receive palm oil, and were filled with water to keep them in good condition. The bark cleared for New York, February 18. One of the witnesses on the trial testified that Captain Dobson told him, at Fayal, that he thought the passengers intended to murder him, and advised him not to drink any wine on board except from a vessel that he himself used, also that he had the cabin boy sleep with a hatchet under his head, etc. It was the opinion of this witness that the ill health of the captain had affected his mind. However, as the matter is in the hands of the law, we have no opinion to express in regard to the character of the vessel, which will be decided after the completion of a full, fair and impartial trial.

LION AND LIONESS.

Calling into the menagerie No. 43, Portland Street, the other day, we were so struck with the noble appearance of a full-grown African lion and lioness, that we requested Mr. Homer to make a drawing of them for the Pictorial. The engraving from his spirited sketch, his first attempt at drawing wild animals, we believe, is on the opposite page, and we think the noble originals, if they were capable of appreciating art, would be satisfied with the representation, although they would doubtless prefer a surrounding of wild forest scenery to the walls and bars of a cage. Both of these animals are full of life and vigor, and contrast in this respect with the hackneyed, jaded animals we too often see in caravans. We should not care to try the experiment of entering the cage, especially during the day's fast which Mr. Sears has found, by experience, it is prudent to establish once a week, to preserve the health of his animals, instead of giving them medicine.



U. S. SHIP-OF-THE-LINE, VERMONT, OFF CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



THE SUPPOSED SLAVE BARK, "ISLA DE CUBA."

PRUSSIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

An American in Berlin thus writes, respecting that city and its people, to the New York Evangelist:—"It is not only a great city, it is a queer one. This makes itself to be seen continually, and not always pleasantly. The *wrongheadedness*, said to be peculiar to the Irishman, seems to me to be at least, in an equal degree, inherent in the German. Their customs differ from those of all other nations; they are as unlike us in certain respects, as they are unlike the Chinese. Their cookery is so different that many persons visiting the city are unable for a long time to eat anything with pleasure or comfort. I, myself, have been here two months, and find even now, when I might be supposed nearly acclimated, but two or three dishes which suit me at all. Every one, too, is familiar with the German sleeping customs; a narrow bed, two feet wide, and so short that a man of ordinary height is obliged to double up in order that he may sleep in it, and covered with that abomination, a feather bed; such is the only arrangement, the only German notion of a bed; the nobles have no other, the peasants use the same. If any person wants a wide bed, two are placed side by side; but though this may be covered with one quilt, the Prussian mind seems

are out of the lips on the instant. Should a stranger ask any chance person in the street the direction to any place, the polite Berliner immediately volunteers to show it himself, and actually, in many cases, will go the whole distance, that the stranger may not lose his route. I remember being thus kindly accompanied, more than a mile, by one whom I had never seen; and in another instance nearly the same distance by another person. If your brother is spoken of, it is "your herr brother;" if your wife, "your lady wife." In the shops customers greet the salesmen or women when they enter; do not immediately begin business, but say a polite word or two, and then make their purchases; and always say good-by when leaving. An educated German is, I will say, one of the most polite and agreeable men on earth. The only rude persons in Berlin seem to be foreigners, and especially—alas that I should say it—English and Americans."

HABITS OF GREAT STUDENTS.

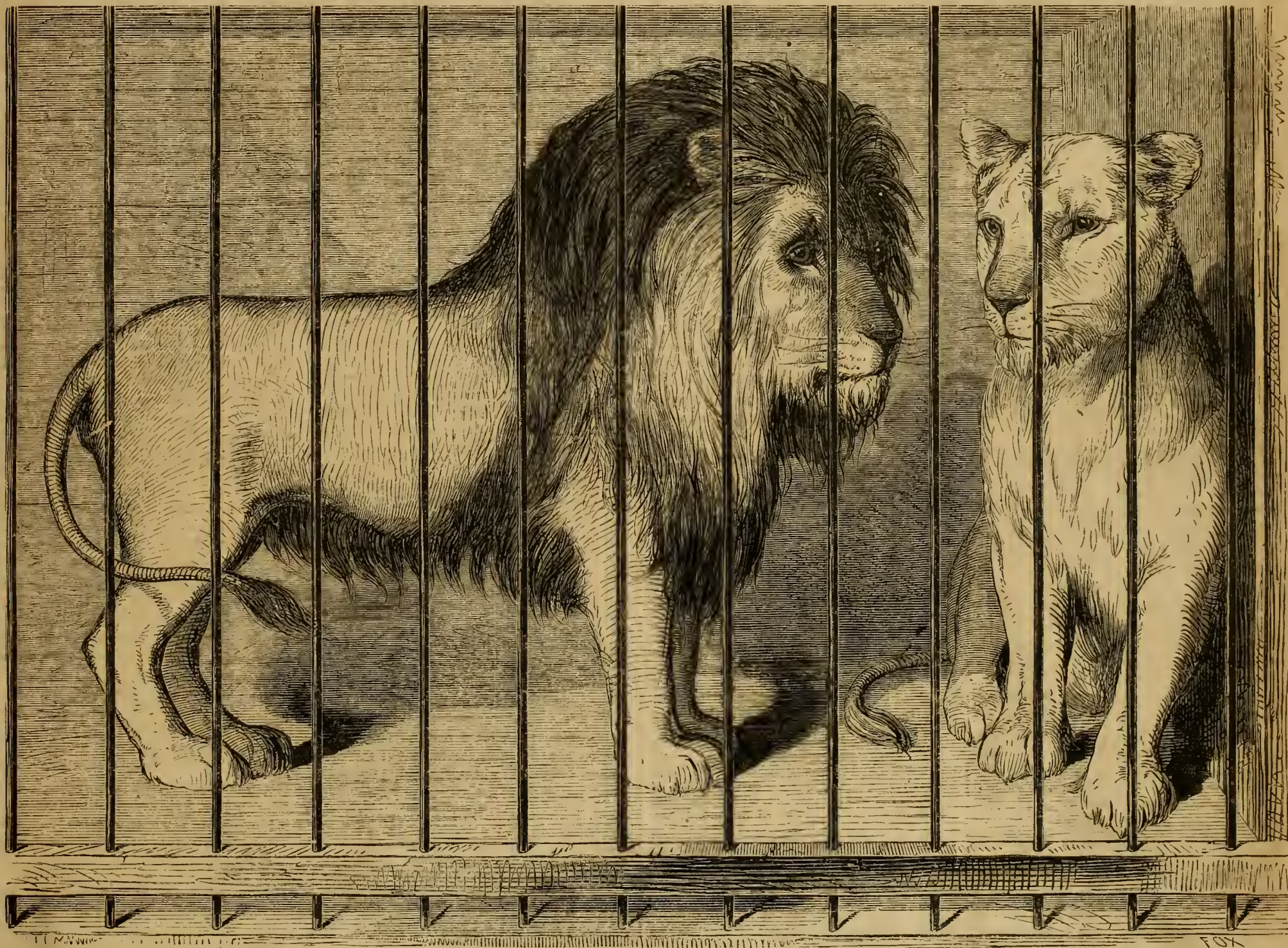
Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a low voice. One day, while working at the play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they

other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight."

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had his books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt a facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up his writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary was set at work.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work.—Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea side, laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.—Bacon knelt known before composing his great work, and prayed for light and inspiration from heaven.—Pope never could

overrun by the stream were often lakes of ice, interrupted only by the black trunk of a willow. We had found the means to obtain skates, and by much practice and after many falls, we had learned how to make use of them. It was there that I was seized with a downright passion for that exercise of the North, in which I afterwards became very skilful. To feel oneself carried off with the swiftness of the arrow, and the graceful undulations of the bird in mid-air, on a smooth, resplendent, sonorous and perfidious surface; to give oneself, by a simple movement of the body, and, so to speak, with nought but one's will for a rudder, all the motions of a bark on the deep, or an eagle soaring in the blue heavens, was for me, and would yet be, if I did not respect my own age, such an intoxication of the senses, and produced such a voluptuous dizziness in the brain, that I cannot think of it without emotion. Even horses, for which I had such a strong liking, do not give their riders that melancholy delirium which skaters find on the frozen bosom of a large lake. How often have I not sent up prayers that winter, with its resplendent but cold sun, sparkling on the blue ice of the boundless meadows of the Saone, might be eternal like our pleasures!"



A SUPERB LION AND LIONESS, NOW EXHIBITING IN BOSTON.

never to have been illuminated: they saw not, for their eyes were holden. Then their evening concerts and parties begin so early, that in summer, evening has not fairly set in when the assembly has broken up: and in winter a vast gulf yawns between the end of the evening's amusement and bedtime. On some accounts this is a good custom, favoring early hours in every way; but it leads to much evil, which any one in Berlin can mark without difficulty. The language is, to a foreigner, strangely involved: they have two distinct characters for writing, and also two for printing, used and well understood by all: and their odd use of the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders, puzzles, while it amuses. Think of a speech in which the word *dog* is masculine, and *horse* is neuter; the *sun* feminine, the *moon* masculine; *lady* feminine, and *girl* woman and *miss* neuter! It is a polite city—a city in which punctilious politeness joins with true heart-felt politeness—two very different things. Here no man enters a restaurant or cafe, or any place of public resort, with his hat on his head; it would be considered a rudeness to the guests assembled. If one in walking rapidly through the streets chances, ever so slightly, to brush against another, the hats of both are not touched but lifted, and "excuse me, sir," "don't mention it,"

took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had written it out he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.—Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the duke of Tuscany, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the grand duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.—Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog which he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical fantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only

compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. This was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was even months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE ECSTASIES OF SKATING.

Lamartine, describing one period of his boyhood, when with some half dozen other children who went at early morning every day from the hamlet of Milly to the village of Bussière, whose poor rector was their instructor,—about a quarter of a league distant,—thus paints the intervening scenery:—"In the winter time this path"—leading down a declivity which he sketches—"was a deep bed of snow on a glacis of ice, down which we used to roll or slide in imitation of Alpine shepherds. Below the meadows

DESTRUCTION OF AN OAK.

The journals of the Haut Rhin relate a fact which will appear scarcely credible—the cutting down of a gigantic oak tree, one of the few remains of ancient Gaul, at Antrage, near Belfort. The tree was many centuries old—according to some learned authorities not less than twenty-four; and its trunk was about sixteen and a half feet in diameter at the base. The tree, stripped of its branches, weighs forty-eight thousand pounds. No reason is assigned for the felling of this venerable oak, beneath which, it may be, the Druids celebrated their rites. The tree was for centuries regarded as one of the curiosities of Alsace, and it caused the village near which it stood to be called Antrage-es-Chene. From an expression in the charter granted in 1105 by Ermentrude, widow of Thierry, Count of Monthe-liard, to whom the district belonged, it appears that the place was even then famous for a number of large oak trees. The number of extremely old oak trees in France is now small. One of the most remarkable is at Allonville; it is nine hundred years old, and its trunk has been used as a chapel since 1696, which chapel is surmounted by a steeple. Another one is at Montravail; it is twelve and a half feet in diameter at the base, and is believed to be two thousand years old.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—We regret that we are unable to answer your questions, but if you will take the trouble to address R. Storrs Willis, Esq., editor of the Musical World, you will obtain all the information you desire, as Mr. Willis resided and studied music in Germany for years.

F. W. Taunton.—Ticknor & Fields of this city are the publishers. The edition is by far the cheapest and best of Scott's works ever yet issued in England or America.

THASIS.—The monument of Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey, is a handsome tablet, with masks in bas-relief, and the well-known inscription, "Oh! rare Ben Jonson."

C. H. J. Syracuse.—We find that "Graglia's Italian Pocket Dictionary" is generally used in schools where Italian is taught. You can get it at Burnham's Antique Bookstore, 143 Washington Street, Boston, price \$1. A treatise on pronunciation and grammar is prefixed, and all the words are accented.

N. H. Taunton.—The reason we did not illustrate the matter you refer to, is because we have never yet introduced into our pages any such vulgar, or sensation matter. Delinquents of murders, portraits of murderers, and the like, will usually be found in a certain class of illustrated papers, but as we issue a journal for the home circle, for the hands of youth, and the reading of families, we can only present such engravings and matter as is suitable and proper for such an object.

M. C.—Phrenologists hold that the laws of their science are applicable to animals. For instance, in the canine race, the greyhound and the bulldog have the least development of brain; for though the head of the latter is large, the capacity of the cranium is small, while the forehead of the former is flattened and recedes—an invariable sign of deficiency of intelligence.

SEROZANT S.—The English army and navy are considered to be the strongest and healthiest in the world. This is attributed to the liberality of their diet. A soldier's daily rations consist of three-quarters of a pound of meat, one pound of bread, one pound and a half of potatoes, two ounces of butter or bacon, and a pint of beer. In the navy it is still in larger proportions.

SOUTH END.—We believe there are about 400 omnibuses in Paris. They are admirably managed, and are all in the hands of one company.

C. C.—Gold-fish originated in China. Inquire, Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759. The centenary of his birth will be celebrated this year in various parts of Germany.

Mrs. L. F., Medford, Mass.—The eider is a specimen of duck inhabiting the northern shores of the Old and New World. It is about twice the size of the common duck.

D. H., Harvard, Mass.—Your case is not a peculiar one, and the disappointment ought to incite to fresh energy and increased industry.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

Royal marriages are rarely happy, for they are never based upon the affections, as all marriages should be, but always upon consideration of policy; so that if two congenial hearts happen to come together in the atmosphere of a court, it is purely a fortunate accident. Shakspeare tells us that "King Cophetua loved a beggar maid," and the story is a dramatic legend, that Felix, prince of Salerno, married Cinderella for love, but these are mythic personages. William of Normandy wooed and won his bride by knocking her down and giving her a sound thrashing, and though royal brides are not obtained in the same way now-a-days, they are often coerced into matrimonial connections. Who supposes that Maria Louisa ever cared a straw for Napoleon I.? Her infamous career from the downfall of the emperor, shows how little she thought of him. And who supposes that poor little Princess Clotilde was impelled by the slightest affection for fat Prince Napoleon, a man double her age, and a notorious rascal? The prince's mother, by the way, was an unwilling bride, and her story shows how sad a fate is that of marriageable women in Europe who have the misfortune to be born to greatness.

Catherine of Wurtemberg was the second wife of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, and brother of Napoleon I. The emperor refused to recognize Jerome's marriage with our countrywoman, Miss Patterson, and compelled him to abandon her. Having carved out a kingdom for his brother, he forced him to take a bride as well as a crown at his hands. The victim was the princess royal of Wurtemberg, a fair young creature, just entering her twenty-first year. She regarded Napoleon as the enemy of her country, and Jerome as, in the eye of God, the husband of another. But she was forced to yield to the iron will of the victor of Europe. With a heavy heart, having been married by proxy, she set forth for Paris. She awaited her bridegroom at the chateau of Rainey, then in the possession of Marshal Junot, Duke d'Abrantes. The Duchess d'Abrantes thus describes the first meeting of the royal pair:—"Catherine of Wurtemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Je-

rome entered, followed by the officers of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boor, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the princess with an air of brusquerie and malaise. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and in the tone and style of a bourgeois, said to her: "My brother is expecting us. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister." The princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition."

But once married, she devoted herself to her duties, and was a model wife and mother. After the final fall of Napoleon, in 1815, the queen of Westphalia, with her children, sought refuge beneath her father's roof, and here, one night, Jerome came for shelter. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the king of Wurtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore, he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbor beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria-Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations where women are counted worthy of honor as well as of love. It was in the following terms:

"SIRE—Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your paternal affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and nature impose duties which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfil them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given me by God and by yourself—the child whom I have borne in my bosom; these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But O, my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But O, my father, my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favor and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe will not always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognized by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled

with our own? Pardon me, my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure.

Believe me, etc., CATHERINE."

But policy steeled the heart of the king against even this touching appeal, and Catherine went forth from her father's palace, never to see his face again. The fugitive pair lived as the Duke and Duchess of Montfort, at a country seat called Casino Azzolino, near the river Trento, in the papal states. There she died in exile. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, are the sole descendants of this noble woman. An act of graceful homage has recently been paid her memory. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, enclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the London Times, "the heart of a noble woman, of one whom no entreaties of her father, the king of Wurtemberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death."

WILL THERE BE WAR?

Opinions differ with regard to the prospect of war in Europe, and so inscrutable are the ways of Louis Napoleon, upon whose breath the question seems to hang, that we need not wonder that the matter still hangs in the balance. Indeed, so uncertain is the issue, that even while these remarks are going through the press, perhaps a foreign arrival may bring us the solution of the problem. With the information we now possess, we still adhere to the opinion we have more than once expressed, that there will be fighting. We attach no weight to the recent pacific declarations of the ruler of France. What confidence can be placed in the man who solemnly swore eternal faith to the republic, and then overthrew it the moment the opportunity occurred? He has alternately spoken words of war and peace—but he is so habitually accustomed to regard language as the cloak of thought, that he cannot complain of the world's great distrust. His official organ tells us that no extraordinary military preparations have been going on in France; that the movements at the military depots and the naval arsenals are only incidental to changes in the two arms of the service, and he is only putting the land force on the ordinary strong peace footing. But there are ugly facts behind this declaration. The reasons given by the Moniteur may account for the casting of new guns, the marching and countermarching of troops, etc.; but what reason but the resolve to fight can account for the accumulation of vast stores of provisions, and the heaping up of extraordinary quantities of powder, even of lint and amputating instruments for surgeons? This surely is not a mere menace, nor is it the usual accompaniment of a peace establishment. The London Times regards the attitude of the emperor as dangerous; witness this sharp paragraph from a late leader in the "Thunderer":—

"In the history of the last two months we have a proof of the losses which the mere apprehension of war inflicts on a civilization like ours. If we are merely to return to the position we were in before the 1st of January, if we are to be constantly liable to another outbreak of imperial ambition, it would be almost preferable to have a war at once, and settle the question whether France is to remain the disquieter of Europe or be bound to good behaviour by the strength of those about her. The destiny of Europe is in the hands of the French people, and, if they have not abdicated every right which belongs to and dignifies man, they will take care that the ruler whom they have chosen shall show some respect to morality and public law."

We have all along thought and said that not only would Napoleon fight, but that he *must* fight. He must do something tangible for the Italians, or as a perjured Carbonaro die the death decreed against all traitors by that terrible secret association which he joined long years ago. This danger is so chimerical one. It was revealed to the startled world by Orsini, who came near destroying the imperial life. It is the sword of Damocles that hangs over the imperial usurper—it is the skeleton that lurks in the cabinet of the Tuileries, the dark shadow that projects its portentous length across the polished floor of the ball-room, and the glittering surface of the banquet-table. It is the secret horror of a guilty life. Only one thing—a blow for Italian independence—can banish the thing of terror, and conjure the impending fate of the coming crisis. Dr. Mackay expresses the following opinion, which is at least worthy of consideration:

"If Austria were driven out of Italy by a successful insurrection of Lombardo-Venetians and Romans, there would be no feeling of regret in this country, but the very reverse. But between such a consummation and her expulsion by the strong arm of France, for the personal and dynastic objects of Napoleon III., there is a mighty difference. The sympathies of Great Britain would be against Austria in the one case, and with her in the other. The emperor of the French plays with a dangerous weapon when he plays with insurrection in Italy. The example may prove more contagious than he imagines. If Venice, Milan, Rome, Naples, and Palermo are on the move, Paris may awaken in the middle of its dark night, and dance the mad dance of liberty to the sound of the 'Marseillaise.' Destiny is no doubt a very great star. But Europe has a destiny as well as the heir of Napoleon. Destiny gave the first Napoleon his Lodi, his Arcole, his Marengo, and his Austerlitz. Destiny gave him the crowns of France and of Italy, but from Destiny he received Moscow and Elba, Waterloo and St. Helena. Destiny has given his successor days of exile and misery—days of glory, honor, dominion and influence for good or evil—unparalleled in modern history. But Destiny—firm, immutable, pre-ordained—plays what sometimes appears to our finite capacities to be strange pranks with his favorites. As yet the emperor of the French seems its most fortunate child; but even he, great as he is, cannot afford to set the judgment of the world at defiance, and to outrage the feelings of an age like ours. If he provoke Austria to battle he sows a whirlwind which will inevitably sweep away many things that are now high and mighty. We need not say what those things are, for they are visible to all the world, though not perhaps distinctly seen in the suffocating atmosphere which overclouds the Tuileries."

Still, however dark and dangerous the path which Louis Napoleon may be compelled to tread, he may even "from this nettle, danger, pluck the flower, safety." Hitherto he has borne a charmed life, and basked in the smiles of fortune. He may not yet have reached the end of his career.

NEWSPAPERS.—Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement." Yet the newspapers of Johnson's day were "flat, stale and unprofitable" to those of ours—with meagre reports, and shreds of news, wretched poetry, and frequently puerile prose. Now journalism sweeps into its vortex the most brilliant minds of the age, and a yearly newspaper volume is a perfect encyclopedia.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—Mademoiselle Sene has made a great sensation at the pretty little French theatre, 585 Broadway, N. Y., and plays admirably in Dégazet's parts, though Mr. Dion Bourcicault says that she isn't Dégazet, and Miss Agnes Robertson, or rather Mrs. Dion Bourcicault, is. Why does he wish to set two pretty women by the ears? They are both excellent actresses, as one is French and the other Scotch, only "comparisons are odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop says.

WASHINGTON STREET.—This great thoroughfare is as brilliant as a garden parterre now with the gay dress of the ladies. Has the expansion of the silken skirts anything to do with the queer-looking cages we see hanging at the milliners' windows? What are they? and what are they for? We never asked the question before.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The legislature has done well to pass a stringent act punishing cruelty to animals severely. Scoundrels who abuse that noble creature the horse, must be prepared to pay a hundred dollars, or lodge a year in jail, for the luxury of their brutality.

OPPOSITE THE TREMONT HOUSE.—Messrs. Cushman & Brooks have one of the best selected stocks of dry goods to be found in Boston. We particularly recommend our lady readers to give them a call. The goods are marked down at marvellously low prices.

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.—In presenting this old but never-tiring German legend to the public in a new form, Mr. Barry has shown his determination to outdo every previous effort of the American stage.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—The watches manufactured by the American Watch Company, at Waltham, meet with a large sale.

INVENTIVE.—The last invention in Ohio is an India-rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this.

BONE-MAKING.

Among the recent discoveries of surgery is a method of making bones grow in the animal system, by artificial means. Dr. Ollier has presented to the French Academy an account of some successful experiments made by him, which are truly wonderful. He took long strips of the pericosteum, or membrane investing the bone, from the thigh-bone of a rabbit, leaving one end of the strips attached, and rolled them around the muscles of the legs in various ways. In the course of time these strips produced bone. He also succeeded in producing bone from the membrane, by detaching the strips entirely, and immediately transplanting them to some other part of the body, say under the skin of the shoulder or back, the result being the formation of a regular bone in those anomalous places. The substance thus generated by the pericosteum is real bone, similar to that of the rest of the body; a cavity being formed within, after a time, which contains marrow. These curious experiments show that bone may be made to grow at will, wherever a portion of the freshly-removed membrane is introduced so as to be in contact with living animal fibre. This discovery may be made very useful in the treatment of fractured limbs, and will possibly produce an entire revolution in the department of amputation. It is found that the re-productive property of the pericosteum diminishes with advanced age in the subject, but it is not entirely lost. The field is open for still wider research in this direction; and it may perhaps yet be ascertained that other tissues and membranes of the animal economy may be successfully re-produced by artificial means. Why may not new lungs be thus provided; new hair, or new teeth?

FORMING AN ACQUAINTANCE.—George Selwyn happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting in the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James Street. He endeavored to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What! don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *culte*. "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn; "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

WARLIKE TROPHIES.—The Rev. Theodore Parker designs to bequeath two revolutionary guns to the State of Massachusetts. They belonged to his grandfather, who was in the fight at Lexington. One is a musket and the other a fowling-piece; therefore they cannot be regarded as "canons of the church."

QUITE RURAL.—A Parisian coiffeur has recently invented a head-dress, composed of corn flags, jasmine bells, feathers, ribbons, etc., which he styles "The Clarissa Harlow." It looks *killing*, and is all the rage among the *beau monde*.

THE PARAGUAY AFFAIR.—The Brazilian government have offered to act as mediator for the settlement of the dispute between Paraguay and the United States, and it is said that Lopez, the Dictator, has accepted the proposition.

A KENTUCKY BELLE.—The lady of the Hon. Mr. Preston, American Minister to Spain, made such a distinguished appearance at the recent Court Ball in Paris, that the gallant Frenchmen styled her *la reine de Kentucky*.

MONUMENT TO CRITTENDEN.—Two American citizens have lately erected a monument in Cuba to the memory of Lieut. Crittenden, of the Lopez Cuban expedition, placing it upon the spot where he was shot.

AN APT LAD.—A boy nineteen years of age, by the name of O'Donnell, has just been tried at St. Louis, Mo., for having three wives. His severest trial would have been to live with them all three.

NATIONAL EXPENSES.—The total amount of money appropriated by Congress for the regular expenses of the government, for the year 1850-60, is a little short of forty millions of dollars.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—Ten of the governments of Russia have completed a plan for the emancipation of the serfs in their jurisdiction.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

They sometimes do things coolly, even in Italy, where such things are not looked for. A case of this kind occurred at Genoa a short time since, which is worthy of note. A gentleman of high social station made the discovery that his wife was unfaithful to him, and instead of rushing upon the parties, in true Italian fashion, and stabbing them both to the heart, he politely showed them the way to the street door, and closed it after them. He then summoned an undertaker, ordered arrangements for a funeral, invited all his friends, and had the funeral ceremonies for a deceased wife performed over an empty coffin. The light burden was then taken by the bearers, placed upon the hearse, and carried off with all the customary solemnities. Having seen the coffin depart from the house, he returned to his friends and claimed their congratulations on the fact that he was a widower; and throwing open the doors of his dining-hall, invited them to partake of a splendid feast which he had prepared. The astonished company, after learning the truth of the case, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and congratulated him upon his return to a life of single blessedness, in many a well-charged bumper.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Emerson, in one of his recent public addresses, gave his definition of "men of the world;" not the men we read of in newspapers and novels, men of horses and wagons—men of beef and the porter bottle—men who were deep in the mysteries of champagne—men of stocks and coupons—not these, but men whose sympathies were with all that was good and noble—which were deep and wide, and related to every bright thought and every good work going on in the universe—these were his men of the world. Shakespeare and Cervantes, and Scott and Bunyan, and for the first time Dickens was included among the stars which shine for all of us to admire, and by a wide induction, many were included whose names were not called over—nay, so numerous were they, that they never get included in any peerage, nor even named in any newspapers.

QUEER DOINGS IN SPAIN.—A private letter from Paris reports rather a curious incident. In his tour the Comte de Paris was received at Seville with the honors due to a king's son. The French ambassador at Madrid protested; and at a subsequent stage the young count was received only as a private gentleman. On hearing this, the Duke de Montpensier was seriously offended, and at once resigned all the Spanish titles which had been conferred upon him as husband of the Infanta Luisa. It is even said that he contemplates leaving Spain.

LIBERAL.—Our neighbors, over the way, MESSRS. CHASE BROTHERS & CO., manufacturers of ornamental iron work, threw open their entire and beautiful collection of ornaments as a loan for the late three very successful fairs in the Music Hall. This gratuitous aid to the Young Men's Christian Union, the Homœopathic, and the Channing Home Fairs, was of much assistance in ornamenting the spacious hall, and furnishing the means without cost to those interested, of elegantly arranging the articles. Such generosity should be chronicled.

TRUE ENOUGH.—Sydney Smith maintained that there were three things which every man felt himself competent to undertake, without the least previous experience, namely—to manage a small farm, drive a gig, and edit a country newspaper.

A RIDICULOUS FASHION.—One of the latest fashions for gentlemen is the "barber-pole" pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled corkscrew.

DEATH OF AN ENGLISH POET.—T. K. Hervey, the poet, died in England, February 17th, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was editor of the London Athenæum from 1846 to 1854.

FASHIONABLE JEWELRY.—Paris letters say the display of jewelry at court and at entertainments of the aristocracy, is truly magnificent, and exquisite gems of the perfection of the jeweller's art.

THE GALWAY STEAMERS.—The British government grant £70,000 per annum to the Galway steamers, placing them on a stable footing.

Wayside Gatherings.

The overland California Mail Company are still having trouble with the Indians.

A San Francisco lady who obtained a divorce on the 18th of January, got married again on the 19th.

The National Intelligencer says the elevation of Mr. Holt to the Postmaster Generalship is "admitted on all hands, and in all respects, to be an excellent appointment."

The Farmer's Club, at New Britain, Conn., have established semi-annual "cattle-market fairs," on the English plan, for the collection of stock, seeds, etc., for purposes of mutual examination, barter and sale.

The Pittsburgh Journal notices the departure of quite a number of young ladies from that city en route for Pike's Peak. They have little idea of the hardships they may have to undergo during such a journey.

The first cattle show held in this country was held at Pittsfield, Mass., in October, 1810, and from this era sprang the system of agricultural societies and shows, as they exist at present in most parts of the United States.

A publican in St. Louis recently drank 150 glasses of lager beer between 8 o'clock in the morning and midnight of the same day. He proposes to repeat the unswinish deed, or to forfeit \$150 and the price of his beer.

During the first two weeks of March, Mr. Thomas Vance, of Lyndon, Me., buried six children. The disease which thus swept away nearly a whole family, was typhoid fever of a very malignant type.

Miss Margaret E. McDonald died in Hardy county, Va., on the 9th ult., being the tenth member of her family—including her parents—who have died in the last five months. Only one sister now remains out of a family of eleven.

A few weeks ago Jacob Helseh, who resided in the vicinity of East Walnut Hill, Ohio, was bitten in the shoulder by a vicious horse, and having neglected the wound, gangrene set in, from the effects of which he died.

The Italian residents in America are collecting subscriptions to purchase for the King of Sardinia a sword, the hilt of which shall consist of a small statue of Italy in pure California gold, as a tribute of sympathy and admiration.

A youngster by the name of Stephen Washington Outlaw, aged about 17 years, was arrested near Columbus, Ga., a few days since, charged with having forged three promissory notes, amounting in all to \$1800.

Congress has allowed the claim of Massachusetts against the government, for arming and equipping the militia of 1812. The whole amount is about \$227,000. By the terms of separation Maine was to receive one-third.

A man named Twitchell died at Broomfield, Ohio, lately, who weighed 386 pounds. He wore, when living, a vest six feet and ten inches in circumference, and there was cloth enough in his overcoat to make four overcoats for ordinary men.

At a recent meeting of the Detroit Historical Society, it was stated that a French resident of that city died a few years since at the age of 116 years, during 105 of which he never drew a sober breath. The old fellow must have been a walking demijohn.

It is affirmed that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon declared that he would not visit America, lest in the public mind he should be complicated with the personal, financial and sectarian schemes of persons who have sought to use him for their own purposes.

Mr. Thurston, the unfortunate aeronaut, once told a friend that he never feared anything when on his balloon excursions, except when abreast of a forest; then the forked trees seemed all to be rushing towards him, having a tendency to confuse and bewilder him.

In New Haven, a few nights ago, a young man who was watching with a sick friend, lay down upon a bed in the same room with a cigar in his mouth. He fell asleep, and was awakened by fire, and found the bed all in flames, and the room full of smoke.

A few years ago a cotton manufactory was erected in Prattville, Ala., by Mr. Daniel Pratt, who gives the name to the village. The last year the total amount of business done in the place was \$587,291, of which \$423,450 was in cotton manufactures.

The word "Yankee," says the historian of the "Colony of New Plymouth," comes from *yan*, which means eye, and *kee*, which means tooth, in the Massachusetts vernacular. The colonists drove sharp bargains—had cut their eye-teeth; hence the Indians called them *Yan-kee*.

The greatest distance a shot has been thrown in this country is 33-8 miles. This was thrown from a 12 inch gun, a charge of 28 pounds of powder being used, and the shell weighing 180 pounds. As to the accuracy with which a shot can be thrown, a Mr. Sawyer has struck a target 40 feet by 20, at the distance of a mile, about every other time.

Some sharpers in St. Louis have been doing a flourishing business, by advertising for members to join a "hand-cart train" to Pike's Peak, charging an entrance fee of \$50—which answered all the purpose of initiating their dupes into the nature of their rascality, but did not serve to advance them one step towards the land of promise.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love has made his best interpreter a sigh.—Byron.

.... Our fashions may be considered the aggregate of the opinions of our women.—Bulwer.

.... Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.—Mrs. Child.

.... Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay.—O. W. Holmes.

.... Inferiority always was, and always will be, most pardonable in others, and least noticeable in ourselves.—De Boufflers.

.... Tranquil pleasures last the longest. We are not fitted to bear long the burden of great joys.—Bovee.

.... Wit is the philosopher's quality—humor the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humor to persons.—Bulwer.

.... Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.—Bovee.

.... Write as wisely as we may, we cannot fix the minds of men upon our writings, unless we take them gently by the ear.—Robert Walsh.

.... Sometimes a quarter of an hour is worth more than a century, as a diamond is worth more than a block of stone.—De Boufflers.

.... The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

.... It is our duty, not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.—Chesterfield.

.... To many of its members society is a Saturn that eats his children—a fiend that scourges men out of their humanity and then mocks at their fall.—George Henry Calvert.

.... Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power, that is all.—O. W. Holmes.

.... The decencies of life, when polished, become its brightest ornaments. Gold is a means, and not an end. It can do a great deal, still it can't do everything; and among others, it can't make a gentleman, or else California would be full of them.—Nature and Human Nature.

.... Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.—Dr. Franklin.

Joker's Budget.

Love letters are generally only a species of noose-paper.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

Why is a barefooted boy like a Greenlander? Because he wears no shoes (snow shoes).

What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? I'm down on you this time.

However paradoxical it may appear, "blunt" people have a way of saying very "sharp" things.

Why is a man leaving an omnibus full of ladies like a convalescent child? Because he is getting out of the (w) hoops.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

"I suppose, Jim, that if I were to jump into the water here, I should find it over my head and ears." "Over your head, Frank, but probably not over your ears."

A Yankee being asked how it happened that his sweetheart had given him the mitten, replied: "I was such a fool that I praised her so much she got so proud she wouldn't speak to me!"

The New Haven Courier has been shown "one of those singular but not unprecedented productions—a double hen's egg." Will somebody now show it a single hen's double egg?

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a beaver naturally takes to the water."

Wanted—a pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." And a short club broken off the square root.

A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from his dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master if he had no other motion than that. "Yes," replied the youth, drawing out each letter, "but it is a little slower."

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his much-abused consort, "I wish you to make a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

A judge out West has recently decided that it might be insanity to sign another man's name to a check in place of your own; but when you draw the money on the check, and spend it, there is a great deal of sanity in the proceeding.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

UMBERAN.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

They called him Umeran—and well they might;
Life was to him a shadow—darkness all;
My sunshine was his gloom, my day his night,
My robe of joy his pall.

I knew him well, and oft we sat apart,
Myself the while with him a misanthrope,
And o'er and o'er again his broken heart
Would heed for vanquished hope.

Hope, which alone had been his guiding star,
Beneath whose smile his youth had prospered well,
And who, alas, once soared from earth too far,
Icarus like, and fell!

I well remember, strange, sad Umeran,
How, of an evening when the leaves were sere,
We walked together, and our converse ran
Upon the dying year.

And then (it was not strange) we talked of thee;
Your voice was sorrowful, and yet aglow
You told me what your boyhood wished to be,
And what the man had been.

You spoke of years whose race had been your own,
Destroying youth, bright hopes, without amends,
And then, while still more plaintive grew your tone,
You told of hurried friends.

Of friends beloved, the measure of whose days
Was as the substance of your own delight,
Whose feet had wandered from their wonted ways,
And left on earth no light.

And as the slender reed before the gale,
You leaned your head upon my breast and wept.
O, never yet came deeper, sadder wail,
From bosom sorrow-swept!

I tell the story calmly, for I know
The poor soul-sufferer to his home has passed;
Sad Umeran beneath the winter snow
Has found his rest at last.

I closed his eyes—I saw the sweet, faint smile
Which o'er his wan and pallid features crept,
And when he died, I left the world awhile—
I, too, in sorrow wept!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TOWER OF TORRE MOZZA.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

ABOUT ten miles from Piombino, in Tuscany, is the tower of Torre Mozza, which, in common with other towers along the coast, it was thought necessary at one time to keep in a state of defence. This was after the principality had been conferred on the Princess Elise Bonaparte and her husband, Prince Felix Bacchiochi, in 1805. The regulation, however, simply demanded the residence of a *castellano*, or lieutenant, who was not confined wholly to the tower, but had other duties to perform which occasionally drew him from his wonted post.

The *castellano* of Torre Mozza, Giovanni Bardi, was summoned away to Follonica one day in the last week of May, 1805; and having occasion for the services of his gunner, he took him along with him. On this day, therefore, Torre Mozza remained unguarded. Within the lonely tower were the lieutenant's mother, Madame Bardi, and her children, most of whom were of tender years. Two of them, however, were girls of sixteen and upwards; and these two, with their mother, were the only ones capable of understanding the position of Giovanni, should any danger occur during his absence. While preparing for his departure in the morning, the mother had spoke of the circumstance of being left without any means of defence, at a time when the English might be hovering about the coast—but the young *castellano* laughed at her fears.

"At all events, mother," he answered, "you will be well guarded by Gaetano and Odorata, whom I have instructed so faithfully in discharging yonder old guns. But do not fear; I shall return, I hope, by noon, and no very formidable danger will, I imagine, happen in so brief an absence." His assurance quieted the mother; and in the numerous household duties which her young family created, she soon lost sight of any impending danger.

A large, square, well-lighted room in the tower was at once the sitting and dining-room of the family. From the windows could be seen the long line of coast scenery, and the Island of Elbo lay serenely upon the waters, directly in front of the tower.

They were seated at dinner, and talking of the loneliness which the absence of Giovanni always

created, when Madame Bardi, who was sitting opposite the windows, suddenly turned pale. Gaetano, the eldest daughter, followed the direction of her mother's eye, and saw, to her alarm and surprise, a vessel under full sail, making for the shore. As she watched, she saw several boats launched and filled, and had no doubt from the dress and appearance of those on board that they were English, and therefore to be dreaded as enemies. It was indeed an English brigantine, with armed troops on board, and their apparent object was to attack Torre Mozza, which they had been closely reconnoitering.

Madame Bardi was not a coward, but the thought of her helpless family exposed to the mercy of the foe—of her son's absence, and the too probable censure and disgrace which would fall upon him for not being at his post at a period of danger, completely overcame her, and she wept and wrung her hands in helpless grief. Gaetano and Odorata roused her from this state, by proposing that she should instantly depart with the little ones, and try to walk to Vignale, the nearest inhabited point, where she could procure some aid for the defenceless town.

"You know, mama," said one of them, "what Giovanni told you this morning, that we could fire if we were attacked—and so we can. Only take away the children, and send some one to relieve us, and depend upon it we will brave them off until aid comes."

Madame Bardi looked at the two girls, and thought that indeed their courage was no idle jest. They were as brave and undaunted as old soldiers in the prospect of a battle. Gaetano's tall, slender figure was drawn up to its full height, her brilliant black eyes sparkled, and her whole appearance was changed from the tender, timid, shrinking girl, to the firm, collected and resolute woman. Odorata was equally brave and determined looking. Madame Bardi recollected how often they had amused themselves, and won praises from their brother, by firing off the heavy pieces of artillery, and she gathered courage from the thought. She dressed her children for their walk, without alarming them, and kissing the fair girls tenderly, she departed across the fields to Vignale.

As the last fold of her dress disappeared, the girls ran to the loopholes in the tower, and in a moment the first gun from the brigantine came booming across the water. It was promptly answered from the tower. Again and again it was repeated, and each time the guns pealed forth from the tower, with the occasional thunder of some heavy pieces which the enthusiasm of the hour gave them strength to load and discharge.

At this powerful defence, the English seemed at a loss whether to continue the attack; but at length they sent fifteen men and an officer on shore. The quick eye of Gaetano took in the sight, and a roar of cannon followed quickly. She seemed to gather strength and courage from every appearance of assault from the enemy.

Odorata's thoughts were upon a different subject. She had distinctly seen the face of the English officer in charge of the boat. A few nights before she had dreamed of such a scene and of such a man. He came to her, she thought, and threw a cluster of orange blossoms into her lap. She had told her dream to Gaetano, and she now called her to look at him.

"It is the very man of my dream, sister! What do you think?—am I likely to be so unfortunate as to marry a foe of my country?" And with that scene before her eyes, the wild, careless girl laughed at her own credulity in believing that there is any power in those unconscious visions that visit our sleeping hours.

"Hush, sister! you are mad to let them hear a girl's laughing voice. See! they are close upon us! Let us bring this great monster of a piece to bear straight upon them."

"O no, no!" whispered Odorata hoarsely. "Defend ourselves we may, Gaetano, but to strike a man like him who approaches the tower—nay, do not fire!"

It was too late to entreat. The ball had already speeded to its destination; and when Odorata again looked, the hero of her dream was lying upon the ground, and his leaderless party were closing around him, or flying off to the fields to find some kind stream, for water to revive him if still living.

It was four in the afternoon, and no one had arrived from Vignale. The tired mother and her children had arrived at that village in a state of exhaustion. There was a religious festival in celebration there, the noise and confusion of which had prevented the inhabitants from hear-

ing the heavy artillery, which, at any other time, would have attracted them to the spot whence it proceeded; and as she found at their homes only the sick or infirm who could not attend the festival, she was obliged to go to the church herself to carry the news.

The sexton at the church of Vignale was an old man, deaf and half blind. Madame Bardi could not make him understand, and some minutes elapsed ere she could effect an entrance. But as she opened the door, she caught sight of a familiar face. The old gunner, who had accompanied her son to Follonica that morning, had returned by the way of Vignale, and seeing the procession, had joined the crowd, from which it seemed impossible to extricate himself.

He came at her beckoning hand; and the few broken words she was able to speak, filled him with horror and dismay. Although thankful that the mother and children were safe, he trembled to think that his own delay might have proved fatal to the two poor girls. Happily the services were over, and he gave the alarm as briefly as possible, seized the bridle of a horse near the church, mounted and galloped over the intervening five miles as quick as the half-starved animal could be made to exert himself, and arrived at Torre Mozza just as Odorata had sunk down in a sudden fit of despair and grief, not at her own perilous situation, but with a strange and inexplicable sympathy with him whom her sister had, in all probability, despatched to the "land of the hereafter."

The arrival of a strong force from Vignale, and also from other villages beyond, placed the town in perfect security, and the brigantine now evidently awaited the return of the officers and men, to abandon the coast. This return was not destined to be accomplished. On the arrival of the young *castellano*, who had been unexpectedly detained at Follonica, he instantly collected a force sufficient to surround the men from the brigantine and take them prisoners, while the wounded man was conveyed, with all the tenderness due to a vanquished foe, to the tower.

Before midnight all was quiet in the tower. Madame Bardi and the children were brought back, all the volunteers had returned home, save a few for a necessary guard, and the two exhausted girls had fallen asleep. Giovanni himself still waked to watch over his wounded prisoner. The injury was to a single limb; and the agony of the wound seemed as nothing to the proud and sensitive Englishman, compared with the mortification of defeat and imprisonment. His illness would probably confine him to the bed for thirty or forty days, and the beloved brigantine, which he worshipped as a lover worships his mistress, was sailing far away without him.

Happily for him, the Italian ladies have not the strict reserve which would prevent one of his own countrywomen from entering a stranger's sick-room. The generous *castellano* not only bestowed a brother's care upon his prisoner, but brought his sisters to enliven his situation.

It was then that Giovanni, proud of his sister's courage and bravery, related their share of the exploit which had brought the officer to the tower against his will, and in a different way to that which he contemplated. Humiliating as it was to be conquered by a woman's hand, he could not but express admiration for their coolness and spirit; and when Gaetano wept at the wreck she had made, and Odorata blushed deeply at his frank avowal of admiration, the young soldier could not determine which was the loveliest of the two.

Weeks passed—the fifteen prisoners had been honorably exchanged for three or four Tuscan soldiers who had fallen into the hands of the English, and only the mere semblance of imprisonment remained to the young Arthur Warwick. Only his heart was captive. Odorata's beauty—her strong, quick sympathy—her evident sorrow for the misfortune which had left him perhaps a cripple for life, had brought him to her feet; and the mutual love was all the stronger because it was necessary to keep it a secret from all. Not even Gaetano was entrusted with it. Peace with the nations was the only condition upon which it was to be revealed. Meantime Gaetano, and Madame Bardi herself, was with the prisoner as much as was Odorata. With the latter it was the all-absorbing passion which her southern blood can feel so deeply, yet it was tempered with the necessity of secrecy.

Giovanni, generous foe that he was, would still have disowned his sister had he known she had given her heart to an Englishman; and when the prince sent the sisters his cordial thanks

for their brave defence of Torre Mozza, and Gaetano received a large grant of land, and Odorata an equally valuable dower in money for their services, he could not forbear boasting of it before Arthur Warwick, to the manifest discomforting of the two.

How the tide of time flows on! He who was a prisoner at Torre Mozza—after a few years of fond remembrance of her who had sweetened that captivity—attained, by the death of three intervening claimants, the inheritance of an earldom. The dignity involved no forgetfulness of past affection. The beautiful defender of Torre Mozza was still the bride of his heart, and became the wife of Lord Shirley—the hero of her youthful vision—the Arthur Warwick of the old tower on the coast of Tuscany.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Old Zack and the Lieutenant.

AN ARMY ANECDOTE.

BY A FIRST DRAGOON.

WHEN the Virginia Regiment of Volunteers arrived at General Taylor's camp, at Walnut Springs, near Monterey, their arms were rather the worse for their long march from Camargo, being somewhat rusty and dusty. A certain lieutenant of that corps, who prided himself on belonging to one of the F. F. V.'s—"first families of Virginia"—on the next day after their arrival, was strolling through the camp, trying to get a peep at the old general, when he espied a stout fellow in his shirt-sleeves, seated on the ground beneath a shady bower, hard at work on a sword-hilt. The lieutenant, with a pompous air, walked up to the old chap and addressed him as follows:

"I say, Old Fel, which is General Taylor's tent?"

Old Fel, hard at work rubbing the sword-hilt—"That one there."

"I wonder if I could see the great hero?"

"Well, colonel, you might, and then again, you might not."

Putting on an extra share of dignity, the officer said:—"Come, my Old Trump, you must show me how I can get a sight at him. Whose sword is that which you are cleaning?"

"What, this cheese-knife? That's Old Zack's—I'm cleaning it for him."

"Then you work for the general, do you? Well, my weapon is a little rusty, and if you will clean it up handsomely I will give you a dollar."

"Well, leave your toad-sticker here, and drop round this way to-morrow, and I'll have it ready for you. If you don't find me here, you call over to the general's tent and I'll be there."

The lieutenant left his sword with the old chap, and after taking a turn or two about the general's quarters, and an occasional peep through the doorway of the hut, went his way. The day following he called at the bower where he had seen the man at work, but found no one. He then went over to the general's tent, and the sentry, seeing that he was an officer, passed him in. He found the "Old Fel" walking up and down in the outer tent, in which was a small table covered with newspapers, and a couple of camp-stools. The "Old Trump" handed the officer his sword, all clean and bright as when it first came from Ames's Factory on the banks of the Connecticut. Upon receiving it, the lieutenant kindly informed "Old Fel" of the startling fact that he "belonged to one of the first families in Virginia," and then, playfully punching the "Old Trump" in the ribs, said to him: "Come now, Old Fatty, can't you show us the general?"

At this "Old Fatty" drew himself up, and shouted in a voice of thunder, while his eyes flashed fire, "Boy, I am General Taylor!"

Overwhelmed with confusion, the young scion of the F. F. V.'s could not say a word; but with staring eyes and open mouth, bowed himself out of the tent. He then made a bee line through the woods, Old Zack shouting after him:

"I say, Young Fel, you have forgot that dollar."

But the lieutenant did not stop until he reached the Virginia encampment, where he buried himself in his tent, in momentary apprehension of an order for his arrest. No such order came, however; but the story at length got out, and many a sharp quiz was put upon the young gentleman by his brother officers, as to his employing Gen. Taylor to clean his sword-hilt, and how many inches "Old Fatty" had upon his ribs.

THE LATE O. A. BULLARD, ARTIST.

The accompanying portrait is an accurate likeness of the late O. A. Bullard, an American artist of great merit and great industry, extensively known as the painter of the celebrated "Panorama of New York City," which is now exhibiting throughout the country with the greatest success. O. A. Bullard was born at Howard, Steuben county, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1816. His parents came from Barre, Worcester county, Mass., and were among the earliest settlers of Steuben county. His father was a farmer. When the latter died, the subject of this sketch was fourteen years of age, and was apprenticed to the business of wagon-making and sign-painting; those branches being frequently united in many of our villages. His love for the fine arts was first awakened by the arrival of a portrait painter in that place. Eager to obtain some knowledge of the art, young Bullard exerted himself to the utmost to raise the ways and means, and applied for instruction; but the artist refused to disclose any of his professional secrets. At that period he was eighteen years of age, and the productions of this painter were the first oil paintings he had ever seen. Ever afterwards his mind was fixed upon painting, and although the means of realizing his dreams were not then apparent, yet he was determined to become an artist. All his spending money was laid out in books; but he searched in vain for any that gave information on painting. At this juncture a friend of his, a young physician, agreed "to sit for his likeness." Bullard was in his glory, as with a painter's pencil, odds and ends of brushes, and the premises all to himself and his "subject," he commenced his first portrait. The picture was declared to be excellent, and to his gratification it was pronounced greatly superior to those painted by the professional artist. All the people declared it was like life itself; and indeed his anxiety and ardor had given him complete success in transferring the features of his patron literally to the canvass. When twenty-one years old, Mr. Bullard visited Massachusetts and Connecticut, where he found friends who gave him the requisite instructions. He then commenced business as a portrait painter, at Hartford, where he met with good success. During several subsequent years, he painted portraits in Massachusetts, and in the western part of the State of New York. In 1844 he married the eldest daughter of A. A. Olmstead, Esq., and in the winter of 1843 made New York city his permanent place of residence. There was probably no artist living, of Mr. Bullard's age, who labored harder, or applied himself more closely to his profession for fifteen years. He illustrated a fact that has been illustrated by a great many individuals, viz., that God gives nothing to mortals without labor. It is labor that produces everything. There is no doubt of the fact that it is the duty of every man, more especially of every young man, to find out what trade or profession God intended him for, and then, after ascertaining that fact, to devote the whole powers of his mind to the accomplishment of that one object, viz., to excel in that trade or profession. Mr. Bullard, like all men who have distinguished themselves, has acted on this principle. Early in life the idea was strongly impressed upon his mind that he was intended for an artist. Previous to his settling down in New York city, to distinguish himself, he had painted the portraits of eight hundred different individuals. The persevering energy and enthusiasm that he brought to his profession could not fail to command success. He went to New York with the determination to distinguish himself in his profession, and although he was not known to a single



THE LATE O. A. BULLARD, ARTIST.

individual in that city, he formed a resolution to earn for himself, in time, a reputation that should be world-wide. The word *fail* was not found in Mr. Bullard's dictionary. After painting the portraits of over one hundred different individuals residing in New York and vicinity, he believed that he could do more good by painting works that should carry a moral with them. Most of his works illustrated the manners and customs of American Life and History. His first great painting was "The Last Blanket." All who are familiar with American history, will recollect that during the Revolution, when our army were suffering for clothing and food, at Valley Forge, tax gatherers were sent by General Washington to collect of the people whatever they could give for the support of the army. Upon one occasion, one of these tax gatherers called upon a widow woman who had one babe—that babe was asleep, wrapped in the widow's only blanket, but such was her interest in the cause of American Independence, that she took from her shoulders her only shawl, wrapped her child in it,

and handed her only blanket to the tax gatherer, to carry to the soldiers of the Revolutionary army. That scene was the subject of Bullard's first historical picture. It was sold to the American Art Union, and was drawn by Mr. I. H. Brown, of New York city. His second work was "The Daughter's Appeal." All who have read of Ethan Allen know that he wrote a book on infidelity, called "The Oracles of Reason." The wife of Ethan Allen was a devotedly pious lady, a member of the Presbyterian church. She had a number of daughters, all of whom believed the doctrines their mother had taught them, with the exception of the eldest. This girl's mind had been biased by the influence of her father, and she was inclined to subscribe to his views. At the age of eighteen she lay upon her death-bed. She sent for her father to come to her, and addressed him in these words: "Father, I must die; I must meet my God; now, dear father, tell me, shall I believe the doctrines that you have taught me, or shall I believe the doctrines that my mother has taught me?" The brave old soldier could face a cannon's mouth and not flinch a hair, but when this question was addressed to him, he hesitated, dropped his head, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said with emphasis: "Daughter, believe the doctrines your mother has taught you!" This scene, "The Daughter's Appeal," was Bullard's second painting—it was sold to the Art Union, and drawn by Geo. J. J. Barber, of Homer, N. Y. His third painting was "Nathan Hale just before his Execution." This was sold to the Art Union, and drawn by a western man. His fourth painting, "Captain John Smith and Pocahontas," was sold to the Art Union. Among other productions were "Judith in the Tent of Holofernes," "The Horse Trade," "Sam Slick," and "The Panorama of New York City," his last and crowning effort, a work remarkable for its fidelity and elaborateness of detail. The artist did not live to enjoy the fame of his performance, but died in the city he had illustrated by his pencil, October 13, 1853.

EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES, S. AMERICA.

The interesting group on this page, the various figures of which are all life-like and characteristic, is engraved from a photograph, and forms a very striking picture. Would the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street ever "hold still" long enough to be photographed? We think not. The financiers of South America must differ entirely from their brethren of the North. Buenos Ayres, as our readers know, is situated on the western shore of the Plata, about two hundred miles from its mouth. It was formerly the capital of the vice royalties of South America. It received its name from its founder, D. Pedro de Mendoza, in 1534, on account of the salubriousness of its climate. In 1778 the province of Lima, together with those of Paraguay, Tucuman, Potosi and Cuyo, were erected into a separate vice-royalty, of which Buenos Ayres was made the capital. It has now become a place of great mercantile importance; indeed, one of the most important in South America. The population varies from 70,000 to 80,000. The commerce of the place consists partly in the exportation of hides and other articles, but principally in specie of gold and silver. In the transaction of this important branch of trade, there are brokers who spend regularly every morning a certain fixed time at the Exchange. We give here an engraving of the apartment recently opened for the accommodation of these merchants, where their monetary transactions are quietly carried on.



THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES, SOUTH AMERICA.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PEACE.

BY M. T. CALDER.

Hushed and still my heart is resting,
All its wars of passion o'er,
Now no more the billows breasting,
Calmly gaze I from the shore.

Gaze upon the woe!

melodious song.

All are past, their frantic mingling
In my racked and aching breast,
Like the tempest's wild commingling,
Brought at last deep Peace and Rest.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past; its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprung to light.
The week is past! If it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly rapture tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.—BOWRING.

GLORY.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind.—BYRON.

TRUE PRAYER.

True prayer is not the imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.—MRS. SINGOURNEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We forget whether we have commented on the fact that swordsmanship is again becoming a fashionable accomplishment in our modern Athens. Time was when not to handle a sword well was fatal to a man's pretensions to be considered a gentleman. The slender rapier never left a gentleman's side except in the ball-room. But the sword was laid aside for boxing and blackguardism. True that when these keen weapons were at hand a good deal of blood was shed, but wasn't it vastly more genteel to lose a few drops by such a delicate instrument, than to have one's claret tapped by the rough hand of a shoulder-hitter? Weapon for weapon, who will say that the American bowie knife is an improvement on the European small sword? If one must be dissected, isn't it better to be carved by a surgeon than a butcher? For our own part, we do not despair of seeing swords come into fashion again, and with them ruffles and plumed hats, and crimson velvet coats, and Spanish boots of the style of Louis XIV. Voltaire's Frenchman was a compound of the monkey and the tiger, but all men have a good deal of the monkey in their composition in one respect, the habit of imitation. No sooner does anything take in art, in the drama or music, than straightway a thousand rhymesters turn down their collars and drink gin. Tom Taylor writes "Our American Cousin," and directly we have "Our American Female Cousin," "Our English Cousin," "Our African Cousin," and so forth. A plague on these cozening cousins! We shall have "Our Second Cousin" next, and all the changes rung on blood relationship. We respectfully suggest the title of "Our Avuncular Relative," by way of a little variety. The row in Europe is likely to break up a good many projected tours, bridal and pleasure. One likes to visit Italy and study the old monuments and masters, but it is not quite so pleasant to be detained as a prisoner of war sailing under false colors—and the idea of being "taken as a spy, tried as a spy, and hung as a spy" is far from agreeable. Mlle. Dejazet lately reappeared at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, in her great part of the Duke de Richelieu, in the "Premieres Armes de Richelieu," (admirably played at the little French theatre in New York by Mlle. Sené) with great success. "Fanny was younger once than she is now," but the Dejazet is still attractive, and "makes love like an angel." By the way, the story of her chambermaid having piously defrauded her for years, for the purpose of accumulating a fortune for her mistress, whose prodigal habits kept her poor, is all "von no such zing." Dejazet herself denies it in the "Figaro" in a very spirituelle letter. A parallel case to that of Mrs. Coutts, the infatuated follower of Mario, is mentioned in one of our French exchanges. A lady of high rank and great wealth, on the shady side of forty, has fallen in love with the ex-emir Abd-El-Kader, and has sold all her property in France and gone to live at Broussa, where she can have an opportunity of seeing her idol daily. It is a sort of Lady Hester Stanhope affair, flavored with a romantic and hopeless passion. They had a touch of the earthquake in some of the Italian provinces. That is nothing to the political volcano which will soon burst under their feet. The emperor of Russia has just confirmed the statutes of a great navigation company which has been formed under the name of the "Triton,"

the object of which is to establish a service of steamers for the transport of passengers and merchandise between St. Petersburg and Lubeck. This company designs, moreover, to establish immediate relations with the lines of communication radiating from Lubeck, with Germany, France and Switzerland by land, and with North America by the boats of the American company of Hamburg, so that merchandise exported from Russia may be expedited directly to their ports of destination. The capital of the society is fixed at 400,000 roubles, in shares of 100 roubles. The capital may be increased to 800,000 roubles. Mrs. Hudson Kirby, well remembered by the patrons of the Boston Theatre, is playing at the Surry, on. The marquis of Normanby, a former friend of the late Lord Byron, lately cut him dead in Florence, out of his recent disgraceful quarrel with an Italian. Thereupon the old poet wrote the marquis the following pungent note: "My Lord,—Now I am released from an illness of several months' duration, and no little by your lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and of numerous Florentines, I must remind you, in the gentlest terms, of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are old men, my lord, and verging on decrepitude and imbecility, else my note might be more emphatic. Do not imagine I am an obsequious servant of distinctions. You, by the favor of a minister, are marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor." Perhaps the most remarkable of the many Burns banquets in Scotland took place at the village of Alyth. A number of the female admirers of the poet resolved on having a tea party, composed of women exclusively. Sixty of them assembled in a hall, where all enjoyed themselves with a comfortable tea, under the presidency of one of their sex. After refreshment, their husbands were admitted, when there were reels, polkas, and vocal music. Why were the knights of old, when equipped for battle, always in love? Because they were *en-armored*. Souloque, when emperor, used to be a most excellent customer of the peculiar nicknackery and industry called *articles de Paris*. Indeed he was easily pleased in that respect, as a story goes that a whole regiment of his sable guards bore on their shakos a shining brass ornament, which, on closer examination, was found to have done duty before, viz., on the tin boxes in which anchovies are exported from the French ports—so that each warrior proclaimed his freshness to the world by the still legible inscription, "*Sardines Fraiches*" (Fresh Sardines). Such ornaments would have been yet more appropriate to the troops of the king of Sardinia. The Rev. Mr. Klifman, a Methodist missionary who has been preaching to the Indians of Oregon since 1838, was murdered with his family not long since, under singular and appalling circumstances. The small pox having broken out among the savages, while the missionary's family were not attacked, the former thought that the pestilence had been introduced by the whites with the intention of exterminating the red race. Acting upon this horrible suspicion, their next step was revenge. A bold chief was selected for the deed, who stole into the chamber of the sleeping family, and buried his tomahawk in the brain of the missionary and that of his wife, and then other Indians rushed in, and helpless children, male and female employees were butchered, the house razed to the ground, fences destroyed, and every vestige of a once happy home disappeared. The subject has been laid before our government for its action. Happiness is a star—enjoyment is a sky rocket. In the anatomy of the hand we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it; and this holds true as to giving and receiving. It is a solemn fact, worthy of the most thoughtful anxiety, that in Massachusetts an average of about ninety persons die of pulmonary consumption every week, which is nearly thirteen each day, and these, in many instances, are from the young and those of early adult life, very frequently including the most interesting and those who otherwise would present the highest promise of usefulness, as citizens of the State and members of society. Of deaths from consumption, about 1 in 12 are between the ages of 15 and 20; and more than one-quarter are between 20 and 30; while that class of citizens in the prime of life, between 20 and 40 years of age, furnish, every year, nearly one-half of the total number of those who die of consumption. If you are travelling in the neighborhood of Rome, it is as well not to cry out "Bravo," before you are out of the wood. An innocent German was arrested by the New York police for killing a horse and making soup of the meat. He brought his wife to prove it was for family use and was discharged. No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible. A Paris letter says the emperor drives out in his phaeton every day, and judging from appearance, must be in exuberant health. His countenance looks full, fresh, clear, and altogether indicates tranquillity of spirit and a strong digestion. When a woman can faint, and has a capital opportunity for fainting, and yet doesn't faint, you may be tolerably sure that she has some other feat in view. The mayor of Philadelphia is a fighting man evidently. He recently rushed into a crowd of rowdies, seized a brickbat throwing ruffian, and, after choking him judiciously, gave him into custody. Christianity is the good man's text; his life the illustration. Say nothing of yourself—either good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly. The New York Sun says an offer has been made, by the British government, of \$60,000, for Dr. Abbott's collection of Egyptian curiosities, in that city. A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best physic. A correspondent in the London Times calculates the age of the great California tree in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, at about six thousand four hundred and eight years. What a world of gossip would be prevented, if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others your faults. The New Yorkers are at work earnestly with their plan for an astronomical observatory on Central

Park. It will require \$200,000 for its erection and equipment, and \$20,000 a year for its support, and one thousand dollar subscriptions are made quite freely. Prof. Mitchell pronounces the Park the best site in the world for an observatory. The San Joaquin Republican is responsible for the following: "A short time since a gentleman used phosphorus poison to get rid of the squirrels on his land, and it was very effectual, killing large numbers. The crows, which ate the dead bodies of the squirrels thus poisoned, lay all over the ground, having been killed by eating them; and last of all, the magpies, who have picked the eyes out of the crows, have shared the same fate." In 1835, the national debt of Great Britain, incurred for war purposes, amounted to three thousand eight hundred and ninety millions of dollars. The interest of this is one hundred and forty-two millions, and would furnish her inhabitants with the means of education for ten years; that is, she pays a yearly interest that would do this. It is said that the volumes by Mrs. Gaskell, promised under the title of "Around the Sofa," will consist chiefly of a reprint of scattered stories from magazines. Among the effects of the late Smith Tuttle of Fair Haven, there has been found an old Phoenix Bank note, dated Feb. 1, 1815, and bearing upon its face the following: "The Phoenix Bank promises to receive of the bearer of this note, ONE DOLLAR, in payment for any debt due this bank, excepting for capital stock, or to pay the bearer the specie, two years after the termination of the present war." The San Francisco Morning Call, in an editorial headed, "Is California the poor man's paradise?" is not cheerful in the tone of its remarks. It says California will soon be the poor man's purgatory unless works of utility, such as wagon roads, etc., are undertaken to furnish employment to distressed laborers. Legal complaint has been made in New York of a new class of Wall Street financiers, which is becoming numerous, and an intolerable nuisance. This class consists of certain important looking men, generally of a youthful age, who are in the habit of hanging about the Merchants' Exchange, etc., for the purpose of passing bogus checks, and doing other things of a similar character.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

It is said that the young emperor of Austria is as eager for fight as Louis Napoleon ever was. If pacific relations are not established on a firm basis, we may see these two emperors personally engaged on the same battle-field.—If the withdrawal of the foreign troops from Rome does not produce trouble there which the papal troops cannot suppress political prophets will be much mistaken.—Slight skirmishes between the Austrians and Sardinians on the Ticino have been reported.—It is reported that the king of Naples has offered to furnish the pope with four battalions of Swiss troops.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that the utter absence of war enthusiasm even in the army is bitterly lamented, and causes unfeigned surprise in the imperial circle.—Lord Clyde announces that the campaign in which the troops under his immediate command have been engaged is closed, and that rebellion no longer exists in Oude.—Religious riots had occurred in Tringancore. The Nawab of Furruckabad had given himself up a prisoner.—The Austrians still express their conviction that there will be a revolution as soon as the foreign troops are withdrawn from the papal dominions.—Mazzini indignantly rejects the proffered aid of the French emperor to liberate Italy.—The London Post says that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is about to resign his office in the British ministry on account of a growing defect in his hearing. He will be made a lord.—At the recent Rothschild wedding dinner in Paris, it is said there were swallows' nests from China, fish from Russia, reed birds and canvass-back ducks from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrees of peacocks' brains, filets of buffalo hump, and salmis of Brazilian parrots.

A New Dance.

They have just introduced in Paris a new dance, called the "Pamphlet Polka," which resembles the "Champagne Waltz," with this difference, that instead of a goblet of wine, the dancer holds a pamphlet, which he makes believe read, and, as the waltzer must not spill a drop of the liquor, so the polka must not turn his eyes from the book a single moment—the art consists in making not a single false step. This polka unites two great occupations of the day, dancing and politics, and will have a success from its oddity.

Madame Albani.

Albani finds in the Arsace of Rossini's "Semiramide" one of her best parts. She is so fat that she can't wear male costume in male characters. A French critic thus speaks of her in this role: "Albani looked like a fireman who had just gotten home after a large conflagration, and had time enough to slip on a dressing-gown, but forgot to take his helmet off his head. She don't look much like a young warrior who has just crushed the Seythes, unless indeed she crushed them by sitting on their army."

An Emperor's Nephew.

The nephew of Theodore, emperor of Abyssinia, on a visit to the emperor Napoleon, is lodged, with his suite, in the convent of the Lazarists' mission. Among the presents he has brought for Louis Napoleon is a huge lion skin, a two edged sickle with an ivory handle set with diamonds, two gold bracelets set with large diamonds, and a carpet of black goatskins embroidered with gold, and the cipher of the emperor Theodore in each corner.

Religion in Sweden.

The revival of evangelical religion in Sweden still goes on, and a new step has also lately been taken in the path of religious liberty by which the law of 1726 forbidding Lutherans to attend any meeting except at the official places of worship, has been abolished. A new case of intolerance, however, has occurred in the prosecution of Rehnitner, a carriage maker, for joining the Baptists.

Political Pamphlets.

Kossuth has published at Brussels a pamphlet on the approaching war. Its title is—*La Question der Nationalitäten—Europe, l'Autriche, et la Hongrie*. (The Question of Nationalities—Europe, Austria and Hungary). The Socialist, Proudhon, has also published a pamphlet entitled—*Comment vont les choses en France. Pourquoi nous aurons la guerre, si nous l'avons*. (How Matters go in France. Why we shall have War, if we have it.)

Protestantism in France.

The Annuaire Protestant for 1859 contains the following information: The Reformed Church of France possesses 105 consistories, 1045 places of worship (of which 826 only are churches), and 1139 schools. The Lutheran Church possesses 44 consistories, 403 places of worship, of which 344 are churches, 95 of which are submitted to the Simultaneum Act (that is, serving both for the Protestant and Catholic worship), and 699 schools.

Literature in London.

Upwards of 650 periodicals, of various classes, are published in London only, according to a catalogue for 1859. Since the appearance of the catalogue for 1858, there have been no less than 150 new publications issued in London, and at least as many discontinued. The numbers of the different classes are as follows,—207 newspapers, 352 monthlies, 66 quarterlies, 31 transactions of societies.

An ancient Relic gone.

A fire recently destroyed Duxbury Hall at Chorley, Lancashire, England, the ancient and stately residence, for centuries, of the Standish family, and which had a connection with the history of the famous Puritan, Captain Miles Standish. According to Miles, he was the rightful heir to the Standish "lands and livings surreptitiously detained from him."

Monument to Byron.

A movement is on foot to surround the tombstone of Byron, at Harrow, with a neat iron railing, and subscriptions are asked for the purpose. It seems that the vandalism of unscrupulous persons, in chipping off pieces of the tomb, has been carried so far that a very considerable portion of the inscription is now deficient.

The French Mint.

They are very busy at the mint, quai Conti, Paris, where Thonnelier's sixteen little presses, driven by steam, pour out mountains of gold and silver coin. Several commemorative medals are struck, particularly some in honor of the marriage of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde.

A Wooden Skeleton.

Mr. Flowers, preparator of anatomical specimens at the Royal College of Surgeons, London, has just finished a skeleton of the natural size, of sycamore wood, for the king of Ava. This prince is desirous of studying osteology, and cannot, without losing caste, touch human bones.

Russian Progress.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Independent Belge states that the czar has determined on putting up a telegraph from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor for government purposes. This would be nearly half way to the Columbia River.

Musical Party at Rossini.

Rossini lately gave a grand musical soiree at which many distinguished artists sang and played. Taglioni, the ex-sylphide, executed a dance, in Swiss costume, to the air "*Toi que l'oiseau ne suivrait pas*" (Thou, whom the bird could never follow.)

Literary On Dit.

The London Star says: "We are glad to be able to state that the differences which have arisen in the Carlton Club, out of the literary quarrel between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. E. Yates, have been settled amicably."

Mount Vesuvius.

The eruption of Vesuvius continues to ravage the lands abutting on the mountain, and threatens some of the surrounding villages. Severe shocks of earthquake have also been experienced in the vicinity.

The Winter in St. Petersburg.

The people of St. Petersburg say that they never knew so mild a winter as that just ended, or so early a spring. Several inward bound vessels entered the port of Revel as early as February 7th.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALICE LEARMONT; OR, A MOTHER'S LOVE. By the author of "John Halifax." Boston: Mayhew & Baker, 208 Washington Street. 1859.

MISS MULOCK'S NAME is a passport to universal success, and this interesting story will be read by everybody. It is published in excellent style and sold for 25 cents.

BASSINI'S ART OF SINGING. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street.

A neatly-printed and strongly-bound 4to volume of 144 pages, containing Carlo Ba siul's analytical, physiological and practical system for the cultivation of the voice. It is edited by H. Storrs Willis, and his emphatic endorsement is a guarantee of the high value of the work. Every one engaged in learning or teaching music should possess a copy. It is for sale by all the music dealers.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, CASTLE DANGEROUS, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These two volumes complete the splendid household edition of the Waverley Novels, which must henceforth be the standard one. In addition to the two novels above named, it contains an index, glossary, and other interesting papers, and is illustrated by an ideal picture, and an exquisite view of Abbotsford. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have more than fulfilled the expectations raised by their announcement of this great literary enterprise, and have produced the best edition of Scott's novels ever published. The punctuality with which the volumes have appeared shows the great resources they have at command in their publishing establishment. We are happy to learn that this series has met with a large sale, and that the demands for it fully keep pace with the publishers' ability to supply the books.

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A MEXICAN CENTURION.

ANCIENT MEXICAN COSTUMES.

Both the figures on this page, illustrative of ancient Mexican costumes, are curious and interesting, but that representing the ill-fated Montezuma is particularly so, as it claims an authenticity to which we shall soon allude. Everything that relates to Mexican history is particularly interesting to us who dwell on the same continent, whose banners have followed in the path of Cortez, and whose peculiar relations with that portion of North America may at no distant day become even more intimate. In the opinion of many persons its old inhabitants were superior to those by whom they were conquered. With the exception of human sacrifices and anthropophagy, the usages of the Mexican people and their laws were just and equitable. It may be affirmed that the conquered were more civilized, more honest and better educated than the conquerors, and if the natives were compelled to resort to a thousand stratagems to fight their adversaries, it was because they were unacquainted with gunpowder and iron. Historians have presented portraits of the Emperor Montezuma, each according to the plan and purpose of his work, but no one has depicted the man and his character with more justice than Clavijero. During his imprisonment in one of his palaces, which was occupied by the Spanish chiefs, Moctezuma (for thus his name was written) received as presents from Cortez several trinkets manufactured by a Florentine artist, who had some talent as a painter, and whose name was Perino Cornaro. Cortez conceived the idea of having him paint the portrait of the emperor of life size, and in oil, on a large cedar table. The engraving on this page is a faithful copy of this curious work. On the plate which forms the diadem will be noticed the double eagle of Charles V., which seems to prove that this ornament had been specially manufactured for Moctezuma. The two little figures which are placed on each side of the jewel of the belt, are also of Florentine workmanship, but the rest of the costume is of Mexican workmanship. The mantle and tunic are made of a tissue of feathers, and the body, which resembles a cuirass, is of mother-of-pearl elaborately wrought. The original picture is the property of a Frenchman named Belmar, who has vainly endeavored to obtain permission to remove it from Mexico. After the conquest, the picture was lost during the terrible scenes of the "sad night" (*noche triste*). Some caciques obtained possession of it and carefully preserved it. In 1830 it was confided to a Mr. Frederic Wauthier, to be cleaned and varnished, and at this period was copied by Mr. de Waldeck, who was preparing his history of the Aztecs, illustrated and translated from the manuscripts—or rather picture writings in his possession. The Mexican manuscripts previous to and for years after the conquest, were painted on paper fabricated from the fibres of the agave, called *melle*. Before painting on this paper it received a coat of white, which was burnished with a smooth stone when the color was dry. But for genealogies, plans of property or geographical maps, the paper did not receive this preparation. Deer-skin and *manta* (cotton) served for very large maps. These works show that the Mexicans were not ignorant or unenlightened. Prescott says that "the paper manufactured from the *Agave American*, or *maguey*, so common in Mexico, when properly dressed and polished, is said to have been more soft and beautiful than parchment. Some of the specimens still existing, exhibit their original freshness, and the paintings on them retain their brilliancy of colors. They were sometimes done up into rolls, but more frequently into volumes, of moderate size, in which the paper was shut up like a folding screen, with a leaf or tablet of wood at each extremity, that gave the whole when closed, the appearance of a book. The length of the strips was determined only by convenience. As the pages might be read and referred to separately, this form had obvious advantages over the rolls of the ancients. At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards great quantities of these manuscripts were treasured up in the country. Numerous persons were employed in painting, and the dexterity of their operations excited the astonishment of the conquerors. Unfortunately, this was mingled with other and unworthy feelings. They were looked on as magic scrolls; and were regarded in the same light with the idols and temples, as the symbols of a pestilent superstition, that must be extirpated. The first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga—a name that should be as immortal as that of Omar—collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Tezcuco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused

them to be piled up in a "mountain-heap,"—as it is called by the Spanish writers themselves—in the marketplace of Tlatelolco, and reduced them to ashes! His greater countryman, Archbishop Ximenes, had celebrated a similar *auto da-fe* of Arabic manuscripts, in Granada, some twenty years before. Never did fanaticism achieve two more signal triumphs, than by the annihilation of so many curious monuments of human ingenuity and learning!

"The unlettered soldiers were not slow in imitating the example of their prelate. Every chart and volume which fell into their hands was wantonly destroyed; so that when the scholars of a later and more enlightened age anxiously sought to recover some of the memorials of civilization, nearly all had perished, and the few surviving were jealously hidden by the natives. Through the indefatigable labors of a private individual, however, a considerable collection was eventually deposited in the archives of Mexico; but was so little heeded there, that some were plundered, others decayed piecemeal from damp and mildews, and others, again, were used as waste paper! We contemplate with indignation the cruelties inflicted by the early conquerors. But indignation is qualified with contempt, when we see them thus ruthlessly trampling out the spark of knowledge, the common boon and property of all mankind. We may well doubt which has the strongest claim to civilization, the victor or the vanquished." The smaller engraving on this page represents a Mexican Centurion, or chief of a hundred men. This figure is covered with a jaguar's hide, and the casque is of wood covered with the skin of the animal's head. The sort of cuirass he wears is lined in the inside with quilted cotton, so thick as to resist the sharp point of a piltre. The instrument this chief carries in his right hand is a strong staff of wood, incrustated longitudinally with plates of obsidian (*marmor obsidianum*), in the Mexican language *iztli*; the weapon itself is called *tepuzmacuauitl*. "The dress of the higher warriors," says Prescott, "was picturesque and often magnificent. Their bodies were covered with a close vest of quilted cotton, so thick as to be impenetrable to the light missiles of Indian warfare. This garment was so light and serviceable that it was adopted by the Spaniards. The wealthier chiefs sometimes wore, instead of this cotton mail, a cuirass made of their plates of gold and silver. Over it was thrown a surcoat of the gorgeous feather-work in which they excelled. Their helmets were sometimes of wood, fashioned like the heads of wild animals, and sometimes of silver, on

the top of which waved a *panache* of variegated plumes, sprinkled with precious stones and ornaments of gold. They also wore collars, bracelets and ear-rings of the same rich materials. Their armies were divided into bodies of eight thousand men; and these, again, into companies of three or four hundred, each with its own commander. The national standard, which has been compared to the ancient Roman, displayed, in its embroidery of gold and feather-work, their armorial ensigns of the state. These were significant of its name which, as the names of both persons and places were borrowed from some material object, was easily expressed by hieroglyphical symbols. The companies and the great chiefs had also their appropriate banners and devices, and the gaudy hues of their many-colored plumes gave a dazzling splendor to the spectacle. Their tactics were such as belong to a nation with whom war, though a trade, is not elevated to the rank of a science. They advanced singing, and shouting their war-cries, briskly charging the enemy, as rapidly retreating, and making use of ambuscades, sudden surprises, and the light skirmish of guerilla warfare. Yet their discipline was such as to draw forth the encomiums of the Spanish conquerors. 'A beautiful sight it was,' says one of them, 'to see them set out on their march, all moving forward so gaily, and in so admirable order!' In battle, they did not seek to kill their enemies, so much as to take them prisoners; and they never scalped, like the North American tribes. The valor of a warrior was estimated by the number of his prisoners, and no ransom was large enough to save the devoted captive. Their military code bore the same stern features as their other laws. Disobedience of orders was punished with death. It was death, also, for a soldier to leave his colors, to attack the enemy before the signal was given, or to plunder another's booty or prisoners. One of the last Tezcucoan princes, in the spirit of an ancient Roman, put his two sons to death—after having cured their wounds—for violating the last mentioned law. I must not omit to notice here an institution, the introduction of which, in the old world, is ranked among the beneficent fruits of Christianity. Hospitals were established in the principal cities, for the cure of the sick, and the permanent refuge of the disabled soldiers; and surgeons were placed over them 'who were so far better than those of Europe,' says an old chronicler, 'that they did not protract the cure, in order to increase the pay.' The conquest of Mexico exhibited fanaticism and cruelty by the invaders, and patriotism and heroism by the invaded.



MONTEZUMA, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

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THE COCHITUATE DISASTER.

The engraving below represents the scene of the disastrous break of the Cochituate Water Works, at Newton Lower Falls, which occurred on the morning of the 29th ultimo—the first accident that has happened since their establishment, but one of great magnitude, involving a very heavy expense and loss to the city, and to individuals. As soon as intelligence of the disaster reached us, we despatched our artist, Mr. Waud, to the spot, and the picture below is his faithful transcript of the extraordinary and appalling spectacle he witnessed. The drawing was taken with the Charles River at the back of the spectator. The aqueduct is seen at the end of the gully made by the break; the pipes opposite, and on the left hand, are those of the syphon which crosses the river. This gap, at one time about seventy feet deep and one hundred feet broad, was cut in three hours by the force of the water. The granite gate-house stood about midway between the pipes and the arch of the duct. The immediate cause of the break appears to have been a fissure in one end of a section of the outside line of the thirty-inch or original pipe. The crack had existed for some time, and the leakage gradually undermined the embankment on the edge of which the gate-house stood. On the morning of the disaster,

about half-past six o'clock, the bank suddenly gave way, the heavy gate-house slid into the bed of the Charles River. The water rushing forth, it undermined the embankment and the masonry of the aqueduct, causing them to continue to fall, until at last a deep ravine had been formed which extended back from the river a distance of nearly two hundred feet. The vast amount of water and gravel poured into the river, caused it to rise so suddenly as to overflow its banks, and to seriously damage the adjoining farm of A. C. Curtis, Esq. The mills at Newton Lower Falls were stopped by the over-abundance of water.

The spectacle of deluge and ruin presented by this catastrophe, was highly striking and picturesque. The citizens in the neighborhood, in the midst of this appalling accident, behaved admirably. They went to work voluntarily with shovels to clear a channel, and averted the threatened destruction of the bridge. Mr. E. F. Knowlton, superintendent of the western division of the water works, who resides at Newton Lower Falls, immediately despatched a messenger to the office of the water board in Boston, and at once proceeded two miles up the line of the works to the nearest gate, which he shut, thus stopping the further flow of water from the lake. Word was also sent to Mr. A. Stanwood, in Boston, superintendent of the eastern division of the

works, and he immediately repaired to the scene, where he met James Slade, Esq., city engineer. A brief consultation was held, and Mr. Stanwood was despatched to Brookline, where a large gang of men were at work on the new main pipe, whom he forthwith sent to the break to repair damages. Hon. John H. Wilkins, president of the Cochituate Water Board, immediately issued the following notice:

Owing to a breach in the aqueduct at Newton Lower Falls, it becomes a matter of the most urgent necessity that every water taker shall use Cochituate water with the utmost economy. The high service will be exposed to imminent suffering, unless those upon the lower parts of the city use the utmost moderation in their consumption.

The city was dependent for its supply on the Brookline reservoir, which holds 100,000,000 gallons at the fullest, but which had in about two-thirds of that amount only at the time of the accident; the city reservoirs being reserved for use in case of fire. The average daily consumption of water during the year 1858 was 12,847,000 gallons. In the flood about two hundred feet of the viaduct is carried off, and from fifty to seventy-five feet of the three pipes connecting with the viaduct. The principal part of the viaduct and some of the pipes were washed into the river. The brick viaduct, as the earth was swept away

beneath it, broke off and fell into the chasm and was swept down into the river. The break was first discovered at about half-past six, as we have before stated, and the water was shut off in an hour afterwards. It was fortunate that the earth as it swept into the river created a temporary dam, as in this way the mills at the Lower Falls were probably saved from serious damage. Nothing could exceed the energy with which the authorities faced this accident. The work of repair was commenced at once, and pursued with vigor night and day, rain and shine. Three hundred men were at work very soon after the occurrence of the disaster. The repairs have been executed in a thorough manner—a wise policy—and great improvements have been made in the arrangements of the pipes, diminishing the force of the subtle and powerful element with which the engineers have had to deal. This mishap took our people completely by surprise. We have so long had the use of the water, and there was such a general confidence in the solidity of every part of the works, that an accident of such magnitude never entered into our mind. Indeed, the first intelligence of it, because it did not receive the authority of detailed published statements, was regarded as a hoax, and many persons could not believe the extent of the calamity until they had satisfied themselves by an examination.



SCENE OF THE COCHITUATE DISASTER AT NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CAPTAIN COURTENAY:

—OR,—

A CRUISE IN THE MOLUCCAS.

BY J. L. WILLIAMS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"For three weeks I lay in a most precarious condition from the effects of concussion of the brain, and again I probably owed my life to Bob's care and attention. He told me that the don had escaped with scarcely any serious injury, a few bruises, and a slight laceration from the creature's teeth being the extent of his casualties, for a bullet from Mahali's rifle in Bob's hands, struck the cayman in the eye almost at the same moment that my sword pierced his heart, so that, as Bob said, he concluded he had better let go. The don, at length really touched by gratitude, and shame for his sanguinary intents against me, had every care taken of me, and when I was nearly recovered, called to see me in the apartment to which he had me conveyed, and, in the noble and dignified manner he could so well assume, acknowledged his murderous intent, and thanked me for saving him from a horrible death even when he was so cruelly seeking to procure mine. Then coming frankly to the point in question, he spoke proudly of his ancient and noble family, allied to royalty itself, reminded me of the uncertainty of a mariner's life, and finally closed the plea by bringing up the, to him, insuperable objection of religion. He spoke with more feeling than I supposed him capable of, and ended by offering me his whole estate and property in Mindanao if I would give up the pursuit of Isabella. I rejected his offer indignantly, and with suitable animadversion on the base dishonor he thought me capable of; and the old man left me, abashed, yet more in sorrow than in anger.

"A short time after the don's visit, Bob came to me with the surprising intelligence that Don Carlos was preparing to embark with his whole household; his vessel preparing for sea with the utmost expedition. And I was still but feeble and helpless, and though I would have given worlds to see Isabella, I had no means of communicating with her, for she was closely watched. She contrived, however, to write to me, informing me that her father's destination was Manilla, encouraging me to continue my pursuit, and assuring me of her unalterable love. She also hinted that her father's temper and disposition had undergone a great change since that last adventure with the cayman, and that she did not despair yet of gaining his consent.

"One night, a few days before the departure of the don, the revengeful demi-devil, Mahali, stole into our apartment and attempted to murder Bob while asleep, but his kreese struck upon the buckle of Bob's belt and the point broke, and in a moment the Malay was seized in Bob's iron gripe; the alarm was given, and Mahali detected and severely flogged by Don Carlos's orders. The very next day, however, the implacable scoundrel shot at him with a poisoned arrow, missing him by scarce a hair's breadth; he was again caught, severely punished and put in irons by the don, who was now as anxious for our safety as he had formerly been for our destruction. Mahali contrived to escape, however, and the next morning was missing, having taken the don's yacht during the night and decamped, taking with him a few of the most troublesome and depraved scoundrels on the plantation, and everything of value that they could lay their hands on.

"Shortly afterwards the 'Oviedo' weighed anchor and left Luan Bay, with the don and his household on board. I felt very desolate indeed, but I did not despair; the next day you arrived in Luan Bay with the ship, and you know the rest; three weeks of calms and baffling winds have kept us still drifting about in the Mindanao Sea, and—"

Captain Courtenay's narrative was here abruptly interrupted by the loud and cheery hail from the look-out at the masthead:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away!" cried the captain, springing to the companion-way for the glass.

"Just within the point, sir, standing out of the bay; three small craft—two of 'em look like proas, with tall lateen sails, and the other seems a sloop with a jib topsail and a yard to the head of her gall topsail."

"Mahali, by heavens!" cried the captain,

eagerly scanning the sloop; "it is Don Carlos's yacht. I suspected something like this, and I dreamed of that devil last night; there are two proas with him, full of as bloodthirsty a pack of wolves as ever walked a plank, no doubt; Soolooos, Malays and Chinese, I suppose; there are at least an hundred of them."

"All the same breed, sir," interposed Bob; "green niggers, all of them, cut out by nater for thieves and pirates, and fit for nothing else, consarn their pieter. We had a brush with them hercaway in the straits twelve years ago, in the old Huron, of Baltimore, and we blew up one of their deuced catamarans with a grenade, and sunk the whole coboodle right alongside; that's the way they found out they were not dealing with a sugar drogher. I had another brush with them since," continued the old tar, with a fierce look towards the proas, and a knitting of his thick brows that showed he was not unmindful of the murder of his shipmates and his own sufferings, "and I owe them a favor or two."

"Mr. Fathom," said the captain, "the wind is veering more to the westward; we will take in the studding sails on the starboard side, let them be hauled down one by one and slowly, as if we were a short-handed merchantman; those fellows don't seem to suspect our force, and we may surprise them, perhaps; see the ports all closed, and let the men hang up some clothes in the weather fore-rigging, as if to dry; disguise the vessel's character as much as possible, and keep her away a little, as though we wished to avoid them."

The manœuvre was most successful, the two large proas shortly afterwards altered their course, and with their double banks of long sweeps out, headed toward us, the yacht still holding her course toward the polacca. The villain Mahali well knew her defenceless condition and valuable freight, and he counted on her as his own prize, while he despatched the proas, which were heavily manned and provided with sweeps, in pursuit of us. The polacca, at the time when the pirates made their appearance from behind the cape, was not more than two miles from them, and nearly becalmed; we had rapidly overhauled her, bringing up the breeze with us, and were now not more than six miles astern. The yacht, from her superior sailing, and the advantage of the freshening breeze with her, might be expected to overhaul the polacca within an hour, while the speed of the advancing proas, the waters foaming under their stern from the combined impulse of their immense sails and long sweeps, seemed to promise a close acquaintance in the same time between them and the "Murphies," as a boatswain, a jolly Hibernian, persisted in calling the vessel, to the infinite disgust of the second lieutenant, Mr. Perfect, who was a very strict grammarian and a pedant withal.

"I should surmise," said Mr. Perfect, after a long scrutiny of the proas, "that the velocity of the advancing canoes must be considerable, to judge by the disturbance they seem to occasion by their progress through the water."

"Got a bone in their teeth," said the sententious Bob, who continued, soliloquizingly, "Forty-men-proas, double bankers; they'll have more bones in their teeth in an hour or two than they'll know how to pick, or I'm no judge of the weather among these fish-ponds—have some typhoon or somethin' by way of change, 'fore long, I reckon."

"In all stunsails there, cheerly, men," cried the captain, "one at a time, though. Mr. Fathom, see all clear for sending down topgallant yards and masts, have preventer-braces rove and the guns well secured, ports and deadlights well lashed in, see the boarding-nettings triced up, leave the bow ports unlashed, and let the gunner see that the pivot gun is all clear; have a few grenades ready on the fore-castle, let the men see to their small arms and clear the decks for action."

"What can he mean by requiring preventer-braces rove, and the guns and ports secured? I cannot conjecture the reason," said Mr. Perfect, while the orders were being obeyed.

"Reason's astarn, sir," said Bob, who was quietly loading a pair of pistols; "typhoon, I guess."

A great change had indeed taken place in the sky since noon, nor had it been unobserved by the captain, who was now impatiently pacing the poop, his eyes gleaming with excitement, and his glances alternating uneasily between the heavens and the approaching proas. A dull, leaden opacity had gradually obscured the transparent azure of the heavens, the air seemed to grow heavy and to be impregnated with a musky, un-

wholesome vapor, through which the declining sun appeared of a deep red color and with his disk greatly magnified in its apparent size. In the southeastern horizon immense masses of cloud were forming rapidly, accumulating and rolling grandly up towards the zenith, where they reflected the light of the sun of a lurid, coppery hue from the centre of the masses, the edges not being well defined, but seeming gradually to mingle with the murky obscurity of the atmosphere. The same lurid, unnatural light seemed to pervade the air on every side, and tinged every object that the eye rested on except the sea, which, as the air thickened more and more with vapor, began to assume that peculiar, whitish, milky appearance so often observed previous to those tremendous elemental conflicts in the tropical seas. The change was noticed by the pirates, and once, when they observed the chase shortening sail, they appeared to hesitate, ceased rowing for a while, and one of the proas took in the foresail.

"Do you think they suspect us, Bob?" asked Captain Courtenay.

"No, sir," said the old quartermaster, "guess not; they're in doubt whether they're going to have time to murder us all, plunder and burn the ship and get safe back on shore again before the typhoon comes down on 'em, like a cellar door on a boy's thumb, and raly now, I don't think they will."

"I think so too," rejoined the captain, "though they seem of the contrary opinion. Start forward there, Bob, and stand by to give the hindmost of them a reception. Round shot first and then load again with grape."

The proas, after a short delay and consulting together, again bore down upon the Morpheus. The wind, however, once more failed, and it fell quite calm, so that the ship lost steerage-way and the sails flapped idly against the mast, as the ship rolled heavily on the swell that still set in from the southwest. The appearance of the heavens became every moment more threatening, the misty opacity of the atmosphere increased apace, and owing to some singular change in the refractive quality of the air, the land seemed to loom up to an immense height, the distant polacca appeared to be suspended in the air, high above the surface of the sea, and a faint inverted image of her and the pursuing yacht hung above them like a dim reflection in the red horizon. The sun, though still more than an hour high, gradually became indistinct, and his position could be distinguished only by a fiery red appearance in the heavens.

"I apprehend we shall have an exceedingly tempestuous night," remarked Mr. Perfect to the captain.

"There is little doubt of that," replied Captain Courtenay. "I have been expecting bad weather for some time, as it is about the change of the monsoon, but there is more coming than I bargained for. In topgallant-sails there, lively, men! send down the yards, haul down flying-jib and jib, and brace round the yards!" shouted he, suddenly springing on the taffrail. "Be alive there, Mr. Fathom, it is coming."

A low, hoarse murmur, like the sound of the surf on a distant beach, had attracted the captain's attention. A dark line was observable on the sea to the northward where its smooth surface was roughened by the approaching gust, and the foamy caps of the waves behind this line showed the increasing power of the blast. Captain Courtenay stood anxiously watching the approaching squall, but was soon satisfied that there was at least no immediate danger; the mizzen was brailled up and as the topsails filled, the ship was put on her former course, heading towards the advancing proas.

"The squall was not so heavy as I anticipated," said Captain Courtenay, "and it is fast veering to the eastward. A pull on the weather-braces, if you please, Mr. Fathom, and stand by the halyards and reef tackles. Those fellows are caught in their own trap, and they begin to perceive it too. Keep her away, quartermaster. Starboard! they are alarmed. See! the scoundrels have put about and are making in shore. Starboard! so—steady there! Steady! We have them now, Fathom."

The Morpheus was now careening to the blast, which was fast increasing in force; the topgallant-masts and yards had been sent down, and every needful precaution taken to ensure the safety of the ship. The sea, though fast rising, was comparatively smooth, and the vessel rushed through the seething waters with extraordinary speed. The proas were now scarcely half a mile from

the ship, and having discovered their mistake, put about and stood for the shore, alarmed by the change of wind, which left them under the lee of the ship, and perceiving the intent of Captain Courtenay to cut off their retreat. The short irregular sea, however, produced by the change of wind rendered their oars useless, and it became speedily apparent that escape was impossible. Finding that flight could not save them, the pirates, as wolves do under like circumstances, turned again fiercely and dashed towards their pursuers, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them.

"Had we not better take in a reef, Captain Courtenay? the weather is growing wilder fast," said I.

The captain, with a brow as gloomy as a thunder cloud, and his large, dark eyes flashing with excitement, seized my arm, and pointing to where the polacca could be seen looming up dimly through the thickening mist with the sloop on her weather quarter in close pursuit, replied:

"Every moment is an age, every inch a mile, Fathom; we shall have to carry on as long as the spars will hold. Is all ready forward there, Bob?" shouted he.

"Ay, ay sir, all ready."

"Aim at the farther one, then, and fire!"

"Ay, ay sir," answered the old tar. "Depress a little, steady, to port—so!"

The tremendous report and concussion of the heavy ordnance shook the vessel from stem to stern, as the ponderous missile was whirled hissing through the air on its destructive mission. True to Bob's aim, it struck the farther of the proas at the water line, and went crashing through its whole length, shattering planking, stanchions and masts, and tearing the framework of the stern into fragments. In a moment she filled and lay a shapeless wreck, the waters washing over her and the great sails, falling with the broken masts and tangled cordage, overwhelmed the mangled and drowning wretches whose yells of agony and despair we could hear, as the fast rising waves broke furiously over them.

"Stand by to repel boarders on the port side there! Grenades ready, Mr. Perfect," shouted the captain. "Bob, give them that grape when you are ready."

"All ready, sir."

"Fire!"

Again the good ship trembled as the great gun sent forth its swift messengers of death, and again the stunning report boomed heavily over the foam-crested waves of the Mindoro Sea. This time, however, the aim of old Bob was not so true. The nearer proa was now but a short cable's length ahead, and owing to a sudden lift of the ship's bows, the grape-shot whistled harmlessly over her, cutting a few unimportant ropes (they had hauled down their sails and again got their sweeps out), and spent its fury on the floating wreck of the other proa beyond, and on the wretches still clinging to it.

The pirates had now rounded to, intending to lay their vessel alongside under the lee, and had their boarding-grapnels ready—two long slender beams, secured at one end by a strong lashing of coir rope round the heel of the foremast, and joined together by pieces of bamboo nearly three feet long, fastened transversely close together, thus forming a gangway over which their boarders could rush in swarms on the deck of the vessel attacked by them. The other end of the machine was armed with ponderous iron hooks and was suspended by a strong tackle from the head of the mast, so that it could be hoisted up, and when alongside, dropped upon the gunwale of the ship, thus securing them together and affording easy access to the deck.

"Those devils number at least fifty," said Mr. Perfect. "If their grapnel should fall on our boarding-netting and tear it down, we should stand a poor chance. They are all armed to the teeth and will fight with the energy of despair."

"Run in and secure the gun, lash in the bow ports there, some of you fore-castle men! Hard up your helm, hard up!" shouted the captain. "Hold on your braces, hold on, Mr. Fathom; we'll luff again presently."

The pirates, supposing it was our intention to run them down, lay to their sweeps with all their might, so as to frustrate our intent by crossing our bow, and they swung round their grapnel to board on our weather-side, the wind being on the starboard beam. This was exactly what the captain had foreseen, and as soon as we were close upon them, the helm was suddenly reversed, and the ship, now rushing through the

water with great velocity, luffed up short under the stern of the proa, our port bow grazing her starboard quarter and shattering the oars as we ranged up alongside.

"Down your heads, men; down below the rail!" cried Mr. Perfect, and the order was hardly obeyed, when the stunning explosion of three grenades in rapid succession were heard, and immediately afterwards arose a chorus of yells, screams and groans of agony, as if Tophet had broken loose alongside. On looking over the rail, the scene was appalling. Two of the grenades had exploded close to the foot of the foremast, where the pirates had crowded together, ready to board when the grapnel was again swung round, and the carnage was frightful. The decks were blackened by the explosion, and everything near was shattered, blown to atoms, or swept away by its fury. Farther aft, the deck was literally covered with the scorched, mangled and disfigured bodies of the dead, dying and wounded wretches, and mutilated fragments of those who were in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, and were torn and dismembered by its violence, were hurled in all directions, falling on our decks and among the sails and rigging. Those who were attending to the grapnel were killed and the machine fell, one of the hooks catching in the lanyard of the jib-guy, and the proa was consequently towed alongside. A few of the pirates who remained abaft and had escaped the general destruction, rushed up the gangway frantic with despair, but were stopped by the boarding-netting, outside of which their grapnel had caught, and while fiercely thrusting through the meshes with their kreeses in impotent rage, or endeavoring to cut their way through, were shot down by the sailors. The other grenade had exploded as it fell between the proa and the ship's side, and had burst in the slight planking of the proa, without seriously injuring the more solid scantling of the ship; the proa was fast filling and dragging heavily upon the jib guy, which threatened to part.

"Cut that lanyard," cried the captain, "and receive a new one; in those boarding-nettings, cut the seizings—lively, men!"

At the first stroke of the knife the lanyard parted, and the proa, filled to the water's edge, dropped astern.

"That was a horrid affair," I remarked, as Captain Courtenay looked gloomily over the taffrail at the drifting wreck.

"I know it," he replied, "but the number of vessels plundered and burnt, and their crews massacred yearly by these fiends, in the waters of the archipelago, is incredible. Three years since, in the Straits of Sunda, while lying becalmed near a large merchantman, I was witness to the most fiendish atrocity you ever heard of. The pirates came upon us in swarms from both sides of the straits, eight large proas, and a host of small canoes; they flocked around like vultures to a feast of carrion. The merchantman was first attacked. She was full of passengers, Fathom, and of these a large proportion were women and children. My heart sickens at the mere recollection of the horrible scene we were obliged to witness at the distance of a short quarter of a mile, without being able to offer the slightest aid; they were every one butchered. But they were not quite unavenged; the pirates attacked us, and the old Morpheus put a good many of them to sleep. I sank three of the large proas and crippled the rest badly. They fought like tigers, but a little breeze springing up enabled us to work the ship, and the grape and canister made fearful slaughter. In one of their attempts to board, I struck one of the devils from the cathead with a blow of a capstan bar; he fell back on the deck of his proa, disabled. Bob says that he recognizes this same gentleman in Mahali. Be that as it may, from that time I swore never to show mercy to a pirate, and I have kept my word. Those great grenades, whose destructive effect you have just witnessed, I had made in Canton expressly for their benefit. Port your helm, quartermaster. Port!"

"Port it is, sir."

A few half-drowned pirates still clung to the wreck of the first proa, which, from the buoyancy of its materials, floated, though every wave washed over it. The wreck was now close under our starboard bow. A moment more, and the bows of the ship rolled heavily up, lifted by a passing wave, hung for an instant poised upon its summit, and then plunged furiously down into the trough of the sea. There was one yell of despair, a jarring shock, a grating sound against the bottom of the vessel, and all was over.

"Food for the sharks," muttered the captain. Steady, as before, quartermaster. Now for Mahali, and then—ay, what then?"

The violence of the gale was rapidly increasing, and we were compelled at length to double reef the topsails and stow the jib, notwithstanding which we still overhauled the chase, the greater size and momentum of our ship giving us the advantage, as the sea was fast rising. The sloop was now close aboard the polacca, in hot pursuit still, for Mahali, having witnessed the destruction of the proas, well knew that his only chance of escape from a similar fate lay in the capture of the polacca before we came up with him, hoping, probably, that by the time this was effected, the fury of the typhoon and the approaching night would render an attack from us impossible. Captain Courtenay watched the chase with a feverish anxiety, which, as the waning hours and thickening storm seemed to increase the pirates' chances of success, became evident in his pallid and excited features. The present squall, indeed, seemed to be but the herald, the precursor of the hurricane, and was even moderating, although the aspect of the weather was altogether too sinister and significant of what was coming, to mislead the most inexperienced mariner. The haze was thickening on the water like a fog bank and seemed tinged with the same dull, coppery-red hue that the clouds reflected; and the sloop and polacca, almost within point-blank range, loomed up through it, dim and indistinct, like wreaths of darker vapor.

"Mr. Fathom," said the captain, "we must take advantage of the lull and shake out the reefs. I am fully aware of the danger," continued he, looking anxiously at the chase, "but we must risk it. Bob, how many do you think there are in the sloop?"

"Can't make 'em out now, sir, but before the weather grew so thick, I took a squint at 'em from the foretop, and I calculated there was between twenty and thirty of the serpents."

"Just my own estimate," replied the captain. "Well, Bob, get a dozen volunteers there forward, all ready to board with me. Mr. Fathom—"

"Count me one," interrupted I.

"Thank you, Fathom; then, Mr. Perfect, will you have the kindness to clew up and clew down everything as soon as our party board, and as soon as possible reduce the sail on the ship to the close-reefed maintopsail, reefed foresail and foretopmast-staysail, and keep as near us as you can?"

The reefs were again shaken out and the good ship, bending before the blast, shot ahead with renewed speed, like a courser answering the touch of the spur. As we rapidly overhauled the chase, the terrors of the approaching war of elements were all forgotten in the wild excitement of the pursuit and the expected contest. The lighter rig of the barque had compelled them to reduce their sail before we had, and the sloop was fain to follow her example, but our weightier spars were still able to withstand the mighty pressure of the broad sheets of canvass, and we tore through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. Still it was evident that the sloop would overtake the barque before we could come up; she was close in her wake and ranging up on her weather quarter, and as we had now drawn so near that we could plainly see everything passing on their decks, our boarding party, headed by the captain, clustered on the port bow ready to spring aboard the moment we touched the polacca's quarter. However, a stern chase is proverbially a long one, and though a biscuit might easily have been thrown on board the barque, this short distance between us diminished with a tediousness that, to our excited impatience, was agonizing. We saw the feeble crew of the barque, numbering not more than twelve all told, gathered aft to repel the attack of the pirates, and Don Carlos himself, bareheaded, his hat having been blown away, and his gray hair fluttering in the blast, stood with a drawn sword in his hand on the high poop-deck of the barque giving his orders, ready, and apparently eager for the fray. We made signals of encouragement to him, but he either did not or would not notice them.

"Look out, sir," cried Bob, "them serpents are getting their stings ready; a poisoned arrow or two 'may be expected about this time,' as the almanacs say."

The warning was taken in time by most of us. The pirates, previous to boarding, had shot a volley of arrows partly at us and partly at those

on board the barque; three of her crew were instantly killed and two wounded by the poisoned missiles, and one arrow glanced against our anchor-stock, narrowly missing Captain Courtenay, who had stepped behind it, and wounded our boatswain in the neck. He was carried below, and the poor fellow died during the night from the effects of the poison with which the weapon was imbued. Another anxious moment passed, and then, the sloop, gliding up under the weather-quarter of the barque, touched her bow against the main-channels, and the barque's people fired a hasty and ineffectual volley from their pistols, as thirty savage pirates with their murderous kreeses held between their teeth, sprang up their main chains, agile and fierce as panthers, and poured upon their deck. So well aware were they of their desperate chance, that they completely abandoned the sloop, not a single one remaining on board, and the little craft, her helm deserted, flew up in the wind and instantly capsized and filled, her hatchway having been left open.

Captain Courtenay witnessed the short but furious struggle that ensued, in silent agony. His face was deathly pale and his features worked convulsively with extreme emotion as he watched the result of the contest. The poop-deck of the barque was high, nearly seven feet above the main deck, with which it communicated by two gangway ladders, one of which, as a precautionary measure, had been removed, and, after a brief resistance, in which half their number were slain, the barque's men retreated up the other ladder (the lee one) and unwhipped it, throwing it overboard with two of the pirates who were rushing up after them; the rest, baffled, threw themselves violently against the cabin door, both to obtain a cover and enable them to shoot the barque's men through the skylight, or to gain the poop through the after companion-way.

We were now scarcely thirty yards astern, both vessels moving with much diminished speed, for the wind had again failed suddenly so that the sails flapped and it began to grow dark. A crash was distinctly heard as the pirates assailed the door; I could not see their success, but I heard a hoarse whisper beside me, "All, then, is over." Poor Captain Courtenay leaned against the anchor-stock for support, and his cutlass dropped from his nerveless hand. Just then a deadlight in the orlop-deck of the barque, under the cabin, was pushed open and a small white hand waving a handkerchief appeared through it, and at the same time the renewed noise on the main deck showed that the door was evidently barricaded and had withstood the assault. The captain perceived the signal and the quick blood rushed back to his cheeks and temples. Snatching up his sword, he shouted in Spanish:

"Barque ahoy! Starboard your helm a little. Courage! help is at hand." The terrified seaman at the helm obeyed the order, given as it was, in the tones of a voice conscious of power and accustomed to command. The barque payed off, answering the helm, as the Morpheus luffed up under her stern, and just as the pirates (who had thrown up an extempore gangway by means of some empty water casks and a couple of planks) gained footing on the poop, Captain Courtenay leaped from our bow and charged among them like a hungry lion. He was closely followed by all the boarding party, who had scarcely taken the leap when the vessels came in collision with a tremendous shock, the bow of the Morpheus crushing in the starboard quarter of the Oviedo, but in the recoil the vessels swung clear and separated.

The brave old Bob Cockles was among the foremost, yelling forth a slogan or battle-cry of his own, consisting of a series of apostrophes to Liberty, General Washington, Paul Jones, Old Ironsides, Old Bay State, Stars and Stripes, Bunker Hill, etc., with one of which the old tar emphasized every sturdy blow. But the crash of the colliding vessels, the tumult of the fight and the cries of the combatants, were suddenly drowned in such an appalling uproar that it seemed as if earth and heaven were crushing together into their primal chaos, and the dread typhoon burst upon us in all its wildest fury. Shattered masts and spars were spinning about through the air, strewing the yeasty and effervescent sea with their splinters, or swinging from their stays and slings, towing alongside and breaking the bulwarks to pieces, unheeded and almost unheard, in the terrific convulsion of the elements. The continuous pealing of the thunder mingled with and could not be distinguished from the hideous roar of the whirlwind, while to

say that the rain poured down in torrents, would be merely a perversion of terms, for the welkin seemed to be filled with a mass of air and water mingled in inextricable confusion, and driven in every direction with irresistible fury, and the almost incessant blaze of the lightning, revealing more plainly the completeness of the destruction, the ship dismasted, cordage flying wildly about, shreds of torn sails whirled about like snowflakes, and the sea, hissing like a cauldron, completed this concentration of horrors.

For some minutes this scene of devastation continued, during which the combatants were obliged to cling to stanchions, rigging, etc., or to throw themselves flat upon the deck to prevent their being blown overboard. The barque had been struck by a whirlwind in the van of the typhoon, and while in its vortex it appeared as though her very timbers would be torn asunder by its violence. The foremast, jibboom, main-topmast and mizenmast were wrenched away as though they were straws, some of the men hurled violently overboard, others crushed by the fall of the mizenmast, and some struck senseless by the lightning. The pirates, who had just gained footing on the forward part of the poop, were the principal sufferers, being in the way of the falling mizenmast.

After the whirlwind had passed over, there was a slight remission in the force of the gale, and the contest was immediately renewed. Our pistols were discharged with telling effect, and on closing hand to hand with the remainder, the result was soon apparent. Although the Malays fought with the fury of fiends, they were no match for the strong arms and steady skill of the veteran seamen, and they were mown down like thistles by our long cutlasses. Mahali, seeing that all was lost, flew at Don Carlos, who had borne himself bravely in the fray, and clinching with him they rolled on the deck together. Although the prowess and activity of the fierce old Spaniard was sufficient to render him a formidable foe, he was, however, in such a contest, no match for the savage Malay's herculean force. Mahali's long arms wound around him with the gripe of an anaconda, and he was borne back incapable of resistance, the glittering, crooked blade of the deadly kreesse was uplifted for the blow, when Courtenay, who had just shattered his sword upon the head of his fourth adversary, saw his danger and sprang to the rescue. Seizing the Malay by the hair he drew him back, but not in time to prevent the blow, for, quick as lightning, Mahali buried his kreesse in the body of his prostrate antagonist and then with a mighty effort sprang to his feet, shaking off the grasp of his new adversary, whom he instantly seized by the throat. The long, bony fingers of the pirate compressed the windpipe of the captain like hooks of iron; Courtenay's foot slipped in a pool of blood and he fell backwards on the deck, his head striking against a ringbolt with such violence as to render him insensible. The Malay's knee was upon his breast, but before he could deal the fatal thrust, a blow from a boarding-axe in the hand of the gallant Bob Cockles, interposed its timely aid. Striking the pirate on the cheek-bone just beneath the eye, the heavy weapon tearing away the lower part of the face, shattering the jaws in its sheer descent, and buried itself deep in his chest. Notwithstanding this fearful wound, Mahali reared himself again to his feet, and as he reeled forward in the vain endeavor to confront his foes, presented a frightful spectacle, the dark blood welling in torrents from the ghastly wound, his eyes rolling wildly in his agony, and his outstretched arm grasping the kreesse which he shook in powerless menace; he tottered and fell, even in his fall striking at random and indenting the deck with his broken weapon in impotent fury, until the brawny muscles relaxed and the body rolled back in the collapse of death.

Courtenay soon recovered his senses, a severe bruise on the head being the amount of his casualties. Don Carlos had received a dangerous wound, but luckily not a fatal one, the kreesse having struck the collar-bone and glanced off it, penetrating beneath the shoulder-blade.

As I was not present at the meeting of Courtenay and Isabella, I shall not pretend to describe it, but if the reader considers the circumstances of the case, their transports at meeting in safety, and their mutual congratulations, may easily be imagined.

We next turned our attention to the preservation of the ship, and succeeded in clearing away the wreck and getting rid of the ruin with which the decks were encumbered, a task of no

small difficulty, for the typhoon was now at its height and blew with inconceivable violence. The wind, however, had now little to expend its force upon, the top-hamper being all gone; the anchors were got in readiness and the lead kept going during the night, as we slowly drifted in toward the shore of Palawan, until, towards morning, the lead-line indicating a depth of eighteen fathoms, the hoarse roar of the breakers and the dim, phosphorescent light of the surf to leeward warned us of danger, and both anchors were let go. We anxiously awaited the result of the experiment, but the anchors held well, and in the forenoon, the weather moderating, we were joined by the *Morpheus*, which had suffered comparatively little injury in the gale. Our doctor came on board and attended to Don Carlos's wound. The old Hidalgo's pride was at length humbled, matters were amicably arranged between him and the captain during a long interview, and after a delay of three days, spent in rigging juremasts, etc., the two vessels were sailing peacefully in company over the Mindoro Sea.

It was indeed a gala day, a day of happiness for all parties, when, after the recovery of Don Carlos from his wound, the merry bells of Manila pealed forth a joyous clamor, as Captain Edward Courtenay led his sweet and well-won bride to the altar. Of her I shall only say that if I had any secret mental misgiving that the captain's description of her was tinged with a lover's habitual exaggeration, my skepticism was cured the moment I saw her, and for the first time in my life I envied Courtenay his good fortune. Don Carlos's sentiments had, if not undergone a complete change, at least accommodated them to circumstances. He freely consented to the marriage of Courtenay and Isabella, and further bequeathed to them the whole of his immense wealth on one sole condition, that Courtenay would give up a sea life and live with him on his estate near Manila.

When last I visited the Philippine Islands, I went to "Alhama," the villa of Don Carlos, or rather of Courtenay, for his father-in-law had presented it to him as a marriage portion, and found the happy pair in the enjoyment of as much content as can possibly fall to the lot of humanity. The brave old Bob Cockles I found installed in the post of overseer of the estate and generalissimo of the household; he was still, as of yore, the companion and adviser of Courtenay in their expeditions by land or sea, and was besides, commander of Courtenay's yacht. His kind heart and ready sympathy for those in trouble, had made him beloved by every one, and his only annoyance was when occasionally the sight of a "green nigger," as he persisted in calling the Malays, reminded him of his former sufferings. Although his bleaching hair told a tale of years, his eye was yet bright and his step elastic, and he sang the "Constitution and Guerriere," or the "Star Spangled Banner," as cheerfully as ever, and when at long intervals, news reached there from distant lands, the eyes of the gallant old seaman would glisten, and his bosom swell with honest pride and emotion as he heard of the proud eminence his beloved country had gained among the greatest nations of the earth, and her glorious triumphs in the onward march of science and civilization.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LOVE STRATAGEM.

BY MISS EMMA C. S. FAY.

WHAT a fine, baughty looking girl she was. Miss Mary Brent! I used to think there was fire enough in her eyes to light the orbs of half the young ladies in town. Rather tall was Mary, very erect, with a grand curve of her white neck, and a way of carrying her head Zenobia might have copied. She was an only child and possibly an heiress, no one really knew, only we knew they were southern people who had come among us for the health of this same Mary, with whose peculiar organization a southern climate disagreed. Probably she was too much an icicle to stand those hot suns. Anyhow, she and they all succeeded in keeping themselves frozen stiffly enough among us, for, after two or three unsuccessful attempts at sociability, we left them alone, the whole Brent family, to enjoy their exclusiveness as they pleased with their patrician airs.

"Miss Mary Brent." I really, when I began, was not intending to speak of Mary at all, but of the name as it stood written out in a bold hand

on the outside of a letter postmarked "New York." It had been brought to Mary in her own room, where she sat now wondering over it with a wonder very New England-like, in spite of herself, for the thing puzzled and interested, though it offended her. I transcribe it:

"NUMBER —, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JUNE 5.

"MISS BRENT:—Madam,—No, I cannot bide that. Your pardon. But my pen will write the spellword, *Mary*. Ah, I like it. The name drops on my ear like sacred music. *Mary, Mary*. So, *Mary*, to my errand. A little zephyr, all the way from Brookdale, came to my ear this morning whispering your name. What could I do but listen? And, *Mary*, aforesaid zephyr, having my attention caught a sunbeam, thereupon, and drew your portrait. What could I do but see, and seeing, what but write? believing, *Mary*, though you never saw, never heard the name of him whose thoughts are at this moment full of you, though we may never save in spirit meet, this liberty will not offend you. Will it, *Mary*? I write to beg that we be friends. Will you not favor me with a response? and may I not hope that in coming times we may indulge a frequent interchange of thought through the medium of letters? *Mary, Mary*, answer 'yes,' and make happy your devoted servant,

FRANK BREWSTER."

Miss Mary Brent sat there in her handsome chamber, her proud head thrown back and her eyes flashing angrily. The letter had been read and read again.

"Impertinence!" she broke out, spurning the missive with her foot. "I would like to know who dares address such familiarity to me, ME! Frank Brewster? Pah! what poor puppy may he be, I wonder!—no, I don't wonder, either, I don't care. The creature is not worth it. '*Like sacred music*,' nonsense! '*Little zephyr*! O, I am sick! How do I look, I wonder, how do I impress people, that a stranger even, who may have chanced to hear my name, dares insult me with such mawkish sentimentalities? I will go and hide myself, I will—no, though perhaps—"

Miss Mary took up the note again. After all, behind the curtain that hung up between her and her New England neighbors, she was a true woman, though with a dash of southern recklessness in her composition they could not understand. She liked the mystery of the thing. She had a dreamy belief in spiritual attraction annihilating space and working out God's purposes through strange miracles. What if the figure the writer had drawn were a reality! The rich southern imagination of the young girl went dreaming on. But I shall not play eavesdropper on you, Miss Mary; I venerate womanhood too much. Mr. Frank Brewster, though, I will peep in upon; he deserves to be ferreted out.

Mr. Frank. Pugh! what an ill-kept room. Could that dainty little note have ever come from there? Nut-shells, ends of cigars—Frank! Frank! is this bachelor housekeeping. Ashes and cinders, shaving implements, boots, brushes, combs, bottles—I declare! goblets, wine-glasses! "Little zephyrs," indeed. I wonder how the "sunbeam" that painted Mary's "portrait," ever found its way in to do it.

In the midst of all I behold sitting comfortably in a comfortable chair, a square-built, unsentimental looking man of some thirty-five, whom I recognized as Frank. Good. I had the figure of a pale youth in my mind, who lived on poetry and moonlight. The image of Miss Mary had not haunted this substantial looking gentleman out of his sleep or appetite, it appears. He is chatting quietly with a friend, smoking a cigar, meantime, and he looks, somehow, genial and good-humored, spite the wickedness his name bears witness to in Brookdale and the disorder about him. I may as well spy the friend with this clairvoyant glass of wine. A little, dark, wiry, active man—name, Harvey Lake. Let me turn the screw-mental in my glass.

Ah, Mr. Lake, I am impressed that you are the prime mover in this letter affair. A lawyer are you, Mr. Lake, and you have learned for a certainty by your professional craft in the great metropolis, where her money is invested, that Miss Brent possesses a fine fortune of her own. You have found out something of the retired life the Brents are leading; you have heard how Mary holds herself aloof from the society about her; you have had a hint of that view of old romance, that vague belief in, and love of, the marvellous that lies latent in her nature; you know how every young spirit will go forth for sympathy, and you, Mr. Lake, have set your lawyer's wits to work to speculate upon that capital. And Mr. Brewster is hardly your co worker, and not by any means your tool; a kind of sleeping partner, I should call him, who lazily permits you to use his name, who allows himself to know

all your manœuvres in an indolent, indifferent way, but who takes no apparent interest. After all, though, he is one of those impenetrable beings nobody can understand. His name is Frank Gladding, but he likes to be called "Brewster," in memory of an obscure little town he visited last summer on the seashore. How eagerly Mr. Lake is talking. I listen.

"Miss Mary Brent of Brookdale," I hear in a quick, eager voice, while Mr. Gladding suddenly lifts his head and looks questioningly into his face. "Do you know, Gladding, friend, that one Harvey Lake has opened a correspondence with a young lady of that name and address?"

Mr. Gladding shakes his head and his face grows graver.

"I don't know the lady, you see," Harvey goes on, "and the acquaintance has begun in an airy sort of way by the interchange of letters. At least, the introductory one has been sent."

"Indeed!" Mr. Gladding remarks quietly. "But what of Miss Brent?"

"O, I have found out all about her by the Masons. An heiress, Gladding, living very retired in that Brookdale, without any lovers, and a beauty too. Huzza!"

"Well, and what of all that?" Mr. Gladding asks in a deep, stern voice which, for the moment, makes the heart of Harvey quake. He has never quite understood Mr. Gladding. Notwithstanding his quiet, gentlemanly ways, he has all along held him in fear. He explains now, with more bravado than courage.

"O, the promotion of your friend, Harvey Lake, to the mastership of aforesaid fine property by the promotion of said Miss Mary Brent to the position of bride of this Harvey. Do you understand? And, Mr. Gladding, I have a confession to make, too." I borrowed your name, *Frank Brewster*. I knew you'd never care, and the Masons, you know, might track me out and show up to Mary what a scamp I am, and there might be trouble. And then if I chose some foolish *nom de plume*, there might be mistakes again. You're willing, of course?"

Harvey grows nervous, for his friend pauses to deliberate before replying.

"I shall exact for this," Mr. Gladding says at length, "that in your correspondence with Mary Brent you have no secrets from me." He speaks with a tone of authority that Harvey dares not question. "You must promise me this, Mr. Lake; also, possession of Miss Brent's letters."

"O yes, of course."

"That will not do. Look into my face, Mr. Lake, and speak boldly."

"I promise." Harvey looks up and meets an expression that tells of a character that is not to be trifled with.

"O, it was such a hit!" said Harvey, rising up and sitting down, and fidgeting in his chair, and rubbing his hands, and speaking in high glee. "Such a hit, the finding out about the Brent property in the first place! Miss Mary, I fancy, will think somebody of somewhat a poetic temperament has been peeping in upon her in spirit. A very ethereal personage, Miss Brent, I promise you. I did up that letter capitally. The answer ought to be along today."

"Do you think Mary will answer it?" asked Mr. Gladding, with more apparent interest than he often expressed.

"Of course. O, there will come such a dear, little, sentimental, soft affair, I shall have to climb up on some cloud to read it. Then I shall dip my pen in seven rainbows when I write again, and Mary—well, next on the programme, my invitation to Brookdale, then you, my groomsman, you understand, and the fortune in the sequel. There! now you are my confidant. Make what you please of it."

Mr. Gladding looked out of the window and was silent. And just now the postman's knock and voice, "Frank Brewster," stopped the conversation. Ah, a pretty little white-covered note, mailed "Brookdale." It somewhat fell short of Mr. Lake's anticipations, but it was an answer.

Miss Brent acknowledged the honor Mr. Brewster had intended her, but she did not care, at present, to increase the number of her correspondents by adding strangers to the list. Very graciously she signed her name to that, "Mary Brent." A clear, rather masculine hand, as devoid of affectation as of sentiment.

Harvey's countenance fell. Mr. Gladding smiled in his quiet, self-communing way, and turned the leaf. ("P. S. *Mary* would, perhaps, enjoy a correspondence with *Frank*.") Harvey fell to writing.

A stiff gentleman in a white hat, and carrying a gold-headed cane, walked impatiently from Brookdale post-office to the handsome Brent mansion with that letter in his hand. It was just at nightfall and Miss Mary and her queenly step-mother were out of doors enjoying the cool twilight. It was good to see them. Mary's shining black hair adorned her head like a crown, and her face was joyous just now, she looked so radiant in her magnificent southern beauty, he had an impulse to give her the letter with a hearty kiss, and "There, my handsome daughter!" as he had heard a laborer the day before, but the dignity of his position happily was before his eyes, and he did not even compromise it by inquiring who Mary's correspondent might be.

Mary took the letter and ran away to her own room. A wild, warm-hearted, imaginative girl, she had thought of its coming all day. She paused a moment to admire her own name written out in the dashing characters she had recognized at once, and then opened it and read. Who was Frank Brewster? She went over it again—was he really the stranger he had professed to be? O, if Mary had but somebody to talk with about it! It was such a sad lot to be an only child! If her step-mother, or father even, did not have to support such an amount of dignity, I would like going into the United States Senate and present Frank's letter as a public document, to lay the affair before either of them. If she had only made friends of some of the young people of Brookdale. She was alone.

The letter was the merest sentimental affair imaginable, but just then it pleased her. She was not afraid. Of course she should never see that mysterious spirit lover—she dared write what she pleased. And Mr. Harvey Lake's letter received an answer more cordial than he ever could have believed possible. Again he wrote and again she replied. Letters came and went now, well filled and frequent. The Brookdale postmaster counted upon them twice a week, at least. It might be pastime to Frank Brewster, but to Mary it was the all-absorbing topic of her thoughts. The gossips took up the affair at length. O, Mary! but I do not retail scandal, Mary.

The office again. Quite as before, alas! only, it may be, a greater amount of litter about Mr. Lake, in fact almost hiding him as he sat there in his favorite corner among his law books, active and talkative as usual.

"O, all ye Nine Muses!" is the burden now, partly in soliloquy, partly to give his friend a chance of basking in his sunshine. "That Miss Brent of mine will be here in less than three days." He made a great flourish with his pen and rose up on his feet. "Mark my words, Mr. Gladding. They vex her at home. I'll take your part, Mary, and then, don't you see, she's got it into her romantic little head that her romantic correspondent is somebody she's actually known? Hark!"

A modest tap at the door, which Mr. Gladding answered with a short "come in!"

Lo, the door slowly opened and there entered a lady, a tall lady, wrapped in a large shawl and closely veiled. The placid, almost childlike smile faded from the old bachelor's face. He bowed a greeting, however, which the lady returned with a quick start and cry of joy.

"Frank!"

"Mary!" he said, gently but gravely, as the visitor lifted her veil and discovered a young, beautiful face, radiant, Harvey could see, with pleasure.

"Frank, Frank! There! I thought all along it might be you."

"You thought that it might be I?" asked Mr. Gladding, looking down into the lady's face with the same expression of grave inquiry.

"What 'it,' to be sure, answered Harvey Lake in his corner, as he watched the scene in amazement.

The strange lady did not heed him. What did it all mean? What kind of a flirtation had that very serious-minded and sensible Mr. Gladding been carrying on there under his very eyes? What if—? A terrible suspicion darted through his mind. He had called her Mary. He looked keenly at the visitor. Fine looking, with a high-bred air. Well, well! Mary answered, smiling in the abundance of her content.

"Why, that you wrote the letters, Mr. Gladding!" Mary's eyes fell. Something in Mr. Gladding's face startled her.

"And so, he begins by making the poor thing afraid of him at the outset. The savage!" commented Harvey. "No, it's not my Mary. If



THE KURSAAL, HOMBURG, GERMANY.

the description I have is to be relied on, he and all the world to back him, could never do that. I breathe again."

"What letters, Mary?" Mr. Gladding demanded, in a tone and with a face, not simply grave, but severe.

Harvey felt his breath rushing through his nostrils in whirlwind gasps.

Mary was not afraid. She had a sense of safety, perhaps, in the presence of that broad-chested man then in that dingy office with the bushy head and black eyes she had caught a glimpse of, bending at her from the corner, and she looked up and met his eyes with a child's ingenuousness.

"Did you not write to me, Mary Brent," she asked, "and sign your name 'Frank Brewster'?"

"No, I did, I did, Miss Brent. I!" cried Harvey, rushing forward. "And, Mr. Gladding, I should like to know the meaning of this." Harvey's face was scarlet, and he had hard work to control his voice.

"It means that Mary and I are old friends, does it not, Mary?" was the calm reply.

"Yes. And that we've always been friends, haven't we, Frank?" added Mary.

"Yes, indeed, until a year ago, you know, when you hinted—don't look so innocent, Mary, you know you meant it, and I deserved it, too. Presumptuous old fellow! You hinted, you remember, about my age."

"Why, Frank! And was that what sent you away? I never meant that, Frank dear. I only said—"

"You said I was too old to laugh—"

"At the silly things that amused me, Frank. I simply meant—"

"You meant that I was too old in worldly experience to sympathize in the joys or sorrows of your young spirit. I understood you, Mary. It was well so."

"Dear Frank, you are unkind. You know I meant that you were wise enough to guide me to better things. You don't know how grieved I was when you went away."

"And you took comfort in corresponding with one Frank Brewster, for whom, I suppose, this visit is designed."

"Please hush! I am staying with the Masons, and I just dropped in here to-day, unknown to everybody, I was so sure of finding you, Frank. O, if—" The eyes of Miss Mary Brent swept around the room and fell upon the figure of Harvey Lake, who had retreated to his corner. She drew herself up proudly and then—"Did I receive and answer letters from him, Frank?" she whispered, her face mantling with shame.

"Yes, Mary."

"I! Mary Brent! Please go out into the air with me, Frank. I am suffocating here. How you must despise me."

"Hush, Mary! we will forget all that," Frank's voice urged soothingly, as the door closed behind them. "Your letters all came into my hands."

"Very well, very well!" ejaculated Mr. Lake, walking the office floor and speaking in short spasmodic gasps. "A very pretty little scene, got up for my entertainment! Mr. Frank Gladding—very well. I have been smoothing the way, have I? doing your work! making a cat's-paw of myself to rake your nuts out of the fire! Yours, Mr. Gladding! I'm your fairy godmother, am I? your wishing cap, your imp slave, your maid of-all-work who acts out your wishes without knowing them. I really have done up the thing capitally."

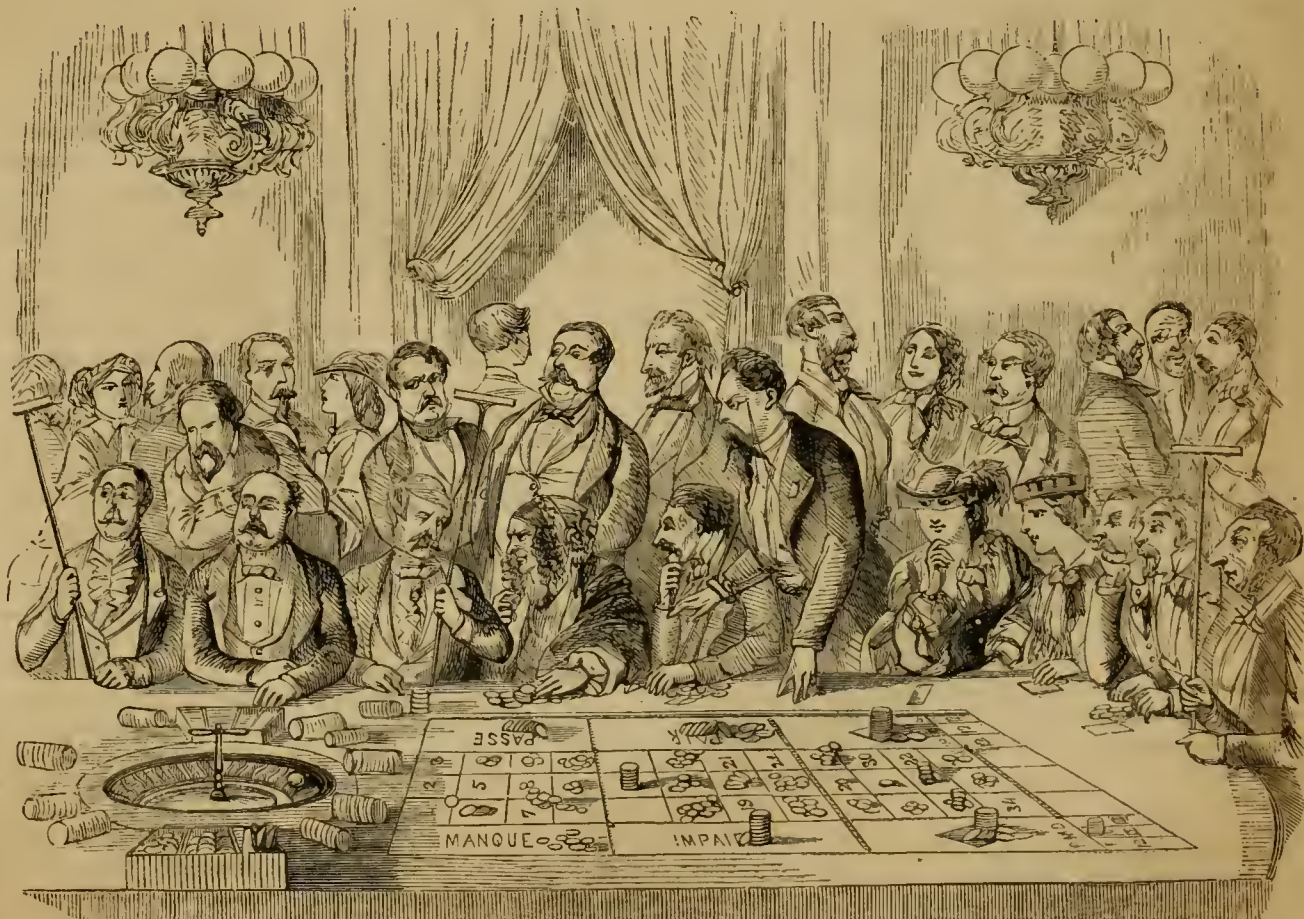
Ah, Mr. Lake, is it true? There is a rumor that though you met Mary, your correspondent, a month afterwards, the real Mary of your desires, who was introduced to you as Mrs. Frank Gladding, and who treated you with marked courtesy, you showed yourself boorish enough towards her, and as such you remain to this day.

FIRMNESS.—There is no trait of human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil. It is related of Tamerlane, the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all the eastern nations, and on whom victory attended at almost every step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future.

HOMBURG, GERMANY.

The spirited and lively sketches on this page represent scenes at Hombourg, or rather Hombourg-von-der-Hohe, the capital of a little German landgraviate, and situated about eight miles from Frankfort, amidst some of the most charming scenery of the European continent, the great resort of Germans and of foreigners during the summer seasons. "Hombourg," says Mr. Sala, "is six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The streets are well paved, and scrupulously clean, though not the slightest apparatus for purposes of drainage, appears to exist. But there are plenty of pumps and fountains, and the air seems to be particularly clear and salubrious. The inhabitants and the surrounding peasantry, male and female, are very ugly, but not very healthy. There is an old town and a new town, and the population is computed at about six thousand. The main street is called the *Luisen Strasse*, running from southeast to northwest; there are two public squares, and at the lower end a fountain called the *Pompejibrunnen*, 'from its resemblance,' the guide-books say, 'to a fountain dug out of the ruins of that city.' Besides the *Luisen Strasse* there are the *Promenade* and the *Dorothean Strasse*, the *Haingasse* and the *Oberthor*, and half way on the main street is the finest building in the town, the *Kursaal*. The state religion is Protestant. There is also a Roman Catholic church, and in the *Juden Strasse* there is a synagogue. The communicants of the different persuasions live together in harmony." Our first sketch represents the gardens and exterior of the *Kursaal*, the grand centre of attraction, with its formal terraces and formal architecture, but within dazzling and brilliant. Let us follow our lively guide, Mr. Sala, into the interior, and condense a sketch of the doings there, in explanation of our second engraving, which, with its varied figures and faces, affords an interesting study. In the *Kursaal* is the ball or concert room, at either end of which is a gallery supported by pillars of composition marble. The floors are inlaid, and immense mirrors

in sumptuous frames are hung on the walls. The ceiling is superbly decorated with bas reliefs, while the whole is lighted up by enormous and gorgeous chandeliers. The splendid apartment to the right is called *Saal Japanese*, and is used as a dining-room for a monster *table d'hôte* held twice a day. There is a sumptuous reading-room, with luxurious settees covered with crimson velvet, warmly carpeted, and on the inlaid tables lie the chief newspapers and periodicals of the world. There is a huge *Café Olympique* for smoking and imbibing purposes—private cabinets for parties; the monster saloon, and two smaller ones, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night, Sundays not excepted, all the year round, and year after year, knaves and fools, from almost every corner in the world, gamble at the ingenious and amusing games of "Roulette," and "Rouge et Noir." There is one table covered with green baize, tightly stretched as on a billiard-field. In the midst of it is a circular pit, coved inwards, but not bottomless, and containing the roulette-wheel; a revolving disc, turning with an accurate momentum on a brass pillar, and divided at its outer edge into thirty-seven narrow and shallow pigeon-hole compartments, colored alternately red and black, and numbered, not consecutively, up to thirty-six. The last is a blank, and stands for zero, number nothing. Round the upper edge run a series of little brass hoops, or bridges, to cause the ball to hop and skip, and not fall at once into the nearest compartment. This is the regimen of roulette: the banker sits before the wheel—a croupier, or payer-out of winnings to and raker-in of losses from the players on either side. Crying in a voice calmly sonorous, "Make your game, gentlemen!" the banker gives the wheel a dextrous twirl, and ere it has made one revolution, casts into its maelstrom of black and red an ivory ball. The interval between this and the ball finding a home is one of breathless anxiety. Stakes are eagerly laid, but at a certain period of the revolution the banker calls out, "The game is made; nothing more counts;" and after that intimation it is useless to lay down money. Then the banker, in the same calm and impassible voice, declares the result. On either side of the wheel, extending to the extremity of the table runs, in duplicate, the schedule of stakes. The green baize first offers just thirty-six square compartments, marked out by yellow threads woven in the fabric itself, and bearing thirty-six consecutive numbers. If you place a florin (one and eightpence, no lower stake is permitted), or ten florins, or any sum of money not exceeding the maximum whose multiple is the highest stake which the bank, if it loses, can be made to pay, in the midst of compartment twenty-nine has become the resting-place of the ball, the croupier will push towards you with his rake exactly thirty-three times the amount of your stake, whatever it might have been; bearing in mind, however, the bank's loss on a single stake is limited to eight thousand francs. Moreover, if you have placed another sum of money in the compartment inscribed, in legible yellow colors, "Impair," or odd, you will receive the equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being an odd number. If you have placed a coin on *passe*, you will also receive this additional equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being past the Rubicon, or middle of the table of numbers—eighteen. Again, if you have ventured your money in a compartment bearing for device a lozenge in outline, which represents black, and twenty nine being a black number, you will again pocket a double stake, that is, one in addition to your original venture. If you have risked money on the columns—that is, betted on the number turning up corresponding with some number in one of the columns of the tabular schedule, and have selected the right column—you have your own stake and two others; if you have betted on either of these three eventualities, first dozen, middle dozen, or last dozen, as one to twelve, thirteen to twenty-four, twenty-five to thirty-six, all inclusive, and have chanced to select the division in which No. 29 occurs, you also obtain a treble stake—your own and two more which the bank pay you: your florin or whatever else, metamorphosed into three. But woe to the wight who shall have ventured on the number "eight," on the "red" color (compartment with a crimson lozenge), on "even," and on "not past" the Rubicon; for twenty-nine does not comply with any one of these conditions. He loses, and his money is coolly swept away from him by the croupier's rake. This is the game of roulette as played at Hombourg and the German watering-places. It will be seen that ladies are depicted at the table, and it is a fact that the fair do not scruple to sit down beside professional gamblers and "make their game." A friend of ours says he has often seen Henrietta Sontag seated at the green table with a pile of Napoleons and bank notes before her, eagerly watching with vivid interest the whirl of fortune's wheel, which was to enrich or impoverish her.



THE ROULETTE TABLE, HOMBURG KURSAAL, GERMANY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY NEIGHBOR 'CROSS THE WAY.

BY EFTINGHAM T. HYATT.

I saw her first across the way,
Within a window sitting,
While shadows of the closing day
Were round the sunbeams flitting;
I thought her then some lonely flower,
Perchance a bud in beauty's bower,
Who spent the leisure hours of day
In watching folks across the way:

I saw her next at fashion's shrine,
Where all the gay were kneeling,
Mid others she alone did shine,
A maid devoid of feeling;
I thought her then some vain coquette,
Perchance the victim of regret,
The mistress of some magic art,
By which she lived without a heart.

I saw her then amid the poor,
Her heart with kindness swelling,
And knew with her I could endure
To share their wretched dwelling;
I thought her then some angel, come
To make this earth a transient home,
In doing which she did disguise
Each feature—but a woman's eyes.

I see her yet across the way,
Still in her window sitting,
While shadows of the closing day
Are round the sunbeams flitting;
But now I think that lonely flower
The sweetest bud in beauty's bower,
Although she spends an hour each day
In watching folks across the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CRIMINAL TRIAL.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

THERE was not one of my class-mates at college so universally popular as Levin Orburne. Though of respectable abilities, he was not remarkable as a scholar. If he had been, he never could have been such a favorite as he was. All his amiability (and it was extraordinary) could not have saved him from that long train of despicabilities which invariably follow in the track of envy. But he had the good fortune to be only just clever enough to make the gracefulness of his manners and the goodness of his heart more eminently conspicuous.

Levin was from the far South. I am a native of Virginia. After completing our undergraduate course together, we both entered the law school attached to our Alma Mater, and pursued unto the end the curriculum therein adopted. While thus engaged, I made my home with an uncle who lived near the university, and Orburne being my most intimate friend, became a constant visitor in the family.

Nor was it my influence alone that drew the young man to my uncle's. There was another magnet, and a more potent one by far; not made of steel or iron ore, but of flesh and blood, and christened Lucy. Lucy's heart and Blackstone's Commentaries were attacked the same day, and from that epoch the studies of law and Lucy were carried on *pari passu*, until Orburne was graduated—a lawyer and a husband; and licensed to practice both professions indiscriminately.

The young couple took up their abode in the great West, and I returned to my home in Virginia. Nearly two years passed away, and an occasional letter from my cousin or her husband was the extent of the intercourse between us; but they were in my thoughts, and I meant, as soon as I could redeem the time, to pay them a long visit.

Summer came, and my arrangements for a western tour were nearly completed. I had heard from my friends about a month before. They were full of health and prosperity—had a little responsibility which bore my name—and were overflowing with plans for making my projected visit an agreeable one.

I had just finished a letter to Orburne, stating the exact day of my contemplated departure, when my letters from the post-office came in, and among them one from my cousin Lucy. If my ink had turned suddenly to blood, the portent could hardly have astonished or appalled me more than did the contents of this letter. It was as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN:—If you ever loved me or my husband, prove it now, in our direst need, by coming to us instantly. Not that you can materially assist us—we are, alas! beyond all hope of succor. We want your sympathy; it is all you can give us. I am keeping you in suspense, but

in a case like this, any endurance of suspense must be preferable to the sad reality. I can end it with a word; but O, that word is enough to rend my heart-strings asunder! Two weeks hence, Levin Orburne will be tried for murder—and they will convict him! As surely as the heavens are above us, he will die a felon's death! Come, O come, this instant, to your heart-broken

LUCY."

It was with difficulty I could credit the testimony of my own senses. Was I really awake, and of sound mind? Was I not the victim of some strange delusion? Or rather, was not Lucy the sport of some extraordinary hallucination? Surely we could not both of us be *compromentis*. Levin Orburne accused of murder! Of all the men I had even known, he was the very last whom I could believe guilty of such a crime.

But it was worse than folly to sit there wondering and speculating. My duty was to set out at once for the only place where this terrific problem could be solved. I did so, and reached the home of the Orburnes as quickly as the appliances and means of modern travel could possibly convey me thither.

Merciful heavens, what a change! Could the wan spectre that received me be really the bright and happy Lucy of two short years ago? It was hard to believe it, for she had all the appearance of having had a dozen years at least added to her age since then. And yet, the outward manifestations of her grief fell short of what I had anticipated. She received me very quietly. I do not mean that she did not weep. According to the approved standards of romance I suppose her sorrow ought to have been "too deep for tears." But the fact is, as far as my limited observation has extended, that sort of sorrow is generally so excessively deep as to be altogether out of sight. At all events, poor Lucy did weep—silently, but profusely. The tears trickled down unremittingly, and there was such a world of agony in her expressive face, that it was an arduous task indeed to keep my own eyes dry.

"Dear Lucy," said I, taking her hand, "you surely must exaggerate the danger in this case. It is impossible that any one who knows him can really think Levin Orburne guilty of murder. The thing is preposterous."

She raised her eyes slowly to my face, and tried to speak, but the unuttered words seemed to choke her. She shook her head, and said nothing.

"Come, come, Lucy," said I; "this will never do. You must cheer up. Things cannot be so bad as you seem to think them; it is impossible. The very idea is ridiculous. There are some charges so utterly contemptible, that merely to name is to refute them; and this is such an one."

Again she looked at me, and again shook her head, and said nothing. The mute agony of that despairing look almost unmanned me. Woe ineffable found a voiceless expression there more eloquent than aught that human lips had ever framed. Utter despair, in the face of any one, is terrible to look upon; but to read it in the features of those we love, might melt a heart as hard as adamant. Choking back the tears which I could not wholly suppress, I said:

"My dear cousin, the wisdom of thousands of years has established the maxim,—'Truth is mighty, and will prevail.' Do not, I beseech you, wrong the truth by being so distrustful of its power. Do not wrong your husband by what some might interpret as a want of confidence in his innocence."

At these words, she raised her eyes again, clasped her hands, and in a whisper, which, though barely audible, resounded in my ears as if it were the archangel's trumpet, said:

"He told me with his own lips that he had killed him!" And covering her face with her hands, she fell back upon her seat, while her slender frame writhed and heaved with anguish, till I thought the tortured soul within must soon destroy its frail tenement with these throes of almost superhuman suffering.

The reader may imagine the mingled astonishment and horror with which I listened to this announcement. I strove to believe that sorrow and suffering had turned the young wife's brain. It was a terrible thought, though it would have been better than the dread reality. But even such a miserable hope as this was without foundation. Agony, such as I had never before had any conception of, was visible in her deportment, and in every line of her delicate features; but her mental faculties, so far from being impaired or even benumbed by her affliction, were

rather in the condition of nerves laid bare by some terrific excoriation, and made to respond with ten fold sensitiveness to the lightest touch.

As soon as this paroxysm of grief had somewhat subsided, poor Lucy gave me an account of the affair which had wrung her young heart so fearfully. Orburne's house was in, or rather near a small village, which was itself but a few miles from the large town in which his business lay. In the only public-house of this village there sojourned a young man named Wealdon, who, like Orburne himself, was originally from Florida. The two southerners had apparently been acquainted for many years; but it was generally known that they were not on good terms with each other. When Wealdon first arrived, Orburne had casually mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and had once afterwards expressed a strong feeling of dislike towards him, but had never spoken of him except on those two occasions. One evening, just at dusk, a stranger whom Lucy did not see came to the door and called her husband out. He remained with this stranger perhaps ten minutes, and when he returned, he was pale and much agitated. She tried to find out what the matter was, but could not succeed. He was unusually taciturn, seemed wrapped in thought, and in fifteen or twenty minutes went out again.

This time Orburne was absent half an hour or more. When he returned he rushed wildly into the room where she was, gazed hurriedly around, and then, brandishing a long, sharp knife, all reeking with blood, exclaimed: "*I have killed the infernal scoundrel!*" and then rushed out again, as abruptly as he had entered. Lucy fainted. When she recovered, she was all alone, and she saw her husband no more till she visited him in prison.

That same evening, not long after the candles were lit, Orburne, according to the testimony of numerous witnesses, called at the hotel and inquired for Wealdon. He was shown to his room, remained there a few minutes, and then he and Wealdon left the hotel together.

It so happened that a carpenter, who was working in the village, was returning home at this hour along the same path taken by the two young men. This path traversed an open common—a retired spot, seldom visited by any one, even in the daytime. The carpenter followed on, carelessly, but a few rods behind the others. They were not aware of his presence, but the moon shone brightly, and enabled him to see all their movements pretty distinctly. He could hear but little, however, of their conversation, which was carried on in a subdued tone of voice. For sometime the carpenter paid little or no attention to the men ahead of him, but his vigilance was suddenly aroused by a loud exclamation from one or the other of the young men—he could not tell which—and almost at the same instant he saw the blade of a bowie knife flash brightly in the moonlight, and then descend from behind upon Wealdon's breast. He fell heavily to the earth, and the carpenter ran quickly towards him. Orburne hearing the noise he made, looked round, and then turned and fled.

The carpenter was somewhat at a loss to know what to do. He followed Orburne, however, till he saw him enter his own house, and then returned to his victim. But before he did this, he called a boy who was passing along the road, and set him to watching Orburne's dwelling, to see if he came out again.

Wealdon was quite dead. The knife had severed the arch of the aorta, and penetrated the heart itself, and with the crimson torrent that gushed from it, the young man's life departed. As soon as the carpenter saw that all was over, he left the body where it lay, and hastened to the nearest house, which was but a little way off. There were three men sitting and smoking in the porch, and he led them off instantly in chase of the slayer of Wealdon.

When the party reached Orburne's house, the boy was not there. He soon made his appearance, however, running towards them and beckoning them to come up. He had seen Orburne come out of his house and go to the "Big Spring." This was a capacious natural reservoir of clear, cold water, thickly surrounded by large trees, the foliage of which was so dense and luxuriant as to screen the spring from observation on all sides. Into this hiding-place the boy had tracked the red-handed fugitive. And there they found him, standing by the spring. The next day a long, sharp-pointed knife, with the name "Orburne" cut upon the handle, was found in the spring.

When first apprehended, the prisoner seemed to be greatly agitated, but he said nothing, and from that time forth he had maintained an obstinate silence, neither admitting nor denying anything with reference to the charge brought against him, nor answering any question on the subject, from any source whatever.

When the helpless young wife had told me all she knew, she sank back in her seat, an image of wan despair—of voiceless, irremediable woe, the contemplation of which wrung my inmost soul with anguish. I said everything to comfort her that my ingenuity could suggest. I told her that I was going to see Orburne, and felt sure he would tell me the whole truth, which could not possibly be so bad as she seemed to think it—but all was of no avail. Hope was dead within her, and all my efforts to resuscitate the cheering visitor were utterly useless. Becoming fully convinced of this, I soon left her, and sought poor Orburne in his gloomy apartment, in the county jail.

The moment I entered I was struck with the similarity in appearance and condition of the husband and wife. The same apathetic hopelessness which had struck me in her case was equally prominent in his.

"Levin Orburne," I cried, as soon as I saw his condition, "no power on earth can make me believe that you have stained your soul with the crime of murder; but it is a crime, and a serious one, for you to suffer yourself to be thus unmanned. For your loving wife's sake—for your innocent's babe's sake—for your friend's sake—for truth's sake—for your own good name's sake, rouse yourself, be a man, and trample into the dust this vile charge—this infamous slander."

He wrung my hand, and smiled—but such a smile! Kind heaven grant I may never see its like again! Sick at heart, I pressed his hand in return, but I dared not speak again, or I should have burst into tears. He said not a single word; and when I had calmed myself sufficiently to trust my voice once more, and appealed to him in the most solemn manner to tell me the whole truth, he shook his head mournfully, but never moved his lips. I told him that not even his own confession could convince me that he was a murderer. If he had killed the man, I felt very sure that he had done it in self defence, or for some other good and sufficient reason, and I conjured him to tell me how the thing had happened. But to my earnest and most importunate appeals he answered never a word. Another mournful shake of the head was all that my utmost ingenuity and perseverance could wring from him, in an interview of three hours' duration.

At last, convinced that all my efforts would be fruitless, I left the prison no wiser than I entered it, and hastened to see Mr. Writley, the lawyer employed to conduct the defence. He had been retained by Lucy, not only without the consent, but contrary to the express desire of her husband, who wished for no legal assistance. I found this gentleman much interested in my poor friend's case; but his account of it tended to deepen rather than dissipate the gloom which enshrouded it. All the ingenuity he had been able to exercise, from the date of Orburne's apprehension to that moment, had been of no avail whatever. He had never opened his lips to him on the subject of the charge, nor imparted one iota of information with regard to it, in any way whatever.

Such being the fact, Mr. Writley was of course as much puzzled as I was; and I found that his opinion of the affair, as far as it was possible to form any opinion at all, very nearly coincided with my own. In the face of evidence so perfectly direct and unimpeachable, to say nothing of his own confession, it was impossible to doubt the naked fact that Orburne had killed Wealdon—killed him too under circumstances affording a strong presumption whereof to predicate the inference of "malice aforethought." But in spite of all this, for those who had known him well to believe that he had really been guilty of a cold-blooded murder, was morally impossible.

Unfortunately, among his present neighbors and associates there were none who had been long and intimately acquainted with him, and therefore very few to agree with us in feeling a positive assurance that self-preservation, or some equally strong overmastering necessity, was at the bottom of the deed. But if such was the fact, why not make it known?—why not assert his innocence, and tell the whole truth? There was "the rub," alas! there was the dread "lion in the path," which must inevitably influence the jury to convict him; to break his young wife's

heart, and consign his fatherless babe to an heritage of infamy! It was an awful doom; but, for aught we could see to the contrary, one from which there was as little hope of escape as from the irrevocable decrees of fate itself.

There was another unfortunate circumstance, which I now learned for the first time. I had been somewhat surprised to find that Orburne's trial was to follow so close upon his apprehension and imprisonment, but I had supposed it to be merely the accidental result of a session of the court coming on but a few weeks after the occurrence of the homicide. This indeed was true; but it was also true that, notwithstanding the general popularity of Orburne, there was a strong feeling of hostility against him, and an almost universal belief in his guilt, accompanied by a clamorous outcry for his speedy conviction and condign punishment.

It was the opinion of Mr. Writley that this excitement had been secretly fomented by a member of the bar, a prominent demagogue, in the way of whose political advancement Orburne was likely to prove a serious obstacle. He was thoroughly unscrupulous and unprincipled, and would certainly stop at nothing to secure the removal of one whose talents and popularity rendered him a very formidable adversary. The judge, unfortunately, was a person of no great firmness of purpose, and not likely to be very obstinate in resisting popular influences. It will be seen, therefore, that the prospect for the accused was as gloomy, on every side and in every respect, as it could well be.

Orburne was an orphan, with no living relatives except a brother, who, with all his intimate friends, resided in Florida. They had been written to; but it was not to be expected that any of them, even if disposed to do so, could reach the place in time for the trial. For the few days that intervened, I gave myself no rest in striving to gain some further insight into this mysterious affair. I inquired diligently into the most trivial circumstance which by the remotest possibility might be supposed to have any connection with it; made use of every effort I could think of to overcome the strange reserve of Orburne himself; and in short, did all that man could do to find some clue which might enable us to emerge from this labyrinth of difficulties.

When I could not employ myself directly in the business, my mind was still running on it constantly. I would sit for hours together thinking over the whole matter, and anxiously straining my "mind's eye" in the endeavor to detect some glimmer of light in all this cheerless immensity of darkness. But it was all in vain. The more the thing was investigated, the more hopelessly involved and obscure did it become, and the day of trial found us not a whit better prepared than we had been the first hour after I reached the place, and learned the facts in the case.

As for the unhappy young wife, except that she grew constantly thinner and feebler, there was no variation in the rayless gloom of that midnight of despair which from the first had hung like a funeral pall upon her soul. And that death-like calm, I felt well assured, would never be broken except by her husband's acquittal or by death itself; and the former alternative, alas, was one for the occurrence of which we had not the shadow of a hope. It was a terrible thought, but I knew full well that the verdict of *guilty* would be the signal for that pure soul to wing its way to the realms of the dread hereafter.

The awful day arrived. It is needless for me to dwell upon the particulars of the trial. They were just what we had expected. Mr. Writley made every possible effort to get the trial postponed; but all to no purpose. I saw from the first that the minds of the judge and jury were made up, and that the prisoner had no mercy, and perhaps not even justice, to expect. The truth is, it could not well have been otherwise. All the damning circumstances to which I have referred, were clearly detailed and substantiated, and no one, from the evidence alone, could do otherwise than convict the prisoner.

In spite of all my efforts to prevent her, poor Lucy would attend the trial. Fearfully attenuated, and pale and motionless as monumental marble, she sat with her eyes fixed upon her husband, and never for one instant diverted to any other object. It was an awful position for any wife to be placed in; but for her it was surrounded by horrors of ten-fold intensity.

One mercy the law allowed her—she could not be called upon to bear testimony against her

husband. But she was very young, and wholly unused to sorrow; she was devoted heart and soul to the man of her choice; and, worst of all, she firmly believed him to be guilty. It may seem a barbarous idea, but I really had no wish that she should survive his condemnation, and see him led from her arms to the gallows. The public prosecutor had presented the facts of the case clearly and forcibly, and had followed them up in such a manner as evidently left no doubt whatever upon the minds of the jury. Writley too had said perhaps all that could be said, and said it well; but it was mournfully apparent that he had not shaken in the least the settled convictions of those who were to be the arbiters of poor Orburne's fate.

All was over, the judge had delivered his charge, and the case was about to be delivered to the jury, when suddenly an apparition became visible, which caused every bosom there to thrill with astonishment and even with awe. A violent commotion near the door attracted all eyes, and there, conspicuously tall and prominent, was, to all appearance, *the prisoner himself*, elbowing his way among the crowd!

Not one individual, perhaps, of all that multitude doubted that it was Levin Orburne he saw; though the fact of his being there seemed little short of a miracle. But the next moment all eyes, by common consent, sought the prisoners' dock—but there sat the prisoner still, precisely in the same position as before. More than one among the crowd were superstitious enough to believe that he had seen a "wraith"—a "fetch"—a "double"—but the more intelligent were not long in discovering that it was merely an instance of extraordinary personal resemblance. The new comer advanced to the railing which surrounded the bar, and requested permission to make a statement to the court and jury.

The appearance of the petitioner was *prima facie* evidence of the importance of what he had to say, and he was at once placed upon the witness-stand, sworn, and directed to proceed. Amidst a silence which rendered his hurried breathing distinctly audible in the over-crowded court-room, he spoke as follows:

"My face and figure, and the circumstances of the case, will probably convince you, if my oath does not, of the truth of what I am about to tell you. No one on this stand is ever compelled to criminate himself, but any one may voluntarily confess his crime, as I now do, by declaring that all the guilt that attaches to the slaying of Oscar Wealdon rests on my shoulders. It was I that killed him; and it was to save me, his twin brother, from the gallows, that Levin Orburne came here to sacrifice himself this day. To understand how this may have happened, you have only to look at me.

"Would to heaven that I might be permitted to let Wealdon's crimes rest with him in his bloody grave—but it may not be. Justice to the living requires that I should tell you truths that are not only foul stains on Wealdon's memory, but indescribably loathsome to all who bear the name of Orburne. If a fiend incarnate did ever pollute this fair earth with his presence, his name was Oscar Wealdon. The mere catalogue of his crimes would occupy an hour in the rehearsal. But I shall pass them in silence, confining myself strictly to what concerns the case in hand. Levin Orburne and I had an only sister. Our father and mother had been dead many years—we were all in all to each other—and she was as dear to both of us as our own heart's blood. We were her only protectors. While yet an innocent, unsophisticated child, Oscar Wealdon, with all the artfulness of a fiend, by means of a pretended marriage, seduced and ruined her. She died of shame—a death of slow, long lingering torture; while that satanic-hearted miscreant, who was before God her murderer, triumphed—glorified openly in the cruel deed. When this occurred I was in England. My brother chastised the scoundrel, and forced him to beg, like a whipped spaniel, for his life. He was loth to shed blood, and let him go. Wealdon swore a blood-curdling oath of life-long vengeance and everlasting hate against the man who had spared his life, and fled to Texas.

"We heard no more of him till he appeared in this place, with the avowed purpose of compassing my brother's destruction. Accident had furnished him with the potent means of accomplishing his purpose. I cannot now state the particulars, but they shall be forthcoming, with abundant proof, at the proper time. As soon as I became aware of Wealdon's presence here, and his purpose, I hastened hither, determined

to thwart him or perish. Knowing that my brother was mild and merciful, almost to a fault, and exceedingly averse to raking up the by-gone events of our poor sister's history, I feared that he would succumb to Wealdon, and suffer himself to be destroyed, rather than use weapons which were peculiarly distasteful to him.

"Courting secrecy, for obvious reasons, when I reached the neighborhood I hardly ever went abroad by day; but I soon learned enough to confirm my worst fears, and enough to inflame my rage against Wealdon almost to a monomania. I began to regard him more in the light of a noxious reptile than as a human being.

"On the evening on which the fatal deed was done, I went to my brother's house and called him out. I told him I was resolved to see Wealdon at once, and have an explanation with him. He tried to dissuade me from it, but in vain. He then proposed to go with me, but I would not hear of it; and, to avoid further importunities I broke away from him, and left the spot abruptly. Previous to this, however, we had agreed upon a rendezvous at the Big Spring, whither I was to repair immediately after my interview with Wealdon; and to this spot he no doubt went pretty soon after I left him. It was I, of course, and not Levin, who called at the hotel, saw Wealdon, and walked out with him. Though I was greatly excited—and though, knowing the deceitful, desperate wretch I had to deal with, I had provided myself with a bowie-knife, I had no intention of offering violence, unless in self defence, and had purposely abstained from taking my pistols with me.

"As soon as we left the hotel, I made an attempt to convince Wealdon of the impolicy of his meditated course in relation to my brother, assuring him that his efforts to injure him would recoil upon his own head. I also offered him a considerable sum of money if he would relinquish his purpose and return to Texas; and a similar amount per annum, for five years, if he continued to remain quiet. He replied with a scornful laugh, and swore that he would make ten times the amount out of Levin before he was done with him. He evidently thought I was personally afraid of him, or he never would have dared to heap upon me the taunts and insults which he did. Though quivering with suppressed passion from head to foot, I managed to restrain myself until he spoke of my poor murdered sister, and applied to her one of the vilest of epithets in the power of language to supply.

"The word was like a burning coal thrown into a barrel of gunpowder. Frantic with rage, I sprang upon him and buried the knife in his heart. It was a criminal act, and repented of as soon as committed. All I ask is, that in considering the nature of the deed, and the punishment it deserves, you will also consider all that I had previously felt and suffered. Hearing a noise, I looked around, and saw a man running towards me. Urged by the instinct of self-preservation, I fled, though hardly conscious that I did so—hardly conscious, indeed, of anything. I reached my brother's house, still holding the bloody knife in my hand; and forgetting in my confusion the rendezvous we had agreed upon, I entered and looked about in search of him. I saw his young wife, who doubtless took me for her husband, and said something to her—I know not what. Then suddenly remembering that Levin was waiting for me at the Big Spring (which he had pointed out to me), I rushed out of the house and ran thither.

"Levin was there. I told him what I had done, and after a little reflection, announced my intention of delivering myself up to justice. This my brother vehemently opposed, and urged me to fly, implored me, for his sake as well as my own, to fly; declaring that he should never know a moment's peace if any evil should befall me in consequence of what I had done in his behalf. Reluctantly yielding, I fled and escaped to Texas. My brother, as you know, was apprehended in my place, and would have suffered death to screen me from punishment, and his sister's name from public scandal, if I had not happened, by a fortunate accident, to hear what had taken place.

"I have travelled night and day, and thank God that I was not too late! If you grant me time, all that I have asserted will be substantiated, as far as it is in the nature of the case susceptible of proof. Circumstances, I feel assured, will convince you of the rest. This will not be done, however, with the view of screening myself. I have transgressed the law, and I am here to abide the proper punishment."

He ceased; and it was easy to see the effect his narrative had produced. The same persons who an hour before would willingly have lynched poor Levin Orburne, were now clamorous, not only for his release, but for the unconditional dismissal of the real culprit. So much for popular justice governed by popular feeling. The brother was arrested by the order of the judge, but was soon liberated on bail, and eventually acquitted by a jury, before which he was tried for murder in the second degree. It is needless to say that Levin was acquitted, by acclamation; and it is not remarkable that he should soon have become more popular than ever. Poor Lucy was so overwhelmed by the sudden tide of joy, that we feared for a time that the consequences might be serious. But, unless it be by putting the finishing stroke to some latent organic disease, "joy never kills." Levin has since been a member of Congress, and there are few happier wives and mothers in all this broad land than my cousin Lucy.

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depths at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depth, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land which, from time immemorial, has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me respecting some land which surrounded an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the Regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, quite unknown at this time in Scotland.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

A slight blow is sufficient to smash a whole pane of glass, while a bullet from a gun will only make a small round hole in it; because in the latter case, the particles of glass that receive the blow are torn away from the remainder with such rapidity that the motion imparted to them has no time to spread further. A door standing open, which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, is not moved by a cannon ball passing through it. The ball, in passing through, overcomes the whole force of cohesion among the atoms of wood, but its force acts for so short a time, owing to its rapid passage, that it is not sufficient to affect the inertia of the door to an extent to produce motion. The cohesion of the part of the wood cut out by the ball would have borne a very great weight laid quietly upon it; but suppose the ball to fly at the rate of twelve hundred feet in a second, and the door to be one inch thick, the cohesion being allowed to act for only the minute fraction of a second, its influence is not perceived. It is an effect of this same principle that the iron head of a hammer may be driven down on its wooden handle, by striking the opposite end of the handle against any hard substance with force and speed. In this very simple operation, the motion propagates so suddenly through the wood of the handle, that it is over before it can reach the iron head, which, therefore, by its own weight, sinks lower on the handle at every blow, which drives the handle up.

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NEW ORLEANS.

We have already presented our readers, from time to time, with various interesting sketches of public buildings in the city of New Orleans, but we have by no means exhausted the material, and Mr. Kilburn's portfolio still contains many views drawn in the Crescent City, expressly for the Pictorial. Two of these illustrate the page before us. In the first, the Church of St. Augustine is faithfully delineated. It is an exceedingly neat stone building, of quite a unique style of architecture, which contrasts finely with the picturesque French buildings by which it is surrounded. It is situated at the corner of the Bayou Road and Rue St. Claude. New Orleans has many other fine churches, views of which we propose publishing at some future time. The New Orleans Charity Hospital, as the accompanying engraving shows, has no claim to architectural elegance, but the great requirements of convenience and adaptation to the purposes of a hospital, have been strictly adhered to. The first hospital for indigent persons erected in New Orleans, was built on the west side of Rampart St., between Toulouse and St. Peter's Streets. It was a wooden building, and was blown down in 1779. In 1784, Dr. Roxas commenced another hospital building on the same site, which he completed in 1786, at a cost of \$114,000. This was called the New Charity Hospital of St. Charles. He endowed it with a perpetual revenue of \$1500 per annum, and it continued under the patronage and direction of the Roxas family until 1811, when it was relinquished to the city by order of the Legislature. It then came under the direction of a council appointed by the governor and city council. Since 1813 the council has been appointed by the governor and senate. Its support has been derived from several sources. A legacy of real estate, valued at \$35,000, was bequeathed to it by Julien Poydras; and other benevolent individuals have from time to time made the institution the recipient of their bounty. In 1812 the administrative council erected the building shown in our engraving, at the corner of Common and Howard Streets, at a cost of \$150,000. The institution is under the charge of the ablest physicians of New Orleans, while those noble and heroic women, the Sisters of Charity, devote themselves to the duty of nursing the patients. The building is very large, and has the amplest accommodations. The amount of good accomplished by this institution is almost incalculable, and in a city like New Orleans, subjected annually to the scourge of yellow fever, the importance of such an establishment can scarcely be estimated. It is by such

institutions, and by their conduct during the prevalence of the terrible fever at the South, that the people of New Orleans should be judged, and their character appreciated.

FLYING-FOXES AT LONDON GARDENS.

The first engraving on page 253, delineates a pair of flying-foxes now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, London, as they appeared during the daytime, suspended head downwards. These strange creatures frequently have bodies the size of a small cat, and wings that measure five feet from tip to tip. They were first seen in the Friendly Islands during Capt. Cook's voyage round the world, 1772 to 1775. Captain Lord Stokes found the red-necked species of fox-bat very numerous on the north coast of Australia.

Among the wild and varied scenery of those groups of islands called the Friendly Islands, the Feejee, and the Navigators', several species of fox-bat are abundantly found; and even should the traveller be blind, he speedily becomes aware of their presence among the otherwise fragrant forests, from the strong odor which taints the at-

mosphere, and which, says the naturalist of the United States exploring expedition, "will always be remembered by persons who have visited the regions inhabited by these animals." A specimen of fox-bat was kept in Philadelphia for several years; and like most creatures, winged and wingless, was amiable to those persons who were constantly near it, while it showed clearly and unmistakably its dislike to strangers. On its voyage this strange passenger was fed on boiled rice, sweetened with sugar; while at the museum it was solaced and fed during its captivity chiefly on fruit, or picked and boiled fowl.

Mr. Macgillivray discovered a new species of fox-bat on Fitzroy Island, off the coast of Australia, when he was naturalist of the British ship Rattlesnake. He fell in with this large fruit-eating bat (*Pteropus conspicillatus*) on the wooded slope of a hill. They were in prodigious numbers, and presented the appearance, as they flew along in the bright sunshine, of a large flock of rooks. As they were approached, a strong musky odor became apparent, and a loud, incessant chattering was heard. The branches of

niously secured by means of a loose net or basket, skilfully constructed of split bamboo. Without this precaution, little valuable fruit would escape the ravages of the kalong.

The Javanese fox-bat, however, compensates the Javanese fruit-growers by a little sport in the way of shooting. The natives chase it during the moonlight nights, which, in the latitude of Java, are uncommonly serene. He is watched in his descent to the fruit-trees, and a discharge of small shot readily brings him to the ground.

William Dampier, in 1687, observed the habits of a fox-bat on one of the Philippine Islands, though he has exaggerated its size, when he judged "that the wings, stretched out in length, could not be less asunder than seven or eight feet from tip to tip." He records that "in the evening, as soon as the sun was set, these creatures would begin to take their flight from this island in swarms like bees, directing their flight over to the main island. Thus we should see them rising up from the island till night hindered our sight; and in the morning, as soon as it was light, we should see them returning again like a cloud to the small island till sunrise."



ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.



THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.



CLOSING TABLEAU IN THE PLAY OF FAUST AND MARGUERITE, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MARGUERITE.

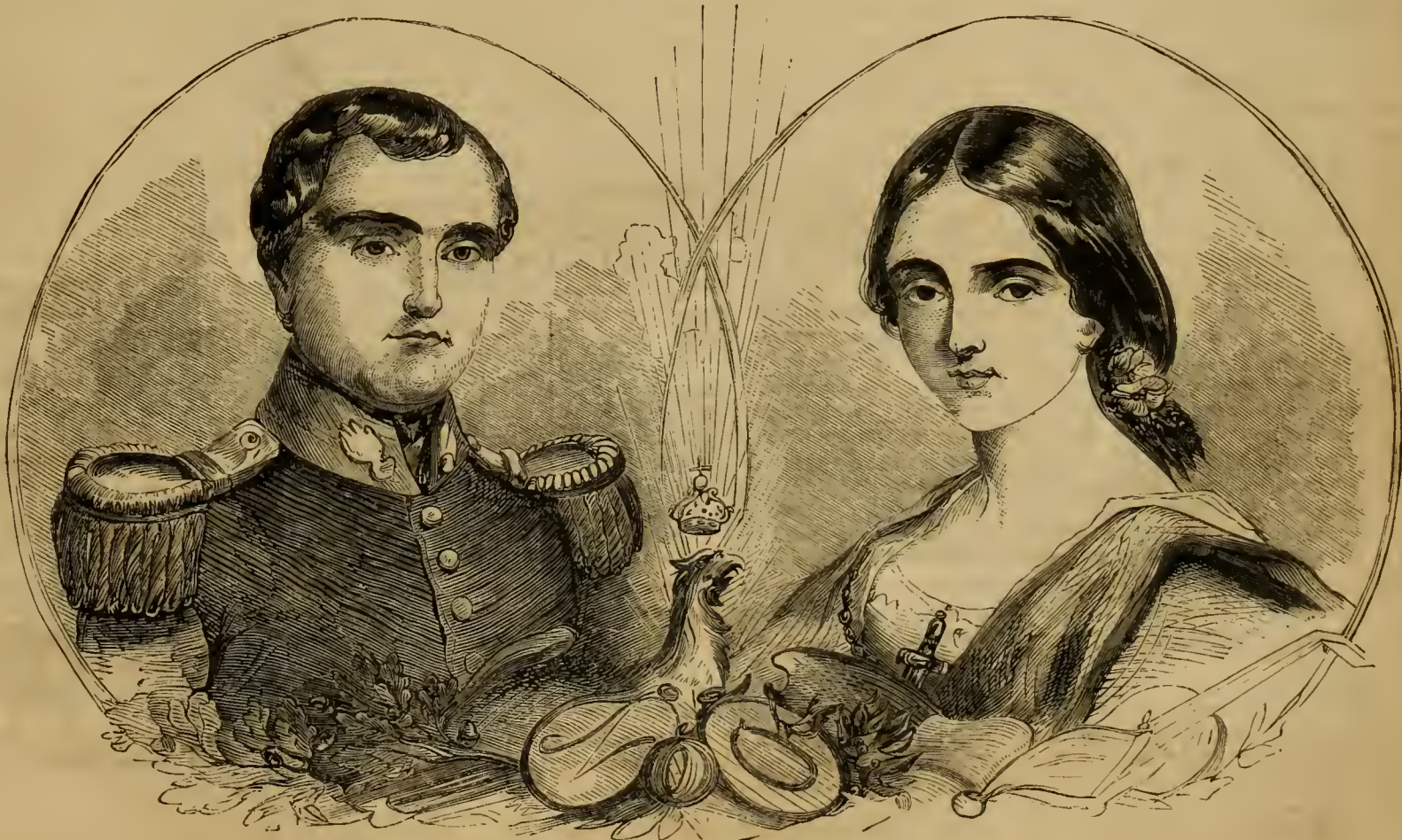
The first picture on this page, drawn for us expressly by Mr. Champney, represents the closing tableau of the legendary scenic drama of "Faust and Marguerite," as performed at the Boston Theatre. The repentant heroine is seen borne up to heaven by attendant angels—the grouping being that of the apotheosis of St. Catharine, one of the finest pictures of the German school. It is impossible to convey an idea of the beauty and effect of this living picture, the movement of which is accomplished by the use of entirely novel machinery. The romantic legend on which this drama is founded, simple as it is, has inspired the pens of the master minds of many lands. German, Italian, Spanish, French and English writers have made it the theme of poems and of plays, and the painters of every country have illustrated the tradition with the magic of their art. Dr. John Faust, according to the story, was the son of a peasant, born at Suabia at the beginning of the 16th century. He studied at Wittemberg, and in his 16th year went to Ingolstadt, where he was graduated as Doctor of Divinity. He soon, however, abandoned theology for the study of medicine, astrology and magic, having also for a pupil John Wagner, the son of a clergyman of Wasserburg. After running through a rich inheritance, Faust evoked Satan by his magic spells, and entered into a contract with the fiend for twenty-four years. During this time he astonished Germany by the wonders he performed, and was finally carried off by his master near the village of Rimlick, between 12 and 1 o'clock at night, all of which may be found in the veracious chronicle of G. R. Wiedeman, entitled "A True History of the horrible Sins of Doctor John Faustus," Hamburg, 1599. According to some German writers, this story originated in the hatred of the monks to Faust, the inventor of printing, that invention having deprived them of their gains as copyists of manuscripts. In the drama presented at the Boston Theatre, Faust is assumed to be both the first printer and the sorcerer. Hurried on by the whirlwind of passion, he is visited by the Evil One, who promises him youth, wealth, power, and their concomitant triumphs and temptations, in exchange for his soul. Faust yields, and his contract with Lucifer is completed. In pictorial and mechanical arrangements, the production of Faust at the Boston Theatre will ever stand pre-eminent. Nothing more perfect or beautiful has ever been exhibited within the walls of a play-house. Mr. Barry has closed his managerial career finely.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

As prominent personages in the great historical drama of the 19th century, we have placed on this page authentic portraits of Prince Napoleon, cousin of the emperor of France, and his newly-wedded wife, the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the king of Sardinia. The marriage, as all our readers know, was not a love match, but a political arrangement. Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Bonaparte, cousin to the Emperor Napoleon III., is the son of Jerome Bonaparte, by his second marriage with the Princess Frederika, of Wurtemberg. He was born on the 9th of September, 1822. His father was legally united to Miss Patterson, an American lady, but Napoleon I., who had ambitious views for him, refused to acknowledge the marriage, or permit our countrywoman to enter France. Still the church recognized the validity of the union, and consequently, according to ecclesiastical authorities, Prince Napoleon is illegitimate. The youth of Prince Napoleon was passed at Vienna and Trieste, Florence and Rome, occasionally in Switzerland, and in America. On the recall of the Bonaparte family from their long exile, he was

elected to the Constituent Assembly, in which he became leader of the extreme republican party, known as the Mountain. He was opposed to the election of his cousin Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. Now, however, the splendors of imperialism seem to have weaned Prince Napoleon from his democratic creed. Rumor says he has led a very wild life in Paris, and his excesses have been deemed scandalous even in that immoral capital. The Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is but 17 years of age. She is a descendant of Maria Theresa, the heroic empress of Austria, and also of the royal Stuarts, of England; and is, consequently, a distant relative of Queen Victoria. She is tall and well formed, and for an Italian she possesses a very fair and white complexion. She is said to be remarkably intelligent and thoughtful, and her pensive air gives her an interesting appearance. The marriage took place at Turin, on the 29th of January. The princess received, besides her trousseau, a sum of 500,000 francs for her marriage portion, which the Sardinian Chamber voted in a lump, to form her dowry. The French emperor, it is said, is

about to demand from the legislative body a vote of 500,000 francs annually for Prince Napoleon. As the prince is already in receipt of 300,000 francs per year, he will enjoy, after his marriage, a yearly income of \$160,000, all drawn from the French treasury. The princess is said to have a will of her own, and to have already repelled some attempts on the part of the Empress Eugenie to direct and patronize her. It is also stated that she has established a powerful influence over her husband, and that he finds himself fairly fettered in the rosy chains of Hymen. Those who have his true interests at heart, are rejoiced that a pure and right-minded woman has the moulding of his career in her hands. The prince, it has not been denied, has inherited the talents of his uncle, though hitherto he has shamefully perverted his gifts. It is believed that Louis Napoleon has encouraged his excesses, in the hope of destroying his popularity and ending his career. However, they are now friends, and it is said the prince will shortly receive from his imperial cousin the appointment of Viceroy of Algeria, so that he will have a little kingdom to himself, and employment enough in its administration.



PRINCE NAPOLEON AND PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDENT.—In "good old colony times" lawyers were rather unpopular. In 1646, a fine was laid in Massachusetts of twenty shillings an hour for any speech more than one hour long, made by any attorney or person before a court.

CONSTANT READER.—The first American book-printing establishment was at Cambridge. March 1, 1638, "a printing house was begun at Cambridge, by one Daye, at the charge of Mr. Glover, who died on sea hitherward (Winthrop's Journal). The first thing that was printed was the Freeman's Oath; the next was an Almanack made for New England by Mr. William Pierce, mariner; the next was the Psalms." The poetry of the "Bay Psalm Book" was rather roughshod, as the following lines show.—Verse 10, psalm 51:

"Create in mee cleane heart at last,
God: a right spirit in mee make,
Nor from thy presence quite me cast,
Thy holy Spright nor from mee take."

R. S., Rockport, Mass.—In March, 1793, a codfish was sold in Newbury, weighing ninety-eight pounds, five and a half feet in length, and girth at the thickest part, three feet four inches.

M. V., Plymouth, Mass.—The New England colonists were not alone in severe laws against the Quakers. In Virginia the fine for bringing a Quaker into the colony was £100. Quakers were committed to jail till they gave security to depart, and if they persisted in returning a third time, they were treated as felons.

BOSTON PILOT.—Columbus's caravels were only from fifteen to thirty tons burthen and had no decks. The "Mayflower" was 180 tons.

A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The famous Portland Vase in the British Museum is a specimen of extraordinary skill in repairing broken china. It was broken in pieces some years since purposely; for no other reason but to prove the destructive propensity of human nature; but it was repaired so perfectly that the fractures can with close examination only be discovered. The Duchess of Portland purchased this vase of Sir William Hamilton, for the sum of eighteen hundred pounds. The material is glass.

"A YOUNG FRIEND."—In very hot countries it is found almost impossible to fatten any animal, while in very cold climates every living creature is fattened by nature, no doubt to enable them to endure, without injury, the severe cold.

THE POPE AND THE EMPERORS.

The Pope of Rome having made up his mind to run the risk of a popular revolution in the States of the Church, has made a formal demand upon France and Austria to withdraw their troops from his dominions. The emperor of Austria appears to have suggested this course to his holiness, probably with a view of getting the French out of Rome, and a secret purpose of sending his own troops back again at the very first appearance of a rebellious movement against the papal government. Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, scolds bitterly at the infatuation of the pope, in supposing that he can keep the rebels down, without the menace of the French bayonets. He is, however, disposed to submit to the demand; and in fact has no other course which he can pursue, than to order his troops away from Rome. Accordingly his regiments have been withdrawn, but probably with a fixed determination on his part to send a larger force there, should Austria again undertake to occupy the papal States with its army. In this case the two powers will not act in conjunction, as heretofore, but in direct opposition. Austria will fight against the revolutionists and attempt to put them down, while France will fight for them, by opposing the Austrian troops. The grand drama of continental war, which has for some time past been announced, may thus be opened by the very means taken to avert it. France already declares that the evacuation of the Papal States by the foreign troops, is by no means a settlement of the questions at issue in the Italian controversy; and demands that Austria shall give up her private treaties with the various minor powers of Italy. On this point the Austrian emperor is disposed to be obstinate, and says he will fight rather than do it. The other German States cheer him on in this determination, for they dread the designs of Louis Napoleon, and think he can be checked easier now than after he has got a firm foothold in Italy, and has the revolutionary element of that country to back him up. Lord Cowley has been sent to Vienna by England, with the concurrence of France, to mediate this matter. Thus far, the accounts of his progress do not indicate any great prospect of success. The Austrian is stiff and haughty, and acts just as though England was meddling with that which was none of her business, even if he does not say so in plain terms. The chances are that, having withdrawn her troops from the States of the Church, Austria will not yield another inch; and when this determination is known, Louis Napoleon, having neutralized England by making her his cat's-paw in demanding

the concessions, will pitch into Austria without further ceremony. Thus, in one way, if not in another, the great strife is soon to commence which is to settle the permanency of the Napoleonic dynasty, or the political existence of the German empire. One result of this strife may be the realization of the old adage, "When knaves fall out, honest men may get their rights."

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT.

In old times it used to be the fashion to croak over the enormous national debt of England, as a thing that must weigh the nation down, and eventually destroy her. To be sure, a debt of eight hundred million pounds sterling looks pretty large for any people to owe, even if they have only the interest to pay, and never expect to be called upon for the principal. But England stands up under it quite easily, and does not appear to feel the burden at all. The money for the interest is always forthcoming when pay-day arrives, and John Bull never goes to protest. Heavy debt will crush an individual down, but it does not seem to affect a nation thus. We have sometimes thought that the debt of England was like the weight of the atmosphere, which philosophers tell us is immense—amounting to sixteen pounds on every square inch of surface. This enormous load of air does not crush us down as flat as pan cakes, though we are exposed to it all the time, and simply because there is an equilibrium of pressure—the weight upon one side being counteracted by an equal one upon the other. So with the debt of Great Britain; the country collectively owes it to the country individually; and though all are in debt together, no one feels the pressure, because it is equal upon every side. Even to pay the annual interest, which requires no mean sum, is simply for John Bull to take the money out of one capacious pocket, and put it into another equally capacious. There is some prospect, however, that this great debt will be somewhat reduced within a year, by the expiration of annuities, which are a charge upon the government, and help to swell the amount of the debt. Thus, in October next, annuities to the amount of £306,000 will run out; and in January following, the extinction of what are called the long annuities will effect a further saving of £1,599,000 of annual expenditure. These two items of saving in yearly payments, represent a principal of £63,500,000, by which amount the National Debt will thus be reduced within a year from this time.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A correspondent of the Boston Medical Journal furnishes an account of a woman living in the town of Horicon, New York State, who has neither ate nor drank for two years! The woman is an invalid, and confined to her bed, but she looks fresh, and is not emaciated; while her body is warm, and her skin clear and soft. She seems generally convulsed, tremulous and rigid, and for a long time her head has been drawn so far back, that as she lays in bed, her face is presented towards the head-board. Her breathing is very irregular, often suspended for fifteen or twenty minutes, and the pulse is small and feeble. She is about twenty-eight years of age, is married, and has had four children. Her husband, who is described as a simple, honest-minded man, says she has never been sick except when confined, until four years ago, when she was taken with pains in her back and hips, and inability to walk. Loss of eyesight and spasms followed, increasing in violence, until the present singular state was reached. At first the spasms would last for weeks and then subside, when she would become conscious again, converse, take some light food, and again relapse into the same state. For the first two years of this period she took some slight nourishment, which at length diminished to a large spoonful of cold water once in a few days; but since February, 1857, she has taken nothing. When the breathing ceases for a long time, her face becomes livid, and there is a rattling sound in the throat. Her limbs are very much cramped, and the feet drawn under to such a degree as to appear like club-feet. One hand is constantly pressed upon the side, and can with difficulty be moved by any one. With the other, she beats upon her breast with great violence during the paroxysm of the spasms, and at such times she raises herself up in the bed and throws herself down again with much force, her face continuing turned backwards. During the spasms the jaw bone is dislocated and restored with great frequency, pro-

ducing a loud noise. The Journal's correspondent, who is a medical man, has fully satisfied himself that there is no purpose of deception in this extraordinary case, and is constrained to believe that the woman actually lives without taking any nourishment. But the editor of that periodical, upon the broad ground of the natural impossibility of life under such abstinence from food, takes the liberty to doubt the statement.

HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS.

People are sometimes strongly moved to laugh at the solemn nonsense and shallow wisdom of the members of our local legislatures, who are made distinguished men by the votes of the sovereign people; the said sovereigns sometimes doing that for a man which Providence itself could not do, viz., making a great man of him. But the laugh is not always against the elected law-makers; for sometimes the born senators and hereditary legislators say and do things quite as foolish as "the member from Cranberry Centre," or "the representative from Dogtown." An instance of this kind lately occurred in the British House of Lords. The Earl of Clarendon arose in his place and asked his noble friend, the Earl of Malmsbury, to explain the discrepancy between his own statement in the House of Lords, that the pontifical government had requested the withdrawal of the French and Austrian troops, and that of the chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons, that the papal government concurred in the withdrawal. To this the noble earl replied that "we meant exactly the same thing," and that the alleged discrepancy "assumed rather the shape of a distinction without a difference." Lord Brougham then inquired "whether the present warlike preparations in France were not, in the opinion of the noble earl, required by the state of the magazines in that country, independent of anything that has been going on?" To which the Secretary of State replied, "My lords, I cannot satisfy my noble and learned friend's curiosity with respect to the state of the magazines in France." ("Hear," and a laugh.) After these brilliant displays of intellect the hereditary legislators mercifully subsided; and we find no account of any earthquake in London that night, as a consequence of this conflict of the intellectual elements.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

This zealous advocate of Hungarian independence is said to be now in Sardinia, preparing to make a diversion against Austria, should the threatened war between France and Austria break out. The *Eco d'Italia*, an Italian newspaper, of a recent date, states that it has good authority for the assertion that Kossuth passed from England through France, with the consent and connivance of the French government, travelling incognito, and that he has arrived in Genoa. For the last ten years this remarkable man has been devoting his mind to the study of military art, a subject which engrossed much of his attention while he was visiting the United States. He is doubtless qualified as a military leader by this time. It is supposed that in the event of war, he will place himself as the head of the Hungarian soldiers now in Lombardy, and lead them against Austria, the oppressor of his country. There cannot be much doubt as to the readiness of the Hungarian patriots to join in a movement of this kind, and they would certainly prove a most serious thorn in the side of Austria. That power could not put down the former Hungarian rebellion, without the aid of Russia; and the emperor would find the task still more difficult, with Italy and France against him.

BAD WRITING.

Some very laughable stories are told about the bad writing of distinguished persons. A very eminent lawyer and statesman of Boston, who is somewhat notorious for his unreadable chirography, upon one occasion gave a friend a letter of recommendation "to the powers that be," at Washington, and neglected to adopt the wise precaution of having it copied by his clerk. The applicant did not like to return the letter with a request that it might be written plainer, and yet he was unable to read more than two thirds of it, even with the assistance of friends. In this dilemma, not willing to lose the influence of so good a name in his behalf, he wrote out a translation of such parts of the document as he could make out, leaving the unintelligible words blank, and filed his translation with the original, for the benefit of the appointing power. Quite as good

a story as this is told of the president of one of the great railroads out West, who is well known to our citizens as an enterprising and public-spirited man, being now a resident of Massachusetts. Some years ago, while attending to the affairs of his road in the western country, he wrote a letter to a friend of his, notifying him that a certain building obstructed the railroad, and encroached upon the company's premises. Not receiving any reply for some time, he one day accosted the man in the street, and asked him why he had not removed the building, according to the written request sent to him? "A written request?" says the other; "why, I never knew anything about it. I got a line from you some months ago, but I thought it was a pass over the road, and I have been riding on it ever since." It seems the conductors could not read the note; but they knew the signature, and so thought it was all right, and let the bearer pass free. One of the conductors said he knew it was the president's name, because the word looked like a small gridiron, struck with lightning!

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

Whipple tells us that the drama in England had its earliest beginnings in the 12th century. It was originally used by the priests as a mode of amusing the people into religion. Sacred events were represented upon the stage, in such a way, as to be shockingly blasphemous. The object of the writers was to bring Christianity within popular apprehension, and in the process they burlesqued it. Their plays were known as "miracle plays," and instead of being religious dramas, were mostly monstrous farces. In a play of the Deluge, Mrs. Noah is a shrew and a vixen, refuses to leave her gossips and go into the ark; scolds Noah, and is soundly whipped; then wishes herself a widow, and thinks all the wives in the audience wish themselves in the same happy condition. Noah informs the husbands that they should break in their wives as he has done. In the meantime, the water is up to his wife's neck, and she is partly coaxed and partly forced into the ark. There is a German play in which Adam is represented as passing across the stage, "going to be created."

BOSTON CHARITY.—What a noble spectacle it is to see our citizens employ the means which the return of commercial prosperity has placed in their hands, in generously and lavishly contributing to praiseworthy objects of charity. The success of the fair for Miss Ryan's "Home for Incurables," shows what the hearts of Bostonians are made of. If there is a certain coldness of manner about the modern Athenians, their charity amply atones for it.

BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.—We should feel lost without this excellent weekly journal on Sunday morning. Its last edition has become a necessity to business men in Boston, and its circulation among our city families is unrivalled. Mr. Clapp, the editor and proprietor, is remarkable for editorial industry and excellent taste in the conduct of this long established and favorite paper.

PERSONAL.—Mr. George L. Dix, so long connected with the business department of the house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has connected himself in the same relation with Brown, Taggard & Chase, 25 and 29 Cornhill, the largest book jobbers in this city. Mr. Dix is a gentleman of remarkable business qualifications and of large experience. We wish him all success.

SOMETHING ABOUT CUNA.—Commodore Stuart, U. S. N., has revealed the remarkable fact that the flotilla of gunboats built by President Jefferson, for the ostensible purpose of guarding the line of sea-coast, were actually intended to be used in making a descent upon Cuba.

LITERARY.—It is estimated by those who have investigated the subject, that sixteen of the largest private libraries in the city of Boston contain more than a hundred and fifty thousand volumes.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.—It is said that Prince Napoleon is waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up," an Italian crown, or some other trifle of that sort.

JUST SO.—A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

GRAND JURIES.

The legislature have passed a law which virtually abolishes Grand Juries, and provides for the trial of criminals upon information. All cases are to be examined directly by a justice of the peace, and by him committed directly to the higher courts, instead of being sent for indictment as heretofore. We very much doubt the wisdom of this change, for whatever may be said of the secret, inquisitorial functions of the Grand Jury, it is in reality a great protection to the citizen against being subjected to the ignominy of a public trial upon slight or insufficient grounds. The grand inquest, as it is called, has a wider range in its functions than a trial jury; the latter being restrained by the literalities and technicalities of the law, while the former has a full discretion as to palliating circumstances, justification, and other considerations which may influence the question of culpability on the part of the accused. The Grand Jury is, to a certain extent, the embodiment of public opinion, whereas the jury is the representative of the will of the people as expressed by law. The former acts upon a view of all the merits of the case, while the trial jury is circumscribed in its action by the legal considerations that are involved. The offices of the two bodies are essentially different, and yet both useful to the citizen and to the public. The former asks not whether a man is guilty, but whether all the circumstances of the case that are known to them, require that he should be put on trial. The latter determines the question of his legal guilt. We see not what possible good can result from abolishing the Grand Jury, but can readily conceive that much evil may result therefrom.

DR. ALCOTT'S WORKS.—We have just received from the publishers, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, copies of their last editions of those popular and standard works by the late Dr. W. A. Alcott, the "Physiology of Marriage," "Courtship and Marriage," and the "Laws of Health," the last-named being his complete and elaborate production, containing his mature views, and the latest corrections of his pen. It is almost needless to call attention to books which have been so widely disseminated, and so deeply stamped by popular approval. The recent death of the author has created a demand for them which it taxes the utmost resources of the publishers to keep pace with. As some opponents of the doctor's theories have attributed his death to a rigid adherence to the system of living that he advocates, it may be proper to state that for thirty years he kept at bay the insidious advances of consumption, by a scrupulous attention to diet, exercise, and the other laws of health which he has laid down in his great work. The three books which we have mentioned abound in incontrovertible facts, and are a treasury of physiological knowledge.

TO THE LADIES.—It will be interesting to the ladies to learn that a place has been opened in Boston for the stamping of embroideries of any pattern desired. Messrs. Parsons & Gibby, a firm that have long been established in Lowell, as pattern inventors and designers, have opened a sales room for the convenience of ladies, at No. 3 Winter Street, over George Turnbull & Co.'s store, and have on hand a large variety of the newest styles of patterns of collars, handkerchiefs, and the thousand and one articles embroidered by ladies.

"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."—Send us twenty cents in postage stamps, and this remarkable novelette, fully illustrated with large original engravings, will be sent to you, *post paid*, by return of mail. The present edition is the 33,000 of this fine nautical tale, being the fifth edition.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AND MR. SICKLES.—The Washington Star denies that the president ever visited Mr. Sickles. Then that picture we saw in an exchange, depicting the interview, could not have been "drawn from a photograph."

GOOD NEWS.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood have reconciled, and have taken the American Theatre, San Francisco, together. Be a good boy, John, and there'll be no trouble hereafter.

GERRY, THE ARTIST.—Mr. Samuel L. Gerry, the landscapist, is about to visit Europe again. He will pass the summer among the Swiss Alps, and bring us back new pictures of Alpine scenery.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The marble shaft at the national capitol, commenced in honor of the illustrious name sake of that city, still stands in its housed-up, unfinished state. Everything is still and desolate about the spot, as it has been for the last few years. Not a blow is struck, not a stone is raised, and the solitary visitor who wanders to the site, gazes upon a scene of loneliness quite as profound as that which surrounds the pyramids of the desert. At the last session, Congress passed an act incorporating the Washington Monument Society, by which Winfield Scott, James Kearney, M. F. Maury, Peter Force, and some fourteen other gentlemen are constituted a body corporate, with the President of the United States, *ex officio*, for president of the corporation. The society have met and considered the state of the affairs of the monument, and have expressed a determination to proceed with the work at the earliest possible moment. It is hoped that this new movement will inspire public confidence, and awaken a strong interest for the speedy finishing of this eminently national work. A patriotic effort is making in Ohio, to raise funds for the completion of the structure, and we look forward to the day when other States will follow the example thus set.

ESCAPED.

Doctor Gaillardet, who was convicted of a murderous assault upon a New York landlord, has reached Paris in safety. It will be remembered that the officer who had charge of him allowed him to dine at a restaurant with his friends. The wine circulated freely, the officer partaking. During the entertainment the doctor stepped out, but the confiding officer did not dream of his attempting an escape, "because he left his hat." However, the doctor preferred the loss of his hat to that of his liberty, and was soon on his way to Canada, whence he has gone to Europe. This noted M. D., who did the officer so very brown, is brother of F. Gaillardet, a French literary man, who made a fortune out of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, and is now its Paris correspondent. He first became famous by his play "La Tour de Nesle," which still keeps the French and American stages. A quarrel respecting the authorship of this piece, led to a duel with that remarkable colored gentleman Alexander Dumas, senior. F. Gaillardet is a brilliant writer, and made a capital paper of the New York "Courier."

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.—These two little marvels of humanity are now exhibiting throughout this State. These children were born in this country, and are now respectively nine and eleven years of age, and yet they are but little tiny specimens of humanity, not bigger than many of the pretty dolls we see in the shop windows. They are perfectly formed, and so lovely in their appearance, and so sprightly in their movements, and their little voices sound out so sweetly and harmoniously in song, that every one is filled with admiration in seeing and hearing them. Mr. Dutton, the father of these little girls, very properly accompanies them, and manifests a watchful and tender care that they are not exercised above their powers of endurance. We consider them so great a curiosity, that we shall give our readers an engraving of them in a few days.

O'NEIL'S IRISH PICTORIAL.—This Boston weekly paper (late the "Irish Miscellany") is a quarto sheet, illustrated with wood engravings, and treating of topics interesting to the sons of the Emerald Isle and their descendants in this country. Sergeant O'Neil, the editor, is a bold dragoon, who has seen much service abroad and in the Mexican war; and his military reminiscences, published in his paper, show that he can handle the pen as well as the sword.

CALIFORNIA.—The defeat of the Pacific railroad bill in the United States Senate was not much relished in California, and some of the papers put their columns in mourning for it.

CINCINNATI.—Pike's new opera house, Cincinnati, of which we gave a fine representation in the Pictorial, has been doing a magnificent business with opera.

LONDON LITERATURE.—There are six hundred and fifty periodicals published in the city of London.

Wayside Gatherings.

A couple are living in Vermont who were married in 1790.

The Erie Railroad Company will put six sleeping cars on their road next month.

Illinois legislators receive \$1 per day at present, being \$7 a week less than their board costs.

It is said that not a single divorce has ever been obtained in South Carolina.

It is stated that it would require 65,000 artillerymen to man all the sea fortifications of the Union.

A colored man in Cincinnati has begun to turn white—his back, one of his shoulders, and one arm have completely lost their color.

Mr. Hackett, the distinguished representative of "Falstaff," is at present rusticated on his farm in Illinois.

A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune says Miramon is the finest soldier in the Mexican army—possessed of true military genius.

It is said that one of the strong-minded women in New York has challenged the "Benicia Boy" to a trial of the manly art.

Dr. William Newton Mercier, of New Orleans, has made an additional donation of \$2500 to the Maryland Agricultural College, making in all \$7500.

At Buffalo, lately, the wind played a curious freak, first drawing four or five feet of water from the canal, and then, by a counter blow, as quickly filling it again to overflowing.

A large amount of loss has been sustained by the coal operators in the mining regions of Pennsylvania in consequence of the mines having been flooded by the recent heavy rains.

A conductor on the Providence and Worcester railroad, John E. Taft, has travelled 360,000 miles and carried 1,500,000 passengers without serious injury to any of them.

A Canadian lynx was recently shot in Iowa, measuring, when standing, two feet, and thirty-four inches along the back. He was of a grayish color, with the outer ends of the hair wavy black.

As Pleasant M. Mask was lately addressing 4000 people at Holly Springs, Miss., he suddenly fell from the platform on which he stood, and broke his neck. He had previously committed a murder.

Mrs. Eliza Thum, a German woman of Chicago, drowned herself in barrel of water a few days ago, during a fit of insanity brought on by religious excitement. She had a husband and four children.

A horse railroad is about to be constructed in Chicago. The company, headed by L. Bigelow, Esq., formerly superintendent of the Fitchburg railroad, has obtained a charter, and will soon commence the work of putting down the iron.

The St. Louis Democrat says that at the close of the last session of the Missouri legislature there was a "grand spree," which culminated in the governor's riding on horseback into his own parlor, and playing a tune on the piano with the animal's fore feet.

A new park is to be made in New Haven, to be called "Brewster Park," in honor of Mr. James Brewster, a citizen noted for his public spirit and philanthropy. The grounds selected are located in the western part of the city, and cover over forty acres.

The use of coal for locomotives is constantly increasing. One of the engines of the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad has lately been changed from a wood to a coal burner, and with greater saving in expense for fuel than we have heretofore seen reported.

New Orleans is to have a first-class opera-house. It is all settled. It is to be located on the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets. Mr. Boncouquie is to be its manager. It is to cost something like \$200,000, and is to be ready to be opened by the last of the coming October.

A new confidence game has arisen in New York. A sharper accosts a child and promises him some pet animals, provided he will find at home a piece of gold to catch them with. The child is delighted, runs home and hunts up or begs some money, and gives it over to the confidence man, who disappears.

The flood which caused such immense damage last spring in the neighborhood of New Orleans, has taught the inhabitants wisdom, and the levees along the whole line of the river have been strengthened to such an extent as to warrant the belief that they will withstand any rise which may take place.

The centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Niagara, by the united forces of Great Britain and the colonies, is to be celebrated next summer, on the battle-ground. The suggestion was made by the Hon. Hamilton Merritt, of St. Catherine's, Canada. The anniversary occurs on the 25th of July.

The Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the social status of that territory. The results foot up as follows: Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these 13 have more than 19 wives; 730 men with five wives; 1100 men with four, and 1400 with more than one wife.

The pedestal of Clark Mills's equestrian statue of Washington will consist of three tiers or tablets, the smaller surmounting the larger and ornamented with various designs illustrative of the country from its first settlement up to the time of the warrior statesman in whose honor the great design is to be erected.

Sands of Gold.

.... Ancient medals are the seals of history. —*De Boufflers*.

.... We can more easily conceive of a thing as faultless than as perfect. —*Bovee*.

.... Law and liberty are not adverse, but different sides of one fact. —*Rev. F. H. Hedge*.

.... Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those they have injured. —*F. A. Durivage*.

.... To the one Faust who found a comrade in the fiend, there are a thousand who are visited by the angel. —*Bulwer*.

.... I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception. —*Steele*.

.... It is chiefly to the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. —*Henry Reed*.

.... No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings. —*Haliburton*.

.... A generous nature, when it forgives an abuse of its favors, seeks by increased kindness to prevent a repetition of the ingratitude. —*Bovee*.

.... With antiquaries, the progress of time is retrograde, and the past comes nearer to them at every step they take towards the future. —*De Boufflers*.

.... Friendship requires action. Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love. —*Jean Paul*.

.... Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich did their share, how would the woes of this world be lightened. —*Mrs. Kirkland*.

.... Love, like a beautiful opal, is a clouded gem which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart. —*Mrs. Child*.

.... At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jacknife. —*O. W. Holmes*.

.... Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus: it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it. —*Bulwer*.

.... It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. —*Steele*.

Joker's Budget.

The Height of Coolness—The top of Mont Blanc.

Buffer complains that the opera gives him a singing in the ears.

The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss government.

"Come here, Master Tommy, do you know your A, B, C's?" "Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees."

Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's inconstant.

Why is the letter G like matrimony? Because it is the end of courting.

What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The window.

Why must the letter R be always in confusion? Because it is in the midst of a labyrinth.

It is generally conceded, now-a-days, that tin makes the very best of *belle metal*.

The man that broke his arm in pulling a whiskey punch out of a tumbler, has taken to a *sling*.

Sanctum-onions—An editor always considers his room better than his company.

Misplaced politeness—Asking a full-hooped lady to take a seat in an arm chair. It can't be done!

What plant given by a lady to her suitor would express "leave of absence?" Say go, (Sago).

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they *correspond* but never meet.

A chap down East has invented a machine to make pumpkin pies. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double? The letter O.

Why are blacksmiths the most discontented of tradesmen? Because they are always on the strike for wages.

Why would a man in the ship insurance business make a bad author? Because, being an underwriter, he could not, of course, write anything over well.

"Mr. R—, why did you bring this snit to our court? Why did you not leave it out to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?" "Your honor," replied R—, "I preferred that honest men shouldn't try it."

Frances Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he would always go to them; "for," said he, "if they come to me they may stay as long as they please—if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Great Heart of Allan Dunn.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"To love, to bliss, their blended souls were given,
And each, too happy, asked no other heaven."

"Why are you so gloomy to-night, Allan Dunn?"

The question was put by a young and handsome man, hardly past the boundaries of boyhood. Allan Dunn was a bachelor. The world called him odd; but the world never knew that deep in his heart there had been a sacred love for sweet Alice Bernard, the bride of seventeen summers, who was to be given away in marriage in these brilliantly-lighted parlors, on this lovely June night.

"I had a dream," said Allan, turning away as he spoke.

Fred Bernard followed him.

"What was your dream, Allan Dunn? You, of all men, to be troubled by a dream! Tell me—faith, it must have been a portentous vision to make you so glum. Come into this room here—we shall be alone for a few moments—brides are always behind time."

"I can tell you without leaving," said Allan, quietly. "I dreamed that your sister came in to be married, and after the ceremony the scene changed to a funeral. There was a large coffin in the room, with Horace Turner's name and age recorded on the plate. A shadowy form stood in that corner, where Miss White is flirting with that brainless Stephens. It wavered like the flame of a candle—she did not see it, but I did; and I told her repeatedly that her husband was here, but she was too much grief-stricken to heed me. I shall never forget her appearance, never; it was a sight I pray God I may never realize."

"Pshaw! it was only a dream."

So said young Bernard; but the pale cheek and lip attested to the thrilling power of the narrator.

"I don't believe in dreams, do you?" asked the young man, uneasily.

"I don't know why I should," replied Allan Dunn. "I never knew one of my own to be fulfilled—" He paused, for at that moment entered the loveliest vision that ever greeted mortal eyes.

O, how exceedingly pure was that perfect face of Alice Bernard! Her hair of a pale gold color fell in soft swaying masses around her cheeks, and mingling with its gleam was the exquisite bridal-veil, white as the first fleece of winter.

Alice was the only child of a rich merchant. "As good as she was beautiful," was the comment of all who knew her. She had grown up like a white rose, unstained by contact with whatever influence might have thrown about her, unsullied even by the constant admiration which was showered upon her. It seemed impossible to spoil that rare nature, prosperity had only brought out the exceeding beauty of her spirit. The highest and the lowest were alike regarded by her, so that even the servants and the poor washerwomen, who had experienced many proofs of her bounty, wept tears of honest sorrow to think that she was to leave the home she had so long blessed. Allan Dunn never once took his eyes from the sweet girl till the blessing was pronounced; then he moved hastily from the place where had stood, hurried from the room and into the street, pulling his hat down hard upon his brow.

Allan had been a daily visitor at the house of the merchant Bernard ever since the day the latter had said, pressing his hand, "congratulate me, Dunn, there is a babe, a sweet little daughter, born to me." He had watched the lovely child from its infancy, bought and made her costly presents, taken her out with him, walking with a proud step as many a one stopped to remark upon her beauty. As she grew still older, his quiet vigilance never relaxed. He did much towards forming her character; and until the day that she was fifteen, he never ceased to call her his darling.

Suddenly the pet name was dropped. "Miss Alice" came oftener from his lips than she liked to have it. He grew silent and particular in his deportment towards her, only offered her his company when there was no other escort, and gradually Alice ceased to go to him with her troubles, especially as young Horace Turner, the son of her father's partner, became a frequent visitor at the merchant's house.

Now they were married, and Allan Dunn felt

more lonely, more miserable than ever. He had schooled himself into submission, he thought—he had repeated the name to himself until it was not difficult to speak it. He had not been pleased with Horace Turner, and yet he could never tell why, for the young man seemed unobjectionable in manners and in morals. He was exceedingly handsome, with perhaps an air a little too dashing; but who could not forgive him some little mannerism, while it led to nothing harmful.

Alice loved him, almost worshipped the beau ideal of her girlhood. In her exceeding happiness she saw no fault in him—no trouble in the future—she was resting in the present.

"To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters."

One brief, beautiful year had passed. Alice was the mistress of a happy home, an indulged and much-loved wife. Splendor surrounded her on every side, servants came at her slightest call, not a cloud, even no bigger than a man's hand, had she seen since her wedding-day.

"Ally," said her husband one evening, just after the gas was lighted, "I'm going away for a few weeks on business."

Alice opened her eyes—a sudden terror distended them.

"Going to leave me?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Why, yes, pet, only for a little while; I have been to New Orleans nearly every season, and my business calls me, imperatively."

"But can't I go with you?"

"Go with me? no indeed; don't you know that yellow-jack reigns there? Take my little beauty to get sick and die? no indeed."

"But you would get sick; and O, Horace, if you should die!"

"No danger, darling; I've had the fever, and am not in the least afraid. Come, be happy about it now; I shall stay but two weeks at the longest. Can't you smile once, in view of such a short separation?"

She shook her head sadly—her eyes were filled with tears.

"Allan, go over to the house as often as you can when I am gone, there's a good old fellow," said Horace to Allan Dunn, on the morning of his departure. "You're such an old friend, you know, Alice will like to see as much of you as possible."

"I shall be happy to call sometimes," said Allan, coldly.

"O, nonsense! Sometimes. Call every evening, won't you? she will be round at her father's. Sing with her, tell her stories, keep her lively, keep her mind engaged, and she won't think so much of my absence."

Allan's lip curled, and there was a gloss on his fine cheek. "He thinks I may amuse her as one would a playful kitten, by dangling a string for her," he muttered to himself.

"I shall be sure to call on Mrs. Turner," he said aloud, "as often as my engagements will permit."

"Do so, and please let your engagements permit you often. You know I shouldn't be jealous of you as I should of some of us young fellows."

This light, thoughtless speech stung Allan Dunn to the quick, and set a strange passion to work in his hitherto well disciplined heart.

"The husband of Alice Bernard need be jealous of no man," he said, in his cold, sarcastic tone. "She is not only above coquetry, but above all suspicion."

"There may be more danger than you think," he added to himself. "I have the audacity to believe I might have carried your once-to-be wife off, before your eyes, had I possessed an ounce more of self-esteem. Then, I flatter myself, she might have had a man for a husband, not a beardless boy. Take care, sir, take care, I'm not a dotard yet."

Horace, with a twirl at his moustache, and a trifling smile, bade his friend good morning, and went to take his leave of Alice. Poor, petted young wife—the parting was as terrible to her as if he had been going on a voyage round the world. It was a heavy blow to one who had never known trial.

"What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole!
"O, what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!"

"Alice, Mr. Dunn is down stairs—our old friend. He came on purpose to see you."

"O, dear!"—the book was languidly laid aside—"please, mother, do tell him I can't see

any one. I've a headache and a heartache too," she sighed.

"But, my love, he came on purpose at Horace's special request. You would not treat such kindness so rudely."

"But only look at me, mother."

"You are so well acquainted with him, darling, that you never need change your dress. That delicate silk becomes your complexion wonderfully. Just pass this blue sash around your waist, and put these bracelets on. There, you look beautifully."

"Well enough for him," said Alice, pettishly; "the old back!"

"Quiet as he is, Alice, he was once the life of society. When I was married, I never saw a more splendid young man, your father excepted."

"But he's old now," retorted Alice, lifting a curl to pin back. "O, dear, what an old foggy compared to my Horace!" And again a sigh came fluttering on her lips.

Meanwhile, in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, sat Mr. Bernard, enjoying a pleasant *tele-a-tele* with Allan Dunn. For years he had not been more happy. It seemed like old times. And, by the way, it will do no harm to add here that the merchant Bernard was not yet forty, and Allan was some three years his senior. Thirty-five is not such an extremely old age.

Alice came floating in. She looked very beautiful, and started as Allan Dunn rose from his seat to greet her. Well she might. Allan had taken extraordinary pains with his toilet, from the elegantly curled and perfumed locks above his broad brow, to the patent shoes that glistened beneath a Parisian suit. How eloquent he was! Never did anecdote and wit fall so charmingly from the lips of manhood as from his. Alice was charmed—she was astonished. He opened the grand piano, ran his fingers from note to note in a sweet, plaintive prelude, and then sang with an impassioned tenderness that the family group had never heard equalled.

"I never knew you played, I never knew you sang," said Alice, as he seated himself with graceful abandon.

"O, yes, years ago," he said, carelessly.

"Years ago!" reiterated Alice, quite forgetting herself.

"I remember it!" exclaimed her father; "when we were young men together you sang and played. But bless me, what have you been doing, my dear fellow? you look as youthful as you did the day I was married."

"Taken a new lease of life," said Allan, gravely.

Alice declared that she had never spent a pleasanter evening, and wished that dear Horace could have been with them.

Allan came again and again. He exerted himself to the utmost not only to please, but to dazzle. Alice wondered innocently many times before her mother, why she had never seen how very handsome and brilliant he was. Poor child! she little knew that now he was in the power of the tempter—that for the time everything was forgotten save the desire, the determination to please and allure her. For the time, I said, there came a reaction.

"What am I doing?" cried Allan Dunn, one night when he came home. He sat down and looked resolutely into his own heart, and read treachery there. He shuddered as he laid bare his motives with no tender hand. "Allan Dunn!" he said, sternly, "this must be so no longer." And from that time he went no more to Alice Turner's home—until—but I will not anticipate.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Bernard one morning at the breakfast table.

Alice grew pale, put down the morsel she was eating, and noticing that her father gave one agonizing glance towards her, all strength forsook her. She could only murmur: "What of my husband? I am sure there is bad news."

"I was rash," murmured her father; "I dare say it is false. Wife, look to her, she has fainted. My God, what a blow for the poor child!"

Meantime, Alice was carried to her chamber, and restoratives applied. Her mother had read the fatal paragraph and told it to her before an hour had passed. Now Alice clung to her bosom trembling, stunned. Poor child! the blow came near being fatal. For weeks there only issued from her dry, burning lips, "Died of yellow fever—died of yellow fever."

There were no tears, until one day Allan Dunn was admitted into her room. Her sobs and tears were mingled with loud cries of grief. When she grew comparatively calm, she insisted upon

having a funeral. In vain they urged her not to do violence to her feelings by an indulgence so unavailing. It was impossible to reason with her, and accordingly Allan's dream was realized. The coffin, though without the corpse, was there in the midst of the splendid parlors, the procession followed the hearse to a grave in the beautiful cemetery, and dressed in the deepest mourning, the fair young creature so early widowed, returned to her home desolate, but yet consoled.

Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is an honor to his title?

And what now were the emotions of Allan Dunn? I can hardly define them—but only say they were by no means as pleasant as he would have desired. He was not altogether satisfied with himself—and yet he had conquered himself—he was written down greater than those who take kingdoms. Who can tell what gratitude there was in his heart over his own salvation? He heard of the death of young Horace Turner from the lips of Mr. Bernard.

"Poor fellow! to fall so early!" was his first thought. His second was a thanksgiving, "I have not wronged him."

And yet, strange to say, so contradictory is the nature of man, that warmer feelings mingled with his mourning. Turner was dead, and Alice was free. He was the friend whom Horace had chosen for his wife. She had been pleased with his society—how much dearer might it not seem at this sad period? Besides, he was sure of the father—Bernard had always loved him.

Weeks passed, months elapsed. Allan Dunn loved with all the intensity of his soul. Compared with his former attachment which he felt was hopeless from the first, his present feelings were as the flame of the sun to the light of the candle. Every sad smile of Alice Turner was treasured in his heart. Every pleasant word engraved there as by fire. As yet, only the tender and delicate regards of a friend had been given the idol of his soul; but their very tenderness and delicacy spoke volumes.

One evening he had been at the house of his friend. Alice was there; her mournful, beautiful face never seemed so holy, so lovely! She had been very kind—had listened to the story of his travels with absorbing attention, and had smiled so gently upon him at parting, that for the lonesome mile he walked to his home through the keen, frosty night air, the recollection kept him warm.

It was a dark night, and he was glad to see at length the light in the hall of his bachelor home. Opening the door warily, he entered the cosy sitting-room where he was wont to keep a fire, and moved round cautiously, feeling for his lamp, which he kept upon a particular bracket. The ruddy glow of the fire brightened the carpet before it, and extended to the crimson-lined couch a few yards off; but it did not touch the bowed figure of a man who sat near the remotest corner trembling, shivering, although the room was very warm.

"This is pleasant!" said Allan, stooping to light the taper in his hand, and he continued to talk to himself in a manner usual with him, till turning about suddenly, he saw the almost motionless figure of the stranger. Startled, he stood there, with a "halloa!" Then gliding to a recess he took down a pistol, and called the man to look up, to speak.

"You need not arm yourself, Allan," said a hollow voice, and the face was upturned to him.

Great Heaven! Had Horace Turner risen from his grave? Was there the smell of the sepulchre upon his garments? That face was death pallid, those eyes were hollow and brilliant. Was this indeed a visitant from the other world?

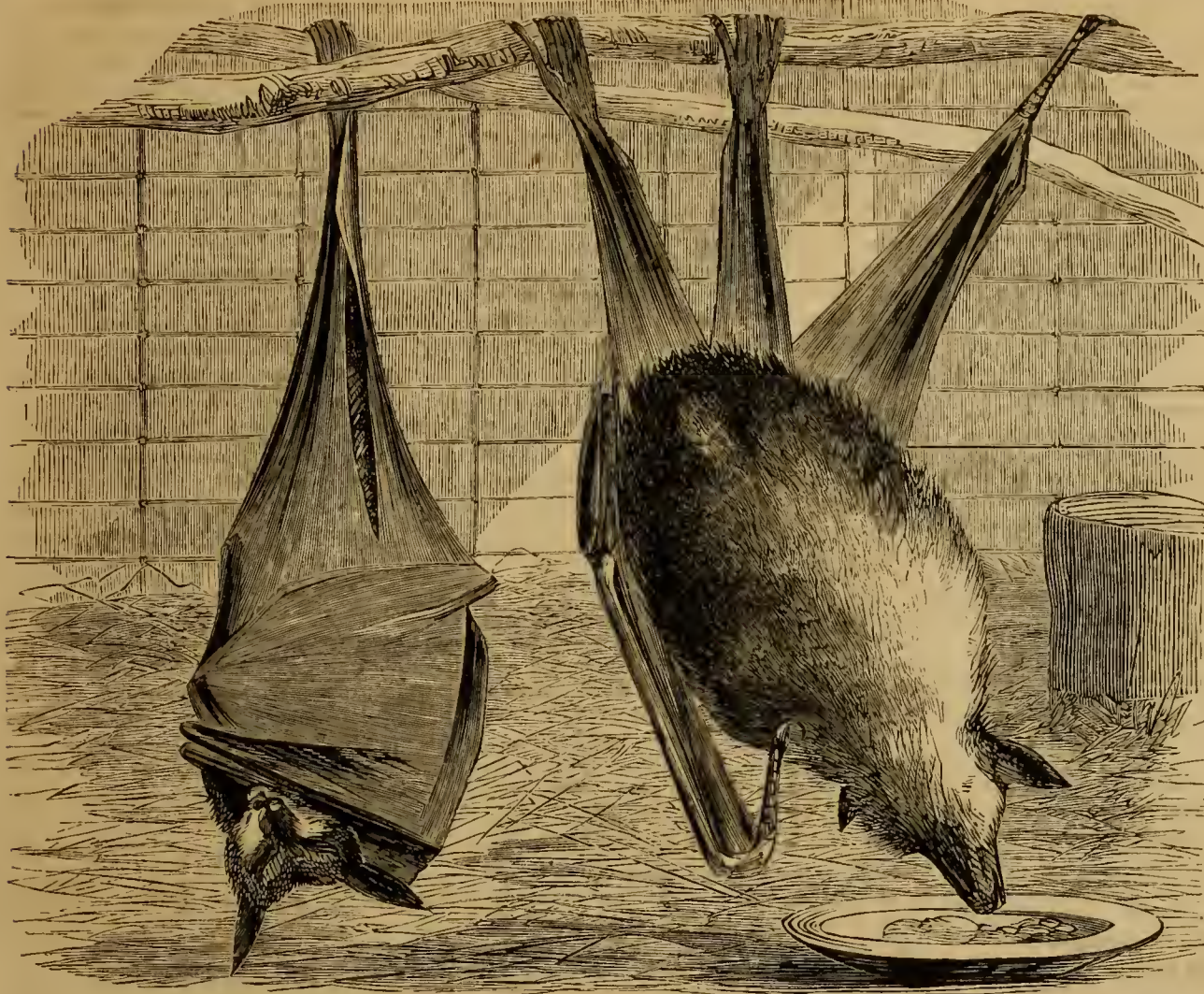
"Do you live, Horace Turner?" asked Allan Dunn, nearing the unearthly figure.

"Yes, I live," said the broken voice; "but if I could, I would curse God and die."

There came one fierce pang to the heart of Allan Dunn. Alice was no longer a widow. Had she rejected him, the pain had not been more terrible. Must he give up his idolized love?

"What is the meaning of this mystery? Explain," he said, in a voice as hollow as that of Horace Turner.

"Allan Dunn, I throw myself on your generosity; nay, rather on your mercy," said Horace. "I am a God-forsaken man, unworthy of the love and confidence of my kind. In a word, I committed a forgery on my friend. He threatened to expose me unless the money was instantly forthcoming. I had spent it—lost it at the gaming table. O, my God!"



FLYING FOXES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

[See page 248.]

He laid his face on his hands and wept convulsively.

"I feigned sickness. I wrote him that I was dying. I caused myself to be published as dead. He thinks me dead at this moment. I am at his mercy, and must either fly my country or obtain help. Allan Dunn! Allan Dunn! for the sake of Alice, be my friend now!"

The whole frame of Allan shook as with a powerful ague. That name had roused a stern conflict in his manly nature. Horace had thrown himself almost prostrate at his feet. Allan turned his head away. The tempter assailed him. He was wrought almost to madness. The possession or the forfeiture of Alice! Could he not thrust this unworthy man from his sight? Yes, a word would do it—a refusal—one little "no," the product of a breath.

"Allan Dunn, for God's sake save me!" gasped Horace.

"What is the amount?" asked Allan, hoarsely.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"And you ask me to pay this sum for you—for you?"

A fire like the gleam of insanity kindled in the burning eyes of Allan.

"Yes, for me. O, Allan Dunn, I have heard that you once loved Alice; for her sake, not for my own, pay this debt for me, and I swear before high heaven I will work my fingers to the bone to repay you."

"Pshaw! the money is not in my thought!" cried Allan, bitterly. "Horace Turner, get up from your knees. Stand up! I want no grovellers at my feet. Raise your hand; swear before high heaven, as you said you would, not that you will pay me, but that you will never look at a card again while you live—that you will never join in any game of hazard."

The oath was taken.

"Now," said Allan Dunn, "I will save you; but none but God knows at what a fearful cost. Go up stairs to the chamber where you have slept before. I want no thanks—go."

All that night, into the gray of morning, Allan Dunn walked his chamber floor. Terrible temptations beset him, but he conquered them. Dishonor was in his thought, but he dashed the horrid phantasy from the threshold of his heart. Great Allan Dunn! Noble Allan Dunn!

He kept his promise. Alice, to whom the restoration of her husband was almost as fatal as the news of his death, never knew for many a long year the secret connected with her husband's return, and Allan Dunn travelled abroad. But there came a day when Horace Turner did really lie upon the bed of death, and then he revealed the magnanimous conduct of Allan Dunn.

Alice was now a widow, still young, still beautiful. What wonder, if after two years of mourning, she admitted to her heart a deeper or more fervid love—that of Allan Dunn! They were married. Much suffering had purified both, and never was there, or never can there be a happier union.

HOLMES'S PATENT SKIRT.

We need not explain to our readers the accompanying picture, or inform them of its special purposes. A brief history of the skirt may be interesting to our lady readers. Solomon's remark, "There is nothing new under the sun," is as applicable to the present full flowing style of a lady's attire as it is to many other things. Ancient pictures in the British Museum, that were entombed for two thousand years in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, afford striking evidence of the identity of tastes which govern the prevailing fashions of successive generations. In one age it would seem as if the presiding genius of fashion were driven to her wit's end to stint the "female form divine" of as much raiment as would be consistent with being clothed at all—a mere apology for a dress—just as the modern hat is an apology for the bonnet worn twenty-five years ago. Talk as we may of the fulsome skirt, and of the necessity of widening sidewalks, and doors and pews, etc., a scanty female dress never yet elicited admiration, but on the contrary, it is refreshing to hear annotators of ancient history describe with an enthusiasm which makes their words burn like "words of fire," when they depict the graceful form of Grecian belles in their full, flowing robes, as spectators of Olympian games. What a poor imbecile (looking, at least,) object do we sometimes see, who, wedded to worn-out customs, ignores the skirt, and

prefers the old orthodox narrow path for the feet to move in. It is true our better intelligence tells us not to laugh or make fun at the expense of a lady, who, whether strong-minded or weak-minded, prefers to appear in the tights, yet in spite of all our philosophy and all the very natural desire we have to curtail our wives'

and our daughters' expenses, we cannot, for the life of us, prevent a feeling coming over us that partakes, we fear, more of contempt than commiseration at the spectacle. Whether the present style of a lady's full dress is a modification, or an extravagance of the Elizabethan period, we leave to the connoisseurs of the fine arts of sculpture and painting to say. One thing we do know, that a few months after Eugenie became empress of France, the ladies attending the court of Napoleon III. were induced to change the form of their skirts. The idea, though not original, as we have seen, was a good one. The thing took. There was a sort of witchery about it, at least, if it were not absolutely graceful. Few new articles of ladies' apparel have so soon asserted and maintained their claim to predominate; and we may add that few think of how extensive a branch of trade the manufacture of ladies' skirts has become. In preparing this sketch, we have made a severe examination of the several modes of construction and manufacture of skirts. Like all other matters, great changes and improvements have been made since their first introduction. From personal observation and inspection, and comparing the relative merits of the several skirts in the market, we hesitate not to say, that in every particular, whether as regards elegance of form, lightness and compactness, its easy adjustability into smaller space for the parlor, or expansion into ample dimension for the promenade—effected by a perfect system of clasps and slides—the one here represented exhibits acknowledged superiority. The ingenious device by which a perfect watch spring bustle is wrought into the skirt, forming a uniform bishop shape, throwing the fullness at the back, and hanging gracefully straight in front, the net-work elasticity and pliability of construction prevents its being pressed out of shape, or showing the hoop through the skirt while walking by the side of another person in the street. We have often thought that if ladies could see themselves in the ridiculous posture they are made to assume by some of the skirts in vogue, they would be provoked to abandon their use altogether. This skirt renders such a plight impossible; as much as this can be said of no other skirt that we have seen. Messrs. J. Holmes & Co., 17 Tremont Row, Boston, are the patentees of this skirt, and we understand that they have an extensive water mill running night and day to braid the paragon watch springs—the very best imported—of which the consumption has to be reckoned by tons; and we fear, were we to mention the thousands of yards of cord used in the netting, we should challenge the credulity of our readers. Suffice it to say, that the manufacture of this skirt has become an important branch of industry, and thousands of families have become wholly or in part dependent upon it. We know it is a great favorite with the ladies, and hence the demand which the Messrs. Holmes & Co. have had, has been beyond their ability to supply. They claim, and we think justly, advantages for their skirt which belong to no other, namely, that it is made with clasps and slides that cannot get out of repair, that it is a double extension skirt, that being made of net work it is superior to tape, and that, in addition to answering all the purpose of a skirt, it forms a graceful bustle, by which the lady's dress is made to flow elegantly backwards. We commend to our lady readers this skirt, and are sure they will be pleased with it. Messrs. Holmes & Co. have deserved the popular favor and patronage they receive. Politeness and good order reign in their establishment, and the stock of goods, consisting of Hosiery, Trimmings, etc., offers an excellent choice as to variety, quality and price.



HOLMES'S NEW PATENT SKIRT.

Poet's Corner.

RETURN OF SPRING.

BY PIERRE RONSARD.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,
And ye whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain,
Of each sweet herbet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all;
This season bow I love—
This merry din on every shore—
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.

THE SILENT SHORE.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morn'g,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning!—CHARLES LAMB.

BEAUTY.

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished—SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—April days are made up of smiles and tears, but they are piquant from their variety, like the caprices of a very pretty woman. It is amusing to be basking one moment in a gleam of sunshine as warm as the smile of June, and the next to seek the shelter of an awning in a plashing shower. But we know these sun-blinks and rain-dashes are grateful to the earth, we see the grass upon the Common is all the greener for them, and what is a new hat weighed against the promise of May flowers. So in spite of shower and cloud and fitful temper, we love capricious April. . . . Frost, the landscape-painter, lately told a number of his pictures at auction. Many of them were excellent. He is very happy in his treatment of New England lake and mountain scenery, and the memory of more than one of his pictures comes back to us like the souvenir of the scenes themselves. We shall have more sales soon, for the artists must dispose of their winter's work, before going forth to field and mountain to gather the material for future achievements. . . . The disciples of Faust are often adventurous men, and a recently recorded career of a typo illustrates the assertion. Karl Ungling, a journeyman printer, died at Detroit, recently, after wandering over a large portion of the world. According to the Ohio Statesman, he was banished from Baden, Germany, for participating in the revolution of 1848. He reached the United States just in time to volunteer in the Mexican war, and was wounded and disfigured for life at the battle of Buena Vista. After the war he travelled from Maine to Louisiana, and to the frontiers of civilization, as a journeyman printer; commenced the first German paper ever published in San Francisco, subsequently joined a theatrical company in Cincinnati, and was everywhere known as a scholar, poet, musician and wit. . . . At a court ball in Berlin, Prussia, given recently, Madame de Kuster, wife of a former minister, was struck by apoplexy in the apartments of the Princess of Prussia, and died immediately. The body was removed to the residence of the husband, and the ball went on as though nothing had happened. This will remind our readers of Matthews's story of a dinner-party in India, when the lady of the house was consumed to ashes by a sunstroke, and her husband quietly ordered the servants to "sweep up their mistress and bring clean glasses." . . . The ballet seems to be reviving in Italy, and at the opera houses to be more applauded than the musical part of the entertainment. A Neapolitan correspondent writes—"The ballet of Italy is a spectacle, a demonstration. Some five or six hundred people seem to be on the stage at San Carlos, perhaps more. Women are cheap here, and can thus be assembled in masses, without any such cost as would make the experiment ruinous in America." . . . Well deserving of preservation is the following account that a reliable gentleman gives of the manner of gathering gold at Pike's Peak: "A man takes a frame work of heavy timber, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron rasps. The frame work is hoisted up to the top of the Peak, and a man gets on and slides down the side of the mountain. As he goes swiftly down, the rasps on the bottom of the frame work scrape off the gold in immense shavings, which curl up on to the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom, nearly a ton of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it. . . . Flag Captain Shubrick is described by a Paraguay letter writer as a

wonderful specimen of the sailor, the man of business, and the gentleman. He is as green as live oak, as cheerful as a singing bird, and as cool as Sir John Franklin's bones! . . . The Boston Post says Mexico is a good place for presidential aspirants—they use up about two a week there. . . . Alexandre Dumas, Senior, writes to one of his friends in Paris that his return from Russia may be daily looked for. His many creditors piteously ask: And our money, is that to be looked for also? . . . Bishop Melvaine of Ohio, who has just returned from a European tour, met on his arrival at Cincinnati a very warm and cordial reception from the church and clergy of that city. . . . The New Orleans Picayune states that Mr. Laurent Millaudon has sold his plantation on the right side of the river, a little above Jefferson City, for one million dollars. It contains several thousand acres of land, and is worked by four hundred and forty-eight hands. . . . Jules Janin, in his critique upon the Christy Minstrels' performance, calls the "Hoop de-dooden-doo" a touch of Tartuffe flavored with soot. . . . Leroy Evans, of Caroline county, Va., was recently sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail, for swearing that the young lady he married was over twenty-one years of age, when she wasn't. The opposition of the lady's mother to this match caused the exposure and imprisonment of the groom. A petition to Governor Wise, and the extreme youth of the prisoner, procured his pardon. . . . "A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have but to keep still, and it will die of itself." . . . A correspondent of the National Intelligencer thinks that the question respecting Andrew Jackson's birth-place is settled by his proclamation elicited by the South Carolina ordinance, which begins, "Fellow-citizens of my native State." . . . The "Illustrated Irish Nation" is the title of a handsome quarto sheet of 16 pages, published weekly in this city by Maguire, Keating & Co. It is independent in politics, does not handle religious questions, and is largely devoted to Irish biography, descriptions of Irish scenery, Irish history and literature, while American topics receive due attention. The illustrations are good and the paper is edited with great ability.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The question of the Newfoundland fisheries and the French construction of the fishing treaties, has excited some interest in Parliament. Sir E. B. Lytton said the question was a delicate one, but thought no collision would take place.—The reception of the Grand Duke Constantine at Malta was the first official interchange of courtesies between England and Russia since they exchanged cannon-balls in the Crimea.—It is said the Porte claims the right of appointing Hospodars, and that Sir H. Bulwer advises the Porte to grant concessions to the Principalities.—Trade on the coast of Africa was quite dull at the last advices.—Hope is still entertained that a European war may be averted.—The London Times does approve of the subsidy to the Galway steamers from the British government.—The "Braves" about Canton have been troublesome again, but they will easily be crushed by the British.—The story that Lord Clyde is about to return home from India is contradicted.—The Neapolitan exiles who landed at Cork lately, have been very kindly received, and subscriptions are pouring in for their relief.—Reform meetings are held all over England.—Hon. Frederick Bruce is on his way to China to take the place of Lord Elgin.—The Daily News says the acceptance of Prince Napoleon's retirement was dictated by temporary considerations, and will not be followed by any material change in the ultimate aims of the external policy of the French government.—The Paris *Moniteur* lately published a decree promulgating an additional article to the treaty of extradition between France and the United States, signed at Washington last year, which provides for the extradition of parties accused as principals or accessories in forging or putting in circulation false coin or paper money or of malversation of funds belonging to corporate bodies.

The Armament of the Fleet.

A special committee of some of the most able and scientific officers of her majesty's service has been appointed to investigate and carry out the new principle proposed for the armament of the fleet. Rear-Admiral Sir T. Hastings, Sir J. Burgoyne, Bart., Lt. E., and General Sir H. Douglas, are of the number; Capt. Coffin is to act as secretary to the committee. Sir William Armstrong is to take the old Lancaster shell factory, in Woolwich Arsenal, which is well fitted with machinery necessary for his requirements, as his preliminary department. The additional sum of £4000 has been demanded as the minimum required to put the factory in complete working order for his purpose.

Peruvian Animals in Australia.

After six years of indomitable perseverance, Mr. Charles Ledger, an English merchant, established in Peru, has succeeded in landing safely at Sydney a flock of 280 wool-bearing animals of the alpaca species, including the llama, alpaca, and vicuna breeds. It would seem that Mr. Ledger has accomplished this object in defiance of the Peruvian government.

Italy.

The Paris Constitutionnel publishes an article on the armament of Austria in Italy. It states that the effective force of the Austrian troops in Italy has been increased from fifty thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand men. The Austrian army, it appears, is put in readiness for offensive movements in case they should be wanted.

The Polish Archives.

Much indignation is felt in Cracow at the removal of the Polish archives, by orders, to Vienna; the Austrians allege that this is a precautionary measure, lest they might fall into the hands of Russia in any future conflict.

Warlike Signs.

The purchase of horses at the late fairs at Hamburg and its neighborhood, and the objections to their exportation from Bavaria and other States, are noticed as indications of coming war. To these, another is now added in reference to the extensive sales of spirits at Stettin and at other Baltic ports for early shipment to France and Italy, and which are understood to be for the supply of the French and Sardinian armies.

Carrara Marble.

There are some seventy quarries altogether at Carrara, Italy, but only seven or eight are now worked, and of these there is but one that furnishes the best quality of statuary marble. There are about 2500 men employed in quarrying and cutting marble here, which is nearly the entire able-bodied male portion of the population. These quarries for more than twenty centuries have supplied the sculptors of all nations with marble.

The Poor of London.

The returns of the metropolitan workhouses on Christmas Day show that about 60,000 persons were on that day recipients of parochial relief throughout the metropolis, exclusive in most instances of lunatics, tramps and vagrants; and that, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, there has been a diminution of legitimate pauperism to the extent of about 6000 persons.

Growth of London.

London is rapidly extending its boundaries. It now covers an area of 121 square miles, equal to a square of 11 miles to the square. The population in this area amounted in the year 1801 to 958,863, and in the year 1851 to 2,392,236. The London of 1858 is equal to three Londons of 1801.

New Invention.

Queen Victoria lately conferred the honor of knighthood upon a Captain Armstrong for a newly invented cannon which can be used effectively at the distance of eight miles. This gun is fired in the old-fashioned manner and admits of only one round a minute.

Light Weight.

A lady in Edinburgh, Scotland, dressed in the extreme of fashion, while walking the streets of that town, lately, was lifted by a sudden gust of wind, clear from the ground and deposited at the bottom of an area considerably injured by the fall.

Musical.

Meyerbeer is about to revisit England, having arranged with Mr. Gye, of Covent Garden Theatre, London, for the exclusive production of his forthcoming opera of "Dinorah."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A LETTER TO CLERGYMEN ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH AND THE USE OF THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Boston: N. L. Clark & Co., No. 5 Water Street.

We have given this pamphlet an attentive perusal, and have the most perfect confidence in its statements. It consists, in part, of an essay on iron as a remedial agent in many diseases, which was originally published in the Boston Daily Advertiser of July 10, 1858, attracting great attention at the time, and which has since been enlarged and improved. Then follows a letter to clergymen, treating of the diseases to which their profession is peculiarly subject, and commending the "Peruvian Syrup, or Protected Solution of Protoxide of Iron" as a reliable prophylactic and restorative medicine. We have next letters from a number of clergymen, Rev. John Pierpont, P. C. Headley, S. H. Riddell, and others, testifying to the benefits they have derived from the use of the syrup. In the concluding portion of the work there are certificates from chemists, physicians and patients, all emphatically endorsing it. A number of remarkable cases are quoted, and vouched for, not only by the patients themselves, but also by the ministers of their parish, including that of Mrs. Portugal, certainly one of the most extraordinary on record and conclusively substantiated by the Peruvian physician and patients are peculiarly interesting. These documents would give us perfect confidence in the Peruvian Syrup, had we no other evidence, but we have ourselves used it and recommended its use to others from the time of its first introduction years ago, and we speak from experience. In the large class of diseases characterized by debility, loss of muscular tone, and partial paralysis, in cases of indigestion, bronchitis, neuralgia, and many others that might be named, this medicine may be resorted to with perfect confidence. It is so universally known that it requires no laudation, but we publish what we have written from a sense of duty, and the pleasure of recording our opinion of an article so completely worthy of its extended reputation.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from J. R. Miller, 229 Washington Street, an illustrated sheet of music containing selections from George F. Root's operatic cantata of the "Haymakers," recently performed in this city.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By ALPHONSE LAMARTINE. New York: Delisser & Proctor. 18mo. pp. 236.

This biography is written in Lamartine's invariably brilliant style. It is moreover reliable and brief enough to interest young persons—to all of whom the story of the great Genoese ought to be familiar. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE LADY OF THE ISLE. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 598.

Mrs. Southworth calls this the most singular romance she has ever written. It is indeed a marvellous story, crowded with the strangest incidents, and keeping the reader on the *qui vive* from the first chapter to the last. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK. A Novelle. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 253. 1859.

We followed this interesting heart-story through the columns of the Home Journal, and are pleased to see it again in the elegant dress which Rudd & Carleton have given it. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE CULPRIT FAY. By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Exquisitely printed on tinted paper, and daintily bound, this charming production, a true American classic, comes to us with the spring flowers. We never tire of reading it, and always find some new beauty to admire in its graceful lines. Willis rightly terms it a "subtly-compounded feast of imagination." Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RINO. By JAMES NACK.

We have already noticed this elegant volume, published by Delisser & Proctor, New York, and have only to say now that it may be obtained of Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS OF

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Chapter 1. The True Relation of the Sexes.
Chapter 2. Premature Marriage and its Consequences.
Chapter 3. Errors of Education.
Chapter 4. Errors of Courtship.
Chapter 5. Individual Transgression and its Penalties.
Chapter 6. Social Errors and their Punishment.
Chapter 7. Physical Laws of Marriage.
Chapter 8. A Fundamental Error.
Chapter 9. The Laws of Pregnancy.
Chapter 10. Crime without a Name.
Chapter 11. The Laws of Lactation.
Chapter 12. A Crime that ought not to be Named.
Chapter 13. Directions to Parents and Guardians.
Chapter 14. General Directions.

This book is destined to produce a Physiological revolution in this country. It will have an immense sale because it concerns us all, both male and female.

The editor of the Evening Traveller, Boston, uses the following strong language in noticing it:

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By an Old Physician. 16mo, 250 pages. John P. Jewett & Co.—A book that should be read by every man and woman in the land—married or unmarried. It treats of topics of vital interest; but of which not one in a thousand knows anything; who, in consequence of their thoughtless ignorance more than wilful sinfulness, violate the laws of health and even life, bring upon themselves suffering and wo, and upon their offspring enfeebled constitutions, disease and early death. These topics are of a delicate and difficult character, and for this reason good men, who are capable of treating them, have avoided them. But every reader of the Physiology of Marriage, unless utterly perverted in his tastes and imaginations, will admit, on reading these pages, that the "Old Physician" has dealt with these important topics as an aged father would be likely to do when addressing a beloved child. His instructions, and counsels are so plain that none need mistake them, while there is nothing in them to minister to a perverted and prurient taste.

The editor of the Evening Transcript speaks thus:

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

John P. Jewett & Co. have just published a new work, entitled "The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage." Designed as a companion to "The Physiology of Marriage," by the same author. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which is arranged in eight chapters, upon the following topics: I. Is Marriage a Duty? II. Nature and Design of Marriage. III. How the Ends of Marriage are to be Secured, or Rational Courtship. IV. The Philosophy of being in Love. V. At what Age should we Marry? VI. On Equality in Marriage. VII. Are Second Marriages Desirable? VIII. The Perpetuity of Marriage. Part second contains thirty-two chapters, relating to moral, intellectual, social, and physiological themes. The work is the best of its class extant, and if young people will heed the admonitions of "The Old Physician," the author, they will be spared from many terrible evils that have been experienced by the present and former generations. The author affirms that the "vast majority of both sexes, despite of names and forms, are still, in reality, alone." He says: "Serious as the subject is, it has been my object to render my remarks, especially on the proper and needful qualifications for marriage, as inviting as the nature of the case will admit, for which purpose I have introduced not a few familiar anecdotes by way of illustration."

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Its table of contents is too copious to publish here; suffice it to say, that it is a book which no family can afford not to possess, and which should be used as a textbook in our schools and colleges. Both author and publisher have received numerous and highly flattering recommendations of this excellent work from some of the most distinguished men in the country.

Pre ident Hopkins, of Williams College, writes thus:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Dec. 22, 1859.
DR. ALCOTT,—Dear Sir,—You have been a public benefactor, a pioneer in a great work, and I have no doubt have prevented untold suffering. A wide circulation of the "Laws of Health" cannot fail to be greatly useful.
Sincerely yours, MARK HOPKINS.

From Prof. Marcy, Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have examined with much pleasure your new work, "The Laws of Health." It supplies a great want of the present time; I know of no work of the kind equal to it.
Yours truly, O. MARCY.

Extract from a letter from Dr. Griscom of New York.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have read your new work, "The Laws of Health," and it seems to me that you have covered the whole ground. Your style is clear and explicit; the language exact, and the method of the book correct and consecutive. It is a fitting sequel to the "House I Live In," well calculated for family reading or school instruction. I hope the book will have, as it deserves, a thorough recognition by the public, and an extensive sale.
Very truly your friend, JOHN H. GRISCOM.

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Constantly on hand, a large assortment of CAKE BOXES, and the best quality of WEDDING STATIONERY. 4w 13

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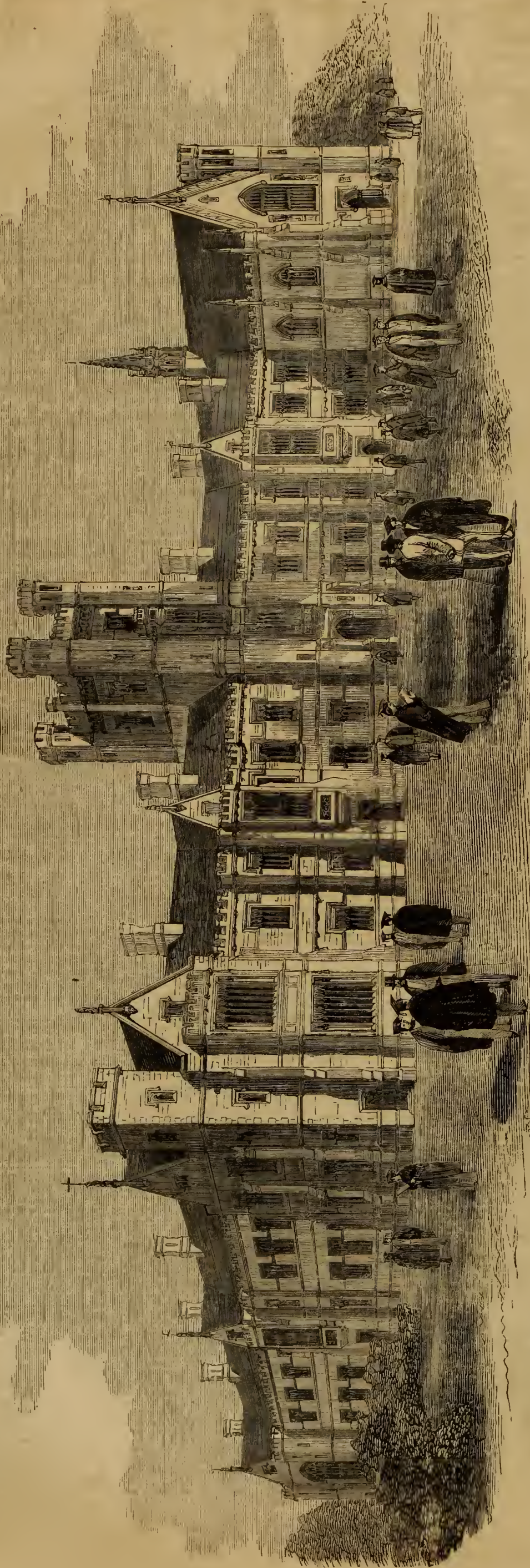
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Something New....Agents Wanted.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

To show our readers on what a grand scale John Bull is improving and adorning his colonial possessions, we publish on this page a fine architectural engraving representing the Sydney University, an establishment of truly imperial proportions. Erected according to the designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. E. Blocket, an able architect, the building (ultimately intended to form three sides of a quadrangle) presents a front of more than 500 feet in length, in the centre of which, surmounting the principal gateway, is a tower upwards of 100 feet high; abutting on the western end of the façade is a hall, in the later mediæval style of architecture, the dimensions of which are 140 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and 70 feet in height from the pavement to the centre of the open roof. The latter is constructed of open timber work, the material employed being the indigenous iron bark and cedar. The details of construction are closely copied from some of the most celebrated examples of England; the carved trusses being supported by angles bearing shields, and other ornamental devices.

The hall is lighted by fifteen windows, the tracery of the whole of which will be filled with stained glass. The compartments of the great southern window will be filled with a series of figures, the size of life, representing the founders of the several colleges at Oxford; that at the opposite end of the hall containing a similar design in relation to Cambridge. A large bay-window will include the effigies of all the sovereigns of England, with their armorial ensigns, from the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, whose figure will form the centre of the group. The remaining side-lights, each containing three compartments, will present a series of figures of some of the most celebrated literary and scientific personages of Britain, viz., The venerable Bede, Cædmon, Roger Bacon, Robert Greathead and John Duns Scotus; Chaucer, Fortescue, James I. of Scotland, Sir Thomas More, Earl of Surrey, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, Ford and Massinger, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, Sir Philip Sydney, John Selden, Milton, Harvey, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Dr. Boyle, Newton, Locke, Gray, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Black, Blackstone, and Captain Cook. All these figures are of life size. In the illustrious gallery Captain Cook, as the discoverer of the colony, may be said thus to connect its history with the pantheon of great English names. The expense attendant upon the carrying out of this elaborate and costly design will be entirely defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of colonists interested in the establishment of the university, and anxious to witness the completion of a building possessing all the ornamental illustrations and accompaniments of a collegiate edifice; desirous, in short, to create in this remotest dependency of the British crown, an institution possessing in some degree the material as well as the moral attributes of the two great universities of England; and suggestive of names and associations dear to every Englishman, in whatever part of the world his lot may be cast.

The university buildings are placed on a commanding site, in the centre of an area of about 140 acres, the whole of which is granted for the use of the university, and of the affiliated colleges that may be established in connection with it. Of these, the Church of England College of St. Paul's is already erected, whilst large funds have been raised for the erection of three other colleges of residence, under the auspices of the Church of Scotland, the Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic bodies. By the constitution of the university, the religious teaching, and moral supervision of the students, are confined to the affiliated colleges. All students, however, whether resident in colleges or not, are required to attend the secular teaching of the university lecturers and professors. Large sums of money have been granted for the erection of the buildings, and an annual grant of \$25,000 towards the support of the university, and of \$10,000 in aid of the colleges, is provided from the colonial treasury. The institution has the power of conferring degrees in arts, law, and medicine. The senior classical professor is the Rev. Dr. Woolley, formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford; the mathematical professor, M. P. Pell, Esq., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he attained the honor of senior wrangler and Smith's prizeman. John Smith, Esq., M. D., professor of chemistry and experimental philosophy, was formerly assistant-professor in the same capacity in King's College, Aberdeen. The university has eight open scholarships of from \$250 to \$500 each annual value. The provost, Sir Charles Nicholson, recently visited England, and at the last commemoration at Oxford had the distinction of receiving the honorary degree of D. C. L.

A REAL MAGICIAN.

Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, once related that in Paris he casually fell in with a real magician, or at least, a very old man, with whose appearance and manner he became very much struck. The man appeared a mysterious character, and advanced in years. They used to talk upon the subjects of magic and incantations, until the stranger, seeing the interest Mr. Beckford took in such topics, in which he himself seemed to take no less, he told him that, if he would call upon him, he would exhibit to him one of the most extraordinary things his imagination could conceive. The address he gave was in an obscure part of Paris. Curiosity and fancy for such things overpowered every other consideration, though the man was only a chance acquaintance. Mr. Beckford determined to go, and went accordingly. The approach to the dwelling indicated was through an old timber-yard, which appeared to have remained long in the same state, the timber in many instances appearing to have laid long enough to fall into a state of decay. Passing through the yard, the visitor entered a sort of hall, of considerable size, in which he met the owner, who had to sustain the character, and support his averments of being a believer, and an adept in magic. He had dressed himself in a mode to sustain in some degree that character. The apartment had tapestry hangings, and many ornaments, in good taste, were dispersed about. A flight of steps, at the top of the room or hall, led into a garden at the back of the house, and at the top of the stairs stood a large marble or stone vase, almost as large as the Warwick vase, filled with the purest water. Some unimportant conversation ensued, when the Frenchman bade his visitor look into the vase, and say if he saw anything whatever but pure water. He replied that he could see nothing else. The man then uttered some mysterious or cabalistic words, and all at once the vase appeared to be filled with an innumerable quantity of living creatures, of the most extraordinary shapes and forms, as odd as those small, strange insects, discoverable in impure liquids. The apartment, too, seemed filled with various living and strange forms. He became all at once in a state of surprise and astonishment, from which, when he recovered and looked around, he could see nothing more of what had just attracted his wonder, and even the man himself had withdrawn. He never met the magician again, which might easily have been the result of accident, considering the convulsed state of Paris; but he always thought the trick, however performed, was one of the most mysterious and unaccountable that he had ever met with. He had no doubt of its being a trick; but it was admirably played off, and for what object but to startle him, and remove his incredulity on similar subjects, he could not conjecture. He paid nothing for the exhibition.—*Life of Beckford.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVI, No. 17...WHOLE No. 409.
5 CENTS SINGLE.

HON. JAMES A. PEARCE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Homer from a very fine photograph by J. E. McClees, Washington, D. C. James Alfred Pearce is of an old Maryland family, settled in that State in 1670. He was educated at Princeton College, having entered the institution at fourteen years of age, and graduated in 1822, at the age of sixteen years, with the first honors of his class. He subsequently studied law, in Baltimore, at Professor Hoffman's law school, a branch of the University of Maryland, and was admitted to practice at the bar at the close of 1826. In 1828, he visited the South, and after passing some months upon a plantation in Louisiana, returned to his native State in the summer of 1829, and engaged in the practice of law at Chestertown, in Kent county. In 1831, however, he was elected to the legislature of Maryland, and in 1835 to Congress. In 1837, he was again elected to Congress, also in 1841, and in 1843 to the senate of the United States, of which body he has continued to be a member to the present time. In 1850, Mr. Pearce was nominated by President Fillmore, and confirmed by the senate, as secretary of the interior, but, preferring to continue in the senate in discharge of the duties assigned to him by the legislature of Maryland, he declined that appointment. In politics Mr. Pearce is a moderate whig, but he gave Mr. Buchanan a liberal support in 1856. The whole course of his public life, however, shows him to be a man of disinterested patriotism, of large and independent views, and singularly free from sectional and partizan prejudices. There are few men in our country whose minds are so richly stored with every variety of learning, and whether the subject presented to him be political or historical, physical or purely scientific, he is equally prepared to illustrate it with the soundest views, and to sustain them with the most ample and conclusive authorities. Mr. Pearce has always evinced a deep interest in the prosecution of our coast survey. In the powerful speech which he delivered in its defence, in reply to Mr. Benton, nearly ten years ago, he established beyond all further question its vast importance, and he has frequently since that time extended to it his fostering care. It is not our purpose here, nor would the limits of such a sketch as this furnish space, to recount the many able and eloquent senatorial efforts of Mr. Pearce—they are upon our Congressional records, and a part of our national history. We have always thought, however, that one of his most patriotic and brilliant speeches was that made in the senate on July 20th, 1850, shortly after the death of President Taylor, and in his defence. When the celebrated "compromise resolutions" of Mr. Clay had been defeated, it was Mr. Pearce who framed, supported, and successfully carried through the senate, the bill for the establishment of the northern and western boundaries of Texas, which effectually settled that vexed question, and put to rest the excitement which at that period so seriously threatened our national harmony. In debate Mr. Pearce is ready and fluent. His speeches are always extemporaneous. His style is chaste and elegant, argumentative and concise, and uniformly characterized by great simplicity and clearness. He invariably exhausts the whole subject of controversy, says nothing unnecessary, and leaves nothing necessary unsaid. Like many statesmen of classic, as well as modern times, Mr. Pearce has a fondness for rural life—fioriculture, and farming. He has,

from their commencement, taken a lively interest in the Botanical Gardens and conservatories of the government, and contributed largely to the introduction and cultivation of rare and beautiful plants, and to their dissemination over the country. He possesses also a cultivated artistic taste, which is continually appealed to in the selection of decorations for our national capitol. And this, with his extended literary acquirements, and familiar acquaintance with books in every department, rendered peculiarly appropriate. long ago, his appointment as chairman of the library committee of the senate, an office which he still continues to hold. In conclusion, we sum up the character of James Alfred Pearce in the declaration that he is, in the highest sense, an accomplished gentleman, an ornament to our national councils, one whose presence in the senate gives strength to our institutions, and is a guarantee of perpetuity to our Union. We add a few passages from a brief address, delivered recently by Mr. Pearce, before the Burns

Club of Washington City, D. C., at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, on which occasion he presided as honorary chairman. "Just one hundred years ago, within the clay walls of a cottage which his own father's hands had constructed, Robert Burns was born:

'Fair science smiled not on his humble birth.'

No 'boast of heraldry' was his. Few and feeble were the gleams of prosperity which through a life of toil and severe struggles with poverty cheered the peasant bard. He owed very little to education, far less to patronage, and nothing to the accidents of fortune. Yet, while drudging in the daily routine of labors, which may well be supposed to have been somewhat repulsive to one of his susceptibilities, he felt the sting of genius. His own fervid and impassioned imagination bred and nourished in him a love of song, and before he had passed the period of early manhood, he was the author of a body of

poetry sufficient in itself for a national minstrelsy. This was not the result of a systematic pursuit of poetry as an art—of careful study of the finest models of poetic taste and beauty. The poetry of Burns welled out from the fountain of his own imagination. It was the natural overflow of a mind full of strong feeling, of quick and warm sensibilities, and of bold, original thought. He was not merely the author of beautiful fancy scenes, such as spring from the ardor of poetic invention, but rather the painter of nature and truth—daguerreotyping in his mind all that appeared to him attractive and striking, particularly in that lowly life, along whose sequestered vale his own condition and pursuits chiefly led him. But, however he strung his harp, whether in lowly life or amid its higher scenes, his was

'That music to whose tone,
The common pulse of man keeps time.'

His poetry spoke to the hearts of men, and filled them with his own yearnings, while it revealed to them in full beauty and tenderness, what they had only dimly seen or vaguely felt before. All this, as well as his sympathy with the people, the scorn of abject dependence which his verses breathed, their teachings to the poor of honest pride and self-respect, and his manly sentiment not only embodied in bold verse, but ever exhibited in his independent life, that

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for 'a that,'

made him the favorite of the Scottish people. * * * * His descriptions of natural scenery were seldom too elaborate, but almost invariably fresh, fragrant, and truthful; so that in gathering poetic sweets from nature's charms, he has been fitly 'compared to the humming bird, from bloom to bloom, inhaling heavenly balm.' In the martial lyric, he has given us an ode unsurpassed in any age, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled. Bruce's address to his army stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. In its few but magnificent verses it appeals to the pride of former renown, the hope of glorious victory, the devotion of faithful patriotism, the honor of generous loyalty, the sacred love of freedom, scorn of the coward and the traitor's shame, and detestations of oppression's chains—to all that could swell the hearts and fire the souls of brave men upon the field of desperate conflict, compressed into a few verses, every word of which makes the bosom throb with the high and bold resolution, 'To do or die.' * * * * Death, which so early stilled his song forever, came not in time to prevent his securing that permanent fame which he coveted more than wealth or honors; and posterity, more just and generous than contemporaries, have given to his mortal remains a fitting mausoleum, and to his memory a consecrated place in the Scottish heart. Even here, too, it lives, fresh and green, by the sparkling waters of our Atlantic, and in the grand primeval woods of our mighty West. Gentlemen, for more than a century past, Scotland has been prolific of intellectual development in all departments. She has contributed to the realm of which she forms but a small part, a large proportion of the men distinguished as metaphysicians, political economists, inventors, historians, critics, orators, and poets. Among them all, no one has secured a higher place in the admiration and affections of his countrymen than Burns." Senator Pearce's political speeches are characterized by great energy, fearlessness and eloquence of the kind ascribed by Webster to Adams. He speaks "right on," directly, fluently and appositely, always to the point, and always with effect.



HON. JAMES A. PEARCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDAL ROCK.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.*

"Good heavens! Look at the bay!"

This was the exclamation of a young man who was in company with two ladies, seated within a small cottage on the beach of Inskanilla Bay. He arose and drew near to the window. The ladies, aroused by his outcry, followed him quickly. It was truly a startling spectacle that greeted their view.

The broad waters of the bay, stretching out for miles and bounded by heavy woodlands, resembled a vast cauldron of boiling gold. The mighty element was quivering, scintillating with phosphorescent radiance, and there was only a shadow, where the deep troughs of the waves were marked. The sky above was of inky blackness, for with the night a heavy storm had come on, and the sound of the deep rolling thunder mingled with the hoarse cry of the wind. All without, around and above was shrouded with the pall of darkness, save the glistening, heaving bay. Vivid flashes of lightning now and then illuminated the whole heavens, leaving them still blacker than before to the dazzled view.

"It blinds me!" cried the elder lady, shading her eyes and partly drawing away. "I do not like to witness such strange sights. Where can my poor Norma be wandering on such a night?"

The young man touched the arm of the girl, who was his sister, and bid her observe something without. Another lightning flash had revealed to him a figure rapidly moving up and down the piazza.

"There she is!" he said, in an under tone.

The whisper was low, but the mother's ear caught it. Again she approached the window and looked out into the darkness. The lightning's torch soon revealed to her the moving figure, and she heard a deep sigh.

"Norma is in one of her strange moods to-night. She always is when there is heavy weather, and then one might as well attempt to charm the wind as to control her."

She turned away with another deep sigh, and resumed her low chair. The young man went out upon the piazza, and his sister sat down by Norma's mother. The young girl said nothing, but the simple heart of Mrs. Leigh was ready to relieve its fullness. She began in a complaining, bitter voice:

"Norma was not always so. There was a time when her eye was bright, and her cheek as blooming as your own. It is all changed now—so changed!"

"Poor Norma!" echoed the listener; "I always thought that she appeared like one who was heart-broken; but you know, my dear Mrs. Leigh, how ready the world is to make all kinds of surmises. I have often wished that I knew more of Norma's history, that I might—I might reply—"

The girl paused. Mrs. Leigh thought it was from embarrassment; but there was a gleam in the haughty eyes of Ellen May that told a different story. Her brother's offer of love had been rejected by Norma with the most careless disdain; his attentions had been met with the coolest indifference. Ellen had not visibly altered in her manner towards Norma, but she had been bitterly mortified, and she longed to know more of the strange girl's history. Here was the auspicious moment for encouraging the unsuspecting confidence of Mrs. Leigh. It was given readily, and Ellen listened with downcast, but eager, glistening eyes.

"We lived far away from this place some few years back," began Mrs. Leigh. "It was in a pleasant village where my pretty cottage was built, and we were happy, very happy there. It is true I was only a poor widow, but Norma was the pride of my eyes and the joy of my home. She seemed then to be most blest with her singular powers of attraction, and it was not strange, with the homage she received from so many hearts, that her spirits were as light as the summer air."

"There was a youth who also lived in the village; I will not call a name that has become a hushed sound in this home. His father was wealthy, but a tyrant, and the son refused to submit to such tyranny as was imposed upon him. He became an alien from the home fire-side, as also from his patrimony, and wandered to our village. He was proud, as he was poor in his outcast condition, and really knew nothing

about labor; but in spite of his many faults and his poverty, there was not a girl in the village, even the richest and proudest, who would not have gladly received his attentions. He gave them all to Norma."

"It was not long before they were betrothed, and my child was too happy for me to cloud her young trustfulness. I did not withhold my consent to their union, when he should have succeeded in establishing himself in business, though I saw much that was to be deplored in his education. I never witnessed a more cloudless love dawn, or knew two beings who seemed so formed to make each other happy."

"They were separated, for he gained employment in a neighboring city, in a banking establishment, and received a good salary. He urged a speedy union, and entreated Norma to name an early day. It was done, and we were busied in our simple preparations, in which our kind neighbors assisted us. All seemed bright and joyous in the rosy future, and Norma carolled happy songs from morn till night."

Here the narrator paused, and Ellen, with her eyes now fixed on Mrs. Leigh's face, impatiently waited the conclusion. The story went on after a while with a kind of desperate speed.

"Ellen May, he never came to claim his bride, lovely as she was in her white robes and joy-flushed cheek. I cannot speak of what followed. Norma had no brother or father to redress her wrong, and we bore it—because it *must* be borne. But there is a sequel. We heard that he was to marry the daughter of his employer, the rich president of the bank. His only child was a blind girl, and she had been an intimate friend of Norma's. Now when the blind girl was about to be wedded, she sent to Norma, begging her to be her bridesmaid, in ignorance, of course, of the bitter wrong her lover had inflicted on her girlhood's friend. Norma accepted the invitation, to my astonishment, and in spite of my entreaties; she accompanied a party of our acquaintance who attended the wedding. She returned to me the wreck you see her now. The past is a sealed book between us, and she has never revealed to me what passed during her stay in the city. I only knew that there had been a wedding, by the report of others. Well, we came to this landlocked, far-off place, and here we have dragged out our mournful life since then." Mrs. Leigh drew a long, weary breath. "There, Ellen May, you have Norma's story. I have been very weak to unfold it."

Randal May had stepped out upon the piazza with a very daring spirit, for he knew something of the nature of her whom he sought. Norma continued her restless promenade, as unmindful of his approach as if she had not observed it. By degrees he drew nearer to the circle in which she passed and re passed, and at length he tried to detain her.

"Stop, Norma! I entreat; if it be only for a moment."

She paused and confronted him in silence; but he felt the magnetism of her eyes, even in the darkness.

"I know not," he began vehemently, "what drives me to this—what powerful impulse can urge me to seek you. You who have more than scorned me. O, Norma, be womanly! Listen to my pleadings, and give me some hope to feed the deep yearnings of a heart that clamors for your love."

He paused, for a flash of light gleamed over them, and revealed to him the pale, mocking face of Norma.

"The same 'twice-told tale!' she exclaimed. Her voice thrilled him even when it mocked, for it was one of rare music. "I imagined that some worthy motive had induced you to venture out on a night like this."

"In mercy," he retorted, "cease this trifling! I tell you, Norma, I offer you an honest heart. You have no right to cast it back in such derision."

"Honest heart!" she echoed, scornfully.

"Yes, before Heaven, an honorable, true love. You shall not question it, Norman Leigh, though you abuse your woman's privileges."

This time the light revealed to her a face that was manly in its rightful, indignant glow. The sight altered her mind, for she replied in a far different tone than before:

"I do dare to spurn a love in which it is impossible for me to place any faith. I dare to scorn your whole sex, and to deride your hollow professions, for I have not sought them, and I despise your cowardly persecution of an unprotected

girl. If there was one spark of manly pride in—"

He checked her in a voice that quivered with passion, and he unconsciously grasped her arm in a vice like grasp:

"Fool, dolt that I am to subject myself to this. I will be weak no longer!"

She shook off his hold, and even then there was fascination for him as he gazed upon her wild, fury-like appearance. How like an elf she was, with her black locks blown around her white cheeks, her large eyes gleaming with a lustre akin to blue flame, and flashing as if they had borrowed their beams from the lightning. He gazed but for a moment thus, then muttered fiercely:

"She shall rue this hour—ay, bitterly rue it."

"I rue it now!" she cried; "the hour that brought this intrusion upon my solitude."

He turned away, stung to the depths of his heart, and Norma Leigh was left alone; alone with the demon that had transformed her to her present fearful self; the demon that *this* night was roused in all its fury. Fiercer rose the storm, and with it rose Norma's madness. Back and forth she walked, faster and faster, with her arms folded upon her bosom, and her eyes upon the glistening waters. Such fires were flashing from her own love-blighted eyes, that the glare of the lightning did not blind her.

"How I love such a battle of the elements," she began audibly, and in strange exultation. "My spirit seems to mingle with those fiery nymphs that ride the waves, and then this insatiate monster within me finds companionship! Its burning thirst finds momentary cooling in the breath of the fierce winds. How it howls! Walter! Walter!" she called, and leaned out over the bluff. She cast her voice out upon the air as if she wished it borne to some listening ear.

"Hear me, Walter Ravens; hear my curses upon you and your ill-gotten wife! O, death to you both. Death in the thunderbolt, in the angry waves, in the blast! But better far in the cold steel! Would that my hand could inflict the unerring bolt. I have a weapon," and there was a gleam of a stiletto where she placed her hand. "I would joy in shutting out from her heart the life-pulses, as securely as the day-beams are shut out from her eyes. Ha! that would be revenge! You would not wed the murderess of your life though you loved her, Walter! Ay, loved her—and let the love madden you and kill you by inches, as it is killing another. This would be revenge!"

The waters dashed up closer and closer to the bluff, and as she leaned over it the spray drenched her elf-life locks, and cooled her burning cheeks. A pair of steel-like eyes looked up from the beach below into her bended face, and a dark form glided out, forced by the rising waters, yet she saw neither. Her ravings had gone out across the restless sea, and not alone had the sea-nymphs caught the sound. The cottage door opened and Mrs. Leigh's sad face appeared. She came close to Norma and tried to force her in, but it was in vain. The demon was triumphant, and Norma broke away from her mother's feeble clasp, crying:

"Let me go! If you would have me a maniac, force me in there!"

She ran down the narrow steps which led to the water. Now the waves were washing the lower part; but she loved the angry waters, and did not pause for them. She was soon out of reach of her mother's sorrowing wail.

Alone in the sombre shadows cast by a dim lamp, poor Mrs. Leigh kept her anxious vigil through the night. An undefined horror of some impending evil sat like a nightmare upon her soul, and weighed it down like lead. Yet weary and long as were the hours of darkness, they wore away at last, in gloom and in solitude to Mrs. Leigh.

"Where is my unhappy child?" was the cry that like the booming surf kept constant moan in her heart.

At the gray dawn her pale, haggard face looked out upon the dreary prospect. A heavy mist hung over the still heaving bay, black drift was stranded along the beach, from which the waters were slowly receding, and loud as the cannon's roar boomed the surf as it broke upon the distant shores of the bay. The pale mother hurried down through the drift and along the beach, with but one object giving speed to her trembling steps. Onward and onward she pressed, heeding none, though there was more than one who paused, and with compassionate inquiry marked her miserable face. At length

she came close upon a crowd of persons gathered around some object lying upon the beach. The mist was so heavy that she glided unseen among the crowd, and fixed her fascinated gaze upon the scene that met her view.

Upon the sand lay a fair young creature, upon whose marble-like features death had stamped an indelible seal. Like waves of rippling gold, her long, curling hair swept upon the sand, and across her still bosom, and sea-green moss, dripping with brine, shone here and there among its bright foldings. The tide had just ebbd from the spot where she lay, and her garments were dripping with the water, but it had no power now to chill her stiffened limbs. Stilled forever was her once warm heart, and the light had gone out from her closed eyes. It was like gazing upon the work of a sculptor, so fair and still she lay in her deep slumber—but there was one blot upon the picture. A deep closed wound in one fair temple shone in ghastly distinctness. There was a murmuring of voices among the crowd, and here and there Mrs. Leigh heard a word or sentence:

"Who can she be?" "No one has ever seen her before." "Drowned, perhaps." "A steel wound." "What! murdered did you say?"

"Is there no trace of who and what she is?" asked one.

"I have a story to relate," replied a voice, and its tones were fearfully hollow.

The speaker was Randal May; yet it would have been difficult to have recognized him, with a face so dark and wretched. His voice gained firmness as he perceived with what eagerness his auditors awaited his words.

"I have reasons for believing that this young woman has been murdered. Here is a handkerchief which I found upon her person, and it bears her name."

The soft, damp, sea stained fabric was taken by the first speaker, and the name read aloud—"Adelia Ravens." Randal May proceeded:

"Before dawn I came out to see what vestiges there was of the violence of the storm, and here upon this spot I came upon this body. It was not alone there. There was a person beside it who held a glittering stiletto, and then the wound you see there was bleeding freshly. It has closed since."

The quick eye of the first speaker, who was a magistrate, observed that the wound had begun to turn blue, and that clots of blood hung around it.

"I heard," Randal continued, "that person whom I found sitting beside the dead body utter murderous threats against the life of this poor murdered woman. I heard them distinctly not many hours previous."

There was a breathless pause.

"Can you not name this person?" asked the magistrate.

"If it be required at law I will do so."

"I require it immediately," responded the officer, "as there should be an arrest, and no time is to be lost."

"I grieve to name as branded with so horrible a crime that of a young girl," said Randal, and there was a faint tremor in his voice.

"This is a matter in which there must be no trifling," cried the magistrate, sternly. "You are but a tool in the hand of the law. Speak out!"

"The girl is known by most of you," began Randal, boldly. "It is Norma Leigh."

There was a shriek so piercing and resounding, that it seemed as if the life chords must have snapped in some poor heart. Then Randal May turned pale and weak. He had not seen the mother's wretched face. Ah, well might his cheek blanch; he had not reckoned upon the cost of *such* revenge; but there was no place for turning now, his hand was in the flame, and though he might writhe with pain, it could not be withdrawn.

Whilst some were bearing away the senseless form of Mrs. Leigh, others, accompanied by the magistrate, were upon the track of the accused. They had not long to search. Far up the beach, seated on her favorite haunt, a lone rock jutting over the deep water, they found Norma Leigh. All the charm and witchery of the elf had vanished from her looks, and in her stony eyes, damp, uncombed locks, and drenched and soiled garments, there was nothing but desolation. Drooping and nerveless hung her pale hands. Ah, had the monster within her slaked its burning thirst with her heart's fountain, drained it of its purity, and left her thus wrecked and revenged? Ah, where was the light that had

* Daughter of the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

shone so brilliantly from her dark eyes but a few hours before, as she visioned her vengeance?

It had come. Death, death to her who had come between Norma and happiness! Death! Who could tell by what means the bolt had fallen? In the blast that Norma had invoked, in the cold wave, or in the cold steel?

Norma looked up, around, down, and all was gloom, save where through small, grated windows a stray sunbeam slanted in. Her dull gaze took the vision in, and yet no change came over her hard, stony face. Could it be that Norma Leigh's delicate limbs were doomed to a hard prison bed? was it prison walls that rose so darkly around her? Alas, it was too true! Youth or sex could not save her, when the iron hand of the law held her in its mighty grasp. Passively and silently she had yielded to the arrest, and neither by word nor look strove to assert her innocence.

The days went by with magic speed to those who breathed the free air of heaven, for an intense excitement prevailed. Never had any community been the scene of so strange a transaction. Every tongue was laden with the wild story. "A young girl arrested for murder, and of the murdered nothing could be ascertained—save a name." Time might unravel the mystery, but time could not be hurried in its mighty course, and while curiosity rose to fever height, Norma languished in a jail. Now and then there was a visitor in her prison parlor, but she had ever been a being of strange reserve, and there was little now in her manners to encourage either curious or unfeigned interest.

Did she not wonder where was the mother upon whose bosom her infant head was pillowed? Did she not miss her gentle caresses, and weep that even a mother's love had deserted her in the hour of shame? If there were such thoughts in her bosom she was too proud to utter them, and there was no one who found courage to tell her that her mother from the first moment of waking to consciousness, and realizing the fatal truth, had sunk into a state of complete imbecility and helplessness.

The day of trial came, and Norma yielded passively to the guidance that directed her steps to the court house. Her seat had been guarded from the public view, and none but those upon the stand were visible to herself. There was a mingled hum, giving evidence to the vast crowd gathered below; but the consciousness seemed to awake no tremor in the heart of Norma, upon whose cheek there was a cast that appeared as unimpassable as marble. No shadow of change was visible upon her face until the evidence of the chief witness was given.

As Randal May, with business precision, repeated the wild words he had heard her utter, whilst he was concealed beneath the bluff over which she leaned—as she heard her ravings thus cast into the ready ears of a gaping multitude, a fiery spot came out upon each cheek. Not until he turned to retake his seat did he meet the glance of her eyes—a glance as unfathomable as it was piercing. Another witness was called forth, whose evidence bore upon the mysteries of the case. Ellen May stood heavily veiled before the court.

Again Norma listened; as with the keenness of the scalping knife, the great wound so ghastly in her heart, and yet so sacred, was laid bare. Ellen May recounted the narrative she had gathered from the lips of Mrs. Leigh, and the chain of circumstantial evidence was complete. The blind girl of the story, and the ill gotten wife of whose darkened sight Norma had raved, were one and the same—the names were the same. The wife of Walter Ravens was the object upon which Norma had breathed her murderous threats, and the murdered bore the name of Ravens. A golden pin had been discovered upon the dead body bearing the inscription, "To my wife—from Walter to Adelia."

The solicitor had ample field in which to display his eloquence, and it was done. The crowd sat in spell-bound silence during his speech. When the lawyer in defence arose it was in deep embarrassment. He had no ground upon which to clear the accused, save the monstrosity of the charge against a delicate girl, one to whose charities and kindness there were many present who could have borne witness. There was a sound of sobbing at this assertion, and more than one bearing humble lineaments sat with head bowed in bitter weeping. Suddenly there was a stir among those seated on the bench. "The prisoner is fainting!" cried one.

Ellen May hurried forward with her smelling-salts, but Norma dashed away the proffered hand with the fury of a tiger. Her illness was not feigned, and burning with fever they bore her from the court.

Not many hours later, the doors of the prison to which she had been returned were opened to admit a visitor. A young man entered, bearing the sharp cut lineaments of Randal May. The heavy hinges re-closed, and they were alone. There were some workings of human feeling contracting his severe lips; but it was a weakness, and he conquered it as he approached the bed upon which she lay motionless.

"This is a strange place of meeting, Norma. Do you remember our parting?" he asked, with bitter triumph.

She made no reply, but fixed upon him her large eyes, and there was a portion of the old scorn slowly igniting at the spark he was kindling. Again he began hurriedly, as if the silence was oppressive:

"Do you know the verdict which has been passed upon your crime?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And the doom?"

"I know it," she said quickly, as if to end the torture.

"What is it?" he asked, with inquisitor-like cruelty.

He had looked for her to quail, but she replied: "Hanging!" And there was a strange, proud gleam in the eyes that glared upon him. It was now his turn to quail, yet it was but momentary, then he said:

"I come to ask if you have no requests to make; if there is not some one whom you would like to see; if there is no message I can bear for you."

She raised partly upon her elbow, and with something of the old wild music in her voice, cried, as she pointed one thin finger to the door: "I desire nothing of you but freedom from your presence."

There was a dignity, a power in her words and in her manner that overpowered him, and without another word he turned away cowering, and with a thorn in his heart that would never cease to rankle. Ah, where was his revenge? Where was Norma's?

The lapse of time had no landmarks for Norma. It might have been hours, or it might have been days, before her prison doors were opened to admit another visitor than the physician. This time a gentle, holy face bent over her, and it was that of the minister—the physician of the soul, with his time-honored locks and heaven-illuminated brow. He held a volume and sat beside her with her cold hand in his, as he read to her softly and affectionately from the pages of the Holy Book. She listened with her eyes upon his face, and the strong expression of her features gradually changed as he read here and there from the consoling words of Jesus. He dwelt with peculiar eloquence upon the story of the thief on the cross.

"Does not Christ," asked Norma, in startling emphasis, "somewhere tell his disciples that 'he who hath murder in his heart shall be condemned?'"

"Those are not the precise words of our Lord," replied the minister, "but that is the same in meaning with one of his sayings in the sermon on the Mount."

He turned to the 5th chapter of Matthew and read the 21st and 22d verses; then to the first epistle of St. John and read the 15th verse of the third chapter.

"But, my daughter," he continued, "Christ's mission was one of divine forgiveness. He came not to denounce but to pardon, and the rivers of mercy are flowing as plentifully and as freely as in the day of the crucifixion, when the glorious instance I have been dwelling upon was given of divine mercy."

Naught but a low moaning sound came from Norma's lips in reply. The rigid expression of her features had given way to that of a hopeless anguish, that was harrowing to witness. No consolation seemed to penetrate through the cloud of dark conviction that had settled upon her soul. No words came from her lips but the sentence, "He who hath murder in his heart is in danger of hell fire." So her distorted remembrance bore the language of Christ. Again and again the minister came, and strove to open to her darkened soul the avenues of peace, but it was in vain. As well might he have cast his words to the heaving billow, and have looked for the senseless element to drink the healing in.

Norma's was a nature in which the wells of feeling were almost impenetrably deep, and there was but one being who had ever fathomed their depths. In vain was human sounding now.

Some days succeeding the trial there was an unusual stir without the prison, a mingling of voices following the rapid approach of wheels. Then steps approached the door of Norma's cell, and assisted by the jailor, a stranger crossed the threshold and entered. Then with uncertain, feeble steps, a young man slowly approached the centre of the apartment where Norma sat crouched upon the floor. He looked like one who had been rescued from the grave, so supernaturally pallid was his wasted face. He was obliged to shade his sight for a moment that he might distinguish objects in the dark prison, and then he took in the melancholy vision of Norma's crouching figure. Her head was buried between her folded hands, and the whole of her worn frame shook with the convulsive sighs that flowed constantly from her bosom.

The young man gazed in silence, with all the warmth, all the vitality of a passionate nature concentrated into his piercing dark eyes. His pale lips quivered as he mastered his emotion, and spoke but one word; yet it was with thrilling eloquence. He called "Norma," and half bent over her, unconsciously opening his arms, as if he looked for her to pillow her head upon his bosom. She started with a wild cry. That voice and that thrilling tone penetrated to her heart's core. She met the glance with one so fearfully wild, he trembled lest her reason had fled. For an instant there was some involuntary, yearning impulse which made her half bend to that offered embrace; but as instantaneously she recoiled, and all the anguish came back into her face.

The young man shuddered as he saw the change, his outstretched arms dropped heavily by his side, and he sank upon a seat overpowered. Through the white, thin fingers that he pressed over his eyelids, dropped such tears as man seldom weeps—such tears as Norma in her suffering had never shed. Yes, it was Walter Ravens, who, in the abandonment of a woman-like sorrow, wept at the ruin he had made—the wreck of what had been so lovely. He recalled a vision of the bloom that once glowed so softly upon her joy-kissed cheek, the light that once made glorious her love-lit eyes, and in anguish he cried:

"O, Norma, to find you thus! I am tempted, like Cain, to cry, 'My punishment is heavier than I can bear!'"

"Welcome, punishment," exclaimed Norma, and the sound of her voice came to him in its long hushed music like a mournful dirge over buried happiness, "to me! It is I whose deep-dyed sin shuts me out even from the mercy of Christ."

He heard her in wonder.

"It is false, Norma. You are innocent. You dare not repeat what you have uttered, or I shall indeed think that this most foul injustice done you has overthrown your reason."

"Alas," she moaned, "I am not mad, but guilty, most guilty."

"Cease, Norma, for the love of heaven. I would as soon question the purity of the angels, as to believe you guilty of wrong—such wrong as has been imputed to you."

"You know not my misery!" she cried. "Has not Christ condemned murder in the heart? If my hands are not dyed with blood, my soul is crimsoned, not alone with her's who was found dead! You know what sinful words I was heard to utter; yet I have not, no, not even by a look, attempted to assert my innocence! Innocence, did I say? O, not that. Yet what vengeance could I inflict on senseless clay? God had been merciful, and had taken the frail life which my guilty soul threatened! It was a far kindlier death. I thank the Great Being for it, though I am no less guilty!"

Walter listened to her wild language, and once more bowed his head in uncontrollable grief, but he could not shut out the heart-rending echo of her voice. He was little prepared to find her thus, and the sight unmanned him. He had come boldly, bearing proofs that would restore the injured victim to the free air of heaven; but he had expected to find her terrible in the majesty of wrong; not as she was, O, no! It needed but this sight to complete the agony of his remorse. Again he roused himself.

"This is madness, Norma. What were the ravings of an over-heated brain? It is most sinful thus to wrong the Almighty's free mercies, to think that his word denounces mere delirium.

Believe me, were you summoned to appear at that higher tribunal, the record of your heart's history would bear no murderous stain. I know your heart now far better than you dream."

She only moaned in the same sad, despairing way. Even his voice had no power to remove the mists from her diseased brain. The sight grew to be torture, and he sprang up, exclaiming:

"But why do we linger here? Come, Norma, let me bear you from this murderous place, let not another moment witness this fearful outrage. But, alas, I forget that even my voice cannot operate without the law. Let me hasten and send those more worthy the high privilege of releasing you." Again he paused. "There is another story, Norma, I have dreamed that it would be sweet to pour into your ears."

His voice grew eloquent with passionate emphasis, as another and a deeper chord within his nature was stirred.

"Tell me, Norma, in pity, if you will not feel polluted, in listening to that which may soften my crime, in your bitter remembrance of what has been."

Again the moan, and the slow, distinct words, "Nothing, nothing for my ears!"

The air seemed to grow heavy around him, and with a gasp he cried as he again turned to go: "Farewell, Norma! I could have borne your curse far better than this; but I will no longer outrage your forbearance by my presence. Farewell! May Heaven bless you! if it is not sinful for me to invoke Heaven."

He went out, with a roused spirit crying menacingly within him, "'Tis thy work."

One look she cast after his retreating figure, as if it was the last she should ever cast thus on earth. Could she have read with what that look was eloquent, she would have realized that she did not fathom her own heart as she did another's.

There was a loud ringing of the court bell, and an eager, waiting crowd rushed in and filled the court room. There had been a rumor that a stranger had arrived who could throw light upon the mysterious murder, and excitement rose fearfully in suspense. Walter Ravens arose before the eager crowd, and made no delay in giving a brief, clear statement of the singular chain of incidents that had led to this unfortunate error. He used that eloquence alone which a mighty truth bears, but it was powerful, and the crowd sat spell-bound, not alone interested in Norma's fate, but in that of him who had been the hero of her sorrowful girlhood. His peculiarly striking appearance added another charm to the whole wild transaction and denouement. This was the substance of his story:

"He had left home with his blind, invalid wife with no other purpose but the restoration of her health and the gratification of her invalid fancies. They were on board a packet bound for some southern port, and when it was known to Adelia that they passed close to the bay of Inskanilla, she was seized with a desire to visit its quiet settlement, though she nor Walter knew of Norma's having found her home there. She had heard of its many charms, its soft waters, and though she could not see its beauties, she had her avenues of enjoyment. Walter owned a small pleasure-boat, and he had brought it, anticipating some such excursion, in which Adelia had often accompanied him before. It was fitted up with every convenience that its size could afford. They easily procured the services of a sailor, and after making arrangements with the captain of the packet to meet him on his return voyage, they embarked upon the waters in their little boat. A stiff breeze soon wafted them close to the entrance of Inskanilla. There had been a steady breeze blowing through the day, and there was little appearance of storm in the light clouds that scudded before the breeze; but suddenly at sunset the wind veered, and angry clouds began chasing each other with fearful rapidity across the sky. Thunder heads loomed up near the horizon, and when the boat was launched upon the waters of the bay, the wind bore them direct from the settlement, whither they were bound. Yet the sailor assured them that they could reach the port before the storm would rise to its height. They steered out boldly, and when darkness came on they found themselves rocked upon the tempestuous, fiery-looking element, and the storm was rapidly nearing them. When the lightning began to play so fiercely, Walter endeavored to shield his wife, and urged her to go into the small cabin; yet she seemed to enjoy the sound of this wild play among the elements, and persisted in sitting near the mast.

"At length there came a bolt that seemed aimed by the Almighty at the helpless craft. A portion of the mast was splintered in pieces, and Walter sprang to the assistance of the sailor, whom he saw was stunned. Yet he had scarcely moved, before a groan from Adelia caused him to turn again immediately, and he saw that the blood was trickling from a deep wound in her temple. A splinter from the lightning-struck mast had glanced towards her, and penetrated to a fatal depth. Regardless of all else, Walter took her in his arms, and whilst he endeavored to staunch the flowing blood, the boat, left to the mercy of the waves and wind, gave a fearful plunge. Before she had righted herself, the next wave swept over her like a mighty monster, and carried with it all on board. Walter clung to his helpless burden; yet he found how weak was his single arm against such a storm-lashed element. In the next flash of light he looked around over the expanse and saw that the boat had disappeared, and with it the poor stunned sailor.

Walter plied his strokes with the fearful energy of despair, but he felt his burden grow heavier and more helpless. He tried to speak cheer, but in anguish he saw that she was fast sinking where mortal sounds would never reach her more. A very little while and he felt her stiffen in the grasp of death. A chill horror crept over him and paralyzed every nerve, and reckless of his own destiny, he yielded himself to his fate. He became insensible, and knew nothing when he was picked up by some fishermen returning to their homes. The body of Adelia sank to the cold depths of the waters, and before morning was washed ashore, scarcely a stone's throw from the home of her whose happiness she had been the innocent means of blighting. In the home of the fisherman, Walter lay for weeks prostrated by a wasting fever, and in a stupor nearly akin to insensibility. Each day his kind entertainers were in expectancy of his death, and they had been unable to arouse him sufficiently for him to make known anything in regard to his history or name. They lived on the secluded shores distant by many miles from the settlement of Inskanilla, and were well nigh hermits in their habits. It was a chance visitor who was relating the startling circumstances of the trial and arrest of Norma, and Walter heard through the heaviness of stupor that which roused him as from a death slumber. He awoke to supernatural energy, and with the strength of a mighty will endured and conquered all obstacles until he was conveyed to the scene of the trial. The sequel is known to the reader.

There was a wild shouting, a sound of great rejoicing, when the prison doors were thrown open and the poor broken-hearted girl restored to liberty. Alas! they had taken from her young life that which could never be restored. The streams of divine healing might flow into the arid channels of her soul, and give to them the verdure, the freshness of "the green pastures and still waters," but the bloom of the heart they had blighted forever. Yet the blight, the wound with which wrong so deeply scarred her heart, was but a passing shadow to the thorn which rankled in that of Richard May. As he was blotted from her memory, so we blot his name from this record!

Walter Ravens returned to the world, where heavy worldly interests chained him. He was left by the death of his widowed father-in-law the heir to great riches; but wealth was not in his eyes what it had once been. A change had come into his soul. He had not passed across the burning ploughshares without receiving bleeding wounds, and they had not healed unless power from a more than earthly source had administered a balm. He became a Christian, and the mighty energies of his nature found food in active benevolence, and for awhile the channels of human feeling flowed calmly. But there came a period when the great want within his heart clamored to be satisfied. What was this want? and where, O, where would he turn for that which alone could satisfy? A shadow from the lost days of yore mocked him in reply to this spirit questioning.

Walter had been a tender guardian of the happiness of his blind wife; but during the years of their union the void within his soul had never been more aching, more unfilled. In extenuation of the wrong he had inflicted on the object of his first, great love, let the story that he would have unfolded within the prison walls utter its own language. When Walter was in the employment of the rich banker, he was domesticated

in the luxurious home of the latter, and the idolized blind daughter became his daily companion. She was unfortunate, and he pitied her, she was lovely and confiding, and it was pleasing to receive her sisterly affection; but he never sought to win her love. It was given unsought, and from the lips of the weak, fond father Walter learned it with dismay. His allegiance to Norma had never been unshaken; but the story of his love for her had never been confided to his employer. As he postponed from time to time the avowal of his secret, his situation became more painful. The banker unhesitatingly urged a union between Walter and his child, feeling that in the riches he would thereby convey to his son-in-law, there would be ample recompense for the assumption of so great a responsibility as the happiness of the helpless girl.

To all this singular transaction, Adelia was of course kept in ignorance. She had given her love, yet it was in the simplicity of a pure nature, too pure to dream of that which in the eyes of

led him far from home, and to the bright waters of Inskanilla Bay. Was it not strange that no spirit of dark remembrance brooded in melancholy over those once fatal names? No; for Walter's faith in a deep love was as strong as when he first plighted his vows to Norma. He believed that she was waiting, and she was. He met her on the romantic shores of the bay, close to the spot where the fishermen who had saved his life kept their humble dwellings. With one of their simple-hearted wives Norma had made her home, where her name was seldom borne to the ears of that public to whom she had once been known, and there she had seen her stricken mother laid to rest. The peace of religion had come to her heart, and its holy calm rested on her brow as at sunset she sat alone by the softly dashing water's edge. There Walter found her waiting; it was there that their long-divided hearts met in that union which on earth is never broken; it was there that they were wedded, and upon the rock by the beach their marriage feast

lay—he rarely did more than indicate his effects, seldom attempting to line his sketch. The pictures of "Childhood" and "Youth," the first two of a series of allegorical representations of the four ages of man, are among the happiest of his designs. In the first, a brother and sister are showing each other the flowers that have just blossomed, the butterflies which have just made their appearance against the azure sky, while in the foreground two other children are playing with the house-dog, the humble and docile friend who submits to caresses and caprices with the same patience. In the centre, revealed by a strong light, is a young wife in all the glory of maternity—her right hand is surrendered to the eldest of her children, towards the left the second brother is wholly absorbed in the occupation of devouring a cake, while the babe in arms is smiling in the sweet young mother's face. Another mother, with her child at her knee, attempts, with attentive solicitude, to initiate him into life by opening to him the world of intelligence.

The division of the human career into four periods, or four ages, evidently dates from a remote antiquity. The movement of life's development presents a striking resemblance to that of nature in temperate climates. Spring, adorned with fresh leaves, recalls the joyous hopes of childhood; we find in the vivifying heat of summer the image of ardent and hopeful youth; in the rich harvests of autumn that of a ripened age, when man, arrived at his full development, gathers the fruit of his efforts; and finally frosty winter resembles the old age of nature exhausted, and declining to its end. The second picture, "Youth," is highly expressive. In the distance we have the flower-crowned and joyous dance, while youth and maiden blend their voices in melodious music. Here, turning from the allurements of pleasure, a youth is bending over his drawing-board and tracing the figure of a mathematical problem with the compass—near him lie various instruments of art and science—Love, Pleasure, Ambition, Joy, are symbolized in this felicitous group. In a forthcoming number we shall present the artist's conception of Manhood and Old Age.

THE GRAND DUKE PETER.

This is what we were made to suffer morning, noon, and until late at night. The grand duke, with rare perseverance, had trained a pack of dogs; by dint of blows, and hallooing after the manner of a muleteer or huntsman, he made them go from one end of his two rooms (for he had no more) to the other. These dogs which showed signs of fatigue, or broke from their leashes, were severely chastised, which, of course, made them howl still more appallingly. When weary at last of this exercise, detestable to the ears and destructive to the repose of his neighbors, he would take his violin, which, as we know, he scraped infamously, and with extraordinary violence, while walking about the room. After which he would recommence the education and chastisement of the pack, which appeared to me really cruel. One day, hearing a poor dog cry terribly for a long time, I opened the door of my bed-chamber, where I was sitting, and which adjoined the one where the scene was taking place, and I saw the grand duke holding up one of his dogs by the collar, while a boy, a Kalmuk by birth, whom he had, held the same dog by the tail (it was a poor little King Charles, of English breed), and the grand duke with all his strength, was beating this dog with the thick handle of a whip.

I began to intercede for the poor animal, but this only caused the blows to be redoubled. Unable to support this sight, which seemed so cruel, I retired to my chamber with tears in my eyes. Generally speaking, tears and cries, instead of creating any compassion in the grand duke, only made him more angry. Pity was insupportable to his soul. One day, when I entered the chamber of the grand duke, my eye was attracted by the sight of a huge rat which he had hung, with all the accompaniments of a criminal execution, in the middle of a cabinet which he had constructed of boards. I asked him the meaning of it. He said the rat had committed a crime demanding an extreme penalty, according to military law; that he had climbed over the ramparts of a card fortress, which stood on a table in the cabinet, and had eaten two sentinels, made of paste, who were keeping guard at the bastions; that he had judged the offender by the laws of war; that his dog caught him; that he had been hung without delay.—*Memoirs of the Empress Catherine the Second.*



CHILDHOOD.

the world would have received condemnation. Walter knew all this, and he realized, moreover, that the moment he pursued the course of honor and avowed his betrothal to Norma, the banker's influence would be withdrawn, and he would have again to begin the battle of life penniless, and unable to offer to his bride a home. Education was powerful, and very faulty in the case of Walter. He loved ease, he hated work, and despised his own ignorance of the labor necessary to obtain an honest living. He loved refinement, and Adelia was a model of grace and loveliness. The temptation was strong, and when Walter hesitated he was lost!

Thus fell the blight upon the heart of Norma. They met, even at the bridal, when one was uttering false vows; yet unuttered as was the language of both sundered hearts, they knew that each was true to the other! Such was the history of the past.

Walter's widowed dreams became haunted by a vision, and he followed where it beckoned. It

was spread; and the honest fishermen, whose smiling faces gave cordial cheer to the beloved bride, the nymph of their wild coast, called the place ever afterwards, "The Bridal Rock."

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

The two engravings now before the reader are from exquisite drawings by Tony Johannot, an artist who died too young, though he had accomplished much, and though residing for many years in Paris, and ranking among French artists, was in reality an American, and born in Salem. He was destined for a mercantile life, and was placed in a store either in this city or Salem; but art claimed him for her own, and he obeyed the requisition. Johannot drew with great facility and spirit, and there was a sweetness, tenderness and delicacy in his compositions which commended them to all men of taste. He never startles you by sharp lines and fierce contrasts—his effects are generally soft and misty. His drawings on the wood resembled those of Dar-

MURAT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

On the verge of old age, I would register some few of my reminiscences of the Napoleonic era. That you may understand these, I must premise, that I was a school-boy, when Napoleon was elected first consul. But I felt, like my mates, an enthusiastic admiration for the new "hero," and, my time having expired, I was discharged from school. But when the conscription appeared, I was caught, and not greatly to my dissatisfaction either. For, having some theoretic enthusiasm for war, and having been somewhat distinguished for the management of my horse and of the weapons fitted thereto, I found myself placed at once in the cavalry of Murat. I had not been there many days before Murat himself came to me and appointed me one of his aid-de-camps. I was astounded at the honor, and hung back, but he, good humoredly, said something which, in our vernacular, would amount to a pretty round oath, and took me along with him to his quarters. (I learned, subsequently, that Napoleon had something to do with this.) I may possibly attempt to describe Murat, as a whole, hereafter. Now I cannot. We are in Egypt, in the midst of the battle of Mount Tabor. A few of us, cavalry, must rely for a time, until Napoleon comes up, on the French infantry. Diminutive in size, compared with some other people, they are "pluck and spirit" from head to heel. Essentially military in character, they recognize the inevitable worth of discipline. Therefore, a few thousands of them, with bayonets fixed, and muskets, at the same time, flashing almost continuously, they breasted the incessant shocks of ten times their number of that formidable Mameluke cavalry. They knew that Napoleon would do for them what he could, and they had intimations that he was near. Therefore they stood fast, one to ten. Suddenly on the brow of Mount Tabor flashed Napoleon's "eagles." I was at Murat's side when the troops arrived there, after a march and under a sun, that made plunging in river or ocean superfluous. Looking down upon the scene below and beholding Kleber and his handful of gallant Gauls standing death-fuming and steel-pointed against numbers innumerable, there might fitly come upon the beholders an awful sense of the supremacy of the soul and the soul's influences over all material things. I have said nothing hitherto of the charges which Murat had made on the Mamelukes. I was never five feet from him the while, and how either of us escaped death, I know not. But, our numbers being so scanty, we could create but a paltry diversion in favor of those infantry lines, who, little fellows as they were individually, made, when combined, a cliff, mountain high, which hurled back those Mameluke cavaliers as the rock hurls back the wave. But, as I said, the "eagles" appeared upon the brow of Mount Tabor. We paused for a moment, as did also the foe. Napoleon had redeemed his pledge, as he always did, when he could, say adversely who may. A shining troop of dragoons came down the slope at full gallop and put themselves under the command of Murat, whose glad tears burst forth at the event. I knew, by this sign, how anxious Murat had been, and how much genuine sensibility was wrapped up in this "emperor of dragoons." I had occasion to learn more of the same lesson. The coming dragoons were ranged in order for a charge, Murat being, as ever, a little ahead on the right. I expected to see him draw his sabre, for apparently there was one suspended at his left side. I had somewhat marvelled before that I had never seen him with "sword in hand," but our "demonstrations" had been so trivial, that I thought little of this fact. But now that we had "six hundred," not less gallant than those immortalized by our young friend Tenyson, I thought Murat would draw his sword. No such thing! His office was to make others draw their swords, and, having drawn, to use them effectually.

And did not we do it? I could not forget that charge if I were to live ages. "*En avant, mes enfans*," says Murat in those inexplicable tones, which impel men to conquer or die. On we started at full gallop, Murat and myself, his "right hand man," close by his side, and crash we came upon those formidable Mamelukes. It was, of course, a mere cavalry fight. Damascus blades and Birmingham swords crossed, and one or both was shivered—usually the former. For myself, I got maddened, (and, God forgive me if it was wrong,) I cut sheer down through more than one turban. But Murat? He had nothing

in his hand but a slight riding-whip, such as our ladies carry in their horseback rides. With this alone he was in the centre of the fight, magnetizing all our souls and lifting and bringing down all our sabres without himself grasping one. I know not the origin or cause of this custom of his. Suffice it, that we drove the Mamelukes before us like sheep. Not easily either. They fought like "fiends of the nether pit." But their weapons were inferior to ours. Resisting us as long as they could, and getting "the steam fully up," they resorted to all sorts of uncanonical devices. They flung their clumsy Turkish pistols at our heads; they turned their horses' tails towards us, and made them kick up at us, and, in fine, did everything in the power of man and beast to vanquish or resist us. In vain. Murat was in the midst of us, and Napoleon was eagle-eying us from Tabor's summit. How could we do else than conquer? With such leaders, victory could not but perch on the eagles of France.—*By one of his Soldiers.*

charged upon them without waiting for his brother; so he marched promptly with his men in a close column and gave battle." "He too," as Simeon says, "knowing without doubt that victory would not lie with a multitude of men, but in the pity and mercy of God," and seeing also that, mass or no mass, the pagans must not be allowed to get between him and his brother. "But here I must inform those who are ignorant of the fact, that the field of battle was not equal for both armies. The pagans occupied the higher ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also in that place a single stunted thorn-tree, which I myself have seen with my own eyes. Around this tree the opposing hosts came together with loud shouts from all sides, the one to pursue their wicked course, the other to fight for their lives, their dearest ties, and their country." "In the midst of the fight, and when Alfred was hard pressed," according to Brompton, for the older chroniclers do not mention this,—"the king came up with his fresh

ly in harness, and that, as you yourself add in the next sentence, "they knew not the way of teaching nor understood its paths; it was kept far away from their faces." It is fair to add that Brompton states that Æthelred slew Bægseeg with his spear, and another pagan of note with his sword after he got up to the fight; but the older chroniclers do not mention this.

To finish briefly the history of the rest of the year 871, fourteen days after the battle of Ashdown, Æthelred and Alfred fought another battle with the pagans (probably with that part which had remained in garrison at Reading, with Hingnar and Hubba, and the relics of Halfdene's army) at Basing, which seems to have been undecided; and two months afterwards another at Merton. After which, in the summer, reinforcements came from beyond the sea, and joined the pagans, King Æthelred died, and Alfred fought before the winter four more pitched battles. So, as the Saxon chronicle sums up, "in this year nine general battles were fought against the army

in the kingdom south of the Thames; besides which Alfred, the king's brother, and single aldermen and king's thanes, oftentimes made attacks on them which were not numbered, and slew of them within the year one king and nine earls." This was not the war the pagans reckoned on; they liked fighting very much in reason, as an accompaniment of spoiling a country, and did it well; but to be fighting nine pitched battles in a year, hemmed in in one corner of a rich kingdom (for they never got farther than a few miles into Wiltshire), and getting no spoil even there, was not to their taste, so in the winter they made truce with Alfred, and took themselves off to their old haunts in Mercia and Northumbria, and did not return for five years. This year, A. D. 871, is a year for Berkshire men to be proud of, for on them fell the brunt of that fiery trial, and their gallant stand probably saved England a hundred years of paganism. For had they given way at Ashdown, and the reinforcements from over the sea come to a conquering instead of to a beaten army in the summer, there was nothing to stop the pagans between Reading and Exeter. The other eight battles were skirmishes in comparison with this one: they scarce occupy five lines each in the chroniclers, and out of the king and nine pagan earls who were slain within the year, six fell at Ashdown. It was Alfred's crowning mercy; and so he felt it to be, and in memory of it he caused his army (tradition says, on the day after the battle), to carve the White Horse, the standard of Hengist, on the hill-side just under the castle, where it stands as you see until this day. —*The Scouring of the White Horse.*

MARINE ODOMETER.

An apparatus for indicating a ship's progress has been invented in England. The instrument is connected with a driving apparatus, by a tube which contains a column of atmospheric air. The driving apparatus is actuated by the resistance of the water to the motion of the vessel, and consists of an open chamber, in which is fixed a wheel somewhat resembling a screw propeller. The passage of water through this chamber gives motion to the wheel, which also, by means of an endless screw on its spindle, communicates power to another wheel acting upon the rod of a blower. The blower is formed of a cylinder, divided into two parts by a transverse partition, and from each half rises a tube. One of these tubes opens into the atmosphere, and the other

connects with the instrument already mentioned. Each of the ends of the blowing cylinder is closed by an elastic cover, movable by the rod of the screw wheel. These two covers are joined by a connecting link, so as to act alternately, one being drawn out when the other is thrust in, thereby counteracting the gravitating tendency of the valve, and by means of the column of air in the tube connected with the air chambers of the indicator being set in motion by the blowing cylinder below, motion will be communicated to the corresponding elastic end of the cylinder of the indicating apparatus. The dial for indicating the progress of the ship consists of three flat gradular rings, rotating one within another. The motion is communicated to these rings by the in and out action of the elastic covers. This motion actuates two clicks that are made to take alternately into the opposite teeth of a ratchet-wheel, giving it thereby a revolving motion; and on the axle of this wheel is a pinion which gears in the teeth of a segment wheel mounted on a dial axis.—*Com. Bulletin.*



YOUTH.

THE BATTLE OF ASHDOWN.

"About four days after the battle at Reading, King Æthelred and Alfred his brother, fought against the whole army of pagans at Ashdown. And they were in two bodies: in the one were Bægseeg and Halfdene, the pagan kings, and in the other were earls." "Now the Christians had determined that King Æthelred with his men should attack the two pagan kings, but that Alfred his brother with his men should take the chances of war against the earls. Things being so settled, the king remained a long time in prayer, hearing the mass, and said he would not leave it till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of men. And so he did, which afterwards availed him much with the Almighty, as we shall declare more fully in the sequel. But the pagans came up quickly to the fight. Then Alfred, though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there and would not lie, could no longer support the troops of the enemy unless he retreated or

forces." "And when both hosts had fought long and bravely, at last the pagans, by God's judgment, could no longer bear the attack of the Christians, and having lost great part of their men, took to a disgraceful flight, and all the pagan host pursued its flight, not only till night, but the next day, even until they reached the stronghold from which they had come out. The Christians followed, slaying all they could reach, until it became dark." "And the flower of the pagan youth were there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms." "There fell in that battle King Bægseeg, and these earls with him: that old Earl Sidroc, to whom may be applied that saying, 'the ancient of evil days,' and Earl Sidroc the younger, and Earl Osbern, and Earl Frena, and Earl Harold; who, with their men, choosing the broad and spacious way, went down into the depths of the lake;" or, let us perhaps hope not, old monk Simeon, seeing that they died gallant-

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY V. D. VERLASEN.

Sweet Hope went singing by my side,
Throughout the summer day;
But fear came in the wintry night
And stole my sleep away.

I waked to mourn—the moonbeams fell
Where Hope lay cold and dead,
And as I knelt to weep and pray,
Fear turned and wildly fled.

Since then, nor hope, nor fear,
Is to my spirit known,
But in my soul the angel Peace
Dwells silent and alone.

With dove-like grace she folds her wings,
A bleeding heart above,
And turns revengeful thoughts aside
With her deep eyes of love.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOHN POTTER'S HEROISM:

—OR,—

A Winter on a Rock in the Arctic Ocean.

A TALE WITH A MORAL

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

THAT brilliant talents, or noble attributes will always render their possessors eminent, however humble their condition in life, is a favorite axiom with some reasoners, and like many other axioms, it frequently falsifies itself. Such talents or attributes may, perhaps, always command a certain local consideration, and provided life is spun out to its full threescore and ten years, they may often command the plaudits of the world and the admiration of posterity, at a period of life when their possessor is too old to value the world's applause, or to care for the bubble—Fame; but we believe, with the poet Gray, that many a "village Hampden," and many a "mute, inglorious Milton," rests beneath the sod of a village cemetery, the glorious intellect, or the noble, generous heroism they would have displayed had circumstances been favorable to their development, not even suspected.

But for the war of the Revolution, George Washington would have only been known as a tolerably good soldier, a pretty skilful engineer, and an honest country gentleman. Napoleon the First, but for the terrible revolution in France which struck the death blow to the House of Bourbon, would probably have lived and died a *sous-officier* of artillery. Wellington, possessed of great military genius, acquired distinction in early life because, setting aside his own merit, his father was Earl of Mornington, and his elder brother Marquis of Wellesley and Governor General of British India. Havelock, possessed of equal military talent and moral worth, but possessing no influence at court, was almost unknown until a servile insurrection in Hindostan brought his abilities into notice and placed him in a prominent position before the public eye, when he was sixty-three years of age, and so worn out with years of toil and hardship that he sank into his grave ere the plaudits of his grateful countrymen reached his ears, in his distant field of action amid the sultry plains and the pestilential jungles of India.

We might carry our comparisons into the literary, artistic and scientific worlds with equal truth, or we may descend to inanimate nature, and they will still hold good. There stands an old elm on Boston Common, a fine, venerable old tree, which is carefully tended, and propped and belted in its old age, and fenced around with ornamental railing, and honored with an inscription, an ante-mortem biography, such as men are sometimes flattered with, and gazed upon by admiring strangers and cherished by loving residents, while yet that old age is green, and, by-and-by, when, like Sterne's Oak at Windsor, it decays and crumbles to dust, it will be rendered immortal in history, because it chanced to grow on Boston Common. No one will deny that it is a majestic old tree, but there are elms of larger girth and wider spread, and more majestic appearance, in the forests of New England, which are only known to residents near by, and whose age and size would scarcely save them from the woodman's axe if money were offered for their massy trunks. These are the "village Hampdens," the "mute, inglorious Miltons," of vegetable life, to whom dame Fortune has been churlish, and who have their counterparts among

living men and dead heroes, poets and philosophers, whose memory is revered above their fellows, very often because they chanced to have been born on a mental Boston Common, where the eye of the world was upon them.

So much for our philosophical similitudes; now for our story of a hero in a humble life who, had he won golden epanettes instead of a sailor's tarry jacket, would probably have been enrolled in the list with Cook, Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, and others who have acquired immortal fame for their deeds of chivalric daring.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago, a North Sea whaler set sail from the port of Hull, England, on its perilous voyage to the Arctic seas. Among the crew was one John Potter, a native of the Shetland Isles, a brave, gallant seaman, honest as the day, and fearless as Achilles, but as ignorant of aught save that which appertained to his hardy profession, as was ever honest blue-jacket who never looked forward to promotion "abaft the fore-castle," or whose highest aspirations were bounded by a "bo'sen's rating."

John Potter was a fine, tall, strapping, manly looking fellow, with a handsome face and curly, dark brown hair, and as the blind god plays quite as much mischief with the hearts of honest poor folk as with those which beat in the bosoms of the "porcelain" of the earth, it is not to be wondered at that John Potter attracted the attention of many pretty maidens in his own station in life, and of one, especially, to whom "his heart did seriously incline," one Alice Watson, a pretty, gentle maiden of twenty years of age, the daughter of a widow, whose husband had perished at sea. The mother and daughter supported themselves by doing plain sewing, and resided in the same house as John Potter's mother, whom he had brought from Shetland and whom he supported out of his hard earned wages.

Those were the palmy days of North Sea whaling. The voyages were brief in duration, since the vessels engaged in the fishing did not leave port until May, when, by the time the Arctic Ocean was reached, the ice had begun to break up, and they rarely protracted their stay on the fishing ground later than the middle of October, when the ice again began to acquire solidity; but whales so abounded that, generally speaking, three months sufficed to load a ship with blubber, which was carried into port to be "tried" out, instead of performing this operation on the cruising ground, as is the custom with the vessels engaged in the long voyages of the sperm whale fishery in the south seas. The men often went upon shares, managed according to a graduating scale, and even the foremast-men, if a "full hold" were obtained, received a considerable sum of money for their "lay," on their return.

John Potter, therefore, who was industrious in his habits, and who usually employed his time on board the coasting vessels sailing between London and Hull in the winter season, was enabled to maintain his old mother comfortably, and to save money besides. On this voyage he was to go out as "harpooner," in which post the "lay" is more profitable, and it was arranged that he should marry pretty Alice Watson on his return home, and the gossips said that a braver lad or a bonnier lass than would unite their fortunes for life when that day came round, never stood before the altar in the old parish church.

The *Stornaway* sailed from Hull, and the master of the ship, Jeremiah Dobson, a young man, but one of the most esteemed of the whaleship masters of Hull, who had some years before married Jessie King, the daughter of one of the owners of the *Stornaway*, yielded to his young wife's earnest entreaties, and allowed her and their child, a pretty little girl of two years old, to accompany him.

It was a rough voyage for a mother to undertake with her child, but Jessie Dobson was greatly attached to her husband, and was curious to witness the method of capturing the huge monsters of the deep, and to share the excitements of the voyage. Some men seem to have been born to good luck, and Captain Dobson was one of these men, so that after all, his wife had little hardship to dread, as the cabin was fitted up for the occasion with more than ordinary comfort, and the summer, short though it be, is generally a season of fine and moderately warm weather, even within the Arctic circle.

In due season the *Stornaway* reached the cruising ground off Nova Zembla, and, as usual, the voyage promised to be a successful one. Whales abounded, and in the short space of two months a sufficient quantity of blubber was ob-

tained to complete her lading, while the weather had been so favorable that Mrs. Dobson averred that she rather enjoyed the voyage than otherwise; at any rate, that the pleasure of her husband's society fully compensated for the petty discomforts that she occasionally found herself necessitated to incur.

At length, when at the extreme northern latitudes of the voyage, many miles north of the most northerly point of Nova Zembla, the vessel's course was shaped for home, and all hearts beat high with the prospect of speedily rejoining their friends and enjoying the profits of the cruise. No one on board the *Stornaway* looked forward to his arrival in Hull with brighter hopes than John Potter. The profits of his "lay" bid fair to exceed his most sanguine expectations, and in the course of a few weeks he hoped to clasp to his bosom pretty Alice Watson, his bonny bride.

Storms and fogs are of comparatively rare occurrence in very high latitudes, but on the second day after the prow of the *Stornaway* was turned homeward, a storm of unusual violence sprang up, accompanied with snow and such dense fog that no one on board could see a ship's length from the vessel.

It is no trifle to handle the rigging of a ship in the midst of a snow storm in the Arctic regions. The sails become as stiff as sheets of solid ice, the ropes are coated with ice until they are double their original thickness, and will not pass through the blocks until the ice is battered from them with sticks; the decks are so slippery that, even if perfectly level, it would be difficult for the seamen to keep their footing. How much more difficult then, when the ship is tossed to and fro on the stormy billows, now pitching forward, now almost dipping her stern under water as the bows spring upwards, as if tossed into the air by some invisible and mighty hand, with as much ease as a child would play with a toy ship—now rolling over until the lee gunwale is level with the water and the crew are in imminent danger of being cast into the tumultuous, icy waves—now righting herself so suddenly that the most experienced seaman is unable to maintain his balance on the slippery deck, and all are thrown down and tossed to windward, to find themselves, before they have had time to regain their feet, thrown, as if down an icy precipice, all in a heap together into the freezing water in the lee scuppers.

But the crew of the *Stornaway* were all picked men, hardy whalers whose life from early boyhood had been spent in contending with the wintry elements of the frozen ocean. After a protracted struggle with the stiff ropes and sails, during which the horny hands of the sailors had been cut by the ice as if they had been hacked with knives, the vessel was got under easy sail, the men had exchanged their stiffly frozen garments for warm, dry clothing, a dram had been served out to each, the watch set, and the rest of the crew had gone below to enjoy the leisure afforded by a gale of wind when once all has been made snug on board a staunch ship—the sailor's holiday.

But the security that would have been felt in the midst of the broad Atlantic, in a more southerly latitude, was wanting here. The atmosphere was misty; the sea in which they were lying to abounds with small rocky islets, mere specks of bleak, bare black rock, and with enormous icebergs, with either of which, if a vessel were to come in contact, her fate and that of her crew would be sealed.

Many an anxious gaze was cast into the impenetrable mist to leeward—to gaze to windward was unnecessary and indeed impossible, for the icy spray dashed violently on board, cutting the flesh like a sharp knife. So two days and nights passed wearily away, until at daydawn on the third morning the gale moderated in some degree and the haze lifted. All was once more hope and activity.

"Hurrah for home! Away aloft, my hearties. Loose the foretopsail and the jib. Stand by the spanker. Haul out. So—o. Let the reefs stand as they are. We'll not let them out till the weather looks steadier."

Orders such as these resounded throughout the ship. The men sprang aloft with alacrity and spread themselves along the yards, clinging with insect tenacity to the slippery foot-ropes and rigging. The stiff folds of the sails are loosened, the ice cracking as they fall from the yards. The cry is raised to those who have remained on deck, "Sheet home, my hearties."

A dozen hands have seized hold of the

stiffened ropes and are dragging and pulling with all their might to urge them through the frozen sheave-holes of the blocks, to the inspiring chorus,

"O, sheet him home, helgh ho! cheerly, man,
Pull with a will, heighho, cheerly, man!"

and the ropes and blocks crack and creak with the strain, while every now and then the men slip backwards and slide to the deck, still retaining their hold of the "fall" and laughing good-humoredly at their mischance, when a cry is heard from aloft which strikes terror into every heart.

"Icebergs close aboard to leeward!"

"Down with the helm, hard down!" cries the captain, himself seizing hold of the spokes of the wheel and assisting the helmsman with all his strength, when again comes that terrible cry from aloft:

"Icebergs to windward. Hummocks ahead! We are right in the midst of them!"

Another moment serves to lift the curtain of mist, and a terrific sight presents itself to the hapless gazers, who hold their breath with horror. The gale is still blowing lustily and the sea is violently lashed by the wind, until it seethes and foams like a boiling cauldron. It dashes madly against the black, cavernous base of an iceberg, which towers aloft far above the tall masts of the ship, the upper portion overhanging and glittering with all the colors of the prism. It is not half a furlong distant, while still closer to windward another iceberg of larger proportions is bearing down upon the ship as if bent upon her destruction. Ahead, not a quarter of a mile distant, rises a range of "hummocks," or rocks just rising above the water's edge and covered with snow. One glance is sufficient to show that escape is hopeless. One moment each man gazes into the face of his fellow, his face and lips pale with terror, speechless, motionless, paralyzed with fear. Then is heard the stentorian voice of the captain:

"Clear away the long-boat. Quick, my lads. It is our only chance! God help us! We are drifting dead upon the iceberg. Cut away, my lads. Knives and axes. This is no time to stand upon ceremony. O, God! my gallant ship. Must she founder, at last?"

But now a more terrible thought takes possession of him. "My wife and child!" he shrieks aloud, with a voice that is scarcely human in its anguish, as he dashes into the cabin, and snatches the loved ones, still sleeping, unconscious of peril, from the stateroom, and rushes with them upon deck.

Even during the period of his brief absence, the vessel has approached fearfully near the lee iceberg, while that to windward is closing in upon her as if to crush her to atoms. The long-boat has been cut adrift, and by dint of almost superhuman exertions, has been placed ready for launching when the dread moment shall arrive, and a small cask of water and a few bags of bread have been put on board. Another minute of dreadful, speechless suspense. The agony of a life-time concentrated into one brief minute's duration. Jessie clasps her child to her bosom and elings, pale and speechless with terror, to her husband, who clasps her with one hand, while with the other he clings to a shroud. Then comes a crash, louder and more fearful than thunder; the iceberg seems to echo in mockery the sound of the cracking timbers, the moaning, shrieking noise as if the vessel were imbued with life and were lamenting her fate. Every one is thrown to the deck. There comes a rebound, and then a second crash and a moan and shriek, heard amidst the crash, as of human agony in its extremity. The masts totter and fall, the seams of the deck open, again the vessel rebounds and again strikes the rock of ice, and the gallant ship is a wreck—a mass of mere broken timbers.

The long-boat is launched from the gangway. Thank God, the water between the icebergs is smooth and the winds unfelt, but the cold is intense, almost unendurable. The only chance is to reach the hummocks with the boat and there await the chance appearance of some sister whaleship, whose crew may perceive them and come to their assistance. With great difficulty and danger the long-boat is loaded, but it will not hold all. The gunwales are already level with the water's edge, and the captain, his wife and child and three seamen, among them John Potter, are still on the wreck. The jolly-boat fortunately has escaped injury and is launched, and into this step the remainder of the hapless beings. They pull ahead and clear the icebergs, which seemed to be possessed with life, and to be consciously and maliciously engaged in crushing

every semblance of shape out of the vessel, which still floats, buoyed up by the blubber in the hold. "Away for the hummocks; pull with a will!" Alas! the boats are entangled amidst huge masses of field ice, which impede the progress. One of these huge masses strikes the jolly-boat and crushes in the side. The boat fills and all on board must perish unless the already overcrowded long-boat can receive them. The cask of water is thrown out and there may be room. The boat is pulled alongside a piece of ice, upon which the crew of the sunken jolly-boat have sprung. One by one they step cautiously on board the overloaded boat. The captain, with his child in his arms, remains on the ice to the last. Then he endeavors to hand the infant to one of the crew that the man may pass it to its mother, who holds up bravely amidst this scene of horror.

The boat yaws off and the captain springs into the water with the child, the seamen waiting to catch his hand and haul him into the boat, but in springing he strikes his head against the gunwale and stuns himself. He is quickly hauled on board, but the child has slipped from his arms and is floating on the surface of the icy sea. For a few moments the infant remains unseen by the crew, who are busy with their unconscious captain, but a shriek from the mother and a wild attempt to throw herself into the water and save the child, informs them of the poor babe's fate. Two sailors hold down the frantic woman, who pierces the air with her shrieks.

"It is no use," says the steersman, shaking his head. "The poor babe must go. If we run the boat among that ice we shall all be lost. Hold down the lady, boys, don't let her jump overboard. The cold 'll soon kill the poor child."

The captain is still senseless. "Save my child!" shrieks the mother. "Let me go. Where is my husband? Let me go, I say. Brutes! Are you men? Cowards! Will you let my babe drown before my eyes? O, my God, my God! John Potter, you loved the child. Are you too cowardly to try to save her?"

The infant had been a pet of the sailor thus appealed to by name. It had been his delight, in his hours of leisure, to nurse it and to teach it to lisp its infantile sentences. The honest fellow's lips worked and twitched nervously. The attempt would be perilous, hopeless, almost certain death, but his eye had caught the imploring glance of the bereaved mother, and he could not resist the mute agony of that appeal to his manhood.

"I will try, marm!" said he. "If I can't save the little one, I'll die with her. Give my love to Alice, marm, and to mother, and bid the captain, if he comes to himself, to tell the owners as John Potter died doing his duty to the last!"

Even as he spoke, he cast himself overboard, scrambling over the field-ice, often breaking through and disappearing and rising again, still clambering and wading forward until he reached the open water where the infant lay floating, buoyed up by her clothing. He swam to her, and reaching her, seized her clothing between his teeth. The crew rested on their useless oars, watching his progress with intense, speechless anxiety. He swam back to the broken field-ice, slowly, painfully, for his limbs were stiffening with the cold, his clothes heavy with their sheathing of ice. Again scrambling over the detached masses of broken field-ice, he at length reached the boat's side. The infant was lifted on board by one of the sailors and placed, almost frozen to death, in its mother's arms. Meanwhile, two others caught hold of John Potter and were striving to drag him on board, when an immense field of ice struck the boat with such force as to loose their hold. John Potter must have sunk had he not had just strength enough left to creep upon one of the broken pieces of ice.

The boat was, as we have observed, surrounded with large masses of field ice, which rendered the oars useless. She drifted within the mass, away from the detached piece on which stood the intrepid sailor. Vain were all their efforts to approach him. The icebergs in the Arctic Sea create artificial currents, which often run in contrary directions. Such was the case now. The piece on which John Potter stood was borne away from the mass amidst which the boat was entangled. Captain Dobson regained his consciousness, and filled with gratitude, urged his crew to the utmost, who, indeed, needed no urging to use every endeavor to save their shipmate from a death which appeared inevitable, but which was horrible to think of. All was in vain.

The day passed away. Night came on and they were still increasing their distance from the hapless seaman, who, in that northern midnight twilight, could be distinctly seen, his dark form sharply defined against the now bright, clear horizon, pacing to and fro on his narrow floating prison, to keep himself from sleeping and freezing to death. All through the night he was visible to the horror-stricken occupants of the boat, who forgot their own danger and misery in the contemplation of his more dreadful fate. Before noon the next day, he could no longer be seen. All supposed he had become exhausted, had sunk down, slept and died. They hoped so. It were better thus than the slow starvation which probably awaited themselves. Happily, however, they were seen by a whaler the next day, taken on board and carried safely to Hull. Many were severely frost-bitten, but all were saved of that unfortunate crew—all, even to the babe, except John Potter. It was sad news to convey to Dame Potter and poor, pretty, expectant Alice. The son and the lover was dead, and had died such a death!

Deeply, bitterly they mourned over his untimely fate. Every inhabitant of Hull lamented the fate of the brave sailor who had perished in the act of doing a gallant and noble deed, and all pitied the poor mother and the betrothed maiden. The owners of the vessel paid John's wages to his mother and sent her a gratuity besides, and many gentlemen and ladies sent her and Alice sums of money, among the rest, Queen Victoria sent ten pounds to the widow and the like sum to Alice. The money was useful and was thankfully received, but it could not bring back the dead, nor efface his memory from the hearts of the mourners.

The following spring Captain Dobson sailed in another vessel, the *Laurel*, to the same cruising ground. This time he was more fortunate; his old luck returned. He obtained a full ship and sailed again for Hull. While passing near the spot where he had been wrecked the previous year, his attention was attracted to a strange appearance in the sky, like the gigantic figure of a man standing on a mound. It was calm at the time, the ship was lying motionless, and it was near midnight, when the sun dips its edge in the horizon to rise again without entirely disappearing for months. The seamen were superstitious and fancied that the apparition boded some evil, but the captain, who was a man of some education, knew that the refraction of the sun's rays in these high latitudes often caused strange sights to be seen in the sky. It might be the figure of some lonely, shipwrecked mariner, looking out from his island prison into the bleak horizon, in hopes of seeing and attracting the notice of some passing vessel. He resolved to cruise about the spot for a day or two, in order, if such proved to be the case, to save the unfortunate man. True there was no land in sight, but there was a group of small rocky islands laid down in the chart not very far distant, and he resolved to sail past them. The calm continued, and the next night at the same hour, the apparition re-appeared. The captain was more firmly set in his resolve, and when at length a breeze sprang up, he steered his course for this group of islands. Towards the midnight hour of the following day he sighted the rocky group, and a few minutes after he was gratified with the vision of a human being, who, it appeared, had clambered upon a hummock and was gazing at the sea.

A boat was immediately lowered and pulled to the rock, which was the largest of the group. The figure waved its arms as the boat drew near. The captain landed with two of his men and met the figure half way between the hummock and the boat. What was Captain Dobson's delight and astonishment to recognize in the stranger, John Potter, the harpioneer of the *Stornaway*, of the late unlucky voyage—the saviour of his child! John Potter, thin, pale, haggard, and prematurely old and gray, but John Potter, still!

The meeting was a joyful one on both sides. John told his story; he had drifted on his ice-boat to the shore, which he reached in a state of complete exhaustion, but to his glad surprise he saw, a short distance from the sea, a low hut, such as are placed on some parts of the Greenland and Spitzbergen coasts, in order to afford refuge to shipwrecked seamen. This one had evidently been constructed by the Russian government, and it was abundantly supplied with sheep skins and also with food, coarse, but sufficient, if used with economy, to keep him from starving for several months. In that lonely,

underground hut, on that solitary, sea washed rock, John Potter had spent the long, dark night of winter without a living companion, for even the seal and sea-fowl had departed for their winter hiding places. There, from October until October again, twelve months, six of them spent amid utter darkness, he had lived his solitary, hermit life, hoping on, hoping ever, until winter again drew near, and no ship came in sight. Day after day, night after night, during the summer, he had stood for hours together on the hummock gazing into the horizon in vain, until this day. The ship had come just in time; for a month past he had lived on half a biscuit a day, and that morning he had consumed the last mouthful of food that had been left.

He was taken on board the ship and cared for, but the vessel reached Hull before he was perfectly restored. There a joyful reception awaited him. The glad tidings flew through the town. The church-bells rang merry peals, and a crowd of inhabitants, mad with delight, carried him home to the abode of his mother and of Alice Watson, who soon after her lover's return, became Alice Potter. The mother and the maiden received him as one who had risen from the grave. The Royal Humane Society testified its recognition of the generous and noble deed he had done by sending him the gold medal, and he received various testimonials from the town of Hull and from other towns and cities.

But his long abode in the night of the Arctic regions, in solitude and semi starvation, had injured his constitution, and he sunk into a consumption and died in less than two years after his glad return. A tombstone was erected to his memory by the townspeople, and in the churchyard of Hull it may still be seen—a brief inscription informing the reader that he who lies beneath lost his life by exposure to the rigors of an Arctic winter, having been carried on the ice to a rocky island while risking his life to save that of a child, the daughter of the commander of the vessel, and this is all. John Potter is forgotten by all, save a few of his townsmen and she who was for a brief period his loving wife. His mother died shortly after the death of her son, and lies near him in the churchyard. Had John Potter been born and bred in a loftier sphere of life, or had he been placed by fortune in a position to display the deeds of heroism of which his soul was capable, to an admiring world, he would have been enrolled among the world's heroes. As it was, he was one of the "mute, inglorious," whose heroism is known only to a few, and is only a village wonder.

Such is the moral of our tale.

*The reader will please bear in mind that we are relating a true story and no fictitious tale.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, was once, says the Jamaica Long Island Farmer, a baker boy in Brooklyn. One day he chanced to be in the navy yard at Brooklyn, and the thought struck him that he would like to enter the navy. So, going to the proper officer, he applied for admission. The novelty of seeing a lad alone, boldly asking for a place so often secured by political preferences, or by the entreaties of influential friends, attracted at once the attention of the officer, and he inquired, "What can you do?" The reply was prompt and decisive:—"Anything that another boy can." He was told to call again, and a few days passed, and the place was given to the enterprising lad. Scarcely in his new position, he began to show marks of genius and aptitude which outdid his associates, and step by step the baker's boy rose to influence and rank, and to-day he stands among the highest in rank and most influential in power of the great ones who compose the United States navy. Such, in brief, is the career of William N. Hudson, commander of the United States steamer *Niagara*.

MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has declared the benefits of marriage. They are these: 1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them. 2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some. 3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it. 4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, and bear thee up. 5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy. 6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy. 7. Nothing is delightful at home. No society is equal to marriage. 8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant. 9. Kindred increase, parents double, brothers, sisters, families, nephews. 10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue. 11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life. 12. If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage,

"Earth, air, sea, land, full soon shall come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

THE SOIL BREATHEES.

Certainly it does, just as truly as you do. A few years since, if one asserted that trees had lungs and breathed, he would have been held to an argument to prove it; just a few years earlier nobody would have believed that a fish's gills, and the leaves of a tree, and the lungs of a beast, all performed the same office, that of aerating the blood or sap. The soil breathe. How does it breathe? Its circulating fluid, the blood of the soil, is water; this comes to it from the air, and is already aerated. True, but this soon loses its gases by contact with the soil, just as the arterial blood fresh from the lungs, loses its oxygen when passing its circuit in all parts of the body. The blood comes back to the lungs for more oxygen, but the blood of the soil cannot do this, so we must let the air in, to come in contact with it. We cannot here explain the working of the air in the soil, but would thus briefly enforce the necessity of stirring the soil during droughts as deeply as practicable, not to interfere with the roots of growing plants, and those of previous culture, so that a deep light soil shall invite a free circulation of air beneath the surface. Hot air, the moment it presses beneath the surface, becomes very moist, from the water which it originally contained, and it deposits it, thus not only aerating the soil, but adding to its moisture. Cold air can hold but little moisture, but hot air dissolves an immense quantity, which it deposits when it cools, or on cool surfaces. Who has not noticed of a winter's day, a locomotive leaving behind it a snowy cloud of vapor, like a comet's tail, often floating for minutes after the train has passed? Think of this, and watch the steam car on a day like those of midsummer, the hot breath just as full of water as in winter, is puffed out into the eye of the sun, and not steam enough shows to make a shadow—it is so quickly absorbed by the air.—*Homestead*.

TWO GENEROUS SOULS.

Micajah Harriss was an active soldier of the Revolution, and became captain. He and his wife's brother, James Sheppard, were taken prisoners by a Tory scout, and conveyed to some halting-place on King's or Indian Creek, where it was proposed to put them to death. When the halt was ordered, one of the Tories proposed to another to shoot them. He offered the unwelcome office to another, and he to another, till the whole scout had declined the bloody work. They then told the prisoners, if either would shoot the other, he should be discharged. They indignantly rejected the proposition. Sheppard then said to their captors that, if one life would satisfy them, he was single. His brother-in-law was a married man, and had one or two children. He asked, therefore, to be the victim. Harriss would not accept this generous sacrifice, but said, with manly courage:—"If one has to die, let us both die together." The Tories, struck by the self-sacrificing spirit of their prisoners, discharged them both on parole. They could not, however, give up their plunder; so they seized Captain Harriss's fine horse, which he rode, and sent him home on foot.—*Facts of the Revolution*.

CAUSES OF CHAIN LIGHTNING.

In a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, Mr. Grove stated, and proved by experiment, that the effects of rarefaction upon gases, either produced by the air pumps or by heat, tend to render discharges of electricity more facile, and to enable them to pass across much larger spaces than would otherwise be the case. So strikingly was this evidenced with flame, that when the flame of a spirit lamp was held near one of the terminal points of a coil apparatus, the terminals being separated to a distance far beyond that at which the spark would pass in cold air, the spark darted to and along the margin of the flame, and could be curved or twisted about in any direction, at the will of the experimenter, giving a perfect illustration of the crooked form of lightning, and of the probable reason why it does not pass in straight lines—the temperature of the air being different at different points in its passage, and much of this variation of temperature being, in all probability, occasioned by the mechanical effects of the discharge itself upon the air. The experiment is one which may be easily tried.

MAZZINI.

Mazzini, says a Paris correspondent, has made a recent tour into Italy, and the following anecdote relates to the trip:—When he goes into Switzerland, Mazzini generally passes through the canton of Ticino. Now the Swiss there dislike these excursions, and the authorities have given the strictest instructions to arrest the dictator whenever he can be recognized. In addition to a warning of his coming, the Swiss gendarmerie had received notice that Mazzini always travels with two passports. He then presented himself perfectly disguised as Coppet or at Versoix—I am not quite certain which. The gendarme who examined the passport and compared notes as to the description he had received, entertained some suspicions, and, turning to Mazzini, he said, "this passport is all right; but the second one, show me that." "A second passport! What second passport? I've only one." "O, if you've only one, you can pass; it isn't you I'm looking for." It was thus, through the wondrous intelligence of a gendarme, that Mazzini was able to go through Switzerland.

False delicacy is affectation, not politeness.



THE NEW TOWN OF BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS.

VIEW OF THE NEW TOWN OF BELMONT.

The accompanying view of the new town of Belmont, Mass., was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Homer, and is taken from a point to the eastward of the town, the spectator being supposed to be looking westward. It represents the sweep of Wellington Hill, with its terraces, elegant private residences, trees and gardens, forming altogether a beautiful and attractive scene. Belmont post-office is about six miles from Boston, on the Fitchburg Railroad, and the scenery at that point has long been celebrated for its romantic beauty. In natural attractions it is unequalled by any spot in the vicinity of Boston, and it has been built up and laid out with great taste. The present legislature, as all our local readers are aware, passed a bill incorporating the new town of Belmont, an event which was celebrated by the inhabitants, on its consummation, by salvos of cannon, displays of fireworks, and all manner of rejoicing. It is the 333d town incorporated in the Commonwealth. It is composed of portions of Watertown, West Cambridge and Waltham, taking 1446 acres from the first, 1523 acres from the second, and 428 acres from the last, giving it an area of more than five miles. The number of inhabitants is 1174, of whom less than 200 are voters. It is said that in proportion to its size it is the richest town in the State; one estate,

that of John P. Cushing, embraced within the new town, being valued at \$500,000. Belmont embraces the settlement of Waverley, seven miles from Boston by Fitchburg Railroad. Belmont has now entered into the fraternity of towns with a fair start, and we look to see it increase with a rapidity proportioned to its attractions and advantages.

CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE.

The view of Charles River Bridge from Charlestown, published on the next page, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, and is what all local views should be, an accurate and detailed representation, without embellishment or obscurity. The spectator is supposed to be on the Charlestown side of the river, looking towards Boston. The long line of the bridge with its draw, is accurately depicted. Near its termination are seen the tall chimney and massive buildings of the gas company's works, and in the distance the graceful spire of Christ Church, historically renowned, and the more modern spire of the Gothic Church in Hanover Street. Boston has so long enjoyed every facility of communication with the surrounding cities and towns, that we cannot realize its condition of isolation in its peninsular state, when the citizen was compelled to make a long journey to get out of town with a carriage, and when sail or row-boats

afforded the only means of reaching the opposite shores. The bridging of the Charles River was therefore an immense step in the march of improvement; the first steps towards it created almost as much excitement in the good old town as the laying of the Atlantic telegraph. In the ante-bridge days, when Boston rather vegetated, and there were large gardens throughout the place, and cows pastured on the Common, it better deserved the patronizing name of "village," which our New York friends bestow on it, than now, when the peninsula is crowded with dwellings and stores, is expanding wherever land can be obtained or made, and where bridges, horse and steam railroads and steam ferries radiate in every direction, and afford every element of vigorous growth. No city of the East has undergone more changes than Boston, and when it is finished it will certainly be a magnificent city.

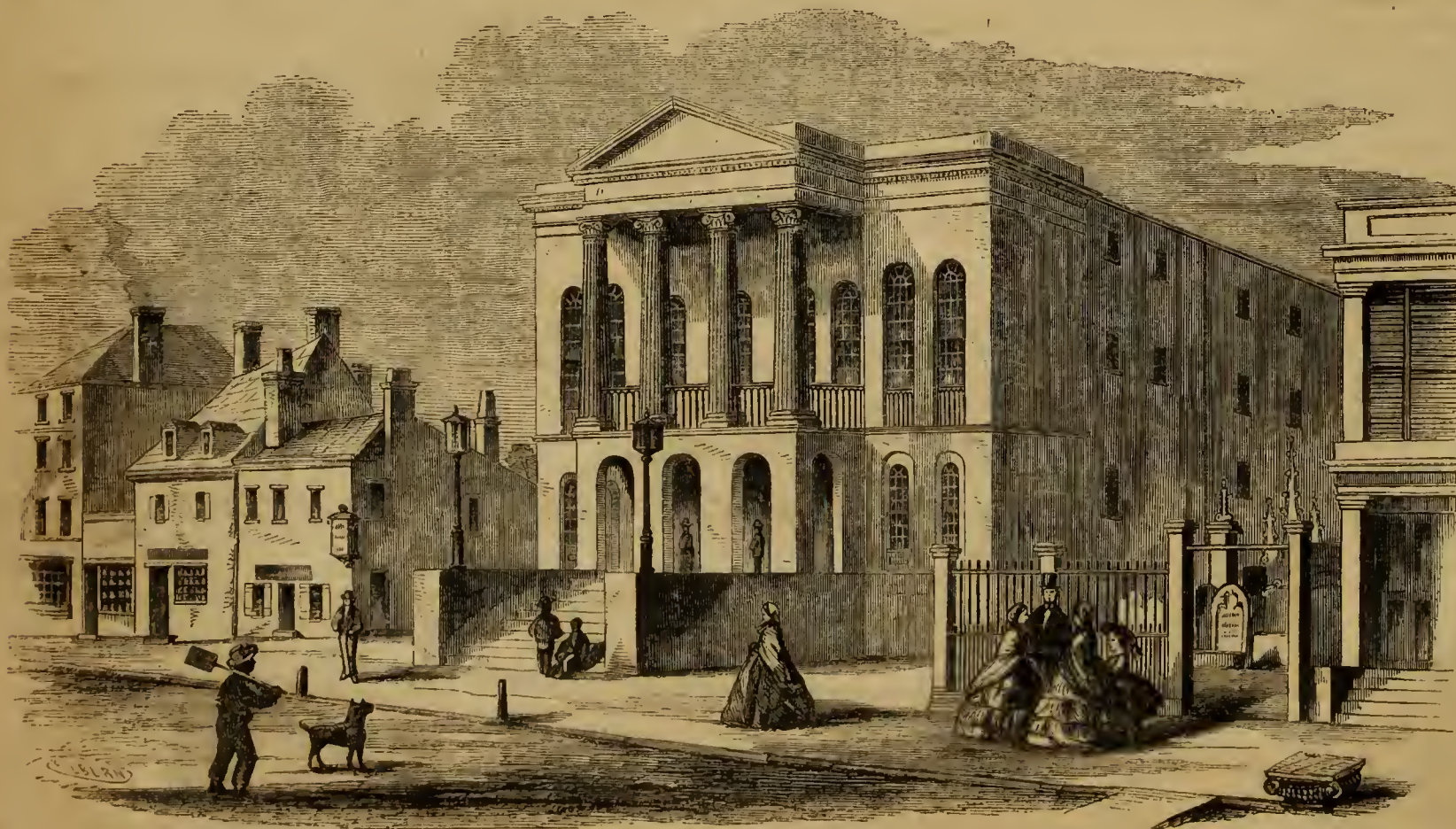
SKETCHES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

The two pictures illustrating noted buildings in Charleston, S. C., were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn on the spot. The two structures are in the fact, as well as in the representation, near neighbors. They are both located on Meeting Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Charleston. The purposes of the two buildings are as diverse as possible, yet closely connected, one entirely devoted to

mental, the other to physical food. The market, which stands upon the easterly side of Meeting Street, is but partially seen in our view, the main building alone being shown, the other buildings connected with it extending back to the water. The different departments are devoted to beef, vegetables, fruit and fish, and are separate and commodious. The main building is of stone, and was erected in 1841. The front is adorned with very elaborate iron railings and lantern posts. Elaborate iron work, in the way of railings, fences and gateways, is a peculiarity a stranger notices in Charleston, and in many instances they have a very graceful and picturesque effect. In the earlier portions of the day the market has a very busy appearance, the commodious street, on either side, being crowded with human beings, beasts and birds. To a stranger from the North particularly, the birds are not the least interesting, they being buzzards, the self-appointed scavengers of warm climates. They are nearly as large as a turkey, and are tame, familiar and grotesque to the last degree. They surround the market (particularly at the closing in the afternoon, when everything not sold must be cleared out), hopping and skipping in the street and on the sidewalks in a manner peculiarly their own, or roosting on all the eaves and chimney-tops when they have gorged themselves, or there is nothing more for them to eat. They are looked upon by the inhabitants as a necessary evil, and are protected by law. On the opposite side of the street, a little to the south of the market, is the New or Charleston Theatre. It is, as our view shows, simple and unpretending in its appearance, but quite commodious, and well adapted to theatrical purposes. Meeting Street presents many other fine public and private edifices, interspersed among many buildings of early date, a few of which are seen on the left of the theatre. Meeting and King are both fine streets—the longest in the city running from the South Battery, north and north-westerly through the entire length of the city.

CASH SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

A Glasgow commercial circular ascribes the comparative security of French commerce—a fact which has not attracted the attention it deserves, either in Great Britain or this country—to the modified nature of its credits. In France, trade approaches far nearer a cash business than it does either in England or the United States; hence, as an illustration, the panic of 1857 was comparatively nothing in France; and, as a general thing, trade is always more even in France than it is in countries, where credit is largely extended. The circular remarks, that but for an abuse of banking, the merchants could not give the extensive lines of credit which they now do.



CHARLESTON THEATRE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE GORILLA.

At the London Royal Institute, recently, Professor Owen delivered a lecture to a crowded audience on the Gorilla, the recently discovered animal of Central Africa, which bears the nearest resemblance to man of any of the monkey tribe that has hitherto been discovered, not excepting the chimpanzee. The first traces of this creature was made known in England in 1847, and from the bones and sketches of it which Professor Owen received from missionaries, he inferred that the Gorilla was one of the most highly-developed species of the monkey group. In August last, a specimen of the Gorilla, preserved in spirits, was received at the British Museum, and a well-executed drawing of it, by Mr. Wolff, was exhibited. Professor Owen first pointed out the anatomical characteristics of the Gorilla, which distinguished it from other species of monkeys, and he afterwards mentioned such particulars of its habits as he has collected from those who have visited that part of Africa where it is found. The points in which it approaches nearer to man than any other quadrumanous animal, are the shorter arm—particularly the shortness of the humerus compared with the fore-arm, a longer development of the great toe, a projecting nose bone, and the arrangement of the bones of the feet to enable the creature to stand more erect. The drawing of the Gorilla, from the specimen in the British Museum, though only two-thirds grown, represented a most formidable animal, and, compared with the skeleton of the full grown specimen, the skeleton of a man seemed very slim and delicate. Not only are the bones and muscles calculated to give great strength, but the large capacity of the chest indicated the powerful energy with which they were stimulated.

The part of Africa where the Gorilla is found lies from the equator to 20 S., on the western portion, in a hilly country abounding in palm trees and luxuriant vegetation. Its food consists of fruits and vegetables, and its habitation is the woods, where it constructs nests of the intertwined boughs, perched at heights varying from 12 feet to 50. It avoids the presence of the negroes, and is but seldom seen, but it is known to them as "the stupid old man." The want of intelligence that has induced the negroes to give it that name, is shown by its carrying away fruits and sugar canes singly, instead of tying them together and carrying several off at the same time. It is in thus returning to take away its provender into the woods piecemeal that the negroes take the opportunity of waiting for and shooting it. The Gorilla is a formidable enemy to encounter, and in case the gun miss its mark, or only maim the animal, the negro is quickly overtaken and killed, or dreadfully mangled by the canine teeth of the creature. Sometimes when a negro is passing unawares under a tree in which a Gorilla

is seated, it will reach down its arm and snatch the man up by the throat and hold him till he is strangled. The elephant is an object of its attack, as they both live on the same food, and, holding on to a high branch with its hind feet, it will stoop down and strike the elephant with a club. The Gorilla exhibits a strong attachment to its young, as an instance of which it was mentioned that a female and her two young ones having been seen in a tree, she snatched up one and ran with it into the woods, and then returned to fetch the other. Her retreat had in the meantime been cut off, and when the gun was levelled at her, she waved her arm as if to beseech for mercy. But it was in vain; for a bullet was sent through her heart, and the young one was wounded and captured. The Gorilla is sometimes seen walking erect, with its arms behind its neck; its usual mode of progression, however, is on all-fours. Professor Owen mentioned several other points in the habits of the animal, as well as in its osteology, to show its nearer approach to man than any other animals of the tribe; and he concluded by alluding to the fossil remains of quadrumenes, to show that the Gorilla, like man, had not existed till the earth had attained its present condition.

It is often in small matters that the strongest feelings are most strikingly displayed.



CITY MARKET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

BERMUDAN CEDARS.

The beauty of the 'Mudian scenery is greatly enhanced by the cedar trees; as without them the Bermudas would present but a desert appearance, for it appears to be the only tree that can withstand the fury of the elements which, at particular seasons of the year, wage war upon these islands. It affords great protection to the agriculturist, and stems the fury of the gale from his crops; it is of such great assistance in the proper tillage of the land, that the local government have, at various times, passed acts for the better protection of the tree from destruction. Much of the household furniture is manufactured from this wood, and room doors look extremely handsome when made of the knotted portion of the old cedars, and varnished. The beams of the houses, window frames—indeed, we may say that nearly all the wood required for building or house purposes, is cedar. Then, again, the famed 'Mudian boats are built of this wood, and not boats alone, but vessels of large tonnage are now and then, at intervals, launched in the islands. Some small vessels of war have at different times been built also; one, named The Bermuda, was launched in Harrington Sound some few years back, but she was the last man-of-war built of this wood, as it was found not to answer well for vessels of that class. In sheltered situations the cedar attains a goodly size,

and there are yet remaining a few specimens of large dimensions and supposed great age. There is one situated in the old churchyard of Smith's parish, which, from appearance, numbers many winters; it is put to an useful and decidedly ornamental purpose, for up in its aged and time-worn branches is placed the church bell. Devonshire church owns a similar structure. The wood of the cedar is also used for fuel, and, to a stranger, the peculiar and delightful perfume emitted while the wood is burning, is novel and pleasing. Perhaps we may here be permitted to venture an opinion, that the immense number of cedar trees add greatly to the heat of the climate, which, in the months of July, August and September, is generally intense. To judge of the heat thrown out by one of these trees, a person need only stand a few minutes under its shade, when its influence will immediately be perceived. Many of the cedars growing close upon the shore, and exposed to the influence of the heavy gales, have a stunted appearance, the trunks and branches twisted into curious shapes, and their roots bare and exposed. In olden times the native "squires" of Bermuda calculated their wealth by the number and growth of the cedars upon their estates; and tradition has it, that the fair 'Mudian damsel who possessed a right and title to a thousand goodly cedars, was in a certain way of possessing a husband, if so inclined.—*Bermudan Naturalist.*



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HARK," York, N. Y.—1. A matter of taste; but perhaps Edward Everett and Rufus Choate are equally great in oratory, though differing in style. We doubt whether any European orator within the last quarter of a century has equalled either of them. 2. The price for binding is \$1.

PUPIL.—1. The change of color in the chameleon is only produced when the animal is highly irritated or excited. 2. A cohort was a tenth part of a Roman legion.

"OLD FRIEND."—St. L. is now established in St. Louis, Mo. He would be glad to hear from you.

M. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—We are happy to inform you that art matters look very encouraging in this city. Good pictures are readily disposed of. The artists' receptions had an excellent effect on the community, and have produced fortunate results both here and in New York.

C. C.—We have an impression that we have answered your query before, in reply to another correspondent, but may be mistaken.

CONSTANTIA.—The Thugs are an organized society in India of robbers and murderers. They enter into a compact to hold themselves bound to assist, day or night, in any conspiracy which has plunder for its object, or murder is necessary. They obtain information of the intended journeys of persons on business, and likely to have money or valuables with them, and take advantage of every opportunity which cunning can devise to commit the most atrocious crimes.

A. A.—For cleaning alabaster there is nothing better than soap and water. Stains may be removed by washing with soap and water, then whitewashing the stained part, letting it stand some hours, then rinsing off the whitewash, and rubbing the part stained.

HYDROPATHY.—The celebrated Harvey is entitled to some respect from the disciples of Priessnitz. We are told that when he was attacked with a fit of that most painful disorder, the gout, he would sit with his legs in a pail of water, even in the most frosty weather, until the pain from the cold was as severe as that from the malady, and then repair to a warm room, when the disorder was found to be cured. There is no doubt of the value of cold water in fevers, but we must bear in mind the old proverb that "circumstances alter cases."

Mrs F. M.—Some twining plants turn from right to left, and others from left to right. For instance, the convolvulus and the passion-flower turn from right to left; the honeysuckle and the hop from left to right.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

There is a sentiment among men which regards the present as the connecting link between the past and the future, and inspires us to aid those who are to come after us in interpreting the misty record of those who have gone before. This sentiment is peculiar to no era, and is not the child of system. It is the offspring of humanity, alike clamorous with the greeds of necessity, and hopeful with the yearnings of immortality. We look upon the ancient sculptured caves of India, and the semi-antique monuments of Egypt, and mourn the narrow policy of our race, which could not span the tribal influence of their day, with the soul-inspiring idea of an immortal record. Yet the sentiment of condemnation for the remissness of the ancients, should be the monitor to present duty. While we censure the short-comings of those who have gone before us on the earth, let us not forget that the record of our time is to constitute the bridge over which our successors are to travel in their search for knowledge of our predecessors. In this view of the subject, everything now extant which exhibits traces of the early inhabitants of this continent, should be faithfully explored and chronicled by the men of the present age, for the benefit of succeeding generations. An idle curiosity may be gratified by simply gazing upon the decaying relics of the past; but a just sense of responsibility to posterity will prompt us to place upon the record a clear description of those relics, that their testimony may be read in after ages, when the destroying hand of time has entirely obliterated them. These remarks are suggested by a discovery of ancient hieroglyphic writing, which has lately been made in Jersey county, Illinois. This writing appears upon the rocky face of a high bluff, near the mouth of the Piassa River, the figures being painted on the smooth surface of the rock, in a cavernous cleft, which is shel-

tered by an overhanging cliff. The picture record is executed in a horizontal line, from east to west, and at a height of fifty feet from the base of the cliff. The figures represent men, plants, and animals, and are in good preservation where not destroyed by the decay and falling of the rock. Of one of the animals only a part remains, the rest having been lost by the fracture of the portion of the rock upon which it was painted. It is impossible to judge how much of the record has been thus obliterated. On the top of the bluff, immediately over the painted cliff, is a stone mound, of the kind left by the earlier inhabitants of the continent, and beneath this mound was found a sarcophagus, built of stones, containing a human skeleton. Mr. Wm. McAdam, who made these explorations and discoveries, has taken drawings of the picture-record, and of the mound, and secured the skull of the skeleton. He proposes to bring the subject before the St. Louis Academy of Science.

THE HEART-BALLADS.

In the phrase of "heart-ballads" we have launched upon the sea of sentiment, we are aware; but we have not the slightest thought to lead the confiding "sympathet" across this broad ocean of human range; and least of all to wreck the pure, generous, ardent lover of humanity upon the dreary sands of impossible anticipation. No, no, dear reader; we have too often been stirred to the innermost depths of the soul by a lying clangor at the outer portals, and found our high anticipations subside into disappointment, when the bold challenger turned out to be a counterfeit pretender, and no true knight. We therefore eschew the field of sentiment in what we have to say of heart-ballads, and confine ourselves to the prosaic path of reality. There are a few ballads in the world which may truly be styled "of the heart," for they interpret the feelings of humanity the world over. Such are "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, sweet Home," and "Annie Laurie." This latter, for blending of sound that echoes from the heart, and sentiment that makes unerring appeal to human nature, is perfectly unsurpassed in the whole range of united poetry and music. It was written by a lover, and a true lover at that, of the name of Douglas, who thus poured forth his feelings for the object of his devotion, Miss Annie Laurie, the beautiful daughter of a Scotch baronet. The song was composed more than a hundred and fifty years ago, and is now adopted into the musical repertoire of all true lovers as the fullest expression of their passion.

As originally written by Douglas, the song is shorter, simpler, and more expressive. Modern emendators may indeed have given it a more elaborate and artistic structure, but they have not improved upon the touching beauty of the piece. The following is the original form of "Annie Laurie," as first sung by its author; who, by the way, did not win his charmer, she having wed another.

"Maxwellton banks are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew;
 Where I and Annie Laurie
 Made up the promise true;
 Made up the promise true,
 And never forget will I,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay down my head and die.

She's baelet like a peacock,
 She's breasted like a swan;
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist you weel may span;
 Her waist you weel may span;
 And she has a rolling eye,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay down my head and die."

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

It is always very pleasant to see the interchange of kindly courtesies between the vessels of the United States Navy and those of other countries; for they reflect truly the generous and chivalrous sentiments which the nations of the world entertain towards each other, and which we especially cherish for the other powers. The other day we had occasion to note the generous act of the officers and men of the Paraguay expedition, in making up a handsome sum for the relief of a French soldier who suffered by an explosion, while his vessel was paying a salute to our fleet, in the harbor of Montevideo. An occurrence took place in the Bay of Smyrna, last October, which has been the subject of official notice, and of hearty commendation, in a correspondence between the British ministry and our own government. As the U. S. ship Macedonian was coming out of the bay of Smyrna, she discovered the British steam sloop-of-war Curacoa

to be aground, hard and fast, and unable to get off. Capt. Levy of the Macedonian promptly tendered the services of his vessel and crew to extricate the British captain from his difficulty. The offer was accepted, as was also the aid proffered by the Turks, French and Russians, with their vessels. The Macedonian, in conjunction with the other vessels, tugged for hours to haul the Curacoa off; but they could not start her, with all their united efforts. Capt. Levy continued his labors, even after the other assistants had abandoned the undertaking in despair, and parted several hawsers. The other crafts lightened the stranded vessel somewhat, by taking off her heavy lading, but could not move her. As a last resort, Capt. Levy knocked down the cabin bulkheads of the Macedonian, and took a heavy cable from the Curacoa, through his cabin windows to the capstan. The other end of the cable was made fast to the capstan of the British vessel, and then the crews of both vessels manned the bars, and by simultaneous action got her off. The successful issue of this prolonged labor caused a shout from both crews that made the welkin ring. The captain of the Curacoa subsequently stated these facts to his government, and thereupon the British secretary of foreign affairs, Lord Malmesbury, caused a letter of thanks to be communicated to Gen. Cass, our Secretary of State, in which the signal service rendered by Capt. Levy and the officers and crew of the Macedonian, is commended in the warmest terms. Secretary Toucey of the navy department has addressed a letter to Capt. Levy, conveying to him the grateful acknowledgments of the British government. This occurrence, pleasing in itself, is rendered doubly so by its illustration of the wisdom of the action of Congress, by which Capt. Levy was restored to the active list.

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.

The secretary of the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union" has published a report of the condition of the purchase, in the Mount Vernon Record, under date of March 23d. The report expresses regret that the appeal to the people of the United States to make up the balance required, by contributions on the last birthday of Washington, did not meet with a full response. But yet the prospects are very encouraging for the early extinction of the debt which has been incurred by the purchase. In the space of four weeks the sum of sixty-two thousand dollars additional has been paid off; the greater part of the money having been received from recent contributions. The second and third instalments, due in 1860 and '61, have thus been anticipated. Of the sum of \$200,000 required for the purchase, upwards of \$158,000 has now been paid, leaving only about forty-two thousand dollars to complete the amount. This certainly looks very well indeed, for the early success of the undertaking, and gives much encouragement that the additional sum which is needed to put the estate in good condition, may be obtained without difficulty. There are now thirty lady vice-regents for the States, showing that all the States of the Union but three are co-operating to some extent in this filial duty of the nation. The ladies may well be proud of their patriotic labors.

VENERABLE BRITISH PEERS.

The following sketch of those four noble peers, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Lansdowne and Campbell is given by a London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian:—"A very interesting parliamentary performance, the other night, was Lord Lyndhurst's speech on the Royal Academy. Lord Lyndhurst tops even Lord Brougham in mental longevity. Now, I believe, in his eighty-eighth year, he is as lucid in statement, as clear in memory, as playful at once and as powerful in illustration as ever he was. Even the dull and decorous lords seemed stirred when the eagle-faced old man spoke of the days, 'when I attended Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures seventy years ago.' As the son of Copley, the historical painter, Lord Lyndhurst's youth was passed chiefly in the society of artists. He still cherishes the memory of those days, and is proud of his father's connection with art. Only the other day I heard of his sending for one of our distinguished painters to ask his advice about varnishing a picture of his father's, which he was about to present to some public institution in his father's native State—I believe Boston. Lord Brougham is little less of a wonder than Lord Lyndhurst, though several years younger. His

energy is still terrific. He uses a mental sledge-hammer where Lyndhurst handles a small sword—not the less deadly because it requires less muscle to wield it. For unimpaired clearness of intellect, Lord Lansdowne, now in his eightieth year, may compare not unfavorably with either of these legal perennials. But deafness is evidently growing upon him, greatly to his annoyance. His genial, social, and inquiring nature is ill adapted to acquiesce in the shutting up of that great avenue to the brain. Lord Campbell is worthy to run as wheeler with Lord Brougham is the unicorn team of which Lyndhurst should be leader. The intellect is of a less massive order than Brougham's, of a less finished elegance and less noble proportions than Lord Lyndhurst's; but it is an eminently practical mind, and in capital working order, without a speck of rust, kept in full play as it is, yet not over-tasked, by the duties of chief justiceship. Take these four men together, and I suppose we might challenge any assemblage, of any country, or any period of history, to match them, as examples of large acquirement, and long-exercised and marvellously-preserved powers of mind."

FRIENDSHIP IN MONKEYS.

A sentimental scene was witnessed not long ago, in one of the pavilions of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris; the very one, by the way, where sentiment would hardly be looked for, viz., that of the monkey. While the inmates of that abode were indulging in their accustomed gambols, the entrance bell announced a visitor; an old woman entered with a monkey under her arm, and handed it over to the keeper. No sooner did the new comer perceive the rotunda, where his friends were enjoying themselves, than it set up a scream of delight, ran to the door, and by sundry equivocal pantomimes expressed his impatience at finding it closed. When the keeper at length opened it, Pug rushed in, and was instantly locked in the embrace of another monkey, who had recognized the voice, and had hastened to receive him. It appears that the new comer belongs to M. Godard, the aeronaut, and always accompanies him in his aerial excursions. When the balloon had reached a certain height, Pug, seated in a little arm-chair, to which he is securely fastened, performs his descent in a parachute. Though a little nervous at the beginning of his descent, the little aeronaut soon gets accustomed to the waving motion, and seems to enjoy it; for, though accustomed during the summer, to the periodical arrival of the old woman to fetch him from the Jardin des Plantes, he never evinces any reluctance to follow her. During his absence his friend in the pavilion is melancholy and downcast, refuses food, and declines to play; and whenever the door of the pavilion is opened, runs to see whether the absentee has returned.

COBB'S TRIMMING STORE.—Our neighbor, F. W. Cobb, at No. 18 Winter Street, has the best found trimming store in Boston. The Trimming department comprises every variety of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dress, Mantilla and Cloak Trimmings. The Worsted department, stocked with every article pertaining to Worsteds, Silk and Chenille Embroidery, is under the charge of an accomplished lady, where ladies may procure work done—receive instruction, or obtain materials. Mr. Cobb has just added, by fresh importations, a very large assortment of goods to his extensive stock.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—There is a rumor from St. Petersburg that the establishment of a synagogue in the capital, where heretofore Jews had only been allowed to reside under very severe restrictions, is about to be authorized. This, if true, is an evidence that the Russian government has resolved to enter the path of religious liberty.

FINE-ART DRAWING PENCILS.—The admirable drawing pencils manufactured by De La Rue & Co., London, may be obtained of Thomas Groom & Co., 82 State Street. They are of the best lead, and the color and quality commend them to the use of artists.

No oo.—Lord Crowley did not succeed in his mission to Austria; and England, with every disposition to be a cat's-paw of France, has not been able to pull a single chestnut out of the fire.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—The cheapest work ever sold in the United States. One dollar a year. Ten cents a single copy, everywhere.

PUMPING SOVEREIGNS.

The twenty-horse power engine at the British Mint has a double duty to perform: it pumps at once water and sovereigns! This engine is on the high and low pressure principle, and was invented some ten years ago by the Messrs. Rennie. As regards the water-pumping arrangements, it may be said that a spur-pinion on the fly-wheel shaft gives motion to a wheel attached to a three-throw crank shaft, which again works the pumps beneath. The well is 420 feet in depth, and the pumps, of nine inches diameter, throw water into a large cistern fifty feet from the ground; thence the water flows to every part of the establishment. Pumping sovereigns, however, is a different thing. In order to accomplish this, a very large double acting air pump—designed a few years since by a subordinate officer of the mint, who was not rewarded for his pains—is placed below the beam, and worked by a rod dependent thereon. The pump exhausts (in both the up and down strokes) a tube 220 feet in length, connected with a vacuum chamber near the coining press room. Necessarily the vacuum chamber—50 feet in length, and three feet six inches in diameter—is exhausted, too, and on the upper part of this stand eight pneumatic pumps ingeniously fitted with valves, levers, springs, and other fittings, and attached by means of rods to the hollow upright shafts of the presses themselves. The pumps of the presses are forced down by the intermittent action of the atmosphere upon the pistons, packed with leather, with which they are supplied, and carry with them the screws of the presses themselves. Boys feed the presses with gold or silver blanks, and have complete command over them and the pumps. Motion is given to both at the rate of from 60 to 70 per minute, and the dies deliver into trays provided for the purpose streams of gold coins at the same speed, and which have a most tempting appearance. Thus are sovereigns pumped into existence. We know one sovereign that can't be pumped—and that's Louis Napoleon.

RIDING A HOBBY.

The archbishop of Dublin tells of a horseman who, having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of horses' hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced, and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am in some track!" When the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said, "Now, surely, I am in a beaten way;" and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain that he must be in some frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but all the while he was riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it is with men that ride a hobby.

REFRACTORY SINGERS.—They have a summary way of dealing with "birds that can sing, but won't sing," in Havana. They cage them in jail till their voices come back; and so they served M. Gassier lately. His round head looking through the iron-bars window had the effect of a crotchet in a musical score.

LOOKING AHEAD.—The New York Courier estimates that in the year 1990 the population of that city, taking as a basis the present rate of increase, will amount to four million seven hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and sixty-nine.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The schoolmaster, in his travels, seems to have halted in Persia. Lithographic presses have been established both at Ispahan and at Teheran, and several useful school books have been published.

ROME.—The pope has recently ordered two large barns to be pulled down for the better prosecution of excavations in the Roman Forum, from which interesting discoveries are anticipated.

SWISS GIRLS.—In Switzerland, it is said, 20,000 girls gain a livelihood by making watches, or, in other words, *live on tick*.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SHOEMAKERS.—The population of England increases at the rate of one thousand *soles* a day!

FOR LOVERS ONLY.—Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The cable sleeps quietly beneath the sea; De Sauty "has gone home," and stays "gone home" very effectually. Whether he will again "revisit the glimpses of the moon," probably depends upon the question whether the cable will make another spasmodic effort at giving an "intelligible signal." To all appearance De Sauty and the cable are regularly done up, and have been balanced off upon the books of the company. An effort is now to be made to lay a new cable of an improved structure, and by a safer process; and the British government has agreed to guarantee for twenty-five years a dividend of eight per cent. on a new capital of £600,000, to the Atlantic Telegraph Company. This proposal puts the company on its legs again; for with this guarantee the money can readily be raised. It is now thought that by the end of August, measures will be taken for laying the improved cable which has been proposed, and which can be manufactured in season for operations to commence by that time. The government promise of aid has already improved the market price of shares in the company's stock, raising it to two hundred and forty pounds; and some apprehensions are expressed that it may also raise De Sauty, and bring the old cable to life, which it is thought may have been made "to play 'possum" all this time, so as to effect this valuable government aid.

SUBURBAN MATTERS.—Planting time has commenced, and happy or unhappy suburbaners, just as your tastes lead you to term them, are seen daily rushing for the cars, dragging along trees and bushes, and reminding you of Macduff's troops when they personated "Birnam wood" in their advance upon that singularly unpleasant Scottish gentleman, Macbeth, just about the period when his "time was up," and he was "wanted." Well, the worst we wish them is, that every tree they set out may blossom and bear fruit. Tree-planters are true benefactors of society.

A PLEA FOR THE BEARDESS.—In the year 1586, the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a buck-goat, and not a gentleman, as I am."

A SCOTCH ANSWER.—"Well," said a Yankee proudly to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that?" "Like that," quoth the latter, "there's a far mair wonderful concern nae twae miles frae whar I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

A NEW COLUMBUS.—A Boston correspondent of that very clever paper, the New York Saturday Press, talks of having discovered a sculptor in Ball Hughes, about whom nobody in Boston seemed to know anything. Why, man, Ball Hughes is one of the best-known men about town, and his talents were recognized long ago.

LOVE AND ARSENIC.—A German of Milwaukee, all for love, lately tried to end himself and his sorrows by taking poison. He began with five grains of arsenic, and daily increased the dose—but instead of killing him, it only fattened him, much to his chagrin and disappointment.

TOO BAD TO BE GUESSED.—A schoolmaster perpetrates the following:—What irregular verb, if conjugated in the first persons of three tenses, will define the spectacle of boys indulging in a certain game? See, saw, seen! (*See-saw scene!*)

THE BOSTON FAIRS.—It is estimated that the aggregate receipts of the late five fairs at the Music Hall exceeded \$65,000, and the net proceeds to about \$50,000.

JUDGING OF BEAUTY.—We should judge of beauty, not by the mathematical proportions of the body and face, but by the effect it produces.

Wayside Gatherings.

The citizens of St. Petersburg call Madame Bosio the "divine cantatrice."

A police officer in Baltimore has been fined for "swearing a profane oath" in a justice's office.

Slant N. Diekeler, Esq., writes for a Connecticut paper. Of course his articles are one sided.

The people of Georgetown, D. C., are urging the annexation of that town to Washington.

A new play, called the Irish Cousin, has been produced in New York. It is no relation of the other cousins.

Lako Pepin, on the Upper Mississippi has an average width of a mile and one-half, and is deep enough to float the largest vessels.

There are 8000 railroad stockholders in the State of Maine, who have invested nineteen and a half millions in this kind of property.

Miss Ida Vernon, who was last season at the Boston Theatre, is playing at Louisville. The Journal calls her "the lustrous-eyed, beautiful Ida Vernon."

Dr. Gunn has been nominated for health officer at New York. If elected, the inmates of the quarantine may be expected to "go off" without a "discharge."

The Nantucket Inquirer says that at the present time there are nine of the Dartmoor prisoners residing in that town, and all, though in advanced years, are in good health.

The recent canvass in Niagara, Orleans and Genesee counties, New York, for senator, was an extraordinary case. There were no less than one hundred and ten candidates voted for.

Mrs. Turhune, best known to a large and appreciative circle of readers as Marion Harland, has removed to Newark, N. J., her husband being pastor elect of the First Reformed Dutch Church.

In his new work on Ancient Egypt, Baron Bunsen comes to the conclusion that the land of the Pharaohs was inhabited "by men who made use of pottery," 11,000 years before the Christian era.

A letter from Fort Yuma says the gold mines there are one of the grandest humbugs of the day, and those who go there expecting to amass fortunes in a few weeks or months, will be woe-folly disappointed.

Until lately the ancient town of Westport, Mass., was without a church bell. The ladies of the Congregational Society determined that they would have one, and succeeded in raising the necessary funds.

One wing only of the University of Minnesota, at St. Anthony's Falls, has been completed. It cost \$40,000, and the News says is built in the style of a famous architect, "with a mortgage and a cupola on the top."

The losses by fire in San Francisco recorded since December, 1849, and to May, 1855—five years and a few months—amount to the enormous sum of thirty-one million four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars!

The Detroit Advertiser says that the growing wheat crop throughout Michigan never before looked so promising at this season as at present, and that unless some contingency arises, the crop will be larger than ever before.

Prof. G. W. Greene is busy with a memoir of his grandfather, General Nathaniel Greene—a charming task, since the biographer will find occasion enough for just praise to satisfy the filial affection of the man.

A dug-out canoe, with a freight of over 6000 pounds, arrived at Charleston, S. C., recently. It was 56 feet long, and was made from the solid trunk of a yellow poplar tree. Not a single knot or imperfection could be discovered about the tree.

A sparring exhibition in Providence, R. I., was brought to a sudden close by a police officer, who informed the pugilists of the existence of a statute imposing a fine of \$200 upon all persons participating in such an exhibition, either as principals or spectators.

The yield of maple sugar in Michigan has been so extraordinary this season, that farmers are selling it for from six to eight cents per pound. More sugar has been made in the western counties of Pennsylvania this season than for many years past.

A vein of iron ore has been found in the yard of the Clinton, N. Y., prison. It apparently runs in the direction of State lands outside the prison stockade, in which case it will be available for use in the prison, furnishing ore for the forges and labor for the convicts.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says Messrs. Searle and Tuttle of the United States have just received first class medals at the annual meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, for their astronomical discoveries in the year 1858.

Mr. Perry, an ex-secretary of the United States Legation at Madrid, who is married to a Spanish lady and settled in Spain, has proposed to the government to lay down a telegraphic cable between Spain and Cuba; and he proposes that it shall touch the Canaries, Porto Rico, and some other places.

Dr. A. W. Smith, the late president of the Wesleyan University, was "s rprised" recently by receiving a check for \$500 from a few of the alumni of the university, as a testimonial of their regard and esteem for him. The doctor had to abandon the office of president some time ago, in consequence of impaired health.

Sands of Gold.

.... Keep true to the dreams of thy youth.—Schiller.

.... The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.—Dryden.

.... It is only when we get a little that we begin to envy a great deal.—Bovee.

.... The philosopher deprived of property resembles the athlete stripped for battle.—De Boufflers.

.... It speaks well for the native kindness of our hearts, that nothing gives us greater pleasure than when we are conferring it.—Bovee.

.... We should trust medals more implicitly than books, because it seems easier to express falsehood on paper than on bronze.—De Boufflers.

.... The arts of peace are the only arts Christians ought to be very solicitous to know.—Rev. Jona. Boucher.

.... All of us, who are without anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth.—Shelley.

.... It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—Greville.

.... God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell.—Carlyle.

.... Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children.—O. W. Holmes.

.... If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation with his more solid qualities.—O. W. Holmes.

.... It seems to me that I would rather have my heart torn from my body, than to have this precious passage torn from the precious Book: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Rev. J. M. Gregory.

.... Some, in their discourses, desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.—Lord Bacon.

.... The lower your senses are kept, the better you may govern them. Appetites are commonly like two buckets, when one is at the top the other is at the bottom. The senses are some of them so mean, they relish scarcely anything but what they beg for.—Collier.

Joker's Budget.

What is the French for sleigh-horses? Chevaux de "freeze."

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

The more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be.

Why is Asia like a market shed in Christmas week? Because there is Turkey in it.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last," was a shoemaker.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with a wooden leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock like a venomous reptile? Because he is an adder.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said, when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good-will, when all the world knows he hasn't any?

It is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, until he is attacked, and then "dear fellow" he is the very best!

We always think of a very mean man that he was made by one of nature's cobblers, and like an unfinished boot, thrown off without being *souled*.

There is a man living somewhere so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass. It is said anybody can see through him.

Why is the Ohio River like a drunkard? Because it takes in the *Monongahela*, goes past *Wheeling*, gets a *Licking* at Cincinnati, and *Falls* at Louisville.

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots? Shoemaker says, "Bute Imendu," to which boots reply, "solus."

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Jupiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunder-bolt.

When Suwarrow was defeated in Switzerland, some one told the king of Prussia the bombastic proclamation which that general had issued. "Bah!" said the king, "Suwarrow resembles a drum; he makes no noise until he is beaten."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY JOHN R. OODWIN.

There's a voice in the air, that whispers of Spring,
And of life from the grave awakening;
A breath from a distant Summer clime,
That bears an odor of flower and vine;
The cloudless blue of the western sky
Is softer and warmer to mine eye;
The icy chain that the stream hath bound,
By the Hand unseen, without a sound,
Has been broken,—its waters, turbid and dank,
Weep over the sides of its mossy bank;
And the roots of the violets, pulsate and thrill,
And the lily bulbs, and the daffodil,
Each to the other, touch and sing
Their morning song, to the welcome Spring.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ARTIST: —OR— SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY ARTHUR W. CONANT.

"THE loveliest baby, sir!"

"What is it, nurse?" asked the delighted father.

"A boy, sir—and perfect in limb and feature. Not a blemish in him."

Nurse held up the little red lump of humanity for him to kiss; but though there was heartfelt happiness in the young father's look, he could not bring himself to caress it yet.

Aunts, cousins, grandmothers, all came, and pronounced the child perfect. "Never was there such a beautiful creature," said one and all. And pretty Mary Kent, lying there with her soft, graceful embroideries around her, and her dark curls floating over the pillow, was as happy a young mother as was ever blessed by the first sight of a blue-eyed child.

All the pleasant signs of progress that could be made by an infant prodigy like the little Fitz Herbert, were duly observed and chronicled. Every little pearl of a tooth had its record to some distant relative, and every inch of golden hair that added itself to the dear head, made it look more and more like a seraph to Mary's eyes. The teeth and hair having been duly registered, she would write no more letters to cousin Lucy until she could tell her that the baby walked. O, the inexpressible delight of seeing the first step which the little human traveller ever plants on the earth, which is to be the scene of his wanderings until his last footstep hovers trembling over the grave!

"Well, Miss Kent, aint that child never goin' to walk?" asked a rough but well-meaning woman, when she called in one morning and saw the little two-year-old, sitting tied into his dining chair, and watching his mother as she was paring apples.

Mary burst into tears. Mrs. Rolfe she knew meant no harm, but she had touched a chord that vibrated in the poor young mother's heart, and waked into expression a thought she had not dared to utter.

"O, Mrs. Rolfe!" she said in a piteous tone that went to the good woman's heart, it was so sad, "tell me, you who know so much about children, tell me what is the matter of mine!"

Mrs. Rolfe made no reply; but she took the baby from its chair, laid it in her lap, and lifting its little feet in her hands, she rubbed and felt them for several minutes, with her large brown hand, and then let them fall from her grasp, while a cloud came over her good-humored face.

"There's no strength there—and there never will be!" she said in a compassionate voice.

The mother shrieked aloud, and besought her to look again.

"O, Mrs. Rolfe, you *must* be mistaken. My little Fitz Herbert a cripple! He must not—shall not be!" and she pressed the half-frightened child to her bosom, convulsively, as if she could avert that terrible doom.

Alas, she could not avert it. She sent for the doctor, and he only confirmed the painful fact. Some sinew or muscle had not received its proper amount of lubricative oil, or the life principle, so active in every other part of the little frame, had stopped short of the feet. Doctor Williams was not very lucid in his explanations, and used hard words enough to stagger the simple audience he addressed in the persons of the mother and Mrs. Rolfe; but the end of it was that little Fitz Herbert was a very fortunate child to possess such a good mother, who would, he was confident, be resigned, and so forth.

How to break it to the father, Mary was at a loss to know. Mrs. Rolfe understood it; and Mary charged her to be very gentle, and break it by degrees.

"Poor Herbert!" she said, "he had so longed for the little boy to walk out with him on afternoons when he was released from the desk."

Herbert Kent was clerk in the small country bank—the solitary bank of the town—and his afternoons were his own. Only that very morning he had asked Mary if the child would soon go alone. She did not appear to hear his question. She had begun to fear something. The little boy had not shown any disposition even to creep, and the poor feet lay still and motionless always.

Herbert bore it better than she had hoped. He did not believe in it fully. Let the child get strength, and it would walk fast enough! He even went around to his acquaintances to ascertain the exact time when their children could walk; and came back triumphantly to Mary, with the most wonderful statistics of pedestrian slowness that could be imagined. In fact, he partially succeeded in consoling Mary, when he told her how old were such and such children who were as backward as Fitz Herbert. The pitying mothers had not told him that their children had crept constantly, and used their feet every way but by walking on them.

Two years took away this hope, and destroyed the consolation effectually. Fitz Herbert's feet fell as nerveless from their grasp as they had done before. The child, with all its glorious beauty—with its large full eyes, its wealth of golden-colored curls, and the sweet, serious mouth, with its bright red lips—was yet a cripple, helpless as when it first opened its blue eyes to the light.

Patiently, after the first bitter certainty was established, the young couple set to work to make the life of their boy as pleasant and beautiful as they could under his hard privation. The weary miles that the young clerk carried his little son in his arms—the innumerable devices which he pondered for the invention of a self-propelling vehicle, by which Fitz Herbert could go from room to room, or down the small yard of their house! Now, for the first time did the father wish himself rich—not for the sake of having hired servants to wait on his child, for that would never be entrusted to another—but to procure the power of locomotion for him by some more costly means than he could now afford.

Meantime Fitz Herbert was growing up, though not rapidly, in blissful half-unconsciousness of a misfortune which was far more vivid in others' eyes than his own. Never having enjoyed his powers of motion in that way, he could not so well realize the want of them. He could scarcely account at all for the pitying looks he received from others, and the half-uttered exclamations which betrayed the sense of his bereavement. A dozen years passed away, and Herbert Kent, the kind husband and father, the patient, half-rewarded man of business, was suddenly called home "to his Father's house in the skies." Mary stilled her own griefs to minister to the passionate sorrow of her boy; and his grew calmer when he saw how she suppressed her own.

She had learned, in her youth, to sew on straw; and she now commenced an occupation which brought in abundant means to support herself and Fitz Herbert. But the restless child must have occupation too; and on her first journey to the town where she sold her manufactures, she procured for him a large and beautiful paint, such as he had been longing for every time he arranged his little bits of cheap paint—gamboge and indigo and red ochre.

"O, mama—and you working all day and all night for this!" said the grateful little fellow.

"No—not all night," answered the mother softly. "And besides, what would I *not* do for my good son?"

Fitz Herbert's kiss was her reward; and soon she had even greater than that. Without assistance or instruction, the boy did wonders in the new art which had become so dear to him.

Old Mrs. Rolfe still befriended Mary Kent; and when, in the summer after Fitz Herbert attained his twelfth year, the old lady's house was filled with boarders from the city, she did not even then forget her protegee.

Mr. Waller, the artist, was among her guests, and she carried him off to see the boy, at her first leisure moment—dimly conscious of some great good which he might do him. She was

right. Waller saw the germ of genius, and, what does not always accompany genius,—seldom, indeed,—the essential quality of patience in details; and he promised to himself, and to the delighted Mrs. Rolfe, that he would give that boy a helping lift, if Heaven spared his life.

Hitherto the child had made pictures from copying engravings; now he designed views, partly from memories of sweet spots which he had seen when going about the country with his father, and partly from the beautiful images and groupings in his own mind. Scarcely a week passed that he did not receive some little help from Waller—a box of artists' implements, or some work on painting, or an exquisite engraving to copy. And the next year Waller insisted on carrying away with him, for exhibition, a picture on which Fitz Herbert had laid out incredible pains.

"It won't come to anything, Mr. Waller," said the boy, "but I wish you would keep it yourself as a remembrance of the good deeds you have done for me."

"I am not sure I have done you any good, Fitz Herbert," said Mr. Waller, doubtfully.

"O yes, sir! You have kept me from pining and complaining, at least; and is not that a blessing?"

The next news was that the picture was sold for twenty-five dollars. "No great sum," wrote Waller, "but an earnest of more by-and-by. My first did not bring half that."

Mrs. Rolfe went into hysterics of congratulation, and his mother's quiet tear of pleasure was so much better than even the money which he was so glad to have earned. One line in Waller's letter troubled the boy, because of the utter impracticability, he thought, of its suggestion being carried out.

"It is too late to fall back," he wrote; "and to become a painter you must see pictures. To the city, therefore, you *must* come."

Fitz Herbert did not show this to his mother; but one day she took up Waller's letter, and stumbled over that very paragraph—and in serene silence, as she did everything, she arranged her affairs for going before she disturbed his nerves by unfolding her plan. She had a grand-aunt in Boston, who she knew would be glad to see her for her mother's sake; and in the kind answer that was returned to her proposal of a visit to her, the old lady mentioned her own intimate acquaintance with Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Kent had always kept her son neat and respectable. She resolved he should be even well dressed now; and a handsome suit of gray, and the finest of linen collars and wristbands, were the fruits of his first picture. His fair complexion and rich golden hair were set off by the neutral tint of his garments, and his faultless figure did credit to its nice fitting. The stage bore him and his mother away, on an autumn day, and Dame Rolfe did not forget to throw her shoe after them for luck.

They were warmly welcomed, and every day a carriage was brought for Fitz Herbert to visit pictures at one place and another, and Waller was always there ready to receive and help the coachman carry him to the apartment where they were to be seen. Fitz Herbert's childish beauty, his sweet, serious manner, and the acknowledged fact of his genius, proved his passports to favor in many circles where fashion had not obliterated all other things; and the good aunt proved herself a friend indeed.

"Mary Kent was the child of a niece who was like a daughter to her, and now she should take her place," and as to Fitz Herbert, "why, it would be a pleasure to have him there. He could have his studio next door, and old John Robins would carry him in and out always. Then Mary should have nothing to do but to rest herself from her labors."

It was a noble thing for the old lady to do; and Mr. Waller, whose opinion she thought "ever so much of," told her so, with cordial thanks for the good she was performing. It was a noble thing, also, on Waller's part. He interested other artists in the lame boy, and gave him assistance and instruction; and soon he excelled his teachers in many points of art.

He painted many pictures, without throwing his heart into them. These sold more rapidly than those on which he bestowed more talent. They were his *bread-winners*, bought by indifferent critics, for the sake of filling a vacant place. He reserved others for the *flame-winners*, keeping them long, and adding exquisite beauty to them by oft-repeated touches. The years passed rapidly in that little home circle. He was now

twenty-one. The old aunt would not part with her children, as she called them, and they could not bear to think of any other home.

Fitz Herbert painted one face, over which he lingered as lovingly as a mother over her infant's beauty. It was that of a young girl—and he painted the head only, the rest of the figure being hid by clouds. It was a gay, laughing, dimpled face, with soft, large, brown eyes, and chestnut hair falling in rich, heavy curls around it. It was not the beauty of the features that chained him to his work, though that, too, was of rare order; but in that sweet face was a depth of expression, an earnestness of character, that seemed to answer to every want of his being, and to call forth the responses of his spirit as they were never touched before.

Marion Holland was the orphan niece of a wealthy merchant, living in Boston. Waller, who knew her friends at the South, was on intimate terms with her uncle, and recommended the lame artist to his notice, with an earnest panegyric on his talents and character. Mr. Holland called at the studio; was fairly won by Fitz Herbert's countenance and manners, and sent Marion for her first sitting that very day. There were a great many sittings, for the sake of greater perfection, and acquaintance progressed rapidly between the two. There was a charm in the simplicity of the young heiress that did not seem to belong to the circle in which she was destined to move, and it woke Fitz Herbert's love and admiration. She was the theme of every conversation with his mother, who feared that her son was getting too deeply interested for his own peace.

"Don't fear for me, dear mother," he said, as she expressed something of this. "I have a constant reminder of the folly it would be for me to think of such a thing as love for any one. I have only to look down to my feet, to become quite humble in that respect."

Mrs. Kent sighed. Was poor Herbert to live and die unloved, because nature had been so niggardly as to deny him the supports which she gave to the veriest clod that stared, open-mouthed, into the studio door?

"Don't look so sad, mother," said her son, as if he knew her inmost thoughts. "Your love is all I can wish for. I could not expect the love of another woman like you; and were she less than you I could not love her. So we will ever live on together."

Waller sat in Fitz Herbert's room one day, when a note was delivered to the former, which he read in evident agitation. He passed it over to his friend, who read thus:

"DEAR MR. WALLER:—You, who have so much influence with my uncle, must come to him instantly. He is stunned, paralyzed in mind and body, by some blow which I cannot make out, but which I suspect belongs to money matters. Come quickly. MARION H."

Waller stayed not an instant. He was far up the street before Fitz Herbert could follow with his eyes his rapid movements. No more painting that day; not even on Marion's picture. She was in distress, and he could not be near her. That was his chief thought now.

"Poor little Marion!" she will be no heiress after all," said Waller a few hours afterwards to Fitz Herbert.

"No heiress! Thank God!" earnestly exclaimed his companion, in the first words he had spoken since Waller came in.

"What?" asked Waller.

"Thank God that she is no heiress! And yet, Waller, it will make no difference to me," he added mournfully.

"Why should it?"

"Ay, truly, why should it? Is she not attached to yourself? and surely you will not desert her!"

"My good fellow, what are you driving at?"

"First tell me what has happened."

"Well, then, Mr. Holland is ruined—and he has had paralysis in consequence of the event."

"Well—"

"Well—Marion, like the angel she is, has established herself by his bedside, caring nothing for the crash only as it affects her uncle. She is an unselfish, noble, beautiful, perfect woman!"

"You are fortunate, Mr. Waller."

"Me? There you go again! What do you mean?"

"Is she not yours?"

"No, Fitz Herbert. My love is a little cottage nymph, bred in country shades. She never saw the city, nor shall she, until I tie the knot of wedlock. I must not risk her simplicity here. Although I must, in justice to Marion, own that she

has never lost the charm of simple manners; yet there are so few like her.

That same hour Fitz Herbert wrote and sealed a note to Marion. It said simply:

"May I come to you in your affliction? Waller will see me safe there. I cannot use the lover's hyperbole, and tell you I will fly to you—but I will come as soon as my want of feet will permit. F. H."

How he came to write this note would be a mystery, if we did not know that Waller had already taxed Marion with liking the young artist, and that she had answered him, with burning cheeks:

"Mr. Waller, I do love him! but thank God he does not know it!"

Fitz Herbert went. She was poor now, and he did not mind telling her that he would not have sought her otherwise. But she would hear nothing of love until her uncle was better, although she did not discourage him; and even if she had, he knew what she had said to his friend.

Mr. Holland did not die—and Marion told him all. He blessed God that she would have some one to protect her, now that he was old and poor.

Mrs. Kent's good old aunt, Madame Grant, died soon after. She had no nearer relations,

in silently. "Marion's chains are all flower-chains—not a bit of iron among them!" And she sat down beside him in his great wheeled chair, making herself quite busy in arranging his paints and canvass.

It was very beautiful to see the affection that came spontaneously into their whole lives, and the simple, heartfelt kindnesses that daily brightened them; showing that, although feet and hands may be denied, there is a chance of great happiness without them.

FURS—KINDS AND VALUE.

Excepting few specimens—the black and silver fox—Russian sable is, when of the finest quality, the most costly fur; and of these Russia produces about twenty-five thousand annually. Soft and glossy as satin, the darker the hue the more it is esteemed. So precious is it, in fact, that the morsels of furs which cover the paws are collected, sold by weight, neatly joined together, and then prepared for linings; and the portion of fur immediately under the jaw, being lighter color than the rest of the animal, and peculiar in appearance, is also removed from each skin, and these pieces, when joined together, are made up by the furriers, and sold under the name of sable gills. Now, as it takes four or

least durable of all the good furs; it has also the singular property of losing its color, and consequently it looks dirty when perhaps quite unsoiled. The finest chinchilla is brought from Buenos Ayres. The lynx is a light though warm fur, its natural color being a light gray spotted with dark. Dyed of various colors, it is much used for cloak linings, robes, muffs, etc. The skins of many species of hares and rabbits are valuable for common purposes of fur, on account of the almost inexhaustible supply. The colors vary from light gray to yellowish and reddish brown, in summer, while the white predominates in the winter. The fur of the polar bear is beautifully white and soft, and is sometimes substituted for ermine.

When beaver hats were worn, the felt bodies were made of rabbit skin. It is now dyed, and made into a great variety of common articles, and the wool has recently been made in England into a kind of cloak for ladies' wear. The fur of the squirrel is now used for linings for tippets and cuffs, for which its softness and cheapness make it in great demand—the most esteemed kinds being the Carolina red, cat, black, gray and fox. Immense numbers of squirrels are killed in Russia, some twenty-five millions annually. Fox furs are considerably used for sleigh

from the wearer being exposed to rain, they become wet, they should always be dried at a moderate distance from the fire immediately; and in warm weather, when not required for wear, they should never be shut up in a box or drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every few weeks they should be shaken and beaten. The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment. The best plan is probably not to pack furs away, but to let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened, so that they meet the eye frequently, and being thus often in sight, it is easy, at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten, or at any rate shaken and tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air. It is common to hear it remarked that the moth gets into furs—as if the insect actually migrated from one locality to another; the probability is, however, that furs and woollens are animal substances, endowed with a vital principle, which develops itself into living organism through the decay of its material shape. Cleanliness and airing are therefore absolutely necessary.—*New York Sun.*

A great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures or schemes of life.



SUNRISE IN AUTUMN, VIEW NEAR BRUXTON, ENGLAND.

and she left everything to Mary and her son. A fine property it was, too.

"You will take me now, dear Marion, when we can have your uncle with us so well?" asked Fitz Herbert; and so it was decided.

Waller came, bright and joyous to the wedding, with two pieces of intelligence to communicate. One was that Adela Dana had that morning married a tide-waiter at the custom house, and the other, that Mr. Holland's affairs were far more prosperous than at first supposed.

A pleasant sight it was, when the spring time came, to see Fitz Herbert in his superb studio, into which Mr. Holland insisted on crowding everything which could be thought of, for his convenience. From the quiet drab walls hung the portrait of Marion. He pretended that he could not paint without it; but he looked oftener at the original, who brought her hook or her work and sat beside him, ready to anticipate his slightest wants, than he did at the semblance. A search made by Waller and Marion, resulted in finding a chair, sofa and carriage exactly suited to the invalid.

"And as to the feet," said Waller, "your wife, Fitz Herbert, will distance every one in the pretty way she runs to obey your slightest wish. You are a happy fellow, if you can't walk. You have a mother and a wife."

"But O, Waller! I fear I have done wrong to chain Marion's youth to a cripple for life."

"Hush, traitor!" said Marion, who had crept

five skins, exclusive of the paws and gills, to make a muff of the modern small size, and of course a proportionate number for boas and trimmings, it is obvious that the cheap articles so often called Russian sable, can be no such thing. But the fur of the marten, which is sold at a quarter price of the Russian sable, is still very beautiful fur, thick and warm, not so dark as the Russian sable, but almost as soft. This is a fur more extensively used, the lighter sort being often dyed to improve their appearance.

The still cheaper sort of fur, known generally under the name of French or German sable, is in reality the fur of the stone marten, a skin by no means to be despised in its natural condition, and much worn by the Quaker community without any coloring from art. The French excel in dyeing it, or rather, in dyeing only the tips of the hair of the desired brown, to imitate the genuine sable. This dyeing process, which is in a great measure a secret, in no way injures the fur. Mink is a dark fur with a shorter hair than the sable, but soft and glossy, and rich in appearance; but it is certainly a beautiful fur, and is much worn and admired; though short, the fur is finer than that of the marten, and specimens are occasionally seen of great fineness, and of a silver-gray color.

Chinchilla is almost too well known to make a description interesting; but though, from its lightness and softness, a favorite for spring and summer wear, it has the character of being the

robes, caps and trimmings. The fur of the muskrat or musquash, is of a reddish-brown color above, and ash color beneath. It is short and downy, intermixed with a larger and coarser hair, and somewhat resembles that of the beaver, though it is less soft and lustrous. When the animal is killed in good season, it is an excellent material for making the so-called "beaver" hat, and great numbers were formerly used for this purpose; but since the introduction of silk hats, the demand has been much less. The beaver is now very scarce in the United States, and since the manufacture of beaver hats has been discontinued, the skins have lost much of their value. Its fine and silky wool has been adapted to weaving purposes in England, with some prospect of success. Its fur is prepared, by a new process, for ladies' wear. American otter fur is fine and thick, and ranks next in value to that of the beaver. It is used for the finer sort of hats, and for costly caps. The varieties of the American wolf have finer furs than the European species. The fur of the black bear is highly prized, a skin being worth from four to twelve dollars, according to quality. It is much used for military caps and equipments, for sleigh robes, etc.

In regard to the preservation of furs, some information may be valuable. They should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they so frequently are; and next to being shut up from the air, their greatest enemy is damp. If

AUTUMNAL SUNRISE, BRUXTON, ENG.

The picture we have placed on this page, is less noteworthy as a representation of a locality, than for its striking and pleasing scenic effect. The misty morning atmosphere, the rising sun, the huge old mill spreading its arms abroad like a giant, and projecting its vast shadow towards the spectator, the charming foliage and spirited figures, form in combination a most attractive landscape—one of those rural scenes on which the eye is contented to rest a long time. It scarcely wants the adventitious aid of color to complete its charm. And it must be remembered that the autumnal coloring of English landscape does not in the least resemble ours. There the woods change gradually from green to russet-brown or dull yellow, and never present those vivid tints which give our October landscapes such a dazzling attraction. Even our painters hesitate to reproduce on canvass the kaleidoscope brilliancy they behold in our autumn woods, and certainly a pictorial representation of New England autumn scenery, though toned down to a low key, would be condemned in an English gallery as a piece of artistic extravagance. Americans in England have been accused of exaggeration, and when to support their statements, they have produced leaves gathered in our forests and dried, and of course shorn of half their brilliancy, Englishmen have declared that they must have been artificially colored. The English autumn has a tinge of sadness which ours has not.

Poet's Corner.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed, fairy thing;
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of orient crimsoned morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing,
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Or beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

THE LOVE PLEDGE.

What beauty lives
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!
What tridles make love's wealth? A faded flower,
A tress of hair, a seal, a common book.
With the dear name inscribed; or, holier yet,
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge—
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,
How highly prized! The miser, over his gold,
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap,
And counting, for the thousandth time, the sum,
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth
Which the true lover knows, when he regards,
With trusting faith, the simplest pledge that speaks
Of mutual love,—MRS. HALE.

FITFULNESS OF SPRING.

Spring is but the child
Of churlish winter, in her forward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire;
For oft, as if in her the streams of mild
Maternal nature had reversed its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
But once delivered, kills them with a frown.

COWPER.

THE LAST GIFT.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed.

BYRON.

LOVE SEEKETH LOVE.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—FAUST at the Boston! The question is, who has not seen the splendid spectacle? If any such there be, let them hasten to enjoy a treat such as never before was offered within the walls of the playhouse, while the scenery and costumes are in their full gloss and splendor. The legend of Faust has been put upon the stage in many forms, but never with the magnificence and completeness which characterize its presentation at the Boston. It is the crowning effort of Mr. Barry's long and honorable managerial career, and it is replete with the highest artistic and dramatic excellence. The story of Faust is ever fascinating, for it appeals to daring passions that have existed from the creation of man. The fable of Prometheus is but another and older version of the same story. Some of the effects produced at the Boston equal in splendor similar ones in a play on the story of Faust produced recently at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. The play there run for two or three months, and if the season could be prolonged, "Faust and Marguerite" at the Boston would prove equally successful. We shall see the curtain fall on its last representation with regret. . . . The best portrait of Senator Douglas ever produced is that just issued by Mr. Charles H. Braibard of this city. It is a large lithograph drawn by D'Avignon, Mr. Braibard's artist, from a photograph by McLees, and printed at Buford's establishment. As a work of art, it takes the highest rank, and we are inclined to consider it the very best of D'Avignon's many life-like portraits. . . . Fine weather this, in spite of dashing showers detrimental to new hats, for riding on horseback. What more exhilarating, of a bright spring morning, than to amble along a country road bordered with budding trees and springing grass, listening to the gushing song of the birds! We hope to see centaurs and centauresses plentiful this season. . . . The New York assembly recently restored to the officers of prisons authority to punish convicts by flogging when they deem it necessary. A few years ago the use of the whip in most of our State prisons was abolished. It is now said by many persons that the punishments which were substituted have not only failed in enforcing discipline, but that they have proved far more injurious to health than the system of flogging. . . . Mr. George L. Dix, a gentleman widely known to the press, and the book trade and literary public, for his long connection with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., has formed a business connection with Brown, Taggard & Chase of this city. . . . The New York Commercial Advertiser says Mr. George F. Train is the "Lightning Train" and the "Express Train" of literature, stops at no stations, and hurries all his readers through by daylight, without stopping for breath. The failure to make all the connections on time, or occasional collisions, or a misplaced "switch" do not seem to bring any signal to "break up." . . . Mrs. Gaskell, in "Lady Ludlow," describes Rev. Mr. Mountford, Episcopalian minister, as "a clergyman who had such a dread of damp, close air, that he left directions to the executors of his will to have the family vault well aired before his coffin was placed in it." . . . On the authority of the London Churchman, it is stated that in 1857 ten thousand persons were confirmed by the bishop of London, and in 1858 the same prelate confirmed nearly fourteen thousand. . . . Of all the men married in England and Wales in 1847, 28 per cent. were unable to sign their own names. . . . A play from the pen of a convict is a novelty, but Madame Lafarge, who was found guilty of the murder of her husband, in France, nearly twenty years ago, has left in manuscript a drama which she meant Rachel to perform in (having received a visit in her prison from that tragedienne), the leading character being a lady falsely accused of murder. It is called "Une Femme Perdue," (A Lost Woman), and there is some talk just now of its production on the stage, it being full of pathos. She wrote her memoirs many years ago. . . . A letter from Chili says that owing to the revolution there, murders, robberies and outrages of every shade and character are every-day occurrences. Recently, a very wealthy and respectable citizen was stoned to death by his *peons*, because he refused to join them against the government; and another citizen of high standing, residing near Talca, had to give the sum of ten thousand dollars to save his life. . . . Jacob Strawn of Rockford, Illinois, has earned for himself the reputation of the giant farmer of the West. Twenty-seven years ago he went to Illinois a poor man. His operations at first were small, but continued to increase each year until he had reduced over 20,000 acres of land to a state of cultivation. He has one farm of 7800 acres, and another of 10,000. He has usually employed from 200 to 300 men, and a large number of horses. Every year until quite recently he has stalled from 5000 to 6000 head of cattle, and kept other live stock in proportionate numbers. . . . It is stated that the bishop of Nevers, who has just returned to Paris from a tour in Belgium, reports that the Catholic clergy in that country intend to resist to the death the new law rendering them liable to prosecution for incendiary political discourses in the pulpit. They intend to protest against the jurisdiction of law courts to try them, to decline to make any defence, and to make their imprisonment an instrument of agitation. . . . The New Orleans True Delta contains an account of how a man offered another \$150 to put another out of the world; the money to be paid when the individual had received his quietus. Instead of killing the man, however, the pretended assassin told him of the project, and agreed with him that he should lay quiet until the money had been paid over, which he did. A thousand dollars has since been offered as bush money, but was refused. . . . Many young California nutmeg trees have lately been brought from the mountains in Calaveras county, and placed in Sacramento City for ornament and shade. It is a graceful, handsome evergreen tree, growing from fifty to seventy-five feet high, and resembling the Western yew in form and foliage. The fruit cannot be used as a condiment. . . . Washington's servants die hard. Richard Stanhope, a colored individual, 111 years old, living in Concord township, Ohio, claims to have been one of Washington's servants, and to have served with him in several battles of the Revolution. We believe it is a prerogative of all octogenarian darkies to figure as having been once the servant or of the "body guard" of the Father of his Country. Sambo is patriotic. . . . A young lady at Eutaw, Ala., came near losing her life recently from the present hoop fashion. She was near a fire in the house, and, turning, her dress came in contact with it and immediately blazed up fearfully. Her life was saved only by the prompt assistance of her mother, who dashed a bucket of water over her. . . . The chief of the Feejee Islands has just ceded his territory to Great Britain to raise \$45,000 to satisfy the claims of our government. The Feejee archipelago is stated to be the most extensive and valuable in Polynesia. It contains an estimated area of more than 20,000 square miles. Its climate, although tropical, is salubrious. Its soil is most fertile. Already it produces spontaneously and abundantly many of the most valuable of the plants of commerce. But not a hundredth part of its available land is yet under cultivation. For a cotton country it is said to be peculiarly adapted. . . . Mr. Preston, our new minister to Spain, has been received by the little queen with royal politeness. How about Cuba? . . . The San Francisco papers contain letters from Victoria, which state that the news from the Fraser River mining region is very encouraging, and considering the small number of miners at work, the returns are regarded as large. . . . Attorney General Phillips, of this State, is of opinion that the increase of crime is not in proportion to the increase of the population. . . . A New York correspondent of the Christian Watchman and Reflector says that one and a half millions of dollars are squandered during the Sabbaths of the year, in the drinking-places of New York. . . . A late visitor to the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, says that as he stood near the grave, he recalled the dying words of the emperor:—"General Bertrand, I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men; so it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror and emperor is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment upon me, according to me censure or praise. And remark what is soon to become of me. I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, and become food for worms. Behold, the destiny now at hand of him who has been called the Great Napoleon! What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved and adored!—whose kingdom is extending over all the earth!" . . . A good many curious titles of old books have been published from time to time, but we have seen none of late more odd than the title of a sermon preached by Rev. W. Secher, in 1750, and published in Boston, which ran as follows:—"A Wedding Ring Fit for the Finger: or, The Salve of Divinity on the Sore of Humanity. With directions to those Men who want Wives, how to choose them; and to those Women who have Husbands, how to use them. Laid open in a Sermon at a Wedding in Edmonston." . . . Some time ago a gentleman went into a tavern not a thousand miles from Boston, and after looking about a little, the clerk informed him that "Mrs. Davis

would like to see him in another room."—"Mrs. Davis—Mrs. Davis—who is Mrs. Davis? I don't know Mrs. Davis!"—"O, but she does!" The gentleman then followed the clerk to the room indicated, where Mrs. Davis stood before him in the shape of a few bottles of brandy, wine, gin, etc. Most remarkable woman that same Mrs. Davis! . . . Horace Greeley says, "I believe the time must come when the great prairies will be intersected, gridironed, checkered, with belts and groves of planted timber, partly evergreen, sensibly modifying their climate, and diminishing the fierceness of their winds; and that hereby they will be rendered capable of producing many of the fruits to which they are now inhospitable." . . . A Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the social status of that territory. The results foot up as follows:—"Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these, 13 have more than nineteen wives; 790 men with five wives; 1100 men with four, and 1400 with more than one wife. . . . The Havana correspondent of the Savannah Republican writes:—"During the years I have resided in this island, the average annual number of Africans imported has been about eight thousand. Last year, however, that number was nearly trebled—twenty-three thousand having been imported." . . . The Windham Bank, Conn., has received \$400 from a Catholic priest, which sum a penitent at confession owned he had wrongfully obtained from the bank. It is supposed to be part of some money taken by burglars some five years since.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Since our last affairs in Europe look more pacific, and the London and Paris money markets—those best of all political barometers—exhibit, in their buoyancy, a restoration of confidence. Diplomacy has got hold of the dangerous questions, and may find a pacific issue. Yet, after all, Sardinia holds peace and war in her hands. A rash move on either side in Italy may cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy, and deluge Europe with blood. How the war-dogs of Paris, Prince Napoleon and his "followers," will relish the retrograde movement of the French emperor remains to be seen. And unless Austria makes some important concession to the liberal spirit of Italy, it is pretty certain that the position of Louis Napoleon will be very precarious. The Italian Carbonari have not been disarmed—a fact shown by the recent introduction of a lot of the terrible Orsini shells into Paris. Two out of six packages have been seized, but it is certain that four cases of these terrible instruments of destruction are "lying round loose" somewhere in Paris. Well-informed letter-writers say that Louis Napoleon has been very shaky and vacillating since the Orsini attempt.—It is certain that the force which Austria now has in Lombardy is more imposing than what people generally thought, though it was known to be great; and that, in case of a hostile move on the part of France, she would withdraw her forces from the other parts of the empire, and throw them all into Lombardy.—The Vienna correspondent says:—"Under all circumstances, as regards Italy, the danger is passing off for the present. It is a great point that the Emperor Napoleon seems well disposed; and so long as he remains so, he has a right to be judged favorably."—A review on Champ de Mars, Paris, was held, lately, before the emperor; the empress and imperial princes were also present. The immense crowd which had assembled, received the imperial party with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"—It is said that France intends to protest against the construction of fortifications by the Austrians in Placenza.—According to advices from Rome, Gen. Grammont has again received a note from Cardinal Antonelli, requesting the immediate evacuation of the States of the Church by the French troops. The Pope, with his 18,000 troops, seems to think himself strong enough in Rome, without foreign aid.

Extraordinary Action against a Chemist.

At Newcastle, England, an action has been brought by a farmer against a chemist at Berwick, to recover the value of a flock of 700 sheep, which were poisoned in the early part of last summer. The sheep, after being clipped, were dipped in a chemical solution bought of the defendant, and afterwards turned out into a large field. Immediately after they were put out to grass, the neighborhood of Northumberland was visited by a fearful flood of rain, which did a great deal of damage, and also washed the solution from the fleeces of the sheep. The poison was washed into the grass, of which the sheep ate, and they nearly all died. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £1400.

The Prince de Joinville.

An article in a late number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," "on the employment of the navy in continental wars," is said to have been written by that excellent sailor and fine fellow, the Prince de Joinville.

India.

The work before the English now consists in the cutting up of scattered parties of rebels. The backbone of the rebellion is broken. Brigadier Hill lately scattered the Itihillas to the winds.

Ancient Tapestry.

The Marquis de Azeglio has just made a gift to a French museum of a piece of tapestry of the days of the Maid of Orleans, representing the reception of La Pucelle by the king of France.

In Memoriam.

The town of Bonn, Germany, has resolved to have slabs fixed on the former dwellings of their late celebrated fellow-citizens, Niebuhr and A. W. von Schlegel.

Reform in England.

The radical reformers of England now demand nothing short of universal suffrage. They insist that men, and not money, shall be represented.

Loddon.

The Haytien minister (a negro) has been a lion, lately, in social and diplomatic circles.

Improved French Gun-Boats.

It is stated that eleven newly improved armed boats for the French navy are being constructed at Ciotat, close to Marseilles. They are steamers, flat and of small size, carrying one gun each on a swivel; and both gunners and gun are protected by an iron shed so fashioned that the enemy's balls will glide off on either side without doing harm. Moreover, the boats are made to be taken to pieces and carried overland, if necessary, and put together in an incredibly short space of time. The plan was furnished by a well-known naval architect at Bordeaux.

The Great Eastern Steamship.

Among the shareholders of the Great Eastern are members of Parliament, bankers, merchants, engineers, ladies and gentlemen, butlers. Two hundred and sixty of the shareholders hold from 1 to 9 shares; 795, 10 to 19; 410, 20 to 29; 92, 30 to 49; 207, 50 to 59; 36, 60 to 99; 190, 100 to 149; 92, 150 to 250; 40, 251 to 500; 28, 501 to 1000; 32, 1001 and upwards, and 79 the odd numbers.

Falliser's Pass.

The London Examiner says, the Pass newly discovered by Capt. Palliser through the Rocky Mountains, being within the boundary of the British Possessions, it is expected will henceforth cause the route to Columbia to be from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, to the Gold Regions of Vancouver Island—or, at all events, it will expedite the making of railways for that purpose through the British colonies.

Prize Offer.

A prize of £100 has been placed at the disposal of the council of the Society of Arts, London, by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., to be awarded for "the best essay on the applications of the marine algae and their products, as food or medicine for man and domestic animals, or for dyeing and other manufacturing purposes."

The Feeling in Italy.

The young Italian noble, Emile Dandolo, who died recently at Milan, had made himself conspicuous during the days of 1848, and by some liberal effusions in verse. His funeral was attended by 10,000 persons, and Italian cockades were hurled from windows, by unseen bands, upon his tomb.

Austrian Preparations.

It is stated that when Lord Cowley left Vienna he had a much higher opinion of the military power of Austria than he had on his arrival. It is very probable that the Austrian government gave the British diplomatist a complete insight into the resources of the empire.

An English Plagiarist.

A Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis has published, in London, "Two Journeys to Japan," a work in two volumes. A critic has shown, by parallel extracts, that the gentleman has borrowed extensively, and without acknowledgment, from Herman Melville.

The Legion of Honor.

Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart., whose visit to Paris when Lord Mayor of London may be remembered, has just been nominated by the emperor of the French, Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Defences of Malta.

The Malta Times says that orders have been received to put the island and fortress of Valetta in a state of defence, and that the works are being carried out.

Arctic Expedition.

Mr. De la Rogrette, a distinguished geographer in Paris, has subscribed five hundred francs towards the contemplated Arctic Expedition under Dr. Hayes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM MOTTERWELL, WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 308. 1859.

A number of the "blue and gold" edition, this little volume is a gem of typographic art. It is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the author, and is the most complete edition of his works ever issued. The memoir, which precedes the poems, is highly interesting. Motterwell takes very high rank among the minor poets of Scotland; and since the date of Wilson's warm commendation in "Blackwood," his reputation has been gradually growing to a permanent fame. An ardent lover of the old ballad and lyric poetry, his compositions have the fervor, simplicity and vigor of that early school. There is scarcely anything in the English language tenderer than his "Jeanie Morrison," or more stirring than his Turkish battle-song, "Ouglow's Onslaught;" and his "Cavalier Song" might have been written by Lovelace.

PORTRAIT OF A CHRISTIAN DRAWN FROM LIFE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 18mo. pp. 134. 1859.

This little work, published for the Sunday School Society, is a memoir of Maria Elizabeth Clapp, written by her pastor, Rev. Chandler Robbins of the Second Church, and is a sweet and instructive picture of a truly Christian life.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE FRENCH COURT UNDER RICHELIEU AND MAZARIN. BY VICTOR COUSIN. New York: Delisler & Proctor, 508 Broadway.

This work, from the pen of one of the most brilliant and one of the purest of French writers, the philosopher Cousin, delineates the life and times of Marie de Rohan, Duchess de Chevreuse. It has all the fascination of romance, while dealing only with truth. Many dark passages of history are cleared up by the author's intelligence, and many secret intrigues of the French court are here revealed for the first time. The translation has been well executed by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., Washington Street, we have received two excellent publications which cannot fail to be popular.—"100 Songs of Ireland, music and words," embracing many gems of poetry and melody—and the "Home Melodist," a little pocket volume, containing a large number of beautiful songs with the music.

DE QUINCY'S WRITINGS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo.

The volume just issued is rich in contents. It opens with a thrilling narrative, entitled the "Avenger," which is followed by additions to the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, and then come the valuable essays entitled the "Essenes," "Aelius Lamia," "China," and "Traditions of the Rabbins." The book is exquisitely printed, and compact enough to be carried in the pocket, a great desideratum in these railroad times.

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SCENE IN THE FRUIT MARKET, ALGIERS.

A MARKET SCENE IN ALGIERS.

The large engraving on this page represents a group in the market of Algiers, and is a lively and artistic sketch of character. The gaily-dressed Spaniard who is holding the bridles of his mules, on one of which sits his wife in her pretty Andalusian costume, is driving a bargain with the old fruit-seller, whose luscious wares are

piled up at his feet—delicious grapes, rich melons, and huge pumpkins. There are not many places, besides this market, where costume is so varied or so picturesque, the scene more lively, and the Babel of tongues more deafening and varied. Within a narrow square, you hear French, Italian, German, Maltese, Arabic, Hebrew, Spanish and Greek, all within ten minutes.

Algiers, as may readily be understood from its almost tropical climate, abounds in fruits of all kinds. Melons are in great abundance, and the orange groves of Bledah (a small town within five hours' ride from Algiers) are very celebrated. The Fruit Market is, therefore, a very important place, where half the town lives on fruit. Here and there are Arabs squatting on the ground,

with huge heaps of magnificent fruit; here stands a Spaniard, quiet and dignified, selling shrub tomatoes; here are Moors, Jews, French soldiers, Nuns, Moorish women rolled up so that you can see nothing but their eyes; here are French girls in neat caps and trim aprons smartly tripping past, now jostled by a Moor, now joking with a soldier. The scene is perfectly unique.

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OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

The accompanying picture was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn, and represents Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the James River, Virginia. This is a famous watering-place, in Elizabeth county, 12 miles north of Norfolk, at the entrance of Hampton Roads. The defence here is Fort Munroe. The beach in the vicinity affords every facility for bathing. The lighthouse exhibits a fixed light, and is 50 feet above the sea. James River is the largest of the rivers which have their course entirely within the State of Virginia. It is formed by the junction of the Jackson and Cowpasture Rivers, fifteen miles below Covington, on the border between Alleghany and Botetourt counties. Flowing first southeast through the mountains of Central Virginia, it is joined by the Calpasture River from the left, at the base of the Blue Ridge, through which it forces a passage about fifteen miles northeast of the Peaks of Otter. It then flows southeast, passes by Lynchburg, and, at the southern extremity of Amherst county, changes its course to the northeast. Below Scottsville its general direction is east-southeast. After passing by Richmond, where the channel is divided by numerous islands, and the river descends over rocky rapids about six miles in extent, it gradually expands into an estuary of several miles in width, and flows into the south extremity of Chesapeake Bay, between Willoughby Point and Old Point Comfort. The whole length, exclusive of the branches, is about four hundred and fifty miles. The tide ascends to Richmond, about one hundred and fifty miles from the sea. It is navigable for vessels of 130 tons to the port of Richmond, from which point

the James River and Kanawha Canal has been constructed along the upper part of the river. James River passes through a fertile and populous country, and is an important channel of trade. The chief towns on its banks are Richmond, Lynchburg, Scottsville, Manchester and Buchanan. Much of the scenery on this river is of a highly picturesque and interesting character. Thirty-two miles from its mouth are the ruins of Jamestown, the oldest English settlement in the United States. As we wander among its shattered fortifications, and the graves of the colonists, the memories of the olden times come thronging thickly back upon us. Let us recall some of the facts connected with the history of the "Old Dominion." The present name of the State was conferred by Sir Walter Raleigh, in compliment to the maiden queen, by whom, in 1584,—nearly three centuries ago—he had been empowered "to search for remote heathen lands not inhabited by Christian people," and to have and hold, in fee simple, all the soil within 200 leagues of any places which should become, within six years, the fixed residences of his companions, the crown reserving to itself one-fifth part of the precious metals that might be obtained. Under this commission, two ships, commanded by Amidas and Barlow, arrived in America in July, 1584. These men landed at Roanoke, and took possession of the country for the crown of England. The next year a company of 107 adventurers, under Sir Richard Grenville, came over to Virginia, and fixed their residence on the islands of Roanoke. The settlers were left here under the command of Mr. Lane. It appears that these persons, by rambling into the country without due caution, or

provoking the Indians by their lawless conduct, many of them were killed by the natives, while others perished by want. The survivors were taken to England, the next year, by Sir Francis Drake. In a fortnight, however, after they had departed, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with provisions, and an additional number of colonists. Not finding the former colonists, he left a few of his people, and returned to England. A third expedition, in 1587, went out under Mr. White, with 115 persons, who were left at Roanoke. Three years had elapsed before Governor White arrived with supplies and an additional number of colonists. Upon their arrival they found no Englishmen, and it was evident they had been slain by the savages, or perished by hunger. The last adventurers returned disheartened, and all further attempts to establish a colony at that time were laid aside. Under the authority of the first patent, Captain Christopher Newport was sent out by the London Company, with a number of adventurers, who entered Chesapeake Bay after a voyage of four months—sailed into the Powhattan or James River, and landed 150 colonists, who began a plantation at Jamestown. Newport returned to England, and the next year carried 120 persons, with supplies of provisions. In 1609, Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, with 500 adventurers, sailed for Virginia, and finding the colony reduced by sickness and want, they resolved to abandon the country, and actually sailed for England. But meeting the next day Lord Delaware with fresh supplies, they returned, and established the first permanent English Colony in North America. Virginia affords a fine field for the exploration of artists, and one, we may remark, which has

never been fully developed, though many striking features have been reproduced on canvass,—among others, the Natural Bridge, so well described in the "Notes on Virginia." Among other striking spectacles is the "Falling Spring," in the county of Augusta, where the water descends perpendicularly, from a height said to be 60 or 70 feet greater than that of the cataract of Niagara. The sheet of water, only 15 feet broad at its top, is divided in two or three places at the commencement of the fall, by the rock over which it passes, but is nowhere else interrupted till it reaches the valley immediately below. A person may pass dryshod between the base of the rock and the bottom of the fall. Another extraordinary scene is the wild and magnificent torrent at Harper's Ferry, formed by the tumultuous rushing of the waters of the Potomac and the Shenandoah through a gorge in the Blue Ridge, where they meet, and after momentarily beating with tremendous force against the rocky and rugged sides of the mountains, pass rapidly away together on their journey to the ocean. Several very curious caverns are found in the hilly regions, the most noted of which are Madison's Cave, on the north side of the Blue Ridge; another in Frederick county, near the North Mountain, and the "Blowing Cave," in one of the ridges of the Cumberland Mountain. The former of these has been the subject of much speculation with all philosophical visitors. A hill, 200 feet in height, rises perpendicularly from the margin of a branch of the Shenandoah River; one-third of the way down from the summit, the cave opens, branching in diverse directions, penetrates some 300 feet into the earth, and at two different points terminates in subterranean lakes.



OLD POINT COMFORT, MOUTH OF JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Mystery of the Closet Door.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

THERE is, or at least there was, in Paris, on the south side of the Seine, an inscription to this effect: "In this place dwelt Abelard and Heloise." It was in sight of this spot that I first took lodgings in the great French metropolis, after a temporary sojourn at the Hotel de Windsor, then next neighbor to Meurice's, in the Rue de Rivoli. Before I had been there a month, however, my landlady, in American parlance, "busted up," and I was obliged to emigrate. My next resting-place was Place du Pantheon, numero 3. It was recommended to me as a quiet spot, and ordinarily it is so; but at that particular juncture there was an immense curtain hung up before the fronton of the Pantheon, and hundreds of individuals of the species *gobe-mouche* used to assemble just beneath my windows to speculate about what was going on behind it. There was nothing there at all mysterious, nothing but a sculptor or two engaged in carving the fronton of this beautiful building, which had been left plain since its erection. But there are thousands of loafers in modern Lutetia who require only the most trifling excuse to assemble together and be idle with all their might; and such an excuse they found in that veil upon the front of the Pantheon. The consequence was, that what had heretofore been a very temple of Harpocrates, became now a Babel in miniature. For this and other reasons I soon evacuated these premises also, and made a flitting—as the Scotch say—to a large, semi dilapidated old mansion, built, French fashion, round a large court yard, in a very quiet street, not far from a very ill-named locality, the *Barrière d'Enfer*.

Very soon after my establishment in these new quarters, I was joined by an old friend and college chum, named Eugene Clare. And this is perhaps as fitting a place as any to give the reader an introduction, brief though necessary, both to my companion and myself. Eugene, as his name signifies, was really well-born. In all aristocratic England there is not a better name, genealogically speaking, than that of Clare. One of William the Norman's proudest barons was a De Clare, and to him my friend could trace his origin, though his family had been but commoners for several centuries. Eugene's grandfather, whose father was born in England, had some little of the pride of birth; his father very little; himself none at all—not one particle. He was a thorough republican in practice as well as in principle, and I verily believe that if he had happened to "turn up" a Snooks or a Snigglefritz, it would not have disturbed his equanimity one jot. At college, Eugene and I had been inseparable friends, but since we left it our paths had necessarily been different; for he was the only son of a rich Alabama planter, while I was—not the seventh but—the eleventh son of a Virginia farmer, in moderate circumstances. His business in Paris was to enjoy himself; mine was chiefly comprised in that not particularly attractive exercise called "walking the hospitals," and the still less fascinating occupation of playing amateur butcher in the shambles of the *Ecole de Médecine*. A lodging in the neighborhood of the Rue d'Enfer, and not far from the *Barrière*, was well suited to my purposes, but would hardly have been selected, as a matter of choice, by most persons in Eugene's position. He was resolved that we should be together, however, and as the *Chaussée d'Antin* or *Quartier des Champs Elysées* were out of the question for me, he decided that the *Pays Latin*—the students' quarter—would and did not suit him.

The fact is, my friend's tastes were, from choice and by nature, as quiet as mine were from necessity. After a few months spent in seeing the sights, he settled down into a regular frequenter of the public libraries, museums, picture galleries, etc., to which every respectable stranger is most hospitably welcomed, and became as steady and well-behaved as his excellent mother or sister could have desired. About this time, like most young men, he set about fulfilling his "manifest destiny" by falling over head and ears in love with a very pretty girl whom he happened to meet at one of the *soirées* of the American minister, our present Secretary of State. She was French by birth, but of American parentage, being the daughter of an American banker in Paris, then retired from business. Her mother had somewhat fancifully named her after her own native State, which was also that of Eu-

gene. Alabama Masden was no less lovely in heart and soul than in person; and that is saying a great deal, for her person was a most bewitching one. She was not, to be sure, one of your perfect Grecian ideals, statuesque and finished *ad unguem*. She was simply a soft, tender, melting, fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, who wiled your heart away insensibly, instead of taking it by storm, or boldly demanding it. Alabama and Eugene were well suited to each other, and her parents were not averse to the match. Neither was it probable that his would object. For once, therefore, the Shakspearian maxim about the course of true love never running smooth was likely to be falsified. I became acquainted with the young lady and her family, of course. The mother and daughter both pleased me greatly, but the old gentleman was not so much to my taste. All his talk was about money. He had handled the article so long that it seemed to have become incorporated in his very existence, and to constitute a part of himself.

Since his meeting with Alabama, Eugene's habits had become much less retired than they had previously been. In many of the gay *réunions* of the gayest of capitals he followed his mistress like her shadow. And Eugene Clare was not a man to frequent any sort of society without making his mark upon it. In elegance of person and gracefulness of manners, the American bred youth was a match for any European "*lion*" in all that vast menagerie. I saw but a single individual who was at all to be compared with him in these respects. This was a certain Count Waroski, said to be of Polish extraction and of noble birth, but recently from some Asiatic country, where he had been in a confidential position at the court of some Oriental potentate, and amassed riches to a fabulous extent. Such was all I had ever heard of his history. I had frequently seen him, and admired his magnificent *physique*, but had never been introduced to him, and knew only what "common fame" said of him. His wealth was a tangible reality, and he spent it "like a prince," or rather like a prodigal. There was something too much of a gentlemanly ruffianism, if I may so term it—a sort of "dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft" about him; but he certainly was superbly handsome, and as graceful as a masculine human being could be. And yet it was a gracefulness which always put me in mind of the Asiatic tiger, the lord of those jungles where he had so often roamed. To tell the real truth, I was continually feeling a sort of compunction for my causeless aversion to the man. It was the old story of "Doctor Fell" over again—a sort of instinct—for I knew no harm of him, and I certainly did not envy him anything so utterly beyond my reach as his wealth, or his good looks either.

Eugene had not yet formally declared himself either to Alabama or her parents, but there was a tacit understanding that he was to do so as soon as he could hear from his own family in America, a letter from whom was daily expected. At this juncture I received a note from him one morning, as I was descending the steps of the Hotel Dieu. It was handed to me by a fellow-student, who had met Eugene in the Rue de la Paix, in company with two gentlemen. In a few pencilled words he informed me that he had been suddenly called into the country, and would not be back till the next day. I supposed it to be some pleasure trip with Alabama, and thought no more of it. After attending another *clinique*, I returned to my lodgings, and remained there till near four o'clock. I was just going to a neighboring *table d'hôte* to get my dinner, when I received a second note urgently desiring my presence at the office of Dr. Labat, a gentleman from whom I was receiving private instruction in one of the specialties of the profession—lithotomy. Hurrying off, without stopping to dine, I made all the speed I could to the opposite quarter of the town, the Faubourg Montmartre. There I found Dr. L. busy at his forge, perfecting the model of a new instrument. The moment I saw the forge I thought of *forgery*.

"That's just what the note is!" cried I.

Labat raised his mild, studious eyes to my face, and probably thought I was a fit subject for Bedlam. I explained, and so did he, and the mutual explanation proved the rationality of the exclamation. The note was certainly a forgery, perhaps a stupid joke of one of my companions. I could not get away from the doctor without dining with him, and then I found it impossible to get away from his interesting conversation till a late hour of the night.

Eugene and I were joint occupants of a sitting-room, and in fact all our apartments might be said to be in common. His goings and comings were consequently all known to me, and I was a good deal surprised when I found that he did not return the next day, nor send me any news of his whereabouts. On the morning of the day after that I began to grow uneasy, and went to Mr. Masden's and to all his other places of resort to make inquiries, but could hear nothing of him anywhere. Neither the Masdens nor any of his acquaintances had seen him since I had. The day passed, and still he came not. I became seriously alarmed, and when yet another day elapsed without news of him, I applied to the police. After twenty-four more anxious hours, I could only learn that a gentleman answering the description I gave, a foreigner, was seen on the first day of his absence at Versailles, in company with two others, who appeared to be Frenchmen. All who felt an interest in Eugene were now thoroughly aroused. I guaranteed a reimbursement of all expenses—a matter in which I thought Mr. Masden ought to have joined me—and the police were set to work with all possible diligence. Eugene's banker offered a large reward for any intelligence by which he could be traced. All these efforts, however, were unavailing, nor could the slightest clue be obtained to the mystery which shrouded my poor friend's disappearance. Weeks, months elapsed, and suspicion began to give way to something that was almost a certainty of foul play, assassination and death. Poor Allie, his almost betrothed, found it impossible to conceal her sufferings, and her mother was but little less affected. At length Eugene's father, sister, and poor distracted mother arrived, and gold was lavished in a new and still more rigorous search. But it was all in vain. All our efforts tended but to make the mystery more hopelessly inscrutable. The student who gave me the note at the Hotel Dieu was the last one of his acquaintances who had seen him. We had left home together early on Tuesday morning, but soon parted, I on my way to the hospital, and he to visit a young American who lived in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He never reached him, however, and was seen but once more—in the Rue de la Paix.

There were plenty of gallants ready and willing to take poor Eugene's place as candidates for the heart and hand of the lovely Alabama. One of these, the Polish Apollo and Eastern Nabob, Waroski, was evidently favored by Mr. Masden, whose fondness for money was a secret to nobody. Eugene was wealthy, but not a nabob, nor even a millionaire; and it is probable that the old gentleman was well satisfied to exchange him as prospective son-in-law for the Oriental Cræsus. Whether his extraordinary personal advantages had made any impression on the daughter I could not tell with certainty, but I hoped and believed they had not. Waroski, however, followed her like a shadow, and she was often seen in public, though I felt sure that her apparent gaiety was fictitious at bottom. This "long Pole," as some of the Americans called him, was becoming absolutely insupportable to me. I could not look at him with any degree of equanimity, and yet I had nothing against him but the vague suspicion that he might be in some way connected with my friend's disappearance.

Spring was now well advanced, and the beautiful pleasure grounds of Paris had donned their robes of brightest verdure. One day, as I was crossing the Garden of the Tuileries, I stopped awhile to rest beside the centenarian orange trees which constitute such an attractive feature of this delightful promenade. The peripatetic *marchands* and *marchandes* with which the French capital abounds, are generally excluded from the palace grounds, but a bright-eyed gipsy girl had by some means gained admission, with a little basket of gilt shells and other trumpery upon her arm. She offered me her wares, and assured me that they were "fortunes," already written down by no less a person than Mademoiselle Lenormand herself. A little glittering casket, made of some many-grooved bivalve shell she assured me contained my destiny, and I would be a loser to an immense extent if I failed to secure it. Without looking at the things I mentioned her away, for I was in no humor for trifling. She continued to hover about, however, and watching her opportunity when no one was looking, she thrust the shell into my hand, and to my great surprise ran off without asking any pay. I was still more surprised when I glanced at the trinket and saw my own name

upon it. Hastily springing up, I ran after the girl; but she had already mixed with the crowd in the great promenade, and was nowhere to be seen, though I threaded all the alleys, and questioned the sentinels at the neighboring gates. After this unsuccessful perquisition, I returned to my seat and opened the mysterious casket. It contained a slip of paper on which these words were written:

"Quand la porte toute seule s'ouvrira,
Tout le charme s'aneantira;"

which, "done into English," might read as follows:

"When the door of itself shall open,
Then you'll find the spell is broken."

On the back of the folded paper was written, *A Monsieur, Monsieur Giacomo S. Campana, Paris.*

I sat for hours pondering upon this doggerel. Could it be a mere trick, a mystification? If so, it was certainly a very stupid one, and I could think of no one likely to be guilty of such folly. If not a silly jest, it must have a meaning. And what could the meaning be? There was nothing but the mystery of Eugene's disappearance to which it could refer. But supposing it did, I could see no possible significance the distich could have in connection therewith. After cudgelling my brain a long time to no purpose, I finally gave it up as a piece of purposeless nonsense, in which the inventor himself could probably have found no meaning. Still, however, the thing haunted me and troubled me. It would force its way into my thoughts in spite of me. With the hope of laying this ghost of an absurdity, I sought diligently for the gipsy girl from whom I received the shell. I spent whole days in wandering about the places of public resort, but she was not to be found, and I felt pretty well persuaded that she had left Paris. I also applied to the police, but it was only to increase my perplexity. All the huckster women—gipsies especially—were well known to them, but they assured me that no such girl as I described had ever "peddled fortunes" in Paris.

Weeks and months flew by, and poor Eugene seemed to be forgotten by every one except myself and his heart-broken parents and sister, who still lingered in the great city. I often visited them, and Colonel Clare came to my lodgings every day, and still his hopeless inquiry for news of his son had to be answered in the negative. My own sufferings were poignant enough, but those of this excellent family were a positive torment to me. There was hardly any impossibility which I would not have attempted in order to relieve them. If anything could have consoled the grief-stricken parents it would have been their admirable daughter. Mary Clare was a treasure such as few parents on earth are blessed with. It may well be believed that my studies made but slow progress under such circumstances. About the only thing I really did was to watch Waroski. To that business I attended most faithfully, but only with the barren result of convincing myself that the fellow, in some respects, at least, was a humbug. His wealth, to be sure, seemed real, and as long as that *prestige* remained to him, I had little expectation of making any one else a convert to my way of thinking in this respect. Of this, in fact, I had a practical demonstration. Having heard a report that the Polish nabob was to be married to Alabama Masden, I had the stupidity to go and see the old gentleman about it, and to impart to him my suspicion that the handsome Waroski was an impostor. The only effect, of course, was a very energetic recommendation to mind my own business.

One night, soon afterwards, as I was returning to my lodgings, and but a short distance therefrom, I was suddenly attacked by two men muffled in large cloaks. Their object seemed to be rather to capture than to assassinate me, and they were evidently very much afraid of making a noise. This caution on their part gave me the idea of making all the noise I could myself. I accordingly began to yell like a whipt negro, exerting myself to the full power of my lungs. Muttering deep curses, the foremost ruffian closed with me, and succeeded in throwing me down. I clutched his cravat, however, and drew him to the ground with me. He was a tall, powerful man, and had his face covered with a black mask. His companion soon came up, and I would have fared badly if it had not been for my screeches, which had reached the ears of a squad of the mounted patrol in an adjoining street. The noise of their horses' hoofs and the jingling of their accoutrements put my assailants to flight; but I had never relaxed my hold of the tall fellow's neck, and it was only by pulling

out a knife that he forced me to release him. When I saw the cold steel flashing above me I thought it was time to let go, and did so. Though I expected a stab or a gash for it, I could not resist the temptation of giving a tug at the villain's mask. He was in too great a hurry or too fearful of detection to resent it, and fled like the wind; but not before I had seen enough of his face to convince me that he was no less a personage than the Asiatic-Polish nabob, Waroski. Springing to my feet, I gave chase, followed by the gend'armes. The fugitives had but a few yards start of us, and to my great joy I saw them turn into a *cul-de-sac*, or court without a thoroughfare. We felt sure of our men. The streets were not well lighted, but there was moon enough to render the rascals distinctly visible at a short distance, and all of us together filled up nearly the whole width of the court. Just as we were in the act of pouncing upon them, however, they disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed them up. We had seen no door open, but there was one immediately opposite to the place where they vanished, and having no doubt that they had entered it, the gend'armes burst it open. It was a wicket door alongside of a large *porte cochere*, in the ordinary Parisian style, and gave admission to a court yard and house inhabited by an English family. The officers spread themselves everywhere, but the only effect was to frighten some ladies half to death, and to produce a similar effect (exanimation) upon a portly specimen of the John Bull genus, by putting him in such a rage that he could neither see nor speak. Making the best apology I could, I managed to call off the "blood-hounds of the law," and persuade them to put a little faith in the declaration of the porter—an honest one I verily believe—that "no one had entered or left the house for two hours," that is, since his master came home. The next morning we returned and made a thorough examination of the premises by daylight, but with no better success than before. The fellows had dodged us in some mysterious manner, which baffled the ingenuity of all the Parisian Vidocqs.

The next evening I was sitting alone in the room where I had passed so many pleasant hours with the dear friend so strangely lost, pondering upon what use I should make of my discovery in relation to Waroski, when my attention was attracted to a somewhat curious movement in the door of a closet which had been used as a wardrobe. It was fastened by a button; but I observed it, without any apparent cause, swinging slowly open. I shut it and turned the button. In a short time it began to perform the same operation again; the button slowly turned into a vertical position, and the door swung open again. I now remembered that I had often seen that same closet door standing open a short time after I had carefully shut and buttoned it; but I had never before happened actually to catch it in the self-aperient act—if I may use such an expression. My mind was dwelling with a sort of melancholy whimsicality upon this word, when an idea crossed it which made it bound like an India rubber ball. Strange that I had not thought of it before! Here was the very condition of the gipsy girl's distich: "When the door of itself shall open, then you'll find the spell is broken." A door had been opened of itself—what next? Was there really a meaning in the thing after all? I was very much in the condition of the drowning man who catches at straws, and I resolved to do my best to investigate the thing, though I almost felt ashamed to treat with gravity so apparently silly a matter. I went to work at once.

Having shut the closet door very carefully, I carefully watched its opening. The button was so fixed that it assumed a vertical position—perpendicular to the floor—whenever it was left to itself. The door, too, when left to itself, unfastened, would swing open by its own gravity. Thus I found that the button had a constant tendency to unfasten itself by turning from a horizontal to a vertical position, and the door, too, had a tendency to come open as soon as it was released from the button. But this tendency alone had no power to turn the button and liberate the door. There must be some extraneous force to accomplish that. I watched very closely. In about three minutes the button began slowly to turn. It stopped, however, before it had turned quite enough, and the door was thus held for five minutes or more. It then began to move again, and in a second or two the door flew open. By very close watching, I could detect a very slight motion in the floor or wall, which, of

course, was communicated to the button. Upon trial, I found that walking across the floor would produce the phenomenon in question. But I had been perfectly still, and while I was so the door had opened. Where did the motion come from? After listening and watching for a long time, I fancied that the motion was accompanied by a very faint noise at the back of the closet. I entered it, and put my ear to the wall. After waiting some six or eight minutes I heard very plainly a sort of jarring sound, accompanied by the motion which had caused the door to open. This occurred at irregular intervals of from three to fifteen minutes. In making this investigation, I noticed that the plastering which covered the rest of the closet was wanting at the spot where I had been putting my ear to the wall.

It had now grown so dark that I could see nothing in the closet. I procured a light and found that the wall at the back of the closet had been torn away, and somewhat hastily replaced by rough boards. A longing desire seized me to know what was on the other side of those boards. It was not at all likely that I would be repaid for my trouble; but I was determined to tear them away and have a look at the space beyond, and if possible discover the cause of the noise and the motion. The gipsy's doggerel, "Quand la porte toute seule s'ouvrira, etc.," rang continually in my ears, and helped to urge me on. I reflected, however, that the noise was doubtless caused by some human agency, and that the makers of it, whoever they might be, would not probably be very well pleased at my bursting in upon them. I therefore resolved to wait till the noise ceased, and consequently withdrew until about eleven o'clock. At that hour, however, the noise was still kept up, and it was not till after twelve that it ceased altogether. I then resolved to go to work.

I had provided tools for the purpose, and went to work at once to rip off the boards where they had been joined to the laths at the back part of the closet. The nails were new, and the boards evidently put up within a year. In a few minutes I had made an aperture wide enough to admit my person. I then took a lamp and looked in. All I could see was a narrow space between two walls, and a staircase running both up and down as far as my vision extended. Though a little doubtful about the wisdom of the step, I determined to explore the staircase. It would have been more prudent to have procured assistance, but that could hardly be done at such an hour, and I was too much excited to wait. I therefore armed myself, and with a lamp and lantern and a box of matches, started on my expedition.

I first ascended the stair, but my progress in that direction was soon arrested by a strong oaken door, fastened by locks, bolts and bars. It would have been a work of much time and difficulty to force this door. I did not attempt it, but retraced my steps, passed the closet, and sought the lower end of the staircase. It took a great many steps to reach it. After descending a considerable distance, inclining to the left, I came to a landing-place. From this started another flight, inclining to the right, which was longer than the first. At the bottom of this was another landing place, and another flight, inclining to the left again; and below that another, and another, and still another, until I began to think that somebody had been attempting to construct a staircase to the antipodes. All the steps were more or less shaky and dilapidated, and though there had evidently been an attempt made to steady them at the point where they passed my closet, there was still motion enough caused by passing feet to give rise to the phenomenon of the self-opening closet door, which probably took place every time that any one ascended the stairs.

At last I had apparently reached the end of my downward progress. Instead of a landing-place and another flight of steps, I came to a heavy door. It was locked, but the key was in the lock, and I had no difficulty in turning it. This locking of the door on the outside gave me more confidence, for it looked as if the frequenters of the place must have left and gone up the stairs; and as they had been engaged so late at night, they would not be likely to be afoot again very early in the morning. On the other side of the door I could see nothing but a long, dark passage, with walls of rude masonry. The air was damp and chilly, and a musty smell pervaded it. It seemed to me like the entrance to a tomb. I moved on, however, at a rapid pace,

till I came to another door, also with a key in it. I passed through and found myself in a cavern, apparently of immense extent, a strange, wild, irregular excavation, supported by huge pillars of solid rock. It was dark and silent as the grave. I advanced cautiously a short distance, but a difficulty soon presented itself which caused me great annoyance. If I went much further, how was I ever to get back again? In a subterranean labyrinth of such vast extent, with its hundreds and perhaps thousands of galleries, and passages, and nooks, and recesses, and turnings add twistings, all irregular, but all having such a sameness of appearance as to be utterly indistinguishable one from the other by an unpractised eye, I must inevitably lose myself in a few minutes, and wander about most probably till I starved to death. I stood for some time thinking over this matter, but the danger was too serious and too certain to be encountered for so uncertain a benefit. It would be rushing with open eyes into the very jaws of destruction. Most reluctantly, therefore, I retraced my steps, with the intention of applying to the police in the morning.

I had passed the first door, and was in the act of locking it, when I happened to press one of my arms against my coat, and bring it in contact with something hard in the breast pocket. A thought suddenly flashed across my mind. What I felt was a small packet, containing some articles which I had purchased in the course of the day, and which I had afterwards forgotten. Among other things there were half a dozen spools of fine cotton. The moment I thought of these I resolved to return and continue my explorations. I opened the door again, passed through, placed the key in the lock on the inside, fastened one end of one of my spools of thread to it, and started confidently on my tour of discovery, "paying out" my cotton clue as I advanced.

I will not trouble the reader with a circumstantial account of my progress. After some half an hour's wandering, I reached a spot where there were more signs of the recent presence of human beings than I had yet seen. At length there arose before me a great pile of something of a whitish color, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be a mass of human bones. Thousands and thousands of skulls, and thigh-bones, and leg-bones, and arm bones were piled up in symmetrical heaps, looking as if it might be the charnel-house of half the globe. Passing these ghastly relics, I pursued my way through many a rugged vault and winding passage, until I began to think of returning. I had to pick my way slowly and laboriously among the rubbish, and I felt quite fatigued. While I was reflecting upon the propriety of a farther prosecution of my explorations, and not looking as closely to my feet as I ought to have done, I suddenly tumbled heels over head into a sort of pit or gully, extinguished my light, and what was a still more serious matter, broke my cord. One of my ankles was injured by the fall, and gave me a good deal of pain. I scrambled up, however, and re-lit my lamp. Upon examining the cord I found that it had parted some considerable distance back, probably at a point where I had tied two ends together. My heart beat tumultuously as I asked myself the question, "Can I find the other piece?" Life and death probably hung upon the answer. I could not get out of the gully at the place where I fell in, but was obliged to move about till I could find a less abrupt declivity. When I got upon smoother ground again, I tried carefully to trace back my cord and find the main piece from which it had been broken. But all my efforts were fruitless. It had become so disarranged on the rugged floor of the cavern, that the two ends were hopelessly separated, and the recovery of the other piece impossible.

This was a most serious misfortune. I was now a great distance from the place where I entered, and utterly lost in the vast subterranean labyrinth. A lingering death by starvation was staring me in the face. I was still wandering about and vainly searching for the lost line, when I thought I heard a noise coming from a distant quarter of the cavern. I stopped and listened. There undoubtedly was a sound, something like the regular working of machinery reverberating through the subterranean chambers. This re-excited my curiosity and renewed my energies. As I advanced in the direction of the noise, I found the difficulties of the way greatly multiplied. The path became more and more rugged, and obstacles of every sort increased as if they had been placed there on pur-

pose. The noise, however, became gradually louder, and at last I saw a faint glimmering of light ahead of me. I now thought it best to extinguish my own lamp, and creep along as I best could with my lame ankle in the dark. After much trouble and pain, and much stumbling and skinning of my fibular extremities, vulgarly termed shins, I found myself close beside a sort of rude enclosure, or rock built chamber, from the inside of which the noise and light both proceeded. The former, however, had ceased just before I came up. Putting my eye to the chink through which the light found its way, I saw a sort of workshop and forge, and two men, one of whom was taking off a leather apron. From the appearance of the place I judged that a number of men had recently been at work there, and that these two had lingered behind for some special purpose. One of the men had his back turned towards me at first. In a minute or two, however, he turned round, and I at once recognized—Waroski. He was coarsely attired, and begrimed with the emanations from the forge; but there was no possibility of mistaking him. In millions of men you would in vain seek the counterpart of Waroski the magnificent.

This discovery greatly increased my interest in the scene before me, and heightened the chagrin I felt in not being able to hear, or rather to get the sense of the conversation going on between the two men. They were speaking earnestly and rapidly in the Italian language. If they had been speaking English or French I would probably have been able to make out most of what they said; but at that time my knowledge of Italian was not so perfect as to enable me to gather the sense of a conversation so imperfectly heard as this was. Leaving my place of observation, I cautiously stole round to the door. It was partially open, but the speakers were at the opposite end of the apartment, and I could hear very little better than before. About half way between them and the door was a machine large enough to screen my person. Creeping noiselessly to the spot, I enconced myself behind it, and then heard very distinctly the following words:

"Then why not put him out of the way at once?"

It was the man with the apron who spoke.

"Well," replied Waroski, "it may come to that before long; but wise men never incur more risk than is needful. Do you think he knows what we are doing?"

"To be sure he does, unless he is an idiot. I said at first there was no need of blindfolding him when we took him in. He not only hears the machinery at work, but I believe he can hear us talking, when we speak very loud, as we sometimes do when you are not here, and we get into a quarrel. Happen what may, it will never do to let him go again—that you may depend upon. There is but one safe maxim in such cases, and that is, dead men tell no tales."

As the man said this, with a horrible grin, he finished putting his things away and turned towards the door, Waroski accompanying him. I was in a state of grievous perplexity. There was the massive door close beside me, and from what I had heard I had not the least doubt that Eugene was on the other side of it. For who could the prisoner be but he? Who but Waroski could be interested in his abduction? I could not think of leaving the place, even if the way had been clear, without at least making an effort to communicate with him. But how would it be possible for me to get out again if I suffered them to lock me in and go away? That would be throwing away my last chance. They would then have two prisoners in place of one, and I would have the melancholy consciousness of having destroyed myself at the same time that I made Eugene's release, by my agency at least, impossible. Unfortunately, I was in that condition, when, as has been said of women under certain circumstances, "to deliberate is to be lost." Before I had time for a second thought, the men were between me and the door. It was already too late. They passed out, the heavy door swung to, chains and bars were put up, a ponderous key grated harshly in the lock, and I was immured in a dungeon which would vie with any "donjon keep" in mediæval story—deep down in the bowels of the earth, beyond all reach of human sympathy or succor.

Few will disbelieve me when I confess that I was not just as comfortable as I could have wished to be; but I had counted the cost before commencing the undertaking, and was determined to put a bold face on the matter, happen what might. Lighting my lamp, I made a cur-

sory survey of the apartment. It was evidently a mint in miniature, a money-making shop, capable of turning out perhaps a million francs a day, of first-rate bogus coinage. There was also every desirable facility for the production of counterfeit notes, of which there were scattered about admirably executed specimens, intended for circulation in almost every civilized country, my own being honored with more attentions of this sort than any other. In a word, I saw before me perhaps the most complete, the most extensive, the most admirably appointed counterfeiting establishment that ever existed; and I had afterwards reason to know that the arrangements for putting this money into circulation were in no respect inferior to those for producing it. There was a large table in one corner where Waroski had been engaged in testing, preparatory to packing away, great glittering piles of napoleons, sovereigns, eagles, doubloons, ducats, johannes, moldores, pistoles, etc., all admirably executed—the best counterfeits by far that I had ever seen. Upon a desk were immense volumes containing specimens which must have included nearly every variety of paper money known to mankind. Here then was the oriental mine from which his excellency, Count Waroski, extracted his riches. I was well pleased with the information, slender as was the prospect of ever profiting by it. I had suspected for some time that the nabob's money was not honestly come by, though I had never had any idea of its coming from a source like this. Looking at my watch, I found that it must be within less than an hour of daylight. If I was to be caught like a mouse in a trap (and I had no other thought, for even if I had been out of this prison I could not find my way out of the cavern), I was resolved in the first place to make an effort to communicate with Eugene. The door I had seen was doubtless the entrance to his dungeon. I put my mouth to the great key-hole, and shouted with all my might the name of my friend. There was no answer. I tried it again. All was silent. Perhaps he was asleep. I dashed a rock against the door two or three times, and then shouted again. This time there came a response to my call in the shape of a faint and apparently far-off "Who's there?" That was the place, sure enough. When he learned who it was that called him, the poor fellow was almost beside himself with mingled joy and amazement. We had to strain our voices to a very high pitch, for there were between us, as he informed me, two thick walls and massive doors, separated by a small chamber. One of my first questions was the very important one whether he knew of any means of egress for either of us. He did not. He told me, however, that we had a good deal of time before us, as the counterfeiters never came to work till about noon. It now occurred to me for the first time, that I had been so stupidly remiss as to leave behind me no letter, no information, no clue whatever by which it could be known what had become of me. I bitterly regretted this on Eugene's account no less than on my own. My reflections on this subject had kept me silent so long, that my fellow-prisoner shouted out to inquire what I was doing. I purposely mumbled a reply which I knew he could not understand, and followed it up by inquiring how he had been inveigled into confinement. His reply was necessarily brief and compendious. Two individuals, of gentlemanly manners and appearance, had accosted him, bearing a letter of introduction—a forgery no doubt—from a young friend of ours, a Gascon, then in Bordeaux. They were from that city, they said, visitors, anxious to see the sights of Paris and its vicinity. They proposed a visit to Versailles. Eugene agreed to go, and wrote me the note which I received at the Hotel Dieu. They were wandering through the gigantic palatial picture-gallery, when one of them became suddenly ill, and in consequence of this the whole party returned to Paris. Finding that I was not at home (having been called off by the note forged in Dr. Labat's name), Eugene lit a cigar and was sitting half dozing in his chair, when he was suddenly seized, blindfolded, pinioned, and hurried off to the dungeon which he now occupied, being doubtless dragged through the place which I found newly boarded up in the back of our closet. The object in going to Versailles was no doubt to deceive his friends, and put them on a wrong scent by inducing the belief that he had never returned to Paris. He had seen no one about our lodgings but the porter, and he had, of course, been bribed

or silenced in some way. At all events, he solemnly asserted to me that Eugene had not returned, and a day or two after his disappearance he also was missing. I was told that he had gone to live in his native city of Berne; for he was in reality what all Parisian porters are by courtesy—a Swiss. Significant as it appeared to me now, this incident had made no impression on me at the time. Since his confinement, Eugene had seen no one but his jailor, who brought him a daily pittance of food, and knew nothing of Waroski's being in any way connected with his abduction.

I tried to comfort my poor friend as well as I could, but I found it a difficult task to inspire him with a confidence which I was far from feeling myself. I could in fact see no possible means of escaping from the trap into which I had semi voluntarily entered. All sorts of impracticable contrivances suggested themselves, but as I was forced to abandon them one by one, the prospect grew darker and darker before me. I

no reason to anticipate a very friendly reception. It occurred to me that I might create a panic by suddenly leaping out upon them, revolver in hand, under cover of which I might escape. If there should not be more than two of them, however, I was resolved to "show fight," and take the chances.

In the meantime I was slowly ascending in perfect darkness. There was no glimmering of light even from above. As I was quietly seating myself, I felt a cloth, something like a large blanket, at the bottom of the basket. This suggested a new line of operation. I lay down in the bottom and covered myself up carefully. I thought it possible—barely possible—that I might in this way escape observation altogether. Making a little opening to peep through, I awaited the result. The time seemed very long—as if there was a mile of going up at the very least. The coolest of men are poor hands at measuring times and distances under such circumstances. At last I could see a very faint glim-

ably a fragment of machinery. It is likely that the men knew it was there, and had no very definite idea of it; consequently the addition which my body made to it was not particularly noticed. I did not stay to make many observations, but left the place by a small door, which admitted me into a narrow, oblong court-yard, with walls altogether too high to be scaled. There was no means of egress but the door of the house to which the yard belonged. I opened it and entered. Fortunately there was no one there; and fortunately also I found myself in a passage leading through what the French call a *rez-de-chaussée* to an outer court-yard. This evidently communicated with the street by a *portecochere* and wicket gate or door, like other French houses. But these, of course, were fastened, and could only be opened by the porter. How was I to get through? There was one chance for me. A French porter sees everybody who comes into the house, but not necessarily those who go out of it. In order to get out, you simply say as you pass the lodge, "*Le cordon, s'il vous plait*—the string, if you please!" Thereupon, the porter, generally without thinking it worth while to look out of his window, pulls a string which unfastens the door. You then go out and shut it after you. Knowing this much of the manners and customs of Paris, and putting my trust therein, I advanced to the porter's lodge and gave the usual notice, in an unconcerned and somewhat authoritative tone of voice. The undertaking was perfectly successful. The porter, a cobbler apparently, went on singing and hammering, and pulled the cord without showing himself. I walked out and shut the door very deliberately, using a very fair degree of speed, however, as soon as I was fairly off the premises. I found myself in an unknown locality, and was much puzzled to know what direction to take. Fortunately, a *fiacre* soon made its appearance. I jumped in, and paid the driver double fare and *pour-boire* to convey me with all possible speed to the prefecture of police. I afterwards discovered that this coal-yard was in the immediate vicinity of the court where Waroski and his fellow-assassin had escaped from the night-patrol, doubtless through some secret fissure communicating with the subterranean regions from which I had ascended, and kept in readiness for such uses. On reaching the police office I ascertained that the counterfeiting and probably counterfeit count had been an object of suspicion for some time, though his extreme cunning and watchfulness had prevented any discovery of his real character. A plan was at once adopted for surprising him and his confederates, and taking them in the act. It would hardly do, as was at first proposed, to make a descent upon them in the basket which had served me so opportunely. Hearing it come down at an unusual hour (for what the customary hour was we had no means of knowing), they would probably suspect something like the truth, and make their escape into some inaccessible recess of the cavern. We might have succeeded in capturing some of the men about the coal depot, but this would take time, and the least delay might prove dangerous to Eugene. At my suggestion, a detachment of the police accompanied me to my lodgings. Everything was just as I left it, showing that nobody had been there, and that Waroski and his companion had in all probability not left the cavern by the long staircase, but by some other outlet. It was afterwards discovered that this secret stair led to a strong room above, where they were in



MANHOOD.

was trying to keep down gloomy thoughts, and at the same time cheer my friend as much as possible by telling him the best story I could about Alabama, when my attention was drawn to a singular noise in one corner of the room. Grasping my lamp and my pistol, I turned in that direction, and saw a large basket, with a great rope attached to it, rising slowly from the floor. Like lightning the idea flashed across my mind that some persons above were hoisting this basket to the upper world, and that I might go up in it. It was now ascending more rapidly, and was nearly as high as my head; in another second the chance would be lost. Throwing my lamp and revolver into the basket, I sprang in after them. I caught the rope and clambered in with a good deal of difficulty. For a moment or two I feared lest the people above should have observed the jar given to the rope. They did not, however, or at least they showed no sign of it. But what was I to do when I reached the top? Coming from where I did, I had certainly

mering of light above me, and soon afterwards the motion ceased. I saw a hand grasping the side of the basket.

"How infernally heavy it is!" exclaimed a rough voice, with a Gallic oath.

I grasped my weapon tightly, for I fully expected that there would be a speedy investigation of the cause of this unusual ponderousness. There was not, however. There were only two men, and they seemed to be in a great hurry. They left me and the basket where we had been deposited, and went away.

I lay perfectly still until the men's footsteps became inaudible; then, slowly uncovering myself, I rose upright. I was in a large, dimly-lighted shed, under which large quantities of coal were piled. The empty basket in which I had ascended was evidently the means by which this fuel was transferred to the workshop and steam engine below. The hole was like a common old-fashioned well with a windlass. Beside me, in the basket, was a piece of cast-iron, prob-

the habit of storing away their counterfeit treasures. This place was only occasionally visited by them. There was, however, a man who lived in an apartment adjoining the treasury. The night before there had been a great quantity of coin, etc. carried up. Hence the noise, the shaking of the stairs, and the opening of the closet door.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., I started with a squad of gendarmes, it being our determination to follow up, as far as possible, the cotton clue which I had left lying on the ground. We found no difficulty in doing this up to the point where I had fallen and broken it. There we were at fault. After some consultation, however, we tied a new string to the end of the old one, and pushed on, as nearly as we could guess, in the same direction. After advancing for some time, in rather a perplexed state of mind, we at length heard, to our great satisfaction, the distant noise of the machine. It was away behind us, however, and considerably to the left. Soon after-

wards we saw a light. We now felt assured of success. It was evident that no alarm had been given and no suspicion excited. The noise was so great that we could easily steal up to the door without being noticed. It was open, and we were on the inside of it before they took the alarm. There were five men at work. Waroski sat at a desk, apparently engaged in affixing signatures to counterfeit bank-notes. Though his back was turned towards us, he was the first to notice our presence. For a moment he glared at us like a wild beast at bay, and then his scowling glance settled upon me. I saw him doubling up his limbs like a tiger preparing for a spring. A stiletto flashed brightly in the torch-light, and with the words, "Dog of Yankee, this is your work!" he leaped upon me. Though the lightning's flash could hardly be more rapid than his movements, I had time to dodge him. I watched his muscles like steel springs unbending, and at that instant I fell to the floor. He passed clean over my head, and fell headlong upon a rock, cutting a severe gash in his temple. Before he could rise I was upon him, and others speedily following, he was soon secured. The whole party showed fight, and one of our men had his cheek laid open by a knife. Happily, they had not time to reach their fire-arms, and we soon overpowered them. The next thing was to liberate Eugene. This was speedily accomplished. We found the keys of his prison in the pockets of the fellow I had seen with Waroski, and had him out in a moment. My story is told. What followed may be left almost entirely to the reader's imagination. Waroski, who was no count, but a most magnificent scoundrel, found his appropriate position in the *Bagne*, or penal-gang at Toulon. He swore to make his escape for the sole purpose of being revenged on me, whom he had already twice attempted to assassinate. No third attempt has been made, and I think it likely that he is still a "galley-slave," as the inmates of those prisons are still called, though there are no galleys for them to row in now-a-days. Soon after his capture, I called to inform Mr. Masden of what had happened. He was greatly troubled at the news of the rich count's villany, and his wife and daughter as thoroughly gratified. This was good news for Eugene, and the scream of delight with which the lovely Alabama received the announcement of his safety was better news still. The meeting of the lovers, of the lost son and brother with his parents and sister, I will not attempt to describe. A few more weeks of sorrow would have sent the poor mother to the grave. The gipsy girl, who had purposely kept out of sight, came forward and told us all she knew as soon as Waroski was captured. She was the sister of one of the fellows who had hoisted me up in the basket. She had long wished to get rid of the "bonds of iniquity" by which she was enslaved, but was afraid of Waroski's vengeance. From what she had heard among the counterfeiters, she had learned my intimacy with Eugene, with the circumstances of whose captivity she was well acquainted. The room into which the self-moving closet door opened had formerly been in the possession of the gang, who in fact had access to perhaps one half of the houses in that quarter of Paris. She alone, however, had noticed this phenomenon, and she hoped that the knowledge of it might lead me to make such discoveries as would eventuate in Eugene's liberation. In common with all Waroski's agents, the poor girl had sworn to reveal nothing, and she knew that speedy and terrible punishment would follow the breaking of this oath. The plan she adopted was not in her estimation a violation of the oath, though she hoped it would answer the purpose of a direct revelation. In order to present the distich unobserved, she had assumed, for that day only, the character of a huckster of fortunes.

Alabama is now the wife of Eugene, and the mistress of a little paradise on the banks of the river her namesake. Mary Clare has become my wife. I need hardly add, in conclusion, that the subterranean workshop of Count Waroski was situated in that famous excavation which underlies so large a portion of the French capital—the Catacombs of Paris.

One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness.

MANHOOD AND OLD AGE.

We publish herewith the two beautiful designs by Johannot, which we promised in our last number, and which complete the artist's allegorical series of the Life of Man. In the first of the two pictures we behold manhood, as shown in a warrior, the figure realizing Milton's lines: "The starry helm unbuckled showed him prime in manhood where youth ends." He has assumed the responsibilities and duties of a citizen. He is a husband and father, and now goes forth to battle in the cause of his country. His wife and daughter are clinging to him, and bidding him a tender farewell, but not seeking to detain him from his duty, while his son, who holds the helmet, already catches a martial inspiration from his father's bearing. In the second picture we are at the close of the career, the principal halting-places of which the artist has shown us. We have seen the hopes of infancy, the sports and studies of youth, the serious duties of ripe age; we are now shown the consolations of old age,

that each man should comprehend his responsibility to the future, and how he is the continuation of a social personality—which he must maintain honorably, and of which his sons will one day be the representatives. If we are deeply penetrated with the idea that we die not from among men, since we survive in our race, we shall better feel the necessity of regulating a long life, and of making an high or humble house a perpetuity of devotion and honor. All nations which cherish virtue are distinguished by respect for the aged; they have always been regarded as the representatives of past centuries, to which we owe much, and towards which we can only acquit ourselves, by our veneration for those of their offspring who survive. And these bending frames, ready to part from life, are moreover a useful warning; they tell us not to trust in the eternity of our strength and the duration of our enjoyments, but to look beyond the horizons of life. Old men thus become at once the deputies of by-gone times, bringing their experience and

CHINESE CUNNING.

We were five Americans, who had purchased a mining claim in one of the midland mining districts of California, early in the summer of 1853. We had some money, and therefore feeling pretty independent, concluded to set others to work instead of working ourselves; a very common practice among American miners. Human nature is the same the world over. With a little money in their pockets, California adventurers are quite as apt as other people to get a little above their business. The dirty part of mining is not at all acceptable, unless their finances compel them to do it. In opening a river claim, most of the dirty work comes first; and my companions and myself, acting according to the promptings of *gentility*, determined to keep our hands as clean and respectable as possible, while we had money in our pockets, to enable us to use other people's instead. We accordingly employed a gang of Chinamen that we found hovering in the vicinity, to open our claim. We were by no means confident that the enterprise would pay, although we knew the soil would yield almost anywhere small amounts of gold. If the washings were poor, and gave no more than a dollar a head *per diem*, we knew that we could sell out to our Chinese friends for a quarter, perhaps a third of what our claim originally cost.

The Chinese miners, with a leader who understands English, patrol the country in gangs, like Irishmen, ready for any speculation, no matter how small, that may chance to turn up. There were seven in the gang we employed. They were to work three days in opening our claim, for the sum of twenty dollars. The price seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, and they went to work apparently in good earnest. They loosened the soil here and there, and examining it very sagely, would shake their heads to indicate the deplorable absence of the precious metal. Thus passed a day. We kept a sharp watch over them, to hold in check their thieving propensities. When night arrived, the leader approached us with a sorrowful look, holding in his dirty hand a few flaky scales of gold, and one insignificant little nugget, the whole, perhaps, amounting in value to three dollars, and exclaimed, "Poor claim, poor claim! *he no pay to work!*"

We began to think so ourselves, and when at the close of the second day they greeted us with similar remarks as on the first, and even a less quantity of gold, most of our company began to feel very much like selling out—if we could. We accosted the leader of the gang, and proposed to sell him our shares at a great sacrifice.

"No good!" said Shang Foo, shaking his head with great gravity. "No pay."

"But you John China fellows can make almost anything pay, you know, where we Americans and Johnny Bulls would starve."

Shang Foo chuckled, jerked once or twice at his pig-tail, and desired to know what we would take. The claim cost us two hundred dollars in the aggregate; forty dollars a head. We proposed, four of us, to take twenty dollars a-piece for our shares,—nothing less.

"Too much—great eight too much. You say ten dollar? Give you five." A Chinaman always hears incorrectly, if there is money to pay.

"We said twenty," I insisted. "Nothing short of that will answer our turn."

For a moment Shang Foo gazed at me, apparently in perfect amazement.

"Twen-tee-dollar! Me no give him! he no pay; Chinaman starve. No twenty dollar! Give

you ten."

At this offer he stuck immovable as a mule. After considerable haggling, we concluded it would perhaps be better course to let the shares go at ten dollars each. No sooner was the bargain closed and the money paid, than the "Celestials" went to work in earnest. It was an earnestness that paid them handsomely, for the claim yielded twenty-eight hundred dollars within a month from the day of the purchase.

While working for us—they had wit enough to perceive our "greenness"—the rascals had passed over the ground without stirring more than was necessary to discover the secret of rich deposits. Wherever there was but little gold they had worked most industriously; and we had received the profits of their barren labor. It was a dear-bought experience, but by no means an unprofitable investment in the end. It taught us a lesson which we did not easily forget, that a Chinaman's cunning was fully equal to Yankee caution.—*Watchman and Reflector.*



OLD AGE.

the grandmother surrounded by grandchildren devoted to her service, the grandfather appearing sustained by the arm of his grandson; in the distance, two old men, his contemporaries, seeking, as a last resort, amusement in cards. After this—eternity! Rabelais says in his *Almanack*, that "old age will be incurable this year, on account of past years," a sad epigram launched at human fragility and the brevity of life, if Heaven had not given us successors to perpetuate our memories. It is by this uninterrupted succession of beings, linked to each other, and united by the family ring, that our decline is compensated. In giving children to the future, we not only perpetuate ourselves in living images, but leave them, by education, by example and fame, a ray of our souls. They remain after us to continue our good or evil work; we have commenced a task which they will accomplish well or ill, according as we have formed our plans and trained up good or bad workmen. This thought must be conspicuous in human morality. It is desirable

claiming our gratitude, and prophets of the future raising us to the most elevated views. But that old age may maintain this august character, it must be simple, noble and worthy of imitation. Our readers will remember the remark of Cato to a vicious old man: "Friend, old age is ugly enough of itself; do not add to it the deformity of vice." It is only in periods of national decadence that respect for gray hairs is extinguished, and that the strong man mocks or despises the weakness of age. It will be remembered that in the latter days of Greece, an old man appeared at the Olympic games without any one troubling himself to make room for him; when he finally reached a bench occupied by the Lacedaemonians, the latter rose respectfully. The old man in a voice of emotion exclaimed: "All the Greeks know virtue, but only the Lacedaemonians practise it!" In the hurry and rush of the age, we should ever recognize in the aged those who have done their duty, and whose feebleness will soon be our own inheritance.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY FOR WIFE-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

CHAPTER I.

"ABIMELECH, I really wonder at your remaining a bachelor at your time of life. You ought to have got married long ago!"

It was not the first time when Doctor Abimelech Gray sat down at his pleasant tea table with his sister that spring evening, that he had heard from her some such words as those above recorded, but somehow they had failed, hitherto, to make any fixed impression on his mind. For thirty-and-five years life had been stepping along with an easy, quiet sort of way with him, and, not having married when he was a young man, he had forgotten to think about doing so, now that he was getting to be a middle-aged one, and so he had sub-sided, little by little, year by year, into confirmed bachelorhood.

Miss Patty, however, was not quite so contented about it as he himself seemed to be. She was very fond of young people; she was getting tired of sitting, a solitary woman, at the doctor's table, pouring out his tea, and would have gladly relinquished her place there any day, for the sake of seeing some pretty and bright young face glancing, from day to day, through the staid and sober gloom of old maidhood and old-bachelorhood that prevailed in that quiet old house.

"Abimelech, I really *wish* you'd get married!" said Miss Patty, with more than usual earnestness.

Now it happened that the doctor's mind was more than usually engaged that evening, and he was in a mood of decided abstraction over his first cup of tea, which was perhaps the very circumstance that had provoked Miss Patty's attack; but the half-despairing emphasis of her words managed to attract his attention, nevertheless, still only in a measure, at first.

"Married, Patty?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Abimelech! Now, Abimelech, *will* you give me your attention?"

"Why, yes, certainly, Patty," answered the doctor, with a sort of absent earnestness.

Miss Patty's face was almost hopeless. Could she ever bring him to consider the matter thoroughly and in earnest? But she made a last energetic effort.

"Abimelech, I have told you before, that I wish you would get married."

"Yes, I know, Patty. But why are you so anxious about it? I am very comfortable as I am, and really, it is so long since I have thought of any such thing. Besides, I am getting in years now—at least I am no longer young—"

"One of the very reasons you should marry," broke in Miss Patty, not a little pleased with having at last managed to press the matter fairly upon his consideration; "you *are* getting in years, Abimelech, and so am I, and who do you suppose is going to take care of you and your house, and look after your comfort, when you need some one, and I'm too old to do it? You need a wife as much as ever any mortal man did in this world, and I *do* wish, Abimelech, you'd get one!"

Miss Patty's countenance was such a pattern of despairing earnestness, that the doctor was, for the first time, really aroused by it, to look seriously at the matter under discussion.

"Well, Patty," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment's pause, "perhaps you are right. I don't know, and I am not aware that I have any particular objections to marrying. But whom in the world should I marry?"

Miss Patty's countenance was brightening wonderfully. "Well, there's Susan Morton, now she'd make one of the very best wives you'd find in all Rockdale, I believe. She's a smart girl, Abimelech—"

A tremendous succession of strokes from the iron knocker at the hall door, interrupted Miss Patty just as she was warming with her subject, and about to pronounce upon Susan Morton such convincing eulogies, that the doctor must give way utterly before them. And while the echo of that startling summons was yet ringing through the house, the voice of the messenger without was heard telling Hannah, the housemaid, that the doctor was "wanted immediately." And instantly the doctor was gone for his hat.

"O dear, I *knew* it!" almost groaned Miss Patty; "he's sure to be called away just at the wrong time! But patient or no patient, he's got to remember what I've told him," and the good lady pursued her brother into the hall, catching his arm just as he was hastening away.

"Abimelech," she said, impressively, "Abimelech, don't you forget what I've said to you about Susan Morton!"

"No, I won't, Patty—I won't," said the doctor hastily, and he was off.

"But he *will*, though, as sure's his name's Abimelech Gray!" sighed Miss Patty, wofully, as she turned back into the sitting-room, "he'll forget every word about it. It's just the way—I never saw such a man in my whole life, never! I declare, it almost takes away my appetite, things do go on so. And to think that Susan Morton's such a nice girl, now, and what a capital wife she'd make him—and he *never'd* get another like her, if he tried Rockdale over. I'd set my heart on his having her! There, I don't want to eat a morsel. I'll just finish my cup of tea, and then have Hannah in to clear away the things."

Standing beside the lonely table, Miss Patty took the remainder of her tea, now, alas! cold as her own hopes, and after the table was cleared and set back, sat down to her lonely knitting-work, to meditate in sad solitude.

But Miss Patty was mistaken. The doctor did *not* forget what she had said. Her anxiety had really impressed him, this time, with a sense of what indeed began to seem his duty. So, although the new case which he was called to attend, was one of some urgency, he managed to retain Miss Patty's charge through it all, and, taking his quiet and solitary way homeward that evening, he considered the matter with himself.

Very brief was that consideration. He did not by any means wish to marry—to tell the truth, he did not at all see the need of marrying, but then Patty was anxious that he should, and perhaps it was his duty. If he did not want a wife now, he might be glad of one, one of these days, perhaps—he did not know. At any rate, he would marry, and he might as well do it now as any time. Yes, he would set about it now, directly. He would go and see Susan Morton, as Patty had recommended.

In short, Doctor Gray adopted the idea of marrying very much as he would have taken a dose of his own medicine, feeling sensible that he didn't want it, but supposing that he needed it, and that it would be of benefit to him, and so making it all a matter of pure philosophy.

That very evening he went to lecture, and waited on Susan Morton home. The next evening he called on her at her father's house, and on the following Sabbath walked home with her from church. In effect, he went courting as promptly and zealously as he would have transacted any other piece of business that *must* be transacted and could not be got over.

Now, Squire Morton was a townsman and neighbor of the doctor, and a man whom he very much respected and esteemed, but whose house the doctor had never visited, except professionally, more than once or twice in the whole course of his practice. And with Susan, the squire's daughter, he had never exchanged fifty words, to his recollection, or to her's either, though Miss Patty herself was a visitor there, and Miss Morton sometimes came to see Miss Patty; and though Miss Patty had favorably observed Susan (who was rather a pretty, and very sensible and good-hearted girl), and had secretly proposed to herself that she would make an excellent wife for her brother, the doctor.

So that, when the doctor began to pay attention to her so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and with such palpable intentions, Susan Morton was not a little astonished. And so were her father and mother, and so was young Mrs. Harry Morton, Susan's brother's wife, whose home was with the old folks while Harry was gone to sea, captain of a beautiful little merchant-vessel, "The Dolphin." And so was Miss Patty herself, who was, at the same time, no less rejoiced than astonished. She began to look forward now, in her daily thoughts, to the doctor's marriage; she went often over to Squire Morton's, often contrived ways and means to bring Susan over to see her, made, not a little proudly and ostentatiously, a pet and favorite of Susan, and was so satisfied, so self-complacent, so smiling, and so important generally, that it was plain to all Rockdale—and all Rockdale was very much interested in the matter—that Miss Patty was

glad enough that the doctor was courting Susan Morton.

Concerning Susan herself, we have said she was astonished, but she was not by any means displeased, for there was not a girl in the town of Rockdale—not even Susan Morton—who would have slighted the doctor's attentions. On the contrary, there were only too many of them who would have been secretly proud and delighted to receive them, only too many who envied Susan; for though Doctor Abimelech was an old bachelor on the shady side of forty, he was an excellent man, and a fine-looking man, and a noble-hearted man, and a rich man, into the bargain; and the heart of any mama in Rockdale would have beat with natural pride and pleasure, and triumph, to have married her daughter to Doctor Abimelech Gray.

Yet, even while Susan admitted to herself that she liked him well enough to feel some girl's gratification at her notice, she could not get over her perplexity at the suddenness of the thing. And the doctor continued his attentions with zeal and steadfastness, and she grew more and more perplexed, for his courtship had such a business-like air—there was nothing in the least lover-like in it—it was prosecuted in such a matter-of-fact way.

But while she wondered and conjectured, he continued his attentions steadily and perseveringly, and Susan, though she had not cared for him at first, began to find pleasure in his society, to experience, by degrees, something akin to actual happiness, when he was near her, when he walked by her side, or sat with her in the old-fashioned family parlor at home. Yes, Susan liked the doctor—she did not say it to herself in so many words, but she knew it just as well as if she had.

Meanwhile, Miss Patty was, at least, as often as once or twice a week at Squire Morton's, having endless confidential and friendly chats with Mrs. Morton, the squire's wife, and young Mrs. Harry, and making a pet of Susan, as usual.

And it happened one day, that Miss Patty, in her overflow of rejoicing at the success of her generalship in the matter of the doctor's courtship, betrayed to young Mrs. Harry, during one of these confidential conversations, the share she had had in its commencement. And not a great while after, Mrs. Harry, while she was congratulating Susan on her matrimonial prospects (for the whole family were pleased that Susan was likely to become the doctor's wife), chanced, without any intention on her own part, perhaps, to let fall the substance of what Miss Patty had communicated to her.

And thus Susan was suddenly supplied with the solution of the riddle that had so long perplexed her. Now Susan was naturally a girl of very proud, as well as of very warm feelings, and she had by this time learned to care for Doctor Gray better than she would have told, but there was, in all this, something that, as the old squire would have expressed it, decidedly "went agin the grain." However, she said nothing, but kept her own counsel; but there was a rod preparing for the doctor, calculated to teach him a lesson. And Doctor Gray, all this time, "pursued the even tenor of his way," going a courting regularly, his thoughts bent steadily and solely upon getting married as soon as possible, so that he never dreamed of such a thing as falling in love. And so he never remarked that, all of a sudden, Susan began to grow unaccountably cool towards him, and to avoid him whenever she could.

He never noticed it, though it happened just when he was on the point of proposing. So that it was without the slightest misgiving that he assumed a favorable opportunity, when one evening he found Susan alone in the parlor, to ask her if she would marry him. And Susan answered quietly, "No," that she would not.

To say that the doctor was astonished and bewildered, would be but feebly to express the state of his mind. He had never dreamed of being refused.

"Would Miss Morton give him her reason for this unexpected rejection?"

"It is this, Doctor Gray," said Susan, quickly, and with a red blush growing on her cheek, "I do not wish to marry any man who asks me merely for the sake of getting a wife, nor one who is persuaded by others to propose to me. I prefer marrying one who cares for me for my own sake, and who asks me because he cares for me so."

The words came like a thunder bolt to the doctor's ears. And before he had recovered

from their effect, she was gone. What witch had been talking to Susan Morton? For that she had heard a great deal was evident. Her words still rung in his ears. "She did not wish to marry any man who asked her merely for the sake of getting a wife, nor one who was persuaded by others to propose to her." Well, he had been seeking her thus—but who had told her? He *had* asked her, not because he wanted her for her own sake, not because he loved her, or had ever thought of doing so, but simply because he wanted a wife, and she had been suggested as the most eligible one among his circle of acquaintance. He certainly had not considered, hitherto, that there was anything reprehensible in the proceeding, but now that he looked at it, it did begin to seem reprehensible—very; coming to a philosophical conclusion, he was not surprised that Susan had refused him; he supposed that she had done very rightly. And he took his hat and walked home, a rejected man.

CHAPTER II.

It did not take the doctor long, when he came to consider the affair, to arrive at the correct conclusion that it must have been his good sister's own indiscretion which had so ingeniously contrived to defeat his prospects, but he sagely considered that it was his own fault originally in giving cause for that indiscretion. And it would do no good to mention the matter, so he let it stand.

And now Susan's family began to wonder at the sudden cessation of the doctor's visits, and so, with much anxiety and consternation, did Miss Patty, but both Susan and the doctor maintained rigid silence upon the subject. In the squire's family there were, however, some pretty correct guesses at the truth, namely: that she had refused Doctor Abimelech, and there was some disappointment, and not a little motherly and sisterly censure of Susan's want of wisdom. And even after the thing was taken for granted, there was still such sleepless curiosity and so many questions, that Susan, serious and sober as she undeniably felt, laughed in spite of herself. Still she besought them to let her alone—she would not tell.

"Well, well," said the good squire, indulgently, "I wouldn't plague her about it, mother. I s'pose she's done what's right, though I must say I wish she'd ha' had Doctor Abimelech. I know he wanted *her*—there's no mistake about that, for he told me as much himself. And I thought she kind o' liked *him*, and guess I wa'n't much mistaken, either. But—" and Squire Morton shook his head with a puzzled air, as, spite of himself, he came back to the old point again, "but what made Susan refuse the doctor, I can't see."

Meanwhile I suppose that Miss Patty's part in the matter was the hardest; what with her uneasiness and tribulation while the question of the abandoned courtship remained in uncertainty, and her astonishment and mortification when it became a certainty. For a time she kept silence, waiting for the doctor to mention the matter, but so was he silent too—provokingly so. And visits of observation to Squire Morton's did no good. Then, her curiosity and impatience getting the better of her, the good lady began a sort of guerilla warfare against the doctor, carried on whenever opportunity offered, in the shape of hints, surmises, allusions—everything but direct and outright questions. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea, Miss Patty made her attacks with the most praiseworthy ingenuity and perseverance, and was resolved not to yield till her point was gained.

At first, nevertheless, these attacks were ineffectual. The doctor, closer than any oyster, sat unmoved, ate his muffins, drank his tea, and pretended not to understand. Then, as the skirmish was renewed, he felt his gravity endangered before the good lady's pertinacity; more than once he had much ado to hide the conscious smile that twinkled in his eyes. And finally, when he saw that there was not the slightest reasonable prospect of a cessation of hostilities, he yielded at discretion.

"Patty," said he, briefly, "Miss Morton has rejected me; if you wish to know. And, if you please," he spoke very gently, but at the same time very decidedly, "if you please, Patty, I should rather we did not mention the subject again."

So here was an end of all her hopes. She was speechless with mortification. And Miss Patty did not mention it again. To be sure, she

would dearly have liked to know why Susan had rejected her brother, Doctor Abimelech Gray, but that was out of the question, so she contented herself with heating her indignation to the boiling point towards Susan. Her favor in that quarter was promptly withdrawn; for one whole week she never went near the squire's house; if she met Susan in the street she held her head loftily, offered only the most chilling civilities.

A demure smile lurked in Susan's sober eyes, at these lofty manifestations of the good lady's displeasure. She held no animosity towards Miss Patty, she was only angry with the doctor, and so when the doctor's sister held up her head, Susan curtsied and said, "how do you do, Miss Patty?" with a pretty grace and genuine politeness that not even Miss Patty's coldness could diminish, and continued that grace and politeness so steadily, despite the good little lady's persevering displeasure, that by-and-by Miss Patty's enmity began to waver. It was not proof against such good nature, by any means, for Miss Patty was really, herself, at heart, one of the most good natured women in the world. So she began to relent—to think herself, as she really was, more sorry than angry, after all, and to think that, after all, Susan might not be so very much to blame.

Meanwhile, the doctor, having been repulsed in his attempts at matrimony, came back once more to the quiet bachelor life which he had been so treacherously induced to abandon. But somehow, the episode which had lately occurred in his experience, had left an impression on his mind that was not easy to efface. And often, in the hours of leisure which he devoted to reading, when his eyes were fixed upon the page before him, his thoughts were wandering back to that last evening at Squire Morton's, to that point-blank rejection which Susan Morton had given him, and dwelling upon her last words, "I prefer marrying one who cares for me for my own sake, and who asks me because he cares for me."

"Who cared for her for her own sake." Somehow, these words lingered unaccountably in the doctor's mind. He remembered her as she uttered them—how half-proudly and coldly she had spoken, and yet turned away her eyes and blushed.

And the doctor said to himself, was it so very hard to learn to care for Susan Morton in this way, that he had never thought of doing it before that evening when she refused to marry him?

There was another day when Doctor Abimelech answered the question. Now, in the very midst of its utterance, as it were, his attention was otherwise claimed. All in the heat of a glowing August afternoon, a messenger came to summon the doctor to Squire Morton's house. The squire had been badly injured—had been thrown from the back of a vicious horse, and broke his leg.

The news startled and shocked both the doctor and his sister. Instantly the doctor's preparations were making, and as instantly Miss Patty, her kind heart melted and subdued, forgot her feud with Susan, and put on her bonnet to accompany him. And her appearance, no less than that of the doctor, was gladly welcomed.

The injuries of the squire were such as to cause Doctor Gray no little apprehension. Not only was the limb seriously fractured, but he had received other injuries of a very serious nature, and though he was brave and cheerful, he evidently endured great pain, and, from all appearances likely to endure still more. He smiled and held out his hand at the doctor's approach.

"Glad to see ye, Doctor Abimelech," he said, "though I should have been rather more so, if it hadn't been *this* that brought ye—wasn't that Miss Patty's voice I heard down stairs?"

The doctor, smiling through all the seriousness he felt, answered that it was.

"Well, I'm glad *she's* here, too," said the squire, "tell her so, will ye, doctor?"

Alas for poor Miss Patty, who, standing half-way up the stairs, talking with sorrowful Susan Morton, heard the poor squire's words, and sitting down just where she was, she wept like a child.

There was a brief period of sad suspense, after this, to that anxious family; a little while of severe, but necessary and patiently borne suffering for the good squire, while the doctor applied himself gently, kindly, and with all the skill he was master of, to the sick man's injuries. And then the task, so far, was visited with success. The fractured limb was skilfully re-united, and, the doctor thought, would heal without any stiffness, which, indeed, it eventually did. But the

swelling and inflammation attending it, were excessive, and this, with the addition of his other hurts, was fast reducing the squire. He lay in the half-darkened chamber, in great suffering and in sad weakness of body—such suffering and weakness as he was not soon to conquer. For there was neither a brief nor a trifling illness before him. Doctor Gray did not admit how ill his patient was, or was likely to be, but his sorrowful family soon learned for themselves.

For many a long and weary night the sick man lay there in great distress, and not a little danger, and twice a day the doctor's visits were made, and the house was hushed, and poor Mrs. Morton, and Miss Patty, and Susan, and Harry's young wife, glided in and out through the subdued twilight of the room, like pale and noiseless ghosts. And the hearts in that house, through all that time, were very sad and anxious ones.

And only when they had begun almost to despair, with long and unrewarded waiting, there came a brightening change, and the sick man began slowly, very slowly, to recover. Then, with the banishment of suspense and uncertainty, the sunshine seemed for the first time to enter that house again, and though it was never so small a gleam at first, it *was* sunshine, so bright and real, and so welcome. It made every heart glad then, and it grew and grew, brighter and fuller, till it filled the whole house. It shone through the smile of returning health that beamed from the face of good Squire Morton, sitting there in his easy-chair by the chamber window—getting well.

And now that he was able to sit up, the hitherto silent and darkened room was betaken to as a general sitting-room for all the family, where good Mrs. Morton sat and sewed by the window opposite her husband, and where young Mrs. Harry played with her baby, and Susan, in a low seat beside her father's chair, read to him, or played backgammon, and where cheerful conversation was carried on between them all, meanwhile, and where, altogether, as happy a group as could be was collected, and the squire was recovering as rapidly as possible.

And every day, at least once, if no oftener during the twenty-four hours, Miss Patty's cheerful face looked in, too, upon this pleasant scene, and the old friendship renewed, the old feud was quite forgotten. Perhaps she did not make quite such a pet of Susan as formerly, there might have been a trifling shade of difference between her present friendly kindness and her former rather fussy affection, but there was a very slight difference indeed, considering the disappointment which she had received.

So Miss Patty made her daily visits, and the doctor, though now, of course, with less frequency than formerly, continued to make his. Between himself and Susan, as between her and Miss Patty, as by tacit mutual consent, a veil had been dropped over the past; in the midst of the more serious affairs of the present. The first shock of the poor squire's illness had put to flight all minor considerations, and now, when Susan and the doctor saw each other, they spoke to each other kindly, simply, without awkwardness or constraint. And a stranger would have thought that they had never, in all their lives, dreamed of being anything more than friends.

But if they were nothing more, they *were* that, at least. For while they had thus been meeting daily, through all the squire's sad illness, and the gloom it had cast over the hearts of the whole family, the native strength, the deep and serious earnestness of Susan's nature, had manifested itself, silently and unconsciously, and as silently and unconsciously had won for her, day by day, as he came to recognize it, the sincere and honest regard of Doctor Gray. Her learned to like her, and the real worth of her character, with a strong, simple, genuine feeling of friendship, and with every succeeding day, that feeling grew in depth and earnestness. Was he at last learning to care for Susan Morton as, with the reddening blush that he so well remembered, she had once said she wished to be cared for?

A golden October day, when he took his patient out to drive along the quiet country roads at sunset, he had made up his mind must be the last of his attendance on the squire. They came back just before the moon began to rise. The squire went immediately up to his chamber, partially assisted by his wife and the doctor, and taking the advice of the latter, prepared to retire, as he was somewhat fatigued. When Doctor Gray came down again, Susan was standing in the old-fashioned porch, looking at the splendid moonrise in the east. She turned, hearing his step, and found him standing by her side. She

smiled, and, if it had been a little lighter, he would have seen that she slightly colored, too. "Am I romantic?" she said, "or is this beautiful moonrise worth looking at?"

"I should be glad to look at it with you," he said quietly, "it is worth looking at. But first, I should like to say something to you, Susan, that has nothing to do with the moon. Will you let me say it?"

"What is it?" she asked, in a low voice.

"A few months ago, Susan, I asked you to marry me because I wanted a wife. Now, I ask you to marry me because I want Susan Morton. Will you have me, Susy?" He spoke in a subdued and earnest tone, bending his fine, earnest face to catch her reply, waiting and listening. And she spoke three words, simply, frankly, and with secret happiness of heart.

"Yes, Doctor Gray!" she said.

The moon was higher now, and it shone clear on them both—Doctor Gray and Susan, standing under the old-fashioned porch, hand in hand.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WASHINGTON AND HANCOCK.

BY F. W.

GENERAL WASHINGTON's diary, now recently, for the first time, printed from the original manuscript in his own handwriting, contains, among other interesting things, a full account of his visit to New England, and a brief statement of the difficulty which arose on his reaching the capital of Massachusetts, between himself and Gov. Hancock, on a point of form. It had been generally understood that some difficulty did then arise, but the exact nature and occasion of it had never been known, and we learn it now from the best possible source—Washington's diary. It was upon a question of etiquette; and this was whether the President of the United States should call first upon the Governor of Massachusetts, or the Governor of Massachusetts call first upon the President of the United States. This seems to us now a question very easily decided, or one which at the time, was of very slight consequence; but a little consideration will show that it was of very lasting consequence, and we know that it was not easily settled, and that a man of less forecast and firmness than Gen. Washington, might have given way, and established a precedent the results of which would have been very embarrassing, if not seriously injurious, throughout the whole existence of our government.

Let us look back and consider the political condition of the country at this time, when the first President of the United States, on an official tour, visited the capital of Massachusetts. Massachusetts had then been, for nearly nine years, in all respects, a sovereign and independent State. Her constitution, adopted in 1780, assumed all the usual sovereign powers. The State could declare war, and conclude peace, make treaties, coin money, collect duties upon imports, etc., etc. Her chief executive magistrate, whose title was by law that of His Excellency, was Captain General of the Army and Admiral of the Navy, and authorized to lead the military and naval forces, and "encounter, repel, resist, expel and pursue by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, within or without this Commonwealth; also to kill, slay, and destroy if necessary, and conquer by all fitting ways, etc., etc., all persons who, etc. etc."

As this independent sovereign State, with all these powers of peace and war and finance, Massachusetts had existed for nine years, and it was but a few months since she had resigned any of these powers to the government established by the Constitution of the United States, which was adopted in 1789, when the first President of the United States under that constitution, arrived in her capital.

The Constitution of the United States was just getting into operation; General Washington had been elected president under it that same year, the office was wholly new, no man in New England had ever seen a President of the United States; and, unless people in those days were more conversant with public affairs than they are now, with all the present advantages of steam and electricity, very few of them had an idea of what the station, power and dignity of such a magistrate might be.

They understood the office of governor; he was the chief executive of the State; but the President of the United States was an unknown

quantity. The title was imposing enough, perhaps, but it something resembled that of "bishop in partibus," and could only seem very lofty upon the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico."

Gov. Hancock himself could hardly determine what such a functionary might be; but he knew what he himself was, and felt safe in considering his own character as that of the greater political personage, certainly, at least, upon the soil of Massachusetts.

Nor can he fairly be blamed for this decision; he could not look into futurity and see the amazing results of the adoption of the National Constitution, the vast growth of the country, which to us, in these days, is nothing less than astounding, and the great extent of power and responsibility to devolve in future upon the incumbent of such an office; and, doubtless in all good faith, and with a single eye to the interest and dignity of Massachusetts, he decided upon the course which he attempted to follow.

But Washington, standing upon a higher elevation, could take a wider and broader view; he foresaw, dimly it may be, but he did foresee what the United States would be, and what the dignity and lofty station of its chief magistrate should require. Our forefathers, it has been said, went to war on a preamble; and Washington, on this occasion, stood firm upon a point of etiquette then for the first time raised, regarding the relative dignity of a President of the United States and a governor of a State.

In the final determination of this question, much doubtless is to be attributed to the personal character of Washington, for, first as he was in the admiration and love of his countrymen, deference to him was far more easy than it would have been to any other man.

The manner in which the difficulty was finally disposed of is stated briefly in the diary. Gen. Washington, writing on the 24th day of October, 1789, says: "Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the governor to-day, but under a full persuasion that he would have waited upon me so soon as I should have arrived, I excused myself upon his not doing it, and informing me through his secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it; being resolved to receive the visit." On Sunday, the 25th, Gen. Washington writes that he had been to church forenoon and afternoon, and that between the two services, "I received a visit from the governor, who assured me that indisposition alone prevented his doing it yesterday, and that he was still indisposed; but as it had been suggested that he expected to receive the first visit from the president, which he knew was improper, he was resolved at all hazards to pay his compliments to-day. The lieutenant governor and two of the council, to wit: Heath and Russell, were sent here last night to express the governor's concern that he had not been in a condition to call upon me so soon as I came to town. I informed them in explicit terms, that I should not see the governor unless it was at my own lodgings."

We have thus a brief account of the plain facts of the case; but there were, doubtless, many other circumstances of interest connected with it; such as consultations and negotiations, which we shall never know better than we do now. Tradition has it, however, that in order to make his excuse of indisposition appear probable, Gov. Hancock made the first call wrapped up in a dressing-gown.

Thus was the difficulty ended; and Gov. Hancock's dressing-gown played a more important part in history than even Mrs. Masham's silk dress with the tea stains on it. It wrapped the goodly figure of Gov. Hancock, and it consolidated the Union; for had the result of that controversy been otherwise, and every State been led to consider itself and its chief executive as superior in dignity to the Federal Union and the President of the United States, the bonds of the Union had been greatly weakened; the doctrines of state rights would have been carried to alarming lengths, and one pretension after another set up, which would have seriously jarred, if not finally broken down, the great fabric of the Union. This small crevasse, if it had been permitted to occur, would have let in a flood of disasters, every hour increasing in volume and force; but the timely dressing-gown stopped it up *in limine*—and so we say, long live cotton! it saved us at New Orleans, it pays our debts to Europe, and at the very commencement of our government, padded in the ample folds of a robe-de-chambre, it prevented an early mischief, the consequences of which we can hardly imagine.



LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

THE AOUDAD.

The singular animal delineated in the accompanying engraving, is a faithful representation of a living specimen sent as a present to Queen Victoria, by the Emperor of Morocco, and kept in the Zoological Gardens, London, where it can hardly be contented, for it is a wild, strong, freedom-loving and rock haunting creature. Its most striking peculiarities are its enormous horns and prodigious beard. If caught young, the aoudad may grow accustomed to bondage; they never can lose their instinctive love of clambering—their peculiar muscular development, their sure-footedness, their love for "excelsior," their "home-sickness," common to them, to the Swiss mountaineer, and the Scottish Highlander. The aoudad, as described by James Grey Jackson, who lived a long time in Morocco, is found only among the very steep and inaccessible cliffs, and in the woods and forests on the slopes of the Atlas range, south of Morocco and Lower Suse. It sometimes comes down to the rivers to drink. Jackson describes it as being able to throw itself from lofty precipices into plains below, alighting generally on its horns or shoulders. Comparative anatomists now say that the brute's neck would be dislocated; but if the aoudad has been seen by an acute observer descending at times in this fashion, one observation from a trustworthy man must take precedence even of the inferences drawn by a Cuvier, by a Hunter, or by an Owen. The immense recurved horns, the shaggy clothing of its neck, breast and shoulders, its short, strong neck, its compact form, are well able to stand shocks to the system that are not "dreamt of in our philosophy." The animal is caught with great difficulty, and it is only now and then that a young kidling falls into the hands of the Moors. Mr. Jackson sent two skins of the adult to Sir Joseph Banks; the horns and teeth were attached to one of these skins. Although labelled scientifically and marked, as presented by Queen Victoria, our aoudad would prefer the sweet mountain herbage of his rocky home among the Atlas, to the best hay and the greenest grass of Middlesex. The animal delineated in the engraving, was probably intended by the Emperor of Morocco as a household pet for Queen Victoria, he himself having been in the habit of having lions for lap-dogs, but the queen, not taking a fancy to such a formidable animal, sent him to the Zoological Society, for safe keeping.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The engraving of Lafayette Square, on this page, is from an accurate drawing made on the spot, by Mr. Kilburn, expressly for our illustrated journal. In previous numbers, we have published various original views taken in New Orleans, including Jackson Square, while in the hands of the short-lived Vigilance Committee, and we now add this celebrated locality, which is on the opposite side of the city. Lafayette Square lies between St. Charles and Camp Streets, and is well laid out and beautifully decorated with trees. The church seen in our picture, on the right, is the Presbyterian on South Street, facing the Square—the other is St. Patrick's on Camp Street. The City Hall faces the Square on the

St. Charles Street side, and on the opposite side is the Odd Fellows' Hall. The Square is a great resort, and on fine evenings presents the lively appearance shown in our engraving. New Orleans is an interesting and peculiar city, and bears a strong stamp of individuality. It is unlike Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or, indeed, any other American city, and has more of a foreign air. In many respects it resembles Paris; and yet it has a thousand features belonging to the physiognomy of the New World.

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER SALMON RIVER, MALONE, N. Y.

We take especial pleasure in presenting the engraving on the next page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and one of his happiest efforts at landscape delineation. The scene is rendered with fidelity, and the foreground is handled with great taste. The scene reminds us of similar landscapes in Switzerland, and its character is very pleasing. Malone is the county seat of Franklin county, New York, and is beautifully located in the centre of one of the finest agricultural districts in the Union. The bridge is that of the Ogdensburg Railroad over the Salmon River, a picturesque stream passing through the town. This railroad has been of great benefit in developing the resources of this portion of the State. There are several mills located on the river. The cotton mill is seen in our picture, and beyond the bridge of the main street. The celebrated Malone sandstone quarries are in this town. This stone is of a fine, warm tone, and is in great request for building purposes, from all parts of the Union.

DETROIT.

A census has recently been taken of Detroit, which reveals a most gratifying state of things. The growth of the city during the past 30 years is a marvel. In 1830 the population was 2222. In 1840 only 9102. In 1850 it reached 21,057. The numbers have increased at the rate of about 10,000 a year, until the census of 1858 shows a population of 32,450. The statistics given with the census speak well for the manufacturing and other important interests of the city, and show that the prosperity is substantial, and founded on the employment of the masses. The mechanics' shops number 578, iron machine shops 11, iron foundries 20, boiler manufacturing 5, locomotive works 1, brass foundries 7, flouring mills 5, planing mills 14, etc.



THE AOUDAD, OF MOROCCO.

EATING CROCODILE.

I, myself, had the opportunity of tasting a snake; a boa-constrictor had been killed by an accident, and came into my possession. I tried the experiment and cooked a bit of him; it tasted very much like veal, the flesh being exceedingly white and firm. If I had had nothing else, and could have forgotten what I was eating, I could easily have made a dinner of it. In November, 1829, my late father, then canon of Christ church, met in the High Street, Oxford, Black Will—who was then a celebrated coachman, and drove the "Defiance"—carrying, not a coachman's whip, but tugging along in each hand a crocodile about four feet in length. Will had bought them on speculation, in London, and my father purchased them from him. The first thing he did was to prove (which he never doubted) the possibility of turning the crocodile's fore-legs backwards, so as to make a sort of bridle, thus confirming, if, indeed, it required confirmation, that a crocodile could be so treated. Both the crocodiles were put into hot water; one died in the water, and the other lived but a few hours. They were taken over to the anatomy school at Christ church, and dissected by the late Dr. Kidd. Both Dr. Kidd and my father thought that they would taste a little bit of the crocodile, and see whether its flesh was good or not. They did so, and without suffering from the experiment. Many persons assisted at this feast, and the flesh was pronounced to be excellent, much resembling sturgeon or tunny.

At that time there lived in the anatomy school, all among the skeletons and preparations, a very old man named William. I don't believe he ever had any other name, for he was always known in Oxford as William. Now this William was the most curious, weazen old fellow ever beheld. He wore the old-fashioned knee-breeches, gaiters, and long-tailed black coat. His face looked exactly like a preparation, and on this little round head (more like a



THE TERRIER.

it, to ascertain its taste. The flavor a good deal resembles that of a lobster, and, though somewhat tougher, it might certainly be considered very excellent food."—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE VATICAN.

The interesting picture on page 285, represents the recent reception of the young Prince of Wales by Pius IX., the Pope of Rome, at the Vatican. The third figure in the scene is Colonel Bruce. The express desire of the queen having been distinctly made known that everything connected with the formality should be conducted in as private a manner as possible, the Prince of Wales went to the palace, accompanied by Colonel Bruce, Mr. Odo Russell, and the members of his suite, to pay his respects to the pope, into whose presence he was conducted by the commendatore Datti, merely preceded by two Swiss guards. His holiness rose on the entry of the prince, and, coming forward to the door of the apartment to meet him, conducted him in the most affable manner possible to a seat, and entered into conversation with him in French with the benignity of address which makes so strong an impression upon all who are presented to Pius Nono. Colonel Bruce was the only other person present at the interview, which was brief, and limited to complimentary expressions and subjects of local interest, but perfectly satisfactory to all parties. On the prince's rising to take his leave, the pope conducted him to the door with the same warmth of manner which he had testified on receiving him. All accounts agree in representing the manners of the pope as very winning and agreeable.

SKETCHES OF DOGS.

We publish on this page characteristic heads of three canine gentlemen, Messrs. Bull, Terrier and Newfoundland, whose likenesses will be readily recognized by those who reside in the vicinity of Park Street and the head of Winter Street. They were drawn by a young amateur, his first attempt on wood, and exhibited so much spirit and truthfulness, that we at once placed them in the hands of the engraver. Animal portraiture is an exceedingly difficult branch of the art, but one which has been raised by Landseer to a high rank. He was among the first to discriminate and to detect the individual expressions of the canine race. Some of his dog-pictures, such, for instance, as the Highland shepherd's dog, almost tearfully watching the coffin of his master, are gems of art. Hinckley has been very happy as a portrait-painter of dogs, and others have entered the same field with fair prospect of success. No line of art is more popular.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

skull, than a head), he wore a very old wig. Altogether, he looked much like an injected skeleton with clothes on; and I confess that when a little boy, I had the greatest awe and respect for William, particularly when he let down from his aerial position the skeleton of the man who murdered the lady at Abington. This skeleton had a rope attached to it, and it was suspended high up in the air, in the centre of the anatomy school. It was William's favorite lion, and when I went to see him, he always let down the skeleton to give a lecture on the beauties of anatomy, and the atrocity of the murder. The rope was just long enough to allow the skeleton's feet to touch the ground, and it used to come down thump on the floor, making its articulated bones rattle again; and then, when on the floor, the slightest touch would make it reel and roll about, swinging its gaunt arms in all directions. Little did I then think what labor was in store for me in the shape of "grinding at the bones," (as studying human osteology is called, in the medical-student parlance), previous to appearing before the Royal College of Surgeons. But to return to the crocodile. William, with his hands in his pockets, watched narrowly the dissection going on, and still more narrowly did he observe the steak sent away for a gastronomic trial, resolving in his own mind to have, as well as his master, a slice off the crocodile. In the middle of the night there came a furious ringing at the bell, and a messenger from the anatomy school to say that William was dying. Poor William was found with his wig off, sitting up in his bed with his hands to his stomach, looking the picture of misery and ugliness. The only answer he returned to questions was, "O, that crocodile! O, that crocodile!" It was soon seen what was the matter, and by proper remedies William was cured of his crocodile. In the morning, being now quite recovered, he confessed that, as the gentlemen had taken home a bit of the crocodile to eat, he did not see why he should not have some also, so he had a bit for supper. He found it so good that he saved his butcher's meat, and made a meal of it. He declared, and I believe, in all honesty, that he would never again eat crocodile for supper. The reason why William suffered from the crocodile and his masters did not, was that William ate enough for five people, and his master merely had just tasted it for curiosity. That crocodiles can be eaten without injurious results is evident from the following passage from Madden's "Travels in Egypt": "I got a small portion of a young crocodile, six feet long, and broiled

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris (spelled also Botzares) performed the memorable exploit which terminated his career, August 20, 1823. He was then in the prime of life, possessing a wife and two children (a son and daughter). It was a fearful time for the cause of freedom. The city of Mesolonghi, where Bozzaris was encamped, occupying the old pasha's palace, was threatened with destruction by a crescent of Moslem prowess. This crescent of invasion extended from sea to sea, and advanced daily nearer to Mesolonghi. The wounded peasants came by thousands, assuring that such a flood as this never threatened the extinction of Grecian life. Citizens and soldiers shrunk back with terror at the appalling tales related by the bleeding fugitives. The Greek Congress shuddered; the senators tremblingly asked relief, bending with childish supplication before the warriors. In the midst of the confusion, a messenger arrived, stating that the enemy had concentrated their forces at Callium, the modern Carpensium in Erytania, the northern portion of Aetolia, about forty miles northeast of Mesolonghi. The news plunged in complete despair every general save Marco Bozzaris, who demanded at once of the Congress means to attack the Mussulman. He was ridiculed as rash, and one of the generals asked him if it was not better to wait for the foe at Mesolonghi. "No!" thundered Marco in reply, "let us dam this torrent near its source, before it gather unconquerable energy!" As he said this his eyes flashed with heroism, and some of the military who were spectators, applauded furiously the modern Leonidas.

Marco lost no time, and before their enthusiasm could cool, he demanded a band of volunteers, sworn brothers! He succeeded in collecting three hundred and fifty Suliotes and Parghiotes and marched at midnight to the scene of action. Marco entered the tent of the commander of the nucleus of the army, occupied by the Jelaudin Bey, while the troops of Omer Brionis thronged the



THE BULLDOG.

plain, amounting to many other thousands. Marco's soldiers entered the camp, supposed by the sentinels to be reinforcements, and scattered among the tents, waiting for the report of the pistol to be discharged by the general as the signal of the carnage. At the report, the three hundred and fifty discharged their pistols and drew their swords. The night being obscure, and the Greeks dressed as Albanians, friend and foe could not be distinguished. The Greeks having a watchword, escaped from the danger of assailing each other, while the Moslems in their blindness stabbed all about them in endeavoring to escape. Marco seizing a Turk by the beard, whom he supposed to be a high officer, cut off his head, and while harvesting his enemies shouted in thunder tones, "I hold the pasha's head! Strike for freedom! Only one Greek is slain! Preserve my body from the Turks!" The voice of Marco

attracted the enemy's fire, and his death was inevitable. It is probable he foresaw the result and shouted for the sake of effecting the dispersion of the army. It had the desired effect. The Suliotes indignant at the idea of losing their commander, entered the Turkish melee to rescue his body rather than that his head should adorn the gates of the Sultan's seraglio. They rescued him, and as the enemy fled in all directions, the Greeks gathered the booty of the camp and transported it that very night to Subalacou, whence it was subsequently taken to Mesolonghi. The following day the body was buried with great pomp. Halleck, in describing the battle scene, made Greece entire the platform of this thrilling turning-point and recalled the Persians that fell at Plataea, as well as the Greeks who conquered them and made the modern Greeks their emulators. Nor was he mistaken in this; for every Suliote felt an ancestral pride in the struggle, and the memory of Leonidas carried them through their dangerous labor.

"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man." Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage any where in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT MALONE, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C.—The books may be obtained at Burnham's Antique Bookstore, nearly opposite the Old South.
M. C., Plymouth, Mass.—It would seem as if the secret of the "Greek fire," of the days of the Crusades, had been discovered by an English officer, Captain Norton. In a recent experiment at Chatham, his "liquid-fire shell," adapted to a deep-grooved Enfield rifle, was discharged from a marine pistol at a quantity of sack-cloth suspended to represent a tent. Immediately on the ball striking the material the liquid-fire shell burst, scattering its formidable contents in all directions. The results were as astonishing as they were satisfactory, the canvass almost instantaneously igniting and bursting into flame. Captain Norton states that he can with this shell blow up the ammunition of an enemy at 1500 or 2000 yards distance.
X. X.—Mr. Cobden's translation of Michel Chevalier, on "The Probable fall in the Value of Gold," has nearly run through the first edition in England, and a reprint is already in press.
"TEMPERANCE."—In direct disobedience to the law of their Prophet, the Mohammedans not only drink wine, but they have a method of their own for increasing its potency, by hanging the urine beads of poppies in the casks during the process of fermentation.—Total abstinence societies have increased very rapidly of late in Russia, the peasants now having an object in accumulating property.
"Two-FORTY."—The old Italian method of horse racing is, that the horses should have no riders. This plan would certainly prevent the fear of bribed jockeys.
PUPIL.—St. Patrick was born, according to some authorities, at Killpatrick on the Clyde, between Dumbarton and Glasgow, towards the close of the fourth century. Others assert that he was born in Wales.
READER.—The Bank of England occupies a space of three acres. The chief cashier's office is copied from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome.
EMIGRANT.—Leavenworth City, Kansas, although only four years old, contains a population of 10,460, with an assessed valuation of \$3,871,375. It has nine churches, ten schools, four daily and four weekly papers, seven job printing-offices, eighty-nine lawyers and forty doctors.
S. C., Lowell, Mass.—The Chinese language is the language of learning and science in Japan, and is frequently used as the medium of official communication with foreign powers. The very alphabet, or rather syllabary, used in Japan is entirely derived from Chinese characters, and a knowledge of the latter is indispensable to the successful study of Japanese.

THE GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.

Aside from the mining interests of California, which are well sustained and steadily extending, the agriculture of this new State is rapidly becoming a most important element of its wealth and influence. In every section the mining interest continues to be prosecuted with vigor, and with the aid of capital expended in works and machinery, is rendering great returns. At the present time there are in the State nearly six thousand miles of artificial water-courses, constructed for mining operations, at an expense of upwards of thirteen millions of dollars. In the year 1857, the number of mills devoted to extracting gold from the quartz rock was one hundred and thirty-eight. There are now about three hundred such mills in operation, which have cost at least three and a half millions of dollars. The rock mining, though more difficult and more expensive than surface diggings and washings, is yet more certain in its results, and pays a better interest upon the capital invested. There can be no better evidence of the remunerative character of the quartz mining, than the great increase of these mills during the past year; for it must be observed that they require, on the average, an expenditure of nearly twelve thousand dollars each for their construction, and some of them have been worked sufficiently long to test their profitability with certainty.

The quantity of land under cultivation in California, at the present time, is nearly eight hundred thousand acres, exclusive of what is merely fenced in for grazing purposes. This is an increase of over two hundred thousand acres in one year. The wheat and barley crops of last year amount to a fraction short of nine millions of bushels. The grape culture, as we have heretofore taken occasion to notice, is increasing in much greater ratio. At the present time, the number of vines under cultivation is four millions, and the average yield of grapes to each vine is estimated at fourteen pounds. The single county of Los Angeles has in its vineyards over one and a third million of vines. In 1858, the quantity of wine manufactured in California was 335,000 gallons, and of brandy 10,000 gallons; while for 1860, the estimate is one million gallons of these liquors.

The increase of horses and cattle, for two years past, was one hundred and sixty-three thousand head, and the exports of hides now amount to over half a million dollars per year. Much of the waste land is devoted to the raising

of sheep, and the present number is reckoned at 650,000—double what it was two years ago. The last year's export of wool was over one and a third million pounds; valued on board the vessel at \$189,634. Who can say what bounds shall be set to the wealth of this new State in twenty-five years from this time?

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce pronounces upon the failure of the ocean telegraph cable, which was laid last year, and asserts that it resulted from the employment of six small copper wires, instead of a single wire of larger size. He says that the idea that the conducting power depends upon the amount of surface, is fallacious; and therefore that the employment of six separate wires to increase the surface, was a blunder. On the other hand, he contends that the retardation in the electric current, caused by passing through six small wires, is much greater than it would be were the same weight of metal per yard to be employed in a single wire. He asserts that electricity, like water, has a resistance in its passage through a conductor, in consequence of the friction; and of course must meet with much greater resistance in passing through six small wires than it would in one larger one, by reason of greater friction. This idea is illustrated by the resistance of water passing through a very long pipe of small size, where the friction is so great that only a small, drizzling steam is discharged. He also proves the truth of his theory by experiments—taking one mile each of the present ocean cable of number 16 copper wire, of number 8 iron wire, and of number 8 copper wire. When these four are placed successively between a battery and an electro-magnet of suitable size, it is found that the first shows but feeble action; that the small single copper wire, number 16, shows more action, though exposing less than one-half the surface of the first; that the number 8 iron wire, which is the article usually employed in land-telegraph wires, shows still more conducting powers; and that the fourth is still more effective, and shows itself so vastly superior to the first, as to remove all doubts as to the practicability of sending a useful, working current across the ocean by a single number 8 wire of copper. Hence he concludes that if a wire of this description, or one of larger size, had been used for the construction of the Atlantic Telegraph, it would now be in successful operation.

THEATRICALS IN FANEUIL HALL.

It is well known that during the blockade of Boston, in 1775, some of the British officers, with their ladies, amused themselves by private theatricals, acted in the Cradle of Liberty, which was gorgeously fitted up with scenery for the occasion. They were, however, once or twice rather unpleasantly interrupted by the cannonading of our brave Yankee boys, from the adjacent towns. Gen. Burgoyne, whose success as a dramatist appears to have eclipsed his fortune as a commander, wrote an afterpiece, in which, of course, tory principles were held up to veneration, and the success of the royal cause triumphantly anticipated. Some years ago a relative of ours, the late Miss Lætitia Baker, who was one of a numerous audience at the first representation of this farce, which bore for title, "The Boston Blockade," furnished us with the *finale*, which was sung in character by the *dramatis personæ*. A copy was sent by us to the Boston Transcript, and first made its appearance in print there.

[The principal lady of the piece.]

Ye ladies, who find the time hang on your hands—
Thus kept in a cage by the enemy's bands,
Like me, choose a mate from the numerous crew,
As brave as my soldier, as tender as true.

With such a companion confinement has charms,
Each place is a paradise, clasped in his arms,
And only of absence and distance afraid,
You'll bless the small circle of "Boston Blockade."

[An old gentleman, abused by the Yankees, in the farce.]

Ye tar-barrel law-givers, Yankeeified pigs,
Who are tyrants in custom, yet call yourselves whigs,
In return for the favors you've lavished on me,
May I see you all hanged upon Liberty Tree.

Meantime take example, and cease from attack,
You're weak in your arms as I am in my back,
In law and in love we alike are betrayed,
And alike are the laughter of "Boston Blockade."

[Fanfan—a colored lady.]

Your pardon, my massa, one word to intrude,
I'm sure in my heart you wont all think me rude,
Though in public you scoff, I see many a spark
Would think me a sweet pretty girl in de dark.

Thus runs the world merrily on with Fanfan,
She eats good salt pork, and gets kissed by white man;
Me do Missy business, she pleased, and I paid,
Tegad! me no tired of de "Boston Blockade."

[The hero—a young officer.]

Come round, then, ye comrades of honor and truth,
Experienced-age and high-spirited youth,
With drum and with life make our chorus more shrill,
And echo shall waft it to Washington's Hill.

All brave British hearts shall beat time as we sing,
Due force to our arms, and long life to our king!
For the honor of both be our banner displayed,
And a glorious end to the "Boston Blockade!"

Gen. Burgoyne, the author of the above *piece de circonstance*, which showed that he was a better dramatic writer than political prophet, wrote the "Maid of the Oaks," "Bon Ton," and "The Heiress," all highly successful on the English stage.

READING VS. SPEAKING.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church of New York, in a recent address to students, alluded to the difference between reading and speaking in public, and named several reasons why reading is more wearisome than declamation. "I find myself more tired," he said, "after reading the communion office of my church, which takes nearly twenty minutes, than after preaching a sermon an hour long. Indeed, multitudinous as are the supposed causes of clerical sore-throats, tight cravats and a depression of the chin are fairly entitled to prominent places among them. The lawyers are not so liable to it as we are, and they do not wear white chokers, or read their arguments, or stand rigid as a telegraph-post, moving only their arms. To sum up these hints: keep yourself free from constraints of the body, hold up your heads like men not ashamed of what you are doing, open your mouths as you would throw open folding doors, and utter what you say, not keep it within your teeth, or compel it to struggle, *ad extra*, through a cranny. Practise upon these rules, if you have not done so, and you will some day thank me for putting you in mind of them."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

All great men, like Franklin, advocate early marriages; and all great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare Market, London, to buy sprats for support. Coleridge and Southey we can't find had any income at all when they got married. We question whether Luther, at any time, had more than \$200 a year. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is ruined for life. You will find him at the faro table and at free love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid the snares of marrying young and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life—he is a *blasé* fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has—"No God, no heaven, in the wide world!"

MUSIC.—Our lady readers who have an accumulation of *sheet music*, have only to gather it together and hand or send it to our office, 22 Winter Street, and it will be very neatly and handsomely bound, and returned to them in *one week*, at the lowest rate of charge. It thus becomes vastly more ornamental to the parlor, is permanently preserved, and is far more convenient for use.

ONE COMPLETE SET.—We have *one complete set* (and one only) of the Pictorial, bound strong, uniform, and full gilt, comprising sixteen volumes. Price \$32.00. This is the last set we shall ever sell!

BUILDING.—There is a new steamer of 800 tons on the stocks, at Jackson's ship-yard, East Boston, designed to run between Panama and Rio. Her machinery will be made by the Boston Locomotive Works.

AQUARIAL GARDENS.—There is a very beautiful and interesting exhibition, thus named, now open at 21 Bromfield Street. Those curious in natural history should visit it.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—These machines have become a positive necessity, and are a complete success. We could not now do without them in Boston.

PRAYER MEETINGS.—Recently prayer meetings have been held under the direction of clergy-men, in the engine houses at Newburyport.

SOUTHERN COTTON FACTORIES.

Some of the papers in the Southern States are advocating the practicability and benefit of establishing cotton manufactories in the South. They cite the example of Georgia, where to some extent cotton mills have been in operation for a good while, and with very good success. An instance of a cotton factory in the State of Mississippi is also referred to; the annual profits of which, as demonstrated by authentic statements, amount to twenty-nine per cent. on the capital invested. The New Orleans Bulletin says a purpose of this kind was in contemplation in New Orleans, a year and a half ago, but was abandoned for the moment in consequence of the hard times, followed by the financial crash. Now, it says, that money is plenty, and the season for leisure is upon the people, the field for operations seems clear, and the movement ought to be undertaken without delay. That paper proposes that the experiment should be inaugurated by the building of one factory, and argues that they have idle hands enough about that city to run a half-dozen cotton factories. It says further, that if the effort be made, labor will come when once it is known that hands are wanted at good prices. As to the profit of the proposed business, there appears to be no good reason why it would not be as good a mode of investing capital as any that could be devised. The raw material is there, at their doors, and steam or water power can be applied as cheap in the South as anywhere else. The cotton goods now used in the southern markets are charged with two freights, north and back; with various intermediate commissions; with accumulated interest arising from the long journey which the staple takes; and, with the insurance premiums upon marine transportation. It would seem that all these extras, which make to the disadvantage of cotton manufactured abroad, would more than make up the difference of cost arising from other causes, and leave the southern manufacturer as good a chance for a fair profit as his European or Yankee competitor. Should the proposed plan of introducing cotton manufacture extensively at the South, succeed according to the hopes of its advocates, no men will rejoice more heartily at this increase of the elements of prosperity of our southern brethren, than the people of New England. They fear not a generous rivalry, and never doubt as to the world's being large enough for all.

S. J. WILCOX & Co.—This well-known Dry Goods firm is our next door neighbor, and we can speak understandingly, in saying that the establishment is unrivalled for its variety and excellence of Ladies' Dress Goods, in Boston. Messrs. Wilcox & Co. do their business on strictly systematic principles, and furnish their customers with good and desirable articles at prices that cannot but be perfectly satisfactory. When our country readers come to town, let them remember the number, 24 WINTER STREET.

FOR THE TOILET.—Joseph Burnett & Co. put up their four most popular articles for the toilet in a neat and compact package, including the far-famed Cocoaine; Florimel, (a most exquisite perfume); Kalliston, (an unrivalled cosmetic), and the Oriental Tooth Wash. These articles are each and all of a superior quality, and indispensable to a lady's or gentleman's toilet. For sale by all druggists.

"IVAN THE SERF: or, The Russian and Circassian."—This brilliant novelette, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., we have just issued in bound style, elegantly illustrated with large original engravings. It is declared the best story the popular author ever wrote. We will send it, *post-paid*, on the receipt of *twenty cents* in postage stamps or silver.

GROWTH OF BOSTON.—One has only to visit the region of the made-land, between Dover Street and Roxbury line, to realize how rapidly this city is growing. Hundreds of fine dwelling houses are erecting in this vicinity.

HORSE-TAMING.—Mr. Rarey has been engaged by the British government, at a cost of five thousand dollars, to impart his art of subduing horses, to fifty men in the British cavalry.

AN INSTITUTION.—For nearly *twenty years* the Boston Post has come to us bright and early every morning. It is a model newspaper, which we could not do without.

THE HAND OF GOLD.

In the night preceding the battle of Bautzen, Napoleon, accompanied by Marshals Berthier and Ney and General Labruyere, advanced to the outposts to within pistol-shot of the Cossacks. They seated themselves on the ground behind a ledge of rocks, Berthier unrolled a map, and Napoleon, taking a telescope from his hand, surveyed the position of the enemy, the town of Bautzen, and the heights which were covered with Russian infantry and guns.

After this, a peasant having been brought in, Napoleon questioned him, through Ney, as follows:

"Is that stream which falls into the ravine, on the right (the Russian left), deep?"

"Knee-deep," replied the German.

"Do you ever cross it with your cart?"

"Always—except in spring and autumn, when the waters are high."

"Is it fordable everywhere?"

"No—in certain places the bed is rocky; but from the little bridge you see to the right, for a quarter of a mile, there is a perfectly smooth bottom of sand."

The emperor was much pleased with the replies of the German peasant, which put him in excellent humor. He asked Berthier for money—took a handful of gold pieces and gave them to the peasant, saying:

"Hold! Here is wherewithal to drink to the Emperor of the French."

The yokel would have thrown himself at his feet.

"Hold there!" said Napoleon. "Do you know the emperor?"

"Do I? No! but I am dying to see him."

"Well—there he is," said Napoleon, pointing to Marshal Ney, who, opened his surtout, discovering his gold-embroidered uniform.

The peasant was about to kiss his feet. Ney stopped him, and said laughingly:

"This gentleman is making fun of you. There stands the emperor," and he pointed out Berthier.

The peasant threw himself at the feet of Berthier; but the latter, who knew very little German, could only point out Labruyere, saying:

"There's the emperor."

The rustic was about to pay homage to Labruyere, but the general said:

"I am too young for an emperor, my friend—rather pay your respects to him who gave you the money."

"That's true," said the German, and when he had seized and kissed Napoleon's hand, added—"This is the *hand of gold*!"

CRINOLINE ABROAD.—A letter from Verviers states that a lady, who arrived there a short time ago by a railway train from Prussia, wore a crinoline of such extraordinary ample dimensions as to excite the suspicions of the custom-house officers. A search consequently took place, and the fashionable portion of female attire was found to have very skilfully attached to its ample folds no less than 117 pairs of white stockings, which the wearer intended to smuggle into Belgium. The stockings and crinoline were confiscated, and the lady handed over to the police.

A FRESH-WATER SAILOR.—Capt. Allen, of Oswego, N. Y., has sailed the lakes for forty-three years, during which time he has never taken a glass of "grog," nor used tobacco. At a ripe old age, he is good for another forty years, without even overhauling, being as sound as the day he sailed, not a timber nor a plank started.

TEDESCO, THE SINGER.—Tedesco has been engaged at the French opera, in Paris, at the rate of \$12,000 a year. How often have we listened to her warblings at the Howard Athenæum, and how well we remember "me dice el sol de Madrid," in La Colasa!

MOBILE MOVING.—The city of Mobile has resolved to grant aid to the Great Northern Railroad, from that city, to the amount of one million dollars. Why does not Boston give the Hoosac Tunnel a lift?

MAKING MONEY FAST.—The new mint at Calcutta has three times as many coining presses as the British mint, and is capable of making 600,000 coins per day.

SHOULDER ARMS!—There are thirteen thousand uniformed volunteers in the State of New York, and in all, there are now three hundred and fifty thousand men capable of bearing arms.

THE POPE AT ST. PETER'S.

The striking scene on the last page, exhibits the pope touching the foot of the statue of St. Peter with his lips. The artist has given an admirable delineation of this scene. Cardinals and other dignitaries of the church are shown standing around during the ceremony, in which the emblems of clerical authority and military power are mingled. This statue is in the church of St. Peter, supported against the last pillar on the right hand side of the nave, and rests on a pedestal four or five feet high. His right hand is raised in the act of priestly benediction, while the left grasps the well known symbols of the Romish power—two massive keys; the head wears the expression peculiar to the early ages of ancient classic art; while the whole statue, though of bronze, has been darkened by time to an iron hue. No Roman Catholics pass it by without some movement of reverence, while the more rigid devotees kiss the toe of the exposed foot several times, pressing their foreheads against it after each salutation, and passing their hands affectionately over it. Others, prostrating themselves in front of the statue, engage in prayer. French antiquarians assert that this alleged statue of the poor fisherman of Galilee was cast by order of Pope Leo X., from materials furnished by an ancient bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, so that a heathen image has been transformed into the likeness of a Christian apostle.

JOSEPHINE PAINTED BY NAPOLEON.

"Josephine," said Napoleon, "was art and grace itself. She was the most amiable—the best of women; she had the excessive taste for luxury, disorder and reckless expense characteristic of creoles. It was impossible ever to square her accounts—she was always in debt; hence there were constantly disputes when the time of payment came. She often sent to her tradesmen to tell them to present only half the amount of her indebtedness. Even in the island of Elbe her bills poured in on me from all parts of Italy. Josephine believed in presentiments and sorcerers; it is true that a great fortune had been predicted to her in her infancy—that she would be a sovereign. Her toilet was a complete arsenal, and she defended herself with great art against the assaults of time."

GREAT SAVING MAY BE MADE.—About three or four months since, we adopted in our establishment, Johnson's Patent Gas-Burner. Between thirty and forty burners we find have, in that period, saved more than the fixtures cost us, by regulating the burning of the gas, and producing more light with less consumption of gas. We would refer our readers to H. B. Stanwood & Co.'s advertisement on another page.

THREE SCAMPS.—Three men have been arrested at Dayton, Ohio, for conspiring to throw the cars of the Cincinnati and Dayton Railroad from the track. They sought revenge, because the company had resisted their exorbitant demands for compensation for one or two animals killed upon the road.

AN INCENDIARY.—During the late carnival at Leghorn, a person disguised as Louis Napoleon appeared in the streets, with a volume inscribed "The Treaties of 1815," and occasionally tore a leaf therefrom and scattered it in fragments. The police interfered, and put a stop to this political satire.

GUANO-MAKING.—Professor Hunt advocates the saving of the waste parts of the fish taken in the Canadian fisheries, for the purpose of manufacturing guano. He says 150,000 tons might annually be made in this way, and of a quality equal to Peruvian.

PROSPECT OF BUSINESS.—Trade is working up in New York. In one day, lately, 17,600 bales of cotton were sold, and 10,000 bales on the next. These sales amounted to nearly one and three-quarters million dollars.

REVERENCE FOR TRUTH.—"My friend has a reverence for truth," said a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectful distance from it."

A GENERAL RULE.—The Emperor Paul once gave a magnificent review at which he prohibited any but generals to be present. Mr. Dunning outwitted him, for he went as *Attorney-General*.

Hayside Gatherings.

Concha, the Captain General of Cuba, is to be continued in office.

Leutze is not coming to Boston to live, but has established his studio in Washington.

Edwin Booth has been presented with a silver goblet, by his friends in Charleston, S. C.

The poet artist, T. Buchanan Read, is in Cincinnati, where he designs passing the summer.

For loving a Gentile, says a Salt Lake letter, a young Mormon woman was publicly flogged by the Frogtown Mormons.

The back pay of the old police of New York, favored by a late decision of the Court of Appeals, amounts to upwards of \$500,000.

Some of the southern papers are earnestly advocating the construction of a ship canal across the upper part of the peninsula of Florida.

A New York paper thinks that the Pike's Peak stampede will be of much benefit, as it will soak up that overflow of loafers so common to Gotham.

A proposition has been made in Holly Springs, Mississippi, to establish a chain gang, for the purpose of getting rid of the rowdies that infest that little town.

The grog-shop loafer is about the meanest and most contemptible specimen of humanity extant. They are a disgrace to their families, and a nuisance to society.

A burly British reviewer, in severely cutting up a hook by an American woman, gravely asserts that "you cannot make an omelette out of old kid gloves."

Two poor omnibus horses committed suicide in New York, recently. They took advantage of the absence of their driver to plunge into the river at Greenpoint Ferry.

There are now upwards of 40,000 natives of China in California, and it is estimated that the trade with them amounts to at least \$4,000,000 a year.

The erroneous idea that a very small foot is handsome, has crippled and distorted many; good taste requires that the foot should have a reasonable proportion to the rest of the body.

A writer in the Baltimore American says that the oyster beds of the Maryland waters are in danger of being destroyed by the pernicious practice of having them dragged at all seasons of the year, including the summer months.

A Miss McDonald died lately in Hardy county, Va., being the tenth member of her family—including her parents—who have died within the last few months, only one sister now remaining out of a family of eleven.

An act has passed the Legislature, and received the approval of the governor, exempting from execution, to the amount of \$100, the boats, fishing tackle, and nets of fishermen, actually used by them in the prosecution of their business.

Thousands of wild tobacco plants, growing from 18 inches to four feet in height, are found in the Sacramento (Cal.) valley, near Tehama. The leaves are smaller than those of the cultivated tobacco, but furnish a good material for smoking.

Wilmington, Del., is certainly a favored city. They have two petitions in circulation there to decide whether the dinner-hour be one or two. In most places the question is not at what hour they shall dine, but whether they are to have any dinner at all.

The Empress Eugenie shed tears on witnessing the new play "Cendrillon;" and since then all Paris have been buying embroidered cambric to display in the theatre, in connection with their tears, as her imperial highness did before them.

News from Hayti announce financial distress in that country. During the late carnival the court of Souloque was caricatured. Some of the maskers represented Souloque fleeing from his kingdom, his fright and terror, his appealing to his fetish idols for success, and other facts connected with his downfall.

Maria Theresa was certainly one of the grandest historical women of modern ages. Queenly she looked in life; royalty itself in her seemed more royal; and thus queenly she reposes in death. It is said she descended every Friday, for thirteen years, into his tomb, to weep and pray by the remains of her husband Francis.

A deacon in one of the Hartford churches, a few days ago, found a gold watch and chain belonging to his minister's wife, wrapped up in the morning Courant, on the doorstep. They were stolen from her two months since, at a parish party, and as the minister preached two sermons at the time upon stealing, the rogue apparently couldn't stand the pressure.

A contractor at St. Louis recently drew out of the bank a considerable sum of money in \$10 bills, and in going down the steps of the bank with the bills in his hand, a sudden gust of wind blew off his hat, and in essaying to recover it, the bills were blown out of his possession and scattered in every direction. After a day's active and diligent search, he succeeded in finding all but eighty dollars.

A man at Quebec, a collector of old iron, was offered, lately, an old bomb-shell. He bought it and began to break it up. It exploded, tore away the side of the shed in which he worked, broke fifty panes of glass in his dwelling, but only slightly injured him, and left his wife and boy standing by, unharmed.

Sands of Gold.

.... A man of letters may be vicious, as a man may be sick.—*De Boufflers*.

.... Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield*.

.... Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—*Poster*.

.... Everything that comes from the heart is not flattery, for flatterers have no heart.—*De Boufflers*.

.... The evanescent pleasures of the world bring but a poor return in happiness, for the labor expended.—*Bovee*.

.... Ridicule principally arises from pride, and is at best but a gross pleasure, too coarse for the highly polished and refined.—*Guizot*.

.... Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.—*Fielding*.

.... Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden*.

Point out to me the man who has no confidence in mankind, and I will show you a man in whom no person should have confidence.—*Bovee*.

.... The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakspeare.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... The employment of our minutes multiplies them; activity finds more than days in hours, and those who have measured the velocity of light, have not yet calculated the progress the mind can make in a given time.—*De Boufflers*.

.... As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned, that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—*Bishop Hall*.

Joker's Budget.

"Husband, we haven't enough beds." "Yes, wife, plenty of beds, but too much company."

Shoemakers and milkmen make good sailors—they're both used to working at the pumps.

The individual who "stood on his own responsibility" is to be indicted for infanticide.

A philosopher resembles a cucumber—when most cut up he is perfectly cool.

"What's the use," asked an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

The crew of a sailing boat threw out all her ballast, and she consequently upset;—how was she destroyed?—By lightning!

There is no castle upon the earth so strong that it may not be taken; but our castles in the air may bid defiance to our enemies.

Something that was never yet known—the number of people that an omnibus will hold during a wet day.

"I don't believe it's any use, this vaccinating. I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the winder a week arter!"

"Do you think me guilty of a falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing. "Sir, I must render a verdict of Knott guilty."

"You will see my face no more," said a romantic young lady to her friends. "Ah, miss, are you going away from earth, or do you intend taking to rouge—going to die or dye?"

"So I see you have put on your best suit for the dinner party." "O yes, I expected the dinner to be well dressed for me, and I thought I could not do less than return the compliment."

Goethe says that modern authors put too much water in their ink. Some of our fashionable writers, agreeing with him in opinion, seem to substitute brandy.

Much of the poetry of the present day seems studiously metaphysical and obscure. You had better never set down to read it without a search-warrant to find its meaning.

Many think that a moderate beard upon the upper lip is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as the thorns and moss are to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry.

"Sir," said a man to one whom he had struck, "I have given you a good dressing." "No sir," replied the other, "you may consider it only *lent*, and I will take care that it shall be repaid with interest."

GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

God bless the brave ones, in our dearth,
Their lives shall leave a trailing glory;
And round the poor man's homely hearth
We'll proudly tell their suffering's story.

All saviour-souls have sacrificed,
With naught but noble faith for guerdon,
And ere the world hath crowned the Christ,
The man to death hath borne the burden!

The savage broke the glass that brought
The heavens nearer, saith the legend;
Even so the bigots welcome aught
That makes our vision starker regioned.

They lay their corner-stones in dark
Deep waters, who upbuild in beauty
On earth's old heart, their triumph-arc
That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the martyrs go
To keep with pain their solemn bridal;
And still they walk the fire who bow
Not down to worship custom's idol.

Take heart, the rude dust dark to-day,
Soars a new-lighted sphere to-morrow;
And wings of splendor burst the clay
That clasps us in death's fruitful furrow.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROOFER OF ANTWERP.

BY G. M. RUTLEDGE.

BENEATH the great portal of the Cathedral of Antwerp, at the western side of the tower, and not far from the tomb of Quintin Metsys, the celebrated Flemish blacksmith, may be seen a blue stone about three feet in length. The passer-by, perhaps, would not perceive it, were it not for the strange and peculiar appearance which distinguishes it from the other stones of the pavement. In it a thousand points of copper are inlaid, without any seeming regularity or design, which, when the sun darts his last rays upon the horizon of Flanders, glitter with dazzling brilliancy.

For a long time it has attracted the attention of travellers; antiquarians have invoked every dialect and every species of written symbol, to discover any remnant of inscription; their efforts have always been vain, and they have never succeeded in deciphering a single word amid this maze of copper points. And yet this stone has its story. To the aged citizen, bent towards the grave, as he casts a sidelong glance upon the young maiden who, yielding to her love-dreams, touches it lightly with her rosy lip, it says more than the magnificent marble monuments on which are carved in golden letters, the pompous epitaphs of the great. Its history is as follows:

The 22d of October, 1520, was a fête-day for the half of Europe, and more particularly for Flanders, one of whose children had just mounted the throne of the Cæsars. It was the coronation-day of Charles the Fifth. Antwerp was then, after London and Venice, the richest city of Europe, perhaps of the world. Therefore was it distinguished above all others of Flanders, by the magnificence and wealth lavished upon the celebration of the day. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, garlands of flowers decked the houses, fine white sand covered the pavements, and at intervals were placed large clusters of rare and fragrant exotics. The ceremonies of the day commenced with a solemn procession; the clergy habited in their most costly and sumptuous robes, and preceded by banners, bore the richest shrines and most cherished relics. The magistrates, the people, the corporations and the various traders, bearing lighted torches of various colors, closed the march.

This sacred duty concluded, each one yielded himself to unrestrained enjoyment; groups were formed in the streets and public places. Immense butts of wine and mead were placed opposite the city and guild-halls. A hundred thousand workmen sang joyous hymns and shouted "Long live our marquis!" "Long live the Emperor Charles!" All the inhabitants of the opulent city, however, were not happy amid the general rejoicing. In a small room, whose windows looked upon the street, two men were seated; their costumes and general appearance indicated that, although not belonging to the opulent class, they were not without an easy competence, arising from their labors. The younger seemed about twenty years of age. He was muscular and vigorous. His features, though sad, were pleasing and of manly beauty, and denoted a firm and decided character. The other, a hale and robust old man, endeavored, somewhat

vainly, to give his face and tone a hopeful expression he was far from feeling in his heart.

"Truly, my son," said he, "I scarcely know thee! What has become of thy courage and resignation? Our position has been more critical than to-day, and yet I never saw thee so cast down as now. Was I wrong in regarding thee as a man of courage, who could face misfortune without flinching?"

"I feel that I am not to be overcome by any misfortune," replied the younger, "but to see Francoise united to a man whom I hate! Still—"

"But," interrupted his companion, "the affair is not decided; your fears may be groundless."

"No, no, my father! I have lost all hope. Master Rulofs told me again yesterday, that he should give his daughter to Meister Bruggemans if, in a month, I was not a master-roofer, and you know he will keep his word."

"Who knows, Germain, some happy chance may yet furnish money enough to purchase the place?"

"Never, my father, never can we earn such a sum; relations and friends have refused me; three years would not suffice to earn it, and Master Rulofs will only grant me a month's delay."

"But Francoise will supplicate her father to allow you time, and she certainly will succeed."

"Yes, my father, she will do all in her power, but I am certain her prayers will be unavailing. This very day she was to make a last effort, and had she succeeded, she would have been here before now."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when a gentle rap was heard at the door. The father opened it, and hope shone in the eyes of the youth, for he doubted not it was the charming Francoise, the bearer of joyful tidings. A fair, slender girl, blue-eyed and of delicate complexion, upon whose cheeks traces of tears were still visible, entered.

This was the maiden whom the young man expected, but she seemed rather the messenger of sorrow than of joy. Germain sprang to meet her, and exclaimed hurriedly, "Speak, Francoise, speak, I implore thee. Have thy tears softened thy father's heart?"

"All hope is fled," replied the girl, gazing with a distracted air upon her lover. Her tears slowly fell, Germain sobbed audibly, and the old man himself was too much moved to utter a single word of consolation.

The youth was the first to speak. With a broken voice he cried, "No more hope? Francoise, did I hear aright?"

"Alas, yes, it is too true; my father leaves me the choice either to wed this man, or to take the veil at the Ursuline Convent."

Germain spoke not, but anxiously awaited her decision; all his hopes, his heart, were in the look he cast upon her. Francoise understood it, and continued: "I have chosen the cloister."

"Then there is yet hope; you have a novitiate of two years, and during that time we may perhaps procure the sum requisite."

Feeble as was this glimmer of hope, the lovers embraced it confidently, and their young hearts beat as if their wishes were already consummated. Like shipwrecked mariners who, long tossed upon the stormy ocean, behold at last the wished-for haven, they raised their eyes to heaven in silent thanksgiving. Almost happy, they threw themselves into the arms of the old man, who had in the meantime regained his accustomed serenity, although he felt that the hope he had awakened in the hearts of the youthful lovers was very feeble and uncertain. They yielded to their excited fancies, and their imaginations pictured to them the brightest visions of future happiness. When Francoise left them, however, the young man again gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings.

The fête in the city still continued, joyous bands traversed the streets, carolling songs of joy, little thinking that near them was one whose heart responded not to their bursts of gaiety; so it was, however; poor Germain remained buried in his sombre mood, and it was not until the streets and squares of the city were brilliantly lighted up with the many-colored flambeaux, that he aroused himself and joined the merry throng. Scarcely, however, had he quitted his own doorstep, when he was borne back violently by the frightened crowd, surging to and fro in frantic terror. Above the din, wild cries and shrieks rose up on every side. The enemy which menaced them shook the nerves of the bravest and hardiest. It was the autumnal hurricane. Its

approach, unheeded by the thoughtless revellers, had been announced by light puffs of wind, like the evening breeze which gently kisses the white and dimpled shoulders of youthful maidens, so light that it was scarcely observable. A small reddish cloud, the certain forerunner of a tempest, floated, gradually rising from the, as yet, calm horizon. Gradually, slowly it increased, became larger and larger, and of a deep blood-red hue. Others joined it from every side; the wind rose rapidly. The numerous gaily dressed boats which covered the river, hastened to gain the port. Before they reached it, however, the tempest burst upon them with full fury. It howled and whistled like a chorus of demons.

One who has not witnessed a storm in the North Sea can form no idea of that which burst over Antwerp on the evening of the 22d of October, 1520. The waters of the Escant, heaped up by the hurricane, leaped thundering through the streets in foaming waves. The sky was hung with leaden clouds, vivid lightning flashed and leaped along them, and deafening thunder rolled incessantly above. Night, black, dismal night, was upon the city. The river rose from its bed, and in an incredibly short time, the greater part of the town was submerged. The cathedral floor was overflowed, at the docks, masts cracked, heavy cables snapped, and vessels were broken up and buried beneath the howling waves. With horrible fracas, torrents poured from the rocks into the streets below, swelling the flood, which rushed along. All trace of recent revelry was soon effaced by the nocturnal hurricane. The trembling citizens crouched in frantic prayer, and many saw in the angry waters the emblem of what their new emperor was one day to be.

Some days elapsed, and the streets of Antwerp became again passable. The indefatigable exertions of the citizens had forced back the waters to their former level, and the sun beaming forth, soon pumped away the moisture which remained in the narrow lanes and by-ways. The inhabitants, however, did not so soon regain their habitual gaiety. With the exception of the docks and a few streets, in which carpenters and masons were busily repairing the damage caused by the inundation, Antwerp was plunged in silent sadness. The few who ventured forth, looked up at the spire of their cathedral, gazing sorrowfully at the iron cross, which had suffered much from the hurricane.

In those days of profound faith and true patriotism, each city had its peculiar and cherished edifice, which it valued as its jewels, and esteemed as the crown of pearls upon the young bride's brow. Thus Brussels had its princely gardens and palaces, Ghent its belfry surmounted by the Grecian dragon, conquered by the Crusaders, Louvain gloried in its university and its gothic town-hall, Bruges had its Guildhall, erected in 1379 by Count Louis de Male, Antwerp admired and loved its wondrous spire, completed two years before by Applemans. It was beyond doubt the most beautiful and gigantic gothic monument in Europe.

It was a source of wondrous pride to the honest burghers, and therefore, when they saw that the iron cross which surmounted the pinnacle, had been bent nearly double by the storm, their chagrin was the greater, as it seemed almost impossible to repair it. In the first place, the iron had to be made red-hot, and the man who was sufficiently bold to step even upon the narrow ledges of the tower, far below the cross, would do so at the risk of life. The most intrepid mariners, who, the day of the tempest lay extended on the swaying yards, shuddered at the very idea of climbing to such a height. So in spite of the love and pride with which the good people regarded their natal city, despite the promises of the magistrates to any one sufficiently courageous to repair the iron cross, no one had presented himself to claim the reward. The burghers were assembled on the open space in front of the cathedral, calculating sadly its immensity, when four heralds rode into their midst, again proclaiming the promised reward. Three times they sounded their trumpets, to which were suspended the arms of the city, and the king-at-arms, uncovering, spoke as follows:

"The burgomasters and worshipful aldermen of the rich city of Antwerp inform the citizens thereof, that the magistrates accord a recompense of five hundred florins to whoever will repair the cross surmounting the spire of Notre Dame, the said cross having been violently bent by a hurricane on the day of the coronation of our marquis and prince, Charles, Count of Flanders, Duke of

Brabant, King of Spain and Bohemia, Emperor of Austria and possessor of the New World."

A mournful silence was the only response. The proclamation was repeated. Suddenly a young man burst through the press, an air of nobility illumining his countenance, intrepidity and resolution in his flashing eye. He advanced at once to the herald, saying merely, "Conduct me to the magistrates."

A half-hour afterwards it was announced that "our faithful fellow-citizen, Germain the Roofer, had undertaken to repair the cross, and would commence at noon on the morrow, and the magistrates begged the citizens generally, not to annoy the said Germain by their advice or counsels, conjurations or sorceries, but to extend to him all the aid and assistance he might need."

The news soon spread throughout the city, awakening the curiosity of the stalwart citizens, and long before the appointed hour the square before the church was crowded. Waves of another kind seemed to have replaced those of the river. All sorts of conjectures were ventured upon, as to what could have prompted Germain to this courageous and daring attempt; but none guessed the true reason—Germain's love for Francoise.

At last he was seen upon the very summit of the spire, and no one doubted his complete success. A shout of joy and encouraging admiration issued from every breast. The old father and Francoise alone remained oppressed and breathless, and with fixed glassy eyes, lost not a motion of the youth, for they felt instinctively that the greatest danger was not yet passed. Germain having drawn forth his tools, was suspended securely from one of the branches of the cross. At that height he seemed like an eagle hovering above the church. His eye plunged into the square, and measured, without a quiver, the monstrous abyss beneath him. His courage increased as he realized the almost certainty of success. In a few seconds a light smoke enveloped him, giving him the appearance of an aerial spirit. The iron became red-hot, and Germain, raising the ponderous hammer, struck rapidly upon it. As blow upon blow was given, though the sound was inaudible below, the cross gradually regained its natural position, and the excitement of the multitude became intense. The workman heard the shouts which rose upwards to him, like the surging of the waves. Alas! he knew not that each blow of his hammer struck upon the hearts of his aged father and the loved one by his side. The noise of the ringing iron which deafened him, was lost to the crowd, who almost imagined that they saw the spirit of Quintin Metsys returned to earth to leave another colossal work.

At length the hammer fell for the last time; the cross was in its original erect position. Nothing now marred the beauty of the unmatched spire. The aged father and youthful maiden regarded each other with inexpressible joy, tears sprung to their eyes, and entirely overcome, they threw themselves into each other's arms. The people recognizing them, raised them above their heads and bore them aloft in triumph.

In the meantime Germain had peered down anxiously upon the "Place," in the hope of recognizing the two so dear to his heart. Suddenly he perceived them. That look was his last. His foot struck the brazier and slipped over the burning coals. He tottered a moment, fell from the spire and rebounded on the angular stones; the cord about his waist, which was lashed to one of the stays of the cross, supported him for a moment above the awful abyss. The people rushed shrieking to the narrow staircase to succor him, but before the most agile son of Antwerp could reach the first stage, the cord was consumed and Germain fell, striking heavily the lace-work, the points, the rosettes and heads of monsters which decorate the tower. At each successive bound his body received new wounds, until, after horrible mutilation and suffering, he struck, frightfully lacerated, turning like a wounded eagle, upon the pavements of the Place.

When the corpse was lifted up, two others were found clinging to it; an aged man and a young girl. The awe-struck and sorrowful people placed them all in the same grave, excavated on the spot where he fell, and over it was laid a blue stone, inlaid with as many pieces of copper as there could be found remnants of Germain's body.

Such is the event which that stone recalls to the aged citizen bent towards the grave, and the young maiden, yielding to her love-dreams.

M. WIGHT, THE ARTIST.

To-day we have the gratification of presenting to our readers a portrait of M. Wight, the artist, taken from a photograph by Silsbee, Case & Co., drawn and engraved expressly for this journal. Its value is enhanced by the circumstance that the community have never been favored till this moment, with the imprint of the head of one who has portrayed the likenesses of so many private individuals and public men, and the productions of whose pencil have proclaimed him one of the first portrait painters in the United States. Among the numerous and admirable likenesses that have been executed from time to time by Mr. Wight, are those of some of the most distinguished literary and scientific persons, public characters and memorable men of the age. Among them may be mentioned Humboldt, Everett, Agassiz, Barnard, Sumner, Dowse, Quincy, Savage, Williston, Bell, and others. But what first brought him forward prominently as a master of his art, was his portrait of Baron Von Humboldt, which he had the good fortune to take when he was in the capital of Prussia, a few years since. The circumstances which led to and attended the production of this well-known painting, are not a little remarkable, and as they have never been communicated to the press, and cannot fail to prove of interest to all artists, lovers of art, and the reader in general, especial pains have been taken to obtain them, and insure their first publication in the columns of this paper. Desirous while in Europe to produce the portrait of some person of note and well known in America, it was suggested to Mr. Wight to select that of Baron Von Humboldt. Accordingly, with this purpose in view, and a letter of introduction from one of the most eminent orators in the United States, he called, while in Berlin, upon the Hon. D. D. Barnard, the able and accomplished minister from the United States, then at the court of Prussia. Seeing before him a mere beardless boy, Mr. Barnard, notwithstanding the testimonials of his genius and character, could hardly help the expression of a wish for some specimen of the talent of so young an artist, before assuming the responsibility of asking the baron to sit for his picture. But Mr. Wight had no specimen with him. All he could do was immediately to propose to paint the American minister himself. Mr. Barnard as immediately accepted the invitation. In a few days Mr. Wight completed his task. At the next of those elegant receptions which were regularly given by the American minister, the portrait was hung upon the wall. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. They were filled with surprise and admiration. With one accord they pronounced it a perfect success, and without delay Mr. Barnard, true to his word and countryman, communicated the request to the baron. The proposition of the young American artist brought a thousand reminiscences to the mind of Humboldt, who, however, soon terminated all suspense or fear of denial, by giving, in his own frank and genial manner, the much desired affirmative reply. The matter soon became known, and excited a lively curiosity, particularly among some of the American residents and students, an unusually large number of whom were at that season in Berlin. Mr. Wight occupied a small room in Franzosisch Strasse, and its entire contents embraced little more than a few chairs, a borrowed easel, a set of colors and brushes, and a piece of canvass stretched upon a frame. There were to be five sittings, Mr. Wight requiring no more. Of Von Humboldt, promptness is a well-known characteristic, and punctual to a minute, the baron came upon each appointed day to the temporary and unpretending studio of the American artist. He was always driven there in the same vehicle, and always accompanied by the same confidential valet, who attended him up stairs, and then either left or paced back and forth along the corridor or in the courtyard until the allotted hour and a half for sitting within expired, when the valet instantly appeared



M. WIGHT, THE ARTIST.

and knocked at the door in obedience to the previous command of his master, who as instantly arose, and, politely taking his leave, departed. Few painters, perhaps, are more alive to the importance, not to say the necessity, of having all things in readiness against the arrival of a patron, than Mr. Wight, and he invariably held pallet and pencil in hand, and as invariably began his delineations the moment the baron was seated; and inspired as it were, by the presence of so noble and illustrious a subject, he wrought with such zeal, facility, power and effect, as to complete every part of the work upon the day agreed upon, and thus gave to the world his famous portrait of Baron Von Humboldt, the profoundest and most renowned philosopher, if not the most wonderful man of his age now alive. Many persons, citizens and strangers, as well as artists, now paid their respects to Mr. Wight. Among the latter may be mentioned Cornelius, whose magnificent cartoons and frescoes, in church, palace and cathedral, have emblazoned his name throughout all Germany; and Rauch, that immortal sculptor, whose colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which was being constructed for so many years, and at such an immense expense, which was inaugurated with so much pomp and ceremony in the presence of the emperor and his court, the flower of the princes of the blood, of the nobles, and of the army, and all the ecclesiastical and civil functionaries and dignitaries of the empire, and a countless multitude of other citizens, and which statue has scarcely,

either in its design or execution, any parallel in modern times. These and other artists and friends of Humboldt, came to see the new portrait, and, having beheld it, to take Mr. Wight by the hand and express to him their surprise and gratification. Nothing would do, but the portrait must be deposited in the Grand Hall of the Art Union of Berlin. Here it was placed upon an easel by itself, in a most conspicuous position for general view and examination, and here it was gazed at from day to day, and its merits and effects discussed in almost every tongue and strain of praise and commendation. But of them all, artists, amateurs, connoisseurs and others, none were more solicitous or highly gratified at the result, than the distinguished American minister at Berlin, and the accomplished members of his family and suite, and the other American friends and acquaintances of Mr. Wight, among whom may be particularly mentioned, Theodore S. Fay, the then Secretary of our Legation at Prussia, and a gentleman of uncommon abilities, culture, refinement and taste. Indeed, Mr. Fay, as perhaps should have been previously remarked, sedulously watched the artist's progress with the picture from the outset, was present with Humboldt at several of the sittings, during which the conversation was of the most animated and interesting description, but the details of which must be deferred to another time, and who, moreover, was the first person to announce to his countrymen in the United States the complete success of Mr. Wight, as will be seen by the subjoined extracts from the letter upon the subject, written by Mr. Fay at Berlin, in February, 1852, to Dr. J. V. C. Smith in Boston, little less than two years prior to the election of the latter as mayor of the city, viz:—

"MY DEAR SIR:—Mr. Wight, the artist, has not only been favored with as many and as long sittings as he desired, from Baron Von Humboldt (who has time for everything), but has succeeded in a portrait which, I hope and believe, will prove his corner-stone to fame and fortune. It is a work of extraordinary merit, largely and boldly done, a perfect likeness, and, considering it is the latest ever taken, it stands a good chance of being received by the world and posterity, as the most faithful representation existing of that illustrious and good man. I learn Mr. Wight means to send his painting to Boston, where its excellence as a work of art will be fully appreciated; but as its value as a resemblance can only be established by the testimony of those acquainted with the original, it affords me pleasure to render justice to a young countryman of such promising talent, by the assurance that there never has been a better portrait of Baron Von Humboldt as he at present appears (in his 82d year). He himself has several times repeated to me not only his satisfaction, but his surprise and delight. I examined it with Cornelius, who after a careful study of it, told me it was admirable, a most happy likeness, designating with his finger many points as indicating superior talent. Rauch also told me it was an admirable and perfect portrait far beyond his expectations. He has himself just taken a bust of Baron Von Humboldt. 'I therefore know,' he remarked, 'all the difficulties of the task, and Mr. Wight has completely triumphed over them. The style is large, yet unpretending; there is an absence of all affectation and clap-trap; the speaking mouth, the living, transparent hair, the eyes, are truthfully and cleverly given, and we have the very spirit and character.' He several times used the words, 'perfect,' and 'superb,' and recommended exhibiting it some days in the gallery of the Art Union, where I learn it now is, and where it will doubtless attract the particular attention of the Berlin artists."

The picture having passed through the ordeal of the critical judges of the Art Union of Berlin, was sent to the United States. It remained for several months at the custom house in New York, detained there and almost lost. At length, however, the painting was hunted up, secured and forwarded to Boston. At first it was carried to the store of Mr. A. A. Childs, the well known picture frame manufacturer and firm friend of the artist. Afterwards it was deposited in one of the large exhibition-rooms of the Boston Athenæum, where it was examined as occasion served, by a multitude of people, citizens and foreigners, for a term of two years and upwards, after which, on Mr. Wight's resuming his residence in this country, it was returned to him, and in his busy and attractive studio in Boston, we are happy to say, this invaluable portrait remains to this present day.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE VATICAN.

[See page 281.]

Poet's Corner.

SPRING.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, drooping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

STUDY.

A. If I do this, what further can I do?
B. Why, more than ever. Every task thou dost
Brings strength and capability to act.
He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse—
In books, which though they freeze thy wit awhile,
Will knit thee, in the end, with wisdom.—CORNWALL.

WITH A ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

DESPAIRING LOVE.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, thou art so above me.
SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We are thinking of the maiden May, and how she will meet us, not how we shall greet her, for the mix knows that we are only too devoted. Will she come to us with blossoms in her hair, with grass and flowers in her delicate fingers, and a smile upon her lips?—or shall we see her creep along with slow and stately step, and a face of marble, with never a smile and never a flower, and "nary grass," making the whole atmosphere glacial. Great is his credulity who has faith in the smiles of May in this New England climate. We think of May-day with a shudder, and of troops of poor little bareheaded children crowded with wreaths of tissue-paper flowers trooping shivering about like tropic birds driven out their latitudes, yet trying to make believe it was jolly. We had hoped that the "Great and General Court" would have immortalized itself by passing an act postponing the first of May to the first of June. It would have been imitated by our sister States of New England, and great would have been the rejoicing thereat from the Aroostook to the Housatonic. We look to celebrate our May-day over a good coal fire. "Hail, gentle spring," etc., etc. Ullman has engaged for his coming season a new French prima donna—Mlle. St. Urbain. The lady is said to be a pleasing, if not a great artist. According to the New York Times, Gen. Morris declines the consulship to Havre; reasons, hard work and poor pay. A New York reporter calls a foundling baby "an infantile candidate for human misery." A late London paper records the earliness of spring in England. "The nightingale was heard in England on the 18th of February. That is a remarkable fact. It has been repeatedly heard since; so the declaration may be believed. Over the greater part of the pasturage of the kingdom grass has not ceased to be green throughout the winter; and the roses and the honeysuckles put out shoots almost as soon as their latest leaves dropped. All the spring flowers of our gardens welcomed, open-eyed, the coming of March. The elm, Lombardy poplar, and thorns, have burst their buds at the very beginning of the month, while the willow catkins have overhung the streams as in April." The Broadway Theatre in New York has been demolished. It was built in 1847 by Alvah Mann, and for some time was the principal theatre in the city. Of late years it has been declining in popularity, and has recently been almost wholly deserted. It will give place to a block of stores. From a report printed in "The Churchman," it appears that the corporation of Trinity Church, New York, so far from possessing the boundless wealth which some have supposed, is in fact in a very unsafe financial position. The whole of its productive property consists of \$207,669, invested in bonds and mortgages, and 789 city lots. These lots have been valued at over six millions, but as most of them are subject to long leases, the present actual value is so far below this estimate, that one of the committees fixes the actual amount of property owned by the corporation, after deducting its debts of \$709,938, at about \$2,859,236. The Buffalo Express says: "It is probable that at least 20,000 tons of iron, costing \$550,000, will be consumed by our iron works during the coming year." Several vineyards are about to be started in Kalamazoo, individuals being moved thereto by the profits growing out of the culture, and the presumed adaptation of the soil and climate of that place to the purpose. The Spanish Cuba fleet, comprising thirty-three vessels, mounting 402 guns, have been going through the annual naval exercises in the Cuban wa-

ters. . . . The king of Naples suffered lately excruciating torments from a disease in the articulation of the thigh bone. We suppose he thought, during his tortures, of the unmerited agonies he had inflicted on hundreds of political prisoners, incarcerated in loathsome dungeons, for the crime of loving their country. . . . To any one desirous of commencing the study of the Welsh language—the language of poetry and heroism—we commend the following libellous paragraph: When the tower of Babel was being built, the workmen all spoke one tongue. Just at the very instant when the "confusion" occurred, a mason, trowel in hand, called for a brick. The assistant was so long in handing it to him that he incontinently flew into a towering passion, and discharged from the said trowel a quantity of mortar, which entered the other's windpipe just as he was stammering out an excuse. The air, rushing through the poultice-looking mixture, caused a spluttering and gurgling, which, blended with the half-formed words, became that language ever since known as Welsh. . . . The "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts comes together again in September. It was prorogued with decorum, after the usual vote of thanks to the able presiding officers of both branches. That to Mr. Charles Hale, the youngest speaker who ever presided over a Massachusetts House of Representatives, must have been peculiarly gratifying, from the fact that the order was proposed by General Cushing, the great leader of the opposition party. Mr. Hale well deserved the compliments paid him in the speeches of General Cushing and other members. He has exhibited rare ability, courtesy, promptitude and impartiality, and a perfect knowledge of parliamentary rules. . . . The Newburyport Herald says that among those trees whose ages have been ascertained, the elm has been known to live more than 350 years; the chestnut, 600; the cedar, 800; the oak, from 1000 to 1500; and some of the woods of the tropics for 3000, 4000, and 5000 years. . . . The Haytien journals contain a curious recital of the sitting of the senate at Hayti, in which Gen. Geffard took the oath as president. The gold crown of the ex-emperor was placed upon the table, and the new president, taking a little hammer in his hand, said he would not break the bauble—that would be an act of vandalism—but he would give it three "symbolical" strokes, after which it should be placed in the public treasury, "where it would be appreciated at its proper value." This was accordingly done, and the president retired amidst the acclamations of the assembly. . . . Hugot Arnott, one day, while panting with the asthma, was almost despatched by the noise of a bawling fellow, selling oysters. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugot; "he has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month." . . . There are now many men in San Francisco whose families are in a state of destitution, who a few years ago were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Speculation in real estate ruined them. One family that were intensely aristocratic during the inflated days, now keep boarders and take in washing. . . . An edition of the Bible, brought from the East in the sixth century, and found in the archives of the Vatican by the late Cardinal Mai, the discoverer of Cicero's Republic, is attracting the attention of the press in Europe. . . . After the Bureau celebration we expected to be flooded with poet-very, written in the lowland Scotch dialect, by amateurs, and bearing as much resemblance to the language of Burns and Hogg as "Carpenter's Gothic" to York Minster and Notre Dame. Fortunately our fears were unfounded, only two or three mock-Scotch poems having been evolved from the excitement. . . . We learn that Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins has been invited by the students of Lombard University (Galesburg, Ill.) to deliver the Occasional Address at the annual commencement at that institution, on Thursday the 9th of June next. . . . The efficacy of camphor as an antidote for strychnine, was recently tested at Petersburg, Va. The patient, who had taken two grains of strychnine, was not seen until tetanic and epileptic spasms had intervened; but after administering several grains of camphor, the patient recovered. . . . Dr. Henry West, known very extensively as a seventh son doctor, died lately in Chester, N. H., aged 78. Patients who visited him professed to believe that he cured them by laying his hands on the parts afflicted. . . . Government is making arrangements to station detachments of cavalry along the route to Denver City, Western Kansas, for the protection of emigrants. The red skis will have to look out for Uncle Sam's boys. . . . The Abend-Zeitung says that a brother-in-law of Baron Gerolt, the Prussian minister at Washington, is a newspaper carrier in New York. We hope the newspaper carrier will acknowledge the relationship, provided the Prussian minister behaves himself. . . . The recent conviction of Ariel Martin, at Montpelier, is the first capital conviction that has occurred in Vermont for twenty-five years. . . . A beautiful watch-chain, formed of a series of links, cut from a single piece of the canal coal of Kanawha, Va., has been exhibited at Petersburg. . . . The new hall of the United States Senate allows seats for a hundred senators. . . . We have received the first number of a very handsome sheet called the "Conservatory Journal, devoted to establishing a Massachusetts Conservatory of Art, Science, and Historical Relics." It is published at 16 Summer Street. . . . The Sorghum syrup has been very generally cultivated in many sections of Michigan, and great quantities have been manufactured. In many families no other sweetening is used except for tea and coffee. . . . Jonathan Panncoat, who worked on the first public building erected at Washington, died lately in that city, aged 91. He was a native of Burlington, N. J. . . . During the past winter there have been forty odd steamships plying between New York and European ports, and only two of them have been Americans. . . . Three murderers were lately executed at New Orleans all on one scaffold, and each making a confession just before being launched into eternity. . . . A curious circumstance recently occurred in Paris at a sale by auction of the books, engravings, etc., of an artist. A lot, consisting of lithographs, was about to be knocked down for 13 francs, when a picture dealer perceived in an envelope in the midst of them a number of 200 franc notes, and a security for 950 francs of realty. He called the attention of the auctioneer to

the circumstance, and the whole was given to the artist's heir. The public, in hope of finding other treasures in the other lots, bid so spiritedly for them that 6000 francs were realized for what was scarcely worth 3000. . . . Politeness goes a great ways towards ensuring success in business. Henry Ward Beecher in remarking upon it says: An impudent clerk can do almost as much injury to a store as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his wares. . . . The Honolulu Friend says that Capt. S. G. Moore, late master of the Morning Star, is contemplating the publication of a volume embracing incidents of his twenty years of sea-life, including the history of the first trips of the Morning Star to Marquesas and Micronesia. . . . As a contrast to the high rents prevailing in this part of the world, we notice an advertisement in a Scotch paper of a furnished mansion, shooting over 800 acres, ten acres of grounds round the house, first-rate trout fishing, and every convenience for a gentleman's family, for \$750 a year. . . . The Glenn's Falls (N. Y.) Messenger says that in consequence of a rheumatic disease, Elliott Barnett, of Chester, has been compelled to lie on his back, entirely helpless, for twenty years, and it is impossible for him to lie in any other posture. His sufferings are terrible, yet he is always resigned and cheerful. . . . Dr. Buckland in his charming book, "The Curiosities of Natural History," narrates the extraordinary circumstance of a bea constrictor gulping down his blanket during the night, a feat not less wonderful than that of threading a sheep or an ox through his narrow gullet. . . . Another Paris sensation is the setting up of a brilliant butcher's shop. Its sign is immense. It is at the corner of the Rue Tronchet and the Rue Neuve des-Nathurins. Its tables and counters are all white marble, on supports of porphyry, or white marble on silver caryatide. A fountain of water, six feet in diameter, plays in the centre of the shop, and vases of flowers and shrubs are disposed about with taste.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The doings of the Peace Congress engage universal attention, and give rise to various speculations abroad. The retrograde movement of the French emperor, while it has caused dissatisfaction among the military, may be said to have increased his general popularity—for that a majority of the French nation was opposed to war is indubitable. It is said that the emperor appears much care-worn of late, and it is declared that he lives in dread of assassination by Italian poignards.—The Great Eastern steamer, it is said, will be ready for sea in less than four months.—Prince Napoleon is now said to be endeavoring to allay the war fever in Sardinia, notwithstanding the gasconading tone he has assumed all along.—The French journals persist in attributing the first step toward a peace congress to the emperor of Russia.—The financial situation of India causes a great deal of anxiety to the British government.—It is said that the work to be done in the harbor of Galway to make it a complete packet station will cost 300,000 pounds.—At the conclave of cardinals, the pope, alluding to the evacuation of his States by foreign troops, denied having said that he was strong enough to dispense with foreign aid, as a secular and warlike prince might have declared. His holiness declared that he had been compelled to demand the removal of the foreign garrisons with the sole purpose of avoiding the danger of a general conflagration.—The Gazette of Milan confirms the news of the assassination of Sigior Rapsmonti, a journalist, at Pavia.

Relics of 1814

In digging up an elm tree near St. Ouen, France, a cavity was discovered which contained a certain quantity of bones, recognized by surgical authority as human. Several skulls were evidently Kalmuc in character. One of these had a dent, seemingly caused by a sabre-stroke. These bones recall one of the episodes of the invasion of France by the allies. In 1814, the town of St. Denis had to defend itself against an entire division of the Russian army under General Korniloff. Sanginary combats took place in the environs, and it was probably in consequence of one of these battles that Cossacks were interred in the spot where the tree was dug up.

Lamartine.

The Paris correspondent of the London Literary Gazette states that recently the emperor sent M. de la Guernoniere to M. Lamartine, desiring him to say that he intended to propose to the Corps Legislatif a vote of 100,000 francs to be paid to Lamartine during his lifetime. The poet refused, begged M. de la Guernoniere to request the emperor to give up any design of the kind, adding—"I should be obliged to refuse the sum if voted, for I cannot recognize the emperor merely because he makes his power serve my convenience, having refused to acknowledge that power when it oppressed me in common with my fellow-citizens."

Round the World.

A scientific and industrial exhibition is being organized in Antwerp, for a voyage round the world. A vessel has been chartered, and is being fitted up for the accommodation of passengers. The price demanded for the whole voyage, including provisions, is 4000 francs (about £160) for each cabin passenger.

Verdi's New Opera.

Verdi is now engaged in writing an opera, the story of which is taken from the awful history of Beatrice Cenci. This is quite characteristic of Verdi, who, as he delights in the romantically terrible to a degree which no other composer has shown, has now found a theme that cannot be surpassed for intensity of horror.

Ristori.

The great Italian tragedian with her troupe is now in Paris. Attached to the company is Madame Santoui, one of the best actresses in Italy, who consents to take the secondary parts. A brother of Madame Ristori has gone to Piedmont to enroll himself under the banner of Garibaldi.

French Africa.

There is a disturbance in French Africa. The French no sooner weaken their forces there, than the natives show signs of a rebellious disposition. They were quiet during the Russian war, but they appear to be disposed so to act as to make a diversion in favor of Austria, without probably ever having heard of her.

Curious Discovery.

At a recent sale of manuscripts, etc., in Paris, there was in the catalogue a manuscript memoir presented by a Breton admiral to King Louis XIV., containing a plan of operations for a descent upon the coast of England. Before the sale came off, the memoir was bought in by the emperor's account.

Shakespeare's Tomb.

It is stated in English papers that Shakespeare's tomb is soon to have the shrill whistle of railroad progress to disturb the calm air around it. The "first sod" was turned lately on a projected railroad between the town of Stratford-on-Avon and Hatton. "To this complexion must we come at last."

London Religious Ministrations.

From a return made to the bishop of London by his clergy, it appears that the annual cost of the ministrations of the Episcopal Church in London is over twelve dollars to each man, woman and child belonging to the Episcopal congregation.

Tuscany.

Letters from Tuscany state that the government had lately seized a pamphlet containing a protest against the treaties concluded between Austria and Tuscany. This pamphlet was signed by Ridolfi, Ricasoli, Peruzzi, and other Italian patriots.

American News via London.

The London Daily Standard of March 25, in its summary of American news, says "An attempt was made to burn down the town of Boston during the sitting of the legislature, which caused great excitement, and both houses adjourned for a time."

African Cotton.

Capitalists in England are turning their attention to the cultivation of cotton in Africa. Lord Palmerston has predicted that Great Britain will obtain the principal part of its cotton from that country within thirty or forty years hence.

Death of an Artist.

Belgium has lost the Nestor of her artists, the painter C. Cels, who died eighty years old. He was a pupil of David, and at his time an esteemed painter of historical and religious subjects.

Bequest to Lamartine.

The Journal de Saone-et-Loire states that a young lady named Martin, who resided at L'Aigle (Orne), lately died, bequeathing to M. de Lamartine a farm and a house in the town.

New Bank.

A new bank of the Credit Mobilier is about to be established at Paris, with the consent of the emperor, under the patronage of Count de Morny. It is considered a sign of peace.

Postage Reduction.

The single rate of letter postage between the United States and the kingdom of Denmark (by the Bremen or Hamburg mail) has been reduced from 25 to 15 cents.

Statue of O'Connell.

The foundation stone of a statue to the memory of the late Daniel O'Connell was recently laid at Ennis, in the presence of a great concourse of persons.

Hallam's Successor.

Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, is the successor of the late Mr. Hallam, the historian of the English Constitution, as a trustee of the British Museum.

Jerome Bonaparte.

Jerome Bonaparte, the survivor of all the brothers and sisters of Napoleon I., "still lives," at the age of 76. He was the youngest of the family.

Lectures on Currency.

Sir Archibald Alison is lecturing in Glasgow on the Currency Laws, showing their effect on the profits of trade and wages of labor.

Switzerland.

The Federal Council has raised the tax on horses exported out of the federal territory to 400 francs. The ordinary duty is only 50 francs.

The Crimean War.

Mr. Kinglake, M. P., the well-known author of Eothen, is deeply engaged upon his history of the war in the Crimea.

Austria.

Austria is "hard up," and an agent has gone to England to raise another loan as speedily as possible.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT. By MACAULAY. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 508 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 227.

Another admirable volume of the "Household Library." The life of Pitt was never better sketched than by Macaulay, and it is one with which every well informed person should be familiar. The publishers have judiciously prefaced it by a sketch of the Earl of Chatham. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By MACAULAY. New York: Delisser & Proctor. 18mo. pp. 227.

This biography is universally regarded as the most brilliant of all the lives that Macaulay has penned. It is preceded by a sketch of the author from the pen of O. W. Wight. This "Household Library" is issued in pocket form, in large type, and strongly bound. It deserves the success it meets with. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

NEW MUSIC—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "Farewell," a song, words by Francis De laes Janvier, music by Joseph F. Duggan; "I know not why I love thee," words by F. Millie, Esq., music by C. Gustave Fitzg.; "Tell us, Fairies," song from Stratton's opera of "Fairy Grotto," and "The Forester," a quartette.

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CEREMONY OF KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER, AT ROME.

[For description, see page 283.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVI., No. 19... WHOLE No. 411.
5 CENTS SINGLE.

THE LATE COL. SAMUEL JAKUES.

We take particular pleasure in presenting our friends with the accompanying excellent likeness of the late Col. Samuel Jaques, of Somerville, whose recent death carried regret and sorrow into so wide a circle. The portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from an admirable photograph taken by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., 299 1/2, Washington Street. It brings back to our memory the colonel's frank, manly face, corrugated with age, it is true, but always wearing a fine, healthy color, and his erect, soldierly bearing. Col. Jaques was in his eighty-third year, but his old age was so vigorous and elastic, that a twelve-month since his friends confidently anticipated that his life would be prolonged for many a year to come. Indeed his death, which occurred on the 27th of March, was not the result of old age, but of bodily injuries received nearly a year ago, when he was thrown from his carriage. Few men were better known or better liked among us than the subject of our sketch, and when his death was announced, every one felt depressed at the thought that another old landmark was gone. Col. Jaques was a connecting link between the past and present—the revolutionary era and the period of national development. Intimately identified with the agricultural interest, particularly in the department of stock-breeding, his favorite specialty, he was probably known by reputation to every well-educated farmer in the United States, while his estate, the Ten Hills Farm, at Somerville, on the Medford Turnpike, was classic ground. It was here, by the way, that the first Massachusetts vessel, the "Blessing of the Bay," was built and launched, a portion of the "ways" being still in existence. Col. Jaques was born at Wilmington, Middlesex county, Sept. 12, 1776, and came of good old colonial stock. His paternal ancestor, Henry Jaques, emigrated from England, and settled at Newburyport in 1640. His mother belonged to the noted Thompson family, of Woburn, in this State, and his uncle, Daniel Thompson, was one of the patriots killed in the battle of Lexington. His earliest occupation was farming, but he afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in the prime of life, married, and the father of a large and fine family, found himself the possessor of a liberal fortune. Losing his property by circumstances beyond his control, the liberality of friends enabled him to start anew as the manager of the large stock-farm, the greater portion of which ultimately came into his possession, so that he finally died in easy circumstances. In the palmy days of his earlier fortune, he was distinguished for his ardent love for field-sports, particularly fox-hunting, and he was in all his glory when, splendidly mounted, he took the field, "with hound and horn," like the Percy, and pursued his game over a country which would daunt the boldest Meltonian who ever bestrode the pigskin. His favorite horse was a tremendous jumper, and the colonel was one of the best and boldest riders we ever knew. He hunted in Medford, Stoneham and Woburn chiefly, with a pack of fifty fox-hounds, sometimes accompanied by friends and sometimes alone, and scarcely a morning passed in the hunting season that the echoes of the Middlesex hills were not awakened by the cheery notes of his bugle. On one occasion, having heard that a wild buck had been taken alive, a "stag of ten," Col. Jaques purchased him, set him loose in the Stoneham woods, and finally pulled him down after a chase of two days. The Albany "Country Gentleman" truly says that he was a "remarkable man—one whose knowledge, if judged by the books he had read, might be regarded as limited, but if tested by his knowledge of things as they really are—as they exist in nature, would be

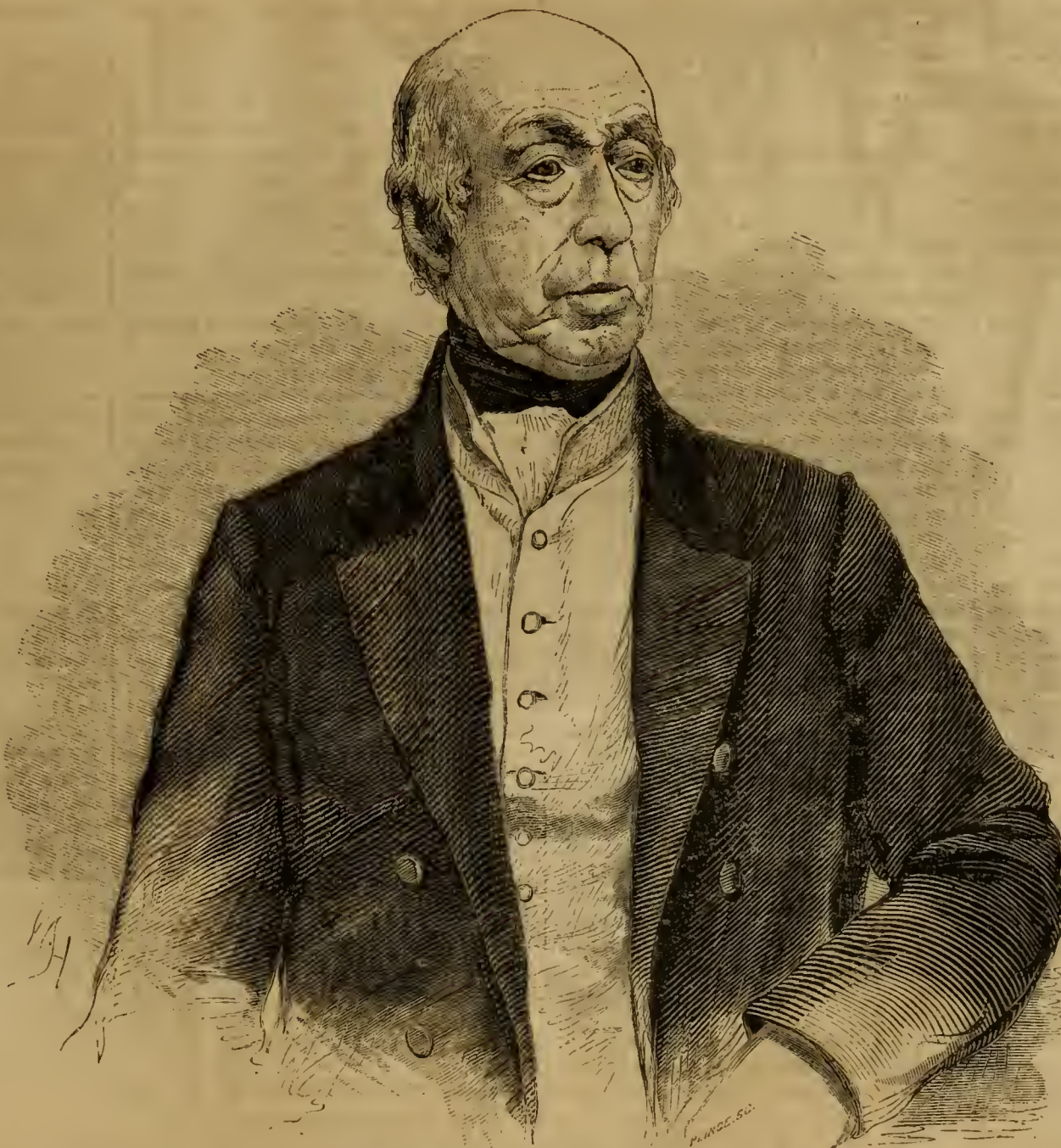
regarded far otherwise. He improved what every farmer enjoys, his opportunities for observation and experience, the furnishing and storing his mind with useful and valuable knowledge. He resorted to the original sources, not being willing to take instruction second-hand or from books, but interrogating Nature herself, and treasuring up her oracular responses. In this way the colonel had acquired a large amount of information not contained in books, but found in the recesses of Nature, who yields her treasures to none but earnest seekers, and such she never turns empty away. In this respect the life of Col. Jaques is a model for every young man who desires to become useful, successful and happy. The breeding of domesticated animals seemed to interest the colonel more than any other department of rural life. In this he has done more to develop the laws of propagation than any other man in this country. He has not only originated a breed of cattle, but he has in various ways tested and confirmed by demonstration, that breeding in-and-in is not only the best, but about the only way of improving stock with certainty. He owned for several years, that remarkable English horse known as Bellfounder, or Norfolk trotter. He had in his possession for some time, the Sherman Morgan, the sire of the Vermont Black Hawk. The Creampot breed of cattle, as heretofore stated, was made chiefly of the blood of Coelebs, a short-horn bull, and grandson of Comet, and two extraordinary native cows. He has bred in-and-in for nearly forty years, with constant improvement of symmetry, and no deterioration in constitution, as anybody can see who will look at the specimens still kept at his late

residence. He was for many years a successful breeder of Merino sheep, as the premiums he received from the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture abundantly prove." From an admirable obituary notice in the Boston Courier, we make the following extracts. "The subject of this notice, in the days of his early manhood, was a prominent member of the volunteer militia. During the war of 1812 he was engaged for a short period in actual service, and at one time had command of a small body of men and a battery of cannon, stationed in Chelsea, for the purpose of checking the advance of a detachment of the British army, which was reported as being about to effect a landing in that quarter. At the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument, by General Lafayette, June 17th, 1825, Col. Jaques held the important office of chief-marshal and master of ceremonies; and the writer has often heard him recount, among the incidents of that memorable occasion, how, in the course of the day, he walked through the field, arm in arm with the then venerable guest of the nation, explaining the position and movements of the troops; and other details of the battle they had met to commemorate. As they were returning over the ground, the good Lafayette raised his eyes to the sea of people surging upon the eminence above them, and exclaimed: 'Happy people! prosperous nation!' and immediately added, despondingly, 'I fear that a republican government, and a freedom such as is here enjoyed, will never be possible in France.' Many, among the agricultural population of this vicinity, will remember the deceased, as Inspector General of Hops for the State of Massachusetts.

The hop was then among the staple exports of this section of the country. During the thirty-two years intervening between 1806 and 1837—the term of his office—his very accurately-kept books show that upwards of seventy six thousand bags, containing, in the aggregate, more than sixteen million pounds of hops, valued at above two million dollars, were submitted to his inspection. The high reputation enjoyed abroad, by this export, and the long period which he held this difficult post, afford gratifying evidences of his fidelity and impartiality in the discharge of official duties. Though born and reared in the United States, Col. Jaques, in his personal appearance and in all his tastes, was a very fine specimen of an English country gentleman; and to those who visited him at his residence, the peculiarly English character of everything at Ten Hills, served almost to complete the illusion. His fondness for the out-door occupations and varied scenery of rural life amounted to a passion; and the lovers of good fruit, among their obligations to his horticultural zeal, are indebted to him for the propagation and dissemination of the celebrated peach which bears his name. He was a distinguished agriculturist, also, having probably done more than any other single individual has accomplished for the improvement of the breeds of domestic animals in this section of the country. Whoever remembers him will recall the deep and lively interest which he habitually manifested in all that promised to aid in the amelioration and elevation of those engaged in what he regarded as the noblest of the industrial pursuits. Similarity of tastes in this respect, served, in part, to lay the foundation of a long and intimate friendship between Daniel Webster and himself, and no one was a more welcome guest than he at the great statesman's home in Marshfield. But, alas! the Defender of the Constitution, whose voice could so 'command the applause of listening Senates,' and the cherished friend of his rural retirement are alike gone down to the silence of the grave.

'The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.'

Col. Jaques enjoyed but slender advantages of school education; but he was a profound and original thinker, and a close observer of men and things. His correspondence was extensive and embraced a great variety of subjects. His diary, occupying some forty or fifty large volumes, and extended through a space of as many years, is a literary curiosity, and would, if published, be replete with interesting and valuable information. High minded and honorable in his feelings, warm in his sympathies, of large and generous social qualities, Col. Jaques was ever the life of the circles in which he mingled; and at the festive board, it was his wit and humor that oftentimes set the table in a roar. As a husband, he was faithful and kind; as a parent, affectionate and indulgent. If he had faults, they contained at least no mixture of deceit, of pride, of hypocrisy, of ferocity, or a want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. And deep beneath all that was merely external, he possessed a solidity of character, a strong, abiding sense of justice and of right, and that stern intolerance of wrong in which seemingly consists the essence of nearly all that the Creator requires of his creatures here upon the earth. But he has gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken: the dust hath returned to the earth, as it was; the spirit hath returned to God who gave it; and the places which knew him once shall know him no more forever." It will be difficult to supply the place of the departed.



THE LATE COL. SAMUEL JAKUES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEWGATE PRISONER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

JESSE WESTBROOK was the son of a thriving farmer. It was his earnest wish to be a sailor, and after much persuasion he induced his father to part with him, and left his home to visit foreign lands. Three years elapsed when he was heard from. He was then in the city of Edinburgh, and on his way home with a young bride. He was intending to stay, so he wrote, and he a farmer after all; for he had followed the sea quite as long as he wished, and they must give him a brave welcome. He little knew that his father lay near death.

He had been married but a few months when he returned. His mother had welcomed the bride tearfully, and her heart misgave her when she glanced at the delicate form all unused to hardship, and she wondered in her heart what Jesse could do with such a wife.

"But, poor fellow," she thought, "he is very happy. I can still work and she shall be easy. She looks like a real lady."

It was a ripe, rich sunset that Ida—now Ida Westbrook—sat watching at the western window of the old mansion. Jesse had been standing by her side, gravely and sadly gazing at the crimson peaches of burning light, the slender boughs of golden willows drooping down to emerald rivers; he was not prepared for sickness and the shadow of death, and he had looked upon both. He was a stalwart, sun-browned young man, well featured, with an expression exceedingly noble, an eye like a hawk, and a world of resolution lying dormant in heart and brain. Every glance the pale Ida gave towards him seemed worship. Her eye kindled if he spoke to her, a faint crimson mounted to her cheeks, a smile, very short-lived and that faded into a touching melancholy, wreathed along her lips.

"Ida, I have unwittingly brought you to a sorrowful house," said Jesse Westbrook. "My father was not an old man. I did not expect to see him cut down. He's been a good father to me."

The lips of the strong man trembled.

"I'm sorry for you."

The little head nestled close to the broad bosom of the young Yorkshire man. He looked down upon the sweet face, and though grief laid at his heart, a rare smile that told of content touched his firm mouth with a new beauty.

"My pet!" he whispered, and she looked up in a strangely guilty yet happy way, and smiled back.

"Jesse," said his mother, coming to the door, her eyes red with weeping, "the auld man wants to see thee."

Kissing the fair brow that was lifted at these words, Jesse Westbrook started from the window and hurried out of the room.

Ida turned sorrowfully towards the western sky again, but though her eyes lingered on its beauty, they did not watch the streaked heavens, but seemed gazing away to the far beyond. Her hands were folded close against her heart, and a look of the deepest dejection had settled upon her face. She sighed frequently, tears blinded her sight, until at last she sank down in her chair, laid her forehead on her arms, folded against the window-sill, and there she wept softly. A hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Ida," said Jesse, in a low, soft voice, "my dear father wants to see the wife of his son before he departs; come." And he proudly smoothed back the locks that had been displaced.

She looked frightened for a minute.

"I have never seen any one die, Jesse," she said, trembling all over.

"He does not suffer, dear one," replied Jesse.

"He lies as calmly as the river out there, where the sun is tinting it with beauty. I will almost carry you; lean on me."

Slowly she went up the broad white staircase, redolent of farm-house smells, of ripened fruit and drying herbs, through one narrow hall, and then they entered together a large chamber, where the oaken beams laid massively across the ceiling, and whose interior looked dim as the sun left the darkening horizon. In one corner of that room stood an immense bedstead with white hangings of coarse cotton looped back from the side, and there, propped up by pillows, lay the frame of a strong man weakened by sudden disease. The long limbs showed sharply under the white coverlet, the gray hair fell in masses on either side the hollow temples, the eager, asking

look was fastened upon the entrance, where stood Jesse and the bride, the latter trembling like a fluttering bird, and wishing, yet unable to avert her eyes from the strange, dying face before her.

"See, father," said Jesse, slowly leading Ida forward, "this is my dear wife, who I hoped would be a comfort to you."

The old man gazed eagerly at his son, his lips moved as if he would speak, but power of utterance seemed denied. He thrust forth his long finger, however, looked piercingly at Ida, and then shook his head with a terrible frown. At this the blood of Ida curdled in her veins. She turned towards her husband, and uttering a low cry, fainted in his arms.

"Ida, will you see my father now, before they sew the lid down? He looks very pleasant—very holy."

"No, O, no, if you please, Jesse; I—I cannot." The frame of the young girl shuddered.

"Very well, Ida; perhaps it is better not. Forget that last interview, my darling—his reason wandered perhaps."

"No, no," said Ida, mournfully, as Jesse retreated towards the next room, where the corpse of his father rested, "his reason was not gone, but he saw me, guilty, guilty me, with the eyes of the dying. He read my poor heart. I felt his glance there like a burning flame. O, God forgive me; shall I never know rest, never know peace again?"

The funeral train wound its way over the moor to the little graveyard beside the village church. All the farmers for several miles around had come to the burying. Jesse Westbrook stood among them, superior in appearance as he was indeed in mind. He shed no tears, but there was a deep seated sorrow on his face while he listened to the burial service. Ida clung to one arm, the widow, in her great sorrow, hung on the other.

After the farmer was lowered in his grave, the group dispersed, making their comments in their uncouth Yorkshire dialect upon the scene and its participants.

"It's unco ill luck for a bride to meet a burying at the first lay out," said one.

"Ay, and it's a varra slim piece she seems, wi' her pale face an' city manners. So it cooms of givin' the boy a better edication than his bringin' oop warranted."

"Don't ye fear for Jesse," said an old man, shaking his iron-gray locks; "he were always a gude boy to him that lays below. He'll be blessed, mark ye if he went; ay, he'll be blessed!"

And apparently Jesse Westbrook was blessed. His affairs prospered exceedingly; the farm was clear and very productive. His wife lost not the bright, delicate beauty and sweet temper that had been all the fortune she had brought him; and yet although her demeanor towards her husband was always affectionate, there were times when her face was sad for hours, and her mood seemed to be strangely uneasy. Jesse quieted himself by thinking that this was a constitutional difficulty that he should in time become accustomed to, and at last took but little notice of her singular ways. In time, however, Ida grew more cheerful. New and beautiful impressions began to visit her mind, and a new love and care were coming to her heart.

One afternoon Jesse came in hastily and threw himself on a chair in the cool sitting room. He looked both heated and worried, and to his mother's anxious inquiries replied only in monosyllables. For a long time he sat there, then muttered between his teeth, "the rascal! he's cheated me out of a thousand pounds of my hard earnings!"

"For mercy's sake, boy," cried Mrs. Westbrook, the elder, "what's the matter wi' ye? I declare ye a'most frightened me oot of me senses, and poor Ida is sheet-white."

"I'm sorry," said Jesse, turning affectionately towards his wife; "but I got thinking and it made my blood boil. Here I've treated Havens Hawk like my right hand cousin, done everything I could to put him forward in the world, and now I find myself the worse for him by a thousand pounds, and no way of redress."

"What is it? What has he done?" urged his mother.

"Cheated me out of it, I tell you! Stolen it, the black-hearted thief, and managed me just as he pleased. I swear by the seven commandments I—"

"Stop, Jesse!" said his old mother, sternly, bringing her foot with energy to the floor.

"Never lad of mine, be he gray-headed, shall swear in my presence."

The young man bowed his head reverently, and stood reproved, but presently he said again:

"I must do something for that man, mother. It's a sin and a shame that he should go and do the same by another, less able to lose, perhaps, than I. I have been told that he was in Newgate once, and I'll find out if it's so if I have to lose as much again."

"You're killing the poor girl," exclaimed his mother, flying towards Ida, who with a faint cry had swooned away. "Leave the house, son, till you can command yourself. Don't you know that you shouldn't bring in any unpleasant matters at this time? Are ye clean daft?"

"I'm a good for nothing scamp, mother, that I am!" cried the farmer, lifting his pretty wife, and placing her tenderly on the lounge. "I wouldn't make her feel this way for twice a thousand pounds. But I don't think it's what I said; she isn't over well."

"Any violent news would be ill-placed in her ears, dear heart," murmured his mother, chafing the little hands, and never ceasing her unwearying efforts till Ida lay smiling upon her husband's broad chest.

"Why, little kitten!" he said, playfully, kissing her snowy forehead, "you mustn't take things so much to heart." There was contrition in his voice.

"I haven't been well to-day, quite," was her reply, "and you startled me. Let Havens go, Jesse, dear; he looks like a wicked man, and if he has left you, let him go. Don't try to hurt him; it will only hurt you perhaps."

"I won't touch him, darling, for your sake, nor do anything about it, if you say so. I only hope I shan't happen to meet him; I might find the word Newgate sticking pretty hard in my throat."

His wife shivered from head to foot, and turned her face towards his breast. The broad lapels of his coat hid the blue-veined temples, and as he tried to kiss them she only buried them the deeper.

For some time there was quiet in the household of Jesse Westbrook. Jesse had kept his word, and not thrown himself in the way of Havens Hawk, even abstaining from his occasional visits to the tavern, where he had sometimes talked politics with the villagers. Ida's gentle smiles rewarded him, and when she gave him a beautiful boy, he was the happiest man in Denham Clough, notwithstanding his heavy pecuniary loss. Ida grew very cheerful. The child gave her new life, hope and joy. The sadness had passed from her pretty brow, and pleasant maternal smiles took its place. Never had her cheeks looked so red, her eyes so bright, and Jesse, with his wife and child, the wicker cradle beside them, and the gray-haired mother knitting stockings for the wee thing, said that his home was a heaven on earth.

One unlucky day the doctor ordered a particular kind of wine for Ida Westbrook, and as it was near evening the father prepared to accompany the doctor some way in his chaise and procure the article himself at the tavern, instead of sending a servant. It was two miles to the tavern, and the road wound round some picturesque hills, and at times over the moors. Jesse Westbrook considered it but a short walk, and as he sprang from the chaise within a half mile from the public house, he said it seemed as if he had but stepped from his own door-stone, bade the doctor good night, and went on his way.

The bar-room was more than usually thronged that night, and in the midst of a coarse group stood a young man of powerful frame, massive, sinister features, coarse black curling hair, and black eyes that had a cast in them. He seemed jesting, and ever and anon as he said something of more than ordinary force, he held the pewter mug filled with beer to his lips and took a heavy draught.

"So they've got a new comer over to Westbrook's," said one. "Havens Hawk, did the bairn cost a thousand pounds?"

"None of your joking," cried Havens, coarsely; "it'll cost him more than that I'm thinking, if he don't stop his gab."

"He says he's bound to get the money somehow, but of course you're too sharp for him. How in the world did you manage?" asked another.

"Manage? O, I managed well enough. All I can say is, I've got the money the old man owed me, and he can't help himself."

"But he declares the old man was all square,"

said the same voice; "says he can prove it by the books, and would, only he has promised his wife he wouldn't make trouble about it. She knows you're a hard boy, Havens."

"His wife! ha, ha, ha! Yes, he promised her, did he? Well, I don't wonder, ha, ha. O, fellows, there are some secrets too hard to keep;" and again he burst into a laugh.

"What is it? tell us; let's hear!" resounded through the circle.

Havens, having finished his beer, sat it upon the table and began to whistle.

"He says you've been to Newgate," cried one, anxious to sting him into a betrayal of the secret.

"Does he?" and Havens whistled collectedly.

"And he's going to get a calendar to see if your name is on the list."

"Is he?" and the imperturbable Havens whistled still unconcernedly.

At that moment the door opened, and who should enter but Jesse Westbrook himself. His countenance changed as he met the wicked eye of Havens Hawk; but he appeared hardly to be aware of his presence otherwise. He marched directly up to the counter, procured his wine, and was turning back, when Havens Hawk, in a determined way, marched directly to his front, and exclaimed with flashing eyes and raised color:

"You say I've been to Newgate, do you?"

"I said I heard you had," replied Jesse, slowly, trying to keep the faces of his wife and child betwixt him and this evil presence.

"And you're going to get a calendar, eh? and find out, eh?"

"Well, I shall if I take a notion to," replied the stout farmer, keeping his tones steady by an effort that seemed almost to burst his brain.

"Well, I advise you to get the calendar just as fast as you can, and when you've come across it, and sit snugly side of your wife and child, to take it and read carefully right through the list of I's, eh?" And with an almost demoniac leer he thrust his face into that of Jesse Westbrook.

The farmer's blood felt all on fire. His hands were clenched for a blow, but still the pleading face of his home treasure came up before him.

"I say, Jesse Westbrook, perhaps then you'll find out why your pretty little wife didn't want you to trouble yourself with me, eh?" and again the long drawn out emphasis.

"I warn you, Havens Hawk," cried the farmer, his eyes now fairly ablaze, "not to open your lips to me again while I am in this place. There's something in my heart won't let me sparo you; no, nor leave whole one bone in your body if I do lay my hand on you!"

There was an expression in that voice now absolutely appalling. The very glitter of his eye looked murderous, and a deep silence followed the speech, while many a head turned to gaze after him till he laid his hand on the latch of the door. Havens Hawk did not open his lips, for once he was awed into silence; but he burst into a hoarse laugh as the door closed upon the farmer who had so nobly conquered himself, and cried:

"Wait till he gets the calendar. I wonder whose bones he'll break then. That's all the revenge I want, fellows."

Jesse Westbrook walked hurriedly along from the tavern door, his blood at fever heat.

"It's better that I didn't! better that I didn't!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. "But, O, if I could have laid him down once. God forgive me, God forgive me! these are wrong thoughts. But for him to take my wife's name on his accursed lips. Let me see; what did he say? I scarce remember, I was so confused. 'Get the calendar, look over the list of—what was it?—I's?' What did he mean? I's? Who do I know whose name begins with I, except—good heavens—Ida? But, pshaw! I'm a fool. My dear little wife, God bless her, would laugh at me. Yes, God bless her! I love her better than my life, and if Havens Hawk dares to speak of that dear creature ever again in my presence as he spoke to night—" He shook his head and his lips were clenched tightly, but he said no more.

But Havens Hawk had sullied the clearness of his mind; he had thrown a hint there, and about it the restless waters would circle, troubling his quiet. Again and again the words recurred to him. In vain he tried to shake off their influence, and not till he saw the pleasant light shining from the four broad windows of his sitting-room did he feel his usual peace. His wife waited for him. The little woman was absolutely radiant with some charming novelty the baby had perpetrated. The table, white and prettily

dressed, stood before the clear, hickory fire; the little one lay gravely shutting and opening those wondrous lids over orbs of a soft blue color, like those of his mother, and Mrs. Westbrook, the elder, held triumphantly on the point of her needles two miracles of stockings that seemed hardly large enough for the fairies, snow-white and pink-crested. All this certainly seemed very like paradise, and it is no wonder that the farmer shut out his trouble, and for a time was as happy as crowing babe and smiling wife. Tea over, he sat with the paper in his hand. Darling had gone to sleep on his soft pillow, and Ida, who was a bit of a lady in her way, lounged in her little stuffed rocking-chair, and looked a very graceful young wife and mother.

"Did you meet anybody you knew at the tavern?" asked Ida, when Jesse had finished the news.

"Yes,—I met—Havens Hawk," said Jesse, looking into the fire, but noting, nevertheless, that his wife suddenly ceased the motion of her chair, while he felt that her countenance changed.

"And—I hope—you—"

"Well, what, darling!" said Jesse, somewhat impatiently.

"Why, I was going to say I hope you took no notice of him," she added, faintly.

"But he took notice of me," said Jesse, the interview coming back upon his memory; "he took notice of me, and if it hadn't been for the recollection of what you said some time ago, I—I don't know what I should have done."

"Haven't I always taught you to curb your temper, son?" asked the old lady, looking over her spectacles.

"Yes, mother, and it's well you have, or somebody'd have been answerable for spilt blood, perhaps. The fact is, I never knew what a demon passion can make a man till I met him."

There was a short silence; Jesse Westbrook sat uneasily. He longed to have somebody ask him what Havens had said. At last he exclaimed, as if he had arrived at the result of a close calculation: "I believe it, too! I believe he's a jail-bird, and I'll know, some way."

Ida rocked herself faster.

"The villain! to dare me to get the Newgate calendar! To tell me—" He tried not to look towards the face of his wife, but his eyes would turn in that direction. Ida had stopped her chair altogether, and as if fascinated, was gazing straight towards him, her cheeks bloodless.

"To tell you what?" she cried, wildly.

"Do you want to know so much?" he asked, in a tone intended to be playful, but which nevertheless was dry and husky.

Her eyes fell, her lips quivered, there was a pained look in all her features; she no longer rocked her little chair, but turned and fixed her gaze upon the sleeping child, all the time seeming to grow whiter and weaker. At any other time Jesse Westbrook would have taken her closer to his warm, manly heart, but the circles about that cruel hint were broadening, and he lifted himself from his seat and walked sturdily back and forth.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," at last he said, suddenly, "Tim Gates is going off to London to-morrow; he shall get me what I want and am determined to have for my own satisfaction," he added, with increasing energy.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," began the old lady, when, suddenly rising with a low cry, she caught the insensible form of Ida, that was swaying to and fro in almost a dead faint.

"I don't see what makes her have such turns whenever I speak of Havens!" exclaimed Jesse Westbrook, petulantly, yet nevertheless frightened.

"Jesse, you are no son of mine," said the old mother, sternly, "if you go on in that way. She's as tender as a flower, and it don't take much to wilt her. If you find she don't relish hearing of Havens, why canst not let him be, 'specially in thy home? There! she's coming to."

With a long sigh, poor little Ida opened her eyes upon her husband.

"O, forgive me, Jesse," she cried, sobbingly. "I'm very weak, I suppose, but I can't help it sometimes, indeed I can't. O, if that dreadful man would only go from the village! I'm afraid he'll try to take your life, he hates you so, Jesse."

With many soothing words the farmer petted the little woman, and tried to forget her singular demeanor. Yet he could not drive that look from his mind—it haunted him. On the following day Ida was unusually restless, pale and

thoughtful. Even the old dame, who never saw anything go amiss when she had charge, wondered at the way she took up some familiar duty. Her eye wore an absent expression only when Jesse came in. Then it followed his every motion; then she seemed to forget in the intensity of her watchfulness almost to answer his questions. He, meantime, was watching her as narrowly. Even when he was playing with the babe he stealthily observed her every action, and he failed not to observe that the old, uneasy, unhappy expression seemed now to settle as permanently as ever upon her brow. He grew changed; jealousy entered his heart, and he was no longer the genial, loving, tender husband; suspicion had poisoned the fountain of all his pleasures, and he was a terribly earnest man whenever he felt deeply.

"What are you reading to-night, son?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, the elder, one evening, a few nights after Ida's sudden indisposition.

"I'm looking over the Newgate calendar," he said quickly and firmly, like a man who defies his questioner.

Ida grew deathly white again, but this time she commanded her nerves, and sewed steadily on for several moments after he had spoken; then, as if she could bear her secret grief no longer, she arose, lighted a taper with trembling fingers and hurried to her chamber, where she fell on her bed in speechless agony.

It seemed hours that she lay there, smiting her parched lips together, sobbing great dry sobs that shook her tender frame from head to foot; but at last the dread loneliness was broken by a footstep. Then she knew that Jesse Westbrook had come in—had seated himself near her. Gathering all her strength she arose, threw her hair from her bloodless cheeks, and turned her eyes slowly, mournfully towards her husband. He sat there like a bronze image, the book hanging from his hand.

"You have found it then?" she said, smiling ghastly.

"Found what, Ida Westbrook?"

"My name! O, I entreat you as you hope for mercy, don't speak in that cold way! I am your wife! I am the mother of your child! I have done you no wrong! I never did any one a wrong! But, O, I was unfortunate!"

"For theft! O, Ida! Ida!" The strong man's voice broke down; his agony was terrible.

"False! all false!" cried Ida, wildly. "Listen to me; listen to me, husband! Take me to your heart again. You will believe me, you will pity me when I tell you how terribly I have been tried. O, don't despise me for what was no fault of my own. But hear me."

She had fallen at his knees, and now laid her head upon them. He could not withstand her pleadings, but gathered her up in his arms, and while he trembled with many conflicting feelings, he bent down over her in his own tender way.

"But, O, Ida, to see your name, your beautiful, pure name in such a book! To know that the wife I have worshipped; yes, that's not too strong; I loved you, love you still too well for my comfort, to know that that wife—"

"Stop, Jesse, I must be the firm one now!" And she placed her hand over his mouth, and straightened her sobs into low and even tones. "You must let me tell you how it was; and O, above all, you must believe me, Jesse. I do not think I have very long to live in this world, and I can't bear to feel that there is any possibility that you will doubt one word of what I am going to tell you."

"I'll promise you, Ida!" cried her husband, eagerly. "God grant you may remove all my unpleasant impressions, then we may live together long and happily."

"I told you my father was a sea-captain," said Ida, in a low voice, "and that he died when I was only ten years of age. My mother went into a family as a governess for the youngest children. I will you the true name—it was the family of Earl Denham, and Fanny and Lilly were my mother's pupils. I grew up in that great house, and my dear mother educated me till she died. At that sad time I was only fifteen, and the earl gave me in the housekeeper's charge, telling her to fit me for some minor position about the house."

"There were four children in all, young Lord Henry, a very wild boy of eighteen, his sisters, Lady Catherine and little Fanny and Lilly. Lord Henry was a very wicked young man as he grew older. I could not bear his face, for his passions

made it repulsive; but he would come in the housekeeper's room when she was not there and talk such nonsense to me that he disgusted me. By-and-by he followed me when I went out to walk, and persecuted me with notes and letters which I burned as fast as they came. Learning this, he grew very angry, and tried to annoy me in a hundred ways. Alas! I had no mother. The housekeeper was cold and stately, and looked upon me with suspicious eyes. Where could I tell my troubles? Sometimes Lady Catherine would send for me to read to her. She was a kind girl, and I used to long to tell her how I was troubled, but I feared to. I was sensitive, and besides she seemed infatuated with her brother. I don't think she would have believed me. What could I do? Sometimes I resolved to run away, but I knew not where to go. Again I determined to tell Lady Denham, but when I would see her she looked so grand and brilliant, seeming not to know I was in existence, that I got frightened, and hurried out of her presence as quickly as possible. O, how wretched I was. In that beautiful house, with easy work, enough to wear and to eat, with books, pictures and music at my command, I do not believe any one could be more miserable. I dreaded to hear that footstep which I learned to know. I hid myself in out-of-the-way places, and sometimes went without my meals, thus awakening the suspicion of the cold-hearted housekeeper, who I think never liked me.

"So the days and nights passed wearily on, and I became almost insane with my persecutions. Lord Henry coaxed and threatened me, laid schemes to meet me, and almost broke my heart with his persistent attentions. At length I had to threaten him. Finding that I would not listen to his wicked wiles, he began to annoy me in other ways. First he made petty complaints to her ladyship, found fault before me to the housekeeper, and at last he treated himself to an awful revenge. He told me he would, but I could not believe he was so wicked.

"Lady Denham lost a diamond pin valued at a thousand pounds. It was one that some great general had brought from the East Indies, and she thought more of it than any single jewel in her possession. The house was searched. She was certain that she had left it in a particular box, and not only she herself but her sister recollected where it was last. They did not search any but the lower ranks of the servants, until the wicked Lord Henry declared to his mother—so the housekeeper told me—that he had seen it in my possession. Another girl in the house, a weak creature, probably bribed by him, also said that she saw it in my trunk.

"When they charged me with the crime it made me stupid. I remember now—O, it was so dreadful!" she cried, shuddering—"what a deathly, hopeless blank came over my whole existence; how I stared when the pin was found in my trunk; how my ears roared, and my heart seemed to sink, sink, sink lower and faster till I fainted quite away. When I came to myself I was no longer at the castle, but in a narrow cell. O, I must let all that pass. You know the very name of Newgate is horror.

"Jesse, I was there four years—a martyr—yes, I was a martyr to honesty. I might have been free, and clothed in rich garments. I might have worn costly jewels if I had listened to him. But I scorned wealth so gained, and as the time went on I grew almost proud of my great trial. The vile creatures there hated me, all but one, a middle-aged woman, who had stolen a loaf of bread to appease her hunger. For four long years, till I was twenty one, did I drag life out in that awful place. You would not believe the half I suffered."

She felt herself held closer to her husband's breast; she felt also hot tears on her hand.

"At last I was set free one morning, at the same time with my one companion. I immediately went to Lady Denham and told her the whole story. She acted strangely. I think she had learned that I was innocent, but she would not exculpate her son. As I left her, she called me back and put a hundred pound note in my hand. I rejected it; I felt it was an insult at the moment, a bribe to buy my tongue. But when she explained it was for my four years' service, I was willing to take it. With this money I bought Mrs. Coles and myself some clothes, and then we travelled decently to the city of Edinburgh, where you found me. O, my heart misgave me after I had learned to love you so dearly, that you would not marry me if you knew that there was a stain upon my reputation. I sinned deeply

in withholding from you these facts, and God knows I have suffered. When you brought me home I felt almost as guilty as if I had indeed been a thief; and when your father in his dying moments looked at me so reprovingly, and shook his pale finger at me, I thought I should certainly die. But I have lived, and O, I was at last so happy, till this wicked Havens came to work for you. I knew him; I had seen him in his criminal dress, but by his manner I thought he had totally forgotten me. It seems he had not. O, Jesse, you don't speak, you keep your face on your hands! If you are not satisfied, let me go away. I can work for myself, and—"

Her voice was stopped by passionate kisses rained on lips and brow, by half sobbing self-reproaches, by pleadings for forgiveness.

"I have been unkind, but how could I dream of all this?" he asked. "You shall not suffer any more; but as to this vile lord!"

The storm was in his voice again, its lightnings in his eye, its clouds on his forehead.

"Come, Ida," he said, softly, "let us go out and explain. Mother waits for us, and wonders why we are gone. What! so weak? My poor little gentle wife!" And placing his arm about her waist, he half carried her into the sitting-room.

After that, it seemed as if Jesse Westbrook did everything in his power to atone for his previous suspicions. But daily the little woman grew more feeble, until it seemed indeed as if, according to her own prophecy, she had not long to live in this world. The babe, however, thrived exceedingly. He was a fat, rosy little creature, with an abundance of silken curls, and large, almost plaintive-looking blue eyes. He was very fond of his pretty mother, and was always about her large, invalid chair.

One day Jesse Westbrook came in, exhibiting some of his old excitability of manner. Ida had learned to read his face, and her first question was whether he had been troubled by Havens Hawk, who was still in the neighborhood.

"On the contrary," he said, laughing a little strangely, "he had invited him to come there that very afternoon, on important business."

Still Ida watched his restless manner with some alarm. He could not sit still even to caress his beautiful boy, but would every few moments walk to the window and look anxiously down the road.

At length Havens Hawk presented himself, and with some insolence of manner wished to know why he was sent for.

"Wont you be seated?" said Jesse Westbrook, with sufficient courtesy of demeanor; "I am expecting more friends."

The man could do no less than comply; so he sat down, wondering, hat in hand. Presently some six or seven of the principal townsmen entered, and seated themselves with the solemnity of a funeral company. Poor, trembling Ida knew not what to make of this extraordinary movement, while the pretty child travelled from knee to knee, even smiling coaxingly in the dark, bad face of Havens Hawk. At last there came driving up to the door a dashing carriage, on whose panels was painted a coat of arms that glittered bravely in the sunlight. Presently a knock at the door, and then a loud voice inquiring for Jesse Westbrook.

Very much agitated was the farmer at the sound of that question, but he recovered himself, and as the "noble lord" came in, ushered by a servant, he greeted him courteously; then turned suddenly, shut the door, bolted it, and placing his back against it, drew a pistol from under each side of his coat. The company looked aghast. His lordship started, caught the eye of the pale Ida, and changed countenance.

"My lord," said the farmer, quietly but firmly, "I see by your looks that you remember the face before you. Seven years ago you caused that innocent woman to be thrown into a common jail because she would not yield to your base proposals. For four years you lived in luxury, rode your splendid horses, ate your suppers at great feasts, went in the society of the pure and the impure, revelled in luxury, enjoyed the reputation of a lordly name, while you knew that your victim, whose only fault was in not exposing you before, suffered in the filthy cells of such a place as Newgate—a young, beautiful, educated woman who would not stoop to be even admired by such as you. Well, sir, she came out with life, that was all; no, an unstained honor, thank God, and now she has been for three years my cherished wife. Now, villain, if you do not want to be shot dead where you stand, acknowl-

edge your baseness before these witnesses."

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, trembling visibly, "will you let that madman murder me?"

"We are as helpless as yourself," said the foremost man, who was the lawyer of the village. "We knew nothing more of this than you did."

"Come, my lord," continued the farmer, and his face wore a dangerous look, "you have but little time. I declare that I should have no compunction in shooting you down this moment. Ida is my wife, and her name must be clear before the world. Speak, coward."

"I acknowledge I know this person," said his lordship, now really frightened.

"Person!" sneered the farmer; "she is a woman, a lady, infinitely superior to you. Confess that you accused her falsely of theft, that you caused a diamond pin that belonged to your mother to be secreted among her clothes. Confess quickly that she is innocent; my blood is up!"

"I—I exonerate her," stammered the terrified nobleman.

"That won't do. I give you five minutes. I want none of your exonerating. I want you to tell flatly whether Ida, my wife that is, stole the brooch from your mother."

"N—no—no," answered his lordship, forced to the truth.

"And you caused the brooch to be placed in her trunk? Answer quick."

"Yes," replied the nobleman, with a low-muttered oath.

"You all hear, you particularly, Havens Hawk, for I understand you have been circulating this story in town. Now, you—I will not call you lord—there on the table is pen, ink and paper. I wish you to put the same on record."

"Man! fellow!" cried the other, with pale lips, "I will make you pay dearly—"

A pistol was thrust close to his face.

"No threats, or here is what will silence them. I will have justice. I hope you will say something about the matter. I hope you will proclaim your own shame. I am not friendless or penniless, as she was, neither am I afraid of you or all the lords in creation. Write quick; the time is passing, and I have work to do."

The guilty nobleman sat down to the table. Great drops of sweat stood on his pallid forehead. He seized the pen, flung it down again, but at the prompt presentation of the weapon of death, held by a determined man, he wrote his confession in as few words as possible, and crying out, "you shall pay dearly for this," he flung it towards the farmer.

"Now you can go," said the latter, coolly, accompanying him to the door. Returning, he addressed himself to the astonished witnesses, warned them not to repeat the slanders they had heard, unless they also declared their refutation, and bowed them out also.

"I hope I haven't frightened you too much," he said, going up to the almost motionless figure of his wife; "there was no other way to do. Long ago I planned my course of action, and to-day you have seen it carried out. Of course there was no other way but for him to see you, and that is why I brought him before you as I did."

"You have done well," she said, admiringly; "but I can hardly realize, it is so like a dream. Thank God, at last I am righted!" And bursting into tears, she sobbed on his shoulder.

From that time Ida Westbrook recovered. Jesse was ever after spoken of as the man who dared to take the law in his own hands, and no one ventured to molest him. Lord Henry Denham never made the trouble he threatened, and a blooming family grew up around farmer Jesse Westbrook and the gentle Ida his wife.

REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS.

The New York Picayune says that the battle of Waterloo was not an American victory, and it is a matter of doubt whether any Chinese took part therein. Boarding-houses were unknown in the island of Juan Fernandez at the time Mr. Selkirk resided there. Mr. Chanfrau was not the original Mose, but Mose in Egitto. Lager beer was unknown in the days of Ptolemy. The O'Ryan family are descended from the constellation Orion. There are no existing Sanscrit manuscripts of Puss in Boots. The melodies of Mother Goose are undoubtedly the production of Tupper. Postage was not prepaid on the letters of Junius. The egg broken by Columbus was hard boiled. Samson is presumed to be the first gentleman that ever travelled on his muscle. The Yankeeism, "Do Tell," was originally used by a boy named Albert, to his father, a Swiss gentleman, famous for his skill with the cow. Salt was originally manufactured in the upper stories of buildings—hence sometimes called Attie.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DESECRATED ALTAR.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

"WHAT is to be done now?"

With this exclamation, Donna Maria Pacheco Padilla, a young and handsome woman, entered a plain, almost meanly furnished room where sat a young girl sewing.

"Inez, what is to be done?"

The young girl raised her head at this question, and smiled as she said: "Unless you tell me the cause of your trouble, Maria, I am sure I can suggest no remedy."

"Read that, Inez," said Donna Maria, handing her companion an open letter; "and read it aloud, too, that I may be sure I have not read wrong."

The young girl read in a low, sweet voice the following letter:

"DEAREST MARIA,—May this short, hurried note find you as well as it leaves me, though I am in sore perplexity. In my distress I apply to you. Our money is all gone, the soldiers even now are in rags, and if aid be not sent forthwith even food will be scarce. Men cannot fight vigorously when hungry. Contrive some way to help us. I can write no more.

Your devoted husband, JOHN PADILLA."

Such was the letter which caused Donna Maria's inquietude. The lips of Inez Pacheco paled as she read, and with tearful eyes she looked up and herself asked the question, "What is to be done, Maria?"

"I cannot tell," exclaimed Donna Maria, despairingly, and a sad smile spread over her face as she looked round the room and said: "There is nothing left here to take. All the rich furniture went last week, together with my jewels."

"There are my diamonds yet remaining, Maria," said Inez.

"And they shall remain, too, for you shall not be deprived of them. I must not aid my husband by robbing my sister."

"You forget, Maria," said Inez, raising her head, proudly, "that by your husband's side fights one who is dearer to me than life; as dear to me as your husband, and who would have been mine now but for this dreadful civil war."

Donna Maria rose and kissed the earnest face of the young girl, and looking at her proudly said: "You shall do as you wish, dear Inez, and when this struggle shall be over, may we see brighter days."

At this moment there entered a tall, middle-aged woman, whose stern face and formal, unbending figure was in strong contrast with the lithe, rounded, graceful figures of Donna Maria and her sister. The new-comer gazed with penetrating eyes upon the young woman for several minutes before she spoke, and when she did open her lips her voice sounded cold and harsh.

"Why do I see these sad faces before me?"

Donna Maria looked up.

"Ah, Donna Marguerite, there comes sad news from my husband's camp. Their money is gone. Success seems afar off, and poverty is in the camp. The soldiers want clothes, and soon may actually want food—"

"Let them!" exclaimed Donna Marguerite, as she seated herself before a large embroidery frame.

Donna Marguerite was one of those fanatics who are to be found in every age who affect the coarse dress, rigid habits and narrow thoughts of the inhabitants of the convent, and who, instead of entering the convent and shutting themselves from the world they condemn, persist in living among people more cheerfully inclined, and tormenting them with their austere manners.

Donna Marguerite bent her head over the frame and began to embroider diligently. The work before her was an altar cloth of rich purple velvet, and with skillful fingers Donna Marguerite traced the rich wreath in silver and pearl.

Donna Marguerite was the only sister of Don John de Padilla. In her youth, and she was a woman of fifty now, she had been a beauty and a belle, one of the most brilliant women at court. In the full flush of her beauty she was engaged to a young nobleman. War, that fell destroyer of so many happy homes, robbed Marguerite of her lover. For a long time after she received the news of her lover's death she was very ill, and her life despaired of. When she recovered her health, she was no longer the dashing, fascinating Marguerite Lopez, but a pale, sad woman, old before her time.

These facts Donna Maria knew, and it helped her bear patiently and cheerfully with the bitter taunts and cold sarcasms which Marguerite too often used in place of arguments or advice.

"O, dear Marguerite!" exclaimed Maria, quickly, "do not say such awful things. Do you forget that your brother, who was the pride and joy of his lamented father, is among the sufferers?"

"I remember it with tears and prayers."

"Your brother, you must remember, Marguerite, is one who will suffer himself, rather than allow those who are round him to do so."

"I know all that, and he should have my sympathy were he not forgetting his rank, his honor, everything, and raising his arms against his lawful sovereign."

The beautiful face of Maria Padilla grew crimson, and her voice fairly trembled with eagerness as she said in low, deep tones:

"He is right. He aids a distressed people. I would scorn him did he weakly bow to tyranny because that tyrant was his lawful sovereign. Charles V. ceases to be worthy of respect when he abuses his power."

"Right, Maria!" exclaimed Inez, earnestly; "and now we must bend all our energies to helping our friends in this struggle."

Inez and Maria retired to a farther corner of the room and conversed in low tones. With cold, unsympathizing eyes Marguerite Lopez watched them.

While they make plans and reject them, we will leave them, and give our readers some slight information concerning Don John Padilla and his movements.

It was just after the return of Charles V. from England, in June, 1522, that the troubles with the people began. The Cortes of Galicia granted him rights which the citizens of Toledo considered as unconstitutional, and considering themselves, on account of the great privileges they enjoyed, as guardians of the liberties of the Castilian Commons, and finding that no regard was paid to their remonstrances, they took arms with tumultuous violence, and seizing the gates of the city, which were fortified, attacked the alcazar or castle, which they soon obliged the governor to surrender. Emboldened by this success, they deprived of authority all persons whom they suspected of being attached to the court, established a popular form of government, composed of deputies from several parishes in the city, and levied troops in their own defence. The chief leader of the people in these insurrections was Don John de Padilla, the eldest son of the commander of Castile, a young nobleman of generous temper, undaunted courage, and very talented; possessing, in fact, those attributes which in times of civil disorder raise men to power and eminence. The first care of Padilla, who was the darling of the soldiers, and the other popular leaders, was to form a union or association among the malecontents, that they might act with greater regularity and success. A general convention was held at Avila. Deputies came from almost all the cities in the kingdom. They all bound themselves by solemn oath to live and die in defence of the privileges of their order, which they called the "holy junta."

What they now stood most in need of was money to pay the troops. A great part of the current coin had been carried out of the country by the Flemings; commerce of every kind being interrupted by the war, the revenue decreased daily, and the junta, fearing to disgust the people by burdening them with taxes, were almost in despair. In this difficulty Don John applied to his beautiful, accomplished wife, the noble Maria Pacheco, to whom we will now return.

"What have you decided upon?" asked Donna Marguerite, as Maria Padilla rose and seemed about to leave the room.

"Ah, I cannot tell you, Marguerite," answered the young woman, quietly, "for it is a wicked, wicked decision to come to."

"Pause then ere you decide," solemnly exclaimed Donna Marguerite, as she, pushing aside the embroidery frame, came forward and confronted the young wife of General Padilla.

Maria turned a little pale, and she bent her proud head—not in shame but thought. Marguerite mistook the cause of her hesitation, and exclaimed in deep tones, while she pointed upwards: "Beware! The vengeance of Heaven is not slow to fall upon the sinner!"

Maria raised her head impatiently, proudly, and though her face was pale, there was no wavering expressed in the clear, dark eyes or the tightly compressed mouth.

"Be silent, dear Marguerite. My mind is made up. The end justifies the means, and may I be forgiven if I sin too deeply, but to-morrow the troops shall have aid."

So speaking she walked out of the room. Donna Marguerite stood for a moment motionless, then turning suddenly to the gentle Inez, who sat where her sister left her, she demanded:

"What does your sister propose to do?"

The young girl shuddered and burst into tears, but made no reply.

"What does your sister propose to do, Inez?" again asked Donna Marguerite, approaching, and laying her hand on the young girl's shoulder.

The momentary weakness seemed to have passed, for the girl rose and said as proudly as her sister: "Question me not. God will bless the deeds of my sister, whatever they may be."

"Rash girl! I fear some wicked, cursed deed is about to be done. I will watch over and frustrate your designs should they prove a violation of any sacred rights."

Inez looked scornfully at the austere woman before her. Coldly, almost contemptuously, she looked at her; then her glance softened, and the voice was very gentle in which she spoke.

"Dear Marguerite, look back upon your youth and see if there was not a time when you would willingly have risked anything, everything, to aid one you loved, one who was dearer to you than life."

A deeper shade of paleness spread over the cold face of Marguerite, and she clasped her hands tightly across her bosom, which was heaving with deep emotion. Inez noted the agitation, and continued speaking.

"I will not believe, Marguerite, that you were not capable of loving as a true woman loves, with her whole heart and soul; but I feel sure you would have made any great sacrifice in your power. Remembering the joy and love that once were yours, judge not my sister harshly. She has made up her mind to do that which calls for all her firmness and courage, and in which I will aid her to the extent of my abilities. Seek not to know what it is, for her designs are kept from you through charity, and not from a want of confidence. I implore you, Marguerite, pray that all may go well. Resume your embroidery, and let no anxious thought be wasted on us. If we commit an unpardonable sin, being wholly ignorant, you are free from all blame."

So speaking, Inez bent her head and left the room. For a moment or two Marguerite stood as she had done while Inez spoke to her, then she tottered to the window and sank on her knees beside the embroidery frame. The heavy folds of purple velvet covered with shining silver leaves hung beside her, contrasting strangely with that dark, plain, agitated figure. Feelings so long pent up now burst forth, and the stern, impassioned Marguerite wept bitterly. Only a short time the emotion lasted. The distant sound of a closing door caused her to spring to her feet, and when Inez and Maria entered the room, Donna Marguerite was bending over her embroidery, apparently as unmoved as usual. But the emotion had a good effect, for it brought a softened feeling with it.

"Inez, it is time."

So spake Donna Maria de Padilla, as after gently tapping she entered her sister's room. Inez was kneeling before a small ebony crucifix. She raised her head as her sister spoke, but she did not rise.

"Maria, Maria, I have passed a sleepless, tearful night, and my heart is weak. Dear sister pause, pause. My heart sinks with dread. I—"

"Hush, if you love me! My night has been sleepless. I have tossed restlessly, but my mind is made up. The struggle has been fearful, and may God forgive me if I have judged wrongfully. If I have, may the wrath of Heaven fall upon me alone. Ah, I see it all. Sister, I will go alone. I was wrong to acquaint you with my intentions. You shall be spared. Remain where you are; kneel and pray for me. Farewell."

So saying, Donna Maria glided from the room. The door had scarcely closed, when it re-opened, and Inez, shrouded in a long mantle, stepped forth and seized her sister's hand.

"You wrong me, Maria. I am firm now; the weakness has passed, and I am calm. My hands tremble no longer. Come."

With swift but silent steps Maria and Inez glided down stairs. In the vast hall were assembled her retinue, clothed in black like their mistress. With lowered heads and loud lamentations she and her retinue passed along the streets

to the vast cathedral of Toledo. With solemn tread they proceeded up the resounding nave to the foot of the altar and there knelt in prayer. Throwing back her mantle and raising her white hands, she exclaimed in thrilling tones:

"Your loved master is suffering for want of money. God bids us send it to him. All, everything of value that his palace contains is gone. If your hearts are weak, General Padilla will suffer, perhaps die. The sacred temple of God yields the prize. Take everything of value you can find!" And as she finished speaking, Donna Maria with a firm hand seized upon a richly jewelled vase which stood upon the altar. The servants hesitated for a moment, then followed the example of their young mistress, to whom they were perfectly devoted.

In a very short space of time the cathedral was stripped of whatever there was of value. Laden with their booty, which they concealed under their long cloaks, the servants of the house of Padilla returned to their abode. Donna Ma-

"Father, I call it not sacrilege. It was dire necessity which compelled me to do it. I must pass on."

"Stay, rash woman," exclaimed the priest, "and hear my last words! May the wrath of God follow you and yours to the end of the earth! May you never feel the—"

"Holy Virgin aid us!" exclaimed Inez, springing to the side of the priest and grasping his robe. "Father, spare us! spare us! O, curse us not! Pray for us, pray for us, but do not curse us!"

The enraged priest shook his cassock free from the frightened girl's grasp. Again he raised his voice, and the echoes of it sounded through the vast building, chilling the hearts of the two women.

"May the curse of God light upon—"

With a wild cry Inez elapped her hands to her ears and fled like a deer, closely followed by her sister, fled down the long, gloomy aisles, out under the massive portal to the bright sunlight.

been told aright? Did you counsel and aid in the desecration of the altar of Toledo?"

"Ay, Marguerite, and your brother and my husband, as well as the whole city, are saved. If my sin is great, you who have devoted your life to God must pray for me."

"Pray!" exclaimed Marguerite; "the prayers of the whole city will scarcely avail you. Were you mad?"

"No. My husband wished money, and now he has it. I fear nothing now."

"May the holy virgin forgive you, Maria de Padilla, but I fear some dreadful misfortune will be sent upon you. I go to pray for you."

So saying, the pious Marguerite left the room, scarcely able to breathe while in the presence of such a wretch as the graceful Maria de Padilla.

Sometime afterwards, when the brave Don John de Padilla, together with some friends, was beheaded for treason, who shall dare say that the blow was sent in punishment for THE DESECRATED ALTAR?

amids of tapers; that well-known kind of fire-work, the Bengal fire, with its beautiful light-blue flame, is also in requisition for the evening's proceedings. On arriving at the bridegroom's house the newly married couple alone are admitted; the rest remain outside playing, singing and hallooing until broad day."

To this brief account of a Mussulman wedding procession we add a description, from the same source, of the procession at a Hindoo marriage:—"It was the month (March) in which the Hindoos prefer to celebrate their marriages, and we met in several streets many processions of that kind. The bridegroom is enveloped in a purple mantle, his turban dressed out with gold tinsel, tresses, ribbons, and tassels, so that from a distance it appears like a rich crown. The depending ribbons and tassels nearly cover the whole face. He is seated upon a horse; relatives, friends and guests surround him on foot. When he reaches the house of the bride, the doors and windows of which are securely closed,



A MUSSULMAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN INDIA.

ria and her sister Inez remained behind. Holding in her hand the cup she had seized, Maria knelt in prayer. A few minutes spent so, and she rose to return. As she did so, her eyes encountered the figure of a priest who stood gazing at her with wonder-struck eyes. She bowed her head and was about to pass on, when the eyes of the priest fell upon the massive golden goblet she held in her hands. One step and he was beside her.

"Daughter, what would you do?" he exclaimed, and laid his hand on the cup. "Is it possible that you have dared to violate God's holy altar? Have you dared to commit that sacrilege at which rough, hardened soldiers shrink? Speak, Donna Maria de Padilla, for I know you, and tell me what insanity has led you to commit this crime!"

Maria de Padilla, though she was far above being influenced by the superstitious fears which the common people felt, yet shuddered slightly at the words of the priest. She folded her hands upon her breast and replied:

Rapidly the two women, drawing their mantles over their faces, threaded the streets, and breathless reached their home. Once there, they seemed more at ease. Throwing aside her mantle Donna Maria exclaimed:

"I fear not God's wrath, Inez. The curses of that priest are powerless to work me evil. My husband and your lover, Inez, are freed from their difficulties."

Thus it was that the young, proud wife of General Padilla, with unequalled bravery and firmness, freed the whole of the "holy junta" from despair. Scarcely another woman at that time could have been found so utterly regardless of the superstitions of the age.

The whole city rung with the news that the sanctity of the cathedral had been violated. Few knew who had done the deed for a long while. Donna Marguerite stood aghast at the recital given by one of the servants. With trembling steps she hurried to her sister-in-law's room. She found Maria lying exhausted on her couch.

"Maria de Padilla," she exclaimed, "have I

MUSSULMAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made by a native artist, and is consequently reliable in all its details, though to our unaccustomed eyes it appears more like a theatrical pageant than a scene of real life. Yet in the gorgeous East these displays are of frequent occurrence. The mounted horsemen, ponderous elephants, the splendid palanquin with its sumptuously arrayed bearers, the escort with their gilded maces, the torch-bearers, the camels, are all gathered on such an occasion to do honor to the bride and bridegroom. Mdme. Pfeiffer, in her interesting work, "A Woman's Journey Round the World," thus records some particulars of a Mussulman marriage procession, which she became acquainted with during her stay at Calcutta:—"On the day appointed for the ceremony a grand procession proceeds to the house of the bridegroom; and late in the evening the bride herself is also conveyed there in a close palanquin, with music and torches, and a large crowd of friends, many of whom carry regular pyr-

he seats himself quietly and patiently on the threshold. The female relations and friends also gather together here, without conversing much with the bridegroom and the other men. This scene continues unchanged until nightfall. The bridegroom then departs with his friends; a closely-covered wagon, which has been held in readiness, is drawn up to the door; the females slip into the house, bring out the thickly-veiled bride, push her into the wagon, and follow her with the melodious music of the tam-tam. The bride does not start until the bridegroom has been gone a quarter of an hour. The women then accompany her into the bridegroom's house, which, however, they leave soon afterwards. The music is kept up in front of the house till late in the night. It is only the marriages of the lower classes that are celebrated in this manner."

Make good use of time, if thou lovest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled—to-morrow cannot be secure—to-day is only thine;—if once lost, it is lost forever.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOORISH SORCERER.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

BY COURTLAND LIVINGSTON.

THE commencement of the year 1565 saw the assembling of a vast fleet under the direction of the Duke of Medina Caeli, Governor of Sicily, for the purpose of subduing, if possible, the noted corsair of the Mediterranean, Dragut, in whom the terrors of Barbarossa had been revived in the inhabitants of the Sicilian and Neapolitan coast. The protection which Charles V. had not been able fully to give to his subjects, was still more difficult to obtain under Philip II., and the latter having suffered through his own subjects, by the depredations of the corsairs, was now determined to punish their audacity.

The insufficiency of the duke, the loss of four thousand men by an epidemic, and the loss of several of the ships, by becoming entangled among the flats and shallow waters, while others were wrecked on the coast and became the prey of the Turk, rendered the expedition a sad failure. The second was conducted with far more sagacity. Philip collected a numerous fleet from Spain and Italy, solicited the aid of Portugal and that of the gallant Knights of Malta, and when the armament had reached a force of ninety large, and sixty small vessels, he made a more judicious choice of an admiral than before, by appointing Don Francis Mendoza to the command.

The Knights of Malta, formerly the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, expelled from Rhodes by the infidels, in the time of Charles V., were now led by John Parriot de la Valette as grand-master. This man, illustrious by his character, his noble deeds and the ardor with which he had clung to his profession, from the age of twenty, added a crowning glory to his name by the zeal and courage with which he defended the citadel of Malta. Calling to his aid the members of the fraternity in various parts of Europe, he collected a body of more than three thousand men. Added to these were five hundred galley slaves, released upon the solemn pledge of faithful service, and the Spanish and Italian troops completed the strength of the garrison.

At the camp of Solyman, all was rage and indignation against the Knights of Malta. The galleys of the latter had captured a Turkish galley in the waters of Levant, laden with magnificent goods for the use of the ladies of the sultan's harem. This cargo was estimated at eighty thousand ducats. Bitterly indeed did the fair creatures mourn the loss of their splendid luxuries, and bitterly did Solyman vow to avenge them. For every tear that flowed from the brilliant eyes of his favorites, he swore to pay back the debt by the death of a Christian.

Under the influence of so worthy a motive, the infidels advanced upon Malta, and the siege of St. Elmo, which cost the lives of fifteen hundred Christians and ten thousand Turks, commenced. For awhile the Turkish standard towered above the fortress, but it was replaced by the Banner of the White Cross, and the Knights of Malta stood once more upon their rock, invincible against the infidels. It was on this occasion that Philip bestowed upon the grand-master a sword and dagger, of which the hilts were of solid gold, adorned with diamonds.

After the cessation of the various civil wars, an edict was published by Philip, forbidding any one to enter the kingdom in the Moresco dress. For a long time the order was punctiliously obeyed, but sometimes it would be broken by those who professed themselves astrologers, and to whom the Moorish costume imparted a show of oriental grandeur and magnificence.

Among the nobles of Granada was Lord de Menezes, a man somewhat advanced in years, and having two sons, Carlos and Alphonso. Some years before an orphan child had been committed to the care of De Menezes by a friend, a Spanish cavalier who lost his life at the siege of St. Elmo. Impressed with the belief that he should not survive, he charged one of the Knights of Malta to seek out his motherless child and carry her to his friend, De Menezes. The brave knight had nobly executed his trust, and the young Isabella was reared with the two sons of her guardian, who were but a few years older than herself.

Between Alphonso and Isabella an attachment of the tenderest kind existed. Nearer her age

than Carlos, and possessed of an amiable disposition, which prompted him to all kind and generous deeds towards the little orphan, his image became the idol of her thoughts. Lord De Menezes himself looked on with an approving smile, and when at length Alphonso, at the age of twenty, declared his wish of marrying Isabella, the father gave the blessing he asked and rejoiced that one whom he had loved as a child, would now come into that relation in reality.

In the whole kingdom no man could be found who united in himself more perfect qualities of mind and person than Alphonso de Menezes. Tall and finely formed, with a face of great beauty, a kingly eye and a wide and noble forehead, his was indeed an exterior which might well justify the admiration of the young and innocent girl. But when to these were added the superior graces of the mind, and the noble sentiments of a heart that beat high at great deeds or melted into sympathy with sorrow and suffering, what wonder that Isabella loved as maiden self-love before?

To Carlos, however, the unhidden affection between the two was a source of the most bitter emotion. He, who had checked his own violent temper and guarded his proud and revengeful thoughts, lest the expression should trouble the happiness of Isabella, could not endure that the prize which he desired should become his brother's, and a fierce and haughty rage took possession of his soul.

Isabella could not tell why she grew so uneasy in the presence of him whom she had ever called her brother; but whenever he appeared, she felt a trembling at her heart, and a sudden subsiding of all joyful emotions. The beautiful songs which were ever swelling from her lips in hall or chamber, or orange bower, were checked at the sight of Carlos, who now seemed to follow her footsteps continually. No hour, devoted to love and Alphonso, remained free from his intrusion, and he would not retire from her presence until the lateness of the hour forbade even the favored lover to stay longer.

Alphonso often found the dark eyes of Isabella swimming in the tears which Carlos wrung from her, but good and generous as he was, he could not suspect his brother of attempting to supplant him in her affections, and he laughed at her fears and kissed away the drops that accused Carlos of wrong. The father suspected nothing, and often talked to his eldest son in a way that made him suffer both sorrow and rage, of the good fortune of Alphonso in securing for his wife a being so beautiful, so good and simple-hearted as their own Isabella.

Already the orange-blossoms were budding that were to adorn the brows of a fairer bride than Granada had ever boasted, when Alphonso suddenly disappeared. No clue whatever could be traced of him, and the only supposition was that he had been accidentally drowned.

No heart ever wholly gives up a being thus lost, and even Isabella cherished a faint hope that some mysterious agency might restore the absent lover. De Menezes smothered his own deep grief in attempting consolation to the bereaved orphan. Carlos alone affected to believe that no accident had occurred, and that the absence of Alphonso was a wilful forsaking of his bride. It was not in his power to induce any idea of that nature to enter the hearts of the father and Isabella. They knew too well the strength and nobleness of his affection, and exonerated him from all purposes so fraught with baseness, so contrary to his own noble nature.

In Granada, where the Moors once built magnificent palaces, and where that of the Moorish kings yet stands, although partly destroyed to make room for the Alhambra, there was still an obscure corner where a few of that nation found a home. Poor, miserable and illiterate, they yet possessed a chieftain. Incapable of governing themselves, they had placed their interests in the hands of one of their countrymen. Lewis Basa had carried away a Moorish girl who was betrothed to one of the leaders of her tribe, but who could not resist the handsome countenance of a lover who, to the somewhat aged prince, was as "Hyperion to a satyr." Flight was inevitable, and Basa chose rather to inhabit the decayed portion of Granada, and dwell upon the former grandeur which its history described, to gaze on the works of his proud ancestors, which, before the siege of 1492, were the wonder of Europe, than to bury himself in the dim solitude of the Sierra Nevada, which he had intended to do.

In the obscure quarter which he had inhabited, he had, one day, been surprised to see a Spanish noble, who seemed stealthily to examine the dingy premises which were the abodes of the scattered tribe. Basa's first thought was of Aguilla, his handsome wife, and he hastened to hide her from the prying eyes of the cavalier, by bidding her take her children to a house at some distance and lock herself within its walls until he should come for her.

He then turned to the stranger, who entered into conversation with him, affected to condole with him upon the decay of the ancient grandeur of the Moors, and expressed a hope that old differences might some day give way to better feelings.

"Philip of Spain will not always rule, perhaps," answered the Moor, sullenly, "and the Moresco habit may one day be seen in the streets of Granada, side by side with the Spanish cloak."

"True," replied the stranger courteously. "Such would be my wish and that of others, who, I know, feel indignant at the cruelty he once manifested toward your nation."

Thus soothing the suspicions of the Moor, and apparently forgetting that he was placing it in the man's power to denounce him as talking treason, the stranger contrived to impress him favorably, and a few more visits having passed, in which Basa could see no design upon his wife, but a decided aversion to her being present at their interviews, he became eager for his coming.

One morning the youngest child of Basa, the little three-year-old Amuretta, in her eagerness after shells, was drawn to the very edge of the water. A wave was rolling inward and the frail form yielded to its pressure. In a moment it would have been too late. The child did not see her danger, but the strong arm of the strange cavalier was around her and brought her, dripping and senseless, to the shore.

The father was frantic at the sight of his pale blossom thus borne down by the heavy wave, but when she revived, his gratitude knew no restraint. Amuretta was the darling of the rough, unpolished Moor, and even the mother did not show so much emotion as he did at her preservation.

"Pretty shell!" was the child's first word, as the faint pink hue came into her cheek, and in the little hand a frail, delicate sea-shell was found tightly grasped through all that almost death-struggle.

"Now, then, sir, command me! I will do your bidding, for the sake of my darling. I and my men are yours."

The stranger bent his lips to the ear of the swarthy Moor. The words he uttered brought a flush to the cheek and a frown to the brow.

"I did not think, my lord, that I should hear a proposal like that from your lips; but never mind! I am bound to do your will, by my own promise, and as the man is doubtless your enemy, and would do the same by you, I will aid you all I can."

Still the Moor trembled. He had been bold, reckless, a marauder, a chief of lawless, outcast men, but he was unstained by any deeper crime, and this one looked monstrous to him. The stranger offered him gold, and he dashed it to the ground. "For gratitude, not gold!" he said, "I take away a life to pay you for the precious one you gave back to me!"

Even the stranger shuddered at the words he uttered, and turned away as if irresolute. But after a brief space, he looked up and said: "Well, Basa, I accept the gratitude you feel. I know that it would be impossible to bribe you with gold; so let it be a bond between us."

"And this man is your enemy, my lord?"

"He keeps me from my love. Is not that enough?"

"Enough for me, if it is enough for thee, my lord."

"Well then, away with squeamish fears."

In an apartment of the Menezes palace, the father of the two young men, worn down by the mysterious disappearance of his son, was talking earnestly with Isabella. She—a pale, drooping flower that had not smiled since the day on which the orange-blossoms were budding for her bridal—was answering him with tears.

"Isabella," said the old man, "Carlos loves you. Why is it, now that six years have passed since Alphonso's death, that you cannot bear to hear of this without a shudder?"

"I cannot. I have no power to love him. My heart is buried within Alphonso's grave."

"For my sake, Isabella! But look, child! Here comes the inquisitor, Manfredo."

"The inquisitor? Father, what can he want with us?"

A tall, low-browed man entered the room by one door, just as Carlos came in another. They met.

"This is well, my Lord Carlos!" said Manfredo. "The Moresco woman who came up to the city last evening, from some unknown quarter, wishes to see you."

"For what?"

"Her husband has been seized on suspicion of having gone back to the faith he had abjured, and has referred us to you, as witness for his fidelity to the holy church."

The woman who had quietly crept in behind the inquisitor, now came forward. Carlos looked at her.

"I cannot serve you, if I would," he said, gravely. "I never saw you before."

"I thought so," said the woman, bitterly. "Think a moment. My husband's name is Basa."

"I never heard of him," repeated Carlos, yet a strange pallor was on his lip, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. By a violent effort, he recovered himself, and after a few moments' reflection, he told the inquisitor that the woman was right and that her husband was a good Christian, begging him to have him released. De Menezes urged the woman to stay and take some refreshment, but her anxiety would not permit her to eat.

"I shall not taste food again until Basa is free," said Aguilla, but she lingered near Isabella, as she passed out to the garden which bordered on the seashore. With a fierce glance after Manfredo, she took a little poniard from her bosom.

"I had hard work to keep this from coming out, lady, while that man was here."

"Hush! Are you a woman, and say such things?" asked Isabella.

"You know not my wrongs, lady. That man, the agent of the inquisition, imprisoned me five years ago, with my sweet children. There was no bed, no fire, not a ray of light, save when they brought a lamp for one moment when giving us the hard, black bread which kept the breath in us. O, lady, it was dreadful! I shudder even now when I think of what I suffered in that hideous den."

At that moment, a tall man passed the garden gate. His appearance disconcerted Isabella. She believed that he was seeking the woman. Perhaps it was her husband, escaped or released, for she perceived that he wore the Moorish dress.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"No. He is some Moresco chieftain, perhaps, who hides among the mountains. He wears the Moorish dress forbidden by the royal edict."

Isabella dropped her veil, but Aguilla accosted him as he approached, to tell him of his danger.

"You mistake," he answered. "I am a Christian."

The woman saw that it was he who misunderstood, and she begged Isabella to speak to him.

"We are friends, sir," said the trembling girl. "If you wish for concealment, Lord de Menezes will gladly shelter you. Or if you have been wronged, he is so generous, and the Lord Carlos is so brave, that no suffering would plead to them in vain."

The stranger seemed evidently agitated. He could only bow his thanks and say that he desired no assistance, and with a reverent air, he left their presence and walked up the high road, leaving Isabella almost as agitated as himself, yet not knowing why the Moor's presence should have stirred her so strangely.

The morning after this arose with the red light of an autumnal sun. At the foot of a mountain whose steep sides formed the connecting link between Granada and the Sierra Nevada which made the background of the picture, two men were walking slowly together and talking in low tones, as if they feared listeners in that lonely place.

"Look, Basa! yonder is your house."

"It is indeed in sight. A pleasant sight, indeed, after that horrible dungeon. Faith, my Lord Carlos, one would almost abjure the Christian faith, if it digs such graves for the living. My woes are ended, though, thanks to you, as for other favors. My little darling, my Amu-

retta! had it not been for your preserving arm, would now have been sleeping in the coral caves. How can I thank you?"

"Basa, your debt is easily repaid."

"How, sir? Command me."

"He whom you killed was beloved by her I hoped long ago to have wedded."

"And you are not married? My lord, you told me otherwise."

"I know it; but now I own the truth, and require further aid from you."

Basa looked dissatisfied, but begged him to go on.

"This, then, is what I would have you do. The lady is a lover of the marvellous, and believes in the ministry of spirits. With your help, I will contrive a scene in which music, and incense, and strange voices will excite her imagination. Dressed as a Moorish astrologer or sorcerer, you can tell her mystery enough, and when the mummery has passed away, you must contrive that the picture which I bade you take from the dead man, shall be left where the smoke has evaporated. That will assure her of his death, and she will not listen to me until she is so assured."

"But you told me, my lord, that the lady loved you, and that his return would bring death and dishonor upon you—upon her. Knowing the falseness of this, I cannot do it."

"Fool! you who killed for hire, must now have scruples to do this!"

"Pardon me, my lord. I did not kill for hire. I served you from gratitude only. Besides, I knew not then that it was your brother!"

Carlos turned pale as death. He drew his breath with difficulty. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself. I could not kill him when he said that. I saw your likeness in his face, and although he bade me take his life when I told him that the lady whose portrait he wore, loved you only, still my hand would not do the work. Thank God I did not!"

"Basa, you shall aid me now."

"I cannot, sir. Your servants would know me. Let me not appear in this. But one thing I will do. There was a stranger in the woods last evening, gathering herbs in the moonlight. Manfredo's agents were out questioning him. He was a Moor, and as they sounded him in your name, to know why he lurked in your domain, he answered haughtily, 'Tell the Lord Carlos I am one who can bring the dead to life.'"

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder, beside the brook, in a small dell. They call it the Giant's Cradle. A mountain-ash covers his roof and hides the hut from sight."

"Well, then, I go to seek it. Farewell."

"Farewell, sir, you cannot miss it."

Carlos was not long in finding the hut. The Moor was visible, and requested him to state his business. He told him that he loved a lady who would return his love if she could be satisfied of the death of another to whom she had been betrothed. Until then, she would not wed him. He had a picture of her in his possession which she had given to her lover, "but which," said he, "she does not know that I have. You can call up the dead. Of course there will no form appear, but when the smoke of the incense shall have passed away, this picture will give evidence to her that his spirit has left it there. Everything shall be ready. I will prepare the music, the altar and incense. Here is the picture and here is your gold."

He passed out of the hut. The Moor flung down the money indignantly. He gazed with passionate tears upon the picture, which he then hid within his vest, while from a box he took another picture, representing a man lying in a wood, with three Moors standing over him. Securing this also beneath his garments, he proceeded to the palace, and was ushered into the presence of Lord de Menezes, his son and Isabella. A strain of music, soft as from an Eolian harp, rose upon the air. Isabella trembled and pressed close to her guardian.

"My lord," she said, "I would fain have been spared this mockery."

"Do you not believe then, in spirits, lady?" asked the Moor.

His voice thrilled through her very soul, and to save herself from observation, she said no more, but awaited calmly the result. Again his voice shook her with strange emotions, as he called upon the spirit of Alphonso to appear. A long pause followed, then renewed callings for Alphonso. Then it was that Isabella protested against the unholy ceremony, and insisted on being allowed to depart.

After she had gone the Moor renewed the invocations, adding that if he was really dead, they desired him to bring that which he held closely when dying, but if still living, to give some token of the past.

Suddenly the altar took fire and the bright light shone upon a picture. It was that of the wood scene, where the three Moors stood above the prostrate man. In one of the faces, Carlos recognized Basa.

At this moment the door was forced open and Manfredo appeared with the officers of the Inquisition. They seized upon the Moor, accusing him of sorcery, while Carlos, who had been in apparent stupor from the moment that he had seen the resemblance of Basa in the picture, joined the cry, and hurried the servants to take the Moor to the dungeon, while Lord de Menezes sought Isabella, fearful of the consequences of the scene upon her weakened nerves.

"It must be true, Isabella, he said to her, tenderly, 'our beloved Alphonso is no more.'"

"Believe it not, dear lord."

"It was no mortal trick, my child. The face was that of Alphonso. He was disarmed and overpowered, but still he clasped something to his heart—"

"It was my portrait, father. I gave it to him secretly before we parted."

Carlos interrupted her, bringing in the keys of the dungeon, and saying that Manfredo had intrusted the wizard Moor to his keeping.

"That is well. But, Carlos, how do you account for the speeches which the sorcerer made? Surely he looked at you when he talked of guilt."

"Nay, father, I cannot tell. The sorcery is too much for my comprehension."

"Well, at least the picture may guide us to discover the villains who murdered Alphonso."

"Now God forbid!" said Carlos, in a voice too low to reach his father's ear. Meanwhile, Isabella had secured the keys of the dungeon. The thought had struck her that the Moor, although acting a sorcerer's part, might bear some tidings to her of Alphonso's life or death, and stealing out unobserved, she hastened to the door of that awful cell. A small lamp assisted her to find the lock, and in a moment she stood on the cold, damp flags. It was long before the dim light showed her the inmate of the place. At length she saw him lying on the stone bench that served him for a couch. The overshadowing turban of the magician was laid aside, and the hair, soft and curling in its black luxuriance, was thrown aside from the noble forehead. She held the light close to him, but the right hand was covering the face. In the left, Isabella saw her own picture, and shrieked at the sight. The prisoner started and withdrew his hand from his face. O, the inexpressible joy of that sight. It was Alphonso himself! * * The return, so blessed to Isabella, brought penitence to Carlos, but the memory of his guilt wrought his death. Alphonso forgave him, but Isabella could never look upon his face again, even when dead.

They were wedded without pomp, in a few days, and but for this one sad and painful remembrance, were happy and serene.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH OF MARLEY.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MINER.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

It was about the hour of twelve—a wilting, broiling July day in the summer of 1849. We had crossed Bear River, and camped near Steeple Rock, on the preceding afternoon, and were now laying by, partly on account of the extreme heat, and partly to recruit our jaded cattle, when our attention was arrested by a single horseman dashing madly towards us from the west. He was in pursuit of a doctor; a terrible tragedy had just been enacted—a man named Marley had been shot.

We mounted our horses—the doctor and I—and accompanying the young man on his return (he was Marley's nephew), we were enabled to glean from him the following particulars:

They had left St. Louis about the same time with ourselves, their company at the start consisting of five persons, one of whom had since died. Marley owned the teams, and the rest came out with him as passengers. Among their number was a young fellow named Hunter, who had paid the farmer a liberal sum for the transportation of himself and stores. They were both strong politicians, and as ill luck would have it,

were very warm and earnest adherents to opposite factions. They had commenced on the start by agreeing to disagree, and had sustained their differences with admirable perseverance, contending the ground inch by inch, much after the fashion of some of the more prominent bullies in the great political arena. They had quarrelled incessantly since leaving Green River, at which point we had last met, and since their arrival at Steeple Rock, it appeared that Marley had used abusive language to Hunter, and finally had capped the climax of his unmanliness by degrading the mother of his opponent, who he had never known, by some foul and vulgar allusion not proper to mention.

Driven to desperation by Marley's meanness, Hunter rushed out of the tent to the store-wagon, where he had placed his revolver, fully determined to force him to a retraction of his words, or perish in the attempt. On re-entering the tent, he called on Marley to retract, but instead of complying, the unreasonable fellow caught up an axe and rushed forward, as though he would cleave him to the earth; but before he could reach him, and before any one present could interfere, Hunter levelled his revolver and shot him through the abdomen.

Such was the nephew's version of the story, before reaching their encampment, and what was still more remarkable, he did not consider Hunter much to blame.

"I would have done the same thing," added the young man, "had any one offered a similar insult to my mother."

On entering the tent, we found the unfortunate Marley stretched at full length on some buffalo robes. He was a man of giant strength, and his writhings and contortions were painful to witness. We had observed Hunter on the outside before we entered the tent. He was a spare-built young man of about twenty-five, rather intellectual in appearance, of a remarkably quick, nervous temperament, and as he walked rapidly up and down in front of the entrance, with his hands clasped behind him, it was evident to those who saw him that he was suffering the extremest mental agony.

No sooner did Marley learn that my companion was a doctor, than he expressed a desire that he should examine his wound, and tell him candidly if he considered it a hopeless case; for if so, he not only wished to be prepared for the event, but was desirous also of dictating a letter to his family.

It seemed the poor fellow, even up to the present moment, had entertained some vague hope that his wound might not prove fatal. The doctor shook his head ominously, after a careful examination, and Marley, who had been watching his countenance narrowly, read his fate in that one look. He turned a little on one side and groaned, but for the moment exhibited no other signs of emotion.

"I suppose there is no need of your saying the word," he at length said in a husky voice; "you think I will never leave this spot?"

"I do. I would not conceal my true opinion from you, so long as you have required it, and so long as you have expressed a wish to communicate with your friends."

He groaned, and for a short time lay without motion, and so very silent that one might have imagined the grim conqueror had suddenly stolen a march upon him. The doctor informed him that he could not possibly survive till morning, and advised him to lose no time in arranging his earthly affairs.

He then desired, through us, to dictate a letter to his wife, which was to be safely forwarded to her address the moment we should arrive in California; but as their camp afforded neither pens, paper, nor ink, I was compelled to ride back with the doctor to procure them. Obtaining the necessary materials, I hurried back to execute the important mission. On reaching the tent, I heard the voice of Marley. He was raving to himself in the most fearful manner, and heaping curses of the most terrible import upon the head of his murderer. Such language I never before heard—so full of despair, so bereft of all hope. I glanced into the tent, and saw that he was alone. He observed me in a moment, and knowing that I must have overheard some portion of his ravings, he exclaimed:

"I thought no one heard me. But, O God! any one who has a family unprovided for, can imagine what one's feelings must be in my situation. I have but one word for the miserable, cowardly wretch who has effected this—this ruin upon my family. May a curse rest on him for-

ever and forever! and may nothing he undertakes ever prosper. When he dies, may he die as I am dying, by the hand of some cowardly assassin, far from home and friends, and may his torments be lengthened out as mine have been, without a hope either for the present or the future!"

"Hold, Marley, for the love of heaven! don't curse me; I am penitent! Spare me, and I swear to you on my bended knees; I will bind myself by the most sacred oath ever registered in heaven by mortal lips, to make the welfare of your family subservient to all my aims and purposes in the future. Everything I obtain in this world shall be divided with them, fairly and equally, so help me God."

I turned and beheld Hunter standing near the entrance of the tent, and only a few feet from me. His head was bowed down, and a more perfect picture of human wretchedness could not well be conceived. I could not but pity him, and wondered how Marley could remain so savagely indifferent; but I hardly stopped to consider the wide difference in our situations—myself in perfect health, Marley on the brink of the grave, and brought there by the very one now interceding for forgiveness. I forgot also that it was far from natural for human nature to forgive those who have inflicted a mortal injury, and Marley, wholly unmoved by the other's attempts at reconciliation, turned away his face with an expression of bitter scorn. I never witnessed a more fixed and determined look of hatred.

"You shall not turn me from my purpose in this way," cried the excited suppliant, gliding past me and approaching the prostrate man. "It is my desire to convince you of my sincerity. I wish to show you that I would benefit those I have wronged. Do not interrupt me. It is not my wish to avoid the law. I am worth thousands of dollars, which I will willingly make over to them, and on my arrival in California I will surrender myself up to the authorities. O, Marley, the idea of being cursed by one already on the brink of the grave is too horrible to think of. You can, you must, you will think better of it!"

"Never, never!" shouted Marley, rising on his elbow and glaring at Hunter with the ferocity of a wild beast. "Hear me! If it was my last breath, I would curse you till I died. You can leave me, for that is all the consolation you will ever get from me, if I was to live a thousand years. Your cowardly face is so hateful to me, that if dying were only to shut my eyes on such as you, I wouldn't mind it."

"The Almighty will decide which is the greatest coward!" cried Hunter, goaded to desperation by the bitter taunt. "I craved only the privilege of atoning for the past by devoting my life to those whose welfare ought to be as dear to you as me." And with these words he glided out of the tent as silently as he had entered.

For some seconds Marley lay with his eyes directed towards the spot where Hunter had disappeared, and then turning to me with a weary and exhausted look, he inquiringly said:

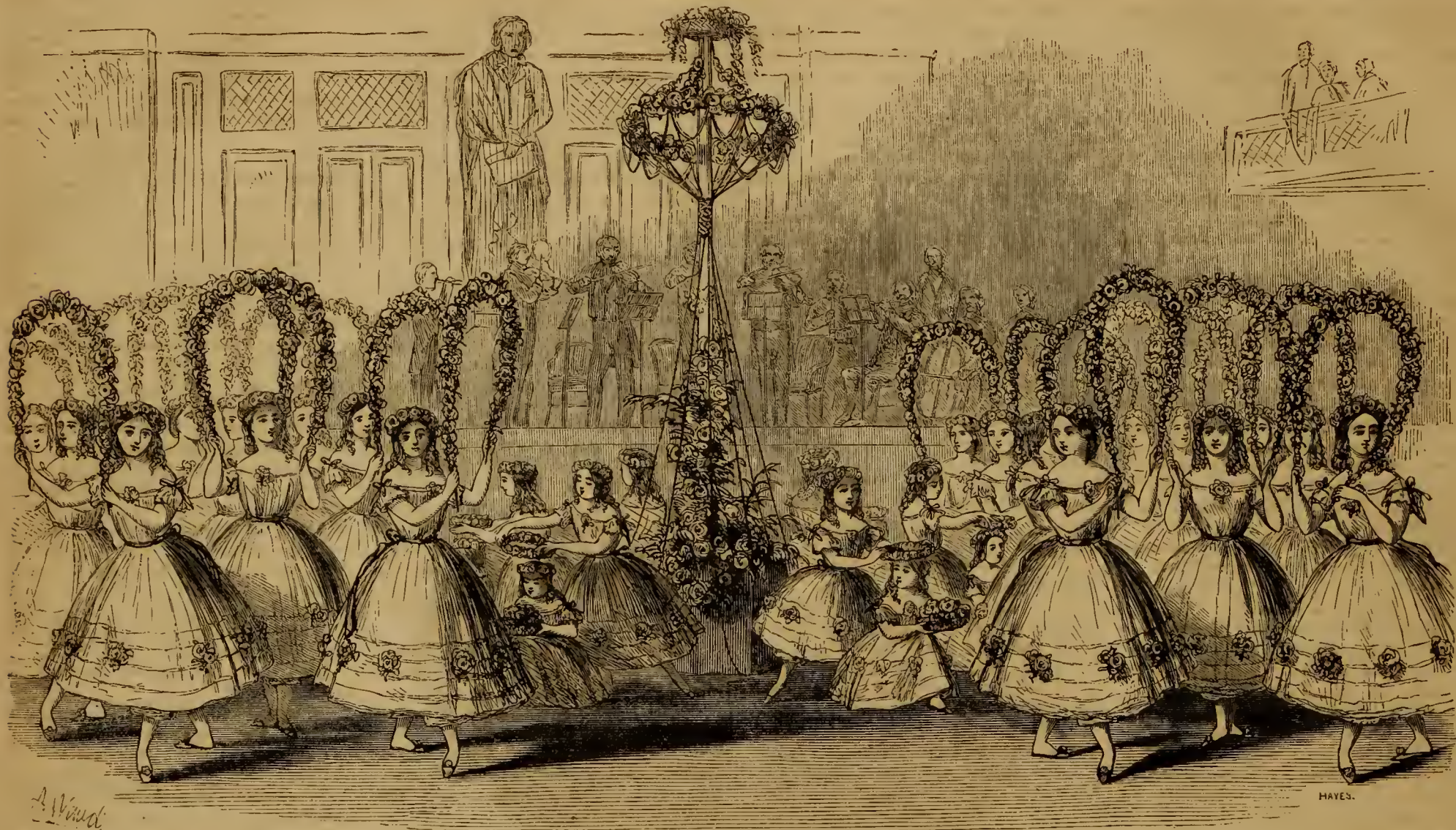
"Can any one blame me? He has robbed me of the best part of my life, reduced my poor family, whom I can never more see, to want, and for no other cause than an unbridled slip of the tongue, which any reasonable man must have overlooked. No, no! I will not retract. May he be cursed forever and ever!"

Marley was so exhausted after this terrible outbreak, that he neither moved nor spoke for the space of five minutes. When he did, he seemed quite calm and collected. I then seated myself near him, and wrote according to his dictation. It was a kind and affecting letter, giving advice to his wife and children as to their future conduct, and informing them that they would never more see him in this world. When the task was completed, I sealed and addressed the letter as he wished, and the poor fellow gazed long and earnestly at the superscription.

"It will be many a day in reaching them after I am under the sod!"

He then placed it in my hand, and desired me to call in his nephews. I found them seated a short distance from the tent, smoking. I delivered the request, and in a few minutes after was on my way back to camp. Marley died a little before twelve that night; but his curse seemed to follow Hunter, for, on his arrival in California, he was found one morning murdered, dying even as Marley had prayed, by the hand of violence.

This is no fancy sketch, gentle reader. It is literally true.



MAY FESTIVAL OF CHILDREN OF THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL, AT THE MUSIC HALL.

MAY DAY AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

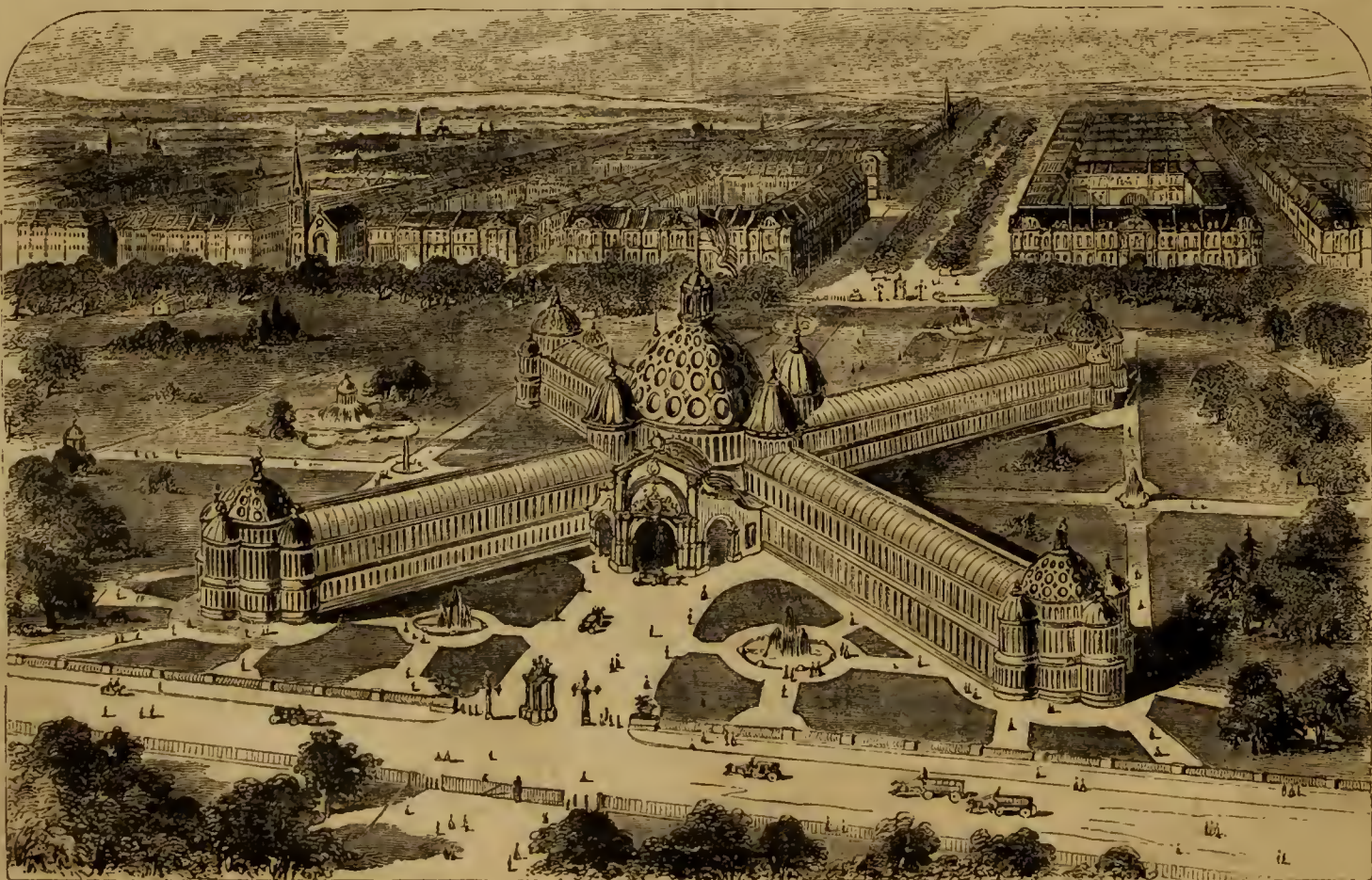
We give, this week, a picture of one of the beautiful tableaux presented by the children of the Warren Street Chapel at their late May Day Festival, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud. The conductors of this institution have long been in the habit of providing pleasures for their youthful charge, and for any children or young persons desirous of enjoying them, within doors, on May Day. Our climate very rarely, if ever, admits of any other mode with comfort or safety. Much has been said about changing the day to the last of May or first of June in New England. It is hard to do so. The Sunday School excursions commence usually in June, and continue through summer, to furnish open air imitations of an English May Day. The shelter of a hall has for many years been found best for the first of May in Boston. It is generally known in our community, and throughout our country, that the Warren Street Chapel has done not a little in all such ways for the pleasures of children, but it is not, by any means, as well known as it should be, that this has been done upon clear and high moral principles. We believe the institution has laid us all under great obligations, and illustrated and enforced one of our first social, civic, and, we are not afraid to add, Christian duties and privileges. Men, young and old, rich and poor, bond and free, will, do, and must have enjoyment. Our Saviour's first miracle turned water into wine for a marriage festival. And wherever, in any age of the church, his example has been followed, good has been the result. So does the Catholic church find it, so did Martin Luther, many of the strictest protestants of Europe, and some of the best Christians of our own land. Mr. Barnard mentions, in his late annual report of the Chapel, that our distinguished townsman, Hon. Theodore Lyman, learned this great lesson in Europe, when he was studying men and manners there, on a tour in early life. He was convinced that the German villages, where there was a little dance on the green after church, the ministers and the elders looking on, were benefited in many ways and not harmed in any, by the custom. The people

learned to enjoy themselves rationally, really, and soberly. They were much less likely to be immoral than they would have been under a system of restraint and asceticism. To render a community free from vice, to lift them above the vulgar and gross allurements to sin, they must be familiar with suitable, beneficial and agreeable social pleasures. Miss Bremer had this on her mind when she asked a Sunday School class committed to her in America, if they never had a dance when the lesson was over. Of course, nobody here proposes dancing on the Sabbath, except the Shakers. But when the use of flowers is ridiculed, and simple dances are condemned by the church people, as they were by the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, there is every probability that the pleasure will be seized through stealth or hypocrisy, and all the more harm be done. How much wiser and better it is to provide occasional proper means of enjoyment, and take charge of the pleasures of the young especially, to keep them simple and pure, and to lend them all the advantage that must accrue from the presence of the wise and good. A lawyer, who was a member of a very

different church, procured admission for his office-boy at the Warren Street Chapel, as a matter of principle. The lad was interested, as might be supposed. He was often excused from work that he might attend to dancing, singing, or some festivity. Matters went on very well. But robberies were detected in all the offices of the building where he and many other boys were employed, and it was found that every boy had joined in a conspiracy to rob their employers *except this boy*, who had found something else and better to do in his singing, playing, dancing hours. "Well," said an old gentleman of the highest respectability from one of our southern cities, as he gazed with tears of delight upon some of the children's dances, "why, this is what I have prayed my Maker, all my life, to see!" "I go back to my king in Denmark to say," observed an officer of artillery, deputed to report upon the prison discipline of the United States, "that it is of little consequence what system we adopt, or prisons we establish. If we can have your common schools, your Sunday schools, and such pleasures for our children, the time will come when we shall need no prisons!"

THE NEW PROPOSED CONSERVATORY.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made by Mr. William Waud, architect, on the plan and from the suggestions of William E. Baker, Esq., editor of the Conservatory Journal, a gentleman devoting his time and talents in aid of the effort now making to establish a "Massachusetts Conservatory of Art, Science, and Historical Relics." The building Mr. Baker proposes, is, as shown in the engraving, in the form of a Greek cross, to be located in the public garden, the main central entrance facing Charles Street, on a line, the prolongation of which will run through the centre of Commonwealth Avenue, shown with its proposed avenues of trees in the distance. Constructed of granite, glass and iron, a building of the size indicated in the drawing, would cost \$500,000. The plan suggested admits, as Mr. Baker remarks, "the isolation of the several societies, yet forms in the aggregate, one grand architectural whole that can be extended as may be required, without destroying the effect, by intersecting gallery with gallery, indefinitely." The arm on the right, nearest the spectator, would be devoted to Natural History. On one side, under a colonnade, open in summer and closed in winter, would be aquaria; in the corresponding colonnade on the other side of the same wing, an aviary. In the tower at the extremity would be rooms for the Natural History Society. The next wing on the right would be devoted to Horticulture, Floriculture and Agriculture; the nearest wing on the left to the Fine Arts, and the remaining wing to History, etc. Between the wings appropriated to Natural History and Horticulture, would be a zoological garden, with living animals; the next angle would contain experimental gardens; the angle on the left, historical statues, etc., that directly in front of the spectator, parterres of flowers, fountains, etc. The circular building in the centre would be devoted to a Polytechnic Institute. Such are the general features of the plan for an Institute which would confer the highest honor on the city of Boston. It is, of course, understood that all the advantages of the conservatory would be enjoyed by citizens and strangers, free of cost.



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED CONSERVATORY OF ART, SCIENCE AND HISTORICAL RELICS.

SWANGO.

The only Eclectic Cure in this Country.

The engraving below is a bird's-eye view of the new "Health and Summer Retreat," on Swan Island (Indian "Swango"), in the beautiful Kennebec River, opposite Richmond, Me. It is better known, perhaps, as "the old Dumerisque and Perkins Estate." The buildings were erected for the summer residence of the above-mentioned families, but are now, with some additions rendered commodious and truly home-like and cozy, opened for an Eclectic Cure Retreat, by Dr. Hebbard of Boston, their present proprietor. The grounds connected with this charming place comprise some 200 acres of woodland and lawn, most picturesquely variegated with copses, dingles, dells, streams, overhung wood-paths, groves, etc. A more truly delightful and inviting place for the invalid, and all who are weary with the summer life of cities, could not be imagined by poet or painter. In such a spot, with scenery unsurpassed for ideal beauty—with such alluring rides and walks—such limpid "laughing" water on which to sail, and in which to bathe—such salubrious and bracing air—"the elixir of life," as Emerson terms it—in such a spot, with such surroundings, it would be a wonder if indeed almost any disease did not relax its hold, even without the aid of doctor or medicine. The physician and proprietor of this establishment is well known here and elsewhere in New England, as a successful practitioner and an accomplished physiological lecturer. He is thoroughly educated in all the schools of medicine—Allopathy, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Motorpathy and Electricity—and now treats his patients after the Eclectic method, employing such various remedial agencies as have everywhere been proved beneficial. He has for some years past given special and undivided attention to the treatment of Consumption, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Spine and Back, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, General Debility, and Female Complaints of every description; and these only will receive his care at this Retreat. From the fact that both houses are devoted to the Institution, it will be seen that the accommodations, though not extravagant, are ample, and from the view we have had of the inside of them, we doubt if any public place could be made more comfortable or more like home, either to ease-seeker or invalid. As a prominent feature of the doctor's treatment of most chronic cases is exercise in the open air, he neither practises nor believes in cheating the stomach, and to this his table bears ample testimony. The food is abundant, well and seasonably served, and always suited if possible to the appetite of each individual. The facilities for exercise are bowling saloon, and gymnasium (in progress), carriages, saddle-horses, including a beautiful Shetland pony (a charming little playfellow, especially for



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

children), and always at hand well-built, airtight, life-preserving sail boats. Believing it to be an inducement for families to make this their summer resort, the doctor has fitted up a school house, and instituted a school for young children, where all the branches, including music and the languages, are taught by competent fe-

male teachers, on the Normal School system. The Retreat is to be opened, we understand, for the reception of visitors, friends and patients, from the first of June to the last of October of each year. It is about eight hours' ride from Boston, is accessible by the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, and by steamer direct from Boston.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

AUTHOR OF A "JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

The bright-looking individual whose portrait is represented on this page, is a young man who has achieved a high rank in the republic of letters, as a writer of brilliant and graphic sketches of the people and places of the day. He is one of the cleverest magazine-writers living, and his sketches of travel are written in a peculiar style which arrests and enchains the attention of the reader. He is best known in this country, perhaps, by his "Journey Due North," a series of pictures of Russian life, written for Dickens's "Household Worlds," and republished by Ticknor & Fields of this city, in book form. In this work he paints only what he saw during a brief sojourn in the Russian capital, but with such a minuteness, in language so quaint and peculiar, and in so many lights and from so many points of view, that he produces astonishing effects. He has a great deal of humor, some wit, and a most fertile fancy. Perhaps the single epithet "picturesque" may best describe his manner. The anticipated visit of Mr. Sala to this country, during the coming summer, marks his name with an additional interest. As his name indicates, he is not of an English family, his father being an Italian and his mother a West Indian. He was born in 1827, and is consequently still a young man. In early life, like Thackeray, he mistook a passionate love of painting for a vocation to art, and studied it for a time with assiduity, discovering, however, at length, that the pen and not the pencil was his legitimate implement. The art-apprenticeship, however, was not lost time, for it undoubtedly taught him the use of his eyes, and showed him how to recognize the picturesque aspects of material things—a faculty as important to the writer as to the painter. A similar inclination for art in our own most picturesque writer, Washington Irving, was doubtless of the greatest benefit to him. A friend of ours, who knew Sala well at Paris, tells us that he first took up his pen from sheer necessity. He was at the end of his resources, and had roved the streets of London all night without a shelter. He stepped into a coffee-house, and calling for pen and paper, dashed off a rapid sketch describing a night in London streets, and sent it to Charles Dickens, with a request that he examine it immediately. Dickens read the sketch, was delighted with it, and sent the author a liberal sum of money for his present use. From that time he became a constant contributor to the "Household Words," and one of its most popular writers. Among Sala's gifts, is the faculty of imitating any writer's style to perfection, and he has frequently, at Dickens's request, written sketches in his manner, so that the occasional necessary silence of "Boz" has not been noticed. This popular writer has wielded a very prolific pen, and with remarkable power.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDENT.—We have no further information with regard to the process.

DOUBTER.—In walking on a sidewalk with a lady, the gentleman should always be next the street.

A CHURCHMAN.—The primitive Christians did not begin Lent, until the Sunday now called the first Sunday in Lent. In the year 487, Pope Felix III. added the four days preceding the old Lent Sunday to make the number of fasting days forty. Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of ashes on the first of the four additional days, and for this reason it was called "Ash Wednesday." At the Reformation this practice was abolished as being "a mere shadow or vain show."

R. S., Lowell, Mass.—The anchovy is caught in great numbers on the shores of the Mediterranean, and is pickled for exportation.

M. D.—A pamphlet, just published by M. de la Fage, on tonic unity and the necessity of fixing a universal pitch in music, states that the Chinese diapason is a sonorous tube the tone of which has not varied since the year 2500 before Jesus Christ.

S. L. M.—The papers state that the losses by fire in San Francisco since December, 1849, and to May, 1855—five years and a few months—amounted to the enormous sum of thirty-one million four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

P. C.—The war in India has already cost the English government \$115,000,000.

RECOADER.—Over three hundred persons were burned to death in the city of London during the year 1858.

B. M., Bridgewater.—It is the custom of the pope on special occasions to present a golden rose to royal or exalted personages. The rose is made of burnished gold, and before it is presented it receives the pope's blessing. One was presented by Pope Clement VIII. to Margaret of Austria, on her marriage at Ferrara. Gregory XIII. sent one worth one thousand ducats, to Our Lady of Loretto. These roses are perfumed with musk.

G. S., Portland, Me.—We see it stated that at a sale of coins in New York, lately, a Washington half dollar of 1792 was sold for \$57. A United States cent of 1793 brought in Boston \$21.

"OPERATOR."—The telegraph to the mouth of the Amoor will pass through the principal cities of Central Russia and the chief towns of Siberia. It will cost, it is estimated, \$1,600,000, and its annual working expenses will be \$560,000.

HARBOR DEFENCE.

The subject of defending New York harbor against an invading force, has of late attracted much attention, and called forth considerable discussion. Vessels of war can approach New York either from the south, through the Lower Bay, between Sandy Hook and Staten Island, and thence through the channel called the Narrows, or from the east, through Long Island Sound, by way of Hell Gate and the East River. To defend the approach by way of the Lower Bay and Narrows, various works have been built or are projected. Upon the southeast side of the Narrows the works already built consist of Fort Tompkins, Castle Richmond, and Hudson and Morton Batteries, all situated upon the northeast side of Staten Island. Upon the other side of the Narrows, on the Long Island shore, are Fort Hamilton, Castle Lafayette, and Hamilton Redoubt. By these two series of works, capable of mounting six hundred heavy guns, the passage between Staten Island and Long Island is completely protected. For the defence of the Lower Bay, the government proposes to construct a large bastioned fort, five-sided, with half-moons on the land sides, and capable of mounting three hundred large Columbiads. This fort will cover between six and seven acres of ground, and will be one of the strongest and most complete military structures upon the Atlantic coast. The cost of the works is estimated at \$1,750,000; but it will probably exceed twice that sum before the structure is finished. The plans for this fort are already completed, and the preliminary work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, this summer. Great doubts are, however, expressed by competent critics, as to the efficiency of this projected fort in preventing hostile vessels from passing up the Lower Bay; the distance from the point to the farthest channel being upwards of five miles, and of course beyond the range of any ordnance now in use. Sandy Hook is, moreover, making out from year to year, by the action of the sea, the point having extended north a mile and a quarter within a century. It has gained in a much greater ratio during the past 12 years, having progressed at the rate of 1-16th of a mile a year. Changes are also constantly taking place in the bars and channels of the outer bay; and there is danger that this great work may thus become utterly useless a few years after its completion.

For protecting the approach through Long Island-Sound and the East River, Fort Schuyler has already been built on Throg's Point, on the main land. This fort is furnished with three hundred and eighteen guns, two-thirds of them

being heavy ordnance, and the rest of lighter calibre. The government has recently completed the purchase of a site for another fort, upon the opposite side of the river, at Willet's Point, Long Island, and is about to construct a work there capable of mounting two hundred heavy guns. These two works will entirely command the river, and furnish an adequate defence against the approach of any hostile fleet upon that side. But though the water-approaches to the great city are thus securely guarded, the question arises, what is to prevent an enemy from landing at some unprotected point on the south side of Long Island, making a rapid march across to Brooklyn, and attacking New York from that locality? The answer given is, that no prudent general would venture to cross the island, and leave such strong fortresses as those of Hamilton and Willet in his rear. But to this, it is replied that those fortresses are for sea coast and not for land defence, and could not be adequately garrisoned to perform double duty. It is contended then, that as auxiliary to the coast defences already constructed and projected, there should be a line of redoubts, or earth-works, extending from Fort Hamilton in a semi-circle to the fort at Willet's Point, within cannon-range of the sea-coast; thus connecting the defences at the Narrows with those on the East River, and girdling Brooklyn and the neighboring towns upon Long Island with a chain of military posts. These redoubts might ultimately be connected by a continuous line of embankment, with an exterior force, and this labor could readily be performed by the militia force of the country, in case of impending war. Thus would the line of defence be rendered complete around the commercial metropolis of the Union; while the stout hands and brave hearts of her patriotic citizens would take ample care of the invader, should he by any possibility get within the inner harbor, past the forts on Ellis, Bedloe and Governor's Islands, with their aggregate armament of nearly three hundred guns.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

A short time since, we made mention of the circumstances under which Peorio and other Neapolitan patriots were exiled to this country, after an imprisonment in the dungeons of Naples for the past ten years. The offence of these victims of tyrannical vengeance was patriotism; and the cause of their final exile to America, was fear on the part of King Ferdinand of Naples that their longer presence in his kingdom would excite a popular rebellion. It appears that these prisoners, to the number of sixty-six, were shipped at Cadiz, in Spain, for this country, on board the ship David Stewart; the vessel being towed two hundred miles to sea by a Neapolitan war steamer. As security that the captain would faithfully perform his agreement, and convey the prisoners to America, one-third of the passage money was withheld, to be paid after the completion of the voyage. Soon after the ship got clear of the war steamer, the Italians demanded of the captain that he should land them in Ireland, instead of transporting them to the United States. This he refused to do; and by a threat of force, they compelled him to navigate his ship into the harbor of Cork. One among the number of the crew, which consisted of seventeen men, proved to be a son of Luigi Lettembrini, one of the most distinguished of the exiles. This young man had been employed as a mate in one of the Galway line of steamers. But upon hearing that his father was to be transported from Cadiz to New York, with the other exiles, he gave up his post, and repaired to Cadiz, where he enlisted on board the David Stewart as a seaman. It is supposed that he was instigated to this by the Italian Society in London, and that the scheme of rising upon the captain, and compelling him to land his passengers in Ireland, was contrived in London; young Lettembrini being sent to join the vessel, in this disguise, for the purpose of enlisting the prisoners in the proposed movement. Up to the morning when the decisive demonstration on board the ship was made, he had done duty forward with the rest of the crew. But when the exiles waited upon the captain, and forced him to yield, he appeared upon deck in his uniform as a mate of the Galway line—blue frock, gilt buttons, gold cap-band, etc. The secret meeting between the patriot father and his devoted son, after so long a separation, must have been one of singular interest. Upon landing at Queenstown, the Italians expressed the most enthusiastic gratification; some of them

actually kissing the earth, on which they trod as freemen rescued from the clutch of the tyrant. It is expected they will make their way to Saradinia, to aid the cause of Italy there.

A HUNGARIAN BRIGAND.

Rosza Sandor, the famous Hungarian brigand chief, has just been condemned to death by the criminal tribunal of Pesth. The indictment, which doubtless contained only part of his crimes, was a hideous register, crowded with charges of cattle stealing, the burning of farm houses and villages, the assassination of persons suspected of having denounced him to the gendarmerie, nocturnal attacks on the house of a judge with the massacre of every living inmate, and snares laid for the gendarmes to bring them within range of his fatal carbine. The terrible brigand seems never to have operated with more than four comrades, except during the revolution, when he headed a band of a hundred malefactors. The usual haunts of these bandits were stacks of hay or straw, such as are found near every *tauya* or Hungarian farm-house. When they found that they were tracked by an overpowering body of gendarmes, the bandits mounted their wild horses, which swam with them to some desert island of the Theiss or Danube. In this case it was sufficient to order anybody to provide them with supplies of food, and intelligence of the position of the gendarmerie, for no one dared refuse. The name of Rosza, whose carbine never missed the head or heart of an enemy, inspired such terror, that bands of peasants who had enrolled themselves to pursue him, laid down their arms, crossed themselves, and fled at his appearance.

Rosza Sandor always kept in the neighborhood of Szegedin. The 10,000 florins which the government offered for his capture, dead or alive, tempted nobody. It was the energy of a woman, whose husband he assassinated through suspicion, though he had always hospitably received him at his house, which delivered this monster, garrotted, to the gendarmerie of Szegedin. The audacious bandit, at the moment of his arrest, exclaimed:

"I shall soon be freed; and I swear to depopulate the county of Szegedin, sparing not even the infant at the breast. I was going to Pesth," he said, "to ask pardon of the emperor, at the moment of my arrest; I was going to promise him a change of life, and offer my services against the other Hungarian brigands."

But long before these lines are printed, Sandor must have expiated his unparalleled crimes upon the gallows.

THE GROWTH OF THE NATION.

When the American Revolution was achieved, and our independence established, the United States consisted of a confederacy of thirteen States. Since that time, twenty new States have been admitted to the Union, thus swelling the number from thirteen to thirty-three, within the brief period of sixty-five years. This unexampled growth of the nation, while it strikes the observer with surprise, must convince him that the country has a great future, and that its further expansion may indeed be regulated, but cannot be restrained. The mighty causes which have built up our nation are yet at work, and will be for generations yet to come. The brief period of sixty-five years in which so much has been accomplished, is but as an hour in the age of America, and scarcely spans a human life. Three sovereign States were created during Washington's administration; one during Jefferson's; two in Madison's; five in Monroe's; two in Jackson's; four in Polk's; one in Taylor's, and two thus far in Buchanan's—Oregon being the youngest of them all. In 1804, Jefferson acquired Louisiana from France, giving to us a larger gain of territory than the whole area of the original thirteen States, and securing to our country the command of the Mississippi River, the mouth of which had previously been owned by foreign powers. The successive acquisitions of Florida and Texas have given us almost entire control over the Gulf of Mexico; and it needs only the possession of Cuba to render the United States paramount in that vast inland sea. The purchases of California, New Mexico and Arizona, successively made within a period of eleven years, have contributed to swell the area of our country to nearly three million square miles. Very possibly our next extension may be upon the north, when our Canadian neighbors and friends shall get ready to lay aside their colonial condition, and unite the fortunes of the

two provinces with our confederacy, as free, sovereign, and independent States. Whenever they are ready to come, Great Britain will be willing to permit them to, and the United States will be glad to receive them. The reciprocity treaty between the British Provinces and this country, for the free importation of the produce of either country into the other, is a step in this direction. That treaty expires in a very few years, and the question of its renewal may present the alternative of annexation.

RECREATION.

The serious world is waking up to a sense of the necessity of amusements. Unceasing and perpetual toil, whether of mind or body, it is admitted, tends to deteriorate the faculties of both. The handicraftsman needs amusement as well as the scholar and professional man. Manhood, as well as childhood, demands its hours of play. If this craving of nature is checked, we have mental dullness, physical weakness, nervousness, morbidity, and a train of evils ending in the complete unfitness of the victims for the duties of life. It has been well said that when Martin Luther threw his cares aside, and played on his flute, jested with his friends, gambolled with his children, or gave himself up with delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his powers fresh, so as to renew at the proper time, and finish the work that had been given him to do.

Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of life, but interludes, recreations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being utterly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up, from time to time, to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of the serious duties which God has imposed upon every man whom he has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion.

A GOLDEN MOTTO.

Horas non numero nisi serenas—"I count only the hours that are serene"—is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and time presents only a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles, and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-tormenting!

A GOOD RETORT.—A harmless, half-witted creature was accosted by a saucy fellow, who thought to make game of him—"I say, Jack, lad, dost wants a place? Master wants a fool." "Ay, indeed," replied Jack; "wants a fool, does he? Then are you going to leave, or does he want a couple?"

CRINOLINE AND PEWS.—The old woman who opens the pews at a certain fashionable church says she used to have only to open the doors, but now she has to push the dresses in too.

A GOOD REASON.—A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he is handling the rod.

DIAMONDS.—The rage for diamonds is undiminished in Paris. One writer says, "a huge dredging box of jewels has sprinkled its contents all over the city."

WEDDED LIFE.—Colonel Seaton, of the Washington Intelligencer, lately celebrated his golden wedding.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—The lady who knit her brows has commenced a pair of socks.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As the fine season advances, the avenues diverging from the city are thronged, on pleasant afternoons, with equestrians seeking to "witch the world with noble horsemanship,"—we wish we could say successfully seeking, but to speak the truth, there is a deplorable majority of bad riders among the cavaliers of the metropolis. We do not hesitate, therefore, to give place to the following remarks handed us by a correspondent, who has a right to speak oracularly, for he is himself a bold and accomplished horseman:

"I have recently amused myself by walking on the Milldam of an afternoon, to see the handsome turnouts, and my attention has been attracted to the bad horsemanship of most of the equestrians. This is inexcusable, where there are riding-schools, and young men have money and leisure enough to learn. A bad habit of sitting a horse once firmly contracted, is difficult to be got rid of, and the victim of it, though he may try to persuade himself that he is having a good time, feels the contrary, and looks about as happy as an Englishman dancing. Some of the riders 'crane,' that is, lean forward over their horse's neck, so that a stumble, or sudden stop, would pitch them headlong; others keep their legs as far as possible from the horse's sides, so that a shy would instantly land them; others swing their arms, as if driving a flock of turkeys. Sam. Chitney, the well known English jockey, once proposed, in consideration of a one pound note enclosed in a letter, to communicate perfect instruction in horsemanship. I wont ask for a penny, but commend the information to these young riders. Here it is:

"Your head and your heart keep boldly up,
Your hands and your knees keep down,
Your legs keep close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own."

AN EXCELLENT LESSON.—One of the most sagacious and wealthy merchants was about to visit Europe, and setting his house in order before he left, closed a conversation with his son and heir as follows:—"Now, as a lasting lesson, look at these four notes"—and he put into his hands four notes-of-hand of \$25,000 each, making \$100,000, with his name on the back. "Those," said he, "are the price paid for endorsing for a friend. I weakly put my name on them, and had to pay them as you see. Whenever any one asks you to endorse, look at those before you reply."

PIKE'S PEAK.—A friend writes us from this region, who went thither a short time since full of hope and promise, that it is a miserable region, and that interested parties alone have "written it up." He says one-half the labor at home, in Boston, would yield twice the pecuniary return that can be realized here, to say nothing of the great deprivations we endure, and the sickness of this country!

THE LITTLE MARVELS.—We propose to give in our next number a picture of the famous little Dutton Children, the smallest girls of their age in the world. They have proved wonderfully popular wherever they have appeared in Massachusetts.

MEERSCHAUMS.—We can with perfect confidence recommend a fine assortment of Meerschaum Pipes and Tubes, just received per last steamer, and advertised in another column, by Frederick Brown, apothecary.

A LUCKY MILLINER.—The court milliner recently died in London, leaving property valued at \$40,000. She leaves most of it to charities. For herself, she directed that she should be buried in point lace.

THE 7TH REGIMENT.—The famous New York 7th Regiment will go into camp, on Long Island, N. Y., the coming summer. They intend to have a grand sham-fight, and have ordered 8000 cartridges. Hurrah!

LADY BULWER.—Lady Bulwer has lately presented an inkstand to an English editor. She would doubtless send an inkstand to her husband, if she could get a chance to shy it at his head.

FOOLISH.—It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars changed hands upon the late billiard match between Phelan and Scerietter.

THE OLDEST GRADUATE.—Dr William Sawyer, who was the oldest graduate of Harvard College, died in Boston recently, aged 88 years.

THE MAESTRO.—Rossini has laid the corner stone of his new villa at Passy, near Paris.

AN AFRICAN CONVERT.

The African monarch, Negoussie, King of Tigre and Semen, in Abyssinia, having become a convert to the Catholic church, has recently sent a deputation of three of his courtiers to the city of Rome, to pay homage to the pope. This deputation consisted of Prince Ghiorgis, a relative of the king, Emnaton, an African priest, and another young man, a companion of the prince. Ghiorgis is about twenty years old, of a copper-colored complexion, and regular features, and is uncommonly handsome. His dress, on the occasion of his audience with the pope, consisted of a scarlet cloth vest, wide, white trousers, shoes, silk stockings, a lion-skin mantle on his shoulders, and a white turban on his head. His arms were bare, and upon the left he wore a massive gold bracelet, as a badge of his rank. An attendant followed him, bearing a crooked sabre. The priest was dressed in a white, flowing robe, which was secured at the waist by a scarlet sash. Upon being brought before the pope, the deputation prostrated themselves to the earth, and were raised by his holiness. After some friendly converse with Pius IX. as to their country and long journey, the priest again prostrated himself before the pope, and delivered an address, in which he declared that he placed before the pontiff the formal act of his master, the King of Tigre and Semen, renouncing all heresy, and giving his adhesion to the Church of Rome. The document presented was duly signed, and bore the royal seal of the African king. The pope received the announcement very graciously, and bestowed his benediction upon the envoys. He then enjoined them to inform their master that he would not fail to offer up daily prayers for the monarch who had thus come forward, in the face of the world, and acknowledged the power of the cross.

HONOR TO ART.—A dinner was given lately in Philadelphia, by Mr. Harrison, the Russian railroad builder, at his residence in Rittenhouse Square, to those patriarchs of American art, Rembrandt Peale and Thomas Sulley. Nearly all the principal painters of New York were invited to the dinner, and several of them went on to be present on this interesting occasion. Both Peale and Sulley still exercise their profession, and find delight in it. Mr. Peale told us recently that he never was so happy as when seated at his easel.

A HIT AT THE TIMES.—At a late fancy ball at Paris, appeared one of the greatest belles of society, dressed as "diplomacy." She had the double mask of Janus, one side smiling and other frowning. She had a pen in one hand and a buckler in the other. Then she danced a curious new dance called the *Ultimatum*, which consists of taking one step forward and two backward!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—This noted man and his companion Morin, a painter, cut a tremendous swell at Constantinople on their way home. They paraded the streets for several days, in flaming Circassian costume—white fur bonnet, gold-laced jacket, embroidered boots, and girdle filled with pistols and daggers.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID.—This preparation for beautifying and keeping the hair thrifty and in good condition, appears to have achieved a world-wide reputation, and to be considered an indispensable article on every lady's toilet-table. An advertisement will be found in another column.

APPREHENSIVE.—An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murther, I hope she wont have a son oulder than me—if she does, I shall lose the estate."

DRUM CORPS.—It is contemplated by certain military gentlemen to organize a drum corps, expressly for the 2d battalion, composed of picked men to the number of twenty.

CUNE ROOT.—Mr. O. Cube, a worthy citizen of Indiana, lately had six teeth drawn at one sitting. This, we suppose, was extracting *cube roots*.

THE FRENCH NAVY.—The French in all, have 435 vessels; England has 463, of all classes.

AN EXCEPTION.—"There is no rose without a thorn," except the *prim-rose*.

Upside Gatherings.

Rarey, the horse-tamer, is giving lessons at St. Petersburg.

The people of Georgetown, D. C., are agitating the annexation of that town to Washington.

It is designed to erect a second Catholic church in Mikord, as soon as a suitable location can be secured.

The receipts at the Patent Office during the last month, are said to have been fourteen thousand dollars above the expenses.

The quantity of oysters opened at Fairhaven, Ct., within the past six months, is 700,000 bushels, equivalent to 350,000 gallons.

Piccolomini, in addition to her Papal descent, is now alleged to be a descendant of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico!

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, under the management of Col. Paron Stevens, will doubtless take the lead of American hotels.

A certain preacher, addressing himself to ladies who wear exaggerated hoops, said recently, "Remember how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

Among the Roman citizens, so much importance was attached to the art of swimming, that it was one of the first accomplishments taught to children.

It has just been decided in a justice's court, in the western part of New York, that lager beer cannot be sold without a license without violating the excise law.

Every one of the 111 contiguous houses on Beacon Street, in Boston, with the land, is valued at upwards of \$15,000, while one house exceeds \$100,000.

An Irishman recently died in Pennsylvania at the age of one hundred and twenty-two years; and an African, in Louisiana, at the age of one hundred and thirty-eight years!

A young woman named Anna Welch, died in New York from the inhalation of chloroform, which she had used to allay the excruciating pain of a decayed tooth.

The Muzzey rifle barrel and gun manufactory, lately organized in Lowell, now employs twenty hands on a government contract for Morris's breach-loading rifle.

The average income of the Mexican church is twenty-five millions a year, while the revenue of the national government of the republic is only fifteen millions.

The chair occupied by the president of the Harrisburg Convention, recently, was that in which John Hancock sat when the Declaration of Independence was adopted, on the 6th of July, 1776.

A despatch from Washington says that an order has been issued at the post-office department, to the effect that clerks who leave during office hours for the purpose of drinking spirituous liquors, do so at the risk of removal from office.

The good people of Keokuk are deeply engaged in digging for Indian skeletons. They have already found about forty. The question that occurs to our mind is, what are they going to do with all these dry bones?

The St. Louis papers state that the peach crop in Northern Missouri and Southern Illinois has been destroyed, and that there is no hope for more than a very small quantity of that fruit the present year. Southern Missouri promises better.

The Washington Star announces that arrangements have been completed for the prompt establishment of a line of steamships of from twelve to sixteen hundred tons burden, to ply between New York and Washington city.

New Orleans is built upon a forest of cypress trees. For 600 feet down, at least, that is the foundation. Rows upon rows of the stumps of the cypress have been found growing over each other exactly superimposed, each of which layers it takes a thousand years to form.

Miss Eliza P. Paine established mainly through her personal exertions a "female seminary" (for girls we suppose), at Du Quoin, Ill., but now that she has gone and got married, her trustees insist on turning her out of the post of principal instructor.

An old German, named Jacob Bertrand, who lived in New York, was a few days ago wantonly attacked in that city by a band of ruffians, and stoned until he received such injuries as to cause his death next day. On the post-mortem examination of the body, a piece of brick was found embedded in his skull.

The city council of Richmond, Va., have appropriated \$30,000 for the removal of the reef below Rockets, which accomplished, will allow of vessels drawing fifteen feet of water to get up to the city docks. As soon as this measure is completed, a line of packets is to be established between Richmond and Liverpool.

The Governor-General of Cuba has created an excitement among the commercial men of that island, by laying an outrageous stamp tax on blank account-books. Every leaf of every blank book for business purposes, must be stamped; otherwise no claim of indebtedness based upon accounts is collectable.

Professor Hunt, in a lecture at Montreal, was of opinion that from 100,000 to 150,000 tons of artificial manure might be manufactured annually from the waste of the Canadian fisheries; and this equal to Peruvian guano. The French were aware of the importance of this manure, and were now manufacturing it, on a large scale, in the Straits of Belle Isle.

Sands of Gold.

.... We bear the marks of our habits, as the prisoner does those of his chain.—*De Boufflers*.

.... The blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes; but unfortunately they are the parts for imitation.—*Disraeli*.

.... Young, the desire of pleasing renders women amiable; old, the desire of being loved induces them to be so.—*Sophie Pannier*.

.... I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.—*Pope*.

.... I tell you a fellow that speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath, by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadows lie everywhere around.—*Gothie*.

.... The secret of efficiency and success in our enterprises, is to act at once upon our ideas while our fancy is yet warm and in a glow with them.—*Bovee*.

.... Every study is good, because it is already a long stride towards truth to seek it. There are truths everywhere; happy those who discover them!—*De Boufflers*.

.... Each man acts according to the laws of his particular nature, and in nothing do we err so much as in expecting from every individual conduct not in keeping with his character.—*Bovee*.

.... I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... When money represents many things, not to love it would be to love nearly nothing. To forget true needs can be only a feeble moderation; but to know the value of money and to sacrifice it always, maybe to duty, maybe even to delicacy, that is real virtue.—*De Senancour*.

.... Thing of "living!" Thy life, wert thou the "pitifulest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, even as he has done, and does, "like a star, unshining, yet unsetting."—*Carlyle*.

.... Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and, actually, or ideally, we manage to live with superiors.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

Why is the law like a book of surgery? Because there are a great many terrible cases in it.

"That's part of the sinking fund," as a chap said when a box of money went to the bottom of the river.

A highly "Caudleized" editor of a western family newspaper heads his marriage notices "Lucifer Matches."

"I presume you wont charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a cork-leg manufacturer.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six; spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons, and Thomson's seasons."

"Beware how you attempt to butter your bread on both sides, lest it should haply slip through your fingers altogether!"

"Doesticks," describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell when they get a new kitchen girl, by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

A French marshal, annoyed by the loquacity of a marquis of the old French school about his ancestors, at last replied, "I have no ancestors, but I am an ancestor."

If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They wont sleep for thinking of you.

Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next him, "she'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

Howard Paul, in "Patchwork," speaks of a man whose ill luck was so proverbial, that if he had fallen upon his back he would have broken his nose.

"Bill, I don't believe Fanny can trot in two-forty." "Trot in two-forty," replied Bill; "why, if you hitch her to a post, she will paw a mile in two forty."

The latest style of hoop skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-hack-action bustle, etruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

"Father, I want you to buy me a gun." "A gun, Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?" "O, I am going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake loves him better than she does me."

A witness in the court of chancery stated that she took one Masters for a gentleman, because he rode on horseback in the park. Another witness, who had bought stolen goods, said he took the thief for a gentleman because he wore fur gloves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES.

On a visit to the battle ground of Concord.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Hushed was the air—'twas summer's sultry noon,
And burning sunbeams parched the dusty way;
But from the march I found a refuge soon,
Where Concord's elms their lacing branches sway.
High swelled the wanderer's spirit, as his gaze
Swept through the shadows of the leafy aisle,
As, when behind him lay the desert's blaze,
Proud "Yagoub" saw 'neath Africa's sunset smile,
On Seb's far off shore the fountains of the Nile.

Yes, Scotia's traveller stood beside the mound
Whence "Azrech" bade the Nubian deserts part;
But far beyond him lay "el Abiad's" bound,
Unseen 'mid Ethiopia's burning heart.
And thus I stood by Freedom's vernal shrine,
Whence rolls her westerling current. Not alone
Her fountain 'neath the tall New England pine,
Swift through the arches of the great Unknown
She pours her ceaseless course, fresh from the Eternal's throne.

Sacred to freedom is this temple fair,
Where wandering winds that roam earth's every sky
Come laden with fond nature's glowing prayer,
And loth at parting 'mid the tree-tops sigh;
Then filled with holy influence, from the scene
Go forth to tell the tale o'er ocean wave,
Where millions crouch beneath the bayonet's sheen;
While like a requiem soft for slumbering brave,
The Concord's rippling song flows down the minster nave.

"Guard well thy gift, my country, Greece of old,
For liberty bathed Marathon in gore.
For her, Gaul's children burst the despot's hold,
And stormed the Bastille, while the rending roar
Swept on through rising Europe. But the sun
That beamed while Charon's standards flew
Saw by stern Macedon the victory won;
And Gallia's star, to human progress true,
Sunk 'mid the waving corn on blood-stained Waterloo."

Thus mused I, as I gazed across the stream,
Where Davis led brave Acton's bristling line
Fierce o'er the tottering bridge, till, as in dream,
A voice spake at my listening spirit's shrine—
"O, thou who counselest thy country, know
The nation's but the sum of active mind,
Her every deed for human weal or woe
Upon life's page its counterpart doth find;
She stores the harvest-sheaves her children's labors bind.

Let each rule well the empire of his heart—
Firm for the right his onward footsteps guide;
Then shall thy country at a noble part—
Still o'er her plains shall pour truth's crystal tide.
Up, youth! before thee shines fame's golden ray—
Round it oblivion girds her ebon zone—
Forward! even now Time's sappers block the way!
Onward, till trembling fear and doubt o'erthrow.
The future's glorious age shall claim thee for its own."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house, to a young portrait-painter who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency, broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbled and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait-painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! what an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story-books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world, afar off. Upon our parlor walls from my earliest remembrance had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvass, or when, or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had, to me, always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable. What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like form! How unlike

every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait-painter!

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain, the hero made his appearance, scattering them mercilessly to the four winds. There was nothing giant-like in the lithe, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish face, shaded by soft masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, quite like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking by which to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace he sought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home, had not the stunning knowledge of his art still overpowered me. It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby-brain that I must not like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me, when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone, I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes, and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the school-boys, now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper, like any married woman who was faithful to her husband.

"Would I agree to this?" he asked.

I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my fingers, to meet my mother's eyes fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine that crept nearly to the mossy eaves.

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women wore flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?"

I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I would wear it, if he wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent."

"Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor I should never look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"O, yes, that suited me! I liked that!"

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me."

"No, I didn't want a ring!"

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No! I didn't like rings!"

"Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?"

"No—I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."

During his stay, which was protracted to months, instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was no every-day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

"Would I write to him and sign that name?"

"Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they were the hardest I had found to speak.

During the next two years no lady-love could have been more faithful to her absent knight, than was I to Frank Haynes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh-rides and parties, that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come alone, I would remain at home, whatever might be the inducements offered to tempt me from my unswerving course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was bent upon remaining.

But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion, a terrible rumor reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young, beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precocious hopes and plans, though for a long while I battled against crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? that I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters, "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And—and—would he do this if he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the whole world stood up before me and testified to its truth.

As if to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced little mind to rights, the next coach set Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it was very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement; he should have to put a loaf of hot bread upon my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years; I was twelve years old, and a head taller than I was at ten. He was going to Europe to stay three or four years; what would I be when he returned? He did not dare think. He believed I would be as tall as he was by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of his engagement.

"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls to-day, if my heart should break for it, would you?"

"No, I have none to spare."

"Not one?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Cause."

"Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange reports of you, Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see."

"On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed gaily, fixing his blue eyes upon my face. "And I trow I'm in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady."

I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. "I'll never sit there again, never!"

"My dear little Phebe!"

There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear blue eyes as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phebe! May God bless you!" I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my

time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet, conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down stairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long, golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little six-year old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

"Who can it be? An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick, springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me, trembled upon my lips—"Frank Haynes!"

But I could not go down to meet him, though I were summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him, why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of twelve summers that he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would he think? Would he care? Would he still remember, tenderly, the little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago?

Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror, which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left, was a plain, golden circlet. The hot blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. He should never know that I had worn it all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charlie. Please tell mother so," and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle.

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard a sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the half-closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily down stairs and stepped softly into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its olden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and re-

leasing my hand, he said with a curl of his finely cut lips, "Your pardon, Miss Lester, I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him, as I did so. But there was no more pleasantries attempted on his part, and when my mother entered the room, a few moments after, and referred, laughingly, to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words, yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber, without being absolutely rude, was passed there, till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strangely, Phebe," said my mother one morning, "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he was the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe!" My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He does hate me, mother! hates me with—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester, but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—" He paused, and in a moment more, I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty and proud," I said excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well—as well—"

"What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, loved you—till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes!"

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife! at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were sly looks and glances cast towards me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes," again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

AFRICAN CHURCH DECORATIONS.

No sight I have ever seen, not even the room of horrors of Madame Tussaud's, shocks one so much as the first view of the Bonny-ju-ju house. The pillars of the two doors are formed of human skulls; inside, the ground is paved with them; an altar is erected on which is a dead iguana; and the whole of this is fabricated of the same material as the pillars of the door. Two high columns of them are beside the altar; a string of jawbones is hanging by the wall; and these, you are informed, are the skulls of their enemies of the Andony country, which adjoins the Bonny territory, and with whom, a few years ago, they waged a furious war.—*Hutchinson's Western Africa.*

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Pictures of quiet domestic life, such as that presented herewith, are always popular, for they appeal to those feelings which exist in every bosom, civilized and uncivilized, which have existed from the beginning of society, and will continue until the world's great drama is ended. Our artist's sketch needs no explanation; it graphically tells its own simple story—a tale of parentage and childhood. The scene passes on the threshold of a cottage, a humble cottage, it is true, but dearer than any other structure on the face of the wide world to its contented inmates. The young mother stands with her infant in her arms, and the father, when the day's toil is over, turns from his paper (poor men's library) to caress the child and provoke its musical laughter—the music of a poor man's home. An older



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

girl happily completes the little domestic group. An observant eye notices details which help the imagination in picturing out the life of these honest people—there is an air of neatness in their dress, vines have been trained about the porch, and if the aspect of the scene is one of great simplicity, it also conveys an impression of taste, of forecaast and contentment. More happiness, after all, is to be found within the humble cottages of the world than in its gilded palaces. The condition of these humble homes indicates very clearly the character and condition of the natives of a country. In most of the countries of southern Europe, the peasantry and working-people are lodged in hovels. In France the small farmers and laborers herd with the cattle beneath miserable roofs, but in England the cottages of the peasantry are marvels of neatness and rural taste.

THE VATICAN MANUSCRIPT.

The Vatican manuscript, the most famous codex of the original Scriptures of the New Testament, will shortly be made available to scholars at a reasonable price. The London correspondent of the Christian Watchman says: "The Vatican Manuscript, edited by Cardinal Mai, contains not only the New Testament, but also the Septuagint version of the Old Testament Scriptures, and is comprised in five folio volumes. The first four contain the Old and the fifth the New Testament, and the only means of obtaining the Roman edition is by purchasing the entire work, at the cost of about \$50. The Codex Vaticanus of the New Testament will soon be printed in London, verbatim from the Roman edition recently published, at the price of only twelve shillings per copy. This Manuscript

PICTURES OF A PARIS SUNDAY.

One of our contributors, who has been an eyewitness of the character and influence of a holiday Sunday in most of the kingdoms of Europe, gives the following graphic sketch of a Paris Sunday. We would commend it to the consideration of those who plead for a lax observance of the sacred day, and to laboring men everywhere. Do we want such a Sunday in America? "A Paris Sunday has become proverbial for its godlessness. Passing along its clean and beautiful streets, you find the cafés and restaurants crowded with men, taking their morning meal and reading the newspapers of the day. Cries of fruit-dealers and street-vendors are everywhere heard. Paviers, masons, roofers, painters—all kinds of mechanics are engaged in their usual avocations. Places of business are universally open till midnight, as on other days. The whirl of cabs and omnibuses is even more constant than during the six days of the week. I had the curiosity to count the vehicles passing the Industrial Palace, Champs Elysées, mostly going to or returning from the Bois de Boulogne, in the afternoon of the second Sabbath in August, the grand fête-day at Cherbourg, when Paris was emptied of the elite of its fashionable society, and found the average to be one hundred and forty a minute, or one thousand six hundred and eighty an hour. The grand waterworks at St. Cloud and Versailles play only on Sunday. As the day advances, the gardens of the Tuilleries and Champs Elysées present a scene of unrivalled gaiety and folly. Bands of music execute lively military and operatic airs. Gaudy booths are surrounded with crowds of men, women, and children, absorbed by childish sports. Automata, too silly for the amusement of infants, serve to delight other groups of soldiers and stragglers. Goat-carriages and whirligigs of wooden horses or mimic ships divert the children and nurses. As evening sets in, the outdoor concert and drinking saloons flaunt their attractions; brilliant mirrors reflect the fanciful gas jets; singing men and singing women, accompanied by orchestras below, amuse the multitude with comic, and sometimes immoral songs. Every conceivable device for drawing the people away from home and from God is employed. The Cirque de l'Impératrice furnishes its equestrian attractions and its mirth-inspiring exhibitions. Adjacent public gardens are thronged with dancers. Operatic and theatrical amusements add their seductive performances. The whole line of the Boulevards is filled with people seated in front of the cafés, sipping their brandied coffee, playing dominoes, or gazing at the promenaders along the broad pavements. Houses and homes (if there be such a thing, without the name, in France) seem to be emptied into the streets and places of amusement, and the city is converted into a pandemonium of folly and of genteel or gross dissipation. Since the accession of the reigning dynasty, Sunday labor has been suspended on the public works in France; but I observed that the stupendous preparations for the emperor's fête-day fireworks in the Place de Concorde were in full progress on the second day in August, the fête occurring on the succeeding Sunday. But on Monday the Sunday workmen were not there—either because dissipation or over exertion compelled a day of rest. Such is a Paris Sunday. In the light of reason, and of the Bible, and of eternity, how does it look? And what are its fruits? Are they not found in the thriftless condition of a vast proletarian population, living from hand to mouth, restless in spirit, ferocious in temper, kept from rebellion by a numerous soldiery, or quieted by government labor and food? May they not be seen in the dwarfed stature and pallid aspect, and wretched inefficiency of the laboring classes, and in the 'Blue Monday' records of employers or of the magistracy—the Sunday dissipation disenabling thousands from Monday's occupations, or sending them to prison? Can they not be traced in the general declension of private, commercial, and political morals, whatever cover the refinement and high civilization of Paris life may throw over the inconceivable iniquity of its social condition; in the loosening of conjugal bonds, the utter loss of a home day, and of all the restraints and joys of home life; in the prevalence of godlessness, irreligion, and infidelity, and in the ascendancy of civil and spiritual despotism?"—*N. Y. Independent.*

To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY.

BY M. T. CALDER.

For Mary, of fair Bethany of yore,
Who sat and listened at the Master's feet,
Named rightly is she, who like her doth pour
Reviving ointment where pains throbbing beat.

Serenely doth she move amid earth's jarring cares,
With smiles of hope, and words of loving cheer;
A tranquil peace her soothing presence bears,
That shames our doubt and scatters all our fear.

Oh have we marvelled that so frail and slight a form,
Fair as the flower we guard with jealous care,
Should brave so fearlessly the unpitied storm,
When stern stout hearts sink down in blank despair.

That calmly smiles the brow, but late, we thought to
wreath
With orange bud, and bridal blossoms gay,
Though brightest earthly hopes have smiled but to
deceive,
'Neath coffin lid forever laid away.

Still hath she sympathy and aid for our distress,
Unmurmuring at her own deep pain;
While fervently we pray that God may richly bless
Her kindly deeds trebly to herself again.

A LAUGHING BLONDE.

She sits a picture—from the billowy silk
A little foam of lace just ripples by
Upon the beach of that resplendent neck;
Falling to reach the gems bestranded there.
In fine, broad shadows sweeps that sea of silk,
Over the modelled mystery of her form,
Heaving with under life—yet surfaced so
That the most daring fancy were overtasked
In diving for the nymph beneath the wave—
In short, she's a fair woman.—STARKY.

MORNING.

Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the morn,
With hair unbraided and unsandaled feet—
Her colorless robe like a poor wondering smoke—
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms
A shadowy burden heavily bore; soon fading
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused.—HORNS

TO A FALSE ONE.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the
phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine
ears.—TENNYSON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

"Spring has set in with its usual severity." It is idle to talk of spring in these latitudes; and in the south and west as well as here, winter has turned round to bark and snap, instead of retiring decently at the proper time. A fortnight ago we had a prospect of a snow-storm, and we regretted having hoisted our sleigh to the hayloft. And this after writing amiable things about the season, and talking of "ethereal mildness," in the language of Thomson. According to the prospect at this moment of writing, we may look for settled warlike weather about the first of July..... Bierstadt, one of our best landscapeists, has gone on a tour to the Rocky Mountains, to study the wild scenery of the northwest. This shows his devotion to his art, for he could have had plenty of orders had he remained at home..... The Louisville Journal says of Piccolomini that "as a true lover of the grape never dilutes his wine, she never mixes anything with the pure purple poetry of the drinking song." The Boston Post evidently does not understand the drift of this remark, as its comment is, "Perhaps not; but we can swear to her making uncommon quick work of a very large pot of porter which a kind 'parent' held for her just after the song at the wings."..... William B. Astor of New York recently requested Rev Mr. Chapin's society not to anticipate the payment of a debt of \$90,000 due him, as they desired to do, but to continue paying only the interest as it became due. He said he had more money than he could take care of. Poor Mr. Astor! His income is about \$400 an hour, and do what he can, he cannot prevent his wealth accumulating..... Mr. Brooks, of the New York Express, not long since attended a grand ball at Paris, having the day previous visited mosques in Stamboul and looked all over the city of Constantinople. He went to the Austrian minister's in a sedan chair, carried by two stout porters, and with unsoiled feet and undisturbed toilet, stepped into a palace brilliantly filled with guests. The ladies were, of course, foreigners, but among the gentlemen was Capidan Pasha, now admiral of the navy, but formerly a slave. Mr. Brooks describes the Armenian and Jewish ladies most enthusiastically; they wore diamonds of immense value, and danced the "Lancers" for all the world like the New Yorkers. Sir Henry and Lady Bulwer were at the ball, and "Every spoke of the United States in the kindest manner. Mr. Brooks was soon to leave for Beyrout, Jaffa, etc..... There is a marquis now in Havana, says the Havana correspondent of the Hartford Times, who, within twenty years, commenced his career as a doorkeeper, which is considered a very humble occupation. He succeeded in marrying the daughter of a wealthy Portuguese, though strongly opposed by the father. He bought a title and a great cross of honor, and aspiring to an office in the army bought the commission of a colonel. He now rides in his carriage, attended by a crowd of servants, and may often be seen at the opera, in full uniform, covered with orders, though I can safely assert he has never carried a musket or wielded a

sword in defence of the crown. I have been told of a number of similar cases, and there is no question of the truth of it..... The Cincinnati papers are great on "sensational items." The latest in that line is in the Enquirer. It is stated that during a marriage in one of the churches, a crazy man entered and called loudly for a knife with which to sacrifice himself upon the altar. The Enquirer says that "the bride and her friends were frozen with horror." As the paper does not state what became of the frozen parties, it is supposed they are awaiting the "spring thaw."..... A writer in the Boston Medical Journal says he has given to horses sufficient chloroform to control all motion, and in one case operated for cataract on both eyes, without the slightest twitching of a muscle. Another horse was kept under the influence of chloroform nearly two hours, while a surgeon performed a prolonged operation..... Upwards of sixty years ago, Rev. Ebenezer Price of Boscawen, N. H., was settled at Belfast, Maine, and was the first minister of that place. Not one member of the parish that called him is now living, but Mr. Price, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, is still living, and now resides with his son in this city..... At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Hon. David Sears read a letter from John Lothrop Motley, Esq., the historian, who is at present residing in Rome, Italy. It was written to a friend in this city, just after he had read in Gallogani's Messenger the announcement of the death of the late William H. Prescott. Mr. Motley gives an interesting account of his acquaintance with Mr. Prescott. He states that twelve years ago, when he first proposed to write a historical work, fearing that the subject he had selected might in some way cross the path of some work of Mr. Prescott, he called on the latter and stated to him that if what he proposed should interfere in any way with his writings, he would give up his intentions. Mr. Prescott, so far from objecting, encouraged him to go on with his work. Had he objected, Mr. Motley states that he should have laid down his pen and probably never have written a historical work..... Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and here's a "modern instance" of that "old saw." At a recent masked ball which the Emperor Napoleon attended in disguise, he was unable to hear a rather unpleasant truth. A very pretty silly lady fell in with a domino who amused her, and she asked him who he was, "I am the emperor," said the domino. "O, impossible," said the lady, "the emperor is so very ugly! you can't be the emperor!" The domino continued, "What, then, you don't think the emperor good looking?" "Good looking!" retorted the fair one. "I think him dreadfully ugly!" The domino declined any further colloquy, and glided away. "What were you saying to the emperor?" asked M. de Morny, a minute after of the lady. She stood agabst, and could not believe her ears when her new interlocutor over and over repeated to her that her domino had been Caesar himself..... A French bonnet maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet,—"Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine it!"..... The National Era says it is not for the generation among whom Elizabeth Browning has sung, and Charlotte Brontë spoken, and Harriet Hosmer chiselled, and Rosa Bonheur painted, and Mary Lyon taught, and Florence Nightingale lived, to despair of woman's achievement of her highest destiny..... Sinclair tells an interesting story of Hogarth's last days. Hogarth having a presentiment that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied: "The end of all things!" "In that case," rejoined one of the number, "there will be an end of the painter!" What was uttered in jest, he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and heavy sigh. "There will," he said; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He commenced next day, labored upon it with unremitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, "I have finished!" The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis," and in October, "the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face," were closed in dust..... A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, speaking of romance reading, says: "There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wrong. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind. I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them..... In the new market-house at Philadelphia, now building in Tenth Street, above Chestnut, a statue of Franklin is to be erected. It will be ten feet high, and is made of the Albert freestone. Several very fine pieces of statuary have been executed in that material. A monument at Halifax, N. S., erected to the memory of those who fell in the Crimean war, is now constructing of the same stone..... The Philadelphia City Item tells an original anecdote of Washington. On one occasion, when he lived in Market Street, just below Sixth, he stood at his front window while a body of troops passed down the street in review. A few yards below, a building was in course of erection, and, as usual, there was a large hed of slacked lime in the street, which caused a horse to shy, throwing his proud rider fairly and squarely into the whitest and softest bed he ever occupied. The sight of this white soldier, so suddenly and ludicrously transformed, filled Washington and his wife with laughter, and they gave way to it, till tears came to their rescue. This anecdote is well authenticated..... Dr. Wozenscroft, who has travelled extensively throughout the interior of California, states that he has seen in a secluded portion of Shasta county a burning mountain, which a distant inspection and the circumstances attending the spectacle which he witnessed, confirms him in the

opinion that the flames proceeded from an active volcano. The fire was seen from various positions, and in every instance had the same appearance. A hunter in those regions has since corroborated the fact of there being an active volcano..... Matthews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Matthews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Matthews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer." "Certainly, my boy, we'll exchange umbrellas." Matthews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella!..... The damages recently assessed against Dr. Gaillardet for assault upon the proprietor of the New York Hotel are \$9000. The doctor is safe in France..... Louis Napoleon has by a decree provided that hereafter the council of State shall alone have power to grant permission to establish new Protestant churches, chapels and oratories; and, further, that all unacknowledged creeds shall hereafter be placed on the same footing as the acknowledged creeds so far forth as concerns the permission precedent to establish places of worship..... Mr. Ira Bond of Leicester, Mass., while attending a saw-mill, recently, got accidentally thrown across the log, directly in front of the saw, breaking one arm, and before he could be extricated from his perilous position, the other arm was terribly lacerated by the saw. But for the presence of an assistant, who instantly seized him and drew him away, he would have been cut in two by the saw.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

We shall soon know what the Peace Congress can do in the way of settling the vexed Italian question, and whether the olive branch or the sword is to wave over southern Europe.—The Munich Charivari was recently seized on the complaint of the Sardinian ambassador for a caricature which represented Victor Emmanuel under the form of a frog swelling itself to appear as large as an ox.—A horse railroad is about to be started in Paris to run between the Place de la Bastille and the Bois de Boulogne.—Four hundred workmen are employed completing the Great Eastern.—It is decided to build a new opera house at Paris. It will be a splendid edifice, worthy of the city, and capable of holding nearly double the number of spectators that the present house accommodates.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that notwithstanding the associated and notorious preparations for war, the French journals have greatly moderated their tone, and that this has been done on an invitation from the minister of the interior.—There has been some excitement in the musical circles of Paris by the debut at the Italian opera of Madame Guerbelli, as Elvira, in the opera of "Don Giovanni." She was a Miss Ward, grand daughter of the late Gibson Lee, and married a Russian count, who soon grew weary of his wedded bliss and abandoned her. But the injured countess, in company with her indignant mother, pursued him to St. Petersburg, and told her tale to the emperor, who compelled the count to legalize the marriage, and then banished him to Siberia for life. She had been singing a week in spite of numerous hisses which nightly greeted her.—In the exports of tea from China to the United States there was an increase of 500,000 pounds over the same date last year.—The review of the army of Paris had been definitely fixed for Sunday, the third of last month. All the regiments were complete, every recruit having been called in.—Count Cavour had returned to Turin. It is said he secured his object with Napoleon.

Actually Something New in a Comedy.

A new comedy at the Gymnase, called the "Beau Marriage," the Athenaeum considers worth a word for the sake of its leading incident, which opens a field new to playwrights. The moment—here the seven minutes—of breathless interest, for which every one attempting the stage tries to find some new pivot,—here depends on the proving of a cylinder, which is either to explode and blow its inventor to atoms within that period, or, by holding out, to establish a new invention and make his fortune. The inventor is *parvenu* and a mechanic. His young wife, who, as sequel to "the great match," has been encouraged by the eternal stage mother-in-law to flout him, and from whom, therefore, he has fled, seized by the no less eternal stage remorse and penitence, has tracked him, discovered his purpose, and creeps in unseen to witness the experiment and share his fate. Can the union of science and sentimentality be more intimate and touching than this? Are we to have a school of such dramas as would have delighted Dr. Darwin, with leading incidents drawn from the Transactions of the "Institution of Civil Engineers?"

Railroads.

A recent traveller in Piedmont writes: "The railroads that bore us towards Tuscany are capitally managed. It is a curious fact, that these are the only continental railroads we are acquainted with where they allow you to take your seat at once, as in England, without boxing you up first, like oxen in a pen. Whether this is a proof of independence and liberty we can hardly say, but we know that the Turinese trains exhibited a perfectly democratic irregularity of arrival and departure. Why should a free railroad never keep its time! The other day we travelled 900 miles by an express train through France, without being at any station a minute before or after our time. In coming next day ninety miles—Dover to London—we were three-quarters of an hour late. Surely this is a great fact for Mr. Froude and the admirers of enlightened despotism."

Colonial Fine Forests.

In the royal palace at Potsdam there is a suite of apartments, the whole underwork of which, as well as the standing furniture, consists of yellow deal, not painted, but polished, and exhibiting the natural color and grain of the wood. In England some progress has

been made towards the introduction of this system in lieu of the coarse imitative efforts of the painter and grainer. London furniture dealers manufacture bedroom furniture in yellow pine, French polished, for which they find a ready sale, the preference it receives being due to its beauty only, and not its cheapness; for the necessity of using in it only the choicest timber, free from knots and blemishes of all kind, makes the price nearly as high as that of mahogany.

The Empress Eugenie's Favorite Game.

This game, which is ingenious, and not more of a romping nature than is consistent with the activity and high spirits of her majesty, is played by a gentleman, to whom the part falls by lot, and who is at liberty to place the furniture in any difficult and intricate fashion he may choose. He is then furnished with a handful of paper cuttings, and calling, in a loud voice, upon any of the ladies present, "Pick up my little papers!" he starts forward, in, and through, and round about, over, between, and under the furniture, the lady thus challenged is compelled to follow him in every turn and extreme expedient he may think proper to resort to, in order to pick up the "little papers," which he, of course, takes care to drop at the most difficult juncture.

An East Indian Editor.

The editor of the Delhi Gazette mentions that one year has elapsed since he returned to rebuild his establishment, which was totally destroyed in the mutinies. Within that time he has re-organized the press, re-established his paper, and obtained for it a circulation higher than it ever reached before.

Noble Offer.

At the last annual meeting of the Literary Fund, Mr. Charles Dickens communicated the noble offer of a friend of literature to give £10,000 in money, and 17,000 volumes of books to the corporation, on condition that certain reforms calculated to increase the utility of the Fund were adopted.

Milan.

The police of Milan had orders to arrest quietly the Marchesa Malegnani, who had placed a garland of tricolor camellias on the patriot Dandolo's coffin; the lady went ostentatiously to the theatre, but changing dress with her attendant, escaped privately out of the city, and across the frontier.

Lord Clyde.

The Times correspondent at Bombay writes that Lord Clyde recently made a speech to the 79th Highlanders, in which he attributed the position he now holds to his sovereign's favor and his peccage to the Highland Brigade.

Lord Elgin.

The Earl of Elgin has been presented by a numerous body of the representatives of the English and Indian firms at Shanghai, with a complimentary address on his successful career in the North of China.

Henri de Pene.

M. Henri de Pene, the young comic writer, who obtained notoriety and popularity from being made the victim of a clique of military braves, in Paris, is sufficiently recovered to be once more at work.

The English National Anthem.

"God Save the Queen" has been translated into the Mahratté language, and is in circulation among the native Christians.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE. Translated by W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. and Theodore Martin. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 508 Broadway. 12mo. pp. 240. 1859.

Taken as a whole, these are the best translations of Goethe's minor poems that have yet appeared, and such of them as were first published in "Blackwood's Magazine" commanded at once the attention of the literary world. The lyric pieces of the author of "Faust" are exquisitely graceful productions, and have been "done into English" with great felicity. Like all Delisser & Proctor's publications, the work is issued in beautiful style. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

PLAN OF THE CREATION: OR, OTHER WORLDS AND WHO INHABIT THEM. By REV. C. L. HEQUEMBOURG. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 396. 1859.

The title of this work indicates its character. Its religious views and speculations will awaken controversy but must command attention and study. The author asserts that the work contains nothing to diminish the reader's reverence for the Scriptures, or weaken his sense of the obligation of Christian virtue.

MOTHERS AND INFANTS. By DR. A. DOXNE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 363. 1859.

The author of this important treatise on nursing, weaning, and the general treatment of young children, is a French physician, late head of the clinical department of the Faculty of Paris, and one of the most learned men of his time. It abounds with practical information, and will be a welcome guest to the mothers of America.

BORDER WAR. A Tale. By T. B. JONES. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 502. 1859.

This is one of the most fanciful creations of the author of "Wild Western Scenes." It is written with great spirit and vivacity. It is a purely imaginative tale, and displays a strange and startling, as well as amusing series of events and characters. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The May number, the 19th in order of this successful magazine, lies before us, filled to the brim with sparkling articles, in prose and verse, gay, grave, lively and reverent. Among them is a very able and valuable essay on Gymnastics, and the conclusion of the slashing review of Wilson's history. It is not our purpose, however, to analyze the last issue. In glancing back over the whole series of numbers, we are struck with the felicity with which the publishers have contrived to make each one attractive and still to preserve a unity of design throughout. They have exhibited rare ability and tact, without which their liberality would have been unavailing. They planned their campaign thoroughly before starting, and then took the field confident of success. Notwithstanding the introduction of politics into the Monthly, the rock on which Putnam split, the general excellence of the work has given it currency even among those who differ *toto calo* from its views. The brilliancy of its corps of contributors has rendered it victorious. Much of this success is owing to the reputation of Phillips & Sampson as first-class book publishers, and long established caterers for a pure and refined literary taste.

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A BALCONY SCENE.

The sketch before us, representing a beautiful Venetian, with an aged attendant, at an open balcony in a Venetian palazzo, wafts us, in imagination, to that fair City of the Sea, where Romance and Poetry are fitly enshrined. The costumes are not of the present day, and the scene accordingly is a leaf from the past when Venice was a queen indeed, when her merchant-princes rolled in wealth, when the name of the mysterious republic was a spell of power, and when the Bucentaur bore the doge to his bridal of the Adriatic. Things have changed since then—the wings of the lion of St. Mark have been clipped, the council of Ten is dissolved, Austrian bayonets glitter in the piazza, the chimneys of factories belch forth smoke and fire night and day, and the wondrous city is linked to the mainland by a railroad! Beauties lovely as those whom Titian loved to paint are still there, with the golden brown tresses and marvellous complexions, but alas! for the flowing robes of their ancestresses they have substituted the unartistic crinoline, and the cavaliers make love to them in stove-pipe hats and Raglans. Yet all is not changed in Venice. Time and fashion cannot obliterate though they may tarnish her sumptuous monuments—her ducal palace, her Basilica of St. Mark, her Rialto, her Bridge of Sighs, her canals and gondolas, all by which we know her in our dreams; and as by moonlight you float along in your gondola, beneath the long lines of marble palaces, recognizing some storied fane or tower at every turn, it requires an effort of the imagination to call up a whole gallery of splendid pictures reflecting the romantic days of yore.

A MAY DAY GARLAND.

We cannot permit the occasion to pass without weaving a garland of flowers for our readers—a much easier thing to do by means of drawing and engraving than to find the original at this inclement season of the year. It is rarely, in our cold New England clime, that the first week of May produces flowers and blossoms, and we trust that the Revised Statutes will provide a law for the postponement of the first of May to the corresponding day of June. The utmost that can be said of this coy month is that it is a promising one; it is prodigal of promises which the opening of summer fulfils. Why, we have known snow storms in May, and seen icicles hanging from the eaves on the first of the month. A search in the woods may yield a few violets or flowers of the trailing arbutus; but generally speaking, grass and evergreens form a poor substitute for a floral offering. Of late years the managers of children's May day festivals have wisely provided in-door celebrations, and one of these scenes is illustrated in a preceding engraving.

Still we bid May welcome, for it at least introduces bright weather and golden sunshine and perfume flowers, if it does not furnish them forth.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN PARIS IN 1831.

In April, 1831, a few weeks after the accession of M. Casimir Perrier to power, and while insurrection still creaked and growled in the public thoroughfares, like the thunder of a lingering storm, Queen Hortense suddenly arrived in Paris

with her son, Louis Bonaparte. She was escaping from Italy, where she had lost the eldest of her children, and whence, with great difficulty, she had brought the second, still an invalid. Upon her arrival she addressed herself to Count d'Houdetot, a royal aid-de-camp, whom she had long known, and whom she begged to acquaint the king with her position, and the circumstances which brought her to Paris. The king received her privately, at the Palais-Royal, in the apartments occupied by the Count d'Houdetot, with-

way into Switzerland, where it was her wish to settle. Some days after the incident I have mentioned, April 8, 1831, the king, upon the suggestion of M. Casimir Perrier, ordered the statue of the Emperor Napoleon to be replaced on the column in the Place Vendôme; and, a few months later—on the 13th of September—the Chamber of Deputies sent up to the Minister those petitions which demanded that the emperor's ashes should be reclaimed from England, and interred beneath the column.—*Guizot.*



A BALCONY SCENE IN VENICE.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

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\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

THE WONDERFUL DUTTON CHILDREN.

The accompanying engraving of the already famous "Fairy Children" is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and delineates them with great accuracy. By comparing the figures of the two children with the chair and with the young girl beside them, an estimate will be formed of their exceedingly diminutive size, one being 26 and the other 28 inches high, and weighing only thirteen and fifteen pounds respectively. They are certainly the most extraordinary living phenomena of the age. At various periods Nature has manifested her caprice by the production of diminutive beings, who have ceased to grow after attaining a certain age, but with scarcely an exception this abnormal size has been their only characteristic and attraction, and has been accompanied either by ill health, by deformity of person, by moral obliquity, by lack of intellect, or by all these drawbacks combined. The "Fairy Children" exhibit none of these deficiencies. On the contrary, Nature, who created them in a sportive mood, seems to have endowed them with every attractive quality. As the same hand that formed the glowing rose moulded the delicate mignonette, so these little creatures have all the exquisite characteristics of full-developed girlhood. They are intelligent in mind, perfect in form, healthy, sprightly, vivacious, and sweet-tempered. There is a charm and winning grace about them that fascinate the coldest heart—and this is a legitimate spell, not the strange attraction of precocity. Their girlish simplicity, candor and artlessness, give them an irresistible power. As a general thing, we are opposed to the exhibition of children, but it would be absurd to make any objection to the publicity of these phenomena. Treated in the kindest manner, tenderly cared for, and accompanied by a relative, they are perfectly at home wherever they are. Such wonders of course could never be kept in seclusion—wherever they lived, crowds would flock about them, and their peculiarity would then be an irremediable misfortune. As it is, they are rapidly acquiring an independence which will ensure them a tranquil and happy future. Although no extraordinary efforts have yet been made to give publicity to their exhibitions, their receptions have been crowded, and during the past three weeks they have been visited by more than 30,000 people, including many physicians and other scientific men. An advertisement in another portion of this paper gives the time, place and particulars of their receptions in this city. Gen. Tom Thumb, the Marsh Children, Little Cordelia Howard (who played the part of Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin), Little Alfred Stewart, the juvenile comedian, now, in 1859, 14 years of age, "Little Ella" Virginia Burns, five years of age, Dec. 11th, 1859, the Wren Children, now in Europe, the Zavisowski Ballet Troupe, and the Bateman Children, now residing near Cincinnati, O., have been visited by hundreds of thousands of people, who have been delighted with them, but perhaps no children have received more universal praise than the Dutton Children. They are so complete in form and so very small, that all who see them pronounce them the most perfect children they have ever seen, and say they look more like wax dolls than living specimens of humanity. The children and their parents are natives of Massachusetts. The oldest girl, Miss Junietta, was born in Weston, Middlesex county, and the youngest, Miss Betsey Maria, in Framingham, in the same county. They have not grown any or increased in height since they were two years of age. The children are now nine and eleven years of age, weigh, as we have before remarked, thirteen and fifteen pounds, and are only 26 and 28 inches high. Their health is good, they rise at five in the morning, and are hard at play all day. Their parents and brothers and sisters are of the usual size. They are perfect in form and feature, bright, active, and intelligent. They talk, sing, dance, and play, and are so beautiful that the most fastidious can look upon them with pleasure. They are admitted by all who have seen them to be the prettiest and most cunning little beings they have ever seen. They unitedly weigh less than Tom Thumb, and are the smallest children of their age in the world. In January, 1859, the children were placed under the charge of their aunt, Mrs. Sarah P. Davis, of Salem, Mass., who

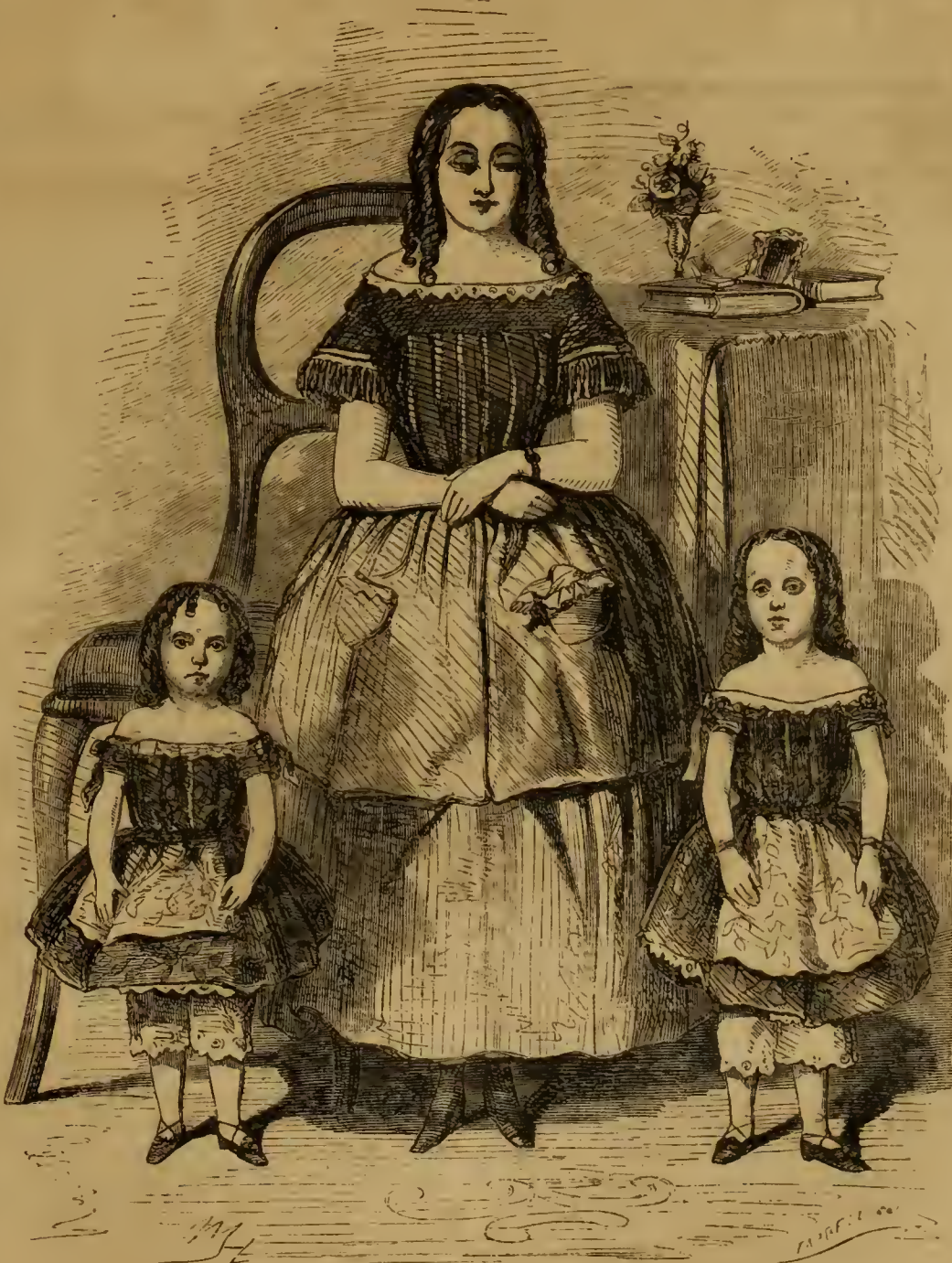
has motherly affection for them, and in whose charge they have been to the present time with the exception of three weeks. They have also received instruction from Sylvanus Kneeland, Jr., teacher of dancing, at his rooms, 47 Hanover Street, Boston. Mrs. Davis is constantly with them, both at home and at the rooms where they give entertainments. All will pronounce them objects of curiosity. They weighed at the time of their birth respectively three and a half and three pounds. At each entertainment one of the girls will be dressed in boys' clothing, and will dance a polka with her sister. The object of dressing one in boys' clothing is that the audience may see her small size and proportion without the incumbrances that are necessary when dressed in girls' clothing. They sing "Gentle Annie," "Darling Nelly Gray," "Nancy Till," "Rosalia, the Prairie Flower," "Old Cabin Home," "Hazel Dell," "Willie, we have missed you," "The Mountain Maid's Invitation," "O, come, come away," "Wait for the Wagon," and "What is Home without a Mother?" and will at each entertainment make selections from them. They will also speak several little pieces, and dance the polka and waltz at each entertainment. The father of the children is constantly with them, watching over them with paternal care and affection. We have been shown, among other credentials, a letter from Dr. J. H. Warren, a well known physician, addressed to the father of these phenomena, in which he says: "Your two little darling chil-

dren I consider the greatest curiosities, anatomically speaking, that I ever saw, being perfect in all of their developments, and apparently well and healthy. I was surprised, upon examination, to find the circulation so strong and vigorous, after they had been before a large public audience all day. The pulse of Etta was about 80, full and strong per minute. My student, Mr. Holton, at my request, examined Dollie's, and found it 84, regular and full. On looking upon them, one can hardly credit that these children are so perfect and well, and all the muscles of their bodies so finely developed and perfect in their actions, without associating the idea that general atrophy of the system had suddenly taken place, instead of arrested nutrition or premature development at so early an age. A striking fact is noticed in comparison of the osseous portion of the system. For instance, the humerus bone of the arm is not larger than a lady's ring finger." The children are under the management of Mr. Albert Norton of Portland, Me., who has paid \$25,000 for their services for five years.

The following beautiful article relating to these children is from the pen of Mrs. Eunice Hale Cobb, wife of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, editor of the Boston "Christian Freeman."

"I have been favored with the opportunity of visiting, in East Boston, during the past week, the exhibition of the 'Dutton Children,' Misses Etta and Dollie. They are indeed an interesting curiosity, and one which no person of a reflecting mind can look upon but with wonder

and admiration. There is no feeling excited in beholding their tiny forms but that of purity and spirituality. There is no malformation. Their form is symmetrical and perfect in every development of the physical system. Although so far below the natural size, yet they present to those who look upon them a maturity of mind even beyond their years. Their manners are free and easy, every motion is winning and attractive, and their collected and deliberate address, under all circumstances, would do honor to larger size and maturer years. Their phrenological development is very marked, and presents a study well befitting so noble a science. They both have finely formed heads, well balanced, and present all the traits that are requisite to constitute intellectual character. They are keen and quick in their perception, kind and benevolent in all their ways, and sensitively alive to a most strict adherence to what is right and proper. Indeed, as you look upon their beautifully formed heads, as they are here so truthfully presented to you by the artist, you will at once perceive that they are a fine specimen of moral and mental development. Their performances upon the platform are natural and graceful, and in every respect pleasing and satisfactory. In looking upon them as they are presented to an audience, it is wonderful how soon their inferior stature is almost lost in the remarkable impression which their interesting manners make upon the mind. As seen by the company at a distance, they appear much larger than when seen as you approach nearer to them. This to many has seemed a wonderful phenomenon; and it can be accounted for only on the following scientific principles, which have been kindly furnished me for this article by two artists of this city, who visited them while in East Boston. In speaking of the 'Children,' they say, 'The perfection of their forms is the real cause of the deception by which they appear larger as the distance between them and the spectator is increased. All small models perfect in proportion will seemingly increase in size as they are carried away from the eye, providing no particular object is near to compel a comparison, until they will actually appear to the fancy as large as the object they represent. With sculptors this is an important test as to the perfection of a small model. So with these fairy children. This seeming paradox, which puzzles the spectator is but one of the proofs of the statement with regard to their age, which is immediately discernable in the expression of heads.' I enjoyed the happiness of visiting these interesting children in their own private rooms, and there they appear to even greater advantage than before the public. They are free and unconstrained, running about, and enjoying all the playful amusements usual with children of their ages. They are extremely kind and affable to each other, and their mutual love and attachment are very great. They are not obliged to undergo a drill of discipline at each time before appearing in public, but when notice comes from the 'manager,' they instantly leave their amusements, cheerfully take each other by the hand, and skip along to the hall, as unconcerned as if they were merely passing from one room into another to engage in their familiar childish sports, and when they are placed before an audience they are perfectly at home. Their sweet faces and happy smiles at once draw every heart in unison with their own, and but one response goes forth, 'They look more like angels than human beings.' They are kindly cared for, and faithfully watched, by Mrs. Davis, their affectionate and devoted aunt. She is a lady peculiarly adapted to the duties connected with so important a mission. Kind and gentle in all her ways, yet firm and deliberate in her entire management with them, she ever makes them very contented and happy, at the same time commanding from them a cheerful and willing obedience to all her requirements. Great care is also taken of their physical training—and, in short, everything calculated for their comfort and health, both physical and mental, is studiously applied, and nothing is put upon them to overtax or annoy them. And the entire absence of anything like nervousness or petulance with them, gives evidence of proper care and culture. This pair is a wonderful specimen of the works of Him who hath created them, as he hath all others of his intelligent children, 'in his own image, and after his own likeness.'"



THE WONDERFUL DUTTON CHILDREN.

The smallest children of their age in the world; standing beside a miss of their own age!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TALE OF THE COMET.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

Just one hundred years ago, on a Christmas evening, a little party was assembled at the house of a hard-working peasant, in the heart of Germany. The peasant's name was George Palitzch, and he lived on the outskirts of the village of Prolitz, but a short distance from the city of Dresden.

George, though in humble circumstances, and without any advantages of early education, was by no means an insignificant person. He was a man of vigorous intellect, and not altogether destitute of cultivation; though he was indebted solely to himself for everything he knew. He was universally respected by his neighbors for his honesty and shrewdness, though it must be confessed that they thought him a little queer, and some of them were even more than a little afraid of him.

The party at Palitzch's house was chiefly a family affair, most of them present being his children and relatives. Of the former he was blessed with an abundance. The two eldest were married, and two others lived away from home. They had been spending their Christmas in the kindly old German fashion, everybody making presents to everybody, even though two or three *groschen* should measure the entire depth of their purses. They had also had a Christmas-tree, in a small way, for that is a great institution in Germany. But the pleasures of the day were now almost over, and to-morrow and hard work were beginning to be somewhat unpleasantly prominent in the minds of all.

After it became dark, the master of the house was observed to withdraw from the company several times, and remain away from ten to twenty minutes. On one occasion, it happened that George left them longer than before, and when he returned he was evidently enjoying a degree of self-satisfaction so intense that it was not possible for him to conceal it.

"Why, Uncle George," cried a very pretty girl, who was one of the guests, "you look as if you had found a pot of money, or something else uncommonly valuable."

"And so I have, my dear," replied Palitzch.

"Found a pot of money?"

"No, not that exactly, but something which I look upon as even more valuable."

"What can it be! Do tell us, wont you?"

"You shall know all about it, my dear, but not now. You would not think it of much consequence, if I was to tell you."

The pretty questioner was silenced, if not satisfied. She was no relation to the old man, and called him uncle merely because he was an old friend, and an intimate associate of her deceased father. She was, properly speaking, of the peasant class, but greatly superior in wealth and intelligence to those about her.

Gertrude Ahlstein (for that was her name) was the only daughter of a rich farmer, who had died when she was about eight years old, leaving her to the guardianship of a distant relative, also a farmer and a wealthy one. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant.

Unfortunately for Gertrude, her guardian had, by the special direction of her father, been entrusted with the control of her hand as well as of her property, and on this subject there was already a serious difference between them. Herr Grabben, the guardian, was not a dishonest man, but he was one of those with whom money is the *summum bonum*, and did not understand how anything else could be necessary where there was plenty of gold. He was an ignorant man, and a very superstitious and even fanatical one.

Herr Grabben had selected, as a husband for Gertrude, one of his cronies, a very rich tailor of Dresden. Having plenty of money, he had the one thing needful in the guardian's estimation; but, like thousands who have come after her, Gertrude had the perversity to prefer a handsome, good-humored young fellow, a near neighbor and particular friend of George Palitzch's, who was "as poor as Job's turkey," if anybody can tell how poor that was, to a rheumatic old curmudgeon, who was as habitually cross-grained as he was habitually cross-legged, and as sour as if all the "cabbage" he had ever appropriated to himself had turned to *crout*.

The favored youth was Ernest Reiberg, a tall, strapping fellow, whose unblemished reputation, as we have already said, was the only possession he could boast of, if we except a clear head, a

stout heart, and an uncommonly strong pair of arms. Gertrude's guardian was bitterly prejudiced against him, and as he had the sole, uncontrolled disposal of her, poor Gertrude's prospects were about as gloomy as they well could be.

As a good favor, the girl had been allowed to visit her father's old friend, Palitzch, on Christmas day. Ernest was there, and the two occupied themselves diligently in making the hay of happiness while the sun of opportunity was shining.

Time flew by with inconceivable rapidity and brought them near to the customary hour of separating, when Ernest was obliged to leave, because Herr Grabben was expected every minute, to take Gertrude home, and a very unpleasant scene would probably have been the consequence of a meeting between them.

Some of the guests had already made a movement in anticipation of a general leave-taking, when there burst into the room a sort of human thunder-bolt, in the person of a little old man, with his face pale as ashes, his gray hair standing on end, and his eyes apparently starting from their sockets.

"Why, Herr Grabben, what on earth is the matter?" burst from the united voice of the company.

"I've seen the—the—devil!" gasped Gertrude's guardian, as he sank exhausted into a seat, trembling in every limb.

"Where?—when?—how?" cried the excited guests, the females particularly.

"Only a minute ago—under the big elm tree—at the corner. He rose right out of the ground, twenty feet high if he was an inch, with flames, the color of burning brimstone, coming out of his mouth, and playing all around him. He was fire all over—made of fire."

"And what did he do?—what did he say?"

"In a hollow, infernal voice, he cried out, 'Beware!—the end of all things is at hand!' and vanished, in a cloud of smoke, and fire, and brimstone."

Even at the present day, the peasants of the interior of Germany are not wanting in credulity and superstition, and still more enslaved were they by these influences a hundred years ago; so that an audience like that of Herr Grabben's, was not likely to be deficient in all the faith requisite for the occasion. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at, that no one laughed, or showed any sign of ridicule. All were serious, and few were inclined to disbelieve what they had heard.

When the old man's equanimity had been somewhat restored, he took George Palitzch by the button, and leading him into one corner, said to him, in a low, tremulous voice: "They call you a wise man, neighbor. Pray tell me what you think of this terrible thing."

"Well, *mein Herr*, you know that when you tried to prove to me, a few weeks ago, that there was good reason to think that the final destruction of the world was not far off, I was rather disposed to treat the thing with derision, but I am forced to confess that I look upon the matter in a much more serious light at present than I did then."

"And what has caused you to change your opinion, neighbor George?"

"Well, Herr Grabben, you must allow me to be silent on that head, for the present. All I can say to you is that I have had a solemn warning, and a revelation of the fact that wonderful things are about to happen."

"Can't you tell me what they are?"

"Not now. I will know more in a short time, and then I will explain myself more fully."

These words were spoken in a solemn tone of voice, and with the appearance of much emotion. From the moment he heard them, Herr Grabben seemed to be plunged in a deep reverie, and with a comprehensive nod to the company, he took his maid's arm and marched slowly and thoughtfully homeward, though not without an anxious glance, from time to time, into the surrounding darkness.

Some weeks after this, George Palitzch was seated in his garret, engaged in repairing a clock, which was originally the work of his own hands. The out-door labors of the day were over, and George was at liberty to retire to his "conjuring-room," as the peasants called it, from the fact of its being filled with articles, the use of which was entirely beyond their comprehension. Here most of his leisure hours were spent, in pursuits, the nature of which most of his rustic friends could not be made to understand.

"Ah, neighbor Palitzch," said Herr Grabben,

as he entered the room in a state of great agitation, "I am afraid the job you are at work upon will turn out to be a useless one. When time shall be no more, there will no longer be any use for clocks."

George looked grave, shook his head, gave vent to a long-drawn sigh, and said nothing.

"Yes," continued Grabben, "I have strong reasons for believing that before many months have rolled round, there will be no more time, no more world, no more anything but the awful blank of eternity."

"Have you had any new revelation on the subject?" asked George, with great solemnity.

"A terrible one. You shall judge. I have been a hard man, neighbor Palitzch—more fond of money than I ought to have been. For that sin I have been terribly rebuked this day. You know that when I come home from the village, my path lies directly between two great rocks, which are just behind my barn. Well, this evening, when I was returning from Prolitz, just as I reached that spot, what should I see, on the top of the rock, on the right hand side, but a gold-piece—a new golden Augustus, of the year 1754, shining bright and beautiful in the light of the setting sun? I can hardly expect you to believe me, George, but the gold is there yet, and you can see it if you choose—at least I left it there. I grabbed at it, over and over again, and, on the faith of a Christian man, I could no more pick it up than if it had been red hot. I could just as easily clutch the moon that is shining over the roof, and put it in my pocket."

"But why couldn't you do it?"

"If I can tell you why, I hope all the gold I touch may turn to clay. I tried, with all my might, twenty times or more, to lift that gold-piece, and couldn't do it. Every time I touched the piece, I felt a sort of wrenching at the elbow and shoulder, just as if some one was trying to twist my arm off, in two or three places at once, and partly doing it. I was forced to close my fingers with a tremendous grip, whether I wanted to or not; but they always closed upon nothing, while the devil was wrenching away at my joints like a dozen wild horses. I would have known it was the devil, even if I hadn't seen or heard him. But I did both. While I was trying my very hardest to get the money, I heard the exact same voice I heard on Christmas night, under the great elm tree, crying out in the very same hollow tone, 'Beware of avarice, for the end of all things is at hand!' I didn't stop to hear anything more, but started for home with all the speed I could muster, but not before I got a glimpse of the same devilish blue brimstone blazes I had seen before. If you will go with me, I will return and see if the money is there still."

"I have no objection," replied George, getting his hat and boots ready.

"But remember," said the incorrigible money-grubber, "that the gold rightfully belongs to me, since it is on my land."

"Then you mean to cheat the devil out of it, if you can?" said George, wheeling about and looking him straight in the face.

Herr Grabben muttered an inarticulate something, and trudged away to the mysterious rock. The money was still there, glistening in the bright moonlight. He clutched at it desperately, but, instead of closing his fingers upon it, he jumped into the air, and cut a caper with head, hands and heels, which would have become a modern Ethiopian dancer very well, but was not quite in keeping with the customary deportment of a slow, sober German farmer, on the wrong side of sixty-five. George next tried to grasp the gold-piece, and jumped still higher than his companion had done, and cutting still funnier capers.

"It is the devil's money, sure enough," cried he, "and the devil may have it, for all me," and he and companions looked ruefully at one another, while they rubbed their arms and elbows.

While they were thus engaged, a stentorian voice, just behind them, thundered forth, "Beware of avarice, for the end of all things is at hand!" They turned about and beheld a figure much above the ordinary height, with a considerable portion of its colossal development enveloped apparently in lambent flames.

"Lord have mercy on us, there he is again!" shouted Grabben, running away as fast as his old legs would carry him.

As the devil was directly between him and his own house, he found it impossible to escape in that direction, and laid his course for the next nearest place of refuge, which was the humble

habitation of George Palitzch. George was not far behind, and the fugitives reached the door nearly at the same time.

They found at the peasant's house three gentlemen, in wigs, swords, lace, ruffles, etc. One of them was Dr. Hoffman, a well-known scientific gentleman of Dresden. The others were foreigners. Grabben was much surprised at the deference they showed for his companion, and his own respect for him was not a little heightened thereby. They spent half an hour or more in the garret room, and then took their leave. Herr Grabben, in the meantime, sat with the good wife and her children, below.

When the gentlemen were gone, George came in with a grave and somewhat mysterious face. He said nothing about his visitors, but the farmer felt assured that their errand had some connection with the mighty catastrophe which he was constantly dreading.

There were "Millerites" in those days, as there have been in most others, and Herr Grabben was more than half a convert to their belief. Indeed we may say that he was willing to believe that the world would be burnt up before long, but that his beloved gold was also to be consumed, he found it very hard to admit, even in his dearest moments. He now reminded George that he had promised him some farther explanations with regard to what he had said to him on this topic. The peasant reflected a moment and then asked him to walk up stairs.

This garret *sanctum*, with its multiplicity of strange-looking objects, curious instruments, furnaces, tubes, glasses, jars, mysterious-looking machines, etc., etc., had always the effect of throwing the old man's nerves into a state of high excitement, and he was indeed afraid to stay there, though he did not like to confess the fact. The most conspicuous of George's contrivances was a wooden tube, about eight feet long, which was so fixed as to protrude from a large opening in the roof. It was mounted on a sort of frame, and could be turned about with great ease.

After standing, and wondering, and shuddering, as he always did when he entered this apartment, he at length permitted George to lead him to the opening in the roof, and to direct his attention to a particular point in the starry sky.

"Herr Grabben," said he, "I wish you, if you please, to observe closely that quarter of the sky. You are acquainted with the stars to some extent, and are in the habit of noticing the rising and setting of some of the principal ones. You have often seen those two bright stars to which I am now pointing, and you will know them again when you see them. They look now, you observe, just as they have always looked ever since the world was created. There is no star of any size between them. Now, Herr Grabben, it has been revealed to me that the great fiery star which is to be made the instrument of this world's destruction, will first appear in that spot; and in a fortnight from this time I want you to direct your eye to that place, between those two stars, and tell me what you see there. If you see a new star there, where there has been none since the days of Adam, then—but there are some things too horrible to talk about. I will say no more."

When Palitzch ceased speaking, the old farmer was of a uniform, sickly, tallow color, and his teeth were chattering audibly. As he left the cottage, George enjoined it upon him not to neglect keeping a watch upon the sky, but there never was a more evident work of supererogation. It was easy enough to see that that watch would henceforth be the subject of his daily thoughts and the companion of his nightly dreams.

"And how is my little wild-rose of Prolitz blooming, this fine winter morning?" cried the peasant philosopher, as he met Gertrude, the next morning, on her way from one of the shops of the village.

"Why, bless me, Uncle George, you don't look like a man who is confidently expecting to be burnt up in a week or two. My guardian told me, at the breakfast-table, this morning, that you had made up your mind to a universal conflagration, very close at hand."

"Uncle George" put his fore-finger on the right side of his nose, and winked, with such an expression upon his jovial phiz, and in his merry twinkling eyes, that it made her laugh heartily, though she was in anything but a mirthful mood.

"Poh! my dear; you know I'm a conjurer, and don't at all mind being 'universally con-

flagrated.' But you mustn't look so droopy, my little rose-bud. We will try to have enough of a conflagration to melt the iron heart of your guardian, at all events, and if I don't dance at your wedding, little sugar plum, before six weeks have rolled round, then say I am a—humbler, and no conjurer. Pooh! don't blush, but run away home and get ready for the wedding." And "Uncle George" laughed merrily, as she hid her blushing face and tripped away across the frosty meadow, to her guardian's house.

A few evenings later in the month, as Palitzch was busily engaged in his garret laboratory, observatory, workshop, or whatever else it may be called, he heard a light tap at the door, and bid the visitor enter.

"Ha! Ernest, my dear boy!" exclaimed he, as soon as he saw who it was, "how prospers the good cause since I saw you last?"

"Badly, very badly indeed, Uncle George; I can't see that we are advancing a single inch. I've almost given up to despair."

"Pooh, pooh! that will never do. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' as the English say. Now, Ernest, I tell you what it is. When you marry Gertrude, and old Grabben gives up her fortune to you, you'll be a rich man, so I don't mind making a bet with you, though I am certain to win. I'll bet that old violin you are so fond of, against a copy of Newton's *Principia*, that you are Gertrude's husband in less than six weeks. Do you say done?"

"My dear friend, you shall have a dozen *Principias*, if I am able to afford them, but I don't want to win your violin, which I certainly should do if we were to bet. Herr Grabben is frightened somewhat, but just as mulishly obstinate as ever he was, and Schmutt is so insolently triumphant that it requires the greatest self-denial to prevent me from wringing his big ugly nose for him."

"Pooh, man, I wouldn't do violence to my feelings at all, if I were you. No one would blame you for indulging in such an innocent pleasure as that. Harmless recreation is rather commendable than otherwise. Pull his nose—do, whenever you feel like it."

"But what makes you so confident, Uncle George? What do you base your opinion upon?"

"Upon that," said Palitzch, pointing to the sky that was visible through the opening.

"Upon the sky?"

"Yes. I am not crazy, Ernest, though you look as if you thought I was. You observe the spot to which I am now pointing, between those two bright stars, and you see that very faint, hazy light, about midway between them, and a little nearer the horizon than they, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know how to use the telescope. Let me guide it for you. Now look. You see it plainly now, don't you?"

"Yes. It is a sort of hazy-looking star, with a bright spot in the centre of it."

"Very well. A week or two ago there was nothing at all to be seen there with the naked eye, and it requires very good sight to see anything now. You will now see it grow brighter and brighter every night, till it becomes a very brilliant spectacle."

"It is a comet, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a comet, and it is the very foundation which I build my hopes upon. In a short time you shall know all about it. In the meantime, keep up your spirits and trust in Providence and Uncle George."

Ernest and Gertrude had both been pupils of the self-taught peasant, and both had the greatest confidence in him, but to turn old Grabben from his purpose would be a feat so extraordinary that neither of them could help being very despondent with regard to the future, which looked so dark in the illimitable distance, and it was with no light step that the young man sought his home that night, in spite of the apparent confidence of his excellent old friend.

Ernest had been gone but a few minutes, when another visitor presented himself at the door of George's den. No modest tap afforded a premonition of this one's presence. He came in like a hurricane, flew around like a whirlwind, and went to work at once to "blow up" the occupant of the premises.

"George Palitzch," he screamed, "you are making an abominable stupid ass of yourself—do you hear?"

"Yes, I'm not deaf. But that is nothing to get in a passion about, Herr Schmutt. People make asses of themselves every day. I've known a little tailor to do the like before now."

"You are a vulgar wretch, Palitzch; a vulgar, dirty, low, clod-hopper of a peasant!"

"Well, Herr Schmutt, I raise cabbage and you steal it—that's about the difference between us."

"*Gott in Himmel? Donner und Blitzen!*"

"Come, come, Herr Schmutt, don't put yourself in a passion, now, don't. You don't make pretty faces when you are in a rage. Upon my word and honor you don't."

"*Potz tausend!* must I endure all this from a rascally peasant! How dare you treat me so, you miserable serf?"

"Now, don't call names, Herr Schmutt, or I might be forced to show you that I am a man and a freeman."

"You a man!"

"Well, *mein Herr*, I'm *two-ninths* of a man, anyhow, and that's more than you can say."

"You shall smart for this, sir. How dare you undertake to make a fool of that excellent old gentleman, Herr Grabben?"

"Make a fool of Herr Grabben? O, no, *mein Herr*, that would be 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as the English say."

"You impudent varlet—I believe you are trying to make a fool of me too."

"No, no, Herr Schmutt; that would be worse still. That would be 'gilding refined gold.'"

"I'll prosecute you before a court of justice, sir. You are trying to make me ridiculous."

"Not at all, *mein Herr*. You do that yourself."

"Don't try to make game of me, I tell you."

"Make game of you? No, indeed, my old bantam. You are too tough for that."

"O, yes. You are wonderfully witty, and wise too. But you can't get the better of me, Gertrude shall be mine, in spite of you."

"Gertrude yours? What do you mean? O, yes, I see. You intend to adopt her as your daughter. But she is too young to be your daughter. Grand-daughter, now, might do."

"Grand-devil! But I won't put myself in a passion. I defy you. You are a great conjurer and in league with the devil himself, they say, but I'm not afraid of you nor your master either. I defy you and all your deviltries."

And with an air of supreme majesty and defiance, the little man plumped himself into a large arm-chair which stood beside him. But hardly had he touched the bottom of it, when he bounced up again as if there had been a powerful steel spring underneath him, and, with a countenance expressive of anything but majesty or defiance, described a parabolic curve some five or six feet in length, and fell sprawling upon the floor.

"Why, Herr Schmutt, what is the matter with you?" inquired George, with every appearance of the most profound astonishment upon his expressive physiognomy.

Herr Schmutt said never a word. He was probably too much frightened to speak. At all events, he gathered himself up with all possible expedition, and fled from the room and from the house with an agility which no one had seen him display for thirty years at least.

A week or two afterwards, George was again seated in his garret, gazing at the heavens through that eight-foot tube, which was a pride and a delight to him, and a wonder and a mystery to his fellow laborers, when a tap at the door announced the presence of Gertrude's guardian. He looked terribly pale and thin, and every way woe-begone.

"Ah, George," he exclaimed, "you are watching it, I see. I don't wonder, I'm sure. I can't keep my thoughts off it one single moment. How awfully bright and fiery it has become within these few nights! There is no possibility of its changing its course, you think?"

"Alas, no!"

"Well, George, I've been thinking over what you told me. You are right, and it's no use to make a will, nor to do anything else, as I can see. It is great folly for the young folks to get married, but if they *will* do it, I have no objection. The last things I do I want to do right, and I suppose that is right."

Palitzch was near jumping up and cutting a pigeon-wing on the strength of this announcement, but he managed to remember his cue just in time to compose his features to a sufficiently decorous solemnity before they were noticed.

"So," continued Grabben, "if you will inform the young man, and send him up to my house to-morrow morning, I will have Parson Weisner there and get the thing off my mind at once. I will hand all the papers over to you, and

you will bear witness for me that everything is done fairly and squarely."

The old man departed, and George despatched his eldest boy to Ernest, summoning him to repair to Farmer Grabben's house at a specified hour the next morning.

This message threw poor Ernest into great perturbation. He had seen Gertrude frequently of late, in defiance of Grabben's peremptory order, and a tremendous "blowing up" was the very mildest thing he dared expect, as a consequence of this unexpected summons. We may well suppose, then, that the young man had not much of the look of a happy bridegroom when he made his appearance in Herr Grabben's little parlor.

"Why, Ernest," said Palitzch, "you look, for all the world, like a dog just whipped for stealing sausages. Do you think we are going to hang you? Or are you convinced at last that we are right about the speedy destruction of all things?"

The young man said nothing. He was really in a state of pitiable bewilderment, and the revulsion of feeling, when Herr Grabben explained the true state of the case to him, was almost more than he could bear. He went through the marriage ceremony like one in a dream, and it was not until some time after it was all over, that he was actually capable of realizing "the sober certainty of waking bliss." In the hope of getting a fuller explanation of what had happened, Ernest followed George to the door when he took leave.

"Never mind, now," said George, in answer to his questions. "Go back to your bride and tell her that I want to see you both at my cabin to-morrow evening. We will have a second edition of our little Christmas party, and I will make good my promise to 'dance at your wedding.' I will then and there tell you all I know about this affair—all you want to hear, and more too, perhaps."

"Very well," replied Ernest, "we will be there. I do wonder what Herr Schmutt will say to all this."

"I don't know what *he* will say," replied George, "but if you only tell him what *I* say, I give you my word for it he will never trouble you again. Just give him a pressing invitation, from me, to pay me a visit in the garret-observatory, and tell him that I have prepared the great arm-chair for his sole, special accommodation. Just you tell him that. Good-by."

Early the next morning, there assembled under George Palitzch's roof nearly the same company as that which was present at the opening of our story, on Christmas day. Herr Grabben was out of the way, having gone on a journey for the purpose of settling up something or other, preparatory to the universal conflagration. He had been seared into restitution of a variety of knavish abstractions of his, and the job was by no means a light one.

Soon after dark, George's guests made a visit to the garret, where each one had a peep through the telescope. All of them had received more or less of the peasant philosopher's instructions, and Ernest and Gertrude had both shown an aptitude for study, which had done much to engender the almost parental affection which he had so long felt for them. They had profited by his teachings even more than his own children had done.

As they were descending the stairs again, Palitzch said, with a broad grin, "Well, Ernest, you saw old Schmutt this morning. Did you tell him what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He said '*Ach! Gott in Himmel! Der Teufel! Donner und Blitzen! Potz tausend! Hugel und Sturm Wetter!*'"

"Was that all?"

"Every word. He turned as white as a sheet, and kept looking over his shoulder every moment, as if he thought Lucifer was after him."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle George, and proceeded to give a history of Herr Schmutt's adventure with the arm-chair, and then repeated it for the amusement of the company, Ernest taking the place of the little tailor.

"Now, my children," said the host, "I will give you the explanation I have promised. I will make it as brief as I can, consistently with the object I have in view, which is not amusement merely, but instruction also. You all know what my hobby is, and how I ride it, and I give you warning that I shall mount it from the very start. The heavens are full of wonders,

but the greatest of them all, in my opinion, is that which I have just shown you with the telescope—the comet. And that comet, too, is the most interesting, to me at least, of all its kind. Though governed by natural laws, and therefore in some sense regular, these bodies, nevertheless, are so strange and eccentric in their motions and their nature, as to make them exceptions and things apart, in the celestial economy.

"Strange and brilliant as their appearance is, it has never seemed so striking to me as the peculiarities of their motion, even as viewed by the common eye. The fixed stars, you know, never change their places. They are truly fixed, immovable. The astronomers of two thousand years ago saw them precisely as we see them now. The planets do change their places, but they do it very slowly, most of them moving over but a very little space, apparently, in a whole year.

"But the motions of the comet, both real and apparent, are very different. In a single night, a comet will often make a greater change in its position among the stars than most planets do in three hundred and sixty-five, and in a single month it may be seen sweeping over more than a fourth of the whole arch of the heavens—a space of ninety degrees.

"This is its apparent motion, and this alone is calculated to strike any observant beholder with astonishment and awe. But what is its real motion? What is its actual velocity? The mind positively recoils from contemplating it. A body measuring from one end to the other, perhaps a hundred millions of miles, comes rushing into the sphere of our vision, from some measureless profundity of the great abyss of ether, and darting towards the sun—how fast, think you? Why, my children, with the inconceivable velocity, perhaps, of fifty or sixty thousand miles a second! One second it is here, and before the pendulum of the clock can make a single swing, it is gone, five times as far away as from here to China! And so on, straight ahead, from second to second, for thousands of years perhaps.

"I do not mean to say that comets continue to rush forward through their whole course with this almost incredible velocity, but it is carried on so long that the mind becomes bewildered and lost in the immensity of the idea. Some of these wonderful visitants never return. They flash upon the sky of our system like meteor-messengers from some unknown world, and then away again into the boundless void, no one knows whither.

"If their orbits are ellipses, however eccentric, however elongated, they will, in the natural course of things, most certainly return sometime; but if they have what mathematicians call parabolic or hyperbolic paths, they merely pay us one hurried visit, and then away again into the mighty abyss of illimitable space.

"All the other bodies of our system move in what astronomers term 'the same plane,' or nearly so; that is, if we suppose an immense flat, thin sheet of metal, if you please, extended in every direction, from the sun outward, into the regions of space, the planets would all move upon the surface of that plate, or in the same plane, and all too in the same direction.

"With such an arrangement, there is, of course, no danger of any of these bodies ever coming into contact with each other. Comets, however, have their orbits disposed in planes which differ greatly from that of the earth and the other planets, being inclined to them and crossing them at all sorts of angles. As many of their paths extend over a space greater than the whole orbit of the earth, it is not absolutely impossible that some one of them may come into actual collision with the earth, or some other planet of our system.

"Some persons have been greatly terrified at the idea of such a catastrophe, and we indeed have living witnesses of the fact close at hand. But there is not the slightest cause for fear on that score, for, in the first place, there is nothing more than a bare possibility of the thing happening at all, and in the second place, if it should happen, it is not probable that there would be any great harm done.

"The greater number of comets, perhaps all of them, are composed of such exceedingly unsubstantial matter, that I think it possible that the earth might pass directly through one of them, and the inhabitants know nothing about it. They are, for the most part, lighter and less dense than the lightest clouds, for the latter conceal the stars, and the comets do not.

"This extreme lightness, while it prevents them from having almost any influence upon other heavenly bodies near which they pass, renders them very susceptible of being disturbed in their course by those same bodies. And this constitutes one of the chief difficulties which astronomers have to contend with in their efforts to determine the true path of these wanderers, and to foretell their return. Indeed, almost any one who knows what the difficulties really are, would at once pronounce such a thing an impossibility.

"To predict with accuracy the return of a comet, after it has been wandering through space for perhaps a hundred years or more, and running the gauntlet of disturbing influences known and unknown, would certainly then be one of the most astonishing feats ever attempted by mortal man. And yet such a feat has been both attempted and accomplished.

"The great pioneer in this department of astronomical science was Dr. Halley, the friend of and associate of the immortal Newton. In the year 1680, all Europe was terrified by the appearance of a comet of prodigious size and extraordinary brightness. This drew much attention to the subject, and induced Dr. Halley to speculate upon the possibility of applying the principles of Newton's *Principia* to these bodies, and foretelling their return to their *perihelion*, or point nearest the sun.

"It was soon perceived that the great comet of 1680 would not be a proper subject for such a calculation, since its period of revolution must be at least some thousands of years. Two years afterwards, however, there appeared another, which promised to be more within the reach of observation.

"The first thing to be done, was to search the records of past comets, as far as practicable. This was done and the result was the discovery of a chain of appearances of comets, extending back through the whole Christian era, with intervals of about seventy-five or seventy-six years between them, the last being in the year 1682. It was concluded that these were, probably, reappearances of the same body, which must revolve about the sun in something like seventy-five and a half years, and Halley conceived the idea that by astronomical calculations the next appearance of the comet might be foretold with some degree of accuracy.

"It was not possible, of course, to find the appearance of a comet recorded every seventy-five years. Five or six of these epochs have gone by, consecutively, without any visit of a comet having been recorded; but by making the proper allowance for these, Halley was always able to hit the scent again at some other multiple of seventy-five.

"The history of the comet's appearance—its shape, size, brilliancy, etc., could not be much depended upon, for such accounts are seldom accurate. Its first recorded return is probably identical with the comet described as marking the birth of Mithridates, which is declared to have been brighter than the sun itself. After that, there is no account of any comet coinciding in point of time with Halley's till the year 323, an interval of about six periods of its supposed revolution. Another period brings us to 399, when a comet appeared which is reported by Lobienietzki as one of prodigious magnitude.

"The next was probably the comet which marked the taking of Rome by Totila, in 550. The next return was in 930, and the next, after one more revolution, in 1005. Next we find it in 1230, and next in 1305, which is described as a terrific spectacle, followed by an awful pestilence. We find it again in 1380, and again in 1456.

"This last appearance, in 1456, was the first at which anything like accurate observations were made. It is described as a comet of extraordinary magnificence, and was supposed to have been the harbinger of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and was the subject of a bull from Pope Calixtus II. The preceding ones had only been conjectured to be identical with the comet of 1682, but Halley identified this one by actual calculation.

"On its next return, in 1531, it was examined with some attention by Pierre Appian, from whose record Halley was enabled to identify it without much difficulty. When it next returned, in 1607, it was first observed by the great Kepler, while returning from an evening party. Its nucleus then resembled Jupiter, and its tail was more dense than that of most comets.

"Its next appearance was that observed by

Halley himself. Having, by means of the rules furnished by Newton, established its period of revolution, he extended his examination back, as I have told you. He then announced to the world the result of his investigations, proclaimed his belief that this comet of 1682 revolved round the sun in a regular orbit, in about seventy-five and a half years, and further stated his opinion that planetary attraction had shortened the period from 1607 to 1682, and that the same attraction would retard its next appearance, so as to throw it into the end of the year 1758, or the beginning of 1759.

"Considering the state of astronomy at that time, this prediction, since so remarkably verified, should reflect immortal honor upon the illustrious name of Halley. But astronomy was now advancing with rapid strides towards perfection, and a few years ago the comet of 1682 was taken up by the distinguished French philosophers, Clairault and Lalande, with the view of making an accurate calculation in order to determine the course of its orbit throughout its whole extent, with a proper allowance for all disturbing causes.

"This, my children, was unquestionably one of the most stupendous undertakings ever entered upon by man, and its successful completion was the result of such extraordinary skill, labor and perseverance as has no parallel, probably, in the history of the human intellect. Clairault, who is a mathematician, evolved the analytical formula for the guidance of Lalande, who is a practical astronomer and arithmetician, and whose business it was to put these formulas into figures and make the laborious calculations necessary for their purposes.

"A woman was Lalande's assistant in this gigantic enterprise, which has immortalized her name as well as his. It was Madame Lepante, the wife of an eminent Parisian watchmaker. One of Lalande's friends, who lately visited me, said that these two had been at work, without intermission, for six months past—every day, from morning till night, and frequently even at their meals.

"This great work is not yet fully completed, but they have been able to make a report on the subject to the French Academy of Science. This was done on the 14th of last November, and the 14th of April of the present year was then announced as the day when the comet was to reach the point nearest the sun, according to their calculations. They do not pretend, however, that this result will conform exactly to the truth. There may be, and probably are, disturbing causes of which we are ignorant, and they claim a latitude of some weeks for errors of this sort.

"Supposing this prediction to be correct, the comet would be likely to make its first appearance to human eyes somewhere about the close of the last year—somewhere in the month of December. Since the announcement of the prediction, therefore, and particularly since the middle of December, astronomers, in all parts of the world, have hardly closed their eyes at night, every one being anxious to have the honor of discovering it first, and verifying the prediction.

"Strange to say, all the astronomers of Europe, with their gigantic telescopes and their royal observatories, have failed to secure this honor, which has been obtained by the obscure peasant, George Palitzch, with a rough, home-made instrument, but eight feet in length, with a great crack in the object-glass.

"Yes, my children, it is no less true than strange that I was the first person to verify the prediction of Lalande by discovering the return of Halley's comet, which all the astronomers of Europe have been looking for with the most intense interest. You remember, Gertrude, the night of our little party, Christmas night, how you joked with me upon the self-satisfied air I displayed. I could not help feeling a little elated, for I had just then made the discovery.

"I did not then know, however, that I was the first in the field. I knew that the best and most careful observers in the world were constantly on the watch, with all the appliances of the great national observatories, and how could I presume to believe that I could get the better of them all? Even if all the others should fail, there was still the world-renowned comet-finder, Messier, whom Louis XV. christened '*Le furet des comètes*'—the comet ferret;—nothing of the sort was ever known to escape him. So, you see, my good fortune was wholly unexpected.

"It is hardly necessary for me to say, now, that I took advantage of the exclusive knowledge

which I possessed, to work upon the superstition and credulity of Gertrude's hard-headed and hard-hearted guardian. Having seen the comet through my telescope, and knowing the course it would take, I had no difficulty in telling very nearly the spot where it would first become visible to the naked eye. To this place in the heavens I directed Herr Grabben's attention, and prophesied the speedy appearance there of a terrible fiery star, which was to increase rapidly in brightness as it approached the earth, and finally burn it up and all things in it.

"Halley's comet has been much brighter in its former visits than it is at present, and when I made the prediction I calculated upon beholding a much more formidable object. But I had powerful allies in the ignorance and gullibility of the man I had to deal with. He was already, as you all know, more than half a believer in the speedy destruction of the world by fire, and was therefore the more easily imposed upon. I am afraid I have not done right exactly, in deceiving him in such a bare-faced manner, but, the fact is, that little new-married witch there has cast such a spell upon me that I can hardly tell good from evil. As to the farce of 'the great fiery devil,' who has so sorely afflicted our friend Grabben, I was the author and Ernest the principal actor, being assisted by a pair of stilts, the newly discovered inflammable phosphorus, and sundry other adjuncts. The bedeviling of the gold-piece and of the arm chair, were managed by means of a new development of that strange half matter, half spirit, which we call electricity.* It is, I believe, a discovery of my own, and it would take too much time now to explain it to you.

"Our schemes have been successful even beyond my expectation. Herr Grabben will be terribly enraged and disappointed when he finds that he is not going to be burnt up, after all; but it will be too late to mend the matter, for his ward has been married with his full consent, and all her property has been legally transferred to her husband. So, my dear children, thank your Heavenly Father for all his blessings, and as long as you live have a sincere respect for COMETS."

All the above-mentioned facts, as far as they relate to astronomical matters, are strictly true—to the best of our knowledge. George Palitzch, whom Sir John Herschell calls "a peasant by station, but an astronomer by nature," was a remarkable self-taught genius. He was actually the first person to discover the return of Halley's comet, on Christmas night, just one hundred years ago the 25th of next December. Messier, the most acute and most celebrated of all the comet-hunters of his day, did not discover it till the 21st of January. Considering all the circumstances, the prediction of Halley was most signally verified, and the comet which still bears his name is still considered the most interesting of the eight or ten whose orbits have been ascertained with precision. He did not, of course, profess to be exact in his predictions, nor indeed did Clairault and Lalande, who came within twenty-three days of the truth. This was extraordinary success for a hundred years ago. Every mile of the comet's course, for two entire periods of seventy-five years each, had to be determined, with all the ever-varying attractions at work upon it, two of which, at least—those of the planets Herschell and Neptune—these astronomers were entirely ignorant of. Messier was terribly mortified at being outdone by a peasant. It is said that he was deceived by Delisle, who put him upon a wrong scent, by giving him an ephemeris which proved to be erroneous. On another occasion, of a somewhat similar nature, he was anticipated by Montague de Limoges, in the discovery of a comet, in consequence of his having been obliged to attend the funeral of his wife. A friend, seeing him shed tears, began to condole with him upon his bereavement. "O, yes," blubbered Messier, "I had discovered twelve of them—alas, that I should be robbed of the thirteenth by Montague!" He was not thinking of his wife, but of his comet.

By the time of the next return of the comet, in 1835, astronomy had made a great stride in advance, and, as might have been expected, its arrival was predicted with still greater accuracy than before. The French Institute, and the Academy of Science of Turin, both offered prizes for a new calculation of its orbit, and proper allowance for disturbing causes of every description. The Italian prize was awarded to Damoiseau, and the French to Pontecoulant.

* Galvanism.

Though Neptune was still undiscovered, and its attraction of course not considered, the prediction of M. de Pontecoulant came within forty-eight hours of the truth. This was certainly one of the most wonderful triumphs of modern science.

Though such extraordinary precision has been arrived at in determining the movements of these bodies, they nevertheless still remain, in all their principal features, as profound a mystery as ever. Their extraordinary characteristics, and the mighty extent of many of their orbits, still fill us with astonishment and awe. The comet of 1811, according to Bessel, must have a period of revolution of more than three thousand years. That of 1680 had a period of more than eight thousand. What wonders it might reveal, if it could tell the story of its wanderings through the unknown depths of space.

Though generally composed of matter of great tenuity, Arago says that the nuclei of some comets are undoubtedly round, solid bodies, as is proved by the transits they make over the surface of the sun, like Venus and Mercury. The matter of most of them must be of a very strange nature indeed, contradicting all our ordinary notions on such subjects. The tail of the brilliant comet of 1680, 123,000,000 miles in length, in five days after its perihelion, made a mighty sweep of 150°, passing beyond the orbit of the earth. No attraction that we know anything of in this world of ours, exerted upon matter that we know anything about, could produce such an effect as that.

The brilliantly beautiful comet of the present year has presented some very peculiar features, most of them, however, visible only with the aid of the telescope. In some respects it has been said very much to resemble Halley's comet, in 1835. It was first seen early in the summer, by Donati, of Florence. At that time it was only visible through the best telescopes, its distance from the earth being more than two hundred millions of miles. The first traces of a tail were seen on the 20th of August, and about the 29th it first became visible to the naked eye. On the 20th of September it began to exhibit the strange phenomena which have distinguished it from all other comets. At this time, a crescent-shaped outline was interposed, like a screen, between the nucleus and the sun, and within this, according to the Cambridge astronomers, "the fiery mass was in a state of apparent commotion, as though upheaved by the action of violent internal forces." On the 23d two, and on the 25th four luminous envelopes were traced round the nucleus, and others were subsequently formed, almost under the eye of the observer. The rapidity of the formation of these envelopes, and the enormous extent to which they were ultimately developed, are circumstances which have greatly puzzled the philosophers. Within the central envelope was observed a strange scene of chaotic confusion, evidently the result of sudden and violent disruptions from the central body, projecting immense volumes of its luminous substance towards the sun, to be, by some unknown law, repelled by that body, in turn, and driven off to the distant regions of space. Such phenomena serve only to render these astronomical enigmas more thoroughly inexplicable. They, of course, have only been visible through the telescope. To the naked eye, this comet has presented a starlike nucleus, with a train of most majestic proportions, sweeping far up towards the north polar circle. The convex side of this tail was well defined, but the other side had an uncertain outline, less bright than the other. A good eye could distinguish a dark, narrow streak, near the middle of the brightest part of the tail. By careful watching there could also be distinguished one or more supplementary tails, diverging, near the nucleus, from the main stream of light, on its upper or convex side, and extending some fifty or sixty degrees. These had considerably less curvature than the principal tail, and diverged a great distance from it at their extremities.

In the month of September, this splendid comet was seen plunging down towards the earth so directly that its place in the heavens underwent very little change till the latter part of the month, when it darted off almost directly towards Areturus, the bright star in Bootes.

All observers who have any knowledge at all of the fixed landmarks, or rather *skymarks* of the celestial regions, must have been struck with this extraordinary rapidity of motion, as the comet swept on round the sun. It has afforded us a most magnificent spectacle, such as few now living have seen before, or will ever look upon again.

PIFFERARI PLAYING TO THE VIRGIN.

No one who has been in Rome long enough to become acquainted with the various types of character exhibited in the Eternal City, can fail to remember with pleasure the itinerant *pifferari* or pipers, with their rude instruments of music and their picturesque ragged attire. Painters love to sketch these wandering minstrels, so full of character and so thoroughly national. The engraving on this page, from a water colored drawing by a lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, is exceedingly felicitous in its truthfulness and expression. There is something extremely graceful and intelligent about this little group. The itinerant pipers serenading the Virgin, who is represented in an old medieval painting on the wall above, is an incident the truthfulness of which will be recognized by all who have visited Rome. On the opposite side of the picture is a young mother, with a charming little child, whom she is teaching to pray to the sacred effigy. The expression of the former is full of benignity and affection; that of the latter is artless and engaging. Mark, also, the nice discrimination displayed in the countenances of the two "executants." The old man, his head duly uncovered, looking up with reverend gravity to the object of his musical—or unmusical—tribute; and the boy, his pipe temporarily withdrawn from his mouth, looks with a pleasant and curious smile at the kneeling child. The drawing in every part shows freedom, power, and delicacy of execution, leaving nothing to desire. The tide of foreign travel always sets towards Rome, and now that the facilities of seeing Europe are so great, few Americans who go abroad neglect the opportunity of seeing Rome, great in ruins, great in its history. Twenty-five centuries have rolled away since the reported date of the foundation of this city. Once the mistress of the world, she has fallen indeed in power—or, as the Roman girl still sings,

Rome, Rome thou art no more
What thou hast been
When on thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.

Yet the various phases of splendor and power through which it has passed, have left their traces in monuments which the corroding tooth of time, and the cannon of beleaguering hosts, have not utterly destroyed. Still stands the Coliseum—great in decay; still stand the triumphal arches which attested the victories of the all-conquering Romans, and a thousand crumbling pillars and fanes mark the old historic past. The recreation of art, too, is marked by imperishable monuments—such as the Church of St. Peter's—a city in itself. What treasures of art are congregated within the compass of its walls! Well may art-pilgrims from the remotest quarters of the globe come up hither to study the treasures which its galleries hold, and derive thence the inspiration for works which will illustrate another era of civilization.

PET NAMES.

"Call me 'pet names,'—they are dear to my heart," sang a gay young bride to her loving husband. And they are more or less dear to every woman's heart, though we may differ some as to what they are, and their signification also. There are pet names which may be had without the asking, and which should be far dearer, and tenfold more significant than any or all others.—"My daughter!" Memory travels back to the days and scenes of childhood. The old home, with its familiar haunts and ten thousand fond associations, is a guest in our thought chamber. The being whose gentle tones and warm, fervent kiss first lulled our baby cares to rest; and he who was a guard from evil, and a guide to "whatever is honest, lovely, and of good report," both seemed to be present with us, charming us back to the "long ago," by the utterance of the familiar name "our daughter!" What a host of filial duties, loves and regards rise before us, as we listen again and again to catch the endearing tones, that now have so little power to move as then.

"My sister!" Dear 'pet name,' as lisped by that prattling brother, whose love, true and unselfish, shall live, and bless, all along life's journey, and echoed and re-echoed by a band of merry-hearted sisters, whose confidence, sympathy and affection grew dearer with each advancing year. "My sister!" Holy words, and should be spoken only in reverence and love. Priestess at the home altar! How does her life strike roots of duty and love deep into the household of hearts! Precious names with which romance and fancy have little to do.

Years pass—life has taken deeper, if not graver shades; the measure of our mission in the home of our girlhood is filled, and a new title—a new life awaits us.

"My bride!" A manly form is near us—a manly heart all free from flattery or deceit, beats fondly, truly, nobly and beats for us alone; while the strong arm it moves, and upon which we are to lean, as hand in hand we go to meet the lights and shadows of life, already encircles us, and for a brief moment, in which the past and future seem mingling, we are at once sadder and gladder than we ever knew before.

"My bride!" The silence is broken—the heart is tuned to new melodies, and the life before us grows bright with peace, hope and joy.

"My wife!" The same strong arm is around us—the same loved voice is calling us, and never, O never was a pet name dearer! It awakens the tenderest love notes of the heart, deepens the soul's purest and holiest aspirations, opens the gate to the great harvest field of our noblest duties, and we can but feel we have entered life's "holy of holies." "My wife!" Its utterance is an assurance that the heart and home of our husband are ours to fill with joy and blessing, or misery

And it is only now that we can fully, truly realize how much our mother loved us, how much we owe her, and now, in thought, is the only way on earth through which she can receive her compensation.—*Portland Transcript.*

THE ITALIAN STATES.

As the Italian question is the great topic, a few words descriptive of the countries brought most prominently into the controversy may have general interest. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, the kingdom of Sardinia and the Papal States, constitute the theatre of whatever warlike events are threatened by the present complication. The area in square miles, and their population, in 1852, are put down as follows:—Lombardy with an area of 17,847 miles, has a population of 5,007,472; Sardinia with 28,472 miles, has 5,090,245; Papal States with 15,883 miles, has 2,898,115. Besides these, there are the duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany, with which Austria has intimate treaties giving

50,000 men, capable of being raised on a war footing to over 150,000. The cities are its capital, Turin, with a population of 143,157, and Genoa, population 125,349. The island of Sardinia forms a part of the kingdom, whose original nucleus was Savoy.

The capital of the Papal States is Rome, the "Eternal City," whose population in 1852 was 175,838. The whole army is nominally rated at 21,026 men, although the effective forces are only about 12,000 men, who are utterly incapable of maintaining order without foreign support. The country is poor, and heavily in debt. The government, ostensibly under the control of the pope, is really in the hands of various ecclesiastics acting in nearly all official capacities. The States had in 1845, nine archbishops, 52 bishops, 13 abbeys, 1824 monasteries, and 612 convents.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Mrs. Trammell was old enough to have been familiar with many of the bloody events which occurred near the close of the Revolutionary War, in the immediate neighborhood of her home, which was near King's Mountain, in South Carolina. Her husband, Thomas Trammell, had unhesitatingly identified his fortunes with those of the "liberty party," as they were familiarly called, and being a good shot and of unflinching courage, he was a terror to all the friends of the king, as far as his name was known. This section of the country at that time was overrun by a band of Tories, encamped in large numbers at King's Mountain, under Gen. Ferguson. There was in this command a noted Tory by the name of John Towns, who had long been the neighbor and professed friend of Trammell. At this time Towns was a sergeant, and was constantly upon the scout for the purpose of capturing men, horses, etc. Young Trammell could not feel much afraid somehow of Towns. He thought, "surely he will not injure me;" but in this he was mistaken, as he afterwards had occasion painfully to learn. He had been for sometime hiding and keeping out the way as best he could, until one night he ventured to sleep in his own house. Just before day he was aroused by the heavy tramp of horses, and on arising, he found his house surrounded by a troop, which proved to be Sergeant Towns and his band. Trammell was at once seized and bound, and carried out into the yard for execution. Towns produced his authority, executed in due form, and flourishing it over Trammell's head, pompously offered to free him if he would take the oath of allegiance to the king, and take up arms against his countrymen. This proposition Trammell met with merited scorn, and said in reply, "You can carry me bound to the king's army, but you never can make me fight against my countrymen." After some consultation, they concluded to try to get hold of some of Trammell's horses, knowing that he owned some very fine ones that were hid out, and they knew not how to find them without using him as a guide. So very anxious were they to get them, that they proposed to release Trammell upon condition that he would go and drive them up. He went and found them, but rode and drove them another way. After waiting until all hopes of his return had vanished, eating, drinking, and pillaging everything they could turn to account, and feeling no little chagrin at their disappointment, Sergeant Towns called on Mrs. Trammell for some clothing for his men, or goods out of which to make some. She replied, "Sir, you have already stripped me of all. I have nothing more for you, except your nephew there," pointing to his sister's son, an orphan boy, whom they, in charity, had

taken sometime before, to keep from suffering; "he has a few clothes, which I have made for him; you can take them if you will." But they did not suit. About this time his eyes rested upon a strong box, which sat near the fireplace, and he said, "What have you in that box?" She replied, indignantly, "Sir, it is none of your business." "Well," said he, "it is my business, and I'll see what it contains." "No, sir," said she, "you will not look into that box," and seizing a heavy iron poker, she placed herself between Towns and the box, and planted herself firmly, resolved to defend her little treasure. The box contained a few quilts and counterpanes, the work of her own hands. Towns advanced and drew his sword to intimidate her, but she maintained her position without moving a muscle. He presented his sword, and sneeringly said, "Now, would you hit a fellow?" She said, "Do you advance a step further, and you will see." He looked into her eye, and saw plainly what her determination was, and retired and left her in possession of her little treasure.—*Correspondent of Southern Christian Advocate.*



PIFFERARI PLAYING TO THE VIRGIN.—A SCENE IN ROME.

and cursing. To us has been given the key to his happiness or woes, and as we take possession of his confidence, let it be with such smiling gratitude and playful self-consecration to his peace and well being as shall crown our efforts with the most happy success. Then will his arm grow stronger, his soul braver, each day adding some new joy, until our lives become fully each other's, and his utterance of "my wife" shall waken the most pleasing and holy memories, as well as the purest and highest hopes.

"Mother!" Tiny hands are clasped in ours, while we press a soft velvet cheek. Sparkling eyes look love and thanks, while the lips are yet untaught in words. A treasure has been given us, and we feel the heavy responsibility it involves. We look far down the future, hope, wonder and pray—feel in our new relationship a living beauty, an embodied holiness. Through the pet name of "wife," dearer now than ever before, we have received the crowning glory of woman's lot, and "mother," as 'tis mutely uttered by the little form nestling so lovingly to our bosom, becomes the dearest pet name of all.

her a reversionary interest in them, and a controlling power over their affairs. They comprise in the whole, an area of about 13,000 square miles, and an aggregate population of less than three millions.

Lombardy is a regular political and administrative division of the Austrian Empire, and was so recognized by the Congress of Vienna. It comprehends two governments, that of Milan and that of Venice, with capitals of the same name. In religion, schools, police, and every other respect, excepting the doubtful loyalty of its inhabitants, it has the usual Austrian characteristics.

Sardinia, west of Lombardy, and occupying the northwest of Italy, has obtained of late a political consequence out of proportion to her size. This is owing to the liberal institutions which the monarchy has favored, and to the bold and enterprising character of her people. The face of this country shows a great variety, from the unequalled summits of Mount Blanc to the rice fields of the South. From 1793 to 1814, Sardinia belonged to France. The army is about

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE'S SLANDER.

BY EFFINGHAM T. HYATT.

Lady, they tell thee I am vain,
And that my love is false and cold.
Then leave thee thinking o'er in pain
The falsehood they have lightly told.
But ah, they cannot date to me
When I have ceased to think of thee,
Nor dare their coward lips reply
When actions give them back the lie.

They tell thee I have loved before,
And vowed by many a maiden name
That time has o'er my feelings wore
Away each trace of former flame.
'Tis false, the flowers do all decay,
And beauty's ever fade away;
But ties of love once joined remain,
Nor can they e'er be rent in twain.

When but a child, by fancy caught,
I too have flirted, like the rest.
But love, my heart repels the thought,
And casts such nonsense from my breast.
I saw thee, and by every vow
I loved thee then, I love thee now;
And in that love I seek, alas!
To hide the misery of the past.

They are not true who strive to break
A bond which constancy has wove,
And we should all their scandal take
As worthless in the mint of love.
For as the eagle's piercing eyes
Behold each speck in cloudless skies,
So can the heart with truth endowed
Discern its gem amid the crowd.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FISHERMAN'S CURSE.

A Tale of the Northwest Coast of Scotland.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

To those persons who take pleasure in gazing upon nature in her wildest and most savage moods, the coast of Scotland, especially the western coast, with its bold, bleak headlands, and the storm-beaten, precipitous cliffs of the Hebrides or Western Islands—presents scenery of majestic, solitary grandeur, unsurpassed if not unequalled in any other portion of the globe. The shores are sparsely populated, the towns and villages being mere collections of rude fishermen's huts, constructed of unhewn timber, black with age and exposure to the elements, the poorest among them being destitute of glass in the narrow apertures which supply the place of windows,—which are closed in tempestuous weather by means of ill fitting boards, plastered with mud—and without chimneys, the dense peat-smoke, after filling the cabins, and penetrating into every crevice in the ill-fitting wainscoting, and among the rafters of the ceiling, escaping from a hole in the roof, purposely cut as small as possible, in order to exclude the rain and snow, which would otherwise drench the cabin and extinguish the fire.

Here and there appears, interspersed amongst the humbler dwellings of the fishermen, the cottage of a laird, or small landed-proprietor, proud, but ignorant of the world beyond his own immediate neighborhood, whose domicile, though larger, is little superior to those of the fishermen in its outer decorations or inner appointments, and little preferable, except for its superior size. Sometimes, but rarely, some cottager, more ambitious or more refined in his tastes than his neighbors, attempts to rail in a small space for a garden; but the salt sea air is prejudicial to vegetable growth, and the gardens produce little except a few turnips, or sprouts of kail, and in the height of summer, if the women-folks of the family take an interest in it, a few hardy wild flowers.

Precipitous cliffs line the coast, deeply indented, and perforated with dark, yawning caverns. The wild waves of the Atlantic rush into these indentations, or narrow creeks, and dash madly against the steep cliffs, which rise to the height of several hundred feet, and pour into the caverns, everlastingly advancing and receding, with a hollow, reverberating sound that fills the soul of the stranger-listener with awe and melancholy.

The scenery is savage and mournful, even in the brightest and fairest weather; but in winter, when the wind blows in tempestuous gusts, and the sky is darkened by deeply-hanging clouds, or with wildly rushing sea, and the atmosphere dimmed with moist; when the sleet and rain fall in torrents, and the angry waves seem to threaten destruction even to the firm foundations of the

"everlasting hills;" when the earth seems to tremble with the shock occasioned by the sweeping waves thundering against the base of the cliffs, and the angry murmur is heard for miles inland, a more gloomy picture it is impossible to conceive. It must be seen to be understood. It is the realization of Cimmerian solitude; the "desolation of desolations." Almost universal as is education, as least so far as it consists in the knowledge of reading and writing, in Scotland, the utmost ignorance prevails in these dark districts, where the Gaelic is the prevailing language, and where scarcely one among the women, and very few among the men, are able to speak, or even to understand, more than a few phrases of English.

The inhabitants are superstitious to a degree; firm believers in "second sight," in wraiths, and doubles, and fairies and evil spirits. It is their delight, during the long, dreary, tempestuous nights of winter, when their—at all seasons perilous—occupations are necessarily interrupted, to assemble beneath the roof of some neighbor who is able to read, and listen, spell-bound, and crouching around the huge fire of dried seaweed, to some ghostly narrative, or to hearken to wild and horrible legends, told by some native improvisatore; the howling of the wind, and the beating of the rain without, and the smoky, red glare of the blazing pine-torches (serving in lieu of candles) within reflecting upon the rude wainscot of the hut, in weird-like shadows, the crouching figures of the listeners, who sit, with bated breath, greedily drinking in the terrible, unearthly tale, scarce daring to look around them, until the bravest and most reckless, who can jest amid the howling of the storm, when grim rocks to leeward of their fragile bark threaten destruction, and where there is but a thin plank between them and death, tremble at the sound of their own voices, the flickering of their own shadows, and fancy that they hear supernatural shrieks in the blasts of the driving gale, as they wend their way homewards in shivering groups.

On the most northerly and most prominent and lofty headland of that savage, rocky indentation, on the west coast of Scotland, known as Gairlock Bay, stands a rude fishing village such as we have described. The inhabitants of the village do not exceed four hundred, all counted, and among these may be estimated one hundred able-bodied, hardy fishermen. The great majority of the inhabitants were, at the period of which we write, some twelve years since, and probably are now, of the ignorant and superstitious, but generous and hardy class to which we have alluded. But there were some others, who, though they mingled freely on ordinary occasions with their neighbors, held themselves, in a measure, aloof in their more intimate social intercourse. These were a family named Pedlington, the head of which, a century earlier, had fled to this coast-fastness after the defeat of the rebels in the Scottish rebellion of 1745, and a widow, named Peebles, whose ancestors had fled at the same period, for the like cause.

Arthur Pedlington, the Jacobite, had lost the greater portion of his property, and had through poverty been compelled to betake himself to the hazardous profession which formed the occupation of nearly the whole of the male inhabitants of the village, and his descendants had never been able to rise much above the condition of their once wealthy, but in his later years impoverished ancestor; but poor though they were, they had held themselves above the degradation which poverty often brings in its train. The escaped Jacobite had taken care, even though he suffered privation in consequence, that his children should receive as good an education as, in his intervals of leisure, it was in his power to bestow. This had been observed through succeeding generations, and young Arthur Pedlington, the present head of the family, and the sole support of a widowed mother, though a humble fisherman by trade, was a gallant and noble-minded young man of twenty-two, as well educated as most young men of his age in Inverness, or any of the large cities in the Scottish Highlands.

John Peebles had, when he made his escape from Edinburgh, managed to bring a small supply of money with him, and had purchased a farm—a rude, wild, ungenial plot of ground, yet which still enabled him to maintain his family in somewhat better style than could his old friend and companion in misfortune, Arthur Pedlington. Nevertheless, the two families had always maintained a friendly intercourse, and they, with the family of the laird, constituted a petty aristocra-

cy—a certain degree of homage and respect being willingly paid to them by the simple-minded neighbors, in consideration of their superior acquirements—into which, however, the Pedlingtons were, on account of their comparative poverty, only admitted on sufferance.

The widow Peebles, who, since the death of her husband, had been obliged to hire a man to attend to the out-of-door duties of the farm, had one only child, a daughter, Mary Peebles—the belle of Gairlock, *par excellence*, and as pretty, artless, and good tempered a maiden as bonnie Scotland could boast.

From childhood Mary Peebles and Arthur Pedlington had grown up together, constant companions at their lessons and at play. Arthur had constituted himself Mary's protector, from the time when he was able to understand the meaning of the word, and Mary, since she had been able to walk alone, had made Arthur the confidant of all her childish troubles, and had accustomed herself to appeal to him in every difficulty. If they had been asked, they could not have said when it was they had first begun to entertain sentiments of the strongest affection towards each other, but this was certain, that the people of the village, as well as they themselves, believed that their union for life was merely a question of time.

While the widow's husband lived, the parents of both the young folks had considered the union of the two families by the marriage of Arthur and Mary, a matter-of-course; nor was the anticipated union altogether unequal in point of wealth, as may be supposed. The father of Arthur, by reason of his superior intelligence, had risen above his brother fishermen, and when he died, left Arthur three boats of his own, besides the cottage, with garden attached, in which he lived, and Mary had made Arthur promise that when they were married he would leave off going to sea himself, and stay at home and manage the farm, while he employed other men to sail his boats.

After Henry Peebles's death, however, the widow found that her husband had left her so much better off than she had anticipated, that she resolved to send Mary to school for a couple of years, in Edinburgh, in order that she might acquire certain city accomplishments; a very unnecessary matter, as Arthur and others thought, for a young woman who was to spend her days on a small farm at Gairlock; but the Widow Peebles thought differently, and Mary herself, after shedding a few tears at the thought of separating for two long years from her lover, began to feel a thrill of pleasure at the idea of seeing the wonders and magnificence of a city, which to her, who had never in her life been ten miles from Gairlock, would seem like entering into a new world.

Poor Arthur had other matters to trouble his mind besides the mere parting for so long a time from her, who he had hoped would in less time become his wife. He had never been in a large city himself, but he had read and heard of the gaieties and temptations incidental to city life, and he feared that Mary, who he was well aware would be admired anywhere for her beauty, would forget him, the plain coast-fisherman, ere the period of probation was over.

Mary, on her part, ridiculed the idea of any change occurring in the state of her affections. What! Forget Arthur, whom she had loved as long as she could recollect? Never! Not if the queen's or the son of the Provost of Edinburgh should seek to estrange her affections from the lover of her girlhood!

The day arrived when, at night, she was to set out for the Scottish capital. It was the height of summer, and even the coast and surrounding country of Gairlock had thrown aside some portion of its dreary gloom. To the lovers, who had never seen brighter, though tamer scenery, and who had learnt to love the precipitous cliffs and sea-washed beach, and all the magnificent though somewhat gloomy surroundings of their native home, the landscape glittering in the beams of the bright, warm sun, looked cheerful as that of a more southerly clime, and the atmosphere, despite its moistness, impregnated as it was with the salt sea air, felt genial and balmy as that of Italy.

By mutual arrangement, the young lovers met in a deep glen about a mile distant from the village, through which coursed a narrow, freshwater streamlet, there to plight their troth, and in Highland fashion, to attest their vows of love by breaking a thin piece of silver in two over a running stream.

The coin had been previously partially severed by Arthur, and after walking in the bright sunshine for an hour, recalling the past and building up great hopes for the future, they had advanced to the stream, near the spring whence it had its source. Here Arthur stepped across, and holding out his hand with the coin between his thumb and fore-finger, Mary also took hold of the coin, and it broke in two.

"Thus," they exclaimed in one voice, "we pledge our word and plight our troth. By day or by night will we keep near our hearts the several portions of this piece of pure silver, holding it typical of our separation and of our mutual love, until we meet and join the halves together again as we hope to be united in life even unto death. So may Heaven be our witness."

"Hey, hinnies! an' mark weel that ye dinna brak' them," screamed a harsh, discordant voice from the summit of a rising ground, a short distance from them. "Heck, sirs! I've seen mony a braw laddie and mony a bonnie lassie pledge their troth ower the rinnin' water, an' mony an one ha' I see brak' the tryst. But ne'er saw I aught but ill come on't. There's witchcraft in the rinnin' stream, an' its aye kittle work to mak' or meddle wi't, for disaster and death will fa' on they who brak' their vows."

The startled lovers looked up and saw the withered form and elfin features of Margery Campbell, an old woman of eighty, who was held in no great repute by the villagers, though she was greatly feared by them, in consequence of her being, as they supposed, endowed with the gift of second sight. Her curse was dreadful, and not a fishing vessel would put to sea until the fishermen, by a small donation of money or meal, had propitiated her favor and obtained her blessing.

Mary uttered a slight scream, and in the act of starting, dropped the piece of silver from her hand into the water.

"Ha!" exclaimed the hag. "Sae, a'ready the charm is broken. Look till't, young man. Look till't; ye'll carry a sair heart else to the grave."

Arthur, meanwhile, fished out the broken piece of silver and gave it back to Mary, who was so greatly agitated that she could scarcely stand.

"Aye, sae ye've found it; and ye gied it baek? Atweel! Ye're a saft-hearted laddie, and the fause lassie need na fear ye're anger. But wae's me for ye. See, the cloud has shrouded the bright sunshine! There'll be little of sunshine for ye, after; so make the maist o' the day, for the morn may bring woe wi't."

So saying, the old woman hobbled away. Arthur helped the maiden across the stream, and gave her the love kiss which completed the betrothal, and endeavored, with fond words and smiles, to restore her composure, in which endeavor, after awhile, he partially succeeded. They strove to forget the ill-omened words of the old hag, and began again to speak hopefully of the future. At length the hour arrived when Mary must take her departure. Arthur saw her home, and bade her farewell; and so they parted, with smiles upon their lips and mutual good wishes, but both felt a heaviness at their hearts which neither was inclined to acknowledge.

A year passed away, during which letters frequently passed between the betrothed pair, breathing love, and longing for the hour when they should meet again.

Six months more, and Mary's letters became fewer, and as Arthur thought, shorter and colder in their tone. Still he was fain to hope that his anxiety led him to anticipate troubles which did not exist; until, at length, some busybody neighbor, who had been to Edinburgh, on returning, whispered about that Mary was listening to the addresses of the young laird, who, like herself, had been sent to the capital to finish his education. He told that they attended balls and theatres together, and that people in Edinburgh said they were to be married on Mary's return.

Still Arthur refused to credit the reported faithlessness of his sweetheart, although his heart sunk within him. But she was soon to return with her mother, who had gone to Edinburgh on a visit, and then he would learn his fate from her own lips.

Arthur was at sea when Mary returned, it being in the height of the fishing season; but a month after his boats returned, and he hastened to the widow's house to see his betrothed. He fancied that the neighbors looked sorrowfully and pityingly upon him, but he dared not ask them why, or seek to know if such were really the case, and none sought to enlighten him.

He reached the farm-house, a mile or two from the village, and saw bright lights within doors, and heard the music of the violin and bagpipes, and other sounds of merriment and festivity.

What could it mean? he asked himself. Was it in honor of Mary's return? This could scarcely be, for she had been a month at home! Alas! Something forewarned him that all his bright hopes—the joy of his life, was to be crushed forever.

The presentiment was true. He was deceived and betrayed—betrayed most cruelly, most heartlessly! The sounds of festivity were in honor of Mary's wedding. She had that morning given her heart and her hand to the young laird.

The Widow Peebles came to meet the rejected lover, and sought, in reply to his looks rather than to his words, to excuse her daughter's faithlessness. The match was such a good one for Mary. The young laird had lately come into a large accession of property from a deceased uncle. It was better for both that they should forget the past. Mary, since she had mixed in Edinburgh society, would scarcely make a fitting wife for a plain fisherman; "but," added the widow, in a tone which evidently was constrained and anxious, "will you not gang in, ben? Mary'll be glad to see an auld friend, forbye what's past."

"No!" sternly replied Arthur. "But give the false girl this!"—and taking his half of the broken coin from its place round his neck, he wrote on a slip of paper,—"Remember, false girl, the streamlet in the willow glen, and your broken vow! Would to heaven I had taken the omen when the coin slipped from your hand. Mark me, now. I will have a sweet revenge!"

He folded his half of the coin in this note, and sent it to her by the widow, and then he left the cottage and returned to the village.

Those who were present said that Mary turned pale when she read the lines; but she assumed a forced gaiety, and essayed to appear merrier and more light-hearted than before.

Soon after this Arthur sold his fishing-boats and left Gairlock for Edinburgh, and years passed by during which he was never heard of. He had taken his mother with him, and they were known in Gairlock no more. During these years Mary had borne her husband six children; but it was said she lived unhappily with him, and gossips whispered that she secretly but bitterly repented of her cruel falsehood to Arthur Pedlington.

So far as the goods of this world were concerned, she was, for several years, well to do. Her husband purchased a vast number of fishing-boats, and almost had the trade in his own hands. But after a time he began to indulge in drink, and to speculate recklessly. One by one the boats were sold, being purchased for a stranger who did not appear in person, and whose name was kept secret. At last there was but one boat left, and the farm was mortgaged to its full value, in order to meet some pressing obligation. It was said that the same stranger—a gentleman in Edinburgh—who had bought the boats, had advanced the money on the farm.

The laird grew more profligate and more reckless than ever. The interest on the mortgage could not be paid; the mortgage was foreclosed, and the mortgagee visited Gairlock to take possession of the property. Then it became known that Arthur Pedlington—now a rich Edinburgh merchant—was the purchaser of the boats, and the owner of the forfeited farm. He had retired from business, and had come to spend his days in his native place, and to occupy the position of the former laird of the manor. He did not go near Mary; but it was said by those of his former friends with whom he had spoken, that he had come down to push his revenge upon the falsehood of Mary Peebles, now the unhappy wife of the late lord of Gairlock.

It was autumn when he arrived at the village, and about a week after the fishing fleet set out on the last cruise for the season. It was a fine morning, and scores of females, their children clinging to their skirts, assembled on the cliffs to watch the progress of the boats which contained their husbands. Among these women came Mary Gairlock (the village was named after the old laird's family), for the broken-down laird had taken it into his head to share the dangers of the cruise—sailing on board his own boat, the last that was left to him. Arthur Pedlington came also to the cliff to watch the boats, for many of them belonged to him.

Gaily they bounded over the sparkling, rippling waters of the Atlantic, their white sails glisten-

ing in the sunlight, which seemed to smile upon them, and to presage a favorable cruise. There were many tears shed, for well the fishermen's wives knew the dangers which attended their husbands' calling, and the treacherous nature of the element on which they sought to win the money which should provide food and clothing for wives and bairns; and Mary's eyes also glistened with tears, for if her husband, as it was said, did not use her kindly, he was still her husband, and the father of her children! But there were smiles of hope mingled with the tears, and many a whispered prayer for a prosperous cruise and a safe return.

Suddenly a dead silence reigned, where late the busy hum of a hundred voices had been heard. Arthur Pedlington looked around to discover the cause of this ominous silence, and his glance caught that of the old hag, Margery Campbell. Presently one of the women gained courage to ask the old woman to send her blessing after the retreating vessels.

"My blessing!" she screamed, keeping her eyes fixed upon Arthur, whom, although years had elapsed since she had seen him, she had immediately recognized. "My blessing! What wad my blessing avail ye? No, na—I'm sent here to give my curse, for is there no' a Jonah in the fleet of bonnie bairnies? Is no' the auld laird of Gairlock gone wi' them? Ay, weel I wot he has; and there," pointing to Arthur, "stan's the avenger. Wae's me, wae's me! The sun shines bonnily, an' the wind blows fair, but before night there'll be storm and tempest, and on the morrow, mony a widowed wife and mony a fatherless bairn, greeting sair for they upon whom their e'en'll no smile any mair!"

She flung her arms wildly into the air, and hurrying from the spot was soon lost to sight. A deep gloom settled on the countenances of all present, but none left the spot. All stood still, gazing anxiously at the fast receding boats.

And now, as if in immediate fulfilment of the old hag's prophecy, the fair, bright sky began to be obscured with clouds, dark, heavy masses of which rose in the western horizon. The wind commenced to rise, and a long, sweeping sea to set in from the westward, indicative of a gale out at sea, rapidly approaching the land, and well the gazers knew the danger attending a westerly gale when the boats were so near the rocky shores.

The fishermen evidently saw their danger. Some began to shorten sail, others put about, eager to reach the haven they had just quitted, before the gale blew too fiercely. Their efforts were useless. The wind rose with astounding rapidity, and the waves, lately so smooth and gentle, were lashed into fury. Rain fell in torrents, and in less than an hour a hurricane blew of such force, that it was evident that the boats would be sunk or dashed to pieces on the rocks. Nothing but a miracle could save them. Night came on. Some of the boats had been seen to sink, but none knew whose they were; each anxious, tearful gazer hoped her husband was yet safe, but feared the worst. Soon it grew so dark that the boats were no longer visible, but the hurricane continued to increase. Weary and sick at heart, and drenched to the skin, few of the women left the summit of the bleak cliff, where they could scarcely keep their footing, so fierce was the gale, so blinding the rain. Some, who had no relations exposed to the fury of the elements—and these were few in number—carried the younger children home to a place of shelter; but the older ones stayed with their mothers; and ever and anon, above the howling of the tempest, was heard the moanful wail of women in despair, as a heavier gust of wind would blow, and they fancied that through the darkness they could perceive, tossing wildly upon the white foam of the raging waters, the black shapes of dismayed vessels and broken spars. Sometimes, amid the wail of human woe and the roar of the tempest, Arthur fancied—but it could only have been fancy—that he could hear the despairing cries of shipwrecked mariners, calling for that aid which it was beyond the reach of human skill or human daring to afford them.

It was a night of horror, that will be remembered for many generations by the inhabitants of Gairlock and its vicinity, and indeed by the inhabitants of the whole line of the western coast of Scotland.

When daylight dawned, the whole coast was strewn with wrecks, and the beach with mangled corpses. Of forty-three boats which not twenty-four hours before had put to sea, their crews full

of hope and spirit, only fourteen regained the port—all the rest were dashed to pieces against the rocks, or had foundered at sea. Among the missing vessels was that which had belonged to the late laird of Gairlock—the last of his possessions. Mary was now a penniless widow!

On the beach, among the mangled corpses of the seaman, was found the dead body of Margery Campbell. She was sitting upright, on a seaweed covered rock, stiff and rigid, her eyes wide open and her arms stretched out, as she had last been seen by the terror-stricken women on the cliff. No one knew how she came to be on the beach; but every one of the poor, superstitious mourners believed that her curse had caused the tempest to rise which had rendered them widows, and their children fatherless.

Many pitied Mary; but more blamed her, and said, in the bitterness of their grief and despair, that the storm was a judgment sent in consequence of her faithlessness to the sacred love-plight vowed across a running stream.

Arthur Pedlington had lost four of his vessels, but they were insured at Edinburgh, so that he was not a loser personally. On the day after the storm he called at the cottage of the broken-hearted, beggared widow, once his much loved mistress and betrothed bride. He found her almost in a state of frenzy.

"Arthur," she cried when he entered the cottage, "I have sinned against you and against God. You said the day would come when you would be revenged. It has come. O spare me, Arthur! Spare me, as you once loved me, for my fatherless children's sake."

She flung herself at his feet, and clinging to his knees, besought him to be satisfied with the vengeance of Heaven, and with fast falling tears and heart-rending sobs, prayed him to spare her further distress, or take her life.

"Mary," said Arthur, raising the hapless woman to her feet, "the will of Heaven I cannot controvert, and it is not mine to gainsay it; but whether Heaven has wreaked especial vengeance on you or not—and why should you think it has when hundreds as well as you have suffered?—my hour of vengeance has only just begun. I will repay your ingratitude, your falsehood, with kindness. I will be a father to your children and a friend to you, for the sake of the love I once bore you. Will you accept my offer?"

Mary, unable to speak, knelt again in spite of his endeavors to prevent her, and covered his hands with tears and kisses, and called upon the children to kneel and thank their preserver.

Arthur bade her be comforted, and when she became more composed quitted the cottage. A few days after he caused her and her children to be removed to Edinburgh, where he took lodgings for the widow, and sent the children to school, and as long as he lived continued to befriend the latter. The widow died before him, blessing him with her dying breath.

It would not have been safe for the widow to have remained at Gairlock, for the good people persisted in their belief that her base conduct in breaking her vow sworn over a running stream, was quite as much as the curse of Margery Campbell the cause of the tempest which spread so much misery and distress along the coast, and they believed that the generosity of Arthur to her who had blasted his happiness, was occasioned by his having fished up from the water the broken piece of silver!

To all who had suffered Arthur behaved generously, and he was for many years a benefactor to his native village, where he resided until his death, about five years ago, only occasionally paying a visit to the widow and his proteges in Edinburgh—respected and beloved by all with whom he had any acquaintance.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

The editor of Life Illustrated, in commenting on Bayard Taylor's description of the unusual beauty of Polish women, discloses the secret of their good looks as follows: "The girls do not jump from infancy to ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the parlor, to dress, sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flowers. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed everyway with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain simple food, free and various exercises, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

JOHN G. SAXE'S THREE TRAVELLERS.

Saxe, in a letter to the Boston Post, draws these portraits of three familiar travellers: First, the man who travels with his wife; second, the man who travels with his wife's sister; third, the man who travels with another man's wife. The first case is extremely common, and not particularly interesting. The man is taciturn, and sleeps apparently as much as he can; the woman has a slightly subdued expression of face, and looks a good deal at the scenery along the road, of which she says, for the most—nothing. When she does speak, as sometimes happens at the sight of something very remarkable, she says, "See—John!"—that is all. The man carefully looks after the baggage, and assures his spouse, in reply to a question, and it's "all right." The woman takes care of the small "traps," and seems comfortable and contented. Altogether they behave quite rationally, and, in spite of their seeming unsociability, are really very fond of each other, and will make a pleasant trip of it—not only to the end of their railroad tour, but to the terminus of their matrimonial journey.

The man who travels with his wife's sister carries himself, perhaps, in the main like the man who travels with his wife. But he is more talkative, and takes more pains to be agreeable. He feels that more is expected of him, and, as it goes in commercial affairs, the supply is equal to the demand. A pleasant thing is a wife's sister; unless, indeed, she is quite the reverse—and that is not the sort of woman I am talking of. She takes the wife's place in the house sometimes, and may chance to make an excellent stepmother. Why not?—for is she not already the aunt of her nieces and nephews? This sort of marriage, however, is, I believe anti-Levitical, and some of the theologians don't approve of it—which is a pity.

The man who travels with another man's wife is of a much more marked behaviour. How attentive he is to all the real and possible wants of the lady! He respects her whims even, which you may be sure her husband does not, at home or abroad. How carefully he hands her in and out! How sedulously he applies her ear with discourse! And yet he imagines people take him for the lady's spouse! No, my dear sir; the brakeman in the corner knows better than that. Husbands may be uxorious, but kindness such as yours is more likely that of a cavalier servante—which, after all, I dare say you are not. It's tiresome, though, after awhile, unless the lady is remarkably attractive and pays her own fare (which she sometimes forgets), and, for a journey of a thousand miles, your own wife is much the more agreeable companion.

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

In the interesting report of the State Engineer and Surveyor, there is a series of mathematical deductions from the statistics, which are quite instructive. Among the curious deductions is the following:—Dividing 373,159,179, the mileage of passengers, by 20, the number of passengers killed, we find that only one passenger was killed for 18,657,969 miles of travel. To travel this distance it would require more than 106 years, moving incessantly at the rate of 20 miles per hour. Dividing 373,159,179 by 182, the total number of passengers killed or injured, we find 2,303,452 miles of travel for each passenger either killed or injured.

The total number of passengers carried during the year, excluding city roads, is 11,250,073, which divided by 20, gives 562,504. That is, only one passenger has been killed for every 562,504 which have been carried. From this, we see how small the risk of life arising from railroad travel. Truly, as the post of honor is a private station, so the post of safety in a railroad train. Get on the platform if you want to get out of danger! You must travel eighteen million of miles in order to be killed; and this will take you 106 years, going at 20 miles an hour and never stopping for sleep. You must take your lunch with you, and take your repose in the sleeping cars, otherwise you will live just 106 years less. Methuselah, probably, was a railroad conductor, and never got off the cars, which accounts for his old age. All the old women in the country, who once were frightened at the idea of railroad travel, will soon be mounting the cars to escape the vicissitudes and catastrophes which attend the lives of those who stay at home.—*Albany Argus.*

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

We used to know an eccentric old man who delighted in being odd, and carrying out his taste in dress and manners; nevertheless he was kind and honest, just in his dealings, and a man that used great plainness of speech. He generally wore a red vest of great length, patriarchal style, and the ribbons on his hat were streaming in the wind full half a yard long. One very cold morning he called at the minister's, and a dialogue followed something like this:

"We are having a pretty cold spell of weather, elder."

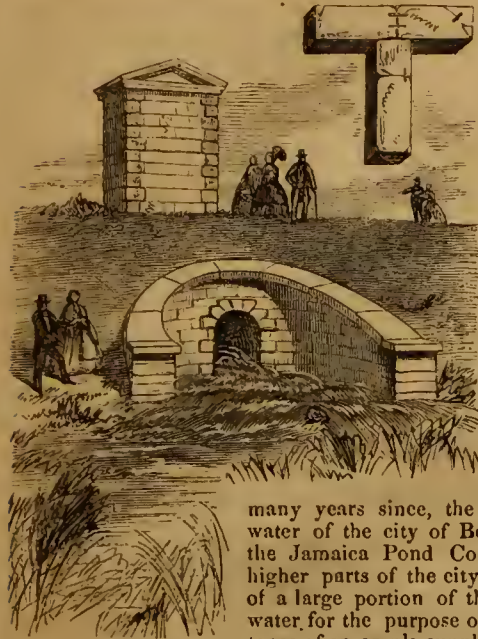
"Yes," said the parson, "the coldest we have had this season."

"I had a misfortune happen to me last night," continued the old gentleman; "a fine calf died."

"Ah! indeed! chilled through, I presume," said the minister, sympathizingly.

"Yes, and as if that wasn't enough, my boy up and died too, and I want you to come down and officiate to-morrow."

That we call coming to the subject carefully.—*Glve Branch.*



WASTE WIER OF COCHITUATE AQUEDUCT, WEST NEEDHAM.

THE COCHITUATE WATER-WORKS.

The interest naturally felt by our citizens in their great system of water-works, stimulated by the recent disaster which was so skilfully and promptly repaired, and the scene of which was so truthfully represented in a late number of our illustrated journal, has prompted us to offer in the present number a series of views drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. A. Waud, who visited the whole line of water-works for this purpose, and made his sketches on the spot. His drawings, eight in number, delineate the Waste Wier of the Cochituate at West Needham, the Gate House, Framingham, the Cochituate Dam in the same town, a Viaduct at Newton Lower Falls, the Bridge over the Charles River at Newton Lower Falls, the Brookline Gate House, Large Reservoir at Brookline, and the Beacon Hill Reservoir in this city, a structure Roman in its character of simplicity and solidity. Apart from their illustrative purpose, many of these pictures are pleasing as mere landscapes. Not

many years since, the inadequacy and bad water of the city of Boston, the inability of the Jamaica Pond Company to supply the higher parts of the city, the total dependence of a large portion of the population on rain water for the purpose of washing, the importance of an ample supply to ensure the health, comfort and cleanliness of the city, induced our authorities to consider the expediency of adopting the example of the sister cities of New York and Philadelphia, where water-works had been long in operation. After en-

countering the opposition which awaits all new projects, a popular vote finally ratified the undertaking by a decisive majority. The control of the water being in the hands of the city, the people enjoy it at cost. After an examination of the various sources of supply, a board of commissioners was appointed by the City Council in 1844, "to report the best mode and the expense of bringing the waters of Long Pond (now Lake Cochituate) into the city." The late Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Hale and James F. Baldwin composed this board—gentlemen eminently qualified to fulfil the important task assigned. The vacancy created by the death of Mr. Jackson was filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, and under their superintendence the work was completed in 1848. After Long Pond had been decided on, the commissioners secured the services of Mr. E. Sylvester Chesborough and Mr. W. S. Whitwell, as engineer and assistant engineer, with Mr. Jervis, of the New York Croton Works, as consulting engineer. Work was commenced on the 19th of August, 1846. Long Pond, or Lake Cochituate, the source of the aqueduct, is a large sheet of water lying in the towns of Natick, Framingham and Wayland, and the distance from the reservoir on Beacon Hill to the gate house at the lake, by the line of water-works, is twenty miles. The lake is of irregular shape, with indented shores, and its greatest extent is from north to south. Its area is 684 acres. The aqueduct commences at the eastern shore of the pond, and is carried out some distance into it. The works here consist of a bulkhead arranged with gates, and for the protection of the work, a gate house of granite, delineated on this page. The aqueduct is built of brick, and is of an egg-shaped oval form, with the broader



GATE HOUSE, LAKE COCHITUATE, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

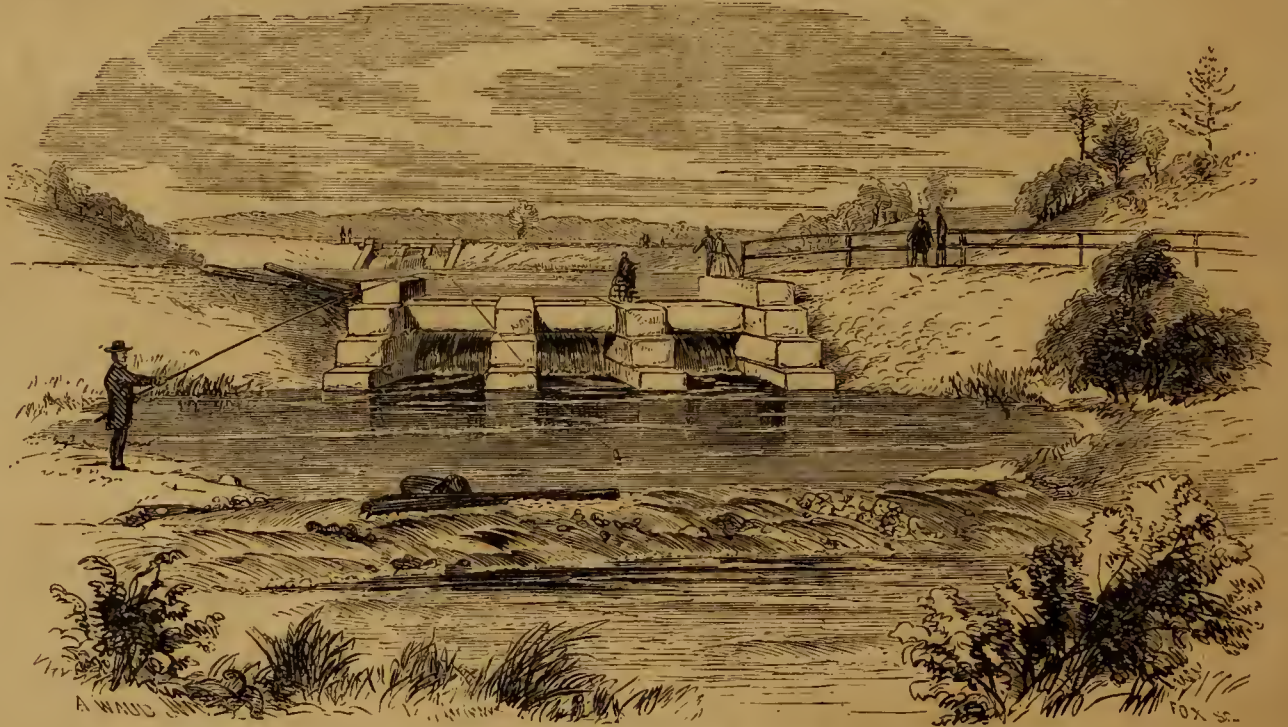
end downward, the greatest width being 5 feet, and the extreme height 6 feet 4 inches, composed of brick masonry eight inches thick, laid in hydraulic cement. This form of construction secures the greatest strength. A plastering of cement is laid on the inside from the bottom to the top of the water line, and also on the outside from the top to the chord line of the lower or inverted arch. By this means the escape of water from the inside, or its intrusion by percolation from the outside, is guarded against. The aqueduct descends three inches to the mile. At the natural outlet, where the lake flows into Concord River, a dam has been constructed of stone masonry to close the lake or regulate the discharge of water from it. The daily discharge of water through the aqueduct itself is estimated at about 7,000,000 wine gallons. At Newton there is a remarkable piece of work consisting of a tunnel cut through a ledge of rock 2410 feet in length. Through the greater part of this distance the roof of the tunnel consists of solid rock of a hard and durable character; but the remaining portion having a tendency to decompose by exposure to the atmosphere, is lined with brick masonry. Wherever, on the line, pipes are substituted for the aqueduct, waste wiers have been erected for the discharge of such surplus water as is not received by the pipes. Gates to regulate the fall of water are enclosed in suitable buildings. Our first engraving represents one of these waste wiers.

The Brookline reservoir has an area of nearly twenty-three acres, twenty-three feet deep in the easterly portion, and ten feet in the westerly. At the western end is a granite structure for the receiving gates, where the great brick conduit enters. The bank surrounding the reservoir consists of earth, principally sloping on each

side, and is rendered impervious to water by a bank of puddled earth in the middle, going as far below the natural surface of the earth as was found necessary to connect it with a tight bottom. The exterior front of the embankment, where it rises beyond eight feet in height, is supported at the base by a bank wall, the material of which was taken partly from a quarry foundation within the basin, and partly from the Quincy granite quarries. At the eastern extremity of the reservoir is the beautiful gate house of granite, represented in one of our engravings. The gates to receive and shut off the water are fitted in solid and durable masonry. The floor is on a level with the surface of Lake Cochituate. This building contains the requisite chambers and passages for regulating the delivery of water, either from the reservoir, or, in case of absolute necessity, from the aqueduct itself. Three iron pipes, each three feet in diameter, lead from the chambers and connect with the main pipes conducting into the city. The water pipes, laid twenty feet below the ordinary level of the reservoir, enter the city through Brookline and Roxbury, over the Tremont Road. We give a view, among our sketches, of the main reservoir of the city on Beacon Hill, an imposing granite structure, built to endure through time. It is situated near the State House, on a plot of ground bounded by Dene, Temple, Mt. Vernon and Hancock Streets. The corner-stone of the reservoir was laid on Saturday, November 9, 1847, by the mayor, in presence of the City Council, and a vast body of citizens and strangers. This reservoir is of granite, the foundation being laid and every part of the work performed with the most scrupulous fidelity and care, and with a view to the greatest durability. It is built on arches of four-

teen and three-fourths span, which, in consideration of the enormous pressure to which they are subjected, were set on foundations of immense strength. The reservoir covers an area of 40,000 feet, and will hold three millions of gallons of water. The water is raised 112 feet above the tide level, and 61.2 feet above the level of the floor of the State House. The water was let into the brick aqueduct at the lake October 12, 1848, at 11 o'clock, A. M. No accident marred the introduction of the Cochituate into the city. The celebration took place October 25, 1848, with imposing ceremonies. The water works are now under the superintendence of Mr. James Slade, City Engineer. We should have mentioned that the conduit is not continued over the valley of the Charles River, but three lines of iron pipes are laid instead, two of them 30 inches, the other 36 inches diameter. These descend the sides of the valley in the natural earth, but cross the river on a granite bridge of three elliptical arches of thirty feet span, and seven and a

quite an attraction to the neighborhood. The principal reservoir is in Brookline, and contains 120,000,000 gallons of water suitable for use. There are three sets of gates to regulate the flow of water to the three mains to the city. These are of iron, with composition bearing surfaces, worked with iron screws in composition nuts. The mains leading to the city are of cast iron, one 36 and one 30 inch, which were laid when the work was originally constructed. Another line of pipes, 40 inches in diameter, is now being laid from the Brookline gate house to the city, which will connect with the two previously laid in two or three places, in such a manner that when either one of the three lines is shut off, the other two will give their full supply to all parts of the city. One of the mains leads directly to the reservoir on Beacon Hill, from which it radiates to all parts of the city. The other main leads to the lower portions of the city, as well as to South and East Boston by pipes of a smaller size branching off from it. The main



COCHITUATE DAM, FRAMINGHAM.

half feet rise. These iron mains were each originally nine hundred and seventy-nine feet long. Since the break they have been lengthened about one hundred feet, and are now less liable to accident than formerly. The pipes descend sixty-one feet, and the water in the river is seventy-four feet below the top of the conduit. At each end of this valley are pipe chambers for regulating the flow of water through the pipes. There is but one ventilator in the whole length. It is found that the water becomes sufficiently aerated while passing through the Brookline reservoir on its way to the city, and that even this one ventilator might be dispensed with. There are four waste wiers on the line of conduit which are used to let off water whenever the conduit is to be cleaned out, or whenever any accident occurs which requires expeditious repairs. It is usual to draw off the water once in each year, to examine, repair and clean it out. Nearly the entire length of the conduit is laid below the natural surface, part of the way thirty feet deep, and in the tunnels from sixty to eighty feet deep. There is a very neat granite viaduct near the Charles River pipe valley. The conduit at this point is in very heavy embankment, and crossing a town road, it became necessary to build a viaduct under the conduit large enough for the passage of the largest teams in each direction at the same time. This viaduct, embankment and bridge over the river form altogether

pipes are so arranged that the supply through either one may be sent to all parts of the city. There are three reservoirs within the city. The principal one on Beacon Hill we have noticed. The walls vary in thickness from 21.2 to 3 feet, with foundations of granite 41.2 and 5 feet thick, resting on concrete varying from 3 to 6 feet thick. The basin is 14 feet in depth and contains 2,700,000 gallons of water. Its area is 28,000 square feet. The reservoir in South Boston is on Telegraph Hill. It is in shape a segment of an ellipse, and measures 370 by 260 feet. It is built with an entire earthen embankment, having a puddle wall in the centre which makes it perfectly water-tight. The bank is 15 feet in width on top, the outside slope sodded, and the inner slope faced with rough granite blocks to prevent the waves from beating down the banks. It will contain when full 7,500,000 gallons of water. The reservoir in East Boston is on Eagle Hill. It is rectangular in shape, measuring 325 by 150 feet. It will contain 5,500,000 gallons of water. The pipes on their passage to South and East Boston cross tide-water, and pass in syphons under four deep channels. They are strongly incased in timber boxes and are put below the bottom of channels, so that no vessel lying over them at low water can harm them. From Chelsea to East Boston a portion of the pipe is laid with a flexible joint. It was put together on a platform above water and lowered till it came to a firm position.



VIADUCT, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

SIGNOR OSTINELLI AND HIS VIOLIN.

The following recollections of Signor Ostinelli and his violin, contributed to a late number of the Providence Journal, will be read with interest by those who knew him, or who have listened with pleasure to the singing of his gifted daughter. "I remember well Signor Ostinelli, though never had his personal acquaintance. I saw him daily in the street, and heard much in his praise as a musician. He was of middle stature, or a little under, rather stout, with broad shoulders, carried his head a trifle one side, the result of professional habit, and moved with an elastic step. His features were good, and the expression of his countenance lively. A physiognomist would set him down as a man eminently social in his nature, ever ready to render a gracious service, and true to his professions. I always looked upon him as the embodiment of honor. He married a daughter of Mr. Hewett, a musical composer of merit. Miss H. was beautiful, accomplished and highly esteemed, both for her graceful manners and domestic virtues. Her sister, no less accomplished and esteemed, became the bride of Signor L. Papanti, distinguished as a French horn performer, and who is perhaps better known to the Boston public as a successful professor of Terpsichorean art. Signor Ostinelli, after his marriage, resided for several years in a house on Federal Street, a few doors south of the Catholic nunnery, on the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. There, at the window, as I frequently passed, and at other times in the street, with her mother, I saw a lovely girl of two or three years, who inherited the marked qualities of both parents, and whose talents in ripening womanhood have won for her the laurel wreath. Other children I think they had, but of that I am not sure.

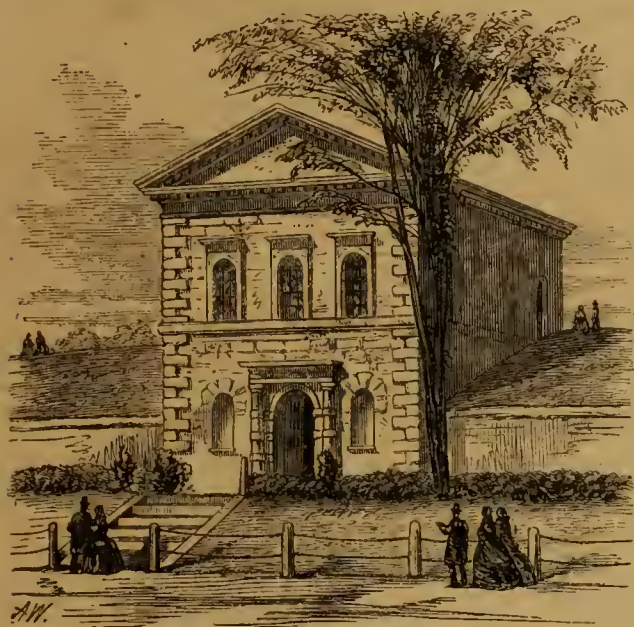
To his profession Signor Ostinelli was passionately devoted, and the manner in which he handled his violin, showed plainly that next to his family it held the first place in his affections. He was connected with the orchestra of the Boston Handel and Haydn society, and played a first viol at its oratorios. He was also connected with the orchestra of the old Boston Theatre, and subsequently with that of the Tremont. In those positions I know nothing of him except from common report. At concerts and oratorios I frequently listened to Signor O.'s instrumentation, and always with increased admiration. The praise universally accorded him, appeared well deserved. Indeed, after listening to him once, and witnessing the zest with which he entered into the performance of a concert, however good, without him seemed incomplete. When, in the war of theatres, the old Boston was vanquished by the mightier power and greater popularity of the Tremont, the former was converted into a place of worship, and there, under



LARGE RESERVOIR AT BROOKLINE.

clavicle. He drew a long bow, with deliberate motion, moving the fore-arm only, and elicited from his cherished instrument tones thrilling as inspiration and sweet as the harp of Æolus. Ostinelli burned with the fire of an Italian nature. He grasped

partment poured forth strains of melody, 'as the voice of many waters,' his whole being seemed absorbed, and for the moment endued with electric force. His left foot advanced, he leaned more earnestly toward the score, his frame swayed to and fro as if to



BROOKLINE GATE HOUSE.



BRIDGE OVER CHARLES RIVER, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

the ministry of the late Rev. William M. Rogers, was organized a Congregational church and society, now known as the Winter Street Society. The proprietors of the house gave it the Greek name of "Odeon," and besides the use above mentioned, it was occupied by the Lowell Institute lectures, and by musical associations for concerts and more elaborate performances. The stage was so completely altered as to provide ample orchestral and choir accommodations, and was furnished with a powerful organ. This inaugurated a new era in the history of music in Boston, and dates the period of a rapid advancement in that city of musical taste and culture. On one occasion, through the courtesy of the late Prof. J. B. Woodbury, who was then just entering upon a musical career of extraordinary success, I was present in the Odeon at the rehearsal of an oratorio. The orchestra and choir were large. Among the prominent violinists were Ostinelli and Schmidt, a German, I suppose, as his name indicates, and then a new favorite with the public. The contrast between these artists was the contrast of a winged Mercury and the statue of Repose. Their styles of manipulation, or perhaps I should say of "fingering" and bowing, was as unlike as their personal appearance. Schmidt, tall, slender, graceful in every motion, with long raven hair setting off a face spirituelle and classic; Ostinelli, as before described. Comer ("honest Tom," so called), if I mistake not, was conductor, and flourished his baton with the dignity of a king of song. When the signal for preparation to open the instrumental prelude was given, each musician placed himself in readiness at his stand, and on the second signal, my attention was drawn to the peculiarities of these celebrated, though not rival, performers. Schmidt stood erect, towering like a Norway pine above the forest of heads, his head thrown slightly back, the base of his viol resting lightly upon the left

his viol with nervous energy, thrust its base against the dexter shoulder, bent his neck till his chin came in close proximity with its bridge, threw his body forward as an athlete preparing for the Isthmian contest, and as the music proceeded, and the vocal de-

mark time with even more exactness than the monarch of the hour; his countenance kindled with almost superhuman enthusiasm, while the bow arm, by the celerity of its movements, declared better than words can describe the struggle of a spirit attuned to harmonious sounds, to give expression to its deep emotions. And then, such strains, in response to a master touch! so full, so pure, so true in their rendering to the composer's conceptions, and so uplifting to the soul of the listener! — strains such as Ostinelli alone could draw from the instrument of his power! It was worth a long journey to see these men stand side by side, and to behold in every movement, and in every lineament of their expressive countenances, manifestations of the inspiration with which they glowed. I have never heard Ole Bull nor Viennese Temps, nor any of the violinists who have astonished crowds by exhibitions of their skill upon a single string; but I deem it no common privilege to have heard the artists of whom I write, — and I am sure, that in all that constitutes genius, and imparts to the violin its noblest honor, Ostinelli and Schmidt, in their day, stood without peers. The latter has passed to a higher sphere. Some years ago, on my occasional visits to Boston, I missed the familiar form of Signor Ostinelli, and supposed he had followed on to join the 'shadowy band,' but Madame Biscaccianti, in a letter to the editor of a Lowell paper, says her father is still living in her Italian home, in excellent health and spirits. As I recall the memories of youth, I rejoice that he still enjoys a green old age, and lives to witness the perpetuated reputation of the father, in the musical success of the accomplished daughter — Madame Biscaccianti."



BEACON HILL RESERVOIR, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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 One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER, New York.—The first actual model of a steam carriage of which we have any written account, was constructed by a Frenchman named Cugnot, who exhibited it before Marshal de Saxe in 1763. The first English model of a steam carriage was made in 1784 by William Murdoch, the friend and assistant of Watt.

"ARTIZAN."—The consumption of gold in arts and manufactures amounts to £6,050,000—viz., in Great Britain, £2,500,000; in France, £1,000,000; Switzerland, £450,000; other parts of Europe, £1,900,000; United States, \$500,000.

S. L., Portland, Me.—The use of surplices among modern nations first commenced in France about the year 1000. They were introduced into England about a century later. Their use was, however, in both countries, confined almost exclusively to the nobility, and they were usually derived from the names of their estates. It was not until some centuries later that their use became general among all classes.

JURIST.—The punishment of the pillory was abolished in England in 1837.

"MALTA."—The Order of Knights Templars was founded about 1118, by nine French knights, for the purpose of protecting the passage of those Christian pilgrims who visited the Holy Land.

READER.—According to the Edinburgh Review the *Bibliothèque* of Paris contains 800,000 volumes; that at the British Museum, 560,000; the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, 520,000; the Royal Library at Berlin, 500,000; the Royal Library at Munich, 480,000; Royal Library at Copenhagen, 400,000; Imperial Library at Vienna, 365,000; University Library at Gottingen, 360,000; Royal Library at Berlin, 350,000.

J. M. H., New Richmond, Clermont Co., Ohio.—We can supply you the numbers at five cents apiece. Please enclose the list of missing numbers when you remit.

J. T. B., Columbia, Boone Co., Mo.—You can procure the catalogues by writing to the Registrars of the colleges you refer to.

CECILIA R.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston (afterwards Duke of Kingston), and of Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. The novelist Fielding was of this same family; and Lady Mary had much of his genius. She was born in 1690, and married in 1712.

AMATEUR GARDENER.—Take large pine burs, sprinkle grass seeds of any kind in them and place them in pots of water. When the burs are soaked a few days they close up to the form of solid cones; then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the laminae, forming an ornament of rare and singular beauty.

ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The adroit movement of the Derby Ministry, to lead off the reform party in Great Britain, by taking the lead in a measure for enlarging and equalizing the franchise, is not without its significance. A strong popular sentiment has long existed in favor of equalizing the representation in parliament, extending the right of suffrage more widely, and protecting the ballot against unjust and dishonest influences. This sentiment has of late become so violent as to threaten a popular tornado which would prostrate all who opposed it. Instead of preparing themselves to bow before the tempest and let it overwhelm them, the Tory Ministry, under the gallant leadership of the Earl of Derby, shrewdly determined to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm. When remonstrated with by some of his tory supporters in parliament for thus identifying his administration with a movement so utterly at variance with the conservative sentiments of his party, the Premier is said to have replied, "I have found it hard work to ride so far without a saddle, how can I be expected to ride without a horse?" And so he has taken the whirlwind for a hobby, and intends to stake his all in the parliamentary race, upon the success of the reform nag which he has mounted.

The new measure of the Derby Ministry was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It proposes to reduce the representation of fifteen small boroughs from two to one member each, and to dispose of the fifteen seats thus vacated by giving eight of them to certain counties, and the other seven to large boroughs, not at present represented. The bill further provides for the registration of voters, but not for the use of the secret ballot. The right of voting in counties is secured to every man who possesses a franchise of £10 value instead of £50, as at present. This will add some two hundred thousand to the number of voters in counties. The borough qualification is to be extended, so that every man may vote who has had £60 in the savings bank during one year, every lodger paying a weekly rent of eight shillings, every pensioner of the amount of £20 and upwards, every holder of stock in the East India Company to the amount of £10, all graduates of the universities, all clergymen and dissenting ministers, all registered medical practitioners, all barristers, solicitors and attorneys, and all certified schoolmasters. This

enlarged borough provision will be extremely favorable to the middle classes, and at the same time will be likely to secure a class of voters in sympathy with the government.

The measure thus briefly sketched does not meet the approbation of the liberal party in the House of Commons, and still less of the ultra advocates of parliamentary reform. At the same time it encounters the violent opposition of a portion of that very conservative party which Lord Derby represents. Its fate is therefore uncertain. Lord John Russell, a leader of the liberal or whig party in the House, with a view to embarrass the ministry, has offered an amendment, denouncing the proposed change of the freehold franchise in the counties of England and Wales, and calling for a greater extension of the right of suffrage in cities and boroughs, than that contemplated in the bill. This amendment has been supported by Lord Palmerston, but with a declaration that he should vote for the second reading of the bill, notwithstanding. This was done to head off Lord John Russell. The matter has thus been exceedingly complicated, and there is great doubt whether the measure will pass or not. Several of the Derby Ministry resigned upon the first introduction of the bill, and the Premier declares that he will stake his continuance in power upon the event of its rejection or adoption by the House. The question will probably be decided before long, and very likely before this can reach the eyes of our readers, the issue will be known in this country. But let the question go as it may, it is very evident that it is not the last that will be heard of reform.

POISONING.

The great prevalence of the crime of poisoning at the present time, in various parts of the United States, is a subject of much remark. There is also much discussion as to the necessity of more stringent legal measures for its prevention. Killing by poison is certainly the most malicious, cowardly and diabolical form of murder that can be conceived of; and the comparative secrecy with which it can be effected, makes the offence still more heinous. Hence the necessity for the extreme and certain punishment which the law usually awards to this crime; and hence, too, the great danger to society of any tampering with the due administration of the law in its application to the convicted poisoner, from mistaken motives of sympathy or compassion. In the case of Mrs. Hartung, convicted at Albany of poisoning her husband, great efforts have been made to induce the governor of New York to commute the sentence of death by hanging, on account of the youth and beauty of the prisoner. The legislature has even gone so far as to attempt to interfere with the constitutional power of the governor, and pass an *ex post facto* law, commuting her sentence. The governor stands firm, however, and has declared that he will in no case stay the execution of the penalty where a wife has been sentenced to death for poisoning her husband, or a husband for poisoning his wife. The stand of the governor is eminently just and proper, and in no other way can the increase of this diabolical crime be checked, than by a faithful adherence on the part of prosecuting officers, judges, jurors and governors to the spirit of the rule here laid down.

At various periods in the history of the world, poisoning has become a crime of such common occurrence as to alarm the authorities, and induce the adoption of the most rigorous measures for its punishment and prevention. During the consulship of Fabius Maximus, 331 B. C., a large number of Roman ladies formed a conspiracy for poisoning their husbands, and carried it into effect most extensively. A female slave denounced one hundred and seventy of them to the government, and they were publicly executed. Cæsar Borgia, a natural son of Pope Alexander VI., conspired with his father to remove nine newly-created cardinals by poison, that they might seize their possessions. The poisoned wine was by mistake brought to the pope and his hopeful son, and they drank the deadly draught. Alexander died, but the son, by the aid of a powerful antidote and a strong constitution, recovered. He was killed in battle before the walls of Viana, in Navarre, while fighting in the cause of his brother-in-law, John, king of Navarre, in the year 1507. The rage for poisoning was at that period very great in Italy, as well as in France and England. The most celebrated of the Italian poisoners were two women named La Spaza

and Tophania, who were both executed. The latter confessed that she had been instrumental in poisoning six hundred people, during a life of seventy years. Her poison was colorless and tasteless, and could not be detected. It was put up in phials, and labelled by her "Manna of St. Nicholas," though it was usually known by her own name as Agna Tophania. So common a thing did poisoning become, that fashionable ladies kept bottles of this fatal water upon their dressing-tables, as they would lavender water. By regulating the dose, victims could be despatched in a week, a fortnight, a month, or longer period, as suited the plans of the poisoners. In England, seventeen persons were poisoned by Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. This occurrence gave rise to the statute of Henry VIII., of 1532, by which the offence of poisoning was made treason, punishable by boiling the criminal to death! The punishment was duly administered in several instances, and particularly in the case of Margaret Davie, a young woman who suffered in this manner for the crime of poisoning, in the year 1541. In France, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, Madame de Brinvilliers, a young and beautiful woman of most engaging manners, run a distinguished career as a slow poisoner. By the advice of her husband, she leagued with a poisoner by the name of Sainte Croix to despatch her father and brothers, that she might inherit their property. The fellowship of crime inspired her with a guilty passion for her accomplice, and she afterwards sought to poison her husband that she might marry St. Croix. But the latter had no fancy to form a closer connection with this wicked woman, and by the secret administration of antidotes prevented the husband's death. She was at length detected in her practices, and perished on the scaffold. It is very probable that the youth and beauty of this fiend in human shape caused intercession in her behalf to be made to Louis XIV., even as the governor of New York has recently been besieged in behalf of Mrs. Hartung.

ROMAN REMAINS.

The ancient Triconium of the Romans, in the present county of Salop, England, is supposed to have occupied the site of the present town of Wroxeter, about five miles from Shrewsbury. This was one of the earliest Roman cities in Britain, and the ancient limits are still marked by a continuous mound, covering the ruins of the old walls, and enclosing a space nearly two miles long by one mile wide. In the middle of this area stands a mass of masonry, rising about twenty feet above the surface of the ground, which has long been designated as the "old wall." Some zealous antiquaries have recently been making excavations upon this spot, and have brought to light some very interesting and extensive remains of Roman buildings. The walls of a large public edifice have been uncovered, which surrounds an enclosed court of some forty feet width by two hundred feet long, which is paved with small and narrow red bricks. This court runs nearly east and west, and is separated in its length by strong walls, from a passage fourteen feet wide on each side. Some very fine tessellated pavements were found in one of these passages. The "old wall" formed the boundary of an alley-way which run along the south side of this building, and in excavating the continuation of this wall, it was found to be pierced with openings or doorways, each approached by a step formed of one large block of stone. One of these stone steps has the appearance of being very much worn by the feet. These doors led into a new series of rooms and courts; and still beyond them, to the south, the excavators came to the remains of rich dwelling-houses. Under the stone floors of these houses were found in good preservation *hypercausts*, or stone chambers for containing the furnaces or stoves with which the ancients heated their baths. These subterranean vaults were approached by massive flights of stone steps, leading to nicely-arched entrances. Accumulations of rubbish were found in waste spaces near these steps, and great numbers of coins, also objects in bronze and other metals, glass, pottery, etc., were taken from these heaps. Pieces of stucco, handsomely painted in fresco, were taken from the walls, the colors being still bright and fresh, after a lapse of some two thousand years. Quantities of window-glass were strewn about the floors. This was about as thick as common plate glass, showing that the houses of the ancient Romans were well glazed. The houses generally were roofed

with sparkling micaceous slate, set in small diamond-shaped pieces, which must have given to the city a dazzling appearance in the sunlight, when seen from a distance. There are traces of fire in all directions, and human bones were found scattered about, indicating that the end of the city was by violence and massacre. A local museum of the antiquities already brought to light has been established at Wroxeter, and the collection will be increased by farther excavations, which are to be prosecuted.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

We can't take up a single French paper without finding something about this world-renowned personage, who has just returned from an extensive tour in Russia and the East. He has already commenced the publication of his travels in a daily production called the "Caucasus;" and a Georgian youth whom he spirited away is receiving a Parisian education at old Monte Cristo's expense. One writer, says the Rue d'Amsterdam, has been besieged since the return of Dumas. Managers rush after pieces, publishers after romances, hotel-keepers after new culinary delicacies, and friends by the hundred to shake the returned traveller by the hand, to see his wonderful store of Eastern costumes and objects of curiosity. He no longer receives his visitors as formerly, in pantaloons and shirt; he now wears a silken shirt, large oriental trousers made of cashmere, and a white woolen coat. Thus accoutred, the author of Monte Cristo talks, corrects proof-sheets, makes bon mots, shows his collection, spreads out his Eastern stuffs. He explains his pipes and pistols, accepts invitations to dinner, invites others to dine with him, unrolls the plot of a new drama, declaims verses he has translated from the Russian, relates the biography of those he has met on his voyage, he asks to know what has been going on during his absence, he listens to a collaborator, he tenders the hand to a friend, has a smile for a pretty woman. The fact is, Dumas has returned with an increased abundance of that physical and intellectual life which makes him an enigma even to his friends; he has renewed his lease upon existence. During his travels, Alexander Dumas says he became the guest of a beautiful princess, an oriental pearl, who asked him for a sonnet, not a word of which did she understand, and in return gave Dumas a magnificent necklace, which he understood perfectly well.

A CURIOSITY.—Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co., at 17 Summer Street, have just placed upon the front of their establishment a large, handsome and accurate clock, a great convenience for every one who passes through the street, and for which they will be thanked by multitudes daily. But the wonder of this clock is its peculiar mechanism, which enables it, by the extension of a single wire in any direction and in any story of the building, to designate accurately the time in any number of rooms. We advise our friends to look in and see this modern marvel, and also to examine Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co.'s admirable sewing machines.

QUITE PARISIAN.—New York is becoming more and more like Paris in the variety of its amusements and the patronage bestowed on them. On one night lately, the various theatres were attended by nearly twenty thousand people, and some seven thousand dollars went into the several managerial treasuries.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL.—The shad, that much-loved and much-sought-after fish, lives but a single year. How we love them, and how we haunt the fishmongers who vend them! or, in the language of Burke, "What shad-ers we are, and what shad-ers we pursue!"

A MONSTER BUILDING.—One of the largest iron buildings in the world is going up in Havana, destined for a warehouse for the Credit Mobilier Company. It will be eight hundred feet long and four hundred and fifty feet wide.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.—We are happy to learn by letters from Utah that Brigham Young's health is rapidly failing and that he means to fly the country.

GOING UP.—Over five millions of dollars worth of new buildings are now in course of erection in New York.

GOLD GROWING.

The idea has lately been started in California that gold is actually forming at the present time in the rocks and earth of the gold-bearing regions. Recently a common iron axe was dug up from beneath the surface of a gold-bearing placer, where it had been buried probably for four or five years, in the red earth which is common to such localities. The iron was of course very much rusted, but the entire surface exhibited fine deposits of gold upon it. It is supposed that the gold was held in chemical combination by the earth, and that the presence of the iron caused it to be precipitated from that combination in the form of golden particles. Indeed, it is attested by able analytical chemists, that gold can be obtained from all the earth and rocks found within the gold regions, and that the application of science will yet demonstrate the truth of that position. Should there be any foundation for this theory, the dreams of alchemy will again be revived, and men will again roast their brains over the alembic and the furnace, in the hope of torturing the precious metal out of baser materials. But this pursuit will be more wisely directed than in the olden time, and, instead of trying to turn iron or copper into gold, the alchemist of the present day will devote his labors to the distillation of the yellow treasure from the earth where it is held in combination. It may be that the hint which Dame Nature has given us in the case of the axe above spoken of, may be improved upon to the cultivation of gold fields; and that a new order of *Golden Farmers* will spring up, who will plough and pulverize the soil of the gold country, plant their strips of old iron, and then patiently await a crop. It is true that four or five years is a good while to wait for a crop; but this new style of farmer need not be idle in the meantime, for he can keep on planting, regardless of seasons, year after year, until it is time to harvest. And then his return will indeed be a "golden harvest,"—that is, if he gets anything—of which there may as yet be considerable doubt. We would not advise any one to go very deeply into the speculation until further experiments have been made; for the old-fashioned way of farming is sure to pay, and a crop of golden grain is more useful than one of grains of gold.

ABUSE OF CRINOLINE.

Manifold are the uses and abuses of crinoline, but the most flagrant desecration of the article was one to which our attention was lately directed. It appears that a Detroit police officer recently discovered that eight servant girls, belonging to one of the large hotels of the city, had been for some time in the habit of stealing hams, legs of mutton, glass and crockery ware, bed clothing, table linen, provisions, and no end of small trumpery, and conveying them from the house under cover of their petticoats, by means of large bags attached to their hoops. In a receiving shop they had accumulated a large quantity of abstracted property, and one of the girls confessed to an attempt to carry out a half barrel of beer in the above mentioned manner, but failed for want of a second half barrel to balance her "patent extension" on the other side.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.—This universal favorite comes to us, with its clear and handsome pages every evening, absolutely a marvel of condensed information and choice reading. We could more agreeably dispense with our evening meal than with the "Transcript."

QUEER.—In Washington Street, near the head of State Street, is a sign reading—Aborn, Hatter. Think of a born hatter! In Green Street is another—I. Steel, Dry Goods. Goodness gracious! where's the police?

AN EVIL AND AN ANTIDOTE.—One firm advertises in this city "Perfect Fits," and even warrants them! Immediately beneath, in the same paper, is advertised a sure cure for "Fits!" So we are safe, that's one consolation!

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Mr. Kimball made quite a "hit" in producing Lord Timothy Dexter. Quaint old, genius, funny play, everybody and his cousin delighted.

OUT WEST.—Owing to the rise on the western rivers the folks have been "getting high" lately. They don't do it on water here in the Eastern States.

SUCCESS IS EVERYTHING.

When Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, the remark was once made to him that many persons were surprised that he should preserve the title of emperor after his abdication. He answered:—I have abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of emperor. I do not call myself Napoleon, emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon. Sovereigns generally preserve their titles; thus Charles of Spain preserved the title of king and majesty after having abdicated in favor of his son. If I were in England I should not style myself emperor. But they would have it believed that the French nation had no right to make me their sovereign. If they could not make me an emperor, neither could they make me general. A man at the head of a weak party during the troubles of a country is called a rebel chief; but when he has succeeded, when he performs great actions and elevates his country and himself, he is styled general, sovereign, etc.; it is success alone which gives him the title. If he had been unfortunate, he would have continued to be a rebel chief—perhaps have perished on the scaffold. The English nation long called Washington a rebel leader, and refused to recognize him or the government of his country; but his successes compelled them to change their opinion and recognize both. It is success which makes a great man.

VALUABLE HORTICULTURAL WORK.

On the first of June, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, will publish an original work, entitled "Country Life: a Handbook of Horticulture, Agriculture and Landscape Gardening," by R. Morris Copeland, the well-known landscape gardener. It is a volume of 800 pages, and contains 250 illustrations in the best style of art, many of them important to the understanding of the text, others purely ornamental, though significant. The work shows the management of farm crops on both small and large farms, gives the details of kitchen-gardening, fruit-raising, floriculture, etc., the management of grapes and greenhouses, and furnishes a reliable book of reference and study to the occupant of a small patch of land as well as the lord of many acres. Mr. Copeland is eminently fitted to produce such a successful work of this kind, as he is an educated man, well versed both in the theory and practice of farming and gardening, and is warmly enamored of a country life.

MAN-EATING.

A Chinese passenger, wrecked on the St. Paul and rescued by the steamer Styx, has arrived at Sydney and given an alleged account of the massacre of his fellow passengers on Rossell Island. He says the cannibals would select four or five Chinese daily, kill them, roast the flesh and eat it. The victims being decided on, they were taken out, beaten all over (excepting the head) with a kind of club, and then despatched by ripping the stomach open. The body was then cut up in small pieces and divided, the fingers, toes and brains being eagerly sought after. He says he saw ten of his fellow passengers killed in this way. When a missionary told a Feejee chief that he ought to love his neighbors, he answered, "So we do—love him roasted!"

STEREOSCOPES AND PICTURES.—William P. Tewksbury, 362 Washington Street, has one of the most choice and extensive assortments of these parlor delights that can be found in the city. He has especially a great number of very beautiful views taken in Boston and its immediate vicinity, and which he sells at marvellously low prices. It is a treat to look in and examine his large and attractive collection of stereoscopic pictures. You will be sure to add to your own private assortment. He is receiving new scenes every day.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The vast improvements now under way in this city, in the form of public buildings, private dwellings, broad and noble streets and delightful squares, will render Boston the most beautiful city in America!

Let no family deny itself so cheap a luxury as Ballou's Dollar Monthly. Crowded each month with the most attractive reading matter, fine engravings, and the funniest of all comic pictures.—all original. One dollar a year.—*Virginia Sentinel*.

THE REASON WHY.—A Washington Street tobacco dealer has sent us a package of the weed for an editorial notice. We can't conscientiously puff tobacco.

Mayside Gatherings.

The cost of the canals in the United States is estimated at \$175,000,000.

In adults, there are about fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds.

An order has been received at Concord, N. H., for 12 or 15 wagons for parties on the coast of Africa.

They have a rose grafted on a peach tree at Pendleton, S. C., and the tree being in full bloom, presents a beautiful appearance.

Very beautiful specimens of amber have been found in the forks of Fraser River; also copper, which will assay 95 per cent.

Indian relics have lately been found in Provincetown, Mass., which are supposed to have been buried before the landing of the Pilgrims.

At a recent estate sale in Charleston, S. C., Washington Alston's famous painting of "Spalatro, or the Bloody Hand," was sold for \$3011.

The leather belt establishment of P. Jewett & Sons, Hartford, turns out 2500 feet of belts of all widths per week, and their business for the past year amounts to \$300,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Newton celebrated the seventy first anniversary of their wedding day at Ledyard, Conn., lately. They were married at twenty.

There is still a survivor of the Wyoming massacre living at Fenner, Madison county, N. Y., Mr. David Stoddard, a hale and hearty old man of 91 years.

The fashionables of Cincinnati, of the "masculine persuasion," have adopted the latest style of cravats—a shoe string tied in a bow knot, with the ends dangling on the shirt bosom.

A patent for 15 years in Cuba has been granted to Pesant & Brothers, of New York, and to John Ericsson, for the use and proprietorship of Ericsson's new Caloric Engine.

The tax levy in the city of Baltimore, for the year 1859, is one hundred cents on every hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, ninety cents for city property, and ten cents for the use of the State.

Grace Greenwood has been lecturing in Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y. She has a pleasing person, but her voice has a slight lisp. She had a crowded audience, and was liked by the Palmyrenes.

Two bottles containing curious descriptions of gold and silver coin have been ploughed up at Gwaltney, Suney county, Va. The money is of English and Spanish coinage—about \$300 in each bottle.

Patrick Donnelly, a drunken vagabond, found wallowing in the mud of a street in St. Louis, was sent to prison for fifty days. He was formerly a prosperous broker in the city, worth over \$100,000.

The bill, in the N. Y. Legislature, relative to the removal of quarantine has been lost, as has likewise been the bill compelling the inhabitants of Staten Island to pay for the buildings they have burnt.

There is no such thing known among the Burmese as a drunkard. A Burman knows that to be guilty of intoxication is to be punished with death, for the government inflicts this punishment as rigidly as it does for murder.

The South Carolinians are preparing to erect a monument at Entaw, to commemorate the battle of September 8, 1781. Some of the leading men in the State are interested in this patriotic enterprise, and we heartily wish it success.

Mrs. Swisshelm says "Minnesota air is the very elixir of life, and we shouldn't wonder to see some enterprising quack doctor bottling up our January air and selling it all over the rest of the Union, as a cure for everything in general, and a positive prevention of the blues."

In selecting quotations for the illustration of words in his dictionary, Dr. Johnson is said to have been influenced by the religious opinions of their authors, because, as he said, he was unwilling to send people to look for words in a book that might mislead them forever.

The Third Baptist Society of Worcester have purchased one of the patent cast steel bells made by Naylor, Vickers & Co., Sheffield, England. These bells are said to have a very pure and melodious tone, peculiar to steel, and in many respects to be superior to the bells in general use.

Mr. John Bourne of Marshfield completed his one hundredth year on the 10th ult. He was a sergeant in the war of the Revolution, and has drawn a pension from the United States Government since 1818. He is in the enjoyment of good health, and bids fair to live several years longer.

The American Unitarian Association, having received a fresh batch of idols from its missionary in India, the Quarterly Journal fears that it will soon "have a pandemonium, if receipts of this kind continue;" and only wishes it "could as easily ship off some of the idols worshipped in our country."

At a tannery in South China, Me., sweet fern is used for tanning instead of bark. The leather made by this is said to be better than that manufactured with bark; one ton of sweet fern is said to be equal to about four cords of hemlock bark, and costs only about ten dollars a ton, while the average price of bark in this State, is about five dollars a cord.

Sands of Gold.

.... Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.—*Holmes*.

.... Oblivion is a second death which great minds dread more than the first.—*De Boufflers*.

.... Eagles fly alone: they are but sheep which always herd together.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

.... The best prayers have often more groans than words.—*Bunyan*.

.... Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.—*Tucker*.

.... Feeling in the young precedes philosophy, and often acts with a more certain aim.—*W. Carleton*.

.... Law is a chain which virtuo magnetises that it may attract from a distance what it cannot even encircle.—*De Boufflers*.

.... Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.—*Jerrold*.

.... In all sciences the errors precede the truth, and it is better they should go first than last.—*H. Walpole*.

.... Our eyes are quicker than our ears; example, therefore, goes farther than precept; and facts operate more strongly on our minds than sentences.—*Reynolds*.

.... Trifling annoyances should be welcomed for the assistance they render to us in preparing to submit with becoming patience to greater ones.—*Bovee*.

.... What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing difficult objects; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—*Warren*.

.... False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—*Montesquieu*.

.... Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.—*Emerson*.

.... Superior endowments become a subject of just pride only so far as they are applied to the purposes for which they were given to us. Without this application they become our greatest reproach.—*Bovee*.

.... A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the passing thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly of the most value, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Lord Bacon*.

Joker's Budget.

How should a dwarf give a conundrum to a giant? Give it up.

Why is a little nurse-maid like the evening star? Because she's a wee-nuss.

The most immoral of musicians is a fiddler; he is always in a scrape!

The lady who had a "spark" in her eye has kindled a "match" without trouble.

Poor Charles, who was lately splitting with laughter, has been spliced by the parson.

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

"Accidents will happen, even in the best regulated families," as the poacher said, when he was caught in a man-trap.

Why should a man who is in want of jovial society go to Babylon? Because there are such a quantity of bricks found there.

Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in scruples!

A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west. "Then," said a bystander, "go to school and learn geography."

A dram, generally speaking, is a small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

A corpulent city alderman said a few days ago, whilst riding in an omnibus, seated between two ladies, that he felt like a stave in a hog-head, surrounded by hoops.

Young Sawbones wanted to kiss his pretty cousin under the mistletoe; but she snatched her head away, saying, "Manners sir; don't thrust your doctor's bill in my face."

"I would do anything, go to the end of the world, to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Go there," said she, "and stay, and I shall be pleased."

"You would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

Susan was desirous of purchasing a watch. The maker showed her, among others, a beautiful one, remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" asked poor Susan.

The supper is sheep's heads. One of the party is enthusiastic, and as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims: "Well, sheep's heads forever, say I!" "There's egotism!" says Jerrold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

IN one of the quaint streets of Amsterdam there lived, nearly two centuries ago, Justus Van Huysum, a painter of flowers. Three sons were born to him; one, who to please his little Dutch wife, was called Justus after himself; the second Hans, for an uncle, who might or might not leave the boy a legacy; and the third, little Jan, who was born in 1692, long after the advent of the two elder brothers. This child became, therefore, the pet of the family, as well as its genius. To his father's talent of painting beautiful flowers, he added a rare excellence in landscape painting, by far excelling Justus and Hans, although they too were not without celebrity.

They all stayed at home, for the large, wide, old-fashioned parlor had been their father's painting room ever since they could remember, and it seemed that nowhere else could they lay on colors so skilfully, or distribute light and shadows so judiciously, as beneath the little quaint windows, with the lower half of the wooden shutters closed.

Nor did the quiet presence of Dame Van Huysum disturb the dreams of the artists. She sat with her interminable knitting-work close to the easel of the beloved Jan, and ever and anon the mother and son would exchange glances of the deepest affection, or fondly press each other's hands, at which the father and brothers would smile significantly, as if the love of those two were a standing jest among them. They seldom indeed spoke to each other without a loving diminutive of endearment; and often the others would steal from the room quite unnoticed, so eager was the conversation between Jan and his mother.

When Dame Van Huysum's brother died and bequeathed his only child to the care of his good sister, her only thought was that the little girl would take too much of her time from her boy, as she still persisted in calling Jan, although he was now nineteen. They had been expecting the new cousin for several days, and now, at the close of a golden September day, a heavy, square chaise was driven up to the door, and the old pastor of the church in the village where Dame Van Huysum's sister had died, alighted and handed out a pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed creature, dressed in deep mourning.

Father, mother and brothers all went to welcome the forlorn girl, and bid her feel at home, while the first glance at Dame Van Huysum, whose looks probably recalled her dead mother's, threw her into a paroxysm of tears. Jan claimed her as his special charge, on account of being nearest her age, and the poor girl, though she blushed at his earnest way, accepted the courtesy he offered, and allowed him to lead her to the house.

It was a rare pleasure to the sisterless youths to have one with them so companionable and pleasant as the little orphan maiden, and they showed their appreciation of her society by numberless attentions. The prettiest chamber, that which had always been Jan's from his sixth year, and which the mother had always decked so prettily, was freely given up to her. The walls were covered with a soft drab hanging, which formed a pleasant background for the beautiful flower-paintings bestowed by both father and sons. Over the wide fireplace hung a landscape, the work of Jan's own hands, and on the table were many of his dearly cherished books.

The floor was of oak, and had been waxed and polished until it had become as smooth as marble. The old-fashioned bed with its dark hangings, a chest of drawers with a large spreading eagle on the top, and two or three wooden chairs, seemingly designed to be as uncomfortable as possible, completed the arrangements of Matilda Hoffman's boudoir, excepting the daily changing glasses of odorous flowers, brought from the garden or the woods.

Into this pleasant room the sun had free entrance, gilding all its appurtenances with its kindly beams, but revealing no stain, not even a speck of dust. The sound of her light footstep, and occasionally a murmured song, fell pleasantly on the ears of the artists in the room beneath; and then she was with them even more than she was in her own room, for her aunt liked to have her near, and Matilda had now undertaken all the fine or difficult needle work, as well as the lighter household tasks.

How often the face and figure of the maiden was pictured on the canvass where Jan drew his landscapes—now as a haymaker, with bare feet and torn straw hat, now as a lady at some castle balcony, listening to the troubadour beneath; again, treading the streets as a beggar girl. This last, she declared, was quite too bad. She was quite content with the haymaker—had no particular objection to the lady of the balcony—but the last! did Jan think he was anticipating her future life? And Jan, delighted at her returning sprightly cheerfulness which was fast replacing the sadness which her mother's death had caused, threatened to introduce her likeness in the face of a cow which was standing in a pool in the picture he was then painting.

The wet and foggy spring was fast deepening into rosy summer, and the elder Van Huysum was preparing to go away with some pictures he had been completing. He was anxious that one of his sons should accompany him, but, for the first time, they refused to go. Justus, the grave, serious, elder brother, declined so peremptorily that his father did not renew the subject. Hans made some indistinct answer, purporting that he had promised some one to go another way. Jan turned away his head, as if impatient and sorry at once, but he assumed a playful tone, and said his mother could not spare him, for the other boys were no protection to her. The old painter turned to Matilda.

"Then you must go with me, my little niece," he said, smiling. "It will be a nice jaunt for you, and you have not seen anything yet beyond the mountain. Pack up your things and we will be off to-morrow."

Before an hour had passed, the three sons had each seen the father privately, and begged to go with him! It was now his turn to refuse, and he set off the next morning with Matilda, leaving the house as dreary and desolate as if the sunlight had been suddenly withdrawn. How the mother laughed at them! but in her inmost heart she sympathized with her favorite Jan, and determined that he, at least, should not be disappointed. A slight indisposition favored her plans, and she sent Jan for her husband to return, but contrived to make commissions enough for Jan and Matilda to execute for her at Rotterdam, whither they were bound, to prevent their returning at present.

The journey together resulted in the plighted troth of the cousins, but it was agreed between them to keep it secret for the present. A few days after their return Justus surprised her by declaring himself, and not long afterwards Hans perpetrated the same enormity. The poor girl was fairly overwhelmed. Three cousins violently, distractedly in love with her was more than she could bear at once, and the grave character of the elder brother awed her so much that she hardly knew how to frame her refusal. When, at length, she confessed that her affections were engaged to the younger brother, the emotion of Justus was so violent as to alarm and terrify her. His whole character had seemed to forbid the thought that any attachment could cause such fearful struggles in one of his calm and taciturn temper, and the poor child was perfectly shocked at his appearance. It was the only time since the childhood of Justus that any one had seen him betray any emotion. Now it was uncontrollable and could not be concealed.

Strongly attached to her youngest son as Dame Van Huysum had always been, she could not repress her grief at the unforeseen and violent agony of her eldest born, and the struggles that she witnessed made her almost join with Matilda in wishing that she had never come to Amsterdam to plant trouble in their peaceful family. Yet she yearned to the motherless girl as to a daughter, and would gladly have seen her the wife of one of her sons. The elder Van Huysum looked on with indifference. He had married the little Dutch maiden because her rosy face had pleased him as the flowers that he painted always did. She had made him a good wife, and he liked always to see her sitting in the quiet room; but for real, true affection—he did not even affect to know about any such romance. He had always had quite a respect for Justus, because he was so reserved and self-contained, but now he had this feeling no longer. He was as "silly and foolish as the rest of the boys."

Hans was not hurt at all by Matilda's refusal. Rather gruff and sour he became for a few days, but not enough to make any one suspect the secret; and he went on plodding at his somewhat inferior flower pieces, while his father remarked with infinite satisfaction, that although his broth-

ers had more genius, Hans had all the common-sense of the family. And Matilda gave no sign that he had ever got down on his knees in a way that made her think of Jan's picture of a bear in the woods, and cried piteously when she told him that she could not like him save as a cousin.

The strong love of Justus affected her far more deeply, and the irritation and unreasonableness of Jan did more than he was aware to weaken his own cause. Strangely enough, when their troth was pledged at Rotterdam, Matilda had made a playful reservation that "if she should like Justus or Hans any better than him on further acquaintance, she should have the privilege of recalling her promise to Jan." On his part he agreed to it fully, strong in the faith of his own superiority to the quiet Justus or the almost stupid Hans.

In the midst of this distressing time in the hitherto peaceful household of the Van Huysums, Justus was taken violently ill. For several weeks his life was despaired of. No one was more attentive to him than Jan. He watched with him every night, taking hurried rest by day; and in the terrible paroxysms which he witnessed, and the revelations he heard from the poor sufferer's lips, he declared to himself that if the life of his brother could be spared, he would relinquish his own hopes and do all in his power to aid him in making Matilda his own. At last the fever subsided, but Justus was left a wreck of what he was. Pale and attenuated, he seemed but a shadow of himself, and Jan's pitying heart bled to see the weakness which was so painfully apparent.

All Florence was attracted to the picture gallery of the Medici, beside the venerable church of Santa Croce, which, even then, was almost four centuries old. Among the beautiful creations of the grand old masters, where every wall showed forth the conceptions of Michael Angelo the immortal, men talked of beholding with delight the landscapes of a new German painter called Jan Van Huysum. Of these landscapes, it has since been said in more modern times that the painter had "greater freedom than Mignon or Brengel, more tenderness and nature than Mario da Fiori, Michael Angelo di Campidoglio or Seghers, more mellowness than De Heen, and greater force of coloring than Baptist." Indeed, so great was the beauty of the latter quality, that no one could equal it, since the artist kept the secret of his wonderful art of mixing his colors, and would admit no pupil to his studio. It was observable also that a single beautiful face was reproduced in every picture, a golden-haired beauty, whose locks were as perfect in their sheen as if Nature herself had just brought them into being.

It was reported that this singularly beautiful face belonged to the artist's wife; but they who had found out his abode, and had made fictitious errands thither for the sake of looking at so much loveliness living and breathing, came back angry and vexed, reporting that a woman coarse, awkward and ill-looking, had called herself Dame Huysum, and had spoken of the artist as her husband.

It was but too true. Jan Van Huysum, in a fit of generous self-abnegation, had deserted his home and his lady-love, leaving only a short letter, stating that he could not bear to live in Amsterdam, was about to visit other places, and that Matilda could not do better than to marry Hans. It was evident that he could not bring himself to write the name of his eldest brother, for he had blotted out the initial letter, and had written the name of Hans afterwards. Poor Matilda was inconsolable for a time, but the wretchedness of Justus touched her heart. When a second letter proclaimed Jan's marriage, she hesitated no longer.

"My dream is broken," she said to her lover, who was trembling under the weight of his new happiness, and wondering if he ought to accept the sacrifice which he felt she was making. "My dream is broken—but I shall henceforth live only in the real. I can live it happily and serenely with you, Justus, and you are too generous to ask for more love than I can give you."

It was wonderful indeed—the change which a true love made in the character and bearing of the hitherto shy and silent man. It was as if the sunlight had suddenly pierced, for the first time, some cold and dark recess. He painted on, while Matilda was at his side, and the colors were brighter and more glowing, and the landscapes were as if an ocean of molten gold were sweeping over them; but he never painted there-

in the image he worshipped. That he kept in his heart. To put it on the canvass would be to imitate the brother, who, by his noble sacrifice, had roused the sleeping fraternal affection which Justus had never displayed.

Fifteen years make great changes in life. They changed the self-banished artist into a great painter, and his coarse, uncultivated wife into a hypochondriac. After years of domestic inquietude, and the anxiety of bringing up his little Meeta without the help of a mother, after the cruel pain of having his kindest motives misinterpreted, Jan's wife paid the debt of nature.

On the day succeeding that in which she was committed to the grave, the father and child were on their way to Amsterdam. Unlike her mother, little Meeta seemed to have caught her sweet looks from her father's pictures of his beloved cousin. And to the united care of that beloved cousin and the dear mother who still survived, untouched by age, as it would seem, and still lovely as when he left her, Jan Van Huysum was now bearing this one precious child. Arriving in the afternoon, he chose to walk from the wharf to his mother's house. As he passed the well-remembered street, his eye noted each change, however minute. He met several people whom he knew, but his own looks were altered so that he was not recognized by them. He was glad that it proved so. The slow moving, melancholy looking man, his long beard resting on his breast, the Florentine dress of deep mourning, the little girl, whose golden curls were covered by the inevitable large flat hat always worn by the Florentine girls, and, in her case, with long black streamers floating over her black silk garments, attracted attention, but no one thought of Jan Van Huysum.

The house looked sombre and dull. The painting room in front was shuttered closely, and Matilda's room above it was as closely curtained. No sign of life existed anywhere about the dwelling. The wanderer opened the door gently, and the hollow sound that echoed through the wide passage made him shrink from some sudden presentiment of evil. He pushed open the door of the darkened room. His father sat quietly by the fire, but his mother was rocking herself to and fro, as if in grief. Altered as he was, the maternal heart did not need to be told that it was her own child, and she clasped him to that heart in an agony of mingled joy and love, as if the very sight of him could heal all sorrow, all trouble.

It was some minutes ere she could be composed enough to answer his question of what was going wrong with them. Then she opened the door of a small room, where there was a coffin, and there, looking as calm and serene as he remembered him in his boyish days, lay Justus, not a hair grown white, not a wrinkle on the clear, smooth brow, but with the look of having been happy upon earth and hopeful of heaven.

The cousins met calmly. Both had suffered, both were subdued, and there was no emotion visible, save that which the solemnity of death always brings to the human heart. Matilda had never known the bliss of a mother but for one short month, and this little Meeta seemed to come to supply the place of her who, if living, would now have been just her age. Jan left her to her care and went away, comforted to know that the angel he once worshipped would care for his child.

He saw them no more for a year. One bright evening, when the world was aglow with the red light of sunset, Meeta looked out of the window and shrieked out a joyful recognition of her father. There was no phantom of death visible now in the cheerful, wide-open house. The memory of the dead was cherished there still, but not with murmuring or complaints. And in the still hush of twilight, when the child and the old people had gone to bed, and Hans had walked out with a young girl who did not dislike the attentions of a prosperous artist, if he was a little old, the lovers of former years sat together and spoke of the old time and the new. And then Matilda told him what were the last words of Justus: "If ever my brother is free again, and asks you to love him, for my sake repay him for what he suffered once for me!"

"NO TIME."—We complain that we have "no time." An Indian Chief, one of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied Red Jacket, gruffly, "I suppose you have all there is!" He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into now.—Emerson.

LORD LYNDBURST.

We present herewith an excellent likeness of John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, one of the most distinguished lawyers and statesmen of England, and a man of unblemished reputation. The circumstance of his birth invests him with a peculiar interest on this side of the Atlantic, and particularly in this locality. The ex-chancellor of England is an American by birth, and was born in this city, in the year 1772. He has, consequently, reached an extreme old age, though still in the full vigor of his intellect. His father, Copley the artist, was the Vandyke of America. Time, as in the case of all true works of art, has added immeasurably to the value of his productions, but they were highly appreciated in his day, as the illustrious names of his numerous sitters testify. Much of his life was passed in England, where he died, and where his fame is preserved by his great historical painting, the "Death of Chatham." The subject of our notice was taken to England by his father, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1804. As a politician, the outset of his career was marked by strong radicalism, but he afterwards drifted over to the opposite side. The law richly rewarded its votary. In 1826 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, succeeded Eldon as Lord Chancellor, and was raised to the peerage. He resigned the great seal in 1830, was Lord Baron of the Exchequer till 1834, resumed the seal for another year, again resigned, and was a third time appointed Lord Chancellor in 1841, remaining in office till 1846. He has been the recipient of various honors, and bears the civic titles of D. C. L. and F. R. S. It is a fact to be remarked that all the greatest English lawyers are long-lived. On examination it will, however, be found that there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. In order to enable a man to go through the amount of work which alone can constitute a successful barrister, you must presume a physical constitution of iron, a capability of adapting his habits to the requirements of his calling, and an organization in which the nervous system is not too predominant. The demands on one who undertakes to reach the Woolsack or the Bench, are perfectly well understood, and have been reduced to pithy phrases, such as Lord Eldon's, "that a barrister must live like a hermit and work like a horse;" or the cynical aphorism, that to be a great lawyer or a good judge, you must have a bad heart and a good digestion. There are a few instances in which successful advocates at the English bar have for a time triumphed, by the mere force of energy and will, over deficiencies of bodily organization; but it has been almost invariably found that in these cases that one day they unexpectedly broke down and never recovered. Among the body of peers which are designated Law Lords, there are some notable examples of the theory above stated. Without doubt, however, the greatest phenomena among aged lawyers and statesmen, is Lord Lyndhurst. That noble and learned lord is in his eighty-seventh year; and already this session he has come forward to surprise and delight the assembly which he has so long adorned. Five or six years ago it used to be said, when Lord Lyndhurst brought forward some question of importance, which he illustrated in a speech of singular clearness and pregnant with matter, that he could hardly be expected to appear in the same character in another session. Nevertheless, year after year he has pursued the same course, exhibiting gradual tendencies to physical infirmity, but little or no symptom of decay in his mental characteristics. On a recent occasion the noble and learned lord presented himself to the House of Peers, to call attention to a subject with which he has a hereditary as well as an acquired right to deal. Himself the son of a distinguished painter and an academician, and, as he stated himself, in early life intimately associated with art and its professors, he was quite justified in becoming the exponent of the constitution and the wishes of the Royal Academy. On this occasion, as has been the case of late years, he had a little difficulty in rising from his seat, but after that he stood as erect as many a man thirty years his junior, and he delivered a speech full of facts, points of law, recollections, and ratiocinations, framed in neat well-poised, lucid sentences, and delivered without a note and without a correction. This circumstance, although of annual occurrence, is still more interesting in each succeeding year, and we have thought that Lord Lyndhurst's first parliamentary appearance this year was a not inappropriate occasion of presenting one of the most recent portraits of him to our readers.

To the old question, "What has posterity ever done for us?" we may safely say that posterity, or at least the idea of it, has done and is doing two most important things; it increases the energy of virtue and diminishes the excess of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.

THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLVE.

On the 14th I was a wonder to myself; astonished I had any mind left; and yet it seemed in the goodness of God uncommonly clear. I laid in bed long after my wife and daughter were up, and my conscience drove me to madness. I hated the darkness of the night, and when light came I hated the light, I hated myself, my existence. I asked myself, "Can I restrain? Is it possible? Not a being to take me by the hand and lead me or help me along, and say you can." I was friendless, without help or light—an outcast. My wife came up stairs, and knew I was suffering, and ask me to go down to breakfast. I had a pint of whiskey, and thought I would drink; and yet I knew it was life or death with me as I decided. Moderate drinkers, beware! take care you don't get into this condition. Well, I told my wife I would come down presently. Then my daughter came up and asked me down. I always loved her more because she was a drunkard's friend—my only friend. And then she said, "Father, don't send me after whiskey today." I was tormented before, but this was unexpected torture. I told her to leave the chamber, and she went down crying, and said to her mother, "Father is angry with me." Wife came up again, and asked me to take some coffee. I told her I did not want anything of her, and covered myself in bed. I soon heard some one enter the room, and I peeped out and saw it was my daughter. I then thought of my past life,

about breaking up and going home to mother's. My yard is covered with brick, and as I went over the brick, wife listened, as she told me, to determine whether the gate opened drunk or sober, for she could tell; and it opened sober and shut sober; and when I entered, my wife was standing in the middle of the room to see me when I came in. She was astonished; but I smiled, and she smiled, as I caught her keen black eye. I told her quick—I could not keep it back—"I have put my name to the temperance pledge, never to drink as long as I live!"

It was a happy time. I cried, and she cried; we could not hush it, and our crying waked up our daughter, and she cried too. I tell you this, that you may know how happy the reformation of a drunkard makes his family. I slept none that night; my thoughts were better than sleep. Next morning I went to see my mother; old as she was, I must go and see her, and tell her of our joy. She had been praying twenty years for her drunken son. Now she said, "It is enough; I am ready to die." It made all my connections happy.—*Autobiography of John Hawkins.*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH POULTRY.

I see so many discussions about the profits of poultry in your paper, that it induces me to suggest the following, which, if faithfully put in practice, will give the desired result, viz., large profits. The object is to have hens that will lay an egg a day every day of the year. Thus, if

allowed to set. Any eggs that want to be hatched, should be hatched by artificial means (an incubator), so as not to disturb the hens from laying. In the choice of poultry discard all except good barn-yard fowl,—Dominiques, Dorkings, and Spanish will do well, and the common dunghill fowl. These will prove uninterrupted good layers.

As above, a man with a thousand hens will get 30,416 dozens of eggs a year, worth at 20 cents per dozen, \$6083.31; but in winter eggs will sometimes sell for one-third to one-half more, and often double the price in summer. Twenty to twenty-five acres will be sufficient to keep 100,000 hens; but then room should be had elsewhere to prepare the meat, the expense of which would be high, but the income would be large—almost fabulous, however true and certain.

Properly to estimate the expenses of feeding, will depend on how the meat can be procured. Near a large city it will be less than elsewhere, owing to the better supply of dead horses, so that in a measure, the greater the number of hens, the less the meat will cost; for there any number of dead horses and dogs can be got, and even particularly a profit can be made on dead horses, so that the meat would cost almost and in many cases nothing; for the hides, the blood, the heads, hoofs and bones can be disposed of; the glue and Prussian blue manufacturers will buy the heads, hoofs and joints; the tanner will buy the hide; the button-makers will buy the large

bones; cutlers will buy the small and flat bones for handles, or the rest of the bones can be sold to bone-dust makers for manure, etc., or the gluten can be boiled and made into gelatine. Any quantity of meat can be prepared by chopping it fine, packing it into barrels with salt and pepper, and kept in a temperature a little above freezing, all the year round. The hens eat the meat greedily, and thrive uncommonly on it. Any one can thus graduate the income he is desirous to realize from any given number of hens. No hen should be kept over four years. All at that age should be fed entirely on grain for three weeks, and then sold off. I have set this ball in motion, so keep it rolling. But everything is to be done, first and at all times with attention, due care and perseverance. The profits with hens, however, commence with the first day if it is properly put in execution and readiness.—*F. A. Nauts, Philadelphia, Pa., in the Country Gentleman.*

THE LANDRAIL.

One of the most singular traits in the character of the landrail is this, that upon the appearance of danger it feigns to be a dead bird. This habit of feigning to be dead or wounded, frequently results from maternal affection, and is usually shown to divert attention from the helpless young and fix it on themselves. Partridges manage this affair very adroitly, and also other birds; but, as far as I am aware, few records exist of the landrail, none of the wild duck, resorting to this stratagem. The following anecdotes, therefore, are of value. Mr. John Bakewell, of Castle Donington, in Leicestershire, went out with Mr. Hudson, a member of the Society of Friends, to shoot over his farm. They were accompanied by a thoroughly-broken retriever, who would not bruise his game. The dog came to a landrail, which he caught and brought to his master, Mr. Bakewell, the bird being to all appearance quite dead. Mr. Bakewell put it in his pocket and carried all the morning. On reaching home he took it and laid it on a side-table in the room in which they sat down to dinner. During dinner the bird was observed to raise its head and suddenly dash at the window. Upon going to it, it soon put on the appearance of death, closing its eyes and remaining perfectly passive. It was again laid upon the side-table. After remaining there for perhaps half an hour, it again raised its head and made a rush at the window, and was a second time taken up as before. The lady of the house was so interested in these extraordinary proceedings on the part of the bird, that she interceded for his life, and it was accordingly taken into the garden and laid upon the grass plot, and was observed with much interest. After a while it was noticed to open one eye, and, not seeing its observers, raised its head cautiously, and believing that the time for escape had arrived, made off, and was seen no more. This anecdote was communicated to me by Mr. Huish, of Castle Donington. It occurred some time ago; but there are two living witnesses of the fact—Mr. Hudson, who now resides at Barrow-upon-Soar, and Mrs. Bakewell, widow of Mr. Bakewell. The former told the fact to Mr. Huish, expressing at the same time a wish that so curious a circumstance should not go unrecorded.—*London Field.*

A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world; because that which he has superior to other people cannot be excited without raising himself an enemy.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD LYNDBURST.

my degradation, misery of my friends, and felt bad enough. So I called her, and said, "Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more." She cried, and so did I. I got up and went to the cupboard and looked at the enemy, my whiskey-bottle, and thought, "Is it possible I can be restored?" and then I turned my back upon it. Several times while dressing I looked at the bottle, but thought I should be lost if I yielded. Poor drunkard! there is hope for you! You cannot be worse off than I was; not more degraded, or more of a slave to appetite. You can return, if you will. Try it, try it!

Well, Monday night I went to the society of drunkards, and there I found all my old bottle-companions. I did not tell anybody I was going, not even my wife. I had got out of difficulty, but did not know how long I would keep out. The "six-pounders" of the society were there. We had fished together—got drunk together. We stuck like brothers, and so we do now that we are sober. One said, "There is Hawkins, the regulator, the old bruiser," and they clapped and laughed, as you do now. But there was no laugh or clap in me. I was too sober and solemn for that. The pledge was read for my accommodation; they did not say so, and yet I knew it. They all looked over my shoulder to see me write my name. I never had such feelings before. It was a great battle.

At eleven I went home. Because when I stayed out late I always went home drunk, wife had given me up again, and she began to think

you begin with 300 hens, they must lay 300 eggs, or 25 dozen a day, or 9125 dozen a year, which at 20 cents per dozen, will be \$1825 a year; the expenses on this will be about \$500. If a man has five or six acres of land, he can begin with 1000 hens and about 80 or 100 roosters. He will have to inclose his land with board fences five or six feet high; make the hen-houses along that fence, seven or eight feet wide, eight or nine feet in front, with doors and windows every fifteen or twenty feet—one or two roosting poles along the whole length back, so as to give every bird one foot square to roost—the nests can be put under the windows or back part of the house; there will be then sufficient space in the middle for a storm and feeding room to put them in stormy weather—the house in such weather being well supplied with clear water and ashes, lime and sand, for the hens to roll and dust themselves in.

The interior of the six acres will have to be divided into several divisions, which can be done with lath fences, so as to keep the poultry in as many distinct groups as possible. They will naturally roost in the house, the groups by themselves also, although it may be partitioned off for that purpose, and also well supplied with clear water every day, lime, ashes and sand. The way to make them lay every day is to feed them on nothing but cut raw meat, which may be of any kind—horse, or dog, or any other meat, worms, caterpillars, or offal meat. They will then lay every day certain. No hens should be

Poet's Corner.

BURNS'S FLOWERS.

A DIRGE.

"I have some favorite flowers, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-briar rose, and the heavy hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight."

Earth, receive the flowers ye gave!
Kiss them, winds, until they die!
Write, ye spirits, o'er their graves,
Here a poet's dear ones lie.

Daisy, type of many hearts,
Trod-den most by those who love thee;
Striving, as the foot departs,
Still to smile on all above thee.

Harebells ringing—yet no wind—
As some sprite, in puzzled doubt
Touching, playfully, to find,
Shakes the timorous music out!

Foxgloves, rich in summer dyes,
Honeyed storehouse of the bee;
Now his prison, now his prize;
Let the bulky spoiler free!

Wild-briar bloom, snatched—not by foes,
Sheathe thy infant-wounding thorn!
Bud to bud, and rose to rose,
Beauty dying, beauty born!

Hawthorn white, whose fragrant breath
Echoes to the passer-by
All that spring time ever saith,
All that summer can reply.

GOOD AND MAMMON.

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Bleeds Gospel text with trading ganimoon,
A blackleg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week;
A saving bet against his sinful bias.
"Kogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie, I cheat—do anything for pelf;
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"
HOOD.

GOD'S TIME.

God lights both stars and souls; their glory is
Their measure of His being. Who would shine
In His full light must tarry like the stars
And bide God's time—not in hibernial coil,
But with a watchful soul laid bare to heaven,
And in a ceaseless prayer, drinking in
The light that moves him onward to his rise.
ANONIMOUS.

INDIFFERENCE.

O, who would love? I wooed a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turned from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea.—TENNYSON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We are afraid that for many months to come the journals of the world will be crowded with accounts of marches, battles, and all the "pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war." Heaven avert the curse from the western world! Surely man is a fighting animal. What wars by sea and land has the nineteenth century, the boasted age of enlightenment, of religion, of art, science, and letters, already witnessed. There has been one almost incessant roar of cannon and din of steel, and nations are yet as ready to fly to arms instead of diplomacy, as in the dark ages. But if out of the European conflicts spring liberty for the down-trodden millions, though we may deplore the carnage, we cannot regret the contest. . . . Hon. James O. Putnam, in a recent letter, gives the following: "When in the Island of Madeira, I saw a few cases of intoxication among the poorer people, and I had, from a nine years resident clergyman, this explanation: That before the failure of the wine crop in Madeira (formerly the annual yield was about 15,000 pipes of wine, now five or six hundred), there was scarcely any drunkenness on the island, but the failure had placed wine beyond the reach of the poor, they now cultivated the sugar cane, from which was manufactured a strong spirit now in common use. And the result was that drunkenness had appeared as the wine disappeared." . . . The second volume of Buckle's History of Civilization has appeared in England. Throughout the work the author speaks in the highest terms of America, her institutions and great men. In the last chapter, he thus writes: "On the other side of the Atlantic, a great people, provoked by the intolerable injustice of the English government, rose in arms, toroed on their oppressors, and after a desperate struggle, gloriously obtained their independence. In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe that noble Declaration, which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace. In words, the memory of which can never die, they declared the object of the institution of government is to secure the rights of the people; that from the people alone it derives its powers, etc." . . . At the recent review of the Imperial Guard, at Paris, the heir-apparent to the French throne was present, dressed like a corporal, with a funny little bear-skin cap on his little "pow." He has just entered on his fourth year. Perhaps heir-presumptive would be the better title for him. . . . The particulars of the Marquis of Waterford's death are given in an Irish paper. It seems that while hunting he was leaping a small fence, half bank, half wall, not more than two feet high, when the horse missed his hind legs on the bank, and dropped his fore legs into a small cut on the other side, which threw the animal on its knees and nose, so that his lordship was thrown off on his face, his hunting cap having

a dint in the top, but there being no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was found in a sitting posture, but was entirely unconscious and never afterwards spoke. He lived about ten minutes, and the only sign of life was that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, a doctor, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance, and pronounced life extinct, death having been produced by concussion of the brain. The marquis led a sad life before he was married, but of late years we have heard very little to his discredit and much to his honor. . . . A London critic pronounces Besio the greatest singer living. . . . They grow some tall vines in Pennsylvania, it seems. We measured, a few days ago, says the York county (Pa.) Star, a vine, its equal in size we doubt whether is to be found in this country. It is of wild or native growth, and we are not aware either of the quality or variety of the fruit it bears. The main vine measures thirty-seven inches in circumference, or is a fraction over twelve inches in diameter, the branches from which, to the number of a dozen or more, cover five large forest trees, running to their very tops, possibly sixty feet in height. . . . Mery and Meyerbeer have composed a ballad together, entitled, "The Spectre of the Castle of Baden," an inspiration which the two geniuses have received after a visit to something in the neighborhood of much-loved Baden, which was peculiarly mystic, and led to a champagne, etc. supper after it. . . . A Fiji prince, who wished to have the population over whom he ruled gathered from the scattered villages and located around his own dwelling, instructed the officers sent to carry out his commands to take all who should refuse to comply. . . . The English nobility are liberal patrons of art. We read that the Marquis of Hertford gave two thousand five hundred and fifty guineas for Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of "Mrs. Hoare and Child," and Lord Ward gave eleven hundred guineas for the Sir Joshua portrait of "Miss Penelope Boothby." Lord Ward has got a better picture, and at less than half Lord Hertford's price, says the News. . . . Heine says each country has its peculiar cookery and its peculiar woman-kind—and, contemplated from a high idealized standpoint, the women everywhere have a certain agreement with the cookery of the country. . . . Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, in a pastoral letter just published, speaks as follows: "The idleness of boys when they leave school—an idleness which is often not wilful but compulsory—idle because unable to find anything to do—we regard as one of the most fruitful sources of vice, and one of the greatest evils of society. It is such an evil that we look on the military despotisms of Europe, which take young men from their families or the streets for a term of years, and compels them to serve in the army, as a comparative blessing. In the service they acquire habits of obedience to superiors, cleanliness, regularity and order. In our large cities, hundreds of boys and young men are wasting energies which they are anxious to devote to the conquest of a respectable position in society, and therefore to the public good; but they know not what to do; they are idle because no man hath hired them." . . . An Irish king-at-arms waited on the bishop of Kilmore to summon him to Parliament. Being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, the bishop's servant was so mystified with his appearance, that, carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him as "the king of trumps." . . . What an argument in favor of social connection is the observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more. . . . The Vera Cruz Progresso relates the following incident as having occurred during the recent demonstration of the Reactionists against Vera Cruz. While standing, with some of his officers, on the bank of a stream, at a place called La Poza, Gen. Miramon inquired of Col. Cuevas, chief of the artillery, if he could swim. The colonel, not knowing what to expect, replied in the negative. "Then learn!" exclaimed Miramon; and, with a sudden push, he sent his subordinate headlong into the water. . . . Balfie is said to be meditating a visit to Calcutta. His new opera "Satanella," has proved a brilliant success, and was performed by the Harrison and Pyne troupe, at Covent Garden, for fifty-eight nights. His daughter, Miss Victoria Balfie, has lately fulfilled an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Turin, in the part of Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," which she sang and acted with grace and spirit. Miss Balfie is, for the present season, in London, where she will make her debut in "La Sonnambula," as Elvino. . . . The grandson of De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, was a clergyman of the Church of England; and the great-grandson was a vicar in Rutland; and the Rev. Henry De Foe, one of the living representatives of the family of the great novelist, is now a curate in Leicestershire. . . . A sailor came down to the cabin of Nelson's ship one cold, drizzly day, with some message, and where Lady Hamilton was sitting. Her ladyship was always warm-hearted, and seeing the cold condition of the sailor, asked which he would prefer, a glass of wine from the bottle which she held in her hand, or a glass of brandy. "It don't matter which," replied Jack, "but if your ladyship pleases, I can be drinking the wine while you are pouring out the brandy." . . . A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick, "I don't believe you," said the other, "for you never gave anything." . . . Souleouque's prime minister is said to have cheated the ex-emperor out of all his ill-gotten money, and is enjoying it at present in Paris. . . . The philosophers tell us that the rain which falls from the clouds makes a component part of what ever grows upon the earth. Thus, in a passing shower, we may be unconsciously pelted with the component parts of bulls, sheep, poets, patriots, and editors. . . . An incurable punster declares that the new kind of paper, made out of straw, will doubtless lay the foundation of a new literature. . . . The English have turned Oude into a regular Quaker country, levelling there nearly 800 forts, and selling 387 cannon, and 975,000 arms of all kinds. What will the people do when the tigers come into their towns and villages for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper? There has been such a thing in India as a town being stormed by an army of tigers.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

War appears now to be inevitable, if it has not already commenced. No one appears to think that a Congress will be able to settle anything, but negotiations will have this effect—to show the world the atrocious principles of Austria. Here has she been encircling the Papal States with a cordon of troops and forts, strengthening her positions in Italy, for years, and now she stands ready, in the event of any disturbance in France, to seize upon the whole of Italy, as she has already grasped the fairest portion. That France or Sardinia can permit this menacing attitude to exist longer is impossible. Austria herself has precipitated the crisis, and if England knew her true interests, she would hail the hostile preparations of France and Sardinia with delight. But if an arrangement was patched to-morrow, with the existing feeling of France, Austria, Sardinia and Russia left in play, the prospects of the repose of Europe would not be in the slightest degree better than at this moment.—The organ of Napoleon's private cabinet speaks of a last and supreme effort which England and Prussia are making in behalf of peace, referring to the Austrian proposition for a general disarmament. The Patrie asserts that France is still on a peace footing. She has collected no army on her frontier—has not applied to the legislature for war credit—while Austria, having increased her army in Italy to 100,000, might commence a campaign to-morrow.—The Moniteur publishes a decree ordering an apportionment of a 100,000 conscripts among the different departments. This is the whole contingent of the year. In ordinary years 80,000, and in some years 40,000 have been called out.—Five young Persians have arrived in Paris from Teheran—two of them to study medicine, two to be educated in military schools, and the fifth, who is a nephew of Ferruck Khan, to be an outdoor pupil of one of the principal colleges.—Recently four hundred doctors of the faculty of Paris had a subscription dinner at the grand Hotel du Louvre, the price of tickets being sixteen francs (\$3) each. The dinner was given in honor of the triumph of the regular faculty of the Allopathists over the Homoeopaths, in a judgment in their favor before one of the French courts.

French Republicans.

The French republican party in London have established a publication, which contains this warning of the designs of Louis Napoleon on Italy: "Pursuing his system of hypocrisy to the end, he destroyed the Republic in the name of the Republic; and in the name of universal suffrage, and under the pretext of re-establishing it, he confiscated it, and made it an instrument of tyranny. Let the remembrance of these deeds act as a salutary lesson to the nations! To-day, the same man proceeds by the same means of falsehood and duplicity. In order to march forth to the realization of his fixed idea, to reconstitute the empire in its former dimensions, and to avenge the defeat of Waterloo, he intends lulling Europe into sleep up to the last moment, deceiving her vigilance as he did that of France."

The Late Sir Henry Havelock.

It appears from the Indian correspondence that so testimonials have been erected there to the memory of the late hero. In England, a similar complaint cannot be made. Already, competitive busts and colossal statues have been subscribed for. The bust executed in marble and now in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, London; the colossal statue for Trafalgar Square, now in progress; and that to be erected at Sunderland, the general's birth-place, have all, after severe competition, been awarded for execution to Mr. Behnes.

Russia.

The Russian government has forbidden the negotiations of one of the recent Austrian loans, on the ground that by the premiums connected therewith (given on its redemption, as we understand) it comes under the law which interdicts foreign lotteries. This act is also construed by some as a significant indication of the disposition of Russia towards Austria.

Austria.

The Austrian government is said to have declined for the moment to permit M. de Lapeyriere, a Frenchman, to take the supreme direction of the South-Austrian and Lombardo-Venetian railroads. In the meantime, the director-general will enjoy *otium cum dignitate* and his enormous salary of 125,000 francs per annum.

Switzerland.

The federal council of Switzerland was occupied at one of its recent sittings in considering the means to be adopted to meet the expenses which might be caused by the armaments. Two plans were suggested—one, a loan from capitalists, and the other a national subscription. The council decided for the latter.

Turin.

There is not one word of truth in the Turin report that there has been a mutiny in the Italian regiment "Aiol-di," which is stationed at Agram, in Croatia. The story of a superior officer having been arrested and taken to Verona for having carried on a traitorous correspondence with the Sardinians is also false.

New Opera House.

The site of the new opera in Paris has been at last decided. The building is to occupy the spot upon which the Hotel d'Osmond stood until recently. It is situated in the best part of Paris, and upon one of the most open of the Boulevards.

Bank at Beyrout.

Some English capitalists have established a bank of discount and deposit at Beyrout, Syria, which is a new feature in that region, and very useful in facilitating trade.

Songs of Franco.

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tion that no establishment in this
country excels, if equals it, for variety
and general adaptation to the wants
of the public.

THE STOCKING-LOOM.

It is not often that an industrial invention is attended with such romantic circumstances as those which surrounded the origin of the stocking-loom. About the year 1589, William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, England, was expelled from the University, for marrying contrary to the statutes. Being poor, his wife was obliged to aid their maintenance by knitting; and as the student sat watching the busy fingers of his industrious wife, he conceived the idea of imitating those movements by a machine. "Why should fingers so beautiful be thus enslaved?" Such a thought probably flashed upon the mind of the student, and out of it arose his first ideal construction of a machine, which afterwards became a reality, and the products of which now form a staple commodity in all civilized countries. Having constructed his first machine, and taught the use of it to his brother, and the rest of his relations, Lee established himself at Culverton, near Nottingham, as a stocking-weaver; but, being neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I., he transferred himself and his machine to France, where Henry IV. and his minister, Sully, gave him a welcome reception. After the king's decease, Lee shared in the persecutions suffered by the Protestants, and is reported to have died, from grief and disappointment, at Paris. Some of his workmen escaped to England, and under one Aston, who had been Lee's apprentice, succeeded in establishing the stocking manufacture permanently in England. A sad story!—like that of most benefactors of their race. It is to be hoped that, like such benefactors generally, he had in himself the means of consolation. The engraving represents the young husband brooding over his design, as he watches the patient toil of his beautiful young wife. The accessories of the sketch indicate the social position of the hero of this romance. The carved reading-desk and ponderous volumes, show the scholar—the dress, and the arms hanging on the wall, the gentleman. The beauty of his fair companion accounts for the rash love match, but that very union, with its attendant cares, is to perpetuate the name of the husband. Love made Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith, a painter, love made William Lee an inventor.



THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING LOOM.

THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

The sentiment of veneration which the Indian tribes, and, above all, the inhabitants of Siam, profess for the white elephant, is not exactly worship, but a supreme respect, which is accounted for by their religious traditions. The metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is, as it is well known, one of their dogmas. According to this faith souls migrate, in proportion to the degree of purity or perfection manifested during life, into the body of an animal higher or lower in the scale of created beings. But, as the white elephant is believed to be the most perfect of all animals, it is into his body that the souls of the heroes and great men enter. Even their good Budda must assume, according to their

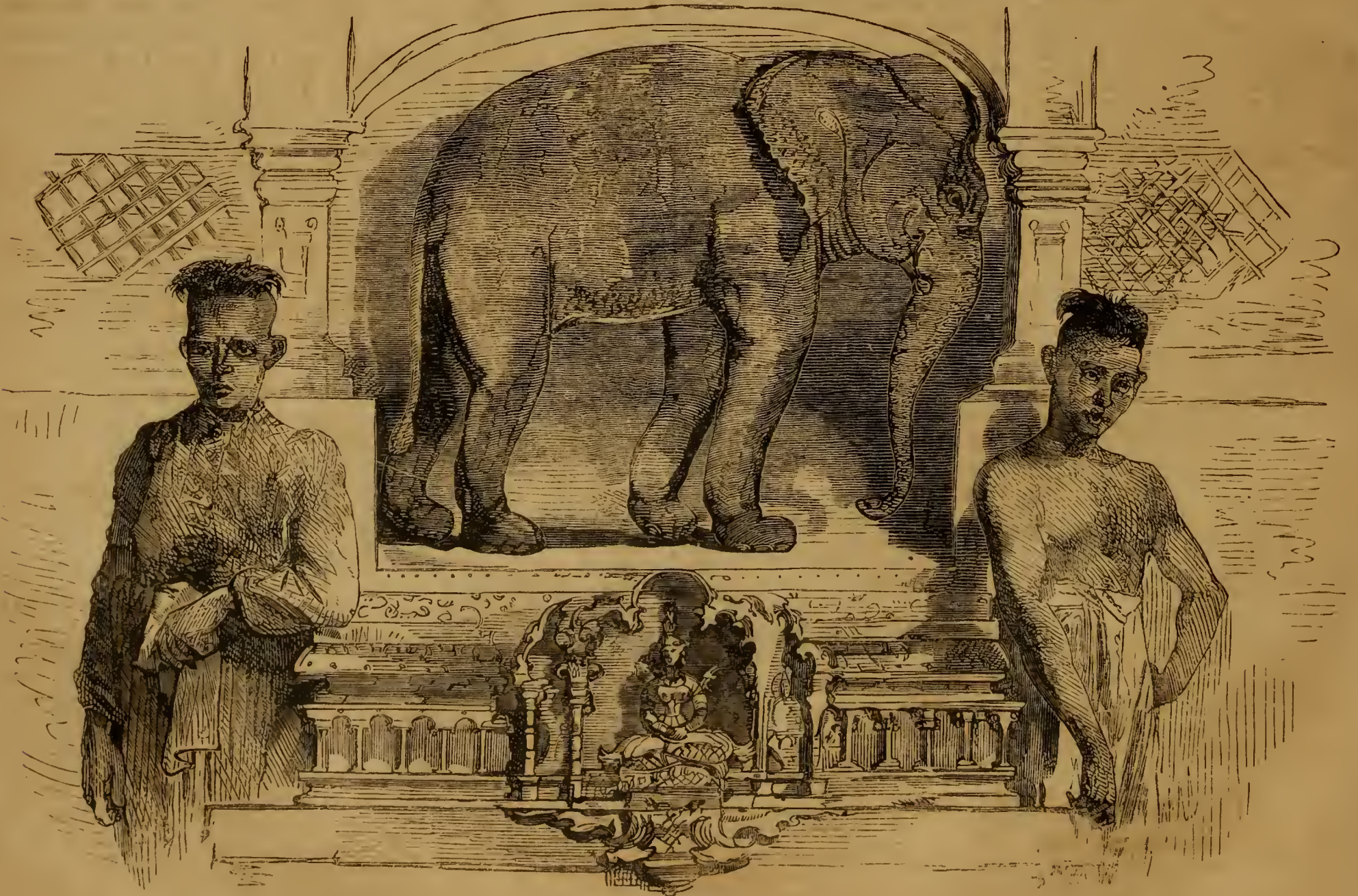
creed, one day the form of this animal. It is, therefore, not unnatural that the sovereigns of Siam, as soon as they are informed of the birth or the arrival in their dominions of one of these white elephants, should give orders that the animal be conducted by a brilliant *cortège* to their court, where there is assigned to him a splendid mansion as a stable; and where the happy pachydermita is waited upon by a whole suite of Brahmins. It is then that the elephant becomes an illustrious personage, to whom princely honors are paid during life and monuments erected after death. The imago of the elephant is sometimes of granite, sometimes of marble, and not unfrequently of even precious metal. These are not idols, but simply statues. As such the

sculptures are seen in the beautiful grotto of Elephanta, as well as in the grand pagoda of Bangkok, represented in the engraving given below.

BUDDING ROSES.

Nearly every variety of the rose may be propagated by budding. Some varieties are difficult to manage by the other methods, but, by budding, readily form handsome plants in one year. The operation consists in taking an eye, or bud attached to a portion of the bark of one plant, and generally called a shield, and transplanting it to another. The advantage in budding is that, where a plant is rare, a new plant can generally be had from every eye, and the criterion as to time, in performing the operation, is the forming of the buds in the axillæ of the leaf of the present year. The buds are known to be ready by the shield, or portion of bark to which they were attached, easily parting from the wood. Having selected such buds as may be required, remove the same, by inserting a sharp, thin-bladed knife, about half an inch above the bud, and passing the same about one-third of the way through the wood of the shoot, come out again about the same distance below it, making the cut as clean as possible. When the shield is removed, it contains a portion of the wood, which should be carefully removed. By cutting upwards, the danger of destroying the eye is materially lessened. If the wood be dry it will not separate easily, in which case it should be thrown aside. Make an incision lengthwise through the bark of the stock

about an inch long, and cross this at the top by another incision. Raise the bark very carefully and insert the shield within, gently pressing it to the bottom of the incision. Great care should be taken that it is in close contact with the stock. Being satisfied on this point, which is essential to the success of the operation, bind up all except the bud, with either matting, soft twist, or strips of cotton, which could be moderately dampened. At the end of two weeks, the success of the undertaking will be known; and, if successful, in three weeks thereafter the bandages should be gradually removed, when the stock should be cut off about two inches above the bud. Roses may be budded in this manner very successfully.



SACRED ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. { VOL. XVI., No. 21...WHOLE No. 413.
5 CENTS SINGLE.

THE HARTFORD AND NARRAGANSETT.

The principal object in the accompanying marine picture, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, at the Charlestown navy yard, is the United States steam sloop-of-war Hartford, of which an accurate likeness is presented. This fine vessel was successfully launched, it will be remembered, on the 22d of November last. In 1856-7 Congress made an appropriation for building five sloops-of-war, of which the "Hartford" is one, the "Brooklyn," built at New York, the "Lancaster" at Philadelphia, the "Richmond" at Norfolk, and the "Pensacola" at Pensacola, make up the complement. The building of the Hartford was commenced Dec. 6, 1857. She was modelled by the late Edward H. Delano, naval constructor for this district, his designs being reduced to working plans by Mr. George H. Pook. Her model is extremely graceful, and our artist has caught her clipper-like air and beautiful lines and transferred them to paper with the accuracy of the photograph. At her bow she carries an elaborately carved figure head, while her stern is elliptic and but slightly ornamented. The carpenter's measurement of the Hartford gives her 2023 tons 59 feet, her actual capacity being much greater. All her frame timbers are of live oak, coaged together sideways and doweled endways, substantially and securely, sided ten inches and moulded at the floors one foot five inches, gradually diminishing till they are six inches square at the rail. The keel and keelson are solidly put together, bolted and doweled. The vast ribs of the frame touch each other, and the frame is cross-strapped from stem to stern with a double bracing of iron bars. The plank upon the bottom and the walls are of white oak. Airy and graceful as the hull looks without, it is defiantly strong, like the "hand of iron in the glove of velvet." The breadth of beam is 44 feet, and the depth of hold from the top of the floor timbers to the gun and spar deck 21 feet four inches. The orlop decks run fore and aft, interrupted only by the space occupied by the engines. Below the deck are the magazine, shell room and general store-rooms, and upon it is the cockpit. The Hartford is propelled by steam and canvass. Her two steam engines were built at Loring's works, South Boston, under the superintendence

of Jesse Gay, United States naval engineer. These engines are called 800 horses' power but are actually of 1000 horses' power. The diameter of the cylinder is 62 inches, with 34 inches stroke. The main shaft of the propeller is 79 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. The propeller has two blades 14 feet six inches in diameter. It is so constructed as to admit of its being hoisted or lowered, so that either steam or sails may be used. The height of the masts above the spar deck is as follows: foremast, 136 feet two inches; mainmast, 182 feet; mizzenmast, 144 feet eight inches. She spreads a large amount of canvass, wearing, in full dress, 37,446 square feet, though she will rarely be put under more than 19,000. Under steam alone she will make 14 knots an hour; under canvass, going free, 15 knots. Her mainsail contains 467 square yards of cloth. She carries two suits of sail, with extra studding sails. She will carry four deck awnings, 500 hammocks, 300 clothing bags for sailors, a suit of sails for nine boats, and a suit of colors containing the flags of all nations. The berth deck is 220 feet long. Here the sailors' hammocks are swung. On the after end of this deck is the commander's cabin, forward of which are the officers' ward-rooms. Next to these are state-rooms for the midshipmen and assistant engineers, and yet further forward the quarters of carpenter, gunner, boatswain and sailmaker. The intervening space between these and the "sick bay" in the bow, is appropriated to the use of the crew, cooking, etc., after deducting the room for the engine and boilers. The berth deck is thoroughly ventilated throughout, excellent arrangements for this purpose having been adopted. Below the berth deck, where the engines are set, there are three water-tight compartments, formed by bulkheads. The

deck is 241 feet long, its beams, like the berth deck, being of yellow pine. The armament will consist of shell carriage guns of the famous Dahlgreen model. The complement of men and officers will be 320, all told, for whom the amplest accommodations have been provided. The ship has a new apparatus for working the chains, consisting of capstan bars on the berth deck and a heavy drum-head rising eighteen inches above the spar deck. The chain is brought directly to this apparatus, from which it is payed down into the locker. There is also an ordinary capstan abaft the mainmast. The ship is copper fastened throughout. About 350 men were employed in building this fine vessel, the workmanship of which reflects high honor on our Boston and Charlestown mechanics. The work was executed under the direction of

the following master workmen: Melvin Simonds, master carpenter; John R. Rice and William H. Bridge, master smiths; Edward Newhall, master caulker; Alexander McFarland, master joiner; Cyrus Cobb, master painter; Samuel Allen, master plumber; Edward Harding, master spar-maker; James Boyd, master sail-maker; James A. Sutton, master block-maker; and James Walker, master rigger. The gunboat Narragansett, also shown in our engraving, we have not space particularly to describe. She is of fine model, and belongs to an important class of vessels, of which there is a large number in the French and English navies. These vessels, from their size and light draft, are easily handled. They usually carry an enormous pivot-gun, throwing Dahlgreen shells, and one or two 32-pound carriage guns.



U. S. SLOOP OF WAR HARTFORD AND GUNBOAT NARRAGANSETT, AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ABDUCTION.

A TRUE STORY OF FLORIDA LIFE.

BY J. O. BRANCH.

ON the bank of a beautiful lake, which he had named Eutaula, Walter Wardlaw fixed his home. He could not, perhaps, in all the "Land of Flowers" have found a more enchanting or a more lovely spot than that upon which his mansion stood. The lake was not large, but its waters were clear as crystal, and its banks, which were low at its margin, and rose gradually for near half a mile, were covered with a thick growth of live oak, palmettoes and wild orange trees. For some distance around the houses the undergrowth had been cleared away, and no tree was permitted to remain unless it added something to the beauty of the place. The dwelling was large, tastily and elegantly furnished, and conveniently arranged. Behind it, in a few hundred yards, stood the cabins of the negroes. These were whitewashed, and being placed in rows, presented the appearance of a small village. Everything in sight bore witness to the good taste and diligence of the owner of the premises.

So much for the surroundings of those with whom we have most to do. And now let us draw near and make the acquaintance of Mr. Wardlaw's family, who, on a pleasant evening in May, are seated on the front piazza. The lady who occupies the easy chair is the teacher whom Mr. Wardlaw engaged years ago to take in charge the education of his daughter. Her services are no longer necessary to her pupil, for she is now grown, and has profited all that she can by the instructions of her kind teacher. But Mrs. Hunt still remains with those who have been her only associates for years, and she is a respected and loved member of the family. The youth seated near her is John Wardlaw; he is now deeply interested in the conversation in which his father and sister are engaged. Margaret Wardlaw is standing near the end of the piazza, and the moonlight never fell on a more perfect form or more lovely features than hers. She had been trying to persuade her father to leave the lonely place where he now lives, and return to the world again. While slowly pacing up and down before her, he has heard all the arguments that she has to urge, but evidently they have made no impression upon him. He is about fifty years of age, but his face shows that in fifty years of mortal life he has experienced the sorrows of a century. His hair is nearly all gray, his cheeks are deeply furrowed, and his forehead bears the impress of a dissatisfied, unhappy spirit. Surely into this heart never has flowed the peace which is unspeakable. The fiery eyes are flashing now, but the light which they emit is not kindled by holy desires. He is speaking in a hurried but decided tone.

"No, Margaret, that can never be. The world which has driven me by its untold villany into this deep solitude, can never again be my home. Once I was as joyous and light-hearted as your brother, but now I am always sorrowful and wretched. The weight of woe which I have borne so long has made me old, when I should be enjoying the strength of manhood. The world to which you would have me return has made me the wreck that I am.

"It has always been my intention to tell you, when you should become of an age to judge of them correctly, the reasons why I live in this unbroken solitude. You have arrived at that age, and now to you and the rest of my family I will reveal what mortal man has never heard me breathe before—the history of my wrongs.

"My father was not rich, but he had means sufficient to educate liberally my brother, who was some years my senior, and myself. From childhood my brother seemed to regard me with feelings of deepest envy. I knew not then the reasons of such feelings on his part, nor do I know them to this day. From childhood he was considered more handsome, and always had shown him greater attentions than I. We grew up to manhood. I became a merchant, and he studied law and was admitted at the Charleston bar.

"I took into partnership with me a young man who had always been my bosom friend. Our capital was not large, but it brought us in a good income, and we became year after year more and more independent. My brother was prosperous also in his profession; business came to him from every quarter, and soon he was rich.

"In the meantime we had both made the acquaintance of Caroline Ward, the daughter of one of the most prominent merchants of Charleston. She was not a votary of fashion, though tempted by all the circumstances that surrounded her to become one. In her person she was beautiful, and those who knew her well all bore witness to the purity and uprightness of her heart and principles. I thought that she was the personification of the Christian's idea of perfection. My brother loved her with all the strength of his passionate nature. And so we became rivals in love.

"Weeks passed by, but we never met at Mr. Ward's, and when we met in the street our words of greeting were few, and were coldly spoken. I told my love with the earnest manner which my feeling prompted, and Caroline confessed a love for me, which then I held dearer than life. None can appreciate the fullness of joy which I then felt, save those who, like me, have known the greatest heights of happiness, and the deepest depths of despair. O, God, the remembrance of that hour in which she lay on my breast but kindles afresh the flames that are consuming me soul and body."

And the strong man wrung his hands in his agony, and forgot that any one was near. But recovering himself he resumed his story:

"We were married, and my brother was not only at our wedding, but seemed more happy than I had ever seen him. I was surprised at his joy, for I knew that I could not have borne the loss of Caroline Ward calmly. Ah, I knew not what fiendish purpose was in his heart.

"My wife's property was now added to my business, and I was more prosperous than ever. My partner took his meals with us, and won upon my confidence and affection every day. I loved him next to my wife, and trusted him in all things. I went to my rest one night rich and prosperous, rich in the love I bore my fellow-men, and prosperous in all my worldly interests. I awoke in the morning not worth even the house in which I lived. My loved, my trusted partner had collected all the notes and accounts that he could, had drawn all the money that we had in bank, and had left. Then I knew why he had been so kind and deferential in his manners. After what happened was generally understood, my friends did not know me. Not one of the many who had feasted at my board and called me friend, had the slightest remembrance of my features, or could recall the first syllable of my name. I held them all in utter contempt, and hated them then as I hate them now. Then I learned that the world was hollow and false.

"My wife's father utterly refused to assist me into business, but offered me a clerk's place in his establishment. And so I, who had been the employer of a dozen clerks, became a mere clerk myself. But in a year my father-in-law died, and I was again rich. My brother now came to board with us, and towards me he manifested an unwonted degree of confidence and affection. I received his advances kindly, and thought that though other men might deceive my trust, my flesh and blood could not. He soon won by his changed manners a warm place in my heart, poor dupe that I was.

"You were then about five years old, and your brother three. One morning I awoke from a deep slumber, and your mother, who had fallen asleep with her head resting on my arm, was gone. It was something unusual for her to rise before I did; but I thought that she was engaged about the house, and I would find her in a few minutes. I inquired of one of the servants if she had seen her mistress. She answered that she had not seen her or her maid that morning. We searched the whole house, but could find no trace of either of them.

"In a state of deep anxiety I returned to my room, and found lying on the table a note addressed to me, in my wife's handwriting. It bore these words. I remember them all; they are burned into my very soul:

"MY ONCE DEAR WALTER,—When I married you I thought my heart all yours, but I soon learned, but it was too late then, that I loved your brother with my whole soul. He has compelled me to tell him the fatal secret, and I have promised him to leave you and the children and fly with him. God pity me! I would not go, but how can I resist him whom I love more than life? Farewell, and may you one day find one worthy of your noble heart. CAROLINE."

When these fatal words met my eyes, every feeling died within me, save a bitter, burning hatred of all mankind. As soon as possible, I gathered all of my effects together and left the

place of my sorrows. I came to Jacksonville, and leaving you and your brother and my negroes there, I came further south, looking for a place where the foot of the hated white man had never trod. In my wanderings I found this beautiful lake, and on its bank I made my home. Now you have heard my history, and you know my reasons for living in this hermit home.

"I intend sending you and your brother to Charleston next winter, and permitting you to remain there one season, hoping that my experience will be to you as steel armor—keeping out from your hearts the many weapons that will be surely aimed at your peace. My children, let no one steal your affections; the more insinuating the address of an acquaintance, the more guarded be your feelings, your words and actions."

Thus ended Walter Wardlaw's story. The hour for rest had come, and the family retired for the night. But Margaret nor her brother could sleep. She thought long of all her father had suffered; but soon her thoughts were engrossed by the probable sad fate of her mother. The more she thought of her mother, the stronger grew the longing in her heart to see her face and nestle close to her bosom. Days and weeks and months sped by, but her heart kept crying "mother! mother!" For some time she had earnestly desired to enter into society, but now her motive for wishing to do so was changed. She had been told many times by Mrs. Hunt of the gay world of fashion. She had once been a leader in its circles, and knew well how to paint its allurements to Margaret's mind. Misfortune had made her estimate the pleasures of the world at their true value, and she had no intention of creating in Margaret a desire to taste of those pleasures. She wished to interest and amuse her pupil, and prepare her for acting her part in the world, should circumstances ever throw her into its whirling drama. But Margaret had listened with deep interest while she was told of the exciting pleasures from which her father's hatred of mankind had separated her. And she had with all the eagerness of youth desired to mingle in those circles for which nature had fitted her. But now she wished to go into society, hoping to find some trace of her mother.

Winter came, and found Margaret and her brother at the Charleston hotel, which was in a stone's cast of where once stood their father's mansion. It was soon noised abroad that the son and daughter of the once well-known Walter Wardlaw were in town, and stopping at the Charleston Hotel, and visitors thronged to see them. Many of their father's old acquaintances pressed them to go and stay at their houses. They resisted many urgent invitations, but finally Mrs. Wilson prevailed upon them to spend their time with her while they remained in town. She introduced them to her friends, and soon they were the centre of attraction to quite a large circle. Margaret's fresh beauty, her simplicity of heart, her naturally graceful manners, and above all, her uncommon conversational talents, won her a high place in the estimation of those whose opinions she valued. Mrs. Wilson had a son who had just returned from college. He was all that a fond mother could desire. His mind, which was far above mediocrity, was thoroughly cultivated, and his moral nature had not suffered in his college life. He and Margaret were necessarily much together, and she seemed to have forgotten her father's warning. She mingled in society, she conversed, she sent forth music from the piano, she danced and sang, and perhaps her father's warning was forgotten; but always deep down in her heart there was a continual longing for her mother. Always her spirit was crying "mother! mother!" and all the chambers of her soul echoed with the sound. But she dared not tell of her yearnings. Her heart shrank from exposing its sacred grief. And so her time flew by, and she heard nothing of her mother.

Many questions were asked about the reason of their father's abrupt departure from Charleston, and about his family, but to all who questioned them they gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. When asked where they lived, the invariable reply was, "on a beautiful lake in South Florida." And soon they were unquestioned about subjects upon which they evidently did not wish to converse.

Henry Wilson's conduct towards Margaret was marked by the utmost respect and kindness, and his attentions towards her were constant.

And notwithstanding her heart was always making moan over her lost mother, he gained much in her affections. The time of their stay had passed, and she and her brother were making preparations to leave for Florida on the next steamer.

On the evening before her departure, Margaret was sitting at the drawing-room window looking out upon the now quiet square, and thinking of the strange past, the present, and the unknown future. A sense of loneliness crept over her heart as she thought of going back home, having heard nought of her mother. She knew not until then how strong had become the wild hope of finding her mother, and of finding her innocent, and of taking her back to render happy the heart that was pining in solitude.

The scenes, too, by which she was surrounded occupied her thoughts, and she knew that when she retired from them now, it was very improbable that she would ever return to them again. While sitting thus, thinking of many sad things, her eyes half full of tears, Henry Wilson approached and drew a chair to her side. They conversed for a long time ere daring to mention the morrow. At last Henry said:

"Margaret, you leave us in the morning, and you will bear away all the sunshine, all the joy of our house."

"Yes, Henry, I go to-morrow, and I leave many kind friends, to whom for all their kindness I am grateful; but soon will fade from your minds the memory of the lonely girl whom you have known for so short a time."

"No, Margaret, we will never forget you—"

"Stop, Henry. I did not intend to draw from you an expression of your kind feelings, or of your intention of remembering me. I know that you feel kindly towards me; I know that you and all my friends intend never to forget me; but I know, too, that in the stirring lives which you lead in society, I must soon be forgotten. I do not murmur at this, though the thought is a sad one; I know that it is so, and it is well that it is, for if I have won the esteem of any, it will be no pleasure for them to remember me whom they may never see again; and if I have with any failed to win affection, the remembrance of me will not be pleasant; so in either case 'tis better that I be forgotten."

"O, Margaret, you know not my heart if you think that I can forget you. I have been your constant companion since you have been here, and no act or word of yours has escaped my observation. You are the fulfilment of all my boyhood's dreams; in you are all woman's loveliest traits of character combined, and from the time we met my heart has gone forth to meet yours, bearing with it all the love that man can feel. I love you, Margaret, and though you have given me, neither by word nor act, any encouragement to hope for a return of my affection, yet tell me, may I not look forward to a day when we shall join hand in hand and heart in heart, and go through life together?"

He ceased, for a strange wildness came into Margaret's eyes. Her heart had warmed towards her lover while he spoke, and she was ready to confess that he had gained her love; but the memory of her father's words rushed through her mind and overwhelmed her. She recalled the look with which he said, "my children, let no one steal your affections; the more insinuating the address of an acquaintance, the more guarded be your feelings, your words and actions;" and as she gazed in memory on her father's face as it looked that night when he uttered those words for her good, it seemed to say, "Spurn him! spurn him from you, or a father's curse shall be your inheritance!" And all she could say was: "Henry, hope not, 'tis useless! though I love you, never speak to me of love again." And a low moaning sound escaped her lips.

"But," replied Henry, "what is the reason of the strange interdict you place upon me. In the name of Heaven, Margaret, if you love me, why should I forever be silent upon the subject of love?"

She would have replied calmly, but that haunting face came between her and her lover, and she cried: "My father! my father! Hush, Henry. Go!"

He would have spoken again, but in agonized entreaty she cried: "Henry, spare me! If you love me, go leave me now, and never breathe a word of love to me again!"

And he left her. He had no other opportunity of speaking to her alone, and so he remained in utter ignorance of the cause of her agitation. In

the morning Henry accompanied them to the boat, but they conversed very little on the way. He was saying good-by, when the thought passed through his mind, "I will go to this father of hers and learn from him the reason of Margaret's conduct." So he asked her the question, "Where is your home?" As he asked this question of Margaret, he was hurried away, for the boat was leaving, and he only heard in answer, "On a beautiful lake in South Florida."

Within forty or fifty miles of Mr. Wardlaw's house there lived those of the Tiger Tail Indians who would not remove to the West. They were peaceably disposed, and even when the Seminoles and Tallahasseees were committing the most barbarous outrages upon the whites, they remained at home and engaged in the chase and cultivated the soil. The leader or chief of these Indians was a young man perhaps not more than twenty-five years of age, and was called Otelassa. He had frequently been at Mr. Wardlaw's, and the charms of the white man's daughter had made a deep impression on his heart. He often lingered near when the lamps were lit, and gazed upon the face of Margaret, who, all unconscious of his passionate glances, played or sang or read for the amusement of the family. He had indulged the wild dream of having Margaret for his wife, until he little knew how interwoven with his very life that dream had become. He was not aware that Margaret was going away, so when one day he came to Mr. Wardlaw's, after her departure for Charleston, and learned that she was gone, he knew not for how long, nor stayed to inquire; he was frantic with grief, and ran forth into the open air and plunged into the dense woods, nor paused until he was far from the sound of human voice. Mr. Wardlaw knew not what to think of his strange actions, but thought that he would come and explain them himself when he became calm. The Indian, when he found that he was alone, threw himself on the ground and indulged those feelings which he scorned to show where there were any to witness their violence.

For a long time he avoided Mr. Wardlaw's, and weeks passed by ere he again made his appearance at the house. When he came he assumed an appearance of Indian indifference with reference to those of Mr. Wardlaw's family who were absent, never even mentioning their names, or making any inquiry about them. But when Mr. Wardlaw invited him to come at a certain time and welcome his children home, his appearance of indifference was gone in a moment, and his face lighted up as the face of the earth does when the sun suddenly comes from behind a cloud. When the day arrived on which Margaret was expected, Otelassa appeared at the entrance to Mr. Wardlaw's inclosure, clad with unusual care. His hair was ornamented with the feathers of the beautiful birds which throng the woods of South Florida; his hunting shirt, which reached down to his knees, and was made of the gayest colors, was hung around the bottom with tassels made of beads; his breast was covered with silver, beaten into the shape of the new moon; his leggings were highly ornamented, and his moccasins were as beautiful as Indian art could render them. As he stood at the gate, leaning on his long rifle, waiting for Mr. Wardlaw to return with Margaret, he was as handsome a warrior as could anywhere be found. The carriage soon drove up which contained the object of his thoughts, but he stood still as a statue. When Margaret alighted she extended her hand towards him, saying, "I am glad that you have not forgotten me." He grasped her hand, replying, "Otelassa can never forget the white fawn." This was all that passed between them then. The family moved towards the house, and Otelassa disappeared.

In the evening, Margaret, wishing to be alone, went to a secluded spot on the bank of the lake. She had not been seated long, ere in deep thoughtfulness upon the past all that surrounded her was forgotten. She was startled from her reverie by the deep-toned voice of Otelassa.

"The white fawn dreams; of what does she think?"

Margaret soon recovered herself, and replied calmly: "I was thinking of all that I have seen since I left home; of the great world, which is so strange."

"Does the white fawn never dream of wandering through the woods with Otelassa by her side?"

"What does Otelassa say? The white fawn knows not his meaning."

"Otelassa loves the white fawn; the daughter of the pale face has stolen Otelassa's heart. Will she be his wife, and share his wigwam?"

"No," said Margaret, rising from her seat; "the pale face mates not with the red man."

The Indian's face became dark when he heard these words, for the shadow of a great cloud was upon it. As he turned to go, he muttered in a low, threatening voice: "Farewell, daughter of the pale face; when Otelassa comes again, the white fawn will go with him."

When Margaret returned to the house her heart was full of fear. She told her father of what had occurred, and urged him to take some measures for defending her against her Indian lover's revenge; but he thought it unnecessary, and made no exertion to prevent Otelassa from taking what revenge he might choose. Ah, little did he know the Indian character, if he thought that Otelassa would relinquish without an effort that which he held dearer than life.

After Margaret left Charleston, Henry Wilson had nothing else to occupy his mind save thoughts of her. And the more he dwelt upon her image, the stronger grew his resolution to find her, if possible. The undertaking he thought would be hazardous, for the great probability was that he would fall in with Indians, and be either killed or captured by them. But he cared not for danger, when Margaret was the prize to be won by facing it. He succeeded in persuading seven of his friends to go with him, and armed and equipped and provisioned for a camp hunt of several weeks, he and his friends started for South Florida. They landed from the sloop which bore them to their sport, in ten or fifteen miles of the village where lived Otelassa and his Indians. They knew not there were any friendly Indians in Florida, nor did they imagine that there was an Indian east of Lake Okeechobee; so without fear of disturbance they struck camp and commenced enjoying life as only hunters do. Deer were around them in multitudes, wild turkeys and wild hogs were numerous, and as it was early in the year, the ponds were full of ducks. Their success was far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Henry Wilson had wandered for miles in every direction, hoping by some means to gain a clue to the mystery which seemed to envelope Margaret's home; but he looked in vain. A week passed away, and still his companions were as wildly excited by the game as they were at first. On Monday morning they dispersed, four going in one direction, three in another, and Henry alone. The four made a circuit of a few miles, were successful, and returned to the camp. They waited until noon had passed, until night came on, but their companions returned not. They had gone forth fully expecting to find game near the camp, but they walked much farther than they intended to without seeing anything worth the trouble of shooting. But they determined not to return to the camp until they had succeeded in killing game of some kind, so on they walked for miles. About noon they came to a hammock which, unlike the most of the hammocks in Florida, had no undergrowth scarcely. Here they intended stopping to rest, but just as they gained its edge one of them saw an Indian, and without stopping to think, he threw up his rifle and shot him dead. The other Indians, whom the white man had not seen, jumped each behind a tree, and seeing that there were only three of their assailants, they deliberately shot them down.

The Indians whose revenge had been so unfortunately aroused were warriors of Otelassa. They knew that their chief was friendly towards the whites, and as soon as they became calm they regretted sincerely what had happened; but it was too late to remedy the evil. So they took up their line of march for their village. They had not gone far ere they saw Henry Wilson coming towards them. He had heard the firing, and thinking his comrades near, had gone to meet them. The Indians held a hurried consultation, and determined to capture him alive and take him before their chief.

Accordingly they hid themselves in some low palmettoes, by which Henry was compelled to pass. He came at a slow pace, for he had wandered much farther to day than ever before, and had found no trace of human habitation, and he had become utterly hopeless of finding Margaret. His mind was too busily employed with his disappointment for him to be very watchful, so he knew not that there was an Indian near until one jumped up almost from beneath his feet, and be-

fore he could recover from his surprise, he was surrounded by six powerful warriors. Escape or resistance was impossible. They took his firearms from him, and two of them started on towards the village. One of the others pointed after them, as much as to say, follow, and with two before him and four following him, he marched on to their town. They reached it before night, but their chief was away. He and several of his warriors had gone off several days before; to morrow they were to return.

All had gone on as usual at Mr. Wardlaw's. Months had passed since the last scene in which Margaret figured, and the fears that had been then excited were almost entirely forgotten. But she had often thought with trembling of Otelassa's parting words. And well might her cheeks blanch, and fear hold reign in her heart at the remembrance of those words, for they conveyed no idle threat. As Otelassa spoke, so in his heart he determined that when he again appeared before Margaret, she should return with him to his home. But he was greatly troubled about the best plan to effect her capture.

He had lain concealed for days on the margin of the lake, hoping that Margaret would come there unattended, but thus far he had been disappointed. He was at last constrained to apply to his warriors for assistance. So he called together at his wigwam four of his most trusted braves, and opened to them his heart. He commenced in a low, mournful voice:

"Ye braves, your hearts have been sad because Otelassa's head has been bowed down; listen while he tells you his grief. Otelassa loves the white fawn. He has told her his love and offered her a home in his tent; but the pale face will not leave her father; she will not mate with the red man."

Then spoke one whose voice was always heard with respect.

"Why does Otelassa ask the white girl to follow him? Why does he not bring her to his tent and make her his squaw?"

Otelassa answered: "With the help of my braves the white fawn shall be Otelassa's wife. Who will go with Otelassa to bring the white fawn?"

All raised their hands, silently signifying their willingness to go with their chief, and they went without letting any one who remained know their destination.

On the Friday evening before the Monday on which Henry was captured, they reached Mr. Wardlaw's plantation. At night they drew near the house to take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself for the accomplishment of their object. But no opportunity came until the family assembled at the supper-table. Then noiselessly introducing themselves into the house, they reached the dining-room before they were discovered. It was too late then to think of resisting them, no matter what their object. But as Otelassa grasped Margaret by the arm, her brother raised his knife to strike it into his heart, but scarcely did he make the motion when he was killed on the spot. Margaret was carried by Otelassa out of the house, which was then set on fire. She became unconscious then, and knew not what happened afterwards. She was borne to the outskirts of the hammock, and there once more revived. A horse was there tied which had been brought for her to ride. She was placed on his back, and though the rude saddle which was made for her comfort was not so comfortable as the one on which she usually rode, yet the Indians walked slowly, and she did not suffer much from fatigue. On the third morning they arrived at the Indian village.

O, had Henry only known how near he was to the idol of his heart, and what was her state, how strangely confused would have been his joy and his sorrow. He had not been confined, but was permitted to wander about the village, closely watched, however, by the Indians. He had made no attempt to escape, but his mind was busy planning ways to effect a safe retreat from his present quarters. He noticed that there was but one horse kept tied near the Indian town, and he determined by some means to get off on that horse that night. He had fixed this plan in his mind, when he noticed an unusual commotion among the Indians. This was occasioned by the return of their chief with his fair captive. He approached the crowd that was gathered around Otelassa, and O, joy! O, horror! there was Margaret, his loved, long sought Margaret! but the captive and intended bride of an Indian. All this he comprehended by the

position of those before him. Otelassa was standing by Margaret, and with one of her hands grasped in his, was pointing out his wigwam. Margaret at the same time saw Henry, but by turning her eyes quickly away from his face, and looking at him no more, she gave him to understand that he must not recognize her. Such was the meeting of the lovers.

Otelassa pointed out his tent to Margaret and said: "There will the white fawn rest to-day; to-morrow she will be Otelassa's wife."

Henry heard these words, and his heart fainted within him. But then the thought came, "O, if I can only rescue her."

The morning passed, and in the afternoon Henry was taken before the chief. To him he declared that he and his friends had not come to Florida with any hostile feelings towards the Indians, but merely to enjoy the pleasure of hunting, and that he doubted not but that his unfortunate friend had shot the Indian unintentionally. Otelassa heard him through, and then declared his intention of sending him back to his camp in the morning, and if his statement was found to be true, he was to be set at liberty. In the meantime he was permitted to wander about at liberty.

He now had no fear for himself, but Margaret must be rescued at every hazard. He noticed that the horse which she rode was standing by the one upon which he had intended making his escape. At night he feigned drowsiness, until all of the Indians were asleep, and then he crept softly to the tent which had been given up for the accommodation of Margaret. He put his mouth to a crevice in the side of the hut and called, "Margaret."

He waited a moment, and Margaret, in the same low tone in which he had called her, answered: "What is it, Henry? Why have you come to me now?"

"I have come to save you. Will you trust to my guidance?"

"Yes, O, yes; only save me from the terrible fate that awaits me here."

"Well, follow me as noiselessly as you can."

In silence she obeyed him, and he led the way to the horses. But a moment sufficed to place her on the pack, which the lazy Indians had left on the horse that brought her there, and Henry mounting the other, turned his horses' head towards his camp, and they soon placed miles between them and the dangerous crew that they left sleeping behind.

Before daylight they reached the camp, and fortunately found the four men still waiting for the return of those whom they never saw again. As soon as possible everything was put on board the sloop, and poling her out of the creek, they set sail for Charleston. Just as the little craft, bending to the breeze, started homeward, the enraged Indians burst through the thicket lining the creek. But they came too late to retake their captives. Otelassa's cry of baffled rage was answered by the crack of a rifle. One of the men whose brother was among those who were killed, had taken a deadly aim at the young chief, and he fell, shot through the heart. And then the Indians sent up such an unearthly yell, that it rang in the memory of those who heard it for days. But away sped the little craft, soon leaving the savages out of sight. The next day they fell in with the good steamship Carolina, bound for Charleston, and Margaret and Henry were put on board, and were borne by the power of steam to his city home.

The heart of Margaret now cried for her father. Her thoughts were of him almost constantly. She knew not what was his fate. "What has become of him?" was the question which she was continually asking herself. Of his fate, however, we shall speak hereafter.

Margaret is again in the home of Mrs. Wilson. Not now, as once, full of life and joy, but the melancholy likeness of the once joyous Margaret. She had sad remembrances enough to render any one unhappy. She would have sacrificed almost anything to know where her father and mother were, and what was their condition. She knew not but that the knowledge would make her more miserable, but the suspense she was suffering was more than she could bear. Henry was to go to Jacksonville on the return of the steamer, and, if possible, learn something of Mr. Wardlaw.

Just at twilight, on the evening before he was to leave for Jacksonville, as he was passing the site of Mr. Wardlaw's former residence, he was accosted by a poorly but neatly clad woman. She addressed him in tones of deepest anxiety.

"Can you tell me, sir, anything with reference to the family who once lived here, Wardlaw by name?"

"Mr. Wardlaw," replied Henry, "moved to Florida years ago, and has never returned. But why do you ask?"

"Have you never heard, sir, that his wife disappeared very strangely in the year 1842?"

"No; not a word of any such thing was ever breathed in my hearing before."

"But, sir, it is true, and he thinks that his wife deserted him voluntarily; and O, God, I shall never reach him now to undeceive him." And she gave way to the terrible grief which had been consuming her for years.

When her burst of sorrow was past, Henry said: "You seem to know something with reference to Mrs. Wardlaw that would be interesting to the family."

"Yes; if I could only see any member of Mr. Wardlaw's family, and wipe away the disgrace which stains the memory of his wife, I would willingly die."

"Then come with me. Mr. Wardlaw's daughter is staying with my mother."

Henry conducted her to his home, and leaving her in the parlor, went in search of Margaret. He soon found her, and told her that a woman was waiting in the parlor to reveal something of importance with reference to her mother. Margaret waited to hear no more, but crying, "I knew it! I knew it!" she hastened to the parlor. She entered hurriedly, but when she saw that sorrow-stricken face which was turned towards her, she became calm in a moment. She approached the lady, saying: "You bring me tidings of my mother. O, tell me that she is innocent!"

After a pause, in which the lady seemed struggling with some great emotion, she finally spoke, but evidently she had forgotten what Margaret had said.

"And you are the daughter of Walter Wardlaw?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, awed by the solemn manner of the stranger.

"And you have heard that in the year 1842 your mother left your father's house in company with his brother, and that she went voluntarily?"

"Yes, my father told me this with his own lips."

"Shame! shame! that he could have believed that of one who would have poured forth her life's blood for him. But alas! how could he believe otherwise?" Then turning to Margaret she asked, "Did you believe the tale?"

"No," said Margaret, "I could not."

"Bless you for that!" cried the unknown lady.

"Now listen, and I will tell you more about your mother's flight than you could learn from any but me. For several days previous to the fatal night upon which your mother left home, she had been doing all in her power to render comfortable the last days of a poor woman who was dying of consumption. Your uncle knew of this, and he determined to make use of the circumstances of her sickness and your mother's interest in her, to effect a scheme of revenge which he had long harbored in his heart.

"He accordingly sent, in the middle of the night, your mother's waiting-maid, to tell her that the poor woman was dying, and her presence was earnestly desired by the physician whom she had sent to attend her in this last illness. Your mother rose without hesitation, and hastily dressing herself, left the room without disturbing your father. Taking her maid with her, she entered the omnibus which was waiting at the door, and was driven rapidly away.

"The omnibus had not gone far ere it was stopped by your father's brother, and he took the seat by your mother. She was very much surprised at this, but the noise of the omnibus prevented all conversation. They were driven to the railroad depot, your mother was hurried into a car, and your uncle sat beside her. She began to question him about this strange proceeding, but his only answer was: 'You are crazy; remember this for the rest of our journey, and make no effort to escape or to return home.'

"She then made every exertion to get away from her persecutor, but he held her on the seat with an iron grasp. The conductor passed by and she called to him for assistance, telling him that the fiend by her side was taking her from her husband and children. But he only smiled pityingly upon her, and remarked to the monster whose grasp she was writhing, 'I see, sir, that you have trouble with your unfortunate sister.'

He replied: 'Yes, she is sometimes very violent; but this will soon pass away, and she will be calm again.' Then your mother knew that all resistance was in vain, and she submitted to her horrible fate with what composure she could."

"O, my poor mother!" burst involuntarily from Margaret.

The stranger continued her story.

"They stopped at a hotel every night. Your mother's supper was sent to her room immediately, and then the door was locked from without, and she and her faithless maid were left alone. Thus they travelled to New Orleans. Evidently your uncle did not intend ending his journey there; but he had scarcely left the cars ere he was taken violently ill.

"In three days he sent for your mother to come to his room. When she entered, he called her to his side, and ordering every one else away, he told her that from the night when she and your father were married, he had intended taking revenge upon them both. He told her that he had forged a note addressed to her husband, in which he had told him, over her name, that she had left him voluntarily. 'And now,' he continued, 'I am dying, and I wish to make all the reparation that I can. Here is a letter in which I have explained it all to my brother. In those trunks you will find all of my wealth in gold. Take it when I am dead, and return to your husband.'

"He ceased speaking, and your mother retired to her own chamber. He died the next day; but when your mother went to claim his trunks, they and her maid had disappeared. Your mother was thus left without means in a city of strangers. No one would listen to her story, and but few would give her work. She wrote immediately to your father, inclosing his brother's letter, but she never heard from him. She wrote again, but no answer came. For years she toiled on, scarcely earning enough to buy bread. She finally saved enough to bear her expenses to Charleston. She came to Charleston and sought her former home, but no trace of it was left. Margaret, you have heard your mother's story. She is now alone in the world, unless you will be to her a daughter."

Margaret started from her seat, for the longing in her heart had become so great that she could no longer repress it. She came up closer to the lady, saying: "Are you my mother? O, tell me!"

The stranger opened her arms and said: "Yes, I am your mother; come, my child." And Margaret sprang into her arms and nestled close to her breast, whispering, "mother! mother!"

Her whole frame trembled with the great joy which poured into her soul. The delicious consciousness that her mother was found and was innocent, was as much as she could bear. Long did mother and daughter linger in this close embrace, and much had they to say of him who was absent. When the family were gathered in the evening all was explained, and Mrs. Wardlaw was welcomed to a home with her old friend—Mrs. Wilson.

Henry started in the morning for Jacksonville, to learn the fate of Mr. Wardlaw. When he arrived, he went immediately to a hotel, intending in the morning to relate to as many as he could gather to hear him the reasons for his coming, and trying to raise a sufficient force to go and find out the result of the attack on Mr. Wardlaw's house.

Before retiring for the night, he happened to be standing by the clerk's desk, and glancing down the list of arrivals, he was surprised at finding in a bold hand the name of "Walter Wardlaw, from South Florida." He made some inquiry, and learned that he was a gentleman unknown to every one there, was unaccountably reserved, and always preferring solitude to company. Henry determined on seeing him, having little doubt of his being Margaret's father. He was accordingly shown to his room. He knocked, but no one answered. He knocked again, louder than before, and a voice expressive of anything but pleasure asked, "Who is there?" Henry replied, "A friend, who seeks an interview with Mr. Wardlaw."

The door was immediately opened, and Henry introduced himself; but the melancholy man before him did not remember ever having heard it before, though it was once as familiar as his own.

"Be seated, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw, "and tell me, if you please, what has induced you to seek me."

"First tell me," said Henry, "if you are the man whose house the Indians burned not long since?"

"Yes. How did you know anything of that?"

"Your daughter told me of—"

"My daughter! What said you, sir? My daughter!" And the poor man clutched Henry's arm. "Where did you see her? Is she safe? Tell me, sir, tell me quick; I cannot bear this suspense!"

Henry replied: "Yes, she is alive and safe, and is waiting anxiously for her father."

Mr. Wardlaw's feelings of joy and gratitude were overpowering, and dropping on his knees, he bent low, almost touching the floor with his forehead, and poured forth such a prayer of deep gratefulness and humble penitence, as never greeted Henry's ears before. This was the first prayer that Mr. Wardlaw had winged to heaven since his great misfortune.

Henry gently raised him from his kneeling posture to his seat, and told him of his meeting Margaret, and of their escape from the Indians, of his taking her to his mother's home, and of her waiting anxiously there to hear news of him. Henry would not listen to the gratitude which Mr. Wardlaw wished to speak, but begging him to retire immediately, he left him for the night. He would have told him then that his wife was innocent, and that she was with his daughter waiting for him, but he thought that it would be time enough to tell him when they were on the way to Charleston.

When they were well out at sea, the next day, Mr. Wardlaw drew Henry into his state room and remarked: "Doubtless you think it strange that I made no effort to rescue my child when she was captured by the Indians."

"Yes," replied Henry, "I was surprised to find you uninjured, and yet seemingly careless about your daughter."

"I knew that you would think me unfeeling unless I should explain my course of conduct. My son was killed before my eyes, and my daughter forcibly carried away; my hands were tied, and I was bound to a tree on the borders of the lake. Mrs. Hunt fled at the first sight of the Indians, and has doubtless perished in the woods. In a few minutes I saw that my house was in flames, and by the light which it gave I saw Margaret borne away by two Indian warriors. You may be sure that there was the utmost confusion among my servants, and not having seen what was done with me, it was late the next morning ere any of them found me. As soon as they freed me from the cords that bound me, I made every arrangement possible for the removal of my negroes, and bidding them follow on to Jacksonville, I mounted my best horse and rode one hundred miles without stopping. I knew that I could not raise a sufficient number of men in Jacksonville to attack successfully the Indians who had captured my daughter, and so I wrote to the commanding officer of the troops in Florida to send me one hundred men, telling him the circumstances under which I wrote.

"It was with the utmost impatience that I waited for an answer. It came just before you knocked at my door. All of the troops were scouting far south of my residence, and it was impossible to grant my request. My friend, for such you have shown yourself, I have seen many dark hours in my life of sorrow, but in the hour before you came I suffered more than in all my past life together. Then I felt myself alone; my wife, my friends, my children were all gone. All the woes of my past existence were pressed into that short moment of time, and I was sinking beneath their weight. God bless you, Henry Wilson, you saved me."

Henry tried to speak, but it was with great effort that he controlled his feelings enough to say: "Your cup of joy seems full; but is there not something wanting to fill it to the brim?"

"No; though my son was cruelly murdered, and his body burned to ashes, yet I cannot murmur at that; I can only be thankful that my daughter is saved from a far more horrible fate."

"I did not refer to your son. Is there not one whose memory you have long associated with guilt? For whose return, pure and innocent as when she stood with you at the altar, you would give all your earthly possessions?"

"Young man, you know not what you do. I thought that I had quenched in tears of penitence the volcanic fires that have burned so long in my heart, but you have kindled them afresh. Do you associate the idea of *purity* with one whose treachery, deceit and—"

"Stay, Mr. Wardlaw; you know not what you say. She whose memory you curse is as innocent of the crimes that you impute to her, as is your pure-minded Margaret."

As Henry said this, in a solemn and impressive manner, a change came over Mr. Wardlaw's face; his eyes lost their fiery gleam, and his face, which was flushed with passion, became pale as ashes, and he replied in an anxious, excited tone:

"Henry Wilson, if you will prove the truth of what you say, you may defraud me of my property, you may slay my daughter before my eyes, you may inflict upon me the most lingering, torturing death, and yet in dying I will bless you and call you friend."

"Listen, then, sir, to a story of treachery such as will make your blood boil, but which will make her whom you have for years thought vile and loathsome, appear the suffering saint that she is."

And then Henry told him how his wife had been betrayed, and how she had suffered, and that she waited for him in Charleston.

At first Mr. Wardlaw was stunned; he could not realize the truth of what Henry told him; but when the consciousness of his wife's innocence was fully realized by him, his excitement was uncontrollable. Henry, thinking that he would become calm sooner if left alone, went out and closed the door.

When Henry left him, Mr. Wardlaw humbled himself before God, and in prayer he communed with his Maker. In his sufferings he had forgotten God, but now in his joy he remembered him. He confessed all the waywardness of his nature, he grieved over the hatred which he had felt towards his fellow-men, and he wept when he thought of the injury he had done his wife in his mind; but he felt greater sorrow for having forgotten his Heavenly Father so long than for anything else. In that hour he poured forth all his soul in prayer, and by faith he drew near to Him in whose presence the angels veil their faces. And the Great God stretched forth over him the golden sceptre of mercy, and a new nature was given to him, and a new joy welled up in his heart, and a new song was put in his mouth, and his name was written in the "Book of Life," and he became a child of God and an heir to everlasting life. Blessed wert thou in that hour, Walter Wardlaw, for thou hadst found a lost daughter and wife, and more than all, thou didst find the favor of thy Heavenly Father.

On sped the steamer, and in a few days she was in Charleston harbor, and soon at her dock. Henry, thinking that meeting her husband too suddenly might prove injurious to Mrs. Wardlaw, made his way through the noisy crowd of omnibus-men, and he and Mr. Wardlaw walked to his residence. They went in unannounced, and leaving Mr. Wardlaw in the parlor, he was fortunate enough to meet his mother without being seen by any others of the household. She motioned him to follow her, and entering her chamber, he soon told her the success of his trip.

Mrs. Wilson then went to Mrs. Wardlaw's room and gradually broke to her the news. As soon as she knew that her husband was in the parlor she could not be restrained any longer. She entered the room in a state of mind scarcely describable. Her husband was there, he knew her innocence, and was waiting to embrace her. And when once more heart beat against heart, and soul leaped to the embrace of soul, what untold rapture there was, where long had been naught but woe and desolation.

When Margaret entered, a few moments afterwards, they were seated on the sofa with their hands clasped, talking of the goodness of God in permitting them to meet thus. She approached them, and putting an arm around each, she drew them close together, and in that embrace three hearts were united that were never again severed until death.

Henry now thought that he ought to speak to Mr. Wardlaw with reference to his love for Margaret. Accordingly he went to him and told him that he loved Margaret, and that his love was returned, and all that he needed to make him happy was the gift of her hand. Mr. Wardlaw grasped his hand when he had done speaking, and said:

"Give her to you, Henry? Yes, take her, and may the blessing of God be upon you both."

When Henry told Margaret of his interview with her father, and again talked of love, she listened bashfully, 'tis true, but with joy only half concealed.

All obstacles being removed, they were soon married, and with Mr. Wardlaw have made their home on the banks of the beautiful St. John's River, far from the white man's treachery and the Indian's vengeance.

THE YOHAMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA.

The engraving on this page will serve to give the untravelled reader some idea of the scenery in the wildest and most romantic part of the land of gold. The Yohamite valley is in Mariposa county. This valley is most fertile in its nature, is evergreen, ornamented with immense trees, and watered by a beautiful clear stream. It is surrounded by rocks, some of which rise perpendicularly to a height of upwards of 3000 feet. At one extremity the river Merced enters the valley over the rocks, precipitating itself 3100 feet into the depths below. This is accomplished by one great plunge of 2100 feet, and two other minor ones of 200, and 400 feet respectively. It is by far the highest waterfall in the world, and when swollen by the rains, pours down a vast volume of water. We are too apt to associate California with one idea, and to regard it simply as a gold-producing country. Its vast riches, independently of its mere gold production, its great resources, and the general features of the whole country, are neither sufficiently known nor rightly appreciated. Apart from its mineral abundance, it is a fact that there is hardly any country so bountifully endowed with agricultural advantages, more productive in its soil, or finer in its climate. The atmosphere is clear, and there are no violent extremes of heat and cold. The scenery of the country is of the most varied description. In the interior there flourishes a vast and magnificent vegetation, not of the luxuriant and overgrowing kind commonly met with in tropical regions; on the contrary, the country in general consists of fine, open, fruitful valleys, dotted here and there with clusters of large trees, something like an English park; or of mountainous regions more or less covered with forest vegetation, which is partly evergreen. In the spring wild flowers, in endless variety of sizes, forms and colors, cover the hills and valleys; and the most delicate and rare flowers cultivated in Europe as hothouse or garden plants are here found in the greatest variety and boundless profusion. Among the most extraordinary of all vegetable phenomena is the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, or mammoth-tree, unrivalled in size, and most beautiful in its growth, rising to heights varying from 250 and 350 to 450 feet, displaying a stem from 30 to 45 feet in diameter.

INSTINCT OF RATS.

On the bleak and bare downs near Isley, in Berkshire, not very far from the Didcot station of the Great Western Railway, are situated lone barns, in which the corn gathered from the neighboring fields is stacked. Rats have been frequently met in colonies by shepherds at early morning, marching in long lines direct from one barn to another. They have been watched and seen to go direct across country in a straight line. They generally leave one barn for another when the wheat has been thrashed out, and their food thus taken from them. But the curious point is, how they know where to go; how do they find out where there is a barn containing food for them? do they send out scouts, or does their instinct guide them? I believe it is the same marvellous instinct that guides the hungry rats, as that which guides the swallow in her long and wearisome journey to warmer climates, or impels the shoals of herrings and sprats to visit our shores. A medical gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood of these downs, tells me that on one occasion preparations were made to ferret and destroy all the rats in a barn near Weston. The next morning the company came—ferrets, dogs, big sticks and all—but not a rat could be found. In vain the ferrets poked in and out of the holes; in vain the dogs routed under the straw; in vain the men brandished their sticks; the rats were all gone—not one solitary individual remained. We can but conclude that, from former experience, some of the patriachs among the rats, observing the preparations made, had advised a general change of quarters, and their advice had been taken by the whole colony. Curiously enough, my friend afterwards ascertained from a laborer that he had met a regiment of rats in the morning of the day the hunt was to have taken place in the Weston barn, marching along Chilton bottom towards another barn situated some distance away.—*Buckland.*

THE PILOT-FISH.

It was in the month of May, 1798, that the ship which bore the celebrated French zoologist, M. Geoffrey, was lying becalmed between Cape Bon and the island of Malta, when the *cannots* of the passengers was dissipated by the approach of a shark. He was preceded by two pilot fishes that directed their course toward the ship's stern, which they inspected twice, swimming from one end to the other. Not finding anything, they for a time departed. The shark, it is asserted, never lost sight of the pilots, and he seems to have followed them as if he had been an iron shark, and they had been magnets. The sailors throw overboard a large hook baited with pork. The three, observing the splash of the bait, stopped. The two pilots advanced, as if to examine the cause. While they were gone, the shark was seen playing upon the surface of the level sea, now diving, now reappearing in the same place. When the pilots discovered the lard, they swam swiftly back to the shark, took the lead, and all three made toward the ship. The shark did not seem

pilot fishes then swam about awhile, as if in search of their friend, with every appearance of anxiety and distress; they then darted suddenly down into the depths of the sea. Dr. Mayen deposes that he saw no less than three instances in which the shark was led by the pilot-fish. When the former neared the ship, the pilot swam close to his snout, or near his pectoral fins. Sometimes the pilot-fish darted rapidly forwards and sideways, as if looking for something, and constantly went back to the shark. When the latter was within twenty paces from the ship, a piece of bacon fastened to a great hook, was thrown overboard. Quick as lightning, the pilot-fish darted up, smelt at the bait, and instantly went back again to the shark, swimming many times round his snout, and splashing, as if to give him exact information as to the bacon. The shark then put himself in motion, the pilot showing him the way, and in a moment was fast to the hook. These singular fish, called by the French *pilotes*, attend the shark everywhere, and direct its motions on all sides.—*Fraser.*

THE MODEL SPOILT BOY.

He will do as he likes. He will dirty his clothes, he will tear his trousers, he will break the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will cry if he chooses. He is not going to school—he hates it, and does not care if he is a dunce. Ma said he wasn't to learn if it gave him a headache. He likes playing best, and only wishes he was a king, he would eat such lots of cakes all day. Do you like ginger beer?—he does. The servants are nasty creatures, that they are; and he'll tell his mother that they struck him, and wont they just catch it? He does not care if it is "a story." Where does he expect to go to? He knows well enough, but he's not going to tell you—it's so jolly likely. His papa is much richer than yours. Wont you give him a shilling? You wont? Well, you're a nasty, stingy man, and ma said you'd a big nose, and that you only came for dinner. O, yes! you'd better strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday. He should like to see you do it. Isn't it plummy catching flies and putting 'em inside a watch. He's done it over and over again. It's such fun! Have you ever stuck bluebottles? Crikey, isn't it a lark, just giving 'em paper tails and setting 'em a-flying in church? He and Harry Simmonds melted Polly's doll yesterday before the fire; there isn't a bit of the head and shoulders left now. He isn't a naughty boy—he will scream. Ma says she'd eat herself if she was half as ugly as you. He wont take any medicine—he does not care if he does die. It's precious nasty stuff; ah, he's glad he's broken the bottle. He'll tell you a secret if you wont tell; Aunt Jane wears a wig; ma and pa quarrel so, sometimes; ma says pa's a brute, and then pa calls ma a "big millstone round his neck." He didn't steal the fruit; he only took a napple and two pears, and a horange, and a handful of nuts, that's all. He wont be a good boy. He wont let go your whiskers. If you'll give him a shilling p'raps he will. He wont go to bed. Ma lets him sit up as long as he likes. He will stamp. He wont leave go of the table cloth; no, he wont. He doesn't care if he does pull all the tea-things over. Ugh! ugh! ugh! he'll tell his ma. Ugh! you'd better not hit him again, or he'll be ill and die of the measles, that he will. Booh ugh-oooh! he's jolly glad he spilt the tea-urn; he'll do it every day if you don't leave him alone. You're a nasty beast, a-ugh, that you are. The model spoilt boy is carried off at last, amidst a chorus of his own screams, but not before he has upset several cups and saucers, and distributed his kicks very impartially all round. The screams are continued up stairs, and prolonged under the bed-clothes till he falls asleep—the only period he is ever quiet. The next day his pa determines to send him to school. Ma opposes, and her pet child resists; and several broken windows attest the fury of the struggle; but for once the maternal authority is overpowered. The young Nero of the nursery is packed off into the country. When he comes home for the holidays, he is wonderfully tamed; but it takes several terms throughout to eradicate his profound savageness, and to make him a sweet child that foregoes his natural love for teasing the cats, and worrying the servants, and breaking the windows, and putting gunpowder into the snuffers, and wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trousers. Sometimes he is cured of screaming, but is troubled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will continue for days together, as if it were his only consolation for no longer pinching his little brothers and sisters, or running pins into the little baby, or giving his bluebottles a watery grave in the milk-jug. This sulks may, with care and a strong hand, be weeded from his barren disposition, but generally they lie, with his other faults, too deep to be rooted out; and as the child is the reputed father of the man, so a despotic husband, or a tyrannic father, is only too frequently the son of the model spoilt boy.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfection of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from which they proceed.



THE FAMOUS YOHAMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA.

HINTS TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.

A rather curious advantage has been taken of the insect-eating propensities of the toad. A gentleman had killed a toad at a very early hour one morning, and, after skinning it for the purpose of stuffing the skin, he dissected its digestive system. The contents of the stomach he turned out into a basin of water, and found there a mass of insects, some of them very rare and in good preservation. Afterwards, he was accustomed to kill toads for the express purpose of collecting the insects that were found within them, and which, being caught during the night, were of such species as are not often found. The same experiment elicited another curious fact; namely, the great tenacity of life possessed by some insects. Before pinning out the insects that were found, and which were mostly beetles, they had been allowed to remain in the water for several days, and were apparently dead. Yet, when they were pinned on cork, they revived; and, when they were visited, were found sprawling about in quite a lively style.—*Wood's Common Objects of the Country.*

to discover the bait till it was pointed out to him by the pilots, when he made a rush at it, was hooked, and hoisted on board. Here the pilots appear to have led their friend to his death. The next witness, a captain in the royal navy, gives these leaders credit for greater sagacity. Captain Richards, while on the Mediterranean station, saw following the ship a shark attracted probably by a corpse which had been committed to the deep. The day was fine. A shark-hook baited with pork was thrown out. The shark, attended by four pilot fishes, repeatedly approached the bait. Whenever he did so one of the pilots was distinctly seen from the taffrail to run his snout against the shark's head, as if to turn it away. After some further play, the shark swam off in the wake of the vessel, his dorsal fin being long distinctly visible above water. When, however, he had gone a considerable distance, he made a certain turn, darted after the ship, and before the pilots could overtake him, snapped at the bait and was fast. In hoisting him up, one of the pilots was observed clinging to his side until he was half out of water, then it fell off. All the

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Wilt sing again? for I could ever listen
To strains like those my ear so lately caught,
And even now with tears my eyelids glisten
At kindling heart-dreams that were quite forgot.
Dreams of the dawning and the bright decline
Of days that shall not dawn nor close again,
And deeper musings, 'neath the light divine
Of stars, come back upon thy closing strain.

In listless mood at noon of summer tide,
And at the stillly hour of midnight chimes,
I've heard strange, broken music, and have tried
With eager ear to catch the spirit rhymes;
But now thy voice seemed as the full sweet reading
Of those faint air tones of the ether deep,
And clothed in memory's sad and soul strong pleading,
Have moved my spirit till I can but weep.

Yet sing again, though fond regret come chasing
These fair illusions from my heart away,
Better pale autumn's flowers too quickly passing,
Than bloomless wastes in summer's late decay.
Yes, sing! I fain, though but in dreams, would feel
The blissful memories of my earlier years,
Nor yet would lose these saddened thoughts that steal
Upon my senses speaking through these tears.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANNIE BLISS:

—OR,—

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY H. WESTON HOLT.

IN a richly furnished room, where the red glow of the winter sunset grew deeper, as it quivered through the crimson curtains that swept in heavy folds the thick carpet beneath, reclined a young man of some thirty years. It needed but a glance to tell the sad story—he was an invalid. The finely formed head was turned partly from the light, in a half uneasy, half careless attitude, as if the beauty of the outer world might almost give him pain; but the profile, showing strongly, in its paleness, against the purple drapery of the lounge, revealed so exquisite an outline, that you sighed, as you marked its extreme pallor, and the lines of suffering that were deeply graven around the firm yet delicate lips.

His fingers were carelessly inwoven among the leaves of the book, which had fallen from his hand and lay half-closed, as if some weightier thought had come before his mental eye, than the poem he had been reading. The other hand was clasped tightly across his forehead, telling, in the nervous tension of the fingers, this thought was pain.

"No," he murmured, half aloud, "I cannot grapple with the world again, and come off conqueror, as in the by-gone years, so let the past be buried, and with it, all the hope, the ambition of the future, and now—" Ere the sentence was concluded, a beautiful face looked in at the door, and said, in a voice of exceeding sweetness:

"Why, Richard, are you here, and alone?" she added, "Ah! this will never do thus to shut out the beautiful outer world, and shroud yourself in darkness," and going quickly to the window, she swept aside the heavy curtains, and the red radiance fell around her slight form like a halo.

"Why, Annie," said the young man, turning a quick, earnest gaze upon her, "you are glorified by that precious light—pray God the sunshine may never leave you," he said, with an almost bitter earnestness.

"And you must surely share my sunshine, Richard," said she, and drawing still further back the heavy folds, the mellow light swept in a shaft of glory across the pale forehead, turned so eagerly towards the speaker. Were the words of the fair girl prophetic? or did the slow fading of the sunset typify the light that was dying out from his young manhood, and which, like that fading radiance, could only end in night?

Turning from the window, she drew a low seat close beside him, and taking the book from his fingers, she said, half seriously, as she glanced at the open page: "So, not content with your own gloomy fancies, you must borrow a deeper dye from this sad rhyming. Now I will turn to a brighter page." Opening to Mary Howitt's "Consolations for the Lonely," those beautiful promises of Hope that come to the weary heart like the gush of cool water to the tired traveller, she read in a sweet low voice, bending her head in the deepening twilight, till the heavy curls swept the page. The voice grew softer at the close, and when Richard Wade reached his hand for the volume that had spoken such words of

peace, a tear fell warm upon his open palm, from the beautiful eyes half buried in the fair hair above it.

The young man turned a quick, searching glance on the half hidden face, and said, in a voice that revealed a world of tenderness, if the ear that heard were only attuned to such harmony: "Annie, you are sad to-night. I hear it in your voice, for," he added, as though to hesitate was to fail, "a brother's ears are always skilled in looks and tones that once haunted all his daily life."

She sat quite still while he was speaking, then leaning her head wearily on her hand, she said: "I would much rather stay with you, Richard. I dread the glare and crowd at Mrs. Markham's; we would have a quiet evening, and I would read to you. I cannot dance, I cannot sing to-night," she added, with a slow emphasis, as though the undercurrent of her thoughts accounted for her words. "I wish Cousin Fred would release me," she continued, as if thinking aloud. "He is so tenacious of his claims upon me, and he insists on my leaving you, Richard," she said, rising and reaching her hand to him as she spoke, "so good night."

She turned away, but ere she reached the door, came back, and stooping over him, said: "Promise me, Richard, that you will read a prophecy in the glorious sunlight that encircled you to-night, and," she added, with a softened voice, "that you will not leave us yet."

Richard Wade rose, and advancing toward her, took both her hands and said, in a calm, subdued voice, "Annie, you brought the sunshine that encircled me, so has it ever been, and I will yet be happy—happy in your love for me, my friend, my sister."

She was gone, and the glow that lighted the pale face of Richard Wade went with her; he turned to the deep recess of a window, and from the shadow of the heavy drapery, looked calmly out upon the moonrise; its quiet beauty stole down into his heart, and though it revealed to him much of sorrow, of ambition crushed, a disappointed life, and a hopeless future, yet there was peace, that peace that looketh beyond the stars, and giveth sure promise of the rest that remaineth for the children of God.

Leaving him there, with a holy enthusiasm stealing over his face, we will talk of his past, which was to him so full of promise, but had failed to bring a glad fruition to his manhood.

Richard Wade was the son of a clergyman, who, dying, left him the dear legacy of an unsullied name, and the small pittance of a few hundreds; but the father had transmitted to his son a still dearer gift, in his highly intellectual tastes and his love for the beautiful and true. The early development of Richard's boyhood gave rich promise of unusual artistic talent, and his guardian, a former classmate and dear friend of his father, was one whose liberality and unselfishness were only equalled by his great wealth.

Receiving him into his heart and home, he assisted him both in counsel and in means, and his interest in the welfare and success of his charge came home to the heart of Richard, as he grew to a deeper appreciation of his kindness, with an almost overwhelming gratitude, and as his boyhood deepened into a still more sensitive youth, beneath the strong and abiding love he bore his guardian, there grew an increasing sense of dependence and obligation, which could not fail, to so proud a nature, to become a constant regret.

As the necessity of foreign study, in order to perfect himself in his profession, became apparent, the heart of Richard Wade held a long and bitter struggle. Living in the daily though voluntary practice of the closest economy, he yet shrank from the deep indebtedness such a course of study must inevitably incur.

On the other hand, his increasing love for his art, and the consciousness of talent in no common measure, pleaded strongly for the acceptance of his guardian's generous offers of assistance. "Yes," he reasoned, in all the hopefulness of youth, "my hands shall yet repay, and my heart never cease to remember, in a life-long regard for his happiness, his benevolence and generosity."

When Richard Wade left the home of Colonel Bliss, a home endeared by such love and kindness, nestled down in the strongholds of his heart was his earnest though boyish love for Annie, the daughter of his guardian, and the "angel of the household." Seven years her senior, he left her a child, though her feet were drawing close to the charmed threshold of her girlish years. In foreign lands, he remembered her as a beau-

tiful presence that had gladdened all his daily paths, and through all the years of his absence, he saw her still, as in that by-gone time, her white arms round the neck of "brother Richard" in the careless innocence of childhood.

Mid all these memories, there was a dim, scarce defined consciousness that she had changed, that she could never be to him again the Annie of the past; and yet faint and undefined as were these thoughts that floated through his reveries, he would sometimes waken from such dreams to wonder at the close inweaving of her future with his own.

But in contrast with the strong sunshine of these pictures, there often fell the shadows of his dependence and the uncertainty of his career, and where before his mental eye the shades grew deepest, he saw the strong family pride of Colonel Bliss, like an undercurrent flowing deep beneath all the profound goodness and generosity of his nature, guarding with a jealous care his daughter's position as heiress and inheritor to his unsullied family name.

At the completion of his foreign studies, with such brilliant prospects as sometimes come like a swift reward for persistent effort and an elevated aim, Richard Wade returned. He came home to friendly hearts and loving faces, and to find the laughing childhood of Annie Bliss lost in the exceeding grace of her beautiful girlhood. Half wondering at her loveliness, which more than fulfilled its childish promise, he met her with a deference and formality that astonished even himself, and as the months went by and her beauty and goodness grew near to his heart, he could only watch the revealing of the necessity of her presence and her love.

Some two years subsequent to his return, during which no word beyond the calm and pleasant friendship of their early years had ever told the tale which had long since become a burthen, yet a blessing to the waiting heart of Richard Wade, through his untiring devotion to his art, and his unquestioned talent, the prosperous tide of patronage and success was flowing at his feet. He had already won an honorable name, and waited but the discharge of all past obligation that still fretted his proud soul, and sealed his lips, longing to tell that story which he yet felt was so uncertain of a response, for Annie Bliss, though friendly and confiding, had given no look or word which even his watchful eyes could prize, save for their maiden grace and friendship.

Just as his ambition and his hopes were strongest, in all the strength of early manhood, he was smitten down by one of those terrible, malignant and long-suffering fevers, depriving him of reason, and well nigh of life; at the end of these fearful weeks, he was impatient and restless of his tardy convalescence, but his medical advisers gave his only hope of escape from a swift and sure decline, in the tenderest care and entire and constant freedom from all excitement. But utterly regardless of so grave a mandate, and with a recklessness only equalled by his ambition, he dared the stern prophecy of his physicians, and resumed his profession with a zeal that went far beyond his strength.

Hemorrhage of the lungs quickly ensued, and the young artist found himself again prostrated by a hand stronger than ambition or fame, the least exertion or excitement producing a sure recurrence of the attack, and his physicians, with an earnestness and sincerity that could not be questioned, could only assure the weary invalid that time, and entire absence from all labor, could only restore the priceless treasure of his manly strength.

Just at this period of his despondency and hopelessness, a new and unlooked-for trial added a deeper gloom to this great disappointment in his career. Fred Wharton, a nephew and former ward of Colonel Bliss, but in his absence and occupation long forgotten by Richard Wade, appeared in the home of Annie. Handsome, generous and wealthy, how easy the path to the favor of Colonel Bliss, and in his attractiveness and manly beauty, to the gentle heart of Annie. Constant in his attendance on his cousin, bringing her the freshest flowers, lending her his tender care in their frequent equestrian rambles, lightening her hours with rare music and those gifts a refined nature knows so well are grateful offerings to the true woman.

All this was apparent to Richard Wade, who, when our story opens, was spending a few weeks in the home of Colonel Bliss, before his departure from the city—a leave-taking which had no other aim, save absence and forgetfulness, striving to believe, as all lovers will, that in her daily

presence he was gathering firmness and decision for a final parting.

We left him alone—the shadows gathering deeper in the unlighted room; how much more alone with the shadows on his heart. Suddenly he heard the light rustling of soft robes, and in the flood of gas-light that swept in as the door unclosed, stood Annie Bliss. Himself concealed by the heavy drapery of the window, he could yet watch her as she bent eagerly forward, bringing the strong light full upon her slight and graceful figure.

How beautiful she was in her evening costume, with the rich lace falling around her in its cloudy grace, with the violets on her bosom, and the blossoms in her hair. He could almost imagine her a bride, and he—Ah! Richard, well for thee, the spell was broken, for looking at the volume, lying where it had fallen from his hand, she said, half-unconsciously, as she closed the door, "Not here, poor Richard!"

"Poor Richard!" exclaimed the young man bitterly, as the light footstep died away, at the sound of Cousin Fred's voice calling in the hall. "Better anything than that! O, not your pity, Annie Bliss," said he, rising and hastily walking the room. "Not your pity, but your love. 'Tis always thus," he continued, as the carriage of Cousin Fred rolled away from the street door. "Coming in the light, to find and leave me in the shadow. Fit symbol of the past, the present, and, alas! the future."

In the darkness and the quiet, he again reviewed his position, his inability for his professional labor shutting out all hope of fame, of fortune, at least for years, perhaps for life, and in his consequent poverty, quenching all hope, nay, even the most distant aspiration for the hand of Annie Bliss, were she yet free to bestow it.

"Away," he exclaimed, rising impatiently as he spoke, "away such vain regrets. I will not lose the manliness of the heart, though head and hands fail me in the battle of life. There is, there must be peace," said he, raising his eyes reverently as he spoke. "Father, not my will, but thine be done. Annie," he resumed, after a pause, "if earnest prayers and the strong, deep love of a human heart can win a blessing, thine shall be the light, and mine the shadow."

He turned, and crossing the hall, went into the library; finding his favorite author, he sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand above the open book, sought to still the troubled waters of his soul, in the glorious dreams and prophecies that breathed from out its pages. Forgetful of time and place, he had lost that self-consciousness that had latterly become a burthen, when a light step sounded in the hall, and a soft voice said, "Good-night, Cousin Fred," while the footsteps kept straight on towards the library.

Richard Wade looked up as the door unclosed, and the beautiful form that had come to him twice that night like a vision of light, stood before him. With a surprised yet glad greeting, she came forward and said: "Why, Richard, I did not think to find you here. I came in to wait my father's usual good-night. But 'tis so pleasant to be welcomed by one honest smile to-night," she said, looking in his face and holding out her hand as she spoke. "I was sadly out of tune at Mrs. Markham's, amid the glaring gas-light and the gossip, and so glad to get home—sweet home," she added, throwing aside her warm riding-cloak and seating herself on a low ottoman.

Pushing back the curls from her forehead, she took a knot of faded flowers from her hair. "See how these violets have withered; poor children of nature, they could not live in artificial light," said she, reaching the flowers towards him. The young man took the dying blossoms, and touching them lightly with his lips, placed them with a sigh, on the open volume he had been reading.

Richard Wade was in no mood for conversation; the burthen on his heart grew deeper with the beautiful eyes of Annie Bliss looking up into his own, and the silence grew awkward and oppressive; at last, in a low, hesitating voice, she said, as though her woman's heart had read his thoughts, "You are not going to leave us, Richard? at least not yet, for remember," she continued, with assumed playfulness, "you have claimed my portrait before you go, and the sittings must be neither long nor often." Gazing earnestly in his face, she awaited his answer.

Looking straight into her eyes, he said, "I already have your picture, Annie, deeper and

truer than art can grave, or artist pencil paint. Yes," he added in a deep and tremulous voice, rising and looking down on the speaking face upturned to his, "ever in the picture-gallery of my heart, where the light of memory dwells longest, I shall see the face of Annie Bliss; through all that coming time, when other eyes and other hearts know only—Annie Wharton."

Rising quickly, she stood before him and said, almost beseechingly, "Do not say that, Richard Wade, O, do not utter a thing so false to all my heart—as *you love me, Richard!*"

"As I love you," he repeated, in a low, impassioned tone, "as I love you; Annie, you do not know how broad the term you use."

Looking up to him with an almost imploring glance, and trembling like a frightened bird, she said, bending her head as the words passed her lips, "If you love me, Richard."

Ere the sentence was finished, the arms of Richard Wade were stretched eagerly towards the trembling girl. She hesitated an instant, then buried her burning forehead on his shoulder. Standing there, with her head upon his bosom, the past, the future, were alike buried in the present, bringing him the unforeseen, the exceeding blessing of her love. All the sad forebodings of his poverty and dependence were hushed by the glad refrain, falling like the burden of some sweet melody, "I am beloved."

But swift upon the light just dawned upon his being, fell the shadow of a real presence, for looking up, they beheld the form of Colonel Bliss within the door; his face was partially in the shadow, so that its expression was concealed, and with a deepening blush, Annie gently sought to release herself; but passing his arm firmly around her, and holding her by the hand, Richard led her to her father.

With a deep but tremulous voice, he said, "Sir, do not deem me a traitor to the past, but to-night I have found life's greatest blessing, your daughter's love. God knows I have not sought it by any unmanly art or stratagem, for I have never breathed a word save those a brother might have spoken, and yet it came to me like the sunshine, like the light, and though you may bid me turn from it to the shadow of a hopeless future, the very memory of so glorious a gift will ever prove a blessing. Colonel Bliss, I await the slightest intimation of your wishes, which shall be sacred as my honor, and that gratitude which no selfish act of mine shall ever trespass."

The noble form of Colonel Bliss moved quickly towards them, and placing his hand on his daughter's head, he said, in a calm, deep voice: "Now God be thanked, for He hath wrought out my chief joy. Richard Wade," said the old man, looking earnestly upon him, "no sorrow, no misfortune that may come to you, can chill the deep regard I bear you, a regard that has waited hopefully these many years, to claim you in name as in heart—my son—and may that love which came to you to night, *unlike* the sunshine, know no cloud, *unlike* the light, find nothing where it shines, to cast a shadow."

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

BY ETHAN A. GRAY.

It was past midnight when the young bridegroom escaped from his friends, and hastily leaving the ball-room, ascended a narrow staircase and gently knocking at a door before him, entered and threw himself at the feet of his wife, who awaited him seated beside the fire, dressed in her rich bridal array.

"Rise," said she, extending to him her hand.

"No, no, madame," replied the young man, taking her white hand and pressing it to his lips, "let me remain here, and do not withdraw your hand, for I fear that you will escape from me, that all this is but an illusion; it seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which were the delight of my childhood, and that at the final moment of my happiness the malicious fairy will disappear, to go and laugh with her companions at my regret and disappointment."

"Do not be uneasy, my friend. Yesterday I was, indeed, the widow of Lord Melvil; to-day Madame de La Tour, your wife—banish from your imagination the fairy of your childhood; the tale is a history."

M. Frederic de La Tour had reason to believe

that some good genius had tampered with his affairs; for a month since, chance, or an inexplicable good fortune, had rendered him rich and happy beyond his highest wishes. He was twenty-five years of age, an orphan, and lived with difficulty upon a small public office, when passing one day in the street Saint Honore, a rich equipage stopped before him, and an elegant lady leaning from the carriage door began to call him.

"Monsieur, monsieur," she said.

The footman sprang forward, let down the steps, and with his hat in his hand respectfully invited M. Frederic to take his place beside the lovely woman sparkling with jewels. Scarcely was he seated, when the horses rapidly galloped onward.

"Monsieur," said she with a sweet voice, "I have received your note, and notwithstanding your refusal, I still hope to see you to-morrow at my soiree."

"Me, madame!" replied Frederic.

"Yes, monsieur, you! Ah, pardon me, pardon me; but you so strikingly resemble a person of my acquaintance, that I thought you were he. What must you have thought of me? The resemblance is so perfect, that any one would have been as deceived as myself."

Before this explanation was ended the carriage stopped in the courtyard of a superb mansion, and Frederic could not do otherwise than to offer his hand to Lady Melvil, who was a lovely French lady, with a complexion of lilies and roses set off to advantage by her black hair, and rosy lips which partly concealed her pearly teeth. Fascinated with so much beauty and grace, he suffered himself to be easily captivated, and congratulated himself upon the fortunate chance which had brought about his acquaintance with Lady Melvil; he accepted her invitations, and soon became one of the most constant visitors at her mansion. The rich widow was surrounded with admirers, but they were one by one dismissed, and before a week had passed the little clerk alone remained, the favored suitor. It was she who first spoke of marriage.

Sometimes Frederic placed himself before the glass in his little room, and attentively surveyed himself. He was not plain; but still he could not be called handsome. His dress, as unpretending as that of a clerk receiving but eighteen hundred francs, would not permit him to attribute his good fortune to his tailor; he must either believe that he was loved for himself alone, or think that Lady Melvil was acting under a delusion.

After the marriage ceremony, his surprise was redoubled upon learning that he was the possessor of personal estate amounting to a million; the deeds stated that he owned lands in Burgundy, a forest in Normandy, a house in Paris situated in the street Saint Honore, and other estates he had never before heard mentioned. The widow was rich in foreign lands; she had possessions in the county of Galles, and pastures in Devonshire. It was a golden dream to Frederic, the awakening from which he looked forward to with agony. The mayor and the priest had just sanctioned his union, but religion and law even had not power to dispel his doubts, and he was unwilling to relinquish the hand of his wife, or rise from his place at her feet, fearing that the illusion might vanish.

"Rise, Frederic," said his wife again to him, "draw the arm-chair near me, and let us talk."

The young man finally obeyed, and Madame de La Tour thus commenced:

"There was once—"

"O," interrupted Frederic, "but I am not mistaken, it is really a fairy tale."

"Listen to me, my friend. There was once a young girl whose parents had formerly been wealthy, but who, at fifteen years of age, had only the father's industry to depend upon. They lived in Lyons, and the hope of a better fate brought them to Paris. Nothing is so difficult as to regain a lost fortune, or to take again the station we have once left. The father of this young girl fully experienced it; for four years he struggled against poverty and misery, unable to surmount them, and at last died in a hospital. The mother soon followed her husband, and the young girl was left alone in a garret, the rent of which was unpaid. If there had been a fairy in the story I am relating to you, without doubt this was the time she would have appeared; but there was none. She remained in Paris without parents, without friends, without protectors, without means of support, having several debts at Lyons which she was unable to pay, and asking

in vain of strangers for the work which is the only hope of the poor. Vice it is true was held out to her, but there are beings whose instincts are sufficiently virtuous to pass by it without glancing at it, or at least without letting themselves be tarnished by its breath.

"Meanwhile it was necessary to live. The hunger during the day was redoubled at evening, and the night's sleeplessness but added to the misery of a second day passed without food. You leave a table laden with various meats, where the champagne and Madeira have flowed freely, Frederic, and although you have been rich only since yesterday, you have no idea of the suffering I speak to you of; and you may be astonished that, in the midst of the luxury that surrounds us, seated in these silken arm chairs, I can present such a picture to you. But listen to me a while longer. Hunger compelled this poor girl to ask alms. She covered her head with a veil belonging to her mother, the only inheritance left her, bent her graceful form to imitate old age, and went into the street. There she extended her hand. Alas, the hand was fair and delicate, there was danger in showing it, so it was wrapped in the coarse stuff of the veil, as if it had been covered with hideous leprosy.

"The poor child placed herself against a milestone, far from the street lamp, and when a young girl happier than herself passed, she extended her hand, asking for a sou—a sou to buy a morsel of bread! But in Paris, in the evening, the young girls have other things to think of than to give sous to the poor. If an old man passed, she ventured to implore him for one; but old age is often avaricious and hard hearted—he also passed her by. The even had been cold and rainy; night came on, and the police, the guards of the night, took possession of the streets, when the young girl, faint and weary, once more asked charity of a young man, who stopped, searched in his pocket, and threw her a piece of money, so fearful was he of coming in contact with such misery. A policeman who had been watching her, suddenly appeared at this moment, and putting his hand upon the young girl's shoulder, exclaimed:

"Ah, I have caught you begging. I will take you to the *violon*."

"The young man quickly interposed; he took the arm of the mendicant whom a moment before he was unwilling to touch even with his glove, and addressing the policeman:

"This woman is not a mendicant," said he, "she is one of my acquaintances."

"But, monsieur, the law prohibits begging—"

"I repeat to you that I know Madame —. My good woman," added he, speaking in the ear of the young girl, whom he took for an aged woman, "accept these hundred sous, and let me conduct you to the next street, you will thus evade the gaoler who pursues you."

"The crown slipped from *your hand into mine*," continued the bride, "and as we were then passing beneath the street-lamp, which I had carefully shunned before I saw your face—"

"My face!" exclaimed Frederic.

"Yes, my friend, it was my life, and perhaps honor, which you thus saved; you gave a crown to Lady Melvil, to your future wife."

"You, so young, so beautiful, so rich, is it possible you have asked alms!"

"Yes. I received charity, but once only, and it was from *you*. The day following this sorrowful evening, which I now regard as one of my happiest days, an old woman, who felt some regard for me, procured me a situation as seamstress in a respectable house, and in a short time I became the friend of the worthy woman for whom I worked. One day Lord Melvil entered the little room where I was at work, and seated himself beside me. He was about sixty years of age, tall, with a slight frame, and stern, grave face.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I know your history—will you marry me?"

"Marry you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I have immense wealth, which I am unwilling to leave to my nephews. I am sometimes troubled with the gout, and do not wish to be dependent upon the care of servants. If it is true what I have been told concerning you, you are a noble and upright character, and it is for you to decide whether you will be Lady Melvil, and prove that you can bear prosperity as you have endured adversity."

"I loved you, Frederic," continued his young wife. "I had seen you but once, but it was impossible to forget you, and something seemed to tell me that our lives would yet be passed together. I looked at Lord Melvil, and saw his

melancholy face, his piercing yet cunning eye, I thought that the strange part he was playing was nothing but revenge, and that I was to be the instrument for carrying out his plans. If the noble lord would not listen to a refusal, he at last perceived my agitation, and like all men whom a denial rendered more ardent, he redoubled his solicitations.

"The people around me urged me to profit by the folly of an Englishman, worth his millions, a part of whose fortune would soon belong to me. But I thought of you, and would willingly have sacrificed the fortune for one whom I had seen but a moment. Still I had passed through too severe discipline for these romantic ideas to prevail over my reason. You were banished from my thoughts, and I became Lady Melvil. It was a fairy tale, my friend! I, a poor, forsaken orphan, was the wife of one of the richest peers in England. I could pass in my carriage surrounded with servants, through the street where I had but a few months before asked charity; and dressed in silks, glittering with diamonds, my eye could trace the spot where I had seated myself. Games of chance, caprices of fortune! The passions of men, my friend, are the fancies of this world.

"Happy Lord Melvil," replied Frederic; "he was able to enrich you."

"He was indeed very happy," continued Madame de La Tour, "and he clearly proved to me that this marriage, regarded by some as such folly, was the most reasonable thing in the world. He was wealthy beyond my desires; he had never been able to spend his income; he had, then, no wish for more wealth, and he calculated justly that gratitude would attach a wife to him whose fortune he would make. And never did he regret marrying a French girl.

"I entrusted to the noble lord to provide for my future welfare. I took care of him during his last illness, and he died, leaving me all his wealth. Then I made a vow that I would never marry again only the man who had assisted me at the most distressing moment of my life. Ungrateful one!" added Madame de La Tour, extending her hand to her husband, "who would not seek the acquaintance of a woman who wished to love and enrich him. But why did you never go into the world? Why did you not frequent the theatres and concerts? Ah, if I had only known your name!"

And the bride drew from her neck a collar of rubies, and took from a silk bag which was attached to it, a crown encased in a circle of gold.

"It is the same," said she, placing it in Frederic's hand. "At the sight of that crown, bread was given me, which prolonged my life till the next day, and credit granted for a few hours. The next day affairs were so changed that I was enabled to keep the crown, and it has never left me. Ah, how happy I was when I met you a month since! With what eagerness I ordered the carriage to be stopped! I leaned from the carriage-door, and seized the first pretext which came to my mind to summon you to my side. I had but one fear. I was afraid you might be married; then you would never have known this history, and Lady Melvil would have secretly enriched you, and would have returned to England and lived alone in her chateau, in the county of Galles."

Frederic seized the crown, the cause of all his happiness and good-fortune.

"You see," added Madame de La Tour, "I am no fairy; on the contrary, it is you that gave me the talisman!"

DAIRIES AND BONE MANURE.

An English paper, in commenting upon this subject, remarks that the Cheshire dairy farmer, by the free use of bone manure laid on the grass lands, makes his farm, which at one time, before the application of bone manure, fed only 20 head of cows, now feed 40! In Cheshire, two-thirds or more, generally three-fourths, of a dairy farm are kept in perfect pasture, the remainder in tillage. Its dairy farmers are commonly bound to lay the whole of their manure, not on the arable, but on the grass land, purchasing what may be necessary for the arable. The chief improvement, besides drainage, consists in the application of bone manure. In the milk of each cow, in its urine, in its manure, in the bones of each calf reared and sold off, a farm parts with as much earthy phosphates of lime as is contained in half a hundred weight of bone dust. Hence the advantage of returning this mineral manure by boning grass lands. The quantity of bones now commonly given in Cheshire to an imperial acre of grass land is 12 or 15 cwt. This dressing on pasture land will last seven or eight years; and on mowed land about half that period.—*Moore's Rural New-Yorker*.



SCENE ON THE BACK BAY LANDS, BOSTON.

SCENE ON THE BACK BAY LANDS.

The improvements now going on in the Back Bay are engaging, as they deserve, general attention, and from the various features presented by the process, Mr. Homer has selected for illustration a scene of daily occurrence, the operations of the *chiffonniers*, those "pickers up of unconsidered trifles," in those places where rubbish is used in filling in. It is a glimpse at the lower strata of life. The artist, sketching on the spot, has produced a great variety of character, attitude and incident, and the result is a very animated local scene. Some months ago, our readers will remember, we presented a drawing representing the appliances used by the contractors for filling the State lands. In a recent number of the *Traveller* of this city, we find some particulars in regard to the process, which are well worthy of preservation, as a portion of the history of the time, and which will be referred to with interest when all that territory which is now a waste, is covered with stately edifices, and laid out in broad streets with rows of graceful shade-trees.

The process of filling up Back Bay, together with the progress of the work and various details connected with it, are of such general interest that we have undertaken to give our readers some idea of an operation which promises to add a tract of land to the city of Boston of large extent, and to place in the treasury of the Commonwealth millions of dollars. Messrs. Goss & Munson, the contractors for filling up 100 acres of the Back Bay belonging to the Commonwealth, commenced the work about the middle of May, 1858. The firm have performed many railroad contracts, but have never undertaken one of so much magnitude as this. They have already invested capital to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the operation. This, however, in-

cludes six miles of railroad which they have built, and the machine shop where all their repairs are made. The gravel is brought from Needham, near the line of Newton, a quarter of a mile from the Upper Falls Depot, and nine miles distant from Boston. One hundred and forty-five dirt cars, with eighty men, including engineers, brakemen and all, are employed, night and day in loading and transporting the gravel over the road. The trains consist of thirty-five cars each, and make, in the day time, sixteen trips, and in the night time nine or ten, or twenty-five in twenty-four hours. Three trains are continually on the road during the day, and one arrives at the Back Bay every forty-five minutes. The excavators for loading the cars work by steam, and perform the work with rapidity and ease. There are two of them, both of which are propelled by engines of twenty-five horse power. The gearing of the engines is so arranged, however, as to greatly augment their power. When an empty train arrives at the pit, it is divided, and one half is fed by one excavator and the other half by the other. A locomotive is attached to each half, and the cars are drawn past the excavators, to be filled. Two shovels-full fill a car, the operation being very much like that of a dredging machine. As the shovel is elevated from the pit, it is turned towards the car, and when directly over it the bottom is opened, and thus the gravel is deposited. The time occupied in loading an entire train of thirty-five cars is about ten minutes. The excavators do the work of two hundred men. The process of loading the cars, though very simple, is curious and interesting. During the year the contractors have been at work, there have been taken out of the hills of Needham about three hundred thousand yards of gravel. Some of the sand-hills which have been levelled were fifty feet high, and the plain which has been made by

the machines in excavating, is about twelve acres in extent. The farm from which the sand and gravel are taken belongs to the Charles River Railroad Company. When the contractors commenced operations there was a mortgage upon the land. They, the contractors, agreed on their part, to lift the mortgage, and the Railroad Company agreed without further compensation to give the sand. It is believed that the excavation and filling in are going on at a more rapid rate than has ever been known in the history of any similar contract in the country. The contractors make, in the Back Bay, on an average, about twenty-five hundred cubic yards, or forty-five hundred superficial feet per day. This is equal to nearly two house lots. About fourteen acres of land have been already made. At the rate the work is progressing, the hundred acres belonging to the State will be completed in about four years more time. The land made is measured on the first day of every month by an engineer, under the direction of the Commissioners, and the contractors draw their pay once a month, averaging from ten to twenty thousand dollars. They have drawn, in cash, only fourteen thousand dollars from the State treasury, and this was received during the first two months of the year. They have, however, purchased land of the Commissioners to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of which they themselves have sold for cash. As they settle now each month with the State, they receive, of course, deeds of land instead of cash. The Commissioners have sold in all about five hundred thousand dollars worth of land. They have received the cash for two hundred thousand dollars' worth over and above the amount sold to Goss & Munson. It is estimated that the hundred acres will realize to the State, when all completed, the handsome sums of three millions of



MAHOGANY ESTABLISHMENT ON THE RIVER ULUA, HONDURAS.

[From our own Correspondent.]



HENRI CONSCIENCE.

dollars over and above the cost of filling in. The enterprise is a great one, but it is believed that the contractors are fully competent to accomplish the work. They will probably complete in a few days, a bargain with the Boston Water Company to fill in for them. If any of our readers desire to see the process of excavating, they can take any train of cars on the Charles River Railroad, and by stopping at the Newton Upper Falls Depot, and walking a few rods only, they can witness the whole operation, and be able to form some idea of the rapidity with which the ground is removed from the hills and transported to the Back Bay. The Journal says: "The Back Bay, with its magnificent park, and wide streets, is destined to retain within the limits of the city a class who are the heaviest of tax payers, and who have heretofore sought residences in the neighboring cities and towns. According to the plan of the Commissioners, one-fourth of the whole area of the Back Bay will be devoted to public purposes. It is obvious that here may be enjoyed light, and air, and scenery, which will please the eye and educate the taste. Grass plats and flowers, trees and green vistas, will make the whole territory a garden. Here the man of means may secure the advantages of a country residence without the many drawbacks to which he is now subjected."

[From our own Correspondent.]

MAHOGANY CUTTING, RIVER ULUA, HONDURAS.

SANTA BARBARA, March 17, 1859.

MR. BALLOU,—Dear Sir:—Among the sketches forwarded to you in my last, was one of a mahogany cutting establishment on the River Ulua, Honduras, unaccompanied by any text. I trust it has not been mislaid on that account, and hasten to supply the omission. Few of your readers who are only acquainted with mahogany when manufactured into household furniture, or as they have seen it lying in squared logs or in "crotches," piled up on the wharves at the north, and waiting for the surveyor to measure and mark it, before it is hauled to the sawmill to be slit up into "veneers," can form any idea of its appearance in its native forests before the axe has been laid to its root. It is pre-eminent among the trees of Honduras. It attains a gigantic size in the course of centuries, and its roots and branches spread to an almost incredible extent. It is found in abundance growing along the river banks of Honduras, on low lands, which are generally State property. In this case the government grants licenses to the Spanish river-cutters at so much a tree. A mahogany-cutting camp is a picturesque establishment, with its huts thatched with grass—the simplest of all constructions. The laborers are divided into gangs, commanded each by a captain or "boss," as we should call him. The season for cutting begins in August. At this period, the leaves are of a peculiar reddish yellow hue, so that a mahogany tree, rising in the midst of a grove, is readily "spotted" by an expert, at a glance. It is usual to cut the tree at a height of about ten or twelve feet from the ground, the woodman standing on a staging erected for the purpose. The felling is a laborious process on account of the extreme hardness of the wood. Then comes the labor of cutting out roads through the forest. The hauling is performed by means of oxen and trucks—the logs having been previously squared to pack them to advantage. In the dry season, say April and May, the hauling commences. As the weather now becomes hot, the work is performed in the night time. A train of trucks moving through the forest at midnight, with men bearing torches, long strings of oxen, the drivers and laborers almost stripped, affords a picturesque subject for a painter. At the end of May, the trucking ceases on account of the heavy rains which then set in. About the middle of June the rivers have reached their greatest height, and the logs are then floated down, accompanied by men in canoes to guide them in difficult places and to disentangle them when they are lodged. They are floated down indiscriminately, till they reach a boom, where they are identified and separated by the wood-cutter's marks on the ends. On reaching the wharves of the owners, they are landed, trimmed and smoothed, the broken ends sawed off, and are then in a fit condition for shipping. The principal establishments in Honduras are on the Ulua, Aquan, Patuca and Black Rivers with their branches. Some of the finest trees in the State grow in places where they are useless on account of the lack of water to float them down to a port of shipment. * * *

HENRI CONSCIENCE.

As some of the works of this distinguished writer of French romances have been translated into English and circulated extensively in this country, and as he enjoys a wide fame on the continent of Europe, where he is styled the "Belgian Walter Scott," we have deemed it important to include the biography and portrait of Henri Conscience in our illustrated record of the times. Moreover his story is quite an interesting one. To him is attributed the revival of the Flemish letters, forming as it does an epoch in the history of the literature of that country. Henri Conscience was born at Antwerp on the 3d of December, 1812. His

father was employed in the French navy under Napoleon. The constitution of Henri Conscience was exceedingly delicate, and continued so until he reached his twentieth year. When he was about fourteen his mother died, and his father retired into the country, where Henri passed three years in a solitude almost absolute. He became an insatiable reader, and a gentle, dreamy enthusiast. In consequence of his father's second marriage, in 1826, he accepted the situation of assistant in the village school of Bergenhout, near Antwerp, and employed his leisure in studying French and Flemish men accurately. When the revolution took place he enlisted as a volunteer in the army of General Niellon, and for three years was stationed in the Kempenland, and there it was that he acquired a taste for the country, an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the people, and a sympathy and appreciation of their tasks and trials, which he turned to admirable account in his romances. He saw some service during the time he was in the army, and was wounded at the battle of Louvain. In his moments of leisure he studied English and German, and wrote some poems and songs in French, which procured for him the title of the "Chansonnier du Regiment." In 1836 he became tired of military life, and obtained his discharge; and tried, but in vain, for some occupation at Antwerp. On one occasion, while reading one of the works of Guicciardini, he was struck with a story which was Flemish in its subject, and which he embodied into a romance in the Flemish language, entitled "Het Wondergaer" (the year of Miracles). This was a literary success, but brought him no profit. These were followed by others, which, though they established his literary reputation, yielded him little pecuniary return. At length he was granted a pension by the king of the Belgians, and appointed Secretary to the Royal Academy of Painting at Antwerp. He continued to publish a series of tales founded on Flemish history, life and manners, which have been translated into German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Danish, Italian, French and English. All kinds of honors, literary and chivalric, have been lavished on Conscience. He has been chosen to write the history of the reigning dynasty of Belgium; was appointed Professor of Flemish to the Duke of Brabant; is recognized as the head of Flemish literature; and bears the badges of six orders. His personal popularity among his countrymen is very great, and the efforts of his pen are cherished with a national feeling of pride by them. The style of Conscience is finished and pure.

THE BANKS OF A CANAL NEAR DELFT, HOLLAND.

Holland is a most interesting country to a traveller from the United States. The contrast afforded by its quiet industry to the frantic drive of American life is singularly striking. The quiet canals, the quaint houses, the numerous windmills, the trim flower gardens, the neat, honest people, the steady thrift and general prosperity of Dutchland, are all agreeable features. We have selected, as highly characteristic, the fine engraving on this page, which is essentially Dutch in every part. There is the tall windmill, with its exterior gallery, the broad-beamed schooner high and dry on the ways, in the hands of caulkers and gravers, the quiet canal, with its boat-loads of Dutch men and maidens, old rambling-houses and shade-trees, filling up a picture of peculiar and pleasing character. The hasty and unreflecting traveller who visits Holland, is apt to assume a contemptuous and sarcastic tone when speaking or writing of the land of "Dutch boors." The cities, he avers, so strikingly resemble one another that when you have seen one you have seen all. A somewhat similar remark was made by Dr. Samuel Johnson, on the beauties of English rural landscape,—“When you have seen one field you have seen all.” But the thoughtful and educated tourist must admit that the countrymen of Erasmus, Grotius, and Rembrandt, have some claim on our respect and esteem. The travellers who flippantly denounce the monotony of Dutch cities, in reality take no pains to examine into distinctions and differences. All cities are in some degree alike; all men in some degree resemble one another. The general appearance is the same, but a close survey brings endless differences to light. Not only does Rotterdam differ from the Hague, Leyden from Amsterdam, and so on with other Dutch cities, but the most ordinary buildings, the five-and-twenty thousand windmills, for instance, turning their sails at every point of a Dutch horizon, are as dissimilar from each other in face, figure, and costume, as the sailor differs from the ploughman, the burgo-master's lady from the inmate of the orphan asylum, or the Jew from the Moravian. Whether of timber, brick, or stone, there is no monotony in their form or character. Each maintains its idiosyncrasy. One is brightly painted with colors which would astonish Vandermeer or Ostade; others are decorated with rough ornaments; some have a light and graceful balustrade, others a heavy wooden gallery. It seems as if the human intellect had exerted all its inventive faculty on the manufacture of windmills, so that no two might be alike. And the Dutchmen know how to laugh as well as how to build windmills; and they can prove themselves something better than a heavy, plethoric race, over whom specific gravity exercises more than its regular force. And the Dutchwomen, notwithstanding their odd attire and language, can set the heart a-palpitating as well as any senora that ever sent disquiet into the breast of hapless tourist in Italy.



BANKS OF A DUTCH CANAL, NEAR DELFT, HOLLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Newbern, N. C.—The publication of the Magazine is still continued.
MEDICUS.—Kaspail, the French chemist, has pointed out, the Medical Journal says, one of the powers of camphor, which, in a psychological point of view, is most important—that of putting a stop to that fearful insomniolence which accompanies the incubation and first development of insanity. When opium, hyoscyamus, conium, stramonium, and "all the drowsy syrups of the East," fail to produce any effect, a grain of camphor, formed into a pill, and followed by a draught of an ounce and a half of the infusion of hops, mixed with five drops of sulphuric ether, is his usual remedy for procuring sleep.
TRADER.—There are seventy millions of pounds invested in the shipping interests of Great Britain.
HISTORIAN.—The daily allowance to the maids of honor attached to the British Court during the reign of Henry III was a gallon of ale for breakfast and a chine of beef; a piece of beef and a gallon of beer for dinner. In the afternoon, a gallon of ale and a maniple of bread; and for supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, and a gallon of ale; after supper, half a gallon of wine, and bread. If the court beauties at that time needed three or four gallons of ale, daily, Falstaff's craving for sack, at an earlier period, need not be wondered at.
INQUIRER, Medford—Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the business of straw braiding is carried, by the fact that in 1855, according to returns made, 3,326,000 straw bonnets were manufactured in Massachusetts, employing about 1000 males and 9000 females. In the year ending June 30, 1857, raw and manufactured straw materials to the value of about \$2,246,928 were imported into the United States.
M. C.—It is curious but difficult to trace the origin of slang phrases. With regard to the phrase of "confidence man," we find the following explanation in the Louisville Journal: A few years ago a man in New York, well dressed and of exceedingly genteel manners, went about, saying in a very winning manner to almost every gentleman he met, "Have you confidence enough in me, an entire stranger, to lend me five dollars for an hour or two?" In this way he got a good deal of money, and came to be generally known in the courts and elsewhere as "the confidence man."
TRAVELLER.—Calcutta is rapidly becoming one of the most expensive capitals in the world—perhaps, if we except London and Paris, the most expensive.

METEORIC STONES.

Among the remarkable objects exhibited at the Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, is a very large aerolite or metallic stone, which was found upon the western prairies, where it had fallen from the air. It is somewhat larger than a peck measure, and its surface has a blackened, vitreous appearance, indicating exposure to intense heat. Where a portion of the stone has been cut off, the interior structure of the mass appears to be metallic and granulated. The color of the inside is a whitish gray. The composition of this aerolite is similar to all others which have hitherto been examined, and consists of silice, magnesia, sulphur, iron in a metallic state, nickel, and some traces of chrome. The common and uniform character of these stones indicates a common origin for all of them, and shows also that they are not produced upon the earth. No substances combined in such proportions are ever found beneath the surface of the earth, and the natural appearance of iron in a metallic state is never seen. Nickel is also very rare, and never found on the surface of the earth, and chrome is still more rare. Two other sources have been suggested from whence these meteoric stones may originate. One is, the chaotic matter which may be dispersed throughout space, in detached parcels, and which by coming in contact with the atmosphere of the earth, may become inflamed and solidified. The other suggestion is, that these bodies may be thrown from the moon, by volcanic action, and by being projected beyond the sphere of the planet's attraction, may be brought within the influence of the earth and drawn towards it. Their lunar origin is by no means a violent presumption; for the degree of force required to eject a body beyond the limits of the moon's attraction, would not be greater than four times that of common gunpowder; whereas we know that volcanic force, as exhibited in terrestrial volcanoes, is often much greater than this. The black, enamelled coating which all these stones exhibit, is supposed to be caused by the fire generated by the friction in their passage through our atmosphere. This supposition also accounts for the trains of light which attend the passage of these bodies through the air. The glazing on the surface is usually about one-tenth of an inch in thickness, and this coating is distinguished from the general mass by a clearly defined line. The aerolites are never found indented by any object which they may encounter upon the earth's surface, though in their fall they usually strike the ground with great violence. This shows that the mass is not

rendered soft or plastic by the heat to which it is subjected during the process of enamelling which takes place. And yet the heat required to effect the vitrification of the surface, is far more fierce than that of the hottest porcelain furnace. The inference is, that this intense heat can only be of very brief duration—probably the time occupied in the passage of the body through the earth's atmosphere—for otherwise the aerolite would be melted into a soft mass, if not entirely dissipated in gasses.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

General Sullivan tells us that when Washington lived in Pennsylvania, as President, he rose at four in the morning; and the general rule of his house was that the fires should be covered, and the lights extinguished, at a certain hour; whether this was nine or ten it is not recollected. He devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to visits. He understood himself to be visited as the President of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by anybody and everybody; but required that every one who came should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentleman whom he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Market Street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining-room in the rear, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear. At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the visitor was conducted to this dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left, the coat worn over the blade, and appearing from under the folds behind. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fire-place, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory, as to be able to call any one by name, who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with the most near friends, that no distinction might be made. As visitors came in, they formed a circle round the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was over.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

The purpose of Congress to supply the city of Washington with an abundance of pure, sweet water, from the Potomac River, is as yet but partially carried out. The works, though incomplete, are made available at the present time to introduce into the city a daily supply of about two million gallons, which flows into the receiving reservoir from a never failing stream, and is conducted thence through the aqueduct to the distributing reservoir at Georgetown, and from that, by a 12-inch pipe into Washington, and through the whole length of the city to the Navy Yard at the southeast extremity. This twelve inch main pipe supplies the principal public buildings, the large hotels of the city, and many private dwelling-houses, besides stables, manufactories, and a fountain at the capitol grounds. The water thus supplied is soft, and of fair quality, though somewhat saline, and not entirely clear. It is quite inferior to the Croton water in New York, or the Cochituate in Boston; but still available for temporary use. When the works are entirely completed, which cannot be until Congress makes a further appropriation, the water will all be taken from the Potomac above the Great Falls, and will be a much superior article to that temporarily furnished. The stream will then be

conveyed from the distributing reservoir by a 30 inch main pipe, and the head of water will be much higher than at present. A dam is to be constructed across the river at Great Falls, for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient supply for the receiving reservoir. A small portion only of this dam is yet constructed. Other portions of the main works are not yet finished, embracing a considerable piece of tunnel, two bridges, and the laying of the 30 inch main pipe. At the last session an act was passed authorizing the city of Washington to raise the necessary funds for the distribution of the water throughout the city, and to supply the same to the citizens at a moderate charge.

LADY MORGAN.

This lady, lately deceased in London, has been one of the most notable women of our day, and has commanded in Europe no small degree of attention as a brilliant representative of her sex, and a most charming and truthful authoress. She was the daughter of an actor named Owen-sen, and was born in Dublin about 1789. She became known as an authoress by a collection of poems called the "Lay of the Irish Harp," and by the "Wild Irish Girl," and one or two other romances. She married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, in 1816, after which she spent several years on the continent. During this time she published "Florence McCarthy," "O'Donnel," and the "Missionary," and other romances, besides "France" and "Italy," very clever books on those countries. That on Italy gained the praise of Byron. She returned to Ireland in 1823, and visited France again in 1829, and Belgium in 1833. She afterwards produced "France in 1829," "Woman and her Master," the "Book without a Name," to which her husband contributed, and some very entertaining notes to a new edition of the "Wild Irish Girl." In 1848 she had a controversy with Cardinal Wiseman concerning the chair of St. Peter at Rome, in which she was thought to have entirely defeated the cardinal. Her last production was her "Autobiography," published in London a few months ago.

A COOL STORY.

The latter part of last November, Mr. Andrew Twombly, of Brandon, Vt., commenced to dig a well near his house, situated about a mile from the centre of the village of Brandon, on a tolerable level plain. Having excavated to the depth of fifteen feet, through sand and gravel, the workmen came to ground frozen solid, and through which they continued to excavate the further distance of fifteen or sixteen feet before getting through the frozen ground. At the depth of forty-five feet, sufficient water having been obtained, the well was stoned in the usual manner. The character of the ground was the same the whole distance, viz., coarse gravel and sand—the frozen portion interspersed with lumps of clear ice. At the time the well was dug the surface of the ground was not frozen. Ever since the well was dug, up to the present time, ice forms in the well, and incrusts the stones at from fifteen to thirty feet from the surface, and the surface of the water, which is thirty-five feet below the level of the ground, freezes over every night. On several occasions, when the bucket has been left in the well under the water over night, it has been found necessary to descend the well, and with a hatchet cut the ice, in order to extricate it.

MORE TOM-FOOLERY.

The rage for secret organizations to effect political objects, is getting greater every day. The movement is copied from the Carbonari and other kindred associations in Europe; and though entirely useless, and even dangerous to republican liberties in this country, yet the charm of secrecy is potent enough to draw a great many persons into its veiled mysteries. Whatever may be thought of the necessity for clandestine combinations against the government, in despotic countries, where outward obedience is enforced upon the subject by the strong hand of arbitrary power, there certainly can be no shadow of justification for such secret societies here. We have no tyrant to overthrow; no hereditary ruler to curb; no all-pervading and despotic power to resist. The people are the sovereign; the laws enacted by their servants are the rule of government; the courts are open for the enforcement of that rule; and the ballot-box presents an unfailing remedy against the abuse of delegated power. What, then, is there of similarity between our condition and that of the despotism of the Old

World, which should render desirable, or even tolerable, the introduction of the secret machinery of conspirators among us? Let us not be deluded by such things, whatever charm of imitation or of mystery they may present. No man, and no body of men, who are satisfied with the fundamental guarantees of political rights upon which our republican institutions are based, can need the cover of secrecy in order to carry out his purposes of reform. If popular government is to be overthrown, and crowned heads and hereditary nobles set up in its place, doubtless secret societies are the best means to combine the conspirators and give them strength; but if the honest theory of our system is to be faithfully adhered to, then we want no secret conclaves to control the action of the people.

We have been led to these reflections by a project recently set on foot in the city of Washington, for organizing a new secret political league, under the name of the "Brotherhood of the Union." The confederates are bound together by obligations assumed upon initiation, and are known to each other by certain cabalistic tokens; and their officers bear the titles of "Grand Washington," "Grand Jefferson," "Grand Madison," and so on. Now the Union of the States is a very good thing; so good that it is very likely to be preserved, "brotherhood or no brotherhood; but were it in danger, no such tom-foolery as this could save it—nothing but the open, united, and honest rallying of the people to its support.

WALTER M. BAYNE.

The death of Walter M. Bayne, the artist, on the 27th of April, is an event which we cannot permit to pass unnoticed. Mr. Bayne was a native of Scotland, but had resided for many years in this city, where he acquired a high reputation as a painter, and where he was esteemed and loved as a true gentleman. Some twenty years ago we knew of him as attached to the Tremont Theatre, in the capacity of prompter and representative of "second old men" and Scotch characters—an actor of moderate ability. Passing along Tremont Row one morning, a friend begged us to step into an auction room and look at a collection of oil-paintings to be sold in a day or two. We entered the room, and were delighted and surprised to find a number of landscapes, chiefly illustrating local scenery, exhibiting a perfect command of the pencil, fine color and effect, and a masterly touch. We learned then, to our surprise, that the artist was no other than "Bayne of the Tremont." It was a delightful revelation of unsuspected genius.

From that time we followed the fortunes of Mr. Bayne with deep interest. We ascertained that he was an educated artist, and that he had formerly been a scene-painter in Scotland. In a short time he resumed his profession as a scenic artist to the National Theatre in this city. While thus engaged, and stimulated by the success of Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi, he conceived the idea of a gigantic moving panorama of a voyage to Europe and a trip down the Rhine. Some years before an English gentleman had conceived the idea of a panorama of the Rhine, and had employed Mr. Bayne to travel with him and make the necessary sketches on the spot. At the conclusion of the tour the gentleman abandoned his project, and kindly presented the artist with the drawings he had made. The germ of a fortune remained for years in the artist's portfolio. In finally transferring them to canvass, he labored indefatigably, frequently sitting up all night and painting by gaslight. At last the Herculean task was completed, and the panorama was unrolled for the first time at Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington Streets. The spectator was supposed to be embarked on board a Cunard steamer. Boston Bay was exhibited first, then came the trip to Halifax, the passage of an iceberg, Halifax, scenes in mid ocean, Cape Clear Lighthouse, the river Mersey, Liverpool, and lastly London. The scenes in London—the bridges, the New Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's show, the Monument, the Tower, were all drawn and painted admirably. Then came the Rhine, with magnificent views of Coblenz, the Round Tower, Schomberg, New Rheinstein, Bingen, Heidelberg, Ehrenbreitstein, Nonneworth, the Seven Mountains, the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," and other points of interest and beauty. The panorama was a great success. It was recognized as a true work of art, and pleased connoisseurs by its artistic merit, as much as it gratified the million by the variety and interest of its scenes. It was re-

markable for the absence of monotony of tone, and for splendid atmospheric effects worthy of Turner himself. The painting, after remaining here many months, was transferred to New York, where it proved equally successful, and, after exhibition in other large American cities, was, it is our impression, carried to England, realizing about seventy thousand dollars for the accomplished and amiable artist. The closing years of his life were thus spent in ease, and even affluence. Mr. Bayne died at the age of sixty-four. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him, as an artist and a man.

THE FRENCH NAVY.

For a number of years France has been quietly but effectually increasing her navy, until its colossal character and power now equal that of England. The British are no longer the "masters of the ocean" in point of naval power; France divides the honor of that title, empty and hollow though it be. The present force of the French navy, as stated by the committee of inquiry, is as follows:—40 steam and 10 sailing line-of-battle ships, with a total tonnage of 155,885, and 4735 guns; 9 block ships; 40 steam and 32 sailing frigates; 82 corvettes and sloops; and 162 gunboats—the total tonnage of all, including the liners, being 420,158, and the number of guns, 8202. The expense of the French navy for the last seven years has been about one hundred and ninety five millions of dollars, while that of the English navy for the same period has been two hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars. The comparison of the English and French navies is in favor of the former in respect to the number of vessels; and the French steam machinery is said to be in all respects greatly inferior to that of England. In the British navy there are 50 steam and 35 sailing line-of-battle ships, 34 steam and 70 sailing frigates. The horse power of the engines belonging to the two navies is about equal. There are 296 sailing vessels in the British, and only 144 in the French navy. The dockyard area of the two countries is almost exactly the same—866 acres in England, and 865 in France.

THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.—During the last night of the carnival at Turin, there were many nocturnal processions, among them one styled in the programme a "Feast of Lanterns and Diabolical Concert." There were four cars, and one represented a *bolgia infernale* (infernal cavern), on every object contained in or pertaining to which a most brilliant red glare was cast by Bengal lights, the demons that crept within being illuminated after the most approved stage fashion. From another car a green light threw a ghastly hue on all in its vicinity. There were three bands of music, a numerous peal of bells, a long procession of large colored lanterns, and the din and glare were prodigious. On one of the cars was placed a colossal figure representing the carnival. At midnight this was burnt on the Piazza di Milano, and masking and mumming were declared at an end for this season.

NOW IS THE TIME.—A new volume of *Balou's Dollar Monthly* is just about to commence. Enclose us one dollar, and receive it by return of mail and for a whole year. One hundred pages of original tales, sketches, poems, adventures, news, wit and humor, in every number. Copiously illustrated. The cheapest publication in the world! Circulation, 114,000.

THE TEA PLANT.—The government is seriously prosecuting the enterprise of introducing into the United States the culture of the tea-plant. A ship is now on her voyage from Canton to New York, with 60,000 plants, selected with great care by a special agent of the Patent Office.

QUITE A FLEET.—A French writer estimates the whole number of vessels afloat to be 129,748; the United States, England and France own about three-fourths of the whole tonnage of the world.

A HINT.—Plant trees—cultivate flowers, make the earth beautiful and fragrant—the more lovely because we live in it, and the more valuable to those who shall come after us.

BENEVOLENCE.—We must do good, though we expect ingratitude.

BIRTH DAYS.—Every anniversary of a birthday dispels a dream.

PAUL MORPHY.

We feel not a little pride in the career of this champion of the game of chess, a pride that he is an American, and that he has proved not only the best player in the country, but absolutely the best in the world. He adds such extraordinary modesty to his celebrated triumphs, as to challenge the admiration of every one with whom he is brought in contact. Not yet twenty-one years of age, yet he has conquered the first chess-players in Europe, among whom were such famous men as Anderssen, Owen, Mongredien and Harrwitz, besides many others.

In England young Morphy was received with distinguished marks of consideration, and the press accorded him universal praise for his genius, gentlemanly bearing and courteous manners. But it was reserved for the enthusiastic French to give unbounded praise and expression of admiration to the modest young American. The Café de la Régence, the resort of the Parisian chess players, was daily and nightly crowded to witness his games. The audience at the opera rose to receive him on his entrance to the theatre, he was feted by dukes, and applauded by men of genius. The famous sculptor, Lequesne, executed his bust in marble, and at the banquet given in his honor, the veteran chess-player, St. Amant, crowned the bust with laurels, amidst the most deafening plaudits of the whole company! Through all, young Morphy bore himself with the same quiet, unassuming, and modest demeanor which has won him such hosts of friends wherever he has appeared. He comes home bearing honors rarely bestowed upon one of his age, and we believe most justly accorded. America has produced the best chess-player in the world, for no living man will pretend to stand before young Morphy.

FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD.—Seven companies left Leavenworth recently for the mines. Some were well provided, and will have a pleasant trip; others had a moderate outfit, and will probably get through in safety. But one company embraced an amount of fool-hardiness we are pained to record. The company consisted of sixteen able-bodied fellows, with blankets, picks, and pans strapped to their backs. Their entire lot of provisions consisted of forty pounds of meat and a quantity of salt—the latter being barely sufficient to preserve the former, in case it was not eaten. On being asked how they expected to make the trip of five hundred miles with their ridiculous outfit, one of them replied, "That's easy enough. We intend to kill enough game, and sleep in barns!" Verily, the fools are not all dead.

THE FIDDLE WAS SAVED.—The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing on that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell in after years an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home at the time of the disaster, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of it. After learning the general destruction, he inquired:

"But were none of my books saved?"

"No, massa, but we saved de fiddle," was the reply.

"RODERICK THE ROVER: or, The Spirit of the Wave."—This is the best nautical novelette ever written by LIEUTENANT MURRAY, and has already been republished in London. It is beautifully illustrated by large original engravings, done for us in Champney's best style. We will pay the postage, and send it to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps, or silver.

STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.—The city authorities of Providence have ordered two steam fire-engines, at a cost of \$11,000; one to be made in Philadelphia, and the other at Seneca Falls.

IMMIGRATION.—The rush of foreign immigrants to the United States this year, will doubtless be greater than for many years past.

FOURTH OF JULY.—Fall River, Mass., appropriates \$1000 for celebrating the Glorious Fourth.

OREGON.—The Oregon papers say that the population of that State is about 47,000.

BORING FOR WATER.—"If you please, sir, the man's called again for the water-rate!"

Wayside Gatherings.

President Buchanan was sixty-eight years old, April 23.

The price of gas in Chicago has been reduced to \$2.50 per thousand feet.

The publisher of *Lalla Rookh* gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem.

Keene, N. H., is to have a public library—\$1000 in \$5 shares have already been subscribed for that purpose.

Quite an extensive business is done by Messrs. Whitney, at Loomister Centre, Mass., in the manufacture of children's carriages.

There are 2000 sewing machines in operation at Troy, mostly shirt making, and 500 in New Haven.

In Belchertown, Hampshire county, carriage making is being successfully prosecuted this spring, on a large scale.

Punch says, "Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends."

San Francisco is steadily improving in its general appearance, and many fine buildings are being erected. The population is now about 80,000.

The steamer *Vanderbilt*, lately left New York, taking three horses for the Emperor Napoleon, from Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

James Porter, known all over the country as the Kentucky Giant, died at Shippingport, Ky., on the 25th ult. His height was seven feet and nine inches.

The Porter Britannia and Plate Co. is the title of a new company recently organized in Taunton, Mass., for the manufacturing of Britannia and plated ware, with a capital of \$25,000.

The cattle and pigs in Illinois are dying rapidly of a malady termed the black-leg. Animals of this kind cannot gambol, even in their most vivacious moments, it seems, without peril to their limbs.

The ultimate sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost* produced to Milton's widow eight pounds; and Dryden received from Tonson two pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence for every one hundred lines of his poetry.

A steamer is building in New York, and the boilers are being constructed to test a new fuel, composed of coal tar and saw dust. A manufactory at Manchester, N. H., is thus heated.

The Bishop of London recently preached at an omnibus station to a large gathering of omnibus-drivers. Religious services are held every Sabbath in the same place, by a clergyman of the parish.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, N. H., are about to build a stone-dam in the Merrimac River, at Garvin's Falls, three miles below Concord, where they propose to lay the foundation of a large manufacturing town.

Every dog in Massachusetts who would have the right to live, must be registered, numbered, and licensed by the town clerk, and every dog must wear a collar with his owner's name and his own number registered on it.

Rev. Mr. Gaylord, in illustration and proof of an assertion made in a sermon that all men were not born equal, said that though in 1654 many children were born, but one Shakespeare on that day saw the light—no other spirit twinned with his.

An English missionary, Mr. Macgowan, long resident at Shanghai, China, has recently undertaken a mission to Nagasaki, Japan, taking with him his tracts and copies of Scripture in Chinese for distribution, and Bibles in English and Dutch for the use of the native interpreters.

The flood on the Mississippi River is said to have left everywhere its mark of desolation. From Memphis down, scores of plantations and villages are either overflowed or rendered almost uninhabitable by the mould with which the surrounding moisture has covered every dwelling.

Sir John Hawkins, in his *Memoirs of Johnson*, ascribes the decline of literature to the ascendancy of frivolous magazines between the years 1740 and 1760. He says that they render smatterers conceited, and confer the superficial glitter of knowledge instead of its substance.

Louise Reeder, who will be remembered as a very attractive-looking woman, though not a remarkably good actress, and as author of *Linda, the Cigar Girl*, etc., died in New Orleans, lately, from injuries received by the explosion of a camphene lamp.

Two young men, named Ariel French and Henry W. Moran, are in jail in Syracuse, N. Y., for placing obstructions on a railroad track. They hid behind a tree, with a view of plunder, which the disaster would give them a chance for. Luckily a hand-car came along, and the danger was removed.

The critic of the Buffalo Republic does not like Karl Formes. He says his voice is a wonder in compass and strength; but in regard to the musical part of it, if Karl Formes should come into our back yard at night, and sing in that style, we should feel justified in stoning him off the premises.

A German woman in New York eloped with a small Dutchman, a few days ago, and carried off with her \$300 belonging to her husband, and three young children. She also attempted to set fire to the house in which her husband resided, but the fire was discovered and extinguished before it had done much damage.

Sands of Gold.

.... No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—*Lord Clarendon*.

.... He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—*Adam*.

.... Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—*Shakspeare*.

.... The hand may be clogged by excessive means, as well as rendered powerless by the want of them.—*Bovee*.

.... An incurable fever agitates the whole world; the strong feel the heat, and the weak the chill.—*De Boufflers*.

.... The finest compliment that can be paid to a woman of sense is to address her as such.—*Bovee*.

.... The higher we rise, the more isolated we become; and all elevations are cold.—*De Boufflers*.

.... The putting an end to hunting is the first step in the progress of civilizations.—*Rev. Jona. Boucher*.

.... He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume*.

.... Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world, is the triumph of enthusiasm.—*Emerson*.

.... A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—*Bacon*.

.... It is easy to exclude the noon-tide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.—*Keith*.

.... A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—*Carlyle*.

.... Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me.—*Struggles for Life*.

.... The prohibition of books supposed to be dangerous to the civil power, is an attempt to put the sun of reason into a dark lantern, that its mighty blaze may be hidden or revealed according to the will of some purblind despot.—*Burke*.

.... It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a newly born babe like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

The early bird picks up the worm; but the worm soon picks up the late bird.—*Punch*.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

A drunkard is called a *bon-vivant*, that is a good liver, when he is notoriously the worst of all livers, and bears a bad liver with him.

What an important personage would be a topographical engineer, if he could honestly exclaim, "I'm monarch of all I survey!"

Why is Alison's History like the prevalent fashion of crinoline? Because, says an historic critic, it is in a round-about style.

A young lady who talks eloquently about love is probably incapable of feeling much of it. Deep feeling does not overflow in words.

A common domestic clock, "a kitchener," having run down, Jones, with unblushing effrontery, observed that it had come to an untimely end!

A wag being told by an acquaintance that Miss — (who is rather a broad-featured young lady) had a benign countenance, he replied: "Perhaps you mean seven-by-nine."

A writer in an agricultural periodical insists that farmers generally ought to learn to make better fences. Why not establish a fencing school for their benefit?

The Louisville Journal thinks the American Eagle has great cause to complain of the libel that Poe's *Raven* is a translation from the Persian. It characterizes it as a *fool as Persian*.

A relative of Mr. Binney's gave his orders to his ostler as follows: "Erry, take the arness hoff the hof orse, slip the altar hover is ed, hand give im some ay hand hoats."

One actor speaking of another, who was as round as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed, "He is headstrong as a mule! and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

An Australian, from the number of murders committed in that auriferous region, thinks that Melbourne must be that place Shakspeare speaks of when he says, "that bourne from which traveller returns."

"Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him. But as for the hog, I think any one would have known what it was, if he had not named it so."

A friend who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoke his wedding suit. He evidently, on the whole, prefers a suit for the fulfilment of his promise to a suit for the breach of it.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BETTY COPELAND'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

How curiously thoughts are linked. Thinking just now how much the fallen leaves from the old elm looked like last spring's growth of dandelions on the same spot, from that to Lowell's beautiful poem on the dandelion, and how I used to watch for the first ones when I was a child, where they grew thickest, down in the run by the meadow, over in Uncle James's field, and all up round Betty Copeland's cottage, I stopped with Betty, and her quaint little house, and her pretty daughter. I must tell Betty's story, simple as it is.

When I was a child going to school, a dark little woman, with a child in her arms, came over one sultry afternoon and sat upon the door stone, looking wistfully at us little ones, while she hushed her baby. She told the teacher, in answer to her inquiries, that she had walked a great way, and wanted a place where she could work for herself and her child. Where should the united voice of teacher and scholars send her, but to good Deacon Thomson's, the home for all the homeless and afflicted? Thither the poor, weary creature went, guided by one of the older girls, and though the good housewife had company and cares in plenty, and no need of any other hands to labor, she took the wanderer in, and the next we heard was that Betty Copeland was to stay for a while at the deacon's to do a little spinning. Mrs. Thomson had, and that then she would probably find some chance for her pensioner. Bless the good woman's heart! she was always finding chances for people. I expect she's found a chance in heaven long since.

When the spinning was done, there was housecleaning to do, and then the cook wanted to go home for a visit, and it was found that Betty was an excellent cook, and altogether a very handy, faithful personage, and hard to part with. By that time, too, the deacon had taken a liking to the pretty black-eyed baby, who crowed and clapped its little hands at him, and he could not bear to send it out into the world, poor thing, so it came that Betty became a fixture in the old brown house, and the child a charm in the dark rooms, and under the old trees and out in the fields, wherever the deacon happened to be. But Betty was thrifty, and thought she might do better for herself and the deacon's lady too, by taking a separate house, and leaving her place to be filled by a younger person. She had boarded something in the four years of her stay, and had such a reputation as a laundress, that any quantity of work waited her orders. There was some consultation between the good people and their pensioner about the place of her abode, and at length it was decided to give her a three-cornered piece of land upon the roadside, a quarter of a mile distant, and remove a useless old porch there which was an eyesore to the deacon's wife, and which the good man thought might be fitted up at small expense. A most comical looking tenement it made with its flat roof, its little porch over the door, and its irregular windows, but a most comfortable place too, when it was thoroughly repaired and painted, and fitted up with a plump bed, a stove that never needed polishing, a corner cupboard garnished with delf, a table and some stout chairs. A proud little woman was Betty Copeland when she took possession of her new house, and well it throve beneath her hand.

Early and late Betty was at work. When she found time to do the great bundles of fine clothes she carried home at twilight, to scrub her house, to tidy herself and Katy, to cook the food, to weed the three cornered lot, no one could tell, but all these were done, and numberless others, and the world went well with Betty. A pretty place the house was to look at in early spring-time, when the yellow walls rose from a field of dandelions, yellow all over as cloth of gold, or later, when the clover blossomed out red and sweet on both sides the path that led up from the wicket, and nodded in the summer wind, and brushed your shoes as you went to the house. Or when all Betty's rose-bushes were full of blooms, or the honeysuckle tempted all the bees in the neighborhood, or the long row of currant bushes was ruddy with fruit, or the young plum-trees purple from top to bottom.

Betty had a pig, too, who seemed to have her instinct of cleanliness and thrift, for he always appeared to be lying on new straw, ready for company, and grunted so comfortably at you that

you could not choose but be pleased. In process of time, too, a great brindle cow and a house to hold her, were added to Betty's treasures, and if anybody wanted especially nice cream for a party, or the sweetest and yellowest butter-pats in all the country, everybody said they must go to Betty Copeland's for them.

But Betty's daughter was the "topmost bright bubble" of all the old woman's possessions. How she ever happened to have such a lovely child was a mystery, for Betty was such a little wizened thing, so like the last dried apple or cranberry forgotten in the barrel, that one had an instinctive desire to put her in a tub of hot water, along with the fine shirts, and soak her out to fair proportions. But Katy was a wild rose, a violet, a sweet fly of the vale, graceful and beautiful, and as naturally refined as if she had been born to great possessions and the atmosphere of the proudest society. How proud the poor old woman was of her beautiful child! What delight she took in buying fanciful dresses for her, and watching the pretty figure as it bounded off to school. How sturdily she rejected all the good advice of the village matrons about bringing up her daughter in a manner suited to her own sphere in life, and sent the girl successively to high-school, academy, drawing-school, dancing-school, singing-school, and at last, to the horror of all the upstartdom of Centreville, finished by sending her to a genteel boarding-school.

In vain were all the wise sayings and good advice of all her polite employers. Betty said plainly that her child was more of a lady by nature than any of theirs, and for what did she toil day and night, but to give her a fitting education. What was such an ugly, ignorant old thing as she fit for, but to scrub and save for her darling. No, no! Betty had determined that her pretty daughter should know nothing of the rough side of life as long as she could hide it with her stooping figure and toilsome hands, and the girl received the sacrifice as gently and affectionately, and taxed the poor old woman's strength and love in as sweetly selfish a manner as the very best of spoiled children could. Not that Katy was naturally selfish—not a whit of it. But if we set ourselves resolutely to make any loved object useless to themselves, and burdensome to us, the chances almost always are that we succeed.

Eighteen, lovely, accomplished Katy Copeland came home to her doting old mother. There was much discussion among the village magnates as to how the girl was to be received, and what position she should occupy in our sensitive society. It might have gone rather hard with her, for many of the mamas had daughters not as pretty as Katy, but Mrs. Thomson declared in open sewing-circle, that though she did not approve of the fine education Betty had given her child, she had as good a right to do it as any person present, and for her part, she should receive her old favorite as an equal. Mrs. Thomson's mandate being law, all present were obliged to acquiesce, though no doubt there were many mental reservations.

Katy's sweetness and grace did all the rest. Not the most rigid stickler for birth and position could resist the fascination of her thousand pretty ways, and her gentle way of making her good taste useful to all who came in contact with her. Katy Copeland soon came to be an oracle in the matter of trimming dresses and bonnets, of arranging a room, or preparing for a party, and save a few slights which she passed over in silence, was received as graciously as the most aristocratic girl in Centreville.

But what should Katy do? It seemed to be expected that she should do something, and after a year had gone by, even Betty began to see the wisdom of furnishing some resource for her child when her own hands should fail. Teaching, or dressmaking, or a fancy goods shop. All were discussed, but nothing decided upon. It was spring time, balmy and soft, and Betty thought it would be better to wait a little longer and let her daughter enjoy the summer evenings with the young people. It would be time enough to think of work when the days grew cooler.

About this time all Centreville, that is, the lady portion, and especially the young lady portion, were agitated by a new face at church, and on the hotel steps, and round the river banks where was good fishing, or out in the forest where the partridges and deer were to be had in plenty. It was a very handsome face, and a very manly figure that carried it about, and the report that it

belonged to an only child whose parents were rich and proud, detracted nothing from the interest. Day by day the young sportsman rambled up and down the banks with a rod, and a book for the stillest places when the fish would not come, or out into the woods where the sharp crack of his rifle frightened the echoes not much accustomed to sounds less peaceful than the ring of a cowbell, or the tap of the woodpecker.

It was wonderful how rustic our belles suddenly became. Gipsy hats were more in favor than ever, and berrying parties, and strolls down among the thickets by the river-side, grew fashionable at once. Who made the advances was never quite clearly proved, but in a short time Mr. Seaton was well acquainted with most of the village belles, and soon showed his mustache at all the younger gatherings. Anybody could hear his rich voice in a song or a laugh in the lighted parlors along the village street, or see him in the moonlight nights conveying a bevy of gay girls home from a party or sewing circle. To do Katy Copeland justice, she had no hand in the matter. Too modest to seek attention from any one, and perhaps painfully conscious of the great difference in their social position, she carefully avoided the stranger, and left the field to her more fortunate companions. It might be that this shyness piqued the young man, or perhaps the light of the beautiful face that sometimes flitted across his path, sunk into his heart at once, but before the village had time to recover from its astonishment, William Seaton was first the admirer, then the declared lover and affianced husband of the washerwoman's daughter.

There were many ominous shakes of the head, many dubious speeches about the difference in rank, the pride of the parents, and their probable indignation on finding that their only son had formed such a mesalliance, and all the gossips were on the lookout when one autumnal day, a gray-haired gentleman got out of the coach and inquired for William Seaton. No doubt there were angry discussions, persuasions, threats, every argument that an outraged parent or a stubborn child could use, but none of the watchers were any the wiser for it.

But every one knew that the Seaton met Katy at Deacon Thomson's by the merest accident, that the deacon and the elderly gentleman were closeted several times, that Katy's eyes were very red for two or three days, that her lover stumped up and down the old fishing-ground, and that finally, after a week's delay, the elder Seaton and the deacon called on the old washerwoman, and had an exciting visit, if one might judge by the very red faces with which the two gentlemen went down the street, and the very energetic manner in which Betty shook her fist after them.

There was more delay still, with plenty of visits, and tears and pale faces, and secret treaties, at the end of which the young gentleman's mother came down also, to add her weight to the opposing scale. She was haughty and courtly, but her son was an only and an idolized child, and knew his advantage, and after the offices of the deacon and his wife had been exerted all round, matters were brought to a crisis. But somebody must be sacrificed to the offended dignity of caste, and who so fit a victim as the insignificant little woman, who had but a few years to live at the best, and who beside, you know, dear, could not be expected to have such fine feelings as more fortunate people. The terms of the treaty soon came out.

Katy was beautiful, graceful, accomplished, and had all the tone of the best society. If William's heart was set upon her, he must be indulged, and as the girl fortunately had no relatives but this old woman, and would no doubt forget her in time, the thing could be tolerated. But the mother was to give her up completely. The deacon had been coaxed into adopting her, she was to bear his name before she took her new one, she was to be splendidly dowered by her father-in-law, and when Katy left Centreville she was never to see her mother, or communicate with her again. To do the girl justice, she at first rejected the terms indignantly, but it was so plainly to be seen that she was pining and wretched, and the advantages of the match were so great, that even Betty added her entreaties to the lover's. She was sure she should be happy and comfortable, and should only miss her darling child for a little while. She should be so proud to hear of her success through the deacon's family, that at last Katy concluded that perhaps it would not be so bad after all, especially as they proposed settling a pension upon her mother,

and that no doubt she should be allowed to come home and see her when the affair got to be an old story.

There was but little time allowed for the preparations, and dressmakers were brought from the neighboring town to fit the bride's travelling toilet, and such articles as should be needed before the more expensive wardrobe for the coming season could be obtained. All these preparations were carried on at the deacon's, Mrs. Seaton presiding like a duchess, and her future daughter deferring to her in all things. She little thought that all through those days poor Betty watched them from the great china closet that made a passage to Mrs. Thomson's room. That sitting with a bit of the curtain drawn back from the windowed door, she watched every turn of the fair young head, every motion of the pretty fingers, smiling faintly when her darling smiled, and brushing the tears away with her horny hand when a pensive look stole over the bright face. She little thought that while she sat in the moonlight with her lover, or lost herself in pleasant dreams, the poor old woman was striving upon her knees, until deep into the night, for strength and patience to give up what was more than life to her.

The wedding-day came at last, a soft, golden cycle of the Indian summer. There was no ceremony or parade about the affair. Simply a dinner before the marriage, and a leave-taking after it, and while everybody was staring and congratulating, the carriages drove off, and the last tearful glance from the bride's face, and the proud, happy one of the young husband, was all lost round the corner of the road. Betty had been there to help dress her daughter, had bidden her a solemn, tender farewell, and disappeared just as the carriages started. There was an inquiry made for her, but we supposed she had gone home to be alone with her sorrow. But there was a high hill back of the deacon's, where the post road could be seen for several miles, and there the old woman had run, bare-headed, to get a last glimpse of her child. Lying down upon the ground she watched them until the shadow disappeared, and then in a trance of sorrow, gazed at the way which they had gone till the sunlight all faded and the stars came out, and the solemn moon rose silently up among them. No matter for the dew or the chill night air. Nothing could hurt the poor, old, worn form, like the tearing away of its idol, never loved so well, never longed for with such an agonizing tenderness, as when the sacrifice was completed. She would not have taken back a whit of it all. Katy was happy. Katy would be loved and courted, and tenderly cared for, would see none but pleasant sights, hear only kind words. That was what the old woman had toiled, and saved, and hoped for, and the goal was won. But the poor, fond heart was none the less a broken one. Talk of parted lovers, of sentimental sacrifices, of the romance of young heads! There's no romance in the world like that of the old, and ugly, and despised. No flowers of sentiment half so delicate and sweet as bloom over the graves of hopes and joys in homely people's hearts. Poor old fathers and mothers. Old-maid sisters and awkward brothers whom nobody thinks of pitying, who roll up their dead hopes in white, and lay them away in sacred spots to be wept over secretly. There are plenty of such graves made all around us, and the fragrance goes up from them forever, and will not be disregarded.

Everybody said that Betty Copeland had grown strangely childish since her daughter's marriage. She wouldn't take work, cared nothing for company, but spun and knit pretty white stockings such as Katy used to wear, from morning until night, and kept little nice messes before the fire, peering down the road as twilight fell each day, for somebody who never came. At last it was whispered that the old woman was mad, in a quiet way, and one cold morning when the deacon went to see why no smoke came from the crooked chimney, he found only the worn out casket of the old washerwoman. The better part had gone as the dew rises from the withered flower.

She wouldn't have lived long, they said, and she was too old, and rough, and common-place, and ignorant, to be killed just by a little sorrow; but I wouldn't have been Katy Seaton as she stood over her mother's grave. No! not for worlds!

It is with life as with coffee; he who drinks it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

We present herewith a fine likeness of Sir Charles L. Eastlake, one of the most eminent of modern English artists, perhaps best known in this country through engravings from his pictures of Italian banditti, which suggested the play of the "Brigand," rendered so famous by Wallack's personation of Massaroni, and in the tableaux of which Eastlake's groupings and costumes are reproduced. Charles Lock Eastlake was born at Plymouth in 1796, and sent to be educated at the Charterhouse, with the view of fitting him in due time to succeed to the well-established practice of his father, a solicitor. It, however, happened that R. B. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth; and young Eastlake one day saw, in progress, his fellow townsman's great historical picture, "Dentatus." That sight changed the whole current of his ideas, and he determined to transfer at once his labors from parchment to canvass.

The first picture he produced was "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which, as the work of a student, displayed many signs of unusual promise. It was purchased by a well-known amateur of the day, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, which took place at that period, engaged the young painter to proceed to Paris for the purpose of making copies of some of the masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. His labors were, however, soon interrupted by the unexpected escape of Napoleon I. from Elba; and he returned suddenly to England, and to his native town. But the young student was soon followed on his way by the very personage whose sudden appearance in France had driven him from his studies in the Louvre. Napoleon, a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, became as unexpected a visitor to the harbor of Plymouth as he had been so shortly before to the shores of France; and the portrait which the young artist then contrived to take of the twice-deposed emperor, excited considerable interest. Every day, during the neighborhood of the emperor in the harbor, young Eastlake was out in an open boat, studying the lineaments of the fallen sovereign, as he walked the deck or as he stood musing at the gangway, looking towards the shores of that "perfidious Albion," that had at last been the chief means of thwarting his schemes. The picture thus painted (a full length) possessed uncommon interest, as being the last of the portraits of Napoleon painted in Europe. His first pictures were, in fact, of an architectural character: they consisted of views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and of St. Peter's at Rome. This style was, however, soon abandoned for a series of studies which, by their boldness and lifelike originality, at once attracted the attention of our artistic public. Of this school was his "Brigand's Wife defending her Husband," that gained for him the general popularity which he enjoyed at that period. The first work of importance which marked the adoption of his final style—that of pure religious art—was his "Christ blessing the little Children." Its appearance was hailed as a proof that the English school would yet prove itself capable of treating the highest range of subjects with a purity and spirituality of feeling worthy of the noblest walk of art. The painter's reputation as an accomplished artist, and as a man whose attainments rendered him a singular ornament to the profession, was acknowledged by his appointment as Secretary to the "National Commission of Fine Arts," a post for which his knowledge peculiarly fitted him; and with that incident the tide of preferment fairly set in. In 1843, he was appointed keeper of the National Gallery, and in 1850 he received the highest artistic rank which the British artist can attain to—the presidency of the Royal Academy. Shortly afterwards he received the honor of knighthood. Sir Charles was subsequently appointed director instead of keeper of the National Gallery, with a salary increased to £1000 per annum. He was married somewhat late in life, to an accomplished lady, well known in the literary world as Miss Rigny, the authoress of a capital book, entitled "Letters from the Baltic."

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

In the recently published *Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans*, the following interesting account is given of a well remembered scene in the Chamber of Deputies during the revolutionary proceedings of '48:—"When the princess entered the assembly, the disorder was extreme; the deputies besieged the tribune; a strange crowd blocked up the lobbies, barring the passage of the royal party. Cries of 'Pas de Princes! Nous ne voulons pas de Princes ici!' were heard; but they were overpowered by louder cries of 'Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans! Vive le Comte de Paris!' She took her place near the tribune, and remained standing there, with her two children at her side; behind her stood the persons of her suite, using all their efforts to keep off the crowd that pressed around her. M. Dupin ascended the tribune; he announced that the act of abdication was about to be presented to the chamber by M. Barrot; meanwhile, he strongly urged that the unanimous acclamations which had hailed the Comte de Paris as king, and the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, should be entered in the procès-verbal. These words were

received with violent opposition from a part of the chamber and the tribunes. The president thought fit to call upon all strangers to quit the chamber, and requested the princes to withdraw, 'in deference to the rules.' 'Sir,' replied the duchess, 'this is a royal sitting.' Some of her friends, alarmed at the increasing tumult, entreated her to leave the chamber. 'If I leave this assembly, my son will never enter it again,' she replied, and remained immovable in her place. But the crowd kept advancing, the noise increased, and the heat became so excessive that the young prince could hardly breathe. The princess was then conducted along the left-hand lobby running at the back of the semicircle, to the upper benches opposite to the tribune, where she seated herself with the Duke of Nemours and her children. At this moment, M. Odilon Barrot, who had just returned from the Tuileries, obtained silence. 'The crown of July rests upon the head of a child,' he said. At the acclamations of 'Vive le Comte de Paris!' the Duchess of Orleans rose from her seat, as if to speak. While one side of the chamber cried out 'Parlez, parlez!' the other tried to drown her voice. She began with the words, 'My son and I are come,' but was instantly interrupted. She again attempted to speak, but was unable to

'But how can I get there?' she replied, still without moving from her place, or betraying any alarm at the muskets which glittered above her head. 'Follow me,' said M. Julee de Lasteyre. Descending from bench to bench, he conducted her to the left corner of the chamber, where there is an exit reserved for the deputies, and leading into a dimly-lighted corridor; the folding-doors, one of which was shut, open only from within, the other, which was open, separates the chamber from this corridor. M. de Lasteyre made his way to it by pushing aside the crowd, and, perceiving a company of National Guards outside the door, he called to them to form lines to protect the Duchess of Orleans, who was following him, which they immediately did."

MACHINE FOR MAKING CHAINS.

An ingenious machine for the manufacture of chains has been introduced. The chain made by this machine is not like that in common use, but is of a peculiar kind, which may be called double-link chain; it is made, not of pairs of links, but strictly of double links, each consisting of only one piece of metal. The links are fag-goted and welded before being put into the chain, and to make them inclose each other, only require to be bent. It is in a great measure owing



SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

make herself heard, and sat down. Several speakers rose one after another, amidst confusion impossible to describe. At length M. de Lamartine advanced toward the tribune. The first sentences he uttered revived the hopes of her friends; but with her sweet and melancholy smile she made a slight sign, which showed them that she did not share their illusion. Towards the close of the speech, a violent knocking resounded through the hall, the doors of the tribune of the press were burst open by an armed mob, who rushed forward with loud cries; they pointed their loaded muskets towards different parts of the chamber, till at length they perceived the royal mother and her children, at whom they took deliberate aim. Most of the deputies quitted the chamber, leaving the Duchess of Orleans and her little sons exposed, with no other protection from the musket balls of the infuriated mob than that of a small number of deputies, who remained in their places before her. From the calmness of her face it might have been thought that she only was in no danger. Leaning over to the bench below her, she gently placed her hand on the shoulder of a deputy and said, in a voice that betrayed no emotion, 'What do you advise me to do?' 'Madam, the deputies are no longer here; you must go to the president's house to gather the chamber together.'

to the manner of making the links which gives the chain the superiority which it is claimed to possess over the common kind of chain. This machine performs the whole of the process of making this chain from the forging of the links to putting them together. The first operation which takes place at one end of the machine, is that of winding up a small piece of small flat iron rod till it forms a coil of several thicknesses of metal. This coil is taken to a proper fire and heated to a welding heat, and then put in another part of the machine, by which it is welded into a ring which is equally strong at all points. From the last named part of the machine, the ring is taken by automatic devices to another part, where it is elongated in one direction and closed in a direction at right angles to it, till it forms a link which resembles the figure 8, except that the two sides do not cross in the middle. It is then taken by other devices and bent at the middle of its length, and then, by hand, put through another link and placed in another part of the machine, by which its looped extremities are drawn close together, which finishes it. The next link passing through these looped ends secures them, and thus the chain is formed. Altogether the chain is a fine specimen of ingenuity, and seems likely to accomplish all that is desirable.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A NIGHT MARCH IN INDIA.

It was distinctly announced that no officer should be permitted to march who did not receive an invitation or orders to do so; and, of course, the secrecy of the expedition leading to the conclusion that a great object was in view, the officers not invited were up to seven o'clock in a state of considerable irritation and excitement. Nearly every one about headquarters, except those all-knowing politicals who pull the strings which set so many arms and legs working, and the heads of departments, were in utter ignorance of the object or direction of the night march. I question much if colonel or brigadier was acquainted with the course till the stars of heaven told them they were steering northwards. Now, it is a most difficult matter to organize an expedition in the night, in an unknown country. One man may make his way towards a certain point guided by local knowledge, a compass, and the stars, but the direction of elephants, camels, and guns over rice-fields, past forests, ditches, rivers unknown, is a very different matter. Even the move in front out of a camp at night, in column of march, is more difficult than the words seem to express. If, in the duke's opinion, there were few generals who could get a large corps into Hyde Park, but few or none who could get them

out again in broad-daylight, it may be imagined that it is by no means so simple as it would appear to the uninitiated to get infantry, cavalry, and guns in proper order, all in direct column of route, out on the open field, in a pitch-dark night. Our little expedition consisted of the 7th hussars, headquarters of the carabinieri, 1st Punjab cavalry, a troop of the royal horse artillery (six guns), the rifle brigade, a detachment of her majesty's 20th, and a wing of the Balooch battalion. As Captain Fitzgerald collected 150 elephants, it was arranged that one-half the force should be mounted—five on each of these unwieldy locomotives—the other half marching till the halts took place, when they relieved their comrades from the trouble of journeying aloft, and the elephant cavalry became infantry till the next halt. There were some spare elephants in case of accidents. Lord Clyde, with his shoulder bandaged up, was, much against his will, obliged to go in a dooly. The mess dinners, an hour earlier than usual, were full of conjecture; but it was generally supposed we were going to aid Grant in some conjectured difficulty. At about 7.30, P. M., the officers of headquarters were informed that whoever wished might join the head of the column. At 8 o'clock the regiments were formed up in front of their camps, and at 8.30 they were marched off, with the usual advance guard, into the darkness. Not a light was to be seen, save the glare of the watch-fires; but soon there appeared before us, like a light in some wintry sea, one steady flame. A lantern had been mounted on the back of an elephant which followed the guides, and had the honor of being the leader of the expedition. The men were in high spirits. Wrapped in their greatcoats, those social fives smoked, chatted, and laughed in their peripatetic clubs till the cold and monotony of the night march proved too much for even the most loquacious Hibernian. Linkmen with flaming torches, after a time, were put forward to cast a light on the pitfalls, the heavy fields, ditches, and wells which lay in our course. A delay of nearly an hour occurred soon after we left camp, in getting the columns into proper order. Just to illustrate the difficulty of a night march in this sort of country, where no officer knows where he is going, I may mention that the Madras light cavalry, a most efficient set of men, were unwittingly left behind. They were formed up in their proper place, but by some accident the captain, Macgregor, did not receive the order to move off with the rest of the column, and after a long halt in the cold, he rode off to see what had become of the rest. He could not find them. He then marched off his troops, circled round the camp—saw no trace of the column—came back—marched again, and after an ineffectual search, returned to camp at midnight till next morning, when his squadron proved a most useful and desirable escort and aid to Major Kirby in his march with the baggage and tents. The column, once started, moved off in a straight line to Bankee. Elephants crashing in one leaden line through eates, over swampy grass, through dall-fields, can out-march cavalry or infantry, and the latter regulated the pace.

The moving lighthouse guided the officers, and so, tramp, tramp, squash, squash, thud, thud, away they proceeded. A northerly wind came down from the Himalayas, and soon the cold cut through the warmest Indian clothing. The column made such good progress, that if it had pushed on, it would have reached Bankee long ere daybreak. A long halt was called, therefore, near a tope of trees and a small hamlet. Wrapped up in cloaks and resais, officers and men enjoyed an hour's refreshing sleep. The march commenced again so timed as to bring the force to Bankee soon after sunrise. It has transpired since that in the night the column passed a large party of the enemy on the left. Lieut. Colonel Crenlock and some others observed fires on the left, which were the watches of the enemy, but it was supposed they proceeded from villagers engaged in some festival or agricultural pursuits.—*Letter from Camp, near Bankee.*

Poet's Corner.

THE TWO BOOKS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A lover and his lass
Lay reading on the grass,
A book of olden story,
Of love and grief and glory;
The maiden's eyes were bright
With pity and delight,
And strayed not from the book
Even for a casual look
At him, her life's dear lord,
Beside her on the sward,
But read with lips apart

The too entrancing tale that thrilled through all her heart.

The lover's eyes, twin thieves,
Stole glances from the leaves—
Now to those milk-white shoulders,
The charm of all beholders;
Now to those sunny eyes,
Blue-light as Paradise;
Now to her streaming curls,
Or ruby-covered pearls,
Whence issued sweeter breath
Than south wind scattereth;
Then to her dainty hand,
And little fairy feet, star-twinklers in the land!

"Ah, well-a-day!" quoth he—
"Thy book's no book for me,
The page I read is rarer,
And tenderer and fairer;
For thine contains, at best,
Life's shadows—love's unrest—
But mine contains all truth,
All beauty, and all youth,
All feelings fond and coy,
And deep and passionate joy;
Be books upon the shelf,
My stories are thine eyes—my poem is thyself!"

LIFE.

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

BAILLY'S "FESTUS."

THE SILVERY BROOK.

Yon silvery shivered brook,
That with a ceaseless prattle from the hills
Comes nimbly tripping o'er the mossy stones,
Cannot contain its joy: "Come thou with me—
Into my being let thy spirit slip.
Gliding as in a dream, and I will take
Thee to the green banks of thy spirit home."

ANONYMOUS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The war in Europe will be no child's play. If fairly engaged between France and Austria, and fought out with desperation, the world will behold a carnage beside which Waterloo would whiten. For, from 1815 to 1859, a period of forty-four years, the military art has made as great progress in Europe as any other science. Since the first Napoleon, what prodigious discoveries have been pressed into the service of the genius Destruction!—steam, the electric telegraph, the railroad, percussion guns, shell guns, the Minie rifle, the repeating pistol. Itumor, too, states that Louis Napoleon has possessed himself of a portable artillery with destructive powers hitherto unknown in war. If all these engines are brought to bear on a grand scale, the nineteenth century will witness a wholesale butchery which will throw the Corsican's slaughter-houses far into the shade. The market will be overstocked with widows and orphans—the fields of Italy will be as fertile as the richest prairie lands in the west. There can be, however, no long war in Europe waged with such terrible means of destruction. . . . Mexico has averaged one and a half president a year since her establishment as a republic. She is the revolution monger of the western world. . . . Our sanctum was perfumed on May day by a profusion of the blossoms of the trailing arbutus, sent us by a lady of the cape. Though the flowers have long since withered, the memory of the kind and delicate gift will never fade. . . . Our next-door neighbor, C. H. Brainard, has recently issued a lithographic portrait of Hon. John Sherman, member of Congress from Ohio. D'Avignon never produced a more exquisitely finished head—it is a *chef d'œuvre* of drawing on stone. . . . Louis Napoleon lately "wilted the world (of Paris) with noble horsemanship." While reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars, he noticed some disorder at a distant part of the field. Restless and annoyed, instead of despatching one of his officers, he suddenly started off at full gallop to the scene of difficulty. The centre of the field was clear from troops, but a carriage stood in the open space—a light open phaeton, with its top thrown back—and this carriage was directly across the line of the emperor's direction. So sudden had his movements been that few, for the moment, had observed his leaving his position in the field, but now he was dashing fast as horse could carry him across the open space. Arriving at the obstacle, he took a flying leap clear over the carriage, and continuing his still rapid space to the scene of commotion, soon returned and assumed his position at the head of the field, while the air rang with exclamations of delight at the daring and success of his exploit. . . . The Egyptian government will not allow M

Lesseps to make the Suez Canal. . . . An expedition has been organized in France for discovering the source of the Nile. . . . A letter in the New York Times, giving the incidents of the Paraguay expedition, describes Gen. Urquiza as now 51 years old. His profile is much like that of Mr. Webster. He has the same dark meteoric eye, and the forehead, though less massive, does not lessen the resemblance. His *estancia* at St. Jose embraces 370 square miles. He has 300,000 head of cattle, 60,000 horses, 90,000 merino sheep, and 200,000 mixed breeds. He sold last year 66,000 hides of his own produce; as for his clip of wool the writer could form no estimate. He is interested in every useful and profitable enterprise in the Confederation, and mentioned that in the town of Rosario alone he had \$250,000 engaged in special partnership. . . . The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust." . . . Carl Benson writes that Frezzolini is coming to America again. Her style is the most faultless of any singer in the world. . . . Pliay says that in his times the women did not go out without jewels any more than a consul went out without fasces. In the feast of Trimalcyon, a guest, I know not which, says that the jewels of his wife have exhausted his patrimony. "If I have a daughter," says he, "I will cut off her ears as soon as she is born, to avoid being ruined myself first, and afterwards my son-in-law, by the purchase of ear-rings." . . . John Travis, the pistol shooter, gave some of the Richmond, Va., ladies lessons in the use of the weapon while in that city. Ladies' eyes are destructive weapons enough. . . . An American, writing from Rome, in which city he was at the same time with the Prince of Wales, was agreeably surprised to find that that respectable young gentleman is a respectable young gentleman. . . . Persons who stand upon ceremony have a precarious footing. . . . A writer in the New York Times argues that in case of a war between the two great disputing powers that "the ships, the provisions, the grain of the United States and of England must flow in new tides to the Mediterranean and to France; and the conflict which will in all likelihood end by giving a liberated Italy to the family of the nations, must stimulate in its progress all the leading centres of the finance and the commerce of the world." . . . The telegraph wire between Bagdad and Constantinople is laid down. . . . An English paper states that Mr. Albert Smith is about to take unto himself a wife. The lady is Miss Mary Kealey, the eldest daughter of the actor, and herself a *piquante* actress and charming vocalist. It is a very suitable match, and one on which both parties are to be congratulated. . . . Hon. Charles Hudson of Lexington has lu a good state of forwardness a full history of the town of Lexington, and a genealogy of all the families. . . . Dr. Seanzoni of Wurtzburg, who attended the empress of Russia at the birth of her last child, has received for his services \$25,000. . . . Messrs. Perotin and Paul Boiteau, at Paris, having advertised for letters of Beranger, with a view to publish the fullest possible collection of his correspondence, received in about two months 2200 of them. . . . Professor Linder of Leipsic University, has been arrested for stealing valuable books and manuscripts from the university library; his house was found full of the stolen objects. . . . Musard, the founder of concerts, died recently at Anteuil, aged 77. . . . Martin Luther notices thus the new discoveries of his day: "I am now advised that a new astrologer is risen who presumes to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about—not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth in a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth; but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth, we give up ourselves to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down, but the Scripture showeth and teacheth another lesson, when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth." . . . Several Cashmere goats have been introduced into Cherokee county, Texas. . . . The artesian well at Albaceta, on the railway between Madrid and Alicante, has at last given water. All the neighborhood is filled with joy. So scarce is water there that it is a local proverb—"If you ask for a glass of water in La Mancha, they will give you a cantara of wine." The cantara is a tall earthen jar, holding sixteen quarts. . . . The diamond put in a crucible and applied to reverberated fire, burns and disappears entirely. This combustion was experimented upon at the end of the seventeenth century. The experiments were repeated publicly in 1771 and 1772 by M. M. Roux, Darcet, Cadet, Oassicourt and others, and they had not then means of combustion as powerful as those since discovered. In fine, science has acquired the certainty that the diamond is pure crystallized carbon. In mineralogy, it is now placed in the list of combustibles; it is the most brilliant as well as the most useless of the members of this family. Unluckily, though you can turn a diamond into charcoal, you can't turn the charcoal back to a diamond. . . . An astronomer, gazing at the moon, fell into a pond. "Had you looked into the water," said a countryman to him, "you might have seen the moon; but by gazing on the moon you could never have seen the water." . . . "Does your arm pain you much, sir?" asked a young lady of a gentleman who had seated himself near her, and thrown his arm across the back of her chair, slightly touching her neck. "No, miss, it does not; but why do you ask?" "I noticed it was considerably out of place, sir," she replied, "that's all." . . . M. Huet, bishop of Avranches, was commissioned to decide a strongly disputed question. A professor of Oriental languages at Amsterdam had dared to maintain that the present offered to Rebecca by the servant Abraham was not ear-rings, as almost all translators have rendered it, but a nose ornament; huge pamphlets and violent invectives had been already exchanged. The judgment of the savant Huet is recorded at length; he decided for the ornament for the nose, and

settled it that the Israelitish women not only wore rings and jewels in their ears, but also in their noses. . . . The English correspondent of the Boston Recorder states that what is called the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House of London, the official residence of the first magistrate, was built by fines levied upon Jews and Dissenters, who were then looked upon as dogs and infidels. A Jew was recently elected lord mayor, and gave his banquet in that very hall; and last month a non-conformist missionary society held a meeting in it for the advancing of missions to China, with the present lord mayor in the chair. . . . A letter from Paris reports that jewels abound with the simpler spring costume, as with rich winter attire. Agraftes for mantles, for evening toilet, bracelets, ear-rings, light branches of sparkling stones for head ornaments, particularly coral bijoux; bouquets in coral, imitations of flowers in diamonds, emeralds, etc., are mounted with the taste, lightness and grace which mark the French artificers. . . . In M. Chevalier's recent pamphlet, he predicts a decline of one-fourth or one-half in the value of gold. Mr. Cobden, by translating and introducing the work, confirms this idea; but it would seem that the increase is spread over such a large surface that this result need not follow. The accumulations of gold have been very great since 1849, without as yet disturbing seriously the relative values between gold and silver. The additions to the stock of gold in the decade have been estimated at the immense sum of \$758,330,000. During the seven years ending with 1857, the export of silver to the East from Great Britain and the Mediterranean was more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. . . . Francis A. Beals and Eliza L. Griggs of Ashfield, Mass., braided 23 men's hats, each, in one day. The adepts in hat-braiding will find this hard to beat.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The next arrival from Europe will probably bring us the details of the first great engagement between the Austrian and Sardinian troops, the opening of a great European war which may entirely change the face of continental affairs. The war, from the terrible engines employed, will be most destructive to human life, and bloody beyond parallel. It will not, however, be necessarily a long one, and may be confined to a comparatively limited space. On the other hand, it may spread, like wildfire, all over continental Europe.—The *Courier de Paris* says that over the gate of the cemetery of the little town of Bourdeaux, department of Drome, has lately been painted the inscription: "Ici on n'enterre que les morts qui vivent dans la commune. (Here are buried only those who live in the parish).—There is in course of construction in the Champ-Elysees a panorama of the capture of Sebastopol, erected by a company; seven generals, all of Crimean repute, are among its shareholders. An idea of the gigantic dimensions of this new show may be formed from the fact that the canvass on which the panorama is to be painted measured rather more than 3500 square yards, and that the expenses of construction are calculated at 200,000 francs, or about £8000.—A monument has been erected in the south aisle of the choir of the cathedral at York, in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the 331 Regiment of Foot who fell during the Crimean war.—A London art gossip writes that Reynolds is up in the market and Turner going down. "In 1853 the well-known Mr. Wadsworth, of Tottenham, gave £746 for Turner's 'Dawn of Christianity,' and a few weeks since he got only 320 guineas for his purchase. In 1853 the same gentleman gave £.35 for Turner's 'Glaucus and Scylla,' and now thinks himself fortunate in obtaining 280 guineas for his once over-estimated acquisition."—The Builder says a monument is about to be erected in Seville to the memory of Marillo, the prince of Andalusian painters, and a subscription has been opened in Seville and in Madrid for the purpose. Senor Medini is to be the sculptor.—The *Calcutta Phoenix* reports that the ex-king of Oude will shortly be released from confinement, and permitted to return to his house, which is being refitted for his reception.

Edgar Quinet.

M. Charles Louis Chasslu has just published "Edgar Quinet, his Life and Works." Quinet was born at Bourg, in the department of the Ain, in 1803. He studied law, but relinquished the profession to devote himself to literature. His first production was a little work called the "Wandering Jew." His health becoming impaired by too close application to study, he went to England, and afterward to Germany, where he completed the translation of Herder's "Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit." He joined a scientific expedition to the Morea, and upon his return published the result of his observations. He became a professor in the Faculty of Letters at Lyons in 1839, and in 1840 was appointed to the chair of the Literature of the South of Europe, in the College of France. He wrote in verse as well as prose, and distinguished himself by his controversy with the Jesuits, upon the question of the liberty of instruction which they claimed.

Endurance of Horses.

Some curious experiments have been made at the veterinary school at Alfort (just outside of Paris), by order of the minister of war, to ascertain the endurance of horses, as in a besieged town for example. It appears a horse will live on water alone for five and twenty days; seventeen days without eating or drinking; only five days if fed but unwatered; ten days if fed but insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days drank one hundred and four pounds of water in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately after "feed," and kept in the active exercise of the "squadron school," completely digested its "feed" in three hours; in the same time in the conscript's school its food was two-thirds digested; and if kept perfectly quiet in the stable its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours.

Bohemian Music.

A volume by Dr. Liszt on "The Bohemians and their Music," is announced in France. M. Liszt is, or has been, with all his eccentricities, a wonderful pianist. He is a composer of some consideration also, and has a profound knowledge of and feeling for music. He is a keen observer, and paints scenery with great precision and effect. He has already published some essays and a volume of poetry, and some of his letters to the "Gazette Musicale" are full of interest. He is a peasant born, and first saw the light at Rading in Hungary. Probably the most agreeable permanent result of his rich and varied gifts will be this volume upon the melodious, song-loving Bohemians.

Sale of MSS. in London.

A great sale of MSS. books has just taken place in London. Some are as early as the seventh century. Americans have been rivals to the English collectors in purchasing, and missals, breviaries, and monastic chronicles are departing for the land which, at the time of their production, knew only of possums and kangaroos, and their savage hunters. Some of the MSS. are remarkable for the beauty of their illuminations, miniatures and initial letters, and for the general excellence and finish of their execution.

Rothechild and Cavour.

One of the visitors who thronged the ante chambers of Count Cavour, when in Paris, was Bar. n de Rothechild. After the first greetings, the facetious Piedmontese minister said—"Well, M. de Rothechild, would you not be enchanted to learn that I had tendered my resignation? You would see the funds rise at least three per cent. in one day." The baron responded—"O, my dear count, you are worth more than that; we should hail your fall with a rise of four per cent. at least."

Wellington and Napoleon.

An American writing from London, says: "Within the space of twenty-four hours, I have stood by the side of the late Duke of Wellington's tomb, in one of the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral, in this city, and also before the magnificent porphyry sarcophagus of the Emperor Napoleon, in one of the crypts of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. Such an incident in one's life cannot fail to excite emotions of the deepest character."

Austria and France.

In the war between these powers, the Austrian government would encounter numberless difficulties which would not embarrass the action of France. A French fleet from Toulon might land troops at Venice, Ravenna or Ancona, and the Austrian army would thus be taken between two fires.

French Troops.

Louis Napoleon has ordered all soldiers on furlough to rejoin their regiments—a measure which will add 150,000 men to the strength of the French army. They say he has directed the generals commanding divisions of the "army of Lyons" to prepare for moving their troops.

Riot at Bologna.

A seditious riot took place among the students at Bologna. The troops were obliged to fire upon them, and several persons were wounded.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIR OF THEOPHILUS PARSONS, WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By his son THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 476. 1859.

This may be considered a model biography of the late eminent chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. The learned and accomplished author has, as far as possible, delineated the character of his father by means of letters and extracts from his works, so that it is in a great measure autobiographical. Sketches of eminent contemporaries of the chief justice give an additional value to the volume.

MUSIC—Oliver Ditson & Co. 277 Washington Street, have published Handel's Sacred Oratorio of the Messiah (composed in 1741), in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or piano forte. Edited by V. Novello. The work is portable in size, elegantly printed, and bound in crimson and gold. They have also published "Our Native Land, our Happy Land," written and composed by F. Farnell; "Song of our Native Land," an Irish melody, varied for the piano by W. Vincent Wallace; "State Capital Schottish," by Henry C. Orth; "Our American Cousin Polka," by A. Neuman.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK. By JONATHAN SLICK, Esq. With humorous illustrations. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo.

A volume of letters written in the genuine Yankee dialect, describing the impressions made upon a Connecticut man, by scenes in the fashionable circles of the great American metropolis. It is excessively droll, and full of incident and adventure. It is a nice book for summer travellers to beguile the tediousness of railroad journeys. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown, and Brown, Taggard & Chase.

REV. DR. CHAPIN'S DISCOURSES.

Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York, have just published in pamphlet form two addresses recently delivered by Rev. E. H. Chapin on the "Evils of Gaming," and a "Shameful Life." They are replete with thought, argument, sentiment and burning eloquence, and are among the best productions of their celebrated author.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND. A story of the heart. By MRS. ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD, author of "Zingra the Gipsy," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 375.

A spirited and interesting story from the pen of a highly-gifted woman, who always writes with energy and always succeeds in interesting her readers. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

WAYERLEY NOVELS.

We would again call attention to Messrs. Peterson's cheap and handsome edition of Scott's Novels. The entire set will be furnished free of postage on a remittance of five dollars. Send to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Shepard, Clark & Brown of this city also have them.

POEMS BY OWEN MEREDITH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 614.

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THE TWO FRIENDS.—A SPANISH SCENE.

The engraving on this page represents a scene at a Spanish Fair, and is interesting and valuable for its accurate delineation of costume. The young lady is wearing what we are in the habit of considering the costume of a Spanish dancer—her holiday attire—and we need not assure our fair readers that the materials are of the gayest colors. In France ladies tremble at the thought of displaying two bright colors together in their toilet; but we dare say the girl on horseback wears a brown body with a yellow handkerchief folded across it, a pink skirt with a black upper skirt, or some kind of mantilla, and

seated, is himself "got up" in the holiday style. His plated, be-ribboned tail tells of this, and the fullness, or rather tightness of his magnificent haunches, seems to indicate that he has had at least one extra feed of oats for the occasion. Now that travelling in Spain is comparatively safe and easy, it is a chosen field for the summer tour of artists, to whom it yields a rich harvest in the striking character of its peasant costumes, the beauty of the men and women, and the wonderful nature of its architectural remains. Long ago Wilkie derived inspiration from treading its soil, and many of his professional brethren have since followed in his footsteps.

left on the shores of that lake by the hunters, who have slaughtered them for their skins alone. This was certainly a great waste of the bounties of Heaven, but it was undoubtedly impossible to convey the venison to market. During the summer months, moose are fond of frequenting the lakes and rivers, partly for the purpose of escaping from the tormenting flies, and to avoid injuring their antlers, but chiefly because such localities afford an abundance of grassy food. During the winter, they resort to the dry mountain ridges, and generally "yard," as it is termed, on the sides facing the south, their food at this season being the twigs and soft bark of maple and

the moose is short and glossy, and in winter, long and very coarse. Their flesh is also very coarse, but well flavored, while their lips and tongues are always considered among the luxuries of the wilderness. The favorite months for hunting the moose are March and September, although numbers of them are killed during all the autumnal and winter months. In March, when the sun melts the snow on the surface, and the nights are frosty, a crust is formed, which greatly impedes the animal's progress, as it has to lift its feet perpendicularly out of the snow, or cut the skin from its shanks by coming in contact with the icy surface. When the snow is soft,



THE TWO FRIENDS.—A SPANISH SCENE.

in her small hand holds a green fan. The man who sits behind this Pepita or Perea Nena of everyday life, is clothed as becomes the ugliness of his sex, in sombre attire. Of the figures seated or lying down among the sheep, one in his coat of wool can scarcely be distinguished from the muttons who surround him. He, and the gentleman by his side, who with considerable vacuity of expression is smoking a cigarette, are good personifications of Spanish idleness. Indeed every one is smoking a cigarette, except the person with the donkey, who appears to be asking for one. The horse on which the beautiful young lady and her fortunate friend are

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

The moose is the largest of the deer tribe, sometimes attaining the weight of one thousand pounds, and is the largest wild animal frequenting the forests of America. Moose abound in Canada, Labrador, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and their southern limit in the United States is 43 1-2 degrees; they are also numerous among the Rocky Mountains, extending their range to the Arctic Sea. The shore of Moosehead Lake, in the State of Maine, has, for many years, been one of their favorite haunts, and it is asserted that within the past winter no less than six hundred of their carcasses have been

other hardwood trees. Their antlers begin to sprout in April, and complete their growth in July; they sometimes expand five feet nine inches, and the weight of a large pair may be stated at seventy pounds; they usually shed these huge excrescences in December, but sometimes in February. The rutting season commences in September, when the males do a great deal of hard fighting, by way of excelling, perhaps, some of the feats of the stag as depicted by Landseer. The females bring forth in May, the first time producing one fawn, and afterwards two, and these twins are said invariably to represent the two sexes. In summer, the hair of

however, they sweep through it without difficulty, and at such times it is difficult to keep up with them. Their pace is a long trot, and in using dogs to pursue them, it has been found that small curs are more useful than large dogs. The bulls when pressed are apt to show fight, and turn upon the dogs, when the hunter improves the opportunity to make a successful shot; and when a herd of them are startled, it is the bull moose that always takes the lead. This animal is said to possess in an eminent degree the qualities of the horse and the ox, combining the fleetness of the former with the strength of the latter.—*Illustrated News.*

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AQUARIAN EXHIBITION, BROMFIELD ST.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and accurately delineates the interior of the elegant hall, No. 21, Bromfield Street, with its aquaria, the most attractive exhibition in the city. The "Aquarial Gardens," as they are called, are fitted up in a style of elegance and completeness of which no one can form an idea who has not seen them. The spacious hall is admirably lighted, and on a broad circular counter are arranged a large number of tanks, with marble ends and plate glass sides, containing a very great variety of marine plants, pebbles, crystals, and filled with curious and interesting specimens of the funny tribes. In the centre of the hall is a vast octagonal glass tank, which is now the residence of a pair of huge sturgeons, who share their dwelling with a family of perch. The capacity of the aquaria varies from ten to twenty gallons. They are perfectly transparent, and, furnished with rocks, sand and sea-weed, afford a lively representation of actual submarine scenery. The rocks are arranged with great taste, forming, in some instances, very perfect grottoes, and along these miniature beaches and submarine groves, the animals rove, disport, build their nests, seize their prey, and pass through the different phases of their existence

with perfect freedom. It is quite amusing to witness their ease and unconsciousness. Sometimes a large fish will come toward the glass side of his abode, "bows on," scrutinize an admiring visitor, and then turn aside with a careless air of aristocratic indifference. The water is never changed, but air tubes passing through each tank, keep the surface in a constant state of ebullition. One is struck at first with the variety of form and color in the submarine vegetation. Nothing is more graceful than the forms of many of the plants, and though the colors are of the tertiary order, they are pleasing and harmonious. Of the living tenants of their fairy abodes, the most surprising are the Actinias, or Sea Anemones. They have all the delicacy and beauty of a garden flower, and yet are living creatures. The seeming petals are arms with which they grasp their prey. It was once thought that they formed a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The specimens obtained were found adhering closely to rocks, and it was inferred that they drew their nourishment through the medium of roots, like plants. It is now known that they are capable of locomotion, that they have a mouth, or stomach, like all true animals and tentacles, with which they seize their prey. In one aquarium is the Menobranchus, from Lake Superior, a curious creature,

looking like a sort of elongated toad, or a cross between a chameleon and a fish, with a dark mottled skin, and two pair of arms with which it propels itself, steering with its tail. And here is the Sea Raven, or Hemitripterus Americanus, from our own bay, a formidable monster in appearance, but perfectly harmless, except to the hooks and lines of the fishermen. Here, sporting in their native element, you may see the speckled trout, with their variegated golden side, and dots of vermilion. In another tank is a family of turtles. Their apartment is fitted up with great taste, decorated with algae and a pile of picturesque rocks, on the summit of which they are fond of lying lazily with their backs and noses above the bubbling water. In another compartment we have flounders and smelts. The curious jelly-fish and the pipe-fish are embraced in the collection, also, the glorious golden carp of China, once such a rarity, and now so numerous and so prized as an ornament in this country. The interesting family of stickle-backs are here displayed to great advantage. A collection of minnows, including the variegated sheep's-head minnow, is well worthy of study. Indeed, within the circle of the hall may be found a never-ending field of investigation and delight. The animation of the fishes, their various habits and pursuits, the display of

their ingenuity and their peculiarities, is an un-failing source of amusement and instruction. A man might almost be reconciled to a long term of imprisonment, if he had these aquaria to occupy his time. No wonder then, that this exhibition has been a brilliant and emphatic success, and that young and old crowd the hall daily. But if you are weary with looking at fishes, you have only to turn to the range of powerful microscopes on the table at the farther end of the hall, and if you are not very familiar with the instrument, a new world will be revealed to you by its magic. Just glance at this drop of Cocchituate water—do you see what ugly and active shapes you swallow in myriads daily? Or look at this drop of sour yeast; hundreds of little thread-like snakes are coiling and wriggling together there incessantly. But here are half a dozen seeds of the portulaca transformed into a pile of exquisite pearly shells with rainbow tints. Let us look at the curious reticulations of a fly's eye, or the elaborate structure of a spider's foot. But the most splendid sight of all is the diamond beetle. Under the lenses, it becomes a gorgeous heap of gems, brilliant with every prismatic hue. With these sights fresh in our memory, the madness of Fitz James O'Brien's microscopist seems but natural, and we can understand how the love of the instrument can become a passion.



THE AQUARIAL GARDENS, BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAINTER OF PADUA.

A Story of an Unfinished Picture.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

I stood entranced before the picture. It was scarcely half completed; the coloring in some parts was glaring and unnatural, and the drawing imperfect, and yet it possessed a weird fascination which attracted the attention of everybody that visited the gallery. I had been a week in Padua, and every day during my stay I had passed at least an hour before that half-finished picture, sometimes protracting my study until the dinner hour at my hotel had passed away, so completely was I absorbed in contemplation. Had the picture been completed, I don't think it would have fascinated me so much. I know that the day when I first visited the gallery, or studio—for it was both combined—I passed it carelessly, scarcely bestowing upon it a glance. It was only when as I was about to quit the apartment, and chanced to cast my eyes upon it for the third time, that I felt myself, as it were, rivetted to the spot, and in place of returning to my hotel, I stood before the canvass an hour longer. I fancy the charm consisted in the scope the half-finished picture permitted to the fancy of the gazer. Every one felt compelled to complete it with creations of his own imagining. I was accustomed to do so, and upon each repeated visit, I changed my plan, and I have listened to the remarks of many others upon whom the artist's skill had worked, and discovered that they were influenced in a similar manner.

Strange to say, I never caught the artist at work upon the picture, nor had any one whom I had spoken to upon the subject. All the foreigners in Padua appeared to be anxious to see the painter whose wizard brush had wrought so singular a charm. I can convey but a very faint idea of the picture, half-finished as it was, by attempting a pen and ink description. It was a sea, or perhaps I should say, an inland sea, or a river, or lake-shore view. It was impossible to ascertain, positively, to which class of pictures it properly belonged. There were lofty, ragged precipices, and wild mountain-passes, and a rocky beach in the foreground, and the waters presented that muddy, greenish tint, peculiar to the ocean near the land; yet this scenery might have befitted, equally as well, the shores of a lake, or the mouth of a large river, such as the Danube, or the Rhine, and the accessories of the picture, the dark pine forests, the partially cultivated fields, and the faint outline of the blue mountains in the background, seemed to favor the latter assumption. There were only two human figures delineated; one of these was a male figure wrapped in a cloak and almost concealed in the shadow of the cliff, at the base of which he was standing; the other, and the most prominent, was that of a female standing on the brink of a precipice, holding aloft a flaming torch and gazing into the distance. It was evening, the sun had gone down, but the gorgeous tints of a windy sunset still lingered in the horizon. Overhead the sky was obscured, dark, heavy masses of black clouds concealed the moon, whose presence was, however, distinctly proclaimed by the transparent, silver lining of the dark clouds; and the water was troubled, as one sees it on the sea-shore, or on the bosom of a lake, after a storm. But the charm of the picture consisted in the ghostlike aspect of the female figure, and in the lurid glare cast over the land and water by the torch, its red light mingling with the last faint gleam of twilight, and with the glitter and glimmer of the moonbeams struggling to penetrate through the dense clouds. It would have been a difficult matter to infer, had the female not carried a torch, whether the artist intended to represent a ghost or a material form. With a singular skill the painter had apparently rendered the figure so transparent that one fancied he could discern through it the scenery in the background, yet, upon closer examination, this was seen to be illusive. But the earth and sky, and water, each presented a similarly illusive aspect. It was unnatural. It looked like a mirage in the air, which might dissolve in a moment, more than a painting of real scenery, but for this very reason it fascinated the beholder.

Though I had not seen the artist, it was evident that he was still working upon his picture. Every day there was something added, or something painted out, yet he progressed slowly, as if he found it difficult to satisfy himself—perhaps

found himself unable to transfer to the canvass the creations of his imagination.

There were a great number of strangers in Padua at this period, but whether the artist was a native of the city or a stranger, I could not for a time discover, until one evening, while walking in the outskirts of the city, I came, accidentally, upon a gentleman whom I had frequently seen at the hotel. Indeed he had sometimes sat next me at the *table d'hôte*, and once or twice I had addressed him with some common place remark, which he had answered so curtly that I sought not to improve the occasion. He appeared rather to shrink from conversation, and yet, stranger as I was, I would have liked to have formed an intimacy with him, for there was something in his appearance which both pleased me and awakened my curiosity. He was now gazing intently at a glorious sunset. The pathway on which he was standing was so narrow that I could not pass him without stepping aside. He started as I approached, and observing this, made way for me.

"I see, sir," said I, "that you are admiring this beautiful Italian sunset. We see none like it elsewhere. The tints, to a foreigner, seem unnaturally vivid. Few artists would dare, even if they were able, to transfer them to canvass, and yet there is an unfinished picture in the gallery in the Strada Paulo, upon which the painter, whoever he may be, has employed wondrous skill. Though charmed with his picture, as every spectator appears to be, I have, hitherto, thought the coloring unnatural, but I now acknowledge that he has succeeded in painting just such a brilliant scene as this before us. I allude to the picture—you must have seen it—in which the last fading glories of the sunset, after a storm, are mingling with the struggling moonbeams and with the light of a torch, carried by a female. The torch light, bright and ruddy as the glare from yonder heap of brushwood blazing in front of that fisherman's cot beneath us, on the banks of the river, sheds an unearthly glow over the entire picture."

I had been betrayed, unconsciously, into this long speech, for while I was speaking, fire had been applied to the heap of brushwood, and I had been struck with the effect produced by the rare combination of lights, above, before and around me, and with the singular truthfulness to nature displayed by the unknown artist in his picture, in which similar lights were blended. I turned my head toward the gentleman to whom I had been speaking. He was gazing earnestly upon me, but now he started, and his usually pale face was suffused with a deep blush, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said: "Do you think so? O, that I could believe it was the case, myself,—but observing my look of astonishment, he hesitated, as if he felt that he had been betrayed into saying too much.

"Pardon me, sir," said I. "I was not aware to whom I was speaking. That is evidence sufficient that my words were not those of flattery. I perceive that you are the painter?"

"I am," replied the stranger.

I extended my hand; he readily received it in his own and shook it heartily, but said nothing more. However, the ice was broken. I made some further allusions to the exquisite beauty of the scenery around us, to which, after a while, he responded, and as it was growing late, we returned to the city together. I spoke of the painting, of the singular charm it possessed of fixing upon it, in its incomplete condition, the attention of the visitors to the gallery, even to the neglect of finished pictures.

"Your praise is flattering to the artist," said my companion, "but I feel that I have undertaken a task which is beyond my ability to execute. I ask no greater boon from Heaven than that I may live to complete this work. I could then die content."

Again I looked at the speaker. His countenance was glowing with enthusiasm. It was a fine face; the head was well formed, the forehead rather broad than high, and the features bold and regular; but what rendered it especially remarkable, was the gray hair. It was altogether out of keeping in so young a man, for the painter could not have exceeded his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year.

We had walked on for some time in silence, when he suddenly addressed me: "You must think me a very poor companion, but in truth my whole soul is so occupied with my picture that I think of nothing else. I work at it alone in the early morning before the gallery is crowded with visitors, and at night when the visitors

have retired. I am weary during the hours that I am not employed upon it, and I dream of it in my slumbers—yes, that is my happiest time, for then I fancy that my task is completed, and that fame, yes, *fame!* all that is worth living for, is mine. But I wake in the morning and find how little I have really done; how much I have yet to do!" He heaved a deep sigh and again relapsed into silence.

"Is the scene laid in Italy?" I inquired, after proceeding for some distance without speaking. I was curious to know more both of the artist and the picture. "You, I should judge, are no more than myself an Italian?"

"An Italian? No—you are right. I am not an Italian, I am a German. Neither is the scene laid in Italy."

"It must have taken a strong hold of your imagination thus to engross your whole time, your every thought?"

"A strong hold of my imagination!" he repeated after me. "Well it may!" Raising his hat from his head, he directed my attention to the gray hair which had attracted my notice the first time I saw him. "Do you see my hair?" said he. "Three years ago it was as dark as your own. I had not then visited the spot whence the picture is taken. I had not then encountered the adventure which led to the conception of the picture. But for three years my hair has been as gray as you see it now."

I expressed my astonishment, and as delicately as possible intimated my desire to learn more relative to the subject.

"I have never told the story to mortal man," returned my companion. "But this silence, this tension, this constant thought, is killing me. Perhaps I should feel better if I had a confidant. I had almost vowed that no one should know the story until the painting is finished. But I will rest from my labors to-night. Come to my room in the hotel, at eight o'clock, if you think the story of a poor painter will interest you, and you shall know what it was that urged me to commence this task which sometimes appears to me to be hopeless."

"I will come with pleasure," I replied, as we separated at the door of the hotel. It was then seven o'clock. I was impatient for the intervening hour to pass away. I felt my previous curiosity regarding the picture doubly stimulated, now that I had conversed with the painter, and had listened to his singular hint respecting the adventure which had led him to conceive the subject.

Everybody that has travelled on the continent of Europe is aware that it is the custom of those persons who do not journey *a la Grand Seigneur*, to engage an apartment on the second, third, fourth or fifth story, according to the condition of their finances or the economy of their disposition, and to breakfast, dine and sup at the *table d'hôte*. A man may meet on equal terms, every day at the *table d'hôte*, persons whom he would never think of making his companions or mingling with in the social circle. The *table d'hôte* is a great leveller. There the prince and the peasant, the man of genius and cultivation, and the horse jockey, meet on terms of perfect equality. I had met at the table for a week, some thirty individuals, not one of whom I was in the habit of meeting at any other place. The artist was, as I had anticipated, not overburdened with money. His room, as I learnt from the *commissionnaire*, was *au cinquième*, on the uppermost story of the hotel. A white-curtained French tent-bedstead, a table, and a bureau of stained wood, a small book-case of the like material, well filled with books, and a couple of rush bottomed chairs, constituted the entire furniture.

Herr Von Arnstein—that was the name of the artist, as I learnt from the card he had placed in my hand, was not in the room when I entered, but the chairs beside the table, and the lighted candles, and the open book, showed that he had only stepped out for a few moments. It may be rude, but it is a habit of mine of which I cannot break myself, to examine the books in the library whenever I find myself alone in the apartment of a stranger, if it happen to contain a library. One may gather some knowledge of the character, disposition, and even the mental calibre of a stranger, from the books in his library, especially from those which lie on the table, and which he is accustomed to read. I took the candlestick in my hand and examined the library shelves. The books they contained were mostly German and French, and relating to metaphysics. Shakspeare was the only Eng-

lish book in the case. I turned away, and taking a seat at the table, turned over the leaves of the volumes which lay thereon. There was a volume of "Rousseau," two novels of the German school of "Diablerie," and a volume of Goethe's "Faust," the last named evidently much read.

"I suspected as much," I said, half-aloud.

At this moment Herr Von Arnstein entered the room, bringing with him a bottle of Rhine wine and a couple of wine glasses, which he had procured from the landlady below stairs.

"I was reading, and had forgotten that I had invited you to visit my humble lodging, until the last moment," he said, "so I stepped out for some wine. I do not keep it by me—I am not used to entertain company, but I am happy to see you."

He placed the wine-bottle and glasses on the table and produced from a closet the everlasting pipes and tobacco. We filled and lit our pipes, filled our glasses, and were soon chatting together as familiarly as if we had known each other for years. However, I very soon turned the conversation from general topics to the picture.

"Ah!" exclaimed the artist. "My poor picture! I wonder if I shall live to complete it?"

"Why not?"

"Because that which I paint to-day, does not satisfy me on the morrow, and I brush it out. I have dreamed since, my friend. I have dreamed—such dreams! O, that I could paint in my working hours, that which I picture in my dreams. But no! The dull body clogs the soul, partially freed from its encumbrance in the hours of slumber. I find it impossible!"

"You promised to relate to me the adventure which led you to conceive the subject of your painting, of which, by the way, I am still ignorant?"

"Ah! I recollect. It is a long story and a strange one. You have travelled far, Herr Marchmont. Were you ever on the Danube?"

"The Danube? It is a large river. I have crossed the stream in Bavaria near its source."

"It is not in Bavaria that I mean. I speak of the Danube where it rolls majestically into the Black Sea. There is one arm of the Danube which runs near the base of the Carpathian Mountains?"

"There I have never wandered."

"Then you have missed some of the wildest, the most savage, the most romantic scenery of which Europe can boast."

"It is there that you have laid the scene of your picture?"

"It is. Listen, my friend, I will tell you what befell me there three years ago. But first refill your pipe and glass. I was a young man then. I mean young in feeling, in hopes, in spirit, as well as young in years. I am now only twenty-six years old, but my youth has departed. In everything, excepting years, I am an old man. I could wish to live to finish my picture, and then—"

"To paint many more, and to enjoy the fame you will have well earned," I interrupted.

"No, no—that will never be," resumed the artist, shaking his head sorrowfully. "You see me now, my friend, seemingly healthful and cheerful. So I am when I am working at my picture, but at other times—ah! were it not for this, I should die—die, I fear, by my own hands. You know not how horrible—But what am I talking of? It was my adventure on the banks of that arm of the Danube which has its source beneath the Carpathian Mountains, that I was about to relate?"

He had placed his hand upon a small box containing opium, as he was speaking. I no longer wondered at the vividness of the dreams of which he had spoken, nor at the sudden changes from hope and energy to despair, to which he had alluded. He was a victim to the baleful, deceitful drug!

"I was saying," he continued, "that when twenty-three years of age, I visited Gallacia, Moldavia, and made a tour amid the Carpathian Mountains. I had then just quitted the University of Gottingen, whither I had been sent by my father, to study law. But I resolved to become a painter. I could not endure the dry details of law-books. I was fond of other abstruse studies. I pondered for hours over volumes of metaphysics, but the law was my abhorrence. Besides I had imbibed a liking for the romances of *Diablerie*, for which the novelists of my native land are famous, and to these I devoted much of my time. Metaphysics and my pencil occupied the remainder.

"The result was that I threw my law-books aside, filled a knapsack and slung it over my shoulders, and with easel and palette in hand, appeared unexpectedly one fine morning before my father, at Frankfort, and told him that I was going to make the tour of Europe on foot, and study its scenery, sketching as I journeyed along, in order to improve myself, with the hope of becoming, in time, a great painter. The good old man stormed and raved furiously.

"A great painter, forsooth!" cried he. "A great ass thou wilt make of thyself!" He threatened and coaxed by turns, but all was of no avail. My mind was made up. I asked for his blessing. He gave me his malediction. For means to travel with—for my father is wealthy and had always given me a liberal allowance—he refused to advance me a groschen. I bade him farewell until I had falsified his predictions and should return a great man, and arranging with a banker for the regular transmission of the sum of \$500 per annum, a small fortune which I had inherited from my mother, to certain places which I mentioned, at specified periods, I started on my journey.

"I journeyed through Germany, Austria, Italy and Turkey, until I found myself at the mouth of the Danube, on the shores of the Euxine. Following up that lesser arm of the great river, which has its source amongst the Carpathian Mountains, I reached a romantic spot, where I resolved to remain for some time and sketch the surrounding scenery.

"At the base of a range of rugged precipices, the river, which had narrowed considerably, widened into a broad lake. A stranger, suddenly transported to the spot, would have imagined himself on the shores of some inland sea, so wide and so rough, even in tolerably fair weather, was the sheet of water, and so deceptive to the eye, in consequence of its winding round the base of the cliffs, thus apparently augmenting its really narrow limits. But, although bare and rugged cliffs, intersected with perilous passes and a sheet of stormy water, were the prominent features of the scenery, there were cultivated fields, and gently rising hills, and lovely and fertile valleys in the background, amid which cottages and farm-houses snugly nestled, the abodes of a primitive and ignorant, yet happy and contented peasantry. In one of these farm-houses I took up my abode; my lodgings were humble, but comfortable and cleanly, and suitable to my somewhat slender finances. Money was scarce among these simple people, and such plain, yet wholesome fare as they lived upon, was abundant. They thought I paid like a prince when I offered the farmer one rix dollar a week.

"The family consisted of the farmer, whose name was Alexis Bolschen, his wife, a kind, hospitable old dame, fat, jovial and active, despite her sixty years, and the daughter of the worthy pair, Katrina Bolschen, a maiden of sixteen, so exquisitely beautiful in form and feature, that, had her lot been cast in a loftier sphere of society, she would have outshone the brightest beauties of the gay court of Vienna.

"I had resided with the family five or six weeks, and had become quite intimate with them and their neighbors. Sometimes, when Katrina's day's labor was over, she would accompany me on a ramble along the shore of the river, or amid the passes in the cliffs, gazing with admiration at the wonderful skill with which, in her opinion, I transferred to my sketch-book her favorite haunts amidst the wild scenery. At other times, I would sit in the porch before the cottage door, and while the farmer, and, perchance, a neighbor, sat smoking their pipes comfortably after a hard day's labor in the fields or on the mountain ridges, and dame Bolschen and Katrina busily plied the spinning-wheel, I would tell them tales of distant lands and of great cities, such as they had never seen, and the simple listeners would open their eyes with wonder and utter exclamations of admiration, and when I was tired of talking, the old farmer would bid Katrina sing one of the simple songs of the country, telling of the gallant deeds of the Galicians of ancient days, or recording the desperate adventures of travellers who had encountered the banditti in the mountains, and sometimes she would trill forth a simple ditty, telling of the loves and trials of some fond pair among the youthful peasantry of the valleys.

"She needed not—pretty Katrina—any urgent pressing to sing as fine ladies do. She knew her songs pleased her father and mother, and me, and she liked to sing to please herself, and I felt

more pleasure in listening to her sweet, soft voice, to which the dropping water from a little cataract near by added a sweet accompaniment, while the mountain passes resounded a faint echo, than in listening to the finest opera the theatre of San Carlos could produce.

"You may imagine that I was in love with Katrina? Not so, my friend. I liked to see the pretty maiden. I liked to hear her gentle voice, or her joyous laugh, and to listen to her artless music, but I had left my heart in the keeping of a maiden as fair to my eyes as Katrina, who lived in my native city, Frankfort. Besides I had learnt that Katrina had a lover, a brave and handsome young fisherman of the Danube, who was at this time absent with his boat on a voyage to Odessa, whither he had gone to dispose of the fish he had caught and salted down during the last season. He was soon expected home, Katrina told me. Her love was innocent and pure, and she was neither ashamed to confess it, nor to talk of her lover.

"And when shall you be married, Katrina?" I asked her, one evening, when we were standing together on the cliff, looking across the wide sheet of troubled water. Katrina had just been sounding her lover's praises, and wishing that he would hasten his return.

"When Hermann has saved money enough to build a house for himself, and to buy some cows, and rent a farm," replied Katrina. "My father says I must not marry until Hermann is able to remain at home in the valley. And I, when he is my husband, shall not like him to go away with his boat on the stormy Danube. You see, Herr Marchmont, the Danube is very rough and stormy sometimes."

"And will that be long, Katrina?" I asked.

"No—not long. Hermann has laid by a good deal of money now. Another year, perhaps. You know, mein Herr, I am yet very young, and I am very happy now, for I live with my father and mother, and I know that Hermann loves me well."

"And how long has Hermann been your lover?"

"Katrina laughed merrily. 'So long,' she said, 'I can't remember. Since we were children together—dear Hermann and I!'

"By-and-by I thought of leaving the secluded valley and of pursuing my journey, but I was pressed to remain, and I promised to stay a month longer. And now there came visitors to the valley. Austrian officers and soldiers, who had been sent by the government to levy taxes and to draw soldiers by conscript. The commandant, a handsome man of thirty five or forty, whose brilliant uniform of white and gold set off his fine, tall, well-proportioned figure to advantage, billeted himself at Farmer Bolschen's cottage.

"They were not very welcome, those officers and soldiers, for the people of the valley thought they were already sufficiently taxed, and the young girls did not want their sweethearts to be drawn for soldiers. Still, a good many of the young men who listened to the stories told by the soldiers, of glory and riches, and fame, volunteered to leave the valley and go back with them to Vienna, so that there was scarcely any necessity to exercise the conscription.

"Before the colonel had been a week in the valley, I perceived that he was greatly struck with the innocence and beauty of Katrina, and she, poor child, knowing no evil and fearing none, would accompany him, at his invitation, in his evening walks. She was pleased with his attentions, and delighted with the little presents he made her, and very soon she was as free and familiar with him as if she had known him for years.

"I did not like to see this, because, notwithstanding Katrina's innocence and guilelessness, I feared harm would come out of it, more especially when one day I saw the officer in earnest conversation with Farmer Bolschen, and noticed that his glance was frequently directed toward Katrina, who was in the barnyard feeding the fowls.

"That evening the farmer sat moodily smoking his pipe, and did not, as was his wont, join in the merry conversation, or ask Katrina to sing. But once or twice I noticed that he directed a strange glance toward his daughter, half of pride, half of pity and regret.

"The next day I noticed the farmer and the colonel again in earnest conversation, and, after a little while, Dame Bolschen joined them, and that evening the farmer and Colonel Von Heldburg strolled together along the path on the sum-

mit of the cliff, but it was not to look at the scenery, for I watched them, and all the time they were in close conversation, and the colonel seemed to be pleading earnestly.

"I think it was two evenings after this walk, when Katrina came up to me as I was sketching a sunset on the banks of the river—not gaily and with a light, bounding step, as she usually came, but slowly, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, as if she was troubled about something, and when I asked her what was the matter, and why she sighed so sadly, for I could see her bosom heave, and hear her long-drawn respirations, she did not answer me, but burst into tears.

"I put aside my pencil and tablets, and seating myself on the turf, told Katrina to sit down beside me, and having comforted her in some measure, I asked her again what ailed her.

"O, Herr Marchmont!" she said, sobbing the while, "I wish Hermann Krootz would come home, or that Colonel Von Heldburg would leave the valley. O, why did he come here, when we were so happy?"

"Tears checked her further utterance; but I guessed the rest. My suspicions were confirmed. That was all. By degrees, I learnt from the weeping girl the whole story. Her father and mother had called her aside and told her that Colonel Von Heldburg had asked their permission to take Katrina to Vienna and make her his wife. The colonel was very rich and powerful, and he had promised to purchase for the farmer and his dame the farm which they had rented, and to bestow presents upon them besides, which would make them not only the richest folks in the valley, but in the whole country round. He had dazzled their simple minds with stories of the grandeur and wealth which would be Katrina's when she became his wife, and of the admiration which her beauty would call forth from the noblest and proudest in the great city of Vienna, and at last they had consented, and had called their daughter and repeated to her what the officer had said, and bade her to forget the poor fisherman, Hermann Krootz.

"Poor Hermann! Never, never!" cried Katrina, vehemently. "Sooner than forget Hermann, I would throw myself from this cliff, and so end my life in the midst of the dark, rolling tide beneath. Hermann would die too, and then we should be happy together in another world!"

"I had never imagined the gentle maiden was capable of such passion. Her form dilated, she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven as she spoke, as if appealing to God for assistance. I was alarmed, lest in her excitement she would immediately put her threat into execution.

"I spoke to her soothingly, urged her to be firm, but patient, advised her to avoid the colonel as much as possible, and to tell her parents that, although in everything else she would accede to their wishes, she never could give up her betrothed lover.

"After this I saw that she did all she could to avoid the colonel, but he found many ways, assisted as he was by her parents, to meet her alone, and he would speak to her earnestly, but always gently and friendly, though she seldom replied. Her parents, too, often pleaded earnestly with her, and sometimes appeared to be vexed at the pertinacity with which she clung to her absent lover.

"Nothing they could urge had any effect; she quietly, but firmly refused to listen to the colonel, and always contrived to leave the kitchen when he entered it, on some pretext or other. Still she went about her daily duties as usual, though her cheerfulness and girlish buoyancy were gone.

"One day I noticed four soldiers and sergeant embark on board a boat, and I asked a bystander—one of the Austrians—where they were going. 'To intercept the fishermen at the mouth of the Danube, for the conscript,' was the reply.

"I thought nothing of it at the time, but another week passed away, and still Hermann did not return, though it was long past the time he had been expected. Katrina wondered, then she became anxious, and then alarmed. She wondered what could have become of him.

"At length some fishermen who had left Odessa long after Hermann had sailed for home, returned. Katrina was by this time almost frantic with alarm. The fishermen lived several miles distant from the valley in which Farmer Bolschen's cottage stood. But one evening, unknown to her parents, Katrina set forth to the

hamlet, resolved to question them respecting her absent lover.

"Nine, ten o'clock—midnight came, and she had not returned. The farmer and his wife became alarmed. The neighbors were aroused and it was resolved to search the mountain passes. Colonel Von Heldburg was informed of her strange absence, and soldiers were turned out to scour the mountain roads in parties, the colonel heading one party himself. He was as much frightened as were Katrina's parents. Indeed, he appeared almost frantic with excitement. Nobody in the valley slept that night, but morning dawned and still there was no tidings of the lost Katrina.

"At length, when the farmer and his dame, and the colonel, had almost given themselves up to despair, a party of soldiers returned to the valley toward noon, bringing with them the absent girl. They had found her in a narrow pass, several miles off, near the hamlet, lying insensible in the road. She had, apparently, fainted, and in falling, had struck her head against a stone. There was a severe wound on her temple, which had bled profusely. She was as yet scarcely conscious, but she recognized her parents, and clinging to her mother, begged piteously that she would restore to her her lover. Once the colonel approached the couch where she lay, but she uttered a piercing shriek and strove to hide her head in the bed clothes. He was obliged to leave the room, and dared not venture near the couch again.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed before she was sufficiently restored to relate what had happened. Her parents were still ignorant of the cause of her leaving home. She had been to the hamlet and had seen the fishermen, and had learnt from them that Hermann and all his boat's crew had been seized as conscripts the very moment that they had set foot on Austrian territory, and had been immediately marched off to Vienna, without being allowed to see their friends and bid them farewell. This was contrary to law, but when was the law regarded when the issue lay between the minions of the government and the helpless peasantry?

"In a few days Katrina so far recovered as to go about her work as usual, but she now performed her duties in moody silence, speaking to no one unless spoken to, and then answering yes or no, but nothing more.

"One day, at the end of a week, a stranger to the valley, clad in the ordinary attire of the peasantry, met her in the fields, and passing close by her, whispered a few words in her ear. I had noticed him lounging about for some time, as if to avoid being seen by the people of the valley. I alone saw him speak to Katrina.

"He was gone in a moment, as soon as he had delivered his message. I saw Katrina start, and the next moment she was bounding away in the direction of the river as swiftly as a young fawn. As she passed by me without observing me, I noticed that her face was flushed, and her eyes kindled like glowing coals. I followed her, unseen, and watched her descending the cliff so rapidly and heedlessly, that had I not known her agility, I should have been fearful lest she should slip and be dashed to atoms at the base of the precipice.

"In a few moments she reached the beach, and the next moment was clasped in the embrace of a tall, athletic young man, whose features, however, I could not distinguish, but I had no doubt that he was Hermann, her lover, who had escaped the vigilance of his guards, and had returned to the valley. My suspicions were soon too surely confirmed.

"The lovers were still clasped in close embrace, when two soldiers suddenly appeared in the scene. The young man was roughly seized, his arms tightly pinioned, and he was dragged off by his captors, who paid not the slightest regard to the tears or entreaties of the weeping maiden. Katrina stood motionless as a statue, watching the retreating form of her lover as he was hurried away by his guards, and when they were no longer to be seen, she gave utterance to a piercing shriek, which seemed to fill the air, and to be echoed and re-echoed from the mountain passes, and then fell senseless to the ground.

"I hastened to the spot where she lay, calling at the same time, loudly for assistance. A peasant, at work in a field near by, heard me, and came to my aid; between us, we bore the unconscious girl home, and laid her on her couch.

"Colonel Von Heldburg, hearing something of what had occurred, hastened to the cottage. The farmer and his wife were seated near

Katrina's couch. She still remained insensible to all that was passing around her, but she called incessantly and piteously upon Herrmann. Sometimes she fancied he was present, and then she uttered the most endearing words, then she gently upbraided him for leaving her, and again she called upon the colonel and begged him to restore her lover to her, or loaded him with reproaches for his cruelty.

"The farmer and his wife were stupefied with grief. Bitterly they regretted now that they had listened to the persuasions, and to the fine promises of the colonel. Bitterly they regretted that a foolish and wicked ambition had led them to create all this misery, actuated by a desire to see their only child the wife of a man of rank and wealth, rather than the happy bride of one in her own sphere, with whom she would have lived happily in the valley.

"When the colonel entered the cottage, he expressed his regret at the cruel and unjust proceedings he had taken in order to get rid of his humble but favored rival. I could not help remonstrating with him upon his conduct. The farmer was silent, but the old dame loaded him with reproaches, and asked him why he had brought sorrow and wretchedness into the peaceful valley. I expected that he would reply angrily, but he bowed his head and remained silent. He appeared to be deeply affected by the misery he had wrought, and as he rose to quit the room, I heard him say, as if unconscious that he was speaking aloud, 'Would to God I had never been sent on this duty!'

"Toward evening Katrina fell into a quiet slumber. Her mother, who had sat at her bedside all the day, rose to take some refreshment. We all left the apartment and Katrina was left sleeping, alone.

"In half an hour, when dame Bolschen returned to the chamber, it was vacant. Katrina had risen from her bed. The old dame sought her through the house, but she could not be found. The farmer and I started off to search the neighborhood, and we had not proceeded far when we saw her slender form, clad only in her night-dress, standing on the very verge of one of the most precipitous cliffs, just over the spot where she had met her lover in the morning. It was dark, for the sun had gone down an hour before. Still the rich color of the golden sunset lingered in the horizon, and the moonbeams, struggling through a mass of dark clouds, and the ruddy glare from a lighted pine torch which Katrina held aloft, shed a strange, unnatural light over the wild and romantic scenery.

"The farmer and I were terribly frightened. We hesitated to approach her from behind, lest, impelled by fear, she should make a false step, when she must inevitably be dashed to pieces against the rocks at the base of the precipice. She was gazing intently at the beach, as if expecting every moment to see her lover approach. We proceeded very cautiously, until we had nearly reached the spot where she stood. At this moment, the colonel, who had heard of her flight from the cottage, and who, unknown to us, had joined in the search for her, emerged from a pass in the cliff, and suddenly caught sight of the maiden.

"Alarmed at her peril, or fearful that she intended to cast herself from the dizzy height on which she stood, on to the rocks beneath, he uttered an exclamation of horror, and called to her by name—'Katrina!' The young girl heard the cry and recognized the voice. She turned her head and saw three figures advancing toward her amid the gloom, rendered deeper in her eyes, in consequence of the brilliancy of the light of the blazing torch. Tossing her arms wildly above her head, she gave one shrill, piercing shriek, sprang forward, and fell headlong into the dark abyss!

"A simultaneous cry of horror burst from all who witnessed the fearful leap, and then the old farmer fell senseless to the earth. 'Stay with him! Call for assistance!' I shouted to the colonel, and then darting away, I descended to the beach by the nearest practicable descent.

"I shuddered as I approached the spot beneath the cliff where I knew the body of the poor girl must have fallen. She was, as I was well aware I should find her, perfectly lifeless and sadly mangled. She had struck her head against a rock in her descent, and must have been senseless, if not dead, before she reached the bottom. The pine torch was still blazing near her. It had set fire to some dry shrubbery, and in another moment her clothing would have been on fire. I picked it up and threw it into the

river, where it blazed for a short time and then was extinguished with a hissing sound as the waves flowed over it.

"The sad news spread rapidly through the valley, and in a few minutes a crowd had assembled beneath the cliff. The lifeless remains of the unfortunate girl were tenderly conveyed home, and on the following day she was interred in the burying ground, near the hamlet, having been followed to the grave by all the inhabitants of the valley. The young maidens, six of whom carried the pall, all being dressed in white. It was a sad, sad scene. There was not a dry eye in the multitude that witnessed the ceremony.

"The colonel removed from the cottage and shut himself up in a room that he had hired from a neighbor of the farmer's. He sent a messenger to Vienna, and in a short time orders arrived for the soldiers to leave the valley.

"When the day arrived on which they were to leave, the colonel was not to be found. Search was made for him, but in vain. The soldiers departed without him. It was supposed that he had secretly departed before the orders arrived from Vienna, but three days after the soldiers had left, the body of their unfortunate commander was discovered beneath the cliffs, a few rods distant from the spot where Katrina had fallen. He was dead, and upon examination, it was discovered that a bullet had passed through his brains. No pistol was found near him, but it was surmised that, unable to bear the weight of his sad reflections when he thought of the misery he had wrought in the once happy valley, he had wandered to the scene of the tragedy and put an end to his own existence.

"I still remained for a short time with the bereaved parents. They could not bear the idea of my departure, but I sketched no more. I had no spirits to do so. I was very anxious to leave the place.

"At last I fixed the period of my departure. The night before I left, I strolled from the farmhouse in the direction of the cliffs. I don't know what led me to do so. I seemed to be led in that direction against my will, for I would rather have avoided the spot. It was just such another evening as that on which Katrina had sprung from the cliff, and nearly the same hour. I stood for a few moments on the edge of the cliff, and then still, as it were, involuntarily, on my part, descended to the beach.

At this moment a bright light shed its glare over the water. I cast my eyes toward the summit of the cliff, and witnessed there a sight which made my blood run chill. There stood the figure of Katrina, holding aloft the torch, as I had seen her on that fatal evening. She was, seemingly, clad in the same long, white dress, but it appeared as if it were transparent, and, as I gazed, that I could discern the landscape beyond, as if the figure were but a mist, wearing her form. A shudder thrilled me to the very marrow, and turning my head away, I saw before me, on the beach, the figure of the young man whom I had seen clasped in Katrina's embrace when they were surprised by the soldiers. I advanced toward him, resolved to speak to him, and I approached near enough to see his features, but just as I opened my lips he vanished, and stretched before me on the beach, lifeless and bleeding, lay the body of the colonel. I could not speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I essayed to leave the spot, but I seemed glued to it. I could not move a limb. Gradually I lost my senses, and when again I became conscious, I was lying on the beach, chilled with cold, and almost paralyzed. I rose with difficulty and retraced my steps to the farm-house. It was midnight. The farmer and his dame were still up waiting for me, and beginning to feel alarmed at my unaccustomed delay.

"An exclamation of surprise burst from them when I entered the room. At the same moment I caught the reflection of my face in a broken mirror which hung against the wall, and started back in dismay. My dark brown hair was perfectly white! The shock I had experienced had affected my brain, and caused this strange metamorphosis. I explained what I had witnessed to the wondering and frightened farmer and his wife, and then snatched a few hours of needful rest. The next morning, at an early hour, I quitted the valley, and have never since visited it; but the scene I witnessed on that terrible evening made such an impression on my imagination that I felt myself compelled to paint it. For three years it has occupied my time. Still I cannot complete it to my satisfaction. I

cannot paint the ghostly figures as they appeared to me."

"Leave them out, all but that of the female," I advised. "Your picture then will be a masterpiece of its kind."

"No, no. That must not be," he replied. "I must complete it, or work at it until death releases me."

"Did you never hear what became of Herrmann Krootz?" I asked.

"Only this. One day—many months after the occurrence of the tragedy—towards dusk, I stood watching a review of the guards at Vienna. A soldier stepped forth from the ranks and approached me. I recognized the figure and features of the young man who had met me on the banks of the Danube, and who had so mysteriously disappeared on my approach. 'I am Herrmann Krootz,' he said. 'Katrina is revenged. I shot the colonel through the brain and then flung the pistol into the river.' I was about to reply, when the figure vanished, and the line of soldiers stood before me unbroken. No one but myself seemed to have seen a soldier leave the ranks."

"It is a strange story," I said, when the artist had concluded his relation, "but I thank you for it. I shall now regard your position with increased interest." Saying this I rose, and bidding the painter good-night, I retired to my own room.

I frequently saw the picture after this, but it was never nearer its completion. I do not know whether it has ever been completed; but about a year afterward I read in a German paper an account of the death, at Padua, of Herr Von Arnstein, the promising young artist of Frankfort. It was reported that he had died from the excessive use of opium, which he was in the habit of using habitually, in incredible quantities. He had left behind him a magnificent picture in an unfinished state.

It has often struck me since I read of the artist's death, whether or not the story he told me was a myth—a mere freak of the imagination. He was in the habit of using opium in large quantities, in order to induce fanciful and vivid dreams. It is possible, nay it is probable, that such was the case.

SIR E. R. LYTTON.

The mainspring of his career is ambition. He was early smitten with the passion to excel, the unconquerable desire to make a great name and position for himself in the world. But his ambition was not of a narrow, selfish kind—the mere lust of power and desire to rule; it was the more generous ambition of the scholar and the statesman, the philosopher and the poet, as its working throughout sufficiently proves. He was resolved to become great, to distinguish himself amongst his fellows by wise words and noble works. But he early recognized the truth that true greatness can only be obtained by breadth and force of intellect; and exercise being the condition of strength, he devoted himself with unquenchable ardor to the cultivation and development of his mental powers. And the notion of culture he formed on leaving college, and which he has preserved faithfully in the main ever since, is a catholic and true one. In order to secure depth and harmony of mental power, he determined to devote himself to a life of blended thought and action, and this determination is the germ of his literary and political career. In one of his vacant rambles while at Cambridge, he first dreamt the dream of authorship on the banks of Windermere, and before leaving college the dream became a reality. On the other hand, he distinguished himself as a speaker in the political club of the Union, and was elected president of that undergraduate parliament. He seems, however, to have been a better writer than speaker, and literature at this time had greater charms for him than politics. Nevertheless, he did not lose sight of the hope inspired by his ambition of distinguishing himself in parliament, and eventually taking part in the government of the country.—*Literary Gazette.*

HOSPITALITY.

I have a higher reverence for the virtues of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens last winter), when a priest in Lent roasts his turkey for you, when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of wine, when some of my anti-tobacco friends allow me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor with the windows open, there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious considerations as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, "Meat is unwholesome, so my conscience will not let me give it to you;" or with the ventilators, who proclaim that "fires in bedrooms are injurious," and I was starved and frozen.—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE FRENCH LEATHER OF COMMERCE.

For many years the French varnished leather has been held in high estimation, on account of its durability, fineness, and exquisite polish. The process of its manufacture comprises two operations. First, the preparation of the skin, for tanning; and second, the varnishing of the leather thus dressed. In the preparation of the leather, linseed oil, made to dry quick by means of metallic oxides and salt, is employed as the basis. For each twenty-two gallons of linseed oil, twenty-two pounds of white lead and twenty-two pounds of litharge are employed, and the oil boiled with those ingredients until it has attained the consistency of syrup. This preparation, mixed either with chalk or ochres, is applied to the leather by means of appropriate tools, and well worked into the pores; three or four layers are applied in succession, taking care to dry each layer thoroughly before the application of the next coating. Four or five coatings of the dried linseed oil, without the admixture of the earthly substances, are then given, and the addition of some fine ivory black, and some oil of turpentine, is usually made to the oil. These coatings are put on very thin, and when carefully dried the leather rubbed over with fine pumice stone powder, to render the surface completely smooth and even, for the reception of the varnish.

The varnish used in this manufacture is composed as follows: Ten pounds of oil prepared as above, half a pound of asphalt, five pounds of copal varnish, and ten pounds of turpentine. The oil and asphalt are first boiled together, the copal varnish and turpentine added afterward, and the mixture is well stirred. Instead of asphalt, Prussian blue or ivory black is sometimes employed. This varnish is kept in a warm place for two or three weeks before it is used. The greatest possible care has to be taken both before and during the application of the varnish to prevent the adherence of any dust to the leather. When varnished, the leather is put into drying stoves, heated to about two hundred degrees or more.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Mr. Elliot Barrett, of Chester, who lives about a mile southeast of Chester village, has been afflicted for nearly a quarter of a century with a severe rheumatic complaint. For twenty years he has lain on his back, entirely helpless, and it is impossible for him to lie in any other position. The coldest day in winter, as well as the hottest day in summer, when the heat is enough to peel the parched flesh from his aching body, finds him in the same position, unable to move a particle, even to rest for a moment. He has often said to us, "If I could only turn over for one hour in the course of a year, it would be a great relief." The only motion of which he is capable, besides the organ of speech, is the movement of one of his skeleton arms, the left, with which he feeds himself with a teaspoon, as he can move his jaw just enough to admit the point of the spoon. Yet amid his acute and terrible sufferings, never a murmur escapes his lips, but he is always resigned and cheerful; though his buoyancy does not arise from animal spirits, but a natural cheerfulness and constant hopefulness, for religious faith sustains and gives warmth and steadiness to his spirit. This faith carries him through the heavy trials to which he is subject, and over the dark journey of his pilgrimage.—*Glenn's Falls Messenger.*

PECULIAR MODE OF MAKING RAZORS.

The London Artizan describes the mode adopted by M. Picault, in manufacturing the celebrated razors which bear his name. He first prepares plates of cast steel, laminated to the thickness which the blades are to have, and having two opposite sides forged to a coarse edge. These plates are placed in shears, which at one cut produces a blade. Upon these blades M. Picault stamps his mark, and by the aid of a cutting hammer, he impresses a number of striated or grooved lines upon the two surfaces of the blade where it is to be fitted into the back. The back itself is formed of soft cast iron, planed and polished, so as to retain none of the roughness of the casting. A groove is formed by a simple mechanical process in one of the edges, and into this is fitted the blade previously prepared. The blade and back thus joined, are placed in the swage or stamp, having the form of the back, and subjected to a considerable pressure by means of a lever, the effect of which is to fix the blade in the groove, where it is held tightly, by means of the grooves cut in the blade, and into which the soft cast iron is, as it were, squeezed. The razor is then completed by the usual operation of grinding.

THE ELDER BUSH.

It is not known to many persons that the common elder bush of our country is a great safeguard against the devastations of insects. If any one will notice, it will be found that worms or insects never touch the elder. The fact was the initial-point of experiments of an Englishman in 1694, and he communicated the results of his experiments to a London magazine. Accident exhumed his old work, and a Kentucky correspondent last year communicated to the *Dollar Newspaper* a copy of the practical results as asserted by the English experimenter; that the leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbage, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants subjected to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of elder leaves.—*Herkimer Journal.*

A FEARFUL SWIM FOR LIFE.

About twenty years ago, a British man-of-war was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which, as most people know, forms one of the group called the West India Islands.

It was a hot, sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog, which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over everything, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's rays, and was rolling slowly back to the horizon. The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasionally black fin that rippled lazily through the water for a little distance, and disappeared as its possessor sunk again in the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose towards the meridian, a breeze began to spring up—not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and hot as the breath of an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather, and the rapid fall of the barometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the pinnace for a few hours' sail, and obtained it, but on the condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party, consisting of six middies and two mates, started accordingly in great spirits. The tide was running out in great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a middy with the

They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement and some sort of protection against the much dreaded shark. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their back to rest, sometimes striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and they were encouraged by a glimpse, through a break in the gale, of the land, as it rose above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. Still they mechanically swam on, and to their surprise the sharks, although playing all around them, did not touch them. They made continual short rushes at them; or, turning on their backs, they would open their monstrous jaws and close their teeth with a loud clash within a few inches of their victim's body. At last, however, they succeeded in nearing the extreme end of the island; the sharks one by one left them. They struggled up to the beach, and laid down for a few minutes, utterly worn out; but the thought of their comrades clinging to the upturned boat roused them to fresh exertions. After staggering on for about half a mile in the direction of some houses, an officer fortunately passed and recognized them. In a few minutes their story was told, and prompt measures were adopted to rescue the remainder of the party. Boats were quickly launched under the lee of the island, and the two mates, although nearly dead

OLD ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine, with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile, a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked up from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux.

Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and

CHINESE FORT ON THE HONG-KIANG.

The accompanying landscape is strikingly Chinese in its character, and contrasts forcibly with the scenery we are in the habit of beholding. The bold hills, the luxuriant foliage, the ranges of fortified walls, and the singular craft floating on the wave, transport us in imagination to the far East, the land of romance and mystery; but of which we are beginning to have glimpses and revelations, and with which our intercourse in the future will be more constant and more satisfactory. The Chinese Empire, with its hoary and moss-grown institutions, is on the eve of great organic changes. Mined beneath by intestine convulsions, it has been impolitic or unfortunate enough to provoke the hostility of the leading powers of the globe. The gates of an empire that should have been opened spontaneously, have been driven in by cannon, and now European civilization will flow in with its blessings and attendant evils. For centuries China has stood forth against the outside pressure, but then for centuries China has been a unit within her walls. The imperial government, during a long lapse of time, has known how to maintain the terror of its might. It is only of late years that rebellion has dared to raise its hydra head, and that rebel armies, swelled by disloyalty to formidable numbers, have swept through several provinces, driving the dragon before them, and carrying dismay to the guarded recesses of the Imperial Palace of



CHINESE FORT ON THE RIVER HONG-KIANG

sheets, and the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when, like a thunder-bolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsized in an instant. All its crew were immersed, but soon made their appearance again, and in a short time were collected on the keel of their upturned boat. They then held a consultation on their condition, and the chances for and against their rescue. The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiring, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship was hidden from sight by clouds of rain—for the storm had now come on in all its fury—and the land was invisible from the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and, worse than all that, they were drifting with full force of wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from land, their fate would be certain. At last, the two mates determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case could have suggested. It was to attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first-rate swimmers, and, as far as the distance was concerned, might have attempted it on a calm day without much fear of failure; but in a heavy sea the case was different, and both wind and tide, thought not dead against them, combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all, the place swarmed with sharks. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and leaped into the sea.

from exhaustion, earnestly persisted in embarking in them.

The danger was not yet over, for the sea was running mountains high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen of the missing ones. It had become quite dark, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned towards the shore, when, by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half-drowned boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found that they were all there. They, too, had begun to despair; had feared their two brave comrades had perished; and were weary and half-suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them. On reaching the shore, the two brave mates gave in. The reaction which followed their exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died, a victim to his heroism; the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind badly affected by all that he had gone through.

Their wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact, that the spot where they landed was the site of the slaughter-house for the troops, and that the sharks were sated with the offal thrown into the sea at that time. If, however, only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, the case would have been very different; for sharks, like beast of prey, are roused to fury by the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.—*Chamber's Journal.*

on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveller posted after him, with his nightcap and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps.

Caniche ran with full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other smiling; "without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which has been committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.—*Anecdotes of Dogs, by Edward Jesse.*

Pekin. To think of hundreds of thousands of native-born Chinamen voluntarily amputating their pig-tails and taking up arms against the "brother of the sun!" In their conflicts with European powers, the Chinese in every case have been worsted, though the records of the late war show that a gallant resistance was on many occasions made by the braves. The river forts, such as that shown in our engraving, were frequently well manned, and the heavy artillery served with a precision not known during the old Chinese war.

S. BOSTON HORSE-RAILROAD STATION.

The second picture on page 344, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud, and is an excellent local view representing the arriving and departing cars, and the tracks of the South Boston Horse Railroad, in the lower part of Summer Street. The surrounding buildings are delineated with photograph accuracy. The horse railroad system is developing with the zeal which in Boston stimulates all new projects, particularly those which have utility as their basis. No one can dispute the benefits conferred by these railroads, though the opposition from persons engaged in teaming, and in loading and unloading goods in the crowded, narrow streets of a city, is natural. Summer Street, partially represented in our drawing, has become a great business street, and the private dwelling-houses yet remaining must soon be surrendered to the exigencies of trade and commerce. Throughout its length the greatest activity now prevails. The new structures erected are all beautiful, and the perspective presented is pleasing and striking.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE INDIAN.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

Where the hills of the west in grandeur rise,
Till their summits darken the azure skies,
And the fleet deer roams through the pathless wood,
O'er crags where mortal hath never stood,
Still bounding onward wild and free,
Till lost in the shade of some mighty tree.

Where the rolling prairie a bright parterre,
Its incense sends to the rocks afar,
And the bright flowers nod mid the waving grass,
To the light-winged zephyrs flitting past,
Whispering love to the lily pale,
That fragrance lends to the balmy gale.

The stars gaze down on a silver stream,
(A river of gold in the sunset gleam),
The mountain pass it has glided through,
And bears on its breast the light canoe
Of the Indian girl and her chosen brave,
As they idly float over the mountin wave.

For years bygone to the western land,
Dwelt the warriors brave of an Indian band;
Their lodge fires gleamed through the starless night,
To the wandering hunter a beacon light;
When weary with chasing the bounding deer,
It told him the home that he loved was near.

Like arrow sped from unerring bow,
Swift on the trail of the flying foe,
The haughty chieftain his warriors led,
When the war-cry sounded its notes of dread,
And off the warrior's funeral pyre
Is the burnlog wigwam's blazing fire.

When once again to their hunting ground
Their warriors came by victory crowned,
The Indian maids with dance and song
(As Jewish dames in the days bygone),
Came forth to meet the warlike braves,
Who fought for their homes and their fathers' graves.

Wild as the wind in his native glen,
Proud as the eagle, the red man then,
But the pale face came o'er the raging sea,
And the sons of the forest, wild and free,
Fled like the deer from their path away,
To the westward gates of the closing day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

How Mrs. Park drowned herself.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Drowned! drowned."—Hamlet.

"SIXTY dollars did you say, Nellie?"

"I said sixty, but I am not particular; I dare say I could dispose of eighty or a hundred as well. Don't allow your benevolence to be checked by any scruples on that score, my dear."

"Little danger of that," Mr. Park answered somewhat crustily.

Mrs. Park hid her pretty face in the folds of her embroidered kerchief, and went off into a violent fit of coughing. She didn't hear her husband's reply—not she. Tipping her saucy head upon one side, she asked, with a show of demureness in her voice, if he said she could have the money as well as not?

Mr. Park opened his mouth to speak, but the little lady was too fast for him.

"O, you are so kind, Erastus dear—you are so kind! I am sure I never can find words to thank you for your indulgence. My dear, if ever I am rebellious—if ever I am stubborn, remind me of this!"

Mrs. Park had her soft, white hand upon her husband's shoulder, and her bright, girlish face raised coaxingly to his. She made a pretty picture there, before him, her wavy, brown hair tossed back from her forehead, and her lithe, graceful figure contrasting with the stout manliness of his. The husband was not unconscious of it; for a moment his eye rested upon her arch, piquant face, and then ran over her tastefully-arranged morning dress—the plain muslin collar fastened about the rare throat; the loose wrapper, with just the slightest show of buff in it, confined carelessly to the waist with silken cords and tassels; the full sleeves fastened about the slender wrists with dainty golden buttons, to match those of the wide, flowing skirt; the prettily-slipped feet just peeping into sight, and resting so befittingly upon the crimson flowers that seemed springing from the rich Brussels carpet; for a moment, I say, his eye rested upon the face and figure of his wife, and during that one moment he found his strong resolution slipping rapidly away from him, and his right hand unconsciously journeying towards his well-filled pocket-book. But only for a moment he wavered—the next, he was armed anew with righteous, not-to-be-mistaken firmness.

Sinking back into an arm-chair from which his wife had but a few moments before aroused him, and drawing her to a seat upon his knee, he commenced, in a tone of dignity and importance, with the simple utterance of her name:

"Eleanor!"

"What, dear Erastus. Haven't I thanked you half enough for your kindness? Shall I give you—say how many kisses will satisfy you?"

The soft, rosy lips were in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Park's firmly-closed mouth, and the clear, blue eyes were peeping roguishly into his. It was a hard place for a man who was trying his best to wear an air of stern dignity; who had an object to attain in spite of frowns, pouts and tears. Still there was but one word that came readily to his lips, and summoning again his departing fortitude, he said:

"Eleanor!"

"What, dear?"

Now the delicate fingers of his wife were entangled in the folds of his neckkerchief. He opened his mouth to speak, but she interrupted him with:

"Do let me tie your cravat, Erastus! It isn't arranged becomingly. Don't let me hinder you from speaking, I can hear just as well if I am busy. Go on."

"Eleanor, dear," Mr. Park commenced, "I am afraid you are getting terribly (not quite so tight, if you please,) extravagant. You know that above all things on earth I most wish to promote your happiness (Nelly, your ring grazes my throat); that I would make any sacrifice for you, but still, dear, I do not think that I can conscientiously—Eleanor, what do you mean, you are choking me to death with that deuced cravat!"

Mr. Park jumped nervously to his feet, and Mrs. Park slid to the floor, coughing again vehemently behind her handkerchief.

"Indeed, Erastus, I am sorry that I choked you. I was so engaged with what you were saying, that I quite forgot what my hands were doing. Please don't be angry, but tell me what you were going to."

The corners of Mr. Park's well-shaped mouth curved into something like a smile at the ingenuousness of his little pet wife. Turning his head away slightly, and rearranging his cravat, he began once more upon his unfortunate speech.

"I was saying, Eleanor, that you were getting wretchedly—"

"Terribly, you said before, dear," interrupted the lady.

"Well, terribly, then (I wish you wouldn't disturb me so), terribly extravagant, and that I didn't think it was my duty to humor you to this last—"

"Excuse me, Erastus dear, but really don't you hear some one calling me—hark! I thought 'twas Jenny. I guess I must have been mistaken. I imagined it, I'm sure. Go on, I want to hear what you were going to say."

"Eleanor!"

There was a world of meaning thrown into that one word, but to all appearances it was lost upon Mrs. Park. With a look of inquiry she glanced up into her husband's face, murmuring musically the while—

"What is it, Erastus?"

"Nothing—nothing at all; I was speaking of the weather."

There was a little chagrin visible in the gentleman's voice that was highly pleasing to the young wife. But she cloaked over her smiles with an artful show of regret, and begged Mr. Park not to be angry with her. She had heard every word that he had said to her, she avowed, winding the long silken cords of her wrapper playfully about his fingers as she spoke. He commenced again, but as if reluctantly.

"I'm not going to lecture you, Nelly, but really, it does seem to me that you are rather foolish in spending money. I have told you, you are well aware—that is, I am not a poor man, but it is just as much your duty to live within reasonable bounds of prudence, as though I owned a meagre fortune instead of a tolerably large one. I am not niggardly with you—indeed, I have never been, and never intend to be, but this morning I see fit to deny you the trifling sum of sixty dollars. What are you doing down there on the carpet, Eleanor?"

Mr. Park spoke sternly, as well as like one whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"O, you must pardon me for not hearing you, Erastus, but I really thought I saw an ink-stain on this light carpet. Got down here and look,

please. What's that? I sat on an ottoman in this very place yesterday, and wrote a letter, putting my ink on the carpet beside me. Look! there is the place I mean."

Mr. Park knelt down beside his wife, nearly straining his eyes from his head in the vain endeavor to find the luckless stain that had so annoyed her. But follow, as best he could, the delicate tip of her fore finger which was pointing to one spot, he could not discover it.

"Pshaw, Eleanor," he exclaimed, rising, "it's all nonsense; there is nothing upon the carpet but what properly belongs there."

"Are you certain—sure? I could never forgive myself for injuring it, after you were to so much trouble and to such an expense to obtain it. I'm so glad! But I didn't half understand what you were talking about, I was so startled. Didn't you say something about never intending to deny me anything? How kind it is of you, my dear husband, and how much I love you for it!"

"Eleanor Park, you little minx, you know what I have been saying; you needn't try to fool me about it any longer (Mr. Park spoke angrily and rapidly). Once for all, let me tell you plainly, clearly and firmly, that I will not allow you the sixty dollars for which you are angling!"

"Not so loud, if you please, Mr. Park, my hearing is not unimpaired, by age at least (Mr. Park was fourteen years her senior). Your lungs must suffer from such an exertion. Remember that if you bring on a consumption, a doctor's bill is inevitable. Just think of it, dear, you settling a doctor's bill! How it will grind against that precious organ of acquisitiveness that is such a big stockholder on your revered cranium!"

"Shame on you, Eleanor!"

"On me, did you say? Keep your rights, if you please. I haven't a disposition to rob you."

"Nonsense, Eleanor, this isn't becoming to you, this angry play of words. You know I do not wish to vex you."

"And I am to have the money, after all? The white dimpled hand was thrust playfully towards him.

"Not that, Nelly dear; be reasonable, I cannot indulge you in this whim."

"You can't—you *wont*, you mean, you great miserly, cross, ill-natured, old, old—old man!"

"Tut, tut, tut—"

"O, you needn't tut tut at me, I understand you. I tell you I *wont* stand it another day longer—I'll go home—I *wont* live with you—I'll—I'll drown myself!"

"Don't Nelly—don't! Remember what a dreadful corpse a drowned woman always makes. Think of Hawthorne's Zenobia, and you are not half so beautiful as she was!"

"I don't care how I look; I want to look frightful, I want to haunt you just as long as you live. You deserve everything that is bad, you *old miser*. You care more about your money than you do me!"

"Dear Nelly—"

"I tell you not to speak to me. I don't love you now—go away from me. I don't want to live here any longer—I *wont* live here, either, Go—hurry into the city, you'll be late for the cars. If you stay here another minute, you may forfeit—five whole cents!"

"Eleanor, be careful, Eleanor!"

There was a line of whiteness visible about the mouth of Mr. Park, and a slight tremulousness running through the tones of his voice as he spoke. But the little lady was undaunted. Drawing her pretty figure up to its full height, and stepping out of her husband's reach, she went on with her merciless tirade.

"O, you can threaten me if you like. I don't care a fig for your threats; I've been your doll, your pet, your pussy long enough! I've been drawn this way, and pushed that, just as long as I will—so there!"

"Well?" Mr. Park spoke that word coolly.

"O, you can stand there like a great icicle and drop off your icy *wells*, if you like, you are your own master, and—I'm my own mistress, too. I think you will find—I—"

Mrs. Park did not finish the sentence audibly; her words were lost in a passionate burst of sobs. For a moment her husband stood irresolutely before her—the next, he was close by her side, her name softly syllabled upon his lips.

"Dear, dear Nelly!"

"I tell you not to speak to me; go away. I'm terribly angry with you. I don't know as I can ever forgive you. I—I—certainly will drown myself."

"Pshaw, Nelly!"

Mr. Park could not forbear breaking out into a little laugh. Short as it was, it was too much for his sensitive little wife to bear. Giving one rapid look into his amused face, she ran from the room like a vexed, teased child. Her husband thought there was an expression of real grief upon her features, such as he had seldom seen there; and fifteen minutes after, as he was whirling at railroad speed towards the city, he would have given five times sixty dollars could he have taken back the incidents of the last hour, and had, in their stead, to comfort him, the sweet memory of a pleasant morning's parting with his almost worshipped Nelly. When away from her, he could see, plainly enough, his own selfishness. What if she did come to him very often for money? he said to himself. What if her wants did not always border upon the bounds of reason? What could he expect of her, brought up as she had been, and petted as but an only child could be, by wealthy, indulgent parents? To be sure he had taken her from a bankrupt home, but the heavy blow of an altered fortune had not touched her, or taught her the first lessons of a bitter poverty. She was not to blame for what circumstances had made her. At heart she was a true, tender woman. Sometimes he had wronged her, in thought, and imagined, for a little moment, that his fortune had influenced her to marry him, but stern reason set the miserable trick of injustice rapidly aside. She had loved him when fortune dealt kindly with her than him. He thought of this, as he sat in his office that forenoon, striving to fix his truant mind on business that demanded his immediate attention.

What did he care for money, any way, if it was not for her? he asked himself. If he had asked such a favor of *her*, would she have treated him so? No! a thousand times no! Her tender heart did not know a sacrifice but what she would make for those she loved. Three months before he had been sick for many long, weary weeks, and all the while she watched faithfully by him; not leaving him for rest, or scarcely food—watching till the roses went entirely away from her cheeks, and she was worn down to a mere shadow. This was the way he rewarded her for it, he said, throwing down his pen and walking nervously up and down his office.

What if she should drown herself? The thought was maddening. He did not know what she might do; he had never seen her so angry before. People had committed acts as rash upon less provocation than he had given her. What if, even then, she was dead—lying white and stiff and cold in the little pond that lay at the back of his beautiful country home? He buried his face in his hands to shut out the dreadful vision. With trembling fingers he drew out his watch. It was just one o'clock. He more than half resolved to go home to dine. But no, after all it was mere foolishness; Nelly was quite herself again, by that time, and would only poke fun at him if he strode home at noon, like a great, awkward school-boy. He would stay at his office, as usual, until four o'clock—he wouldn't be quite a fool.

So saying, he seated himself at his desk again. But the idea of drowning had taken a firm hold upon his imagination; he could not rid himself of it, try as best he might. If it should be so, and he staying all the while at his office because he was too proud, too stubborn to go home! Poor, simple-hearted bachelor! well schooled in the ways of the world, at home in all the mysteries of classic lore; well taught in the deception of the hearts of men, but an ignoramus when he comes to solve the ways of woman! A fresh man in the school of married life!

That was a long, weary afternoon to Mr. Erastus Park. It seemed to him that four o'clock would never come. Time went by with luggard feet. All day he had accomplished but little, not a tenth part of what he had intended in the early morning. So far as labor was concerned, he would have been quite as well off at home. And so the hour of three came, and with it a wild, heavy tempest, born out of the intense heat of the June day. This was too much for the equanimity of the impatient man. He walked rapidly to and fro across his office, peering out occasionally to see if there was any breakage of light in the dark, angry clouds. But he looked in vain. The lightning played incessantly across the sky, and the thunder nearly deafened him with its roar. So four o'clock came and went, silently, through the heart of the storm, and even the hour of six came before the

tempest died away, and the sun came out clear and bright—an hour's ride above the blue shore of the west. Then, just as he was locking his desk, preparatory to leaving his office, a client came in for an hour's consultation with him upon business that could not be postponed. In vain Mr. Park promised to meet him at an early hour the following morning, or even to return to the city again that night, if he would release him, but the man was inexorable. It was now—now or never—and with a sigh, the disappointed lawyer unlocked his desk and drew out his papers again.

At a quarter past seven he was released from his thralldom, but he was in a state of nervous excitement. His cheeks were flushed to a deep crimson, and his eyes had a strange, unnatural glare about them. Could the wicked, mischievous wife but have seen him then!

It was almost dusk when he reached home. At any other time he would have loitered along the beautiful way that led from the depot to his house, admiring the fresh green of the velvety grass, growing strong at the sight of the soft blue of the skies, the fragrance of the flowers, and the breath of the twilight, so rich and pure after the reviving shower. But the sunset wore her crimson banners in vain, in the shining west—he had no eye for their beauty. The night might marshal her dusky forces, creeping up the blue battlements of the east, hanging out her flag of stars, but he had no heart to watch her, giving praise to the merciful Father that led her along. In spite of his better judgment, his superior sense, a dark fear lay coldly upon him. He thought only of Nelly—Nelly!

Where should he find her was the query that flew through his excited brain, as he neared his beautiful gothic home. In the parlor—in her own room? Would she fly down the gravelled way to meet him? When he was inside of the gate should he see her white robe fluttering in and out the green foliage of the winding path? No, alas, none of these! There was no sound of her light footsteps upon the silent grounds; on the portico, in the low parlor windows she was not to be seen. With quick, nervous bounds he gained the door, expecting every moment that her clear, ringing voice would sound upon him from some shy covert. But he found the parlor deserted; everything just as had left it in the morning. Perhaps she was in her own little sitting-room; but no, that too was silent and lonely. The window was open where she always sat, and the muslin curtain was wet with rain. Her kitten was asleep in her basket of embroidery silk, and her embroidery frame was lying upon the carpet. Over a chair was thrown a dainty black silk apron, the tassels fretted and torn by pussy's sharp claws and teeth. On an ottoman her morning slippers were lying, and scattered over the carpet were spools of silk and thread, and her tiny thimble—in fact, the contents of a little ebony box which was upturned upon the work-table, and in which her pet had evidently been revelling without her knowledge.

Where could Nelly be? He did not dare to think until he had made some inquiry. He gave the bell-tassel a violent pull, which brought a servant to him instantly.

"Where is Mrs. Park? Tell her that I wish to see her, if you please."

The girl stared at him for a full moment without answering. Her wits seemed suddenly to have deserted her.

"Send your mistress to me, I say!" demanded Mr. Park again in an emphatic tone.

"Really—I—I—I, sir, don't know where Mrs. Park is!" stammered out the girl.

"Well, find her—that is what I want of you. Why, what has taken possession of you?"

"My mistress is gone out; I don't know where."

"Why didn't you tell me so in the first place? Where has she gone?"

The girl didn't hardly know. She believed, though, that she went out to sail about three o'clock; she said she was going when she went out, and she hadn't seen her since.

"And you have rested contented all this while? Why, you thick-headed woman, your mistress may be drowned before this time!" thundered Mr. Park, springing towards the door. "If you have any sense about you, call John and Thomas—quick, quick, to the pond!"

Mr. Park rushed frantically from the house in the direction of the pond, followed by the whole frightened household. The little boat of Mrs. Park was upturned upon the other side of the water. Close by the shore, where one slender

oar had drifted, a kid slipper was floating. The wretched husband picked it up with a heart-touching groan.

"Drowned, drowned, O my God, drowned!" he cried, staggering backward, his face taking the hue of death. "John—John—go to the other side—the boat—find her—find her!" he gasped, while great drops of cold perspiration rolled down his white.

The servants obeyed him as well as they could. But it was a moment of terrible fear to them all. The men stood with blank, bleached faces, while the women ran up and down the green shore wringing their hands, and crying at the tops of their voices.

"Can—can we see her—can we reach her, I mean?" asked John, springing into the boat. "The water is very low, and Katharine says she was dressed in white. No, no, don't come in, I beg of you," he pleaded, as Mr. Park sprang to the water's edge. "We can find her alone, we can—be easy, sir," he said, sympathizing in his rough way with his master. "Only stay there!"

The poor man stepped back again, watching with eyes nearly bursting from their sockets, as the men glided slowly over the surface of the pond, looking searchingly down through its shallow waters; his heart sinking low within him, as from time to time they paused as if their fearful search was at an end. While he was watching their movements, Katharine brought him an embroidered handkerchief which she had found away down upon the shore. In a moment the boat wheeled away in the direction designated by the group, and the anxious, tearful group following it along as well as they could upon the shore.

Again the boat stopped suddenly in its course. But this time John slipped his brawny arms away down into the black waters, and drew up before the terrified beholders a white, dripping figure. "To the shore—the shore!" he cried, drawing his burden into the boat. The wretched deed had been executed with thought. The white, ghastly face was bound firmly about by a long linen towel, and the delicate shoulders and arms wrapped carefully about by a shawl of thick material.

"See, see! She meant to do it!" whispered the terrified man to his companion, as he sprang to the shore.

"The holy mother shrive the sin!" came from the lips of the stout Katharine. "My poor mistress—my poor master!"

"God help me—God curse me!" cried Mr. Park, staggering forward.

"Ah, God help you, indeed!" whispered Katharine, close at his side.

A summer-house, thickly covered with running vines and blossoms, stood near the water's edge. To this John steered with his unconscious burden, followed closely by the wretched husband and servants. As they scrambled into the vine-shaded entrance, each with a kerchief to their wet eyes, Mr. Park striving manfully to suppress his groans and tearless sobs, a wild, clear, merry peal of laughter broke upon their startled ears, and the next moment the soft, white arms of—yes—Mrs. Park were about the neck of her husband.

"Drowned! drowned!" was all that she could say between her outbreaks of merriment, though, the while, great, sorrowful tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"O, Nelly, Nelly! How could you, Nelly!"

The strong man wept like a little child; but the servants looked at one another with an expression of amusement upon their faces, and when Mrs. Park motioned them away, a little giggle—a very innocent one—went around from one to the other, while Katharine asked John to take his Mrs. Park up to the house. He made a movement to do so, and found himself clasping a bolster plentifully supplied with stones, dressed up in the white skirts and dress of the merry, mischievous, revengeful little lady.

"How could you be so cruel?" asked Mr. Park, wiping his eyes, and catching, in spite of himself, the spirit of merriment that was reigning predominant over all.

"O, Erastus, Erastus—my sixty dollars!"

"Sixty dollars!" Grasping her firmly by her shoulders, he shook her with all the strength he had remaining, saying every moment, as he paused for breath: "Sixty dollars—sixty dollars!"

Reader, in confidence let me tell you that Mr. Park never refused his wife money afterwards. If there was the least sign of reluctance in his manner when she showed him an empty purse

that needed filling, she had but to allude to the time when she drowned herself, and he was all smiles, ready to give her three times the amount for which she asked. That very night he presented her with his pocket-book. Lucky Mrs. Park!

A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

A SKETCH BY DUMAS.

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow-Eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals arouse all the wolves in the forest within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter Prince Reppine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe, that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh, and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged, he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed, and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howl answered howl, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley, but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeals increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Reppine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home, prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster."

"Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, prince." "Are you sure of our safety?" The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake, don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men, if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a vast from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in sight of home. Prince Reppine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of two hundred wolves.

TEMPLE OF DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

This was built, as Pliny says, on a soft foundation, to guard against the shocks of earthquakes. The foundation, therefore, was hid in a swamp; wood and charcoal were interposed to absorb the wet, and the niches form a subterranean labyrinth, in which water stagnates; all of which is so at the present day. The superstructure bears all the evidences of an edifice which was destroyed eight times, and took two hundred and eighty years in building and rebuilding. It now consists of several walls of immense blocks of marble, the fronts of which are perforated with small cavities, into which were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced. In several places where the walls have fallen, they have exposed cornices and moldings of a former edifice, against which the new walls had been built up. Some of the vast porphyry pillars, which formed the front portico, still lie prostrate before it; but others were brought by Constantine to his new city of Constantinople. The heathen temple was dilapidated to build the Christian church of St. Sophia, in which these pillars are again become the great support of an anti-Christian edifice. But the most interesting circumstance of this building to me, is the great illustration it gives to the Acts of the Apostles. Here is the place where St. Paul excited the commotion among the silver and brass smiths, who worked for the temple; and over the way was the theatre, into which the people rushed, carrying with them Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions. Hence they had a full view of the magnificent front of the temple, which they pointed out as that "which all Asia worshippeth," and in their enthusiasm they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" to whom such a temple belonged. —Porter.

HORSEBACK EXERCISE.

The stamina of constitution and vigor of body, so much superior in former generations as compared with the present, was owing in a great degree to exercise on horseback. Years ago, it was almost the only means of land transportation save on foot, for carriages and pleasure-wagons have come in general use the present century. Horseback exercise for both sexes was general and common within the memory of many now living, as it is now in England and other portions of our country, particularly the southern. It gives robustness to the body, vigor to the mind, freshness to the countenance, cheerfulness to the spirits, and health to the viscera. In internal diseases it is too much neglected. Dyspepsia, bilious complaints, consumption, have increased in ratio proportionate to the neglect of the saddle and pillion. In those complaints it is invaluable, and if we were able to control the matter, the regimen should be compulsory. Try, then, ye who are tormented with dyspeptic devils, the horse treatment. It will bring more muscles into healthy action than any other thing except boat-rowing, and produce that divertive influence upon the mind so much needed, yet so hard to obtain. For the feeble maiden, with the rosy hue of health upon the cheek, it will do more than all things else combined; and if used early, will be worth all the pains and labor needed for the trial. Let us, then, have more of this exercise for all, for if not needed for health, it tends to give a person graceful motion. —Springfield Republican.

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ISLAND AND TOWN OF SITKA, RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS, PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

[From our own Correspondent.]

[From our Correspondent.]

SITKA, RUSSIAN AMERICA.

The accompanying sketch was drawn especially for us on the spot, and was despatched to us, with other drawings, in a letter, from which we make the following extract, describing this interesting place: "The town of Sitka, or New Archangel, is one of the most important island settlements of the Russian possessions on the northwest coast. It is situated on an island of the same name, one of the King George's group,

at the entrance of Norfolk Sound, and on its northern coast. Between the 50th and 60th degrees of north latitude, the climate is, of course, rigorous, and the soil unproductive, but as the headquarters of the Russian Fur Company, and the depot of the supplies, it is of great commercial importance. The town lies near the water at the base of a range of high hills covered with firs, birches and alders, whose thick foliage forms a shaded background, which brings forth in full relief the white buildings of the town. Sitka is

strongly fortified, and its batteries command the entrance to the sound. The place derives additional importance from the fact of its being the site of a Magnetic Observatory, founded and supported by the Russian government. Furs are collected at Sitka from all parts of the Russian Fur Company's field of operations. Large amounts of timber, pine, spruce, etc., are yearly exported, but I have not been able to retain reliable statistics in reference to this trade. The lower zones of the hills are covered with valu-

able timber, while the higher elevations are heaped with snow and ice. The lower plains grow only coarse grasses and mosses. The Russian settlements in the northwest show how steadily and surely Russia is advancing in parallel lines with Great Britain, and how natural is the jealousy of the latter power of the ambition of the czar. In the far east as well as in the far west, the might of the Russian is developing itself. Its policy of expansion has never been lost sight of for a single moment by its rulers."



SOUTH BOSTON HORSE RAILROAD DEPOT, SUMMER STREET.

[See page 341.]

S. AMERICAN SKETCHES.

The interesting engravings on this page afford us a striking glimpse of the wild scenery of South America. Of late years its capabilities have attracted the attention of adventurous American artists, and one of the last products of American genius, Church's great picture, the "Heart of the Andes," is now attracting the admiration of all New York. The sketches before us illustrate the adventures of a recent traveller, Mr. Eugene Roehn, a French naturalist of great learning, and a traveller of rare intrepidity. He was one of the first, twenty years ago, to advise the acclimation of the eminently useful race of llamas, natives of S. America, from the 45th degree south to the 10th degree north of the chain of the Andes. A profound conviction of the important advantages which agriculture might reap from this naturalization, led him to study on the spot, during ten years of constant fatigue and generous sacrifice, the natural history, manners and habits of the interesting family of *camelus paco*, and the economical questions attached to the employment of these animals. Prompted by the ambition to be useful, he traversed the immense chain of the Cordilleras from north to south, and carefully collected from different latitudes all the individuals of the race which seemed to possess special characteristics or accidental dispositions. He has succeeded thus in gathering a very numerous flock which has furnished the most varied elements for a comparative study, the results of which have strengthened his convictions and hopes. The llamas inhabit the upper part of the chain of the Andes, at a height varying from 6000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in temperatures proportional to the elevation. The llama

is valuable both as a beast of burden, and for its flesh and wool. It can be sheared at the age of two years. If the fleece is not removed, the animal itself rubs it off on trees and rocks. Its skin is tough, elastic and impermeable. The

milk of the female is also highly nutritious. The llama attains its full growth in its third year. The sketches of this animal, introduced in the two landscapes on this page, are exceedingly accurate. Mr. Roehn has proved, by actual ex-

periments, that the llama thrives in any latitude, even under the torrid zone. Its zoological characters are as follows: a long neck, light, bony and elegant head, the eyes bright and salient, with long and close lashes, the nostrils separated by a moderate space, the upper lip split, the lower closing the mouth hermetically, the ears, without being too long in comparison to the body, somewhat rounded towards the extremity, always directed forward when the animal is in good health (the old ones always carry their ears back), and moving with vivacity, like those of a smart horse. The llama almost always ruminates, and is often seen with two enormous protuberances on each side of its mandibles. It is extremely delicate about water, and always smells it before drinking, to see that it is perfectly pure. Apart from the interest attached to Mr. Roehn's travels from his special study of the llama, his general observations on the countries he visited are valuable. No man is more thoroughly acquainted with the immense chain of mountains traversing South America. He made a special study of the cone of Chimborazo in Ecuador. Chimborazo is on the boundary of the republic of Ecuador and the State of Guayaquil. Our second engraving delineates the camp of Roehn at the foot of this famous mountain. Mr. Roehn noticed the remarkable drowsiness which seizes on travellers at certain heights on the Andes. Mr. Roehn was satisfied with reaching an elevation of about 15,000 feet. Our lower engraving depicts the Llanas or plains about Chimborazo. They are very irregular, and covered with lakes and pools of water. The sketch of the Indian woman and her family illustrates the mountain country, and one use to which the llama is put by the natives.



INDIAN WOMAN GOING FROM AGRA TO AMBATO.



HALT OF TRAVELLER AND INDIAN GUIDES AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT CHIMBORAZO.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS M. C., Concord, N. H.—A *pinnate* leaf is a species of compound leaf, having a number of small leaves, or leaflets, on each side of the leaf-stalk. A *pinnatifid* leaf is a simple leaf divided into lobes, from the margin nearly to the mid-rib.

"BRUMMELL."—The French terms *gourmand* and *gourmet* signify two distinct characters. The first indicates a person who considers the quantity of food of more importance than the quality, while the latter is what in this country would be called an epicure, studying much more the delicacy and refinement of food than the quantity.

"OAPURON."—Natural modulation is the change from any one key to another which is closely related to it. For example, if the original key belongs to the major mode, its related keys are those of the major of its dominant and sub-dominant, its own relative minor, and, lastly, the relative minors of its dominant and sub-dominant. To C major, for instance, the relative keys are F and G major, and A, E, and D, minor.

Mrs. F. B., New York.—The Troubadours, or Provençal poets, assembled annually at Toulouse, and the one who recited the best poem received a prize. The prizes consisted of certain flowers—for instance, the violet, the eglantine, and the heart's-ease, formed of gold or silver. The expense of the prizes was defrayed by the town council of Toulouse and a few private individuals. The first meeting of the Troubadours took place on the 1st of May, 1324.

"ALPHA."—The celebrated journalist Jules Janin was born in 1804, at St. Etienne, in the department of the Rhone and Loire.

"DISTRICT 5."—Lord John Russell's great Reform Bill was carried during the administration of the late Lord Grey, in the reign of William IV. It was brought into the House of Lords, and rejected three different times. It finally passed, after the king had determined, in case of need, to create a sufficient number of new peers to ensure a majority against it. The bill passed the House of Lords on the 4th of June, 1832, and on the 7th of the same month received the royal assent.

BLANCHE.—Tripoli is a natural production which has given rise to much diversity of opinion among naturalists. Some believe it to be a vegetable, others asserting that it is animal. The latter opinion has lately been confirmed, we believe, by means of the microscope.

TEACHER, Weston, Mass.—The State of Ohio annually appropriates \$32,000 to the purchase of school apparatus and books for her school libraries.

ELECTRIC INSULATION.

As is well known to our readers, the failure of the Atlantic cable to transmit signals, is generally attributed to some defect in the gutta percha covering with which the conducting wires are insulated. This defect is supposed to be a hole or break in the covering, whereby the ocean water comes in direct contact with the wire, and conducts the electric fluid away, thus destroying the circuit. It will also be recollected that during the process of laying the cable, and after it was laid, the galvanometers used for the purpose of measuring the strength of the electric current, showed by the sudden and fitful vibrations of the needle, that the current was at times very irregular. These vibrations were at first supposed to be produced by what were called earth currents. Professor Hughes, the inventor of the Printing Telegraph, has demonstrated before the Russell Institution of London, in a lecture recently delivered by him upon this subject, that the irregularities first noticed were caused by small punctures in the insulating gutta percha, and that the final torpid condition of the wire was produced by a larger hole or holes in this covering, whereby all the electricity was permitted to escape into the surrounding water. He placed a copper wire, completely insulated with gutta percha, in a bath of salt and water, and made the electric circuit through it, interrupted only by the water. The needle of the galvanometer stood at zero, indicating the complete insulation of the wire. A hole of considerable size was then made through the gutta percha, allowing the salt water to reach the wire. The electric circuit was then completed, through the water, as before. The needle deflected at once to 90°, showing the entire escape of the electric force through the opening, into the surrounding water. Here was the case of the absolute stoppage of the ocean cable. The large hole in the covering was then closed, and a more minute one made, and the circuit through the water again completed. This time the needle deflected to about 70°, showing a great but not entire loss of the electric force; and the needle, instead of remaining stationary at that point, kept vibrating through arcs of two or three degrees on each side of 70°. Here was the case of the weakened and irregular action of the ocean cable before it gave out entirely.

But Mr. Hughes not only demonstrated the cause of the failure of the present cable; he also proposed an adequate remedy of his own invention, against any such failure in cables that

may hereafter be laid. Gutta percha is more or less porous, and minute flaws may exist in the covering, which will not show themselves until sometime after the cable has been immersed. To meet these defects, to fill up any pores in the gutta percha, also to cure any accidental fracture that may take place after the cable is laid, Professor Hughes introduces a semi-fluid sticky substance of non-conducting character, between the wire and the gutta percha covering, which fluid will ooze out when any puncture is made, and harden when it comes in contact with the water. In this process the professor imitates nature, in her repair of injuries done to trees, by the flow of sap through the breach, and its subsequent coagulation. Experiments made with a wire prepared in this way, proved completely successful; the current failing as soon as the fracture was made in the covering, and resuming its full strength when the viscid matter had oozed out and healed the wound. This very important improvement gives renewed hopes of the eventual success of ocean telegraphs.

THE JACKSON SNUFF-BOX.

The gold snuff box bequeathed by General Jackson, to be given to the bravest man in the next war in which the country might be engaged, after his death, has at length been decreed to General Ward B. Barnett, colonel of the New York Regiment in Mexico. Having been assigned by the executor of General Jackson to the New York Regiment, to be awarded by that corps to one of its number, the regiment voted the same to General Barnett some time ago. The formal presentation thereof, by Colonel Jackson, the executor of the Hero of New Orleans, has been deferred by him in consequence of a sudden call from home, to attend to important business affairs. General Barnett is now surveyor general of Kansas and Nebraska, and is absent in the West, attending to his official duties. But he is to return soon, and will visit Nashville, Tennessee, for the purpose of receiving the box. The bequest itself is an unfortunate one, for it necessarily creates invidious distinctions among citizen-soldiers, and must place the recipient thereof in a very unpleasant position. We do not for a moment suppose that General Barnett would assume that there were not many soldiers in the Mexican war as brave as himself; and yet the vote of his regiment places him at once in contrast with all his fellow-soldiers from other States, who had the good fortune to display their bravery in that war. The truth is, that among the citizen-soldiers of the United States, bravery is so common a quality, that the want of it is the exception; and therefore any gift predicated upon such a distinction can hardly conduce to the increase of that harmony and good-fellowship which should ever be cherished among the volunteer defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

FLOATING BRICKS.

There is a species of brick known as floating brick, from its extreme lightness, which possesses some very valuable properties as a non-conductor of heat, and as a building material where strength and lightness are required. So great is the non-conducting power of this brick, that one end may be made red hot while the other is held in the hand. This would render the article very valuable for the construction of powder magazines and other structures required to be entirely fire-proof. As compared with the common clay brick, the weight of this article is only one-sixth of the other, the latter weighing five pounds, six and three-fourths ounces; while the former weighs only fourteen and one-half ounces. These bricks resist water, unite perfectly with lime, are subject to no alteration from sudden change of temperature, and are but little inferior in strength to the ordinary bricks of burned clay. The material of which the floating brick is made, is a silicious or infusorial earth, commonly known as fossil or mountain meal. It is, in fact, the fossil remains of minute insects, and similar to the celebrated Tripoli, or polishing powder, which is found in Barbary and some countries of Europe, and much used for burnishing steel and other metals. Its component parts are fifty-five in a hundred of silicious earth, fifteen of magnesia, fourteen of water, twelve of alumina, three of lime, and one of iron. When made into bricks and burned, the material loses about one-eighth part of its weight, but its bulk is scarcely diminished. The burned bricks differ from those made by compression, only in the so-

porous quality which they acquire from the fire. Either baked or unbaked, they are so light that they float freely upon the top of the water, and will even bear a mixture of five per cent. of clay without losing their property of floating.

A FALSE ALARM.

The accumulation of a large quantity of arms in a house in New York city, has given rise to the false report that an organization existed in that city for a filibustering descent upon the island of Cuba, and that these arms were designed for arming the champions of Cuban liberty who were to embark upon that enterprise. It turns out, however, that the arms in question, which consist of three thousand Minie rifles and Sharp's carbines, and some pieces of field artillery, have been provided for the use of a large stock company which is about to enter upon mining operations in the silver regions to the south of Arizona. This company is organized under a grant of a very large tract of land made by President Comfuer of Mexico, when he was in power; which grant stipulates that the company shall put down the Apache and Comanche Indians in that part of Mexico. It is for the purpose of enabling its settlers to comply with this condition that the company has provided these arms, and not for an assault upon the Spanish dons in Cuba. Other associations have been formed in various cities of the United States, with a view to working the silver mines of the northern Mexican territory, and the prospects of a large yield of silver ore are represented to be very good indeed. Probably the cheapest way to acquire Cuba will be to dig the money out of the Arizona Mountains, and then pay it to Spain for this much coveted "gem of the Antilles."

SARGENT'S STANDARD SCHOOL READERS.

We have from time to time noticed, as they appeared, the various "School Readers" written and prepared by Epes Sargent, and published in a style of great typographical excellence by Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter Street. The series is now completed, and in reviewing them, our first favorable opinion is decidedly confirmed. We are informed that more than a million copies of these works have already been called for in our American schools, and that the demand is increasing constantly, keeping pace with the publishers' ability to supply them. In many departments of literature success is not a sure test of merit, but in educational works it is a decisive one. The immense sale of these books shows their real value. The series comprises seven volumes, the first two, the Standard Illustrated Primer and the Standard Speller, being introductory. Then follow the Standard First Reader, the Second Reader, and the Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers, the latter a large work intended for the highest classes in schools and academies. The wide range of subjects and styles in these Readers, evinces extensive reading and great care, taste and labor on the part of Mr. Sargent. The exercises and rules for pronunciation are complete, intelligible and reliable. The most difficult words are fully explained—a highly commendable and important feature. The regular graduation of the series has also been successfully preserved. To write successfully for the young, particularly works of instruction, requires a rare talent, but in the books before us, Mr. Sargent has furnished complete evidence of his possession of this ability. He has devoted some of the best years of his life to this pursuit, and has won honors as legitimate in this line, as he has in the more attractive branches of belles-lettres.

SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

There are few more important articles in commerce than coffee. The immense quantities which are annually imported into Europe from the East and West Indies and the Brazils, are almost incalculable. The consumption of this berry is also great in this country—but inconsiderable when compared to the quantities used in the south of Europe. Coffee is a native of the East—and the first fresh seeds which were brought to Europe were planted by a gentleman of Dijon in France, in the year 1670. The shrubs bore fruit, but the berry was flat and insipid—and as there appeared no prospect of advantage from its cultivation, it was neglected. Afterwards a burgomaster of Amsterdam sent a flourishing coffee plant to Louis XIV. in 1714, which was the original stock from whence sprung

all the coffee shrubs on the plantations in the West Indies.

In the year 1720, M. de Clieux, an officer in the army, who owned a plantation in Martinico, formed a project of settling in that island, and attempting the cultivation of the coffee shrub. He happily obtained with some difficulty a young plant from the king's garden—which he regarded as a valuable treasure, and embarked in a ship for Martinico. The vessel had a long passage, and the whole crew were put on short allowance of water—but M. Clieux was very careful of his little Coffee plant, and divided with it daily, the small quantity of water which came to his share. When M. Clieux arrived at Martinico, his first care was to plant his coffee shrub in the most favorable spot in his garden. He watched it carefully—indeed it was the principal source of all his pleasures and hopes. The first crop produced about two pounds of berries, which he divided with those of the neighboring planters, whom he thought would be most likely to attend to the cultivation of the shrub.

After the second picking, they were enabled to extend the cultivation of coffee to an almost indefinite extent. At this time, a severe hurricane took place, and destroyed all the cacao trees on many of the plantations. The coffee tree was substituted in their place, and in a few years it became a great source of revenue to France, and of wealth to the planters. The inhabitants of Martinico evinced their gratitude to M. Clieux for the service he had rendered them by introducing the coffee trade into the island, by annually subscribing and raising the sum of 20,000 livres, or \$5000, which they paid him every year till his death, which happened many years afterwards. Coffee was introduced into Hispaniola in the year 1738. The inhabitants of that island erected in 1774 a statue to the memory of M. Clieux, as being the father of coffee plantations.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—A husband's idea of "an attempt to provoke a breach of the peace," was recently explained in a Cincinnati Police Court, by the statement that his jealous wife struck him three times on the head with a stool, knocked him down twice, and threw a panfull of dirty water in his face; when he endeavored to explain she hit him with a skillet, and damaged his countenance very severely.

EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers. "By my soul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

HOD-CARRIERS.—The hod-carriers of Portland have struck for higher wages. They demand one dollar and twenty-five cents per day during the summer season. Their present pay is one dollar. Who would voluntarily be a hod-carrier, notwithstanding all his views are *sublime*?

WESTERN CITIES.—According to the Detroit Advertiser, the population of that city now numbers 75,000. The population of Cincinnati is estimated by the Gazette at 200,000. The St. Louis Directory for this year, just published, gives the population of that city as nearly 100,000.

SHEEPISH.—Charles F. Benton of Great Barrington, has had 7 sheep killed by dogs and 15 wounded so badly that they had to be killed; and Mr. Beebe has also had 22 killed and 6 bitten. The town dog fund will have to suffer.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS CONN, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

POSTAL.—In the New York Post-Office there are nearly five thousand boxes, which cost twelve dollars each per annum.

VILLANOUS.—It now turns out that the Mormons were engaged in nearly all of the horrible massacres of emigrants.

PROSPERITY.—Boston mechanics have their hands full just at the present time.

PROFITABLE.—Fifty cents a day can be made in gathering gold in the Pike's Peak country.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 114,000!

No publication has ever attained so large a circulation in so short a period of time as has BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY. This is not alone because of its wonderful cheapness—which, as the New York Tribune says, is next to giving it away—but also on account of its fresh, original and entertaining character. Its stories, sketches and engravings, while they absorb and deeply entertain the general reader, also cultivate a love for all that is good and beautiful in humanity, in this way exercising a cheerful and happy influence over the home circle.

Its pages are edited with great care and experience, and its varied contents are calculated to provoke in the minds of the young an inquiring spirit, and to add to their store of knowledge. Its foreign gossip is of the most readable and choice character, its wit and humor department is void of all vulgarisms, yet is mirth-provoking in the extreme, while each number contains tales, sketches, poems and miscellaneous articles from more than twenty different regular contributors, affording a rich casket each month of the gems of mind and the beauties of thought.

Let no one fail, then, to realize how much pleasure may be purchased, how much innocent and useful enjoyment may be insured to the family circle, how much intelligence obtained, and how many leisure hours rendered valuable and agreeable, by the regular receipt of this favorite and popular Magazine.—Postage only eighteen cents a year!

Enclose \$1, and receive the Magazine by return of mail, and for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU,
Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS.—We would call particular attention to the advertisement of Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, in another column of this paper, relating to the really beautiful and unvalued instruments produced at their extensive establishment. This house has been long established, and has a reputation for the excellence of its work all over this country. These delightful ornaments (and we had nearly said necessities) to the domestic circle, have found their way into every State of the Union, delighting their possessors, and forming a never-failing source of exquisite enjoyment and profitable occupation.

A BAVARIAN PRIZE.—The King of Bavaria has offered a prize of 200 louis-d'or (about \$500) for the best drama illustrative of German history. The competition is open to the authors of all nations, and in order that it may be as extensive as possible, the time for sending in manuscripts is fixed as late as the end of November, 1860. Before that time his majesty may require all his pocket-money for powder and shot.

REV. DR. LOWELL.—C. H. Brainard, 22 1/2 Winter Street, has published a photographic likeness of Rev. Charles Lowell, which must be highly prized by all his friends. It is photographed by Silsbee, Case & Co., from a crayon head by T. M. Johnston, the best we have seen from the easel of this rapidly-rising young Boston artist.

A SLOW COACH.—The number of miles of canal in the United States now in use is about 50,038, at a total cost of \$175,000,000. Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have not ten miles of canals now used for purposes of navigation. The canal is a slow and ancient institution.

GOVERNMENTAL CANDIDATE.—We see it stated that Gen. Sam Houston is about to run for governor of Texas. We thought he had given up politics; but it's hard for an old war-horse to remain at pasture when the trumpet sounds.

Mr. Ballou gives us in his Dollar Magazine a rich, intellectual treat, containing tales, sketches, biographies, news, wit and humor, covering one hundred large and closely printed pages, upon fine white paper and new type, at a price which forms a new era in serial publications.—*Boston Gazette.*

REALLY WITTY.—A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, a wag remarked "that it must be Bishop the composer."

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—To check passion by passion, and anger by anger, is to lay one demon and raise another.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

The common table knives, of every day use, are made by forging the blade of blistered steel and welding it to a piece of iron, out of which the shoulder and handle-shank are made. The shape is given by hammering in a die and swage, and this process is succeeded by tempering and grinding. Knives of a better quality are manufactured from shear steel, which is blistered steel rolled or beaten into bars; while the finest cutting instruments are made of cast steel, which is blistered steel melted, run into ingots, and again run into bars. Blades of pen-knives are forged from the end of a rod of steel, and cut off, together with metal enough to form the shoulder for the joint. The crease for the thumb-nail, to be used in opening the knife, is made by a curved chisel while the metal is hot. Forks are made by forging the shank, and flattening the other end to a suitable length and width for the prongs. These are produced by stamping the metal, at a white heat, between two dies, which cuts them clear from the superfluous material. The latter is then removed from between the prongs by a fly-press, and the prongs are subsequently filed, pointed, curved, hardened and polished. The very common use of silver forks at the present day has greatly diminished the demand for those of steel, and the change is approved, on the ground that silver does not corrode with vegetable acids, like steel or iron, and is therefore more acceptable to the palate.

GAS BROILING APPARATUS.—A new and ingenious apparatus has just been invented by Mr. W. F. Shaw, of Boston, by which a tough steak, by being broiled over heat produced from burning illuminating gas in mixture with atmospheric air, as arranged in his gas cooking stoves, is rendered as tender as the sirloin steak when broiled over charcoal fire. The principle of this invention is very easily explained, inasmuch as the principal production of combustion from this mixture, when lighted, is hot vapor of water, by which the albumen of the muscular fibre on the surface of the meat is immediately coagulated, so firmly as not to allow the escape of the juices of the meat; these being retained, are soon converted to vapors of a very high temperature, which operate to break and rend the muscular fibres of the meat, and loosen their texture throughout.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.—We were delighted, lately, by calling in at one of the highly successful exhibitions of the Dutton Children in this city, at Music Hall. These little marvels realized our most poetic idea of fairies, as we gazed in mute astonishment at their amazing minuteness. A sweet kiss from the youngest brought us back to a realizing sense of these charming little creatures, formed in a mold of exquisite beauty and loveliness.

A FAMOUS BEGGAR.—Lamartine, the elegant French scholar and statesman, has been presented by the city of Paris with a handsome house and extensive grounds, in the Bois de Boulogne. He is a great author and poet, but a most unmitigated beggar, with a very large fortune all the while.

FOR JUNE.—Ballou's Dollar Magazine for June is now issued, and for sale everywhere for ten cents. One hundred pages of original tales, sketches, poems, wit and humor, and choice illustrations, for ten cents!

MEXICO.—The late atrocities of the revolutionary party in Mexico equal those of the rebel Sepoys. Uncle Sam will have to give those Mexicanos another thrashing. They seem to have forgotten the drubbing of 1846-'47.

POETICAL.—Disraeli states that the waters of the Adriatic cannot be agitated without moving those of the Rhine. "What a fluid orator he is!" as Mrs. Partington would say.

A VENERABLE MAN.—Captain Eben Gardner, the oldest resident of Nantucket, lately died at the age of ninety-five years. He had one hundred and five descendants.

NEW PLAY.—Mr. Tom Taylor has contributed a new piece to the stage of the Olympic, London, entitled "Nine Points of the Law."

WHO'S WHO? is the title of a new English novel; another is entitled "Sham."

Wayside Gatherings.

There are 75,000 men in Philadelphia who are liable to do military duty.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by a table-cloth.

W. C. Smith, of St. Albans, Vt., employs in his foundry about 70 hands, and turns out five tons of castings per day.

The number of children in the State of Connecticut, in January last, was 103,103, being an increase of 1617 for the year.

It is stated that Chili is totally disorganized by the revolutionary movement under General Gallo.

The city council of Salem, Mass., have forbidden the smoking of cigars in the street in the evening.

The procession at the Brooklyn Water Celebration, is said to have been over five miles long.

The English women, healthy, solid and natural, are like their food; and the French women, all taste, grace and elegance, are like theirs.

The joint-worm, which has a partiality for the very best wheat, has appeared in some parts of Virginia.

There are now confined in the New York city prison the startling number of eighteen persons either convicted of or charged with capital crimes.

The town of Nelson, N. H., containing a population of about 650, has made fourteen and a half tons of maple sugar the present season. The number of trees tapped was 10,859.

In St. Louis, Mobile, there is said to be a remarkable increase in the value of real estate. Property for which ten years ago \$1500 were paid, is not now for sale at \$50,000.

Matthew Kennedy, of Bennington, Vt., has sold his "gold mine" in that town for \$2000, to some California miners, who propose to put in a quartz-crusher.

Dr. Gould, late director of the Albany Observatory, has moved back to Cambridge, where he is attending to his duties in connection with the U. S. Coast Survey.

The new Cape Cod glass-works at Sandwich will soon be in operation. The other factory in the same place is reported to be doing a very good business.

The Newburyport Herald says that at the Supreme Court in Salem, recently, ex-Judge Thomas received for his services as an advocate and counsellor, \$1000 in one week.

The marble statue of Commodore Perry, to be erected at Cleveland, on Lake Erie, has been contracted for, and it is to be ready for inauguration on the 10th of September, 1860. It is to cost \$6000.

Many of the Cape Cod villages now present signs of active business. The persons engaged in fitting out cod fishing vessels are quite busy, and the number of these vessels is considerably increased.

An English paper says a missionary now in Erromango, was recently shown the oven "in which the body of Mr. Williams was cooked;" and hopes to be able to obtain the martyr's skull, which it seems has been preserved.

A South Carolina court has compelled an unwilling fellow to pay for the support of a woman to whom he was married for a joke, by a sham magistrate, the lady, however, taking it all in sober earnest.

The man up in Dogtown, 38 years old, who boasts that he never took a newspaper, says that Santa Anna, if he persists in his struggle with Russia, will be sure to lose all the territory of Bosphorus, and be excluded from the navigation of the Amazon Sea.

Prof. F. S. Holmes, of the College of Charleston, has unearthed from the site of an old pond, near that city, bones of a mastodon, terrapin, deer, and a fragment of Indian pottery—seeming to establishing the fact that the red man and all the creatures here named were cotemporaries.

Catherine Ferguson, of New London, aged 18 years, had been washing one day lately, when feeling uncomfortably warm, she immersed her head several times in a pail of cold water. She was immediately taken ill, and died of congestion of the brain—the effect of the sudden application of cold water to the head.

New York is an enterprising village. In August last—nearly a year ago—the City Hall was partially destroyed by fire caused by the fireworks used during the Atlantic Cable festivities, but so queerly are things managed by the Gothamite officials, the building has not been repaired to this day, notwithstanding the rain pours down through the roof at every storm.

Thursday, May 5, was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the death of Napoleon. He died at eleven minutes before six in the evening, in the midst of a great storm, which has been compared with that which raged while Cromwell's spirit was passing away. He was but a little older than Napoleon III. now is, who completed his fifty-first year on the 20th of April last.

A school-boy in Cincinnati recently fell upon his face, while playing on the roof of a flat boat. On returning home he complained that he could not see clearly, and an examination showed that his eyes were crossed, so that the retina received a double impression of every object. Whether they will ever return to their natural condition remains uncertain.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nature is a riddle, of which truth is the key.—*De Boufflers.*

.... God never allowed any man to do nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

.... What one sees and cannot see over is as good as infinite.—*Carlyle.*

.... Along with a helping hand there should ever go a helping sympathy.—*Boroe.*

.... Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—*Goethe.*

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.—*Bacon.*

.... The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell.*

.... Those we call odd people are very often merely such as disclose freely what the rest of us carefully conceal.—*Boroe.*

.... Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse to all inaction.—*Goethe.*

.... We always like those who admire us, but we do not always like those whom we admire.—*Rocheffoucauld.*

.... We must learn to comprehend the essence of art from admiration of excellence rather than from the detection of error.—*Fred. Schlegel.*

.... If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of this world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a part of the continent that joins them.—*Bacon.*

.... Action is the great law—slow, steady, long-continued action is the great appointment by which all healthful works are accomplished.—*Labor and Live.*

.... An isolated truth may at first seem useless; but there are none which are indifferent, and each belongs to a great family to which it introduces you.—*De Boufflers.*

.... A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that where an injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tillotson.*

.... Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—*Carlyle.*

.... The consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show a stalking-horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his interest to hide.—*Macaulay.*

Joker's Budget.

When is a man like a rooster? When his head is combed.

If you are out in a thunder storm, hurry into an omnibus that has a good conductor.

How many sides has a round plum-pudding? Two—inside and outside.

Two consins, named Crickett, were married lately in Jefferson county, Kentucky. We are opposed to cricket-matches.

Cheap, and yet (a) dear.—A good wife! [The ladies, of course, will thank us for this charming compliment.]

The man who waited for an opportunity has gone on; and the man who was fired with indignation has been put out.

Somebody has discovered that when a betting man says he'll "take you," he means that if he can he'll "take you in."

There are three kinds of friends: friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

A man in Louisville threatened by a lady's vengeance, saved himself from cow hide by using calf-skin. He ran away.

A cotemporary has discovered that Benedict Arnold became a traitor because he was brought up in town, and didn't eat pork!

What European nation will first burst into a flame? We expect the Dutch will; they are always smoking.

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her. "O, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural!"

In a graveyard in New Jersey there is a tombstone on which is inscribed the following simple yet touching epitaph: "He was a good egg."

"Tom, are you broke?" "Yes," said Tom with a sigh, "and so dead broke, that if steamboats were selling at a cent a piece, I couldn't buy a gangway plank."

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de butter of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A country newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack."

"May I come to see you this evening, miss?" "No." "To-morrow evening?" "No." "Some-time or other?" "No." "Well, you are a young lady of decidedly negative qualities."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BURNING THE LETTERS.

BY WILLIE E. PABO.

On the red coals, one by one
Drop the letters, love, for me;
Watch them into ashes run,
Losing all identity.

As the red flame rises higher,
Lapping up these written lines,
Perishes in bed of fire
Words and tokens sent as signs;

Sent o'er land and sent o'er sea,
Sent while seasons came and fled,
Sent as symbols unto me,
Sent the speech of lips instead.

Burn the letters one by one;
Let them fall, love, in the fire,
And as they to ashes run,
And the red flame rises higher,
Listen, while I whisper low
Of a love that came and went
As the white waves come and go
When their force on land is spent.

I was young and she was fair;
She seemed guileless, I was true,
And our castles in the air
We both built as lovers do.

Many a word she sent and sign
That her love as life was long;
And I drank affection's wine,
Thinking it would make me strong.

But one day this message came:
"Love is love no more to me;
Let these letters feed the flame;
I am naught but friend to thee."

Thus I wakened from the sleep
Cupid's potion put me in,
And, by far too strong to weep,
Since my fate was not to win,
I these letters laid aside,
Thinking that perchance some time,
In the fullness of life's pride,
They would serve to suit my rhyme.

And the season of that pride
Now has come, love, unto me.
Thou, my darling, art my bride,
So I show these lines to thee.

Drop the letters one by one;
Let them fall, love, in the flame;
And as they to ashes run
Perish memories of her name.

Perish all the hopes and fears
Pinned to those written lines;
Perish traces of the years
When she sent these words and signs.

Love so quick to come and go,
Love so soon to rise and fall,
No true heart could ever know;
Love, in giving, giveth all.

It was written, I should learn
What was false and what was true;
What was false, love—see it burn,
What was true, love—lives in you.

Riper years and soberer mind
Bring a heritage to thee,
Such as they alone can find
Who in Lethe's waveless sea

Buried long ago the hopes
That, by fancy's falsest beam,
Trod the path that ever slopes
Down to disappointment's stream.

Drop the letters one by one,
Let them fall, love, in the flame;
And as they to ashes run,
Perish so her very name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LESSON OF REVERSES.

BY BERTHA LINTON.

"SIT here, dear Florence, in the shade of this superb Isabella, and I will tell you what you have been dying to know all day. Yes, Floy, Castleton Sumner loves me, and as soon as his father arrives we are to be married. You and Bell Forrest are to be bridesmaids, and John Hamilton and Charles Molineux groomsmen. We are to live in that beautiful house, built by Mr. Marvell, on Bishop Street. Dudley & Fisk are to supply our furniture, Wells & Lincoln our upholstery, and Mark Conway is to finish up the house. I am to have my mother's faithful Rebecca, and Castleton's mother is going to let us have her cook and chambermaid. We are to keep a black man also, for errands and the door. There, I cannot say another word."

"Nor need you, dear Louise. You are out of breath, and it will take a week to recover me. So much good news at once always tires me. I wish you had a bit of sorrow with it."

"You mean, envious thing! No, I will give

you that part. You love to cry. It would be a luxury that you would appreciate to have everything go wrong, so that 'a few natural tears might course down your cheeks.'"

"No, Louise, I would not throw a single thorn in your pathway; but say, in that long race after happiness, which ends in Marvell House and plenty of upholstery, is there not a shadow that sometimes beckons to you to pause and think?"

"Not a shadow, Floy. I leave all such unsubstantial things to you, dreamy, poetic romantic people. My visions are all real, and Castleton Sumner the true knight who gives me a bright home and all pleasant surroundings in it."

O, love and youth! with what bright, rose-hued tints do ye invest all objects! I could not bear to throw a cloud over her, and I left her singing a gay song, and turning over her wedding clothes, as gay and light of heart as if no shadows were in the world. I needed not to wish that Louise should have sorrow. It came faster than I had anticipated.

Castleton Sumner was a very unfit person to trust one of her thoughtless temper with. He was reckless and extravagant, on the strength of a few thousands which had been left him by his father, and which he ought to have employed in some lucrative business. No expensive toy was omitted that could make the house in Bishop Street elegant; and although he did not absolutely overdraw his resources, he crippled them so much that, at the end of the month in which the two had been carelessly spending for the approaching bridal, he had not enough remaining to warrant a style of living corresponding to the expensive outfit.

Unfortunately, the parents of Louise were too much dazzled by her marriage with Mr. Sumner to guard her from the danger in which she stood. One word from them would have made her think; but thinking involuntarily, without suggestion from others, was not her fashion. I blamed myself afterwards that I had not opened her eyes.

The wedding was sumptuous. People of high fashion were invited, and no expense was spared to render their reception the most elegant and *recherche* of the season. A series of splendid parties were given to the bride, and called forth a corresponding one on her part; and now Louise was fairly launched in the topmost wave of that deceitful and uncertain ocean of popular favor called fashionable society.

Six weeks after the wedding, I went, as I had repeatedly promised to do, to spend the day quietly and alone with Louise. It was near noon when the well-dressed black servant lad admitted me. I sat some time, with my bonnet on, in the chilly drawing-room, and feeling cold, I found my way to a smaller room, in which were preparations, apparently, for a breakfast. There was a richly chased silver service on a little stand, and corresponding appointments on the top of the cheerful looking stove. A luxurious chair was drawn up to the table, as if the late riser was coming immediately. But it was half an hour before Louise appeared, and then, although she seemed genuinely glad to see me, there was an air of languor and almost of sadness about her. She scarcely touched the breakfast.

"You will think me a lazy girl, Floy, but last night's party at White's fairly overcame me."

I said that I had just called on another friend, a last year's bride, Sophy Howard.

"Ah, poor Sophy! she did not marry very high I am told," said Louise, languidly.

"Yet I found her very prettily situated. She has a good house in a pleasant street, with everything comfortable and even handsome about her. She had been driving out alone this morning, several miles, for her husband keeps a fine horse and a good substantial chaise."

"How in the world can Albery afford such an extravagance?" asked Louise, somewhat pettishly. "I am sure I have teased Castleton for one often, and he can't afford it."

I looked round the room and through the open door, and smiled.

"What did those curtains cost you, Louise?"

"A hundred dollars each."

"That is six hundred. I won't trouble you for an inventory of the rest of your furniture, but will tell you how Sophy lives. She has white linen shades only. Her carpets are good substantial Brussels; her chairs, well made walnut, with hair-cloth seats. There are no tables, but simple marble slabs. In this pleasant parlor, her books, her pretty work-basket, and her piano—that piano which was her dependence for a liv-

ing, and which she would not let Mr. Albery exchange for a handsomer one—all these things make her home pleasant. In her orderly house-keeping she requires but two servants, and one of these is an orphan girl whom she took, not because she needed her, but because the poor thing had no home. As they have no stable for their horse, they do not need a man. Sophy looks happy, and compares her present easy life with that which she experienced as a music teacher two years ago."

Louise made no reply, except that "after all, Sophy had not attained to much style."

I had abundant occasion to think, in the course of the day, that style had brought little happiness to poor Louise, and that Sophy was the richer woman of the two. Mr. Sumner came home at five to an elegant dinner, at which there were wines and fruit of the highest cost. How long could this last?

Sad to tell, ere they had been married six months, he was arrested at the suit of a wine merchant, and the unpaid bills of his outfit gloomed up darkly before him. They were ruined. Sumner's few thousands were all gone in superfluities that he had been obliged to pay for at the time. He had had no settled business, and there was no one to whom he could reasonably apply for assistance. The house was stripped, and the next time I saw Louise was in a third or fourth rate boarding house.

If this had taught them wisdom it would still have been well; but wisdom does not come to those who do not seek her. The little that remained from the wreck soon went after the rest, and Sumner, mortified and angry with the world, went off to Australia, leaving Louise dependent on her father for a maintenance which he was ill able to afford her.

In every heart there is a spark of energy, which only remains to be awakened into life. Sometimes it is never reached at all, and the individual goes on through existence with the reputation of idleness and inefficiency clinging to his or her character until death.

"Poor Sophy Albery, who did not live in style," was the angel who breathed the breath of life into Louise Sumner's being. After Castleton had really gone, Sophy begged Louise to come to her for a visit, which visit was lengthened into many months. It had been begged as a favor to Sophy, because she wished to have company in her husband's occasional absences. She had that true and perfect kindness which will not let any one feel an obligation too heavily. Then, after some time, she gave up the two music scholars whom she had always retained, to Louise, and the latter, glad to be able to do something for herself, increased the number to a dozen, among her own acquaintances. Contrary to the established rule of romancers, who invariably describe a person's friends as leaving them in a time of adversity, it was observable that many of Mrs. Sumner's old visitors had never seemed to think so much of her before. How far it might be owing to Sophy Albery, it is hard to judge. Certain it is that her manner towards her stricken friend was such as to inspire others with respect and consideration.

It was pleasant to see how quickly Louise, with her habits of indolence, was won into better ways by the example of Sophy Albery. Not all at once did she become perfect, nor yet without much tribulation, but little by little, yet with such hearty good will to do right, that her progress seemed both rapid and real.

Not now did she breakfast at noon. Long before the sun she and Sophy were up, planning for the day. At ten Louise went to her first lesson, and returned at two, to have a cheerful afternoon with her friend.

"And O, Florence!" she would exclaim, "with what feelings of distaste do I recall my first half year of marriage. Could any one be more blind, more foolish than I have been?"

"But you have so nobly redeemed that time, Louise," I would reply, "that I think of you far more highly than if you had never erred; and after all, it was not you who were to blame."

"O, don't throw it upon poor Castleton, Florence. He too is changed, you may believe. Let me read you his letter, received to-day."

And Castleton Sumner—the butterfly, the exquisite—wrote of toils and dangers and struggles, that might have appalled a practical economist.

"But I do not complain of them, Louise," he continued. "They have shown me the false state of that society which we once worshipped, but which henceforth I abjure. If God spares

my life to return to you, I will make myself worthy of higher and better associations than we once coveted. Meantime, I do not ask you to remit your noble toil. We will both toil until pride and vanity are rooted from our hearts. Since I have been here, I have seen what I never saw before—proud men working for daily bread, and good, noble, generous men working with their own hands at hard, wearing toil for others—ministers and lawyers and physicians turned nurses, and the great and good serving the lowly and poverty-stricken. I have seen women nobly born washing for a living, and beggars seated in high places. With all these in my mind, I will come to you with clean hands and an upright heart."

Nobly indeed has he redeemed his pledge. Now, indeed, is Louise Sumner a happy wife, for only last week Castleton returned, renewed in heart and soul, and worthy to be her husband.

GERMAN LIFE.

Everything in Germany begins and ends with a dance, and the church celebrations are not an exception. Every village inn has its ball-room, the best finished and most pleasant room in the house: but the ball itself strikes us as the most repulsive of any feature of peasant life. Very frequently they occur on Sundays also, and begin early in the afternoon with two or three fiddlers for musicians. The smoking and drinking commence at the same time, and in a few hours the room is dark with the clouds from the fragrant weed, the wine is standing in dirty pools over all the floors and tables; the men are stupefied, and all are heated with perspiration, presenting a most disgusting and heart-sickening scene, yet their feet never weary; they dance till night, and then till morning. But we have attended halls where the assembly consisted of merchants, officials, and respectable mechanics, and at which gentlemen of the highest rank were present as spectators, and the room was also filled with smoke to suffocation. The gentlemen walked about between the dances with cigars in their mouths, puffing, without ceremony, into the faces of the ladies, and spitting upon the floor, without a seeming thought that they were doing anything contrary to the most gentlemanly deportment, as indeed they are not, as it is here understood. No German imagines tobacco smoke to be disagreeable on any occasion, and in the most refined circles after tea the cigars are lighted, and the puffing kept up for hours, where the ladies are elegant, accomplished, and dressed in the most *recherche* style. If they walk in the garden it is the same; they smoke, smoke, smoke; cigar lighters are placed upon the dining-tables in hotels, and nowhere in Germany are there saloons provided for ladies. There is no common room for the meeting of either gentlemen or ladies except the smoking-room; and ladies in hotels are not expected to linger after dinner, or spend the evening where gentlemen can enjoy their society. We hear this often lamented among themselves, but it is the custom, and there is no such thing as changing a German custom.—*Peasant Life in Germany*.

WHAT A MOSQUITO IS LIKE.

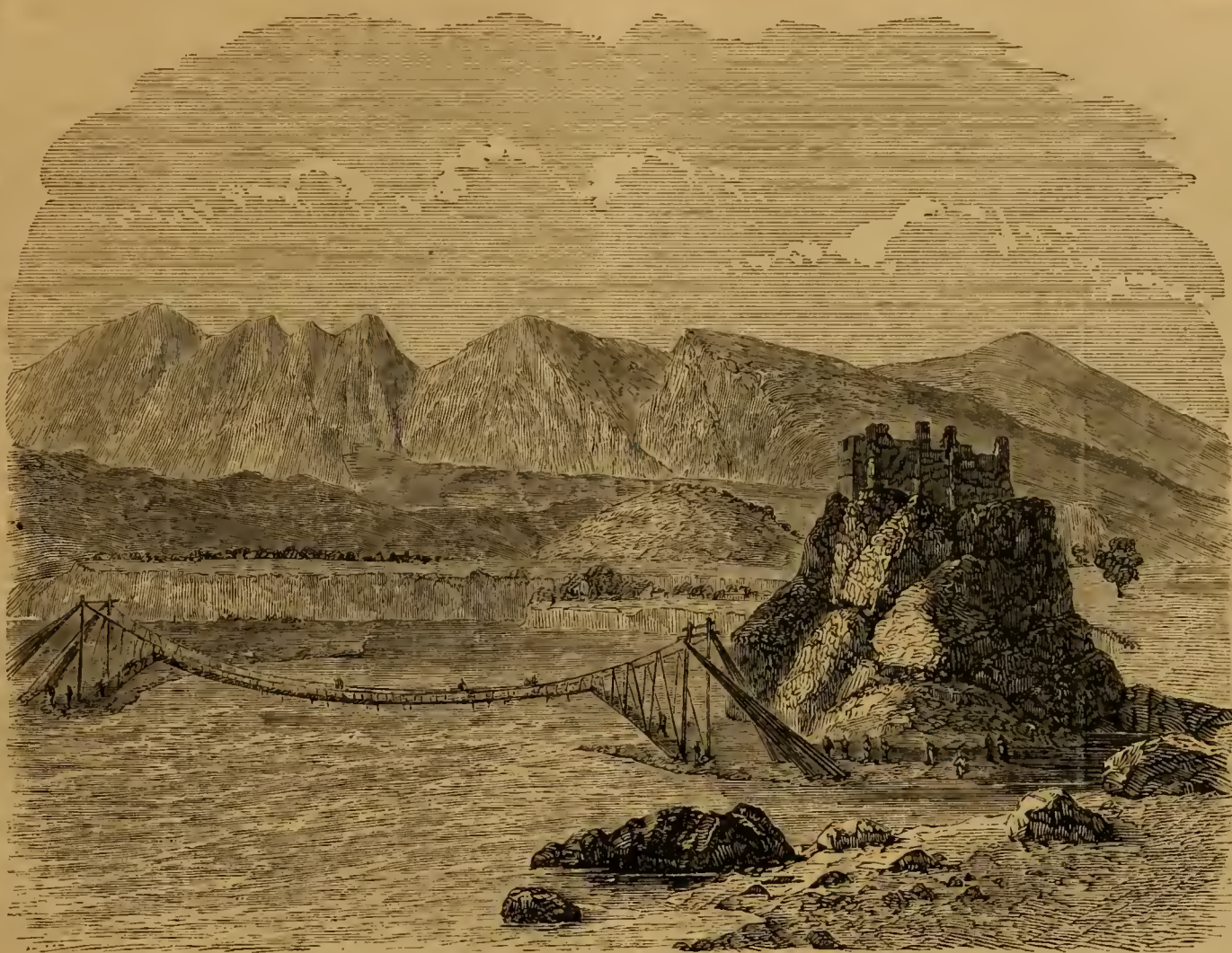
Those who have never had the pleasure of a personal intimacy with a mosquito, will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of that amiable animal by reading the following description:—"The mosquito is an offensive and venomous species of insect. He abides in swamps and marshes, though he does by no means confine himself to those localities. His bill is long, sharp and piercing, and his voice is like unto it. In these respects he differs not from the snipe or sand-hill crane; neither as to his general personal appearance, particularly when on the wing. He also much reminds one of a Scotch bagpipe, and yet is unlike it, inasmuch that his piping ceases when his bag is full, and *vice versa*. He delights in blood and torture, and his cruelty is particularly manifest, in that he invariably sucks his victim through a tube instead of swallowing him at once. His appetite is insatiable, and is limited only by his capacity. When full, he retires for a time, but like the chamber of Colt's revolver, returns to the charge as often as he goes off; so also, if he be driven away forcibly, and for this his pertinacity is remarkable. But of what possible use he is I wot not, unless it be as a model of industry and perseverance."

AN ARAB AND PORK.

The senior Brooks writes to the New York Express that on a steamer in the sea of Marmora, one of the passengers, an Arab chief, who knew no language but the Arabian, got into a terrible passion at the first dinner on board the boat. The steward, he supposed, had mixed up in some dish he gave him, the forbidden hog. Every effort was made to appease him, and to show him he had not broken divine law in eating pork, but pantomime was only successful when it planted his fingers on top of his head to indicate it was horned meat he had been devouring, not wallowing hog. He had bought a French or Swiss watch in Constantinople, with his Turkish numerals upon it, and it was his plaything. He came out every hour or two with some new color on his turban, or some new robe on, from which Mr. Brooks concludes that Arabs can be dandies as well as other men.

BRIDGE AT ALCANANDA.

The suspension, or, as it is sometimes called, the flying bridge, represented in our engraving, is formed of rope, made from a mountain shrub, known as *Eriophorum comosum*. It is thrown across the Alcananda, near the extremity of the Serinagur, the ancient capital of Gourwal, a province of Northern India, subjugated by the English in 1815. The Alcananda rises in the range of the Himalaya, and joins the Bhagirathi near the city of Deoprang. The confluence, with a width of about eighty yards, assumes the name of the Ganges. The current of the stream in the neighborhood of the suspension bridge is exceedingly rapid, and is consequently very dangerous to the native Indian boats, often carrying them away, or stranding them on the rocks. The barren scenery presents a very dreary and uninviting aspect; and the place is chiefly remarkable for the veneration in which it is held by the Hindoos, inferior only to their respect for the Bhagirathi, or true Ganges. The town, situated on the left bank, stands almost in the centre of a valley, and is elliptical in form. It contains about six hundred stone houses, two stories high. The ground floors are chiefly used as shops, the upper story being employed as a family dwelling. The streets are so narrow, that two persons cannot walk arm-in-arm. The palace of the ancient rajahs forms the centre of the town; it is built of granite, and is four stories high. Whatever might have been its original splendor, it now bears no trace of magnificence, having crumbled into ruin. The opulence and importance of the city vanished more than fifty years ago, when it was simultaneously attacked by the Ghoorouks and an earthquake. The commerce chiefly carried on is in spices, the manufactures being very limited, and the trade in copper and lead, obtained from the neighboring mountains, is even still less important than the manufactures. On the opposite side of the river, in the village of Ramhault, is a celebrated temple, dedicated to the Rajah Ishwara, and visited by numerous pilgrims. It is famous for its bay-aderes or dancers, who are admitted within its walls on their renunciation of their relations.



CURIOUS BRIDGE AT ALCANANDA, IN NORTHERN INDIA.

A FRENCH BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

The second sketch on this page represents the interior of a French blacksmith's shop, which does not differ, in any material respect, from our own. The French blacksmith is a very skilful workman, and is very proud of his profession. He has a lofty designation—nothing less than marshal-farrier, *maréchal-ferrant*. The greatest officers of France trace their origin to the stable. The constable was only a count attached to a stable: "Regalium prepositus equorum, quem connestabilem vocant," as the chronicler, Gregory of Tours, says, in his semi-barbarous Latin. The marshal had charge of the king's war-horses. *Mark-sæl* signified, in old German,

master of the horses, and the learned etymologists who derive the word from *mark* (frontier) and from *child* (defender), have forgotten that the monosyllable *sæl* is found in *senes-cæl*, master of the cooks. According to an old memorial in the chamber of accounts, the blacksmiths of Bourges annually gave the marshals of France four horse-shoes in the month of April, and four others at Easter. Does not this fact prove a community of origin, a fraternal approach between the first dignitary of the French army and the marshal-farrier or blacksmith? The French blacksmith, after serving a certain term of apprenticeship, and acquiring some knowledge of his business, leaves his first master, and goes

she made so much water, the crew refused to go any further. The captain put into Grimsby, engaged four extra men, and proceeded, much against the will of the obstinate crew. After she was discharged in London and put on the shore, the leak was found to have proceeded from a hole in which was found two fish, the one about the size of a sprat, and the other of a larger size; the smaller one was quite in, and the larger one had its body half in. The captain is of opinion that had these two members of the finny tribe not taken shelter in the hole, he would not have been able to keep her afloat. There have been many instances of an apparent prevention of disaster by a similar cause.—*London Sun*.



A FRENCH BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

from town to town, stopping to work for 18 or 20 francs a month. Thanks to the laws of the craft, he is assured of a shelter while waiting for work. He is not isolated and lost even in the selfish whirl of Paris itself. He asks the first man he meets for the rue Vieille-du-Temple. On reaching No. 97, he sees in the centre of the house a long parallelogram, painted black, on which are detached, in full relief, gilded horse-shoes and the statue of St. Eloi. Above is inscribed in letters, corroded by time: "The mother of Marshal-farriers—hotel of the great St. Eloi." He enters and finds comrades assembled in the bar-room in the basement, makes himself known, and is allowed a bed, provisions, and unlimited credit. In the morning, if a vacancy occurs, he obtains a situation, without the master he addresses having a right to refuse him. The workman thus sees practically how association gives strength to the weak, greatness to the little, aid to the unfortunate. When he has collected funds enough, and a practical knowledge of his trade, he sets up for himself, hires a shop and workmen, and supplies himself with tools. His success then depends upon his skill and good fortune in securing a location. A good farrier is almost always sure of a good living.

A LEAK STOPPED.

As a brig belonging to the Tyne was on her passage from Shields to London, during a late gale, she sprung a leak off Winterton, and as

Poet's Corner.

A WOMAN'S DOUBTS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

You say that you'll think of me,
But dare I believe what you say, love?
Men's vows are light as the foam of the sea,
Swift of change as an April day, love!
And I fear so many fond eyes
Will shioe on your prosperous lot, love,
That as stars are unseen when the sun's in the skies,
So shall I—in their light—be forgot, love!

You say that you'll think of me,—
Mayhap, but to laugh at my folly,
To swear that the idlest of girls I must be,
Sickly life with a sad melancholy!
So you'll pass through the world, and each hour
Shall for you some fresh sorcery find, love;—
Ah, 'tis pleasant to wear, in its beauty, the flower
Which when faded is cast to the wind, love!

You say that you'll think of me,
But I know that the world can give for
A brave, earnest heart, such palms as must be
Worthy to labor and live for!
O, there's power over men, and fame,
And the glory of songs divine, love;—
Ah me, can I hope but a memory to claim
When guerdons like these may be thine, love?

You say that you'll think of me,
And my soul shall turn ever to you, love;
Since for woman, in life, there never can be
But one mission—it is, to be true, love!
Ay, true to the faith of the past;
True to the vow she has plighted;
To hope and to suffer, and love to the last,
And love to the last—unrequited!

A FAREWELL.

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved, and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core!
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before;
And so, farewell! Forgive me, love me—no,
That word is idle now—but let it go!—BIAOX.

LOVE CANNOT DIE.

It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline,
We are entwined; let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first, endures the last.
BIAOX.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— This year, at least, the month of May came to us with a frank welcome. Its opening was more like that of summer than the close of spring; it was Russian in the sudden rush of heat and sunshine. Never have we noticed a more rapid change in vegetation. In the morning you walked down to take the Boston cars, and perceived only swelled buds by the roadside;—at night of the same day they have expanded into leaflets. And now the forest-trees are green, and the grass is deep and waving, and all nature is summer-like. From the Sandwich Islands we learn that the crater of Kilanea is still in a state of decided activity. A vessel had recently arrived at Honolulu with a party of visitors, who had been to take a near view of the magnificent scene. The travellers had a hard time of it, were two days without water, travelling over clinkers, with their boots torn to tatters, and the blood during the last day marking their steps over the lava. The Paris papers tell a story of great good luck that came to a shepherd boy who picked up, and returned to Count S, a hat which was blown from the count's head in the cars, to the residence of the lad by a gale of wind. The count played at a gaming table with two *louis d'ors* (which he had first proposed to give the boy), and gave the lad the winning—10,000 francs. We hope the count did not inform the boy how he obtained the 10,000 francs; otherwise when that young gentleman reaches his majority he will be devoting himself to games of chance, and perhaps end as a thimble-rigger's toady or a "moist unpleasant body in La Morgue at Paris." The greatest activity pervades the various summer hotels where the fashionables love to congregate during the warm season, and grouty papas begin to look "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" at the thoughts of the cheekes they will have to draw. It is related that lawyer Talcott once called a fellow-practitioner the "right bower" of the profession. When asked to explain, he said he meant "the biggest knave in the pack." The Princess Clotilde has introduced a novelty in Paris—she blushes! and a blush is such a rarity, and in fact impossibility, with ladies there, that Mrs. Plon-Plon is really envied. "They teach us to dance!" exclaims Mademoiselle Deluz. "O, that they could teach us to blush, even at a guinea glow!" A movement has been made in Honolulu toward erecting a monument at Kealahakua Bay, on the spot where the great circumnavigator, Capt. Cook, fell. Horses existed on this continent prior to its habitation by white men, Prof. F. S. Holmes says. A recent death in this city, which carried great affliction into an attached circle of friends, was that of Mr. Charles James Everett, treasurer of the Cheshire Railroad. He was a son of the late Rev. James Everett, for many years chaplain in the navy. He had been in early life engaged in the mercantile business in London, but for many years had resided in Boston, his native city. He was upright and honorable, and one of the most genial, even-tempered, pleasant men we ever knew. His death must be long and severely

felt. Some learned newspaper editor says "that the simplest way of calculating the distances of heavenly bodies is the rule laid down by John Phoenix's celebrated lectures upon astronomy, viz., guess at one half the distance, and multiply by two." A person recently returned from Washington, in reply to a question of where he had been, replied, "I have been after an office, and got the refusal of it." The Order of Odd Fellows now numbers about 200,000 members in the United States, and paid out last year \$350,000 for the relief of the sick, and \$12,000 for the education of orphans. A new story by the author of Guy Livingstone, has been commenced in Frazer's Magazine, called "Sword and Gown." Guy Livingstone is a capital book. Among the applicants for admission to the Binghamton, N. Y., Asylum for Inebriates, are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty-five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women, who are from the higher walks of life. It is said that E. Bulwer Lytton will make about \$15,000 out of his last novel, "What Will He Do With It?" In Chicago, recently, a musical conductor who had often been outraged by people leaving during the last few moments of the performance, introduced into the programme of an oratorio, preceding the closing chorus, the following notice: "Three minutes intermission to allow those to retire who do not wish to remain till the close." The fallen potentate Soulouque is still living in Kingston. He passes his time in playing cards with VII Lubin, the "Bloodthirsty," as the Haytiens called him. Soulouque had lately been expelled from a merchant's mansion which he had rented, because his daughters, the princesses, were found washing clothes in a tub elevated on a barrel in the drawing-room, thereby greatly disfiguring the walls and carpet, which were magnificent. The new water main to Brookline, which is to secure the people of Boston from all possible danger of a failure of a sufficiency of water to meet every demand, is now in process of construction. About a quarter of a mile of the pipe has already been laid, and the work will be continued with all possible despatch. There is a newspaper story to the effect that the husband of Mr. Corcoran's daughter, of Washington, receives a bridal present of \$1,000,000. The Western and Worcester Railroad Companies have placed upon their lines between Albany and Brighton a novelty in the shape of a drover's car, fitted up at one end with sleeping berths and at the other with tables for reading, and proper ventilation for smoking purposes. In this car the drover can accompany his cattle, and is thus on hand in any emergency that may occur. In his lecture on "Manners," the sage of Concord says: "After Dickens had paid America a visit he wrote a book commenting severely on American manners and customs. He would have done better to mend us by better examples." A French author says: "When I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good." Speaking of originality, Emerson says: "An author is original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato." The St. Paul Pioneer says that many of the settlers upon the public lands in Minnesota advertised for sale are abandoning their claims. "They have no money to make good their pre-emptions, and it cannot be procured, as in more prosperous times, by mortgaging the land. In some instances hard working men, with families depending upon them for support, will be compelled to lose the fruits of two years labor upon their farms." The New Orleans Picayune has been shown a parcel of Mexican silk, from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This curious product of Southern Mexico grows on one of the most beautiful and majestic trees of those inimitable forests, is strong in fibre and firm in staple as the silk-worm's thread, which, in appearance, it much resembles, and wonderfully soft to the touch. Late advices from the ground nut districts on the coast of Africa informs us of a great deficiency in the yield of this crop in Goree and Senegal, and at Gambia it is supposed the crop will not exceed 8000 tons, or 600,000 bushels, against 14,000 tons, or 1,050,000 bushels last year. Rev. Dr. Chapin and Frank Moore, author of various works of historical value, are engaged upon a work entitled the "Every-Day Book of the World"—a publication on the model of Hume's "Every-Day Book," but of somewhat wider scope. The Evening Post says it is to be published by subscription.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES AND STORIES. By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo (Blue and Gold)
"Delicious," is the only epithet that can properly be applied to these "Studies, Stories, and Memoirs," embracing such subjects as Schiller, Byron, Goethe, Hoffman, Goethe's Last Love and Table-Talk, Memoirs of Washington Allston, etc. This will be a pet volume with every reader of refined taste.
THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS: or, *Laughter for a Life-Time*. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann Street. 12mo. pp 368
A collection of broadly humorous sketches, illustrated throughout with droll engravings, and warranted to cure the deepest fit of the blues. Sour critics may sneer, but the million will split its sides over this quaint volume.
LIFE OF MAHOMET. By EDWARD GRONON. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 508 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 236.
Another valuable volume of the publishers' Household Library. The work is taken from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and enriched by the learned annotations of Dean Milman and Dr. William Smith. This biographical series is growing into universal favor with the public. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.
From the same publishers we have received T. B. Peterson & Brothers' complete edition of Lever's "Davenport Dunn," and Scott's "Woodstock."
PERCIVAL'S POEMS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 18mo.
A dainty "blue and gold" edition of Percival's original poems complete, supplying a serious vacuum in our libraries of American literature. Percival was one of the most remarkable of American writers, a fine poet, a wonderful scholar, and as a man, a most interesting psychological study. An important sketch of the poet's life forms the preface to this edition.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The war in Europe occupies the columns of all our foreign exchanges. Austria, France and Sardinia have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and the plains of Piedmont have already been saturated with blood. As was anticipated, the first successes were on the side of the Austrians, but their advantages were fruitless, and the allied troops have accomplished all that was expected of their bravery, numbers and unparalleled artillery. The commercial distress in Europe is intense, and the finances of the belligerents in an alarming state. The attitude of armed aggression assumed by Austria, her outrageous step in precipitating hostilities, has lost to her whatever favor she enjoyed in England, and public sentiment there sides with her enemies. The policy of England is to maintain a strict neutrality, and to compress the war into as small a compass as possible. The London Times regards it as a purely continental quarrel.—Austria is only carrying out the policy with regard to Italy which she has persistently pursued since 1815. She has upheld despotism, not only in her own States, but with States with which she had no right to interfere.—Garibaldi takes the field at the head of a splendid body of troops. The youthful members of some of the noblest families of Italy are enrolled under his banner, including, it is said, a nephew of the pope.—The last review of the troops at Turin by King Victor Emmanuel called forth the greatest enthusiasm. The troops of all arms appeared finally and justified the expectations they have since confirmed.—Warlike preparations are going on actively in England.—The details of the last operations at the seat of war will prove intensely interesting.—The Imperial Guard of France is now on a war footing. Napoleon III. will take the field with a more terrible and destructive artillery than Napoleon I. ever brought to bear on his foes. The means of transportation are also so much improved since the commencement of the present century that troops can be placed in front of the enemy in good condition. Many of Napoleon's great battles were fought by men who had just achieved the most terrible forced marches.—It is to be hoped that out of the present continental convulsions will grow a condition of things which may make European liberty something more than a name, and they will not always remain the tools for despots to play with.—An immense number of failures of stock operators has already ensued from the European crisis.

Alexandre Dumas.

M. Alex. Dumas says his voyage to Russia and the East cost him only \$2000, and that the money he received from Count Koucheliff was \$12,000 for two novels, and that his books bring him in \$20,000 a year. He left Paris on the 15th of May for another two years' excursion. He has sold his "Voyage to Caucasus" for \$6000; it is to be published daily, and thirty numbers only issued, consequently he receives a thousand francs daily for it.

Memorials of Shelley.

Lady Shelley announces, in one volume, "Memorials of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley." This lady was a Miss Gibson, formerly married to a brother of the present Lord Bellingbroke, and after his death she married, in 1843, the present Sir Percy Florence Shelley, son of the poet.

Australian Copper Mines.

In Australia there are some copper mines, termed the "Burra Burra." They were opened in 1845, and in five years yielded 56,423 tons of ore, averaging forty per cent., and worth \$3,000,000. In five years they returned to the stockholders nineteen times their outlay.

Death of an Author.

William D. Arnold, son of the good Dr. Arnold, died April 9th, on his passage home from India. The deceased was known in literature by a striking and earnest fiction, entitled "Oakfield; or, Fellowship in the East."

Horace Vernet.

Horace Vernet is going to be married, at the age of sixty-seven. The illustrious painter has gained the heart of a widow, Madame Marie Amelie Fulier, whose first husband was a M. de Bois Richeux.

Rise of Wines.

In some parts of France wine and brandy have slightly risen in consequence of the vines having suffered from frost. In Languedoc, one eighth of the wine crop has been destroyed.

Russian Review.

It is stated that some Russian residents in Paris, in conjunction with some French literary men, are about to bring out a new periodical, to be called the "Sclavonic Review."

Chloroform.

Three deaths by chloroform lately in the hospitals of Paris, have occasioned a debate in one of the medical societies on the propriety of abolishing the use of anesthetics.

Music by a Prince.

An illustrious dilettante, Prince Emile de Wittgenstein, has composed a cantata on Uhland's ballad, "The Blind King," which has been performed with great eclat.

American Students in England.

There are now three Americans in the University of Cambridge, England. Two of them are Bostonians, and the third, Mr. Francis P. Corbin, is from Virginia.

New Opera.

M. Flotow, author of the favorite opera of "Martha," has just completed another opera, "Le Menuier de Maran," which is about to be produced at Hanover.

The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern is to be ready for her trip to the United States by the end of July or early in August.

Mrs. Aytoun.

Prof. Aytoun has lost his wife, the youngest and favorite daughter of Christopher North.

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THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

The large engraving on this page represents the Prince Imperial of France in the beautiful Scotch Highland costume recently presented him by Queen Victoria. It is perfect, from the heron plume which marks the chieftain, to the dainty little tartan stocking, including the characteristic goat skin purse. He wears his fancy dress with a jaunty air—but then—is he not a French boy, and has he not been tutored in his bearing by the ablest hands? Though in his fourth year only, this young gentleman has been instructed to make a show. He is already corporal in the Imperial Guard, and if fortune spares his father's life and his, he may in six years rise to the command of a regiment. "Promotion is rapid in the French army." How many hopes and fears encircle that young head! Were he the child of any other father, or born in almost any other land, his future might be easily predicted. He would pass through the training of the schools, civil and military, he would be surrounded by flatterers, envied by splendor, and then in due time ascend the throne and wield the sceptre. But France is the country of political volcanoes. Where are the prospects of the scions of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbon family? Scattered to the winds by revolutionary explosions. The fall of Louis Napoleon, skilful and fortunate as he is, may be as rapid and bloody as his rise. The present time opens to the world a drama that may be productive of as many chances and changes as the time of the first great emperor of France. Those who now fill the public eye may be swept from the stage into utter oblivion, and men whose names are now never breathed may occupy their places. An entirely different social and political organization may be formed. Unless all the signs fail, Europe is on the eve of greater convulsions than have yet marked the page of modern history. In this chaos, if chaos there be, what will happen to our young friend in the Scotch tartans? Poor little fellow! we certainly wish him well, for he is too young yet to have worked any evil in this hurly-burly world. Let us hope that whatever chances, he will at least escape the fate of the poor dauphin, Louis XVII., whose life was wasted in the ruthless hands of the bloody Jacobins, and who died in the Temple, in spite of all that was said to the contrary in Putnam's Magazine.

SILVER.

The commercial world has been getting short of silver, though, in real fact, there has been no lack of silver coin in this country—such as it is, and hideous enough it must be regarded by the eye of taste, yet useful as cowrie shells are in some other places. Silver coin, indeed, has been considered a drug by many, and treated as such. Yet it is beyond dispute that the East has been draining the West of its silver. The disturbances in China and India, the failure of harvests at various times, the diminution of raw silk in Europe, and other causes, have operated to send silver from the Occident to the Orient in great volumes. The reader will find the subject discussed very fully in Mr. Chevalier's work on *The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold*, which Mr. Cobden has translated from the French. In 1851 the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company carried to the East, in their vessels, silver of the value of £1,716,100. In 1857, the same company transported the amount of \$16,795,232. The increase was nearly tenfold in six years, arguing an extraordinary change in the conditions of commerce, which had much to do with the convulsions of that memorable year. This was not all, for silver was sent by other ways to the East; so that the total export must have been, in the year named and in round numbers of the value of one hundred million dollars! This, according to Mr. Chevalier, was more than double the yield of all the silver mines that supply the markets of Europe and America. "This efflux of silver," he continues, "is independent of an exportation of probably one-tenth of the above amount in gold, which has been going on during the last few years. It is true that we ought to deduct from these exportations of silver to the

East a certain quantity of imports, because, in these articles alongside of the general stream there is always a certain counter-current. But we have reason to believe that for the last few years it has been but a limited sum; at any rate the amount is unknown to us." France, which is eminently the country of silver currency, has suffered severely from the efflux of that metal; but Mr. Chevalier mentions that an abatement in the exportation of French silver began early in 1858, which is a matter for congratulation. Yet he adds: "This must not, however, be made an excuse for inactivity, or for an indefinite temporisation (of the conservation of the monetary regime). The current which drew the silver from within our frontiers has not ceased to exist, and nothing indicates that it is likely to cease. On the contrary, it is probable that it will recommence

CRANBERRY ON UPLAND.

We have thought that our agricultural societies have heretofore been rather premature in their recommendation of the upland culture of this fine fruit. As "one swallow does not make a summer," neither will one experiment justify us in commending this method. All know that the cranberry is natural to the meadow, and although the covering with water may be injurious at the time of flowering and setting of its fruit, still the flooding of the vines in winter, and the covering with litter or evergreens to protect the roots from a severe freezing, as is practised in the upland culture, will prevent this culture to any extent. In order to be remunerative, these beds or patches must be made on the meadow, or upon a springy soil. The owner of a considerable patch in Essex county recently stated that

THE INSIDE OF A COAL MINE.

While travelling in Pennsylvania, curiosity led us to visit a coal mine near Pottsville. Clambering up the side of a mountain, one cold morning, we found a rude shanty, covering a well or shaft, some ten feet in diameter, in which hung an open car, raised and lowered by a steam engine, placed in a building near by. Descending the shaft, blasted in solid rock, over 200 feet, we found a large room, made by excavating coal. The bed of coal was 7 feet in thickness, lying in the mountain at an angle of near 45 degrees, or inclined like a house roof. A steam engine and boilers in this excavation furnished the interior motive power, air being forced down a small shaft to make a draft for the furnace. On one side of this room, a cutting had been made downward through the coal, 12 feet wide and 7 feet high, making an inclined plane, 500 feet long, with a vertical descent of about 300 feet, and rock roof and bottom—on which was placed a double track railway, for drawing up laden cars and lowering empty ones. Descending this plane on foot, in company with the head miner, lamps in hand to make darkness visible, with wet and slippery rocks for a foothold, and holding on to timbers everywhere plentifully used in mines as supports, reminded us of Virgil's "Facilis descensus Averni." The route at the bottom turned a right angle, and extended 1500 feet, of width sufficient for a single track. Arrived at the end, we found miners at work, getting out coal by the aid of picks and the safety lamp, while amid darkness and dirt stood an old horse, waiting for his car to be filled. Were we really in the dominion of Pluto? A sense of suffocation came over us. The loaded car was drawn by the horse to the foot of the plane, the engine at the top drew it up the plane, and then placed in the open car first mentioned, it was raised to the surface by the outside power; then it was run to the breaker, and its contents dumped in. The lump coal is broken in the breaker by machinery, and passes through hoppers into cars or boats bound for tide-water. The temperature of the mine was uniform. Three gangs of men worked alternately eight hours each, each man getting out about one ton in that time, which sold from the breaker at \$2.25. Water was forced from the bottom of the mine to the surface, more than 500 feet vertically. The coal is only partially excavated, more than half being left to support the immense mass of mountain rock overhead; and we are informed the monthly cost of timber for this mine, used to prop new excavations, and replace decayed supports, was one thousand dollars. Mining ceases at tide level. While down deep in the bowels of the mountain, all ideas of latitude or longitude, north and south, day and night, summer and winter vanished, while visions of incandescence far below Symme's hole, with water flowing in, and volumes of steam generated in abundance, seeking at Aetna or Stromboli for an outlet, together with settling of rock roofs, and explosion of fire-damp, both of which occur occasionally in mines, took their place, and on reaching the surface we breathed freer and felt relief. Curiosity was satisfied without regrets, but one visit to such a place is enough for a life-time. Many mines are worked with a plane entering the side of a mountain, and many have a shaft inside, for as one bed is worked out, the miners sink a shaft to reach another, the beds of coal being in layers, with rock beds alternating.—*Springfield Republican*.

CRACKS IN BELLS.

A correspondent of the London Builder gives some very valuable advice about bells. He advises that they should be occasionally examined, to observe how much the bell is worn at the places struck by the hammer. If a considerable indentation has been made, the bell should be re-hung, and turned a quarter round, to present a fresh surface to the action of the clapper. Some good bells have become cracked without any extra or violent use, by being worn only at two points. The cost for turning the bell is very trifling compared with re-casting a cracked bell.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE, IN TARTAN COSTUME.

with great vivacity. Let the event then only be taken for what it really is, a respite given to the authorities of France to enable them to act. It would be, perhaps, better to say that it is a pause on the part of the sole authority to which governments hold themselves amenable, Divine Providence, to enable every one to do his duty." In view of the rather gloomy look that is taken by this distinguished writer,—for how often do governments perform their duty?—it is a source of some consolation that Arizona is beginning to yield up her silver to the uses of man. The last overland mail brought sixty pounds of it, which will soon be followed by tons, we can easily believe, unless all accounts that we have thence are false.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

The great duty which lies upon a man is, to act his part in perfection.

it would require five times the labor to keep the same amount of land well weeded out, devoted to cranberries, that it would to keep clear of weeds an equal extent in strawberries. This, with the whole process, from the first preparation of the land—the placing of meadow or swamp mud between the rows in mid-summer and the covering with evergreens in winter—must bring all to the conclusion that the upland culture of cranberries, so called, ought not to be recommended to our farmers. We gave the matter a pretty thorough trial for several years, and became satisfied that the best way is to select a piece of land, either on the meadow, or its margin, where it is naturally moist, cover the grass entirely with sand or gravel, say to the depth of three or four inches, and set the vines in it, with in six or eight inches of each other, and keep them entirely free from weeds.—*Farmer*.

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WRECK OF THE SHIP ELIZABETH.

The engraving below is from a drawing made for us recently by Mr. Alfred Waud, who visited the spot for the purpose, and drew the wreck of the Elizabeth as it lies stranded on the beach near Scituate Light. Mr. Waud has selected early evening for the time of his representation, and produced a fine effect. The American ship Elizabeth, of Kennebunk, Captain Lord, of about 1140 tons burthen, went ashore, it may be remembered, during the thick and heavy snow-storm of February 26th, on Cedar Point. The life boat was manned and put forth to the rescue of the crew. The ship was owned by George Callender and others of this city, and had on board 3500 bales of cotton. The captain, in the thick storm, had mistaken the whereabouts of the entrance to Boston harbor. As it was found impossible to get the ship off, she was dismantled and unloaded where she lies, and her hull sold. She lay for weeks without going to pieces, and was quite recently in the condition in which she is represented in the engraving. But little improvement is necessary to render Scituate harbor a safe refuge for ships driven on this coast, but the present depth of water is insufficient. It appears by the government survey that the proposed improvements would require a breakwater and a canal of less than a mile in length to the North River, these waters at present falling into the bay over shallows to Phillips Beach. The expense would be comparatively inconsiderable, and it is a

matter of regret that certain local rivalries have hitherto defeated the project. From the cliffs of Scituate there is an extensive view on a clear day, and the distant line of Capes Cod and Ann can be seen stretching out to meet the Atlantic. In this vicinity, too, those fond of sea fishing can find plenty of sport, and thousands avail themselves of the opportunity during the summer months. The vicissitudes of maritime life, the strange and changeful scenery of the ocean, one of the greatest glories and mysteries of the creation, will ever enlist the interest and faculties of man while a wave rolls or a tide rises and falls. Art and eloquence have found their happiest themes in the great deep. How beautifully has Dr. Greenwood descanted on the Poetry and Mystery of the Sea! "The sea is his, and he made it," cried the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else, indeed, could it be, and by whom else could it be made? Who else can heave its tides and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and wings of the tempest, and then speak to it again in a master's accents and bid it be still? Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled it to the brim with beauty and mystery and power?

Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee or made thee. What is more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently-heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power—resistless, overwhelming power—is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds and the howling winds, and the thunder and the thunderbolts, and they sweep on, in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two-thirds of the surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly-pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fullness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity—for its whole vast substance is uniform in its local unity—for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime: who can sound it? Its strength is sublime: what fabric

of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple, or the stern music of its roar—whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunders at the base of some huge promontory, or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony, or dies away, with the calm and fading twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shores. The sea possesses beauty, in richness, of its own. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars, for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro with the breezes and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own—a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface leave streaming behind a Milky Way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds with the night and day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven."



WRECK OF THE SHIP ELIZABETH, ON THE BEACH NEAR SCITUATE LIGHT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WITCHES' VICTIM.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

A FEW summers ago I spent nearly the whole of the warm season among the mountains of Virginia. All that region of country is full of medicinal springs, a few of which have acquired a name and fame in some degree commensurate with their properties; but the greater number of them, by far, still remain unnoticed, and "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Such a spring I had stumbled upon, the preceding summer, and being particularly well pleased with its effects upon my system, and greatly enamored of the adjacent hunting and fishing, to say nothing of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, I resolved to make a long visit to the place the following year. This resolution, unlike many more important ones, was duly carried into effect. I installed myself and my "traps" in the nearest farm house, and prepared to pile up a supply of health such as would enable me to set potious and pill-boxes at defiance for many years to come.

My boarding and lodging did not promise to be of a very luxurious character; but I had not come among the mountains in search of delicate living, and was determined to take things philosophically. Besides, I confidently depended on my rifle to do wonders for the larder; and I did keep a hot fire on the "varments," but it all ended in smoke, except on one occasion, when I triumphantly killed one of my landlord's fat turkeys; that time it ended in a volley of Dutch objurgations, and an augmentation of the sum-total of my weekly board-bill.

Fritz Schnigelfritz, usually called "old Fritz," was a native born citizen of the United States, but of German descent; a descent in the course of which he had managed to lose the language of the fatherland, without acquiring anything better than a very bastard sort of English in the place of it. In one respect the descent had been what an Irishman might call a descent *upward*, since, in what so many consider "the main chance," it had left him in a position far above that which his progenitors had occupied. They had been Suabian peasants of the lowest class, from what an old original of my acquaintance calls "time to memorial;" while he was a wealthy American farmer and land-holder.

At the time when "old Fritz" was young, education among the Alleghenies was at about as low an ebb as can well be imagined; and even of the little that was going, he had received in his own person but an infinitesimal quantity. To read a little, slowly and painfully, and write his own name, or something that passed for it, was the utmost extent of his educational accomplishments. And besides being thus illiterate, he was as superstitious—as superstitious—as an ignorant German.

With such a character, riches, it may be supposed, would form an exceedingly incongruous mixture. But the fact is, old Fritz's riches did not attract much attention. They were anything but obtrusive. It would never have done to apply to them the oft quoted maxim, *de non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*; for certainly their non-appearance would be very unsafe premises whereof to predicate their non-existence.

I arrived at old Fritz's domicile a little before sunset. After a coarse but plentiful supper, the old man and old woman, after pointing out my dormitory, retired for the night. Their pretty daughter Katie, the only remaining (white) member of the family, was left alone with me.

"You are not going too?" said I, as Miss Katie took up a candle, and was apparently about to light it.

"I don't often sit up later than this," replied the young lady.

"That's because you have nobody to talk to, I suppose. You can't surely sleep from now till morning; and it seems to me that even my company might be preferred to a sleepless pillow. Am I not right?"

She smiled—a very sweet smile it was too—and put down the candlestick.

"It can't be possible," continued I, "that a pretty girl like you has absolutely no visitors. How about that tall, handsome young fellow who was here last night?"

"Goodness gracious! How did you know that?"

I didn't know it at all. It was purely a random shot, but the bright blush that overspread

her face told me that it had struck home, nevertheless. Katie was singularly artless and unsophisticated, and before we had separated for the night I had had a peep into the inmost recesses of her guileless little heart.

John Bowden had been there the night before, and John was a tall, handsome young fellow, too. I became well acquainted with him soon afterwards, and I did not feel at all surprised that his visits were acceptable to Katie. He was just the very person to be acceptable to a pretty girl of Katie's way of thinking.

But it somehow happens that father and daughter do not always look through the same sort of mental eye-glass in such cases. John had a fault—a terrible one, in old Fritz's estimation. He was poor. Not that he was absolutely indigent, or even unable to support a wife decently; but he was relatively poor—poor in comparison with old Schnigelfritz.

John had commenced the world under many disadvantages, and he had inherited a sadly poor and unproductive farm; but by industry and skill he had greatly improved it already, and there was every reason to believe that he would eventually make it a valuable property, and himself a rich man.

Thus situated, John plucked up courage enough to ask the old man for his daughter. He was flatly refused. Fritz's objection to him was not merely on account of his want of means. True, he had a sovereign contempt for poverty. But there was another thing for which he had a still greater aversion, and that was what he called "larnin'." And, of all sorts of larnin', that which prompted to new fangled methods of agriculture was the very worst.

Schnigelfritz himself had the good luck to inherit from his father over a thousand acres of rich river bottom. It was land of inexhaustible fertility, where any sort of farming would succeed. John Bowden, on the contrary, was the possessor of a sterile mountain tract, to reclaim which all the means and appliances of the improved system of modern agriculture were needed. And John, to the ineffable disgust of old Fritz, was eagerly gathering and putting in practice all the information he was able to acquire.

But this was not all. Another candidate for Katie's hands had appeared, and one after the Dutchman's own heart. He was about fifty years of age, twice a widower, and as rich and as stupid as the most fastidious of old fogies could desire. Fortunately for Katie, he lived in Ohio, and had undertaken to visit her but once. He was to make a trip to Virginia, however, soon after harvest, and then the wedding was to take place.

Such was the state of affairs. A few months would bring the uncongenial suitor, and Katie so dreaded the frowns of her father that she did not dare to refuse him. In short, the young people were in despair.

I did not learn all this in my first interview with Katie, but before the end of the first week I had become the confidant of both the young folks, and warmly sympathized with them in their difficulties.

One night, while I lay in bed thinking over the matter, an idea struck me, which, it appeared to me, might be turned to the advantage of my new-found friends. I did not tell them what it was, but I bade them be of good cheer, and cherish a vigorous faith that all would come right at last. I then made a few preparations, set my "idea" in motion, and awaited the result.

In the meantime I had been striving hard to become a favorite with old Fritz. I chimed in with all his opinions, humored his prejudices, and carefully concealed from him everything which might have a tendency to convict me of the possession of any such contraband stuff as "larnin'." Indeed, I pride myself on the elaborate stupidity then and there displayed, as one of the cleverest things I have to boast of.

The reader will perhaps conclude, of his own accord, that I did not take all this pains simply in order that I might hold a prominent place in the good graces of Mr. Schnigelfritz; and the reader will unquestionably be right. I had a special reason for so doing.

One very warm evening, while a thunderstorm was raging, the old man abruptly asked me if I believed in witches.

"Believe in witches? You might as well ask me if I believed in thunder and lightning. Do I believe the Bible, Mr. Schnigelfritz? Doesn't the good book expressly declare the fact? Wasn't the 'witch of Endor' a witch?"

"Pe sure it does—pe sure she was."

"And is there anybody so ridiculously hard-headed as not to believe in witches?"

"Pe sure dere is—blenty of 'em. Dere's my darter Gatie, for one."

"Come, now that's not possible."

"Yes, inteeet she don't—I mean, no inteeet she does—I mean she does be von o' dem vat don't pelieve in vitches. And a whole heap o' beoples more, all viser as deir faders never was, vat dinks dere aiat no sich ting."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes, inteeet, Mr. bainter,"—(I was trying to make a picture of Katie, and the old man, seeing my colors, set me down as a painter by trade).—"yes, inteeet; but I've seen de vitches and felt 'em too. Dey rites me, just like a horse, efery dime I eat fresh bork for supper—dey does so, so dey does. And dey rites my horses, too. No longer ago as last night dey rote my young bay mare Petsey, and de pritles is in her mane now. And I know fery well too how dey got at her. De horse shoe got off de staple toor, somehow, or it nefer vould a happened."

"To be sure; and I would have it nailed on again, by all means. It is dangerous to have it off—very dangerous indeed."

"Pe sure it is, but—Gott in Himmel! Vat is dat?" And with the utterance of these words, the old man, becoming as pale as the texture and color of his leather-like skin would let him, pointed across the room, and stared in the same direction, as if he had seen a ghost.

The old woman had brought in a lump of ice in a basin, intending to transfer it to the pitcher, and it was upon this ice that her husband's attention was fixed. A bright, beautiful flame, of a purplish color, had suddenly burst forth from the frozen mass, and completely enveloped it. It was now nearly dark, and the blazing ice illuminated every part of the room with its soft, brilliant light.

Old Fritz seemed actually struck dumb with astonishment. He still remained as at first, with open mouth and outstretched arm, as if suddenly petrified in that position, and neither spoke nor moved, till the ice being nearly all dissipated, the fire went out. He then turned to me, after drawing a long breath, and said: "Do you dink it was de tunder and lightnin' vat shtruck it?"

It is no trouble to me generally to "keep my face straight" under circumstances trying to the risible faculties; but the indescribably ludicrous expression of old Schnigelfritz's phiz at this particular juncture, made soberfacedness a most difficult virtue to practise. With the aid of the obscurity, however, I managed to present a tolerably solemn and a sufficiently astounded appearance. However it may have been with the ice, there was unquestionably one thing that looked thunderstruck, and that was old Fritz; and for my part I tried my best to follow his example.

As for the old woman, her astonishment was not less than that of her husband, while her facility in expressing it was far greater. It was only after exhausting all the interjections and ejaculations which her limited vocabulary would supply, that she began to hold her tongue and look for a candle.

Katie seemed pleased at the exhibition, rather than frightened, or even astonished. When the candle was lit, we all hurried to the ice and examined it. There was very little of it there, but a good deal of water, and a spoonful or more of a whitish-looking substance. Old Fritz asked me what it was. I told him I thought it must be the burnt ice. "O, yes, pe sure," said he, and carefully treasured it up as sneh. He said nothing more about the matter and went off to bed, but with an anxious countenance.

The next day was a very fine one, and I spent it chiefly in the woods. The evening meal was ready soon after my return. We took our places at the table, and Katie raised the pot to pour out the tea. It came, and with the first gush old Fritz burst forth with the angry interrogatory: "Vat ter tyfel you fill de teabot mit ink for?"

"It can't be ink, father," said Katie; "I put nothing in it but tea and water."

"I vashed out de bot myself, and I saw Gatie put in de tea mit my own eyes," spluttered the old woman, whose tongue, strange to say, had hitherto been paralyzed by astonishment and dread.

"Aint dat ink, Mishter bainter?" asked the old man, handing me a cupful of the fluid from the teapot.

I examined it, tasted it, and pronounced it ink—rather too pale to write with, but still unquestionable, undeniable ink.

For the first time, I suspect, in many years, my landlord was too much troubled to eat. Loss of appetite with him was evidently a serious matter, and all the household stood aghast. Old Fritz was certainly bewildered. He knit his brows savagely at the inky fluid, and soon left the table, muttering and looking things unutterable.

The old woman had a wonderful tongue of her own, which nothing but her husband's presence could restrain. As soon as he left the table she burst forth and exclaimed, and wondered, and O'd! and ah'd! and O, lor'd! and goody-gracious'd! and goodness me'd! and did you ever'd! and no, I never'd! and babbled a fabulous amount of nonsense with a volubility almost as amazing as the inky metamorphosis.

Looking as grave as fifty country court judges all in one, I fled from the wordy tempest—ingloriously fled—and took refuge in the sanctity of my private apartment.

Next day the old man and I were to make preparations for a deer-hunt, and we accordingly set about it, though, it must be confessed, with no great alacrity on his part. He was still brooding over his late experiences, and his sombre, inky ruminations had so colored the whole moral man, as to make his face almost as dark as his thoughts.

In general, old Fritz was a keen sportsman, and, in spite of his years, was still as tough as seasoned hickory. Our venatical preparations seemed to rouse him a little, and it was with some degree of cheerfulness that he took hold of an iron ladle for the purpose of melting some lead wherewith to mould rifle-bullets, while I prepared to preside at the casting.

Furnished with a sufficient quantity of the "raw material," the ladle was placed over a fine hot bed of coals at the kitchen fire, and—*bang!* came an explosion like the bursting of a cannon, which shook the very beams and rafters of the house, and scattered lead, ladle and Dutchman promiscuously over the floor. Gathering himself up, and diligently rubbing his shins, the discomfited operator gazed ruefully around and emphatically ejaculated: "Vitches agin, hy tam!"

"Why, what on earth did you put into the ladle?" asked I, who had, strange to say, remained wholly unscathed in this "wreck of matter and crush of"—pots and kettles.

"I didn't put noting at all into de latle but teat. It's dem cussed vitches, and noting at all else. Don't you dink so?"

I looked unutterable wisdom, and gave a Lord Burleigh-like shake of the head, put on a sadly severe countenance, and said nothing.

"It must be vitches," persisted Fritz. "Five pounds of powder couldn't a mate sich a bust-up; and dere vash't not von grain of powder in te house, seein' as how Chon Kroomer he was gone to de shitore to bring some."

I tipped him the Burleigh head-shake again, successfully, I think, reflecting in my own countenance the solemn stupidity of his—no offence, be it understood, to the immortal memory of the august Elizabeth, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. Then, as before, I wound up the matter by very emphatically saying nothing.

As the old man would not have touched the ladle again with a ten-foot pole, I was obliged to take charge of it, and "albeit unused to the melting mood," I managed to complete the job without further disaster. Our day's sport, however, turned out but indifferently, for my companion was so gloomy, so palpably witch-ridden, that anything like cheerfulness was out of the question.

At the tea-table that evening he appeared to be in a semi-frightened condition all the time. He looked suspiciously at everything he handled, and seemed constantly haunted by the apprehension of its blowing up under his very nose. The meal was finished, however, without any such catastrophe, and it was with an air of returning confidence that the old man held out his glass to get it filled with water from the pitcher.

Having had his tumbler filled, he was about to carry it to his lips, when suddenly from the very centre of the limpid element there burst forth a tiny flame, with a miniature explosion, from which arose a beautiful little wreath of white smoke, forming an exact circle, and growing gradually larger and larger as it ascended towards the ceiling. Another soon followed it, and another, and another, till the water was all a-blaze with their brilliant flashings, and the air above filled with beautiful circlets, quivering gracefully as they yielded to the impulse communicated by the faintest breath of air.

"O, mein Gott!" groaned the bewildered Dutchman, "de latle shoots, and de ice burns, and de water burns, and dere's ten thousand little tyf is a wrigglin' and a dancin' in de smoke!"

The poor old fellow was really in a terrible fix, and actually feared that the witches were about to turn him out of house and home. The old woman, as usual, gave vent to her feelings in an interminable torrent of words. The young one gazed admiringly at the miniature lightnings as they flashed from the surface of the water, and the circlets of smoke so singularly graceful in their fairy evolutions. She was constituted by nature a genuine admirer of the beautiful, and this admiration was all the more active and sincere because of the rare opportunities she had for its indulgence.

As the old farmer sat gloomily resting his elbow on the table and his head upon his hand, I whispered to him privately to remain after the withdrawal of the women, as I had something of importance to say to him. He nodded his head and remained where he was, with his eyes gloomily covered.

In half an hour or so the old woman, having talked herself almost asleep, came up and asked him if he wasn't ready to go to bed, but he very emphatically told her to mind her own business, and not bother him, whereupon she and Katie both evacuated the apartment.

"Mr. Schnigelfritz," said I, as soon as we were alone, "this is a sad affair, truly. It does certainly seem as if some evil influence had taken possession of the house."

"It's de vitches—dat's vat it is, Mr. bainter. Dey'll sarve me just like dey did Chon Shprokel, and not leaf me von cent to shake mid anoder. I knows dey vill."

I nodded my head, but in so doing acted a villainous fib, for I knew very well that the "spirits" who had ruined John Sprogel all came out of a rum-bottle.

"Ah, yes," continued Fritz, "it's jist noting else but tem scountrel, rascal, fillain!" He spoke gloomily and despondingly, still keeping his face covered with his hand.

"H u-s-h! my dear sir, it is dangerous to talk in that way. We don't know who may be listening to us."

Slam—bang! Old Fritz bounced from his seat, for the words had hardly left my lips when a tremendous explosion shook the house, and brought Katie and the old woman back again, considerably *en déshabille*. Having, with some difficulty, induced them to return to their respective couches, I said:

"My caution, you see, was not unnecessary. We were overheard, beyond a doubt."

"Mein Gott, yes. Vat shall I do?"

"Well, Mr. Schnigelfritz, I'll help you in this matter if I can. Now there are various sorts of evil influences which torment mankind, and the first thing for us to do is to find out certainly whether these are witches or not."

"Pe sure."

"There are a number of ways of doing this, and I think we shall be able to get at the truth without much difficulty. Did you ever happen to see any *hydrophlogisticated* silver?"

"No intect. Vat is it?"

"Well, sir, it is a magical preparation, very costly and precious, and very difficult to procure. It is distilled from common silver, previously mingled with the ashes of a certain bird, called the *phoenix*. This bird inhabits the deserts of Utopia, and it is almost as much as a man's life is worth even to enter them; consequently the phoenix is a bird that is very rarely seen, and the ashes are sold to magicians and philosophers at an enormous price."

"Vonteful!"

"It takes fifty grains of the ashes, and four hundred grains of the common silver to make a single grain of the *hydrophlogisticated*."

"Vonteful!"

"I have a small quantity of it here. You see it looks like melted silver, and that is the great secret, to melt the silver and keep it from getting hard again. That is effected by the phoenix ashes. It is a little harder than quicksilver."

"Mein Gott! Do let me see it."

"Take care! It is dangerous to handle it."

"Der tyfel!" exclaimed old Fritz, and leaped backward with an agility hardly to have been expected at his time of life.

"Don't be frightened," said I, "it wont hurt you unless you handle it."

"Does it plow up?"

"No no, but it has a great many magic properties, and among others, that of being an ex-

cellent test for witches. It will force them to declare themselves. If they have been playing any tricks upon you, by making use of this substance, and repeating certain magic words, you will force them to do the thing over again. Now if it is really the witches who have made the water burn, by virtue of this wonderful *hydrophlogisticated* silver, I will cause them to repeat the miracle, against their will."

"Vonteful!"

"I take a small bit of it, you observe, and throw it into this basin of water, repeating these powerful words of incantation: '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*'"

No sooner had the magic silver touched the water, than a beautiful rose-colored flame burst forth, while the little globule danced nimbly over the surface, fiery coruscations darting and flashing around it in every portion of its course. My companion's feelings were too deeply moved to find vent in any ordinary expression of astonishment. He gazed in silent, awe-struck admiration, and seemed to feel himself in the actual presence of Satan.

With another one of those Lord Burleigh-ish wags of the head, concentrating all a prime minister's wisdom in one single oracular vibration, I admitted the melancholy truth, and pronounced the witches to be a genuine, A no. one article.

"There can be no doubt about it," said I; "but still we cannot be too sure, and it will do no harm to vary the experiment. And these trials, I may remark, are not useful as tests merely. They serve a double purpose. Witches, it is well known, can only exercise a certain degree of bewitchment, and every time we force them to do a miraculous thing of this sort, we compel them to part with a portion of the bewitching principle, and of course weaken them to that extent."

"Vonteful!"

"The magic words, pronounced in a peculiar manner, will force them to do a great many things, particularly when connected with certain magic preparations like the *hydrophlogisticated* silver. What say you, shall I proceed with the trials?"

"Pe sure."

"Well, here are the magic spectacles of Trismigistus. I wave them three times over your head, and then repeat the words of the incantation: '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*' Now put them on, and look at the candle."

"You sure dey vont plow up?"

"No no, not a bit of it. Put them on, shut one eye, and then look steadily at the candle. There, now, how does it look?"

"It's as green as crass."

"Pull them off. How does it look now?"

"Mein Gott! It's as red as blood!"

"Put them on again. What do you see now?"

"It's all black. I don't see noting!"

"Just so. The witches belong to a fiery country, down below, you know, and they have the power to do many things with fire."

"Plow up latles?"

"Yes, blow up ladles and men, too. But we don't want them to do anything of that sort. I will show you a very curious lamp, such as is used for the purpose of distilling the *hydrophlogisticated* silver."

"Vont she plow up?"

"What?"

"De *hydrophobyfisticated* lamp."

"No no, not a bit of danger. We'll light the lamp and then blow out the candles."

"Gott in Himmel! Mishter bainter, you look 'zaely like a deat man's corpse!"

"Look at yourself, in the glass."

"Tousand tyfels! We both deat men!"

"Deat? Not we. The witches are making sport of us. They never can kill us as long as we can say, '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*' There's not the least danger of it."

"*Horum searum, spirit-more rum, californica, photograph, phrenology!* Is dat right?"

"Never mind, never mind; I'll say it for you, and that will do just as well. This is only a trick of the witches to frighten us. I'll soon put a stop to it. I'll just shut up this dark lantern in which the lamp stands, and say the magic words. There, you see it's all right again. Now we can force the witches to make the lamp burn any color we please. Suppose, for instance, we say a beautiful pale violet. Shall we?"

"Pe sure."

"Very well. Put your hat over your eyes, and hold it there till I tell you to look. That's

right. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*' Now look."

"Dat is beautiful!"

"A very pretty violet. What will you have next? Choose any color you please."

"I choose brick dust color."

"Very good. Brick-dust let it be. Cover your eyes. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*' Look!"

"Yes, intect—de color of de new meetin' house."

"Very well. What will you have next?"

"Ret—crimson."

"Here goes for crimson. Cover your eyes. '*Horum quorum, etc., etc.*' Look. There you have it. Did you ever see anything prettier?"

"It is beautiful—couldn't be prettier color."

"What next?"

"Green."

"Very good. Go through the motions, say the words, and green it is. What more?"

"Purple."

"Purple you have. What next?"

"Orange."

"Orange it is. What next?"

"Mein Gott and fader! Dat is enough. Dem vitches must pe de vons vat mannyfugdures de rain-pows, pe sure."

"Well, the fact is, there is hardly anything they can't do, if you put '*Horum quorum*' at 'em."

"Dey couldn't make you hold dat hot tea-kettle in your hand."

"Yes, they could."

"Dat tea-kettle on de fire, dar? Tousand tyfels! Vy, it's bilin' hot."

"No matter for that. I'll hold it. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosco-phornio, chrononhotonthologos!*' Now take it off the fire and set it on my hand."

"Tunder and blitzen! Don't it burn?"

"No, indeed. Try it yourself."

"No, tank you. I'm blenty satisfied."

I will not trouble the reader with a minute history of the "course of sprouts" through which I conducted the awfully bewitched mountaineer. I continued to ply him with miracles similar to the above until he had hardly a particle of common sense left; and if the Evil One had actually appeared, in an ocean of blue blazes, and carried him off bodily, I do not think it would have added one iota to his utter bewilderment, astonishment and consternation.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, at last, "I dink I shall die! O, Mishter bainter, is dere no vay to get rid of dem?"

"Well, Mr. Schnigelfritz, I consider it my duty to tell you that this of yours is no common ease. If it were we should have exhausted the witch power long ago. It is very plain to my mind that these spirits of evil are very angry with you for some reason or other, I cannot tell what. It is of the last importance to you to discover what this is, and if you can discover it, then lose not a moment in obeying their commands, or the consequences may be terrible. Your life might pay the forfeit."

Having said this, I made an awkward attempt to snuff the candle, and put it out.

"Gott in Himmel! vat is dat?" faltered old Fritz, as he pointed with a trembling hand to the opposite wall, where, in letters of flaming fire, appeared these words: "GIVE KATIE TO JOHN, OR YOU WILL REPENT IT FOREVER!"

"I will, Mishter Tytel, pe sure I vill, as soon as efer you bleuse!" roared the old man, the moment he succeeded in spelling out the meaning of the fiery capitals.

"That is all I want, but see that you do it!" cried a strange, hollow voice at his elbow. He turned and saw—or at least he always declared that he saw—a terrible apparition, ten feet high, all wrapt in flame, and breathing fire and brimstone. He gave but a single glance at the awful figure, and sunk upon the floor, half dead with fears too overwhelming to be borne. When he recovered a little, and at length took courage to look up, the candle had been relit, and the Evil One was gone.

"Mein Gott, Mishter bainter," he groaned, "vat in heafen's name you dink of dat?"

I replied only by an ominous shake of the head—Burleigh fashion, of course.

"You dink dey let me 'lone if I gif Gatie to Chon Bowden—eh?"

This time, instead of shaking my head, I nodded it—energetically and emphatically.

"I vill do it—right off."

And so he did, and I danced at the wedding. He not only did it, but did it with such feverish

haste that he outstripped the wishes even of John himself. If it had been at all within the bounds of possibility, I verily believe he would have had the knot tied before breakfast the next morning. It was tied before the week was out, and many were the blessings invoked upon my head by the grateful young couple. It is to be hoped that they may do something to neutralize the immense falsehoods I told old Fritz, some of which came very near sticking in my throat. But of course I couldn't personate Old Nick—couldn't play the devil—without lying.

Those of my readers who have not forgotten their chemistry will not need to be told that a few simple displays of elective affinities comprehended all the witchcraft I employed, Katie, of course, being in the secret, and assisting me in various ways. The burning of the ice was effected by merely dropping upon it a bit of potassium, a metal so fond of oxygen that it will snatch it even from ice, and burn the hydrogen on the spot. The whitish residuum—the "burnt ice"—was of course common potash, the result of the oxydation. The *hydrophlogisticated* silver, too, was potassium, which produced the same effect upon water as upon ice. The blowing up of the ladle was effected by sily dropping into it a very small quantity of the well-known detonating mixtures, the component parts of which I need not pause to describe. A similar preparation, a hammer, and a common flat-iron, were the means used for producing the other explosion, old Fritz's eyes being at the time covered with his hand. In order to change the tea into ink, all I had to do was, by Katie's connivance, to drop a few grains of the sulphate of iron into the teapot, and genuine, *bona fide* ink was the result.

The flames generated from water, and producing the beautiful circlets of white smoke, were the result of a small quantity of sulphuret of lime, stealthily conveyed into the tumbler. The changing the color of the flame of the candle to green, then to blood red, and finally to black—or rather to nothing at all—is a simple optical phenomenon, which any one can produce by merely using a pair of green spectacles. For the manufacture of the other colored flames, I had provided a dark lantern, and a number of little lamps filled with alcohol. In that intended to produce a yellow flame, common salt was dissolved; for the crimson flame I used muriate of strontia; for the green, muriate of baryta; for the violet, muriate of potassa; for the orange, chloride of calcium; for the purple, chloride of lithium; and for brick color, muriate of lime.

When my lamp was first lit it burned with a yellow flame, which causes the human countenance to assume a ghastly yellowish hue, which gives it a strangely spectral aspect. The burning words were of course written with phosphorus, and were visible only after dark; and the fiery devil was myself, well rubbed with a particularly ill-smelling preparation of phosphorus dissolved in oil, and magnified by the old man's tears into a fire and brimstone breathing monster, ten feet high.

The feat of holding the boiling-hot kettle in the hand, is one that any person may perform, if he will only assure himself beforehand, as I did, that the bottom of it is thickly covered with soot. This substance is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and hence prevents the hand from being burned.

In these articles, all my witchcraft was comprised; and if the reader thinks it strange that old Fritz should be bamboozled by such simple contrivances, it is only a proof that the reader does not know how much credulity and superstition is to be found in a certain class of native American Germans.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

There are seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the air of the dimly lighted chamber, wherein is no sound heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping infant. I feel at such times as if brought nearer to the Divine presence; and, with every care and busy thought gathered into silence, almost seem as though admitted to the company of the angels who keep their appointed watch around the little child; one desire only filling my soul, that my children may grow up to walk in the way of the righteous: at such moments, too, how clearly is perceived and acknowledged the claim of the Creator over the young creature He hath formed. He hath breathed into it the breath of life, and hath made it a living soul, and hath given it to a mother's keeping. She boweth herself before Him, and receiveth from His hand this pearl of great price, when the Lord maketh up His jewels to be required of her again.—*Diary of Lady Willoughby.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FALCON.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

THE fine old mansion of the Alberghi family, near Gluckstadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elbe. That night a grand ball was given by Count Frederic Alberghi, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore. The building was massive stone, high and dark, protected by moat, drawbridge and battlemented tower—it was a fine old feudal castle, built in the time of Frederic II. Outside it looked grand and gloomy; inside it was ablaze with lights, and redolent with the perfume of choice flowers which were scattered in profusion about not only the large drawing-room, but in all the smaller apartments which were thrown open to the guests.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons—a young man, remarkably handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome just now, as she listened to her companion with drooping eyes; indeed, most people would call her simply pretty till she raised her expressive dark blue eyes, and the brilliant, wilder smile broke over her face. The two were standing talking carelessly together, the lady leaning against the heavily carved oaken window frame, and the young man standing nearly opposite her, caressing a bright-eyed falcon perched upon his wrist.

"So, Count Alberghi, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball as yet ever attended."

The lips of the young man curled, and he answered contemptuously: "That is surely a name worth gaining at any price."

"Of course! But why so scornful about it?"

"You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation; that the ball is given only in honor and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense."

"Alas, Count Alberghi, I am told that a dozen times each day."

"Probably; but the words do not come from the heart as mine do."

"Pooh! They all swear that!"

"Very well, Lady Herford, I may sometimes be able to prove the truth of my words. I have been a fool. For three years I have hung upon your accent, fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power. My fortune, which was ample, I laid at your feet, that you might have every possible want supplied; and in return for this devotion I have received nothing but coldness and scorn. You know that I love you as few men love—with my whole heart and soul—and yet you scorn me. You are rich and noble. I still love you as madly as ever, but to-night is the last time I bow before you. This once I plead, Lady Lena, to be shown some kindness. For the last time I offer you myself. Will you take me?"

Lady Herford turned pale as she listened to the rapid, passionate words uttered by the young man who knelt before her. Her eyes grew dark with some inward feeling, but her words destroyed the faint hope which had risen in the heart of the young man at the gentle expression on her face.

"O, rise, Count Frederic, for I know this is all nonsense—insanity. To-morrow you will be beside me as usual, and the next, and the next, and every day, just as you have been for years."

The young man rose, and, in answer to her taunt, only bent his head and tenderly stroked the glossy head and neck of the bright-eyed bird on his wrist, that looked from one to another, as if inquiring what was going on.

Piqued at his silence, the lady exclaimed: "Where now is your boasted love? I say a bitter thing to you and you do not retaliate."

"I cannot forget myself so far as to retaliate to a woman."

"No, but you can sneer. You sneer and stroke your falcon, which I know possesses more of your boasted love than I do."

"Jeanette never wounds me. In return for my caresses she does not give me bitter coldness."

"Perhaps she would if she could speak."

"Actions, Lady Lena, speak louder than words."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she turned to the door, but paused as she neared it, and looking

over her shoulder, contemptuously said: "I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady-love."

The tone was very insulting, and this time the young man raised his head with flashing eyes, and his words came rapid and indignant.

"You are right. This falcon belonged to a noble lady, whose kind, womanly heart scorned to inflict a wound upon the meanest creature; who trampled not under foot honorable love offered her as if it was a disgraceful thing. One whom I loved devotedly, and who, had she been unable to return the affection offered her, would yet have rejected it with considerate gentleness."

"Why then don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?" sneered the lady.

"She would willingly soothe my wounded spirit, but she is dead."

Without another word Lena sped from the room, her brain on fire, her eyes full of tears. Could Frederic have seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, wept bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was, they parted in anger. Left alone, Frederic paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud: "I have been a drivelling fool—a madman! For three years I have devoted my time, heart and fortune to the service of this heartless woman, one day rewarded with smiles, the next with frowns. To-morrow, when the bills are paid, debts incurred for this night, I shall be absolutely penniless—all my fortune spent upon this vain flirt, who is undeserving the name of woman. Yes, to-morrow my horses, furniture and plate will be sold, my servants discharged, and all that will remain to me is this old castle, my faithful nurse Margaret, who will not leave me, and my falcon. This building, now ringing with the sound of music, dancing and merry laughter, will be closed, to become the sanctuary of rats and spiders. For myself, I shall withdraw from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this unmanly repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

So saying, Frederic replaced the falcon on his perch near the window, and forcing a gay smile and careless air, sauntered into the ball-room, and from that time till the company left, he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

"Quick, Susan! fasten this bodice and bring me the hood and mantle and the thick shoes!" exclaimed the Lady Lena Herford; then added, impatiently: "You'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so I cannot do anything."

The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the elegant mirror, laughing to see herself in complete peasant's attire.

"Will anybody know me, Susan?" she asked, laughingly, as she drew over her face the hood.

"No indeed, Lady Lena; if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself."

"Then I am off!" And suiting the action to the word, the graceful Lady Lena Herford ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way.

In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed: "'Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a moon-tide kiss?"

"Away with you! You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you won't stop me now."

"Good bargain, Susan. We have not much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back."

Away sped Lena. After a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Alberghi, and entering by a low postern door which she found open, Lena made her way to the door of the tower where she saw old Margaret seated.

"Good noon, Dame Margaret."

The old woman raised her head, and recognizing Susan, Lady Herford's favorite waiting-maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret. I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady."

"You needn't come here with it, then. Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house."

"But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it, and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be as cruel as that to a poor girl who has never done you any harm."

Here Lena began to sob. Margaret rose.

"You have never done me any harm, so give

me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly."

The note was produced, and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so: "Much good, much good it will do my poor young master. It isn't sealed very closely, and if I could read I would open it, and then if there was anything in it to wrong him, I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him."

By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door.

"Comê in!"

Frederic was seated by the window reading. He looked up as the old woman entered and asked what she wanted.

"A note for you, sir."

The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicate, perfumed note. A moment he paused, overcome by his feelings, then impetuously tore it open and read the following words:

"Lady Lena Herford being about to visit England, to be gone several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend, Count Frederic Alberghi, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at five o'clock."

A spasm passed over the young man's face, and he murmured, "once more." Turning to Margaret he said: "What is there in the house to eat?"

"As good as nothing, sir," replied the faithful woman, "for there is only the scraps left from your breakfast."

"That's bad, Margaret, for I have no money, not a single kreutzer, and here is a note from Lady Herford informing that she will dine with me to-day."

"She mustn't come, dear sir! There is nothing to give her."

Frederic seemed lost in thought—suddenly he raised his head.

"I have it now. You must serve up my poor Jeanette here. It is all I can do."

"O, master! What, roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to—"

"Hush, Margaret, not another word, only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining-room; have it ready precisely at five. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately. I shall be in my chamber to which I shall now retire."

Margaret dared not remonstrate, but sobbing and wringing her hands she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety, and when Margaret entered in such distress of mind she sprang up.

"What is the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?"

"Deed there has!" woefully answered Margaret.

"What? Speak, woman!"

"O, only he's gone clean daft. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear good young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than all her body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job's turkey, and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon."

A triumphant smile flashed into the eyes of the false waiting-woman, and she asked: "How so?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there is nothing in the house, neither victuals nor even a kreutzer, so he has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked ladyship's dinner."

"I've no doubt it will make capital eating!" laughed the girl.

"Out upon you! You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her and tell her that she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is!"

"O, don't take on so, Margaret. I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a dish valuable for its rarity, for I warrant no she has never tasted roast falcon before."

Margaret's only answer was to throw herself into her chair and sob. The disguised Lena approached her.

"Don't feel so badly. But tell me why should Count Frederic care so much for the poor bird?"

"Don't you know that? Why, it belonged to his blessed mother, who is now an angel in heaven."

Tears filled Lena's eyes, and she said: "Well, I didn't know that, and it is a real shame to roast the bird, and if you will keep it a secret

I'll help you. Give me the bird and I'll take it home and send you another in return. Your master will be none the wiser."

Margaret's face lighted up, and earnestly thanking the girl, she left the room and soon returned with the falcon, closely hooded, which she gave to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctual to the minute came Lady Herford, and never had she looked more lovely or been dressed in so much elegance and taste. Margaret, with a sullen air, ushered her into the dining-room, where Frederic came forward to receive her. He was struck with her fresh, winning appearance, and she with his pale, haggard appearance—a bitter change to be wrought in so few weeks. His greeting was frigidly polite, and hers particularly genial and kind. The dinner was soon served, and Lena shuddered as she glanced round the long, dark, unfurnished room, seen last brilliantly lighted and decorated and filled with lively guests, and before whom groaned a table covered with every luxury the season afforded and money could buy. What a contrast! Now all the gorgeous hangings, furniture, pictures, silver, glass and lights were gone, and in their place stood in the empty room a small deal table bearing two covers and one dish of meat. With all his old grace of manner, Frederic led Lena to the table and took his place opposite her. The meal was a silent one, for Frederic was abstracted, and Lena so nearly overcome by everything around her that she could scarcely repress her tears. As they rose from the table the count spoke:

"I am sorry, madame, to offer you so poor a repast, but—"

"Don't speak of it, sir count," hastily interrupted Lena, affecting a gaiety she was far from feeling. "It was charming, so new, and I never tasted a more delicious chicken."

"I am happy to find that I have pleased you; but allow me, in all deference to your taste, to correct one mistake; the bird you have partaken of was not chicken, but my falcon."

"Your pet falcon?"

"The same, madame."

"Frederic!"

The tone in which his name was uttered caused Frederic to start, and he was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears. Before he could recover his self-possession Lena stood before him, erect and pale.

"Frederic, to-day we part forever, and before we do so I must obtain your forgiveness. You have always treated me with respect and love, and I—I have repaid your devotion with coldness and scorn. Will you forgive me?"

"Most certainly!" coldly answered Frederic, making a great effort to subdue the passion her unwonted gentleness had roused. "I loved you, and probably by my unceasing devotion wearied you. I needed a lesson, and I have learned it. I could not expect one who did not love me to—"

"Stop there and listen to me, and if my confession, made in this hour, seems unmaidenly, let my excuse be that it was the only reparation in my power. I am wealthy—the wealthiest woman in all Germany—as it is said. From my childhood I have feared to be loved for my wealth, and with my earnest nature I know a marriage without love would be death. People whom I counted my warm, sincere friends told me that my riches were all you cared for—that you lavished your comparatively little wealth upon me only the more surely to gain possession of my princely fortune. I did not believe them, but I wished to try you. If my cautiousness I went too far, too far, for I have lost what I value more than life—your love!"

"Lena, Lena, be careful!"

"I am past caring for anything now. To-morrow I leave for England, never to return. I could not go without asking you to forgive me, without telling you as the only balm I can offer that if I made you suffer I suffered also, and perhaps more acutely, for I was called heartless, cold, unprincipled by the only being I ever loved in this world, that I—"

She could say no more for she was clasped in eager arms and covered with passionate kisses. A few minutes she lay there, then freed herself, all blushing and tearful from her lover's embrace. A moment she left the room, then returned bearing a basket which she gave to Frederic. On opening it his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederic's shoulder she said:

"Take me, dear Frederic. I yield myself to you, overcome by your love and unselfish devotion—actually brought to hand by your FALCON."

CAUSES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The Italian Peninsula, with an area about equal to that of New York and New England combined, and a population of nearly twenty-five millions, occupies such a position in Europe that were it united under one authority, or leagued in one interest, it must carry with it the command of the Mediterranean, and balance in the South the power of Germany in the North. Were the Italian States free and independent, no power could successfully undertake to arrogate to itself the dominion of Southern Europe. Were the Italian States subject to any one of the great powers, that power might undertake the accomplishment of the dream of universal European dominion, as least as safely as France in the time of Napoleon I., or Spain in the days of Charles V.

When exhausted Europe fell back in 1815 from its victory over Napoleon upon the reconstruction of "principalities and powers," it was felt to be imperatively necessary not only that Italy should be put beyond the reach of any of

the parties to the Holy Alliance, but also that she should be prevented from aspiring to any unity of her own. No ruler could trust his brother-ruler with what Richelieu called the "Key of the World," and all the rulers were resolved that the Italian people should not hold it. Italy was, therefore, divided as follows: To the restored King of Naples was given his old realm, the Italian inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Upon an area nearly equal to that of New York this sovereign was to rule over ten millions of subjects, and the whole southern region of the peninsula. To the pope was confided an area equal to that of Massachusetts and Maryland with three millions of people, in the centre of Italy, and stretching from sea to sea. An Austrian prince, of the young branch of the house of Hapsburg, held Tuscany, with two millions of people; and a fertile region on the west, fully as large as Massachusetts, locked in upon the north-eastern borders by the smaller States of Parma and Modena, also ruled by princes of Austrian extraction and alliance, and with a combined population of about a million souls. Northern Italy was finally divided by the river Ticino and the Lago Maggiore between the houses of Savoy and Hapsburg, the former as King of Sardinia, possessing a dominion to the west about as large as South Carolina, with a population twice as large as that of New York; the latter as King of Lombardy-Venetia, holding a region half as large as Maine, with a population of about five millions. In these arrangements it pleased the Congress of Vienna to see a sure guarantee of the impotence of Italy to menace the peace of the world. But the house of Hapsburg had not forgotten its ancient motto, and was determined not only to retain Lombardy, which had descended to it from the inheritance of Charles V., and Venice, which had fallen into its hands in the chances of the late Neapolitan war, but also to use Northern Italy as a lever for making all the peninsula its own. It lost no time in beginning operations. It has never ceased to prosecute them. The most formidable engines of Austrian influence have been the systematic attempts of the Italian sovereigns to crush their people back into the recognition of "divine right," and to kill the hydra of "liberty and law" throughout the States. The ink was hardly dry on the conventions of Paris, when in July 12, 1815, Austria signed a "secret treaty" with Naples, binding the King of Naples to "rule his dominion in accordance with the views of the Austrian government." Five years later, in 1820, Naples forced her king to grant her a constitution. Austria then appealed to this secret treaty, and by virtue of it marched an army into "independent" Naples, suppressed the constitution, and established that Austrian tutelage which has endured with the brief interval of a few months in 1848, up to this time. In 1821 Sardinia demanded a constitution. Into Sardinia, likewise, Austria marched without a secret treaty, and restored despotism there also. An outburst at Bologna brought Austrian into the Papal States, one or another point of which she has never since ceased to occupy. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is strictly Austrian by family, and has therefore been left comparatively uncomplimented by the armed presence of his kinsmen. With Parma and Modena, in 1847, Austria concluded treaties allowing her to take armed possession of these States whenever "military prudence" should require it. Within the last forty years, therefore, Austria, from ruling five million of Italians in one corner of the peninsula, has advanced to a practical control over the whole peninsula, with the single exception of Sardinia, in which State liberty has established herself, and has held its own with incomparable spirit and good sense.

On formal grounds, then, Napoleon III. has clearly been right as a European sovereign in

protesting against the steady infractions of the balance of power in Italy of which Austria has been guilty. In these protests he has simply echoed the less-determined language held from time to time by his predecessor, Louis Philippe, and by the English government. His right to protect Sardinia from an invasion of Austria is demonstrable on these overt grounds alone.

As a French sovereign, Napoleon, however, has other and even stronger reasons for his present action, not the less respectable that they need not be diplomatically put forward. The course of Austria in Italy, while it threatens all the powers concerned in the freedom of the Mediterranean, bears directly upon the future welfare of France. France has nothing to fear from Italy, if the Italian States defined by the treaties of Vienna be really independent. From Italy, as a fief of Austria, France has everything to fear; and Napoleon would be recreant to his trust should he suffer the process begun in 1815 with Naples to be consummated with Sardinia in '59.—*N. Y. Times.*

all directions, was heard. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches; soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit-pat, pit-pat. When the noise was close to his ambush he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant; and what did he see?—only a rabbit, who stood on his hind-legs, as much astonished as was the sentry! Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, who disappeared down stairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind-legs hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from a neighboring plantation. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghost's bodies into the bargain.—*Buckland.*



JERUSALEM AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Speaking of ghosts, I have heard that, some years ago, there was a lone house standing by itself near a plantation, not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every night after dark; several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noise. At last one individual more courageous than the rest resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs pit-pat; a full stop, then pit-pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, was coming up stairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed and listening; his heart, too, chimed in the tune pit-pat rather faster than it was wont to do. He flung open the door—burry skurry, bang; something went down stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in

JERUSALEM AS IT IS.

We present herewith an excellent engraving from a drawing made upon the spot, representing the city of Jerusalem in its present aspect, and from a new point of view. The crowded city, with its undulating surface and hills beyond, is contrasted by the wild and broken foreground with its luxuriant foliage, through which winds a characteristic procession of oriental figures. Since de Chateaubriand, whose "Itinerary" is a classic, de Lamartine is the most distinguished writer who has visited Jerusalem. No more recent description is more brilliant, complete and animated than his. He traces it with a pen of fire, at a single dash, at the moment when the panorama of the Holy City was unrolled before his eyes for the first time. "The Mount of Olives, on which I was seated," he says, "descends in an abrupt and rapid slope into the deep abyss which separates it from Jerusalem, and which is called the Valley of Jehosaphat. From the depth of this dark, narrow valley rises an immense broad hill, whose rapid inclination resembles that of a high crumbling rampart; no

tree can plant its roots there; no moss even can there attach its filaments; the slope is so steep that the earth and stones are rolling down incessantly, and it presents to the eye only a surface of arid, scorched dust, like those heaps of ashes thrown from the upper part of the city. Towards the middle of the hill or natural rampart, high and strong walls of broad stones, unhewn on their exterior face, begin, hiding their Roman and Hebraic foundations beneath the ashes which cover their bases, and rise here to the height of 50, then to 100, and further on to 200 and 300 feet above this base of earth. The walls are pierced with three city gates, two of which are walled up, and of which the only one open before us appears as empty and deserted as if it only gave entrance to a deserted city. The walls rise even above these gates, and sustain a broad and vast terrace which extends along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem, on the side which looks to the east. This terrace appears to be 1000 feet long and 600 feet broad; it is nearly level, except in the centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the shallow valley which formerly separated Mount Zion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, doubtless prepared by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal on which rose Solomon's Temple; it now sustains two Turkish mosques—one, El Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very site of the temple; the other, at the southeast extremity of the terrace touching the walls of Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar or El Sakara, an admirable edifice of Arabic architecture, is a block of stone and marble of vast dimensions, with eight faces, each face adorned with seven arcades terminating in ogives; above this first order of architecture a terraced roof, from which starts another order of narrow arcades, terminated by a graceful dome covered with copper, and formerly gilded. The walls of the west are clothed with blue enamel; to the right and left extend broad wings terminating in light Moorish colonnades, corresponding to the light gateways of the edifice. Beyond these arches, detached from every other building, the platforms continue and end, one at the north part of the city, the other at the walls on the south side. Lofty cypresses scattered at random, a few olive trees, and green and graceful shrubs, blending here and there among the mosques, relieve their elegant architecture and shining color of their walls by their pyramidal form and dark verdure set forth by the façades of the temples and domes of the city. Beyond these two mosques and the site of the temple, all Jerusalem extends and springs up, so to speak, before us, without the eye losing a roof or a stone, and like the plan of a city in relief displayed by an artist on a table. This city is not, as we have been told, a shapeless and confused mass of ruins and ashes, on which a few Arab huts are scattered, or a few Bedouin tents dotted about; not, like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, in which the traveller seeks in vain for the shadow of edifices, the traces of streets, the phantom of a city, but a city brilliant with light and color, nobly presenting to the eye its intact and crenelated walls, its blue mosques with white colonnades, its thousands of glittering domes on which the light of an autumn sun falls and rebounds in vapor; the façades of its houses tinged by time and heat with the yellow and golden color of the buildings of Postum and Rome; the old towers that guard its walls wanting neither a stone, a loophole, nor a battlement, and finally, in the midst of the ocean of houses and the cloud of little domes which cover it, a low, black dome, broader than the rest, and over-topped by another white dome. These are the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary. They are blended

and drowned, as it were, in the immense labyrinth of domes, buildings and streets which surround them, and it is difficult to conceive of such a site for the Calvary and the Sepulchre which, according to the ideas conveyed by the Gospel, should be found on an isolated, extra-mural hill, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, compressed on the side of Zion, doubtless expanded on the northern side, to embrace in its circuit the two places which made its glory and its shame, the place of the punishment of the just, and that of the resurrection of the man-God. Such is the city from the top of the Mount of Olives. It has no horizon behind it, neither on the west nor on the north side. The line of its walls and towers, the points of its numerous minarets, the centres of its shining domes, are defined naked and boldly against the blue oriental sky; and the city, thus borne and presented on its broad and elevated platform, seems to blaze again with all the ancient splendor of its prophecies, or to wait only a word to spring dazzling forth from its seventeen successive ruins, the New Jerusalem effulgent with brightness."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

The street was narrow and unfashionable, the house an old, ill-arranged three-story affair, and the prospect from its narrow windows anything but pleasing; but still there was an air of neatness and comfort pervading one snug little box of a room in the attic; from the little polished cooking-stove and cheap carpet upon the broken floor, to the white counterpane of the little cot-bed under the eaves, and the books, pictures, and ingenious ornaments that adorn its shelves and walls, and the fair, serene face and perfect form of its young mistress, seemed in perfect keeping with all that surrounded her.

She had not a beautiful face, the features were not faultless, or the complexion dazzlingly fair, but it was one of those rare faces that "have an inner set of features shining through," betraying without words, to one who studied it, a pure heart, and a true and noble soul.

She looked calm and passionless, yet sad and thoughtful, as she sat by the one little window, with the dark brown, shining hair parted smoothly back from her noble brow, and her blue eyes fixed upon the work upon which she was stitch-stitching away the precious hours of life, but anon, as the sound of a shrill, cracked female voice came up from the room below, her brow slightly contracted, her lips compressed, and the eyes flashed and lighted with a look of unmistakable energy and interest.

Several minutes passed away, during which the shrill tones were evidently poured out in a distracting torrent, mingled with faint pleading tones in reply, and then footsteps were heard ascending the creaking stairs, the door opened without ceremony, and a lean, bony, rough-featured woman entered the apartment. The inmate rose.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hallowell," she said, in a slightly constrained tone. "Will you be seated, and tell me how you find yourself to-day?"

"O, poorly as ever!" replied the widow, in a complaining voice; "and no wonder, I have such an ocean of trouble to weigh me down."

"Why, what new affliction?"

"Not an affliction, but an infliction, a viper, a leech, a sponge—anything that sucks up the substance without giving an adequate return," said she, reddening with passion.

"But what is it, Mrs. Hallowell?"

"What indeed, but this poor dunce of an author down stairs, who has sponged up a month's rent, and now says he is unable to pay, and who will starve and rot in his hole (my best room, nevertheless), unless I turn him out at once. If you'll believe it, the wretch has sold off everything but his bunk, and a few old books and papers, and there's nothing left, as I live, to levy a claim upon. O, it's enough to make a saint swear to think of it!" and her tones were bitter and angry.

"But, Mrs. Hallowell, the poor young man is evidently too ill to earn anything just now. He was pale as death when I met him yesterday, and seemed hardly able to drag himself up to his room. O, I pitied him so, I could hardly get him out of my mind since," and the tears came up to the dark blue eyes at the thought.

"But pity pays no rents, Miss Marion Fielding, and will never do for a poor lone woman like me, to give up my sole dependence, my rents, out of pity. I've lost dollars upon dollars in this way before, and more than once have I vowed I'd never pity any mortal again."

"But this young man, Mrs. Hallowell. You must have pitied him, wasting away before our eyes as he has been for months. With careful nursing, suitable medicine, and the cool, bracing autumn air, he will undoubtedly revive, be able to work, and then pay all your demands."

"Nonsense; he'll never pay the first red cent. If he'd gone to work, now, like you and a thousand poor folks, he might have been well and done something in the world, but this eternal scribbling and poring over old musty books, is enough to destroy the soundest constitution that ever breathed. If I get rid of him to-morrow, I vow I'll never take in a lodger of that class again."

"If you get rid of him?—then he is going to leave?"

"He shall, if I have to get the sexton to cast him off; and I told him so. Why, the doctor gave him up, and refused to do anything more

for him some days ago, and he told me in confidence, this very morning, that he could not possibly live a month."

"Not live a month!" and the girl started to her feet and grew very pale. "Not live a month! and yet you can have the heart to turn him from your door! O, I would not have believed it of you, Mrs. Hallowell; you, who have really been so kind to me."

"But I must live, I tell you. I cannot live on air; and sick, unable to get out, and evidently starving, as the poor wretch is, he'd be a thousand times better off in the poor-house or hospital."

"But it would be so cruel to turn him out now."

"More cruel to let him stay and starve. If he'd anything to live on, or anybody to take care of him, it would be different; but he confessed just now that he had neither."

"Would you let him stay, and care for him yourself, for the pay?" demanded the young girl, eagerly.

"Of course I would, for nursing is a part of my business."

"Then do so, I entreat, and I will pay all you can reasonably demand."

"You, you! the poor sewing-girl! working late and early for small wages; you pay the bills of a perfect stranger?" and her eyes opened wide with astonishment. "You, who since your poor mother's death, have had no one to care for you but me? If you had the will you have not the means, foolish girl."

"I have the means, for the present, at least, and it's nobody's business what I do with it. I have saved something every week for three years, and it shall never be said that a fellow-creature perished so near me, whom it was in my power to succor or save," said the girl, eagerly.

The woman paused, struck by her own meanness, when compared with the girl's generous kindness. "I know it won't sound well, but then justice is justice, and charity must begin at home," she continued, apologetically. "But I'm going out to spend the day, and will think of your silly proposal," and the avaricious woman departed, thoughtfully locked up her room, and left the house.

With her feelings a good deal excited by the occurrence, the girl again sat down to her work, but her cheek was flushed, her manner betrayed agitation and unrest, and she found it impossible to fix her mind upon anything but the pale, melancholy student whom she had met upon the stairs, or walk, almost every day for a month; met silently, as strangers meet who have no wish or desire to be acquainted, and yet on her part at least, with a strange sympathy.

His great dark, mournful eyes kept coming between her and her work, and the pitying tears that prismatically reflected them blinded her so that she found work impossible, and laying the garment down upon her lap, she sat thinking what she could do to help him, when a deep groan from the room below attracted her attention. The floor of the old house was thin, with wide cracks and broken places near the chimney, and the deep silence that reigned within it, now that the mistress, lodgers, and all but the deaf old couple in the basement, had departed, made every sound distinctly audible.

She listened intently and eagerly, fearing, she knew not what. Languid footsteps crossed and re-crossed the apartment. There was a hollow cough, a pause, and then a broken voice uttered agonized, earnest words of supplication. She had listened many times to the same tones before, but never had her sharpened senses detected words that thrilled her soul like these.

"Thou who knowest the thoughts of all hearts, must know that my troubles are greater than a poor weak mortal can bear. O, God have mercy, have mercy upon me in this dread hour of temptation and despair. O, pity and forgive the rash crime I am about to commit, and though I fill a suicide's grave, among the outcasts of the earth, raise me with the redeemed in a glorious resurrection, blest, forgiven, and cleansed from all sin, and with the loved friends who have gone before, make me happy through eternity."

Thrilled, terrified, and spell bound as she was, the poor girl waited to hear no more. She flew down the long, narrow flight of stairs, stood for a moment trembling upon the landing, and then pushed open the young student's unlocked door. There he was, kneeling by the bedside, arrayed in a rich but faded velvet dressing-gown, with wild, upraised eyes, and a face stern and pale as a statue of marble, with one hand grasping the

bedstead, and in the other a keen glittering razor, which he was just in the act of raising to his bared throat.

"God of Heaven, what are you doing!" shrieked the girl, as she sprang forward with the speed of lightning, wrested the dangerous weapon from his hand, threw it out of the open window, and then sank down upon her knees, faint and trembling beside him.

He turned with an angry flush, to see who had arrested his murderous purpose, but the pale, anxious face and terrified glance that met his view, instantly changed the current of his thoughts, and with a sudden revulsion of his overwrought feelings, he turned away, covered his face with his hands and yielded to an uncontrollable burst of tears.

Her's flowed in silent sympathy, and for some minutes no sound was heard but the heartfelt sobs of the two. Then she rose to her feet and laid her hand impressively upon his arm as she said, in a low, trembling tone, "Thank God that you are saved, young man, and O, may despair never again tempt you to take what belongs to God alone."

"Saved! and wherefore? to suffer, and starve, and die a much more horrible and lingering death," he said, in a bitter tone, as he raised a still hopeless and despairing face to her view.

"Ay! if it be God's will," she replied; "and better a thousand times so, than to take that fearful leap in the dark, with the awful sin of self-murder upon your soul."

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed, with a frightened shudder (such as one feels in the contemplation of a frightful precipice from which he has been saved by a miracle), "but my brain was whirling, I was frantic with agony and despair, I knew not where to turn for a ray of hope or earthly comfort, and I felt as if I could not wait another instant for the slow but sure footsteps of the stern messenger who is so soon coming to meet me. O, if you knew all, you could not blame me for seeking to speed this awful journey to the tomb!"

"I do not blame you, for I know that there are ills in life that at times upset reason from her firm foundation, and such I believe are yours. You were ill, perhaps starving, given up to die by your heartless physician, brow-beaten by an avaricious woman, and felt as if all the world had forsaken you. But it was wrong, even then, to give up wholly to despair. The doctors don't know everything, and would not have given you up if your purse were full. The ill-tempered landlady, too, can be bought with a price, and friends may rise up around you, when you least think of it. So thank God for your escape and take courage."

"Who are you who break in thus upon my privacy, snatch me from the brink of perdition, read my exact condition and prospects, and whisper words of hope in the ear of one so God-forsaken as myself?" he suddenly demanded, with a keen, searching glance.

"I am a poor and lonely fellow-creature, like yourself, perhaps, but still rich in health, and I trust not God-forsaken, and one who would be a sister to you in this hour of temptation and trouble, if you would allow it."

"Sweet, O sweet are words of kindness and sympathy from woman's lips—the first I have heard for long months; but they can avail nothing to one whose case is as hopeless as mine. Death alone can relieve my woes, and it was a mistaken kindness to stay the blow that would have put me out of my misery."

"Think of it no more, rash young man. Put away that wicked thought—but you are ill, fainting, dying!"

He had risen to his feet, but sick and fasting as he really was, the physical exertion and terrible mental ordeal he had passed through was too much for him, and in spite of her outstretched arm, he fell heavily on the foot of his humble bed.

It was a long time—to her it seemed an age, before the terrified girl, with the means at hand, could succeed in restoring him to consciousness. He revived at last, for a time looked around dreamily, wondering, as it seemed, at her presence, but soon enough came to him, a memory of the terrible past, the hopeless present, the dark, formless future, and he groaned in anguish of spirit.

"You are very ill," said the maiden, tremulously, "tell me what I can do for you?"

"You can leave me to die—alone, uncared for, and the city will provide me with a pauper's burial."

"No. I will not," and her tones were firm

enough now. "You are human, and shall have human care and sympathy. You need food, fire, medicine, a physician and careful nursing. Tell me, if it not so?" and she glanced around upon the bare walls and fireless hearth.

"Ay!" he replied, "and all are to be found in the poor-house or hospital, my landlady says," and his tones were very bitter.

"You shall go to neither, if you will allow me to assist you."

"Who are you, I again ask, who thus step between me and death, and hold out a cheerless hope to one whom the world, or his own pride, hath cast away?"

"My name is Marion Fielding. I am an orphan, without home or friends, and since my mother's death, five years ago, I have lodged in this house, and got my living as a seamstress. In more prosperous days, our landlady was a servant in our family, and in spite of her ill-treatment of you, has been really kind to me, so do not judge her too harshly."

"I knew your sweet face was familiar. We must have met almost every day for months, and yet, forgive me when I say, that my great troubles have made me so unobservant of strangers, that I hardly knew you, and never had asked your name."

"That matters little; but may I hope to assist you?"

"Receive help from a poor seamstress! No, no. It would be shameless robbery. Rather let me starve and die," and his face flushed with shame at the thought of his humiliation.

"But I am not so very poor," responded the innocent maiden. "I have saved some money, and you can repay me when you recover."

"Recover!" and a painful spasm passed over the young man's face. "I shall never recover. I am doomed. My days are numbered, wickedly impatient as I was to shorten them, and it matters little—I can humble my pride, and go to the poor-house or hospital to end them."

"But you dread it?"

"Ay! worse than death!"

"And have you nothing to live for?" inquired she.

"O, so much, so much!" and he pointed to the plain pine table upon which was lying a large pile of manuscript. "I had hoped to add something to the store of human knowledge, to do something that should cause my name to be remembered when I was at rest; but my health, sapped by a cruel disappointment and blighted prospects, failed before the accomplishment of a work a few short days or weeks would have completed—a work that was almost sure to be successful; and if so, to make the fame and fortune of its author. But that hope of my life is ended," he continued, mournfully, "I must die; my name be forgotten, and the world be none the wiser for all my toil and trouble."

"Who says you must die?" she asked shudderingly.

"The doctor; and my own feelings tell me so too. I have, perhaps, but a few days to live."

"Then you shall not go to the hospital, if I can prevent it; and who knows but what I might assist you to finish this manuscript upon which all your hopes in life depended, to bear at least the name of Alfred Wayland to posterity?"

"Do you realize the consequences to yourself, noble-hearted girl, should I accept your generous assistance?"

"I hardly know. I pitied you so sincerely that I felt willing to do anything within the bounds of reason to soothe your last days, and make them less despairing and hopeless," she said, with a rising blush.

"You felt like what you are—an angel of mercy; and had I a tithe of the means I once possessed, I would ask you, all unknown to me as you are, and refused as I probably should be, to stay with me while life lasts—to assist in finishing a work that might be a rich legacy to you when the grave closed over me. But I am peniless. I cannot, with such uncertain prospects, consent to live upon your bounty, generous girl. And however painful and humiliating the thought, I shall now resign the dearest hope of my life, leave the work upon which I had founded so many hopes unfinished—go to the hospital and die."

"Farewell, then, if I can do you no good," said she, tremulously. "I would gladly have saved you from the shock of a removal among cold, un pitying strangers, and you may, perhaps, attribute my interest and interference to some unworthy motive."

"Never, never! I would stake my life upon

your purity of thought and nobleness of soul. I would not wrong you by a thought, though the world might, if I took advantage of your generous kindness."

"But could I not aid you as I wish, without the knowledge of that censorious world?" she asked, timidly.

"In funds, perhaps, but not in that work for which, it may be, I have sacrificed health and life."

"And why not?"

"Because, to do that, it would be necessary to remain with me alone for hours, and days, and weeks—which no woman could do without reproach, but a mother, sister, or wife," he said, in an embarrassed tone. The color mounted to her temples, for she had never thought of it in that light before.

"I will go, then," she said, "and may God give you courage to bear up until the end, and make you happy hereafter."

"Do not go yet," said he, eagerly, as she turned away, "I have longed so for human sympathy, in my isolation and loneliness, that every moment seems precious that I pass in your blessed presence. I have sometimes thought death itself would lose half its terrors, had I mother, sister, or friend, to soothe me in my short journey to the tomb."

"Have you then no friends—relatives?" said the maiden, turning back pityingly.

"None; or if there are any who were my friends, pride has cut me off from all intercourse with them. I was once rich, respected, sought after by troops of summer friends, and thought myself beloved by one who had been my idol from early youth. We had a sad misunderstanding, parted in anger, and while she consoled herself with the pleasures of the gay world, I sought forgetfulness in foreign lands. I passed through climes seldom visited by Americans or Europeans, met with many strange vicissitudes and romantic adventures, and at last returned to find my beloved unmarried, deeply repentant for the past, and rejoiced, as she said, to be able to prove her deep and absorbing love for me in the future. I knew that she alone had been to blame, but I still loved her well enough to forgive the past, and looked forward with joy to the day that was to make her my own. Our marriage day was fixed, and a new and elegant house was nearly prepared for our reception, when the banking institution in which I had invested a large sum, failed, and a ship, in which I was deeply interested, being lost at sea, with a faulty insurance, about the same time, I was left comparatively poor. And now came the hardest trial of all. She, whom I had loved so long and so fondly, when she found that my wealth had vanished, proved faithless, utterly refused to fulfil her plighted vows, and soon after, heartlessly married the oldest and richest suitor who had ever proposed for her hand. Indignant at her treachery, and galled by the sneers and slights of those who had hitherto professed friendship, and frowned upon me, I then left my native town, wandered about the country hopelessly for a time, till the keen edge of my disappointment was blunted, and then came to this city, where all means of information abound, resolved to write a history of my travels, and the strange countries and people I had visited, in my years of absence and wandering."

"I was well educated, had a taste for composition, a glowing fancy, a good memory, and plenty of notes and experience to build upon, and began my work with the most flattering hopes of literary success. I pursued it eagerly—too eagerly for my failing health—and in my absorbing interest in the work, was forgetting my past troubles and disappointments, when the remains of my large fortune, which I had thought safely invested, were suddenly swept away by a tremendous fraud. This new misfortune for a time paralyzed my energies, and undoubtedly hastened the decline that was already beginning to affect my system."

"I was from that time obliged to postpone my great work from time to time, and seek a precarious support by writing for the weekly papers. In this way I have struggled on for months, until, with the derangement of my nervous system and failing strength, my ability to write at all has vanished. Since that time, I have sold or pawned every valuable I possessed, and have come at last to the brink of starvation, despair and death," and his pale face flushed painfully at the humiliating confession.

"From my soul I pity you. Would to God I could do more," said the maiden, after a long

pause. "But tell me, how near is your cherished work to completion?"

"It was wholly written, and half copied, before my ability to work or hire an amanuensis failed me."

"But are you sure of a publisher if it were completed?"

"Yes; but I have sought in vain for one who would advance anything to assist me in finishing it," and he sighed deeply.

"Then all you lack is small means, and the services of an amanuensis?"

"Yes; but impossibilities both to me now."

"Say rather, services which pride prevents you from accepting from a stranger woman's hand. You see I can read your thoughts," and she smiled sadly.

"If you can read my thoughts, you must know that I was never more strongly tempted to do wrong than at this moment," he said, with a searching glance.

She started and looked upon him inquiringly. "Do not be frightened," he continued; "I shall commend the strong impulse that would lead me to ask you to involve yourself in my misery. You could help me, I confess; but only as my wife would the world allow you to do so, unsearched by the tongue of scandal. And young and fair as you are, with bright hopes for the future, and probably dearer ties, you could not dream of sacrificing them all to cheer the last hours and finish the life task of a world-weary, destitute and hopeless invalid."

The maiden cast down her eyes, and the eloquent blood mounted to her temples, as she said, after a few moments' deep thought, and in a low, tremulous tone: "What if I should tell you that it would be an exquisite pleasure for me to do so for one upon whom I have looked for a long time with pity and deep interest, that I should glory in such a sacrifice to the cause of humanity, that I have no dearer ties to bind me to one human being upon earth, and would gladly vary the monotony of my existence by extending my sympathy to one who undoubtedly needs them?"

"What is this I hear? Are my senses leaving me?" exclaimed the young man, eagerly and excitedly. "You cannot think of devoting your life, health and only wealth, to the welfare of a doomed stranger?"

"I would, God helping me."

"But you know nothing of the magnitude of the task you would so generously take upon yourself. I may die to-morrow, or, as consumption is a strange disease, I may linger for months upon the borders of the grave, a helpless, hopeless burthen, without even the ability to complete the work upon which all our hopes would depend."

"The more need, then, of one true friend to nurse, soothe and console you in your upward journey."

"Angel of goodness! to what sacrifices will not the tender heart of a true woman lead her! And yet, for the faithlessness of one, I have sometimes railed at the sex to which your nobleness would do everlasting honor. But I dare not take advantage of your generous kindness. It would be too cruel to drag you down with me to the depths of poverty, with so faint a hope of accomplishing a work that, by its success, might better your condition hereafter."

"I thought not of bettering my condition, do me the justice to believe; and whether success or failure await you, I am willing to abide the consequences."

"I believe you, generous-hearted girl. You are one who has the true martyr spirit, and would glory in self-sacrifice; and one, too, who in more fortunate circumstances, I feel that I could love with my whole heart. But you are too young to understand what trials would await you, should I consent to such a sacrifice, too young and inexperienced to know that you might wear out health and life in a round of weary watching and starvation, and perhaps at last end your days in the almshouse."

"I have thought of it all, and more. I believe your case hopeless, and yet I feel as if I were impelled by a power not of earth, when I say that I will take upon me the risk, and care for you, and tenderly watch over you till death."

He looked up eagerly into her clear, kind eyes, with tears welling up into his own, and pressed her hand to his heart as he exclaimed: "God forgive me if it is wrong, but though I shame to take advantage of it, I can refuse such generous kindness no longer. Henceforth you shall be my guardian angel, and we will trust in

God for the future consequences to us both," said he, solemnly.

"And you will not think lightly of me, a perfect stranger, for my seeming forwardness. You do not doubt me?"

"Sooner would I doubt the motives of the angels. If you err, it is from motives of generous pity, and the romantic benevolence of a noble soul."

"I would fain hope so, and trust I shall be able to prove that I am not unworthy of confidence. But if you consent to place yourself in my care, I shall begin my mission at once," she said, with a sweet smile. "You are very ill. The fever is burning in your veins, and this unnatural excitement that for the time has lent you strength, a glowing cheek and glittering eye, will soon give place to infantile weakness."

"I believe you are right. For some days stern necessity alone has compelled me to rise at all from my bed, and I fear it will be impossible to do so much longer. O, it is a fearful task upon which you are venturing, young lady, and though against my dearest wishes and interests, I must beg of you to withdraw from it before it is too late."

"Not unless you dislike me personally, and fear you should regret your bondage, if God should spare your life."

"No—never! Your presence is a balm and a blessing, and I feel at this moment as if it could almost win me back to life and health, from the borders of the grave."

"God grant it! but the first thing is to make you comfortable, which you are far from being at present. You are growing pale and faint. Please sit down and dream of future happiness, in this world or a better, while I make a fire, set your room in order, and prepare you some nourishment."

He was only too glad to obey, and worn out with excitement, he went to sleep like a weary child, while Marion cheerfully performed her proposed tasks.

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of Mrs. Hallowell when she was made acquainted by Marion, in a confidential interview that night, of all that had transpired in her absence. She was exceedingly shocked to know how near she had come to driving a fellow-creature to suicide, and this thought did much towards softening her heart to him. But it was a long time before Marion could make her believe she was in earnest, and not wild in her idea of marrying him.

Convinced at last, and won over by the arguments and noble sentiments expressed by the self-sacrificing girl, she at last consented to the plan, and even went so far as to visit the young man in his room, ask his forgiveness, and make all the arrangements for the marriage next morning.

It was a strange bridal, and so evidently thought the clergyman, as he looked upon the pale face and attenuated form of the bridegroom arrayed in his faded dressing-gown, and then upon the calm, earnest, almost beautiful face of the bride, as she stood up in a plain dress beside him, and pronounced the solemn vows that were to bind her to one who would, apparently, very soon fill a consumptive's grave. Mrs. Hallowell had previously prepared him for the scene, and in spite of her promise of secrecy to Marion, told him the whole story, and also how hard she had tried to prevent the foolish girl from sacrificing herself; but when he came to see and converse with them both, he could not find it in his heart to blame her, or condemn the true heroism her conduct manifested. And when he called upon one of his wealthy and benevolent lady parishioners upon his return, he could not forbear mentioning the circumstances.

"It was a singular affair, certainly, if they told you the truth, but some would lightly estimate the girl's delicacy in offering herself to the gentleman under any circumstances," said the lady.

"I know; but from all I could gather, I am inclined to think she was a good and noble girl, who did it from motives of true philanthropy."

"Perhaps so," said the lady, incredulously; "but pray tell us the name of your heroine, Mr. Archer."

"Her name was Marion Fielding, and they live in that out-of-the-way place, B. Street, Mrs. Benson."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lady, in surprise; "why, it must be the very girl I employ to do my fine sewing, and a good amiable girl she is, too. But what could possess her to ally herself to a hopeless invalid, a would-be suicide

at that, with her slender means? Can it be that she loves him?"

"She evidently wishes to do good, to save a man of genius and education from utter despair and loneliness, in the last hours of his life, whether she loves him or not."

"Well, I must visit them some leisure day, and whether the girl has done wisely or not, it will not do to let them suffer," said the lady, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Benson did visit them, and not empty-handed, and from that hour took a generous interest in their welfare. The terrible mental suffering the young man had endured, of course, reacted upon his system, and for several days he was very ill, and required constant attention; but with careful nursing and the skilful treatment of Mrs. Benson's family physician, whom she insisted upon sending to their relief, he afterwards began slowly to mend. When he again became able to sit up and go out, Mrs. Benson came regularly every day and took them out to drive, a kindness that as much as any one thing contributed to his final recovery.

It was a long time before Alfred Wayland was well enough to give the requisite assistance to his young wife in the task to which she had devoted herself, and her slender means would have been exhausted, and they would have seen much suffering but for the kind friends a knowledge of her heroism raised up around her.

As it was, they wanted for nothing, and each day and hour, the young man found new reason for gratitude and thankfulness to God for the rich blessing he had bestowed upon him in his patient, true-hearted wife.

"Marion," he said to her one day, after he began to recover, "did you really believe I should die, when you so generously offered to share my lot?"

"Yes, Alfred," she replied, in a tremulous tone, "I thought I saw the consumptive glitter in your eyes; the consuming hectic upon your cheek, and that hollow cough had long sounded to me like a death-knell, as I listened to it day after day, and night after night."

"So you thought of me and pitied me even then, dear Marion?"

"How could I help it?" and she looked up with an eloquent glance.

"But you see I am recovering, and like to get well, after all, and perhaps you are unhappily disappointed," he said, with a keen, questioning glance.

"O, how can you say that!" and her eloquent eyes filled with tears, "unless you, with returning health, regret to find yourself allied to one so humble, unattractive and ignorant as myself?"

"Marion, dear Marion, God knows that I do not regret being united to one whose goodness and virtue have raised her in my esteem far above the noblest of her sex, who has beauty enough to win my warmest admiration, and education and intellect enough to make her a pleasing and intelligent companion, whom I now love better than all the world besides. But perhaps your heart now revolts at this tie, and feels it a bondage? O, tell me it is not so, dearest Marion? Say that you can and will learn to love me," said he, earnestly.

"That lesson is already learned," said Marion, blushing. "I could not love one below the skies better than I do you."

"Thank God! I have found my soul's true mate," said he, rapturously, as he drew her to his bosom. "With a glad heart, I now welcome that life you alone, under God, have restored to me; and never again, I trust, shall I murmur at the decrees of Providence."

From that hour the world held not a happier pair than Alfred Wayland and his young wife, poor and humble as were all their surroundings; and never, in after days, when the most brilliant success had crowned his literary efforts, and with returned health, the tide of wealth and fame flowed back to him, did he have reason to blush for the bride who had so strangely chosen him. In adversity she had been patient, generous, kind and true, in prosperity she exhibited the same traits in more glorious perfection, joined to the graces and accomplishments of the true lady; and never was Alfred Wayland prouder of his wealth or fame, than of his true-hearted wife, and never were both happier than when they remembered their gratitude, by imitating the noble example of Mrs. Benson, their bountiful benefactor.

Self-indulgence takes many forms, and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one.



UNITED STATES OVERLAND PACIFIC MAIL CROSSING THE GADSDEN PURCHASE.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The accompanying drawing, representing the overland mail on its passage through the Gadsden Purchase, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. A. Waud, from a drawing made on the spot for our Pictorial. The overland mail may be regarded as the pioneer of the Pacific Railroad. As the road is at present arranged, San Francisco and St. Louis are over 2729 miles apart; the stations are at distances varying from 10 to 15 miles. Leaving San Francisco, a ride of 370 miles through a variously settled country brings it to Fort Tiju, in the mountains, called Sierra Nevada, 94 miles further is Los Angeles. From thence to Tucson is a distance of 560 miles; to Lower California, at the junction of the rivers Colorado and Gila, at Arizona city, the Colorado is crossed, and the road runs alongside the Gila for some distance, then across the country for 40 miles to a bend where the Gila is again met

and crossed, through the Pimas Indian villages and rugged passes into Tucson. On leaving that settlement a country infested by the Apaches is crossed, consisting of rough hills, plains, and difficult passes, into the Gadsden Purchase, across Arizona, through the Mesilla valley, fording the Rio Grande, and from El Paso over another wild country to Fort Chadbourne in Texas, a distance of more than 400 miles. On this part of the route 75 miles of desert have to be crossed without water; Camanches, too, are somewhat troublesome on this portion of the road. After quitting Chadbourne, and at a distance of 490 miles, Fort Smith on the Arkansas River is reached, through Fort Belknap, Phantom Hill, Gainesville, Sherman, over the Red River and the Choctaw Reserve in the Indian Territory. At Fort Smith the southern mail by way of Memphis, and the western mail from St. Louis meet, and proceed together to

San Francisco, and divide again on the return trips. Perhaps the principal advantage of this route is the absence of snow on a greater portion of it. The mail is almost entirely a letter mail, and it is needless to add, costs an immense sum; the postage on the letters going but a little way towards defraying the expense. It is expected that the contractors will soon run an express for light packages at the same rate as the mail, namely, in 25 days from point to point, which, however, might be shortened at least 48 hours by a more direct road. The stages are not all on the same pattern, some being like the Old Concord stages, and others as represented in the picture. Occasionally an Indian gallops across the route, and a hunter or agent of the company joins company for a little distance; however, the pleasures of the road are not overwhelming, as the arrangements for sleeping, eating, drinking, etc., are of the most limited character.

CRICKET-PLAYING ON BOSTON COMMON.

The spirited local picture below was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and does credit to his artistic skill. The manly game of cricket, we are pleased to see, is enjoying great favor, as it deserves, for it brings into play physical energy and activity, mental calculation, self-control, courage and activity. We borrow it from our English ancestry, and the game itself dates from the sixteenth century, or even earlier. In England all classes unite in this game on the village green, and peer and peasant may be seen together striving for victory. There is no question that the practice of athletic exercise has brought the English people to their fine physical condition, which every stranger observes with admiration; and on the other hand, that such out-of-door sports are needed to bring up us Americans to the mark. Exercise and amusement must be combined to develop the physique.



CRICKET PLAYERS ON BOSTON COMMON.

FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

The accompanying engraving, from a sketch made on the spot, represents a portion of a column of French troops passing through Chambery, en route for Turin. They exhibit little of the "pompe, pride, circumstance of glorious war," which soldiers on the march never do. They are permitted to carry their arms "at will," and are not required strictly to keep step or rank. They plod along, mile after mile, patiently and cheerfully. It is only when approaching large towns that the ranks are closed up, the muskets shouldered, the music heard, and the step of the troops firm and condensed. In the present war the French troops have been compelled to march but comparatively short distances, the lines of railway affording them a relief unknown in the days of the great French emperor. The fact of Louis Napoleon's having taken the field, has raised the spirit of the French soldiers to the highest pitch, and if fortune favors their emperor he will be as much of a favorite as the "little corporal." It may be as well to preserve, for record, in this connection, the war manifesto of the French emperor. It has already become a page of history.

"Austria, by ordering the entry of her army into the territories of the King of Sardinia, our

doned her civilizing character. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the amelioration of the human race, and when she draws the sword it is not to govern, but to free. The object, then, of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who will owe to us their independence. We do not enter Italy to foment disorder, or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which burdens the whole peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon lawful satisfied interests. In fine, then, we enter this classic ground, rendered illustrious by so many victories, to retrace the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them.

"I am about to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the empress and my son. Secured by the experience and the enlightenment of the emperor's last surviving brother, she will understand how to show herself worthy of the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valor of the army which remains in France to keep watch upon our frontiers and to protect our homes. I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard. I confide them,

The enthusiasm was immense, and shouts of 'Viva il Re!' and clapping of hands saluted his appearance. The National Guard now do duty in the capital, the rest of the army having left for the frontiers."

VOYAGE TO CUBA.

There is something in the clear, blue, warm sea of the tropics which gives to the stranger a feeling of unreality. Where do those vessels come from, that rise out of the sea, in the horizon? Where do they go, as they sink in the sea again? Are those blue spots really fast anchored islands, with men, and children, and horses, and machinery, and schools, politics and newspapers on them, or are they afloat, and visited by beings of the air?

Again a beautiful, warm day. I wake, and the first glance out of my state room window shows the sea and sky flushed with the red of a bright sunrise. Awnings are spread; straw hats and linen coats are worn; sewing, reading, and chess-playing are going on among the elders, and the children are romping about the decks, beginning to feel entirely at home. There are boys from the northern states, with fair skins and light hair, strong, loud-voiced, plainly dressed,

tee, propped by a pillow, and tries to smile and to think that she feels stronger in the air. She says she will stay in Cuba until she gets well!

After dinner, Captain Bullock tells us that we shall soon see the high lands of Cuba, off Matanzas; the first and highest being the Pan of Matanzas. It is clear overhead, but a mist lies along the southern horizon, in the latter part of the day. The sharpest eyes detect the land about four o'clock, P. M., and soon it is visible to all. It is an undulating country on the coast, with high hills and mountains in the interior, and has a rich and fertile look. That height is the Pan, though we see no special resemblance, in its outline, to a loaf of bread. We are still sixty miles from Havana. We cannot reach it before dark, and no vessels are allowed to pass the Moro after the signals are dropped at sunset.

We coast the northern shore of Cuba, from Matanzas westward. There is no waste of sand and low flats, as in most of our southern states; but the fertile, undulating land comes to the sea, and rises into high hills as it recedes. "There is the Moro! and right ahead!" "Why, there is the city, too! Is the city on the sea? We thought it was on a harbor or bay." There, indeed, is the Moro, a stately hill of tawny rock, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and jutting



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH ADVANCED GUARD AT CHAMBERY.

ally, has declared war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great Powers have protested against this act of aggression. Piedmont having accepted the conditions which ought to have ensured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? It is because Austria has driven matters to such an extremity that her dominion must either extend to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic, for every corner of Italy which remains independent endangers the power of Austria.

"Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct, but now energy becomes my first duty. France must now to arms, and resolutely tell Europe: 'I wish not for conquest, but I am determined firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe treaties on condition that they are not violated against me. I respect the territories and the rights of neutral Powers, but I boldly avow my sympathies with a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who now groan under foreign oppression.'

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. Her will was to give me power sufficiently strong to reduce into subjection abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of old factions, who are incessantly seen concluding compacts with our enemies; but she has not for that purpose aban-

in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotedness of which I daily receive so many proofs. Courage, then, and union! Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts; for that cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence."

The French troops have been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy, and as for the military spirit of the Italians themselves, it is perfectly overflowing. A correspondent of a London paper thus describes the appearance of Turin, as he observed it a short time since, before the king left it: "As I entered the city I noticed crowds of people making their way in one direction, and following them, valise in hand, found myself in front of St. Giovanni, the cathedral church of Turin. Victor Emmanuel was there, offering up prayers for the success of his army in the coming strife, and invoking the blessing of Heaven on the standards of Sardinia. The facade of the building was decorated with crimson, gold, and white draperies; and over the principal entrance were written these words—'Il Re, l'Eserci, l'Italia, Al Dio che regge, le sorti delle Bataglie;' which, translated freely, means, 'The King, the Army, and Italy; confide in God, who decides the fate of battles.'"

in stout shoes, honest and awkward; and there are Cuban boys, with a mixed air of the passionate and the timorous, sallow, slender, small-voiced, graceful, but with the grace rather of girls than of boys, wearing slippers, ornamented waistcoats and jackets, and hats with broad bands of cord. What preternaturally black eyes these little Creole girls have! Are they really eyes, so out of proportion in size and effect to their small, thin faces? Their mother is hale and full-fleshed, and probably they will come to the same favor at last.

Throughout the day, sailing down the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, we see vessels of all forms and sizes, coming in sight and passing away, as in a dioramic show. There is a heavy cotton droger from the Gulf, of one thousand two hundred tons burden, under a cloud of sail, pressing on to the northern seas of New England or Old England. Here comes a saucy little Baltimore brig, close-hauled, and leaning over to it; and there, half down in the northern horizon, is a pile of white canvass, which the experienced eyes of my two friends, the passenger shipmasters, pronounce to be a bark, outward bound. Every passenger says to every other, How beautiful! how exquisite! That pale, thin girl, who is going to Cuba for her health—her brother travelling with her—sits on the set-

into it, with walls, and parapets, and towers on its top, and flags and signals flying, and the tall lighthouse just in front of its outer wall. It is not very high, yet commands the sea about it. And there is the city, on the sea-coast, indeed—the houses running down to the coral edge of the ocean. Where is the harbor, and where the shipping? Ah, there they are! We open an entrance, narrow and deep, between the beetling Moro and the Punta; and through the entrance, we see the spreading harbor and the innumerable masts. But the darkness is gathering, the sunset gun has been fired, we can just catch the dying notes of trumpets from the fortifications, and the Moro lighthouse throws its gleam over the still sea. The little lights emerge and twinkle from the city. We are too late to enter the port, and slowly and reluctantly the ship turns her head off to seaward. The engine breathes heavily, and throws its one arm leisurely up and down; we rise and fall on the moonlit sea; the stars are near to us, or we are raised nearer to them; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon; and all night long, two streams of light lie upon the water, one of gold from the Moro, and one of silver from the moon. It is enchantment. Who can regret our delay, or wish to exchange this scene for the common, close anchorage of a harbor?—R. H. Dana, Jr.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NERVOUS OLD LADY:

—OR,—

HOW JACK RYAN BECAME RICH.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

JOHN, or rather Jack Ryan, as he was more commonly known, was an affable, good-hearted, honorable fellow when I first made his acquaintance five and twenty years ago, and I hardly think in that respect he has altered much since, although he is entered on the books that bear especial reference to finance as one of the rich men of the State of —, and as the circumstances leading to this great change in his worldly prosperity (for he was comparatively a poor fellow in the matter of dollars and cents at the commencement of the race) are so peculiar, so unprecedented, in fact, that I have half a mind to lay aside my usual reserve in matters of this kind, and relate, for the benefit of the reader, how it came to pass that Jack Ryan, the stage-driver, became rich.

It was through no exertion, or forethought, or calculation of his own, let me premise this to begin with, that the affable, good-hearted, honorable Jack Ryan became rich. Rather let me say it was the merest accident being brought to bear upon the amiable qualities of head and heart already enumerated as the especial gifts of nature to our hero, that he chanced, very unexpectedly, to awake one morning and find himself rich—rich beyond expectation—richer than he had ever dreamed of being, although he was one of your sanguine temperaments that always looked on the sunshiny side of things.

Old Mr. Saydell, who was wont in the old time, before this remarkable change in his favor took place, to call him, in his daughter's presence, a shiftless, beggarly fellow, for no other reason in the world than that he (the old gentleman) was worth a few thousand dollars, and said daughter, contrary to his special desire—I might have said commands, though I am not quite positive he ever went so far as to issue any,—had formed one of your deep and romantic attachments, sometimes found out of sentimental novels, but not often, for the handsome young stage-driver aforesaid, who, to make our story more interesting and more acceptable, had been equally smitten by the charms of the young lady. To-day the old gentleman chuckles through his toothless gums, and calls him "my honorable son-in-law," and is even inclined, at this late date, to take upon himself the entire credit of bringing about the alliance, which heaven knows must have been entirely thwarted at the time, could he have said his say to any purpose.

But to give up this odd freak of wandering, and to retrace our steps to the less prosperous time when our story properly sets out.

Jack Ryan, then, at the age of twenty-five, and after his marriage with the daughter of Saydell, followed the business of stage-driver, and I believe had some slight interest in the stage line between B. and W.; leastwise, so I have been told—I have no personal cognizance of that fact. One day he found among his passengers a nervous old lady going to W. She was an intelligent old lady, and to judge from her general appearance, and the multitude of trunks and band-boxes that accompanied her on the outside, was a person in very comfortable if not affluent circumstances. She had charged our hero to drive her very carefully, and volunteered an extempore lecture of considerable length on the topic of carelessness among stage-drivers in general, and some few in particular, to all of which our hero listened with the profoundest respect, and when she concluded, he promised to regard her comfort, and drive as carefully as possible consistent with time.

The old lady was very much taken by his open, genial face, and the kindly deference and consideration which he paid to the infirmities of age; and when at the first tavern he took the trouble to bring her a tumbler of gin and water, for which, like Byron, she happened to have a partiality, her admiration knew no bounds, and she extolled him to her fellow-passengers as a model young man, and a gentleman by nature. Jack, who possessed among his other valuable characteristics a shrewd insight into human nature, saw this, and judging at a glance that she was an old lady well-to-do, resolved at least, so far as he was able, to favor all her whims, and make himself agreeable. Hence the gin and water.

The nervous old lady grew more and more cheerful at every stopping place, and complimented our hero by assuring him that she felt herself perfectly safe, and should feel perfectly safe till they reached W., and then tossed off her quantum of gin and water more like a whiskered grenadier than a nervous old lady. During the last stages of the journey she became communicative, and informed our hero that she was just starting on a tour through the western country, and should not hesitate to pay an incredible sum if she could be warranted such drivers and such attentions all the way.

Arriving at the terminus of Jack's route, the old lady thrust some money in his hand, and wishing him all manner of good luck, she took up her line of travel for the West by the connecting line of stages. Now in order to show that a man's fortune does sometimes hang on the merest accident, or that the turning tide in his affairs may depend upon some trifling circumstances or other, that otherwise would be forgotten almost with the rapidity of its transpiration, we shall be compelled—and not against our voluntary wish, either—to continue this history for a few brief stages further. After the nervous old lady had taken, as it was thought, her final departure from W. by the connecting stage-line West, it was discovered that one of the smaller trunks of her luggage had been accidentally overlooked by the driver, a harum-scarum fellow of more muscle than brain, and Jack, whose interest in the old lady had by no means diminished, procured a horse and wagon and started with the trunk in pursuit of the stage, which had not been gone above half an hour. The roads were bad, full of deep ruts, and difficult traveling. Nevertheless, our hero managed to get over the ground with considerable rapidity, and at the end of another half hour came upon the stage, which a few minutes before had upset through the driver's carelessness, but which he naturally attributed to the "shockin' bad" state of the roads, etc. Hence the nervous old lady's excuse for reading a long lecture on careless stage-drivers.

None of the passengers happened to be injured, but the old lady was sorely frightened at the occurrence, and insisted on having her trunks immediately unstrapped, and returning with Jack to W., and thence to B., which she did, as any other nervous old lady would have done, to be sure.

On their way back to W. the old lady arranged with Jack to furnish money to buy a span of horses and a carriage, and then give him double the price he was then receiving to drive it. "For," said she, "I have money enough, and will do it for my own comfort." And in this we think she was right, but shall not stop to argue the point.

In due course of time the horses and carriage were purchased, and in company with the nervous old lady, whose name proved to be Sinclair, and who, considering the time in which she lived, was nearly as much of a traveller as Ida Pfeiffer herself, started on their projected tour to the West. They reached, however, only to the western part of New York State before the nervous old lady was smitten by a lingering but mortal disease, which carried her off at the end of a fortnight. Jack was unremitting in his attentions, constantly at her side; he scarcely slept a wink, so anxious was he for her recovery—tender as a delicate and tender-hearted woman in the anticipation of all her wants; and the gin, he always remembered the gin, and gave it to her, whereas less devoted and conscientious nurses might have taken the trouble to drink it. And when she informed him that she felt that she could not survive, he burst into tears (and I think they were honest tears too), and those tears reached deeper down into the nervous old lady's heart than any tears she had ever seen shed before; but why protract the agony? Poor Mrs. Sinclair sent for a lawyer, made her will, and died, as the very best people must, sooner or later, however little disposed we are to spare them.

On opening the will, what was our hero's astonishment to find himself sole heir and executor to her vast estates, amounting in value to more than a quarter of a million of money. Certainly if any poor fellow ever had reason to thank his stars, and to bless the memories of all the nervous old ladies that ever existed, out of respect to this one, I am certain our friend Jack Ryan had. And hence the reason why Mr. Saydell was afterwards so proud to allude to him as a member of his family.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ENGINEER." Worcester, Mass.—The first locomotive engine, built by Mr. Stephenson, in 1815, has been placed on a pedestal in Darlington, England, in front of the station of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. Its first trip was from Shildon to Stockton, a distance of twenty miles, which it accomplished in five hours. It weighs only eight tons, while engines of the present day weigh twenty-five tons and upwards.

"BIVALVE."—The Romans were fond of oysters. Sergius Orata, according to Pliny, was the first to conceive and carry into execution the formation of oyster beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Baia, in which he deposited countless thousands of these shell-fish. A palace was reared in the vicinity, where the naturalist's chosen friends were wont to regale themselves once a week with these delicious fish. Many slaves were employed at Rome in her early days transporting the oyster from its ocean-bed to the imperial city. The expense of this was so enormous that a government mandate was issued prohibiting the frequent importation of the shell-fish. Pliny tells us they were often preserved in ice.

AMATEUR.—Michael Angelo's *chef-d'œuvre* in painting is his picture of the "Last Judgment." He was a native of Florence, and was born in 1474.

"DOWN EAST." Portland, Me.—Thirty years ago (1829). New England had thirty-nine members in the House of Representatives, and the Northwestern States eighteen. Now the New England States send twenty-nine, and the Northwestern fifty-nine. New Hampshire then sent six, and now has only three members; while Illinois then sending only one, now has nine members. The census of 1860 will make the disparity far greater than it now is. The census to be taken next year will show the population of the United States to be over thirty millions.

J. C., New York.—Mr. Bayne the artist had accumulated \$70,000, which he has left to his nephew, Mr. William J. McPherson, a decorative painter, whose place of business is in this city and his residence in Chelsea. Mr. Bayne was never married.

READER.—The British Museum Library is now only second in extent to the Bibliothèque Imperiale at Paris. It must be remembered that the proportion of old books is much greater in the Paris library, and that the library of the British Museum is quite a recent creation. The numbers stand thus: Bibliothèque Imperiale, 800,000; British Museum, 560,000 volumes.

THE DEBT OF ENGLAND.

At the present moment the national debt of Great Britain has reached the enormous amount of £850,000,000, which sum, reduced to dollars, is *four thousand two hundred million*! If England is forced into a war during the present excited state of Europe, this sum will be fearfully augmented. This unprecedented national debt commenced with the reign of Charles II. On the accession of William III. the debt was £664,263. During his reign, however, the system of credit was expanded throughout Europe. A large part of the annual expenditure of the government was defrayed by borrowing the money and pledging the State to pay annual interest upon it. At William's death the debt was £15,730,439. From that time to the present, the process of borrowing has been continued in all exigencies, such as war, the large payment on account of Negro Emancipation, etc. In periods of peace, and when the rate of interest has been low, the government has redeemed small portions of the debt, or it has lowered the annual charge by reducing, with the consent of the holders, the rate of interest.

The debt, then, consists of several species of loans or funds, with different denominations, which have been, in process of time, variously mixed and mingled, such as consols, that is, several different loans consolidated into one stock, 3 per cents reduced consols, new 3 per cents, etc. The public debt continued to increase, until, at the accession of George I., in 1717, it was £54,145,363. Some two million was paid off during this reign, but during that of his successor it was greatly increased, so that, in 1763, it had reached the sum of £138,865,430. During the peace from 1763 to 1775, ten millions were paid, but at the conclusion of the American Revolution it was £249,851,628. In the peace which ensued from 1784 to 1793, ten and a half millions were paid. Then came the great moral and political revolution in Europe, in the course of which England sided with despotism. She fomented quarrels, caused coalition after coalition to be formed, spent money freely to uphold every absolutist, subsidized every despot, and was the persistent enemy of the people. During this insane career she contracted an increase of debt exceeding *six hundred million sterling*, so that, at the close of the war, and when the English and Irish Exchequers were consolidated, the total funded and unfunded debt, in 1817, was £840,850,491, and the annual charge upon it was £32,015,941.

From that time to 1854 there was a continual

reduction of debt. On the 1st of April, 1854, it was £763,664,249. But then came the Crimean war, and afterwards the war in India. Immediately following these came the necessity for increased expenses in placing the army and navy in preparation for a general European war. The Crimean and Indian wars have increased the debt more than all the reductions which were made during forty years.

A YANKEE PRIMA DONNA.

The musical world of Paris has been occupied with the *debut* of Madame Guerrabella, who is the daughter of a former American consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is, like all her fair countrywomen, remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome the splendid beauty and great talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissible, the count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterwards the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heart-rending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There, the American consul taking the affair in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but, the ceremony over, she withdrew, nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income which the count durst not, for the life of him, withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

AUSTRIA TO-DAY.

The following information concerning the nation now the most prominent before the world, will be read with more than ordinary interest. The emperor is Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne December 24, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. He was 18 years old at the time, having been born August 18th, 1830. On ascending the throne he promised in the most solemn manner to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. These early pledges were broken as soon as he gained internal peace in the empire, and freedom of governmental and legislative action. He now rules with aristocratic power, and is the "representative man" of absolutism in Europe. The house of Hapsburg, whose representative he is, has ruled in Austria since August 26th, 1278. During this long dynasty the empire has been divided and reunied, has formed alliances and been at war with most European powers, has experienced revolutions, defeats and victories, and now is thoroughly hated by liberal minds the world over.

Three fourths of the Austrian population are agricultural. The whole area of the country contains about sixty-five million hectares of land capable of tillage, of which only one-half is in cultivation; the remainder consists of forests and heaths. Austria does not, as yet, produce sufficient grain for her own consumption. The deficit was covered in 1853—a bad year—by imports of grain amounting to \$6,000,000. In ordinary years she does not import grain to the value of more than \$2,000,000. Austria is yet a land of large properties, and is subject to all the evils of the concentration of landed property in a few hands. The people have also no proper idea of the advantages of the sub-division of labor, and the peasants of that primitive and patriarchal country are all their own butchers, carpenters, and blacksmiths. In the precious metals Austria is, after Russia, the richest State in Europe. She extracts annually gold to the amount of \$8,000,000, and silver to the amount

of \$2,500,000. Future historians will have to point out, as a remarkable fact, that in the middle of the nineteenth century the country the richest in Europe in gold and silver, was the poorest in point of coined money.

SPLENDID DONATION.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in this city a few days since, it was announced that Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., had presented the society with the collection of papers and documents left by the late General William Heath, of Revolutionary fame. The collection consists of six thousand letters and documents relating to the Revolutionary War, for hundred of which are written or signed by Washington. They are splendidly bound in forty-five volumes, with complete indexes. The autographs to these documents would sell for thousands of dollars, as the signatures of all the prominent men of the time are affixed to the letters. General Heath was appointed a Major General of the American Army August 9th, 1776, and remained in the public service during the war. In 1798 he published a volume containing anecdotes, details of skirmishes, battles, etc., during the Revolution. His private papers are of great value on account of their completeness, and the Historical Society is to be congratulated upon their acquisition. Every patriotic citizen will rejoice at this glorious addition to the rich collection of this noble association.

PROPHETIC.—Abraham Yerrington, a teamster in the employ of the Falls Manufacturing Company, Norwich, was asked by his employers concerning some stone they desired to have removed. He replied that he should be "ready for the stone after this load of cotton, if he didn't break his neck before he got through with it." A moment after he fell from the load, striking on his head, and instantly dying, though his neck was not broken. He was 46 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

"THE SMUGGLER: or, *The Secrets of the Coast.*"—So great has been the demand for this captivating novelette, written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., that we have just issued another, the tenth edition. It is superbly illustrated by large original drawings, and is got up in our best style. We will mail it, *post paid*, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

PATENT GLASS LETTERS.—We would call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of E. H. Rice, No. 109 Court Street, relating to a new and most admirable style of sign-lettering. A specimen of this attractive and unique mode can be seen upon our own doors. They must prove vastly popular, as their great advantages are at once apparent. Satisfy yourself with regard to the matter.

A WEALTHY BISHOPRIC.—The English papers record the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Bethell, Lord Bishop of Bangor, the oldest prelate on the Episcopal bench. The vacant see is worth \$23,000 per annum, with a patronage of eighty-one livings, the aggregate annual value of which is \$115,000, with other gifts.

HIS EARNINGS.—Matt Peel, whose death has been announced, leaves property estimated at \$15,000. Mr. Peel was one of the most successful minstrels that this country ever produced. During the past four months his troupe has earned over a \$1000 a month.

DR. HARVEY BOND, of Philadelphia, lately deceased, was a native of Watertown, Mass., a history of which he wrote, a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H., and removed from Concord to Philadelphia in 1819. He was 70 years of age.

SENSIBLE.—Instead of buying a sword for Victor Emmanuel, the enthusiastic Italians of New York propose to keep the money "for the aid of orphans in the coming war."

WE'RE SORRY.—Mrs. John Wood has been quarrelling with her San Francisco manager. *Would it were knot so.*

GOOD GRACIOUS!—In one county in Indiana there are 39 applications for divorce.

A QUESTION FOR SURVEYORS.—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.

Some people cannot bear the taste of cheese, and even the odor thereof excites in them sensations of the deepest disgust. The white of an egg affects others like a powerful poison. Many dislike pork from the associations connected therewith; but some persons are so sensitive on the subject that they cannot sit at table where the article is served. Such was the antipathy of Marshal d'Albret to the animal, that he was invariably taken sick at a repast where either a sucking pig or a wild boar was placed upon the table. Marshal de Breze, who died in 1680, swooned at the sight of a rabbit. Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. The learned Scaliger, the opponent of Erasmus, trembled all over at seeing water-cresses. Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Swedish astronomer, became paralyzed so that his limbs failed him, whenever he encountered a hare or a fox. Favoriti, an Italian poet of the seventeenth century, could not bear the odor of the rose. The sound of water issuing from a spout threw Bayle, the French philosopher, into convulsion fits. Henry III. of France could not remain in the same room with a cat, and the Duke d'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret. The moralist Nicole was in constant dread that a tile might fall from a roof upon his head, and never went into the street without trembling with this apprehension. Many people have a prejudice against Friday, as being an unlucky day; but Louis XIII. considered that as a peculiarly fortunate day for him, and having been uniformly successful in enterprises commenced upon that day, he was very desirous to enter upon his immortal career by dying upon Friday.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—On our last page we publish a large engraving, showing the uniforms and equipments of the different corps of the Austrian army. They are fine-looking specimens of soldiers, and without doubt they are admirably drilled and schooled, but if the present war be fought out in gallant style, they will doubtless be compelled to acknowledge their inferiority to the French troops of to-day, as their fathers yielded to the troops of Napoleon I. As against the Sardinians, also, they must fail from a lack of that fire and patriotic zeal which animates the former. The Austrians will fight well for their Kaiser, but the Sardinians will fight better for their father-land, and the war is really for Italy, for however despots may seek to turn it to their own account, the free spirit is roused there that no autocrat can control. We look upon the struggle hopefully, as one likely to result in the triumph of a just cause.

A NEW VIEW.—A Paris commentator on European politics thinks Austria is an aggressor to the extent of a man who, seeing himself about to be waylaid and attacked by a couple of antagonists, has the wit, after having given fair warning, to rush upon the foremost and knock him down before the other is at his side.

PAYING ITS WAY.—The Governor of Connecticut, in his annual message, states that though the State Prison labor is leased at a price twenty per cent. lower than formerly, yet, for the past year, it has defrayed all the expenses of the institution, and yielded a revenue of \$1871 69.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

CHESTER SQUARE, BOSTON.—This spot is an ornament to our city, and a sample of what is proposed to be done upon all the new lands now being rendered available.

A QUICK ARTICLE.—Gunpowder is in demand in Europe just now, and revolvers can't be made fast enough to meet the orders. Colonel Colt is a millionaire.

A FELL DESTROYER.—Fifty-seven persons died of consumption in New York city, during one week lately.

FUNNY.—The war news has a peculiar effect on commodities. We see it has stiffened molasses, according to the prices current.

SYMPATHY.—The Italian residents of New York city are sending material aid to their countrymen at home.

Wayside Gatherings.

Six thousand skunk skins have been sent from Bangor the past year.

A halibut weighing four hundred and seventy-three pounds was caught off Point Judith a short time since.

A short time since a stranger got a discount of \$4000 at the Wamesit Bank, Lowell, on paper which turned out to be forgeries.

A Connecticut deacon utters this sound advice: "There are three things in the choice of which you should not hurry—a wife, a minister, and a horse."

A company has been organized in Portland for the purpose of supplying that city with pure water from Sebago Lake. The pipes will be laid along the canal.

A man named Oakley Beemer was arrested in Brooklyn, last February, charged with poisoning his wife. A medical examination proved that she died of consumption, and he has been discharged.

It is proposed in New York to establish numerous public fountains and hydrants, for drinking purposes. The design is an excellent one, alike for health, comfort and morality.

Rev. Mr. Beecher's defence of the pew system, as conducted in his new church, is ridiculed in the London papers as paying respect to those persons who pay the most money.

An editor says his intention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not very pleasant.

Three shocks of earthquakes were experienced at Sienna, Tuscany, on the 13th of April. The bells in the towers were set jingling, and some cracks made in the walls of the town. Slight vibrations were felt at Florence at the same time.

At a fire in Cincinnati the other day, a steam fire engine took water twenty-one hundred feet from where the flames were raging, and it required three men to guide the stream of water.

A flood of emigrants is coming. Up to the 23d of April, 6750 had sailed from Liverpool for New York in April, and the number was expected to reach 10,000 in the course of the month. Two thirds of them were Irish.

It has become necessary to remove the Cincinnati Observatory from its present location, on account of the accumulation of smoke, which renders it impossible to take observations except by day or early in the evening.

In Cincinnati, the other day, Miles Bagley, 90 years old, attempted to kill himself, because having been very rugged and healthy all his life, he some weeks since grew so ill that he was confined to his bed.

In San Francisco, the suit brought by Martin Gallagher against Captain Smith of the *Marque Yankee*, for damages for having conveyed him out of the city during the time it was in the possession of the Vigilance Committee, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff.

John Glenat, a famous Philadelphia omnibus proprietor, died there lately. He was over sixty years of age, served in his youth in the French army under the first Napoleon, and received a St. Helena medal from the present emperor. He was a printer by trade.

Mr. H. B. Thayer, a chemist in San Francisco, has recently discovered a new chemical process by which he obtains a considerable amount of gold from quartz "tailings," heretofore considered worthless. The process is successful in every instance. He declines an offer of \$10,000 for a right to one-eighth of his secret.

Advices from Pike's Peak give very discouraging accounts of matters in that region. Large numbers of miners were returning without the means of subsistence on the way back, and it is feared that many will die from starvation. Apprehensions are also entertained that they would attack the out-going trains.

Letters from abroad report that the agitation which has been going on in Europe for the past three months, has produced at least one good result. During that period the people have enjoyed more liberty of discussion, and probably have learned more, than during the preceding ten years. Through journals and pamphlets appeals have been made and heard.

A solemn and impressive event occurred recently in the Baptist church, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. After the sermon, John Hilton arose and addressed the congregation, closing with the admonition, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," when he sat down, and instantly fell from his seat a corpse!

A workman in the employ of Mr. R. B. Lawton, of Hudson, took a notion to lay down by the side of the Hudson River Railroad track the other evening, using the rail for a pillow. When the half-past nine train passed up, the rattling of the cars and the howling of the locomotive failed to disturb the sleeper from his dreams, and as the train whizzed past it cut off his hair close to the scalp.

Dr. Abbott, the well-known collector of Egyptian antiquities, died on the 30th of March, at a village near Cairo, in Egypt. He was born in London, and was forty-seven years old at the time of his death. He spent about twenty years in the collection of Egyptian antiquities and relics, and expended during that time upwards of \$107,000. This collection has been on exhibition in New York for the past six years.

Sands of Gold.

... Genuine religion is matter of feeling rather than matter of opinion.—*Borce*.

... Passion possesses the initiative, and reason has not always the veto.—*De Boufflers*.

... An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—*Pope*.

... The most brilliant flashes of wit come from a clouded mind, as lightning leaps only from an obscure firmament.—*Bovee*.

... Men boast of what they have not, much oftener than of what they have—and so do women.—*La Bruyere*.

... When we record our angry feelings let it be on snow that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.—*Bayne*.

... In order to put your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all within your house will be so.—*Bovee*.

... Either there is dignity in intellectual rank or there is not; if there is, no other rank is needed; if there is not, no other rank can give it; for dignity is not an accident, but a quality.—*G. H. Lewes*.

... There is a nobility of thought and of style open to all stations, and derived partly from talent and partly from education—which is to be found in Shakespeare and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri.—*Byron*.

... You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharaoh's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Bishop Sanderson*.

... One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness.—*Lee*.

... The character of a people is raised when little bickerings at home are made to give way to great events developing themselves abroad, but the character of a people is degraded when they are blinded to measures of the greatest moment abroad by petty jealousies at home.—*Burton*.

... A penetrating judgment, unless combined with a stoical heart, is sometimes fatal to the repose of its possessor; for, like the gifted Cassandra, it is destined to see things too high others are blind or incredulous, and often, therefore, occasions unpleasant collisions with prevalent sentiments and admiration.—*Chadwick*.

Joker's Budget.

Marshal Turenne used to say that he liked "to dine laconically."

What is the difference between a wash-tub and a gas-pipe? One is a hollow tube and the other a hollow tub.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied, "Pooh! my horse can stand faster than yours can gallop!"

What is the difference between Rothschild and a certain musical instrument? One is a sharp Jew and the other a jewsharp.

The most economical time to buy cider is when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said "that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

"Pray don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

Noisy children are found to be extremely useful, it is said, in preventing one from hearing the ringing of the door-bell when one doesn't wish to see visitors.

There is a man in Rhode Island whose head is so hard that a wagon with a load of six hundred passed over it recently without doing it any harm.

We don't know exactly what "the height of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not more than five feet high.

A master bade his servant go and see what time the sun-dial indicated. "Why, sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night." "What does that matter? Can you not take a candle?"

"So," said a young gentleman to a beautiful young lady at a party in Arkansas, "you won't take any of the sardines?" "No," said she, "but I'll take some of the greased minnows."

"Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his mistress. "Pooh, pooh," said she, "so you'd say if you didn't think so!" "And so you'd think," he answered, "if I didn't say so."

A "wise man of Gotham" made his servant sleep in a chamber adjoining his own. He cried out to him on one occasion, "George, am I asleep?" "Yes, sir," replied the conscientious George. "Ah, good!"

"If," said an old fisherman, "I wanted to catch one smpleton, I would hook him with a bribe; if I wished to catch twenty, I would bait them with promises; but if I desired to catch a hundred, I would poison them with flattery."

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE LAST OF THE ROSES.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

Heavily hang the glistening vines,
Wet with the storm of yesternight;
A thousand pearls on every spray
Are trembling in the azure light,
But one by one the roses die,
All day about the path they fall;
Within the shadow of the wall
Their lifeless leaves drop silently.

At midnight, waking, I heard
The roaring of the tempest's might,
While through the brooding blackness played
Quick flashes of uncertain light.
Then once again I slept, and dreamed,
And when the eastern morning broke,
It touched my eyes, and I awoke,
Forgetting how the storm had seemed.

Forgetting, till I looked abroad,
And then, alas! I could but sigh.
Across the blue arch overhead
The low gray clouds were rolling by,
From the bent tree the moisture fell
To the dark earth. The rain was o'er;
But ah! the roses bloomed no more—
The roses I had loved so well.

A few pale, withering things are left,
But this sweet air is not for them;
And though the sunshine and the rain
For each have wrought a diadem,
It is but mockery. Awhile,
And they will linger here no more;
The storm, in the soft blush they wore,
Has veiled the light of June's last smile.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW:

—OR, THE—

EXTINGUISHMENT OF A MAN.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

I PRESUME you didn't know Jack Robinson in the days of his glory. So much the worse for you, then, for you missed the acquaintance of one of the jolliest and best-hearted dogs that ever wore trousers. He was the life and soul, and whisky punch of a crowd of us young fellows about town. No pleasure-promising project was ever afloat in which he did not take the lead; no party, or ride, or sail, or picnic, was complete without his exhilarating countenance and jocular ha, ha. In short, he was the kindest fellow that ever helped a friend out of a scrape, and he was the most obliging fellow that ever backed a note for a friend, and he was the gallantest fellow that ever lifted a lady over a puddle, and he was the toughest nut at a billiard board that ever chalked a cue.

Business called him down east—I don't know where, exactly, but some place in Maine or Canada, or thereabout—not the town you live in, however, but a long way further to the eastward, and there in that down east town Jack Robinson met his destiny.

She was a great bouncing, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, sentimental creature, was Jack's destiny, deeply read in novels, particularly indolent and helpless, and in everything subject unto her mother. There were sheep's-eyes, and lending of books, and idiotic verses in albums, and delightful rides, and romantic walks, and somebody's arm round somebody's waist, and kisses, and all the rest of it.

The east wind, or something else, occasionally brought to us boys vague rumors of Jack's gallivanting, and we were not disposed to interpose any stumbling-blocks, for we knew there was and is a vast multitude of number-one girls in the orient, and we had some little confidence in Jack's judgment and good taste. By-and-by Bob Bangs had occasion to journey toward the rising sun, too.

"Tell ye what it is, boys," said Bob, in great excitement, when he had returned to the city and to us, "taint goin' to do, by Jove, for Jack to fool round that gal any longer, now mind I tell ye. She's no more the wife for him than I am; she's got no more mind of her own, or decision of character, by Jove, than a handsome sheep. Her mother's a regular field-marshal in petticoats, and is disarmingly strong-minded. She says she has but one daughter, and only lives to see that dear child happy. It's a dangerous fix Jack's got into, for it's a little bit of a town, not much bigger'n your fist, by Jove, and she's the only pretty girl in it. I s'pose Jack's just fool enough to think that if he marries anybody down there, it'll be that girl. No such thing. He'll marry the ole 'ooman, and she'll swaller him, by

Jove, that's what she'll do. Now Jack's too good a feller to be wasted in that sort of style, and we ought somehow to shake him up and make him come to his senses. Here, Jinx, you write and tell him what we think about it."

So Jinx squared himself at a sheet of paper and, from the dictation of half a dozen highly interested gentlemen, all speaking at the same time and to different purposes, wrote such a letter as a wise father might write to his son. The epistle evidently made an impression, for Jack wrote back that he would be cautious and consider well before he acted.

And doubtless he did, but the result was the old story. On one side was a frank, open-hearted, generous young gentleman, believing all men honest and all women angels, on the other, a managing, designing, intriguing mother of an only daughter, the only handsome girl in town, and she, like a few, a very few more of her own sex, a natural born Sapphira, putting on her most fascinating airs, and saying, by word and action, to him who would estimate her charms and merits, "Yen for so much," when all the time she knew herself to be on the tip-toest pinnacle of her good looks and behaviour.

Well, Jack married and fetched Mrs. Jack down to the city, and took a nice little house in a nice little street, and set up a nice little establishment. Nothing could be more snug and comfortable.

For about a year all went merry as the marriage bell, and the reading of Rosa Matildaish poetry, and the delightful rides, and the romantic walks went on, and it was dear, and duck, and dove, and darling, and what not, just the same as before the knot was tied. Although not a courtship, it was "the same subject continued." But ere the twelfth moon had sneaked out from the little end of her horn, a change comes o'er the spirit of Jack's dream. Shop-boys began ringing the door-bell with bundles of linen, and flannel, and narrow, bleached, diamond-spotted towel stuff of some sort; then came an extra domestic, of a comfortable, roomy and matronly aspect, and last of all, one woful, black and dismal day, came Mrs. Jones, with a hundred bandboxes.

Ah, unsuspecting Jack! ah, gentle Robinson! little didst thou dream, as with teeth-displaying smiles thou didst hand thy beloved mother-in-law from the door of that unhappy coach, that all those seemingly innocent bandboxes were henceforth to be to thee and thy house as though they had been bequeathed to thee by the late Mrs. Pandora.

They didn't call its name John, after its father, as its father would have liked, but Adoniram, after the worthy divine that Mrs. Jones "sits under."

As Mrs. Jones was kind enough to come to town "upon the occasion," and as she was only to stay a month or six weeks at furthest, the best room in the house—Jack's study—was prepared for her accommodation, or rather, she had it prepared for herself. It was a pleasant relief to Jack when Mrs. Jones kindly took charge of the keys, and the marketing, and the ordering of the servants.

"Mrs. Jones, my wife's mother, is really a very superior woman," said Jack to Jinx, and Jinx shook his head dolefully, for if there is anything ominous and superlatively hateful to that gentleman, it is a "superior woman."

The month or six weeks went off promptly, as is the punctual custom of months and six weeks, but Mrs. Jones by no means followed their excellent example. On the contrary, she sent down east for another hundred bandboxes.

"Lizzy was always delicate from a child, is far from well now, and requires a mother's care. It would be the height of imprudence and cruelty to leave the poor thing with so much to attend to." Thus said Mrs. Jones, though Lizzy looked and was as robust as a "beef creeter," and in the days of courtship it had been her mother's boast that she never had known a sick day.

"Mrs Jones has been a great help to all of us, and a comfort to Lizzy, since she has been with us, and she thinks it advisable to remain a few days longer," said Jack, with a perplexed and troubled look.

When Mrs. Jones's "things" arrived from down east, there also comes to hand a span of gawky boys, Mrs. Jones's two youngest sons, from whom she cannot think of being separated, and who must not lose such an excellent opportunity for attending school at Boston during the winter. Of course they are quartered upon

Jack, and hook his cigars and borrow money from him, and of course, when their education is completed, Mr. Robinson is a heartless, unfeeling brute because he does not forthwith get them situations in some first-class bank or insurance office at a salary of a thousand each. When Jack's own mother and sisters call upon him, what can be more natural than for Mrs. Jones to let them see, severely, that they are poking their noses into that which does not concern them, and when they venture, in a friendly way, to enquire or suggest the slightest thing, what more proper than for Mrs. Jones to give them a piece of her mind.

Does Jack timidly remonstrate—herself and her daughter are not going to be imposed upon in their own house by those who had better be attending to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to. If some people want to create a division in the family, thank goodness she is clear-sighted enough to see through it all, and will prevent it, he may set his heart to rest on that. And so on, without end, until Mrs. Jack, who is completely under her mother's influence and thumb, gets worked up to an hysterical pitch, and grabs her young one from the crib, clutches it convulsively to her bosom, and hopes, amid a bucket of tears, that at least they will not tear her unfortunate child from her, and that she may mercifully be permitted to die before they have taught it, too, to hate and despise her. At this the offspring, who, like a little stupid cherub as it is, can't see any sense in its mother's sudden violence, begins kicking and striking out with its shapeless legs and arms, and giving vent to a chorus of Satan's own shrieks and screeches. Jack, indignant, opens his mouth, but it is instantly closed by a volley from Mrs. Jones. "Unfeeling wretch, he is killing her daughter, and does he think that she, as a mother, is going to stand by and permit it? He little knows, and never deserved the treasure that has been thrown away upon him in that dear creature. It is plain that he will be only too happy when the poor, suffering child has gone broken-hearted to her grave," etc., etc.

For the first half year or so, Jack buoys up his heart with the fond, feeble belief that his mother-in-law must, in the nature of things, sometime or other take her bandboxes and her departure. Vain hope; it gradually becomes evident that even if she should return to her eastern home, it would shortly become necessary to send for her again post haste, and so for the sake of peace in his steadily increasing family, he meekly yields to his fate.

Facilis descensus averni, which is, being interpreted, he who knuckles to Mrs. Jones is a gone goose. Jack becomes nobody in his own house, or rather he is supposed to infest Mrs. Jones's establishment, provided he interferes with nothing during the day, and comes home to bed at a suitable hour at the early evening, for a latch-key, look you, is not for the likes of him. The doors of the temple of the drama, and of his old accustomed club-room, are closed to him forever; his harmless wine-glass is turned upside down, and his cigar put out. If he smokes at home, the curtains are so irretrievably ruined that a new set, at double cost, has to be put up forthwith, and if he smokes abroad, he is a dissolute, profligate wretch, who wishes to make his innocent children blush to own him as their father. His bachelor friends are, as a matter of course, intolerable nuisances. Once when Jinx had the temerity to drop in of an evening, he was received with frigid silence on the part of the females, and a forced, fidgety air of reckless gaiety, painfully overdone, on the part of Jack. Jinx soon saw the state of affairs at a glance, and not desiring to keep his friend in agony, he abridged his call, and carelessly mentioned, as he rose to depart, that, as it was quite early, he should run down to the club and see if there was any later news from Washington. Jack grabbed his hat, glad of any excuse for getting out of the house for an instant, and intimated that he was exceedingly anxious to hear from the seat of government also. At this, Mrs. Jones trod upon the toes of her daughter, causing that estimable spouse to remark, in an appallingly distinct tone of voice, "John, my dear, you surely are not going out at this late hour of the night; it is almost eight o'clock; besides, mother is going to have your feet in hot water and a plaster on your chest—it's absurd to think of going out now."

Before Jinx was fairly off the stoop, Mrs. Jones proceeded to fulfil her promise of putting Jack in hot water. "Such disreputable individ-

uals should never pollute her house, she could tell him. Do you hear, Mr. Robinson; when such persons are introduced into this house by you, who, if you were a man, would scorn such associates, me and my daughter leave it—that we will. I'd have you know, Mr. Robinson, that I am not to be trampled on; we have borne with your abuse and ill-treatment quite long enough, sir; and though it is the study of your life to insult and tread us under foot, I'd have you remember, sir—I say, I'd have you remember, sir, that even our patience may be worn out at last," and—more—of—the—same—sort.

When upon the street Jack sees any of us boys afar off, instead of running and falling upon our necks and kissing us, he darts round the nearest corner and off out of sight, for fear we shall ask him to go somewhere, or insist upon his inviting us to his home to partake of the fatted calf, as he did during the first year of his wedded life. He loses his spirit, his independence, and his good looks, and becomes a very sneak and sloven. Mrs. Jones arranges everything and manages the household, Mrs. Jones attends to all the shopping and dealings with tradesmen, Jack not being thought of, nor does his name appear except at the summit of long and frequent bills. The servants sneer at him in the kitchen, and treat him disrespectfully in the parlor. He may ring his bell till he is black in the face, but unless the help are particularly good-natured, and Mrs. Jones has nothing for them to do, he will ring in vain.

Once, and only once did he make a determined effort to throw off the yoke. Mrs. Jones had taken herself and her daughter, and the children to the sea-side, and Jack, in jubilant spirits at his temporary emancipation, had us fellows up to a jolly spread at his own house. Champagne and confidence abounded, as in the days of old. We rallied him upon his domestic affairs and he plead guilty. "He was a miserable dog—had been a weak fool, and he knew it—nobody was to blame but himself." As bachelor's wives and mothers-in-law are notoriously well managed, we, of course, were competent to give him any quantity of the very best advice, and we did it.

"You are right, boys," said Jack, with a flash of his old spirit, thumping the table with his fist till the glasses jumped with astonishment at his rebellious daring. "I have been led by the nose long enough—too long, and I won't stand it another day. It's time to assert my authority, and I'll do it, though the heavens fall. Lizzy and I got along tip-top till that horrid old woman came into the house, and we shall when she's gone, for go she shall, as sure as my name is Jack Robinson. I'll be master in my own house, see if I don't."

Jack stuck to this excellent resolution like a hero, and when the queen bee returned he marshalled his forces and a battle royal ensued, which lasted all night and attracted attention of the passers-by, so fierce and sternly contested was the fight.

Crossing the Common next day, I met an interesting domestic procession. First came Mrs. Robinson, bundled up in a hundred shawls and leaning upon the arm of Mrs. Jones, who had a triumphant expression upon her countenance, and severe silk dress upon all the rest of her person. Immediately behind these two came a four-wheeled go-cart, in which were the twins, sitting face to face at the stem and stern of the vehicle. The motive power which impelled the detestable willow contrivance, was a cross nursery-maid, who was sharply scolding a meek and frightened looking individual in nankin trousers, who was shading the infants with a thundering great blue cotton umbrella. For an instant our eyes met, but he dropped his to the ground in confusion, pretending not to see me. Let me die if the thing in nankin trousers wasn't Jack! I could have kicked him. I turned away, sick at my stomach. Jack was extinguished.

LONG AND SHORT DAYS.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm the longest day has eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at St. Petersburg the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wanderhus, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.—*Boston Journal*.

Ballou's Dollar Monthly has the largest circulation, with one exception, of any magazine in the world. It is a significant token of the times that such an admirably got-up work can be furnished for one dollar a year.—*New York Examiner*.

NAMES OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.

The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derive their names were various, and were the principal objects of their adoration.

The Idol of the Sun.—This idol, which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillow, holding, with outstretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Daeg*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

The Idol of the Moon.—The next was the idol of the Moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Daeg*; and since by us, Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent woman, habited in a short coat, and a hood, and two long ears. The moon which she holds in her hand designates the quality.

The Idol of Tuisco.—Tuisco was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the sun of the earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisco's Daeg*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented, standing on a pedestal, as an old, venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in the right hand.

The Idol of Woden, or Odin.—Woden, or Odin, was one of the supreme divinities of the northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country, or at what time, is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Daeg*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, clad in armor, with a broad sword uplifted in his right hand.

The Idol Thor.—Thor, the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, and was, after his parents, considered the greatest god among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Daeg*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright, burnished gold stars, and with a regal sceptre in his right hand.

The Idol Friga, or Frega.—Friga, or Frega, was the wife of Woden, or Odin; and, next to him, the most reverend divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes and other northern nations. In the most ancient times, Friga, or Frega, was the same with the goddess Hertha, or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friga's Daeg*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left.

The Idol Seater.—The idol Seater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right hand was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Sater's Daeg*, which we call Saturday. Thus the days of our week are derived from heathen ideas, and idols of heathen worship.—*Conservatory Journal.*

RESOURCES OF AUSTRIA.

Among the principal important branches of Austrian manufacturing industry are the glass and flax manufactures, and silk manufactures of Lombardy. The construction of machinery and metal-work is commencing on a fair scale at Prague and Vienna. The total amount of her manufactures is 570,000,000 florins. To this amount M. Schwarzer adds 428,000,000 for the value of the labor, which gives 998,000,000 florins as the true value of the industrial development of Austria. In railways she has had since their commencement about 9000 kilometres in project, of which 5000 are still to be completed. The total value of her commerce, including exports and imports, transit and navigation, is 748,000,000 florins. Austria possessed only 900 sea going vessels. The Austrian Lloyd Company possessed in 1854 sixty steamers, but the profits of the establishment have been insignificant. The Danubian Navigation Company, which enjoys a monopoly for twenty years, and possesses more than 100 steamers, besides an innumerable quantity of small iron vessels, appears to be more favorably situated. Its revenue in 1855 amounted to 2,267,465 florins. M. Schwarzer estimates the total value of Austrian productions—agricultural, metallic, industrial, and commercial—at 4,100,000,000 florins.

THE DESTROYER OF ARMIES.

The statistics of the Chef d'Etat Major quoted by Carnot who was War Minister, give the numbers of the invading army which crossed the Niemen on the 24th of June, at 302,000 men, 104,000 horses. On the advance to Moscow was fought the great battle of Borodino. In this battle there were put *hors de combat*, that is, killed and wounded, on the side of the Russians no less than 30 generals, 1600 officers, and 42,000 men. While the French, according to Marshal Berthier's papers, subsequently taken at Wilna, had in killed and wounded 40 generals, 1800 officers, and 52,000 men. The French, however, claimed the victory, inasmuch as the Russians fell back after the battle and left the French in possession of the ground. The cold began on November the 7th; but three days before the cold began, namely, on the 4th of November, there remained of the mighty host that had crossed the Niemen but 55,000 men and 12,000 horses; 247,000 had perished or become ineffective in 133 days. Of the 55,000 men, however, plus any reinforcements they may have met on the way, 40,000 men returned to France, showing how few men were lost in this masterly retreat, either by the severity of the winter, or the harassing attacks of the enemy. But even if three-fourths of the wounded at Borodino had died, and allowing for those killed in minor actions and operations there would remain nearly 200,000 men who perished by insufficient commissariat—by want of forethought. The Count de Segur, the historian of

rare effect, but the man who writes and speaks pure, undefiled, simple English, is certainly obtaining a surer hold of the minds and hearts of his parishioners. The Established Church in England has of late unbent somewhat from its dignity, and appealed more directly to the public at large than heretofore. Its influence is accordingly increasing and strengthening day by day. Such men as the subject of our sketch, are invaluable members of the Christian ministry. Their great reward is hereafter, but on earth they leave behind a pure fame which perpetuates their names.

THE VALUE OF EMPLOYMENT.

Since both soul and body are made for exertion, there is nothing more conducive to cheerfulness, the result of their joint health, than fit employment. A house bereft of tenants goes to decay. A vehicle laid up without use rusts and moulders. A fine piece of machinery is never so safe, as when lubricated and moving. Body and soul, made for perpetual activity, must work and work together, in order to be in good condition. Of all engines, the human body is the most amazing. From the days of Socrates, as reported by Xenophon, philosophy has been studying the mechanics, the chemistry the vital forces, the adaptations, the final causes of this structure, so fearfully, so wonderfully made. There is no step forward to new principles in physics, in optics, in the growth of structures, which does not find itself anticipated by some

corrode with sullen thoughts, and sometimes fall a prey to evil habits or premature dotage. Philosophy, no less than religion, enjoins—unless where invincible necessities from infirmity or age clearly speak another language—that we should live working, and die in the harness. Hence the value of a trade or calling, and of working at it. I believe it lengthens life. I believe it staves off tribes of maladies and conceits. I am sure it promotes that spring and elevation of soul, without which life is a long disease. If you would find the most wretched man or woman in your neighborhood look for the one who has nothing to do. Unless allowed to prescribe employment, even the best physician cannot cure the valetudinary complainer, for employment begets cheerfulness.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander.*

A JAPANESE PEACH-GARDEN.

To the peach garden we went, though that fruit was no longer procurable, but the place was prettily laid out with trees, grass, artificial lakes, bridges, and pleasant summer-houses and verandahs. The establishment was under the management of or belonged to a lady, and as soon as "No. 2" functionary had swaggered about, and enlightened them as to the important position Lord Elgin and he held, arrangements were made for refreshment. There being no chairs in Japan, we threw ourselves at full length upon the nice clean mats. Several low tables, just high enough for people seated cross-legged on the ground, were placed near, and then the hostess upon her knees, commencing with the ambassador, presented each person with a cup of tea. She was a remarkably good-looking, lady-like woman. Nothing could have been more graceful than her manner; and the posture of kneeling accompanied by a low bow to signify prostration at one's feet, is the custom of the country, where every subordinate prostrates himself in the presence of his superior. This loving cup having been presented, she stood aside, and directed her servants to place fruits and other refreshments before us; her teeth were blackened, and consequently she must be a married woman, though no husband appeared. Possibly she was a widow; but if so, she had decidedly reached the stage of widowhood known as that of mitigated woe in the mourning warehouses at home. We are undecided up to this moment whether to ascribe our being attended upon by the ugly handmaidens of the establishment to the matronly prudence of our good hostess alone, or to some villainous reasons of functionary "No. 2;" but there, away in the distance, we saw such pretty girls! The poor ugly ones! one should always feel for ugly women, dear reader. Heaven no doubt intended all women, like the flowers, to be pretty or beautiful; an ugly woman is a mistake—but at any rate, there were two of these unfortunates sent to attend upon the ambassador and his party. In justice to them, it must be said that their scrupulous cleanliness, neatness, and the quick wit with which the poor girls saw exactly what each guest wanted, reconciled us to them amazingly; and none enjoyed the joke more heartily than they did, when some of the party beseeched the prudent matron to allow the handsome young ladies to wait on us; a request she met with a shake of the head, and a glance at that abominable fellow, "No. 2 functionary," who doubtless thus revenged himself upon us for the gallop we had inflicted upon him on his brass-bound demi-peak saddle. The dress of the Japanese women is simple, but graceful. The robe



REV. J. M. BELLEW, M. A.

this campaign, considers that the genius of Napoleon had culminated before he undertook this expedition, famous among the world's disasters, and that constant prosperity had led him to look on success as so certain that he neglected the means of attaining it. Any way, here is an instance under the greatest of generals, that it is not the enemy, but exposure, that destroys armies.

THE REV. J. M. BELLEW, M. A.

The accompanying portrait is commended as a correct likeness of one of the most distinguished English preachers of the day, one who is widely known and respected beyond the limits of his own denomination. Endowed with all the learning that the time-honored schools and universities of a land renowned for intellectual culture can afford, he is yet nothing of a pedant; he has made himself as well acquainted with men and things, with the world as it is, as well as with the world of facts. Firm and fearless, he is yet conciliatory, not dictatorial, bearing himself in his great mission of a Christian teacher, with true humility and modesty. His earnest and eloquent words are all the more impressive from this amiable trait in his character. He is equally popular as a preacher with high and humble, and the purity of his style is appreciated by both classes. For it is a grave error to suppose that a style must be coarse, or turgid and theatrical, to impress the masses. A sensation preacher, by frantic gestures, by forced metaphors and theatrical language, may produce a great tempo-

marvellous realization of its idea in the human body. Considered as a working engine, there is none which works so cheaply, with so little waste, and so long, or which contains such provisions for its own repair. How every survey of the skilful mechanism shows that it was made to move. Its central, propelling engine never stops, except in cases which cause instant dread of death. Heart, lungs and brains play on through all the thousand nights of sleep. An instinct of nature prompts the young to be in almost perpetual motion. Absolute rest there is none. And if, from necessity or choice, any approach to immobility becomes the habit of body, as is the case in some sluggish and morbid natures, the result is lethargy and endless disturbances of the vital functions. This frame was made for labor. Equally true is this of the yet more subtle because spiritual part. The soul is essentially active. Of a mind that does not think, no man can frame a notion. The human mind is made to be active. It is inquiring, and thirst for knowledge. Its active powers irresistibly seek for some object on which to exert themselves. Healthful, moderate repose, chiefly by change of employment, is good; but entire, continual, unbroken quiescence, is misery.

Never was there a more dire mistake than that of men who abandon the honest and useful business of life, under the pretext of rest. Unless they have singular resources, in science, literature, or philanthropy, they sink into hebetude, weary of the everlasting holiday, let their hearts

which crosses the breast, close up to the neck, or a little lower according to the taste of the wearer, reaches nearly down to the girdle, and has loose sleeves, leaving the wrist free. This robe is confined round the body by a shawl, which is tied behind in a bow, the ends flowing. Everything in Japan, even to dress, is regulated by law, and the sumptuary laws have been very strict until lately, when contact with Europeans appears to be bringing about a slight relaxation. The color worn by all classes of men in their usual dress is black, or dark blue, of varied patterns; but the women very properly are allowed, and of course avail themselves of the privilege, to wear brighter dresses. Yet their taste was so good that loud and noisy colors were generally eschewed. Their robes were generally striped silks of gray, blue, or black; the shawl some beautiful bright color—crimson, for instance; and their fine jet black hair was tastefully set off, by having crimson erape, of a very beautiful texture, thrown in among it. Of course we speak of the outdoor dress of the women—the full dress within doors is, we believe, far more gay.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

If we wish to know the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practised a vice so long that he curses it and clings to it; that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on toward it; but, reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart, and make him roll in the dust with anguish.

Poet's Corner.

A SHADOW.

BY A. A. PROCTER.

What lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gray?
What lack the babbling fountains?
Their voice is sad to day.
Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low,
That made the earth rejoice,
A year ago.

What lack the tender flowers?
A shadow is on the sun;
What lack the merry hours,
That I long that they were done!
Only two smiling eyes,
That told of joy and mirth;
They are shining in the skies,
I mourn on earth.

What lacks my heart, that makes it
So weary and full of pain,
That trembling hope forsakes it,
Never to come again?
Only another heart,
Tender and all my own,
In the still grave it lies,
I weep alone.

ON MARRIAGE.

Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires great nerve to do it—
When one of a grand equestrian troupe
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all of what may befall
After his getting through it—THOMAS HOOD.

TRIALS.

So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so resigned;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried,
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.—POPE.

ADVICE.

In silence mend what ill deforms thy mind;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.—STERLING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Louis Napoleon is at the present time the most popular man in France. While most of his friends and advisers assured him that war had ceased to be popular with the mass, and that an attempt to revive the military glory of the first empire would cost him his throne, he himself knew that he could appeal safely to the chivalric spirit of a people descended of those gallant Gauls whose boast it was that "even if the arch of heaven itself should fall, they would sustain it on their lance-points." An intelligent letter writer says: "There is not a peasant family all over France that does not dream of some kinsman rising from the ranks to be *maréchal*, as in the old times, and 'Vive l'Italie' alternates now with 'Vive l'Empereur,' both cordially vociferated. The announced participation of Napoleon III. personally in the perils of the campaign was all that was wanted to identify him in the mind of the masses with the memories of the great uncle." And the best of it is that Louis Napoleon is right, and Austria wrong. Every victory of the French arms will be hailed with enthusiasm throughout the world. There is to be a grand celebration of the completion of the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, in October. England has to pay \$120,000,000 annually on her debt. It costs her nearly \$160,000,000 to maintain an efficient army and navy. And her entire annual expenses amount to about \$340,000,000. Mr. Charles Mackay has his American letters in press, two handsome volumes, on "Life and Liberty in America," illustrated by engravings. The result of the poet traveler's observations is, it is said, not very favorable to American society, as contrasted with English freedom and English manners. An exchange says a "colored lady," attired in the height of fashion, sailed into a store and electrified the clerk by inquiring if he had one of "them there hoop skirts with a digestible bustle." The lovely statue of Venus, the beautiful antique, just discovered at Rome, is said to present great sweetness of expression, as far as it can be judged in its present condition, wanting the nose and a portion of the upper lip. Punch suggests that the present British ministry should be called, in reference to their Reform Bill, "The Derby and Hoax Administration." Daniel Webster never uttered a truer or grander thought than the following—couched, too, in that sturdy Saxon he handled so well: "If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men—we engrave upon those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity." A writer on genealogy, in the New York Post, says at one corner of the genealogist's inverted pyramid may be a prince's crown, but at another may be a hangman's rope, and arrives at the conclusion that genealogical societies are unnecessary evils—that genealogies are endless, and that rather than have a long ancestry, a man had better have no ancestry at all. A banquet of officers was held at Milan, at which, among the numerous toasts drunk in allusion to the impending war, a young officer proposed the following—"To the Austrian army! The French and Piedmontese armies will break against it like this brittle glass." So saying, he threw the bottle he had just emptied into the air, so as

to make it fall back upon the table, which it did, but—without breaking. . . . The Utica Telegraph records the elopement of two young men, aged respectively 15 and 16, with two young women aged fourteen years. A merchant in Winchester, Va., has taken into partnership his daughter, Miss Virginia, and announces that hereafter the business will be conducted under the firm of J. Wyssong & Daughter. Late letters from California say that the miners throughout the State are doing well, and labor continues high. A nugget worth \$2000 was found at Bath, Placer county, imbedded in the bank 130 feet above the bed-rock. From the frequent instances in which large masses of gold are found in various strata of earth lying one above another, the conclusion is drawn by some "experts," that gold deposits have been made at different periods of the earth's history. The marble statue of Commodore Perry, to be erected at Cleveland, on Lake Erie, has been contracted for, and it is to be ready for inauguration on the 10th of September, 1860. It is to cost \$6000. Col. Jesse Reed of Marshfield has just received a patent for a new pugging machine. Col. Reed is now about 80 years of age, but with a mind as active and vigorous as ever. He is the originator of over twenty different inventions, many of which are applied to marine purposes. The New York Herald says that a measure is in contemplation by which the ocean steamers will be enabled to go through the Sound instead of rounding Sandy Hook. A pier is to be constructed on the East River, from which the steamers will sail. A pedler was recently brought before J. P. Emerson of Salmon Falls, Justice of the Peace for Strafford county, N. H., for peddling without a license, when the justice, who is not a lawyer, declared the pedler law unconstitutional, and dismissed the complaint. A German in New York recently resolved to commit suicide. He applied to a druggist for arsenic, but the druggist had his suspicions aroused, and instead of the poison, furnished him with a paper of powdered chalk. Harman went home, swallowed the chalk, and then yelled lustily for assistance. He was promptly relieved. A man was brought up in West Troy, N. H., recently on the charge of an assault and battery, committed on the person of his wife. While in court he attempted to settle the matter with her, and to this end gave her two dollars and a kiss. She took the kiss and money, and settled the affair immediately. A Norwegian shoemaker living in Minnesota has obtained \$17,000 for a piece of land near Chicago, which he bought eleven years ago for the sum of \$20. A filibuster organization for a descent into Mexico, to assist Miramou against Juarez, is said to exist in Baltimore. Seven thousand men are enrolled. Land, gold and silver mines are the inducements held out by the leaders of the enterprise. A new controversy with Great Britain is growing up in the Northwest. The boundary in the last treaty was laid down in such a manner that it is now uncertain whether certain waters and islands belong to Great Britain or Washington Territory. The recent gold discoveries in Frazer River, and the consequent influx of settlers, have rendered these doubtful islands valuable. Some nights ago, Miss Silvia Gore, who resides in Dudley, Mass., had occasion to go to an apartment adjoining her sitting room; having no lamp with her, she was feeling her way along, when her hand alighted on the shoulder of a man, evidently a burglar, who had been attracted thither by a rumor of money. Miss Gore screamed—ran to a neighbor's house—brought help to seize the intruder—but, singularly enough, found that he had not waited for her return. Noticing the "Photography of Sound," a Philadelphian would like to see the shape of a good long nose; of a pig squealing under a gate; of a thousand of brick falling; of an alarm of fire; of the bursting of a barrel of sour crout; or the first cannonade along the line of the Ticino. The Liverpool Journal is in favor of finishing up Louis Napoleon summarily. If he tries to do anything on the water, it says every French merchantman should be captured, every French man-of-war engaged and sunk, or carried into port; the enemy should be denied time to prepare to escape; and if the navy does its duty, as it thinks it assuredly will, the ocean would be completely under British command in one month! We believe the British resolved to engage and sink every American man-of-war at the beginning of 1812. They have changed their minds though, for their national ships invariably struck their flags to ours. A subscription has been raised in Bangor, Me., and given as a testimonial of admiration for the brave act of William Belger, a lad of fourteen years, who plunged into the Kenduskeag stream, a short time since, and at the risk of his own, saved the life of a lad named Albert Tyler, aged seven years, the circumstances of which were detailed at the time. "It is a cold one, but I must go it!" were his words. Barbers complain that the prevailing custom of wearing all the hair that will grow on the face, has decreased their business at least 10 per cent. The Home Journal says of Lady Morgan, just dead: Her "false front," which was invariably a little askew, added a curiously expressive emphasis to her witticisms. Of taste, in all that was intended for the eye, she was a glaring violation. Her costume, and especially her head dress, seemed always an intentional drollery. No chance observer would have taken Lady Morgan, as dressed for a dinner or evening party, for anything but an Irish washerwoman in her Sunday gear. A regular crusade has been entered into by the doctors of Paris against the frightful fashion of steel stays, brought in with the new cut of dress now in vogue. Attention has been drawn to the subject, and a report sent into the Academy of Medicine, in consequence of the sudden death of two young ladies employed in one of the fashionable houses of the place to show off the fashions. These young ladies, whose sole business was to walk up and down the Magasin, where the wonders of the imagination of the proprietors are displayed, vying with each other in the degree to which torture could be borne, had gradually accustomed themselves to be drawn so tight that, in one case the bursting of a blood-vessel was the consequence, and, in the other, congestion of the lungs carried off the victim in a few hours. The intelligent correspondent of the New York Times says "the

Emperor Napoleon III. has done in fact so much for the soldier, so much for the amelioration of the ordinary hardships of his life, that the French army of to-day loves its emperor, and would follow him to the end of the world. His appearance at the head of the army of Italy will be the signal for such a burst of enthusiasm, and of daring feats of arms, as will strike terror into the ranks of the enemy." The Italians of New York, numbering several thousands, are said to be divided on the war question. The largest party seem to be firmly in favor of Mazzini, who stands aloof from the present contest. Another new theatre, on a grand scale, to cost \$100,000, is about to be erected in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, by the "Company for the Improvement of the Drama," recently organized, with Dr. N. K. Moseley as president. A Havana correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says that several small Spanish war steamers, suitable for shoal water navigation, are cruising along the banks and off the eastern coast of Cuba, looking out for filibusters. A well known miser recently died in New Jersey, leaving a large sum of money, which will go to his two nephews. He was eighty years old, and died with the firm belief that, after some years of slumber, he should return to this earth a young man, when he is to receive his property with interest. His heirs seem quite willing to take the money on those terms. Some thirty young Germans have left Cincinnati for the fatherland, intending to enlist in the service of Austria, out of their dislike of Napoleon. Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Almost all the predictions with regard to hostilities in Italy seem to have been falsified by facts. We have received news of insignificant skirmishes, of marches and countermarches, when we looked for details of some great battle, which may, however, come to hand at any moment.—The French suffered severely from the weather in crossing the Alps. May is a very bad season for a mountain march on account of the frequent avalanches.—The enthusiasm with which the French have been received at the various towns and cities of Italy their columns have reached is without a parallel.—The liberals have a majority over the conservatives in the British Parliament. The British government is bringing out the whole military force of the United Kingdom, and fifty battalions are to be added to the line.—The queen's proclamation for the increase of the royal navy has been gallantly responded to.—The funeral of Von Humboldt was one of the most imposing that ever took place in Berlin.—The pope is in trouble and the French regiments at Rome have been placed on a full war footing.—The presence of the emperor of France in Italy will give an impetus to the military movements there and force the Austrians to battle.—The empress, though nominally regent of France, has been tied down and restricted in the exercise of her functions, Louis Napoleon being in fact the director of the administration, though absent from the seat of government.—Many one doubts the popularity of the war and the emperor in France, he has only to read the various accounts, not only of French journals, but of English and American letters, describing the cordial feeling and enthusiasm of the popular manifestations in Paris on the departure of Louis Napoleon for the war.—In London an attempt to get up an open-air meeting in one of the parks for the purpose of sympathizing with the French emperor was a total failure. John Bull still suspects the son of his uncle.—It is possible, though hardly probable, that even yet diplomacy may unravel the Gordian knot of the Italian question, and the sword of the modern Alexander return to its scabbard.

Views of the Ultramontanists.

The Paris Univers, the organ of the Ultramontanists, says: "For our part, we know only two enemies to France—the two pointed out by nature—England for the present, and Russia in the future. We believe that Russia menaces Latin civilization with one of the most memorable catastrophes that any civilization ever had to undergo. Russia aspires to the empire of the world—to Constantinople and to Rome, and even now this dream of her old ambition can no longer be regarded with contempt by any serious mind. France should be the heart and arm of Latin civilization—the shield that covers Rome, the hand that assists, raises, and upholds all Catholic nations. England and Russia close the world against us and against the gospel. England now, Russia hereafter. The vessels of all nations only traverse the globe with a passport signed by England. We should have wished to see France, as protectress of the great European families, give the world to them by upholding everywhere the true religion."

Bronze of Aluminum.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the discovery of a new "bronze of aluminum" was announced. This production is said to be of extreme hardness and durability—not breaking like ordinary bronzes. It is admirable for works of art, as also for gun barrels. The inventor proposed to cast a cannon of this new bronze, at his expense, and submit it to all the usual experiments. Marshal Vaillant attended the meeting, and seemed to pay great attention to all that was said as to the military uses of the new metal.

Venice.

Recently the colonel of a Hungarian regiment was tried by court martial on a charge of having attempted to induce his command to agree not to fight against the Italians. He was found guilty, ordered to be shot, and the sentence was immediately carried into execution.

Turkey.

A letter from Constantinople in the London Times says by extraordinary measures the government hopes soon to have an army of 220,000 on foot—the writer means, rather, on paper.

Baron Humboldt.

Notwithstanding the excitement, trouble and distress caused by the war, the people of Europe were duly impressed and affected by the death of the venerable Baron Humboldt. He was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769. In pursuit of scientific facts, he travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, North and South America. He attempted the ascent of Chimborazo, and reached the height of 19,300 feet. In 1829 he visited Siberia. The crown work of his laborious and valuable life was his "Cosmos," wherein he contemplates all created things as limbed together and forming one whole, animated by internal forces.

The Vivandiere.

As one of the regiments was passing the Tuilleries on its way to the seat of war, a Vivandiere stepped out of the ranks, holding a little girl of six years by the hand, and inquired for the empress's private secretary. Having found him, she said: "This is my child. I leave her to the empress, well knowing that she will take care of her till I come back from fighting the Austrians." As soon as the empress heard of this incident, she gave orders that the child should be properly cared for, and the story, duly circulated, of course gave her a wonderful popularity among the troops.

Recruiting the Finances.

Louis Napoleon's plan for filling his treasury is to open a national subscription to a loan of five hundred millions of francs. He successfully pursued this financial policy during the Crimean war, and now that the war spirit is up in France, there will be no trouble in completing the loan. To make the people the creditors of the government is the surest way to secure their loyalty and tranquillity.

A short Campaign.

At a dinner given to the superior officers of the Imperial Guard by the emperor before their departure, his majesty said to the officers on bidding them adieu: "We are going to have a summer's work of it, but I hope we shall be able to hunt together at Compeigne in September." His majesty limits the war to four months. It is said he never appeared so gay and joyous as at present.

Prince Napoleon.

The Prince Napoleon, according to the Piedmontese journals, will command a division of their army under the direct orders of the king. It appears to be true, that it was the mortification shown by Gen. Saint Jean d'Angely, and the counsels of friends, which induced the emperor to change his mind in regard to putting the prince at the head of the Imperial Guard.

The Duke de Chartres.

The Duke de Chartres, second son of the late Duke of Orleans, whose year of military tuition at the school in Turin will end in June, has demanded and will receive an appointment in the Sardinian army. He is reported to have said that, not being able to serve in the French army, he should be proud to fight by its side in the ranks of the Piedmontese.

English Chapel in Paris.

The bishop of London, acting on behalf of the continental committee of the Colonial Church and School Society, has obtained the chapel in the Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, from the British government. A deputation from England will visit Paris to confer with the English residents in order to secure the reopening of the chapel with as little delay as possible.

Milan.

The patriotic enthusiasm of the young men for the war of independence has spread to the fair sex. At Milan a society of Sisters of Charity has been formed, like those of the Crimea, who propose to go to camp and nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. The most distinguished, wealthy, and beautiful ladies of Milan have joined this association.

Secrecy in the War movements.

The electric telegraph will modify materially the mode of warfare, since but a day is required to carry news all round Europe from one camp to another, and the best laid plan may be frustrated by a too careless publicity.

The Armstrong Gun.

The French claim to have invented the gun for which Armstrong has just been knighted by the Queen of England. The French claimant is Mr. Petiu Gaudet, a mechanic of Rive-de-Gier.

Kossuth.

It is said by Hungarians that Kossuth passed through Paris a few days ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PROVERBIAL AND MORAL THOUGHTS. By CHARLES HENRY HANGER. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 18mo. pp. 204. 1859.

A collection of sensible thoughts and ideas expressed in the form of Fopper's Proverbial Philosophy.

BASE BALL PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION—CRICKET PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

These two manuals are clear, authentic and complete, well illustrated, and just the thing for amateurs of the above popular games. The publishers of the above works are enterprising and spirited young men, and we learn with pleasure that they are prospering in their business.

LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO. By J. H. WIFFEN. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 503 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 280. 1859.

A welcome volume of the deservedly popular "Household Library." The narrative itself is a classic, and the appendix by Sismondi on Tasso's great epic renders the work complete. Very pleasant preface matter, too, from the pen of O. A. Wight, the American editor, precedes the text.

TO CURA AND BACK. A Vacation Voyage. By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 288.

Mr. Dana has given us an exceedingly readable and sketchy volume upon this "Gem of the Antilles," quite original in its way, and attractive enough to hold the reader's interest from the beginning to the end. It does not pretend to be anything more than a pleasant journal of a brief tropical visit, and should not therefore be criticized in any other light.

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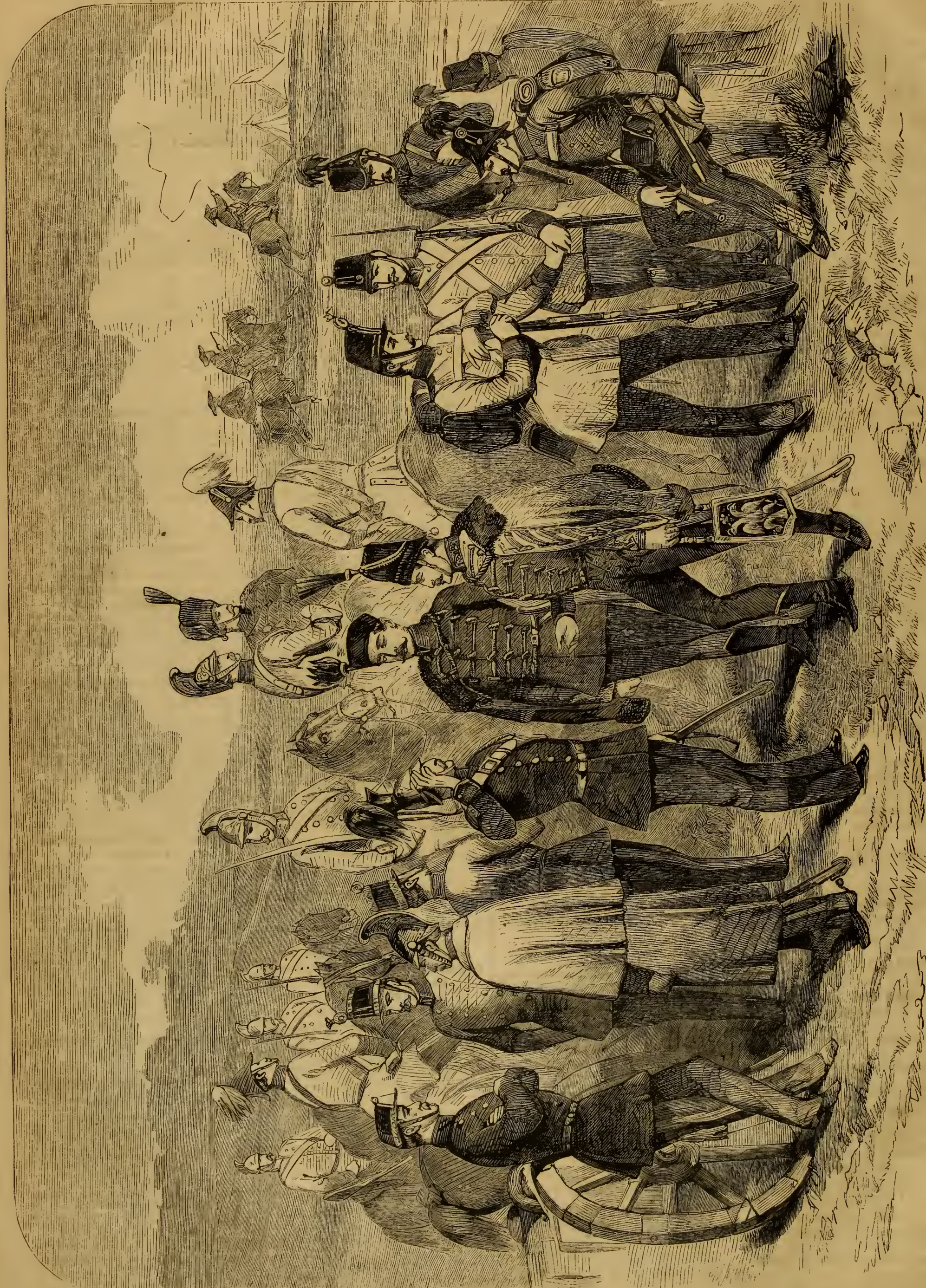
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COSTUMES OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

[For description, see page 363]

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EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

The interest felt in the present state of Europe has induced us to give on this page a group of portraits, of those sovereigns who are engaged in hostilities, or who are directly affected by the present troubles. They were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, from reliable authorities, and grouped together gracefully, with the flags and arms of their different States. Conspicuous in the group is Louis Napoleon (No. 1), by all odds the foremost man of Europe to-day; a statesman of consummate ability, and now appearing for the first time in a new light as a warrior. He has taken the field with the good wishes of a vast majority of his people—a fact which can no longer be contested. It was enough for Franco to know that their emperor was to lead the Gallic eagles once more against the Austrians to rally them around him. It remains to be seen what laurels he will win in his new career, and how the sons of those crushed by French guns at Marengo, pointed by the first Napoleon, will face the terrible artillery wielded by the second. And if victorious, it remains to be seen what use Louis Napoleon will make of his victory. Will he commit or avoid the mistakes of the victor of Marengo—the victim of Waterloo? The second in the group of portraits is that of Francis Joseph Charles, the youthful Emperor of

Austria, born August 18, 1830. He takes the field to fight desperately in defence of his Italian possessions. Young as he is, he has shown himself well fitted to wield a despotic sceptre. On ascending the throne, he promised to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. Yet the first act of the young monarch was to dissolve the national assembly met at Kremsier; the second, to cancel the ancient constitution of Hungary. By the aid of the Emperor of Russia, he succeeded in crushing the Hungarians, while his field-marshal Radetzky secured the submission of the Lombard and Venetian kingdom. Yet when Russia saw England and France arrayed against her in the Crimean war, the Emperor of Austria held aloof, and it is doubtless to reward him for his lukewarmness and ingratitude, that Alexander II. is affiliated with Louis Napoleon. In 1851 this liberal young monarch declared that his ministers must be responsible to no other political authority beside the throne, and added: "The cabinet must swear unconditional fidelity, as also the engagement to fulfil all my ordinances and resolutions. It will be its duty to carry out my will concerning all laws and administrative acts, whether considered necessary by the ministers or originating with me." Francis Joseph ascended the throne December 2, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. He

is the eldest son of the archduke Francis Charles, cession, and of the princess Sophia.

The King of Sardinia (No. 3), Victor Emmanuel Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas, now regarded as the champion of Italian independence, was born March 2, 1820. It is a curious fact, in connection with present events, that, by marriage, he is first cousin of the Emperor of Austria. He held the rank of Duke of Savoy until the disastrous battle of Novara, March 24, 1849, when his father, Charles Albert, abdicated in his favor. He thus commenced to reign at a disastrous period in the history of his country, and was compelled to make a treaty of peace with the victorious Austrians. He has been seconded, of late, by the brilliant talents and lofty patriotism of his minister, Count Cavour. The marriage of his daughter, the Princess Clotilde, with Prince Napoleon, strengthened the alliance of Sardinia with France, and led the way to that intimate association which has brought the French emperor in arms to Sardinia, to fight in behalf of its gallant sovereign. Our fourth portrait is a likeness of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who has just abandoned his duchy in consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs in Italy. He was born in Florence, October 3, 1797. While he was yet an infant, his father was driven from his States by the French. He was educated

partly in Germany, and returned to Florence in 1815. It is said that, from 1815 to 1848, his government was the most liberal in Italy. He built roads and bridges, encouraged the arts and literature, patronized science and education, and especially favored agriculture. He accomplished a good deal of good, as any absolute ruler can when he happens to be a good man. But he was opposed to the republican party, and in the great convulsions of 1848 he left his dominions, as he has done recently. During his absence a republic was proclaimed, but the grand duke was restored by Austrian bayonets, and an Austrian army quartered in the duchy to put down liberal sentiments. We have not omitted, as likely to be drawn within the vortex of the troubles of Italy, Pius IX., the Pope of Rome. He belongs to the noble family of Fereetti, and was born at Senegaglia, in 1792. He was elected pope by the conclave, June 14, 1846. In the early part of his reign his temporal administration was very liberal, in spite of the remonstrances of Austria. He afterwards failed to fulfil the expectations of the Italian liberals. In 1848 he was compelled to fly from Rome, which he re-entered after the republic was crushed, escorted by French dragoons, April 12, 1850. The remaining head is that of Prince Frederick of Prussia, who has not made a conspicuous figure in European politics.



THE BELLIGERENT SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WILLIAM WAITE.

THE STORY OF A CONDEMNED FELON.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It is midnight. The busy hum of industry from the village has long since ceased, and the last twinkling light has vanished from the windows. Darkness and silence have settled over the cottage-roofs, and all is peace.

Peace did I say? The midnight murderer may not walk abroad with his weapon drawn, the torch of the incendiary may not be lighted, but villany still lives. Beneath the shelter of those lowly roofs how many plots and plans replete with wrong are being warmed to life? How many hypocritical spoilers of the widow and orphans have knelt to-night and thanked their Maker that they are not as other men. How many hands have mixed the cup and held it to the brother's lip, wickedly careless of the consequence? Yet this is not crime; the law takes no cognizance of such deeds as these, although even the murderer's heart would pale to whiteness by comparison. The heart may cherish hatred and the man be ten thousand times a murderer in design; the inner man may be a very demon, and run riot in the fullness of its hate and malice, but while the hand is stayed, the false judgment of man acquits of blame. The outward act is impulsive; the inward action of the darkened soul is deliberate; yet human tribunals condemn the former, while the latter passes unrecognized.

The past is to me but the stage upon which the tragedy of my life has been enacted. The curtain is soon to fall—there remains but one scene to close the play. I sit upon my iron bedstead, my feet and hands close manacled, the dungeon walls shutting me in on every side. Through the narrow grated window I can dimly discern the outline of a huge structure towering through the mist and gloom of morning, and the dull monotone of hammer and saw falling upon my ear, informs me that the work still goes on. With the earliest dawn I shall be summoned from my cell, the prison bell will toll its mournful strokes, I shall be conducted through the prison yard and up those rough steps, a prayer will be uttered, a drop made ready, and in the sight of a gaping, swaying multitude I shall die the felon's death!

Memory is not over busy in this hour. My deeds are but those of yesterday, my life has been brief and fitful. I have ever been the slave of passion. This has been my bane, and where, O, where shall I find the antidote? The past no longer remains to me, the present I cannot call my own, the future is a black, deep chasm. I behold the earth vanish from my sight, and am become as one clinging to a frail plank, drifted about at the mercy of winds and waves. My manacled hands remind me but too strongly of what I was and am. Can it be that I, too, was a guileless infant, cheering the fond heart of a mother with smiles, beautiful to her as the vision of an angel? O, God, in this bitter hour I ask why was it not my happy fate to have been taken then from earth and temptation? Was it fated from my birth that I should live but to become an example in the eyes of men of the mastery of passion? To me it is fate; my own act brought me not into the world; my own hand shaped not my destiny; and O, let not the accountability rest upon me! The fearful crime for which my life must be the satisfaction, is the first fruit of the pernicious seed which other hands have sown, other hands watered.

* * * * *

My name is William Waite. My parents were of French extraction, their immediate ancestors having removed from Europe to the village where I was born and have always lived. My education was obtained with the other village boys at the school of an old Scotchman, who had taught the parents of the majority of those who then attended his daily instruction.

From earliest childhood I was overbearing and commanding, desirous of nothing so much as of exacting the implicit obedience of all by whom I was surrounded. Unfortunately, I was the sole child of my parents, and my word was as law. To have a wish unfulfilled, however extravagant, was at this time an unknown thing. To the criminal indulgence of parents, how many, alas, how many depraved and reckless men may we number! My education was commenced in the cradle, and my first school days

found me with an arrogant and overruling spirit which could brook no restraint.

I will here cite one instance of the cruelty and malignancy of my nature. There was in the village a poor, deformed idiot who daily wandered through the streets, babbling to himself in unintelligible jargon. He was perfectly harmless; even the little children would take him by the hand and lead him out of danger, murmuring: "Poor Toby! poor Toby!" He seemed to notice no one unless first spoken to, and then would at times make himself intelligible. He was about twenty years of age, but his body had ever been weak and feeble, although he was well known to possess a good share of that deep cunning which is nowhere found but in the idiot. There was one strange peculiarity of this idiot, which was his inordinate dread and horror of water. Whenever brought near a stream he would shake and shiver like one seized with the ague, and he always hesitated at the little brook which ran across the village green for some child to lead him across. One day, as I was strolling in the foot-path, my eye rested on the figure of Toby, who had seated himself near the bridge, and I resolved to have some diversion with him. Coming up beside him, I stretched out my hand and said:

"Don't wait longer, Toby! Give me your hand and I will lead you across."

He arose without hesitation, took my proffered hand, and walked slowly and tremblingly by my side. I allowed him to go no farther than the middle; I seized him by main force and held him suspended over the unrailed side of the bridge. Never have I seen a more perfect picture of utter despair and pitiful entreaty. His eyes rolled wildly, his hands grasped convulsively at my clothing, which I was careful he should not reach, and he alternately begged and screamed. Can it be believed that I enjoyed the agony of this poor being? that his cries were music to my ears?

"Now, Toby," I said, after tormenting him for some time in this way, "what will you give me if I will let you go?"

"O, an'ting, an'ting, Mr. Bill! Here, here, take, take, on'y let go!"

The wretched creature endeavored to take the ragged jacket from his back, but I prevented him.

"Never mind, Toby; here, come up! Now!"

I lifted him almost over the planks, and then, relaxing my hold suddenly, he fell backwards into the stream!

Long and loud I laughed as the idiot splashed and spluttered in the shallow water, and his shrill and piercing screams only aroused greater merriment. When, at last, he had clambered upon the bank and cleared his eyes of the water, he turned to where I stood and gave vent to his rage. Despite my indifference, I was really amazed at the change which had come over him. His eyes blazed with almost the fires of reason, and his tones were strangely distinct and deliberate as he turned upon me with outstretched finger.

"Bill Waite, curses on you! You've done what no other ever thought to do against the poor idiot! I hate you! I curse you! Mark me, I'll be revenged!"

His manner suddenly changed, and he hobbled away, muttering and mumbling as he was wont, while I walked the other way with a loud laugh. Still, there was something so singular in the idiot's manner, that I reflected upon it as I walked on.

This incident shows not only the wilful cruelty of my nature, but also has an important bearing upon future events in my narrative.

At school I was the acknowledged master and ruler. The boys of the village were quiet and peaceable, and cared not to quarrel with me; moreover, my ungovernable temper was well known to them, and they stood in dread of arousing it. Even at the hands of the old Scotch schoolmaster I escaped without punishment, my father being one of the richest and most important men in the village, and he was well aware that by him all my irregularities would be winked at if not openly sustained.

For a long time I continued my authority over the school, and it remained long undisputed. One day a new scholar made his appearance. His parents had but recently moved into the town, and he had been but little seen by the boys. He was every way dissimilar to me. I was stout and heavy—he was tall and slender. His appearance was as modest and unassuming as mine was self-confident and overbearing. His

face wore an expression of firmness and manly honor which mine lacked, and his blue eyes could at times send forth glances of deep passion.

For several days I saw that he held aloof from me, although he joined the others in their sports. I knew that he disliked me from the first, and I determined to humble him. There was such an air of quiet firmness about him that I almost shrunk from putting him to the trial, but the reflection that any signs of unreasonableness might loosen my hold upon the others nerved me, and I proceeded about the work. Walking deliberately into the play-ground, where all the scholars were assembled, I exclaimed in a loud tone:

"Roland Temple is a coward!"

Every eye was turned towards him, all being curious to learn how he would act under the accusation. He turned pale, but it was not the pallor of fear, and rising to his feet he asked:

"Who said that?"

"I did!" I replied.

"And why did you say it? You cannot prove it!"

"Can't, eh?" I returned, in a sneering tone. "Will that do for proof?"

As I spoke, I struck him a severe blow upon the cheek.

The lion within him was fairly aroused. I had not calculated upon the indignation of his outraged spirit. Before I could place myself in a posture of defence he was upon me, and his blows fell thick and fast into my face. Blood blinded my eyes, and my head was severely wounded by his attack, and I ended my disgrace by falling flat to the earth.

My opponent was a generous enemy. He endeavored to assist me to rise, but when he laid his hand upon my arm and wiped the blood and dust from my face, I sprang to my feet and assailed him with a shower of abusive epithets, declaring him to be my mortal enemy, and bidding him never again address me. He answered all my furious words with a smile of disdain, and appealed to the delighted boys who had gathered around us to know if they had not always known me for a cowardly bully. They answered with an unanimous affirmative, and in a transport of fury I rushed from the yard and school, and never re-entered either again.

It was then that the first sharp promptings of hate entered my heart. The deep, relentless anger which I cherished against Roland Temple I cannot describe. Night and day I repeated to myself, "he is my enemy and I am his!" The intensity of my feelings was concealed scrupulously from the knowledge of others, and thus the passion of revenge had already entered my heart. This was the second link in the chain of events whose end was to be upon the gallows!

In my eighteenth year my parents both died. I followed them to the grave, but not with tearless eyes. There is no human being so depraved and lost to all good impulses but that tender recollections may sometimes be awakened within him, and as I saw the coffin face of my mother, the hot tears fell fast from my eyes. She had ever been kind and indulgent to me, bearing with me even in my most wayward moods; and stony-hearted indeed must I have been to have refused the simple tribute of a tear. But what mattered it? The turf fell upon their coffins, and I turned away in utter forgetfulness.

My days were now spent wholly in idle pleasure. I wandered around the neighborhood, seeking to break the monotony of my daily life, but I was compelled to tread the same paths and seek the same haunts from lack of variety, and I was upon the point of leaving the village for some wider and wilder field of action, when a circumstance occurred which bound me to my home and confirmed my fate.

One pleasant afternoon in May I strolled along the bank of the brook which I have previously referred to, following its course until the village had been left a mile behind, and the water had grown deeper and wider. Sitting down in the shadow of a dense clump of alder-bushes, I cast my line into the water and carelessly watched the float.

I had been sitting there for some time, when my attention was arrested by the figure of a female who had come out of a cottage by the side of a hill half a mile away. As she neared the brook I recognized her as a young girl whom I had occasionally seen in the village, although she was entirely unknown to me. She seemed now to be undecided whether to cross or not. She looked doubtfully at the black, deep waters, swollen by the flood of spring, and placed her foot hesitatingly upon the slippery, moss covered

log which alone spanned them. I held my breath and silently watched her. Once she seemed upon the point of turning back disappointed, but something impelled her to make the trial.

What mighty influence do trifles exert over us! Is it really chance that moves us? are we swayed by the mere conjunction of circumstances? Can I think that the simple act of that young girl's crossing that slippery log was destined to make me a murderer? It is strange, it is wonderful to view the train of insignificant events which have conspired to that end.

Tremblingly she commenced the passage. She lifted her feet slowly and carefully, keeping her eyes fixed on the opposite side until she reached the middle, and then, probably impelled by curiosity, she looked down. The swift moving water attracted her eyes and caused her to become dizzy, and she struggled in vain to recover her balance. Just at this instant she saw me as I rose in my excitement, and exclaiming in agonized tones, "O, save me, sir, save me!" she fell backwards into the water and immediately disappeared.

I had thrown off my coat at the first intimation of her peril, and I sprang into the stream in time to grasp her clothing as she was carried rapidly down. I retained my hold and yielded to the current, and in a moment was able to grasp a bush at the bend of the stream, and gain the bank with my burden.

I laid her upon the grass and gazed at her—gazed with all my soul in my eyes. In that moment she was beautiful—almost too beautiful for earth. Her wet brown hair streamed back from her pale forehead, and the blue eyes beneath were closed as in the sleep of death. The old look of terror and entreaty was still upon her face, her lips were slightly parted, and her face deathly pale; her simple cottage dress clung in wet folds to her form, and her hands were clasped tightly. She was very young, much younger than I. A sigh from her breast aroused me, and I endeavored with success to bring her back to life by chafing her limbs. She opened her eyes and gazed wildly around, and then, remembering my face and her late danger, the color quickly came back to her cheeks, and she essayed to murmur her thanks.

She leaned upon my arm and I walked slowly by her side to the cottage on the hill. Youth is ever impulsive, and before we stopped at the door there was a mutual interest aroused between us. There was peace in my heart upon that day. The air was soft and balmy, the early flowers of May were blooming round, and my words were kind and gentle, for it was the heart that spoke. She answered low and confidently, and I listened with joy to her voice, for it awakened new feelings in my breast; while I listened I became gentle like her. I parted with her at the door of the cottage where her grandparents lived (she had told me that she was an orphan), and promising to see her again, I slowly walked back to the village.

I sat down by the wayside and reflected. What was this sudden interest which I had conceived in Alice Dane unknown to me before? Could it be love? I scouted the idea. I, William Waite, in love? It was nonsense; the very thought was foolish. But my memory retained the lineaments of her beautiful face, and my pillow was haunted by an angel presence, which seemed to resolve itself into Alice Dane.

The next morning my feet unconsciously took the path by the brook, and for many successive mornings. Alice always welcomed me to her home with a blush or smile, and seated by her side or rambling with her on the flower-covered mead, I was as if endowed with a new existence. In that brief period I was truly happy. I no longer sought to conceal from myself that I devotedly loved the fair cottager to whom I had given back life, nor yet could I conceal it from her. The secret was hers long before it had passed my lips, and when I made known my love it was to her no new revelation.

Why, O, why, I have often asked, could not those days of happiness remain? Was it fated that such days of bliss should be but the prelude of dark despair? Hardly was the course of passion stayed within my breast—hardly the volcanic fires of nature pent by the influence of love—when passion again assumed the mastery, and I was compelled to yield to its baneful influence.

I pursued my way joyfully homeward from this meeting with Alice—the meeting from which I gained the knowledge that she was wholly mine. Busied in my reflections, I did not ob

serve a dark figure that was rustling in the tall grass bounding the path, and in a moment it jumped into the path a short distance in front of me and assumed the figure of Toby the idiot. Stretching out his finger towards me again, he exclaimed in a deep voice: "Toby hasn't forgot! Toby won't forget!" and immediately disappeared.

This strange incident, although it did not wholly divert my thoughts from their accustomed channel, disturbed me in a manner. I had almost forgotten my cruelty to the idiot of several years before, but had observed him of late several times when he seemed to be watching me more sharply than was his custom. I reflected that it might be as well for me to conciliate the poor fellow, and so dismissed the matter from my mind. Ah, how demoniac, how horrible, how lasting in all human beings is hate!

My visits to the cottage of Alice Dane were now of almost daily occurrence. My wild nature had found that which it had ever needed—a sympathizing soul; and it was no more natural for the swallows to seek the south at the approach of winter, than for me to seek her companionship. In her I had placed all my hopes of future happiness. Before I had met her my mind had been listless and vacant; life to me then seemed hardly worth preserving. Now there was a purpose to my daily life; communion with her had changed the bitter fountain of my heart to a well-spring of gladness.

But still there was something in me which she seemed to fear. The Nubian lion may not be soothed to gentleness in an hour, nor may the bad passions of the human heart be eradicated by the labor of a moment. The reed sown in infancy had sprouted and grown to be a forest of noisome weeds, and the hand of gentleness and love must have labored long and patiently ere it could be entirely destroyed. As Alice leaned trustingly upon my breast her face would pale and her lips quiver, and the faltering words would find utterance.

"William, dear William, do not look so fearful! There is a strange and terrible look upon your face—a gleaming light in your eyes that frightens me! What troubles you?"

Yes, she was right. Even while seemingly happy and peaceful, the strife of passion sometimes desolated my heart and beamed from my eyes. Could this be prophetic? Was it a dim foreshadowing of the evil fate which darkened my future? I whispered to myself, "Time will tell," and, alas! Time told all, too.

While the happiness of love still remains to us for our own, while we hold the tangible passion and are blest in its enjoyment, we esteem the future as a thing which may be carved and controlled at will. But when the fair illusion is past and gone, and the heart left doubly dark and desolate, those hours come thronging back upon the memory in a mocking train, bringing no balm to soothe the wounded spirit, but fresh pains from the knowledge of what we are and the memory of what once was. Let me, therefore, no longer dwell upon this period of my life, so painful by contrast, but hasten to the narration of the dark sequel.

It was almost the hour of sunset as I left the village and walked the path by the winding brook. I had learned to love that hour. Seated with Alice upon the bench by the cottage door, we had often watched the beautiful variations of the western sky as the light of the declining sun crimsoned the cloudy fragments which assumed strange and fantastic shapes and figures, now imaging a pile of dark blue mountains, and then assuming the shape of a gorgeous Eastern palace, with all its domes and minarets. At such seasons it was a pleasure to me to study her lovely face, to mark the beautiful expression of perfect peace and happiness which rested there, and to hear the whispered accents of her voice.

But now, as I neared the cottage, other tones greeted my ear and shot a quick pang of jealousy through my breast. My mood changed in an instant. Changing my slow and careless pace to a light and stealthy one, I crept noiselessly to the door and looked into the room. One glance would have been sufficient to madden me, but I continued to gaze and torture my heart with the sight.

Alice was seated on a rustic bench, her hand resting carelessly upon the shoulder of one who sat beside her, and he, his arm thrown around her, was chatting and laughing gaily with her. What more was needed to rouse all my blackest

passions on the instant, as I regarded them? The face of the man had been turned from me, but the moment I caught a glimpse of his features I writhed in the agony of my spirit. I recognized my boyish enemy, the mention of whose name was enough to stir the bitter waters of my heart, Roland Temple!

My first impulse was to rush in upon them and lay them dead at my feet—my next, to turn away, weak, faint and heart-sick, and crawl blindly away. I threw myself upon the grass and shouted the name of Alice till the mocking echoes brought it back to me, I seized great handfuls of earth and grass and threw them from me in the mighty rage and anger of my soul. Then, becoming calmer, I threw myself upon my face and sobbed and groaned in the agony of my spirit, till even the empty winds seemed to repeat after me, "She is lost! Alice is lost! Lost! Lost!"

Thus through half the night I lay upon the cold ground, and the morning had almost dawned when I dragged my weary body homeward. My thoughts were worse tormentors than legions of demons. For hours I could realize nothing but the one idea, "Alice is lost!"

But when I had grown calmer—what a fearful calm was that!—all love had died within me. My feelings toward her who had so basely deceived me, I could not analyze. She had bade me hope, and in the hope of gaining her I had rejoiced; now I was awakened as from a wild and fictitious dream, and saw all love departed from me. Could I turn carelessly away from blighted prospects such as these? Could I afford to let the false one and her lover laugh at the silly dupe they had made of me? Alice I might have forgiven, even had my heart-strings parted in the struggle, but when I thought of Roland Temple, I gnashed my teeth and answered, "No!"

I arose from the couch whereon I had thrown myself, and hurriedly paced the room. My head seemed bursting with conflicting emotions. I held a mirror before my eyes and started back in amazement at the apparition which the glass revealed. Could those sunken, vacant eyes be mine? and those pallid, hollow cheeks? What a frightful change since yesterday! O, for breath, fresh air, or I should suffocate! I dashed the glass down and hastened from the house. I knew not where my steps were leading me—I cared not! but on, I must keep moving, or my passions would consume me.

I might have known that my feet would, from habit, seek that path, for they had walked it almost daily during many months. Here was a new pang. I sank down by the stream where we had first met—Alice and I—where I had preserved her life. I felt tempted to plunge into its depths and seek relief in death, but I could not; some invisible hand restrained me.

Two figures advanced from the cottage. I recognized them. They came slowly toward the place where I lay, talking earnestly the while. It was nearly nightfall, and the cold dew upon the grass chilled me through, but I moved not. I had not the power; I could not have stirred from that spot had my eternal weal depended upon it, as, indeed, it did.

As they came nearer, I heard their conversation. One of them said he had an errand to the house beyond the grove, which must be done immediately. The other preferred to wait until he returned, and asked him to hasten. He went away hastily, and when his footsteps could no longer be heard, I emerged from my concealment, and stood before the female who had seated herself upon a stone. Well she might cry aloud and call my name, for how was she to recognize William Waite in the spectral appearance before her? I sternly repelled her as she would have taken my hand, and addressed her thus:

"Alice Dane, your perfidy is well known to me, and you will seek in vain to disguise it! Once I trusted and loved you; you may, perhaps, add to the scorn and hate with which I now regard you, but you cannot detract one iota from it!"

She paled and looked in sorrow upon me. It was this that maddened me, and I became almost demoniac with rage. Something whispered to me "kill! kill!" some demon drew with a brand of fire before my eyes, a hateful picture of my wrongs, and steeled my heart against pity. The fell passion of hate spurred me on. I sprang suddenly upon her; I grasped her firmly and stifled her shrieks, and thus forced her to the stream. My force was that of a giant, my desperation that of a madman. Once in her frantic

struggles my victim forced the hand away which had firmly closed her mouth, and gasped in fright, "O, William, spare me! do not kill—" Her head was plunged beneath the water—a few bubbles rose to the surface and floated away, and the deed was done. Alice Dane lay passive, motionless, dead in my arms!

The stream gurgled on as before, but its voice gave utterance to the word *murder*! The trees rustled and spoke it, the crickets in the grass chirped it accusingly, and my own heart beat quick and fast and spoke the word in every throb.

Passion had conquered, but where was passion? I stood silently above the dead body and reflected. I was not remorseful; I was bewildered. Where was Alice Dane? I had heard her voice but a moment before, and here lay her body, but it was cold, motionless. Gradually I awoke from my lethargy. I remembered that Alice had injured me, deeply, irreparably, and I had killed her. I was not sorry for the deed. Neither was I glad; but I continued to gaze in silence at my work.

Hark! was not that a human voice? a chuckle? I stamped the grass down beneath my feet all around the spot; the thought of a secret witness brought me back to life. I could find nothing; imagination had deceived me. I returned to the corpse and looked again. The features were not distorted; they looked up at me as if beseeching pity. The moonlight rested on the face and showed it marble-pale. This moved me with horror, and I covered my face with my hands till reason returned. Then I raised the body in my arms and bore it into the centre of the dense clump of alders. The alder twigs laced around it when I laid it down, the stalks sprang back and concealed it from sight; from the sight of all but the moon, which looked down still upon it.

That noise again—what was it? I searched again, but nothing could be found. Hastening away from the scene of the tragedy, I pursued the route homeward, hurrying fast and still faster, but unable to escape the accusing voice which filled my ears with its doleful cry.

Upon the next evening it was rumored through the village that Alice Dane, a girl who had lived a mile beyond the village, had disappeared mysteriously, and that Roland Temple had been lodged in jail, charged with her murder!

It was truly a mysterious affair. The people collected at the street corners and discussed it, but it still remained mysterious as ever. The accused had been known as a person of unimpeached character, and no motive could be assigned for the commission of so horrible a deed, but suspicion, supported by evidence, pointed steadily to him. The body could not be recovered, and it was generally supposed that it had been thrown into the stream, by the rapid current of which it had, doubtless, ere this been floated into the bay and far out to sea.

One individual had testified that upon the evening in question, he had seen Roland Temple going rapidly away from a place by the water, where, upon examination, the earth had been trampled with impressions of large and small feet as if by a struggle. Another had heard stifled screams in that vicinity, and the old grandparents of the missing girl were sure that she had left the house just at dusk in company with Temple. Altogether, the case was dark against him.

After a few days a request was brought to me from the prisoner that I would visit him. I complied without hesitation, and was admitted to his cell. He was seated in the corner, heavily ironed, his head bowed upon his hands and great sobs shaking his whole frame. He raised his eyes as I entered, and revealed a countenance grief-stricken and hopeless. His face flushed as he recognized me, and he motioned me to sit beside him, but I stood motionless in the centre of the cell, my arms folded upon my breast. As soon as he could sufficiently control his emotion he broke forth into the following appeal:

"William Waite, we were once enemies, but I call Heaven to witness that I never harbored malice against you. If you have suffered a boyish enmity to embitter your mind for years, I can freely forgive you; I offer you now the hand of friendship. Will you take it?"

I disregarded his proffered hand, still standing motionless as marble.

"Then listen to me! I know your deep, dark passions, and the intensity of your rage, and I saw your face when you rushed in anger from the cottage door; since then, O, what fearful

suspensions have crowded my brain! Tell me, William, tell me, for the love of God, that your hands are free from the blood of Alice Dane! Assure me of this, and I can die upon the scaffold, hard as it will be; take this load from my mind, and though innocent, I can bear the hootings of the mob; and let my reputation be blackened with infamy!"

My answer was fearfully slow and distinct.

"Roland Temple, if you know my disposition truly, you need not ask me that question. I am not one to be thwarted and turned aside from my course, and if my blood is hot it acts to madden me only when the provocation is deep and beyond endurance. Judge then if I could stand tamely by and witness Alice Dane borne off by another, when I already looked upon her as my wife? You ask me to say that I did not kill her; instead of that, I'll say that she *did* die by my hands, that I *did* commit the deed for which you are manacled here to-day, and that I will not lift one finger to save you from the gallows, even could I do it and still hold my life!"

"Bloody man!" exclaimed Temple, "the words you have just spoken have forever crushed and broken me, but even your brazen cheek will pale to hear the whole. Know that Alice Dane was to me no more than a sister; that I was brought up from childhood with her, as her brother, and that she died beneath your hands as true to you as in your happiest hours of companionship! Go, murderer! let her ghost and mine haunt you through the remnant of your miserable life, nor quit you until the earth shall have covered your trembling body!"

Shutting the fearful words from my ears, I rushed in agony from the cell. I felt instinctively that Roland Temple's words were true. Passion had hastened me to commit a crime which I would now, O, how willingly, have recalled; but which was irrevocable. My happiness had been self-ruined, and the miserable justification which I had found to satisfy myself, was forever swept away. I was, indeed, a murderer.

Of the remorse which now oppressed and tortured me, I will say nothing. It is far too painful to dwell upon, and I pass on to the finale.

Several days after my visit to the cell of Roland Temple, I received a note from the magistrate of the village. It ran as follows:

"MR. WAITE: Dear Sir,—It is desirable at the present time that an examination of the scene of the late murder should be made by the officers of the law, and we wish to be accompanied by several individuals who may serve the government in the capacity of witnesses. Will you be so kind as to oblige me in this? If so, please follow the bearer. Yours, in haste, JACOB MOORE."

I trembled at the thought of standing again upon that dreadful spot. Could suspicion be aroused against me? Impossible; the object specified in the note was plain, and if there should be suspicion, it would be the more readily disarmed by a willing compliance.

I followed the bearer, who was Toby, the idiot, and was conducted just outside the village, to where the magistrate, constables, and several citizens were waiting. I was saluted by the party, and the object of the expedition being understood by all (as I supposed), we went forward toward the supposed scene of the murder.

There were few words spoken as we walked on, each person seeming impressed with the solemnity of the service. In spite of my efforts to be calm, I was nervous, and trembled excessively. The remembrance of Alice as she lay in my arms, dead, upon that fatal evening, kept recurring to me, and I was troubled by the fear that when we should stand by the spot, my agitation would be noticed. There was something, too, in the demeanor of the officers and those who accompanied them that puzzled me, for I could not help observing it. They did not appear merely as men executing a solemn duty, but they were oppressed and saddened by something which I could not account for, and hurried on as if they dreaded the performance of the task, and wished to accomplish it quickly.

We reached the spot, and then there was a sudden indecision visible, each man looking at the magistrate and me alternately. Wondering what this could mean, I paled from apprehension as the former said in a solemn tone, "Gentlemen, our duty, however embarrassing, must be performed unhesitatingly. Constable, arrest the accused!"

Every eye was upon me, and the officer's hand was on my shoulder. I sickened and paled in speechless terror.

"Gentlemen," continued the magistrate, "I have received information of a character which induces me to believe Mr. Temple innocent of the fearful crime imputed to him, and which also induces me to believe that the individual now under arrest is the murderer! It is my intention to investigate this extraordinary charge thoroughly, and if Mr. Waite desires to say anything prior to the search, he is at liberty to do so now."

"Who is my accuser?" I asked, with a show of firmness.

"This is he," he replied, pointing to Toby.

"The idiot!" I exclaimed, with a forced laugh, "well, really, gentlemen, you are making out a serious case!"

"Perhaps you had better restrain your merri-ment until we have made our examination, sir! Toby, you may now proceed."

The idiot stooped down and pointed to the tracks in the sand, leading from the stream to the alders, and in his mumbling accents asked to have my foot compared with them. My boot was removed, I being wholly weak and powerless, and upon comparison it was found to correspond exactly with the footprints! Followed by the spectators, he then penetrated the clump of alders, and as he dragged forth the pale corpse of Alice Dane, a cry of horror went up from the whole assembly. "Now to be both which—"

Toby placed his hand upon the skirt of my coat, from which just such a piece had been torn, the ragged edges exactly joining! At this revelation I groaned aloud; it was the evidence of the deed against me!

"This should be sufficient, gentlemen," said the magistrate to the horrified spectators, and then, addressing me, he added, "Wretched man, do you confess the commission of this terrible deed? You see the proof with which we can sustain our accusation, and your very appearance proclaims you the murderer!"

"Do with me as you please," I said, in anguished tones, "I confess the deed!"

As I turned to accompany the constable, Toby came up in front of me, and with a strange malignity in his voice, he spoke as follows:

"I said once that Toby wouldn't forget! Toby has remembered—he *hasn't* forgot!" And with a chuckle he turned away.

That chuckle startled me as if a serpent had suddenly glided across my path. It revealed the whole history of my detection, for now I called to mind that I had heard the same sound upon the night of the murder as I stood over the body. There had been a secret witness! Hidden in the grass, this Toby, he whom I had pitied as a poor idiot, had watched each motion with gleaming eyes, rejoicing inwardly that at last I was placed fully in his power. His cunning mind had searched out every circumstance, and when he had become sure of his revenge, he had thus enclosed me in the net.

I seem to have awakened from a trance. I have a dim recollection of a crowded court-room, a sea of faces raised to mine as I sat in the prisoner's box, the sentence of the judge, the remanding to prison, and at last the stern reality of the convict's cell. How long I have lain here, I cannot tell. Days and nights have succeeded each other, and have been to me but blanks. My mind has wandered; I have been again a child, folded in my mother's arms, and have lived over again my only period of innocence. Dark shadows of those whom I have encountered upon my life-path have passed in slow recession before me, even to the last, that slight and feeble one whose pale face haunts me yet, and whose eyes look from the darkness of my prison, nightly, with melancholy light.

Roland Temple, the jailer tells me, has been released. Broken-hearted and hopeless as I have made him, he yet sends me his forgiveness, and promises to pray for me. Can he do that? Let me kneel while my mood is thus, and call for countless benedictions on his head.

From these thoughts my mind returns to my prison. The hammers and saws still keep up their dismal monotone without, and the fabric of the gallows rises to completion. My sands of life are rapidly running out with the minutes, and the prison bell already sends forth its clangor. It is the knell of death!

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Jupiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunderbolt.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GUERRILLA CHIEF.

BY MELVILLE HALL.

THE city of Burgos, the capital of the province of that name in Old Castile, was once the home of Spanish royalty and the seat of authority. Near this city was born Juan Martin Diez, the well known guerrilla chief, whose exploits during the peninsular war were so full of romance, and of whom the French soldiers stood in mortal fear. A peasant's son, he early forsook the peaceful occupation of his class, to serve as a soldier. When peace was restored, he turned his sword into a pruning hook, married and resumed the same employment to which he had been bred.

When Napoleon Bonaparte invaded the Spanish territory, the young farmer heard the call, as the warhorse hears the sound of the trumpet. He was a strong, powerful man, with well-knit limbs, a complexion dark and swarthy, even beyond most of his countrymen, and with a healthful atmosphere about him that inspired respectful feelings from all. Unfortunately, instead of joining the army openly, he gathered around him one of those bands which were common at that period, known by the Spanish name of Guerrilla, and which lie in ambuscade and commit deeds of cunning and vindictiveness, making them, in fact, a more terrible enemy than any other. Even women sometimes join these bands, and contribute their peculiar tact and cunning to the general stock. Among these people may often be discovered instances of endurance, bravery and courage which are rare to find in more regularly disciplined soldiers, and history furnishes more than one example of gratitude and generosity which would stamp a man's character for life and for coming ages.

Juan Martin Diez was known by the appellation of El Empecinado. He was perfectly idolized by most of his followers, and his conduct towards them was characterized by a rare consideration that did not, however, prevent him from inflicting justice upon their faults.

While the war was raging, the headquarters of the French army were stationed at Burgos. There were two approaches to Burgos, one of them shorter than the other, but less accessible and used mostly by horsemen, while the other was more available for heavy loads by wagon or otherwise.

In the month of August, 1803, the Empecinado was sought out by the landlord of a small venta or inn which stood several leagues from Burgos, and informed by him that on the following day he would find at his house a party of thirty French dragoons. He said they had been sent two or three days previous, from Burgos to Valladolid, to escort the wagons in which a quantity of ammunition from the stores at headquarters was transported to Valladolid for the use of the army; that on their way to the latter place, they had stopped at his inn, and would do so again on their return.

"How do you know that they will do so?" asked Diez, who, while glad of the information, could not conceal his disgust at the informer.

"Because, senor, the sergeant threatened to destroy me if I did not have better wine for them on their return, which he distinctly stated would be to-morrow."

"Very well," answered the leader, "when they arrive, you must treat them well, and ascertain which route they take for Burgos. I will visit your place in the meantime, and ascertain its capabilities for concealment."

In a few hours the guerrilla chief was on his way to the inn. Here he found that he could secrete two of his band in the old barn behind the house, and to these men he ordered Jose, the landlord, to impart whatever the Frenchmen might say respecting their proposed route. He then stationed his band as near the point where the two roads met as was practicable, and awaited their arrival to attack them in the passes of the montanas of Burgos.

But the landlord of the little inn, as is usual with persons mean enough to become informers, was a great coward; and after the chief had made his arrangements and had gone, he began to fear that his scheme might be discovered by the dragoons, from the trembling and confusion which he in vain attempted to restrain. He, therefore, at the first sound of their approach, took refuge in a small loft exactly over the apartment in which they had been entertained the day but one previous, and which apartment he felt sure they would occupy, from the obvious

reason that there was none other in the house, save the kitchen, that could accommodate them.

His flight was a signal for his household to disappear also, they supposing him afraid of the enemy, and so it turned out that when they arrived, there was not a soul stirring in the place, and the food and wine were entirely at the disposal of the dragoons, who, after a toilsome march from Valladolid, were very willing to accept the charge.

The apartment in which Jose had concealed himself, was a small loft, used only for light storage of nondescript articles. The floor was composed of slender boards laid lightly upon the ceiling of the apartment below, and unprotected by any efficient cross-beams or other support. When, therefore, the burly form of the landlord was added to the light weight of which alone it was capable, and he had lain himself close to the centre of the floor, in order to be able to gather their intentions respecting the route they proposed, there was, of course, an instant depression of the slender ceiling. He felt himself sinking through the opening, without the power to grasp at a single object firm enough to sustain him, and his first arrival upon anything solid was the long table at which the dragoons, now in a state of hilarity, were singing martial songs and imbibing his very best wine without stint.

The Frenchmen started to their feet, drew their swords and stood ready to receive his companions, for they naturally expected that an attack was to follow; but the scared look in his face, and the recognition which they had made of him, induced them to resume their seats and give the trembling coward some of his own wine to restore his spirits. His agitation when called on to declare why he sought concealment, however, awakened the suspicions of the captain of the troop. He accordingly bound his arms and threatened to hang him from the nearest tree, unless he confessed.

Meantime, Diez, impatient of the delay, determined to discover the reason that his two spies did not return, and he disguised himself as a woodman, taking a bundle of fagots on his shoulder, and soon entered the yard of the inn, just as Jose and the two guerrillas, whom the landlord had betrayed, were kneeling before the carbines of a dozen Frenchmen, who were awaiting the word of command to shoot them down.

Jose was crying and begging for mercy most piteously, but the two Spaniards were firm and composed. As Diez drew near, he received a sign from the guerrilla nearest him, which the French captain detected. It was but the merest cast of the man's eye, but it indicated the route which Captain Duclosse had intended to take, and the latter, catching the almost imperceptible token, ordered his men to bind the new comer.

While his own men steadily denied that they knew him, the landlord readily declared him to be Empecinado, and the captain offered Diez his life on condition only that he should reveal to him the lurking place of his band.

The glance of withering scorn which the Spaniard bestowed upon his captor, was such as to make even the cool and courageous Frenchman quail before it. He answered not a word, and Captain Duclosse, convinced that it was indeed the man whom Jose had declared him, gave him only five minutes to prepare for death.

The prisoner's noble demeanor and frank, courageous bearing, were not lost upon the captain's son, a boy of sixteen, destined for the army, and who had accompanied the escort, and he begged his father to spare his life. Duclosse refused, saying that it was impossible, unless Diez would submit to his terms, and he left the room to order a guard to convey his prisoner to the place of death.

Louis Duclosse was thus left alone with Diez, his beautiful face expressing pity and sympathy with the prisoner, and his breast heaving with the sense of his father's unyielding sternness.

"Boy," said the doomed man, in a tone so low that the sentry could not hear him, "look at my wrists." Louis passed round and saw that they were lacerated and bleeding from the cords with which they had been bound. An expression of horror burst from the boy's lips. "If you will cut these cords, it will relieve this horrible pain. It will make no difference a few moments hence, but relieve me now, and I will bless you. I, too, have a son."

To take a knife from the table and sever the cords, to replace the knife quietly, and to entreat the prisoner not to separate his hands nor alter their position, took up every instant of the allotted time. A moment after, the man was

placed, kneeling, beside the sobbing landlord and his own faithful followers.

The firing party had received all the words of command except the last fatal one. When the officer's lips were in the act of unclosing to speak that word, Diez threw himself upon the ground directly on his face, and the bullets sped on their way. In the blinding smoke that followed the discharge, his change of position was not seen, but a wild shout of "vengeance!" reached their ears, and a figure was seen, as the smoke cleared away, to spring from the top of a bank, some twelve or fifteen feet high, which sloped down to a thick wood.

The dragoons looked at each other in blank surprise and dismay. The officer was the first to recover himself. There lay the three dead men, but the most dangerous of all, he who possessed the secret of their destination, had eluded them.

"Follow him!" cried the captain in a voice of thunder. "Shoot him! cut him down!" But Diez was far beyond, and the orders of Captain Duclosse were rendered futile.

That night the French troops reached Burgos unmolested, by the opposite route to that which they designed. Had they taken the other, they would have been equally safe. The brave Diez would not have harmed a single man, if the encounter could peril the life of that pitying child, whom, thenceforth, he regarded as he did his patron saint, with reverence, and almost with adoration.

The battle of Salamanca had been fought. The French army were defeated, and the brave Duclosse, who had been promoted to the rank of colonel, had received the death wound from the guns of the British artillerymen. His son—the boy who had been the unconscious deliverer of Juan Martin Diez—had entered the regiment, received rapid promotion, and was now Captain Duclosse.

Wounded in side and temple, the young officer crawled from the field as well as he was able, and sought refuge in a half-ruined shed, at a distance from the road. He staunch the wound in his side as well as he was able, and worn out with fatigue and loss of blood, he threw himself upon the earthen floor and fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself refreshed. Persons were tramping near the door, and, by their language, he found that they were Spaniards. As morning broke, he found himself in the midst of a guerrilla band. He was instantly seized and carried to the door of the shed, where he was ordered to mount a horse. Faint and weak, he was unable to do so. One tall, dark fellow then assumed the office of executioner as he stood, and raised his carbine for the purpose. Another instant and Duclosse would have received his shot, when the weapon was struck upwards by a powerful hand.

"Why have you done this, Diez?" said the enraged soldier, mad at being defeated of his object.

"Because," he answered, "I think this young man and myself are old friends. I owe my life, and perhaps yours, for you were on my list of comrades then, to him. I shall have him!"

The guerrilla struggled to take possession of the young soldier, but Diez stood between them and ordered him to put down the knife which he had substituted for the carbine.

"Never!" shouted the man.

Diez grasped the guerrilla's arm, twisting it until the shoulder was dislocated, and pushing him aside, he stepped up to the now fainting youth, he had him conveyed to a house near by, where his wounds were attended to, and where he met with the care and tenderness which his enfeebled state required. Nor was this all. Empecinado, for it was he, caused the body of Colonel Duclosse to be sought for and committed to a Christian burial. For three weeks, Diez continued the most delicate attentions to Duclosse, and when the latter was recovered, he escorted him in person almost to within musket-shot of the French outpost.

In 1809, Juan Martin Diez was made brigadier-general of Wellington's army. He afterward attended him when he entered Madrid in triumph, and received from him a command of about five thousand men. After Ferdinand VII. was restored, Diez addressed to him a letter which gave offence to the government. Civil war ensued, and the royalists perpetrated barbarities most horrible. El Empecinado placed himself at the head of a body of constitutionalists, and struggled with the whole force of his noble spirit, for freedom. He was seized on an alleged charge of conspiracy, and executed at Rueda, on the 19th of August, 1825.

SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

Now that our troubles with Paraguay have been happily got over, without the burning of a single cartridge, we may indulge the hope that such difficulties as we may have with other countries in that region will also be quietly disposed of, and the best feelings be restored between the Northern portion of the continent and the Southern part of it. And, to the end that there may be good, solid, substantial reasons for the preservation of peace all over the continent, measures should be taken to increase our trade with the communities of Spanish-American origin that are so numerous in this Western World. Whether the political condition of these communities be such as to fill the mind with hopes or fears, it will scarcely be doubted that nature has endowed them with many of her choicest gifts. From that isthmus which attracts so much attention to those straits through which sailed the man who first went round the world, fifteen generations ago, the countries of South America teem with natural riches of every description. Diamonds are yielded by one soil. Silver is to be had for the gathering from another. Gold ought to be as plentiful now in Peru as it was in the days of the Incas. Coffee, cotton, sugar, tobacco, rice, and the other productions of warm countries can there be raised in indefinite quantities under wise systems of industry, and greatly to the increase of the comfort of mankind. Hides are to be had in such quantities as indeed to show that there is "nothing like leather" in this mundane world—for a thousand excellent purposes. Cacao is not half so abundant throughout the world as it should be, and not a fourth part so much of it is produced as could be had under a different state of things from what now prevails in Columbia. The wheat of Chili is already one of the staples of commerce, and the production and exportation of it are capable of much increase. The dye-woods, medicinal plants, balsams, gums, etc., of South America are not surpassed by those of any other part of the world, and enter into trade now, as they have done for years, but not to a tenth of the extent to which they should be known. There is, indeed no quarter of the world that affords so grand a theatre for commercial enterprise as South America; and it would seem that it belongs to the people of the northern section of the continent to turn its advantages to account, of all foreigners. The English have got far ahead of us, however, and it is doubtful whether we can ever equal them in this century. But we can do much. We can enter upon a course of commercial transactions with South America that shall largely add to our present trade with that country, and prepare the way for yet further doings. Our manufacturers are particularly interested in this and should attend to it. Government should exert itself strenuously to bring about all such arrangements as would tend to facilitate commercial intercourse between the United States and these Southern nations which must be destined for a great future. All such other aid, too, as can constitutionally be granted should be afforded by government in the development of business, and the energies of the country be stimulated in the right direction. It is not very creditable to us—it is positively discreditable—that while England nurses her commercial marine in every possible way, and opens up markets for her manufactures, and monopolizes the modes of travel on every sea, we should do nothing, or next to it, in all these respects. If we expect to get the first place in commerce, we must labor for it. It must be sought wisely, seized boldly, and held firmly.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

REHEARSAL BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Infinite toil is the lot of those who accept the thankless mission of amusing the public. Our engraving lets us into the secret toils of itinerant showmen. We have crossed the Rubicon and stand behind the mysterious green curtain, invested with as much interest in the eyes of the juveniles "in front," as the veil which shrouded the Eleusinian mysteries from the curiosity of the uninitiated. That formless mass of joiner's-work and canvass on the other side, is a portion of the fairy bower, and this rude floor, when the table and chest and chair and bass-drum and hat and tamborine and cards and pewter-pot are swept away, must represent the turf of fairy

it—for he is a learned dog, and has probably had a sad experience. Yet he is not much worse off than two-legged caterers for public amusement. They are goaded on by the lash of necessity; they, too, sick or well, have to go through the ordeal of severe rehearsals before they strut in public decked with plumes and velvets, and treading the stage with a lively air. And is not life—all life—made up of rehearsals and representations? The dying Roman emperor quitted life with the customary words of the Roman actor on his lips: "Farewell and applaud! *Valete et plaudite!*" Well is it for those who have figured on the stage of life if they can appeal to posterity, with a confidence of its approval.

dent and impetuous 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' the twelve year old Corsican patriot, to the French, those detested tyrants of his conquered native isle, nor of the many deep-laid schemes devised by the incipient soldier for driving them out of Corsica. But it is, perhaps, less generally known that the young man, fellow-student of Arthur Wellesley in the Military School of Brienne—strange *rapprochement* of the future emperor and of the Iron Warrior destined to pull him down from his place of power!—actually presented himself, under the auspices of General Paoli, to the British governor of Corsica, during the short time that that island was held by Great Britain, and demanded to be allowed to enter the service

of England. The British officials in Corsica, being neither disciples of Lavater, nor possessed of the power of reading the future, declined this application, and the pale-browed, eagle-eyed youth subsequently entered the service of the conquerors whom he had so cordially hated. Think of the difference that would have been produced in the history of the last seventy years (and of how many years to come!), had Napoleon Bonaparte made an English citizen of himself! A few years after this repulse, the young soldier offered his services to Louis XVI., to whom he addressed a letter containing an elaborate project for the rescue of the simple-minded king from the snares of the revolutionists, who were preparing to take him in their toils; he offered to deliver the king from the impending ruin, provided he were placed in command of the army, and had his proposals been accepted, he would no doubt have been as good as his word. But the king saw no further into the millstone of the future than the British government of Corsica had done before him; the young officer's communication remained unanswered, and the Revolution prepared the field for the career of the "Child of Destiny." So near was this career, it would seem, to being utterly changed in its character and direction! And yet, the 'Destiny' worked itself out, and the world has not yet got beyond the influences it brought with it and left behind it."

ABOUT ECHOES.

The ancients were unacquainted with the true nature of the echo. The poets supposed it to have been a nymph, who pined into a sound, for love of Narcissus. But the modern state of philosophy has established it upon unerring principles. According to the various distances from the speaker, a reflecting object will return the echo of several or of a few syllables; for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ear, otherwise it will make a confusion. In a moderate way of speaking, about three syllables and a half are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computations of a short-hand writer, it appears that a ready and rapid orator, in the English language, pronounces from 7000 to 7500 words in an hour; namely, about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables, the reflecting object is 1142 feet distant; for since sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1142. When the echo returns fourteen syllables, the reflecting object must be 2284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats seventeen syllables in the daytime, and twenty at night; when the air being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast. There is also a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley church, in Sussex, that repeats distinctly twenty-one syllables. One at Rosneath, near Glasgow, repeats a tune played with a trumpet three times.



THE REHEARSAL BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

NEW LEAF IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE.

Every thoughtful mind indulges in occasional speculations how the whole course of history might have been changed if a single event had happened otherwise than it occurred. A correspondent of the Saturday Post gives an incident of this kind in the life of the first Napoleon, which seems to have escaped the search of even Mr. Abbott: "While Europe is awaiting, in restless anxiety, the turning of the balance of war, it is curious to recall the rise of the 'dynasty,' the ambition, and perhaps also the necessities, of him whose successor threatens the world with so much evil. I need hardly remind my readers of the hatred borne by the young, un-

land. Peeping up in a corner is the head of a sulky dog, probably banished for some misdemeanor; stirring the porter with a purloined drumstick is a sly and mischievous monkey. But these are only accessories. The interest of the scene rests with the showman and his learned poodle. The little animal, with blinking eyes, seems half inclined to drop the pipe placed in his lips, to complete, with sword and sabre-tash and cap, the semblance of a French sergeant of the old guard, in which character he is soon to appear in public. The showman is conciliatory in his manner, and is evidently essaying the force of moral suasion, keeping the whip out of sight. But then the whip is there—and the dog knows

it—for he is a learned dog, and has probably had a sad experience. Yet he is not much worse off than two-legged caterers for public amusement. They are goaded on by the lash of necessity; they, too, sick or well, have to go through the ordeal of severe rehearsals before they strut in public decked with plumes and velvets, and treading the stage with a lively air. And is not life—all life—made up of rehearsals and representations? The dying Roman emperor quitted life with the customary words of the Roman actor on his lips: "Farewell and applaud! *Valete et plaudite!*" Well is it for those who have figured on the stage of life if they can appeal to posterity, with a confidence of its approval.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY COUSIN MAUD.

A PASTORAL, ELEGIAC BALLAD.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

The sun had tinged the western sky,
The hum of busy life was still;
The silent stream flowed swiftly by,
Yet ceased to turn the idle mill.

So faint, so soft the evening breeze,
The limpid waters source were stirred;
Nor e'en amongst the forest trees
The rustling of a leaf was heard.

The barn was closed, where all day long
The busy thrasher plied his flail,
And every bird had ceased his song,
Save one lone, tuneful nightingale.

The moon (fair empress of the night),
In the dim twilight faintly shone;
While countless stars of lesser light,
Came bashful, peeping, one by one.

Nature lay hushed in dreamy sleep,
No sound disturbed the day's decline,
Save the faint bleating of the sheep,
The distant lowing of the kine.

When from our cottage, Maud and I,
Joined hand in hand, together strolled,
To saunter in the copse near by,
Or count the sheep in yonder fold.

Or, if perchance our fancy led,
To ramble to the river side,
And gaze into its glossy bed,
Or watch its ever-flowing tide.

For we were cousins, Maud and I,
Since childhood we'd together played,
Caroling 'neath the summer sky,
Or culling wild flowers in the glade.

Since childhood?—we were children then—
Though years had passed so swiftly o'er,
That Maud could number six and ten,
And I could count near two years more.

And during those few fleeting years,
So close had our affections woven,
We'd ne'er known lovers' doubts or fears,
Yet Maud and I had learnt to love.

"See Maud," said I, "how smoothly on
Those ever-moving waters flow?
They come, they pass us, they are gone!
Whence came they? Whither do they go?"

"From some clear spring on mountain side
This swollen river hath its source;
Thence to the sea its waters glide,
Ne'er swerving from their destined course.

"So swiftly speeds the life of man!
So silently doth time pass by,
The longest life is but a span—
An atom—to eternity!"

E'en as I spoke a passing breeze [a sound,
Rushed through the copse with whistling
The leaves, torn ruthlessly from the trees,
In showers fell fluttering to the ground.

I gathered from the river's side,
Both glistening with the falling dew,
Two leaves—"This leaf is mine," I cried,
"This smaller one, dear Maud, is yours."

Into the stream the leaves I flung,
We watched their course with childish glee,
And close as they together clung,
So clung my cousin Maud to me.

Adown the stream they floated on,
Still close together, side by side;
An eddy whirled, and Maud's was gone—
Mine floated onward with the tide.

We sighed, and thought the omen bad,
Maud's gentle eyes were filled with tears;
I hid her that she looked so sad,
Then kissed away her childish fears.

Ah! ere another passing year
Had clad the earth in living green,
Sweet Maud was laid upon her bier;
She died ere she was seventeen.

Consumption, watchful in its lair
To plant its seeds in beauty's bower,
Nipped off the bud that bloomed so fair,
Ere yet it blossomed to a flower.

The seeds were sown that summer night,
When loitering in the evening dew,
We watched the leaflets in their flight,
And Maud the fatal omen drew.

How many swift revolving years
Have, since Maud's funeral, past and gone!
Yet still I mourn with silent tears
The fate which left me sad and lone.

One hope alone affords relief,
And when my heart with pain is riven,
Consoles me in my bitter grief—
'Tis that I'll meet my Maud in heaven!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MILLY LANE'S LOVE STORY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"AND you will not marry me, Milly?"

It was Ralph Evelyn who asked the question; and I, Milly Lane, answered in my coolest and most independent manner.

"No, I think not, Ralph."

"Nor tell me the reason of this rejection?"

He was very persistent, I thought. I would satisfy him. "I suppose it's because—because I don't like you well enough."

With what satisfaction had I commenced that answer! And before it was uttered I found myself faltering—found a faint and sudden flush warming my cheek. I turned my face suddenly away from the grave and quiet regards of Ralph's blue eyes.

"You do not like me, may I ask?"

"I said I did not like you *well enough*," I replied rather quickly.

He went on quietly, as if I had not spoken. "May I ask what are your objections to me?"

Already my self-possession was beginning to desert me. This close, serious questioning was making me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. I had not prepared myself for it. And the last inquiry above all confused me; for how could I tell him the truth? So I answered, coldly, "I can hardly tell you—" and turned a little more away from him. I wanted sadly to run off, then and there. Still for a moment he stood on the spot, regarding me still, as I felt, with those serious, questioning eyes. Finally—

"You will excuse me, then, Milly," he said, "for touching upon this subject. We will not speak of it again."

He turned from me and walked quietly away. A moment after I saw him riding lightly down the long avenue on his black horse Sancho, and, I dare say, looking as calm and dignified as if he had never been in love, or been rejected.

The interview had had a strange turning-out, after all. It was he who, at the close, was self-possessed and collected, I who was annoyed and discomforted. Yes, it was strange, certainly! and a little provoking; for I had promised myself a certain degree of satisfaction in rejecting Ralph Evelyn—satisfaction for some little wounded vanity and self-love from which I had suffered at his hands. I had not thought how brief and fleeting my triumph would be; I had not cared, indeed; I only thought of satisfying for the moment my girlish resentment towards him for what had always seemed to me like indifference—neglect—when I had longed secretly, and longed in vain, for his friendship and confidence. Where was my triumph now?

With the crimson still burning in my cheeks, I heard Cousin Harry's light voice calling me from the foot of the stairs: "Milly! are you up there?"

I was glad to escape from myself. I ran down stairs. "Do you want me?" I asked.

The morning was so fine, he wanted to be out of doors. Would I walk with him?

Of course I would. I got my bonnet and went. We walked a mile or two, I suppose, and all this time I was thinking of Ralph, and getting warm and cross, and uncomfortable, and all the time Harry Graham was talking away to me in his alternately gay and sentimental style, till I grew, for the first time, weary of the very sound of his voice, and would have given almost anything to be out of its reach. And the morning ended by my going home, shutting myself up in my room, and having a good cry.

We were all at my uncle Maurice Eldon's—Ralph Evelyn (who was my uncle's ward), Cousin Harry, and myself—for the midsummer holidays. I had reached there first, and had helped Uncle Maurice and his sister Patty, my good-natured old-maid aunt, to brighten up the quiet old home against Ralph's home-coming. It was not till three days after my arrival that Ralph and Harry came, renching the Uplands within two hours of each other.

I had seen Ralph Evelyn twice before, that was all, and then I had hardly spoken to him; so that we were almost like utter strangers to each other now. I found him a young man of twenty-two, tall and robust in figure, with a fine rather than a handsome face, a manner gentlemanly and courteous, but reserved and quiet. So reserved, so quiet, that it quite awed me; and, with something like relief, I turned to listen to the lively, careless, rattling talk of gay Harry Graham. Little reserve or quiet was there in

the composition of Cousin Harry. Witty, good-humored and eloquent, he was pronounced by everybody to be one of the most entertaining and agreeable companions in the world. Mentally I endorsed the world's opinion, and from morning till night Harry and I were with each other, riding, walking, singing, reading, or talking—and Harry was a capital talker.

Sometimes—not often—Ralph joined us, and always treated me gracefully and courteously, as he should treat his guardian's niece and guest; but somehow there was something in his manner that put an infinite distance between us—that made him seem infinitely my superior, and rendered me humble, childish, insignificant. He took no more notice of me than was absolutely necessary; and I, a little creature of seventeen, who used to be petted, and flattered, and made much of, hardly knew what to make of this indifference. I rather resented it; then gradually, despite the resentment, I found myself, day by day, wishing more earnestly that Ralph would give me his friendship, would treat me more as an equal and less as a child. I thought if he would, that I could learn to like him better than I liked my gay, rattling Cousin Harry. But he did no such thing! And so, by-and-by, a little feeling of pique and mortification began to steal into my heart, as Ralph went his calm and quiet way, taking no more heed of me than the beautiful moon would take of a child that longed to reach it. I smile to think of it now; but I grew not slightly petulant and offended, and was beginning to say to myself that if Ralph chose to be so lordly and grand, and treat me like a baby, I didn't care; when—

When, on that September morning of which I have written, walking with me under the old elm below the lawn, he asked me if I would marry him. I suppose I was too much astonished to speak at first, and perhaps it was not to be wondered at. Then my startled ideas suddenly settled and collected themselves together again. I was, at that moment, conscious of a deeper feeling of resentment than ever towards him; then my childish dignity rose up rebellious against this sudden condescension of his. So long he had passed by unnoticed by me, as if I had been a child, a baby, and now, suddenly, by some unaccountable whim, he would honor me with the title of wife.

I would not stop to think how dear that title would be; I *dared* not. I thought of wounded dignity and self-love, and I coolly declined his offer.

He said nothing—only walked on by my side, under the elms, and walked on, and would have continued to do so for another half-hour, I believe, if I would have stayed there. But I went straight up from the elms, over the lawn, to the porch of the old house. There he stayed me. He had been silent all the way up. Now, lingering in the doorway, he said: "And so you will not marry me, Milly?"

I have written all that followed. How I coolly persisted in my refusal, and how he, with silent acquiescence, left me, and went riding away on Sancho.

The heart of a woman is often a puzzle to herself. Mine was that morning. With the coolest, the most obstinate determination, I had twice said "no" to Ralph's question; then, with his serious, searching eyes scanning my face, I had trembled and wavered, yet continued to refuse him. And all the morning, listening to Harry Graham's careless, rattling talk, my thoughts were wandering away to Ralph Evelyn—recalling his voice, his glance, his quiet, serious words; and I thought, as I had thought many a time before, of the difference between him and everybody else whom I had ever seen, and how much better he was than I, and how good it was of him, after all, to ask such a vain, childish, frivolous thing as I to be his wife. My presumption, in behaving as I had done, was ridiculous. And so I went home and had a good cry in my own room, and when it was all over I felt better. I think, too, when it was over I was less a child than before—at least, it seemed to me so. I felt softened—subdued. I wondered at my late petulance.

Aunt Patty came into my room. "My dear, dinner is almost ready," said she; and then, looking at me a little sharply through her spectacles—"but what's the matter with the child's eyes? I do believe she's been crying."

It would have been of little use to deny the fact. "Yes, Aunt Patty, I have been crying," I assented in a low voice; and I felt almost ready to begin again—indeed, the tears began to gather

even as I spoke. "I think I won't come down to dinner," I concluded. For I could not have met Ralph, with that tell-tale face of mine, so soon after all that had passed.

My aunt regarded me with rather a sober and perplexed air. "My dear, something has occurred to disturb you," she began. At that moment there was a light step, a cheerful whistle in the hall below, and Harry Graham called "Aunt Patty!"

She answered him.

"Where's Milly? I want her!" were his next words.

I shook my head. "Tell him I can't come, Aunt Patty," I said. "Tell him I'm tired—I've a headache—something or other; only I can't come now."

She looked at me dubiously—came a little nearer. "My dear, it's very odd—very odd, indeed! I don't know what to make of it; this is something very unusual for you. And really, Milly, if you don't come down to dinner, I shall think you are ill. Now I think of it, your uncle was saying this morning that you didn't look well at all."

"I am quite well, aunt."

"But, my dear, if you can't eat your dinner—"

"Dear Aunt Patty, I will come down to dinner," I said, hastily, "only pray don't say anything about—"

"Well, no, Milly, I won't," consented my aunt seriously; "but at the same time it's very odd! very odd, indeed!"

With a grave and wondering look she went down stairs; and I proceeded to bathe my face and re-arrange my hair. I thought, after all, my presence would be better than my absence; perhaps it would create less remark. And so, though looking a good deal paler than usual, and with eyes somewhat heavier, I went below.

Ralph had not come yet, and I was glad. Neither Uncle Maurice nor Harry noticed my paleness, or my red eyes, and Aunt Patty made no further remark on the subject. We sat down to dinner without Ralph, and I had hoped we should have finished our repast before he came, but it was not half concluded when he made his appearance.

I did not look up when he entered; I do not think he even looked towards me. He took his place quietly, quietly answered the various questions put to him respecting the nature of his occupations, and of his whereabouts during the morning, and then proceeded in silence with his repast.

Directly it was finished he went up to his room—to write letters, he told Uncle Maurice; and for the next three hours he remained there. Then he descended again, left the house, and was gone until after tea. When that meal was over, and we were all seated in the porch, with the full moonlight shining around us, he came back. He had been to post his letters, he said, and had taken tea at Deacon Marshall's. Then he took a seat by Aunt Patty, and talked with her and Uncle Maurice, and Harry; and I, sitting upon the doorstep with my head resting against the arm of my uncle's chair, listened in silence. But only for a little while; by-and-by I tried to steal away. Uncle Maurice, perceiving my movements, just put his hand on my head. "Where are you running away to, Milly?" he said.

I sat still then. "Nowhere, uncle," I answered.

"What is the matter with you this evening, my dear?" he asked; "you don't talk. I haven't heard you speak since morning, I believe."

"I am doing better, uncle; I am listening."

He smiled, stroked my head, and presently went on conversing with Ralph. I do not know whether Ralph ever looked my way—I don't think he ever did; and we two never spoke a word to each other while we sat there. But by-and-by he said, speaking to Aunt Patty and uncle, that he was going away the next morning to spend the rest of his vacation with a sick friend, who had written to request his presence, and that probably he should go directly back to college from there, at the end of the vacation, so that he should not see home again for some time.

They were all sorry to lose him; for my uncle and aunt were very proud of him, and gay Harry Graham held him in real esteem and reverence. They all said how sorry they were, and I was silent; but they were all so busy thinking of and talking with him that they never noticed it. But I think he did; and a while after, when we were all about to separate, he stood by me a moment at the table where we lit our candles, and said to

me in his calm, low tone, "I suppose I must bid you good-by to-night, Milly. I shall probably be off very early in the morning, before any of the household are about."

So we shook hands silently, and said "good-by," and went our separate ways, and I did not see him again for three months. A week after Harry Graham went also, but I stayed sometime longer with Uncle Maurice and Aunt Patty at the Uplands. They would have kept me with them always, and hardly would part with me at all; but my home was in a country village some thirty miles away, and I was going to school there, so that after the holidays were over I was forced to go back. But even if it had been otherwise, I do not think I could have stayed at the Uplands any longer, knowing that Ralph was coming back again.

But when Christmas time came, they would have me at the Uplands; and Uncle Maurice himself came for me, so that I could not refuse. He took me away from my lonely little room at good Mrs. Archer's, where I was boarding, and carried me, muffled in all the shawls and buffaloes his little cutter would hold, back through a drifting snow-storm to the old house I had left in the summer. It looked differently enough, now. In the place of the warm moonlight nights, and open doors and windows, and the full, dusky foliage of tree and vine whispering and rustling in the warm south night-winds, there were white drifts and leafless clms without, and wild airs wailing drearily about the old place; but within, great, comfortable, old-fashioned rooms, with bright lights and warm fires, and the very spirit of the gay Christmas tide reigning there.

It was evening when we reached the Uplands. The windows were bright with the glow of cheerful fires within, that shone through the heavy, half-closed draperies far out along the snowy drive. Our sleigh-bells rang out merrily as we drove up, and the hall door was opened directly, showing, in the full blaze of radiance that poured out upon us, the figures of Aunt Patty and Harry Graham, and three or four more—who they were I could not distinguish—ready to receive us. Through the parlor-door were visible several others, for there were other guests at the Uplands besides myself and Harry Graham, who came springing down the steps to help me out of the sleigh. He shook hands with me heartily, and led me quickly up to the hall-door, where Aunt Patty was ready to welcome me. Beyond her a tall and elegant figure appeared, in the broad light that dazzled me so; a graceful and lovely woman—girl she could hardly be called, although she could not have been more than three-and-twenty—who moved forward a little curiously to look at me. I just distinguished the sweeping dress of black velvet, the tall figure, the splendid head with braided coils of black hair encircling it like a coronet—heard a sweet but somewhat proud and careless voice saying, "Is that Miss Jane? What a little creature! She is quite a child—isn't she, Ralph?"

She bent down and kissed me lightly on the forehead, and my aunt told me she was Miss Rivers, a relative of Ralph Evelyn's family, and then Miss Rivers turned to re-enter the parlor, saying how dreadful chilly it was, and that she should think that little girl (meaning me) must be nearly frozen; and finally, as she moved out of the way, I saw Ralph himself waiting to welcome me.

We just shook hands; he said he was glad to see me. How he looked I do not know, for I did not dare raise my eyes, and when he released my hand, I ran directly up stairs to change my snowy dress.

There were a dozen people to be introduced to when I came down again, and beyond them all I saw Ralph and Miss Rivers bending over a distant table, examining the books that lay upon it, and talking together with an air of interest. Some witty remark she made elicited from him a laugh of half-subdued merriment. It was the first I had ever heard from his lips. How his face brightened! Directly it grew thoughtful again; I thought it became, gradually, almost sad. He turned over the leaves of a volume he held with an air of abstraction, then raised his head and looked up the room, seeing me where I stood near the door. I turned hastily to my aunt, who was addressing some remark to me, and after that Ralph and I never spoke to or even looked at each other, I believe, during the evening.

That evening I heard it whispered that Ralph Evelyn and Miss Rivers were lovers; that if not

actually affianced, there was no doubt that they soon would be; and their affairs were discussed, and the noble air of the gentleman and the beauty of the lady commented upon—even the wedding dress was conjectured upon, and the probable amount of property that the bride would receive from her father.

I had no reason to doubt it at all. Why should I? She was so beautiful, so commanding, so distinguished in appearance, how could he help admiring her? I looked at them—they were together all the evening—she was sitting at the piano, and he leaning over her chair. They were a handsome pair—Ralph Evelyn and Miss Rivers. I said so to myself, with the tears gathering in my eyes, and then brushed the heavy drops hastily away, wondering what I was crying for.

I was in the midst of a merry group a moment after, listening to a ludicrous story which one of them was telling, and for the next two hours I had no moment alone. My uncle was in his merriest humor, Aunt Patty smiling and affable as possible, and Harry gayer, handsomer, more witty and eloquent than ever. Everybody else, in consequence, was in the best possible flow of spirits; and a happy company it was at the Uplands.

For a moment or two, near the close of the evening, Ralph stood by my side, and we were apart from the other guests. We both felt a certain sense of constraint, I think, that kept us silent at first; but presently he said, "you have been well, I hope, since I saw you?"

I had been well, I told him.

He spoke in a lower tone: "Will you consider it presumption, Milly, if I tell you again, as I wished to all the evening, how glad I am to see you here once more?"

My heart beat fast. I felt the color rising in my cheeks. He was really glad to see me! I believe he read something of my feelings in my face, in my eyes that I just raised for one instant, hurriedly, half glad and yet half shrinkingly, to his. I do not know what that glance taught him, but a sudden beam of pleasure, of satisfaction, lightened his countenance. His hand touched mine for an instant with a gentle and almost involuntary clasp, and then instantly released it. "Thank you, Milly," was all that he said. At that moment Miss Rivers summoned him away.

He went. My heart, that had been so light a moment before, grew dull and cold again. I remembered what I had heard whispered. What mattered it, after all, if Ralph was glad to see me? What right had he to speak to me so? What reason had I to be pleased and happy in listening to him?

I avoided him afterwards, and in the midst of the gay confusion that reigned there, I did not speak to him for three days. Miss Rivers might have noticed it—I think no one else did. I never even looked at him if I could help it, and she kept him by her side almost continually.

The depth of the snow that had fallen on the night of my arrival kept us all housed for three days—long enough, in most cases, to weary the patience of the gayest of guests, shut within the walls of an old country-house—but there was no weariness, for a wonder, among the guests at the Uplands. But at the end of that time the roads were broken and levelled. The fields were white and smooth and hard, for it was intensely cold, and the great pond in the neighborhood was covered with one sheet of solid ice. This was an opening for an acceptable variation in the amusements of the guests, and they eagerly improved it. All were glad to get out-of-doors; and the mornings were occupied now with skating for the gentlemen and with sledging for the ladies, and the evenings, or a portion of them, devoted to sleigh-rides by moonlight, alternating with billiards, charades, and music, and sometimes stories told by the library-fire. Miss Rivers kept Ralph beside her through it all; and I, shrinking from both, remained with some of the other guests.

But one moonlight evening, when I thought they were all gone out, I went into the parlor, that was lighted only by the glow of a brilliant coal-fire in the grate, and seated myself by a window, in one of the deep and dusky recesses of the old-fashioned apartment. With the great curtain half drawn, I leaned back against their massive damask folds, and, a little wearied, and not a little sad and dispirited, gradually gave myself up to a train of thought such as, during these days, I seldom found time to indulge in. A great Indian screen shaded the light of the fire

from that part of the room where I sat, and its glow played only on the ceiling and over the opposite walls. The dusk increased around me, and my reverie grew deeper, with the growing darkness, that seemed all the deeper for the soft brightness of the full moonlight that shone over the landscape without, but did not penetrate here. There was a sound that startled me, presently—a gentleman's footsteps slowly descending the hall stairs, and entering the parlor where I was. I could not see him when he entered the door—it was not visible from my retreat—but as soon as he crossed the room towards the fire, I saw that it was Ralph. He had not gone with the party then, as I had thought.

I kept silence. He crossed to the fire and stood there for a few moments, hidden by the screen. I half arose, wishing to escape; but at that moment he issued from behind the screen, and commenced slowly to pace the floor to and fro. I sank back in my seat. He would go presently, I thought. But he did not go; instead he continued his walk—and by-and-by, unconscious of its previous occupation, came slowly up into the recess of the bow-window. I rose up then, and he stopped short. He could just discern the outline of my figure and features as I could his, in the faint light from the window.

"You here, Milly!" he said, in a low and somewhat surprised tone. "I thought—"

He paused. "Yes, it is I," I answered. I hesitated a moment, and then made a motion to pass him.

"Nay—do not let me disturb you," he said, quietly. "I did not know you were here, or I should not have intruded—"

At that moment we heard the sound of sleigh-bells ringing along the drive, and stopping at the hall-door. The next instant two of the older ladies of our party entered the parlor, and bustled up to the fire, which, from their early return, seemed more attractive to them than a sleigh-ride in the cold atmosphere of a winter night.

"What is the matter with Miss Rivers?" said one of them, as they entered and crossed the room without observing us, "she seemed to me to be perfectly unapproachable this evening—more lofty than ever."

The other laughed. "Miss Rivers? O, she's cross, because, I suppose, Mr. Evelyn went with somebody else instead of her."

"I thought that was it. A lover's quarrel, I suppose—for they are attached to each other, are they not, Mrs. Merton?"

"O, there's no doubt of that. I believe they're engaged; at any rate, Miss Clavering says so, and she's generally pretty correct about such reports. But come, let's get off our wrappers—I hate to sit with them on."

The two gossips vanished from the apartment. Their conversation had been so brief, so rapid, had taken us so by surprise, that neither of us had stirred from the spot where we stood. Now, with my recollection coming back, I felt the color rising painfully in my cheek.

"Milly," said Ralph, quietly, "do you believe this nonsense that we have just listened to? Have you heard it before?"

"I have heard it before," I answered.

"I suppose the report has gained some ground, then. But it is false. I should not wish any one to believe it, and least of all, you, Milly, will you tell me if you have given it credit?"

I felt my cheeks growing warmer. "Yes, I believed it," I answered.

"Miss Rivers is my cousin," he said; "we have been companions from our childhood—this accounts for our intimacy. But instead of marrying me, Eleanor will shortly be united to a gentleman to whom she has been engaged for the past year."

I stood silently by his side a moment, feeling the color flushing and fading still in my face, then I moved forward.

"You are going!" he said. "Milly, will you not grant me one moment?"

I paused—still silent, and with pulses hardly steady. My heart beat fast. He went on:

"You have avoided me lately, Milly! Why?"

I did not speak directly.

"Why?" he asked again, in his gentle way.

"Because—I thought—"

I did not finish, and he did not urge me. He knew—he felt, I believe, what it was that I could not say. He stood regarding me for a moment, with a glance of kindly interest, that I felt rather than saw. Presently he spoke.

"We are friends, are we not?" he asked.

The tears filled my eyes. "Ralph, I should

hardly think you would care whether we were friends or foes," I uttered.

"I do, Milly," he said gently, "I do care. Why should I not? For me, you are not changed from what you were three or four months ago; and—" he spoke half-tenderly, half-archly—"although Milly does not like me, I am going to try and make her care as much for me as I do for her. May I?"

I do not think I made him any answer; I do not think he wanted any. I only just put my hand in his, and he held it there for a moment, in a close and kindly pressure, and then, more of our party coming in from their moonlight excursion, he let me go, and I ran up stairs.

I think we were both the best of friends after that. I know that I was quietly yet perfectly happy; that between Ralph and myself there was no barrier of pique, or coldness, or misunderstanding; and when other people, who did not know anything about Ralph, and failed, as I had done once, to comprehend or understand him, and spoke of Mr. Evelyn's peculiarity, his reserve, then I would look up and meet Ralph's smile, and look through his clear eyes into his proud, and noble, and loving heart, thinking they were to be pitied for being blind to the sunshine that fell so broad, and full, and genial upon my path—the sunshine of his friendship, his confidence—yes, and his affection. For Ralph loved me earnestly and dearly; a great deal more dearly than I deserved—spite of my childish resentment in a time that was now past. And when the rest of those pleasant Christmas holidays were over—how beautiful they were to me!—when the party at the Uplands broke up, and Ralph and I went our separate ways again, it was no longer in estrangement, but in the happy hope of another meeting at no very distant day; a meeting in which the promise which he had won from me there should be fulfilled, and we should commence a future life in mutual love and truth together.

We look back together sometimes, now, and smile over the remembrance of those midsummer holidays that we passed at the Uplands so long ago, in each other's society; when he and I, though dwelling under the same roof, were almost as strangers; and yet I know that the first time we ever mentioned it, in our reminiscences, he was half-reluctant and unwilling to allow that he thought me only a little, childish, babyish creature, dreading such words as sense and reason, and caring only for the companionship of such a gay, boyish, rattling fellow as Harry Graham.

"What made you change your mind so suddenly?" I asked, laughing.

"I began to study you, I suppose, Milly," was his smiling answer.

And so the mistakes and misunderstandings of those days are over, and like a great many others who have known them, I suppose, as well as ourselves, we are happy at last. Harry Graham is married; Miss Rivers is married, too, and we are very good friends. My uncle and aunt are as happy and hospitable as ever, in their old house at the Uplands; and Ralph and I go there two or three times every year, to rest for a season in the dear familiar places that, I suppose, are in a manner dearer than any others in the world to us, for the happiness that we so nearly missed, and gladly found there.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gérard, the famous French painter. When a very young man, he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and, in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial councillor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability, that, on Gérard's rising to take leave, he arose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gérard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, and part with him according to his merit."—*Titan*.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it. Let us always apply the same rule to bad book; and bad company.

FRENCH PICTURES OF AMERICAN CHARACTERS.

We publish on these two opening pages a curious picture, drawn and engraved in France, as a specimen of French art and French conception of American historical personages. It was drawn by Henri Valentin, a distinguished French artist, and engraved by Best, Hotelin & Co., the most successful wood-engravers of Paris. It was sent us by a French commercial house with which we have had dealings, and was probably got up expressly for us, and intended to be highly complimentary to this country. Some of the heads are successful likenesses, but others are wide of the mark, and most amusing mistakes have occurred in the names and titles of the personages represented, the whole being printed from the original French wood-block. The central compartment is occupied by a charming sketch of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, in the hey-day of her youth and beauty, surrounded by the royal children, before coming events had cast their shadows on her lovely face. In this sketch we see feminine beauty and grace can triumph even over the folly of fashion, for the young queen wears the most irrational of head-dresses. Her picture is probably introduced from the association of the royal family with the American Revolution, an associ-

as authority. Our great men have suffered most (pictorially) at the hands of their own countrymen. Even now, in the days of the daguerreotype and photograph, which leaves no excuse for unfaithful likenesses, we are constantly shocked at infamous caricatures published as authentic portraits of contemporaries. It is curious to study the array of American faces in this picture reflected in a French mirror. It is like reading one's productions translated into a foreign tongue.

BARON HUMOLDT.

Frederick Henry Alexander Humboldt, whose death recently occurred, was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769. He was educated with a view to employment in the direction of the government mines. In 1792 he was appointed assessor to the Mining Board, a post which he shortly exchanged for that of a Director of the works at Baireuth. In 1795 he relinquished those duties for the purpose of pursuing the study of chemistry, botany, geology and galvanism, the last of these a new science. After preparing his mind for these studies, he made a journey with Hatler to Northern Italy to study the volcanic theory of rocks in the mountains of that district, and in 1797 started for Naples with Bach for a similar purpose. Being com-

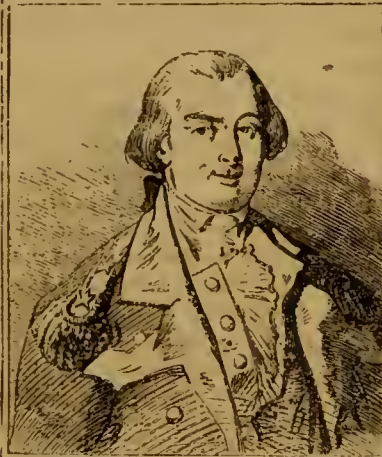
in March, 1801, for Carthage, in order to proceed thence to Panama. The season being unfavorable they remained at Bogota until September, when they crossed the Cordillera de Quindin, and reached Quito the 6th of January, 1802. They spent eight months in exploring the valley of Quito. On the 23d of June, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than that which had hitherto been ascended. Humboldt next crossed the high chain of the Andes to the Pacific, passing thence through Lower Peru to Lima. In January, 1803, he sailed for Mexico, visited its chief cities, and departed for Valladolid, traversed the province of Mechracan, and reaching the Pacific coast near Jorullo, returned to Mexico, where he stayed some months. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havana from Vera Cruz, remained there a short time, went thence to Philadelphia, where he remained two months, and finally returned to Europe, landing at Havre in August, 1804, richer in collections of objects, but especially in observations on the great field of natural sciences, in botany, zoology, geology, geography, statistics and ethnography, than any preceding traveller. He took up his residence at Paris in order to prepare the results of his researches for the public eye, where

rapid. Keeping pace with the progress of every branch of investigation, his advancing years beheld such accumulation of knowledge as filled the world with amazement, while his powers of systematic arrangement and of scientific deduction never failed. At last he read the great book of creation, not by fragments, but as a grand and harmonious whole; and spent the last remnant of his strength in interpreting its majestic meaning for the benefit of his fellow-men. And although he leaves behind him none in the World, and but one in the new, who can claim to be as his successor, science will not falter in her course for it to fail of completion. The work will go on without him, but the world will never forget to the first half of the nineteenth century as the Humboldt.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

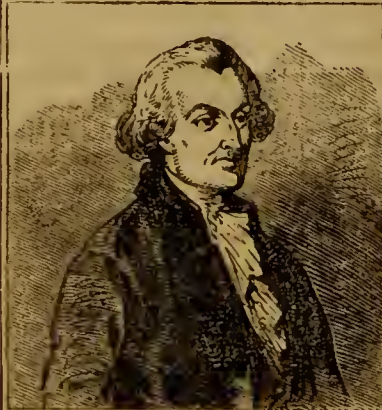
The greatest men have not always the best many indiscretions may be pardoned to a brilliant ardent imagination. The prudence and discretion a cold heart are not worth half so much as the fire of an ardent mind.



HENRI CLAY.
Secrétaire des Etats-unis.



NATHANIEL GREEN,
Général Américain 1786.



JOHN JAY
Membre du Congrès des Etats-unis



JOHN CALHOUN
Secrétaire des Etats-unis.



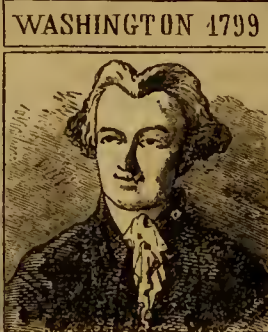
ANDREW JACKSON
Président 1829 à 1837



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
Président de la Pensylvanie 1790



JOHN MANHAL
Ministre de la Justice



WARREN
Docteur près Bunker-Hill.



KNOX
Général Américain.



MARIE-ANTOINETTE REINE
DE FRANCE, CHARLES-LOUIS D

ation fatal so far as their personal fortunes were concerned. The full-length portraits of Washington in civil and military costumes, are unsatisfactory, though based on American authorities. The heads of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and Green are better, though lacking in character and expression. That of Benjamin Franklin, "President of Pennsylvania," is recognizable, as are the heads of Knox and John Jay. "John Manhal, Minister of Justice," are a name and office unfamiliar to us. The "doctor killed at Bunker Hill" is styled "Warren," a natural mistake in French, whose alphabet does not embrace the letter W. We cannot conscientiously declare that the French artist has immortalized himself in his delineations of Daniel Webster and of James Knox Polk. His head of John Adam (?), President of the United States, is better than his likeness of John "Quency" Adams. The lower line contains the portraits of "Alex. Hamilton, Minister of Finance" (Secretary of the Treasury), John Paul Jones, an *Inconnu*, or unknown (we are sure we don't know who is meant), James Madison and Thomas Jefferson. It is unfair, however, to criticize a production honestly intended to be complimentary, and the mistakes of which probably arise from catch-penny American publications having been taken

pelled to relinquish his plan on account of the war, he went to Paris, where he met with a most friendly reception, and made the acquaintance of Bonpland, just appointed naturalist to Baudin's expedition, but the war compelled the postponement of the project. He then resolved to travel in North Africa, and with Bonpland, had reached Marseilles for embarkation, when the events of the times again thwarted his intention. The travellers now turned to Spain, where Humboldt was encouraged by the government to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. On the 4th of June, 1799, Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna, and on the 19th landed at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. They ascended the peak and collected a number of new observations in the natural history of the island. They then crossed the ocean and landed near Cumana on the 16th of July. They spent eighteen months in examining the territory of Venezuela, reached Caracas in February, 1800. They left the seacoast near Puerto Cabello for the Orinoco, on which they embarked in canoes and proceeded to the extreme Spanish post, Fort San Carlos, and returned to Cumana after having travelled thousands of miles through an uninhabited wilderness. They then went to Havana where they stayed seven months and sailed

he began his series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay Lussac, and England in 1826, he returned and took up his residence in Berlin, where he enjoyed the personal favor and most intimate society of the sovereign, was made Counsellor of State, and entrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829 he visited Siberia and the Caspian Sea in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. The travellers accomplished a distance of 2142 geographical miles to the Chinese frontier. The activity of naturalists is commonly directed either to accumulate rich materials in observations, or to combine such observations in a systematic manner, so as to derive from their diversity one rational whole. He was most popularly known by his "Cosmos," written in the evening of his life. He died in Berlin, on Friday, the 6th of May, at the great age of 89 years. History will scarcely furnish us a parallel to the vast extent and range of the acquisitions of Humboldt. Few scientific men have spent so long a life in the study of nature, none have labored with more persevering energy to the very end, and it fell to the lot of none of those who preceded him to live in an age when the development of science was so universal and

CURIOUS FRENCH PORTRA

PROFITS OF MISFORTUNE.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. Fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seem at the moment an unpaid loss, and unpayable. The loss of a dear friend, wife, brother, which seemed nothing but private sorrow, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guiding genius; for it commoosly operates revolutions in the way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living, and allows the foundations of new ones friendly to the growth of character. It permits or strains the formation of new acquaintances, that part of the first importance to the next years; and man or woman who would have remained only a garden flower, with no room for its roots and much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the wind and the neglect of the gardener, is made the bar of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to a wide neighborhood of men.—Emerson.

Never travel without a Pocket-Companion. A well-filled pocket-book is the best.

WOODEN AND IRON VESSELS.

important advantage in the employment of for steam vessels, arises from the nature of the power employed,—unusual strains being con- siderably at work tending to destroy water-tight joints and fastenings, at all events in the neighborhood of machinery. Hence we find wooden steam vessels to be as durable as wooden sailing vessels, whilst iron vessels, where well rivetted in the first instance, are as little liable to leaks or open joints when pro- pelled by steam as when sails only are employed. Besides this, the fine lines and beautiful model that can be obtained with iron, especially at the stern-post and rudder, makes this material far more efficient than wood can possibly be, and this is doubtless the reason why many propellers are so slow and unsatisfactory. The heavy timber stern-post and rudder, which an engine shaft fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter has to revolve, abstracts from the surface of the propeller the same breadth across its whole diam- eter and carries behind it a wave of water, which, being at nearly the same speed as the vessel, leaves a very small proportion of the sectional area of the propeller described by the propeller blades really effi- cient for the propulsion of the vessel, and hence it was

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

There is now residing in Waltham and in the towns in its immediate vicinity, a family which, taking into consideration both the numbers of which it is com- posed and the ages which they have acquired, presents an instance seldom equalled in the annals of longevity. They are the children of Wm. Wellington, who, in the more juvenile days of Waltham, was for seventeen years one of its selectmen, and whose homestead, which still remains in the possession of the family, being now occupied by one of his sons, is located in Trapelo. The names, ages, and places of residence of the family are as follows :

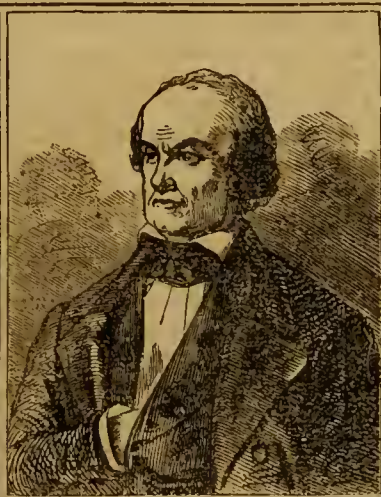
William, aged 89 years, now living in Lexington. David, aged 87 years, now living in Lexington. Abra- ham, aged 85 years, now living in Waltham. Mary, married Phinchas Lawrence, of Lexington; died in 1850, aged 74. Mr. Lawrence is still living, aged 84 years. Isaac, died (drowned) in 1798 aged 20 years. At the time of his death he was a member of the Senior class of Harvard University. Charles, aged 79 years, graduated at Harvard College in 1802, and is now pastor of the Unitarian Church at Templeton. Alice, aged 77 years, wife of Jonas Clark, now living in Waltham. Mr. Clark is also living, aged 82 years,

THE BATTLE OF THE CRABS.

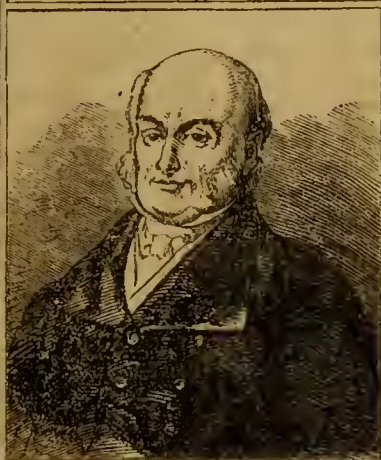
Selecting them nearly equal in size, I dropped them, "naked as their mother bore them," into a glass vase of sea-water. They did not seem comfortable, and carefully avoided each other. I then placed one of the empty shells (first breaking off its spiral point) between them, and at once the contest commenced. One made direct for the shell, poked into it an inquir- ing claw, and having satisfied his cautious mind that all was safe, slipped his tail in with ludicrous agility, and fastening on by his hooks, scuttled away, rejoic- ing. He was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonorable inten- tions; and they both walked round and round the vase, eyeing each other with settled malignity—like Charles Kean and Wigan in the famous duel of the "Corsican Brothers." No words of mine can describe our shouts of laughter at the ludicrous combat—one combatant, uneasy about his unprotected rear, the other sublimely awkward in his borrowed armor. For the sake of distinctness, I will take a liberty with two actors' names, and continue to designate our two crabs as Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan. C. K., although the blacker, larger and stronger of the two, was at the disadvantage of being out of the shell, and was slow

was droll to see Kean clutching the shell, vainly wait- ing for the stranger to protrude enough of his body to permit of a good grasp and a tug; but the stranger knew better. He must have been worn out at last, however, for although I did not witness the feat, an hour afterwards, when I looked at them, I saw Kean comfortably in the stranger's house. I changed them again; but again the usurpation was successful. On the third day I find recorded in my journal: "The crabs have been fighting and changing their abodes continually. C. K. is the terror of the other two, and Wigan is so subdued by constant defeats that he is thrown into a fluster if even an empty shell is placed near him; and although without a shell himself, which must make him very cold and uncomfortable in the terminal regions, he is afraid to enter an empty one. The terrors of the last two days have been too much for his nerves: one must almost question his perfect sanity; he is not only beside his shell, but be- side himself. The approach of C. K. throws him into a trepidation, which expresses itself into the most grotesque efforts at escape."

I tried a new experiment. Throwing a good-sized whelk into the vase, I waited to see Kean devour the whelk in order to appropriate his shell; for the house



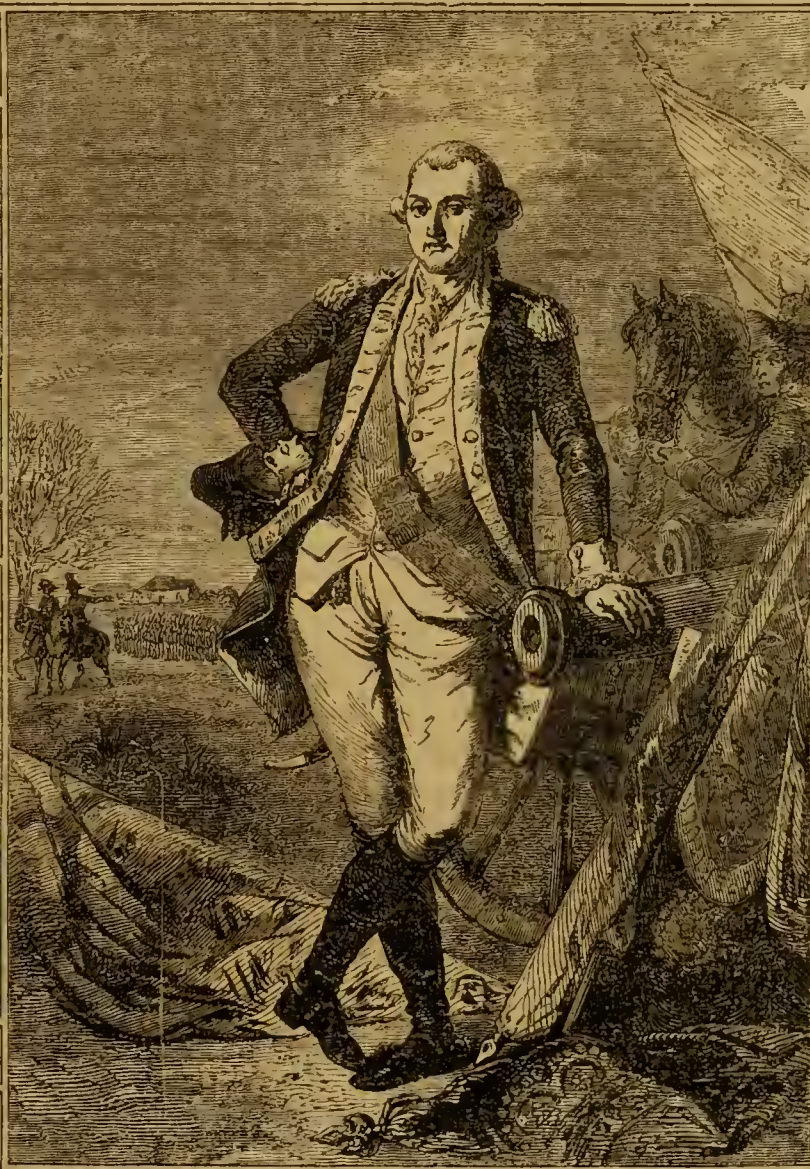
DANIEL WEBSTER.
Secrétaire des Etats-unis.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
Président de 1825 à 1829.



ALEX. HAMILTON,
Ministre des Finances.



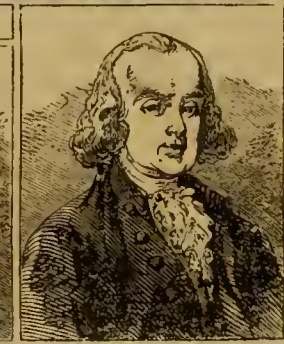
WASHINGTON



JOHN PAUL JONES



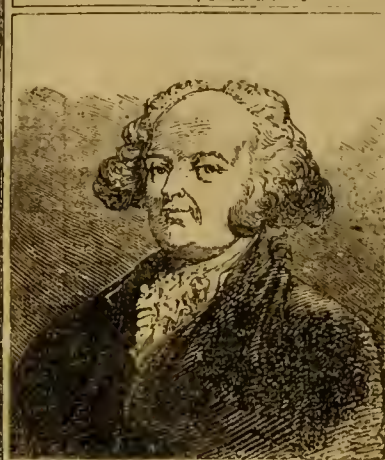
INCONNU



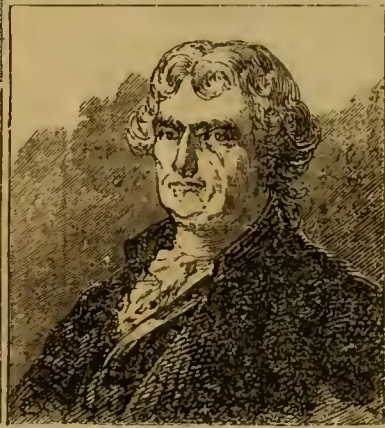
JAMES MADISON
Président 1836



JAMES KNOX POLK
Président, 1845 à 1849



JOHN ADAM
Président, 1797 à 1801



THOMAS JEFFERSON
Président 1801 à 1808.

CE. MARIE-THERÈSE-CHARLOTTE
LOUIS-JOSEPH-XAVIER - F^{ois},
NCE.

AMERICAN CHARACTERS.

as long as the screw was buried in the dead wood of the vessel the speed obtained was low, and the per- formance not equal to paddle wheels. In iron vessels the stern-post and rudder-post, not more than two feet wide, the necessary strength being obtained by the use of a frame, within which the propeller blades revolved, and where the shaft passes through the stern- post a circular boss or projection is forged on to the shaft which being in front of the central boss of the propeller, abstracts nothing from the propelling area of the screw, and leaves the whole diameter of the propeller revolving in comparatively still water. The use of the stern is now a matter of much more im- portance with the screw than it was with paddles; the latter the formation of a wave behind the vessel was merely a loss of power, with the screw the wave destroys the resistance that the vessel opposes to the water and makes the screw com- paratively useless,—and hence it was that in some of the earlier propellers, when under canvass, the world absolutely drag her screw through the water, the wave behind them moving as fast or faster than the pitch of the screw.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser*.

They are, probably, the oldest living married couple in Waltham. Betsey, aged 75 years, widow of Isaac Child, now living in Lexington. Seth, aged 73 years, now living in Waltham. Sybil, aged 71 years, widow of Loring Peirce, now living in Lexington. Marshall, aged 69 years, now living in Lexington. Darius, aged 65 years, now living on the old homestead in Waltham. Almira, aged 63 years, wife of Francis Bowman, now living in North Cambridge. Thus it will be seen that of a family of thirteen children, eleven are now living, whose ages range from 63 to 89 years. Of the two deceased, one died a natural death at the age of 74 years; the other being accident- ally drowned. Three brothers, the oldest of the fam- ily, have attained an aggregate of 262 years. The combined ages of the eleven living members of the family, amount to 837 years, being an average of over 76 years to each person. Truly, this is an instance of longevity of which we may in vain look for a parallel. —*Waltham Sentinel*.

A true poet is nearly certain to be abused by savage critics. If, like Prometheus, he steals fire from heaven, he will have more vultures tearing his liver than the brave old giant had.

in coming to close quarters; at last, after many hesi- tations, approaches and retreats, he made a rush be- hind, seized the shell in his powerful grasp, while with his huge claw he hauled Wigan out, flung his discom- fited rival aside, and popped his tail into the shell. Wigan looked piteous for a few moments, but soon, his "soul in arms and eager for the shell," he rushed upon his foe; and then came the tug of crabs. C. K. had too firm a hold; he could not be dislodged. I poked his tender tail, which was exposed through the broken shell, and he vacated, leaving Wigan once more in possession. But not long. Once more Wigan was clutched, hauled out and flung away. I then placed a smaller shell, but perfect, in the vase. Kean at once quitted his dilapidated roof, and ensconced himself in this more modest cottage, leaving Wigan to make himself comfortable in the ruin; which he did.

The fun was not over yet. I placed a third hermit- crab in the vase. He was much smaller than the other two. But his shell was larger than the one in which Kean had settled, as that unscrupulous crab quickly perceived, for he set about bullying the stranger, who, however, had a shell large enough to admit his whole body, and into it he withdrew. It

he last stole, though better than the previous houses, by no means suited him. Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Crustacea," conjectures that the hermit- crab often eats the mollusc in whose shell he is found; a conjecture adopted by subsequent writers, although Mr. Bell owns that he never witnessed the fact. My observation flatly contradicted the conjecture. Kean clutched the shell at once, and poked in his interroga- tory claw, which, touching the operculum of the whelk, made that animal withdraw and leave an empty space, into which Kean popped his tail. In a few minutes the whelk, tired of this confinement, began to pro- trude himself, and in doing so gently pushed C. K. be- fore him. In vain did the intruder, feeling himself slipping, cling fiercely to the shell; with slow but ir- resistible pressure the mollusc ejected him. This was repeated several times, till at length C. K. gave up in despair, and contented himself with his former shell. —*G. H. Lewes's "Sea-side Studies."*

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The number of contributions we receive renders it impossible to state whether an article is accepted or not.

II. D., Weston.—We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

L. S. Ontagon.—Binding of Pictorial \$1 a volume. The drawing pencils are about \$1 a dozen.

EMMA V., Flushing, L. I.—The line

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," occurs in Nat. Lee's tragedy of Alexander the Great. The couplet,

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall,"

is by Cowper, and may be found in his "Task."
"MECHANIC, East Boston.—Steam ferry boats, with rudders at each end, and their necessary accompaniment, and the floating bridges at ferries, which rise and fall with the tide, aided by counterbalancing weights on shore, are the invention of Robert Fulton. The spring piles now used to deaden the force of the blow as the boat approaches the ferry, and to direct her course aright, are due to Robert L. Stevens, who introduced them in 1822.

VOYAGE.—Sebastian Cabot sailed from Bristol in the beginning of May, 1497, with one large ship and three or four smaller ones; and an ancient Bristol manuscript records the fact that, "in the year 1497, the 24th of June, or St. John's day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called the Matthew."

B. M.—A serpent making a complete ring is, in ancient sculpture, the emblem of eternity. The serpent has been regarded as the attribute of health, on account of its changing its skin every year and entering, as it were, on a new life, as we do on recovering from illness. On ancient medals, Hygieia, the Goddess of Health, is represented holding a serpent in her hand. A serpent on an altar is also symbolical of health. Eury is frequently represented by a female figure with a serpent gnawing her bosom. A tripod with a serpent on it is emblematical of the oracle of Delphi, and a serpent in circular coils is the symbol of reflection.

R. F., Gloucester, Mass.—Your dwarf pear-trees are probably not set deep enough. The point of junction between the scion and the stock should be set two inches below the surface of the soil; and, moreover, no crude manure should come in contact with roots.

UNITED STATES AND THE WAR.

This country, at the present moment, has nothing to fear or lose by the present belligerent aspect of matters abroad. Indeed, as far as we can see, the effect will be peculiarly beneficial to us at the outset and for a considerable period, and unless England is necessarily involved in the active struggle, there can be no evil result to this country. But should Great Britain draw the sword and actually go to war with France, then it would be a matter of serious import to us, and our sympathies would of course be on the side of the mother country.

The Russian treaty with France makes it extremely probable that England will by-and-by become involved in the struggle, for though this treaty has been doubted and even partially denied, still it exists. The admission made that there exists a written engagement between Russia and France, is enough, while the assertion that it contains nothing constituting a hostile alliance against Europe is not to be depended upon. This secret engagement may at any time be transformed into an alliance offensive and defensive. The movement of the Russians to hold the other German nations in check by marching an army of observation towards them while Napoleon is whipping the Austrians, shows that the latter power enters thoroughly into the war on the side of the French, and in the revisal of the map of Europe, which this war is intended to accomplish, Russia may be awarded the Danubian principalities and possibly also Dalmatia and Constantinople.

It will be at this stage of the question, after Austria has been beaten and compelled to accept such terms as the allies may dictate, that the peril of England, and that of the United States also, will commence. The allies will probably feel strong enough to ignore England in making a new map of the continent, but England can never consent for France and Russia to despoil Austria and Turkey to add to their already gigantic strength, nor will she even consent that Italy shall become a dependency of France and completely subordinate to that empire. But her protestations can be expected to avail little or nothing, and in the last resort the only move left her will be to make the best alliances she can on the continent, by taking the lead in a liberal movement for the overthrow of all despotic governments found there.

England would need our aid rather than that we should grow rich on her misfortunes and losses, and the continental cruisers would not know an American from an English merchant

vessel. Our carrying trade would be so mingled with that of England that the distinguishing flag would be no protection, and within sixty days we should be in great danger of being entangled inextricably with the belligerents. This danger is yet in the distance, but it is in sight, and we must not overlook it in our calculations of the future. Under these circumstances it should be the policy of our government to be at least prepared for the worst; all our available naval resources should be improved, and every national vessel put in commission without regard to expense, as prevention is after all the cheapest policy in the world.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

He was a rich man, rich in money and landed possessions, that is; but all his wealth did not bring him an increase of happiness or even physical enjoyments, for we are told that he was wretchedly anxious, all day long and half the night, lest some unfaithful agent should swindle him out of a few paltry dollars. He paid dearly for the possession of his enormous wealth. Mr. George B. Smith, now deceased, was for many years agent for Mr. Astor, chiefly employed in the collection of his rents, for which service Mr. Astor paid him \$3000 a year. He collected \$160,000 a quarter of rents alone, and these were a small part of his property; Mr. Astor at the time of his death was worth \$21,000,000. By his will, he gave his son, William B. Astor, \$15,000,000, a part of which was the Astor House. The remainder of his property he gave away in legacies to different persons. From the time of Mr. Astor's decease his son must have laid up \$1,000,000 a year—for he was then rich, independently of what his father gave him, and is now doubtless worth \$25,000,000! Mr. Astor was six months bedridden, and during all that time gave orders daily to Mr. Smith. He went once every day to see Mr. Astor, and William visited his father twice a day. Mr. Smith's habit was to go into the sick room and quietly take a chair and sit down by the bedside. If Mr. Astor's eyes were shut, he would sit about ten minutes, and if he still remained so, he would quietly leave the room. If Mr. Astor was awake, Mr. S. would tell him what he had done, and Mr. Astor would give him directions to govern him until the next visit. At one time Mr. Smith was appointed president of the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank, and Mr. Astor immediately sent for him. He told him that he could not be president of that bank and attend at the same time to his business; and that he must resign, which he did. Smith should have done no such thing; he had become necessary to Mr. Astor, and could have made his own terms and maintained his independence.

SHIP BUILDING.

American built ships and steamers sustain a very high reputation abroad, and many of the finest vessels in the commerce of Europe were the product of mechanical genius in this country. A noble steamship called the "General Admiral" has just been completed in New York to fill an order from the Russian government. The papers of that city pronounce her to be the finest vessel of her class ever produced in Europe or America, and out of the princely sum paid for her by the Russian government, the builder, W. H. Webb, Esq., will clear two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a very snug and pretty little sum! The fact that we can build the fastest and the best sailing vessels in the world has long been conceded, and now our mechanics are proving that we are equally competent in regard to steamships. This is an important concession on the part of the old world, and must be the means of turning millions of money towards our shores that could never find its way here by any other channel of commerce. Ship building, in New England, has been rather overdone in the last two or three years, but we are told that it is now reviving again, and with a legitimate prospect of ample success.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN.

We chanced in a few evenings since to the big tent pitched upon the grounds of the Public Garden, and witnessed the performance of a largely advertised circus company. With one exception the troupe was a very meagre one, and the entertainment below mediocrity; but the purpose we have in referring to the matter at all is to speak of the clown. The individual who filled this part on the occasion alluded to, seemed

to think that vulgarity was the true essence of wit, and he gave the audience a dose indeed. One does not look for refinement in these exhibitions of the ring, but decency, at least, should be regarded. Those who were present a few evenings since, will hardly be inclined to take a wife or daughter to such a place again. The calliope, or steam organ, discoursed very creditable music, and is an expensive affair, costing over \$2000; but the listener should be posted something less than a league off, in order to enjoy the sounds without running the risk of losing his natural powers of hearing forever.

ALESSANDRIA.

This place, the rendezvous of the Sardinian army, whither the king has gone to take command, is probably destined to play an important part in the coming war. It is a fortified city near the eastern frontier of Piedmont, whose guns bristle towards the Austrian territory. It stands in the midst of a sterile plain. It is the great stronghold of Piedmont, and is to the Sardinians what Gibraltar is to the English, or Sebastopol was to the Russians. During the reign of the French in Italy, the formidable fortifications made it one of the strongest places in Europe, but these were subsequently demolished, leaving only the citadel. Within the past few years workmen have been busy in reconstructing them, in anticipation of the events now at hand. In the surrounding plain, two miles distant, is Napoleon's celebrated battle-field of Marengo. Alessandria is garrisoned with several thousand troops, and being connected with Turin and Genoa by railway, any number can readily be concentrated there.

THE "TREBLE FORTE" STOP.—A new and admirable improvement has just been effected in the Melodeons of Mason & Hamlin, of this city. It consists in the "Treble Forte" stop, or a stop by means of which the treble part of the instrument may be increased in power, while the bass remains subdued. Its effect is to make the treble louder, and hence the name—"treble forte." The advantage of this stop is found in the performance of solo passages, where it is desirable that prominence should be given to the treble notes. The house of Mason & Hamlin has received since 1856, for best Melodeons and Harmoniums, no less than twenty gold and silver medals and diplomas from various State fairs and societies throughout the country. Messrs. M. & H. publish an illustrated catalogue descriptive of their various instruments for parlors and churches, which they are happy to send to any address. Application must be made to "Mason & Hamlin, Boston, Mass."

PAROCHIAL LIBERALITY.—One of the city pastors of Philadelphia having been obliged, through ill health, to desist from a time from his public labors, was lately waited upon by a member of his church, and proffered three thousand dollars in a check, for the purpose of defraying his expenses to Europe for six months.

LAST WORDS OF BISHOP DOANE.—A correspondent of the Burlington Gazette gives the following as the last words of Bishop Doane: "I die in the faith of the Son of God, and the confidence of His One Catholic Church. I have no merits—no man has; but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus."

EDUCATIONAL.—We invite the attention of our readers, especially those interested in the subject of Education, to the advertisement, in another column, of a new work by Ex-Governor Boutwell, entitled, "Thoughts upon Educational Topics and Institutions."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A South Carolina court has compelled an unwilling fellow to pay for the support of a woman to whom he was married for a joke by a sham magistrate, the lady, however, taking it all in sober earnest.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COIN, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down hill too fast.

QUITE LACONIC.—A man writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, abbreviates the name of that town "11 worth."

DULL MEN.

Blessings be on dull men—we do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example; one of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you, in the meantime, compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No, sure?" twice or so; "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which made up of medical materials, would come to a crown at least. From two till half past two, he is himself somewhat silent, his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more he looks at his watch and remarks that "It's time to go," that is, he perceives that you are supersaturated with sleep; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "good night." He goes home happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence; you stumble up to your chamber with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy meetings of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as we have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut, for a

"Blessing goes with him whereso'er he goes,"
—the blessing of sleep.

AN INDIAN PRESIDENT.—Juarez, the constitution President of Mexico, was born 53 years ago, in a mountainous district of Southern Mexico, and is by blood a pure Indian. His father raised a few sheep and cattle, and gained a scanty subsistence by the sale of their skins. At 12 years of age the young Juarez ran off to attend a fair, and being afraid or ashamed to return, he hired himself to a mule-driver, from whose service he passed into the service of a wealthy Spaniard, who, pleased at his intelligence, caused him to be taught to read and write. Still retaining the favor of his employer, he was sent to the College of Oaxaca, and having chosen the profession of the law, which the revolution had opened to men of his caste, he rose rapidly to the head of his profession, and with the triumph of Alvarez was made Chief Justice, from which post he passed to that of the presidency.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.—This army is composed of twenty regiments of the line, with complete complements, 60,000 men that is: twelve battalions of chasseurs, 9600 men; a regiment of engineers; two of artillery, from 7000 to 8000 men; nine regiments of cavalry, 4500 horses, and a strong transport regiment. The commissary department, also the commissary of stores department, and the intelligence department, are all admirably organized.

MORE ANNEXATION.—The English have taken possession of another island in the Red Sea, which they claim to have purchased from the Arab Sheikh. The name of the last acquisition is Kramakan. It lies north of Perim, near the Arabian shore, and is said to be almost wholly surrounded by submarine banks, rendering it easy of defence.

OLD FRIENDS THE BEST!—The best miscellaneous family paper published in the United States is *The Flag of our Union*, original from head-line to imprint, fresh and bright in every issue. Four cents per copy everywhere.

WHAT A PLACE.—Lodgings are so scarce in Australia, that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone.

ECONOMICAL.—An epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken, —himself and the chicken!

WHOLESOME ADVICE.—If you'd look spruce in your old age, don't pine in your youth.

LIFE IN TOWN.

What glorious weather we have lately enjoyed, and how it has peopled our streets with ladies in the light gay dress of summer! Female pedestrianism is in its glory, plain gentlemen can hardly get along at all in our principal thoroughfares. O, the crowd of beauties in extended skirts! The dry goods stores are thronged, and the clerks over busy behind the counters. Can the husbands of these dear creatures make money fast enough in State Street, to supply the sums that are lavished in Washington, Summer and Winter Street? The Common is turned into a universal nursery ground, and the number of light infantry paraded there all day long, beats the French and Austrian armies all hollow in point of numerical force. How green the leaves are, how neat and clean the walks, how pretty the array of children, and how this early summer smiles upon and blesses all human nature! How glad the vegetation looks, and how gloriously blue is all out doors! Who cares whether school keeps or not, with this delicious atmosphere breathing all the while, the sun so cloudless, the sky so ethereal, the hum of busy life so exultant, sweet girlish faces so wreathed in smiles all along the pave? Even the half crazy newsboys pitch their cries a note or two higher, and offer their varieties with an oriental indifference. War in Europe, is there? Who's afraid? O, O!

See, yonder individual is from the country, and as he passes along with his hands buried wrist deep in his pockets, and mouth slightly distended, he drinks in of the novel scene in quiet amazement, pauses at each shop window to take an inventory of the gaily arrayed stock, and now steps off the walk to make room for a bevy of laughing girls, at whose amazing size (crinoline) he fairly starts back in wonder. Presto! he springs back again to avoid that gay equipage that dashes by, and marks the glossy coats of the blood horses, and wonders how the fellow on the coach seat can afford to dress so well. It's all right, my good man, his clothes are a part of the "establishment." See how the bright buttons of the policemen dazzle his eyes; he invests the wearers with immense importance, and regards them with profound respect. Hallo! It rains again!

HOW THE BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE.

Professor Brewer, of Washington College, Pa., communicates to the American Journal of Science and Arts the result of some experiments made by him on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds that they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day the vine is attracted towards the light; but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learns, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

DEATH OF A NOTED PAINTER.—The name of C. A. Loslie, the famous painter, is added to the list of recent deaths abroad. He was born in England in 1794, of American parents, received his education in Philadelphia, and returned to London at the age of 16. He was a pupil of Benjamin West and Washington Allston, and has long occupied a prominent position among noted artists.

EXPENSIVE.—A mansion house is being erected on the estate at East Medford, Mass., formerly owned by the late Peter C. Brooks, and now the property of his son, which will cost, it is estimated, not less than \$200,000.

A BIT OF HISTORY.—Antiquarians say that an old negro at Cape Cod, whenever his master required anything of him, would exclaim: Massa choose it." Thence, in time, the name of Massachusetts.

COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.—M. Niepoe de St. Victor has communicated to the Academy of Sciences (Paris) a process for obtaining photographs of a red, green, violet, or blue color.

SHIPPING FOR FRANCE.—Viscount de Treillard, acting French Charge, is now in Baltimore, making contracts for clipper ships for France.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

As all our readers know, our English friends have just passed through the excitement of a parliament election. How they manage things in the "ould countrie" is very happily shown in the "Pickwick Papers." The doings at Dover at the late election were quite as spicy as any of the Eatanswill proceedings. On the day before the nomination or ceremony which precedes the polling, and which, when there is no opposition, constitutes the election, Mr. Bernal Osborne, one of the Whig candidates, was informed that a French nobleman wished to see him. The Comte de Paris was ushered in. The youthful wearer of a *de jure* French crown that may, one day, be a crown *de facto*, was anxious, among his other studies of English institutions, to profit by the experience of an English election, and asked Mr. Osborne leave to attend on the hustings.

Of course, it was decidedly given, and the count made his appearance duly at 11 on the day of nomination, intending to return to his residence by the afternoon train at 2. But from the hour of nomination till the moment fixed for his departure, the ground before the hustings was one grand arena of innumerable prize-fights. The "other party," of course, had brought down a party of prize-fighters from London, and it somehow happened that they found Osbornian "roughs" ready to have it out with them. The count, after patiently waiting through three hours of "le bore," in the vain hope that the speeches were going to begin, politely intimated to Mr. Osborne that he had now seen quite enough of English election proceedings, and took his departure, no doubt much edified by the striking proofs of British freedom which he had just witnessed.

It is said that Mr. Osborne declares that Admiral Sir H. Leeke and Mr. Nicol, by whom he and his friend, Sir W. Russell, were beaten, showed great tact in their nightly proceedings before the polling day,—hiring the theatre, where they regularly took their seats in the boxes, surrounded by their supporters, with an unlimited "tap" of gin and water going, and a popular comic singer to fill up the intervals of the brief oratorical performances of the gallant admiral and his brother candidate. After all, this was only fighting Mr. Osborne with his own weapons, comic singing against comic speaking, both no doubt, very "spicy" of their kind."

"THE PAST AND PRESENT."—This is the title of a large sized lithograph, drawn by F. D'Avignon, and published by Elliott & White, 322 Washington Street. It represents a young girl sitting at her mother's feet, the figures beautifully grouped, the faces charming and expressive. But it is not so much the design, by an English female artist, to which we desire to call attention, as to the admirable handling and execution of D'Avignon's drawing on stone. If so fine a lithograph has been executed in this country before, it has not been our good fortune to see it. The texture of the flesh is admirable, and the gradation of tints only to be equalled by a painting. The drapery is handled with great grace and vigor, and the group is molded into life-like salience. Whether examined in detail or in general effect, it is a brilliant work of art.

AN ANIMAL PAINTER.—Mr. Richard Ansdale, a successful English artist, is coming to this country to study the buffaloes on our western prairies. He might easily meet with a brush among the Indians, which might not prove palette-able, but he will probably canvass the chances before coming.

AGASSIZ AND HUMBOLDT.—The eulogy on Humboldt, delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, was worthy of the subject and the speaker—both men in the world of science.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Cyrus W. Field has gone to Europe, not to try to fish up the old cable, but to see if he can't get money enough to lay a new one. Plucky, that.

CHURCH'S LANDSCAPE.—Church's great picture, the "Heart of the Andes," has gone to Europe. We shall be much mistaken if the English critics do not pronounce it a master-piece.

BINDING.—Book-binding of every description done at this office, magazines, sheet music, old books re-bound and made as good as when new. Returned in one week.

Wayside Gatherings.

The clay pipe trade of Appomattox county, Va., last year, is said to have reached the sum of \$30,000.

A number of the leading hatters of New Orleans have signed a mutual agreement to close their stores on the Sabbath.

The Philadelphia authorities are carrying on a relentless war of extermination against all unmuzzled dogs.

The Cincinnatians are determined on city railroads. Five companies have applied to the City Council for the privilege of laying tracks in the streets.

Josiah Bradlee, Esq., of Boston, with his accustomed liberality, has recently given \$5000 to the "Old Ladies' Home," in Charles Street, in this city.

Philadelphians will be obliged this summer to rely on the Boston market for their ice, the supply (1000 tons) cut from the Schuylkill River having been exhausted long ago.

Five men at the Middleboro' Steam Mill, Mass., make 40,000 spools a day, from small white birch poles, for which the company pay one cent for eight feet.

Genio C. Scott says that the sweeping machines of the Broadway sidewalks, are "thirty yards of eight dollar silk, mounted on a reticulated frame of whalebone and steel."

A project is on foot in Providence to build a railroad between that city and Thompson, Conn., meeting the Boston and New York Railroad at that point. The distance is nearly thirty miles.

In 1821, there were 193 military companies in Connecticut, averaging 75 men each. There are only 35 companies at the present time, with an average of about 40 men each.

The New York Anti-Renters, having been defeated at the Court of Appeals, now declare they shall appeal to the people, and commence an organized opposition, in other words a rebellion.

The sea serpent was seen recently by some Gay Head Indians, who were codfishing off Norman's Land. The Indians were very much frightened, and instead of chasing him, he chased them.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times says two horses have recently died in France, aged 40 and 45 years—and the latter could trot nine miles an hour within a year of his death.

Amongst the prudent things done by the New York Legislature was the passage of an act to provide against unsafe buildings in the city of New York, by requiring substantial foundations and a proper thickness of the walls.

Mr. Wheeler Green of Asbley Falls, Mass., who has attained the mature age of over 100 years, was recently married to a Mrs. Schemmerhorn, of Norfolk, who has also arrived at the respectable age of eighty years.

The 200th anniversary of the settlement of Hadley, Mass., will be celebrated in a public manner, July 8th. An oration by Prof. Huntington, of Cambridge, will constitute a prominent feature in the literary exercises.

A German woman in Saginaw, Michigan, lately invited a party of friends to dinner, and, having entertained them a little time in the parlor, asked to be excused for a moment. She went directly to her room, took arsenic, laid herself down, and died.

Animalcules have been discovered so small that one million could not exceed a grain of sand, and five hundred millions would sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood-vessels, nerves, circulating fluids, etc., like large animals.

A French philosopher predicts that the cholera will sweep through Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Central America, next season, with depopulating malignity; but a learned Frenchman has not the gift of prophecy any more than a "learned pig" has.

The curious nomenclature of the towns in Western New York, was never more ludicrously exemplified, than by the announcement that Governor Morgan has vetoed a bill annexing Italy to Naples, such being the names of two townships in the counties of Yates and Ontario.

A man in Canada, feeling ill, sent his wife to the village shop for some salts and senna. Instead of salts, *alum* was sent; the unfortunate man mixed the drugs, drank nearly the contents of a tumbler, was taken very ill, and died shortly after.

It is expected that the disbursement of Oliver Smith's charitable bequests to the towns of Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Williamsburg, Greenfield, Deerfield and Whately, will commence within a year. About \$30,000 will be distributed among these towns. The fund now amounts to \$705,935.

Several American trappers in northern Minnesota lately came upon a temporary Indian encampment, and were kindly received at first; but the "fire water" circulating too freely, one of the Indians became inhospitable, and went in for scalps, when the chief of the tribe quietly tomahawked him, restoring them to good feeling.

A French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

Sands of Gold.

... Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.—*Chesterfield*.

... He that is not aware of his ignorance, will be only misled by his knowledge.—*Whately*.

... Extremes self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.—*Bacon*.

... They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink.—*Queen Elizabeth*.

... Without earnestness I know no jest; but earnestness itself is original and independent of jest.—*Richter*.

... The greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice; and her constant companion is Humility.—*Butler*.

... Learning dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—*Couper*.

... Methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.—*Wycherley*.

... Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Walpole*.

... No men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward.—*Dickens*.

... Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follows it.—*Franklin*.

... If a man all his life-long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think that this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educatest thy child well.—*Luther*.

... An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men nor better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson, and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more.—*Bolingbroke*.

... If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool; for who shall know his understanding? Therefore a certain philosopher said well, Speak, that thou mayest be known; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle; but they who have learning should speak aloud.—*Vanbrugh*.

Joker's Budget.

We suppose there can be no disputing the fact that the first Arctic expedition was got up by Noah.

A common domestic clock, having run down, Tibbs, with unblushing effrontery, observed that it had come to an *untimely* end!

A lady in Cincinnati recently had her husband arrested upon a complaint that he used her as a mark in his pistol practice.

You may purchase any stamp, from one cent to ten, at the post-office, but you cannot purchase the stamp of a gentleman.

Madame Goldschmidt is announced as going to "lend the loan" of her voice to the good people of Manchester, England. Jenny-rous, very!

Some of the women of New York have got up a "club" of their own, by way of opposition, we suppose, to kindred associations among the men.

A quack doctor in Cincinnati offered a countryman a nostrum "guaranteed to remove fifteen years from his age or take him down the river without pay."

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots? Shoemaker says, "Buto Imendu;" to which boots reply, "solus."

Tom Browne says, "a woman may learn one useful doctrine from the game of backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of him."

A servant asked her mistress whether she could oblige her by going out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party, and wanted the loan of the drawing-room.

They say that the trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it: we have known men to blow their own trumpets incessantly, and achieve a good troublesome old age.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *lengery*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

A 'cute American lawyer once urged as three points in his case,—first, that the kettle was cracked when borrowed; second, that it was whole when returned; and third, that it was never borrowed!

"Ah, is it possible that you are still alive?" said a fellow, on meeting unexpectedly one whom he had grossly injured. "Yes, and kicking," replied the other, suiting the action to the word.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOAN OF A BOOK.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

THE black clouds which I have been watching, as they drifted like billows up from the west, and broke in a shower of sweet, fresh rain upon the waiting earth, has brought back so plainly to my mind a little story of my life, that I cannot rest contentedly until I write it out.

It was on just such an evening as this that Edgar Leighton returned the book which I had loaned him. All day the clouds had roamed fretfully across the sky before the dry, hot wind, telling in little frowns from the far-off hills, that before the night came down, they would pour upon us their wrath of wind and driving rain. And so, taking their promises as a truth, I sat down in a bay window of my uncle's parlor and watched the king of the storm gathering his forces. How the wind tearing through the green of the June trees, the cry of the birds as they swarm through the darkening air, the dense pile of clouds mattering and wheeling up from the west, shooting their fretted sides away across the heavens, and gathering the broken masses that had been wandering all day through the air, sickened and saddened me. The rain had just commenced falling in large, scattering drops upon the garden walks, and stretch out in white, foaming sheets across the distant hills, when Edgar Leighton came slowly up the carriage-walk that led from the street to the house. A joyful exclamation arose to my lips at sight of his well-known form and face, and the feeling of sadness that had so depressed me, gave way to one of gladness. My uncle and aunt were away, and I was alone with the servants in the house, and therefore was excusable for the quick haste with which I flew across the parlor and out into the hall to meet, with extended hand, the guest who had come to bear me company through the heavy tempest.

And yet, of all the men that I daily met and associated with in the grand, aristocratic home of my uncle, he was the only one whose presence would have ensured to my heart a quiet, happy feeling of safety and security from all danger, even though the danger I feared was held lovingly in the hand of Him who never is unmindful of his children either in the storm or in the sunshine. I never can forget that night; how the lightning leaped in forked flames from the angry clouds, lighting up the old parlors and breaking through the gloom that hung upon everything. How the deep crashing of the thunder deafened us, and how the grand old trees swayed and creaked in the wind, and how like a sweet, present happiness which refused to look at the past, but hung enchanted upon the passing moments, a hope that had nestled for months in my heart, sprang up into the clear light of certainty.

All that evening I felt that Edgar Leighton loved me. The knowledge came to me in the clear, distinctly modulated tones of his voice, in the very thoughts that I knew surged up to his lips for utterance, and yet died away again because the narrow channel of human words was not wide enough for them to flow through. I knew that he loved and understood me as none other could, knew that he sought my society in preference to that of any other woman, and that his eyes held a new light, his lips had a new languor, and his whole being a new joy when he was near me. Yet, when he left me that night, when he clasped my hand tenderly at parting, and drank with his deep, penetrating eyes, the love that flowed out in every glance of mine; when he bent his head half reverently, as he spoke with a tenderness all his own, the words, "Good-night, Kate!" I felt a pang of disappointment at my heart, like one who has been robbed of some dear, sacred right, that he should go from me and not speak in words the sweet declaration of his love. And when the door closed after him, I went to my chamber with slow steps, while the tears gushed freely from my eyes. For one little moment I held the book which he returned to me, fondly in my hand, and then, while a bitterness which was new and strange to me, a thought that he was trifling with my better nature, seeking my love but to prove his own power and skill, swept over me. I threw it into an open drawer, and shut it in from sight.

"Time will tell," I said, as I smoothed back the damp hair from my forehead and leaned out of my window to breathe the sweet air that the shower had left as a memento behind it. "Time

will tell, whether he, like all the rest, speaks pleasant words to me to ease his heart of the vanity which leads it to distress; will show whether he is waiting for me to be proclaimed my uncle's heiress; to hear, in imagination, the clinking of my gold before he tells the miserable, mocking story of his love. It will all come, all!—and yet—and yet, Heaven pity me if the storm blasts this one hope of my life, forever!"

And time did tell me. Told me slowly, lingeringly and bitterly, that the shadowy fear which oppressed me, was shaping itself into a black, bitter reality; told me in little chapters of neglect, in words of coldness and lessons of cruel silence, that Edgar Leighton had been reaching his hand through my woman's heart but to gather up, greedily, my uncle's gold. It was a long, long time before I could rally under this knowledge, for my love had not been a common one. I had given without asking, it is true, yet none the less reservedly, my whole heart, and I could not take it back as easily as I had given it. And yet I was gayer, and to all appearances happier than ever before. My lips were always wreathed in smiles, mocking smiles, that covered the unrest of a weary, bleeding heart. I grew to be the leader of the circle, where before I had cared only to follow in the footsteps of others. In my dire disappointment I must have grown reckless and lavish of the happiness of others, for I conquered hearts but to torture them; snared them with roses but to pierce them with thorns. And all this while Edgar Leighton stood aloof from me. Once, when I cared and longed for his esteem and respect, I should have said his face wore a look of pity and regret, but now, I called his expression one of cruel indifference.

One morning, when I had played in this masquerade until I doubted, myself, whether the heart I had covered from the gaze of the world, had ever thrilled with one true, womanly joy, or had indeed assimilated itself to the cold, chilling mask that concealed it, my uncle came to me and said that a gentleman had proposed to him for my hand in marriage, and as he was of a good family, and very wealthy, he, for one, looked with great favor upon his suit.

"But I do not love any gentleman of my acquaintance, uncle," I said, dropping the book, which I had been reading, upon my lap.

"That's favorable, Kate. If that is the case, you can have no objections to urge against becoming the wife of Lemuel Perry."

"Lemuel Perry, uncle? I haven't the slightest regard for him, hardly a common respect."

"Pshaw, that's nothing! You are sensible enough to learn to love one who has it in his power to confer upon you such honors of wealth and station. It is my desire that you should accept him."

"But if I cannot love him—"

"Nonsense, Kate!" he interrupted, "that is a miserable plea, and one that I shall not listen to patiently. You can care enough for him, I'll venture—little danger about that."

"I do not know anything of him, save the little I have learned by passing a few evenings in his society. Surely you would not have us marry ignorantly, and without any knowledge of each other's characters?"

"You'll learn about characters soon enough, I'll be bound. But the truth of the matter is just here, Kate. You are a poor girl, but worthy, it is true, of a high, proud position. In spite of your poverty, Lemuel Perry generously wishes to marry you. He is not drawn towards you, as scores of your lovers are, thinking that you will sometime inherit my fortune. He knows you as you are. Now tell me in so many plain words, without evasion, if you can look with favor upon him. Make a business affair of it, altogether, and answer me."

Make a business affair of it! The words grated harshly against my highest ideas of right, and fell like ice upon my heart. All that my uncle had said, was true. Lemuel Perry knew that I was not wealthy. He evidently wished to marry me for just what I was, and nothing more. With the remembrance of Edgar Leighton's faithlessness rankling bitterly in my soul, I had little faith in love or truth. Here was a home offered me. A proud, high position; should I accept it and go up proudly past those who had so wronged me? The hot blood crimsoned my cheeks as I thought of it, and my heart leaped with this new, thrilling ambition.

"Come Kate, answer me at once," urged my uncle, who was studying my face earnestly. "Shall I tell Mr. Perry that you look with favor

upon his suit? He is waiting in my library for a reply."

Again the warm blood dashed over lip, cheek and brow, as I opened my mouth to speak. For a moment the older love which for a few fleeting weeks I had endeavored to crush out of my being, rose up resolutely before me. But I put it away, and said, with a slight quivering of voice and lip, "Tell Mr. Perry, uncle, that I am pleased to look with favor upon him."

"That's like Kate Whartley,—prompt, decisive and brave!" said my uncle, smiling and bending his lips to my forehead. "I will go to Mr. Perry at once."

I sank back upon the sofa and covered my face with my hands as my uncle left the room. Everything had been like a dream to me, but then I realized that the words I had spoken would hasten a sober, bitter awakening. I had pledged my word, as it were. I had sat in judgment against my own life, and the decision was passed. As these thoughts swept rapidly before me, and as in my excitement I paced rapidly up and down the long parlors, Mr. Perry, with a face lit up with smiles, entered the room with my uncle, and in nicely worded sentences, thanked me for the great honor I had done him.

I replied hurriedly, and begged that he would excuse me from conversing with him then. How I hated him as with a feigned consideration he pressed my hand tenderly, and said, in a soft, affected voice, "You are quite excusable, my dear. This new joy quite overpowers me, as well as you."

What a wretched, wretched day was that to me, passed in the solitude of my chamber. How I hated and scorned myself for my miserable weakness, and loathed the man to whom I had bargained myself away for a paltry wealth and false position. How plainly the true path was stretched upward before my eyes, now that my feet strayed in forbidden paths. I saw that instead of rising above those who had wronged me, I should sink infinitely beneath, by merging duty and self-respect in this mockery of a marriage. I looked upon my love for Edgar Leighton, and saw how capable I was of loving earnestly, bravely and truly, with a love that would enrich and ennoble its possessor, and raise me up to the level of a pure, true woman.

Marry Lemuel Perry? The thought grew maddening to me. Better homeless, friendless, a wanderer out in the bleak ways of life, than an unloving, impure wife! Better starvation, torture, ay, death a thousand times, than to be bound with chains I could not break, even though they festered into my very heart! Anything, anything, rather than his wife, the miserable recipient of his favors, the married mistress to receive submissively his sickening carresses.

Up and down, up and down my chamber I walked till the morning melted into the afternoon, and the golden feet of the day trod upon the shores of the night. Up and down, up and down my chamber, with my hair falling over my shoulders, my eyes flashing wildly, a bright crimson spot burning upon either cheek, and my lips tinged to the color of a May tulip when the sun shines into its scarlet heart. I refused myself to every one who called on me, and shut myself up alone with my sorrow, foolishness and pride.

In the early evening my aunt sent to me for an embroidery pattern, which I found in the drawer, where weeks before I had carelessly thrown the book that Edgar Leighton had returned to me. A flood of bitter memories drifted across my heart as I looked upon its well-known covers. I half reached out my hand to take it. But no, had I not griefs enough already to cope with, without looking upon sentiments that he had approved, words that he had remarked upon to me? Still I took the book from its resting place, and commenced turning over the leaves with my right hand. As I did so, a sealed note fell from it upon the carpet at my feet. I caught it up eagerly. The superscription was in the hand of Edgar Leighton, plain, frank and graceful—MISS KATE WHARTLEY. I tore it open and read as follows:

"DEAR KATE,—I would not risk words of so much importance to us both, in such a place, had you not often assured me that this book was your constant companion, and that not a day passed but that you read from its dear pages. I know not why I am about to make this confession to you upon paper, but I am not able to disregard the promptings of my heart that counsel me to do so. Still I have no fine words to write you. I only wish to say with my pen what I have often tried in vain to steady my voice to repeat to you—I love you. The words are spoken idly by many, but they go to you with my whole heart

in them. I am a poor man, Kate; I love you for yourself alone; can you love me the same? You will read these words to-night, and when I meet you to-morrow evening I shall be answered. How simply I have written! Even my pen trembles with the burden of love I thrust upon it, and bid it tell to you! EDGAR LEIGHTON."

I stood like one petrified as I finished reading the letter. For a moment I could not realize the blessed words it contained, so sudden was the rush of joy that broke upon me. And then it only showed me more vividly the horrid spot upon which I was standing, as the lightning brings out for a moment, with its fiery torch, the gloom of the heavens and earth in the time of a night tempest. What right had glad, happy smiles to shine upon my face at this knowledge, when already I had bound myself to Lemuel Perry? The thought was insanity. But my resolution was taken instantly. I would not marry him though I was sent a beggar into the street. My heart was lighter for the decision, and with an attempt at calmness I wound my hair about my face, bathed my burning face, arranged my dress, and descended to the parlor, where Mr. Perry, in company with several friends, was waiting to see me.

"Mr. Leighton will call and congratulate you soon upon your engagement, Kate," said my little friend Ruth Seward, during the evening, drawing me unceremoniously from Mr. Perry's side out upon the verandah.

"Mr. Leighton, how does he know of it?" I asked, hurriedly.

"O, Kate, the news has spread rapidly among your friends. Mr. Perry has sounded it joyfully."

"And every one believes it?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't they?"

"They should," I answered, bursting into tears.

"Why, how is this, Kate? Are you not happy?" said Ruth, putting her arms about me tenderly, and starting down the verandah steps. "Come down the walk, they will not miss us for a moment. Tell me what troubles you."

"Nothing, nothing, I answered, between my sobs and tears; "only I do not love Lemuel Perry, and am wretched, very wretched!"

"And Edgar Leighton, Kate, how is it with him—"

"Hush, hush, Ruth," I whispered, interrupting her, "some one is coming up the walk—do not speak so loud."

"It is Edgar, as I live!" exclaimed Ruth. "This way, Kate, quick, quick!"

I know not how it was brought about, but in my agitation Ruth Seward led me in the wrong direction, and in a moment I found myself standing alone, face to face, with the very person I wished to avoid.

"Good evening, Miss Whartley," he said, coolly, raising his hat as he spoke.

I tried to answer him, but the words choked me, and I stood silent before him, my eyes bent upon the ground, and my cheeks glistening with tears. What could I say to him? How could I tell him why I had been silent so long? I felt his searching eyes upon me as we stood there, the light of the gate lamp shining full upon us.

"What shall I say to you?" he asked, at last, in a tremulous tone. "I can think of nothing. You know my heart. Gather from it, if you please, all its best wishes, only let me be silent."

The words were spoken bitterly enough, but they were full of joy to me. "I only ask your love," I said, going close up to him.

"My love, Kate? Will you still trifle with me? Have I not suffered enough already, without—"

It is useless; I cannot repeat the explanation that followed; cannot repeat the declarations of love that were pledged again and again. I suppose, like all lovers, we said a great many things that would sound silly if repeated to a third party, but which were, nevertheless, very delicious to us.

In a few plain words I gave Mr. Perry an answer in an explanation, at which he did not see fit to demur, when I solemnly assured him that had I become his wife, he would have been the most miserable instead of the happiest of men.

After all, that was a wise piece of advice that Frederick Cozzens gave in his poem. Let me repeat it to you, young lady reader, with a slight alteration to apply to your case and mine:

"This maxim: Tend no man a book Unless you search it afterward."

A man had better like Borgia, never say what he does, than, like Borgia's father, never do what he says.

PATENT EXTENSION AND RECLINING CHAIR.

We have for a long time intended to speak of M. A. Eliaers patent extending and reclining chair, a very valuable invention, and have only waited until we could procure an engraving representing the article in question. This chair was invented and is manufactured by Mr. Eliaers at 332 Washington Street, and has been received with universal favor. It has met with the approbation of the medical faculty, the most distinguished practitioners recommending it, both for invalids and persons in the enjoyment of health. It occupies no more space in an apartment than a common easy-chair, which it resembles, when in its most compact form. It is so contrived that, when extended, its dimensions can be accommodated to the height of the occupant, whether tall or diminutive in person. A slight touch of the hand suffices to produce the required inclination and extension, the angle being increased at will, until it even reaches a horizontal line, completely adapting itself, in all these changes, to the figure. Whenever the pressure of the hand ceases, it remains firmly fixed at the angle attained. During these changes the arm of the chair retains its original height, and a desk turning on a pivot, can be attached to the arm, as shown in the accompanying engraving, for the support of books or the convenience of writing, and can be detached, or turned to one side as occasion may require. The foot extends or contracts at pleasure, and the seat is strong and immovable. The principle admits of application to various styles; the seat and back may be stuffed or made of cane, so that the varieties of climate may be consulted in its structure. The same principle is applied by the inventor to sofas. It is certainly a great addition to our household appliances for comfort and luxury.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

The subject of the large engraving which occupies our last page is one that engages a prominent page in our revolutionary annals, and tells a story which cannot too often be repeated, as inculcating patriotism and fidelity in humble life under the most trying circumstances. Had the three yeomen who arrested the unfortunate André, chosen to barter away their principles, they could have rendered themselves independent for life. They chose, however, the better part, and are entitled to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen. It will be remembered that in the year 1780, Benedict Arnold, then in command of West Point, entered into treasonable correspondence with the enemy, through the medium of Major John André, adjutant-general in the British service, and offered to betray his trust. André proceeded in disguise to West Point, drew a plan of the fortress, concerted with Arnold, and agreed upon the manner and time of attack. Having obtained a passport, and assumed the name of Anderson, André set out on his return to New York by land. He passed the outposts of the American army without suspicion. Supposing himself now out of danger, he pressed forward, elated with the prospect of the speedy execution of a plot, which was to give the finishing blow to liberty in America.

When André had arrived within about thirty miles of New York, and as he was entering a village called Tarrytown, three militia men, who happened that way, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, seized the bridle of his horse, and accosted him with, "Where are you bound?" André, supposing that they were of the British, did not immediately show his passport, but waving their question, asked them, "where they belonged to?" they replied to "to below" (referring to the course of the river, and implying that they were of the British party). "And so do I," said André (confirmed in his mistake by this stratagem), and at the same time informed them that he was a British officer on urgent business, and must not be detained. "You belong to our enemies," exclaimed the militia men, "and we arrest you." André, struck with astonishment, presented his passport; but



PATENT EXTENDING AND RECLINING CHAIR.

this, after what had passed, only rendered his case more suspicious. He then offered them a purse of gold, his horse and watch, besides a large reward from the British government, if they would but liberate him. But these soldiers, though poor and obscure, were not to be bribed. They searched him, and found concealed in his boot, papers which evidenced his guilt, and they immediately conducted him to Colonel Jameson, their commanding officer. André was tried by a board of general officers of the American army, and executed as a spy, at Tappan, New York, October 2. He was a young officer, high-minded, brave, accomplished and humane. He suffered with fortitude, and his fate excited the universal sympathy of all parties.

"When Major André was apprised of the sentence of death, he made a last appeal in a letter to Washington, that he might be shot rather than die on a gibbet. The letter of André roused the sympathies of Washington, and had he only been concerned, the prisoner would have been pardoned and released. But the interests of his country were at stake, and the sternness of justice demanded that private feelings should be sacrificed. Upon consulting his officers upon the propriety of listening to Major André's request, to receive the death of a soldier (to be shot), it was deemed necessary to deny it, and to make him an example. As a reward to Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, for their virtuous and patriotic conduct, Congress voted to each of them an annuity of \$200, and a silver medal, on one side of which was a shield with this inscription—"fidelity,"—and on the other, the following motto—"vincit amor patriæ,"—the love of country conquers. Arnold, the miserable wretch, whose machinations led to the melancholy fate André experienced, escaped to New York, where, as the price of his dishonor, he received the commission of brigadier general, and the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling!"

EUROPEAN TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

The accompanying picture shows the style in which a European travels in China, and represents a noonday halt in the grateful shade of overhanging trees. One of the travellers is lounging in his palanquin enjoying his cigar, under a sheltering umbrella. The other, seated on the edge of his palanquin, is expounding his purposes to the attendant celestial, who are listening gravely while they solace themselves with a pipe. On the outer edge of the circle, where the palanquin-bearers are grouped, is a crowd of idle villagers attracted to the spot by a natural curiosity.

DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

Dr. Lardner, whose death occurred lately, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1793. He was educated at Trinity College, in his native city, and during his collegiate term received sixteen prizes for essays, on subjects relating to physical science and mathematics. He was graduated in 1817, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to scientific pursuits. For a period of ten years he remained in the University of Cambridge, as a resident member, publishing in the meanwhile treatises on various subjects, and contributing to some of the educational periodicals of the day. In 1827, he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the London University, and in the following year removed to London. The establishment of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, under his immediate direction, brought him prominently before the English public. Its object was the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the masses. Among its regular contributors were Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Scott, Southey, Mackintosh, and others. Dr. Lardner contributed to its pages treatises on hydrostatics, pneumatics, geometry, etc. During this period, he also contributed papers on physical science to the Edinburgh Review, and other periodicals. From 1830 to 1840, his services were in request by the British Railway Companies in the departments of scientific survey.

In 1840, Dr. Lardner visited the United States, and for four years was engaged in delivering a series of popular lectures on science and art, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities and towns. He lectured on all subjects in science, often spoke two-and-a-half and three hours in an evening, and frequently treated of three or four subjects in a single lecture, illustrating his remarks by diagrams and charts. The discourses were afterwards published in New York, in two large volumes, under the title of Popular Lectures on Science and Art. Dr. Lardner returned to Europe in 1845, and settled in Paris, where he afterwards resided. In 1850, he published an elaborate statistical work, entitled Railway Economy. In 1851, he contributed to the London Times a series of valuable papers upon the Great Exhibition, subsequently republished in a volume. His next literary undertaking was a series of elementary treatises in six volumes, entitled "The Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy," a second edition of which appeared in 1855. In 1853 he commenced the Museum of Science and Art, a periodical work. He afterwards completed a work on Animal Physics, and contributed several original papers to the Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society. At one period of his residence in Paris, Dr. Lardner was the correspondent of the London Daily News. Dr. Lardner was twice married; first, to Miss Flood, an Irish lady, by whom he had a son, who is a commissary-general in the British army; next, to a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Spicer, by whom he had two daughters. Dr. Lardner was for a long time the subject of ridicule, on account of his alleged assertion of the impracticability of ocean steam navigation. He, however, took occasion to deny the truth of the charge, claiming, even after the establishment of the ocean line, that he had simply argued the point of their profitability as a commercial speculation.

SURFACE VIRTUE.—Many of our virtues are not even skin-deep: we put them on and off with our clothing; and, to prepare for God, we too often pursue the same course which we employ in preparing for company. The first Eve put on fig-leaves for concealment. The modern Eve, for the same object, has only to keep hers well washed. Soap and water, and French perfumes, suffice.

She eats the fruit without alarm,
Then wipes her mouth—and, where the harm?
W. G. Simms.



EUROPEANS TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

Poet's Corner.

FIDELITY.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that lit up her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour,
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh;
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

TRUE LOVE.

O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than love decays.
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

SORROW.

What a damp hangs on me!
These sprightly tapers alight but skim along
The surface of my soul, not enter there;
She does not dance to this enchanting sound.
How, like a broken instrument beneath
The skillful touch my joyless heart lies dead,
Nor answers to the master's hand divine!—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We have entered on "leafy June," the "green and bowery June" of the poets, and well does it deserve the epithets this year. What the weather-wise call a "dry moon" in May, that is a moon with the horns turned up, brought us the frequent accompaniment of drenching rains, and that just at a time when a week of scorching weather rendered such a supply of moisture exceedingly desirable. Under its benign influence the foliage burst forth with unexampled vigor, and was full and luxuriant before May had ended. And now what a glorious spectacle is presented by our little urban Paradise—Boston Common! Go forth into the City Forest, while the gray dawn is reddening into the flush of sunrise, gladden your eyes with the emerald of the verdant turf and the heaped up towers of whispering leaves, listen to the song of the birds among the branches, drink in pure air from the sweet western hills, and bless the kindly charity and foresight which bequeathed this munificent estate to the city of Boston in perpetuity. Even the denizens of the country would find it worth while to visit the city just for the sake of a stroll on Boston Common. . . . Now and then a word about an old favorite reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic. Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) and her husband will, it is said, visit Leeds, in the autumn, and give their services gratuitously at a grand concert to be given in aid of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution. . . . Though the dull season for theatricals has arrived, they are busy in New York preparing for the fall campaign. The Bourcicaults and Mr. Stuart have united and propose to build a new theatre in Fourteenth Street, between the Union Place Hotel and Fourth Avenue. It will be of iron, fire-proof, and capable of seating two thousand people. Mr. Wallack is said to have a similar project in view, his locality being in Thirteenth Street, contiguous to Mr. Bourcicault's. . . . An exchange informs us that in Illinois some \$70,000 are lying under protest because the banks refuse to redeem their bills with anything but small silver coin. . . . Mesmerism doesn't seem to be very popular in Italy. Two mesmerist professors at Turin, who advertised to cure all diseases by mesmerism, have been tried, convicted, and imprisoned. One of them endeavored, in court, to mesmerize his own counsel, but failed, amidst the laughter of the audience. . . . The municipal council of Paris has decided to present Lamartine with a splendid house and large garden, situated in the Bois de Boulogne, and called La Petite Murette. The government of Paris is only paying a just debt. For Lamartine saved it from carnage during the revolution of 1848. . . . An American editor can generally turn his hand to anything. Down on the "Eastern Shore," of Virginia there is an editor, who is also his own compositor and pressman, who makes occasional voyages along the coast to Norfolk as captain of the schooner Polly, who preaches on Sunday, teaches school on week days, and still finds time to take care of a wife and sixteen children. . . . According to the statement of the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore Sun, Commodore Vanderbilt says, that during the time his Nicaragua line was in operation, he made \$1,000,000 per year, clear of cost. . . . A discovery is said to have been recently made in China, which, if true, must soon do away with the expense of coppering ship's bottoms. The object of this, as every one knows, is to protect the ship against the attack of worms, which prevail to a greater or less extent in all seas, and it is now said that no worm will trouble wood which has received a coating of Gambia. It is estimated that \$50 would cost the bot-

tom of a large ship; and it is said to harden and preserve the wood. The experiment has been tried in China upon a small scale, and found to succeed admirably. Why not repeat it at some of our American ship-yards? . . . A strike recently occurred among some waiters at the Everett House, St. Louis. They demanded the discharge of the head waiter, refusing else to allow the next meal to go on. This was near dinner time; the proprietor smiled upon them, caused them to believe that they had carried the day, superintended the dinner himself, keeping the head waiter out of the way, and everything went on most smoothly. Dinner ended, the mutinous servants were called one by one into the clerk's office, paid off, and ignominiously expelled from the house. So ended the strike. . . . Prentice says "Many writers profess great exactness in punctuation, who yet never make a point." . . . A Highland game-keeper when asked why a certain terrier of singular pluck was so much graver than the other dogs, said: "O, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him; he just never can get enough o' fechtin'." . . . The Richmond Enquirer paid the following generous compliment to the Boston Knights Templars, who were then on a visit to Richmond: "The visitors are decidedly fine-looking men—intellectually, personally, and morally—and, if all Yankeeedom be like these gallant Sir Knights Templars, we want to meet, greet and hug our down east cousins every day, for our feeling is that 'now and forever we are one and inseparable!'" . . . The Massachusetts Humane Society have awarded their diploma to Capt. Lane, of the schooner Edwin, of Gloucester, for having saved the lives of two men from a watery grave, in November last, near Fox Island. . . . Years ago, the significant letters G. T.—Gone to Texas—were used as a means of marking upon the ledger bad debts. Now the initials G. P. P.—Gone to Pike's Peak—are used for the same purpose. . . . The Louisville Journal is strongly in favor of hoops because lately a lady walked overboard from the steamer Alvin Adams, lying at the foot of Fourth Street in that city, and floated to Sixth Street, where she was rescued. Her hoops alone saved her from being drowned. Hurrah for hoops! exclaims the delighted editor. . . . In anticipation of the demise of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the limitations of its charter, a company has been chartered by the Canadian Parliament, composed of leading citizens and capitalists of the province, to do the carrying trade in, and to assist in developing the resources of, the central and western portions of the American territory belonging to the British crown. Its name is the "Northwestern Transportation Navigation and Railway Company." . . . The largest mule ever produced in the world is now in Cincinnati. It is a mare mule, nineteen and a half hands high, and weighs eighteen hundred and thirty-five pounds. . . . The Americans resident in Panama, who do not exceed twenty-five in number, have raised nearly \$1800 towards the salary of a regular Protestant minister in Panama, and have agreed to furnish a chapel and music, with the idea that some missionary society will appropriate an equal amount to make up his pay. . . . The fourth of Judge Edmond's articles on spiritualism treats of "Physical Manifestations." The judge says he "has been touched, when no person was near enough to do it; sometimes in the light, when my eyesight told me that none of those present did it; sometimes in the dark, when no one knew where I was, or even that I was present; sometimes my foot has been patted as with a hand; sometimes my clothes pulled as by a child; sometimes a push in my side, as by a dull and nonelastic force, and twice I have felt a human hand on my skin. On one of these occasions the touch was cold, but not clammy, and on the other, it was soft, warm and flesh-like." . . . From a correspondence between Mr. Cassali, editor of the "Eco d'Italia," published in New York, and Count Cavour, it appears that Italian residents in the United States had taken steps towards raising volunteers for Sardinia as far back as January. To a letter by Mr. Cassali informing the count of this fact, the latter replied that Sardinia was not so much in need of good soldiers and officers as of money; that there was a superabundance of the military element; and that the Italians in America could as effectually serve the Italian cause by remaining here and using their influence in favor of the movement as they could by returning to Italy. . . . A book of eminent Philadelphians is about to be published. The compiler has been engaged for twelve years in making this collection of biographical sketches. . . . The venerable Dr. Cox is writing a series of letters in the American Presbyterian, designed to show that the Apocalyptic battle of "Armageddon" is, in all probability, at hand, in the grand rupture of the peace of Europe now taking effect. . . . An anonymous American writer thus sketches his countrymen: A Yankee is self-denying, self-relying, and ever prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a braggart, dragging, striving, thriving, swopping, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical, and criminal sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth. . . . Have any of our readers an adequate conception of the vast size of the Egyptian pyramids? A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand 1400 feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material in the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century if they were permitted freely to use it. . . . The farewell interview of Baron Kellersberg, the Austrian representative, with Count Cavour, was characterized by perfect courtesy. "I hope, M. Le Baron," said the count, "that we shall see you here again under happier circumstances." . . . Mr. Ten Broeck's Belle ran for the Winstay Handicap of 100 sov-

ereigns at the Chester Spring meeting, May 3. Belle took the lead before starting and won by two lengths. . . . The London Star argues that England, by declaring her neutrality in a struggle, the only avowed object of which is a violation of treaties, confesses that the treaties of Vienna are not worth fighting about, and gives them up altogether. . . . The festival in commemoration of Schiller, which was to have been held at Weimar in the course of this month, is prohibited by authority. When men of the sword have sway, men of the pen must be neglected. . . . Money was spent with a lavish prodigality at the recent elections in Great Britain. The English papers, in reporting the election of a member of Parliament by one vote over his opponent, say that single vote cost \$700. . . . The greatest men in this century have been the chosen friends of Humboldt. Goethe and Schiller were his companions while they lived, and long after they had passed away the greatest among them remained to be the wonder of another generation, and to teach men whose fathers were at school when his name was famous. . . . The English papers report the death of Mrs. Young, a lady of high social position, who died under the excitement produced by receiving the joyful intelligence of the election of her nephew to the House of Commons. . . . Few men have been more lionized in this country than Paul Murphy, and the modesty with which he wears his laurels shows that he is worthy of them. . . . The New York "Spirit of the Times" says Mr. A. T. Stewart, the king of silk merchants, has purchased the Greek Slave. As this "venus" discards crinoline, and the dealers in dry goods are afraid of her setting an unprofitable fashion, Mr. Stewart has made a compromise by clothing the young lady in a "skeleton skirt."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The news from the seat of war is not of that decisive character which we were led to expect at the opening of the campaign. Both parties have met with obstacles which they did not anticipate on entering the field. On reviewing its history thus far, it is evident that Louis Napoleon was only speaking the truth when, some months back, he denied that the French army was on a war footing. The war opened much sooner than the French emperor expected, and found him with his preparations incomplete. It is now certain that the columns which crossed Mount Cenis met with considerable losses from casualties, as last month was a very unpropitious one for crossing the Alps.—Everywhere in Italy the French emperor is prodigiously popular, and his appearance is the signal for the wildest enthusiasm.—Paris is presenting the appearance of a camp, and well it may with its garrison of 200,000 soldiers. The drum and fife are heard in the streets from dawn to sunset.—Count Persigny, the new French minister, is very popular in London.—The attitude of Prussia gives France great uneasiness.—The head quarters of Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon are at Alessandria.—All the Sardinian vessels in Austrian ports have been seized.—Before leaving Paris, Louis Napoleon addressed an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, assuring her that he would commit no act injurious to the interests of Great Britain.—It is rumored that republican emissaries are stirring up the Hungarians to revolt.

Newspaper Reporters.

The only newspaper reporter at the seat of war is the one from the London Times, formerly its Constantinople correspondent, a Hungarian by birth, who commanded a regiment of light cavalry in the Hungarian campaign. Kosuth, sub rosa, is also thought to be engaged as such, and for the same paper. On the part of the French, Louis Napoleon will take with him, to be placed under the charge of Marshal Vaillant, a printing service from the government office, which will furnish the bulletins it is deemed proper to give to the public. Nothing reliable will come from either one of the belligerents. The enterprise of the newspapers, however, is bound to overcome all lies, and give reliable truth to the outside world, while each army will only be enabled to know what their respective dictators choose to state as facts.

The Island of Perim.

The fortifications on the Island of Perim, regarding which so much was lately written in the French journals, turn out to be neither batteries, ravelins, nor counter-scarps, the only erection on the island being, according to Captain Playfair, a lighthouse, which is not yet finished. Perim is situated on the Strait of Babel-Mandel, a mile and a half from the Arabian and eleven miles from the African coast. The formation is purely volcanic, and consists of long, low, and gradually sloping ranges of hills, surrounding an excellent and capacious harbor, about a mile and a half in length, half a mile in breadth, and with a varying depth of from four to six fathoms in the best anchorages.

Financial.

The comparison between England and France in regard to their national debts is thus briefly stated. The amount of the English funded debt is £780,119,722, held by 268,995 persons, being an average of £2900 each; the amount of French debt is £386,083,868, held by 1,008,682 persons, being an average of £384 each. The amount of interest payable on the English debt is £27,411,995, giving an average dividend of £102 to each holder; the amount of the interest on the French debt is £12,435,236, giving an average dividend of £12 to each holder.

An English Bostonian.

William Henry Adams, Esq., of Boston, in this county, says the Lincolnshire Times, the new attorney general for the colony of Hong-Kong, has ascended the social scale to his present position thus: Compositor, reader, reporter, sub-editor, editor and newspaper proprietor, barrister, member of Parliament, colonial attorney general. Here is an example of what a man with moderate abilities and a fair share of industry and energy may accomplish in much-abused aristocratic England.

Discovery in Scotland.

The loch which surrounds the ancient castle of Closeburn, says the Dumfries Courier, is now being drained. The workmen employed in cutting the drains have discovered an ancient canoe embedded about three feet deep in the moss forming the bed of the loch. The canoe is of oak, in an excellent state of preservation, save that on one side a small extent of white wood is decayed. It measures eleven feet in length, is two feet four inches in width within, and twenty inches deep.

French Rations.

The allowance for the keep of French soldiers is six sous for two meals a day. French soldiers in garrison have, every day of their lives, two basins of soup with the strings in it which they call meat, and perhaps a few bits of onions or vegetable, by way of giving a flavor; besides this, each man has 1-2 pounds of coarse bread. When on service they have a little wine; but otherwise, except on grand occasions, such as reviews, they have none, nor any spirits, beer, or coffee.

Austrian Cruelty.

The cruelty of the Austrian rule in Italy is very forcibly displayed in the following extract of a letter from Como: "The son of our townsman Volta (one of the scientific glories of Italy) is a beggar in our streets, his furniture at auction, his father's voltaic apparatus under the hammer, and the municipality reduced by war contributions powerless to avert this disgrace. The Austrian authorities know nothing and care less about electricity or genius."

Queen Victoria.

Many of our lady readers may be glad to know how the royal person of Victoria Geulph, Coburg, Queen of Britain was robed at her latest drawing-room reception. Thus: The queen wore a train of white and blue striped moire antique, trimmed with blonde and blue satin ribbon; a tulle skirt over white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and blue satin ribbon to correspond. Her majesty wore a diadem of opals and diamonds, feathers and veil.

Tardiness of the Austrians.

The Austrians are accused of being slow in their movements, but it should be remembered that they have had great difficulties to contend with. They expected to find the roads destroyed, but they certainly did not expect that it would rain in torrents for several days consecutively. Water has been a valuable ally to the Sardinians and French, for it has saved them from being taken at a disadvantage.

French Head-Dresses.

Wreaths are still most generally worn for evening coiffure. Amongst the newest was one composed of fruit of the tomato tree, the lilies of the valley in gold, a bunch of reeds in gold, and leaves of young vines at the back; another of daisies, with diamond centres, with foliage of heath; and a third of black, red and gold berries.

Encouragement to Explorers.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have distributed upwards of 10,000 copies of the official circulars announcing the new arrangements whereby the finders of ancient remains in gold and silver will be entitled to receive from the exchequer the full intrinsic value on their being delivered up.

A Fatal Catastrophe.

At Ross, Herefordshire, lately, as Mrs. Collins (descendant of John Kyrle, Pope's "Man of Ross") was endeavoring to entice a stag which had escaped from its domain to return to the paddock, the animal furiously rushed upon her and struck her so severely that she soon expired.

The Ex-Queen of the French.

The ex-queen of the French, Marie Amelie, has just completed her seventy-eighth year. The Duke and Duchess d'Aumale gave a déjeuner at Orleans House, Twickenham, to a large family circle, in celebration of the event.

Campana's Museum.

Galignani states that the pontifical government has just purchased the museum of antiquities and sculpture of the Marquis Campana for 5,000,000 francs.

French Troops in Italy.

The French emperor is able and willing, if necessary, to place 370,000 men in the field.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. New York: Deliver & Proctor, successors to Stanford & Swords, 508 Broadway.

This biography, like everything which falls from the pen of its gifted author, is so elegantly written that it would be pleasant to read it only for its style. But it embodies facts and events with which every one—particularly every American—should be familiar, for the cause of liberty owes as much to Oliver Cromwell as to any one of the world's heroes.

IODRASIL, THE TREE OF EXISTENCE. By JAMES CHALLEY. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 170. 1859.

This somewhat singular metaphysical poem abounds with passages of great beauty with vivid and striking images. It is highly suggestive, and deserves to be carefully and thoughtfully read. The author is no novice in the poetic art, being already known to the literary world by his "Cave of Macpelah," and other poems. His book is issued in beautiful style on tinted satin-surfaced paper. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE. FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE. By JOHN B. IRELAND. New York: S. A. Rollo & Co. 8vo. pp. 631. 1859.

In the first place, this volume is published in fine style, and illustrated by nearly a hundred engravings, from the author's own drawings made on the interesting spots he visited. We have spoken of its appearance first, as that naturally first attracts attention. Of the text we could discourse largely had we the space. But it must suffice to say that Mr. Ireland's account of Greece, the Holy Land, India, and other places he visited, are interesting, clear and reliable. He has made no attempt at fine writing, and in that he has done well. He looked on the Eastern world with the eyes of an intelligent American gentleman, travelling for amusement and information, and in recording his experience he has given us a mass of details which render his work invaluable for reference, as well as agreeable and interesting, at a first perusal.

SUFFOLK SURNAMES. By N. L. BOWDITCH. Second edition enlarged. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo. pp. 383. 1859.

One of the most curious books ever issued in this country, and one which perhaps no one but Mr. Bowditch, the renowned conveyancer, could have compiled. The classification of the names alone must have been a Herculean task. It is surprising what a fund of amusement has been laboriously exhumed from dusty records and title-deeds. The dedication is worthy of Hood: "To the memory of A. Shurt, the 'Father of American Conveyancing,' whose name is associated alike with my daily toilet and my daily occupation."

THE POCKET SCHOOLMASTER. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

If every man had this little treatise in his pocket, our ears would be no longer shocked with the solecisms and errors of speaking and writing that constantly annoy us.

NEW MUSIC.—From Russell & Tolman, 291 Washington Street, we have received Airm from Flotow's "Martha," arranged for the piano; "Minnie True," "All Together Again," "Church within the Wood," "Lightly and Gaily," the "Merry Mountain Maid," songs, and the following compositions for the piano: Schubert's "Ave Maria," "La Kienze," "Rosalie Grand March," "On the Sea Shore."

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN. Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet by HENRY J. MACDONALD. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 318. 1859.

An excellent version of a story which met with the greatest success in Paris in its present form, and which, adapted to the stage, has had a prodigious run in the French theatres. It is worthy of the fame it has attained. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE VAGABOND. By ADAM BEDRAN. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 368. 1859.

A series of essays on American character, American art, and American society, the production of a scholar, thinker, and man of the world, written with great vivacity, and exhibiting marked originality. That we differ from the author in his verdict on some of the men he paints and criticizes, does not impair our admiration of his genius. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAMLEN. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 625. 1859.

Few more vigorous, original and sparkling stories than that before us have been issued from the press on either side of the Atlantic. It contains a perfect portrait gallery of characters vividly painted, with a sufficiency of plot and incident to satisfy the most sensation-loving novel reader. The book is a triumphant success.

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS. By Mrs. JAMISON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 352. 1859. ("Blue and Gold" edition.)

To the many who love to talk about art, and yet are unfamiliar with the histories of the great masters whose names they use, this work will come in the guise of a pleasant monitor, while all who value chaste writing, fine criticism, and deep feeling and reverence for art, will welcome it as a companion. It is the handsomest edition yet issued of a truly valuable book.

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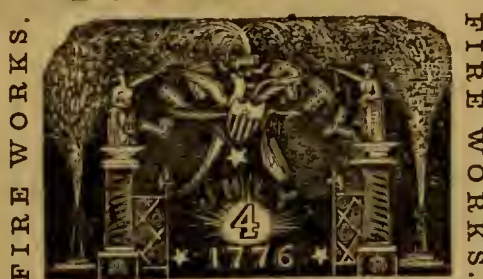
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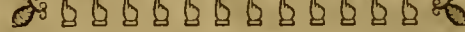
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THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

[See page 231.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

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MARSHAL VAILLANT,

MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

We publish on this page a full length portrait of Marshal Vaillant, late French minister of war, and now major-general of the army of Italy, from the pencil of Horace Vernet, the celebrated painter of soldiers and of battles. Marshal Vaillant was born at Dijon, December 6, 1790, and is consequently now nearly seventy years of age. Educated at the Polytechnic School, he passed thence into the Practical School (*école d'application*) at Metz, and entered upon his military career during the closing scenes of the first French empire. He was lieutenant of the battalion of sappers at Dantzic, and was promoted to a captaincy. In the Russian campaign of 1812 he was mentioned, in consequence of his gallant conduct, in the orders of the day. Taken prisoner in the war of 1813, he was not liberated till 1815. He hastened to France, to the defence of Paris, and was present at the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. Under the Restoration he employed his leisure in translating an "Essay on the principles and construction of military bridges," from the English. Nominated "chief of battalion" in 1826, he went in that capacity on the expedition to Algiers in 1830. He was entrusted with the siege operations of Fort Emperor, and made lieutenant-colonel as a reward for his services. In 1832 he took part in the siege of Antwerp. Promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1833, he returned to Algeria, where his information made him very useful in the construction of defensive works in the French colony. Vaillant was made brigadier-general in 1838, and, in the following year, entrusted with the command of the Polytechnic School. In 1840 he directed the works of the fortification of Paris on the right bank. In 1845 he was rewarded for this service by the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1849 he was entrusted with the operations at the siege of Rome, and it is claimed for him that his science prevented the storming and sacking of the city. In 1851 he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France. Since then he received the title of count, and was made marshal of the palace. In 1854 he succeeded Marshal Saint Arnaud in the functions of minister of war. Marshal Vaillant, as a reward for his services, was, in 1853, appointed a free member of the Academy of Sciences. Though an aged man, yet, like the veteran war-horse, the blast of the trumpet has revived his military ardor, and there are few French generals in the field whose services are likely to prove more valuable. Marshal Randon, who succeeds Vaillant as minister of war, was born at Grenoble in 1795. Under the empire he made the campaign of Russia, Saxony and France. In 1813 he was made lieutenant and then captain during the same month. He was present and wounded at the battle of Lutzen. The restored Bourbons neglected him, but under Louis Philippe, who made it his policy to favor the soldiers of Napoleon, was promoted to the command of the 13th Chasseurs, and colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique in 1838. He was a good deal under fire in Algeria. He was made brigadier-general in 1841, and division-general in 1847. In 1848 he was appointed to the command of the 3d military division. In 1850 he was appointed minister of war, but his administration was of short duration. He was indemnified by the governor-generalship of Algeria, which he held till 1858, a period at which the functions of the governor were diminished, and transformed into a superior command of the military and naval forces, without any participation in the civil affairs of the colony.

A notice of some of the other French generals occupying important positions, and whose names will frequently occur in the history of the present war, will not be out of place in this connection. Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, commandant of the army of observation at Nancy, was born at Maromme (Seine-Inferieure) Nov. 6, 1794. Educated at La Fleche and St. Cyr, he graduated from the latter school with the rank of sub-lieutenant of the artillery of the Royal Guard in 1815. The services and promotions of the marshal are as follows: 1820, lieutenant of the 35th of the line; 1823, the Spanish campaign; 1828, captain; campaign of the Morea;

1830, chief of squadron, campaign of Africa. In 1832 he was employed at the war depot, and from 1834 to 1837 at Paris. In 1839 he went to Algeria and served at the battle of Isly. Camp marshal in 1846, division-general in 1851, he was temporarily entrusted with the government of Algeria, and by his firm attitude and vigorous measures, caused the revolution of December 2d, to be accepted by the African colony. Designated in 1855 to take command of the army of the East, in place of General Canrobert, he had the honor of bringing the campaign of the Crimea to a fortunate issue.

Marshal de Castellane, now commanding the army of Lyon, was born in Paris in 1788, and is now in his 71st year. An active and fiery temperament made the profession of arms his choice. He entered the army as a private, and successively went through all the grades of the military hierarchy. In 1806 he was sub-lieutenant of the 24th dragoons, and made the campaign of Italy. In 1808 he was made lieutenant in the Spanish campaign. In 1809 he was sent to Germany and received the decoration for his gallantry at Wagram. A captain in 1810, he was attached to the Russian expedition as aide-de-camp to Count

Lobau. He was made *chef d'escadron* at Moscow. In 1813 he received the command of the Guard of Honor, with the rank of colonel. He supported the Restoration. In 1822 he obtained command of the regiment of huzzars of the Royal Guards, and served in the war with Spain in 1823. He was present at the siege of Antwerp in 1831, as brigadier-general. Appointed lieutenant-general in the following year, he received the command of the army of the Pyrenees. Elevated to the peerage in 1837, he served some time with the army in Africa. In 1848 he suppressed the revolutionary movement at Rouen, and was appointed, in 1851, commandant of Lyon and Senator. In 1852 he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France.

Marshal Baraguey d'Hilliers, commanding the first corps of the army of the Alps, was educated at a military school. He was sub-lieutenant of the horse chasseurs in 1813, and had his left hand shot away in the battle of Leipsic. A captain in 1815, he entered the service of the restored Bourbons. He served in Algeria in the rank of colonel. He was promoted from step to step, and is an especial favorite with Louis Napoleon. He was made marshal in 1855.

General McMahon, commanding the 2d corps, was born at Autun in 1807. He graduated at the School of St. Cyr in 1825, and his first service was in Algeria. He served in the Belgian campaign in 1832 as aid-de-camp to General Achard. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1833. In 1837 he was engaged in the expedition against Constantine, distinguished himself by a brilliant act at the siege of this place, and was appointed chief of battalion soon afterwards; colonel in 1845, brigadier-general in 1848, and lieutenant-general in 1852. The Crimean campaign displayed the eminent good qualities of this general. It will be remembered that it was owing to his rare energy and intrepidity that the formidable fortifications of the Malakoff tower were carried. General McMahon cannot fail to distinguish himself in the important command with which he has been invested.

Marshal Canrobert, commanding the third corps, is a native of Brittany. He was admitted to the School of St. Cyr in 1823, and since then has seen constant service in Algeria, where he won his colonel's epaulettes. In 1849, the brilliant affair of the taking of Zaatcha, attracted attention to the young officer. Napoleon, then president of the republic, noticed his eminent military qualities, and made it a point to attach him to his fortunes. In 1850 he made him brigadier-general, and division-general in 1853. In the Crimean war he was entrusted with the command of a corps of the army, and on the death of Marshal St. Arnaud, took the chief command. It is well known what difficulties compelled him to abandon that position, but though superseded, he took command of a division and fought gallantly. In 1856 he was made a Marshal of France.

Division-General Niel, the emperor's aide-de-camp, and commander of the fourth corps of the army of Italy, was born in 1802. Educated at the Polytechnic School and the Practical School of Metz, he entered the engineer corps. A lieutenant in 1827, and captain in 1831, he repaired to Algeria, and assisted in the siege of Constantine. He was made colonel in 1846. In the expedition to Rome in 1849, he was entrusted with the duties of chief of the staff of engineers, and was made brigadier-general for the services he rendered during the siege. In 1853 he was appointed to the rank of general of division. General Niel was engaged in the Baltic expedition, and directed operations at the siege of the citadel of Bomarsund. On his return he was appointed aide-de-camp to the emperor, and designated for the command-in-chief of the engineer corps of the army of the East before Sebastopol, and discharged his duties with as much brilliancy as honor. It will be seen from these rapid sketches, that the emperor of France has the ablest officers with the army of Italy. That army also comprises hundreds of young officers, burning for distinction, and, in the course of the campaign, many new names will doubtless issue from the smoke and carnage of battle, to take their places on the scroll of history. But those we have noticed holding high commands, will be prominently before the public eye, and the outline of their career deserves to be recorded and preserved for reference. We are entering on the opening of a new era, and possibly it may be as densely crowded with important events as that comprised between the opening of the present century and the year 1815. The unsettled accounts of the latter year have been carried forward and must now be balanced. The present war, like that of the Crimea, will show, as its opening actions, indeed, have already shown, the superior effectiveness of the French officers and army to all other military organizations in Europe. The French are eminently a military people, and have been since the days of those Gauls whom it was the proudest triumph of the Roman Caesar to subdue. Nothing evinces the spirit of the people more conclusively than the fact that within a few days they subscribed five times the amount which Louis Napoleon called for, for carrying on the war, and that the volunteers have poured in to the recruiting stations in unexpected numbers. The French have kept pace in military science with all the advances of science in other departments.



MARSHAL VAILLANT, MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROSE BURNIE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

ROSE BURNIE had been born and bred in poverty; and though care and toil and sorrow had been her portion in life, she was never heard to utter a complaint, and those who knew her best spoke of her as the "blithest lassie in a' Scotland."

But if worldly gear had been denied the little mountain maiden, Nature did not withhold the boon of beauty, that rarest and most-prized of her gifts. But Nature did still more for this neglected child of poverty, and though she had ever associated with the unpolished and unlearned, she was a lady—a lady in the true sense of the word—possessing a refinement and elevation of mind which no education can bestow. Lovely was she as attired in her simple Highland garb, and leading her flock to the green pastures, she tripped at early morn over the dewy heather, the gay mountain breeze sweeping back the "liat-white locks" from her snowy brow.

"I never saw so heavenly a face," thought Laird Donald Dhu, reining in his steed on the narrow mountain pass. Rose approached, her beautiful countenance half-shaded by her torn hat, while a flitting blush revealed her consciousness of the admiration which she had awakened in the heart of one whom she deemed so far, far above her.

All day long Rose herded her sheep on the sunny hill-slope, dreaming sweeter dreams than ever her imagination had indulged in before. The echoing glens repeated the tender songs that gushed at happy intervals from her lips, making her oblivious to the thought that she was "a weary slave frae sun to sun." But when she glanced athwart the blue distance, and beheld far away on the brow of a hill the white towers of Castle Dhu rising proudly above the tree-tops, the song was hushed. Then involuntarily gazing down into the silent valley below, she marked the white-washed walls of a little cot peeping out amid the fragrant shelter of birch trees. Turning away with half a sigh, her eyes rested again on the stately castle, and for the first time the serpent discontent found entrance into her heart, and left its sinuous trail in that garden of peace.

When Rose returned in the evening, she started to see outside the garden gate a gray charger pawing the ground with an impatient hoof. With a thrill of expectancy she met the laird issuing from the cottage. He was engaged in conversation with her father, who held his bonnet in his hand as a mark of respect to his visitor. Her cheeks wore a brighter tint than usual when she encountered the laird's eye beat upon her with an expression of much interest.

"This is your daughter, John, of whom you are so justly proud," he said. "Her name is Rose, you tell me. She is indeed the queen of roses," he added half-awidly.

"Thanks, laird," returned the grateful father, no less proud of the praise bestowed by the laird on his lovely daughter, than grateful for his kind and affable manners. "The bonniest flower may hae its thorn, but my ain sweet bairn is as gude as she is braw. Sixteen summers hae shed their glory and fled awa' sin God gave her to us, and in a' that time she has been the light o' our een. Ye need na blush, lassie, to hear praise which ye sae weel deserve; the laird is none o' those who scorn the helpless poor. This very evening he has promised a renewal o' the lease o' our little farm. And mair than that; we hae now na need o' going to Ayrshire with our eggs and butter, we can dispose o' them nearer hame. Ye are to carry them to the castle."

Tears of gratitude suffused Rose's eyes, as she lifted them to the face of the laird, and in tones the sweetest he had ever heard, said:

"May Heaven bless you, laird, for lightening the load of those who have known munny a weary day of toil and want!"

The Laird of Dhu turned aside, seemingly engaged in admiring the flower knot at his feet. But as if seeking for an excuse to delay, he smilingly said:

"You have made a paradise to smile in the midst of a wilderness, my pretty little Rose. Your garden is a marvel of taste. What have we here clustering in sweet sisterhood? Carnations, wild roses, violets—ay, even tulips and anemones!"

He turned inquiringly to Rose, who stood beside him. Simple and unaffected, she had lost

that air of reserve which she had worn at first, and with winning artlessness replied:

"Many of these flowers were planted here by the angels, I suppose; others, such as the anemones were given to me by a lady in Ayrshire."

"An angel it was who laid out these neatly gravelled walks," he said, "bordered with the fragrant clover sprinkled with blue-bells. What angel hand fashioned this fairy-like bower into so exquisite a retreat, and deftly twined this sweet-scented eglantine around porch and lattice?"

He paused as if for a reply, while a sweet smile wreathed the lips of the innocent girl—the reflex of the undefined joy that filled her heart.

"I am inclined to think that the presiding goddess of this little Eden is known by the sweet name of Rose."

Suddenly checking himself, he turned to John Burnie and expressed his pleasure at the thrift and neatness visible around the little farm; adding that as he had now returned to the home of his fathers, after a long absence, he trusted that the old tenantry would remember that they would always be welcome at the castle. Having mounted his horse, he bowed a farewell and rode away.

Rose followed with her eyes the vanishing form of the rider, until it was lost in the glimmering distance, then turning away with a vague yearning "for something better than she had known," she followed her father into the cot, where her toil-worn mother had their frugal meal prepared. Before the little family partook of their simple supper of oat-cakes and milk, John lifted up his hands to Heaven, and with patriarchal reverence asked a blessing, while the saintly faces of the mother and child were turned towards him in silent communion of spirits.

All that happy night, as the moon shed its pale effulgence through the lattice, encircling with a holy light the sleeping Rose, the visions that imparadised dream-land far transcended the enchantment of her day dreams—dreams which, enlivening the gloom of the present, flung a radiance over the dim horizon of the future.

Rest, happy maiden! Like thee millions have revelled daytime and nighttime in those beautiful delusions of fancy—wandering on the Elysian shores of Old Dreamland with the beloved of their hearts, they dwelt in a world of light all their own. Soon, too, they awoke, to find themselves alone and in utter darkness. Then—O mighty sorrow that cleaved to the heart until it finds rest in the grave!—they felt that they should never more behold the glory which had made their lives akin to the blessed.

The dawn of the morning found Rose employed in and around the cottage, ere she drove her flock to browse on the mountains, thus lightening the day's weary labor for her beloved mother. Vain would have been the struggles of the poor, feeble parents against the troubles that assailed them, but for the little hands that toiled unremittently for them. Of late years John Burnie had lost the strength which had once characterized him. Though he had seen but fifty winters, he was broken down unretreivingly, from long battling with adversity. But better days were dawning on them; for they had found a friend in the Laird of Dhu. Through his noble generosity many needed comforts were bestowed on the happy little family; the scanty farm-stock was increased, John no longer worked unaided in the fields, and Rose seldom experienced the hardship of herding her flock on the mountains. Instead, she carried the lighter produce of the farm to the castle, where she at once became a favorite with the housekeeper, "Good Dame Margaret" as she was called.

It was wonderful how often accident caused the laird to meet the sweet girl, as with his dogs and gun he wandered out in pursuit of his chief amusement. At such times he would stay to inquire for her parents, or to ask how the crops prospered; but these simple inquiries ever led to a delightful converse, and when left alone he felt his sweetest pleasure had departed. Resting listlessly upon his gun, he would gaze upon the beautiful scenes that surrounded him, while his heart sang with the poet,

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air."

Frequently now might the laird's horse be seen cropping the verdurous clover at the garden-gate of John Burnie's humble cot. The laird himself lingered inside; while the lovely Rose sat at her spinning-wheel, knowing not that her pres-

ence was the shining light that attracted him hither, and happy, she knew not why, she sang to him the exquisite melodies of her country.

The rare beauty of the flower of Dunivor captivated his heart from the first moment he had beheld her; but her simplicity and innocence charmed him still more. Donald Dhu, now in his thirtieth year, had passed that romantic period when every pretty face leaves an impression on the susceptible heart, to be quickly effaced and soon forgotten. More than once he had worshipped at the shrine of beauty, where wealth and distinction offered a snitable alliance; but his soul was unsatisfied with the transient attractions of mere physical loveliness. Weary of the glitter and hollowness of fashionable life, he left London to find among the wild solitudes of his native mountains his heart cherished ideal of womanly perfection.

One golden afternoon in midsummer Rose sat knitting in the porch. She was alone, her parents having gone to the Manse to visit their honored minister, who had been ill for some time past. Lifting her eyes, she beheld the laird leaning over the hedge and regarding her with deep and tender earnestness. For the first time she rightly interpreted his kind attentions, which in her diffidence she had hitherto received as the expression of the benevolent feeling of him whom they regarded as a benefactor. With downcast eyes and glowing cheeks she rose to meet him, for with the rapturous hopes that thrilled her heart came the knowledge of her own undying love.

To the laird's request that she would continue the sweet song which his presence had interrupted, she complied in a voice tremulous with emotion.

It was under the blessed influence of love that Donald Dhu strove to crush in its power the pride that enslaved him. He closed his ears to its maddening whispers, "of the taunts of society, the indignation and resentment of his haughty family if he tarnished the honor of a long line of noble ancestry by an union with a peasant girl."

The tones of the singer died away in a low gush of melody. Starting from his seat on the rustic bench beside her, he stood before the trembling maiden, who could have sunk at his feet as he exclaimed:

"Rose, my own beloved one—"

The fate of more than two hung on that moment when Allen Grey, a thrifty farmer in the neighborhood, approaching unperceived, stood beside them; not, however, until the words were breathed that echoed evermore like angel-music through Rose's soul.

With a slight salutation to the newcome visitor, the laird turned abruptly away, and the next minute Rose was listening to the trampling of his horse's feet until the sound was lost in the distance.

"Ye dinna seem like yoursel' to-day, Rose. Twice have I asked ye the same question without receiving an answer."

Suddenly recollecting the farmer's presence, she blushed as she informed him whither her parents had gone.

"Weel," said he, seating himself in the place vacated by the Laird of Dhu, "if ye have no objection to an auld neebor spending a canny hour with ye, I'll stay here until they return frae the Manse."

Rose assented with a faint smile, and it was with a feeling of relief that shortly afterwards she saw her parents approaching.

As soon as her father and his old schoolmate were chatting merrily over their pipes at the ingle side, she stole out into the silence of evening—for solitude has peculiar charms for a hopeful, loving heart. She had seen the last flame of day fading into gloom on the shadowy hills, and she still lingered in the garden, which his praises had made an Eden in her sight. Blessing the close of that happiest day of her life, joy and sadness were blended sunshine and shadow in her soul. Undazzled by thoughts of her own elevation, if she became the wife of the Laird of Dhu, their wide difference of rank was a painful reflection to her sensitive nature.

"O, if he were only a shepherd!" she would sigh, "then I might love him without fear."

Yet words could not express her deep joy at the blessed thought that she was beloved by him who alone could ever possess her heart. Love had waked a new life in her soul, and the heavenly light that illuminated her spirit shed its glory on all around her.

The morning was far advanced. Rose, who

was assisting her mother in the cottage, paused as her listening ear caught the sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk outside. She thought only of the laird, and turned away to hide the modest glow that burned on her cheeks, while her heart leaped forth to meet her beloved.

"Dame Margaret!" she exclaimed in surprise, as the housekeeper entered, her eyes red from weeping.

To the anxious inquiries of Mrs. Burnie and Rose as to the cause of her apparent distress, she informed them that the laird was then on his way to London, having received intelligence the previous evening of the dangerous illness of his only brother.

"Waes my heart," sobbed the dame. "As I lay awake last night, lanely and sad, and thinking o' the laird and poor, dear Master Robert, and the love they hae for ane anither, what think ye I heard in the dead hour o' the night? The death-watch!"

A gasping sigh broke from the unhappy girl.

"Rose, my bairn!" cried her mother in alarm, "what makes ye look sae? Ye are as white as a ghaist!"

"I'm better now, mother—a sudden pain," she returned, in a low, trembling voice.

"But yere cheek is as cauld as a snaw-flake," said the housekeeper, as she kissed her favorite. "Ye must nae wark sae hard, Rose; sae tender a flower would soon droop frae two muckle toil."

When Dame Margaret took her leave, Rose went as usual about her household duties, while the light of joy flickered and went out, and the darkness deepened within and about her. Hiding all her grief away, her mother only perceived a certain wildness in her looks, which she also attributed to fatigue, while she gently chided her darling for "toiling sae hard."

Poor Rose! she felt that the gulf of separation, which every moment was widening between them, would never again be crossed by either. All that night no balmy sleep visited her weary eyelids—no blessed dream allured her heart from dwelling on its sorrow.

"O, Donald Dhu, you are lost to me forever!" she groaned.

The next moment, starting wildly up, she opened her arms towards heaven as if for help in her passion, then sinking back upon her pillow, she implored her Maker's forgiveness for the idol-worship she paid to one of his creatures. Humbly did she supplicate for the divine grace of submission. After that she became very calm, and the holy peace that shone on her countenance was beautiful to behold.

But unforeseen troubles were gathering around the little circle at the fireside. An unusually severe season had destroyed nearly every crop in the district. A blight appeared among the cattle at the same time, as if to add to the calamity. Among all the farmers there was not a greater sufferer than John Burnie. Once more did poverty knock at their door, and lay its heavy burden upon them, while its black shadow darkened their hearth-stone. Before the winter was over the poor wife was prostrated by a wasting illness, and their last penny went to pay the surgeon and purchase medicine. John Burnie would have sunk under the hardships and trials which God had imposed upon him, but for the example of his child. Day and night did she toil for them; and burying her own secret sorrow, she appeared cheerful and even gay in the presence of her idolized parents.

The spring-time returned. Rose felt its blessed influence, as she beheld every hill and every valley shining in their vernal robes; her heart sympathized with the awakening of nature, and her pale cheeks caught bloom again from the inspiring mountain breezes.

How those soft, sunny days recalled the vanished hours she had spent with the Laird of Dhu. All she knew of him since his departure was, that on the death of his brother he had gone on the Continent—"to wean his heart frae its wae," said Dame Margaret. One serene afternoon in April Rose called on the housekeeper. She had not seen her for several weeks; and with smiling cheerfulness the good woman informed her that the laird was expected home early in the summer.

Rose asked not her heart why it thrilled with delight at this news, while she gathered happiness from that far-off day when she would again meet her beloved. With the light step of other days she tripped over the fresh, fragrant turf, unconsciously singing with the birds, as immortal hope colored the whole universe with its

heavenly hues. Through the budding boughs of the birch and ash trees she saw the thin white smoke rising from her cottage home, and hastened home to have the evening meal prepared before her father arrived. She knew how weary he would be on his return from the mountains, whither he had gone in search of a strayed sheep, the only remaining one of his flock.

Turning into the grassy pathway that wound round the hill, she suddenly encountered a number of peasants bearing a litter, on which was extended the motionless form of a man. "Some poor shepherd has fallen over the cliff," thought Rose, as she awaited in tender compassion the approach of the silent little band. They were descending the hill in an opposite direction, and as they emerged from the broom and bushes, she recognized many a familiar face.

"It must be one of our neighbors!" she exclaimed aloud. "Heaven help his poor wife and bairns!"

At this moment she was perceived. The litter was laid down, and one of the number, a tall, hale-looking old man, came towards her, but with quivering lips and trembling steps.

"Allen Grey, O who is hurt?" she asked. But noticing his extreme agitation, his inability to reply, in deep, compassionate tones she exclaimed, "Heaven forbid that the poor man is dead!"

"Rose," he returned in a broken voice, "Rose, my bairn, ye hae always look to Heaven in trouble—"

"Great God, it is my father!" she gasped, instinctively gathering the fatal truth from the pallid face before her. She rushed forward, the men who surrounded the litter opening a way for her with one accord. The next moment she was bending over it, looking with fixed eyes upon the blood-stained features of her parent.

"Father! O no, it cannot be! Father, my own darling father, answer your child! O, my God, my God!"

The thrilling cry had died away, and her insensible form lay across the litter. Why linger over the sad days that followed? He who does all things for the best, willed that life should remain to John Burnie. It was unaccountable to the poor man himself how he had fallen over the precipice, receiving injuries which rendered him helpless the rest of his days. Hard were the trials which Rose experienced now, and though she toiled early and late, she did not earn half enough to supply their simple wants. Allen Grey came forward and saved them from a fate which they dreaded was fast approaching them, and to which death was preferable—support from the parish. Bitter necessity compelled John Burnie to dispose of the lease of the little homestead, which had sheltered his father and grandfather before him. The poor houseless ones had now nowhere to lay their heads; but Allen Grey threw open his hospitable doors to them, and beneath his roof they found rest from life's pitiless storms. But a few weeks had passed, when Allen Grey asked Rose to become his wife—telling her that he had loved her long, and that fear of a refusal, which would "kill him," he said, had kept him silent.

Startled, overpowered, deeply pained at this disclosure, the broken-hearted girl could only lift her hands to Heaven and bless him for his goodness to her parents and herself, while she simply told him that she could never love him. But the old man returned, "that she would crown him with joy if she gave him her hand, regarding him with the affection a daughter would feel for a fond father."

Rose looked at her helpless parents; entreatingly they turned their eyes upon her, while their silence pleaded more than words. They had not sought to influence their child, when recently she had received some of the "best offers" in Dunivon, which was the marvel of all the young maidens in the village. Now want veiled their eyes to the unsuitableness of the union of their child with a man of nearly sixty; and when, with an expression of agony flitting across her face, she asked for time to consider, they replied that she ought not to keep their kind friend and benefactor in suspense. With a gasping sob she asked for three days.

Three days! three days!—what sorrow and joy, what hope and despair, what death and life cross the threshold of existence in that brief span. Rose had asked for that short delay, for she had a presentiment that before many hours news would come to her of the laird, that would affect her destiny. It came with the dawn of another day, and with it brought her doom!

Dame Margaret herself, all excitement and delight, came over to the cottage to communicate the glad tidings. A number of workmen had come all the way from London to put the castle in complete repair, and furniture and hangings for the drawing-rooms were to arrive from Paris. "Between ourselves," continued the housekeeper, "as soon as the year's mourning is over for Master Robert, the laird is to come home with a braw young bride, a great lady with muckle gear."

While Dame Margaret was still speaking, Rose passed out unperceived. The bright, warm sunshine streamed down upon her uncovered head, as she fled through the garden, crushing the fair young roses under her feet. She knew not whither she was going, she only wished to be alone where none could witness her suffering; but nature had been too severely tried, and when she reached the gate, she uttered a low cry of despair and fell down insensible. There she was found soon after by Dame Margaret.

When the wretched girl recovered, she started wildly up with a fixed, bewildered gaze, but as one by one she recognized each fond face bending over her, rushing swept over her mind the memory of her great sorrow. Without a word she sank back upon the pillow, closing her eyes to her mother's loving gaze.

"Rose, my sweet bairn, ye must turn and sleep a little," said her anxious parent, "ye look very faint, a gude rest will make ye weel again."

"O that I could go to sleep!" sighed the sufferer; and those who moved noiselessly away from the bedside knew not that the sleep she longed for was that which knows no waking.

In a little while she was left alone. Then did she reproach herself for having believed that she was loved by the Laird of Dhu—for having gone on from day to day feeding hope with the memory of those treasured words—"Rose, my own beloved one,"—words which had proved so fatal to her peace. "How could he love one like me?" she sighed—"I, a poor, ignorant peasant girl—he so great, so learned, so noble."

"She loved as woman ever loves—
And deemed him far above her."

For dreary hours she lay there cold and still and motionless. At intervals her mother would enter the room, and thinking that her darling still slept, she would steal softly out again. The evening wore on. Suddenly the merry laughter of children at play was borne to her ear by the merciful breeze that blew in at the open casement. Softly, sweetly, soothingly, the blessed sounds drifted down into her lacerated heart, and dropt like sunshine on the frozen fountain of her tears. Then as she listened, unconsciously folding her hands upon her bosom, she wept.

"I have deserved thy chastening rod!" she cried. "I reared an altar in my heart, placed an image there and knelt to it day and night—now the idol is cast down and broken, the altar a ruin. Father, forgive me, for I have sinned!"

She rose up on the morrow with the resolve in her heart to immolate herself for her parents' sake, and for his who left his happiness at her disposal. With a "great calm" in her soul she knelt beside her aged lover, and with an expression of innocence and truth resting like a "halo of sanctity" on her upturned face, she told him that she was unworthy of him. Then bowing her head, while a burning flush flitted over her sad countenance, she said:

"I once loved another—dearly. He is nothing to me now. It is not love that I can give you—that was lost on him—but gratitude, reverence, undying affection."

"My poor, poor bairn!" he exclaimed with emotion, laying his hand tenderly on her bowed head, and then pressing that dear head to his heart. "Here shall ye find rest frae this world's cauld sorrows."

He knew not, nor asked not who that "other" was, but, with deep feeling and a look of inexpressible delight, he led her to her parents. Folded to their hearts, she received their blessing.

"Our bairn asked for three days to think o' our gude Allen's proposal," said John Burnie, turning to his wife, "we little thought that at the end o' that time she wad be his bride."

It was the wish of all that there should be no delay to the marriage, and the following day was appointed for their union. The next day was the Sabbath. Rose answered the toll of the bell that echoed over the hills, and placing her hand in Allen Grey's, they set forth—he with the look of one who is about possessing a long-sought treasure—she with a tranquillity over her which had the semblance of resignation. The glory of summer was all around them, the melody of na-

ture filled the air, and their way led through a wilderness of flowers that bent beneath their burden of pearly dewdrops. Pitying eyes followed the young bride as her husband led her from the altar, and as whispered words of dissatisfaction went round, more than one lip repeated the oft-quoted comparison of May and December.

The summer passed on. Very pale and calm was the sweet face of the young wife as she went about her household duties; and when unconsciously her old unhappy feeling would steal upon her, then her only refuge was in prayer. But a few weeks went by when she observed a change coming over her husband, his health was evidently declining, while he grew sad and silent in her presence. One day he was too feeble to leave his room, and with tears she implored him to send to Dunivon for a physician.

"Speak na mair about it, Rose," said he, "the tender care o' my sweet wife is a' that I desire."

Rose now seldom went beyond the boundaries of the farm; and Dame Margaret being on a visit to her friends in Ayrshire, she rarely heard any news from the castle. Before long, however, there were rumors afloat of the marriage of the laird to the daughter of an English nobleman.

One still afternoon in autumn, Rose happy at seeing her husband's health improving under her kind nursing, wrapped her plaid about her, and obeying an irresistible impulse, she bent her steps towards the green pastures where she had herded her flock in by-gone days. She paused involuntarily when she found herself on the spot where she had first met the Laird of Dhu, and as her eyes wandered over the scene, she beheld afar the white towers of his ancestral halls rising up against the translucent atmosphere. Agitating memories swept over her shrinking soul, bringing with them the recollection that one year ago that day she had last beheld him—and when he called her his "beloved one," Allen Grey, like the messenger of fate, came between them forever. A sudden faintness came over her, and she sank down on the damp turf at the foot of an ancient ash tree.

"I thought that I had cast this love aside!" she cried in accents of despair. "God help me! God help me!"

Bowing her head and closing her eyes, she waited to have the storm pass over her soul—after that she knew there would come a calm. She sat there long, the sad wind moaning through the trees, and the sere autumn leaves drifting down from the yellow boughs of the grand old tree, and covering her as with a shroud.

At length she rose up, and with faltering steps sought her home. As she was entering the cottage she was met by the village surgeon who had come forward to meet her. Taking her hand he led her aside from the door, while he addressed her in an agitated manner, which he vainly endeavored to control—"sudden death" was all that came to her ears, and breaking from him she rushed into the cottage. There in the chair where she had so lately left him, she beheld all that was mortal of her husband. He had just breathed his last. Regardless of all present, she fell on her knees before the dead, and with remorse and sorrow welling up in her heart, she cried:

"I have killed him with my coldness! Often have I seen him turn upon me a look of yearning love, which I could not return—then his half-stifled sighs would come home to my heart, while I answered his devotion with forced affection. Allen, you are now in heaven, and you know how I have struggled against the wild, sinful love that came between us. O, sainted spirit of my husband, behold my repentance!" Falling back overcome, she was borne from the room.

Before many days Allen Grey slept in the kirkyard at Dunivon. After that Rose glided through the house like a shadow; even in the presence of her parents she was silent and abstracted. Six dreary weeks had passed away. The day had been unusually fine for the season, and Rose, attracted by the beauty of the sunset, wandered through the garden, her spirit soothed by the serenity and loveliness of the evening. She lingered long beneath the gloaming, and at length, when about returning to the cottage, her steps were arrested by hearing her name pronounced. At that voice she turned and beheld the Laird of Dhu hastening towards her. The thrill of joy unspeakable that shot through her heart, instantly gave place to feelings of intolerable anguish. Her next impulse was to flee from his presence, but some irresistible influence deprived her of the power to move.

"Rose!" he exclaimed reproachfully, "is this

the welcome you have for me after our long separation?"

Rose was deadly pale, her eyes were turned away, her lips trembled, but she continued silent.

"I respect your sorrow," he resumed, glancing at her mourning garb, "but I know the holy, filial love that prompted you to sacrifice yourself—" He paused, and after a few moments he continued in a voice of blended tenderness and emotion, "The sudden illness of my brother compelled me to leave you—his loss kept me still longer away. This was a self-imposed penance, for in those sorrowing days I would not allow myself the delight of being near you. Need I say your image never forsook me? Regardless of the importunities of my friends to form a union with a lady whose wealth and rank had no charms for me, I was on the point of leaving London when I learned by accident of your marriage. I am here now to ask you to become my wife, my life's sweet companion. Rose, my own beloved one!"

As her soul answered that call which had echoed through its secret chambers for weary months, her eyes turned upon him with a look that spoke volumes, then suddenly, with a cry of intense joy, she fled to him to be caught weeping to his heart.

"Rose, Rose, my bairn! ye should na hae wandered away frae hame in this manner. How foolish o' my little wife to fa' asleep in the open air. Ye look like ane o' the babes in the wood covered over with leaves."

Thus aroused, the sleeper started up and looked hastily and inquiringly around. The beatific smile that lingered on her face vanished; the spell was broken as she gazed with a bewildered look on her husband.

"It was all a dream!" she murmured, leaning for support against the giant tree beneath whose shade, in the magic realms of dreamland, she no longer bore the cross, while her brow was encircled with the crown of glory.

"Look, Rose!" he cried, pointing in the direction of Castle Dhu. "Ye are no asleep yet! See the bonfires blazing on a' the hill. The laird with his beautiful bride will be hame again in his auld castle a half an hour after the sun goes down, and it is now sinking behind the hills. When some o' the neighbors came in this afternoon and told the news, and asked me to join in the great doings at the village, though I could na do that, I felt sae weel that I came in search o' my bonnie bird."

At this moment a glad shout rose up from the valley, which was prolonged by a thousand echoes. Exclaiming that the laird was coming, Allen hastened his trembling companion forward, observing not, in the excitement of the moment, the death-like paleness of her countenance. They had scarcely reached the road that led to the castle when the carriage appeared in view, drawn by a band of young men, sons of the tenantry. A numerous retinue of the villagers followed in the rear. The departing sun shed a rosy light over the scene, and every regal hill was crowned with splendor. At the request of the laird the carriage was stopped, as he wished his beautiful bride to view the scene from a favorable point of view. But she was alike insensible to the varied and enchanting scenery, and the charms of his eloquence. With an inclination of her stately head she signified her wish that the carriage should go on.

"Dearest Elizabeth," he said in a tone of much feeling, "see, that young girl has fainted away in the arms of the old man, who seems unable to support her. We may be able to render them some assistance—"

"She is only a common peasant, they are enough here to attend to her," she returned coldly, casting an indifferent look at the insensible Rose, whose face was turned from them. "You know, Donald," she continued, "how fatigued I am after our long journey, and the wild shouting of these people is most distressing. Let us not be detained any longer."

As the carriage moved forward, another shout uprose, and the haughty beauty sank languidly back in her seat, while Donald Dhu remained moody and silent, a shadow gathering on his brow, which no ray of hope ever dispelled.

A succession of entertainments were given at the castle, and the grace and beauty of its fair mistress were the theme of every tongue. But the Laird of Dhu closed his heart to the festivities around him, while he secretly repented his union with one who had no sympathy in common with him, who even then pined for the world of fashion where she was the star on whom all

were gazing with admiration. Then as he mourned with a cureless pain, the image of his lost Rose haunted each dreary hour.

"What demon," he sighed, "tempted me to forsake her, when, child as she was, I would have made her mine forever? Had I but looked on that angel face again, pride—my worst enemy, the enemy of all humankind—would not have barred the gates of my heaven of happiness upon me. The eleventh hour is past. It is now too late for repentance."

After weeks of prostration, Rose appeared once more among the loving little circle at the fireside. The remorse which she had felt in her dream at the supposed death of her husband, was often present in her heart when she witnessed his untiring love and devotion through her weary illness. She had ceased to repine, and peace filled her soul, which knew unrest no more. For with a true spirit of submission, she humbly resigned herself to the will of God, saying, "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DATE TREE OF LOUISIANA.

BY HOWARD LIVINOSTON.

WITHIN the undefined boundaries of "Long Ago" there stood a tree, near which almost every passer-by would stop, look upward and thoughtfully examine the unwonted sight. It was at the corner of what are now Orleans and Dauphine Streets, in New Orleans. At that time there was no other tree of that description in the whole State of Louisiana. It was an enormous date tree, always barren and with scanty foliage, and sighing in the breeze like a perturbed spirit. No one knew how long the tree had been planted. The very "oldest inhabitant" remembered it from a child. The retired sea-captains, who had brought whole cargoes of dates from Smyrna, would gather around the strange tree and count its knobs and excrescences, and laugh at the idea of implanting foreign fruit-trees upon American soil.

Laugh as they might, not one of them would have touched the ugly, knotted trunk, nor even one of its branches, any more than they would the sacred wood of the cross; for this tree had a deep mystery attached to it—and our ancestors respected mysteries much more than their prying, curious and meddling descendants, who lay sacrilegious hands upon the relics of old and time-honored superstitions. So the tree stood through long years—an object of reverence even—for men sometimes reverence mysteries that cannot be unfolded.

In the month of January, 1727, when Louisiana was under the French government, a ship-of-war belonging to that nation arrived at New Orleans. From this vessel came forth a proud, haughty-looking stranger, attended by a single servant. He wore the Turkish dress, and his complexion and mien denoted that it was no disguise, but that he was a veritable follower of the prophet.

The French governor, Perier, received the stranger with the greatest possible distinction. It would seem that he was expected by Perier; for a house standing near where the date tree afterwards stood, was ready for his occupancy, and thither the governor conducted him. It was a lone house, far from any other dwellings, small but well kept, and the garden belonging to it was also in good taste.

Many were the conjectures of the inhabitants, when they found that the stranger's abode was likely to be permanent among them. He and his servant lived in the greatest seclusion; and even had they been often seen, no information could be elicited from them, as they could speak no other language save their own.

No one doubted, however, that the haughty Turk was a prisoner of state, and although the governor resolutely discouraged any conversation leading to the subject, yet the popular mind seemed to be made up that the stranger was a brother of the sultan, or some great personage belonging to the Ottoman Empire, who, for some unknown reason, had claimed the protection of France. For some political view it might have been expedient for France to retain the stranger; for even when called on by the sultan to deliver him up, no notice was taken of the demand. This story was privately circulated; but whether true or not can never, probably, be fully known.

Like the secret of the man with the iron mask,

when all the actors of the event have passed away, there remains nothing but the outward and acknowledged fact, while the real secret, and the motives that induced it, have gone down to the grave with those who have "died and made no sign."

For nearly twelve months the stranger had remained among the inhabitants of New Orleans, but not of them. Stern, solitary and haughty, he recognized the courtesies of no human being. The French children danced and played near his garden, when their nurses took them out to walk, but he never looked nor smiled. Even to his own attendant he was never known to speak; and the patient, silent youth served him with a devotion worthy of a king, and never received the notice which a king might bestow.

A dark, stormy night had commenced, and rain and hail, thunder and lightning, sent the people shuddering and scared to their houses. Never was there such a tempest. The rattle, long, loud and deep, of the thunder, the dashing of hail-stones upon the glass, and the dreary sound of the wind, were enhanced by the fearful barking of dogs, such as was never before heard. A belated individual, who reached his home at midnight, saw sights amidst the storm which staggered him in regard to superstitions to which he had always denied credence; while the friend who heard him relate the circumstances the next day, dryly told him not to mix his Santa Cruz stronger than half-and-half the next time.

This friend was far from his own home on the night of the storm, and Martin Pratz's sister, who kept his house, had entreated him to remain with her, and not attempt returning. Anxious for her brother's safety, she and the friend had set up to await his return, and his wild manner, red eyes and strange accounts, all induced them to believe him under the influence of liquor. They got him off to his room as soon as possible, but all night he was crying out loudly in his sleep, or pacing the floor with disordered steps.

His story, freed from the incoherences which he uttered, seemed to be this: While the storm was raging loudest, and when it seemed, as he said, that every dog in New Orleans was concentrating his powers into one long, horrible yell or howl, he was quite near the water. Out in the bay the flashes of lightning showed him an object that looked like a vessel, but unlike one which he had ever seen before. He watched it by the fitful light, until it rushed to his mind that he had heard an old fisherman say that there was a strange sail in the bay of Baratania a few days before, and that he had come to shore hastily, as he thought it was a pirate ship.

Pratz had thought little of the old man's story, believing it to be only the coinage of his own imagination. Now he recalled it, and he believed that the object before him, rocking, pitching and floundering in the foam, as every flash revealed it, was nothing less than the fisherman's piratical ship.

It was useless to attempt giving any alarm to the pilots, for no human power could save a vessel in that terrible storm, and Pratz made the best of his way home without any compunction of wrong doing in leaving the strange craft to a fate absolutely inevitable.

As he took a short cut across some uncultivated land, he had to pass through a portion of Orleans Street. He had been quite near the solitary house where the supposed prisoner of state was secluded, and was getting on towards a more densely populated quarter, when he observed something in the distance which took from him the power of speech or motion.

Involuntarily he stepped aside, for it was approaching towards him, and by the lightning that was now incessant, he saw a procession troop past, of strange, unearthly-looking beings—a sight that made him hold his breath, and literally raised the hair upon his head.

No peaceful band of benighted peasants returning to their homes, no assemblage of quiet citizens belated at some gathering and walking together through the storm for companionship under its terrors, but dark, fierce-looking beings with fiery looks, and heavy, tramping feet, and something glittering upon every breast in the form of a half-moon. They passed on, and he distinctly heard their footsteps in the distance until he supposed they were near the Turk's house, at the corner of the two streets.

"Some of the many French military companies out on parade and overtaken by the storm," murmured his friend to Martin's sister.

"For Heaven's sake cease, Pierre!" answered Martin. "Believe me, I am neither drunk nor

crazy, but in full possession of my senses. Tomorrow, when the tide sets inward, I fancy there will be fragments enough from that accursed vessel to convince you that I am not in error."

The next morning arose as radiantly bright as if no storm had ever visited the earth. It had cleared off between two and three, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, that had partly dried the roads. Martin sprang from his bed and challenged Pierre to a walk before breakfast, to see what the storm had done. They went through the uninhabited part of Orleans Street, and were proceeding towards the water, when Martin suddenly exclaimed:

"Here is the very tree behind which I stood last night for that procession of demons to go by."

"Sacre! you are right," answered his friend. "Look there! There are the marks of feet in the road, as if an army had passed over it. The fellows marched well, even if they had Beelzebub at their head. Every track is as true as if marked in regular distances by a twelve-inch rule."

They went on, following the tracks. There were no return traces, and they concluded that the midnight regiment must have gone another way, or vanished in the air.

"The old Turk is not up yet," said Pierre, as he marked the close-shut windows and smokeless chimney.

As they were about to turn the corner, a white dove flew down into the garden and alighted on a spot which seemed to have been recently dug. It presented the appearance of a new-made grave. The dove was a well-known pet of the mysterious stranger and his attendant. The two friends looked at each other steadily.

"What's to be done?" asked Pierre.

"We must give notice to the governor at once. There has been some evil deed here, and by those bloody ruffians that I saw last night."

The governor lost no time in coming to the spot. The house was found deserted, but no marks of any violence having been committed. No clue could be found which would lead to any conclusion. Under the last layer of gravel that covered the mysterious grave, was a marble tablet, of which learned men pronounced its inscription to be in Arabic; and when spring came there struggled up from the spot a foreign-looking tree, which grew and spread, but never attained to beauty or fruitfulness.

Only a few years ago the tree was still standing. Perhaps it still looks down upon the spot where rested the heart which held some deep, unfathomable mystery. The inscription on the marble tablet was deciphered thus:

"The justice of Heaven is satisfied, and the date tree shall grow on the traitor's tomb. The sublime Emperor of the Faithful, the supporter of the faith, the omnipotent master and sultan of the world, has redeemed his vow. God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. Allah!"

The midnight vessel was never seen again. Whether it weathered the storm and bore back the fearful testimony of the deed, or was overwhelmed beneath the billows that brought no fragment to the shore, we cannot tell; nor will it ever be known until earth and sea give up their dead.

LOOKING INTO HIS FUTURE.

The following letter was written by the emperor, Louis Napoleon, on the 30th of January, 1835, when he was but 27 years of age. It is almost prophetic, and lets one into much that seems at present mysterious:

"As to my position, believe me, I understand it fully, although it is very complicated. I feel that, as yet, I am only known by my name, not by my deeds. I am an aristocrat by birth, a democrat by nature and by opinion. I owe all to inheritance, and acquire everything from election. Courtied by some for my name, by others for my title—taxed with personal ambition as soon as I step beyond my accustomed sphere—accused of apathy and indifference if I remain quiet—in short, inspiring both liberalists and absolutists with fear because of the influence of my name, I have no political friends but among those who, accustomed to the caprices of fortune, think that by some chance I may one day be useful. It is because I see all the difficulties that would impede my progress in the beginning of any career that I have made it a rule to follow the impulses of my heart, my reason and my convenience, and never to regard any consideration of secondary importance when I believe I am acting for the general interest; in short, to walk in a straight line, without heeding at all the difficulties that obstruct my path."

There are few persons who, if they choose to reflect on their past lives, will not say that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WOODED AND WON.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

THE sun waned softly over Holmes Lea, lighting up the rocky cliffs and topmost boughs that shaded the lowlands, and the cold gray clouds anchored in the eastern sky, and the broad green shoulders of the hills. Down in the moist hollows a faint shadow, like the ghost of twilight, crept on tiptoe, waiting for the sunshine to be gone, and in the blossoming lanes, deep hidden under shade of beech and oak, a warm tinted gloom, full of dewy odors, and tremulous voices of brooks, and soft trill of belated robins, had already laid itself to sleep, forgetting the departing daylight in dreams of the coming morning.

On the slope of a hill, facing the setting sun, stood a low, rambling wooden house, much out of repair, with splendid flowering shrubs and trees behind, the rich remains of better days, but a waste of uncultivated fields and fallen fences, stretching over the slopes and deep valleys around. In the large old parlor, fronting the street and the sunset, stood a man and woman looking abstractedly out upon the landscape that opened like a rich picture from the vine-draped window. For full ten minutes neither had spoken, but at length the former roused himself and turned towards his companion.

"You must love this scene, Esther!"

"I do love it beyond any other," the girl replied, looking up suddenly, while the sunlight flashed on her bright hair, and lit up the white forehead it shaded. "I do love it, and it grows dearer and fairer with every season."

"And would no other content you?" he asked, looking with a tender significance into her face, and laying his own hand on the white one among the vine leaves.

The girl looked up with a flush on her cheek, but an added dignity in her whole manner.

"Could you be contented to look on Braeside as its mistress, and the best treasure its master possessed," he urged, more passionately, taking the hand in his and stooping to kiss it.

"You do me great honor," she said, gently, drawing her hand away; "but I must not listen to you. Forgive me if I ask you not to mention it again. I dare say you will look at it in a different light when you reflect dispassionately."

"I can never see it differently," he answered, in a tone of deep disappointment. "It is no sudden passion."

"And yet you are rich, flattered, fortunate in every respect, while I am but a poor woman, content to work hard for my subsistence, and quite out of the path of fashion and favor. You should seek a more equal alliance, Mr. Sylvester."

"I esteem your love and favor above all that wealth or fashion can show me, and I humbly implore them of you, Esther," the young man said, fervently. "I can wait, I will promise anything you desire; I think I could make you happy. If you would only try to love me, I should be the happiest man in Holmes Lea."

"I cannot promise, and if you will forgive me I will tell you why. I can never vow to love and honor any man who has no nobler aim in life than his own happiness," she said, earnestly. "You are a man of honor, I know, kind and true in your private relations, but your character is still untried. You are a child of fortune, altogether untouched by adversity. I should have no warrant that you would not fall when poverty or reproach came. The man that I can love and trust must have breasted misfortune and risen above it; must be one who lives for duty and principle, not for selfish gratification and idle praise."

She raised her head proudly in the fading sunlight as she spoke, and with a deep sigh, and a look of tender admiration, the young man turned away.

"I read my fate in those words, Esther," he said. "You could not love me, and I should not presume to ask it now. Good-night, dear. Forget that I ever troubled you."

"Forget that we ever spoke other than as good friends, and try always to think of me as such," she pleaded, following him to the door with outstretched hand and tearful eyes.

He pressed his lips reverently to the hand she gave him, and leading out his horse, sprang to the saddle, and was soon threading the network of lanes that led a shorter route than the main road from Holmes Lea to Braeside.

The darkness and dew fell softly in each oth-

ers arms on the couch of fragrant hedge and boughs and tender grass, and up from the very heart of the stillness beat the plaintive note of a whippoorwill, echoed over and over again in the faintest of cadences, from the retreating chain of hills that looked on Braeside. The young man atopped his horse in the flowery way, and taking off his cap, looked up to where the stars grew plainer and plainer in the rose-touched blue above. Even like that song and its echoes were her words, and the response that came back from his own heart. He was leading an idle, self-indulgent life. How could any noble-hearted woman lay all her hopes in his hands? How could any one lean upon such an improved character as his? He put on his cap again and walked his horse slowly homeward, thinking sadly of what a useless life he led. No one was much the better for his having lived, no one need miss him greatly if he were gone. Was it not unworthy of one to whom so many gifts of fortune had fallen, to live thus? The question slept with him that night, and was at his side all the next day, whether he sat within or rode out in the summer air. He felt no shame that a poor schoolmistress should have rejected him, but a deep pain and humiliation that she should consider him unworthy her love.

But the struggle with selfishness is no trifle, and Mark Sylvester soon began to think that he was no worse than his neighbors, nor half so bad as many would be with his opportunities. He resolved to travel and forget his disappointment in the excitement of change and pleasure. To one who has youth, wealth, and no incubance, to will is to do, and for nearly a year the young man tasted all the pleasure of wild adventure, or the adulation of gay society. He was courted and feted, fair women smiled upon him and almost fell at his feet in admiration of himself and his riches; men older and wiser than he were proud and happy to call him friend and brother; and a little satiated with all his praise, and jaded with travel and dissipation, Mark Sylvester came back to Braeside, with a most excellent opinion of himself, and wondering if it was possible that a poor country girl, who taught a few children for her daily bread, had presumed to reject him.

The morning after his arrival was a bright spring Sabbath, and just by way of amusement he walked to the village church. There were many acquaintances very happy to see him, but the only person he was very curious to see walked quietly towards her pew without looking at him, and as soon as the minister rose, appeared to be absorbed in the service. She was paler and thinner than when Mark had seen her last, but the face had lost nothing of the thoughtful sweetness that had held his heart in thrall. Was it possible? He even trembled before it now!

There was a new clergyman in place of the fat, dozy old fellow who had filled the village pulpit for twenty years, and the present incumbent was quite another sort of person. Very soon Mark's attention was completely absorbed. Such solemnity, such eloquent simplicity he had never heard before, and all his late vain glorying and pride melted before it. Here was a man who knew what true worth was, for singularly enough, his theme was the same that had driven Mark from home to seek forgetfulness of himself. The nobleness of a soul tried by adversity, and found not wanting in strength and purity. The beauty of self-denial and labor and care for others' happiness.

When the sermon was concluded and the hymn sung, the minister came down from the pulpit and walked homewards with Esther Hinsdon. Mark watched them go up the steep path towards the house, and saw her gather a flower from the garden and give him before he turned away. His heart burned bitterly. Here was this stranger, only three months in Holmes Lea, gathering the choicest blossom of the country side, while he could not even get one glance after so long an absence. He forgot all about the gay city belles who had so charmed him with their flattery. His heart came back to its only passion like the spring tide towards the flowery shore, and with the rush of the new old love, came the old troublesome thoughts of unworthiness and deep dissatisfaction with himself.

But he was man of the world enough to hide his heart behind a quiet face, and go early in the week to call on Esther Hinsdon. The school was just let out upon the green, and the mistress watched their gambols with a laughing eye, pulling some more flowers off the bush from which the minister's had been gathered. She came

forward with outstretched hand and a very cordial welcome on her lips, as he went up the path. He took the hand, wondering that any other could ever have seemed beautiful, and complimented her flowers.

"Do you think them very forward?" she asked. They're fragrant; perhaps you'd like some;" and she gave him a whole cluster.

He bent his face to them to hide in their fragrant tips the deep flush of gratified love, and followed her into the old parlor. They sat down by the great bay window and talked and looked out upon the landscape as in old times. Her eyes were like two clear springs hid among the hills; her smile sudden and sweet as spring sunshine out of a cloud, and that thoughtful, half-sad look that fell like drapery about her face when the smile was gone—it was moonlight upon Holmes Lea when the summer was deep. Mark Sylvester knew that so rare a woman had never crossed his path, and he knew that he loved her beyond fathoming—far, far beyond forgetting. In the strength of that consciousness, as he sat there with her, he felt his own unworthiness, and yet a new sensation began to dawn in his soul. He knew that he could give her up to one more worthy, and be glad that she was properly mated. He looked out of the window and saw the minister coming up the path, and rose to go. She asked him to come again and tell her all about the gay world he had been visiting, and shook hands cordially with him when he went, though a slight flush mantled her cheek as she saw the minister come up the garden walk.

Mark had never dreamed he was so strong as he found himself to be that summer. He had never been denied anything from his childhood up, but now he waited calmly to see a stranger win the woman he loved better than life, and sat and talked and walked with them, like the most indifferent spectator. He could not keep away, for Esther asked him, and her simplest request was law. The minister asked him, too, and seemed glad enough to have him, and in spite of his jealousy, won upon him more; for Mark could not but acknowledge that he was a most perfect specimen of a man. Watchful as he was, he had never detected him saying or doing anything he could not entirely approve, and the best token of the man's worth and purity, was that he won the complete respect and reverence of his rival.

For a rival Mark was, although he schooled his tongue and his eye to perfect control, and played the part of a friend to his own astonishment. He would have made one more desperate effort for the prize, but he knew Esther loved the minister, for she blushed for the minister, and she never blushed when he came; she gave the minister her hand, she had ceased to do so for him; she often grew absent and almost dull when the minister went before him, though she was always brilliant enough when he was by. She certainly loved him; they were wonderfully fitted for each other; what was he that he should stand in their way? He sat down beneath the hedge to think what it would really be to give her up, and forgot that the dew was falling and the hour was late. In the morning his head ached violently, and he could not rise. By night he was in a violent fever, and another day found him insensible. He struggled through a fearful slough of pain and delirium, and came out on the road of convalescence, a difficult path at best, but very hard for Mark, in his lonely state, without mother or sister or brother to cheer the solitude, only the minister, who came whenever he could steal a moment from other duties; and his presence, refreshing as it might have been, brought too keen a pang along with it to heal the invalid. But Mark knew that he was getting up from that bed of sickness a better man. In the long hours of pain and loneliness he had conned one lesson that comes sooner or later to all. He knew now how vain were youth and health and riches, and he rejoiced in the knowledge.

And as misfortunes beckon each other to their prey, and fly from afar towards the spot where their mates hover, Mark could not hope to be exempt from the common lot. When he was nearly recovered, and was busying himself to better the condition of his tenants, and make employment for some of the poor of the village, came down a lawyer, post haste, with news of a new claim to his inheritance. His uncle had died alone at Braeside, leaving the will that made him his heir, and after diligent search no other paper could be found, although there were many who said that a later will had been made, but not recorded for want of time. Mark had

come from a distant part of the country to take possession, and knew nothing of the cousin who had been educated to receive the inheritance, but discarded in one of the passionate whims of the old man. It was after the quarrel that the will had been made in Mark's favor, and to do him justice, he had searched diligently for the other and later paper, and had long since settled down into a comfortable sense of legal possession.

Now a man was found who swore that a new will was made and witnessed by himself, that the attorney who drew it was in Australia, and that out of revenge towards the niece of old Mr. Sylvester, he had hidden the will. But now, being penitent, he wished to do justice to the wronged woman, who was very poor, and if he could be brought to Braeside he would find the will.

"Now what will you do about it?" asked the attorney.

"Do? Why, bring the man here and find the will, if there is one," exclaimed Mark.

"I should not give up this splendid property without a struggle," said the lawyer, doggedly.

"I will not give it up unless there is a later will than mine," said Mark; "but my conscience has troubled me a little about this property. There is that woman brought up here expressly to be the heiress, living in the house like the old man's daughter, and discarded for no very serious offence, I believe. If they can show me any honest proof that the old man repented before he died, she shall have Braeside; if not, I shall pay her an annuity. I am ashamed that I have not done it before."

"You are a most impracticable man," the lawyer said.

"I hope to be an honest one," said Mark.

As Mark expected, the paper was found, sworn to by many who knew the former proprietor's writing. Mark and even his attorney were satisfied that it was legal as far as the old man's intentions went, although the strict letter of the law had not been followed in its construction; and without hesitation, the young man resigned all claim to the estate, and prepared to give possession in a month, and go to seek his fortune in some distant part of the world, some new country where labor was capital. The month passed swiftly, for there were many little loose ends of business to settle, and Mark was too proud to leave a disorderly property to his successors.

He had not proceeded so far without the warm protest of many friends. The other claimant's title was not clear, they said. If it would bear the scrutiny of a court of law, then let her take the inheritance, but until that time they counselled him to hold possession, and go on as before. It was even said that with a vexatious lawsuit, whose termination was so uncertain in view, the woman would be glad to compromise with a handsome allowance from Mark. But he shut his ears resolutely, and would not think of any other arrangement than the one he considered just and righteous. So the week and the day of his departure came round, and all the visits were made and the adieus spoken, for Mark was to start by early dawn for his native town, there to make preparation for his entrance on the great world.

It was late autumn, and as he gazed from the library windows, the setting sun streamed redly across the faded lawn, and threw out in distinct relief the naked branches of the trees. Braeside was always beautiful, and in the peace of this Indian summer eve, there seemed somewhat of holiness in the decayed beauty of the wide-spreading fields and swells, and clusters of thickets, and great spreading branches of oaks, like old men spreading out their hands to bless their children when their summer-time was gone. Mark thought, as he gazed, that if trees could feel, they would own a brotherhood with him now; and with eyes fixed on the perspective, up which the sunlight streamed, he fell into a fit of musing, that was broken at length by the quick trot of a horse up the gravel walk, and a ring at the door. A woman's voice inquired for him. He got up breathlessly, and sat down again with a fearful beating at his heart, for it was Esther's voice, and he had bid her farewell that afternoon in the midst of a circle of friends who filled her parlor, and had looked his last on her, as he thought, when she turned away from the door, after bidding him good-night and a prosperous journey. There had been tears in her eyes as she said it, and the hand he could not help kissing had lain trembling and cold in his, but the minister was within, no doubt he had a right there, and Mark had come off half broken-hearted. It was the last drop in his cup that he

could not see her alone one moment, and tell her before they parted forever, how hopelessly he loved her, and that her face and the memory of her kindness would sweeten the hours of his exile. Now she was before him, blushing, trembling, and he forgot his misfortunes, everything but that she was another's, and that as a man of honor he must say but little of what lay nearest his heart.

They talked of his approaching journey, of the great change in his prospects, of the perils and the pleasures of those who make their fortunes in the great world, and as the daylight waned, she rose to go.

"I was not satisfied with our last meeting," she said, softly, her hand upon the latch. "I wanted to say what I think is due you, that until lately I have greatly undervalued your character, Mark. I should not have felt satisfied to let you go without this acknowledgement. I hope you'll forgive my presumption in having judged you."

There was a tender sadness in the tone that touched him, and it gave him hope, too.

"Is there any reason why you may not reconsider the whole of that decision, Esther?" he said, taking her hand. "I am a very poor man now, but a better dependence for a true woman than I was then."

She looked up suddenly into his face.

"I have not changed, Esther. I love you far more profoundly than ever," he said, anxiously.

"Neither have I changed at all," she said.

He dropped her hand and would have turned away, but the sweet, bashful glow upon her face thrilled him.

"I have loved you always, Mark," stole like music on his ear, and in the joy and promise of this new gift, all past sorrow and misfortune were swept away.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

THREE SETS OF DARE-DEVILS.

A foreign letter thus describes the character of three sets of troops employed by the respective combatants in Europe—the first belong to the French: "A portion of that terrible army of Gen. Yussuf, the Algerine sharpshooters, have already arrived at Genoa, and taken the railway to Turin. This corps is composed of native Africans, and are reputed a set of very devils, to whom the Zouaves are gentlemanly soldiers. Gen. Yussuf, their commander, is also a native of Bedouin. In the town of Algiers, on their way to Genoa, they broke loose from all command, attacked the Jews quarter, carried the barricades, the latter had been obliged to build in the streets for their protection, and committed all sorts of outrages. To balance these, the Austrians have an army of 20,000 Croats, a body of desperate men, who are kept in subjection by the promise of plunder and rapine. These men will be marched first across the Ticino into Piedmontese territory. Then again Sardinia has her body of Corps-Francis, commanded by Garibaldi, a body of violent men composed of the odds and ends of political persecution, a collection of refugees from all countries inspired by political hate and a desire for vengeance."

HOBBS' LONDON LOCK FACTORY.

The celebrated lock-picker, Mr. Hobbs, who astonished our English friends during the Great Exhibition in 1851, by picking Chubb's and all the other celebrated London locks, has found it a profitable business, we understand, to carry on the manufacture of American locks in London, where he has resided for the past eight years. He has a large factory in operation, and has introduced machinery for making various parts of locks which have heretofore been made by hand. This has given him a great advantage over those who pursue the old jog-trot hand labor system. In introducing his machinery for this purpose, Hobbs had to proceed very cautiously, so as not to raise the ire of the dusky operatives; he therefore enclosed his factory, and got all his machinery in order before he commenced operations, and then went along like a streak of American lightning. His locks have acquired a high reputation, and he appears to be on the high road to fortune.—*Boston Journal*.

FEE-SIMPLE.

Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate of freehold, or for a term of years. The fee or fee-simple includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge, who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, "I'd have you to know," and "I'd have you to see," asked a learned sergeant why he had been absent when the court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of *Coke upon Littleton* into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the sergeant thus gravely delivered:

A tenant in fee-simple is he
That need fear neither wind nor weather;
For I'd have you to know and to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs forever!

—*Lord St. Leonards' Handy Book*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY ANNIE LINDA HATZ.

Are you weary, little children,
Weary of your life of play—
Weary of the long, long summer,
That too soon will pass away?

Close your eyes, the night has come,
Close your eyes and calmly sleep;
Little children, take this comfort,
Angel guardians vigils keep.

God, your Father, looks upon you
With an eye of love and care;
Little children, He will guide you,
And protect from every snare.

Like a parting benediction,
Breathed by lips we love to hear,
Comes the murmur—Peace; God's children
Have no need for grief and fear.

Close your eyes, then, little children,
Nestling near a Father's heart;
He will love you, shield and guard,
All your fears may now depart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALICE ELLIOTT'S NEW DRESS.

BY REUBEN MOORE.

"ALICE," said John Elliott, to his wife, one evening, as, after finishing his last cup of tea, he leaned back in his chair, and put his hand into his pocket, "Alice, you want a new dress, don't you? I can let you have some money now, if you would like it. Our bills are all paid up, and I begin to feel as if we could spare some."

Alice's face lighted up. "O, can you, John?" she said, gladly. "I should like a new dress. I want one more than I can tell. But I haven't said anything to you about it. How did you know I wanted one?"

"O, I guessed!" And the young husband laughed. "I know you didn't say anything, and you deserve more than I can give you for being so patient, good little wife! I can only offer you ten dollars this month. Will that do? and next pay-day you shall have some more."

"O, thank you, John!" And Alice took the ten dollar bill that he passed across the table to her. "Yes, I am sure it will do nicely; I am glad to have it. But you are sure we don't want it for anything else?"

"Quite sure, Alice," said John.

She smiled, drew out her little empty pocket-book and placed the money within it. "Yes, I do want a new dress to wear to meeting," she said. "I am much obliged to you for minding it."

"Well, go to-morrow and get it, and be sure and get a pretty one," her husband said.

It was the first time, for months, that Alice Elliott had had anything to spend on dress for herself; for times had been rather hard with them, and John was only a mechanic, with ten shillings a day, and lately their household expenses had taken up the full amount of his wages each month. It had even been a matter of some contrivance and anxiety to get a new bonnet trimming, and gloves, and overshoes, at the commencement of the winter, and through the whole season she had but two dresses for best—her brown merino and her black silk—and these had been worn so long and so constantly, without a single change, that Alice was beginning to feel a little discontented; yes, it must be owned, even a little ashamed, when she put one or the other on, Sabbath after Sabbath, to wear to church, and whenever she wanted to go to "mother's."

She had been invited to join the sewing-circle of the church where she belonged, too, but had been obliged, unwillingly, to decline the invitation. "She could not go," she said to herself, "and meet month after month with people who wore different new dresses perhaps almost every time they went, while she only had the same old dress, and knew that every other one around her would be remarking to each other of the fact. If she could only have a new dress now."

She held up the brown merino and the black silk by turns, saw how the skirt of the one was beginning to fade around the bottom and needed to be turned upside down, and how the other one was commencing to crack and grow rusty; and she saw that even they could not much longer be presentable, and she turned away with a sigh.

And this ten dollar bill that fell into her hands, like a fairy's gift, what a source of de-

light it was to her! "Now I will buy a new dress," she said, and forthwith began speculating on the quality and quantity desirable. She could not get a silk—that she settled with herself in the first place. Unless she got a Foulard—yes, she might get a Foulard. She might get a Thibet. A pretty shade of French blue would do nicely. It was very beautiful, and very becoming to her. Besides, it was fashionable, and John liked it. He always liked blue. Or one of the handsome printed cashmeres that were just in fashion; crimson, perhaps, with a maroon figure; or, changing the style, a chocolate ground, with the figure in crimson; yes, that would be beautiful—she would like that very much—she had seen some of them made up, and they were quite elegant. And she would look well in chocolate and crimson, with a pretty French embroidered collar, and handsome wrought sleeves. How had she happened to think of a new collar and sleeves?

If she should get a new dress, she needed a new collar and sleeves to go with it, certainly. Her present stock of embroidery—very small it was—had done her good service. And it showed the service. It showed the home-wash, too, in its slightly yellowed tinge, and, in more than one instance, had even come to darning. Yes, she did certainly need a new collar, at least. The sleeves she might make of plain muslin, with some pretty embroidery for the wrists, and the whole set, in that way, need not cost her more than—

What?

They could not cost her less than very nearly, if not quite, two dollars. And she had only ten dollars for her dress. What should she do?

John sat on one side of the fireplace reading his newspaper. She on the other, thinking about her contemplated purchase. Suddenly, while considering this important and vexatious point of the embroidery, a good-humored laugh from him startled and aroused her. She looked up; he was looking at her with a slightly amused air.

"Why, Alice, what mournful thing are you thinking of?" he asked.

And Alice laughed, too, in spite of herself. "Why?" she said.

"You were wrinkling your forehead terribly, that's all. What was it about?"

But of course Alice would not tell him what it was about, and gaily denied the wrinkles, and after a few more merry words both were silent again, and John had resumed his paper, and Alice her dry goods calculations.

This time a new idea found its way into her brain. Why couldn't she flounce her black silk? That would be best of all. And she could get silk enough for a new waist, and the whole would not cost so much as a plain dress, that would be so much less handsome. She knew she could get some nice, soft glossy silk for a dollar and ninepence a yard, and six yards would make the flounces, and two and a half the waist and sleeves; and that would be—six seventy-five for the flounces, and two eighty-one for the waist and sleeves—would be just nine dollars fifty-six cents exactly.

And then where were the new collar and sleeves?

Already she had become worried and tired with thinking about it. Well, she would get the silk anyway, and let the embroidery take care of itself. Perhaps, when her dress was made, John would feel as though he could let her have the money for the muslins that she wanted. At any rate, she would not trouble herself to think about it now. It only vexed her, and if the money that John gave her was going to be a source of vexation instead of pleasure, where was the use in her having it all? So she took her work-basket and went to sewing, and John read to her from the newspaper and gave her something else to think about, and so the evening slipped along. By-and-by he laid down his paper and talked with her, watching her diligent fingers as she shaped and sewed her work.

"What are you doing there, Alice?" he said, presently.

"Making an old dress into a new one," she answered, with a half sigh, a half smile. "Don't you commend my industry?"

"Certainly, if the object is worth the trouble. But it strikes me"—and he stopped to look at her work—"it strikes me that the material is hardly deserving of the time and labor you are bestowing on it. Isn't the dress very much worn, and something faded?"

"A good deal worn and faded too," answered Alice, and now the sigh came without the smile.

"It seems to me that I wouldn't spend my time over it, if I were you," he said.

"But I must. I want it to put on after my housework is done in the mornings. And really, I hope the dress will look, when it is done, a great deal better than it promises now."

"But those pieces that you are putting on look too new for the rest of the garment. Couldn't you wash 'em out—fade 'em somehow, you know—just to look like the other parts?"

Alice laughed. "I should like to see you turn dressmaker," she said, merrily.

"If I did, I'd never patch up a dress in that way. Now, for pity's sake, Alice, don't finish the thing! I don't like to see you in a patched dress even while you are doing your work—much less when you've got it done."

"Give me one that doesn't need patching then," were the gay words that sprang to the lips of Alice, but she bethought herself in time. He could not give her another dress, or she knew he would. "Well, let me finish it, at least, and then we'll see what it looks like," was her rejoinder.

"But haven't you enough dresses to wear in the house, without finishing that one?" he persisted.

"This one that I have on," she looked down at it—it was a plain dark delaine that had been worn for best the winter before—"this one and my de-beige."

As she sat looking at the delaine, in a half meditative way, she saw, for the first time, that the under side of the right sleeve was wearing out, and that the waist and the upper part of the skirt, on the same side, were in a like condition, from the constant friction of her arm by sewing. The discovery rather startled her. Here was more mending and patching to do, and she had no pieces to mend this dress—she had not an atom of it left. What a poor way her wardrobe was getting into!

But she said nothing to her husband. Poor fellow! his clothes were hardly better than hers. They were whole, it was true, but his common suit was wearing threadbare, and his best coat was out of fashion entirely. She fell into an anxious reverie, and John was silent too. He was thinking what a pity it was that Alice had such a scanty wardrobe. Suddenly Alice looked up.

"John," she said, "I am thinking what a ridiculous thing it is in me to be planning to buy a silk dress with this money you have given me, when we both are in such need of common clothing."

"You are in need, it is true, Alice," he answered, thoughtfully; "in need both of common and best clothes, and I only wish I could give you the money for all you want."

"But you can't!" Alice said, with an earnest face; "and since we have only this ten dollars to spare, and both want things to wear every day, let us forget all about that best dress that I don't want now, and divide the money, and you buy a pair of new pants, and I will get me two common dresses. Now isn't that better?"

She was as animated as possible over her new plan, and John laughed, and told her that she was a wise little woman, but that he did not care to get anything for himself—he would rather she would get what she needed, and spend all the money for her own dress, for after all it would not buy her a great deal—and he could get what clothes he wanted by-and-by, when money would be more plenty. But Alice insisted. Didn't he see that five dollars would buy her two such nice dresses—a pretty gingham and a new mousseline delaine—and those would do so nicely for her now, and she didn't want anything else, indeed, and wouldn't he take the other half of the money? she should not be content until he did. And she urged and entreated so earnestly, that John finally accepted it, and kissed her, telling her that she was a good little wife to be so careful of his wants, when she had so many more wants herself. But the kiss and the kind words brought quick tears in Alice's eyes, and she said "no," that she was not good, she had only been very selfish not to think of him before; and then she blushed and half laughed in the midst of her tears, and said, what would anybody have thought of her to see her so earnest about buying a best dress, and taking all the money they could spare to get it, when she hadn't a decent common dress to wear, and when John wanted new pants to wear to his work?

And so John made his purchase the next day, and Alice made hers, and both were more than satisfied with what they had bought, and by

another week Alice had both her new dresses made up—cut and made every stitch by her own little busy hands—for Alice had learned to cut and make all her own dresses. And very pretty she looked in her new dresses. To be sure, the next Sabbath, when they went to church, Alice had on her old brown merino; but somehow she had become quite reconciled to wearing it—wonderfully reconciled indeed, and smoothed down its neat folds with a contented smile, saying to herself: "I don't care if I wear it a good while longer yet, as long as we can look neat in the house. And I don't want another new dress till John can get him another coat."

And John and she walked quietly and happily to church, and Alice felt quite as contented as if the old merino had been a new silk; for after all what did it matter what the material of her dress was, when she was going to church? And she put all thoughts of dress quite away, and yielded herself up to the happy influence of the beautiful Sabbath morning, and the sweet and solemn thoughts inspired by the morning service; and when, after the service was over, the congregation stood to receive the benediction, and the gentle words, "grace, mercy and peace," descended so lovingly, so tenderly on the every heart of that waiting throng—then where was the difference between the broadcloth and velvet of the rich, and the coarse and humble garments of the poor? And with her heart thrilling with a deep and happy emotion as she went out from that sacred place, was it not a happier heart than those of many who passed her, draped in robes so costly, that simple Alice, with the words of the morning lesson lingering in her ears, would have thought the payment of their price a sin?

The very next day, John came home to Alice with the good news that his wages were raised from ten to eleven shillings a day.

"And now, Alice," he said, happily, "you shall have your new dress—yes, two or three of them, in a little while."

"And you will get your new coat to wear Sundays," put in Alice, smilingly.

"And we shall have something to give away, besides," added John.

"So we shall," said his wife, gladly; "but, John, do you know that I do not mean to have any new dress just yet, even if you can give it to me? For I find that I need so many other more important things, that I shouldn't feel right to spend the money for that yet. I will tell you, John, I think it is best to get everything we must have first, and wait for what we simply would like till afterwards. You must get your coat, to be sure, but I will take the money that I should spend for my dress, and get boots and rubbers and gloves, and a piece of cloth to make up, above all. And my bonnet ribbon is almost past wear—shouldn't I look well with the new dress, while we wait all those things?" And she laughed, and then grew sober.

"Well," said John, kindly, "I hope that I shall be able to give you now, all those things and a great many more that you need, and the dresses besides. Now that we have no debts, and pay as we go along, I find that I am saving enough to get all we want in the way of wearing apparel, and with the increase of my wages added to that, I feel as if we are getting quite rich."

And the new dresses came by-and-by, and then John's wages were increased still more, and they grew quite rich indeed; but until she had got every other article of wearing apparel that she needed to replenish her failing wardrobe, Alice wore her old dress. And many a supercilious and gossiping remark was made upon the old brown merino and the old black silk; but where there was one to speak sneeringly of these, there were twenty others to say, "but how neat Alice Elliott is! Every article she wears is faultlessly nice. The 'old brown merino,' when it is raised from the mud, reveals only the whitest and daintiest of skirts, the neatest boots that any lady could wear. Her gloves are unexceptionable. Her little straw bonnet, with its pretty, dove-colored ribbon, is fit for the most fastidious Parisienne. Her husband's dress is equally faultless; and when you meet them at home, you will forget the old brown merino you saw in the street—her home-dress is so pretty, so elegant, and yet so simple; and her husband, in his tasteful dressing-gown and slippers and spotless linen, shows such affectionate wifely care. And Alice Elliott's best dress may be an 'old brown merino,' indeed; but for a'that, and a'that, it is worth the most costly velvet—ay, and more than worth it—that was ever worn by the wife of a millionaire."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EVENING VISITOR.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Don't stay long, Charlie."

"No, Bessie darling."

And with a tender kiss upon my lips, my husband left me. I leaned out of the open window and watched him as he walked rapidly away down the long shadowy street. It was seldom he left me alone of an evening, and as his tall form disappeared in the distance, an unaccountable feeling of depression and loneliness settled down upon my spirits. The road was gray with the gathering of a soft June twilight. The night wind swept the green foliage of the elms before our cottage into billows, and sighed dreamily through the vines that clambered up over the low windows. A rose broke its heart of crimson above my head, and the petals fluttering down in a red rain, fell upon my hand. I could not have started and shook them off with a quicker shiver of dread, had they been so many drops of blood. Away off above the pale green belt of woodland that shut our little home in from the great outside world, I could see the countless spires of the city pricking the sky with their silver points. I was too far away in the deep heart of the country's solitude to hear the busy hum of life that I knew surged continually back and forth in its thronged streets, but looking down through the breezy fringe of shrubbery which skirted either side of the narrow village road, I could see the gleam of its countless lamps, the white glimmer of the moonlight on its crowded roofs, and the broken silver of its beautiful river, beating and trembling as its sparkling waters slid noiselessly along past the winding shores.

I remembered, as I sat there, gazing timidly forward into the darkness, how, years before, I had wandered into that great pitiless city a desolate-hearted orphan. I remembered how for long, weary years I toiled in its choked atmosphere for the scanty pittance that fed and clothed me. I remembered that the first break in the weary sameness of that lonely life, was the sympathy of the ruddy-cheeked, honest-looking farmer youth, who, all through the dusty summer, brought every day his store of fresh vegetables to my aunt's door. I remembered how very often among his stock of radishes and plump heads of lettuce, or his later store of beans and peas, and early corn, there would be cuddled down for me a bunch of azure violets, or a cluster of scarlet columbines, and how, as he tossed them to me with a smile, his dark eyes would rest for a moment in a glance of pitying tenderness upon my face, which had grown so pale and old looking before its time.

And I remembered, too, with a happy thrill of gladness, that when the sad-hearted child had matured into the still sadder-hearted woman, and the brown cheeks of the rustic youth had taken on the darker tinge of manhood; when I had grown well nigh sick of my homeless, loveless, monotonous life, he came to me, and clasping both my hands in one of his strong, hardened palms, told me that for years, ever since he first looked upon my sober, girlish face, his heart had been ripening slowly into the full beauty of perfect love. And then he asked me, while the quick, impatient yearning of his heart broke through the tremulous agitation of his voice, to share with him his humble country home, and trust for my future to the love of his true heart and the strength of his brave hands.

There was no romance in his wooing. It was only the utterance of a manly heart, simply yet earnestly spoken; but never were tender words more musical to a woman's ear. I placed my hand in his with a trust as simple and strong as that a child gives its mother, and when I stood beside him at the altar, my wifely vows thrilled up from a heart that could have been no happier had the white bodice under which it beat been of satin instead of muslin, and the snowy roses which trembled above the happy heavings of my bosom, clusters of milky pearls instead.

For three years we had lived there in our pleasant, secluded little home, and in the gathering gloom of that mild summer night, with its sweet breath on my forehead and its holy hush upon my pulses, I wondered, while tears born of joy trembled up to my eyelids, how many in the city's great hive of human hearts had found such a haven of rest and peace, and sweet security as held me in its holy shelter.

And there was yet another golden influence

broadening across my life. The little cradle standing in the further corner of my sitting-room, where the gleam of the lamplight might not fall too brightly into the face of the baby tenant, would have told you what that influence was.

"Let people say what they will," I whispered, almost audibly to myself, "of the rhapsodies of a first love dream, or the happiness that is merged into fullness at the marriage altar, there is no other joy so sweet, no other rapture so intense as that which leaps to the mother's heart when she looks on the countenance of her first-born." And going forward softly, I knelt beside the cradle and swayed it tenderly backward and forward with my hands, while I thanked God for the precious burden it held.

My eyes traced out the outlines of that sweet baby face upon the pillow. In the dainty curve of the little mouth, I saw what it gave me such a proud pleasure to see, the flexible beauty of its father's. I knew the color of the shut eyes was the same blueness which deepened mine, but the dark eyelashes that fringed the ivory lids, and the soft rings of brown hair that stirred with every pulsing of the snowy temples, were like no one's else but Charlie's.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I had folded my arms across the cradle pillow beside my babe, and fallen asleep with my head dropped languidly into them. But that wild, quick laugh startled me from my slumber instantaneously, and with a sudden shiver of apprehension, I looked up. A woman stood in the centre of the apartment, her black hair, half-fallen out of braid, dropping loosely about her shoulders, and a pair of large, wild looking eyes that thrilled me with a sort of wierd magnetism, fastened intently upon me. I had heard no rap, no footfall, no opening or closing of doors, only that strange burst of laughter, and so I sat without moving, staring with a kind of childish fright at the intruder.

"People who don't want visitors at night, mustn't leave their windows open," she said at last, with a smile that displayed two rows of glistening teeth, and gave a brighter gleam to her black eyes. "See how I tore my dress in getting in to see you," and she held up her soiled delaine skirt, displaying a rent near the bottom. "I caught it on the briery vines here," she added, going toward the window. "What do you allow such trumpery to grow for?—they breed shadows," and winding her long bony fingers through one of the green festoons, she stripped off a handful of the glossy leaves and scattered them contemptuously upon the carpet.

I did not answer her, but rose tremblingly and offered her a chair, for I felt an indescribable fear of the strange creature who had vaulted in at my window and made herself so much at home in my presence.

"Don't trouble yourself," she said, spurning the proffered chair rudely with her foot. "I prefer walking. It would kill me to sit still," and folding her arms upon her breast, she strode backward and forward a few times across the floor, the glance of her glistening eyes sweeping the apartment like a vulture's, while I stood watching her, pale, dismayed and shivering with terror. Finally she stopped in front of me.

"Will you build a fire? I am cold?"

I noticed that her white teeth knocked chatteringly together as she spoke, and her whole frame quivered as in an ague fit. I dared not refuse her request, although it had been a dry sultry day, and the evening atmosphere was none too cool for comfort. A bright fire was soon blazing upon the hearth, and she threw herself down beside it, stretching her hands, that I saw were thin and bony, over the sparkling coals.

"Do you know I am always cold? I haven't been warm for years."

"Let me bring you a shawl," I suggested, timidly. My words sounded like whispers in comparison with her clear, sharp, steel-like tones.

She nodded assent to my offer, and as I wrapped my crimson cashmere about her shoulders, she caught me almost fiercely by the arm and drew me down beside her. I struggled against her force, but it was as an infant might have struggled with a lion. She held me fast.

"Sit still, fool. I have something to tell you."

Her voice frightened me, it was so fierce, and her glittering eyes burned upon me like two coals of fire. Almost fainting, I cowered down at her feet.

"I was going to tell you. Ha, ha, ha! Have you a husband?"

"Yes."

I forced myself to answer steadily. "O, it he were only here!" I murmured silently to myself.

"Well, I had one once, but he ceased to love me after a while. He never told me of it, but I found it out, and so one night I strangled him in his sleep. O, how sweetly I slept after my work! In the morning when I woke, I laid my hand on his forehead to see if he was quite dead. It was white and cold, very, very cold, and the chill struck to my blood. That is why I am so cold. I thought I should freeze. It seemed as if my heart were made of ice, and all my pulses were numb as a dead man's. My husband hated me. I knew it when I killed him, and so he cursed me with this eternal chillness. But I had a glorious revenge. I dragged his body from the bed and struck the white face with my palms till they smarted for pain. The great blue eyes stared at me with a dull, dead, defiant glare, but I smote the heavy eyelids down upon the cheeks. And then I stamped upon his breast till I heard the bones crush under me. What rare sport it was! You should have been there to enjoy it. I dug a grave out under the currant bushes and buried him. O, how redly the currants have ripened there ever since. They betrayed me at last, they looked so like drops of blood. People said I murdered Edgar, but I fled away from them, and they haven't found me yet. If they should, they would kill me, freeze me to death."

My heart stood still with terror as she ceased speaking, and I tried to cry aloud in the agony of my dreadful fear. But the words faintly upon my lips. Her steady gaze had been upon my face all the time, never faltering in its intense magnetic power. I thought I should go mad, sitting there as powerless as if petrified into stone, under the horrible fascination of that bewildering glance, so near her that one of her slender, naked arms lay across my knee—so near that I could feel her hot breath come and go upon my cheek, and all the while those wild, fierce eyes searing me with their scrutiny.

My babe, wakened by her voice, stirred in its cradle, and cooed to me gleefully. I sprang up at the sound, but my tormentor was there before me, tossing my child up in her arms, and laughing scornfully at its cries and struggles. Would Charles never come? Once free from the serpent-like spell of her gaze, I would have called for help, but I dared not leave my precious babe in her power. And so I clung to her dress, begging her to let me take the child and soothe it. She shook me off and struck me savagely in the face.

"You haven't heard the whole of my story yet. When you do, it will be time enough to dawdle with this toy," and she made a motion to toss my baby on the glowing grate. "Hear me through. I told you I had a husband. I had more. Two children that would have been beautiful as cherubs, had not their father's eyes looked out at me from their faces, till I learned to hate them even as I hated him and his accursed memory. I thought at first I would dig them out, but I knew people would guess who did it, and I dared not. So I waited. One day I was sewing on the piazza, and Nelly—my oldest baby's name was Nelly—was playing beside me. She tangled her dimpled fingers in my work, and when I scolded her, she only laughed, and climbing upon my knee, clasped her little hands across her eyes, and peered roguishly through her parted fingers into my face. Her eyes looked to me then as Edgar's had done when they stared at me the morning I killed him, and I thought her voice sounded like his, too. Shall I tell you what I did? I drew the shining needle from the garment I was sewing, and stabbed her little temples with it, driving its sharp point in and in more times than I could count, till she straightened out in my arms with a low gasp, and died. Then I carried her in and laid her upon her bed. I drew the sheet up over the stiff little figure and waxen face, and watching until the white folds fell softly in to the still outline of the body, laughed such delicious laughter as made the whole house ring with merriment.

"Then I went to the cradle where my other babe was sleeping—a babe about like this one, and knelt down beside it. Do you know when I stopped to look in at your window to-night, and saw you here asleep, you made me think of that time? I should not have come in had it not been for that. And do you know, too, that your child here has just such blue eyes as I hate. I suffocated my babe while it slept. See—just in this way!"

She laid her hand tightly across the little nostrils and quivering mouth of my babe, and held its struggling body toward me till I saw the veins swelling rapidly in its forehead, and the purple hue of suffocation mounting to its temples. Then my maternal instinct broke the horrid spell that had well nigh palsied me into utter helplessness, and with the strength which love and terror gave me, I sprang forward.

There was a short, quick struggle, a wrestling with arms that seemed to me like shafts of iron, a panting for breath as we each strove for mastery over the other, and then I reeled backwards, clasping my babe sobbing yet uninjured to my bosom.

The firelight flashed and flickered across the detested features of my murderous companion. It showed me the white, fascinating gleam of her glittering teeth, the long, luxuriant hair, floating like an inky cloud about her shoulders, the lurid anger that shot from her fierce eyes, the lip white with rage, and wreathed in a smile that told me plainer than words could have done, the devilish purpose that was in her heart.

The momentary strength that had been given me, was all gone. I was weak and powerless as the frightened infant that clung crying to my neck. I knew there was no escape for me. I thought of Charles and his despairing agony when he should come home to find his wife and daughter murdered by unknown hands. I breathed a rapid prayer to Heaven for my soul's salvation, and drew my child with a tight pressure to my heart. Then the instinct of self-preservation swept over me. I thought of the beautiful world I was just beginning to love, of the home that was so dear to me, of my precious husband and babe, and I could not give them up, least of all by a death so frightful.

I gave a long, sharp, maddening scream for help, which they told me afterwards was heard for miles around. The next moment, with a howl like that of a wolf too long kept at bay, the woman dashed towards me. Her iron fingers closed about my throat, her furious eyes glared into mine, and her hot lips almost pressed my forehead. The room seemed swimming darkly about me. I gasped, staggered, and then, God be praised, I heard a quick, springing step along the gravelled walk, swift feet bounded through the hall, and the sitting-room door was thrown open with a force that jarred the whole house to its foundation. A strong hand hurled her backward from my side; I felt the passionate clasp of protecting arms about my waist, looked up to recognize my husband's dear, familiar face bending above me, and then in the sudden revulsion which followed that fever of torturing fear and intense excitement, fainted upon his breast.

An hour later, when I had sufficiently recovered to tell the whole story to the crowd of curious neighbors gathered about me, there came a loud rap at our door, and my husband ushered in a couple of men, one carrying a pair of handcuffs and a bludgeon, the other a lantern and a stout rope.

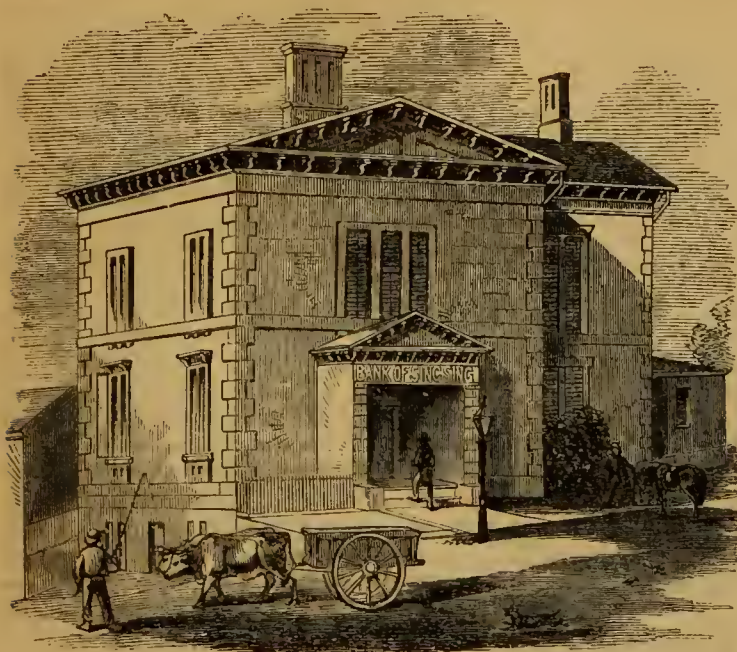
"Have you seen anything of a crazy critter up this way?" inquired one, who appeared to be the leader of the twain. "A woman has escaped from the Lunatic Asylum down here, and we're in pursuit of her."

"You had a narrer escape, ma'am—a narrer escape," he added, turning to me, as my husband repeated to him the incidents of the evening. "It's dangerous to have such mad critters go un-hung, I think. Locks, and bars, and handcuffs are nothin' to 'em. This woman, especially, seems bent on doin' mischief, and has actually crazed herself into the idee that she has killed a dozen or two of people already. We'll see if we can't keep her, though, when we catch her agin."

But their bird had flown. While my husband was restoring me to consciousness, she had fled—vanished as mysteriously as she came. They found her dead, a week afterwards, in a woodland about ten miles beyond, where she had evidently died of exposure and starvation.

That night of terror made me physically a coward ever after, and though I have tried to out-grow its influence, every event is stamped ineffaceably upon my mind, and the very thought of spending an evening alone, will make me shudder and grow pale, even now.

He who promises himself anything, but what may properly arise from his own property or labors, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts of three, even in that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments.



BANK OF SING SING, AT SING SING, N. Y.

SKETCHES OF SING SING, NEW YORK.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—The day selected for my visit to Sing Sing, for the purpose of making the accompanying sketches for your Pictorial, proved to be excessively hot, one of those mischances which will befall an artist, as "well as the rest of mankind," when he proposes working in the open air. Moreover the place was thronged with strangers, owing to a local celebration, and it was with difficulty that I could obtain accommodation. Directed to the "best hotel," I climbed the steep ascent by which access is gained to Sing Sing proper. I was unfortunate, however, in my applications to the "best hotel" and several other houses, and accordingly retracing my steps to the railroad depot, finally procured lodgings at the "Empire," a sort of eating saloon hard by. In the morning I found that my window looked out upon the Hudson, and presented a fine view up the river, embracing Teller's Point, the Long-Clove Mountain, and Haverstraw Bay. I availed myself of the opportunity of sketching Teller's Point and the Rock Lake Icehouses. The first is one of those interesting localities which are inseparably connected with the history of our country, and stands out as one of the landmarks of that eventful episode—the treason of Arnold and the execution of the unfortunate Andre. The Vulture which brought Andre up the river to his conference with the traitor Arnold, anchored off this point, about in the position of the vessel represented in my sketch. From her Andre was rowed to the foot of Long-Clove Mountain, seen over the point in the distance, where, in the darkness of night, the traitor and his victim met for the first time face to face, and heard each other's voices. The chronicler tells us that their conference lasted until the approach of day, and they had not then completed their arrangements. Arnold suggested to his companion that they should ride to the house of Joshua Smith and finish their business, which the latter, with much reluctance, finally consented to. They accordingly mounted horses which were in waiting, and about daybreak and soon after a cannonading was heard in the direction of the Vulture. Andre looked towards the vessel, and saw her hoist her anchor and drop down stream. His feelings may be imagined as he beheld the only means of escape leaving him, particularly as he had been made aware of the fact that he was within the American lines, and that too in disguise. Fully sensible of his danger, he watched anxiously until he saw her drop anchor, when his spirits again revived and the conference was continued. The cause of the firing was as follows: Colonel Henry Livingston, who commanded at Verplanck's Point, was informed that the vessel lay so near shore that she might be reached with artillery, and accordingly conceived the idea of destroying her. During the night, while Arnold and Andre were in conference, he despatched a party to Teller's Point

with a four-pounder, with orders to open a fire upon the vessel, which they did with so much effect that, had not the flood tide enabled her to get off, she must have surrendered to the brave little party with the four-pounder. Colonel Livingston had the day before applied to Arnold for heavier ordnance, but he had eluded his demand upon some frivolous pretext, and he was compelled to make the attempt with the field-piece. On sending to General Lamb, at West Point, for ammunition, that officer returned a limited supply, with the remark that he hoped it would be used sparingly, as, in his opinion, firing at a vessel with a four-pounder was a waste of powder. Little did he or Colonel Livingston think of the importance of that cannonade. It drove the Vulture from her mooring down the river, thus increasing the distance between Andre and his means of escape, and compelling him to attempt a return by land, which led to his capture and execution, and the escape of Arnold. Who can tell the mighty difference there might have been in the destiny of our country, had Andre been able to return to the ship, and the traitorous designs of Arnold been consummated? West Point was the key of the river, and once in possession of that important post, the enemy could have most effectually cut off all communication between the Eastern States and the rest of the confederates, and thus brought the war to a close. How different might have been the history of our country, had not that cannonading occurred on Teller's Point! The rebellion quelled; Washington, the *Pater Patriae*, Hancock, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, and a host of others, whom we to day delight to honor as the noblest of patriots, handed over to the tender mercies of the hangman, and our country still under the sway of the British sceptre. Such would have been, without doubt, the consequences of that traitorous act which was only brought to light by the means of the firing of that four-pounder on Teller's Point. After finishing my sketch, I took a seat upon the piazza of the hotel and made a sketch of the Rockland Lake Icehouses, shown in one of the smaller engravings of the series. This is the great depot from whence New York derives the larger portion of her supply of ice, and I assure you I looked across the water on this excessively hot June day, with a longing desire to cross and enjoy a siesta under the shadow of one of those huge buildings filled to repletion with refreshing coolness. The lake is situated in the notch back of the buildings seen in the engraving, and its waters are remarkably clear. It is between four and five miles in circumference, and affords an unfailing supply of clear, crystal-like ice, which, when cut, is placed in the icehouses at the brow of the hill, and in the season it is run down over the long slides to the houses at the docks, whence it is shipped on board the vessels destined to convey it to the city. It was nearly nine o'clock when I finished my sketch of Rockland Lake Icehouses, and I hastened to climb the steep ascent to the town ere the noonday sun made it a task too unpleasant. I sought a chaperon, and found a very kind and obliging one in the person of Mr. Roscoe, of the Herald, who spent the rest of the morning with me in showing me points of interest, and introducing me to others who could furnish me information. Our first call was upon Dr. J. C. Fisher, who takes a warm interest in everything appertaining to or connected with the history of the place, and from him I learned, among other things, that the Vulture returned the fire of the cannoniers on Teller's Point, as is evidenced by a cannon ball which had been cut out of a tree in that locality. We spent an agreeable half-hour with him, and then started for North Hill for the purpose of getting a sketch of Sing Sing which should give a good idea of the place. Lying as it does in a sort of basin, behind the brow of the hill, it is scarcely seen to any advantage from the water, and the traveller who passes by without stopping is apt to suppose it an inconsiderable town. The point selected by Mr. R. was an admirable one for a sketch, embracing within the view all that portion of the town lying on the hill, together with some charming river scenes, which I regret much I was unable to give in my drawing. While engaged in making our sketch, let us turn to the record and see what we can gather of its history and statistics. The origin of the name Sing Sing

has been variously stated, and as we are left to select for ourselves, I am inclined to favor the story that it was named by a Dutch trader after the town of Tsing Tsing in China, which he had been in the habit of visiting. It is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about thirty-three miles from the city of New York. The river at this point reaches its greatest breadth, being four miles in width, presenting the most enchanting landscape in every direction. Its population in 1850, according to the last census, was 3000, although since the Hudson River Railroad has been completed and running, it has increased, like all the towns along the line of the road, in a rapid ratio, and is now probably double that number. It is celebrated for its educational institutions, the principal of which is the Mount Pleasant Institute, situated on one of the most retired streets, and having a commanding view of the river and the surrounding scenery. The number of students is limited to fifty, who are taught horsemanship and military tactics in addition to the usual branches. There are several churches, a bank, and two newspapers in the place. The Croton aqueduct passes through the centre of the town, and crosses the Sing Sing kill in a magnificent arch of masonry 88 feet from abutments, and 100 feet from the water. The top of this arch is seen in the centre of the large engraving. The principal object of attraction to strangers, however, is the State Prison, which is situated on the bank of the river, about half a mile below the town. These buildings are of marble or limestone, and form three sides of a square. The main edifice is 484 feet long and five stories high, containing cells for 1000 prisoners, who are engaged in various mechanic arts and in quarrying the marble or limestone which is so abundant in the neighborhood. The system and discipline of the prison owe their origin to Elam Lynds, for many years agent of the Auburn Prison. The convicts are shut up in separate cells for the night, and on Sundays, except when attending religious services in the chapel. While at work they are not allowed to exchange a word with each other, under any pretence whatever; nor to communicate any intelligence to each other in writing; nor to exchange looks, or winks, or to make use of any signs except such as are necessary to convey their wants to the waiters. The plan of confining each convict in a separate cell during the night,



ROCKLAND LAKE ICE-HOUSES, OPPOSITE SING SING.

or the "Auburn system," as it is called, was adopted at the Auburn Prison in 1824. The prison at that time contained but 550 cells. Being, therefore, totally inefficient to accommodate all the convicts of the State, an act was passed by the Legislature, authorizing the erection of a new one. Sing Sing was selected as the location, and Capt. Lynds as agent to build it. He was directed to take from the Auburn Prison one hundred convicts; to remove them to the ground selected for the site of a new prison; to purchase materials, employ keepers and guards, and to commence the construction of the building. The reasons for taking the convicts from Auburn and transporting them so great a distance, instead of from New York, were, that the convicts at the former place had been accustomed to cutting and laying stone, and had been brought by Captain Lynds into the perfect and regular state of discipline he had established there, and which was indispensably necessary to their safe-keeping in the open country, and the successful prosecution of the work. The party arrived at Sing Sing without accident or disturbance, in May, 1825, without a place to receive them, or a wall to enclose them. A temporary barrack was erected to receive the convicts at night, and they were then set at work building the prison, each working at his trade—one a carpenter, another a mason, etc.—all the time having no other means to keep them in obedience but the rigid enforcement of the strict discipline adopted at the Auburn Prison. For four years the convicts, whose numbers were gradually increased, were engaged in building their own prison, and finally completed it in 1829. After finishing my



TELLER'S POINT, FROM SING SING, N. Y.

sketch I returned to my hotel, on the way stopping to make the sketch of the Bank. After dinner I sketched the view of the Prison, and prepared to leave by the 3 30 train for Verplancks and Stony Points. While sitting on the piazza waiting for the train, and suffering intensely from the heat, I changed my intention, and seeing the 3.28 train for New York at the depot, I paid my bill and started for home, instead of up the river, content to await cooler weather for travelling sketches.

Yours truly,

"NEUTRAL TINT."

THE ERUPTION OF SKAPTA.

Of all the countries in Europe, Iceland is the one which has been the most minutely mapped. The Danish government seems to have had a hobby about it, and the result has been a chart so beautifully executed that every little crevice, each mountain torrent, each flood of lava is laid down with an accuracy perfectly astonishing. One huge blank, however, in the southwest corner of this map of Iceland, mars the integrity of the almost microscopic delineation. To every other part of the island the engineer has succeeded in penetrating; one vast space alone of about four hundred miles has defied his investigation. Over the area occupied by the Skapta Jokul no human foot has ever wandered. Yet it is from the centre of this district that has descended the most frightful visitation ever known to have desolated the island. This event occurred in the year 1782. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Towards the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th innumerable fire sprouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of foetid water mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared. Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river, and in a short time—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medelland, ripping the turf up before it, and poured into a great lake, whose waters flew hissing into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself filled, and the unexhausted torrent recommenced its march. When it was imprisoned between the high banks of the Skapta, the lava was five or six hundred feet deep; but as soon as it spread out into the plains its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, pumice, ashes and lava continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden clouds hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetland and the Orkneys, were deluged with volcanic dust, which percep-

tibly contaminated the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the whole island; even the grass which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up; the fish perished in the poisoned sea; a murrain broke out among the cattle, and a disease resembling the scurvy among the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that 9000 persons, and 229,000 horses, cattle and sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of 1300, and of cattle, etc., about 158,000.—*Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage.*

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Crossing the Alps, it seems, is not as difficult as when Napoleon the First achieved the task a few years ago. A foreign correspondent of the New York Times thus describes the government road over Mount Cenis, over which are now pouring the French hatteries, and over which runs a regular line of diligences: "The road over Mount Cenis is macadamized throughout its whole extent, and is wide and in perfect order, consisting of easy grades. The journey over the pass is no pleasant affair, even to one who occupies the protected seats in a comfortable diligence—what must it be to soldiers on foot, wet with severe rains, and incumbered with knapsack and arms? The pass is 6825 feet high—nearly 300 feet higher than the famous Simplon pass. That of the great St. Bernard, over which Napoleon conducted his army before any road had been formed, is 8200 feet high. The easy

grades of the Mount Cenis road, and the protection furnished by granite posts on its exterior, within seven or eight feet of each other—firmly planted in the earth, and about four feet high—indicate that a principal object in thus forming it, was the easy and safe hauling of cannon and baggage over the line. I walked for miles over the road, in the ascent from the Sardinian side, and carefully observing its construction. The engineering difficulties were immense, but they have been overcome with such skill, that the ascent is uniform and easy in every part. Occasionally a level place is left to afford relief to horses from the wearisomeness of a steady pull. I noticed that the marks of the drill used in blasting were nearly obliterated, the effect of long-continued exposure to severe storms, and the character of the rock, which is a soft limestone. One is struck with wonder that such a great work over high mountains, should have been formed and finished on a line exceeding fifty miles. It is kept in high order, and is descended on a brisk trot with entire safety. It seems most appropriate, as this great road was the work of the elder Napoleon, that the representative of his name should distinguish himself by using it for the march of a great army aimed at the same power which Napoleon successfully encountered soon after crossing the Swiss Alps."—*People's Gazette.*

A RUSSIAN FAST LADY.

Nothing remained of the clamor that had been, but the low mumbling of a knot of naval courtiers near the wheel, who, alike indifferent to the raging elements, the pitching boat, or the creature-sufferings around them, continued their discourse in broken phrases, between long-drawn whiffs of Jewcoff's "superlatives," for which privilege they had preferred paying a two-shilling fare in our steamer to a free passage in a crown boat, where smoking is prohibited. To some such weighty consideration we were probably indebted for the company of a pretty woman who sat opposite to us, and whose Madonna-like countenance I had been intently admiring for some time, for, thrusting a small, delicately-gloved hand into the pocket of her Cashmere morning dress, she pulled out an embroidered case, from whence leisurely selecting a paperos, she shut it with a loud snap and returned it to her pocket, looking round meanwhile as if in search of something which, in my ignorance, I supposed to be some rough surface whereon to rub a lucifer, but one of the naval smokers before alluded to, better acquainted with the nature of the difficulty, gallantly approached her and proffered the lighted end of his cigar. The lady rose, their heads drew near, she obtained a light and gracefully thanked him; he bowed, and they both resumed their seats, she—the beautiful Madonna!—O, tell it not to "Punch"—sat there puffing away most manfully, her elbow over the side, and her legs across. My friend informed me that she was really a woman of some consequence, married to a man of high rank, and the mother of several children; and furthermore, that she was a capital "whip"—a very uncommon accomplishment for this part of the world, "fast" ladies of this genus being rare in Russia—she was not an indifferent swearer, and that, *par fantaisie*, she smoked green tea.—*Six Years in Russia.*

A man is no more a wit for having many ideas, than a general for having many soldiers.



STATE PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.



SING SING, NEW YORK, FROM NORTH HILL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPHRAIM, Boston.—1. The word "Yankee" was first used in print about the time of the Revolution. It originated in the Indian pronunciation of the word "English," which they called "Yenghees." 2. The dollar mark (\$) is undoubtedly a modification of the figure 8, denoting a Spanish piece of eight reals, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight.

N. H., Illinois.—The words "In the midst of life we are in death," were first used in the burial service of the Episcopal church (in English), and the sentiment is expressed in the earlier service books of the Greek and Roman churches. The sentence was probably adopted from one or the other of the older churches.

MECHANIC, Portsmouth, N. H.—Iron chain cables did not come into general use in the English navy until 1812. The chain cable of the steamship Adriatic, built for the Collins line, weighs fifty pounds per link. In the process of proving, one of the weakest links gave way at ninety-seven tons pressure, with a force that shook the building. A new link was substituted, and the cable withstood a strain of 105 tons. The cables of the Great Eastern are yet stouter, each link weighing seventy pounds.

"Bow Oaa."—The Gazette publishes a carefully prepared article upon the boating interests. It appears that there are attached to the Charles River fleet sixteen club boats, four shell boats, thirty-six single-scutt wherries, five double-scutt wherries, five dories, and six row boats, not wherries. Jarvis D. Braman owns twenty boats. There are five Indian canoes. Of yachts, there are five schooner rigged and ten sloops. Several new boats are in process of construction, and it is estimated that the aggregate value of boats of all kinds used on the river, exclusive of those owned at the colleges, is nearly \$30,000.

M. C., Roxbury, Mass.—In 1836, the New York Star writing upon the probable speedy establishment of lines of steamships between the ports of Liverpool and New York, said: "They must, however, be very large ships—we should say from 800 to 1000 tons, and built with every possible strength and durability, with powerful engines, and room for at least twelve days' fuel." In 1836, one of the newspapers has this paragraph: "An immense steam frigate, to be called the Gorgon, is to be built in London. She is to be 1100 tons, and will carry twelve guns. She is to be larger than the old seventy-fours."

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

For a long time our foreign journals and our own contemporary sheets must be filled with articles upon the war now waging in Italy, and with the incidents of that eventful struggle. Fortunately our own country stands aloof from the portentous strife, in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, while the cannon thunders and steel flashes on the plains of Piedmont. Yet, separated by more than three thousand miles of ocean from the theatre of war, we cannot, though distant, be uninterested spectators of what is transpiring in the Old World. The applauded sentiment of the old Roman poet, "I deem nothing belonging to humanity foreign to me," is the sentiment of every true-hearted American.

It is impossible, as Americans, not to sympathize with the Italians in their struggle to throw off the Austrian yoke, nor do we hesitate to wish success to the Franco-Sardinian arms merely because we condemn the antecedents of Louis Napoleon, the ally of Victor Emmanuel. We know that he was false to the French republic, and climbed to power by unjustifiable means, nor has the halo of success that surrounds his brow dazzled our eyes or bewildered our judgment. Still we believe, in spite of the past, that he will be true to the cause he has espoused. There are legitimate reasons enough for his hostility to Austria, without seeking sinister motives. Under Austrian sway, Italy is a perpetual menace to France; independent, she would be a safe and profitable neighbor.

Austria has shown her impossibility to govern Italy except by keeping up a military establishment, threatening to all neighboring peoples. She has shown her determination never to relax her iron gripe on the throat of the Italians, and to compel even Italian princes, not legitimately subjected to her sway, to govern their subjects according to the despotic formulas adopted at Vienna. The time had arrived when the peace and prosperity of Europe demanded a change of policy on the part of Austria, or a withdrawal from Italy. She refused to change, and fell back upon the provisions of old treaties and the stipulations of old congresses. She insisted on carrying out her mission of trampling out ideas by the hoof of brute force. One Italian sovereign, Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, is found to confront the Kaiser, and he has found a friend and backer in the most astute, politic and powerful ruler in Western Europe.

Not content with words of friendship and sympathy, like the government of Great Britain, the Emperor of France has, in the hour of need,

poured his troops into Italy and taken command of them in person. The Italians accept him as a liberator, while England looks on him as the future tyrant of Italy. For ourselves, we are willing to consider him in the Italian point of view. In early life he espoused the Italian cause, and in his present movement, we behold a return to the generous impulses of his youth. We are willing to believe that he will be content to be the victorious general of a liberating army, and seek by acquiring true glory, to hide from posterity the stains which cloud his Parisian career. He has more reason to be true than to be faithless to Italy. It is not long since the shells of the Italian Carbonari, exploding beneath the feet of his carriage-horses at the opera, nearly closed his career. And those shells were thrown by no ignoble hand; and it was the last words of a dying man that warned him that a long line of sworn avengers survived, each man of whom would take his turn in attempting the life of one who had proved false to his vows as a Carbonaro. Romantic as this story appears, "stranger than fiction," indeed, it is nevertheless true, and Louis Napoleon knows it to be true. He knew that as surely as darkness succeeds day, just so surely a betrayal of Italy, now that he has once embarked as her defender, would cost him his life and the lives of those dearest to him. Even if this danger could by any possibility be removed, to hold any part of Italy as a conquered province, would cost more than it came to. It was long ago predicted that when Louis Napoleon's power was once firmly established, he would astound the world by appearing in the light of a champion of liberal principles. It is in this light he now commences his military career, and, admitting him to be ambitious, we believe that his ambition will be satisfied with victory on the fields rendered famous by Napoleon I., and that he is sensible enough to know that if so fortunate, territorial aggrandizement cannot add to his reputation.

GENERAL MORRIS.

France has her General Morris, as well as America, but the former can only fight—he can't write songs. But still he is a very gallant fellow. He rose from the ranks and has made a rapid progress. His great reputation dates from the battle of Isly, in Algiers. On the eve of the battle, Marshal Bugeaud, who had only 10,000 men and 16 guns, being separated only by the river Isly from an enemy with 10,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry, collected his officers "by punch-light," as Charles Lamb says, and explained to them his plan of battle, indicating in advance what would take place.

"You will penetrate," said he, ending by an eloquent metaphor, "you will penetrate this multitude, you will cleave it as a vessel cleaves the waves, you will strike and march on without looking behind you, and they will all disappear with a facility that will surprise you."

The next, Morris had taken these directions so literally, that he did not wait for any orders from the marshal, who crossed the river at the head of his lancers, of whom he was lieutenant-colonel, and burst upon the enemy. But he soon saw with surprise that Morris and his two squadrons of cavalry had thrown the enemy into the utmost disorder. When the remainder of the army crossed the Isly, the enemy was already half beat. General Morris is now in command of a French division in Sardinia, and our countryman, Major Kearney, who lost an arm at Churubusco, is one of his volunteer aids.

"IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE."

During the Mexican war, the American General —, a fine soldier, by the way, was lying in his tent, when he was awakened by the coughing of a horse in the vicinity. He immediately called for the corporal of the guard, who came clanking in and awaited his commands.

"Corporal of the Guard! I'm broken of my rest; there is a horse coughing. Go and see whose horse it is."

The corporal went and returned to report.

"It's Captain C.'s, of the staff, may it please the general."

"It makes no difference. I won't have my rest broken in this way. Take him to the dragoon picket."

And he rolled over and went to sleep. But he was soon awakened by a repetition of the same disturbance.

"Corporal of the Guard! There's another horse coughing. I don't care whose horse it

is—it makes no difference, but go and see. I will not have my rest disturbed in this way."

The soldier went as before, and returned immediately.

"It's the general's horse, may it please the general."

"My horse, eh? Poor fellow! how did he catch cold, I wonder. Put a blanket on him and send a surgeon to see him in the morning."

A WORD FOR THE BIRDS.

We count it a very bad sign in a boy or man who will molest the birds. They do a great deal of good in the world, and they get their living by destroying millions of bugs and worms, which, if permitted to live, would ruin our gardens and trees. Watch the gay, bold, bright-eyed robin, grubbing up the worms in your corn or flower-gardens; listen to his song always so cheerful; or see the graceful bluebird, or the beautiful golden robin, note how they are always busy, disposing of the grubs which kill your fruit-trees and shrubs, and your young garden plants. Have you ever heard the piping, clear notes of the Red Marvis, or listened to the merry chatter of the little fairy yellow bird, or the dainty humming bird? Go out in the woods and hearken to the sweet song of the handsome brown thrasher, sit down on the green moss under some old oak, and you may be an honored listener to a thousand sweet songs, to melodies of whose existence you never dreamed. Welcome the birds, then; they "pay their way," if you can be small-souled enough to bring that into question; they will sing to you from the time of the first spring flowers till the autumn asters are in bloom; and if you will give them audience they will make you better, and so happier. Thus pleasantly discoursed the Essex Banner.

PICCOLONINI'S LAST SPEECH.—"My Dear Frens:—In zis beautiful tempell, some severial mons zuisse, you made me one grande welcome! You no understand how happie I was always made, ever since, by ze continuation of zat welcome. Ze boxcs (prolonged glance at the first circle), ze upper rows (careful look in that direction), ze galleries (gives a furtive glance toward the sky-circle, but misses the pit altogether), have all testified to zeir welcome with much argent (silver), and I will always zank you from ze bosome of my hearte, and sall hold zese contributions in ze sweet memory. Zis big contree, zis monster contree, were I have traveled with ze great speed, I sall leave with regret ze most zin-zere, and sall pray my good angel to bring me back to so ver soon. My dear frens I now bid yon ze adieu."

WAR AND GEOGRAPHY.—One of our contemporaries in commenting on the European war, says that it will lead our people to study the geography of a country with which they are little familiar. This was the result of the Mexican, the East Indian and the Crimean wars. We hope the time will come when people will feel interest enough in the subject to study geography, without waiting for the promptings of a bloody war.

WASHINGTON STREET.—If you wish to see how far the living flowers of humanity outshine the inanimate flowers of the garden, you have only to take a walk in Washington Street on a sunny afternoon. Talk of Circassian beauty! It all is absolute homeliness compared with Athenian loveliness. And then the toilettes! Fortunately business is brisk, or husbands would be driven to despair.

OUR ARTISTS.—The studios of our artists will soon be deserted. With the warm weather they migrate, either to rest and recruit themselves, or to paint and study from nature in the field, to be worked up next winter. Art is decidedly looking up in this country, both aesthetically and pecuniarily.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—Cyrus H. McCormick, of reaper fame, has given \$100,000 for the endowment of four Professorships in the Theological Seminary of the Old School Presbyterians at Chicago, Ill.

CURIOUS.—An Ohio cow, something more than a year ago, swallowed a piece of broomstick, 18 inches long, which remained in her stomach until a few days ago, when it came out of her side.

AMERICAN SHIPS.

Our shipping interest seems to be "looking up," and as it is always "an ill wind that blows nobody good," so the outset of the European struggle redounds to the interest of this country. American ships of all classes are largely in demand on the other side of the Atlantic, and are taken up in charter in preference to those of all other nations, the English not excepted. The French government have chartered some twenty or thirty Yankee vessels to carry coal to the Mediterranean, at a very handsome price, and have engaged them for a series of months. English ships hesitate to close any bargains whatever with the French government, for obvious reasons. We are glad to see this branch of our industry receive a bit of good luck, for it has long suffered a heavy depression from various causes, and ship building is one of the most important branches of our national industry. Our ship-builders have a high reputation in Europe, unequalled probably in the world, as far as sailing ships are concerned, and even in respect to steamers as to speed and beauty—but the English doubtless build the best steamers as it regards machinery and firmness. Our men-of-war of the latest build, whether steamers or sailing crafts, have drawn forth the most unbounded praise of the Old World, and some orders are now being executed in this country for government ships for the north of Europe. The natural growth of commerce, and the annual loss by sea casualties, keep up a good demand, and when any extraordinary contingency occurs to affect the business of shipwrights, the builders are driven to the greatest extreme of industry to meet the requirements at home and abroad. It is a noble branch of mechanical business, and we have cause to be justly proud that it has reached such perfection in America.

SOLDIERING IN FRANCE.

The other day a soldier, with a knapsack on his back, jumped into the Seine from one of the Paris bridges, to drown himself. He was rescued, and quite an enthusiasm was created in his favor when it was found that he had attempted suicide because his regiment had gone to war and left him behind to farm, with a few others, the depot for recruits. When restored, the poor fellow went away crying, to his barracks, but promised to renew his attempt. Another soldier in the country actually committed suicide because his regiment left without him; and a story is told of a boy at one of the Paris academies who escaped twice by a most dangerous flight over the roofs of houses, in order to go to the war. The prompter of Madame Ristori's company has left the permanent situation he held in her employment, and with the aid of a benefit night given him by the great tragedienne, has gone to join Garibaldi. Tambrlik, Ristori, Frezzolini, Penco, and many of the French artists, have performed in favor of the fund for sending the poor Italian refugees in Paris back to the defence of their country. It may be imagined that they leave with joy in their hearts.

PURE WATER.—They have been discussing the question of erecting hydrants all over New York city. No doubt sobriety would be promoted by furnishing a supply of Croton. It is hard for a thirsty man to be treading a soil he knows to be full of pipes conveying the purest water, and yet to have to beg a drink.

"Water, water, everywhere—
And not a drop to drink."

TEXAS.—Some of his friends have proposed the name of George Wilkins Kendall, Esq., as a candidate for the governorship of Texas. What the "ex-Santa Fe prisoner" thinks of the proposition, we have not yet learned.

THE CAMELS.—The Selma (Alabama) papers mention the arrival at that place of the camels designated for planters in the vicinity; they are to be used for ploughing and all kinds of heavy work on the plantation.

LOCUSTS.—These miserable, marauding insects have been doing great damage to crops in the southwest.

FOREIGN ARRIVALS.—Twenty-two steamships arrived at Boston, New York and Quebec, during the month of May, from Europe.

AGRICULTURAL.—A movement is on foot to locate the next United States Fair at Chicago.

MODERN WAR.

It was declared previous to the late war, that the vast improvements in fire-arms and other destructive munitions of war, would entirely change all former tactics in battle and siege performances; but the struggle between England, France and Russia did not sustain this prognostication. The history of the Crimean campaign does not in any one of its events illustrate great advances in the science of attack and defence, as applied to fortified places. The enormous sieges, throwing both shell and solid shot, which were directed against the defences of Sebastopol, did not, until after more than one year of almost uninterrupted fire, produce an effect which justified assault of the works on the part of the attacking army. So of the defence; the lines which encompassed the city on the south or attacked side, were in their form and structure precisely of the same character—being only of greater thickness, to resist heavier weight of projectile—as would have been practised fifty years ago. Neither did the Alma, nor Balaklava, nor Inkermann, in any fact connected with their commencement, progress or result, disclose the employment of new elements in the conduct of battle. They were only a reproduction of the Peninsular and German campaigns, and Waterloo. As of old, were seen the mercurial vivacity and brilliant courage of the French soldier, as he advanced at *pas de charge*; the cool and indomitable tenacity of the Saxon man, with his unsurpassed power of endurance; and the docile devotedness of the Russian to orders, and death even in obedience to them, if need be. The formation, disposition and employment of artillery, squadrons and battalions, did not differ in any important aspect from the practice of Napoleon I. and his military contemporaries. Still, the present aspect of affairs in Europe may bring us new developments, and the actual use of the various new inventions may exhibit a peculiar result, materially changing the tactics and science of war and battle-fields.

STATISTICS OF MARRYING.

A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is three times as great as that of a bachelor; at 30, it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to 45, it is five times as great; and it increases, until at 60 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of the bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition of life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his settled habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 30, the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

JAPANESE POLITENESS.—Lieutenant Habershaw, in one of his interesting letters, says: "The extreme of Japanese breeding seems to remain silently attentive while your company is speaking. The result of this is that arguments and disputes are by no means common, simply because one party always waits quietly until the other has 'had his say.' I wonder if this true politeness couldn't be made to radiate from Japan toward 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

PIKE'S PEAK.—A letter from Pike's Peak says: "This is a great country; only one white unmarried woman here and over a thousand men. There are five gambling houses in active operation; two race-courses, and a string band in full blast every night." It strikes us that "a string band in full blast" must be very curious.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The rebuilding of the Crawford House at the Notch is rapidly progressing. It will be finished in time for the summer travel.

THE LATE DR. LARDNER.—This gentleman's name was originally Dennis Lardner, but he Latinized the baptismal part of it into Dionysius.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A great deal of smoking kills many men, but then it cures much bacon.

MILITARY GENIUS.

It is astonishing how much military genius there is in the editorial profession—we speak of latent military genius, unsuspected by the world. Some editors are recognized as warriors, such as Morris of the Home Journal, Webb of the Courier and Enquirer, Clapp of the Gazette, and Rogers of the Journal; but then these gentlemen have titles to distinguish them, and are occasionally seen flourishing on battle-chargers, or commanding lines of bayonets on the tented field. But we refer to the genius that lies hidden in men who always wear black coats, and are never seen following the drum on parade days. They might, under peaceful circumstances, pass to their graves as civilians, but just bring on a war, and they'll show you what's what in the twinkling of a sabre. Talk of the genius of Napoleon first! Pshaw! he knew no more than a conscript compared to these untitled generals who fight battles on paper, toss you up the plan of a campaign in a "stickful," and demolish a life-long military reputation in a paragraph. We have known Bunsbys who could have taken Sebastopol in a week, while the miserable French and English generals dribbled away months and months without doing it. Springing up in obscure villages, these great generals are now appearing, roused by the trumpet blast of the Italian war, and if Victor Emmanuel, and Francis Joseph, and Louis Napoleon would only become subscribers, the Italian question would be settled as soon as the first numbers could cross the ocean in a steamer.

THE PROSPECT FOR ITALY.

The correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from Florence after the flight of the grand duke of Tuscany, says: Having gone through a former revolution, and seeing the impotent conclusion of it, I cannot be very sanguine. But in addition to the experience gained by that failure, there is a ground for hope in the fact that all Italy must take its cue from Piedmont. She began the movement, and, backed by France, has the power to dictate. Therefore no one will try for anything beyond a constitutional monarchy, and risk the substance for the shadow, as they did in 1848. No doubt there are shoals and quicksands enough to apprehend; but it does seem that Italy has never before had the chance she now has for independence and union. Even at the worst, a Peace Congress would not allow Austrian rule in Italy to be what it has been, and if, what is next worse, French domination is to be substituted for Austrian, it would be a much more enlightened one, and a similarity between the members of the Latin race would prevent the hostility and incompatibility that has always existed between the Germans and Italians.

THE MOON HOAX.—The popular idea that a change of the moon is accompanied by a change of the weather is fully and fairly discussed in Arago's Astronomy. It is shown beyond a doubt that atmospheric tides do not exist (at any rate of a character analogous to the tides of the ocean), and the results of the observations which have been made for the purpose of testing the truth of the theory, prove clearly that it is without foundation.

THE BEGINNING OF WAR'S DESTRUCTION.—The bridge over the Ticino, at Buffaloria, destroyed by the Sardinians, by blowing up with gunpowder, was a magnificent structure of hewn stone, 1000 feet in length, and cost, even in that country of cheap labor, nearly \$700,000. It rested on eleven arches, and was calculated to last forever without ever requiring any repairs.

"BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY."—This Magazine is entirely unlike any other published. It is not only original in its contents, from beginning to end, but it is also got up in a style wholly its own. A vast amount of choice and delightful reading is embraced in its hundred pages each month, not to mention its fine engravings, and its regular side splitting set of humorous illustrations. At first we were surprised at its vast circulation, now some 115,000 monthly!—but we no longer wonder at its popularity. What a rich, intellectual and enjoyable return for one dollar a year. Published by M. M. Ballou, 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.—State Record, Va.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS CONN, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

THE BOSTON CANNON.—Long ere this, the gun cast at Alger's foundry and presented to the Sardinians, must have spoken in thunder from the ramparts of Alessandria.

Wayside Gatherings.

The wife of Douglas Jerrold died early in May, at her country residence in England. Her health rapidly failed after her husband's death.

A little boy, five years old, died in Buffalo, the other day, from the effects of drinking some whiskey for which his father had sent him.

The Anagram for Austria is *vastari*, Latin for "to lay waste"—a business in which that country has been engaged for centuries.

Fountains of natural gas were lately reached at Howard, C. W., in digging for wells, and the gas now bubbles up in steady currents, which, when ignited, presents a bright flame three feet high.

In Philadelphia, the two constables convicted of the larceny of \$2600, the property of Kars-teter, have been sentenced to eighteen months in the county prison. Alderman Allen's sentence, who was convicted with them, was postponed.

Messrs. Armfield of Tennessee, Croom of Alabama, and Warren of North Carolina, have each subscribed \$25,000 to the "University of the South," and nineteen other persons the aggregate sum of \$100,000, making \$175,000.

Hon. Thomas Butler King says the number of Cuban children now at school in the United States may be estimated at from six to ten thousand. The number of visitors from Cuba to the United States, in the year 1858, was between fifteen and twenty thousand.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he claims is a cure for snoring. It fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

The new Custom House in Portsmouth, N. H., is progressing rapidly. The stone has been all prepared, and the sheds in which it was hammered, at the Concord railroad station, have been removed. The third story is going up, and the building soon will be externally completed.

Whether locusts do or do not appear in certain localities at regular intervals of 17 years, is a question which seems to be attracting considerable attention. A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser asserts from his own observation that they do appear at these regular intervals, and predicts that they will appear next in 1860.

Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, missionary to the Cherokees, died at his residence, Park Hill, Cherokee nation, on the 19th of May. He was in his 62d year, and was missionary among the Cherokees for nearly thirty-five years, most of the time engaged in translating and publishing the Scriptures in the Cherokee language.

They had a prize fight at Deerfield, N. Y., the other day. The principals were two sanguinary butchers of Utica, named Evarts and Muddeman. The stakes were \$30 against \$50. Evarts was the victor. On the eighth round he gave Muddeman such severe "punishment" that the latter failed to "come to time" on the ninth.

The Ohio State Journal publishes a list of ten incorporated companies in Ohio, with an aggregate capital of one million two hundred and eighty thousand dollars directly invested in the manufacture of coal oil, and predicts that before the close of the year a dozen more will be added to the list.

The husband of Mrs. Peter Perry of Port Clinton, Ohio, was drowned recently. The wife has since died of grief. From the moment she received the intelligence of his loss up to the hour of her death, a few days ago, she never exhibited signs of sanity, being perfectly wild and delirious.

Two American officers will probably take part in the coming—perhaps existing—war, viz: Young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who is a lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Major Kearney, of New York, who, it is said, has entered the staff of one of the French Generals of Division, as a volunteer.

New Orleans is said to be almost overrun by scoundrels. The boldest robberies are committed every night, and the papers advise people who travel late at night or early in the morning to keep sharp eyes on all persons they meet. One of the rascals, a few days ago, carried off four thousand cigars.

Clark Mills, the American artist, is now busily engaged in casting the equestrian statue of Washington, ordered by Congress, and expects to have it completed by July next. His first casting failed, in consequence of the impure character of the copper. Mr. Mills is also duplicating the statue of Jackson, for the city of Nashville, Tenn.

Some persons, while mining in a hillside in California, recently, discovered a large pine stump, three and a half feet in diameter and fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. The tree had evidently been cut by some instrument similar to our axes, and about three inches wide. Growing on the surface, directly over this stump, was a large oak tree, three feet in diameter.

A late fire in the New Jersey pines destroyed timber covering 15,000 acres of land belonging to Wm. Braddock and others of Medford, and at Snyder's Mills, where the flames encountered a large pond of water, and where it was supposed the destruction would be arrested, the fire crossed the pond and caught at the buildings, fences, etc., so that the people narrowly escaped with their lives. Many farmers suffered the loss of fences and other property, and many crops were injured.

streamers. Ladies in elegant dresses flung flowers into the royal barge, which contained the emperor, Prince Carignano and their staff. On arriving at the royal palace, Napoleon gave a reception to the civil and military authorities. Soldiers who had received the St. Helena medal were afterwards admitted. These veterans were drawn up in the palace gardens, where the emperor conversed with some of them and received their petitions. The streets leading to the palace were densely filled, and the populace testified their joy at his arrival. On the thirteenth, Tuesday, the emperor rode out to the barracks of San Benigno, the procession forming the subject of our engraving. In the evening he attended the theatre, and received a brief visit from the King of Sardinia. From Genoa he issued the following address:

NAPOLEON III. TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"SOLDIERS:—I have just placed myself at your head to lead you to battle. We go to second the efforts of a nation claiming its independence, and to deliver it from foreign oppression. It is a sacred cause, which has the sympathy of the civilized world.

"I have no need of stimulating your ardor. Each step will remind you of a victory. In the Sacred Street of ancient Rome, inscriptions were engraved on marble to remind the people of their lofty achievements. It is the same to-day. As you pass through Mondovi, Marengo and Lodi, you will march in the midst of these memories through another Sacred Street.

"Preserve that strict discipline which is the



Joker's Budget.

Somebody defines *character* as "the only personal property which everybody looks after for you."

Austria should pause before pitching into those Sardines. If Hungary should rise, she may have other fish to fry.

Why was Gen. Burgoyne, on his march south, during the Revolution, like a runaway horse? Because he had to stop when he came to Gates.

A young naval officer of the name of Moore, having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was safely *moored*.

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" "No, master, 'tis a very large one." "O, well, you have had time to scale a mountain."

Our drovers always grumble when fat cattle do not sell well, but they are very unreasonable; for how can cattle who are so very fat go off briskly?

The New York Post—or says—"Young ladies, with pretty eyes, are allowed the use of the lash, so long as it has no not on the end, and is not 'snapped' too often."

Mrs. Partington says that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," for then she should have something to live on.

An exchange infers that Dryden wasn't opposed to mint juleps, from a remark he once made: "Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

Tommy says that it is bad meddling with a train of gunpowder; but if you want to be blown up to a dead certainty, just tread on a lady's crinoline as you are getting into an omnibus. He has tried it and knows.

Patrick Macfinigan, with a one wheeled car, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed,—"Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into ye!"

A lady said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence: "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers." "No, I think not," answered the affectionate husband. "Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who wears them ought to know."

A young lady visited a prison, and while questioning a prisoner, one of the attendants, mistaken as to her identity, came up and inquired, "Are you the young woman wot stole the hog?" "Cause, if yer are, Mr. Rooney, the lawyer, wants to speak to yer."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPILION, Boston.—1. The word "Yankee" was first used in print about the time of the Revolution. It originated in the Indian pronunciation of the word "English," which they called "Yenghees." 2. The dollar mark (\$) is undoubtedly a modification of the figure 8, denoting a Spanish piece of eight reals, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight.

N. H., Illinois.—The words "In the midst of life we are in death," were first used in the burial service of the Episcopal church (in English), and the sentiment is expressed in the earlier service books of the Greek and Roman churches. The sentence was probably adopted from one or the other of the older churches.

MECHANIC, Portsmouth, N. H.—Iron chain cables did not come into general use in the English navy until 1812. The chain cable of the steamship Adriatic, built for the Collins line, weighs fifty pounds per link. In the process of proving, one of the weakest links gave way at ninety-seven tons pressure, with a force that shook the building. A new link was substituted, and the cable withstood a strain of 105 tons. The cables of the Great Eastern are yet stouter, each link weighing seventy pounds.

BOW OAR.—The Gazette publishes a carefully prepared article upon the boating interests. It appears that there are attached to the Charles River fleet sixteen club boats, four shell boats, thirty-six single-scutt wherries, five double-scutt wherries, five dories, and six row boats, not wherries. Jarvis D. Braham owns twenty boats. There are five Indian canoes. Of yachts, there are five schooner rigged and ten sloops. Several new boats are in process of construction, and it is estimated that the aggregate value of boats of all kinds used on the river, exclusive of those owned at the colleges, is nearly \$30,000.

M. C., Roxbury, Mass.—In 1835, the New York Star writing upon the probable speedy establishment of lines of steamships between the ports of Liverpool and New York, said: "They must, however, be very large ships—we should say from 800 to 1000 tons, and built with every possible strength and durability, with powerful engines, and room for at least twelve days' fuel." In 1836, one of the newspapers has this paragraph: "An immense steam frigate, to be called the Gorgon, is to be built in London. She is to be 1100 tons, and will carry twelve guns. She is to be larger than the old seventy-fours."

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

For a long time our foreign journals and our own contemporary sheets must be filled with articles upon the war now waging in Italy, and with the incidents of that eventful struggle. Fortunately our own country stands aloof from the portentous strife, in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, while the cannon thunders and steel flashes, as it was vain in the whole theatre, who was but the index-hand of public opinion, was absent. The box near the stage, which he had engaged for the season, was empty.

"Bellina!" murmured Marina bitterly, and her voice swelled forth, entrancing all listeners. Those who heard the beautiful cantatrice that night, were ready to swear that she had never before sung with such wondrous sweetness and power.

At last the curtain fell, and pale and exhausted Marina was called out and loaded with costly wreaths and flowers, many of the bouquets bearing jewels in their midst. It was a brilliant success, but incomplete to the gifted cantatrice, because the duke was absent. It was the first time since her engagement that the illustrious d'Aquavita had failed to be present at her performances. At the door of the theatre stood several young nobles, ready to escort her home. Two were about to follow her as she leaned on the arm of the third, but she waved them back.

"Not to-night, noble signors—I am weary and feel not like entertaining guests."

"Alas! beautiful Marina," said one, as she sprang into her carriage, and he laid his hand on the door, "we cannot bear that you should so immediately vanish from our sight, after having held us captive through the evening by your voice."

"To-night it must be, noble count, for I am very weary—I am not myself. You can go and join d'Aquavita, who hangs entranced upon the syren words of the fascinating Bellina," said Marina, bitterly.

"We want only to listen to you, Marina," chorused the trio.

"It cannot be. To-morrow night I will receive you. Buono notte!"

The carriage rolled away, hearing the popular prima donna, who, clad in rich satin and lace, leaned back upon the cushions with a weary heart. She had given her whole heart to the Duke d'Aquavita, and just as her dream was about to be fulfilled, just as she thought she had him at her feet, Bellina, the rival cantatrice, made her appearance, and the ardor of the duke had cooled. He was still devoted, but Marina knew and felt that her power over him was

gone; that the man for whom she would give up everything, was indifferent to her. To-night he had as much as publicly acknowledged it to her by his non-appearance. In no enviable frame of mind, Marina reached home. Florinda, her faithful waiting-maid, was ready to receive her.

"Ah! my lady, you were successful as usual, I see by the flowers. But do no nobles sup with you to-night?"

"No. Hasten to undress me, for my brain burns, my heart feels like lead, and I am very weary. Yes, take off these jewels and laces, and henceforth they will be useless."

"Signora!"

"Yes, Florinda, all are not as faithful as you, and in one month the idolized cantatrice, Marina, will be forgotten in Venice, and the people, ever fickle, will be worshipping at another shrine. These same nobles who ask now only to be allowed to sit at my feet, will laugh over their wine at their passing devotion to Marina."

"Dear signora!"

"It is sadly true, Florinda," said Marina, with a deep sigh. "Now disrobe me, for I am weary."

Shorn of her jewels and laces, robed only in pure white, and her luxuriant hair brushed back from the temples, and carelessly knotted up behind, Marina looked what she was, a beautiful, queenlike woman. This she felt, as she turned with a mocking smile from the mirror.

After a restless night, Marina rose the next morning. She rose to the bitter sense of all she had lost—lover, fame, all she cared for. Unlike most public characters, Marina was always neatly and tastefully dressed, even in her leisure hours. Seating herself in a deep chair before the fire, Marina prepared to read, when the door opened and a young man entered unannounced. It was the Duke d'Aquavita.

"Marina, carissima!" he murmured, as he came beside her, and he tried to take her hand. At the first sound of his voice, Marina had risen, pale and cold.

"Who bade you enter?" she asked, in frigid tones.

"My heart would not let me wait for a bidding—it led me here."

"And it will lead you elsewhere, Aquavita. It needs nothing here," replied Marina, and her voice had a touch of sadness in it, in spite of its sarcasm.

"False, false, caro Marina!" exclaimed the duke, coming nearer the beautiful cantatrice and again striving to take her hand.

"Cease this mummery, Aquavita," said Marina, who had mastered the momentary weakness, in cold, measured tones. "I will not bear it. For a week you have served me only with the lip; your heart, worthless, fickle thing, has been laid at the feet of another dear one. My eyes ache with looking on such a despised, worthless thing as you."

"Marina!" exclaimed the duke, fiercely, for the prima donna's scornful manner, more than the words, stung him.

Vain, fickle, the illustrious Duke d'Aquavita wished to still appear devoted to Marina. It was not yet decided which of the two singers would bear off the palm, and until that was decided, the faithless Aquavita chose to remain neutral, and until this evening had fondly hoped that Marina was blinded by her love to his coolness.

"Marina," said the duke, in reproachful tones, as he seemed to recoil before her scorn. "Marina, will you be so cruel—send me away to die?"

"To die of what? To die of despair because the beautiful Bellina does not smile more sweetly on you than other nobles as worthless as yourself?"

"You will drive me to despair—to suicide, Marina," and the duke sank on to the couch and covered his face with his hands.

A scornful, withering smile passed over the face of the cantatrice, and she clenched her hands in rage or despair as she looked at the cowering man before her, and she stepped forward and laid her hand on Aquavita's shoulder. He moved as if to raise his head, but she stopped him.

"Bow your head still, Aquavita, for I cannot bear to have your false eyes rest on me—they burn into my heart. As soon as I have finished talking, you must go, go without looking at me, Aquavita," and her voice grew wondrously sweet and tender. "I, the adored of thousands, have yielded to you the homage of my whole heart and soul, believing you worthy of the worship. The last few days my blindness has faded away, and I see you as you are, vain, fickle, con-

ceited, heartless, worthless. My love grows cold in my heart; from its ashes will spring up a brighter, more withering flame, the lurid, scorching flame of hate. At seventeen, I stabbed my rival in love to the heart; at twenty-four, what do you think I will do to the man who has won my love and cast it aside as worthless?"

"No, you are wrong, Marina, he values it still."

"Peace, *lavotore*. Go now, quickly—quickly, for your presence sets my brain on fire—go before I kill you!"

Awed by her manner, the Duke d'Aquavita left the saloon. As soon as the door closed upon him, Marina rose pale and trembling. Brushing back the hair from her face, she looked eagerly around, with her pale lips parted. A shudder passed over her, and bursting into tears, Marina sank into a chair. Awbile she wept convulsively, then raised her head. Her face, late so withering in its scorn, expressed now only womanly suffering and tears. The actress was laid aside, and she sat there, the wronged, deserted, suffering woman. She smiled sadly, and her voice came deep and low as she spoke to herself, rather than aloud.

"Aquavita! O, where is Aquavita?" said she, in piercing tones. "O, God, let me die! Am I then alone in this world? What have I to live for? The earth is poisoned for me. Why did he forsake me? Ah, Bellina!" she exclaimed, and the suffering expression gave way to one of intense hate. "Bellina has robbed me of all I valued. No, not all, for by Heaven! I will not give up my fame to her. My rival in love she may be, but not in fame. Two things I have yet to live for—revenge and glory!"

Here Marina started up and paced the room, weaving many fearful dreams. The love in her wayward heart had been given back to her worthless, and was turning to hate.

That evening the luxurious apartments of the accomplished, brilliant cantatrice Marina were lighted up, and a superb supper laid in the salon. In a deep arm-chair, reclined in graceful abandonment, Marina, perfectly bewildering in her regal beauty. Her dress of purple satin, richly trimmed with lace, set off to great advantage her full, graceful form, and the scarlet pomegranate blossoms enhanced the raven beauty of her hair. Around her were seated in various attitudes, five young men, Venetian nobles.

"This wreath is very fresh, Marina," said Count Spasi, pointing to a chaplet of flowers, lying among others which were faded or fading.

"All were thrown to me last evening after *Semiramide*."

"Why, fade they not all alike?" idly questioned the young Marquis Rolli.

"Perhaps," answered the beautiful woman, with a beaming smile, "because that wreath was thrown by a more devoted hand than the others."

"The devotion, I think, is equal in all," tenderly answered the marquis, who was called the handsomest man in all Italy.

"May be," said Marina, simply but sadly.

"What matters it?" said Count Spasi; "Marina has one coronal that will never fade, the enthusiasm of Venice!"

The little circle applauded and Marina thanked the count with a curious smile, a smile in which was mingled pride, sadness, bitterness and hate. A pause ensued, which Marina was the first to break. She did so by saying: "Venice! Venice loves me—only loves me now. Three months ago it worshipped, idolized me. When my name appeared on the bills, it was read with a shout of joy, and all hearts beat for me. All day the people counted the hours till they could see me; and the evening—O, the evening!—when I appeared, the stage fairly trembled with the *bravas*. When I sang, people held their breath to listen, and when I died, there was not a dry eye in the house. I carried all hearts with me."

"You have lost nothing of that, Marina," said the handsome Marquis Rolli, leaning forward and kissing the little hands that rested carelessly upon the arm of the chair.

"No indeed!" seconded the Marquis Tiepolo; "last evening the building shook with the thundering applause, and tall as you are, you could scarcely be seen above the pile of flowers that lay before you."

"Many of the flowers," said young Count Montforte, called one of the richest as well as one of the most empty-brained nobles of the court, "bearing in their midst jewels, fadeless testimonials of the devotion and love felt for you."

"That I know," said Marina, smiling sweetly

and extending her left hand, on which sparkled one ring, a cluster diamond of great value and brilliancy, while the slender wrist was encircled by a massive bracelet thickly set with gems. "Here are two proofs of the generosity of my friends."

"We have hereby proved that you are still the idol of Venice," said Marquis Rolli.

"You think so, marquis, but believe me, the hands that throw wreaths to me are cold, the lips that now greet me with bravas no longer tremble with eager devotion, the eyes no longer watch every motion; it is esteem, affectionate remembrance, habit, perhaps, but no longer idolizing enthusiasm."

"It is true," said Count Spasi, "that Bellina is charming, and that she sings with exquisite taste and—"

"If that is your opinion," interrupted the cantatrice sharply, and with evident vexation, "why are you not at the theatre this evening helping applaud this exquisitely tasteful singer? O, I hate this woman!"

"You did not wait to hear me through," somewhat impatiently replied the count. "I said Bellina was a tasteful singer, but I was going to add that in spite of her charms, she could never supplant you in our hearts."

"Thanks, signor count—it is a pretty compliment. At seventeen, I killed my rival in love. I am now twenty-four, and Bellina is my double rival—my rival in love and glory!"

"Your rival in love!" exclaimed Marquis Rolli. "Are you not the beloved of the Duke d'Aquavita? of that illustrious noble whose verdict would counterbalance that of the whole of Venice?"

"Aquavita!" scornfully answered Marina. "He loved me when Venice loved me, or rather he loved me because Venice was my slave. I was its queen, and so became his. You call that love, Count Spasi? Call it rather self-love, anything else but pure, disinterested love. Since Bellina's triumph, her name is always on his lips. Last evening his opera-box was empty. This morning I quarrelled with him on this very subject, and shall never see him again. He is with her even now, and my reign is over."

Marina knit her brows and her beautiful black eyes were filled with tears. She knew that though they swore allegiance to her with their lips, their hearts were far from her, and she noticed, too, that the young nobles seemed eager to get away. They lingered not as usual over their wine, and soon departed. The door had scarcely closed behind them when Marina rose and called Florinda.

"Quick, Florinda! after them! This night I will be convinced beyond a doubt of my declining power."

Completely disguised in male attire, Florinda did the bidding of her mistress. While she was gone Marina paced restlessly up and down the room. The maid soon returned, and was eagerly questioned.

"Where went these young men, Florinda? Quick, girl, speak!"

"These young nobles are always fickle, dear signora, and—"

"They went, then, to Bellina's?"

"Yes."

"Then I am undone—undone!" exclaimed Marina, throwing herself upon a couch.

"Dear lady, do not feel so cast down. They are worthless, these young nobles—they know not how to value so much talent and beauty."

"Hush, Florinda! You cannot understand it. I do not care one snap for the fellows themselves, only so far as they are an index to the popular feeling. They are the weather-cocks of popular opinion. Let it but become known that they have transferred their allegiance from me to Bellina, and I am lost—all Venice will follow their lead. But," and Marina raised herself proudly, "I will not yield so calmly. I will not calmly give up my laurel wreath to Bellina, whom I hate."

The next day, in a small but elegantly furnished salon, sat two men and a lady, dressed in a domino. They were seated round a table bearing covers for four. The two gentlemen were the Duke d'Aquavita and Count Spasi. The duke was the first to speak.

"Think you, Spasi, that she will come. It is late. It would have been better to have brought her."

"She will come, for she has promised, and Marina always keeps her word."

"Shall we succeed in reconciling these two rival ladies, think you?" asked Aquavita.

"If Bellina were to catch a good cold and entirely lose her voice, it would do more towards bringing about the desired result than your most pressing intercessions."

"Diavolo! that would be paying too dearly for the reconciliation."

Bellina unmasked and thanked the duke with a winning smile, but hearing a noise in the hall she hastily resumed her mask.

A moment's delay and the door opened, admitting the queenly figure of Marina, habited like her rival, in a dark brown domino, but carrying her mask in her hand. She saluted all with exquisite grace. Extending her hands to Aquavita, she said with a brilliant smile: "I know your object, Aquavita. You desire that Bellina and I should be friends. Take off your mask, Bellina; I consent. To-morrow you appear for the first time in the *Barbière*. I will grace your performance. After mingling my applause with that of the public, I, your rival, promise to throw you a wreath which shall not fade like those the adoring Venetians shower upon us, but one that shall be as fresh the day of your death as the night received."

Marina's dark eyes flashed with a strange light as she said this, and her musical voice grew so deep it could scarcely be heard. Bellina, the graceful, volatile Bellina, seized her rival's hand and kissed it rapturously.

With a pleased smile the Duke d'Aquavita said, as Marina swept from the room: "To-morrow evening, then, we shall witness Marina's most brilliant success, while Bellina will receive a fadeless memento of her rival's generosity."

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT GENOA.

It is difficult to realize the importance and significance of the events in the midst of which we live. We men of to-day, who have only caught the echoes of the great Napoleonic wars of the early part of the century, look back on them as something mythical and intangible, while older men, contemporaries of those scenes, thrill with emotion as they behold in the present state of things, a repetition of what they have already witnessed of momentous and terrible battles in the world's annals. The French marching into Italy! What souvenirs does not this fact call up of the old French republic, of the youthful Caesar launching his army like a thunderbolt from the summit of the Alps to the plains of Lombardy! From then till now, what events have crowded the pages of European history—what wars have been waged, what thrones overturned, what dynasties changed! Brute force brought back the old order of things which the French revolution overturned. But brute force was unavailing to hold the Bourbons on the throne of France, and the family of Napoleon has again risen to power and importance. The leading figure of the great drama now opening in Europe, is unquestionably Louis Napoleon, emperor of France, the nephew of the victor of Marengo and the exile of St. Helena. His journey from Paris to Genoa thus rises to the highest importance. Our engraving represents him in the latter place, going in his capacity of general and commander-in-chief, to review the troops at Genoa, prior to departing for Alessandria. We need not say that both from Italians and

pantalon garance, or red trousers. The imperial *cortège*, leaving the palace, followed the Rue de Rivoli, the square of the Bastille and the Rue de Lyon. The Rue de Rivoli was crowded with spectators, who preserved the lines voluntarily, as there were only a few police agents stationed here and there. Along the whole line of the procession, there was but one manifestation of respect and enthusiasm, as if all shades of political opinion had been merged in sympathy and cordiality. The working-men of Paris, often so terrible and fatal to the rulers of France, were among the most demonstrative and at the same time respectful in their demeanor. They were permitted to approach the carriage which contained the emperor and empress, and they formed its escort. Louis Napoleon, an unerring physiognomist, recognized the reality of the enthusiasm, and his eye, commonly so cold and unreadable, lighted up with a proud fire, and justified the exclamation of an *ouvrier*—"he has victory in his eyes!" The empress, whose eyes showed traces of recent tears, attracted the notice of some of the children of the people. "Never mind," said one of them, addressing her, "he'll come back again." Near the Hotel de Ville the crowd impeded the progress of the carriage. "My friends," said the emperor, with Napoleonic felicity, "don't detain me—moments are precious, for the enemy awaits me." On the Place de la Bastille, there was another halt, and the workmen wanted to take out the horses and draw the emperor's carriage to the railway station. The station of the Lyon railway was splendidly decorated. A tall mast was erected, on which a

streamers. Ladies in elegant dresses flung flowers into the royal barge, which contained the emperor, Prince Carignano and their staff. On arriving at the royal palace, Napoleon gave a reception to the civil and military authorities. Soldiers who had received the St. Helena medal were afterwards admitted. These veterans were drawn up in the palace gardens, where the emperor conversed with some of them and received their petitions. The streets leading to the palace were densely filled, and the populace testified their joy at his arrival. On the thirteenth, Tuesday, the emperor rode out to the barracks of San Benigno, the procession forming the subject of our engraving. In the evening he attended the theatre, and received a brief visit from the King of Sardinia. From Genoa he issued the following address:

NAPOLEON III. TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"SOLDIERS:—I have just placed myself at your head to lead you to battle. We go to second the efforts of a nation claiming its independence, and to deliver it from foreign oppression. It is a sacred cause, which has the sympathy of the civilized world."

"I have no need of stimulating your ardor. Each step will remind you of a victory. In the Sacred Street of ancient Rome, inscriptions were engraved on marble to remind the people of their lofty achievements. It is the same to-day. As you pass through Mondovi, Marengo and Lodi, you will march in the midst of these memories through another Sacred Street."

"Preserve that strict discipline which is the



THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON AND STAFF AT GENOA.

The next evening the Theatre de la Fenice was crowded to overflowing. The news of the reconciliation of the rival cantatrici had spread all through the city, and the partisans of Marina and Bellina agreed henceforth to meet at the theatre no longer separately, as during the rivalry, but united by common admiration. By this last act, Marina replaced herself in the good graces of the Venetians, and added fresh leaves to her laurel leaf. Their love for her had been on the wane, but by this act of generosity she had regained her full power, perhaps even increased it.

The theatre rung with bravas, which were redoubled, nay, even reached the verge of frenzy every time that Marina, who sat in the face of the whole house in the front stage box was seen to lean forward and confirm, by her applause, the success of her rival. During the opera the attention of the audience was divided, for again and again they turned to look at Marina, who, dressed in carmine velvet, with neck and arms flashing with diamonds, leaned forward apparently absorbed, enraptured by her rival.

At the falling of the curtain, Bellina was recalled. As soon as she appeared, a shower of wreaths fell upon the stage around her. Rising and leaning forward, Marina threw hers, in the midst of deafening bravas. Suddenly a piercing cry resounded through the theatre. Bellina, the idol of the Venetians, lay dead. Marina's wreath had struck her on the forehead. It was of massive bronze!

As the heart is, so is love to the heart.

French his reception was most cordial. It must have been an anxious moment for him when he left the Tuileries on Tuesday, the 10th of May, after making his arrangements for the administration of the government during his absence. Up to that moment he could not have been sure of the temper of the stormy and capricious Parisians. He knew that the war was unpopular at first with all classes, and though during more than four months he had labored to set himself right in the eyes of the world and of Paris, which is France, yet surrounded by flatterers and interested persons, he could not be sure of the feeling of his people. He was about to test it personally. There was little note of preparation at the palace. Besides the ordinary guards, four or five carriages were drawn up near the chapel, where mass was performing, with their postillions in the saddles. Forty or fifty privileged persons, at the utmost, were assembled at the point of departure. At quarter past 5 o'clock the escort of Cent-Gardes had not yet arrived. At 5 o'clock 20 minutes, they debouched into the court-yard of the Tuileries, by the gate on the water-side, their silver breast plates and helmets gleaming, their horse tail plumes streaming on the breeze, and formed in line along the railing. Almost immediately a chamberlain ordered up the emperor's carriage. Louis Napoleon appeared with the empress leaning on his arm. The imperial pair interchanged greetings with the persons they recognized, and the emperor, handing the empress into the carriage, took a seat beside her. Napoleon wore the undress of a general officer, the little *képi*, or military cap on his head, the blue frock, and the

huge tri-colored banner was to be raised at the moment of the emperor's departure. The Street of Lyon, leading to the station, was lined by the 14th and 15th battalions of the National Guards, two battalions of the gendarmerie of the Seine, and two battalions of the 80th of the line. The sappers of the National Guard, and the gendarmier, formed a guard of honor at the entrance of the saloon, where the emperor was to take leave of Prince Jerome, the Princess Clotilde, the Princess Mathilde, and other members of the imperial family. At six o'clock precisely, the acclamations of the people and the roll of the drums, announced the arrival of their majesties, who immediately entered the saloon. After the leave-taking the emperor and empress got into the cars, and the train moved off slowly amidst tremendous cheering. The empress went as far as Montreuil, and then returned to the city. Louis Napoleon reached Marseilles at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock, P. M., having been greeted at all the stations on the line with the greatest enthusiasm. He immediately entered an open carriage and was driven to the old port, where the imperial yacht, *Reine Hortense*, awaited him. All the streets through which he passed were draped with flags and filled with immense crowds, who rent the air with shouts of "*Vive l'empereur!*" The same cries saluted the yacht as she steamed through the shipping and boats of the harbor, and put to sea. He reached Genoa at 2 o'clock on Thursday, the 12th of May, and met with a splendid reception from the Italians, including all classes of the population. The port and harbor to a great distance were covered with boats, gaily dressed with flags and

army's honor. Here—forget it not—there are no other enemies than those you meet in battle. Keep together, and do not leave your ranks to rush to the advance. Beware of too much enthusiasm; it is the only thing I fear. The new arms of precision are only dangerous at a distance; they will not prevent the bayonet from being what it always has been, the terrible arm of the French infantry.

"SOLDIERS:—Let us all do our duty and put our trust in God. Our country expects much of you. From one end of France to the other ring these words of happy augury: 'The new army of Italy will be worthy of her elder sister.'"

—NAPOLEON.

"Given at Genoa, May 12, 1859."

THE INSECTS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Boston Journal has the following interesting announcement: "Under resolves of the last legislature, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture was authorized to obtain from the legal representatives of the late Thaddeus W. Harris, M. D., the right to print an edition of not more than 2500 copies of his report on the insects of New England which are injurious to vegetation, and also to make suitable additions and alterations to the work for all of which \$8000 were appropriated. Aided by several valuable assistants, Mr. Flint is now successfully prosecuting his labors under the resolves. Professor Agassiz has evinced much interest in the work, and made valuable contributions to it in drawings and otherwise. The work will be valuable to the agriculturists of New England, by its copious elucidations of the habits of insects."

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DISTRUST.

BY SYBIL PARK.

I am losing, day by day,
All my faith in human trust,
Love and friendship are but clay
Crumbling softly into dust.

Love, I scorn her presence now,
Friendship, 'tis an empty name;
For each faithful seeming vow
There are moments fraught with pain.

Cold deceit how deep it lies,
Anchored in each human breast,
Hid away from trusting eyes,
Like some dark, unlovely guest.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The wisest of us all, when we
Darken our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think that it must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power;
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.—LANDOR.

A MAN'S LOVE.

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?—WITNERS.

WHAT HATH BEEN.

What might have been, I know, is not
What must be, must be borne;
But ah! what hath been will not be forgot,
Never, O, never! in the years to follow.—BULWER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The English are waking up at last to the necessity of organizing for home defence a vast volunteer military body like our militia, and they recognize at last the importance of marksmanship in their light troops. The London Times is urging the formation of volunteer rifle-battlements, and, most probably at the suggestion of high authority, the poet-laureate has struck his lyre to the same theme, awakening, however, worse music than ever came from a cracked banjo in the hands of a superannuated darkey. To say that Tennyson's song entitled "The War," is worse than the "Charge of the Light Brigade," is to rank it low enough in the scale of literary effort—it is utterly execrable—humdrum twaddle, not relieved by its stupid coarseness. However, we are wandering from the point; we were about to remark that this recognition of the necessity of skill with firearms on the part of the home forces at this late day is a curious instance of the worse than Dutch tardiness of John Bull. He has no excuse, for he certainly had, nearly half a century ago, at New Orleans, a practical illustration of the effectiveness of rifles in good hands—a costly lesson, but one that seems to have made little impression, after all. However, better late than never—and we are glad that Johnny is willing to go to school. . . . The exhibition of paintings this year at the Boston Athenaeum is not large, but it embraces many excellent pictures from the pencils of some of our best artists, resident and non-resident, and every one who has a taste for the fine arts should visit the gallery. . . . According to the Washington States the Secretary of the United States Treasury anticipates a surplus of ten millions of dollars on the 1st of July, the opening of the financial year. . . . The best authorities state that the Austrian army, though numerous, brave, well officered and well disciplined, is with the exception of the Hungarians and Tyrolese, no match for the French. Their pay is poor and discipline severe. The severity of the discipline and punishment destroys the military enthusiasm of the soldiery. The men are also overworked and over drilled. . . . They have been rearing trout in artificial basins in California with the greatest success. This fish culture is a great institution. Every man may raise his own trout "just as easy." . . . The editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer lately saw, at an express office, a small iron safe still in use, which lay at the bottom of Lake Erie, containing \$20,000 in gold, for six years. The safe belonged to an express company at the time, was on a steamer that blew up and sunk, and was raised by a diving-bell after the lapse of time mentioned. . . . "Quid Rides," a clever correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, writing from Corcoran, Michigan, tell a good story as follows: "We have a blind phrenologist in town, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of our distinguished judges, who thinks a good deal of himself, and has a very bald head, which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day and have his head examined. Wags and judge arrived, "Mr. B," says one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science." "Very well," said the phrenologist; "place the head under my hands." "He wears a wig," says one. "Can't examine with that on," replied the professor. Wig was accordingly taken off, and bald head of highly expectant judge was placed under manipulations of examiner. "What's this? what's this?" said phrenologist; and pressing his

hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with an affliction. I have lost my eyesight, but I am not a fool; you can't pass this off on me for a head!" . . . A French veterinary surgeon, of the Imperial Guard, has called the attention of the agricultural world to a biacuit fodder for cattle in times of scarcity occasioned by drought. It is composed of the usual provender—hay, grain, and pulse. To these may be added many others—such as the refuse of the wine-press, the pulp of various roots, the stalks of millet and maize, the leaves of the vine, the beet root, and of certain trees, and the sweepings of the barn and hay loft, which contain a vast quantity of nutritious matter in the flowers and seeds of hay, which are generally thrown away. All these ingredients are bruised and chopped together; a mucilage of barley flour is added, with a little salt; and the mixture is then left to itself for a few hours until a slight fermentation has set in, when it is put into square moulds, made into cakes, and left to dry in a current of warm air. . . . The town of Southboro', Mass., has recently voted to erect five new schoolhouses; also to accept the generous proposition of Henry H. Peters, Esq., to give a model schoolhouse, furnished with the most approved furniture, and an acre of land in the centre of the town, for high school purposes, the town appropriating \$600 a year for teachers, etc. . . . It requires a peculiar order of talent to know what to leave out of a newspaper. Any person can tell what to put in. Punch fairly hits the disposition in the old country journalists to cater to the worst as well as to the best tastes. "Not to be behind our contemporaries," he says, "we have hired a monstrous blackguard, a native of Bohemia, to supply a lower class of readers than any that we at present have with the kind of entertainment which the scum of earth and the dregs of society derive from scandal and slander. Our infamous contributor will supply this species of stuff from time to time, as occasion may serve." . . . Aroostook county, in Maine, stretches away for 200 miles from Bangor to a point further north than Quebec. Fifteen hundred families are said to have settled there the present year, and still they come. The State legislature are now moving valuable land grants for a railroad to penetrate this region. Great exertions are being made to develop its natural resources. . . . The Philadelphia Ledger discourses on the remarkable increase of the number of single women and old bachelors, as compared with the number in former years. It attributes the cause to the erroneous ideas of living entertained by society, which deter a large class of young men from marriage, through an apprehension of coming to want. . . . Rev. Dr. Magoon has declined the \$5000 call tendered him by a Baptist church in San Francisco. . . . Mr. Parsons, in his interesting life of his father, Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, says that on his death-bed his mind wandered back to his duties and his business. "When he spoke, it was as a judge, giving answers, directions, etc. At last, after a suspense of all speech so long that we thought we should never hear his voice again, he suddenly revived, and with perfect distinctness spoke for the last time on earth that formula which he had used hundreds of times,—"Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed, and in your hands. You will please retire, and agree upon your verdict." . . . The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was 61 years of age, a native of New Jersey, and of humble origin. About the year 1824 he removed to Boston, and became assistant minister of Trinity Church. Upon the death of Dr. Gardner he succeeded that gentleman in the rectorate. While here he married Mrs. Perkins, a wealthy and highly esteemed widow lady. He was a man of marked intellectual ability. . . . Townsend, an experienced Bow Street officer, being examined in 1816 before the House of Commons, as to the diminution of capital punishments, stated that in his time he had known several persons (four men and three women) hanged together for robbing a pedler; and that in 1783 he had seen forty people hanging together at the Old Bailey! A few years later, the jailor of Newgate, being asked by the recorder how many could be hung together upon the new drop, coolly replied: "Well, your worship, we can hang twelve, but we can't hang more than ten comfortably." . . . A Western paper gives as the last "confidence" dodge an account of the pretended suicide at a hotel, of a well-dressed young man who after writing to the landlord that he has taken poison, receives the consolations of a clergyman, the stomach pump of a doctor, \$25 from sympathizing friends, and then leaves on the first train to lie at the point of death somewhere else. . . . There is a capital anecdote of the reign of Louis XVI. of France, according to which some ladies got it into their heads, from some book they had been reading, that it must be a glorious thing to see the sun rise. But as that took place in the hours in which they were uniformly in bed, what was to be done? After much consideration, it being of course impossible for them to think of rising so early, they resolved to have a party to sit up all night and ride out just before day to the top of a neighboring hill, to witness the strange phenomenon. This was duly performed, and then all went to bed, astonished at the degree to which they had ruralized themselves. . . . "Time," says Sir James McIntosh, "is the stuff of which life is made." How fine, how beautiful the fabric! Seconds are the small threads which make up its warp and woof; it is corded with minutes, ribbed with hours, edged and bordered with years. . . . The wellspring of love," says that charming old essayist, Maximus Tyrinus, "is the beauty of the soul gleaming upwards through the body. And as flowers seen under water appear still more brilliant and exquisite than they are, so the flower of the soul seems to manifest additional splendor when invested with corporeal loveliness." . . . Beaumarchais was the son of a watchmaker. The popularity he enjoyed at court, on account of wit and other recommendations, excited the envy of the young nobles about the sovereign; and one of them volunteered to put him out of countenance. Addressing him before the whole court, he said, "Ah, M. Beaumarchais, I am charmed to see you; my watch has been for some time out of order, I beg you to look at it." "Certainly; but I must tell you beforehand, that I am the most awkward person about watch-

in the world." "No matter; I beg you to look at it—I insist." Beaumarchais took the watch, most magnificently set with diamonds and enamel, raised it to his ear, and let it drop on the marble floor. It was of course totally destroyed. "You see, my lord," said the wit coolly, "I knew my awkwardness better than you your man." . . . While Miss Fanny Fitz Farren, the beautiful and accomplished actress, was performing a part lately at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, in the play entitled "Loan of a Lover," which was interspersed with the songs "I don't think I'm ugly," "I've no money, so you see," and "Who'll have me?" the songstress paused for a moment, as if waiting for an answer, when a verdant youth exclaimed at the top of his voice, which was characterized by a feeling of deep earnestness, "I will!" to which the modest lady, in a neat bow, with her bright eye beaming with mirth, said, "Thank you, sir!" The answer drew forth from the audience the most vociferous applause, which was indulged in for several minutes. In a short time thereafter the youth was observed making a hasty exit from the theatre. . . . Sylvanus Powers, of Lec, Oneida county, New York, took a drink of whiskey at a "raising," and died almost immediately afterward. The physicians gave their opinion that his death was caused by the large quantity of strychnine contained in the whiskey. . . . In Cincinnati, recently, a young man attended a fancy masquerade in a suit of striped chain-gang clothes, obtained from the State Prison. . . . Can anybody tell us whether Cleopatra's Needle was the one that took the stitch in time and saved nine?

Foreign Intelligence.

Mattera in General.

The hopes of some and the fears of others that the great military forces in Italy would perhaps waste their strength in mere skirmishes, and that diplomacy would render arms abortive, have long since been dissipated to the winds. The recent arrivals continue to bring us authentic and detailed accounts of the engagements of which, at first, only confused accounts reached us. It is now evident that a long and obstinate war is before the belligerent powers, and that battles will be fought equal in ferocity and carnage with those which marked the victorious career of the first Napoleon on the same theatre of combat. Although the battle of Montebello, fought on the 21st of last month, was not on a vast scale considering the whole number of troops at the seat of war, yet the victory was sufficiently important to inaugurate the campaign in a manner most encouraging to the Franco-Sardinians, and ominous of the final fate of the Austrians. The loss of the Austrians was at least 1500, and though that of the French was less than half of that, many of their finest subaltern officers fell, as is generally the case in the early actions of a war, where the commissioned officers feel it necessary to expose themselves as an example to their troops.—Garibaldi has proved himself in this war as efficient and daring an officer as in the previous campaigns in which he has been engaged. He is constantly in the saddle, making daring reconnaissances and daring attacks, and has brought in a large number of prisoners.—No further political complications on the great chess-board of Europe are signalized.—Few people, except his immediate family, regret the death of the bigoted and tyrannical king of Naples. He suffered the most cruel tortures before he expired.—It is now almost certain that another Atlantic telegraph cable will be laid.—Political differences have arisen between Lord Palmerston and Russell which may lead to serious consequences.—People are looking anxiously for the intelligence of another great battle.

Earldom of Coventry.

For sixteen years the title of the Earl of Coventry has been held by a minor, and during the whole of that period the family property in Worcestershire and elsewhere has been accumulating. The young lord has just come of age, and the event has been celebrated at Croome by festivities on the largest scale ever before known in the district.

The Arms of England.

The London Daily News says, with the present stock of guns in store, and the various foundries in full operation, Woolwich alone could supply war material sufficient for carrying on perpetually two such sieges as that of the great Russian stronghold. In the small arm department the supply is on an equal scale.

Casting Steel.

It is said from Sweden that the "Bessemer process" for the manufacture of iron, which for a time made so much noise in England, has been tried with much success in the casting of steel. It is affirmed that by its adoption steel can be cast of a superior quality and at a comparatively trifling expense.

Praying for the President.

At the English Episcopal church at Brussels, prayers are regularly offered up for the president, as appointed to be read in the "Episcopal Church of the United States of America," in deference to the wishes of the American legation in that city.

New Prima Donna.

Mademoiselle Dotti de la Santa is the new prima donna at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. She was born in Mantua, in 1833. She has been a great favorite at St. Petersburg.

Paris Fashions.

In the way of "Fashions" in Paris, the "Charlotte Corday cap" meets with favor. It is a "coquettish novelty," a mixture of Valenciennes lace, spotted tulle, and fancy ribbons.

Greece.

King Otho of Greece has his triumph at last. It is in a telegraph, recently laid down in an incredibly short time, and under unnumbered difficulties, by an Englishman.

International Exhibition.

The Society of Arts is beginning to move actively in the preliminary preparations for the "International Exhibition of 1861." They have just issued an explanatory statement. They wish the exhibition to be held on the grounds of the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851 at South Kensington; and they offer, if the commissioners will sign for £50,000, to be responsible for the other £200,000, which will be necessary as a guaranteed fund.

"Sunlight" Burners.

In the Music Hall of the Edinburgh University, there are two "sunlights," each containing seventy-five burners, which have just been placed immediately under the ceiling in the centre of the hall, the ceiling being forty feet in width and fifty feet from the floor. These burners have been successfully lit by an application of the electric fluid.

A Village destroyed.

A conflagration, caused by lightning, has just destroyed the village of Schwarsenbach, in the canton of St. Gallen, Switzerland. A chapel, twenty-eight private dwellings, sixteen barns, and many other buildings of more or less importance, were burned down. Two hours left nothing more to burn.

Emperor of Japan.

A new Slogoon, or temporal emperor, has been crowned at Japan, in place of that emperor whose suicide followed the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty. The new emperor is only fifteen years old, and is likely to be open to foreign influence.

Austrian Ambassador.

M. de Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, has retired to Brussels. Before leaving the former city, he signed the marriage contract of his daughter with a French nobleman of Brittany.

The "Times" Correspondent.

It is stated that the Earl of Aberdeen applied by letter to the Emperor of Austria to sanction the presence of the Times correspondent at the Austrian headquarters, and that this request has been granted.

Paying for Kisses.

A Liverpool attorney kissed a pretty little bar-maid, and when her mama remonstrated, he kissed her too, the family pleased him so; for which offences a magistrate fined him £5.

Actors Volunteering.

Even the actors have caught the military fever in Paris. The prompter of the Italian company has resigned his employment in order to join the Piedmontese army.

Greenland Seals.

The well-known Arctic voyager, Captain Penny, has arrived at Aberdeen from the Greenland fishing, having 900 seals as a cargo.

Grisi and Mario.

A London paper says it is expected that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario will again visit America in the autumn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SEACLIFF: OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS. By T. W. DEFOREST. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1859.

An imaginative romance, with plenty of mystery and excitement to interest the rapid reader, and careful delineation of character to captivate the more critical. It is a production highly creditable to the author, and calculated to make a deep impression.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS AND INSTITUTIONS. By GEORGE S. BOUTWELL. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 365. 1859.

A valuable contribution to our serious literature. The position which Gov. Boutwell has filled for some years has given him a knowledge of the practical working of various educational systems, so that he speaks with emphasis and authority. His essays are written vigorously and clearly.

DAVENPORT DUNN. A MAN OF OUR DAY. By CHARLES LEVER. Illustrated by "Phiz." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. One volume 8vo.

This racy and interesting story by one of the best novelists of the century has been issued in elegant style by the Messrs. Peterson. There is a mass of reading in it, but not a dull page, and it contains something for every taste.

The same publishers have issued a very neat pamphlet edition of the famous "Major Jack Downing Letters." Both these works are for sale in this city by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "O, take me from these marble halls," words by Lillie Walters, music arranged from Pauer by H. Wilson; "The Silver River," words by G. W. Colman, music by B. C. Blodgett; "Lo Vidi e'l primo pulpito," from Verdi's opera of Luisa Miller; "O, think of me when the first bright star," canonized by Henry J. Haycraft. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. By MRS. CORNELIUS. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 12mo. pp. 254. 1859.

A lady friend, an excellent housekeeper, to whom we have submitted this work, endorses it emphatically. She says that the receipts are numerous and *practicable*, and that the suggestions in the commencement are invaluable. For sale by A. K. Loring & Co.

THE NEW AND THE OLD: OR, CALIFORNIA AND INDIA IN ROMANTIC ASPECTS. By F. W. PALMER, M. D., author of "Up and down the Irawaddy." New York: Rudd & Carleton. (Illustrated.) 12mo. pp. 433. 1859.

Dr. Palmer is one of the many examples of men who can wield the scalpel and pen with equal facility. His professional pursuits have carried him into the midst of strange scenes and strange characters, and his literary ability renders his recollections of them exceedingly attractive. His California sketches are admirable, and his East Indian scenes are equally meritorious and fascinating. He is a very vigorous writer, and has a rare gift as a story-teller. A work like this cannot fail to meet with universal favor. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

A BACHELOR'S STORY. By OLIVER BUNCE. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 247. 1859.

A very pleasant fellow in this bachelor, and very pleasant summer reading is his book, full of quaint humor, of original thoughts and of curious speculations conveyed in melodious and striking language. The work is got up in a style of elegance which characterizes all the publications of Rudd & Carleton, and which, with the intrinsic merits of their books, has given them a widespread reputation.

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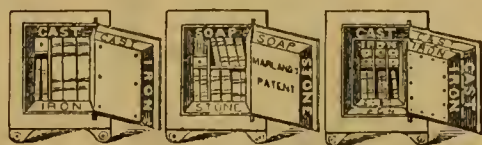
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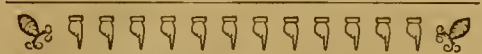
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It is universally conceded that the most faithful statue of Washington that we have, is that made by Houdon, for the Legislature of Virginia, and which is now in the capitol, at Richmond. It was modelled, after due consultation with Franklin and Benjamin, in the actual costume which Washington wore, and from casts taken from his head by the artist himself, then considered one of the greatest of living sculptors. Washington, Jefferson, and others, regarded it as an excellent likeness, better, even, than Stuart's picture, or any other portrait which has since been made. The Legislature of Virginia have taken such steps as will place within the reach of the people, correct copies of this eminent work of art. One of these copies is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum, and until lately stood in the vestibule of the building. To be studied to advantage, however, it should be raised on an elevated pedestal, and viewed from a distance of some twenty feet.

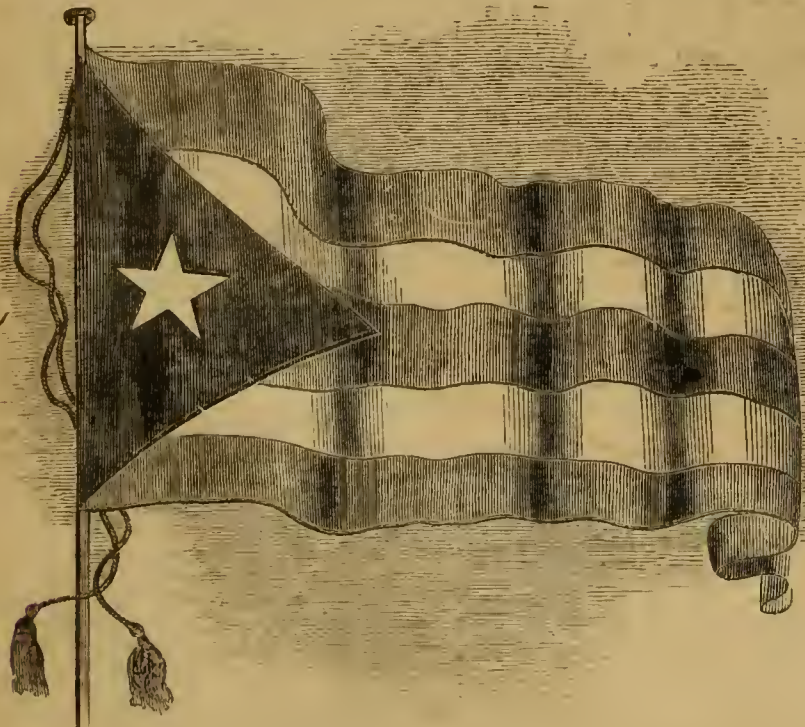
In the capitol building, at Richmond, there is a spacious court room, where the federal and superior courts of the State are held. In other chambers are the treasury office, auditor's office, land office, and a variety of clerks' offices. In the centre of the rotunda, surrounded by an iron enclosure, stands the statue referred to. The attitude is firm, erect and graceful; the countenance dignified, commanding; the costume very properly is that which the general wore as commander-in-chief. The hall is surrounded by niches, one of which is filled by a marble bust of Lafayette. The following is the inscription upon the pedestal of the statue:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.—The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of a hero, the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth."

Other countries, under monarchical rule, would have erected countless monuments in memory of so illustrious a hero. Their modes of government concentrate wealth in the hands of rulers who are free to spend it in the adornment of their cities. Although the want of monuments will never eradicate from the American mind the feelings of respect and reverence with which the memory of Washington is so deeply cherished, yet they tell the stranger who may come among us, that republics are not forgetful, and carry additional weight to the precepts given to our children, they inspire the ambition of each succeeding generation. We trust to see the time when each of the States of our Union shall erect an appropriate monument to Washington. The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the statue.

THE ARMS AND FLAG OF CUBA.

Not a day passes but something in reference to Cuba does not meet the eye of the reader of our public prints. Now we read of some movement on the part of exiled Cuban patriots, then of some insult to an American vessel, or some new exaction or act of tyranny on the part of the captain-general; in a word, we cannot avoid reading and hearing of the beautiful and ill governed pearl of the Antilles. It will interest many of our friends, doubtless, to see the ensign and the arms adopted by the Cuban patriots at a time when they firmly expected to plant their free flag on the ramparts of the Morro. The flag is of six stripes, displaying in a triangular field a spotless star, and is, we believe, the same which Lopez displayed when he landed on his unfortunate but gallant liberating expedition. With regard to the arms, the devices of the supporters of the shield contain evidences of the sympathy the Cubans have from our country and its institutions. We have the liberty cap and the American flag. The three dark colored bands in the left hand corner of the shield correspond to the three blue stripes of the Cuban flag, and indicate the three great divisions of Cuba. The key is symbolical of the importance of the island as the key to the Gulf of Mexico. The points of land represented are the most salient points of Cuba and the United States. The palm tree is a characteristic emblem. The time may come when this flag and shield will attain an historical importance and interest.



FREE FLAG OF CUBA.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT RICHMOND, VA.

CURIOUS SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The principal mouth of the Rhine, during the Roman sway, is all but obliterated, and a fortress of hewn stone, which commanded the entrance to the river, is now buried under the waves, more than a mile from the present shore. The whole coast of Holland has greatly receded from its earlier tide marks. In 1421 there was a great submersion in the southeast of Holland, when the waters of the Meuse and Waal suddenly overwhelmed 72 villages, destroying 100,000 human beings; and the subsoil must have sunk at the same time, since the whole region has remained beneath the surface, and is now overgrown with huge reeds.—Out of 4000 known volcanic craters, only about 100 are now active. There are about 2000 eruptions in a century, or 20 per annum.—Human growth, according to Prof. Quetelet, is not completed until the twenty-fifth year, at least, in Belgium. But this period is supposed to be shorter in other countries; certainly so, within the tropics, and in very warm regions, where development and decay are universally allowed to be more rapid.—Water that is slightly frozen may be made to bear a heavy wagon, by cutting reeds, strewing them thickly on the ice, and pouring water upon them; the whole, by degrees, becomes frozen into a solid mass.—Freckles, tan, etc., are produced by excessive light, which acts chemically on the skin, sometimes even causing blisters. In cases of small pox, it is necessary to keep the patient in a darkened room, or the light will aggravate the pock mark.—Wherever there is shallow water, green will be

produced by the underlying yellow sand, which, even in the absence of verdure on the shore or seaweeds beneath, always imparts a greenish tinge to the sea. The blue of the sky and yellow of the sands meeting and intermingling in the water, form the green of the sea; the water acting as the medium in which the mixing or fusing of the colors takes place.—We are accustomed to think of heat only in that state in which it affects our senses; but in fact the greater part of it is in a hidden or latent state, and no body is so cold but a great amount of heat can be elicited from it, either chemically or mechanically. "If, for instance," says President Hitchcock, "all the heat contained in the snow and ice that has mantled New England during the past winter had been suddenly extricated, there can hardly be a doubt but a general conflagration of the surface would have been the result."—N. E. Farmer.

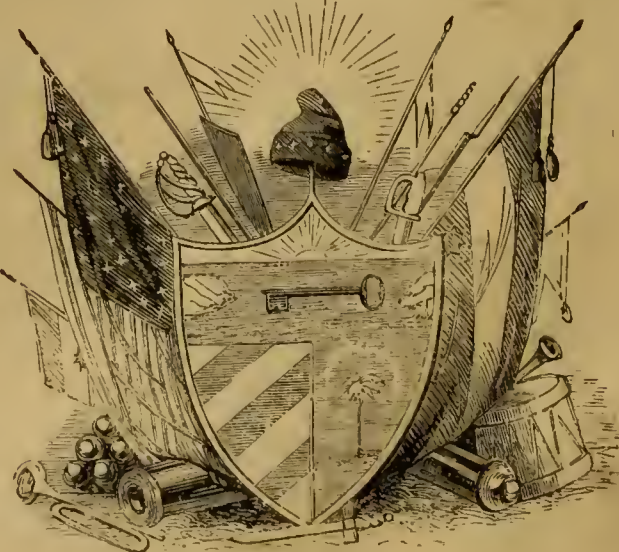
A SHARK DUEL.

Some time since, Captain John Beams, commander of the York Merchant, arrived at Barbadoes, and having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves; there they had not been long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and reached the boat, all but one; him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and gripping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied an union of sympathy and souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with an horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was traversing the bloody surface in search after the remainder of his prey; the rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board, he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Firing at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself into the same grave, he plunges into the deep, armed with a large sharp-pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him—both equally eager, the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his capacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employs his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly; the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavors to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form (now stained with his own streaming blood) above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the stream of blood issued; till at length the shark, weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror; who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushes his foe with redoubled ardor, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragging him on shore, rips up his bowels, and unites and buries the severed carcase of his friend in one hospitable grave.

A similar duel is recorded in Asiatic waters, where the human combatant was a bereaved father, whose son, a boy of eight years, was washed from a catamaran, and, before the father could rescue him from the surf, was drawn under by a shark. The father placed the knife, which he carried sheathed in his cummerbund between his teeth, plunged in, and the dead body of the murderous marauder soon drifted ashore. The victor, who seemed nearly exhausted, was unwounded in the body; and the dismembered corpse of the poor boy was taken from the stomach of the shark.—London Sun.

THE TRULY GREAT.

The man who first pressed the lever of the printing-press wielded a more powerful and noble sceptre than the sovereign who may have dropped a few coins in his hand as a brave mechanic. Lunardi, who swelled and puffed himself out as much as his balloon, and was admired and honored by great ones, has passed out of sight, borne away on the very wings of unsubstantial uselessness; while a man, who was silently watching at home the vapor from the cauldron, was distilling from it, in the alembic of his brain, a subtler spirit still, for it was to become the very spirit of a coming world. So true is it that the really great is he whose efforts are for the benefit, and not the mere gratification, of his fellow-men.—Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollection of the Four Last Popes."



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MADAME LABORDE.

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Madame Laborde, the celebrated prima donna, which was drawn expressly for us by Homer, from a very fine photograph by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., of this city, and which is an undeniable likeness. Madame Laborde's wonderful and highly cultivated voice, and truly marvellous execution, her undeviating excellence, her conscientious devotion to her art, are as thoroughly honored and appreciated in this city, as in any other of the many capitals she has visited during her brilliant career in Europe and America. Our portrait will, therefore, be preserved as an interesting souvenir of an artiste who has but just left us, and who, we have been informed, may never visit us again. During the recent engagement of the opera troupe at the Boston Theatre, she sustained various leading characters, and it is but justice to say, that she was more than equal to her reputation in all. For her benefit she played Lucia di Lammermoor to a highly appreciative audience, who were lavish of their bouquets and their applause. An able critic says of the performance, that her vocalization in the close of the cavatina, in portions of the duet with Enrico and in the mad scene, equalled the very best displays of voice, with skill, taste and expression in use of it, that she has yet given a Boston public. Madame Laborde enjoys a lofty European reputation. She has sustained the leading characters in the lyric drama in cities where no mediocrity is tolerated, and has long been one of the most brilliant stars in that galaxy of talent which illuminates the stage of the French opera, associated with such names as Stoltz and Cruvelli. In America she has always been a favorite, and though surpassed in histrionic ability by many of her contemporaries, still her voice and vocalization place her in the front rank, and none of the many prima donnas to whom we have listened, have given more pleasure to the cultivated ear. If we are no more to be charmed by her wonderful voice, we take our final leave of her with the sincerest regret. As the Italian opera is now an "institution" with us, it may prove interesting to our readers to glance at its origin and history. About the year 1594, three young Florentine nobles, who were mutually attached from a similarity of tastes, and were passionately fond of poetry and music, formed an idea of reviving or imitating the chanted declamation of the Greek tragedies. The poet Rinuccini was employed to write what is now called the *libretto* of a drama, on the story of Daphne, to which Peri, a then celebrated composer, assisted by an excellent amateur musician, Count Giacomo Corsi, furnished the music. The author and his friends sustained the characters, and the instrumentation was confided to a harpsichord, a harp, a *viol di gamba*, and a lute. It was privately represented, but created a profound sensation, though there were no distinctive airs in this rude attempt at opera, and it was only a sort of monotonous chant. Four years afterward the same poet and composer produced the first opera represented before the public. It was entitled *Euridice*, and was played at the theatre in Florence in honor of the marriage of Mary de Medici with Henry IV. of France. On this occasion, the introduction of Anacreontic stanzas set to music, and a chorus at the end of each act, foreshadowed the airs and choruses of the modern opera. Monteverde, a Milanese musician, improved the recitative by giving it more flow and expression; he set the opera of *Ariadne*, by Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua, and in the opera of *Glauco*, set by Cavili and

Cicognini for the Venetians in 1649, occur the first *airs* connected in sentiment and spirit with the dialogue. According to another story of the origin of the opera, John Sulpitius, about 1486, exhibited little dramas, accompanied with music, in the market-place at Rome, and also before the pope and some of the cardinals. The commencement of the *opera seria* (serious opera) at Rome, reminds us of the wagon of Thespis and his lees-besmeared company of strollers. The first performance of this kind, consisting of scenes in recitative and airs, was exhibited in a cart during the carnival of 1606, by the musician Quagliata, and four or five of his friends. The first regular serious opera performed at Naples was in 1615; it was entitled *Amor non ha legge* (Love has no laws). During the next half century, the opera not only did not improve, but it degenerated and became in Italy what it was in France during the last century, a grand spectacle addressed to the eye, in which the poetry and music were the last things considered, while the scenery, mechan-

ical illusions, and pantomime, were on the most splendid scale. As Goldoni said, long afterwards, of the grand opera of Paris, "It was the paradise of the eyes and the purgatory of the ears." The first *opera buffa* (comic opera) is said to have been represented in Venice in 1624, where the first operatic stage was erected in 1637. It is usually said that the opera in France dates only from the 17th century. This is erroneous, however. The first dramatic work, which may be regarded as the commencement of the opera in Paris, was performed as early as 1581. This piece, which was played at the Louvre, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Joyeuse, a favorite of Henry III., with Mlle. de Vaudmont, the king's sister-in-law, had been composed by Baltazarini, a Piedmontese musician, musical director of Catherine de Medici, and by Beaulieu and Salmon, musicians of the king's chamber. It was entitled *Ballet comique de la Reine* (the queen's comic ballet). There were singing and dancing in it. The

principal parts of this comic drama were assigned to the most distinguished persons at court. Nearly a century elapsed between this first attempt, which was very successful, and the second opera played in France. In 1645, Cardinal Mazarin, desirous of gratifying the tastes of Anne of Austria, brought a company of Italian singers to Paris, and installed them in the theatre of the hotel du Petit-Bourbon, near the Louvre. There they performed *la Festa teatrale della finta Pazzo*, a comic opera by Giulio Strozzi. Two years later another Italian troupe played Zelino's *Orfeo e Euridice*. The Parisians went in crowds to this entertainment. An indifferent poet, the Abbé Perrin, master of ceremonies to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, conceived the idea of imitating the Italians, and writing the words of a French opera. It is a poem, entitled *une Pastorale*, in five acts, set to music by Cambert, organist of the church of St. Honoré, and queen mother's musical director. The piece was tried at Issy, near Vaugirard, in M. de La Haye's house. It

met with great success, and was equally fortunate when it was performed before the king at Vincennes, and then at the hotel du Nevers. Encouraged by this good fortune, the Abbé Perrin solicited and obtained "permission to establish in the city of Paris, and others of the kingdom, academies of music, for singing in public theatrical pieces." The date of this privilege is 1669. It took no less than ten years to obtain it, for the date of *la Pastorale* is 1659. Perrin formed a partnership with Cambert and a certain Marquis de Sourdeac, well acquainted with theatrical machinery. The three partners built a stage in the tennis-court of *la Bouleille*, situated in the Rue Mazarine, where, in March, 1671, they played *Pomone*, the first French opera given before a paying public—words by Perrin, music by Cambert, ballet by Beauchamp. "Pomone" was played for eight months with unvarying success, and Perrin's share of the profits was 30,000 livres. In Germany, carnival plays, in which the performance consisted of singing, existed even in the times of Hans Sachs, who died in 1567. Opitz and others imitated the Italian pieces, but the first original German opera is said to have been Adam and Eve, played in Hamburg in 1678. In Sweden the first original Swedish opera was played in 1774. In the seventeenth century the Italian opera was introduced into England, with great difficulty, encountering the attacks of all the wits of the day. Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was written to burlesque the Italian opera, though the author contrived to make it a two-fold satire. It was then, as now, however, sustained by nobility and fashion. The Italian opera was not introduced into Spain till the latter half of the last century. The Italians draw the line between serious opera and comic opera much more distinctly than the Germans, so that the Italian serious opera appears almost insipid to a German. But the *opera buffa*, or comic opera, is quite grotesque and national, and produces the liveliest effect when played by Italians. The English have no very distinguished composers of opera, while Germany has furnished some of the greatest names that the annals of music can boast. The German opera, as it now exists, originated in the *operetta*, chiefly cultivated in the latter half of the 13th century by Weisse and Miller. The vocal parts were gradually lengthened, till at last they took the form of the *opera seria*, and when the *finale*, an Italian invention, was introduced, the full, complete opera was received into universal favor. In the United States the taste for opera is now universally diffused.



MADAME LABORDE, THE PRIMA DONNA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

LITTLE Ella Moulson was my very first revelation of the beautiful. I had seen things which were called beautiful, and had called them so myself; but the word was nothing but a word. It conveyed to me no definite idea, nor had I any proper conception of what beauty was, till the loveliness of little Ella called it into existence.

Mr. Moulson was our nearest neighbor. He lived in a large, yellowish house, nearly buried in trees and shrubbery; and among those trees and in the midst of that shrubbery I used to play with Ella. There are no such trees and shrubbery now-a-days. There are no such blossoms, no such flowers, as those which grew on Mr. Moulson's lawn. No, there is nothing of the sort now.

And it is just so with the time. I appeal to the reader if it isn't—that is to say if he is over thirty-five. Observe that I say *he*. I wouldn't dare to insinuate even that there is a *single lady* in America "over thirty-five." It is the old fellows that I am talking to—the *he* fellows. Now, isn't it so? Just as the weeks in former years were as long as the months are now, and the months as long (almost) as the years are now, just so were the trees greener, and grander, and shadier, and the shrubbery and flowers brighter and more beautiful. Some people will deny it, it is true; some, indeed, have never noticed it; but for my part I would swear to it in a minute—wouldn't you, dear (past thirty-five) reader?

I liked everything about the Moulsons; not only their house and grounds, their trees and shrubs and flowers, but themselves. Mr. Moulson, though a man of learning, and even of extraordinary acquirements, was as familiar and considerate with us children as the tenderest woman could have been; and as for Mrs. Moulson, there never was anybody that didn't like her, not even old Spitfire, the black tom-cat, who had left his mark on every skin about the place but hers. A cat that could look her in the face, and then have the heart to scratch her, should be ostracised, at the very least, sent to the cat-Coventry forever, as an *feline* in the last degree.

With such a father and such a mother, nature could never have committed the unnatural blunder of making anything of Ella but the dear, delightful, sweet little creature she was. When I first heard that there was a new baby at Mr. Moulson's, I became inordinately curious to see it, and displayed no small amount of infantile ingenuity in intriguing with my mother for permission to accompany her on her first visit to Mrs. Moulson. I succeeded and went, but it was only to be most egregiously disappointed.

The fact is, I had exalted ideas of babyism, based as they were upon the chubby, good looking faces of sundry jolly little cherubs, of two or three months old and upwards; but the sight of this shapeless, discolored, half a day old, ugly little monster of a Moulson, revolutionized all my ideas upon the subject.

"Ma! say, ma!—is it a nigger?"

Now I do hope and trust that the judicious reader will not imagine, for one instant, that a dignified, well-brought-up young gentleman, of considerably more than six years of age, could so far forget himself as to make use of such a highly improper expression. No no; it was my little three-and-a-half-year-old sister who horrified and mortified my good mother with this unlucky juvenile indiscretion.

But though I had sense enough to hold my tongue till we got home, I believe my unexpressed thoughts were quite as *dark* as those of my sister. In proportion to the height of my expectations was the depth of my disappointment, and from that hour I lost all faith in babies; I became, so to speak, a *misopedist*—a baby-hater. Yea, truly, as far as infants were concerned (as little Sallie Simpkins said when she found her doll was made of saw-dust), my illusions were all dispelled, and my life must henceforth be a trackless desert and a barren waste.

About this time, I went to visit my grandmother, and remained with her nearly a year. There were no babies there. The next morning after my return to my father's house, I passed over the stile into Mr. Moulson's grounds. The first thing I saw there was a little milk-and-rose-cheeked angel, sucking a lolly-pop. Though this phenomenon was nothing more than a mag-

nified baby—a folio edition of my pet aversion—I was so much like a grown-up man in my inconsistency that I could hardly help falling down and worshipping it.

That was the moment when I first fell in love with Ella Moulson. I say the *first* time, advisedly, for it was not the last, not the only time, by a jug-full. In fact, my veracity would hardly be safe in undertaking to say how many times this operation was performed. Every time I went away to school, or left home for any cause, it had all to be done over again. Not that I would be understood to complain of the necessity of doing the thing so often. I do not remember that I ever repined at it the least bit.

From this light, perhaps I should say nonsensical, preface, the reader might naturally infer that I have a merry story to tell. I am sorry to say that such is not the fact; but it is always time enough to be sad when you can no longer be joyful.

Though every advantage of education was placed within my reach, I was not designed to be a professional man. My father was a farmer, manufactured out of a retired lawyer, and it was in his rural rather than his legal footsteps that he wished me to walk. To this decision I was not averse, for I was fond of agriculture, and proud of our beautiful farm.

While I was away at college, Mrs. Moulson died. Since the death of my own mother, six years before, she had in many respects supplied that dear parent's place, and I could not have mourned a real mother more sincerely. Ella was then nearly ten years old, and the loss to her was the greatest that could have befallen her. My little sister had been dead several years.

Three years after Mrs. Moulson's death I completed my college course, and returned to our quiet village of Lendon, to reside there permanently. The lion of the hour in our little community I found to be a Miss Artwell, a city belle, who had strayed thither, no one knew whence or wherefore. She was a dashing, brilliant beauty, and considered very fascinating by the beaux of Lendon.

To the surprise of everybody, and of no one more than myself, it was the quiet, sedate, and somewhat fastidious widower, Mr. Moulson, who bore away the palm, and became the husband of the dashing beauty.

When the circle shall have been squared, the perpetual motion invented, and the philosopher's stone and the disinterested politician discovered, we shall then probably be ready to answer why it is that so many men who are wise in all other respects make such egregious asses of themselves in a matrimonial point of view. Mr. Moulson had few superiors anywhere. His mind was one of the very first order, and no one living had ever heard him accused of doing a silly thing before the occurrence of this unfortunate marriage. This one act, however, was quite sufficient to bring down to the ordinary level the highest-strung wisdom of the best regulated life-time.

No one at Lendon knew anything of Mr. Moulson's bride, but it did not require much knowledge to make it evident that she would prove to be a miserable substitute for Ella's admirable mother, and a miserable help-mate for her infatuated father. She was somewhere about thirty-five years of age, though, when full-rigged, she usually managed to pass for twenty-five. She had a flashy, showy style of beauty, which pleased some and disgusted others, but which one would think the most unlikely of all things to attract a man like John Frederick Moulson.

Poor little Ella was sorely cast down by the advent of this most uncongenial mama, but she was so anxious to please her father that she never allowed him to suspect her repugnance.

After the marriage I saw comparatively little of Ella, and though my affection for her had not then assumed the warmth which it afterwards attained, this restriction upon our intercourse was excessively annoying to me. Its origin was as follows:

I was one day passing along the outside of Mr. Moulson's garden wall, when I suddenly heard Ella's voice, in earnest, tearful entreaty, crying, "O, don't! Please, don't!"

"And why not?" rejoined some one, in a surly tone. "Mrs. Moulson told me to dig it up, and I intend to do it."

"O, please don't!" resumed the child, her voice half choked with tears. "It was my dear mother's favorite rose-bush. She planted it with her own hand. O, don't, Hiram; pray don't dig it up!"

"Nonsense! The new dahlias is to go here,

and they shall go here. I'm not a-goin' to stop for the whim-whams of a brat like you."

Ella's only answer was a low cry, but it was pathetic enough to have been the death shriek of a breaking heart. The garden wall was a high one, but, putting my foot upon a rock which lay at its base, and then placing one hand upon the top, I cleared it at a bound, alighting within two or three feet of a broad-shouldered, rosy-checked youth, who, with open mouth and wide-staring eyes, gazed first at me and then up into the sky, as if half inclined to think that that was where I had come from. After a long, stupid stare, he seemed at length to have satisfied himself that there was nothing supramundane about me, and again stuck his spade under the rose-bush which he was about to dig up.

"You shall not dig up that bush," said I, laying my arm upon his shoulder.

"Shan't, hey? And who will stop me?"

"I will."

"You?" sneered the fellow, with a contemptuous emphasis, inspired by his elephantine development of muscle. "You? You look like it!"

He was nearly twice my size and weight, but thanks to a more than ordinarily judicious father, there were few youths anywhere whose *physique*, such as it was, had been cultivated like mine. I was slender, and not above the middle height, but every muscle in my body was trained and toughened to the utmost extent of its capabilities.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," said I.

"No, I shouldn't think you would," sneered the fellow again, glancing complacently at my lathy frame and his own huge thighs and sinews.

"But if you dig up that bush you will have to dig me up with it." And I placed a foot on each side of it.

"And that's what I will do in short order." And he attempted to suit the action to the word. But while he was trying to get the spade under my feet, with the intention of throwing me down, I suddenly caught the handle, gave it a violent wrench, thrust it between his legs, and with a rapid twist threw him heavily to the ground.

He scrambled up again, and foaming with rage ran at me, as if to exterminate me on the spot. I had been very angry at first, but by this time I had become perfectly cool. I saw that he was clumsy and unskilful, and his superiority in size and strength did not give me the least uneasiness after I had gauged his force.

Hauling off with his tremendous fist, as if he were about to strike a ball with a bat, he aimed a blow at my head, delivered with all his strength. I dodged the big fist, when it was already within a few inches of my nose, and thus suffered the magnificent blow to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," and before he could recover himself I pitched into him, with all the strength and all the "science" I was master of.

The fellow was utterly bewildered and dumb-founded. Scientific pugilism was to him a mystery hitherto undreamed of, and the blows which now rained down upon his head and face were as far removed from the sphere of his experience, or even comprehension, as would have been a Hebrew root, or the perils of the *Pons Asinorum*.

When he found that it was impossible to hit me, and that he received half a dozen blows for every one that he attempted to give, he came to the conclusion that his arms could not protect him, and that it would be safer to try what virtue there was in legs; and a wonderfully nimble use he made of them.

As soon as the fellow had disappeared, I turned to Ella. The poor child was on her knees, kissing her mother's rose-bush, as if it had been a dear friend, of flesh and blood like herself. Her face was bathed in tears, but a smile like an April sun broke through them, when she looked up and said:

"O, Mr. Arthur, if you had saved my own life I could not have thanked you more than I do! You don't know how I love this bush!"

Most girls, in like circumstances, at such an age, would have looked decidedly ugly; but Ella's beauty was of a sort which triumphed over all disadvantages. I had never seen her look more lovely or more truly interesting. She was proceeding to tell me how the rose-tree had been planted by her mother on her own birth day, when my discomfited antagonist re-appeared, accompanied by Mr. Moulson, to whom he had been telling a story which had not truth enough in it to make it hang together.

When informed of the facts as they really occurred, Mr. Moulson gave the fellow a severe

reprimand, and forbade him to touch the rose-bush. He also thanked me cordially for my interference; but I saw that he was sadly changed. There was a mark upon his forehead which I have since learned to interpret better than I could then. It was that fearful sign in which we may read the terrible doom of the *hen-pecked*!

The next day I passed by the garden wall again, and stepping upon the rock, looked over. The rose-bush was gone, and the ground where it had stood had all been dug up and raked smooth. Hiram Wedge, the fellow to whom I gave the drubbing, stood leaning against a peach tree, with such an insolently triumphant expression upon his face, that it required no little self-denial on my part to restrain me from repeating the dose of the day before.

This incident was apparently a trivial one, but there was that connected with it which boded no good for my excellent friend Mr. Moulson, and my charming little pet and playmate Ella.

Several years elapsed, during which I spent much time in the West, where certain interests of my father required attention. Meanwhile, Ella, the beautiful child, was budding and blooming into a more beautiful young woman.

There came a terrible shock—the death of my remaining parent, my only near relative, my almost idolized father. The intense suffering I underwent reacted upon my health, and by the advice of my own and my late father's old friend, Dr. Worthing, I made the tour of Europe.

While travelling in the Holy Land, I received news which induced me to return at once to the United States. Mr. Moulson had died suddenly, and Ella was left to the tender mercies of her uncongenial step-mother. I started the day after I received the letter, and in due time arrived in New York. In going from the nearest railroad station to my own house in Lendon, I had to pass by the door of Dr. Worthing. The old gentleman was sitting in his little piazza, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, "the sight of you is 'gude for sair een,' as my Scotch grandmother used to say. How are you? how are you, my dear boy? I trust you are as hearty as you look."

"Yes, my dear doctor," replied I, "I began to improve the moment I got out of the reach of your prescriptions."

"I'm heartily glad to hear it. But you hardly do me justice, Arthur; for the only prescription I gave you, of any importance, was precisely that which took you beyond my reach, and I see that it has succeeded."

I confessed the fact, and returned the warm grasp of his hand, the vigor of which surprised me. As soon as the ordinary salutations and inquiries were disposed of, I begged the doctor to tell me all about our poor friend's death.

"Well, my dear boy," replied he, "the truth is, I know very little about it, for I was unfortunately away from home at the time. I was with my grandson, who was suddenly taken very ill, at college, and I did not return till the day after the funeral."

"The disease was apoplexy, I believe."

"So I wrote you, and so I have no doubt it was. He had been a fit subject for apoplexy for a number of years. He was found, in the morning, dead in his bed. Mrs. Moulson, it appears, slept in another room. He was lying on his back, quite cold. No noise had been heard during the night, and there was no evidence of pain or struggling. Poor Moulson! His last days were eminently unhappy ones. He was more under the control of his wife than I had any idea of. The fact is lamentably obvious in the will he left behind him. It not only makes Mrs. M. the absolute mistress of all his property, except a legacy to Ella of two thousand dollars; but also leaves the poor girl wholly under her control, and deprives her of her legacy if she should marry without the mother-in-law's consent."

"It cannot be possible," exclaimed I, "that Mr. Moulson ever designed to make such a will as that. It is a forgery; or else he was *non compos mentis* when he made it."

"Alas, my dear friend, it is all right. Everything has been done properly. I saw him the very day the will was made. His mind was as perfect as ever it was. And as for the will, it has been rigidly scrutinized, and no one doubts that it is genuine. I examined it myself, carefully."

"Who witnessed it?"

"Hiram Wedge, Mrs. Moulson's factotum—"

"That miserable wretch? Why, he would sell his soul for a hundred dollars!"

"His name does not add much strength to the document, I must confess; but the other witness is old John Stapler, whose honesty nobody will ever call in question."

"Yes, Stapler is an honest man, beyond all doubt; but he is also a very ignorant one."

"So he is; but Mr. Moulson read the will to him himself, and he saw him sign it."

"He may have seen him sign it, but he is too deaf to have heard much of it."

"My dear Arthur, I see that you are determined to have it your own way. Would to Heaven you were right. My feelings and my suspicions were much like your own; but I was obliged to confess in the end that there was no foundation for them, and you must eventually come to a similar conclusion."

Here our conference ended, and I took leave of the good old doctor with a heavy heart.

My next care was to see Ella, if possible, before my return should be known to Mrs. Moulson. I succeeded; but I will not trouble the reader with the particulars of our interview. Suffice it to say that I found her all and more than all that I had anticipated, and that before I left her she had promised to be mine. It was in vain, however, that I urged her to throw off at once the yoke that oppressed her, and give me a legal title to be her dearest friend and protector. Her father's will was law with her, and she was determined to abide by it, at least till she was of age. In the meantime, however, she promised to see me as often as she could, and to correspond with me as regularly as possible, while she remained under the guardianship of her mother-in-law.

The following day I saw old John Stapler. He was a tenant on one of the farms of the Moulson estate, but a thoroughly upright and incorruptible man. He was so deaf, however, that I very much doubted his ability to hear and understand what was read to him. Be that as it may, from his statement it was impossible to doubt that he had heard the will read by Mr. Moulson, whether he understood it or not, and had seen him sign it. He said that Mr. Moulson told him that the body of the document was written by Mrs. Moulson's cousin, though dictated by himself. The cousin, however, was not present at the signing.

As the final result of all my inquiries, I was reluctantly forced to come to a like conclusion with Dr. Worthing, and to admit that the will which so galled me must be genuine. As far as more pecuniary considerations were concerned, I think that no one who knows me will believe that I had any other feeling than indifference; and I am very sure that Ella knew less and cared less about money than I did. It was the cruel, crushing slavery imposed upon her by her hateful mother-in-law, that made her so sad and me so rebellious.

A few days later I obtained a sight of the will. I could detect nothing suspicious or irregular about it, and if I had any lingering hope left of freeing Ella from her bondage by legal means, this examination certainly gave it a final and effectual quietus. Except the almost hourly tortures inflicted upon poor Ella, which, alas, were so common as hardly to deserve the name of incidents, nothing occurred to vary the quiet monotony of our village for several months.

One fine morning in early spring, all London was electrified by the news that Mrs. Moulson and her "man Friday," Hiram Wedge, had been married that morning, and had gone off to Washington on a wedding tour, taking Ella with them.

This was a very unexpected thing to most persons; but I, who had been watching the parties very closely, was not much surprised at it. Wedge had accompanied Mrs. Moulson, or rather Miss Artwell, when she first came to London to live, and had been her devoted agent and obedient tool ever since. He was a great, overgrown, surly, lubberly lout, with nothing to recommend him but a pair of broad shoulders, and rosy cheeks ditto.

In about two weeks the "happy pair" returned. The manners and morals of the house now became worse than ever, and to see the pure and saint-like Ella exposed to such associations, tried my patience to the very uttermost. Days, weeks and months elapsed, and all the time things grew worse instead of better.

One evening we had a grand public exhibition at the London academy, the next epoch in village annals after the famous Moulson marriage. A variety of orations, dialogues, scraps of plays, etc., were produced by the students, to the in-

tense delight of a very miscellaneous and by no means critical audience.

Among the dramatic *morceaux* was the fifth scene of the first act of Hamlet, containing the dialogue between the young Danish prince and his dead father's ghost. As far as Hamlet himself was concerned, the performance was ludicrously bad; but the ghost did better. The "royal Dane" had a powerful voice, and exerted it to the full extent of its capabilities.

While this Shaksperian declamation was going forward, my attention was arrested by a burly figure, sitting in a very conspicuous position, immediately in front of the stage. It was Hiram Wedge. The whole thing was evidently new to him, and the novelty had waked his sluggish soul to unusual activity.

No one, on ordinary occasions, would be likely to say that Hiram had an open countenance. But at this juncture it might have been said of it with perfect truth. Eyes, mouth and ears were all open, to their utmost point of distention. He looked as if he might be meditating the feat of swallowing the little stage, performers, "properties," prompter, and all.

While I was looking at him, the ghost began to speak to Hamlet. Hiram seemed to regard it all as a reality, and it was ludicrous to behold the terror deepening in his face as the ghost declaimed the well-known lines:

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Though it was plain enough that the fellow could not rightly understand much that he heard, his whole soul was nevertheless absorbed in the scene before him. At length the ghost began to describe his brother's crime:

"—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porch of mine ear did pour
The lecherous distilment
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
With all my imperfections on my head."

During the recital of these lines, the fellow's emotions ceased to be ludicrous, and yet my interest in them increased a hundred fold. Fear and horror were depicted in every line of his countenance; his hair actually seemed to bristle on his head, and his eyes to start from their sockets; he grew paler and paler, while great drops of sweat started from his forehead, and as the performers were finishing the lines which I have quoted, he fell backwards in his seat, overcome by a death-like swoon.

The room was very warm, and it was generally believed that the heat and closeness of the atmosphere was the cause of Wedge's fainting. But I knew better. It was as plain to me as the meridian sunlight, that some deep and deadly mystery had been stirred up from the inmost depths of his bumpkin soul.

After returning home that night, I reflected long and seriously upon this strange emotion evinced by one who was in general so stupidly apathetic. What could it mean? Dark thoughts came driving through my brain, like storm-clouds flying before the northern blast, and wrapped my soul in gloom.

I had thrown myself upon a sofa when I first reached home, and I lay there for hours, striving to shape the chaos of my thoughts into something like order and regularity. Suddenly I became oppressed with a mysterious consciousness that I was not alone. A presence, unseen but most distinctly felt, weighed heavily upon me; a sort of moral nightmare, almost checking my heart's pulsations.

Slowly then there arose before me a sad, pale, spectral face, with the well known features of my departed friend, Mr. Moulson! Mournfully and earnestly he gazed upon me, and then a shadowy arm rose slowly, and, with fore finger extended, pointed to his own right ear.

Once, twice, thrice the spectral arm arose, and thrice repeated the same unvarying motion, and then the filmy figure seemed gradually to become more vapory and indistinct, until it vanished, and I saw it no more.

As I saw it departing, I made a strenuous effort to speak to it, and in the struggle I—awoke. I had unwittingly fallen asleep, and mingled my waking thoughts with visions of dream-land. But was it *all* a dream? My waking thoughts had doubtless shaped the outline of my dream;

but are the operations of the mind thus continued during sleep, of no value whatever? Does the ship of thought, with its crew of wild fancies, when left rudderless, with God alone to guide it, never float into regions where useful discoveries can be made?

The result of much serious thought and anxious deliberation, was a determination on my part, to disinter the remains of Mr. Moulson, and subject them, at least the head, to a close examination. To do this, alone and unassisted, was a task of some magnitude; but I felt unwilling to make a confidant of any one, unless it should be Dr. Worthing and his assistance would be of no value as far as the chief difficulty, the actual raising of the corpse, was concerned. I therefore determined to do everything myself.

The grave-yard in which my friend's remains had been deposited was a very lonely spot, and there was little danger of interruption there at any hour. I consequently commenced my operations as early as ten o'clock, and before three I had the head in my possession and the grave carefully filled again.

The first gray tints of dawn were just beginning to appear, when I commenced the examination of my ghastly burden in my own chamber. My attention was first given to the ear, for it was strongly impressed upon my mind that if, as I suspected, Ella's father had met with foul play, it would be found that the manner of his death bore some resemblance to that of Hamlet's father, as narrated by the ghost.

It was a melancholy, sickening business. The head was, of course, greatly altered, and the features could no longer be recognized. I examined the ears with great attention, but I could see nothing wrong with them, and was about to conclude that I had been imposed upon by my own fancies, when it suddenly occurred to me to thrust a probe into the right ear. The orifice was evidently obstructed by something or other. Having satisfied myself of this, I took a pair of long, slender forceps, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting hold of the obstructing object, which I found firmly fixed in its position, within the skull.

It would be no easy task to tell what my feelings were when I at last succeeded in drawing out what appeared to be a fragment of a steel spindle—a long, smooth, slender, cylindrical, needle-like instrument, capable of being thus driven through the ear into the brain with murderous effect, and yet, to the eye of an ordinary observer, leaving behind it no trace whatever of the deed.

Who it was that drove this infernal contrivance into the ear of Mr. Moulson, was a question by no means difficult to answer, in my estimation. But would the circumstantial evidence which had convinced me, be sufficient to convince a jury?

When I asked myself this question, there flashed upon my memory an incident which, until this moment, had seemed utterly trivial to me, but which now assumed proportions of a very different character.

The day after my return from abroad, I saw a little boy, a nephew of my housekeeper, playing with what I supposed to be a fragment of a steel spindle. Fearing that he might hurt himself with it, I requested his aunt to take it from him. Looking around and observing it, she told me that she had been obliged to put it out of his reach once before, and at her request I took it and threw it into my desk.

Having now procured this article, I was not much surprised to find that it was a piece broken off from that which I had drawn from the skull, and that the two fragments fitted each other exactly.

It now became important to inquire where the little boy had picked up the fragments found in his possession. I soon ascertained the important fact that he had first seen it lying under one of the windows of Mr. Moulson's house the very morning of his decease, and furthermore discovered that Mrs. Moulson had then made very particular inquiries about it, though probably without success.

Here was another link in the chain of evidence, and a very important one; but before taking any further steps in the matter, I resolved to have a consultation with Dr. Worthing. As soon as I had taken my breakfast, therefore, I mounted my horse and started for the doctor's residence.

On my way thither, I passed one of the out-houses attached to the Moulson property, under which was a large cellar, designed for the pre-

servation of potatoes and other esculent roots. Into this cellar I saw Hiram Wedge descend and shut the door after him. When I drew near the door, I heard him at the extreme end of the cellar, making a great noise in moving some potatoes, or something of the kind.

In pursuance of an idea which now suddenly suggested itself, I slipped quietly through the door and shut it after me. Then, taking advantage of the noise, I stole up to the spot where Hiram was at work, and concealed myself behind a thick stone buttress. The cellar was almost dark, a very faint light only being seen to struggle through the windows, which were very small and partially below ground.

In a few minutes, Hiram ceased his noisy occupation, leaned against the wall and became apparently absorbed in a business to which he could not be said to be much addicted, in a general way, viz., that of thinking. His face was turned towards the light, and faint as it was, I could see that his features betrayed emotions of anything but an agreeable character. The same finger which wrote Belshazzar's doom upon the palace-walls of Babylon, had written as plainly upon his forehead the dread syllables, *remorse!*

While he thus stood gazing upon vacancy, I gave a groan, as dismal a one as I could produce. He wheeled about as suddenly as if he had been shot, and his pale face assumed an ashen hue. I then, in a hollow voice, repeated the word "*murderer!*" and at the same time threw the broken spindle at his feet.

The device was shallow enough, but I knew my man. In half a minute the guilty wretch was upon his knees (indeed he seemed incapable of standing), and with eyes rolling wildly and teeth chattering with terror, he faltered:

"Mercy! O, mercy, mercy! It wasn't me; indeed, it wasn't me! *She* did it. She drove it into his brain with a mallet; and she laughed while she was doing it. She's a devil herself, I do believe. I never would have thought of such a thing, myself; but I was afraid to cross her. O, she's a terrible, terrible woman!"

He ceased speaking, fell upon his face and buried his head in his hands. I stepped out of my hiding-place, and with a vigorous whack upon the back, proved to him that it was no ghost, but a substantial thing of flesh and blood he had to deal with. The knowledge of this seemed to relieve him somewhat, but he still seemed half stupefied with terror.

The poor bewildered wretch never seemed to doubt that I knew all about the murder, and was willing to confess everything—or at least appeared to be. He had originally been a gardener's assistant, he said, in the service of Miss Artwell's uncle and guardian. Her vicious propensities had been developed at a very early age, and this fellow, while yet a mere boy, became her partner in various schemes of precocious iniquity.

After her marriage, the shameless woman persuaded Mr. Moulson to employ Hiram as a sort of overseer, and from his statement it seems probable that the murderous design was already in her heart when she stood at the altar and solemnly pledged her faith to her unsuspecting victim.

The infernal plan of these miscreants required that Mr. Moulson should live until they could find means to secure his wealth, and no longer. To effect this purpose, they sought the co-operation of a cousin of Mrs. Moulson's, another one of her partners in villany. He was a shrewd fellow, and a skilful practical chemist. Hiram Wedge was about to undertake the cultivation of a large tract of valuable land, the property of Mr. Moulson. The eyesight of the latter was defective, from temporary inflammation, and the cousin managed to get himself invited to draw up the contract for the working of this land.

This instrument was written by the cousin on parchment, with ink of his own devising, which could easily be erased, so as to leave the parchment as white and smooth as it was before the pen had touched it. Deaf John Stapler was told that Mr. Moulson had made his will, and that he wished him to be present and witness the signing of it. When, therefore, he was introduced into the drawing-room and asked by Mr. Moulson to sign his name, as a witness, to an instrument of writing, which was really the agreement between him and Wedge, honest John naturally believed that he was signing the will they had told him about.

The contract was all read over by Mr. Moulson, in Stapler's presence, but if it had been Chinese it would have been all the same to him, since he

did not hear a word of it. Like many other deaf persons, he was a little touchy on the subject of his infirmity, and to this day he will not acknowledge the truth, but maintains that he heard all that Mr. Moulson uttered, and no doubt believes it.

The cousin himself was the other witness, and he took care that the ink used for the three signatures should be of the very best quality. In less than half an hour after the document was signed, the parchment was a blank again, a perfect *tabula rasa*, with the genuine signature of Henry Moulson at the bottom, and that of honest John Stapler by the side of it.

It took the ingenious cousin but very little time to convert this into just such a will as Mrs. Moulson wanted. This skilful operator then disappeared from the scene, with securities of the value of \$5000 in his pocket.

Two days afterwards, poor Moulson was brutally murdered, by having a sharp steel instrument thrust into his brain, through the ear; it was being hoped that in this way no trace of the crime would be left. The instrument was accidentally broken, one piece being left in the skull, and the other being mislaid in the hurry and confusion of the moment, and subsequently found by the little boy.

As soon as Hiram had finished his story, he relapsed into a sort of stupor. In this condition I left him, locking the door after me. The door was strong and heavy, and the windows too small to creep through, so that, having deposited the key in my pocket, I had little doubt about the security of my prisoner for the hour or two I meant to be absent.

The confession I had heard removed all doubts about the propriety of apprehending both culprits at once, and I therefore hastened in search of the requisite force and authority. With all the despatch I could make, however, it was more than an hour later when I returned to the cellar, in company with two constables, a magistrate, and Dr. Worthing, whom I happened to find in the village.

"The bird has flown!" exclaimed I, as I saw the cellar door standing wide open. We entered, and for some time felt sure that the place was empty; but, after our eyes became somewhat accustomed to the obscurity, we observed a white object lying in one corner, which had not been there before. It was the dead body of Mrs. Wedge, gashed and seared in a horrible manner, and with the blood still oozing from a score of ghastly wounds.

"Merciful heavens!—who has done this?" exclaimed Dr. Worthing.

"I did it!" said a hollow, feeble voice, within a few yards of the spot where we stood.

It was the voice of Hiram Wedge, who lay mortally wounded, and covered with blood, like his wife, but still breathing, or rather gasping. He expired in about half an hour, but not until he had given us a brief account of the origin of this strange and bloody spectacle.

Mrs. Wedge, it appeared, had seen me come out of the cellar and lock the door. Being constantly suspicious of me, she thought there was something wrong, snatched up a second key, with which she was provided, ran to the cellar-door and opened it. When she saw Hiram, she fiercely demanded to know what had happened. He told her he had confessed everything.

Transported with rage, she glared upon him like a fury, drew a bowie-knife, which she always carried, and stabbed him to the heart. The wound was mortal, but not immediately so. He had still considerable strength left, enough to enable him to struggle for the miserable remnant of existence which was already fast ebbing away. The rapid failure of his strength, as his heart's blood flowed, in intermitting jets, soon rendered the man and woman pretty nearly equal in muscular power, and the contest between these partners in life and partners in iniquity, was a fearful one indeed.

Hiram at last succeeded in wrenching the knife from her hand, but not until he had been cut and stabbed in more than twenty places. She still struggled desperately, but it was not long before he dealt her a mortal blow. As he was in the act of striking it, he fell exhausted on the floor, where we soon afterwards found him.

This bloody scene is the last of our melancholy drama. The Wedges left no one behind them, and Ella, now relieved from her thralldom, took possession of her father's property, as a matter of course, and also, as a matter of course, took possession of, and retains to this day—the reader's humble servant.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COQUETTE'S LESSON.

BY LIZZIE TURNER.

THE grand crash of uncomfortable looking people assembled in Mrs. Ashley's elegant drawing-rooms, was voted the party of the season. Three new and beautiful faces made their debut on the occasion; a score of fashionable dandies fell in love with these novices, and were only saved from utter desperation by the temporary distraction of a sumptuous supper, in keeping with the rest of the entertainment.

Mrs. Ashley formally announced that the marriage of her niece, Eliza Ashley, with Arthur Hammond would be celebrated the following evening, and received the congratulations of her friends on the eligibility of the prospective match. At length the few remaining guests departed; the gas burned faintly as the gray of morning struggled through the curtains, and the tired servants lingered about, only waiting for two persons to leave the now silent and deserted rooms, before extinguishing the lights altogether.

But they were destined to yawn in vain. Still and pale as a statue, Eliza Ashley stood leaning her burning forehead against the window pane, gazing into the empty street, while her haggard countenance, rendered still more so by the heavy masses of glossy black hair around it, was stamped with an expression somewhat unsuited to the eve of a bridal, and with one whose preference had made her the envy of all her marriageable friends.

Leaning against the mantel opposite, which supported one of the splendid mirrors that adorned the room and reflected back surrounding objects, stood a man of about twenty-seven, steadfastly regarding the figure whose face was turned from him. His mouth was rather large, and his eyes lacked softness, yet his form was fine, and he was really a handsome fellow.

Presently Miss Ashley shivered, as if chilled by the frosty air, and turned from the window.

"Well, Robert!" she said listlessly, on observing him.

"Well, Lizzie—and so you have sold yourself to the highest bidder!"

"O, Robert, don't begin in that harsh way—you know I cannot bear it! It is so long since I have spoken freely to any one, and I am so glad to see you back again!"

As she spoke, she took his hand in one of hers, and laying the other tremblingly on his arm, looked up into his face with a nervous, forced smile.

Her companion did not shake off the gentle touch, but shrank from the caressing hand, and ceased to lean against the mantel piece.

"I don't wish to speak harshly to you, Lizzie," he replied; "on the contrary, I believe that you will find that I am more truly your friend than some who are smoother-spoken. But I cannot and will not deny that your behaviour to my friend, Louis Forrester, has destroyed my good opinion of your character forever. It is impossible that I should not feel so, especially when I know him to be ill and heart-broken."

"I did not forsake him—he chose to distrust, to forget me—" said Lizzie, vainly struggling to choke down the tears that filled her eyes.

"But why did he distrust and forsake you? Because that spirit of coquetry, which is the curse of your life, led you to encourage the triflers around you—made you eager for compliment—bestow looks for words, and words for feelings—and to make him miserable for the sake of gratifying your vanity. Yet you might have won him back again, if you had tried; you might even now."

"Win him back again!" exclaimed Miss Ashley, vehemently; "I have no need of such great exertions to be loved. There are plenty who are considered Louis Forrester's superiors, who like me in spite of the faults you and your friend are so quick to observe. And pray on what occasions have I played the coquette, my wise cousin?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie, you need not be sarcastic with me, for the time is gone by when you could provoke or grieve me. Have you forgotten young Bartlett, whom you were obliged to apologize to for having led him to believe you would accept him? Have you forgotten Gorham Allen and his splendid presents, which you returned when tired of the giver? Have you forgotten Mr. Lawrence and his bouquets? Mr. Howard and his greyhound, which you caressed for the sake of making a graceful tableau? Have you for-

gotten that at one time you even thought it worth your while—" Here a peculiar and confused expression passed over his countenance—he stammered and paused.

Miss Ashley raised her eyes, and a short, quick smile of triumph lit every feature of her expressive face as she gazed on his.

"I do really believe you are jealous!" she exclaimed. "It is ill receiving advice from a lover, Mr. Ashley."

"I am not your lover, Lizzie. God forbid that my happiness should depend on you! And if I were your lover, is the admiration which is caused wholly by the power of personal attractions—without esteem or even respect—is it indeed worth that pleased smile? Your beauty I own no one can be insensible to; but your heart, O, how cold and selfish that heart must be which can prize any triumph at a moment like this, when you have made the misery of one man, and in all human probability are about to destroy the happiness of another. Beware, Lizzie, beware! The day will come when the conquests of coquetry shall have no power to comfort your agony. Good night!"

He turned and left the room; mechanically she followed, and mechanically she entered her own chamber and flung herself into a chair. Robert Ashley's words rang in her ears; her heart beat violently—the choking which precedes weeping rose in her throat. Grief, pride, resentment and mortification strove for mastery in her mind, and finally the spoilt beauty burst into a hysterical fit of tears. Her passionate sobbing awoke the weary attendant who had been sitting up for her.

"Dear Miss Lizzie," she said, "don't take on so, we must all leave home sometime or other, and I'm sure Mr. Hammond—"

"Don't talk to me, Ferris. I have no home. I have no one to grieve for. Home! Is it like home—friends to give a ball on my departure, as if it were something to rejoice at? Where is the quiet evening my mother used to describe long ago, which was to be the eve of my wedding-day? Where the solemn advice from her dear lips, that was to make the memory of that evening holy forever? Where the quiet and peace which should bless my heart? They have made me what I am! They have made me what I am!"

"La, Miss Lizzie!" said the astonished maid, "I'm sure you ought to be happy. As for your poor mother, it is in nature that parents should die before their children—and she was a very delicate lady always. So do dry your eyes," she continued, "or they'll be red as ferrets, and your voice is quite hoarse with crying. You won't be fit to be seen by to-morrow."

Nothing calms one like the consciousness of not being sympathized with. Miss Ashley ceased weeping and began to undress, after which she dismissed her maid, and burying her head in her hands forgot all but the irrevocable past.

From a humble home, where widowhood, poverty, and a broken heart had succeeded an imprudent marriage, Miss Ashley was removed, at her mother's death, to add by her wonderful beauty one other feature to the gayest house in New York. Although scarcely a woman, yet past childhood, she was at that age when impressions are easiest made, and also most durable. Among her rich worldly relatives, the lessons taught by the pale lips of her lost parent were forgotten; the weeds, which should have been rooted from her mind, grew up and choked her better feelings, until the once simple and contented girl, who had been thankful for a home with the common comforts of life, longed for wealth and position that should place her on an equality, at least, with her new associates, and shrank from the idea of marrying any man who could not give, in return for the "fossil remains" of her heart, diamonds and a carriage!

"Past six—a fine morning!"

Miss Ashley started as her maid uttered the announcement, and raised her heavy eyes to the window. She looked wistfully back at the pillows—but, no, she felt she could not sleep. Her head sank upon her hand, vague sentiments of wretchedness and self-reproach weighed down upon her soul, and too weary even to weep, she remained listlessly dreaming, till a sudden beam of the morning sunshine lit on the ornaments she had worn the night before, and startled her into consciousness.

It was a fine, early spring morning, and opening her chamber-window, she sat with clasped hands gazing on the sweet sky which heralded

in her wedding-day. The sun rose higher and brighter, the heavens grew bluer, the indistinct and rare chirping of a few little brown birds hopping among the swelling buds of the neighboring shrubbery, came upon the fresh wind that blew on her weary forehead, and Eliza Ashley sank on her knees, and stretching out her arms to heaven, murmured some passionate invocation, of which the only audible words were:

"Louis, dear Louis! O, God forgive and help me! That love is sinful now."

Few would have recognized the pale and weeping girl who knelt in almost speechless agony there, in the bride of the evening. Covered with lace, pearls and orange blossoms, flushed with ambition and excitement, married to the first man of his "set," Mrs. Arthur Hammond pressed a light, cold kiss on the forehead of each of her beautiful bridesmaids, bowed and smiled to the congratulating friends who surrounded her, received the set, self-complacent speech of her aunt, and descended the brilliantly-lighted staircase with her happy bridegroom.

One farewell only disturbed her. Robert Ashley stood at the hall-door, and, as she passed, he took her hand and whispered, "God bless you, Lizzie!"

Involuntarily she clung to the hand he extended, involuntarily she returned the blessing; old memories crowded to her heart, and tears gathered in her eyes. With a burst of weeping, she sank back in her carriage, when her husband said caressingly:

"Surely, my own darling, you have left nothing there which my love cannot compensate for."

She drew her hand away with a cold shudder; and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never lived to be married—especially to the man whom she had just sworn to love and obey till death—was the uppermost feeling in her mind as she was whirled away to her new home.

Instead of the customary bridal tour, which was unanimously voted a bore, the young couple retired at once to the bridegroom's residence on the Hudson, to spend a quiet honeymoon. During the few weeks of seclusion that followed, Mrs. Hammond began to believe that Louis Forrester excepted, she could love her husband better than anybody.

He was intelligent, kind, graceful and noble-hearted. He was the autocrat of fashion, popular with women, respected by men. He had written two very creditable poems, and might write more. He rode inimitably well. He had displayed more taste in laying out the grounds about "Arthur's Seat," his residence, than even the most sanguine New Yorker expects to see evinced in the arrangement of Central Park. In short, there was no earthly reason why she should not love Arthur Hammond, only that it would be so excessively ridiculous to fall in love with one's own husband. It would look as if no one else thought it worth his while to pay her any attention; Hammond himself would think it so absurd, for he had none of Louis Forrester's romance, and was quite accustomed to the ways of fashionable couples, and was contented to pursue the same path.

Then, Mrs. Ashley—how Mrs. Ashley would laugh at this romance after marriage! And so she deluded herself into the belief that it really would be laughable, after all!

The summer passed quickly, and Eliza Ashley again entered the gay world as an admired bride. The restless love of conquest which had poisoned her girlhood still remained, or rather, as our vices seldom retrograde, increased upon her, day by day. The necessity of sometimes concealing what we do feel, and the policy of pretending what we do not; the constant flattery bestowed upon leaders of social circles, the contempt caused by discoveries of conceit, betrayed confidence and selfish advice, and the petty rivalries, vexations, mortifications and eager strife that eddy around us in the whirlpool of society, engulfing us, almost whether we will or not, influence more or less the purest natures, and certainly met with no resistance from a mind like Mrs. Hammond's, always vain and impetuous, and warped by circumstances into something yet worse.

In accordance with her preconceived idea, therefore, her first act after marriage was to encourage the violent admiration of herself entertained by her husband's cousin, Lester Hammond, who was twice as intelligent, twenty times as graceful, won all the prizes at the regattas, was the idol of the women, and as to the men—O, well! the men were jealous of him.

Now it chanced that one of the fascinating

Lester's peculiarities was, that he never could be in love with the same lady for more than three months at a time. Upon this failing, which gave him the reputation of a flirt, the young wife undertook to lecture him, and succeeded so admirably, that he suddenly told her one morning, as she was gathering some japonicas in her beautiful conservatory, that if a being ever existed whom he could worship forever, it was herself.

She dropped the flowers she had cut, and blushed deeply. She felt that she was a married woman, and ought to be excessively shocked—she even thought of forbidding him the house—but then it would be so awkward to make a quarrel between Hammond and his cousin, so she only forbade him to mention the subject again. And to prove that she was in earnest in her wish to discourage his attentions, gave an hour in the music-room every morning, a standing invitation to the opera, and a seat in her carriage, to young Elliott, who had recently come into possession of a fortune by his father's death, was but just twenty-two, knew scarcely anybody in the city, and was most devotedly attentive to a pale, pretty little sister, with whom he rode, walked and talked incessantly, and who, he told his new friend, was the last of seven, destroyed by hereditary consumption.

But Lester Hammond was not the man to be slighted with impunity. He ceased to be Mrs. Hammond's lover, it is true; but how infinitely more tedious and troublesome did he contrive to make the attentions of Mrs. Hammond's friend! What unsought advice did he not pour into her unwilling ears? What gentle hints and laughing allusions did he not bestow on her husband? What an unwearied watch did he not keep over the faintest curl of her lips, or the lift of her eyelashes, when her smiles or her glance were directed towards her new favorite?

A thousand times, in a fit of irritation, she determined to free herself from the tyranny of this self-elected monitor, and as often she shrank from the attempt, under the bitter consciousness that her own folly had contributed to place her so much in his power. He might incense Mr. Hammond, who was gradually becoming—not openly jealous—no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased, and at times distant, and even sneeringly reproachful. He might ridicule her to his companions; he might—in short she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be as well to keep on good terms with the person whose admiration had once been so acceptable to her.

Meanwhile Charley Elliott gradually became absorbed by his passion for his beautiful patroness. That a being so gifted, so courted, so divine, should devote such a large portion of her talents and friendship to one as unknown and insignificant as himself, was as extraordinary as it was intoxicating. His mornings now were mostly spent in her drawing-room, his afternoons driving by her side, his evenings in wandering through crowded assemblies, restless, feverish and dissatisfied, until her arm was linked in his, and then—all beyond was a blank, a void, that could scarcely be called existence.

His little fair, consumptive sister was almost forgotten, or, when remembered, with a sudden pang at his neglect, he would hurry her here, there and everywhere, in search of amusement, and load her rooms with new books, pictures and hot-house flowers, kiss away the tears that trembled in her eyes, and murmur between those light kisses how willingly he would lay down his life to save her one hour's sorrow—then wonder that she still looked fatigued, and still seemed unhappy. But, by degrees these fits of kindness became more rare, the delirium which drowned his senses shutting out all objects but one. Day after day, and week after week, Amy Elliott sat alone in the over-heated, darkened drawing-room in Madison Square, and with a weakness more of the body than the mind, wept and prophesied to herself that she should die very soon, while her brother persuaded himself that she was too ill, too tired to go out—it was too cold, too wet, too anything—rather than she should be in the way.

It is true Mrs. Hammond could not be aware of all these solitary musings, but it is equally true that she was jealous of Elliott's love for even his sister, and in the early days of their acquaintance, when Amy used sometimes to accompany them to the theatre, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable matron, who had married off all her own daughters, nieces, etc., would take Amy to a re-union, or party, the

heart of the admired woman would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure; but the greater part of the time she forgot all except her own interests and amusements.

At length a new character appeared in the scenes we are describing. Louis Forrester returned from abroad! Lester Hammond's eye rested on Eliza's face, when some careless gossip communicated the news. For one moment he looked about to assure himself there was no other cause evident for the emotion which colored her brow, cheek and neck to crimson. Mrs. Hammond lifted her conscious eyes to his, and turned deadly pale; he looked at her a moment longer, bit his lips with pique and vexation, and then moved away. A moment's hesitation, and with a light, quick step she followed him into the adjoining room.

"Lester," she said hurriedly, laying her hand on his arm, "you know I knew him before I was married."

"I did not know it," he coldly replied, "neither does Hammond, I believe."

For an instant Eliza angrily resented the insinuation which the tone rather than the words implied. She dreaded she scarcely knew what, from the manner of her companion, and the knowledge that even in that rapid moment which had hardly allowed time for the blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had flashed through her mind of how, and when, and where Louis would probably meet her, and what the result of that meeting would be, bewildered her and increased her agitation, as with a nervous laugh, she said:

"You will not jest before him about it—will you?"

It was the first time she had so directly appealed to him, so directly endeavored to propitiate him. A conscious, bitter smile of triumph hovered on his lip and lurked in his eye.

"You may depend on my never mentioning the past," he replied; "but tell me—"

What he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Louis Forrester himself passed through the room.

He saw Mrs. Hammond—paused—hesitated a few seconds—crossed the room and stood beside her. He spoke a few words, but what they were she did not hear, although they were spoken in a clear, firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there was contempt—reproof in the very sound of his voice. She murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to look up, Lester Hammond only stood before her.

Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview, overcome by previous agitation, and cut to the heart, Eliza Hammond burst into tears. Lester had taken her hand, and was trying to soothe her, when Mr. Hammond and Robert Ashley entered together.

"Shall I call the carriage, Mrs. Hammond? Are you ill?" asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to the other.

"If you please," she replied brokenly, as he went out, followed by his cousin.

Not a word was spoken by the pair who remained; but once, when Mrs. Hammond looked up, she caught Robert Ashley's eyes fixed on her with earnest pity, very different from Lester's smile, she thought—and as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call on her the next day.

The morrow came, and with it Robert Ashley. Low-spirited and weary, Mrs. Hammond complained of Louis Forrester's coldness, of Lester Hammond's friendship, of Charley Elliott's attentions, of her husband's inattention, of Amy Elliott's health, of the world's ill-nature, of everything and everybody, including the person she addressed, and having exhausted herself with fretful complaints, sank back to receive his answer.

"Lizzie," said he at length, "I have known you from childhood, and now that all is over, I may say I have loved you as well or better than any of your admirers; it is not, therefore, a prejudiced view of your character that prompts me to give the warning which I beg you will hear patiently."

"You are listless and tired of the life you are leading, and mortified at Louis Forrester's neglect; but, gracious heaven, what is it you wish? or when will the struggle for hurtful excitement cease in your mind, and leave you free to exert your reason? Suppose Louis had returned with all the same deep, devoted love to you which filled his heart when he left America, and fled from a fascination he was unable to resist; suppose him to have urged that passion with all the

vehemence of which his nature is capable, would you, indeed, as Arthur Hammond's wife, listen to the man for whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free? Or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather he should be miserable than you should not appear irresistible? Do you, Lizzie, wish that Louis Forrester was again your lover?"

"No!" sobbed the impatient beauty, "but I don't wish him to think ill of me."

"And if you could prove that you had been guilty of no fault towards him, would it not seem hard that he ever left you? Would not explanations lead to regrets, and regrets to—Lizzie, struggle against this strange infatuation, this envious thirst for power over men's hearts. Already you are entangled; already you shrink from the tyranny of Lester Hammond, and dread the advances of that cruelly-deceived Elliott; already you have begun to alienate the affections of a fond and noble heart, for the worthless shadows of worldly admiration. O, where is the pleasure, the triumph of conquests like yours? How does it add to your happiness at home, or your reputation abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it really so gratifying, to see Lester bow to his thousand previous divinities, and coldly pass them, to place himself at your side? Is it really so gratifying, to see that little pale, deserted girl striving to win a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother at assemblies and concerts, or to sit in an attitude in a theatre-box as a mark for all the glances in the house? Warning is given you—retreat in time—have courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband, and leave Louis Forrester to his fate."

"Dear me, Mrs. Hammond!" exclaimed a lady friend who called in half an hour after Mr. Ashley's departure, "I can't imagine what you can find to fret about."

"Can't you?" responded the young wife, dipping her handkerchief in some cologne and applying it to her forehead.

"No, indeed, I can't! All the men are after you; all the women are jealous of you; you've no children to tie you down, no pet dogs to worry over, no sisters-in-law, none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Croesus, and—"

Mrs. Hammond looked from the window and sighed.

"Yes, the Park is very solitary—very dull—been so wet this morning. But I should think you would be at no loss for amusements—got your piano and all the new magazines, I see. Are you going to Mrs. Carruth's to-night?"

"Yes—no—why?"

"Why?" Really, my dear friend, something must have happened—you're quite absent-minded. You know everybody will be there."

"True—yes. O, I shall go, certainly. He shall not fancy that I am sad for his sake," thought our heroine, and she sighed again.

Full of excellent resolutions, Mrs. Hammond ordered her carriage, bathed her eyes, and drove to Madison Square. She found Amy Elliott alone, and proposed to take her out for a drive, which was gladly accepted. As they returned, Mrs. Hammond said to her little companion:

"I shall call this evening to see if you will go to the party. Do go; I never saw you look better." And then, she thought, as the carriage went off, "I will have a few words of explanation with poor, dear Charley, and after that I won't play the coquette any more, for it is all very true—" And again she sighed heavily.

Mrs. Hammond and Amy were late at the party, owing to the difficulty the former had in persuading Miss Elliott to go at all. But Eliza, like most selfish people trying to do a good-natured act, would take no denial, and though Amy persisted that she was more weak and weary than usual, her chaperon waited till she was dressed, and carried her off in triumph.

The dancing-rooms opened into an illuminated conservatory and green-house, and Mrs. Hammond was standing on the stone steps that led to the principal walk, when Charles Elliott hastily addressed her:

"Let me speak three words to you! Pray, pray, hear me, dearest!"

Startled and confounded, Mrs. Hammond neither spoke nor moved, while in a rapid and confused manner he explained that he had heard a story of her attachment to Louis Forrester, of their parting, of her agitation at seeing him the night before; and he conjured her, by all that

was good and sacred, not to trifle with him, but at once confess her love for Forrester, or her willingness to fly with him to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"May I dance? Do you think it will be safe for me to dance, Elliott?" asked the gentle voice of his sister, who had just advanced to his side.

"Yes, yes, dear—no, I mean! Yes, dance by all means—dance."

"I really have your leave, Elliott?" she continued, with a smile. "I believe you scarcely heard my question."

"Yes, yes, Amy dear; you wish to dance—go now, go, I am quite willing you should dance to night—O, Mrs. Hammond! O, Eliza! speak to me—speak to me!"

But another voice fell on her ear. As they stood in the shadow of the looped-up curtains, unseen by those who were walking in the conservatory, Louis Forrester and a young lady passed close to them.

"Don't deceive me," said Louis. "I have been deceived once, and I tell you fairly, that my contempt and disgust for the most degraded of her sex, is weak as to what I feel for a coquette, who, with no temptation but vanity, trifles with—" The words were lost in the distance. Yet as they returned, Eliza thought she distinguished her own name in the murmured protestations of Forrester's companion.

"He scorns me; he holds me up as an example—he, Louis, the only being whom I ever really loved!" And she leaned her head against the archway, too faint even for tears.

"Speak to me—speak to me—answer me, Lizzie, darling!" implored Elliott.

She had quite forgotten him. Shuddering, she attempted to withdraw her hand from his death-like clasp, while she exclaimed in agony:

"O, well might he scorn me! Let me go, infatuated boy! You don't know what you love. O, let me go and die; I am sick at heart! I have not heard you—I know not what you have said, or what I have answered. I am a fool—a miserable, vain, despised woman. I am—O, God forgive me!"

"Mr. Elliott! Mr. Elliott! Charley Elliott!" cried several voices, in tones of alarm and terror.

"Mr. Elliott—your sister!" said Mr. Hammond, as he made his way through the crowd and seized the arm of the unhappy young man.

Instantly he darted forward, and Eliza followed, drawn by the irresistible impulse which prompts us to leap from heights we shudder to gaze from. A silent circle was formed where the dancing had been; the music had only ceased that moment. There was but one sound through the great rooms, where hundreds were collected, and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Amy Elliott in his arms. All that yet deceitfully indicated the presence of life, was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down, and knew that he gazed on a corpse! Peals of laughter and merry voices came from the more distant conservatory, where the event was yet unknown.

"O, stop them! stop them!" Elliott exclaimed, looking towards the green-houses. "O, madman—fool—to let her dance!" And as he uttered these words, in a tone of agony, his eyes fell upon Mrs. Hammond with an expression that froze her very soul.

A terrible dream seemed to haunt her—a dream from which she could not awake. Slowly and with a great effort, she withdrew her eyes, and gazed around the circle. All were looking, spell-bound and horror-stricken, on that awful sight—all but one. Louis Forrester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was rivetted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister—his eye alone sought another face. Eliza Hammond met it, and fainted.

Many, many years have passed since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in that same room, to the self-same tunes, and the name of Amy Elliott is a sound forgotten by even those who knew her best. But Mrs. Hammond, now a truly noble and well-disciplined woman, a fondly-loving and beloved wife, yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as for the thousandth time he repeats, to comfort her, the assurance that poor Amy must have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a coquette, and purchase as bitter an experience, without the same blessed results.



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP MINNESOTA, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA.

The accompanying engraving presents an accurate view of the United States steam frigate Minnesota, drawn, on her recent arrival in the harbor, expressly for us, by Mr. A. Hill. The likeness of the noble ship is as faithful as a photograph, and exhibits her in all the elegance of her mould and the delicate tracery of her cordage. Bold and beautiful in appearance, the Minnesota is a model of a ship-of-war, and Captain DuPont and his officers are worthy of the vessel. They have reason to be proud of her performance. She

made the run from Bombay to Boston in seventy days, averaging 150 miles a day. During her cruise in the waters of Japan, China and the East Indies, the machinery has worked to a charm, showing the world what our mechanics can do when they receive encouragement and scope. Since her arrival in this port, the Minnesota has been the great feature of the harbor, every eye seeking her out in the forest of shipping, and every observer descending on her beauty and perfection. The Minnesota is to remain at the Navy Yard till further orders are received.

CITY OF TURIN, SARDINIA, ITALY.

Victor Emmanuel has certainly a charming city for the seat of his monarchy, as the beautiful engraving on this page shows. At any time such a scene as that before us—a stately city, with its streets, towers and churches, the bold background of soaring mountains, the framework of vineyards and orchards—would arrest our attention, but it now awakens a deeper interest from the fact that it stands in the midst of the theatre of great historical events. Turin is situated in a beautiful plain on the Po, which at

this point receives the waters of the Dora Riparia. The town is of an oblong form, and its circumference about four miles. The streets are in general wide and straight, intersecting each other at right angles, and running in direct lines from one end of the city to the other, and many of them are embellished with piazzas at the sides. The principal square near the centre of the town ranks, both for size and beauty, among the most elegant in Europe. On one of its sides stands the Royal Palace, and on the other three are erected arcades. The material of which most



CITY OF TURIN, THE SEAT OF THE SARDINIAN MONARCHY.

of the public buildings are constructed is rich marble of every vein and color. The Cathedral is an antique Gothic edifice, remarkable principally for its marble cupola. The city possesses a number of beautiful churches, most of them of large size, and built of or profusely ornamented with marble. The University contains a court surrounded with arcades, the whole covered with inscriptions and bas-reliefs. It was instituted in the fifteenth century. Altogether Turin is a beautiful city, worthy of the pleasant land in which it is situated, and one cannot help regretting that there is every prospect of its being again subjected to the casualties of war—a calamity which it has more than once undergone during the present century.

BURNING BODIES IN CALCUTTA.

We furnish our readers with a sketch of a remarkable custom which still prevails in Calcutta, viz., that of burning the dead bodies of the natives who died the previous day. The place where this takes place is a short distance from the city, on the banks of the Hoogli. A high wall serves as a screen to this place; the top of the wall is completely thronged by different birds of prey, which feed upon the corpses as

clothes in which the bodies of dead persons have been wrapped; and on no account to come in contact with any other person. The scene at the burning-place is of the most appalling character. A very curious custom prevails with regard to persons who have been taken away as dead, and who have revived. They are not allowed to return to their families and friends, but must go to a place on the Ganges appointed for such, and are thus cut off from all society, except those who are in a similar predicament with themselves. They remain forever unclean, both in this life and in the next. Formerly this ceremony of burning, or, more properly, scorching the dead and throwing into the water, might be performed in any part of the city near the river, but the police have now prevented its being done except in one particular spot, and have thus got rid of two nuisances—this and the host of birds of prey that infested the city.

SUGAR MAKING IN CUBA.

To begin at the beginning. The cane is cut from the fields by men and women working together, who use an instrument called a machete, which is something between a sword and a cleaver. Two blows with this slash off the long

grass in haymaking, and raked into cocks or winrows on an alarm of rain. When dry, it is placed under sheds for protection against wet. From the sheds and from the fields it is loaded into carts and drawn to the furnace doors, into which it is thrown by negroes, who crowd it in by the armful, and rake it about with long poles. Here it feeds the perpetual fires by which the steam is made, the machinery moved, and the cane juice boiled. The care of the bagazo is an important part of the system; for if that becomes wet and fails, the fires must stop, or resort be had to wood, which is scarce and expensive.

Thus, on the one side of the rollers is the ceaseless current of fresh, full, juicy cane-stalks, just cut from the open fields; and on the other side is the crushed, mangled, juiceless mass, drifting out at the draught, and fit only to be cast into the oven and burned. This is the way of the world, as it is the course of art. The cane is made to destroy itself. The ruined and corrupted furnish the fuel and fan the flame that lures on and draws in and crushes the fresh and wholesome; and the operation seems about as mechanical and unceasing in the one case as in the other.

From the rollers the juice falls below into a

cane are placed in the hogsheds, with their ends in these holes, and the hogshed is filled. The hogsheds are set on open frames, under which are copper receivers, on an inclined plane, to catch and carry off the drippings from the hogsheds. These drippings are the molasses, which is collected and put into tight casks.

I believe I have given the entire process. When it is remembered that all this, in every stage, is going on at once, within the limits of the mill, it may well be supposed to present a busy scene. The smell of juice and of sugar-vapor, in all its stages, is intense. The negroes fatten on it. The clank of the engines, the steady grind of the machines, and the high, wild cry of the negroes at the caldrons to the stokers at the furnace doors, as they chant out their directions or wants—now for more fire, and now to scatter the fire—which must be heard above the din, "A-a-b'la! A-a-b'la!" "E-e cha-candela!" "Pu-erta!" and the barbaric African chant and chorus of the gang at work filling the cane troughs; all of these make the first visit at the sugar house a strange experience.—*Dana's Voyage to Cuba and Back.*

Love is a radical, friendship a conservative.



BURNING BODIES IN CALCUTTA.

they float down the stream. These birds are comparatively tame, for the approach of a man does not disturb them. They are generally gorged, and choose this spot as a resting-place. They consist of the vulture, the black eagle, and different kinds of falcons, and not a few gigantic cranes. These latter are strictly forbidden to be molested, as they are exceedingly useful as scavengers, eating anything and everything of animal matter that falls in their way. The killing of one of these birds subjects the offender to a fine of fifty rupees. These and the other numerous birds are always constant attendants at the burning-place. It is only the wealthier classes who go to the expense of thus disposing of the bodies of their relatives; the poor people simply throw the bodies of their relations into the Hoogli. The persons who are employed in this occupation are of the very lowest caste—they are the children of Sudras by Brahmin women. By the laws of the Hindoos they are classed as most unclean, and obliged to live outside the cities and villages, in order that the other castes may not come in contact with them, as their very presence obliges the necessity of purification in persons of any other caste. They are obliged to fulfil the most abject duties, such as that already mentioned, and executions. They are only allowed to wear the

leaves, and a third blow cuts off the stalk near to the ground. At this work the laborers move like reapers, in even lines, at stated distances. Before them is a field of dense, high-waving cane, and behind them strewn wrecks of stalks and leaves.

Ox-carts pass over the field, and are loaded with the cane, which they carry to the mill. The oxen are worked in the Spanish fashion, the yoke being strapped upon the head close to the horns, instead of being hung round the neck, as with us, and are guided by goads and by a rope attached to a ring through the nostrils. At the mill the cane is tipped from the carts into large piles by the side of the platform. From these piles it is placed carefully, by hand, lengthwise in a long trough. This trough is made of slats, and moved by the power of the endless chain connected with the engine. In this trough it is carried between heavy, horizontal, cylindrical rollers, where it is crushed, its juice falling into receivers below, and the crushed cane passing off and falling into a pit on the other side.

This crushed cane—bagazo—falling from between the rollers, is gathered into baskets by men and women, who carry it on their heads into the fields and spread it for drying. There it is watched and tended as carefully as new-mown

large receiver, from which it flows into great, open vats, called defecators. These defecators are heated by the exhaust steam of the engines, led through them in pipes. All the steam condensed forms water, which is returned warm into the boiler of the engine. In the defecators, as their name denotes, the scum of the juice is purged off, so far as heat alone will do it. From the last defecator the juice is passed through a trough into the first caldron. Of the caldrons, there is a series, or, as they call it, a train, through all of which the juice must go. Each caldron is a large, deep, copper vat, heated very hot, in which the juice seethes and boils. At each stands a strong negro, with a long heavy skimmer in hand, stirring the juice and skimming the surface. This scum is collected and given to the hogs, or thrown upon the muck heap, and is said to be very fructifying. The juice is ladled from one caldron to the next, as fast as the office of each is finished. From the last caldron, where its complete crystallization is effected, it is transferred to coolers, which are large, shallow pens. When fully cooled, it looks like brown sugar and molasses mixed. It is then shovelled from the coolers into hogsheds. These hogsheds have holes bored in their bottoms, and, to facilitate the drainage, strips of

INDIANS AND THE "SWIFT WAGON."

A correspondent, who has recently crossed from the Pacific on the overland route, says: The Indians of the Cherokee nation are very anxious to have the route through their territory. They call the mail coach the "swift wagon." A deputation from the heads of the nation have waited on the "Great Chief Butterfield of the swift wagon," as they called him, and asked him to run the wagons through their country. Their country is a beautiful one. The are jealous of the whites, fearing, it is probable, that they will be driven from their homes. The Camanches and interior Indians look upon the "swift wagon" with great curiosity and wonder. They have shown no malice or ill-will as yet. Some six hundred of them lately stopped the mail coach and surrounded it. "They wished to see the 'swift wagon,' and what was in it." They detained it five or six hours, until each had inspected it—looked under the seats, turned over the mail bags, felt of them, looked at the wheels, poles, harness and trappings, to their satisfaction, with many an interjection, "Ugh!" "ugh!" They then told the conductor to "go on quick with the 'swift wagon,'" but, "ugh! no railroad, no railroad," and all grunted a hearty "ugh!" of approbation and comment.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOTHER'S ASCRIPTION.

BY M. T. CALDER.

O, Father in heaven, thy beautiful earth
Is glowing with sunshine, and teeming with mirth;
The flower in the grass, and the bird on the tree,
Thanksgiving and praise are ascribing to thee!

The flower sends upward an odorous sigh,
For behold, there are nestling sweet buds nigh;
And the songster's joy gushes warm from his breast,
Since his treasures are safe in their downy nest.

O, Father of infinite mercy and love,
Thou sendest to all thy good gifts from above;
Thou loadest with bloom the glad boughs of the tree,
And blossoms most rare hast bestowed upon me.

Thou gavest the sparrow's young brood to the nest,
And a life, hence immortal, hast laid at my breast.
O, Father in heaven, with earth's choral song,
Accept my heart's tribute, thy praise to prolong!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GRANDMOTHER OF A QUEEN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

ON a day in which April gave her coming sister, May, the "delicate compliment of imitation," when the hedge rows were blooming all over England, and the violets and crocuses were showing their modest heads, a young girl was wending her way towards the great city of London. Slenderly clad, and having no shoes or stockings upon her small white feet, she tripped along as if the stones had no power to harm anything so beautiful. The girl's face was young and blooming, and her limbs had that rare quality of freedom of motion, scarcely known at the present day of ligaments and restraints upon the human form.

A happy and contented smile beamed from her lips, as if she were at peace with all the world, notwithstanding the fact that it had not bestowed upon her any remarkable wealth—her whole fortune being contained, at that moment, in a very small checkered handkerchief, which she carried as a bundle on her head to screen it from the too fervid rays of the sun.

She sat down in a green lane which turned off from the high road, and passed the hour of noon. A piece of bread and a little water in the hollow of her hand, from the brook that ran beneath the trees, seemed sufficient refreshment. She bathed her pretty feet, wiping them with some dried grass of last year's growth, and laving hands and arms, and neck, in the same ample basin, and wetting her luxurious hair, she set off upon her solitary way, singing blithely as she went.

No one spoke to, or annoyed her, although many looked the second time at the brilliant complexion and the soft blue eyes, so typical of the English beauty. At length, as the twilight was approaching, she began to weary of her long walk, and stopped before a small inn.

The landlord sat upon a bench beside the door, smoking and drinking his beer, and as the girl paused before him, he very good-naturedly bade her stop and rest herself, and take some refreshment.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I have no money to buy with; but I would be glad of rest. I am going to London."

"To London, and without money? You are crazy, young woman. How do you expect to live there without money?"

"Please you, sir, I shall go to a place."

"Ah! that is it. Well, sit down at this table," leading her to a room where some guests were just departing, "and eat as much as you will."

The girl could not resist the invitation, though not without some feeling of shame at taking food at a tavern without paying for it; but the landlord helped her so bountifully, and the food tasted so good after her scanty dinner of bread and water, that she made a hearty meal.

After her abundant supper, he proceeded to say that his servant had left him, and he would be glad to supply her place with such a pleasant looking girl as herself; and unless she had had offers in London superior to what the Blue Dragon could present, he wished she would stay with him.

Anne was delighted at the proposition, and readily accepted it, and as soon as her tired feet became rested, she was the life and soul of the Blue Dragon—the Egeria of that inexhaustible fountain of home-brewed, which the good humored landlord kept on hand for his ever thirsty guests.

Among these guests was a rich brewer, who fancied that his own ale tasted better at the Blue Dragon than elsewhere, especially after the advent of the pretty bar-maid, to whom he directed particular observation. He saw that she was neat, modest and sprightly, carrying herself, in her exposed situation, with a delicacy and dignity that well became her, while it did not prevent her from being pleasant and agreeable to the guests.

At the end of three months, he proposed marriage. Anne's calm blue eyes opened wide. She had never thought of such sequel to the pleasant good mornings which the good brewer had constantly bestowed on her, but now that he had spoken, she revolved the possibility of such an event taking place.

The kind landlord was delighted at the ending of his benevolent scheme to assist a poor girl, and took full credit to himself for the event. He was only sorry for losing her bright and cheerful presence that made such sunshine in the old inn; but as it had turned out well for Anne, he had not a word to say. He gave her a grand wedding, and she was installed in the brewer's house, carrying the sunshine there, also.

While he lived, she presided over it with a soft, sweet, lady-like decorum that disarmed all sarcasm upon the wealthy brewer's choice. But this was not long. Anne was called early to mourn over the loss of him who had bestowed upon her his love and wealth, and she *did* mourn with a tenderness and grief that showed how much she respected his memory.

There was another wooing before time had even touched the cheek of the young and beautiful widow with a single icy finger, and this time she was raised still higher. Sir Thomas Aylesbury, a man high in the king's confidence and esteem, and holding high and responsible offices—a man, too, who possessed a fine landed estate, was among the many who aspired to her love. She accepted him, and at the same time disappointed many others, to whom her youth, beauty and wealth would have made her a desirable prize. She lived with him long and happily. Children were born to them, whose beauty, worth and talents reflected honor upon their parents and brought them into notice in the world.

Frances Aylesbury was like her mother—handsome, quick and talented. Her lot it was to increase the family honors, and this was the way in which it was brought about.

Some of the distant relatives of the brewer, Anne's first husband, began to dispute her right to his estate, and carried their imaginary claims to a court of law. She was advised to consult Edward Hyde, a young man whose rising promise was fast ripening into fruit.

In the long siege of legal embarrassments and delays consequent upon this, Lady Aylesbury visited the office of the young barrister a great many times, and was often accompanied by her daughter. The pair fell in love, and, although the young man had no fortune, Sir Thomas overlooked this, in consideration of his near relationship to the celebrated Sir Nicholas Hyde, and the prospect of his attaining to eminence in his profession.

Troubles came to the throne and state. The king raised the standard of civil war in Nottingham, and Sir Thomas joined his cause. He was set down as a malignant, his hall was burnt, and, after many hairbreadth escapes, he fled to Antwerp. He died at Breda in 1657, at the age of eighty-one, bequeathing all his property to Frances, wife of Edward Hyde.

After the execution of the king, Hyde remained in the Island of Jersey, writing the history of the Stuarts. He was active at the Restoration, was created Earl of Clarendon and afterwards Lord Chancellor.

Faster and faster came the honors of the family of whom the pretty bar-maid was the foundress. Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon and Frances Aylesbury, was married to the young Duke of York, afterwards James II., King of England, and thus the beer-girl of a country tavern became the grandmother to a queen.

What is a home without a wife? She is the lamp that destroys darkness—the angel putting loneliness to flight; and is, or may be, the dispenser of every blessing the mind of man can conceive, or the soul sigh for. Home without a wife is a "strange land"—a head without brains—a heart without conscience—a ship without sails—an ocean without waves—a world without religion—a heaven without God.—*Méridale.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. F.—If the machine operates as you describe, there can be no question of its utility, and we should advise you to write respecting it to the postmaster general.

"Two-Forty."—The pedestrian feats of the Persian couriers are truly wonderful. The average time for a journey of eight hundred miles is fixed at ten days; there are some couriers who will undertake to accomplish the distance in seven days, but these men possess a great knowledge of the weather and every other circumstance likely to interrupt their speed. They often return in a state of the greatest exhaustion and nearly blind, being burnt up by the power of the sun by day, and worn out by want of sleep at night; all they obtain is while on horseback, which cannot be refreshing, as the time does not allow them to stop to rest.

R. F.—Many well-informed persons doubt whether England will be able to maintain her neutrality through the war crisis.

L. R.—The New Haven Palladium was the paper which stated that propositions had been made by the Austrian government for four hundred thousand dollars' worth of the New Haven Volcanic Repeating Rifles, or for enough to arm a body of 10,000 troops.

"Rondelph."—Several of the late C. L. Leslie's paintings have been exhibited in this country, and he was generally regarded as an American—but this was not the fact. He was born in England in 1794, of American parents, received his education in Philadelphia, and returned to London at the age of sixteen. He was a pupil of Benjamin West and Washington Allston, and has long occupied a prominent position among noted artists. In 1833 he was appointed professor of drawing to the military academy of West Point, and served a few months, but resigned and returned to England.

INQUIRER.—The expression "A. I." applied popularly to every thing of the first quality, is copied from the symbols of the British and foreign shipping list of the Lloyds. A designates the character of the hull of the vessel; the figure 1, the efficient state of her anchors, cables and stores; when these are insufficient, in quantity or quality, the figure 2 is used.

I. C.—It is one thing to make money and another to keep it. Keep in daily remembrance Poor Richard's pugnacious maxim. He understood thoroughly the importance of saving as well as making money, when he advises you to "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Pictorial*, we close volume *sixteen* of the work, and next week will commence the *seventeenth* volume. We have some fresh and timely illustrations in hand which will be rapidly produced, and we shall continue to present vivid and truthful pictures of the *great war* now progressing in Europe. To those whose subscription expires with this number, we would say, renew your subscription at once, so that there need be no break in the regular receipt of the paper. We are prepared to bind up the volume just closed, in full gilt, with illuminated covers and index, in an elegant and uniform style, at a charge of only *one dollar*. Bound and returned in one week.

WAR LITERATURE.

The struggle now going on in Northern Italy has set in movement many a busy pen. Newspaper correspondents at or near the seat of war, send off to their respective journals their more or less authentic versions of military movements and deeds of arms; in the belligerent armies hundreds of pens are at work writing despatches, orders, and accounts. Thousands of scribes all over the world are scratch, scratching away, and millions of readers pore over the facts and speculations that groaning presses vomit forth in a dozen tongues. In short, a war produces the most intense literary activity all over creation. Volumes have been written already on the Battle of Montebello. Yet we find nothing in all that has been issued so forcible and graphic as a line from Lannes, describing the carnage in his ranks caused by the Austrian batteries in the Montebello of 1800—fifty-nine years before the recent engagement at the same place. "I could hear," said the French hero, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-storm."

In these stirring times we sadly miss the pen of Russell, the Crimean war correspondent of the London Times, and we learn with regret that physical injuries have prevented his repairing to the field. We find, however, some indemnity in the spirited letters of French correspondents in Italy. Take for instance, the following picture of the camp of the 3d Zouaves, those terrible Zouaves who threw away their cartridges before going into action, because they chose the cold steel and a hand to hand encounter with the Austrians:

"Their tents were near the artillery of the guard and the 4th Chasseurs. It was a little corner of the great picture of war. The canvass

city had that regularity, that animated order, that picturesque and lively movement, which speaks of discipline and gaiety, and a certain adventurous spirit which is highly attractive. Little, narrow squat tents, reserved for subaltern officers, neighboring ones vast and ample, where captains and commandants were lodged, others spacious and conical, where five soldiers slept, extended in long and regular lines; groups of Zouaves were conversing in a low tone round a candle, still occupied with their recent campaigns in Africa; some were smoking pipes, apart and silent; two or three read letters, lying on the ground in corners, and plunged into thoughtful reverie; they were thinking of home, their companions singing choruses. The choruses died away and sleep came on them. Here and there under canvass, a little lamp shone on the hand of a Zouave who was writing his last letter. There was little noise and great order; each battalion had its place. As the shadows of night darkened, you saw red sparks kindling in the air along the tents, showing that promenaders were enjoying the solace of a cigar. Then these sparks went out one by one, the bivouac fires died out, the regimental mules bit and kicked each other, and struggled to break their tethers. Farther on, the Arab horses of the officers pawed up the earth with their shoes, sniffed the breeze which had no longer the hot smell of the desert, and shook their manes above the tense ropes. Further yet, heavy and strong artillery horses were ranged near the wagons of field guns. Sentinels paced to and fro with a firm and slow step. The stacked muskets gleamed forth on the night. At intervals the shrill neighing of horses was heard."

These are the men who plunged headlong into the fire at Montebello, heedless of the iron and leaden storm that poured into their ranks, rushed upon the Austrian columns with the steel, and justified the declaration of their emperor, that, in spite of the new arms of precision, the bayonet was still the terrible weapon of the French infantry.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co.'s BRITISH POETS.—It is almost superfluous to speak of Little, Brown & Co.'s elegant and perfect 12mo. edition of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, for they have become household books and companions in this country. Elegant as they are, they are also afforded at a reasonable price, 75 cents a volume, and the purchaser is not required to buy the whole set, but may select what volumes he chooses; a great advantage, since many readers have already satisfactory editions of some of the poets in their libraries. These works are carefully edited, and to each is assigned a biography, critical notes, and an authentic portrait of the author. Of the typographical beauty and literary accuracy of this edition, the most flattering things have been said by the most competent authorities, and we have rarely witnessed such complete unanimity among critics as this Boston enterprise has elicited. The size of the books is no unimportant feature of the publication, in these days of travel, when not "those who run may read," but those who spend many hours of their lives on the railroads must read. These little 12mo., clear-typed volumes may be carried in the pocket readily, and will serve to beguile and enlighten many an otherwise weary and unprofitable hour.

"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."—We have just issued the *eleventh* edition of this famous story, full of large original illustrations. It is the best novelette Professor Ingraham ever produced, and was written expressly for this establishment. We will send it *post paid* to any part of the country by return mail, on the receipt of *twenty cents* in postage stamps or silver.

SONORA.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says recent and authentic accounts show the Mexican State of Sonora to be utterly incapable of supporting a civilized population, but as abounding in minerals which it would be too expensive to mine.

GOOD!—The New York Post tells of a middle-aged gentleman who left off smoking twenty-five years ago, and has put in the bank what two or three cigars per day would have cost him, and now finds the amount \$2590. Go ye, who smoke, and do likewise.

SEE TO YOUR FRUIT TREES.—If you have omitted to dig about and dung your fruit trees, omit it no longer. Labor judiciously expended on fruit trees will meet with a large reward.

SINGULAR.—Bissel Davis, while looking at Carlineourt's balloon ascension from Utica, became so excited that he went into a fit, which relapsed into madness, and resulted in death.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE.

Deriving most of our views of French character and manners either from English sources, or from French plays and novels, we are apt to imagine that the domestic virtues have no root in France, and that in this respect they are far below their neighbors across the channel. A late English writer, however, has had the manliness to take a different view of this matter, and to tell his countrymen some things about their Gallic neighbors which will make them open their eyes, if not get a little angry. He says: England is a very boastful country, but there is not one of her many boasts so highly cherished, yet so utterly unfounded, as that of her domestic ties. I know that in saying this I call down thunderbolts upon my head. I care not—truth is more precious than popularity. But to prove it; and first between husband and wife. Has any one, who has lived longer in France than the author, ever heard of a husband, in any class of life, beating his wife, knocking her about with his fists, brutally asserting his superior strength, and taking advantage of her weakness, as we hear of every day, in every class in England? And if to this it be answered that the husband abroad inflicts a far worse than bodily injury on his wife, and lavishes his love on some wretched mistress, I reply that I do not uphold their morality, only their domesticity. Again, as between parent and child; where, tell me, do you see in England that tender affection, respect and devotion, which we have seen a thousand times abroad in sons and daughters? Would it not appear even ridiculous to our cold eyes, if a dashing young dandy, starting in his cabriolet for his club, were to press a kiss upon the father's brow each time he left the house? Or where do you see in England generation after generation content to live together in the same house? Is it not almost a rule that the young married couple shall install themselves rather in wretched lodgings than in the same house with their parents? Nay, the love of honor from each child to parent is so strong in France, compared to England, that it is this which partly accounts for the number of made-up marriages; as many a son and daughter would rather marry a "cannibal at once than oppose the will of a father or mother."

GENTLE HINTS.—The editor of the *Brandon (Miss.) Republican*, notifies the public that hereafter no gentleman need expect to receive his paper "more than twenty-five years without paying for it." He winds up with the following philosophical announcement: "Those who may wish to renew their notes, can do so by writing out new ones for the amount on buckskin, as paper, though not used, will mould, and the ink on it will fade."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE is before us for July, and a choice number it is. The twelve original illustrations this month, and the admirable article which accompanies them, are alone worth the price of the work for a whole year, to say nothing of the exceedingly laughable pictures at the close of the number. Mr. Ballou has demonstrated that an elegant magazine, finely illustrated, with one hundred pages of original tales, sketches and valuable reading matter in each number, can be furnished for one dollar a year! Take our advice, enclose one dollar to M. M. BALLOU, 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass., and receive the cheapest publication in the world by return of mail.—*Western Star, Lanesboro.*

A STRANGE DEATH.—A few days since, a gentleman residing at Middletown, Conn., died. He stuck a pen-knife blade into the palm of his hand, which caused intense pain, and, while walking in his garden, he fell in a nervous spasm, and being borne into the house, failed rapidly till he died.

FIREWORKS.—Our young readers should make haste to supply themselves with their usual quantum of "Fireworks" for the evening of the Fourth of July. The place to call at is Holden, Cutter & Co.'s, 32 and 36 Federal Street. See their advertisement.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—A convention of music publishers of the United States has been held at Baltimore, the object of which is to establish a standard of prices, and to encourage engraved in lieu of printed music.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

DIGGING FOR GINSENG.—In some portions of Minnesota, the people are largely engaged in digging ginseng roots.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED.

This splendid work has been issued in the form of a large 4to volume of 1750 pages by George and Charles Merriam, corner of Main and State Streets, Springfield. It is strongly and elegantly bound, and contains no fewer than fifteen hundred engraved illustrations of natural history, heraldry, antiquities, fine arts, numismatics, mechanics, marine architecture, etc. The style in which this massive work is issued is a monument of the enterprise and liberality of the publishers. But the subject matter is worthy of the splendid and substantial dress in which it has been clothed. It is a *resumé* of the life-long labors of Noah Webster, the *magnum opus* of a protracted life devoted to philological studies. It has been carefully edited, revised and enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College, who furnished a most pleasing and satisfactory memoir of the great American lexicographer. The essay on language which is among the prefatory matter is brilliant and profound. This complete dictionary of the English language must remain a standard of Etymology, Pronunciation and Definition. The differences between Webster's Orthography and that of some other lexicographers have been hotly discussed, but we would take occasion here to remark, that those differences concern only a very few words in the whole language, and that Webster claims to have established on true principles, a philosophical system of spelling. In this edition, moreover, only those orthographical changes proposed by Dr. Webster which have been sanctioned by general adoption are admitted, and hence the only objection to his dictionary ever made has been removed. We might expatiate through columns on the merits of this great work, but we should sum up all in the declaration that to every writer and speaker of English it is indispensable.

HIDDEN USES.

It is curious to see the uses to which, through the aid of chemistry, many substances hitherto regarded as useless, are now applied. Thus, the bones that used to be thrown away, unless sufficiently large and good for the turner, are now sedulously preserved; either the mill grinds them up to a powder for manure, or the chemist extracts phosphorus and other valuable matters from them. The soot, and sweepings, and sewerage, which were formerly such a nuisance, and which are even so now to those who are slow to avail themselves of modern discoveries, are precious stores to the chemist, whence he obtains products often of singular beauty and usefulness. Blood, lime, charcoal and other substances used in the refining of sugar, were formerly consigned to the dust-heap or other refuse depository when the refining was completed. Not so now, however, for the additions they have acquired in the process render them actually more valuable than in the former pure state. The gas companies used to be at some considerable trouble to get rid of their refuse ammoniacal liquors; but chemistry has created a profitable market for this liquid. The water in which fleeces are washed, becomes impregnated with the greasy impurities with which the wool filaments are coated, and this water used to be thrown away; but now, by adding a little alkali to it, a kind of soap is produced which is available in the subsequent scouring operations in the woolen manufacture.

JEFFERSON, THE COMEDIAN.—Mr. Joseph Jefferson will leave for England shortly, having, it is said, been engaged, through the instrumentality of Tom Taylor, to play Asa Trenchard, in "Our American Cousin," at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

GENERAL INDEX.—The reader will find the Index to the volume printed in this number, so that it may be conveniently cut out and placed at the commencement of the volume when it is bound.

STARTLING.—A New Haven man on a recent Sunday read one of Spurgeon's sermons, and on going to church heard the same sermon preached from the pulpit.

KANSAS THEATRICALS.—They have a National theatre in Leavenworth, Kansas, and are playing the "Mormons, or Life in Salt Lake city."

A GOOD ONE.—Why should spirit rappers not be admitted into the family circle? Because they turn the parlor into a tap-room.

Wayside Gatherings.

Minnesota papers state that there is a larger emigration pouring into that State this spring than at any time during the past two years.

The editor of the *Louisville Journal* has been shown the unusual natural phenomenon of an egg without any white, the whole contents of the shell being composed of yolk.

The Illinois Central Railroad has been successful in effecting a loan of \$750,000 in England. This, it is said, will give them all the money needed during the year.

A tin wedding was celebrated in Taunton lately, and the friends of the happy pair raised "the tin" pretty liberally. A crockery wedding which shall beat it all to smash, is talked of.

Dr. Irwin, United States Army, of Fort Buchanan, recently killed two antelopes, at a single shot, with a Colt's carbine, the distance being 300 yards. The ball passed through the heart of one animal and the liver of the other.

The patroon has at last been defeated. Judge Sand has ruled that under the decision of the Court of Appeals, the patroons cannot maintain suits against the landholders. This is the landholders' first great victory, and it is thought will quiet the anti-rent excitement.

The First District School Board of New Orleans have resolved, "That hereafter no young lady teacher will be allowed to contract marriage, while occupying the position of teacher, and such an act on her part shall be virtually considered a resignation."

The Maine Charitable Mechanic Association will hold a public fair and exhibition in Portland, commencing on Thursday, the first day of September, 1859, to be displayed in the new City Building, now being erected. This is the largest building in the State.

Jacob Schiefferman, employed in a Chicago brewery, went into an empty beer vat to clear it out, when by mistake the boiling beer from another vat was let in upon him, and before he could be rescued he was so terribly scalded that he lived but a short time.

Some public spirited citizens of Boston have secured an historical painting by Copley, which is now on its way to this city. It cost \$8000, and its subject is "King Charles I. demanding of the House of Commons the five impeached members."

The new Episcopal Bishop for the diocese of New Jersey is Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Odenheimer, Rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia. Dr. Odenheimer is about forty-five years of age, and is noted in the denomination as an eloquent speaker and able writer.

The following is from the *Wilmington (N. C.) Mercury*: "Persons wishing to see the editors will generally find them at the printing-office. In their absence, however, invitations to dine and challenges to fight, should be left either with the publisher or in our table drawer."

A short time since, a man attired simply in a blanket shawl, was parading in Syracuse, cursing dreadfully, but as he had the small pox no one dare arrest him. He finally started for the country, saying that "if the people of Syracuse did not like his style, they had better move out."

A large, eatable, cartilaginous fish, commonly called a sturgeon, was recently caught in the Red River of the North, in Minnesota, which measured seven feet in length. It is said a man once had his canoe capsized on that river by a fish; and a writer in a St. Paul paper wonders if whales do not come up there from Labrador?

Quite an exciting scene occurred at the Market Street depot, Newark, N. J., a short time since. As the cars were entering the depot, a little child, about three years old, ran directly under them. They were, however, running slowly, and the height of the cars from the ground allowing the child to stand upright beneath them, it was rescued without suffering any injury.

A sample of very excellent flour made in France from French wheat was recently exhibited on 'Change in Albany. It was a sample of a shipment of 100 barrels sent to Montreal. The *Albany Argus* says: "Its purity of color and evenness and fineness of texture (if the expression may be used), commanded general admiration."

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, says: "Those who can afford it, should arrange to have each member of the family sleep in a separate bed. If persons must sleep in the same bed, they should be about the same age, and in good health. If the health be much unequal, both will suffer, but the healthier one the most—the invalid suffering for want of entirely pure air."

Three blocks of marble for the Washington Monument have lately arrived in this country, in Government vessels. One presented by the Government and Commune of the islands of Paros and Malos, Grecian Archipelago; another from the Temple of Esculapius, Island of Paros, presented by the officers of the United States frigate *Saranac*; and another from the Greek government.

Armstrong, one of the murderers of the mail-carrier, near Brantford, Canada, has made a full confession. During his lifetime he has robbed to the extent of \$15,000 in money and jewelry. The largest haul ever made was from the pursuer's office of the steamer *Empire State*, the sum stolen being \$2810. The robbery was effected by his dressing himself as a female and passing himself off as the wife of the cook of the boat.

fore he succeeded in fastening a rope to the body of the first, who was dead when withdrawn.

A tube long enough to reach above the top of the ground, was made and driven into the hole, and the well bricked up. It was soon filled with water to within about ten feet of the top, the gas escaping through the tube, and the water clear and without any bad taste. But in a short time the gas commenced rising through the water, which it keeps in a state of constant ebullition as in a kettle over a brisk fire; the water rising near one side of the well and rolling towards the other side—and having very much the appearance of dirty soapbuds. No smell is apparent at the top of the well, and the water when drawn from it soon settles, and becomes clear and pleasant to the taste.

The other well exhibited nearly the same phenomena, and as they were unwilling to risk life in it, has been filled with earth, but the gas still rises through the mud, and has formed for itself three apertures, or craters, at the surface, the largest being of oval shape, 10 by 18 inches in diameter, the bottom being mud about the consistency of thick batter, and the gas rises through it in bubbles with such force as to throw blotches of mud upwards and outwards a distance full four feet. I saw it only in the daytime, but was told that it could be ignited with a match, and that it would burn for a long time.

A friend who has since visited it, writes thus: "I think it is the grandest sight I ever saw. We visited it about midnight. We saw the light sometime before we reached the house, and were informed that the gas had ignited of itself, or by means unknown to the family. There are three openings in the top of the well, the largest about the size of a pail. From the largest ascends a flame about three feet high, which burns very clear, and as bright as a heap of shavings. From the other apertures the flame was smaller, but equally bright, and all over the surface of the well are cracks through which issue a flame resembling burning sulphur."

About seven miles from Chatham there is another well dug in the same manner as the above described, which exhibits nearly the same phenomena, and in which, although the water in and above the clay is very hard, the water is as soft as rain water, and is drawn to quite a distance in summer, by the neighbors, for washing purposes. The gas in this well has been on fire several weeks at a time.—*Correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser.*

WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educational power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the most important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOTHER'S ASCRIPTION.

BY M. T. CALDER.

O, Father in heaven, thy beautiful earth
Is glowing with sunshine, and teeming with mirth;
The flower in the grass, and the bird on the tree,
Thanksgiving and praise are ascribing to thee!

The flower sends upward an odorous sigh,
For behold, there are nestling sweet buds nigh;
And the songster's joy gushes warm from his breast,
Since his treasures are safe in their downy nest.

O, Father of infinite mercy and love,
Thou sendest to all thy good gifts from above;
Thou loadest with bloom the glad boughs of the tree,
And blossoms most rare hast bestowed upon me.

Thou gavest the sparrow's young brood to the nest,
And a life, hence immortal, hast laid at my breast.
O, Father in heaven, with earth's choral song,
Accept my heart's tribute, thy praise to prolong!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GRANDMOTHER OF A QUEEN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

ON a day in which April gave her coming sister, May, the "delicate compliment of imitation," when the hedge rows were blooming all over England, and the violets and crocuses were showing their modest heads, a young girl was wending her way towards the great city of London. Slenderly clad, and having no shoes or stockings upon her small white feet, she tripped along as if the stones had no power to harm anything so beautiful. The girl's face was young and blooming, and her limbs had that rare quality of freedom of motion, scarcely known at the present day of ligaments and restraints upon the human form.

A happy and contented smile beamed from her lips, as if she were at peace with all the world, notwithstanding the fact that it had not bestowed upon her any remarkable wealth—her whole fortune being contained, at that moment, in a very small checkered handkerchief, which she carried as a bundle on her head to screen it from the too fervid rays of the sun.

She sat down in a green lane which turned off from the high road, and passed the hour of noon. A piece of bread and a little water in the hollow of her hand, from the brook that ran beneath the trees, seemed sufficient refreshment. She bathed her pretty feet, wiping them with some dried grass of last year's growth, and laving hands and arms, and neck, in the same ample basin, and wetting her luxurious hair, she set off upon her solitary way, singing blithely as she went.

No one spoke to, or annoyed her, although many looked the second time at the brilliant complexion and the soft blue eyes, so typical of the English beauty. At length, as the twilight was approaching, she began to weary of her long walk, and stopped before a small inn.

The landlord sat upon a bench beside the door, smoking and drinking his beer, and as the girl paused before him, he very good-naturedly bade her stop and rest herself, and take some refreshment.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I have no money to buy with; but I would be glad of rest. I am going to London."

"To London, and without money? You are crazy, young woman. How do you expect to live there without money?"

"Please you, sir, I shall go to a place."

"Ah! that is it. Well, sit down at this table," leading her to a room where some guests were just departing, "and eat as much as you will."

The girl could not resist the invitation, though not without some feeling of shame at taking food at a tavern without paying for it; but the landlord helped her so bountifully, and the food tasted so good after her scanty dinner of bread and water, that she made a hearty meal.

After her abundant supper, he proceeded to say that his servant had left him, and he would be glad to supply her place with such a pleasant looking girl as herself; and unless she had had offers in London superior to what the Blue Dragon could present, he wished she would stay with him.

Anne was delighted at the proposition, and readily accepted it, and as soon as her tired feet became rested, she was the life and soul of the Blue Dragon—the Egeria of that inexhaustible fountain of home-brewed, which the good humored landlord kept on hand for his ever thirsty guests.

father's guests were conversing with him, and took her place at the table.

The father turned his eyes upon her with an expression of love and pride, and introduced her to his guests. To the young surgeon, Jallot, who was wholly devoted to his profession, the lady possessed no charms. It was said of Jallot, that he never was in good humor except when he was tending a wound; and the beautiful form of Donna Maria was probably far less interesting to him than if it had been pierced by an arrow from the Camanche Indians, who had troubled the band so much in their journey hither.

A mightier arrow than the Indians had pierced the heart of the girl. From the moment she looked upon Saint Denis, she loved him; and, happily, the sentiment was mutual. Literally, it was love at first sight with both; and it was not long before Donna Maria, who had never before had an offer, except from the old Governor of Caouis, Don Gaspardo Anaya, received the full assurance of the most devoted affection from the hands of Saint Denis.

To this very person had Don Pedro referred the ambassador of Governor Cadillac, as a superior officer to himself, and who could arrange any commercial relations much better; and while waiting for the answer of Don Gaspardo, Saint Denis had ample time and opportunity to prove the strength of his love.

The Governor of Caouis received Villesca's message, and inquired carefully of the messenger the appearance and bearing of Saint Denis. Stung with the description of his handsome face and figure, and with his recent dismissal by Villesca's daughter, he forwarded instructions to the latter to deliver up his guest to a band of twenty-five men whom he sent to bring him to Caouis. Arriving there, he was thrown into prison.

On day Saint Denis was pacing his cell, and devising a hundred schemes for his escape, when the door opened, and a man, somewhat advanced in life and of a most ferocious aspect, entered. His rich dress and haughty air told the prisoner who was his visitor. He knew at once that it must be Anaya.

"You desire freedom above all other things, do you not?" he asked St. Denis.

"Certainly."

"You shall have it. You can be free this very hour, if you will be so."

For a moment the heart of St. Denis believed it true. He stood aghast at the next words uttered.

"Give up the daughter of Villesca, restore to her the faith she has plighted you, and I will free you within the hour."

St. Denis made no answer. A single glance of his eagle eye told Anaya what he might expect, and, abashed in spite of his assurance, the governor of Caouis withdrew to give orders for more severity towards the prisoner.

"Beautiful Maria!" he wrote to the unhappy girl, "your low-born lover, now a prisoner in Caouis, is shortly to be put to death. You alone can save his life. Be my wife, and I release him to-morrow."

With a proud gesture, the noble girl said to the messenger, "Tell your master that I cannot marry him, because I love St. Denis, and that if he dies, this little Moorish dagger, my mother's gift, shall be planted in the middle of Anaya's dastardly heart whenever or wherever he may approach me."

Steadily regarding the messenger, without changing countenance, she delivered these words in a calm, clear voice, that, when reported to Anaya, made him pause before deciding upon any rash measure.

Meantime, the Castilian maid was planning her lover's escape. She found means to inform the viceroy of the captivity of a Frenchman—supposed a spy—whom Anaya was suspected of keeping secretly in prison for the sake of a ransom. The ruse was successful. Anaya received an order to send his prisoner to Mexico, at the peril of his head. Arrived at Mexico, he was again thrown into prison. Hope deserted him, and he became weak and emaciated, both from grief and privation.

One day there was a confused noise throughout the prison. It was whispered outside the cell, so loud that St. Denis caught the words, that the viceroy had sent an officer to examine into the condition of the prisoners and report. He entered the cell. "Who is this prisoner?" he asked of the jailer.

"Please, excellenza, it is a fellow whom the governor of Caouis—"

Before he could finish the sentence, St Denis had started to his feet.

"I am a prisoner by oppression," he exclaimed. "I am Incheran St. Denis, a gentleman by birth. I seek justice from the viceroy!"

The officer ran towards him, put back the long hair from the prisoner's face and said, in a voice quivering with emotion, "St. Denis! St. Denis of the Royal College of France? He who left France for Louisiana?"

"The same."

"My God! is it you, my friend? Do you remember De Larnage, your companion at college?"

"Remember De Larnage! he was my best friend!"

"I am he. I entered the Spanish army and am now the viceroy's aide-de-camp. Jailer, strike off these chains. St. Denis, you are free!"

What a moment for the wasted and hopeless being that stood, half tottering, before the speaker! The pen has no power—the painter no color to give any representation.

In the hall of Montezuma, all gorgeous things were assembled that could please the eye or pamper the pride of Mexican power. There were talent and chivalry, diplomacy and romance, fair ladies and noble men, soldiers, statesmen, authors and heroes, and glittering gems, and rich garments, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia that pride loves to deck itself with. It was a festival day—the viceroy's own festival.

The guests walk through the hall, dazzled by its sumptuousness, but only half-content with the viceroy's absence; but when a sliding door is drawn aside and displays him sitting at the table with a select few around him, whom do we behold seated at his right hand, but the prisoner of Caouis and Mexico! Not pale and wasted now, but restored to the full vigor of his strength and beauty, St. Denis has attained, through the interest of his friend, De Larnage, to the dignity of the viceroy's favorite.

Lodged in the palace, and attended like a prince, St. Denis enjoyed the fullest confidence and friendship of his patron, a friendship which the wondering Mexicans could not understand. An offer from the viceroy of a high commission in the Spanish army did not tempt St. Denis from his allegiance to France. He confessed that he loved a Spanish lady, and the viceroy pledged himself to ensure her father's consent if he would but attach himself to the cause of Spain. In vain. The brave Frenchman remained true to the king he served, and trusted to himself to win Donna Maria from her father.

"You will not? Then, if you must leave me, may God bless you! Take this gold. It is your wedding gift. Yonder is my horse, valued beyond all price. He is yours, too. And now, chevalier, farewell."

An officer and dragoons escorted St. Denis to Caouis, where he experienced a great triumph, and found a great pleasure in the appearance of the surgeon, Jallot, who had remained there, waiting for the fate of St. Denis to be known. He had practised largely in his profession, and had once been summoned to the house of Don Gaspardo Anaya, who was ill. He found him in a terrible state, and told him plainly that he would not live a month unless an operation was performed, which he described as being very severe. Don Gaspardo consented to have it done, and asked when he would perform it.

"Never!" said Jallot, "you may die first. I will not prevent you. Remember St. Denis!"

No threat or entreaty could make him perform the operation. Just before St. Denis arrived, the governor had sworn to hang Jallot, but the people would not so readily give up their beloved physician, and threatened to hang the governor himself if he persisted.

St. Denis waited upon Don Gaspardo immediately on his arrival. Surprise, rage and dismay were pictured on the governor's face. He was in bed when he entered. St. Denis opened a paper and read the viceroy's command to inflict any punishment he chose, short of death itself, upon Anaya for his breach of trust. The wild eyes looked up in terror, and he besought St. Denis for the mercy he had refused to him.

After he had begged long enough, St. Denis generously destroyed the letter before his eyes. Then turning to Jallot, who had accompanied him, he requested him to perform the operation on the governor, which he had before refused.

Jallot groaned aloud.

"Must I cure that gallows-bird, my friend? That is hard."

"But it will oblige me, Jallot."

"Will it? O, then I consent."

He did it admirably, giving almost instant relief. The governor proffered an ample, nay, a princely fee, which Jallot threw back indignantly.

"I only saved your life out of spite," said the surgeon, contemptuously. "I have only cheated the gallows for a short time."

Noon at Presidio del Norte. The beautiful Donna Maria looked forth from her lattice, and saw a horseman coming up the long hill that led to the palace. The beauty of the animal caught her eye. Such perfect symmetry and such paces she had not seen since the old time in Spain, when she, a light-hearted child, used to ride on her brave little Spanish jennet, with old Juan holding the bridle. As it approached, her attention wandered from horse to rider. An air of mingled nobleness and grace distinguished him, and she thought he resembled St. Denis. But months had passed, and she knew not where was he who shared her brief dream of happiness. He came nearer—nearer. It was he! Donna Maria uttered a joyful shriek, and the next moment she was in the arms of St. Denis.

There was trouble at the settlement when St. Denis arrived. The Indians of the five frontier villages had become irritated by the outrages of the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to annoy them. Don Pedro owned himself to blame for his lax government, and apprehended that the viceroy might punish his neglect. St. Denis offered to go after the Indians and induce them to return. Don Pedro received his proposal with the most lively gratitude. "If you succeed in bringing them back, I will refuse nothing which you can ask me," said the distressed old man.

No words can describe the emotion which St. Denis experienced at hearing these words. What had he to ask except the one treasure which he scarcely dared to speak of? And if that were denied, what was all the wealth of Don Pedro Villesca, or even of the viceroy himself? But he generously forbore to speak of his own love now; and springing on the good steed which had brought him, he went off in the direction of the Indians.

On the brow of the hill St. Denis looked down upon a long train of men, women and children, who were straggling painfully along, and apparently fainting with fatigue. He took out his handkerchief and waved its white folds. A moment more and he had dashed down the slope, where the Indians, who had seen his signal, awaited his coming.

He pleaded in the language of nature for their return; assured them that leaving the graves of their children would one day make them sad and sorrowful, when it was too late to return to them, and satisfied them that the governor had already seen his error and would repair it. His eloquence and noble appearance vanquished them completely. In half an hour they were ascending the hill, and St. Denis was riding at their head. Returning, he met Jallot, who had set out upon the ugliest and slowest animal he could find, and which he was now urging forward with desperate struggles.

Don Pedro met St. Denis with all the gratitude and cordiality he could desire; and when Donna Maria came into the room, without waiting to be asked, he took her small hand and placed it in that of her lover.

The little church of Presidio del Norte is crowded with eager faces. The aisles and galleries bend with the weight of persons collected to witness the bridal; and long before the hour they sit waiting, or throng around the doors of the church. Everywhere is plenty. On the green are long tables loaded with abundance. Wine flows freely, and rich fruits and delicately-made dishes abound. It is a day of jubilee.

And lo! at the eastern door the handsome cavalier leads in his veiled bride—fit representatives of Youth and Beauty. They kneel at the altar, and the white-robed priest clasps his hands above their heads and proclaims them a wedded pair.

At the least, the viceroy's gifts deck the board in quantities of gold and silver plate; and at the conclusion, when St. Denis rises to offer his thanks to his assembled friends, the viceroy's health is drunk, standing, by the whole company.

In August, 1716, St. Denis returned to Mobile with his beautiful bride, where he received a commission as captain in the French army, as a reward for the perils and imprisonment he had encountered in the service of the government.

FRENCH EMPRESS IN MORNING COSTUME.

We publish herewith a very interesting portrait of the Empress Eugenie in morning costume. She is so beautiful and attractive, that we never tire of looking at her portraits, and wonder not that artists have represented her in so many different dresses, and under so many different aspects. She is charming in them all; and, as she is as spirited and amiable as she is beautiful, she is hailed as "Queen of Hearts" as well as Empress of the French. Before her marriage, the Countess de Montijo was noted for the innocent frankness of her manners, and the exuberant gaiety of her spirits, but not a breath of malevolence dared to sully her reputation, and since her elevation to the imperial dignity, she has shown herself as well-fitted to grace a court as to be the ornament and idol of the private circle. In all feminine accomplishments she is well versed, and in her love of field sports of riding and shooting, she emulates the most spirited of English ladies. She is always, however, lady-like, and whether reviewing a brigade on parade, or bringing down a pheasant in the preserves of Fontainebleau, there is not the slightest coarseness and vulgarity in her manner. She is now acting as Regent of France, and we see lately that a noble guard of honor has been instituted, to be specially attached to her person. While this adds to her dignity, it is not necessary to her safety, for in the chivalric nation over whose government she now presides, there is scarcely a man who would not protect her with his life. She needs no hireling gardes-du-corps to shield her with their bayonets and sabres; she is secure in the attachment of those who know her to be a good and true woman. Even the fiercest of Red Republicans, the most inveterate haters of her husband's person and policy, never had an evil thought of her, and should a revolution sweep over France, she at least would be safe from insult and injury.

LAKE OF FETZARA IN ALGERIA.

The lake of Fetzara, or, as the Arabs call it, Gerah Fetzara, is situated between Philippeville, Bone and Guelma, in the province of Constantine. It is a sheet of water of considerable extent, and is famous as the rendezvous of numerous tribes of birds, which periodically resort thither, certain of finding food in the submarine plants that cover the surface of the lake. Before the conquest of Algeria by the French, the myriads of the feathered tribe that frequented the spot, was something incredible, the Arabs having no notion of shooting for the simple sake of shooting. But no sooner were the French masters of the country, than an incessant fusillade told fatally among the flocks of birds, and had not the governor-general interfered to prevent such wanton slaughter, the depopulation of Fetzara would have been imminent. A tourist, who lately made an excursion on the lake, thus describes a scene he witnessed, and which is depicted in our engraving:

"Imagine to yourself an island about twelve acres in extent, entirely covered with tamarisk trees, and no earth to be seen, the whole being submerged by three feet and a half of water. The tops of the trees rise to the height of six or eight feet above the surface, and are knit and interlaced together in a most remarkable manner, the boughs being covered with deposits of guano. What gives an extraordinary appearance to this



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN MORNING COSTUME.

apparently floating wood, is the countless number of nests that are built on every twig that gives sufficient space, or has sufficient strength to bear them. I have seen as many as eight or ten on a single branch, not thicker than a man's arm."

The variety of species met with on this lake is astonishing; there may be seen congregated together, herons, king-fishers, grebes, all kinds of ducks, starlings, birds of Paradise, etc., etc. In fact, Fetzara may be looked upon as a "united happy family" more numerous than any other known, a sort of natural grouping of birds not usually harmonious in their associations.

FOUNTAIN OF NATURAL GAS.

During a late tour through Western Canada, I visited some curious wells, which had been dug during the past season. They are in the township of Howard, about 15 miles southeast from Chatham, and two of them are about 200 yards apart. They were dug of the ordinary size, about 30 feet, and then holed about 50 feet more, when a stream of gas rushed up suddenly, with a roaring sound that could be heard a full long distant. A man ventured into one of the wells, but was suffocated with the vapor and fell to the bottom. Another man was lowered to save him, but was obliged to withdraw twice be-

fore he succeeded in fastening a rope to the body of the first, who was dead when withdrawn.

A tube long enough to reach above the top of the ground, was made and driven into the hole, and the well bricked up. It was soon filled with water to within about ten feet of the top, the gas escaping through the tube, and the water clear and without any bad taste. But in a short time the gas commenced rising through the water, which it keeps in a state of constant ebullition as in a kettle over a brisk fire; the water rising near one side of the well and rolling towards the other side—and having very much the appearance of dirty soapsuds. No smell is apparent at the top of the well, and the water when drawn from it soon settles, and becomes clear and pleasant to the taste.

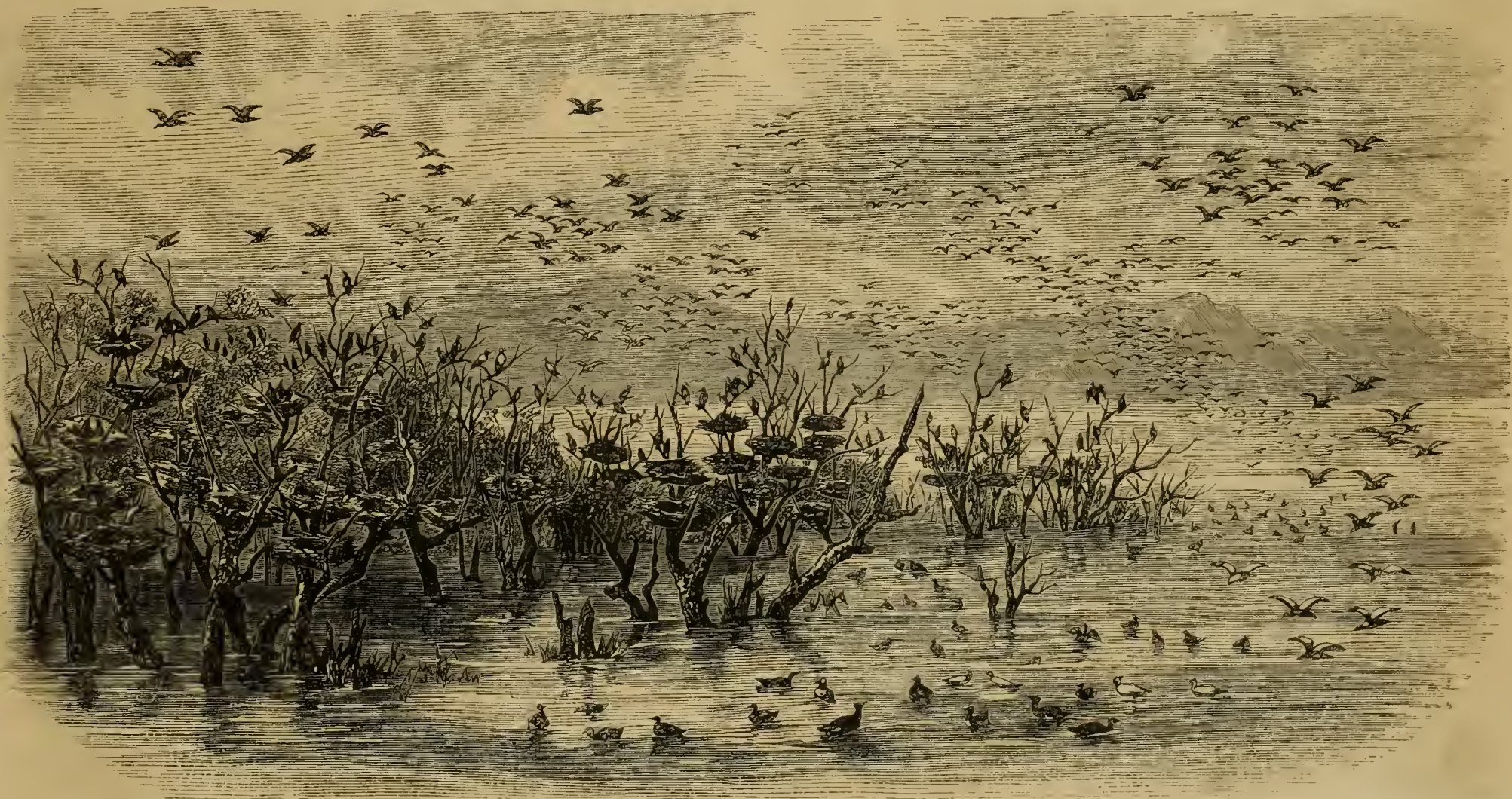
The other well exhibited nearly the same phenomena, and as they were unwilling to risk life in it, has been filled with earth, but the gas still rises through the mud, and has formed for itself three apertures, or craters, at the surface, the largest being of oval shape, 10 by 18 inches in diameter, the bottom being mud about the consistency of thick batter, and the gas rises through it in bubbles with such force as to throw blotches of mud upwards and outwards a distance full four feet. I saw it only in the daytime, but was told that it could be ignited with a match, and that it would burn for a long time.

A friend who has since visited it, writes thus: "I think it is the grandest sight I ever saw. We visited it about midnight. We saw the light sometime before we reached the house, and were informed that the gas had ignited of itself, or by means unknown to the family. There are three openings in the top of the well, the largest about the size of a pail. From the largest ascends a flame about three feet high, which burns very clear, and as bright as a heap of shavings. From the other apertures the flame was smaller, but equally bright, and all over the surface of the well are cracks through which issue a flame resembling burning sulphur."

About seven miles from Chatham there is another well dug in the same manner as the above described, which exhibits nearly the same phenomena, and in which, although the water in and above the clay is very hard, the water is as soft as rain water, and is drawn to quite a distance in summer, by the neighbors, for washing purposes. The gas in this well has been on fire several weeks at a time.—*Correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser.*

WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educational power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the most important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*



THE LAKE OF FETZARA, ALGERIA.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JENNY MAY.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Ah, honnie, bonnie Jenny May!
Your songs are all in vain,
For my heart's love has passed away,
And thoughts return again
Of one who sang in days "lang syne,"
Those happy songs of yore.
But ah, that voice is silent now,
And sings on earth no more.

So hush each note that once he loved,
Sing not the "dying girl."
Although your lips are coral red,
Your teeth like rows of pearl,
I cannot bear to hear the words
He sang that bright June day;
So cease your notes, your thrilling song,
My bonnie Jenny May.

THE FUNERAL.

And this is all! The long procession's pride,
The plumed hearse, the hatchment, and the pall,
One tear of sorrow doth outweigh them all—
One drop o'erflowing from affection's tide,
Such had been here. The last of a long line
In the dim chamber of the tomb was laid;
The seeming of regret had been displayed.

Coldly—most coldly o'er his burial place
The mourners passed and smiled; but one was there
Her pale face in her mantle almost hid,
And her heart swelling with a voiceless care;
She dropped a flower upon his coffin lid,
Thus, the true sorrow o'er that stately dead
Was that young orphan's, whom his bounty fed.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—It would be especially interesting to be in Paris about these days, and witness the excitement that the war is creating, now that the fever has thoroughly taken. The noisiest and most demonstrative of the population are most emphatically in favor of the war—the terrible men of the faubourgs—while the *bourgeoisie*—the cockneys, as we may call them—think rather more of depleted pockets than of glory. What thunder of drums must be roaring on the Champ de Mars! How the old shattered wrecks of war at the Invalides must kindle with excitement as they witness the promised repetition of the Titan deeds of the first Napoleon! How proudly the young conscripts, elevated with flattery and brandy, must step out to the *flan-flan* of the stormy drum and the blare of the brazen trumpet! Reeling battalions, "brimful of punch and glory," sway towards the railway stations! Fearful grisettes cram the pockets of departing sons of Mars with *comestibles*! Aged men furtively wipe away a tear as they behold the receding columns of the "unreturning brave"—the paws with which monarchs play the terrible chess-game of war! What a spectacle for the nineteenth century! When the promised period arrives when quarrelling nations settle their disputes by peaceful discussion, when fortresses and navies are dismantled, and the manufacture of arms ceases, we shall take especial care to inform our readers of the change. . . . The commerce of China with the world is rapidly becoming an American monopoly. Sixty-five per cent. of the carrying trade between the China British port of Hong Kong, and all parts of the world, including the entire British Home and Colonial Empire, is conducted in American ships. . . . The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Hear how the poor Dutch landlord described his sufferings at the hands of one of these amiable beings: "Ter rowdy combed in and exed me to 'im good. He call me von ole Tutch Iar, and pegun to proke two tumplers. My wife she call fer de vatch ouse. Fore de vatch ouse got dare, de rowdy he kick Hians Scruggle pehnt his pack, kissed my daughter Petsy pefore her face, proke all ter tumplers cept ter old stone pitcher, and split my wife and toddler peer parrels town inter ter cellar. . . . A committee of the common council of Baltimore have reported in favor of allowing organ grinders to perambulate the street. They are decidedly in favor of encouraging "music for the million. . . . A little girl showing her little cousin, a boy about four years of age, a star, said: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." Says he, "no it aint." "Yea it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?" said the little fellow. . . . A marriage broker of Cincinnati, has just obtained a judgment of \$3 and costs for services rendered in procuring a husband for a widow. . . . The landlord of a hotel entered, in an angry mood, the sleeping apartment of a delinquent boarder, and demanded payment, adding, angrily: "And I tell you now that you don't leave my house until you pay it!" "Ood," said the lodger, "just put that in writing, make a regular agreement of it. I'll stay with you as long as I live." . . . Hudson, the railroad king, who was recently defeated in a county election in England, the Illustrated London News says, was, not many years ago, a linen draper at York, and might have lived and died as such; but the railway days came, and George Hudson, seeing that there was money to be made quicker in the share market than in the draper shop, rushed into the arena, and not only made money to a fabulous amount but gained position and power—for a time. He was elected three times lord mayor of York; was made a

magistrate of two divisions of his county; chairman of some half dozen railways; and, in short, in the railway world was a king—"the Railway King." It was in 1845 that he was elected member for Sunderland. Soon after his election the panic came, and amongst thousands of other railway speculators, pulled down the "Railway King," and levelled his throne to the dust. His wealth vanished, his noble friends forsook him, his palace was deserted, and, had it not been for the constancy of Sunderland, he would long since have dived under and been lost to view. . . . A box containing a lot of wooden-soled shoes, which are supposed to date back to the time of William Penn, were exhumed in Philadelphia recently. . . . The Spiritualists of Sturgis, Michigan, and vicinity, are to open a beautiful brick church, costing over \$3000. . . . Courage may be shown elsewhere than in the battle-field. Have the courage to acknowledge your age to a day, and to compare it with the average life of man. Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a just one. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to set down every penny you spend and add it up weekly. Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your own glass, and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary. . . . A Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times says two horses have recently died in France, aged 40 and 45 years—and the latter could trot nine miles an hour, within a year of his death. . . . It is important to adopted citizens to know that, in reply to a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, Mr. Cass states that as the "French emperor claims military service from all natives of France found within its jurisdiction," naturalization in this country "would not exempt one who voluntarily repaired thither. . . . A great crime is never perpetrated by one leap. Step by step along the frightful precipice, playing with the poisonous flowers on the brink, till at last one false step, and down forever falls the unhappy victim. . . . The Bersaglieri, who are so often mentioned in connection with the Sardinian troops, are among the most dashing soldiers in the world. As their name indicates, they are riflemen, sharpshooters. In the battles between the Sardinians and the Austrians, in 1848-9, they were the most effective men who entered the contest. Their uniform consists of a very dark green frock coat, pants of the same color, and hat of a soft substance, in form like the "Kossuth." The only ornament to their head piece is a flat, flowing plume, composed of black cock feathers. Many of them from boyhood have been taught the use of the long rifle in the Alps of Savoy. They, in their hardy chase of the chamois, are almost unerring in their aim. In their bravery, dash and enterprise, they resemble the Texan rangers, while, saving the color of their uniform, they look, in their simple dress, like hunters on our Western plains. Under such leaders as Garibaldi and Cialdini, they will make their mark in the present war. . . . A correspondent of the New York Tribune thus speaks of the disabilities of the Cubans: "The Cuban has no public career. If he removes to Old Spain, and is known as a supporter of Spanish royal power, his Creole birth is probably no impediment to him. But at home, as a Cuban, he may be a planter, a merchant, a physician, but he cannot expect to be a civil magistrate, or to hold a commission in the army, or an office in the police; and though he may be a lawyer, and read, sitting, a written argument to court or judges, he cannot expect to be himself a judge. He may publish a book, but the government must be the responsible author. He may edit a journal, but the government must be the editor-in-chief. . . . The Paris Constitutionnel says: "As long as the Emperor Napoleon entertained the hope of maintaining peace, he was willing, for the sake of France, and of the world, to make any concessions. But the day on which he was constrained to draw the sword, he declared solemnly what he meant to do, and how far he would go—namely, that as Austria had confiscated the independence of all Italy, all Italy should be independent to the Adriatic. The reign of Austria is about to cease, but it is not the rule of France that is to succeed—it is the reign of the Italians which commences. . . . An Englishman, speaking of Frazer's River, said: "My opinion is, the mixing season is too short—the winter is too long, and in summer the river is too 'igh, yer know; so wat can a man hexpect to do 'ere, hany 'ow. . . . The Corriere Mercantile of Genoa publishes the following proclamation, addressed by the Hungarian exiles to their countrymen: "Magyars: The Italians are your brethren! Recollect 1849, when the Sardinian government, notwithstanding its difficulties, extended a friendly hand to you—the only one offered to you in all Europe! Austria will, by a thousand promises, seek to induce you to fight for her. Do not forget that Italy is fighting for her independence, and that the principle proclaimed by her is also ours. Recollect that Austria, when the danger is passed, will not recollect her promises. Magyars! The Italians and we are oppressed by the same yoke. Brethren in slavery, let us aid each other in reconquering liberty. In laboring for the cause of Italy you will promote your own!" . . . Queen Victoria's son, Prince Alfred, while in Jerusalem, was graciously permitted to visit the Mosque of Omar, one of the most sacred temples of the Mohammedans. While returning from the mosque, a Turkish woman threw a large stone from the roof of a house directly at his head. If it had hit his temple, where it was aimed, the travels of the prince would have ended very near the site of Solomon's temple. . . . It turns out that the "Vegetable Wax" of Japan, about which so much has recently been said in the papers, is nothing more nor less than the product of the common myrtle bush, to be found in every roadside thicket in North Carolina. . . . A letter from Paris says: "All the spring and summer costumes will be accompanied by a profusion of jewelry. Gems glitter at the entertainments of watering-places as much as in the ball-rooms of Paris. Many bracelets cover the arms; corals, chased gold and enamelled ornaments are in good taste, even when worn with the morning costume. . . . The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle, one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut

him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog. . . . Col. Fuller writes from London that Victoria is, beyond all question, a model wife and mother, as well as a most virtuous and gracious queen. Her subjects love her so well that no radical republican wit dares to caricature or satirize her. Quite different is it with Prince Albert, who is often *Punched*, when the dear little queen says, in her wife-like affectionateness—"Why don't they ridicule me instead?" . . . A young man in Wisconsin recently committed suicide because he could not get his raft through Yellow River. He told his friends that if he couldn't run a raft through the Yellow River without getting stuck he would hang himself. He got stuck and then kept his word. . . . The British Parliament has passed an act to grant facilities to provide recreation-grounds for adults and playgrounds for children. Corporations and parishes may now provide such places, which the act declares to be much required, and benevolent individuals may bequeath property not exceeding £1000 in amount for such purposes. Regulations are to be made for the recreation and playgrounds to be formed. . . . The Milwaukee papers say that never since the State was settled has there been such agricultural activity. There is hardly an acre fit for the plow that has not been put under cultivation in some way, and a tremendous crop is expected. . . . The city council of Quebec have taken steps to place a public drinking fountain in every market place in that city. . . . A Paris journal says that the pope, on receiving the Duke of Grammont, recently, as the bearer of a letter from the Emperor Napoleon promising him protection, his holiness, holding up a crucifix, observed, "Behold my only support." . . . It was said of a crafty Israelite, who deserted the Hebrew faith, without embracing that of the Christians, and yet endeavored to make both parties subservient to his selfish views, that he resembled the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither, and making a cover of both.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The Sardinians continue to achieve successes, and Garibaldi, in especial, has earned the fame of the most daring partisan leader of modern times. He appears as reckless of odds against him as when he cut his way out of Rome in 1849.—The terms offered by the British government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company are eight per cent. guarantee on the stock for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of 100 words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for government messages transmitted over the cable—original arrangement for \$14,000 per annum to stand good. The company, in return, to surrender exclusive privilege to land cable on the coast of Newfoundland.—It is rumored that Louis Napoleon will return to France in August, but it is difficult for a man engaged in a fierce campaign to say when he will return—if ever.—Miss Florence Nightingale is in a precarious state of health, but the Advertiser contradicts the report of her having entered a convent.—Masses of siege artillery and ammunition continued to be shipped at the port of Marseilles for the seat of war.—The position of Germany is regarded with great anxiety—on its action depends the question of universal war in Europe. It is provided by an article of the Germanic Confederation in case such a State is threatened or attacked in its possessions outside of the Confederation, the obligation to take measures of common defence, to participate in the war or to furnish help, is only incumbent on the Confederation if the Diet, after having deliberated in limited council, finds in the plurality of votes that there is danger for the federal territory. Austria is intriguing to secure a majority in the Diet.

English Preparations.

The English papers contain a number of paragraphs relative to the movements of the militia and yeomanry corps, indicating considerable activity amongst those branches of the home defences. The United Service Gazette says: "An order has been issued for the removal of the military stores lying in the tower moat. We consider this is preparatory to serving out the 50,000 muskets which the gentlemen from the war-office told the commission were useless—excepting in case of an invasion." The 18th company of royal engineers is to put the line of coast in the neighborhood of Weymouth in a state of defence, and to erect batteries and earthworks for mounting heavy guns. In the neighborhood of Southampton, also, preparations are making for the erection of defences. The corps of royal engineers is to be strengthened, and recruiting is ordered for that purpose.

A Sign of the Times.

The proprietor of one of the gastronomic establishments in Marseilles has ornamented his signboard with a new sketch, representing a chasseur of Vincennes sitting quietly on a bank smoking his pipe, with his rifle lying on the ground beside him; in front of him and at a short distance are two Austrian grenadiers with their muskets on the charge, and between whom and the Frenchman the following short colloquy is supposed to take place: "Well, my little Frenchman, will you not attack us?" "No; I am waiting until there are six of you!" This warlike and attractive sign has had its effect, for all the soldiers make it a point of honor to give that house a preference.

Crops in France.

All the accounts received from the agricultural districts of France announce that the appearance of the crops is magnificent, as far as regards corn and hay. Unfortunately, the same observation does not apply to the vines. The frost last month caused much damage. Accounts from Valençay, in the Indre, state that the frosts destroyed nine-tenths of the buds on the vines. The vine growers are in despair, seeing the prospect for the next vintage so bad.

The late Marquis of Waterford.

It is intended to erect a monument to this nobleman; and the subject has been referred to the Earl of Howth, Lord St. Lawrence, and Lord Ingestre. One idea that has been suggested is, the erection of a bronze equestrian statue, which would cost about £1500, in the demense of Curraghmore; another is, erecting such a monument in the centre of the people's park in Waterford; while a third is, to imitate the example lately set in the Wellington Memorial, and raise funds to build and endow an institution for the relief of jockeys or huntsmen who are disabled by accident or overtaken by old age. Which of the three will be adopted we are not as yet informed; but the latter would be more consonant with the spirit of the age.

The French Loan.

The Moutleur contains a report of the minister of finance respecting the new loan. The subscribed capital is 2307 million francs. 80 million francs have been subscribed in sums of 10 francs rente. The number of subscribers is 525,000. The report points out that such results prove the solidity of the French financial system, and the wealth, power and patriotism of France. They also show the intimate union of France and the emperor, and the entire confidence of the nation in the strength and wisdom of the sovereign who presides over its destinies.

Louis Napoleon's Tent.

The tent occupied by the emperor in the campaign is a masterpiece of construction, so entirely does it combine comfort with lightness. It is the same which was to have served for the campaign in the Crimea, when it was contemplated that the emperor should proceed thither. His majesty has under the same canvass his bedroom, sitting-room, cabinet—in fact, a complete suite of rooms. The emperor's work-table is the one which was used by Napoleon I. in his immortal campaigns.

Calcutta and London.

The South African Commercial Advertiser says: "The grand idea of connecting Calcutta with London by an electric wire is about to be realized, a portion of the cable, 900 miles in length, having already reached Table Bay. In a few months the capitals of India and England will be only a few hours apart, in point of time."

An Ancient Tomb.

They have discovered, in the peninsula of St. Maur les Fosses of Paris, the tomb of a Celtic chief, buried with his wife, his horse, and his arms, more than twenty-five centuries ago.

The War Correspondent.

William Russell, the well-known correspondent of the London Times, has been lamed during his India experience by a fall from his horse. He was on his way to the seat of the Austrian war, but has returned.

French War Songs.

The "Piemontaise," a new war-song much in vogue in Paris, contains a line that runs thus: "En guerra pour la liberte." Some regiments, it is said, chanted the Marseillaise on leaving the capital.

A Family of Soldiers.

Five sons of the celebrated Count Caesar Balbo are marching under the Sardinian Standard. One of them received a severe wound in the first skirmish with the enemy.

Salviani the Artist.

At Palermo, the tenor Salviani, who sung some time since at New York, in the "Prophet," has been singing in "Trovatore" and "Traviata."

A Female Spy.

It is stated in the Turin papers that a female spy has been discovered in that capital by two of Garibaldi's soldiers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LUTHER. By CHEVALIER BUNSEN. New York: Delisser & Proctor (successors to Stanford & Swords), 508 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 250.

Bunsen's life of Luther in the Encyclopedia Britannica is the best brief biography extant of the great reformer. It is here elegantly printed, and enriched by the addition of Carlyle's estimate of his genius and character and an appendix by Sir William Hamilton, with copious notes. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD. Sermons by CHARLES KINOSLEY. New York: Burt, Hutchinson & Abbey. 12mo. pp. 370. 1859.

Everything from the pen of the author of "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" is eagerly sought after. The sermons comprised in this volume are characterized by original thought, sincere and powerful eloquence. Boston: Bartlett & Miles, 58 Cornhill.

NEW STAR PAPERS: OR, VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 403. 1859.

This volume will be warmly welcomed by thousands of the reading public who eagerly catch whatever falls from the pen of Mr. Beecher. It embraces a variety of topics, and many of them are handled with great felicity and vigor.

CHERINA, THE QUEEN OF THE DANUBE. By the author of "Picciola." Translated from the French by ANNE T. WOOD. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 108 Broadway.

This highly interesting and romantic story is from the pen of Saintine, the author of that charming work "Picciola." The translation has been admirably executed by Mrs. Wood (formerly Miss Wilbur) with whose renditions of French stories the readers of the "Flag of our Union" and the "Pictorial" are familiar. Although everybody now-a-days can read French, yet very few have the ability of making translations from that language into pure and idiomatic English. Mrs. Wood is one of those few, and her style is as excellent as her translations are faithful.

COUNTERPARTS: OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE. By the author of Charles Auchester. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 8vo. pp. 262.

The brilliancy and merit of "Charles Auchester" were so great that we confess to have felt some misgivings in taking up the book before us. We were afraid of shortcomings. But we have been most agreeably disappointed in the perusal. It is a work of high art, deeply interesting as a story, admirable in its delineation of character and descriptions. "It is a 'sensation book'" but the emotions it excites are of the right kind. The book is got up in a very neat style.

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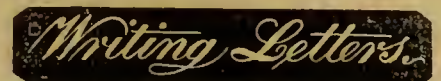
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ALGERIAN CAFE.

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He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the king, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the king that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the king himself, and what made the case more serious was, that the shot

had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst which were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the king entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words, he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the king entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.—*Pépe's Memoirs.*

ALESSANDRIA.

Alessandria or Alexandria, the capital of the province in Piedmont of the same name, and one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, is situated in a rich and fertile plain declining towards the east, 65 miles by road, 46 miles direct distance E.S.E. of Turin; 60 miles by road, and 48 miles direct distance S.S.W. of Milan, and 40 miles direct N. by W. of Genoa; in lat. 44 54 N., long. 8 38 E; on the river bank of the Tanaro. It extends across the narrow marshy tract formed by the confluence of the Bormida with that river; and has an altitude of 203 feet

above the sea level. This city—which has been styled the Boulevard of Piedmont—was, until recently, enclosed on three sides by a strongly fortified wall, while extensive outworks ran along the east side of the Tanaro; on the opposite or west side of that river is the citadel, a sexagonal work, which is connected with the city by means of a covered stone bridge of fifteen arches. On the opposite side of the river it is sheltered by a chain of small hills extending from Monte Caliori eastward to a bold and beautiful height a little to the northeast of the city, which is crowned by a fine castle and tower. The principal buildings with which Alessandria is adorned are the town and government houses, which are situated in a handsome square decorated with trees—the Palazzo Gobilini, the civil and military hospitals, the cathedral, six parish churches, four convents, fourteen hospitals and asylums, an academy of arts, several schools, and a royal college, and a gymnasium. In the year 1806 its population was estimated at 35,216; in the year 1855 its population was 21,520 exclusive of the garrison, amounting to 4500. But, taking in the sixteen suburban villages lying within the walls, its aggregate population in 1855 was 39,294. It has some spinning mills, and manufactories of silk, linen, cotton and wax candles. The central position of this city with respect to Milan, Genoa and Turin its command of the Tanaro and Bormida, and of several of the most important routes of communication with the surrounding districts, render it one of considerable commercial influence and resort. Its fairs, held in the end of April and beginning of October, are among the most important in Italy. In November, 1857, a railway was opened from Alessandria to Voghera, which is to be carried on to Stradella, in the Duchy of Parma, and so unite the Piedmontese lines with the great Central Italian line. Alessandria would thus form the central point of the great trunk or principal railway lines of Sardinia, one of which passes, by way of Genoa, across the Apennines; the second, by way of Turin, to Asti and to Parma; and the third, by Valenza and Novara, to the Lago Maggiore. Alessandria was taken by Sforza, Duke of Milan, in 1522; sustained an unsuccessful siege by the French in 1657, and after an obstinate resistance, fell into their hands in 1707. The present citadel was begun in 1730 and finished in 1745. In 1796 it made a conditional surrender to Bonaparte. In 1799 it fell before the combined armies of Austria and Russia, and, after the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was regained by the French, who expended nearly 50,000,000 francs upon its fortifications, and retained it until 1814, when the province became a portion of the Sardinian dominions, and the fortifications were to a great extent razed.—*Boston Courier.*



SCENE IN AN ALGERIAN CAFE.



